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Pine Needle Publications

Ted Jennison

Rip Haskell

Clair Chamberlain

Jean Miller

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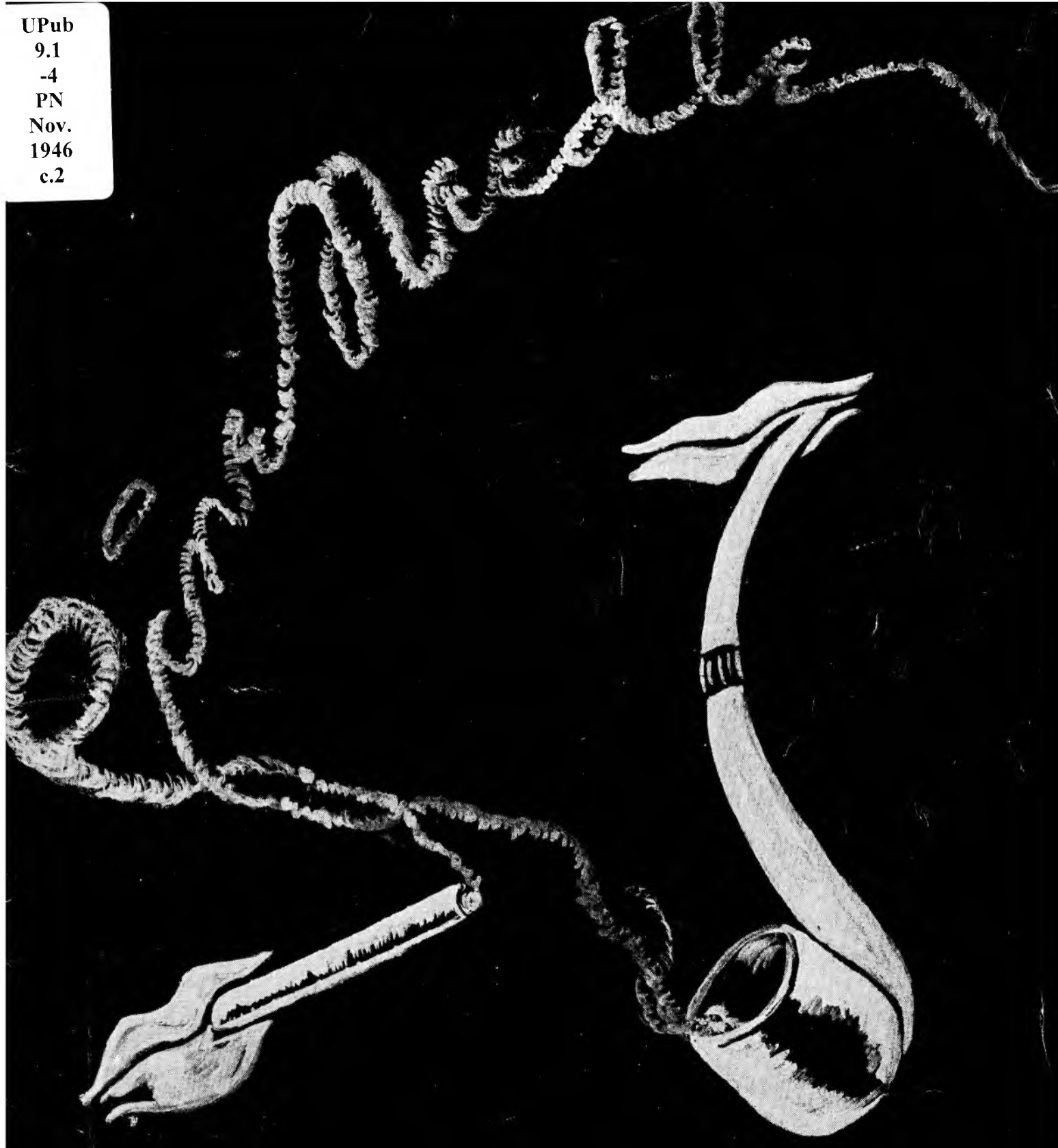
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Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Ted Jennison, Rip Haskell, Clair Chamberlain, Jean Miller, and Kay Bridges

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Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

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FRONT TO BACK

This month we've added four more pages, and included fraternity and sorority news in our department set-up.

We're all proud and pink all over. Reason for the chest popping is a zany little opus entitled "Avrulet! Avrulet!" The author achieved the title by striking the first seven keys on the typewriter that he happened to find. It's that kind of a story.

We know you won't miss it but sling an ample eye in the direction of our Campus Glamour for this month. And while you're at it take a gander at the Fashion layout. There's a background effect that definitely looks professional, we think, and credit for it all goes to ATO's Warren Roll, who took all the pics this month, and a damn good job they are, too.

You may recall "'Nother Whiskey N'Soda" in the October issue. This month, Ted Jennison handed in "The Intruders" and while the dialogue doesn't make Hemingway blush, the presentation and plot are unique enough to hold your reading attention.

That's the story for this month then. You'll probably notice the absence of turkey, in what we suppose should be a Thanksgiving issue. But most of our turkeys will be found in print.

See you in December.

The Pine Needle

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COVERING UP

Striking cover, isn't it? Sort of a hit and miss affair. But definitely different. Later on, when we are rich and powerful like the *Campus* we will bring something done in delicate magenta or subtle orchid. Meanwhile credit for this month's brainstorm goes to our chief cocaine eater, Bonnie Cratty, who also doubles in brass as Makeup Editor.

We really slipped up by not mentioning the artist who designed the cover for the initial issue. Louis Thibodeau is responsible for the neat spray of pine needles et cetera that framed the first cover. C'est bon, M'sieu, c'est bon.

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This is your magazine. If you can write, draw, type, or are interested in magazine advertising or circulation, you are welcome to join our staff. If you can't write, can't draw, can't type, or don't give a damn about advertising—c'mon up anyway and shoot the breeze with the sharpest wits in the university. Or perhaps you'd just rather gaze at one of our secretaries. Our main offices are located at Third Floor, MCA Bldg. Our subsidiary offices are also located in the MCA Bldg.—3rd Floor.

.....

The Intruders

By TED JENNISON

"That house. Oh yes, old man Michealson lived there—died last year. People seem to think he had a lot of money, but no one has any idea where it all went to. What did he die of? Old age I guess, or God knows what it might be. If he'd been murdered I don't think there'd have been any investigation—no one cared.

"I suppose if someone had the patience to dig out his past, if it's possible, there'd be a reason for the way he was. I sort of wish I knew. There must have been something in his life that made a vast impression on his mind. God knows what it was. I doubt if he was capable of love in any way. He just wasn't that kind."

"Tell me, did he have a lawyer?"

"No, he didn't. There was a woman that came once a week to clean the place. She was the one that discovered him lying on the sofa, dead. She was the only person that had been in the house for twenty years. Couldn't get much out of her. I don't think she knew a hell of a lot. She said he was quiet and seldom spoke to her. He went off in the other end of the house when she was cleaning. Left her money each week, in cash, by the umbrella stand in the front hall.

"She said he had a typewriter that he always carried from room to room. We found it by the sofa when we went in to investigate. Battered old thing but it worked."

"What else did you find?"

"There were manuscripts in a cabinet in his bedroom and a lot of papers around the house, all neatly

arranged wherever we found them. Everything seemed to be in perfect order. Guess he was a systematic old goat. No, there wasn't anything that gave us any clue to his past. We didn't read all the stuff—just glanced at it to see if there was anything important. The papers were just stories, and there were a few manuscripts that were long enough to be books.

"He didn't have any bank account, and didn't trade at anyplace consistently. A lot of storekeepers knew who he was and said he came in now and then to buy groceries and other items he might need around the house. Funny thing—he never had electricity. All the lamps were gas. He didn't have any modern conveniences at all. He had an icebox but the man always left the ice by the back door. He must have taken it in himself. Pretty good for a man of some eighty-odd years. That was his age as closely as we could tell."

The other man, the younger of the two, leaned forward and spoke. "Somehow this poor old individual interests me. I'd like to know the why and wherefore of his lonely life. Where are those papers? Are they still in the house?"

"Yes, they're in there to this day. No one wants them and as yet no one seems to care what it was that led him to this life with his own conscience."

"Could we send someone over to get the papers?"

"We could try, but I doubt very much if anyone would do it. You see this is a small town and when

stories start—well—you know the answer. The house is supposedly haunted by the old guy's spirit, and none of these superstitious people will go near the place."

"What do you say we go over there ourselves and brave the fellow's ghost?" he questioned laughingly.

"Suits me."

The two men strode across the street and walked up to the front door. One of them pulled out a bunch of keys, found the right one, and unlocked it.

There was a creaking noise as the door swung open. They stepped in, and as they did, the door slammed shut behind them. They flashed their lights about the hall. The dust was thick from the collection of the past year and rose, trying vainly to choke them and drive them away from the mystery that shrouded the old man's life.

"No need of going in there," said the older man. "He never used that room. The only ones he did use were his bedroom, the living room, and the kitchen."

"Wait a minute. He wouldn't use the other bedrooms or the dining room of course but what is this room on the right? It looks as though it might be a library. Why, if he wrote, wouldn't he use his library?"

"I know what you're thinking, but there isn't anything in there that will be of any help. We looked it over. It was apparent at the time of his death that the room hadn't been entered for years. We had to force the lock to get in. That's an-

other queer thing—we couldn't find any keys about the place. The only one was the one the cleaning woman used. Enough of this—let's go upstairs—the manuscripts are there."

They went up the creaking stairs and into the bedroom. They shone the flashlights around the room and in the corner they found a large pile of articles, all typewritten meticulously. Their eyes lit on one that seemed to stand out above the others—*The Intruders*.

"Let's take this one down into the living room. The real estate company still has the gas on and we can read it there in case there is any reference to anything we might want to look for."

The two men went into the living room and made themselves comfortable on the old worn-out divan. One of them took the manuscript in his hands and opened it.

"You know, that's a strange name for a story—*The Intruders*. It's not very long and yet—among all the stuff up there in his room—we both picked this. Well, we might as well read it and see what there is to the thing."

He began reading. It went as follows: "*The elder man was police commissioner for the nearby city. He had, at times, helped the small town police force when they were short-handed. He didn't mind at all because his home was with these simple, insignificant country folk. He had officiated at the sketchy investigation and, when the coroner declared that the death was natural, he dropped it from his mind. The key was left in his possession until someone might claim the things that were left.*"

The story continued, "*The younger of the two was an old family acquaintance who was in the newspaper business. He was visiting the commissioner for a few days.*"

"*The old house brought up the topic of the life and death of that unknown genius. The two men discussed what was known about the old fellow. No, no one knew much*

about him. They didn't know how he had spent his weary life writing things that no common person could understand. It was far above their powers of comprehension. He laughed crazily as he thought about these poor insignificant characters that went about their menial tasks, not knowing what lay behind those darkened walls. Yes, they thought he was crazy. They didn't know, they couldn't know what a genius he was."

The two men looked at each other wonderingly. The elder read on. "*What of these two men? They were going to find out what lay in back of all this mystery. What the old man was like. What he wrote about and what he thought. Yes, these stupid people were going to learn the secrets of this genius and find out what made him the way he was. They would never know because they would never have the powers that he possessed.*"

"*They came into the house and with flashlights they tried to lighten the way. What obtuseness!—tried to lighten the way with flashlights. What could they ever hope to find with artificial light? What could they hope to find and understand with their feeble minds? Nothing.*"

"*As they walked over the dusty hall and up the aged stairs they thought they were close to the hidden meaning. They never were and never would be close to it. The utter gall of these two, trying to enter into that man's world with their blunt, crazy ideas. They went into the bedroom and their eyes fell on the manuscript—THE INTRUDERS. What could be more fitting? What could better describe these two?*"

"*In their eagerness they went down into his living room and sat down to read THEIR story.*"

The older of the two spoke. "Do you realize that it is our story that we're reading? This story is dated ten years ago and yet, it is what we're doing tonight. It's what we've done up to this very minute."

"Yes, I know," said the younger.

"I wonder what it will bring. What it will lead us to." He laughed sarcastically.

The elder man read on. "*These two men read the story and soon realized that the old man knew. He knew ten years before, where they would be that night. He knew they would be trying to solve the life of a man that was the greatest genius of all time. Was he crazy? These two men knew that night that he wasn't. They knew what he had been doing these past years but they would never know why. They would never tell.*"

"*Yes, they realized that he had known and they were reading and listening intently to find out more. What did they want to find? Was it still curiosity, or was it now the old law of self-preservation? Were they not waiting to learn their fate?"*

The two men leaned forward and sat lightly on the edge of the divan. They looked at each other, not speaking or moving—not daring to. The younger man didn't laugh anymore. His face was stony white in all seriousness.

The story went on. "*Yes, they read on, looking at each other often for a little assurance. They knew more than any man had ever known but—they would not tell. He laughed as he thought about these people. These poor obtuse humans—they couldn't appreciate his genius—they were too concerned with their own welfare. That was typical of the people in this world. They were all that way—selfish—rotten individuals who didn't have the brains or common sense to know what lay behind the walls of death. He could never tell them—they wouldn't understand—he wouldn't want them to—they didn't deserve that trust.*"

The two men glanced at each other and the elder continued the story. "*Yes, those two men read on and on, taking it all in and straining their eyes to find out the secret of the old man and of themselves. They changed positions uneasily—*

(Continued on Page 4)

Needle Nubbins

Then there was the one about the boy who was on trial for the murder of his father and mother and who pleaded for mercy on the grounds he was an orphan.

"Those are my grandmother's ashes over there."

"Oh, so the poor soul has passed on."

"No, she's just too lazy to look for an ashtray."

—Ski-U-Mah

A psychiatrist was interviewing an elderly lady who had come to him for treatment.

Patient: "Doctor, my friends think I am crazy because I like waffles."

Doctor: "Why, that's nothing. I like waffles myself."

Patient: "That's wonderful. Why don't you come up to my house? I have a whole trunk full of them."

Les Cohen sez that marriage is like a hot bath—it ain't so hot once you get used to it.

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No, thanks, I hate hospitals."

—Ski-U-Mah

My kitty has gone gallivanting,

I don't know where she's at.

Curse this city

That lured my kitty;

By dawn she'll be a cat.

—Ski-U-Mah

A hillbilly had been courting a mountain gal for some time. At last her father spoke up: "You've been seeing my daughter for nigh on to two years now. What are your intentions—honorable or dishonorable?"

Young man: "You mean I got a choice?"

An elderly lady visiting a zoo wanted to ride a camel. The keeper hoisted her up but was unable to make the camel move.

At last the lady dismounted and started to pet it. Suddenly it went running off as fast as it could. The keeper turned to the old lady:

"Madam," he asked, "what did you do to him?"

"Why, I tickled him," she replied.

"Well," said the keeper, "you'd better tickle me too—I've got to catch him."

—Ski-U-Mah

Intruders

(Continued from Page 3)

they were becoming restless. They grew tired of the old man's prattling. See, they couldn't understand him. They never would. No, not even if they looked at the painting on the library wall. Ho, that struck a familiar note with the older one. He remembered there was a painting on the library wall but no one had had the curiosity to look at it.

The two men looked at each other.

"Yes—that's right—I remember it. It's on the wall—opposite the door," said the elder of the two.

"Well—let's go in—and—take a look at it."

They started in and the elder turned, "Wait a minute—before we go in let's read the rest of this page."

As he continued reading the younger started to open the door.

The story went on. *"Yes, they wanted to see the painting. He knew they would. They had that contemptible curiosity that is bred in the common man. They were at the door, and as one read, the other kept opening the door wider, slowly and cautiously wider—not daring to look inside. They still had those absurd flashlights with them.*

"What did they know of what was to happen? What could they know? Did they have any idea of their fate? Read on, you stupid people, read on. They would soon go in and look at the painting. The door was opening wider. The flashlight beam illuminated the floor and crept steadily across the room to the further wall. It crept up the wall—about to light the painting—"

"Yes, go on," said the younger in a fearful voice.

There was a moment of hesitation that seemed like an eternity and then slowly the page was turned. A silence fell on the two as the light neared the painting. They strained their eyes as they stared at the manuscript—the page was missing.

Have you heard about the garbage man's daughter? She's not to be sniffed at.

DAT TRICK AT SLOPPY JOE'S

Have yer ever seen de waitress dat woiks at Sloppy Joe's,
De cute little trick dat's blonde, and everybody knows?

She winked at me one day, and I got prickly hot.

If it woin't for me pride I tell youse, I'da fainted on de spot.

Chee, she sure is classy wit dem earrings danglin' down,
Take me woid for it, bub, she's de best dish in de town.

I seen her slinging beer one day over de joint's old bar.

Ain't never seen such stuff, even in Little Willie's Spar.

She's never spilt de grub, ain't never broke a plate.

I'd ask her to hitch up if I ever t'oght she'd wait.

But I guess she's in her place poppin' bottles for de bo's

Yeah, she sure is some little dish, dot trick at Sloppy Joe's.

—Jean Miller

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editors get kicked out of school.

—Syracusan

Then there was the guy who was so broke that when he took his girl to the beach, he couldn't afford to hire an umbrella. Instead he sat there and told her shady stories.

Girls when they went for a swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.
Now they have a bolder whim:
They dress more like her cupboard.

Every man has his wife, but the ice man has his pick.

—Syracusan

Heard a story about a married student from Bangor the other day. Last Christmas (just before they were married) his wife gave him a book entitled *The Perfect Gentleman*. This year she is going to give him one called *Wild Animals I Have Known*.

"Honey, while we're sitting out here in the moonlight, I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, darling?"

"Could we move over a little, I'm sitting on a nail."

PRUNELLA THE COED

By ANN ONYMOUS

The morning sun crept through the frosted windowpane, and Prunella Whistlestop McScrawn, buried deep in a steaming drift of borrowed bedclothes, squirmed skinnily. She opened her eyes and saw that the sun was now crawling over the foot of her bed.

"Jeepers!" she thought. "I must be up and off to my class in gamut running!"

It was cold that morning, and Prunella shivered as she groped for the glass in which she kept her teeth. The name "WORTHMORE" had not yet faded from the stern of her feedbag nightie, and she scratched the "W" thoughtfully. She thought of her first few weeks at the university and of the friends she had made. There was Opus—but that hadn't lasted long. There was the assistant to the assistant Instructor of her course in egg candling . . . (they addressed him as "McEmbryo" . . . promotion would make him "Mr. McEmbryo") but he had placed her in the back row of his class and always managed to omit her name when the roll was called. She admitted to herself that she had not been too successful. "Somehow they always seem to ignore me," she mourned.

She suddenly discovered that she was late for her class, and tying a dirty handkerchief around her arm, cantered off across campus. She arrived breathlessly just as her fellow students were running their third gamut. Crashing through the door, she slipped into the nearest seat and tried to look as though she had been there for hours.

Professor Slapsaddle had been at the teaching game for years. He hadn't seen Prunella's mad entrance, but he could hear her wheezing as she sat there looking cultured.

"Miss McScrawn," he barked, "are you breathing hard?" Prunella bridled, but finally managed to whinny, "Yes, Professor." "Then kindly refrain from sitting so close to that young gentleman!"

That young gentleman (the only one of his kind) was Joseph J. D. F. Boye III, a recent transfer from the hallowed halls of Bowdoin. He emerged from his academic coma long enough to raise his lorgnette and peer at Prunella. He let it go at that.

J.J.D.F., as he came to be called, didn't smoke, drink, swear, tell stories, listen to stories, or leer at girls. He spoke 27 languages fluently, and could make himself understood in seven Swahili dialects. He read Joyce and understood him. He had devoted his life and his grandfather's money to the furtherance of his classical education. In addition to all this, he was good to his mother. She had instructed him in the ways of men and warned him against them. She had cried when he left Bowdoin to come to Maine. "I understand," she said "that both sexes of students are assigned to the same classrooms . . . what will my Joseph do . . . he has never seen a girl in a sweater!"

Her worry was wasted, because Prunella in a sweater was like the paper on the wall, and besides, J.J.D.F. merely peered at her momentarily.

Prunella chafed. She had never been ignored as thoroughly. The spirit of the chase rose within her, and she nudged him lustily, hoping that he would speak.

"Omnis Galliam est divisa in partes tres," he hissed.

"Perhaps," said Prunella, and winked.

Needle Nubbins

Advertisement: "You get the girl. We'll do the rest."

Groom: "That hardly seems fair."

—*Octopus*

Loaded down with nickels, a drunk walked into the Automat. He stopped in front of the slot marked "Ham Sandwiches," dropped in two nickels, and got a sandwich. He deposited two more nickels and got another sandwich. When he had accumulated a pile of twenty sandwiches, an interested observer interrupted him:

"Hey, don't you think you've got enough?"

"I should quit now?" asked the drunk. "Now—when I'm ahead!"

As the cow said to the milkmaid, "Go ahead and see if I give a dram."

—*The Archive*

OVERHEARD AT A DANCE

"Hey, Mac. Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this while I tie my shoe lace."

—*Ski-U-Mah*

A Westerner entered a saloon with his wife and a three-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"What's the matter, Pa," said the kid. "Ain't Ma drinking?"

—*White Mule*

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. Now there are lots of them.

—*Ski-U-Mah*

Fashions direct
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York markets!

A separate store
exclusively
for men!



Six floors;
69 different
departments



IT'S **LOOKS**
AS WELL AS **BOOKS**

THAT MAKE YOU A "SUCCESS"!

BE SMART;

MAJOR IN FASHIONS AT

FREESE'S

"Probably the largest store in the U.S.A. for a city the
size of Bangor"



Campus Glamour—The petite lass from Belmont, Mass., who is causing campus males to pause and turn of late, is blonde haired Elaine Lockhart, whose fetching self can be seen on the cheerleading team as well as above. An Arts and Sciences freshman, Elaine goes for swimming, skiing, and skating, on the outdoor side, and confesses a liking for dramatics as indoor extra curricula. Also goes for those three-inch heels which boost her 5' 1½" up to what she feels is desirable height.

Nash, Koussevitsky and Thibodeau

By RIP HASKELL



As Ogden Nash might say it:

Once there was a college instructor who disapproved immensely of stereotyped teaching,

And thought that education was experimental development and could be every bit as much fun as beaching.

So he said to himself, I will live an example and exist like a man with a fertile imagination.

Conducting my classes in such manner that they may provide antidote to this Prevalent Mental Stagnation.

Which he did to the secret horror of many, including every fundamentalist, who was cognizant of his heresy, but to his students' great elation.

Which might be entitled "Introducing Louis Thibodeau."

Certainly Louis fills the bill in the above verse. Not surprisingly so,

since it was written with him in mind.

Few, if any, faculty members can equal the versatility of attack with which Louis seeks to conquer ignorance. Few, if any, would want to. It calls for too great a sacrifice of professional dignity, too much of being a man who instructs, rather than an Instructor.

Louis is a Personality, and his students know he is a Personality. Wondering what he will do next keeps a class on its toes. Fear of missing something keeps otherwise logy minds alert, and the ensembles which Louis habitually blossoms with assure his always remaining the center of attention. A certain Psychology Major has compared the effect of the Thibodeau habiliment upon students with that of the glitter-eye of a rattler on a hypnotized bird.

If an immobile Louis hypnotizes, what then is the man in action?

One coed, a member of one of the petit Professor's French classes, assumed an air of starry-eyed worship when interviewed, and murmured breathlessly, "It's an experience, oh, but really it is!"

And so it is. If you don't believe it sit in on one of his classes some day. Preferably one of those open air meetings (a goodly portion of his classes escape the depressing confines of four-walled lecture rooms). You are liable to find Louis, immaculate in (a fair sample) a teal blue sports coat, pink shirt, gayly figured bow tie, and Marine Corps drill pants. Instead of a lecture you will participate in a French accent song

festival, which Louis, calling upon fifteen years of musical education, will conduct as enthusiastically as Toscanini would lead the Westminster Choir. Louis will interpret "Alouette" or "Frere Jacques" with as much gesticulating, contorting, and grimacing, as Koussevitsky recording a Shostakovitch Chorale. You will agree that it alone is an experience full worthy of any co-ed's ecstatic declarations.

The Thibodeau of the classroom is magnified and exalted even more by an aura of rumor and legend concerning him, which in various ways has come to the attention of his awed disciples. He has in a way become a yardstick against which aspiring young aesthetes measure their own Cultchuh. The dress of Louis can of course never be emulated successfully save by a Crosby or a Rochester, but the mannerisms, the attitudes, the variety of interests, are rapidly becoming *the* thing.

And whither, may you ask, came this force, this influence? From whence this legendary figure? What shaped this development?

It has been rumored up around Rumford, that Louis commenced life on a note of normalcy. That is, he was born at an early age and of parents (a customary procedure). From that point on, Louis started hacking his own paths through life. At the tender age of five, he burst upon the educational system of his home town, swept triumphantly through the grammar school, and then proceeded to take Stevens High by storm. Classmates remember him chiefly, in addition to his athletic and schol-

Needle Nubbins

Spring is here
The grass is riz
I wonder where the flowers iz.

I wish I was a wittle egg
Away up in a twee
I wish I was a wittle egg
As wotten as could be.
And when some mean old teacher
Would holler out at me
I'd fwow my wotten wittle self
And spatter down on he.

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when her small son came running in, carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, Mother, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until"—and noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."

A Tennessee hillbilly built a rustic house for his bride, in which he fashioned windows but no doors. The nervous bride, on her first look at her new home, asked worriedly, "Where are the doors?"

"Doors?" her husband asked. "Are you going someplace?"

Before marriage, the average man declares that he will be master of the house or know the reason why—after he has been married a while, he knows the reason why.

A man with more wealth than culture finally succeeded in getting his son accepted at a private school. When the boy came home for his first holiday, the old man inquired as to how he was being treated at school.

"Oh, not so badly," the lad replied, "only some of the masters say that I'm illiterate.

"What!" the outraged father shouted. "Then take your birth certificate back to school and prove it to 'em that you ain't!"

We know of a business man who, after twenty years of service with a well-known concern, retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. He had amassed this large sum through courage, faithfulness, honesty, enterprise, attention to duty, efficiency, careful investment of his savings, and the death of an uncle who left him \$49,998.

Two men were watching a funeral. One turned to the other and asked, "Whose funeral is this?"

"John Peters"

"John Peters! Don't tell me he's dead?"

"Well—what do you think they're doing with him—practicing?"

When the pretty girl got on the bus, the pale young fellow started to get up. But she pushed him back in the seat and said she preferred to stand. Again he tried to get up and again she pushed him back. Finally he yelled, "Now listen lady—leave me alone. That was my stop we passed three blocks back—I wanna get off."

I eat my peas with honey
I've done it all my life;
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

Sober Bystander to weaving drunk: My good man, why don't you take the street car home?

Drunk: Shno use, my wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house.

—*Varieties*

arship ability, for his unruly hair, his taste (bizarre to say the least) for clothes, and his fatal attraction for the female of the species. Full many a heartbroken maiden suffered severe lacerations about the heart throwing herself at the segment of space Louis had just evacuated.

Realizing that he was not destined to remain in a mill town hiding his lust under a cord of pulpwood, Louis soon shook the sawdust and shavings from his feet and ventured forth upon the world. Anno Domini 1933 found him scintillating about the hallowed halls of Hebron Academy, learning about life in this wide, wide world, and teaching it a few new twists at the same time. Hebron holds a very dear place in our Louis's heart. He has been frequently heard to say, "I owe a great deal to the old school," but investigation shows that he paid all his bills promptly.

The fall of '35 brought Louis to the University of Maine. There his bubbling personality, sturdy individualism, and natural leadership qualities soon brought him to the attention of his superiors. The Benevolent Order of the Owls took a special interest in him and had him as a guest at several of their weekly get-togethers. Members of that order recall him as "a very amusing fellow with a highly malleable rump."

Going international and answering to the call of his heritage, Louis transferred to Laval University in Canada and studied at Chicoutimi (you pronounce it) College. This period of his life is vague, but doubtlessly could be investigated further to great advantage.

Returning to Maine, Louis became a many-spoked wheel. In order to spread his influence over as wide an area as possible, at the same time adding to his own already vivid

background, he interested himself in numerous activities. Winter sports, baseball, and track claimed his attentions. So too did various organizations. He became an outstanding member of Le Cercle Francais, El Circulo Espanol (he traveled only in the best circles), Phi Gamma Delta, and the Loyal Sons of Patrick, which at Maine is not limited to Irishmen.

Mainly though, Louis was noted for his contributions to Masque and the Music Association. He was a master musician (two music scholarships), student leader and president of the Music Association. In the Masque he hung up some sort of a record, appearing in a round dozen plays.

It is not to be thought that Louis devoted all his time to constructive activities. Quite the contrary, however, as he is now a faculty member.

(Continued on Page 10)

Needle Nubbins

The drunk weaved his way to his car, opened the rear door by mistake and climbed in. "Here, here," shouted the cop on the beat. "You're in no condition to drive."

"Oh, shtop botherin' peashful citizens. If you want to do something whynt you catch the guy who shtole my shtearing wheel?"

—*NYU Varieties*

Elmer, age 13, was puzzled over the girl problem and discussed it with his pal, Joe.

"I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her ice cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided after a moment of deep thought. "You've done enough for the girl already."

—*Covered Wagon*

The height of bad luck—sea sickness and lockjaw.

—*Covered Wagon*



Signs of the Times

Thibodeau

(Continued from Page 9)

In 1940, Louis received his B.A. from Maine, graduating with Summa Cum Relief. The University settled back to lick its wounds and regain its composure. Thibaudeau turned his attention to the uplifting of minds and intellects of Fort Kent Normal.

Pearl Harbor sounded the call to war but before Uncle Sam could get his mouth open, Louis sprang to the colors and enlisted in the Marine Corps. Military life agreed with him, and he prospered, was recommended for a commission, received it, and was assigned to the 23rd Marine Division as an intelligence officer. In the Marshall Operation, he was wounded and returned to do time (a year and a half) in a hospital.

After recuperation, he returned (February, 1946) to the University as an instructor in French and Arts.

Louis has so many interests (all the way from Pabst to Picasso) that they cannot be assigned to categories.

Chief hobbies are painting and the cultivating of Pitcher Plants.

He is considered an accomplished artist in his own right, having exhibited his works many times. He turns out paintings or wood carvings with equal skill. Doubtless, this talent would have been more highly developed at the art school Louis once attended save for an unfortunate quasi-allergy. It was impossible for him to look upon his nude models without bursting into laughter. Such behavior being frowned upon, Louis dropped his art course.

His botanical mania is of comparatively recent origin and is a direct result of his coming under the influence of a certain English professor. The Pitcher Plant, or huntsman cup, is a rather peculiar type of plant. Found mainly in the swamps, it is noted for its carnivorous nature; that is, it exists on flies or other living organisms. Louis feeds hamburger to his, as he is trying to develop a crimson variety.

One of his outstanding accom-

plis' ments has been the development of a process for controlling unruly hair. The Thibaudeau method, perfected after long practice by its originator, consists of five steps. (1) Shampoo briskly, dry. (2) Smear plentifully with controller. Formula, Pomatum, or bear grease. (3) Massage into scalp briskly. (4) Comb and brush thoroughly. (5) Pull an overseas cap tightly over the completed coiffure, and so to bed. Highly successful.

Even in a culture such as ours, where rugged individualism is made a fetish by so many, Louis Thibaudeau stands out far above the commonplace. He has carved his own niche, and with a long brilliant future ahead of him, who is to say how high his star may rise. Long Live Louis the Only!

Drunk, to splendidly uniformed bystander: Shay, call me a cab.

S.U.B.: But, I'm not a doorman, I'm a naval officer.

Drunk: O.K., O.K., then call me a boat. I gotta get home.

—*NYU Varieties*

Aurulet! Aurulet!

By SAX MHULMAN

(* The resemblance of any persons, living or dead, to any character in this story is your fault, not mine. If the shoe fits, put it on! If it doesn't fit, bring it in to me—I can probably use it.)

The dead blackness of night hangs silently over the deserted campus. Save for the flickering glow of the lonely street lamps, the hovering darkness encompasses all—but wait! What is this furtive figure crouching deep amongst the shadows, wending its way toward the uncompleted library? What evil designs lurk in the mind of this sly creature—for evil they must be to drive him forth into the night at a time when all respectable students are at Pat's. The stooping, dodging figure reaches its goal and enters the forbidding skeleton. On the first floor, the night-prowler pauses at the door of one of the partially finished rooms. After cautiously scanning the premises, he raps twice, very sharply, on the door and, after a moment's hesitation, drops an empty beer bottle on the concrete floor, noting from the pile of glass that most of the others are already here. At the tinkle of glass, a sliver of light appears at the edge of the door, and a husky voice inquires:

"Password?"

"Vladivostok."

"Enter, Comrade Throckmorton."

Being only a sliver of a man, the newcomer slivered through the sliver of light into the room. At the far end of this room stands a rough table holding the two candles that furnish the only illumination; behind the table is a stocky, bearded individual, wearing on his lapel a discharge button, a Good Conduct Medal, the Order of the Red Star, and a cluster of three Dewey buttons. His commanding presence reduces to insignificance the motley assembly that sits

in a semi-circle at his feet. Pushing one of the motley assembly off his left foot, he fixes Throckmorton with a baleful glance and thunders:

"Comrade, you are late!!"

Evading the baleful glance which flies past his shoulder and fells an innocent bystander playing jackstones in a corner, Throckmorton meekly replies, "I was detained, Commissar, by some petty bourgeoisie who attempted to sell me a subscription to some fool magazine—'The Maple Leaf,' or something like that."

"I trust it will not happen again," the leader booms. "The Time has almost come, and at this stage we cannot brook incompetency. Now if Comrade O'Toole would get here, we could start the meeting."

Comrade Throckmorton clears his throat and speaks up. "Sir, I regret

to say that Comrade O'Toole is no longer with us. It had been brought to my attention that of late O'Toole had been seen too often in the company of a certain professor of economics who is known to be actively anti-labor. It was necessary to purge Comrade O'Toole." At this point, Throckmorton bows his head modestly. "Yesterday afternoon the ideal opportunity presented itself, and I took it upon myself to perform the sacred duty. It was in the Bookstore; O'Toole was in the act of stealing a box of stationery. In the general excitement I managed to jostle him off his feet; then I cried out, quite loudly, 'Oh, Agatha, there's a seat over here!' Comrade O'Toole perished in the mad scramble that ensued."

As Throckmorton blushes becom-
(Continued on Page 16)



Please don't breathe so hard, dear—you're steaming up my glasses.

—Haskell



ANIMAL FARM

by George Orwell

The animals at Manor Farm are not happy. They work hard. They are often hungry. They have no real freedom or leisure. When Mr. Jones, their master, is tipsy (and Mr. Jones is usually tipsy), he neglects and abuses them.

One night Old Major, a venerable boar, has a dream in which all beasts unite to overthrow their common enemy, Man. The Major tells the animals about his vision of a new social structure based on Seven Commandments, the most important of which declares, "All animals are equal." For a morale-builder, he sings them the optimistic anthem, *Beasts of England*, "... a stirring tune, something between *Clementine* and *La Cucharacha*."

A few nights later the Major quietly dies, just too soon to see his dream come true. For sure enough, the beasts do unite to overthrow Mr. Jones and to create an ideal barnyard society. *Animal Farm* is the story of their experiment.

This book has all the elements of a highly amusing, heartwarming children's tale, simply and briefly told. The author himself calls it "a fairy story."

Don't believe it. *Animal Farm* is a fable in form only. Its message is as real as yesterday's newsprint. Actually it is the history in allegory of the Communist experiment in Russia.

In slightly over a hundred pages of prose, so lucid as to disarm even as it alarms, Mr. Orwell has produced a comment which makes the tons of controversial literature on Russian Communism look like so much waste paper.

He manipulates a time-worn theme—the corruptive effect of

power—to create an awareness of its subtle evils which finally mounts to terror. The gradual corrosive influence is starkly apparent even to the faithful, devoted animals when, twenty years after their rebellion, they read the single commandment which has replaced Old Major's Sacred Seven: "All animals are equal. But some animals are more equal than others."

THE DARK WOOD

by Christine Weston

Fear of reality is the antagonistic element in this novel of people whose shattered happiness is an aftermath of the war. Stella Harmon, unable to accept the fact of her husband's death, is slipping into the dark wood of mentally reliving the past. When she meets Mark Bycroft, who is also experiencing an emotional crisis, Stella's sanity is saved, for in Mark, Alec lives again.

From a pattern complicated by Stella's flight from reality and Mark's problems as an estranged husband and father, Mrs. Weston has developed a clear-cut, effective design. If *The Dark Wood* is not as important as her excellent *Indigo*, it is timely, perceptive and well-written from a mature, detached point of view.

END OVER END

by Nelson Giddings

Dale Stribbling, first lieutenant, 0-79325 is shot down over Italy, captured without his dog tag, and isolated in a German prison cell that lacks the rococo bed, adjoining bath and free-flowing wine with which he is ironically obsessed. In the five days covered by the book, the highlights and lowlights of his life appear in flashbacks.

—Elaine McManus

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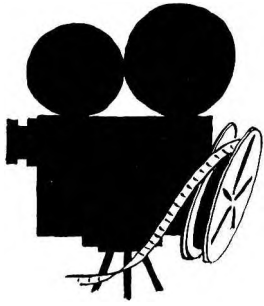
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CELLULOID REVUE

Let's hope there'll be a lot of entertainment on campus during the last three weeks of November, because if the billings at the Bangor theaters aren't revised before that time, it won't be worth the busfare to see a movie there. My advice is that we ought to go to Pat's instead. There's a lot more comedy there than you'll find in the movies that Hollywood seems to be turning out at this time.

Of course it could be that the Democrats are handling the pictures now.

The following write-ups are the lesser of a number of evils.

LADY LUCK—Barbara Hale plays the daughter of a gambler (Frank Morgan) who can't stay away from cards or the ponies (which is more than we can say for the movies). She industriously tries to run a small bookstore but finds that any earnings that she makes are eaten up by her father's gambling. The inevitable love interest comes into the picture when she falls in love with Robert Young, another confirmed gambler. The whole thing appears as anything but a bright, fresh comedy. There are a few fairly cute scenes around the gaming tables and the bookies, but that is as far as it goes.

BLACK ANGEL—This seems to be an alert, neat little murder mystery although it is not along the suspenseful Hitchcock line. It contains the usual blackmailings, killings, and sleuths. The one thing that lifts it above the average is that it possesses most of the finer details that are usu-

ally ignored, such as the minor intricacies of personalities. Dan Duryea, Constance Dowling, and June Vincent star in this film.

The Bachelor's Daughters—Just catch this plot. There are three salesgirls who pool their rent money in order to rent a house. They get hold of a retired saleswoman to pose as their mother and a pinchpenny fop of a floorwalker as their father. Everyone gets in trouble and the father (alleged) seems to have a turn of heart and does his best to alleviate the situation. Clair Trevor, Gail Russell, Jane Wyatt, Billie Burke, and Adolphe Menjou keep this foul plot reeking.

MR. ACE—A picture that appears to be made to order for Sylvia Sidney and George Raft. The former takes the part of a congresswoman and the latter, quite naturally and monotonously, is a political racketeer. The parts may be made to order but the picture just isn't worth it. The two stars wander through stilted dialogue and wooden acting, neither of which shows any direction.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE—This story was written by Craig Rice, one of the top whodunit writers. The real mystery in this picture is just what she is leading. It is the story of a mystery writer and her three children who happily solve a neighborhood murder. There doesn't seem to be any real mystery about the murder and even less about the love affair between the mother (Lynn Bari) and a Lt. on the homicide squad played by Randolph Scott.
—Ted Jennison

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Maine Glance at

WINTER SPORTS

With snow-time just around the corner our thoughts naturally turn to winter sports, which have been rather inactive at the University of Maine for at least the past three years. True, there have been winter carnivals, complete with snow queens and all; but, there has been little intercollegiate or intramural competition as far as winter athletics are concerned.

At one time, not too long ago, Maine had a respected ice hockey team. In more recent years, the ski team was honored by being asked to important large New England ski meets, and occasionally defeated Dartmouth, long acknowledged as the king college of winter sports.

Plans are underway at the Athletic Office now for an intercollegiate skiing team, but we are rather dubious as to the future of a hockey team.

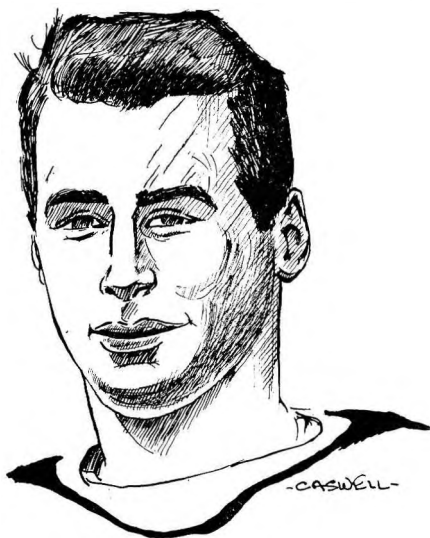
If Maine had an indoor rink, which shouldn't be too difficult, there is no good reason why there couldn't be a good squad. Interest around campus, concerning hockey, is high, and there are several men attending the University who have played on good hockey teams before. Sam Sezak has coached teams in previous years, although not at the University of Maine, and Ted Curtis is said to be one of the best winter activities coaches in this part of the country. So, the only real drawback, besides an allotment on the athletic budget, is a rink. This is comparatively simple, too; and should be fairly inexpensive. Four walls and a roof over an ordinary rink, with a wooden track around it, would suit the purpose. Plenty of window space should be left so that, when left open, the cold air could circulate freely inside the building and freeze the rink.

What about a location for the rink house? Somewhere near Memorial Gymnasium seems to be as good a spot as any. We suggest putting it north of the tennis courts where the ground is normally rather damp.

Everything has now been taken care of except skates, sticks, pucks, and uniforms. If the University could support a team in previous years it certainly can now.

No doubt by this time the feminine readers of this article, if there are any, are wondering if we've forgotten entirely about them. Never! As far

(Continued on Page 26)



Bear Backfieldman

"RABBIT" DOMBKOWSKI

"Oh, somewhere in this promised land a coach's hair turned grey."

Who was the coach? He was the coach of football at Paterson High School in New Jersey. Why did his hair turn grey? Because his eyes missed seeing the "Rabbit."

Henry Joseph Dombkowski—the "Rabbit"—never played a game of football until he came to Maine. Last year he went out for football. It seemed that he was doomed to the

6th team until one of the varsity backs told Coach Kenyon, quote, "There's a kid on the 6th team that we can't stop." The "Rabbit" was on the way. He got the plays down to pat and made his first trip when the team went to Connecticut. With four minutes playing time remaining he was sent in and on his first carrying play he went 55 yards to a near score.

This year his speed and love of football have earned him a place on the varsity where his sparkling off-tackle slants and end sweeps have brought the crowd to its feet time and again.

"Yes the 'Rabbit' he is happy, he's laughing all the day—for somewhere in this promised land, a Coach's hair turned grey."

—Ike Webber

BASKETBALL FUTURE FOR '46

It is still early to pick many of the players that will be representing Maine on the polished boards this coming winter, but it is possible to take an insight into the basketball picture, and tell a little something of who may be representing the University.

There's Ted Boynton, of Millinocket, a holdover from last year's starting five. Well-remembered in state basketball circles for his playing with the Stearns (Millinocket) High School quintet, Ted has been working out now for about three weeks. In addition there's Mike DiRenzo, of Auburn, who led the Edward Little High School quintet to a state championship in 1941. Mike played a neat forward post for Maine back in 1942. Although lacking in height, he makes up for this deficiency with speed, classy footwork, and a

(Continued on Page 26)

the Sports Scene

THE WOMAN'S ANGLE

Maine has taken another forward step in the development of potential leadership in the extensive Women's Athletic Program.

The activities offered through this department are almost limitless in scope, including instruction, active participation, and spirited competition in almost every sport known to the women's sporting world. The most important ones are field hockey, basketball, skating, skiing, and other winter sports.

This program is carried on under the supervision of the Women's Physical Education Staff composed of Helen Lengyel, Head of the Department, Miss Marion Rogers, Miss Eileen Cassidy, and Miss Helen Carroll.

The day a girl enters the University of Maine she automatically becomes a member of the Women's Athletic Association, the program and policies of which are shaped by an executive council under the direction of Miss Rogers.

A jamboree starts the basketball season off with a rush in December. Both experienced and inexperienced players will join the fun and will get in their practices for the inter-dorm tournament which is played off in January. These games will be followed by an interclass elimination competition, which will prove to be the most exciting games of the year. From these interclass games the best players will be chosen for the All-Maine and Reserve Teams.

These crisp fall days mean only one thing to many women sports enthusiasts—field hockey. Almost any afternoon, blue, orange, and red clad figures may be seen racing up and down the Women's Athletic Field, either practicing, or playing

one of the tournament games for the interclass championship.

Field hockey, as those who play it know, and those who watch it can guess, is a pretty rough sport when players are at all inexperienced. On the other hand, it is an exciting and interesting game for both players and spectators when played by well-trained teams.

Every sport has its outstanding players and field hockey is no exception. A few of this year's really professional seniors are Nora Chip-

(Continued on Page 26)



Bear Lineman

JACK ZOLLO

"Patrick O'Leary Savignano, I have got to do a character sketch on the Maine Lineman of the Month—and, trusting your judgment on such situations—how about a little help?"

"Glad to help you, Ike. I have just the information that you seek, for the Maine Lineman of the Month is Jack P. Zollo, Jr."

"Shoot—Patrick—shoot!"

"Jack was born in Danvers, Mass., and did all his football playing for the local high school before his entry into this noble institution in 1942. The war made no exception of my boy, and 1943 found him with the

82nd Airborne and doing a little parachute jumping into Europe including one into Yugoslavia where he spent 31 days helping Tito drink borsch. With the end of the war Jack came back to the States with a little silver here and some wire there."

"Quite an enviable record—continue."

"Well, back in 1942 he almost got a conviction for chicken thievery."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh—he got hungry one day and stole a chicken from the kitchen in the Commons and fried it in his room. It was one of those situations that the Administration frowned upon."

"Anything else of interest happen to Umbriago?"

"Well, yes, while he was in Europe he was carrying a valuable jewel with him and he nearly lost it, but as luck would have it he got by the Customs with it in New York and made it home."

"Thanks, Patrick, I think I got the information I sought. See you in the Needle."

—Ike Webber

He: "Meet me at the Nicollet at eight."

She: "The Nicollet? That's a nice place."

He: "Yeah, and it's close to where we're going, too."

—Ski-U-Mah

The other day, a disenchanted freshman sat at the counter in the Bookstore drinking his morning coffee. The unsuspecting Frosh rose momentarily to get a match from his pants pocket; when he sat down again, he was sharing the seat with two Sophomores and a Professor of Economics.

Little girl: "I think I'll take a course in obstetrics when I grow up."

Another little girl: "You'll just be wasting your time. Some doctor will find a cure for it and then where'll you be?"

The coming of winter finds our stocks of Warm Woolly Wearing Apparel for Young Men and Women complete in quality and style.

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Avrulet

(Continued from Page 11)

ingly, the Commissar reaches forward and gently strokes his russet hair.

"Well done, Comrade. You are indeed an asset to our organization. But let us get on with the business of the evening; there are important things to be said tonight."

Turning on his heel (that's stupid—how in hell else would he turn), he strides with measured tread to a position directly in front of the table. Turning on his heel (the other heel this time) he faces the gathering with stern countenance.

"Brothers of the soil, the end of inactivity has arrived. Soon—very soon, I tell you—we shall rise against the oppressors and assert our right with might! Our cell here at the University has been honored; we are to be the first to throw off our shackles. Once our project has triumphed here, the others will look to us as the Shining Example. Tomorrow we shall begin our program of sabotage. Team #1 will set about moving the steeple on Stevens Hall and certain other prominent features on the landscape. This will disrupt all calculations and throw the Surveying Department into chaos."

At this point, a slim, bewildered-looking character rises despondently and with gloom dripping from his voice announces, "Sire, I have news of ill portent. Tomorrow has been set aside as Promote-The-Growth-of-The-Western-Persimmon-Tree-Day, and every student and faculty-member will be out planting a persimmon tree. Our plan for inciting turmoil and revolt amongst the student body will come to naught!"

At this proclamation the members are cast into a sea of despair; the Commissar appears as if he is about to throw a fit. Throckmorton leans forward intently—since early childhood he has been passionately interested in collecting fits, and he is especially anxious to catch the one the Commissar is about to throw. But, much to Throckmorton's chagrin,

Spruce's Log Lodge

"The Students' Retreat"

ON THE CAMPUS

the Commissar succeeds in recovering his aplomb (it had rolled under the table), and raising his hand, that stately figure quells the clamor that has arisen about him.

"It is with difficulty that I restrain my emotions on hearing this distressing information, but fear not, Brothers; our Cause will prevail. This situation is without doubt a trick of the accursed capitalists, but—"

At this juncture, the door springs open and a messenger enters with undue haste. Undue Haste enters into a conversation with Throckmorton while the messenger whispers to the Commissar.

"What?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Well!" (This could go on all night but I'm getting tired of backing-up the typewriter for the exclamation points.)

With a gesture of exultant joy, the Commissar turns (you guessed it—on his heel) to the awaiting assembly.

"Brothers—I have just received news of great and far-reaching significance. The Legislature of our Noble State has authorized the award of a cash bonus of \$44.67 and

a free trip to Augusta to every veteran! From this hour we are no longer the down-trodden proletariat—we are capitalists! Long live free enterprise!"

Amidst the roars of acclamation that follow, the crestfallen figure of Russell Z. Throckmorton may be seen slinking unobtrusively out the door. Stripped of all his pride, shaken in his ideals, devoid of comradely brotherhood, nothing remains for him but to drown his loneliness in burning vodka. For Throckmorton—benighted soul that he is—is an ex-shipyard worker.

¹ This strange title is a vulgarized version of an ancient Abyssinian battle cry, which degenerated, through usage, into a primitive sort of mating call, and finally into a shout of exultation. The word has disappeared from common use except in one remote section of the Abyssinian desert. One segment of Mussolini's conquering army adopted the expression in 1939. Unfortunately, the unit was lost at sea while enroute to Italy. However, one of the soldiers had used the term in a letter to his wife, and it was from this woman (in a cellar outside of Naples) that I first heard the word and learned its connotation.

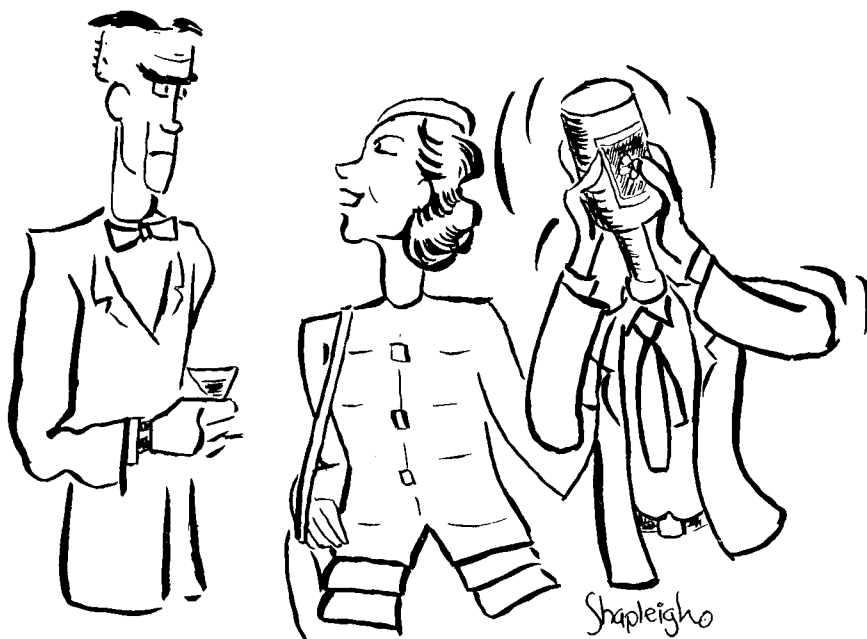
"What are you doing here, dear?"

"Looking for a husband."

"But you've got one."

"That's the one I'm looking for."

—the Log



I'm taking him home before he *really* gets into trouble.

COLLEGE

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Living and seeing through rose-
colored glasses,
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lassie,
And a girl for the beau, if she's
pretty and sassie,
Long rows of statistics and brightly
bound classics,
Not enough shirts and a dearth of
elastics,
Professors with long hair, and some
that have no hair,
And fraternity easy-chairs stuffed up
with mohair,
Sorority sisters who gossip in book-
stores,
About guys who are "sharp-tacks"
and guys who are dull bores,
Radios playing at 2:30 a.m.,
And dances that shouldn't be dances,
but mayhem,
Teams that come up to within scor-
ing distance,
And then lose the game by a fumble
or "miss-chance,"
The venerable antics of the campus
mayor,
And the treasurer's window when
you are the payer,
People who get A's and don't know
any better—
And, if I've missed anything, write
me a letter.

—CLAIR H. CHAMBERLAIN

Jerry: May I kiss you?

Syd: (Silence).

Jerry: May I please kiss you?

Syd: (More of same).

Jerry: Say, are you deaf?

Syd: No, are you paralyzed?

—NYU Varieties

Visitor: Where are the monkeys?

Keeper: They're in the back making love.

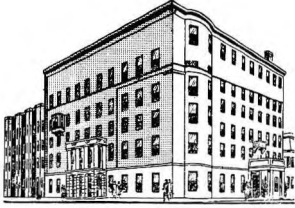
Visitor: Would they come out for some peanuts?

Keeper: Would you?

—Wabash Caveman

Little boy, who has just picked up worm,
"Poor iddle worm! Is your mudder and
father dead? Does oo want to be with
your father and mudder?"—Squish.

—the Log



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Fraternities

Now that the smoke has started to clear away, the results of the first rushing season in three years can be observed and reported. The fourteen fraternities on campus have pledged an aggregate of two hundred and seventy-six men, of which two hundred and thirty-three have taken up residence in the Houses. The remaining forty-three are non-resident pledges.

This total breaks down as follows: twelve residents and zero non-residents for Alpha Gamma Rho; seven residents and seven non-residents for Alpha Tau Omega; eighteen residents and three non-residents for Beta Theta Pi; eighteen residents and four non-residents for Delta Tau Delta; sixteen residents and seven non-residents for Kappa Sigma; twenty-two residents and two non-residents for Lambda Chi Alpha; nineteen residents and two non-residents for Phi Eta Kappa; eighteen residents and six non-residents for Phi Gamma Delta; sixteen residents and six non-residents for Phi Mu Delta; fifteen residents and one non-resident for Phi Kappa Sigma; fourteen residents and two non-residents for Sigma Alpha Epsilon; twenty-two residents and five non-residents for Sigma Chi; eighteen residents and four non-residents for Sigma Nu; eighteen residents and zero non-residents for Theta Chi.

Rushing this year was of a most novel variety due to the fact that many of the Houses were under the strain of both attempting to locate good men and to put their plants back in order after the several years of absence. Further complications were afforded by the fact that many of the men eligible for rushing were new on campus since the fraternities were last in operation, and so the making of contacts and acquaint-

ances was a very hectic affair in the limited time allotted. However, all Houses came through with flying colors.

Now that the trials of rushing have ended and the fraternity men can once again call their souls their own, most of the Houses have made plans to resume the pre-war social whirl of week-end "vic" dances, House parties, and similar "Wing-dings."

(The telephone situation in some of the fraternities may necessitate installation of a carrier-pigeon service between the Row and Estabrooke for obtaining dates for the above functions.)

Future social plans include many parties for Homecoming which is the week end of November 2 and 3. Robert Covell, social chairman of Phi Kappa Sigma, has announced extensive plans for a post-war buffet luncheon and a dinner on a pre-war scale. The dinner will be followed by a Hallowe'en Dance. Delta Tau Delta is planning a buffet supper for the old grads, followed by a dance. The night before Homecoming, Phi Mu is going to have a Harvest Dance. Lambda Chi and Phi Gam are also planning for Homecoming dances. All of the other houses have indicated that some sort of festivities will take place to properly celebrate the occasion, but in many instances at time of writing the plans were quite nebulous.

Briefs

Those white bands on the arms of many girls on campus don't necessarily indicate Freshman status, as many are being worn in mourning. Yes, the one and only Camp (Hotlips) Thomas of trumpet renown has honored a girl with his cherished Phi Kap pin. The lucky gal is Gloria Riley from Auburn, Maine.

(Continued on Page 26)

Sororities

Happy, hoping, and humming with activity, the members of the five sororities on campus started the year off by initiating new members, welcoming back old members, and making plans. Pi Beta Phi was delighted (and who wouldn't be!) to have Star Roberts, Winnie Moore, and Peg Cousins back on campus for the last year of their five-year nursing courses.

This sorority has more than its share of good luck this year since in addition to its returning members, it has five new initiates: Gerry Bellefleur, President of the Eagles; Betty Flint, (Can she cook!); Nancy Mackay, another blue star wearer; Jo Pierce, up and coming sophomore; and Tamy Small, with the effervescent personality.

Speaking of new initiates—Phi Mu sorority should be congratulated on its six "sweet, young co-eds," so they say, who were initiated on Oct. 21. These included Louise Bacon, another Maine girl who can cook with a capital "C" (Are you taking notes, fellows?); Elizabeth Busch, psychology major from Mechanic Falls; Grace Griffin, a Bangorite who plans to become a business magnate; Margaret Hanks, arts major; Ora MacDonald, a psychology major who is partial to the South, or to be more exact, to southern accents; and Marjorie Yates from across the border.

The social committees have been on their toes this fall, planning picnics, dances, and what-have-you. Memorable among these was the Delta Delta Delta wienie roast cooked up by Joanne Libby and Laurel Clements. The next social event of importance will be the observance of Founder's Day at which the sorority will join forces with the alliance members from Bangor—the sorority

providing the entertainment and the alliance members, the refreshments.

Chi Omega has a program for November which includes book reviews, and round table discussions about such subjects as vocations, personnel, scholarship, and activities.

In all sororities the November activities have centered around rushing Freshmen and transfer women. An open house, Nov. 10th, gave the new women students an opportunity to become acquainted with the members and activities of the sororities and paved the way for after-dinner rushing dates.

With an eye to the future, each sorority has made plans for parties, stag dances, et cetera; however, the semester is hardly past its first prelim and no definite dates have been set.

A little about the serious side of sorority life: AOPi has already started one of its very worthwhile projects by preparing boxes to send to the mountains of Kentucky where AOPi is in charge of the Social Service work of the Frontier Nursing Service. The sorority sends these boxes about every two months, or more often, if possible.

AOPites have something to remember this year, a visit from the national president, Mrs. Berne McKenna of Los Angeles, California. She is making a tour of AOPi chapters in the United States, in addition to visiting McGill and Toronto Universities in Canada. Chi Omega was honored with the visit of a traveling secretary who gave the sorority advice about activities for the coming year. Phi Mu expects a visit from Mrs. Howard Rollins, District President, who will come from the University of Connecticut.

—Muriel Pauley

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November! The geese fly south; the air is brisk and cold with the first faint warning of winter; the scarlet and gold of the autumn hardwoods flame against the dark green background of the conifers. November—truly a man's month. This is the month of the whirring partridge, of the wily pheasant, of that galloping ghost, the snowshoe hare, and his little cousin, the cony. This is the month when the weird whistle of the rising woodcock breaks the silence of the Maine woods, and the month when the white-tail deer is supreme. This is the month to quicken the blood of sporting men—

Maine's nimrods reported a spotty partridge population—few and far between—but this was general all over the state. The partridge cycle runs about eight to ten years, fellows. If this is the low point, just wait four or five years!

With the deer season about three days old as this column is written, Maine college sportsmen have nothing to be ashamed of. The Beta House porch sports a nice buck and doe; Sigma Chi has deer to its credit; the pre-fabs report four already, with every family-man eager to add to the household meat supply. News from off-campus students is hard to come by, but, from rumors circulating around the area, "the men who know the locality best" are bringing in the venison.

In view of the number of married men attending Maine, allow us to present a familiar morning scene from the south end of the campus.

Time is all-important. Fortified

HUNTING AND FISHING

by an additional cup of hot coffee, the hunter kisses the "little woman" and makes a "Dagwood" for the front door.

There is a sudden shock as the rush of cold air meets the sportsman's headlong charge. Then there is a second shock—a tapping on the window.

"You've forgotten something." The voice is muffled through the window-pane.

"No, I haven't." The nimrod gives a hasty, last-minute inspection—guns? shells? hat? good-bye kiss? Everything seems to be in order.

"You left your lunch," she says, holding it up for your view.

* * *

The skies of the morning are amber,
The winds of the morning are cold;

The rivers are black in the morning,
And tinted with silver and gold.

Every bleak hill is a fortress
Forbidding and cruel and old
With rocks that thrust their bayonets
At the maples' crimson fold.

The voices of morning are hushed in
fright.

Muffled by hoar-frost and rime,
When out in the distance, black
against white—

"Oh, Glory! The ducks are on
time!"

* * *

With this, fellows, we'll have to leave you for this month, but next month's *Pine Needle* will find us back with more and better info in the realm of rod and gun.

—Roy Spears and
Clair Chamberlain



HI NOTES and LOW NOTES

As far as campus bands go, The Bears seem to be the only one in action. There is plenty of talent around, and somebody ought to take advantage of it.

I was called down the other day by a couple of cats on the campus for having given Charlie Ventura, Gene Krupa's tenorman, such a good build-up without mentioning other tenor greats such as Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Georgie Auld, and Charlie Barnet.

Well, in defense of myself, I say that I praised Ventura very highly because at the time I was speaking of his remarkable performance on Gene Krupa's recording of "Lover." I did not say that Charlie is the greatest tenorman alive or anything similar to that. However, I will say that he ranks very near the top on my list of tenor sax virtuosos. On top I would put Coleman Hawkins and Georgie Auld. I rate Hawkins very highly because of his intricate improvising on slower tunes such as the immortal "Body and Soul" and "Talk of the Town." I like Georgie Auld because of his terrific driving choruses on hot tunes like "Air Mail Special" and "Concerto for Tenor." Georgie is really a madman.

The rest of my list is filled out with such greats as Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Vido Musso, Don Byas, Don Lodice, Charlie Barnet, etc.

A great many good records have been reaching the market lately. Woody Herman cut a good novelty disc entitled "No, Don't Stop." It's a typical Herman vocal tune—intricate arranging with a fine sax section chorus.

For you Count Basie fans, there's

been a good release of "Mutton-Leg" which features the tenorman Lester Young. It's a nice jump tune—typically Basie.

For the lovers of fine arranging, Elliot Lawrence's "Five O'Clock Shadow" is available. It is a very weird set-up which brings out the style that Lawrence is trying to push across to everyone. It is very fine; in fact, any Elliot Lawrence records that you can get hold of are worth buying. —Bob Slosser

This isn't a topic of atomic importance. Nevertheless I'd like to register a mild gripe at the endless repetitiousness of broadcast symphonic music.

I hold no brief for Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaiakowsky, and company. The standard classics must inevitably be the main fare of all concert-goers. They are popular; they are well-absorbed by the musical public; playing them involves a minimum expense for established orchestras. But on the air they have been all but played to death for the zealous listener. On one weekend a few years back Tschaiakowsky's Fifth Symphony was played on three programs: those of the New York Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, and the Cleveland Symphony. Similar duplications occur frequently, thus cutting down the variety of programs available to the public.

A few conductors, notably Serge Koussevitsky, have done yeoman service in including modern American and European music on their programs. But it isn't only a question of that; more of the works of

(Continued on Page 22)



Patronize Our Advertisers



Music

(Continued from Page 21)

more obscure "classical" composers should be played. How long has it been since one of Mahler's symphonies has been played; and yet they are considered by many of our best critics to be on a par with Beethoven's. We always hear Dvorak's "New World" Symphony and almost never the other four he wrote. I've listened to his Third and it doesn't suffer in comparison. Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite" is standard fare while his "Rites of Spring" is heard—well, it's not heard.

There are two principal reasons for this situation: outmoded tradition and the stark fact that symphonic music doesn't pay. Many conductors are more or less unaware that their radio audience outnumbers their concert audience by 1,000 to 1; so they refuse to get together at the beginning of every season and eliminate duplications in programs to be broadcast. Playing a new or unfamiliar work involves additional expense in extra rehearsals and uncertainty as to whether the public will stay away. The traditional years-end deficit must be kept down to a decent figure. And so the war-horses are trotted out.

I'm not plugging any one cure-all. But state subsidization of music has been tried in Europe for centuries and the result has been uniformly good. Private individuals can't be expected to carry the whole burden of keeping orchestras alive, in this era of the allmighty income tax. We have been subsidizing newspapers through very low postal mailing rates since our government was started; we've financed railroads, agriculture, shipping and air lines in various ways. How about some government dough for music?

New Recordings

Strauss, Richard. *Til Eulenspiegel*. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor, 4 sides. First recording on Vinalite

discs. Brings out new overtones but the price (\$2.00 a record) will stop most buyers.

Bach. *Brandenburg Concertos 3 and 4*. Koussevitsky and Boston Symphony. Victor, 8 sides. Lush, romantic recording if you like Bach that way. Otherwise get Fritz Busch's recordings for these works.

Haydn. *Symphony No. 97*. Beecham and London Philharmonic. Victor, 6 sides. Exceptionally competent with well-marked rhythm and precise timing. Best recording of this symphony yet made.

Brahms. *Symphony No. 1 in A Minor*. Stowkowsky and Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Victor, 10 sides. OK, but Toscanini's version (also Victor) is much to be preferred.

Gustav Mahler. *Symphony No. 4 in G Major*. Bruno Walter and New York Philharmonic. Columbia, 12 sides. If you like Mahler, get it if you have to hock your wife and furniture. Only recording of this symphony yet made in this country.

Wagner. *Duet from Act 1 of Die Walkure*. Helen Traubel, Emery Darcy, and Leinsdorf leading New York Philharmonic. Good, especially in the orchestra.

—Paul McGouldrick

A wolf was chasing two rabbits; hard-pressed, they ran up a tree.

"What'll we do now?" asked the first.

Shyly the second replied, "We'll wait here until we outnumber him."

—Ski-U-Mah

Pa: "Well, Willie, what did you learn at school today?"

Willie: "I learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'm' and 'No, Ma'm.'"

Pa: "You did?"

Willie: "Yeah."

—Ski-U-Mah

Here lies the body of Casey,

A bullet turned him to clay.

He was leading the life of Riley,

While Riley was away.

—Log

Some men are so absent-minded that finding a piece of rope in their hands confuses them. They don't know whether they found a piece of rope or lost a horse.

—Nordberg Progress

MEET

AT

PAT'S

IT'S THE BEST



MEET

AT

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By MAJOR OMAR AIKEN BACH

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The events of recent weeks cause us to turn our eyes toward the Balkans (no—no—a little to the left—that's it.) The general situation in the Balkans is confusing, and I can do no better at this time than to quote from a work of my good friend Otto B. N. Carcerated—his justly famous *Certain Aspects of the General Situation*—in which he sums the situation up neatly thus: "The general situation may then be said to be in need of clarification."

As a further illustration of this point, let us consider briefly the little Balkan country of Bogoslavia. Since the language of Bogoslavia was developed only recently, it has no history prior to its emergence

Bogoslavia again broke into the news during its well-known border dispute with the neighboring principality of Cystaria. (It has long been a custom in Bogoslavia to send raiding parties into Cystaria in order to obtain women for the aforementioned binges, whence comes the expression, "I love her like a Cystar.") It seems that the Bogoslavs had vital need of a certain piece of Cystar territory in order to extend their official squash court to regulation size. You perhaps remember that the land was finally acquired at Munich.

During World War II Bogoslavia diplomatically allied itself with Germany and Russia, declaring war



Fashions

This is the time of year when books and assignments are most likely to be forgotten (more than usual, that is!), and thoughts always end in Thanksgiving plans. These 1946 coeds are planning it like a Community Chest Drive—bigger and better than ever before.

Unable to get a plane reservation, Betty Dole of Brewer checks the train schedule and makes up her mind. She's on the right track with a comfortable suit, the tradition of travel as far back as the stage coach. The suit is a smooth grey botany wool, tailor-perfect down to the bottom hem. Flap pockets accentuate the hips and minimize the waist—the general idea this fall. The blouse, the other half of the story, boasts of a throat hugging neckline doing justice to a collarless suit. "Accessories," says Betty, "are my favorite tricks." And don't you think they give this outfit a chic finish? The

expense in extra rehearsals and uncertainty as to whether the public will stay away. The traditional years-end deficit must be kept down to a decent figure. And so the war-horses are trotted out.

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three-inch belt with the double catch on it matches the shoulder strap sling-low-catch-all bag. The most comely of all head gear, the cloche, sits prettily on Betty's hair. It's quite obvious that she'd do justice to any holiday.

Miss Arlene Cleven is not missing her chances of getting out of this neck of the woods and turning strictly cosmopolitan on us. Her plans include among dining and dancing, an afternoon tea in the "big city." City-wise Miss Cleven will be in her soft black crepe dress. The cap sleeves which are playing favorites this winter with black dresses add the final touch of striking simplicity in a sophisticated way. Due to the prestige of gold, Arlene shows it in her round-as-a-penny buttons which once started at the neckline stop only when they reach the waistline, where it is climaxed in a gold buckle. Pretty good planning all around, Arlene.

From my spies I have it that Miss Jackie Howell, who resides at Colvin, has been formulating heavenly plans

York Philharmonic. Good, especially in the orchestra.

—Paul McGouldrick

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"What'll we do now?" asked the first.

Shyly the second replied, "We'll wait here until we outnumber him."

—Ski-U'-Mah

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Willie: "I learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'm' and 'No, Ma'm.'"

Pa: "You did?"

Willie: "Yeah."

—Ski-U'-Mah

Here lies the body of Casey.

A bullet turned him to clay.

He was leading the life of Riley.

While Riley was away.

—Log

Some men are so absent-minded that finding a piece of rope in their hands confuses them. They don't know whether they found a piece of rope or lost a horse.

—Nordberg Progress

—a Harvest Moon formal. She has rustled up this romantic gown, which is in the tradition of gay Parie—styled in a billowing skirt, gaining fullness immediately below the waistline. Making much ado about Jackie's pretty shoulders is the straight ruffle that reflects the accent on the hips. A string of pearls proves to be prettier than a song when Jackie wears them with the formal.

Even though unaccustomed to big week ends, co-eds prove they are capable of learning what to do with just such "recreation periods"—and dress to fit the occasion!

Soph: "Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date."

Frosh (cautiously): "Yes, and then suppose you don't?"

—Covered Wagon

A pinch of salt is greatly improved by adding a glass of beer.

—Covered Wagon

If you think that money doesn't talk, just try to use a pay-station telephone without a nickel.

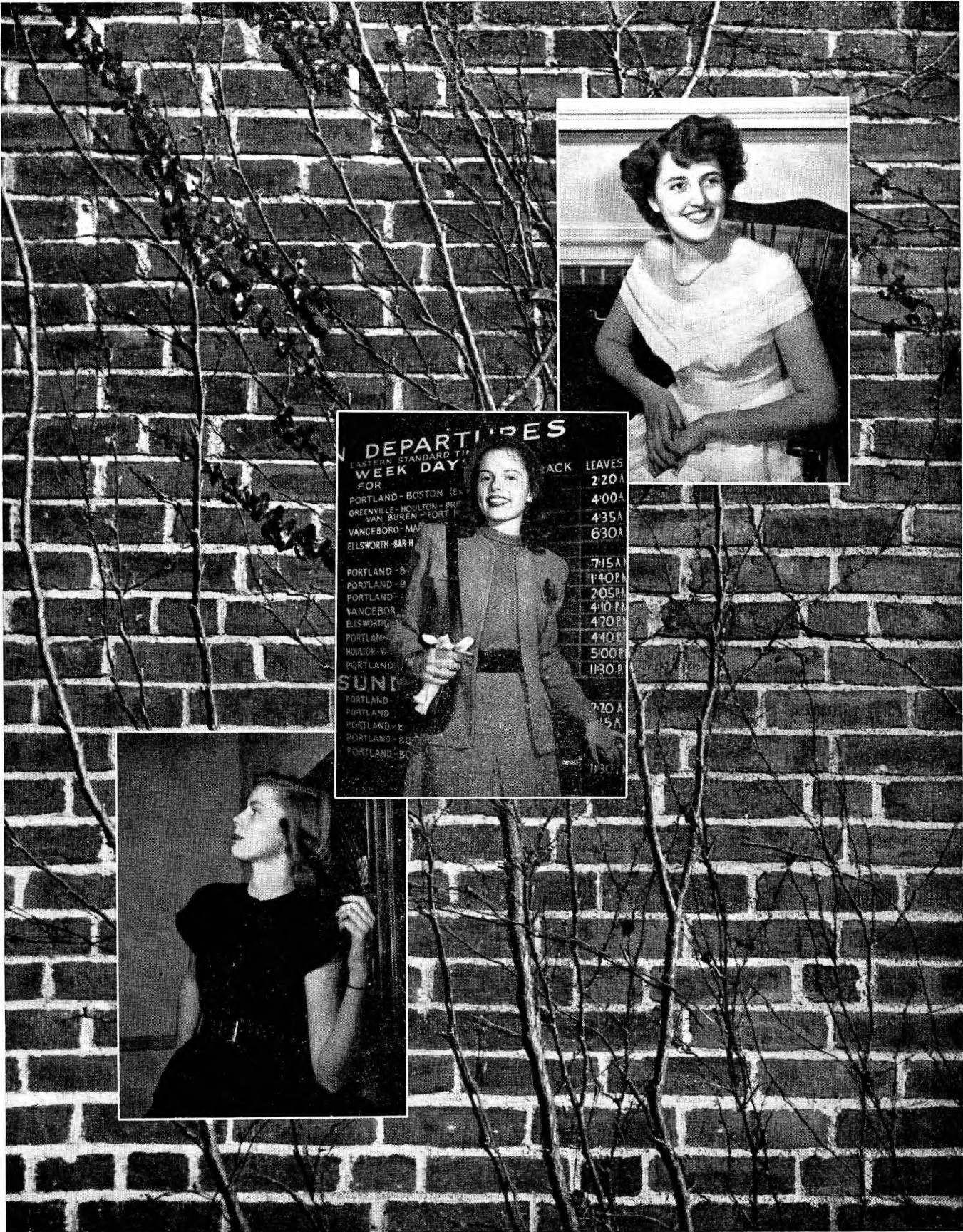
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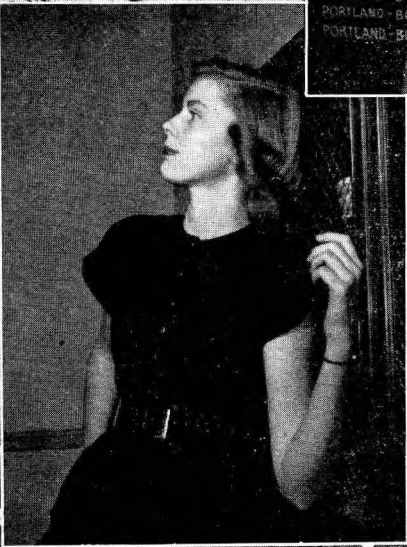


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 EASTERN STANDARD TIME
 WEEK DAY
 FOR

ROUTE	BACK	LEAVES
PORTLAND - BOSTON (EX)		2:20 A
GREENVILLE - HOULTON - PORTLAND		4:00 A
VAN BUREN - FORT HARRIS		4:35 A
VANCEBORO - MARIETTA		6:30 A
ELLSWORTH - BAR HARBOR		7:15 A
PORTLAND - BOSTON		1:40 P
PORTLAND - BOSTON		2:05 P
PORTLAND - BOSTON		4:10 P
VANCEBORO - MARIETTA		4:20 P
ELLSWORTH - BAR HARBOR		4:40 P
PORTLAND - HOULTON - GREENVILLE		5:00 P
PORTLAND - BOSTON		11:30 P
SUNI		
PORTLAND - BOSTON		2:20 A
PORTLAND - BOSTON		4:15 A
PORTLAND - BOSTON		11:30 P



Basketball

(Continued from Page 14)

good eye for pushing the ball thru the net.

It is impossible to forget Ken Cosseboom, of Brewer, who has been rounding into shape fast in recent weeks. Ken, who was high scorer on the Maine Freshman squad of 1942-43, which lost only one game, looks better this year than ever before. During his high school days at Brewer, Ken was picked for several All-State teams. He should take his place on an All-State College team before his school days at Maine are over.

Frank Danforth, of Bath, after a busy fall season with excellent results on Maine's cross-country squad, is back on the court this year with his all-around basketball ability. Danny arrived back at school last winter from military service to spark-plug Maine in their last few games.

Some of the other boys? Don't leave out Al Burgess, captain of the Maine quintet during many games last year, and a grand basketball player in every sense of the word. Al is back shooting baskets with his same old skill and technique, and is looking forward to the coming basketball season with much enthusiasm.

Then there's the Colorado member of the Maine squad, referring to George O'Donnell, one of the better guards on the 1945 squad. George, who plays a game with much spirit and fight, is a great person to have around when it comes to taking the ball off the backboard. If the opponents shoot and miss this year, keep your eyes on O'Donnell, he'll probably have the ball.

—Joe Wedge

The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club when the pattering of tiny feet was heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to say their goodnight message. It always gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them... Listen!"

There was a moment of silence; then shyly: "Mamma, Willie found a bedbug."

Women's Sports

(Continued from Page 15)

man, Evelyn Foster, and Betty Ray. A junior triple-threat composed of Peggy Cates, Polly True, and Morna Kimball is making that team pretty confident of clinching the intermural championship. The sophomores are counting on the spectacular playing of such girls as Sue Beisel, "Bobbie" Gammell, and Thelma Crossland. The freshmen have also turned out with a good strong team and a lot of potential stars of the future such as Jean Dennison, Carol Carr and Carolyn Strong.

Many of the fraternities are now seeking games with the girls' hockey teams and are displaying an attitude which appears a bit over-confident. Field hockey is the girls' game, they know it, they love it, and what's more, they can play it! If you can beat them at their own game, you really *are* good!

—Jo LOOK & BONNIE ANDREWS

"Mention ten animals of the polar regions," the examination paper read.

And, in desperation, the harassed student wrote: "Five seals and five polar bears."

Liquor may be slow poison—but who's in a hurry?

Business is what, when you haven't got any, you go out of.



Fraternities

(Continued from Page 18)

Now, perhaps some of the other men on campus can get a date.

Another to succumb is Lambda Chi's one and only Dapper (picnic) Ed Hayes who has "pinned up" Marlyn Toby. Theme song: "Stone Cold Dead in the Market."

The "Zooms" are once again ensconced in the Fiji Castle.

Attention, Frank: Better watch those night football fans from Phi Gam.

Alpha Tau Omega reports with glowing pride that Carl Wing has "pinned" Vivian Lebel.

The new housemother of Sigma Chi (she's destined for a busy winter) is Mrs. Reed of Dexter, Maine.

The \$64.00 question: Did YOU ever hear of a "Snuffer" party? Any persons desiring information pertaining to same will receive prompt, cordial, and polite information from one George Smith.

Are Sigma Chi's trees pining for the enjoyable evenings of the summer session? Maybe Bailey knows!

Charles "Bunny" Dyer of Kappa Sig has reenlisted in the Waves.

It's about time Sigma Nu their men.

The unsavory character who jettisoned several tumblers into Phi Gam one Sunday morning in the wee hours apparently is quite ignorant of the remarkable strides taken in fingerprint technology. RIP.

—Bill Gibson

Winter Sports

(Continued from Page 14)

as winter sports go the average girl who likes skiing is better off than the male enthusiast. The Women's Athletic department has an abundant supply of skis on hand and Miss Lengyel has announced that the locker containing the skis is never locked to girls that want to use them. If enough girls are interested in skiing they could form an inter-dormitory league and have several ski meets.

—Bill Brennan

BALL OF DUST

By KAY BRIDGES

As I rambled along the board walk, I couldn't help thinking of some of the strange experiences I had encountered during my training at the hospital. One patient, in particular, had interested me from the very beginning. She was a beautiful, grey-haired, sophisticated lady whose condition had been diagnosed as schizophrenia by the psychiatrists of the hospital. This is a condition in which an individual shows, in alternation, two different characters. Mrs. Van Horne could be on one occasion her charming interesting self, and five minutes later the Countess Gricioli, a snobbish, rather conservative person who was the complete master of her home (the hospital). I remembered the first morning I had taken her breakfast to her. Immediately, upon recognizing me as a new nurse, she had endowed me with all her blessings, and had insisted that I was her new maid, Bridget. Not understanding her dual personality, I had made every possible effort to introduce myself properly. However, any explanation on my part proved quite futile, for when I left the room, she had said, "The Count will give you your wages on Thursdays, Bridget. My only advice to you is that you be courteous at all times and above all, *dust* regularly under my bed!"

Later that same afternoon the head nurse had supervised a tea for the patients. My duties were to serve as a fourth in any proposed bridge games, pass the cakes and cookies, and to retrieve any articles such as clothing and books which one of the patients might decide to throw if she became emotionally aroused... an act I later discovered to be quite common among the inmates.

When I had offered Mrs. Van Horne the plate, she had glared in-

quiringly at me and queried, "Are you the new nurse, Miss Bridges? I am Mrs. Van Horne and this is Mrs. Dickerson, although you have probably heard something about us before this. We were just discussing one of Lloyd Douglas's books... won't you join us?" I was so surprised at her complete change in attitude from my earlier experience that morning that I must have appeared very doltish, for she added quickly, "Oh, I'm sorry you are busy... but do come back later." That same night, I had spent a half hour overtime on the ward, just to read her case history.

On another occasion, Mrs. Van Horne had invited me to her room to play a game of checkers. I discovered her to be a very poor player, and after having won a couple of games, decided I should be more tactful in letting her win. She soon became tired of this and decided it would be more interesting just to lean back in our chairs and talk. That was all right with me until she began discussing the various aspects of suicide. After some consideration, she decided that hanging one's self would be the most fascinating method. At this point I was paying little attention to her jabbering, for I had never thought much about suicide and wasn't particularly interested in the subject. When I noticed Mrs. Van Horne staring at my neck, I began to feel a bit uneasy and almost as if I could actually feel a cord tightening around my throat. Before the goose pimples became too evident, I decided it was time to put the checker board away and help prepare the dinner trays for the patients. As I started for the door, Mrs. Van Horne shouted, "There is dust under my bed, Bridget! How many times must I tell you to dust regularly? I shall cer-

tainly report this to the Count!" I didn't turn to look at her eyes which must have been aglow with anger, but hurried out the door, aghast.

During my meditation, I realized that I had reached Belknap. I entered the day-office and read the night nurse's report: Mrs. Johns slept six hours, very cooperative. Miss Smith five hours, rather restless, paced her room at intervals all night; Miss Brown, eight hours, very cooperative; Mrs. Van Horne, seven hours, talked continually, uncooperative at bed-time, refused her nourishment, and stared at her closet door. Otherwise slept well...

I read the list of duties for the day and discovered that Mrs. Van Horne would be my patient again. After having read the night nurse's report, I decided I should be especially careful as to my method of approach with my patient. It would be interesting to discover which of her two characters she would be portraying this morning.

I took the bathroom keys from the desk drawer and hurried down the hall so that I might prepare Mrs. Van Horne's bath first. Might as well play on the safe side anyway. It always improved her attitude if she knew she was being treated before the other patients. I let the water run until the tub was quarter full, then shut it off, re-locked the door, and went out into the hall and on down to Mrs. Van Horne's room.

When I first opened the door, her room seemed very cold and dark. I walked across the heavy-carpeted floor to turn the shades up and put the window down. On seeing her bed, I noticed, quite surprisingly, that Mrs. Van Horne was already up. As I reached to turn the shade up, my arm touched something warm and hard.

Mrs. Van Horne's body hung to the curtain rod, suspended by her bathrobe belt knotted around her neck. I followed the cold, icy stare of the Countess Gricioli. On the floor at her feet lay harmlessly a small ball of dust.



The Editor's Page

Kilroy dropped into the office yesterday. First thing, he pasted a "was here" sticker over the door and then spelled out a sign that hangs above the desk. "The man sitting behind this desk is generally the editor," read Kilroy. "If he has a long hairy tail he may still be the editor."

"Kilroy, you old sot," I murmured. "pull up one of our over-stuffed chairs and sit... I mean set. Why, I haven't seen you since"... "Ah," Kilroy twitched his bloodshot eyes... "Voulez-vous a la promenade, Mademoiselle." Kilroy sighed. I sighed. "Bat Ears" Murphy, our *Needle Nubbins* man, pulled his head out of a magazine he was scavanging jokes from and sighed.

"Who's yuh friend?" queried Kilroy.

"He's no friend, he just works here," I replied.

Murphy unhinged his lower jaw and glared at me. "Q-q-q-quiet, you... you Baldy of Maine, you," he said, "your irkin' muh tender risibilities."

Kilroy swung his feet up on the desk.

"What's on your mind, Kilroy?" I asked.

"Oh, just thought I'd wander up and case the joint."

"Softly, softly," I murmured. "Somebody else cased the joint about a week or ten days ago, and as a result a group of our citizens are minus a substantial chunk of cabbage. Furthermore," I said, "the local gen-

darnes are perturbed no end and are out to gut... I mean git the gritty grifter."

"Think they'll succeed?" asked Kilroy.

"E Pluribus Union," I said softly rolling my eyes towards the scummy ceiling.

"Well, Kilroy," I said, offering him one of our longest cigar butts, "since this is your first visit to our ever green campus (sorry), what thinkest thou?"

Kilroy choked contentedly on his stogie for a moment, then looked me straight in the eye.

"Shall I be friendly or frank?" he asked.

"Be Frank, be John, Henry, Joseph, and Beelzebub," I yelled, "but don't con me, old Buddy, don't con me. Shoot it straight across the board."

"Well," Kilroy began, "what you people drive vehicles on round here?"

"Oh," I chuckled heartily, "you mean the roads."

"Nup. What you people drive vehicles on round here?"

"Think Notre Dame got a raw deal, Kilroy?" I asked.

"I picked up a copy of that 'thing' and saw where they had some talk on Freshman Rules here a while ago."

I rose. "Kilroy," I grated, "that 'thing' you refer to is 'The Campus,' one of the oldest and most revered organs on the University of Maine scene. It is not meat, that you should disparage it."

"No matter how you slice it it's still baloney," said Kilroy. "See yuh soon," and vanished in a cloud of blue birdseed.

"Good old Kilroy," I murmured, then glanced down at that empty empty desk. "Copy, copy, copy, my God, where is all our copy?"

Murphy issued forth again, and silently handed me a huge hypo. "Here," he murmured, wiggling his left ear, "calm yuh risibilities."

Marriageville

Among those newly arrived in our little community is tiny Elizabeth Irvine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Irvine at 17-G. Baby Beth will not find herself alone as almost every apartment houses one or more or is about to do so.

Bob Dutton is once again among us after a week's stay at a hospital in Boston where he was being treated for a crushed cheek bone. Bob sustained his injury in the Maine-Northeastern game several weeks ago.

The Mr. and Mrs. Steve McPhersons are also the proud parents of a new baby.

Mail delivery and plumbing seem to be the pet gripes in our little colony. One is on the verge of being solved, namely the mail problem. We have received our mail boxes, installed them, addressed them and are now patiently awaiting the arrival of the postman. The plumbing outlook does not look as bright. However, the appropriate measures are being taken to combat the problem and eventually we hope to have things cleared up.

—Andy Gordon

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