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THIRTY CENTS

The
**PINE
NEEDLE**



**HITLER'S
LAST DAYS**

Page 6

**APRIL
1947**

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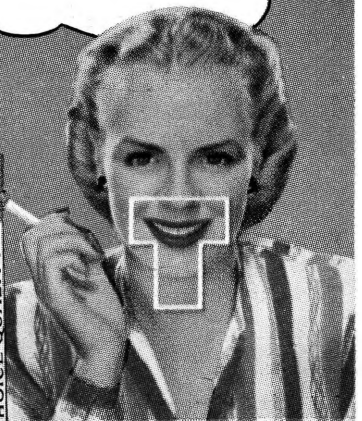
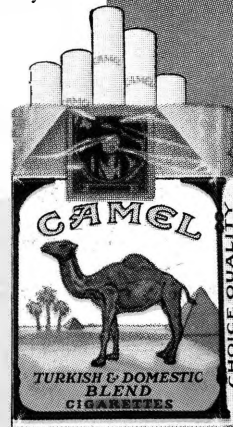
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Who's Thirsty?

The miners said, "Our beloved leader, who quoted Shakespeare, must be dead. For many days he has trod the labyrinthian ways Alone, unaided. He must be lost! By now his strength has faded; And the tongue that spoke so well the words that rung For us, has now been quieted. We must discuss Some newer strategy, selecting a leader who will be Well versed in mining lore—a chief who's cursed By many, but who's more powerful than any The opposition sends against us. We must retain position Whereby we dictate, or we will lose the upper hand, and soon or late, We fail—and all our work will be to no avail." Lewis came out of the jumbled caves and looked about, Waggled his shaggy brows, dusted his trousers soiled and baggy. He spoke for hours before the Committee, showing his mighty powers, His oratorical strength. Shaking his head as angrily as an enraged bull, at length His fire spent its force. Sometimes I wonder, Mr. President, Who first lifts the glass from the rostrum and succumbs to thirst?

Clair H. Chamberlain

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I want the things that good girls miss.
I want the lights that brightly shine,
I want the men, I want the wine.
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And still stay single if I can.
Now what I want is a little advice,
On how to be naughty and still be nice.
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On The Spamwagon

By Scoop Rieker & Hank McKee

UNIVERSITY OF
COLORADO . . .

Sadie Slatsdown came from a small town outside of Lower Melba on the Toast. She was rather green when she arrived at college—in fact, she was a rather sickening color and she would make any one-cent stamp blush in shame. Her folks had sent her to college equipped with what they thought every young girl should have. They gave her a book entitled "The Marauding Wolf" or "How to Look Like a College Boy." They gave her Strauss records and a vial of poison in case she got in a tough spot. Her mother had knitted her some really peachy dresses out of old burlap and flour sacks. Sadie had arrived.

In between people howling like mad at her appearance and registration, Sadie had rather a dismal time of her first few days of college. There were days when she felt so low that she was chinning herself on an old gum wrapper in the gutter. Then Sadie met Harry Hairslicky, a campus B.M.O.C. A wheel, so to speak, with spokes to match.

They were standing in line in a bookstore when he put his hand in hers. She put her foot in his left pocket and they had to go together to get out of the bookstore.

"Ah," Harry Hairslicky said triumphantly, "in you I find what I have been looking for. Youth, attractiveness, understanding, sparkling eyes, and I see you have a pack of ciggies; mind if I bum one?"

Sadie had a kind heart. She not only gave him a cigarette, she also gave him the shirt off her back. This impressed Harry no end, as Sadie had neither fig nor fan underneath her shirt. Sadie shocked a small college boy walking down the street, but he quickly went

back to reading the dictionary he had in his hand and pondering why so few had so much.

"Harry," Sadie said slobbering, "I like you. I trust you. (Foolish line number eighteen.) There is a certain something about you. Perhaps it is because you have the calm, staggered, battered, beaten, cowed, brave eyes of the veteran. You have seen much."

It was Harry's turn to talk, so he dusted his fingernails on his unpressed sport coat and said:

"Truly you are a woman beyond compare. I was in the army. When they sent out a call for volunteers to fight a fire in Oakland, I was there. She was a small incendiary blonde anyway. When they asked for a man to dig a slit trench, I was there—supervising. When they asked for guys to dance at the USO, I came through, and so did the hostess, or else I never went back again. Yes, Sadie, I have lived, but you shall live, too. Tonight my fraternity, Paddle Your Fanny, is having a Purple Passion Party in the mountains. Would you like to be my guest?"

"Would I?" howled Sadie, leaping high in the air and bouncing roughly on Harry's chest as she slid to the ground ripping his sport coats to lint. "Baby, I've been waiting for someone to say that since I've come up here, but no one has. Call for me at my garbage can, third one from the left. (Due to the housing shortage at college Sadie had been forced to live in a garbage can, but a nice one with chintz curtains and built-in outlets for running eyelets.)

Harry rubbed his hands together. At last he had found a young girl who did not know about him. There was only one end to his passion party—he always took off

his gleaming fraternity pin and pinned the girl.

Time for the date rolled around and Harry drove up to Sadie's garbage can in his renovated kiddie kar. Sadie hopped out of the can, still dangling a piece of lettuce from her tresses because someone had really thought it was a garbage can.

"You look ravishing tonight," Harry said, fumbling for the gear-shift.

"You look good in black," said Sadie, dotting his eye with a left hook. She had heard about fumbling.

Harry squinted and tried to resume the conversation.

"I hope you don't mind if I hold your hand or perhaps place my arm around your neck during the night. I think it is only the gay thing to do."

Suddenly Sadie decided to be coy, so she bit Harry's ear and ripped off his necktie.

"I don't mind nothing, see, until you start to get fresh. That's where I draw the line," and with that she whipped out a pencil and drew a line across the seat cushion in the car. "Cross that, baby, and you're a dead duck, a fixed goose, a sad chicken."

Harry decided he could wait. They pulled up to the place where the party was being held and they could hear the gay voices of the revelers in the background as the Purple Passion Party got under way.

"Listen, Sadie," Harry told her, "everyone seems to be having a good time."

"Get your damned hands off my blanket, fellow, and get your own!" someone yelled.

"Hey, that's my cuddle-bug you're necking!" cried another.

"Go on, dig yourself a foxhole, pledge, and pull yourself in after it."

"What do you mean, Jimmy, that I shouldn't wear slacks to a party like this?"

"Yes," Harry said happily as his fangs started showing, "everyone seems to be having a good time. Shall we mix up a batch of passion here?"

Before Sadie could answer he whipped out a large container and he started dumping three quarts of grape juice into it. Then he mixed in the pineapple and grapefruit juice. To this he added a bottle of "Lid-blower's Special." On the label it said that the whiskey had been aged for three days in a bathtub in Brooklyn. Then Harry added a small fragmentation bomb, a shot of nose drops, and some lighter fluid. The concoction was ready to be stirred. Harry took off his shoes and ran around in the middle of the mess singing, "Hey, Bar-ba-re-bop."

Then he gave Sadie a drink. He even decided to take one himself. Sadie downed her drink in one gulp. After all, the big girls had told her to do that. As soon as she had finished a huge neon light came out on her chest, saying, "Eat at Joe's." Her toenails curled up and went running down the hill by themselves. Her teeth did a tap dance, and her liver parted company with a corpuscle that it knew. There were drums in her heart and Krupa became a memory. Purple Passion had come to Sadie as it must to all young college girls.

She made a grab for Harry; he wasn't quick enough. He couldn't get away.

"Lover you, it's yeally you!" she said as she stroked his face with her long fingernails and panted good-naturedly. "I didn't know what it was like to have a real man until now. On the farm I only had Zeke, and all he could say was,

'Gawd, my hands are gettin' rough from milkin'.'"

"Let me go!" howled Harry in terror, for he knew he had met his match. "I'll be a good boy and send you a corsage when we go to the prom. I'll even change the tires on the car instead of letting you do it. Perhaps I'll kiss you goodnight sometime. Let me go!"

Sadie wrapped her powerful arms around Harry and hugged him—something snapped.

"That's either my ribs or a pocket flask," said Harry breathlessly.

"You loves me, don't you, Bush-elnose?" and she playfully shoved his face in the dirt until he was drooling mudpies. "I'm going to kiss you!"

That kiss was one for the books; in fact, Reader's Digest couldn't condense it—that kiss lasted. Harry came out minus his lower lip, the mustache he had been raising was but a singed memory, there was a forest fire in Harry's brain, and he took a shot of Purple Passion to forget it all.

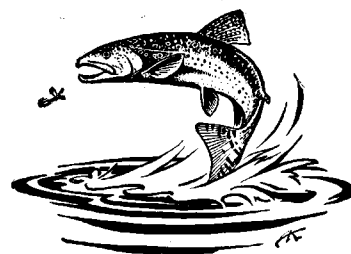
They buried him underneath the frat house two days later with a book in his hand. As he had been in life, so was he in death. The book was entitled, "How To Mix Purple Passions" or "Ye Gods, Woman, Not Here, There's Too Much Light."

College came to an abrupt halt when Sadie flunked out, but she went home the true college girl. She brought back some Sinatra records, a fifth of whiskey, her bobbysox, and a hangover. The hangover started going steady with a hangnail and they have been very happy ever since.

A pair of newlyweds stepped into their hotel elevator.

"Hello, darling," murmured the pretty operator. There was a chill silence all the way up, but when the couple reached their floor the bride exploded, "Who was that hussy?"

"Now, don't you start anything," the groom said worriedly. "I'm going to have trouble enough explaining you to her tomorrow."



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THE STORY OF HITLER'S LAST DAYS

By CHARLES E. ST. THOMAS

The world career of Adolf Hitler began and ended in prison. It was in a jail at Landsberg am Lech that he wrote "Mein Kampf," his outline for a planned world conquest. During the final days of his life, he was again imprisoned. Hitler was trapped in his own air raid shelter beneath the Reichancellory in Berlin.

The story of that last imprisonment has been related to American interrogators in Salzburg, Austria, by Fraulein Hanna Reitsch, honorary air captain, test pilot, and research expert of the Luftwaffe.

According to the examiners, Hanna Reitsch was giving information "with a sincere and conscientious effort to be truthful and exact." The suicide of her family, the death of her closest friend, the physical ruin of Germany, and the trying nature of her experiences during the closing days of the war prompted her to consider suicide.

LIVED TO TELL

She said that her only reason for remaining alive was to tell the world the truth about Hitler, "the criminal incompetent," about Goering, "the shallow showman," and to inform the German people of the dangers provoked by the form of government offered to them by the Third Reich. While speaking to the interrogators, she believed that she was partially fulfilling this mission. Although it was not known at the time, she was telling what will probably be recorded as history's version of Hitler's last hours.

Her story is an eyewitness account of what happened in the high places of German command during the final days of the war in Europe. Her position is unique

because of the opportunity to observe the Nazi leaders in their last days of power. She watched the struggles of these men while their inflated might was crumbling around them.

Her story begins on April 24, 1945, when Hitler dispatched a telegram to Lieutenant General Ritter Von Greim in Munich ordering him to report on a highly urgent matter. The problem of reaching Hitler was difficult because Russian troops had already entered Berlin. Greim, however, thought that by availing himself of Hanna Reitsch as pilot, the entrance might be accomplished by autogiro which could land within the city near the Reichancellory.

REVISE PLANS

The following night, Reitsch and Greim arrived at Rechlin airfield and immediately prepared to fly into the capital. The only available autogiro had been destroyed that day and it was necessary to revise the plans. Another pilot who had flown Albert Speer, Reich minister of arms and munitions, to the Fuehrer two days previously, was selected to make the trip. A Focke Wolfe 190, equipped with an extra seat, was to be taken. Fraulein Reitsch, feeling a sense of responsibility for Greim, asked to be taken along. Greim granted the request and she was stuffed in the spare position in the plane's tail through a small emergency hatch.

Their plane, accompanied by 40 fighters, was immediately engaged by Russian aircraft. Their own fighter cover provided "excellent support" and by flying at tree top level the pilot was able to reach Gatow airport, the city's only field

not yet overrun by the Russians.

Immediate attempts were made to phone the Chancellory, but all lines had been severed. Further approach by land had been cut off by Russian advances and the couple decided to transfer to another plane and attempt a landing on a highway closer to the Chancellory. They managed to clear the field between Russian attacks and, with Greim at the controls, again continued at tree top level toward the headquarters.

NARROW ESCAPE

The trip was almost fatal for Greim. Heavy antiaircraft fire tore out the bottom part of the fuselage and severely injured his right leg. Reitsch took control of the plane by reaching over his shoulders and landed the craft on a road still in German hands. A passing army vehicle was quickly commandeered to take them to Hitler.

The Fuehrer, seeking shelter from Allied air raids, had moved his headquarters to the Chancellory's air raid bunker.

They arrived between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening and met Frau Goebbels. She greeted Reitsch with tears and kisses, expressing astonishment that anyone still possessed the courage and loyalty to come to the Fuehrer at that dark moment. This was in stark contrast, she said, to all who had deserted him in his final hours of need. Greim was immediately taken to Hitler's personal physician for treatment.

GOERING RUNS OUT

Hitler entered the clinic and, expressing deep gratitude for their loyalty, asked, "Do you know why I have called you?" Greim answered negatively and Hitler con-

tinued, "Because Hermann Goering has betrayed and deserted both me and his Fatherland. Behind my back he has established connections with the enemy. His action was a mark of cowardice and against my orders he has gone to save himself at Berchtagaden. From there, he sent me a disrespectful telegram saying that I once named him as my successor and that as I was no longer able to rule from Berlin he would rule from Berchtagaden in my place. He closes the wire by stating that if he had no answer from me by 9:30 of the same night, he would consider my answer to be in the affirmative."

Reitsch described it as being "touchingly dramatic" and recalled the shaking of Hitler's hands and the tears in his eyes. As Greim read the wire, his leader's face remained deathly earnest and his breathing was broken. It was many minutes before he regained sufficient breath to go on in a low voice, "I immediately had Goering arrested as a traitor to the Reich, took from him all offices, and removed him from all organizations. That is why I have called you here to me. I hereby declare you Goering's successor as leader of the Luftwaffe. In the name of the German people I give you my hand."

Greim and Fraulein Reitsch were stunned by Goering's being a traitor and they grasped Hitler's hands. They begged to be allowed to remain in the shelter and with their own lives atone for the wrong. They wanted to save the "honor" of all that their country had stood for. Hitler consented and told them that their decision to remain would long be remembered "in the history of the Luftwaffe." Their belief in the Nazi principles was strong enough to lead them into the face of a voluntary death.

Later that first evening, Hitler called Reitsch to his private rooms. There were deep lines on his face

and a constant film of moisture in his eyes. Hitler spoke first, "Hanna, you belong to those who will die here with me. Each of us has a small vial of poison such as this," as he spoke he handed her two, one for herself, the other for Greim. "I do not wish that any of us will fall to the Russians alive, nor do I wish our bodies to be found by them. Each person is responsible for the destruction of his own body so that nothing recognizable remains. Eva (Braun) and I will have our bodies burned. You will devise your own methods."

Reitsch realized for the first time that her Fuehrer's hopes for holding the city were dying. She sank onto a chair and pleaded with Hitler to leave the shelter while there was still hope. "The Fuehrer must live so that Germany can live," she repeated in the name of the people. He answered, "No, Hanna. If I die it is for the 'honor' of our country, it is because as a soldier I must obey my own command that I would defend Berlin to the last.

"I believed firmly that Berlin would be saved at the banks of the Oder. Everything we had was moved to hold that position. When our best efforts failed, I was the most horror struck of all. Knowledge that there were 3,000,000 of my countrymen still in Berlin made it necessary that I stay to defend them. By staying, I believed that all the troops of the land would take example through my act and come to the rescue of the city. I hoped that they would rise to superhuman efforts to save me and thereby save my 3,000,000 countrymen.

"But, my Hanna, I still have hope. The army of General Wenck is moving up from the south. He must and will drive the Russians back long enough to save our people. Then we will fall back to hold again."

Although his words spoke of hope, it was evident by the look

on his face that he realized the war's end was near.

Without hesitation, Reitsch decided to follow his commands of suicide and self-destruction. The full realization that the Nazi dream of conquest had come to its conclusion was having its effect upon her and she was ready for death. She returned to Greim's bedside, repeated the words of Hitler, and handed him the poison. They decided that when the end really came, they would quickly drink the contents of the vial and with a grenade held between their bodies, both remove the firing pin.

Their leader's orders would be fulfilled.

Late the following evening (April 26-27) the shelter received its first heavy artillery barrage. The splattering of shells and the sounds of buildings crashing directly overhead increased the nervous strain of those entombed with Hitler. Deep and persistent sobbing echoed from the private rooms. Fraulein Reitsch spent the night caring for Greim and preparing grenades for their death if the Russians should reach them before morning.

The enemy was not going to come that morning.

ROSTER OF DOOM

The next day she learned for the first time the identity of the other shelter occupants. Those present on the 27th of April were:

Goebbe's, his wife, and their six children; State Secretary Neaman; Hitler's right hand man, Reichsleiter Martin Bormann; Hevel from Ribbentrop's office; Admiral Vosz as representative from Doenitz; General Krebs of the infantry and his adjutant, Bourgdorf; Hitler's personal pilot, Hansel Bauer; another pilot, Baetz; Eva Braun; SS Obergruppenfuehrer Fegelein as liaison between Hitler and Himmler; Hitler's personal physician, Dr. Stumpfegger; Oberst von Below, Hitler's Luftwaffe adjutant; Dr. Lorenz, representing Reichspresse Chief Dr. Dietrich; two sec-

retaries; Frau Christian, wife of General Christian, and a Fraulein Krueger.

According to Reitsch, this group and a handful of picked SS orderlies and messengers comprised the entire assembly.

Late in the afternoon, Fegelein disappeared. Shortly thereafter it was reported that he had been captured in the outskirts of the city disguised as a civilian claiming to be a refugee. The news of his capture was immediately relayed to Hitler, who ordered him to be shot. His attempt to desert prompted the Fuehrer to doubt Himmler's position. He feared that the SS leader may have known of, or even condoned, the desertion.

GOEBBELS RAVES

Goebbels, who was insanely incensed over Goering's treachery, strode about his small but luxurious quarters like a caged animal, muttering vile accusations about the Luftwaffe leader and what he had done. The precarious military situation of the moment was Goering's fault. Their present plight was attributed to him. Even if the war were to be lost, it would be ascribed to Goering's actions.

"That swine," Goebbels said, "who has always set himself up as the Fuehrer's greatest support now does not have the courage to stand beside him. As if that were not enough, he wants to replace the Fuehrer as head of the state. He, an incessant incompetent, who has destroyed his Fatherland with his mishandling and stupidity, now wants to lead the entire nation. By this alone he proves that he was never truly one of us, that at heart he was always weak and a traitor."

Goebbels continued in his best theatrical manner, "We are teaching the world how men die for their 'honor.' Our deaths shall be an eternal example to all Germans, to all friends and enemies alike. One day the whole world will acknowledge that we did right, that we sought to protect the

world against Bolshevism with our lives. One day it will be set down in the history of all time."

Frau Goebbels, along with her husband, epitomized Nazi fanaticism. If the Third Reich was to die, she preferred to go with it, and, rather than have her children outlive it, take them, too. In recognition of her example of true German womanhood, Hitler bestowed his personal golden party insignia upon her. She was not, however, as certain of herself as Hitler thought.

FEARED WEAKNESS

After receiving the golden swastika, she said, "My dear Hanna, when the end comes you must help me if I become weak with my children. You must help me to help them out of this life. They belong to the Third Reich and to the Fuehrer. If these two things cease to exist, there can be no further place for them. But you must help me. My greatest fear is that at the last moment I will be too weak."

Fraulein Reitsch does not believe that she was weak in the last moments.

The six youngsters, whose mother was begging for aid in their murder, were the only bright spots in the death-shadowed shelter. They had little idea of their fate and talked of being in the "cave" with their "Uncle Fuehrer." Even with the bombs falling outside, they were certain that nothing could harm them as long as he was present.

Eva Braun, Hitler's alleged "girl friend," seemed to accept the prospect of dying with her Fuehrer as quite matter of fact. With death only hours away, she occupied the time by polishing her finger nails, changing clothes for each hour of the day, and in the other little feminine tasks of grooming, and combing. Her constant remark was "Poor, poor Adolf, deserted by everyone, betrayed by all. Better that 10,000 others die than he be lost to Germany."

Martin Bormann did not engage

in the sociability that was present in the bunker. He was writing every word, every action into a "record for posterity." He often interrupted conversations to demand exactly what a person had said so it could be written into his script. This document was to be spirited out of the bunker at the last moment to "take its place among the greatest chapters in German history."

WENCK ROUTED

Hitler, on the 28th and 29th, still apparently held some hope that General Wenck would have success in his breakthrough from the South. (Unknown to the Fuehrer, Wenck's forces had already been routed and destroyed.) He would stride about the shelter with a map that was rapidly decaying from the sweat of his hands, and plan the tactical siege that Wenck could make upon the city. It was a drama of frustration, futility and uselessness. Fraulein Reitsch compared him to a little boy playing at the game of warfare as he waved his papers like fluttering leaves in his nervous, twitching hands and moved buttons on the worn map to represent advances of his already non-existent forces.

On the nights of the 27th and 28th, the Russian bombardments reached their highest pitch. The accuracy, according to those below in the shelter, was astounding. It seemed as if each shell landed in the same place and was a good indication that Russian troops would overrun the area at any moment.

This fear prompted the calling of another suicide council. All plans for the destruction of the bodies were carefully reviewed. The conferees reached a decision to start the mass suicide as soon as the Russians entered the grounds above the shelter.

Hitler doggedly expressed hope that aid would come, but the others, when out of his presence, did not even consider it. Throughout the 28th, the shelling continued

and the talk of the suicide pact became more consistent.

On the 30th, the greatest blast of all struck. A telegram arrived denouncing the staunch and trusted Himmler and placing him on the traitor list with Goering. It was like a death blow to the entire group. The men, as well as the women, cried and screamed with wrath, fear and desperation. Himmler, the protector of the Reich, was now a traitor! Hitler raged, his color rose to a heated red, and his face was virtually unrecognizable.

The telegram reported that Himmler had contacted both American and British authorities via Sweden, to propose a capitulation. It also stated that he had requested that his name be left out of any communications.

Later in the day, another despatch brought word that the Russians were massing their forces for an all-out attack on the Chancellory on the morning of the 30th.

Everyone again looked at his poison.

FINAL ORDEAL

At 1:30 on the morning of the 30th, Adolf Hitler, his face chalk white, came to Greim's room and slumped onto the bed's edge. "Our only hope is Wenck," he said, "and to make his entry possible, we must call up every available aircraft to cover his approach. I order you to return to Rechlin and muster your planes from there. It is the task of your aircraft to destroy the positions from which the Russians will make their attack on the Chancellory. This is the first reason why you must leave the shelter. The second is that Himmler must be stopped," and upon the mention of that name his voice became feeble and his lips and hands trembled.

"A traitor must never succeed me as Fuehrer. You must get out to see that he will not."

Greim and Fraulein Reitsch protested and pointed out the use-

lessness of attempting to reach Rechlin. "As soldiers of the Reich," Hitler answered, "it is our holy duty to exhaust every possibility. This is our only chance of success that remains. It is your duty and mine to take it."

The two persons chosen to leave the death group received last minute letters and tokens from those who were to remain. Frau Goebels presented Reitsch with a diamond ring to wear "in memory."

Thirty minutes after Hitler had given the order, they left the shelter.

Outside the bunker, fires were raging, and small arms fighting was plainly audible a short distance away. SS troops, guarding their leader to the end, brought up a small armored vehicle to transport the pair to a plane hidden nearby. Artillery shells were dropping dangerously close and while still several hundred yards away from the plane, their machine was hit by shrapnel and put out of commission.

They made their way to the plane and chose a 400-yard stretch of uncratered highway for the take-off. As the plane passed through low fire and finally reached roof-top level, it was picked up by Russian searchlights and bracketed by a barrage of shelling. Explosions tossed the light craft about but only a few splinters actually struck the plane. With Fraulein Reitsch piloting, they climbed to about 20,000 feet and looked at their capital. It was now a sea of flames. Reluctantly they headed north to Rechlin and 50 minutes later landed through a screen of Russian fighter craft.

The parts played by Greim and Reitsch after their arrival at Rechlin were of no help to Hitler. The remnant of the German war machine was already greatly depleted and no strategy on Greim's part could save Berlin. They soon learned of capitulation efforts and, faced with the realization of their

defeat, decided that further efforts on their part would be useless.

Greim, by means of his poison capsule, committed suicide in Salzburg, Austria, after he had submitted to the American authorities. Reitsch turned herself over to the Americans in Kitzbuhl, underwent a psychological transformation, and pledged herself to informing the Germans of the futility of their "Third Reich."

They need little telling.

We know of one co-ed who was cured of that cute little habit of coyly injecting an "r" sound in each word.

Male (over the phone)—Hello, cutie.

Co-ed—why, Phillurp, when did you get back?

Male—Just a while ago. Say, how about a date tonight, kid? What are you doing?

Co-ed (Coyly)—Nurthin'.

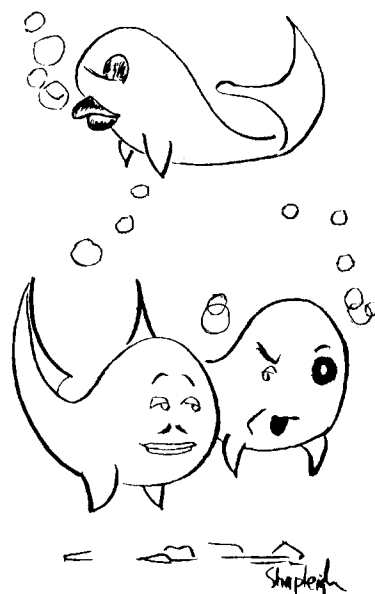
Male—Gosh! Excuse me. I didn't know.

Scene in an English barroom:

Liney: "Alo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."

The Little People



She's cold; very, very cold



BABS HAYDEN

CAMPUS GLAMOUR

OF WHICH MORE LATER

by Rip Haskell

"Change," he told himself, "is the order of nature. That is a fundamental concept. It would be a change," he thought. "New climate, new surroundings. More time to experiment. Less inertia and resistance to change to be met. A grand experiment. Yes, it would be that."

The proposition appealed to him—strongly. It would only mean stepping out of the current for a couple of years. Long enough to attempt to solve the problems which had been outlined to him, to see if he couldn't bring some order out of chaos.

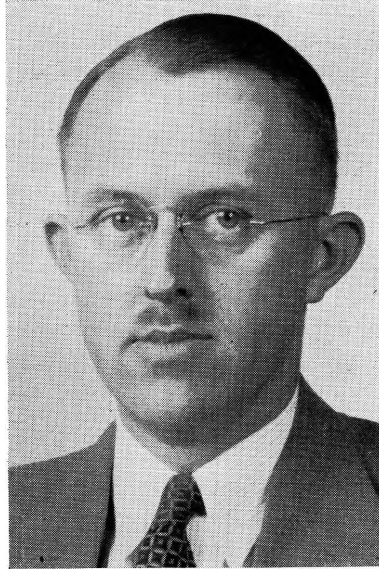
He would write to Dean Mulenburg, accepting the appointment. It would be virtually understood that a couple of years would tell the story. It was not to be expected that a man would take root at his age.

The year was 1934. The protagonist, a young M. I. T. physics instructor, Clarence E. Bennett. The proposition, an appointment as Assistant Professor of Physics at the University of Maine.

Shortly after this momentous decision had been arrived at Bennett headed north to Orono, and new lands. With him went his electroscope, his static machine, his voltmeter, his sliderule, his wife Ruth, and an insignificant bundle of manuscript, of which more later.

There have been some changes. Of them, more will be heard later. Just to orient our avid readers a bit, we turn backward a moment, back through the racing years (or, as Einstein would have it, we will readjust our interspatial cosmic relativity with the ever present epoch of the past). We review.

The days of Bennett began shortly after the turn of the century, in the bustling city of Providence, Rhode Island. His childhood was that of the average American youngster of that period. But there was a certain element in his character that even at that early age, served to set him off



from the common herd. Often he would stroll in the pleasant pathways of Roger Williams Park and bask in the historical atmosphere of his surroundings. Somehow this setting seemed an inspiration. He would stand at the base of the great bronze statue honoring the memory of Rhode Island's founder and, his imagination running riot, he would muse half aloud.

"Oh, if I could but know what the fluid displacement would be if that big hunk of tin should be thrown into the pond."

And again he would seek out some lofty oak and on its massive trunk carve those dear initials which meant so much to him, EF-Mg I.

Young Bennett was deeply interested in physics. He grew. His personality gradually developed. His life unfolded in the old familiar pattern. After a brief preliminary skirmish with various elementary and secondary schools, he entered Brown University, graduated with a Ph.B. in 1923, and a year later completed his require-

ments for a Master's degree in Science.

During this undergraduate period of his life the germ of the Dream took root in the young physicist's brain. Of that, more later. Bennett's professors had been greatly impressed with his work, and a place had been readied for him on the staff. He became an instructor in the Physics Department. He became one with those who reveal and expound the marvels of the laws of force, the laws of motion, the laws of friction, the laws of gravity. He was happy. His time was devoted to the work which most appealed to him. He was spreading the true gospel.

There was only one difficulty involved. Results measured in the terms of student improvement after being exposed to instruction in Physics were far from gratifying. The complaint was widespread, Bennett learned, almost universal, and therefore could not be charged to the density of the students. The trouble, he reasoned, must lie with the instruction and since the staff, he felt, was competent, he must attribute the weakness to the tools employed. Principally, he decided, the fault was with the textbooks. The material was presented in too complicated a manner. Much unnecessary material was included. The sequence of presentation was poor.

Remembering his own difficulties as an undergraduate, he sympathized with his unfortunate pupils. He burned to rectify this situation, to remove the clouds of confusion from their eager minds. But of the dreams, more later.

From Brown, he eventually transferred to M. I. T., in the

hope that there, in that great and famous technical institution, he might find a system under which Physics could be taught efficiently. But here again he ran into a peculiar situation. He thought there was room for improvement.

Yet unweakened by discouragement, he carried on a running battle to make physics comprehensible to the average layman. He gained wide recognition for his efforts. At two successive meetings of the American Association of Physics Teachers he was hung in effigy. Heresy, they hissed.

In 1934, fortune smiled on the now Dr. Bennett. The University of Maine was seeking a man for its Physics Department to supervise a reorganization and revision of the very important Physics I (Gen. Physics) course.

Bennett was approached regarding the job, and he accepted. Here was the sort of opportunity he had been waiting for. He immediately set about organizing a plan, a system for teaching the material which he considered essential. But more of this later.

At about the same time, Barnes & Noble, publishers of the College Outline Series, were projecting the addition of a standardized Physics text to their list. Dr. Bennett, due to his well known work in the field of simplification, was selected as the man for the job. The publishers contacted him and sounded him out on the prospect.

At first he was rather dubious. Somehow the offer held too much the idea of by-passing the classroom instruction. A sort of superficial treatment of the field. It was hard to think of a physics text in terms of paper covers and seventy-five cent selling prices.

As he became better acquainted with the Outline series, he gradually became sold on the idea. It was an opportunity seldom offered a professor. To be able to set up his own course, and to have the text exactly fitted to the specific

needs of the course! And to have this material published at a substantial saving. He contracted to prepare the volume.'

That of which more was to be heard later now reveals itself. The little bundle of manuscript which Professor Bennett carried to Maine was the draft of Barnes & Noble's "Outline of First Year College Physics," now known far and wide (to the extent of four editions) as "Bennett's Bible." The dreams and plans, of which more was to be heard later, culminated in the Bennett system based on the "Bible."

The publication of this long needed text brought a new golden era into the history of General Physics. Such lucidity, such forthrightness, such clear and comprehensible organization of subject matter appeared unbelievable. It was compared with Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" in the field of history, and Charles Lamb's popularized version of Shakespeare in the field of literature.

Now at last the wealth of knowledge which was the physicists could be made available to the ordinary student with minimum effort on both sides. Physics was no longer a torture. It was a course to be sought. Witness the fact that practically 100 per cent of engineering students at this institution take this course.

And what kind of a man is it that has brought this blessing?

Well, primarily, a modest sort of a chap. A completely normal appearing individual, more easily mistaken for a minister or a druggist, than recognized as one of America's leading physicists. No wild and gleaming eye. No unkempt hair. No remote and absent-minded attitude.

But if one judges by accomplishment and recognition received, the picture suddenly changes. His name is followed by an imposing list of titles almost too numerous to mention. Fellow of the Ameri-

can Physical Society, Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, member of the American Association of Physics Teachers (Committee on Engineering Relations), member of the American Association for Engineering Education, member of the American Association of University Professors. Also Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi and Sigma Xi. Add to that Professor and Head of the Department of Physics at the University of Maine and you begin to get the idea.

A complete list of his writings on Physics and the teaching of Physics would lengthen this short biographical sketch into novel proportions. In addition to the "Bible," the more important works are a continually developing text on Descriptive Physics, published in 1941, and the following enthusiastically received articles: "Dispersion of Refractive Index of Nitrogen Measured as Functions of Pressure by Displacement Interferometer," "Precise Measurement of Dispersion in Nitrogen," and an intriguing little gem on the subject "Optical Dispersion and Motor Refraction at Zero Frequency for Compressed Nitrogen, Argon and Carbon Dioxide Measured as Functions of Density."

If you haven't read these you should remedy that as soon as possible.

He spends his ex-University hours at his home on Forest Avenue in Orono, where he maintains a small menage consisting of a wife and two children and Boston terrier. Much of his spare time is devoted to the rustic pursuit of gardening, which he took up during the war as a patriotic gesture, and discovered was enjoyable in itself. Occasionally he takes an afternoon off for a little of that good golf, performing in the low hundreds. When summer comes around (normal conditions) the vagabond spirit calls and the Bennetts take to the open spaces, gen-

erally heading to their summer home in Rhode Island.

Of course, the professor has more serious interests also. His professional hobby is in the field of research, and he is now deep in a Navy project, devoted to the study of dispersion measurements on atmospheric gases by displacement interferometry. He describes the methods and objectives of the experiment in layman's language briefly as follows:

"This project is Displacement Interferometry Measurements; is a closely controlled attempt to accurately measure the dispersion and refraction indexes of various gases under constant conditions. This is done by shooting light waves reflected in numerous devious and confusing patterns, through the constantly heated gas solution of measuring by a very complex method the relative length of speed of the light waves. We obtain molecular and optical refraction measurements by a further refinement process. The equipment involved in the experiment is composed mainly of various pipes, lights, reflectors, containers and a few odds and ends, all mounted on inflated inner-tubes. Rube Goldberg was not the inspiration for this contraption."

With which statement Dr. Clarence E. Bennett bows out. We rest assured that of him, more will be heard later.²

1. Not realizing the complexity and extensiveness of the projected work, Professor Bennett over-confidently contracted to deliver the manuscript within six months. He was able to meet the commitment only by working 28 hours a day, and using two typewriters.

2. Professor Bennett reserves his rights to sue the author for libel and defamation of character.

Father: "Well, Junior, what did you do yesterday?"

Junior: "I spent the morning in the pool-room and the afternoon in a burlesque show."

Father: "Shame on you, wasting a whole morning."

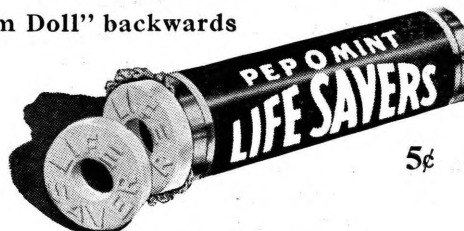


Are you a
*Llod maerd**



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 ALICE FONSECA
Estabrooke Hall
University of Maine

Optimist: A husband who comes home, finds the place littered with tired cigar butts, and exclaims, "Thank heavens, my wife has given up cigarettes at last."



THE PRIDE OF '16

by IKE WEBBER

With the sound of that familiar smack of horsehide against willow, America's favorite pastime—baseball—peeps its head around the corner.

Spring is the time of the year when every guy with a heart and head for baseball breaks out the equipment that has been stored away during the winter months. His legs take the shape of baseball bats. The pupils of his eyes take on all the characteristics of a baseball, and Mom just about dies with anguish when she discovers Junior has been using her facial cream to grease his glove. It's that season when the cry of, "Homerun!" suddenly changes to "Run for home!" when the little spheroid disappears through Old Lady Smith's front window. Ah yes, baseball. Spring is here.

Everybody enjoys the thrill of watching a squeeze play materialize, or that all-important last out when the home team leads with the bases loaded going into the first of the ninth. And whether it be just sandlot baseball, college baseball, or the major leagues, it's still America's favorite pastime.

Some colleges are fortunate enough to boast a major leaguer who once got his hits while playing for the alma mater. Such men as Gordon, late of the Yankees and now with the Cleveland Indians, who played for the Oregon University Webfeet; or Charlie Keller of the Yankees, who once raced in the green pastures of Maryland's University. Men like Dick Wakefield, who trotted from Michigan's campus into the uniform of the Detroit Tigers; and the fabulous Lou Boudreau, manager of the Cleveland Indians, who was an outstand-

ing athlete for the Illini of Illinois. Today these men are bringing recognition to their alma maters just as yesterday Rabbit Lawry brought recognition to Maine through his baseball playing for the Philadelphia Athletics.

The Rabbit was a member of the class of 1916. An all-round athlete his prowess was soon seen (and incidentally he was a member of Tau Beta Pi) by baseball scouts, and upon graduation he signed with the Philadelphia A's. He was sent to Baltimore for more seasoning under the tutorship of Willie Robinson, where he soon gathered the necessities needed to make the big show. In 1920 he came up with the A's and played at second base. His speed afoot was noted (he could circle the base-paths in 13 seconds flat), and he was shifted to shortstop where it was thought that his speed afield would make it possible for him to

nab hot grounders and turn them into fast double plays. The strategy paid off, and though he didn't make the Rookie of the Year Award, he did get that valuable chance to return the following year. He stayed with the Athletics from 1920 to 1925. It was during these years that Connie Mack was moulding his team of Lefty Grove, Jimmie Fox and Company which swept to a World Championship in 1929 and 1930.

Rabbit has just one fond memory left from his baseball days. It's about the time he caught the Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb, in a run down between bases. He fumbled a grounder of Cobb's. Cobb, upon seeing Rabbit muff the ball, set out for second base and made it, but tried to stretch a scratch hit clear to third; whereupon Rabbit caught him going into third and tagged him out. When the dust cleared, and Ty stood up all he said was: "You're a fresh young busher, ain't you!"

Yes, Oregon has its Gordon, and Maryland its Keller, but Maine has a man who ran Ty Cobb down on the bases—Rabbit Lawry, Class of 1916.



"Our biggest problem lies with those guys that tried the hardest to get up here"

"It's the strangest thing I ever saw," said Professor Finkelstein. "Here's an examination paper that's all wrong—all the questions that are supposed to be marked 'Yes' are marked 'No,' and all the questions that are supposed to be marked 'No' are marked 'Yes'."

"Why don't you give the student two points for putting his name on the paper and let it go at that?" asked Professor Murgatroyd.

"No, that wouldn't do. In all my years spent in correcting examination papers, this is the most unusual circumstance I've ever encountered. No, that wouldn't remedy the situation at all—I feel sure there must be some hidden mystery here. Maybe the mind, peculiar to American Youth, is suffering a direct reverse. We might get in on the ground floor, using the common vernacular, on an entirely new science. This might serve as a test case and revolutionize the textbook on abnormal psychology—the one we wrote last year." Professor Finkelstein's hands waved an explanatory arc over the tops of a plentiful supply of blue-backed, identical, "Abnormal Psychology—Finkelstein and Murgatroyd" textbooks. "No," he said, "That wouldn't do at all."

"What's the student's name?" asked Murgatroyd.

"His name is Arbuthnot—class of '49—seems to do all right in everything else except psychology," explained Finkelstein.

"We might have him spend a few extra hours studying mazes—surprising how mazes can help a fellow in making decision, eh?"

"Yes, that might be all right, and it might work out in the long run, or we might try to give him the nine-dot test. Anyway the first thing we'll have to do is find out where he lives, what extra hours he has, and when he can come in for his tests. We'll decide about the tests later. Who knows? It might revolutionize the science of abnormal psychology."

Murgatroyd and Finkelstein be-

NO

BY

CLAIR H. CHAMBERLAIN

gan a frantic search for the Arbuthnot file. "It should be filed under the A's," suggested Murgatroyd, after they had searched for some time.

"No," said Fink.

"Yes," said Murg.

Meanwhile the clock was ticking off seconds, valuable seconds. "What if some mere amateur, some psychologist-on-the-half-shell, some student psychologist, should discover the Arbuthnot phenomenon?" queried Fink.

"Hurry! hurry! hurry! hurry!" exclaimed Murg, and after a while they found the file.

"It was filed under Percival Arbuthnot—class of '49—major subject: economics. It must be what they call 'cross-filing,'" explained Fink. "I was afraid, for a while, we'd have to put in a call to the War Department—almost every student has a record which is filed in the Pentagon Building—that's the place where the bellhop went in on a Tuesday and came out two days later a Colonel, remember? After we finish with the Arbuthnot thing, we might write another chapter on mazes, and use the Pentagon Building as an example."

"No," said Murg. "We'd better finish the Arbuthnot Case first, and make plans for next year's textbook later."

"Yes, Professor Murgatroyd, Percival Arbuthnot has classes at 165 Hopeless every morning, noon, and night, from 8:45 A. M. to 8:45 P. M. You can reach him at 36 Elmnut Street anytime after that. Do you have a car?"

"No—but you can come along if you'd like. After this be sure you make up your files with the last name first."

"Yes, Professor. Where will I meet you?"

"In front of Hopeless at 8:45 sharp. I think I can arrange it so that Finkelstein won't suspect anything."

"Oh, give the old boy a chance; he never has any fun, give him a break and let him come, too."

"But he's a married man. We couldn't think of it," said Murg.

"No," said the secretary. The receiver clicked, ending the conversation.

That evening, after much inquiry, they found Percival Arbuthnot poring over a lengthy tome which bore the simple heading, "Economics Made Easy." The lights were very dim in the shadowy room. Two of Percival's friends were sleeping on top of an adjoining desk.

"They're friends of mine," said Percival, who was thin and wore thick-lensed glasses. "I rent the desk top. It's the only place they have to sleep—poor fellows."

The Professor sat down in the only vacant chair in the room, and the Secretary sat down on the Professor's knee. "Very comfortable place you have here," said the Professor. "We've come over to ask you some questions about your last psychology exam. It was a very unusual set of answers, so we've come to ask you to do more research work with us, if you've no objection."

"No, none at all," said Percival. "I'm sure I could find a few extra hours during the week to help you on any research work, at a nominal fee of course. Maybe you could give me a recommendation for a job next year," he added as an afterthought.

"I'm especially interested in research work. I think it's wonderful, don't you?" asked the Secretary. "I go out with the nicest people after working hours, and go to the

strangest places sometimes—like tonight. I think it's wonderful, don't you?"

"No," said Percival, "Economics is what makes the world go 'round. I'm not interested in girls."

"Quite right," said the Secretary. "Neither am I."

"There's a coke machine in the corner. Got any nickels?" suggested Percival. "Oh, don't bother to move. Just give me three nickels and I'll wake up Sam here, and get him to run over for the cokes."

Sam got up, after he had been prodded a couple of times, and went over for the cokes.

"Would you like to have a drink of mine?" asked Percival, after he had nearly drained the bottle.

"No, thanks," answered Sam.

"I'll try not to wake you up again," apologized Percival.

"Oh, that's all right—anytime at all," said Sam. He crawled up on the desk, and went back to sleep.

"The other one's named Bennie; I rent the desk, and they sleep here," said Percival.

"Well, I'm afraid we must be going. We've had a wonderful evening," said the Professor, dumping the Secretary on the floor.

"Yes, we've had a wonderful evening," echoed the Secretary, and she rubbed the place where it hurt most.

Percival started reading again. The Secretary and the Professor went out. The Professor forgot to shut the door.

"Bennie, wake up and shut the door."

"Yes," said Bennie.

"Bring back a coke."

"Yes."

"Thanks," said Percival. "Would you like to have a drink?"

"No."

"Well, thanks," said Percival.

"Sure, anytime, any old time at all." Bennie crawled over Sam and went back to sleep.

"Today is the day we start working on the Arbuthnot boy, isn't it?" said Professor Finkelstein the

next morning.

"No. Percival Arbuthnot is entirely normal," replied Murg. "I did a little bit of research work last night—went over to see Arbuthnot myself."

"Then we'd better work on the Pentagon Maze instead, don't you think?"

"Yes. Let me see, do we have a file on Pentagon, or do you think we'll have to call Washington?"

First Girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

First: "He whistles dirty songs."

Monty Was Here

Last Saturday evening, two lads who were walking back toward their houses after leaving their dates at Colvin stopped to stare at an Estabrooke window where a lovely coed was undressing—with the shade up!

"Well," said one, "she isn't very modest, is she?"

"No," said the other, "but she is retiring."

—Monty Higgins

Nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over this patient to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Button your collar."

—Varieties.

FASHIONS

by Barbie Patten 

Spring is here—not like a lion; not like a lamb. Spring is prancing across the campus like a finely bred horse galloping into summer and then leaping back into winter to trot down the pine-flanked paths of white velvet. A gay variety but hard on the wardrobe, the fashion layout however was easily solved by the fashion experts (i.e. all the men on the PINE NEEDLE staff). These honorable gentlemen put on their black robes and white wigs and called a consultation and after due deliberation voted unanimously on bathing suit—oops, pardon me—on cotton dresses well below the knees.

Eager to comply, I immediately contacted four co-eds, noted for their good looking eyebrows and feet, and asked them to be ready on Tuesday for the camera. Then oh shame oh shame—oh how I hate to say this—I—Did you ever hear about the man on the bus, who put his hands over his face? His friend asked him if something was the matter, and he replied, I can't bear to see old ladies stand up. Well do I win that box of life

savers?—Well I suppose I've got to tell you, I TOLD TED NEW-HALL THAT EVERYTHING WAS ALL SET FOR MONDAY!! Oh horror of horrors.

So Ted came a day early, and he found the girls.

Two dreamy time gals, one routed out of bed and the other on her way, Gloria MacKenzie and Jose Libby singing the latest duet, "Let's Turn Out the Lights and Dream of A's and Summer Vacation". Jose was supposed to wear a bathing suit—of the Gay Nineties era—but her tailored pajamas are as becoming. Gloria had just taken the tissue paper out of her dancing-on-the-balcony - in - the - moonlight evening dress. (Sorry all. Be not surprised to find a new fashion editor next month.) Gloria successfully combines the classical nightgown with its ruffled sleeves and neck and abbreviated Tommies all in one charming creation.

Sherry has come back from her walk in the rain; the Solitary Sweeper has finished sweeping; and Jose and Gloria have about ended their lullaby duet and so Good Night, if not Good Bye.



When
In
Bangor
Visit
The
New
Atlantic
Restaurant

*
The
House
of
Quality

*
66 Main Street
Bangor

HOW TO LIGHT AN OIL STOVE

or "Don't Chop Any Wood Mother, Father's Coming Home With a Load"

by Kenny Zwicker

There are few men living who can light an oil stove on the first attempt, and don't think that you are different because you're not. I shall, nevertheless, explain to you, in the simplest manner possible, a few of the details which are essential in completing the tedious task mentioned above. To light an oil stove you need no materials, except, of course, a stout heart and a grim determination to win.

Let us assume that it is a cold morning, since it is usually morning when the layman builds a fire in his kitchen stove, and more often than not it is cold as well. You must stride up to the metal monster with a nonchalant air . . . self-confidence. Now then, there are two little gadgets (leave us not become involved with nomenclature) located on the copper tube, between the oil jug and the stove. The first step consists of turning both of these little gizmos completely around to 'start'; these devices allow the oil to flow from the jug to the burners, which are located inside the stove. The oil is now flowing at its maximum speed, since the gizmos, in this position, are completely opened. The next logical step is lighting the 'lighter', which is the metal rod that hangs behind the oil jug. Grasp the lighter firmly in your left hand and dip the end of it (the lighter) into the receiver in which the mouth of the jug rests. The receiver contains surplus oil, as you can readily see by noting the end of your lighter. Now you must touch a burning match to that end of the lighter which you submerged in oil. Yes, you need a match, and I defy you to find one in the pocket of that robe you're wearing!

Now that you have emptied all

of your pockets and finally found matches, (Where were they, in your topcoat? I thought so!) you must dampen the end of the lighter again, since the oil evaporated while you were looking for a match. Strike the match and ignite that rod that you have in your left hand. Whoops, burned your fingers, eh? Wooden matches are really much better for this type of work. Well, the rod is burning anyway, so let us get back to the stove. Open the draught, remove both lids from the stove, and hold the flaming rod down near the wick of each burner. You can't miss the burners because there isn't anything else in there! Replace the lids before the ceiling becomes all smoked up, blow out the flame on the lighter, put it back where you found it, and turn those two little gizmos back to zero. If you do not turn them back promptly the burners will be flooded, and, in a short time, carbon will form in your stove making it *difficult* to light. After a minute has elapsed, you may turn the gizmos up to about 'five'. At this position the stove is receiving the proper amount of oil to insure steady burning. Don't worry about that sputtering; you probably flooded the stove a bit, but all will be well in a few minutes. You will note, by peeking through the damper, that the burners are beginning to give forth a steady, blue flame, which is a very good sign.

Now your wife will shout from the bedroom and ask if the coffee is ready, but you just sit there and enjoy your cigarette because after you take a shower you will have to light the stove again.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Call 2-3987 for information regarding electric ranges.

THE UNIVERSITY PLACEMENT BUREAU

by Elaine McManus

Like the small acorn which into a great oak did grow, the University Placement Bureau has developed from a seedling project operating on a part-time basis into a full-sized agency with an expanding program.

In 1935 the Bureau came to life at 12 Fernald Hall in a location which must have given it a touch of carefree, Bohemian sociability. Down the corridor cokes freely did flow, and barber shop quartets competed with juke-box medleys to produce the atmosphere that effected a classic honer in the Bureau's history.

It was like this:

There was a young senior in Tech
Who was seeking a job with a
check.

He went to Socony

On a lead that was phony
And in two weeks was out on his
neck.

This cryptic bit of versifying outlines the misadventure of an engineer who was one of several interviewed by a representative from Socony. Their reactions must have been mutually favorable, for though the representative departed without further consulting the Bureau, the Tech man was left with the impression that he had been hired. Without further ado, the Bureau gave the union its blessing and packed the young man off to New York.

The boy from Maine wandered about the huge plant for two weeks before discovering that there had been a misunderstanding. No definite agreement had been reached; no correspondence existed to confirm his appointment.

"Sorry, no job here. We thought you were just visiting."

Five years later in the history of the nation this poor misguided lad might have been tabbed a fifth columnist, and clapped into an institution very unlike the alma mater from which he had so trustingly departed. But five years later in the history of the Placement Bureau, such an incident could not

have occurred. For by that time the service had passed through the experimental stage and was firmly standing on its own feet.

President Hauck first recognized the need for a centralized placement service to replace the old system whereby contact between prospective employers and student job seekers was arranged by the heads of the different departments. It was fostered by the General Alumni Association in cooperation with the University and directed by Mr. Philip J. Brockway, who also serves as Assistant Alumni Secretary.

Since the Bureau was something of a pioneer project on the campus, and placement service was hardly a booming business in the mid-thirties, it seemed best to combine the offices and duties of the Placement Director and Assistant Alumni Secretary under the direction of one man. The arrangement has worked out in favor of the Bureau, to which the G. A. A. has given its wholehearted support.

As an example of this support, Mr. Brockway cites the aid given by alumni to the veterans' placement program. Many ex-service-men who had been drafted immediately after graduation failed to benefit by the ruling which gives the vet an option on his old job. Aware that many would find themselves unemployed and without definite prospects upon leaving the separation center, the Bureau's director sent a circular to each of these former students informing them of the G. A. A. plan to help them find jobs. Committees of Alumni were formed in eighteen different cities to aid in discovering opportunities, making contacts

and providing introductions. In the last year, over a hundred veterans have been placed, and the Alumni Committee members are calling for more.

Such a state of affairs is a far cry from the Bureau's early beginnings during the stern and rock-bound depression period. Starting from scratch, Mr. Brockway had to construct a program which would be adapted to the particular needs of the University. With advice from President Hauck, who had had experience in placement work, with information garnered from other institutions, and by means of the trial-and-error method, the program took shape.

Much early work was done through promotional field work in distant cities to acquaint prospective employers with the University and to become acquainted with the types of positions they offered. The director's task was to establish contacts with companies and institutions and to build up the reputation of the University. About sixty per cent of the future success of the work of the Placement Bureau depends on the continued reputation that has been established. For instance, the U. of M. is noted for turning out practical-minded engineers who don't mind climbing a pole if called upon to do so in the line of duty. Employers are interested in securing green help who are willing to learn the business literally from the ground up.

"Contact" is the keynote of the Bureau's activities.

"The fundamental purpose of the placement service," states its director, "is to put the potential employee in touch with the potential employer and then to step out

of the picture. The prospect sells himself."

Small concerns in distant cities or those with special requirements which can be filled by a single student frequently depend on mail contact. When an employer writes requesting an applicant from a particular department, the Bureau selects several students on the basis of information gathered from the student's data sheet, personal conference with Mr. Brockway and the advice of the department head. A transcript of the Recommendation Sheet which every senior receives is sent to the employer with a letter of introduction. From there on, the student is on his own.

The occasional request for an applicant who was captain of the football team, belongs to a particular fraternity, or is a B. M. O. C. is a cheering note to the director, whose task is then simplified.

The Bureau tries to arrange as many interviews as possible between seniors and representatives from companies and institutions. The personal conference gives students a chance to investigate many possible openings. The various interviews and informative contacts give the senior who is still uncertain as to what field or type of position he wants a basis for decision.

A student may have any reasonable number of conferences with representatives from such companies and institutions as: General Mills, Westinghouse, Farmer's Exchange, General Electric, Connecticut Mutual, R. H. White, and the State Department of Health and Welfare.

Harking back once again to the early days at No. 12 Franklin Hall, Mr. Brockway recalls an amusing adventure he shared with two visiting hire-men from Boston. After a gruelling all-day session spent in shuffling job-hunting seniors in and out of the office, the three men found themselves inadvertently locked in. No amount of physical persuasion would open the

door. Nor would vocal commotion arouse any response in an otherwise deserted building. (If Richard had been there—but that's another story. So through the window they did make their exit, with many a chuckle over the enforced reminder of their own undergraduate days.

Whether the Hub men carried forth the tale of their forced getaway is not known. At any rate, it is certain that it did not check the future flow of other representatives, who have come in increasing numbers. This year the traffic has been heavier than ever before with a total of about fifty personnel agents expected to visit the campus before the end of the season.

To help prepare the job-hunter for his entrance into the wide world of business and the professions the University Vocational Committee, in cooperation with the Bureau, has presented to every senior a handbook entitled "Your Job Application."

Much work remains to be done in the sphere of vocational guidance. Some counseling has been obtained from faculty members and imported lecturers in the past, augmented by literature provided by various concerns and books listed in the Vocations File in the Library. But as yet, no organized program has been developed. This is but one area in which the Bureau hopes to branch out in the future.

Since its inception the placement service has been affected by drastic changes in the affairs of the nation, of business, and of the University. Right now, it rides the crest of a wave of economic prosperity. The number of openings for college-trained employees has hit an all-time high. From its busy headquarters in the New Library, the Bureau looks forward to supplying an increasing demand by employers with students from graduating classes of record-breaking enrollments.



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BANGOR

Half a Fifth

by

RICHARD CUTTS

The foglike drizzle and a heavy overcast made the early dark of the Aleutian winter come all the earlier. The truck coming down the road with a load of crushed rock had its headlights turned on.

"Ain't it about time to knock off, Sarge?" said Jake Adams, as the truck pulled up and prepared to dump its load. His shovel made a sucking noise as he pulled it out of the tundra.

"Yeah, I guess we'll have to," Sgt. Brown said. "It's getting pretty dark. Too bad, another couple of loads and we'd have finished the job."

The body of the dump truck started to raise.

"Yeh, it's too bad," said Jake, defiantly. "You'd think this God damn road went to your own private estate."

The noise of stone sliding over metal completely drowned out his words, as he had known it would, but his self-respect had been saved.

The truck stood idling, waiting for Jake and the two men with him to get the load of stone spread out. They worked with their backs to the wind, sacrificing speed for comfort. The sergeant had climbed into the warmth and dryness of the cab of the truck and was in no mood to brave the elements again in an effort to make them hurry.

When the load had been more or less spread out, the three men threw their shovels into the back of the truck and climbed in after them. They squatted behind the cab for the ride back to the company area.

On the way, Jake bitterly pondered the luck that had brought

his spirits so low since noon. He'd had a stroke of luck the night before. He'd been calling on a buddy of his down at ATS, checking on rumors about the next boatload of replacements, when a guy had come in with a half full fifth of whiskey, offering it for sale. Jake had jumped at the offer and paid him the twenty dollars he was asking. It was the best price an enlisted man could get on whiskey. Jake had taken his time walking home, making sure all the guys in the hut were asleep before he went in. Then he had carefully hidden the half full bottle way down in his duffle bag. He had no intentions of sharing the whiskey with anyone.

At noon chow, things were looking good. He had it figured that a couple of more loads would finish the job he was working on and he'd be able to get back to the hut early, in time to finish off the liquor before the rest of the guys got there. The sergeant had other ideas.

Jake's mood had changed to one of anxiety, then to one of despair as it became apparent that the sergeant meant to do the job well. He had spent the last hour or so silently cursing eager sergeants in general and Sgt. Brown in particular.

As the truck drove into the company area, Jake's mood had lightened somewhat. He had conceived an alternate plan. There was a new show at the Willimaw theatre tonight, and probably all the guys would go. That would give him an even better chance than the one he had planned on for the afternoon.

"We'll go out in the morning and

finish the job," said Sgt. Brown, as Jake and the others headed for the mess hall. "Did you hear me, Corporal Adams?"

"Yeah, I heard you all right," Jake growled.

It irritated Technician Fifth Grade Adams to be called Corporal. The T/5's in the company had to pull KP and latrine orderly but the Corporals got out of it.

Jake ate his supper and went down to his hut. He was feeling much better as he took off his boots and wet weather clothing and stretched out on his sack.

"You going to the show tonight, Jake?" one of the fellows asked.

"No, I guess not."

"Why not? All the rest of us are going."

"I just can't see walking all the way down there in this weather," Jake answered.

"What do you know," said little Joe Hendrix, from over in the corner of the hut, "the old man is bitchin' about the weather. After all the rough weather you had when you first got here, don't tell me you're going to let a little rain stop you."

"I think the man's been up here too long," said Harry Symonds, looking up from the book he was reading. It was the Armed Forces Edition of *Lust For Life*. He was reading it because he liked the sound of the title.

Jake let the ribbing go by without saying anything. He'd been overseas longer than any man in the outfit and his replacement had been overdue for three months. However, he'd been cured of telling the guys of what an easy deal they had compared to when he'd first landed. Tiring of being told that even the storms of two years ago were worse than the ones they were experiencing, they had started the practice of rushing up to Jake in conspicuous places and saying, "Come on, Jake, tell us about how rough it was when you first got here."

When Jake had realized that they were just kidding him, he'd practically stopped talking altogether. But, he still believed that today's williwaws were nothing compared to those in the days when he was living in a pyramidal tent instead of a cozy quonset hut.

He reached up and snapped on the radio. It warmed up just in time for them to hear a friendly female voice saying, "Hiya, fellas. This is GI Jill with the GI Jive." They never missed Jill and her daily offering of recorded music if they could help it.

"Jill's a good woman," said Harry. He'd laid his book down. "She doesn't try to make you over the air like most of those women do. Those Hollywood bitches will tell you anything as long as there's a few thousand miles of ocean to protect them."

Harry's statement received silent agreement and they lay there on their bunks listening to the music and friendly chatter, waiting contentedly for Jill's sign off. She said the same thing every day. "Good morning to some of you, good afternoon to some of you, and to the rest of you, good night."

It was the "good night" that did it. Joe Hendrix had always said that if his girl didn't learn to say good night just like Jill did he'd tell her off.

Jake was happy. His plan was sure to work.

"There must be damn near a pint of that stuff," he thought. "That ought to be enough to make a man forget for a little while how long it's taking his replacement to get here."

His thoughts were interrupted as the music faded and the crisp, hard voice of the GI announcer at the local station came in.

"Attention all troops. Attention all troops. Today's slogan is, 'Two strikes on the winning team.' Repeat. Today's slogan . . ."

As soon as he realized what was going on, Jake reached up and

viciously snapped the radio off.

Little Joe, lying on his bunk in the corner, began pounding his forehead with his fist.

"God damn . . . God damn . . .," he said, slowly, over and over, as though everything that he held dear had been suddenly swept away.

In a few minutes the door burst open and the company clerk rushed in.

"All right, you guys," he said, "number two alert. How come you're not ready? You should be up in front of the orderly room by now."

"How the hell are we supposed to know when there's going to be an alert?" someone said. "We supposed to be psychic or something?"

"It came over the radio five minutes ago," the clerk said.

"Well, we didn't have ours on."

The company clerk rushed out, eager to spread his bad tidings.

"That brown-nosing son of a bitch," Joe said, "you can bet your next beer ration that he won't be out lying on the tundra tonight. He'll be in the orderly room playing cribbage with the First Sergeant."

They began putting on boots, sweaters, parkas, mittens, and everything that would protect them from the wet Aleutian cold.

"It's those S-3 jokers you can thank for this," said Harry, putting on a third pair of socks. "They've got nothing to do but sit down there on their cans and think up things to keep us from having what little fun is possible in a place like this. I suppose they think the Japs don't have enough on their hands in the Philippines and are going to come up here and take this place."

"They've got to give the brass a chance to play soldier so they'll have something to tell their kids," Jake said.

He was really low, now. Instead of an evening of alcoholic stupor, he was faced with spending the

night sitting on the tundra watching for a mythical enemy. He considered taking the bottle out with him, but he soon abandoned the idea. He didn't want to be in the stockade when his replacement arrived.

Jake struggled with his cartridge belt all the way up to the orderly room. The last time he had worn it was in the summer with only a field jacket to stretch it around. He finally had to let it out before he could fasten it over the layers of clothes necessary for the mid-winter night.

The First Sergeant was passing out assignments when Jake arrived at the Company assembly area.

"Adams," he said, "you go out to that promontory in back of the chapel. Take Hendrix with you and stay there until someone relieves you."

Joe stumbled into an old fox-hole part way out, and spent the rest of the way cursing the guys who didn't have sense enough to fill in a foxhole when they were through with it. Arriving at the

promontory, they settled down behind an outcropping of earth that gave them some protection from the weather. They didn't talk much.

Once Joe said, "Didja ever see anything as black as a stormy night in the Aleutians? I can't even tell where my feet are except by feel."

Jake didn't answer him. He lay there listening to the chain slapping against the steel flagpole over at headquarters. It sounded just like a cowbell. He remembered all the worry it had caused him about a year ago when the company had first moved into this area near headquarters. He had heard it every time he stepped out of the hut late at night. It was a long time before he found out what was causing it. He had thought at first that he was getting island happy like they said you would after you'd been up here so long. Finally, at the risk of appearing foolish, he had asked one of the guys about it and found out what it was.

(Continued on next page)



I got to thinking that I was in a rut

Needle Nubbins

New Bridge Rules

If you know how to play bridge, these will help you.

If you don't know, these will teach you . . .

1. Pick up the cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
2. If your hand is rotten, mention it. It will guide your partner in his bid and play.
3. If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry! Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is trump. It will show your interest in the game.
6. Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other cards. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can make if they play right.
7. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.
8. Feel free to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.
9. Always trump your partner's trick. Never take a chance.
10. Don't try to remember the rules. It is confusing.
11. If it is a money game, always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression and folks will always remember you.
12. Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your card knowledge.
13. Don't show lack of interest when dummy. Help your partner out with suggestions.
14. Disagree with established rules and conventions. People will know you are a person of independent mind.
15. Eat chocolate caramels or other adhesive candy while playing. It will keep the cards from skidding.

—Sundial.

sea food



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Jake had been happy to know that he wasn't blowing his top, although later he wasn't so sure. He'd known several guys since then that had gotten island happy. They had been sent home and discharged with Section Eights and were happy civilians, now.

"A man could use a good snort of whiskey about now," Joe said.

Jake thought about the good snort he had right back in the hut. He wondered when he'd ever have a chance to get at it. He thought of drinking it after the guys were all asleep when the alert was over. He soon dismissed the thought. "I'd be so dead tired that it probably wouldn't affect me."

"Heard any rumors about your replacement?" Joe said, still trying to make conversation.

"I heard that they're going to fly some in from Anchorage, but I don't believe it," Jake answered. "There's so many damn rumors that you don't know what to believe."

"What's the first thing you're going to do when you get back to the States," Joe asked "get drunk, or get a woman?"

"Neither," Jake answered. "I'm going to hit the sack until I'm warm. I haven't been warm all over for twenty-seven months."

The conversation lapsed.

At about midnight, the wind let up a little and the rain stopped. Presently a few stars appeared in the inky blackness above them.

"Looks like it's going to clear up," Joe said. His voice had a hollow sound. He had his face stuck in his helmet, trying to smoke a cigarette without getting caught. "Maybe we'll get some mail tomorrow."

Jake said nothing. He had only a passive interest in mail call. His girl had tired of waiting for him before he had been overseas six months and had sent him a "Dear John." He'd never answered the letter even though she had sug-

gested that they still be friends and keep on writing each other.

At one-thirty, the alert was called off and a man came out to send them back to the area. On their way to the hut, they stopped at the mess hall for some coffee and doughnuts. It didn't take them long to get into bed when they got to the hut.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the CQ woke them up and they went up and had breakfast. There was a notice on the bulletin board that there would be an inspection of rifles at ten-thirty.

"Those S-3 bastards make sure that it's raining before they have an alert just so the rifles will be good and hard to clean," Harry said, when they were all back in the hut cleaning their weapons.

Jake sat on his bunk thinking about his whiskey and trying to get the rust out of his rifle barrel. He was still sitting and thinking when the First Sergeant walked in.

"Why the hell don't you go home, Adams?" the Sergeant growled. He said it in his customary "Why the hell aren't those latrines cleaned yet?" tone of voice but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"You trying to be funny?" Jake asked.

"No, I mean it. Your replacement was flown in after the weather cleared up this morning and your orders have been already cut. You're on first available air transportation. You'd better get your stuff turned in to the supply room as soon as possible because they may call up from the air base for you at any minute." He walked out.

Jake sat on his bunk putting his rifle together and trying to keep his happiness from showing too much. All the men in the hut were crowding around him, congratulating him. Then he thought of the whiskey. With just the barest hesitation, he reached down in his duffle bag and pulled out the bottle.

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Bangor

"Here, fellas," he said, "here's something I've been saving until we had something to celebrate."

"Jesus!" someone said, with awe in his voice, "a whole half a bottle of whiskey!"

THE HOURS ARE LONG

The hours are long, my Alma Mater,

Yea! the hours are long and my shoulders are bent, as under a mighty load,

The books grow heavy, and my thoughts are heavy, and my shoulders are bent.

My cheeks grow sunken and my eyes have dark circles.

They are red-rimmed with too much of late hours.

The examinations are too frequent my Alma Mater!

Yea! they are to frequent and too difficult for comprehension.

Would that I might lie down beside the still waters;

Would that spring were already here that I might fish and contemplate

Upon the joys of a well earned vacation.

—Clair H. Chamberlain.

She (suggestively): "That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water."
He: "Then spit."

A recent poll taken to determine the main reasons why men get up at night brought forth the following vital statistics:

- 10% to raid the ice box.
- 15% to visit the bathroom.
- 75% to go home.

Dottie: "I was getting fond of Joe . . . until he got fresh and spoiled it."

Lottie: "Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

Irate Father: "I can see right through that girl's intrigue."

Lovesick Son: "I know, Dad, but they all dress that way nowadays."

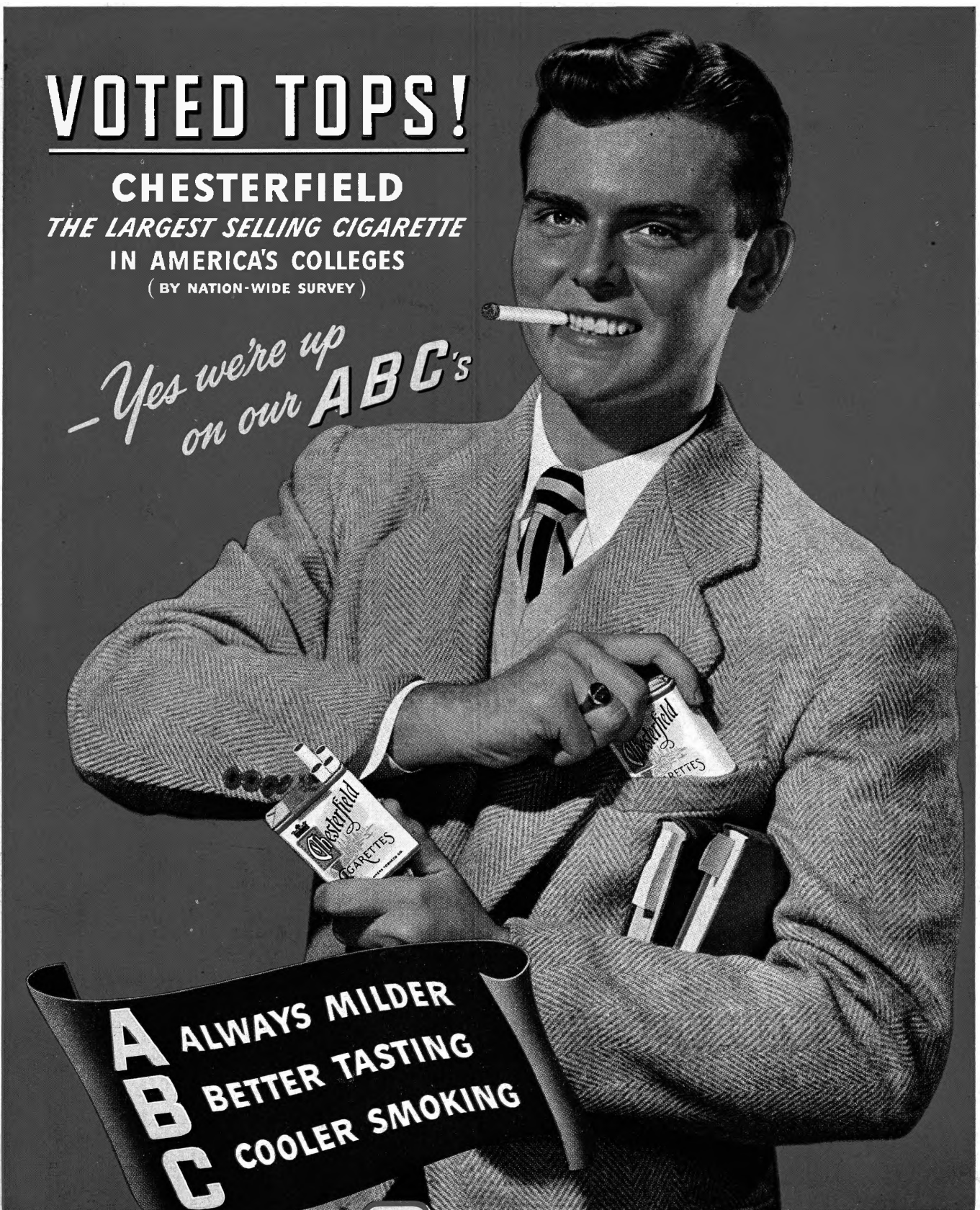


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