The Pine Needle, November 1949

Pine Needle Publications

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So Mild—and they Taste so good!

Camels
A Jab of the Needle

We were sitting quietly in our office the other day when the door burst open. In rushed Stew Dent-body, the gentleman portrayed at the right on the painful perch.

"When are we going to get the Pine Needle?" he demanded. "The whole campus is waiting with bated breath."

We inhaled deeply and began, "It's like this . . . "

"No filibusters!" interrupted Stew. "What'samatta, no jokes?"

"We've got jokes we haven't used yet!"

"Well, then, what's wrong? No cartoons?"

"We've got some terrific cartoons," I said. "Our art department, Len, Bill, Sally, Bob, and Wendell, put their heads together and produced enough gags to put the New Yorker out of business."

"How about the cover?"

"That's the cover back there," I said, pointing back about two pages. "Len Keenan whipped it up in a frenzy of fall fantasy."

"Hey, that's real gone!" exclaimed Stew. "It's a good thing I came along to keep you on the ball. You'd never do anything by yourself. Now how about stories?"

"Now that you mention it, we are rather understaffed," we hinted. "As for stories, we've got a couple good yarns, along with our regular sports, fashions, and glamour sections. We're also introducing a new feature page called 'File 13'. We hope you'll like it."

"That sounds pretty hot," said the man of the hour. "But when can we get our hands on all this?"

We thought a minute, then replied quickly. "By the time you've seen this conversation in print, you'll have your copy of the Needle."

"Terrific!" cried Stew, and rushed off to climb back on his perch.

And now, gentle reader, your pleasure.

If, in your perusal of the following pages, you find something of interest, well and good. If there is something which does not please, bear with us.

The Needle is in the process of revision this year, including a new staff, a new printing establishment, and lots of new ideas. Here's looking at you!
Dear Ed:

I am deeply indebted to you. When I left for college, my father explained the birds and bees to me, but he didn’t mention any other more personal possibilities and ramifications of the idea.

I bought your last issue, and after my girl friend Agatha explained the jokes to me, I felt that I simply had to express my gratitude for the help you have given me.

Your cartoons have given me more insight than the Kinsey report and all my anatomy courses rolled into one. Agatha is pleased beyond words with the changes your magazine has wrought in me.

The next time I go home, I am going to take a copy of the Pine Needle with me, and cut poor father in on the scoop.

Please put me on your permanent subscription list. Agatha and I will always be deeply grateful to you.

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Dunnett

—Where did your father go to school?—Ed.

My Dear Editor:

I am very interested in working on your magazine. I am 20 years old, have been around, and am very worldly developed. I like a good time, and always feel like doing something. I am especially experienced in writing letters, so I might possibly find a place editing your letter page. Or I might do a little writing of racy stories for you. But I repeat, I am most familiar with letter-writing. Usually I begin a letter with Dear John, but someone like you might convince me to change my style.

I hate to brag, but I usually am able to track down any bits of information wanted for stories, and I have my fingers in most of the grapevines. If we ever find there is no scandal to be discussed at any time, I can easily go out and instigate one. In fact, I might go so far as to say that I am very popular.

One of the girls was asking me about that just the other day. She said, “Olive, why are you so popular?”

Why are you always getting phone calls? Why is it you have so many boy friends?”

And all I could say was, “I give up.”

And so you see, I’m now offering my services to you. If there’s anything I can do for you, I would love to oblige. Let me know if you can use me.

Excitingly yours,

Olive Mee

P.S. Why not take Olive Mee?

—We’ll try to make something out of the situation.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Since you seem to be interested in the doings of the student body, speaking for them, and to them, and all, I would like to tell you about something that happened to me the other day. If you have any suggestions, please let me know.

I was leaning on the corner down in Orono the other night, and happened to be the sole witness to a terrible accident.

A guy in a car was coming up over the top of the hill, driving quite fast. Suddenly an ass ran out into the street, and the car hit it. It was terrible. What a mess! There were pieces of donkey all over the place.

No one else seems to know anything about this accident. What can I do?

Yours,

J. O. Kerr

—Sober off.—Ed.

Editor

Pine Needle

Dear Sir:

I am awaiting with interest the forthcoming issue of the Pine Needle. I have in the past been an ardent admirer of yours although I must admit that some of the jokes were a bit vague. The literary endeavors were especially to be praised, however, and I must congratulate you and your writers on your sparkling style and journalistic technique.

I would, however, interject a word of caution at this point. Speaking as a representative of the more discriminating of your readers, I feel I can say that any errors which may occur in your processes of production, and which are allowed to slip through, may easily cause a loss of many readers, as well as possible reprimand from authorities.

As an illustration of the type of occurrence of which I speak, I should like to relate the following:

On a certain publication whose name will not be mentioned, measures were being taken to conserve financial resources. The proofreader had been told not to alter copy at any cost. The result is quoted below.

“John Jason, who died last Thursday, has left his entire estate to his two brothels in California.”

Take heed, and see that this does not happen to you.

Best of luck on your ensuing publications.

Dean Spleene

—Yes, sir. Anything we publish which is not favorable in your eyes, sir, is a mistake, sir.—Ed.

—* * * *

Signs of the Times

In a Boston library:

"LOW CONVERSATION PERMITTED"

* * * *

In a real estate office:

"GET LOTS WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG"

* * * *

In Riverside Park, conveniently handy to Barnard College:

THIS LAWN OPEN
For Passive Use Only
Please Throw Litter in Receptacles

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THE PINE NEEDLE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

FALL ISSUE 1949
November
Dear Reader:

On the preceding pages you’ve seen our table of contents, read a few letters from ardent readers, and discovered the names of those who dare admit they help in compiling the Pine Needle. In the pages following, you will be able to read some stories, gaze longingly at our glamour girl, and discover what’s new in sports and fashions, and what’s old in jokes.

We hope you like the looks of things this year, and that you’ll keep us in mind all year. In return we promise to bring you bigger and better features inside our covers. Our aim is to please, and letters bringing suggestions are welcome.

We’ll also welcome new members to our staff, and all contributions will be gladly received and scrutinized. Write us in care of “Editor, Pine Needle,” and send your correspondence through campus mall.

Don’t forget to enter the Life Savers and Chesterfield contests, as described on pages 18 and 19, respectively. You, too, can win a FREE PRIZE.

And now, faithfully yours for bigger and better laughs, we remain.

Now that we’re back after the long summer vacation, we realize we’ve missed the old place and the old gang. How about you; have you missed anything?

Speaking of missing people, we’re reminded of the meeting of a certain pair of lovers: “Oh, darling, I’ve missed you,” she said . . . and raised her revolver to try again.

Every year about this time we find a crop of new faces about the campus. Some of the remembered faces from last year have disappeared, and the familiar “hello” of before is replaced by a look of bewilderment and non-recognition.

Friends pass on, and friends pass out, and time still flies.

As we look around, there is evidence of young blood among us. There are shining, innocent faces, uncorrupted by some of our more sordid views of college life, by the fatal interpretations of exams, cut rules, drinking orgies and regulations (so near and yet so far), blind dates (see page 16), and campus restrictions.

Youth has a romantic view of the campus, drawn from the second-hand visions of Hollywood producers, with convertible and football games, parties and tennis, picnics and leafy lanes.

(What a shame we may not attend classes on the imaginary campus of the novel, the radio show, or the screenplay.)

But all too soon the visions will be shattered by thoughts of class-cuts, lack of sleep, or cribnotes. Youth will come to understand college as it is, and may even graduate.

Some day he can look back on all this, remembering the days when each new face was a friend to be made, and each day brought new adventure. And, doing this, he may understand that there are yet more youths to follow him, an live the carefree days.

The old order changes, giving way to the new. Youth, all hall.

Welcome, frosh! Pull up a tradition and sit a spell.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY (TO A STUDENT): Always remember, one of the beauties of a good education is that it enables you to worry about things in all parts of the world.

And then there was the girl who, during class election time, was voted the girl whose pan was most likely to go to pot.

Mention was just made of the arrival of new students at college. We’d like to take this opportunity to express a welcome to all, and voice a hope that you’ll all find Maine a pleasant place, and that your stay here will be a memorable one.

It’s an accepted fact that the incoming student meets many unusual and confusing situations upon his arrival; but have you ever given thought to the possible confusion among members of the faculty at such a time? Couldn’t they, too, encounter conflict and irritation?

Below is a short description of the first day of college as encountered by a professor. (It could be any professor.) We humbly give credit to the Bearskin of Mercer College for this material and for any research involved in its preparation.

The following might easily be notes taken down by the leading character as the events took place.

7:00 AM. Arose in apprehensive mood. Visions of pop-eyed freshmen and sloe-eyed seniors danced through head. Put on suit with the most chalk dust on it (for that Academic Look).

7:30 AM. Nibbled at breakfast. Spilled egg on tie. Left it; gives “homey” atmosphere to classroom.

7:45 AM. Stumbled across campus, head down, brows knit. Gives frosh an impression of deep thought.

7:55 AM. Uttered silent prayer. The zero hour is at hand. The freshmen are coming! Add a few more touches of chalk dust to coat.

8:02 AM. They’re all here. Gads!

8:03 AM. Fraternity man came in wearing shorts and tennis shoes. Mistook the building for the gym; seemed to have a slight hangover.

8:05 AM. Freshman named Joe Blarp came in. (How stupid-looking can a freshman be?) First time he had been away from home; didn’t have anybody to get him ready for class.

8:20 AM. Roll all fixed. Tried to
give slight lecture on the scope of the course. Co-ed in the first row insisted on applying brooding nagian amount of lipstick, diverting the attention of all males in class.

8:45 AM. Joe Blurf suddenly realized he was in the wrong class. Knocked over three chairs on the way out.

8:55 AM. Whew! One class finished. Slight shaking perceptible in fingers. At least I'm through with Joe Blurf.

9:01 AM. Joe Blurf first one in for second period.

9:10 AM. Trouble with roll. Two freshmen forgot their names.

9:30 AM. Roll finally straightened out.

9:35 AM. Joe Blurf finds out he's in wrong class again. I sent him to Dean Spleene (see page 2) for orientation.

9:50 AM. Class over at last. Strain has caused terrific headache. Hands jerking.

10:10 AM. Two periods off. Went to bookstore to relax, but all the seniors pointed their fingers at me and giggled. Chagrined, I went home.

11:30 AM. Joe Blurf came over to find out why I wasn't in my classroom 4th period. He ruined my lunch.

1:45 PM. My last period. If only...

1:46 PM. No change. He (Joe Blurf, of course) just walked in. I shouted and screamed at him, telling him to go to the right classroom for a change. He quietly showed me his schedule. He's in my class this period.

1:59 PM. My nerves are going to pot. Blurf has dropped his books five times.

2:15 PM. Blurf decided he had to sharpen his pencil. He knocked over two chairs, one sophomore. May not even hold out until the period is over...

2:26 PM. Made it! Now for home.

2:45 PM. Too shaken to do anything but sit and breathe heavily. At least I'm through for the day with Joe Blurf.

2:50 PM. Joe Blurf is coming up the front steps!!!

2:51 PM. Just shot Joe Blurf.

Just in passing we would say that the classes at Mercer College are sort of fouled up. They don't know just when they're supposed to commence (by the clock); or possibly the professor's notes are a trifle askew. At any rate, their class schedules don't coincide with ours, so the whole thing might not apply here. It's an interesting thought, nevertheless. Thanks to them again, for the thought.

By the way, we wonder just when is open season on freshmen?

All of which brings to mind the old gag about the professor who inquired of an often-errant student, "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

And the student replied, "No, not very much."

In regard to professors, we'd like to pass along the following bit of information for the benefit of all: The professor who arrives late is rare; in fact he is in a class by himself.

All this talk about college, etc., brings to mind the subject of institutions, and related ideas. By the way, we might interpose here that we believe in marriage as a wonderful institution, but who wants to spend his life in an institution?

Anyway, going from general to specific, we bring our attention to bear upon one of our more notable institutions right here at Maine. It is called the Campus. It is a weekly newspaper.

We repeat, for those who may not have heard or understood the first time, the Campus is a weekly newspaper. It is published by students, for students, and speaks of students. It also tells students. In fact it sometimes tells students off? The other day, for example, we ran across an item in the Campus which went as follows:

WEAR VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS

Now this is rather extreme, don't you think? After all, the paper is intended to reflect the opinion of the students, and is hardly designed to instruct students, much less order them about.

And the bold print which was used? Why, all we can think of is sensationalism . . . Yellow Journalism. (Pardon our language)

It seems that even if the Campus can see its way to order the student body around, it should never, never allow its staff to publish the material under such commanding headlines. Where is all our taste?

Personally we can't see just where the Campus gets its nerve, anyway, going around telling people what to wear. We prefer Hathaways ourselves, but it's merely a matter of choice. No doubt there are hundreds of other varying opinions on the subject about the campus, and there is no possible

(Continued on Page 16)
O\nly a hint of the past day re-
mained in the darkening skies
as the three men changed from their
regular outfits into more sombre
ones. They joked and laughed in
the small, nearly bare room as they
went about their individual tasks.

Each of the three men had in the
past week scouted the area that
they would be entering within the hour.
As the time approached for them to
leave, they checked one another for
shiny surfaces and metal objects;

THE RAID

by John Bache-Wig

their hands and their eyes would be
their only weapons.

Just before departing, they went
over their plans for the last time;
the road was not patrolled; they
would be able to drive their vehicle
nearly up to the area; then they
must find the south-east corner, and

The blacked-out vehicle, after
passing the southern section of
the area, was turned around and parked
about 100 yards away. The trio aban-
donned their vehicle, leaving the doors
unlatched.

Quietly, without speaking to one
another, the men walked slowly
through the low bushes to the fence.
Here one of them went south, an-
other north, while the third re-
mained, crouching.

Looking west through the fence,
the crouching man could just make
out a light at the western end of
the area. Except for an occasional crunch
of a dead leaf under the feet of one
of the two men who were looking
for the hole, he was unable to hear
a sound; even the late evening
breeze had blown itself out.

So fixed was his attention on the
area directly in front of him that
he failed to notice the return of the
others. It was not until one of them
whispered his name that he became
aware of their presence.

The hole in the fence was south
of their present position; they picked
their way through the low brush to
reach it. The men knew the opening
was near the bottom of the fence;
they were soon forced to crawl to
assure themselves that the opening,
when they reached it, would be
visible against the sky.

After what seemed like hours, the
lead man stopped!

Yes, here it was, their single en-
trance to the area.

How many men were patrolling in-
side that fence—two, four, five? No
one was sure.

The trio exchanged in the lowest
of whispers a few, brief, last-minute
instructions. Once on the other side
of that fence they would be on their
own—only one man at a time could
get through the small opening.

One by one the three men squeezed
through, each of them stopping sev-
eral times to make sure none of the
guards was approaching on his
rounds.

Finally all were inside; what next?
Before venturing further into the
area, the trio realized that if they
were forced to find their solitary
exit in a hurry, it would be impossi-
ble to locate against its dark back-
ground of woods. One of them found
a scrap of paper in his pocket; he
stuck it on the fence at one side of
the hole. To the unsuspecting eye
there was not enough contrast be-
 tween the soiled paper and its dark
background to cause an investiga-
tion, but to the three men it might
mean the difference between capture
and escape.

The trio started off slowly in
single file heading north along the
fence; every few feet they stopped
and listened for the sounds of any
approaching guard and to examine
the trees.

Inwardly they all knew they were
in the wrong to take things into
their own hands like this; if caught
there was no possible excuse they
might make. And yet they hoped
that they might reach what they
were looking for before ...

The lead man stopped! Some one
was coming toward him, but the two
men behind were still moving up—
they hadn't heard the approach of
the guard.

The sound of footsteps stopped.
The leader thought fast.
(What shall I do? Run? No, I'd
only confuse the others, and we
might all be caught. Maybe he hasn't
spotted us yet.)

This supposition was quickly re-
futed by an authoritative, "Who's
there?"

Immediately, behind him, the lead
man heard his two companions run-
ning for the exit.

CRACK!

The blackness of the night was
momentarily split by a finger of
flame from a pistol muzzle.
(We're in for it now!)
"Halt!"
The running men showed no signs
of slackening their pace.
Twice more a red finger split the
darkness. The sound of running feet
only quickened.

(Try to stall the guard, boy —
maybe the others can make it okay.)

Suddenly the light from a flash-
light hit him full in the face, blind-
ing him.
"What are you doing here?" asked
the same voice of authority.
"Looking."
"Looking for what?"
"Just looking around."

From the other side of the fence
the sound of feet crashing
through the brush.
"Those your buddies taking off
through the woods?"
"Yeah."
"Some buddies—leaving you in
the lurch! How many were there?"
"Two."
The guard swung his light toward
the fence. He prodded his captive in
front of him as he moved toward it.
"What's your name?"
"How about rank and serial
number?"
"Just your name!" growled the

(Stall, I've got to stall for time;
we must be near the hole—but I
can't see the paper yet.)
"What's your name?"

The beam of light swung to the
left, picking up the fence again, and
following it until the light was too
diffused to see accurately.

"How did you men get in here?
You couldn't have come over the
fence or climbed the corner posts—

(Continued on Page 18)
It's Time To Dance

by Joe Zabriskie

With the coming of winter each year millions of people leave the beaches, put away their picnic equipment and turn once more to inside entertainment, such as theatres, plays, rollerskating, basketball games and so forth. But far above all other social events in popularity is dancing; dancing, America's number one social activity. It matters little whether it be a spacious ballroom, a crowded nightclub, a roadside inn, or even a college gym; dancing is enjoyed by everyone, everywhere.

We here at Maine, however, have not received the full satisfaction and pleasure that dancing can bring. We have the best facilities possible, but that's about all that can be said. The reason for many dance failures lies mainly with the committees who arrange and direct the dances here on campus. The average committee remind us of a group of arts students majoring in dramatics, passing legislation on atomic fission.

Last year at one of our annual balls, we would have been faced with a band equivalent to the "Corn Cobblers", had it not been for a hasty reversal of decision by the committee in charge of the dance.

A dance committee should be selected not on the basis of I.Q. or scholastic standing, but rather on dancing knowledge. This committee should serve a threefold purpose: (1) an orchestra is to be chosen, and the leader informed as to what type selection are to be played and the order in which they are to come; (2) incidental expenses such as checking, refreshments, chaufferes, decorations, etc. should also be taken into consideration; (3) proper publicity should be displayed at least a week in advance of the dance. These posters should state the time, place, price, name of the orchestra which is to play, and the organization benefitting from the sale of the tickets.

After the committee has accomplished its purpose, the rest is left up to those who attend the dance. Whether or not they have a good time depends entirely upon themselves. Here are a few questions which everyone should take into consideration before attending the next "fing".

Can you dance? Do you know the simple steps to the fox trot, or are you satisfied just to shuffle around the floor? Are you always making excuses for sitting down when any number except the fox trot is played? Surprisingly enough, many people answering the first two questions in the affirmative would have a hard time proving it. At the break in a number the conversation usually runs, "She just couldn't follow me", or "He doesn't use any steps, he just walks!" Each one blames the other for what may have been his own fault.

This brings to mind a curious incident which occurred only a few weeks ago at one of our regular jamborees. Your writer invited a friend who is a dancing instructor in Boston, to spend the weekend here on campus. The latter accepted the invitation after receiving permission from his employer to take a few days off from work. On the night of his arrival we attended a dance held in the gym, and at intermission we dropped into one of Cron's night spots.

The usual waiting period for ordering had come and gone, so your scribe walked to the counter and ordered. On the way back to his seat he was hailed by a familiar, "Hello Joe, what's up?"

This salutation had emanated from a booth wherein were seated three lovely coeds. After a few pleasantries, one of the girls made reference to our friend by saying, "Gee! He's nice looking; too bad he isn't a good dancer." Without further conversation, your writer beat a hasty retreat to his booth, where, much to the amazement of the friend, he laughed a full five minutes.

Thanks to the M. C. A., however, such incidents as the one related above will rapidly diminish. A program has been set up whereby members may obtain dancing instructions free of charge. The "Pine Needle" will also aid in the cause by publishing in each subsequent issue the basic steps, with illustrations, of the fox trot, waltz, rhumba, tango, and even a few selected jitterbugging numbers. So look forward to our next issue and "It's Time to Dance."

Tri-Delt: "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

SAE: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

Al: "Hey, where are you going in such a hurry?"

Moose: "I just bought a textbook at the bookstore, and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl as she went on the stage.

"Is she the home-loving type of girl?"

"No, you've got to have a convertible."

A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail lounge.

"You're a little early," the barkeep said. "He ain't here yet."
FALL SPORTS by Steve Riley

 Heading toward a share of the conference crown—
Pendleton stopped by the Uconn secondary.

Now that the hoop season has officially opened, local interest is centered on whether or not Coach Rome Rankin’s charges will be able to better the mediocre performance of last year’s court cluster.

But before we go further regarding the Pale Blue’s basketball prospects, let’s go back and review the late, but only partly lamented, football season, take a look at how the hill-and-dales made out; and check up on who’s who in tennis this year.

FOOTBALL—Coach Dave Nelson’s gridiron crew battered its way to the top of the Yankee Conference for the first time, but came out of that struggle so groggy that they hit bottom in the even more important State Series.

By toppling Rhode Island and disposing of that old nemesis, the New Hampshire Wildcat, 26-13, the Bears clinched a tie for the crown in the New England loop, but lost their chance to annex it outright in the 12-12 tie with Connecticut. The Uconn, by the way, had practically the same club that left the Pale Blue 30 points in arrears last year, a club that was powerful enough to snow their opponents of the following Saturday, 125-0.

The State Series was a different story completely. The game with the Nutmeggers had put passer Harry Marden and Reggie Lord, the Blue’s chief breakaway threat, out of action and the Nelsonmen never did recover. Bates and Colby managed to edge out the Bears and Bowdoin’s loaded Polar Bears applied the finishing touches with their 18-0 triumph in the season’s finale.

However, as the saying goes, wait till next year. Nelson will have a host of veterans returning, plus a parcel of good material up from this year’s once-defeated frosh contingent, and should be in a position to make a good bid for state honors.

Among the list of lettermen led by Captain-elect Butch Noyes are Pete Pocius, Milt Victor, Dick Largay, Bob Whytock, Rod Footman, and Moose Card, from the forward wall; and backfield men Gene Sturgeon, Gordy Pendleton and Harry Marden.

CROSS-COUNTRY—Coach Chester Jenkins’ teams usually rank with the best, and this fall’s edition was no exception. Led by Harland Harnden, Dick Dow, Steve Hopkinson, Dick Packard and Johnny Wallace, the Bears took four dual meets while losing only one.

The barriers took two from Bates, one of them the State meet; gained an easy win over New Brunswick and edged out Springfield. The Jenkinsmen’s only loss was to New Hampshire.

In the New Englands, the Pale Blue finished eighth, with Steve Hopkinson the first Bear to cross the wire.

Other squad members who showed up well were Bob Parsons, Bob Eastman, Irv Smith, and Johnny Wilson.

TENNIS—There were 92 entered in the fall tennis tourney but when the dust of battle had cleared away, only veteran varsity netman Bob Thoits remained. Tourney surprises were Bob Avery and Paul Peterson of last season’s JV’s, and yearling Ernie Sutton. Avery reached the finals before losing to Thoits, while Peterson lasted until the semi-finals. Sutton, only a freshman, held on until the final rounds and looks like money in the bank for tennis Coach Small.

Besides Thoits, Avery, and Peterson, others who seem sure bets to hold varsity berths in the spring are Ben Blanchard, Frank Potenza, and Dick Edes.
Now to get back to the business at hand.

**BASKETBALL**—Doc Rankin has been hard at work installing a new system and although it may or may not produce immediate results, it will certainly make for some interesting watching.

As usual the schedule is split, with the first round of the State Series followed by a lengthy lay off, then after the Christmas recess comes the Massachusetts game here, and then the long and rugged swing through southern New England. Despite all the publicity given Rhode Island, Connecticut will probably be the toughest obstacle of the tour. The Uconners always have a top-flight squad and this year looks to be no exception.

Four year veteran Charlie Goddard is leading the Pale Blue five and the tall lad from Millinocket is looking forward to his best year. Charlie

No pass here — Marden runs

will be spelled at the pivot post by Wes Hussey, a smooth ball-handler who has a lot of experience on the hardwood.

The new mentor has plenty of depth throughout the squad. Available for front court duty are Bert Goddard, Tucker McAloon, Vic Woodbrey, Jack Lect, and Jim Bradley, while Al Hopkins, Lowell Osgood, Larry Mahaney, and John Christie share the guard spots.

We don't want to put the whammy on the squad, but we'd like to close with a prediction.

*The Pale Blue will beat Rhode Island for the first time in the history of Maine basketball this season.*

And those guys you see gazing across the Stillwater with anticipation in their eyes? Just some of Coach Curtis' ski boys—it won't be long now.

---

Coach Dave Nelson and Captain Don Barron
FORMALLY FESTIVE DRESSES

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FRESESE'S Third Floor Of Fashion
MAINE'S GREAT STORE
TWINS? Well, hardly! But there are many campus men who wish she were. Hailing from Bucksport, Maine, "Ginny" has that fresh, healthy appeal as becomes most Maine women. President of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority, she is a senior, majors in sociology, and also finds time to be a member of All Maine Women. Her activities include sorority meetings, dancing, and occasional trips from her room in Balentine Hall to her home in Carnegie Lounge. Tall, dark, handsome men seem preferred by this petite miss, who is as discriminating in her choice of companions as she is in her manner and dress. (Photo by Newhall)
LIVE ELECTRICALLY
AND
ENJOY THE
DIFFERENCE

The
Bangor
Hydro-Electric
Company

Headquarters
Bangor, Maine

Eyes Alight
Gaze now upon the countenance
Of one of no account;
He tipples for his sustenance,
Consuming large amounts.

He studies not the finer arts;
His elbows serve as mats
For hooking over bar-room rails,
And sopping beer at Pat's.

His eyes alight—a bottle's seen;
His throat is parched and dry.
His hands reach out in eager haste.
Dear elders, tell us why?

It's not in anger that he drinks,
Nor to forget his past;
He's simply antisocial, so—
He swapped girls for a glass!

—J.G.B.

Sunday Morning
On Sunday morning just at nine,
I saw them walking in a line
Along the sidewalk in the sun.
Their talk was light, in main of clothes
And of last night. They passed a rose
That grew unnoticed in the sun.
They took their talk into a church
That shot its spire high in search
Of that which gave to them the rose.

On Sunday morning just at ten,
I saw them walking back again.
Along the sidewalk in the sun.
Their talk was light, in main of clothes
And of last night. They passed a rose
That grew unnoticed in the sun.

—Kinley E. Roby
THE PINE NEEDLE

POET'S

Push - Pull - Clique - Clique
One Englishman is a gentleman;
Two Englishmen are a club;
Three Englishmen are a colony.

One Frenchman is a patriot;
Two Frenchmen are a couple;
Three Frenchmen are a political party.

One American is a tramp;
Two Americans are a gang;
Three Americans are a corporation.

One German is a peaceful peasant;
Two Germans are a singing society;
Three Germans are a bund.

One Austrian is a scholar;
Two Austrians are a coffeehouse;
Three Austrians are—well, there is no such thing.
One of them is always a Czech.

One Russian is a peasant;
Two Russians are a class;
Three Russians are a comintern.

One Maine woman is a Maine woman;
Two Maine women are two Maine women;
Three Maine women are the first scene in Macbeth.

The Pine Needle
Among The Leaves
I walked along a road in early fall;
The wind was at my back, among the trees,
And as I walked I watched the troubled leaves
That gathered into a great swirling cloud
And flew before the wind, a shapeless mass
Of lost identities, a field of grass.
The leaves swept on, and as they passed they struck
The hard packed road with a dry, scraping sound
That bore a strange resemblance to the noise
My shoes made striking on the hard packed ground.

—Kinley E. Roby

* * * * *
The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees:
No wonder the corn is shocked.

* * * *
If louses are lice,
And mouses are mice;
Would you say that a guy
With two spouses—had spice?

* * * *

Say it with flowers,
Say it with oats;
Say it with kisses,
Say it with sweets.
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink;
But always be careful
Not to say it with INK.

* * * *
I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances;
I’d have a place to put the junk
My girl friend brings to dances.

* * * *

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SPORT COATS
New colors and patterns in Tweeds, Cheviots,
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* * * * *

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* * * * *

M. L. French & Son
196 Exchange Street
Bangor, Maine
Getting Around On Campus

Carol Leavitt

This campus is mad — exciting — and mysterious,” said six girls one day. “Let’s get around!” they shouted. Dragging innocent Ted Newhall with them, they went on a tour to see the highlights and the lowlites, the highbrows and the lowbrows.

A spot which is possibly not one of the most popular haunts on campus, but a very interesting one is the milk room in Regers Hall where all the milk for the girls’ dorms is bottled. Carol Leavitt was especially interested in this room since she wanted to make sure that her newly developing wisdom teeth were getting clean milk to grow on. Carol is a junior, psych major, and a transfer from Hartford College. She’s a vivacious blonde with lots of phone calls.

Carol is wearing one of those very popular jersey blouses and a navy, red, and white plaid wool skirt with a big sash in the back. Her shoes are really “in” too. They’re red suede with crepe soles and they surely help Carol “get around.”

The next stop on the mad tour was at an afternoon tea at Prexy Hauck’s home. Claire Palmer was the only delegate from the group. Ten guards at the door dropped dead when she walked in and the tea pot whistled as she posed for the picture. She was wearing a navy blue dress and red cobra platform pumps — absolutely the snazziest outfit ever! The dress has slits in the sleeves, a turtle-neck collar, and a gold engraved buckle. Claire is a freshman living in Colvin Hall — and can she sing!

Just as all girls’ conversations finally turn to the topic of men, so did our crew’s chatter. The conversation became so interesting that the car got turned around and headed toward the athletic field where there were some live specimens (of men). Dorrine McMahon, a junior, hopped out of the car, tackled Russ Noyes, grabbed his helmet, and posed for her picture for the Pine Needle, the funniest, most literary, most intellectual, most entertaining, most enlightening University of Maine student publication.

Dorrine wore a camel’s hair polo coat which is fitted in the back and has a belt. Polo coats are all the rage this year and they are also
a classic, so—Dorrine is a smart gal!

After doing a few pushups and somersaults, the travelers needed refreshments. They sped to the snack-bar, fell into a booth and drank four cokes a piece. Ellie Hansen then had the strength to stand beside the counter and even lift a heavy empty coke cup. Ellie, with her own two hands, knit the white cable-stitch sweater and socks she is wearing. Ellie is a senior, president of her sorority, and is quite the popular gal.

After this, Ellie, who has a great sense of humor, suggested the crew travel over to the library to see how the better half live. Lois Welton, trying to create a silly impression, picked up a book and started reading. Lois, a freshman from West Hall, is wearing the ever—but now more than ever—popular cashmere sweater.

Lois soon tired of her book and suggested the group go to see Bertha. "Love to see Bertha," the group exclaimed, while Ted Newhall straightened his tie and combed his hair.

He was rather disappointed to discover that Bertha had four legs, but he thought she had very pretty brown eyes.

Posed to the right of Bertha in the picture is Nancy Kent, smiling greetings to all. Nancy is wearing a gray corduroy dress with push-up sleeves and a peter-pan collar. She also sports a pert red polka-dot scarf and red moccasins. A senior transfer from Beaver College in Philadelphia, Nancy is majoring in education. She remarked that she thought the cows at Beaver are much more dignified than those at Maine.

Ted Newhall kissed Bertha goodbye and the travelers decided they had enough for one day. They all gave the campus the Good Housekeeping seal of approval (except for the smell in the barn) and decided the campus was in perfect condition for all the hustle and bustle of Fall at Maine.

They're picking up the pieces
With a dustpan and a rake;
He grabbed a silken knee,
When he should have grabbed the brake.
T he most effective way to express your pleasure in your house party date is with flowers and to do that best, get your corsage from us.

(Continued from Page 5)

means of unifying the divergent interests.

VAN HEUSEN indeed! Just think what would happen if the girls' dorms ever got wind of this ultimatum. Utter confusion would result, at the very least.

We need not discuss the chaos which would accompany a weekend dance, or even a session at the bookstore, in this event. (Wheee)

Why, if we had our way, that Campus would be ostracized...overthrown...executed...revolution...

What we mean is that...that...

Oh, well.

Thoughts For ANY Day:

- A co-ed isn't necessarily an artist just because she paints or chisels.
- It's a great life when your don't's weaken.
- Chorus girls certainly must see a lot of each other.
- Tight clothing may stop circulation; but the tighter a girl's clothes fit, the more she circulates.
- It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty legs, but you shouldn't compliment her too highly.

* * * *

Homecoming wasn't so long ago, and memories are still vivid. Lots of celebrating was done, and there was a lot to talk over afterward. We met one of the boys right after one of the parties, and he was in a pretty bad way. His face was flushed, but his broad shoulders saved him.

We were sitting quietly in our room that fateful weekend, trying to make the walls stand still. There was a knock at the door.

"May I come in? It's the same room I had when I went to Maine in '24," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie.

"Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the closet door. There stood a girl, terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story."
Nurse: "I think that college boy in Room 317 is getting better."
Doctor: "What makes you say that?"
Nurse: "He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

"Does your girl smoke?"
"Not quite."

"Why the toothbrush on your lapel?"
"It's my school pin. I go to Colgate."

Bookstore: "Young man, you need this book. It will do half your college work for you."
Larry: "Fine. Give me two."

Vera: "Why didn't you find out his name when the roll was called?"
Ginny: "I tried, but he answered for four different names."

"A married couple were sleeping peacefully when the wife suddenly shouted out in her sleep: "Good Lord, my husband!"
The husband, waking suddenly, jumped out of the window.

"Girl: "What makes you think this is a night for wild oats?"
Ray: "Your eyes just told me so."

"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

She: "Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?"
He: "No, pet."
not at the rate your buddies disappeared."

"Okay, okay—if you won't tell the story here, you will at headquarters anyway."

The beam of light swung around again.

(There's the hole—and he didn't see it! Wait until we go by and then dive!)

The light was now on the barbed wire strung across the fence corner.

(Safe! Into the brush and he'll never spot you.)

Ten minutes later as flashlights stabbed the gloom, and guards crashed about in the brush, a motor started quietly, unnoticed. A single guard thought he heard a crunching of wheels on gravel. But that was all, and no more noise was heard, no headlights showed along the south end of the area.

Moments later the driver of the vehicle silently picked up his two companions. They grimly agreed that they could do no more that night, and headed for home.

Some time later the trio, in going over the details of the expedition, discovered they had come out with one badly torn pair of pants, the less of a well-battered hat, and numerous scratches and bruises. But they had failed to accomplish their purpose. Their mission was unfulfilled.

Ah, yes—a sad but true . . .

The U. of M. apple orchard patrol was on the job.

He: "What is home without a mother?"
She: "I am."

A fellow driving his car with the top down was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, a sheepard's plaid suit, and a lavender beret. A motorcycle cop stopped him and made him pull over to the side of the road.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the lad. "I haven't violated my traffic laws."

Said the cop, "I know, I just wanted to hear you talk."

* * *

He: "Do you neck?"
She: "That's my business."
He: "Oh, a professional."

There was a young lady from Lynn. Who thought that to love was a sin. But when she was tight. She thought it alright. So everyone filled her with gin.

* * *

"My girl's lipstick seems to have a better taste than other girls."

"Yeah, doesn't it."

* * *

"Bill proposed to me," exclaimed the sweet young thing with glee.

"Congratulations," said her best friend. "Doesn't he do it beautifully?"

* * *

And then there was the girl who ruined her health because she mis-understood the doctor's orders. She thought he recommended three hearty meals a day.

* * *

"I have a report here that says coke, zodk, and whiskey were found in your room. What do you make of that?"

"Highballs, sir."

* * *

It was raining like mad—three roosters found themselves caught in the deluge. Two of them ran for the barn, the third made a duck under the porch.

* * *

"How did you find the young ladies at the dance?" asked the soph of a young freshman just back from his first dance.

"Oh, I just opened the door marked 'Ladies,' answered the frosh, "and there they were."
I was charmed by the look in her eye,
By her nightingale voice I was smitten;
And her beautiful figure—oh my!
By her glorious hair I was bitten.
She's really the charmingest girl,
sir;
In her arms any man would find bliss, sir.
But what struck me most about her Was her hand when I started to kiss her.

They sat alone in the moonlight;
She smoothed his troubled brow.
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

She: "I'm waste."
He: "I'm haste."

Sigma Chi to roommate: "Where's your pin?"
Roommate: "Haven't got it."
1st Sigma Chi: "Lose it?"
Roommate: "Nope!"
1st Sigma Chi: "Broken?"
Roommate: "No, but I guess you might say it's busted."
QUESTION

A Find four letters with teeth, look for them in the name; Though not used in this sense, the spelling’s the same.

B When on your back, it’s cut to measure. When in a pack, it’s for your pleasure.

C Cirrus, nimbus and cumulus; change one letter and then Sial, manila and hemp; change one letter again.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST
1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit ten answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue’s publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS IN NEXT ISSUE

Send all entries to EDITOR, PINE NEEDLE.

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For details, contact your nearest TWA office, or your travel agent.

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Things are looking up at Estubrooke. A friend of ours phoned there the other day, and was greeted with,

“This is Ginny; who in the hall do you want?”

Mother: “What makes you think Junior is drinking at college?”

Father: “Look at his expense account—the figures are staggering.”

“I didn’t raise my daughter to be fiddled with,” said the pussy-cat as she rescued her kitten from the violin factory.
Do you realize the best place to shop for some of your Christmas gifts is at

THE BOOKSTORE?

Christmas Suggestions for That Maine Boy and Girl

FRATERNITY AND SORORITY BANNERS AND STATIONERY UNIVERSITY OF MAINE SEAL JEWELRY AND OTHER GIFTS

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We hope you will have a very pleasant vacation and holiday

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Starring in
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Prominent Tobacco Farmer from Hillsboro, N.C.

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