

*Mustang*

# ROUNDUP

CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

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TWENTY CENTS



NEVER TELL A LIE ISSUE



# Mustang ROUNDUP

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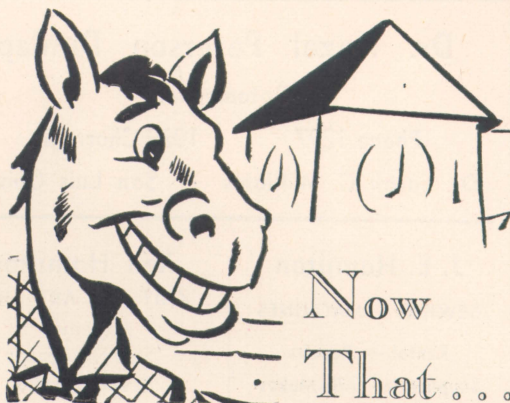
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## In This Issue . . .

INTRODUCING .....	page 4
This week, Miss Anne Jeffreys Whistle-atiuous Motion Picture Actress	
Three Muskateers By Dumas .....	page 5
It's funny the kind of guys you'll meet at Joe's, from chemists to . . .	
Wait and Sea .....	page 6
It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a limicon, a hyperboloid, a cycloid . . .	
Lest We Forget .....	page 7
Few realize the torture, the anguish these people went through.	
Pinup Pics .....	page 8 and 9
The best sent to us from top motion picture studios.	
Out Of The Herd .....	page 10
This week are Roland Wentzel and Gene Pimentel.	
Roots of Culture .....	page 12
Strictly for the intellectuals.	



Now

That . . .

the first issue of the ROUNDUP has hit Poly, we've heard many pros and cons on its merit, and a lot of verbal arguments as to the type of magazine it is, or should be, which included both constructive and destructive criticism.

As has been pointed out previously, it is clearly a humor-literary publication, designed for the whole student body's interest and pleasure. With this in mind, we feel that articles describing and exploiting different departments of the college would cause one-sided reading by the students and would not be of interest to all.

Again we'd like to put out the call that short story writers are needed on the Roundup staff. Maybe your room-mate or your wife can knock out a good story without strain and would be willing to contribute. So if you know of anyone, drop in and give us the word, for if the author wants to join the ROUNDUP staff, his efforts will not go in vain, nor a mere by-line.

This month's issue is entitled "NEVER TELL A LIE", and is dedicated to all Mustangs who find prevarication a means of getting out of a bad deal. The cover was again by Oke Vernon depicting the father of our country's boyhood story combined into a Cal Poly theme, which may be lying dormant in the back of a lot of students' minds. But we advise not trying it, for the cigarette, black and white pick-up, and badge has sharp eyes.



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# HORSE

She stepped out of the bathtub and onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the bathroom door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, honey?"

Without bothering to look, she answered, "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave your tongs on the back porch."

—Rammer Jammer

We heard about the tipsy pre-med the other night who called up Dr. Wasserman of national fame and when the good doctor answered the phone our inebriated friend said, "Hello, is this Dr. Wasserman?" The voice answered, "Yes." And our friend said, "Are you positive?"

—Record

Dartmouth Joe: I just brought home a skunk.

Roommate: Where ya gonna keep him?

Dartmouth Joe: I'm gonna tie him under the bed.

Roommate: What about the smell?

D. Joe: He'll have to get used to it like I did.

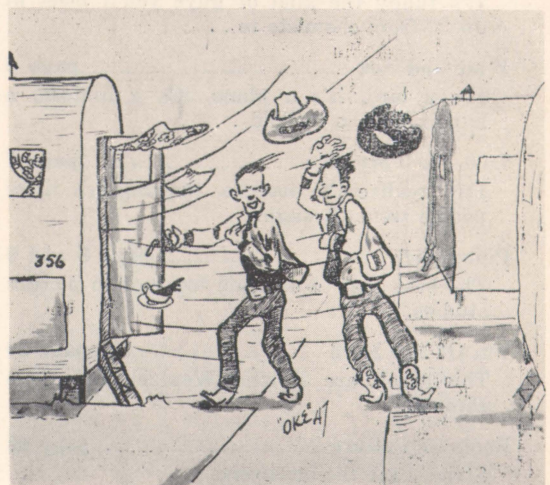
—Jack-O'-Lantern

He Frosh: Do you love me?

She Frosh: Uh-huh.

He Frosh: Then, why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?

—Bugle



"Wrong house, air conditioning student!!"



# LAUGHS

A man had a habit of coming home three or four times a week three sheets to the wind, so his wife determined to teach him a lesson. With the aid of a sheet and floor lamp she made a fair imitation of a ghost. She went in and shook her husband.

"Wash thish?" he murmured sottily.

"This is the devil," was the answer.

"Shake, old horsh," he said. "I married your sister."

—Covered Wagon

Plumber: I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen.

Son: Ma, here's the doctor to see the cook.

—Turnip

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge."

"You don't need a fifth for bridge, you dope!"

"Well, make it a pint then."

"Now, remember," shouted the prosecuting attorney at the defendant on the witness stand. "everything that you say will be held against you."

"Betty Grable, Betty Grable, Betty Grable."

—Mis-a-Sip

Most accidents are caused by hugging the wrong curves.

—Mis-a-Sip



"Those engineering students sure have this weather beaten!!"

*Montgomery Ward*

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## **ANNE JEFFREYS**

Anne Jeffreys—Lovely and talented young RKO star who is seen in her greatest role in RKO Radio's big outdoor drama, "Return of the Bad Men," in which she shares starring honors with such favorites as, Randolph Scott, Robert Ryan, George "Gabby" Hayes and Jacqueline White.



# Three Musketeers

## ... By Dumas



By Al Auf der Heide

The other night I was walking down Monterey when a sudden gust of wind blew me into Joe's. I nodded to Jiro and Lawrence who were sampling last year's hops crop and nodding, but at nothing in particular. Easing over to an unoccupied stool, I straightened up a young fellow dressed in Levis and a green sweater who mumbled something about:

"Don't bother me, Mac, I'm shhtudying chemishhry."

Joe was opposite me by the time I hooked my heels over the rung of the stool.

"What'll it be, fellow?"

"What have you Joe?" I examined the row after row of bottles side by side, all lighted by indirect lighting. What a study for an electrical student, bottles lighted indirectly by indirect lighting.

"What's it going to be fellow?" Joe reached across the bar and grabbed me by the throat.

"What have . . .?" Suddenly I was out of breath. Some grip Joe has. I thought, what the hell's the use of arguing and placed thirty cents on the bar. Joe extracted his fingers from the soft portion of my neck and disappeared in a cloud of cigar smoke.

I straightened the chemistry student up again and reached for the glass Joe had slid down the counter to me. It was half full; Joe

was wiping the other half of its contents off the bar. I emptied the glass, and the next drink was on the house.

The chemistry student, having discussed at length the density and specific gravity of various liquids, had finally gone into solution and was now resting in the bottom of a hypothetical beaker. He was poured from the beaker by two scarcely less solvent friends, and the threesome flowed out into the night.

The vacant stool didn't remain so long. A stranger lurched in from out of the night, and onto the stool. He ordered a drink, nudged me, and nodded his head in a manner that implied we had much in common, though to me he was stranger than fiction.

"My name's Abraham Lincoln Jones. What is yours?"

"Mine's Alexander Dumas. What's yours?" He looked at me and laughed. I would have told him my real name, but I could not think of it.

"Well, Alexander Dumas—just over from the old country?"

"Well, not exactly." I tried desperately to recall my own name, but to no avail.

"You know, my great, great grandfather was John Paul Jones" He winked, nodded his head, and called for another drink.

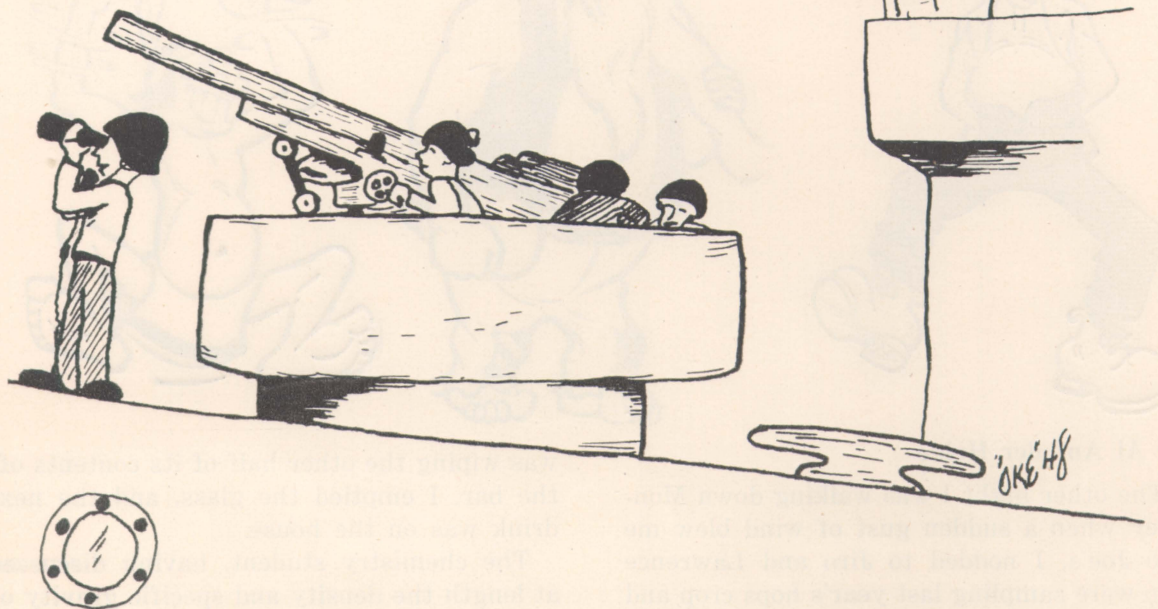
John Paul Jones, I thought, who in hell

(Continued on Page 15)



# WAIT -and- SEA

by Merv Chamberlain



It was a lazy day aboard the U.S.A.T. Aconcagua. Troops, fore and aft, sprawled on the sun-washed deck reading books, playing cards, pounding silver coins into rings, whittling pieces of pine box wood, or merely gazing aimlessly across the horizon or at another ship in the convoy. Even the sea was lazy, arching its glassy back but seldom against the sharp cutting keels of the creeping convoy.

Twenty-four days of increasing laziness was our log to date. It was all very new and exciting, the seven day trip from Seattle to Hawaii, the one day excursion to Honolulu Park for swimming and beering, and the hula show on the dock in the quartermaster warehouse. But we said farewell to four days of palms and pineapples and sailed on and on for ten steamingly sultry and sweat-saturated days, only to be greeted by flying fish and a squadron of navy Hellcats upon our arrival at bleak Eniwetok.

Two days in the harbor surrounded by hundreds of ships, thousands of troops, and

nothing to do brought more of the same in increasing intensity. With each stop and go the convoy gained in size—more ships, more troops, more nothing to do, and more days in which to do it.

And now, sailing from Eniwetok, we took on monotony, each day becoming more like the one before, and the next day and the one after that looming up across the horizon in stereotyped succession like pages from a mimeograph machine running at full-stop. Surely, we knew where we were going and when, but how long it would take and why remained an integral part of our meticulous monotony. So we read books, played cards, pounded coins into rings, whittled wood, or did nothing but gaze across the horizon or at another ship.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth day out of Seattle I broke the monotony. Having shifted my gaze to the cloudless sky, I said, "I think I see something moving." Instantly all heads turned skyward and hands raised,

(Continued on page 14)





## Lest We Forget

She could remember a peaceful life of innocent youth with her brothers and sisters in glorious freedom. She could remember her blessed mother striving to bring the best to the family. But those carefree days were gone.

She remembered the occasion which had plunged her life into one nightmare after another. The strange men had cunningly invaded her people's territory. Her family had thought it was well hidden. She had previously been warned by the elders not to be caught by the invaders, for life under their control was a horror of complete slavery. But one night, when in conversation with some other young girls, she was suddenly smothered by a black bag thrown over her head. Screaming in terror, she was thrown in a large, rumbling vehicle and carried away. From the commotion around her she realized that the other girls were experiencing the same ruthless treatment. The next step was imprisonment behind a cramped wire enclosure.

There had been brutal slaughters. Their captors—fiends of humanity—had slain hundreds of those in the stockade. Instead of using guns and precious ammunition, they lined up the prisoners, many of them former dear friends, and put their resisting heads onto a stained block, then lopped off their

heads with a cruel, razor-edged axe. Blood spattered the area for yards. Then, having torn off the coverings of their bodies, the killers threw the cooling corpses into boxes, lifted them onto stretcher-like iron affairs, and nonchalantly, sometimes even jokingly, pushed them into huge, roaring fires. Sickened, she was unable to look further at the place. She never again approached that side of the enclosure facing the scene.

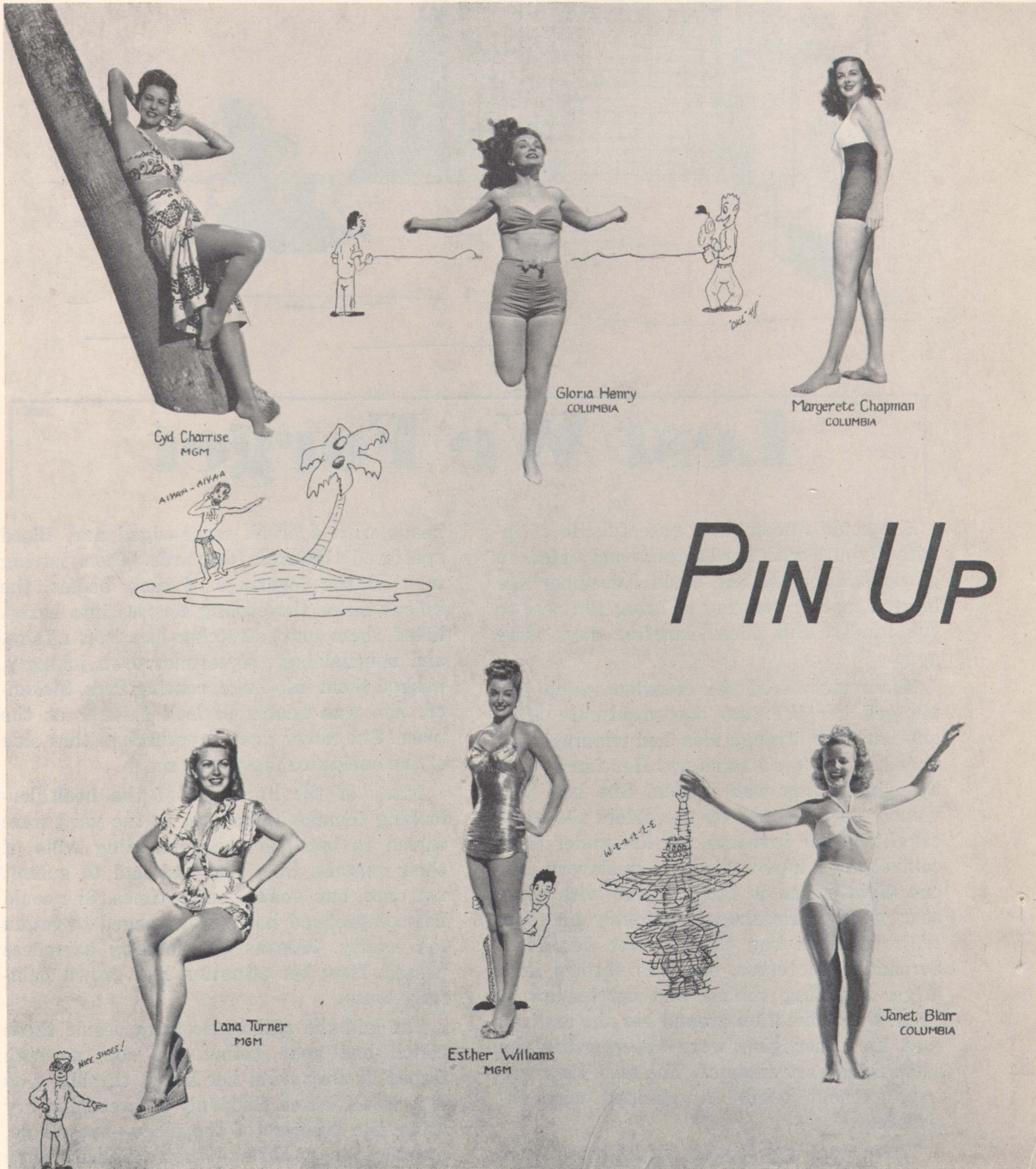
Many of the hundreds of the healthier-looking females remaining in the yard were forced to bend to the demanding wills of their captors. She, too, had had to submit not once, but many, many times. She could not comprehend how she managed to retain her sanity. Months of plodding sameness passed. Now her situation had grown painfully tense.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as if it would burst. Suddenly a screeching cry broke the stillness of the place—one single, heartbreaking shriek—then silence; then another piercing cry; then all was silent but for a guttural murmur which seemed to swell from her very soul.

She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

—George Velliotēs





Cyd Charisse  
MGM

ALPHA - ALPHA

Gloria Henry  
COLUMBIA

Margerete Chapman  
COLUMBIA

# PIN UP

Lana Turner  
MGM

NICE SHOES!

Esther Williams  
MGM

Janet Blair  
COLUMBIA

George V. Collins  
PACIFIC

George V. Collins  
PACIFIC





Myrna Dell  
RKO



Ava Gardner  
MGM



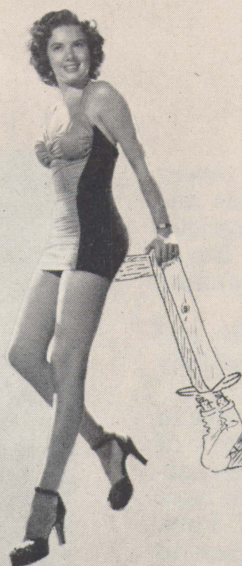
Adele Jergens  
COLUMBIA



# Pics



Kathy Young  
PARAMOUNT



Patricia Marshall  
MGM

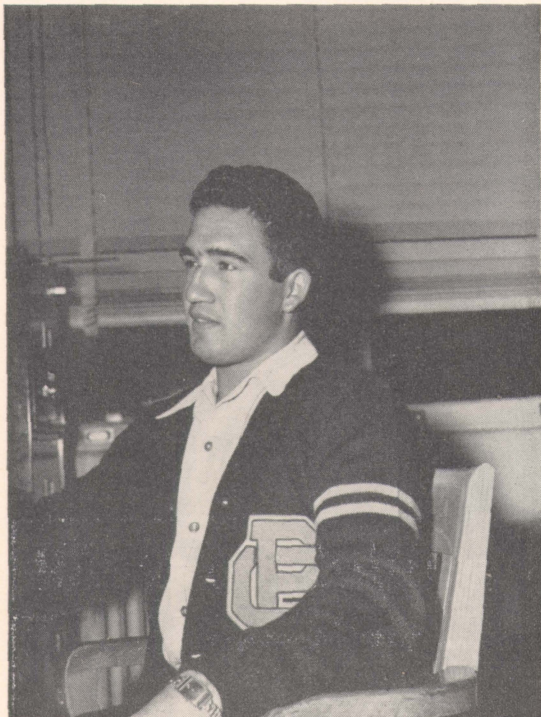


Esther Williams  
MGM

JMG  
48



# Out Of The Herd . . .



## *Gene Pimentel*

"There is an awful lot in favor of being your own boss and working in the open," said Gene Pimentel when asked his plans for the future.

Gene, the student body president, plans to have a good dairy near San Luis Obispo someday. He stated that "while you might not make a million, you will always eat when you're in the dairy business."

He also plans to come back to Poly for his cadet teaching credentials next fall. The chances are that he will teach for two or three years or until he can see further into the nation's economic situation.

Gene, although very active in athletics (lettering in football and boxing) still finds time for other sports. Hunting is one of his favorites. If you want to 'rouse his interest, just say, "Gene, I know where we might find a few deer."

You will find Gene, what many writers describe as 'typically American'.

## *Roland Wentzel*

The biggest event on the campus every year for faculty, students, their friends and families, and everyone interested in agriculture and industry, is the annual Poly Royal. It is a big job requiring careful planning and precise execution.

Handling the reins for the sixteenth and largest Poly Royal in the history of Cal Poly is Roland Wentzel.

Previous to his entrance into the service in 1941, he was a student at the University of Minnesota. After being discharged, the affable senior packed up his wife and two boys and made a home in Vetville at Cal Poly. Wentzel believed that Poly was the place to continue his education in the field of dairy, as it seemed the best for what he had in mind for the future, teaching general agriculture. He was elected president of the Dairy club for the first half of this school year, which added to his extra-curricular activities.

"Being general superintendent for Poly Royal is a large order," said Wentzel, "but with the able men at the head of the many supporting committees, I believe that this year's rodeo, Coronation Ball, and numerous exhibits, will be the best in the annals of Cal Poly."





# PROP WASH

She fell upon the icy pave  
And a man who watched her whirls,  
Said, "There you'll have to lie, my dear;  
"I never pick up girls."  
—Kitty Kat

Upstairs and down  
Outdoors and in  
Wee Willie's Winkie  
Looking for his gin.  
Down in the cellar  
Cellar dark as sin  
Little Georgie Porgie  
Drinking Willie's gin.  
—Green

Hazel the cow was on one side of a fence,  
and Sir Bess, the bull, was on the other side.  
Hazel winked at Sir Bess and he jumped  
over the fence to her side.

"Is your name, Sir Bess, the bull?"

"No, just Sir Bess, the fence was higher  
than I thought!"  
—Mis-a-Sip

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Boogy—Can I touch you for \$5?

Woogy—Man, with business the way it is,  
for \$5 you can sock me in the jaw.

—Aggreavto

She (coyly): You bad boy, don't try to  
kiss me again!

He: I won't. I'm just trying to find out  
who has the bourbon at this party.

—Covered Wagon

In Boccaccio, it's frankness.

In Rabelais, it's life.

In a professor, it's clever.

And in a college comic, it's smutty.

—Urchin

Frosh: Milking the cow?

Sophomore: Naw, just feeling her pulse.



"Are there any questions, gentlemen?"



"Very well, then I'll ask a few!!"

—Stanford Chaparrel



# SHORT CIRCUITS

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, the professor asked, "Mr. Jones, why didn't you study for this examination?"

"I was holding hands with Lucy, sir."

"You are suspended for two days," snapped the prof angrily.

"You, Mr. Akron, why weren't you prepared for the exam?"

"I was playing post office all last night."

"You are suspended for a week," roared the prof.

"Thomas—where are you going?"

"I'll see you next term."

Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, presently she heard the pat of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?"  
—Mis-a-Sip

## Roots of Culture YOUR BIRTHSTONE AND ITS MEANING



### FEBRUARY - THE AMETHYST

WITHOUT TELESCOPES, ANCIENT EGYPTIANS MAPPED THE STARS ACCURATELY, DEDUCING HUMAN DESTINY FROM THE ZODIACAL SIGNS, SYMBOLIZED LATER BY JEWELS - OUR BIRTHSTONES.

FEBRUARY'S BIRTHSTONE, THE NOBLE AMETHYST, OF PALEST VIOLET TO DEEPEST PURPLE, REPRESENTS CHRIST'S SACRIFICE. ADORNS BISHOPS' RINGS AND CEREMONIAL GOBLETS.

FEBRUARY PEOPLE INCLUDE MANY FAMOUS ORGANISERS, WRITERS, SCIENCE-RESEARCHERS, POLITICIANS.



AH! AMETHYSTS!

THE AMETHYST, A TRULY ROYAL GEM, FEATURED IN ENGLAND'S CORONATION SERVICE, WAS FAVORED BY CATHERINE THE GREAT AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

ACCORDING TO ANCIENT TRADITION, THE AMETHYST CONFERS UPON ITS WEARER SINCERITY AND PEACE OF MIND.

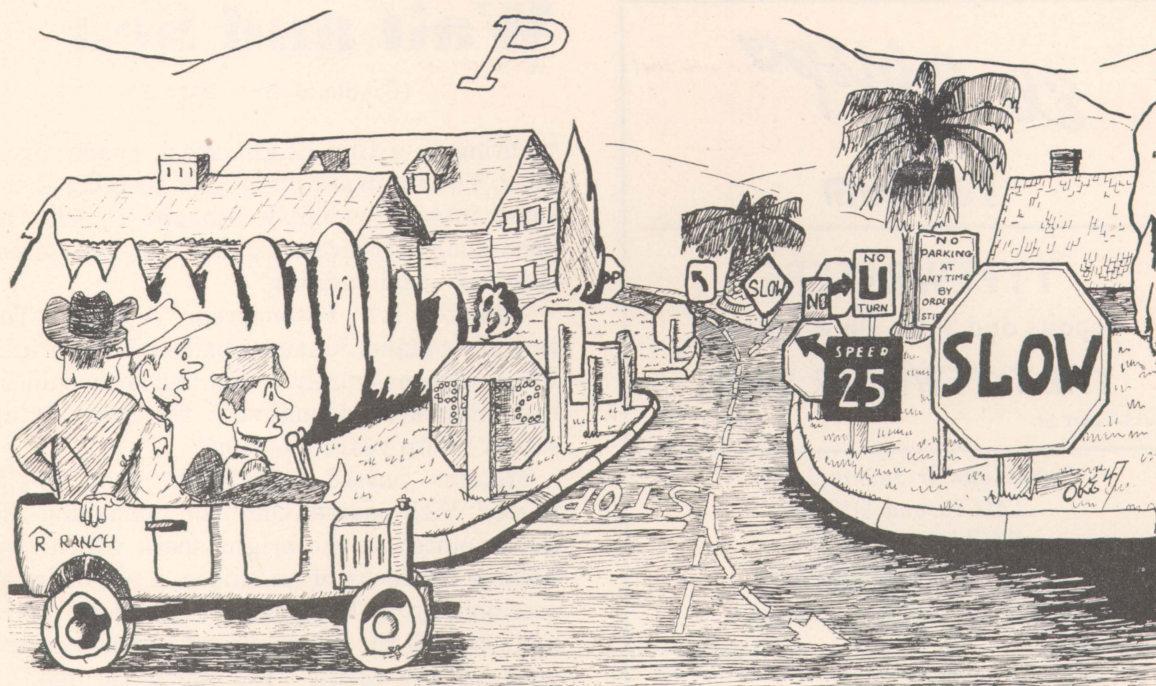
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One night in  
June stars shine  
big moon with  
girl in park  
on bench in  
clench me say  
me love she  
coo like dove  
me smart me  
fast never let  
chance pass get  
hitch me say  
she say O.K.  
wedding bells  
ring ring  
honeymoon every-  
thing settle down  
married life.

Another night in  
June stars shine  
big moon ain't  
happy no more  
carry baby walk  
floor wife mad  
her fuss me  
mad me cuss  
life one big  
spat nagging wife  
hollering brat me  
realize at last  
me too damn fast.





## SPARKS

"I've been afraid of firearms since birth."  
 "Was your mother scared by a gun?"  
 "No, but I think my father was."

—Chaparral

A couple checked into a hotel and after cleaning up, forgot to turn off the faucets in the tub. A short time later the guest in the room directly under them opened his window and stuck out his head.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Turn off those faucets! It's pouring down here! What the h-- is the matter with you?"

"Stop your cursing," the upper returned.  
 "I've got a lady up here."

"And what the hell do you think I have down here—a duck?"

—Mis-a-Sip

The guys who think our jokes are rough,  
 Would quickly change their views,  
 If they'd compare the ones we print  
 With those we're scared to use.

—Show Me

One pullet asked another if she had a good time on her date.

She said, "Heck no, all that capon talked about was his operation."

—Mis-a-Sip

"Yup, this is the place."

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother. He just walks that way."

—Sundial

The salesman was trying to pick up a beautiful blonde in the hotel lobby.

"Don't bother me," she said.

Crushed, he said, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

She said, "I couldn't be, I'm married."

—Chaparral

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse stepped on my hat."

—Gargoyle

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,  
 The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,  
 Bare are the limbs of all the shameless  
 trees;

No wonder the corn is shocked.

—Voo Doo

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

—Pointer

Overheard in the back row at the Little Theater— "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough."

—Chaparral



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—Al Calkins, Proprietor—

# Wait and Sea

(Continued from Page 6)

pointing to a tiny bright speck nearly overhead. The forward gun crews spotting it the same instant suddenly brought to life the three-inch anti-aircraft guns. They too raised, pointing—and waiting.

"What is it?" I wondered. "A plane? Too slow for a plane. Japanese balloon? Too bright for a balloon—surely a Jap balloon would be camouflaged to blend with the sky. Flying saucer? Two years too soon."

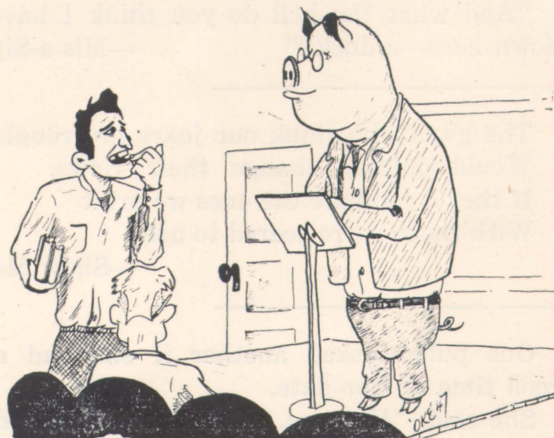
Minutes passed. The slow, easy swells passed. Fish passed. Only the hands and the guns pointed at the bright speck which now became the locus of an ellipse, a parabola, or occasionally a lemniscate, a cardioid, or a limicon with the topmost part of the forward mast as the focus. "Too much for me." I thought. "I pass."

A half hour passed. Then down from the bridge came word for the gun crews to secure, with a brief explanation that we had been pointing at Venus, which for some reason had become visible in the bright morning sunlight. Hours passed. Then Venus faded and with her part of our monotony vanished. She, in her cold, shrouded silence, had given us something new to think and talk about.

Of course, Venus was there all the time, but I had never seen her except at night. I think I have seen her in some of my dreams—I am not sure. It was so difficult to pick her out from among the others.

The hen is immortal. Her son never sets.

—Hooli-Pooli



"Is this the swine class?"



# THREE MUSKETEERS

*By Dumas . . . [Continued from page 5]*

was he and why should he have been this guy's great, great grandfather?

"You've been over here long enough to know about John Paul Jones, eh, what, Dumas?"

"Oh, my yes, he was indeed a noted distiller!"

He roared approval at my knowledge of his ancestry, striking me mightily in the kidneys, and pouring what remained of his drink on my pants. "Here have a 'Mickey' on me."

Leaning closer he said, "You've got grandpa J. P. wrong; he was a skipper, skipper. That's right, shipped out as mizzenmast on the Mayflower in 1451. Came over to escape the oppressions of the old country. Vital statistics have it that J. P. established eleven of the original thirteen colonies. J. P. liked the women, liked them often. Say your name is Dumas, just over from the old country?"

"Well, not exactly," I replied, my ancestors . . ."

"Here, have a 'Mickey' on me." I thanked him and went on with my story.

"My ancestors were of French origin, poor, oppressed artisans of Guild 71, but enough of that and to the point. Nestled in the picturesque valley of Eau da Bologna, and nestled down wind from the tallow works was the humble cottage of my great-uncle Antigone. Antigone was a frugal, industrious lad in his early twenties who held a meat-cutters card in the Sausage-Bologna Alliance and Affiliated Meat-Cutters League of the Renaissance. Destined to be a pillar of the community, Antigone had his 'fling' early in life when with his father he sowed wild oats in the serf-tilled fields. He soon tired of flinging oats and entered a meat-cutting apprenticeship in the Sousette Sausage and Bologna Works. After serving his apprenticeship, Antigone was placed in the link sausage section, where he was jovially referred to as the 'missing link', by the master sausage craftsmen. But I digress. "It came to pass that one day there came to Eau da Bo-

logna a maiden from the northern provinces known only as Jacqueline, who was hired by Monsieur Sousette, and placed in the abat-toir, knocking cattle. It later developed that Jacqueline was a hapless nymph with nymphomania who sought gratification through Antigone. But Monsieur Sousette, a man of leisure and means, having learned of Jacqueline's affliction, removed her from the abat-toir and placed her in a larger medieval castle, where she became Monsieur Sousette's chambermaid.

"Jacqueline grew adept as a chambermaid, and Monsieur Sousette was seen more infrequently on the streets of Eau da Bologna. Jacqueline was happy in her work, but she could not give up Antigone, and every night when he called to her she would swim the castle moat to be with him. Together they would make their way into the forest where undisturbed . . . but that is yet another story. Ultimately the tryst was revealed to Monsieur Sousette, who caused Jacqueline to undergo divorcement of that essentially feminine, and Antigone to suffer banishment from France.

"So it was that on a bleak winter morning many, many years ago, Antigone and his friend Pierre Bouchard stood watching a heavy surf lashing the coast of their beloved France. Antigone and Pierre turned and embraced each other warmly; tears welled into their eyes as they bid each other adieu.

"Bon voyage, Antigone" Pierre choked back an outcry as a tear rolled down his tanned cheek.

Antigone turned, waved farewell, and strode quickly into the bay. Two hundred and seven days later he washed ashore, covered with algae, but free from the oppressions of medieval France."

I looked around; the bar was empty. Joe was crushing bottles in his bare hands. Balancing a hat on my head, I eased off the stool and left just as Joe was telling Ed how Lawrence had carried Jiro out.



# He Won, Can You

Even if at first you do succeed in Pepsi-Cola Company's easy money contest and try again, you still have a chance of winning an easy \$15 as did Herbert Brammier, Jr. of St. Louis, Mo. University whose original cartoon won top honors for a second time in the November easy money contest. The cartoon, depicting two bears hibernating in a cave, was captioned, No matter how much Pepsi-Cola we lay in every January, it's just empties, empties, empties . . ."

Sharing honors with Herb in the November contest is Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif., whose cartoon of an archaeologist entering an Egyptian tomb with a flash-light picking up a mural showing ancient Egyptian figures serving Pepsi-Cola won Pepsi-Cola Company's vote of approval—and \$15.

And we just couldn't resist the caption submitted by Virgil Daniel of George Washington University for the cartoon of the deep-sea divers and mermaid drinking Pepsi-Cola—"Kilroy told her about Pepsi-Cola"—for which he won \$5.

Two other "clever captionists" in the November contest, each richer by \$5 are Francis Charlton of the College of William and Mary and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis University.

Then there are four incumbents in the He-She gag department and two in the Little Moron Corner, each of whose capital has been increased to the tune of \$2 for his contribution—not to mention four "daffy definers" who won \$1 each.

Pepsi-Cola Company is still paying cash each month for the best jokes, gags, cartoons or miscellaneous gems of wit submitted in its easy money contest, run in all college magazines. You'll find all the rules on the inside back cover of this magazine. At the end of the college year a prize of \$100 will be awarded for the best item from among all submitted in all divisions that year.

If you're a jokester, let's hear from you. We're paying easy money.

PAGE SIXTEEN

# Whinnies

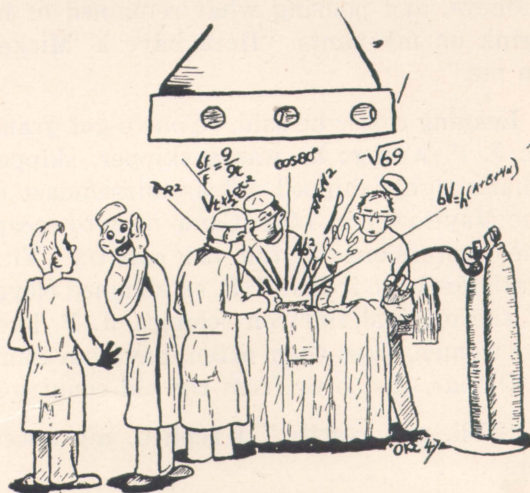
A slow talking girl met a fast talking city slicker. Before she could tell him she wasn't that kind of a girl—she was. —Mis-a-Sip

Professor: Will you men in the back of the room please stop exchanging notes?

C.E.: They aren't notes, sir. They're cards. We're playing bridge.

Prof: Oh, I beg your pardon.

—Old Line



"He's a math instructor."

Girl: "We were out in his yacht when he told me there was a big storm coming up, so like a darn fool, I let him tie me to the mast."

—Mis-a-Sip

"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't it romantic?

"No, it wasn't. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."

—Urchin

Reformer: "And besides, hell is just full of drunkards, cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls."

Voice from the rear: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

—Mis-a-Sip

Prof—What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?

Soph—An old deck of cards. —Log



Experience  
is the best  
teacher!



HOCKEY STAR

**CAL GARDNER**  
says—

I'VE SMOKED MANY  
DIFFERENT BRANDS...  
AND COMPARED. **CAMELS**  
ARE THE **CHOICE**  
OF **EXPERIENCE**  
WITH ME!

EXPERIENCE? New York  
Ranger Cal Gardner has 15  
years of hockey behind him,  
including two years with the  
junior champions of the  
world and "a most valu-  
able player award."

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

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why...  
**More people are smoking**  
**CAMELS** than ever before!



Your "T-Zone"  
Taste...Throat

...that's your final proving  
ground for any  
cigarette.  
Try Camels.  
See if Camels  
don't suit your  
"T-Zone"  
to a "T."

● You'll read about it . . . hear about it . . . you'll  
see it for yourself—In sports, in business, in homes  
all over America, smoker after smoker who has  
tried and compared different brands during the  
wartime cigarette shortage has found Camels the  
"choice of experience"!

Why? Hockey Star Cal Gardner says, "Of all the  
brands I tried, Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

And that's where *you'll* find the answer—in *your*  
"T-Zone." Try Camels and let your own experi-  
ence tell you why more people are smoking Camels  
than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS**  
**THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent  
research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked,  
more doctors named Camel than any other brand!





## EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



That's no wolf at your door—that's opportunity knocking! One buck—three bucks—fifteen bucks—all kinds of money (mostly American)—that's what Pepsi-Cola Co. pays for gags you send in and we print.

Send your stuff, together with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (At the risk of being thought sordidly commercial, we might add that while working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag won't insure you against a rejection slip, it's a lead-pipe cinch that it won't do your chances any harm.)

Don't write home for dough—get it from your old Uncle Pepsi! You never had it so good... just make us laugh and you're in like Flynn!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Even daffier than the definitions is the fact that we pay a buck apiece for any of these we can't resist. That's why we're shooting one rock to *Louis W. Geier of New Orleans* for our lead-off definition: Refresher course—a path to the nearest bottle of Pepsi.

Father—the kin we love to touch.

Zebra—a Sing-Sing mule.

Nectar—pre-Pepsi-Cola Pepsi-Cola.

Twins—insult added to injury.

★ ★ ★

*Look, all you have to do is write these. We have to read 'em. Even so, we'll pay a buck apiece for the ones we buy.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

**\$100.00**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



The guy who drew this had a caption in mind, but before he could put it on paper, the man in the white coat collected him. So we'll pay \$5 for the best titles we get. Or send in your own original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea... \$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

Here are the rich kids who latched onto Easy Money for cartoon captions and ideas in the October contest: \$15.00 to *Herbert John Brammeier, Jr., of St. Louis Univ.*; \$5.00 to each of the following: *Katherine Meland of Syracuse Univ.*; *David S. Steiner of Carnegie Tech.*; and *John French of Hotchkiss School.*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Old Phineas T. Barnum must have had us in mind when he said there's one born every minute. In the October contest, we sent three fish apiece to *E. J. Maines of Knoxville, Tenn.*; *Ned Curran of Fordham University*; *Melvin Harrison of Brooklyn, N. Y.*; *Paul Pavalon, of Madison, Wis.*; and *Francis J. Chupa of Philadelphia* respectively for the following gems:

He: What's your favorite hymn?  
She: Why, you, silly!

He: May I kiss you?  
She: (Silence).  
He: May I please kiss you?  
She: (More silence).  
He: Say, are you deaf?  
She: No, are you paralyzed?

She: Your head is like a doorknob.  
He: How come?  
She: Any girl can turn it.

He: I have a friend who always drinks Pepsi-Cola with a straw.  
She: That's silly—who ever heard of a straw drinking Pepsi-Cola?

She: I'm getting worried about my husband. I sent him out for a Pepsi-Cola two weeks ago and he hasn't come back yet.  
He: That is a problem.  
She: Yes, I need the Pepsi-Cola.

*Yep, three bucks apiece for any of these we buy. What are you waiting for?*

## LITTLE MORON CORNER

How do you write a moron gag? Just put yourself in a moron's place and listen to the things you say. Here's the masterpiece that corralled a deuce in the October contest for *M. M. Mitchell of Austin, Texas*:

Muffinhead Moron, the man with the mind of a midge, was found sitting on

the curb, exhausted, begging plaintively for a Pepsi-Cola. When asked why he was so bushed, he replied, typically: "I just walked through a screen door and *strained* myself!"

*\$2, cash money, for every moron gag we buy. With your contacts, how can you lose?*



"You might say I'm  
careful, that's why I say  
Chesterfields SATISFY me!"

*Risë Stevens*

METROPOLITAN OPERA'S  
WORLD FAMOUS  
CARMEN

## SATISFY YOURSELF

...like *Risë Stevens*, that Chesterfields  
are

**A ALWAYS Milder**  
**B BETTER TASTING**  
**C COOLER SMOKING**

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



ALWAYS BUY

# CHESTERFIELD