

v. 4 no 4

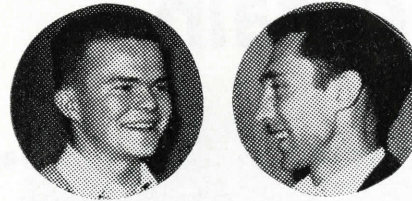
DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

Campus

MAY
1950



editor's corner



With this issue, my year of service as Campus editor comes to a close and I feel that it has been an enjoyable and educational one. My aim was to raise the standards of layout and written and pictorial content, and I feel that I have succeeded to an extent, but not completely to the goal that I set. I feel that there is still an unfortunate spirit of apathy characterizing the students with talent at Denison who could contribute to the magazine's success, but who do not. I have, however, only grateful thanks and praise for the members of this year's staff, not only for their assistance to me but to the university, for it is obvious that whatever benefits Campus, benefits Denison.

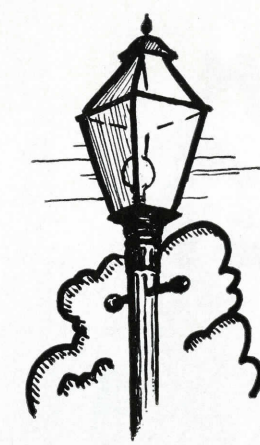
Jack Matthews has been elected to take over the editorship for next year, and he also has had complete charge of this issue. Jack has all of the necessary qualifications for the job, particularly imagination, which is a paramount asset. For Campus needs new ideas and fresh creative thought to survive the justified comments of a critical student body. I profoundly regret that I did not leave Jack adequate funds to put out his first issue properly, but the fact that we went over our budget, proves that it takes the expenditure of money to have a worthwhile magazine. Campus has made noticeable progress this past year, and I know that it can make even more under Jack. There is no limit to the achievements in reputation and excellence which our college magazine can reach with the aid of an interested student body. So it's all yours, Jack, and the best of luck.

RALPH W. GILBERT

COVER GIRL

For our Spring issue we have graced our cover with the comely features of Miss Lynn Collins, Delta Delta Delta.

The theme is particularly apropos, as basking in the warm sun at Spring Valley is a must on our list, come May and June. Miss Collins, besides being our cover girl, was recently chosen the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.



Campus

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MAGAZINE OF DENISON UNIVERSITY

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CARTOONS AND JOKES

all cartoons by Dave Rounds



With smokers who know...it's **Camels for Mildness!**



Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!



the rain

by pete lang

in there — pungent and nice.

"What'll it be, George."

"Oh, I don't know. What have you got."

"Beer, liquor, wine — say, George, are you trying to be funny."

He was large and strong and muscular. His hands were fat and white, with cigar shaped fingers.

"Beer."

He brought the beer. It was cold and topped with a white froth that ran down the glass like the foam of a wave washed on the sand. It tasted bitter and green, not as good as it looked. The girl sat just down the bar. She smiled at me.

a man, a woman, and a loathesome rainy night

The rain fell hard, and beat against the pavement. It fell like a handful of pebbles scattered on a tin roof. It pounded against the pavement and made it glisten — smooth and glassy like the eyes of a drunken man. The rain was drunk, and whirled and weaved on its way to the pavement.

I walked down the street in the rain. It was warm and felt good on my face. It felt good to be walking in the rain with it warm on your face. It was nice not to be home, but to be alone, walking down the street.

I went by a store window, and caught myself in it. I tried to find myself in each window that passed. Sometimes it was hard because the panes slanted or were curved, and refused to mirror my image. Then I lingered, and moved closer or farther away so I would be reflected. Soon, however, I became bored with the game, and just walked while the rain beat against the pavement.

It's a fine day. I'm so glad I'm here and not home. Work, work, work, work while my mother and my father, they sit and complain;

and when I want to go out and walk in the rain they don't understand. I try to explain that I just want to walk and be alone, and they think I'm going to a bar and drink or pick up some girl. And then my mother says with saccharine sweetness: "You'd better take the umbrella, Dear — it's raining."

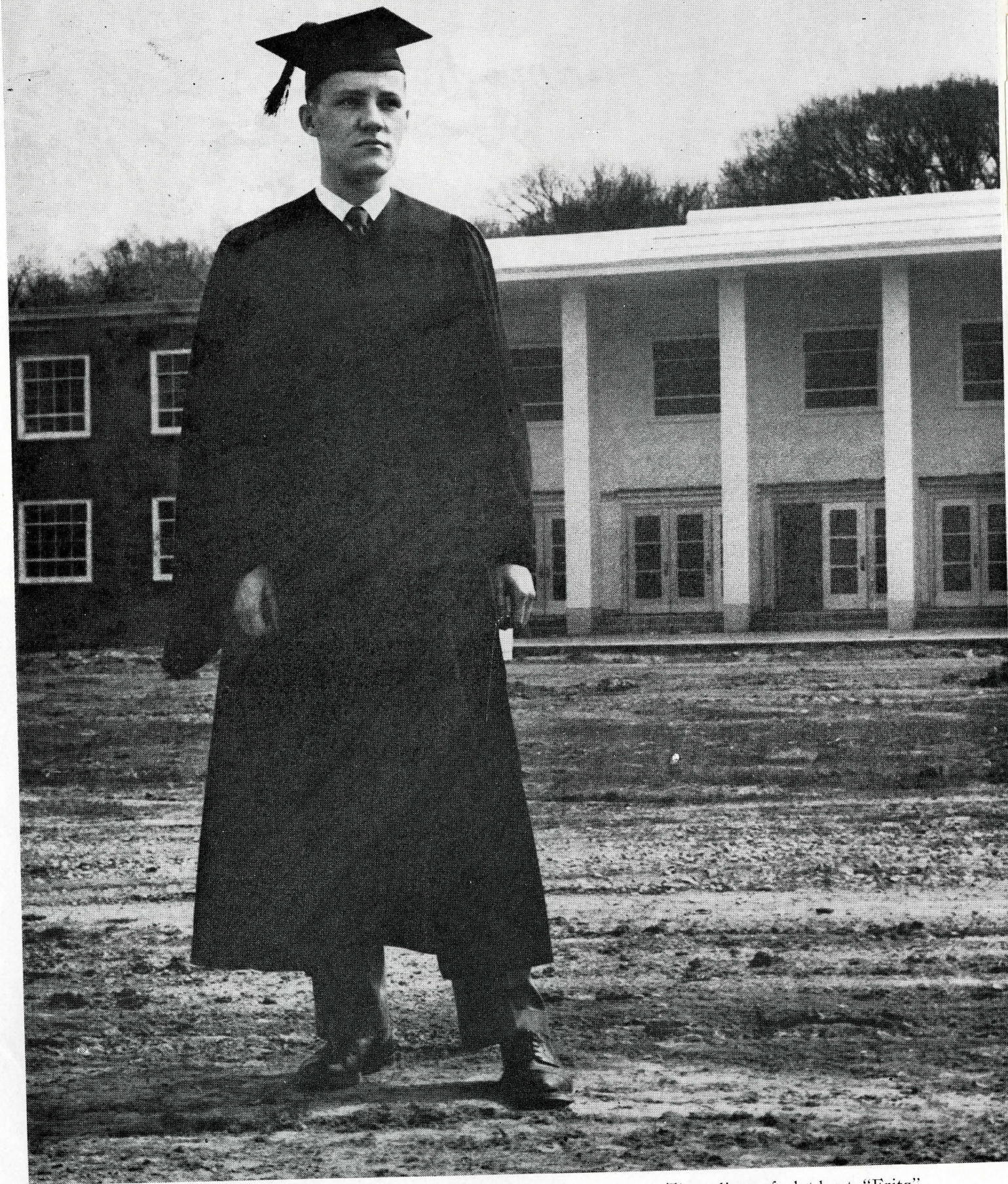
God, how I wish I was alone. I wish I didn't have to say "yes" or "certainly, I'll do it right away," and that I didn't have to smile and thank anybody for anything. I wish you could live and die if you wanted to. I'd like to die, I'd like to decide to die, and just do it. I wouldn't want something else to kill me. But I would be nice to just make up your mind to die and then be dead. It would be something you could decide for yourself. It would be better than dying like this with something else killing me.

My but she's pretty — smiled at me too. I wonder why she's walking in the rain. Maybe she'd like to die, only do it herself without anyone else killing her. She's going into that bar. It looks nice

I have always been amazed by the activity of the bartender. He seems to be constantly moving, as if going about some important task. He polishes each glass carefully, and when he is finished he polishes them all again. Then he wipes the already sparkling bar with a grimy rag. When he waits on someone, he acts as if he begrudged him the time that could be better spent on his essential exercises.

She doesn't look as pretty as she did outside. Her hair's not really blonde. It's dirty at the roots. Too damn much make-up! I'd like to take my thumb and wipe it off, but it would probably be worse underneath. What a hideous dress. I hate spangles! She should sit on a Christmas tree. I'd put her in the back, against the wall where she'd be covered by the needles. She's still smiling at me. What disgusting smile. Use Irium, Mirium. She hasn't ordered anything. What are you supposed to do in such situations? I guess I could buy her a drink. Nothing wrong in

Continued on page 11



fritz and the field house

This coming June 12th will mark the first Denison Commencement in the new Denison Physical Education and Community Center.

The Campus proudly dedicates this issue to the Class of 1950, a group of men and women that will always be remembered as one of Denison's finest.

The editors feel that "Fritz" Meyer, of Highland Park, Illinois, exemplifies our senior men as he stands proudly before the new fieldhouse. "Fritz" has been President of the Independents Association, a Junior advisor at Curtis Hall, and a member of Blue Key. Good luck to you, Fritz, and the entire Class of 1950!

after graduation day

by jim gould

On the pleasant countenance of John Beers, there rested a look of smug complacency. Clutched in his hand was the diploma that singled him out as one of this year's bumper crop of highly polished products . . . products of Denison's famous Core-Course system. The future held no terrors for John Beers.

He could, he reflected, his eyes watering with intense self-appreciation, discuss with perfect impunity, any subject ranging from the smile on the face of De Vinci's "Mona Lisa" to the delicate squama structure of the lower called organisms. Hadn't the Core-Course system, (which he had foolishly cursed for the last four years), prepared him for life with such useful information as, the number of teeth in a spur gear, the chants of the priests of the more obscure Druid deities, and of facts concerning the home life of the seal? The fact that employment was virtually unobtainable to the masses meant little to John Beers. His mind was busily occupied with visions of himself and his family, successful and up-standing members of some fine American community. His cup was filled to overflowing.

It was not until some three months later that the first suspicions of the possible fallibility of the Core-Course system began creeping into the mind of John Beers. He had, he reflected, shattered every known record for the accumulation of employment refusals . . . the last one being rather violent because he had worn a red tie. He was seated dejectedly upon the bar stool toying with a Scotch and soda and casting somewhat indelicate aspersions upon the fact and family connections of his erstwhile faculty advisor, failing to repress a shudder as he recalled one of his more recent interviews . . . the man had actually offered him a position on a construction crew! Good heavens! They had taught him at college that the laboring proletariat consisted of those unfortunates who had never had the opportunity to benefit under such things as the Core-Course Plan! John was born with a particular aversion to any form of physical exercise and was raised and educated in an environment that did little to change this dislike.



or, conquering the world with core courses.

At length, finding neither the Scotch nor the laconic misanthropist in the guise of a bartender to his liking, John shrugged his thin shoulders, straightened his tie, (a red, white, and blue combination this time), and went once more in search of work. After all, he told himself, he *did* know more about the statistical distribution of euphorbia plant life and of the sixty-nine odd variations of a certain Gallic folk dance than did the average lay-

man. A job which entailed little or no physical effort, short working hours and a salary in the upper brackets of the national income tax was certainly imminent for a person such as John Beers . . . a man with an education and upon whose shoulders the weight of the world would someday sit.

The reader is undoubtedly wondering, at this point, whether or not there is a plausible solution to John Beers' dilemma. Of course there is!

Continued on page 11

as we danced off both our shoes

by pete runkle

*the reminiscent strains of hal mcintyre's
theme song were a fitting close to a wonderful
dance.*

Hal McIntyre seems mighty pleased with the last issue of Campus. And from all reports, the student body was mighty pleased with Hal, his band, and vocalists at the Prom.



Cy Dyer and Queen Jean Gillies reigned supreme at the dance. Maybe a fitting title to this picture would be "Ipana for the smile of health."



At noon on Friday, there was a rising panic among the Junior class; for there was a grim rumor that no one would be at the Prom; only thirty-five tickets had been sold in Curtis Hall alone. But by ten-thirty that evening, everyone seemed to have changed his mind. Cars were still rolling in from the preliminaries in Newark; there was no place to park for blocks around; deserted drifts of coats were heaped in the cloakroom; and the Wigwam was packed to its antique seams with shuffling, gyrating Prom-goers.

Stark, Grecian simplicity was the keynote of the decorations, which consisted of an occasional willowy goddess plastered on a wall and a sort of column-like effect which formed a proscenium over and around the band. In direct contrast to this simple severity were the myriads of endlessly darting vari-colored lights which bathed the dance floor.

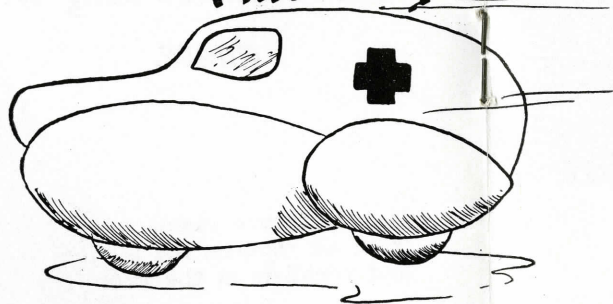
To many of those who went to the Prom the evening seemed to consist of a series of fleeting impressions such as the slick, quickly paced medleys of Bandleader McIntyre; the cold bitter gulps of cigarette smoke on the balcony outside; the low-comedy insanity of Bogaert and Rounds and the deft irony of Mary Lou McCullough; the shrieks and gasps over Queen Jean Gillies and her stately attendants, Mary Dougall and Mary Lou Moore; and the wild,

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Fields of Concentration

for seniors!

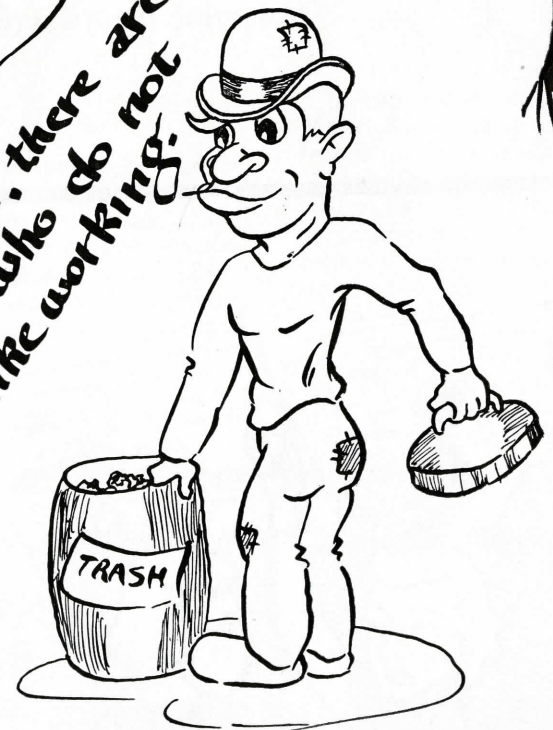
I know a few that want to be lawyers
This may be their start.



I imagine there
will be a few who
will make this
a career?



Of course, there are
those who do not
feel like working.



Perhaps Denison
will claim several
professional
athletes
as former
students.

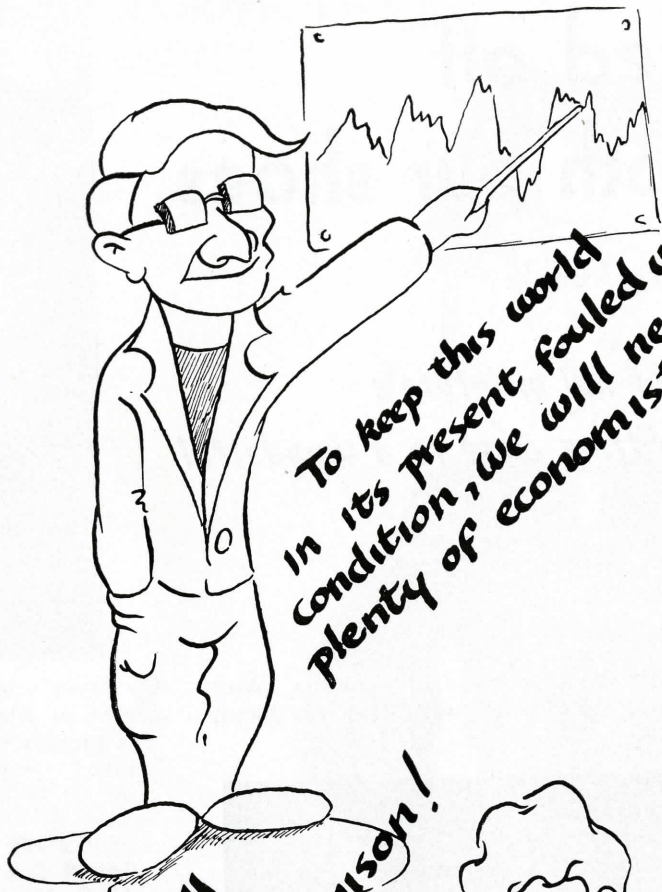


And last,
but not least



When things really
get rough, you can
always go back in.

To keep this world
in its present fouled up
condition, we will need
plenty of economists.

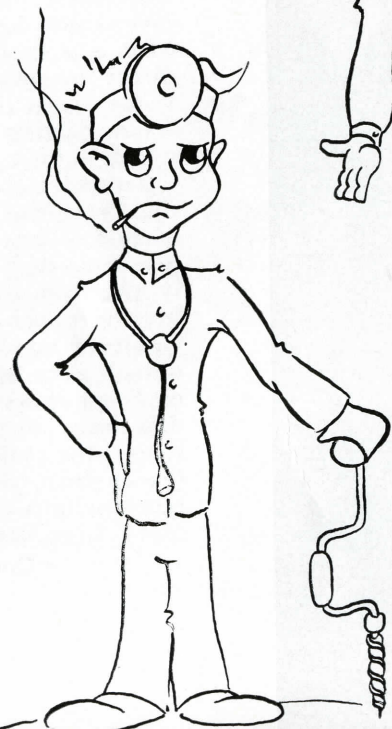


You can always marry
a wealthy girl - I hear
there are a few around Denison!



Some will go
into medicine -
They make pretty
good money -
You hope

and the old maids produced
at Denison can always enter
the teaching profession.



For the
Women -

- there is
everything
from
modelling
to red
lights.



Hank
50

ye olde poetry corner

SPRING FEVER

The rains are here again
 And the air is damp and warm.
 The snow is gone away
 And birds in lazy swarm
 Go wheeling through the misty air.
 The road is black and wet,
 The warm wind gives me kisses,
 The buds are ready, set
 To pop, and it just misses
 Being really hot — so
 I didn't take the bus
 But walked the whole way home.
 "Modder, wasd't id dice outside!
 I walked duh whole way hobe!"

BARBARA de LACKNER

Would that time were a
 gentle hand
 pushing you on
 rather than an iron fist
 crushing you further into the mire
 of unaccomplishment.
 Time and Necessity
 are constantly battling over
 who shall be the possessor
 of your abilities
 but the hands of the
 time keeper's stopwatch
 keep ticking endlessly on
 in spite of your efforts to
 turn the knob.

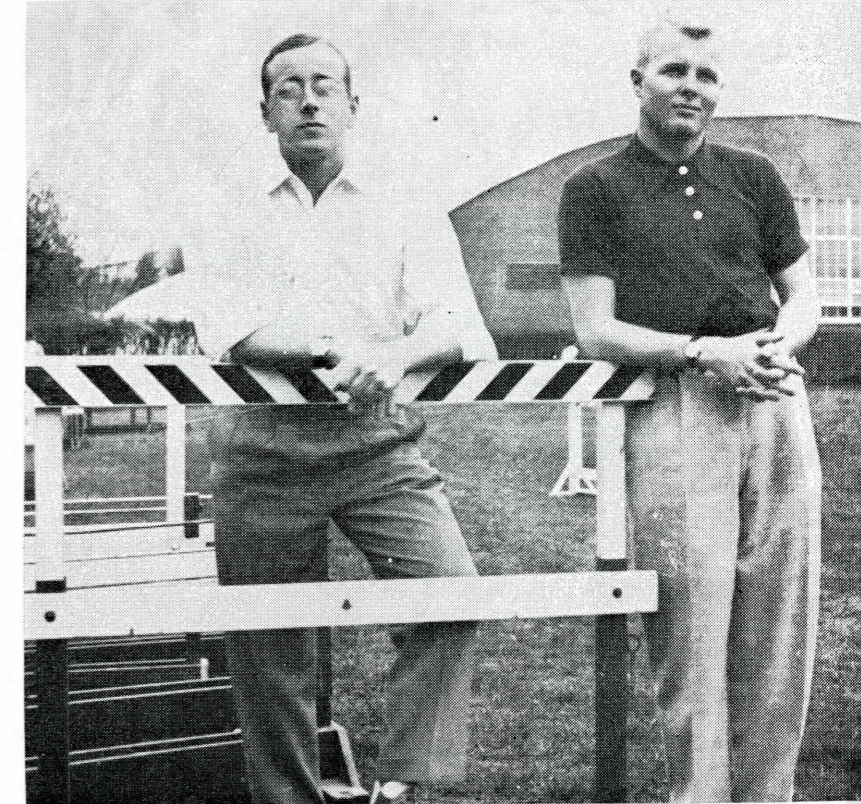
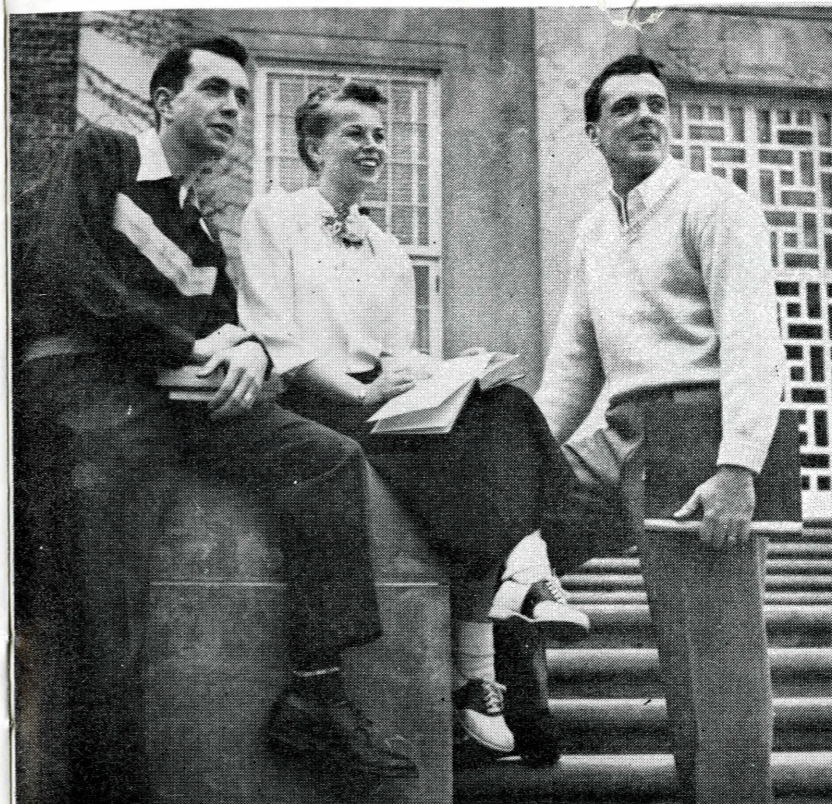
JOYCE GOODWIN

It was fall
 And the clear sky with its starry
 host
 Was in my eyes.
 The pattern began
 To fall in place
 As if the missing pieces
 Had been fit into the myriad color
 Of a jigsaw puzzle.
 And I reflected the crimson
 And bright hues of the picture
 A puzzle of leaves
 From my inner being.

And yet it was mid-December
 And a cheery fire glowed
 In my cheeks.
 The episode reenacted — a casual
 game;
 One which children
 Find so easy
 While adults strive
 To find the missing portions

It was a spring evening
 In my heart
 You pierced the soul of me
 And I reached out in warm re-
 sponse.
 My guiding spirit told me
 That we were both winning the
 game.
 One puzzle — and teamwork
 Had accomplished its answer

NANCY WARD



campus casuals by ed johnston

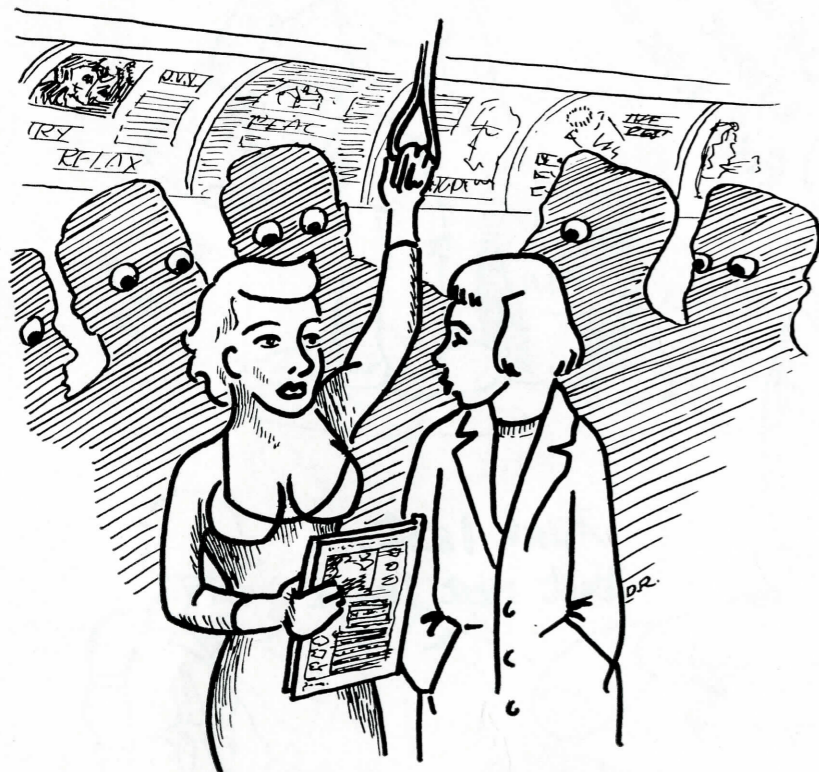
Pictured above left: Fashionable campus wear for either in or out of the Library, is worn by Hal Widdowson and Bob Foy of Delta U. We caught them swapping a few words with Doree Ernst, AOPi, between classes. Nice catch, boys.

Lower left: Relaxing in typical garb, these Fiji warriors are dressed in the fashion of the day, cashmeres, and flannel or gab slacks. Truly, Bill Keeley, Dave Sherman, and Don Howland are ready to win any co-ed in these get-ups.

Lower right: Kent Hooker, Mary Krohn, and Skip Seils are found on the steps of Stone Hall, "Through whose portals pass many like this attractive Miss." Kent and Skip look like they are ready to go in those snappy flannels, grey, or navy argyles, and white bucks. Sweaters again top the list.

Upper right: Here are Chuck and Jerry. They do not look too happy. What are they looking for? They are looking for Doree.

it's indicative from these photos that casual is the word of the day for these lads and ladies of Denison.



"I hate people that read over my shoulder!"

Soph: Does your girl smoke?
 Frosh: Not quite.

Adam and Eve were sitting in the Garden of Eden, naming all the animals. They called the little animal with the long tail a "monkey," and the one that flew through the trees, a "bird." Then a huge clumsy beast came lumbering by.

"I think," said Eve, "that I'll call that animal the 'hippopotamus'."

"Why give it such a name as that?" asked Adam.

"Well, Eve rejoindered, "It looks like a Hippopotamus, doesn't it?"

"Let's make a date for Saturday."

"I have a date for Saturday."

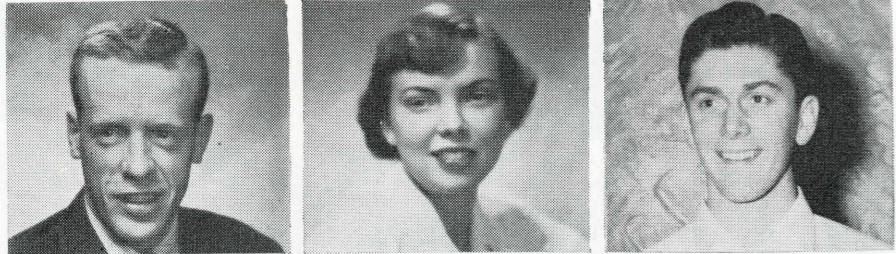
"Then, let's make it for Sunday."

"I'm going out of town Sunday."

"How about Monday?"

"Alright, alright, I'll go Saturday!"

COLUMN FOR CONTRIBUTORS



For men of extinction, see Jim Gould (Phi Gam) of East Aurora, N. Y. — so the ad said. To maintain this exalted status, Jim suggests the following criteria: be a *Campus* feature writer, an English major, pinned, a member of the Phi Gam Quartet, a frightened ex-paratrooper, completely unqualified for any position, and readily recognized as a non-entity. You win, Jim!

If you see girls running around campus with red faces and white rings around their eyes, the chances are that they live in Sawyer and have borrowed Jo Davis' sunlamp. Jo is a Cleveland Tri-Delt and major in English. Along with acting as Copy Editor, she is in W.A.A. and Y.W.C.A. After copy reading all year, it is her firm conviction that several Denisonians can't spell their own names, all printers need glasses, and *Campus* has steadily improved.

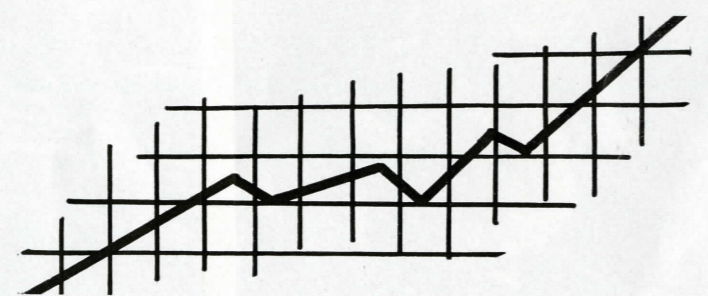
The toughest things to please are people, especially if you are a baseball player or *Campus* distribution manager. However, Jim Mason (Beta) of Wordsworth, Ohio, manages to do a good job. His activities in Pi Delta Epsilon, "D" Association, Chem Society, Caduceans, and Beta Alumni Secretary bear that out. In fact, that satisfying factor has been extended to a coming marriage (no girls, she's not a Denisonian) and medical school in the fall of 1951.

The most dismantled car in Talbot Hall could only belong to Richard G. Kruger (ZX) of Hinsdale, Illinois. When the car runs, "Ben" manages to blow fuses for the Denison Theatre, hand in late copy and publicity for *Campus*, argue with the crockermen or senate, or loose Zeta Chi correspondence. If you are a senior Econ major and practically married, "Ben" seems to think that the best job prospects today are in the U. S. Army or on the salad wagon in the village of Hinsdale.

campus progress report

by ralph gilbert

	(total for 4 issues)		(for 3 issues)
	1947-48	1948-49	1949-50
Printing Expenditures.....	\$1102.08	\$1073.00	\$1366.74
Engraving Expenditures.....	396.52	248.08	452.85
Drawings Used	37	30	33
Photographs Used.....	94	87	119
Engraving Techniques Used:			
Full Outline Cuts.....	0	0	12
Bleed Cuts.....	3	5	24
Combination Plates.....	0	1	2
Copies printed	1600	1600	1800
Subscriptions	170	103	188
Exchange Magazines Received ..	8	10	45
New Staff Positions Created.....	4	1	8
Staff Membership Total.....	42	63	55



the rain

that. Dammit, I think I will.
 "Sure I'll have one."
 "What would you like."
 "Beer's fine. If you can drink the stuff, I guess I can."
 "Bartender."
 "What'll it be, George."
 "A beer for the young lady."
 She sure can talk. What have I started. She's better than Mama. Been talking for ten minutes, and hasn't said a thing. Marvelous art! Never could do it myself. Whenever I say anything it always means something. Well, usually. Of course it's invariably the wrong thing, but something has been said.
 I think she wants me to go home with her. The bartender's leering at me. Such big white hands — such a dirty white apron. Why does he keep wiping his hands on the apron.
 "Should we leave."
 "Sure. Why don't you come up to my place for a drink. We could play some records. I have some simply darling songs, and — — ."
 "Fine."

I paid the man behind the bar. Why did he have to leer like that. If he wasn't so big, I'd push his silly face in.
 It was just a short walk to her apartment. It was upstairs, above a twenty-four hour laundry. She looked better in the shadows of the hallway — must have been pretty once.

* * * * *
 In the morning it was still raining. I watched it from the bed by the window. The rain fell hard, and beat against the pavement. I could hear the rain pounding on the roof — as if a bottomless basket of pebbles was being poured over it. The rain ran down the window and it glistened. The window was smooth and wet like the eyes of a drunken man. It was warm and musky in the room. Outside, the rain looked dirty and cold as it weaved drunkenly to the pavement.

junior prom

irresistible burst of Dixie toward the end which sent a few brave souls scampering into the Charleston. Then the band broke into the final medley and the Prom was over as suddenly as it had begun; it had been a smoothly paced, effectively planned, altogether whopping success.

after graduation day

"Young man," said the heavy-set, greying man, seated behind the enormous mahogany desk, almost hidden in the soft shadows which were cast gently about the rich, carpeted room by the heavy, velvet draperies which hung grandly on either side of the magnificent French windows of the office terrace, "We have considered your application with the greatest care." Munching contentedly upon a large white pill of the variety usually consumed by those afflicted with ulcers, he resumed his speech.

"You are obviously a person of multiple talents. Your appearance leaves little to be desired as does your bearing . . . the bearing of an educated man. Your excellent conversational ability is sufficient proof of your resourcefulness and is an infallible measure of your intellectual capabilities. Your records indicate that you are of excellent stock . . . blood will tell, you know . . . and, by virtue of these outstanding qualifications, we have decided to waive the usual tests submitted to aspiring applicants in this firm. Beginning tomorrow morning at eleven, you will move into your private office, interview several young ladies for the position of secretary and assume the responsibilities of a junior vice-president of this firm. Your starting salary shall be . . . let me see . . . thirty thousand. Does that meet with your approval?"

John Beers puffed his cigar thoughtfully before answering. "Thanks, Dad," he murmured finally, and walked quietly to the great window . . . his destiny fulfilled.

A fellow driving his convertible with the top down was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, a red and white checked suit, and a purple beret. A motor cop stopped him and made him pull over to the curb.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the lad. "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

"I know," said the cop, "I just wanted to hear you talk."



Complete with plastic bag, easy instruction book, and two picks.

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IT'S A LOT OF FUN!



The Islander Ukulele is designed by Mario Maccaferri. A full size, professional instrument, made of resounding Styron plastic. Has perfect pitch, brilliant penetrating tone, easy precision fingerboard. Beautiful Rosewood grain and Ivory finish. Nylon strings. Patent pegs.

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Gentlemen: Please send the Islander Uke Outfit to

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Check Money order C.O.D.



"Miriam just doesn't give a hang since she wasn't asked to the Spring Formals!"

College in a nutshell:

FRESHMAN Year: Yes, mother, I'm going to study, and study hard, too!

SOPHOMORE YEAR: Ah, what do I care who shot William Tell in the head with an apple?

JUNIOR YEAR: They don't grade the papers, I tell ya, they don't grade the papers!!

SENIOR YEAR: They can't do this to me, I'm a Senior.

Ruth rode in my new auto,
On the seat in back of me.
I hit a bump at fifty-five,
And drove on, ruthlessly.

Man walking into stationery store: "Pardon me madam, do you keep stationery?"

Woman at counter: "Yes, until the last moment and then I go all to pieces."

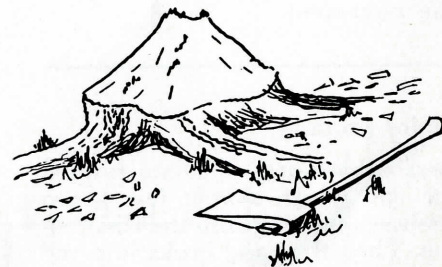
Nine out of ten doctors that have tried camels prefer women.

Did you hear about the midget that went visiting?

When he arrived, the person to whom he went to visit said, "If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked a cookie!"

The other day Sid was putting one of his P. T. classes through some calisthenics, and he gave the order: "Hips on shoulders — place!"

A moment later he reconsidered. "As you were men. That can't be done. Hips down."



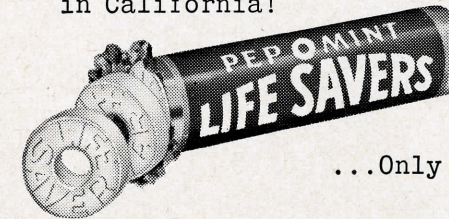
"It shouldn't happen to a dog!"

HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE CALIFORNIA RUSH



C'mon, men! They just found Life Savers in California!



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

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each 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. (Send By Campus Mail To Curtis Hall, Box 83).
3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

SCENE AT THE GRILL:

Waiter, bring me two orders of Spumoni Vercelli, please.

Sorry sir, but that's the proprietor.

Any girl can be gay in a nice car
In a taxi they can be lush,
But the girl worthwhile is the girl
who can smile
When you're taking her home on
the bus.

QUESTIONS

- A** Aslant, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.
- B** A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.
- C** A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives one a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a 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.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.
- B** BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina. Blanch means to pale, or grow white.
- C** CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell A B C.

WINNERS...

Miriam Cober
Kate Meeker
Kay Porterfield
Patti James
Mary L. Croslin
Emilie Connor
Ardie Salisbury
Jo Ann Taylor
Mary Langan
Natalie Hasbrook

Kat: A woman is never older than she feels, and this morning I feel like a two year old.

Mouse: Horse or egg!

See RHONDA FLEMING
CO-STARRING IN
"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



"Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield,
they're Milder... *much Milder*"

Rhonda Fleming

"...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE Milder. I know
that for a fact, because raising tobacco is my business, and
Chesterfield buys the best mild, ripe tobacco I grow. Beside
that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years."

C.J. Gholson

PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER
WYLLIESBURG, VA.

A *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke