WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

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!
Five fair and young members of the cast of "The Young And The Fair," a recent all-female production performed at the Opera House, are faced with an imaginary man. We asked them to call forth all of their emotional and histrionic talents to portray pictorially the experiences of an evening with a blind date. Each girl selected an individual emotion, and at the cry of "Photographer," they threw themselves into the following facial poses. What the blind date did remains unknown.

boredom

The evening draws to a close as you sit next to him on a love seat and listen to his endless monologue. Your face is smugness with various escorts imported for the inquisition is almost animated and vivid with expression, for the inquisition is almost over. Facial maneuver by CHRISTINE KORNMAN.

smugness

Your other friends prance by with various escorts imported from Hollywood, the Riviera, and Kenyon. Expression by PATRICIA JAMES.

love

At the dance, your best friend relates her experiences to you in the powder room (where you have sought refuge). Portrayal by PAT OPTEKAR.

fear

An expression of horror comes over you as your date advances toward you. Trying to remember what Shakespeare said about "screwing your courage," you recover sufficiently to scratch out your one o'clock. Performance by DOREE ERNST.

hate

Inwardly, you feel not only animosity, but hate toward your old friend who, after extended intrigue, "fixed" you up. Emotion by SYLVIA STRATON.
the fine arts
selections by jean gillies

A variety of mediums, subject matter, and techniques are exemplified here in some of the work done by students of our Art Department. In the center arrangement, the clear wash watercolor with ink line was done by Jean Bacon. It shows the reduction of forms into simplified geometrical shapes, a disciplined and precise technique. The sculptor by Kent Hooker was done first in clay, and later molded in plaster and then painted. The interesting composition by Bobby Loveless was done in connection with a project dealing with space, volume, and line relationships.

Below: Joyce Roper’s watercolor of the Library steps is an excellent example of a free wash and ink technique. A limited palette of no more than three colors was used by Bobby again, in the oil landscape on the right, with composition and value relationships involved in the problem.

Out of the tinsel and marijuana that is Hollywood; out of the dingy theaters on rain-shining streets that is Broadway; out of coaxial cables that is television comes the fury of sound, motion, and picture that lifts one out of the reality of living and transports one into a hermitage of make believe. Ah! Yes, these are the mediums to which we look. Our lives are directed into the narrow confines of the fall, the theater column, and the channel. But, do we find the best the entertainment world has to offer there? Why do only ten pictures make the “Ten Best for 1949”? What happened to all the others? Why are people selling television sets they haven’t paid for yet? How many performances does a play run before it is a flop? Read on...

Hollywood is a funny place. Take, for instance, Shirley Temple. Here is a beautiful gal that drew million dollar box-office at the age of five, made dozens of pictures before she retired at the ripe old age of fourteen, married at eighteen, divorced at twenty, got teamed up with a romantic youth named Barry Fitzgerald, starred in a spectacular technicolor production with a horse that got top billing. Just because this quadrangle in a named Seabiscuit picked up a half-million easy clams on fast tracks at Belmont and Pimlico. Maybe someday they will have a picture starring Trigger with others in the cast including Roy Rogers.

The American Stetson is oft-doffed at foreign pictures that find releases through some top-flight domestic studio. Look at the irony in this situation. A beautiful young Swedish actress gets leave from her Flicker City firm and goes to Italy to make a picture about a volcano. This actress has a nodding acquaintance with an Italian director that results in her motherhood. While this is going on her husband, a fairly successful pill merchant, is chasing all over Tiajuana looking for the one-armed bandit that gives a divorce with three plums. Incidentally the film carries out the same theme with a variation. She gets instilled with the spirit and returns to her ever-loving.

It used to be the soap operas that caused the substitution of beans for steak for hubby after his hard day at the you-know-where. The number of ear beatings the little woman took drove her away from these refuges. A fit of mass hysteria drove the unemployed soap opera players to devising new methods of creating family strife. Up came television. Now a sudden interest in William Farnum as a dashing hero and Fatty Arbuckle as the new Bob Hope. Who happens now? The living room or lounge suddenly assumes the proportions of a well-upholstered small theatre. The small thug brings in his friends to gallop through “Cactus Jim” or “Hoppy.” The reluctant Romeo in the fraternity houses fritter away the evening in widened hope of seeing a flash of a shapely leg in the Wynn show or on Garroway. If the evolutionary processes take hold, the new generation will have rectangular iris-sizes with megaphone shaped ears. The atom is eclipsed by the antics of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Ah, but the legit theater carries on the acrid smell of dust, grease paint, and expensive perfume of the first-nighter. But not all of the shows boast the records of Oklahoma or South Pacific. In fact, a native New Yorker remarked that so much attention is centered upon the shows of the South Pacific that little note is made of other dramas. Recently, Burgess Meredith opened in Happy as Larry. It had an amazing run of less than a dozen performances before the cast’s relatives stopped appearing in the theater. Even the critics stayed away. Josh White, the balladeer, checked his guitar and opened for

Continued on page 15
by dick chase

At the left, we have a shot of a recent regatta in which the Sailing Club took part. We can't tell who's in front, but there's a spanking breeze and the outcome will be close. And there's plenty of white sail in the afternoon sun.

Other sailing club members wait at the pier to embark for a short fresh water cruise. They are probably mouthing old sailing terms to each other as they wait for all of the canvas to go up. Once in the water, they make the magic transition from landlubbers to seafaring men and women.

Looking for thrills, fun, travel, new friendships, and an excuse to get out in the open air? Well, believe it or not, Denison's young, thriving Sailing Club accurately boasts that it can do all this and even more for any student on the campus. The Sailing Club, just over three years old, has grown to be far and away the most active special interest group at Denison.

It took hard work and a great deal of interest to start the club on its road to success for the club started under every handicap imaginable; no boats, no money, no body of water near the school, and no help from the school. Money was borrowed from the school, a boat was purchased, and the Buckeye Yacht Club came to the rescue with a fine location.

The yacht club has continued to play a major part in the development of the club. It turns over the club house facilities and the pier whenever the Sailing Club desires them and more important, the Yacht Club members actually give their larger boats to the club for use in the Spring Regatta. Without their wonderful cooperation, the advancement that has been made would not be possible.

It appears that the club members just can't get enough sailing. Every weekend, fall, winter, and spring, finds the more hardly members out on the lake. During the week "dry-land" sessions are held at which novice members are taught the rudiments and veterans review tactics for the coming regatta. The regattas are, of course, the highlights of the nautical year. DU enters approximately 8 a semester, and holds its own big regattas in both spring and fall. Denison has compiled an amazing record in these regattas, considering the fact that we compete on an even scale with the biggest schools in the country.

During Thanksgiving vacation the Denisonians racked up a third place in competition with Midwest schools, and, to top it off placed fifth in the country. These regattas not only present the opportunity to show off the ability of DU's club but enable the members to meet students with similar interests.
Several weeks ago, the president of Orchesis divulged all she knew about that organization and the work it does. It seems that Orchesis is an honorary society devoted to the pursuit of modern dance. The president, a fairly devastating junior named Mary Lou Moore, went on to say that the main purpose of Orchesis is to stimulate a healthy interest in modern dance in general—a fact that regular classes in modern dance may fail to provide.

It turns out that Orchesis on this campus is merely a cog in a vast wheel of other Orcheses; for Orchesis is definitely a national organization; Miss Moore stressed this point emphatically. The local chapter received its charter and came on campus in 1926. Since then it has become a thriving organization. Its members meet frequently to hear various speakers and perhaps receive a few master lessons on the dance floor. Recently the members profited by the expert advice of Gertrude Lippincott, who gave a dance program in the Women’s Gym as well. The group often participates in programs given by other school organizations. Last year dancers from Orchesis appeared on May Day and in that unforgettable bonanza, the Gondoliers. This year they will play an important part in the forthcoming production of The Merry Widow.

Any eligible student who is vitally interested in modern dance and who can pass a test given both in the fall and the spring is eligible for membership. At present, there are twenty-eight members, who are all under the able direction of Miss Sara Houston.

This information was indeed interesting, but I found that I still knew nothing whatsoever about modern dance. The obliging Miss Moore proceeded to enlighten me by saying that modern dance is what modern painting and modern music are. It may also be considered perhaps as the continuous opening of new paths for the expression of the human spirit through the human body. Altogether too many people make unwise fun of modern dance, Miss Moore feels. In spite of this, nevertheless, modern dance has been able to build a following and a public. There must be something in it, therefore, for plain people as well as for experts. The great need of expression, said Miss Moore, together with the common instincts of rhythm and of religion, is the basis of modern dance. The modern dancer directly expresses his reaction to the complex modern world through the medium of modern dance. The body is the means of expression because what is said cannot be said in words or music. At the same time much of what we are is shown in the way we move; we frequently express our innermost feelings in involuntary movements. Modern dance puts these common involuntary movements into voluntary rhythmic ones.

We were so enthralled with all this, that we decided to attend a rehearsal in the Women’s Gym to see for ourselves. A group of four dressed to the ankles in blue chintz were arranging and rearranging themselves in various postures in front of an immense square mirror. “We’re being creative,” they explained. They went on being creative for a quarter of an hour without any further disturbance. Suddenly, a ferociously determined-looking group began bouncing basketballs at the other end of the floor. The noise was deafening but the Blue Chintzes didn’t turn a hair. When we left they were leaping into the air with inexhaustible energy, saying that they were trying to produce a sustained effect. We left the Gym and walked to the Corner in stunned silence.

Page Eight

Denison's exponents of the modern dance
work long and hard at their avocation
to perfect an interesting means of expression.

by pete runkle

The photos are graced with an outline of Kay Moessner leaping above the Girls' Gym hardwood, Mary Lou Moore, Jan Scott, Helen Miesse, and Kay Moessner in a pair of differing formations, and Mary Lou and Kay again, forming another classic tarpet-chorean pose. You'll get a chance to view all of these girls in action at the forthcoming Orchesis recital.

Page Nine
threads for the female

by rusty Barton

The spring season introduced the tailored classic look in many new versions. The rayon dress with dyed-to-match sweater; tailored necklines; pleated skirts; the white tailored blouse, are all the latest thing. The straight look is the newest and skirts are rising to fourteen inches in length.

The bare arm dress with camisole blouse, high neck and matching jacket or stole is very popular. Flats are small and close-fitting, with veils. Open-heeled shoes are with dyed-to-match cashmere hat to match. Bargain of the week is the newest and skirts are risqué than ever this spring, especially the new pinks and dyes. However, more than ever before navy blue is the color of the year. White accessories are always good with navy although unusual contrasting colors, bright green or purple add a touch of spice to the conventional color.

As for colors, pastels are prettier than ever this spring, especially the new pinks and blues. However, more than ever before navy blue is the color of the year. While accessories are always good with navy although unusual contrasting colors, bright green or purple add a touch of spice to the conventional color. And so pass the parade of fashions in the spring sun. After reading this column all Denison coeds will, no doubt, be properly clad come rain or come shine.

THE TWO-THEME SUIT is modeled by Shirley Osborne. This year's classic suit comes with two skirts: one matching, and one contrasting with the jacket.

THE HAND KNIT LOOK. Below, we have the knit dress that is more popular than ever this spring. Model Nancy Mosebaurm wears it with a small knit hat.

THE SHORTEST COAT is worn with the new polka dot dress by model Marilyn Cruikshank. And in the suit version of the short short jacket, we see Joyce Goodwin.

innocents abroad

by larry crocker

Dear Mr. Editor,

As you requested, this is a letter concerning my experiences last summer as a tour leader for American University students in Europe. I'm sorry this reply is so late reaching you, but your letter had to be forwarded to me here. Now, looking out my window at the Shady Glen Rest Home, I'll try to recount some of the things that took place last summer.

There were twenty-eight of us altogether, a professor of medieval European architectural history, and his wife, eighteen young ladies, five college men, a psychiatrist (just in case), and myself, Danny, a handsome lad, left New Orleans to come on the trip. After hearing him tell of the conventional place, the rest of the members were either anxious, or afraid, to accept his general invitation to visit him in the home of Rum and Coca-Cola, the Mardi Gras, and Storyville. Danny was soon to point out to us Yankees that the correct pronunciation of his home town is not "New Orleans," but "N'Awluns." His use of the language was so infectious that shortly "you-all" (plural only, of course) was universally adopted. The first few days aboard the Queen Mary, he and his cabin mate from Ohio were equally baffled and divided their time between asking "What'ya say?" and repeating themselves. By the time we reached New York on the return trip, Danny had become accustomed to many strange accents, French, German, Italian, Boston and Berkeley, to name a few, but the first one he ran into nearly floored him. To the tourist class dining room, the steward at Danny's table pronounced his name "Joe McRerrrgggor." The Highland and d N'Awluns didn't mix too well, and Danny was embarrassed to ask Jock to repeat his stock phrases, "What's to follow?" and "What would you like to call for?" Danny just muttered "uh-huh" and went on eating. One calm day Danny had a tremendous appetite from sleeping in his deck chair all morning. He'd just attacked a slice of roast beef and was chewing a succulent morsel when Jock uttered one of his unintelligible phrases. Danny mumbled "uh-huh," and his full plate disappeared into the pantry. The steward had asked, "Are you through, sir?" That was the last time anyone took for granted what Jock said.

Five days on the Atlantic brought us to London. Danny's roommate, Strings, spent his first evening elbow deep in shirts and Drift in the washtub. Danny had visited Mary's before leaving, and was well equipped for travel.

The trip that Larry Crocker, alias Alice Bones, writes about, was made with the University Travel Bureau of Newton, Massachusetts. He was the only Denison student on this particular tour, offered as part of a special appreciation A. He sailed from New York July 6, 1949, on the Queen Mary, and the crossing took about five days. Travel on the continent was by train and chartered bus. The return trip, on a Greek Line ship, left from Naples, sailed up the coast of Italy, called at Genoa and Lisbon, Portugal, and took about two weeks. With Larry, traveled students from the University of California, Tulane, and Cornell.

continued on page 22
It was a murky day and the season for rains was done. The light of the late afternoon sun was tinted green from sitting through the steamy foliage. The horse I rode was exhausted from the forty-mile ride up from Port Au Prince and so was I. I pulled her side and the edge of the clearing took off my hat, and wiped the sweatband dry as I read the newly-painted sign above the building which stood directly in the center of the cleared area, “Bock, Cocoa, Ltd.” The building was in a sad state of dry rot and leaned sharply on one side. This, I assumed, was the plantation store and one of the three buildings on the Bock, Ltd.'s newly-acquired plantation.

I nudged my horse and we proceeded slowly into the clearing. The plantation house itself was in little better shape than the store. Low and long, it had been invisible until I had ridden further into the clearing. As I dismounted and approached the store I was wondering at the absence of the black boys. Usually such an establishment would have been swarming with the beggars at this time of day.

There were two people in the store when I entered. The place was musty, but reasonably well stocked and kept up. The proprietor, a light mulatto, was giving one of the black boys his daily rice ration. The boy treated me cold when I entered, and a little black boy skittered off into a side room. As I assumed, was the plantation store and one of the three buildings on the Bock, Ltd.'s newly-acquired plantation.

For a moment he steadied his face. He lowered it with a sigh and leaped at the boy, his face a hell of fury. Grabbing the gibbering wretch by the front of his shirt, McDonley dashed at his face with the glass. With a desperate lunge the black boy ripped away and burst through the screen door, his face, neck, and arms streaming blood. McDonley had pulled me into the back room and barred the door. We listened for an hour as the madman hurled things off the shelves and splintered the counter in search of another bottle.

Three days later in the hills the huge drums began to beat and the berserk raging of the man in the store suddenly stopped. We heard him walk toward the door and open it. Mathew and I followed.

The sun had set in the west. Haiti's sun, and night comes in the Caribbean without a dusk, bringing fear with it.

**The Haitian sun sets swiftly and night comes in the Caribbean without a dusk, bringing fear with it.**

Bob Wilson

A huge man with red hair and a blotched face came through the doorway. "To, I'm another bottle," shouted the towering redhead. "I be in the woods, some in the shed. Yes, everything just fine."

I jumped and Mathew froze at the bellowed curse which roared from the doorway. "Where is the liquor? Why aren't they working?"

Mathew was obviously ill at ease, especially when he mentioned the name of his employer. I asked him if anything were wrong.

"Oh, no, sir! Where are all the black boys? I asked.

"Oh, th'ey arround, sir. Some still be in the woods, some in the shed. Yes, everything just fine."

I jumped and Mathew froze at the bellowed curse which roared from the doorway. "Where is the liquor? Why aren't they working?"

Grinning again, McDonley fondled the bottle in his huge hand. "Thank you, Mat. I'm glad you and I understand each other so well." He broke the seal and lifted the bottle to his lips. The amber liquid ran from the corners of his mouth and down through the red stubble on his chin. He made dark spots on his grime shirt. He lowered it with a sigh and looked around the room.

His eyes lighted on me. "What have we here?" he chuckled. He started to fill his bottle with his whiskey, but with a slight motion tore the head off the doll in her hand and hurled the two pieces at theY stitches. McDonley made for the door, and when he heard the natives muttering he lashed them with a yard, and then he turned and ran. A woman wandered in time to the song. It increased in tempo as the drumbeat quickened. The blacks swayed back and forth, and the woman's voice rose in a hypnotizing chant. I could hardly think of what I saw. The blacks were now in a frenzy, and the women were screaming and dancing, driven into a hypnotizing chant.

The reign of terror lasted through the rainy season. It started with that. For the rest of that day the plantation house was quiet, but that night the. big man left his room and wandered down into the women's quarters of the natives' shed. When morning came, three of them had been cruelly beaten. There was an angry humming in the natives' quarters that rose throughout the day. Midway through the afternoon McDonley made for his bottle, and when he heard the natives muttering he lashed them with a yard, and then he turned and ran. A woman wandered in time to the song. It increased in tempo as the drumbeat quickened. The blacks swayed back and forth, and the woman's voice rose in a hypnotizing chant. I could hardly think of what I saw. The blacks were now in a frenzy, and the women were screaming and dancing, driven into a hypnotizing chant.

The day the sun first shone, McDonley did not have Mathew back in his quarters, and later he unstrapped his revolver and strode out to the cocoa groves to supervise the work personally.

**The drums of port au prince**

by Bob Wilson

continued on page 23
GET ready to cast off those
woolies lining to the ships
and take those turf blankets
out of moth balls, cause it won't be
long now before Spring Vacation
— and then June. It's about time
for lighter and brighter clothes
along with a few new styles.

Whether you realize it or not,
most of your spring and summer
storing in suits and sports clothes
comes from California, the land
where the stars are made of.

Because of the importance of the
Palm Springs fashion show in set-
ting fashions and summer styles,
we'd like to tell you about a few
of the lines that were shown there
early this year.

Highlighting the entire show
was the appearance of many new
lightweight materials, both in suits
and in sport shirts. Some of the
outstanding materials were a
featherweight (16 oz.) sports
jacket in wool, and a few in 11
and 12 ounce fabrics. The styles
were from 3 button models to
long roul 2 button models, most
of them in a casual cut with an
accent on the natural line of the
shoulders and the frame. Leisure
jackets appeared, and the latest
here was a regular loafer cut with
3 buttons. The front of the jacket
has no roof and continues up to
the sport collar, having no lapels,
thus making it a little more subtle
than most of the suedes that were
seen on the racks last fall. These
jackets come in several natural
shades, as well as pastels.

The sport shirts stole the show,
and you'll really have a lot to
choose from this season. Starting
with materials, you'll find denim,
basques, knits, cotton and silk
jersey, nylon, pure silks, terry
cloth and many others, most of
them being washables. In designs,
you will find many sizes of plaids,
audacious Hawaiian prints, fern
leaf designs, zebra prints, fine
checks, and large all-over designs
including polka dots. The colors
will be intense—bright red, copper,
and white on navy, yet you can
always find cool, neat pastel
shades.

Before going on I would like to
tell you about a few of the out-
standing styles in these sport
shirts. First on the list is a short
sleeved, open necked shirt with a
collar. It has two patched pocket-
ets at the waist each side. The
pattern has a tartan plaid and the
material is terry cloth. The ma-
terial, being water absorbent is
perfect for beach wear or after a
fast set of tennis. The style is
casual as well as comfortable, and
this shirt can also be found in
designs with thinner pastel col-
ors. You'll be seeing a lot of these
"cat cays" for sure.

Another style, in the pull over
model, is of silk with a convert-
ible bottom. You can tuck it in
or leave it out for casual wear,
and tie the shirt in front with a
simple overhand knot. The back-
ground colors are dark — black,
brown, and maroon with brightly
figured hand prints.

Another winner was a fine silk
sport shirt, which had the appear-
ance of a finely woven Scottish
tweed and the colors were natur-
al — grey, blue, and maize. This
was a regular button model
— off-campus circulation manag-
er, WAA, YWCA, plus an aver-
good name of Granville and
Logan, Ohio, is a member of that select
mob. When asked what her fav-
orite food was, "G.G." immedi-
atly replied — rare steak. Her an-
swer became more meaningful
when she mentioned her activities
— even to the point of being lock-
out on the roof of Curtis.

Eugenia Weinrich
According to statistics, there are
eight female philosophy majors at Denison. Eugenia ("G. G.") Weinrich (XO) of Logan,
Ohio, is a member of that select
mob. When asked what her favor-
ite food was, "G.G." immedi-
ately replied — rare steak. Her an-
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— off-campus circulation manag-
er, WAA, YWCA, plus an aver-
gage semester load of 17 hours. It
should have been steaks, not
steak!

Pat tubaugh, lettering
and bob hawk for ideas
and Ralph Gilbert, layout
we intend no harm towards
any specific products, brands,
ideas, or institutions. We
only wish to satirize the
methods employed.

by ed johnston
threads for the male

These drawings by Ed Johns-
ton show us the Plaid Nylon
Shirt, obtainable in linen, denim,
and 12 ounce fabrics. The styles
were a regular button model
— grey, blue, and maize. This
was a regular button model —
standing styles in these sport
shirts. First on the list is a short
sleeved, open necked shirt with a

Column for contributors
Dave Rounds
If a sense of humor is essential
to a cartoon editor then Campus
Magazine has the ideal person in
Dave Rounds of Bronxville, N.Y.
Undoubtedly, that same sense of
humor has created many unique
characters for the Denison stage.
Besides Campus and the D.U.
theater, "Rondo" (A designation
derived from the disappearing K2
dog) is kept busy as a cheerleader
in Deadhead, Inc. Despite the
scope of his activities, Dave has
found time to make the Dean's
list.

Bob Hawk
One of the most promising addi-
tions to Campus this year is Bob
Hawk (B011) of Grand Rapids,
Mich. As a freshman English
major, "Pete" is continuing his
training toward a literary career.
According to the latest lattine-
ogram from Curtis, "Pete" is en-
deavoring to equal the exploits of
his fellow Grand Rapidsite, "CT.
" — off-campus circulation manag-
er, WAA, YWCA, plus an aver-
gage semester load of 17 hours. It
should have been steaks, not
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out on the roof of Curtis.
"Smoke my cigarette Jesterpeel. They're much milder."

"...and L. B. Tabacarode, prominent tobacco farmer says— "Jesterpeel buys my left over crops. But I have been asking them for the last 100 years."

L. B. Tabacarode

Please Buy JESTERPEEL
The Advised Cigarette for YOU to Smoke

Says Lana Lamour, movie starlet, seen dining at Mother Adam's Exclusive Student Union, Granville.

Mr. Chumleigh Grould, famed artist and finger painter, who has been hung in effigy at every art museum in the land.

For Men of Extinction... LORD CULVERT

Why do men of extinction—predominately men of excess—so repeatedly wrap fingers around Lord Culvert? Because they get good money for these ads. Enjoy it yourself—tonight.
I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Spitz made Milwaukee infamous!

Newark Designers Acclaim Invisible Platypus*

Union Suits As Ideal Way To The "Figure Of The 1950s"

For ages, no new fashion has captivated the men of today like the new Platypus Union Suit. Slimming, slendaring, and flattering with complete comfort and freedom of action, Platypus is just the thing for that middle age spread. College boys with spare tires find it the very answer to their dreams.

All of these men, I say all of them, use Platypus Union Suits in their daily jobs, where they are seen by critical society. Many owe their success to this revolutionary aid to the extended stomach. Why not stop at your tailor's for one this very day. In slim, shimmering, blue tubes... $5.95.
adventures of a private eye, cont.

smile on his face, was Wolfgang Slink. Mighty dead. I started towards the bed and then stopped.

"Just a sec", kiddo. Call me Supermut if you will, but my seventh sense tells me there's a far-off bell in the house.

"Almost always the bell is in the basement," I told him. "But then again, it's always the bell."

"You mean the butler's bell?"

"Exactly."

"You're going to tell me something, aren't you?"

"You bet."

"What is it?"

"Well, I've been thinking."

"About what?"

"About the butler."

"What about him?"

"Well, I've been thinking, and I've been wondering, and I've been wondering, and I've been wondering."

"What are you wondering about?"

"Well, I've been wondering about the butler."

"What about the butler?"

"Well, I've been wondering about the butler."

"What about him?"

"Well, I've been wondering about the butler."

"What about him?"

"Well, I've been wondering about the butler."

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"Well, I've been wonder-
We were in Venice during the full moon in August. Venice is a fascinating city, and it didn’t take the students long to uncover some of the main fascinations. The first night Danny and Owsley showed me Deborah and Nancy gondola riding from our hotel, the “Luna.” At the end of our canal was a small lagoon where nightly a group of musicians was performing. This group had a large audience of the calm waters, and used it as a floating bandstand. The corpulent mama and papa took turns singing operatic arias and other popular tunes such as “Che!”

The rest of the family accompanied them with two mandolins, a guitar, and a violin. Strings’ chest-high clothesline wasn’t the hour. About three-thirty, Danny had dressed up.

Strings finished his chore and strung a clothesline across the room. The poor guy didn’t know what fate awaited him. Strings finished his chore and strung a clothesline across the room. The poor guy didn’t know what fate awaited him. Strings finished his chore and strung a clothesline across the room. The poor guy didn’t know what fate awaited him. Strings finished his chore and strung a clothesline across the room. The poor guy didn’t know what fate awaited him.

After each number the young-guy with “Albergo” (which is Italian for “hotel”) too, but “albergo” sounds more Italian. Before being told, one of the girls was heard to say, “This Albergo reacts in a plenty rich all these hotels. Everyone we’ve been in so far has been like this one!” By the time it came to say “Mi piace il freddo col limone” which means “I’d like it cold with lemon juice” the gondoliers pulled up at the “Luna.” Owsley and Nancy had been kicked back out of the bar by the fear of the former for carrying glasses of cold “birra” in each hand. Now as the gondoliers were humping against the stone steps she forgot to set down the “birra” glasses. She also forgot the principle of physics that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. As she took a large stride for the first stone step it was suddenly twice as far as it had been. Soaking wet, screeching hysterically, her hair stringing down over her shoulders, she was fished out of the polluted canal at the end of the gondolier’s pole. A canal in Venice is not the place to take a bath to get clean. The filthy waters of the canal stank of the nitrogen oxides that Ohio holt, Buckeye Lake. Nancy ran howling through the streets calling for help. Her dress was one of Mr. Macy’s and importuned spaghetti money. She was beaten and whipped in fruitless fury. The rain and the heat seemed to make Doncledy a demon incarnate. When the rains ceased, Doncledy again became the hard-working Scotsman; but the natives did not forget, nor would they let the white man forget. They subtly neglected their duties; the buildings and trees began to suffer. At first the Scotsman honored the obvious disobedience of the blacks, probably partly because he knew that it was justified. But their submissiveness slowly wore through his patience until finally he began to carry his quip in double and walk even through the groves. He eased some of us. Negroes and daily grew more bitter. He spoke to no one, not even Mathew, but seemed to have caught the sulky spirit of the natives. As the months passed and the time for rains grew nearer, the reaction of the natives grew stronger. Groups of the men and women would vanish into the jungle to escape from the rain. But others were not able to combine with the whiskey and the fury. The rain and the heat seemed to make Doncledy a demon incarnate. When the rains ceased, Doncledy again became the hard-working Scotsman; but the natives did not forget, nor would they let the white man forget. They subtly neglected their duties; the buildings and trees began to suffer. At first the Scotsman honored the obvious disobedience of the blacks, probably partly because he knew that it was justified. But their submissiveness slowly wore through his patience until finally he began to carry his quip in double and walk even through the groves. He eased some of us. Negroes and daily grew more bitter. He spoke to no one, not even Mathew, but seemed to have caught the sulky spirit of the natives. As the months passed and the time for rains grew nearer, the reaction of the natives grew stronger. Groups of the men and women would vanish into the jungle to escape from the rain. But others were not able to combine with the whiskey and the fury.

We all thought he had taken the path to Port-au-Prince, but we underestimated the man. It wasn’t until later that we all noticed the drums had grown more and more exciting. At times we had thrown a chair through the window and overturned the b.7.3.3.1 in a burst of fury. But the drums grew louder. At three he ran from the house, saddled his horse, and rode off down into the jungle, screaming undistinguishable blasphemies as he rode. When we entered his room that morning the only clue as to why he had fled was that he had thrown his head doll that lay in two pieces on his bed.

The rains were lessening and I was exhausted. I asked Mathew what it was like to be so far away from Doncledy as possible, for from where I stood I could see him pacing in time to the new faster rhythm of the voodoo drums.

When we awoke the next morning Mathew was gone. Everyone that had the drums growled louder. His way of life was pacing in time to the new faster rhythm of the voodoo drums.

When we awoke the next morning Doncledy was gone. Mathew said that as the drums growled louder the big man had grown more and more excited. At times we had thrown a chair through the window and overturned the b.7.3.3.1 in a burst of fury. But the drums grew louder. At three he ran from the house, saddled his horse, and rode off down into the jungle, screaming undistinguishable blasphemies as he rode. When we entered his room that morning the only clue as to why he had fled was that he had thrown his head doll that lay in two pieces on his bed.

Is dead

nightmare

In the cindered fields,

Where the red smoke

In smoke stacks,

My nation is fat.

Once out from the sleep of the tempest

I know I dreamed,

In cordon-tights field,

in trains of loan -

My nation is strong.

And there are only a few million.

Whose shoes are glued to hot cement

While they hunt or work

Only a few million.

Still every night

The same dreams swing in my brain:

Red smoke

Color of fire,

The death of a nation.

WHY?

 Someone said just today:

"A few million do not matter."

—Marilou Taggart

continued on page 25

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continued on page 25

Page Twenty-three

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continued on page 25

Page Twenty-three
admirals of the inland lake
interests from all over the coun-
ty. The weekend's competition is
carried off with a huge
party, with, of course, the usual
form of entertainment.
Sounds great, doesn't it? A
weekend of healthy laughs and
thrills with the best of company.
Now just because you've never
seen a body of water any bigger
than Racoon Creek doesn't mean
you can't get in on the fun. The
Club is proud of the fact that they
can guarantee any "landlubber"
that he will be able to sail with
the best of them within a school
year. Officers Bill Cunnings, Don
Ady, Ann G a y m a n, Sigrid
McDonley. They're proud of the
fact that they will be able to sail
with the best of company.
Now just because you've never
seen a body of water any bigger
than Racoon Creek doesn't mean
you can't see them nowhere. They
gone back. I don't want to do this
job for you.

Our boat, the grape, was going
good. The boys had gone back
to cut away the vines which
concealed the path to the plantation
house. The natives were wait-
ing for us to arrive, and they
watched sullenly as we rode up to
the plantation house's steps.
When we had dismounted,
Mathew said, "Mr. Clarke, sir, I
want my brother buried to-
ight."

How I ever hoped to find him
no, but I had a good idea of what
he had been after, so we set out in
the direction of the hills. The
rain that morning was falling in
minute droplets that slowly
penetrated even our oil-
skins and by noon we were
tired and miserable. I saw some-
thing hanging from a low limb of
a tree. Some yards away, the
brush cutters reached the tree
first and when they looked up at
it they were grasps of terror and
they turned and fled past our
horses and down the back trail.
I object that had bothered
them was the lacquered skull of
a tree some yards ahead. The
natives were waiting for us when
we arrived, and they watched
sullenly as we rode up to
the plantation house's steps.
When we had dismounted,
Mathew said, "Mr. Clarke, sir, I
want my brother buried to-
ight."

He led his burlap-wrapped
bundle over his shoulder and
wept him into his
own room.
I stood outside and watched
the natives. Something was
wrong, I knew. Mathew had
been dragged from his
home.

I found myself thinking
of how it had looked as if the big
gun would be found.
I knew it. Off in the hills
I saw them. I knew it.
The mulatto was confused and
alarmed and froze me as I stood. Then
I saw the pistol shot. And I knew.

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?
What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?
What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

In a hoarse whisper he said,
"He wasn't dead."

FREE! A box of Life Savers
for the best wisecrack!

Winners will please contact Howie
Hartman, Phi Gam House for prizes.

Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?
for the best wisecrack!

Winners will please contact Howie
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For the best wisecrack!

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“If you want a Milder cigarette that Satisfies it’s Chesterfield”

Gregory Peck

Starring in Darryl F. Zanuck’s Production

“TWELVE O’CLOCK HIGH”

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...and JASPER I. CARTER, PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER says—

“Chesterfield pays the top price to get the very best mild, ripe tobacco. Chesterfield has been my cigarette for over 35 years.”

Jasper T. Carter

BLANCH, N. C.

Always B uy CHESTERFIELD

the Best cigarette for YOU to smoke

CHESTERFIELD Contest See Inside Back Page