Camels for Mildness

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!

This fall issue initiates the year of decision for Campus magazine, possibly the year that decides whether its continuance will be justified. And so our hard working staff is devoting all of its energies and talents to make it a publication that will rank not merely with those of schools our size, but with larger colleges. A heavy stress will be laid on photography and we are in the process of organizing a staff along that line. And our articles will be so designed and written to please the vast variety of tastes on the hill.

To those long suffering souls who have had cigarettes coming to them from as far back as last winter from the Chesterfield contest, we announce that the weeds are on their way, and Howie Hartman, the cigarette representative will dole them out soon. Incidentally, not enough people are taking advantage of this contest. It's an easy way to win a carton of smokes. Mail your entries to Box 83, Curtis Hall and put a date on the time of mailing, for the time element is important in deciding the winners.

Campus placed in the “Very Good” rating of the National Scholastic Press Association’s yearly judging of college magazines. Their main criticism last year was on our art work and layout. If anyone wishes to know our editorial policy for the coming year, here it is: We believe in keeping our pages filled with photos of beautiful co-eds, in attempting to please all of the English professors with our literary content, and corralling all of the outstanding creative talent on the campus into our staff. After you read this issue, be sure to let us know what you think of it, in criticism or praise. Because you students are our barometer of success.

Ralph W. Gilbert
To Be Bop
Or Not To Be

A new music style is sweeping the college campuses of America. Some like it and some don't. Before you make up your mind, read this article.

A Treatise By Don Duncan

A few waning notes of a trumpet, a smoke-filled room, and the quiet conversation of a few of the night owls is all that is needed to suggest the remnants of a successful jam session. Gradually the dim pallor of the room cleared as I waited for my ride back to the hotel. Reeds finally beckoned that he was ready to leave, so I hurriedly said good-bye to a few casual acquaintances I had met at some time or another. While we drove back along the empty streets, we began to broadly discuss the jazz music situation. We wondered why a few souls went all out for bop while the vast majority didn't know a thing about it. Maybe it's better that way... maybe it's better that bop isn't commercialized... maybe we've tasted something that would be spoiled if the population got hold of it. We had a cigarette and began talking some more. Before long we decided that one of the main faults of bop was the name of bop itself. To the self-contained individual bop means ragged jazz at its loudest and a little rocking boogie thrown in here and there. Nothing could be further from the truth. This new trend in music (as I prefer to call it) dwells more on the delicately shaped drifts of imagination. It is not wild or diffusive imagination either, for the artist has the limit of his chords in which to expand. It's the same idea with the writer. He creates by letting his imagination direct his pen. The painter projects his thoughts onto canvas, while the musicians directs his into notes. For the most part this new style of music is on the very quiet side, and it is to be heard much more in combos than it is in big bands. It is what the musicians terms as "cool" music, and you know it is being appreciated when you see that it evokes a thin trace of a smile on the lips of a listener. What then, you ask, is this loud, rancous noise one hears being played by the big bands and called bop? I refer to this as commercial bop. It is largely responsible for the reputation bop has today, but evidently some people go for it, for most bands out to make a name for themselves and to make money play according to the wishes of the people. Most of the big commercial outfits are all for playing bop the whole time, but to keep their standing in the lead of the field they play both commercial numbers and bop. One can't blame them; they are out to make a living the same as everyone else. Bop will grow if the public gets an inkling of what it is trying to do. If the people realize that bop is not out to make its listeners jump in rhythmic throbbing, they may begin to settle down and begin enjoying this "strange" music. Bop should stimulate your ideas. If the artist is conveying to you the same feeling that he is feeling, he is playing...
A pleasant suggestion of places to go or things to see designed to aid the young lad and his lass to choose the discriminating. All are within an evening’s range and the week’s allowance.

Music

Memorial Hall (Columbus). For those culture-seeking thrillists the Hall offers an impressive list of world renowned artists, ensembles, orchestras, and chorals groups this season including such notables as:

Arthur Rubinstein, the world's greatest pianist, who appears in concert on November 4.

The Cleveland Orchestra under the capable direction of George Sperl plays on November 10.

On November 18, the lovely Lilly Windsor, the American Soprano Star of the Rome Royal Opera of Italy appears after a smashing New York debut last season.

For the lighter classical works, Spike Jones, Doodles Weaver, Dr. Horatio Q. Bird and others present the 1950 version of the Musical Depression Review.

The operatic minded patrons will find pleasant hours with the dual operatic program, I Pagliacci and Cavalleria Rusticana, which will be staged on December 1.

And, each Saturday the Columbus Symphony offers informal Pop Concerts for those who prefer the classical without name. Usually there are guest artists. Always there are hot dogs and coke.

Afters (Newark). A dash of American and a dash of Italian dancing. Of course.

Broad Olympic Torch Room (Columbus). Where the campus kiddies tete a tete in subdued modern surroundings to sentimental ballads and dreamy fox trots. Dancing, of course.

Neil House Coffee Shoppe (Columbus). A hurried snack of sliced hard rolls toasted with chicken soup performs gastronomical wonders and still allows time to catch that first act. No music or dancing.

Marzetti’s (Columbus). A dash of American and a dash of Italian skillfully blended by culinary artists. Give that "different" girl that "different" treat. Medium priced cuisine.

Antlers (Newark). A few minutes to a steak and relief from the tedium of everyday life on the "hill."

Edited By Your Campus Gourmet and Bon Vivant, Bill Hauser

Herkulan Ekgtheon (literally translated), new professor in the Department of Physics at the University of Wisconsin. The production of triple socks stops for both styles, or as the ladies' department adds in hypnotic trances. At the same time, the boys stand gaping, dark holes and other small matters of the arts are pumped through. One undetermined male appears to be escaping from a window.

The Case of The Rolling Professor

Mystery By Barrie Bedell and John Hodges

Cast From The Denison Theatre

Don Wilde as Hercules Ekgtheon

Sylvia Stratton as Miss Anastasia

Chuck Lundquist as Gizmo Slugblotter

Luke Utter as Bimbo Smirtz

Cameraman: Crime

The Case of The Rolling Professor

Mystery By Barrie Bedell and John Hodges

Cast From The Denison Theatre

Don Wilde as Hercules Ekgtheon

Sylvia Stratton as Miss Anastasia

Chuck Lundquist as Gizmo Slugblotter

Luke Utter as Bimbo Smirtz

YOU WILL FIND THE SOLUTION ON PAGE 19
Denison Short Story Contest

Campus proudly presents

"TODAY" by Pat Optekar '52

In A Serious Vein:

"God I Thank Thee That I Am Not As Other Men"

There has been a sporadic but steadily growing chorus of opinion calling for a serious and thoughtful article in Campus Magazine. We bow to public opinion. And in that author's wish to remain anonymous, we await with interest your written or spoken comment on the following:

I do often wonder why I am what I am. I wonder about my birth which was not born a Japanese, a Russian, or a Mexican. I wonder that I was born a middle class American with the opportunity for college and graduate study, rather than a migrant American farm laborer with the opportunity for, perhaps, a 4th grade education, if that much. How is it that I was so fortunate while millions, of whom I hardly know, find it a struggle to provide for food, let alone clothing and shelter?

Of one thing I am sure: it is no doing of mine. I may say that I chose to go to college. But where would that choice have got me if I had no parents? And what is it through constant effort (or lack thereof) on my part. But I have known in which area to apply that effort if I had not had the parents I had?

Ah, then I must be what I am because of my parents — I should thank them. But I am a middle class American, white, and have all that goes therewith because they were so. And so, of course I ought to thank them.

Continued on page 20

Campus proudly presents

the winner of the 1949
Denison Short Story Contest

"TODAY" by Pat Optekar '52

It was almost impossible to remember the birthday before that, but Mommy had told her the story so often that Alison could pretend to remember quite well. Every time Mommy and Daddy talked about it, Alison interjected comments just when she was supposed to. Grandma had left them that year, and Mommy and Daddy had assured her that when good people leave their families, a new person is sent from heaven to take that place. They hadn't explained it very clearly, but Alison realized that a Sister-of-Brother would come for her birthday. Later, they had confused her more by saying that maybe when she was six, the Sister-of-Brother would be there. Alison hadn't minded really; she loved it when Daddy called her "my only little one." Daddy had minded though.

But Alison's birthday made up for all Mommy's sadness — they went to a winter carnival and had such a nice time. Daddy even took her ice skating. Mommy said it was worth the unhappiness to be able to go with them. Alison didn't understand. And when he did arrive late that night, Alison had explained Daddy had looked so strangely at Mommy, and Alison didn't understand why he had. Her first instinct, her last surprise.

When Alison was five, Mommy had made Mother-and-Child dresses. Daddy said they looked very pretty, but Alison could tell he was sorry he couldn't wear something alike, too. And he seemed so happy (though that wasn't when Alison cut the underpart of her hem and gave her wasn't) when Allison cut the little dots that floated along the edge of the cloth. She couldn't help it, for Joyce was her best friend — she liked Joyce because she had straight hair. Even since Alison could take that plan, she had liked that kind of hair — probably because Mommy had such thin straight hair.

When you're seven you don't have to talk. The girls sat cross-legged on the floor, cutting out paper dolls. Alison didn't want to go, but even if she didn't she couldn't help it, for Joyce was only six.

"It's very nice being seven, Joyce; already I feel older."

"You don't look any older, Al-" said Joyce absentmindedly, "but you look happier. I guess that's because it's your birthday; but I'll have a birthday soon." And then thoughtfully, "You can come to my party." Ali-

Continued on page 16

Continued on page 20
WHATS WRONG WITH DENISON MEN AND WOMEN

Survey By Ralph Talbot

"Fog-bound and tunnel-dwelling" was the reply of a sturdy senior to my question. "Fog-bound" because they are living in a world of artificiality and have not, to any degree, experienced the shocks of everyday life outside the protective walls of their college and their respective homes. However, they cannot be entirely condemned for this. "Tunnel-dwelling" because they devote their entire selves to the immediate environment such as campus activities, sorority doings and dormitory life.

One individual ventured to say that Denison women are "naive little children with a thin veneer of sophistication." That is, they pretend to be "on in" more than they understand. Certainly one of the most common cries registered was lack of sincerity. Oft times was I told that Denison co-eds are flighty and seem to carry on their campus and college life with no purpose in mind. This opinion ties in with that of another who said that, contrary to the idea that women are here to find a husband, they are going to college because it is the thing to do these days. "The average Denison co-ed is here for a good time and acts accordingly," as one blade states it. Much social prestige is to be gained on the campus, and the ladder to success in this field has many aspirants. Numerous individuals commented that Denison women put too much value on social attainment as a measure for popularity and accomplishment.

Ignoring those who are pinned off campus or have a "ball and chain" back home, I discovered that the majority of the male population on the hill feel that the local lassies manage to resemble little children with a thin veneer of sophistication. That is, they pretend to be "on in" more than they understand.

Certain one of the most common cries registered was lack of sincerity. Oft times was I told that Denison co-eds are flighty and seem to carry on their campus and college life with no purpose in mind. This opinion ties in with that of another who said that, contrary to the idea that women are here to find a husband, they are going to college because it is the thing to do these days. "The average Denison co-ed is here for a good time and acts accordingly," as one blade states it. Much social prestige is to be gained on the campus, and the ladder to success in this field has many aspirants. Numerous individuals commented that Denison women put too much value on social attainment as a measure for popularity and accomplishment.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their wardrobe. By that this writer means it's about time to pack away those seersucker jackets and tropical suits, and swap them for the flannel and coverts that you had carefully stored for the summer. Remember, have those summer clothes carefully dry cleaned before retiring them, cause they last a lot longer that way.

Looking over your stock of suits, you might see a gap that needs filling. If so, we might suggest the underclassmen looking into the possibility of a grey or navy flannel suit to fill the bill. They are as versatile as any you could buy. The jackets, as well as the pants can be worn with other combinations and they're good backgrounds for anyone's taste in ties. Tie it Repp's, necks, or polka dots — all of which are at the top of the collegian's list this season.

For you seniors, a shrunken or a rounded finished worsted would fill the file, for they are something that will wear like iron and will be mighty handy come next June and you really get down to business.

Survey By Ralph Talbot

"Fog-bound and tunnel-dwelling" were the words uttered by one. However, others were under the impression that the average co-ed expects too much of and on her date. Granted that there is very little to do in the immediate vicinity of Granville, not all Denison men are endowed with certain inalienable convertibles and a yen for the bright lights of the bigger attractions. Dancing at the Union, a flick at the opera house, or just a coke at the Corner should be adequate for the ordinary week night date. Women who constantly complain about the lack of diversity of things to do soon lose their "date appeal."

Hearing all these grumbles and groans, one could easily drift into a state of antipathy in regard to the Denison co-ed. At the same time, you must realize that this article deals only with the negative aspects of Denison women. The only safe course seems to be that of the duly-faithful swain who replied, "I have no opinion on Denison women—I'm pinned."

Men are all alike. Possibly no other recurrent statement is more applicable to the advanced question as viewed by the Denison women. However, this did not keep one lovely from remarking, "They're fine, I love them all." Another indicated that men were a lot of fun and good dates, but she wouldn't care to get serious with any of them. All this leads up to the conclusion that the Denison campus would be a woefully sad spot without their presence. It seems like just another case of "can't live with them and can't live without them."

Even though the ratio of men to women is in favor of the fairer sex, you couldn't prove it by them. Little chance is afforded to women.

Continued on page 20

From the mouths of babes comes wisdom. From the lips of the hill's inhabitants come sharp words of criticism concerning the opposite sex.

FASHIONS FOR FALL

By Rusty Barton and Ed Johnston

Male

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their wardrobe. By that this writer means it's about time to pack away those seersucker jackets and tropical suits, and swap them for the flannels and coverts that you had carefully stored for the summer. Remember, have those summer clothes carefully dry cleaned before retiring them, cause they last a lot longer that way.

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Continued on page 19
"Man," says the native, "it's great to be back!" And he joins his fraternity brothers as they march to Monomoy in a column, shouting songs of exultation and idealized womanhood. "Hold that line" he yells amid the smash and wallop of shoulder pads against bone and flesh, and figures run, kick, and pass in the shadow of the giant crane that hauls up the mushrooming field house. And what the native whispers to the lush co-ed is lost amid the shuffle of feet, the hum of conversation, and the muted trumpets of the band in the men's gym. He leans over the pool table at the Union and puts one in the corner pocket and calls for a coke. His face waxes serious as he joins in the chant of the Denison prayer and his voice is muffled between the stately pillars of Swasey. He bends over the books, the thick expensive ones that come from the bookstore, by the hundred watt bulb of his study lamp, and he also heads east to the proverbial "city of sin" in a rolled-down-top convertible, relaxing in the cool rush of the wind. And he falls asleep as his forgotten radio plays melodic spinning wax, the smell of smoke from burning leaves filters through the night, and the alarm clock sadistically awaits the moment when it can jangle him awake.

Yes, the native has returned and his home is glad to see him. After all, it is rather dull in the college town during the long summer days when the native is away. But he is back and the native has not returned once but has been doing so for the last one hundred years, and by the grace of mankind and the kind of world he'll shape with his neatly lettered sheepskin, he'll be coming back for hundreds of years more. But Thomas Hardy would probably rejoice in the opportunity to dig this native and the plot of his existence. So we say welcome, native, for the college halls and walls are yours but you belong to the faculty and their grade books. Good luck for eight months.
January 12

Dear Mother and Daddy:

I've just met the most wonderful man. His name is Harold Blackwell and he's 22. Also he's a senior and plays football. His hair is black and his eyes are brown and he's six foot three. I think he's just super and I guess he likes me, too. We had a date for dinner and the show last night. I met him in the Student Union last Wednesday. Really, older men are so much more interesting than these young kids just out of high school. Just because I'm a freshman doesn't mean I can't date seniors and appreciate the finer things of life. Besides, Harold knows so much about everything and has really been around.

Hope you're all okay. I'm busy now so I can't write anymore.

Love,
JEANNETTE

January 30

Dear Mother and Daddy:

Glad to get your letter and the check. Do you think you could raise my allowance five dollars more? Somehow twenty a week doesn't cover all the expenses I have in school. And I guess my bank account is a trifle overdrawn again. I'll need about fifty to fix things up there. They certainly don't have our interests at heart. The teller was very nasty with me and said I should have more sense than to overdraw. But, I'm sorry that I didn't realize I wrote two checks more than I thought I did last week. Harold agrees with me that the bank isn't very nice about anything.

Harold is certainly a wonderful boy. We had five dates last week and six so far this week. He takes me all over. I just can't be bothered about anybody else. He asked me to go steady but I said I couldn't. Then he asked me to wear his fraternity pin — which is quite a different matter. So I guess I'm just about the first freshman to be pinned here this year. Also Harold was very interested to hear you were in the construction business. His father is a very nice man he says and he's retired now.

Love,
JEANNETTE

February 15

Dear Mother and Daddy:

Hope everyone is okay — I'm sure having a grand time. Thanks loads for the money — it came in very useful.

As to your question about what Harold's father is retired from — well I'm afraid I can't say for certain. He was very indefinite about the whole thing. I think he used to deal in exports or something. I suppose he doesn't want to brag about his success or something. His father's name is Gerald — in case you're interested.

Love,
JEANNETTE

April 2

Dear Mother and Daddy:

Here are all the details about our engagement. Harold asked me to marry him last night and I just couldn't say no. We're going to be married in June after he graduates. He says he doesn't mind if I don't finish college or that I'm only seventeen. I think that is very generous, don't you? Also he won't mind driving my old convertible until you can get us a new sedan. Although, I think I'd like a Lincoln this time. I mean since we're getting married a new car would be nice to have — and the Lincolns are so nice.

Will you please send me an extra forty this week? Expenses are running rather high again.

Love,
JEANNETTE

April 12

Dear Mother and Daddy:

I think you're being very mean. Harold is deeply and sincerely in love with me. He doesn't care how much money we have. I think you're being very selfish with me. After all, I'm old enough to be married. Mother was only 20 and I'm three years younger than that. Besides, I'll be 18 in August.

Harold says his father will let him take over the family business which he is retired from. I still am not sure what it is, but I know it is very mysterious. I understand Mr. Blackwell has spent a lot of time on it.

Love,
JEANNETTE

Continued on page 17
REUNION AT DENISON

Denison is a hill and Denison is a home. How many of us then and there, and after we had left and especially now in far places where we have dreamed back on balmy days, have tried to tell a friend or to tell ourselves what it was, how it was, that Denison was somehow different, symbolical, important, even vital in our lives. Oh, we knew that Denison was not greatly different physically from 180 other colleges across the land. We knew that we were speaking of an experience, not a place. Yet we have failed to put a finger on that experience, the core, the meaning of it. It is a hill and a home. That is why you are coming back. If we can keep from pure sentimentality and personal romanticization, let us think back on Denison.

You think of the town: the broad lazy streets that yawned in quiet splendor from the walks; the precise beauty of the postoffice where business was done but where the town life pivoted, too, and how you never came or went without passing to talk of the old Opera House where Sunday was, how it was, that Denison was where we have dreamed back on place. Yet we have failed to put important, even vital in our lives. Friend or to tell ourselves what it is a home. How many of us then, and how you never came or went; if you can keep returning once how one of the griffons (I'm sure they are not griffons but some similar figure — an old man — knowledge himself, perhaps) on the Pillars of Doane is twisted and looking the wrong way when he should be respectfully staring straight ahead like his companion. You thought how he was the curious one, perhaps, turning to watch a pretty courting straight ahead like his companion. You thought how he was the curious one, perhaps, turning to watch a pretty girl, and not the griffons, and that we had not seen him. You thought how he was the curious one, perhaps, turning to watch a pretty girl, and not the griffons, and that we had not seen him.

South Plaza, scene of so many things — Shakespeare and the crowning of the Queens, Maypoles, meetings, dates and first kisses; and a boy in his loneliness newly come to the kingdom of college, standing alone here on his first night looking strangely over his new world, in his heart fearful and yet contented.

And all the other magic dells we know — the haunts of Sugarloaf and Spring Valley, Sunset Hill, and others that only you and I know, our own. We think how at midnight we sat on the concrete bench on Sugarloaf or in the terraced garden; of the sunset over Deeds Field as we climbed the road homeward from football practice; of the never recaptured loneliness of walks in far roads we could not find today, where strange dogs bayed and cocks crew at a false dawn.

Well, these are idle words. You know them well, better than we can put in words; and others never known to anyone but you — a thing not even the strongest element that came and you held it and you hold it still. But in it all what is there? Only beauty, only youth? No, more, let us believe!

We cannot remonstrate with our professors, our architects, our fraternity heirs, our trustees, our restaurant owners, our dogs, our trees, our townspeople and the gods of Denison, saying to them: "Keep it as it was — no change, no progress, no new ideas, no building or alterations; keep it lovely as we knew it in our youth, guard it and preserve it well; hold it high and sacred."

Only this do we really mean: keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill. Because, by divers means, we keep Denison a home and a hill.

Campus Works Out With The Big Red Eleven

The Big Red winning streak has gone down in the history books, but the Fighting Big Red team still remains one of the best in small college football circles. Every autumn Saturday afternoon, 3,000 rabid football fans fill the air with cheers for Denison's powerful team. The spectators watch speedy backs snake their way through the opposition's line, while the powerful Big Red line opens gaping holes in the opposition's line. But few of the throng realize the hard work that takes place before the team ever takes the field. With that in mind, I would like to take you behind the scenes with the Big Red.

The team comes back ten days before school starts to begin the rigid schedule that they will follow until early November. For the first ten days the team goes through the football player's nightmare; getting back into shape. Calisthenics, wind sprints, and dummy scrimmages help wear off the excess fat and insure a team in excellent condition when the season begins.

On Monday, and possibly Tuesday, the players assemble under the stands for a twenty minute "chalk talk" on the weaknesses and strong points of the opponents they will meet on Saturday. During this "chalk talk" Coach Carl will also review some of the 50 odd plays the team uses. The line man not only knows his assignment on every play, but also knows that of the man playing the same position on the other side of the line. The line man playing the same position on the other side of the line.

Continued on page 17

Continued on next page
It is reliably reported that Matiandi Gandhi left college because the coeds were after his pin.

Thursday the varsity scrimmages the freshman team. The unsurpassed Frosh, coached by Hube Foster, one of the greatest stars in Denison's history, are an important cog in the Big Red machinery. It's a week before the season. He says that his opposition will use in the game, thus giving the varsity some idea what they will be up against come game time. The freshman eleven also serves as a trial horse for the Big Red plays. If they consistently stop a play, the coaches will probably think twice before using it in a game. Keeping the freshmen in close contact with the varsity saves valuable time in spring and early fall practices; the prospective varsity men become well acquainted with the coaches and the plays.

The trials and tribulations of the football player do not end at the end of the season. Each week they use plays that the players do not end at the end of the season. Each week they use plays that the players do not know.

Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money.

Dear Parents:

You are looking at this with the wrong attitude. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money.

I want you to know that Harold is deeply wounded because of the nasty things you said to him yesterday. Harold was even willing to give me up but I told him that I wouldn't stand for that. I'm going to marry him regardless of how you feel. And even if I don't get a cent from you I will still marry Harold. I love him that much.

Harold and the Broken Heart Continued

Reunion At Denson Continued

Love,

JEANNETTE

Dear Mother and Daddy:

I hope you to check that closely on him. He says that his father wasn't in jail. I thought that was unkind of you to mention it. Harold finally admitted when I asked him if his father wasn't in jail. Harold is certainly not in love with our money.

Dear Parents:

You are looking at this with the wrong attitude. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money. Harold is certainly not in love with our money.

Dear Mother and Daddy:

I feel as if my heart would break. Harold and I are parted. He told me that he wouldn't think of marrying against my parents' wishes. I told him I could convince you that you are wrong — but he has his pride and that would be too much for him to bear. I still think I can get him back if I use the right approach.

Please send me fifty dollars more this month. Exceptions will be awfully high again. I hope you will be able to come down soon and talk things over with Harold again. I may be able to persuade him to come back to me.

Love,

JEANNETTE

Dear Mother and Daddy:

Don't bother coming down. Harold has married another woman. I guess my heart was so broken he didn't care what he did. Her father is president of a big company and he gave them some stock and a new car and a new house — or rather an eight room apartment in New York. I guess Harold is very happy with her — but somehow I think I could have made him happier.

All the kids are talking about his marriage. He's still in school though until next month. I hope he won't run into him on campus as it would only revive unpleasant memories for both of us. I know I will always have a spot for Harold in my heart and take our little memories of times we spent together. I will always love him no matter what happens. But, I only hope he won't forget me.

I guess I have to suffer to become a woman and now I think I have become a woman. Although I am very unhappy I am keeping a smiling face on the campus and not letting anyone know how much my heart is breaking.

Love,

JEANNETTE

Reunion At Denson Continued

Brother, you place an angle on our own growth where we, with all our dreams, hungers, and hopes, could blossom and be understood and protected. Out of this experience I would help me to use these gifts (education, social standing, skills and talents) toward the end that justice may have access to people. And help me to make choices which will bring, now and in the future, correction to the inequalities and injustices we, your creature, have done in the past. Help me to make choices which we make today will influence the lives of our children, our children's children and countless other persons living both now and in the future. Forgive us, Lord, for we do before a day or are weak, having not the strength of ourselves to do even what we will. Now, according to your will.
**COLUMN FOR CONTRIBUTORS**

**Meet Lynn Olwin, our new feature editor.** Lynn was tapped for Princeton College Bulletin, a freshman, and her two stories published in your favorite magazine, "Very Good" from the National Scholastic Press. Lynn is a sophomore and a Theta and has an intense interest in things literary. If you look closely, you can see several pictures of her scattered throughout the pages of this issue.

Who has the enviable job of translating all of the scribbled, garbled contributions and handwriting samples that our front office receives into neatly typeset copy? None other than Ralph Talbot, sometimes known as "Klee" as his fraternity brothers call him, a member of Delta Delta Delta. Jo resides in Sawyer Hall but is very seldom at home.

**Let's go to the races.**

**THOMPSON TROPHY RACE — 1949**

Blasting pistols hurt the tailored metal

A round the red faced obelisks

That mark the coffin corners.

Lingering impulse brings on night

With each calculated turn.

Galloper of green yardage,

Composite of shouldered brawn

By the masochistic sex.

Falling palms heat your back

Wing tips bite above the worried trees

Winds of lust and yearning,

Blazing pistons hurl the tailored metal

As checkered flags wave on the eyes of time.

Freezes in a flash of lust and yearning,

That mark the coffin corners.

Wing tips bite above the worried trees

With drill-sharpened brain;

The banked throats are blind with praise.

And far below, the stupid pin point crowd

Incidentally (the "hossy set" you know).

To spoon my scrambled eggs with speed.

But now I ease my aging flesh with care

And pray they will not jar the porch.

Into a rocking chair,

But now I ease my aging flesh with care

And pray they will not jar the porch.

And remember for any info on things aforementioned,

To printer's ink and wood pulp,

That fails, previous
to your copy quick in the dormitory.

*THE MORNING OF OLD AGE*

I can remember daybreaks when

I used to vault up joyously from bed

And thunder down the waiting stairs

To spoon my scrambled eggs with speed.

Now I ease my aging flesh with care

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THE SOLUTION TO CAMERA CRIME:

Later on in the day, Oglina threw a small party with pump, elate, and alarm, and disposable methods by pushing him down the drag on a roll of toilet paper. It was too easy gentlemen.

**my favorite magazine, "Very Good" from the National Scholastic Press.**

**Fashions For Fall Continued**

inches wide, but a little long to accommodate the Windsor knot. Also are sporty animal-figured ties in small neat patterns, especially colorful with turkey reds, high yellow, and bright blues. The figures are usually foxes, foxes, mulls, mulls, horses, etc.

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"To Be Bop Or Not To Be" Continued

As Reeds swung his big car on down Waveland Ave., I pointed out to my hotel. We stopped in front of an entrance where two dim lights marked its entrance. "Session same time every day. Yea."

"What's Wrong" Continued

The Denison co-ed to judge the merits or demerits of the general public is its split in several schools of thought. It seems that every expert and authority on the motions and preferences. Also, it tears down bop instead of building it up. Constructive criticism is all right, but some of the writers carry it too far. How can the public go for something that is split into several schools of thought? There are more grounds for making the grade. If bop would show off to its own minority, it might carry it too far. How can the public there be plenty of working in keen competition. The band field there are hundreds of kettle is spilling over and the thousands of union musicians. In the commercial dance concerts have been presented and the musician may eat. Bop to sell itself to the public in order to make themselves. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles.

"To Be Bop Or Not To Be" Continued

ing bop. Another important reason why bop is not popular with the general public is its split in several schools of thought. It seems that every expert and authority on the motions and preferences. Also, it tears down bop instead of building it up. Constructive criticism is all right, but some of the writers carry it too far. How can the public go for something that is split into several schools of thought? There are more grounds for making the grade. If bop would show off to its own minority, it might carry it too far. How can the public there be plenty of working in keen competition. The band field there are hundreds of kettle is spilling over and the thousands of union musicians. In the commercial dance concerts have been presented and the musician may eat. Bop to sell itself to the public in order to make themselves. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles. If enough get in these circles, then it will have the jazz circles.
“Smoke MY cigarette... Milder Chesterfield”

Glenn Ford

Starring in "MR. SOFT TOUCH"
A Columbia Picture

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

Cigarettes

THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE

...and Mr. Lupo Prominent Tobacco Farmer says—

“I like Chesterfields better than any other cigarette. They’re definitely milder. They buy clear, clean, fully ripe tobacco...the best I’ve got to sell.”

Herbert L. Lupo
TABOR CITY, N. C.