Everybody needs a place to get away from the hardships and turmoil of everyday life in America. I'll never forget when I was very young, I was sitting in the bedroom of my grandfather's house, sobbing into the pillow. I was heartbroken because I didn't have a false identification card like all the other boys in the county. It seemed at the time as though my life would always be a failure. While I was in there crying like a small boy (because I was a small boy) my grandmother came in, tossed down her bundle of bone chips at the foot of the bed and started stroking my wrinkled brow. Then she said to me words that I'll never forget, she said, "Get your stinking feet off the bedspread." These words have been a guide and comfort to me all my life. As I grew older I realized how many people resent muddy tracks on their rugs, tramping in their gardens, and walking through their beds. Thanks to my grandmother I have made many friends by the simple day to day courtesy of keeping my feet off the ground. You know that our ancestors (my great uncle for one) spent quite a bit of their time in the trees. People were happy in those days, no eight o'clocks, no cooked foods, no music appreciation, just people and trees. In those days there were no wars, property breeds war and property is just a place to put your feet.

Beta Chi Again
This Beta Chi thing seems to be getting out of hand, when the article about this organization was handed in we thought it was kind of a novelty, but every day more lispers crowd into our room wearing the pledge pin of B.X. The pin, in case you haven't seen one, is the little cap under the cover of the milk bottles that are retailed by the management of the Aladdin. We sent some of our most able staff members including Pete Mackimm and Brad Hawk down to this restaurant to find out the scoop but they came back saying they were "Pledged to the secrecy." We also hear that Parsons and Stone have started Gamma Chi chapters. All we need now is a Nu Chi.

DCGA Senate Medal of Honor
This month's winner of the DCGA Senate medal of honor is shy, modest Hugh Paunch, a sergeant in the Granville Clean-Up Corps. Sam's whole life has been a series of trustworthy, loyal, helpful acts. In his freshman year he went through wallets in Curtis Hall, redistributing the wealth. His sophomore year was marked by two brave feats, feeding loco weed to the mules in the Beta Military parade and slipping an impetuous orangoutang into the ladies room at the Fall Formal.

In typical American fashion, he is very modest about the honor bestowed upon him, "Just a hunk of tin," he admits shyly.

Sgt. Paunch says, "You folks back home get this straight, for every dollar you put into DCGA activity books you get back . . . you, ah, get stubs. Not only this, but remember that you're backing up our boys on the Student-Faculty Committee."
**REVISITED INSURANCE AGENT**

Beware the dawn, the noon, the night,
The earth is full of dread.
Beware the stair, the electric light,
Beware, in fact, the bed.
Beware the corner of the rug.
Beware the zephyr's breath;
Pins may kill you! Bathtubs hug.
Their thousands down to death.
The tack-wound victim oft is rued,
Trust no stool or chair.
And as for eating any food—
Beware! Beware! Beware!
The splinter is a thing of doom.
Beware the sun—the shade.
Beware the stair, the electric light;
Beware the dawn, the noon,
Their thousands down to death.

**THE SCRUFFBOARD**

BIG things have been happening around my penthouse office this week and I know you're all eager to find out what happened to my 200 pound winner of a secretary. Last week you will recall I told all about her funny, funny, run-in with the elevator boy. Well, I decided to have a talk with that boy and he really amazed me. In the first place, he's no boy. He's 47 years old and just got off the boat less than three weeks ago. He was full of stories of life in the old country. His right arm is still in a cast and the scar over his neck is a thing of dread. The bar tender, Kdjellhe (pronounced hell) Janowitz, is one of those characters known as the scruffiest jokes to your attention next week in another issue of THIS WEEK magazine. Keep yakking . . .

**OVID**

on Life Savers:

"Let not your breath be sour"

from Ars Amatoria, BOOK I, LINE 513

Still only 5¢

**THE SCRUNTFBOARD**

In a Red Cross class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense life-saving techniques.

"What article of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?"

"The blouse," she informed them; "The blouse, because air gets underneat

Henry, here for your consumption are some of these MOST interesting anecdotes about the old country . . .

As one comrade-strawberry said to the other, "We wouldn't be in this jam if we hadn't been in that bed together . . ."

Comrade Student: (from back of room) "Are you sure the third test question is in the book?"

Prof: "Certainly."

Comrade Student: "Well, I can't find it."

**THE SCRUFFBOARD**

In a fifty second street bar, a young man entered the smoke filled room, passey footed up to the bar and collapsed in a puddle of fresh. The bar tender, Kdjellhe (pronounced rag), noticed the youth and quickly grabbed the lad by the scruff of the neck and lifted him out of the freshly laundered bar ruhaig (pronounced rag). Kdjellhe is one of those characters known up and down Manhattan Island for mixing a little philosophy and water with the home made imported brandy. The youngster snapped, "Go away, put your scalpy hands back in the diswater and/or draft beer. Can't you see I don't want to be bothered—I got lip goo on me. I can't blow my nose in public, my hankie has red smudges on it, this hay fever is killing me." You see, this boy was just like the many others all over the country to be engulfed in the growing red menace. Today as never before many of our stalwart young men are becoming addicted to the degrading habit of girls.

Luckily this particular case had a happy ending, for Kdjellhe had helped thousands of New York boys who had fallen into a similar plight. He made a quick phone call as a social worker who was especially trained for such cases. The case worker, whom we shall call Al, picked up the boy, whom we shall also call Al (because he still has relatives who are trapped in Shaker Heights), and took him to the down town boys dorm. Here, with others just like him, he learned a new wholesome way of life. He learned how to talk with boys, cuss and swear. He caught onto cleaner forms of recreation like playing squash, writing on rest room walls, stag drinking, and taffy pulling.

**Women ... The Greatest Peril**

by LUCE GUMMY

In a fifty second street bar, a young man entered the smoke filled room, passey footed up to the bar and collapsed in a puddle of fresh. The bar tender, Kdjellhe (pronounced rag), noticed the youth and quickly grabbed the lad by the scruff of the neck and lifted him out of the freshly laundered bar ruhaig (pronounced rag). Kdjellhe is one of those characters known up and down Manhattan Island for mixing a little philosophy and water with the home made imported brandy. The youngster snapped, "Go away, put your scalpy hands back in the diswater and/or draft beer. Can't you see I don't want to be bothered—I got lip goo on me. I can't blow my nose in public, my hankie has red smudges on it, this hay fever is killing me." You see, this boy was just like the many others all over the country to be engulfed in the growing red menace. Today as never before many of our stalwart young men are becoming addicted to the degrading habit of girls.

Luckily this particular case had a happy ending, for Kdjellhe had helped thousands of New York boys who had fallen into a similar plight. He made a quick phone call as a social worker who was especially trained for such cases. The case worker, whom we shall call Al, picked up the boy, whom we shall also call Al (because he still has relatives who are trapped in Shaker Heights), and took him to the down town boys dorm. Here, with others just like him, he learned a new wholesome way of life. He learned how to talk with boys, cuss and swear. He caught onto cleaner forms of recreation like playing squash, writing on rest room walls, stag drinking, and taffy pulling.
The social worker, you see, was a Beta Chi. The organization that maintains the boys dorm in New York is the Down-Town Long Island And Etc. chapter of Beta Chi. This organization has offered just a splash of American manhood a second chance.

What Is Beta Chi?
Beta Chi was founded in 1601 by Adam Oakleaf, the first white settler east of Maysville, Ky. Adam spent the first three years (celebrated today as the East of Maysville Triennial) in utter loneliness with his cow as his only companion. So lonely was he that he determined to do something with his spare time—to get into activities. He wrote letters to all the committee chairmen east of Maysville, but nobody ever picked up the campus mail except his cow (whom we shall call Al because his father was called Moo Moo and we like to be more original than that). After his initial failure, Adam decided to form his own group. He called it Beta Chi because he thought this was Greek for Boy's club and, after all, there weren't any women around. Now we realize that X stands for nothing but a couple of Greek letters and there isn't anybody east of Maysville who speaks Greek, anyhow, except some guys in Athens, Ga. (The English Department likes to go hog wild on our creatin' punctuation, so we suggest they use that last sentence as a warmer-upper.) The organization sort of went to the hounds a few years later when Adam took to courting a mouse named Eve Shirt-sleeve. Thus the organization went into a dormant era, from that day to 1949 the secrets were handed down from father to cow.

The Great Revival
The resurrection of Beta Chi began in the laboratory of a large midwestern university. Dr. Alfred K. Oldpickle had just been flushed by his colleagues as a heretic. This was the twentieth romance with a grade that Dr. Oldpickle had seen wither in the tender (or pre-midterm stages). To escape from the scene of his romantic defeats and the stacks of ungraded papers, he decided then to start the new news. Dr. Oldpickle, his nephew, Orson Oldpickle, and some guys in Athens, Ga. (The English Department likes to go hog wild on our creatin' punctuation, so we suggest they use that last sentence as a warmer-upper.) The organization sort of went to the hounds a few years later when Adam took to courting a mouse named Eve Shirt-sleeve. Thus the organization went into a dormant era, from that day to 1949 the secrets were handed down from father to cow.

The modern revival of Beta Chi began in the laboratory of a large midwestern state university. Dr. Alfred K. Oldpickle, on the other hand testified that he thought there would be too many cockroaches when he had the idea. The old idea was for the better.

At Denison
What do these sweeping decisions mean to the Denison student, the happy inhabitant of the valley of the Raccoon? Quite a bit. Lots. In the first place ever since Denison was a happy man's school, women have been pressing their turned up noses against the window pane, looking in and then moving in. First of all they built a girls college right beside Denison and called it Sheppardson College. Then when Sheppardson College couldn't absorb Denison, they let Denison absorb Sheppardson. They became borers from within. Then they put across the infamous "co system" (named after Edna Co, girl arch-feminist). The co system means simply this: whenever a Denison male tries to escape from women by launching himself into activities, a girl is designated to follow him into whatever office he holds. The hideous success of this system can be demonstrated by the results of a survey recently taken by Pinky Gummy.

Question One: Who should have first choice on the new dorm being constructed across from Shaw Hall as far as rooms go?
18% said "bricklayers."
13% of those polled didn't know how far rooms go.
31% thought that the system would never work at Denison.
23% favored any change that was for the better.
4% favored grocers for buffet lunches.
1% was Pete Durco.

As one can easily see these results are nothing but a couple of Greek letters and there isn't anybody east of Maysville who speaks Greek, anyhow, except some guys in Athens, Ga. (The English Department likes to go hog wild on our creatin' punctuation, so we suggest they use that last sentence as a warmer-upper.) The organization sort of went to the hounds a few years later when Adam took to courting a mouse named Eve Shirt-sleeve. Thus the organization went into a dormant era, from that day to 1949 the secrets were handed down from father to cow.

Question Two: What do you think about having the union in the Basement of Talbot Hall?
27% of the people polled thought there would be too many cockroaches there.
17% of the cockroaches polled had no opinion.
42% favored unions under Taft-Hartley.
6% were for unions under the New Deal.

The course of action then is pretty clear cut. You are going to be a laughing stock next spring when the turfers sink off into the protection of darkness. Remember, the women drove the happy go lucky buffoons out of Licking County. You guys are going to brand her "off limits."

Action Now and Evermore
Thus we see the problem, let's act—A-C-T. Beta Chi will be action now and evermore.

Glimpse of Beta Chi
Girl approaches investigator. "Give me your Beta Chi pin quick or I'll cover you with lip cocktails. Under this torture he finally surrendered pets.

Wearing her stolen pin, girl tries to sneak into Beta Chi initiation. That ol' thing around her neck gives her away as a girl. Angry members are going to brand her "off limits."

"You can always fall back on our motto that reads, 'You guyth have the true joyth of buddyhood. You guyth have the nerves to get the pinth back on your own, call uth and thith will be undersigned.'"
Duel At The Dolphin

by JOE LEFEVRE

You never hear much anymore about the Westgate brothers, Charlie and Ted. A year or so ago I read in Down Beat where they were playing in some second class club with a third class combo outside St. Louis, but nothing good, nothing like they should be. The boys were good, real good, but I guess the spark went out like some does.

I know how they were, because we played together back in '32. I know it was '32 because we all voted for the first time that year, voted for Roosevelt because we heard somewhere he was a music lover. We were like that in those days, a little starry-eyed, ambitious, eating, sleeping, living music. We were working in Kansas City, a real nice spot called the Dolphin. I never knew why they called it that. The boys were good musicians, except the owner, Fat Lou, looked a little like one. His real name wasn't Lou, he just picked up the name somewhere like they did in those days. Fat Lou was good to us, but then we drew bigger crowds than the Dolphin had ever seen before.

We were all pretty good young musicians, but the brothers were what they yelled for. Ted was a real technician on that sax, he played it clear and smooth. He could lead us anywhere, yet he always had things under control. Ted never got "under it" as we say, he played with his head, always thinking a couple of bars ahead of what he was playing, a perfect lead man. He even looked the part; a little guy with a serious, intense look. Charlie wasn't much like his brother, except in talent. He played his trumpet with his heart, and you knew this the first time he played.

He played it with a fierce drive, a stunning force, yet always with a delicacy next to reverence. When Charlie started a chorus of "Stormy" or "Besse St." that was all. That's how good he was. A big good looking boy with an Irish smile and strong trumpet lips. He could play all night, long after anyone would listen, hours after the rest had folded. Someone once called him "Iron Lips," and he always grinned when I called him that.

Charlie better, because I would sit in the Dolphin, Fat Lou and I, and fill in for him till dawn on those nights when he felt like playing. Lou would set a bottle of his private gin on the piano for us, straddle a chair on the stand, and listen with his eyes closed till you thought he was asleep. Charlie and I would chodd a little, try some new stuff, or just talk music. He'd played almost since he'd walked, and his brother had just naturally been drawn into the thing. They weren't too close, but I always thought they were good for each other. Ted was a steady influence, he had a good business head, while Charlie gave his drive and inspiration. They'd stuck together since after school, and I figured it was just a matter of a couple of more years until they'd hit the big time.

Things were going good for us in those days. We were drawing big crowds, we were playing better music, but Fat Lou decided maybe we needed more variety, because one day he told us, "I've advertised for a singer—it was the days of the low, torchy singers, and almost every band in town but ours had one. He'd let us choose her, he said, and after thinking it over guessed it would be a good idea.

But after the first week of auditioning we weren't sure. Not that we were real particulak, it was just that the girls were too fancy or too barhouse. We even had one dame ask us to play "Neener My God to Thee" for her! All in all we must have gone through six or seven that week.

Then one Saturday night just before closing time she walked in, talked to Fat Lou for a few minutes, and then walked over to the stand. Her name was Eve, and for my money she had the original beat hands down. A tall brunnette with hazy blue eyes and a mouth just curved enough to hint at sensuality, just enough to make you look twice. She could have sold a song just reading it from a sheet. I think we would have hired her without hearing a note, but the girl could sing. Nothing great, a throaty, intimate voice that placed Fat Lou, and with Charlie and Ted playing the background, that's all she needed. She went through a couple of current hits, gave us a few "Prances and Johnnies", and we were sold. She started the next week, and from there on Fat Lou had to enlarge twice. Eve was just what we needed.

I think both the brothers fell for Eve from the first minute. Ted was shy at first, but not Charlie. He'd led the band, he took care of everything, he was the one who picked up the bill, he bought little gifts, he whistled all day, he was in love. Eve and Ted did the same things, only in him the change was more noticeable. Eve never played favorites, she saw them all as equals. The boys were amused by the competition, but it soon wore thin. I noticed it first in their playing. Little by little their playing ran that intricate timing they always had. Yet when Eve sang they were perfect. If she needed timing down, they did it so subtly she never knew she was doing it. She could build up, I doubt if Helen of Troy ever got a better one. But she kept her timing, and that intimate timing was noticeable. The rest of us didn't say anything. We figured things would work out in a matter of time, but somehow it didn't happen.

A couple of weeks later they must have had a real row—Charlie asked me one night if he could move in with me, and a day or so later he did. All of us were jumpier by now, and Fat Lou would have fired Eve soon after—if it hadn't happened.

It was a couple of weeks, because we always had our biggest crowd on Saturday, the hardest to please. The place was jammed as we got read for our last show about eleven. Eve sang a couple to warm them up, and then we went into a little Dixie, wild man style, everyone for himself. You could feel the tension on that stage, you could sense it in every note. Ted took the first solo on "St. James;" I listened for a minute, then took a long drink from the beer bottle sitting in front of me. I hadn't heard a sax played like that since Buf Freeman played with the old Rhythm Kings band. It was mean, it was low, it was all over the scale. It was a solo that would have been applauded on Bourbon St. Then Charlie picked it up, playing more trumpet than he had ever played in his life. Then I understood.

This was their way—the musicians' way. This was a duel just as sure as if it had been with pistols or swords. They had picked their weapons, the weapons they knew best, and the stand was their battleground. The crowd sensed something electrical in the air, and you could feel their interest mount. They didn't know what to make of it, but here was music as they had never heard it before, rich, sensual, deep-rooted music.

"St. James" brought down the house. They moved on, went into "Jazz Me Blues," then into "Dippermouth Blues" without stopping, without a pause, without a breath. I've heard most of the greats play at one time or another, even played with a few, but this was the most brilliant I've heard, past or now. They kept neck and neck for a long while, Ted making up in flawless technique what he lacked in originality, Charlie driv- ing in with those piercing notes so clear you couldn't believe it was a trumpet.

After "Dippermouth" they took a short break, and I filled in for a few minutes with some staff that must have been a big letdown, but the crowd didn't even seem to notice me. It was past closing time but I didn't see a person leave his seat. This music was contagious, it swept over everybody like mass hypnosis. They didn't talk, they didn't move, they dimly sensed that what they were hearing they'd never hear again, could never recapture, and that they were tranced-like.

Charlie and Ted picked up their horns and looked at each other with understanding. This was it. I started chording "Till We Meet Again," and Ted took it first. It was great playing, it was inspired playing, but I could see he was tiring. His face was contorted in pain, the veins in his temples stood out thick and purple with effort, but he was still moving, still playing, still in the game. I've heard it before, rich, sensual, deep-rooted music.

"St. James" brought down the house. They moved on, went into "Jazz Me Blues," then into "Dippermouth Blues" without stopping, without a pause, without a breath. I've heard most of the greats play at one time or another, even played with a few, but this was the most brilliant I've heard, past or now. They kept neck and neck for a long while, Ted making up in flawless technique what he lacked in originality, Charlie driv- ing in with those piercing notes so clear you couldn't believe it was a trumpet.

After "Dippermouth" they took a short break, and I filled in for a few minutes with some staff that must have been a big letdown, but the crowd didn't even seem to notice me. It was past closing time but I didn't see a person leave his seat. This music was contagious, it swept over everybody like mass hypnosis. They didn't talk, they didn't move, they dimly sensed that what they were hearing they'd never hear again, could never recapture, and that they were tranced-like.

Charlie and Ted picked up their horns and looked at each other with understanding. This was it. I started chording "Till We Meet Again," and Ted took it first. It was great playing, it was inspired playing, but I could see he was tiring. His face was contorted in pain, the veins in his temples stood out thick and purple with effort, but he was still moving, still playing, still in the game. I've heard it before, rich, sensual, deep-rooted music.

"St. James" brought down the house. They moved on, went into "Jazz Me Blues," then into "Dippermouth Blues" without stopping, without a pause, without a breath. I've heard most of the greats play at one time or another, even played with a few, but this was the most brilliant I've heard, past or now. They kept neck and neck for a long while, Ted making up in flawless technique what he lacked in originality, Charlie driv- ing in with those piercing notes so clear you couldn't believe it was a trumpet.

After "Dippermouth" they took a short break, and I filled in for a few minutes with some staff that must have been a big letdown, but the crowd didn't even seem to notice me. It was past closing time but I didn't see a person leave his seat. This music was contagious, it swept over everybody like mass hypnosis. They didn't talk, they didn't move, they dimly sensed that what they were hearing they'd never hear again, could never recapture, and that they were tranced-like.

Charlie and Ted picked up their horns and looked at each other with understanding. This was it. I started chording "Till We Meet Again," and Ted took it first. It was great playing, it was inspired playing, but I could see he was tiring. His face was contorted in pain, the veins in his temples stood out thick and purple with effort, but he was still moving, still playing, still in the game. I've heard it before, rich, sensual, deep-rooted music.

"St. James" brought down the house. They moved on, went into "Jazz Me Blues," then into "Dippermouth Blues" without stopping, without a pause, without a breath. I've heard most of the greats play at one time or another, even played with a few, but this was the most brilliant I've heard, past or now. They kept neck and neck for a long while, Ted making up in flawless technique what he lacked in originality, Charlie driv- ing in with those piercing notes so clear you couldn't believe it was a trumpet.

After "Dippermouth" they took a short break, and I filled in for a few minutes with some staff that must have been a big letdown, but the crowd didn't even seem to notice me. It was past closing time but I didn't see a person leave his seat. This music was contagious, it swept over everybody like mass hypnosis. They didn't talk, they didn't move, they dimly sensed that what they were hearing they'd never hear again, could never recapture, and that they were tranced-like.
FIGHT FOR YOUR FOOD

By Nil Muldur

Teen Talk

The stagecoach was crowded and the elderly spinster felt her small purse being snatched from her hand. She turned quickly and thought she saw a suspicious looking character slipping it into his pocket. Indignant, she jabbed her hand into his pocket; and hardly had she done this when the almighty black hole swallowed her purse. "Say," demanded one of the men on the stagecoach, "what have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, Fred, you wonder," gasped, "I'm doing it!"

"And you," replied the malevolent beard, "are you the young man who risked his life to save my son through the ice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, where in the hell are your mittens?"

Farmer, aged 33, wishes to farmer, aged 33, wishes to...

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the beach. As they walked arm in arm along the seashore, the young groom risked his life to save my son through the ice.

Farmer, aged 33, wishes to...
Jack rolled over a couple of times, yawned, kicked off the sheet that was draped around his feet, and sat up in bed. Although the coolness of the night was still clinging to his body, a persistant sea breeze kept crinkling through it, bringing a fresh whiff of pungent salt spray. Jack yawned again with decisive finality and jumped out of bed.

What a life! What a life! It was really great! He had been able to sleep quite well and get up whenever he felt like it. It was really great to be home again, to see the ocean, the hills, and the mountains, their deep, dark, and beautiful, the coconut trees with whiskly fronds that had been so much too much of a mystery for him before he had gone away for a couple of years. Yep, college life was quite the thing, but the Midwest just didn't offer up anything quite like it. He had a new sense of even more importance about their awesome immediate environment. The beach houses around with them all the time. And why the heck did he have to waste on a lousy rabbit hut and help with the livestock. "Livestock!" heck.

As if a few minutes in the finicky way down the road from home on the northeast were called "livestock"! Oh well, maybe he'd better go out in back and "hello" to his old man and see how he was doing.

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and narrowly missed running into the week's wash that was still soaking in the back porch. Apparently it had been raining earlier in the morning and some of the clothes were still dripping wet as they hung limply from the clothesline.

"for gosh sake!" Jack mumbled again as he looked out across the soggy green of the back yard to where his father was working. Muddy puddles of rain-water filled the beaten down hollows that surrounded the little compact of cages and coops. Behind this array of miniature tene-Frouts, brown bodies clad in rusted, broken-down comminities, and coops. Behind this array of miniature tene-Frouts, brown bodies clad in rusted, broken-down communities, Jack could see his father open his mouth as if to say something, and then close it quickly and stride out the back door.

"Well, morning, my young gentleman of leisure . . . or should I say 'good afternoon'?

"Hi, Mom. Got anything good to eat?"

I'm afraid you're a little late for that. But don't worry, honey, lunch should be ready in just a few minutes."

"What's in the icebox that's good?"

I don't know, but don't go filling yourself up right before lunch.

"Heck, there's nothing good in here! This icebox is almost empty."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, Jack. I guess I just don't have time to keep a big enough supply of icebox delicacies on hand for hungry men. Why don't you just go out on back and look for that new rabbit hutch? Then you'll be sure to have that big appetite of yours kept up for lunch—as soon as she passed . . . sounded a lot better than "Haole.""

"I noticed, Jack. Grace and I will take care of all the cooking. And you could let the experts handle the situation."

"Gee, Mom, if you need any help . . ."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."

"Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of everything. If you could help with the dishes, you could get your share of the load while you're around the house."

"Leave him alone, Steve. If he can't soil his hands he can't have a home. And sugar, Grace and I will take care of the dishes."

"For gosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and closed it quickly behind him. "For gosh sake, whatever the heck it was about time Jack and the kids pitched in and helped."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it does you any good. But when Sandy and his pals come . . ."
Movies Are Better . . . ?

Well, heh, this is your old movie hound, Treadwell Lightly, bringing you the latest from that little old never, never land, our own Hollywood. This time I bring you a film that is destined to prove those immortal words of Producer Sol Sol when he said, "Movies are sure better than bridge."

It's called Gutrock and it contains a sort of undefinable pathos that, honestly, I can't explain, but the film will . . . but what I mean is, when you see it, you'll be able to figure it out, what they're trying to say, if you know what I mean because we're Americans, and golly, I mean, us Americans can figure out darn near everything. Don't you think so, Mr. American Moviergoer? I do.

Sorry, I got a little confused back there. Well, anyway, the film (that movieland lingo for motion picture film) has everything. It's got . . . well, as I said before, it's got undefinable pathos and it's got a whole herd of cattle, you know, those things with horns and running noses and it's got that new he-man rage, Sterling Quartz. I know you'll remember him for his fine portrayal of the barber in That's the Way They Do it in Beloi.

Ed. Note: Attention Mom and Dad! Don't take your kids to this. Let them go alone. It's about time they started to learn how to take care of themselves.

Because he needs Frieda to insure a victory over Ahem, thus renewing his contract, Finkin takes Paul to see his rock garden the next day. He tells Paul to lay off Frieda until after the season. They argue. A fight ensues. Paul is killed by a rock administered to the chaps by Finkin. Finkin tries to escape, but is arrested.

A few days later, Madam Gulch's gets a new coach, name of Emil Grits. A stickler for discipline, he tells the girls it's no dates and in bed at ten if they want to stay on the team.

The day of the big match arrives. The teams are so evenly matched that Frieda's bout will decide the victor. Inspired by the memory of her old coach and the good teaching of Emil, who spent many hours with her perfecting her bear-hug, Frieda wins her match quite handily.

And Finkin? He's intramural manager at Sing Sing.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test CAMELS for 30 days
for MILDNESS and FLAVOR!

THE REAL PROOF of cigarette mildness is steady smoking. Do what millions of other smokers have done—try Camels for 30 days. By enjoying Camels regularly—on a pack after pack, week after week basis—you'll see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are. There must be a reason why...

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!