

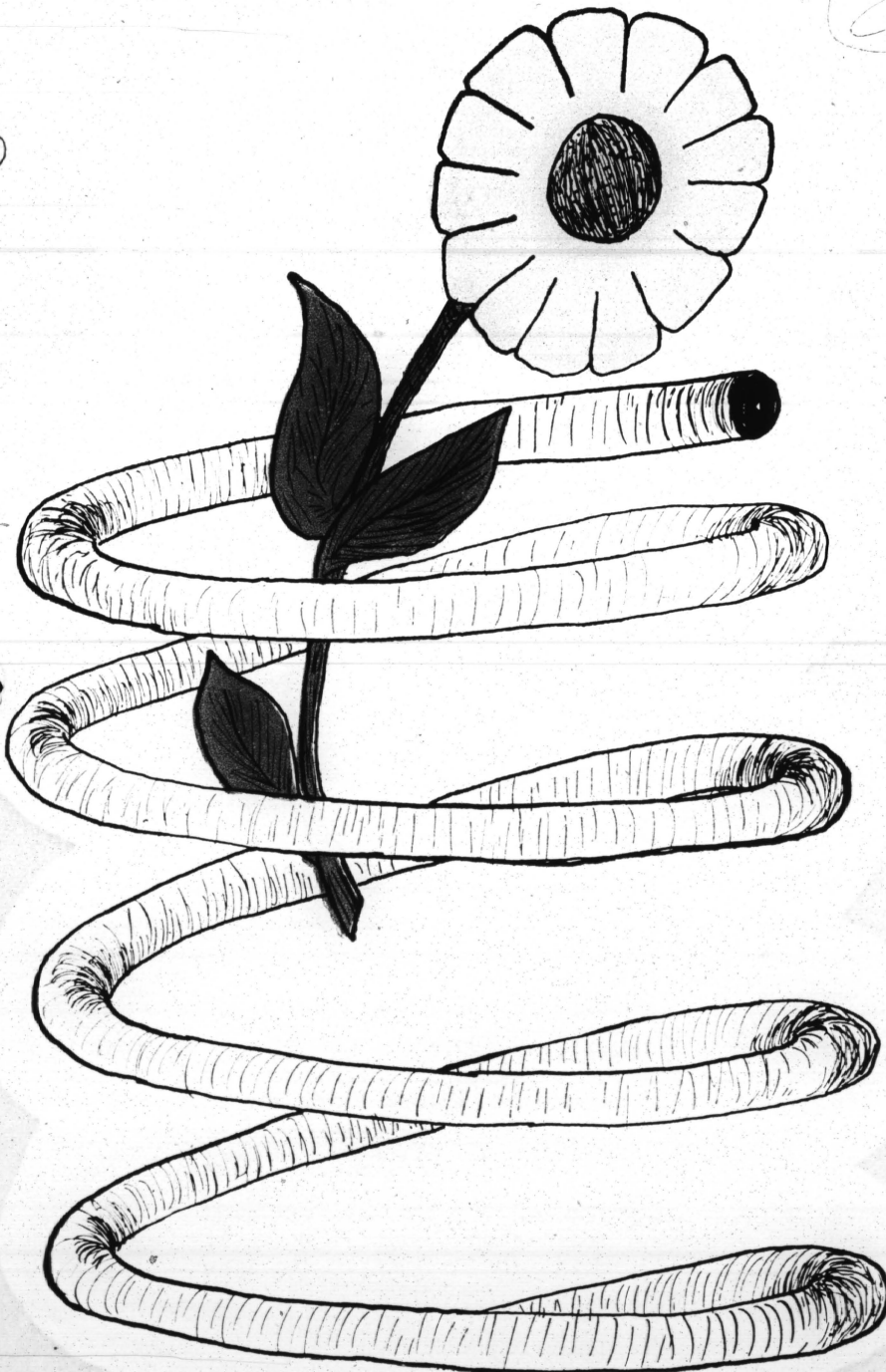
Mustang ROUNDUP

CALIFORNIA STATE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE

MARCH ● 1948

20 CENTS

Bookkeeping
OK *Joppy* *Same*



IT'S
HERE
!!

Mustang ROUNDUP

VOL. 5

NO. 3

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In This Issue . . .

INTRODUCINGpage 4
This month, Miss Donna Reed
Curvaceous MGM starlet.
THE SECRET LIFE OF
MALTER WITTYpage 5
A satirical take-off on the popular movie
of similar name, by Merv Chamberlain.
MANS BEST FRIENDpage 7
A gallant tribute to an often overlooked
person.
LEARN BY DOING page 8 and 9
Proof that Poly's motto is not mere empty
form.
A FRIEND AND A LOVEpage 10
Was Fred well off with a bottle of scotch,
a big log fire, plenty of comfort, and a lot
of memories?
BUREAU OF USELESS
INFORMATIONpage 12
No title could have been more appropriate,
because Poly students usually know the
angles anyway.
OUT OF THE HERDpage 13
This month the Roundup presents Reg
Jespersen and Harold Winslow.
ROOTS OF CULTUREpage 15
The intellectuals liked it, so we do it again.



finals and the between-quarter vacation is over, all the Mustangs who got a favorable nod from the scholarship committee will have to again crack craniums with the D. A. R.'s for another 12 weeks before the final rest at the years termination.

The Spring quarter is always the best at Poly because it offers the needed 3 to 5 hour lab, known to studes as Avila 103, a 1 to 5 unit course, by arrangement, with no instructor, and whose passing grade is a healthy looking tan by June 4th.

Spring also heralds the call for baseball, and gives a chance for the pigskin tutors to eye fall football prospects. Those who are not so inclined to the strenuous exercises begin planning their exhibits and brushing their cattle for the forthcoming Poly Royal. The whole campus finds the excitement and lighthearted feeling that hibernated during the winter months.

This month's issue is entitled "IT'S HERE!" For those of you who are still enshrouded by the winters fog and don't understand the cover, we mean SPRING.

The March issue is dedicated to our ex-joke editor Howard Hushbeck, in Lettermans Hospital, San Francisco; may spring bring a speedy recovery.

The issue is also for all the Mustangs whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love . . . or perhaps just "thoughts," to help us off the last quarter's probation.

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The husband answering the phone said:
"I don't know; call up the Weather Bureau,"
and hung up.

"What was that?" asked his wife.

"Some fellow asked if the coast was clear."

—Froth

Fanny was thoroughly angry at her swim-
ming teacher. "The fresh thing!" she ex-
claimed. "After I won the race, he came to
me and said, 'My dear, you kept your end
up magnificently'."

Mis-a-Sip

MUSTANG ROUNDUP — PAGE TWO

HORSE

750
She reached below her dimpled knee
Into her rolled-down stocking,
And there she found a roll of bills . . .
Ah, me, 'twas sweetly shocking.
"Why don't you keep them in a bank?"
Inquired a nosey prier.
"The principle is the same," she said,
"But the interest here is higher."

—Pelican

Statistics show that Yale graduates have
1.3 children, while Vassar graduates have
1.7 Which only goes to prove that women
have more children than men.

—Kickapoo

675
"Hello, Joan, watcha doin' next Saturday
night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the next Saturday night?"

"Gotta date."

"And the Saturday after that?"

"Gotta date."

7-
"Good gawd, woman, don'tcha ever take
a bath?"

—Chaparrel

George M. Cohan takes a worthless piece
of paper and writes a song hit. He sells the
copy for \$50,000. That's Genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his name to
a worthless paper and make it worth a mil-
lion. That's Capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel and
make \$1,000 worth of watch springs out
of it. That's Skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of paper
and write your number on it and make you
out ten bucks. That's Hard Luck.

But—when a man looks for an apartment,
finds just what he wants, and when the
manager asks, "Have you any children?"
puts on a long face and answers, "Yes, but
they're in the cemetery"; pays six months
rent in advance; gets a receipt; then goes out
to the cemetery, gets his children, and brings
them to the apartment. That's Brains!

—Pointer

3075

LAUGHS

Junk Man: "Any beer bottles for sale, lady?"

Old Maid: "Do I look like I drink beer?"

Junk Man: "Any vinegar bottles for sale?"

—Spartan

Professor Leach, after addressing a group of poultry farmers in a small town, was prevailed upon by one lady to inspect her pen of White Rocks. In with her flock of White Rock chickens was a New Hampshire Red cock.

"But my dear lady," exclaimed the expert aghast, "if you wish to keep these White Rocks pure, you must get that Red rooster out of here!"

"Oh, I've taken care of that," she replied quickly, "by removing him every night."

"Every day the world turns over on some one who has just been sitting on top of it."

As the little man said to the big bully, "I wish you were a great big tree, and that I was a little dog."

—Mis-a-Sip

"Why the black crepe on the floor, is your roommate dead?"

"Black crepe nothing! That's my roommate's towel."

She: "Where is your chivalry?"

He: "I traded it in on a Buick."

—Pointer

Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck?"

"Well, what have you to say in defense?"

Offender: "I didn't know the truck was loaded."

—Spartan

"I didn't know that she was a golfer when she asked me to play around."

—Mis-a-Sip

A man never gets so old that he isn't in there pinching.

—Mis-a-Sip

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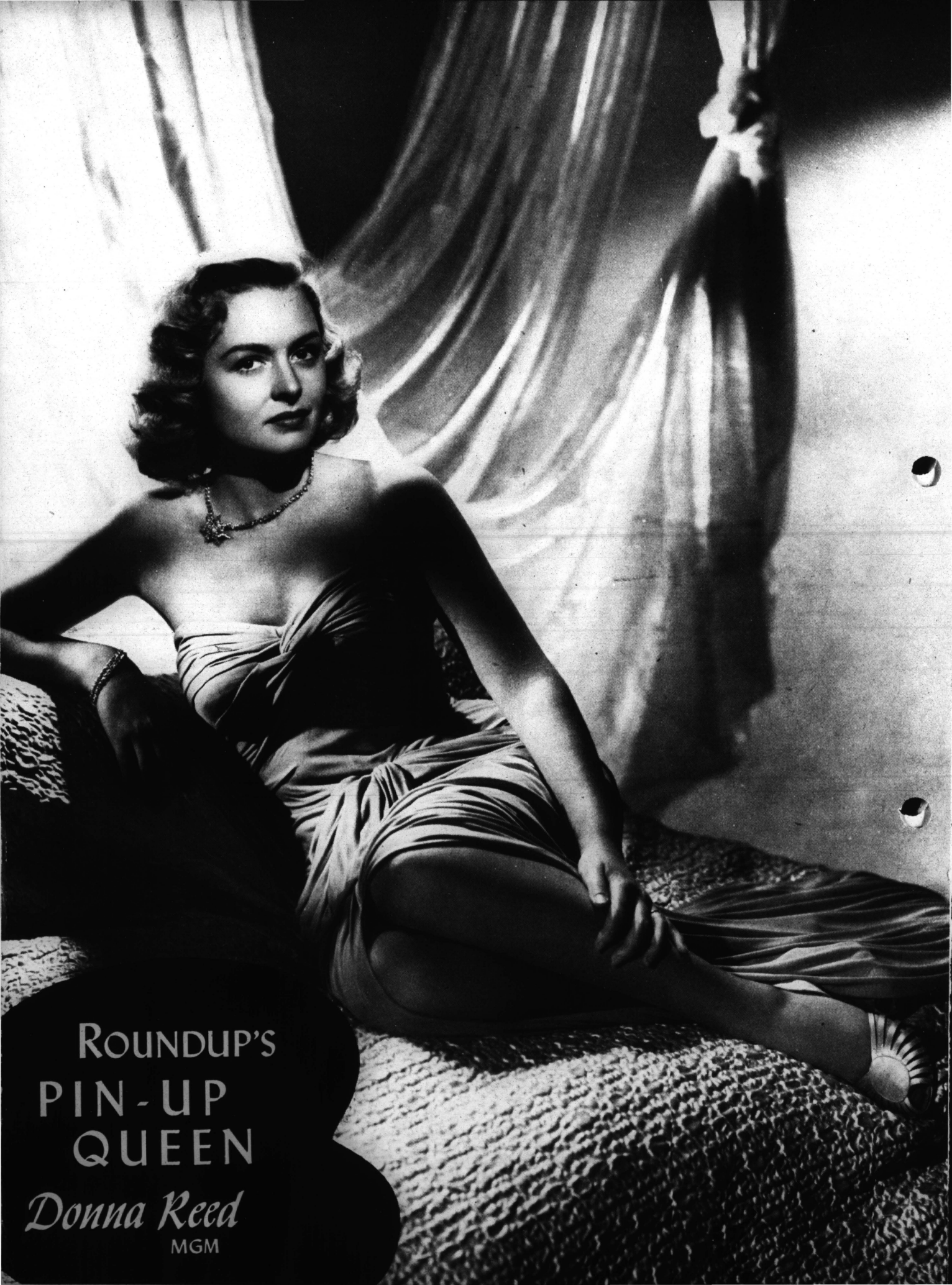
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ROUNDUP'S
PIN-UP
QUEEN

Donna Reed
MGM

The Secret Life of **MALTER WITTY**

By Merv Chamberlain

The "Mangler" crouched in his corner and as the bell sounded he charged into the center of the ring. The boisterous crowd around the ring in Madison Square Gardens shouted noisy phrases, as fight crowds will do, a mixture of challenging, condemning, and encouraging phrases blended into one huge roaring booo. In the opposite corner, the Champ hastily finished manicuring his nails, flexed his muscles and executed a snappy footwork routine that advanced him within reach of the "Mangler." As the "Mangler" lashed out with his long hairy arms, Champ Witty came in fast, folding the "Mangler's" arm behind him in a hammer lock followed by a twist which twirled him around in position for a half Nelson

"Darling, you're mashing my ribs. Don't hold me so tight! For goodness sakes, keep in step with music and try to remember this is a waltz the Collegians are playing—not an apache dance!"

"Hmmm?" said Malter Witty. "Oh, yes—yes, of course. Golly it's hot in here. Isn't there some place where we can get a drink?"

"Come on over here," replied Mrs. Witty, glad for the opportunity to release herself from her husband's clutches. "There's a coke bar in the lobby. You're going to have to see a doctor and have a check up. You've been absolutely too tense lately. Why can't you learn to relax when you dance?"

The couple began edging their way through the dancers on the crowded floor toward the coke bar. Gradually the crowd thickened and Malter Witty found himself surrounded. A roar went up from the stands and he could hear the steady chant, WE want a TOUCH-DOWN! WE want a TOUCHDOWN!" Malter stepped back and hastily called the signals. The ball snapped back and he found himself running interference for a team mate close at hand. The opposition seemed to melt as he advanced. And why not? Hadn't he been publicized as the greatest halfback Poly ever had? Now there was a rapidly closing opening to the left. Turning to the ball carrier Witty

snatched the pig-skin, clutched it to him and plowed madly toward the opening

"Malter, dear—for Heaven' sake wait for me! And what's the big idea of snatching my purse out of my hands? Now let me take your arm and we'll walk quietly to the coke bar. And relax, Malter!"

"Two cokes, please," Malter said and paid the attendant with exact change from his wife's purse.

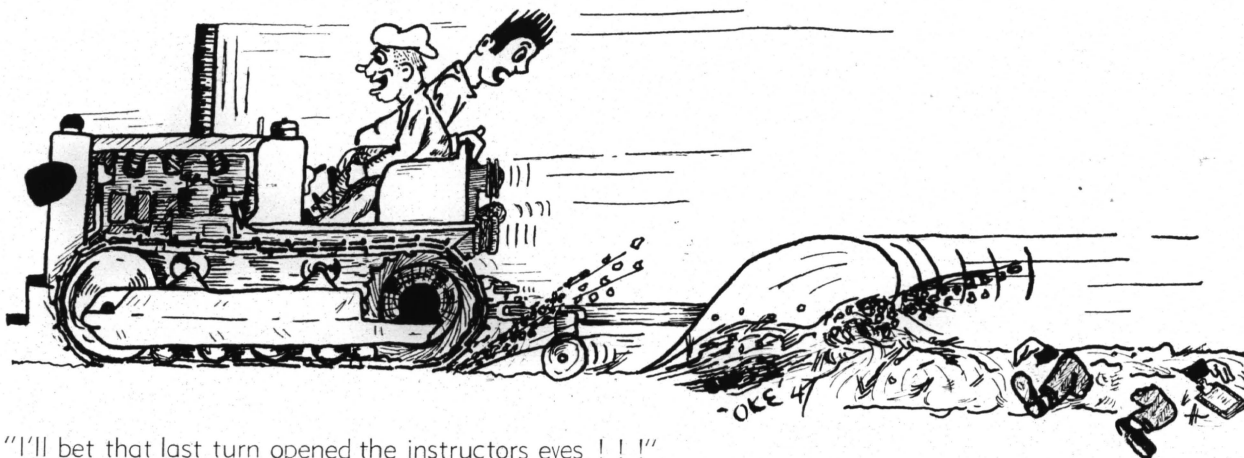
Witty and his wife seated themselves on a pair of wooden chairs and sipped their cokes. The Collegians were giving out with a jump tune and the trumpet was in full bloom in the solo spot.

Sir Malter Witty of the London Symphony Orchestra raised his baton and the famous musical aggregation opened with Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D major, shaping the long, slow introduction coco malto followed by a vigorous au gratin, chili con carne. The spellbound audience sat in mute silence, a golden tribute to the world's top music master and critic's choice, Sir Malter Witty.

One of the trumpets developed a leaky valve during the second movement. Instantly the great Witty sensed the difficulty and signalling the faulty trumpet to cease, reached into his inside coat pocket and produced a polished silver trumpet he carried with him for such emergencies. Leading the orchestra with one hand and lifting the trumpet to his lips with the other, Sir Malter Witty picked up the quintuple-tongue passage where the now silent trumpet had left off, and skillfully manipulated both trumpet and orchestra to a magnificent conclusion. Amid thunderous applause bowed low, stood erect and popped all the buttons off his stiff shirt. Ushers converged upon the stage with huge baskets of flowers and gifts. Witty modestly bowed again and tucked his trumpet back into his inside coat pocket.

"Honestly, Malter," his wife was saying, "you should know better than to try to put

(Continued on page sixteen)



"I'll bet that last turn opened the instructors eyes !!!"

WHINNIES

He: "Let's get married or something."

She: "Let's get married or nothing."

Friend: "Did you get the job?"

Model: "Yes, everything came off as I expected."

Did you hear the story about the girl who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive twelve men left town.

A tricky girl, I'll tell the world
Is little Minnie Marters.

An inviting smile on rosy lips,
But mouse traps on her garters.

Her clothes are so designed that she is
always seen in only the best places.

When the beautiful model asked her boy
friend if he was sure it was she and not her
clothes he was in love with, he replied: "Test
me, darling."

Farmer's Wife (to little visitor from the
city): "See that mother pig over there—she's
a big one, isn't she?"

Little Doris: "She ought to be. I saw her
yesterday, and she had ten little ones blow-
ing her up."

Girls when they went out to swim.
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim
They dress more like her cupboard.

—Mis-a-Sip

The newlyweds were staying at a New York hotel and having their first sight of the city. One afternoon the groom felt ill and the bride urged him to remain in while she went shopping. They agreed and she left very excited, forgetting her key. On her return she discovered her loss. Instead of asking at the desk for the key, she decided she would rap and her husband would let her in. When she got off at her floor, she was a little baffled by the number of similar doors, so she tripped about looking for the door she thought was hers. Finally she was sure she knew where she was and rapped on the door.

"I'm back honey, let me in." There was no answer. She rapped again, still louder.

"Honey, honey, let me in." Still no answer.

"Honey, let me in, it's Gertrude. Let me in." More silence.

"Honey, please honey."

Then from the depths of the silent room came a man's voice, cold with dignity.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bath-
room."

—Jester

With all the poems about the rabbit,
And all about the rabbit's habit,
What would we do
For rabbit stew
If rabbits didn't habit.

—Mis-A-Sip

"You know, Edith, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things, I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure, it means that in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match."

—Pelican

SPARKS

"Since that girl of yours has been in show business she's got some pretty swell parts."

"Yes, I've been noticing them myself."

—Mis-a-Sip

"How was the party last night?"

"Oh it was pretty nice, so we left and went to my apartment."

—Mis-a-Sip

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for my appendicitis?"

He: "No, I hate hospitals."

—Quip

"Willie."

"Yes, Maw."

"How many times must I tell you that the cuspidor is to spit in?"

—Covered Wagon

"I don't feel like working this morning. I tossed all night."

"Insomnia?"

"No, dice."

—Voo Doo

Man's Best Friend

Who tolerates abuses no other would accept? Who shares man's meager abode and transforms it into a home? Who accepts the most insignificant of rations with a minimum of complaint?

Who protects his children with a love beyond compare? Who inflates his ego to the point where he can walk among better men with head held high? Who guards him through sickness and health, and loves him with a devotion greater than his mother's?

Through all these, who stands alone as man's champion. Who, but what he calls a "hank of hair and a bag of bones," his ever faithful—"yes, of course, darling"—his ever faithful wife.

P. F. Platz

A censor is a guy who can find three meanings in a joke where there are only two.

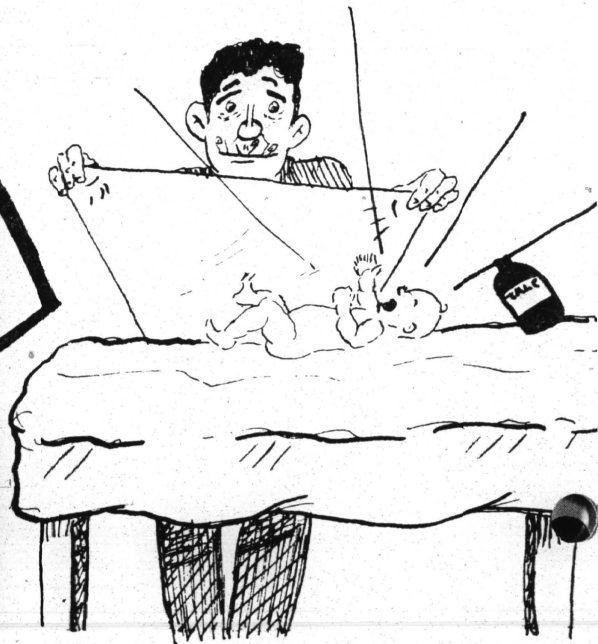
"What is that on your neck, a beauty mark?"

"Naw, she was homely as hell."

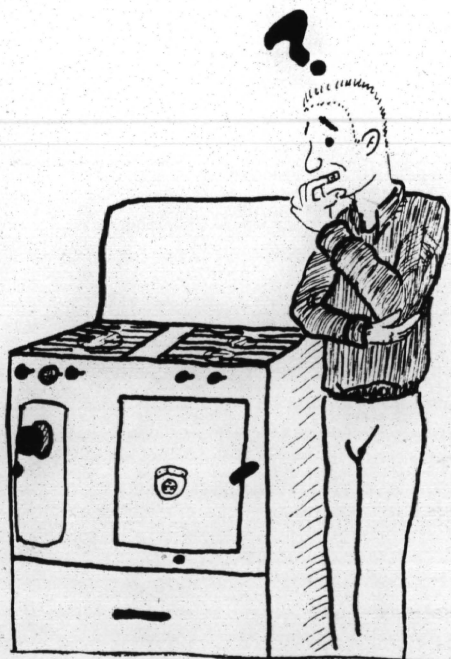




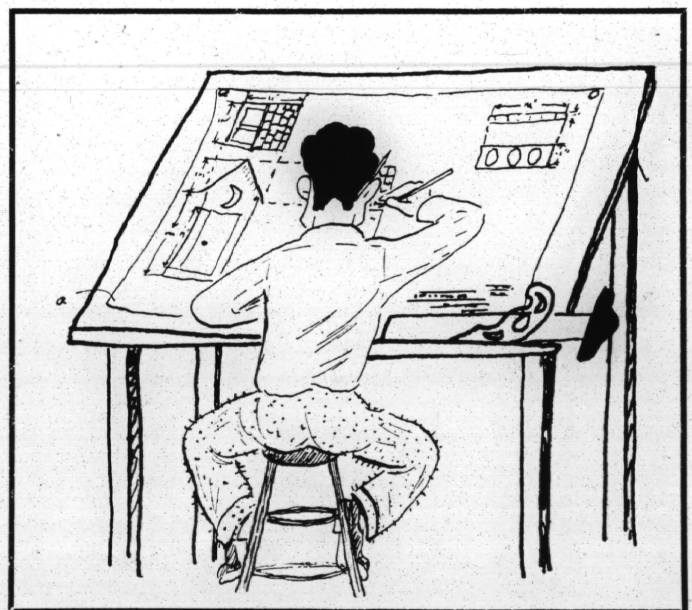
Animal Breeding
AH 301
MWF-(3)



Nursery Practices
OH 121
MWF-(4)



Range Management
SS 321
MWF-(4)

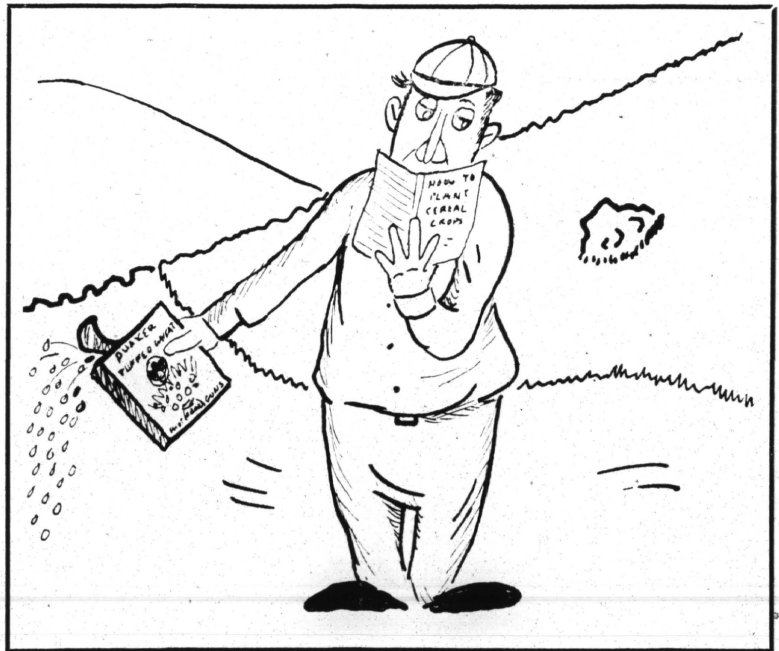


Sanitary Engineering
M 413
MWF-(3)

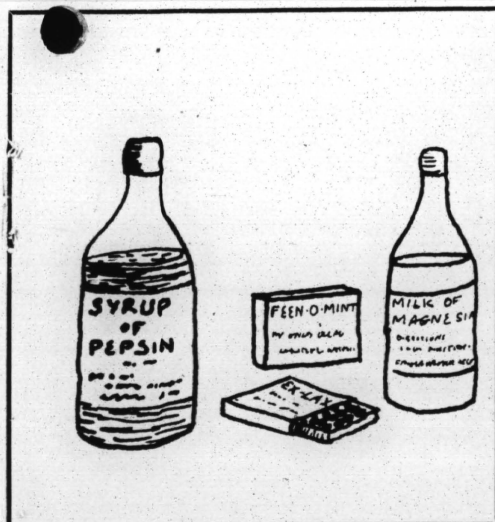
Learn By Doing

With the advent of spring, warm winds, sunshine, laughter, gaily, balmy breezes, moonlit nights, and love, the spring quarter gets underway with some new courses, some old courses, and perhaps some new humor.

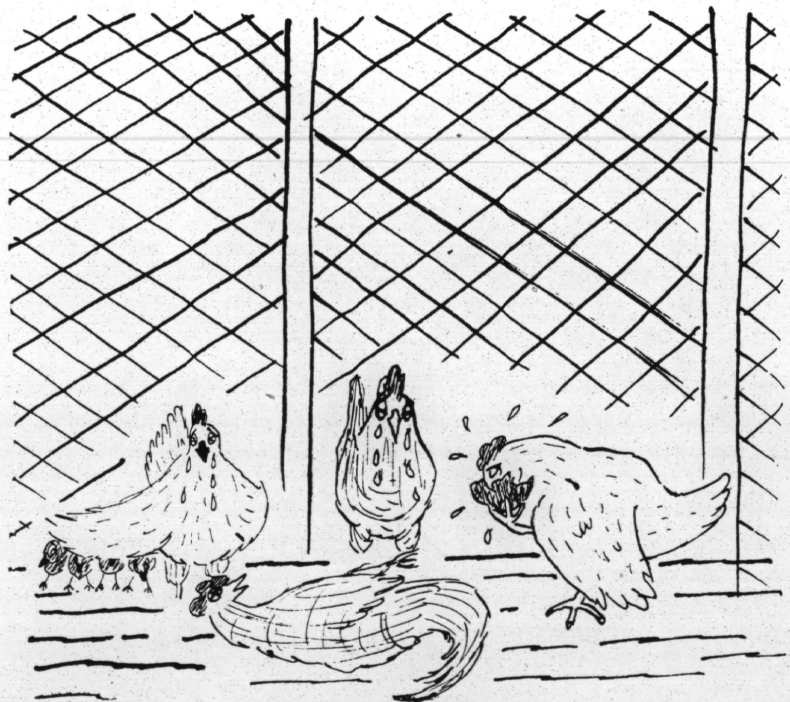
As Polyites all know, the motto of our beloved institution is "Learn by Doing," so below we have picked a few courses and exemplified them for the benefit of new students.



Cereal Crops
CP, 121
MWF-(4)



General Physics
PSc 133
MWF-(4)



Poultry Brooding
Poul 122
MWF-(4)

A FRIEND AND A LOVE!!

By Jack Murray

Fred Anderson was indulging in one of his favorite pastimes. It was cold and windy outside, but the big log fire and the imported scotch were doing a fine job of keeping it warm inside. He was sprawled in front of the fire looking very much like a "Man of Distinction," and he was thinking about his life and what he had done with it. Tonight he was reliving that part which always brought him the most satisfaction.

He always recalled his high school days with a great deal of fondness. He had been happy there, and the four years had been rich in experiences. Having been active in sports and student activities, and having possessed good features and a straight figure, he had enjoyed the popularity of the high school girls and had tried impartially to keep company with as many of them as he could.

Carol had changed all that, however, when as a junior, he had taken her to the formal dance. He could still picture her as she was

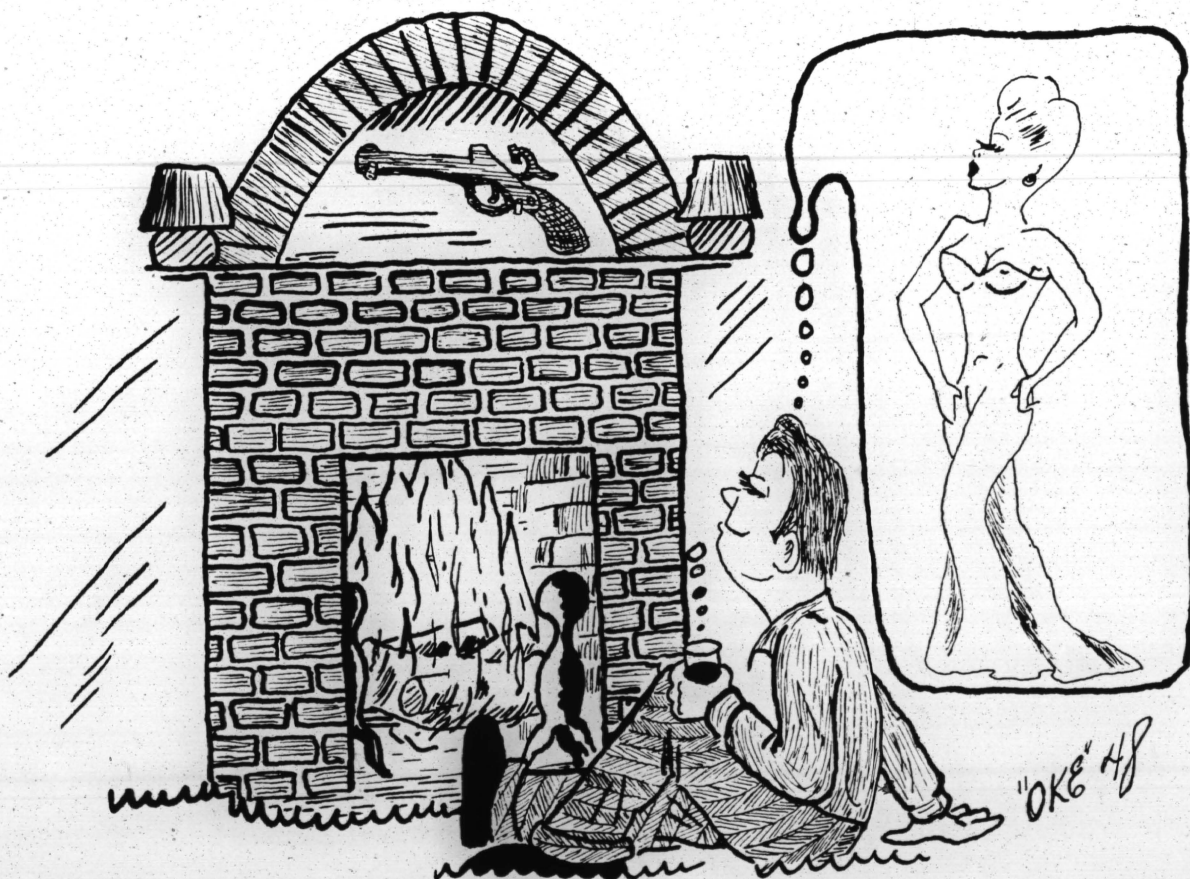
then. Even at sixteen she had had a mature figure and an adult air about her. She was not the best looking girl in school, but to Fred she was the most striking and the most desirable.

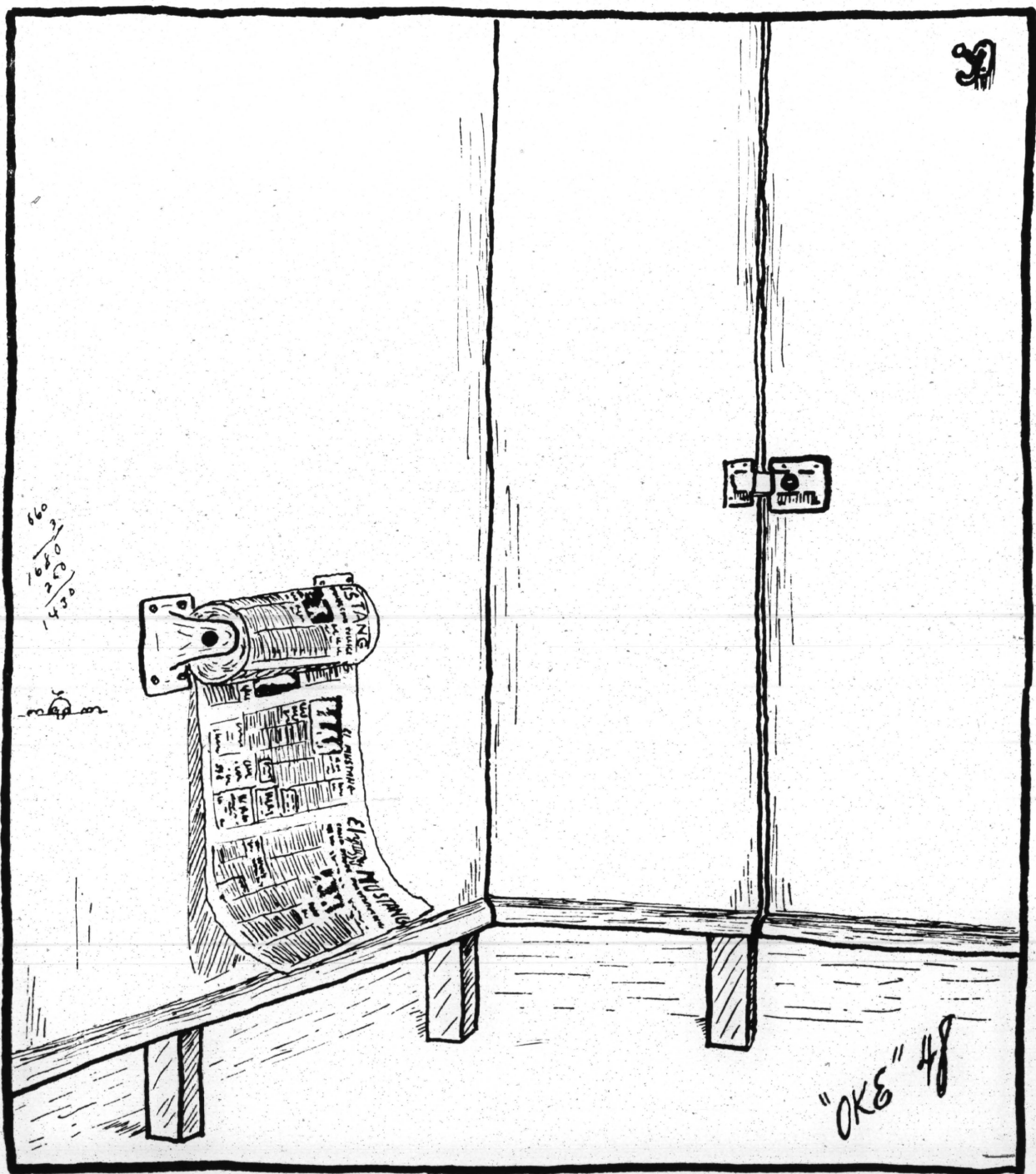
He had fallen head over heels in love with her, and she, in her quiet way, seemed to return his feelings. For a while he was ill at ease in her company, but he learned to match her moods and to strike just the right conversational tone, and they got along famously.

His senior year was the happiest in his life. He had been chosen football captain, and his friend, Danny, had been elected captain of the basketball team. He had known Danny most of his life, and their interests and activities had been almost exactly alike. True, he had beaten Danny in the race for student body president, but that had not changed their relationship at all.

They had spent a whole year together—Fred and Carol, and Danny and Ruth. They

(Continued on page fourteen)





A young nurses' aide driving along the avenue the other day noticed a young man sprawled face downward in the street. "At last," she thought, "Providence has sent me someone to administer to." Parking her car, she rushed over and commenced resuscitation. Presently the man stirred and looked up. "Lady, I don't know what the hell you're after, but I wish you'd quit tickling me. I'm holding a lantern for my buddy working in this manhole."

—Chaparrel

1st Student: Throwing sandwich on the floor, "Peanut butter again. All three of my sandwiches peanut butter again today. Yesterday they were all peanut butter and the day before, last week, that's all I had was peanut butter sandwiches in my lunch. I hate peanut butter."

2nd Student: "What's the matter with your wife, won't she fix your lunch the way you want it?"

1st Student: "Leave my wife out of this. I fix my own lunch."

Bureau of...

Useless Information

In the village of New York, 250 West 57th Street to be precise, there dwells an organization known as John Clements Associates who earn their daily bread by sending out news releases to college papers and magazines.

THE ROUNDUP, which seems to have made Mr. Clements mailing list with no known effort on the part of the staff, occasionally gets a few neatly typed paragraphs of pertinent information on college life. The good offices of Mr. Clements Associates and other kindred toilers have educated us in the matters of conducting queen contests, choosing campus sweethearts, behaving on dates and promoting advertising for a variety of carbonated beverages and cigarettes. Now they've come to our rescue again, this time to explain to everyone how college men expect girls to behave on week end dates.

Marked: "For immediate release" and "Attention Women's Page Editor," this hand-out wastes no time in getting down to business. We quote:

"College men have very definite ideas on how a young woman should act when she is to be his guest at a house party or prom." Now there is no denying this transcendental truth, but cynical people have pointed out that some college men's ideas on the subject include a wide range of behavior.

"A synopsis of students at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Wesleyan, University of Virginia, Dartmouth and Amherst reported in the March issue of Junior Bazaar, discloses what boys like and what they don't like about girl's actions on these weekend dates.

"First of all, they want a prompt yes or no to their invitations, only a major catas-

trophe is considered a valid excuse for a last minute cancellation.

"They hope you'll get along well with girls you meet, but abhor chattering and shrieking with girls they've seen in lab the day before." A well taken point, for when they send you out to the swine unit you can easily see the office force—with an astronomical telescope.

Moreover: "Often the college man turns his room over to the date for the weekend. If he comes back to it Monday morning and finds lipstick on the bureau cover, cigarette holes in the bedspread, and his favorite neckties, banner or college trophies missing (she wanted a souvenir) there will be no return engagement."

To which we add the suggestion that when we house our dates in the dorms for the week end, the resident faculty member and the student dorm super be required to deposit their pass keys in a time operated safe from Friday night until Monday morning.

"A good tip for girls is to familiarize themselves with recent sports events so they will be able to talk halfway intelligently in the event they are called upon to witness a sports contest, during the week end." Better yet is one who can look interested while you tell her the whole story.

"You might have a couple of reasonably good clean jokes on tap for difficult moments," the article advises, "off-color jokes and truck driver language do not give you an aura of sophistication. They either discomforts your host or confuse his chaste mental image of you."

And with that Mr. Clements Associates rest their case.

Maiden's Prayer

Breathes there a man
Around this school
Sufficiently
Restrained and cool
Enough to limit
His Demands
And say "Goodnight,"
Just holding hands—
Who has the decency
To wait until at least
A second date
To reach a warm
Romantic state,
And give a girl
Some preparation
Before expecting
Osculation
At least an hour
In duration?
If such there be,
Go mark him well.
I'll date the guy
And make him tell
Me what the hell
He had for dinner, that
makes him so sick.

Roots of Culture YOUR BIRTHSTONE AND ITS MEANING

MARCH - THE AQUAMARINE AND BLOODSTONE



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LEGEND DECLARES THAT WEARERS OF THE AQUAMARINE, OR THE BLOODSTONE, ARE NOTABLE FOR WISDOM AND COURAGE.



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Whinnies

I was getting fond of Ed—until he got fresh and spoiled it.

Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?
—Mis-a-Sip

The magazine subscription man was met at the door by the colored maid.

"I would like to see the lady of the house," he said.

"Lawsy, I specs you would, she's taking a bath."
—Mis-a-Sip

"I told him I worshipped my figure, and he tried to embrace my religion."

—Mis-a-Sip

McMahan

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The Secret Life of Malter Witty

(Continued from page five)

an empty coke bottle into your inside coat pocket—sometimes I wonder where your mind goes when it's absent!"

The music was playing again and the dancers were once more filling the floor. "Put that coke bottle down and let's dance," said the exasperated Mrs. Witty

The "Mangler" crouched again in his corner, ready to charge toward the center of the ring when the bell sounded

To miss a kiss
Is simply awful!
To kiss a miss
Is awfully simple.
A kiss is a germ
I've heard it stated.
But kiss me, kid—
I'm vaccinated.

—Mis-a-Sip

MUSTANG ROUNDUP — PAGE SIXTEEN

PROP WASH

A male nurse in a mental hospital spotted a patient with his ear pressed to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a warning finger, then beckoned the nurse to come over quietly. "You listen here," he whispered.

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened a few moments. Then he turned to the patient and said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient knowingly, "and it's been like that all day!" —Columns

They called her income tax because of her staggering figure. —Mis-a-Sip

Mustang: For two pins I'd park this car.
Annabell: Here take these, my hair will come undone anyway. —Exchange

Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."

His Father: "There goes his bicycle." —Dodo

"What's the idea of all the crowd at church?"

"There's a traveling salesman down there confessing his sins." —Show Me

"I'm from the International Knitting Mills, Madam, are you interested in any course yarns?"

"Hell, yes, know any new ones?" —Log

A girl was reading about birth and death statistics. Suddenly she turned to a man near her and said. "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," he returned. "Why don't you try Sen-Sen?" —Columns

There was a young lady named Carol,
Who loved to play cards for apparel.
Her opponent's straight flush
Made the young lady blush
And Carol walked home in a barrel.

—Pelican

Student: "What's wrong with these eggs?"
Waitress: "Don't ask me, I only laid the table." —Mis-a-Sip

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I SMOKED
MANY DIFFERENT
BRANDS AND
COMPARED—IT'S
CAMELS WITH ME!

I'VE TRIED
OTHER BRANDS
—NOTHING SUITS
—MY 'T-ZONE'
LIKE A CAMEL!

CAMELS
ARE THE
'CHOICE OF
EXPERIENCE'
WITH ME!

CAMELS SUIT ME
BETTER ALL WAYS.
THEY TASTE SO GOOD
—THEY SMOKE SO
MILD AND COOL!

Jerry Ambler

RODEO
BRONC-RIDING STAR

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Cecil Smith

INTERNATIONAL
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Mary Reilly

TABLE-TENNIS
STAR

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any cigarette.
See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone"
to a "T."



● All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!

Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your own experience 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 from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags—and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., 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.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Orloff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to plug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.

HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

* * *

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

* * *

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

* * *

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

* * *

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

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

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duwall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people. Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

* * *

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

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



Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brameier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.




ALL THESE STARS APPEAR
IN DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION
"THE PARADINE CASE"
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHARLES
COBURN



LOUIS
JOURDAN

WITH THE STARS
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

BECAUSE  ALWAYS Milder
 BETTER TASTING
 COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION:
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD