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 booze. 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 a rush season. Daddy's mud flap division has just patented blinking neon bulbs while as for Mummy, she embroidered sheep-skin 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 luminous chrome buttons for mud flaps, glowing "Kiss Me in the Dark Baby" and "J.C. Saves."

Mr. Kegg is pictured above in his quaint comfortable den which can be changed into an indoor motorcycle track by a quick push on a button which is concealed behind the portrait to his right. A gracious host, Mr. Kegg throws the wildest parties in "the East.

MARCH 27, 1954
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
(MARCH 27, 1954)

THE THEATRE
(N. and S. Main North and South of Broadway.)

PLAYS
Oh Men, Oh Women—starring the ver-
satilie Kristine Jorgasen. Need we say
more? (Life Science Auditorium, N. Nightly
except Sunday. Special matinee benefit
Retired Housemothers’ Fund.)
Robin Hood—a return call to please the
masses. Dramatizations by the original
meetings, heavy dates, hour tests, or
trips to Newark during Miss Draper's
first appearance. (Swasey. N. Wed.,
6:15.)
The Sixth Month Scratch—a profes-
sional job by Ginger Bayley and Mavis
Mathison. Ably directed by Woodland.

LONG RUNS
Direr M for McCaulay—room service,
dates for all-school functions, free rides
to Florida, discount coaches for uns-
cheduled, socializing. Delightful fare
provided by A.B.K. and L.W.J. (Dunme.
N. Call 82-6209 and 80-207.)
The Moon Is Blue—Marylin Omundsen
plays the innocent ingenue; with
Cliff Lytle as the incredulous archi-
cter and Bob Diesing as the man upstart.
The Buxton, S. Nightly.)

MOTION PICTURES
Streaper Named 1951-217-35—starring
Phil Brady.
Lost Mall Plane—Major Harry E. Hayes.
For Women Only—seminar course in the
latest behavior fashionable at Spring
Weekend, Kenyon.
Chelsea—interpretive dancing
糧iw through Cat Run, Bear Creek, etc., in-
creasingly demanded in modern living.
Almost every one is familiar with the hardships of which a farmer's life is exposed. Mr. Galimore as a man of few convictions and strict frame, but hard work and a series of gold brought by him at various epochs, developed to a very bad case of kidney trouble and a general degenera-
tion of the urinary organs, which finally broke down, and from a giant in strength he became a man of less than six feet in height; but, even as a man of less than sixty years of age, Mr. Galimore writes:

"My whole life seems to have settled on
my kidneys and in my urinary organs, and con-
cluded to witness some scenes for about eight
years. I've got, as you are aware, all the time
I can, and I don't think I could work for a few
months without resting. I lead to be a big,
strong man, weighing 200 pounds, but I ran to
153 pounds, and weak and pale; my clothes hung to my frame like a bag and
I looked as if they were too large for me.
After having been treated by the best physicians
I received only temporary relief, I lost all hope and
thought there was no cure. One day my son was
sent to the office of the business man-
ger (or cashier) with a plan to
end the school's financial troubles
the answer to all your prob-
s. We haven't decided where
we are to put the new library
..."

"I don't want to see her I just
want a date cleared. I ..."

"Certainly, you should have said
so, ma'am.""The Talk of the Town"

"The Dean is busy.""I don't want to see her I just
want a date cleared. I ..."

"I'd like to make an appointment
to see the man I was just talking
to, ma'am.""The Well Informed
Know The Virtues of Swamp-Root

Mr. Silas Galimore, of Spencer, Owen County, Indiana, As He Appeared
Before Using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

As you see, I finally go action:

I..."
Professor Biddleton's Experiment

PROFESSOR Amos Biddleton hummed a quiet rather monotone chant to himself as he energetically sorted his papers and straightened the instruments on the tables of his workshop. He was not aware of the chant, a remnant of earlier days when he had been considering entering a Spanish monastery, and so intent on at last getting his work room in absolute order that he fairly ran from one corner to another. Each table and finally his desk, which had for so long been piled with notebooks of figures and computations, blueprints and diagrams, were cleared and straightened he couldn't help uttering an almost inaudible giggle and once tried to jump up and click his heels together as he had done many years ago—before the time even of the Spanish monastery. However, his failure at this in the resultant bump he received on the edge of an inconveniently placed cup and sharply reminded him of his age and position and he very sternly cleared his throat as if he were simply observing by his leather half full of students. Then he remembered that he was quite alone and with a sheepish grin continued his straightening and his humming.

When he finished the sun was just disappearing over the western skyline. 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 his hair and shirt collar and marched over to the door and opened it. Sarah still had not called him but he was too good to lose Tuesdays very often. The best bet seems to be to send any Tuesdays which aren't needed off to some boys' school in the East—or Kenyon would do without instructions with that they are to be lost at earliest convenience. Due to certain arrangements on those campuses, he guessed he could lose Tuesdays with greater ease than we could. However, we're sure that if public opinion demanded that the privilege of losing Tuesdays be given to this region alone, something could be done toward accomplishing it by having the social chairman declare an All-School Lost Tuesdays. Such a uniform date would eliminate the confusion caused by a lot of individual lost 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 Wednesdays, and since Fridays ordinarily follow Thursdays, Thursdays might as well be lost too. Mondays aren't of much use by themselves, and we doubt if they'd be missed even if lost. This would lead the establishment of a lost week instead of D-Day and that would be too satisfactory and everybody would be happy.

A certain literary discussion group has announced that in the future it will meet Tuesday evenings except during work days; Tuesdays. This, in our minds, is rather interesting. All the weeks we've ever met had Tuesdays, but apparently things are long enough as to what will happen to Tuesdays on weeks without Tuesdays for anyone who needs an evening. All the weeks we've ever met had Tuesdays, but apparently things aren't of much use by themselves, and we doubt if they'd be missed even if lost. This would lead the establishment of a lost week instead of D-Day and that would be too satisfactory and everybody would be happy.
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 gasp and then began to gig up 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."

MARCH 27, 1954

"GOOD NIGHT"

Two kids—he watched them standing there, holding each other tight.

The full bright eyes of the street light.

Cutting through the trees.

Mixed with the greater mood of the glowing moon.

To pick up the features.

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

searching lips brush swiftly, sweetly over a kiss.

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

Or above a quivering eyelid.

The old man, watching manfully, could hardly sleep.

The happy slumber they shared from overwearing his old heart, which time had scarred—and healed—back to comfort.

And very, very tired.

He cursed the bus—already five minutes late—and cursed them too—for fools—with hope and confidence and shining eyes which saw perhaps... a different world from his.

At last he burst into a quick and longing kiss—

The happy shaking of a door.

A dash across the street—all faster than the three slow steps the old man had to climb.

And finding places, the old man sinking to the ground.

The hasty shutting of a door—

As youth and hope and confidence will always A different world from his.

"GOODBYE, AMOS."

"GOODBYE, HANNAH."

"GOODBYE, LAWRENCE, SARAH."]

W "COMING LAWRENCE, SARAH."

LAWRENCE turned from the window and Sarah looked up from her book. "It's all finished, my dears, my loving family. My calculations and constructions are at an end. Tonight I shall fly to the moon! Sarah opened the large side door of his workshop and pulled out a small vehicle scarcely larger than a bicycle. In fact he had designed it to look rather like an enclosed motor scooter. It had four little propellers placed at various angles; two on top and two on the sides. "Well, perhaps...

Sarah turned in every book I can find."

Amos raced the motor and the little propellers began to spin. The machine heaved a mighty gasp and then began to gig up and down a little.

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THE BELLE OF BALU

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's 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...
Hey Buddy, Get a Load of These GIRLEY PICTURES!

Girley pictures showing a day at the beach; a nite at the Oddfellows! Pictures in every conceivable pose! These pictures will drive Marilyn Monroe pictures off the market. All pictures mailed in plain brown envelopes. Simply enclose 25c per picture and write to: MR. A. GIRLEY, Pres. c/o Girley Film Company, Girleyville, Ohio.

"A SMASH HIT!" — Coleman, Minor
"SOCKO SUCCESS!" — McClain, Journal American
"STINKS!" — Jacobs, New Yorker

HAL GIROD'S "The Queen and You" book and direction by DAVID DAVIS

THE QUAD, On The Hill

(Continued From Page 13)

the proper flavor of the South Seas; and James Clary's dances are uniformly mediocre, as is David Davis' over-all direction. A pleasant evening in some respects.

HAVING little useful knowledge of the Society For The Prevention of Cruelty To Animals beyond the information that a member of it operates a cash register at the Union, I went to "Worse Than His Bite," a play dealing with some of its turbulent early history, prepared to be instructed, uplifted, and even possibly entertained. None of these desirable ends came to pass at the Grand, because never in my career have I seen anything quite so atrocious.

It was one of the management's very minor eccentricities that no curtain rose on "Worse Than His Bite." The setting, a crude attempt to reveal a veterinarian's office and backyard kennel, was already visible when unfortunate early comers took their seats, and it remained so exposed during the entire demented evening. The show opened with a young man in a dog's costume standing in a beam of light. "This is a play about me," he said. "I'm in it. My master's in it. My Veterinarian is in it." I report these four sentences with such care because, as far as I was concerned, they were about the most intelligent remarks made that night.

The actors involved in this massacre were named John Huntley, Fred Ford, James Markley, and Ruth Moore, among others. Their style of acting was strongly reminiscent of that attributed to children of the kindergartens in a Christmas pageant. I don't think it will be necessary to devote any more of your time or my critical acumen to "Worse Than His Bite," though I might point out that the director's attention should have been called to the fact that some of the live dogs in the show, notably the Great Dane, were somewhat disturbing yet commendable in prowling out quite a bit of the dribble of dialogue. It was a blessing, of course, that the play closed after that one repulsive evening. —Woolcott Jacobs.

THE TRAGEDY OF HERMAN GATH

Gather 'round the campfire, kiddies, for your Old Man has a story on which he would like to expostulate.

So perk up your dirty little ears and stop that insipid sniffing because he doesn't have grey hairs for nothing; he's been out in this cruel, cruel world and he knows all about this thing that existentialists shag their shoulders about and dramatists tear their hair about and beer drinkers drink whiskey about, and it's called fate.

There was once a young man who was noble, loyal, true courageous, bold, and just a little idealistic; his name was Herman Gath. Herman aspired to many things in life, but the most aspiring of his aspirations was to be a osteopath.

It seems that in early childhood his mother had hit him over the head with a thigh bone.

Which has, as all of you know, the psychological implications of a cyclone.

At the age of three he had memorized "Dry Bones," he gloried in anything ominous.

He held that the zygomatic structure of the spheno-occipita-temporal arch was nothing short of colossal.

He became the apostle of anything fossil, and at the age of twenty-two entered the school of Osteopathy located in Philadelphia where he rapidly established himself as one of those young men with futures.

With no little talent at tying up Fate.

One evening after he had finished learning the difference between the external auditory meatus and the superior nuchial line, Herman decided to go out to a little Italian restaurant at which it was his custom to occasionally dine.

As he was walking down the stairs from his little apartment he slipped and fell, injuring himself so severely that when the emergency squad arrived several minutes afterwards Herman could only smile tragically and say, "It's too late.

For I have occluded my medial pterygoid plate.

Opplan Gnash LeFever.

MARCH 27, 1954
people are not very good at com-

municating with each other. They are also wicked and damned for the same reason that the insipid characters in F. F. McG's novels are damned. But as there are no pure and good characters to bring a breath of life or a conflict into the story, it is hard to see it as more than a rather tiresome and uneconomical piece of naggimg.

When the responsible serious Or-

son comes home from Wooster to find out about his father, who has been in a sanitarium, he meets his mother and sister, Owen:

"Hallo dear. What a surprise. Let me take your bag."

"Hallo."

"Hallo, Owen."

Orson is driven to the apartment

above the garage where the conflict in the store room is still raging. This murky hell is Orson's picture of life 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. Orson calls the service staircase the sewer and describes life in the garage:

"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 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-

treped, insipid weakling who enjoys remorse more than anything else.

Mr. Hump's "Habitual" is humor-

less, and the result is that it seems not more dignified or more under-

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ing the reader to invent his own 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!

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

"Um," said Chloe.

"Not necessarily."

"Um," said Egor.

"Hallo," Chloe said gleefully with-

out any glee.

"Um," said Egor.

There was a pause.

"How do you know?"

"I'm sure."

"But something must make you

say surely?"

"Not necessarily."

"Um," said Chloe.

After seventy-five thousand words, one begins to get the idea: these people are not very good at com-

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More Books

BIOGRAPHY

The CHLOROPHYLL KING, by Hadley Adley. A powerful story of research and experimentation, relating to all the disappointments and successes of Boyden Liksnip, Dr. Liksnip based his findings about chlorophyll on his own experience and needs. Mr. Adley, a personal friend of the good doctor, writes his life story with warmth and charm. A touching example of his closeness to Liksnip is found in the following passage:

"When was the last time you took a bath, Liksnip?"

For all you scientifically minded people, this book will be your inspiration to better things. (Sold also under sub-title: How Green Is My Father.)

FICTION

THE WAY OF ALL GLOBULES, Classic Comics no. 168, (Dilbert and Co. of York, New that is). A stimulating account of a prodigy who, having held all the college offices available at Fungi U, devotes his efforts and 64 pages to running for God. The book climaxes when he is defeated by a dark-horse deity. Every full color, thrill-packed page will hit you. Complete with 3-D glasses. For people between the ages of 19 and 21. (Not sold over the counter at your favorite drug store.)

GENERAL

I SOLD HEROIN, by Donald Dutt (Amore). A pitiful and harrowing narrative of a youth led down the path of evil and profit. Mr. Dutt was a Greenwich Village boy and after a lifetime of study of his own case he says he cannot understand why he became a dope peddler. Whatever the reason, it is a challenging book with detailed descriptions of the inside of the dope business. You will also find a list of peddlers in your very own city. An instructive book but very hard to take.

Denison University, founded in 1831, is a privately endowed, coeducational College of Liberal Arts and Sciences providing a Christian atmosphere. Denison is located at Granville, Ohio, a small New England type village in the heart of Ohio. Campus Magazine is published four times a year by students of the college.

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MISS DECKER AT HOME

I am taking a survey of complaints and would appreciate it if you would be kind enough to write, in 25 words or less, what you disliked most in this issue. Kindly send all replies to:
MISS MARY DECKER
Beaver Hall
Granville, Ohio

MILTON on Life Savers:

"Sweet is the breath"

Still only 5¢

From Paradise Lost, The Beautiful World, line 1
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.”

DORSEYS FABULOUS

I'VE SMOKED CAMELS 15-20 YEARS—SINCE I DISCOVERED CAMEL'S SWELL FLAVOR AND WONDERFUL MILDNESS. Jimmy

I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS LONG AGO. I WATCHED, AND THE GUYS WHO ENJOYED SMOKING MOST WERE GUYS WHO SMOKED CAMELS. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE CAMELS' FLAVOR. Tommy

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!

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