

v. 2 no 3

The **Campus** DENISON UNIVERSITY



A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION
GRANVILLE OHIO

MARCH 1948

ALL OVER AMERICA... THE "CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



I SMOKED MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS AND COMPARED—IT'S CAMELS WITH ME!

I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS—NOTHING SUITS MY 'T-ZONE' LIKE A CAMEL!

CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME!

CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY TASTE SO GOOD—THEY SMOKE SO MILD AND COOL!

Jerry Ambler

Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

Cecil Smith

Mary Reilly

RODEO
BRONC-RIDING STAR

HOLDER OF NATIONAL
WOMEN'S FISHING RECORDS

INTERNATIONAL
10-GOAL POLO STAR

TABLE-TENNIS
STAR

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!



**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



• All over America, the story's the same! With smoker after smoker who has tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "Choice of Experience"!
Try Camels in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat—and you'll see why! Compare Camels for rich, full flavor; for mild, cool smoking—and you'll agree with the millions of smokers who say Camels suit them to a "T"! Let your own experience tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

just gab

We certainly have been having some rather heterogeneous weather these past few weeks, and I guess we must accept it as good old Granville weather. In keeping, then, with the trend of the elements, this issue of CAMPUS will also be on the heterogeneous side. We've tried to run the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. After all, we have over twelve hundred students on the Denison Hill, and all must be catered to. We all have our moments of seriousness and gaiety, and we are trying to hit you in whichever mood you may be in, when you scan this issue.

Spiros' short account of the life of a Greek guerilla will appeal to your serious side, as it presents a very common problem, which many of us face from day to day. Of course, we may not live the same experience, which Spiros relates, but we can apply it to other instances in our daily encounters with the rest of the human race.

Bringing an old question to light, we have Hugh's and Nan's debate regarding the length of women's skirts. We wish to say that the staff of the magazine refuses to take sides in this very important phase of American life. We prefer to let our readers (We hope we have some) formulate their own opinions on such a controversial subject.

No matter which you are in, you will probably see yourself somewhere on pages eight and nine. As you no doubt have realized, there is a definite distinction between the way various classes call for their dates, how to get where they are going, and, most important of all, where they spend their dating hours. Naturally, there are exceptions to every rule, but don't you think that Sam and Terry have depicted the differences between the four years quite well?

We definitely have to notice the added spice of Bob's cartoons and both of his articles. Perhaps we are now approaching the end result of a real CAMPUS magazine: something for the students, something which they will read.

In regard to the article on pages six and seven, about all I need add is that the subject concerned is something of which all of us need take note. It is an editorial expressing my own personal opinion. It is meant in a very serious vein, and if we have any common sense of decency at all, we will try to correct ourselves. It is simply a matter of pride. We may do with it what we wish.

Very shortly, the staffs will be selected for next year's CAMPUS. I hope that there are many more students, who are interested in the publication of a magazine of this type. If you have a sincere interest to work on any one of the various staffs, will you please drop me a note in the Beta mail-box in Doane, as soon as possible?

And don't forget, we are always open to suggestions. Anytime anyone has a suggestion to make, please make it directly to us. Very often, by the time the criticism finally reaches us, the idea has been lost under the coating of many wagging tongues.

GLEN A. BAMMANN
Editor-in-Chief

CAMPUS



Literary-
Feature
Magazine

Denison
University
Granville, O.

Vol. 2, No. 3

March, 1948

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The Long &

by Nancy Sayer



But we *know* that American women are basically a better educated, well-rounded society of women than can be found elsewhere in the world. We *do* have inherent good taste and a large store of common sense. The time has come to prove it to the world.

So 1948 is being met by a pertinent evolving of the American mind. The next decade will see women taking great strides forward in the intellectual and artistic advancement of this nation.

One factor in this renaissance, which few realize as such, is the so-called NEW LOOK in women's fashions. Longer skirts, concealed arms, necks, shoulders, 'middles' and backs involving softer, more feminine lines are leaving the Sweater Girl and half-way-up-to-nothing skirt as dated as Ford's first car. For nearly fifty years, it is true, the philosophy seemed to be the exposure of as much epidermis as possible. And if you will be honest you will admit that it created nothing but an air of flagrant unattractiveness and unrestrained vulgarity. Now American women are out to prove that they're more than just A Shape. We *do* have keen minds and varied interests. We will prove to the world and to the American male population that there is a method of far deeper value to gain male approval than by exposing, to all the elements, the greater portion of the female body.

Our grandmothers knew the charm that lay in a long skirt; what male today experiences the high blood pressure that his grandfather did at a glimpse of a well-turned ankle? Granny knew how to get her man, but she also knew how to cook and sew, and she was well-versed in the arts as well as domestic matters. Those topics which were of vital interest to that man were of equal concern to her. Today, with the opportunities granted our generation, we should certainly far surpass Grandmother. Still, the emphasis for too long a time has been on the bored sophistication of the glamour girl. Today, at long last, things are changing. The New Look is not in itself the important thing. It is one factor of the much needed academic and artistic revival. The time has come when the social standard is to be one of "mind over matter" rather than the long decadent philosophy of matter (body) over mind.

There are some extreme fashion practices at the moment, true, that are far more practical. But as with any new innovation one must allow for a trial and error period. In a minimum of time women will become attuned to the essentials of the New Look and reduce it to those. Just as the new thinking and creative age that is to follow will be slow and difficult and met with opposition it will, in time, burst forth in a glorious revival of American life and democracy at its best. History will show

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Short Of It

and Hugh Wittich



Some few years ago, a famous historian made this statement, "By studying the trend of women's styles, I can predict with a great degree of accuracy the trends in the economy and history of the United States." Nothing is new in the world. As one example, women's skirts just before or during a depression have always been lowered or lengthened. Another example, an immoral age has always been introduced with the lowering of the neckline.

I am sorry to say that this historian is now dead. Imagine the poor man trying to find current trends by studying the present "New Look" in women's fashions. His clairvoyance would be most disheartening to us all. Let us see with what he would have to contend.

Starting at the lower extremities and working up, we first notice milady's shoes. If the famous picture of Betsy Ross sewing the flag for George Washington is observed, it can be seen that she is wearing low-heeled shoes with ribbon straps encircling the ankle. And those were Revolutionary days. Perhaps the present trend in footwear means that a revolution is near at hand. It has been said by many eminent politicians that Henry Wallace is a revolutionary at heart.

Now let us observe the stockings of the present-day woman of fashion. Purple, green, blue, black, any color of the rainbow. The ladies of George Washington's day were wearing stockings like these. Our dead historian would certainly come to the conclusion that a revolution and an overthrow of the government is in the offing.

Advancing up the line, we see that the hemline has fallen considerably since the war years. Perhaps with the return of a large percentage of the male population, our woman of fashion thinks (what with it being leap year) that the competition in finding a man is a difficulty no longer to be reckoned with. Or was our historian right when he predicted a depression with the lowering of the hemline? This sounds logical. Depressions and revolutions have always gone hand in hand. The hips and "derriere" show us that a remarkable change has taken place. Padding has been added to the hips, bustles have been affixed in the appropriate position and — have been arranged to accentuate the hip-line. Again we see the prophecy of a revolution. Did not the colonial dames and the belles of the Civil War (in reality, a revolution) have the very same style?

What has happened to the waistline? It, too has changed. Gone is the freedom of movement that our lady of fashion had in the thirty's and early forty's. In its place are the bone-crushers which tend to squeeze the very breath out of any woman. These are reminiscent of the days of the Revolution, the Civil War, and the late Victorian Period. With a quick glance at the history book we see

revolution and depression again.

Now we come to the neckline. Our historian would not quite know what kind of a prediction to make concerning the morals of the country, but he would again be able to make the prediction of revolution and depression. In some instances, the neckline has plunged so low that it stops where the waist begins or is so low on the shoulder that it is a wonder to the male population that the dress manages to remain in place. In other instances, the neck is completely covered and wrapped in some sort of neckerchief. Remembering earlier fashions, we find that the off-the-shoulder fashion was the vogue during the Revolutionary period and again during the Civil War. The Victorian and Gibson girl effect with high neckline and kerchief reminds us of the Panic of 1893 and the Depression of 1907.

Beneath the dress, so the designer would lead us to believe, are many slips and petticoats producing a fullness of the skirt and providing more padding for the hips. Revolutionary and Civil War periods brought these up-to-date in style.

If John Frederics and Lily Dache are correct in maintaining that the cloche hat will be the thing in

(Continued on page 13)

The Most Unforgettable Professor -- Students I've Met

by Jay Shaw

by Wm. T. Utter

It's been said that you can tell how well known a Denisonian is by the number of nicknames he has. If that's so, Dr. William T. "Billy", "Doc", "General", Hizzoner, Utter is well known. And, in this case certainly, it's an indication of almost unrivaled popularity among Denisonians — past and present.

It may perhaps startle you to hear kind words about a general from a private, but as a lowly private of some years standing in the Beta Militia, I have been privileged to watch Militia General

If I were asked to select the student with the keenest mind, the brightest face, or the most irreverent attitude towards professors, I could name them with first and second alternates. To be more exclusive I shall consider student humorists; I am apt to remember them best anyhow. Jim McConnell, founder of the Beta Militia, seldom laughed, but the caricatures he drew in my classes were devastating. "Chas" Hall and David Reese were in the same dead-pan tradition: they awarded Doctor's degrees to all the members of one of my classes.



Utter annually perform his duties of office in such a democratic understanding way as to truly endear himself to his troops. His pleasant, yet dignified, salute to his men and his extremely generous and liberal annual awards and decorations for outstanding service single him out as unusual among brass. (You too, General Steckle and Kings, sirs!) His vast knowledge of Latin (known as a dead language until he came along) has meant that the Militia mottos have a deeper meaning for him than for almost any man living.

(Continued on page 14)

"Buzz" Galloway had an unusual perspective: she laughed when I wasn't trying to be funny.

Among the several dozen college jokers I am least apt to forget Charles Arnold Jr., of Parkersburg, and I have my reasons. Charles was nicknamed "Choo-choo" because of his interest in railroads, but I called him Charlie. He had, and has, a wonderfully keen mind, capable of pursuing an interesting project with all the zeal of a rat terrier.

In 1936, when the Republicans were looking for a candidate to unseat "That Man," we held a mock

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Traitors Are Innocent

by Spiros Mandamadiotis

"He" was one of the best men I ever knew: the best soldier, the best patriot. He was a queer mixture of virtues and defects. His greatest virtue: his devotion to his duty. His greatest defect: his blind attachment to his duty. He used to judge and perform everything by looking through the prison of his duty. But things look displaced when you look at them through a prison. That is why the story of the X guerilla company he commanded was a series of brilliant victories and bitter defeats.

* * *

1942—The boot of the Huns was heavy on Europe. No matter in what place, no matter at what time, you could feel this weight on your soul like a piece of lead.

You could even feel it in the Grotto where that sultry night the guerilla court took place. A few nights ago many guerillas had lost their lives because of a traitor. But now the traitor was in guerilla hands. She was a girl only nineteen years old. But girls have nails and hair and minds. These she had left in the Gestapo cell together with the information that had killed so many rugged guerillas. Everybody knew that. And if he didn't he could see it. Many of them had lost beloved friends and relatives because of her. But they had forgotten this. They had forgotten "an eye for an eye . . . a tooth for a tooth." You could see their wild bearded faces soften, their look become less dark. Their hearts were full of pity for the poor, tortured creature who lay before them. They had forgotten the guerilla lass. Then "he" spoke.

No matter what, she should bite her tongue with her teeth— she should do anything . . . but she should not speak.

She should not forget the thousands of women whose silence was never broken by the tortures of the Persians, the Rumanians, the Crusaders, the Turks, the Bulgarians, the Italians the Germans.

She had informed the enemy, so she was a traitor. "His" duty was to shoot a traitor and he shot her.

* * *

Months and years passed. The guerillas of the X company stopped fighting for a while to reorganize. Then they struck again harder than ever . . . like a volcano that sleeps a while and then explodes again . . .

One guerilla attack, no matter how successful, can not do much harm. But an attack every hour around the clock, all around the calendar, all over the country was like thousands of thorns in the sides of the German tiger.

"He" and his company were one of the biggest thorns. His name was on everybody's lips and made the lips of the slaves smile and the lips of the conqueror tremble.

Every day a new bridge, a new train, a new ship would be blown into a thousand pieces. The supply of General Rommel in Africa through Greece stopped. The air was the only safe means of communication left to the enemy.

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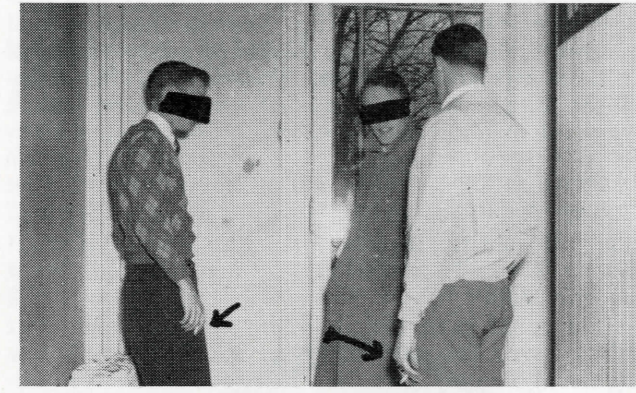
EXPOSÉ

by GLENN BAMMANN

What's the matter, Denison? Where's our sense of pride? Where's our loyalty to our school?

The pictures on these pages are only a fragment of our exhibition of betrayal, our betrayal of self, home, and college. For years, the students of Denison University have observed traditions. Many of these traditions are old, older than we. What right have we, now, to flagrantly violate them?

All of us, day after day, continually observe many of our fellow students smoking on the quadrangle, smoking on the steps of the library, smoking directly beneath NO SMOKING signs, and smoking on the chapel walk. Even worse, many of us, who call ourselves "loyal Denisonians," commit these breaches of loyalty along with the large numbers, who just don't care.



The situation has really become acute during the past year. Specifically, there is definitely something radically wrong, when a member of the "D" Association casually lit a cigarette *inside* the chapel, half way down the left hand aisle, after an evening concert. This was probably the grossest disregard for tradition, that the writer has ever witnessed.



But smoking is not the only misdemeanor of which we are guilty. How many times have we been informed that the fellows do *not* sit with the girls in chapel on Monday morning? And how many times have we done this ourselves? Even more specific, how much "necking" have we seen going on in the last ten rows of Swasey Chapel, in the center section? Is that any way to show respect for our chapel? Is that any way to show respect for ourselves?

None of us can claim ignorance of these traditions. We've all been told time and time again. And still, we violate them. Why?



There must be an answer to all this. There must be a reason for our behavior. Is it because we consider ourselves too old to cooperate? A person is never too old to mix in with his friends, and to abide by general social customs and ideals. Is it because many of us are tired of rules and regulations and we want to be as free as possible? Or is it because we just desire to be different? Perhaps we do not realize that there is a difference between distinction and notoriety. If that is the case, we are all going to find out, sooner or later, that we will be on the outside looking in. We will be unable to climb the wall of social respectability. That certainly cannot be what we want.



Are we just trying to be smart? Are we simply trying to demonstrate our "collegiate intelligence" in this manner? If that is it, we are positively barking up the wrong tree. We are showing not our intelligence, but we are giving a fine demonstration of our childishness. Has the time spent in the armed forces made us feel that we are above the niceties of college life? If anything, we should have been made to realize that cooperation and the ability to get along with one's fellowman is the first law of a peaceful community.

If we want to probe more deeply into the matter, are we, by any chance, demonstrating the notion that we did not have the proper upbringing at home? Actually, by committing these violations, we are throwing a definite and distinct reflection upon our parents. We are showing our friends that our folks did not instill us with respect for common decency or social custom. If this thought does not bother us, there is very little hope left.

Now, how about the enforcement of these traditions? It should be the duty of every student, first, to govern his own actions; and, second, it should be our responsibility to check our friends. It is a community project, and it is up to us, as members of the community, to do our share of the correction.

The "D" Association's duty is to enforce Denison traditions. While they have made an attempt at the revival of a few of them, they have fallen far short of their goal in their demonstrated ability to cope with the situation. It is on this group of men that we can place part of the blame.



But, it will take more than just one organization to carry out this program of correction. It will take a concerted effort on the part of every individual on the Denison campus. Let's see the "stuff" of which we're made. Let's show our respect for social custom. Let's not indicate to our college community, that our parents have failed in their job. Let's see a change. Let's see it now.

Dave Temple stumped the librarian the other day by asking for a book written by the eminent French author, Risqué.

Overheard at Druids' Hall:
"Do you drink?"
"No."
"Then hold this while I tie my shoelace."

There once was a spinsterish prude,
Who dreaded to bathe in the nude.
A bath in the dark
Still made her feel stark,
So, she had her whole body tattooed.

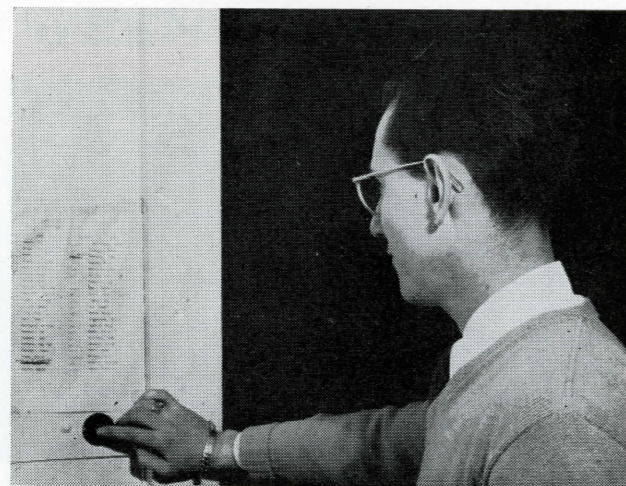
The major menaces on the highway are drunken driving, uncontrolled thumbing, and indiscriminate spooning. To put it briefly, hic, hike, and hug.

HOW THEY DO IT

by TERRY THURN

FRESHMAN DATE

SOPHOMORE DATE

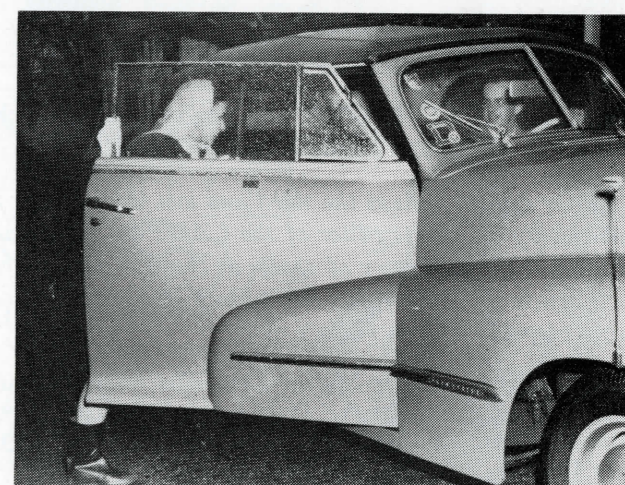
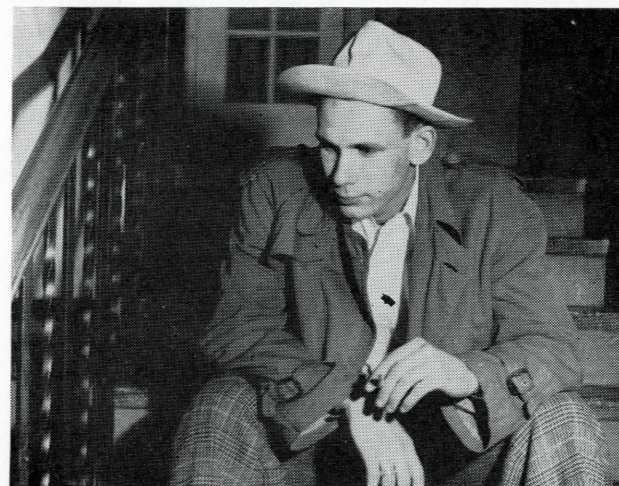


AT DENISON

and SAM ROBINSON

JUNIOR DATE

SENIOR DATE



Quite A Record

by Olney Dekker



WALTER J. LIVINGSTON—The only head track coach that Denison has ever had.

(Editor's note: This is the third and last in a series of articles by the sports editor of the CAMPUS magazine dealing with the history of sports at Denison. No baseball article will be written due to lack of complete records of past Denison nines.)

Imagine yourself to be in Granville back around the turn of the century. It is a bright spring day, and there seems to be a general movement of people toward the southern part of town. The ladies and men are in their most colorful regalia and it is a very colorful procession of carriages and pedestrians that makes its way towards a large green expanse just outside of the city limits.

For this is Denison's field day. It is the day on which students of the college, townspeople, and DU alumni compete in various kinds of events for shiny trophies and bright ribbons that are now placed on a table in the middle of the field. As the "Meet" starts, we see all descriptions of competitors, each wearing a full set of clothes. The races are run off, the prizes awarded, and the spectators return to their homes, and the big day is over for another year.

That was what a Denison track season consisted of from an undeterminable time right up until 1906, when a more organized form of competition was developed. However, it was not until 1912 that Denison had its first real track team. In that year, a young fellow named Walter J. Livingston, a graduate of Denison only three years before, was

named to coach DU's first team. Livy has continued in this capacity uninterrupted since that time.

The record of the teams he has coached has been admirable. In no season has a DU track team lost more dual meets than it has won. How many other schools can say that of their record? There are several schools in Ohio (Wittenberg, Capital, Kenyon, and Otterbein are four examples) that have never defeated a Denison track team.

However, let's forget about the team record for awhile and turn back the clock and mention just a few of the names that shine the brightest in Denison track history.

One of the first we come to is a man named Robert B. Miller who was one of the greatest two-milers that ever entered Denison. He held the school record for more than 30 years in the grueling two-mile run. At the same time (around 1915) that Miller was shining in the distance runs, Waldo "Fish" Heinrichs was winning most of the hurdle races in which he participated.

Let's move ahead now to 1922. We are at Oberlin where the two track powers of the state (Denison and Oberlin) of that year are competing in a dual meet, the outcome of which is to be decided by this last event about to be run off — the mile relay. Denison's big gun today has been Garby Clark who has already won the 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes. In winning this 440, Clark upset Oberlin's crack quarter-miler who, before this meet, had been regarded as the best in the state in his race. Both this man and Clark are anchor men on their respective relay teams and they now wait tensely as the third man on each enters the back stretch. But the Oberlin thinclad is building up a substantial lead, and by the time the baton is passed for the last time, the Oberlin man is 20 yards ahead of Clark. It seems impossible but Clark closes that distance and when the two hit the last turn they are neck and neck. Clark pulls ahead and wins by three or four steps. Observers claim it was the fastest quarter ever run in Ohio, but we'll never know, for the timers were so amazed by the way Clark picked up on the other man that not one of them remembered to stop his watch when the tape was broken.

But, let's go on. Waldo Heinrichs had a brother, Leonard, who was here in the middle 1920's. Leonard Heinrichs also ran the hurdles and was also outstanding, although he ran with his left arm always folded across his chest since his shoulder would pop out whenever his arm was lifted higher than the level of his shoulder. Who can say what Heinrichs might have been had he not had this trick muscle? As it is, he still holds the Deeds Field record for the 120-yard high hurdles.

Mike Gregory was an outstanding weight man, and his shot put of 44 feet was a Denison record for almost 15 years. Ed Reading was also an excellent weight man, having held the DU discus record for many years.

In 1929-30-31 Denison was fortunate to have enrolled here a man named George D. Hutson, who, from a national standpoint, was the most outstanding track man in DU history. In a meet at Ohio University, this man ran the 100-yard dash in 9.5 seconds, just one second over what is now the

(Continued on page 16)

NEW COURSES

by BOB FINDEISEN

NOTICE: Despite the prediction of an unusually heavy enrollment next term the following courses have been listed as being available for selection as electives.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Department of Economics:

Shrewd Tactics.....	101a
Principles of Embezzlement.....	124b
Elementary Rent-Gouging.....	112a
History of the Pawnshop.....	287a
Restraints of Trade.....	103a
Tactful Evictions of the Poor.....	314a
Maintenance of the Monopoly.....	103b
Principles of the Black Market.....	133b
Uses of the Injunction.....	121a
Strike-Breaking.....	121b

Department of Accounting:

General Figure Juggling.....	212a
Problems in Money Lending.....	243b
Principles of Tax Evasion.....	204a
Advanced Baseball Statistics.....	364a

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Department of Anthropology:

Sex Life of the Primitive Family.....	222a
Ancient Culture of Licking County.....	324b

Department of Biology:

The Birds and the Bees.....	101a
Acquisition of a Mate.....	101b
Applied Anatomy.....	214a

Department of Chemistry:

Fundamentals of Home Brewing.....	224a
Experimental Bathtub Distilling.....	224b

Department of English:

The Works of Zane Gray.....	321a
Everyday Slang and Re-bop.....	112a
Art of Innuendo.....	342b

Department of Geography:

Study of Contours.....	106b
------------------------	------

Department of Fine Arts:

Whittling.....	206a
Counterfeiting.....	404a
Advanced Forgery.....	423b

Department of Government:

Bureaucracy.....	101a
Nepotism.....	101b
Comparative Communism.....	215b
Principles of Revolution.....	112a
Advanced Ballot-Box Stuffing.....	344a
Elements of Election Promises.....	368a

Department of History:

History of the French Postcard.....	212b
Aghanistan Since 1830.....	214b
Modern Iraq and its Future.....	346a
Granville between the Wars.....	356a

Department of Journalism:

Introduction to the Comic Strip.....	245a
Methods of Yellow Journalism.....	112b
Seminar in Fraudulent Advertising.....	324a

Department of Home Economics:

The Evils of Unpasteurized Milk.....	289a
Cigarette Rolling.....	274a
Methods of Skirt Lowering.....	282b

Department of Linguistics:

Advanced Sanskrit.....	344a
Chinese Dialects.....	352b

Department of Mathematics:

Mathematics for the Racing Fan.....	142a
Operation of the Tape Measure.....	187b

Department of Psychology:

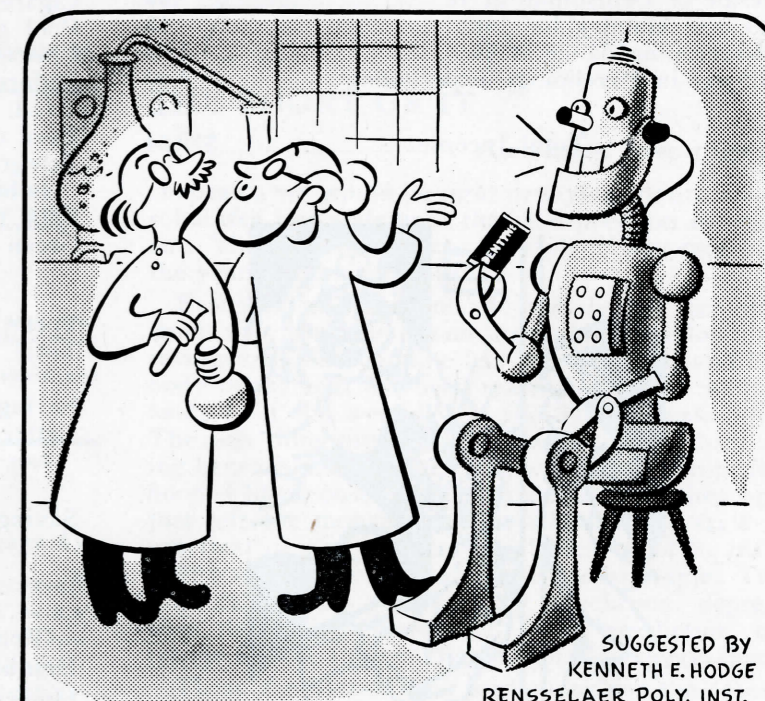
Psychology of the Unborn Child.....	343a
Psychopathology of the D.U. Student.....	452b

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Department of Instruments:

Ocarina.....	362a
Advanced Bazoooka.....	426b

(Continued on page 16)



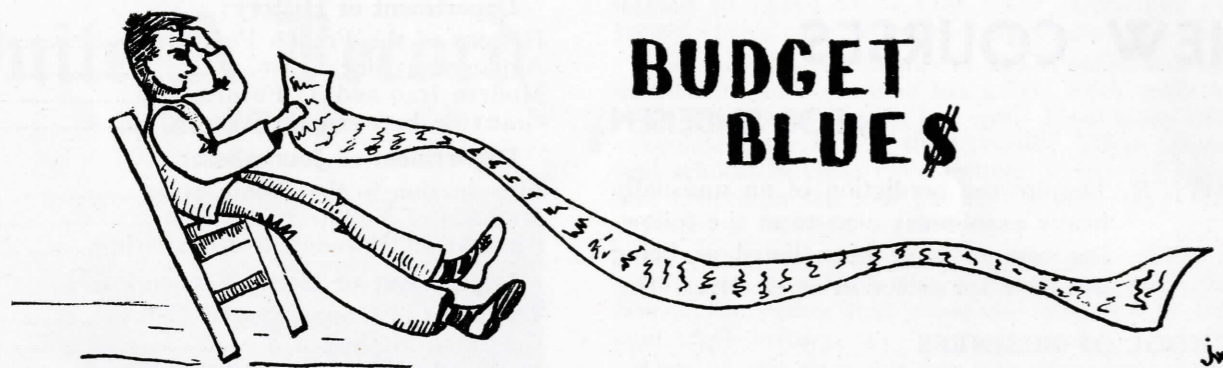
SUGGESTED BY
KENNETH E. HODGE
RENSELAER POLY. INST.

**"I also installed tasting equipment
so he could enjoy Dentyne Chewing Gum!"**

**"Wire me for sound, and I'll tell the world—
Dentyne's delicious! With each mechanical
munch and muscle, I really enjoy Dentyne's
refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne is
keen chewing gum! Helps keep teeth white,
smiles bright!"**

Dentyne Gum—Made Only By Adams





BUDGET BLUE\$

NOTE: The budget cited here was found in the Student Union where it had apparently been dropped by a vet.

INCOME

Subsistence Check.....	\$65.00
Rented car for loose change in Tom's pocket..	.91
Weekly Penny Ante Game x 4.....	.84
GI Bill Texts sold after purchase to used bookstore	6.78
Deposit on abandoned beer bottles.....	.12
Baby-sitting25
Sale of crib notes in Elem. Econ.....	.15
Washed dishes at Grille.....	1.00
Resale of Denisonian at 1c.....	.26
Washed laundry for Joe.....	.43
Chaperoning dance at 60c.....	1.80
Subject in Psychology experiment.....	2.00
Total Income.....	\$79.54

EXPENDITURES

Rent x 4.....	\$20.00
Meals x 30.....	45.00
Nightly beer at 20c.....	6.00
Saturday night beer for G.F.....	.65
Saturday night beer for G.F.'s visiting sister..	.20
Saturday night beer for Bill who was broke....	.85
Saturday night coke for me.....	.10
Roy Roger's movie.....	.50
Stamps for letters home.....	.06
Cigarette x 10.....	2.00
Pool game.....	.20
Cheeseburger at Corner.....	.30
Difference in cost of fountain pen under G.I. Bill at bookstore.....	1.50
Used deck of cards.....	.20
Telegram home for more money (which didn't come).....	.36
Shoe repair after dance.....	1.00
Green bowtie59

Total Expenditures.....	\$79.51
Total Income	\$79.54
Total Expenditures.....	79.51
Savings	\$.03
Letter to Congressman about raising subsistence.....	.03
Savings00

Seems that the outstanding pipe-liner of the Phi Delt brotherhood relates the following sad tale from his experiences in Lancaster:

"I thought I was doing all right with the woman. We'd been sitting out on the porch for about half an hour, and no one said a word, when she says, 'Suppose you had money. What would you do?' I thought for awhile, and with great finality I answered, 'I'd travel.' I felt her hand slip into mine, but when I turned, she was gone, and in my hand was a nickel."



"GIRLS! HE FINALLY GAVE ME HIS PIN!"



AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM



You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discumbobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE



STILL 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. (Place entry in the Beta mailbox in Doane.)
3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

UNFORGETTABLE STUDENTS

(Continued from page 4)

convention in the Wigwam. Alf Landon received our endorsement for the Presidency and I was nominated for the second place on the ticket. This was Charlie's work, as I knew, and I was willing to go along with the gag, not realizing the potentialities which he saw in the situation.

As self appointed manager of my campaign he arranged speaking engagements for an entire week (he also enjoyed the free meals); he offered my services as god-father at christenings, as trowel man in laying cornerstones, and similar activities. At the end of a week I was willing to concede defeat but Charlie continued to think that his slogan for my campaign, "One bassoon and one bassinet in every household," was unbeatable.

THE LONG OF IT

(Continued from page 2)

that changes in fashions often indicate changes on the national scene. And today is no exception — the new change will be of a revolutionary nature in which the petty, self-centered, tinsel-decorated way of today will be replaced by one of deep and far-reaching value.

Now that we are out of the Eve Era (of Adam and Eve fame) the opposite sex will also find that more is demanded of him. The time is rapidly approaching when he'll find that a casual and flippant line is going over with the women like the proverbial lead balloon. He will find it necessary to discover the charm that lies in a woman's eyes and her conversation. His latent imagination will be brought back into use — now it will be like *not* knowing what you're getting for Christmas.

American women are to be taken off the too well used shelf labeled "Glamorous, Decorative, Seductive, Etc.," and appreciated as true companions and intellectual equals.

The desire to be attractive and admired is still inherent in every woman. The New Look does not detract from these possibilities one cent worth, just as the new age of Mind will not detract from the basic fact that they are women. However, a 20th Century modification of chivalry and intellectualism will be the wise roll for the too spoiled and egotistical male of today to adopt if *he* intends to stay in the running.

THE SHORT OF IT

(Continued from page 2)

chapeaux, we would be right in saying that this corroborates our statement that a depression is imminent. This type of hat was the style, if you recall, in the year of the crash, 1929.

Fashions in coats, too, do not deviate one iota from the predicted trend toward depression and revolution. The hemline has been lowered and the body of the coat has been made so that the wearer looks as if she were 1/3 of the Three Musketeers. The only thing missing is the sword scabbard showing beneath the hemline. The women who wore the hooded black coats in this style look as if they had just left the monastery. But whether the style is practical or not, we find the ladies of 1776, 1819, 1867 and 1861 wearing almost the exact style. The four dates show, respectively, revolution, depression, depression, revolution. The prediction of trends for the future? Revolution and depression.

These are indeed dire predictions for the future of the country. Perhaps the predictions are wrong. Or perhaps the women of the country could change the picture by refusing to wear clothes which are not only old-fashioned but which put them in the same class as the savage who binds her hands and feet in order to be in style. The college woman, certainly, with her intelligence, should be the leader in doing away with this eyesore called the "New Look" and replacing it with that of 1946.

UNFORGETTABLE PROFESSOR

(Continued from page 4)

This Latin background serves Doc well, too, as he yearly is able to contribute a few classic phrases to such occasions as the reading of the Senior Class Will or the crowning of the Winter Carnival Queen.

Hizzoner, you know, was once mayor of our village. I know *one* Republican, at least, that will tell you that Mayor Utter was probably the best Democratic Mayor in our country's history. No question about it, the "Utter Era" will long be remembered pleasantly in the village of Granville and here on the hill.

Most of us have gotten to know "Doc" or "Billy" in class. I think all will agree that his lectures are a vital part of Denisoniana — rare and great for their sharp but subtle humor.

To many of us the name "Doc" Utter stands for all the good things we'll remember about Denison. Lots of fun, very friendly, with an intangible something that makes you want to come back often.

General Utter, we salute you — and that's no bull, either!



Sally Rand is writing a book based on her career. Title: Life With Feather.

Here's how to make a hit with your date.

"Kiss me, darling. Kiss me.
And hold me very tight.
I want to get in practice
For my date tomorrow night."

He: Darling, I'd go through anything for you.
She: Fine. Let's start with your bank account.

The following conversation was heard between an Enchanted Cottage couple.

Mr. U. Guessit: The milkman told me he kissed every lady on the route, with the exception of one.

Mrs. U. Guessit: That must be that snooty so-and-so next door.

"What two kinds of wood make a match?"
"He would and she would."

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"
"Oh, yes, but only as a last resort."

TRAITORS ARE INNOCENT

(Continued from page 5)

Then "he" became a traitor. During the sabotage of the Gorgopotamus bridge he was wounded and made prisoner. It was only for a few hours, but this was long enough for the S.S. to learn what they wanted. The same night the general guerilla headquarters was located and surrounded. By doing this, the Germans forced the guerilla company in this area to converge and give an open battle.

The guerilla warfare uses the most cowardly tactics requiring men who fear nothing to put them into practice. A guerilla band should strike like a pack of wolves and then run away like a bunch of hares to get ready for another fighting day. Never to fight a full scale battle. But when the general headquarters is surrounded the band must fight. While this battle was going on, the X company was unexpectedly raiding the Gestapo building where "he" was being held. They recovered what was left of him. He was judged and found guilty of treason. But his life was spared because of his previous achievements.

I later met him in the hospital. His feet were covered with a blanket. When I silently greeted him his eyes fell on me. But he looked through me, a long distance, a long time back. I could feel that we both were thinking of the same thing . . . of a girl without hair and nails.

"What about your tongue, captain. . .?" I asked.
"I was not a judge," he said in a deep whisper. "I was a murderer . . . because traitors in this war are not guilty . . . traitors are innocent . . ."

Old Dad Says:

A moron is that, which, in wintertime, women wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

Civil Service—something you get in restaurants between wars.

A man never gets so old, that he isn't in there pinching.

I hope that I shall never see a skirt that comes below the knee,

Or,

A skirt whose gently flowing fold
Hides a leg that may be bold.

Never be it said that we
Stood in the way of posterity.

But when girls are judged by guys like me,
I only know what I can see.

Many a man has made a monkey of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.

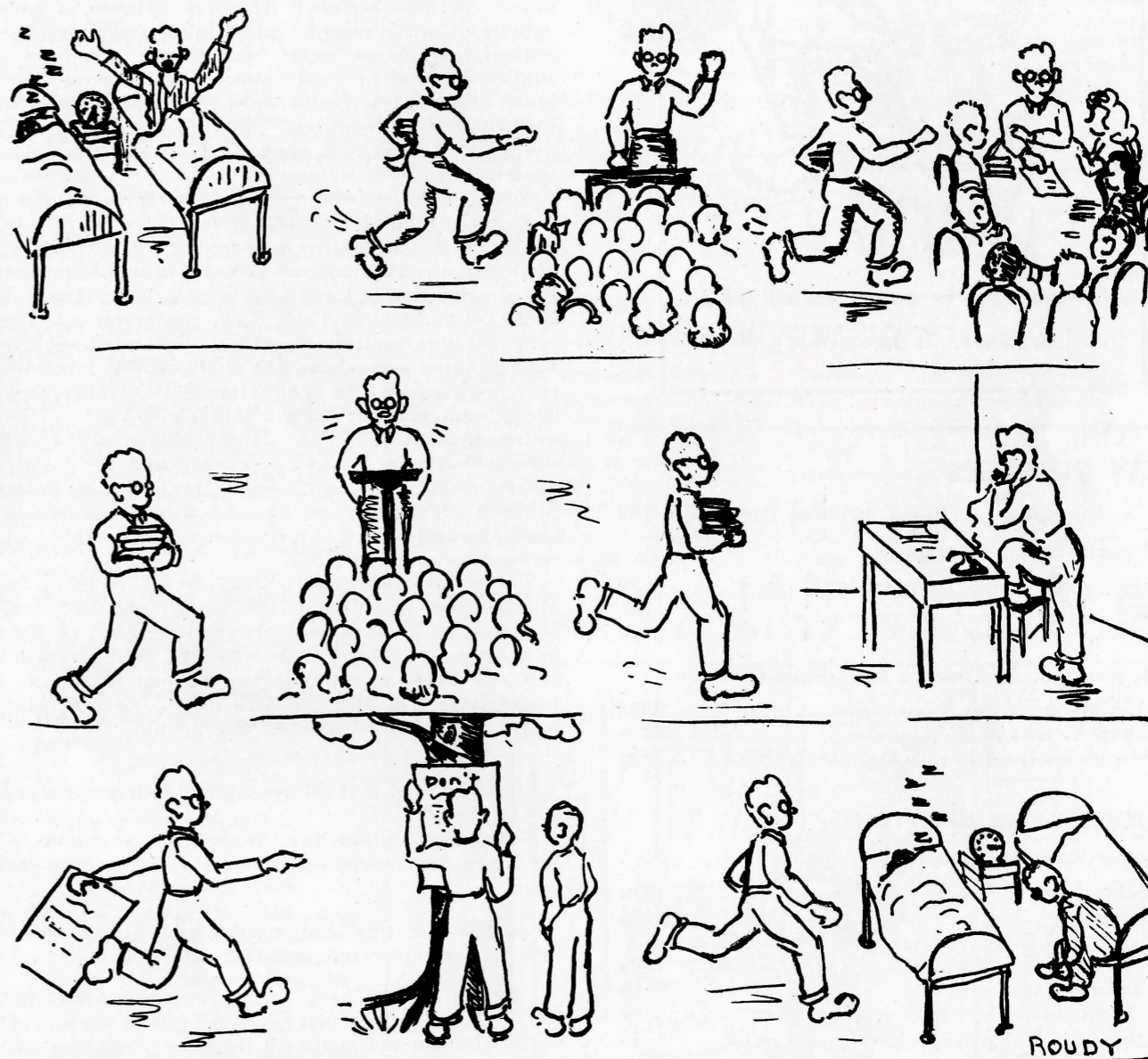
Many a fork in the road has been used for a spoon.

He who horses around too much, someday may find himself a groom.

Courtship causes a man to spoon; marriage, to fork over.

CAMPUS WHEEL

by JANE ROUDEBUSH

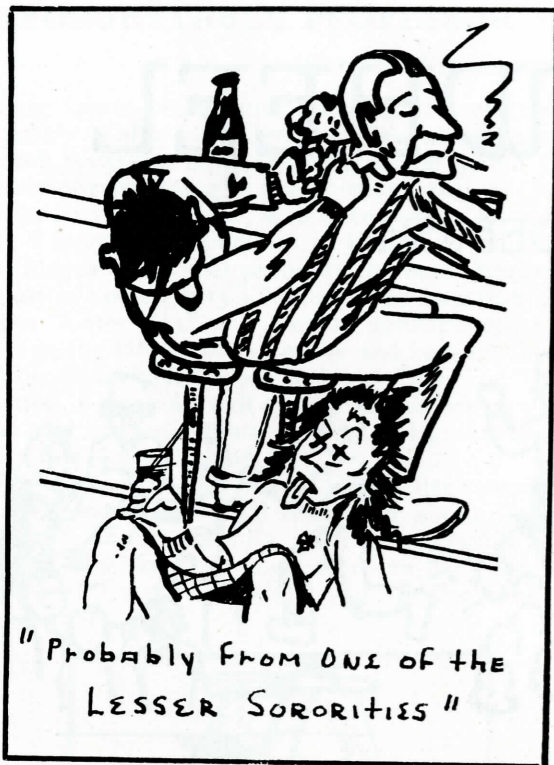


Girls are like cigarettes, because:

- They come in packs;
- They're hard to light;
- They go out unexpectedly;
- They cling to your lips;
- They leave a bitter taste in your mouth;
- BUT they satisfy.

A coed is something that puts enjoyment into college and takes education out.

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,
The Modern Girl would scorn her.
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner.



QUITE A RECORD

(Continued from page 10)

world's record. Livi once clocked him in a practice session at 9.4 for the century run. This man's running brought national fame to Denison as he went to the Penn Relays and the National Collegiate Meet at Los Angeles three years in a row. Quite a record!

Other outstanding Denison track men around this time were: Glen Weidemaier, a wonderful hurdler and sprinter; Jim Humphrey, one of the best half-milers in DU history; Herbert Winsor, a pole-vaulter of much repute; and Alex Stewart, another outstanding discus man. Ned Bacon was here in 1932-33-34, and he could almost be compared with Hutson in the national fame that he brought to Denison by his running. He was a great hurdler, going to the NCAA meet in Los Angeles in his senior year.

Of more recent vintage are DU's three outstanding weight men of 1939-40-41. In 1941, each of these men, Al Barran putting the shot, Rod Harrison throwing the discus, and Urban Hubona throwing the javelin, set a Deeds Field record in that year that still stands. In 1944, R. F. Anderson was running the quarter mile for Denison, and he is considered to be second only to Clark in DU track history in that race. In 1945, Harold W. Moore broke the aforementioned Robert Miller's 30-year old record in the two-mile run. Moore also won the two-mile in both the Ohio Conference and the State meets. And last year, Tom Davis again bested Miller's time, although he was a few seconds behind Moore's record. Davis also won the Ohio Conference two-mile in 1947.

There have been many stars that have to be left out because of space limitations, and not nearly enough has been said about the record of Denison teams. But even from what has been given, one can see what an outstanding history DU track teams have had and the high standards the future teams are going to have to live up to.

"Darling, I've lost all my money. I haven't a cent in the world."

"That won't make any difference to our love. I'll love you just as much, even if I never see you again."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen, as the farmer crossed the yard.

"My fiance has been telling everyone, that he's going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

"That's too bad, after all the time you went with him."

Lassie: I wonder if I could make you melt in my arms?

Greenie: No. I'm not that soft, and you're not that hot.

One of the more classy lasses around campus came running out of experimental psychology the other day and said to her friend, "The prof kissed me after class."

"How can he do such a thing?"

"Very, very nicely."

NEW COURSES

(Continued from page 11)

Department of Choral:

- Development of the Barbershop Quintet.....483b
- Hog Calling.....173b
- Comparative Bird Calls.....274a

Department of Musical Background:

- Native Music of the Congo.....336a
- Life and Works of Spike Jones.....355a
- Principles of the Commercial Jingle.....105a

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Department of Advancement:

- Calculus for the Primary Grades.....101a
- Bratslapping272a
- Principles of Lunchroom Management.....383b
- Deception of the High School Principal.....147a
- Advanced Pampering.....294b
- The Iraquian School System.....344a
- Defense Against the Spitball.....154a

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

For Majors only:

- Muscle Flexing.....101a
- Whistle Blowing.....105b
- Principles of Purchasing Football Players.....336a
- Readings in Shuffleboard.....634a
- The Flying Tackle.....207b
- Lockerroom Etiquette.....145a
- Kneeing102b
- Advanced Perspiration248a



Forget the principle of the thing—this is money! That's right—legal tender . . . in folding quantities . . . as high as fifteen bucks—that's what Pepsi-Cola Company pays for gags and such-like you send in and we print. Procedure? Simple—send your stuff, marked with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the

property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print.

Will getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag hurt its chances? Don't be naive, chums. We like it. So, if you should wind up with a rejection slip clutched in your hot little fist, that won't be the reason. Well, don't just sit there! Pick up that pencil—get your stuff started now. There's Easy Money waiting!



LITTLE MORON CORNER

Here's the gag that won a M. M. (Master Moron) degree—and a fast two bucks—for Ben Ornoff, of Univ. of North Carolina, in the November contest:

Our minor-league moron, Mortimer, caused considerable furore in local circles by entering one of our better bistros and calling for a Pepsi-Cola. When served, he proceeded to glug it down with not one, but six, straws. Questioned as to his motives, Mortimer carefully removed all six straws from his mouth and replied with considerable hauteur: "So I can drink six times as much Pepsi, natch!"

Earle S. Schlegel of Lehigh Univ. also came up with two bucks for his moron gag. Why don't you get on the gravy train? Two bucks each for every moron joke we buy.



HE-SHE GAGS

Put one and one together—and you get a He-She gag. Three bucks each to Duane O. McDowell of So. Dakota State College; Albert M. Dredge of Duquesne Univ.; Emmett Carmody of Manhattan College; and Alfred Shapiro of New York Univ., respectively, for these specimens:

She: And what position do you play on the football team?

He: Oh, sort of crouched and bent over.

* * *

She: Why don't you park the car by this sign?

He: You're not allowed to park here.

She: Don't be silly. The sign says "Fine for Parking"!

* * *

He: Your eyes sparkle like Pepsi-Cola.

She: Tell me more. I drink it up.

* * *

She Scot: Sandy, 'tis a sad loss you've had in the death of your wife.

He Scot: Aye, 'tis that. 'Twas just a week ago the doctor told her to dilute her medicine in Pepsi-Cola, and she hadna' time to take but half the bottle.

* * *

Current quotation on these is \$3 each for any we buy. Sure, but everything's over-priced these days.

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

We're not just sure who's daffy—but we sent one frog apiece to Don McCauley, Baylor Univ.; Edward Whitaker, Boston Univ.; Joy Duvall, Univ. of Chicago; Charles R. Meissner, Jr., Lehigh Univ.; and James O. Snider, Baylor Univ., for these gems:

Lipstick—something which adds color and flavor to the old pastime.

Controversy—one Pepsi—two people.

Worm—a caterpillar with a shave.

Rival—the guy who gives your girl a Pepsi.

Steam—water gone crazy over the heat.

* * *

So we're subsidizing lunacy. Okay—but it's still a buck apiece for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



“

Ever play "pin the tail on the donkey?" Well, this is pretty much the same idea—and never mind the obvious cracks. \$5 each for the best captions. Or send in your own idea for a cartoon. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

Here's how we split the take for cartoon drawings, ideas and captions in the November contest: \$15 each to Jay Gluck of Berkeley, Calif. and Herbert John Brammeier, Jr. of St. Louis Univ.; \$10 to H. Dick Clarke of Univ. of Oklahoma; and \$5 each to Virgil Daniel of George Washington Univ., Frances Charlton of William and Mary College, and Sidney B. Flynn of St. Louis Univ.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

ALL THESE STARS APPEAR
IN DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION
"THE PARADINE CASE"
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHARLES
COBURN

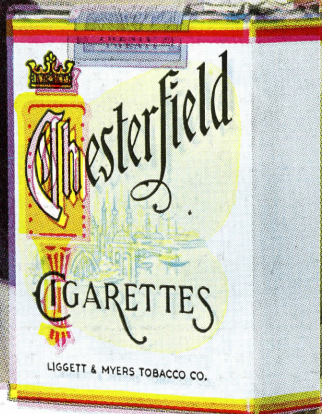
ANN
TODD

ETHEL
BARRYMORE

EDUIS
COURDAN

GREGORY
PECK

VALLI



WITH THE STARS
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

BECAUSE **A** ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

THE RIGHT COMBINATION...
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCO'S

ALWAYS BUY

CHESTERFIELD