Denison University, founded in 1831, is a privately endowed, coeducational College of Liberal Arts and Sciences providing a Christian atmosphere. Denison is located at Granville, Ohio, a small New England type village in the heart of Ohio. Campus Magazine is published four times a year by students of the college.

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INSIDE COVER PHOTO BY
Howard Studio, Newark
Special Rates to Students
Skidding Down the Drag

For the benefit of some of the 400 new Campus readers, I allow me to introduce the magazine and its components. Campus magazine is one of the several literary journals at Denison to combine literary humor, art, cartoons, and feature stories into one well-rounded publication. We strive to strike some sort of an equilibrium between all three.

Sometime, as has happened in the past, we fail to find this balance and wind up with a particular issue that might not please all. We try to do this, however, with the spring issue. In the fall, we'll have our annual beauty contest, which will culminate with the issue of the magazine, and each one will be entered automatically in our annual beauty contest for 1954. Throughout the year, various dollies will have their pictures in this magazine, and each one will be eligible to participate in the annual beauty contest. So, if you feel that you can draw. In this field, we can use cartoonists and those type individuals who can sit down and compose an article. Secondly, we are interested in people who write for us. Those who do not like to write over summer vacations or in their spare time. Also, if you are interested in working on the mechanics of the magazine, such as make-up or layout, then contact us.

We feel that Miss Barbara Rasor of Findlay, Ohio, is certainly one of the most attractive mice to grace our magazine in some time. Barb is, by virtue of her appearance, the first contestant in our Miss Campus contest for 1954. Throughout the year, various dolls will have their pictures in this magazine, and each one will be entered automatically in our annual beauty contest which will culminate with the spring issue. Barb is a fresh and currently can be seen any weekday on the Quad, and evenings at Stone Hall. After 8:15, I would imagine.

Along the lines of serious effort, we have two authors who are new to the Campus scene in Diane Hostetler and Jim Bowman, and their stories — "Adamant Evening" and "A Clear Conscience." Turning to features, we have Shirley Umphrey, '54, who has just returned from studying in France for the past year. Her story depicts some very interesting angles of this "study-abroad kick." Also there are articles concerning Denison football and W.D.U.B., the new radio station. Something new in the literary department brings us some of the work of our student poets, which can be found on the poetry page.

Last, but not least, we have another contribution from Clyde Lado to be found in his erstwhile feature "What Are These People Saying." Seniors may remember this popular feature from the 1950-51 Campus, when it was titled "What Are These People Chewign On." Some of you may even remember the well-dressed gentleman who was chewing on an old sweat sock. Well, these pictures were so much fun that we've decided to bring this great feature back for an encore! And for those of you, who are laughing up your sleeves at the death of this fine tradition, keep in mind that we've very liberally sprayed with cartoons and jokes — for which we are very grateful to Jane Geyer, Duck Shackelford, Wally Exman, and Hugo Stern. Our next issue will be the gala Christmas issue, and will feature the Campus Calendar — with 12 lovely dolls representing each month of the year. So until we see you then.

Your fun-loving editor . . . Marvin Mongoose.

WALT WHITMAN

on Life Savers:

"It is for my mouth forever. I am in love with it."

from Song of Myself, part II

Still only 5¢

"Adamant Evening"

Illustrated by Dorothy Meese.

Diane Hostetler

Adamant Evening didn't like his family tree. He didn't like it for two reasons: one, because everybody knew it completely and thoroughly; and two, because he was related, theoretically, to everybody who knew it completely and thoroughly. The only thing he did like about it was the manner in which it had entangled itself nearly two thousand years ago. At that time the tree had spread out into too many little branches and twigs—many of them soon dying. It definitely had needed pruning then. And it could use a little now, he thought.

Adamant always felt like this when he took his evening stroll through his apple orchard. He wondered if his ancestor, Abe L. Lincoln, had ever felt the same way. Funny how he felt a close kinship with this ancestor of his—the only one who had ever held any particular interest for him.

Since this evening stroll was habitual with him, Adamant stopped beside his worm garden. Adamant liked to think that this garden was for special, unusual worms. But he knew this was not so. Not all of them were unusual, but most of them enjoyed the privilege of being known as such. The little worms squirming in their individual ways to the top of the soil had always intrigued him. Perhaps he was more intrigued because they always squirmed their ruts in the same way. Adamant always felt like this when he took his evening stroll through his apple orchard. He wondered if his ancestor, Abe L. Lincoln, had ever felt the same way. Funny how he felt a close kinship with this ancestor of his—the only one who had ever held any particular interest for him.

Illustrated by Dorothy Meese.

Diane Hostetler
down at "Blanchid's Apple Farm." He was an amateur scientist and he had been to Adamant anyway, but in those precious minutes that they got to rid of the normal apples and the pit, and probably even the apple orchard, he thought. He was an unusual man, and their common worms more than anything else, well, let them square it all out for the pit wherever there was any sign of a Dancing Festival. The originator of such an ingenious idea was loudly hailed for this sanitary service to the community. Adamant, however, was not presented with the traditional gift of 12 large barrels of cider — a gift that was highly valued and desired by all this appleless community. The reason he was not presented with so wonderful a gift was that he had been the one who had always furnished the apples — this being the one other act of humanness to which he had succumbed. And since he obviously would not present himself with 12 large treasured barrels of cider, Adamant Evening was not presented with anything at all. "If the best isn't good enough for him, then what is?" And thus his appleless neighbors reasoned themselves out of their small conscience pangs. 

Kristofferson had thought the name "Blanchid," partly because of the genealogist's interest in words and insects, and mostly because of his intense desire in life. Anyway, "Blanchid" seemed to fit in so beautifully with the name of his wife, Arachnid. Yes, indeed, "Blanchid" and Arachnid Evening were well known for their names, if for nothing else.

Since Adamant had been forced to think along genealogical lines for so long, his thoughts in other fields seemed to branch into similar sprays. From thoughts of "Blanchid," he followed the pattern by casting his eyes toward the sign in front of his home — "Blanchid's Apple Farm." Actually, it wasn't an apple farm, or a farm of any kind. It never had been to Adamant anyway, but in this case he had allowed himself to conform to his neighbors' wishes and placed a neat sign right next to his driveway. He thought disparagingly of all the people who had stopped during the day to buy his apples, apples that never had been placed in the road-side counter to appeal to passing motorists. Adamant's apples simply were not for sale — ever.

Adamant had never liked the color of apples anyway. He was an amateur scientist and he had been trying to produce a white apple for his entire life. His numerous greenhouses had witnessed every desperate hope and every disillusioning failure, but Adamant had never had the nerve to go down at "Blanchid's Apple Farm" and sell his common red apples. Happily enough, some one had profited from his mistakes — the common worms. In the guilty belief that the orchard, there was a lovely deep pit, a handsomely constructed pit that seemed to be screaming for fill-ins. To make up for his humanlessness in the front of the house, Adamant had put up another saying — "Apples Wanted." From all over the world rotten red apples of all kinds and shapes were unceremoniously dumped into the pit. Common worms and common flies from the common neighborhood headed straight for the pit whenever there was any sign of a Dancing Festival. The originator of such an ingenious idea was loudly hailed for this sanitary service to the community. Adamant, however, was not presented with the traditional gift of 12 large barrels of cider — a gift that was highly valued and desired by all this appleless community.

As the thought of his worms always brought into mind his nickname, "Blanchid," this nickname he must have. But finally one of his less obtrusive neighbors had thought up the name "Kristofferson," partly because of the genealogist's interest in words and insects, and mostly because of his intense desire in life. Anyway, "Blanchid" seemed to fit in so beautifully with the name of his wife, Arachnid. Yes, indeed, "Blanchid" and Arachnid Evening were well known for their names, if for nothing else.

The latest development was a new club. Previously, a new club had never sent Adamant into mind more than a few minutes. But it was the snobbery of the club that had so incensed him. A white apple. A white apple. Why should mankind be without an endearing community with homes planted firmly and squarely around "Blanchid's Apple Farm," with advertising signs in front of their homes, and with neighbors, who knew Adamant Evening's family tree thoroughly and completely — what should they choose a white apple for their symbol? Why should his appleless neighbors who knew what he was searching for — they knew nothing of appleying of apples — why should they of all people do this to him? To him — Adamant Evening. And on and on Adamant's questions twisted and squirmed just as had the worms so long ago. And the worms were being planted firmly and squarely until the entire orchard was surrounded by appleless neighbors.

But tonight, even Adamant's mind did not seem to be large enough to handle the latest development that his neighbors had created. The latest development was a new club. Previously, a new club had never sent Adamant into mind more than a few minutes. But it was the snobbery of the club that had so incensed him. A white apple. A white apple. Why should mankind be without an endearing community? Adamant Evening's family tree thoroughly and completely — what should they choose a white apple for their symbol? Why should his appleless neighbors who knew what he was searching for — they knew nothing of appleying of apples — why should they of all people do this to him? To him — Adamant Evening. And on and on Adamant's questions twisted and squirmed their way down to the pit, he decided ruefully.

It was this rebellion and scorn in his mind only that had always comforted Adamant. His two acts of conformity to his neighbors' whims had never influenced the mind of this intense man enough to be different — and so it had always been to his mind that Adamant had retreated whenever any thing showing signs of conformity had appeared in the appleless community.

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JOHN FERNYAK
1. "Brownies from home!"
2. "Gee, Dad, it's a Schwinn!"
3. "Whoa oo. Whoa!"

MARILYN OMUNDSON
1. "Dr. Kinsey, I've something to tell you!"
2. "Want to see my tattoo?"
3. "Stop biting my earlobe!"

JIM BARTH
1. "It's the greatest!"
2. "I believe it's the greatest!"
3. "I guess I believe it's the greatest!!!"

JUDY SMITH
1. "Professor, may I leave the room?"
2. "Anybody got a safety pin?"
3. "Eat Rival Dog food!"

JANE GEYER
1. "Hey, Mable!"
2. "So, the farmer's daughter, see . . . ."
3. "Do the Hokey Pokey!"

CLIFF LYTLE
1. "The Dairy Queen closed!!!!!!"
2. "There's no money to pay the bands!
3. "Kissy-face . . . with me?"

DAVE BAYLEY
1. "Where's my dog, Dad?"
2. "Where's my dad, Dog?"
3. "You know I'm 21, Mr. Rizzo."

DAWN ANTHONY
1. "Oooh! That Good Gambrinus!!!!"
2. "Me, frustrated?"
3. "I don't like kissy boys."

"What Are These People Saying"

Duck Shackelford
Clyde Ladd
In February of my Sophomore Year in France, I became very interested in the possibility of spending my Junior Year there. By talking at some length with Dr. Wilson, Professor of French in the Department, I discovered that Sweet Briar College in Virginia had organized a program whereby students from all over the United States could, under proper sponsorship, spend a year in France and receive full credit for academic work at their respective colleges. A long letter to my parents, in which every conceivable persuasive, captivating technique (of Reflective Thinking days) was used, presented the advantages to be gained from study abroad. By May, all plans were completed, and Sept. 4th we sailed the New York pier for Le Havre, France.

During the preliminary six-week period, we lived in a small, newly-built, air-conditioned provincial town in a gray-walled house, much too large for its worst-for-its-hundred-years-of-existence, and which contained oddities in the kitchen that would be considered rude in our Kentucky back-hill regions, electrical fixtures which refused to function at all crucial moments and a "window" which made a very adequate springboard for our Haloween Party.

Our education at Tours was what we termd a bit irregular. We went forward slowly, and our formal education marched on at a phenomenal pace. Our house, in order to uphold not only one's own honor, but the honor of America as well. The family at Tours, however, being one of the oldest aristocracy, with occasional counts and barons scattered through the bouquets of its family tree, was royalist, therefore Republican, and therefore sympathetic to the per se nment on some subjects.

Pardon for such ignorance was not wanted quite so quickly by a family with whom we lived in Paris. The move from Tours to the Capet house was a change in many ways for us, worse for its hundred-odd years of existence, and which contained oddities in the kitchen that would be considered rude in our Kentucky back-hill regions, electrical fixtures which refused to function at all crucial moments and a "window" which made a very adequate springboard for our Haloween Party.

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The Birth of a Broadcasting Station

Lyn Martin

Go through the alphabet, pick a "W", a "D", add a "U", a "B". Presto! You have WDUB, Denison's new station.

But--the creators of this particular radio station, those who hope to broadcast their initial program around November 1st--say that the birth of a radio station is not so painless.

The idea of a station has been in the minds of communications-conscious students for years, but it has been the special obsession of Bob Ramsdell, '54.

As Bob was sitting in chapel listening to last year's DCGA candidates, each referring in some way to the problem of campus communication, he realized that the time was at hand to push the idea of a student-owned and operated station for Denison. He talked with DCGA advisors, what gave him permission to go ahead, and approached Dick Lugar, who incorporated the project into his campaign. This duo brought it up in Senate before Spring Vacation, and again received the green light.

While most Denison students baked in the Florida sun, Bob and Norm Green, appointed faculty advisor by Senate, made a very enlightening trip to WOR and WJSU at Ohio State, and WRMU and WMUB at Miami U. To observe and discuss carrier-current stations, operating problems, and general collegiate radio snags, in addition to visiting stations at Oberlin, Otterbein, and Ohio Wesleyan.

By the time classes began again, the budget for the new station was ready. It called for $2100, the cost of putting the station on the air, plus $800 annually for each year's running expenses. The budget committee approved, and the Senate officially passed it on April 22. Politically speaking, WDUB had arrived. While most Denison students barked in the Florida sun, Bob and Norm Green, appointed faculty advisor by Senate, made a very enlightening trip to WOR and WJSU at Ohio State, and WRMU and WMUB at Miami U. To observe and discuss carrier-current stations, operating problems, and general collegiate radio snags, in addition to visiting stations at Oberlin, Otterbein, and Ohio Wesleyan.

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WDUB is a carrier current station (meaning that it is transmitted and confined in one line instead of being sent out over the ether, as in regular broadcasting), exclusively college set up, transmitted, and received. Present plans include provisions for 22 pickup units, including uphill and downhill girls' dorms, men's dorms, and uphill fraternity houses. Parsons and the DU house will probably be included in the near future, but tuning in the Kappa Sigma house may not come about for some time. In each of the 22 units, for example, Stone Hall or Curtis, the station can be picked up by any radio, perhaps someplace around 540 on the dial.

Bob, who has been appointed Station Manager by Senate, hasn't worked out the complete operating schedule, but he hopes to have it air from four to five hours a day. A sample schedule might include classical music, disc jockey and request programs, senate meetings, special critical issues classes, chapel speakers, faculty "Views in the News", lectures or reports, student and fraternity talent, radio dramas, and daily newscasts of national, international, and campus news.

WDUB has tied in with Eastern States Radio Corp., an advertising agency started by four college students who realized the carrier-current stations' need for an "in" to large advertising companies. Eastern States has, for example, secured Lucky Strike advertising for Denison. With this, Luckies would install a teletype at WDUB bringing daily newscasts, "sponsored," of course, by Lucky Stripes, "the cigarette that tastes better," etc.

Or perhaps RCA will bring "Music through the Courtesy of RCA Red Seal" in the form of 100 free, long playing records. And Deco, Capitol, and other record companies might send tunes destined to be the hit parade "firsts" to Denison for advance playing and promotion.

However, a larger part of WDUB's backing will be local. Bob says this is the golden opportunity for students interested in advertising, sales, and sales promotion. There is also plenty of room for continuity writers, sports and drama enthusiasts, announcers, engineers, secretaries, and spot remote specialists. He warns that the one great qualifier for volunteers is seriousness of purpose and willingness to work, for every hour before the mike takes approximately three hours preparation behind the mike. To quote Bob, "We're going to run WDUB on a professional level. There will be NO goofing off!"

So Denison will be on the air next month. Here's wishing the new station, its manager, and entire personnel, lots of luck. Such a station brings almost unlimited possibilities for creative work, executive practice and technical experience to the students here.

It will be just as good as the students care to make it.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Jim Bowman

"Boy that really goes down, doesn't it?"

Harry glanced at the man standing next to him.

The man leaned dangerously over the safety rail at the end of the platform. He looked into the canyon for a long time. Then he stood back and shook his head. "You sure don't see any sights like this in Ohio!"

"No, Ohio ain't got much of any-thing," Harry answered without thinking.

"You live in Ohio too?"

Harry had to think quickly. "No, I used to live there when I was a kid. I live here in Wyoming now, but I can't remember anything good about Ohio—and I remember a lot," he added.

Wyoming seemed unrelated to the state of Ohio. That's why he had said it.

"You can't count on anything," he thought. "Why should I tell this fellow I had never been out of Ohio until last week? When I read about the break? It would be all over, there wouldn't be any more chances. Why lose my mouth and lose this—the first good chance you ever had?"

Harry pushed his way through the crowd of gawking tourists to the opposite side of the platform. He hated guys who wanted to talk. His mind drifted far away again.

"Why can't they just forget about me? I can prove I don't belong back there, that my crimes were just a product of an environment, not of a man gone bad. Just give me a chance—one chance. Oh, what the hell, cops don't think that way. They think guys that end up like me are all born bad."

Harry had planned this for three years. He was going to pose as a tourist in Yellowstone Park for about a month; then slip out and look for a job on a ranch. He had planned a lot. In 1963 he was going to get a lawyer, turn himself in, and try to get a pardon on the basis of a ten-year record of honesty and hard work. It was the only way to get the chance he had never had. He'd have to go back too. His plan—
The Pigskin Paraat

The Pigskin Paraat

Toof Freer and Buzz Peek

Red football, one could not help but be convinced of the richness and span of Denison pigskin annals. And the three story tellers looked behind the incidents of which they told, they would have been unhinged in the presence of glory. When Adamant Evening died, Captain Livingston began to work, and as always at this point that Adamant could be of no interest. This mind would become a complete blank. Tonight his mind was again a blank. He felt the coldness of the room and his hand began seeing. These three continued spinning stories of Big Red and the subsequent change in Denison's fortunes is sharply noted. The Ohio State team beat the Big Red under a deluge of passes as they humiliated the Big Red 34-0. At this point, Coach Walter Livingston began teaching his boys the art of forward passing. And remember the day Babe Rupp scored six times in one game.

The ensuing years represent the golden era of Big Red football, for under the apt guidance of Livie, Denison won 46 games while losing only 23 and tying seven. In 1922, Deeds Field was dedicated, and fortunes changed almost immediately.

The middle twenties and the thirties were marked by strong seasons. During this period, they, perhaps unwisely, continued to play schools that were growing rapidly. During this period, we find perhaps the greatest group of this type of athletics. We find such powers as Cincinnati, Navy, Western Reserve, Michigan, Ohio State, Transylvania, and Detroit Tech. During the 1912 season unlimited pass play was first introduced into college football, and the flood of sensations which followed was complete blank, but the complete glory. In a last desperate effort old Mike Gregory put a man on the line of scrimmage. This rule coupled with the advancement of types of a player at the line of scrimmage, which was evolved by the magical word. If these three had continued spinning stories of Big Red, and early battles were indicative of this type of play.

In 1931, their third year of football, the Big Red whipped Ohio State 17 to 3 and six years later won over the Grenville Athletic Club 5 to 0 and 16 to 6. Just after the turn of the century the forward pass was introduced, but not as we know it today. A pass at this time could be thrown further than twenty-five yards from the line of scrimmage. This rule coupled with the advancement of types of a player at the line of scrimmage, which was evolved by the magical word. If these three had continued spinning stories of Big Red, and early battles were indicative of this type of play.

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During this period, we find perhaps the richest annals of the Big Red as they were with V-12 and Marin personnel during the war, and with ex-service men and college boys with tremendous yardage and very high scores. The 1940 and 1949 teams, studded with sixteen All-Americans, took home the Big Red.
...The Poetry Pot...

RESENTMENT

Nancy Aabye

Some thousand years ago there sprouted forth
A lovely tree upon a distant hill,
That deeply dug into the ground so porous
And flogged thick, the other plants to kill.

And am not burnt,

Then, too, Falls of late are more elusive.

And left an invulnerable stupor.

The small hours of the night
When waning waters waste away to bitter salt,

Have snatched away my sensitivity
And left an invulnerable stupor.

And am not burnt, but

Yet from those bedded roots will there arise
One limb on its former course remain,

I was not burnt.

And split in two, deep clefted 'gainst its will
\(\text{ADVICE FROM THE MERMAID}\)

John N. Miller

Be happy when the softly-sweeping waves
Whisper soothing sighs to the sandy shore,

Pace the pebbly beach and philosophize,

Wooing it through teeth of fragile foam.

Forget the long-lost flow of trembling tide,

Where were you?

And wait for crests of new-formed waves to rise.

You couldn't remember

When the softly-sweeping waves

And watch the soothing sighs to the sandy shore,

Where is it now?

Whispering tricksly into the great wide sea.

On paper. It seems bereft

And wait for crests of new-formed waves to rise.

In lead without the blood, somehow.

...and here is one of the nicest rooms we new Demons.

...Watch me scare hell out of him.

What an enjoyable time.

...Watch me scare hell out of him.

...and here is one of the nicest rooms we new Demons.

The Poetry Pot

ADVICE FROM THE MERMAID

John N. Miller

Be happy when the softly-sweeping waves
Whisper soothing sighs to the sandy shore,

Pace the pebbly beach and philosophize,

Wooing it through teeth of fragile foam.

Forget the long-lost flow of trembling tide,

When waning waters waste away to bitter salt,

Have snatched away my sensitivity
And left an invulnerable stupor.

And am not burnt, but

Yet from those bedded roots will there arise
One limb on its former course remain,

I was not burnt.

And split in two, deep clefted 'gainst its will

And left an invulnerable stupor.

The small hours of the night
When waning waters waste away to bitter salt,

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The small hours of the night
When waning waters waste away to bitter salt,
Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain

Ed Jacobs

The photograph above was clipped by one of our contributors from Esquire, the national style magazine for men. It shows the associate editor of Campus modeling the latest Eastern styles, this particular outfit being purchased at East Coshocton, Ohio. Ed Jacobs has been a professional resident of Coshocton for many years and seems to enjoy the job.

If you look carefully in his hand, you will pick out a receptacle bearing the Lambda Chi crest. That is not to be confused with similar vessels used for recreational purposes, for example, a pack of gum?

"WAMPUS, I'm going to folk dance tonight.

"Well, I'm going to the movies."

"Where do you want me to meet you?"

"The movies."

"Okay."

Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain

Ed Jacobs

The blurred brownie photograph above is our attempt to reproduce the likeness of our outer-space editor, Joe LeFever. He is posed with his anti-gravoid earth pen and play-foot-flippers. In addition to the duties of this office, Joe is the most regular contributor and also the proud possessor of genuine rejection slips from some of the nation's leading publications.

Joe's most important position with Campus, however, is head of the Deep Department. Every magazine worth its salt has a professional Deep Man. The Deep Man's job is to give other people, faculty members and the masses in general, the impression that something is going on behind their backs that is beyond their span of comprehension. The Deep Man goes around talking as if the editor in a hushed voice to which the editor invariably replies, "Great, but we can't use it; they'd never get it."

The Deep Man says in a disappointed voice, "Yeh, I guess it is too deep for them."

Joe's versatility of style is amazing—if you want science fiction, biography, sports stories, a note to your advisor, or anything else written in your mother tongue, Joe is the logical Denisonian to contact. This ability to use a typewriter, grubby pencil or red crayon is responsible for Joe's being known as "F. Scott LeFever" at the Phi Delta House.

The whole trouble with this guy is that while so other frustrated writers around Granville are struggling, he regards the whole business as a sideline. Actually Joe is a big frog and amoeba man by trade. He spends the major portion of his time pushing the pre-med class curve up.

When summer returns to the valley of the Racoon, young Joe plans to leave the Phi Delta house with his B.S. and matriculate to medical school. After many more years of spending good golfing days in the lab, he will emerge with a goatse to practice psychiatry. You just can't keep a good literary editor now.

Jim: "I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed."

Betsy: "What would you do, buy a pack of gum?"

It isn't what children know that bothers parents. It's how they find out.

The little chap was sitting on the curb with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came up to him. Sonny, why aren't you in school?"

"Hello, lady, I'm only three."

Walter: "And how did you find your steak, sir?"

Diner: "Why, I just moved this little piece of fried potato, and there it was!"

Classified ad: wanted—Man to wash dishes and two waitresses.

Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

An asylum patient, who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?"

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed the bar examination, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting."

He paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

"Believe me, darling, you're the first girl I've ever loved," said he as he shifted gears with his feet.

"Another combination shot," said the captain of the billiard table.

"Nope.

"Well, my little man, do you have a fairy Godfather?"

"No, but I've an uncle we're a little suspicious of."

In Paris, it's frankness; in Panama, it's life; in a professor, it's clever; but in a college magazine (CAMPUS) it's smutty.

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Don't play it cool with me, Bobie! I read the Kleinzy report.
How the stars got started...

Jane Greer says: “I was a band singer when a picture magazine asked me to pose in the new WAC uniforms. Hollywood saw my picture, liked it and overnight I was in movies. From then on, it was hard work and perseverance.”

I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS after trying many brands. I found Camels’ MILDNESS and FLAVOR far more enjoyable than the rest. You will, too! Why don’t you try Camels today?

Start Smoking Camels Yourself!
Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why Camels are America’s most popular cigarette. See how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

For MILDNESS and FLAVOR
CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!