

*Denisonian*  
v. 340, 2

*The* **Campus**  
DENISON UNIVERSITY



A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION  
GRANVILLE OHIO

DECEMBER 1948



# Camel Cigarettes

Camels are so mild . . . and so full-flavored . . . they'll give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has a gift card built right in — for your personal greeting.



## Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco

The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

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

# Editor's Corner

"Does CAMPUS represent the campus?" This question was asked in a letter to the DENISONIAN. My answer is—YES. Repeatedly this column has pointed out that this magazine is yours to read—if you care to—and yours to work on—if you care to. Of course, there are just so many jobs on certain staffs. Jobs on the business staffs would not be jobs at all if more people were added to them. However, the criticism was directed at the quality of the articles which we published in the last issue. No one who has asked to write for the magazine has been denied that opportunity. Therefore, I say that CAMPUS does represent the campus. We print what the staff members consider to be the best writing offered to us for publication. Material turned in to us by staff members, material written in the English classes, and material submitted by those not connected with the magazine in any way are given equal consideration.

I hope that what I have said does not lead anyone to believe that we do not welcome criticism. Your comments are our only way of knowing what you want in the magazine. We would appreciate it if all of you would let us know what you like or dislike about this issue.

Jane Carstensen is the editor of the Cartoon Staff which started functioning with this issue. Two of Jean Gilles cartoons appear in this issue. Other members of the staff are Jim Fuller, Jerry Price, and Dave Niland.

"The Picture" which appears on page two was written by Lynn Olwin, a freshman member of the literary staff. Another new member of the literary staff is Bill King.

Jack Mathews and George Durco have been added to the features staff. Their mystery story appears on page 12. Other new members of this staff include John Blashill Bob Farr, Jim Stiverson, William Hauser, Maudie O'Brien, Rod Wishard, Don Hodgson, and Jim Marshall.

In keeping with the Christmas Season our "Calendar Girl" for this issue is posed before a fireplace awaiting Santa. She is Wendy Waters, a sophomore member of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Our thanks to Wendy and to Joe Irwin who took the picture.

Although there has been no snow in G'ville this winter, the staff decided a snow scene would be appropriate for this Christmas issue. When the weather man failed to come through with the snow, the Denison News Bureau provided us with the picture which makes up our cover.

The Chesterfield contest in the last issue proved to be very popular. The magazine had only been out for about an hour when more than ten correct answers had been turned in. The winner's names appear on page 17, and the contest for this issue appears on page 16. The Life Saver contest is on page 17. Let's have some entrants for that.

A word of thanks to Joe Coulter and Ewald Weber who contributed sketches for this issue.

# CAMPUS



Literary-  
Feature  
Magazine

Denison  
University  
Granville, O.

Vol. 3, No. 2

December, 1948

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Jokes by Dave Fairless

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# The Picture

By Lynn Olwin

The girl smiled down at me from the picture on the wall above the drinking fountain. The lurching of the train didn't seem to bother her. The shrill squeal of the train whistle and the mumbly undertone of voices didn't disturb her tranquility. But then how could they? She was, after all, only a picture painted on canvas . . . and yet she looked so real. Her lips were parted in a mysterious smile and it looked as if she might at any moment say, "Hello there, don't look so scared."

Well, I was scared. I looked out the window — we had left the station and were gathering speed. The snow which had been gently patting the window glass now pounded it with little white fists. The sky was a swirling black mass and seemed to snarl down curses against this steel snake as it slithered along, seemingly unmindful of the weather. I saw my reflection in the window and tried to smile and reassure myself — after all, I had my copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* which, Mother said, would discourage any too familiar "strangers." I guess it wasn't that but, well, it was the first time I'd been away from home, my friends, my parents, and I had an empty feeling inside. I wanted to cry but instead I looked back at the girl. She was still standing there on the hill under that strange brown tree, smiling at me. But she held something in her hand I hadn't noticed before. It was a bright red rose, and she was slowly pulling the petals from it

and dropping them one-by-one on the ground. They looked like drops of blood. Now as I gazed, the rhythm of the clicking wheels, the swaying of the car, and the slow dropping of the petals seemed to blend and soothe me. I wasn't afraid anymore. Then I guess I must have fallen asleep.

\* \* \*

I woke with a jolt. My neck felt as if it had been snapped in two at the base. People were screaming all about me and there was a horrible din coming from outside. Hearing a hissing bubbly sound, I looked across at the woman across the aisle — with bloody fists she was vainly trying to close the gaping hole in her throat. The blood splattered out and over her hands to the whiteness of her blouse. I hid my face. All about me, I heard the groans of the dying; I didn't know what might have happened to me; I felt no pain, but at the same time I was numb. Water was seeping through the cracks of the floor and window and slowly filling the car. Its icy tongue licked at my feet, lapped about my knees. I was partially covered but at least it wasn't hot, it wasn't my blood I was lying in-----a comforting thought. Then suddenly . . .

Hello there, don't be afraid. Give me your hand. I held out my hand and very gently, almost as if I had never moved, I was lifted through a frame. I was lying on a grassy slope under a strange brown tree looking up at the girl.

# MISTER DIABLOS

by Hugh Wittich

It was in the fall of 1938 on one of those nights when a person looks for gaiety to raise his spirits as a relief from the commentators. I was sitting with my wife and a few friends in a nightclub watching the floor show. I didn't see him sit down, but I could feel his presence. It was an odd feeling, a feeling I had every time I saw him. It was an indescribable feeling of fear, although he was most friendly. He was always smiling and talking, but his face had a trace of evil lurking behind the jovial exterior. Perhaps it was the sharpness of his nose, the slightly pointed ears, or the cut of the beard. Maybe it was the color of his skin, or the penetration of his glance.

He sat with us and discussed most intelligently the news topics of the day, always, as was his custom, taking the Communist viewpoint and confounding us with his answers. When we tried to pin him down by asking him how he could, as president and controlling stockholder of the biggest munitions cartel, be a firm believer in Communism, he replied by saying that the Communist party and the cartel systems were both seeking the same end. That end was internationalism.

"But," we asked him, "do not these systems foster war?"

"Of course they do," he replied. "But does not your Bible say there will always be wars and rumors of wars? Perhaps wars in the long run are not as bad as they seem. In the first place, wars are one method of getting rid of the excess population. In the second place, wars are an expression of the discontent of the present nationalities. Sooner or later, these wars will prove that internationalism is the ultimate goal. And as you must agree, wars always result in the concentration of leadership in the hands of a few, which is not such a bad idea."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because most men are born followers who do not have the intelligence to lead themselves. Why not let the few intelligent leaders guide the followers?"

"But will not these leaders sometimes disregard the wishes of the followers, even to the point of excess?"

"Perhaps so, but it will only be to achieve the ultimate goal."

And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could doubt when one talked with him that he was correct, for he brought in historical facts, elaborating on them to such an extent that it became living history for us. He said that it was living history for him because the study of history was one of his hobbies.

We tried to refute his arguments by use of the Bible, but when we did so, he winced, and in the most sarcastic and venomous tones, he countered by saying that the Bible was just a collection of myths and legends with no basis of proof historically or scientifically.

"If you use your Bible as proof of your arguments, you may be contradicting yourselves. One part of your Bible says, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' and yet in another part it says, 'If you are struck on one cheek, turn the other.' Doesn't make much sense does it? Gad! Is it already so late? I'm afraid I will have to leave you now, I'm flying to Munich tonight. I've had a most enjoyable evening."

After he left, we continued discussing the theories propounded.

"I don't think he was right when he said that most people are stupid."

"He didn't say that. He only said that most people are followers."

"The hell he did. He practically said you were all ignorant bastards."

"Well, I won't listen to language like that! Maybe you call your other friends names like that, but I won't be insulted as they are. Good night!"

And so the party broke up by twos and threes with angry words and bitter feelings. My wife and I were among the last to leave. As we stepped into the street, we heard a newsboy hawking his papers on the corner.

"WUXTRY! WUXTRY! Read all about it! Munich Pact signed!"

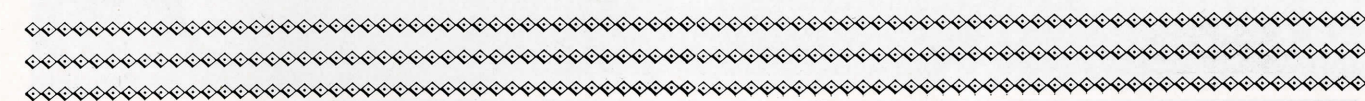
"Here boy, paper over here."

There were the black headlines before our eyes.

MUNICH PACT SIGNED

"Peace in our time," says Chamberlain.

"Hitler becomes agent of Satan by using divide and conquer method," says Pope.



# A Backward Glance

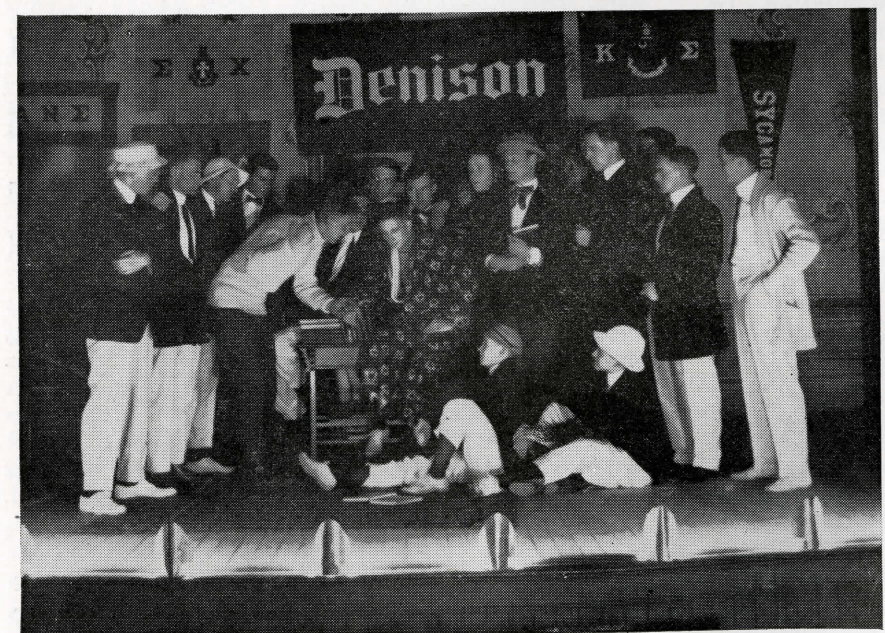
by Ed Subler



This gay little group was pictured just before departing on their annual spring frolic. A half an hour later they were seen joyously skipping through the Welsh Hills to the strains of "Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May."



The room of Handlebar Harry was the envy of every college dandy. As can readily be seen, the room is complete with everything from fencing paraphernalia to wax mustache and Schlitz beer signs. As the famous French philosopher, Voltaire, said, "Regardez, la belle chambre!"



Gas footlights with tin can reflectors were the latest addition to the Opera House when this shot was snapped. The men on the stage were intently engaged in a skillful game of dice.



The fourteen campus cats pictured here were destined to make history by giving the world its first "bop" concert. Eleven of the fourteen original uniforms are being worn by today's Big Red band.



The mighty men of Doane Academy are shown here in full equipment just before taking the stage to Pasadena for the Rose Bowl game.



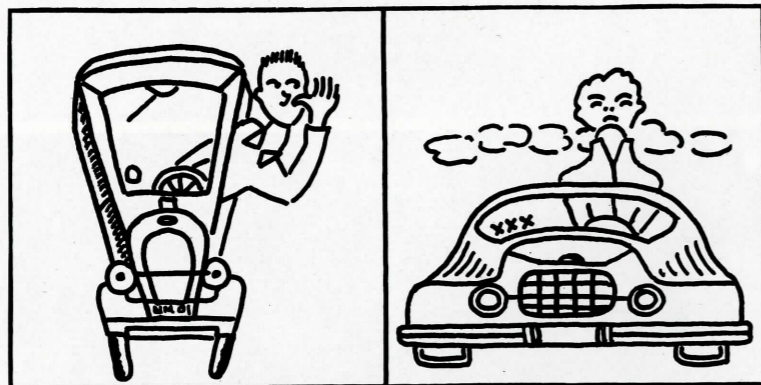
The batter waits for a fast straight one as the girls from Shepardson in the background cheer the team on to victory. Note Abner Doubleday leaning on the bat.

# "Going Uphill?" or An India Ink Indictment of The Drag or The Air Gets Mighty Thin Towards the Top, Mother

Drawing and description by Ralph Gilbert



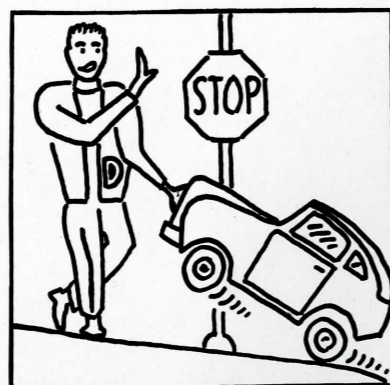
How it looks to most of us.



These men are wanted by Auto Court. Contrast the drivers of the common campus clunker, circa 1930 and the fat new postwar pavement eater. The ancient auto has given its driver an inferiority complex which he covers up by thumbing his nose at pedestrians. The owner of the more contemporary chrome bearer is so proud of it, that his ego has jacked his honorable head high above a low lying cloud strata, from which he fails to see anything or anybody.



Three things the motorist has to watch between stop signs and the stroke of the windshield wiper. The first is typical of the "walking wounded," the healthy youth who upon hearing a motor turn off Main, immediately assumes a painful posture and a club foot. Second is an efficient type of anatomical stop sign which father has already probably explained to you. Third is the pole vaulter on the track team, who has purchased a pogo stick to prepare the leg muscles for spring practice. No gas, anti-freeze, or tire changing worries for this boy.



Disadvantages of the small auto. The big husky letter man is forcibly preventing a helpless little Crosley from ascending the big hill until the driver gives him a lift.



## LOCAL MAN KILLED IN CRASH

by JOHN BLASHILL

"O was some power the Giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Robert Burns—"To A Louse"

Horace Dodds was an important man. Rich, with many friends. He was the owner of a large mid-western factory. He smoked cigars that out-stunk the ones his friends smoked. Self-Made-Man and Self-Esteem were written all over his face. He was the most important man in Roseville. In fact, he owned half of it. True, he had never been mayor. But then, he was no small-time politician. He was content to sit back and tell the mayor what to do. In fact, one of his closest friends once said of him (when he was out of hearing of course): "There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

That was the man. This was the incident.

One morning, among the small carload of mail on his desk, all from Very Important People, Horace Dodds received, in a small, insignificant envelope, an invitation to speak before the local Women's Club, at their monthly meeting, on any subject he desired. So, after harumphing and hawing for five minutes, and complaining to his secretary that he was too busy a man to go running off for every little Fiddle Faddle of a Club Meeting, he dictated a very curt note of acceptance (in the Proper Fashion, of course) and promptly forgot it.

His secretary, (Why Does She Have To Keep Interfering With My Affairs, I'd Fire Her If Help Wasn't So Hard To Get, I Wonder If That Cute Little Jenkins Girl In The Mayor's Office Would Work For Me), knowing very well that he had forgotten all about it, reminded him a week before the meeting. (Damn It All, Anyway, And This Is A Busy Week, Too.) Then he promptly forgot about it, again.

His secretary, knowing very well that he was Too Important A Man to remember such little things as speeches for Women's Clubs, reminded him of it every day until the day of the meeting, when she decided that he evidently was Much Too Important A Man to write his own speeches, and handed him a prepared speech on the subject, "How Lucky We Are To Live In Roseville," which she knew he would like because he was Roseville. Then, at 11:30, she called his chauffeur, handed H.D. his coat and hat, and sent him to the Little Fiddle Faddle of a Club Meeting.

He was in his usual bad mood.

At the Women's Club, H.D. was met by Mrs. Flutterbottom, the president, who said she was Too, Too Happy To Have Him For Lunch. (Mrs. Flutterbottom, poor woman, was a bit flustered at the visit of such an important personage, and didn't realize the cannibalistic implication of her greeting).

Horace Dodds harumphed, ate with disgust the meal of fruit salad and coffee on which the women were dieting, (Horace Dodds was a big man), harumphed some more, glared at the woman across from him while he was being given a flowery introduction by Mrs. Flutterbottom, and stood up.

Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered through the first half of his secretary's speech with an air of a Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go Running Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A Club Meeting. Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered through the last half of his secretary's speech with an air of a Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go Running Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A Club Meeting. Horace Dodds received his applause and sat down. The club (and Horace Dodds) was

(Continued on page 16)



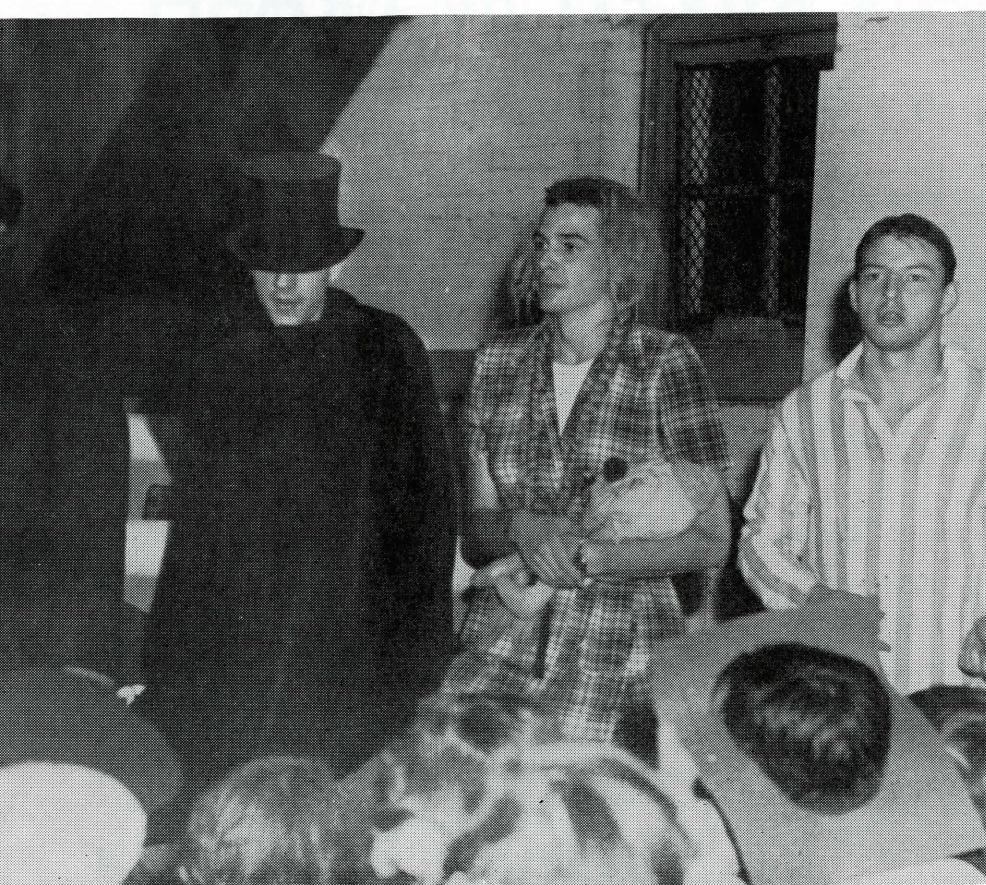
Fairless dragging unfortunate Paul Hanson past jug bearer Tom Wood in the Chapel Prelude. Bob Elsaesser is the astonished spectator.



Music in the distinctive Dog Patch manner by Tommy Williams and his orchestra.



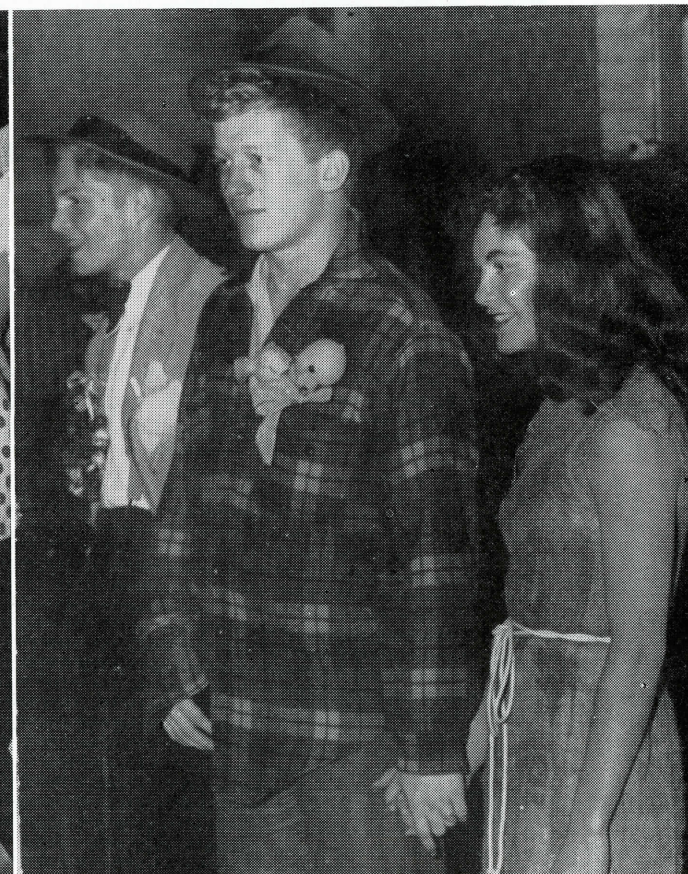
Official model marriage ceremony with Tom Wood presiding. The happy couple is Dave Fairless and "her" captured man, "Deadhead."



The Dog Patch quartet — Jack Bredt, Joe Coulter, Tom King, and Tom Wood— featured in a heart rending ballad.



A familiar scene from the dance floor. Margaret Dennes and Marge Lane in typical poses.



Observing intermission festivities are Ann Roether and Fred Edwards.



Marryin' Sam Mahood with the best dressed (?) couple of the evening, Marge Scovel and Larry Crocker.

# Sadie Hawkins Dance

by Jim Stiverson and Terry Thurn



## NIGHT AND JOHN BARLOW -- A SKETCH

BY KENNETH SHELFORD

Night rests on the land. The people and manifold objects of them flow in darkness. Shadows rise from earth's founding in softened outlines of the human animals' dwelling places. Buildings of living, buildings of work, of storage, of play; all molded to the broken surface of a city at night.

The city rests on the land in rest. Its tensioned interplay of myriad life relaxes slowly as an exhausted animal lying down to rest. It pants in relief, then slower, breathing now more evenly, languishing on the land. The lights wink out bidding night to enter; to remove life's symbols from reflecting image, following the mind to let loose of itself to the truth of the body removed.

And rest rests on the land in rest.

In the city there stands a hotel. A hundred rooms of night are quiet. Their occupants, raving retired the field, are now found prone on beds. The lines of stretched-out bodies criss-cross spacial walls, supported by earth flung girders.

The hotel rises in eight tiers of pallets. The fourth floor lies at a medium plane, a segment of illustration. Night narrows its vision and peers through the hall, then through the wall of a room.

A man and his wife, a couple of forty, stretch out on a large double bed. His breathing is heavy and deep in sheer fatigue. The woman, still awake, reaches over and gently touches his side. A wistful movement, securing dull pain of recognition.

Through the next wall sleeps a young maiden. A smile of content reflects dreams that satisfy.

And across a divide lie a couple, young, and rich even sleeping — locked in each others arms. The unconscious clinging of young love.

Through the next wall lies John Barlow. His eyes burn upwards through night as gloom. The aged body lies helpless, nerveless through stroke. Thin lips tremble in mind's anxiety to cry out. Disrupted fibers strain to coordinate in ceaseless eternity of waiting. The eyes bulge as if trying to capture last sight of mortal route. The mind writhes for the end approaching.

And across a divide lie another young couple — sleeping exhaustion from their bodies' height met. They lie apart, now cooler, only their hands locked in the knowing.

Through the next wall a young man turns restlessly about. His mind tortured by waking dreams of the girl he just met. The body seeks but finds only itself. A half-animal lost in its lack.

Another wall yields to another large bed, supporting an aged couple. They lie back to back. His sleep moves him slightly, touching her. She reflexively pushes away — and they sleep on in past dreams.

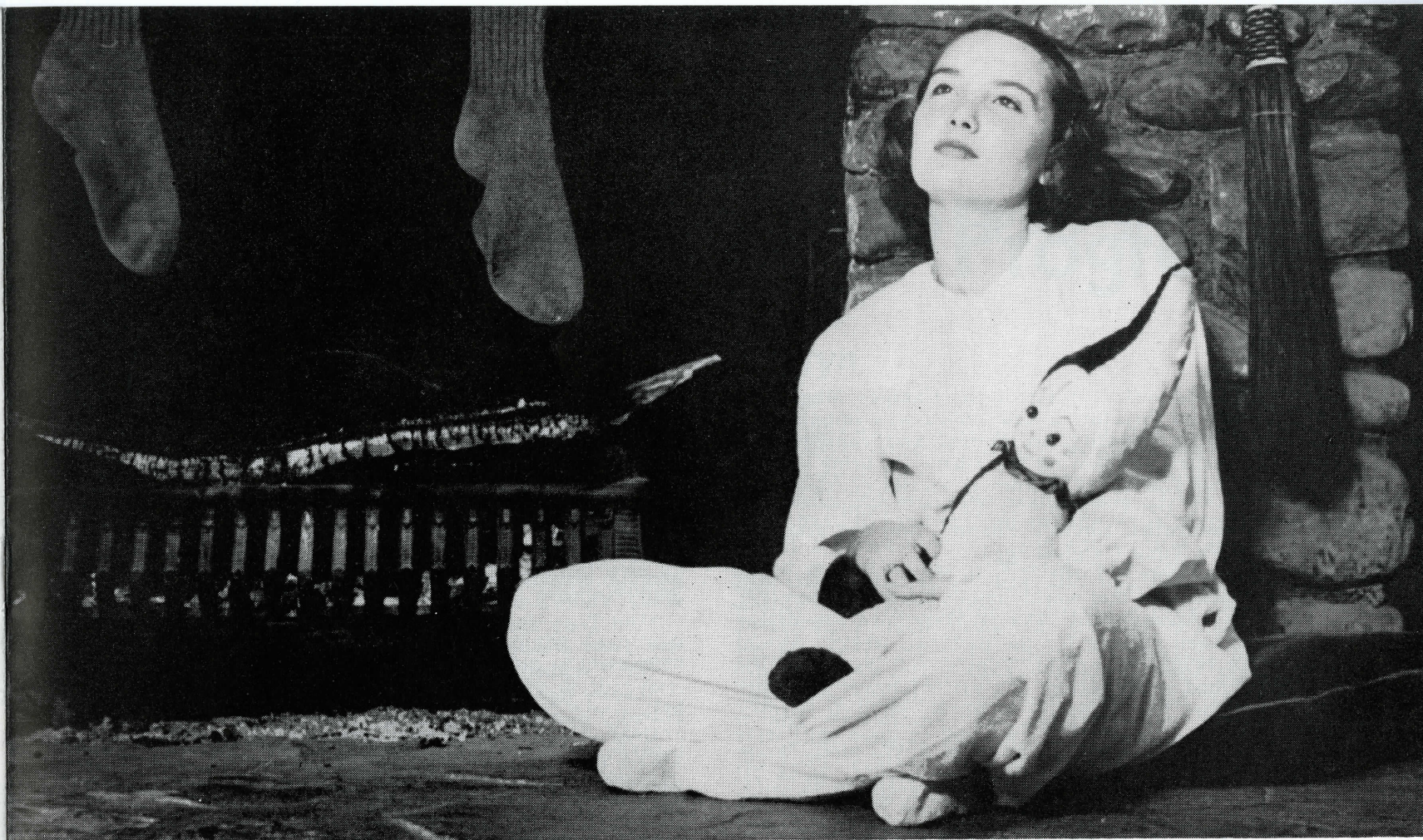
Night's vision widens, and again the whole resumes.

The fourth again lies among eight rising as the hotel.

The building merges to be lost in the broken mass of city.

The city smoulders on the land.  
It is rest resting on the land at rest.

Night permeates the land — diffusing earth to her universe — earth, silent among the stars.



## 'Twas The Night Before Christmas

- |                 |  |   |
|-----------------|--|---|
| <b>January</b>  | <b>3:</b> 8 A.M. Christmas vacation ends                                       | <b>9:</b> 8 P.M. Basketball—Wesleyan at Wigwam  |
|                 | <b>8:</b> Basketball—Wittenberg at Springfield, O.                             | <b>12:</b> Basketball—Otterbein at Westerville  |
|                 | 9 P.M. Fraternity Pledge Formals   | <b>13-18:</b> Christian Emphasis Week   |
|                 | <b>11:</b> Univ. Theatre Play, Opera House (Jan. 11-15)                        | <b>16:</b> 8 P.M. Basketball—Wooster at Wigwam  |
|                 | <b>12:</b> 8 P.M. Basketball—Kenyon at Wigwam                                  | <b>19:</b> Basketball—Capital at Columbus   |
|                 | <b>15:</b> Basketball—Wesleyan at Delaware                                     | <b>21:</b> 8:15 P.M. Granville Festival Ass'n.—Swasey<br>R. Elsasser, Organist              |
|                 | <b>16:</b> Vespers—Swasey Chapel, 9 P.M.                                       | <b>22-26:</b> Opera—8:15 P.M.   |
|                 | <b>17:</b> 8:15 P.M. Granville Festival Ass'n.—Swasey<br>Erwin Laszlo, Pianist | <b>23:</b> 8 P.M. Basketball—Muskingum at Wigwam  |
|                 | <b>18:</b> 8:00 P.M. Basketball—Wittenberg at Wigwam                           | <b>26:</b> 8 P.M. Basketball—Otterbein at Wigwam  |
|                 | <b>21:</b> Study Day   | <b>27:</b> March of Dollars   |
|                 | <b>22-29:</b> Final exams  | <b>28:</b> Basketball—Kenyon at Gambier   |
| <b>February</b> | <b>1:</b> Basketball—Wilmington at Wilmington                                  | <b>March</b>  |
|                 | <b>2:</b> Registration Day   | <b>2:</b> 8:15 P.M. Student recital—Recital Hall  |
|                 | <b>3:</b> 8 A.M. Classes begin   | <b>8:</b> 8:15 P.M. Granville Festival Ass'n.—Swasey<br>Kathleen Ferrier, English Contralto |
|                 | 8 P.M. Basketball—Oberlin at Wigwam  | <b>19:</b> 8:15 P.M. Sonata Recital, Sam Gelfer at<br>Recital Hall                          |
|                 | <b>4:</b> Panhellenic Informal Dances—Sorority Houses                          | <b>15-19:</b> University Theatre—8:15   |
|                 | <b>7:</b> Denison Lecture Series—Swasey<br>Carl VanDoren, Speaker              |   |

# THE CASE OF THE CONSUMPTIVE CAPON

By JACK MATHEWS and GEORGE DUCRO

At the last meeting of the Campus Magazine's Board of directors a new policy was initiated; no SEX, no vulgarity, no interest, and, consequently, no readers. Following this theme we bring you the first in a series of murder mysteries entitled "The Case of the Consumptive Capon," featuring those super-sleuths, Shylock Shapiro, and his assistant, Dr. Fu Yung (a good egg).

The scene is Little Italy in New York City. The proprietor of that world-famous home of good pizza, Tony Apostafasool's Dago Heartburn Emporium, has been missing for the past two weeks. As our plot beings to unfold, Tony's well-seasoned form is found at the bottom of a vat of leftover spaghetti.

Those two pinnacles of virtue, Shylock Shapiro, and his assistant, Dr. Fu Yung (a good egg) were immediately called to the scene of the crime. Finding no clues except a bottle of arsenic, three revolvers, and a hatchet with a bloody handle, the two detectives decide an investigation will be necessary to get to the bottom of this brutal killing.

The first person interviewed was the cook, that famous Roman epicurist of Italian delicacies, Molly O'Toole. One who has been familiar at all with the way a keen detective operates could tell Shapiro's first question was meant to take Molly by surprise.

"Did you have any motive for killing Tony?"

"None whatsoever, except for a few trivial misunderstandings. Tony and I got along fine. He held the mortgage on my house, he was responsible for my husband's death, and he was blackmailing me for \$15,000."

"Hmmm, an airtight alibi," ad libbed Shapiro, playing the buffoon<sup>1</sup>. The witness was then released through a trapdoor in the floor under which roared the murky waters of the Hudson.

Sucking the foliage from his upper plate (the result of a taste of a bowl of bird's nest soup), Dr. Fu Yung (a good egg) summoned in the next witness, Balderdash B. Bump-a-de-Bum, the famous basketball star, and offered him a seat.

Inspector Shapiro opened the conversation:

"You are a regular customer at Tony's Emporium, is that right?"

"Yes," retorted Balderdash. There was no grass under his feet when it came to quick repartee.

"You and Tony ate spaghetti each noon at the same table, isn't that also correct?"

Feeling himself being backed into an escapable web of conclusive evidence, Balderdash curled back his upper lip in a defiant grimace, and, in doing so, displayed a void in his other fine set of bleacher teeth.

"Where did you lose that tooth?"

"Ah, Ha, a lewalawa<sup>2</sup>!", exclaimed Confucius' right hand man, Dr. Fu Yung (a good egg). Balderdash ran from the room, emitting little animal cries of uncontrollable horror, with fear registered in his amber-flecked eyes.

The last suspect, Justin Case, was called in for cross-examination. Justin was a grape stomper at the Stromboli Wine Works, and as he sat nervously on the edge of his chair, he busied himself by picking grapeskins from between his toes.

Shapiro, by the evidence at hand, had narrowed down his list of suspects to fifty-eight. This included the Four Chicks and a Rump Roast, new singing sensations, and the string section from Rudy Vallee's orchestra.

"Did Tony and Balderdash have an argument the day Tony disappeared?" Shapiro quizzed.

"Ja<sup>3</sup>!" replied the confused Justin.

Shapiro lept from his chair, crying, "The Case is closed. I now know who killed Tony Apostafasool!"

Now we turn to you, dear reader, if you have followed the complex series of thoughts. You can easily deduce why Tony was killed and who killed him. For solution see page 16.

1. a wind instrument played only in concert orchestra.
2. Chinese for "revolver"
3. contradictory of German "nein."



# Forty-three Years of Progress

by Gene Horyn

A flock of geese, flying in a v-formation dipped gently from the overhanging, gray clouds, and winged their way majestically over Deeds Field. In the stadium locker-rooms, a tired, hilarious band of gridsters was tossing their coach in the showers, shouting congratulations and patting each other on the back in jubilant fashion. Denison had won its 18th straight over a respected Case eleven, ending a second undefeated season.

Forty-three years ago, almost to the day, on a rain-soaked Van Horn Field, a group of gentlemen from Denison, dressed in the fashion of that day, were sitting on the old wooden fence which used to separate the Case Field from Western Reserve property. They watched the D.U. varsity, regarded as the top team in the state of Ohio, lose a cleanly-fought contest to Case in the first game between the two schools. Case went on to win the Ohio championship.

There is more to be seen in the summaries of these games, than the final scores. What has happened to the game of football between '05 and the twelfth renewal of the Case-Denison series is more interesting to the observer, especially in the light of the criticism being made against modern-day football and its professionalism. The same attacks were made against the game during the 1905 season.

The game of football is said to have originated among the ancient Teutons who practiced their game by kicking about the head of one of their slain enemies. In 1319, Richard II of England forbade football and other "such importune games" in the realm because the game was ungentlemanly.

The first football game played in the United States between colleges took place in 1775 under Rugby and Soccer rules. Yale gave Harvard the right to carry the ball in the arms and Harvard allowed Yale the privilege of beating the ball with the hands. In order to make a touchdown count, it had to be followed by a successful goal-kick.

According to Webster, football is a field game played with a football, in which each of the two contesting teams tries to kick or carry the ball over the goal line.

Football, then, was conceived as a simple game in which the "foot" played the important part—the main idea being running and punting. The game was permitted in the nation's colleges because it is strenuous sport and the body-contact connected with it is its glory. It is schooling in alertness, courage, self-mastery, motor efficiency, and exact discipline.

Somewhere along the way, people lost their head. The evils of the game have been exaggerated and paraded by artificial and unreasonable regulations and additions to the game.

The pass was unheard of in '05, the rock 'em, sock 'em heyday, when teams like Michigan and Ohio State were afraid to play Denison. Gentlemen played bareheaded and wore scanty pads. There was much hand-to-hand fighting and the scrimmage was simply a device used to screen a prize-fight. Every squad carried a load of kickers, who could make field goals from the 45. But, men like Jim Thorpe moved in on the amateur status and schools began to pay for football talent. In that year, Walter J. Livingston, now athletic director at Denison, and other Denison players, were accused by Ohio State officials of receiving free room, board, and tuition to play for Denison. The state legislature was to act in suppressing the "dirtiness" connected with the game. College presidents condoned football because of the dangers to "life and expose to injury, temptations to fraud in making up teams, temptations to betting and the enthusiasm of the game which turned into forms of hysteria." A Denison professor wrote, "What is the inevitable conclusion when such terms as 'smashed their line' and 'hurled them back' are used, indicative of actions and moods utterly subversive to the refining influence of cloistered college life. All a player needs in order to gouge out an eye, bite off an ear, twist a leg or throttle a fellow-being is simply an opportunity. It is fraught with imminent peril to life and limb."

Reforms started to pour in. Abolish mass plays. The two opposing teams should line-up in such a manner that the men in each line shall be at least five yards apart and the opposing lines be so disposed that corresponding men of the respective teams shall not be opposite each other. The backs should be placed 20 yards back of scrimmage instead of 10 and the first down should be 20 yards away. Roughness and injury should be ruled out by having two points added to the score of the team to which the injured belong. Also a tackle will be legal only if it is made from behind; this to avoid concussion and tripping and prevent the "mass-play" feature of football. Thankfully, these reforms were never adopted. There continued to be a hard blocking, running, and kicking game. One reform persisted—open up the game.

When Walter Camp suggested the forward pass to "open-up" the game he started the modern era of football and the complications began setting in.

When the "Golden Age of Sports" netted large funds for college athletics, professional talent was sought to make-sure of winning teams.

Barney Poole has just finished his seventh year of collegiate ball, the Southern schools offer everything from convertibles to valets for football stars. Games are tossed, and men like Alvin Paris go to

(Continued on page 15)



# Debits and Credits of Christmas

by Don Hodgson

Christmas comes but once a year which is probably a good thing. If it came any oftener everybody would be perpetually visiting his pawn-broker with his worldly goods tucked under his arm. The quaint Yuletide swindle of exchanging gifts with assorted friends and relatives has sent more than one family into bankruptcy proceedings. However, I believe that the great majority of people approach Christmas with the wrong attitude. It is a serious business and must be treated as such. Basically the average approach is economically faulty. There is almost no system employed by purchasers at this time of the year. Perfectly normal people go completely wild from December 1st until Christmas Eve with their spending sprees. Then the finance companies of the country have Christmas every month after that.

Things are bad when a big family is involved. Fortunately I come from a small one, but I am eternally blessed with an overwhelming number of aunts, uncles and cousins who all expect a package under the Christmas tree. It is somewhat frustrating when I realize that there is nothing I can do to cut down the number of purchases I must make. I am certainly not responsible for the size of the family tree, but the financial burden comes just the same. I have often wondered what a little pruning wouldn't do to some of my more unpleasant relatives.

My family, like everybody else's, is a complex structure. Therefore, I found it not only advisable but necessary to adopt certain measures for my own protection. They were very helpful and I think anybody will agree with me that they can be used to good advantage. The main thing to remember is to plan shopping strategy to the minutest detail. Nothing must interfere with the system or the whole business will be thrown out of kilter. It is essentially a simple program with five basic points.

1) List all the gifts you received for Christmas last year. Estimate the approximate cost, or better still have them appraised. Be sure to credit the right gifts to the right people, otherwise hard feelings are likely to develop.

2) Now that a working list has been prepared the major problem is over. There may be some necessary additions or subtractions needed. Then total the cost of the gifts received. This is the theoretical revolving fund. The purchases made this year cannot exceed the total cost of the gifts you received last year or the whole plan is defeated. This puts gift-giving on a sound, firm economic basis.

3) Now start the actual campaign. Scan the price and when an article costing what a particular relative paid for your present last year is found, buy it. For example: Uncle Ned bought you a pair of

(Continued on page 17)



"Anyone we know?"



"Shall I lie, or would you just as soon read your English Lit tonight?"

## 43 YEARS

(Continued from page 13)

jail for paying grid stars to "lay down." Nevada is fighting a nationwide publicity campaign against its "hiring" tactics.

The mechanics of the game have widened. In place of the simple run, we have split-bucks, double reverses, wide flankers, over-shifted lines, under-shifted lines, and double-whammies. We have veers, and looping lines, and bust 'em, fan-it defenses. No longer is the ball passed from center, but there is a shift, a quarter-pivot, and full-pivot involved before operations begin.

Rockne used the simple pass. But now we have jump-passes; buttonhooks, the screen passes. Coaches substitute on the advice of telephones, movies point out weaknesses, colleges pay thousands of dollars for first-hand scouting information. Razzle-dazzle gets so involved, backfield men get confused in their own deception. Quarterbacks are told what to do. Emmet Watson of the *Seattle Times* tells the story of a player who was sent in with the instructions to run two plays off-tackle, then punt. Overwhelmed by the techniques of the game and abiding faithfully to the coach's word, the boy ran off tackle for 60 yards, then again for four more until he had reached the 4 yard line. He looked at the bench and shrugged. Faithfully, he punted the ball over the end of the stadium.

Incapacitating injuries to ankles, shoulders, and knees are as prevalent today. Opening-up the game has resulted in more hazards. With his arms outstretched and his eyes on the ball, the pass receiver

is a perfect target for a smashing block or tackle. Plastic helmets and iron-hard equipment are weapons on the gridiron. Instead of making the game softer, modern day pads are inflicting damage.

From many quarters, football is condemned because of its professionalism, "the dangers to life and expose to injury, temptations to fraud, betting, and the enthusiasm which turns it into forms of hysteria."

One begins to wonder, how far the game has progressed!

When a girl finds she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little boulder.

"Is this ice cream pure?"

"Pure as the girl of your dreams."

"Give me a pack of cigarettes."

Dave McDonald, prominent stock broker, was forced by illness to take a vacation from his business of buying and selling stocks. In the hospital "Sis" was taking his temperature.

"What is it now, Sis?" Dave asked.

She answered, "102."

"When it gets to 102½ sell," cried Dave.

## QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer;  
I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed,  
My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with  
central word revised,  
I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift  
that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

**A** The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."

**B** The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.

**C** Mac (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell, with which name you may win.

WINNERS...

## SOLUTION TO THE CASE OF THE CONSUMPTIVE CAPON

By Matthews and Ducro

The main clue lies in the fact that each noon Balderdash would come to the Emporium and eat lunch with Tony, and each noon Balderdash would zoop (suck) his spaghetti into his mouth. (He had broken his nose three times by zooping overcooked spaghetti and having it crack him on the schnoz.) Each time Balderdash would zoop, Tony's bifocals would be sprayed with a fine mist of garlic. By the end of the meal, Tony's glasses would be so fogged up that Balderdash would leave before Tony could find him to pay the bill. On the particular day in question, Tony decided to fox Balderdash and collect some of his back debts. So he tied knots in all the spaghetti.

Upon zooping the first mouthful of spaghetti, Balderdash knocked out one of his front teeth. Feeling playful, he picked up Tony, carried him to the kitchen, and threw him into a vat of newly-cooked spaghetti. Tony died of heartburn and asphyxiation, and the garlic temporarily pickled his body.

Thank you, Shapiro for the first of a series of thrill-packed adventures.

By the foregoing article, we have proved that we mean to carry out the policy of Campus Magazine; no sex, no vulgarities, no interest, and consequently, no readers.

## LOCAL MAN

(Continued from page 7)

then informed by Mrs. Flutterbottom that, as was the usual custom, he would be only too happy to answer any questions the ladies might want to ask.

Horace Dodds stood up and harumphed. Then, one by one, the questions came. Important ones, at first, like "How long have you lived in Roseville, Mr. Dodds?" Then trivial ones, like "Why doesn't Roseville have a sewer system, Mr. Dodds?" At this, H.D. became very angry. In fact, H.D. had a very hard time holding himself in and fumbling for an answer. Then came the climax. Such an unimportant question as "Why are our taxes so high, Mr. Dodds?" This was too much. Horace Dodds blew up. He informed the good ladies in no uncertain terms where they could go if they didn't like the way he was running the town. And in less uncertain terms he told them that He Was Much Too Important A Man To Go Running Off To Every Fiddle Faddle Club Meeting. Then Horace Dodds stalked out. His day had been ruined.

That was the incident. This was the result.

Horace Dodds' chauffeur, not being Too Important A Man To Go Running Off, had gone off for a beer. To say the least, this didn't lower H.D.'s blood pressure. H.D. was in a hurry. H.D. slammed the limousine door shut, plopped himself in the driver's seat, and roared away. In fact, he roared through two traffic lights, and was about to roar through a third when he saw another car, which had the gall to cross the street on a green light, directly in his path. Indignantly, he slammed on the brakes. (Damn These Peasants, Anyway.) Unfortunately, however, no doubt due to mechanical imperfections, the brakes wouldn't stop the limousine (which was doing fifty, all by itself) in ten feet. Hence the headlines of the paper the next day: LOCAL MAN KILLED IN CRASH — UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENT TAKES LIFE OF FACTORY WORKER — HORACE DODDS ESCAPES UNINJURED.

He was an important man, was Horace Dodds. Rich, with many friends. He was the owner of a large mid-western factory. He smoked cigars that out-stunk the ones his friends smoked. He was the most important man in Roseville. In fact, he owned half of it.

A tough maestro had a time deciding whether to marry a very beautiful but stupid girl or a rather painful looking creature who was blessed with a magnificent voice. Art triumphed. He married the soprano. The morning after the nuptials he woke up, took one look at the bride, nudged her and shrieked, "For God's sake, SING!"

The cannibal king looked at the beautiful young women about to be tossed into the cooking pot. "Mmmmm. Believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning."

He kissed her in the garden----  
It was a moonlit night.  
She was a marble statue---  
He was a little tight.

## DEBITS & CREDITS

(Continued from page 14)

socks for \$.85 last year. You see a tie available for \$.75. Buy it. Your profit on Uncle Ned over the past year has been \$.10.

4) It is also very important to buy suitable gifts. Unfortunately you can't shop by price tag alone. For example: Cousin Henry gave you a shirt costing \$2.50 last year. You see a very classy brassiere available for \$2.25. Don't buy it. Cousin Henry might not have a sense of humor and will never buy you another thing. Instead buy it for Aunt Matilda who gave you a book costing \$3.00 last year. This gives you a profit of \$.75, kept Cousin Henry happy, and in all probability incurred the everlasting enmity of Aunt Matilda.

5) Keep a careful record of your expenditures. They must not exceed your receipts for the past year. Remember, it's not the gift, but the thought behind it that counts.

It is very easy to get fouled up on this plan, however. For example: you have been giving Uncle Herbert numerous shirts, ties, etc. for the past six Christmases. All he has ever given you consists of a comb, brush, tie, and maybe several handkerchiefs. This year in the interests of economy, you buy him a cheap key chain. He gives you a check for \$50.00. Now, next year you'll give him something expensive, but old Uncle Herbert will go back to his combs again. Thus you lost a promising client. This can be avoided however, by taking several precautions. Never let the unfavorable balance of gifts exceed more than one year. If he gives you that check this year, let him know well in advance of next Christmas what you are giving him. In this way you can stand a better chance to re-coup your loss.

I have used this method for the past three years and I am happy to report that I am now running \$3.64 in the black.

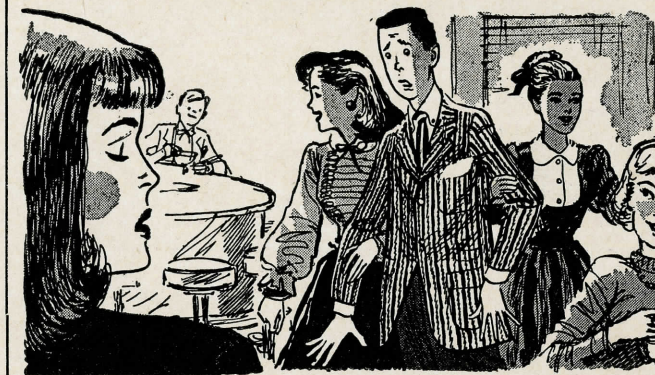
### WINNERS IN CHESTERFIELD CONTEST

Lloyd Owens  
Jim Marshall  
Andy Hay  
Tom Wood  
Phil Andrews  
Jerry Stephens  
Emil Massa  
Bob Sherwood  
Dick Hamilton  
Irvin Scott

Contest in this issue is on page 16.

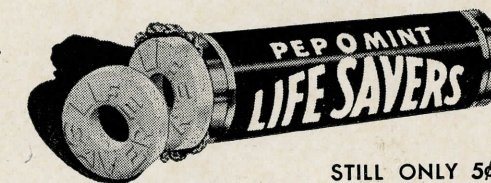
## TIGHT SPOTS

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.

The bootblack: "Light or dark, sir?"  
Busy professor: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."

*Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer*



**Give 'em by the Carton!**

Give 'em to everyone who smokes—the family, the neighbors, your friends—everyone who's been good to you all year. Chesterfields are the best tip I can give you at Christmas time or any time. When you give Chesterfields you sock 'em with a load of good cheer.

*Merry Christmas Everybody  
Arthur Godfrey*

**ABC** *Always Buy* **CHESTERFIELD**