EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Again spring is in the air. I admit it heartily and how true the superior force of hormones, etc., which seem to be under the spell of the kick in the breezes and the far off moaning of a cow. Soon Spring Valley will replace the Grill as a hangout for students. I sympathize and follow the crowd but at the same time send out a distressed plea for help. I still have another issue to get out and will need contributions drastically. Instead of letting those long afternoons drift away unused, why not include your contributions significantly? Millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELs

than any other cigarette

When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—"What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"—the brand named most was Camel! Surveys revealed that more doctors smoke Camel than any other cigarette.

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

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an entire American panzer division passed through our wee Gulpen today. As the first dawn beams penetrated the shutters, lighting up the carved crevices over my head, I heard the rumbling preshade of tanks introducing the day-long suite of war sounds. I sat up startled as my mind screamed, "Blis! Hide! The Germans are coming!"

Then I remembered that we are free now, that I should be glad to hear the shooting men, the rolling artillery, the ugly cars with wheels in front and a tanks caterpillar behind, and more, roaring, shooting in the snow their song of freedom soon all for Holland.

The past sings a minor melody which is a moving pattern, woven counterpoint into those notes but lately struck, stating new themes. I know this vital melody shall with a mighty modulation move to symphonies of dreams come true, the future!

Feb. 2, 1944

This morning I opened the shutters to see a very wonderful sight. The Americans have come to stay in our wee Gulpen! The streets were full of helmeted men with snug rifles carrying funny pans which they used for eating. They were going toward our school because—what do you suppose? The American soldiers are using the school for a kitchen and dining room.

Of course, I could not teach there today; so I had to get up quickly and meet the pupils to send them home.

Company A came last night, trailing behind the rest of the division. They must have come after yesterday's excitement. Tanks and guns and trailers and people fill the square of the martyr hill to Djnmeer's square to mingle with the soldiers.

I went into my room to get some of my books and papers. It was there I met Mr. Scarf! He is a Corporal who drives a jeep, but he also likes music. He helped me carry my books to my house, then he drove me to my uncle's house to see if he would let me use the Kathedraal for my classes. As the bishop of our diocese he gave me permission, but he said he thought it would be too cold in there.

Feb. 7, 1944

Tonight was the dance for American soldiers. Jay wished me to go with him, and I wanted very much to go but I could not. My father is still in the Dutch army and Father Mattias says we must not dance or celebrate while our Holland is still suffering. Until the war is over, it seems to me we should be glad to hear the shouting men, the rolling artillery, the ugly cars with wheels in front and a tanks caterpillar behind, and more, roaring, shouting in the snow their song of freedom soon all for Holland.

Next day he gave me the keys, but only after I promised never to discover that the school is to be a barracks for twenty soldiers and their guns and their boys were reading and reciting yesterday is now a dormitory. We must not be gay until all Holland is free again.

Feb. 13, 1944

This has been an exciting day for the Americans are leaving—Jay is leaving. And today something happened in the Kathedraal.

(Continued on page 15)
Spring on Campus

Glimpses of Campus
Casual Corners

It seems as though where there's a college in the United States, there also must be a student hangout; a place where Jim or Jerry may slam down his books, order a cup of coffee and forget that history exam in a game of bridge. Denton is no exception to the rule. As a matter of fact, DU has three such hang-outs; the grill, Aladdin's, and the Hut.

A description of the Grill is hardly necessary, as what "wheel" hasn't penetrated its depths? Situated beneath the Opera house, this "little den of iniquity" offers all sorts of possibilities for "bird-doggins," accidental meetings, and the passing on of notes for J.L.'s lit test tomorrow. Were one to count the number of hours logged per inhabitant, many an operator's license would need to be issued to the residents of the dimly lit booths.

On going into the Grill, one must pause in order to acquaint himself with the light, then little by little, through the blue mists you are able to discern forms. Here are Doggie and Raleigh, visibly finessing bridge tricks against Jay and Beely. In booth 18, a group of freshmen cry the ambition whisper among themselves. Next to the door, Joe and Jody are engaged in earnest conversation, while John and Nancy hurrow a tunnel trying to find the exit.

The atmosphere of the Grill is hazy. Above the hubbub one hears, "Number 9 coffee and sweet rolls," or "Oh, S-u-z-i-e," and "Blue skies for me to day." An experienced Grillite will run upon the Hut. There's a psychological air of mystery around this pausing point. You know by what specialty they are known or who they'll meet there, but still they troop in during all hours of the day and night. Again coffee seems to be the common bill of fare, unless you are an unfortunate victim of an "off" meal at the sem.

The Hut has an atmosphere all its own. It's a little bit of everything thrown together and jumbled up. You may be the sophisticated type, leering out of the dark booths to the counter of the left or you may let your hair down and lean over on the clean soda fountain for a casual chat. In the Hut you may be yourself, not the suave, debonair type or you may let your hair down and lean over on the candy counter or plop down onto a stool next to the red plush booths to borrow the sugar as the backs are low, not neck-breaking high as in the Grill. The back corner might easily be dubbed "In-

The red plush booths to borrow the sugar as the backs are low, not neck-breaking high as in the Grill. The back corner might easily be dubbed "In-Cell" as hardly ever, unless there in a stray 20-40 in the crowd, can you see who is sitting there. Also in Aladdin's you can actually see your hamburgers being cooked, or your sandwich being slapped together accompanied by a tantalizing odor that rolls across the nostrils. Many a customer has ordered on sniff alone not bothering to ask name or price.

Down the road a bit and around the corner, you run upon the Hut. There's a psychological air of mystery around this pausing point. You know by what specialty they are known or who they'll meet there, but still they troop in during all hours of the day and night. Again coffee seems to be the common bill of fare, unless you are an unfortunate victim of an "off" meal at the sem.

A late October day—the wind was cool, And blew the mist like rain Across our faces. There was nothing left for me to say, Except "goodbye" before you went away.

But autumn's glory was too bright, In all the vivid gold of falling leaves. So wide the world, so wide the heart, The vast expanse that seems to fill all space. No clouds defeat my striving when I've won The height above that is my destined goal, Yet, I am not less than I was then.

The pigeons coo a mournful strain. The Chapel bells are peaceful in their call. The rain is steady in its fall. The Chapel bells are peaceful in their call. The rain is steady in its fall.

The height above that is my destined goal, Yet, I am not less than I was then.

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Do You Want to

Then study carefully the amazing career of J. Filbert Throckmorton... by paralleling your course with his, you can’t miss becoming a smashing success in the medical world!

Young Throckmorton enrols in Acne College in the fall of 1931. (Twas on a bright, September morn and the frost was on the corn, etc.) Graduated magna cum lousy from Fizzleville High School that same year, he is determined to become a doctor.

Here we find Throckmorton a week later. Literally up to his neck in the books, he is trying to determine the factors behind the simple equation, \( E = mc^2 \).

Under Acne’s special, stepped-up system, Filbert gropes blindly about in a perplexing maze of Pathology, Bacteriology, Immunology, Epidemiology, Pharmacology, Toxicology, Anesthesia, Roentgenology, Psychoscopy, Rhinology, Ophthalmology, Microbiology, and English Composition. Throckmorton passes all the ology’s with an average of 2.999, but sticks on English Composition. For some reason, he insists on hyphenating “ain’t got.”

We now find poor old Throckmorton in the year 1939. Though the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine. Throcky has worn out 6,769 pencils, exhausted 1183 reams of paper, and lost most of his hair while trying to break himself of the nasty habit of hyphenating ain’t got. The college heads wag their heads (monotonous, isn’t it?) slowly, determined not to give him a degree until he passes his English Composition proficiency test.

This can’t go on forever. Comes a starry night in May, 1945. Agatha Suavecorn, the Prom Queen of Acne, has just been crowned. Posing demurely in her ravishing, ghostless evening-strap before a battery of photographers, she is about to select the Prom King.

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High above the teeming throng stands Throckmorton. Stuck in dear old Acne fourteen years, a combination of dementia praecox and hyphenated nightmares is getting him down. Quietly, unobtrusively, he goes. He steps back carefully 31 1/2 inches, and launches himself recklessly over the balcony.

Throckmorton is made. The campus ‘wheels’ grind their gums in bitter anguish as he skips blithely by with the lovely Agatha. Every fraternity on the campus rushes him at once. Honorary societies grovel at his feet. — (Then,—

... and hurtleth earthward, landing squarely on the smiling, upturned face of Miss Suavecorn. Never was she ever so thoroughly osculated. After a short pause of twenty minutes, she disengages her lush lips from his with the gentle sound of a surfacing submarine. Grabbing the crown from the college president who has been trying it on for size, she slaps it on J.F.T.’s head and screams, “The King!”

... AND SO WE PRESENT J. FILBERT THROCKMORTON, THE PERSONIFICATION OF SUCCESS! BRILLIANT, YOUNG INTERNE IN ONE OF THE NATION’S LEADING HOSPITALS, HE WORKS WITH A DELICACY AND FINESSE SECOND TO NONE.

Robert Findeisen
And so the second semester is well under way, bringing with it the usual hopes for an early spring and warm balmy evenings.

To make up for the time lost between this and the last issue of the Campus, may we step right into the happenings of the past few weeks with our DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT —
The Big Red Basketball squad evidenced improvement during the later part of their schedule. And isn't it odd how their following increased almost threefold when they started to win games, and play as they were capable of playing from the start.

In our DEPARTMENT OF I'VE HAD IT —
We find a true incident taken from the files of our little campus snooper. Said the handsome young student to his fair companion, "Move a little closer to me, so I don't have to shout." "I don't think I should," said the coed, raising a restraining hand, "I don't know my own strength — and neither do you." You can sit and pencil that out while we gamboled on to our DEPARTMENT OF HEART APPROVAL — A note of introduction for Wayne Kline, the writer of the Denisonian's column, "The Wayning Light." If you haven't read it yet, you've been missing a fine treat.

DEPARTMENT OF FESTIVE BOARDS —
An idea was ruffling around for a while last month that appealed to us very much. Some obscure source came up with the thought that the fraternities might better inter-fraternity relations by having open houses and inviting one or more other fraternities and their dates. Just a suggestion.

DEPARTMENT OF WOMEN AND HORSES —
A remark was dropped the other day and picked up to be set into this column. 'Twas said that the Uniform of the Year for coeds, the infamous Blue Jeans, is rapidly becoming extinct on the campuses of America. This replica of the man-power shortage is seen nowadays, only on rainy days and during exam week. The men of the colleges of our thriving nation bow their heads at its passing, and raise a roar of approval. We hate 'em.

DEPARTMENT OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS —
In case you haven't noticed, spring is almost here. You know, spring, as in W-O-M-A-N.

NOT AT DU

Nurse: I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.
Sororities
The Way We See 'Em
By Betty Harmon

Kappa Alpha Theta
Founded: Don't know where — really don't care...
Purpose: To just shine over all like little suns revolving around the campus.
Motto: "We are the best, we pass every test, and just what are you?"
Property: To all grow up to be big and strong like "Shorty" K.
Flower: They copied the Thetas.
Ideal: Kilroy.
Colors: Black, gray, and purple.
How recognized: By the bruises they have received falling off their traditional balcony.
Properties: A cottage that resembles a greenhouse.

Kappa Kappa Gamma
Founded: It should never have been.
Purpose: To go through life telling the world how wonderful Kappa is . . .
Motto: "I am a Kappa, we pass every test, you're not a Kappa? well poo poo to you!"
Property: Barn-like brick house.
Flower: Shrinking violet.
Ideal: To perpetuate the aims and ideals of orchesis.
Colors: Pale ones.

Alpha Phi
Founded: A group of the nicer girls got together back in '96 and there have been Alpha Phi's ever since.
Purpose: Camaradie and companionship. (Alpha Phi handbook, page 78)
Motto: "Give us a date or give me death."
Property: They call it a "playhouse," and judging from what goes on there, it must be.
Assets: A free meal for some of the boys annually.
Liabilities: The pigs.
Pin: An A with lack of ingenuity for its background.
Song: "Bless You."
Colors: Various and asundry.

Alpha Omicron Pi
Founded: During a bargain-basement sale day before Christmas by some Greek.
Motto: "Give us girls who look well in our house."
Property: A cozy little window-seat and a patio.
Assets: A free meal for some of the boys annually.
Liabilities: Those seniors majoring in Soc!
Pin: Three letters all crowded together like two fat men crowded in a phone booth.
Song: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll, you great big beautiful doll."
Colors: Blush pink.

Delta Gamma
Founded: During the flu epidemic two years ago that took the campus by storm.
Purpose: I doubt if they have one.
Motto: "Give us a pig and we'll make a hog out of her."
Property: A large, old-fashioned barn (whitewashed) that looks down its lawn at everybody else.
Assets: A few "brains."
Liabilities: A few "brains."
Pin: An X marking a ringer made by an old, dirty, beat-up horseshoe.
Song: "We are the Tri-Delts, Tri-Delts are we . . .",
Colors: Orange and red.

Delta Delta Delta
Founded: Around the block from Scolley Square.
Purpose: To all grow up to be big and strong like "Shorty" K.
Motto: "No, they don't cause cancer . . ."
Property: The makings of a good broom from Cathy's hair.
Assets: You certainly couldn't call their living room one.
Liabilities: The chapter.
Pin: A ripe banana that has wrapped itself around three sugar cubes.
Song: "We are the Tri-Delts, Tri-Delts are we . . .", etc.
Flower: They copied the Thetas.
Colors: Orange and red.

Alumni
How recognized: I by the cat scratches on their faces.

MARCH, 1947

Delta Gamma
Founded: Suppose they were? Heard they just grew.
Purpose: They'll get one just as soon as a good one comes along.
For it's muscle we adore.
Property: A cottage that resembles a greenhouse somewhat.
Assets: Well . . . they have one sort of pretty song.
Liabilities: Those seniors majoring in Soc!
Pin: Three letters all crowded together like two fat men crowded in a phone booth.
Song: "Home Sweet Home."
Flower: Great, big, orange poppies.
Colors: Pale ones.

Alpha Xi Delta
Founded: When some social workers took pity on an early band of Oakies back in '96.
Purpose: To take pity on others.
Motto: "We live alone and like it."
Property: Barn-like brick house.
Assets: Their exclusiveness out near the edge of town.
Liabilities: The spiral staircase where many a good neck has been broken.
Pin: "I shot an arrow in the air."
Song: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll, you great big beautiful doll."
Flower: Shrinking violet.
Colors: Blush pink.

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Flower: Shrinking violet.
Ideal: To perpetuate the aims and ideals of orchesis.
Colors: Pale ones.

(Continued on page 16)
And my soul is at attention for those
That are gone.

And without fear, only somewhere, far off,
And I am at ease with myself; living again easily.
The sax blows warm and glowing.

With my lonely drink and am happy while
Now that this is done and gone. I am easy
Is not of me and I am easy and do not fear
I feel no heat or desire for more . . . female flesh
Can you understand and see why I sit here
Slowly stealing time . . . the morphine of
The far off boat whistle blowing and I do not care.
Morbid experience . . pours on me and I am at ease.
Sweetly warming is the sax hooting,
Without fear.
Roll over me. Let drain from me the
The bark of 88, the boom of artillery, the mine.
The well of my emotion dries some and leaves this
And I feel no more. Soothing, the ministering hands
Time, the warm liquor of wounds, pours over me
But I do not care. It is not for me or does it
I can feel no more. I forget hell-moments.
A tin piano plays. Street cars creak,
Somewhere a car roars up the highway,
But I do not care. It is not for me or does it
Concern men. Not like the staccato of machine pistols
The bark of 98, the boom of artillery, the mine.
Let the mellifluous melody of sweet passing time
Over me. Letting me think that which
Was no more. Strains, distant chords, are still in me,
Dying in the echoes. Far off, a band plays the Star
Spangled Banner and it wells in me again
But time leaves only scars and they do not hurt;
The well of my emotion dries some and leaves this
I can feel no more. I forget hell-moments.

SUGGESTIONS TO DALI

James Marshall

Slowly th' scars heal
. . . the oozing soothing melody of sweet exciting
triumph,
Time rushes over me and I am healed.
That which happened was not of me or this world.
I am not of it and it is forgotten hell.
Flash of rotten excruciating moments are
Gone with the smooth flowing melody.

Time, the warm liquor of wounds, pours over me
And I feel no more. Soothing, the ministering hands
Of loving woman, she touches me and that which
Was no more. Strains, distant chords, are still in me,
Dying in the echoes. Far off, a band plays the Star
Spangled Banner and it wells in me again
But time leaves only scars and they do not hurt;
The well of my emotion dries some and leaves this
I can feel no more. I forget hell-moments.

SONNET MODERN, IN G MINOR

James Marshall

Yet, in the solace of our flat
You come back in thoughts to me.
The place you used to throw your hat,
Deep eyes, tousled hair, all this and more I see.
Your pipe upon the mantel edge,
A day on Devon cliff you pledged
I'd love to paint dead jap ears
On a black negligee

If I were Dali
I'd love to paint . . . dead jap ears
On a black negligee.

The story — a testimony of America at war,
America divided . .

Life-scene against life-scene;
Dreams of woman which flush in daily fear
No longer understand
Those who live in constant pettiness.
A perfect tribute to milady,
Said the Ele H. . . Jay S.
Are the ears of this dead jap
dying here in the jungle rot.

From their package
They spilled onto lush luxury
Dead jap ears on a black negligee
Evil of the cruel and the weak
And they don't understand . . .
Or to be complete.
In all the material, concrete.
Of real stuff women
Square as a cube . . .
I'd love to paint . . .

If God there is
A simple quest I ask.
Answer now or soon shall I
A weakened thing of compromise be.

THE VALENTINE

James Marshall

(Com. from p. 2)

The Americans are gone. Corporal Scarf is gone too.
There is nothing left. Nothing but the tracks of
The motor vehicles and the marks of feet in snow
And mud. These and one more thing. One
thing tangible, I mean, for in addition there are
Tracks etched on every Gulpen heart today of things
We cannot see with our eyes or feel with our hands,
But things which a week's friendship and
A day in and nurtured in a wars time make me see
What no man or woman may see in America
May die today at Kerkrade, they will still be alive
In Gulpen's heart. And Jay will live in mine.

Today. I look out of my room in the school again.
One would not know that it had been a barracks.
The maps are up, the desks are back in place,
And elevens that had been broken are repaired.
Yet in that room, half hidden by my replaced desk,
I saw him. Jay S. And in their heart are names, one beneath the other
With a plus sign between: Els H. . . . Jay S.
And many say its so,
Will God fulfill this simple quest
Of man-soul damned.

Which is life?
To dream, to think, to ascend knowing heights?
In places voices sing, but are tortured
Always by gnawing doubts
Or to be complete
In all the material, concrete.
Of real stuff women
Square as a cube . . .

If God there is
A simple quest I ask.
Answer now or soon shall I
A weakened thing of compromise be.
The Valentine

I may not see him tomorrow, so I sent him a piece of lace I made for his mother. I hope he got it all right.

I wonder if he'll remember me?

THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

Pin: They're man-crazy I tell you—their pin is a dead steal from Annapolis, or more likely the V-12.

Song: "Come To Me."

Flower: All I know is that it smells.

Colors: Sky-blue pink with bronzed edges.

Ideal: "Atlas."

How Recognized: You couldn't miss that white anchor anywhere.

On The Cuff

A DIVINE STATEMENT

A bishop was sitting in a box at an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very decollete. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never madame," replied the bishop gravely, "never since I was a baby."

---Voo Doo.

DEFINITIONS

Adolescence: the age when a girl's voice changes from a "no" to "yes."

Embarrassment: Two eyes peeking through the same key hole.

Girdle: An elastic supplement to a stern reality.

Good advice: What a man gives when he is too old to be a bad example.

Glamour: Something that evaporates when the sweater is too large.

---Purple Parrott.

---Sun Dial.

Lipstick is something that gives added flavor to an old pastime.

---Sun Dial.

He: Did you notice that girl with the step ladder expression?

She: What?

He: The girl with the wooden stare.

---Yale Record.

"Just saw McGurk foaming at the mouth."

"Horrors!"

"No, just Michelob's."

---Yale Record.

A college magazine is a great invention, The college gets all the fame, The printer gets all the money, The staff gets all the blame.

---Yale Record.

Her: I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Her: I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Pause.

Him: You must ride quite a lot too.
EASY TO SEE
why Chesterfield is by far
the favorite of Hollywood Stars

Virginia Mayo — one of the stars in
"The Best Years of Our Lives"
dressed in the new Chesterfield print

Always
the right combination
World's Best Tobaccos
Properly Aged