Camels are so mild... and so full-flavored... they'll

Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.

Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and selling smoking tobacco.

Wendy and Joe Irwin who took the picture.

member of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Our thanks to

Jean Gilles cartoons appear in this issue. Other

new member of the literary staff is Bill King.

Jack Matthews and George Durco have been added to the features staff. Their mystery story appears on page 12. Other new members of this staff include: John Blashill, Bob Farr, Jim Stiverson, William Hauser, Maudie O'Brien, Rod Wishard, Don Hodgson, and Jim Marshall.

A word of thanks to Joe Coulter and Edward Weber who contributed sketches for this issue.

The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.
The girl smiled down at me from the picture on the wall above the drinking fountain. The lurching of the train didn't seem to bother her. She was, after all, only a picture painted on canvas. . . and yet she looked so real. Her lips were parted in a mysterious smile, and it looked as if she might at any moment say, "Hello there, don't be afraid. Give me your hand." I was scared. I looked out the window—except that I didn't have the eyes to see. I didn't know what might have happened. The sky looked like drops of blood. Now as I gazed, the rhythm of the clanking wheels, the swaying of the car, and the slow dropping of the petals seemed to blend and soothe me. I wasn't afraid anymore. Then I guess I must have fallen asleep.

I woke with a start. My neck felt as if it had been snapped in two at the base. People were screaming all about me and there was a horrible din coming from outside. Hearing a hissing bubbly sound, I looked across at the woman across the aisle—wondering why there were bloody fists she was vainly trying to close the gap.

"Why do you say that?"  "Because most men are born followers who do not have the intelligence to lead themselves. Why not let the few intelligent leaders guide the followers?"

"Perhaps so, but it will only be to achieve the ultimate goal."

"But will not these leaders sometimes disregard the wishes of the followers, even to the point of excess?"

"Of course they do," he replied. "But does not your Bible say there will always be wars and rumors of wars? Perhaps wars in the long run are not as bad as they seem. In the first place, wars are one method of getting rid of the excess population. In the second place, wars are an expression of the discontent of the present nationalities. Sooner or later, these wars will prove that internationalism is the ultimate goal. And as you must agree, wars always result in the concentration of leadership in the hands of a few, which is not such a bad idea."

"WUXTRY! WUXTRY! Read all about it!"

"Here boy, paper over here."

There were the black headlines before our eyes. And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could doubt when one talked with him that he was correct, for he brought in historical facts, elaborating on them to such an extent that it became living history for us. He said that it was living history for him because the study of history was one of his hobbies.

It was in the fall of 1938 on one of those nights when a person looks for gaiety to raise his spirits and relief from the commentators. I was sitting with my wife and a few friends in a nightclub watching the floor show. I didn't see him sit down, but I could feel his presence. It was an odd feeling, a feeling I had every time I saw him. It was an indescribable feeling of fear, although he was most friendly. He was always smiling and talking, but his face had a trace of evil lurking behind the jovial exterior. Sometimes it was just a sharpness of his nose, or the slightly pointed ears, or the cut of the beard. Maybe it was the color of his skin, or the penetration of his glance.

He sat with us and discussed most intelligently the news topics of the day, always, as was his custom, taking the Communist viewpoint and confounding us with his answers. When we tried to pin him down by asking him how he could, as press agents said, control the stockholders of the biggest munitions cartel, be a firm believer in Communism, he replied by saying that the Communist party and the cartel systems were both seeking the same end.

The girl was lying on a grassy slope under a strange brown tree looking up at the girl.
This gay little group was pictured just before departing on their annual spring frolic. A half an hour later they were seen joyously skipping through the Welsh Hills to the strains of "Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May."

The room of Handlebar Harry was the envy of every college dandy. As can readily be seen, the room is complete with everything from fencing paraphernalia to wax mustaches and Schlitz beer signs. As the famous French philosopher, Voltaire, said, "Regardez, la belle chambre!"

Gas footlights with tin can reflectors were the latest addition to the Opera House when this shot was snapped. The men on the stage were intently engaged in a skillful game of dice.

The fourteen campus cats pictured here were destined to make history by giving the world its first "bop" concert. Eleven of the fourteen original uniforms are being worn by today's Big Red band.

The mighty men of Doane Academy are shown here in full equipment just before taking the stage to Pasadena for the Rose Bowl game.

The batter waits for a fast straight one as the girls from Shepardson in the background cheer the team on to victory. Note Abner Doubleday leaning on the bat.
"Going Uphill?" or
An India Ink Indictment of the Drag or
The Air Gets Mighty Thin Towards the Top, Mother

Drawing and description by Ralph Gilbert

DECEMBER, 1948

by JOHN BLASHILL

"O was some power the Giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."
Robert Burns—"To A Louse"

Horace Dodds was an important man. Rich, with
many friends. He was the owner of a large mid-
western factory. He smoked cigars that out-stunk
the ones his friends smoked. Self-Made-Man and
Self-Rateem were written all over his face. He was
the most important man in Roseville. In fact, he
owned half of it. True, he had never been mayor.
But then, he was no small-time politician. He was
content to sit back and tell the mayor what to do.
In fact, one of his closest friends once said of him
(when he was out of hearing of course): "There,
but for the grace of God, goes God."

That was the man. This was the incident.

One morning, among the small carload of mail
on his desk, all from Very Important People, Hor-
ace Dodds received, in a small, insignificant enve-
lope, an invitation to speak before the local Wo-
men's Club, at their monthly meeting, on any sub-
ject he desired. So, after harumphing and hawing
for five minutes, and complaining to his secretary
that he was too busy a man to go running off for
every little Fiddle Faddle of a Club Meeting, he
dictated a very curt note of acceptance (in the Prop-
per Fashion, of course) and promptly forgot it.

His secretary, knowing very well that he was Too
Important A Man to remember such little things as
speeches for Women's Clubs, reminded him of it
every day until the day of the meeting, when she
declared that he evidently was Much Too Important
A Man to write his own speeches, and handed him a
prepared speech on the subject, "How Lucky We
Are To Live In Roseville," which she knew he
would like because he was Roseville. Then, at
11:30, she called his chauffeur, handed H.D. his coat
and hat, and sent him to the Little Fiddle Faddle of
a Club Meeting.

He was in his usual bad mood.

At the Women's Club, H.D. was met by Mrs.
Flutterbottom, the president, who said she was Too,
Too Happy To Have Him For Lunch. (Mrs. Flut-
terbottom, poor woman, was a bit flustered at the
visit of such an important personage, and didn't
realize the cannibalistic implication of her greeting).

Horace Dodds harumphed, ate with disgust the
meal of fruit salad and coffee on which the women
were dieting, (Horace Dodds was a big man), ha-
rumphed some more, glared at the woman across
from him while he was being given a flowery intro-
duction by Mrs. Flutterbottom, and stood up.

Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered through
the first half of his secretary's speech with an air of
a Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go Running
Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A Club
Meeting. Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered
through the last half of his secretary's speech with
an air of A Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go
Running Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A
Club Meeting. Horace Dodds received his applause
and sat down. The club (and Horace Dodds) was

(Continued on page 16)
Sadie Hawkins Dance by Jim Stiverson and Terry Thurn
Night rests on the land. The people and manifold objects of them flow in darkness. Shadows rise from earth's founding in softened outlines of the human animals' dwelling places. Buildings of living, buildings of work, of storage, of play; all mold to the broken surface of a city at night.

The city rests on the land in rest. Its tensioned interplay of myriad life relaxes slowly as an exhausted animal lying down to rest. It pants in relief, then slower, breathing now more evenly, languishing on the land. The lights wink out bidding night to enter; to remove life's symbols from reflecting image, following the mind to let loose of itself to the truth of the body removed.

And rest rests on the land in rest.

In the city there stands a hotel. A hundred rooms of night are quiet. Their occupants, raving retired the field, are now found prone on beds. The lines of stretched-out bodies criss-cross spacial walls, supported by earth flung girders.

Through the next wall a young man turns restlessly about. His mind tortured by waking dreams of the girl he just met. The body seeks but finds only itself. A half-animal lost in its lack.

Night's vision widens, and again the whole resumes. The fourth again lies among eight rising as the hotel. The building merges to be lost in the broken mass of city.

The city smoulders on the land.

It is rest resting on the land at rest.

Night permeates the land — diffusing earth to her universe — earth, silent among the stars.

Night and John Barlow — A Sketch

By Kenneth Shelford

Through the next wall lies John Barlow. His eyes born upwards through night as gloom. The aged body lies helpless, nerveless through stroke. Thin lips tremble in mind's anxiety to cry out. Disrupted fibers strain to coordinate in ceaseless eternity of waiting. The eyes bulge as if trying to capture last sight of mortal route. The mind writthes for the end approaching.

And across a divide lie another young couple — sleeping exhaustion from their bodies' height met. They lie apart, now cooler, only their hands locked in the knowing.

Through the next wall a young man turns restlessly about. His mind tortured by waking dreams of the girl he just met. The body seeks but finds only itself. A half-animal lost in its lack.

Another wall yields to another large bed, supporting an aged couple. They lie back to back. His sleep moves him slightly, touching her. She reflexively pushes away — and they sleep on in past dreams.

Night's vision widens, and again the whole resumes. The fourth again lies among eight rising as the hotel. The building merges to be lost in the broken mass of city.

The city smoulders on the land.

It is rest resting on the land at rest.

Night permeates the land — diffusing earth to her universe — earth, silent among the stars.
THE CASE OF THE CONSUMPTIVE CAPON

By JACk MATHEWS and GEORGE DUCRO

At the last meeting of the Campus Magazine's Board of directors a new policy was initiated; no more stories, no more poetry, no more parodies, no reviews, no writers. Following this theme we bring you the first in a series of murder mysteries entitled "The Case of the Consumptive Capon," featuring those super-sleuths, Shylock Shapiro, and his assistant, David O'Toole. One who has been familiar at all with the world of detectives decide an investigation will be necessary to get to the bottom of this brutal killing.

The first person interviewed was the cook, that famous Roman epicurist of Italian delicacies, Molly O'Toole. One who has been deprived of spaghetti at all with the day a keen detective operates could tell Shapiro's first question was meant to take Molly by surprise.

"Did you have any motive for killing Tony?"

"None whatsoever, except for a few trivial misunderstandings. Tony and I got along fine. He held my mortgage on my house, he was responsible for my husband's death, and he was blackmailing me for $3,000."

"Humph, an airtight alibi," ad libbed Shapiro, playing the buffoon. The witness was then released through a trapdoor in the floor under which roared the murky waters of the Hudson.

Sucking the foliage from his upper plate (the results of a good breakfast of bird's next sauce), Dr. Fu Yung (a good egg) summoned in the next witness, Balderdash B. Bump-a-de-Bum, the famous basket-mouthed actor. His upper lip in a defiant grimace, and in doing so, toed the Four Chicks and a Rump Roast, new singing sensations, and the string section from Rudy Vallee's orchestra.

"I'd Tony and Balderdash have an argument the day Tony disappeared?" Shapiro quizzed.

"J'z!" replied the confused Justin. "You and Tony ate spaghetti each noon at the Dago Heartburn Emporium, proprietor of that world-famous home of good food."

"The last suspect, Justin Case, was called in for cross-examination. Justin was a grape stomper at the Stromboli Wine Works, and as he sat nervously on the old wooden fence which used to be a horse box, the case took on an eerie aspect. You can easily deduce why Tony was killed and who killed him. For solution see page 16."

MEEBIE, IF WE CALL DICK TLYAC, HE WILL HELP US CATCH A LITTLE MONSTER!

A flock of geese, flying in a V-formation dipped green as they grazed, and winged after the others...
Debits and Credits of Christmas
by Don Hodgson

Christmas comes but once a year which is probably a good thing. If it came any oftener everybody would be perpetually visiting his pawn-broker with his worldly goods tucked under his arm. The quaint Yuletide swindle of exchanging gifts with assorted friends and relatives has sent more than one family into bankruptcy proceedings. However, I believe that the great majority of people approach Christmas with the wrong attitude. It is a serious business and must be treated as such. Basically the average approach is economically faulty. There is almost no system employed by purchasers at this time of the year. Perfectly normal people go completely wild from December 1st until Christmas Eve with their spending sprees. Then the finance companies of the country have Christmas every month after that.

Things are bad when a big family is involved. Fortunately I come from a small one, but I am certainly not responsible for the size of the family tree, but the financial burden comes just the same. I have often wondered what a little pruning would do to some of my more unpleasant relatives.

My family, like everybody else's, is a complex structure. Therefore, I found it not only advisable but necessary to adopt certain measures for my own protection. They were very helpful and I think anybody will agree with me that they can be used to good advantage. The main thing to remember is to plan shopping strategy to the minutest detail. Nothing must interfere with the system or the whole business will be thrown out of kilter. It is essentially a simple program with five basic points.

1) List all the gifts you received for Christmas last year. Estimate the approximate cost, or better still have them appraised. Be sure to credit the right gifts to the right people, otherwise hard feelings are likely to develop.

2) Now that a working list has been prepared the major problem is over. There may be some necessary additions or subtractions needed. Then total the cost of the gifts received. This is the theoretical revolving fund. The purchases made this year cannot exceed the total cost of the gifts you received last year or the whole plan is defeated. This puts gift-giving on a sound, firm economic basis.

3) Now start the actual campaign. Scan the price and when an article costing what a particular relative paid for your present last year is found, buy it. For example: Uncle Ned bought you a pair of

(Continued on page 17)
QUESTIONS

PART B

Miler which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the
or WYMAN.

SOLUTION TO THE CASE OF THE CONSUMPTIVE CAPON

LOCAL MAN

(Continued from page 7)

then informed by Mrs. Flatterbottom that, as was
the usual custom, he would be only too happy to
answer any questions the ladies might want to ask.

Josie has been a white mitten, two cartons of cheese
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.

ER — HORACE DODDS ESCAPES UNINJURED

In the beginning of a moonlit night.

Tom Wood

Andy Hay

Jim Marshall

Dick Hamilton

Phil Andrews

Bob Sherwood

Emil Massa

Lloyd Owens

Phil Andrews

Jerry Stephens

Emil Massa

Bob Sherwood

Dick Hamilton

Irvin Scott

WINNERS IN CHESTERNFIELD CONTEST

Lloyd Owens

Jim Marshall

Andy Hay

Tom Wood

Phil Andrews

Jerry Stephens

Emil Massa

Bob Sherwood

Dick Hamilton

Irvin Scott

CAMPUS

DEBITS & CREDITS

(Continued from page 14)

socks for $8.50 last year. You see a tie available for
$7.50. Buy it. Your profit on Uncle Ned over the past year has been $1.10.

4) It is also very important to buy suitable gifts.
Unfortunately you can’t shop by price tag alone.
For example: Cousin Henry gave you a shirt cost-
ing $8.00 last year. You see a very classy brassiere
available for $8.25. Don’t buy it. Cousin Henry
might not have a sense of humor and will never buy
another thing. Instead buy it for Aunt Matilda
who gave you a book costing $10.00 last year. This
gives you a profit of $7.50, kept Cousin Henry happy,
and in all probability insured the everlasting en-
J Poster at the bottom.

"Light or dark, sir?"

Busy professor: "I’m not particular, but please
don’t give me the neck."
Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer

Always Bring CHESTERFIELD

Give 'em by the Carton!
Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you sock 'em with a load of good cheer.

Merry Christmas Everybody
Arthur Godfrey

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

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