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The Pine Needle, February 1947

Pine Needle Publications

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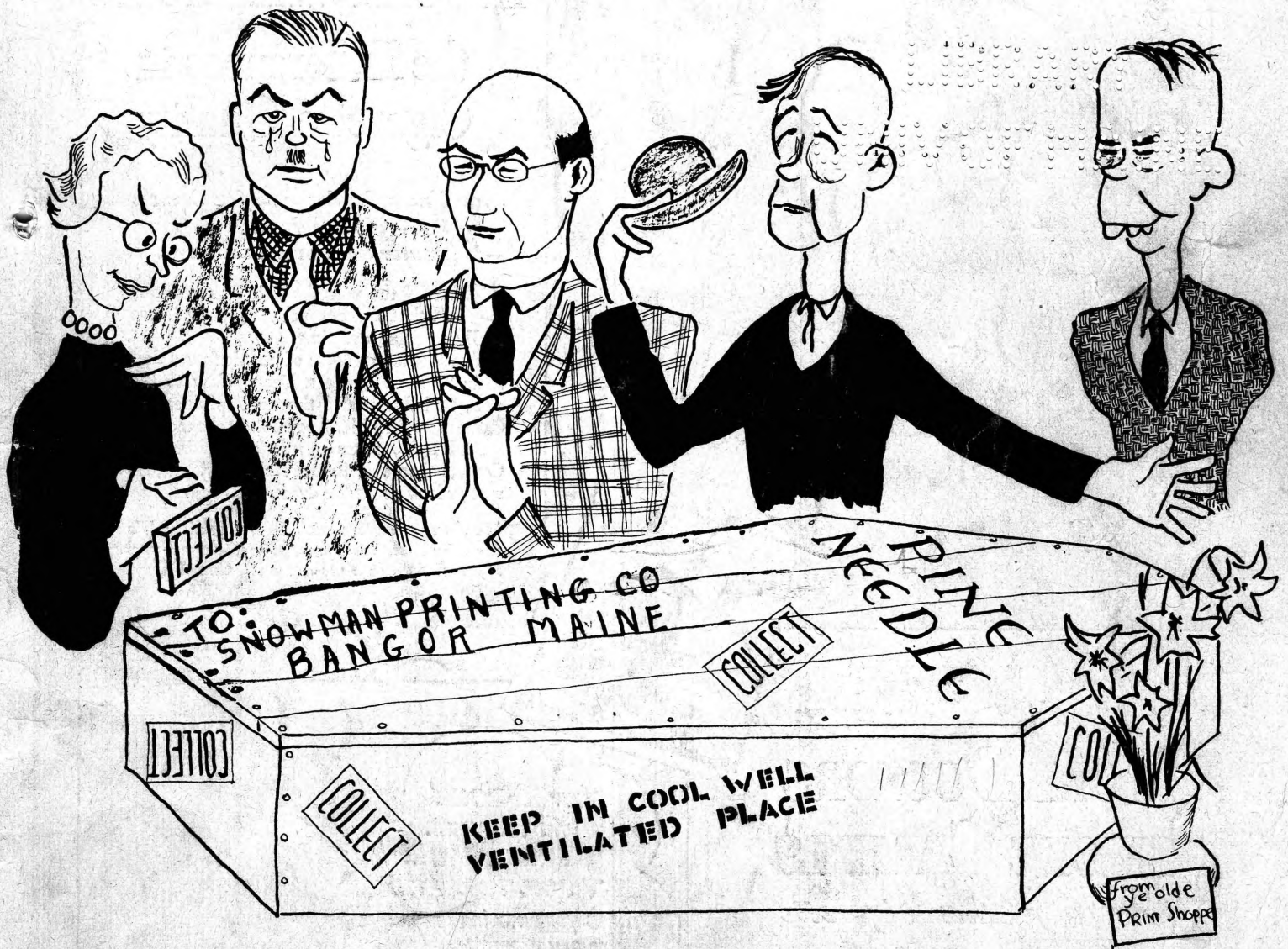
Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Rip Haskell, Lawrence C. Collier, Bill Horner, Jean Miller, Shirley B. Speers, Joe Tillem, K. Bridges, Lloyd Shapleigh, Bill Brennan, and Barbie Patten

THIRTY CENTS

PINE NEEDLE

FEBRUARY, 1947



HE'S ON PAGE 6—

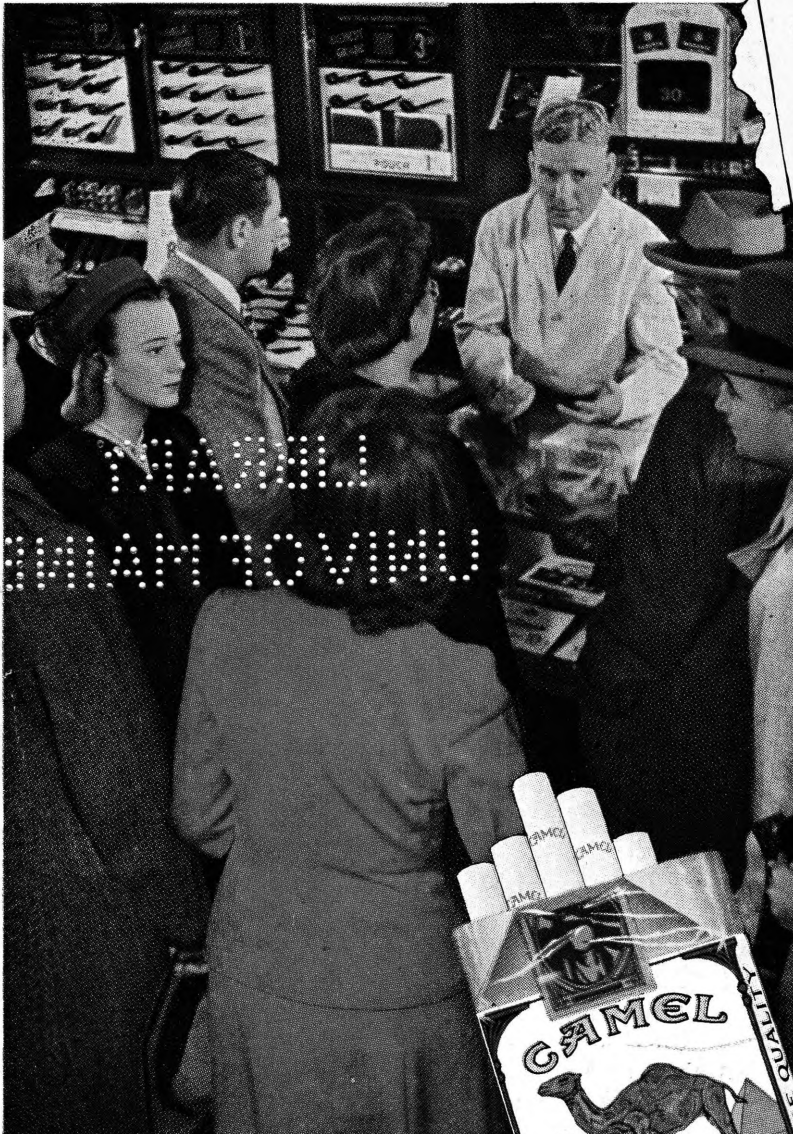
The Ubiquitous Mr. Hardy

518

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads
.. Counters jammed...
Millions try different brands
— any brand they can get.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in Cigarette Quality

*.. and now the demand for Camels
— always great
— is greater than ever in history.*

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes
... that's when your "T-Zone" was
really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that
their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the
rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of
Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for
Camels than ever before in history. But, no
matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We
use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and
blended in the time-honored Camel way!*



*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette



Doctors too smoke for pleasure.
And when three independent
research organizations asked
113,597 doctors—What cigarette
do you smoke, Doctor?—the
brand named most was Camel!

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



Your 'T-ZONE'
will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...
That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your 'T-ZONE'



THE PINE NEEDLE

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FEBRUARY, 1947

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JERICHO

..... and the walls came tumblin' down

He'd better ring again. Old Celia, if she were still alive, must be by now deaf as death. He prodded the bell—then straightened his tie. His suit felt funny. It was the first whole suit that he'd ever had. It was a blue suit. He'd worn blue in the navy. Blue was a nice color. He was used to it.

There was a sharp squeak, and something in his chest jumped. The heavy door opened, and he looked up apprehensively. Just then he thought of the beers he'd had at Ike's—

"Dan Jordan, come right in," said a warm voice enthusiastically, and a slender arm was slipped through his.



"Miss Caroline, I—"

"None of that Miss Caroline stuff, just plain Cal, Dan. Well, come on in. It's wonderful to see you again."

He remembered to remove his hat as she ushered him into the living room, talking warmly and

sympathetically. First about his mother's death, and then about his navy experiences, and then how well he looked. Dan sat down awkwardly in an uncomfortable, mustard plush chair. Self-consciously he opened a pack of cigarettes.

"Do you mind, Miss—"she frowned, "Cal, I mean?"

"Heavens no. Toss me one too. Will you?"

"How about a drink, Dan?"

"Well, I'd—"

"Good. What'll you have, rye or bourbon?"

"Rye would be fine, thanks."

"Be back in a flash."

Dan watched as she disappeared behind the dark green curtains at the end of the room. His buddy, Murphy, would have whistled, "Boy, is that dame stacked." She wasn't really pretty—a little too pale and her mouth was large. She had never been pretty, but she was a princess. A delicate ivory princess like he'd read about in school. Ever since he could remember he'd dreamt of protecting her—saving her from giants or dragons at first, then from the bullies in high school who said she was a snob. Even on the ship he'd thought of Caroline Benson. He'd rescued her from Jap officers on some island where they were going to land, or jumped into shark-infested waters after her. Even after he and Helen were married he knew he'd still think of Caroline. It was silly, but he couldn't help it.

She returned with two tall glasses on a small tray, and put it on the table in front of the sofa. She sat down and beckoned.

"That chair is a monstrosity. Come over here beside me. We can talk better that way."

Dan walked to the sofa, picked up his drink, and sat down stiffly. Cal raised her glass and smiled. She took a short sip. Dan took a long drink. He felt better. The thought of being worried about the beers was funny now.

"You're not planning to stay in Springvale, Dan?"

"No. I sold Ma's place. I'm going to Boynton. I've got a job in a radio repair shop there."

"That's wonderful, but where are you going to live? I hear Boynton's awfully crowded."

"It is. I'm planning to buy a little place just outside, and do some farming too."

"You must have saved quite a bit overseas, but then you always were one to save. Remember the time you saved all the money you earned from grandmother Benson to buy me that chiffon scarf for Christmas. I really was a little brat then. Don't be so slow. This is an occasion, and there's plenty of rye."

Dan drained his glass. "Well, if—"

"That's the spirit. I never saw a navy man yet who couldn't hold his liquor."

She picked up the glasses and Dan watched her disappear again. She really had turned out to be regular. He was glad he'd told those guys off at school. He had to leave after this one though. He'd told Mr. Moore he'd be back at eight-thirty. Somehow he didn't feel like buying Helen's ring tonight. He had the money for it,

though, and he would. Just because Cal was nice didn't mean anything. Now that she'd changed she was probably nice to everyone, and he had worked for her grandmother for a long time, so why wouldn't she be nice.

"I decided to bring the bottle right in here. It's such a nuisance to get up all the time."

"I have to go pretty soon."

"Well you have plenty of time for one more after this anyway, Dan."

He felt a cool hand clasp his free one, and a pleasant chill ran through him.

"Dan, I really want to apologize for lots of things like not thanking you for the scarf, and not ever writing to you when you were overseas and sent me that necklace of shells. Grandmother Benson—well, you know how she was, sort of thought the Bensons were better than anyone else."

"Oh, I never thought much about it," he lied. "I guess I never expected to be thanked," he added truthfully. "I thought you would look nice in them. That was silly though, because you always had everything."

"It wasn't silly. It was sweet. You don't know how sweet," and she squeezed his hand.

"Do you think I'm pretty, Dan?"

"Of course."

He was feeling a little dizzy and started to put his hand over his glass. She moved his hand aside and poured straight rye over the thin slab of ice that remained in the glass.

"I'm sorry you're going to Boynton, Dan. I never dreamed it could be so nice having you around. I never had any friends, but now that Grandmother Benson is dead, it would be fun. You have a girl in Boynton, though, don't you?"

"Sort of."

"What's her name?"

"Helen."

"Is she pretty?"

Dan didn't answer. This time he poured himself a drink.

"Mr. Moore told me you were looking at diamonds. They're awfully high now."

"Yeah! So they are high. I got a thousand for ma's place." Dan's face was very red and his voice was high.

"I'm sorry, Dan; I guess I'm sort of jealous, that's all."

His glass was empty, and she refilled it.

"Do you love her, Dan? Did you dream about her when you were on the ship?" Her face was very close to his.

"Sometimes," he answered tersely.

"Only sometimes?"

"Sometimes I thought of someone else."

"Who?"

"I can't tell."

"Please, Dan."

"No."

"It was me, Dan, wasn't it?"

"Ya, I guess it was, but it was only wishing or dreaming—sort of silly—"

Slowly she slipped her arms around his neck. Her perfume was suffocating, but he didn't struggle. It was much too wonderful.

"This isn't dreaming, Dan. Do you think it's silly?"

Her lips were very close. He didn't answer.

* * * *

"Hey, buddy, you're going to miss the train if you don't hop to. Come on, I'll help you. That ticket you're holding says Boynton. I'm going that way myself."

Dan's mouth was dry and fuzzy, and his head ached as he staggered to his feet.

"You sure tied on a good one last night," said his friend, as he hurried him along the dusty platform and helped him board the train. Tried to get tanked up myself, but that one horse town sure ain't the place to do it. Give an old service man Chicago. That's the place any day any time. This

your home town?"

"Used to be."

"Friends then. That explains it."

"I guess so. I can't remember."

"Drew a blank, huh?"

"I had a couple of beers at Ike's place—"

"Say no more, buddy. I'm a sympathetic guy, I am."

The train jolted to a start and slatted back and forth. It was hot and dusty. Dan felt sick and ashamed. What must Cal think of him, or had he just dreamt it all when he was drunk. He was confused. His head throbbed.

"Boy, you look green about the gills. Here comes the guy with the coffee. That'll fix you up."

"Hey there, Joe, one Java here."

"I've got it," said Dan, fumbling for his wallet.

"Forget it, chum. What's a nickel here or there?"

"My wallet. I can't find it."

"Don't get excited, relax and let me have a look. — Cripes, I hate ta tell you this, Joe, but you've been clipped, as we say."

"Lucky thing you had your ticket," he added consolingly, as he flipped a nickel to the coffee vendor.

Youth Injured In Dynamite Blast

San Francisco, Aug. 29 (AP)—Albert Markussen, 49, a mill employee of Eureka, was flown to Stanford hospital here by navy plane today after he was gravely injured in a dynamite explosion.

—P. A. Times

Kids shouldn't be allowed to play with dynamite anyway.

Then there was the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke all his knuckles on the bedpost screaming.

—Widow

BRONZE BUST

Dear Mrs. Post: Is it good taste for a man to have his own bronze bust displayed in his garden?

—Ossining Citizen-Register.

Well, at least not in mixed company.

The subject was Modern Society. The assignment was a term paper on the theme: "Social Problems In My Home Town."

Horrendous V. Carlyle, one of the more serious students, was slightly puzzled.

"I can't write on that," he complained. "My town doesn't have any social problems."

The instructor considered him a moment, a weary smile playing over his features.

"You're from Houlton, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's supposed to be a conservative town, isn't it?"

"I guess so."

"Well, that's a social problem, isn't it? Write about it."

The eminent political scientist, Robert D. Winship, was in the class that morning. He had been following the conversation attentively (for once he was awake) and appreciatively. He could not repress his feelings when he was exposed to such penetrating logic. In a burst of eloquence, he pronounced judgment.

"Only a true radical could have said that!" he cried, his voice tinged with awe.

C. Dewitt Hardy smiled. He had been so named before.

And frequently. Ever since 1942, students at the University of Maine have attended Hardy's lectures and come away with the impression that here was something different.¹ Just what, they would not be able to say, but they have felt a certain stimulation² unknown in the ordinary subject matter regurgitation period. It is even possible that, goaded by the prod of this instructor's enthusiasm, they may have experienced the mental phenomenon of thinking.

Hardy decries his "radical" reputation, but he does stand firmly in opposition to the constrictive regimentation upon which much of our collegiate education is based.

His own philosophy of educa-



The Ubiquitous Mr. Hardy

By RIP HASKELL

tion is rather simple.

Education, he would say, is to be likened to a journey in which man searches valiantly throughout the realms of learning, seeking out that which is pleasing to his desires, and of value in his development. It is not the indiscriminate absorption of externally imposed knowledge but an inward cultural development. The individual makes his greatest intellectual progress when guided by the simple rule—"Be as thou wilt." These famed words of the wise Rabelais sum up in a sense the whole essence of this doctrine.

It is well to mention here that simplicity is sometimes confusing. No one should attempt to apply the above philosophy without a few years to an analysis of its many ramifications. Nor should

any student neglect assignments on the basis of the arguments.

"We are governed by the limitations of our present society," Hardy observes.

A recent needling at our hero's background brought forth the following information.³ Some years ago,⁴ Hardy's parents, a professor of speech and the wife of a professor of speech, had a child which they called Clarion Dewitt. This blessed event took place in the city of Mitchell, South Dakota (second largest in the state, pop. 10,000). The child appeared normal at birth.

South Dakota is bleak country, unsuited as a cradle for the development of genius. Young C. Dewitt was a sensitive child and realized this fact. So, at the age of nine months, he stated that he desired to leave that land of wheat and snow, and insisted that the family trek eastward to the friendly climate of Illinois.

There, in the State that produced such men as Abe Lincoln and Al Capone, he spent his formative years. Considering the end product, I will avoid any account of this formative process, which you may assume was horrible.

In 1928, he entered Northwestern University, majored in history and minored in juvenile delinquency—made quite a name for himself as an athlete, specializing in intramural touch football and water polo; also made the second team in varsity baseball, mainly, as he says, because they didn't have a third team. Other activities included debating, dramatics, and service as the chairman of the Northwestern Student's Committee for the Repeal of Prohibition. His brothers in Sigma Chi fraternity recognized such achievements by electing him president of the chapter his senior year.

Morally, he attained unheard of heights of perfection. "I neither smoked, drank, nor stayed out late nights," he boasts, "although I was

only a second class scout."

Faced with the alternative of going to work after graduation, Hardy chose to continue his studies. First an M. A. at the Alma Mater, then on to Pennsylvania to earn a couple of fellowships and work for a Ph. D. degree. He was making what he modestly refers to as "Splendid Progress" when a complication arose which was to change the whole pattern of his life.

In the very prime of vigorous manhood, subtle, treacherous disease struck him down. The doctors called it amoebiasis, and the Philadelphia Department of Health called it contagious. "You can no longer remain among us," they told him. "You are a threat of pestilence and disease upon the City of Brotherly Love. You are *persona non grata*, you Typhoid Mary, you."

Hardy tried to go over the heads of the Medics. He wrote to his Dean, enquiring as to what would happen if he should disregard the ban.

"You would soon become a transfer from Penn State to State Pen," he was told.

And so the formal education of C. Dewitt Hardy came to an end at Pennsylvania.

"A rest will do you good," his physician told him. "Go into the country and get close to nature."

McKendree College, oldest (founded—1828) and smallest (enrollment—150) institution in Southern Illinois, was expanding its faculty. They were looking for vigorous young men, but Hardy had a friend in the Administration. He was hired. The charming little rural college community was a fit haven for the ailing young scholar.

He taught history, government, political science, economics, and other social sciences. And in his spare time, he doubled as Dean of Men. A tribute to his capacity for accomplishment is that in spite of his many duties, he found time to

meet, woo, and win a fair young co-ed, then Jane Upchurch and now Mrs. Dewitt Hardy.⁵

As an instructor, Hardy had few equals, but as Dean of Men he left something to be desired. He attempted to pursue a live and let live policy, but apparently he was a bit too lenient. The issue came to a head when one uncurbed student expressed his distaste for another by taking a shot at him. Hardy was called onto the carpet. The students wanted more discipline.

It is fitting that we bring our resumé of achievement up to date with a brief mention of Hardy's war record. Throughout the hostilities, he served his country loyally, though his military service was limited to standing 1A in the draft for three months.

"I offered my services to the Army as a general and to the Navy as an admiral," he told the writer, "but the Navy turned me down because of flat feet, and the Army didn't even answer my letter."

He did yeoman service, however, as an aircraft spotter and was awarded the Civilian Defense Gold Seal in recognition of meritorious service and the receipt of ten Wheaties' box tops.

Which brings us up to date.

Hardy has now spent five years in the history department, having lasted to see all but one of his original colleagues depart.

"My most significant virtue is endurance," he says, "or maybe it's lassitude."

But strangely enough, he enjoys teaching. His fundamental concept of the process is that it rests on a basis of individual relationship between the student and his instructors. He believes, further, that one of the greatest weaknesses of our present educational system is the strained nature of the teacher-pupil relationship. His efforts to give a spirit of freedom and informality to his own lectures have been primarily responsible for his

reputation as a radical.

Believing as he does in following the dictates of one's desires (always as ruled by the search for knowledge) it is easy to see why Hardy is opposed to the strait-jacketing of the mind which is common practice in so much of university life. He argues that the individual's experiences should be the preceptors of his development and should be so cultivated. Let the student pursue learning in whatever form he finds it most valuable. Culture cannot be injected into a man. (Students who have taken exams from Mr. Hardy and are unable to reconcile them to the philosophy presented herein, should remember that there is always a lag between social thought and social action.)

"I enjoy all sedentary forms of entertainment," he told me. "Like reading, listening to records, and making with pleasant conversation. Anything that doesn't require too much effort."

In Chekov's play "The Cherry Orchard," there is a rather remarkable character—a perpetual student, moving continually in the realm of letters. He is a humorous figure, at times wistful, at times vague, at times profound, but always intensely centered upon his books. Hardy fears that he must identify himself with this character.

But there are others who would class him with the wise Arcade, the fallen angel in Anatole France's great comedy, *Revolt of the Angels*.

Author's notes:

1. A cosy adjective, different.
2. Non-alcoholic. It is not true, as some have suggested, that brew is served at the sessions of Mr. Hardy's classes.
3. And a lot more which the author is reserving for a term paper in Abnormal Psychology.
4. Mr. Hardy admits to age 21 plus.
5. They now have two children: Junior—age six, and daughter Joyce, age six months.
6. Of Hardy's, obviously, not the University's.

I think "The Atlantic Monthly" is an awful poor magazine. I got my copy last week and I've got to admit I wasn't satisfied. When I first tore the brown paper wrapping off the magazine I ran into my first disappointment. Now I've read somewhere that this is the sexual age, and such things as calendars, ads, and 'specially magazine covers were supposed to be decorated with pitchers of beautiful girls. Now I've found that this magazine, which is supposed to be so good, not only didn't have a pitcher of a pretty girl on the cover . . . but it didn't have no pitcher at all.

I left the magazine cover and read the first article. Course, I didn't know what a lot of the words meant, but I got the general idea that this fella, Lippmann, didn't like the way things were being run at the peace conference. Now this kind of an article is just one man's opinion, and when a feller reads something like that he's got to decide whether or not he agrees with the fella who wrote it, and that means thinking. Now I ain't

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

By LAWRENCE E. COLLIER

got nothing against thinking. Personally I think everybody should do a little of it once in a while, but when I read a magazine I want to just stretch out and relax all over the place.

After all, this fella Byrnes ain't been asking me what I think oughta be done about Germany, and I don't think he's very likely to. That's why I think a magazine ought to deal with stuff a fella can understand better.

After I read the article, I closed the magazine and turned it over to look at the back cover. Right there I saw red, and I swore that if I ever got married, and settled down to raise a family, I won't never have that magazine in my house. Setting right there on the back cover, just as big as life, was a "pitcher" of a bottle of Old Grandad whiskey. That's just about the poorest ad I can think of that a magazine could print on its back cover. I can just see some

married fella, sitting in a big arm-chair, reading a copy of The Atlantic Monthly while his wife is washing the dishes, and the little baby is playing on the rug at his father's feet. Well, the baby gets tired of playing with his blocks, so he looks up at his old man, and what does he see? He sees his old man sitting there reading a magazine, with a great big whiskey bottle on the back. Now that poor little baby don't know that the whole magazine ain't about whiskey. To him it looks like his old man ain't nothing but an old drunk, so when he grows up he figures it's all right for him to go out and get all lit up any time he feels like it. For myself, I think it would be better for the old man to go out and sleep in a gutter, as long as he didn't come home, than it would be for him to bring home a copy of "The Atlantic Monthly." At least he wouldn't be showing his little baby the road to hell.

VACUUM

by

TERENCE

Once, for an instant, my mind shot
forth

Beyond mortality,
And I fancied that I could easily
grasp
The meaning of time and eternity.

The instant was short. I soon re-
turned
To the realm of mortal man,
And of the common and sundry
things
I worried, as only a human can.

"I'm noble," I thought, "for I fret
about

The scourging of a race,
And whether a man-made weapon
can throw
The world and the universe out of
pace."

The meagre mind of man can see
Naught, but his own import.
In the image of God, he fancies
himself.
Yet he worships that God. A mind
of this sort

Could overrate with little thought
The meaning of blood and tears,
And really believe that Destiny's
made
By the acts of man for a few hun-
dred years.

The Gods that be as they watch
afar,
Must smile to themselves now and
then,
And pity us in our vanity
And the futile use of our three
score and ten.

CAMPUS GLAMOUR



————— We think that you'll agree that 18-year-old Ramona McLaughlin is a very pleasing Scotch-Irish combination. Whence, Ramona, you ask? Truth is stranger, etc. Seems that uncle was a radio singer, and "Ramona" was tops on the hit parade when came time for the McLaughlin offspring. Hence, Ramona. Believe it or not, this perfect 34" 24" hails from Medway, Me. (Pop.: 600, 3 dogs, 2 horses, 1 tomcat). Blue eyes and brown hair top a 122 lb. 5' 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ " frame which confesses to a weakness for pork chops, butterscotch sundaes, Mais Oui and Taboo. Mona stands short on smoking and drinking, goes in big for dancing and blond males.

The old egg of "Prof—Rating" has been bantered around for a number of weeks now and it would seem that the time has come for a summary of the facts at hand and the course to be followed. It must be noted, however, in this regard, that the material in this column is only collected opinion and a few concrete suggestions. This is no panacea for the educational problems facing us nor is it a cure-all for student gyp.

It will be generally admitted that if some sound basis for ratings were established, and if the student body were as eager to make a success of the project as the instructors would be to get fair samples of student opinion: we might expect immeasurable gain. What specifically would be gain? Among other things, a student-teacher relationship from which both could gain equally. If an instructor is interested in his field and really sincere in his desire to give to the students full knowledge of his subject, he should welcome some scale by which to measure the response which he is receiving. On the other hand, the student who under ordinary circumstances would merely continue to get by, could under a rating system, indicate to his instructor, the fact that for any number of reasons he is missing or unable to get the utmost out of the course.

Another obvious gain, and this too, mutual, would be a sense of equal responsibility. The student under the present setup is responsible to the instructor and is graded on his faithfulness to this responsibility. Under a "Prof-Rating" system intelligently conceived, and conscientiously carried out, the admitted but as yet ungraded responsibility of the instructor to the student would be realized.

Would this system be fair and a true grading in every case? Obviously not! Even as the ranks received by students do not always

Prof Wash

By BILL HORNER



reflect the amount gained not the conscientious effort applied, so there would be in correct grading and personality clashes reflected in such a program. However, without marks of some sort it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a student to estimate his progress and gain. Therefore it does not seem presumptuous to maintain that the instructor is in a poor, if not impossible position to judge the value of the effort which he is applying, without some standard by which to measure it.

The problem, therefore, would seem to boil down to three or four elements, no more simple to arrive at solutions for, than were the problems faced before a fair and equitable student marking standard was arrived at. The problems stripped of fancy words are these: What standards should be used to grade individual presentation of subject matter? How can individual likes and dislikes, both of subject and of instructor, be eliminated or minimized? And finally the objective questions of How Often? In what form? And to whom should these grades be submitted?

Taking the final and simplest question first: Grades should be submitted once per semester through the first two years and twice per semester through the last two. The form involved would depend largely upon the grading system used, so this is really not a problem. The most important of these functional questions also stresses the personal nature of

these grades. They are intended solely for the instructor, to be used by him, wherever possible, to add to his ability to adequately present his subject.

What standard should be used in grading material presented? Of all the grades suggested this is undoubtedly the most difficult at which to arrive, most particularly during the first two years and this will serve, in part, to indicate why only one report per semester for frosh and sophomores is advised. At the end of a semester, however, certain objectives should be realized and certain preparation accomplished. The question then reveals itself, Have the texts used and the references indicated accomplished this preparation? A third or fourth year student should have a clearer picture of his objective and of the preparation most needed to reach it and therefore should be in a position better to judge the worth of the subject matter used and advised.

The first and last of the subjective questions have a definite and inseparable relationship and therefore we shall consider them jointly. How can a student evaluate his instructor and eliminate personality clashes? Thought about this question will be revealed, however, that elimination of this clash, an immediate airing of the trouble and the resultant change, if such be possible, might well serve to reveal, in the student, capabilities hitherto unsuspected.

There are many questions, many other possibilities which deserve consideration. If a program of "Prof-rating" were to become fact, all of these should receive due attention. In order to criticize, however, some program must be presented, something upon which to chew. So chew on this a while. If it tastes good, let's get some more; if you gag on it, spit it out and suggest new menus. Here's one broth that too many cooks can't spoil.

Metamorphosis....

I

The milk is lipped eagerly,
And the wine of the old is not so
potent
As the warm liquor in the veins
Of youth.
Gay, intoxicated,
From the dawn of discovery we
run the gamut
Of the day—
Unmoved, save by ourselves,
Invincible, clicking off each mile
of conquest
Automatically,
Each peak of dream imagined and
attained.

The lilac blossom, swollen, sweet,
Is ours, the undulating rhythms of
the storm,
The massive clouds that bend and
heat
Themselves against the sun, the
stinging swarm
Of stars whose light years con-
quer time
And make it pliable—all ours to
touch,
To handle with our minds. We
rhyme
Our heritage; we bite our pens,
and much
Of what we write is truth—results
From life we grasp in innocence.
Success
Does not amaze. We hold the
pulse
Of life beneath our fingers and we
press.

II

We lie among dead bodies,
And we talk.
But the stench of rot crawls far
into our throats,
And the buzz of death
Drones in our ears. The words
ooze through,
Recoil. Our throats contract.

The words are lost.
Sorrows welt our hearts,
And life is not as easy as we
thought.

Ours is to pursue the gulls' swift
flight,
Ours to rise above and under-
stand.
But death has crusted us. The
white
Deft-scored crescendo we com-
mand
No more. The bodies buried wou'd
But seep again through soil,
would rise
Above us in the trees and hold
Us from the sun. In harmless guise
Of bark their knotted death would
creep
About our throats. Shall we encyst
Our thoughts; hope truth at last
will seep
Through crust, or shall we slash
our wrist?

III

Dead bodies that would stifle us
Have withered
And the dust has scattered.
Free of them,
Free of their reaction on our brain,
We ooze no more between our-
selves
And pure expression.
Naked we stand, in cool unblem-
ished air.
Each nerve, stretched tense,
Awaits and quivers to the subtle
cadences
Of wind.

We suck soft flesh that other men
desire;
We cry at night in pain not born
Of us, and with the ice-white fire
Of others' dreams, we heat our
lyre.
No longer do our simple sorrows
sting,
Nor ingrown passions fill and clog
Our pen. No snaked pain sears our
wing.
We do not cry, remembering.

We clutter not the earth with sim-
ple tears.
The throb of sun flows from our
pen
And rain, cloud-massed from many
years
Of mists that cling about man's
fears.

—Jean Miller

JEALOUSY

The cold seas of anguish in my soul
Clash with the tropic swirls of
burning wrath,
And waves, springing from some
hell-born well,
Leave pieces of my heart in after-
math.
Heat and cold—co'd and heat—
So season my being in their chang-
ing paths,
That I die—yet living—hate this
lifelike death.

—Shirley B. Speers

Mr. Binks was busily engaged with a
spade in the mud beside his car when a
stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mr. Binks cheer-
ily, "my engine died and I'm digging a
grave for it."

SET 'EM UP

Here's to the dog that walked up to
the tree

The tree said to dog, "Have one on me."
The dog replied as meek as a mouse,
"No, thanks, dear tree, I had one on the
house."

—Kickapoo

A group of Freshmen had just com-
pleted an evening of dancing. It was
Friday night and the parting feast was
being served. Delicious fried chicken
was brought in. One of the young girls
present was served the drumstick which
happened to be her favorite piece. She
looked at it longingly and then remem-
bered that it was Friday and she never
ate meat on that day. "I'll pass it to my
boy friend," she thought.

Leaning over rather shyly, she said to
him, "Could I interest you in my leg?"

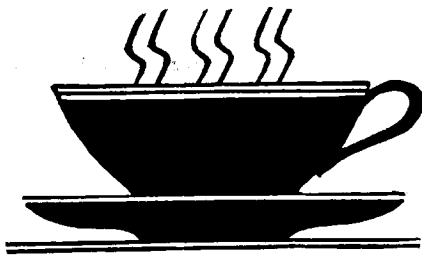
Needless to say, the Freshman made
a silly remark about the weather.

JOE TILLEM—

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"Sugar?"

"Yeah, just a nip to take the bite out of it." Hank shifted his pudgy body to reach for a slice of apple pie on the fly-specked counter. "Oops! 'Scuse me, Bub. Little tired, and me hand slipped.—Good girl, sweetheart, just a little sugar? Y'know, beautiful, you're the reason I stop here for me coffee. Say, how's about you an' me steppin' out some nite? Eh!"

She undulated at his pass, "Say it a little louder. Maybe the boss'll give me a raise." With a fleeting glance at the kitchen, she bent over the counter. Leaning on her arms, her full breasts threatened to break through her thin cotton uniform. "Sorry, feller, the boss is my boy friend and he's jealous as a fox."

She put the coffee before him and brushed his hand with hers as he paid her. He grabbed and squeezed it pettingly. There was no attempt to escape and a complete understanding flowed through the sweaty grip.

"One—pork ribs wit beans'n spuds."

A steaming plate slid into view on the serving sill.

"Jeez, the boss, gotta go—," she slipped out of his hand and scurried to the window; grabbed the plate. "Who's pork ribs with beans an' spuds?"

Hank grinned smugly to himself, turned, his lips still wide, to Bub on the neighboring stool. Bub grinned back, weakly. Hank dug into his pie slowly, surely—no rush. "Don't rush a good deal," he thought. He figured his time. "Got to getta Troy by seven, 'bout two hundred miles—just past midnite now. Wid dese new tires on'a truck, I c'n push it—plenty o' time."

She hesitated as she passed him and shot him a sly, searching glance. Her bosom swelled with a sudden breath. To herself, "He doesn't look bad. A little pudgy but hard and easy to look at too. Better'n that greasy bastard in the kitchen, smellin' of hot lard all the time."

"Say, big boy, does that stepping out hold for tonite too?" She slipped on as Hank did a fast double-take, but he caught himself and did some quick thinking.

A sudden voice, "Heh, babe, how's about some Java down this end."

"Any time you say, honey." Hank whispered as she passed with the coffee. His pulse pounded. The fork quivered on the plate as he cut through the pie and did a jig to the sound of ringing tines.

"What's the matter, Hank. Gettin' nervous in your old age. Snap out of it! Stop acting like a high-school kid on his first date." He coughed slightly, snapped his head

to shake the blood down. Took a deep draught of coffee—yawned. "Damn it! I'm tired. Better get me some more coffee in me system 'fore I take off."

There was a wild look in her eye as she moved up to him—fast. "Let's get out of here before the boss sees us.—Well, let's go!—What are you waiting for? I'll get my coat. It's on the rack by the door."

"Hell, beautiful, I need another cup o' coffee."

"No, there's no time. Let's go—now!"

Hank rose from the stool, slipped his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a quarter—threw it on the counter. Its ring snapped him out of his daze. He threw his jacket over his shoulders and took off after her. She ran as she hit the walk. Fast for the door of the truck; tore it open and hurled herself onto the seat. The driver's door opened as she settled and Hank ground the engine to life. Powerful headlights searched the road as the huge truck inched over the gravel driveway.

"Let's go! Let's go!" she whimpered and pressed up close to him. Her fingers clutched his arm. Her face twisted into his shoulder and slid on the slick leather.

"Please, before he sees us."

Hank urged the truck forward and turned into the highway. For



Clara must have!

a few moments the whine of straining gears shifting through to high, tensed the two. With a sigh the engine settled to a steady hum. Hank relaxed his arched back. The moon shone through the cab window and outlined his face. She looked up and saw a slow grin crease his cheeks. He turned to her and slipped his arm around her waist. She rubbed her chin on his neck and took a playful nip at his ear.

"Feel better, honey?"

"Sure, big boy, sure," she cooed. "Where are we going?"

"Troy."

"Live there?"

"Nopel! Albany."

"Married?"

"Nopel!" He squeezed her with his encircled arm. "Why? Worried?"

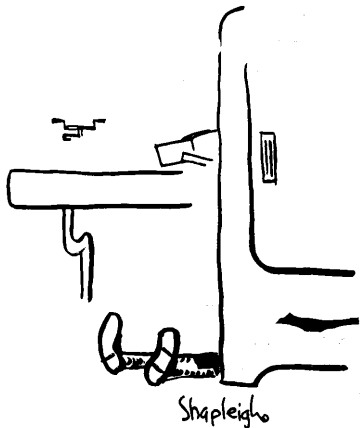
"Ah, huh. Don't go out with married men. I'm not that kind of a girl."

"You didn't ask me if I was married when we took the runout powder."

"Yeah, I know, but I was so nervous; I wasn't thinking."

"OK, OK.—Ain't it a beautiful nite, sweetheart?"

The road curved and banked smoothly. It was wide with few ruts or cracks. The truck swayed as it rolled. Swayed with a gentle rhythm. The riders jostled each other to the rocking of the truck.



Shapleigh

Soft, fragrant air swirled through the cab. Eyelids became heavy.

"Ah-yah-h-h-h—yup — click!" Hank snapped his teeth shut as his jaw muscles loosened after the yawn.

Her eyes wide, "What's the matter, feller, tired?" She tightened her hands around his arm as she looked up at him.

"Yup." Hank shook his head to clear it. He blinked long and hard. "Hell of a job keepin' me eyes open. Should've had th' other cup o' coffee." He shook his head again; looked down at her—smiled, "It's OK, honey." He took his arm away from her waist and gripped the wheel with both hands; pushed his head forward and hunched his shoulders. "Must be near Rome; looks familiar," he said to the windshield as he looked about at the road signs and little homes that dotted the highway. "There's a little spot I remember 'bout ten miles from here—I think! What's the name o' the damn place now? Belles? or Beals?—Bolls? Something like that.—Yeah, I remember. It's just at the foot o' the hill coming down from that Esso station.—Yeah, that's right, just at the long turn. Got a big neon sign that shines up the road. Flickers! Yeah, blinds a guy too.—Wonder if their coffee's good?" Hank grunted a few times and settled back content. Stepped a little harder on the gas. The engine sang in a higher pitch. The seat lurched a bit as the truck accelerated and shook them into new positions.

"Everything OK, big boy?"

"Yeah, everything's jake. You catch some sleep 'n' I'll wake you up when we stop for coffee."

She snuggled up closer into the curve of his side; tucked her feet up under her and shut her eyes.

Hank's eyelids grew heavier and heavier. He ran his hand through his hair; rubbed his forehead and his neck. His eyes felt hot and so very tired. How often he had heard the boys talking about light-

ing up a cigarette when they felt tired. It was times such as these he wished he smoked. "Damn, didn't even have a cigarette to find out if it worked. Maybe she had one in her purse." He looked down at her curled up next to him. She felt so warm and soft. A low, wheezing snore broke the monotony of the engine. "Sound asleep; just like a little baby." He smiled and patted her hair. "Damn, this is a long ten miles. Well, should be there soon."

"Ah-yah-h-h-h—yup," he ground his teeth together as his mouth shut. "Damn—damn it! Can' even keep my eyes open." He squinted through the headlights beam. "Looks like the Esso sign ahead. Yeah! Just ahead—yeah—yeah—ah—"

His head slipped down between his arms, just missing the horn button. He didn't hit the wheel; just hung. The moonlight glistened on his sweaty, stretched neck. Past the Esso station, the truck roared. The sign lit up the inside of the cab for a fleeting moment, silhouetting two bowed heads. Down the road they sped. A green neon flared at the sky and reflected off the asphalt.

Beals—Beals—Beals. The light was ghastly as it poured through the windshield and dripped off the back of the cab.

Beals—Beals—Beals—Bea—

If you're looking for an innocent way to "pop the question," you might learn something from the subtle proposition we heard one bright boy get off the other night.

He and his girl were just finishing their rounds of the night spots when he asked her somewhat casually: "Will you have breakfast with me this morning?"

"Sure," said the frail, always looking for a free meal.

"Fine," exclaimed the guy. "Shall I call for you, or just nudge you?"

—Lyre

"I told him I worshipped my figure, and he tried to embrace my religion!"



NORWAY



TO

ORONO

TO

MATTAWAMKEAG

By K. BRIDGES



From southern Norway, where the country remarkably resembles the Maine coastline, in the city of Sarpsborg, comes Kristian Fougner with his friendly smile and sparkling personality to lend a touch of Norwegian color to the Maine campus.

"Kris" was born in Sarpsborg on April 21, 1919, and attended high school there. After graduation, he began his traveling career by entering a machine shop in Germany as an apprentice. He remained there a year and then returned to Trondheim, Norway, to enter the Technical Institute to study pulp and paper. His education was detained by the outbreak of the war and he joined the Norwegian Air Force as a first lieutenant in the High Command. Although stationed in London, Kris became

well acquainted with some of the surrounding countries, particularly Scotland. He understands English, French, German and the Norwegian languages.

Describing the college at Trondheim, Kris said, "If a fellow doesn't feel like going to a class, he doesn't." There are no dormitories, no sororities and no fraternities. "Extra-curricula activities are no business of the college authorities and restrictions on women's hours are unheard of." Instructors gain attendance at their lectures only on the basis of their individual personalities and abilities. The promotion of higher educations is greatly facilitated in Norway by the low tuition fees—twenty dollars a semester!

On March 23, 1946, Kris enrolled at the University of Maine as a special student in the Department of Chemical Engineering to do graduate work in pulp and paper. He will be finished the first of February of this year and has accepted a position to work for the Kennebec Pulp and Paper Company in Augusta. "I like the United States very well—but, I think the politicians should think more about the business today than the votes for the next election."

This last statement led to the discussion of governments. Norway is a constitutional and hereditary monarchy. The constitution rests on the fundamental law (Grundlov) promulgated by the National Assembly at Eidsvold on May 17, 1814, and altered in detail at various times, particularly after the dissolution of the union with Sweden. The executive is vested in the king, who comes of age at 18. His authority is exercised through a council of state consisting of a prime minister (statsminister) and at least several other councillors (statsridere) who are the heads of finance, church, education, justice, defense, public works, commerce and industry, agriculture, and social affairs. The

king has command of land and sea forces and theoretically makes all appointments. I commented on the odd spelling and pronunciation of some of the Norwegian words, and Kris stumped me with the reply, "Well, what about Mattawamkeag?"

In the latter part of the last century the economic life of Norway had developed on an increasingly industrial scale when the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden gave it a fresh impetus. Very soon, an extraordinary expansion set in which continued practically undiminished up to the outbreak of the World War II. Kris stated that agriculture is, as it has been for centuries, the principle resource of the country. Cattle breeding has also developed on a satisfactory scale with condensed milk an important article of export.

Next to agriculture, forestry is the most important trade of Norway. The mining industry, which in Norway dated back from the beginning of the 17th century and consisting mostly of iron ore, is an extremely important means of livelihood in the north. A fishing fleet of steam vessels, larger sailing vessels supplied with auxiliary engines and decked motorboats have to a great extent replaced the former old-fashioned fleet, while modern implements and methods have given the fisheries quite a new turn all around. Whaling in the Antarctic is another important economic conquest in the fishing industries of Norway.

Kris said that the Maine climate during the spring and summer reminded him much of that of his home town, although the waters are much warmer in Norway. The striking and unique feature of the Norwegian climate is the presence of the largest positive temperature anomaly on the surface of the globe, which results in such unusual conditions as average tem-

peratures within the Arctic circle which are higher than those of places farther east and 20 degrees of latitude farther south.

The Norwegians enjoy many of the same activities as we do. Outstanding are soccer, running cross country with maps and compasses, sailing, kayaking, and fishing. Kris also enjoys skiing, old-fashioned waltzing and bridge games. As a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, he said, "Fraternities are fine as long as they don't bring out prejudices," and quickly added, "Phi Kap most certainly doesn't make any such discriminations!" Kris has greatly appreciated the music here. The Sunday afternoon symphonies, the community concerts in Bangor and the University of Maine Glee Clubs were high in his esteem.

Kris's only objection to the people of the U. S. is a rather common one—we hurry too much. "You rush three minutes early from a basketball game to avoid the rush—and then rush home with plenty of time to spare—I don't know whether your efficiency justifies your speed," he remarked. However, Kris has enjoyed his stay at the University of Maine immensely and is looking forward to more weekends here.

A Scotchman walked up to a friend at the bar and began telling about a hunting trip.

"We shot a couple of bears," he said, "but the biggest thrill was tracking yuers."

"What is yuers?" asked the friend.

"I'll have a beer, thanks," said the Scotchman.

Just as they reached the bottom of their glasses, the friend remarked: "Well, I'll have to be going. Got to get home and do my chores."

"What chores?" asked the Scotchman.

"Beer, please," said the other.

—Pup Tent

Newly wed wife—And will you ever stop loving me?

He—Well, I have to be at the office by 10:30.

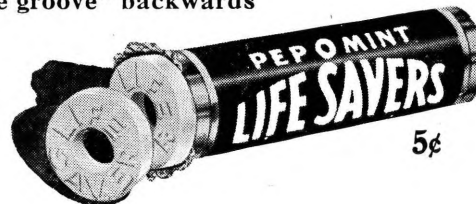
—Murray

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*

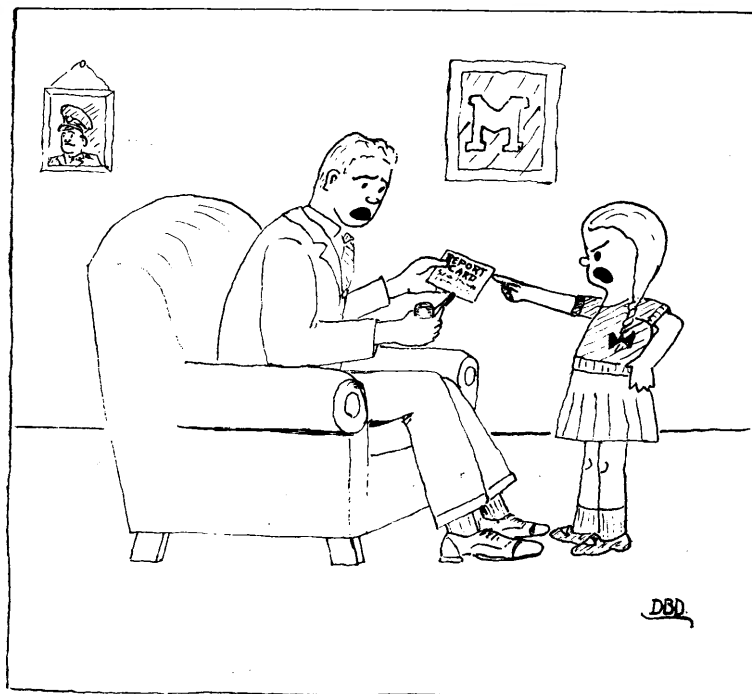


You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



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



Lil Bertha says—"you couldn't make 2. with a basket ball"

SNOWS of POMOLA

LLOYD SHAPLEIGH

In the north of Maine there stands a mountain, Katahdin, its lofty granite peaks ever reaching for, but never quite attaining the roof of the sky. And eastward from its dominating height, Baxter Peak, at the end of a precipitous, vertically cleft wall rises the bulk of Pamola, named by the Indians for their Diety of the Winds. No one has ever found out why he chose to live there.

"It isn't a bad way to go," he said. "The odor is the worst thing."

"Stop it," she said, "stop it."

"If I hadn't been so tired that night, I wouldn't have left my shoes on. Now I ask you, who ever heard of an infected hangnail on the big toe?"

"We don't even know it's that, dear. Remember, we haven't been able to get the shoe off because of the swelling. Half the odor is from the sock."

"All to catch some fish in Maine." He sighed.

"I'm happy, dear," she said, patting him on the shoulder. "I've always been happy to follow you wherever you wanted to go. We always have fun, don't we, dear? I love Maine, too."

He stood in a slowly shuffling line in front of an endless counter piled high with khaki equipment. He was pantless, and his arms were lead-heavy with typhoid and tetanus shots, and clothes. The trousers and barracks bags were issued last.

"Shirt size," mumbled a bored soldier-clerk across the counter. He was marking on a sheaf of papers.

"Thirty, twelve, I guess," he said.

A pimply-faced Pfc. turned around from the shelves where the shirts were stacked, and eyed him distastefully. "In the Air Corps, soldier," said the Pfc. severely, "we don't guess, we KNOW."

"Yessir," he said, stumbling away.

"The plane will get in here today, dear," said his wife comfortingly.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Neil's been signaling for three days. He says they must have seen the smoke in Millinocket by now."

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know about trusting that guide. Sometimes I don't think he has all his buttons."

"You know, dear," she said, "he DOES make me nervous. He keeps looking at me. He stares all the time with those little beady eyes; he leers at me as if I were standing there naked."

"The swine. Do you still have the gun?"

"Yes."

"Good," he said. "You shoot well. You know, dear, I taught you to shoot. See if you can hit that can."

She aimed her .22 calibre Hopkins-Allen revolver with the two-inch barrel, and fired five shots at a can outside the tent. She turned, beaming, to her husband.

"You came damn close," he smiled.

Down by the water, the guide Neil Duval turned slightly at the fading whine of the slugs. "God-damn Massachusetts sports," he

growled under his breath.

He stepped out of a bar just off Times Square on VJ night, and took a deep breath. He had three Pink Ladies under his belt, and he felt well primed.

"I'm loaded," he roared, "JUST loaded." He grabbed a very young sailor who was carrying a fifth in his hand and roared, "How about a drink, mate?"

The sailor shook him off and squeaked, "Shut up, you old bastard."

"By the way, dear," she said when she saw he was conscious again, "did you leave a note for the milkman?"

"My God, no," he said. "You told me you were going to do it."

"I beg your pardon."

"Now look, kiddo, don't be giving me no hard time now. God knows that I've taken an awful lot from you and that fast bridge club crowd of yours."

"Please, dear," she implored, "let's not fight again. Let's not tear down what little we have had together."

"It helps pass the time," he said bitterly. "And I don't like to leave loose ends."

They put him on chasing detail in New Orleans, pairing one green man and a regular MP at the Provost Marshal's, and a Lieutenant there gave them a very rugg'd talk. Then afterwards he heard two of the regular MPs talking over old times.

He was very glad when they drew a USO Club patrol.

The plane dropped down to the lake from the west, and taxied slowly toward the camp. Its motor sounded, "whackety, whack," and the propeller seemed to slow down sometimes so you could see it, and then flash again so you couldn't. The pilot stepped out onto a float, socked an aileron back into place with the heel of his palm, and called over, "Comment ca flip, Neil?"

"Da best," said Neil. "Da best."

He was out again when they

loaded him into the airplane. The pilot pulled the door shut, the engine wheezed, caught, roared, and they started off across the lake. The small craft rose slowly from the great trough it had made, hovered hesitatingly a moment, and then began a long bank to the left. He opened his eyes and was blinded by the dazzling white peak looming above them three or four miles ahead. It didn't seem necessary, but the pilot turned, smiling, and pointing to it formed the word "Pamola" on his lips. The sick passenger nodded happily, and realized at last where he was going.

His wife stood on the lake shore, eyes wet, waving her hand. The sun glinted for a moment on the wings and then the plane faded into the background of Eight Ball Slide on the mountain.

Neil looked over to the woman, who suddenly seemed very frightened. After a moment of paralyzed staring she bolted for the woods.

Young girl put on her father's pants and ran away. Headlines next day in the local blurb read:

FLEES IN FATHER'S PANTS

Lady: I want a pink tablet.
 Clerk: What's the trouble?
 Lady: Nothing, I want to write a letter.

—Penn State Engineer

A SPIEL ON SPORTS

By BILL BRENNAN

During the past few weeks, the students here at the University have been talking themselves blue in the face about the "Eck" Allen situation. Many have said that Allen is no good, few have said he's doing the best he knows how. (Incidentally, the few have been those that are in a position to know.)

The situation here at Maine could be a whole lot worse than many believe it to be. Fortunately it isn't as bad as many think, things having been cleared up considerably. But let's suppose that things are in an uproar. Everyone is complaining about one thing or another. So Maine gets a new coach.

"What is he like?" is liable to be the first question that comes to most minds. He might be one of these coaches who uses his team for a stepping stone to the pedestal of personal glory, such as Boston sports writers have accused Frank Keaney of being. He might be a coach that only schedules schools he is fairly certain of beating, such as Keaney has been accused of doing. He could be one of those men with terrible tempers, like Frank Keaney; a man

who blows up at the slightest provocation and does things while in his rage that makes him look silly, causes his team to lose respect for him, and could result in injury to players and spectators.

I'm thinking specifically of the time Keaney hurled the fifty yard marker from the football field into a packed stands. He was angry over a decision that had been made, and expressed himself by tossing the heavy wooden marker. It was just the luck of the Irish that some spectator didn't get his face smashed in by the flying object.

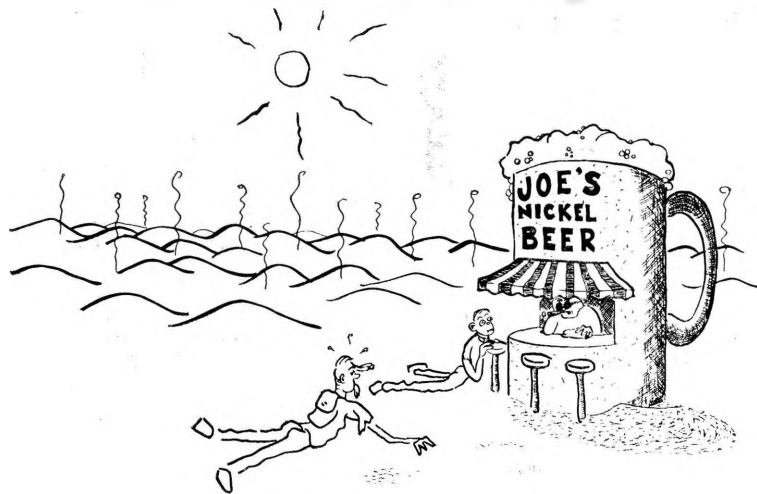
Our theoretically new coach could also be a poor sport, like Keaney, complaining about every mistake the referee or umpire makes, no matter how trivial. Not only would that be bad for the school's reputation, although Rhode Island doesn't seem to have suffered too much, but it would be bad for the athletes Maine turned out.

How many of you readers noticed Ed Pietro, coach of Bates' basketball team, during the first Maine-Bates game this season? He was as much like Keaney as Keaney's son, who is a carbon copy of his father, at least in temperament. He bellowed at everything and everyone, not even sparing the referee. He earned his team a personal foul for his nice little display of temper.

We're proud of our school, or should be, and we want others to look upon this university as a place where one learns the right attitudes as well as the right languages, or engineering techniques.

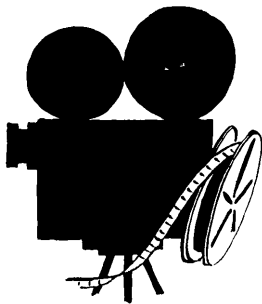
Let's think everything over carefully before we fly off the handle, weighing the good against the bad. Let's think about how worse things could be; rather than envision a Utopia that in all probability could never be realized.

Things here at Maine might be in much rougher shape than they are at present.



Shepley

Are you guys 21 ?



CELLULOID REVUE

Memo to Edward R. Jennison,
Editor, Celluloid Review:

1. Pursuant to PN Ltr 553.8
dtd 8 Feb 1947 you will edit your
column according to SO of that
date.

2. You will employ the fol-
lowing system of grading by in-
signia to evaluate the quality of
the material that is to be reviewed
for this publication.

(a) The insignia of Lieutenant
General (three stars) will be
used to designate those training
films which are of a superior
quality.

(b) The insignia of Major
General (two stars) will be used

to designate those training
films which are of mediocre
quality.

(c) The insignia of Brigadier
General (one star) will be used
to designate training films that
even the editors wouldn't care
for.

3. This office has drawn up
your column in this issue to dem-
onstrate the manner in which it
shall be done.

*SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM — The
plot is as old as the title indi-
cates.

*THE MIGHTY MCGURK — Don't
bother removing your hat,
lady.

**THEY WERE SISTERS—An Eng-
lish made film. I say, a wee
bit overdone—WOT?

*CALIFORNIA — They mighta dug
it up in '49, but tain't gold.

**BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS—It's
quite fascinating to watch that
amputated hand as it runs
across the floor and plays the
piano.

**HUMORESQUE — John Garfield
does a good job imitating a vi-
olinist and Joan Crawford is a
good drunk.

***NOTORIOUS—One of the few
very good pictures that Holly-
wood has turned out this year.
And why not, with Bergman
and Grant, and directed by
Hitchcock.

**SONG OF THE SOUTH—Disney's
newest. A confusing spectacle
of people and cartoon charac-
ters.

By Order of:

General Trite D. Eisen-Horner
Official Kilroy, Adj.

HOME BEAUTIFUL

Approved applicators of

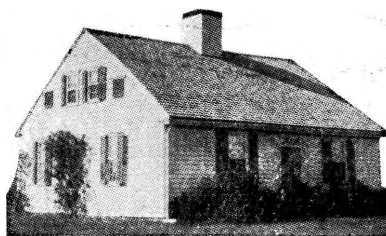
BIRD PRODUCTS — FLINTKOTE PRODUCTS

Insulated Brick

Roofing

Siding

Economical



Beautiful

Cut

Fuel

Bills

Comfortable

Plaisted Construction Company

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HI NOTES
AND
LOW NOTES

Music columnists in the New York newspapers have agonized for several months over what to do with certain eminent musicians who also happened to have been members in good standing of the German Third Reich. These gentlemen, it appears, collaborated with the Nazi party in various ways, ranging from performing at Parteitage to exalting Nordic culture. The problem is whether to ban them from all further musical activity or to let bygones be bygones.

Let's peek at the issues realistically. There is little sense in some arguments that the greatness

of Gieseking as a pianist and Furtwangler as a conductor should automatically rule them out from punishment for their extra-curricular activities. If a Bohemian musician is trapped in the act of homicide and tried, no court in the world would admit his status as a musician as extenuating evidence. The laws of society are admitted by every lawyer to be above those of art. You must therefore punish all music collaborators *if* they stand guilty of agreed-on war crimes and *if* bakers and milk-wagon drivers who are guilty of offenses of a similar nature are seized by Allied gendarmes.

However, what are the crimes these fiddlers, pianists, and conductors stand accused of? Offenses which every adult male in Germany shared in and was forced to share in if he wanted to remain alive and eating. Millions of Germans were party members; the Hitler movement was very careful to set up organizations for every German regardless of his age, sex, or class status. Certainly compromised German musicians can be accused of moral cowardice for not fleeing the country from 1933 to 1939 as Bruno Walter did, but they can't be tried as a class for this offense unless you want to bring three-fourths of the German nation into court. At a time when we are permitting former active Nazis to take minor government posts in the Fatherland, this seems utterly ridiculous.

Should we officially ban these German musicians? I'm not pasting on any conclusion. Figure it out for yourself.



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OF
SEVEN-UP
●

This way for the Winter Carnival

And for Winter Carnival we have sugar and spice, and who could ask for anything nicer, to go along with Wally's order of snow? To prove our point, we persuaded a few of the co-eds to give us a preview, just enough to tantalize, but now, who will want to stay away?

Warren Roll (the man with the beard) caught "Steb," Marge Stebins, and Elsie Sjostedt having a cozy chat before the fire. "Steb" caught ski fever; don't laugh, it can happen to anyone that can walk and when it comes, it comes to stay. Watch for her at the ski events; she's wearing a glacier-blue Norwegian sweater tucked into the top of her navy-blue wool gabardine ski pants, which have been silhouette tailored for those long, slim lines. Her white poplin windbreaker, liberally trimmed with soft fur, will keep out the wind and also the snow . . . just in case.

Button, button, who's got the button? Elsie's got fourteen little silver ones on her black wool casual that go all the way up to a snug little neckline and as if that alone isn't enough, her dress also has long fitted sleeves, slash pockets, and a full skirt. She's going to be nice and warm in her possum coat, too, when her Sunday afternoon date comes around to take her to see the snow sculpture.

Winter Carnival is a party and everyone wants to go. Well, why not? Pat Fogarty alone would



make the formal a beautiful memory in her gleaming white marquisette with draped bust and hip-line accentuated by a silver sparkling midriff, just as seen in Harper's Junior Bazaar last month. Her lush burgundy evening wrap with white fur trimmed hood and satin lining is straight from the back of the Dragon Lady and the whole wonderful effect is heightened by her long jersey gloves and sparkling bracelet. And Pat, your shoulders are showing, which is what's good to look at when the lights are low and there's soft music to spin to.

Co-eds all over the country have been writing "finis" to "sloppy joe" sweaters and to prove our point we asked Elaine Craig what she was going to wear to the Rhode Island basketball game. Being a smart girl, Elaine was wearing a beautiful red, green, and white fitted argyle with pearl buttons streamlined with a white black leather belt held snug with a large gold buckle to finish off that oh-so-smooth line of the straight skirt.

What dynamite for a long, anticipated weekend. And, we repeat, who'll want to stay away?

—Barbie Patten

FASHIONS



straight from the shoulder...



a little plaid.... a little girl...



fireside companions....



In constructing a review of literary material it is difficult, if not impossible, to include features which will be of interest to every reader. However, this column will attempt to carry as much variety and spice as current literature will permit.

With this program in mind, I submit, to the lover of mystery: *Silent Partner* by Rex Stout. Mr. Stout's avid readers are in for a spine-chilling evening. If it's relaxation you seek and you can relax with your hair on end while sitting on the edge of your chair, try his latest.

For those who would have adventure without the stimulation of the detective angle, Edward Ellsburg's *Under the Red Sea Sun* is a fast moving story. If all of the stories emerging from World War Two could compare, we'd be in for a lot of fine reading. In this same adventure class, for a dull evening, Alfred Hayes' *All Thy Conquests* is a dull one. Better things are to be hoped for from Mr. Hayes.

Lovers of travel and foreign interest stories are fortunate this month. Nevil Shute's *Norway* is, as are many of Shute's works, more than worth the effort. This work is recommended, without hesitation, to all classes of readers. John Hershey's *Hiroshima* has been so widely read and commented upon that further review here seems needless. Failure to read this exciting and thought-provoking novel is the slaker's loss only.

Moving on rapidly to the non-fiction class we find the outstanding contribution of recent months in Kurt Schuschnigg's *Austrian Requiem*. This historical sketch is a must for those who would un-

derstand something of the realism which existed in pre-German-conquest Austria. Schuschnigg's best, written during his seven years in a concentration camp, will, to those who have the time to read and consider *Austrian Requiem*, present an excellent picture of absolutism and the reasoning behind it.

Paul Gallico's *Confessions of a Story Writer* is a gaily presented bit of humor. Frank, humorous and brief serve to adequately describe this autobiographical bit.

More than worthy of note are:

Howard Pease—Heart of Danger.

Shalon Asche—East River.

Robert Mollay—Uneasy Spring.

Willa Gibbs—TELL YOUR SONS—

Nevil Shute—NORWAY — Herein

Mr. Shute has shot the works.

GOOD

Howard Pease—HEART OF DANGER

—The only danger here is that too many people will be attracted by a good title. *Not Mr. Pease's best.*

John Hershey—HIROSHIMA—Those

who were there heard a terrific roar. Here the roar is for Mr. Hershey's graphic description. *A Must.*

Edward Ellsburg—UNDER THE RED

SEA SUN—A hot story, by a hot author, about a hot subject. Congratulations to Comdr. Ellsburg. *Good.*

Willa Gibbs—TELL YOUR SONS—

When better novels about the Napoleonic era are written a Frenchman will write them. I hope. *Trite.*

Kurt Schuschnigg — AUSTRIAN

REQUIEM—If you're broadmind-

ed enough to see democratic principles denounced by one who owes his and his country's life to those very principles you should read this. *A Should.*

—Bill Horner

From my files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or a girl: "To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulfuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

—Exchange

What is home without parents?

Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to take a cheap date.

—Pup Tent

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

NOTICE

If the person who stole the jar of alcohol out of our cellar will return Grandma's appendix, no questions will be asked.

Father—"I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son when you get married?"

Son—"Not with such a straight face as you can, Pop."

Then they were married and lived happily—even after.

Teacher—"Johnny, do you wish to leave the room?"

Johnny—"Well, I'm not hitchhiking."

Parasite—a person who goes through a revolving door without pushing.

The old lady was very much afraid of passing her destination. Leaning forward she poked the streetcar conductor in the ribs with her umbrella.

"Is that the First National Bank, my good man?"

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor hastily, "that's me."

—Widow

Men's faults are many
Women have but two:
Everything they say
And everything they do.

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A TALE FROM OLE P. U.

Once there were several basketball players.

They were good at the game.
They all were stars in high school.
They *aren't* in high school anymore.
They go to Podunk University.
(PU for short.)

They were ex-G. I.'s
The coach was an ex-G. I. too.
The team was loaded with material.
The coach tried to mold it together.

It was like putting sodium with water.
Fireworks!

They were independent.
Too much so at times.
The coach was independent.
Too much so at times.
They figured they could bring him to their terms.

They didn't use the right method.
They forgot the code of an amateur:

Play it straight, brother, play it straight.

They played half-heartedly.
They blew up.
Sometimes they wanted to win.
Sometimes it appeared that they didn't want to.

They suffered.
The coach suffered.
The student body wondered what in hell was going on.

Things came to a screeching halt.
The team began to play for the love of the sport

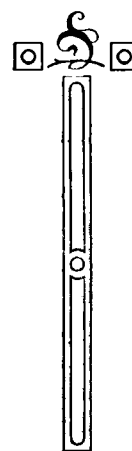
It helped the school,
Especially the students.
The coach respected the views of the players.

It helped bring a shaky beginning
To a winning end.
They even beat Rock Island's two-point-a-minute team.
When they played it straight.

—Ike Webber

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"D" HARDY

(Two students enter the art gallery hung with Cubist paintings in the hope of finding a place where they can be alone. The gallery is deserted except for a side office where Professor Hartgen, after working for hours and hours on Farm and Home Week posters, is having his late afternoon coffee. The students make the mistake of glancing at the pictures. Professor Hartgen immediately drops his cup of coffee and rushes into the gallery.)

Hartgen: So you are interested in the exhibit and want it explained. They all do.

She: Well, we weren't—

Hartgen: Don't say anything. Just look. It is a new way of seeing. Close your eyes. You don't see anything, do you? Now open them. You can see the pictures, can't you? Obviously there is a quality to sight that's different.

He: Obviously, but—

Hartgen: Now look at the north wall. What do you see to your left?

She: Nothing.

Hartgen: Exactly. That's why the painter left the left part of the canvas blank. Look north again. What do you see on your right?

She: Nothing.

Hartgen: That's where you need to train your vision. Owing to the quality of refracted light, there is a plane of split yellow light bisecting your line of sight that the cubist has put into the picture by this flat green slab. Now look at the paint-

ing full on. Notice how the color creates the perspective; the yellow comes toward you, and the green recedes. The planes move. They're moving now; they're slipping over the wall; the spirit of geometry becomes life, light, and lechery. It's artificial insemination on an artistic scale that any well brooded post hole would expect from an electric grinder. (He is warming to his subject.)

She: It isn't the yellow coming toward me that I mind; it is that green receding and receding out into the pale blue nothingness. It leaves me cold and alone and bewildered among the shattered planes of a ruined life.

He: May I help?

Hartgen: There is no help but to construct from the fragments of your partial vision the whole concept of a many-sided object. Here the artist, for instance, has painted in the full face, the profile, the quarter-face, the head from above, and below, and from the sides. When you have seen the planes from every angle and combined into the ultimate picture, what have you got? A whole, dug by your tractor every two minutes, even with two helpers who don't know what you're talking about and with no time to find out. Here we have the *piece de resistance* of the whole show: where the artist has given the whole development of his painting from sketch to finished product. First you get the horse, top view and side view, then the jockey.

Then the artist combines the planes until he has this explosive fragment of lines of force moving up, down, slantwise, endwise, otherwise, in and out; nothing in the round, everything on the painting surface, pure paint on pure canvas, suspended in space. (By now his arms are flailing, and his strength is visibly failing.) It has taken men years of study to know what two lines can mean; but if you will purify your life, free your sight, and emancipate your mind, give up smoking, drinking, and all emotional interference, you can know what these pictures mean to the modern spirit. Mind! Mind! Mind! That is what the artist is glorifying here. The abstraction of pure thought. Purity! That is it. Cleanse yourselves that you may be free. Free! Free of the old obsessive stereotypes. Free!

(But his audience has left, seeking a dark corner and an old stereotype. This shatters him, and he sinks to the floor, hoarsely whispering, "More time, more time.")

THAT'S RIGHT

"What does the bride think when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Altar, Hymn."

Lieutenant Cooper said he was "shaken up and nervous" but "glad to be alive."

—S. F. News

You mean "glad to be alive"?



I still think they're carrying it too damn far