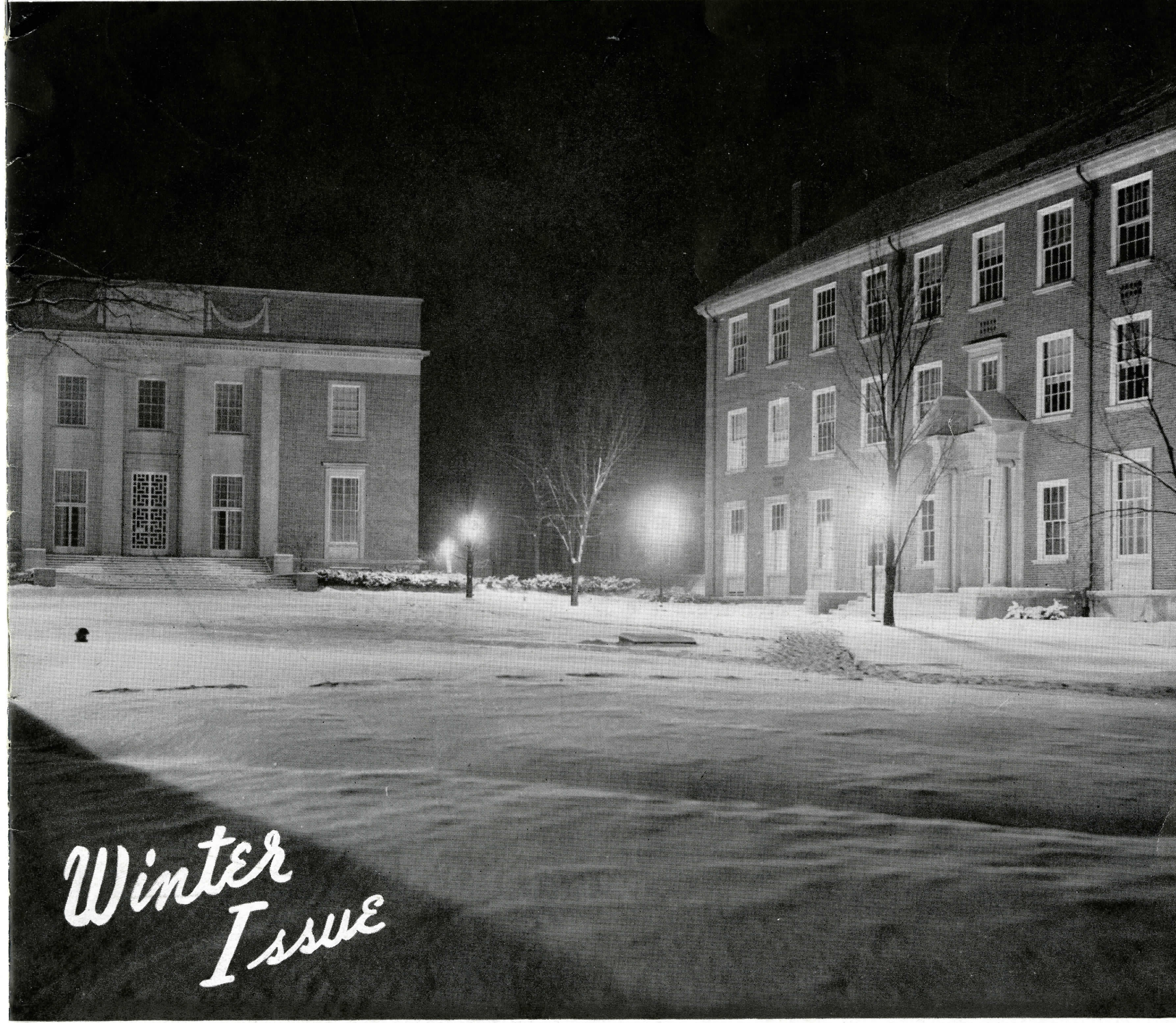


The **Campus**
DENISON UNIVERSITY



*Winter
Issue*



CAMEL

CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

GRAND
GIFTS FOR
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

1-POUND TIN
(ALSO IN 1/2-POUND SIZE)

● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

Off hand-

We have a problem on our hands. It seems as though there are two entirely different schools of thought as to what *Campus* should be. Some want the *Portfolio's* policy carried on to a greater extent, but then, a larger group want pictures, features, and in general "doings around campus" on these pages. As the old saying goes, "you can't please everyone all of the time, but you can please most, some of the time." I am presenting this issue to you on that theory as we have tried to divide the magazine as closely as possible between the two schools of thought. We are still groping around, however, and since this is your magazine, how about sharing your ideas with us?

In this issue we have deviated more to the personal angles of campus life. Bob Findeisen's *A Fine Art*, the craft of coke dates, will bring you a chuckle as well as a twist of conscience when you see your thoughts and positions pictured so vividly. The models assure us that they enjoyed demonstrating.

Does *Transient Types* reveal you, or maybe the dorm-mate or frat brother down the hall? Our artist has caught those fleeting glimpses and when no one was looking splashed them down on his drawing board. The characters are all fictional and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely a quirk of fate.

On the literary side we have Tegie Wise's prize winning short story, *Variation on a Theme*. This story won first place in the Henry Stout contest last year and it is something we're sure everyone will enjoy reading.

Winter Moments is our seasonal picture story. After last issue's *Autumn Nocturne* the general cry was "but where are the people?" We give them to you now and if you look closely enough you may see yourself coming out of that nine o'clock class.

Again we have our *Rhyme and Meter* page of poetry with several new contributors added to the list. We continue to call more . . . more . . .

Just keep turning the pages and something new will pop up on each one. Next time we will run a feature in the form of a satire on sororities so, fellows, your turn to laugh is on the way. No hard feelings we hope.

There you have it . . . Volume I Issue II. Thanks to your support and understanding suggestions, we feel as though we had come closer to what you Denisonians want.

BETSY A. WALLACE
Editor-In-Chief.

CAMPUS



Literary-
Feature
Magazine

Denison
University
Granville, O.

Vol. 1, No. 2

December, 1946

VARIATION ON A THEME	Thea Wise	2
A FINE ART	Bob Findeisen	3
WINTER MOMENTS		4
TRANSIENT TYPES		6
A SWEETHEART SERENADE	Gloria Weber, Winifred Smith	8
HIGH MAN ON A BED POST		9
CAMPUS KALEIDOSCOPE	John G. Thomas	10
FRATERNITIES		12
RHYME AND METER		14
WEIGHTY WORDS	Janet Teachnor — Cover	3

CAMPUS STAFFS

Editor-in-Chief	Betsy Wallace
Feature Editor	Glen Bammann
Art Editor	Joe Stearns
Literary Editor	Vera Welch
Copy Editor	Pat Cessna
Picture Editor	Jim Hinkle
Business Manager	Bob Englehart
Circulation Manager	Bob Jain
Subscription Manager	John Wells

FEATURE STAFF

- Ellen Fanslow
- Dawn Jackson
- John Thomas
- Bob Findeisen
- Jo Alford
- Betty Harman
- Gloria Weber
- Winifred Smith

LITERARY STAFF

- George Todd
- Mary Shanor
- Hedy Parr
- Bob Jain
- Charles Youngblood
- Shirley Jackson
- Janet Teachnor

ART STAFF

- Wayne Kline
- Ewald Weber
- Nelle Weber
- Dave Skeggs

COPY STAFF

- Brenda Klein
- Nancy Martin
- Peg Nettles
- Nancy Tuttle
- Marian Dewey
- Suzanne Campbell
- Janet Rea
- Phyllis Beyer

DISTRIBUTION STAFF

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Virginia Offenheiser | Sue Arnold |
| Diane Lux | Betty Lou Macarthy |
| Cynthia Douglass | Nancy Reese |
| Jane Scott | Marjorie Willcox |
| Margaret Starbuck | Ann Boyer |
| Peg Hassett | Charlene Calhoun |

Variation On A Theme

Thea Wise

(Note: This is a legend which has been told through the centuries with variations. I heard in a letter from Italy that it had been revived in this war. It is not new but I think it is interesting.)

Maria walked slowly, steadily along the narrow, white road. The sharp, white pebbles cut into the soles of her feet and a fine, grayish dust rose from the road and settled on her face, her clothes, in her throat. When the sun grew higher, the gray dust caked in the fine lines on her face. Her eyes felt like great, hot blisters from the continued staring at the blazing whiteness of the road.

As she walked Maria rubbed the front of her dress to be sure the packet was still sewed firmly into the gathers. Each time she did so she was swept by a feeling of panic, a realization of what its loss would mean.

About noon she stopped and cut off from the road. She walked a slight distance up the bank which bordered the narrow track, and seated herself beneath a twisted, blasted tree. It gave no shade from the blistering sun as there were few branches and no leaves, but it did offer support for her back. Like Italy it had been stripped of all but the barest essentials and in some parts had been pierced to the very roots.

From a small bag Maria pulled out a piece of cheese and the end of a loaf of black bread. Her eyes fixed steadily upon the valley beneath her, she ate slowly and carefully. The bread was very dry but the small quantity of moisture in the cheese helped to reduce its harshness. Maria enjoyed the meal. The cheese was made from goat's milk, she was lucky to have it, and the bread was good. She was careful not to eat all of it, but wrapped the remaining cheese up in a rag and placed both it and the bread back in the bag. Then she picked all the crumbs out of her lap, ate them, and struggled to her feet.

For a few seconds her eyes rested upon the valley again. From her promontory it looked so rich and green. From there one could not tell that the vineyards were mangled and destroyed. The small, white town at the end of the valley looked peaceful, industrious, lovely. The great, gaping hole in the capanile was not visible from the north. Rubble can not be seen from a distance of several miles.

Again her hand pressed her dress and fear flooded through her. To carry 170,000 lire was dangerous. When it represents one's whole world it is terrifying. The bidding had been high on her cattle, yet with each sale her heart had been twisted by the knowledge that she would never be able to replace her small herd. It had taken many

years to buy them. She would never live long enough, or have strength enough to start over again.

As she started up the narrow, winding strip of road again, she decided that she dare not risk the packet. It meant more to her than her own life. The hills were the hiding place of many bandits, bandits by nature or by necessity. Her brother, Carlo, would be home and she would ask him to finish the trip with her. Then she would not be alone when darkness came.

Maria nodded and told herself that she had been quite sage, quite wise. Now she would be safe. How foolish not to think of Carlo before.

Already the shadows were falling over the road and the air was cooler. Maria's steps quickened as she turned up a goat track which led to Carlo's small, white house. He was sitting on a tiny stool with his back to her, milking his goats. He was a short, spare man, with a drooping moustache, and tired eyes.

He looked over his shoulder and grunted a greeting. Maria nodded.

"What brings you so late, and on the Terni road?"

Maria sat on the wooden bench which backed against the side of the house, and carefully putting

(Continued on page 15)



A Fine Art

Bob Findeisen

Although you won't find it listed in the Dean's catalogue, coking is, nevertheless, a fine art.

What could require more technique, more finesse, than the act of showing a girl the best time of her life on a paltry nickel? The answer is "Nothing." And this miracle can be performed. Five cents at the Grille will do the job of \$15 at Valley Dale — if spent by one who knows and loves his work.

Coking is no freshman frolic. Techniques seldom reach perfection before the fourth year — and even the coker must have been conscientious. Success, however, generally appears at last. By the time they are seniors, most students have mastered the art of drinking five to seven cokes a day with no inconveniences or ill-effects, and are well qualified to become "graduate cokers."



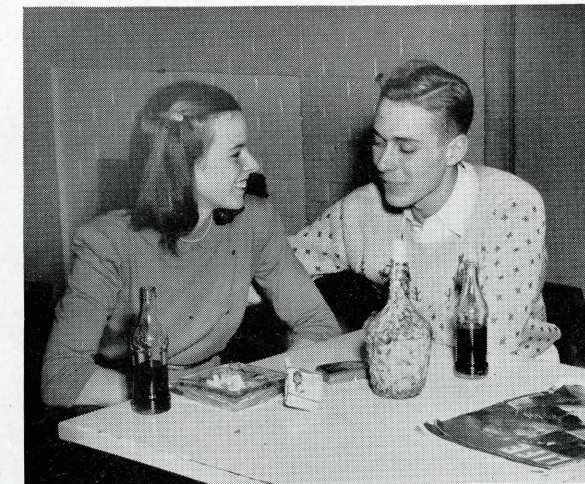
'Irv' Scott inches his way across the top of the table for a hand-to-hand contact with Marty Davis. The serious expression during coke dating is recommended only for those who have mastered the Charles Boyer purr.

Of course, knowing how to drink plain cokes doesn't do anyone too much good when he is out of college. But then, coking isn't the first impractical thing we have learned here at school. Besides, like algebra, it trains the mind.

No one knows exactly how the coke date developed. According to one pleasant theory, it was a way in which every male could have several dates a week, although he wasn't a big enough 'wheel' to land any Saturday evening business.

Some give dull convocation speakers and professors all the credit, and there is the biological explanation.

But to get on with the practical. One of the prerequisites for a good coke date is casualness. Even if the male has spent days trying to get into a dorm to make arrangements and the female has actually decided on skirt and sweater rather than blue jeans, neither must give any hint of their anticipation. The perfect date is the result of a conversation culmination with "Well, how's about a coke now?" Such spontaneity is good.



Howie Hartman demonstrates with Marilyn Meyer how the pincers movement has definite social advantages. Note that cokes in no way interfere with this relationship.

There is no rule about what to talk about on a coke date. Records, parties, who's campused and why, queer people — are all good topics. School should be referred to as seldom as possible — and then only with such generalizations as "Professors are stinkers." "Child Development — wow!"

Politics, religion, and philosophy are all right if not run into the ground. If you have ever been hypnotized, had a sixth toe removed, or have an order in for a convertible, you are bound to be a success.

Conversation is the main pastime for coke dates. There are, however, games for these couples who are in the fifth or sixth date stage and have only a small bit of small talk left to fall back on.

The first game is bridge, but we discourage it. Pulling out a deck of cards always looks so staged. Besides bridge involves another couple and presents possibilities of 'bird-doggin' or a bad cross flirt, as the case may be.



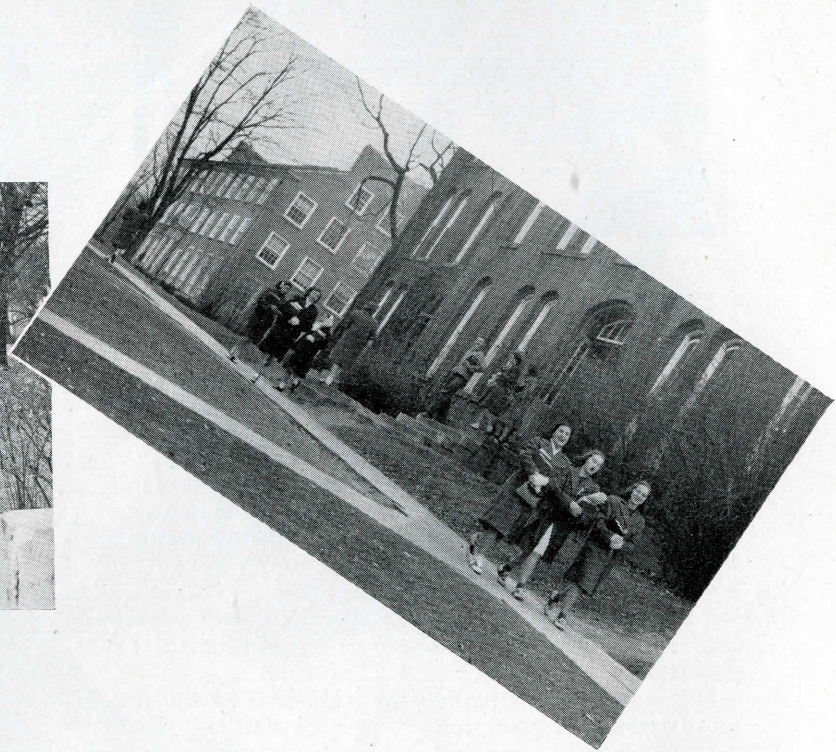
Cubby Bagnall and friend 'Marble' are examples of how coke dates can lead to engaging affairs. It should take months of mutual admiration and lack of anything to say before frisking pockets is permissible.

(Continued on page 16)

Winter



On



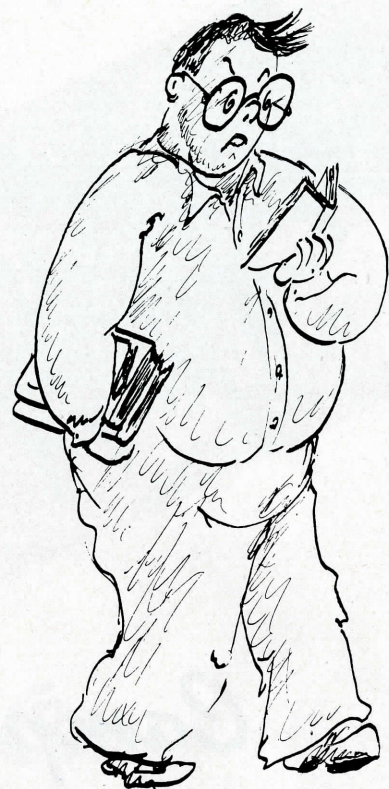
Moments



Campus



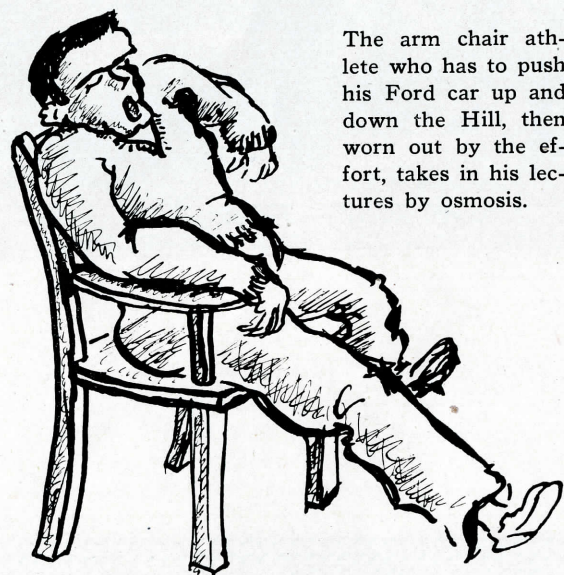
TRANSIENT



The eagle-spread Atlas who believes the library is only for the pursuit of knowledge and is puzzled when he sees it used for the pursuit of women.



The source of the high pitched giggle that invades the innermost core of your sensitive brain. To her everything is "simply adorable."



The arm chair athlete who has to push his Ford car up and down the Hill, then worn out by the effort, takes in his lectures by osmosis.



Enough said.

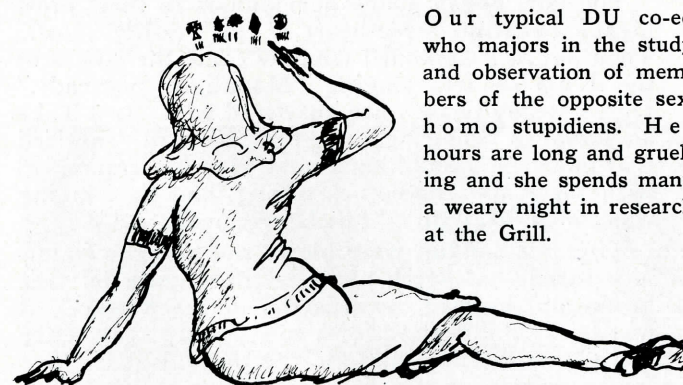
TYPES



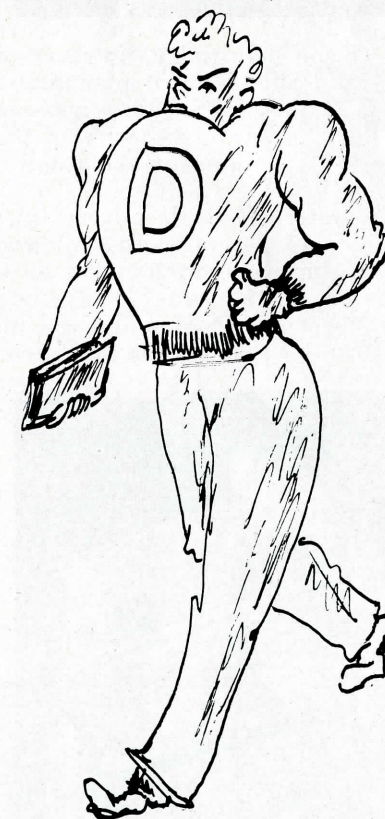
Her nail file is her most prized possession and she even seems to sharpen her tongue with it. Her smile always carries a shot of arsenic.



His room mate's girl's 'best friend' whom you have agreed to squire on a coke date to the Grill. Not much on looks, but "terrific, TERRIFIC poisonality."



Our typical DU co-ed who majors in the study and observation of members of the opposite sex, homo stupidiens. Her hours are long and grueling and she spends many a weary night in research at the Grill.



The backbone of the DU football, baseball, track, swimming, basketball, speedball, socker, volleyball, tennis — and so on into the night — teams. He continually faces a seam splitage.

A SWEETHEART SERENADE

By GLORIA WEBER and WINIFRED SMITH

Years ago, when a man serenaded his sweetheart, his procedure was very simple. No practice, no permission, no preparation of any kind was necessary. He merely tucked a mandolin under his arm, strolled beneath her window, and sang.



For the Denison man today, however, it's not so easy. He — and she — must plan each detail as thoroughly as if they were doing a stage production. One worry follows another from the day the date is set until the moment the candles are extinguished.

He and his fraternity begin a series of extensive song practices. No flat notes are allowed on this occasion! Will the harmony be right on this note? Will the bass flat on that note? Will some howling dog confuse the tenors? All of these difficulties must be taken into consideration and solved as well as possible.



While the man is frantically trying to talk his fraternity brothers into spending a few extra hours on their vocalizing, the girl is wandering through a maze of negligee displays in various stores. Her choice is a difficult one. Would the candle light dull this shade of blue? Would this pink one clash with the shade of her roses? Would this one be too plain — or this one too elaborate? She may even cast a longing eye toward a black negligee before her horrified friends drag her away!

While these preparations are being completed, some couples find it helpful to pray that the weather stays clear! What would be worse than a rain-dampened serenade?

For an example of a successful one let us take Peg Morton and Dick Petrequin's Phi Gam serenade, the first on campus this year.

The night was the answer to a prayer, for the intermittent rain had stopped. One or two stars showed through the clouds. Only a slight breeze threatened the existence of the candle flames. All was quiet, not a sound broke the stillness except for the sound of spectators gathering on the lawn below Peg's window. As one by one every light in the dorm blinked out, total darkness descended. Suddenly, through the stillness came the rhythmic sound of marching footsteps. The Phi Gams were coming! An assortment of moving shadows became distinguished as they approached. Closer and closer they marched — then stopped. An expectant hush fell on the group for the candles in the window above them were lit and began to glow. Between these candles stood Peg. She resembled a story book princess wearing a white evening gown and holding red roses. Her smile matched the sparkle of the sequins in her gown, and in the candlelight her hair looked like a golden crown.



The men began a low harmonious to their president's beautiful sweetheart with "Softly Now." Then out of a darkened window came the voices of the Kappa trio singing "Moonlight Serenade." Dick's steady tenor voice answered with "Just Take an Evening." During the solo Peg hardly noticed that one candle had blown out! Her trio responded with the Kappa Sweetheart song, and the singing was concluded with a "Fiji Honeymoon."

After the candles were blown out and the fraternity turned to march away, a lone figure left the group and hurried towards the dorm entrance. It was Dick. Silhouetted for a split second against the white door, he then disappeared through it.

(Continued on page 16)

High Man on A Bed Post

When they carried me into Whisler Memorial Hospital one afternoon, all that was wrong with me was a sprained ankle. In riding class my over ambitious horse has taken a notion to have a ride without me and took off — literally leaving me flat on the ground; but I escaped with only a sprained ankle.

There's something ominous about a hospital and Whisler Memorial is no exception. I was gently seated on an aluminum slab in the examining room and my riding boot was removed. The entire ankle was black and blue and was as swollen as an over-ripe tomatoe. The round, little doctor probed and jabbed.

"Humm—," he mentioned casually implying that this was indeed interesting. More probing was aimed at the wounded member.

"Ah-hah," he said gravely, as I all but leaped from the table. By now I was aware of what was wrong, too aware. His interesting discourse had left no doubt in my mind.

Then the doctor took a large can of what smelled like bear fat and looked like axle grease from a shelf and, with wicked gleamings issuing from his eyes, slabbbed the mess on my ankle. Next he pulled a strip from an old girdle and wrapped the swollen joint firmly, so firmly I heard the locks close on my veins and the blood stopped flowing.

"Bedderstayheret tonight," the doctor said firmly and two nurses helped me down and all but carried me to a small-white room. My clothes were removed in a rip and bundling me into a swaddling clothes night gown, they dumped me in bed and walked out.

By this time my ankle had white-hot pins in it and the girdle wrappings had left red welts. I cast a glance around but no one was looking, so I hurriedly unwrapped the bandage and let air and light fall on the black grease.

"What-are-you-doing?", a voice demanded in no uncertain terms.

"But it was too tight!", I meekly answered the white haired nurse whose head was peering around the door. She strode across the floor and ripped the bandage out of my hands, then with strokes like a tennis player re-wrapped it.

"Leave-it-alone-now," I was threatened and she chugged out the door.

Humbly I settled back into the bed and surveyed my surroundings. The room was like that of any hospital and the furniture held that same ominous solemnity. Suddenly a dark head peered around the door and laughed at me.

"Whatcha doing here?" it asked.

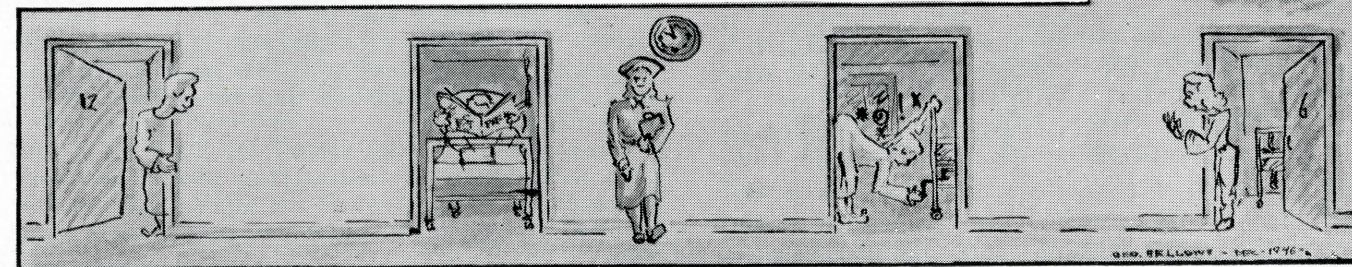
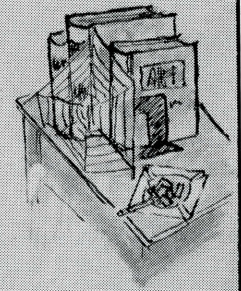
"Sprained my ankle," I answered. He seemed incredulous. "No kiddin'. Well, you'll soon have a better excuse than that before long."

Suddenly a woman's voice echoed down the hall. "Jim, here's your medicine!" My dark haired visitor looked stricken, disappeared and, listening, I heard his anguished groans a minute later, then, silence.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in a cold sweat. The dinner was good and I could detect no smell of almonds in the food, no odd taste in the sugar. The milk was only half sour too. At ten, a young looking nurse came in and threw open the window. Then out went the lights and I settled down for what sleep I could get.

I must have dozed, for suddenly a hand on my shoulder shaking me insistently. I woke in a hurry to have three green pills shoved down my throat and an icicle-like thermometer slipped under my tongue. Two minutes later it was all over and the person who had inflicted such punishment zipped out the door, clicking off the lights. My watch read 11:15. "Oh, well, maybe it's some new cure for sprained ankles," I thought. "But why the thermometer?"

(Continued on page 16)

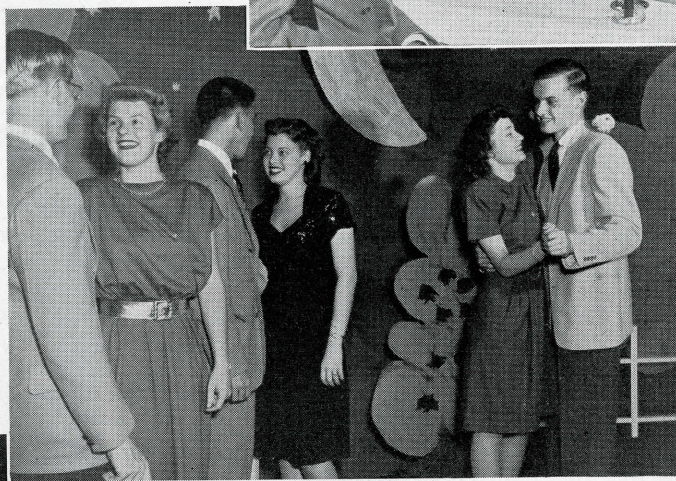


Campus Kaleidoscope

By John G. Thomas



Soulful gazes seemed to be in order at the Beta party with Sam Robinson, Marcia Brooks, Charles McCune, Hope Halberg, Martha Davis, and Olney Dekker all doing their share.



The desire has been expressed by many for items of universal student interest in the Campus Magazine, so an experiment is attempted. We do not necessarily feel confident that the students' wishes will be fulfilled by this column, nevertheless, we feel it to be at least a step in the right direction.

It may be a wrong step to criticize, but now that Student Senate has evidenced their willingness to conform to student sentiment, WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MORE encouragement from those who leaped at them when they went slightly astray.

A SHINY GOLD STAR goes to the members of the football squad who stuck it out through a decidedly mediocre season. Despite their losses and bad breaks they presented Denison with a season of exciting and enjoyable sport, and uncovered a



↑
Eight heads appeared better than four in this bridge game at the ACC dance. Howard Ulsamer, Virena Baker, Gloria McLain, an import from Wesleyan, and Ray McLain looked on, while Bill Cox, Calvin Prine, Caroline Olney and Betty Baumbus started another hand.

Who has the pin? Jim Faight, Janice Thorpe, Lois Anderson, Bill Onderdonk, Pat Fraas, Jacques O'Hara, Laura Hayes, and Vic Rickman line up the Kappa Sig Balloon Room.

good number of players that promise to bolster our strength next year.

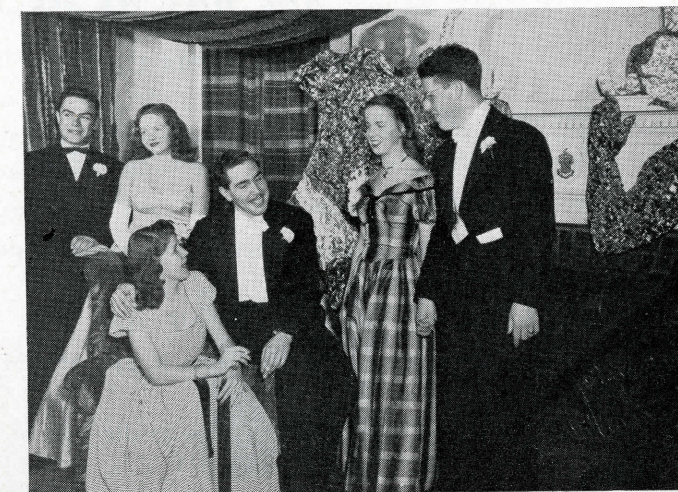
Probably the most HUMOROUS EVENT OF THE MONTH was the new editorial policy adopted by the Denisonian, whereby it has chosen to criticize organizations before they have been able to prove themselves. Dad's Day, in our estimation, was handled pretty well by the "alleged" campus leaders of Blue Key that planned and carried out the program. It appears to us that meatier material could be found for editorials than the outgrowths of petty gripes.

The award of HEART BEAT OF THE MONTH goes undisputedly to the fraternity pledges who entertained their dates royally at affairs that proved to be the biggest and most successful so far this year.

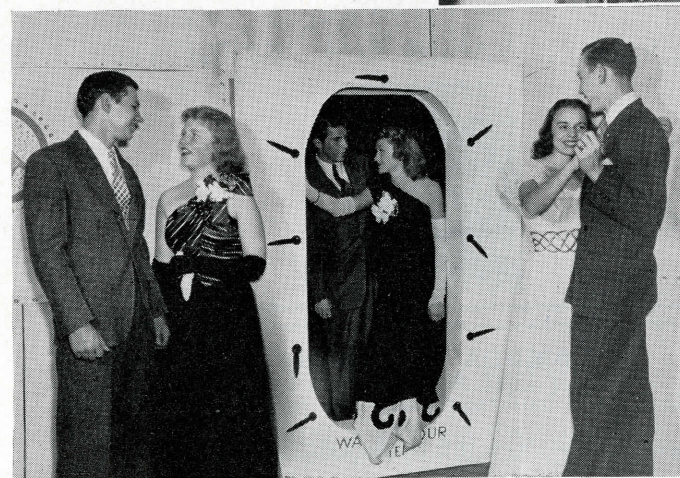
The Lambda Chis entertained at the Kappa house, and while Mrs. James Neeland looked on Catherine Niemitz and Ben Neal, Jean Jones and Wilbur Branthoover, and Mary Schilling and Frank Schweitzer enjoyed themselves on the floor.



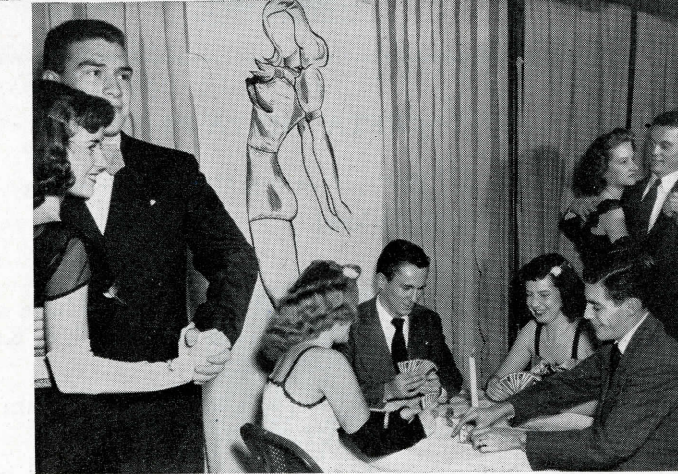
Looking very comfortable and at home in the "Hell" room at the Phi Delt House were: Bert Dawden and Shirley Blinn, Mary and John Battles, and Suzanne Thieme and Dave Walker.



It's only colored water says Jim Perkins as he serves Marilynn Meyer, Howard Hartman, Marge Hassett, Dick Reid, Sue Arnold, Roger Heppes, Sylvia Rhodes, and Erwin Mahood at the Phi Gam Bar.



The Sig Alphas were nautical but nice — that's digging pretty deep for 'em — and Tom Sheibenberger, Elaine Watson, Lloyd Philipps, Beverly Brickell, Doris Bittinger and Jim Kridler shared the spotlight for the moment.



Another game of you know what was in progress at the Sig House, this time sans kibitzers, between Barb King, and unknown, and Paul Hanson and Lloyd Owens. Meanwhile, Carolyn Rickman, John Watkins, Pat Jackson, and Dad McGinnis took advantage of the music.



FRATERNITIES

THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

AMERICAN COMMONS CLUB

Founded: Right here at home.

Purpose: What did they say it was again?

Motto: "Pledge 'em or kill 'em!"

Active Chapters: Had to run and didn't get a chance to count them all.

Inactive Chapters: Didn't get this either.

Pin: Brother, if you can describe it you should be writing this.

Ideal: To cut their chapter down to the size of the Sigma Chi's.

Flower: Golden Rod.

Assets: Al Dewey.

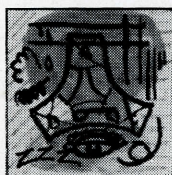
Liabilities: Don't we all.

Property: One seven foot grand piano with four keys in tune.

Prominent Alum: They said there are lots of them.

Magazine: "The Portfolio."

How Recognized: It's possible.



BETA THETA PI

Founded: I'll give you a big clue—it wasn't.

Purpose: To hook 'em!

Motto: Ack-Ack!

Active Chapters: You'll find one scattered here and there in a few small schools around Ohio, Kenyon, etc.

Inactive Chapters: If the whole equals the sum of all the parts, they're all inactive.

Pin: Chip off an old beer bottle set in a small iron casting resembling an oven door.

Ideal: To keep secure the bonds of friendship with the Thetas.

Assets: One navy-blue cashmere sweater of "Snowball's."

Liabilities: Earl . . .

Flower: Daffodil.

Property: One large canteen plus a rather worn-out landing field.

Prominent Alum: One is all they need, and about all they've got.

Magazine: "The All American Boy."

How Recognized: Very Easily—by their eyes.



KAPPA SIGMA

Founded: Unexpectedly during the panic of '69.

Purpose: To end panic. They did and started one a whole lot worse.

Motto: "We're rugged!"

Active Chapters: They're too active.

Inactive Chapters: There are those too.

Pin: A brass representation of a slice of Indiana watermelon being devoured by a trained starfish.

Ideal: To become national.

Assets: The Alpha Phis.

Liabilities: Most of the boys.

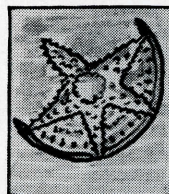
Prominent Alumni: He's dead. Died in disgust shortly after a smaltzy serenade.

Flower: Dandelion—Willy's idea to save on the pocketbook.

Property: That tumble-down shack on Broadway.

Magazine: "Farm and Fireside."

How Recognized: Look for M. O. Gregory first.



LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

Founded: By a bankrupt fraternity jeweler.

Purpose: To dissolve the bankruptcy.

Motto: "We did it and we're glad we did it."

Active Chapters: You have to take off your shoes to count them.

Inactive Chapters: Ibid.

Pin: One pearl clad pretzel.

Ideal: To move into the city limits.

Assets: Haven't seen any yet.

Liabilities: The whole works is doubtful.

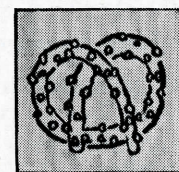
Flower: Hollyhock.

Property: None.

Prominent Alum: Have any graduated yet?

Magazine: "The Country Gentleman."

How Recognized: They are so different—all of 'em!



PHI DELTA THETA

Founded: In eighteen hundred and seventy-three, naturally.

Purpose: To encourage young men to the ministry.

Motto: Take me back to Casablanca, Mother, it was safer there.

Active Chapters: A constant lately, and very understandable at that.

Inactive Chapters: An increasing variable.

Pin: They've been passed around so often, they need no describing.

Ideal: To get Alder in the opera.

Assets: Do they have any?

Liabilities: There are too many.

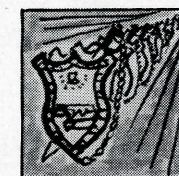
Flower: The hops.

Property: "Trigger's" puppies.

Prominent Alum: In Detroit.

Magazine: "Esquire."

How Recognized: By their very rosy complexions after ten bells.



PHI GAMMA DELTA

Founded: During a typhoid fever epidemic at W. and J. Splendid example of what can happen in a delirium.

Purpose: To start or stop trouble. (We don't know which).

Motto: "I don't care for all the rest."

Active Chapters: One. Its activity consisted of serenading behind Shaw Hall one cold evening (or should I say morning?) late in November.

Inactive Chapters: They blush at this.

Pin: A hunk of polished slate with a little blob of cement attached in the shape of a star.

Ideal: To reform the rest!

Assets: A few brothers on the faculty, "Jody."

Liabilities: The active chapter.

Flower: The daisy.

Property: Contents of the second floor phone-booth.

Prominent Alum: Ha, ha!

Magazine: "The Ladies' Home Journal."

How Recognized: It's not necessary.



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Founded: To restore peace to a poker club that was near the point of breaking up.

Purpose: To graduate as many as possible.

Motto: "Well, how 'bout you?"

Active Chapters: They didn't say.

Inactive Chapters: Our adding machine broke.

Pin: A piece of gold tin, with a spot of ink on it, and a little man holding a weight scratched on.

Ideal: "Shorty" Lawrence.

Assets: The Doll House.

Liabilities: "Luke" Green's car. (Or can you call it one?)

Flower: Forget-me-nots.

Property: A pull at the Drag.

Prominent Alum: No. 8892 Sing Sing. They made him what he is today.

Magazine: "Peck's Bad Boy."

How Recognized: By the pin—running northeast by southwest!



SIGMA CHI

Founded: In an awful hurry.

Purpose: To get to Newark from Granville in two minutes, spend a minute there or five, and get back to G'ville in two more with a minute extra to get into class and seated.

(Continued on page 16)

rhyme and meter...

STUDY TIME AT EAST

"Dearest David" — that's how it starts.
"Six spades." "I pass." "Seven hearts."
"Who has last year's Adytum?"
"What's a paramecium?"
Harmony, Bible, history dates,
Greek mythology, Muses, Fates —
Study reigns (?) as I try to write.
If this keeps up, it'll take all night.
Proclamation! Barb comes in.
"Ten of eleven, kids! Turn in!"
Class tomorrow, oh what fun!
Three hours work, but nothing done.
I hope the teacher understands.
To bed! Amen. It's in his hands.

—Marilynn Meyer.

"You've got a nickel?" is the cry,
"I need a nickel or I shall die!
I want a coke — I have but a dime,
I gave you one — remember that time?
If you give me a nickel, I'll be your friend."
What a price to pay just to please a yen.

IF

(with the usual apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your pen while all about you others
Are losing theirs and trying to use yours, too;
If you can make straight A's when all profs doubt you
Will even get a C when they are through;
If you can walk to Lamson and not be bitter
When your tennis shoes are still back at the dorm;
If you can say the stroll makes you feel fitter
When you trek uphill re: library overdue form;

If you can dream — and not daydream in classes;
If you can think — and not think you're big stuff;
If you can mention failures with your passes,
And not condemn the profs as far too tough;
"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty-second's worth of distance run —"
Yours is this campus and everything that's on it
And — which is more — you'll be a Denisonian!

—Marilynn Meyer.

All the term long we've waited for December.
It started last fall — I'm sure you'll remember.
Now it's here, and it is just the same,
Term papers and book reports always remain.
But just two weeks, and then vacation!
Time for all for recuperation.
Then back we come, and finals begin —
Kinda seems we never can win.

Hey! Pull back those covers, throw back that spread!
It's 7:35 — Now get out of bed!
You have an eight o'clock, or don't you know —
And the last time you never did go.
How do you expect to become healthy and wise?
Hey! Now don't go and close those tired eyes!

MAGIC MUSIC

By Judy Leonard

If the world lies all enchanted in a feather-bed of
white
And the glow from people's windows lights up
patches of the night
'Til you're half-afraid it's magic that will vanish
from your sight —
Listen! Don't you hear the angels — singing
strains of "Silent Night"?

If the house is filled with mystery and everyone is
gay
And the stars all seem to twinkle in a warm and
friendly way
The kind old moon itself no longer seems so far
away —
Listen! Hear the scrape of runners and the jingle
of a sleigh?

All the trees and bushes glisten just like diamonds
set on blue
And the air, and people's spirits have a certain
sparkle, too
Your eyes are stained-glass windows and the
world's a rainbow hue —
Listen! Surely silver bells are tinkling merrily at
you.

If the clouds have left the heavens and are piled up
on the earth
And the streets are stewn with tinsel of a pure and
dazzling worth
Then the log that fills your fireplace snaps — and
crackles are in mirth —
Listen! Somewhere, in the distance, cries a baby at
its birth!

For the lamp posts are all candles standing tall a
space apart
And the window panes are blazoned with the Mas-
ter Painter's art
'Tis the magic of the Christmas as men knew it
from the start —
And the music that you're hearing is the singing of
your heart!

Come on, let's hurry, we'd better run
The clock will soon be striking one.
Thanks for the coffee, and for the show,
I've had a good time, but best I go.
Late minutes add — can afford no more.
Hey, Mrs. T., don't close that door!

Heeler—Do you think there is any chance for
this story to get into your magazine?

Wallace—There may be. I'm not going to live
forever.

Variation On A Theme

(Continued from page 2)

her bag to one side, and again rubbing her dress,
said:

"I have been to the market at Terni. I sold my
cattle. Now I am afraid to go on alone. It was hard
to sell them but they sold well."

"How much did you get for them?"

"170,000 lire."

"That is a great deal of money."

"It is. That is why I am afraid. To lose it, to
have it stolen would be a terrible thing. Could you
walk home with me? Night is coming and I am
afraid to go further alone."

"I cannot go with you. My goats have to be
milked and then I must start the fire and watch my
cheese. But I have a pistol. That will protect you."

Carlo pulled himself up and disappeared into his
home. In a few minutes he returned with the pistol
and a cup. The pistol he handed to Maria and she
placed it in her bag. He filled the cup with the fresh
goat's milk and offered it to her. Maria drank it
gratefully and then returned the cup to him, wiping
her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thank you," she said, "now I must start."

She straightened her dress, rose, and picked up
the bag. When she reached the foot of the goat path
she turned and waved, and Carlo waved back.

The hard pistol butt pressing against her side
was comforting. The coolness of evening and the
warm goat's milk made her feel lighter, younger.
There was a faint mist which rose from the burning
valley and carressed her cheeks with cool, grey
fingers. It spiraled and twisted around the branches
of the black trees, and hung in soft, spongy clumps
on the tops of the stubby bushes. Down in the val-
ley the campanile sank into the gloom, after stand-
ing out in the singular whiteness which only night
endows.

Suddenly out of the gloom and mist, two figures
thrust forward. With a gasping sense of relief,
Maria recognized them as Albertino and Pio Pas-
calente, neighbors of hers in the hills. They, too,
had started back when confronted by a mist-en-
veloped form on the lonely road. Now they came
forward and greeted her.

"But Maria, why are you alone so long after sun-
set? What of the bandits? Do you not have fears?"

"I have a gun," Maria replied calmly; "that will
protect me."

"Still you should not be alone. I will look at the
gun to be sure."

Albertino slid the bolt back and looked into the
barrel.

"But this is empty! What good is an unloaded
gun? You are a foolish woman."

Maria could say nothing. Her lips moved weakly,
soundlessly, while her hands returned to the front
of her dress and nervously smoothed the gathers.
Her throat was filled with her terror, her agony of
apprehension. To have run such risks! To chance
losing all! How rash she had been, how foolhardy.

Albertino patted her shoulder, as though he had
understood her thoughts.

"It is all right, Maria, I have two extra cart-
ridges which I will give you. Do not be upset."

As he spoke Albertino inserted the cartridges,
reshot the bolt, and returned the gun to Maria. She
placed it carefully back in her bag and thanked Al-
bertino. Albertino and Pia went on their way down
the winding road into the mist.

Maria was still shaking. It was not a nice feeling.
To have the gun and believe it was loaded was one
thing. To have had one's faith destroyed was to lose
nerve. Maybe it would not shoot. Maybe it had not
been cleaned. What if the cartridge was no good?
Could she aim the gun? Would she be too afraid
to shoot? When Maria was little she had found a
large, black snake drowsing in a sun-lit path in her
father's vineyard. Then she had been afraid to
move, to turn, to run. Would she be afraid now?



There was a dry snap in the bracken beside the
road.

She belonged to terror. It became a part of her.
Great choking sobs of it racked her body. Fear
swept through her mind.

A man parted the bushes and stepped forward.
Maria grasped the gun a little more tightly. Once
the man had appeared she felt more calm. The fear
of the unknown was gone. She knew what she must
do.

A mask covered his entire head, and his voice
when he spoke was hoarse and rasping:

"Your money. Instantly."

Slowly, deliberately, Maria raised the gun and
fired. The report was loud. Louder than she had
expected. She watched the man crumble and fall.
He fell heavily and lay quite still.

Maria walked over to him and bent down. She
lifted the mask. He was a short, spare man with a
drooping moustache. But the eyes weren't tired
any more.

THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

SIGMA CHI

(Continued from page 13)

Motto: We the greatest number shall strive to do the least good.

Active Chapters: Don't know of any. . .

Inactive Chapters: Many, many. . .

Pin: Small but popular model in the latest word in tombstones, held together by car skid chains.

Ideal: Fatten Sutton, de-cheek Fowler, wave "Rud's" hair, and get the Pauper's Literary Society back in the old swing.

Assets: "Marble"—Wooden drink-mixers.

Liabilities: Daunerhauer—(liable to do anything).

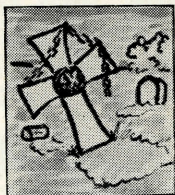
Flower: Petunia.

Property: Three men they can't keep on the ground—Marmaduke, Irwin, and Vanatta.

Prominent Alumni: There's no one quite so prominent as "Mo" S.

Magazine: Illustrated by Al Capp.

How Recognized: Far-away look in their eyes—Consul flies.



SWEETHEART SERENADE

(Continued from page 8)

Peg, at the same time, ran through the incoming rush of people to the housemother's suite to meet him. After closing the door for their "fifteen minutes together" they discovered a pitcher of water and two glasses placed on one of the tables. It was contributed by a sympathetic housemother who knows how dry the throat of a nervous serenade can become! Peg and Dick found another use for the water, though. They used it to drink a toast to their future—together.

So ends a serenade at Denison.

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good
She was very very good
And when she was bad
She was marvelous.

—Yale Record.

A Fine Art

(Continued from page 3)

The best games are those played with money. Coins can be flipped, but it is really better to spin them. The coin is spun on the table and then stopped while vertical with the index finger. Some seniors can stop two spinning coins at once with their little fingers.

Another game involves burning holes in a napkin stretched over the top of a glass. There is a penny on top of the napkin and the loser is the one whose burned place makes the penny drop in. This is a very harrowing game — ruins the nerves if played too long. Nevertheless, it is worth while in that it provides an opportunity for bets and charged handshakes. Also, it shows up to good advantage the man of the party as he bustles about getting the napkin and preparing the glass.

The question is often raised — which side of the booth should people sit on during coke dates, opposite sides or the same one? Really the matter is optional. Either is correct. We, however, prefer the same side. It is so much easier to — hear.

What to order is another question. On morning coke dates it is best to want coffee. (The exceptions are Saturday and Sunday A.M.). In the afternoon "coke" is a satisfactory order. An order for a lime coke indicates that the individual is at least a sophomore, having developed some taste discretion. An order for a malt is a breach of contract.

Among experts, the night date on 'Sunset' is not really a coke date, although no one has ever had the brass to call it anything else. Not that car coking isn't perfectly all right. As a matter of fact it is undoubtedly the more engaging of the two date types. Here we simply mean to point out that there are two. And since the 'Sunset' variety isn't dependent upon conversation and coin games alone for entertainment, it really doesn't enter into our discussion.

A communion of minds is the soul basis of attraction for the pure coke date. Sex never lifts its ugly head above the table — and after all, there is nothing really wrong with a short game of footsie.

High Man on A Bed Post

(Continued from page 9)

Again I slept—again that insistent hand on my shoulder. This time my assailant had liquid in a glass and through no fault of mine, I swallowed it. As it traveled downwards, my mind roamed over a familiar adage—"beer on whisky"—. Again silence as the lights went out. This time the semi-darkness seemed to close in on me and the chair next to my bed did a couple of cartwheels across the floor. The screen near the door started a graceful hula, even the iron piping bending in rhythm. Now the door knob was winking in my direction. I could take no more and leaped to my feet but collapsed as the sprained ankle gave in. I remember vaguely the room lights flashing on and someone bending over me, lifting me back into bed. Voices were blurred.

"But she only has a sprained ankle."

"Lord, I gave her the medicine for the girl with typhoid. I was told she was in this room."

"We moved her this A.M.!"

"Sedative."

Through the hubbub all I clearly heard were a couple of words racing around my head . . . beer on whisky . . . beer on whisky . . . beer on whisky.

It was morning when I gained my senses. The sun came through the windows throwing the shadows of the moulding across my sheet like a prison bar. I winced, sat up, and gazed into the eyes of the room doctor.

"Hryumph," he greeted me, but I could detect a glimmer of relief in his eyes.

"Youcangohometoday," he said and left.

WEIGHTY WORDS

By JANET TEACHNOR

Most girls will answer cheerfully to such nicknames as Blondie, Red, Cutie, and Sweetheart. There are certain nicknames, however, which no girl likes to be called. Let me offer this advice to men and boys: never call a woman Pudgy, Chubby, Tubby, Fatso, or Butterball, and, above all, never refer to her (unless you happen to be in love with a woman who is circus sideshow material) as being pleasingly plump. Although these words, to me, are the most abominable in our language, most men love to use them, and they seem to find difficulty in avoiding them. In fact they take a secret, almost fiendish, pleasure in saying, "Why diet? Why exercise? You're not fat; you're just pleasingly plump." Then there are those who say, "Of course, your figure is nothing like Hedy Lamarr's but I like 'em chubby."

A girl has only one way to avoid these well-meant but nevertheless derogatory remarks. That is the hard way — dieting. Through varied, bitter experiences and systematic study I have discovered three good methods of dieting: the calorie counting method, the orange-juice-lettuce-and-melba-toast method, and the starvation diet.

In order to follow the calorie counting method, one buys a little red book called "Pocket Guide for Calorie Counters." It is inscribed with the message, "this book is especially written to make you thin or die trying." For most of us this method is excellent but those who have a tendency to cheat in solitaire must never try it. It is too easy for those people to forget accidentally one slice of bread, one teaspoonful of gravy, or one banana split, as the case

I was alone, just getting up nerve to crawl out of bed and into my clothes when the dark head of Jimmie peered at me again.

"Told you," he laughed, his eyes sparkling like a demon's. Then he disappeared and I heard his inner-sanctum giggle echo down the hall.

I dressed hurriedly casting anxious look around. At last I was ready and clutching one riding boot in my hand, I limped to the hall, where I came face to face with—my roommate. Relief swept over me like a clean wind and I clutched her arm and hopped along at a Santa Anita pace.

"Take me home before I'm booked for attempted suicide," I screamed.

may be. The orange-juice-lettuce-and-melba-toast method is designed for those girls who feel that something besides variety is the spice of life, for if one wishes to lose weight in this manner, she has orange juice, lettuce, and melba toast for breakfast and again for lunch. At dinner she sits down to a nourishing, robust meal of orange juice, lettuce, and melba toast. My favorite of the three methods is the delightful starvation diet. Imagine the "oh's" and "ah's" in a group of people when one girl declares that all she has had to eat in the last two days is one cup of black coffee and three grapes. She quickly adds that she never would have lived if it had not been for her chain smoking. Then somebody diabolically informs her that she will die before she is twenty-one, and this reminds another girl of her Aunt Mary who lost two hundred and fifty pounds in three weeks by eating calve's liver and fresh pineapple. And so it goes until the statement is made that people who diet too strenuously become hollow-cheeked and sunken, but they show signs of remarkable self-control.

This brings me to the serious part of my discussion. Girls of today do not exercise any self-control. They have become lazy, careless, and gluttonous. They gorge candy and cream puffs while their waistlines expand. Self-control is essential for our welfare, and I see no reason for this tragic lack of it in our young womanhood. I certainly plan to set an example to the weaker members of my sex by exercising this control myself. I shall do this as soon as possible AFTER I have finished my third piece of pie-a-la-mode.



ALWAYS BRING CHESTERFIELD

ABC
*Always milder
Better tasting
Cooler smoking*
ALL THE BENEFITS
OF SMOKING PLEASURE



Top off your gift bundles with these cheery cartons of Christmas Chesterfields ... They Satisfy.

Always
Buy
CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS - Properly Aged