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## UA99/6/2 BUWKY February

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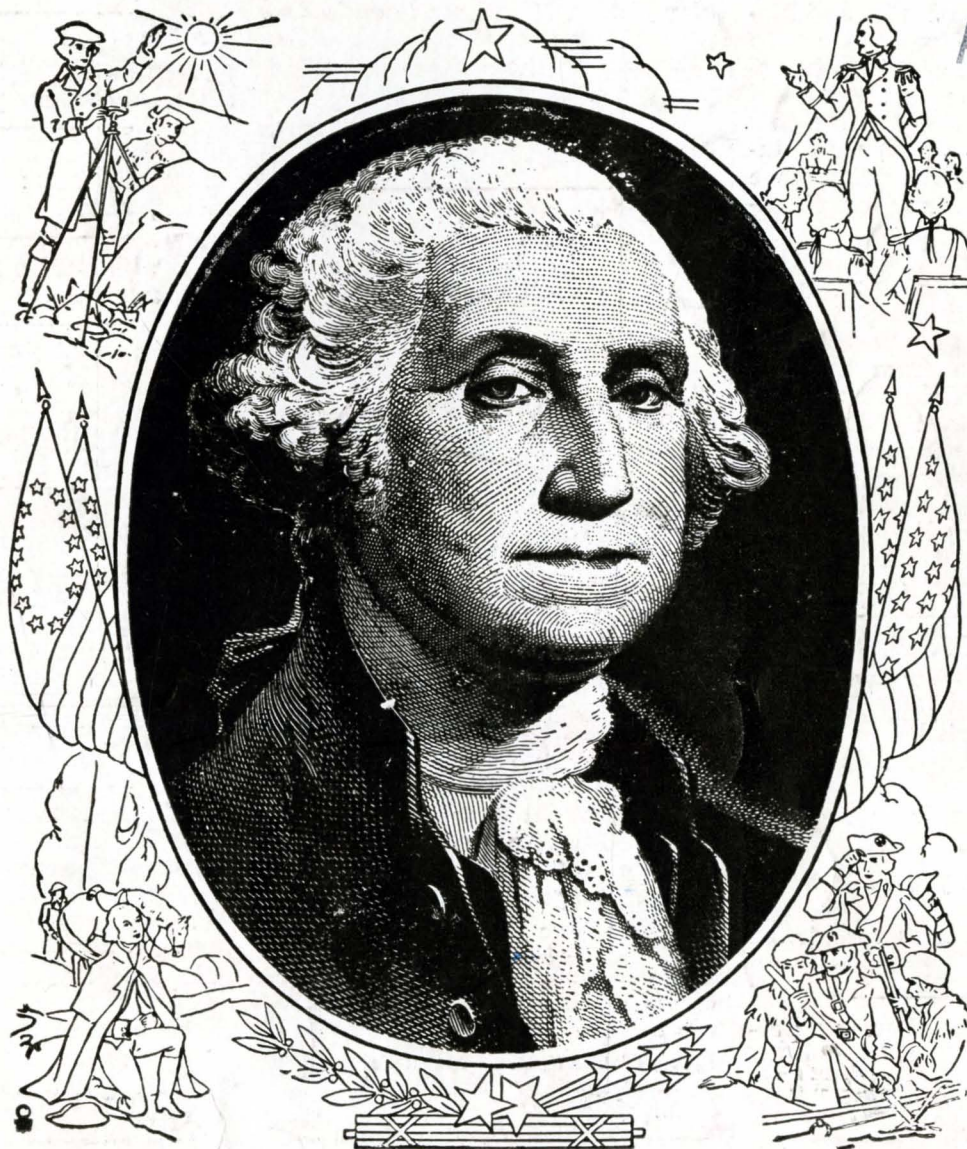
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# B U W K Y

## MONTHLY STUDENT HUMOR MAGAZINE

BOWLING GREEN (B)USINESS (U)NIVERSITY & (W)ESTERN (K)ENTUCK(Y) STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

WESTERN KENTUCKY UN VERSITY  
ARCHIVES



February, 1939

Vol. IV No. VI

Whole No. XXIX

# Our Weather Prediction



## HELP WANTED

Here's a personal ad that was clipped from a trade paper.

"Wanted, stenographer. Must be fast, accurate, and must have intelligence. If you are not a crackerjack, don't bother us."

In one of the answers the girl wrote that she had the noted requirements and went on:

"Your advertisement appeals to me strongly—stronger than prepared mustard—as I have searched Europe, the United States and Hoboken, in quest of some one who could use my talents to advantage. When it comes to this chin music proposition, I have never found man, woman or dictaphone that could get to first base with me, either fancy or catch-as-you-can.

"I write shorthand so fast that I have to use a specially prepared pencil with a platinum point and a water cooling system attached, a note pad made from asbestos and ruled with sulphuric acid. I run with my cut-out open at all speeds, and am, in fact, a guaranteed double hydraulic, welded drop forged and oil-tempered specimen of human lightning on a perfect thirty-six frame, ground to one-thousandth of an inch."

## SAGA

He mumbled a few words in church,  
And he was married.  
He mumbled a few words in his sleep,  
And he was divorced.

"How long have you been working here?"

"Ever since the boss threatened to fire me."

Passenger: "How often is a person killed on this line?"

Conductor: "Only just once."

## SMART FELLOW

Temperance Lecturer: "And in conclusion, my dear fellow citizens, I will give you a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum. I have two glasses here on the table; one is filled with water and the other with whiskey. I will now place an angle worm in the glass of water, see how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life. Now I will place a worm in the glass of whiskey. See how it curls up, writhes in agony and then dies. Now, young man, what moral do you get from this story?"

Delt—"If you don't want worms, drink whiskey."

# B U W K Y



## A. E. STONE

Managing Editor



The Buwky is published each month (ten times) during the college year ex-interest of the students of the Bowling Green (B)usiness (U)niversity and (W)estern (K)entuck(y) State Teachers College, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Editorial and advertising offices, 1027 State street, Bowling Green, Kentucky. All business communications and manuscripts, drawings, items, etc., should be sent to this address.

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## LANGUAGE LEVELS

... Three Ages of Men  
Grade School

Oh excuse me.

May I accompany you home?

May I get through, please?

May I have the pleasure?

May I kiss you?

## High School

Sorry.

How about anklng, kiddo?

Gangway.

Let's dance.

Gimme a kiss.

## College

Watch where y'r goin'!

Gotta quart; let's scram.

Get t'ell outa way!

Hey you, c'mere.

(Censored).

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant; take a bath.

Our idea of a soft job would be assisting a florist to pick the flowers off a century plant.

Bachelor: I once wooed a lass.

Married Man: I, too, once wooed, alas.

He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning.

Figures that have attracted men: Venus de Milo, Ruth St. Denis, Annette Kellerman, Gilda Gray.

Figures that have attracted women: \$3.98.

A very well satisfied man arrived at the gates of Heaven and asked for admission.

"Where are you from?"

"Murray."

"Well, you can come in, but you won't like it."

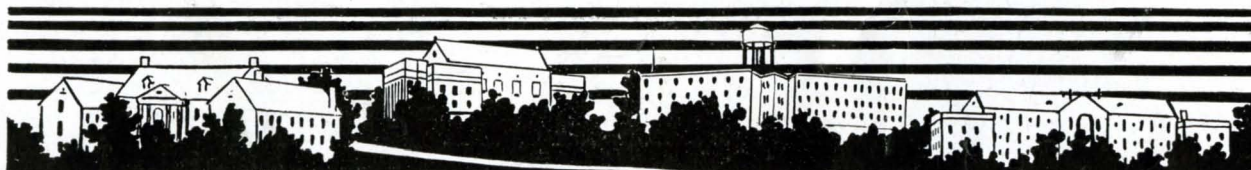
"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.

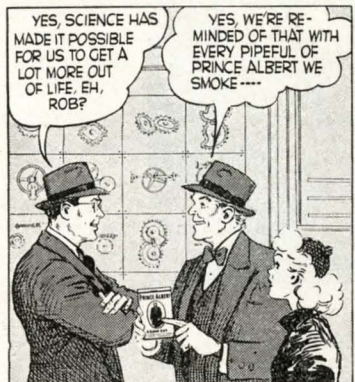
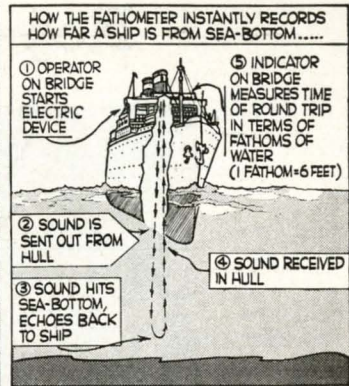
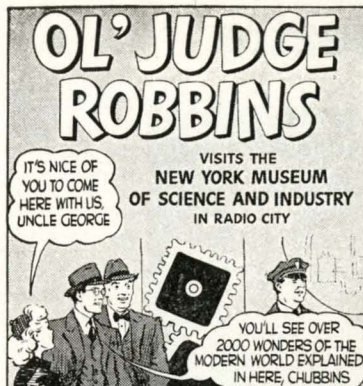
First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist (grudgingly): "Yes, but the rich are having it, too."

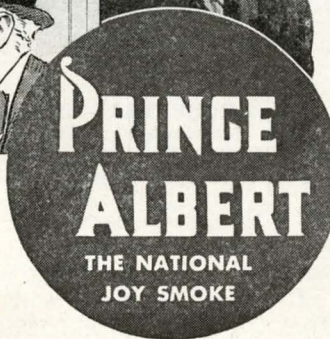
Assistant: "Here's a woman who writes that she doesn't know which way to turn."

Editor: "Send her a copy of the traffic regulations."





IF YOU'RE AFTER RICH, MELLOW TASTE AND A COOL-SMOKING, SWEET-CAKING PIPE, THEN FILL UP WITH PRINCE ALBERT



SO MILD!  
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**HELP! HITLER**

Soph—"I hear they're starting a new campaign against malaria."  
Frosh—"Good Heavens! What have the Malarians done now?"

Then there was the case of the man who was so lazy he married a snub-nosed girl because she was easier to kiss.

Clerk: "I have added up this invoice ten times, sir."  
Boss: "Well?"

Clerk: "And here are the ten answers."

Bill Bushong. Jimmy Leugo plays first, worships Benny Goodman, also a certain girl in Glasgow and cooks fine hamburgers. Bill Gab

Boss: "Can you work a cash register?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir."  
Boss: "Well, don't forget to do it."

Coach—What's the matter with you fellows, you look like a bunch of amateurs.

Heredity is something a father believes in until his son starts to act like a fool.

**TRIPLE THREAT MAN**

An employer was examining an applicant for the job of book-keeper.

"Of course you understand double entry?" he said.

"Sure," said the applicant. "The last place I had I kept the books triple entry—one set for the boss showing the real profits, a second set for the stockholders showing no profits, and a third set for the income tax people showing a loss."

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I'm afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, Ma'am," suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size," said the observant clerk.

Boarder: "Ah, your steak is like the weather this evening, madam, rather raw."

Landlady: "Indeed? By the way, your account is like the weather, too—unsettled."

**A BARGAIN**

A loving husband was discovered one night standing by the baby's crib. As he stood looking down on the sleeping infant, wifey saw in his face a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, despair, admiration, ecstasy. Touched and wondering too at the unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions, she slipped her arms around him and murmured in a tremulous voice, "A penny for your thoughts."

"For the life of me," he blurted, "I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine."

**STOP AND GO**

Sheriff "Did you catch the auto thief?"

Deputy: "He was a lucky bird. We had chased him only a mile when our 500 miles was up and we had to stop and change our oil."

Here's a new simile—as useless as an electric razor at a Negro picnic.

Someone should tell the co-eds that neck is a noun—not a verb!

# Roy Holmes and His Orchestra



**ROY HOLMES AND HIS ORCHESTRA**—First row left to right: Jim Arnold, bass; Bill Bushong, sax, vocals; Jess Denhardt, sax; Bill Gabbard, sax; Bill Vaughn, piano; Roy Holmes. Back row left to right: H. C. Biggers, trombone; Russ Dougherty, trumpet; Bob Schaffer, trumpet; David Highbaugh, trumpet, vocals; Hall Potts, drums.

Editors note: This is the first of a series of sketches about the various musical organizations that are wholly or partly composed of students of the B. U. and Western.

In the distance can be seen nothing but a yellow blur but as it grows larger and approaches we gradually begin to make out the shape of a large yellow Buick sport roadster and behind is a monstrous yellow trailer with the lettering, 'Roy Holmes and his Orchestra'. All over the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, West Virginia and parts of Ohio and Indiana have people seen this modern method of carrying a dance band go by. Some have been fortunate enough to hear them play and see them in action but those who have not wonder what is inside. Their mystery is now being exposed to the public.

Driving the trailer is none other than the boss himself, the old maestro himself, the runner of the 'union', Roy Holmes. At each dance Roy is seen fronting the band, acting as M. C. when one is necessary and occasionally he goes back to the drums and plays some of the steadiest rhythm you have ever heard. Roy used to be a bass player, found it too hard to read so took up drums, organized himself a tent show (Rep show) and made much money—ask him. Incidentally Roy has produced in his years of managing bands many

fine musicians but would rather stay here and run his own band than follow those in bigger time.

In the front seat with Roy are Jim Arnold and David Highbaugh. Jim slaps out a mean string bass, plays brass bass, trombone, trumpet, piano, drums, and sings, writes arrangements, rehearses the band, stomps off tunes and that's all. Hails from Kansas, is a Republican and a Yankee. Arnold has played in bands from the oil fields of New Mexico to the excursion boats between Washington and Boston. Belongs to the actors union as well as the musicians union, used to work on a rep show and is so far behind with his union dues that he might as well join again some other place. Now David Highbaugh is another thing. David owes nobody anything and works in a bank. David boasts the finest voice in these parts and you all who have heard him sing will help him boast. He is the only man in the band who has more girls than Russell Dougherty.

David plays third trumpet while Russell plays second and does all the trumpet rides plus assisting David as M. C. No. 2. You know Russell—if you don't then go to the Goal Post and push your way through the crowd of women and that's Russell. He's also president of the freshman class. If you are at one of Roy's dances and someone is playing out in the middle of the floor then that is Russell again

—now you know Russell. He sits in seat number one in the trailer.

Seat number two holds the Gene Krupa of Bowling Green and Roy Holmes Ork. None other than Down-Beat memorizer Hall Potts. Sometimes at a dance you suddenly hear a lot of noise, see a blur of sticks and more red hair, you push through the crowd to get a close-up and lo and behold, it's a human. It's Hall Potts in action.

In every band is a 'Natural' and Roy has a tops 'nat'. Said Billie Vaughn turns out a bunch of ivory tickling that tickles second to none. He says little and if you gals haven't seen a male blush for a long time then you just up and smile at Little Billie. Don't let that meek exterior fool you though—that guy is hard as nails and equally as tough, he says he can't take any man in the band but they we're having."

Second Communist (grudgingly):

"Yes, but the rich are having it, Schaffer who plays first trumpet in the band. Bob likes the Shep Fields Rippling Rhythm to everybody's utter disgust. He can play notes higher on a trumpet than even old Louie Armstrong himself. He attends B. U. in the day time and to his own business at night. Sitting along side Bob is Horace (H. C.) Biggers who plays as fine a sectional trombone as anyone would want. To woo the ladies he gets out his fiddle and really

(Continued on Next Page)

# A Short Tale of Lengths

I'm tall, very tall. In fact, I'm so tall that at least three times a day I'm asked: "How's the air up there?" For a while I took to answering this query by mildly expectorating in the inquirer's eye and saying: "It's raining." But I don't make the effort any more. For one thing, the girl friend's father once asked me the question, and I let habit get the best of me. And anyway, it doesn't accomplish anything, because the next day I always meet at least three people who don't know what happened yesterday.

Now maybe you think I'm sore about this? Well, I am. And I have good reason to be. Not only am I unable to borrow any clothes, or cuddle up with a cunning little wench, or enjoy a ride in a rumble seat, but I am victimized by the common, uncouth rabble. If only they'd mind their own business, I wouldn't care so much. But the trouble is they don't mind their own business.

Take the matter of dancing partners for instance. As long as a girl is tall enough to rest her head on at least my lower ribs I don't mind particularly. But when she's too short for even that, then it begins to be embarrassing. So, I never ask a girl to dance who is sitting down; I might regret it when she stands up. But at every dance there's bound to be some chump who will suddenly collar

me and say: "Oh, my cousin is so anxious to meet you and dance with you," and he'll take me in tow and sure enough introduce me to a femme who ardently throws her arms around my hips and shoves off.

Then it's hell—plain, unequivocal hell. We can't talk, because it is impossible to hear each other without shouting so that the whole place can hear too. We can't really dance because she can't follow my long steps and her knees keep banging my shins. Then I'm nervous, because I'm afraid of stumbling on and crushing her. And the people, oh, the people! So kind of them—they don't laugh outright, and they don't want me to see how they snicker and wink at each other, but I catch them unawares. My forehead's wet, and my collar sneaks up on my Adam's apple, and the orchestra never stops. And then at last it's: "Such a lovely dance. Hope I may have another some time." Heh, heh.

And the busses, the dear old busses; so convenient; they get you right where you want to go—only they're hardly high enough for a Singer Midget to stand in comfortably. And as for me! Standing in a bus means my assuming the shape of the letter Z. Try it some time. Great fun. And suppose I do get a seat, what then? Babies in arms can howl; old ladies can faint—I remain seated. But, of

those meaningful glances the female cast my way. I feel about as comfortable as a kangaroo among a gang of pickpockets.

But the worst of all situations I haven't told you yet. That's when I'm asked how tall I am, and, you may rest assured, that happens not infrequently. I generally try to avoid the issue by saying something to the effect that when I stand on my tiptoes I just barely touch the ground. But when I'm cornered and have to tell the truth, then I know I'm in for it. Because no one believes me. They either say: "G'wan you're taller than that," or they say: "G'wan, you're not as tall as all that." And arguing accomplishes absolutely nothing. Nothing! Every one has either a cousin Joe or an uncle William who was tall, and everyone knows how tall cousin Joe or Uncle William was, and cousin Joe, or Uncle William was either taller or shorter than I am, and therefore I'm either taller or shorter than I say I am. Simple, isn't it? Well, they're polite, and they're not going to call me a liar right out, but I can see by their disdainful smiles exactly what their opinion of me is.

And so, kiddies, when mother tells you to eat your spinach and you'll grow up to be a great big man, you know what you can tell her to do.

## Roy Holmes

waxes sentimental. H. C. is the purtiest man in the band, if you don't believe it just look next time, girls.

The Sax section is made up of Jimmy Pedigo, Bill Gabbard and Bill Bushong. Jimmy Pedigo plays first, worships Benny Goodman, also a certain girl in Glasgow and cooks fine hamburgers. Bill Gabbard makes Jimmy's clarinet and sax even louder with his own, has a big yellow roadster of his own, and a wife. Listen to him sometime when the band plays Basin Street Blues.

The second feature of the band is Bill Bushong, one of the finest swing musicians to ever play in this part of the country. He plays the finest tenor saxophone that you can hear anywhere, if you

don't believe it then ask any swing musician. Bill is blessed with a beautiful tenor voice, a marvelous technique on a clarinet and a gift for arranging, all of which makes up for his loss of eyesight at the age of three. He can recognize anyone whom he has ever met by the sound of their voice no matter how long it has been since he has heard that voice.

Pee-wee is somepin'. The new addition to the band is a little colored boy of 11 years who has a voice and a style that should be with a big time organization, only Roy Holmes found him first and sewed him up for a couple of years. The boy sings with ease an E flat above high C, really swings out and when he can stand it no longer he has to dance.

Now the trailer is past and you know as much about it as anyone in the band. You should ride in it sometime, they sing, play, have

card games, all kinds of guessing games and an occasional fight. If you do want to ride then grab on the next time it goes by for there is plenty of room on top of the instruments.

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war."

"Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

In a Massachusetts graveyard there is a stone having the following inscription: "Here lies Dentist Smith filling his last cavity."

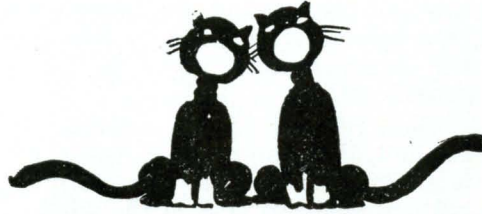
An electric chair is a kind of period furniture—because it ends a sentence.

"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

"It's lucky. The immigration laws are a bit stricter now."

# Sing A Song At Our Expense

*Instead Of "Sing A Song Of Sixpence"*



## LIMERICKS and EPITAPHS

Editors note: Poetry that will kill you and poetry that will make you turn over in your grave after you are dead. Service deluxe, that's the Buwky.

Here lie my husbands, One, Two, Three,  
Dumb as men could ever be.  
As for my Fourth, well, praise be God,  
He bides for a little above the sod.  
Alex, Ben, Sandy were the first three's names,  
And to make things tidy I'll add his—James.

Beneath these stones do lie,  
Back to back, my wife and I!  
When the last trumpet the air shall fill,  
If she gets up, I'll just lie still.

Underneath this pile of stones  
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.  
Her name was Briggs, it was not Jones.  
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

Here lies the body of William Jay  
Who died maintaining his right of way;  
He was right, dead right, as he sped along;  
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,  
Not Sarah's virtues to record—  
For they're well known to all the town  
But it was raised to keep her down.

Here lies the body of our Anna  
Done to death by a banana.  
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low  
But the skin that made her go.

A decrepit old gas man named Peter,  
While hunting around for the meter,  
Touched a leak with his light,  
He arose out of sight,  
And, as anyone can see by reading this, it also destroyed the meter.

Gosh, I bet when you first  
Took a look at these lines  
Printed here—  
You thought that  
This was a limerick, huh?

An oldish maid, born in Vancouver,  
Once captured a man by maneuver;  
She jumped on his knee  
With a chortle of glee,  
And nothing on earth could remove her.

In movies the girls love most madly  
The suitors who handle them badly.  
So I trip girls, unseat them,  
Slap backs when I greet them,  
But I find that it works very sadly.

There was a young lady from Clyde,  
Of eating green apples she died;  
Within the lamented  
They quickly fermented,  
And made cider inside her inside.

He got shot in the afternoon,  
Right in the back of a beer saloon;  
Hark and hear the angels sing—  
He copped the ace and played the king.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,  
Who too early in the month of May  
Took off his winter flannels.

There was a young person named Willy,  
Whose actions were what you'd call silly;  
He went to a ball  
Dressed in nothing at all,  
Pretending to represent Chili.

There once was a man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;  
But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket — Nantucket.

A tutor who tooted the flute  
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;  
Said the two to the tutor,  
Is it harder to toot, or  
To tutor two tooters to toot?

There once was a maiden of Siam,  
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,  
"If you kiss me, of course  
You will have to use force—  
But God knows you're stronger than I am."

A sultan with wives in a harem  
One day was emboldened to dare 'em;  
He just caught a mouse  
Which he freed in the house,  
Thus starting the first harem-scarem.

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent  
Was highly displeasing to Millicent;  
Her thanks were so cold,  
They quarreled, I'm told,  
Through that silly scent Willie sent Millicent.



...business for three (3) good  
telephone numbers.

As regards gambling, I take a  
very definite stand on the sub-  
ject, and I pass the cream of my  
experience on to you. I believe  
my advice will coincide with that

**Chesterfield**  
CIGARETTES  
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS  
**Chesterfield**

*Nothing else  
will do -*



**FRE**

ields give me  
more as  
sure than any  
cigarette I ever smoked

**A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**



**HERE'S WHY  
MARIA WAS MAD  
AT HIS BRIAR!**



**HAVE A HEART** on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



**NO MORE FIGHTS.** Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife winner for *aroma!*

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

**ATLAS, JR.**

I hear you're keeping a keg of beer in your room.

"Yes, I'm taking it to gain strength.

Any results?

Marvelous! When I first got the thing I couldn't even move it, and now I can carry it all around the room.

To keep a Scotchman from getting seasick tie his hands and put a quarter between his teeth.

Don't you hate people who answer a question with another question?

Who doesn't?

We know of a fellow so mean that he'd write home for money on Mother's Day.

And, as anyone can see by reading this, it also destroyed the meter.

Gosh, I bet when you first Took a look at these lines

Hollywood is where a dime novel becomes a million dollar epic.

"Johnny, don't you know it's wrong for a little boy to fight?"

"Yes'm. But Willie doesn't know it and I'm proving it to him."

What could be worse than being a kleptomaniac in a piano store?

Soph—Come on take a bath and get cleaned up and I will get you a date..

Frosh—(Cautiously) Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date.

But I find that it works... sadly.

There was a young lady from Clyde,

Of eating green apples she died;  
Within the lamented

The weaker sex is often the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

**TIT FOR TAT**

"A yard of pork, please," said the witty man to the butcher.

The butcher turned to his boy: "Give this gentleman three pigs' feet," he remarked.

**Western Seniors**

The Editors of the Talisman urge you to have your pictures made now for the Talisman.

Go To

**Franklin's Studio**

930 1/2 State Street

**Guaranteed  
Washing and  
Greasing Service**

**Gas and Oil**

**LINCO SERVICE STATION**

13th and Center Streets  
A. J. Rather, Mgr.

**Buy Your Shampoo**

- OIL ● TONICS ● CREAMS
- LOTIONS

At The

**STUDENT'S  
BARBER SHOP**

1503 Center Byron Shaw, Prop.

**T A X I**

"Ride Safe" In A

**Safety Cab**

15c—Two for 25c

**PHONE 26**

# Radios Sold, Rented or Repaired

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SALES and SERVICE

Sixth and College

Phone 9131

### ADVICE TO THE FRESHMEN

A Freshman is the most advised person in the world. He has been advised by everyone from Shakespeare (Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3) right down to PWA workers and Sophomores. The Freshman receives so much advice that he ends up in a fog.

However, the Frosh do need someone to give them the stuff straight, though most upper-classmen prefer it with soda. Someone must set them right with the proper advice as to their greatest problems—studies, gambling and women.

Be careful about your program. Some people prefer to sleep late in the morning and take their class in the afternoon, but others like their afternoons free. (Just by way of warning: Anything you can get free in college, take it quick.) Personally, I prefer my class from 1:00 to 2:00 p. m. I need my morning sleep, (a fellow has to rest some time), and anyhow nothing really starts until 2:30. A definite aid to making classes on time is to know someone who has a car. This will help in getting around the campus, and also in getting around.

Despite these precautions, however, you will frequently be in trouble with your profsors, (you will have to be if you want to be somebody), and to meet these little difficulties I have devised a fast, efficient system, simple enough for even a Senior to comprehend. It consists of a large file containing some sixty or seventy cards. On each card is inscribed an excuse for one thing or another. These excuses are filed under various headings such as, "Excuses for Being Late," "Excuses for Getting the Dean's Daughter Drunk Last Night," "Excuse It, Please," and "Waiter, There's a Fly in My Soup." On each card there is a space for the professor's name and the date he was told

the excuse. I have found it takes the average profesor two to three weeks to forget an excuse so this little device will keep you always on the safe side. The file itself is beautifully decorated with Petty pictures, and I will send you the whole business for three (3) good telephone numbers.

As regards gambling, I take a very definite stand on the subject, and I pass the cream of my experience on to you. I believe my advice will coincide with that of your parents and other interested parties such as the instalment collector on your radio. Gambling is splendid sport, character-developing, etc., if you win, but Heaven help you if you lose.

And now to the greatest topic of them all about which I shall be even briefer. In fact, women were only brought in to get you to read this far—sort of like the professor's dirty joke in the first session.

And remember, above all, Frosh, if you use your text-boks, it will

"No; I never have."  
"Neither have I."

"Oh, see the funny looking fish!"

### You Too Can Own Beautiful Jewelry



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Diamonds  
Dinner Rings  
Wedding Sets  
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*as a Daisy*

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Cleaners and Dyers

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3 Blocks from Western  
3½ Blocks from B. U.

Phone 197

# Milk of Human Kindness

"So you're Mike the Milkman, eh?"

"That's me."

"Well, Mike, my editor heard of your reputation as the most-hated milkman in the city and he sent me over to get a human interest story from you."

"O. K. But make it snappy, I gotta get a little shuteye before I start on my morning route."

"First, I hear you wake up the people along your route every time you deposit a milk bottle. Is this true?"

"Absolutely, I stumbled on to that trick my first morning out when I tripped over a kiddy car some brat had left on the front porch. Noisy? It sounded like a 3-alarm fire. Well, that made me mad, so from then on I decided to do it on purpose. One of me favorite tricks is to run from me wagon to the house and jump up the steps, landing on the porch with a jar that shakes the whole house. Then I lift up the mailbox lid and bang it a few times, put the milk bottles down with a clump and do a Bill Robinson down the the steps. If there is a porch swing handy, I set that in motion and the 'squak, squeak' of the chains will keep a WPA worker awake."

"How about odd chairs and rockers?"

"They're good too. I generally stumble over them while I'm up on the porch. Once in a while, if a customer is behind in his payments, I just push the chairs off the porch and put a tick-tack on his front window. When anybody gets very far behind in his payments, I just go through my regular routine and then place the full milk bottles right in front of the screen door so that they push them over when they open it in the morning."

"Oh, another thing, Mike. Do you make any mistakes in the orders and notes left in milk bottles?"

"Do I make any? Say, I don't believe I've filled one single order right. Lots of times I leave whipping cream in place of ordinary cream and charge 'em for ordering chocolate milk. I remember also a Mrs. Blutz who had eight kids and every time she left out a note saying she wanted four bottles I'd take my pencil eraser and erase part of the figure 4 so it would

look like 1, and vice versa. She finally quit writing directions and just took what I gave her, like a sensible customer. Several times I have delivered milk to families every day while they were on vacation. Whenever anybody orders orange juice I always double the order and add a bottle of milk for a safety measure."

"Don't the customers complain?"

"Well, they used to, but every time they did I would raise Cain on their front porches next morning so they finally quit complaining."

"How long have you been a milkman?"

"About two years."

"What were you before you found your life work?"

"Oh, I worked in a boiler factory for six years but I soon got tired of that when the boss told me something when I accidentally dropped a piece of sheet metal on his toes and then stumbled back and spilled the ingots on a conveyor belt."

"What was it he said?"

"You're fired!"

## BEGINNING EARLY

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Placing a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

A small voice from the back row—"Tails."

"Come on take a bath and get cleaned up and I will get you a date."

Frosh—(Cautiously) Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date.

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will make them last longer and look better.

Phone 520



the

"Old Stand-by"

Western Lunch Room

"At The Foot of the Hill"

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\$6.00 Worth of Beauty  
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STYLED TO SUIT YOU.  
 OUR BARBERS ARE EX-  
 PERTS AT PLEASING YOU.



**WRIGHT'S  
 BARBER SHOP**  
 939 College Street

Landlord: "Of course, you have  
 no children?"

Tenant: "No."

Landlord: "Dogs or cats?"

Tenant: "No."

Landlord: "Piano, phonograph  
 or radio?"

Tenant: "No. But there's one  
 thing. My fountain pen squeaks a  
 little when I write. I hope you  
 won't object to that."

Doctor: "I think you've got a  
 complex."

Patient: "I was a Freud of that."

"Did you ever hear about the  
 Scotchman going away and leav-  
 ing his change on the counter?"

"No; I never have."

"Neither have I."

"Oh, see the funny looking  
 fish!"

"Yeah, that's a jelly fish."

"I wonder what flavor."

Boy: "If you were only beauti-  
 ful."

Girl: "What?"

Boy: "You would be beautiful  
 and dumb."

"That fellow owes me \$500."

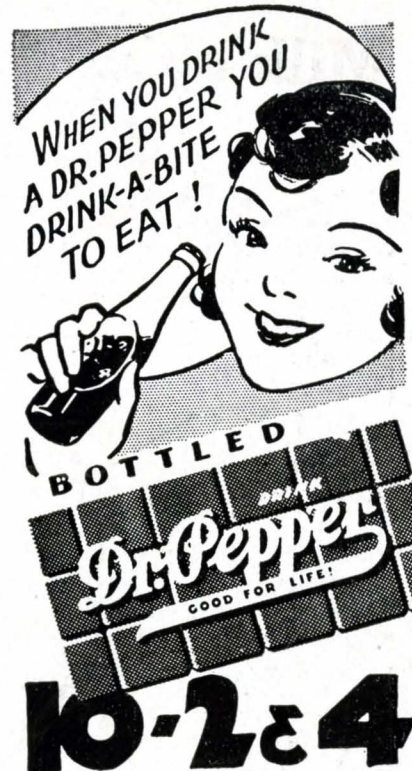
"And won't pay?"

"Won't even worry about it."

**BOOM! BOOM!**

Inst: "Can you explain what  
 strategy is?"

Cadet: "Well, when you run out  
 of ammunition and you don't want  
 the enemy to know it, it is strat-  
 egy to keep on firing."



Don't try to go on doing  
 without a pen for another  
 semester.

**One of Our New  
 Pens**

is one thing that will make  
 your school work easier. We  
 have a full line of—

**SHEAFFER  
 PARKER  
 WATERMAN**

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**Pens—Pencils  
 Pen and Pencil Sets**

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409 Main Street

# "SKIING" Kindness

WHEN YOUR NERVES



**HANS THORNER,**  
DIRECTOR  
MOUNT  
WASHINGTON  
(N.H.) SWISS  
SKIING SCHOOL



'MORNING, MR. THORNER

GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE. WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL

...ok like 1, and vice versa. She usually quit writing directions and just took what I gave her, like a sensible customer. Several times I have delivered milk to families every day while they were on vacation. Whenever anybody orders orange juice I always double the order and add a bottle of milk for safety measure."

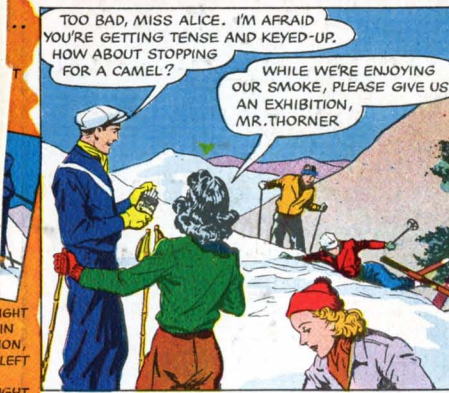
"Don't the customers complain?"

"Well, they used to, but every time they did I would raise a cane in their front porches next morning so they finally quit complain-

THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING

THEN SHIFT WEIGHT TO RIGHT SKI

NOW THAT RIGHT SKI IS POINTING IN WANTED DIRECTION, SIMPLY SWING LEFT SKI AND PLACE PARALLEL WITH RIGHT



TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP. HOW ABOUT STOPPING FOR A CAMEL?

WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US AN EXHIBITION, MR. THORNER

THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING



GOSH, HE'S A WONDERFUL ATHLETE, ISN'T HE?



...and spilled the ingots on a conveyor belt."

"What was it he said?"

"You're fired!"



JUMP-TURN... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR

CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF HIGH-SPEED RUN... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, IN RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION. RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE

## BEGINNING EARLY



SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING "INTERRUPTED COURSE")... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING



BRavo, MR. THORNER! HOW ABOUT AN ENCORE?

TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL. HAVE ONE?

YOU CERTAINLY ARE SOLD ON CAMELS, MR. THORNER



FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME. I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING TO MY NERVES



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive — much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down — *instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way — LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness — ripe, rich flavor — sheer comfort — Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



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### COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

**LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!**  
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES