



"Tebbens is always making mountains out of molehills."

BASKET BALL

Many noted sportsmen believe that the game of basketball was suggested by the guillotined heads dropping into a basket during the French Revolution. It's a bloody thought, but not true. A careful study shows that the game originated with the ancient Greeks. One day a Grecian princess who always used to hum a native tune, "A tisket, a tasket," lost her yellow basket and began to bawl. In trying to explain what had happened, she couldn't stop crying, so all the king could hear her say is "Basket" and then she'd bawl. Basket-bawl; Basket-ball; and common usage gave us basketball. (This is what is known as a handsome hobo explanation — pretty bum.)

Basketball was introduced into the curriculum of all the better schools who could afford to buy more than one team, at the request of Big Business. Efficiency demanded an accurate aim in disposing of all advertising mail coming into the office. It is only because of basketball that college men are valuable around an office where something has to be thrown out.

Basketball is played between ten men and two baskets. The basket hangs on the wall and the men lie on the floor. The object of the game is to throw the ball through the basket, but from the results, it's obvious that the players have much more fun tossing it into the laps of the spectators who line the sides of the court. A basketball field is called a court. It's called a court because there's trouble waiting you if you ever put your foot in one.

Hotel Clerk: Why, how did you get here?

Hard Egg: I just blew in from Montana with a bunch of cattle.

H. C.: Well, where are the rest of them?

H. E.: Down at the stockyards. I ain't as particular as they are.

*A modern young flapper was Min,
She tried every scheme to get thin,
In her attempt to reduce,*

*She sipped orange juice,
'Til she slipped through the straw
and fell in.*

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



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



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

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

UNION
MADE



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

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