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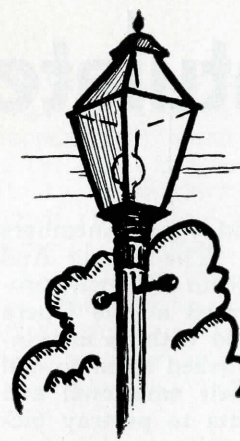




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Campus

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CARTOONS AND JOKES

all cartoons by Dave Rounds



editor's corner

cover girl

Gracing our March cover and typifying the warm, gentle beauty of Youth, synonymous with the coming of Spring, is Barbara Yeager, freshman member of Kappa Alpha Theta, who resides at Odebrecht. She would obviously be the leader in any Easter parade, and as a tribute to her loveliness, her photographer, Rolan Thompson, said, "Even the camera's discriminating eye did not allow her beauty to escape."

In the staff's struggle to get this issue out on the news stands before Spring vacation, we were faced with such worthy adversaries as the recent visit of intestinal flu to the campus, a temporary misplacement of our engraving copy by the U.S. Mails, and other various delays, human and mechanical, which Fortune saw fit to place in our path. Which all sums up why we ran a few days beyond our normally rigid deadline.

Orchids to our art editor, Jean Gillies, were presented by the Indianapolis Engraving Company, publications department, when they remarked via correspondence that our art work was superior, if not equal to that of any of the col-

lege magazines that they do work for.

I hope that the student body doesn't forget about the attractive and easy to win rewards of our Chesterfield Contest during its Easter sojourn to various vacationlands of the United States, as they did during Christmas vacation. Take your copy of Campus down to Daytona Beach with you or to the old home town so that you can figure out the answers while sunning or sacking. For there's plenty of free smokes in the offering.

Make sure you come back rested, happy, and eager for the scholastic frays ahead.

RALPH W. GILBERT



campus congratulates emotion

direction by frank cover

boredom

The evening draws to a close as you sit next to him on a love seat built for one, and listen to his endless monologue. Your face is 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.

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.



Today was another one of those freaks in California weather that happens only about 362 days out of the year. It was raining. The H₂O was so thick you couldn't tell if you were whistling at a dame or a halibut.

I got to the office about one in the P.M. and was cheerily greeted by my secretary, Jeffie Gra-beal, a saucy little miss with a figure like the Washington Monument.

"Well now, if it isn't the soldier of fortune. My but we look chipper today. What's the matter, Jack Armstrong, somebody slip a Mickey in your Wheaties?"

"No, he didn't. I sat up all night with my ulcers and a case of beer. Got anymore of those T.L.s you want to throw at me before I fire you?"

"Not at the moment, but I'm thinking."

"Well that's real nice. It's good to know you're thinking once in awhile. You're hired again."

"Cal."

"Huh?"

"There's a dame in your office."

adventures of a private eye

by bob hawk

"You don't mean my prayers have been answered, and I've got a client, a customer, somebody who's gonna pay me for a change?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well raise the flag! Just don't sit there Jeffie girl, shoot off a few flares, clap your hands! Mrs. Tuesday's little boy has a client! What's she look like?"

"If I was a man, I could do her justice, but I'm not."

"Thanks for telling me, I never would have known."

"Let's just say she's nice looking and very well stacked."

"Let's go no further. I've got a good imagination."

"I know you do."

"Thanks."

I walked over and opened the door to my office. Then I stopped dead in my tracks. Picking up my eyeballs I looked again. Perched upon my desk was a blonde the likes of which these tired old eyes had not seen in many a moon. She



there was a blonde in the caper.

her name was Jasmine and when she

crossed her legs, she did things

to my metabolism.

was in the process of crossing her legs which didn't help my metabolism any. From head to toe this dolly had "it" with extras. She was the kind of woman that could keep any boy down on the farm.

Collecting what wits I had about me, I sauntered over to my desk chair, sat down, and took out a pint of rot-gut from the top drawer.

"Have some?" I asked.

"No thanks." Her voice was a marshmallow sundae topped with whipped cream.

"It's good for you. Put hair on your chest."

"No. Would you like a Tootsie Roll?"

"'Fraid not. Cheers." I took four fingers, straight, and felt my kidneys do a half gainer. After my toes uncurled, I let my 220 pounds clouch back in the chair. "What's on your mind, girlie?"

"Mr. Tuesday, I . . ."

"I'm known to the few people that will speak to me as 'Cal.'"

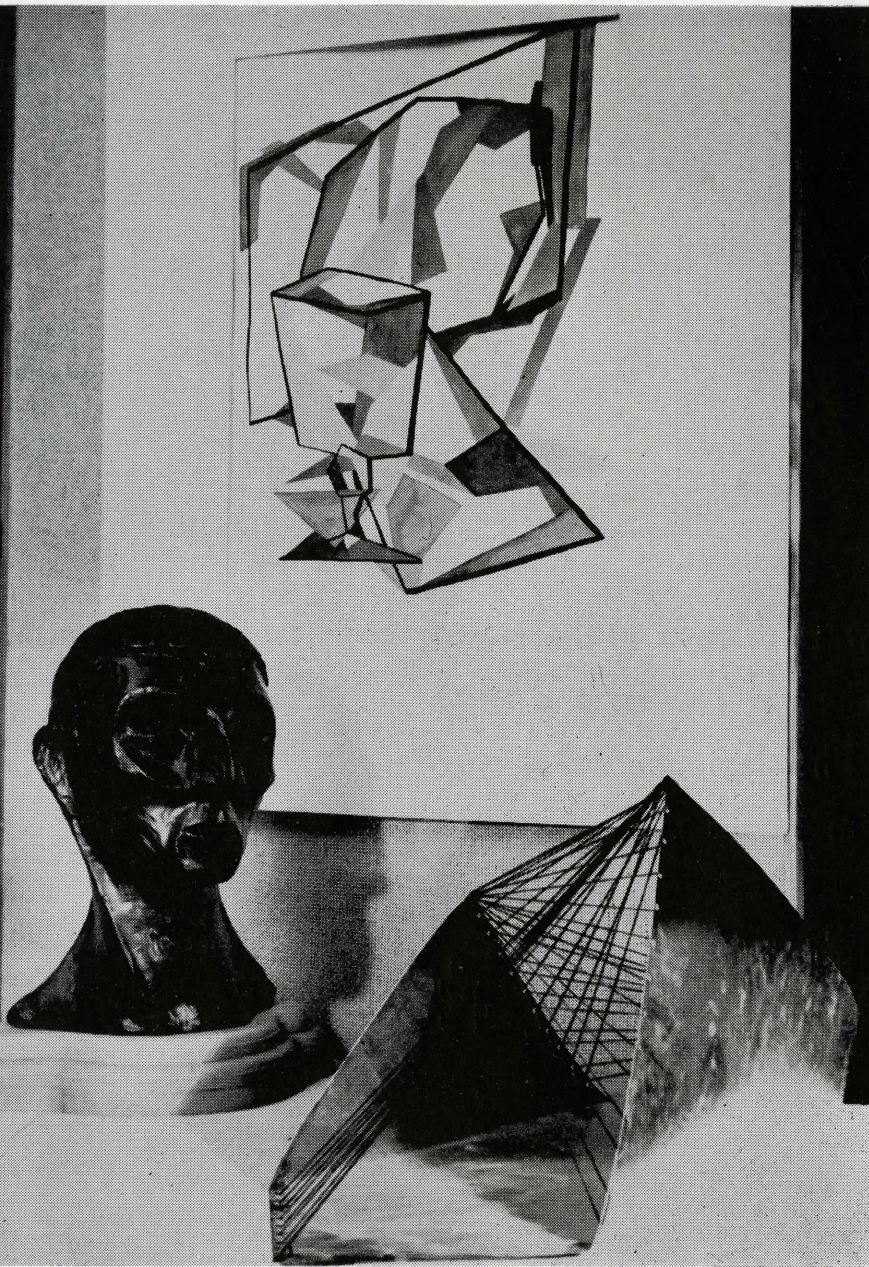
"All right then, 'Cal.' Cal, I need your help."

It appeared that she did. Although most of the time I had my orbs hitched on her knees, I got the important details. She was Jasmine Slink. Her husband was Wolfgang Slink, the rubber-nail magnet. Once he was nudging ninety. Now he was awfully dead. As usual, she came to me instead of the police; and, as usual, I was supposed to find out who put the old geezer under wraps. Nice and simple.

We drove over to the house in her car, a chartreuse Cadillac with a portable bar and television. I jerked down about ten fingers of Vat 69 before we got to her place. "Place." What an understatement. You could have put the Parthenon in it and still have room for a telephone booth.

When we got inside, we went straight to one of the downstairs bedrooms. There, lying on his back with a sort of a contented

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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.



after hours almanac

by bill hauser

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 medians to which we look. Our lives are directed into the narrow confines of the fial, 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 quadruped 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 opera 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. What 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 Romeos in the fraternity houses fritter away the evening in wide-eyed 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 irises 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 tickets for *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

in which our columnist gives recognition
to the lemons of the '49 stage and screen.



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.

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 hardy 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. D.U. 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

admirals of the inland lake

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

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

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our march pin up girl

The arrival of pleasant weather also signals the beginning of outdoor sports. Peg Hasset, Senior, Kappa Alpha Theta, claiming that winter bypassed Granville this year, was all set for a game of tennis on the 18th of February. As a result, our photographer was able to get a very fine picture. The temperature, incidentally on that date, was 28 degrees above zero.



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 undue 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 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

*they float through the air
with the greatest*

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 the dance in general — an interest 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*. Anyone 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

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



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

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

by pete runkle

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.

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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.

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 cashmere sweater; tailored necklines; pleated skirts; the shirtwaist dress; 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 cami-sole blouse, high neck and matching jacket or stole is very popular. Hats are small and close-fitting, with veils. Open-heeled shoes are again in the fashion news and stockings are pale.

The polka-dot dress is holding a place of its own, with a polka-dot hat to match. Bargain of the season is the Two-Theme suit. This suit comes with two skirts,

one that matches the jacket and one that contrasts with the jacket.

This is the year of the shortest coat — the 1950 version of the shortie coat that comes to your waist. The new suits also have this short short jacket.

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

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



on a summer tour of Europe,
you can find a humorous side
in hotel room or the canals of Venice.

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.

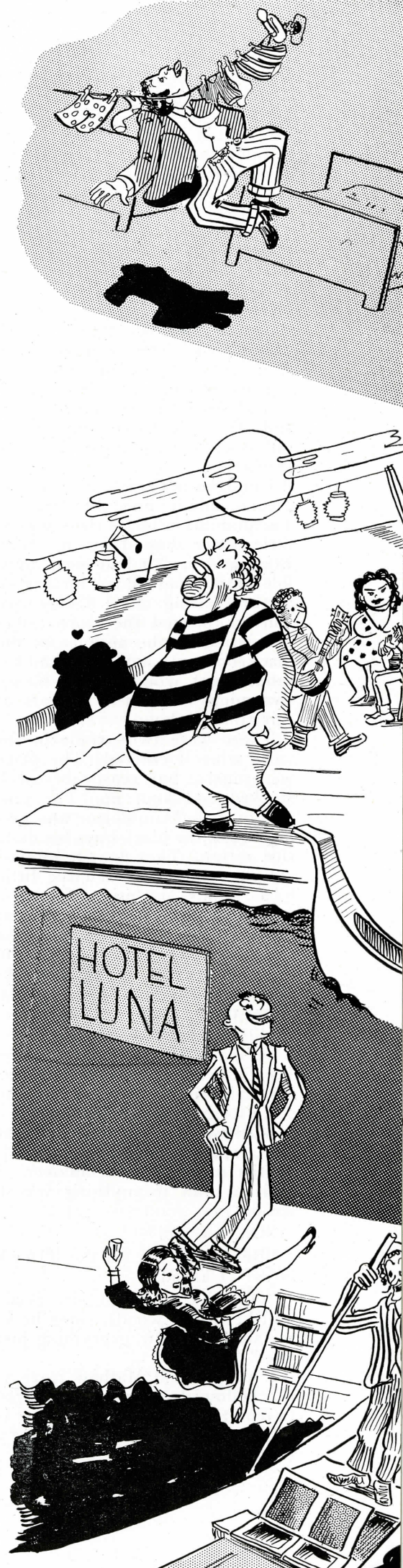
There were twenty-eight of us altogether, a professor of mediaeval European architectural history, and his wife, eighteen young ladies, five college men, a psychiatrist (just in case), and myself. Danny, a handsome lad, left New Orleans to come on the trip. After hearing him tell of the colorful place, 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 "Whad'you 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. In the tourist class dining room, the steward at Danny's table pronounced his name "Joc' Mc-

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, officially know as Art 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.

Grrrrrrgor," The Highland and 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 t-shirts and Dreft in the washbowl. Danny had visited Macy's before leaving, and was well equipped for travel.

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It was a murky day and the season for rains was done. The light of the late afternoon sun was tinted green from sifting through the steaming foliage. The horse I rode was exhausted from the forty-mile ride up from Port Au Prince and so was I. I pulled her up at 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 to 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. Long and low, 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. They both jumped when I entered, and the little black boy skittered off into a corner, where he peered out at me from the semi-darkness. As soon as he regained his poise the proprietor asked me in remarkably good English, "Yes, sir. What might I get you, sir?"

"I'm from the main office."
"Oh, yes, sir, from Mr. Clarke. We've been expecting you, sir. My name is Mathew. I run the store for Mr. McDonley, sir."

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!"
"But where are all the black boys?" I asked.

"Oh, they around, sir. Some still be in the woods, some be in the shed. Yes, sir, everything just fine."

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

A huge man with red hair and a blotched face came through the doorway.

"Mat, g'me another bottle," shouted the towering redhead. "I want another bottle — quick!"

Mathew found his tongue. "But Mr. McDonley, I'm all out; besides, you already had one today."

McDonley's face twisted into a grin and he moved up against the counter. For a moment he steadied himself there, facing Mathew;

then like a snake his right hand shot out and wrapped itself around the mulatto's throat. The face of the big man was no longer grinning. It was contorted with fury.

"Get me that bottle," he grated, and threw the gasping Mathew back against the shelves.

"Yes, sir, Mr. McDonley! Yes, sir!! Yes, sir!" the poor man babbled as he brought out a fifth of whiskey from its hiding place be-

neath the counter.

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 auburn liquid ran from the corners of his mouth and down through the red stubble on his chin to make dark spots on his grimy shirt. He lowered it with a sigh



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

the drums of port au prince

by bob wilson

and looked around the room.

His eyes lighted on me. "What have we here?" he chuckled. He started walking toward me with the bottle swinging loosely in his hand.

I heard a scurry to the right of me and remembered the rice-buying black boy. He had crouched in the corner until the red-haired man started in his direction. That must have been too much, for he sprang to his feet with a shriek of terror and started for the door.

Taken completely by surprise, McDonley moved clumsily to the left to intercept the fleeing Negro. They collided. The bottle dropped from the big man's fingers and smashed on the caked dirt floor.

With a bellow of race the red-head stooped and picked up the jagged neck of the shattered glass and leaped at the boy, his face a hell of fury. Grabbing the gibbering wretch by the front of his shirt, McDonley slashed 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.

Mathew had pulled me into the back room and barred the door. We listened for an hour as the madman hurled things from the shelves and upended the counter in search of another bottle.

Then it began. Far up 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 opened our door, and he and I followed.

The sun had set in the wright Haitian way, and night comes in the Carribean without a dusk. I could feel the throbbing of the drums pull at my chest. It was a strange scene. McDonley stood with his shoulders squared, looking out at a ring of perhaps one hundred and fifty natives. The blacks swayed in unison and the words of the song to the snake god, Dumbala, welled forth from them in a hypnotizing chant. I could hardly believe what I saw. Voodoo had gone from the island as the predominant cult some fifty years ago.

A woman wailed in time to the song. It increased in tempo as the drumbeat quickened. The blacks swayed faster and faster. The woman's wail rose to a scream, she rushed to the center of the semi-circle, and with a convulsive

motion tore the head off the doll in her hand and hurled the two pieces at the entranced McDonley.

I could almost see the man wilt, but with a hoarse cry he ran at the natives. I turned my head, for I was certain they would tear him to bits. When I looked again the circle had broken before his charge and he was running toward the plantation house.

According to Mathew, it had all started a little over two years ago, when the young McDonley had been willed by his father, the past owner, what he thought was a tropical gold mine. It could have been that he had expected too much from the country. Coming directly from Scotland, he had not been prepared for the climate, the soul-searing heat, and then the everlasting drip, drip, drip of the rainy season, for then there is nothing to do. McDonley had arrived about a month before the rains, and despite what he considered to be a bad deal, had shown commendable zeal in repairing the run-down plantation. He seemed to be filled with a spirit as tremendous as his body. He worked indefatigably, and he expected the blacks to equal his tasks.

Then the rains began and work came to a halt. At night McDonley could be heard walking up and down in his room. During the day he would stand for hours on the porch of the plantation house, looking out into the tropical torrent. One day in the second week of the rains, he came to Mathew in the store and asked him if he had any whiskey on hand. Mathew did. 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 Mathew bring him another bottle and when he heard the natives muttering he lashed them with his riding quirt and strode home to strap on his revolver. The reign of terror lasted through the rainy season.

The day the sun first shone, McDonley did not have Mathew bring him a bottle. Three days later he unstrapped his revolver and strode out to the cocoa groves to supervise the work personally.

GET ready to cast off those mooring lines 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 styling in suits and sports clothes comes from California, the land where the stars are made. Because of the importance of the Palm Springs fashion show in setting 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 light materials, both in suiting 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 rool 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 rool and continues up to the sport collar, having no lapels, thus making it a little more subtle arrangement of the Cugat jacket which was so popular last spring. Check on this style. Another leader was a fawn suede jacket, with a two button roll and 4 patch pockets. The features of this material, as well as several others including split suede, is that fact

by ed johnston

threads for the male



that it is much lighter and softer 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 denims, basques, knits, cotton and silk jersey, nylons, pure silks, terry cloth and many others, most of them being washables. In designs, you will find many sizes of plaids, authentic 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 outstanding styles in these sport shirts. First on the list is a short sleeved, open necked shirt with a collar. It has two patched pockets at the waist at each side. The pattern has a tartan plaid and the material is terry cloth. The material, 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 denim or linen in plain pastel colors. You'll be seeing a lot of these "cat cays" for sure.

Another style, in the pull over model, is of silk with a convertible 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 background colors are dark — black, brown, and maroon with brightly figured hand prints.

Another winner was a fine silk sport shirt, which had the appearance of a finely woven Scottish tweed and the colors were natural — grey, blue, and maize. This was a regular button model — sports collar with two chest pockets with flaps and bottom cuffs.

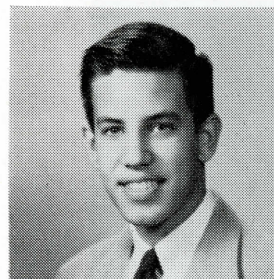
The newest in nylon sport shirts was a regular button model

continued on page 25

These drawings by Ed Johnston show us the Plaid Nylon Sport Shirt with a gathered elastic waist band; the "Cat Cay" Shirt, obtainable in linen, denim, and heavy terry cloth; Turkish Toweling Jacket and walking shorts; and Terry Cloth Beach Shoes with rubber soles.

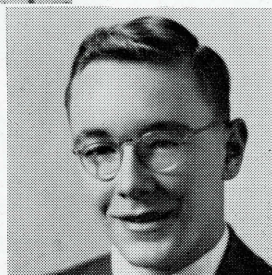
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COLUMN FOR CONTRIBUTORS



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 KΣ 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.



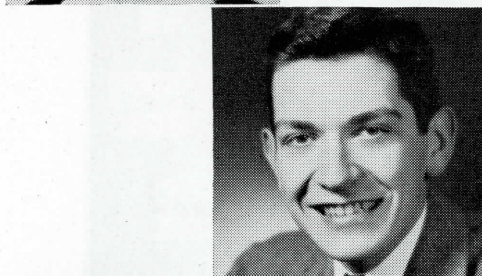
Bob Hawk

One of the most promising additions to *Campus* this year is Bob Hawk (BOH) of Grand Rapids, Mich. As a freshman English major, "Pete" is continuing his training toward a literary career. According to the latest latrine-ograms from Curtis, "Pete" is endeavoring to equal the exploits of his fellow Grand Rapidite, "C.T." — even to the point of being locked out on the roof of Curtis.



Eugenia Weinrich

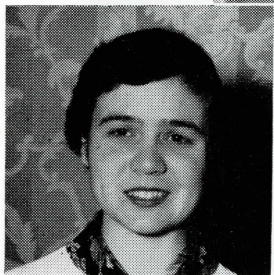
According to statistics, there are eight female philosophy majors at Denison. Eugenia ("G.G.") Weinrich (XΩ) of Logan, Ohio, is a member of that select mob. When asked what her favorite food was, "G.G." immediately replied — rare steak. Her answer became more meaningful when she mentioned her activities — off-campus circulation manager, WAA, YWCA, plus an average semester load of 17 hours. It should have been steaks, not steak!



Marilou Taggart

Among students the cry is continually heard for more hours in the day. Marilou Taggart of Des Moines, Iowa is no exception. Most of her time is spent as a citizenship major and as president of Shepardson Club. In the past two years, Marilou has contributed poetry and feature articles to *Campus*. On the side she sandwiches in activities in D.C.E.P., Franco-calliopean Society, and College Board Staff of *Mademoiselle*. For relaxation, she baby sits.

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Larry Crocker

The by-line, "Local boy makes good" would be most appropriate for Larry Crocker. Through Larry the fair name of Granville and SAE (suh!) are linked with the English department, debate, band, TKA, MA, *Campus* and the *Denisonian*. However, Larry is known for his cartoons and caricatures.

—Ben Kreuger

IN THE NEXT FIVE PAGES CAMPUS PRESENTS

a portfolio of modern advertising

in our views of the present day advertising scene, we were assisted by such hucksters as:

jack matthews for coordination
jean gillies, art work
pat tubaugh, lettering
tom rees and joe mcglone
for lenswork
barrie bedell, john hodes,
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.

patronize our advertisers and mention *Campus* when you buy.


after hours almanac, cont.

a sensationally long run of two performances before the doors closed with a resounding thud. The backers are relaxing quietly at Bellevue, thank you.

With such a thumb nail review of the cultural sources of the everyday Americans it is easy to draw some conclusions. It is obvious that there is a trend being established. The hits are getting bigger and the flops are getting floppier. It is a moot question as to who will hold out longer — the ones that make the entertainment or the ones who suffer under it. Next witness!

"SMOKE MY CIGARETTE
JESTERPEEL.
THEY'RE MUCH Milder"

Says Lana Lamour,
Movie Starlet, seen
Dining At Mother
Adam's Exclusive
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...and L. B. Tabacarode
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TOBACCO FARMER says-
"Jesterpeel buys my left
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been smoking them for
the last 100 years."
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Please **B**uy **JESTERPEEL**
The Advised Cigarette for YOU to Smoke



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

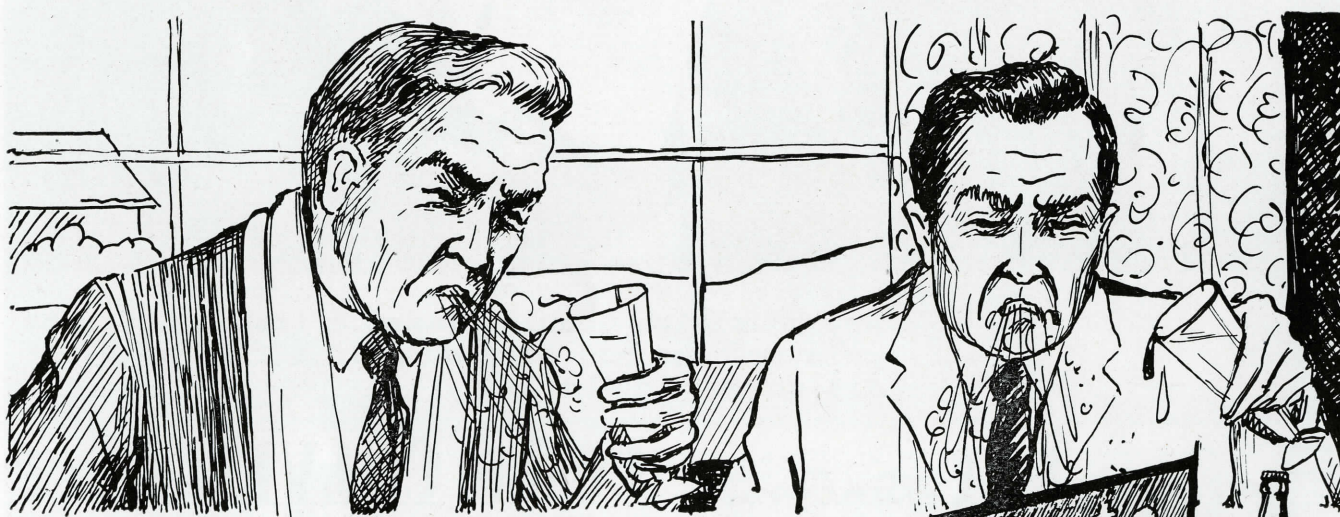
Why do men of extinction - predominately men of excess - so repeatedly wrap fingers around Lord Culvert? Because they get good money for these adds. Enjoy it yourself - tonight.



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



*Now I know why Spitz
made Milwaukee infamous!"*

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apologies to the wisconsin octopus
Page Eighteen

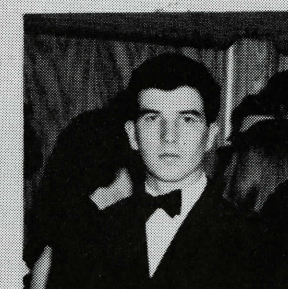


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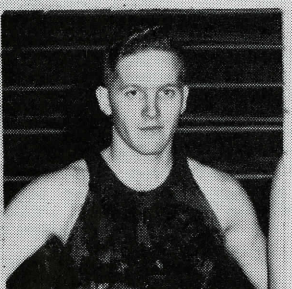
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All of these men, I say all of them, use Platypus Union Suits in their daily jobs where they are seen by critical society. Many owe their success to this revolutionary aid to the extended stomach. Why not stop at your tailors for one this very day.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

Are you in the know?



When asked to sit down at the piano, do you-

☐ giggle excitedly ☐ hide under the rug ☐ call for the housemother

Don't be a bore. Sit down and play even though you don't know how. And buy Yumex Paper Picnic Plates for your table even though you don't know why.



When your dream man grabs To keep him from stepping on
for his present, should you- your formal, should you-

☐ ask him for his pin ☐ move in closer
☐ chew his ear lobes ☐ sit the dance out
☐ call for the housemother ☐ call for the housemother

Your beau will always welcome some little remembrance that says you. But you owe it to your guests to use the proper paper picnic plates, Yumex. Yumex are clean, long-wearing, and fire-resistant.



More people choose YUMEX*
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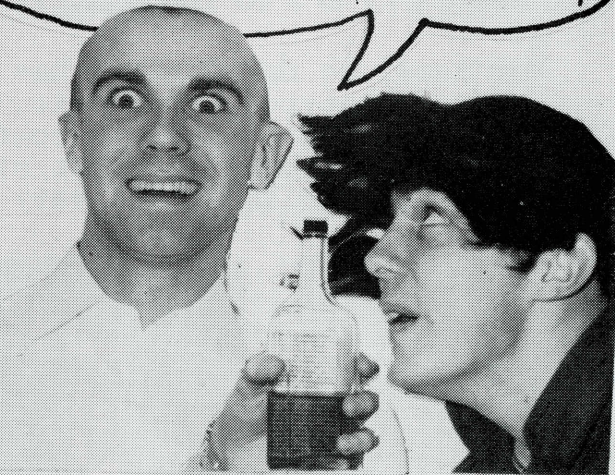
3 sizes: dinner, luncheon, and dessert

oh-oh, Dried Out Scalp!



Frank's great with his new car, but when it comes to hair, he's got his share of that too. Why doesn't a friend tell him.

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check Dried Out Scalp



Best Word Yet! Try Blisterine Hair Tonic. Have your friends admire your smooth dome-like head. Its fun. Its easy.

Blisterine HAIR TONIC

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 Superman if you will, but my seventh sense tell me have a fourth for bridge." Throwing apart a pair of drapes that hid a window seat, I found another body. But this one was still kicking.

"Why it's Smothers, our butler," Jasmine cried.

"Ye Gods," I howled. "Why is it always the butler who hides behind the drapes? It's never the iceman or the gardener who's caught burning blood-soaked suit coats in the basement late at night. You never hear about the cook dragging something heavy across the attic floor. No, it's always the butler! Just once, for varieties sake, I wish it'd be the downstairs maid. Well sonny, now that you're here, what's your angle?"

"Acute, right, or obtuse?" said Smothers, looking up at me, smiling.

I shot him a stare as cold as an Eskimo Pie. Smother's teeth were chattering. He blew on his hands. I knew I had him. "We'll try once more, laughing boy. What's the drift about all this?"

"I'd rather not say, but I guess I better. Mr. Slink had been acting awfully strange today."

I looked at Jasmine. She had a scared look. Her face was as white as the proverbial sheet.

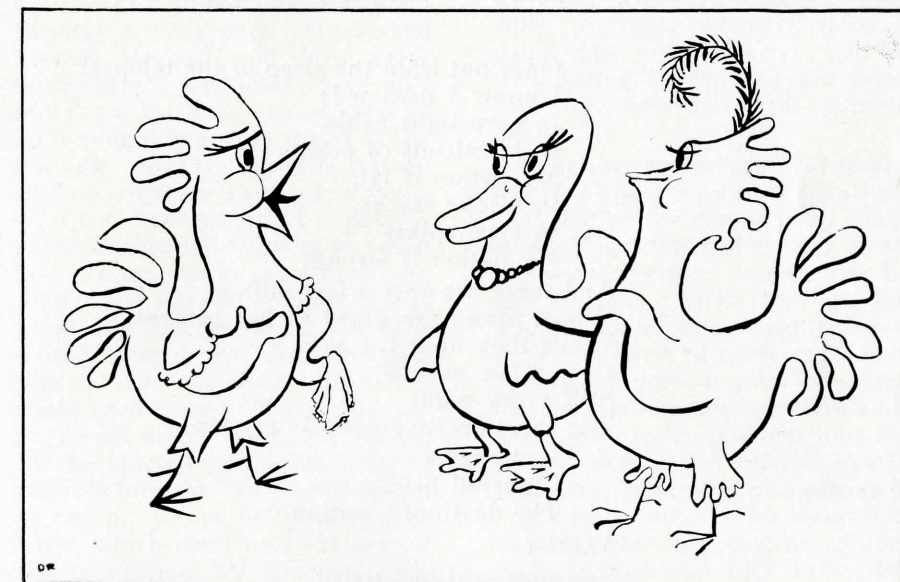
Smothers continued: "Today Mr. Slink gummed down his usual

tea and crackers for breakfast. About ten o'clock I saw him out in the garden cavorting about in the strangest manner! One minute he was playing a vigorous game of tennis with himself. The next, he was swimming laps in the fish pond. Then he did a series of back flips across the patio, stopping long enough to plant a violent kiss on the upstairs maid who was passing by. To top it all off, Mr. Slink jumped on one of the stable horses and galloped bare-back through the hedges, shouting, 'God for Harry, England, and St. George!' An hour later he came back with both eyes blackened, a silk stocking, and no horse. He retired immediately to this room, and an hour later I found him dead. I think he — ugh!"

Smothers didn't have time to do much thinking. He was interrupted by six inches of steel in the small of his back. I got to one of the windows in time to see a sleek, black Packard tear out of the driveway.

I turned quickly to Jasmine. She was calmly taking slow easy drags on a Sano. Through the smoke I could see her smiling. She had that "now what are you gonna do?" look to her. I stared back waiting for her to make the first move. She kept smoking and I kept staring. The room was quiet like the inside of a hot water bottle.

After the fifth cigarette my eyes got sore so I turned to Wolfgang Slink once more. There were no bullet holes; no knife wounds; no marks on the neck. Nothing.



"Well, I had a miserable time; I went out with a Capon and all he did was talk about his operation."

He was real dead all right, but that was about all. Just as I was winding up to throw in the sponge, I noticed a piece of paper caught in the cuff of his pants. It was a Tootsie Roll wrapper! Jasmine — Tootsie Rolls — in my office. It figured. Playing it cagey, I pretended like I wanted a cig. I opened her purse, and sure enough there were some Tootsie Rolls.

"Baby-doll, I sure would like to know what your game is. What are these Tootsie Rolls doing in your purse?"

"I like Tootsie Rolls. I like the 'gee whiz' pep you get from them. Why, without the get-up-and-go of Tootsie Rolls I'd never have the strength to act sultry."

"You didn't, by any chance, happen to give Wolfgang any of that stuff today did you?"

"Why . . . er, yes. I figured it would kindle the old boy's fire so to speak. After all, he's ninety, and I'm only twenty-six. Knock wood."

"Then that's what did it! The old boy had to work off steam 'cause he had so much energy. His ticker couldn't take the strain. He died of a heart attack. I'll bet my uncle's big toe on it." Jasmine seemed satisfied. "Well, now that we've got Wolfgang's untimely demise under wraps, that only leaves Smothers to worry about."

"Oh him," Jasmine said. "You don't have to worry about him. I know who did it."

"You do?"

"Sure."

I could see she was acting cute with me. "Let's not keep secrets from daddy. Com'on tell if you know."

"You really want to know? I don't see why."

"Say I'm curious and let it go at that. Now please tell me."

"Okay."

"Thanks ever so much."

"You're welcome. This is the way it is. I had Smothers put out of the way."

"You!"

"Me. Or rather my 'employee.' He was the nicest man. He only asked \$1,000 for the job."

What a deal. Either she was off her rocker or else I was. "But why'd you have him skonced?" I yelled.

"Shhh. I don't see why you're getting so upset. He was just a servant. But if you must know,

continued on page 24

innocents abroad, cont.

His NYLON!!! things were rinsed out and started on their forty-minute drying stint. Danny was out on the town on dry land for the first time in five days. The poor guy didn't know what fate awaited him. Strings finished his chore and strung a clothesline chest high between the beds from the wall lamp to the closet door. When Strings left, there was a clammy hazard across the room. Danny was once heard to say that he wouldn't dress up for the evening if he expected to get in before two. Danny had dressed up. True to his word, he and Ab (soon to be called Owl-eyes, due to the bruised tone his eyes took on after two months' lost sleep) found a pub to their liking on Picadilly and spent the early hours of the morning furthering Anglo-American good will. One of their English friends wanted to accompany them back to the hotel to meet the rest of the Americans, but they decided this wasn't the hour. About three-thirty, Danny staggered into his room and lurched across it toward his bed. Next thing he knew, he was flat on his back on the floor. Strings' chest-high clothesline was chin high for Danny. We almost had an extra seat on the bus.

Next day bright, Danny got up, shaved, dressed carefully, combed his hair neatly and went down to lunch. He found Strings in the dining room. Politely, but in no uncertain terms, he told his roommate, "I don't mind a clothesline in the daytime, but when I'm out at night, for Law'sake either take it down or put my bed in the hall!"

nightmare

In the cindered fields,
Where the red smoke
Long since has blown away,
Lie the seered entrails
Of this — my nation:
Once a promise to the world,
Now, the end of an infection
Of malignant branches.
My nation heard the wind of yesterday
Reminding her distinctly.
She only shut her windows
And let it howl.
And now, this, my nation,
The womb that sent me forth,
Is dead

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 Owl-eyes took Deborah and Nancy gondola riding from our hotel, the "Luna." At the end of our canal was the lagoon where nightly a family of musicians was performing. This group had a barge anchored in 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 "Cheri." The rest of the family accompanied them with two mandolins, a guitar and a violin. Music of that type sounds good across the water. The farther across, the better. After each number the youngest brother, sporting a new Kreml hairdo, climbed around the black gondolas that rocked in a circle around the float. Junior had in his hand a battered tambourine and importuned spaghetti money for the musicians. His haul was especially intriguing that night. Among the bills in the tambourine (the Italians have bills for amounts as small as sixteen mills) he found some items he wasn't familiar with: five three-cent Ohio sales tax receipts, one ticket (second class) for the Paris Metro, and three Council Bluffs streetcar tokens.

Owl-eyes looked at his watch and realized that although the gondolas didn't have ticking meters, the fare was mounting fast. In his best accent he told the gondolier, "Albergo" (which is Italian for "hotel." The Italians use "hotel" too, but "albergo" sounds

more Italian. Before being told, one of the girls was heard to say, "This Albergo guy must be plenty rich to own all these hotels. Every one we've been in so far has belonged to him!") By the time it takes to say "Mi piace il te freddo col limone" which means "I'd like cold tea with lemon" the gondolas pulled up at the "Luna." Owl-eyes and Danny had been kicked out of the bar by the professor for drinking absinthe, and Nancy and Deborah had followed them out carrying glasses of cold "birra" in each hand. Now as the gondolas were bumping 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 compare unfavorably even with that Ohio hole, Buckeye Lake. Nancy ran howling through the hotel lobby, up the steps to her room, leaving puddles of canal water on the new carpet. Luckily her dress was one of Mr. Macy's NYLON!!! creations, and was dry in forty minutes. Her hair was her own, unfortunately, and took considerably longer. The greatest harm, according to the boys, was that she couldn't be persuaded into a gondola for the

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Once out from the sleep of the tempest
I know I dreamed:
In corn-tight fields,
In trainloads of pork —
My nation is fat.
In smoke stacks,
In steel spikes —
My nation is strong.
And there are only a few million
Whose shoes are glued to hot cement
While they hunt for work —
Only a few million.
Still every night
The same dream sweats in my brain:
Red smoke
Cindered fields,
The death of a nation.
WHY?
Someone said just today:
"A few million do not matter."
—Marilou Taggart

the drums of port au prince, cont.

He worked them hard, but treated them well, and soon the rainy season was a dim memory. The plantation began to thrive again. The blacks were happy and so was McDonley, for he was busy. The plantation prospered throughout the nine months of dry weather, but in the last days before the rains were due, tension began to mount among the blacks. McDonley worked from dawn to dark and when night came, he would drop into his bed exhausted. The rains started and the feeling of well-being that had prevailed during the dry month was gone. The Negroes were restless because they knew that McDonley was walking in his room again and sitting for hours staring out into the rain. That year was a hell for every man and woman on the plantation. The Negro women fled into the jungle to escape from the crazed white man. The men were beaten and whipped in fruitless fury. The rain and the heat seemed to combine with the whiskey to make McDonley a demon incarnate. When the rains ceased McDonley 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 ignored the obvious disobedience of the blacks, probably partly because he knew that it was justified. But their sullenness slowly wore through his patience until finally he began to carry his quirt with him as he walked through the groves. He lashed several 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 forests for days at a time and at night the big drums of the hills would slowly beat out messages that no one but the true black could understand. The drums had an awful effect upon McDonley, for he started pacing at night a week before the rainy season was to begin. When he received the letter which confirmed the sale of the plantation his spirits rose. But Mathew said that the news that I was coming up and that he

would have to stay through the rainy season while I took inventory with him drove him back to his sullen pacing. The day before I arrived, the big man got his first bottle from the store, and that night women and men alike fled before the flailing white madman who invaded their quarters. The women took to the jungle and the men went into hiding in the groves. And there was a deadly stillness. Now, as Mathew and I sat in the darkened store, we heard the first pattering of rain on the roof. Sporadic at first, then growing into a hammering crescendo. "We better go to the plantation house," said Mathew, breaking into my reverie. He disappeared into the darkened back room and returned with two slickers. The throb of the drums was almost drowned out by the thunder of the rain. "Does it rain continuously?" I asked. "No, sir. Sometime it fall like mist, but it still fall." "And the sun doesn't shine until the wet season is over?" "Yes, sir, sometimes. Sometimes it shine's once, maybe twice," Mathew replied. Once or twice in two months, and it seemed as hot and sticky now as it had before the rain had begun. No wonder McDonley took to drink; the constant drip of the rain and the everlasting wetness — these two things, alone — would be enough to drive a man mad. The rain was lessening and I was exhausted. I asked Mathew to show me to my room. One as far away from McDonley as possible, for from where I stood I could hear him pacing — and he was pacing in time to the now-faster rhythm of the voodoo drums. When we awoke the next morning McDonley was gone. Mathew said that as the drums grew louder the big man had grown more and more excited. At two a.m. he had thrown a chair through the window and overturned the bureau in a burst of futile rage. And 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 the little red-headed doll that lay in two pieces on his bed.

We all thought he had taken the path to Port-au-Prince, but we underestimated the fury of the man. It wasn't until later that day that we all noticed the drums had been silent since morning. Then we understood; McDonley had ridden off to silence the beating devils who were driving him mad. I was forced to admire a man who could start out through the jungle at such a time to silence voodoo ceremonial drums.

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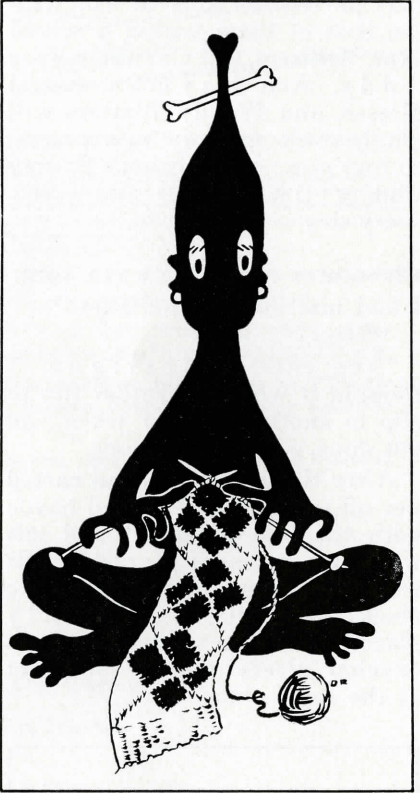


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admirals of the inland lake interests from all over the country. The weekend's competition is always capped off with a huge party, with, of course, the usual form of entertainment.

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 Raccoon 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 Addy, Ann Gayman, Sigrid Miesse, and Wendy Watters will gladly welcome any newcomers, so join now, for Denison's Sailing Club grows bigger and better every day.

adventures of a private eye, cont.
I had him stabbed for effect."
"Effect?"

"Yes, effect — intrigue. I thought it would be rather fun to slip in another murder when you got done with the first one."

After the cops came and carted her off to the Kip, I played havoc with the liquor cabinet and left with two fifths of Vermouth. It was still raining. One thing I like about California, it's the only place in the states where you can develop ulcers and webbed feet at the same time.



"What did you have to do for that mink coat?"
"Nothing but shorten the sleeves!"

the drums of port au prince, cont.

Expecting him back at any hour, I proceeded with my work that day and the next and then the next.

McDonley's horse was grazing beside the store when I went to work the third day. I called to Mathew and asked where I could find his employer.

The mulatto was confused and frightened. "I don't know where he is, Mr. Clarke. He didn't come back with the horse."

I could tell by his eyes what he was thinking.

"Mathew, get six of the black boys. We're going to look for Mr. McDonley." I didn't wait for his answer, but ran to saddle my horse.

When I returned, Mathew had collected four cowering blacks and armed them with machetes to cut away the vines which would undoubtedly complicate our search.

"Where are the rest of the boys?" I asked the worried storekeeper.

"Mr. Clarke, sir, I can't find them nowhere. They gone back into the forest, I guess. Maybe they looking for the same thing we are."

"Well, saddle your horse; we'll do the best we can with what we've got." I started toward the dense undergrowth which McDonley had entered three days before.

How I ever hoped to find him I don't know, but we had a good idea 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 oilskins, and by noon we were tired and miserable. I saw something hanging from a low limb of a tree some yards ahead. The brush cutters reached the tree first and when they looked up at it there were gasps of terror and they turned and fled past our horses and down the back trail. The object that had bothered them was the lacquered skull of a rodent from which hung three feathers — two red and a black.

"The voodoo death fetish. There is a curse upon this ground; that is why the natives fled," muttered Mathew as we stared at the weird thing. "We should find him soon, now."

We did. He was lying where he had been dragged from his horse by a thin strand of twisted hemp which had been strung be-

tween two trees and across his path. The fall seemed to have broken his neck, for it was at an odd angle. The blowflies had already been at him, even in the wet weather. Their young covered his face and neck.

Their squirmings made McDonley's face seem to move, and I turned my head as nausea twisted my stomach.

"We will bury him here," I said.

"No, Mr. Clarke, sir. He is my brother and I must take him back and bury him beside his father. You see, though we had different mothers his father was my father, too."

I heard myself saying that I was sorry and that I would like to help, but the reality of the situation had passed from me.

Mathew wrapped his half-brother in burlap and draped his body over the horse, which he insisted he lead on foot.

Our trip was therefore necessarily slow, and it was after dark when we reached the plantation clearing. 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 tomorrow; tonight I cleanse and reclothe him so that he be fit to meet his Maker." He lifted his burlap-wrapped bundle over his shoulder and carried it into his own room.

I stood outside and watched the natives. Something was wrong, I knew it. Off in the hills the drums began to beat for the first time since McDonley had ridden off into the jungle. The jungle . . . I found myself thinking of how it had looked as if the big man's face had moved. Something hard and cold stuck in my throat, and I wracked my brain for the reason for my uneasiness.

There is nothing more completely horrible than a man's scream of terror. Mathew's scream issued out of the house and froze me as I stood. Then the pistol shot. And I knew.

A moment later Mathew stumbled to the door, the revolver still in his hand.

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

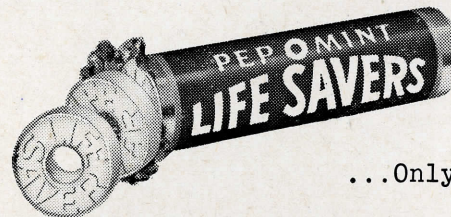
the end

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN



Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?



...Only 5¢

**FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

CONTEST RULES:

1. Write down the best you've heard.
2. Submit it to the editor of this magazine, together with your name and address on campus. (Send By Campus Mail To Curtis Hall, Box 83).
3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

innocents abroad, cont.

rest of our stay in Venice. The boys considered this quite a loss.

I hope your fellow students find these few things enlightening, and won't be scared away from travel. It certainly is broadening. You ought to see me!

Sincerely yours,
Alice Bones

Bridge: "Is this the student laundry?"

Reid: "Yes, sir."

Bridge: "Well, I'm a student. Kin I get a bath?"

Herb Simeral: "It's my duty to warn you that everything you say will be held against you."

Swisher: "Jane Russell, Jane Russell, Jane Russell."

QUESTIONS

- A If you locate me, you'll see this modern age, Add a furry friend who lurks upon the back page.
- B Where the dogwood grows you'll find me too, Believe me, solver, I'm pale in hue.
- C What's the smoke that satisfies? Simple as A B C, Look at the frame's initial lines; its slogan is in 1, 8, 3.

**ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE**

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The apostrophe in the word 'EM. Phonetically speaking, this sign of omission is found between the "E"s (these) of GIVE 'EM.
- B Arthur Godfrey's signature shown twice in the ad. The only difference is the link between Arthur and Godfrey shown in the lower signature.
- C CHEER. The first, second, third, sixth and seventh letters of CHESTERFIELD spell out the word CHEER.

WINNERS...

Dean Owen

Eugenia Weinrich

Dave Reedy

Roger Owen

John Hutson

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

threads for the male, cont.

with a gathered elasticized waist band, coming in bright plaid.

This short, because of the waist band, could be worn either in or out.

Zipper sports jackets were shown with styles along the same line as fall. The features of these were the new materials and designs. All wool iridescent doe-skin and soft plain colors and tattersall checks in sheen gabardines or summer weight tweeds were the outstanding models. Another innovation in this type zipper jacket with long sleeves and knit cuff and waist band was one in white, yellow or blue. The two breast pockets had buttons, and the cuffs were of contrasting color. The material was turkish tow-

eling, and this jacket was made to match walking shirts of the same material. These shorts had a zipper fly and elastic top. Sailing club take notice.

Deadhead: "I want to marry your daughter."

Father: "Have you seen my wife yet?"

Deadhead: "Yes, but I prefer your daughter."

Elsie: "Pardon me, but aren't you one of the college boys?"

Coulter: "No, it's just that I couldn't find my suspenders this morning, my razor blades were used up, and a bus just ran over my hat."

"If you want a Milder
cigarette that Satisfies
it's Chesterfield"

Gregory Peck

Starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's Production

"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



...and **JASPER T. 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.



A *Always* **B** *Buy* **C** **CHESTERFIELD**

the Best cigarette for YOU to smoke