Don't laugh at Charles Van der Hoff's big ears. He can hear a party a mile away, thanks to Sprite.

Social-life majors, take a look at Charles Van der Hoff. He can't play the guitar. Never directed an underground movie. And then look at his ears! He just attracts them--through a 40-foot Haydn. But--Charles Van der Hoff can hear a bottle of tart, tingling Sprite being opened in the girl's dormitory across from the campus. 

What does it matter, you say? Ahh! Do you realize that Charles Van der Hoff has never missed a party in four years? When he hears those bottles of Sprite being uncapped--the roar--the clink--the clatter, he can never again say anti-existentialist, he's getting in on that tart, tingling, slightly tickling taste of Sprite. And delicious refreshment--as well as a good time--of his. Of course, you don't have to have ears as big as Charles Van der Hoff to enjoy the singing taste of Sprite. You may just have to resign yourself to a little less social life.

SPRITE, SO PART AND TIME, ME. JUST DON'T KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.