

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

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Campus

OCTOBER 1949





"My cigarette?
Camels,
of course!"

GOWN BY
MARY MEAD
MADDICK—
JEWELS BY
REINAD.

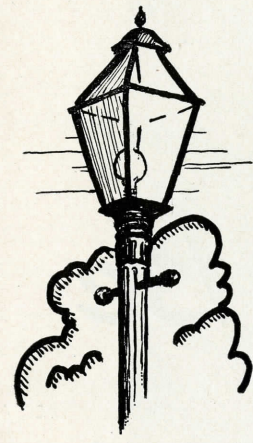
WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

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



NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!



Campus

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
OF DENISON UNIVERSITY
GRANVILLE, OHIO

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JOKES AND CARTOONS
Photography By Tom Rees, Joe McGlone,
John Trimble, and Bob Porter



editor's corner

This fall issue initiates the year of decision for Campus magazine, possibly the year that decides whether its continuance will be justified. And so our hard working staff is devoting all of its energies and talents to make it a publication that will rank not merely with those of schools our size, but with larger colleges. A heavy stress will be laid on photography and we are in the process of organizing a staff along that line. And our articles will be so designed and written to please the vast variety of tastes on the hill.

To those long suffering souls who have had cigarettes coming to them from as far back as last winter from the Chesterfield contest, we announce that the weeds are on their way, and Howie Hartman, the cigarette representative will dole them out soon. Incidentally, not enough people are taking advantage of this contest. It's an easy way to win a carton of smokes. Mail your entries to Box 83,

Curtis Hall and put a date on the time of mailing, for the time element is important in deciding the winners.

Campus placed in the "Very Good" rating of the National Scholastic Press Association's yearly judging of college magazines. Their main criticism last year was on our art work and layout. If anyone wishes to know our editorial policy for the coming year, here it is: We believe in keeping our pages filled with photos of beautiful co-eds, in attempting to please all of the English professors with our literary content, and corraling all of the outstanding creative talent on the campus into our staff. After you read this issue, be sure to let us know what you think of it, in criticism or praise. Because you students are our barometer of success.

Ralph W. Gilbert



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 parlor of the room cleared as I waited for my ride back to the hotel. Reeds finally beckoned that he was ready to leave, so I hurriedly said good-bye to a few casual acquaintances I had met at some time or another. While we drove back along the empty streets, we 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) dwells 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, raucous 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 play-

The cat in the bop hat and glasses is none other than the author himself, Don Duncan. Don is a talented musician in both the modern and classical categories. He has his own small combo in Chicago, belongs to the OSU Jazz Forum, plays in the Big Red Marching Group, and has presented and played in two jazz concerts here at Denison. He packs a mean trumpet, a wicked trombone, and knows what he is talking about.



OUR OCTOBER CALENDAR GIRL

Campus welcomes the freshman crop of beauty by photographing one of their lovely representatives, Miss Pat Oakman. Pat, who arrives from Detroit, Michigan, belongs to the unique majority of blondes which make up the class of '53. A pledge of Kappa Alpha Theta, her interests include swimming, sailing, and horseback riding. Since the photo is quite sufficient in itself, we feel no one should complain about the lack of the calendar.

AFTER HOURS ALMANAC

A pleasant suggestion of places to go or thing 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.

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

Broad Olympic Torch Room (Columbus). Where the campus kiddies tête à tête 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 wonders and still allows time to catch that first act. No music or dancing.

Marzetti's (Columbus). A dash of American and a dash of Italian skillfully blended by culinary artists. Give that "different" girl that "different" treat. Medium priced cuisine.

Antlers (Newark). A few minutes to a steak and relief from the tedium of everyday life on the "hill."

Music

Memorial Hall (Columbus). For those culture-seeking chittlins 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 1950 version of the Musical Depreciation Review.

The operatic minded patrons will find pleasant hours with the dual operatic program, **I 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.

Edited By Your Campus Gourmet and Bon Vivant, Bill Hauser

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

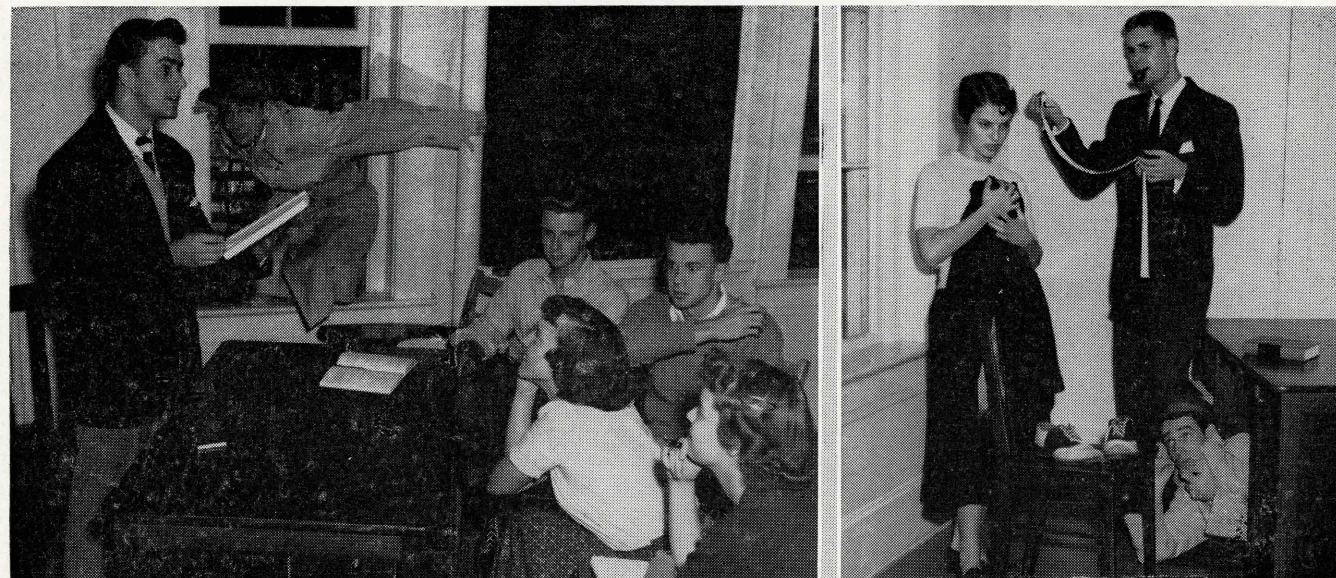
I Was a Male War Bride. Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan make hilarious music together. Strong contender for the year's funniest pic.

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

CAMERA CRIME

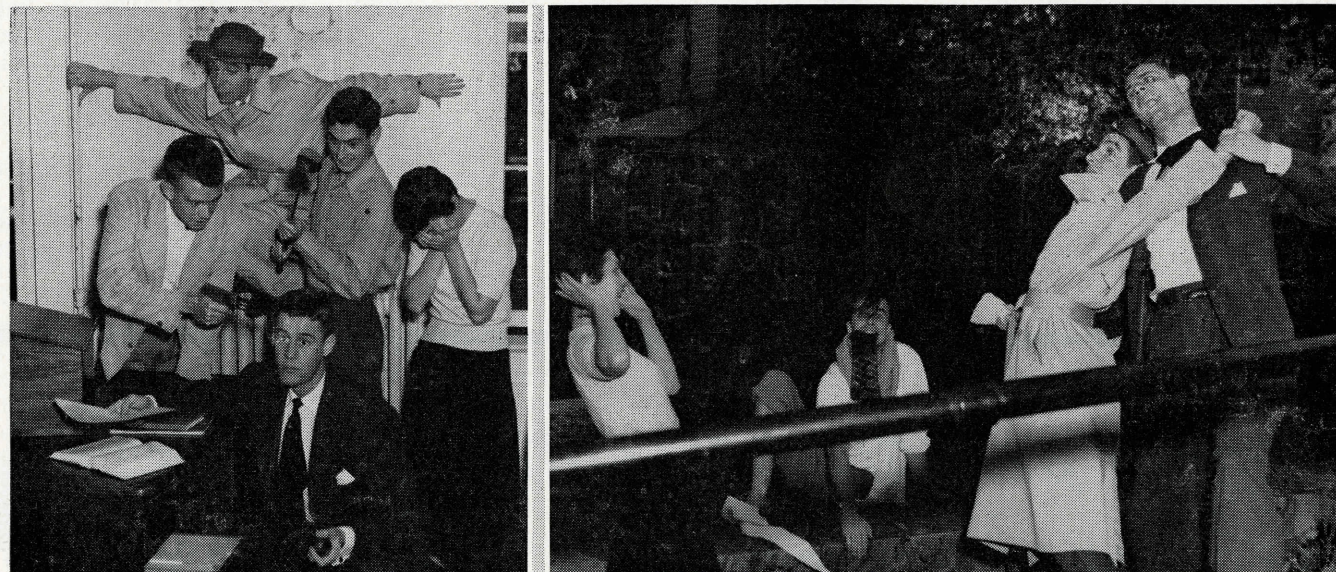
Mystery By Barrie Bedell and John Hodges Cast From The Denison Theatre
Don Wilde as Hercules Ecgtheon
Sylvia Stratton as Miss Anastasia
Chuck Lundquist as Gizmo Slugblotter
Luke Utter as Bimbo Smirtz

The Case of The Rolling Professor



Hercules Ecgtheon (literally translated), new professor in Classical Wallpaper Design lectures to his interested class of Wallpaper majors. The production of argyle socks drops far behind as the women gaze at the handsome faculty addition in hypnotic trances. At the same time, the boys shoot sullen, dark looks and other small missiles at the girls and glumly fondle penknives and .7 calibre beanshooters. One unidentified male appears to be escaping from a window.

2/27/2, 6:00 P.M. Gizmo Slugblotter, private eye and fourth assistant inspector for the Ace Exterminating Company interviews Miss Anastasia, instructress in Counter-Clockwise Pairing Blocks 312 at dear old Density University, and clandestine mistress of the missing professor, Hercules Ecgtheon, (literally translated). Miss A. is wistfully showing Detective Slugblotter the few remaining personal effects of the missing Ecgtheon (literally translated), who was last seen in action at his eleven o'clock class by his loyal students — much to the regret, naturally, of his afternoon classes.



The daring Gizmo enters the deserted office of the absent professor, his hypersensitive nostrils quiver violently, and he pauses a moment to bay at the chandelier as he scents victory within his grasp. The sharp, discerning, parrotlike eyes of the great private eye blink on and off several times as he cases the furniture in the room. Clearing his cluttered throat, he waxes prophetic and says "The guilty person done it," completely unaware of two suspects who have entered behind him and the weeping Miss Anastasia. He then dives out the window and leads an awed and wondering troop of reporters to the foot of "The Drag."

At the scene of the crime, Professor Ecgtheon (literally translated), his usual dapper self, hoists himself over the wall at the foot of "The Drag." Miss Anastasia gives out with a shriek of delight (for the benefit of the tabloids) which quickly turns to a sob of pity as her Adonis falls to the ground groaning, "I vass pooshed." The ever alert criminologist Slugblotter reaches behind a neighboring petunia bush and hauls forth the struggling one-and-only Bimbo Smirtz, holding on to his roll. "I arrest you in the name of the Ace Exterminating and Hog-calling Company," cries Gizmo as he ejects several flakes of toilet paper which were forced into his mouth during the struggle. Bimbo cringes and envisions an M.A., from Leavenworth. How did the famed Detective Slugblotter know that Bimbo was the culprit and why?

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 ruefully remembered Mommy's warning about being polite to company. Forsaking her quiet train of thought, Allison turned to Joyce. Joyce was her best friend — she liked Joyce because she had straight hair. Ever since Allison could first remember, she had liked that kind of hair — probably because Mommy had such tiny straight hair.

When you're seven you don't have to talk. The girls sat cross-legged on the floor, cutting out paper dolls. Allison didn't want to boast, even inside herself, but she couldn't help it, for Joyce was only six.

"It's very nice being seven, Joyce; already I feel older."

"You don't look any older, Allie," Joyce answered seriously, "but you look happier. I guess that's because you're having a birthday; but I'll have a birthday soon." And then thoughtfully, "You can come to my party." Allison laughed deep inside and knew that you couldn't tell. Of course I'll come, she thought, but then I'll be seven and a half.

Allison looked up and decided they had been good long enough. She knew Mommy would be pleased that she had remembered to smooth her skirt before sitting on the floor, and was making a mental list of all the good things she had done Today. Today; Today was her birthday. On every birthday Mommy came home and said laughingly, "Well, Allie, were you good today . . . if not, we'll just have to postpone this birthday until you're as good as you look!" As good as I look,

Allison thought; that was what Daddy said before he went away.

Allison knew she had grown-up thoughts inside her and looked piercingly at Joyce to see what Joyce could 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 mustn't act like she had 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 was grounded and it looked like Allison would have to wait a day or so for his birthday spanking. 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 did arrive late that night, Allison had explained. Daddy had look so strangely at Mommy, and Allison didn't understand why he said, "Her first telegram, her last surprise."

When Allison was five, Mommy had made Mother-and-Daughter dresses. 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 Mommy wasn't) when Allison cut the under part of her hem and gave him the material for a tie.

It was almost impossible to really remember the birthday before 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 interjected 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 a Sister-or-Brother would come for her birthday. Later, they had confused her more by saying that maybe when she was six, the Sister-or-Brother would be there. Allison 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 had even taken her ice skating. Mommy said it was worth the unhappiness to be able to go with them. Allison didn't understand. And when they sang happy birthday dear Allison, Mommy once more had sparkling eyes. "And every birthday will be as happy," Daddy had promised.

"And different?" Allison had insisted. Daddy had picked her up and said, "They'll be different until we run out of ideas, in about . . . oh, I'd say in about one hundred years! And Mommy had laughed just like she used to before the Sister-or-Brother business.

And this birthday was different, Allison thought.

Any minute now it would be time for the cake. When they heard the footsteps, both children

Continued on page 20

In A Serious Vein:



There has been a sporadic but steadily growing chorus of opinion calling for a serious and thoughtful article in *Campus Magazine*. We bow to public opinion. And complying with the author's wish to remain anonymous, we await with interest your written or spoken comment on the following:

I do often wonder why I am what I am. I wonder at my birth that I was not born a Japanese, a Russian, or a Mexican. I wonder that I was born a middle class American with the opportunity for college and graduate study, rather than a migrant American farm laborer with the opportunity for, perhaps, a 4th grade education, if that much. How is it that I am so fortunate while millions, of whom I hardly know, find it a struggle to provide for food, let alone clothing and shelter?

Of one thing I am sure: it is no doing of mine. I may say that I chose to go to college. But where would that choice have gotten me if I had no economic resources or if my skin were dark. I may say that my character is what it is through constant effort (or lack thereof) on my part. But would I have known in which area to apply that effort if I had not had the parents I had?

Ah, then I must be what I am because of my parents — I should thank them for all that I am. I am a middle class American, white, and have all that goes therewith because they were so. And so, of course I ought to thank them. But wait, do we thank people for what they could not help? How much voice did my parents

"God I Thank Thee That I Am Not As Other Men"

have in the matter of whether or not they should be white, or whether their parents should be middle class or poor. And for that matter, how much choice did they have in the matter of the learning they received and by which they trained me as they did? And there is another very interesting matter which causes me to wonder no little bit. Had conception been a moment earlier or a moment later, I would not be myself, but some one else. For the chances are that another sperm cell would have joined with the egg than the one that did and I would be only half of what I am.

It all seems as though I am a product of chance, a victim of circumstances. And were it not for the fact of God I would quickly be tempted to say that there is no justice. We are what we are very largely by chance and circumstance. And there is no justice in this, except when we understand why this is so. Surely God does not desire such inequality as chance and circumstance places upon us from birth. But much as the results displease Him, He does desire that we have free will. (For without free will we would have no conflict, and without conflict we would never gain spiritual maturity, and without spiritual

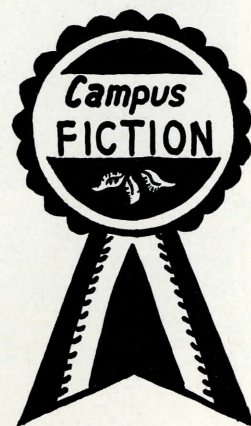
maturity we could never adequately share in the love of God, which to do was His reason for creating us.) Ah, it is through this free will that we may make the choices we have been making — choices which, individually and collectively, serve the purpose of self rather than the purpose of all mankind and ultimately God. It is through these selfish choices that millions have been relegated to a life of poverty while a few of us live in comfort as "middle-class Americans."

Then all is not a matter of chance. In truth, we are what we are by a combination of factors. Chance plays a large part in our being. Our parents' decisions, and the decisions of myriads of others in their generation and back "ad infinitum" have made us what we are. Last, and least, our own decisions have helped in a very are.

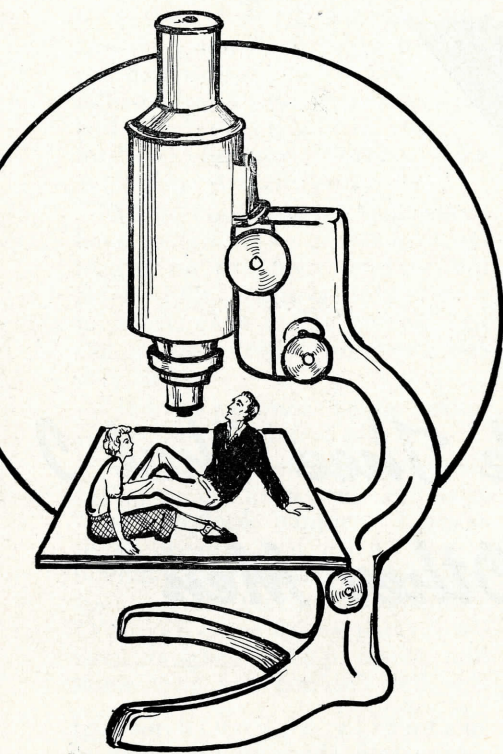
We see, then, that very little of what we are is the result of our own decision. And in trying to place thanks where thanks is due, we are tangled hopelessly in geneologies, and influential friends, teachers, writers, speakers, etc. all down through the ages. But let us not be discouraged, for amid this complexity

Continued on page 16

**Campus proudly presents
the winner of the 1949
Denison Short Story Contest
"TODAY" by Pat Optekar '52**



WHATS WRONG WITH DENISON MEN AND WOMEN



"Fog-bound and tunnel-dwelling" was the reply of a sturdy senior to my question. "Fog-bound" because they are living in a world of artificiality and have not, to any degree, experienced the knocks 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 to their 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. Oft times was 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 for 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 lassies manage to resemble good dating material. "Strictly

Survey By Ralph Talbot

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 just a coke at the Corner should be adequate for the ordinary week night date. Women who constantly 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 duly-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 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 without 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

Continued on page 20

From the mouths of babes comes wisdom. From the lips of the hill's inhabitants come sharp words of criticism concerning the opposite sex.

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 flannels 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. Be it Repp's, neats, or polka dots—all of which are at the top of the collegian's list this season.

For you seniors, a sharkskin or hard finished worsted would fill the files, for they are something that will wear like iron and will be mighty handy come next 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 suede 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 browns. Next in line is a corduroy jacket in various houndstooth checks. This jacket is not only neat, but practical, for it won't see your cleaner as often, and 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 and in colors like grey, black, and brown. The herringbones can be found in the same colors and fall in narrow to wide designs. Both of these woollens are winter warmers and really set off your ever-present grey flannels for a smooth wardrobe.

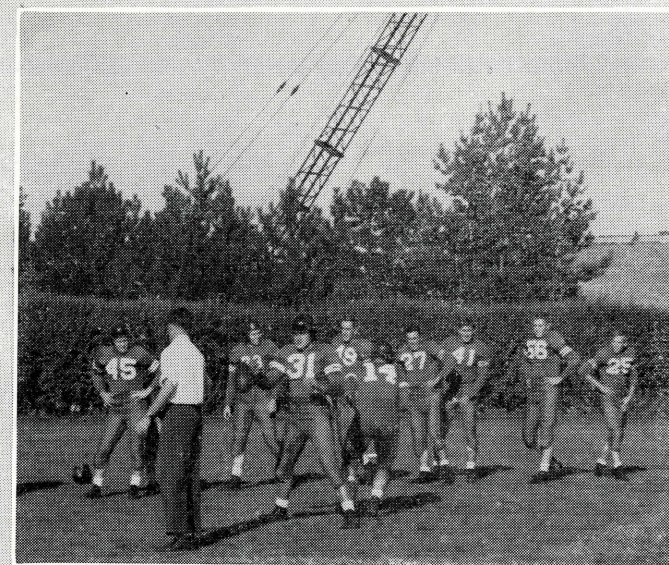
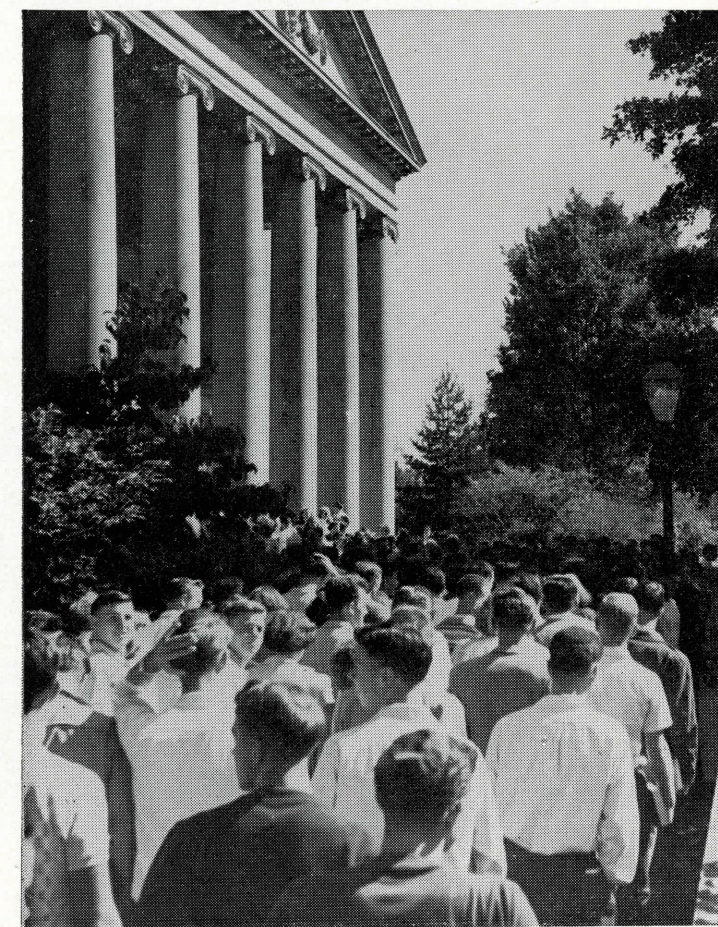
For you who wear the slacks (this is a man's world isn't it?) there is a lot for your tastes. For the early fall casual wear, corduroy again looks good, appearing in shades like navy, copra, sandstone, beige, green, grey and many others. Flannels come in all shades of blue, grey, brown and even green. 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

Continued on page 19



The Return of the Native



"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.

Harold and the broken heart

January 12

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 go steady but I said I couldn't. Then 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

by don hodgson

DEAR MOTHER AND DADDY — HAROLD AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED IN JUNE. WILL WRITE ALL THE DETAILS TOMORROW. — 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! His mother is coming over next week-end. She's in the theatre only her name is Dixie Belle instead of Blackwell. I think that's a nice name — don't you?

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

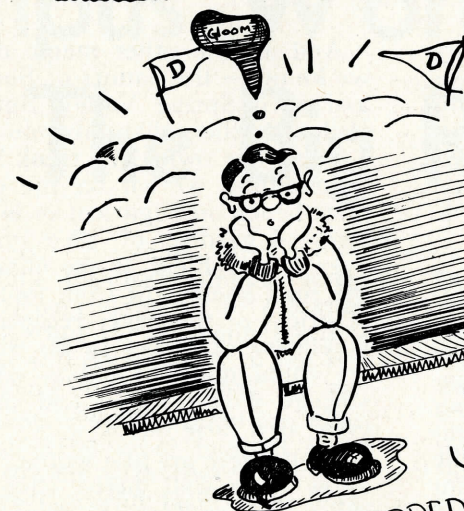
Continued on page 17

Sweat, blood, and cheers...

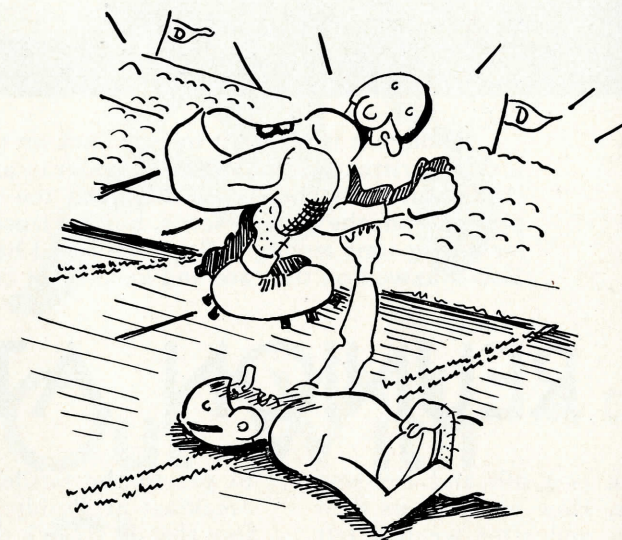
By Bob Rossi



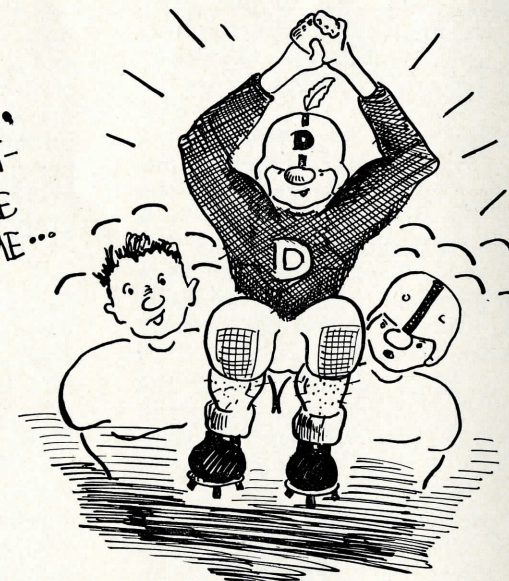
GUESS WHO WILL BE WARM AT THE GAME?



THE BOY WHO WENT TO MUSKINGUM, THEN TRANSFERRED TO DENISON—SITTING THROUGH UTER HORROR... THE "MUSKIE-BIG-RED" GAME...



... OUR HERO, YAPOLOSKIWIC... OR IS THAT BARTLAMANNINI ...??



... WE, ON THE "CAMPUS" HOPE THE TEAM HAS A "USUAL" BIG RED SEASON...



A LITTLE RELAXATION AT HALF TIME!



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 ideology 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.

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, even 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 lazy 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 post-office where business was done but where the town life pivoted, too, and how you never came or went without pausing to talk; of the old Opera House where Sunday nights meant movies for all and where already tradition had made the place precious to dramatic history.

You think of the class you cut

to get to the Grille, or a sleepy breakfast at Buddy Megaw's before that 11 o'clock. Ducking into Ted's Granvilla at night for a malted or at the Hut with just your bedroom slippers on and an undershirt under the suede jacket.

The "Drag" up the campus — and the sweet profusion of buildings, aged and new, vine covered and gleaming. You think of the criss-cross of walks and lying 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 respectably 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.

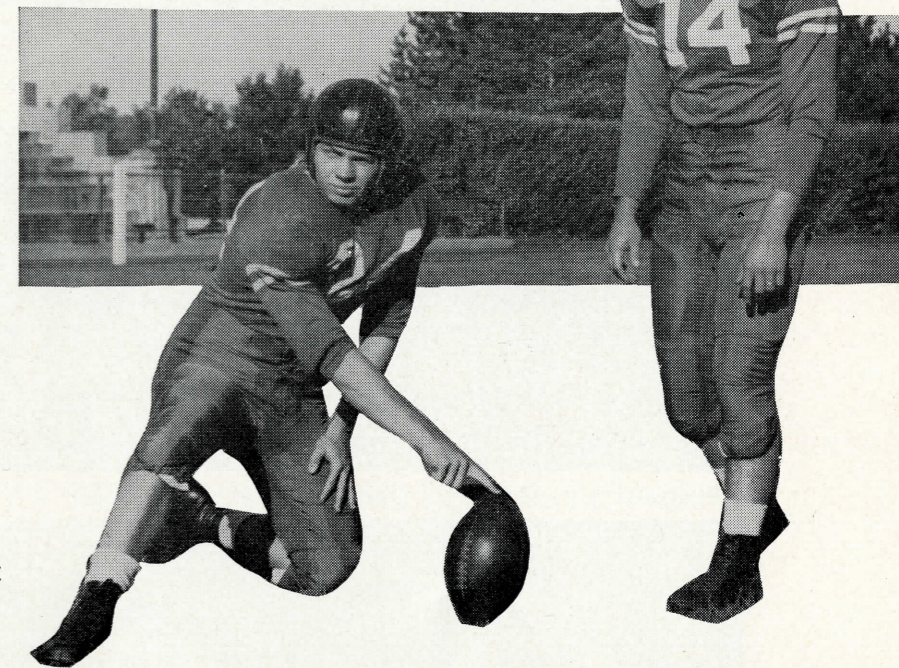
South Plaza, scene of so many things — Shakespeare and the crowning of the Queens, Maypoles, meetings, dates and first kisses; and a boy in his loneliness newly come to the kingdom of college, standing alone here on his first night looking strangely over his new world, in his heart fearful and yet contented.

And all the other magic dells we know — the haunts of Sugarloaf and Spring Valley, Sunset Hill, and others that only you and I knew, 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 crew at a false dawn.

Well, these are idle words. You know them well, better than we can put in words; and others never known to anyone but you — a time, a place, a 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 townspeople and the gods of Denison, saying to them: "Keep it as it was — no change, no progress, no new ideas, no building or alterations; keep it lovely as I knew it in my youth; guard it and preserve it well; hold it high and sacred."

Only this do we really mean: keep Denison a home and a hill. Somehow, by divers means, we



Few people realize the long hours and hard work it takes to wear Denison's football uniform.

Campus Works Out With The Big Red Eleven

By Dick Chase

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 dummy scrimmages help wear off the excess fat and insure ten hours of sound sleep every night. It is during these days

that coaches Carl and Eikenberry set up cutthroat scrimmages which will decide who will make the squad and who will watch from the stands.

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.

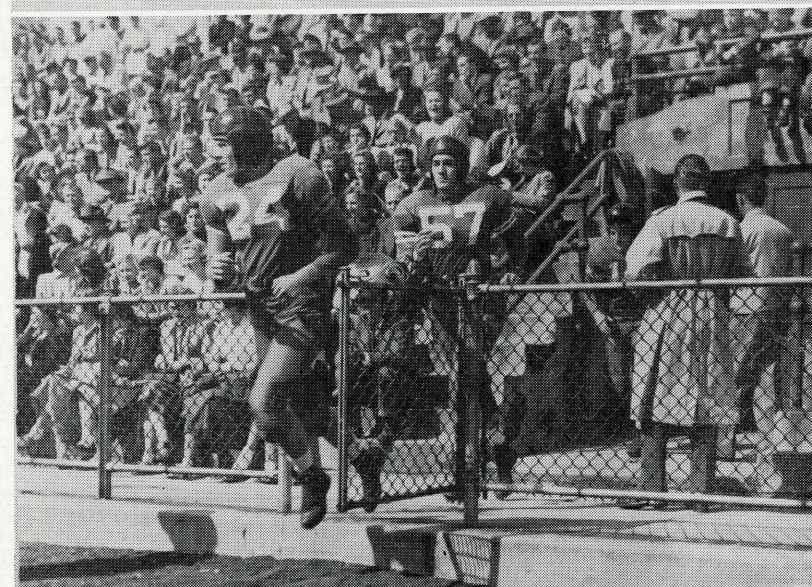
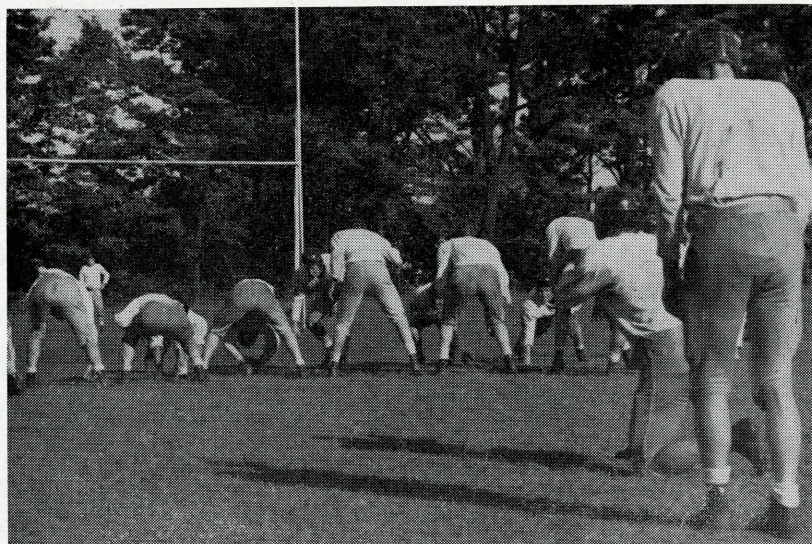
At 3:20 every day the players assemble under the stands for a twenty minute "chalk talk" on the weaknesses and strong points of the opponents they will meet on Saturday. During this "chalk talk" Coach Carl will also review some of the 50 odd plays the team uses. The line man not only knows his assignment on every play, but also knows that of the man playing the same position on the other side of the line. The

quarterbacks know what every man on the team is supposed to do, while the other backs know every other backfield assignment. And we worry about homework!

Following the "chalk talks", Co-captains Johnson and Phillips lead the squad through fifteen minutes of calisthenics. This exercise is one of the reasons the Big Red receives fewer injuries than any of their opponents. A team in excellent condition has little trouble with slight injuries like charley horses, and rarely is a man carried off the field with his wind knocked out. Other protective measures are the pass and punt practices that follow calisthenics. Back and linemen alike race out for passes and chase punts down the field. Not only do these sessions sharpen the passers and kickers, but they help work the kinks out of the entire squad.

On Monday, and possibly Tuesday, of the typical football week the team will run through plays for the remainder of the practice session. On Wednesday and

Continued on next page



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

She was the kind of girl who wore a sweater once, and it looked like she'd hung it up twice.

Thursday the varsity scrimmages the freshman team. The unsung Frosh, coached by Hube Foster, one of the greatest stars in Denison's history, are an important cog in the Big Red machinery. Each week they use plays that the opposition will use in the game, thus giving the varsity some idea of what they will be up against come game time. The freshman eleven also serves as a trial horse 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 5:20 each day. Many evenings are spent discussing the rivals still to be played, and watching movies of mistakes made in the past. The athlete is expected to lead an exemplary life off the field. No drinking, no smoking, early to bed, and maintaining a good scholastic record is expected from every man, and no man on the squad fails to live up to those expectations. Win or lose, the Big Red members deserve all the credit we can give them; they have courage, intelligence, determination, and, above all, the true Denison spirit.

"God I Thank Thee" Continued there is a great simplicity. God it is that caused all this to be. And knowing His purpose for doing so, we may sincerely thank Him.

Oh, God, I thank thee, **not** that I am not as other men, but that I am as you have caused me to be. Help me to see the responsibility that goes with the many gifts I have through no choice of my own. Help me to use these gifts (education, social standing, skills and talents) toward the end that justice may be had for all people. And help me to make choices which will bring, now and in the future, correction to the inequalities and injustices we, your creatures, have caused. For the choices we make today will influence the lives of our children, our children's children and countless other persons living both now and in the future. Forgive us, Lord, for we do daily err and are weak, having not the strength of ourselves to do even what we will. Now, according to your will —

Harold and the Broken Heart Continued

April 20

Dear Parents:

You are looking at this with the wrong attitude. Harold finally admitted when I asked him if his father wasn't in jail. I thought that was unkind of you to check that closely on him. He says that his father was framed by his friends and that "he wasn't in that job at all." Those are his words exactly and I want to tell you I believe him implicitly. Anyway his father will be out in time for the wedding.

Where do you think we should live? I told Harold that Daddy 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 28

Dear Mother and Daddy:

I want you to know that Harold is deeply wounded because of the nasty things you said to him yesterday. He is even willing to give me up but I told him that I wouldn't stand for that. I'm going to marry him regardless of how you feel. And even if I don't get a cent from you I will still marry Harold. I love him that much.

Harold is certainly not in love with our money. He loves me for what I am. I think you're being unjust for keeping me under a bushel — anyway that's what he says.

Also his father does have a business. He works hard at his career and has made a success of himself in his field. Even if his field is a trifle anti-social — you still have to admire his courage for still keeping at it.

Love,
JEANNETTE

Reunion At Denison Continued

found in this place an aegis for our own growth where we, with all our dreams, hungers, and hopes, could blossom and be understood and protected. Out of the seed of our soul there burgeoned the possibilities of latent strength and talent and courage. God, if colleges can give anything in this wide land of ours it is a home for hungry spirits, where they can watch the awkward groping of a soul and protect and give it time and courage.

It matters not how or what you do. Keep it only this: a home. It may be in the words of a man at the blackboard that a youth may find a brilliance suddenly and there will lie before him a goal and a way. It may never be in the classrooms, but in the long walk homeward from Deeds Field as he pauses to watch the sun burn behind 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 hand clasp, sitting on the steps at Colwell. In a thousand moments it may come; but keep the scene at Denison the scene where a vision may be born and where truths, noble or ugly, may be found in a man's heart because Denison has brought him to a hill-top where vast clean skies may show him a vision and give him a clear picture of the land below.

I think of ourselves, the living, as we come back. True, we will be laughing in camaraderie, gay in our conversation, back-slapping, hand-shaking in our congeniality; but there will be moments when we will be searching alone in our home there for the way, the dream, the creed.

And far above us the best will be — the best who are dead, and

May 10

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 are 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 his 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 an eight 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

in their death more largely living. And in their loud singing laughter over Spring Valley, Sugarloaf, Swasey and Deeds Field, there will be the answer that is so immeasurably simple that man cannot see or know it.

At home on the hills of Denison her sons shall be reunited.

THE COVER PHOTO: Our thanks to Shirley Osborne, Fred Bogaert, and Ed McDermott for posing for this photo by Tom Rees. They represent the spirits of three emotions of football; from left to right, determination, enthusiasm, and frustration. Their expressions may not be typical but are certainly plausible.

FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Meet Lynn Olwin, our new feature editor. Lynn was tapped for Franco-Calliopean while only a freshman, and her two stories published in your favorite magazine last year won the rating of "Very Good" from the National Scholastic Press. Lynn is a sophomore and a Theta and has an intense interest in things literary. If you look closely, you can see several pictures of her scattered throughout the pages of this issue.

Who has the enviable job of translating all of the scribbled, garbled contributions and handwriting samples that our front office receives into neatly typewritten copy. Why, Jo Davis. She holds down the post of Copy Editor, is a junior, another English major, and a member of Delta Delta Delta. Jo resides in Sawyer Hall but is very seldom at home.

Tom Rees had to borrow a camera to take this issue's pictures because his own was broken, but he did a fine job. Our photography editor is a junior, and a pre-med student. Which proves that you don't have to be an English major to get on the staff. His extra-curricular activities consist of vacations, photography (naturally), science fiction, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Ralph Talbot, sometimes known as "Igor" is one of our new and talented staff writers. Ralph did the compilation and interpretation of the various opinions for "What's Wrong With Denison Men and Women." He is a government major, a Junior, and for another few months will be spending his average of three hours a day working out on the football team.

Jack Matthews, our humor editor is a man of varied interests. Jack livens up our all school dances with the aid of his sidekick, Travis, in that great vaudeville classic, "Paddlin' Madeline Home." "Klee" as his fraternity brothers call him, is a member of Blue Key, elected in his sophomore year, drives a '41 kelly green convertible, and is a ready and steady worker in all of his many undertakings.

"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 spoon my scrambled eggs with speed.

But now I ease my aging flesh with care
Into a rocking chair,
And sigh and watch the climbing flowers
And pray they will not jar the porch.

THOMPSON TROPHY RACE — 1949"

Blazing pistons hurl the tailored metal
Around 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 lowly bushes shudder at the thunder.
And far below, the stupid pin point crowd
Freezes in a flash of lust and yearning,
As checkered flags wave on the eyes of time.

"FOOTBALL HERO"

Composite of shouldered brawn
With drill-sharpened brain;
Gallop of green yardage,
Launcher of winged pigskin,
And bruiser of the chalk line,
The banked throats are blind with praise.
Falling palms heat your back
While hungry ego is spoon fed
By the masochistic sex.

Pull quick the curtains on tomorrow,
When memory becomes the feat
That fails, previous
To printer's ink and woodpulp,
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 each month of the school year. More jokes, cartoons, and humor, and a shopping guide for the perplexed purchaser. 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 new are sporty animal-figured ties in small neat patterns, especially colorful with turkey reds, high yellows, and bright blues. The figures can be dogs, foxes, mallards, horses, etc. This type neckware is a steal from the Britishers, incidentally (the "hossy set" you know).

Speaking of the future, we would 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 more casual with lines to make one look taller. Next summer will bring a new material for suits. Made by Palm Beach manufacturers, it will be a combination of angora mohair and man-made fibers, including nylon. In the next issue 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.

Female

The key word on campus this year could be the word "new." We have many new students, new professors, new dormitories, and a new field house. Last but not least, we have many new styles in the field of women's fashions.

This year as never before corduroy is making news. You will find corduroy used in suits, in both casual and dressy dresses, and even in raincoats. For class wear suits are as popular as ever; the stress being on glen plaids, scotch tweeds, oatmeal tweeds, and corduroy. A lot of suits have been made of scotch Donegal tweed. Skirts and sweaters are still being worn, naturally. Speaking of skirts, a plug should be added for corduroy. Also something new, the blanket skirt. This is advertised as "the blanket with the shape to it." It is made from a heavy wool flannel with unpressed pleats and has the tendency to make one look like a barrel. It might be interesting to note that so far no blanket skirts have been seen on campus.

To go with the skirts, sweaters are being worn, (another new note). As in the past cashmeres are very popular. However for we of the proletariat, Jantzen has come out with a new sweater called the "Nylo-Fleece," which is a combination of nylon and Australian wool. This sweater has the hand-fashioned sleeves and double rolled neckline that have made the cashmeres so popular and sells for about half the price.

Wool jersey blouses are being seen more this year with skirts and with suits. These come in many styles, long and short sleeves. Also there are many new styles of jersey jumpers which can be worn to classes with a silk or rayon blouse. In the past, it has been the general opinion that cotton blouses should be worn in the summer and silk or rayon ones in the winter. This year the trend is to wear cotton blouses in the winter, also, and many new styles of cottons with long sleeves, tucked yokes, plaids and checks have been featured.

Raincoats are probably one of the most important parts of a Denison co-ed's wardrobe. This year corduroy has even intruded upon the field of raincoats and these coats serve a dual purpose by actually keeping you reasonably warm, as well as dry. Also a new type of raincoat has come out that looks

similar to the old fireman's slicker. It is made of oil-skin, comes in many bright colors and arrives complete with a huge matching hat, fireman's style.

Along the lines of coats, the camel's hair is once again the most popular. There are many styles, those most popular being the ones with straight backs or with belted backs. Of course the color is "camel." One magazine was advocating a return to the raccoon coat of the flapper era, but so far that magazine has been the only discovered source to be hepped up on the idea. One freshman was seen trying on a monkey fur coat in Cleveland this summer, but she decided against that too. So far as coats are concerned, we will be rather conservative here at Denison.

We are indebted to Miss Lynn Olwin, Miss Wendy Watters, Whitey Broughton, Ed Johnston, and Robbie Shannon for posing for our fashion pictures.

THE SOLUTION TO CAMERA CRIME:

Later on in the day, Gizmo throws a small party with Pink Ladies and Sidecars for the reporters, and answers their questions on the crime in scientific and academic fashion. "Frankly, gentlemen, it was like this; I had noticed this Bimbo Smirtz loitering suspiciously about the premises. I took the time to check in my circular file on his past history. I discovered that he was a salesman for the Whirlaway Toilet Paper Company. Apparently he was demonstrating new uses for his product. Trying to sell a big order to the boys who eat at Curtis Hall, he used the hapless professor as an example to show new disposal methods by pushing him down the drag on a roll of toilet paper. It was too easy gentlemen."

"You're right," said a telegram from Ace Exterminating and Hogcalling, cutting the well known detective's salary ten per cent.



"I told you I loved you, now get out"



"To Be Bop Or Not To Be" Continued

ing bop. Another important reason why bop is not popular with the general public is its split schools of thought. It seems that every expert and authority on the subject denounces everything in bop except his own personal promotions and preferences. Also, the critics and the sidemen tear 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 of "hep" customers. In isolating itself, the competition in the game has been too tough for a good musician. One has to be a top-notch-er to make the grade. If bop would concentrate on selling itself to the public there would be plenty of opportunity for all good musicians.. In the commercial dance band field there are hundreds of thousands of union musicians working in keen competition. The kettle is spilling over and the overflow is finding its way into the jazz circles. If enough get into these circles, then it will have to sell itself to the public in order that the musician may eat. Bop concerts have been presented and for the most part have been very successful, but this is just a normal month's worth of business merged into one night.

As far as I can discern, there is no accurate definition for bop — the word is merely a gurehead to give to this new trend of music

a catchy label. It is a kind of music where one is supposed to get enjoyment through the ideas of the artist: how he builds his notes in 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. In its true form, bop cannot be appreciated through a juke box in some noisy beer joint. It demands a serene atmosphere where one can follow the thoughts of the artist through the chords, where one can hear the piano man and the drummer fill in the anticipated breaks in the lead man's solo, and where one can hear the instrument backings strung from chord to chord as telephone wires are strung from pole to pole. I grant you that there is some very poor music being played today that they call bop. Anyone of average intelligence today should be able to pick the bad from the good. The more you listen to it, the better your tastes become.

As Reeds swung his big car onto Waveland Ave., I pointed out my hotel. We stopped in front of two dim lights that marked its entrance. . . . "Session same time next week?"

"Yea."

"Today" Continued

stood up and Allison primly smoothed down her skirt, thinking that if she remembered to look neat and partyish, Mommy would be pleased. And when Mommy was pleased, Allison was light-hearted, for Mommy's grey eyes shone and her lips parted and she said wonderingly, "Allie, can you possibly be as sweet as you look?"

The door of the room opened and Miss Chatham said, "Come on, birthday girl — your cake's

"What's Wrong" Continued

the Denison co-ed to judge the merits or demerits of the male populace as so very few of them date to any extent. Too many men date too infrequently. This is undoubtedly the major outcry regarding the conduct of Denison men. Along this same line, Denison men concentrate on a few "popular" girls and leave the rest waiting for the second bus. There are a lot of terrific dates on campus who seldom get the call because they aren't on the special list. If the men would get around and date more of the co-eds they might find that their list would suddenly grow.

"Denison men are like sheep." This is a common complaint against all men, and it holds true in this case. They seldom date a girl unless one of their buddies can give a full length report on her behavior. They leave girls sitting in the dorm who are better dates than the ones they go out with. They say some girls are the type to marry and some are the type to party with. Others they don't date at all because they don't have any advance dope on them. How do they expect to know them if they don't find out for themselves?

It also seems that the higher in class rank a co-ed gets, the less her chance for a date becomes. What do the freshmen women have that the upper classmen don't? Usually the men consider it great sport to compete for recognition in the freshmen ranks, but turn to the upper classmen for that old reliable date. Why not a more considerate outlook?

Lack of extensive opinions, of which their must be many more available for expression, hinders a further exploration into this subject. Reluctance to deride the opposite sex appears to be more of a feminine trait. Whatever the occasion, it hardly seems reasonable to assume that the want of further convictions is owing to lack of contemplation on the subject matter.

waiting to be cut." Allison could imagine the children anticipating her arrival, so she walked faster. When she came into the room Allison thought, you'll be proud of me today, Mommy. The children started singing, their young voices plainly envious, and Allison kept her head high, desperately trying to avoid the hateful placard on the wall — State Orphan Asylum.

The End

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAVID AND GOLIATH



"Gee, I'm nervous! Wish I had 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.

1st Denison Senior: "Busy?"
 2nd Denison Senior: "No, you busy?"
 1st Senior: "Nope."
 2nd Senior: "Then let's go to class."
 —Mis-A-Sip

Teacher (to class): "Now I want you to write your names in your books."
 Literature Class: "What! and kill the resale value."
 —Mis-A-Sip

A hen, hit by some Denison student's jalopie got up, straightened her feathers and said, "Lively little cuss, but he didn't get anywhere."
 —Mis-A-Sip

It's on the glasses
 It's on the straws
 On cigarette tips
 At the edge of bars
 It's unique shape
 Will catch the eye
 And hold it with
 Its deep red dye
 The mark of lips
 Is the sign of the year
 Which says not Kilroy
 But Woman was here.
 —Profile

"I wish we had a fifth for bridge."
 "You dope, you don't need a fifth for bridge."
 "Then I wish we had a pint."
 —Profile

QUESTIONS

- A When hard times hit, you need not worry, He'll fix you up in one big hurry.
- B Read it inverted with one minor switch, You have a device controlled by a switch.
- C A trunk, a pause, a meadowland; You'll find them all on every hand.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



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.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS IN NEXT ISSUE

LAST ISSUE'S CHESTERFIELD WINNERS

- Carl Warren
- Ted Jacobs
- Albert Higley
- William Lord
- Bill Shirk
- Jiggers Offenhiser
- Jack Matthews
- Rod Dougherty
- Don Fellabaum
- John Radebaugh

His toes curled in the black soil. God, it was marvelous to feel the soft dirt press about his feet. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of sod beneath his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow but that was over. He was back to his first love — the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was a part of nature and not just a part of a big city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready.."

Slowly and reluctantly he took his feet out of the flower pot.
 —Profile

"Smoke MY cigarette...
Milder Chesterfield"

Glenn Ford

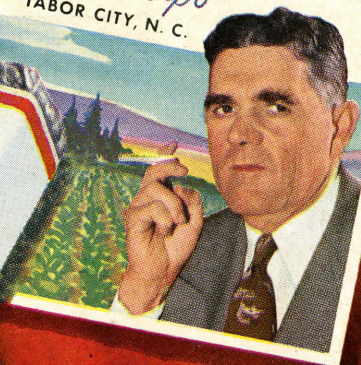
Starring in
"MR. SOFT TOUCH"
A Columbia Picture



... and Mr. Lupo Prominent
Tobacco Farmer says —

"I like Chesterfields better than any
other cigarette. They're definitely milder.
They buy clear, clean, fully ripe tobacco
... the best I've got to sell."

Herbert L. Lupo
TABOR CITY, N. C.



A Always **B**uy

C CHESTERFIELD

THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE