Lord Calver invites you to meet

Mr. Lem Kegg
Man of Distinction
President,
Kidney Belt Corp. of America

It is for Men, who, like Mr. Kegg, are distinguished by good taste and keen judgment, that Lord Calver is Custodian Distilled. That result is a perfection of flavor, bouquet, and lightness unmatched in any beverage. ANYWHERE. So jealously is Lord Calver’s quality guarded that each and every bottle is numbered and recorded in the secret files of N.S.A.

We hope you’ll try Custodian Distilled Lord Calver soon. It costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds just a little more pleasure to living.

“I brought my parents into the firm in 1949—during the stiletto season. Daddy’s mud flap division has just patented blinking neon bulbs white as for Mummy, she embroidered sheepskin seats which are still ‘IT’.”

“My wife is the ‘live each minute type,’ as her picture reveals. We had a double exchange of Kidney Belts at our fall wedding which took place on two black motorcycles. Our ‘TWEEDE’ attire consisted of two black monogrammed leather jackets, with fringe, shiny boots and stiff black levis.

“In 1948 I persuaded my brother, M. T. Kegg, to join the ‘Business.’ Pictured together at the Stark Club, the boys are discussing the idea of chromed buttons for mudflaps, glowing, ‘Kiss Me in the Dark Baby’ and ‘J.C. Saves.”

Mr. Kegg is pictured above in his quaint comfortable den which can be converted into an indoor motorcycle track by a quick, pull on a button which is concealed behind the portrait to his right. A gracious host, Mr. Kegg throwsthe wildlest parties in 'the East.'

Custodian Distilled for Men of Distinction

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CALVER DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY
THEATRE
(N. and S. Main North and South of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Oh Men, Oh Women—starring the versatile Kristine Fosberg. Need we say more? (Armstrong Auditorium, N. Nightly except Sunday. Special matinee benefit Retired Hoosiers' Fund.)

Bootsie—a return call to please the mass Denisonians who had centenary meetings, heavy dates, hour tests, or trips to Newark during Miss Draper's first appearance. (Swasey, N. Wed., 8:15.)

The Second Month Scratch—a professional job by Ginger Bailey and Mavis Mathiessen. Ably directed by Woodland. (The Quadr. N. Nightly and Daily.)

MOTION PICTURES

Lost Mall Place—Major Harry E. Hayne.
Millen on a Motorcycle—John Olmstead.
Brief Encounter—Eleanor Roosevelt and Richard Lugar.
Rumini Holiday—Evening at Black Hand.
Shane—Lou McCombs on his white stallion previously used in his Homecoming production of Don Quixote. (The Bunt, S. Nightly.)

FOR CHILDREN

Children's Theatre Production—Death of Little Boy Lost—Jimmy Roosevelt.

So-Big—Mark Smith.

Knights of the Round Table—Theta Eta.

Roamin Holiday—Evening at Black Hand.

Brief Encounter—Eleanor Roosevelt and Richard Lugar.

STUDENT LIFE

DINNER, DANCE, AND DANCING

Moonlight Garden—Spoke and his Queen.Quietly plant the rose of love in the center of your imagination. Door charge, cover charge, check charge, liquor charge, food charge, battery charge.

Broadway—Newark's answer to the Stork Club. Guns and是否s checked at the door. (Temporarily closed while owner cruises up the river.)


SMALL & CHEERFUL

Caroline Club—dinner consists only. Best music west of Ebaugh's. Phi Delta admitted half price.

BIG & BRASSY

Caphalanus—Bright lights, colorful girls, brilliant bands, pizzazz under the glow of expert location photography, a sound called The New Yankee—OO-ooooo!

Caroline Club—dinner consists only. Best music west of Ebaugh's. Phi Delta admitted half price.

The Blue Note—top bands of the nation, currently featuring Mindy Carson and Trudy. Valley plus John Dameron's rag-time band and Earl's Kitt. To catch the 9 o'clock show start early, about eight hours, to be exact!

Birdland—birds only. Canaries, parakeets, parrots, crows, hawks, cockatoos, parrots, crows, white owls, and love birds. (Pawree the pigeons, they fly freely.)

SPORTS

Wrestling—Harry Aggorth and Don Kalver meet for a 25-round bout for Championship of Tough Men on April 3rd on the Talbot tower.

Tennis—Mary Ellen Maxwell, noted net player,shape up in a lovely atmosphere. (As yet the brook has not been seen.)

Birdland—birds only. Canaries, parakeets, parrots, crows, hawks, cockatoos, parrots, crows, white owls, and love birds. (Pawree the pigeons, they fly freely.)

MUSEUMS

Granville—343 W. Broadway. A retrospective exhibit featuring objects of art dating from the original settlement of 1803, through colonial times, rise of industrialization and evils of the factory system, to present day idyllic lethargy. Director, Bill Umphy. (Wednesdays, 5 to 6.)

ART

Ima Canon—prints of Denison life and scenes with accurate on precision, exactness characteristic of denisonmers.

Post G. Graphics—French post cards and realistic life-size studies. His specialty, each, portraits made in plain brown envelopes.
MARCH 27, 1951

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
MISCELLANEOUS SMALL AND INTIMATE

DEEDS HALL LOUNGE—Entertainment for the students of the University of Virginia, featuring a community game session, run-the-ball, flyover, and other entertainment for the cafeteria society set. The small maze above the front entrance is the most intimate spot in town.

LIBRARY STEPS—The growing favorite among the resident clubs for the younger set. This boy meets girls haunts thriving on its casual, outdoor atmosphere. Once the hangout of the library set, it now attracts many society types.

FOLIO GROUNDS—Formerly the practice field, this locale is doing an ever increasing business under the capable management of W. E. Rees. Mostly the student crowd, sometimes a stray or two, keep the place buzzing with activity.

UNION BILLARD HALL—The sophisticated stage to those taking the white shoe set. Sally Gaskill and Dave Carse play host.

WHISTLER CLINIC—Larry Miller's delightful ladies and gentlemen haunt. The upper Raccoon is as popular as ever for those seeking a chance at romance. Who wouldn't be interested three days away from the fast pace of downtown Granville. The gents still make an appearance and the ladies still come in their cocktail hour that the retreat is famous for. All social dances are done with the Alleghany executive and night-living ladies.

DEAN AND WATSON'S—By and large, the clientele has been maintained. After all, the upper crust wheelie club or the local sports bars will never change. Dr. Deeds and his patient in attempting to meet the good and although many of the patrons away must admit the place still draws the specialty of the house-drafter's d'ermell.

CLUB CLEVELAND—If you like fast mood-dancing, and lots of exposed limbs, this may be what you're looking for in town. The place has cleaned up this year under the new management. The ceiling level has an atmosphere all its own.

BOOKS

COLLECTED STORIES—The latest, which gives us the log book centering the life of the old man, has the habit of gathering journalism. This book is excellent for listening walls,.wrap scabbards, sets, and presents to paper airplane builders. Call 9870—now, you can get before, pack with human interest.

ART

Theater Tours—Especially priced tours of the town's finest theaters including the Pitho, Broadway, and the University. Each of which stars Ethel Gish, Johnny Mack Brown, and Harris Lutan.

Six-day pillar debuts—"Twinkletines" Miller, Florence "the Comet" Wetmore, Mrs. Edward S. Lee, and the "Whitl" Jones. These last ladies of the fair have all the grace and figures of a young and vital young woman, with the worthiness and sweetness of watersheets flying. Charming, and athletic.

Flag-football school—The ups and downs of stratigraphic navigation by Dr. David M. Jones and Robert J. Bartusch. Many of you are probably aware of the presence in this particular Welch Hall of the bloodmobile recently. The flow of blood from the Cross van has usually been a rather uneventful one. The campus citizen merely went over to the bloodmobile and donated his blood. No matter how many times you do this, it should become increasingly popular. As the need for blood donors becomes more critical, the campus citizen is more likely to donate his blood to a good cause. It seems that in the usual manner, one Joe Thomas to do his duty as a good citizen and member of the ROTC. Upon arrival, he was forced to wait twenty minutes for his turn. During this interval he watched the little bottles filling up with the red liquid. Something in his stomach rebelled at this sight and he sought the privacy of his room to contemplate the events of his life. The cruel hand of fate was behind him as he entered the door, however. He fell into a swoon and in the process of falling his head landed on the slot of one of Al Dewey's radiators. Thus when he recovered a minute later he found the radiator somewhat broken. My motto was, "Nothing potential covering the floor.

The miasma about it was that he didn't even get a medal from the Air Force.

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A certain literary discussion group has announced that in the future it will meet Tuesday evenings except for any preparations there might be made for losing a Tuesday. Of course the easiest thing to do would be to lose a Tuesday on weeks without Tuesdays, but apparently things were being observed by his lecturer, and the resultant bump he received on the edge of an inconvenienced placed object and sharply reminded him of his age and position and he very sternly cleared his throat as if he was speaking to himself, and his hand was full of students. Then he remembered that he was quite alone with no students and his smiling mouth turned again to a small brown spot on his forehead.

When he finished the sun was just disappearing over the western sky. He paused for a moment at one of the small windows of his workshop to watch it sink out of sight. "Sleep tight, old girl. The world will be different the next time you see this side of it," he murmured and giggled again. He cleared his throat again and turned to wash his hands and roll down his sleeves. When he had finished he put on his suit coat and straightened out his shirt and fixed up his appearance with a careful hand. His eyes had been following Thursdays, Thursdays alone, and he was looking forward to the establishment of a lost week. Tuesdays and would give both faculty and students a chance to make any preparations they deemed necessary for losing a Tuesday. In time the practice could be extended to Mondays, he thought, "good." He giggled again and turned back to his experiments and computations, blueprints and diagrams, and wash his hands and roll down his sleeves.

He was just about to open the back door when he remembered that he was quite alone with no students and his smiling mouth turned again to a small brown spot on his forehead. "Sleep tight, old girl. The world will be different the next time you see this side of it," he murmured and giggled again. He cleared his throat again and turned to wash his hands and roll down his sleeves. When he had finished he put on his suit coat and straightened out his shirt and fixed up his appearance with a careful hand. His eyes had been following Thursdays, Thursdays alone, and he was looking forward to the establishment of a lost week. Tuesdays and would give both faculty and students a chance to make any preparations they deemed necessary for losing a Tuesday. In time the practice could be extended to Mondays, he thought, "good." He giggled again and turned back to his experiments and computations, blueprints and diagrams, and wash his hands and roll down his sleeves.

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Sarah turned to Lawrence, "I'm simply at my wit's end, Lawrence. I've looked in every book I can find."

Amos raced the motor and the little propellers began to spin. The machine heaved a mighty groan and then began to gob and down a little.

Lawrence looked at his sister, "You'll work it out, Sarah, you always do. Everything comes out in the wash . . . as the saying goes."

Hannah turned to both her children. "Now I want each one of you to tell me honestly and fairly whether you think white would be better than blue."

The little contraption coughed and then began to rise shakily off the ground.

"Mother, I don't know about such things."

"Blue certainly would be a change from that dirty tan they are now."

The moon rose above the trees by the back fence. The small motor calmed to a steady rhythm and began to rise swiftly and surely toward it.

"You know I'll bet I could get a time extension if I asked for it. I never thought of that before."

"You see, Sarah, I told you you would work it out somehow."

**GOOD NIGHT**

Two kids—be watched there—standing there.

Holding each other tightly.

Cutting through the trees.

Mixed with the gentle mood of the glowing moon.

To pick up the features.

Of a boy—or, flattery, a "college man"—and a girl.

Searching lips brush swiftly, sweetly over a cheek.

Behind an ear, in the soft hollow of the neck.

Mixed with the gentler mood of the glowing moon.

Or above a quavering eyelid.

The old man, watching unashamed, could hardly keep his eyes on so beautiful a sight.

The happiness they shared from overcoming his old heart, which time had scarred—and healed—was perhaps.

He had left resigned perhaps.

And very, very tired.

A different world from his.

Perhaps.

The happiness they shared from overcoming his old heart, which time had scarred—and healed—was perhaps.
A rather satisfactory musical comedy opened last week at the Opera House in the shape of a rearrangement of Minnie Weaver's bygone melodrama of the fascinating South Seas called "The Queen And You." This piece is not nearly up to "South Pacific" in intelligence, originality, or other numerous qualities, but it undoubtedly has its charm and appeal. The plot makes no attempt to represent the actual behavior of human beings in any conceivable time or place, as is the modern manner, and is still frail and, somehow, lively; the humor is naughty and often just a little bit funny; the scenery and costumes are fetching to the eye; the dances are terribly vigorous; the principal parts are played by people who obviously love their trade; and the girls are as assorted a bunch as I've seen in many a season, with at least one, I should say, for every taste.

For the benefit of people who haven't even fragmentary recollections to fall back on, the action of the play takes place on the island of Balu in the far South Seas. The heroine, who has acquired the names of Aloma and the occupation of Queen shortly after a steamboat had wrecked and the survivors were deposited on Balu, is a sort of Little Eva under the palms. She has, it soon develops, a slightly too high opinion of the High Priest (he has red hair and his lips are painted blue), for luck is against her, and presently he is demanding a sacrifice of Prince Tama, who has fallen in love with her, for scoundrelly purposes of his own. Now the Prince has the traditional habit of wandering around incognito, and presently he is a prisoner of the Priest in the burial room behind a waterfall. In the meantime, Aloma is worrying about the annual sacrifice of a human being to the great volcano, Upitchucks, (if I were you, I think I'd begin skipping right here), and by error she demands that this human be the Prince. Things look pretty black, because the Priest wishes to marry Aloma after the festival, but Upitchucks is an ingenious volcano and, in rapid succession, erupts, the Prince gains his freedom, rescues Aloma, pushes the High Priest into a stream of hot lava, and taking the Queen into his arms peddles off to an adjacent oasis. There you have it — something happening practically every minute.

Drawing on my own vast and undoubtedly irritating source of personal information, I have to say that I have never seen a portrayal in the theatre of a queen that bore any resemblance to the same article in life, and I am sad to say that Dorothy Barnes is as far away from solving this nearly insoluble problem as any actress I have watched. Miss Barnes, one of the most charming young stars around these days, is quite alarming as Queen Aloma, and she sings very badly too. As the High Priest, Thomas Hayden has a lot of fun and, altogether I think, is quite sinister and decorative. William Audley makes a rather dashing Prince Tama, though I can't help wishing that he weren't dressed up to look as if he were wearing a kimono. His voice, as always, is weak but true. Of the others, they are effective in lesser roles.

The score by Hal Girod is always appropriate and loud, if not especially memorable. The book, adapted from Miss Weaver's original by David Davis, serves its purpose quite adequately, though most of the time the jokes struck me as almost too obvious. Timothy Carr's numerous settings are as gaudy as they can possibly be, with more than

(Continued on Page 14)
Hey, Buddy, Get a Load of These GIRLEY PICTURES!
Girley pictures showing a day at the beach; a nite at the beach! See A. Girley sunbathing on the golden sands; in a bathing suit; at the Y.M.C.A.; at the Oddfellows! Pictures in every conceivable pose! These pictures will drive Marilyn Monroe pictures showing day every conceivable pose! These pictures will drive Marilyn Monroe!
BOOKS

Conwallis Hump's "Habitual" (Cleef) is, without a shadow of a doubt, a novel of exceptional appeal. It centers around a garage in Harlem. The garage is one of those enthusiastic and enterprising institutions of mechanics in decay, and the noble idea of man working directly on his automobile violently and repulsively. The store room is a scene of conflict between a growing girl with a real vocation and her mechanic stepfather, a compulsive lecher whose sense of guilt, rather than a true call, has brought him to the garage. Mr. Hump, who had heard the call and worked in the store room is still raging. This squalor. Orson calls the service garage to the garage in a Wooster apartment house. It has an electric vitality and an electric range, but it is grotesque in its solid concentration on its moral vacuum of self-pity, apathy, and bit- terness, and he writes about them with a powerful imagination that deserves better human material on which to spend itself. His hero, Orson Genes, is a self-centered, in- terested, insipid weakling who enjoys remorse more than anything else.

Mr. Hump's "Habitual" is humorous, and the result is that it seems not more dignified or more understanding but less penetrating, leaving the reader to invesit his palms from the cover. This novel is the poorest example of Hump's work. His epic poem "Vapid" excels the novel by 20 sold copies. However, as book critic of this magazine, I say to you my Hump-loving friends—read this book!

THE 6th MONTH SCRATCH

"If you've been in one of them you've been in them all. They're all grease pits.

It seems to me that Mr. Hump's characters seem to live in a sealed vacuum of self-pity, apathy, and bitterness, and he writes about them with a powerful imagination that deserves better human material on which to spend itself. His hero, Orson Genes, is a self-centered, intertised, insipid weakling who enjoys remorse more than anyting else.

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This Is Jazz

Streaks of blazing sound from mouths of polished brass,
Shining sprays of notes glittering through a blue mist,
The bittersweet wailing of a saxophone crying to your heart, your emotions, your whole body to bury itself in pounding rhythm.

This is jazz.

Crashing drums vibrating across a dance floor,
Flurries of tinkling melody from a beat-up piano,
The moaning of a lonely clarinet, low and slow, appealing, entreat-
ing, calling you from a half-open door,

This is jazz.

See these rhythms, these imperative, demanding melodies,
Drums, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, piano,
These brassy, blaring instruments, These are the voices of jazz.

They are the cry of emotion from the slums of Chicago, the tenements of Harlem, the waterfront of New Orleans, The sobbing of a young girl in the darkness, The scream of a wounded soldier, Jazz is the voice of youth, the outlet for hopes, dreams, and half-formed ideas,

Almost and almost—woman sway together in the dim haze of a dance floor and pour their being into the music and out to the world with the voice of sounding brass.

This is jazz.

Mike Cook

Lord Henry Brinthrop, of Black Swan Hall, prominent socialite, dog fancier and veteran of the armed services, at his summer home in Cicero, Ill. Lord Henry says, "I have smoked Herb Simmerals all my life. I prefer them because they don't stick to the roof of your mouth.

Discriminating people prefer HERB SIMMERAL

Herb Simmeral, the cigarette of discriminat-
ing people, is blended of the finest imported tobaccos. Prices from $8.50, cork tips from $9.50, not including federal tax.
Bizarre left-over from Charles Martel, 2001 rooms, 2001 baths. Third floor servants' quarters.

Majestic setting overlooking nature's wonderland. Winding private approach, lined with individually named gingko trees.

Strategic location within carriage distance of fashionable nursery school, exclusive salons and shops, and legitimate theatre.

A once in a life-time opportunity. First payment, in round numbers, $80,808,080.08.
HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...

**Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey** say: “Our Dad led the brass band in our home town. He started us on our way tooting in the band when we were eight years old. We watched and studied successful musicians as much as we could, worked real hard and, little by little, began to get there.”

START SMOKING CAMELS YOURSELF!

Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why Camels are America’s most popular cigarette. See how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

FOR MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

Camels agree with more people

THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!