

The New Hampshire

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Dear Readers: "The New Hampshire" hereby bestows upon you the following space to use as you please—to draw pretty pictures of teacher, to solve the intricacies of a math problem, or to cut out and paste in your mem books, but we would suggest that maybe you might use it for

Autographs



GRADS GNASH GRANITE GRANITE GNASHES GRAD



U. N. H. Grads Find Work

Books

by Richard B. Clarkson

We have just finished reading Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," and are still laughing at intervals. It seems to us particularly refreshing after these doses of Technocratic theory to which we have been lately subjected. Robots and individuals that result from scientific breeding might be exceedingly efficient, but they would be dull dogs for all that. We have in this book a picture of civilization in London in the year 632 A. F., or After Ford, a civilization in which the individual has at last succumbed to the influence of the machine age and has become little more than an automaton. People here pass their pre-natal period of life in a test-tube, are artificially conditioned therein to fit their destined rank in society, and are "decanted" instead of being born. "Bottle of mine," croons the Al Jolson of the period, "it's you I've always wanted!" . . . A square meal for these people is two pills and a cup of coffee, and their most strenuous exercise is obstacle golf. The old and new civilizations are brought into juxtaposition and illuminatingly contrasted by introducing a character who has been so isolated as to have acquired none of the characteristics of the age, and the most serious and best portions of the book have to do with his dilemma when confronted with the change.

It is an admirable satire of our present mechanistic trend, if one chooses to take it as such, but probably the author had no other purpose than that of amiable speculation. Mr. Huxley has none too good an opinion of any civilization, if we are to judge from the bulk of his published work, and his standards are not quite clear. He is, with some notable exceptions, something of a cynic, and the subject of his vicious attacks is usually limited, rather vaguely, to things in general.

Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "Anne Vickers," the story of a successfully emancipated woman, has been published, and the library has two copies. It has been reported to be as good as "Main Street" and "Arrowsmith." We trust that we will be able to approach it with an open mind, but we have waxed sentimental since reading "Brave New World," and are inclined to look askance at emancipated women. It was this being produced in a test tube that was too much for our sense of tradition to compass.

Having regarded the creator of Soames Forsyte and his family with something like awe ever since "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy" were published, we were looking forward to having a good time when we read "Flowering Wilderness." We have read it, but we didn't have a good time at all. The book is John Galsworthy diluted just enough to spoil the flavour entirely. As a subtle de-bunking of the Rule Britannia complex, the story seems authentic enough, but the clear-cut characterization, the concise detail, and the inevitable phrasing of Galsworthy at his best is sadly lacking.

The story is that of a young English poet who, during a journey in Arabia, renounces Christianity under the persuasive influence of a nervous fanatic of the Moslem faith who points a loaded revolver at him and tells him to recant or else. The Englishman, not believing in Christianity or any other faith particularly, sensibly enough recants. He wasn't given much time to think it over, and it seemed the thing to do at the moment. (Continued on Page 7)

New Books

- Anderson, Maxwell—Night Over Taos.
- Ball, William W.—The State That Forgot; South Carolina's Surrender to Democracy.
- Beach, Joseph W.—The Twentieth Century Novel.
- Brown, Rollo W.—Toward Romance.
- Caplin, J. F.—The Lace Book.
- Cozzens, J. G.—The Last Adam.
- Cullum, Ridgwel—Sheets in the Wind.
- De La Pasture, Edmee—The Provincial Lady in London.
- Douglass, Lloyd C.—Forgive Us Our Trespasses.
- Freeman, R. A.—Dr. Thorndike's Discovery.
- Grenfell, W. T.—Forty Years for Labrador.
- Kaufman, George S. and Edna Fernber—Dinner at Eight.
- Hedin, Sven—Jehol, City of Emperors.
- Lewis, Sinclair—Ann Vickers.
- Mabie, Mary L.—The Long Knives Walked.
- MacGowan, Kenneth — Footlights Across America.
- Olivier, Edith—Mr. Chilvester's Daughters.
- Oppenheim, E. P.—The Ostrekoff Jewels.
- Planck, Max—Where Is Science Going?
- Regier, C. C.—The Era of the Muck-rakers.
- Rolvaag, O. E.—The Boat of Longing.
- Sedgwick, Henry D.—The Black Prince.
- Smith, Nowell C.—Notes on The Testaments of Beauty.
- Stuart, D. M.—Men and Women of Plantagenet England.
- Stuart, Francis—The Coloured Dome.
- Ward, Christopher—A Yankee Rover.
- Wells, H. G.—The Bulpington of Blup.
- Zweig, Arnold—Young Woman of 1914.

Buy American Fish

story of a cobbler who would use only the best leather and the best workmanship in his shop, and who, because he could not compete with cheap factory labor, worked himself into his grave. It may be that there is a parallel between the end of the cobbler and the end of Galsworthy. Possibly his last book is a departure from his customary standard, but nothing can detract from the splendour of his reputation. John Galsworthy is dead, Sic Transit Gloria. Take him for all in all, he was a man. We shall not meet his like again. . .

The Modern Library published last year an edition of "A High Wind in Jamaica," by Richard Hughes, and we discovered the book and the author with somewhat the same feelings that we experienced when we read the first short story by Saki. It will be a delightful cathartic for those who are inclined to take their child psychology too seriously. Roughly speaking, it is the story of a pirate crew who find their good-nature imposed upon by a family of children whom they have had the misfortune to capture. There is a great deal more to it than that, but Mr. Hughes must be allowed to speak for each reader. To quote Isabel Paterson, who writes a preface to the Modern Library edition: "The fascination of The Innocent Voyage (the name under which the book was first published) is that it is a tragedy of Good and Evil, to which each reader must supply his own moral."

H. M. Tomlinson will publish a new novel in March, called "The Snows of Helicon." Here again will be an antidote for Technocracy if the author is maintaining his usual standard and prejudices. Those of us who remember books like "Gallion's Reach," have been waiting for something like this for a long time. In the midst of the contemporary whirlpool of moral and material change, it is good to remember the final words of Jim Colet in that book: "The ghosts we know govern us. There's no fun for us unless we obey the order we know."

Will You Be My Valentine? 54-40 Or Fight

SENNET SHOWS HYPNOTIZED

Greatest Comedy of World-Wide Pictures Will be Shown Here Friday

The name Sennett and screen comedy are synonymous and have been ever since the days of the old Biograph company back in 1912 . . . a solid twenty years of merry mirth-making that has delighted millions. While Mack Sennett has concentrated his energies and talents mostly on the shorter films, on rare occasions he has branched out into the production of feature length pictures, and each of these occasions has been an outstanding event in motion picture history. His famous production of "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin was the first and probably the most sensational feature comedy film ever made. "Mickey" with the late Mabel Normand took the world, by storm, and "Down on the Farm," "The Small Town Idol," "Suzanna," "The Extra Girl," and "Molly-O" are still remembered with chuckles by film fans everywhere.

And now comes Mack Sennett's latest and greatest achievement, the super-feature comedy, "Hypnotized," which World Wide Pictures will present next Friday, February 10, at the Franklin Theatre.

Mack Sennett does not do things by halves, and not only is "Hypnotized" the biggest production he has ever made from the standpoint of length and production values, but it also boasts of an all-star cast of players that looks like the Blue Book of filmdom, with Mack Sennett heading the list as director.

Moran and Mack, the famous "Two Black Crows" of stage, radio, and film fame head the list with Ernest Torrence, Charlie Murray, Wallace Ford, Maria Alba, Marjorie Beebe, Alexander Carr, Herman Bing, Luis Alberni, Matt McHugh, and "Jackie," the lion with the human brain in the supporting cast which also includes the entire personnel of an ocean liner and a three-ring circus.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to describe in detail the plot of "Hypnotized." Suffice it to state that it deals with a hypnotist who puts an elephant trainer and his colored helper into a trance and attempts to kidnap them on the eve of the trainer's wedding. It's a mad, merry concoction dealing in laughter by the wholesale, the kind of a comedy cyclone that is only made when Mack Sennett makes it.

Don't Send for a Mail Order Catalog. Buy "The New Hampshire"

COLDPICKLE SLAUGHTERED

Life's Queer Sometimes Isn't It? Buy Our American Sardines They're Tight

Alumni of Durham College are battling the depression in their own little ways. Some of the more fortunate are minding the children, others are minding their mothers, while two or three just aren't minding at all. Whereas, if you don't mind, we won't go into this any further but plunge blood saturated into the body of our story—Ho Hum.

Two hundred and thirty-seven former Durham pavement crushers are now engaged in crushing other people's rocks. Armed with slide-rule and Shakespeare it is a mighty clever rock that can long evade their ruthless pursuing. "Little did I realize the value of a college education," said one, "until the first time my sledge hammer slipped and crushed my foot. Boy, was I glad I had a vocabulary."

And that's not all every one of these men is indispensable to the job, something almost unbelievable in these times of depression. In fact, the state is so insistent upon every man maintaining his position that three days ago when Casper Coldpick tried to go home to get a drink of water he was shot by the guard as he climbed over the wall. When questioned about this the manager of the place (who is called by the quaint old title of warden) said that it was better to kill a man than have him go over to some rival firm.

Buy American Hot Dogs

STUDENTS ELECTED TO ERATO SOCIETY

Lorraine Raitt, '35, Derry Village; Isabelle Alden, '36, Hampton; James Anton, '36, Concord; Frank Malone, '34, Tilton, were elected to membership in the poetry club, Erato, at a recent meeting at Mr. Hill's studio. Students are chosen according to their ability in writing poetry, and membership in this club is limited to nine students. Twenty-eight applied, and the four elected were chosen to fill vacancies resulting because of the graduation of several members. Gordon Tolman, '32, and Charles M. Walker, '32, were former members who graduated in June, and Charles Strauss has transferred to Dartmouth.

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COCKTAIL SHTUFF CONFISHCATED ... Hic!

GANGSTERS SLAY FOUR DURHAM STUDENTS--TSK

WHY WEAR A TRUSS Solomon and Diamond are Suspected — We Know Who Did it But We Won't Tell

Ho-hum! East side gangsters raced madly down Main street, during the noon-day rush hour today in a Model T, hotly pursued by Durham's police force (all one of him), and poured a volley of bull into the crowd in an attempt to kill one of our Deans and some of the rival gang, the West siders. Four persons were killed and three injured. Those killed: Oscar Droolin, T. "Oil" Urbansay, "Hot-cha" Coyne, and "Flub-a-dub" Barker. Those injured: "Society" Rugg, "Bum-bum" Fletcher, "Ossified" Owday.

This motley crowd was listening to "Society" Rugg expound on why and how men go wrong in the big city, especially college students, as evidenced by his picture in the *Boston Advertiser* last Sunday. Suddenly the ganster's Ford came rattling down the street with the police Whippet in hot pursuit. The crowd ran (or staggered), but before it could get to cover the killers were upon them, firing volley after volley of good old Durham bull at them. "Droopy-drawers" Darling, notorious criminal and one of those "on the spot," let out a squawk and lit out for the Theta Cry house and did the fastest quarter-mile of his career. "Microbe" Newell, who was contemplating whether he should hold hands or go skiing, made up his mind upon the arrival of the gangsters and went skiing. "News-sniffer" Griffith, managing editor of THE NEW HAMPSHIRE, calmly remained on the scene all alone and took notes. The murder car careened down the street leaving a bull strewn crowd in its wake, and turned toward Newmarket. The police Whippet spat and sputtered and failed to function according to the conventional mechanical ethics and lost the race. The Ford won by virtue of its excellent jockey.

The police attribute the failure to capture the gangsters to the fact that the police car carried the entire Durham police force, while the gangster car had only three occupants.

A description of the murderers has been broadcast by horseback to Newmarket, Epping (Thayer sisters), Madbury, and Newfields. Police Chief Bouillon anticipates a blessed—(pardon us) anticipates an early arrest.

All in all this was one of the gala events and certainly the most impressive since '08.

HEADLINE IN NEXT ISSUE

The wofas (pronounced wof-us) is a rare animal inhabiting that portion of Alaska which has recently been explored thoroughly by Professor Knit Whit, of Koo Koo. The following account of the creature is given in his book, *Curious Animals I Have Seen*. "It is not yet certain to what order of mammals the wofas belongs. It has short front limbs, long rear limbs, and an extremely long neck and tail. Its head is about half way between that of an elephant and Red Bucknam's. It is covered with orchid fur, which grows in the opposite direction from that of other animals, and great care must be taken not to rub its fur the wrong way.

"The wofas is noted for its blowing ability. It blows out the lights every night after its master goes to bed. It also blows out burning buildings, and so forth.

"As the wofas is very gentle, each well-to-do, Eskimo family has one for a companion to the children. The Dums, the leading family in the village of Hi, had an unusually intelligent wofas named Willie. One afternoon, three-year-old Dam Dum fell into the river. Willie was worried. He saw that no one could reach the child in time to save him, and Willie was unable to swim. However, he used his remarkable blowing powers, and blew back the water until someone could rescue the child.

"Each town has a public wofas for the children of the poor to exercise on. They shimmy up its tail—which is not difficult since the hair on it grows upwards, slide down its sloping back, and land on its head, which acts as a shock absorber.

"Occasionally the wofas has a blowing fit, and blows at everything it sees. It has been known to blow away a hut with its inhabitants, a forest, or a mountain. When the wofases were first domesticated, a large amount of damage was done in this way. At the present time, all the wofases whose I. Q.'s are sufficiently high, are taught to let the public know when they feel one of these fits coming on by touching their heads to the ground and saying, "Wof", rapidly three times. Whenever anyone notices a wofas doing this, he binds the wofas' neck with some rawhide which he carries for this purpose. This prevents the wofas from expelling the air from its huge lungs rapidly enough to be dangerous. Broot, the largest wofas in Hi, had one of these attacks while I was there. As I was the only person in sight when he gave the signal, I bound his neck; but being unaccustomed to the task, I bound it so tightly that no air could pass through, and Broot, the poor brute, blew his head off.

Don't Send for a Mail Order Catalog, Buy "The New Hampshire" Buy American Hot Dogs

INCIDENTALLY

Nuts
Morn, noon and night
Night and morn
Night or morn
Now and then
God knows when
Amen.

When the president of a college is kidnapped, why shouldn't one call it petty larceny? Wheeeeeee—(quoting Ernie Werner), no hic-sult intended, a mere play on words.

Where is Mr. Toolin's "more wholesome recreation?"

From our walls
God made the earth,
And rested.
God made man,
And rested.
THEN, God made woman—
And since then
Neither God,
Nor man,
Has rested.

Our motto: "Wear a mustache and keep a stiff upper lip." With no slam at the faculty club.

The doughboys of yesterday, may we repeat, are the breadline boys of tomorrow.

And a bird in the hand gathers no moss.

Victims of pre-mature technocracy and incidentally, members of the faculty, lend me your beers, for it seems that this world of ours has gone the way of stock-crashes and no more credit at Gorman's. We are hic-sulted. Our idealistic thoughts have taken a tobogganish incline. But why should we mourn because we can't buy Lake Placid, with Northwood Lake, and all its eminent week-end qualities, minus Louis, at our dorm-door, so to speak.

Speaking of minuses, if you permit, the other day at one of the physics classes someone created a vacuum and when the whatsit was separated, Louis fell out.

And Prosperity may be around the corner but you're also certain of the fact Louis is likely to be there waiting to see if you have a license from Dean Alexander to drive that car during Carnival. And then they led us gently away. . . .

And may we add that we prefer an asylum with padded radios and steam rollers and if we don't like it we know what we can do with it.

We like senior girls with gravy and mushrooms, and bone-end steaks at the Parker House, toasted muffins at the College Inn, the way Mr. Marston says: "That's All," the way Mr. Jones drives that convertible around on some of its wheels (were getting up a subscription to find out definitely just how many wheels Mr. Jones uses on his car, because we could make the world safer for technocracy if we could state decisively that only two, or possibly three wheels are necessary on any automobile.) But why pity the lucky cigarette, all it needs is one match to get "ignited". . . .

MISUNDERSTANDING! Our Sunday ad of the "Toyland" stock, among other things called for Iver Johnson bicycles at \$9.75 and \$11.75. As this was purely and entirely (go ahead, rave on—) a TOY stock and advertised as such, we didn't spose anyone would think that they were men's bicycles. But some did. Perhaps we should have said Junior bicycles. Yours truly—RAYMOND'S.

We missed you at our freshman assembly this morning—(HMMMMM) You cannot afford to miss these meetings. We expect to see you at every future assembly unless excused in advance. VERY sincerely yours.

Did She Fall or Was She Pushed (Continued from Page 1)

her faculties and finally succeeded in isolating one of them. She studied it thoughtfully under the microscope. Ah, that was science. But after all, did science explain everything. She mused. Boy, what a sneer. But then, I remember we had a cat that was a great mouser, she used to catch them and then toy with them. (Brutal, eh! But that's realism you know, must paint life as it is. But painters don't get so much, anyway.)

Lucy took the isolated faculties and fitted them carefully together, like a jig-saw puzzle. Life is a jig-saw puzzle. Then she turned to the house again, she must get into it. But how, she mused, would that never failing brain fail at last. Never. Quickly she turned in the fire alarm and sat down on the curbstone to catch up on a little musing. Lucy was always that way, quick to sit down.

Three firemen dashed up carrying a ladder. "Where's the fire," they exclaimed. Lucy said nothing. Deftly she wrenched the ladder from them and bashed in a window. Her trim ankles flashed through the window blinding the now enraged firemen. A broken window. But then windows are always like that, either they're broken or they aren't broken. You can see through them either way, so what's the difference. But this was no time to muse, mused Lucy, now she must sleep. Sleep was like that. It came to all, felling them like some



Always Gets His Man

great oak beneath the hunter's knife. She slipped briefly into her nightgown and then stepped bravely to the window ripping three curtains down in rapid succession. Whipping a sheet from her back pocket she snarled and wrapped herself up in the sheet and the curtains. Lucy was ready for bed. But then, that's life, you know.

She snuggled under the glowing warmth of her one sheet. This was the night that if you dreamed of your lover you would marry him. She closed her dreamy eyes, clenched her sensual lips, puckered her ivory teeth, and sighed, "I am so glad that I use Pepsodent!" The cynical man in the moon sneered down upon her and cast a golden light into the room. As she bathed (she did bathe once a year)—as she bathed in this luxurious light she gradually slipped (or was she pushed) into blissful slumber. Golden thoughts wrapped in scarlet velvet flowed gently through her mind until they formed into a beautiful dream of her lover, Don Babbitt.

Came the morning. It always does. And with it came the honeyed recollection of her golden dream of Don. Ah, but Don was a villain. Years ago, back in ought eight, Don had snooked into the bedroom of little Nellie Doolittle in North Overshoe. It was a dark night, the wind blew, the snow flew, the dew dewed, and so did Don. It was a horrible night, fit for a horrible deed. In the inky darkness of the room the villain groped his way toward the bed. He reached the bed. Not a sound could be heard. All was silence. He knelt down, ran his hands searchingly along the edge, and then down and down farther. He struck a match, looked under the bed. It wasn't there! "Curses!" he cursed. Frantically he ran to the clothes closet. There was the suitcase. He took his toothbrush and threw it into the suitcase and dashed out of the house.

For three long weeks nothing was heard of Don. But one day he sent a letter to Nellie, requesting that she send his college diploma. Nellie was a good girl. She did. She did send his diploma and thus armed he made his way to Durham. It was here that he met Lucy.

Standing in the drug store and manfully gulping a root beer, he leered across the counter at Lucy. "Well, my pretty maid, what might be your name?" he questioned with an evil twinkle in his eye.

"It might be Cleopatra," she enlightened him in a sweet soprano voice that had just turned the corner of prosperity and was headed for depression. "But it's really Lucy."

"Not Lucy!" he exclaimed astonished.

"Yes," she declared firmly. "No!" he shouted, his voice rising to a shriek.

"Yes!" she insisted three octaves higher.

This continued for six days and six nights, but on the seventh they rested. They then decided to be friends. On the eighth they fell in love with one another.

Lucy was sincere, but Don had deep, dark, and unconventional designs upon her. Her mother owned a house. It was worth a tidy sum. Don, the villain, thought that once having married the gal he could sell the old homestead and play the stock market. So he wooed, she wooed, they wooed, and so on until one day they both woke up in bed together. They were married. So little children never, never drink anything but tea; you might get married!

Don was having his ups and downs as a husband; he was an elevator man. The salary was not big, but the job was honest, and that was what Lucy desired above all else. They lived in a meager little apartment of ten rooms on Park avenue. (They

POLICE CHIEF OVERCOME BUT DOES HIS DUTY



Nefarious Cocktail Mixer

are now living in New York so Don can be near his profession).

Each morning as she arose, she did the washing, the housework, the ironing, the shopping, while Don just ran the elevator. It was a horrible life and she soon became disgusted with her worthless husband, who had now taken to eating crackers in bed.

Many was the time that she contemplated secretly in her innermost thought to divorce him. But her lily white — her unstained conscience always took her back to the same noble path of self-sacrifice. Life was like that with Lucy, just one lily white conscience after another. Then one day a Fuller Brush salesman came to the door. He was handsome, wore a mustache, chewed tobacco and had all of the desirable traits of a gentleman.

He said nice things to Lucy. He came in, took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. He was not like Don! He was a gentleman. You could see that by his manners.

"Have a cocktail?" asked Lucy hospitably. (She was sophisticated now by the wild life of dissipation with Don.)

"Don't mind if I do," accepted the Fuller Brush man.

Time passed.

There were five empty bottles upon the table—a true sign of the work of the Devil. On the sofa the two love-

STEEL DOORS FAIL TO HOLD

"Nertz" Bleated the Bums as They Sheepishly Strolled Away

Police seized enormous cocktail vibrating equipment in the Faculty Club when they swooped forth in a last minute attempt to clear the atmosphere of our city of the all pervading influence of vice-joints and dens of iniquity prior to Carnival.

After battering down all six steel doors at the entrances and killing of the old guard the chief was finally able to get in through a window just in time to see the sinful paraphernalia being loaded into a truck at the rear door by the degraded cohorts of satan and his legion of vice.

When called upon by representatives of the press the chief was finally cuffed into consciousness sufficiently to be able to stop saying "Aw go way," and state that until he was so expurgated interrupted he was sleeping like an innocent child secure in the knowledge that if Durham was clean enough for him the others could go hie themselves hither and yon anyway. Didn't he raid the bleachers when McKinley was elected or was it Lincoln?

birds reclined snuggling in one another's arms.

"Darling," he murmured, "will you always love me as you do now?"

"Of course, dear," she assured him, as she sweetly caressed his lips with hers like the touch of soft rich velvet against the cheek. They embraced. He kissed her eyes passionately, her lips, her cheeks, her neck,

Suddenly there was a burst of pounding upon the front door. Was that Don? Her Husband! (Action)

(To be continued next week)

Read this devastating romance of love, poverty, and life in THE NEW HAMPSHIRE (sold at all news stands) each week. There is no more powerful and gripping author than the author of this lively, sexy, and clean story. Was that her husband? Whose face was red? Read the answer in next week's issue.

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The Bouts

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