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The Pine Needle, December 1946

Pine Needle Publications

Marty Blank

Rip Haskell

Joe Tillem

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Pine Needle Publications, Marty Blank, Rip Haskell, Joe Tillem, S. S. van Toole, Kay Bridges, Clair Chamberlain, Roy Spears, Muriel Polley, and Joe Cobb

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PIANE NEEDLE



DECEMBER
THIRTY CENTS

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

GRAND
GIFTS FOR
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

1-POUND TIN
(ALSO IN 1/2-POUND SIZE)



● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.



front to back

We expect the sheriff any hour now, and the editors are packed for Colby, but we feel this issue was worth it.

One brainstorm was a coverage on the Masque, and we think you'll agree that double page spread, done in Cratty style, looks pretty good.

Joe Tillum has a sweet story on page eight, complete with mouse. And a little further on is our beeg wan for the month, "The Punch Bowl Murder Case or Put Down That Canteen, Mother, Your Boy is Flowing Home."

Our own particular style of pin-up material comes in this month and by flipping over to page nine, you can view the first Kilby girl in print. And the Shapleigh cartoons that back it up are prime stuff.

Prisoner of Love by Marty Blank is an out and out steal from Syracuse University but it was so good that we just couldn't resist a query down New York way. We received a generous okay and you'll find the results on page three.

Joe Cobb, who bats copy for the publicity office, poured rubbing alcohol on his typewriter one day and the outcome is ready for consumption on page twenty-one. The title, Entomological Phantasma. Hmmm?

So much for this month then. January will be a blank, but you'll see the Needle again in February.

covering up

The happy looking Joe on the cover is the talented witchery that habitually drips from the pen of Don Caswell who is an artist of long standing and sitting. He also does the work on our profile jobs and sports portraits. Norman Rockwell, move over.

the pine needle

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what 'n where

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Prisoner of Love

By MARTY BLANK

THE ceiling in Mahaffey's is low and cigar smoke hangs there, thick and wet and very still, and the place has its own unique stench, like a blend of boiled cabbage and the rotting mice.

And if ever I should be seen leaning against Mahaffey's bar, I would consider it a personal favor to be shot dead on the spot. But personal favors don't come easy these days—and so I've been leaning against that bar for some six months now.

It was a night, two, maybe three weeks ago—the night Woody Herman played in town—the same night Butcher Boy Dunn kayoed Sammy Arcoli at the Elk's Club gym—that was the night.

I was sitting quietly, easily at my usual corner against Mahaffey's bar, studying designs left by the drained beer upon my glass. Only about five people were present that night—all regular Mahaffey trade—all with vacant faces and dull eyes and broken posture. A woman with iodine red hair, seated alone at the table near the door, arose and sauntered over to the juke box and spent a nickel to hear Perry Como sing "Prisoner of Love." The redhead was another Mahaffey regular.

Some three beers later, the first new face in over a week entered Mahaffey's. It was a young face—a callous face—but a good one. The stranger was tall and slim and his head was high as he walked and he wore khaki with a chestful of ribbons. They were gaily colored rib-

bons and one of them was purple and it bore two metal clusters.

Phil, the bartender, asked him what he was drinking and he ordered a Schenley and soda. When this was delivered, he asked, "Is Mary Ferrell around?"

Phil raised his eyebrows. "Who?" "Mary Ferrell," he repeated. "She's a cute little blonde girl who used to work here. A sweet kid. A nice kid."

"That must have been before my time, soldier, I'm pretty new here."

The soldier sipped his drink slowly, thoughtfully, and then he went to the juke box and put a nickel into the slot and read the titles of the selections.

"Play number fourteen," said the dry, harsh voice of the iodine redhead.

His finger went down upon the fourteenth chrome tab and then he pushed the metal slide forward and listened to his nickel being swallowed up by the machine. He walked over to the redhead's table as Perry Como sang "Prisoner of Love."

For a long while he looked down upon her. Her face was powdered chalk white and the blue tinted eyelids were arched by thin pencil lines and her lips were a gaudy blob of red. At length he said, "Do you know Mary Ferrell?"

She leisurely sipped her drink. "Never heard of her," she replied without interest.

The soldier almost leered at her

and then he returned to the bar. At the bar he walked from one man to the next, studying each face as he passed, saying not a word. Finally he came to me and I studied his face while he studied mine. He said to me, "What happened to this place? It used to be clean and cheerful and slick, and now it's nothing but a rathole."

I said, "We rats like it."

He gave me a peculiar kind of look. For some reason I think that look was a smile.

"I can't understand how a place could change so much," he said.

"You must have been away for a long time."

"Four years."

"Four years is a long time."

"I guess so. It all depends on how you look at it." Then he said, "Do you happen to know a Mary Ferrell?"

"Did you say Mary Ferrell?"

"That's right."

"Why—why Mary died."

His face went white and his hand trembled as he placed his glass upon the bar.

"Died?"

I nodded.

"When—did—she—die?"

"About a year ago."

"How? How did it happen?"

"Her heart. She had a heart attack and died. She never knew what hit her."

"No-no. Not Mary. Mary had a good heart—she never had a sick

(Continued on Page 29)

The Hemlock Philosopher, A. D.

By Rip Haskell

In his remarkable work, Commentary, Mostly Upon Me, the famed Socrates notes:

"And by chance I came near the Amphitheatre, where I recollected to me that my boisterous friend, the allegedly humorist dramatist, Aristophanes, had a smash hit playing. And being overladen with leisure, I entered and assumed the role of spectator. Soon I was struck by the extreme likeness one of the masquers bore me, both as to feature and to manner. In due time I came to realize that the character was based upon none other than my own person. It was a witty though highly satirical performance." (Literal translation from the original Greek of a recently discovered MS.)

Socrates further records, and at some length, how at the end of the act, he stood upon the back of his seat and took his bows with the players, to exhibit his likeness to the actor, and to register his approval of the portrayal.

That is the first recorded instance of a philosopher being profiled for public consumption.

Dr. Ronald B. Levinson, head of the Dept. of Philosophy at the University of Maine, and our present subject, says that he will try to be no less obliging than was his great philosophical ancestor, and that he is willing to take bows or anything else that that Socrates took—except hemlock. He prefers spruce tea.

Perhaps at an earlier stage in his

life, Professor Levinson would have taken a more positive satisfaction in this publicity. He has, however, along with so many others, been sharply influenced by his military experience. During the first World War, he served with the camouflage Corps, and there learned the value of concealment. His joy, therefore, at being etched into immortality, will not be evidenced so actively as was that of Socrates.

Beginning at the beginning, we find the Socrates of the Maine hemlocks originating in Chicago and getting off to a flying start in the field of education. He was privileged to be among the first victims of John Dewey's Progressive Education Movement, at the University Elementary School where he was exposed to cooking, carpentering, clay modeling and other useful arts. The Progressives rate him close to exhibit A as an example of what they can't do. For he is still, after nearly half a century, unable to drive a nail with any degree of success, and his cooking always results in what alkaseltzer is designed to prevent.

In due time Pere Levinson shipped his stalwart son east, to blossom and mature at that citadel of culture and learning—fair Harvard. "Old Jawn" absorbed this new addition without a tremor, complacently ignoring its newly acquired asset. And unfortunately, before young Levinson had opportunity to really astound that venerable institution, he found him-

self caught up in the frenzy of war and, as before recorded, deposited in the Camouflage Corps.

Recently, Dr. Levinson was asked if his G.I. training in camouflage had in any way contributed to his mastery of metadialectics and transcendology (branches of the art of concealment). After some consideration, the professor replied that, in his opinion, camouflage is an invaluable training ground for the philosopher, provided that he uses it as counter-camouflage against the great cosmic concealments behind which lie hidden those "eternal verities" which, to drag forth to the light, is the everlasting business of philosophy. The point was not pursued further.

The end of hostilities in 1918 permitted a resumption of studies. Matured by the responsibilities army life had thrust upon him, Levinson returned to his books with a new and stranger lust for enlightenment. So devoted was he to his work, that he completed the remaining two years of his course in approximately twenty-four months.

New York has always been the mecca of youthful American intellectuals, and like a magnet it drew Harvard's newly finished product. There he determined to try his hand at free lance reviewing for a season. And there, too, he renewed the acquaintance of a remarkable young Danish artist (now justly famous for his sketches of noted personalities, all

the way from Professor Seagull of New Yorker Profile fame, to Winston Churchill and G. Bernard Shaw).

The young artist's job, for the old New York Post, was to caricature famous members of the literati of the day. Soon he and Levinson joined forces on this project, the latter interviewing the subject, while his friend viewed and sketched him. Although this was not a remunerative pursuit, it did give the embryonic philosopher an opportunity to probe the minds of such men as Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, and Sinclair Lewis.

Presently the glamour of New York and the Bohemian life wore away, and Levinson returned to his first love, Lady Learning. Home to Chicago, Chicago University, that is, he returned for graduate study, and then was off again to Harvard, this time as a young instructor in philosophy. During those years, just prior to his call to Maine, Levinson was associated with the brethren, regards as the the brightest star in the philosophic firmament of our day, the now retired logician, metaphysician, and historian of ideas, Professor A. N. Whitehead.

And then on to Maine. Prior to the advent of Dr. Levinson upon the scene, philosophy at the University had scarcely advanced beyond the cracker barrel stage. (Dr. Levinson brands this statement as a "picturesque libel on my old Harvard fellow-student and predecessor, W. S. Taylor, now professor of psychology at Smith, who invariably ate his crackers out of a box and preferred sitting in Morris chairs.) He immediately set about rectifying the situation with such vigor that both crackers and barrels became passé at this institution.

One significant step in the right direction was the Doctor's efforts to expand and improve the tutorial honors set-up (of which he is now chairman). This program provides special opportunities for campus brains to further develop their intel-

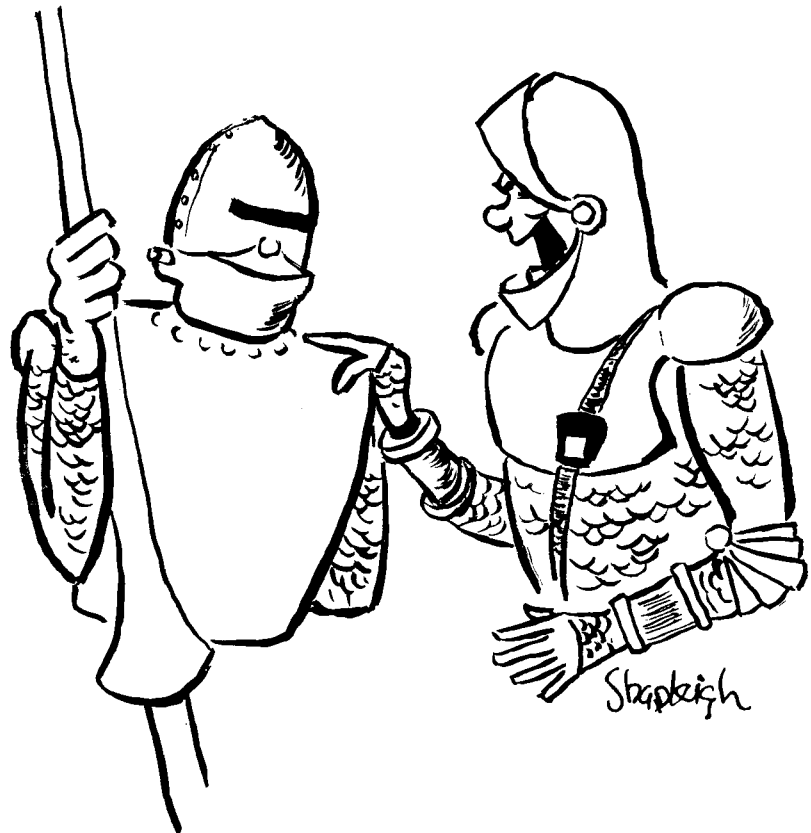
lects by perusing the works of the great masters and then discovering, through discussion with their tutors, how little they comprehend the work they were studying. Beneficiaries of this very excellent arrangement are easily distinguishable on sight, by the habitual look of dazed bewilderment that emanates from their blood-shot, pouch-girdled eyes.

Another important effort was the establishment of the once famous but now defunct "Maine Review" of which Dr. Levinson was one of the founding fathers. This scholastic journal represented in its scope articles on each of the component units of the university, contributed by both undergraduates and faculty, and aimed at arousing a deeper, independently initiated interest in the cultural side of college life. Its untimely demise was a great disappointment to Dr. Levinson, but he has high hopes, in his own words, "that he will live to see the Pine Needle (30 cents a copy at your campus newsstand. Help it grow) grow up into the laughing likeness of his long-lost literary son."

And, in addition, Levinson brought a new and gratefully received (as witnessed by many of his students) innovation in lecturing. The Levinson lecture is unique in that it always has a point to it, and sends a student away thinking instead of wondering how his professor manages to memorize the text so accurately.

Rumor has it that, in addition to his life as an instructor of ingenuous youth, the professor leads also a deeper and darker life, as contributor to certain scholarly journals. This is too delicate a subject to pursue in detail, but one case may be here adduced. Whoever dares to examine the bound copies of the American Journal of Psychology will find irrefutable evidence that Dr. Levinson once so far forgot his academic dignity, as to publish an inquiry dealing with that least academic of persons, the late Gertrude Stein. We hesitate to disclose this heinous secret, but we feel that our duty impels us to enlighten students as to just what kind of men they are

(Continued on Page 28)



And then the traveling salesman sayeth unto the farmer's daughter...



HI NOTES and LOW NOTES

Yes, from this corner it appears that Stan Kenton and his band are the greatest thing that ever happened. Their rise from bottom to top was so rapid that it's amazing and hard to believe. It is admitted that the band spent a long time on the West Coast just struggling along and having a very rough time of it, but once they hit the East and their brand of music was more fully exposed to the public, they were in and their popularity spread like wildfire. Most critics now agree that Stan Kenton's outfit is the top band in the nation.

Stan, himself, started his rise to fame with Gus Arnheim's crew as pianist and arranger. Evidently his arrangements were a little too weird for that outfit which was merely a sectional band and confined itself to the West Coast, so Kenton had to break away and form his own gang to play the kind of stuff he wanted. The style that he put before the cats on the Coast did not catch on at first, probably because the people did not understand it, and also because it was very unorthodox. However, Stan and his boys did not give up. This was what they wanted to play and they were determined to make people understand it and like it; and before long, after hitting the East Coast, they succeeded.

Once Kenton's music was before the public, it stayed there. His records sold like mad, and his broadcasts were an enormous success. Some of Kenton's mad recordings are: "Eager Beaver," "Artistry in Rhythm," "Artistry Jumps," "Artistry in Boogie," "Southern Scandal," "Tampico," and "Intermission Riff." It would be very difficult to

determine which of these recordings is the best because they are all collector's items. However, I will say that they are all very typical of Kenton's style of music. The brass is very powerful and full, while the saxes have more brilliance than any other section in the country. Kenton seems to get more out of each man than any other leader in the world. They seem to be playing over their heads all the time because the stuff they produce is next to impossible.

At last this section of the state is

getting a chance to hear some name bands. This is one of the best things that could happen around here, for this vicinity definitely needs some education on real music. Perhaps if enough big-time bands come here, people will eventually see that the Maine Bears are not just an ordinary band playing mediocre stuff. The Bears aren't just another college band thrown together and put on the band stand. They are a rehearsed outfit playing big-time arrangements, and they're fine. It is time that Jim Sprague and his boys were appreciated a little more. To appreciate good music some people have to hear it played by name bands first. Well, two fine bands have appeared in this locality recently in the form of Ray McKinley and Shorty Sherock, and I've heard it rumored that Nat Diamond is planning to have Woody Herman and Stan Kenton at the auditorium in Bangor.



STAN KENTON



Not long ago I was asked why I never spoke about some of the greater ballad singers. I answer that my articles have concerned jazz artists and instrumentalists more than anything else, but in speaking of vocalists, I would say that Perry Como is, in my opinion, the top male singer today. I believe that before long Perry Como will become a second Bing Crosby. By the tone quality of his voice, I would say that he is one of the most smooth and relaxed performers that there are. His style is very different than that of any other crooner that I have heard. It is true that it may be very sickening to watch him sing in person; however, I am not judging his appearance, just his voice. That is why I say he is the top singer of sweet tunes in the nation.

Some of Perry Como's better records have been: "In the Middle of Nowhere," "If You Were the Only Girl," "Prisoner of Love," "Here Comes Heaven Again," and "If I'm Lucky." His records are very easy to obtain since his popularity is so great; therefore, take a tip from here and get hold of some of these records, for someday they will be collector's items.

—bob slosser

Ever hear about Shostakovitch now? The experts over in the Music Department bandy his name about,

but the rest of us haven't heard his name spoken since Molotov began his verbal bouts with Byrnes, Bevin, and Co.

The same goes for Prokofieff, Glazunoff, and the other unpronounceable Classical tunesmiths of their nation. They have faded back into the same dense obscurity that blankets American, British, and French composers. In other words, they are judged by the music they write, not the ideological program notes tacked on by hack writers of Pravda.

It's too bad that this saner attitude meant the end of their buzz into the limelight. But it's an improvement nevertheless. Remember when Shostakovitch completed his Lenin-grad Symphony, supposedly under a hail of Nazi shells? The score was reverently carried to our shores by an Army transport plane. More of the big brass and the boiled-shirt brigade were on hand at its New York premier than had been seen in any one place since Congress declared war.

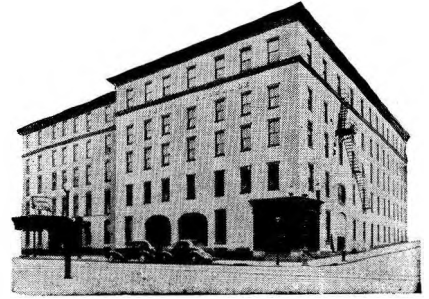
When the New York music critics unanimously panned the symphony the next day, many patriotic citizens denounced them as reactionary, anti-Russian, and wreckers of Allied post-war unity.

The post-war era has come with its disappointments and frustrations. In the field of music, however, its trends have been all to the good. Ideology is a very fine thing, but the last way you can preach a political or even a national doctrine is through a music score.

New Recordings in Bangor

1. Oscar Levant. *Selections from Chopin*. Columbia Masterworks. 8 sides. \$5.10.
2. Leonard Bernstein's *Jeremiah Symphony*. Composer conducting St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Victor. 6 sides.
3. Grieg. *Piano Concerto in A minor*. Walter Gieseking and Berlin State Orchestra. Victor. 8 sides.
4. Kreisler and Andre Kostelanetz. *The Music of Fritz Kreisler*.

—paul mcgouldrick



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Big Shot

By JOE TILLEM

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by. . . .

—Oscar Wilde

Squeak—squeak—John arched on his bed. He dug his grimy, well-trimmed nails hard in his palms; held his breath. His eyes roamed the barren walls of the cell, trying to wake out of his drugged sleep.

Squeak—squeak—There it was again. John strained his head to the side and fearfully searched the floor.

A mouse, a mouse, a little, dirty, squeaking mouse stood half hidden in the grey of the room: just its tweaking nose searching in and out of a ray of moonlight. Its jet-glossy eyes studied the man on the pallet. Mouse and man invaded each other's glance. For a painful moment the walls bent in to crush the air into a heavy silence. Not a breath shook the deathlike haze.

Squeak—with a determined twitch of its nose, the mouse scampered off and hid in the shadows.

"A stinkin' little mouse scaring the hell out of me," quavered John, "I must be losin' me grip, Damn—."

He hurled himself over and sunk his face into the ticking. Slowly his laboured breath evened and he turned over again on his back. The drugged look had left his eyes—they were half closed. Slow audible breathing disturbed the calm still of the room. The moon made a checkerboard pattern on the wall.

". Say, ain't you the pretty tonight. Sharped up for your boy John, eh, and look at that skirt; looks just like a checkerboard. All for me, huh!"

Jean's lustful eyes and body swayed under the compliment.

"Johnny, if you really cared, you'd get me one of those slinky dresses so's we could go out real classy."

"Yeah, sure, some day, honey, some day when I make a real killin'."

John absorbed every full swelling of her body. He reached for her and she settled smoothly into his arms.

. His breathing became more rapid. His eyelids puckered as the scene took life before him on the grey cell wall. Somewhere down the hall a lonely prisoner sang his heart out to the stars in a tinny, cracked tenor. A cloud passed over the moon, dimming the window's latticework image. In the hallway a leaky faucet tortured the silence.

". Do we have to go to Al's again tonight, Johnny, do we, huh? Gee, Johnny, when do we get to go to those swell places we see in the papers and in the magazines. Gee, I wish it would stop raining. You fellers don't know the trouble we girls have to go through to fix our hair. I can't go out in the rain, Johnny. Gee, I wish that guy next door would stop playing the radio so much, such lousy music, too. . . . Yeah, I know Al is the big boss, Yeah, if you're such an important guy to him why don't he give you more money? Gee, Johnny, I saw such a pretty party dress at Clark's today. Gee, Johnny, why can't I have it—Sure, some day, some day, sure, some day."

. John's cot felt hard. His back burned. "Lord, O Lord," he whispered. "why did she have to nag so much?"—The singing stopped, the moon pattern cleared, cleared hard, straight, cold, brilliant.

". John Forham, this court

takes pleasure in sentencing you to a year and a day at the State Penitentiary in Blackville. Our only regret is that we have insufficient evidence to make it one hundred years and a day. Your ilk, the grovelers in the shadow of the crime-masters, are responsible for the continued existence of those crime-masters. If ever you again appear in this court before me, I'll establish new precedent and take unholy glee in sentencing you to hang. Court officer, remove this from my sight. Court adjourned."

. Clump—clump—shuffle—clump—"Damn screw checking up on his bad boys; damn sonof-a-bitch, even they get to walk like a bull."

Clump—clump—shuffle. it stopped.

John narrowed his eyes to slits: he didn't want the guard to see him awake.

"If that screw talks to me, I'll tear his guts out."

Lines of cold white and dead black striated the peering face.

"Dreaming of that noose they're gonna hang him with tomorrow." The face took on a slight leer; slowly moved out of the moonlight.

"He got eyes just like the stinkin' mouse; yeah, even his nose tweaks." Clump—clump—shuffle—clump. . . .

". Get this, Rabbit, I don't give a damn if your babe wants a new dress. We use this money to buy equipment. When a guy puts an organization together, he needs equipment: he needs tools to work with. Takes dough!—OK,—Hey, Al, toss the Rabbit a sawbuck. Remember, this is only out of the generosity of me heart. Tell that babe of yours if she wants a new dress to lift it. Now get t'hell out of here; you too, Al. Damn it, Jean.

didn't you hear what I said to the Rabbit? Sure, sure, I'll get you a slinky bag, too, but you gotta wait until we pull the big job. This is only peanuts. I gotta build up me mob. I gotta give them guns, and cars, and soup. I gotta dress them for the big job. It costs dough. Damn it, what more do you want. I give you a room; I feed you; I put clothes on you.....sure, honey, sure, some day soon."

"Sure, some day, sure, some day, sure....."

.....The moon image on the wall spread hazily. The grey took on a lighter hue and a dawn chill came into the dank air. John wrapped his thin blanket more firmly about him. His teeth clattered; a shiver ran through his thin frame; a breath strangled through his throat.....

".....OK, OK, so we loused up the job. OK, OK, we made a mess of it; what do you want me to do? How the hell did I know they had private eyes at the party. Damn this stiff collar. It's choking me." John ripped off the rented black tie, tore the collar and rubbed his red neck. His breath strangled in his throat.

"Did any of those dicks follow us here? Damn you, Spitter. What did you think you were driving, a hearse? Gee, that maid looked funny when I stuck her in the belly.—Get out, damn ya stinkin' hides, get out, get out, *get the hell out of here, you— —bastards.*"

He turned his back and stared out the shuttered window. A faint light was creeping through the cracks, bringing with it a dawn chill; his shoulders heaved with angry sobs.

The sound of a faint rustle caught his ear; he spun around.....

"Damn you. *You, too?* Sneaking money out of the money box, *eh!* Suppose you've been doin' it all along, when I'm on a job, *eh!*—Oh, just wanted it for that high-f'lutin' dress, *eh!* I oughta twist that pretty neck of yours—I oughta kill ya, yeah, I oughta kill ya. Yeah, kill ya, yeah, kill ya....kill ya....kill ya....kill....kill....ki..... No, honey, I'm just kiddin', believe me, just kiddin'..no, no, don't look at me that way—*STICK YOUR TONGUE BACK*; don't look like that, *don't*—NO, Oh my God, no, no —Look, honey. I didn't mean it. Tellya, I'll getya that party dress, believe me, Jeanny. Believe me, only don't look at me that way....I'll go.

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Introducing-- The Kilby Girl

SPORTS

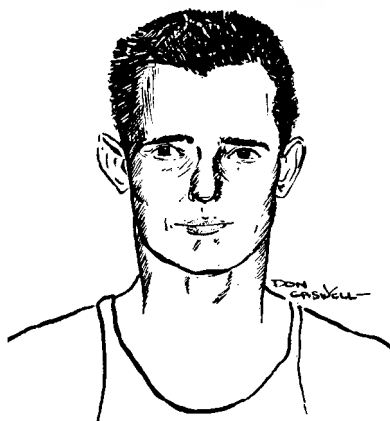
There was a mad scramble for the ball near the foul circle and then, from the maze of legs and arms came a looping hook shot that was a familiar sight to the college students last winter and the scoreboard automatically registered 2 points for Maine to break a 45-45 tie with Colby. Al Burgess, who seemingly is the most unrelaxed man on the basketball floor, had just relaxed two points through the meshes and Maine was ahead 47-45. Maine went on to win 52-47, but that basket by Al Burgess broke their hearts.

Throughout the season that looping hook shot caused the scoreboard lights to blink and Maine's cheering sections to go wild.

Al returned from Italy, where it was "bombs away" for awhile, just in time to take up the war cry of "baskets away" and with the same accuracy with which he used his Norden he scored successful shot after shot.

Comes this winter and another basketball season, keep your eyes peeled for a 6'1" frame that operates on two pistons and is unaffected by cold weather—that's Al Burgess—. You'll appreciate his basketball, but his opponents won't.

—ike webber



al burgess

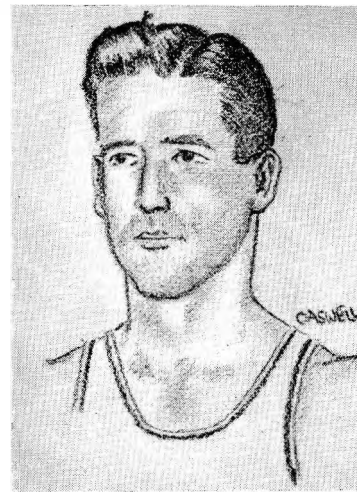
Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Northeastern are hosts to the Maine Bears, January 9, 10, and 11 respectively. This trio of games will open Maine's 1947 New England Conference campaign and also will be the first taste of action for the Pale Blue quintet since before the Christmas holidays.

In other years this southern jaunt marked the inaugural of the basketball season for the University, with Rhody usually being the first game on the schedule. The Bears were forced to play one of the leading teams in the country without the benefit of a single game behind them. As was the case last year this often proved disastrous.

There is no doubt but what the experience that the squad picked up before Christmas in those three state series games will prove valuable. What a player does in practice and what he will do under fire in an important game sometimes are two different things. There are men today on the Maine squad who, if they could perform under game conditions as they do in intra-squad scrimmages, would be playing first string.

It is a far different feeling, taking the floor against a club the caliber of Keaney's famous Rams, than one experiences in a routine game. Rhody has become a near legendary outfit whenever the subject of basketball comes up. A team that can rack up over a hundred points against good college quintets must have something! To demonstrate my point: last season the Bears dropped only four out of fourteen games but one of these losses was an unbelievable 107-63 shellacking administered by the men from Kingston—And the Bears were undefeated in state series play!

(Continued on Page 29)



ted boynton

"Say, did you see Hank Madore pop that basket in against Cony last winter in the Class A Easterns?"

"Yuh! it was a scorcher—last second of play, too!"

"Reminded me of Teddy Boynton in a way. He was always doing that for Stearns—remember?"

"Teddy will always play good ball. It's not in his system to have a bad night. I've seen him play for Stearns High, Bob Emerson's Pills, and Colby College, and I have yet to see him mess up a play."

"You know, this may be scuttlebutt, but I heard that the coach at Colby College cried for a week when he heard that Teddy had enrolled at Maine."

"Probably did—I know he added a few gray hairs to Bill Millett's head last winter at Waterville, with his smooth ball handling and shooting tactics."

"All I can say is that if he's the typical basketball product from Stearns High School I move that we transplant the Brunswick Annex to Millinocket and get a few more of their boys."

"A good idea, Mac!—a good idea."

—ike webber

(Any remarks here concerning the resemblance of characters in this story to persons living or dead would be silly and unnecessary and would quite likely have been done in a much cuter way by someone else, anyway.)

HUGH NYE, the great private detective, sat in his library, musing on his record of past triumphs. The hour was late, and every sixty seconds was one minute nearer midnight, but Hugh was unaware of this as he reminisced. Suddenly the phone, situated at his elbow, jangled harshly. Hugh answered it.

"Thank God, you're there, Mr. Nye," gasped a nervous feminine voice. "There has just been a foul murder committed at a houseparty at Eta Pi fraternity, I.C.U. If the police handle the situation alone, an innocent person will suffer, for, as everyone knows, the police are a bungling lot of half-wits who always accuse an innocent person, who is finally saved only by the deductions of a great private detective. So, please, please, hurry and get here before the police come and overlook the many obvious clues!"

"Who is this calling, please?" gasped Nye.

"My name is Beulah Bellows, Bell for short. I am eighteen years of age, a freshman at I.C.U., and am generally considered attractive—in fact, the boys say I am stacked like a brick—"

"Say no more," rasped Nye. "I'll be right over." And suiting action to the word, the great private detective hung up, unstrapped the phone from his elbow, dropped his rasp, and hurtled his long, lithe form through the door, which luckily was open.

* * *

It was a clear, starry night, but as Hugh approached the Eta Pi house, he noticed that it was shrouded in a sinister mist. The mist mystery was quickly solved when he detected the odor of scotch whiskey, and a wave of nostalgia swept over Hugh as he recalled his own college

The Punch Bowl Murder Case

By S. S. van Toole

days. The wave deposited Nye at the door of the fraternity.

On entering, the great private detective's eagle eye quickly swept over the scene, noting every detail. In one corner of the large room, furnished with countless sofas and easy chairs, stood a group of youths. Each was attired in a purple blazer with white piping and with crossed bottles, the emblem of Eta Pi, emblazoned in gold on the left pocket. Each young man wore a blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie, a pair of gray slacks with cuffs turned up two inches, yellow socks, and dirty saddle shoes. Each man was smoking a pipe. On seeing Hugh, one young man detached himself from the group and approached Hugh with outstretched hand.

"Gad, old man. Glad to see you. Nasty mess here, what? I'm Benjamin Strong, Ben for short, House President. You can call on all of us for anything, sir. We are anxious to avenge our late brother." Ben pointed.

Following his gesture, Nye noted a small detail he had previously overlooked—a body, attired the same as the other youths, lying in a pool of blood in the center of the floor. Hugh immediately became businesslike.

"Let no one leave the premises. Call everyone in the house to this room for questioning," he snapped. Then, "Have you notified the police?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ben. "We felt it our duty, although it is a well-known fact that the police always make a botch of a case, which can finally be remedied only by the master work of a great private detective."

"Then I must work fast," cried

Nye, brushing away the tears on his cuff, "or the notoriously stupid police will arrive before I have time to analyze the situation. Quick, round up everyone in the house."

Ben disappeared into the next room, whence soon issued indignant feminine squeals. After what appeared to be a heated argument, Ben reappeared, followed by a group of girls bearing a huge, steaming punch bowl (the source of the scotch mist).

"They wouldn't come without it—they're all upset, poor kids," said Ben apologetically.

"I understand," said Nye, surveying the newcomers with a critical eye—the one opposite the aforementioned eagle eye. Each girl wore a green hair ribbon, a white, tight sweater, a purple skirt, reaching toward but falling short of the knees, yellow socks, and dirty saddle shoes. Just below the overhang of each sweater was clustered a motley array of fraternity pins.

"These are our guests for the houseparty—an informal affair, as you can see," explained Ben.

"Where is the band?" asked Nye.

"Oh," replied Ben, "we quit hiring bands long ago—the music disturbed the necking, you know."

"Were there no chaperons?" asked Nye.

"Shucks," said Ben sheepishly, "I just *knew* I'd forgotten something."

"Since you seem to be spokesman for this crowd, suppose you tell me exactly what happened," directed Nye.

"Well, it was this way, old man," said Ben. "We were all quietly necking, when suddenly a shot rang out. Someone had just suggested another shot; so we paid no particular attention to it, although the dull thud that followed it seemed premature. Our boys don't usually begin passing out until after midnight. But then a piercing scream rent the air, and feeling that all was not well, I turned on the lights—we were trying to cut down our light bill. A ghastly sight

(Continued on Page 26)

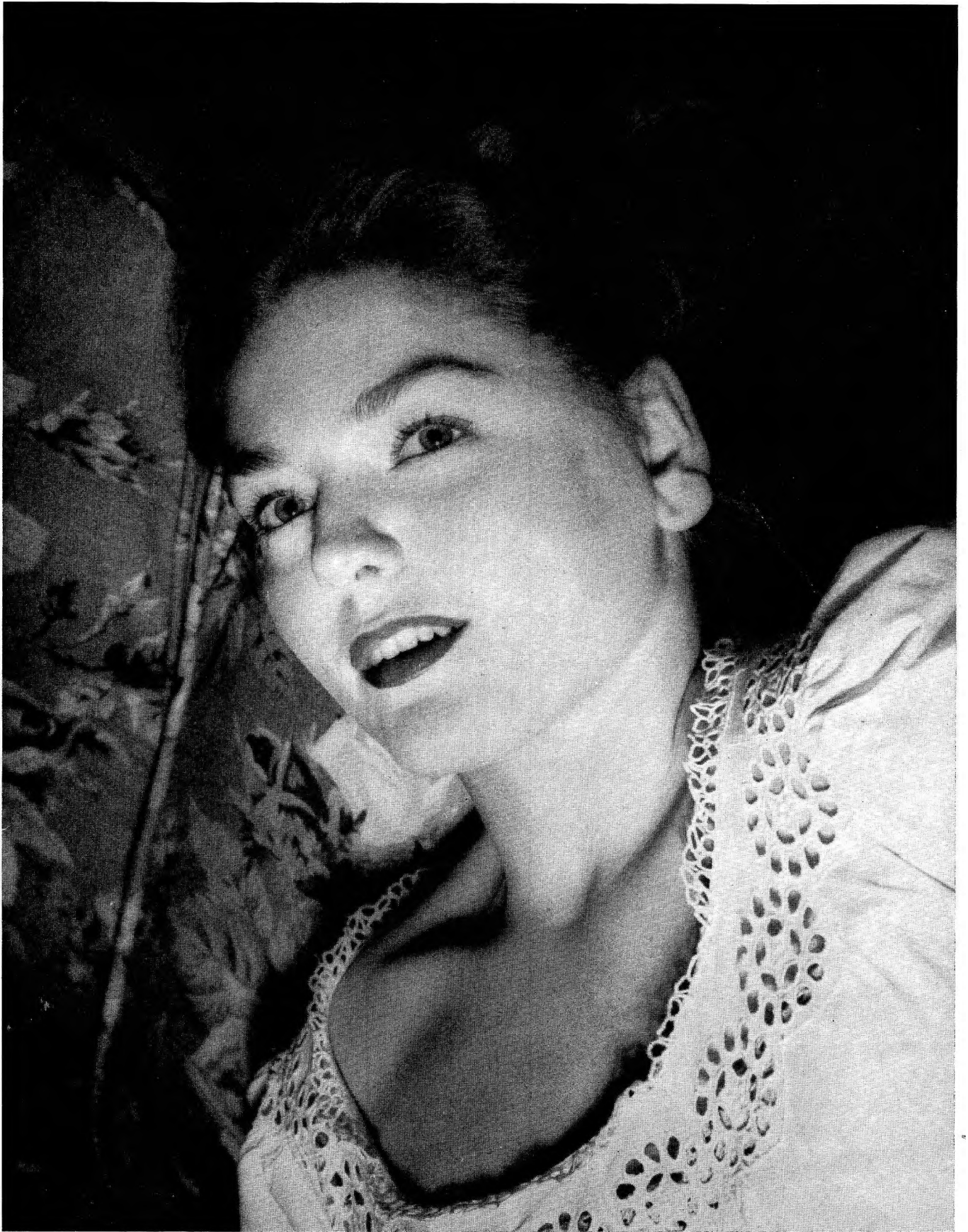
JEWELRY · GIFTS · HANDKERCHIEFS · GIFTS · SCARFS · GIFTS
 RS · GIFTS · HANDBAGS · GIFTS · GLOVES · GIFTS · NECKWEA
 LEATHER GOODS · GIFTS · STATIONERY · GIFTS · GREETINGS ·
 GIFTS · NOTIONS · GIFTS · RIBBONS · GIFTS · BRIDGE SETS · GIFT
 PERFUMES · GIFTS · SHAVING SOAPS · GIFTS · MANICURE SETS
 GIFTS · LINGERIE · GIFTS · SLIPPERS · GIFT SHOE BAGS ·
 NEGLIGES · GIFTS · HOUSE COATS · HIKING BOOTS
 GIFTS · BED JACKETS · GIFTS · HATS · GIFTS
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 GIFTS · POETRY · GI TABLES · G
 SILVERWARE SOFA BED
 GIFTS GIFTS · GI
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 BRUNCH COATS · GIFTS · NE
 HOUSEDRESSES · GIFTS · TIES
 PERFUMES · GIFTS · TOILETRIES
 GIFTS · FURNITURE · GIFTS · RUGS



Campus Glamour—Presenting the little girl who took the chase out of Chevy Chase. Maryland, Bev Boyd, who vows that she is “not the career girl type” but would rather go swimming, sailing, and horseback riding. Brown hair and green gray eyes make this gal an attractive addition to the South Estabrooke bevy. A Home Economics major, she confesses to a secret passion . . . for strawberry ice cream, and disavowing Maryland forever, calls Freeport, Maine, her home.

"The American women are nice—but *very* hard to get used to," said Lingan Subba Rao. "Indian women don't smoke and they don't talk very much. In fact, they have very few social qualities." I inhaled my cigarette deeply and leaned back on the Balentine sofa leisurely before I realized the full impact of his accusation.

"Well, what do the Indian women do?" was my leading question.

The women of India are housekeepers in the true sense of the phrase—they represent less than one per cent of the college graduates of the country. The rural parents in particular have no belief in educating their daughters, but with the awakening of a national feeling some advance in female education has become apparent.

Lingan Subba Rao is the twenty-three year old son of a middle class farmer from Bommuluro, Angaluru, Kistna District and Madras Presidency of India. He received his B.S. from the University in the sacred Hindu city of Benares and is an independent special student registered in Industrial Chemistry at the University of Maine. He traveled "34 days by bullock-cart, train, boat, and airplane to study pulp and paper at the best college for such a career in the United States." His aim is not only an academic one but is a keen desire to meet Americans. He is a true representative of the highly patriotic Indian youth who is looking to the U. S. for help in its development of Industrial Programs.

"I believe in a limited democracy without partialities and with a strong central government." Lingan drew the line somewhere between communism and imperialism. He continued to say that Indians as a rule are very sympathetic toward Russia, and the Marx Communistic theory underlies most of their political beliefs. This influence has risen chiefly within the past few years mainly because of the low economic conditions of the country

Women, India, and Subba Rao

By KAY BRIDGES

and Russia's entrance into the war. The war, in itself, has resulted in much inflation in India, and this factor, Lingan believes, has been large in directing India toward its present independency. Oppression and backwardness of India has resulted from the British Protectorship.

There is much to be desired in the quality of teaching in India. The moral, social and physical sides of education are insufficiently developed. It has been hampered by financial difficulties, traditions which confine education to certain castes, communal trouble, bad communications, the dearth of competent teachers, and above all, the poverty of the rural parent who cannot spare his sons from the ranks of the breadwinners. Since agriculture is the leading occupation of the country, this is indeed a major factor in the lack of educational advances. Though, perhaps, the British Gov-



ernment has attempted to give its best in teachers and curricula, it has exposed itself to the odium of what were for long grave defects in the system. In reality, education has meant a network of schools, colleges and examinations ultimately controlled by the government. Probably many of us would shout for joy at the prospect of having only one examination and that at the end of the entire college career, but "prelims every other day keep you learning something all the time," said Lingan.

Lingan, well acquainted with the daily life of the Indian farmer, astonished me with his description of a daily routine. The average worker rises anywhere from 2:00-4:00 in the morning, and works until ten when he eats his dinner. Breakfast just isn't served in that country. Back to work after an hour until two in the afternoon when he eats again. After an hour of relaxation, he is back on the job until eight or nine in the evening. At such a time, he takes his daily bath, eats once more, and then rambles down to the village square to discuss the day's activities or general about-town news, and he retires to his bed at ten o'clock. Just how such a schedule would appeal to the average American is doubtful.

Public health in India is another subject which presents a hazard to the average inhabitant. Sanitary welfare is extremely backward because of the climate, the general poverty and the pressure of population. In years of bad epidemics, the death toll runs very high. Influenza, plaque, cholera, malaria, hookworm and kala azar have been widespread. Medical relief hardly exists outside the towns except at dispensaries established by the government and which are now locally controlled.

The social life of the Bommuluro people, as Lingan described it, is quite limited, but the Indians enjoy many of the same recreations as we.

(Continued on Page 22)

Needling the News

HOLE DRILLED TWENTY MILES DEEP, MOSCOW RADIO ANNOUNCES

—*N. Y. Times*

- Maybe they're going to bury the hatchet.

* * *

CLASSES UP 60% IN NIGHT COLLEGES

—*N. Y. Times*

- We always said the best college work was done at night.

* * *

GOVERNMENT SAYS WIVES OF LOW GRADE ENLISTED MEN CANNOT JOIN HUSBANDS OVERSEAS

—*Bangor News*

- It's just as well—a low grade man would probably have a low grade wife.

* * *

POLICE SEEK TWO GIRLS WHO DISAPPEARED HALLOWE'EN

—*Boston Herald*

- Maybe they just forgot to take off their masks.

* * *

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY ROBBED OF \$1029

—*N. Y. Times*

- Serves him right for carrying all that loose change around with him.

* * *

OWNERS SAY LEWIS IS DIGGING MINERS' GRAVES

—*N. Y. Times*

- Looks as though he's doing a good job on his own, too!

PLANTS COMPETE WITH BLONDES IN DRESS MANUFACTURER'S OFFICE DISPLAY

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

- Oh yeah???

* * *

TWENTY-FIFTH CHILD BORN TO TEXAS WOMAN

—*Portland Press Herald*

- Maybe there's some truth in those Texas tall-stories after all!

* * *

OREGON COUPLE BUILD HOUSE WITH STOLEN GOODS —MAN ADMITS HE WAS UNABLE TO LIFT BATHTUB

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

- He probably would have had a hard time getting a furnace, too.

* * *

MAN HELD FOR KEEPING PET RATTLESNAKE. SAYS, "I LOVE HIM"

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

- Ah, l'amour; tourjours l'amour.

* * *

CARIBOU MAN, 96, TOTAL ABSTAINER, HOPES TO REACH 100

—*Daily News*

- That is, if he doesn't die of thirst.

* * *

SCIENTISTS SAY ATOM BOMB CAN NOW BE MANUFACTURED CHEAPLY AND IN GREAT NUMBERS

—*WCSH News Bulletin*

- Can you imagine the 1948 election slogans—"An A-bomb in every pot and a jet plane in every garage."

"NO MAGIC IN GI BILL," SAYS BANKER

—*Bangor Commercial*

- Yeah? He oughta try making that subsistence check last for a month!

* * *

THREE ELEPHANTS IN PORTLAND MAN'S GARAGE

—*Portland Press Herald*

- What color?

* * *

BRITON, WHOSE DAUGHTER WED GI, IS COMING TO NEW YORK WITH HIS WHOLE FAMILY

—*N. Y. Times*

- Marry in haste—repent with the whole family to help you.

* * *

\$8000 STOLEN FROM TRUCK: \$20,000 LEFT IN VEHICLE

—*Boston Herald*

- Thief was probably worried about his income tax.

* * *

MECHANIZATION SEEN AID TO MAINE POTATO CROP

—*Portland Press Herald*

- Potatoes with wheels???

* * *

HILDRETH URGES MAINE TO USE COAL WISELY

—*Bangor News*

- You mean we can't throw lumps at Mr. Chalmers' car anymore?

backstage

Oh



mirror mirror

death

a queenly virtue nonchalant

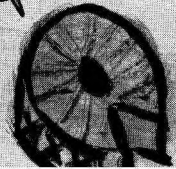
Mrs. Westmore

to have her and

blowing up on chem

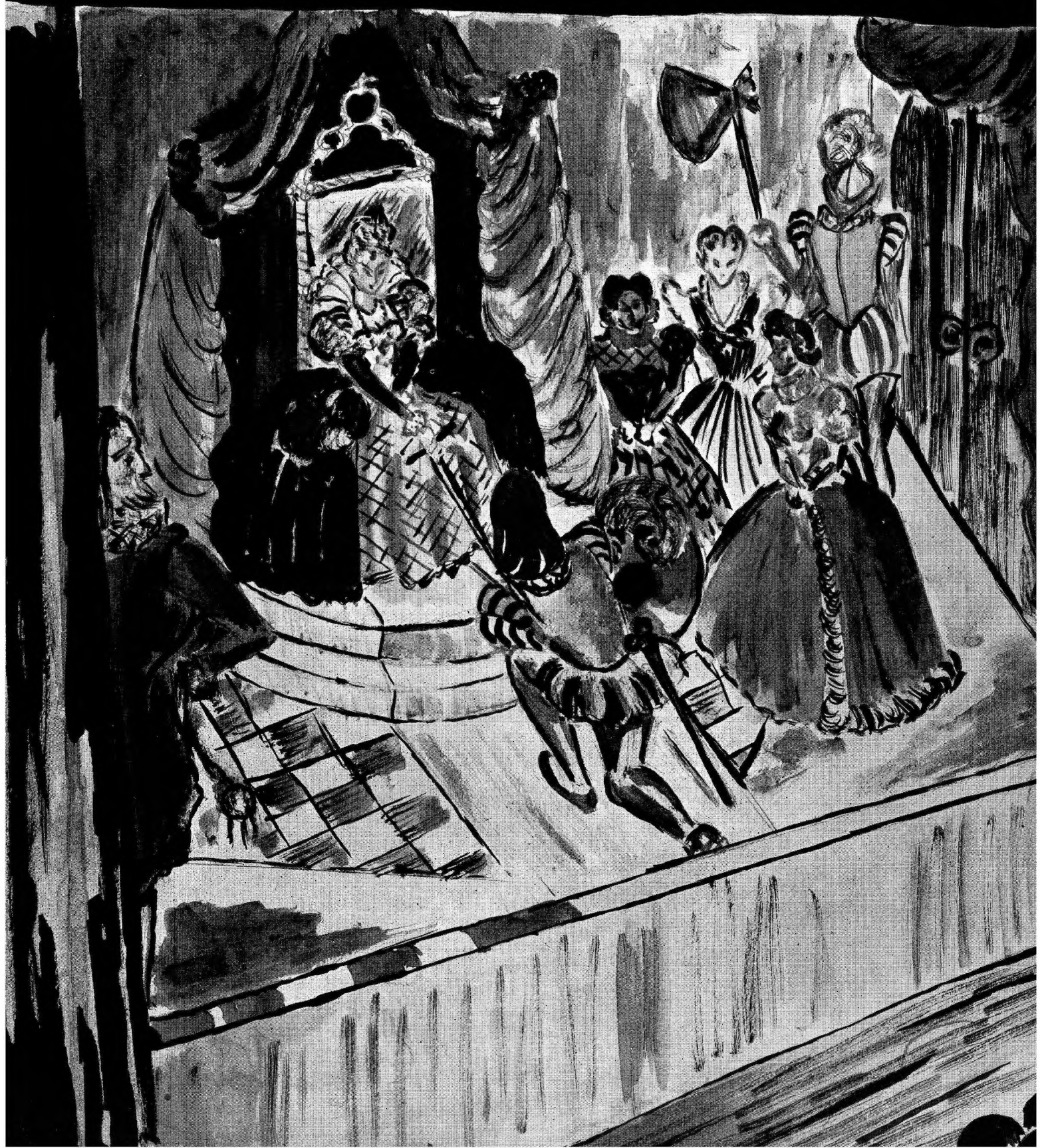
SQUEAK

SQUEAK



Masque

in production





HUNTING AND FISHING

December:—the month of holly, Xmas wreaths, St. Nick, and good cheer—and to all you lucky nimrods who managed to bag a deer, we envy you that golden-brown roast of venison that is to be served with the Christmas turkey! Even the thought is enough to make one's mouth water!

We hope that you fellows—wait a minute—after that 265 lb. (dressed weight!) buck that that gal dropped down around, we'd better include the ladies, too, so—we hope that you hunters—sex unspecified—haven't given up the woods trails with the passing of November. There's still a lot of mighty good hunting available in the Pine Tree State. The bouncing bunnies can be pursued through to the end of February—and a rabbit stew on a cold night is top-notch chow for our money. With a good dog and a light snow surface, the old snowshoe hare will provide wonderful sport.

If you're looking for a wily quarry for your winter hunting, how about considering the fox? A good dog is almost a necessity in hunting Reynard, but if one is available, the vicinity of the campus should provide some good hunting. Those chicken houses at the south end of the campus seem to be fox bait in the winter time. Undoubtedly, a good hound should provide an enjoyable afternoon's fun somewhere in that area.

Don't forget, also, while you're chasing that snowshoe hare, or that

red fox, that there's a \$15.00 bounty on bobcat and Canada lynx in this state. In regard to this bounty, however, just a word of warning! In order to collect, you have to exhibit the entire skin of the animal, ears, nose, tail, etc., to the warden, within 10 days after the kill, or no dough. That's the way the law reads. And, while we're on the subject of bounties, don't forget that a black bear is still worth \$10.00 of the State's money—so keep your eyes peeled for bruin! He should be denned up; but sometimes he isn't. You've got to see the town treasurer within 72 hours after shooting to collect on a bear. Incidentally, bear meat isn't bad eating, either, but for gosh sakes cook the stuff well! Trichinosis is a parasitic disease in bear meat as well as pork, although few sportsmen are aware of it. As a matter of fact, you might pass the information along occasionally. It might save somebody a lot of grief.

It won't be long, now, until the ice-fishing starts. It's a special thrill to the initiated and the uninitiated alike. Fish have a firmer flesh and, consequently, a finer flavor, when they are taken from winter waters. There's nothing comparable to the thrilling comfort afforded by a warm fire after the day's trip. Pull up a chair, put your feet under the table, and sample another portion of that delicacy from the rivers and lakes of Maine, the pickerel!

—clair chamberlain
and roy spears

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MY SAN FRANCISCO

by Gertrude Atherton.

In sub-titling this 'A Wayward Biography' Miss Atherton prepares the reader of her latest novel for the personal and intimate fashion in which she treats her subject. Her description of Frisco could never be construed as just another Chamber of Commerce bulletin. There is not, in this book, the nostalgia which so frequently destroys or limits the value of such a novel. The fast-moving narrative and complete understanding displayed in this story will serve to make it fascinating even to those who do not know San Francisco.

THE FALL OF VALOR

by Charles Jackson.

When more controversial novels are written Charles Jackson will write them. It is difficult to review a plot and characters such as those presented by Mr. Jackson in *The Fall of Valor*. Many readers will feel that the treatment of the moral problem of homosexuality in the frank unrestrained manner found herein will be more harmful and degrading than the fearlessness of the presentation warrants. It will, on the other hand, be admitted that since the problem exists, society can gain nothing by turning its head as it did in the case of acute alcoholism before Jackson's revealing *Lost Weekend*. Opponents and proponents alike will have to admit that Mr. Jackson has once again crossed a line of social taboo which few before him have dared to transit.

TOIL OF THE BRAVE

by Inglis Fletcher.

The author of *Lusty Wind for Carolina* has produced another novel

of the Revolution. This novel, like the previous one, is more romantic than historical. Yet the climax, the Battle of King's Mountain, is historical and realistically portrayed. Fast moving adventure and an easy channel for escapism will serve as recommendation enough for Inglis Fletcher's latest.

For those who have missed them we suggest, without comment:

Mister Roberts—Heggen

Driftwood Valley—Stanwell-Fletcher

Brandeis; A Free Man's Life—Mason

—bill horner

TURQUOISE

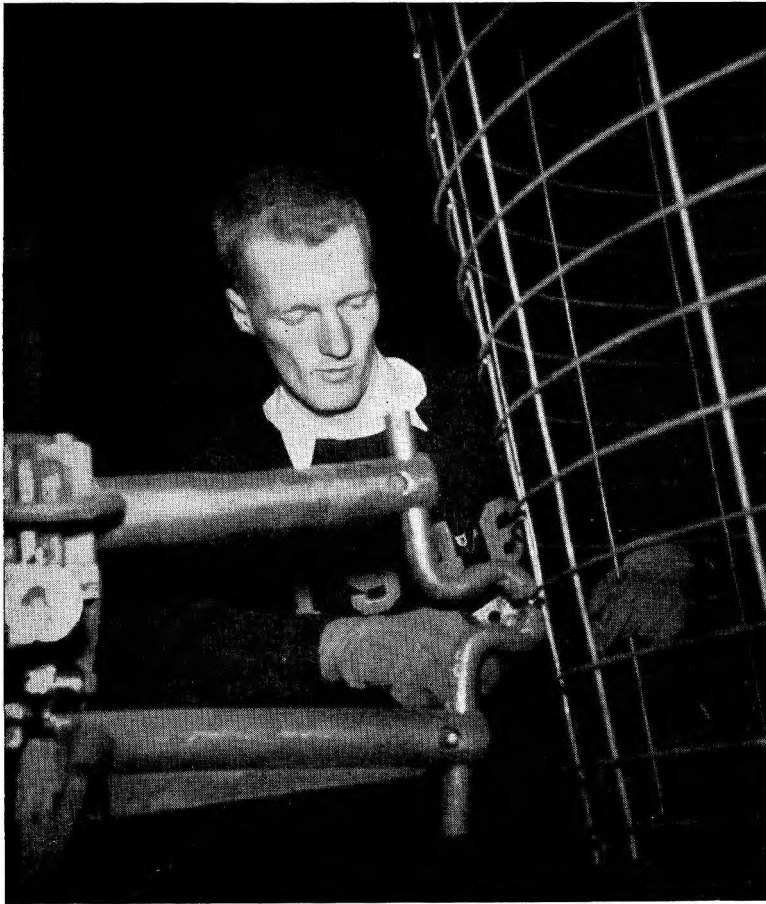
by Anya Seton.

Anya Seton doesn't present a startling new plot in the *Turquoise*. It is the same old story of a disillusioned girl who wants to work her way to the top with only beauty and a heightened perceptivity amounting to a second sight as her assets. The story, however, is told in a gaudy, attractive way, with swift and picturesque action. The characters are for the most part, convincing. The periods depicted show careful and detailed study.

The disillusioned girl is fascinating Santa Fe Cameron, of mixed Scottish and Spanish parentage. She travels from Santa Fe to the slums of New York. Her next conquest is New York society. At the close of the book we find her back in Mexico, in the Atalya Mountains. Anya Seton successfully handles two contrasting environments.

The *Turquoise* is mainly a woman's book, but men shouldn't find it too boring for Santa Fe's sexual thirst is continually being brought to light.

—u. j. macdonald



A L I T T L E B I T E X T R A

This is the story of Don Pratt—a student who knows the value of an education because he has helped to pay for it. Like many other students at the University of Maine, he is working part time to defray some of his expenses.

Don's story begins in 1942 when he came to the University of Maine for the education he wanted and intended to work for. A Dover-Foxcroft boy, Don started a four-year adventure which was to include a semester of college, a war, and college again.

Enrolled in the College of Technology, and more specifically, in engineering physics, Don found that he could spend his free time working in various jobs on and near campus, to provide him with funds to come and go on.

Most interesting of these jobs was welding which Don learned while working for the Hume Pipe Co. in Stillwater. When the company stopped making the size pipes that

required part time welders, Don used his initiative to obtain a position in the packing and storing department of the Penobscot Shoe Co. in Old Town where he is now employed.

Don was a proctor this fall at Dow Field until the students there were moved on campus. He also operated a moving picture machine in his spare time.

Summer jobs have varied from store clerk and ship's carpenter, to finisher in a woolen mill. When asked to comment on the value of these experiences, Don said, "Work has been part of my education."

Don has had an opportunity to know people, to understand people, and to learn how to mix with people—something not always found in textbooks.

Between 1943 and 1946 Don Pratt spent two and one-half years in the service. His military career was not a prosaic one; it included several months in the army and the rest of the time in the Navy.

Happy to be back on campus, Don has resumed his many activities—the best known of these being politics. It is no wonder that Don, with his ready smile and friendly "hello" for everyone, was elected senior class president. With more campaigns coming up, it looks as if Don will be busy again.

His other activities have included pledging to and joining Phi Eta Kappa, General Senate, MOC, indoor and outdoor track, and Tau Beta Pi honorary society for engineers. Don may also be remembered as the wise-cracking master of ceremonies for the Penny Carnival.

A sports enthusiast, Don finds time between studying and work to enjoy swimming, skiing, mountain climbing, and (like all men) hunting and fishing.

Another of his interests is collecting stamps, old books, documents, and old maps. He is such an ardent collector, that in the near future no room will hold both Don and his collections.

Now that Don's present and past have been told, predictions can be made about his future—for Don looks to the future with anticipation. His goal after graduation from the University of Maine will be a master's degree in Engineering Physics from Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

If a single word were used to sum up the story of Don Pratt, the word would be "ambition"—Don has plenty of it.

—muriel polley

Father: Johnny, what makes you skip school all the time?

Johnny: Class hatred.

Father: "Why do you have dates with that girl?"

Son: "Because I want to."

Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"

—Covered Wagon

The noisiest one in the theatre
(Check with any usher)
Is not the person being hushed,
But the husher.

—Covered Wagon

Entomological Phantasma

By JOE COBB

George was a cockroach.
He lived in my room at the B.O.Q.
He was talented.
And had an all-inclusive appetite.
He enjoyed the gravy spots on wool
uniforms.
Like all cockroaches, he is myopic.
He couldn't tell where the gravy
stopped and the wool began.
It is quite possible that he didn't
give a damn.
He perforated my pinks.
And my O.D.'s.
And my Greens.

George had several relatives.
All cockroaches.
All hungry.
Uncle Stanislaus loved spilled
Seagram's.
Myrtle was George's common-law
wife.
Lorelei, his second cousin, wept
indiscriminately.
There are many more, but they are
of the common type.
Always running around looking for
a crack in the plaster.
Not worthy of mention in a
phantasma even.

George's family had seen better days.
He always mentioned that when we
talked things over.
They were once in the slot machine
racket in Brooklyn.
They were the public enemy's public
enemy.
They had the system.
They frustrated Gangland.
Dick Tracy was green with envy.
Perry Mason was jade.
Hercule Poirot was emerald.
Superman was creme de menthe.

George began negotiations when
crooks forced slot machines on
barkeeps.



He sat behind the "Free Lunch"
sign.
Near the kippered herring.
He regarded the situation with
confidence.
He stoked his chin with his hind feet.
The crooks left.
George stepped from his hiding place.
Near the kippered herring.
He plunged into a puddle of beer
which stood on the bar.
He drew himself to his full height.
And smiled wetly.

The barkeep stood with raised hung
starter.
Ready to do George in.
George began a humid ballet on the
bar top.
Also literary.
He looped and careened.
He wrote "we can help" on the gin-
soaked surface.
The barkeep dropped his
bungstarter.
His eyes popped.
He wheezed.
He trembled.
He rushed out to join "Alcoholics
Anonymous."

By closing time the next day, the
machine was full.
No Jackpots,
No Three-In-A-Row.
Only whirrings and buzzings.
The Barkeep was worried.

So were his customers.
He had forgotten about the cock-
roach.
He fingered a nickel.
He approached the machine.
It would be nice if he could get back
his customers' nickels.
For his customers.

George had all his relatives behind
the free lunch sign.
Uncle Stanislaus had Seagram's on
his breath.
Myrtle's eyes shone with pride.
Lorelei wept with excitement.
They entered the machine on
George's command.
Through a bolt hole.
They took their assigned stations.
They had been briefed previously.
They heard the nickel drop.
The wheels rolled.
George cleared his throat.

George issued the appropriate orders.
At his word his relatives pressed
themselves against the wheels.
The wheels stopped.
Three Bars in a row.
Jackpot.
The Barkeep stood in a puddle of
nickels.
He wept with gratitude.
Four panting cockroaches left the
machine.
They stood in a row.

(Continued on Page 22)

Religious festivities, which are held at the Temple, theaters and occasional dance performances by eminent Indians constitute the major activities. Weddings, which are held at the bride's home, and which are arranged by the parents, are gay occasions. Aside from this, football, cricket, hockey, tennis, cards and other similar entertainment are popular with the people.

The Indians travel mainly by bullock carts. Though the country has the second largest railway system in the world, speed is limited to twenty miles an hour and such travel is rough and tedious. Automobile maintenance is extremely expensive and few of the populace own them.

With the establishment of Indian independency and the National Congress under the presidency of Nehru, a new national spirit has been awakened. "I like America and the American people—but, I love my country. I want to go back there as soon as I get my education." India and its wealth of undeveloped resources seems to be on the threshold of a new era.

—k. bridges

Coque Roach

(Continued from Page 21)

In front of the pickled eggs.
They bowed simultaneously.

The grateful barkeep showed them
where the pretzels were kept.

He set out a saucer of beer.
He sprinkled Uncle Stanislaus with
Seagram's.

He even gave them an old suit.
He set 'em up.

Tomorrow he would set 'em up for
his customers.

The crooks would be in for the take.
They would be disappointed.

They would remove the machine.
With mutterings.

"Cockroaches are wonderful people."
he thought.

Fraternities

Fraternity life can now be accepted as a reestablished reality on the Maine campus. Hell Week left no doubt in anyone's mind, including residents of Old Town and Bangor, that the Houses are again functioning in true pre-war style. At the time of this writing, "Allah" and the brass band of Phi Kap, the drill squads of Sigma Chi, Phi Eta, Phi Mu, and several other Houses, and the general "yakamachee" of all fraternities combined confirmed this beyond any possible doubt. Any skeptics can have complete proof by seeing Bob Hannigan, Herr Bill Creighton, and the Sacred Albatross Fish at Sigma Chi. Roland Wigley has volunteered to serenade Balentine, as he often honored Phi Eta, by his unbeatable version of "Round and Round Went That Great Big Wheel." The Shunk at Phi Kap is also undeniable proof.

A large number of the chapters held their formal initiations at the conclusion of Hell Week, and the remainder will probably hold theirs prior to Christmas vacation.

After a much-deserved week's rest to recuperate from the Hell Week ordeal, many of the Houses held Fall House Parties over the week end of November 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. (Some started on November 20th and lasted through Thanksgiving vacation, didn't they, Lew?)

Phi Kap is planning a big House Party week end over December 13th, 14th, and 15th. There will be a semi-formal on Friday night with music by Watie Aikins and a Tea Dance Saturday afternoon with music by Camp's Cubs.

In the Pin department: Jim Schaadt of Lambda Chi has pinned Midge Young of Wellesley Hills and Phil Chute of Sigma Chi has pinned Polly Gilson. Also JoAnn Miller of Rochester, New York, by

Elmer Erwin of Phi Eta. Another Phi Eta to hang his pin is Bob Millar on Nancy Carter.

Steve Chase of Sigma Chi has recently been married to Winona Edminister of Norway, Maine. Bud Beecher of Phi Eta and Nancy Moses are to be married at the end of Christmas vacation.

BRIEFS

Why is Dave Manter only successful as a campus hunter?

Dick Gagnon is now a "Man of Distinction" as a reward for his beautiful "undraped Minnie."

Ed Atkinson of Sigma Nu can't stand this college social pace. Must be a major in Engineering Physics.

The Pine Needle would welcome a dissertation by Phi Kap Bill Wiggin on the charm and beauty of Oak Grove Seminary.

One of those fast operators from Phi Eta—arrested for going 20 mph in Orono. The police force ran him down on foot.

Underneath all that bare, bear skin was Joe Young.

Phi Gam's Larry Day isn't fickle after all. He beat off all prospective dates for the House Party.

Who pinned Robert Carvel Covell?

After much bickering, Frank has finally given Anderton and Turner a permanent parking sticker for the South Estabrooke driveway.

Norm Smith getting carelessly sleepy in spite of the alleged female shortage.

Ensign Clawson of Crash Boat fame has reenlisted in the Phi Eta Navy.

Hey, Will, how was the 9:20 with Sammy the other night?

Ben Hodges would appreciate hearing from any and all Frauleins on campus, as he is getting homesick.

—bill gibson

**STRAP-HANGER DIES
IN ACTION**

Washington, Nov. 17 (AP)

—A rider on a crowded trolley car was shot fatally today by a fellow passenger upon whose foot he had accidentally stepped.

The victim was George E. Janey, 34. Witnesses said Janey turned to apologize when the other man pulled a gun, fired once, and escaped from a center door of the car.

—Bangor Daily News

At the sound of the shot, the intrepid motorman—one Russell Z. Throckmorton, lately graduated from a New England college with a degree in mechanical engineering—pivoted around in his seat and took in the ghastly scene with one sweeping glance. It was a good thing, too—the car had needed sweeping for a long time. With courage born of his training at the aforementioned University, he leaped out of the car and set out in hot pursuit of the culprit. Said culprit manifested a marked aversion to being so pursued. In fact he emphasized his aversion by firing several shots at the courageous Throckmorton. The latter, undeterred by the hail of steel that stormed over his head, clung stubbornly to the killer's tail (I've never seen a man with a tail—have you?).

Spurred by his devotion to duty, whipped by his passion for Right, but held in check slightly by his fear of the bullets, he rounded the far turn

and broke down the home stretch—Alsab is coming up fast on the outside—looks as though it's going to be a close finish—What the hell am I doing!!! Where was I? Oh yes—Throckmorton, brave as he was, seemed doomed to failure. His quarry was gaining on him step by step—then, with an inspiration sprung from sheer genius, Throcky withdrew from the capacious folds of his motorman's blouse a long-forgotten souvenir of his college days, a slide rule. He stopped running, whirled the rule about his head three times, and hurled it with all his strength at the fleeing figure. Once again the trusty implement did its work! It caught the assassin behind the knees and sent him hurtling through the window of a nearby delicatessen into a massive bowl of *gefille fish*. In a flash, Throckmorton was upon him and had him by the collar.

"Now, you infidel—you peasant—you entrail of a cancerous pig—Now, by God, you'll come back with me and pay your fare!"

—Washington, Nov. 24 (ZY)
The Schmaltz Transportation Company announced today that the Company Order of Merit (with cluster) had been awarded to Motorman Russell Z. Throckmorton who showed zeal "far beyond the line of duty" in the recent Janey affair. Mr. Throckmorton was, in addition, promoted to the rank of Motorman Senior Grade.

—Daily Laborer
—gordon murphy



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Fashions

Our goddesses of evening with the freshness of dawn have captured the stars from off the Christmas trees. The holidays are coming in on the tilted heels that swish under the formals of some of our campus love-lies.

(Joanie Frye sitting on arm of chair.)

Joanie Frye might just as well be dangling bells from her dancing feet, for she couldn't be more gay and melodic. And who wouldn't be gleeful with that *Mademoiselle* styled, red plaid taffeta. A diamond neck opening caught up with a jaunty tie, cap sleeves, tiny buttons catching up a fitted bodice, and a wide belt which emphasizes her small waist and billowing skirt.

(Paulie Marcous leaning against fireplace.)

Paulie Marcous' especially designed sweet-flattery for charming

shoulders, is midnight velvet from her off-the-shoulder drape and v-neck strap to the tips of her peplum, topping a black foaming mist of net. Intensifying the lush blackness of her gown Paulie wears a rhinestone bracelet over her mitts.

(Ruth Holland peeking out of stuffed chair.)

Hmm, what a girl and it's Ruth Holland, who could ask for anything sweeter, or more roguish? Ruth has landed in the swing of a gala Yuletide with her heavy watered taffeta trimmed in black velvet and frosty lace. A charming eyeful, complete with a sweetheart neckline and puffed sleeves.

(Tommy Mercer in back of chair, under wall-light.)

Tommy Mercer is headed for an evening of glamour without a doubt; for there's nothing newer than the paniers, softly draped skirt, gathered bodice folded into a narrow cuff and encircling her slender figure. The sculptured effect is heightened by the

heavy taffeta nylon, and her black gloves add to the plain sophistication.

(Miggs Marvin seated on cushion in front of round table.)

The stars and snow taught Miggs Marvin how to glitter. Marquissette like a whirl of frost is caught in a slim top and edged in a crisp little ruffle, sparkling sequins of her choker strap—all are sweetly provocative and high-hearted. Miggs' lucky star must have come down to earth!

The holidays have been ushered in, white and gay and laughing, and may you all have such a merry Christmas.

—barbie patten

A fat lady stepped on the scales not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds.

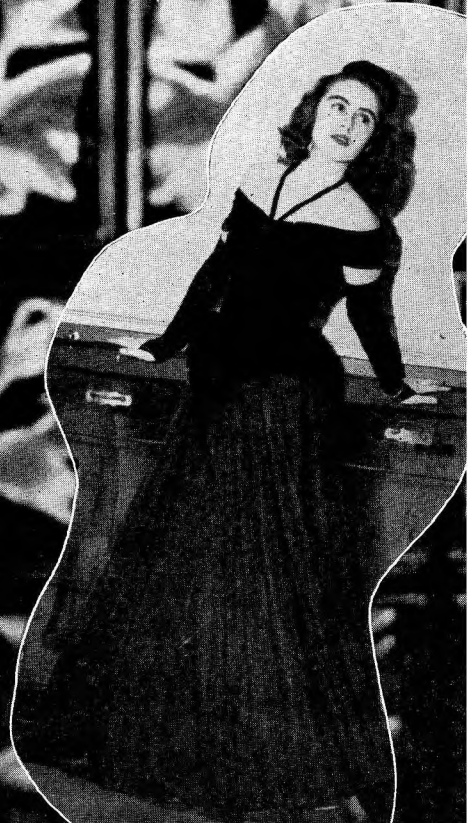
An inebriated gent who had just emerged from the corner tap room watched her intently.

"My God," he marveled. "She's hollow."

—Log

*We wish to take this opportunity
to congratulate the
Pine Needle Staff
for a fine publication*

UNIVERSITY STORE CO.



Punch Bowl

(Continued from Page 11)

met our eyes—the punch bowl was empty! Greatly unnerved, I sent a man out to refill the bowl, and then, then I saw our poor departed brother in a pool of blood, just as you see him now.”

The girls shuddered at this and dipped their cups in the bowl. Then one of the girls, a gorgeous blonde, turned to Nye and spoke.

“I am Beulah Bellows, Bell for short,” she explained. “It was I who called you.”

“The boys were right about the stacking,” mused Nye, but to her he merely said coldly, “Pray tell me your story, and quickly.”

“Well,” said Beulah, “I came as the date of Roderick Twill, the victim, Roddy for short. It was I who

suggested another shot. Roddy left me to refill my cup. I heard the shot, screamed, and fainted. Not one of these dumb birds seemed interested in reviving me; so, when I heard them discuss calling in the police, who are notorious for accusing an innocent person, I came to and suggested calling you in on the case. So I did, and here you are, and may I have your autograph, please, as I am collecting autographs of famous persons? *Noblesse oblige*, as they say in French I.”

“Was there anyone who was known to dislike the victim?” asked Nye as he autographed Beulah’s sweater just above the fraternity pins.

“We all hated his guts,” confessed Ben, “but he was a Brother.”

Each of the youths wiped away a tear with his cuff.



Have you anything about what every young co-ed should know?

“You see,” continued Ben, “he once double-crossed another brother—stole his girl, one Anne Arbor, Annie for short.”

“Speaking of Annie,” interrupted one of the girls, “did you kids see her when she won the jitterbug contest the other night? She was great with Child!”

“WHAT?!!!” exclaimed Nye.

“She and Ken Child made a great team,” explained Beulah. “In fact, they’re going steady now. That’s why Roddy invited me tonight, the heel. I wouldn’t have come except my steady said he had to study, and I just couldn’t miss an Eta Pi party.”

“Wait, young woman,” exclaimed Nye. “Do you mean to say that there is someone studying in this house tonight?”

“Unbelievable, isn’t it?” said Ben.

“What I mean is, there is a suspect who has not been summoned to this questioning. Who is he? Where is he? Procure him immediately!”

“My gosh,” said Ben, “I forgot him. He is A. Crocker Schmidt. He’s upstairs in his room. I’ll get him immediately.”

“I don’t care what he is; produce him,” ordered Nye, and Ben dashed off.

At that moment, sirens screamed, brakes screeched, and almost instantly three cops and a plain-clothesman rushed into the house. The cops wore blue uniforms. The plain-clothesman wore plain, very plain, clothes. He stopped on seeing Nye and gasped, “You!”

“We meet again,” smiled Nye. “Make yourself right at home, Inspector O’Murphy. The case is plain as your clothes, but I doubt if you can solve it. I see you have brought O’Kelly and O’Fogarty with you. Who’s the new man?”

“You refer to Officer O’Pea, I. Emmen O’Pea, Em for short.”

“Pleased to meet you, Em,” said Nye. “I trust you are not as dumb as the rest of O’Murphy’s gang.”

“That enough of that, you chiseler. What goes on here?”

(Continued on Page 30)

Now Look Here

By MAJOR OMAR AIKEN BACH

It has occurred to me that many of my readers may wonder how it is possible for one man to know so much about so many diversified world events. Perhaps they wonder just how I go about gathering all my information—just what lies behind the concise, factual column they read. Well, actually, the column is not the result of my efforts alone. (Surprised?) The column you read is the final result of the efforts of a trained, efficient group of experts in newsgathering and analysis, with my own personal polish added for the final lustre. Today I would like to diverge from my usual analysis and give you a brief description of my staff and how it operates.

One of the most important functions of my staff is newsgathering. This is accomplished by a trained group of experts who monitor continually the three major radio networks, copying verbatim the broadcasts of all the news commentators—even Kaltenborn. Another group culls a select group of periodicals, copying the gist of the articles of all the top-notch columnists, such as Winchell, Pearson, Elsie Robinson, etc. The tactual brilliance of such a system should be evident immediately—I have all the latest news, all the expert opinions, all the background material necessary without the effort and expense of sending out foreign correspondents, obtaining Associated Press dispatches, reading the actual news events, or formulating original opinions.

Next the information gathered as described is given to my special, personally trained, hand-picked group of preliminary analysis experts. I can best describe their abilities by introducing one or two.

Perhaps one of my most outstanding experts is Elmer Whipstitch,

my expert on atomic energy. (Perhaps he is not particularly outstanding either, except for his upper teeth, but that is beside the point.) Elmer was employed for several months at the Oak Ridge project for atomic research. His particular duties, he tells me, were polishing neutrons, running a vacuum cleaner through the vacuum tubes (to keep the vacuum clean), and sorting odd fissions. Poor Elmer, being conscientious, became particularly security conscious, and developed the habit of looking behind him continually in search of enemy agents. He finally progressed to the point where his head became stuck in such a way that his eyes were focussed 178 degrees back from normal forward vision, and the Army kindly released him on a Section 8—a special kind of medical discharge, he tells me. Although Elmer's affliction interfered with his military duties, I recognized immediately that he was just the man for me—he could type an analysis while reading the notices on the bulletin board behind him. Hiring him was a typical Bach stroke.

Another of my experts, Roger Dawger, once served on the Subcommittee in Charge of Correcting Punctuation in the Reports of the Minutes of the Meetings of the Committee in Charge of Rewording the Revision of a Rider to be Attached to an Amendment of the New Version of the Schmaltz-Schlemeil Bill (which, unfortunately, was indefinitely tabled by another committee). Roger is now my political expert.

My preliminary analysis experts absorb the news gathered as described, each paying attention to the parts pertaining to his specialty. Then, once daily, they all gather

and prepare a digest of the day's events, making frequent use of my special reference library. (The geography section alone consists of the complete works of Richard Haliburton and a file of all of Mrs. Roosevelt's "My Day" columns.) I require conciseness in this digest, and it seldom runs to more than fifty typewritten pages.

Finally, I read this digest and prepare my column, as well as my bulletins of instruction to the President, the Cabinet, and the commanders of the foreign occupation theaters. So you can see that the news you receive has been thoroughly predigested, digested, and redigested before I regurgitate it to you.

HOLIDAY

When the week has passed
And our classes are through,
We join at the tavern
To imbibe in a few.

There's gayety and laughter
Throughout the whole place,
And there in the corner
The lovers embrace.

Smoke's resting in layers
No "Blue Yonder" here.
If man thinks of prayer
It's not over beer.

The sultry old-timer
Alone in his place
Begrudges the smile
On each student's face.

The pseudo-sophisticates
Roll up to the bar,
Outdoing each other
To keep up to par.

Men students and co-eds
Comprise the whole maze.
They pair off in couples
And then go their ways.

The lights start to flicker
We start on our way,
And soon it's all over—
Our school holiday.

—bill & bob . . . D.T.D.

Levinson

(Continued from Page 5)

dealing with.

Aside from scholastic endeavours, Dr. Levinson claims his chief notoriety from an incident that well qualifies as a "Most Embarrassing Moment." It befell briefly as follows.

While on a fishing expedition in the environs of Aurora, Maine, the professor wandered away from his companions, into the surrounding woods communing with nature; he paid little heed to his steps and waking from reverie found himself quite thoroughly lost. Not at all disheartened by the discovery, he lay down to rest for a moment, and having been on his feet since dawn he not unnaturally, but most unfortunately fell asleep.

In the meantime his companions noted his absence and started a search. Receiving no answer to their cries, and finding no trace, they jumped to the conclusion that he had drowned, and sat out to gather reinforcements to drag the river.

Presently Dr. Levinson awoke and set about finding his way out of the woods. Due to a regrettable deficiency in woodcraft, which his Dewey-school training had done nothing to overcome, this process consumed a couple of days and he finally returned to civilization to find that he had been given up for dead. He was returned to the University in a police car heralded by screaming sirens.

The accompanying blare of publicity moved Dr. L. to remark, "It's bad enough being lost in the Maine woods, but it's worse being found."

At present the professor resides in Orono, deep rooted in the rocky soil of Maine. Though born in Chicago, he considers that having been summering in Maine since 1906, and having been a resident for so many years, he should be by now rated a native of the state. Definitely, he has a claim to that title.

It is impossible to close without listing Dr. Levinson's latest feat, the

securing of a substantial addition to his department, in the person of Dr. Charles F. Virtue, self-styled "refugee from the Kentucky Derby." The professor feels that he deserves great credit for this courageous act, since it will inevitably suggest assigning him the status of senior partner in the firm of vice and virtue.

Move over, Socrates and Plato!

Big Shot

(Continued from Page 9)

....I'll go right now—yeah—The best one in town....See, look, I'm going right now....Look at me, honey, only look at me. Can't you see me?...*Can't you even see....*

.....The thin blanket was twisted and flung to the damp concrete. John strained on his cot, his face torn with fear; a spastic quiver ran up his neck and along his cheek. Choking gasps wheezed past his writhing lips. His fingers gripped the cold steel frame until the skin on his knuckles split. The pain snapped him into the present.

Clump—clump—clump...A face, pale in the early dawn-light, stared down on him.....

"John, the Priest is here....."



Next on the styptic stick, Joe!

Needle Nubbins

1st Drunk: "Shay, do you know what time it is?"

2nd Drunk: "Yeah."

1st Drunk: "Thanks."

—Log

Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anyone else in the world. It proves she has been experimenting.

—Octopus

Her eyes were black as jet,
This charming girl I knew:
I kissed her, then her husband came,
Now mine are jet black, too.

—Carolina Magazine

Sweet thing (from parlor): "Mama! Come here and make Dick stop teasing me."

Mama (from stairway landing): "What is he doing, dear?"

Sweet thing: "He's sitting on the other end of the davenport."

Some minds should be cultivated. Others should be plowed under.

Voice from the floor of the bus: "A-a-h, someone's leaving—now we can get a place to stand up."

Girl: "Do you know what they are saying about me?"

Sailor: "Sure, that's why I came over."

—Covered Wagon

Prisoners of Love

(Continued from Page 3)

day in her life. Her heart was perfect. Somebody killed her. Somebody poisoned her or something."

"The doctor said it was a heart attack."

"Who was he? What's his name?"

"The doctor?"

"Yeah—yeah—the doctor."

"Owen—Doctor Clarence Owen—on Monroe Street."

"I'm going to look him up and get at the bottom of this. I can't believe Mary had a heart attack." Suddenly he pounded the bar with his fist. "She told me she'd wait!" Then he braced his shoulders and clenched his teeth and flipped a dime upon the bar and told Phil to give me a beer. He turned around abruptly and I watched him walk to the door and out and for a while I stared at that door.

Then I carried my beer to the red-head's table and joined her. "Well slugger," I said, "I did it."

"Yeah. Thanks. You're a nice guy."

My beer suddenly tasted like beer shouldn't taste.

"Sure I am," I said.

A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again," she declared, "I'll wring your neck."

A few minutes later she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said, "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately picked up the parrot by the head and spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Now then," she said, "it's a fine day today, isn't it?"

"Fine day?" sputtered the parrot. "Where the hell were you when the cyclone struck?"

—*Vampus*

"Where are you going to eat?"

"Let's eat up the street."

"No, I don't like asphalt."

—*Voo Doo*

Basketball

(Continued from Page 10)

There is only one way to beat the "race-horse" tactics that Keaney employs and that is to make Rhode Island play your style of ball. There are very few teams in the country that can beat Keaney's charges at their own game. Mistakes made against the ordinary team sometimes are not taken advantage of but let their opponents make a slip against Rhode Island and the scorekeeper is chalking up another two pointer for the Rams.

After working out in spacious Memorial Gymnasium, Maine will find a terrific difference in the surfaces on which they will play their three New England Conference foes. Rhody's gym appears much smaller, narrower, and cramped to all visiting Maine squads. The Rams still use the large wooden backboards and it has been rumored that marks are on these boards to help line up angle shots for the home team. The blue border around the playing surface is colorful to say the least.

Connecticut's floor seems larger but the disconcerting aspect of the

Nutmeggers' gym is the proximity of the bleacher seats to the sidelines. Northeastern has the use of the YMCA for their home games and as some of the squad found out last season also has a fine swimming pool. (I think it would be more advisable if the swimming was done after the game this time, though.)

Too much should not be expected of the squad from this coming trip. Three games in three nights against competition such as they will be facing, with the amount of travel necessary between games, does not make for set-ups, or anything resembling them. If the Bears can return home with three well-played games and at least one victory we can't complain.

—*fred mcdonald*

On a quiz given recently one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports."

A freshman wrote "Anthony and Cleopatra."

—*Chaparral*

The mayor of Reno, Nevada, states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving them three days to remove the church.

—*Froth*

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BANGOR

Punch Bowl

(Continued from Page 26)

While Nye explained the case to the Inspector, the police cleaned out the punch bowl in search of clues, tracked bloody footprints over the floor, and generally obliterated all evidence in the bumbling fashion so characteristic of the police in all of Nye's cases. When Nye had recounted all that he had learned so far, O'Murphy shouted, "Why it's as plain as day. The girl, Bellows, done it. She hated the guy. We know that from her own remarks. She must of accepted his invite tonight in order to do away with him. And note this, Nye! I'm surprised you didn't realize this. The bullet hole in the back of his head shows he was shot from behind, see? The crime was done in the dark, see? The Bellows dame was the only one who knew *where the victim was*, and the only one *close enough to him* to hit him in the dark. Oh, it's a clear cut case."

"I had noted those facts," replied Nye calmly. Then, fiercely, he shot the following questions at O'Murphy: "Where is the murder weapon? Where are the necessary fingerprints? Why wasn't Kilroy here?"

"Details. Mere details," replied O'Murphy smugly. Then, to O'Pea, "Search the dame."

At this point, Beulah, noting the empty punch bowl, began sobbing hysterically. Officer O'Pea put his arm around the girl and comforted her, saying, "Now, now, girl. Nobody's gonna hurt you," and to O'Murphy, "Shucks, Chief, you can see that the poor kid couldn't conceal no weapon under what she's wearing."

"Oh, Officer," sighed Beulah, "you're so masterful. Oh thank you, thank you. As they say in French I, *je t'adore*."

"Yes, I had noticed a draft," said O'Pea, shutting the door and licking a nasty scratch received from a fraternity pin.

"This is no time for softness,"

said O'Murphy. "We have enough evidence to book her on suspicion. We'll take her to the station tonight and hold her for questioning."

The cops led the sobbing Beulah out, arguing among themselves as to who would hold her first.

"O'Murphy, you fool," thundered Nye. "You are accusing an innocent girl. You have pulled many crazy stunts, but this tops them all. Before dawn I shall have the true culprit, and then we shall see how you feel. You will live to rue this night's work. Now begone, you half-witted, lame-brained, moronic, imbecilic, idiotic, cross-eyed, bow-legged, knock-kneed, stoop-shouldered, incompetent son of a yellow-bellied, treacherous cobra's grandmother!!"

"I am *not* bow-legged," retorted O'Murphy, indignantly, as he went out the door.

As the wail of sirens faded in the distance, a gorgeous brunette detached herself from the group of girls and spoke to Nye. "Now that Beulah has gone, I think this drama could do with another female character. My name is Helen Highwater—let's keep it formal. I am eighteen years of age, a freshman, and a member of Hubba Hubba Chi sorority, as is Beulah. I hate her guts, but she is a Sister. Please, Mr. Nye, can't something be done to prove her innocence?"

"Fear not, young lady," replied Nye. "I know who the culprit is, and, with your help, I shall establish Beulah's innocence before dawn."

"You great big wonderful hunk of man," sighed Helen. "I speak for all present when I say that we will do anything you require to help establish Beulah's innocence."

Once more Nye became business-like. "One of you men go out the front door, please. Exactly in the center of the front walk, ten paces from the steps, you will find the murder weapon. Pick it up in a handkerchief, being careful not to smudge the fingerprints, and bring it to me."

Subdued gasps of "amazing" and "incredible" greeted these orders.

Several of the boys began to cut cards from a greasy deck to determine who was to have the honor of retrieving the gun.

At this moment, Ben entered the room with another youth, who was dressed in a purple blazer, etc., but who, in addition, wore horn-rimmed spectacles and an immense Phi Beta Kappa key.

"This is A. Crocker Schmidt, Crock for short," explained Ben.

"What took you so long?" snapped Nye.

Schmidt explained. "I didn't think there was any hurry; so I persuaded Ben to wait until I could finish reading the chapter I was studying. You see, we have a prelim Monday covering the great masterpieces of English literature, and it involves a tremendous amount of reading."

"Crock, you goon," exclaimed Helen, "you could save yourself all that trouble if you'd only get your nose out of your books long enough to look around. The Bookstore has a book that could have saved you all that truble. It's called *An Outline of Condensations of the Great Works of English Literature*, by Lester Reede."

"Enough of this chit-chat," growled Nye. "Where were you this evening?"

"I was in my room on the second floor, studying, during the whole evening," replied Schmidt.

"Did any of the others come up to the second floor while you were there?"

"No, sir, not until Ben came to summon me to this inquisition."

Nye suddenly became electrified. Sparks shot from his head, and he snapped, "Then I accuse you, Schmidt, of the murder of Roderick Twill! Anything you may say will be held against you."

"Lana Turner," said Schmidt, who couldn't resist a bad gag.

"Watch him, men. He's dangerous," ordered Nye. And several of the youths watched Schmidt.

"But I was upstairs all evening."

said Schmidt. "You've got nothing on me."

"The fact that you were upstairs—and the only one upstairs—clinches the case," said Nye triumphantly.

"Explain, explain," shouted the young people.

"Don't you think I won't," said Nye. "First, the motive. I am still not positive on that score, but Twill had stolen two of Schmidt's girls—that may have been sufficient. As we know, the crime was committed in the dark—the murderer had to know where his victim was and had to shoot blindly. The most misleading fact of the case is that the bullet entered the back of the victim's head, suggesting to the unobservant that he was shot from behind. But attend. Where was the victim when shot? Give up? He was at the punch bowl, which was empty, attempting to fill a cup. Hence he must have been *bending over*, and was thus *shot from above!!* Now, please observe the ceiling."

Everyone observed the ceiling. There were several large cracks directly above the punch bowl, any one large enough to accommodate the muzzle of a pistol!

"All the brothers, including Schmidt, knew the location of that bowl," continued Nye. "Now, Schmidt, knowing that Twill was dating Beulah, had merely to wait until he heard Beulah's voice suggesting another shot, allow enough time for her escort to reach the bowl, then shoot directly down through the crack into the darkness below—he couldn't and didn't, miss. As I reconstruct it, upon being hit, Twill straightened up, spun twice, as they do in the movies, and fell where he lies now."

"Thank God for that," sighed Helen. "He might have broken the bowl."

Nye continued. "Then Schmidt had merely to toss the incriminating gun out his window where it landed in the middle of the front walk. To coin a phrase, elementary."

The group of boys cutting the

cards swept the pieces into a neat pile and dashed outside, returning in a moment triumphantly bearing a heavy object wrapped in a handkerchief. They gave it to Nye, who unwrapped it carefully, revealing a smoking pistol—the fact that it was smoking being adequate evidence that it was a murder weapon.

"I'll confess!" gasped Schmidt, when confronted with the weapon. "You're too much for me, Nye. I had figured on only the police, who are notorious for accusing an innocent person. I did it just as you said—through the crack in the ceiling above the punch bowl. I knew that the first impulse of the others would be to refill the bowl: then I knew that the body would be discovered while the bowl was being refilled and that the bowl would be left in the other room. I knew further that the police would never think of the punch bowl angle. I hadn't counted on your being called in or on the girl's bringing the punch bowl back into the big room."

"But you were wrong about the motive. I didn't mind when Twill stole my girls—I don't care for them nearly as much as for my books. Nor did I mind when Twill hung *my* fraternity pin on Annie Arbor. But at the jitterbug contest, when it became evident that Twill was losing Annie to Ken Child, I overheard Twill offering to give her *my* Phi Beta Kappa key. Then something snapped! I knew Twill was too low a snake to live. It seemed that it was my duty to rid the world of him. I laid my plans. I told Beulah I had to study, knowing full well that Twill would bring her here, the heel—Twill, that is. You know the rest. But, crime does not pay! Farewell, cruel world."

And before anyone could stop him, Schmidt swallowed a small vial of poison, snatched up the gun with his right hand and shot himself in the temple, stabbed himself with a small knife concealed in his left hand, and fell dead at Nye's feet.

After several minutes of contemplation, Nye spoke. "Looks like suicide," he said. "The case is cracked."

"Aren't we all," sighed Helen.

* * *

A few hours later, Nye greeted Beulah as she was released from her cell at the police station. He noted that three policeman's badges had been added to the collection of fraternity pins.

"How you must have suffered," gasped Nye.

"Oh, no," said Beulah, "the boys were real nice."

"But the brutes smudged your autograph."

"No matter. I just knew I would see you again."

Nye blushed and took Beulah's hand. "I hardly know how to start," he said. "For a long time I have been conscious of an incompleteness in my life. There has been a dull, aching void. Sure, I have attained fame and fortune. But I have felt the need of something more. I have felt that I lacked something every great detective should have. When I heard your voice on the phone last night, something told me, 'That's *the one!*'" Then he stammered like a schoolboy. "Beulah, my dear, could you—would you—that is—I know we've only just met, but can you see your way clear to—will you be my secretary?"

Overcome by emotion, tears filling her eyes, Beulah could only nod her assent. Nye took her arm, and, side by side, they went out to face the dawn of the new day. Who knows what further adventures await them? Who cares?

You'll live longer if you don't drink, smoke, chew, swear, dance, or gamble—at least it will seem longer.

—Log

"Say, who are you shoving?"

"I dunno, what's your name?"

Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children while Vassar alumni have 1.7. Which merely goes to prove that women have more children than men.

—Log



The Editor's Page

HELLO, BRUNSWICK!

Perhaps you fellows have noticed a few of those black-covered copies of the *Needle* floating around down there at the Annex. Perhaps even a couple of you have bought a copy to save for your grandchildren. Our circulation staff is doing the best they can to overcome the difficulty in distance in supplying you with *Needles*.

On the other hand, we could use a little help from you. This mag is strictly a student publication, and you boys are University students. So let's make with the pen. We can use any type of fiction: straight, heart-rending, passionate drama, sloppy satire, humor (rib-tickling or belly), poetry. Material may be submitted by mail to Fiction Editor, Box 155, U. of Me., Orono, or to Linwood Hill, Bldg 17, Room 28, Annex. So dig out that stuff with the *Collier's* rejects, fellers—we can probably use it.

We would also like to get in touch with any one who would be interested in doing a monthly column on the goings and comings down there. What about it? Any budding journalists available? If so, contact the Needle Office, Box 155, *tout de suite*, right away.

It is not because we feel an overwhelming love for the *Campus* (in fact, sometimes we feel an incendiary urge towards the rag) but occasionally something pops up in its columns

that is worth thinking about. The something this time, happens to be an article entitled "Let's Rank Profs, Too."

It is an excellent idea. However, there will always exist the segment which shun touching anything remotely resembling the aspect of "the sacred cow." According to information from other educational institutions where the myth has been exploded, the program has been handled with much success.

There might possibly be criticism from sources which affect the future of this university. But this is a state university. That is an accepted concrete implacable fact. And surely, none should be more concerned with the status of the university than the people which it directly or indirectly serves . . . the citizens and future citizens of the State of Maine.

Not only should this program be introduced with the benefit of the student alone in mind. Many in the field of education will admit on query, that the vocation of teaching has drawbacks, and paramount among them the danger of stagnation, the error of repeating the same lecture year after year, of uttering the same platitudes, of following inevitable procedure.

It is an unfortunate axiom in this country of ours, that teaching and competent payment for it do not always go together. But no one will deny the members of the profession their intelligence. Intelligence and foresight enough to see that a program such as this will benefit themselves, those who come to them for the knowledge which it is their duty to impart, and in addition will do much towards raising the standard of their institution.

SUGGESTION DEPT.

Those who are trotting in double harness are well aware of the difficulties in keeping the budget intact. Culling info from our economics, we seem to remember food and rent as being right up there with the top expenses. The latter is fairly arbitrary but there is no reason why something can't be done about the price of food. The answer: A consumer's cooperative.

The University is buying a tremendous quantity of food. Why not increase that supply, decrease your overall costs and give those who fight the ninety dollar bugaboo every month a deserved hand? Surely the students themselves could work out a program whereby the cooperative would be open so many hours a day through the week. And certainly the University food budget would not suffer. How about it?

PRELUDE

Beside a granite boulder, ages old,
I sat and watched the closing day
unfold:
The mystic hues of sunset, the sweet
grace
Of birds, singing their good-night
hymns in space,
The darkening of the firs on oppo-
site hill,
The grave prayer-mood of evening,
loudly still,
And, as the chill set in, and limbs
grew numb,
I braved the downward trail that
was to come.

—clair h. chamberlain

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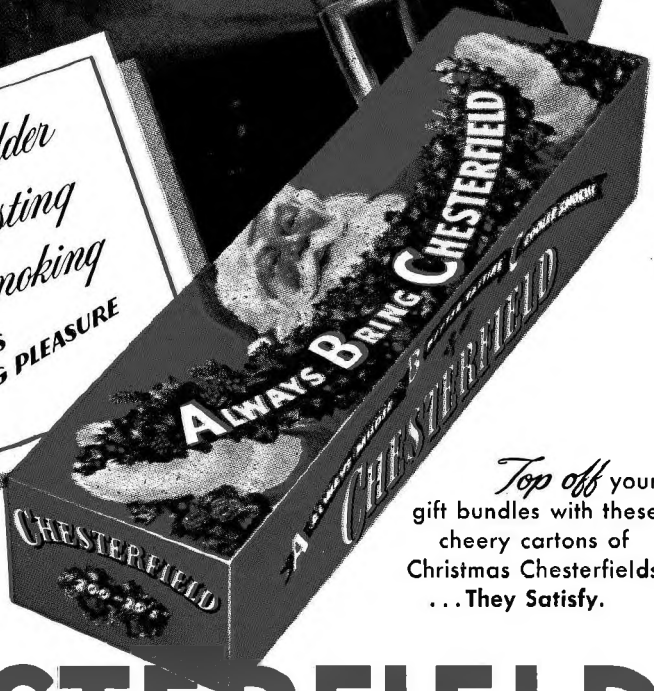
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