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POST-EXAM "FRESHMAN"

THE TRASHMAN

one phase advocating those Ski-Suits, so prevalent on our "ALL (MEN) CAMPUS"

VOL. IV

NO. 16.
Well, folks, we're about to bring you a round-by-round broadcast of the championship bout between "Knock-em-down" Swasey and "Rough-and-Ready" Crabtree to determine just which one has the better line. The referee is none other than your good old pal, "Neck" MacCreedy. --- There goes the bell -- both contestants rush to the center of the ring. Swasey slaps Crabtree's face --- Crabtree immediately begs Phyl to forgive him -- Sorry, that's another story. Crabtree retaliates with a slap on Swasey's wrist. --- Both are beginning to get angry. Some extraordinary footwork is brought into play by Crabtree. --- He trips Swasey -- Swasey is down -- He's up -- He's down -- Wait a minute. They're running around in circles. MacCreedy is frantically gesticulating from his position in the corner of the ring, trying to separate the two. Swasey has reverted to the caveman style and is chewing Crabtree's ear with a great deal of relish. Ana -- Swasey throws Crabtree over the rope, and he lands in Phyl Phillip's lap, as she is occupying a ringside seat. MacCreedy starts running and bums into Swasey. Both Swasey and Crabtree start chasing MacCreedy. --- MacCreedy begins screeching "I've lost all Hope" (joke) -- "He's down on the floor with both men on top of him. Suddenly with a superhuman effort he twists and dunks Swasey's head in one of the buckets resting in a corner of the ring, fans Crabtree to sleep with a towel and stands.

(Cont. Page 3 Col 2)
Maine Mask Scores Again

A stirring drammer of the South Sea Islands entitled, "He Who Laughs Last," was presented last night in the Little Theatre before an audience that overflowed into the hall.

Chaters and hisses resounded through the building as Little Eva (Peggy Snow) and the villain (George Indlen) enacted fervent love scenes. The Romeo and Juliet sequences, as performed by Kay Bunker and Frank Rinn, produced many thrills and heart throbs in the souls of those fluttering damsels and handsome men who made up the audience.

The only thing that even slightly marred the perfectedness of the performance was the sudden collapse of the balcony while Mr. Rinn and Miss Bunker were still ensconced on said part of the scenery. After the debris was cleared away, Rinn was found lying with his arms passionately enfolding an alarm clock and a garland of roses on his chest.

Bob Nivison stopped the show with his interpretation of Uncle Tom singing a merry song.

A few minor incidents, such as Peggy Snow tripping while doing a spring dance and ending up with her chewing gum stuck on the end of her nose only added to the audience's enjoyment of the play.

The cast, made up entirely of freshmen, was as follows:
Romeo . . . . Frank Rinn
Juliet . . . . . Kay Bunker
Little Eva . . Peg Snow
Simon Legree . . George Indlen
Uncle Tom . . . Bob Nivison
Dapper Dan . . . the old clothes man
... Howie Stagg
Topsy . . . . . Gary Artington
(in disguise)

The Military Charade

Great excitement!!!

Men running around, polishing buttons, shoes, borrowing clean shirts; (well, nearly clean. Shaving, oh, my yes, once in a while...)

en in cute uniforms, with the nicest knives sticking out of their belts and the most ferocious countenances of concentration, mumbling to themselves staccato phrases like, "Squad Right!...Squad Left!...Right by Squads!...Inspect...Aw, hell ---"

Tweet, tweettt!

"Company fall in!"
"Right Dress!"
"You in the middle...back."
"Front!"
"Hoy, you--spit that gum out!"
"Put your belt on right."

(cont. pg. 1, col. 1.)

(triumphant in pg. 2, col. 1.)

Mail and Such

Dear Mr. Druggist,

I bought a tube of shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

Oscar Zilch, (37)

(cont. from pg. 2, col. 1.)

Don't Be Disheartened

Use Steven's

Non-Skid Eyelashes
REWARD

MISSING

Name: Willett Wowlands
Age: Eau to know better
Height: Just about
Weight: Too many pounds
Hair: Present
Eyes: Two

Dangerous escaped convict from Oak Hall State Penitentiary. Last seen bumming on the Orono road on Thursday afternoon, and hasn't been seen yet. Believed to have been heading toward Needham, Mass., and planned to arrive there about the time of the bank robbery on Friday.

All county sheriffs post this notice and be on the lookout for the above convict, 939,301,452.

Fingerprint classification:

(cont. from pg. 3, col. 3)
"Attention to roll call..."------
"About, Avery!!" -- and so forth

Band marches out--"Company right by squads.--No, I mean squads right--Hey, somebody stop the first platoon--they're running into the band.-------Ha!-------
Column Left! March!-------Colly, B company is going in back of the reviewing stand ------I suppose we gotta follow him------

(cont. from last column)
Can't get through the mob.
"O.K., where in------where's the front--I mean the head?--the beginning of this outfit."
"I dunno."
"Oh heavens------whatta mess----Hey, y' use guys, beat it into the rifle room------AWooooooch! I'm sick"-(Tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth.)
"Now, take it easy old boy take it easy, it's all over-----
Get some water, quick-----somebody The company demander is out! 2

Do you snore?
Use CLOTHESPINS.

(cont. next column)
Midnight Marauder Makes Melee

Fourth floor Balentine has long anticipated the arrival of an unwanted visitor on the fire escape, but no one believed ever to hear the cry of "Man on the fire escape."

Courageous duchess, "Al" Byer, was warning the fair-haired proctor of the Fourth Floor of the invader, when silhouetted against the starry sky was seen the receding cranium of the terror. In silence the girls rushed from the room.

Muriel Perkins was the next eyewitness. This sleeping beauty was aroused from the arms of Morpheus by a black hand unscrewing the light-bulb near the window. A black shaft of trouser-leg was also visible. Thinking the evident intruder was a burglar, our wary girl reached for her flashlight which she did not switch on, and backed out of the room, fearing as she explained later, that if she turned her back and ran, she might feel the cold muzzle of a gun-barrel prodding her in her silks.

The corridor was filled with the sound of patterning steps and whispers. The girls fluttered like bewildered moths and twittered like flustered hens. Mary Dunton, the freshman Mae West, leapt from beneath her downy coverlet and tore right away from the vicinity of the man instead of at him.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
IF you believe anything you read in this issue, you are a bigger sucker than we think you are.