

Campus

FALL ISSUE

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OCTOBER
1951



ET CUDDY, Freshman

Photo by Howard Studio, Newark
Special Rates to Students

Fall Issue

Campus



Denison University, founded in 1831, is a privately endowed, coeducational College of Liberal Arts and Sciences providing a Christian atmosphere. Denison is located at Granville, Ohio, a small New England type village in the heart of Ohio.

Campus Magazine is published four times a year by students of the college.

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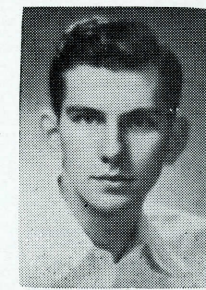
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Cartoons and Jokes



Plans for
the year

It is with some contemplation that I await student reaction to this issue of *Campus*. While realizing the necessity for maintaining the goodwill of alumni, faculty, parents and administration, I feel that my primary obligation as editor of *Campus* is to publish a magazine that will please the majority of students. Of course it is not feasible for each article to please each student but in this issue an attempt has been made to please everybody in at least some respect.

Unfortunately, the recent controversy over the merits of *Campus* magazine has come too late to be of any value in this issue. It is with a renewed vigor and delight that the editors plan for the next. **WATCH FOR IT!**

The budget allotted for *Campus* by DCGA has of necessity been reduced due to the decreased size of the student body. Thus it means that we will be forced to print less cartoons and photos than might be desired, for the high cost of engravings has our hands tied. The quality and appeal of the articles printed will be as great as possible, but of course cannot exceed the quality of the manuscripts submitted. The policy of this magazine in the past has been, and at the present is, to solicit material from all people interested in contributing to it.

This year the style of *Campus* has undergone a moderate revamping. The masthead page has been completely overhauled and an effort has been made to standardize the type used in headlines.

MISS CAMPUS CONTEST

Denison is a college known for its queens. This organization and that was forever choosing a queen. Last year the staff of *Campus* figured they were missing out on the fun so they decided to select a *Campus* Queen, a true Queen
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If this is dry Excuse our dust

LIKELY LEGISLATION

We heard that the present Washington administration is considering a bill to go into effect next January, whereby each year shall consist of 104 demi-weeks.

If the new law goes into effect wage earners will work Monday and Tuesday, for which they will be paid their regular previous weekly salary. Wednesday will be a legal holiday and end of the first demi-week. Thursday and Friday will make up the next demi-week, and Saturday and Sunday will of course be holidays.

The sponsors of the bill feel that this will cause everyone to work twice as hard, and produce twice as much, thereby justifying two weeks' pay for one. It was also felt that under the new plan we will achieve 104 weeks of production each year instead of 52.

★ ★ ★

MODERN AMERICA

In the last decade or two, many new and different kinds of businesses have been established. One of these has been to provide a diaper service for families with infants. This is nothing particularly new or interesting, but one firm out on the West Coast came up with a somewhat original name, "Rock A-Dry Baby."

★ ★ ★

IT HAPPENED HERE

Not long ago one of the classes studying human relations in industry was having a discussion. Each member of the class stood up and told about his work experiences. Everything proceeded smoothly until one female stood up and said she had never had a job, but because she was going to be married in a couple of months she wanted to find out all about labor.

A WORLD OF ISMS

Stumbled across these definitions by Paul Garrett, a V.P. of General Motors.

Re: Two cows.

Communism—If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

Socialism—If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor and keep one for yourself.

Facism—If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government, then the government sells you some milk.

Nazi-ism—If you have two cows the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

New Dealism—If you have two cows, you shoot one, milk the other, and then pour the milk down the drain.

Capitalism—if you have two cows you sell one and buy a bull.

★ ★ ★



Parsons, Beaver, Shaw Hall, too—
Shades go down, and light shines through;
The boys walk home with eyes so bright,
And the dolls are safe for another night.

★ ★ ★

NO DRINKING

To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill wasted miles of walking, we'll pass along an almost unbelievable fact: There are no outside drinking fountains on this campus. If an individual desires to quench a parching thirst he will find that inside most of the buildings cold and warm running water is available.

COCOON

by Joy Clapp

"COCOON" won second place in The Denison Short Story Contest last year and is being considered for publication in YOUNG PEOPLE magazine.

Helen Black opened the iron gate and then closed it carefully behind her as she strode up the long walk. Before she reached the porch, she saw the boy standing by the steps.

He hesitated a moment before speaking. "I-I was wondering if you'd like the grass cut, ma'am," he said shyly.

He was quite small, really too small for such a job. She was going to say, no, but she stopped.

"How old are you?" she asked firmly.

"Twelve, ma'am," he replied, and there was a note of pride in his voice.

"You're very small for such a large job," she said looking out over the expanse of lawn.

"I just look little," he announced. In spite of herself, she couldn't help smiling at his boyish boast.

"What's your name?"

"Bobby Sherman."

"Well, Bobby, I want a good job," she said, "the grass cut away from the walk and the hedge trimmed."

"Yes," he agreed positively.

"You'll find everything you need on the back porch. Go around the side of the house, and I'll have the door unlocked for you."

Shifting the large grocery bag to a more comfortable position, she went up the steps and unlocked the front door. It was cool in the hall, and the dimness was a relief from the blinding sun. Brick houses were a blessing in the summer, she had always contended.

Going into the kitchen, she set the groceries on the table, then unlocked the door that led onto the back porch. The boy was waiting patiently when she unbolted the outside door.

"If you need anything else," she said, "just knock."

She went back into the kitchen, and stood for a while beside the window watching the boy start his work. Absently, she twisted the narrow gold band on her left hand as she watched. Timmy would be almost twelve if he had lived, she thought with a twinge of pain. The big house was so empty with only one person.

Turning, she put the groceries away and began to ready things for dinner. It would certainly take the boy all of the forenoon and most of

the afternoon to finish the yard, so she set the table for two. The sight of the extra setting was a strange one, and she caught herself staring at it as she went about her work. It had been such a long time since the table had held an extra place.

When the down-town noon whistle blew, Helen went to the door and called to the boy. "It's time you took a rest," she called above the persistent hum of the lawn Mower. "Dinner's ready, so come in."

He stopped his work as if he might have heard, but she had to call again before he came.

"Go in and wash up," she said as he came through the door.

She took the things from the stove and set them on the table. "There's vegetable soup, and hamburger for sandwiches," she said when he finished washing.

Slowly, he walked towards the table and then sat down. He looked at her timidly as though asking for permission to begin.

"The soup will be cold," she said pouring him a glass of milk.

He began to eat, and she sat quietly watching the careful movement of his small strong hands. "What grade are you in?" she asked.

"Seventh," he replied, and continued eating.

"You don't talk much do you?"

He stopped, and put his spoon back in the bowl. "I guess not," he said with a slight smile. "There ain't much to talk about," he added in half-apology, and started to eat again.

"Don't say ain't," Helen prompted, "and it isn't polite to leave a soup spoon in the bowl."

There was silence again except for the clink of the silver against the dishes. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" This was

usually the question to ask small children.

He stopped eating, and his face lighted from inside. "I want to have a big, big greenhouse," he replied, "with lots of growing things. You know," he went on, "you'd have an awfully pretty yard if there were some flowers in it. And it looks too big and lonesome with no one playing in it." He stopped as though afraid he had said too much, and turned his attention back to his food.

"Someone used to play in it," she said softly, "but that was a long time ago. Would you like to come and play in it sometime?"

"Oh, yes," he said quickly.

"If you liked," she added almost amazed to find herself doing so, "perhaps in the spring you might plant some flowers."

Bobby turned to her with enthusiasm, "Oh, I would like that. And I wish the other kids could see it. It would be such a perfect place."

"A perfect place for what?"

"Oh, nothing—I guess I was just thinking," he mumbled quickly; and gulping down the rest of his milk, he got up. "Thank you," he said refolding his napkin and setting his chair under the table with care. "I guess I better get started again."

He paused a moment beside the door. "Your rhododendrons would look much better if they were thinned."

Helen turned and looked at him. "I've never let anyone touch them," she said quickly.

"But they'd be much nicer," he spoke again. "Just wait and you'll see." Before Helen had a chance to answer, he opened the screen door and let it slam behind him as he ran down the steps.

She started after him, but then she stopped and went back to her work. There had been adult decision in his voice.

Later in the afternoon when the dishes were finished, and the kitchen cleaned, Helen went out onto the front porch. There were some reports from the office to do, and she hated to be pushed at the last moment. Every once in a while she glanced up from her work to look for the boy. She had to admit that

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F-L-A-S-H

by Hart Dake and Don Shackelford

Today's headline:

AP, Granville, Ohio . . . FLASH FLOOD DELUGES ALPHA STIGMA FRATERNITY SERENADE.

Reporters from the following journals were present and turned in their respective, and generally highly-colored reports to their home office: The Daily Worker, Down Beat, Sunshine and Health, and the Denisonian.

Special to Pravda. Dozens of toiling workers were overwhelmed by a filthy wave of capitalistic water released from the swimming pools of the unscrupulous rich, situated on the high hills, overlooking the hovels of the down-trodden Big Red peasants. Cell 609 of the Young People's Popular Democratic Movement for Social and Cultural Betterment, (known as Alpha Stigma in order to avoid the brutal attacks of goon squads led by company finks), was lifting its collective voice in an exalting song of protest against the bourgeois, mid-Victorian concepts of social behavior which prevent the buxom young agrarian maidens from fulfilling their biological functions of motherhood for the glory of State.

The sewers were found to be clogged by made-to-order silk shirts, placed there in a viscious capitalistic attempt to destroy the spontaneous and heart-felt expression of collective joy by the Big Red masses.

★ ★ ★

Alpha Stig vocal combo receives damp reception while doing one-night stand in stocks. Fresh from a big smash at Fox Brothers' Bop Heaven, the tonsil tourists were deluged by the squares from the nearby Bexley Weather Bureau. The group, headed by Stickman, Bosh McVoutie Innersoles, was straight from a waxing on the Incoherent Label. Our steady readers will remember that record review gave the platter a six-bang rating on our "Down Beat Pulse of Jazz Tom-Tom."

The tonsil work, B.S. (before submerging) was directed at the lobes of a few upper-story hick chicks that are currently blowing red-hot with Brooks' Beaver Female ensemble. The unprecedented downpour of . . . uh! . . . water! caught the group between two bars, and, before they could enter the second bar, they were soaked to the extent that even mighty Petrillo's signature ran off their union cards.

Leader Innersoles told a Columbus wax jockey, "Man, that was the wettest dry town that was ever baptized!"

★ ★ ★

Men!!! Why do you sneak out after dark to serenade your loved ones? Aren't you afraid that some dollie will see your frail, weak, miserable ninety-seven pound physique as it trembles before the whiplash onslaughts of a zephyr? Consider the sad plight of Al-

pha Stigma, a typical group of soft-living college degenerates. They set out on their vocal endeavors after trying to conceal their soft, lark-like, lard-endowed frames, under layers of Orlon and sponge-rubber padding. Their sallow, pasty-cheeked, wax-like countenances were mercifully hidden from view by the enfolding darkness.

Weak bodies, of necessity, breed weak minds. YOU don't want a weaker mind, do you, friend? If these miserable wrecks of humans had been exposed to good, honest, fertile Mother Sun, oh, what a glorious difference there would be today!! Picture, if you will, a robust, nut-brown group of stalwarts, marching with virile strides toward their vocal rendezvous. Their bronzed torsos glistening in the noon-day sun, reflecting dazzling shafts of brilliance from their superbly sinewed limbs, the glorious white flower of manhood cunningly attached to their respective navels. Let it rain, vea, let it pour. They revel in this challenge. No weak-kneed, lily-livered misfits here, no siree! Only superbly-toned physical machines, treading water in unison, as their powerful tonsils give vent with, "Climb Upon My Knee, Sunny Tufts."

★ ★ ★

Hello folks, say, has Dip got some clues for youse this week!! Old Dipper was pushing his excellent mind (supported by his winning smile and sound body), up the drag, (called the drag because old Dip had a date . . . hee, ho, chortle, titter, yak vak . . .), to find some news, when he heard the Alpha Stigmas burst into songs . . . their fraternitv songs. Dip stopped to listen because Dip is in a different fraternity and he wanted to find out if anyone else had songs as good as Dip's fraternity has.

Not only did the Alpha Stigmas burst into song, but the old weather man burst a cloud into nasty, dewy old rain. Dip didn't mind because he had brought along his Snuggly-Bye galoshes. The Alpha Stigmas ran and ran. As the drenched mass ran by Dip, your reporter stopped formerly genial leader, Falsetto Innersoles, and said, "Why didn't you stay and render, 'Singing in the Rain?'" To his friendly readers, the Dipper would like to say that Innersoles is a garbage-mouth. He said dirty words at Dip. Poor Dipper can only say, "Nobody likes a garbage-mouth." So there too.

All you Big Reds will be happy to learn that Dip got a box of crispy, crunchy brownies from his admirers back home. Dip likes brownies. Dip likes admirers too. If you want to be an admirer or a brownie, just tell old Dip.

Before setting sail, the Dipper would like to give your readers a wholesome thought for the week. It's the only thought Dip had last week, so treasure it, clasp it to your bosom: "Keep Denison Green."

Your Old Brownie,
The Dipper.

*A young girl came in
and invaded his privacy*

THE LEGACY

by Edward R. Jacobs

The afternoon of the 19th was bleak and seemed unimportant, swept by the cutting wind of a full December day; the snow was falling profusely and the ground was harmlessly white. It was young David Gowan's first winter going to the country, and his first year being a college senior and alone for Christmas; his parents would be in Paris soon, and it was the only time he had ever thought of spending the holiday at the lake in the house, which he had modestly described to his friends as a cottage. It was in truth a gracious country home: the furnace had to be tended several times every day, the electric refrigerator in the kitchen required regular defrosting; you could sleep in a grand bed upstairs, and David was always thinking how the dwelling portrayed a way of life almost vanished, which was less harried, less hurried, and in its leisureliness permitted him to enjoy real living.

David was twenty-two, and had lived in the house for about nineteen summers. When he was eighteen he had no desire for college but went because he wanted to be a writer, and because everybody who wanted to study writing went to his progressive center of education then. Now, after three years, he was going to be a genealogist. Thinking about this he thought, It's as though I want to give those who remain their pedigrees, but I don't care what I find behind their closed doors.

David stopped the car in the village and looked at his watch, comparing it with the large time-piece on the town hall; they were synchronized. Three-forty; he had made better time than he expected. He went into Wimmer's and bought

a carton of Camels. He saw four Old Men he knew, but they were thankfully too busy at the poker table to notice him. He didn't feel like talking. Same old routine: the blizzard, the international situation, the usual dull chit-chat. Sitting again in the car, David opened a pack of cigarettes and lit one.

When he suddenly looked at his watch, and saw that it was close on four, he became interested in the journey again. It was not far at all to the house; he could have walked it if he had no car, but in the back seat were his valises and supplies. He knew well enough to be cautious on the dirt road, which was rutted and covered with drifting snow. When David gave the matter thought, he was dismayed to consider that he would have to walk back to the village for anything he had forgotten since the road would be impassable soon. Without looking down he laid his right hand on the copy of "Snow-bound" which he had put down on the seat next to his glasses case.

David drove the car into the garage, and brushed the snow off the canvas top so it wouldn't freeze there. Carrying his suitcases and packages into the house he thought, I really ought not to have brought the car; you'd think they'd find some indestructable top material.

The first thing David did was stoke the furnace; he or the house could not be comfortable, he thought, until it's warm. He took the groceries into the kitchen, and put the perishable food into the refrigerator. He got coffee out to make and lit another cigarette. Then he opened the back door and looked out: a solid mass of snow, no wind. The world was dark, of course, and David was sure he would be snowbound in the house eventually.

Finally the coffee was ready. David washed a cup and had some, without cream or sugar. He hadn't remembered cream. He sipped the coffee slowly, lingering too long over it and two more of his cigar-

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OH, TO BE A FRESHMAN!

by Lynn Martin

Perhaps you've heard of the Sophomore Slump, the Junior Jump, and the Senior Stump; but let me tell you of the Freshman Follies from a girl's eye view. Man, it's wonderful!

There are 193 of us beautiful babes. (At least our mommies call us beautiful). We're some of us Southerners, some Yam Dankees, and some Wild Westerners, and one or two hail from "furrin" parts.

September eleventh was the glorious day. That was when the fun began!

The first big job was moving in. Pandemonium! Multiply two cartons plus three suitcases plus five shoe boxes plus two hat boxes plus one trunk plus one radio plus one camera plus 100, no make it 1000, miscellaneous items and what do you get? The contents of East, King, Stone, Parsons, and Monomoy in one big heap. However, the boys were strong and the girls undaunted, and slowly the bags, boxes, barrels, and bric-a-brac were dumped in little square rooms. Presto! The freshman dorms were alive once more.

Now getting acquainted with freshman gals is fine, but even finer is meeting freshman men. Our first good chance to look and be looked over was the night of the exchange dinners at Curtis and Shepardson Sems. Between spilled milk, dropped spoons, slide-off-the-plate salad, and nervous laughter, boy met girl. After the President's reception, boy took girl home. A little mouse downhill might have heard this:

"Was my date cute? How would I know; I lost my glasses climbing up the hill."

"Boy, my date was out of this world. Yeah, but not far enough." Or sigh, "Life CAN be beautiful!"

Yes, college life was going to be beautiful. To us week-old Denison coeds—Kuder tested, patch tested, partied, serenaded, picnicked, completely taken care of by someone else—college life was wonderful.

The lucky seven at the left below have sunny smiles on their friendly faces. They must have known they were going to make CAMPUS. At the right Sally Lashar (left) and Doris Allen smile contentedly. Both gals are contented because their dates are waiting for them while they get their pictures taken.

Peg Anderson, Sandy Hunt and Pat Long (left to right) are three pretty good reasons why the freshman men have been beating a steady path to the doors of King Hall. Do you suppose those girls think they can learn to play the piano by osmosis?



But if the first week was wonderful, the second week was sheer bliss. The upperclassmen arrived. The Kenyon invasion swept in. Generally there were men, men, and more men. The curiosity aroused by the new faces and figures drew the D.U. upper classmen to the downhill dorms like flies to honey. A typical Saturday night phone conversation:

He: "But honey, I've got to get these fellows dates!"

She: "Do you know what time it is?"

He: "Honey, pulleessee."

She: "How many?"

He: "About a dozen, assorted sizes."

Then the frantic girl runs around the dorm screaming to the first floor:

"Isn't there anybody here who doesn't have a date? . . . Not one?"

Second floor; pleading: "Can't someone go out tonight? Really they're terrific fellows. Seniors."

Third floor, begging: "Is—is—isn't there a soul left? . . . O.K. bring your crutches and come on."

The different kinds of dates we have around here are amazing. Coke dates, Corner dates, Newark dates (ah!), Columbus dates, (hmmmm), bridge dates, walk dates, Spring Valley dates, library dates, Union dates—anything goes. They take just two ingredients, male and female.

Along about that time (So I am a party pooper to mention it) classes began. And with classes came a brand new vocabulary; Core Course II, Life Science Building, Cleveland, Reflective Thinking, Chemistry Cottage, Doane 2, etc., etc. The question of the day was "Do we have to have eight o'clocks."

Those darned eight o'clocks. What inventions! We can give you umpteen good arguments anti-eight o'clocks.

1. You have to get up.
 2. You either miss breakfast and starve or get up even earlier.
 3. You have to climb THE HILL.
 4. You inevitably trip over a tree trunk.
 5. You never make it on time anyway.
 6. Your whole day is spoiled.
- The four D's in our lives are my

Denison, my D book, my Date, and my Dorm. Believe me that fourth D rates. King hall sings, "Good ole King Hall will shine over all" while Monomoy chants, "Monomoy is the only one"; then Stone, Parsons, and East jump in. The battle rages.

The Kingers tease us Stoners about the Mysterious Case of the Lost Lingerie. It seems the gals in Stone's ground floor are now minus some of their prettiest, frilliest, most unmentionable unmentionables. Who took them, why, and when is the riddle of the day, but somehow the joke provides laughs for everyone but the ground floor gang.

The stories fly about the King girls to.. Ever hear of the I. B. K. Club? Membership is by no means limited to King, but these gals can tell you what it is.

East dorm's claim to fame is their Famous Twelve, twelve girls in the house you see. Parsons sports a fabulous roof for sunbathing and serenade listening. Wonder what would happen if some of the gals ever lost their balance during a serenade. No doubt it would be "Raining Parsonettes." And Monomoy's boast? Well, they just boast, with twenty-three good reasons.

Yep, our whole long year is one of joy. The keyword to it all is "boy."

We're all of us on the jump,

Next year, resolved: NO SOPHOMORE SLUMP!



When we walked into Stone Hall one afternoon we found Ricky Helmerichs holding up a post, and doing a good job of it, too. So we snapped her picture just as she was getting plenty tired of the whole situation.

Joanne Adamson is resting. She finds that a long walk is the shortest distance between Stone Hall and an uphill eight o'clock. But just wait until winter's alidity arrives, Addy.





Practically synonymous with Homecoming is the all night session Friday night to throw a float together. Here the enterprising SAE's seem to be getting a head start.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES AT HOMECOMING

by Jacquie Dutro

At no other time on the Denison campus is there so much activity after the stroke of midnight than on the eve of Homecoming. The women usually have enough foresight, or energy, or whatever you wish to call it, to start working on their decorations at least a few days ahead of the deadline; but the men seem to prefer one grand attempt, all of which takes place within about twelve hours before the parade.

Just by looking at the various floats and building decorations in their finished form, one would never suspect that trials and tribulations were interwoven with the more evident elements of brainy ideas and hard work. The situation is more or less analogous to the one in which the hostess, when her guests start to arrive hurriedly closes the kitchen door upon the sink piled high with dirty pots and pans which she used in preparing the meal. Let's open the door a crack and get a behind-the-scenes version of the 1951 Homecoming decorations.

Not being mechanically minded, the Tri-Delts had a little trouble finding out just exactly what would make their synchopated clock tick; but where there's a will, there's a way—and they found it.

"More crepe paper," was the cry of the Thetas. The stuff stretches, but it just wouldn't stretch far enough. You've heard of bucket brigades; well the Thetas made history on Friday, October 11, by initiating a crepe paper brigade!

If the paper mache figure of the Denison Big Red which the Delta Gammas erected didn't look especially glamorous, he should've, because he had his last coat of paint dried with hair driers. Duz doesn't have anything on the DC's.

A little difficulty in cutting their decorations out of beaverboard was the only major obstacle the AOPi's ran up against. The Chi Omegas also registered only one big complaint: their roof just wasn't made to be climbed about on, but the decorations were made for the roof. Problems, problems, problems.

And speaking of roofs: things went smoothly at the Kappa house until all the decorations were up and the girls who were playing monkey for the occasion were ready to come down—then no one could find a place to set the ladder where it wouldn't interfere with the decorations. They must've found a way because they weren't anywhere to be seen when the judges arrived. One other disturbance arose, for every time the sun began to shine is was obvious to all that the bees had chickenwire skeletons; perhaps they should've worn heavier clothes.

The Alpha Phi's had a little trouble getting together on their decorations because a fair number of their fair chapter were away for the weekend.

Did anyone guess that the pig-skin on the Fiji float was, in reality, bedclothes treated with a coat of brown paint? It hasn't been revealed which poor Phi Gams were asked to donate the sheets, but common sense would indicate that the donors were among the newcomers to the Fiji lodge.

The Sigma Chis had a little touch of legitimacy in their float, for the dead Wooster Scot was reclining on artificial grass borrowed from a local funeral home.

No longer can it be said that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. The SAE's disproved this theory in a big way, for they collected an imposing pile of clothing from generous coeds, intending to use the entire collection in carrying out their theme; then they decided to use only a portion of it; and finally, when parade time rolled around, they had discarded the idea completely.

Those DU's who were selected by their brothers in the bond to wear the plaid diapers in the parade were somewhat reluctant to comply. In fact, some of them even had to be dragged bodily from beneath davenport, under beds, and behind chairs. Now what kind of chapter spirit is that?

From the blue- and -white Phi Delt castle came reports that one obstacle stood in the way of a blue-

ribbon float. And that obstacle was — girls! The men tried to divide their time among dates, parties and the float, but for some strange reason the float was dropped by the wayside.

Though many onlookers no doubt attributed the Lambda Chis' Kicking Indian and Flying Scotchman to an invention of some mechanical genius, the truth is that good, old-fashioned manual labor was responsible. Two of the men were riding under the bed of the wagon just a couple of inches above the ground, one to move the Indian's leg and the other to release the spring which sent the Scotchman flying to the goalposts. Comment: it's a good thing that Broadway doesn't have bumpy pavement.

If the Kappa Sig house seemed dark to passers-by Thursday and Friday nights, it was because all the lights which usually illuminate the front of the building were taken to the rear to throw some light on the matter at hand which just happened to be a scotch tape container designed to contain a Scotchman. Incidentally, that three-hundred foot masterpiece which they unrolled before the judges' stand took only an hour and a half to complete. Efficiency plus.

At one time, the Betas were about to derail their caboose and finesse the whole affair because four of their alums at four separate times mistook the product of their labors for an out-house.

Since Homecoming preceded pledging this year, the freshmen women were free to spend a considerable amount of time on dorm decorations; and, since a new loving cup was promised to the first-place winner, competition was in high gear all the way. No doubt the DU's and the Lambda Chis, because of their proximity, were called upon more than once for tools and a little masculine support. Even the Kappa Sigs got in their two cents when one of their more prominent juniors went crawling about the second story of Stone Hall lending a helping hand wherever it was needed.

At least the lumber company became well acquainted with many of the freshmen women through their lovable little feminine expression, "I'm not quite sure what I want, but I can tell you what it's to be used for."



Freshmen are always known for their unbounded exuberance and enthusiasm. Although by now it is nearly four in the morning notice the large group of girls watching the two brush-wielders.

Monomy girls living on the second floor were forced to side-step a rather sizable chickenwire football for the entire week preceeding Homecoming. They'll learn to start so early!

From now on, East Cottage can be referred to as "The Little Pink House" because the powder-paint which the residents used on the

banner which bore their Homecoming slogan was scattered into every nook and cranny, and, according to some of them, it's there to stay.

But the crowning event of the day was when one of Stone's junior advisors awoke at 6 a. m. Saturday to find a seven-foot cardboard man in her bed! Oh, well, freshmen will be freshmen.

From the smiles on their faces you can tell that these girls have a fond feeling for their "wiry roommate." In fact, some of them really look "stuck" on her!



Earl and Claude Go See Some Pictures

by Pete Hawk

Once upon a time there was a contented bachelor named Earl, who lived contentedly in a white stucco house with his dog named Claude. Claude was a Boxer.

Earl liked Claude very much.

Claude liked Earl very much, too, as only a Boxer can love a contented bachelor named Earl who lives in a white stucco house.

Earl liked his upateightandwork tillthreethendoodjobsaround the house or loaf before going to bed at ten routine and Claude did, too. That made them both contented.

The white stucco house had a fireplace inside, so when it was winter Earl would go and put a fire in it. Then Claude would lie a little ways away from the fire while Earl read Terhune stories to him.

In the summer Earl would put out the fire (Claude couldn't, being a Boxer) and they would sit out on the porch and swing and swing. There Earl would read more Terhune stories to Claude.

One day Earl decided that he and Claude should do something new just for a change. So they went to an art museum where it was all right to take dogs along.

The first picture they saw showed a cow doing a half-gainer into a pool of feathers before a crowd of coca-cola bottles.

It was called The American Way on a Thursday Night.

Earl laughed at it.

Being a Boxer, Claude couldn't laugh so he grinned widely.

The second picture they saw showed a moon crying on a tennis court and at the left there was a pencil leaning against a lamp-post.

It was called Creation.

Earl laughed at that one too.

Claude just continued to grin. A little wider this time.

They went on to look at more pictures that were all very different but all very funny like the first two. It got so Earl couldn't laugh for fear he'd dislocate his knee if he slapped it any harder. Claude had to stop grinning for fear the corners of his mouth would meet at the back of his head.



They sat down to rest awhile before doing any more laughing and grinning.

In front of them was a picture that showed an eye staring at a pair of dungarees on a clothesline with a Bob-o-link taking a bath in one of the hip pockets.

It was called Hope and Substance.

Sitting there, Earl could only chuckle weakly at it and Claude could only grin weakly at it because they were pretty well bushed.

Then they saw a pretty woman in very high-heeled shoes who made a lot of noise with her chewing gum before Hope and Substance.

Earl waited for her to laugh.

Claude waited for her to grin.

She didn't do either. Instead she threw her arms up very dramatically and said "oh" very emotionally.

Then she went on still making noise with her gum.

Earl and Claude looked at each other in surprise.

Then a man with a beret and very long hair stopped before Hope and Substance.

Earl and Claude just waited this time.

The man stood there looking at it for a full seven minutes before he said "exquisite" with very much the same emotion as that woman with the very high-heeled shoes and the loud chewing gum had done when she said "oh."

Again Earl and Claude looked at each other in surprise.

When they got home Earl put on some old comfortable clothes and opened up a can of beer.

"Red Top."

Then he picked up the new Terhune book he bought just the other day. He showed Claude the picture of a proud-looking Police dog named Rex that was on the dust jacket.

"I like this picture, don't you Claude?" Earl asked.

Because he had next to nothing for a tail, Claude wagged his behind and waited for Earl to start reading.

Moral: Nice dogs can't laugh; they just grin.

He was smart, but
left school at Christmas

The Wedding

by Shirley Umphrey

Strange heels tapped in and out of the house all morning. They were the quick, hard beats of feminine heels hurrying to get places—lots of places—but a little confused as to which direction to take first. The slower, more assured male treads came next. The men followed the women, carrying boxes tied with silver and white ribbons, and gingerly moving the more delicate china to the rear of the display tables so that the sturdier presents would meet the visitors first.

When Joyce arrived, there was no one to answer the door. After ringing the bell, she opened her purse and ran a well-accustomed finger rapidly down a list of the day's activities—shopping: fruit (apples and grapes), Corn Flakes, Vanilla, two boxes of flour, confectioner's sugar; birthday present for Lila, Thank-you stationery for Dawn; pick up bridesmaids' dresses from final alterations. That was all. She drew a careful line through all of them. Shifting the dresses, she pushed the bell again. Still no one. The door was open a little, so she walked in. Dawn's father was just coming out from underneath a display table where he had piled all of the boxes.

He was tired but smiling. Almost guiltily he slumped into an arm chair. "She's upstairs packing," he said, indicating Dawn's room. "I don't think she'll want you to do much, but you'll be somebody else to order around for a while. And that will give me a rest, unless of course, her mother decides to use me for a moving van again."

★ ★ ★

Upstairs, Dawn was hurrying from one room to another—losing going-away handkerchiefs, nighties, and gloves—and finding them again. Her hair was rolled up high on her head with rags made from a slip. Joyce looked at the rags again. They were white silk—awfully appropriate for a wedding day. Last year they had been part of Dawn's graduation slip. But that

summer she had come home at 3 A. M. after her engagement party and had tied the slip over the bedroom lamp so that she wouldn't waken her younger sister. When she awoke during the night, little shoots of flame and waves of smoke were arising from the slip. Several weeks later, she had wanted new curlers, and the white silk remnants had met the requirements. It's funny, Joyce thought, I wonder what Dave would have said if he could have seen that slip with the little flames. But—if she had married him then, there would have been no slip, no high-school graduation maybe—no money to spend on all the beautiful trinkets Dawn collected on birthdays and Christmases. Little, frilly things that seemed to congregate around Dawn. The bedroom was lined with glass animals and China and Dresden ballerinas her mother had brought back from her trip to Europe. There was a small Victorian cuckoo clock on one wall with a perky little bird that called out the hours and across from it, on the other wall, were large, light-wood frames with dancers done in pastel chalks. It was a lovely room, so like Dawn. Her parents had given the room to her and Joan, her younger sister, because it faced the east, and it seemed to them that Dawn should have the eastern bedroom.

Which way would her room face tomorrow? Where would she put the dainty ballerinas and the fragile glass animals? Where would the friendly little cuckoo go? In a room shared with Dave? Well maybe, but he was so big—shoulders that a football player would covet, long, powerful body, slim and supple from skiing and basketball practice in the winter, and swimming and tennis in the summer. Of course, there wouldn't be much time for skiing at the club now; even if there were, the club was expensive. There wouldn't be any basketball either—unless he joined the very mediocre team that played at Church. No more school. And he hadn't quite finished. Studying hadn't been in-

teresting. Aptitude tests placed him first in a class of two hundred, but he didn't enjoy it. There was a good job waiting for him at home, so he had come back at Christmas time his Senior year at State, and announced that he was through. Now he was working at his father's sporting goods store, selling little make-believe flies to fishermen and long brown steel rifles to men who went hunting in Canada the first two weeks in November. He was managing the books, beginning to take over some of the stocking, and he was a fine salesman.

★ ★ ★

Dawn was sitting in front of the mirror, perched on top of a motley assemblage of underwear and freshly-ironed linen, gravely contemplating a pimple that had burst forth in the middle of her chin. Distractedly she swabbed it with alcohol. Joyce took the cotton, finished the job, and asked what she could do to help. Dawn glanced around the room. Some of her things were still mixed with Joan's. She started to point at a large photograph of Dave and noticed that one of her fingernails was not polished. That observation was sufficient to call her attention to the rest of her fingers. They weren't polished either. She fumbled through the contents of two drawers until she located the familiar red bottle with the broken handle.

Then she remembered that Joyce was good at that sort of thing. "Honey," she said, "be a nice Maid-of-Honor and polish them, will you? I'm about as steady as most brides are, I guess." Joyce brushed the liquid on smoothly and quickly. Dawn's fingers were moist and cold. They trembled now and then very slightly, but the polish went on all right.

★ ★ ★

From somewhere, long velvet organ tones were coming. People
(Continued on page 12)

The Story of a Russian Family

by Lolly Brunning

By the time a student enters college he is familiar with old legends used to explain certain "wonders" or answer some of the whys and hows of our existing world. Johnny Applesseed is an example of what I mean, for he is supposedly responsible for the abundance of apple trees throughout our country. The other day I ran across the answer to another phenomena which I'll now re-tell to you.

The story takes place in a gloomy, isolated section of Siberia. The main characters are the Rimski Stravinsky family. Rimski had two sons—twins—whom he called Pasha and Jasha.

Jasha was a giant with abnormal strength. He was at least fourteen feet tall. No one knows how much he weighed for there were no scales in the world great enough to weigh him. Nevertheless, we can be sure he weighed a lot. At the age of seven, he began to show his strength by picking up huge boulders and carrying them around, much like some boys carry stones or marbles. At twelve, he could handle their fourteen room house nicely and so when his mother changed her mind as to the "ideal" location for their home, he obliged her by moving it to the specified area.

Pasha, on the other hand, was considered a misfit for he was normal. To him a hundred pound sack of flour was plenty to be carrying at once, and he usually grew tired after working twelve hours a day for his father.

As the boys grew older, their ways and interests became more and more isolated. Pasha was bright, while Jasha was just big. Since Siberia had no schools, Pasha's talents were wasted and the family definitely favored Jasha who was "such a help." A hatred grew between the twins who were so opposite.

While Pasha read old books he found in the attic, his brother roamed the forests amusing himself in many ways. His favorite was building a large bonfire in the palm of his right hand and carrying it with him at night for his lan-

tern. When he got home, he'd consume the fire—rather liked the taste of burning wood—before going to bed. (His nightcap).

At last, life for Pasha became unbearable because of his brother. He thought for months about how he could get back at Jasha for being abnormal in a way which his folks admired. At last an inspiration came. Among his other eccentricities, Jasha was afraid of girls. In the vicinity of the Stravinsky home, there were no girls so Jasha had only seen two in his life besides his mother—and they scared him.

Yes, Pasha had a plan. It was evening, and Jasha was taking his customary evening walk—50 miles as I recall. The bonfire in his hand was larger than usual and his big, brown eyes reflected the playful flame as he walked along.

Pasha had hidden behind a large bush which he knew his brother would pass. As Jasha approached, Pasha sent up a silent prayer that his plan would work and put faith in his skill as a ventriloquist.

As Jasha neared, he heard a rustle of leaves and a female voice called, "Yoo Hoo, big boy. Come sit and talk to me."

The expression in Jasha's eyes delighted his scheming brother. Terror was blinding the sight and senses of the giant.

Jasha threw down his fire and began to run in the opposite direction of the voice. He was so scared he ran right on by his house. He ran . . . and ran . . . while the horrible voice seemed to follow him. When he reached the Pacific ocean, he plunged in—seeking escape. Since Jasha lived inland, he'd never learned how to swim and therefore drowned and has never been seen since.

Now you may think this is the end of the story but you're wrong. You see, Jasha was so big that when he fell in the ocean, he raised the water level. That's why the level of the Pacific is today several inches higher than that of the Atlantic and why it was necessary to

build the Panama canal in the way we did.

As I mentioned before, Jasha dropped his fire. He let go with such force that the bonfire sank into the earth and a few days later was found in Mexico, where it is now an active volcano.

Isn't it strange the world has not heard of the Stravinsky family before this?

THE WEDDING

(Continued from page 11)

were still wandering down the narrow aisles, the older people chatting in twos and threes, the younger ones sitting somewhat apart, awed and bewildered by the newness and somber joy of weddings.

In the minister's study, a marriage certificate was placed before Joyce. She signed it mechanically, trying to understand the formal, stilted wording on the paper. The sentences jumped, switched positions—and all she saw was the line above which the words "sign here" were printed.

The bridesmaids formed a long line of peach net and satin. Their nervous hands were protected by the cool stems of the Glads and the trailing leaves of ivy. Joyce took the rehearsed position. And then Dawn. Her thin veil covered a smile. She wasn't trembling now, but the white lace of her own sleeve was close beside her father's black evening jacket. His eyes made smiling creases at the corners as he bent down to whisper something in her ear. She pressed his arm and they started down the aisle.

As she reached the first step, Dave turned and they joined hands. Together they climbed to the altar and knelt. With cautious, seeking movements, they bent to pray. They had knelt together so many times, but now, as Joyce looked at them, they seemed to be strangers—Dawn was no longer her part-time roommate and sole confidant; Dave was no longer the long, graceful swimmer and the basketball player. They were Dawn and Dave now—Husband and Wife.

THE LEGACY

(Continued from page 5)

ettes. The furnace was crackling; perhaps, he thought, I ought to build a log fire in the bedroom grate. He had already decided that he would sleep in the master bedroom; the wallpaper in his old room was what David thought of as bad taste.

Someone knocked on the kitchen door and David listened to the rapping with indecision. Although he was unquestionably safe, he had heard and read so much about how people like him were being butchered or imprisoned or made to do awful things in their cottages near the villages that he felt at first a trifle uneasiness. David, fortunate in having the capacity to appreciate folks of any environment, was successful in reassuring himself that he could likely cope with any intruder. He walked over and opened the door; a young girl—about his own age, David thought—came in and invaded his privacy. But she was a beautiful girl with the prettiest, most flirtatious face he'd ever imagined in his life.

"I came because of the blizzard," she said. "I can't get through."

"It's getting worse out," David said.

"You're David Gowan?" the young girl asked, and David nodded. "My name's Siebel."

"How do you do," David said nervously.

"Is there no one here but us now?" Siebel asked.

"No, nobody," David said. "I don't think I understand you."

"I know," Siebel said. "I'm a rather difficult girl to understand at first. I'm all alone in the world."

"Oh, I'm sorry," David said politely. "Your parents are deceased?"

"They died of old age," Siebel said.

"That's too bad."

"What do you do?" Siebel asked.

"Study writing," David said, gesturing at some books.

"Stories? Oh, I love reading stories."

"No," said David. "Genealogy."

"Oh, I know all about the dead people of my family," Siebel said. "I'm of the English. My people came here on the Voyage. I always think they were very brave. Of course, one of my folks was a witch."

"A real witch?"

"Yes," Siebel said. "They stoned her just before Christmas."

"How outrageous," David said.

"I don't like so much snow," Siebel said. "Why, we might have to stay together here forever."

The blood rushed into David's head. He suddenly put both arms around her waist and kissed her lips very hard.

"I'm sorry," David said. "I didn't mean to do that, but you bewitch me."

"Oh, that's good," Siebel said.

"It makes you glad?" David asked.

"I want you," Siebel said. "You aren't afraid, are you?"

"I'll promise you this: I'll never leave you."

"Undoubtedly," Siebel said. "Now for heaven's sake," David said, "go upstairs and put on my mother's dry clothes."

He watched her go up the stairs and then looked at his watch. Five-twenty. The telephone rang and automatically David walked over and answered it. But, holding the receiver in mid-air, his hand stopped. Who would call him? Who would know that he was there now? Then, when he said hello, a woman's voice said, "David?"

"Yes," David said. "Oh, thank the Lord you're all right," the voice said. "Thank heaven I'm not too late!"

"What are you talking about?" David asked. "Who is this?"

"Mrs. Wimmer," the voice said. "See here, David, you must not stay there in that house alone. You're young and you don't know. You couldn't know."

It isn't age that makes a man sensible. It's the lack of strength for raising hell.

"Know what?" David asked. "About the witch," Mrs. Wimmer said.

"All right," David said, "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll get out the first time I see an ugly face leering over my bed; I'm staying until then at least."

"Witches aren't always ugly," Mrs. Wimmer said.

"What do you mean?" "This one was a young girl in her teens," Mrs. Wimmer said. "And she was one of your folks, David."

He heard the little click in the phone and David thought, Siebel has lifed the receiver off the hook and is listening to us on the extension upstairs.

"What was that?" Mrs. Wimmer asked.

"I have no time to talk," David said. "Call back later."

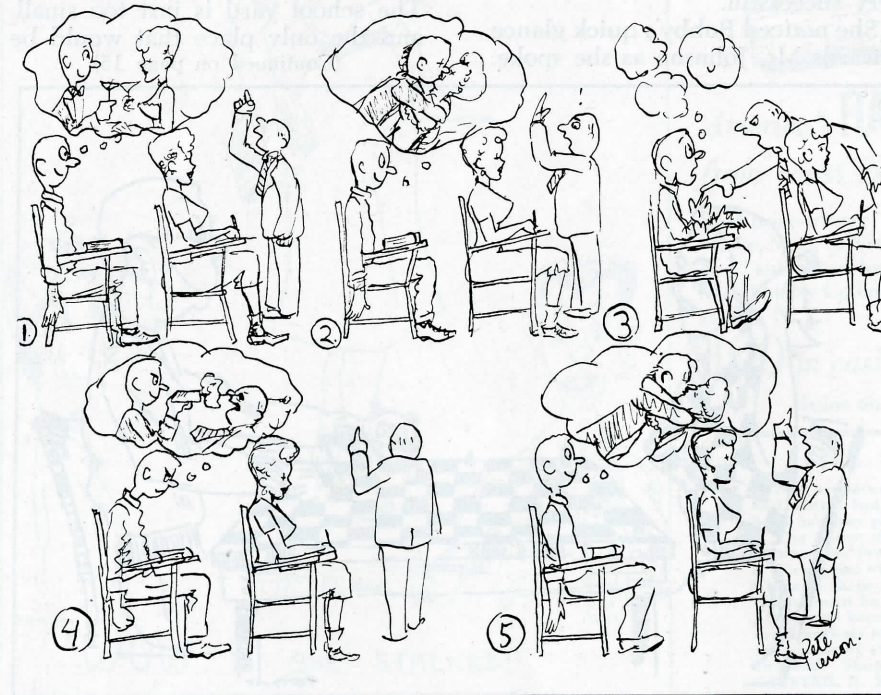
"There's someone in your house," Mrs. Wimmer said. "I heard them pick up the receiver."

"This is a party line, Mrs. Wimmer," David said.

"David, don't be a fool," Mrs. Wimmer said.

"La misere aime de la com-

(Continued on page 15)



(Continued from page 3)

the yard looked better than it ever had before. Then she thought of the rhododendrons—and went to them. Yes, he was right; they had needed to be thinned and he had done precisely what was needed.

She returned to the porch and it was late in the afternoon when at last she heard him coming around the side of the house.

"Finished?" she asked when he came onto the porch.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. His hands were grubby with soil, and there was a stain of dirt and sweat across his forehead and into his blond hair where he had rubbed his hands in the excitement of his work; and his face looked tired—his whole body looked tired, but there was a light of pride and victory in his eyes like that of a boxer after a battle.

"Come in the house while I get your money."

He followed her inside and stood hesitantly by the door.

Going into the library, she came out in a few minutes with her purse. "Here," she said counting the money into his hand. "I must admit that you did do a good job—a real good job, Bobby."

He stood quietly for a while, shifting his weight nervously from one foot to another.

"Well, what is it?" she asked when she could tolerate the silence no longer.

"Can I really come and play in the yard?" he asked shyly.

"May I come," she corrected. "Yes," she added softly, "perhaps next weekend. But you must be careful of the shrubbery and not trample anything."

"And—and maybe could I bring some friends?" he questioned looking up at her.

"I—I suppose so," Helen said after an instant of hesitation, "but just be certain they don't bother anything."

Mumbling a "thank you," he went out onto the porch and down the steps.

Helen stood watching him go, sensing a sort of airiness in the way he walked. And then he rounded the corner and was gone. She turned back into the house, and quite suddenly she was very lonely again.

Helen felt a certain expectancy the following week. Time and again she found herself thinking about

the weekend, and wondering if he really would come—hoping that he would come.

It was almost supper time on Saturday when the door bell rang. Letting the spoon fall into the pan in her haste, she went quickly through the house.

When she opened the door, Bobby was there as she had wanted him to be, but beside him stood a tall stranger. Hesitantly she stood looking at the two of them, then she turned to Bobby as though to ask him for the meaning.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the man spoke up, "but I was wondering if I could talk with you."

She looked at Bobby, who returned her gaze but then quickly let his eyes fall to the ground.

"Won't you come in," she spoke as though suddenly realizing they couldn't just stand there.

"You better stay outside, Bobby," the man said. "I'll be out in a few minutes."

The boy looked up at him, and then turned to Helen. "I think I better come in," he said decisively.

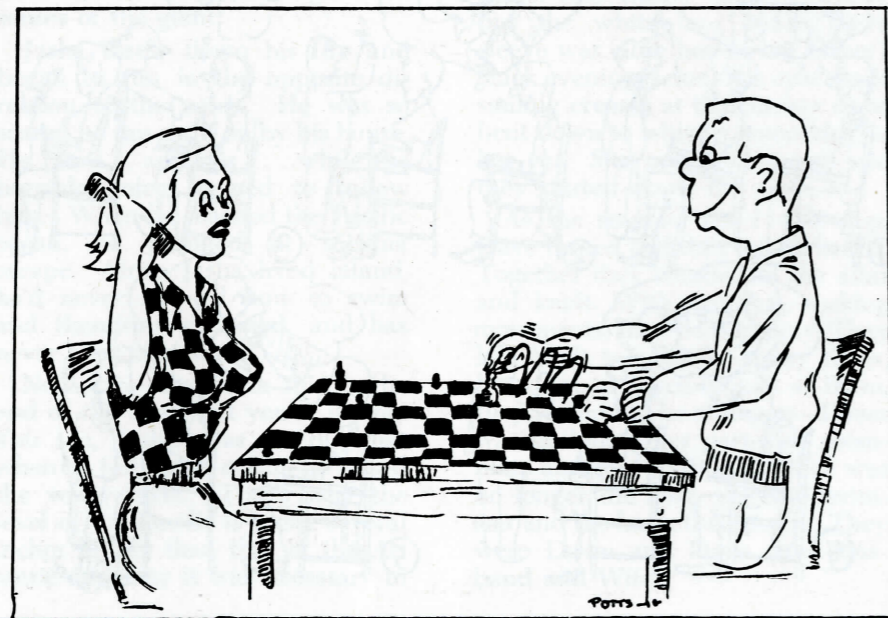
"Now just what do you want?" Helen asked sharply as she closed the door.

"I'm Bobby's teacher, Mr. Johnson," he said. "But can't we go some place and sit down?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she answered nervously, and led the way into the library.

"You have a very beautiful home," he said as he paused in the middle of the room and looked around. "Your husband must be very successful."

She noticed Bobby's quick glance towards Mr. Johnson as she spoke.



"My husband is dead, and I don't see what that has to do with matters."

"I'm sorry," he spoke softly and sat down across from her.

"Aren't you going to sit down, Bobby?" she asked. He was standing silently in the middle of the floor, hands thrust deep into his pockets and a look of adult concern on his face.

"I'd rather stand," he replied firmly.

Helen looked at him with amazement, but turned to the other. "Suppose you state your business, Mr. Johnson, it's almost supper time and I have a lot of work to do."

"I won't take much of your time. It was really Bobby who insisted that I come."

"I see," she replied looking towards the boy.

"You see," Mr. Johnson said, "the school has been wanting to put on a fete October 5, and the problem we've run into is trying to find a place to hold it."

"And just what does this have to do with me?"

"Your place is just what we need," Bobby spoke up abruptly.

"I tried to explain that it was almost out of the question," Mr. Johnson broke in, "but he insisted on my coming."

"But why should it be out of the question?" the boy said; "It's big enough, and it's right where we need it."

"But certainly — certainly there must be a park or some place you could find," Helen said.

"We've looked into everything. The school yard is just too small, and the only place that would be

(Continued on page 15)

THE LEGACY

(Continued from page 13)

pagnie' David said; blunt fact, carefully devoid of any emotion. "Comprendre?"

He hung up the phone with a rapid movement. Suddenly in a hurry, he found the copy of "Snowbound," and started up the stairs. The telephone rang again; David realized that he wouldn't answer it, for he had already forgotten. Nor would he know about doors, except that one closed behind him somewhere in the upstairs dimness that would never open again.

COCOON

(Continued from page 14)

suitable is too far out of town," Mr. Johnson announced.

"And what am I supposed to do?" Helen said vaguely, "just turn my yard over to be filled up with paper, pop bottles, and a crowd of people that I don't even know?"

"But everything would be cleaned up," Bobby said walking towards her. He stood in front of



her, his blue eyes now level with hers. "Honest it would. Nothing would be hurt, and your yard's the only place to hold it."

"Bobby, I have not said anything about letting you use my yard. You seem to think that I should jump at the chance of letting someone tear up my property." She stood up and walked nervously to the window.

No one spoke, and when she at last turned, she saw Bobby looking at her; and she noticed the look in his eyes.

Mr. Johnson had gotten up and started toward the door. "We better go, Bobby," he said.

Bobby stood silently for some time, and then he turned to follow. "I still like her," he said firmly to Mr. Johnson.

"Wait a minute!" she spoke without realizing it.

The two stopped and looked at her. She walked towards Bobby and

looked down at him. "You can have the yard," she said quickly. "I'm very glad you made me say that, Bobby."

His face again lighted from within. "You mean it?" he asked. "You mean for all of us?"

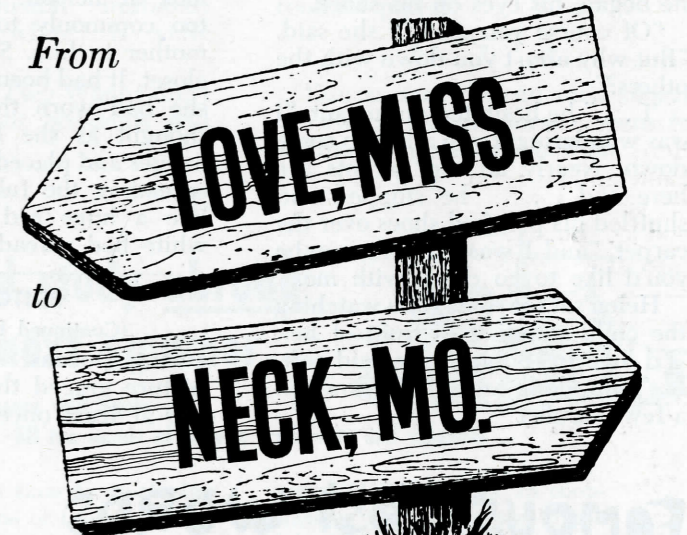
"Yes, Bobby," she said quietly laying a hand on his shoulder.

"See, Mr. Johnson, I told you she'd let us use it," Bobby said, his eyes flitting from one face to the other.

The two thanked her as they left. She closed the door behind them and stood alone in the hall. Suddenly she was quite sure she had done right in donating the yard.

As the days and then the weeks passed, she actually found herself looking forward to the fete. But when the booths were at last being set up and the lights strung, she looked on and felt unneeded. They

(Continued on page 16)



From **LOVE, MISS.**
to **NECK, MO.**
America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast
First prize-winner
"Love, Miss. to Neck, Mo." submitted by
Miss Shirley Collins,
Ithaca, N. Y.

\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!
Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

- LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES**
1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: Fom RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
 2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
 3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes December 31, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

(Continued from page 15)

told her that everything would be taken care of and for her not to worry. So she went about her work wishing they had asked her for help, and watched the activity from behind the heavy drapes.

October fifth came, a perfect day with just enough snap in the air. All day she waited for the evening, but when evening came and the meal was eaten and the dishes washed, she went upstairs and watched from the seclusion of her own room.

She was in deep thought when she heard footsteps in the hall and a low knock at the door.

"Yes, who is it?"
"It's me." Bobby opened the door and stepped into the room.

She meant to correct him but instead she said, "Bobby, Bobby, you . . ."

"I hope I'm not bothering you," he began, his eyes on his shoes.

"Of course you aren't," she said. "But why aren't you down with the others?"

"I . . ." he hesitated an instant. "I was wondering if you'd like to come down. Nearly all the parents are here and . . ." he stopped and shuffled his polished shoes over the carpet, "and I was thinking maybe you'd like to go down with me."

Helen sat for some time watching the child standing in front of her. "I'd love to, Bobby," she said softly. "Run along and I'll be down in a few minutes."

Watch for the
big Holiday
issue of Campus
featuring A
lovely
GAL-ANDER
GIRL
for each month
of the year

She sat still until she heard the front door open and then close.

Getting up, she started slowly towards the door. But then she stopped and turned. Pausing in front of the mirror, she gave a long look at herself. She was dressed too commonly to be a parent, a mother to him. She turned to her closet. It had been a long time since she had worn the red dress, she thought as she lifted it from its hanger and placed it across the bed, spreading the fullness until it lay like a huge red fan against the white bed spread.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 2)

among Queens. Every girl whose picture graced the pages of *Campus* at least once during the year

was eligible to be selected. The lovely winner was Peggy Malpass, Kappa Kappa Gamma. Again this year *Campus* will sponsor the contest and in the last issue of the year another delectable Denison Dolly will be chosen as "Miss Campus."

COVER

Pictured on the cover of this issue are the Phi Gams as they started to work on their Homecoming float, a group of freshman songsters, and President Knapp's new home, already nicknamed "The Knapsack."—BARRIE BEDELL.



It You're
Travel Minded,
Read This!

Faculty members and student organizations of Denison University are being offered a most unusual opportunity to enjoy next summer in Europe without it costing them a penny.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



The Laugh's The Thing —

Irritated professor: "If there are any more morons in the room, please stand up."

A long pause, and a lone freshman rose.

Professor: "What, do you consider yourself, a moron?"

Freshman: "Well, not exactly that, sir, but I do hate to see you standing all alone by yourself."

Professor: "You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."
"You don't, eh? Well let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"I dunno."
"You don't! I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Wal, I don't, mister. You see I just came in to fix the radiator."

And then there was the little moron who collected stones and put them in his bathroom. He had rocks in his head.

In Paris, it's frankness;
In Panama, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.

First Communist: "Nice weather we're having."

Second Communist: "Yeah, but the rich are having it too!"

A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad—an optimist hopes so.

"But Henry, that isn't our baby."
"Shut up, it's a better buggy."

Doctor: "Well, Mrs. Jones, I have good news for you."

Patient: "But, it's not Mrs.—it's Miss Jones."

Doctor: "Well, then, Miss Jones, I have bad news for you."

Pat was determined to pass his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage passed right by it. Fifty yards later he relaxed, sighed, and turning to himself, said: "Well done, Pat my boy. Come on back and I'll treat you."

Perplexed Oriental husband: "Our child is white. Is velly stlange."

Wife: "Is tluue. Two Wongs don't make a white, but occidents will happen."

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the finest families in Virginia."

"We aren't arresting you for breeding purposes."

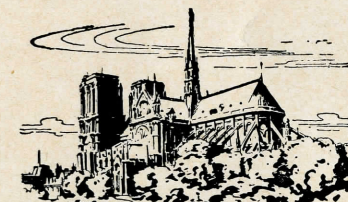
Little Lucy had just returned from a children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before her mother's guests. "Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

In these days it has been said that a boy goes four years to college because it takes about that long to develop an all-American football player.

Edison said college men object to work. College doesn't seem to change people so much, then.

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No. 11...THE ROOSTER



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