The Pine Needle, Easter 1949

Pine Needle Publications
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Vera Edfors

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The
PINE
NEEDLE

EASTER ISSUE
1949

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According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette
Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!
CONTENTS

editors' page ........................................ 2
the pinups pinned down ......................... 3
on an english instructor ........................... 4
miss american coed contestant ................ 4
miss pat simmons ................................... 5
the bridge ............................................ 6-7
the maine crampus ............................... Insert
fungus willie ....................................... 9
last street down ................................... 9
long and short, nason and edfors ............. 10-11
an ode by roby ..................................... 16

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Editors’ Page

The Easter season brightens the way for spring. And with spring comes fresh little leaf buds which grow and spread to a prominent, but still green, existence. They thrive in the glory of sunlight and flourish themselves too gaily in the light breezes of temptation until nature is tired of appreciating them and their stems become broken away from their source of nourishment and sanction. Then they fall to the ground where they shrivel up to await the inevitable tramp of a boot that will crush theirbrittleness to the dust of a past season.

Like this cycle of a leaf is the term of a Pine Needle editor. The most prominent compound leaf in Pine Needle history was ever-branching Ray Cudahy. His many petioles grew with the mag for years, but at last he has gone his decided way to add his withered self to the incinerator called the Bangor Commercial.

The sessile leaf known as Dick Sprague, for a single successful season, kept one branch solidly tipped. Now his lobes are contracted to squeeze their remaining sap into the struggle with comprehensive examinations.

The smoothy of the past was entire Claire Chamberlain. His veination of prose and poetry has courses its last through these pages. He has been parched by graduation and is now being buffeted about by the winds of a treeless world.

For a time, the serrated edges of a Sam Jones leaf scratched this pinetab and and his chlorophyll gave its surface a controversial color. Now his energies are expended along a clutching tendril to female interests in Boston. He is seared beyond use, and will probably be raked from our literary lawn.

What may you now expect from the new leaflets which cling so precariously to the end of this swaying limb? We can’t tell you that we are good. Or that we are qualified for the job. Or how long we expect to stay lush and healthy. One of us has the habit of biting on one plastic bow of his glasses as he cautiously weighs even the slightest decision with knitted brow and grim consternation. Here we have back bone and confidence. Another one of us once had something to do with a high school year book, and has since been beating out crummy poetry and writing stories about this and that with dubious success. Here we have literary genius of a simple degree. Still another one of us has been ill prepared for his present job by once handling an MCA publication and reading hunting and fishing magazines. What we have here, we don’t know but it might grow into something useful.

We have an extremely pleasant office. The door is open all the time simply because it won’t close. The floor is well padded against noises of all types with a thickness of rubber. We have one good chair and four which we use for our guests. A telephone is here for some reason and our dust gagged typewriter fills out our list of equipment, although we intend to buy a dictionary. Climbing to and from our garret, we develop leg muscles and become well known to the off-campus girls.

So, with all these qualifications and diversifications we intend to give the students of Maine an entertaining magazine for their two bit investment. If we don’t blossom out as you wish—let us know about it. If you like our foliation—we will continue to flourish and hope the orchardists will not be able to reach us with a pruning hook.

We think you will agree that the present art staff of the Pine Needle is most able. The cover of this issue was done by Len Keenan, who is somewhat acquainted with the habits of rabbits. The page of “Good-nights” is a leaf from Dick Selleck’s sketchbook. Those cartoons that constantly feature youthful maidens with prominent profiles are created by the pen of Bill Fogler. Also, dependable Lloyd Shapleigh is still with the mag and is always ready to dash off a picture of humor.

In each issue we hope to publish at least one outstanding student written short-short story for your enjoyment. Ted Gridley’s writing seemed tops to us this time. So we duff our literary caps to him and will keep an eye on Post and Colliers for his byline in the future.

Poets are a little more uncommon but we claim a valuable discovery in Kinley Roby. Other rhymers wished their work used without their names listed.

Our fashion editors, Pussy and Vera, have knit together a unique article to go along with some very eyecable photos. That department should keep the interest of our female readers as well as the bug-eyed boys.

Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer lad was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she: “I’m afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me,”

Said he: “How could I, with all these things to carry?”

Said she: “Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle.”

—Yellowjacket

* * *

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

—N.Y.U. Varieties

THE PINE NEEDLE
THE PINUPS
PINNED DOWN

For the last issue of the Pine Needle, our cameraman crept into various Maine dormitories and found some of the most voluptuous torsos known and unknown to Maine men. He gained the girls' confidences and requested them to don their most figure flattering bathing suits and to strike a comfortable pose with an arm this way or a leg that. The resulting pictures were complete in every detail up to the alluring slope that connects the neck and shoulders of each Maine Miss. Above that line was a blank. One bathing suit was flowered. Others were adrift at the middle, but they were all full.

Men all over the campus sat with the Pine Needle open to the middle page as they pondered the possibilities and searched their memories for some tell-tale clue that would help them identify these headless females.

One of the unpractised models had overlooked the removal of her watch before posing. As a result, two men were seen in Carnegie for three afternoons in a row cautiously sliding up the sleeve of each girl that entered, but they were unsuccessful in finding the watch in the picture.

Some fraternity men tried to trick their dates into wearing bathing suits under the pretense of a costume party in hopes that they might find a familiar swim costume.

A few brave males frequented the women's gym during Phys Ed classes. They were doomed to be disappointed, however, for they never discovered the smallest mole that would match.

One keen eyed sophomore discovered a ring on the finger of one of the decapitated ladies. He thought this was the answer, but alas. It was no good. During the next week he met four different Maine coeds that wore rings comparable to the one in the picture.

Thus it went. Everyone tried to work form details with no success. It became evident that these wheels about campus didn't know the girls as well as they claimed. Although one or two said, "These legs look familiar," no student was able to look at one of those pictures and say, "I know her." It was a sad defeat for the ego of the persistent "door-call" and the connoisseur of college

(Continued on Page 14)
On An English Instructor

Virago in her office dully thinks on rule and rank, reports and allied stinks.
Alone of all the department to hatch not sense, but wits that creep and parts to match.
Either in banal impotence she speaks or as her master whispers so she squeaks.
She mouths blunt phrases, ragout of the arts
“Masterpieces” taught with minor parts.
Pedantic in the classroom, thick outside,
bludgeon poetry, thinks hair’s the hide.
Dictating what she copied years behind
substituting penmanship for mind.
All Hail, Virago! Hail, O plodding good
O narrow natured! O bleak witted toad.

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

* * *

“Im sorry,” said the girl, “but this two-dollar bill is counterfeit.”
“Ye Gods,” the woman uttered, “I’ve been seduced!”
—Missouri Showme

Maine’s Miss Coed Entry

Back in 1947 The Pine Needle first sponsored an entry in “The Miss American Coed Contest” conducted by Varieties Magazine. That year Miss Jan Brown from Maine was judged fifth from the top among all American college entries. She received favorable comment from the famous model man, Mr. John P. Powers, and her picture was published in Life magazine.

Last year Miss Polly Marcous was chosen by this magazine to represent our University. From a field of ninety contestants, Miss Marcous ranked eighteenth on the beauty list. The twelve finalists were saluted on the Chesterfield Supper Club, coast-to-coast radio show, and were flown to Virginia Beach for the final judging where Miss Patty Cotter of L. S. U. was picked as Miss American Coed of 1948. She received about five thousand dollars worth of prizes.

For the past few weeks the editors of this magazine have been scanning the faces along the bookstore counter, watching girls trotting to and from classes, perusing dormitory lounges and smokers, comparing crossed legs under snack bar booths, and guessing at what might be hidden under winter coats and book worn countenances. Blondes, brunettes, tall girls, short girls, wheels, unknowns, open dates, steadies, and athletes or dean’s list. We studied them all and we are not saying that it wasn’t fun. We considered their picture potential. We thought of them in evening gowns, in a sweater, in rain coats, and in bathing suits. Then we took our discoveries to a photographer and came up with half a dozen shots of a girl that seemed very pleasing. This year the Pine Needle magazine is sponsoring Miss Pat Simmons in the national college coed contest. Good luck to you, Pat. See you in the movies!
Patricia Marie, her mother named her on February 28, 1930, in that little old town of Oakland, since exchanged for hometown Bucksport. She is now the rare combination of beauty and brains and personality which all Maine males worship. Besides all this she is a wheel of no minor revolution. Vice President of '51, soprano in the glee club, an Eagle, MOC worker, member of the Publications Committee, and she wears an AOPi pin. On the lighter side she enjoys jitterbugging and all kinds of sports. She swings a softball bat with an ease equal to the swing of her 35” hips. She is not satisfied with the old State U, though, for she never misses a Bowdoin houseparty. Her dark brown hair curls just 5’3½” from the floor to frame a light complexioned face and bright hazel eyes. An odd fraction makes an even figure with a 25½” waist and a 34” bust. She is 117 pounds of loveliness that is slipping away from us for next year her plans take her to Cornell to finish a five-year nursing course. Oh, the pleasures of the infirm.
The pine needle

There had been other early Springs.

There had been other early Springs when Jan Marlow had crossed the bridge. It wasn't terrifying then. There were no voices whispering inside her. Other early Springs she was holding someone's hand when they crossed together; and his hand was warm. And he smiled security at her.

But it was different crossing alone.

She was only as secure as her two feet on the melting snow. Sometimes it was snowing pitifully shapeless flakes that stuck where they landed. And if the flakes didn't find quick reinforcements they melted against the steel girders and under her soggy overshoes. And the crisp, scintillating winter was over and she was alone between seasons. And the ice was breaking up under the bridge.

But there had been other early Springs.

And Fred was walking beside her; and she was between the wooden wall and his protecting hand clasp. His hands were warm, and he warmed her mittens, and he wasn't afraid.

Perhaps he would speak. "It's a beautiful night, isn't it?"

And she would agree, because walking across the bridge with him was beautiful. The trucks rumbling behind her, their lights bobbing as they hit the rise at the end and jogged over the loose planks, vibrating the bridge in the middle, then shifting gears as they ascended the hill on the other side—all was shut out and distant as she walked with Fred.

As she walked with Fred she didn't notice the bent girders that misjudging drivers had hit. She didn't see the temporary wooden bracing strapped to the steel girders. She didn't realize how the entire bridge shuddered when more than one truck crossed, when trucks passed, or when heavy traffic made it spring up and down.

It was only when she was alone. Only alone could she feel alone.

Only walking that short distance across the bridge could she understand its length. Only alone did she realize it was suspended weakly at both ends. Only alone—and afraid—did she question the strength of the old girders.

She asked herself and answered herself.

And an intense fear gripped her as she envisioned the twisting steel girders tumbling into the icy flows. There was nothing to hold to but the girders and they were curling and buckling like burning cardboard. There was no Fred to control her, to act quickly and wisely. There was only horror, a scream that nobody heard, icy water, and bending steel girders. She pictured herself—her back against the wooden wall. It held her. She couldn't jump if she wanted to. She was trapped in the folding, screeching bridge.

Yes, perhaps another truck would be too much. The ice had weakened the bridge and it would buckle and crumble this Spring.

Perhaps she would die this early Spring.

So Jan Marlow thought as she walked towards the bridge. It was Friday evening; it was early Spring; and she was alone.

"It's foolish," she said aloud. "Alone is no different than being with someone." But she knew it was the difference that made her notice the difference. "Fred is no loss. It's a gain." But the two words "a gain" ran together in her mind and she unwillingly repeated them—again. There was something of Fred that wouldn't, couldn't be forgotten. Fred had nearly erased the silly illusion about the bridge. When they were together it was no problem.

Jan resurrected the conversation as she took her first footstep on the bridge. It would convince her, she thought. She could use his argu-
BRIDGE

ment without him. Somehow the words were repeated—almost as if he were there.

“Afraid of this bridge?” Fred smiled.

“Yes.” She gripped his hand more firmly.

“Why?”

“I don’t know. It’s just . . . just old . . . and it shakes.”

“Just hang onto me. If it falls we fall together.” He smiled.

She didn’t want to remember that line.

“I’ve always been afraid of this bridge. There’s nothing supporting it,” she said.

“Nothing but those steel girders.”

And they looked strong and reassuring when Fred was there. She wasn’t afraid when he was there.

“Feel the snow crunch under your feet?” Fred said.

“Yes.”

“Look back. See? We set up two paths.” And he bent down and packed a snowball and threw it over the side of the bridge. “Maybe it will go out to sea on an ice cake,” he said.

And they were across. The bridge was behind and Fred was still holding her hand. The childish fear was somewhere in the past, and it would become less and less prominent as they crossed and recrossed the bridge.

Summer would follow Spring, Autumn, and then crisp, scintillating Winter. Then Spring, and the river ice would break up and . . . suddenly she was alone.

The conversation was over and she was alone.

Their reconstructed talk didn’t take long enough. Jan was only in the middle of the bridge. Dreams are quicker than realities, she thought. Something of the gestures, the smiles, the laughing is missing. There is just a quick review, and the symbolism had failed.

Jan was in the middle now, and a truck bounded onto the bridge behind her, its lights bobbing weirdly on the skeleton structure of the bridge. Shadows grew tall and short, planks clattered, and the shuddering filled her body as the truck drew nearer. She wanted to look back to the imagined conversation, to her path in the melting snow. But there was only one path. She tried to remember a song, a name, a place, anything.

But there was no memory. There was only a solitary oil truck, its cab bounding by now, the trailer heavily following behind leaving a deep imprint in the slushy road.

This could be the one, she thought.

Jan backed against the green painted wall and dug her fingers into the woodwork. She didn’t see the figure coming from the opposite end. She saw nothing. She could only feel—the swaying rhythm of the bridge as it struggled before tottering into the snowy, icy mass below. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth, breathing deeply.

Seconds were centuries as she waited for a crescendo of splitting timbers and twisting steel. She was ready.

“Why, Jan!”

She opened her eyes. “Fred!”

“What are you doing here—like that?” He automatically grasped her hand and felt the damp perspiration. “What’s the matter?”

“Fred.” Jan was breathing in heavy gasps. “Fred . . . where did you come from?”

“I was just walking across and I saw you standing here.”

“Fred, do something for me.”

“What?”

(Continued on Page 12)
HOW DO YOU SAY GOODNIGHT?
ARE YOU

... LONGEVITY?

... SHY?

... EASILY FRUSTRATED?

... HUNGRY?

... NONCHALANT?

ART BY

Pelleck

RESEARCH BY

Brennan

... A BLIND DATE?

... PASSIONATE?

... OR A LOVER?
Hornblende Does Most For University

At the recent student elections, Rex Hornblende was voted the man who has done more for the University of Maine than any other senior. As a result of this, Mr. Hornblende will be given the Woolworth Watch Award, the Plaque of Maine Citizenship, and an interview with Mr. Brockway of the placement bureau.

Rex Hornblende's selection by the student body as the man most valuable to his school climaxes a college career of many activities, high academic standing, and popularity. During his first year at Maine, Rex became known to football fans as the best tackle in the state and was later chosen as All-New England in that position. Later in the year he was active in the MOC, College 4-H Club, and the Men's Senate.

He was chosen to be an Owl at the beginning of his sophomore year, pledged to Sigma Kappa Omega, and elected to the Men's Athletic Association. That year, too, he headed the Good Will Chest drive, played first string center for Maine's court quintet, and in the spring, he pitched the baseball team to the state championship.

Throughout his junior year, Rex played a horn in the band, headed the Scabbard & Blade organization, served as president of the Agricultural Club, and acted as secretary to The Young Republicans. He also broke the New England six hundred yard dash record, tied the international collegiate record for the pole vault, and shot consistent "possibles" with the Maine rifle team. He received the H. P. Hood and the A. & P. Scholarships.

This year Rex became president of the General Senate, the Senior Skulls, and the Inter-Fraternity Council. He has played the lead in the last two Maine Masque productions. (Continued on Page Four)

FACULTY FACKS

A familiar and well-known figure about the campus of late is our new Commode Cleaning (3-4) instructor, Miss Gertrude Gartersnap.

Miss Gartersnap is, unfortunately for Maine, a native of Boston, or rather Back Bay, Boston. In her own words, she is one of the "bluest of the Back Bay's bluest blues." Very social-minded herself, she admits that her family is so social-minded that they have all the latest social diseases. (measles)

Miss Gartersnap graduated from Wellesley in the top three-fourths of her class. While there, she majored in Whiskey Displays and Car Upholstery, and took African Lice Diseases on the side. Although dismissed for consorting with a Red-Tailed Ape and a Platter-Lipped Kurilian, she cleared herself of the charge some months later and resumed studies. Miss Gartersnap states: "The claim was preposterous; never in my life have I seen a Platter-lipped Kurilian."

Miss Gartersnap, in a recent interview, told this reporter that her hobby was collecting Algominian relics, but added that she had a slight weakness for gin. A staunch outdoor enthusiast, she frequently walks from Pat's to the Home Plate and back again. The rumor goes that she once lost her bearings on a foggy night and went into Nichol's, but Miss Gartersnap dismissed this as a gross falsehood.

When asked by this reporter whether or not she liked Maine, she answered in the affirmative, and that she thought the "shrubbery was wonderful." When queried upon the absence of ultra-social life, she poo-pooed the question, adding (Continued on Page Four)
**Usually Wrong**

It has recently been brought to our attention that the policy of the school is in dire need of an about-face. For instance, the facade of each and every building is waging a constant war of balance with that of its neighbor. And the shrubbery—it would seem to this writer that if the botany department is all that it’s rumored to be, then it should be able to devise some way of keeping the foliage on the trees. It’s absolutely disgusting for young girls coming straight from high school to be subjected to naked trees all through the winter. To hell with the administration.

On the lighter side, it is the opinion of this writer that entirely too much emphasis is placed on the morals of the campus men and women. A great many males here at school are a part of the eight million heroic, bewildered veterans, and as such they should be given a little more cooperation and sympathy. Perhaps accessibility to all coeds’ rooms would be the answer; and if, upon examination, the doors were found barricaded from the inside, why it’s all in fun. To hell with the administration.

To the right of this column appears “Obitchuaries,” a column intended for the personal expression of anyone and all readers. If you think the news coverage insufficient, or that your views are not being adequately expressed, or that the editorial staff is in a perpetual cloud of semi-lunacy, drop us a line. You’ll wait till hell freezes over to see it in print. For the protection of the paper, all letters must be accompanied by a photostatic copy of the author’s birth certificate, plus a rapid-Hinton report duly signed by an authorized MD. And remember the door to our office is always open—just try to get in. To hell with the administration.

It’s an odd thing, but true, that once a person is a winner, the rest

(Continued on Page Four)

**University Sobriety**

The Shorts and Halter Club of Lower Stevens North held a party last night for all the little toots in the organization. The affair was planned for seven o'clock; however, nobody showed up until well after eight. Miss Chokegirdle reported that at roughly eight-fifteen couples began to struggle in, loudly telling filthy stories and singing in various discords. Little Billy Blotterbottom threatened to disrupt the evening when Miss Chokegirdle requested that he check his fifth at the door, but peace, and the bottle, were retained after the two shot fingers and little Billy won.

Entertainment was provided by Baby Alice who did an Apache Dance on a pile of blocks in the center of the floor. During the performance, little Dicky Dingebury had to be forcibly restrained from attacking his partner, Suzy Sloshwater.

At nine o'clock Miss Hemroydle arrived to speak to the kiddies on "Your Little Brothers and Sisters in War-Torn Europe." She was met with cat calls and cries of, "Aw, go to hell!"

Miss Chokegirdle had planned to have the kiddies play post office, but hastily revised the game to ring-around-the-rosie. Everything went well until little Sandy Sudto pinched Baby Alice on the cheek, whereupon she retaliated by a low blow with a cue stick. General confusion followed, with letter blocks and tootsie toys flying everywhere.

Ninety-six patrolmen under the able baton of Police Chief Frank Cowan broke up the riot.

Delta Phew invites all to their coming Inter-racial Riot. Refresh-

(Continued on Page Four)

**Obitchuaries**

Dear Editor:

As I sit, wreathed in cigarette smoke, laboriously bent over my books, my throat becomes as dry as the material I am reading. The very roots of my tonsils beg for the caress of liquid refreshment. My over-worked brain cells begin to conjure up the vision of overflowing fountains of beer. Then the idea hits me. Fountains...beer!! Yes! Let us have beer in the dormitory fountains!

To satisfy all guzzlers, my plan is to sink deep wells next to each dormitory. Into them shall be poured a mixture of my own choice. Its soothing content will even conform to the 3.2 law. Three parts wood alcohol and two parts grain of the same.

Think how satisfying this would be. Rather than quench our thirst with that weird concoction, known locally as WATER, we would only have to walk to the nearest fountain, pucker our lips, turn the handle and inhale...beer!! Aah! What relief for parched tonsils! What relaxation for over burdened minds!

—J. P. Rupert, Jr.

Dear Editor:

I would like very much to feel the warmth of someone’s affection, to be, as you might say, somebody’s loving girl. I think that you can help me.

In person, I can’t seem to win a man’s heart. I do not feel, however, that this is because I am but an Average Girl. On paper, I feel that I could get to be some man’s honey. In writing, I could set down the intense emotions and profound understanding for which I have a capacity. That is where you can help me.

Do you think you might possibly print some of my comments, observations, conclusions, etc., about life and love and see what men would be interested in me?

—The Lonely Heart
Bare Facts

The annual hopscotch tournament, scheduled to begin as soon as the mud permits, promises to be a battle between the might of Beta Pu Phu and the brawn of Si Si Shelta, the strongest contenders.

Recognition should be forthcoming for the varsity team of Hide and seek players who have so consistently outhid and outsought other teams throughout the nation. At the present they are awarded only Schenley gold stars, even though they placed within three decimal places in UO4s competition.

(Continued on Page Four)
Yet To Come

Thursday
3-45 P.M. Record Concert
Carnegie Hall
Beethoven's Fifth. Chasers are advisable but not required.
5-00 P.M. Black coffee will be served to those attending record concert.
Auspices of W.C.T.U. board of Membership.
7-15 P.M. Movie, "Ecstasy" banned throughout the nation will be presented for the education and enlightenment of the student body.

Friday
4-15 P.M. Dr. Z. B. Blastophagaion
"Why Squidgle-bugs are unhappy in the rain."
45 Bugsbee Lab.
8-15 P.M. S.A.P. Sorority ice-skating party.
Women's Gym.

Saturday
8-00 P.M. Open House. Tappa Keg.
Sunset until 12-00 Stevens Parking lot available. Couples only.

Sunday
All Morning Church Services for those with only minor hangovers.

Monday
DAMN DULL ISN'T IT.

Tuesday
7-15 P.M. Geology Lecture. Hot Rocks and old fossils.
Dr. I. M. Intrusive
13 Amidoloidal Hall
Shist B. Mylava
Visiting Geologist

Wednesday
9-00 P.M. Members of the Astronomy Club will meet at the Great Works Picnic Grounds to observe movements of heavenly bodies.

Bare Facts
(Continued from Page Three)
All the yo-yo men who want to practice after midnight Tuesdays seem to be receiving a bad deal as the practice court is barred at too early an hour for their benefit.
"Bare facts" will be one paragraph shorter if the administration ever decides to have the muskets removed from the pingpong table.
Fashion shows which have been rather plentiful recently should be eliminated for the benefit of the more athletically-minded student body. Not enough students are interested in watching long skirts walk by to justify taking up rooms where guessing games could be held.

University Sobriety
(Continued from Page Two)

tentions will be vodka boilermakers.
Try Flits threw a very successful Monster Sex Orgy last Saturday. Entertainment was provided by Phil Phlegm who told filthy stories to the delight of all. At one o'clock the chaperones were released and everyone headed for the cars.
Pinned:
Connie Clutcher to Jerk Mouser;
Phyliss Teeser to John Fathead;
Stella Snatchpin to Sucker Snodfanny.
Married:
Francie Lovelace to Disgusted Botswell; Hysterical Accident to Mortified Muller.

Usually Wrong
(Continued from Page Two)
of the world demands that he stay a winner. And if the winner fails to win, and his winnings pale into insignificance beside the winnings of some other winner, then the winning smiles of the winner's audience wins the heart of some other winner. By this time the winner of the previous winnings, no longer being a winner, wins the winning wows of no one but himself. To hell with the administration.

—BULL BIGOT

Falculty Facks
(Continued from Page One)
that she thought the "shrubbery was wonderful."
Miss Gartersnap expects to stay at Maine for at least eighteen months.
When asked by this reporter why she chose such an odd length of time, she smiled and said, "surely 'tis better to be doubly sure and sure, than sure but not sure."

Hornblende
(Continued from Page One)
tions and is at present Editor of the Maine Campus. He is majoring in Animal Husbandry and has an accumulative point average of 3.86.
Upon being questioned about Rex Hornblende's future, Mr. Brockway replied that a job in Massachusetts or New York State might be found.

If all smokers knew what Zesterfield
Smokers know, they'd quit!
X marks the spot where you will lie, if you smoke
ZESTERFIELD

Switch to Zesterfields and live happily
in the hereafter
Fungus Willie

Fungus Willie was a sloppy eyed cur. He never washed or shaved. A hibernating cephalocere Asleep in a Stygian cave.

Willie dreamed of an April dawn, Of Aurora by a nook. He saw himself as a fair Don Juan Or Narcissus o'er a brook.

Then Uncle Sam on a hoary day Came down to his fair tee-pee. Poor Willie served for his USA; A martyr of KP.

Fungus Willie heard the horns, He knew the strife had ceased. A ruptured duck he had sewed on "Now to enjoy the feast!"

So G. I. Bill and old V.A. Soon helped him with his game. And that's how Willie is today attending U. of Maine.

I'm not writing this to bitch, A co-ed should be pure. It's just my room mate's with this itch

Down necking near the door.

We girls must stick together here You know we're here to learn But guys like Fungus turn up where A gal's heart can be burned.

—A Senior

Student in Psych Lab on tour asked an asylum inmate his name. “George Washington,” was the reply.

“Yut last time I was here you said you were Abraham Lincoln.”

“That,” said the lunatic sadly, “was by my first wife.”

“Hubert, is my wife dressed?”

“No, Sir.”

“Hubert, you're fired.”

Two drunks wending their way back from Pat's the other night bumbled into one of the girls' dormitories.

One of them lost his head and ran. The other remained calm, cool, and collected.

Helen: “How is it that Joe never takes you to the movies any more?”

Mary: “Well, one night it rained, and we stayed home.”

Women who wear slips seldom make them.

“Let's cut classes today and go down to Colby.”

“I can't afford to. I need the sleep.”

Last Street Down

The street of prostitutes and ten-cent beers.
Of bleary staring windows stained with smoke;
Garbage in the gutter, skinny cats
Dig calmly in the garbage—full of hope.

The street that drowses in the glare of day,
In darkness rising, opening its eyes.
And stretching, shakes the ragged men awake
To third-class prostitutes and bars
With flies.

The street that's going nowhere, and goes on.
Where remnant men in remnant suits have time
To stand along the sidewalk in the sun.
And stare at a strange face—or
Bum a dime.

The dying street, the sneering street;
The street that slouches naked.
The home of men who have no homes,
Where the good old days are most related.

A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.

—Yellowjacket

EASTER ISSUE, 1949
What's the hot scoop on clothes this spring? We shall start at the bottom (of the floor) and work up. Girls must have clothes—and for every occasion. Gennette MacNair models a navy-blue marquisette evening gown with a fetching (and what will it fetch) stole which she can toss over her shoulder, wrap around her arm, or use to trip her escort. The strapless top and tight-fitting bodice of the gown have ah-peel for men. The imitation rose on the front of the dress adds an exotic touch, and is a very desirable feature for "no corsage" dances or penniless escorts.

Whoops—we're creeping up! Or else the legs are getting longer! An East Hall deb, Joan Cosgrove, is all dressed up to go stepping and stopping eyes. Her cocktail dress is black and white crepe with sequins scattered here and there over the blouse. A mystery man who shyly refuses to admit his appearance in a ladies' fashion column is wearing Ted Newhall's tan gabardine jacket—just the thing for men this spring. Ted had better lock his doors! A typical Maine girl. Joan prefers to smoke a cigarette rather than to hold a cocktail. (Dean Wilson, please take note.) Joan wears the dress at fraternity parties and afternoon teas.

The suit is only an inch shorter, but we're progressing! A light weight glen-plaid is suitable for all seasons and all occasions, and Nat Tarr's suit takes her everywhere. The brown undertones in the plaid are accentuated by the brown accessories: the brown handbag, ankle-strap pumps, and silk scarf knotted through a gold ring complete Nat's ensemble. And what happened to the hat? Nat heard that hats promote middle-aged baldness and she prefers to keep her shiny brown locks for a while.

And whose is or who is the
wheel? Pat Shattuck is the pert miss from Balentine whose is (slurp) who is dressed up fit to kill any one who comes in the path of the bicycle on which she is about to wow the campus's people. The tyke on the bike will visit those “far away places” in her red woollen sweater and knee-socks, her white corduroy pedal-pushers, and her red leather belt PLUS her new Kappa Sig fraternity pin! Pat should invest in a bicycle built for two.

Ellen Stratton doesn't look very sleepy, but that's a nightie she is wearing. And we are now up to the knees! The nightie is blue cotton with white eyelet trimming down the front. The stockings Ellen models in her hair are size 9½, are made of finely combed cotton, and can also be worn on the feet. P.S. Jack is the lucky animal whom Ellen is holding so passionately under her arm.

The cute little lady on the blanket is Martha Coles who is waiting patiently for summer. (She is wearing an ATO pin.) Martha bravely reaches the climax of our trip from the bottom of the floor up—and wears wine and white cordé shorts with a wide cumber-band around her waist. Martha should plan to spend her honey-moon in a warm climate so that she can make use of these shorts.

And we had better stop here!

A New York insurance company sold a policy to a wealthy lady covering her wardrobe. Later the manager received a telegram from her saying, “Gown lifted in London.” After a little thought the insurance man cabled back, “How much do you think our policy covers?”

Sigma Nu: “Ye gads, I'm thirsty.”
Co-ed: “Here is a glass of water.”
Sigma Nu: “I said thirsty, not dirty.”
The Bridge

(Continued from Page 7)

"Hold me."

He pulled her closely to him and felt the tenseness of her quivering body suddenly subside. Her head fell over to one side, her eyes shut. He was holding an unconscious woman in his arms. Scraping some snow from a stanchion nearby, he massaged her neck and forehead softly. She mumbled and opened her eyes half way. Fred kissed her lightly.

"Revived?" he whispered. "You passed out."

"Let me pass out again. Revive me again." Jan smiled faintly.

Single chick in a still egg-filled incubator: "Well, looks like I'm going to be an only child. Mother's blown a fuse."

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"
"Your lips?"
"No, my liquor."

"We'll have to cross this bridge more often," he said.

And she realized where they were—standing, together, on the bridge. It was dark and the street lights at either end made little headway into the crisscrossed steel faintly outlined over their heads. She knew it was where she should be; where they should be.

After all, she thought, it was early Spring.

It started to snow lightly. Big, shapeless globules drifted haphazardly to the ground.

Yes, she thought, it was early Spring.

______________________________

Newspaper item: Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce, after claiming that her husband had spoken to her only three times since their marriage. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

"Is this dance formal or may I wear my own clothes?"

______________________________

QUESTIONS

A. Twice here in red, two-thirds in white, Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
B. Four are shown and all the same In color and shape, but not in fame.
C. You've no doubt heard it noised about that oyster "R" in season, One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

______________________________

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in box cover ad. All three are in ad.
2. First ten correct answers win one copy of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
3. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
4. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

______________________________

12 THE PINE NEEDLE
UNIVERSITY STORE COMPANY

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STUDENT COED JUVENILE

MAINE SEAL or BEAR

also

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SWEATERS WITH MAINE COLORS

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THE most effective way
to express your pleasure
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is with flowers and to do
that best, get your corsage
from us.

BROCKWAY'S
FLOWER
SHOPPE

15 Central Street
Bangor, Maine

BOB WHITE
Beta House

AGENT

Pinups

(Continued from Page 3)

femininity.

But, there was one man who was
not overwhelmed by this unidenti-
fied mass of pulchritude. There was
one man who knew women to be
more than what their face presented.
The girls from Balentine and the
Elms know and like him well.

To be sure it was an inside job.
And then, too, this fellow had a
wealth of similar material to com-
pare with what we had printed, for
he is no mean picture taker himself.
He has known the girls well through
the last few years for he is the
janitor at the Elms and at Balentine
Hall. Joe Smith is his name. This
man and this man only was able to
attach names and faces to a goodly
percentage of these figures and he
so impressed the editors of this
magazine with his methods of identi-
fication that he was unanimously de-
clared the winner of the “Torso
Identification Test.” Hats off to
you, Joe. You have proven that you
really know your “wimmin.”

And now, everyone is eager to
learn the names of these attractive
girls that were so cooperative about
giving us stock for our contest.
Everyone of them is a good sport
and deserves a hug and kiss and a
bucket of brew from the editors.
So, if you are still interested in these
creatures, turn to page twenty-one
and whistle.

They say that if you don’t drink
smoke, or run around with women,
you’ll live longer. Actually, it only
seems a lot longer.

Then there was the sweet young
thing who bought a bicycle so she
could peddle it out in the country.

Papa Robin returned to his nest
and proudly announced that he had
made a deposit on a new Buick.

—VA. Tech. Engr.
YOUR EASTER SUIT

- DONEGAL TWEEDS
- GABARDINES
- SHARKSKIN
- ALL WOOL WORSTED

Choose your Easter suit for its perfect fit...newsworthy detail...fashion significance! So typical of our prominent collection of worsted pin-checks, gabardines, pastel tweeds, shadow plaids, sharkskins, and contrast suits! So-o-o Spring '49 with their reed-slim skirts...boxy and fitted jackets...smaller-type collars...unique button treatments! Ready for your immediate preview. Come see if they don't live up to your exciting high fashion demands!

SIZES 9-15 12-20

$29.95 to 49.95

Senters
DEPARTMENT STORE
99 Main St.,
Bangor, Maine
An Ode

Man down through the ages, has created many things:
The motor car, the bicycle, the mouse trap and the spring.
He has written books of knowledge, He has written songs of love
But with one obscure creation he has bettered all above.
Though it’s simple in its structure and common to us all
It stands unchanged and steady, while nations rise and fall.
It may be made of lowly wood and then again of gold,
But it is used by everyone, the rich, the poor, the young, the old.
To serve but one great purpose.
So let us worship at its feet
And pay due homage unto it:
The immortal toilet seat.
The purpose that it serves is undoubtedly twofold,
The relieving of the body and the study of the soul.
The stance that one assumes, while sitting on its frame
Is in itself conducive to the working of the brain.
Elbow on the bended knee with chin pressed on the hand.
The greatest men in history have taken this firm stand.
An understanding sculptor carved The Thinker
In this pose, and underneath The Thinker,
Is there a hole, who knows?
—H. E. Roby

'Tis spring come out and ramble
The hilly brakes heigh-ho,
And scramble in the bramble
And sport your libido.
It's jolly fun, you know!
—Some Girl

And then there was the student who wrote: "Virgin wool comes from the sheep that can run the fastest."
—Rammer Jammer

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MAINE’S GREAT STORE
"Everybody likes Chesterfield because it's MILD, it's MY cigarette."

Linda Darnell

Starring in
"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette tobacco grown... it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

M. H. Griffin
TOBACCO FARMER
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

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