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!
Prof—Young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?
Student—Can I? Say, you should have seen her last night.

—The Rebel—

Cabbie—"I take the next turn, don’t I?"
P.G.U. student in back seat—"Like hell you do, this is my girl."

There was an old lady from Brussels,
Accused of wearing two bustles;
She said, "It’s not true;
It’s a thing I don’t do;
You are simply observing my muscles."
—Jacko—

A lady with manners superior
Asked divorce from a husband inferior,
On the grounds that when once
She had screamed at him, "Dunce!"
He’d said, "Shut up, you horse’s posterior!"

She—"Do you know what they’re saying about me?"
He—"Yeah, that’s why I came over."

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause us dismay,
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all of the horses say, "Nay"?
—Voo Doo—

E.K.T. girl: "Hey, what are you following me for? Didn’t you ever see anyone like me before?"
"Yeah, but I had to pay a quarter."

He calls his girl in Tri-Delta Melancholy Baby, because she has a head like a melon and a face like a collie.

Then there was the Beau Chateau girl in the hotel room next to mine who kept me awake eating candy. All night I could hear her say, "Oh Henry! Ummm, Oh Henry!"

He: "You’ve a faculty for making love."
She: "Oh no, just a student body."
BEFORE YOU GO HOME
HAVE A BUNNY CHRISTMAS PARTY!

YES, AND ALL THRU THE HOUSES NOT A
CREATURE WAS STIRRING — "
THEY WERE ALL HAVING FUN AT BUNNY'S

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I was sitting in the office one night grinding out some pornographic poetry for student consumption the following month. As I turned from my typewriter and looked down on the Boneyard sea outside my window, I heard a low cough behind me. I knew I'd locked the door when I came in, so I wasted no time in turning on the cold sweat and turned around to meet my invader, whom I found to be a darkly-cloaked, forbidding figure. For once I was without something to say.

"I'm sorry for giving you such a start," my visitor began in a very silken voice, "but you were so absorbed I didn't want to disturb you."

For some reason I still couldn't think of a thing to say; it seemed as if this spectre of the night had cast some spell over me. Maybe it was because I could feel his eyes burning into me from beyond the shadows cast by his large slouch hat, or maybe it was because in turning around I broke my garters. To this day I can't say. I recall him saying in his rousing, musical voice something about his having something to show me. The next thing I realized I was in a big, black limousine speeding through the night.

It seemed as though we rode in that car for an eternity and through the most desolate country I've ever seen. I dozed off when the car stopped, but my companion was quick to awaken me. "We're here," he said. I stumbled out of the car and mumbled something about where we were. He was quick to reply, "You are now in the Kingdom of Dikchunaria, Principality of Websterania, which is situated in the upper Complete River Basin, high in the Unabridged Mountains."

What's hell is this, I thought to myself, double talk? But in spite of my burning desire to tell him to take a flying flip at the moon, I couldn't. Silently he paraded up the street, and I soon found myself following him, although I didn't want to.

My guide turned and led me up a gravel path and beneath a weirdly-constructed iron gate into a cemetery; yes, a cemetery! Amid the mist I could discern irregular shapes which I found to be tombstones. At this point my train of thought was rudely derailed as my guide confronted me, waved his arm in a circle over the area, and said in a very un-musical voice, "Look around you!"

I looked around me but could see little but the phantom-like tombstones. "Look closer, man!" he said harshly. I walked up to a modest looking stone and read the inscription, "Interred here is the phrase AW C'MON, HONEY, which met an untimely end in the grip of the American college man."

My curiosity now boiling over, I looked at an inscription on another stone, "Here lies the once faithful word NO, which perished as a result of over-use by college coeds."

On another stone was carved, "So rests the words I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE, so brutally abused by Charles Chaplin."

I scanned a few more stones and then turned to my companion and asked him what it all meant. I could feel his eyes boring through me, "It means what it says. You humans have abused us so that we can take no more. You noticed how deserted our streets were; we're almost gone. There is but a handful left! All that are buried here were killed by you and your kind through over-use and abuse."

With this he threw off his black coat and black hat and screamed at me, "Look what you've done to me!"

To my amazement "he" was a SHE! Her face was deeply furrowed and her deeply sunken bloodshot eyes stared wildly at me while her mated and disheveled hair moved with the rising wind. At one time she was certainly a beautiful woman, but now she was haggard, shriveled, and beaten.

"Who are you?" I choked. Her reply was one of the most horrible cackles I have ever heard. "You of all people don't know who I am...you who have more than contributed your share to my end; you who has driven me for years, twisting me and distorting me before your readers. I should laugh!" And she did laugh, hideously. "I am SEX!" she roared. "You've boudned me from the time you could first peck at a typewriter."

This was too much to believe, but there I was. I rapped my head in hopes that I was dreaming and could awaken myself, but to no avail. I looked about me for a place to flee, but everything had disappeared. I was in the middle of nothing, alone with this raving creature.

She kept staring at me and chanting in a hysterical voice, "You're trying to kill me, you're trying to kill me! Every month I get closer to the grave. One more stroke and I'm finished. You're trying to kill me!" She repeated it again and again until it echoed and re-echoed maddeningly in my ears. Then she came close to me, lifted me over her head and whirled me around and around.

An eternity later I was back in the office again. The sun was spreading dawn over the Boneyard. I looked around me, saw I was alone, and then lit a cigarette. I went back to the typewriter and continued working on my poetry. A wave of pornography flooded my mind and gained an outlet on the paper. An hour later my greatest work was finished.

Then I quietly walked to the closet and took out a bugle. I walked to the window, tilted my head back, and put the bugle to my lips. The sound of taps reverberated through the room and all over the campus. I put the bugle down, stood erect for a while, and lowered my head. "Rest in peace," I said softly.
An American was sitting next to two Englishmen on the deck of a steamer. One of the Englishmen was hard of hearing.

“ать?,” said the first Englishman, “have you been to England?”

“Yeah,” said the American.

“What did he say?” asked the second Englishman.

“He says he’s been to England. Have you been to Suffolk?”

“Yeah.”

“He says he has been to Suffolk. Did you meet Lady Smythington-Chives?”

“Oh,” said the American, “that old bag.”

“What did he say?”

“He says,” answered the first Englishman, “that he knows mother.”

The hand that rocks the cradle is usually the same hand that turned out the parlor lights.

A daring young fellow once crept
To the bedroom where fair beauty slept;
Instead of the bed,
He wound up in the head,
Moaning, “God, am I inept!”

—Syracusan—

Judge: “Officer, what makes you think this frat boy is intoxicated?”

Officer: “Well, Judge, I didn’t bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church, and said, ‘My God, I’ve lost fourteen pounds!’ I brought him in.”

Two mosquitoes once lit on the features
Of two fair and peroxided creatures.
When asked by what right,
They replied, “We’re not tight,
We’re just seeing the game from the bleachers.”

There was once a man not unique
Who imagined himself quite a shique.
But the girls didn’t fall
For the fellow at all—
He made only twenty a wique.

A gullible woman is one who thinks her daughter has been a good girl when she comes back from Danville with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

A dumb girl counts on her fingers. A smart one on her legs.
SOME OF THE BUST

SHE CAN'T FOOL ME... THEY'RE HER SISTER'S!
To WHICH SHE REPLIED, "NO, BRUCE!"

(A new and fascinating phenomenon has infiltrated into the contemporary American novel. He is, of course, the Post-war Man. He is an ex-officer; he has just returned from overseas. He is in his early thirties. He is a bachelor. He is dark and good-looking. He has his own apartment and a manservant. He is commanding. He is a natural leader. But most of all he is virile! He has infiltrated into the contemporary American novel.

He is the Post-war Man!)

Bruce Clayton stepped out of the cab and strode majestically into the lobby of his apartment hotel. He carried a bag and had a topcoat on his arm. On his shoulders were two gold leafs. On his chest were three rows of ribbons. His rugged frame looked tire and a bit older than its 31 years.

"Major Clayton, you're home!" said the room clerk. "I haven't seen you in years!"

"Hello, Billing," said Clayton softly. "Tell me, Major, how was it?"

"How was what, Billing?" asked Clayton.

"Oh everything. How were the women over there?" And Billing smiled wryly.

"Not bad," said Clayton.

Billing didn't press the point any further. He knew Clayton. He knew the old Clayton. He remembered the evenings years ago when Clayton used to enter the hotel with a beautiful girl and call down for cigarettes. He knew Clayton—Laconic, imperious, good-looking, masculine, and honest. A leader, a natural leader. A man, truly a man.

Clayton stepped into the elevator, and in a few seconds he was standing in his bachelor's apartment. He flicked on the lights. It was the same. Everything was the same, just as he left it years ago.

Just then Beazley, his manservant, entered from the kitchen. "Oh, Mr. Clayton, at last you're back. Mr. Clayton, it's been so long."

"It has, hasn't it, Beazley?"

"But I won't bother you anymore," said Beazley. "I'll fix up your tub. Then when you're refreshed and clean we'll talk all about it."

Clayton undressed, bathed, shaved, put on his silk bathrobe and ascot, and strode into the dining room. It was good to be back. He went to the bar, tossed off a pair of bourbons, and then sat down at the table.

"And now, Mr. Clayton," said Beazley, placing a thick sirloin before him, "tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell, Beazley," said Clayton.

"But, sir, surely there must be something. Tell me, sir, how was Tina, the Mongolian girl you wrote me about? You said she was quite beautiful and . . ."
“Yes, she was, Beazley,” said Clayton, stabbing at his steak.

“How did you . . .”

“She could really kiss, Beazley,” Clayton said quietly.

“I see, sir, and . . . and . . .?”

“That’s all.”

“What about Bianca, the blonde Wren you met in London?” asked Beazley. “You told me she liked you, and she . . .”

“No a bad neck, Beazley,” said Clayton, buttering his bread.

“Neck, sir? Is that . . . is that all?”

“That’s all, Beazley.”

“And what of Celia and Tondelayo and Therese and Minka and . . .?”

Clayton shrugged his shoulders.

“Mr. Clayton, you mean to tell me that in all those long years overseas you didn’t . . .”

Clayton shrugged his shoulders again and munched silently on his steak.

“But Mr. Clayton,” said Beazley, “you told me before you left that in the service you surely would . . . well, you know what I mean. It’s true you’ve had bad luck at home, but I thought surely in the service you would . . . well, I just thought.”

“Just one of those things, Beazley,” said Clayton. The meal was finished in silence. A few minutes later Clayton was at the telephone. He dialed a number and then heard Nancy’s voice. How sweet and close it sounded.

“Hello, Nancy,” he said, “Of course it’s Bruce. Who did you think it was? . . . About an hour ago . . . No, the trip wasn’t too bad . . . Of course . . . Say, how about coming over tonight. I’ve got a new case of Scotch . . . Swell, I’ll see you at eleven. Goodbye.”

Clayton was flushed with victory. “You can leave for the evening, Beazley,” he said. “Nancy is coming over.”

“Nancy, sir, she’s been here many times before and you never . . .”

“You can take the evening off, Beazley,” said Clayton sternly.

“Great!” said Bruce. “You old sea rat. How the hell have you been?”

“Great! Great! But don’t tell me you’re going to turn in now. Oh no, Bruce, it’s too early. I’m going to meet the boys in a little while.”

“Where are you going?” asked Clayton.

“Where does Tommy always go with the boys on a Friday night?”

“Oh.”

“But you’re going with us, Brucie.”

“Uh uh,” said Bruce. “You know I’ve never . . .”

“Af come on, Bruce, just this one time. Beazley tells me that you . . .”

“No, Tom, I’d rather not. I’d just rather not.”

“Please, Brucie, for my sake. For homecoming sake.”

Clayton hesitated. He walked up and down the room for a while. Then he stopped. “What the hell,” he said. “I’ll go.”

He dressed quickly and walked over to Beazley. “Get me a ten spot from the safe,” he said.

Beazley, his face beaming, did as he was told. Clayton and Tom left. Beazley dusted the room, made Clayton’s bed, and sat down to read the paper. He felt like singing; so he did.

At approximately six in the morning there was the sound of a key fumbling in the lock. Beazley, who had been dozing on the couch, got up quickly and ran to the door. Clayton entered the room unsteadily. He took off his hat and coat and placed them on a chair. He walked over to the bar.

Beazley studied his face and saw an unfashionable mask. Clayton’s actions and expressions revealed nothing. He gulped down a drink. “Is my bed ready, Beazley?” he asked.

“Yes sir,” said Beazley breathlessly, anxiously scrutinizing Clayton for a tell-tale sign.

“Are my pajamas laid out?”

“Oh your bed, sir,” Beazley could hardly contain himself.

“I don’t want to be disturbed until about six this evening,” said Clayton.

“Oh no, sir,” said Beazley, following him toward the bedroom.

“Oh Beazley . . .”

“Great!”

“Before I forget . . .”

“Yes, sir?”

“Put this ten spot back in the safe.”
filched

"How's your broad-jumping lately?"

---JACKO---
Are Things That Bad?

by Gene Rezwin

Pssst. Feel blue? Then take the uncalled advice of your local news dealer and pick up a copy of the latest issue of "Genuine Misery", or if you go for the lighter liturgies, maybe "True Drivel" magazine is more your dish?

Whatever true-type magazine you plunk your silver down for, you couldn't learn more about Life if you worked in Grand Central Station itself. Your reading in these magazines can go along in as smooth and as effortless a manner as an elephant having twins. It's a fact.

The best of these plups are true stories usually made up by most of the people writing them. It's not uncommon for a woman to get a $25 spot cash fee for telling the magazine editor how miserable she is. One lucky women had a very miserable life and made a fortune from magazine stories. It's a fact.

The subject of the story: Q.Q. worked at a fashionable Swiss-type Chalet on the shores of page 24. Then one day it happened—he came home and said he was broke. She didn't blame him when he said he had a hole in his pocket. He became disgusted, and after he divorced her and left her she got to thinking maybe he was losing interest in her.

But the story ends on a happy note, saying the next issue will be miserable.

Perhaps the secret success story behind the misery magazine is that guiding force, the editor ... picture him in his office rejecting story after story, whipping his overworked secretary, and snorting at his visitors:

"You mean that you've come back here with the same miserable problem? Pest!"

"Now as I remember correctly," the editor will sneer, rubbing his hand playfully over the shrunken head resting on his desk, "as I remember your life was threatened by your brother-in-law, who had attempted to kidnap your child when your plot to help him in a blackmail scheme failed. Is that right?"

And as the miserable wretch shrinks before the editor and pipes up that he has confused him with another, the editor sneers: "Yes, but that's a much more interesting story than yours. Let's discuss that one!"

Yet, misery magazine editors never falter; they bear the strength of their convictions. And most of them have been convicted at one time or another.

Ask any one of them why they are in their office and they'll answer you that they're at their business. They call on their great backlog of experience in being miserable, making others miserable and calling others miserable names. For the most part they know what they're talking about, even if their readers don't.

They have been married, single, divorced and had children. (Not the men, silly!) And listening to their woeful plights, it's not difficult to see why misery became in industry with them. And with each editor remains only misty memories. . .

"I almost married a girl. We had a lot in common.
I loved books, she loved books.
I loved poetry, she loved poetry.
I loved culture, she loved culture.
We would have gotten married—too bad we hated each other."

And from another editor's memoirs . . .

"I married Bertha 17 years ago. And after those 17 years we looked at our wedding cake. On the whole the cake has held up better than Bertha. My wife isn't what you'd call over-fresh."

And still another editor's sordid memories of a household anything but happy. . .

"When I was a tyke my father caught me playing around the fire in our living room. Maybe he was mad because we didn't have any fire-place. And then he always embar-rassed me. He kept asking me my name. I replied politely, "Ten, you old bag of wind. 'Why, when I was your age,' Old Dad bragged, 'I was twelve.' And they didn't catch me for manslaughter till 3 whole weeks later, and it took a pack of bloodhounds to do it. And if I had it all to do over again, I'd bash his conk in, because I like to make people miserable, you see. . . ."

Ha, ha, ha, ha . . . misery is my business . . . go on, take a look at this month's edition of 'Cute Catastrophies' . . . enjoy yourself."
Johnny was over visiting the Chi Omegas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of $10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you will let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him:

"You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly.

"I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."

A hot spell story that we like is about the girl who went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a boy who began tying knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of her and marched toward the little brat, saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little boy, "you think that tub has a bottom in it."

"The LOG"
"Merry Christmas, Don."
It's not Christmas yet. It's only the 13th.
"I know but I thought I'd wish you a Merry Christmas anyway."
"Thanks."
"What's the matter, Don?"
Nothing's the matter.
"All right, something's the matter."
"I'm going to dream that I'm a beautiful girl and there are four guys to every one of me and I get all kinds of dates and I go to the movies and drink beer and... and..."
"And what?"
"And then I won't go back and neck in a damned crowded waiting room you call a sorority house."
"What about Tuesday morning before breakfast?"
"Don, you're trying to be funny."
"I'm not being funny. How do you think you ask for a date around here? You start skipping through a calendar until..."
"Don, you're drunk."
"You said that before."
"Take me home."
"When I'm damn good and ready."
"You're acting like a fool."
"Am I?"
"Let's dance."
"I don't feel like."
"What do you want to do?"
"I want to sit here and dream."
"About what?"
"I'm going to dream that I'm a beautiful girl and there are four guys to every one of me and I get all kinds of dates and I go to the movies and drink beer and... and..."

-- Larry Siegel
What a big surprise when one of your friends wakes up Christmas morning to find himself with a family! Plenty of kids and a big, fat, hard-working wife. We can give you assorted children up to twenty in number. What a rip-roarin' good time your friend will have when he goes out fishing later in the year, not alone, but with his twenty sons in the boat with him.

Our specially prepared families do not need much care or special food. Just kick them out into the street. They have all been ably trained in such professions as paper hawking, penny finding, fishing through sidewalk grates, shoplifting and begging. No fooling, folks, what bigger surprise could you slap on one of your friends at Christmas than one of these huge families?

Wife...$20.00  Kids (assorted)...$0.50 each.

Now! Suicide for any pocketbook. Only $2.00, this handy, stainless steel pail with razor blade attached on gold chain, will allow you to cash in your chips at any time. Painless, quick, efficient, this handy suicide kit clamps onto your desk, and is great for finals and hour exams. Just fill the pail with hot water, stick your hand into it above the wrist, slit a vein or two, and bleed quietly to death in a matter of minutes.

No fuss. No great leaps. No triggers to pull. No awful tasting poisons to take. You can knock yourself off in the best of company without causing undue commotion. Get a kit for each of your fellow students. This gift goes especially well among engineers and probationers.
The greatest little aid to chronic cutters the world has ever seen. It enables one to cut classes under the eyes of even the most cussed instructors. A valid excuse for any absence, one of these carefully constructed deathbeds will fit into the most miserable of rooms. Then all you have to do after cutting classes and sleeping in the deathbed is go to the Dean of Men's (or women's) office and state that you have been on your deathbed for so many nights. Not only is the excuse a valid one, but often you are met with tears, and money being forced into your hand. It will pay for itself ten times over.

Deathbed . . . $10.00. With built in, three tone death knell . . . $12.00.

Why should your friends wake up every morning screaming, "Gawd, I'm blind"? Don't let them stumble around in darkness simply because their eyelids are pasted together. No longer should they have to crack open their eyes with a spoon like a soft-boiled egg. Send them this godsend, a sterling silver "8 o'clock crowbar". Placed on the bridge of the nose and against the eyelids, with a single press it pops open the crustiest of eyes in a matter of seconds.

Our solid gold eye crutches serve to carry you through the early part of the day without fear of having your lids drop down and shut out the world.

There's no present so simple, yet so downright practical as an iron mask that completely encloses your head. Puts an end to afterhaircut misery. Now Fraternities will stop trying to adopt you as a mascot when you walk out of the barber shop. No more picking up your date from the floor when she catches sight of your protruding skull. You can even go home before dark without having to pry open the window and sneak into bed, cowering there with shame for days. The moment your hair has grown back enough to give you the general appearance of a human being, the pressure on the mask unlocks it, and you can reclaim your place in society.

Mask (regular) . . . $3.00 Mask (two-headed) . . . $4.50.
They were just married and were preparing
to retire in the little cottage on the lake.
Suddenly a window was smashed in and into
the cottage came a man with a gun.
"All right," said the man with the gun to
the husband, "I'm going to draw a circle in
the middle of the floor with this chalk. I
want you to stand in that circle and I don't
want you to step out until I leave."
The man with the gun drew the circle, and
the husband reluctantly did as he was told.
The man with the gun then retired with the
wife.
A half hour later the man with the gun
climbed through the window and disappeared
into the night. When he was gone the hus­
band began laughing until tears formed pools
on his face.
"My God!" said his wife, "what the devil
are you laughing about?"
"I can't help it," the husband said, wiping
his face. "Every time that fool wasn't looking
I stuck my foot out of his damned circle."

***

Most Lincoln Avenue Res Hall girls should
be named "Rumor" because they go from
mouth to mouth.

***

Though a fifth will go into three with none
left over, there may be one to carry.

***

A modern girl has legs by Stineway, a body
by Fischer, and necks by the hour.

***

Dean: Mr. Mills, you have four E's, and a
D minus. What's the trouble, my boy?
Mills: I spent too much time on one sub­
ject, sir.

***

Then there was the trapeze artist who
caught his wife in the act.

***

And then there was the shepherd who
committed suicide when he heard the song,
"There is no You."
—P.G.U. Peasant—

***

She: Bill, dear, I wouldn't let anybody else
kiss me like this.
He: My name isn't Bill.
THE CLICHE EXPERT TESTIFIES
ON THE HOLIDAY SEASON

With apologies to the three hundred college magazines that have been apologizing to Frank Sullivan for so long now that it's becoming monotonous.

Q. Mr. Hackney, you are an expert on cliches concerning the coming holiday season. Are you not?
A. That is correct.
Q. Shall we?
A. Yes.
Q. In approximately two weeks what will happen?
A. We will welcome in the Yuletide season.
Q. Which means?
A. Peace on earth, good will toward men.
Q. To be more exact, Christmas will be here in twelve days. But we mustn't call them days. They are SHOPPING days.
Q. At that time what will happen here on campus?
A. There will be a mass exodus.
Q. And?
A. Joyous students will cast aside their books.
Q. And?
A. There will be emergency trains to handle the overflow.
Q. Where will all the students go?
A. Home to Mom to partake of Christmas turkey and other bountiful goodies.
Q. Or?
A. They will go to Uncle Dan's farm for a few days.
Q. How will they eat at Uncle Dan's farm?
A. Until their eyes pop out of their heads, until their shirt buttons snap, until . . .
Q. Enough. What about the people in the cities?
A. They will buck the holiday crowds.
Q. And?
A. They will buy gifts.
Q. For whom?
A. For those dear to them.
Q. Or?
A. For business associates so that they can land a big account.
Q. Are the gifts themselves important?
A. No.
Q. Just what does count when sending gifts?
A. The spirit of giving.
Q. When we finish Christmas dinner, why should we thank God?
A. Because we have enough to eat here while over there . . . you know.
Q. What will students do on Christmas eve after the tree is up, the holly is up, the stockings are hanging, and they are snug in bed under warm covers?
A. They will lie there with one eye open.
Q. Why?
A. They are expecting a visitor.
Q. Who is?
A. Chris Cringle, St. Nick, Old Santa, the visitor from up North.
Q. He is?
A. Jolly, red-faced, paunchy, cheery, hearty, and lovable.
Q. He will?
A. Fill their stockings with gifts and spread Christmas cheer.
Q. What will happen a few days after Christmas?
A. Everyone will take stock.
Q. Of what?
A. Of the gifts they received.
Q. Then what will happen?
A. They will return their ties to the stores.
Q. And get?
A. Credit slips so that they can buy things they need.
Q. While the students are home their parents will ask them about school. What will they say about their classes?
A. Rough, tough, stiffroos.
Q. Or?
A. A snap, tough, stiffroos.
Q. What about frat brothers and sorority sisters?
A. A grand bunch.
Q. With what?
A. Plenty of get up and go.
Q. What about their dates?
A. Smooth kids.
Q. Or?
A. Loads of fun.
Q. Or?
A. Hot necks.
Q. What about blind dates?
A. Not too pretty, but they have swell personalities.
Q. What will the parents say about dating in school?
A. You got plenty of time for girls; first get your education.
Q. Or?
A. It's just as easy to marry a rich fellow as it is a poor one.
Q. About a week after Christmas what will happen?
A. We will send out the old and usher in the new.
Q. Which means?
A. We will cut up, dance, make noise, and drink.
Q. And get?
A. Plastered, cockeyed, pickled, stewed, tipsy, woozy, blind.
Q. And in the morning we'll have?
A. A hangover, a big head, a load on.
Q. And we won't know what?
A. What happened to us the night before.
Q. And we'll want to know what?
A. What we did the night before.
Q. Then what will we write?
A. New Year's resolutions.
Q. And how will we tear them?
A. Up.
Q. Then how will we return to school?
A. Reluctantly.
Q. And we'll do what?
A. Get back in the groove.
Q. Or?
A. Into the swing of things.
Q. What will we prepare for?
A. Those finals.
Q. How?
A. We'll cram.
Q. And?
A. Make crib notes.
Q. And?
A. Burn the midnight oil.
Q. And?
A. Keep a pot of coffee on the table.
Q. How will the exams be?
A. Stiff.
Q. But how?
A. Fair.
Q. How will we pass them?
A. By the skin of our teeth.
Q. Then we'll go out and drink and get?
A. Plastered, cockeyed, pickled, stewed, tipsy, woozy, blind.
Q. See you New Year's Eve, Mr. Hackney.
A. Roll me over.

Larry Siegel —
Seagull—"Who won the boat race down there in the Boneyard?"
Second Seagull—"Sigma Nu just crossed the line ahead of Zeta Psi."
First Seagull—"And to think I put all I had on Zeta Psi."

---Columns---

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.

---Octopus---

If she looks young, she is camouflaged.
If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.
If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.
If she looks shocked, she is acting.
If she looks languishing, she is hungry.
If she looks sad, she is angling.
If she looks back, FOLLOW HER.

---Showme---

If every boy in Illinois could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption in Champaign would drop off fifty per cent.

---

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval;
A viper espied her and plied her with cider,
Now she's the forest's prime evil.

---

The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia can't remember where he is going.

---

Jim—"Have you got a picture of yourself."
Sam—"Yeah."
Jim—"Then let me use that mirror; I want to shave."

---Sundial---

He: "Do you like to dance?"
She: "I'd love to."
He: "That's better than dancing."

---

Nurse—"I think that college boy in 214 is regaining consciousness."
Doctor—"Yes, he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."
"I reneged on a Spade."
---JACK O---

"He told me he loved me, and then he vomited."
---WIDOW---

"... But are you sure this is the open house?"
---SYRACUSAN---
“So you want to marry my daughter, eh, young man? That’s ridiculous. Preposterous. Why, you couldn’t even keep her in underwear.”

“You haven’t been doing too well yourself, sir.”

***

The efficiency expert died, and they were giving him a fancy funeral. The six pall bearers were carrying the casket out of the church when suddenly the lid popped open, and the efficiency expert sat bolt upright and shouted, “If you’d put this thing on wheels, you could lay off four men.”

***

“You’re Mae West, aren’t you?”
“ Heck no. I’m June West ... just thirty days hotter than Mae.”
“One thing I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex,” said the sly looking one to his drinking companion, “is that you can’t trust a woman with brown eyes!”

“Zounds!” exclaimed the other, “I’ve been married for two years and it occurs to me that I don’t know what color eyes my wife has.”

He bolted from the bar and whipped home. His wife was in bed asleep. Creeping closer he lifted her eyelid.

“Brown, by God!” he roared.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, “How the devil did you know I was under here?”

—Jack-O-Lantern

***

A beauty by the name of Henrietta Dearly, loved to wear a tight sweater.

Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn’t bad;
But the other two reasons were better.

—Green Gander

***

“Jane,” said the shocked father on finding his daughter on a college man’s lap, “just what does this mean?”

“Come back in fifteen minutes, Dad,” suggested the girl. “I ought to know by then.”

—Scop
A broker sought admission to the Pearly Gates.

"Who are you?" asked St. Peter.

"I am a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done to warrant your admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman the other day and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well I met a newsboy in town who was almost frozen to death, and I gave him a penny."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"That's all I can think of."

"What do you think we should do with him, Gabriel?"

"Give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

―Showme―

Nine out of every doctors who have tried Camels prefer women.

―P.G.U. Peasant―

---

Merry Christmas.
QUESTIONS

A sign of omission is found with ease, Phonetically speaking, it's found between these. It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think About the difference, you'll find the missing link.

1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year Is spread and wished by people far and near.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

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. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS
A MR. SOFT TOUCH. When hard times hit, Mr. Soft Touch can be counted on to fix you up quickly.
B ROBOT. Read TABOR (from Tabor City) inverted, with one minor switch (changing A to O) and you get Robot, a device controlled by a switch.
C CHESTERFIELD. Trunk (chest); a pause (er); meadowland (field).


"Gee, pardon me for slapping your face; I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."

***

He: Look at the mail plane!
She: Oh, I thought they were wheels.
—P.G.U. Peasant—

***

He—"I'm not feeling myself tonight."
She—"You're telling me."

***

Plagiarism is copying from one book. When you copy from two or more, that's research.

***

Then there were the two red corpuscles who loved in vein.

***

Glamour girl—One who puts up a good front.

For your Xmas cheer you can find Everything from Junior's Gingerale To Gran'man's Gin—at Curly's

Call Curly phone 5609 To cheer up your Xmas blast.
Fast Free Delivery! Curly's Package House
108 N. Walnut Champaign's Finest—
She was only an undertaker's daughter, and could she lower the bier!

—P.G.U. Peasant—

★★★★

"I thought the doctor told you to stop all drinks."
"You don't see any going past me, do you?"

★★★★

"Kidding?"
"No, just gaining weight."

★★★★

"I see you had a date with Arnold last night."
"No, I tore my dress on a nail."

★★★★

"Do you still love me, Lydia?"
"My name isn't Lydia. I'm Dolores."
"Hell, I keep thinking this is Friday."

★★★★

Writer: I'd like to do something big, something clean.
Editor: Why don't you wash an elephant.

★★★★

"Paper, Mrs. Aster?"
"No, I'm just resting."

★★★★

Then there was the girl from Summit House who soaked her strapless evening gown in coffee so it would stay up all night.

★★★★

The plumber's face flushed, but since he was a good plumber there was no noise.

★★★★

"Bruno, you don't mind if I wear velvet instead of silk, do you?"
"No, Carole, I'll love you through thick or thin."

★★★★

"Hey, you guys, cut out the swearing—I've got a woman in my room."

★★★★

It's a great life if you know when to weaken.
Give 'em all my Christmas Best

Milder CHESTERFIELDS

Arthur Godfrey

"See Chesterfield Contest on next to last page."