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The Pine Needle, vol 5, no 4

Pine Needle Publications

Ted Gross

Jim Barrows

Barbara Mason

Lois Welton

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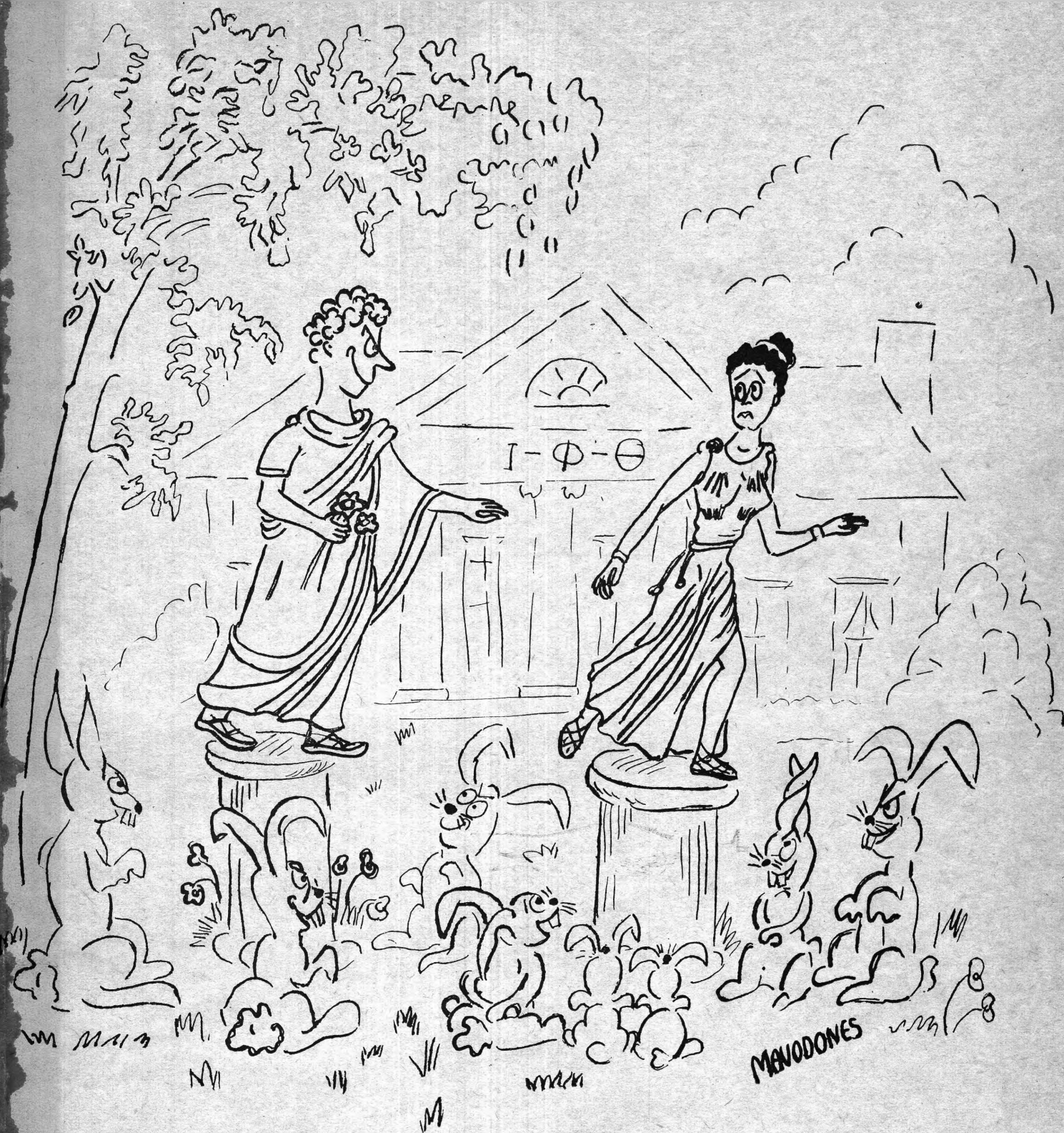
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Authors

Pine Needle Publications, Ted Gross, Jim Barrows, Barbara Mason, Lois Welton, Phyllis Webster, Kinley Roby, and Mase Johnsfield

The Pine Needle



HOUSE PARTY ISSUE

TWO BITS

For a schedule
of House-Party
Activities, see
Pages 12-13



Bass Prose

It's No Joke —

— That you can buy those quality

T-shirts

Sweat shirts

Summer slip-ons

at the

BOOKSTORE

Just the clothing

For those summer camp jobs,

Rough usage,

And general knockabout wear!

They are economical too.

Look them over while we have

A complete stock

We will be glad to fill your mail orders promptly.

How about the kids?

We have their sizes, too!



THE PINE NEEDLE

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

HOUSE PARTY ISSUE

VOL. 5 NO. 4

May, 1951

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GETTING
MARRIED?

Have

Formals

and

Candids

Done

by

Ted
Newhall

Photographer

for

the

PINE NEEDLE

Call Orono 8171

AT HOME

AT THE CHURCH

AT THE RECEPTION

OUT-OF-TOWN

PICTURES

ARE A

PLEASURE

Letters to the Editor...

EDITOR
THE PINE NEEDLE SCARE

DEAR ED:

CONGRATS ON YOUR PARODY
STOP TREMENDOUS JOB STOP
EVERYONE HERE IN PAGO-PAGO
GETTING LARGE CHARGE FROM
IT STOP WILL SEE YOU WHEN
RETURN FROM SABBATICAL
LEAVE STOP LET ME KNOW IF
YOU NEED CASH TO PAY BILLS
STOP STOP STOP

(SIGNED)

DEAN SPLEEN

—Thanks, Dean, for orchids. We
could use a quick hundred. Will see
you on your return. In meantime,
take it easy. That is to say, STOP
STOP STOP STOP.—Ed.

—PN—

My Dear Editor,

I am a Smith College girl and have
a problem. His name is Joe. He at-
tends the U. of M., and has invited
me to your house-party week end in
May. As I said, Joe is a problem. He
is very trying at times. In fact, he is
trying all the time.

Can you counsel me? I'm not sure
what to do. I can't make up my mind
whether to attend the party or not.
I feel so alone in this cold, cruel
world.

With love, darling,
Queenie

—Your problem touches us deeply,
Queenie. You obviously need someone
to hold you close and protect you. We
volunteer. As for Joe, tell him to stop
trying. He's tried and through!—Ed.

—PN—

Dear Editor:

It's happened! The most amazing
thing in the world—astronomically
speaking, that is—has ocured. It hit
some of us—most of us—like a bomb
on Wednesday, May 2, 1951, in the
year of our Lord—if the constella-
tions are correct. And the explosion
couldn't have been any more catas-
trophic if the M-Bomb had given off
its deadly charges. We just couldn't
believe it. It was impossible.

Index of Advertisers

*These businesses extend their
best wishes to the students of
Maine, and request your patron-
age. As you frequent their
stores, please mention that you
saw their ads in The Pine
Needle. They are helping us to
publish a magazine at Maine.*

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Camels	Back Cover

*He who doesn't advertise
is like a man who winks in
a dark room. He knows
what he is doing, but no-
body else does.*

ART IN FLOWERS

**Brockway's
Flower
Shoppe**

15 Central Street
Bangor

Flowers —
— Corsages

Delivery Service
For Formals

GRADUATION
IS NEAR

Don't miss a
single session
in your course
at

P A T ' S
IN ORONO

— Where Old Friends
Get Together —

—
Lunches - Refreshments
—

Open 6 a. m. to 1 a. m.

PHONE ORONO 469

You sure guessed it. Mr. Jordan has changed the astronomy prelims. Do you realize what this means? After seventeen years of using the same tests, Mr. Jordan has at last received a message from the constellations, and the message exploded into our laps in the form of essay questions. This is no longer the course it was cracked up to be, kids. You can throw away your old prelims. Take them out on a bright, sunny, and windy day, and let them fly. Who knows, maybe some of them will find their proper homes—they were such heavenly things.

Astronomy class in the years past was the place where you caught up on the latest movie story or some long, long lost correspondence—but no more. You'd better think twice before going into it. Take it from someone who knows. It's no snap.

For seventeen years students have been coming to the university, paying about \$2.50 for this course, and for what? Because it was a requirement and because we could cheat. Honesty had no place there, and when you think about it, how could it? Without the old prelims you were sunk. It's all changed now. The gruesome fact remains that now a person will have to actually listen to the invigorating subject matter that will pour forth from the professor's mouth.

To all of the newcomers to this course I have but one remark to make—happy landings, you'll be flying pretty high!

I remain yours,
Astronomically speaking,
Anne M. Dutille

—We knew it all the time, Anne.
We read it in the stars.—Ed.

—PN—

Dear Editor:

Whassa deal? What the hell a you running, an old maid's annual? Where's the dirty jokes? Wha' hopen to the sexy pictures?

Look, schnook, I put money inna your rag and I expect to see some action. Get going.

Yours sincerely,
Stew Dentbody

—OK, beby. You ask for it,
hey!—Ed.

Planning

A Wedding?

See

BOYD AND NOYES

for

diamonds and
wedding bands

Treworgy's

5 1.00
and Stores and
10 UP

YOUR VARIETY
STORE IN

O R O N O

GOING FISHING?

GET YOUR TACKLE AT

Burpee-Davidson Co.

CORNER OF MILL AND
MAIN STREETS, ORONO

—FLIES—STREAMERS—RODS—
REELS—AND 'MOST
EVERYTHING—

BURNHAM DRUG

— the Rexall Store —

WILFRED KING, REG. PHARM.

OLD TOWN, MAINE

Questionnaire

For A House - Party Date

Application for a house-party-week-end date at the U. of M.

Please write plainly and with ink. Answer ALL questions truthfully.

Name Phone

Street No. City

Age Color Hair Weight Height Eyes Bust

Complexion Figure (underline one) Poor Fair Good Excellent

Are you married? How long? Does he travel?

Do you have a nickname? What is it?

How did you get it? Do you dance? What steps?

Do you eat often? How often?

What is your capacity of the following (don't be bashful)?

Scotch Bourbon Beer Rum Gin Wine

Do you neck? Why?

Do you make whoopee? When? Why?

Will you try anything once? More than once? Why?

Do you consider yourself a good girl? Why?

Do you smoke? Indicate favorite brand

Do your parents object to Maine men? Why?

Estimate car fare from your home to the following:

Bar Harbor Pushaw Pond Bus depot Union station

Can you drive? Own a car? Make Model

Do you prefer the front or the back seat? Why?

Do you like to get up early? Why?

Do you like to stay out late? How late? Why?

Have you already formed your opinion of Maine men? What is it?

How did you form it?

Are you sure of this? Why?

Nevertheless, can I have a date?

Time Place

Sign here:

(Application will not be accepted
without an enclosed picture)

A Jab of the Needle

If you can write your best with noise
about you,
And lose a line and then come back
with two;
If you can look for ads when all men
doubt you,
And find a way to meet the payments
due;
If you can wait for copy and keep
waiting,
And, being criticized, don't criticize,
Or be much ridiculed without de-
flating,
And yet be praised and wear the
same hat size:

If you can sell for days and weeks
and longer,
If you can cut where cutting should
be done,
If you can drink your coffee black
and stronger,
And stay up nights until you greet
the sun;
If you can bear to see the things
you've written,
Made fun of in the *Campus* every
week,
Or feel your whole semester's work
be smitten,
By some who do not know of what
they speak:

If you can make one heap of your re-
jections,
And laughing burn them there before
your face,
Then write a story of mankind's per-
fections,
While hating the whole damned hu-
man race;
If you can force your typewriter to
serve you,
Even though the ribbon's long been
gone,
And play the clown whenever you are
too blue,
'Cause humor's what this issue's based
upon:

If you can work a year without re-
gretting,
Or wishing that you'd never started
in,
And forget all that's worth forget-
ting,
While helping a new staff to begin;
If you can fill the ever-empty pages,
With nothing but good facts, fiction
and fun,
Yours is *The Pine Needle* in all its
stages,
And which is more—you're editor,
my son.



With the above salute to our new editor, written by our worthy colleague and contributor, Barnyard Glinpik, we end one error (no, no, Mr. Printer, the word is *era*) of Pine Needle history, and enter another. We will owe all the success of this issue to the patience which the retiring staff has shown toward us, and all our failures next year to our own eleven-fingered ineptness.

Thanks to the student body for their many compliments on our *SCARE* issue. Last year we did a parody on *The Maine Campus*. This year we did one on *Flair* magazine. Next year, be on the watch for what we hope will be an even bigger and better parody number.

With or without the approval of that guy Sten Dentbody up there on the Needle's point, we're off in a thunderous whirl of Three Feathers and the galloping hoof-beats of a Moscow Mule. Congrats to those on the old staff who burned the midnight whale fat over many an issue. From here on in, we're on our own, and may the Social Affairs Committee take the hindmost—let us pray.



WERE YOU SCARED?

Well, it happened. We were afraid it was going to, and it did. A few days ago a lad climbed the three flights of stairs to the editorial office, and both complimented us and shocked us.

"Pretty fair issue you put out last time," he said. "That *SCARE* was a good take-off on *Flair*."

We beamed.

"When's the next *SCARE* coming out," he asked. We collapsed.

When we recovered we kicked him non-too-gently back down the stairs, reminding him that it takes a lot of time and patience to sit down with scissors and cut holes in the covers of 1400 magazines.

YUK!

By the way, gentle reader, you may have noticed that there was nary a joke, as such, in *SCARE*. That followed the policy of the parodied magazine. But don't you worry; we saved all the jokes, and have put even more of them than ever in this issue. Read on, if you dare . . .

GO TO YOUR CORNERS . . .

Just to swing the conversation back to the present, we'd like to throw in this little gem about an incident that took place not too long ago in a journalism class. It was about the time of MacArthur's removal from his top position in the Far East.

Two journalism majors entered the class room shortly after class had gotten under way, and at once began a heated argument on MacArthur's abilities and on the potentialities of that gentleman as a presidential candidate.

The instructor was a substitute that day, and appeared somewhat perturbed. Classmates of the "debaters" cast sheepish and half-apologetic eyes toward him.

The argument grew more heated, and the antagonists were suddenly on their feet, facing each other, and ready for a slugfest.

They relaxed only when the instructor called for order and issued a class assignment to all present. The assignment was for each student to rush to a typewriter and write a news story on the incident.

SURE THING

Quote from an instructor in the Department of Government:

"From now on, there will be a slight 'commercial' before and after each lecture, explaining to you the benefits of majoring in government. Major in government, you see, and you'll be sure of a job when you graduate!"

AS WE ONCE SAID

A word to the wise is infuriating.

THANKS A LOT

One of the boys in the dorm left his room for a few minutes the other night, leaving also unguarded a box of fudge. He returned to find some of the fudge gone, and this note in its place.

My Dear Mr. Williams,

This note will be but a feeble and wholly inadequate attempt to confer my deep-felt gratitude upon you for having made accessible that delicious product of the culinary art. So selfless an act, to permit a wanderer to delight his palate with such an exquisite blending and processing of those ingredients which seemingly so often undergo modification of a kind that results in nothing short of torment to the gourmet's taste buds. It is just such an opportunity and such preparation that renews and deepens my faith in both the

altruism of human nature and the beautiful possibilities of the culinary art. Ah, but words, but words are so clumsy. They only serve to suggest, in their inadequate fashion, to approximate that inner sensation that transcends all language. It would take one more poetic than I to describe the significance of such an act as yours or to analogize the sensations which I have experienced as a result. Suffice it to say that thy name art Kindness.

A Wandering Beggar

AH, SHADDUP!

Remark of one student to another, who bragged loudly during finals of the paper he had just written: "You Gahdamn curve-raiser!"

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

By the way, for the many copies of this issue that you'll want to mail to families and friends, *The Pine Needle* staff has a special personalized service of clipping out the off-color jokes. Just rip off the head of your favorite mailman, and . . .

AND THEN AGAIN

Every time someone explains a surrealistic painting to us, we realize that things can't be as bad as they are painted.

FREE PRESS?

Girls, it is said, are like newspapers. They have forms, they always have the last word, back numbers are not in demand, they have great influence, you can't believe everything they say, they're thinner than they used to be, they get along by advertising, and every man should have his own and not try to borrow his neighbor's.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

Orchids is pretty,
Dandelions ain't;
I got my girl dandelions
And some orchid paint.

THIS IS IT

The grass is green, green, green.
The sky is blue, blue, blue. The buildings are red, red, red. The flag pole is high, high, high. The trees are budding, budding, budding. The birds are chirping, chirping, chirping.

"What's that you say, Stew Dentbody? You *don't like this*?"

"Look, Dentbody, you're getting pretty damned fussy for a triple-jointed silhouette!"

"You *still* don't like it? Well, Gertrude Stein gets good money for this kind of stuff. Yeah. Look, what do you want for two bits, Erskine Caldwell?"

FROM HERE TO THERE

Life Savers have a new contest, which is being run in *The Pine Needle* on another page. They offer \$100 in prizes for the winners.

The rules:

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.

3. First prize will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1951. All entries must be post-

marked prior to that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

ON THE HOUSE

Don't miss the special section on house parties which is printed in this issue. It contains a lot of new material, as well as a few of the old favorite yarns and gags which are reprinted on popular request.

And fraternity men—insist that your prospective house-party date fill in the house-party questionnaire. Don't commit yourself in any way until you make sure her form is properly filled out.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a public dance hall:

"He who hesitates is not dancing."

HE WAS FRAMED!

One night old man Wimple decided he'd do a bit of tinkering about the house, and took it upon himself to revarnish the seat in the bathroom. Young Johnny came home late from a party and, not knowing about the paint, got stuck. His struggles to get loose woke the old man, but their efforts were in vain. Finally the old man took the seat off and drove poor Johnny to the family doctor. The sawbones turned him sunnyside-up and was about to start work, when Johnny remarked:

"Did you ever see anything like that before?"

"Oh, sure," chuckled the doc, "Lots of times, but I'll be darned if this isn't the first time I ever saw one framed!"

HMMMMM DEPARTMENT

Question: How many magazines does it take to fill a baby carriage?

Answer: One *Mademoiselle*, one *Country Gentleman*, a *Look*, a few *Liberties*, and *Time*.

He Who Laughs Last . . .

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

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

"No," replied the other, "but she certainly is retiring."

1st She: "I was getting fond of Joe until he got fresh and spoiled it all."

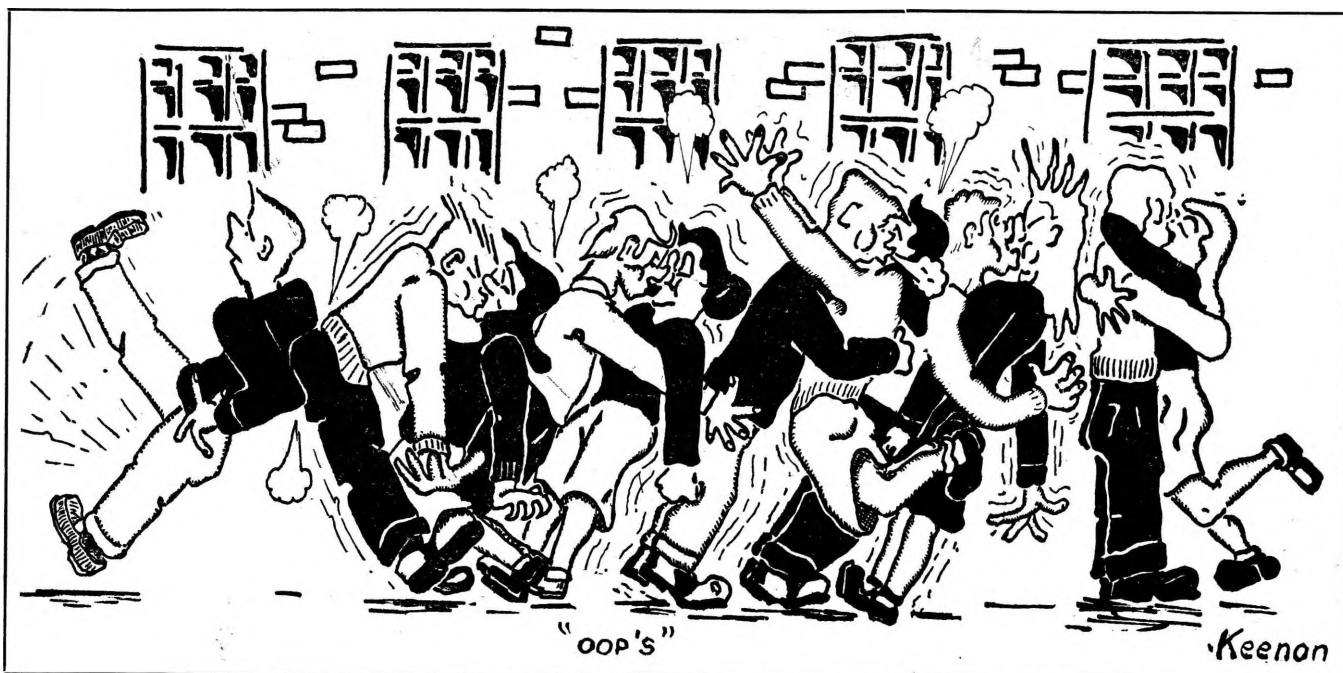
2nd She: "Yes, isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything."

A campus wheel to his queen: "I wonder why the popular guys always get the prettiest girls?"

Queen: "Why, you conceited thing!"

A city lawyer visited a small town one day to try a case. As he drove into town, he spied a small boy on the corner. "Say, son," he questioned, "can you show me to the courthouse?"

"There ain't none, mister," was the reply, "you gotta pick 'em up on the street."



"OOP'S"

Keenon

House Party Etiquette

Ed. note—The following information was adapted from Emily Post's book on "Etiquette," by Maines own authority on the subject, Telemetry Pole. It is presented herewith as a service to our many house party readers.

What Shall She Wear?

The first question that popped into your mind (are we taking too much for granted?) when you received the invitation was, undoubtedly, *What can I wear?* The answer is simple. Dress to suit your personality. If you don't have a personality—well, that's your problem, but you'll get awful chilly.

Friday night will be formal. Shoes are in order.

Saturday is outing day. Everything is out of order.

Sunday you'll go to church. A hat is the costume of the day.

Sunday night—oh, what the hell, you're going home then, anyhow.

When Wrong Clothes Spell Failure

If the college should happen to be in a warm climate—well, that ain't Maine, so forget it. But at a college that is, let's say, snowbound (and don't take this May weather too seriously), the skin from a giant mammoth is very appropriate daytime wear. You'll feel rather silly wading through drifts up to here in your humming-bird's-skin slippers and locust-wing gown.

The "Thank You" Present

Except for whatever she may purchase in the way of clothes, a girl's expenses are limited to those of traveling. It is true that in a number of colleges it is a rather charming custom for one to contribute toward a "thank you" present presented to the house. But remember, never tap it before you have formally presented it to the fraternity.

Don'ts For All House-Party Visitors

DON'T put off looking at your bag until the last moment; your date never does.

DON'T arrive with a shabby, down-at-heel suitcase; you'll never sell any brushes that way. (Oh, no, that's another chapter.)

DON'T forget to dress mentally as



"Don't you dare!"

you pack. Stockings? Now, shoes? Slip? Dress? (Sounds like a striptease in reverse.)

DON'T make your luggage one inch bigger or one ounce heavier than necessary. Who do you think's meeting you at the station, Tarzan?

Upon your arrival at the house, DON'T greet the House Mother and other chaperons as though they were inanimate objects. That's only a nasty rumor—besides, the party hasn't even started yet.

DON'T show an alive and interested manner toward the boys and indifference towards the girls. Just be indifferent toward them all.

DON'T claim the bed you like best by throwing your bag on it. Throw back the covers and walk on the sheets with your shoes on. That'll discourage late-comers.

DON'T take up more than exactly your share of the closet space and drawer space. Take your choice and sleep in either one place or the other.

DON'T monopolize the bathroom. It gets cold, waiting in line out there in the backyard.

DON'T leave rubbish behind you when you leave. Ask your date to go home with you for a few days.

DON'T forget, throughout your stay, to respect the wishes of the house mother. Well, you can pretend you'd rather play "London Bridge is Falling Down" then go parking.

DON'T forget to say goodbye to everyone when you leave. And don't bother to close the door behind you. They'll see that it's closed after they've thrown your suitcase out to you.

Do's For All House-Party Visitors

*

**Ed. Note—This space is left blank by the author, who has full respect for the imagination and/or discretion of all visitors.*

My God, how mellow can a guy get? He's sure to drop dead before this dance is over. A cute little man, though—rather pop-eyed. My eyeballs would pop, too, if I'd been on the binge he's been on. I suppose he thinks I believe all those yarns he's so diligently spinning. Entertain me. Sorry, I had to get the kid-sister a date for house parties. Well, she has gotten me one!

"He's from the same fraternity as Throckmorton is, so he must be nice!" Nice, huh? He was swell. Grandmother must have let him out for the big reunion. I didn't mind his bald head. I didn't even mind bending over backwards to keep from squashing his protruding stomach. Did I like older men? Of course I did; I did until I met you, you old vulture. You're so old you're getting senile.

It was when he asked me to go out and (Ha, Ha!) have a cigarette that I decided little sister wanted to dance the next one with another man.

Then I met Shorty of the fabulous stories. Where had he been all my life? Well, too far, I know. Not any more. Oh, no? Where did I go to school? Miss Schoenfeldt's school for the Mentally Incompetent? That's a new twist. These wise guys are always thinking up new twists. I'd like to give him one.

That tall redhead; with him I could

It was a house party . . . She was both

Lost And Found

ON REQUEST
REPRINTED

wear my triple-decker spikes. Well, yes, I would love to dance with him. I can see he's really taken out lots of girls. What a line! He said one sentence to me all during the dance: "It's a good party, isn't it?"

Of course it was. The band was real good. Pete and his Petrified Players. I could go on like this forever. At least this one is sober. Poor Pete must be exhausted. He's finally stopped playing. I guess I should go to the powder room and repair my floor burns.

"Oh, I really must. It's been real."
"Real what?"

I should have known he'd ask that; but he'll learn. They all do. Learn what? This could become quite a rut if I let it go on.

There goes Pete again. I'd know him anywhere. Well, I must dash out into the fray, I suppose. This is my lucky day. The guest of honor is going to ask me to dance. Dizzy Gil-

lespie, no less. This cat must have grown the goatee special for his house-party debut. Those glasses are real sharp and there's nothing like a tam, of sorts—but at a formal?

He must be their protegy; probably that drawl attracts girls like flies. What a dance this is! This guy is very, very fine. When I can stop to breathe I'll get his dossier for further reference.

"Oh, I'm completely exhausted. Wouldn't you like to sit out the rest of this one? I've noticed you dancing all evening. No—I do believe you could keep it up all evening, but I—of course I'm no square, but—"

Thank heaven, the music's stopped. "Yes, again." Again if he can dig me out of my burrow.

This blond is more my type. He really seems to have some sort of appeal. Very blond men complement me. Not a bad dancer, not so good as Diz, of course.

"Enjoying the party?"

"Yes, but why does everyone have to get stoned to have a good time?" (Me playing the naive, innocent type.)

"It adds life, zest, zing, you know what I mean." I knew what he meant, and how!

"Want a drink?"

"Well, yes." Oh, woman, your defenses are collapsing. The blond bomber leads me to the bar. You meet more people there; I had no idea there were so many people in the place. One drink—two drinks—three drinks—four—uh-uh!

"Come on, there's only one time a year like this."

Why didn't we go out to his little car for some air? They're all alike; the faces are different so you can tell them apart, but they're all alike.

"No, I really have to find my sister Lulu." Dear Lulu, probably passed out under some stray table. Undoubtedly it is *the thing* to be pinned, but it does have its disadvantages.

Intermission. I feel like an intermission. It's about time someone thought of having one. A girl can

(Continued on Page 22)



"What happened, did he kiss you goodnight?"



In the end of May on the University of Maine campus the grass is cut short. Workers mow the grass and it's short and clean. There's a slight wind in the air, and leaves from the trees cover a green floor made alive by the light feet of the college crowd. Overhead there's a blue sky and a sun, and the day is long and the night is short. And when the night comes the wind grows cool, and there're dances and rallies. Sometimes there're car rides. Sometimes the dancers fall in love.

Something beautiful's happened to me. I've become a dancer. I danced Spring House Parties. She was Ann, and I was fixed up. I didn't want to be fixed up and I had looked forward to an uncomfortable week-end; but when I met her at the train and we rode back to the house in my small coupe, I saw that it wasn't going to be too bad. She was slight, quiet, gentle, and her fingernails weren't cut straight. Her short tawny hair was meticulously careless in the wind. It was like being hit in the stomach. Something hit me in the stomach and made me feel strange all over when I walked into the fraternity house with Ann beside me.

Ann was staying at the dormitory for the week end. We began to leave for there after I had shown her about the house. The boys in the house were impressed. I was lucky. For a blind date I was lucky.

"That's the library up ahead," I said, as we drove off. We went inside.

"I like your library," Ann told me.

"It's new. It's only a few years old."

"I like your house, too," she said.

I left her at the dorm, and went back to the house and dressed. I dressed in a rented white dinner jacket and a white shirt, a red bow tie, red boutonniere, handkerchief, and a rented pair of tuxedo pants. Everyone was rushing.

The whole house was rushing to get ready for the evening. Girls from all over New England were visiting fellows at the house, and I had a girl, too, and I was part of this crowd, rushing, shaving, showering. . . .

Hey, let me into the bathroom—you've been there an hour now . . . someone got black shoe polish? who's got black shoe polish? . . . who can tie a bow tie? . . . hey, some babe you've got, Mike—some babe . . .

I thought it was going to be rotten, dressing in a straight jacket someone had called a tuxedo. But it wasn't. It felt good to be clean and crisp. It felt good to get into that car, my hair tingling, my body loose, relaxed, a cigarette in my hand. It felt good. Mighty good.

I didn't have to wait very long for Ann. She came down, shimmering in her full blue evening gown, and we left and went to the Anchorage to sit and talk a little. I looked at her. My body felt pleasantly strange.

"We're not a blind date," I said.

"I knew that."

"I should thank Tom for this."

"And I'll thank you."

"Go ahead."

"Thanks."

"The pleasure's all mine."

"You've got a scar on the tip of your nose," she said. "It's pretty."

"It gets red when I'm embarrassed."

"It's red."

"And blue when I'm having a good time."

"It's blue."

I couldn't stop looking into her eyes. They were blue, but more than that—someone had thrown in a couple tints of other colors to make those eyes more exciting.

"Want to leave?" I asked.

"All right. Anything you say."

"Let's leave."

We left. The banquet dinner was just beginning by the time we got back to the house. It was seven o'clock. I made friends with the world that night. Everyone in my house that I'd ever had the slightest squabble with seemed grand that night. And I smiled. All night I smiled.

Oh, it feels good to have your whole body smile, and to dance to fast and slow and different types of music, and to feel your dancing is perfect, and that everything you do is perfect.

"Let's go see the chaperons," I said to Ann.

She was just five feet three with her heels on, and when we walked and I had my arm about her, she pressed snugly against me. And she didn't talk too much to the chaperons. But when she did talk, she said something.

The den had a few couples talking, and someone said something funny and I turned to Ann sitting next to me.

"Let's never stop laughing," I said.

"All right, we'll never stop laughing."

"I haven't laughed for a long time like I'm laughing now. It feels good."

"I'm glad," she said. "Mike, let's dance."

"All right, let's dance."

We left the dance a little early, and I drove out to the road leading to Pushaw lake and halted the car. I smoked. She didn't smoke. We sat there and said nothing.

"Mike?" she said after a while.

"Yes?"

"Kiss me."

I slept late the next morning and called Ann on the phone at noon. She had been up for an hour.

"How're you, lazy bones?"

"Tired."

"Of me?"

"No; just tired."

"Well, wake up."

"Okay—one, two, I'm all awake."

"What goes today?"

"Hampden Canoe Club."

"Sounds ritzy."

"It's not."

"Good. What time?"

"We'll have breakfast in about half an hour."

The Pleasure's All Mine

by Ted Gross

"I'm starved. See you soon."

"Okay," I said. "And Ann—"

"Ummm?"

"I like you."

"Shh," she whispered. "Not so loud."

"See you in half an hour."

"Bye."

I raced upstairs and washed and dressed. Some of my brothers made fun. I didn't care. They knew what was happening—they knew it and made fun, but I laughed back at them. This time I didn't mind the fun. Now, the fun was all right.

Ann was wearing pedal-pushers when I picked her up at the dorm—red pedal-pushers that should have come to her knees, but almost reached her ankles, she was so short; and she wore a white blouse with a blue sweater over it, and little white-buck shoes and white socks. She was barely five feet. I could have crushed her there. We left for breakfast. I never eat breakfast ordinarily, but breakfast that morning was loads of fun. I had an awful

lot to eat.

Somewhere on the way to the Hampden Canoe Club we stopped and bought a bag of peanuts, and ate some of them, and then we saw some roses in a garden, and we stopped the car and went out and took one. Ann fell down in the garden. The lady came out and told us to please leave. We left. We had the rose.

We played some softball that afternoon, and Ann had trouble with the bat, but it was fun. Later we stole off to the woods, hand in hand. It was a long walk, and after a while we found a side road, and then a house on the side road, and there were apples on a stand outside the house. We bought a couple. They were large and juicy and red, and watered our mouths and made our insides feel fine.

"Want to start back?" I said.

"I'd like to stay out all day."

"Me, too."

"That sun's never going to set."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

We went to the movies that night and saw a musical. She beat her fingers on my hand in time to the music; I don't quite remember that movie, but when I left the theater I was convinced that it deserved the academy award.

A bite to eat and back to the dorm, and a good-night kiss. Two of them. Maybe three. One drifting into the next, and somewhere in the distance someone was flashing a light, telling us that it was late and time for the girls to be in. A pressing of the hands. A tightening of the throat. A peck on the cheek. A watering of the eyes.

"Good-night, Ann."

"Night, Mike."

"Tomorrow, 'bout nine. Righto?"

"Righto."

"Night."

"Night."

She had to leave early, that next day, so she could be back in Boston by evening. I guess it was better that way. I called for her at nine and we went to Bangor and ate breakfast, and then went to the train. We got on the train and I put her bag away, and then I sat down on the seat next to her. We sat there, quiet. My throat felt like a nut tightened on a screw.

"Ann," I said.

"Yes, Mike?"

"I'll write."

"Me too."

"Maybe I'll see you in Boston when vacation comes."

"Yes."

"It's been swell."

"I've had a swell time."

"I'll write."

"Yes. Good-bye, Mike."

"Bye, Ann. This hasn't been a blind date, has it?"

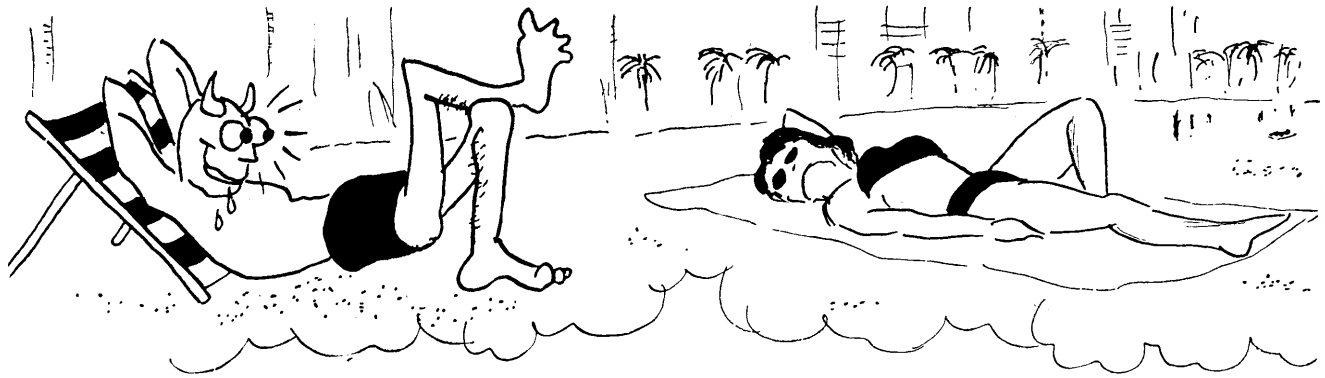
"No, Mike—it hasn't been. Thanks for a wonderful week-end."

"The pleasure's been all mine."

I left her then. The train began to move. We waved. Then I went in and had a cup of coffee.

I drove back to the campus. I made up the sleep I had lost the night before. When I awoke, I looked out the window.

Something beautiful's happened to me. I've become a dancer. I danced Spring House Parties. Ann and I were fixed up



Here's What

Ed. Note—All scheduled activities will take place in the chapter houses unless otherwise designated.

Alpha Gamma Rho

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a. m., Jack McDonough and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Green Lake, 12 n.-6 p.m.

Alpha Tau Omega

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Buffet dinner, 6 p.m.

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Nat Diamond and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Bar Harbor, 12 n.-6 p.m.

Delta Tau Delta

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Sammy Saliba and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing and shore dinner, Bar Harbor, 12 n.-6 p.m.

Informal vic dance, 8:30 p.m.-11:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Dinner for guests, 1 p.m.

Kappa Sigma

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Bobby Jones and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Campus activities, all day

Informal vic dance, 8:30 p.m.-11:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Dinner for guests, 12:30 p.m.

Lambda Chi Alpha

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 8:30 p.m.-1 a.m., Al Corey and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Cherry Neck, 10:30 a.m.-3 p.m.

Phi Eta Kappa

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, "Serenade in Blue," 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Five Tones orchestra

Phi Kappa Sigma

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 8:30 p.m.-1 a.m., Woody Woodsum and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Cold Stream Lake, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Dinner, 12:30 p.m.

Phi Mu Delta

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Bobby Jones and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Camden Snow Bowl, 12 n.-6 p.m.

Informal vic dance, 8 p.m.-11:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Dinner for guests, 12:30 p.m.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Joe Avery and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Sunset Lodge, Bar Harbor, 12 n.-6 p.m.; Banquet at 1:30 p.m.

Informal vic dance, 8 p.m.-12 m.

Sigma Nu

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, "White Rose Formal," 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Lloyd Rafnell and his orchestra



They're Doing

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Hampden Yacht Club, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.
Informal vic dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Banquet, 1 p.m.

Sigma Phi Epsilon

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, Log Lodge, Lucerne-in-Maine, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Jimmy Hawes and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Sand Beach, Bar Harbor, 12 n.-6 p.m.
Informal dance, Stillwater Firehouse, 8 p.m.-12 m., Jimmie Hawes Trio

Tau Epsilon Phi

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Costume vic dance, "Comic Capers," 8 p.m.-1 a.m.; entertainment

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Garden Party and Buffet Supper, 6 p.m.-8 p.m.
Formal dance, 9 p.m.-12 m., Sammy Saliba and his orchestra

Tau Kappa Epsilon

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Penobscot Valley Country Club, Woody Woodsum and his orchestra

Theta Chi

FRIDAY, MAY 18

Buffet dinner, 7:30 p.m.-8 p.m.
Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Ray McHenry and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 19

Outing, Bar Harbor State Park, 9 a.m.-3:30 p.m.
Informal vic dance, 8:30 p.m.-12 m.

SUNDAY, MAY 20

Dinner for guests, 12:45 p.m.

And Next Week End . . .

Beta Theta Pi

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Buffet dinner, 7 p.m.-9 p.m.
Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Doc Rafnell's club orchestra
Outing, Camden Snow Bowl, 12 n.-6 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

Dinner for guests, 1 p.m.
Shore dinner, Bar Harbor, 5 p.m.

Phi Gamma Delta

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Formal dance, 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Ray Downs and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 26

Outing, Hampden Canoe Club, 12 n.-6 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

Dinner for guests, 12:15 p.m.

Sigma Chi

FRIDAY, MAY 25

Buffet dinner, 5 p.m.-6 p.m.
Formal dance, "Sweetheart Formal," 9 p.m.-1 a.m., Ray McHenry and his orchestra

SATURDAY, MAY 26

Outing, Sunset Lodge, Bar Harbor, 10:30 a.m.-6 p.m.
Informal vic dance, 8 p.m.-11 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 27

Dinner for guests, 12:30 p.m.

If Winter Comes



Yesterday, I woke up. I opened my eyes almost wide open and looked thoughtfully around my attic. I was hungry. I patted my stomach and closed my eyes again. I had been in the attic all winter. The boys in my fraternity were very nice to me. They knew I wasn't used to people going out in the winter-time yet. This was only my second year at college. They let me stay in my attic. All by myself. I opened my eyes again. The sun was shining through the holes in the roof. I was very hungry. I looked at my watch. It was spring.

I crawled out from under the dirt which they had piled over me. They were very thoughtful. I brushed a cockroach off my nose. It was spring. I was happy. But I was still hungry. I turned cartwheels down the stairs and fell into the kitchen. Three of my fraternity brothers were there eating eggs and and bacon and toast. They were drinking coffee, too. I looked up and blubbered brightly, "It's spring."

They told me it had been spring for two months. I felt hurt. "Oh," I said,

"my watch must be slow; why didn't somebody wake me?" They spit on me.

"I'm hungry," I said. They threw me two egg-shells and set a pan of bacon grease in front of me. I whimpered gratefully.

My hunger and thirst satisfied, I thought of Benzedrena. My beautiful Benzedrena. I had kissed her good-night in the fall. In November, just before Thanksgiving. She would be waiting for me. I was late.

I had known Benzedrena all my life. We had grown up together in Rappensack Hollow. Someday, I knew my life's dream would be realized. Someday she would speak to me. Maybe—maybe, I thought, today will be my lucky day. I grabbed the keyring of a passing brother and pulled myself from the floor. He kicked me, but I didn't mind. It was spring, and I would soon be with Benzedrena.

I stumbled through the back door of the house, and hurried toward Nestacreek Hall. The grass was green. The sun was shining. Strange creatures hurried past me. They had

books under their arms and wore horn-rimmed glasses. Suddenly, I remembered. They were students like myself. Everything was just as I had left it in November. I inhaled deeply. I knew then that I hadn't forgotten. I was going in the right direction. The barns were in back of Nestacreek.

When I reached the door of Nestacreek I was trembling. No, I wasn't trembling. It was just the gentle spring breeze ruffling my potato sack. I turned the knob excitedly. It came off in my hand. Not to be denied, I took out a stick of dynamite and blew the door down.

The receptionist smiled warmly when I entered. "You're playful," she said. I blushed. "Benzedrena Wittlewump," I drooled. She winked at me with both eyes, and went to the buzzer and rang nineteen long and one hundred and seven short. After a two hour wait, she turned to me again and said, "She'll be right down."

I fell to the floor in a fit of passion and breathed heavily. "Do you have asthma?" the receptionist asked, as she lay down beside me.

"No," I sighed blushing again, "it's spring."

"So it is," she breathed in my ear, moving closer.

I stabbed her with a butcher knife I was carrying for just such emergencies, and pushed her body away.

An hour later a foot stepped heavily in my face. I recognized it as Benzedrena's. She was a girl with a sole. I sprang to my feet. "Come, let us walk about the campus," I said gallantly. She took me by my hair and we walked happily through the remnants of the doorway.

When we were alone amidst the whispering pine trees, gazing longingly across the Killwater River, I looked deep into her eyes and said, "Benzedrena—oh, Benzedrena—it's—it's spring."

She raised her head to me, her green eye flashing, her brown one drooping becomingly, and her blue one closed in expectation. "It is," she said.

And then—then, I was the happiest man in the world. My dreams had all come true. It was spring, and Benzedrena had spoken.

CAMPUS GLAMOUR



Nancy Schott

Here's our girl-of-the-issue, with a twinkle in her eye and a tinkle in her voice. Nancy is a member of the Class of '53, and resides in Balentine Hall. Vital statistics give her age as nineteen and her height as five feet, three inches. She has light-brown hair and the prettiest blue eyes. Nancy is studying for the career of a medical technician, is a member of Der Deutsche Verein, and plays field hockey. Nice, what?

It was House Party Week End

He was only a Dorm Man

He thought he would see what was going on in

BANGOR

by Jim Barrows

Freese's red neon sign cast its tint onto the low-hanging fog. The lights were dim orbs spreading out into the quiet streets, still wet and glistening from the shower.

The bus turned the corner, its gears churning to a halt at the waiting station, and, with a loud SSSSHHHH and a rattle, opened its door.

He was in his twenties. His face had been marked, toughened by years of sailing. He had run a boat out of one of those small prosperous towns where the houses were all painted white, and had big picture windows, and were empty most of the winter.

He stepped solidly from the bus, tacking toward Main Street. His blue eyes searched the crowd of passing girls. He smiled. They smiled back.

Might as well walk up Main . . .

The bell in City Hall toned the hour of eight with its single, profound clang. The sound . . .

It was something like Big Ben. You were lying on the rug in front of the fireplace, both of you taking in the warmth, when Big Ben toned its soft echoes across the city.

He had seen Big Ben, from Westminster Bridge, and the bobby shooping the couple from under the bridge, and he had heard the echoes.

And he was stuck in a damn dorm! With freshmen—young kids, at that. Noisy freshmen.

The quiet had reached him while he was washing up after a particularly poor supper. It made him seek out companionship. His steps in the corridor had echoed noisily, reminding him of his alone-ness. He swore, threw on a light coat, and caught the bus.

He bowled a few strings by himself, called a 97 fair, and took in a show. Anything to kill an evening. He headed for a cocktail lounge (it was advertised as such), and ordered a stinger.

He drank, and thought of the girl who'd introduced him to London, warm beer, and quots. It had been her fireplace, too, until one day, while

he was away at the post, the screaming motor in the sky stopped suddenly, and the city waited for the explosion.

He remembered two supple arms about his neck, a warm cheek, and drank again.

She was sitting against the wall at the next table, not staring, just

watching him. He glanced at her. Their eyes met.

She finished her drink, not hurrying, and came over to his table. He nodded. She sat down next to him.

The waiter approached. Jim ordered for both of them.

"You should have asked," she chided. "After all, whiskey and gin don't mix too well." Jim said nothing.

"But I'm used to mixing them," she added. He felt like a dog trying to make friends.

She was twenty-two or three, a blonde blonde, not one of the brunette kind you see in lots of places like that. Why yes, she had come in alone to drink. Oh, damn what people thought!

"You learn all kinds of things in New York colleges," she told him, her eyes twinkling.

Her name was Sharon—she spelled it for him—and . . .

"Same old story," she told Jim. "Guy meets girl. Guy leads girl on. Girl discovers guy has a wife and kiddies. And it's over."

Men were rats, Jim said.

Not all men. Some were stinkers, but a girl liked to have a shoulder to cry on once in a while.

She glanced at her watch. "Time for me to go home." Jim helped her into her coat. "You may walk me home if you like," she offered.

They stood on the steps of her home, and she said:

"Thanks for a swell evening, and for putting up with me, and everything."

"Heck, anytime," Jim said, and there was that awkward silence.

She started to turn the door knob, thought better of it, and kissed him.

He thought of Big Ben, from Westminster Bridge, and the screaming motors in the sky.

She stood there, arms around his neck.

"I'll call you about tomorrow night," he said.

He walked down toward State Street. London was the farthest thing from his mind.

Party — Party

People grasping
Cocktail glasses
Stand in gasping,
Teeming masses.
People smoking,
People drinking,
Coughing, choking,
Getting stinking.
Some discreetly
Boiled or fried;
Some completely ossified.
Liquor spilling,
Trousers sopping,
Steady swilling,
Bodies dropping.
Glasses falling
On the floor;
People calling,
"Drop some more."
Bodies steaming,
Morals stretching,
Women screaming,
Some still fetching,
Heavy smoking,
Air gets thicker.
Someone croaking,
"No more liquor" . . .
What? What???

No
more
liquor . . .
People snicker,
Unbelieving,
No more liquor?
Let's be leaving.
No more drinking?
Groans and hisses!
What a stinking
Party this is.

STARS SHINE IN TALENT SHOW

Talent from all over campus was on hand that night, and the audience loved it. A great bunch of kids stepped into the spotlight and performed. Competition was so keen that two tests had to be made with the applause meter before winners could be accurately determined.

It was the second *Pine Needle* Talent Show, held Friday, April 13, in Memorial Gym. The two-hour program included singers, dancers, instrumental numbers, and combination acts. The student and faculty audience cheered each performer heartily, and called for more.

And out of it all came the favorites—the harmonizing Varsity Three and piano-playing Henry Sheng.

The Varsity Three, pictured at right, was a combination of the talents of, left to right, Charles Fassett, Frank Tillou, and Tom White. The trio sang "I Guess I'll Get The Papers And Go Home" and "We Three."

Henry Sheng, pictured at the bottom of the page, tickled the ivories to the oriental tunes of "Shepherd's Pastime" and "The Wind's Dancing At Dawn."

The trio was first-place winner in the large-acts competition, while Sheng was top man in the small-acts class.

Jasper Bull took second place among the small acts with his singing of "The Song Is You." He was accompanied on the piano by Philip Pendleton.

Runners up in the large-acts were Dot McCann and Dick Ayotte. Accompanied by Keith Ruff, they sang "They Say It's Wonderful" and "Let's Do It."



Official recorders of the readings shown by the Talent Show applause meter were Dr. Arthur A. Hauck, U. of M. president, and Irving Pierce, university accountant.

Joe Zabriskie was master of ceremonies for the evening. Jerry Kominsky handled ticket sales, and Sid Folsom was program director. Herb Merrill, representing the Audio-Visual Service, was the boy who built the applause meter and took charge of sound equipment. Don Horan, a delegate from the Maine Masque Theatre, handled the lighting.

Prizes were awarded to the top two acts in both the large and small classes. The prizes were generously donated by kind-hearted local merchants.

Prizes and their donors included: Craig the Tailor, \$5 worth of personal dry cleaning; the Bookstore, two beer steins; the Opera House, Bangor, 10 free passes to movies; the Brass Rail restaurant, two chicken dinners; the Bijou theatre, 10 free tickets; the Shamrock Grill, a \$5.50 meal ticket.

Virgie's Clothing Store, Orono, a warm-up jacket; University Motors, an oil change; S and S Store, Orono, a carton of cigarettes; Viner's Music

A burlesque show is where all the actresses believe that the male audience is from Missouri.

Company, two records of the winner's choice; Hillson Cleaners, \$2 worth of cleaning; Harmon Piano company, a Woody Herman record album; Farnsworth's Cafe, a \$5.50 meal ticket; and Ted Newhall Studio, a 5" by 7" portrait.

Following the policy begun at the first Talent Show last year, *The Pine Needle*, sponsor of the show, awarded to each of the 32 participants in the program a free subscription to next year's *Pine Needle*.



Fashions For Fun

A COMPLETE WEEK-END WARDROBE

by

Barbara Mason
and Lois Welton

"Turning in now, roommate? It's early yet. What's going on?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm just about set for house parties, but I can't decide what I'm going to wear. I'm in such a dither over it that I've decided a good night's sleep might help solve my perplexing problem. Gollies! I wish I could dress like the girls in the fashion magazines do. They always look so perfect. Oh, well, see you in the morning."

"Nite, roomie—pleasant dreams."

With that, Jane C. Maine settled down into the comfort of her soft bed and was transported to the land of dreams and miracles. It was a beautiful spring day, and the Maine campus was in its glory as she found herself drifting on the gentle breeze from College Avenue.

A big orange bus was stopping at the corner, and several girls in travel-

ing clothes were getting off. Jane recognized her friend *Penny Pendleton* and dashed forward to greet her. Upon questioning her, Jane discovered that Penny had been home for a few days, and was returning in time to take in the house-party events.

Penny looked especially smart in her bolero suit with decorative panels and buttons, arranged in the latest trend of informal balance. The suit was of tiny green-and-white check, very becoming with Penny's short red hair. Penny complemented her suit with white gloves and sling-back pumps of green calf. Penny was in a hurry to start her week end, so Janie wished her well and continued her journey down the avenue.

A flash of red caught her eye and she strolled closer to see what it was. Well, if it isn't *Betsy Grandin*, that smooth little transfer student who lives in Colvin. "Sharp, well I guess!" was all Jane could say to describe the picture Betsy made in her crimson formal.

The strapless bodice, covered with white Chantilly lace, was set off with

a red lining. A taffeta under-skirt, also crimson, stood out from her tiny waist and touched the ground. To top it off, Betsy chose traditional white pearls in the form of a double-strand choker and drop earrings.

But from someplace behind her Jane heard a voice saying "Watch the birdie!"

It was *Sylvia Lee Harris* standing on the cement steps, taking a picture of *Jo Vachon* in her swim suit. Jo's suit was made in the popular one-piece style, designed with a demure sweetheart cut. Jo doesn't think house-party time is too early to go for a refreshing dip. How about you?

Sylvia Lee Harris, the cutest little photographer Janie had ever seen, was sporting shorts and shirt. Her shirt was short-sleeved and made of red-and-white-plaid cotton. It was fashioned with a button-down collar adopted from the twentieth-century male influence on female attire. Gray-

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See —

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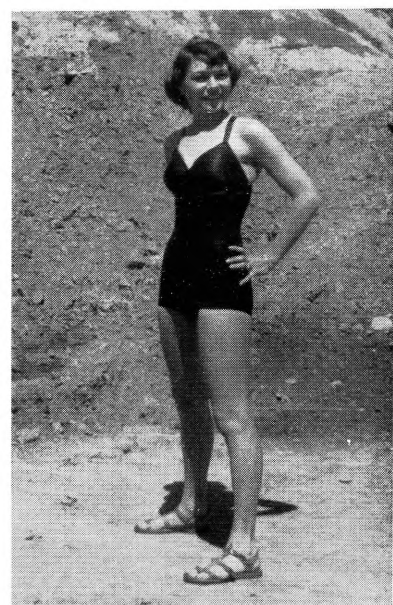
Penny Pendleton, left, disembarks from a bus, attired in the latest of travel wear. She's arriving just in time for U. of M. house-parties. Betsy Grandin, right, takes time off from a house-party formal to enjoy the beauties of a spring evening.



Saturday morning rolls around, and it's time for the week end's outing. Sylvia Lee Harris, in the picture at the left, is ready for the outdoors in her shorts-and-shirt combination. In the center photo,



Margo McCarthy, left, and Jan Abbott appear ready for a campus stroll. They are dressed informally, as suits the occasion. In the picture at right, Jo Vachon models the latest in swim wear.



and-white-cotton cord shorts completed her outfit to perfection. Trimmed with matching belt and cuffs, these shorts were just what Sylvia needed for the Saturday outing. Janie knew for sure that Sylvia's trim ensemble and friendly smile would make her a hit wherever she went.

"Look over there," Sylvia said, pointing to two freshmen standing under a big elm tree. "Let's catch them with my camera." Margo McCarthy and Jane Abbott were surely the long-awaited "breath of spring" in their delightful cottons.

Margo was wearing a crisp green-and-brown-checked gingham, with a pert organdy collar trimmed with piping of gingham. Her dress was decorated with brown buttons and belt. Margo's red-calfskin pumps rate high in the current fashion picture.

Margo and Jan were chatting about the parties they were going to attend and deciding what they would wear. Jane was enthusiastic about wearing her aqua lace dress for Sunday afternoon, and Margo thought she couldn't have made a better choice. The linen collar and aqua class buttons complemented the dress to perfection. The dainty lace was no more delicate than petite Jan herself, with her blue eyes and blonde hair.

"What's that? Oh, seven-thirty—time to get up." Janie sprang out of bed and silenced the clanging alarm. "Roommate, time to get up. Isn't it a gorgeous day?"

She: "Paw's the best shot in the county."

He: "What does that make me?"

She: "My husband!"

Girl: "We were out in his yacht when he told me there was a big storm coming up, so, like a darn fool, I let him tie me to the mast."

Two men named Wood and Stone were standing on a corner. A pretty girl walked by. Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood. Then they both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a restaurant.

He: "Let's have a kiss."

She: "Not on an empty stomach."

He: "Of course not. Right where the last one was."

"Where've you been, Bill?"

"In the phone booth, talking to my girl, but hang it, someone wanted to use the phone, and we had to get out."

"Well, your attitude has certainly changed since last night. What happened?"

"Oh, I had a tremendous dream last night, and now I know exactly what I'm going to wear to house parties. Gee, now I can hardly wait. Hope the time flies."

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Infirmary Blues

by Phyllis Webster

I woke up, staggered to the wash-room and filled a basin with cool, golden Chemo water. I dashed my head into this refreshing coolness and thought that I was cured. But no—I was still sick, dizzy and miserable. However, I convinced myself that this illness of my body was but a temporary mental state. Somehow I got back to my room. I laid my clothes on the floor and crawled into them. Then I gathered up my books, crept to classes, and allowed my dull mind to be stimulated by the babblings of my intellectual superiors.

After two periods of this sort of mental stimulation, I decided that it was not in my mind—it was all in my body. I was ill. Finally admitting this fact to myself, I collapsed. For four hours I lay there in Stevens Hall, hoping that a good samaritan would have compassion and toss me an aspirin. At last my samaritan appeared guised in the dress of a janitor.

It occurred to him that "it" on the floor was not a scrumpled and discarded flunked prelim, but a miserable old body. He asked me if I had brushed my teeth before retiring and I said that I hadn't had time. Having explained this to him, he told me where I could get some aspirin. For this information I was deeply grateful.

I don't know how I got there, but I awakened in a lovely bed. As I

gazed around, I was frightened by a sensation of water swirling over and about me. Immediately I discovered that this sensation was created by the wall paper. Green it was, with jellyfish and octupuses painted on it. In a state of exhaustion I dozed.

Uh! A rough hand grasped my arm and twisted it, causing me to roll over. I didn't mind this because thus it was that we learned to roll people over in Girl Scout first-aid class. Then a voice growled at me saying, "I'm Dr. Beddey; what ails you?" I was happy for a moment because someone was truly interested in helping me to get well. I asked for some aspirin and he repeated his question. Now I was becoming annoyed because I knew that everyone else got aspirin and I felt left out of the cure.

Soon my intuition told me that I'd have to throw a better act in order to get my aspirin and cough juice. I

A bunch of germs were
whooping it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs on the end of the
larynx
Were jazzing a ragtime tune;
While back of the teeth in a
solo game
Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo,
And watching the pulse was
the light of his love,
The lady that's known as Flu.

began to weep. Then I felt a blunt instrument strike at the base of my skull and I quickly realized that it was an economy-sized thermometer. After tearing and gnashing at it with my tongue and teeth, a woman named Clara Barton, I think, ripped it out of my head. She looked at it and exclaimed, "My dear, you have a temperature of 102 degrees centigrade. Have you been basking in the sun?"

This was too much. I fainted. This fainted faint didn't last long, however, for I felt a liquid dripping over my head. I began to lap as it fell by my cheeks, for my throat was coarse and dry. A hearse, I mean nurse shouted at me—"It's not a lollypop, you're supposed to gargle it!"

After a little while a woman came in and placed some bottles filled with rocks on my table. She left and returned all too quickly. She asked why I hadn't swallowed them. I didn't know what she meant and I didn't think I was to swallow the bottles because they had *Store Bottle—5c* written on them. So I retorted, "Only overworked geologists eat rocks!" She assured me that the rocks had veins of aspirin in them so I choked them down.

Hours passed and I felt that my flame of life was flickering, so I insisted that she call the doctor. More hours passed and Dr. Beddy came sauntering into the room. He had his

(Continued on Page 24)

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House Party

by Kinley Roby

Dial your sweetheart;
Wire for Gold.
Hope the tuxedo
Isn't too old.

Gowns are altered
Into the night.
Usery flares.
Florists delight.
Ties won't knot.
Cuff-links rankle.
Shoulders are bared
To hide the ankle.

Off at seven;
Gone 'till two.
Pockets left empty;
Bottles, too.
Songs and kisses,
Sad—"Goodnights."
Corsages wilted;
Ties too tight.
Bleary morning;
Shipwrecked house.
It was worth it.
Long live the carouse!



THE BAR

By Mase Johnsfield

I must go down to the bar again,
where they keep the scotch and the
rye,
And all I ask is a tall glass while I
watch the bottles die;
And the ice's click and the barkeep's
song and the cocktail shakers shak-
ing,
And a loud "pop" as a cork lets go
and an empty bottle breaking.

I must go down to the bar again, for
I hear the barkeep lied,
They've plenty of whiskey and
plenty of beer, and I will not be
denied;
And all I ask is a couple of shots
while the liquor's flowing,
And when it's gone, when there is no
more, then I will be going.

I must go down to the bar again, for
one last longing look,
For tonight's a night I'll want to
write down in my memory book;
For right now I'm feelin' fine as any
pig in clover,
But tomorrow, sorry day, the party
will be over.

Lost and Found

(Continued from Page 9)

take this for only so long—say, a week or so. Half the night gone. About time I started looking for someone I can make an impression on.

It's funny; I never thought house parties were like this. All these girls are being simply wonderful about my dances with their men. Lulu should have let me in on the "in." This is something that I might try more often. Well, there goes Pete, right on the beat—only a few beats behind the rest of the banjo players.

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror, "I never knowed he had his picture took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

Hmmm—seems to be losing a little hair; can't hold that against a good man. Dances quite well, pleasant personality, possibly good for a sugar daddy. I wonder if that sweet thing throwing daggers at me could be his forsaken one? Not that it matters, but it is nice to know such things.

"Been on campus long?"

"No."

"Like to go out and look it over?"

In the dark? Sure 'nuff, one sees a lot in the dark. How long does this he-man think I've been living?

"Thank you, no. I'd love to (huh!), but I've promised the next one to the chaperone. So sorry."

"Dance?"

You don't know it yet, but I could go for you. How tall, dark, and sexy can a guy look? On and on and on; we seem to be hitting it off.

"Where do you live? Okay if I call on you next week end? I may be down that way, or maybe you'll be up this way. I could get you a room at the hotel if you haven't got a place to stay."

It was getting rather stuffy in there so we went outside for a while. He put his arms around me and kissed me a few times, and then we went over to his car for a cigarette.

He wasn't bad, no, he wasn't bad at all. One conquest tonight. A girl can tell; some people don't think so, but she can.

"Take you home?"

Of course he could; I was sure my grandfather wouldn't mind. I hadn't seen him since I'd arrived, anyway. He took me home. I made out quite well on that one. He's planning to see me again—often. It *was* an evening. It really was.

Two pipe smokers were conversing in an opium den. One said casually, "I've just made up my mind to purchase all the gold and silver mines in the world."

The other gent took a puff and blew it out slowly and then said thoughtfully, "I don't know that I care to sell."

Oh, John, let's not park here.

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WESTWARD

by Barnyard Glinpik

Down in back of Sigma Chi house,
lookin' westward to the river,
There's a Maine girl just a-settin',
and I know her heart's a-quiver.
For the wind is in the pine trees, and
the class bells loudly say,
"Come you back, you pretty coed;
come you back to class today!"
Come you back to class today,
Where the musty textbooks lay;
Can't you hear the profs a'rantin'
From the barns to SRA?
Come you back to class today.
No, I guess you'd better stay,
For life is real worth livin'
By the Stillwater, they say.

An inmate in the lunatic asylum was to be examined for dismissal. The first question he was asked was: "What are you going to do when you get out of here?"

The inmate replied: "I'm going to get me a sling shot and come back and break every damn window in the place."

Another six months in the padded cell, he was again examined, and the same question was put to him.

"Well, I'm going to get a job," was the reply.

"Fine," said the examiner. "And then what?"

"Then I'm going to buy a big car."

"Good."

"And then I'm going to meet a beautiful girl."

"That's wonderful."

"Then I'm going to take her out driving on a lonely road."

"Yes."

"And I'm going to put my arm around the girl."

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to grab her garter, make a sling shot, and come back here and break every damn window in the place."

A young psychoanalyst was telling an older colleague about his troubles in getting intelligent responses from his patients. "Suppose you ask me some of your questions," the older analyst suggested.

"Well, my first question is, what is it that wears a skirt and from whose lips comes pleasure?"

"A Scot blowing a bagpipe," the veteran answered.

"Right," said the younger one. "Now, what is it that has delightful curves and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?"

"Bob Feller's pitching."

"Right! And what do you think of when two arms slip around your shoulder?"

"A Sid Luckman tackle," replied the veteran.

"Right," said the young prober. "All your answers were absolutely right. But you'd be amazed at some of the silly answers I keep getting."

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Infirmary Blues

(Continued from Page 20)

little bag of tricks and rocks with him and he pulled out this piece of black hose and a metal thing on the end which looked like a spigot. At first I thought he was going to bleed me and I was terrified because I knew that this was how George Washington was murdered. He drove it into my ribs and punctured my left lung.

He seemed to be listening to something and since I didn't hear anything I began to sing so that he might not look ridiculous if anyone chanced to notice him. He said that he preferred Margaret Truman and he filled my mouth with rocks again, the usual three hours having passed. He scribbled "Will Live" on my chart and left.

After two days without any attention whatsoever I crawled out of my bed and discovered that I could not walk. The rocks I had swallowed had sunk to my feet. Somehow I managed

to get back into bed. The bed was fine but some woman dragged me out of it and hauled me to a chair. They were putting my little blue gym suit on me. I hoped that they were not going to make me exercise for I hadn't had an appendectomy. I was consoled, however, by the fact that I wasn't dead. This I knew because I wouldn't be buried in my gym suit.

The woman dragged me to the outside receiving room and folded my swollen feet into my sneakers. Then they made me sign an official-looking document which read, "I solemnly swear that I have never felt better." They stood me up squarely on my feet (sags and drooping arches not counted). I should have known that this was a test. If I was well I would walk over the threshold and back to the dorm and if I didn't I was a sick fool. Nevertheless, I staggered out. Because I knew this was what they wanted, I kept on going and I overheard them saying—"It was all in her mind—"

A minister in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful couple remained standing after he had finished the rites and in a brave attempt to round off the affair, he stammered: "It's all over now. Go and sin no more!"

— PN —

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Three, and don't call me dizzy."

— PN —

She: "Adieu."

He: "You do?"

— PN —

Some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.

— PN —

Customer: "I'd like to try on that dress in the window."

Clerk: "Sorry, Miss, you'll have to use the dressing room."

— PN —

"Are you the bull of the campus?"

"That's me, baby."

"Moo."

— PN —

"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon."

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."

— PN —

He who horses around too much may find himself a groom.

— PN —

She: "Why, what slim, expressive hands you have. They belong on a girl."

He: "O.K., baby; you asked for it."

Visitor: "And how is your good wife?"

Sultan: "Fine, but the others are more fun."

She: "I'm scared. This is the very spot where my father proposed to mother, and on the way home the horse ran away and father was killed."

— PN —

The occupants of the parked car were completely oblivious to the approach of the suspecting motorcycle cop until the beam of his flashlight broke the peace.

"What are you doing in there?" he demanded gruffly.

"Nothing," came the imperturbable masculine retort.

"Okay, buddy," rejoined the cop. "You come out and hold the flashlight."

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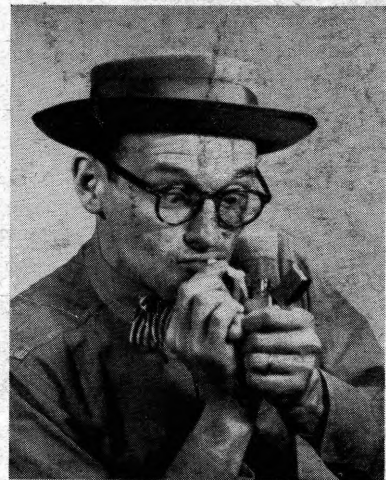
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