Committee Explains Its Policy

Thomas Gives Reason
Mr. William Thomas, Vice President of the Student Union, has been appointed to the Committee on the Study of the Problem of Sex.(T.O.V.)

The committee is concerned with the problem of sex and the need for a change in the present system of sex education in the college. It will study the problem from the viewpoint of the student and the student body.

The committee will be composed of five members, three of whom will be men and two of whom will be women. The members will be appointed by the President of the Student Union.

The committee will hold its first meeting on Monday, November 14, at 8:00 p.m. in the Student Union Building. All students are invited to attend.

Junior Sex...
Throughout the past quarter century in all aspects of flight AEROKENYON has led the field. In safety, irresponsibility, satisfaction and confidence. When you need to fly call AXL at 7-2195 or insist your travel agent by asking for — AEROKENYON —

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"Clothiers for the Bricky Top"
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Gambier, Ohio
Member of Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT
USE T-4-L BECAUSE—
It sloughs off infected skin. Exposes more germs to its killing action. In 1 HOUR, if not pleased with STRONG, instant drying T-4-L liquid, your 48c back at any drug store. Use T-4-L FOOT POWDER too—gives a film of antiseptic protection. Now at The College Shop.

DANCE WEEKEND SCHEDULE
Friday — Evening, Cocktails in the Division parlors from 8-11.
Formal Dance 11-3 in Peirce Hall (Music by the Commanders)
3-8 Oblivion.
Saturday — Afternoon, various parties around the hill.
Evening Informal parties, 8-10.
Sunday-Recovery.

Kenyon Collegian, Box 308, Gambier, O.

To the Readers of the Collegian

Having put out four issues of the Collegian this year and being faced with the prospects of putting out nine more, we have lost our sense of humor. For this reason we have turned over the job of editing the Fall Dance Weekend issue of the Collegian to John Duvall.

Terry Moody
Walt Taylor

Page 2
A Letter from the Publisher

The balding cranian represented on this week's cover of GRIME is that of Dean Tom (GRIME, May 32). He rules the Department of Wildlife, Kenyon's student administration, with an iron hand and a hollabn boot. "Old Tom's" better half (the lower part, boasting the hollabn boot), has been instrumental in elevating individuals, fraternal organizations, drinking reserves, and mystical cabals from these hollowed halls.

His activities, happily reminiscent of the good old days of the Spanish Inquisition, has instilled a new zeal in the hearts of his wards, unknown since the time of that other infamous inquisitor, Phanlender Chase (GRIME, July 18).

The Dean has done an admirable job of creating an everlasting bond of friendship among Kenyonites who meet periodically in furtive collaboration for the perfection of countergressive techniques directed towards the notorious Director of Wildlife. Dean Tom's for his plans to become an even greater challenge to the ingenuity of Kenyon's student body, who look forward, somewhat reservedly, to a rewarding weekend of wine, women, and song. See cover, page 99, The Warlord of Gambler.

* * *

The delusions of grandeur of woolgin R. Void, C.P.M. (Certified Public Moneysunderager) have finally been realized, for he is to be mentioned in two articles in this issue of GRIME. Mr. Void, a man of Napoleon's stature and ideals, has succeeded in arousing the ire of Gambirites from President F. Edward Fund (GRIME, September 1957, the KKK moves to Kenyon) to his son, Tom Void, who, it is rumored, has been secretly accepted at Kenyon after having successfully hooling the pole on Middle Path during the Pajama Parade (GRIME, September...
With her jazzy beret, Mount Vernon socialite and play-girl Candy Beaver hit the Kenyon Campus for Home-coming Weekend, in high spirits and exclaiming, "It's such a blast here!" However, while the weather outside was having its own blast-o-pore, Miss Beaver, having become suddenly ill, left the scene abruptly, much to the disappointment of the admiring undergraduates.

It seems that lately Kenyon football spectators have been giving off with some really razzle-dazzle cheering due to the acquisition of a new pep leader, Ham Slough. He is known to all by his cheerful dark glasses, Sir Walter Raleigh beard, and dehorned air bobble cap. Cheer bleeder Slough's favorite yell: "Push 'em down the garbage can, shove 'em up a tree! Obie! Obie! Tec hee hee!

ARISTOTLE ONASSUS ROGOLSKI
"with gross fluctuations in the shoeole market"

In the pine-panelled parlor of his mid-west headquarters, a gay crowd gathered to fete Aristotle Onassus Rogolksi (23); Sangmeygul and world reknown wholesale florist. Not knowing that the party was to be given for him Rogolksi could only mutter a choked "GNP with gross fluctuations in the shoeole market." At a banquet later in the evening he was presented with a solid gold and pearl inlaid belt receptacle for change, a momento of his humble start in business. A representative of the General Motors Company was on hand to present Mr. Rogolksi with a citation for his exclusive use of antiquated Chevrolts in his business empire.

DORINNA "BAD SEED" GRAY
"and all he gave me was a crummy golfcouse"

In the 2 a.m. drizzle of Saturday, October 25, the protective barrier before Fierce Hall was demolished by a screaming mob, or so thought the administration of Canyon College and the Sheriff of Knox County. Subsequent investigation has definitely disclosed the true culprit, 8 year old Dorrina 'Bad Seed' Gray of East Wichita, Kansas. She gave no reason for the vandalism, other than to tell reporters outside the Sand Pyle State Prison (above) that "Emmy Bird promised me the world and all he gave me was a crummy golf course. He can't buy me off that cheap."

One afternoon, just before what is known as "spastic tackling practice," super-hep Marley Clompson was seen tripping his light fantastic toe about the Hill and, like an amusing muse, scattering leaves into the air from his football helmet. Upon question by a wide-eyed observer, Womie Molish, the reply: "Just for the hell of it."

There's nothing like an evening in town. Hoping for never a dull moment, certain Kenyon wag, slugged in to the cinema ("The Crab Men," I believe), were nabbed for attempting to enter free-ly, and spent a dull night in the pokey, or so the rumor goes.

PROFS NEVER CRY
The masqueraded undergraduate's notion that professors weep in mock sympathy for the student academic plight was ruled a few days ago by hard-nogged biologist Thornton T. Salamander. Although he admitted that the professors do weep rather often his reasons were singularly prosaic. The learned ones it seems engage in this practice mainly to alleviate the concentration of Formalin that builds up in the system. He further explained that many members of this species have developed special glands for extracting said foreign substances from their bodies, and that elimination is often through the eyes, a condition analogous to that found in the sea turtle and the crocodile.

DOCTOR'S BIBLE
On another front in the scientific endeavor, it was announced last week that GRAY'S ANATOMY has been published in an inexpensive paper backed edition. Dr. Jobins of the Mather Medical Center, was heard to exclaim: "There's nothing better with which to dump on friends and students alike. Why, nothing has been destroyed! All the lurid pictures have been left in, and for those who desire it, there is a free coloring kit too!"

Since the publication, many testimonies have been written by those with great profusion. The tumultuous joy contained in the prolific pages of Gray's. "They laughed when I sat down to leer," wrote Brehmian Hunchlet of Heard Tide, "No longer must I be a victim of 'chaotic formlessness' in my castigation of not so intelligent constituents. I find that the world is overwhelmed by my effulgent wit and esoteric innuendoes." In this and several other ways the profession is finally feeling its way through the reorganization from a narrow-based group of medical specialists to a broad-based outfit with a few humanities under their belt (elementary). These things are perhaps an indication that Gresham's Law may even apply to the scientific professions, and it is hoped that the Mather institution like God will not be capable of nonsense.

CINEMA
Opportunities Of Regression

MONSTER ON CAMPUS, a Schine Production and directed by Sigmund Freud and Gaston Garbage.

The first of a series of documental films portraying college life, MONSTER ON CAMPUS represents a shocking realistic approach to the workings of the mind of an idealistic biology student. With the possible refutation of his theory the ontogeny tends to recapitulate phylogeny, as suggested to his by his own periodic metamorphosis from homo sapiens into the unlikely form of a Java Ape Man.

Produced in the setting of a small college town, the situation effectively portrays the new emerging struggle of a scientist working valiantly in the name of research while being beset on all sides by interference in the form of administrative officials, students who harp on the pet demand that he fulfill his college by teaching an occasional class.

Contrary to supposition, the main character is played by a dead fish (Order: Crossopterygii) who precipitates the action by biting the biologist who is at the time in the process of searching for intestinal tapeworms in the hero.

Within a short time the scientist is seen to undergo a remarkable change in that he develops in true C. Atlas style, from a puny weakling into a Java Ape Man of no mean visage. His secret is so amazing at this transformation, that she promptly escapes from a covetous thorobred, in which time the heretofore staid reveals his true basic want and desires by leaping through the nearby window with the pot on his shoulder and hanging from a convenient tree limb by his hair.

With a grunt of frustration, the friend strolls off across the campus during which time he and pilates the campus police line (much to the satisfaction of the students nearby in the bushes) and at last comes upon the last forest ranger who by some style of fate is named Tom Edwards.
God's Left Arm

The Left Arm of God is a picture that tears at your heartstrings and makes you thankful that you live in a God-bearing, Catholic country. Forced by the new Pope and the old Pope to elect a new Pope, you are faced with the choice of a Catholic priest, a renting, vulpine soldier (Bogart), a Catholic priest, and a Catholic priest. The choice is not made so easily. The Left Arm of God could be seen as a warning, a call to action, a plea for more compassion and understanding. A film that teaches us that the path to God is not always easy, but it is worth the struggle.

Barfi

Barfi, a small white patch stuck on the wall and slithered down the stage steps toward the first row of the audience. There was a frantically scraping of chairs as those in the front shrank back from the spreading pool. It slipped off the walls, dripped over the chairs and finally came to rest in the corners of the room. There was a shriek of sound. As the shuddering audience cautiously raised its collective head there was another burst, this time a sepulchral rumbling which welled up from the depths of the pit. A shrill squeal. Blackness. Frenzied movement in the projection room. A scream. A fist falling. The there was the picture again. A job from the projection room and someone running down the stairs.

In Cinemoscope and color, The Left Arm of God startled its way through four reel changes, repeated explosions of the stage track, and repeated heavy steps on the stairs to the little room. But as I said before there was just so much of the beautiful, the sublime in the film, Bogart's thin, hollow voice registering all the torments of his shrivelled inner self. That it was a little thinner than usual should not be harped upon. Because if you really wanted to be petty, you could say that it was squashed. But I really don't mind that everything was mashed flat and stretched out because a Cinemoscope film was shown through an ordinary projector, not at all.

Let me say one more, that the message of this film was so moving, so uplifting, that all these major inconveniences were galvanically overlooked by those in the audience of more delicate sensibilities. An atheist or two squirmed a bit, but they were looked down upon. The faces of the students as they filed out. Even the projectionist had a smile on his tear-streaked face.

EAT AT FIERCE HALL

where the food is almost nice

show business

THE CONFIDENTIAL QUIRK
(A Canfield Reduction)

The bustling of opening night greeted this reporter as he arrived at the opening curtain of T. S. Elliot's Confidential Quirk (pronounced "quirk" despite attempts by the company to use the pseudo-anglicised form "Quark").

The first act opened in the study of Sir Cloud Mulhagger, KCO, RFP, Kt, 2nd, DT, a prominent London financier and extortionist. His houseboy Eggerston appears and wheezes a few lines about the price of garden tools, and the traffic in Haymarket. Having discussed with preliminaries, the two settled down to discuss the proper manner in which to introduce Sir Cloud's illegitimate son Max Sinatra, to Lady Liz Mulhagger when she returns from the three year political exile in Switzerland. At this point Max comes in and talks to a few times to indicate his pliability and ennui. While the principles are thus engaged on the stage, Lady Liz climbs in the rear window to the surprise of the aforementioned principles who expected her to arrive through the cellar. She tells them that the Queen's agents were counting on her to attempt to re-enter through Northolt. She evaded them by taking the boat-train, and arrived through Victoria. After Lady Liz retired to her room for her quiet hour, Sir Cloud and Eggerston comment on the efficiency she has developed on her trip abroad, all credit going to the Swiss analyst Dr. Faustus.

Lucrècia Angico, another of Sir Cloud's illegitimate children comes to see the old prodigal. She tells him that she has lost her job with the Red Star News Agency (TAS) because of Leftist tendencies and was as usual, unemployed. She spied Max whom she invites to take her to a cell meeting in the near future. Max blinks again as the curtain closes.

Act two opens in Max's digs in the mews where he is playing a Tibetan demi-scale, yukgit flute for Lucrècia. She tells him that she will play him and he counts with a modest reference to the forthcoming concert by Mong Foe-Gi the best lutist of his kind in the world who will show her how poorly Max himself plays.

The conversation then changes to a discussion of their lineages of which both are doubtful. Lucrècia tells Max that she is not Sir Cloud's daughter as everyone believes, but that she cannot reveal her true identity at the time. At this point Max is about ready to tell how his real father was run down by a bus in Tangers when — Enter B. Kaghian — — Exit B. Kaghian. This device was used because of the union "feather-beding" practices in the Dublin Local of the Actor's Equity. At last the curtain rings down.

Act Three takes place in the same room. Act is except that the creditors have taken the furniture and the principles are sitting on orange crates. This is a result of the "feather-beding" in act II. The budget fell apart and Sir Cloud had to create a plausible situation to account for the lack of stage properties. Confusion reigns for the first half of the act until Lultra enters in the uniform of a WHEN. She has been doing undercover work for the Royal Navy in conjunction with the Royal Customs Service and has finally traced down Lady Liz as the importer of the Chinese pornography that has been found on the waiting room tables of the offices of the National Health Service. After a dramatic arrest scene in which Lady Liz shows her true colors, Agnes yellow and light mauve, the deus ex machina arrives. She is a sharply nurse from the office of a rather respectable "doctor" in Joshua Park, who comes to reveal that Max is really the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury and he is now in demand to play at the coronation. Everyone is happy except Sir Cloud who is informed by Eggerstan that the finance company will not except bribes or threats but will rent his Lordship a servicable suite of furniture repossessed from a flat on Slobo Street, on terms due when the overseas investments show returns.

All in all the play was an interesting glimpse into the corrupt high society of post-war London. It definitely goes to show the flame of immorality that burns beneath the frockcoat and mack. 

Page 5
SPORT

LORDS FINISH SEASON

First since 1824

Kenyon’s football team finished a fine season with an impressive 50-0 win over Weybelow Normal last Saturday at Benson Bowl. It was the first undefeated season for the Lords since 1824, when sparked by their famous P. Chase to H. Moore combo, they also went undefeated. Since that year, however, the fortunes of Kenyon football have been far less successful until the present time.

Last Saturday’s game was close for three quarters until the Lords scored eight quick T.D.’s behind the hard running of dropback Weybelow Normal last Saturday at Benson Bowl. The game was all but over for Weybelow, who couldn’t seem to get moving, even though the players had been fed up with their unsuccess since that year.

However, they threatened indirectly in the closing minutes when Lord, Ward von Kraaq, a skilled halfback, ran the wrong way a deep reverse, and almost reached the Weybelow goal before he was tripped up by a well-guarded gin bottle, thrown into the end zone. After the game, there was a victory banquet at T’s Pillage Inn, where the team and band served to all.

Lavatory Jai-Lai

With the passage of the intramural football season, the college now looks forward to a stimulating period of winter sports as typified by “lavatory jai-lai” and the annual Gambier-Mansfield Marathon. Respectively favored in these two contests are the students of Bexley Theological Seminary who are past masters in the art of slanging, and Alpha Delta Phi, whose chances of winning the latter are greatly enhanced by their unsurpassed knowledge of all back road leading from Gambier to Mansfield.

The intramural council has asked Miss Gracie Monetery to referee this track event. Miss Gracie, a well known businesswoman in the Mansfield community, is also known to the natives of central Ohio as a professional sportswoman.

Checker Team Close to OC Title

The Kenyon checker team, led by Captain Harry Hamburger, moved one jump closer to the Ohio Conference crown with a 60-0 victory over an insipid Ohio College squad last week. The game was much closer than the score indicates, however, for the opponents were several times only one jump behind the Lord squaremen.

The Kenyon offense could not seem to get moving until Capt. Hamburger inserted a diagonal cross-jump reverse to the box, which broke the game wide open.

It should be noted that the Lords played practically half of the game without any of their men who had been forced to sit in the penalty box for greasing the board.

A victory in next week’s encounter with the spirited Jim Beam University team would assure the Lords of at least a tie for the conference crown.

RELIGION

“A Careful Approach”

On Monday, November 19, Mr. P. Tickles, world renowned theologian-sociologist, spoke during an all night, bacchanalian-tinted meeting of the Philosophy Club at Donner’s Mill Lunch. Mr. Tickles was introduced by Kenyon’s own Whitman Wesleyan who called the theologian “Akrorn’s gift to a suffering mankind.” Mr. Tickles’ lecture was entitled “The Evil of Over-population: A Careful Approach.”

It was the theologian’s contention that man must face now the crisis that awaits him if the world population continues to increase. Mr. Tickles said: “We must never offer ourselves to men which can be utilized effectively if men will but realize that their impulses cannot be allowed to go unchecked.” Mr. Tickles referred Margaret Sanger’s idea that disease, starvation, and low income spring directly from man’s lack of a self-controlled and rational approach to personal relations.

Mr. Roger Barksdale gave the response to the Tickles lecture. He said candidly, “It is my opinion that Mr. Tickles’ thoughts will be long remembered among the generations of this Hall — at least I hope so.” Tea and cakes were served later by the Mothers League of Greater Gambier.

Hidden deep in the Ohio forest, almost out of touch with contemporary civilization (the nearest town, Mount Vernon, five miles, once picked as the typical American small town— Grime, Sept. 23, 1946), Kenyon College, small (500 male students), dedicated to the liberal education (see Education, this issue), and often included in a selection of Ohio’s top colleges (Grime, Sept. 5, ’37), is the scene of one of the most amazing journalistic struggles seen in the Western Hemisphere. The college paper, the Kenyon Collegian, a bi-monthly with a circulation of almost 800, has lately been the scene of a bitter fight on not one but two major fronts.

For years it has been a truism that the Collegian issue on Dance Weekend is a bi-weekly event often called by most of the more incredulous student compatriots as promoting the lack of any recognition for the college, as the biggest weekend orgy ever to appear on any college campus should be, if not an equal, to such caterers to the sex market as Playboy, Dude, and Escapade, then at least a completely supercilious take-off on some magazine or theme as might meet the approval of the rather barren minds of the editors.

Then, to the amazement of everyone, the specter of censorship, always the nemesis of freedom, the press, reared its ugly head on the campus. The editor of one of these issues was suspended for a semester, a victim, so it seemed, of a rather high-handed administration, protesting over an innocuous piece of prudery, whose contents ranged from a description of the supposed sexual adventures of some members of the administration and faculty, to an ad for a portable bong. For several weeks the Collegian, backed by everyone in the undergraduate body, fought for the reinstatement of its editor against the administration, backed by the administration. Surprisingly enough, the students won (something which, under the reign of Dean Dan and Dean Tom, has never happened again).

Today, as the small community in Gambier awaits the outcome of the Dance Weekend special, the word has gone out that this issue is to be bigger and better than all those preceding it, and word has it that officials of the administration were caught by the Collegian office with scissors and black ink. It could be that Kenyon’s freedom of the press has become a symbol of the same heavy-handed tyrants of such narrow-minded officials as have done away with such great traditions as breaking windows, glasses, etc., keeping female guests in rooms for periods up to two weeks, starting fires in the halls, setting off fire alarms, and numerous other traditions, where general purpose seems to be to keep the natives amused.

On the other front, the two present editors, Terry “Tycoon” Moody, and Walt “Keith” Taylor, as well as countless others who have gone before, have had to battle continually that growing spirit of the college apathy which is sweeping American college campuses. In order to live up to its potential, the Collegian must do away with the “student opinion” — the editors have had to resort to such low methods of ghosting the letters to the editor, or attempting to get out of the rut in the middle of the road with an infrquent strong editorial counseling students to give up this mask of apathy and at least realize they have at least a right to be a part of the Collegian. Another attempt by some leading non-conformist on campus, last year, to put the paper back in the hands of the students will disappear when the most of the issues in the wastebaskets. The only thing unusual about this was that the time it took for the Collegian to reach the wastebasket was a little shorter.

Accordingly to Moody, an ex-student and coming young journalist who has one of the most complete collections of New Yorkers on campus and is close behind “Honey Bear” Henry in his library collection, "We thought we could kick the problem by having the Administration clamp a tight security control over all news of any sort. As soon as the students would have had the newspaper to read, the newspaper to find out when they could go home. This didn’t work; the administration didn’t have any news. Besides they don’t like us. In quite a wordy motto. "A journal of student opinion that the Collegian faces, its staff continues to get out the editions right on time every two weeks."
Drather Hall Develops New Salamander

"Ain't ever heard of literature or history," said the bright faced, young student, "but I do have the upper aortic arch of a 49-hour check done in pat." Thus the burgeoning scientific atmosphere is being developed at the small midwestern college of Eryonka.

The science department, under the leadership of Rosgie Hornten- ta, is pursuing a special study into the life and hard times of the salamanders and various other water animals, e.g. brook flukes, light gray leeches and sunfish.

Especially interesting progress has been achieved with the new 12-legged, two-headed and pitchfork tailed type of salamander. The small baby salamander, simple, 4-legged, one headed, happy creatures are sliced, skinned and stuck until they turn into a new genus.

The chemistry department, guided by a cherub, seer-like type, is at the same time conducting experiments that will soon enable the production of new materials.

And still another dramatic experiment is a great success. Mr. Edwards attributes this to his insatiable curiosity; he expresses his views as follows: "... the erudite didactic pedagogics of this institute of magnanimous and homomorphic erudite didactic pedagogics are erudite, didactic, and just full of pedagogics. I say this is good so let's all get in the swim and keep it this way."

In lieu of these views, the writer is confident that the readers will be able to understand the contributions of the Kenyon College in the future. The writer has maintained his high level of intellectual exemplification as a standard by which we poor and ignorant rank and file may set our goal.

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The Darn-Ma Bums
A Wolfe (245 pp.) — Mac Carrawac — The Yabum Press ($3.98)

This is a lighthearted book about a serious theme — the confusion that the first whiff of serious decision making can bring to a serious minded generation. It is a story that could pertain to any of us, it is a normal story about normal people, deeply engrossed in a normal way of life.

To find the true meaning of life, this is the question — the answer is in how to find this meaning; simply, don’t think, just dance along and the truth will reveal itself to you. Roy, the man who is dead set to find this world of unreality, does just that. He dances along the rails eating warmed-over spaghetti vermicelli for breakfast in Frisco.

In Arizona, he picks cotton and drinks seventy-five cent Dago red wine for lunch, smokes four bunned packs of cigarettes a day while lost in a Nirvana of little white tuberole bacillus, contemplating himself — his head, his feet, his navels — like any normal, hard-working member of our serious minded generation. He passes a cool evening in Lexington Park — his dinner is seven day old bread, a bit of wine, and some tea to relax and contemplate the full moon and thou. Then he is back in Frisco for breakfast, but this time the spaghetti vermicelli is cold — a tragedy, the problem — but our hero has the solution.

He simply contemplates until lunch, contemplates a full stomach until either he eats or starves to death. Mr. Carrawac illustrates this idea well in the following few words: “. . . I heard a mouse sneaking in the garden weeds . . .” the reader must realize the deep intrinsic meaning of this little phrase to understand the full meaning of the book.

It is evident that when in this contemplative state, one is able to hear — otherwise how does one realize the mouse is sneaking, unless of course, one is asleep — but that is out of the question.

Next, in referring to a mouse, he does not mean a mouse per se — not the four-legged speckled creep that crawls from crack to crack craving for crumbs — but he means the two-legged mouse with the long hair and the

From realism to insanity — these are three sketches of Beetz Angle’s famous portrayal, ‘Nude Horn in a Tub’. This interesting sequence portrays a simplicity of design for which the artist is famous in coordinating his transformation from the realistic to the abstract.

Mr. Angle is a close-cropped little man with sharp features and an arid wit. It is not at all unusual to encounter him fervently painting during the early hours of the morning, his faithful model Tria Angle at his side.

Mr. Angle recalls that Tria was somewhat fatigued during this sequence, however he feels to did catch the true beauty of the situation. The sequence as is follows: Tria III, Tria, slightly mellowed II, and finally the true abstract, Tria in abstraction, I.

and get away from all the weeds . . . and should he take his mouse, man, that’s a decision.

On page 52, he makes his decision — his further narration on this writer’s part would spoil the whole wonderment of the story for the reader.

If it weren’t for the mountain, man, this book would be rather a run of the mill, slow-moving, stagnant, conforming depiction of a normal way of life.

And man, for the last 193 pages, you have to be in shape. From page to page, you dance along from rock to rock and peak to peak, and for two months there is not a single weed in sight. Man, what a crazy life.

SUMMARY — Unless you are a mountain climber, this book simply makes a mountain out of a mole-hill.

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The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use of republication of the local telegraphic and daily wire published herein, originated by Grimes or plagiarized from someone else.

Grime, November 14, 1939
Where There's A Healf-Dane

There's A Snarleborough

Take it from HROTHGAR ROELOES, a prominent ring-giver —

"A SNARLEBOUGH and a draught of meade
are all a happy Healf-dane need."

FILTER       FLAVOR       CRASH-PROOF PACK

Manufactured by the Great Northern Tobacco Co., Valhalla, New Hampshire.

It is expected that President Lund will give an informal address.
On every college campus from coast to coast the all-student favorite in topcoats are tweeds by Kierz, Pells and Robs, now being sold at the

**NOYNEK DROBPUK**

Always in good taste, their rugged handsomeness is shown above by two typical college students.

SHOP at the NOYNEK DROBPUK, the store with the atmosphere of a prohibition speak-easy.

Ask for Axtel the owner (shown left). He will be glad to pick the right coat for you if he is not in jail for overcharging.

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**REUNION MEETING BETWEEN COL. CHARLES R. POORBOY AND SEN. RICHARD P. SHORTLOT YESTERDAY**

After arguing who got here "firstest with the mostest" a fitting toast would be a drink of Old Hawk — the whiskey called "the most famous ever made in Knocks C."

Distinguished men of America's past and others knew and prized Old Hawk. Though you may pay a bit extra (Internal Revenue fines you know) you will find it better than nothing.

"The Greatest Name in BonBons!"