THE PINE NEEDLE

Do you like it here? Why? Why not? How long have
you been here?

Exam Issue
Twenty-Five Cents

Define, discuss, and delimit, as briefly as possible, the
detailed history, principles, theories, actions, and results
of American foreign policy from 1783 to Jan. 30, 1951.
(This question counts 25% of semester's grade.)

For Two Pages
Of Exam Hints,
See Pages 8-9
We Hate To Admit It

But

Shortages Are Coming

Anticipate

Your Needs For Notebooks, Drawing Supplies, and Paper

THE PRICES ARE RISING . . .

THE QUALITY FALLING

UNIVERSITY STORE COMPANY
THE PINE NEEDLE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE HUMOR MAGAZINE

EXAM ISSUE
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Letters to the Editor...

Dear Editor:

I have a problem. As I got off the bus three days ago, I dropped my glasses on the ground. Since I was not then wearing my glasses, I could not look around to find them. So I'm just standing here. So far, seven people have told me that I'm standing on my lost glasses. Do you think I should move my feet and reach down to see if my glasses are really there? I remain,

B. Wildered

—It seems you have a moving problem. Your situation is no doubt also complicated by the fact that for these three days you have not eaten, therefore have not consumed any carrots to aid your vision. Our advice is that you do not be taken in by the rumors reaching your ears. Instead, just stand there until a Boy Scout comes to your rescue. Or—if you're still there next Winter Carnival—maybe some fraternity could use you in its snow sculpture.—Ed.

— PN —

Dear Ed:

I have been attending this fine institution for several years. My question is simple and should be easy to answer. Where has the Maine HELLO gone?

T. S. Jones

—This is a serious matter. It appears that the Maine HELLO will soon drop the O from its spelling, and go there, but quick, if you and other students on campus don't start using it.—Ed.

— PN —

Editor
Pine Needle
Dear Sir:

Once again I felt the college year had officially commenced when I picked up and read from cover to cover this year's first issue of the Pine Needle. It seems to me that the magazine is getting more and more refined.

I was highly gratified to find in your pages a story about the planned campus radio station. It seemed a courteous gesture on your part to devote space to describing this, another aspiring student venture on this
Don't Miss
The Next
Big Issue
of the
Pine Needle!

IT'LL SURPRISE YOU
IT'LL WOW YOU
IT'LL SLAY YOU

To Go On Sale
In About
Eight Weeks,
The Next Needle
Will Feature
Features
We Ain't Even
Used Yet!

Reading your jokes, I found myself carried back through time to the days when I worked on our humor magazine at dear old Oxford University. The essence and nature—even the attitude—of the jokes were familiar. In fact, some of the jokes were familiar. If you are now through with the issues of the Oxford magazine which I lent you, will you please return them? And don't steal too many more jokes from them.

I hope I may look forward to many more pleasant hours leafing through the pages of the Pine Needle. You're not going to let today's high cost of publication cause you to cease publication, are you? In the face of rising prices, have you tried floating a loan? How about issuing stock? Or could I let you have $5 until next year sometime?

Please know that my wishes are all for your success. If there's anything I can do to aid you in any way, let me know.

Sincerely,
Dean Spleene

—Thank you, Dean Spleene, for your kind wishes. If there is any way in which we need help, we appreciate your offer of assistance. As to your hint of financial assistance, we could use that five-spot. We feel that our supply of Korean war bonds is about to become invalidated.

And, regarding your offer of aid other than financial—well, there's a certain English prof whom we just can't seem to impress, no matter how many gags we turn in with our themes. If you could say a word or two in the proper places, we feel it might aid us. If you see your way clear, sir, for anything of this sort, sir, please, feel, sir, that we are your indebted and humble servants, sir, forever, sir.—Ed.

— PN —

Dear Jerk:
I'm so mad at your magazine I forgot what I was going to curse you for. Please cancel my subscription at once.

I. M. Madd

—Regarding your complaint, we are referring same to our ex-editor in charge of complaints, who graduated three years ago. If and when he gets the message, he may contact you. As to your subscription . . . things are tough all over.—Ed.
The following several lines were penned not too long ago by the worthy editor of the humor mag at Columbia U. Feeling the spirit of the season upon us, we pass it along to you in its entirety.

The gentle white flakes pirouette, then glide for a space, settling gently . . . a metamorphosis . . . from cotton to rags, from heavens to gutters . . . blow winds, blow . . . gently, gently blow through the stone building channels. Freeze the cop on his beat, chill the swill collector on his rounds.

Step into the bracing big-city air . . . wrap yourself in a woolen mitten dipped in ice-cold water.

Come to quaintly bitter New York for your winters. Wrap yourself in sales slips and one-per-cent sales taxes . . . snuggle up under cover and minimums . . . deck yourself in outsize rings and fat cigars . . . shake the hand of the grubby visiting fireman from Kansas City. You can always warm yourself by the radiant glow of Central Steam . . . bask under skies cozily pregnant with neon.

Sing a song of sixpence . . . or whatever else the traffic will bear . . . a pocket full of rye. Sing a song of taxicabs and watch them pass you by.

California, here we come . . . save me a grapefruit rind and a pair of gaudy shorts . . . but you'll have to keep them in trust for a while . . . right now I'm groundhogged under too many buildings . . . too many cultures . . . too many cabbages . . . too many kings . . . too many questions . . . please pass the blue book.

It sounds a bit as if our metropolitan friend works for the Chamber of Commerce of either New York or California. Nevertheless, something in the sound of his words rings true, and possibly you'll agree that it's a small world after all. And with this we introduce you to the Exam Issue of the Pine Needle.

Read on, and let the blue books fall where they may.—Ed.

Here again is one of those triangles. The idea is not particularly new, but yet it is amazing that despite its staleness and lack of humor, most everyone will read this down to the very, very end.
A Jab of the Needle

It is about time that students here on campus remembered the words of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who once said, in a time of great crisis, “The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” There already have been too many students quitting college to join the service rather than wait to be drafted.

The government has made ample provision for the deferring of college students in particular courses. So why not look before you leap, wait until it is absolutely necessary before joining the service? It is far more effective to fight the enemy with brains than with force, and a whale of a lot easier.

Lately, there has been a tendency among students to let down in doing their assignments, or even in going to classes. This is, no doubt, a period of great anxiety, but we should all bear up as well as possible under the load which we are expected to carry.

Charles Lewis, the “Liberalist,” was overheard to remark in an acting class the other day that “Communists recognize quantity, not quality in the individual.”

The Pine Needle wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate Jay Winter and his committee on the spectacular Winter Carnival presentation. So far, only one criticism of the event has reached this office and that is the lack of adequate seating for the spectators. Perhaps the portable baseball bleachers could be used next year.

The old question of dating has once more come to the foreground. The males are still arguing that the females expect too much when they are on a date. They maintain that in order to get a date a guy has to have a car, receive a twenty-dollar-a-week allowance from the “old man,” and have a face like Tyrone Power. The girl’s reply is simply this: “All you have to do is ask.”

Well, this is the end of another semester. For some of us it will mark the end of four long, but happy years. For others, it will mark the halfway point of college life. For still others, it ends the beginning, temporarily we hope, of high aspirations which are being upset because of the peril which our country is facing at this time. To these, the latter, we particularly wish the best of luck and God’s speed in a safe return.
MODERNIZED HISTORY

A certain well-known Hy 3 instructor was more than astounded by his class not long ago. Discussing early reform movements in the U. S., he stated that a classic bit of reform literature was "Ten Nights In A Bar Room," by T. S. Arthur. And he wondered why they laughed!

P. S. He thought it over for a while, and then blushed violently.

P. P. S. Then through the din came a voice from the back of the room, suggesting a sequel to be "Ten Nights In A Bath Room."

GREEK?

A few Sundays ago, on Winter Carnival weekend to be exact, we were wandering about the campus viewing snow sculptures and taking a snapshot or two. Before the towering, prize-winning art of Delta Tau Delta, we paused to watch a proud father and mother taking pictures of their two bright children as the latter climbed the icy peak to join Donald Duck.

As the group was withdrawing from the scene, Junior spied the snowy monogram sculpted in front of the display, and cried out, "Oh, A-D-A! What's that mean, Mommy?"

Upon which Mommy, one of the brilliant generation in whose trust we place the world today, scrutinized the monogram, glanced at its duplicate over the chapter house door, and murmured, "You're right, dear; A-D-A; that means Alpha Delta Alpha, of course. It's a fraternity."

Makes you wonder sometimes, doesn't it? Can it be that the public isn't so fraternity-conscious as it was in the raccoon coat and prohibition era?

HMMMM...

In Paris, it's frankness,
In Cuba, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine (WOW!) it's smutty.

LIFE IN THE RAW

Our capitalist friend came dashing into the editorial tower the other afternoon, sporting a dashing suntan, vitality, and a wealth of warm-weather anecdotes. Seems he had just returned from spending his Christmas holidays in sunny Florida.

He told us of one amusing incident which might be worth passing along. A lifeguard came struggling along the beach, carrying a bedraggled but gorgeous young damsel.

Approaching the girl's father he said, "Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

To which the father replied, "Then, by heaven, you'll marry her!"

SMALL WORLD DEPT.

Just to prove to you that we're not the only magazine in the world that prints jokes, we ask your permission to quote the following complicated bit of words and music from a well-known national magazine. Read very closely, think hard, and you may be able to wend your way through the complicated thought behind the punch-line.

The old fellow had just come from playing golf and had taken his shower when he remembered that he had left all his street clothes on the other side of the club house. In order to get to them, he had to pass through the main room and lobby of the club.

After thinking a moment as to what would be the best way to do this, he finally wrapped his lone towel around his head and proceeded to walk on through. As he passed through the main room, three ladies looked up from their cards.

"Oh," said the first. "Thank heavens, that isn't my husband."

"Well," said the second, "he certainly isn't my husband."

"Why," exclaimed the third, "he isn't even a member of the club."

Having read this, don't you now agree with us that the usual Pine Needle gag, condensed into two or three lines, is easier to take? On the other hand, of course, a story such as the above carries a bit more implication—possibly even sociological profundity...

INITIATIONS

We saw some of the Tau Beta Pi boys walking around the other day during their initiation days. They were toiling under armoils of heavy books. It set us thinking.

Suppose groups in some of the other fields of endeavor here set up honor societies and arranged similar initiations.

Can't you just picture some of the journalism students walking around lugging typewriters?

NOTORIETY?

The following news item, clipped from a December issue of a state newspaper, shows just how famous we're getting to be.

Pine Needles Keep
Cold From Berries

In this Pine Tree state, why should the gardener have to buy expensive straw to mulch his small plot of strawberries?

After the ground is frozen solidly, and not before, the plants need some protection to stop the alternate thawing and freezing...
that cause tender roots to break off.

But why not use pine needles? They are very satisfactory. Another good material is sawdust, which is free if you dig into the pile at sawmills and truck it off. Baled, it will cost you around 45 cents each for the shavings enclosed in birch slabs.

See? How can you lose? No matter what your walk of life, you have great need of Pine Needles.—Ed.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

While home on vacation, we were standing in the living room when we heard the voices of two younger brothers in the hall. Said the youngest, "Let's play college." "OK," replied the other, "I'll get one of big brother's pipes, and you get Daddy's check book."

CLASS DIFFERENCES

Once again we turn to thoughts of differences among members of college classes. We heard this the other day, and you might like it. If not—well, there are more jokes on this page. In answering a difficult query in class, you might give the following answers:

Freshman: "I don't know."
Sophomore: "I am not prepared."
Junior: "I do not remember."
Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has already been said."

QUICKIE

"They tell me that freshman girl's a Quaker."
"Well, she sure knows her oats."

KILL IT!

The darnedest sense of humor sometimes arrives in the minds of those who beat on typewriters (like we). For example, we particularly enjoy a gag like the following, which might refer to one of our brethren.

Seems there was a man who dropped twelve stories, and it didn't hurt him a bit. He was an editor.

DEFINITION

Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for details.

AMERICAN COLLEGE—
—1950 VERSION

Even the dear old Bookstore is joining the march toward progressive education. A while back a bookshelf appeared prominently in the store, featuring volumes whose titles heralded profound advice to today's collegian.

Some of the titles, possibly outlining an extracurricular course in sociology, appeared as follows.

How To Win Friends And Influence People
How To Become A Good Dancer
Flowers—A Guide To Familiar American Wildflowers
A Marriage Manual
Cook Book
Be Your Real Self
What Shall We Name The Baby?
The Parents' Manual
How To Stop Worrying And Start Living
Peace Of Mind
An Invitation To Chess

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

Although such actually isn't the case, the following might have happened in the course of one of the abnormal psych get-togethers. Seems a mentally deficient individual was being examined by a psychologist.

"How many ears has a cat?"

"Two," quizzed the good doctor.

"Two," replied the patient instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"And how many legs has a cat?"

"Say, doc," challenged the interviewee, " didn't you ever see a cat?"

CALL FOR PROF. WHOSIS . . .

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly, "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up. "Well, what does he want?"

EXAM TIME

I'm for grading on the curve, I think the plan is fine.
Provided that they start the swerve On a grade that's lower than mine.

POWER OF THE PRESS, HUH?

During the last week of classes before exams, the local press once again ran afoul of the law. Del Dunbar, editor of the Bangor Daily News, was on campus one day to address a journalism class. While class was in session, and Mr. Dunbar was discussing press-law relationships, the local law—in the person of a campus cop—hung a parking ticket on the editor's car. Now watch the editorial writers of the Maine Campus rally to attack the campus parking ticket system. Those boys will need jobs in June, and do they know it!
Hints On Final Exams...

Are you suffering from finalitis?
Do you awaken in the morning, after two-and-a-half hours sleep, to find yourself still tired? Do you suddenly find yourself asleep as you wander about the campus?
Do your eyes show tiny red road maps around the outside, as if they might be bloodshot? Do you have jitters? Does that fourteenth cup of coffee leave you cold? Do you shudder at the sight of books? Do you scream at the sight of notes? Do you go stark, raving, screaming mad when someone mentions a blue book?
You, friend, are a victim! Like most others here these few weeks, you suffer from finalitis.
All, however, is not lost. The Pine Needle’s ivory-tower set, forging ahead in their tireless effort to serve the student body of Maine, have taken the matter under their investigation.

On these pages you see the results of their diligent research. Presented here for your benefit are a few hints on getting through finals. Also to be found are a few sample questions, plus a few samples of wrong answers to certain questions.

Inasmuch as fraternity exam files are nonexistent on our fair campus, the Pine Needle staff has interviewed a number of seven-year students to obtain some of this information. These are the boys who like it here, and have been here so long they have all the questions memorized.

Read on...

Here are some of the questions you are likely to run across as you plow your way through finals. For purposes of convenience, we list the list to the ever-popular multiple-choice type. Plan now, and have your answers ready.

ECONOMICS (ELEMENTARY):
1. “Property tax” is considered to be a burden in Maine, because:
   (a) The Portland Press Herald says so.
   (b) The Bangor Evening Commercial does not say so.
   (c) The Economics department agrees with the Bangor Evening Commercial.
2. Depression can be fought by:
   (a) The abolition of money.
   (b) The printing and distribution of 1,000,000,000 one-dollar bills.
   (c) The annihilation of all college professors.
3. Fully discuss the “Multiplier Principle,” as it relates to any one of the following:
   (a) Short run analysis.
   (b) Real investment.
   (c) Rabbits.

BIOLOGY:
1. Jumbo’s left front foot resembles:
   (a) Jumbo’s left back foot.
   (b) None of his feet.
   (c) The face of the girl your room mate took to the last dance.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCES:
1. If we dropped John Smith into a lake from a nine-foot high diving board, which of the following would happen?
   (a) Smith would make a big splash.
   (b) He would get wet.
   (c) The pressure of his body on the surface of the water would be directly proportional to the resistance of the surface times the area of his body.
Astronomy
There was a circumstance around the moon, and not a star in the fundament.

Philosophy
Religious fanatics went out into the desert and sometimes built high columns on which they would spend their lives in order the better to commune with God.

Journalism
Newspapers are useful for reporting calamities such as deaths, marriages, and the like.

Government
An alien becomes a citizen by the process of fertilization.

Theatre
He played the part of the Englishman fine, but he would have looked more natural with a molecule.

Sociology
The four principal occupations of people are addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

History
A horse divided against itself cannot stand.

Economics
"The railroads watered their stock" means that they took out the horses and cattle and gave them a drink.

Sociology
Last year many lives were caused by accidents.

Philosophy
Before the age of reason, men took everything for granite.

Economics
Owing to the slackness of demand, there was a great glut on the market.

History
The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up.

Journalism
Letters in sloping type are in hystericis.

History
In the middle of the nineteenth century, all the morons moved to Utah.

Music
Beethoven wrote three Symphonies: the Third, the Fifth, and the Ninth.

English
An active verb shows action, and a passive verb shows passion.

Exam Issue

English
The Templar urged Rebecca to become his mistress. The brave girl reclined to do so.

English
There are three kinds of poetry—lyric, dramatic, and epidemic.

Journalism
The press today is the mouth-organ of the people.

Mathematics
A polygon with seven sides is called a hooligan.

Mathematics
Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Chemistry
Nitrogen is not found in Ireland, because it is not found in a free state.

Chemistry
The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, and water cannot.

Forestry
A virgin forest is a forest in which the hand of man has never set foot.

History
What did Paul Revere say at the end of his ride?

Whoa.

These sample questions and boners should be sufficient to inform all students of what they ought to expect during the exam period. However, most of the finals usually contain one more question—the jackpot!

"What do you think of the course just completed? Do you believe that it may be improved? If so, HOW?"

Here is where the student must be careful, and here is our solemn advice. If you really think that the course could be improved, do not suggest that:

(a) The professor do so.
(b) He revise his lecture notes.
(c) A textbook written in English be used next semester.
(d) The course be dropped from the curriculum.

Instead, try to develop, in convincing words, the idea that it has been a pleasure taking the course, that you have enjoyed attending his lectures, and that you will try your best to get as many freshmen as possible to take that same course in the coming years.

You want to graduate sometime, don’t you?
Dear Mom,

Just a note to let you know that I'm still alive here at the U. of M. Things are so busy this time of year that I don't have much chance to write home.

I just finished taking some of my semestery final exams. Boy, are they rough! I took one in history this morning in which the instructor asked us to outline the history of England in fifteen minutes. I'm telling you, if you hadn't read me so many tales of King Arthur as bed-time stories, I would have been sunk.

But I couldn't quite understand how my instructor knew that I learned history from bed-time stories. He must have known it, though. When I passed in my exam, he took one look at it and yelled, "Good night!"

You know, sometimes I can't quite figure out this college life. They pay instructors to come here and teach us, and everyone sleeps in class. How can anyone learn anything that way? The only answer to this one that I can figure out is that the instructors might be frustrated public speakers and this is some sort of government-sponsored way of letting them blow off steam.

A funny thing happened to me which just goes to show how confusing college life is. I was taking an exam in ancient Greek architecture, and I really had the subject cold. I mean, I knew all the answers.

Well, one of my fraternity brothers, who sits beside me, leaned over to copy my answers. As he's an upperclassman and I'm not, I sort of had to oblige him, so I helped him out. In fact, it turned out that we turned in identical papers.

Something funny happened when the exams were corrected, though. When I got my paper back, a "D" was marked on it. My fraternity brother's paper, with the same answer, got an "A". I can't seem to figure it out. But I was even more confused when I saw my fraternity brother and the instructor walking down the corridor after class, hand in hand.

Gee, Mom, I've got four exams tomorrow, and I'm worried. That's not too bad, I guess, really. The exams are only two hours each, and they are only allowed to schedule four exams per day. And if I write for eight hours steady, maybe I'll get something out of it. Writer's cramp? Do you suppose they'd let me take my exams on a typewriter?

But, you know, this is really a dangerous place to live. People are disappearing here right and left. Just the other day, six men disappeared from my basket-weaving class.

It seems they were drafted (pardon the expression). You know, that's something that's quite a problem here, too. Practically everyone is worried about going into service.

You don't need to worry about me, though. My five years in the Boy Scouts, plus two years as a reserve, set me up pretty well. They aren't taking men with past service yet. And don't forget those merit badges. They count plenty.

But those guys who haven't any service are in a rough spot. Of course, they've just began to call college men. Up until a little while ago, college men were the last to be called, remaining civilians even while married men were drafted. Two guys in one of my classes, when they heard about the draft last fall, got divorces, and came to college to be safe.

And there's another tricky gimmick some guys are using to beat the draft calls. It seems that once a man receives his call for physical exam, he can't enlist. But a lot of the fellows, if a draft board letter comes to their home, have their mothers phone them and tell them. Then the boys, who haven't officially received their letters, I guess, rush out to enlist.

This is supposed to be a better deal. And the French Foreign Legion isn't too bad an outfit, anyway. They've got recruiters on campus this week, and they've got a fairly convincing sales talk. If you speak French, that is.

So, Mom, please take the hint in the above paragraphs. If a letter comes to me from the local draft board, my phone number is Orono 1776. To the colors!

I'm sending you my laundry. Please make sure you starch my T-shirts, as I always like to look well-dressed. The fudge and cookies are wonderful, and please send more. But send them to my private post office box instead of to the house. That way, I get to taste some of the food myself.

Say hello to everyone for me. I remain (here, I hope) your loving son,

Ichabod

THE PINE NEEDLE
The smiling little lass pictured above is none other than Marilyn "Mike" Hill of Estabrooke Hall. In spite of her height—a mere five feet—Mike is an aggressive blonde with baby-blue eyes. Completely indifferent to the large male population on campus, Mike insists on going her own way, preferring to remain unattached. She is, aesthetically speaking, the living symbol of that old adage "good things often come in small packages." (Photo by Newhall)
Pale Blue Court Team
Crams For Finals

Severe Tests Coming Up

— or —

"Hoops . . . ." Says Doc

When you start to cram for that next exam (Great Jumping Tetrameters!), think of the boys of the hook and push brigade. For them, it's two or three prelims per week and nine finals to be passed before the season ends. At least Yankee Conference and State Series games are the basketball equivalent to that.

And don't think the boys don't bone for those tests. Drop in at the Memorial Gym some afternoon between 3:30 and 5:30 and watch the lab and lecture group run through the lesson for the day.

Dr. Naismith may have invented the hoop sport way back in "used to be", but you'll never convince a member of the Pale Blue quintet that Doc Rankin wasn't standing right behind him when he threw up that first ball, bellowing good naturally for "Poise, Percentage and Possession." These are the pillars of the house that Doc built, and by them he swears.

— Story By
Doug Kneeland
— Photos By
Rupert Amann

"Poise" is that indefinable something—that coolness and confidence, which keeps a winning team winning and a losing team fighting. Few acquire it, fewer are born with it—the Doc teaches it.

"Percentage" is keeping the odds on the short side. The long sets are crowd-raisers, but they're rebound bait for a big, defensive board man. The hooks are sweet to watch, but the man who can make his thirty per cent the hard way is more than a little rare. Doc's team has out-percentaged nearly every team it's faced.

"Possession" is the theory that an offense which doesn't have the ball can't score. Whether you're an advocate of offensive or defensive type basketball this makes sense. And the Doc hurries to assert that his is not the Oklahoma type of possession ball, in which the defensive stall plays a major role. His offense is flexible for a fast break, providing the opportunity presents itself. But, to fast break you must control that defensive board. 'Nuff said!

Doc Rankin, himself, undoubtedly one of the most affable men to cross the Mason-Dixon line and settle among "damn-Yankees", loves basketball. He had retired from the active coaching ranks—he coached for years at Eastern Kentucky—but he was coaxed back into harness last year chiefly because of this love.

His return to the swish and sweat set was marked by one of the most complete form reversals college bas-
ketball has ever known. This year’s club has everything it needs to become a really good team, except six-foot-six of rebounding pivot man—or a license to carry step ladders. But this doesn’t bother the Doc.

He sweet-talks them through long hours of practice, emphasizes mistakes too often repeated with verbal explosions which would have drowned all noise at the Bikini tests, and invariably ends the session with an ear-to-toe smile which sprinkles sunlight in the darkest corners of the gym.

Team spirit is good and morale is high, despite the fact that eight of the twelve men slated for game service this year have been lost due to injuries, sickness, ineligibility, or entrance into the armed services.

An alibi such as this would be an easy way out for some teams and some coaches, but not for Doc and his boys. For they all know that the answer is there and that some day Poise, Percentage, and Possession will equal Payoff in a great big way.

Irate father (to daughter entering at 3 a. m.): “What does the clock say?”
Daughter: “Tick-tock.”
— PN —

“What makes you think Moses was a frat man?”
“Wasn’t he in the midst of the rushes?”
— PN —

She was only a taxidermist’s daughter, but she knew her stuff.
— PN —

“I have a new dress, but my heart isn’t in it.”
“Isn’t that a little daring even for you, dear?”
— PN —

Usher: “Are you a friend of the groom?”
Woman: “I should say not! I’m the bride’s mother.”
— PN —

Absent-minded: “Boy, am I in a mess! I proposed to my girl last night.”
Alert: “What’s wrong?”
Absent-minded: “I can’t remember whether she said yes or no.”
— PN —

1st Sweet Young Thing: “I said some very foolish things to Frank last night.”
2nd SYT: “Yes?”
1st SYT: “That was one of them.”
— PN —
The Formula . . .

Exam-Time

— By Nat Tarr and Joyce McGouldrick
— Photos By Newhall

It has been suggested that the content of these pages be raised to a higher level of intelligence, that the majority of Maine students may appreciate the aesthetic cultural tones here present.

Also, as the time of “little quizzes” is here, it seems necessary to comply in order to match the present mental pitch of most readers.

This story endeavors to contribute to your physical and mental well being during the time of those same “little quizzes.” We call them “little quizzes” because the phrase “final exams” has such a pessimistic sound, as though exams were really the end, and we know you’ll agree that you’ve just got to have that old ray of sunshine.

We hope we can boost your spirits and give you a hint or two to help during “little quiz” time.

“Nonsense!” you say. “I study like mad, get no sleep, neglect my appearance, and still get lousy B’s.”

If this is true, perhaps we may pass along to you the results of a scientific study of four Maine girls as they face the problems of “little quizzes.” The information should prove that you need not lose sleep, you need not neglect your fashionable appearance, and you need not get B’s!

You can, you know, pick the grades you want—if you but heed the advice of girls who know.

Betty Luce, Jo Nutt, Bobbie Gagnon, and Mary Richards were asked in this survey for their answers to “the formula for success.” Far from being a trite phrase, dear friends, these words are based on the knowledge that most scientific truths are derived from formulae. Engineering students call them equations, and home economics students call them recipes, but they all produce predictable results (If you’re lucky).

Our “model!” students are pictured here, each showing a separate phase of the recipe—or formula—which they use.

Recipe
1. Chop one cup of study with two cupsful of sleep.

Bobbie Gagnon, Balentine, describes this phase as getting up in the morning after ten hours of uninterrupted sleep. Uninterrupted, that is, by all the unsuspecting girls who were having talk sessions and parties somewhere down the hall.

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Fashions

This model is soon off to the library where she is pictured collecting books with which to add to her store of knowledge. Bobbie lost no sleep the night before, and therefore looks "chipper" in her popular outfit.

She wears a hunter green jersey blouse which has three-quarter length sleeves and fastens down the front with small black buttons. The Chinese neckline is not only neat and flattering, but also creates an effect which needs little jewelry to enhance it. The gray skirt is of wool flannel and the style is perfectly straight.

College gals all over the country find that straight skirts are assets to their wardrobes, as they are extremely versatile and can be worn with many different blouses and sweaters.

2. Add two quarts of coffee, one gallon of coke, and one pound of sociability at the snack bar. Mix well.

Scientific research on this recipe proves that constructive studying for "little quizzes" will never be a chore if concentration is mixed well with food and friends. So Jo Nutt graciously offered to portray the Relaxation period. If you look closely, you will see that Jo is working hard for an A in her Snack Bar course, and all signs point toward success. In this gathering center, all study tensions are released over a good laugh. If

Betty Luce knows this step well for she lives at the Home Management House, and what a cook! After a leisurely supper, Betty insists that the formula for success necessitates a moment for dreaming by the fire. The combination of present atmosphere and comfort results in tip-top mental and physical condition. And what could be more comfortable for studying than Betty's striking outfit?

The combination features a white rayon blouse with long sleeves and French cuffs. The neck of the blouse is convertible and can be worn down for casual occasions. The red corduroy weskit lends both color and personality to this model's outfit, and is typical of fashionable campus wear. Betty's dark green slacks are made of wool and are, oh, so comfortable to wear when one is curled up with a nice thick book—such as The Insect: Its Economic and Selective Service Problems.

But now we must leave Betty at the Home Management House and make a quick visit to North Estabrooke, to call on the last person studied in this scientific investigation, portray the final stage in our recipe.

4. Fold in two pounds of lecture notes and add a dash of sugar.

(Continued on Page 16)
The Formula . . .
... For Success
(Continued from Page 15)

As we jaunt down the hall and glance into rooms, we see many girls thumbing nervously through the pages, trying to remember what Prof So-and-so said was important. What a relief to find one girl completely calm as she peruses her notes! Why, it's Mary Richards, garbed in red flannel pajamas (which she made herself, by the way).

The loose P-J jacket has a neat collar, and it snaps down the front with "grip snaps," which we hear are now available for dressmakers. You can attach them yourself, and — just like that — no buttons to replace!

Mary's pajama jacket has long sleeves with snug cuffs. The outfit is completed by white leather Indian slippers with white fur trim. Indians must be making fortunes this year, selling ideas to the style-minded public.

We hope one and all will be able to follow the advice of these four girls who say, "The end justifies the means."

You see, preparation for "little quizzes" takes form just like a recipe. Studying is comparable to ingredients, and ranks are like the final product—say, possibly, a cake! And whether the "cake" rises or falls depends upon both the ingredients and the cook.

"Quizzes?" Nonsense! But here we go again . . . only four of them tomorrow. Good luck!

John stopped the car, turned over the ignition, and moved toward his date as a boa approached a desired feast.

She: "You aren't pulling that old 'out of gas' routine, are you?"

John: "No, this is the 'here after' routine."

She: "What's that?"

John: "If you aren't here after what I'm here after, then you'll be here after I'm gone."

— PN —

When better exams are made — they won't be passed.

— PN —

"Did you pass your exam?"
"Well, it was like this . . . you see . . ."
"Shake! Neither did I!"
— PN —

Prof: 'Why all the quotation marks on this paper?'
Student: "Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."
— PN —

"I won't graduate from college this year."
"Why not?"
"I'm not going."
— PN —

"So you finally got away from college."
"Yeah, I'm a fugitive from a brain gang."
— PN —

"Are you a student?"
"No, I just go to college here."
— PN —

"He comes from a very poor family."
"Why, is that so? They sent him to college, didn't they?"
"Yes, that's what made them poor."
— PN —
A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the advantages of total abstinence were told of an old man of 102 who had never touched a drop of liquor. They rushed to his home for a statement.

After propping him up in bed and guiding his feeble hand along the dotted line, they heard a violent disturbance from the next room—furniture being broken, dishes being smashed, and the shuffling of feet.

"Good heaven, what's that?" they cried.

"Oh," whispered the old man as he sank exhaustedly into his pillow, "that's Pa, drunk again.

— PN —

Smith: "Hey, Jones! Are you using your bathing suit tonight?"

Jones: "I'm afraid so."

Smith: "Then you won't mind lending me your tux!"

— PN —

"Pilot to tower . . . Plane out of gas. Am fifty miles out over ocean at 300 feet . . . Radio instructions . . ."

"Tower to pilot . . . repeat after me: 'Our father who art in heaven . . .'

— PN —

Moe: "Man, am I scared. I just got a letter from a veteran telling me that he'll kill me if I don't stay away from his wife."

Sam: "Well, why don't you?"

Moe: "He didn't sign his name."

— PN —

Prof.: "Why are you late this morning?"

Student: "Class started before I got here, sir."

— PN —

Pessimists think all women immortal. Optimists hope so.

— PN —

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EXAM. ISSUE
The Eye Of The Needle
... Sees All, Exposes All ...

This faculty group from the College of Arts and Sciences is preparing to grade a departmental final exam. Their alert expressions were recorded for posterity by the lens of the Pine Needle's roving cameraman.

Eyes open to the present situation, the judgment of maturity in their possession, and a background of wordly experience to their credit, they portray the sterling and learned character of today's instructor's and professors.

Notice the gentleman to the right of center in the picture. He is delving into his Pandora's box to find a handful of fresh red pencils, which he is about to distribute to his colleagues.

The newcomer placed his hand on the shoulder of the convict before him and began the rhythmic lockstep back to his cell. He leaned forward a little and whispered to the tired convict ahead: "Is this all there is to this rock splitting job?"

"Ain't fourteen hours a day of it enough?"
"Nothing to it."
"Seven days a week of it! Bad food ... lousy beds . . ."
"It's heaven."
"Say, where the hell did you come from?"
"I . . . I was a college professor."

It's hard to figure out why a girl thinks a man is rude and vulgar when he stares so hard at what she's trying to display.

Hubby: "After I get up in the morning and shave, I feel 10 years younger.
Wifey: "Why don't you shave before you go to bed?"

"Why the black crepe on the floor? Room mate dead?"
"Room mate dead, hell! That's my room mate's towel!"
A doctor was called urgently to a house to attend a young woman. After he had been upstairs a few minutes, he came down and asked the husband, "Have you a cork-screw?" He was given one, and went upstairs again.

A few minutes elapsed. He came down again and asked, "Have you a screwdriver?" He was given one, and went upstairs.

A few more minutes, and he was back again, asking for a chisel and a mallet.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" asked the worried husband.

"Don't know yet," came the reply. "I can't get my medicine case opened."

--- PN ---

While grouse-hunting in the meadow one fall day, a fellow was rather astonished to see a nude girl flash before his eyes, closely followed by two men in white. A third man in white carrying a pail of sand brought up the rear.

"What in the world are you doing?" the fellow shouted at the running sand carrier.

"This girl just escaped from the asylum, and we've got to catch her," the man panted as he ran along.

"Yes," persisted the hunter, "but why the sand?"

"Oh," came the reply, "I caught her yesterday, and this is my handicap."

--- PN ---

It takes three Delts to make one Tri-Delt.

--- PN ---

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  - Swiss Camps for Teenagers

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  - Sorbonne (Paris)

- England
  - University of Oxford (15-day course, lecture, no credit)

- Ireland
  - University College, Dublin

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--- C-2 ---

Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked her: 'Little girl, where are you taking the cow?'

"To the bull," replied the young lassie.

"Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman.

"Nope," answered the girl, "only the bull."

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2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent $50. Second prize $25, third prize $10 and three $5 prizes. 1st contest closes March 31st, 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
"What's your son going to be when he finishes college?"
"An octogenarian, I think."
— PN —

It was a good old-fashioned revival in the deep South, and the preacher had just appealed to the pent-up Negro audience to "Hit the sawdust trail."
One buxom young lass rose and cried, "Last night I was in de arms of de debil, but tonight I is in the arms of de Lawd."

And a voice from the rear rose to ask, "Is you gwine to be occupied tomorrow night, sister?"
— PN —

Joe: "What's all the noise down the hall?"
Moe: "Fella turned a corner."
Joe: "Well?"
Moe: "Wasn't any corner."
— PN —

"Hello!"
"I beg your pardon! I don't know you."
"Aren't you the cute little

THE FEBRUARY GRADUATE!

Said the cannibal chief to the victim, "What did you do for a living?"
"I . . . I was an associate editor," stammered the victim.
"Cheer up," said the chief, "after tonight you'll be an editor-in-chief."
— PN —

Slave: Sir, there is a girl outside without food or clothing.
Sultan: "Feed her and bring her in."
— PN —

Little Boy (on train): "What was the name of the last station we passed, mother?"
Mother: "I don't know. Don't bother me; I'm reading a book."
Little Boy: "It's too bad you don't know, 'cause little brother got off there."
— PN —

Perplexed oriental husband: "Our child is white. Is velly strange."
Wife: "Tis true. Two Wongs don't make a white, but occidentals will happen."

Soph: "Did you take a shower?"
Frosh: "No, is there one missing?"
— PN —

Mr. Bigg liked to know all about the employees who toiled in his vast business. One day he came upon a young man who was dexterously counting out a large wad of his firm's cash.
"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.
"Yale," the young man answered.

Mr. Bigg was a staunch advocate of higher learning.
"Good," he said. "And what is your name?"
"Yackson."
— PN —

"Writing home?"
"Yeah."
"Mind making a carbon copy?"
— PN —

He: "Can I take you home?"
She: "Where do you live?"

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