Authors
Pine Needle Publications, George Liakakos, Ted Gross, Ann Dutille, Martha Barron, Doug Kneeland, Sally Brackley, Ted Lawson, Stan Ferguson, Robert Philips, and Martha Barron

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Spring Fashions

— The Bomb

Guides to the U. of M. Campus

SPRINGTIME 1951 . . . TWO BITS
IT'S ABOUT TIME

Writes the office pup, pictured on the opposite page, that we stop in this mad, mad rush of ours, and take a look around. It's Spring and a rebirth of life and enjoyment is at hand.

The winter was long and dark, and now that it's over the time is right for a discovery and re-discovery of the world around us. Spring is the season when, for example, the U. of M. student body re-discover the U. of M. campus. Each student looks with amazement at the new scenery and faces. Though they were there all along, through the lengthy winter, they appear radiant and inviting in their new springtime glow.

Spring is a time for getting acquainted. In line with that, we'd like to start things off by introducing ourselves. This is SCARE Magazine, published in the Spring of 1951 by students at the U. of M. In this magazine, which we hope you'll consider a discovery in itself, you'll discover a great number of unusual features. You've already found one of them—the hole in the cover.

Were you a little surprised when you opened the cover? We hoped you might be. Were you SCARED as well? We also hoped for that.

You may have seen some signs in the past few weeks which read "Your SCARE Is Coming." Be that as it may, your SCARE is here now, and we hope you like it.

In the following pages, you'll find more of those unusual features we mentioned. There's "Campus Carnival," the foldout map of the Maine campus; there's the outstanding photo-feature section on springtime fashions; and there's the insert booklet, "The Freshman Handbook for Upperclassmen."

There's also a fold-out page containing "The SCARE Report," which exposes the fourth estate at Maine; and you'll find many other enlightening features, as well as a host of literary pieces tailored to suit your taste and pleasure.

It's been a lot of fun working on SCARE. A few headaches have developed, but a great bunch of people pitched in for the job. On one of the inside pages you'll find photos of some of them. Here's another chance to get acquainted. How do you do?

While SCARE is admittedly a parody issue, please do not confuse it with that other publication that has similar layout, make-up, etc. The other one, we think, is called FLAIR or something like that, and it also has a hole in the cover.

(Thank you, Mrs. Fleur Cowles, editor of FLAIR, for permission to steal some of your ideas. We hope both your organization and ours come through this safe and sound. Oh yes . . . your copy of SCARE will be in the mail tomorrow morning.)

But now, reader, don't just stand there. Do something! Do anything. We suggest you do the obvious, and flip the page to get at the contents of this issue. Bon voyage, and we'll be seeing you.
with SCARE this month

Keynote of this issue of SCARE Magazine is the theme of discovery. On this page we’d like you to “discover” some of the people who worked on the staff. . . George Liakakos, a sophomore, hails from Sparta, Greece. He studied at the U. of New Brunswick before coming to Maine. George recently became managing editor and, after hours of research, wrote this issue’s story on THE BOMB . . . Mary Ellen Murphy regularly heads the exchange department, and this time she also handled a number of the other details which crop up during the week’s work. Murph is a junior and resides in Balentine Hall . . . Doug Kneeland, another second-year man here, is make-up editor of SCARE. Tripling in brass, he also writes sports and an occasional feature. For a sample of the latter, see his “College of Liberal Jazz” . . . Phyllis Webster, an Estabrooke Hall sophomore, is a newcomer to SCARE’s office. Her contribution to the issue was the yarn on excused absences. . . Jerry Kominsky, business manager, does the worrying for everybody on the staff. His current headache is: Who’s going to pay for all these pictures? Jerry is a Lewiston native and a senior here. . . Jane Bellamy turned correspondent for SCARE this time, and dashed off three informative letters exposing college life as it is today. Another Estabrooke Hall sophomore, Jane worked on the staff last year, and is now chief member of the literary department. . . . Jim Lamaden, brand new around the office, was anchor man on the advertising crew. His energy, ambition, and automobile did much to make the issue possible. A junior, Jim hails from Falmouth. . . . Joe Zabriskie edits the magazine. A senior, he’s from Newburyport, Mass. Joe will emcee the Pine Needle Talent Show on Friday, April 13 (plug) . . . Len Keenan, the perpetual artist, has done many an illustration for Maine publications. This issue’s cover was also born of his pen and brush. A Searsport man, Len is a senior. . . Joyce Jackson is the girl who ran the office typewriter as this issue was planned. A sophomore and yet another Estabrooke Hall dweller, she typed and re-typed patiently for hours. . . Marie Oalman is co-author of SCARE’s somewhat-punny version of “Up A Tree.” She too, is a sophomore from Estabrooke Hall. . . Paul Marcoux, a shutterbug, filmed some of the historical events that are pictured in these pages. Notable are the jam session shots of the Darktown Seven Minus One and the Beta boys. Paul, of the Class of ’54, is another new man on the staff, just in from Lewiston. . . . And, Click! There goes the shutter again, and it’s Ted Newhall, who made most of the photos in this issue. Ted, whose studios are in Orono, regularly does the Pine Needle fashions and glamour shots. Or, as he says, “Watch the end of my nose” . . . Joy Bott, who appears wearing a chapeau on this page, collaborated on the fashions section. The hat is one of several that are modeled there. Joy, whose face is another new one on the staff, is a senior and dwells in Balentine Hall. . . . Nat Turv, an old timer on the staff, was another conspirator for the fashions story. Nat is a senior, is majoring in home-ecc, and lives in Colvin Hall. . . . Zinas “Zeke” Mavodones, a sophomore from Portland, is new on the staff this year. A fine man with pen and drawing ink, he sat up all night on at least two occasions to turn out some of SCARE’s illustrations. . . . Sid Folsom is another boy who hounds the local merchants. As advertising manager, he is now working to earn back some of the money he spent as editor last year. A journalism major, Sid nevertheless writes a little, also . . . Ann Dutille is another member of North Estabrooke’s delegation of sophomores. She, too, is a new comer, and contributed “Night” and other works of poetry.
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SCARE’s Staff

Editor—Joe Zabriskie
Business Manager—Jerry Kominsky
Managing Editor—George Liakakos
Make-Up—Doug Kneeland
Fashions—Nat Tarr, Joyce McGouirkick, Joy Bott
Features Staff—Sid Folsom, Doug Kneeland
Literary—Jane Bellamy
Art Staff—Len Keenan, Bill Fogler, Wendell Joy, Zinas “Zeke” Macedones
Advertising Staff—Sid Folsom, Jim Lumsden
Circulation Manager—Charlotte Troubh
Exchanges—Mary Ellen Murphy
Photography—Ted Newhall, Paul Marcoux
Secretarial—Dorothy Hubbard, Jo Jackson
Contributors—Ted Gross, Ann Dutille, Sally Brackley, Marie Oakman, Phyllis Webster, Stan Ferguson, Martha Barron, Ted Lawson, Robert Phillips.

Campus Carnival

Get to know your campus!
Learn your way around the U. of M.

Following the theme of discovery, SCARE devotes the inside of the opposite fold-out page to a map of the campus. Titled “Campus Carnival,” it reveals the university as a gigantic midway. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Buildings numbered on the map are as follows:
1. Memorial Gym
2. New Engineering Building and Mechanical Shop
3. Stevens Hall
4. Colvin Hall
5. Estabrooke Hall
6. Men’s Dorms
7. North Dorms
8. Bookstore
9. Alumni Hall
10. Carnegie Hall
11. Balentine Hall
12. The old East and West Halls
13. The new West Hall
from SCARE’S correspondents

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

from Jane Bellamy

The American college today is often the subject of controversy. Educational methods, the teaching of political and economic philosophies, and college facilities are all periodically held up for a public airing.

In order to follow the trends, SCARE’S college correspondent, Jane Bellamy, recently spent a week end at that haven of the north, the University of Maine. Although official censorship and a semi-iron curtain kept her from communicating her findings to us as such, she has succeeded in smuggling out certain bits of information. These are presented on this page, in the guise of a series of letters to her family. They reveal much about college life today.

Next week, a dog team expedition leaves our central office to rescue correspondent Jane from the U. of M.

Saturday morning

Dear Family,

Am having a wonderful visit; wish you were here. On second thought, perhaps it’s just as well you aren’t here; I have with me only one pair of the seven-league boots needed to wade through the many muddy lakes and rivers found on campus. Still, if you enjoy swimming... (Ed. note: This is significant.)

I am particularly impressed by the luxurious and pleasant life in the dorms; really, if one doesn’t wish to waste time sleeping and has a steel stomach, this is the ideal spot for a vacation. After two meals of university food, I can safely say that.

My first dinner was at six last night. At least I sat down to the table at six. Before every meal there is a ten-minute period designed to make the students hungry enough to eat their food. Every other table is served first, and the sight and aroma of the food is supposed to make all mouths water. I guess some mouths were overflowing, though, because I saw one third of the students get up and leave before the food was even put on their tables.

The dietitians here seem to be highly concerned with our waistlines. The awful temptation of butter has been thoughtfully removed and margarine substituted. The little plates of margarine look so pretty in the middle of the table that no one can bear to eat it; and so we lose weight. Also, one is tempted to drink water rather than milk, for the milk is never served until the meal is finished. They’ve even colored the water brown to attract attention and interest.

Well, I must sign off and go to the Gables for a hamburger now; I was three seconds late to lunch and of course was not allowed to enter the dining room. Punctuality is stressed at all times.

Love,

Sat. night

Dear Family,

Having just gotten back from supper, which was a rather unusual experience, I decided I’d better keep you informed of my visit.

This afternoon I managed to get to the Gables before my strength ran out and I had a delicious hamburger. Unfortunately this merely whetted my appetite for more food, and I rushed back to campus in plenty of time for supper. The menu is posted here weekly so the students can tell when not to go to meals. I noticed that an Oriental-sounding dish was scheduled for supper, and I must admit my curiosity was aroused. Of course I didn’t realize yet that the University has a policy of never following the posted menus, but I discovered that fact when the waitress brought a dish I can label only as “Somekindofpotatomixedwithsometypesovetable.” It took a good deal of perception to figure the mess out, but these college students are really awfully smart. They also seem awfully fat; I suppose this is only natural, as there is so much starch served that when anyone finds a fragment of meat in his food, the cook is immediately dismissed. Dessert was recognizable—vanilla ice cream. This dessert is varied once a month—when chocolate ice cream is served, I’m told.

A peculiar black liquid was served with the meal. The University is always trying to brighten the student’s dull existence with surprises, so you can imagine the latter’s glee when they were able to identify the liquid as coffee by recognizing the grounds at the bottom of the cup.

I’m still awfully hungry, though. I had time only for two bites of food before everyone else was completely finished and rising from the table. I started to take a third bite but everybody glared, and I didn’t dare.

My head is dizzy from hunger and my strength leaving, so I’ll have to stop writing.

Love,

Sunday morning

Dear Family,

I’ve just finished my last meal at the University, thank goodness, and am thinking maybe it’ll be the last one I’ll ever have courage to look at. I haven’t even the energy to lift my seven-league boots, so they’re being left on campus for future swimmers.

As a last hope I staggered down to breakfast this morning, and after the usual ten-minute interval (during which I prayed), the waitress also staggered in. She was obviously sleep-walking as she said nothing but “Uuhh,” and her eyes were shut. My eggs and toast were brought in, and I ravenously took a bite. Unfortunately they must have been just taken out of the refrigerator, as they were frozen solid. My front tooth was broken on that unwise bite.

Please expect me home on the earliest train; you may not recognize me, for I have lost twenty-five pounds and my hair is falling out from lack of vitamins.

Dear Family, do you mind if I stay quietly at home in the future, instead of exploring any more colleges?

Love,
"S" is for "spring," and spring is for FORMALS. Here you see two members of the U. of M. Class of '54 ready to start off on a festive evening. Frannie Levine, left, appears before her date's eyes wearing a lovely navy-blue taffeta gown. Strapless, the gown has a fitted bodice and a gathered skirt with over-skirt.

Frannie's perky gloves are of navy blue net and have a gathered cuff. Adding a note of interest are the rhinestone necklace and bracelet.

Frannie Willet, on the right, is daintily adorned in a gown of fluffy lemon-yellow net. It is strapless, and has a fitted bodice with an attractive cuff across the top.

The skirt features three layers of net over a taffeta under-skirt. Net gowns, you know, are ideal for that springtime "dreamy" look.

Frannie complements her outfits with a silver necklace and bracelet designed with that modern touch. The gown is from Cortell-Segal's, Bangor.

Clothes are a matter of moment at the moment, for spring has made its debut! This season perennially unbanks the earth of its white crust so that mother nature may bring forth the green, refreshing splendor which typifies spring. And so—mother nature's children also follow the family tradition as they complement the new season with innovations in person and wardrobe. Maine co-eds are no exception.

By — Nat Tarr
Joyce Bott
Joyce McGouldrick
Kit Kidder, also of the Class of '54, is ready for a dressy afternoon affair here as she models a dress of dove-grey crepe with a small mandarin-red print. The simple style of the dress is pointed up by the Chinese collar, cap sleeves, and slanted cuffed pockets.

Simplicity in style and design are timely now, and this outfit is made more outstanding by its exquisite color and design and by the fine quality crepe of which it is made. The hat, a "picture" both literally and figuratively, is of red straw. Both hat and dress are from the Rines Co., Bangor.
The Easter Parade has passed, yet Ethel Stone, left, and Barbara Thompson are in perfect taste here. Ethel's navy-blue gabardine suit is beautifully styled. The jacket is fitted and its opening is curved from the left shoulder to the center in a "special" way, and then curved identically toward the hips. The top is fastened by three rhinestone buttons, while a single button fastens at the waist. The stand-up collar turns down in a perky fashion. The skirt is simple gored, and combines with the top to form a sculptured suit, sophisticated yet versatile.

Ethel models a small white straw hat with a navy-blue velvet ribbon; she also sports white-plush cotton gloves. Both suit and hat are from the Rines Co.

Pyramids are in the news once more—at least in the form of coats. Barbara Thompson models this season's style in a cinnamon-colored shortie pyramid coat of soft wool. The stand-up collar is lined with black velvet, which matches the color of the buttons. The slit pockets are informal.

This style coat complements a severely straight skirt. The contrast is one which is typical of emphatic fads, those which turn up occasionally as fashion and ultimately become style. The shortie coat is from Senter's of Bangor.
Crisp cottons are as typical of spring as May flowers and many new styles are displayed this season. Here, Mary Johonnet models a grey chambray cotton dress, styled with gathered skirt and a vest-like bodice decked with two rows of buttons.

The surprise element of the outfit is the white pique inset which appears when the wearer is seated. Highly interesting to the eyes of an attentive audience, this spring-time dress is from Senter’s.

For the quick-change artist, the sketch at the right presents two views of a springtime dress-and-jacket combination. Basis of the outfit is a light dress of Honan-type rayon shantung. The skirt has narrow pleats all the way around, and is very flattering.

The box jacket shown above is also of rayon shantung which matches or complements the same fabric in the dress itself. Just the thing for a brisk spring evening.

To complete its all-occasion usefulness, the outfit also includes the light, short-sleeved jacket pictured on the next page. Made of a rayon burlap to match the fabric of the dress, this jacket features cap sleeves and flattering cut.

A very style-wise combination for spring, the entire outfit comes in lime, beige, turquoise, and luggage tones.

Spring

Photos by

Newhall

Scare, Spring (time), 1951
Hats are in the news this season, too. They're being worn more and more with both sports and dress outfits to give the ensembles that air of "completeness."

The height of millinery fashion is reached here by Jean Dee, as she models a hat of bright-red straw cloth. Attractive and pert, the hat has a crocheted crown and is highlighted by decorations of black cherries and a red satin ribbon.

Or, for something a little different, you might like the chapeau modeled here by Pauline Davis. Very, very springish, it has a crown of violet straw and is decorated with lilacs in a somewhat lighter shade. The violet nylon net, framing the face, adds a flattering filmy touch.

Fashion Note —
Legs are being worn long this season

Both of the hats modeled on this page are creations of Chez Marie-Emma, Old Town.
How Did THIS Get Here?

Oh, well ... 

Hats and caps have also appeared in the male wardrobe during recent seasons. Prominent and favored for sports and casual wear, the patterned golf cap has especially made a comeback.

Scottish tartan patterns are among the most popular of these styles, especially in college circles. The cap worn here by John Milton features the tartan of Clan McInnis.
No discussion of fashions is complete without a mention of men's clothing.

Styles here change less rapidly than in the women's world, especially at college.

Harry Easton, left, models the long-time favorite in campus wear. The loose-fitting tweed jacket is casual yet correct, and the gray flannel trousers are a "must". Comfortable shoes of white buckskin complete this all-season outfit.

For something a bit more dressy, yet right for everyday wear as well, the classic grey flannel suit meets all requirements. Cut with straight-hanging lines and a minimum of padding, it is suitable for every occasion. Dick Hamlin is shown here wearing the grey flannel which has been a college favorite for generations.
Many students have been constantly complaining about a certain odor that frequently fills the atmosphere of our campus. They have tried to determine its origin. Some have come to the conclusion that it comes from the Aggie barns, others have blamed it on the Pulp and Paper experimentations, and still others point an accusing finger at the dining-hall kitchen.

SCARE investigations, however, have proved that these are all wrong. The odor you all have noticed comes from the super hydro-atomic laboratories of the university.

Are you surprised? We thought you would be. Do you want to know more? Yes? Aren't you scared? Read on. Don't waste your time breathing!

Last week Prof. Harness Atom-splitcher phoned SCARE'S editorial office and asked if the staff would like to do a story on the Atomic Energy Research group of the U. of M. The group of scientists, he said, had decided to reveal many secrets to the college at large. The case was given to this reporter and the next day I cut classes and went after the valuable information that the professors were willing to give us.

I was to meet Professor Atom-splitcher at the entrance of one of the laboratory tunnels. This was one of the many subterranean passages that run between Aubert Hall and the laboratories of the several other science buildings on campus. Specifically, it was Sub-Tunnel No. B4563281F, off Main Tunnel No. 3865mkl, passing 45 meters south of Estabrook Hall. The exact location of the tunnel is: latitude 45 degrees, 43 minutes, 33 seconds northwest, and longitude 78 degrees, 44 minutes, 22 seconds southeast. The area is classified as Radioactive Zone No. F66.

According to SCARE'S agreement with the professor, the following day I took all necessary equipment and went in search of the tunnel. I had spent considerable time looking for an opening in the earth that might suggest a tunnel when I was suddenly dazzled by a lightning-like brightness. Then powerful blinding rays beamed at me from all directions, lifting me high in the air, so high that the lack of oxygen in the atmosphere made me lose my senses completely.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on the floor of a large room which was filled with various kinds of apparatus. In the middle of the room three gray-haired old men were bending over a round table. The table was covered with a maze of electrical wires and a thousand and one gadgets the like of which I had never before seen. On the walls of the room were such things as meters, light bulbs, switches, more wires, pipes, tubes, amplifiers, transmitters, receivers, and television screens. This gave me the notion that the room was a laboratory. And it was.

At this time one of the men noticed that I had regained consciousness. He said something to the rest of them, and all turned and looked at me. One of the group then remarked, "Tresyghroug m ankolhre faruoff fasing-oft hagadiduo Lagota." As he pronounced the last word, he pointed at me, which made it obvious that I was "Lagota." He went on talking to the rest of them in a mysterious language, intermittently repeating the word "Lagota."

After a long period of argument, they finally appeared to have reached an agreement. One of them lifted a microphone and said a few words in the same mysterious language. This, I found out later, was a message to the head man. And the head man was none other than Professor Atom-splitcher. He entered the room through a secret opening in the wall, and welcomed me in English. I knew I was about to hear the details of Maine's Atomic Energy Research.
Professor Atomsplitter drove to the point. “At last,” he said, “we have accomplished the construction of an M-bomb.” I almost fainted upon hearing the words. It was incredible! An M-bomb! Constructed at the University of Maine.

However, I controlled myself, and the professor went on. “It isn’t only that we have constructed a huge and disastrous M-bomb, but we have also simplified it so that every American child can play with a Toy-M-Bomb.”

This I couldn’t believe.

The professor was quick to see my doubts. He began walking toward his secret passage-way and nodded to me to follow. He led me to a huge room.

It would take pages to describe what was in that room but my attention was drawn to a pile of large cartons near the wall. The professor pointed to the pile and explained that each box contained a Toy-M-Bomb kit. They were all to be sold.

He then reached into a larger box nearby, took out a booklet and handed it to me. “This,” he said, “is the instruction manual for carrying out experiments with the Toy-M-Bomb sets. I tried to explain to him that he was not giving me the information I wanted. But again he had anticipated me. “Full reports on our scientific discoveries and work on the M-bomb,” he said, “are already in the print shop, and will be sent to you as soon as they are completed. But now please publish the news of our Toy-M-Bomb.”

And with that he handed me one of the manuals and quickly escorted me back through the tunnels. At the surface of the earth we took leave of each other and he returned to his research. The interview was over.

Now, for the information of the student body, and with the exclusive permission of the designers, SCARE reprints excerpts from the Toy-M-Bomb manual.

SCARE, SPRING (TIME), 1951

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INSTRUCTION MANUAL

Published by the Atomic Energy Research group of Professors and scientists at the University of Maine.

IMPORTANT! WARNING!!! CAUTION!!!!

Toy-M-Bomb sets are not intended for children under the age of five, especially those who cannot read these instructions.

Although all sets are guaranteed to contain no highly explosive or poisonous gases or chemicals, we nevertheless advise all users to perform their experiments in open country, preferably 350 miles from the nearest town, and—this important—underground.

If your laboratory is at home, be sure, before beginning any experiments, to spread a layer of newspaper over the kitchen table. (Use The Maine Campus, preferably the editorial page.) So doing, you assure yourself that the cyclotron, xylophenum, radioactive isotopes, orthoneurum isomers, cletomotonium, and wax dripping from the candle will not injure Mother’s polish.

Now let us begin our first experiment.

Unpack your uranium-graphite pile found at the top of the carton. (Be sure not to accidentally pull out any of the cadmium strips.) Bury the nuclear radiation detector at a convenient distance from the hydro-atomic gauge and meantime sink a shaft about 300 feet deep (shovels available at the Women’s Gymnasium) to house the Cenco cyclotron which must be connected through an amplifier to a scaling circuit (scale of 64) equipped with BF3-filled interpolating lights. (The condition of the transformer does not count.) Plug in your battery and STAND BACK.

As you will discover yourself, this is the simplest and easiest method for producing the platonium which will be used to set off your Toy-M-Bomb, although the cyclotron, also included in your kit, can be used as well. We are sorry to say that we do not exactly know how the cyclotron can be used to set off your bomb. However, we are interested in finding out. A reward of a bonus supply of theseum 259 is offered for the ten best schemes which are submitted together with a statement in 25 words or less completing the sentence, “I want an M-Bomb shelter because...”

Next, slowly pull the cadmium rods out of the pile until the chain reaction has gotten well under way. In case of explosion, be sure to push the rods back in immediately. This might save Korea.

(Ed. note—Further intermediary experiments are omitted here, but may be found in the instruction booklet itself.)

You are now ready for what should be your final experiment. Lift the bomb, contained in the middle of the carton, onto the 1000-feet-high platform, which you will find at the bottom of the carton. Hook up any loose wires (it does not matter how short they are, you are sure) and adjust all dials in accordance with Einstein’s formula:

\[ \text{SOP} + \text{FOB (PDQ)} + \text{RPD/RSVP} = \text{SOL} = 0 \]

Where T equals time in seconds, and F/K is the ratio of the velocity of the sun to that of the moon.

Now if it should come to pass that you are still atop the platform by this time, it will be necessary to light the fuse. Be sure to use safety matches in order to avoid forest fires. Then plug your ears and wait.

This should end your experiments. If not, repeat.

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If you, gentle reader, have had your curiosity aroused by SCARE’s description, above, of just a few of the many possible Toy-M-Bomb experiments, you can obtain your personal kit of equipment, plus the instruction book with many more fascinating details, simply by writing to:

THE ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH GROUP AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE,

ATOMIC LETTER READER NO. 69,

SUB-TUNNEL NO. 4532KJ, OFF MAIN TUNNEL NO. B4532KJ,

RADIOACTIVE ZONE NO. F68,

29TH FLOOR UNDERGROUND,

AUBERT HALL 34,

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE,

ORONO, ME.

Just include your name and address, plus $10.99, and the kit will be mailed right to your door.

And for details on the construction of the new 4,000,000,000-lb. M-bomb, read pages 345-466 of the next issue of SCARE.
MY DAUGHTER JUNE

By Ted Gross

I was walking through fields of snow,
the snow was in my boots;
I trod the frigid evening, and the
wetness pierced my roots.
A little girl lay frozen stiff, her hair a
sheet of ice;
Her eyes, once blue, were dull and
dead, and childbirth was suffice.
The coldness whipped my face so red,
it lashed my every bone,
It made my whole body shiver, it
made my insides groan,
While the little girl lay frozen there,
frozen cold and dead.
Reminding me of days now bygone,
days when I was wed.

Oh daughter dear, my daughter dear,
the snow won't let me cry;
My daughter June, sweet daughter gone,
why did you have to die?
Do speak to me, my little girl, please
speak to me again;
Today, my sweet, 's your birthday,
and your candles number ten.

Suddenly alive she came, and then
gazed at me with love,
The heavens broke and sunlight
spilled, a blue field shone above.
"Little June, your body's cold," I said.
"Little June, what's wrong?"
"Come warm yourself by mother, dear
— you've been away too long."

The little girl ran to me, her body
looked chilly cold,
She hugged my thighs, her body shook,
and only ten years old.
Her hair turned blonde, her eyes alive,
a pretty little girl,
"She's mine now," I screamed, "mine,
all mine, my only precious pearl."

The melted snow became a lake, with
grass and trees about,
I told my June to go and play (I
heard the children shout),
She skipped and fell and rising ran;
hers legs were spindle shaped;
I swallowed my emotions, but a dried-up
tear escaped.
The little girls were laughing now,
the gayest sound I know,
My June was there amongst them,
and I watched her, watched her grow,
And all those years I spent alone were
gone forevermore;
I'll never know a childless day, no one
will call me whore.
The sun grew black and when thun-
der roared, I knew that he was there;
"I want my girl," he said to me;
"She's mine, it's only fair."
"It's too late now," I said, afraid,
"You left, you can't come back;
You only want the child, and I—I need
the love I lack."

The lake began to freeze again, the
snow fell from the sky,
I called for June, she ran to us, and
then I realized why:
He was crouching in the frigid snow,
arms outstretched to her;
She went to him (not seeing me),
clung closely to his fur.
My little June's blue eyes grew dull,
her body chilly cold,
She fell again to the icy snow (and
only ten years old);
He clutched her, took her in his arms,
and stood and looked at me,
And then he turned and walked away,
forever left me free.

I walked ahead in fields of snow, the
snow was in my boots;
I trod the frigid evening and wetness
pierced my roots.
My little June was gone from me, I
haven't seen her yet;
I've lived a life so lonely, all begun
from this regret.
The Freshman Handbook

for Upperclassmen

WHAT TO DO AND SEE ON CAMPUS, AND HOW THEY GET THAT WAY

This handbook is dedicated to those of you who don’t know what goes on about campus. Especially is it dedicated to those who have been here several years, and still don’t know.

Published by
THE GENERAL STUDENT COMIFORM

SCARE, SPRING (TIME), 1951
CLUES FOR YOUSE

This is it, kids. It's time to look around and see what you're at. You must remember two important points: (1) This is college; (2) You are college men and women.

Ask yourselves, do you know what's with this place? Do you? Hah!

This book will tell you about the U. of M. It will reveal secrets that tell you the true Maine story. Primarily, it will tell you about extracurriculars. There is plenty of information about curricula available elsewhere.

As you may know, everyone but the faculty agrees that extracurriculars are more help than anything else in finding a job. What's that? You say you're not here for a job, but for an education? Be careful . . . an education may be all you'll get.

Ready? Let's go. Here's your guided tour of the university, exposing things you've always wanted exposed. First we look at

OUR UNIVERSITY ITSELF

We-e-e-l, as the man says, it's been here quite a while. It's here now, too. In fact, it'll probably stay here for a while. And that's that. Now glance at

THE SURROUNDING AREA

Don't worry about it. The surrounding area is all off-campus and will probably stay there. But it's like Mohammed and the mountain, from all appearances. If the surrounding area won't come to you, you're bound to go to it. If you've got money (bill$, coin$, and what-
not), you'll probably spend it. Caution: don't spend it all in one place; the bus back to campus still costs twenty cents.

As for entertainments outside the campus limits, there are movies, eateries, and joints. The first will probably never compete with ROTC training films; the second can never compete with starvation; and the third may necessitate the use of a modicum of liniment to alleviate the subsequent stiffness. But let's get

**BACK ON CAMPUS**, where we find such things as

**FRESHMAN RULES FOR MEN**—for example,

*Don't do it!* ... and

**RULES FOR ALL WOMEN STUDENTS**, such as

*Don't do it!*

But what is a school without traditions? You tell us—no, don't.

We don't want to know. We like the cheers, the b--rs, and all the

**TRADITIONAL EVENTS**, which of course include

**HOMECOMING WEEK END**

* This is the time to be on your best behavior. Alumni by the thousands flock to the alma mater to get together and reminisce. We repeat, be on your best behavior; somebody's got to be. And then there's the

**AGGIE FAIR**

Gotta pair of dirty jeans? Here's your chance. Wear them to this event and stand real near one of the cows, and nobody'll even notice. And do your feet have that itching feeling? Do they? It ain't

SCARE, SPRING (TIME), 1951
a hankering to dance, bud, it's just that you need to change your socks. If you've got a lot of brass, you'll like the

MILITARY BALL

Men: gotta set of moth-holes surrounded by dress blues or OD's? Drafty, aren't they? Girls: gotta strapless evening gown? Drafty, isn't it? If you can be seen in public wearing either of these, you can be admitted to this collegiate USO. And then there's always

WINTER CARNIVAL

Brrr . . . . and later in the year comes the

BEAUX ARTS BALL

Ooh, la la! Eh . . . Ah, mais oui! Left bank of Paris, etc. Then comes spring, and spirits rise. For laughs, there's always the

MAYOR CAMPAIGN

This is the chance for the whackiest campus characters to stay in character as they try to slay you with corn and yokes (this place was originally an aggie school, ennyway). If you're perceptive, you'll see that this is finally a legitimate break for the clowns who have been crowding the spotlight all year long. And with Mayor Campaign, comes

MAINE DAY

"Tote that barge; lift that bale . . . Ah gits weary, and . . . ." WHOA! This is where we put our foot down. Maine Day was the brainstorm of our own Prexy Hauck. And come this year it's 17 years old. Congratulations, Art, on a bouncing baby, and here's wishing
you many happy returns of the day! OK now, kids, so flip a coupla more pages off your calendar, and . . . looky, it's June, bringing with it

COMMENCEMENT

And it's just like we once said, "Cooperate and graduate." And once you've been granulated, don't forget to drop back to the old ultimatum occasionally, and pay your aluminum dues. Boy, that's us . . . school spirit, first, last, and occasionally! Now, look quick for a short sketch of some of the

UNIVERSITY SERVICES, such as

THE BOOKSTORE

And didjever notice that Bookstore coffee is always scalding when you're trying to gulp a quickie between class, but when you've got a spare period to leisurely inhale the aroma, it's like a cup full of ice cubes? Cost: 8 cents. Hint: swipe a teabag from the mess hall and get either Anna or one of her counter cuties to loan you a cup of hot water. Then if you like work, there's the

JOB CLINIC and

STUDENT AID AND PLACEMENT

These all pertain to labor of one sort or another. Interested? Didn't think so. Then for your love notes there's the

POSTAL SERVICE

Commonly known as "campus mail," this outfit sometimes seems as if its last dog-team were wearing out. If you can walk, it's usually quicker to deliver the message in person. In fact it's sometimes quicker to send it air-mail 'round the world.

Scare, Spring (time), 1951
Remember back a few paragraphs, your Freshman Handbook for Upperclassmen listed some rules? Well, they’re mostly made by

**STUDENT GOVERNMENT**, which has three branches, as follows:

**GENERAL STUDENT SENATE**

Top student governing body on campus, according to its own constitution. You don’t believe it? Ask any one of ’em.

**MEN’S SENATE**

Hmmm... let’s see now, what do they do? Well, they... and... well... er... ah... What in hell do they do?

**WOMEN’S STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION**

Boy, this outfit has a long name, and the arm of its law is just as long. It tells women students what they can and can’t do (steady now...), and enforces its rules. Every morning a bus carries offenders of WSGA to exile in the salt mines.

But now... ah, now we get to the meat of this little guide-book. Here is the listing of

**STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS**, and wotta list! It just eats at our hearts to have to expose some of these mobs, but here goes!

**MAINE MASQUE THEATRE**

If you were ever in a high school play (and you probably were unless you played on the football team), you will be interested in joining the Masque. A clannish lot, the Masque members seem to live in their own world. You can break in if you’ll: show energy, talent, patience, and a desire to paint scenery, lug props, and sell season tickets.
MAINE OUTING CLUB

Like to ski, hike, climb mountains, work, or party? The MOC may be for you. And they've got the coziest little cabins!

INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

Pretty darned important on this campus. No, we don't know what they do.

SENIOR SKULLS

Also darned important here. Likewise, we aren't exactly sure what they do, either. But they look divine in their white (pardon the expression) skull caps.

POLITICS AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Are you a politician at heart? Like to know what's going on? Like to talk about things when you know very well that whatever you say isn't going to make any difference anyway? Join up. It's safe. According to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, they haven't turned subversive yet.

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

Ditto.

PROFESSIONAL FRATERNITIES AND SOCIETIES

Lots of them. In spite of all warnings, you'll probably join one, if you get the chance. And then you'll list it on your post-college job applications. And the interviewer will ask you, "Any experience?" And you'll reply, "No, but I'm a member of . . . ." The interviewer will then clear his throat and say "Get thee hence!"
VARSITY SINGERS

You know, we sometimes wonder how a bunch of guys who can't sing solo worth a darn can get together and bellow and make it sound pretty fair. Maybe it's quantity, not quality, and it comes out as quantitative quality.

THE MAINE CAMPUS

This publication is dealt with quite properly in a special section of another contemporary student publication, SCARE magazine, out this month.

SCARE MAGAZINE

A tremendous little magazine, and a masterpiece of journalistic enterprise. Out this month.

THE PRISM

Working on the yearbook constitutes a big job for all concerned. Specifically, the challenge is to get the book out before June. Recent staffs haven't been too successful at this.

THE PINE NEEDLE

Another tremendous bit of journalistic enterprise. You need lots of wit and ambition to join the staff, but it doesn't pay off. Unless, of course, seeing your name in print means a lot. Better save your energy for parties. Nobody reads the Needle, except to look for things to criticize.
COLLEGE

A day's work, 
A night's rest, 
I always thought 
That was best.

But woe is he 
Whom College seeks. 
He'll never know 
A life so sleek.

He'll never know 
The joys of rest. 
Ambition flees 
And beer infects.

The Shamrock's the place, 
And Pat's, the thing. 
The books and studies 
Are minor flings.

I hold these truths 
For all to see. 
I've lost my wits; 
I end my plea. 

Ann Dutille.

THE FEVER

Too soft the spring winds blow, 
Too fast the ice and snow 
Melt into puddles at my feet. 
Too warm the sun beats down, 
Too soon the velvet crown 
Of green creeps to tinge the grass. 
Too strong my feet are urged to wander, 
Too great the force to squander 
All my time in idle dreams. 
Too bad I have no strength to fight, 
Too weak to conquer, day or night, 
This pleasant fever of the spring. 

Ann Dutille.

TREES

The small trees bend and bow 
Beneath each passing breeze, 
While the stately pine is hardly stirred 
By the wildest wind. 
But who ever saw a supple tree 
Go crashing to the ground? 
Or is it only those that are 
Too proud to bend with fate?

Martha Barron

NIGHT

Night Aglow, 
Light Above, 
Hear my Prayer 
Lord of Love. 

Misty stars, 
Heavens dream. 
Let me in 
O night supreme. 

Rapture bright. 
God of Light. 
Happy thoughts 
Mark the night. 

Ann Dutille.

JUST A KID

He's just a kid, 
No one will argue that. 
His clear blue eyes have never seen 
A wounded buddy's face; 
His ears have never heard 
The screaming of a shell; 
His hands have never felt 
A bayonet that's wet with blood— 
He's just a kid, 
Who likes to fix up cars, 
To see a show, 
To help his mother with the dishes— 
Not fight his fellowmen in war. 
He's just a kid, 
Who wants to live and work. 
And I? 
I'm just the girl he left behind. 

Martha Barron.

Scare, Spring (time), 1951
"Nice party," he mumbled.
"Terrific," she said. "I had a wonderful time."
"All these parties are good."
"Yes," she confirmed. "I always have a good time."
"Especially when the weather is nice."
"Yes, when the weather is nice."
"Jimmy was tight," I said.
"Yes, he was."
"Do you mind my drinking?"
"No, that's all right, Jack. I get a little scared, but it's all right."
"I've got to drink, Ruth. You know that."
"I know, Jack."
"And curse . . ."
"And curse."
"You're too good."
"I'm sorry . . ."
They stood outside her house. He kissed her. He kissed her again. Again. He kissed her until he was tired of kissing her and then he stopped and she looked into his eyes and he smiled and said nothing but looked into space and almost yawned. He looked into her eyes and kissed her. It was impassionate. He murmured good night and then left and started back to the fraternity house. Another party. Another dance. Another good time.

You had a good time tonight, he said to himself.

Of course I had a good time. Why shouldn't I have a good time?

You were with Ruth, he told himself. You like Ruth.

Of course I like Ruth.

You liked the people at the party.

Yes. Naturally. What are you trying to get at?

Nothing. Forget it.

Of course I like Ruth, he thought. Of course I like the people who were at the party. Of course. How many parties have you gone to this past year? he asked himself. I can't remember. Are you going to school?

Yes. Why do you go to school? To study. For what? To be a writer. And yet you go to parties; and yet you live from party to party? Yes. You're wasting your time. Yes. You have no experience. No. How can you write well without experience? I can't. Do you know much? No. Are your technique and style good? I don't know. Don't you know you're wasting your time? Yes, I do. And you go on wasting your time? Yes, I do. And you live from party to party? Yes, I do. And spend your parents' money? Yes. And do you believe you're doing right? No. But you do it? Yes.

Why must I be bothered by these thoughts? he reflected. Why can't Jim Marlow or Mike Kelley or Bob Merrill be bothered? Am I doing wrong? Is it wrong to be happy? Am I really happy?

He entered the fraternity house and went into the lounge, poured himself a drink, and lay on the couch, smoking a cigarette, dropping the ashes on the floor. He rubbed the lipstick from his lips.

"You going to the party, Jack?"
"No."
"Why?"
"I don't feel like it."
"Why?"
"I'd rather see a good movie or study."
"Party-pooper."


And don't anyone have an intellectual thought. Don't anyone use a large word. Just dance. And sing. And laugh. And always smile.

He crushed the cigarette in the ashtray and stretched out on the couch. His fingers were hot from the stub.

You're not a fraternity man, he told himself.

I know it.

Then why are you in a fraternity? he asked himself.

Because it's easy living.

You're a hypocrite.

I'm a hypocrite.

It doesn't bother you.

No.

You're losing your individuality in a fraternity.

Yes.

You need your individuality to be a writer.

Yes.

But you'd rather live easy, now.

Yes.

It's easy living and you're a hypocrite because it's an easy life you want. But you'd better start facing facts, Jack Jergens, and look about you and realize that to be a writer is not always easy. What surrounds you —tell me, Jack Jergens, what surrounds you?

Materialism. Horrid materialism and people who go to school to get a job and nothing else. There is no incentive for my creative urge. No one reads a book other than the texts assigned in school. No one is alive to the dynamic world about us. These people revel in petty things.

"I don't think there should be gambling in the living-room because it
By Ted Gross

doesn't look nice ... Let's make a better showing on campus ... The food's no good ... Our parties are starting to lag ... There are too many arguments in the house ... Let's plant tulips in the front lawn instead of daffodils ... Let's allot only one slab of butter per man ... Let's have some more pep ...

It's sickening. My mind is becoming small and sick.

Okay, Jergens. It's your own fault.

I know it.

Get away.

I should.

But you won't. Why?

I don't know why. I'm not sure why. Maybe it's because I still enjoy the parties and petty things. Maybe it's because my mind isn't cultivated enough. Maybe it's because of Ruth.

Ruth is wonderful. Ruth is sweet, he thought. Ruth is small and thin and shy and quiet and pretty and Ruth is wonderful. Take a look at her, he said to himself. There she is and we're walking down the street together and it's a Sunday and the sun is shining and it's May. May and Ruth. We're holding hands and her hand is cool and our fingers are interlocked and Ruth has a light dress on and she smells of Spring and of May. There is no ugly feeling—only a feeling of cleanliness and beauty and my whole body aching with love for her.

Now wait—hold on. Listen, he told himself. You'd better take it easy. It's a dream. This is Ruth exaggerated in a dream. It must be a dream. Ruth, who is actually cold and distant and shy. Ruth, exaggerated in a dream.

What was that you wanted to be, a writer? Yes. But why? Because I love to write. Is that reason enough in this rotten world we're living in? I don't know. Do you think you'll be able to write in a few years? I'm not sure, I only know I want to write. I'm not certain of what I want to write and I only know I want to write. I'm not certain of what I want to write and how I'll do it, and I know I'll never become a great writer; but I get an indescribable thrill out of the whole process. I don't know if that's reason enough, but it's all I can do fairly well.

And you know that it's hard work? Yes. And yet you still go to parties and drink and waste time? Yes. Why? I don't know why. Do you feel you owe an obligation to your parents? No. Do you love your parents? Yes. Will you treat your parents well when you have money? No. Do you think that's right? No, but I need the money. Need the money, he thought; need all the money I can get—don't ever want to cheaper my writing by having to write for money, but I need it just the same. I need the money.

I need it to go to Europe and live with the peasants; to eat with the peasants and sleep with the peasants and talk with the peasants. I need it to travel through the United States and let my body feel the sun of the south and the hot, dirty city air of New York. I need it to talk with a poor white in Georgia and a disintegrated painter or author in Greenwich Village; to go down the Mississippi and to see the Klu Klux Klan; to see strikers fighting for their rights and bums on the house steps in the Bowery in New York. I need the money to see the red-faced Mexicans on the border-line and the sun-baked Indians of Oklahoma; to go to Colorado with its mountains and the mid-west with its open fields and to the Great Lakes, the great blue lakes, and the Chicago stockyards, stinking and beautiful. And I need it to see America. I need it. I need the money.

Stop dreaming.

Hello, Sinclair Lewis. My name is Jack Jergens and I'm taking your place in the literary world, so kindly move out.

What right have you?

I have no right.

Then I refuse to relinquish my position.

But I'm good. I know I'm good. I got A's on college themes.

That means nothing.

What d'you mean, nothing? My teacher said I was good.

There are world movements—wars and depressions and inflations. There are cycles in history which recur, strikes and disrupted labor relations, discontented peoples. Are you aware of them?

No.

Do you know of current events?

No.

You are not deserving.

No.

But you want my position?

Yes, I want it, but I know I'll never become a great writer.

You're right, you won't become a great writer. You will not get my position.

So stop dreaming.

He rose from the couch and finished his drink. He rubbed his eyes until they hurt. It was like this after every party.

The door opened. Someone entered. It was Jim Marlowe. He was drunk with whiskey and sex. He lumbered into the room and smiled.

"Nice party, wasn't it?" he commented.

Anchorage Hotel
and Cabins

DINING ROOM

We Cater To Banquets

For The Latest
And Greatest
In Music It's
Viner's Music
Co.

— Bangor —
“—I want to be there to greet them, when the
saints go marching in.” The horn man took off
flat and mellow, like Gabriel would of blown it,
and the guy slouched over the ivories made 'em
flash like a 'gator's teeth. The reed man blew
right past those Pearly Gates, and the drummer
rimshotted his way to Paradise. The tram growled
and moaned like a haunted soul and the doghouse
jumped and rocked with rhythm. They kicked it
back and forth and played it till it hurt, then they
all brought it home together.

It's a long and dusty road that winds from the
sultry streets of fabled Storyville to the chill and
snow-swept campus of the University of Maine.
But the blues have found their way. And the
jazzed up hymns and stomps. Born in the hearts
of the great ones and the not so great ones, theirs
is the story of the gamblers and wild women as
they made the trek from Storyville... of the
revival meetings and the crave to "get religion"

...of the carefree abandonment found in the
street parade. Bunk Johnson, King Oliver, Kid
Ory and Sidney Bechet—they brought their music
to a world not willing to accept them, but unable
to resist the magic-tragic thing called jazz which
told the story of mankind with a truth that cut
the soul.

Jazz was the universal. Its spontaneity was the
life breath of Man. Its rising and falling, from
lowdown backroom blues to wild and frantic
marches, was the heartbeat of our kind.

And jazz came to Maine. Chicago style and
Memphis style and good old New Orleans—they
all came to Maine. From the docks of lower Basin
Street to the divans of our fraternity houses—
jazz came to Maine. From the back rooms of
Chicago to the front rooms of our campus—jazz
came to Maine. And we were glad it came. We'd
never let it go. There's something free and easy
about pure dixieland that'll make a man live for
the sake of living and not question the reason
why.

Sigma Chi started the Dixie kick on campus.
Dick Danforth let solid jazz soak into his wash-
tub base and he and his boys wrung it out and
hung it up to dry in weekly Sunday sessions dur-
ing most of last year and the first semester of this
year. With only Danforth and horn man Tom
"The Mad Butcher" Casey left of the original
crew, the weekly knock-down-and-drag-outs have
fallen off; but on occasion Dick rounds up some
boys and the Sigma Chi house rocks again.

The Betas, loaded with home-grown musicians,
do most of their jumping at parties or late stag
sessions. But there is seldom a day that some of
the boys aren't off in a corner somewhere tearin'
off some real righteous stuff. The guys that make
the outfit click are smiling Vaughn Twaddel at the
88's, ex-Maine Bear Willie Kennison on bary sax,
"Jelly-belly Jim" Murtha on alto, and Ceddie
Joyce on the licorice stick.

ATO stays high on the list of jazz centers on
campus as the Darktown Seven Minus One runs
wild on the premises. Don "Sugar Blues" Lord of
that house plays some real mellow horn and the
rest of the gang give him plenty of support. This
up-and-coming crew have been featured on a Bang-
gor radio station, and the dixie they play is
mighty fair listening.

The horn man brought it back to earth and the
88's twinkled as the evenin' sun went down. The
reed man blew like a long-gone whistle and the
drummer brushed it soft and slow. The guy on
the sliphorn wrapped it up and the bass man
luged it around for awhile. Then they picked it
up like a dying sweetheart and kissed it goodbye
as they laid it to rest.
OUT FOR A DRIVE?
BE SURE
TO STOP AT
The Kitchenette
— Veazie —

THE FOOD DOESN'T
SCARE YOU AT
The Shamrock Grill
ORONO
Eddie O'Leary, Prop.
DROP IN AND STAY A WHILE!

Riverview Drive-In
Outer State Street — Bangor, Maine
FRIED CLAMS — FRENCH FRIES
SANDWICHES
— CURB SERVICE —
Open 11 A. M. — 1 A. M. Every Day

Chez Marie-Emma
44 North Main Street — Old Town
Ladies' Apparel to Suit Your Taste and Purse
Our Original Millinery Designs Will Match
Your Personality and Wardrobe
Be sure to include a visit to our Bridal Salon
in your wedding plans
UP A TREE
By Sally Brackley and Marie Oakman

Sally Brackley and Marie Oakman--Bells! Bells! Bells! When a college sleeping beauty is wishfully dreaming of Tyrone Power--clang!...her visions are rudely interrupted by the 6:55 warning bell. (Warning for what, we have yet to learn). Immediately she hears groans issuing from the adjoining rooms, signifying that the occupants are anxiously awaiting their early morning prelimes.

Seven a. m. finds another shattering of the air waves disturbing the extra forty winks that she has crammed full of hopes that Ty would still be there. Blindly groping for the radio, she turns it on and is cheerfully greeted with a "Hi there, and a good, good morning to you. This is Shiny, your Rise-and-John Man dedicating 'Where Will It Get You in the End' to Mr. Ben Dover of Young Town."

After breakfast she meets two girls who ask her if she has studied for the quiz. Dropping her books, she cries, "Yipes! I forgot all about it! Besides, there was so much to do. I had to listen to Bing, Sam Shovel, and The Lonesome Stranger. Well, here goes one more cut to add to my nine. I'll see you later."

Upstairs once again she starts to make her bed. (Unusual but that's all we could think of.) There's a knock at the door and in walks her friend, Mable. When the two are together they act in a manner similar to a Dean Lewis and Jerry Martin routine. Last week their conversation consisted largely of a play on words using gum, but that was rather a sticker. Before that it was animals, but that got their goat. This morning they decide to talk in tree language.

So when Mable walks in, she is greeted with a cheery, "Good morning, Maple."
"Good for what?"
"Good fir moss anything. That's an oak, son."
"Well, don't pine it off on me. I'm pining over my troubles," Mable replies.
"I wood knot do that. Does it concern that sap you've been dating?"
"Yes, he's been going out with tree other girls. One is that terrible Magnolia. I cedar with him last night, and I could beat her to a pulp."

"Oh, spruce up, kid, and don't let it stump you."
"I can nut help it," Mable sobbed.
"Well, take my advice and do a little branching out yourself. That would be getting at the root of things."

Gosh all hemlock, I guess I'll pack my trunk and go to the beech forest."

From the next room comes a loud and disgusted, "If you could orange to be more quiet, I wood be moss grapefruit to you."
"What's the matter with her? Does she have a chip on her shoulder?"
"Oh, don't mind her, Maple. Her bark is worse than her bite. Once she was so mad that she saw dust."
"Well, I think I should be leafing anyway."

After Maple leaves our friend sits on the edge of the bed wondering if the quiz she cut would have been better than the conversation she had just experienced. Probably anything would have been better!

MAN HAS HAD IT

Being a short three-act play requiring the minimum of stage settings and actors. Suitable for little theatre groups.

CAST: One Man
One Girl
One Other Man
Stage Settings for all Scenes: One Park Bench.

ACT THE FIRST:
One Scene: Man meets Girl.
Two Scene: Man dates Girl.
Three Scene: Man kisses Girl.
Four Scene: Man marries Girl. Man has had it.

ACT THE SECOND:
One Scene: Girl meets Other Man.
Two Scene: Girl dates Other Man.
Three Scene: Girl kisses Other Man.
Four Scene: Girl runs off with Other Man. Man has had it.

ACT THE THIRD:
One Scene: Man buys bottle.
Two Scene: Man drinks bottle.
Three Scene: Man drinks another bottle.
Four Scene: Man drinks yet another bottle. Man has had it.

Lower Shroud and call Mortician.

5-10 TREWORGY'S STORES 5-10
"Your Variety Store"

BUCKSPORT ——— ORONO ——— MILO
THE DREAMER
By Ted Lawson

“Not at all, Spaulding, glad to accommodate you.” The boss shook hands and left.
Dunc’s advertising career advanced in jeeps and bounds. His first promotion campaign doubled sales volume of a new product in one week. Various suggestions of his concerning other Durant merchandise were adopted, and the results were nothing short of astonishing. The head of the advertising and publicity departments was retired and Dunc replaced him—the youngest and most successful advertising man in the state.
The boss’s daughter succumbed to his irresistible charm, and soon the lettering on the president’s office read Duncan Spaulding, Esquire. By some clever law finagling, he merged his company with his competitors, always coming out on top, carrying the controlling interests.
Politics came easy to Dunc, and senator and then governor graced his name. The presidency was next in line. The big night came and the returns began to pour in. It was a landslide to Dunc. He stepped out onto his second story balcony to address the cheering crowds, the bells were clanging furiously.

Dunc slowly came to. The bell announcing the next class had just ceased its measured tolling and he was still only half way across the mall.
“Hey, dreamer, better shake a leg,” someone called, laughing uproariously.
Dunc shook his head again and broke into a slow trot towards his destination.
FOR THE BEST IN CANDY
AND LUNCHES DROP IN AT
THE PALACE OF SWEETS
56 MAIN STREET, BANGOR
— AND —
FOR ALL YOUR SPECIAL NEEDS TRY
SKOUFIS VARIETY STORE
150 MAIN STREET, BANGOR
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Love in the Strainous

By Stan Ferguson

I met her where the dinkey spoons the shimmering strallus up out of the sea. Our eyes cut the gloomy strainous and found mutual borend behind the shrams. We tradled.

At first my watted darus made her shy. But I sooged the jance that made her hesitate, and broke the caly that bound her. She larmst gracefully and we talked.

“Sarly beristoff?” she asked, orping.

“Fa-dah,” I answered. She giggled and oothed her pover. I snarfed.

I couldn't tear my brasing osklings from her arsad enhcer. It was rabbed and I jarnered coarsely. She didn't en. Instead, her curly nups beckoned and I vressed. We ansted. We were jericed and quate and the shimmering strallus often found us under the tunapred brading kramuds. The pashing yurds made no difference, and I gurfed in won­der at her shrams. I was never one to rash the yentzens, and the barapins found me churst. I qreeled, but she in­sisted. We tradled endlessly and barnered no tersell wurx. Things became voraspiuly burnawest and I glormed helplessly. If sometime the Terin Drayfus truds, he will rotask the shrilley and the strainous will resarn the gorgeous parn of her enhcer. Until then, my sarus will streffin in poog. What else? What boots it to tradle the baler of an urfurass fate? Nothing.

So now the gloomy strainous derinases, but I'm alone. I knew the end was near and the kasarob demirkled, when she durndeled carlsy and said, “My gah-goo is all faddy!”

POEMS OF LOVE

Love is like an onion;
You taste it with delight.
And when it’s gone, you wonder
Whatever made you bite.

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride;
I guess you know the answer—
She had nature on her side.
The *SCARE* Report
On The Fourth Estate At Maine

PART NUMBER ONE —

*The Maine Campus*, according to a statement on its own editorial page, is “published Thursdays during the college year by students of the University of Maine.”

The general catalog issue of the university’s official *Maine Bulletin* lists the paper as follows: “*The Maine Campus*, a newspaper published weakly—oops—weekly during the academic year.”

This year’s issue of the *Freshman Handbook* described the *Campus* in far more flowing language. “It contains all the latest information on clubs, sports, and social activities . . . keeps you in touch with your Student Government and brings you face to face with the problems with which that government is confronted . . . also presents on its editorial page student opinions and offers you, the individual student, a means of expression through its ‘Letters to the Editor’ column.”

This is the way the *Campus* is officially described. However, YOU, the enlightened student of the U. of M. today, are not easily fooled. You know the *Campus* for what it is.

When you read such words, doubts form in your mind, shadows cloud the clear pictures. You suspect that all is not well with the *Campus*.

*SCARE* has anticipated your thoughts. Several weeks have been spent in preparing the *SCARE REPORT*. It is now complete and will tell you the truth about *The Maine Campus*.

You have just read the first part of the *SCARE REPORT*, which described the *Campus* as a whole. The second part will view the editorial staff. To bring the second part into view, grasp the right-hand edge of this single sheet, and pull it out to the right.
THE SCARE REPORT:

PART NUMBER TWO—

Here are five candid views of the editorial staff of The Maine Campus.

This is the editor. He is riding gaily to his office this morning, ready to get the day off to an ambitious start.

This is the editor later in the day. He is talking to the printer. The printer is saying that the editorial is the same as last week's. The editor is saying that that is all right. The title of the editorial is different.

This is another reporter. He has just returned from interviewing an official of the athletic department. He has taken down every word and is ready to begin writing his one-paragraph story.
This is a reporter-columnist. His air of alertness is typical of the entire staff. He is hard at work at his job, which is to discover every bit of news on campus, and to record it in the paper for posterity.

This is a comprehensive view of the entire staff of the newspaper. They are hard at work writing anonymous letters to the editor.

The third part of the SCARE REPORT deals with the distribution of The Maine Campus. To find Part Number Three, first re-fold this sheet to its original position in the magazine. Then grasp the right-hand edge of the section containing Part Number One of the SCARE REPORT, and turn that single page to the left.
After the Campus is printed, it is distributed. Here is what happens then:

As the presses ran, the printer made an impression on the newsprint.

This student is trying to understand the impression.

Truly this is the age.

The ROTC uses many copies of the Campus.

The Campus makes many unpleasant
Wind meets wind here as the editorial section flies before a brisk March breeze.

And the Campus protects the student from a deluge of problems.

The Campus achieves ultimate glory in the hands of the individual.

Here is a student with that in mind.

action is sometimes here a reader is making eat his words.

of situations.

To see what happens next, turn the right-hand edge of this page to the left.
THE SCARE REPORT:
PART NUMBER FOUR—

THE

END

RESULT
IRREGULAR VERBS

London's New Statesman and Nation conducts weekly 'competitions' in epigrams, limericks, etc. Recently readers were asked to play a game originated by philosopher Bertrand Russell. Earlier, on BBC's Brains Trust program Russell had humorously conjugated an 'irregular verb' as—"I am firm; you are obstinate; he is a pig-headed fool."

Among the winners picked by the New Statesman were the following:

**The Chase**

He watched her when she took her bath
In a pool among the trees;
He watched her emerge and he followed her
Through the summer breeze.
He caught her in the cornfield,
And he struck her on the head;
Passion was raging in his eyes,
But she lay as though she were dead.
He grinned in anticipation,
Caught her 'round her plump mid-section,
And sighed, "What a beauteous butterfly
To add to my collection."

**The Seven Stages of Man**

1. Milk.
2. Milk and vegetables.
3. Milk, ice cream sodas, candy.
4. Steak, coke, French fries, ham and eggs.
5. Pate de fois gras, frogs' legs, Caviar Poulet Royal, hors d'oeuvres, Omelette Surprise, crepes suzettes, wine, champagne.
7. Milk.

Late to bed,
Early to rise
Makes a man saggy,
Draggy,
And baggy
Under the eyes.

Her dress was tight—
She scarce could breathe;
She sneezed aloud,
And there stood Eve!

I am sparkling; you are unusually talkative; he is drunk.
I am righteously indignant; you are annoyed; he is making a fuss about nothing.
I am beautiful; you have good features; she isn't bad-looking, if you like that type.
I have reconsidered it; you have changed your mind; he has gone back on his word.

I am an epicure; you are a gourmand; he has both feet in the trough.
I have the New Look; you have let down your hem; she has had that dress since 1934.
I am fastidious; you are fussy; he is an old woman.
I have about me something of the subtle, haunting, mysterious fragrance of the Orient; you rather overdo it, dear; she stinks.

**Spillsome Achievement Award**

For the week of April 9, 1951
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For writing his outstanding column, "Hot Air and Soapstones,, in the Maine Campus

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SCARE, SPRING (TIME), 1951
He sat down at a desk piled with law books and cluttered with debris, papers, pencils, ashtrays and empty bottles. As he pushed back in his chair, the legs screeched across the bare floor. "It has to be done," he thought, and he opened a desk drawer, took out a sheet of paper.

Last night he had decided the same thing . . . that now was the time to write the letter, get it mailed, wait for a reply—if there would be one at all—and then time would cure the rest; time, a salve for many scars, would heal everything, and he would forget her, and it would be for the best.

But the cigarette butts of the previous evening, and the bottles, stared at him, and he remembered that he had started the letter, scrawled a few cold sentences and then stopped, after convincing himself that he wasn't in the mood for writing a "Dear John," or, in this case, a "Dear Jane" letter; it had seemed unnecessary to write it last night, because, after all, he knew this affair was over, it was only a matter of being in the proper frame of mind to write it all out in black and white. But last night wasn't the right night, and he'd whished the tops off several inviting beer bottles, simply because he thought, "A couple o' beers 'ould taste good."

But now he was methodical, and he hooked the wastebasket with his foot and dragged it closer to his desk. Out went the ashes from the ashtrays, and with a clank the bottles followed. He shoved aside the books, and spread the stationery squarely in front of him.

He opened another drawer, fumbled inside for a minute, and brought out a silver fountain pen. The cold light from the fluorescent bulb of the desk lamp sputtered on with a hum as he snapped the button with his other hand.

He opened the pen and wrote the date in a firm script in the upper right hand corner of the page. The lettering, he noticed, wasn't too big or too small, but just right, just where he wanted it. "How to start this crazy thing?" he wondered. He juggled "Dearest Jane" and "My Dear Jane" and just "Dear Jane," but they all sounded wrong and singularly inappropriate. He moistened his lips thoughtfully and pressed his tongue in consternation against the roof of his mouth. "Well, what the hell," he decided, "I'm not going to marry the girl. We had some good times, but what the hell—and, anyway, I'm in the mood now for getting this thing out of the way, so . . ." He penned, "Dear Jane."

Lifting his pen from the paper, he scrutinized the salutation. "A little on the down slant, but," he mulled, "I'll make the first line straight across."

He put the point of the pen against the paper, and started to write: "I know this is something I must do, for it isn't fair that . . ." He came to a halt. "... isn't fair that, isn't fair that, isn't fair that what?" he asked himself. He continued, "... isn't fair that I should wait any longer to tell you that I don't feel the way I did last summer, and it's only fair . . ."

He crossed out "fair." "... only reasonable that I should tell you now, so that we both can . . ."

One of the boarders down the hall flipped on a radio and it blared out distractingly, especially irritating at this crucial point of his dialectic. "Hey, Tiny, turn that damn thing down, will ya," he shouted; the din subsided slightly. But now a tapping foot, obscured before by the blare, thumped in noisy rhythm. He looked angrily toward the corridor; a female voice screeched above the music and the drumming foot, "Now you'd better listen to you' paw, and someday you'll practise the law, and then you'll be a sho-nuff success, oh yes; small fry kissed the neighbor's daughter, small fry, why don't you stay in shallow water; yes, yes, now you looka here to me, you ain't the biggest catfish in the sea."

He laid down his pen and pushed his chest vigorously, spied the empty ashtray, searched his pants' pocket for a smoke, drew out a crushed cigarette, and pushed it between his lips. He thought he wouldn't light it. "I won't take one drag on this," he vowed, "till I've gotten Jane off my mind." The music still echoed down the hall. The thumping had stopped.

He picked up the pen. Scratching further he wrote, "... so that we both can forget each other as soon as possible, although I know this will be hard for you."

He gazed at this last sentence. "How poor," he thought. "Oh, well, I feel like writing this now, so anything is going to have to be all right."

The lines came faster now, and he

---

Dear Jane

by

Robert Philips
neared the bottom of the page. He sucked nervously on the unlit cigarette tasting the tobacco faintly, enticingly. He paused, and scanned the top of his desk for a match. He spied the end of one sticking out from underneath a book, and yanked it out. The end was black and burned. Disgusted, he threw the stick in the wastecan, and bent again over the letter.

"And finally, Jane, I am, as ever, John." He signed his name in a hurry, not thinking or re-reading, tossed his pen aside, folded up the paper, found an envelope to fit it, addressed it, and with a little sigh of relief flopped it down on the desk.

"Hey, Tiny, ya got a match down there?" There was no answer. "Hey, Tiny!" No one answered. He pushed his chair back, arose, and lumbered out of his room and down the hall to Tiny's room. Tiny was sitting in a rocking chair, his pudgy head fallen on one shoulder asleep. He tiptoed in, turned down the radio, and picked up a book of matches from the bed table. He left cautiously, and walked back toward his room. He stopped for a moment, struck a match, touched the flame to the cigarette, and drew in deeply.

"Better got this thing mailed," he thought. He stuffed the matches in his pocket and returned to his desk, fished a three-center out of the drawer, licked it carefully, and placed it very neatly in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. He banged down-stairs, trailing a stream of smoke behind him, swung open the door, and saw the postman heading down the walk.

"Hey, hold on!" he shouted. The man in blue stopped and turned around. John clumped down the wooden porch steps, jogged over to the postman, and handed him the letter. "Nice day, huh?" offered John. "Nice if it don't rain," was the reply. John chuckled mechanically, turned and, whistling gayly, scuffed up the stairs to the porch.

"Oh, John!" It was the landlady. "Any mail there?" He glanced at the glass window of the box, noticed that there was mail within. He squeezed a big paw into the top of the box and pulled out a handful of envelopes. Idly he shuffled them one by one.

Then he saw it, a pink letter addressed in a familiar hand. Quickly he tore it open. "Any mail there, John?" He didn't answer, but stared down at the words before him. "Dear John, I know this is something I must do, for it isn't fair that... ."
SKETCH

By Martha Barron

A bright red and brown plaid spread covered the bed, and matching drapes waved in the hot summer breeze at the open window. On the bed-table was a handsome smiling picture with “to Suzie B., all my love, Bob” scrawled in one corner. Beyond the window the wall was covered with a patch of pennants—“Kiski,” “Allegheny,” “Columbia,” “Princeton,” “Beaver,” and “Pitt.” Below them on the dresser, more pictures—smiling blonde and pert brunette girls; grinning wavy-haired fellows. A cheerleader’s megaphone leaned against the dresser, with “Mt. L.” lettered in blue across it. Hand lotion and perfume bottles, lipstick tubes and a comb with one strand of long reddish-brown hair clinging to it littered the dressing table which stood below sort of a bulletin board. A silver crown engraved with “Snow-Ball Queen” hung from one corner and from the other a chain strung with a gold pin of a lighted torch and a black key with a guard. The rest was a rainbow of crepe paper and dance programs mixed with the football, basketball, and track letters of gold and blue. On the bed lay a half-made light-blue formal, and beside it were three worn tennis balls initialed S. B. and a racquet. The breeze fluttered a newspaper laying on the crushed pillow. The picture on the open page was a strikingly beautiful girl, smiling with a gentle sweetness. Underneath in glaring headlines:

“Suzan Bright
Killed In Car Crash
Late Yesterday.”
ON AUTHORIZATION

by Phillis Webster

Are you a Mexican athlete? That is to say: Can you throw the bull? If so, you've no doubt tried to use your talents to get an authorized class-cut.

Sometimes it works. And then again it doesn't. Some people couldn't get an authorized excuse if they had years of training in logical reasoning.

These poor hard-luck-striken students are the ones to whom this essay is dedicated. While we aren't too sure just what sort of excuse will get you an authorized, we're darned sure that the following won't.

For your files, also included is a list of the advisers' answers to some of the more overworked excuses.

| Student: I had a hard study session and overslept this morning. |
| Adviser: Why didn't you wind your alarm clock, boy? |

| Student: I stayed up all night taking care of my room mate. |
| Adviser: Never mind your room mate. We're all learning to take care of ourselves and to be 100% self-sufficient. |

| Student: I was ill—deathly ill. |
| Adviser: If you were deathly ill, how did you make this amazing recovery? I think I'll have you transferred to Med. Tech. |

| Student: I must go home for the reading of Auntie's will. |
| Adviser: You are graduating this June—with the money you'll be making, you won't need to hear Auntie's paltry will. |

| Student: I think my grandmother is going to die this Saturday night. |
| Adviser: Eighteen other grandmothers are scheduled to die this Saturday night, and they won't need your company. |

| Student: I have to care for my baby sister; Mother had a fall. |
| Adviser: Nonsense, how can you possibly have a baby sister when I know for a fact that your mother is over sixty-five? |

| Student: I have to stand up at my sister's wedding this week-end. |
| Adviser: Tell your sister to get married during spring vacation—everybody's doing it. |

Now you probably would like to know what excuse will work. That we would like to know ourselves.

The only suggestion we can make is that you think up something really wild and fantastic. It may be an insult to the adviser's intelligence, but it may work, too.

One caution—you yourself must believe what you say, or at least appear to believe it. If you can do this, you are showing distinct signs of real talent, and there is definitely a place in the world for you. You are on your way to a high position in society.

---

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Scare, Spring (time), 1951
Don't Miss The Pine Needle Talent Show

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, MEMORIAL GYM

Your favorite campus entertainers will appear under the spotlight. Be on hand to add to the applause and help them win high ratings on the Talent Show applause meter. Prizes go to the best acts on the program.

Prize-winning large act last year, pictured above, was "The Travelers," Charlie Loranger, Dick Ayotte, Norm Anderson, and Scott Webster. Dot McCann soloed in her own unforgettable style to take high score in the small-acts class.

The applause meter, new electronic gadget of the show, will pick this year's winners through audience reaction. A model of the device poses for its picture below, surrounded by Jean Dee and Herb Merrill, Talent Show committee workers.

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FRIDAY NIGHT AT 8:15 IN MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM
April 13, 1951

PROGRAM
Darktown Seven Minus One—Don Burt, Dick Stephens, Lee Dyment, Jim Barrows, Steve Burnard, Don Lord.
Barbershop Harmonians—Andy Mezoian, Earle Young, Henry Berry, Dave Collins
Michael Mogilevsky, pianist
“A Couple of Swells”—Paula DeRoche and Ruth Partridge; Mavorite McLellan, accompanist
Andrena Cefalo, vocalist
Henry Sheng, pianist
The Varsity Three—Charles Fasset, Frank Tillou, Tom White

INTERMISSION
Marguerite (Flutter) Floyd and Dave Haskell, dance routine
Dot McCann and Dick Ayotte, vocal duet; Keith Ruff accompanist
Robert Verrall, pianist
Bernardette Stein and Jean-Paul Roberge, vocal duet
Noni Dinsmore, dance routine; Roger Dow accompanist
Maurice Lavoie, vocalist
Richard Gardiner and Richard Wilson, harmonica duo

Joe Zabriskie will be master of ceremonies

Prize-winning performances will be picked cooperatively by the audience and the Talent Show applause meter.

Prizes to be awarded to the winning acts have been donated by:
The Brass Rail Restaurant; Ted Newhall Studio; Virgie's Clothing Store, Orono; Harmon Piano Company; Farnsworth's Cafe; University Motors, Orono; Craig the Tailor; Shamrock Grill; S and S Store, Orono; Hillson Cleaners.
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Light Sweaters
and
Jackets
that go with Spring

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And Be Prepared?

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