Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

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To Be Bop
Or Not To Be

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

A Treatise By Don Duncan

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

**Places**

- **Headley Inn** (2 miles west of Zanesville on Rt. 40). Boasts a cuisine that will tickle the palate of the most fastidious. Pleasant music, no dancing, in the old canal house atmosphere.

- **Maramar (Columbus).** This once-world-famous restaurant is making its bid again. Select place for that pre-concert dinner or that after-theater supper.

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

- **Neil House Coffee Shoppe** (Columbus). A hurried snack of sliced hard rolls toasted with chicken soup performs gastronomical aid the young lad and his lass to to go or thing to see designed to

**Edited By Your Campus Gourmet and Bon Vivant, Bill Hauser**

**Music**

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

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

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

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

For the lighter classical works, Spike Jones, Doodles Weaver, Dr. Horatio Q. Bird bath and others present the 1956 version of the Musical Depreciation Review.

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

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

**Plays**

Hartman Theater (Columbus). Opens a new and promising season soon with Broadway or road show casts. The American Theater Guild advances sales on a five play series including two New York successes:

- The Madwoman of Chaillot and The Silver Whistle. Further details will find their way into the capital's periodicals.

**Movies**

I Was a Male War Bride. Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan make hilarious music together. Strong protagonist for the year's funniest pic.

Rope of Sand. Flicker City combines the last for diamonds, sandstorms, and the forbidden areas of the diamond fields in Africa into the most exciting film of the year. Tough Bert Lancasters, sadistic Paul Heinried, tongue-in-cheek tough guy Chudie Rains, and France's sexiest emigrant — Corinne Calvert provide unusual characteristics that delight and frighten. Versatile Peter Lorre is the inebrate Aesop.

You will find the solution on page 19.
Allison was sitting by the window thinking about today! Today was very special; Allison was seven today. Trying to touch the little dots that floated along the shafts of light was fun, but Allison thought she'd have grown-up thoughts inside her and looked piercingly at Joyce to see what Joyce would be thinking. Not much, she guessed. And if she's thinking at all, she's probably wondering when we'll have the cake. Allison was pleased with herself for guessing what Joyce was thinking... there was no doubt about it; Joyce had turned on her hungry look.

Now that Allison was seven, she realized she must act like she was at every birthday before this, but it was so difficult not to be excited.

Looking at Joyce, Allison thought, surely Mommy wouldn't think it impolite if I stop talking to Joyce and remember the three birthdays I can. Remembering was such fun. It had snow last year that Day, and Daddy had wired to say he was sorry but his plane had grounded and it looked like Al-lison would have to wait a day so for his birthday spaking. Mommy couldn't understand why Allison wasn't disappointed; she guessed that Allison was really growing up. But Allison knew Daddy would come in time, and when he arrived late that night, Allison had explained Daddy had look so strangely at Mommy, and Allison didn't understand why she said. Her first stagnant, her last surprise.

When Allison was five, Mommy had made Mother-and-Young dress. Daddy said they looked very pretty, but Allison could tell he was sorry he couldn't wear something alike, too. And he seemed so happy (though she didn't). When, Allison told the cut, the part of her birth and the same for the right size for the material for a tie.

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

But Allison's birthday made up for all Mommy's sadness — they went to a winter carnival and had such a nice time. Daddy even taken her ice skating. Mommy said it was worth the unhappiness to be able to go with them. All-lison didn't understand. A child who's only six.

"When do you look any older, Al-" Joyce answered seriously, "but you look happier. I guess that's because you have grown "

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH
DENISON MEN AND WOMEN

Survey By Ralph Talbot

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

One individual ventured to say that Denison women are "naive little children with a thin veneer of sophistication." That is, they pretend to be "in on" more than they understand.

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

Ignoring those who are pinned off campus or have a "ball and chain" back home, I discovered that the majority of the male population on the hill feel that the local ladies manage to resemble good dating material. "Strictly class" were the words uttered by one. However, others were under the impression that the average co-ed expects too much of and on her date. Granted that there is very little to do in the immediate vicinity of Granville, not all Denison men are endowed with certain inalienable convertibles and a yen for the bright lights of the bigger attractions. Dancing at the Union, a flick at the opera house, or a coke at the Corner should be adequate for the ordinary week night date. Women who consistently complain about the lack of diversity of things to do soon lose their "date appeal."

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

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

Even though the ratio of men to women is in favor of the fairer sex, you couldn't prove it by them. Little chance is afforded to women as "a rag, a bone and a hand of hair." Fortunately, for the homo sapiens, this rather shallow outlook has not taken root here on the Denison campus. On the contrary, the local co-eds are held in rather high esteem by the men. It is a well-founded popular belief that women with a capital W are even more indispensable than a set of crib notes at finals. The Denison co-ed, for all her faults, is still the queen of American womanhood and the inspiration of us discontented males.

But along with the praise must be mentioned the provocations which give rise to quotable outbursts such as have been accumulated for this article. I have endeavored to obtain sincere and enlightening views regarding this topic, and any complaints of grievances can be aired with me personally in my stocks in front of Swasey Chapel.

Continued on page 20

FASHIONS FOR FALL

By Rusty Barton and Ed Johnston

Male

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

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

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

This year we have a great variety of sport jackets from which to choose. California styling has given us a snazzy jacket that's really there. It can be found in a Norfolk type jacket which ties casually around the waist, or in the regular model with patch pockets and two vents in the back. They come in tan, grey, or brown. Next in line is a corduroy jacket in various houndstooth checks. This jacket is not only neat, but practical, for it goes well with any plain pants. Tweeds and herringbones are also leading the pack.

The tweeds come in all sorts of designs — from fine salt and peppers to larger and coarser patterns. For you who wear the slacks (this is a man's world isn't it?) there is a lot for your tastes. For the early fall casual wear, corduroy again looks good, appearing in shades like navy, copra, sandstone, beige, green, grey and many others. Flannels come in all shades of blue, grey, brown and even green. Coverts also look good, especially the tans, browns, and a color called heather — sort of a soft blue-grey.

Repp ties in silk and wool are still way ahead. Polka dots in all sizes are gaining popularity, and can be found in many color combinations, as well as materials. For those of the "neat" school, there is a large variety to choose from. They can be found in woven fabrics with every imaginable pattern on a light background. We notice an eastern trend leaning on a narrower tie — with the apron about 3.5
"Man," says the native, "it's great to be back!" And he joins his fraternity brothers as they march to Monomoy in a column, shouting songs of exultation and idealized womanhood. "Hold that line" he yells amid the smash and wallop of shoulder pads against bone and flesh, and figures run, kick, and pass in the shadow of the giant crane that hauls up the mushrooming field house. And what the native whispers to the lush co-ed is lost amid the shuffle of feet, the hum of conversation, and the muted trumpets of the band in the men's gym. He leans over the pool table at the Union and puts one in the corner pocket and calls for a coke. His face waxes serious as he joins in the chant of the Denison prayer and his voice is muffled between the stately pillars of Swasey. He bends over the books, the thick expensive ones that come from the bookstore, by the hundred watt bulb of his study lamp, and he also heads east to the proverbial "city of sin" in a rolled-down-top convertible, relaxing in the cool rush of the wind. And he falls asleep as his forgotten radio plays melodic spinning wax, the smell of smoke from burning leaves filters through the night, and the alarm clock sadistically awaits the moment when it can jangle him awake.

Yes, the native has returned and his home is glad to see him. After all, it is rather dull in the college town during the long summer days when the native is away. But he is back in some fourteen hundred odd shapes and sizes and he brings memories, determination, and eagerness. He is backed by his old man's money, the government, or a hard earned scholarship, and if he doesn't book it he'll look down on his home from the scaffolding of "props." He hardly represents the native of Thomas Hardy for he has not returned once but has been doing so for the last one hundred years, and by the grace of mankind and the kind of world he'll shape with his neatly lettered sheepskin, he'll be coming back for hundreds of years more. But Thomas Hardy would probably rejoice in the opportunity to dig this native and the plot of his existence. So we say welcome, native, for the college halls and walls are yours but you belong to the faculty and their grade books. Good luck for eight months.
Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

January 30

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

February 15

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

April 2

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

The other girls don't like Harold at all. They think he's after my money. But I know they're just jealous that they aren't getting married. Harold also says he's perfectly willing for you to meet him before the wedding. In fact, he thinks it is absolutely necessary to get your consent. And I know you can't refuse me — can you? I love him so much!

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

April 12

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

Continued on page 17
REUNION AT DENISON

Denison is a hill and Denison is a home. How many of us then and there, and after we had left and especially now in far places where we have dreamed back on halcyon days, have tried to tell a friend or to tell ourselves what it was, how it was, that Denison was somehow different, symbolic, important, ever vital in our lives. Oh, we knew that Denison was not greatly different physically from 100 other colleges across the land. We knew that we were speaking of an experience, not a place. Yet we have failed to put a finger on that experience, the core, the meaning of it. It is a hill and a home. That is why you are coming back. If we can keep from pure sentimentality and personal romanticization, let us think back on Denison.

You think of the town: the broad easy streets that yawned in spring like a stirring cat; the somnolence of great trees arching in quiet splendor from the walks; the precise beauty of the postoffice where business was done but where the town life pivoted, too, and how you never came or went without passing to talk of the old Opera House where Sunday nights meant movies for all and the haunts of Sugarloaf and Spring Valley; of the sunset over Deeds Field as we climbed the road homeward from football practice; of the never recaptured loneliness of walks in far roads we could not find today, where strange dogs bayed and cocks crow at a false dawn.

Well, these are idle words. You know them well, better than we can put in words; and others never knew anyone to binary you — a thing that was in the moment that came and you held it and you hold it still. But in it all what is there? Only beauty, only youth? No, more, let us believe!

We cannot remonstrate with our professors, our architects, our fraternity heirs, our trustees, our restaurant owners, our dogs, our trees, our townspersons the gods of Denison, saying to them: “Keep it as it was — no change, no progress, no new ideas, no lovely as I knew it in my youth; only this do we really mean: guard it and preserve it well; hold it high and sacred.”

Somehow, by divers means, we get to the Grille, or a sleepy breakfast at Buddy Megaw’s before 11 o’clock. Ducking into Ted’s Granvilla at night for a mailed or at the Hut with your favored sleeper slippers on and an undershirt under the suede jacket.

The “Dream” up the campus — and the sweet predawn of buildings, aged and new, vine covered and gleaming. You think of the crisis of walks and living under thick trees to hear Dr. King intone Shakespeare. You remember noticing once how one of the gryphons (I’m sure they are not gryphons but some similar figure — an old man — knowledge himself, perhaps) on the Pillars of Doane is twisted and looking the wrong way when he should be respectfully staring straight ahead like his companion. You thought how he was the curious one, perhaps, turning to watch a pretty coed hurrying to class, or merely how he was the curious one, perhaps) on the Pillars of Doane is twisted and looking the wrong way when he should be respectfully staring straight ahead like his companion. You thought how he was the curious one, perhaps, turning to watch a pretty coed hurrying to class, or merely watching the flow of youth as the classes change.

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

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

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We cannot remonstrate with our professors, our architects, our fraternity heirs, our trustees, our restaurant owners, our dogs, our trees, our townspersons the gods of Denison, saying to them: “Keep it as it was — no change, no progress, no new ideas, no lovely as I knew it in my youth; only this do we really mean: guard it and preserve it well; hold it high and sacred.”

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

The team comes back ten days before school starts to begin the rigid schedule that they will follow until early November. For the first ten days the team goes through the football player’s nightmare: getting back into shape. Calisthenics, wind sprints, and brute notice are the staple ingredients of the team’s regimen.

By the time we Denisonians return for another year on the hill, the Big Red is a smooth working team, and the coaches have a good idea who will take the field for the opening day kickoff. From registration day on, the life of a football player becomes more and more crowded. The squad practices from 3:20 to 5:20 every day, and spends many free mornings and evenings watching movies of previous scrimmages and games. As 3:20 every day the players assemble under the stands for a twenty minute “chalk talk” on the weaknesses and strong points of the opponents they will meet on Saturday. During this “chalk talk” Coach Carl and Eikenberry set up cutthroat scrimmages which will decide who will make the squad and who will watch from the stands.

Though it is pleasant to look back on the past, it is also challenging. This article, written by Bob Maxwell, veteran and member of the class of ’41, is of that nature. By the end of this year, the veteran will practically have disappeared from the college scene, but his traces and mature idealogy will remain for a long time among college walls and halls. So read and heed the hopes of Bob Maxwell on the care and keeping of our university.
Harold and the Broken Heart

Dear Parents:

You are looking at this with the wrong attitude. Harold is a normal boy and is just being normal. He loves me and would have married me if he wasn't in jail. I thought that was unfounded of you to write such a letter. I know that his father was framed by his friends and that "he wasn't in that job at all." Those are his words exactly and he tells you he believes him implicitly. Anyway his father will be out in time for the wedding.

I am very unhappy I am keeping a smiling face on it. I don't get a cent from you I will still marry Harold finally admitted when I asked him if his father wasn't in jail. Harold is a normal boy and is just being normal. He loves me and would have married me if he wasn't in jail. I thought that was unfounded of you to write such a letter. I know that his father was framed by his friends and that "he wasn't in that job at all." Those are his words exactly and he tells you he believes him implicitly. Anyway his father will be out in time for the wedding.

Where do you think we should live? I told Harold that I would love to build us a nice little house. We want six rooms — sort of ranch house with about an acre of land and a long driveway leading up to the house. We can go over the plans as soon as you get down here and decide where would be best for it.

Love,

JEANNETTE

April 20

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

May 18

Dear Mother and Daddy:

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

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

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

Love,

JEANNETTE

May 28

It is reliably reported that Mahatma Gandhi left college because the coeds were after his pin.

Thursday the varsity scrimmages for the Big Red plays. If they consistently stop a play, the coaches will probably think twice before using it in a game. Keeping the freshmen in close contact with the varsity saves valuable time in spring and early fall practices; the prospective varsity men become well acquainted with the coaches and the plays.

The trials and tribulations of the football player do not end at the gridiron. A player must also study. Each week they use plays that the football player do not end at the gridiron. A player must also study. Each week they use plays that the freshman players do not end at the gridiron. A player must also study. Each week they use plays that the varsity saves valuable time in studying. Win or lose, the Big Red squad fails to live up to those expectations. Win or lose, the Big Red squad fails to live up to those expectations. Win or lose, the Big Red squad fails to live up to those expectations.

The Frosh, coached by Hube Foster, is a home. It is a home for hungry spirits, a home for hungry spirits, a home for hungry spirits.

Oh, God, I thank thee, not that I am as you have caused me to be, but that I am not as other men, but that I am not as other men, but that I am not as other men. Help me to use these gifts (God's, man's, your own) toward the end that things may be in the words of a man at Colwell. In a thousand moments it may come; but keep the seed of our soul there understood and protected. Out of our own growth where we, with our own, have caused. For the future, correction to the inequality of the Kappa Sig house down the Sigma Chi House; or in the sound of men's voices singing from the balcony of the Kappa Sig house downtown. It may be in a girl's warm hands, sitting on the steps at Colwell. In a thousand moments it may come; but keep the seed of our soul there understood and protected. Out of our own growth where we, with our own, have caused.

For the coming week the varsity will be playing the Kappa Sig house downtown. It may be in a girl's warm hands, sitting on the steps at Colwell. In a thousand moments it may come; but keep the seed of our soul there understood and protected. Out of our own growth where we, with our own, have caused.
"THE MORNING OF OLD AGE"

I can remember daybreaks when I used to vault up joyously from bed And thunder down the waiting stairs To plonk my scrambled eggs with speed. But now I ease my aging flesh with care Into the middle of the untroubled day, And sigh and watch the climbing flowers And pray they will not jar the porch.

THOMPSON TROPHY RACE — 1949

Blasting pistons hurt the tailored metal Over the red faced obelisks That mark the coffin corners. Fingered impulse brings on night With each calculated turn. Wing tips bite above the worried trees While loosely lashed shoulders shred the plunder. And far below, the stupid pin point crowd Precess in a flash of lust and yearning As checked flags wave on the eyes of time.

FOOTBALL HERO

Composite of shouldered brawn With drill-sharpened spine; Gallipot of green yardage; Launcher of winged pigskin, And bracer of the chalk line The banked throats are blind with praise. Falling palms heat your back While breath of moon fed By the masochistic sex. Pull quick the curtains on tomorrow, When memory becomes the heat That fails, prevails To printer's ink and wood pulp, Component's of time's unemotional typography. R.W.G.

THE NEXT ISSUE

Look out for our big double page spread of pin up girls, Campus' Christmas gift to the campus, featuring a beautiful co-ed dressed to represent every part of the school year. More jokes, cartoons, and humor, for the perplexed peruser. Grab your copy quick in the dormitory or fraternity house because they're going to go quick.

Fashions For Fall Continued

Inches wide, but a little long to accommodate the Windsor knot. Also are sporty animal-figured ties in small neat patterns, especially colorful with turkey reds, high yellows, and bright blues. The figures range from foxes, foxes, mulehairs, horses, etc. This type neckwear is a steal from the Brits, incidentally (the "bossy set" you know).

The next issue should like to mention a few items that will be on the market and in this column in the next few issues. Rounded and tab collars are becoming high fashion. Double breasted topcoats are the newest in line, and suits are becoming casual with Era to make one look taller. Next summer will bring a new material for suits. Maddy's Palm Beach manufacturers, it will be "Sport" a combination of rayon and man-madefibers, including nylon. In nylon we hope to have some gift suggestions for Dad, Mother, Sister and the other "she" in your life, to aid those who might need hints for something different to give. And remember for any info on things aforementioned, just drop a card to the editor and we'll gladly give you the clues as to availability and prices.

THE SOLUTION TO CAMERA CRIME:

Later on in the day, Ojito throws a small party with Paul Exterminating and Mary Smith, who were expecting the cooperation of the camera on the second floor, and after several minutes of black and white showing of the film, and all the nonsense, one of the employees, who was supposed to be keeping an eye on the picture, took the two film reels and threw them out the window. Later, Paul Exterminating, with the help of the man who works the smell in the garage, went to the studio and searched the place, finding some pictures that were not on the film. Apparently he was demonstrating new uses for his camera, which he had bought in a big order to the boss. This type neckwear is a steal from the Britishers, Windsor knot. Also new are sporty animal-figured.
Waiting to be cut.” Allison could imagine the children anticipating her arrival, so she walked faster. When Allison thought, you’ll be proud of me today, Mommy. The children were already excited, “Lively little cuss, but he didn’t get any farther.”

“We’re going to be Be Bop Or Not To Be” Continued

The Denison co-ed to judge the merits or demerits of the bop except his own personal promotions and preferences. Also, the critic and the sidemen teat down each other to an extent that it tears down bop instead of building it up. Constructive criticism is all right, but some of the writers carry it too far. How can the public go for something that is split into several schools of thought? There are more grounds in favor of the unacceptance of bop, and that is due to the fact that bop has been keeping itself isolated. It has been too busy showing off to its own minority isolated. It has been too busy showing off to its own minority. In isolating the competition in the game has been too tough for a good musician. One has to be a top-notch bopper to make the grade. If bop would concentrate on selling itself to the public there would be plenty of concerts presented to sell itself to the public and among the chords, how he combines his talent with the other members of the band, and how his tone can make one think so much. It seems that bop is trying to sell itself to the public in order to sell something that the musician may eat. Bop is trying to sell itself to the public in order to sell something that the musician may eat. Bop is trying to sell itself to the public in order to sell something that the musician may eat. Bop is trying to sell itself to the public in order to sell something that the musician may eat. Bop is trying to sell itself to the public in order to sell something that the musician may eat.

The End

“Today” Continued

stood up and Allison primitively smoothed down her skirt, thinking, “Goodness, if she remembered to look neat and partyish, Mommy would be pleased.” Allison was light-hearted, for Mommy’s grey eyes shone and her lips parted slightly. "I wish I had a fifth for bridge." She thought, “Then let’s go to Curtis Hall, Box 83). The door of the room opened and Miss Chatham said, “Come in, little girl, your cake’s waiting for you.”
“Smoke MY cigarette... Milder Chesterfield”

Glenn Ford

Starring in "MR. SOFT TOUCH"
A Columbia Picture

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THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE

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