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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Editor’s Corner

Is CAMPUS MAGAZINE doing what it was intended to do when it replaced the PORTFOLIO? Does the student body still want this type of magazine?

Some years ago the student publication was strictly a humor magazine. When a large number of people expressed their disapproval, it was replaced by PORTFOLIO which was a literary publication. However, this did not meet with campus approval either. CAMPUS, a combination of the two, was born. It is now three years old. Is it succeeding or failing? Is it worth the money and effort put into it? These are questions which are in some people’s minds. They are questions which we cannot answer. I cannot answer them because the student body has not taken enough interest to express opinions concerning the magazine. CAMPUS can be worth the time and effort put into it. It can be the type of magazine that you want. It can serve as a means of expression for those people who are interested in creative writing. It can serve those who desire experience working on a publication. It can serve the school by giving the student body a magazine that it will enjoy. But CAMPUS can only do these things if the student body is interested. Otherwise, I too would ask if CAMPUS is worth the money and effort put into it.

Our “CALENDAR GIRL” for this issue is Martha Lovell. She is a freshman member of Delta Delta Delta. Our thanks to Joe Irwin for the picture.

Sam Robinson
Editor-in-Chief

CAMPUS STAFFS

Editor-in-Chief Sam Robinson
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Art Editor Max Miller
Librarian Penny Wirth
Picture Editor Terry Thurn
Sports Editor Gene Horyn
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Printing by Granville Times Press
Henry Jamieson sat at the breakfast table scanning the newspaper. His wife, Suzette, sat across from him and watched him as he groped for his toast, never taking his eyes from the paper. She picked up the toast and put it in the outstretched hand and went on watching him. Her small white face was sober and her chocolate brown eyes reflected her anxious mood. “Maybe today,” she thought. “Maybe he’ll come home for dinner to-night and say, ‘Suzi, I have a Job.’” She hadn’t known much about him when she married him, just that she loved him and always wanted to be with him. He had fascinated her at first — with his black hair and steady blue eyes, and he was so gentle and kind. She knew he had a good education and he had done some writing of some sort. But it must not have been successful because he never talked about it. She knew he had talent, and she also knew with that strange insight women sometimes have that if something did not break soon for him there would be tragic consequences. It was this strange foreboding that plagued her now. She tried to shake it off.

“Hank, we’re having a special dinner tonight in honor of your new job.”

He looked up but said nothing.

“I’ve the strangest feeling that something wonderful is going to happen today.”

Hank smiled and rose from the table. She walked with him to the door and waited until he walked to the elevator and disappeared inside. Then she went back to the living room and poured herself another cup of coffee. She sat down to think.

Henry Jamieson strode up to the desk in the executive offices of Ward Barlow’s Department Store and told the girl he had an appointment with the personnel manager. She took his name and directed him to the waiting room. He sat down and watched the door opposite him which was marked “Private.” He could hear a murmur of voices and occasional bursts of laughter. The white light was on above the door, and he guessed there must be a meeting of some sort in progress. He didn’t know how long he had waited when the door opened and a group of men filed out, talking earnestly amongst themselves.

One of them was saying, “He’d have to be fairly tall and should have angular features — well, like that man over there.” With this he nodded at Henry.

“Wait a minute. Why not that very man?” He stepped up to Henry and said, “Young man, have you had any acting experience?”

Henry felt numb. Acting! Oh, how much he wanted to act, he thought to himself as he managed to stammer out a feeble, “Yes, a little,” and then lapsed into an awe-struck silence while the man outlined his job.

When they had finished, Henry was disappointed. This was certainly not what he had foreseen for himself, but it meant a steady salary and they had to eat. Besides, he wanted nice things for Suzi. As he left, he looked at his watch. If he hurried he could get home in time for lunch. He stopped at a florist shop and bought a bouquet of flowers for Suzi. What would he tell her? She might laugh. But no, Suzi wouldn’t laugh — then she might pity him — one so great coming to this — no, he couldn’t stand that! She didn’t know, did she? She thought he’d been an author. She didn’t know he had been the great Jacques Martin — known throughout Europe — Jacques Martin, who, when playing Othello, was such a great actor that when he loosed his hands from the neck of Desdemona, she lay quite dead at his feet. He had fled Europe and come to America to begin again. But it seemed luck was against him at every turn. Well, he would tell Suzi that it was an acting job, which it was technically.

Henry Jamieson shuffled jerkily into the store window. He fixed his mascaraed eyes in the glassiest start he could and adjusted his gloves. The curtains were still drawn so he had time to make a last-minute survey of his makeup. Inches of chalk-like powder covered his features and stark black lines gave the impression of wrinkles. There were two artificial-looking spots of pink on his cheeks and his black straight hair hung lank on his forehead. He took a few more practice steps and then, taking the vacuum cleaner handle, motioned to Jimmy the boy to pull the curtains. As the fringe was slowly drawn back, he could see the small crowd of people who were there already waiting for him. He knew that this crowd would grow rapidly, hitting its peak around noon when curious people on their way to and from lunch would stop to watch this odd robot-man demonstrate the latest in Vacuumatic vacuum cleaners. He went through his

Continued on page 16
**BACKSTAGE WITH**

By Terry Thurn

With a blast of realistic language, a fitting and imaginative setting designed by Director Dick Adams, and the taunting cries of Japanese snipers high in the backstage palm trees, "Home of the Brave" took over on the well trod and hallowed boards of the University Theatre stage. The Arthur Laurents' play, performed before appreciative and capacity audiences, hatched on to our imaginations and flew us to a remote Pacific Island, complete with jungle sounds and government-issue dialogue. That was what the audience saw from in front of the footlights, but few had the opportunity to witness the sights and sounds backstage. And so Campus Magazine went down to the crowded dressing rooms, inside the flickering light cage, and up against the stage braces and the flats to give you a behind the scenes look.

Few people realize the amount of work that goes into a typical play like this. First comes the selection of the play and the designing of the set. Then tryouts and long nights of memorization by the actors in the privacy of their rooms. The prop man sends his assistant into the streets to try antique collectors, faculty residences, and the basements of the local citizenry for fitting and realistic props. The theatre workshop classes and volunteers bucking for University Players or points for Masquers hammer and screw the flats together. And there is the constant humdrum of activity until the first night's performance when the curtain goes up and we see the first time the fruits of their labors.

And behind stage while the play goes on, the staff and actors move swiftly and quietly in the shadows, waiting for cues, checking lines, sipping a quick coke from the Grille, moving props here and there, and straining their ears to catch the all important audience reaction and perhaps laugh silently at a forgotten or mixed up line of dialogue. To them, this may be fun, it may be needed credits, or it may be the satisfaction of seeing what really makes the theatre tick, but to all and everyone, from the moment the curtain goes up until the time it comes down and the last roll of applause dies out, "the play's the thing."

Lighting man William Dresser dims the houselights to foil any bulbsnatchers.

Dressing Room Scene: Lundquist mouths a few lines of script, Cover combs a few wavy locks from his eyes, Acting Corporal David Chaney keeps a close watch on Lundquist, Wright bares his upper torso, and Glenn Walters looks for the vanished vanishing cream.
Boy Meets Laundromat

By Jim Marshall

For the greater part of this year my roommate has been hiking over to the basement of Curtis East with a bag full of Dirty Laundry and coming back full of an inner harmony and joy . . . an ecstatic expression on his face.

"It is great," he would say, "it is the experience of a lifetime . . . it is the ultimate realization of men over matter."

"But why, Phil?"

"It's just great," he would repeat, guilty draping his undergarmentia to his desk light, neatly placing Mr. Cooper's fine products on my radio, and with a very domestic touch spelling out fraternity letters with damp laundry in the front window.

I half suspected his joy was due to a secret ren- derous with some femme de monde of Suaverney Hall, or that he had a secret cache of "Nudism and Health" in the basement of Curtis, until I also met the Laundromat.

Determined to discover the recipient of his atten-tions, I slung my laundry over my shoulder, looked nonchalant and wound my way to the sub-terranean corners of the freshman dorm. A small white cylinder with a large porthole eye glared at me. I glared back, determined to master the little wench.

Running the Kinetic Molecular theory over in my mind, repeating e equals em cee squared, I stepped up to the little devil . . . turned the laundry dial to twelve as per direction one, threw my white laundry into the dark maw of the machine, and slipped the thing a quarter, adding a generous helping of Dreft.

I took my post at the port hole. Water sloshed rhythmically against it. I must have dozed a second . . . purple pajamas, a red sock, a bit of pink lingerie, . . . purple pajamas, a red sock, a bit of pink lingerie, . . .

. . . the insidious creature had taken my underwear into the depths of its vitals to gnaw at them secretly. The insidious little gamin was bending to my wishes. I glared back, determined to master the little wench.

... as the motor of the tank noisily consumed petrol and exhaust. He wiped his hands on the sides of his fatigues and listened around him — strong with the smell of smoke fold and spiral over the book in his hands — hands with short, blunt fingers that were created for some pur-pose foreign to the turning of pages.

... the bell am I taking this test for? What good will it ever do me? Will it help me find a job? Will it help me make a liv-ing? Will it help me marry the woman I want?

He crushed the cigarette into the black tray and blew the smoke from his mouth with a quick breath.


He mumbled the words, half-aloud, to himself.

"Stern daughter of the Voice of God
O Duty, if that name thou have
Who art a light to guide, a rod . . . ."

What's this guy trying to say, anyway? Why doesn't he just spit it out and get it over with?

The clock was ticking loudly on his desk, and the metal shade of the lamp began its incessant quiver-ing. As it moved it cast its shadow over the bed in the room, and the clothes, and the open books, and the cigarette butts lying bent and wrinkled in the ash tray.

And what is the hell am I taking this test for? What good will it ever do me? Will it help me find a job? Will it help me make a living? Will it help me marry the woman I want?

. . .

The clock was ticking loudly on his desk, and the metal shade of the lamp began its incessant quiver-ing. As it moved it cast its shadow over the bed in the room, and the clothes, and the open books, and the cigarette butts lying bent and wrinkled in the ash tray.

... the bell am I taking this test for? What good will it ever do me? Will it help me find a job? Will it help me make a living? Will it help me marry the woman I want?

. . .

... the bell am I taking this test for? What good will it ever do me? Will it help me find a job? Will it help me make a living? Will it help me marry the woman I want?

...
dateless, desiring hero aids by his
mate consults the Adytum in search of
curious companionship.

A bit nervous he phones the "lucky" girl.

Heroine decides to play odds and accepts the
date.

Giddy, groomed, and glowing, our Heroine
prepares.

H-hour and our new-some two-some has
three curious onlookers.

"The pause that refreshes." The "dateless*
three" just HAPPENED to drop in.

Our Hero has final adjustments made before
making the FATAL step.

"Hero and Heroine step back into the shad-
ows to watch a more experienced couple!

Clasped hands signify victory, while from
left to right we have Mr. Bored, Mr. Gullible,
and Mr. Skeptical.

"And then he .........!!" This ends our tale
of drama and passion on this Denison cam-
pus, a home of strong manhood and noble
womanhood.

Evolution of a Blind Date  By Terry Thurn
THE CASE PRESENTED

By Rod Wishard

I will begin by saying that for some time I have been a leader in a crusade against female automobilists. To allow these half-baked creatures to scratch their nail polish on a steering wheel is the ultimate of foolishness. The great amount of complexity in the modern auto and the complete lack of it in the modern woman make the combination wholly incompatible. However, I shall not dwell on generalizations, but rather I shall relate a brief tale proving my point.

Next door to us back home lived a comfortably well-to-do family, the Van der Mooks. The wife owned a portly chest and a matching backside; the husband possessed a chain of diaper services and nurseries (motto: "Why wrestle with a problem made up elsewhere — double."

She had the beauty, build, and behavior to make Dutchess Hotspur blush, and the boys knew it.

Veronica, "the only boy in the block who can bolt a gizmo to a whoozis in a '47 whatchamacallit, stand on his head, and neck at the same time."

When she had mastered, in a crude sort, of way, the fundamentals of driving, her father proceeded to instruct her in a few techniques of safety precaution beginning with hand signals. Although she made a determined effort in this matter, to the very end a female arm protruding horizontally from the driver's window of the Van der Mook auto could mean one of several things besides a right turn: (1) She was drying her fingernails; (2) "Oh, goodness, there's Matilda, the old slob. Hi, Matilda!" or (3) "Like hell it's raining!"

I feel that one other episode in Veronica's driving career should here be set down. It seems that at one stage in the game the sexy little creature actually began to show some improvement. Her father did not know why until he caught her in the garage with her latest hearthrob, Mortimer, to quote Veronica, "the only boy in the block who can bolt a gizmo to a whoozis in a '47 whatchamacallit, stand on his head, and neck at the same time. What a man?" Mr. Van der Mook's last glimpse of his dearly beloved was as she pulled out of the driveway splendidly, shifted into high without scraping a tooth, and drove in a wonderfully straight line down Main Street; one arm was dangling languidly out the window, the other was around Mortimer, and she was steering with her knees.

With a similar disregard for the orthodox, she also had difficulty telling the difference between gas and oil. Many were the times I heard her argue with her father: "Now, Daddy, when have I run around all night without any gas in that car?"

When she had mastered, in a crude sort of way, the fundamentals of driving, her father proceeded to instruct her in a few techniques of safety precaution beginning with hand signals. Although she made a determined effort in this matter, to the very end a female arm protruding horizontally from the driver's window of the Van der Mook auto could mean one of several things besides a right turn: (1) She was drying her fingernails; (2) "Oh, goodness, there's Matilda, the old slob. Hi, Matilda!" or (3) "Like hell it's raining!"

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As the setting sun gently withdrew its warm tenacles of dancing sunbeams, the modest little community of Granville seemed to sink into the purplish haze of twilight, demanding the casual observer of some great ship surrendering to the vast, unpredictable sea. . . . mad, mad, . . . mad.

From the spotless windows of the "Corner," that blessed haven for the sleepless refugees of Doane Academy, the friendly gleam of light seemed to beckon to all, in sharp contrast to the cold, unyielding pavement without . . . cold, cold, . . . cold.

Inside, if one could penetrate the ever-present pall of smoke, spawned from countless glowing cigarettes, he would see small clusters of students giving vent to their pent-up emotions in the manner of the average American student. A shrill scream suddenly pierced the murky air as Ned Nitrate, a chemistry major rushed madly from the scene, muttering formulas from the froth-flecked lips, his thin nervous fingers clutching a battered bunsen burner to his consumptive breast . . . . youth, youth, youth, youth.

Lithe, serpentine coeds draped their lithe, serpentine bodies across the coffee-ringed counter; soft, husky voices pleading with the tall, god-like soda jerks to draw two Tru-Aides . . . animal bleats of ecstasy . . . a table of cashmere-swathed students indulged in an exciting new game called Bridge . . . a hushed moan . . . softly, softly, softly . . .

Now we see a tall, thin youth with the appearance of one desperately struggling with approaching puberty . . . aimlessly wandering from group to group, table to table . . . a lost soul, in search of something unseen; intangible . . . grasping for an answer. Plotting alternately across his finely chiseled features, were looks of wonder and of pain. Exeter Curricular (affectionately called "Core Course" by his friends) that pillar of activity, that veritable robot of energy, was in search of a date. Herefore, his sole forms of amusement had consisted of humming Gregorian chants to himself in the bath tub and translating Thorne Smith into Greek sanskrit. His wistful, amber eyes darting here and there, seeing all, missing nothing, alighted upon Al Argyle, one of the school's better known feminine companions, carefully replaced his snuff box in one of the numerous recesses of his fur-lined, shark skin cardigan and turned his rich, blue eyes to those of Exeter. He softly curled his sensual lips from his strong, white teeth, (whose sparkling beauty was marred only by intermittent specks of dental Ross) and murmured in his irresistible, husky voice, "Son, we have, at this school, many, many of these strange creatures . . . those with soft white arms, flaming eyes and gleaming, scented hair.

Those with a different colored sweater for every occasion and the proud possessors of cream-white, supersonic convertibles are everywhere for your beck and call . . . look around you, son, you will (Continued on page 16)
Density—A Traditional University

The Density tradition is a difficult thing to describe, but everyone is aware of the central idea that permeates the atmosphere in this picturesque little university.渗透

1. One of the traditions is the always friendly, "Hiyah, b— b— but", with which Denizens invariably greet not only one another but townspersons and campus visitors as well.

2. In order to keep everyone informed as to who has cigarettes and who hasn’t. All students are required to go to the chapel, chapel walk, and quadrangle. This keeps the busy student from wasting time going through the doors in the dorm.

3. In the event that students fail to arrive within five minutes of the time for the scheduled class, the professor is permitted to leave; except of course, if he has, as it were, a "wheel," in which case a ten-minute wait is customary on the part of the professor.

4. The most famous tradition is the Sweetheart Serenade. Each upperclassman is limited to three per semester in order that all the women get a break. During regular serenades all lights in the dorms are turned off while the women yodel, throw coke bottles, pillows, and tired roommates at the serenaders.

5. In the warm days of spring and fall, the men and women so inclined frolic gaily across the Welsh Hills with blankets in hand to engage in the most popular of the traditions, turfing.

6. Near Talbot Hall is the Senior Bench. This is put there for the convenience of the entering freshmen who wish to demonstrate their artistic talents.

7. In order to keep the unadjusted freshmen happy, a few upperclassmen are placed in the dorms to explain the effects of their ill-humor. These people are called Junior Advisors.

8. All freshmen men are required to wear their beads for a specified length of time regulated by the muscle boys, the O’Association. They are also drafted to roll up Granville’s sidewalks at nine o’clock each evening, and to return all buildings to the campus in time for Homecoming.

Density traditions and the Density spirit are what undergraduates have made them. Each student degenerates his share in perpetuating them.

This Week’s Movie Schedule

INLAND THEATRE:

SIDNEY JENKINS and HELEN BARR thrilling you in "Tarzan and the D-Men."

THE OPERA HOUSE:
The King Brothers, Horace and Joseph in Arthur J. Rink’s tremendous production, "King Lear."

THE FLEA HOUSE:
Frank Sintra, starring in his first dramatic role, "The Charles Atlas Story."

All Hall the Density Basketball Squad

Undoubtedly in twenty-nine straight games this season, Density University’s fabulously successful basketball setup would have been the short end of the scale as they tangle with the State University of Toledo on the third of this month in a close and thrilling game. Speed Elliott claimed that the State University of Toledo was just a bit too much for him and school officials were willing to agree after he had taken out the east wing of bleachers in an attempt to grab a loose ball.

Home’s gym wasn’t quite big enough for him and school officials were willing to agree after he had taken out the east wing of bleachers in an attempt to grab a loose ball. During regular serenades all lights in the dorms are turned off while the women yodel, throw coke bottles, pillows, and tired roommates at the serenaders.

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CAMPUS

APRIL 1ST

CIRCULATION
1,000,000

WRIT BY HAND

STAFF OF THE CAMPUSED MAGAZINE

Co-Editors
Kalbfeath and Hauser

Features
Hodgson
Sports
Shultz
Advertisements
Gilbert

Weeks Out . . . Admissions Policy Makers See the Light

In a recent Trustees meeting, drastic changes were made in the faculty and administration. The most significant of these was the transfer of Admissions Director Weeks to Custodian of Talbot. Doodoomy O’Bookie, the new director, advanced his new policy as follows:

1. Sons and daughters of Trustees and Alumni are cheerfully refused admission.

2. To give the peasant a break and to remove all vestiges of the upperclass ideology from these intellectual halls, selection will be made only from the lower one third of the graduating class.

3. An unlimited number of full time scholarships are available for those desiring full time professional training in dishwashing, waiting tables, grass cutting, and tea leaf raking.

4. Mormons, Israeli, and Mohammedans are given special consideration.

5. Transcripts will be accepted from an industrial or reform schools approved by the Midwest Board of Accredited Penal Institutions.

6. As a means of encouragement to the brilliant student, special consideration will be given to those showing distinctly superior ability in the use of explosives in confined spaces, such as banks, Saving and Loan Associations, or Brink’s Agency Trucks.

7. Students from other colleges who have failed to meet standards, fear not, give us a try!

Advertisements Gilbert

Co-Editors Kalbfleish and Hauser

THE FLEA HOUSE:

Wisconsin

THE OPERA HOUSE:

New York

THE FLEA HOUSE:

Chicago

THE D-Man.

Charles Atlas Story.

WOLF SISTERS

NATURALLY

ALL LEGAL COSMETICS

MARCH 20,

1949

Campus Calendar

March 20: 2:00 a.m. Vacation ends

24: 8:00 p.m. Spookball—University of Newark at Granville

April 1: Any fool knows his birthday

3: President’s reception at Lieber’s "Moonlight Gardens"

5: Final exams begin

10: Dog Day

11: Opera House—University Theatre presents "Tobacco Road"

13: Glockenspiel Recital—Prof. Harold Gullbergh

15: LaCornese in the Wigwam—Livy vs. Denison

18: William Howard Downe opens the Seminar Bar

20: Denison entertains Newark’s delinquents

21: Denison migrates to Newark to reclaim Life Sciences

22: Fraternity Barn Dances—all fraternity houses

23: Debate in Life Science Auditorium: DCGA vs. Pauper’s Literary Society

29: Interfraternity Slumber Parties

30: All legal cosmetics

week

1. "Tobacco Road"—a true to life interview, in geologic form, secured and published at great risk to the writer).

2. "Clean Living"—A Traditional University

3. "Influence on Doane Gymnasium"

4. "Fumigator and His Function."

5. "That Fumaric Feeling"

6. "Shall I smoke for my children?"

7. "To inhale or not to inhale?"

8. "Willingly sold as a drug by every reputable drug store in the land."

9. "The Fumaric Contest"

10. "Settle the dispute—comfort, or pain?"

11. "How to smoke when you have a cold, or a cold when you have a smoke."

12. "That fumaric feeling"
THE VACUUM

(Continued from page 5)

little act then, watching the ones on the pavement on the outside who were watching him so intently.

The “wise guy” over on the left was saying to his wide-eyed girl friend, “He’s mother’s man. All dressed up to look like a dummy. They can’t kid me.” Two business men were gazing in admiration, probably thinking what a terrific sales promotion idea this was. And down in front, a little boy crept closer to his mother a bit, for in truth, Henry was as grotesque a looking human robot as had been seen in a long time.

He pushed the vacuum cleaner back forth, back and forth, shuffling around after it. Once in a while he would stop, raise his finger jerkily in an arresting gesture and then bend stiffly down to unlock the dust bag to empty it. Replacing the bag with the same clockwork movements as before, he would give the audience a mechanical wink and resume sweeping.

This went on day after day, week after week. Suzi was getting curious to know when the play would open. Henry would put her off with some excuse about a delay in production. He came home at night tired and moody. They didn’t go out anymore, he was too tired for that. Sometimes she would read to him until he fell asleep and then she would put a blanket over him where he lay on the davenport. She was so proud of him — he was going to be a success.

* * *

CIGARETTES AND COKE

(Continued from page 13)

She saw Henry off to work and then sat down for her after-breakfast coffee.

* * *

Henry walked into the room assigned to him to make up for his part. He looked around and saw the black suit hanging on the hook above the dresser. He looked in the mirror and saw himself. Suddenly he began to laugh. It was uncontrollable demonic. The cleaning woman going by in the hall shuddered.

In about fifteen minutes, Henry Jamieson was walking down the hall carrying the vacuum cleaner. He stepped into the window and nodded to the shop boy.

* * *

“Time to knock off, Mr. Jamieson! I guess I won’t hear you before.” It was the shop boy. He walked up to the man and tapped him on the shoulder. “It’s time for lunch. The curtains are drawn. You can quit now.”

There was no response. The arm kept pushing the vacuum cleaner back forth and the head moved from side to side in that same peculiar jerky manner. The boy looked into the face and recoiled with horror. Then he ran shouting for the manager. Meanwhile, the creature in the window kept on shuffling, kept on pushing the vacuum cleaner. But the man, Henry Jamieson, was dead!

Gosh, the suspense is getting me!

Wish I had a Life Saver!

Still only 5¢

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke you heard on the campus this week? For the first five submitted in the entire next month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

CONTEST RULES:

1. Write down the best you’ve heard.
2. Submit it to the editor of this magazine, together with your name and address on campus. (Place entry in the Beta mail box in Doane.)
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue’s publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

A The suck witch Archer Godfrey is holding with his white sleeve.
B The Chesterfield cartoon whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.
C Always Bring Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from Buy to Bring.

WINNERS...

Richard S. Bonesteel
John McCarter
Patty Collier
John Warner
Gene Robinson
Jerry Cowan
Joe Irwin
Dave Fairless
Tom King
Vernon Thomas

CAMPUS
Everybody likes Chesterfield because it’s M milder
it’s MY cigarette.
Linda Darnell

“I’ve been smoking Chesterfields ever since I’ve been smoking. They buy the best cigarette tobacco grown... it’s MILD, sweet tobacco.”
M. H. Griffin
Tobacco Farmer
Bailey, N.C.

MAKE YOURS THE MINDER CIGARETTE

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