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UA99/6/2 BUWKY June

Bowling Green Business University

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BUWKY

JUNE

1941

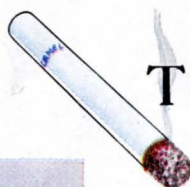


Vol. VI

No. X

THE SMOKE'S

THE THING!



"You bet I smoke Camels; they burn slower and smoke Extra Mild"

—Right, Ben Hogan!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

28%

Less Nicotine

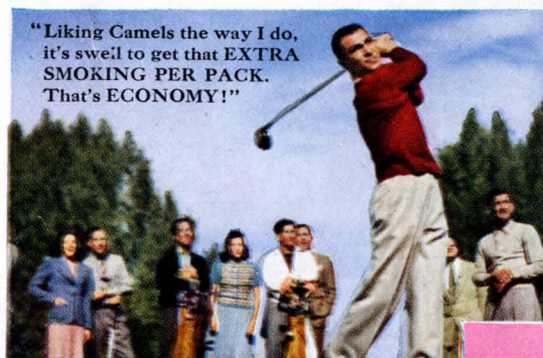
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

135 POUNDS—but they say he has the greatest swing in golf. And to champion Ben Hogan, Camel's extra mildness is mighty important. Important to any smoker... because this extra mildness is in the smoke itself.

And Camels give you less nicotine in the smoke than any of the other 4 largest-selling brands tested... 28% *less* than the average of the other brands. Extra mildness—extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke. Switch to Camels *now!*

"Extra Flavor always hits the spot. That's why I don't tire of smoking Camels"

"And Camels smoke so much Cooler, too!"



"Liking Camels the way I do, it's swell to get that EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. That's ECONOMY!"



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

For even greater economy and convenience, get Camels by the carton at attractive carton prices.



"THAT CAMEL FLAVOR is something very special," says Ben Hogan (*above*). Yes, too-fast burning in a cigarette dulls flavor and fragrance. Camels burn slower, give you a cooler, more flavorful smoke... and *less nicotine* (see above).

Camel

the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

EVEN PRESS AGENTS CONFESS

J. DOE

The room was full of smoke. The gentlemen of the press pressed a little closer about Oscar Krantz, press agent supreme.

"Now, I ask you," says Oscar, "was that a fair deal? I was good enough for that ham actor, Bruce Martin, up until the time I made him in the movies, but the moment he gets plastered—I mean his feet plastered outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre, he gives me the air: If I was a different sort I could give you guys a real story, but Oscar Krantz bears no grudges. 'Live and let live,' that's my motto.

"Oh, you only want the good facts. Well, that means this interview is over; there ain't anything good to say about that ham—and why a pig should have to suffer being connected with him is also beyond me. Sure, I'll answer your questions.

"When did I meet him? I met him ten years ago. He was down and out. In fact, if he'd have worn a carnation, he would have looked like a well-kept grave. Did he have any talent? Talent? Say, don't make me laugh, or I'll split my lip. The only parts I could get him were dumb parts and that was because producers were casting to type. He went over pretty big during the hot summer months—he always left the audience cold.

"Things went from bad to worse and every time I tried to sell him to the public, I felt like a confidence man that just sold his grandmother some worthless stock on money she got by mortgaging the old homestead. I finally got him a part in a Little Theatre play, and when I say little theatre, I mean little theatre. They called the place the Garbo Playhouse because it was only a couple of feet. The show only ran two nights—well it really isn't right to call that a run—it was more like a hundred yard dash. The reason the producer closed the play so quickly was that he was afraid the cast might become lonesome. He was also afraid that if the leading lady's mother sat by herself much longer, she might become a hermit. It's a lucky thing the play wasn't raided, or the doorman might have been locked up for loitering. Oh, Bruce? He went

over big until he got temperamental, and held the show up two hours by tossing his teeth out the window. What a job we had finding them. The play was so bad in that theatre that an efficiency expert, after witnessing a performance, suggested that if the owner wanted to make money (without encroaching upon the field of counterfeiting) he should let the customers in free and charge them to get out. The earlier they left the more they would have to pay. "Then I decided Bruce might be suited for night club work. It wasn't long before I convinced an unsuspecting manager that Bruce had a voice. I told him Bruce sang for charity—and heaven knows, he needed it. It was supposed to be a pretty high class night club, although I must admit that it's the first time I'd ever seen a doorman outside of a sewer. There were three waiters to every table in the place. One gave you the check and the other two revived you. The entertainment consisted of the largest midget in the world, a fellow about six feet two, and Bruce. After Bruce sang his first song, a man at a rear table presented him with a gold-headed cane—right across the head. I always did tell Bruce he should have taken up the piano—it would have been much easier to play in the street.

"And then I decided that I had spared Hollywood long enough. If Charlie McCarthy could get along, Bruce, I figured, should be a natural. He had the same line as Charlie, and what's more, he didn't need anyone to work him. I talked Metro-Warner into giving him a screen test, and no sooner than they had looked at the test, they offered him a twenty minute contract with ten minute potions. He was given a part of a villain in his first picture. The leading lady in the picture divorces her husband and wins the custody of her parents. At the end of the picture the heroine died, and Bruce had to go back to his wife. Talk about 'Quickies'—it seemed as if they made that one during a spare lunch hour. They billed Bruce as the mystery man—the only mystery about it was what he was doing in the picture.

"Then came his big break. Metro-Warner couldn't decide between Robert Taylor and Bruce for the leading role in their planned spectacle, so they decided to have them flip a coin for the major role, Bruce won the toss—so they flipped again.

"And then came the picture that made him and so he bounced me out on my neck. Is that justice?"

"What do I think of his latest picture? Say, I saw it yesterday and someone dropped a stench bomb in the theatre, and no one noticed it until the picture was over. At least, when he was an amateur, he was a good-for-nothing.

"But get this boys, Oscar Krantz bears no one any grudge. I wish him the best of luck, but if I wanted to talk, could I give you a story!"

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.

Sophisticated college girl who thinks in terms of social whirl

Who is above all mundane sin
Behold her mighty soror'ty pin.
An Arrow, Anchor, Key or Kite
It proves she's reached an envied height

Would this upset her pseudo-charm:

How's things back on yo' pappy's farm?

1932

"Qui 'etait la dame avec qui je vous ai vu la dernie're nuit?"

"Ca n' 'etait pas une dame, c' etait ma femme."

A lad over at the Observatory the other night was looking through the telescope. "Gawd," he exclaimed.

Pretty good telescope.

Why do men have hair on their chests?

Well, they can't have everything.

A tune is di-de-di-de-di-de. A "diddy" is something a baby changes when it is all wet. Therefore, a baby changes its tune when it is all wet. It's a damn shame some politicians haven't enough sense to do the same.

Sing A Song At Our Expense Instead of "Sing a Song of Sixpence"



"Cynic"

1

One is sharp, one is dull.
One pointed, one blunt.
And a body and five senses,
Plus a little Intellect,
Can scarce make a choice.
If difference be small.
What shall I choose?

2

One is good, one is bad.
One truthful, one false,
And a body, and five senses,
Plus a little Intellect,
Understanding none of them,
Must believe only one!
Which shall I choose?

3

They taught me.—No, They drilled
me:—
"God is three, yet one,
All-powerful, All-merciful,
All-knowing, All-divine,
He knows the Past, the Present,
the Future."
And my little parrot Intellect
agreed,
And was content.

4

And they taught me (too well, I
think):—
"Man is sinful, born to sin,
Buried in sin, except through God.
Man is free-willed, his meagre
mind
Dictates his course, and God his
only Judge."
At that, my diabolic Intellect re-
belled,
And expressed itself as so.

5

My Intellect was staggered,
It reeled in stupor, dense:—
"God knows the Future,
Yet, Man premeditates a sin?"
"Intellect, be still!
God's ways are far beyond you."
But not to restless Intellect,
Although in Darkness groping.

6

And they shouted, "Faith, little
man, Faith!"
"You'll know all, when God sees
fit.
Until then, let Faith support the
burden."
But that Cynic, my Intellect,
Refused to accept, and so,
They told me I was damned
For refusing to believe.

7

"Please God, don't misjudge me.
It's not I, who lacks in Faith,
It's that sinful little Intellect,
(The Despot rules my being.)
Don't curse the body and the
senses,
Just damn that stupid Intellect,
Which knows not how to choose."

8

I tried to sate my Intellect.
I brought it problems; shut it in
books;
Showed it life in all its phases;
Then hoping it had seen the light,
I questioned, and to my horror:—
'Death is positively certain, all else
is much in doubt;
And so, my body, and its senses,
For you had them, and I myself:—
My choice is Death.'

9

Wishing to escape from doom,
I sought someone to share the trial
The tribulation of this "World of
Choice."
I sought, and found——
None, to whom discriminating In-
tellect would acquiesce.
I sought a mate for mind and
body,
Found husks ,barren with repres-
sions.

10

Gloating Intellect, conquest as-
sured;
The body and senses subject for-
ever,
To whim and wish, as though at
command,
Deriding convention, the usual
way:—
'Be not a swine, sheep, my body.
Do as I wish! Want what I wish!
Hark not to the common herd.'

11

So people look at me with scorn.
I do, they do not.
I do not, they do.
"You'll amount to nothing," so say
they.
They seem not to comprehend
That domineering Intellect, per-
verse,
Drives one toward destiny, heed-
less of restraint.

12

They toil, I do not.
They love, I cannot.
And the body and five senses,
Demoralized, degenerate, damned,
Because of futile Intellect, Dicta-
tor:—
'Believe nothing and expect noth-
ing—
Except Death!'

13

'One is good, one is bad.
One truthful, one false.
Yet, a body and five senses,
Subjugated, cowed by ME,
A puny bit of Intellect which,
Still Understanding none of them.
Must choose only one!—
What could I choose?—
What else,—But Death.'

STICKY CAMPUS STATISTICS

I. "Do you" group of questions:

A. Do you get in at ten-thirty every night? YES 99, NO 1.

(That one is not enrolled since the faculty read the results of BUWKY's test.)

B. Do you slip out the window? YES 50, NO 50.

(This all goes to prove that 50 per cent of the women are liars.)

C. Do You? YES 99, NO 1.

(That's the girl I had the date with the other night.)

II. "Have You" group of questions:

A. Have you ever kissed a boy? YES 100, NO 00.

(They knew we had them there.)

B. Have you ever read "What every young girl should know"? YES 01, NO 99.

(I always said that practical experience was the best teacher.)

C. Have you ever read BUWKY? YES 01, NO 99.

(At's me girl friend folks.)

D. Have you ever read Student Weekly? YES 10, NO 90.

E. Have you an admiration of Antiques? YES 10, NO 90.

F. Have you ever been in a man's apartment? YES 45, NO 55.

G. Have you a minute appreciation of Etchings? YES 45, NO 55.

(Mammy pin an etching on me.)

H. Have you ever been to chapel? YES 15, NO 35.

(50 inquired what chapel was.)

I. Have you answered the questions truthfully? YES 99, NO 1.

We refer you to question C of Group I.)

III. "Would You" group of questions:

A. Would you be my valentine? YES 00, NO 00.

(Hell!! We forgot this wasn't February.)

B. Would You like to be a teacher? YES ??, NO ??.

(We forgot to say just what kind of teacher we had in mind and consequently the girls were a little hesitant in answering.)

C. Would you marry a man for his money? YES 100, NO 00.

(Several remarked, "Why don't be a fool.")

"You know I'm very fond of birds. Yesterday one actually settled on my head."

"It must have been a woodpecker."

Old Lady—I won't keep this parrot you sold me! He swears too much.

Shopman — Still, madam, he neither smokes nor drinks.

Husband—Look, Susan, I bought you a useful present. A parrot.

Wife—Will it talk?

Husband—No, but it's a darn good listener.

Aunt Jane — Robert, are you teaching the parrot to swear?

Robert — No auntie. I'm just telling him what not to say.

A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.

He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap: "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you wear a bird."

Sam—Dey say dat de parrot am one o' the longest lived birds dere is.

Rastus—Ah specs de reason fo' dat am, he ain't no good to eat.

"Gee, dat's a pretty boid."

"Dat ain't no boid. It's a bird."

"Dat's funny. It sings like a boid."

In the old days Indians used to scalp heads, and nowadays ticket brokers scalp seats.

He—As a dancer, I'm tops.

She—Yes, you're on top of my feet most of the time.

See you for the last time next month.

If you play ball with a girl by giving her a diamond, you make enough of a hit with her to get you to first base.

Usher: How far down do you wish to sit, lady?

Lady: All the way, of course.

"Ma! Ma! A big truck just ran over Pa and squashed him all over the street!"

"Junior, how many times have I told you not to talk about such things when I'm eating.

What's a skeleton?

A stack of bones with all the people scraped off.

Lady—"So you are on a submarine? Tell me, what do you do?"

Sailor—"Oh, I run forward and hold her nose when we're going to dive."

"Got something in your eye?"

"No. I'm just trying to look through my thumb."

Teacher—Jimmie, are you eating candy or chewing gum?

Jimmie—Neither, I'm soaking a prune to eat at recess.

The best lady killer is the guy who loves 'em to death.

Some women never get the dirt on their husband until he's six feet under.

They—For two pins we'd drop you.

She—Yeah, for that brunette's two pins!

A hen-pecked husband is a poor guy who has put up with a lot of foul blows.

Sometimes a man makes hay while the sun shines so that he'll have more time to pet with his gal while the moon shines.

"What's the latest gossip?"

"I don't know."

"I guess there isn't any, then."

"Was that Fred with his arm around you?"

"I don't know. How long ago did you look?"

FIVE MILES A GAL

"Mister, what oil do you use in this car?"

"Oh, I usually say, "Hyah, toots, how about a spin?"



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7-8

"Oh, that? It's a decoration from my draft board for filling out my questionnaire without a mistake!"



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7-5

"No, Private Twirp, I don't think the Army would be interested in your 'multiple-use' bayonet."



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7-7

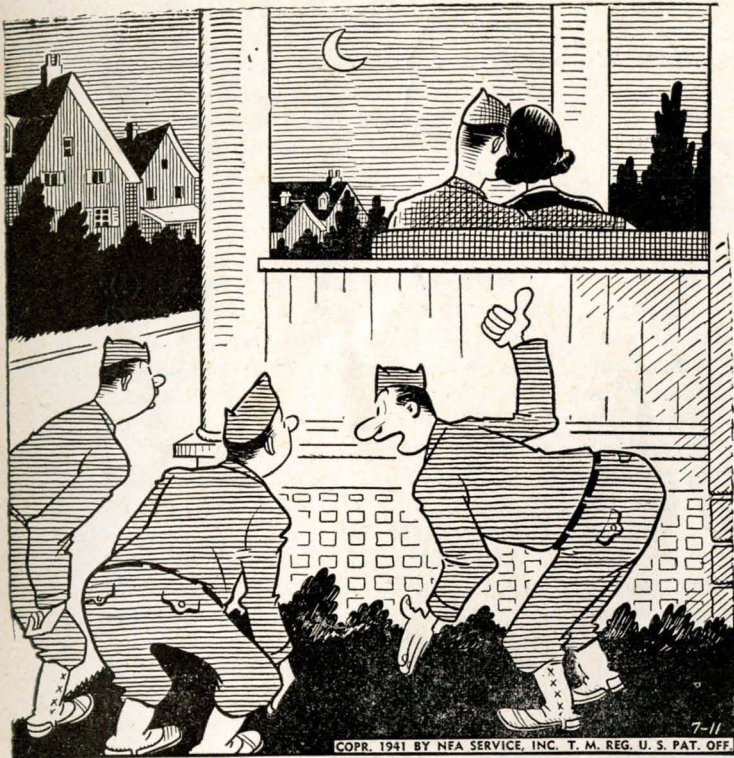
"He has a kind face, but Pa says if he starts using those long words we can't pronounce he must be a foreigner and we'll just leave."



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7-8

"Thanks, son, but I'd better walk—in case a wheel flew off that thing I'm afraid I wouldn't be as spry as you—in jumping overboard!"



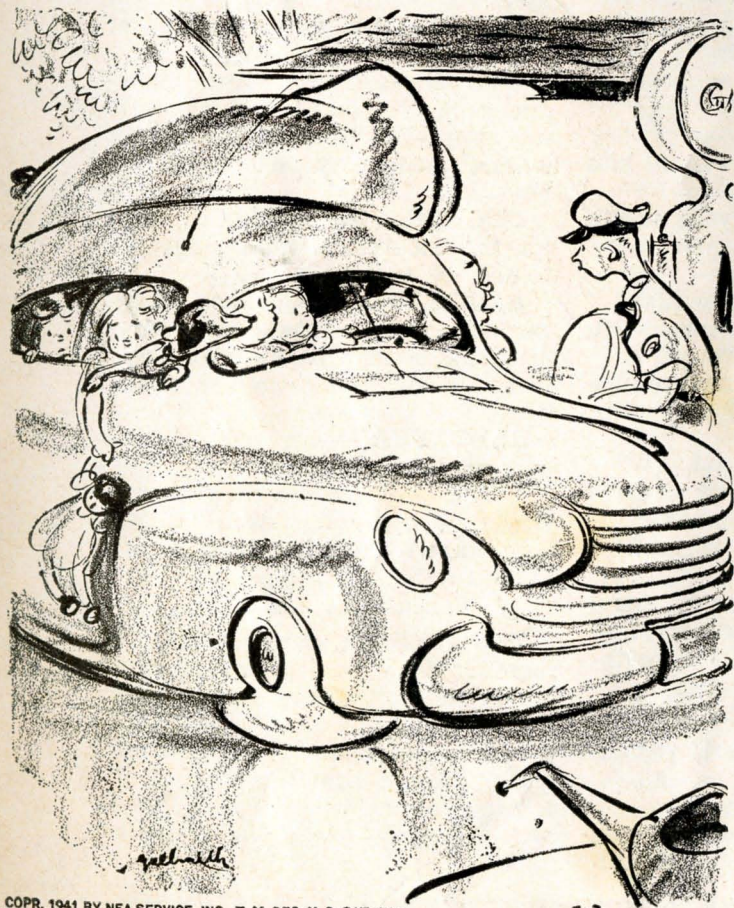
"Any of you birds know anything about strategy? That's my girl!"

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"I see you've been reading about the army being short of equipment, but I don't think we'll need that bow and arrow!"

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"We're afraid to open the doors—would you mind looking at our rear tires to see if they're flat?"

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"I'll be a senior in chemistry next fall, and dad says a summer in a drug store is just what I need!"

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FIRE

(A short, short story)
 "Why did it have to be my house?" she sobbed.

I stared at the smouldering embers, unable to answer her simple question. My eyes were slightly moist too, but it was probably because some smoke had gotten in them.

"I worked so hard trying to make it a real home," Pat continued, "and now it's all gone. Nothing left except dirty old ashes."

"Maybe God meant it to be that way," I said, "Let's make the best of it, and remember that lots of people don't ever have a pretty home of their own."

My feeble attempts to stop Pat's tears were of no avail. She continued to cry silently as we stood in the back yard.

Suddenly Mary, the third member of our back yard drama began to whisper to Pat. What could she be telling her?

Pat's tears stopped and I watched the last few drops roll down her face as she began to smile. A miracle had been performed and I was anxiously awaiting the secret that had caused the sudden change.

Pat ran over and threw her arms around me. Her little golden curls still bore the smell of wood-smoke.

"Will you," she asked, "Will you build me another doll-house, Daddy?"

"I wish I had enough money to get married."

"What would you want to do that for?"

"I wouldn't. I'd buy a car."

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

Girls who are live wires are sometimes dangerous to touch!

"I heard of a hard case along our way."

"What was it?"

"Well, a man was shot. His knife was found at his side. Who do you think poisoned him?"

"Who?"

"Nobody. He hanged himself."

"So you went to class this morning?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Your suit looks as though it had been slept in."

"You walk as if you own the street."

"You drive as if you own the car."

"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulder?"

"Naw, let's dance."

"I'm sorry, but I must go and re-arrange it. It's supposed to look that way."

TABLE TALK

At a dinner recently, a man sitting next to a lady was, to say the least, inebriated. He leered at her and commented: "Shay, you're the homeliest woman I've ever seen!"

With a show of spirit she replied, "Well, you're the drunkest man I've ever seen!"

"I know, madam," the souse answered, "but I'll get over that in the morning!"

College men spend so much money getting engaged that they have no money left to get married on.

Sign in a Cuban dance hall: NO DANCING WITHOUT MOVING THE FEET.

"Girlie, you look like a million dollars."

"Yes, and I'm just as hard to make."

Doris—I wouldn't let him kiss me for a minute.

May—No. It'd hardly be worth while—for a minute.

Mother, can I go out to play?

Yes, daughter, but not with little boys, they're too rough.

But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?

"Mama, do angels have wings?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother.

"And can angels fly, mama?"

"Yes, dear."

"Daddy said nurse was an angel last night. Then will she fly?"

"Tomorrow," replied the mother.

"Mrs. Clancy, your child is badly spoilt."

"G'wan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to him."

Vesuvius is a volcano. You can see the creator smoking there day

BUWKY DEFINES

DEAN — This is a species of teacher found around colleges. It is characterized by a "sour-puss." A valuable specimen is very rare.

COMMUNISM — A form of government philosophy. We'll have the WPA work for you if you'll work for us. Equal division of labor ??

WPA—A group of men (?). Their theme song is: "Lay down the shovel and the hoe, 'cause there's no more work for poor old Joe. It's FDR's time to run again."

EMBRYOLOGY — The study of what we was, before we was.

BOTANY — Study of the little flowers, and intimate details of their private life.

ARITHMETIC—Teaches us how to multiply. A course Hitler is demanding his subjects understand thoroughly.

GEOMETRY — A course that teaches us how to bisex angels. (Remember this was in the March copy of BUWKY).

OPTIMIST — One who thinks campaign promises are really going to come true.

SCHOOL PAPER — A faculty published sheet of student (?) ideas.

ART—Sally Rand's definition of a fan dance.

CURSE—A spell which someone puts on you. It usually gets me about the time of the month when I go to play poker with the boys.

DEGREE — A hypothetical alibi for the theoretical knowledge obtained in college.

LABORATORY—A place where the boys gather to exchange favorite jokes and to express their ideas upon the European situation.

SABOTEUR — One who drinks beer on Sunday.

TEXT — A useless conglomeration of frustrated ideas whose only known function is still unknown.

Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night. "What rats you are," grumbled the doomed man, "making me walk through rain like this."

"How about us?" growled one of the escorts, "we've got to walk back."

The three chief races of men are sprints, hurdles and long distance.

PARTY STUFF

Blonde—So you had noise-makers at your party last night.

Brunette—Yes, my husband and his relatives were along.

When a guy goes into a real dive he naturally has to be high first.

Blonde—Did you succeed in your plan to get next to those rich clubmen?

Brunette — Sure, I made the graded.

As soon as some guys finish a quart they start a quartette.

“Oh, yes, he’s in business for love.”

“Gigolos?”

“No, a matrimonial agent.”

“I called up Central on the phone today, and just for fun I said, “Hello, Central, give me Heaven.”

“And what happened?”

“Well, that’s not exactly what she gave me.”

“What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?”

“I don’t recall, but I do know it was checked.”

“Boy, that must have been some party.”

“How did you come out in your exams?”

“I knocked them cold.”

“How was that?”

“Got zero.”

When trouble comes to a head it’s usually in the form of dandruff or baldness.

It is said that kissing shortens life, but that must mean single life.

Oddly enough the fellow with the most soft soap can do a girl the most dirt.

“Did you learn new ways to kiss last night when you were with Jack?”

“No, but Jack did.”

The modern gal’s slogan is “Every man for herself.”

Some women like men who can pull a rabbit out of a hat but most women like guys who have hair on their chests.

We know a looney lubber who, when his bobber disappeared under the water, sighed, “Aw, shucks, it’s gone! Now I’ll have to get another one.”

There’s an organization that wanted to throw a dance called “Eight Ball,” so they’d be sure to have plenty of people behind it.

Executioner: “We’re going to give you anything you want for your last meal.”

Condemned Man: “Can I have some champagne?”

Executioner: “Any particular vintage?”

Condemned Man: “Yes, 1984.”

“A fellow out our way got into all kinds of trouble when he proposed.”

“How was that?”

“She was hard of hearing, and four old maids on the same floor sued him for breach of promise.”

The electric chair is an example of period furniture — because it ends a sentence.

First Doll: “Is Roscoe a steady sort of fellow?”

Second Doll: “If he were any more steady he’d be dead.”

“Yes, Sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Make ya peppy.

“Well, can you give me any specific reference — I mean people who have taken it with good results.”

“Well, there was an old man living next to us who took the medicine for two years.”

“Does it help him ”

“He died last week.”

“Oh, I see.”

“But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it.”

There was an old woman

Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children...

That Margaret Sanger said,
“Nuts.”

This class is so dumb that if you stood in a circle the Federal government would raid you for being a dope ring.

And then there is the one about the duck who went around for three weeks before he knew his pants were down.

HOLD EVERYTHING

He—Ah, my love, let’s drop everything and go to the South Seas.

She—No, no, we’d better wait until we get there first.

“Give us a kiss.”

“Who you got with you?”

Our Funny Little Telegram Department reports the following one, sent by a Long Island commuter who was marooned overnight in a snowbound train, to his boss the next morning.

“Sorry, but will not be at work this morning as have not arrived home to go back yet.”

The successful man is the one who meets the wolf at the door and comes back with a fur coat.

Customer — “Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair.”

Barber—It ain’t that; sometimes I snip off a bit of the customer’s ear.”

Girls when they went to swim

Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;

But now they have a bolder whim —

They dress more like the cupboard.

Little Jack Horner

Sat ‘n a corner . . .

Even his best friends

Wouldn’t tell him.

Mary is a little lamb,

Her locks were white as snow;

But now she is a red-head

Since henna’s made her so.

Harlem is a fine source of hospital humor. The latest concerns a colored lady who was asked if she had ever been X-rayed.

“No, sir,” she replied, “But I have been ultra-violated.”

Spring is sprung

The grass is riz

I wonder where the flowers is,

The boids is on the wing,

Ain’t dat absoid,

I thought the wings was on the boid.

Snakes is small,

Not tall at all,

They ain’t even got no stature,

And when they stare,

They take great care

To always look right ature.

"AYE, AYE, SIR"

Mistress (instructing new butler)—Now how do you address a baron?

Butler—Your lordship.

Mistress—And his lady?

Butler—Your ladyship.

Mistress—And an admiral?

Butler—Your flagship.

Mistress—I am a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hand, that means "Come."

Maid—That suits me, mum! I'm also a woman of few words. If I shake my head, it means, "I'm not comng."

"Sir, I want a job as your chauffeur."

"You'd better see my wife."

"I've already seen her. That's why I want the job."

It takes will power to love a fat girl.

Mistress—Any letters for me this morning, Bridget?

Maid—There were four, ma'am, but such terrible writing. I couldn't make head or tail of them and threw them away to save you the trouble.

Mistress — Come, come, how much longer are you going to be filling that pepper pot?

Maid — I couldn't say. It's an awful job getting the stuff into these little holes in the top.

Henpecked Husband—Where is your mistress going for the winter?

Maid—To Palm Beach, sir.

Henpecked Husband — Do you know if she is taking me with her?

SINK OR SWIM

"We once kept a cook for a whole month."

"Wonderful! How did you manage it?"

"Why, we were cruising on a houseboat, and she couldn't swim."

Mistress—Who broke that China jug?

Maid—The cat, mum.

Mistress—What cat?

Maid—Why, ain't we got one?

SECRETS

"Is it true that Mabel has a secret sorrow?"

"Why, sure. Hasn't she told you about it yet?"

ALL TOLD

She—You're the first man that ever kissed me like that.

He—Aw, I bet you've told that to a hundred men.

She—No, ninety-nine out of a hundreds can do it better than that.

I once had a classmate named Guesser

Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser.

It at last grew so small

He knew nothing at all.

And now he's a college professor.

One of those old-fashioned gentlemen: "May I kiss your hand?"

She: "What's the matter, is my mouth dirty?"

"Don't you think Connie looks spirtual in that costume?"

"Well, I'll admit there's not much of the material about her."

"Hello. Is this the beauty shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send one over, will you?"

FABLE

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farmhouse about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted. "Any brushes today?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she replied, "but won't you spend the night? Father isn't here."

"I've got more work to do," he answered, and drove off.

Two financiers discovered that an office boy in their employ had been tampering with the petty cash.

One of them was so much enraged that he desired to send for the police, but the other was a calm and just man. He took a more moderate and humane view of the situation.

"No, no," he said; "let us always remember that we began in a small way ourselves."

Do you use tooth-paste?

What for? None of my teeth are loose.

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself in reaching for the wrong limb.

A girl's a minor until she is eighteen. Then she's a gold-digger.

Here I set an' fuss and fret, While my seat is getting wet. It's enough to make me fume. Teacher, can't I leave the room? Why delay me when you know That I simply have to go? Honest, teacher, I'm not feigning; My car top's down, and it is raining.

A freshman's essay in a Montana school read as follows:

"When we go camping, we must keep the place neat; we must be very careful to put out our fire. This is God's country. Don't burn it up and make it look like hell."

He gazed admirably at the beautiful but extremely revealing dress of the leading chorine in a rather risque show.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

"That's a queer pair of stockings you have on, Pat—one red and the other green."

"Yes, and I've got another pair like it at home."

I had sworn to be a bachelor, She had sworn to be a bride. But I guess you know the answer. She had nature on her side.

1936

"I see you're going to sell your car."

"Well, some bird made a deposit on it."

She was a Communist's daughter, and she gave everyone his share.

"You've got a spot on your bathing suit, my dear."

"That's no spot. That's the bathing suit."

Judge (after giving a prisoner a 99-year sentence) — Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—All I know is you are damn liberal with other people's time.

"Were you trying to catch that street-car?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I was merely frightening it away from this corner."

"You give me such crazy kisses." "That's because my lips are cracked."



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7-1

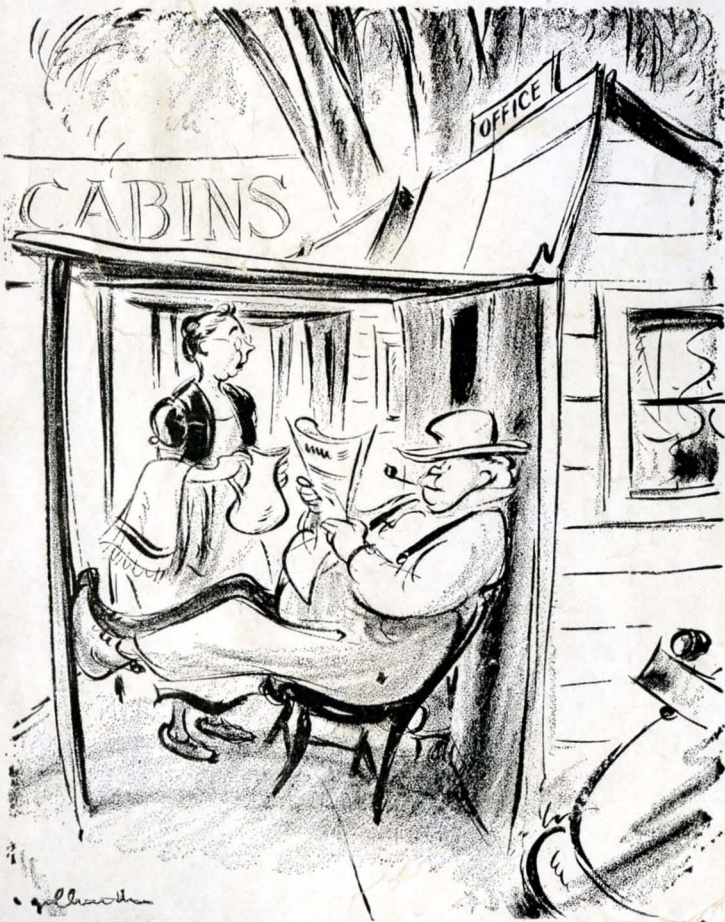
"Now get back in there and show us some curves!"



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7-3

"I haven't found any 'enemy' planes, sir—but I've worked out a swell horoscope for myself."



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7-9

"Jed, you'll either have to lose some weight or stay out of sight when tourists drive by—our cabins look like doll houses when people compare them to you!"



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7-5

"What's my best approach tonight, Hoskins—should I enter whistling, growling, or play silent Sam?"

PATRICIA MORISON
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently appearing in Paramount's
"The Roundup"



COOLER Milder
QUICK TO SATISFY

Chesterfield

Yes, you will quickly like everything about Chesterfields...they're cooler and milder with *plenty of good taste*. You are entitled to all these things in a cigarette and you get them in Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO... *They Satisfy*