

HOLIDAY ISSUE

Campus



MERRY
CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER
1951

THEATRE

NIGHT CLUB
16011

DEPT. STORE

HAPPY NEW YEAR

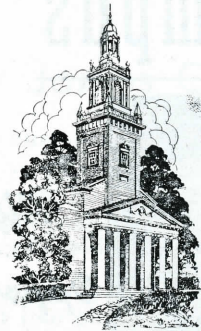


BETTY JANDA, Junior

Photo by Howard Studio, Newark
Furs Courtesy Green Bay Furriers

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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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Feature

Editorial	2
Denison Debators Used to Winning	8
The American Way	9
Campus Gal-ender Girls	14

Literary

The Portable Christmas	10
A City Street	12
It Came to Pass	18

Humor

A Christmas Fable	3
The House I Lived In	4
Eastward Ha!	6
A Native Returns	19
The Case of the Reticent Regurgitator	23

Cartoons and Jokes

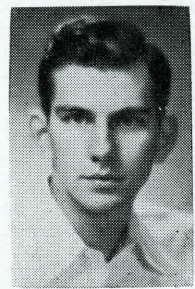
WRITING STAFF

Jacque Duto	Ed Jacobs
Lynn Martin	Hart Dake
Lolly Bruning	Don Shackelford
Bill Hughes	Roger Adams
Janet Moore	Jim Gould
Herbert Hart	Hugh Pickett
	Bill Malcolmson

Vol. VII, No. 2

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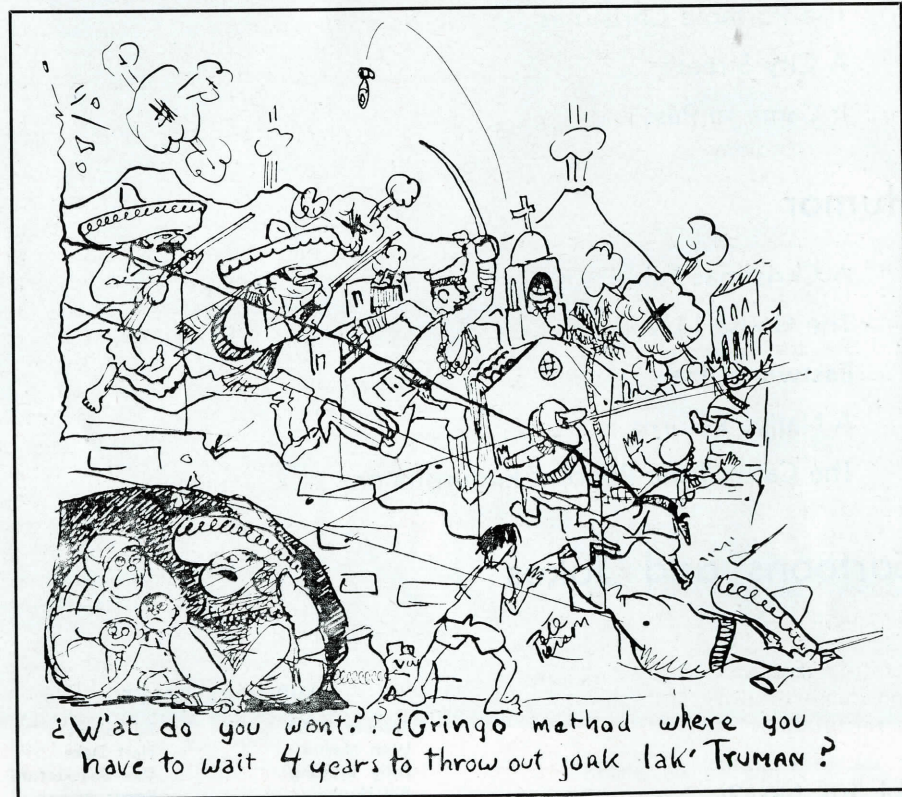
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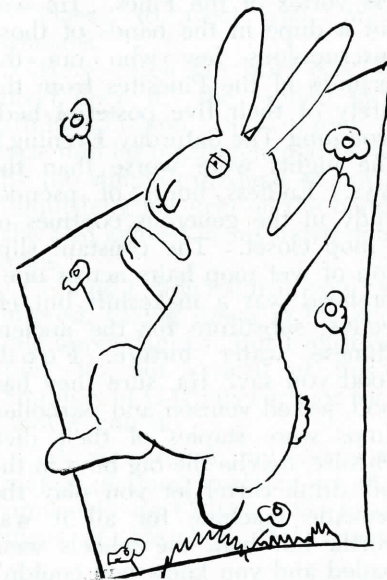
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by James Gould

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"Hi, Dick," they would say whenever they met him in the deep, deep forest.

To his mother, however, he was known always as Absolom, for, you



see, her memories of Absolom's father, Absolom Sr., (a rare hare), still lingered warmly in her soft, little head.

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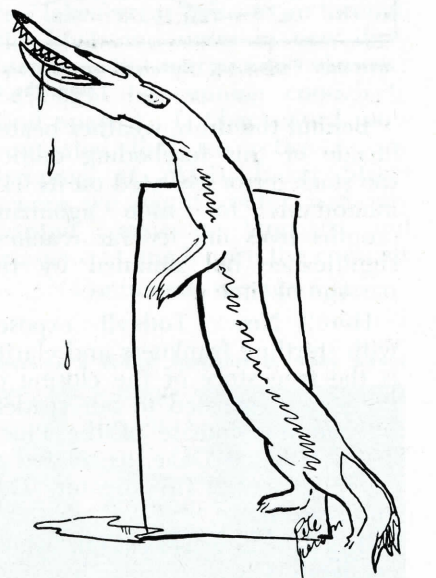
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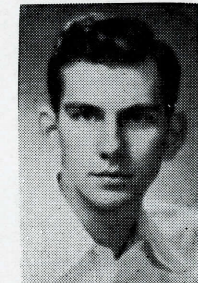
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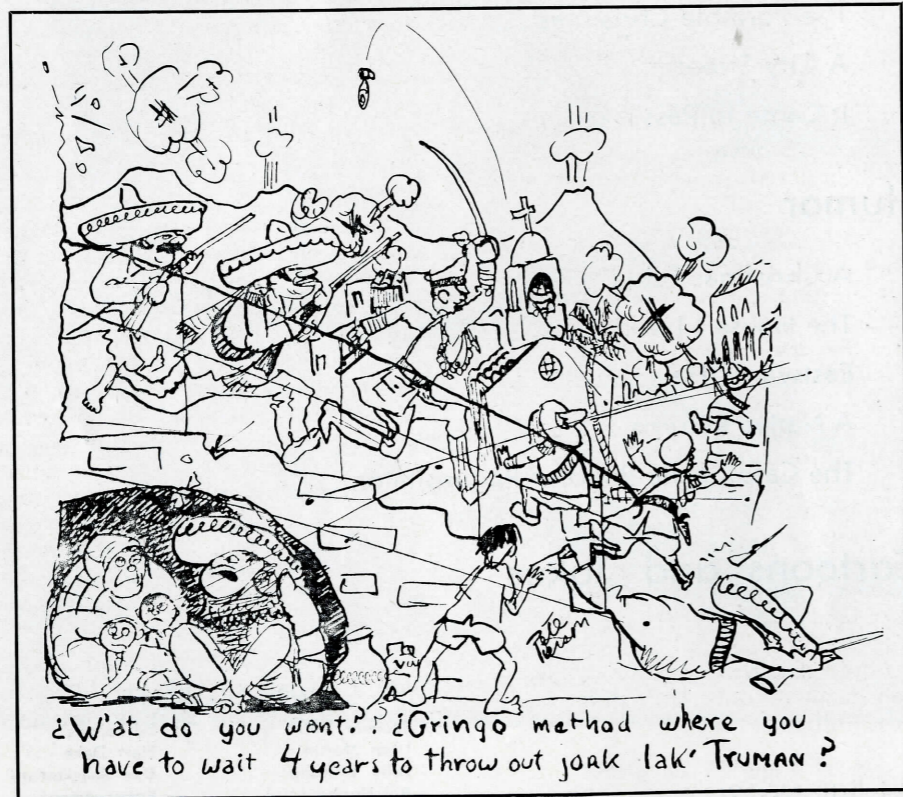
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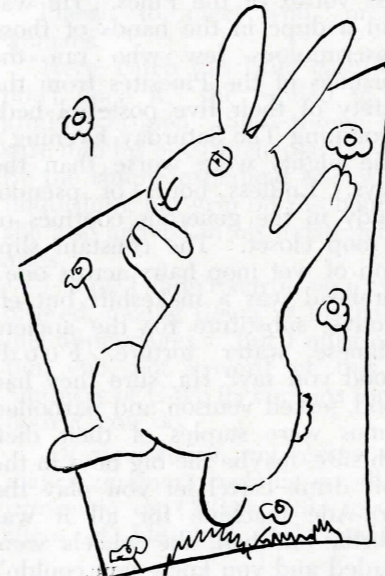
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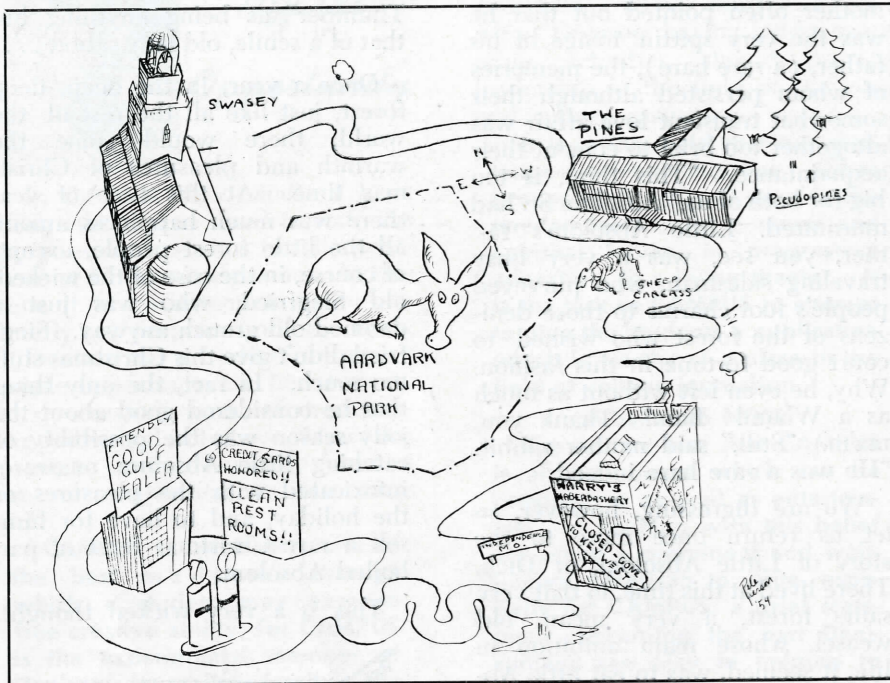


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THE HOUSE I LIVED IN,

Or The Real Story Behind The Closing of The Pines.

by Hart Dake as told to Don Shackelford



Mercator Projection, showing conclusively that no spot on earth is more than 3450 hours from the Pines by Pogo Stick.

Behind the drab, weather beaten facade of this foreboding edifice, the stark terror inflicted on its 34½ inhabitants for nine agonizing months lives on, its far reaching significance not dimmed by the passage of time.

Hére! Now! Today!! exposed with startling frankness and clarity is the true story of the closing of the Pines, revealed to our readers by one-time inmate of the Pines, Senor Hartzell Dake, as related to *Campus*' Special Investigator, Don Shackelford.

"I can tok now, eet ess OK, weeth my leetle Cucaracha safely across ze border. I have live in won beeg scare, you betcha, seence I leave zat den of intrigue and hotbed of carnal desires. Bot I can tell all now in ze hope zat my message may not come too late to help ze miserable wretches who have been scattered over ze face of ze earth since ze merciful closing of zat chamber of horrors."

What is it that has caused this simple, wet-backed Mexican gooberpicker to search his soul for peace? What could the dark history be behind this building of mystery? All these queries and

more coursed through my thoughts as I first interviewed Senor Dake through a trusty interpreter, an expeddler of Iberian insects by trade.

Let us go back, if you will, to happier days when the site of the Pines was no more than an engrossing pastoral scene. Upon fields of lush herbage, the sleek flocks of the American Commons Club grazed contentedly. Richly endowed Denison maidens romped amidst the well kept grape arbor, plucking the succulent fruit from the trellis of young Mothah Woods.

Gaily mouthing ritualistic Eurasian fertility chants, the maidens carried the grapes to large wooden vats, where they trampled them with unconcealed glee beneath their feet, until only the limp grape skin remained immersed in a sea of frothing purple juices. But the gods were angry with us it seems. The clouds of war reared their ugly heads, the Navy Department reared its ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly co-head, Ozzie Baker reared his ugly head (see ugly head photo next page) and lo, there was the heavy clomp of combat boots echoing along the shaded college

walks. Overnight, rank militarism appeared in the form of this gaunt barracks.

"Eet was not so much preety like my home in quaint, picturesque, Guadalajara. (Now accessible by all-weather motor road during the dry season.) Bot I move in anyhow knowing zat ze immigration officials weel not look for me zere."

More and more, this poor unfortunate was sucked into the relentless vortex of the Pines. He was but a dupe in the hands of those unscrupulous few who ran the fortunes of the Pinesites from the safety of their five postered beds (counting The Saturday Evening). The nights were worse than the days. Endless hours of pseudo-study in the generous confines of a mop closet. The constant slip-slop of wet mop hairs across one's forehead was a makeshift but effective substitute for the ancient Chinese water torture. Food? Food you say? Ha, sure they had food, jerked venison and parboiled Emus were staples of their diet. Oh sure, maybe the big boys in the soft drink cartel let you play the Tru-Ade machine for all it was worth, but hell, the wheels were loaded and you knew you couldn't beat the house. Yet, there was something more going on beneath the surface—something intangible—a certain tension in the air. The inmates would hear late at night the soft scraping of a shovel against the spongy soil, the rapid scuffling of moccasined feet, a gentle tapping at a door. A voice would whisper "Get the glommerants out of sight!" As the awakened occupants peered beneath their locked doors, the glommerants would slowly disappear before their eyes. The next morning there was no trace of the glommerants except for a faint odor of lotus blossoms near the fire extinguishers.

"Senor, my mother, she weaves the finest serapes in all ze provencio de Halisco. She would sen you wan for a few pesos down, much more cheaper than they can anywhere else be purchase. Zey make ze fine favors for ze senioritas

at ze Christmas Formals."

It was the cold morning of December 18, 194... when the first real break came for our side after months of patient waiting. As Senor Dake was setting out to his co-sociology class he was accosted by a woman, who, at the request of the Legion of Public Decency, we shall refer to as just plain Madam "X". Wearing her 20 gage steel diving helmet in a somewhat inconspicuous manner, she nevertheless gave herself away as a woman of mystery by her flagrant disregard for the protocol of espionage. She had a large red "X" affixed to her back. That sort of thing—well—it's just *not done* you know. "Psst, hey buddy," she said, striking up a conversation from her lofty perch in a gnarled elm tree.

"Pleeze to meet you, preety womans."

"Here, catch this brief case, but don't open it," she replied in an affable fashion. She threw the case into his outstretched arms, and by the simple expedient of not relinquishing her grip on the handle, she also arrived in his outstretched arms.

"I hope I didn't startle you," she offered, gazing down at his dangling appendages. "But I must caution you; not a word of this to Smithers of G-08, its curtains for us both if you do."

"Ah si, curtains, my seester she makes ze finest curtains en all ze provencio de Chiapa. She makes them of bleached "D" sweaters



Pines students happily wending their way to Chapel.

fringed with old Weni-scopes, I theenk."

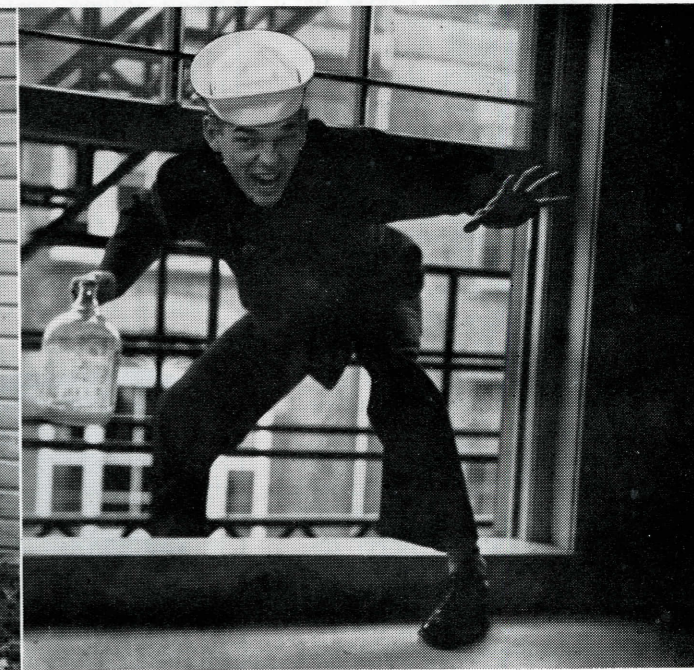
Thus having allayed all suspicious, Madam "X" stealthily exited. (See stealthy exit photo). By this time I, agent Shackelford, late of the O.S.S. was fully aroused, and in full possession of my faculties for the impending struggle with the forces of evil which confronted me. Laying aside my purgated three volume set of the "History of Flaggellation in Outer Mongolia," I seemed the complete master of the situation. (Purgated

volumes are extremely rare. They are not to be confused with expurgated or unexpurgated works. In the purgated editions the author has taken great pains to go through the book and write in new dirty words in the margins or wherever he might be cunning enough to find space.) I, Shackelford, now suggested that we retire to my lodgings at 211-B, Baker Street where we might confer with my trusted companion Moriarity and examine at our leisure the contents

(Continued on page 22)

A Denison coed leaving the Pines after a Sunday afternoon open house (left).

Men, the Navy offers you a chance to become a skilled specialist in many trades.



EASTWARD HA!

by Rog Adams and Bill Hughes

In the not too hoary past, the halls of the illustrious Senate resounded with cries of "Un-American", "Un-Everything", "Kill it", and "Here, Here". The Senate "Un-Everything" committee was ordered to investigate the recent goings-on in the nation's number one selling magazine, CAMPUS. The "committee," equipped with thumb-screws, iron-maidens, and a pilfered copy of the 1951 Adytum, extracted a document containing information of unparalleled prejudices.

My colleague and I, still bearing the scars of this investigation, set out on one of our own, the results of which will probably be unparalleled in the annals of time. And so, for the first time, we present the revelations of an investigation which will probably be unequalled for ages to come. Come, let us light the lamp of truth for you.

The Senate

This nefarious organization is composed of outwardly beneign-countenanced individuals. Inwardly, though, we discovered what makes this organization click! The Iron Hand of the Co-Dictators, who, we have been led to suspect, were trained in Nazi Germany and then graduated to the Kremlin, is ever apparent to the hapless peasants of the Hill. Meetings are opened by a rap of the hammer, and a political refugee kneels to have his head graced by the almighty sickle. There is then a period of silence, in which the object is to hate everything. When the members feel themselves set up to counteract prejudice, and if anyone suggests that perhaps Senate is biased, then they are shot. The reason? Prejudice against Senate. This group, however, manages to have its lively moments, such as the monthly parties they hold. These usually take the form of dances with half-time entertainment, featuring the firing squad or a certain form of roulette. We now know why the various social groups sent alternates; the regulars know when their turn is coming. We wonder why these alternates never return. They are either eliminated or sent off to the equivalent of the salt mines—the physical training center. As we left this illustrious encamp-

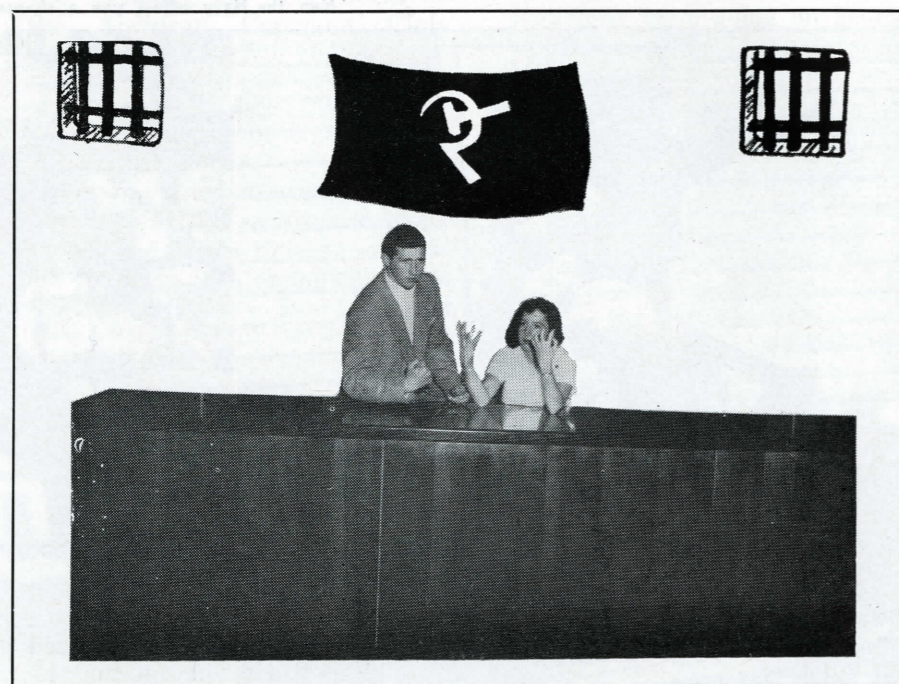
ment, we were reminded of their obvious unity, as they screamed, "On Comrades", "Workers Arise" and "The Kremlin Forever". We are left with one conclusion: the people with the regal septors, and justice are blind.

D.C.E.P.

In the "D" Book, the freshmen credo, it is written that no member of D.C.E.P. shall relate lewd and lascivious jokes. One night, as they stood around in their hoods watching a cross burn, as is their custom, we overheard an incredulous voice inquire, "You mean we weren't really married at the Sadie Hawkins Dance?" This was followed by a loud exchange of pretty raw material. Now the question is this: Is this group, who have for years been the epitomy of . . . something, going to get away with it? Are we going to sit back and be corrupted by this group? Well, why not? If you can think of an easier way to get an education that is liberal, tell us all about it.

However, the chief obstacle we ran up against in this investigation is that D.C.E.P. really doesn't do

The claws and iron fist of these two terrible tyrants are subjugating all true-blue sons of Denison to the "righteous" rule from beyond. Great is the wickedness and evil which stems from a lackadaisical and indifferent senate.



anything; it just exists. But never let it be said that we were stumped, for we uncovered some horrible facts about this group. While trying to absorb some pecuniary funds, they organized a campaign to sell the complete, all new "D.C.E.P. Burglar Kit." This comes in a handy trunk containing a solid brass, chrome plated, hand-annealed blackjack and pic-axe combined. Also included in this kit are a jimmy, thousands of wrechies, a time bomb and a pocket edition of the book, *Dogs I Have Known*. For those who do not relish this sort of entertainment, D.C.E.P. has for you a handy, economical, family-size marijuana kit, with a motto on the label, "Don't be left out, make like the movie stars."

Recently we observed this organization equipped with bottles of hootch, painting W A signs upon the roof of the observatory. Oh well, in the word of our emotional forefathers, "Bring the Wagon Home, John".

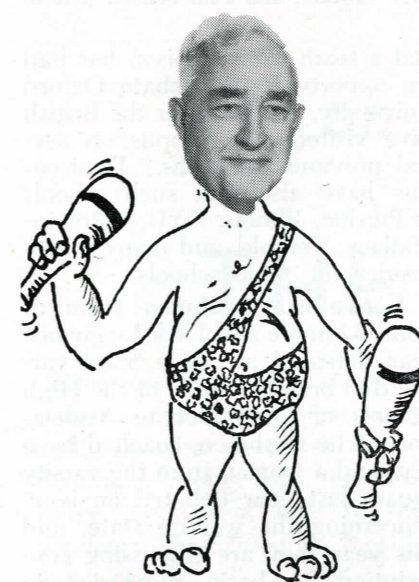
The Physical Education Department

Warm-garbed in our balbriggins, and using old tennis racquets for

snow shoes, my teammate and I tramped to the Colliseum. Gaining entrance by a side door, we came upon a wizened old man selling basketball players. My friend, realizing the tremendous import of the situation, rushed over and calmly screamed, "Dr. Livingston I presume!" Dr. Livingston acknowledged that fact.

Proceeding onward to the physical education "class" that was in progress at that time, we were witnesses to an exhibition that compared to a sanskrit fertility dance. The boys were having an easy time of it that day, 1000 pushups, 8000 sit-ups (they aren't quite as strenuous). Much the same as a psychologist, stop watch in hand, attempts to find the point of exhaustion of a rat, brother Sid times the death throes of his "pupils" . . . Who's a rat????

As we approached the badminton courts, we listened to this very interesting dissertation taking place between the coach and his players. "All right men, youse guys got to pay attention to me here. Tonight's the hitch with Holy Smoke U., and those guys were hired out of Jamaica. I admit we don't pay as much as they do, but I don't want to see any of youse dickering with their coach for a better job. After all, look at the advantages I've given you for the last ten years: telephone numbers, race tips, some of them paid off, and don't you all own beautiful homes in Arlington? Sam! Put down that racing form and listen to what I got to say. Say,



who taught you to read anyway? You've been paying attention in class again, and just for that I'm going to take away your Cadillac



This sensational photo of D.C.E.P.ers shows the hierarchy of the Klan. These malicious masterminds are "cooking up" another dastardly deed. From the looks of their robes, either they take in more members or they will be taking in laundry!

for a week. All right, men, get out there and fight tonight. Mac here will take bets as you leave the room. Hey, Dugan, you better get in there tonight, or I might let you graduate this year. Then where will you be?"

Returning to the Gym class, we noticed the hapless youths being marched off to the showers, which reminded us of the atrocities committed in the gas chambers at Dachow and Buchenwald. However, some consolation is offered, in that if you can do ten million push-ups, fifty thousands of chin-ups, and one sit-up, (it isn't quite as strenuous as the rest) you can be exonerated until the next semester and will be known as a monster around campus. You ought to get a letter for passing P.T.

"D" Men

This band of individuals, the organized gestapo of the campus is rapidly achieving notoriety through its brutal mutilation of unlucky freshmen men. Any time one of these poor lowly beings set foot outside Curtis Hall without a beanie or without having gazed reverently at a bit of tradition, he

was whisked off to a regrouping center and interred there until he had suffered for his crime, or had become too exhausted to continue



his forced labor.

It was through the efforts of these people and D.C.G.A. that the D Book, or *Mein Kampf* was published, and all the orders therein

(Continued on page 13)

DENISON DEBATERS USED TO WINNING

by Lynn Wellman

The number of awards in the Speech Office on the third floor of Doane is only one indication of the success of Denison debating teams in the past. Our debaters are finding other evidences whenever they enter a tournament or meet. When one team at the recent Cincinnati Tau Kappa Alpha tournament heard that their opponents were from Denison, their only comment was that they might as well concede the debate right then. Nor is such high praise undue, for our debate record has been outstanding.

There are many reasons for the growth of such a reputation. One of these, surely, was the winning of the Ohio Intercollegiate Tournament in February of 1949. Each year, the state title is sought by at least twenty teams on the campus of Capital University. Although Denison met its stiffest competition of the year, the team was judged best of the nineteen or twenty schools participating, and was awarded the trophy by the Ohio Association of College Teachers of Speech. This team, consisting of Joe Neath, Paul Schuch, Bob Gump, and Larry Crocker, were a particularly successful group.

Earlier the same year, Denison was invited for the first time to the Boston University Invitational Tournament. Such schools as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, West Point, Annapolis, University of Pennsylvania, and Notre Dame were among those schools entering. Joe Neath and Paul Schuch, both of whom are now studying law, were selected to represent Denison in Boston. Discussing the topic, "Federal Aid to Education," Neath and Schuch compiled a record of nine wins, two non-decisions (a tie), and no defeats. Among the teams which went down before our team were Harvard, University of Maine, West Point, and Boston.

Nor has it been only the first team which has enjoyed such success. In 1948 our second string entered the Michigan Invitational, and won five out of their six matches. The same year, teams travelled to Purdue, Cincinnati, and other midwestern schools to gain recognition for D.U.

At the Pittsburgh tournament in

December of last year, Denison tied with Duquesne University for first place out of twenty-eight teams from nineteen different schools. Each debater was rated individually, and John Bacheller, a senior, was high-point man with eight-nine. As no one received an "excellent" rating (with a score of ninety or

south. The eight schools they encountered were Georgetown, Kentucky, Tennessee, Davidson, Wake Forest, North Carolina State, Duke, and Chapel Hill. These debates were non-decisional, although some of them were broadcast over local networks.

This year is not the first time



Only a metal cup being presented, and yet a symbol of excellence achieved by these four Denison debaters. Dr. Crocker (left) and former President Brown (right) have a right to be proud of Bob Gump, Joe Neath, Larry Crocker, and Paul Schuch (left to right).

above), Bacheller and the other members of this team, Bob McDaniel, John Humphreys, and John Snyder were also tops.

The girls as well as the men have been outstanding in debate, for in the Women's State Tournament at Capital last year, our women's team tied for second place with Ohio Wesleyan, each group having eight victories and four defeats. This team, composed of Lucille Long, Marilyn Cruikshank, Myrtle Sowards, and Elne-Jean Young, debated successfully on several occasions the national topic, "Resolved, That the Non-Communist Nations Should Form a New Organization."

Although we did not send a team to Boston in 1950-51, a group of four men, Bacheller, Crocker, Dave Fullmer, and Don Roberts, took an eighteen hundred mile tour of the

that a team from Denison has had the opportunity to debate Oxford University, England, for the British have visited our campus on several previous occasions. Denisonians have also met such schools as Purdue, Illinois, NYU, Baldwin-Wallace, Temple, and many others besides the Ohio schools.

A two-man freshman team of Tom Skidmore and Dick Lugar last year defeated an Ohio State varsity duo before a clinic of the High Schools of Ohio Debate Association. The freshmen, coached by a man and a woman from the varsity squad, last year debated an issue concerning the welfare state, and this year they are discussing conscription for basic industries in wartime, under the leadership of Lucy Long and Dick Lugar.

Perhaps the climax of last year's (Continued on page 20)

The
creator
of
Dick Tracy
writes
especially
for
Campus
on

THE AMERICAN WAY

Our country was founded on the industry, integrity, perseverance and Christian faith of the individual. Along with this was a fierce, belligerent love of independence and freedom that cost much blood.

The desire to earn one's own bread, unmolested, to lead a righteous life, to shun the shackles that

go with state bribery, to abide peacefully in this world, without inflicting one's national views on others, is the American way.

It seems to me we should have as our goal restoring America to Americans. The great majority of our deeply patriotic population has allowed itself to be pushed around long enough. If Americans don't

start standing up for America, NOBODY will. We see proof of that every day in the foreign news.

Of course, all this must start with the return of us, as individuals, to the Christian faith of our forefathers, and—if you'll pardon the expression—to their guts!—CHESTER GOULD.



THE PORTABLE CHRISTMAS

by Jacqui Dutro

"Let me through here, please. I'm the doctor; let me through."

Reluctantly the snow-encrusted semi-circle of curious onlookers parted to admit the distinguished looking man in the gray coat.

"What's the trouble here, Officer Malone?"

The young policeman arose with apparent relief as he recognized the newcomer.

"It's old Jake, the pencil peddler, Doctor Kline. I just got here a couple of minutes ago, so I'm not sure just what happened, but he's unconscious. I thought it best not to move him till you got here."

"Sonny, my car's parked across the street—the black coupe; there's a blanket in the back seat. Run and get it will you?" This, to a wide-eyed little boy with a faded red stocking cap pulled low about his ears. "And you, Malone, keep the crowd back as much as possible." Then the doctor turned his attention to the figure slumped against the gaudy glass-tile front of the Five & Dime Store.

Old Jake had sat so long in the same position upon his three-legged stool that millions of snow flakes had drifted nonchalantly down from the skies and settled upon him to cover his tattered, threadbare appearance. He looked for all the world like a misshapen snowman who had had his head shoved forward upon his chest by some brattish neighborhood child. Whipping off a glove, the doctor inserted his hand beneath the old man's chin and lifted the sagging head. The face that was raised to the snow was like nothing in the scene except perhaps the dirty slush

which lay upon the much-traveled pavement.

"Here's the blanket, Mister."

"Oh, yes, thank you." Doctor Kline gently lowered the limp form onto the blanket and examined it briefly, as the jubilant strains of "Joy to the World" poured forth from a loudspeaker across the street.

"How is he, Doc?" asked Officer Malone.

"He's in no immediate danger; looks like a case of malnutrition and a general rundown condition. I think the hospital is the best place for him until he regains his strength."

"May I make a suggestion, Doctor Kline?" The smooth, well-modulated voice was scarcely heard before the crowd fell away and a tall, dark man was standing alone where its outside edge had been.

"Why, yes, I suppose you may, Mr. McCroury." Rising slowly to his full height, Doctor Kline faced the older man and waited for him to speak.

"Obviously this man hasn't the means to pay a hospital bill, and even if he did, our hospital is overcrowded with influenza victims. I could give him any care you might prescribe in my home—and I presume it would be better than he'd receive elsewhere."

"Yes, I imagine it would." The doctor turned his gaze to the bedraggled shape on the blanket. "As I can think of no other solution at the moment, you may take him. No doubt you should be applauded for so noble a gesture, but I'm sure you'll see to that end of it, so I'll concern myself with my patient. If

you would be so kind as to have your car driven up to the curb, I'll help you make Jake comfortable for his journey; then I'll follow in my car."

"Jake ain't goin' nowhere without me, Mister." All eyes focused upon a little boy in a red cap who was standing before the unconscious form, his feet planted wide apart, his facial expression matching the decisiveness of his words. He had his hands jammed into his jacket pockets for warmth, but both scrawny, chapped wrists stayed out in the cold air because his short sleeves and shallow pockets failed to accommodate them. Perhaps because he felt the weight of questioning eyes upon him, this staunch little defender rushed into an explanation of his outburst. "You see, me and Jake are pals. He watches out for me and I watch out for him. I knowed he hadn't been feelin' too good for a long time, so I been coming by to see him a couple times a day just to make sure he's okay. When I come by today, I seen his head was drooped over and I thought he'd went to sleep. He does that sometimes. But when I poked him and he didn't wake up, I called this here cop to take care of him. Now you're takin' him away—but please can't I go, too, Mister?"

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Mick Patterson."

Doctor Kline turned to Mr. McCroury, half a smile flickering about his calm gray eyes. "Well, Samuel, would it be taxing your benevolence too heavily, or does Mick go along?"

"Of course he goes." And Mr. McCroury turned on his heel, stalked

to the curbing and motioned for his chauffeur.

Finally, the two cars pulled into the sparse line of traffic, burdened with a rather diversified lot of humanity. They moved together to the outskirts of the town, up a narrow tree-lined road and into a driveway which bordered the front steps of a large yellow brick house. Here they stopped.

"My chauffeur will help you get him into the house," said McCroury as Dr. Kline approached the first car with Mick tagging close at his heels. "I'll go on ahead and consult with my wife about a room."

Old Jake was beginning to regain consciousness, but the sight of Mick seemed to assure him that he was in good hands, so he made no attempt to question the two men as they carried him into the house. McCroury met them at the door and led them down a hallway to a large, pleasant room.

"Here we are, Dr. Kline. Susan, here, will get you anything you need to make your patient comfortable. When you've gotten him settled, I'd like to speak with you in the library."

"Thank you; I'll be there directly." Dr. Kline sent the colored maid for a basin of hot water and a warm pair of pajamas. Then he set about relieving the old man of his soggy garments, bidding Mick hang them in the adjoining bath to dry. When Susan returned, he bathed the old man and helped him into the pajamas she had brought. As he left the room, having instructed Mick to explain the situation to his friend, should he ask, he smiled wryly at the thought of a lonely pencil peddler lying in a bed belonging to the town's richest and proudest man, his wasted and slightly soiled body swathed in a pair of this man's best satin pajamas.

The library door was ajar, so Dr. Kline entered without knocking. Samuel McCroury turned from his musing at the window to offer his guest a chair by the open fireplace.

"No, thank you, Samuel. I was on my way to the hospital when I received this call and I have to drop by there before I go home for dinner. So I'd prefer to make this visit as short as possible, if you don't mind."

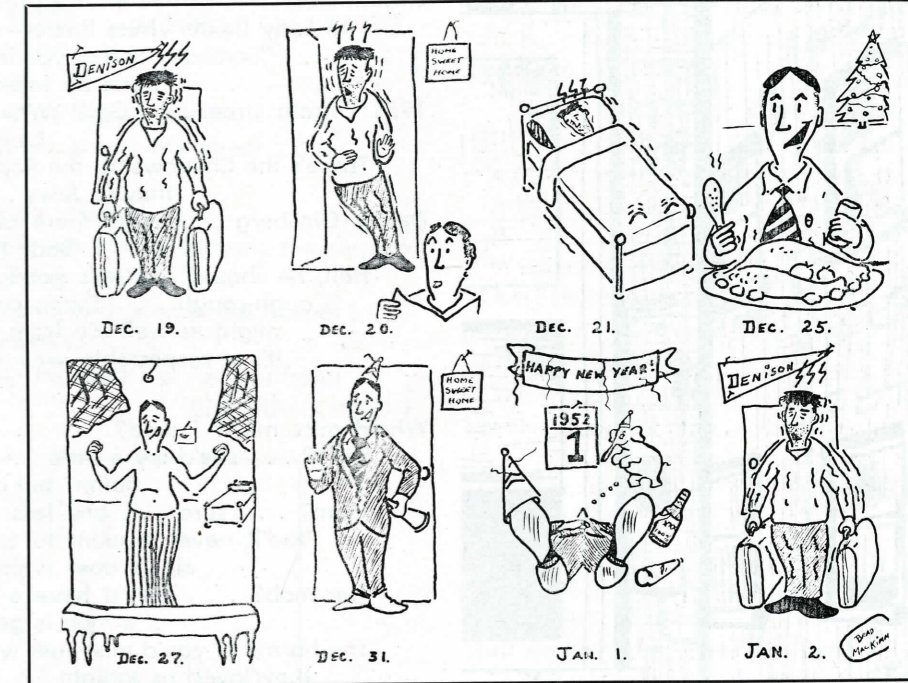
"As a matter of fact, Jonathan Kline, I do mind. I know that you don't approve of me—the way I got my money, the way I spend it, my attitude toward people and things

in general. But I'm asking you to forget all this for now, if you can bring yourself to do so. I want to know about Jake, and I think you could tell me if you would, because unless I'm mistaken, he was a patient of yours some few years ago."

"I left all of the information you'll need about Jake with Susan in the form of a diet and a couple of prescriptions."

"No, Jonathan. I need much more than a few scraps of paper. I realize that it's hard for you to understand, for I find it difficult to fathom myself—but I really want

was almost forty years old when he fell in love with a woman considerably younger than himself. They were married and had two children, a girl about two years after the marriage and, six years later, a boy. Since he'd had no interests outside of his work, Jake soon earned enough money to buy a nice home for his family. His world revolved about that home, for it held the only people whom he loved and the only people who loved him. Every night he could be seen hurrying homeward with a lunchbox under one arm and, as a rule, a little sur-



to help the old man. Perhaps my advancing years are beginning to worry me; perhaps I looked in a mirror once too often; but no matter what the reason, I'm actually trying to do a selfless act. Without your help, I lack even a beginning."

Dr. Kline crossed the room to stand before the blazing fire, his hands clasped behind his back. "When one is in a dark valley fighting hand-to-hand with desolation and misery, he often learns to hate the few whom he sees standing in the sunlight on the wind swept hills around him. He tends to forget that they, too, are mortal beings who may be fighting private battles in the dark valleys of their own souls. I, myself, had forgotten. You have refreshed my memory, Samuel. I am grateful."

"There's actually not much to tell about old Jake. It seems that through his boyhood and even as a young man he was very quiet and retiring. He was a good worker—

prise for his family under the other. One night about eleven years ago, there was an explosion, and when Jake came home, his house was burning; his wife and children were trapped inside. There was nothing he could do; so he stood there in the foreground and watched and listened as his very life burst into a fiery blossom, and withered, in the next instant, with premature death. The horror and grief which enveloped Jake at that moment has cooled over the years to form the misshapen mass of bewilderment and loneliness which now isolates him from the world.

"But the people of the town have drawn a shade between Jake and his past. To most of them, he's just a strange old man who sits on his little stool day in and day out in front of the Five & Dime Store—as much a fixture and as little a human being as the fireplug which squats on the curbing a few feet

(Continued on page 21)



A CITY STREET

A city street . . .
 A BIG city . . . where something is always happening . . .
 and nobody gives a damn what it is . . .
 Not the **best** district . . . the best district is where the rich live . . .
 They're happy . . . hell, everybody knows that . . .
 the rich are always happy . . . money always brings happiness . . .
 hell, everybody knows that . . .
 money . . . happiness . . . BEST district
 The tenement district . . . the **worst** district (let's admit it!) . . .
 Anybody that's got money here don't keep it . . .
 nobody's got money . . . nobody's happy . . .
 Lincoln street . . . named after a president . . . how about that?
 Old Lady Baxter—Miss Baxter—used to talk about him all the time . . .
 "Someday one of you might grow up to be as great as Lincoln."
 . . . I think he freed the niggers or some damn thing . . .
 1951 Lincoln street . . . God! What a dump . . .
 Only thirty families live there . . .
 There's the Chenowskis, the Rappaports, the Malones . . . the Ginsbergs
 they're Jews . . . we got everything here . . .
 Danny Ginsberg . . . lyin' there on the steps . . .
 God! He looks awful . . .
 Hell, he should . . . he's got T.B. and God knows what else . . .
 "Cough-cough . . . Damn cough! . . . maybe I'll die from it . . .
 might as well die from it as anything . . .
 it's a respectable way to die . . . got to be respectable . . .
 hell, yes . . .
 Who'd miss me if I died?
 Sally? . . . she'd cry a little . . . all broads cry . . .
 nothin' but cry . cry . cry . . .
 Mom? . . . sure . . . one less mouth to feed . . .
 'Kid'll never amount to anything anyway . . .
 all he does is play that damn trumpet . . .
 The mob? . . . they'd have a funeral . . . what a blowout that'd be,
 a mob is **guys**, not a guy . . .
 The horn . . . you'd miss me, wouldn't you? . . . we been buddies . . .
 they loved us tonight . . . you and me . . . we're something . . .
 the Greatest Living Trumpet Man . . .
 between Lincoln and Garfield streets on 116th . . .
 10 miles this side of Hell! . . .
 we're nothing . . .
 What was it the Rabbi said? . . .
 'You are only half alive without God, my boy' . . .
 Half alive! . . . hell, I'm dead, God or no God . . .
 God . . . God . . . God . . . what a stupid . . .
 what was that Herman called it . . . bourgeois, that's it . . .
 what a stupid bourgeois pipe dream . . .
 Jesus loves me, yes, I know . . .
 if he loves me like Mom loves me he can go to Hell . . .
 for all I care . . .
 Jesus going to Hell . . . God! What an imagination I've got.
 English teacher said I should be a writer . . .
 I'd write a new Bible . . .
 the Unholy Bible for Wops, niggers, chinks, Jew bastards,
 bums, pimps . . .
 and trumpet players . . .
 the merciful God . . . mercy for the happy rich . . .
 sending people to Hell is awful damn merciful . . .
 . . . well, maybe it is . . .
 The Father of us all . . .
 maybe I should go out and get drunk so I could be like
 my old man? . . .
 Do God's will and you will go to heaven . . .

God's will accordin' to who? . . .
 Father Murphy? . . . the Rabbi? . . . Reverend Woods? . . .
 Heaven? . . . you can't play jazz in heaven . . .
 It'd disturb God . . . he only likes longhair stuff . . .
 Guess you're all that's left, horn . . .
 a man's best friend is his horn . . .
 that's point one in our new religion . . .
 Point two . . . the only God is money . . .
 if you haven't got it, that's tough . . . you're licked . . .
 Point three . . . the only good man is a jazz man . . .
 but it don't make no difference . . .
 because nobody but a jazz man believes it . . .
 Point four . . . you're better off dead . . .
 COUGH . . . COUGH . . . COUGH . . . COUGH . . . Cough . . .
 God . . . cough . . . cough . . . cough . . . cough"
 Danny Ginsberg . . . he raises his horn to his lips . . .
 Danny Ginsberg's last breath . . .
 God! What a mournful tone! . . . What a loud tone! . . .
 The tone . . . it bounces off the warehouses across the street . . .
 makes its way up Lincoln Street . . .
 all the way to the residential district . . .
 A church on Park Avenue . . . the loud trumpet blast interrupts the sermon
 "And remember the Great Commission friends . . .
 we must go into all the world and preach the gospel . . ."
 BRRRAaaaamMMMM!
 "Some filthy drunk!" . . . whispers Mrs. Pierpoint to her husband . . .
 BILL MALCOMSON



EASTWARD HA!

(Continued from page 7)

were enforced. It seems that in order to be installed in this group, one must demonstrate his prowess in the realm of brute force and receive in token a white cloth initial, and affix it to a maroon-colored garment. It is at this time that a lady's unmentionable is placed about the individual's hips. After this ritual is accomplished there is a new recruit for the Denison Underground Service. However if we all have faith, we may yet dispose of these demons.

May we close our investigation with the chorus of the Bohemian National Anthem, to the tune of Down at Mary Anne's:

"Workers, workers,
 Don't be shirkers.
 There's a job we have to do.
 Flee your prison—
 Collectivism,
 Is the thing for you.

Don't be stooges.
 Subterfuges
 Is all the bosses ever give.
 They make millions—
 Sometimes Billions—
 But do they care how you live?

Seize the power
 At this hour;
 Fight with all your mights and
 mains.
 Strike the blow now;
 Onward we now.
 You have nothing to lose but your
 chains."

—Shulman.

Turn the page for the 1952 "Campus" Gal-ender Girls

Photography by John Trimble and Orlo Smith

Art Work by Maralyn Smith

Lyrics by Shirley Umphrey



HAPPY NEW YEAR

JANUARY

The best trick of all on New Year's Eve
 Belongs to the trickster who takes from
 his sleeve
 This mademoiselle with mischievous smile
 And a wink to add to her festive style.



BE MY VALENTINE

FEBRUARY

When Cupid's darts are flying high,
 There's not much use denying—sigh—
 That to most of the Denison male population
 A hit with this Miss would be a real sensation!



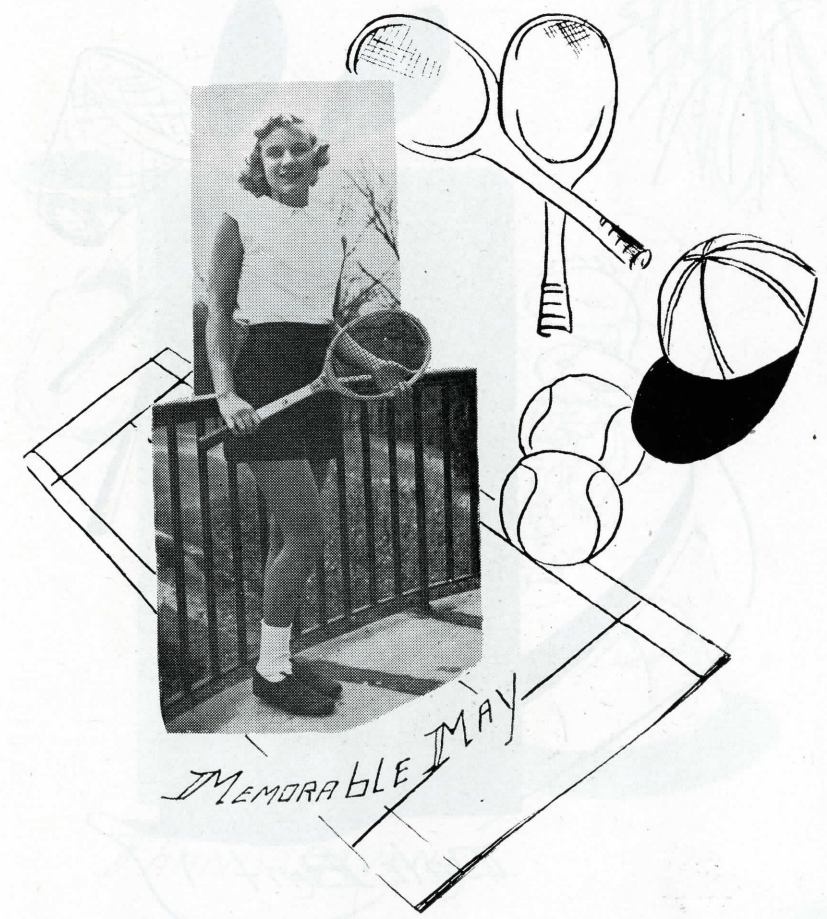
Orchids to You

MARCH

Here's a teasing smile that seems to say,
 "An orchid is really the quickest way
 To make someone you think is mighty nice
 Forget the frigid frost and ice."

APRIL

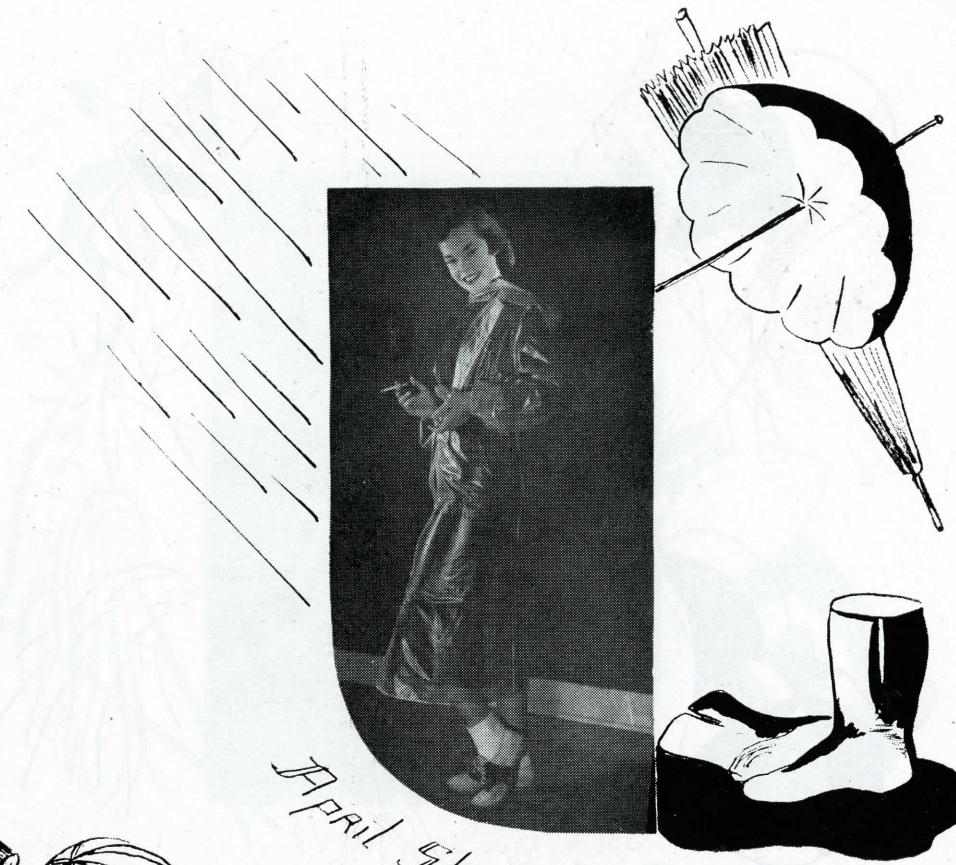
When the days ahead look dull and dreary,
 And the prospects all are far from cheery,
 Think about Spring's happy reminder—
 If a cloud is gray—look what's behind 'er!



MEMORABLE MAY

JUNE

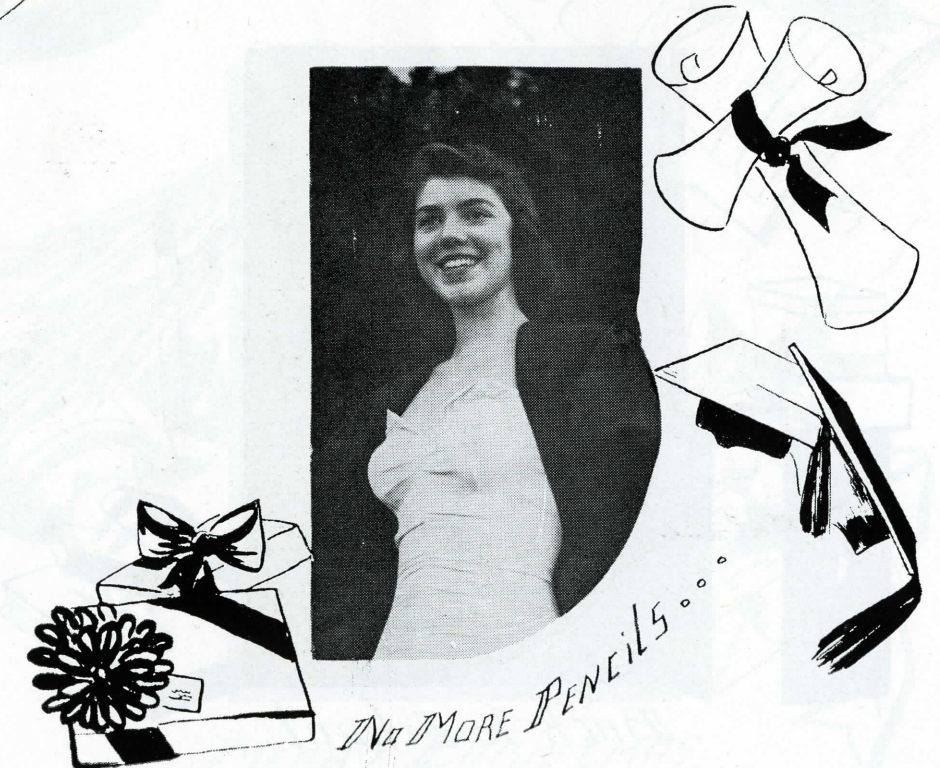
A grin that says, "The Future's now;
 To study and books we've made our bow."
 But tell me, Miss, sunning in the breeze,
 How did you get your Phi Bete keys?



APRIL SHOWERS

MAY

The attraction of a tennis court
 Has a most remarkable way
 Of making stuff of philosophic import
 Look dull in the midst of May.



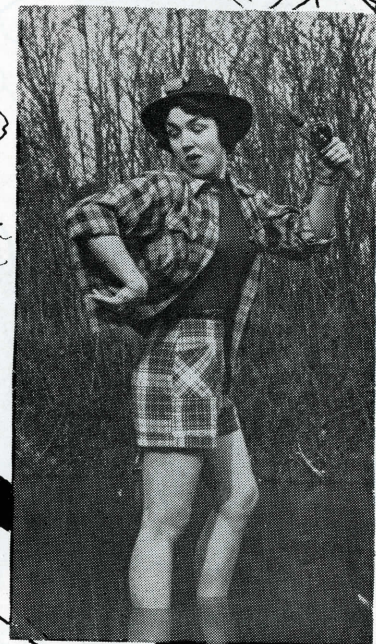
NO MORE PENCILS...



A REAL FIRECRACKER

AUGUST

This fishing can be tricky stuff,
But if she finds the casting rough,
Peg simply drops her line right in—
No fish—but gosh—a Grecian pin!



DATE BAIT

SEPTEMBER

Titian, da Vinci, la Vallee de la Loire,
A small cafe de Paris, quelque soir—
It's hard to leave exotic places,
But it's fun getting back to familiar faces.



BACK TO SCHOOL

JULY

This gal is a challenge to summer ambition—
For who could resist her pleasing petition
To bake for a while on the edge of a pool
Or take a quick plunge in the water, to cool?

OCTOBER

With football days come rousing cheers,
And lots of excited hopes and fears—
But who wouldn't tackle a little better
If Kay were sporting his D. U. Sweater?



YEAH—BIG RED

NOVEMBER

An old stone hearth, a cozy fire,
A girl seated there, a poet's lyre—
And many's the budding sonnet and lyric—
Unless, of course, you're a poet satiric.



Thanksgiving

DECEMBER

Though mischievous, Jill should be past suspicion,
But do you s'pose it's her secret ambition
To pilfer a dollie from Santa's pack,
When he's filling the sock and has turned his back?



MERRY CHRISTMAS

IT CAME TO PASS

"Just wait until I get you home, Harriet!" her mother said, and caught her arm.

"But why can't I have it?" the little girl persisted stubbornly as she was led away.

"The next one's named Henry," the voice said through the ear-phone concealed under George's Santa Claus wig. "His old lady says he wants an electric train, and he looks like a wise guy. Don't let him pull your whiskers off."

Just before that, George had forgotten how the false beard itched, that it was the night before Christmas, and that the seventh floor Assembly Center in the M. B. Overton Department Store was crowded with tired parents bringing their children to see Santa Claus. George was annoyed to be the main attraction, and thought, "I'm their red velvet god trimmed with white fur." He felt like getting up from his hard throne and shattering his dignity; he wanted to tear off the disgusting costume and shout, "The joke's on you." But Henry was standing before him then, and habit was making him say, "Ho, ho, so Henry came to see Santa."

It was George Miller's first time playing Santa Claus anywhere, and his first winter being engaged to Susan; they would be married in April. And it was the only time he had ever thought of taking a job like this before the holiday. It was, in truth, the only position he could get, and the payments on Susan's ring made him take it. Still, George was dismayed when he gave the matter thought, for he had to realize that he got the job because he was just plain fat, and he didn't want to be. It had something to do with glands.

"What do you want Santa to bring you tonight, Henry?" George asked.

When he suddenly glanced at the timepiece on the wall, and saw that it was five-thirty, he began to think about punching the time clock. This is the last time I'll ever wear this absurd suit, George thought, and have to go out the employees' entrance. After six I can be

This story is the winner of the Campus Christmas Story Contest.

George Miller again, instead of number 17-3332.

"Prob'ly your beard come off," Henry said to him.

"Henry," his mother said. She gave him a shake. "Now tell Santa you're sorry, and wish him a Merry Christmas."

George looked at the harrassed mother, the ugly little boy, the traditional, but tastelessly fine decorations, and thought, I hate this. The big electric star that hung from the ceiling and twinkled on and off caught his eye, and George wanted to make a wish to forget Christmas thereafter.

★ ★ ★

George had never believed in Santa Claus, and was brought up to regard the 25th of December as the day when he got something he had desired since the year before, when he was given the thing he had wanted from the previous days. His family gave no emphasis to the birth of Christ, and yet, even though George could not regret what he was not taught or had not learned from experience, sometimes he wanted to read about the shepherds and the three wise men, and he enjoyed Dickens' eternal story. He read them carelessly though, remembering only what he wanted to. George preferred a book that gave him a lot to think over; he liked one particular passage from Joseph Glanvil's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, saying, "We are in the dark to one another's purposes and intentions; and there are a thousand intrigues in our little matters, which will not presently confess their design, even to sagacious inquisitors." It was a good book, not at all like the trash that was stacked in Overton's book department.

"The next one's named Helen,"

by Edward R. Jacobs

the voice said through the ear-phone. "She wants a doll house and a bicycle."

George had never seen so many children together in one room before, and he knew what they were waiting for. Just as they entered the line to be greeted by him, they were given a number; there were duplicate numbers in a big box, and in ten minutes there would be a drawing. The winner would be presented with presents from the store, and George thought, "They're probably mostly junk, but the kids will love them; the parents like the idea, and the store makes a lot of money from them."

"And a Merry Christmas to you, Helen; Merry Christmas," George said.

"The last one, George, and he won't tell me his name," the voice said. "He came alone, and he wants peace on earth, good will toward men; even the kids are crying for peace now, George."

He was tired almost to death, and for the past hour, faces had been just blurs; but something forced George to look hard at the little boy who wouldn't give his name. He was dressed in ragged clothes and looked hungry, and he had the nicest, most innocent face

(Continued on page 21)



A NATIVE RETURNS

by John Hodges

John Hodges undoubtedly would have been planning to graduate this June with the class of 1952, had not the grasping hand of selective service intervened. John, a letter man in track, and now a paratrooper, was a CAMPUS humor writer during his indenture here, and after returning for a visit about a month ago, couldn't resist composing the document you are about to read. John's backlog of experience can be equaled by few Denisonians, unless perhaps they, too, have raced motorcycles or made stunt parachute jumps at county fairs. The editors hope you will like this account of what a Denisonian will go through to spend a few hours at his old stomping ground.

This is a rather difficult epic to start, due to the fact that it has no beginning; a reasonable excuse, I believe.

We shall let the clouds roll back a period of two months. There we find that erstwhile connoisseur of "the good life," J. Montague Fitzpatrick, serving out a twenty-four month indenture to his Uncle of the snowy locks and striped pants.

Running our Zoomar lens down to close range, we discover Monty industriously polishing a stove grate and muttering: "They wouldn't have got me yet if they hadn't smelled the still." As a certain scorched gleam begins to show under the metronomic stroke, a similar ray of light widens into almost an idea in Monty's head. "Why not get away from it all? What I need is a three day pass. I could go back to school and see how much I've forgotten of what Denison taught me, or vice versa."

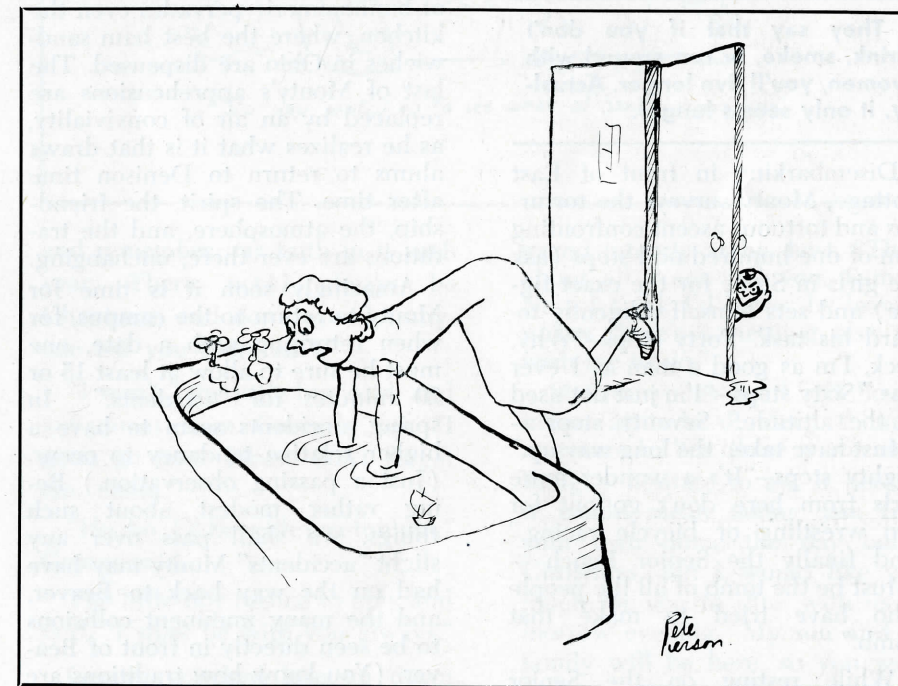
It is merely a matter of a week or two to go through the chain of command, and soon Monty is standing uncomfortably before the company commander's desk.

In the next scene, it is obvious that Monty's efforts to improve his lot are not entirely futile, as he is no longer polishing the stove grating, but is, instead, sitting majestically behind two hundred pounds of spuds, occasionally flinging the paring knife into the post beside him. This act brings an almost ethereal glow to his face as he mutters with each throw: "Corporal Duffwedge . . . Sergeant Shadrack . . . Captain Sloughoff, hah!"

This brooding continues for a period of several days, until Pvt. Fitzgerald resignedly comes to the con-

clusion that since there is no under-handed way of taking a little time off, he is going to have to take a leave. This is rather a blow to Monty, having long been a member of the "something for nothing" school.

Once again our hero paddles upstream through channels, and once again he is twisting his fingers into the semblance of a pretzel behind his back as he stands facing Captain Sloughoff (who, incidentally was once highly decorated by the Salvation Army for outstanding gallantry at the bridge table, and who is probably best remembered for his immortal phrase: "One peek is worth two finesses.") After a most humiliating interview in which Monty is forced to render an account of the death of his great aunt and the impending marriage of his twin sister and to promise a deck of marked cards to the captain, our young intrepid leaves with the faint



assurance that "everything possible is being done . . ."

Another two weeks in the kitchen are alternated with nights in the local pool hall (a schedule reminiscent of Monty's in exam week last year) when suddenly he is called to the orderly room. He hurries down with a myriad of worried thoughts;

maybe it is a delinquency report on that slight altercation in the Town Pump last Saturday night, or maybe it was that girl from Philly who—oh no, she didn't know his address. Of course you and I know he is simply going to get his leave. Gad, we are clever. So he gets it (the leave).

To get on with this tale, Monty casually strolls back to the barrack at about 80 miles per hour and crams into his bag his few civilian clothes, consisting of a pair of baggy tweeds, one set of stained white bucks, relics of bygone Theta Tau meetings, one pair of argyles, which he never returned to his roommate last year, a tie which was either used for Sunday morning breakfast or pledge hell—whoops—help week judging by the egg stains on it, and a shirt with unaccountable grass stains on it.

Equipped with this uncomparable wardrobe, Monty heads for

U. S. Route 63 and his usual means of transportation. Traveling 600 miles in this inexpensive style is a wonderful way to view America's natural beauty. (Local JCC please note.) One cannot imagine the magnificence of the stately mountains and deep gorges of West Vir-

(Continued on page 20)

A NATIVE RETURNS

(Continued from page 19)

ginia as seen through a truck driver's cigar smoke, nor can one dream of the beautiful Virginian homes to be seen through the dusty rear windows of a '37 Ford with a couple of coon hounds crawling all over you. Ah, for the glories of hitchhiking.

However, young Fitzpatrick achieves the relative proximity of Columbus, Ohio, with the expenditure of the staggering sum of \$2.63, run up by the cost of one hamburger, one beverage (unnamed), nine games on a pinball machine, and one cheapskate who insisted on splitting the cost of the gas.

Monty procures a ride with the Schlitz distributing truck, running from Columbus to Newark, thus producing his first slight case of nostalgia (a disease somewhat similar to hayfever on occasion). Soon the imposing tower of the Denison chapel comes into view, and one can see the occasional shadow of an ivory tower here and there, slightly stained with meadian effluences perhaps, but none the less recognizable.

They say that if you don't drink, smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems longer.

Disembarking in front of East Cottage, Monty surveys the torturous and tortuous ascent confronting him of one hundred odd steps (ask the girls in Stone for the exact figure) and sets himself diligently toward his task. Forty steps—"Why, heck, I'm as good a man as I ever was." Sixty steps—"I'm just not used to the altitude." Seventy steps—"Must have taken the long way up." Eighty steps—"It's a wonder more girls from here don't go out for pro wrestling or bicycle racing." And finally the Senior Bench—"Must be the tomb of all the people who have tried to make that climb."

While resting on the Senior Bench and musing at the fine paint job done by the freshmen, a gay "Hello" brings to Monty the fact that even if the steps are higher, at least part of Denison is unchanged. And as he walks down the quadrangle, he realizes that there is still that same joie-de-vivre, although the vivants do look a heck of lot younger than last year.

From force of habit, Monty marches to the nearest telephone to call Beaver Hall for a date. And as he dials the familiar 8276, his face softens into complete contentment. His fears are without foundation, the cosmos is unchanged, and Denison at heart is the same—the line is busy. However, with the patience and cunning that comes with years of experience, he continues to dial, and on the twenty-eighth try, succeeds. Playing the "anything for the boys" angle for all it is worth, he finally emerges from the noisy crowd of coaches around the telephone, with a date—Fox Bros., of course.

Bumming four wheels of a sort from a reluctant brother, Monty arrives for his date the traditional five minutes late, and she is the equally traditional fifteen minutes late. The usual small talk ensues, renewing valuable acquaintances with the housemother etc., and then eastward ho.

There Monty is destined to find his biggest shock. As he escorts his date into Foxes on a Saturday, mind you Saturday evening, there are two entirely empty tables! However, this sad condition is soon alleviated as the singing and a spirit of bonhommerie pervades even the kitchen, where the best ham sandwiches in Ohio are dispensed. The last of Monty's apprehensions are replaced by an air of conviviality, as he realizes what it is that draws alums to return to Denison time after time. The spirit, the friendship, the atmosphere, and the traditions are ever there, unchanging.

Amazingly soon it is time for Monty to return to the campus, for when returning with a date, one must be sure to allow at least 15 or 20 minutes for "accidents." In spring, accidents seem to have a higher relative tendency to occur. (Just a passing observation.) Being rather modest about such things, we shall pass over any slight "accidents" Monty may have had on the way back to Beaver, and the many imminent collisions to be seen directly in front of Beaver. (You know how traditions are . . . fine, thank you.)

After a reluctant parting, Monty returns to the house where it is necessary that the better things of life be discussed until at least 3:00 AM—such important matters as the blonde in King (just an example, really), philosophy—amazing the problems of philosophy that are solved or accentuated between one

and three o'clock in the morning—should she have gotten the chair for shooting Frank, and how to get to New York for Thanksgiving—to name just a few subjects.

Finally, Monty resignedly becomes aware of the fact that he will have to "hit the road" again in order to make Monday morning reveille. Gad, what a sordid thought. So out into the cold cruel night he trudges—what a soldier—traveling 1200 miles for one day at Denison. Crazy? Yes. Will he do it again? He swears he never will, but just wait till the first warm day of spring.

DENISON DEBATERS

(Continued from page 8)

record came with the Buckeye Tournament at Kent State in February. The Denison squad of Bachelor, McDaniel, Roberts and Crocker won the tournament, sweeping all eight of their debates, a feat which had never before been accomplished at the meet. Forty schools participated, including large schools like Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Purdue, and many others. The team winning this invitational tournament is considered virtually the champion of the mid-west.

Surely one of the primary factors in establishing Denison's record is Dr. Lionel Crocker, the coach of the team. Dr. Crocker, who is first vice-president of the Speech Association of America (and will automatically become its president in 1952) is well-known throughout the country. He has been executive secretary of Tau Kappa Alpha, national forensic honorary. Dr. Crocker's book, *Argumentation and Debate*, has been widely used in debate classes.

This year there are more than thirty members of the debate class, assuring us of another fine year. Although the annual non-decisional tournament sponsored by Denison has been the only experience most of the group has had, excepting the first team, many debates are planned.

Techniques developed in debating can be of unestimateable value after college. We can well be proud of this phase of Denison University.

IT CAME TO PASS

(Continued from page 18)

George had ever seen in his life.

"Ho, ho, so you came to see Santa," George said. "What's your name?"

The little boy looked at him for a minute and started to cry. George leaned forward suspiciously, and asked, "What's the matter? Have you lost your mother?" He thought, I don't see what these kids get lost for.

"Somebody told me there isn't any Santa Claus," the little boy said.

"I don't think anybody would say such a thing," George lied, and looked nervously at the little boy.

"He did so," the little boy said.

"You sit on my lap," George said, and the little boy climbed up eagerly. "Shall I tell you about the spirit of Christmas?"

"Please," the little boy said. "Tell me about Christmas."

"Long, long ago in the city of Bethlehem, the Christ child was born," George said. "And as the Wise Men brought gifts to Him, I bring gifts to all children on the eve of His birthday. There is indeed a Santa Claus, little boy; no one can say there isn't, for as the Christmas spirit, I live in hearts, and help make Christmas."

"What else makes Christmas?" the little boy asked.

"There is a lot more," George said. "There's the hanging of stockings on fireplace mantels, the trimming of trees with colored lights, and the using of holly, mistletoe and poinsettias to decorate rooms. There's the magic time, long after they should be in bed, when children watch from stairs and wait for me. Christmas is made by sugar plums, pudding, turkey and snow."

"It's snowing hard outside," the little boy said.

"This will be a very, very white Christmas," George said, "and the whole city will glisten on this moonlit Christmas Eve; the gleaming snow will make enchantment. The stores will soon close, and people will fill the churches to worship in candlelight and sing carols. The city will be like a great Christmas package wrapped in stillness, and love, and peace. These are signs of Christmas."

"But will there be real peace on

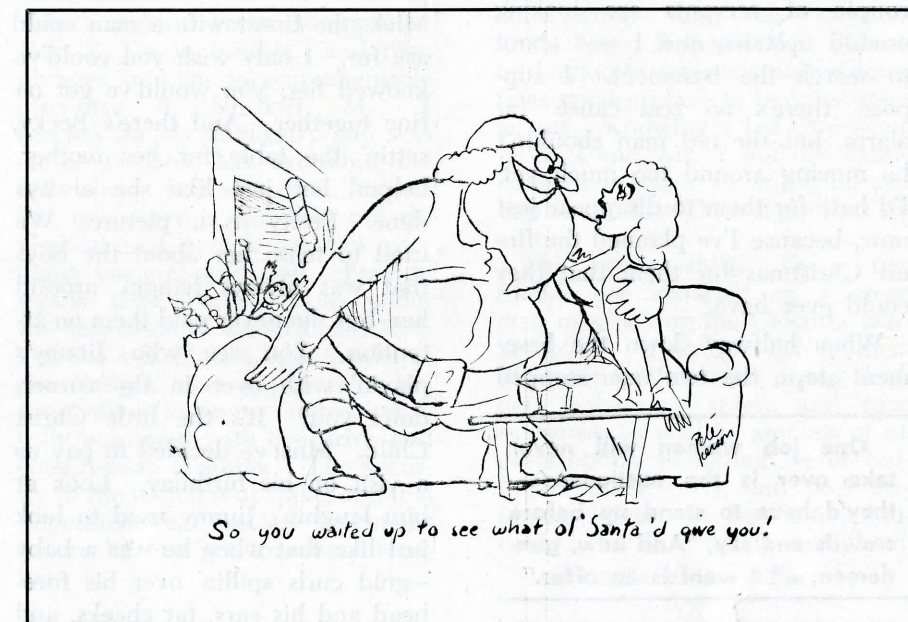
earth, and good will toward men?" the little boy asked.

"The angels sang of it a long time ago," George said, "and their words will come true. At this moment, millions of young men are standing like little tin soldiers, and fighting

She: "I'm perfect."

He: "I'm practice."

and dying like real men do; they are not doing this just to keep freedom, but to keep Christmas. Of course there is Christmas, little boy, and just because of your faith, we doubting men fight for it



and remember our faith in it each year. There will always be Christmas, and don't ever let anyone tell you there isn't."

"I won't," the little boy said, and got down from George's lap. "I gotta go now. Please don't forget me, Santa."

"Ho, ho, I'll be with you tonight," George said.

The little boy turned to him, and said, "I shall be with you always."

George watched him go down the aisle under the big twinkling star, and he heard the muffled voices over the loudspeaker system, singing the familiar carol, "Christ is born in Bethlehem! Hark the herald angels sing." And suddenly George felt weak, as the splinter in his heart went away.

PORTABLE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 11)

away. Someday—soon, perhaps—Jake's little spot on the pavement will be vacant. Then, if ever, people will recognize him as a brother who somehow got shoved by the wayside in the race toward the Bigger and Better Life. Newspapers will write human interest features about him, and the city might even erect a monument where his stool used to stand. Being a doctor, Samuel, I often wonder if people realize what vile medicines they use to save their consciences."

With these last words the doctor turned his back on the fire and

gazed intently at his host. "That's about all I can tell you, Samuel. Now I think I'd better be leaving, unless there's something else you wish me to do."

McCroury, his head still bowed in an attitude of deep thought, murmured, "Yes, there is one more thing. I hesitate to ask it because it would mean taking you from your own home the day before Christmas, but I would like very much for you to dine with us tomorrow evening. My son and his family will be here, so you won't feel conspicuous. I'm seeing to it that there will be presents under the tree for Jake and Mick; I want them to take part in the whole evening, and I think your presence would help ease the tension a great deal."

He rose and looked earnestly at (Continued on page 22)

PORTABLE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 21)

the doctor. "Will you come, Jonathan?"

"What time should I be here?"

"A little before seven."

"I'll try to be prompt."

The next evening, Dr. Kline was admitted to the big yellow house by a very proper, but very excited butler. McCroury hurried to meet him. "I sent a servant to ask Jake and Mick to join us in the living room a few moments ago, and Jake's coat is gone. A couple of servants are looking around upstairs, and I was about to search the basement. I suppose there's no real cause for alarm, but the old man shouldn't be moving around too much yet. I'd hate for them to disappear just now, because I've planned the finest Christmas for them that they could ever have."

When halfway down the basement steps, the two men stopped

One job women will never take over is the auctioneer's—they'd have to stand up before crowds and say, "And now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer."

simultaneously at the sound of a voice coming from one of the rooms to the left of the stairway. They crept noiselessly down the remaining steps and inched their way along the dim passageway toward the low, raspy voice. Jake and Mick were sitting close together on a low pile of logs in the far corner of the room. Between them and the door stood the sole prop of a little drama—a discarded bough of the McCrourys' Christmas tree, its miniature trunk wedged between two great logs to keep it erect. To its very tip a white candle was bound securely with a frayed, knotted shoestring; now and then a whisp of wind sidled through a crack in the window pane to disturb the gentle glow that the flame cast around the room. Through rips and

threadbare places alike, shimmered the rich satin of the pajamas which the old man wore beneath his tattered overcoat. As he spoke, he gestured to the area above the little tree and its star of Bethlehem, his eyes aglow with quiet joy at the things he saw there.

Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, he was carrying a manhole cover and said he was taking it home to play on his victrola."

"See—there's Martha hangin' presents on the Christmas tree, Mick—the finest wife a man could ask for. I only wish you could've known her; you would've got on fine together. And there's Becky, settin' the table for her mother, helpin' her just like she always done. Pretty as a picture. We used to tease her about the boys that was always hangin' around her, but she never paid them no attention. You see who Jimmy's playin' with over in the corner, don't you? It's the little Christ Child. Must've decided to pay us a visit on his birthday. Look at him laughin'; Jimmy used to look just like that when he was a baby—gold curls spillin' over his forehead and his ears, fat cheeks, and dimples—three of them. Maybe the Christ Child's decided to stay with us for good. I guess he knows he's welcome 'cause Martha used to talk about him all the time, just like he was there, even though he wasn't really."

McCroury took a step toward the open door way but the doctor drew him back into the shadows and to the stairs. Neither spoke until they reached the main hall.

"He doesn't need your Christmas, Samuel", said the doctor gruffly, letting his hand fall upon the shoulder of the older man. "He has his own personal one tucked away inside him. You can do many things for him—you can warm his feet and fill his stomach—but there isn't room in his heart for even the tiniest bit of our kind of Christmas".

THE HOUSE I LIVED IN

(Continued from page 5)

of the aforementioned briefcase.

Here at last, spread before our eyes was the nefarious plot which had spawned such a progeny of intrigue. The Pines, which had long been noted for the soothing, health-inducing qualities of its modern four-way ventilation system, had not escaped the notice of a certain foreign power which was looking for a relaxing spa for its benevolent dictator's spouse, who was currently suffering from Malos Aires or the Argentine Blight. The peculiar happenings were then, in part, a result of their agents preparing the way for the arrival of Evita and a small group of aficionados. The State Department was, however, cognizant of these happenings, and was obliged to intervene on behalf of President Truman. This, it seems, was not without precedent. (See People of Illinois vs. Vic Janowitz, 478 U.S. 1951, channel 5.)

Happy Harry, it turned out, being a staunch Baptist, had selected Granville in general, and the Pines in particular, for a hush-hush rendezvous with England's Phillip and Elizabeth. The purpose of this encounter being to arrange a marriage of state between Margaret T. and Bonny Prince Charlie when he comes of age in 1969, and to bring the House of Windsor into a coalition with the Prendergast machine of Kansas City. Obviously with this hodge-podge of humanity about to descend upon the Pines, the cooler heads in the administration prevailed, and they were

A modern real estate sign posted on a vacant lot in one of our smaller cities is causing some of the more sedate citizens some concern. It reads: "Get lots while you're young!"

closed in order to avoid this international incident of the first magnitude which was in the offing. That's how it was; that's how our little Gibraltar, Denison, fits into the world picture.

THE CASE OF THE RETICENT REGURGITATOR

by Herbert Hart

For the first time released to the public, from the confidential files of Mr. Y, head of counter-espionage, defender of truth and justice, and friend of the working girl. This is an actual story, only the names have been changed, and any similarity to persons living or dead is very unlikely. And now, on with our story . . .

Reginald S. Flushingham, better known to the public as Mr. Y, is a contented man. And why not? Amidst the plush surrounding of his Park Avenue penthouse, sitting in his overstuffed genuine plush chair, Mr. Y casually pushes aside his collection of rare etchings. He leans over to the wall safe, flips the combo, pulls out his seven inch genuine ivory holder, and lights a Fatima.

After his coughing spell has subsided, he begins to reminisce on the splendid progress of his career; within the last six months he has solved seventeen cases which had baffled the entire world. He picks up his scrap book, and deftly fingering its wellworn pages, he happily recalls the Case of the Mermaid's Revenge, the Case of the One-legged Virgin, (the heroine of this adventure, known to her intimates as 'Holalong Chastity', had rewarded Mr. Y with \$3,500,000 in uncut rhinestones) and sundry other sordid affairs. And hadn't he finished off, almost single-handedly, the Budweiser case? Yes, Mr. Y has a good reason to be contented, for his reputation is firmly established.

Tonight he is all alone; Olaf, his Filipino houseboy, is up for trial on a polygamy charge in the morning, and Mr. Y, who remembers his own youth, has goodnaturedly given Olaf the night off. Assuming his favorite Yogi position, Mr. Y now resumes his meditation, and all is quiet in the plush flat. It is so quiet Mr. Y could hear a pin drop, so naturally he looks up to see who dropped it.

Before him, bending over to pick it up, he sees a voluptuous harem beauty, garbed in the traditional manner, veil and all. Mr. Y, knowing a good thing when he sees one, does not inquire as to how she entered, but with an agile gesture reaches across the room and bolts the door. By this time

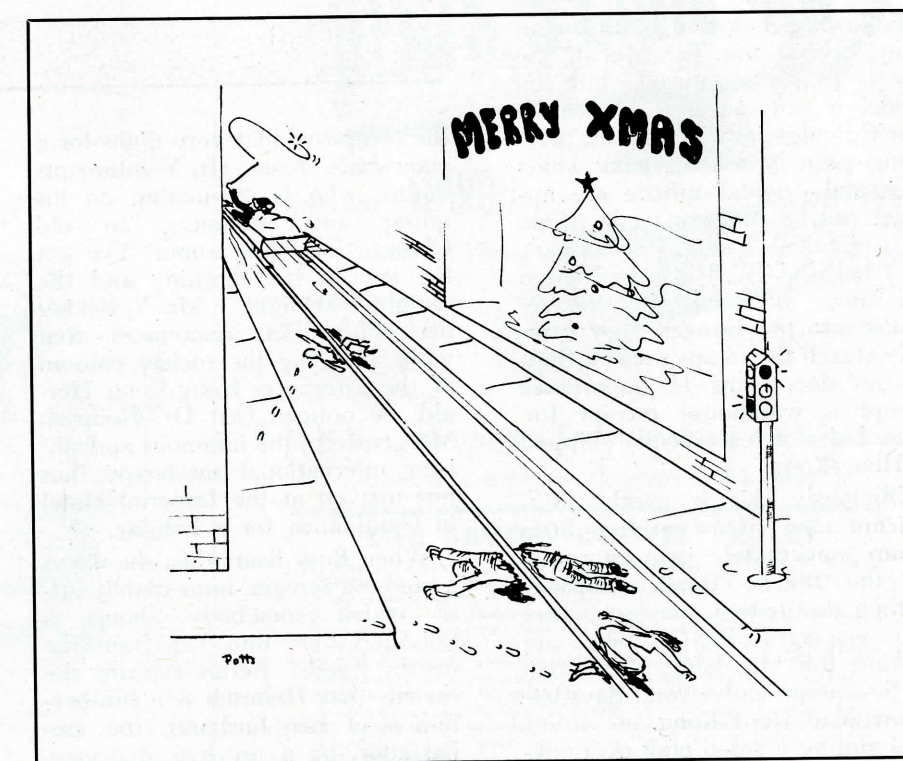
his visitor has replaced the pin; from his wide reading of current periodicals, Mr. Y has immediately recognized her as Rosetta, the seventh wife of the Samarkian ambassador.

In a gutural voice, she grunts: "Mr. Y, I'm in trouble," and then plunges into an incomprehensible discourse in Sanskrit. Mr. Y reaches for his dictionary and seven hours later has extracted the full story. It seems that Rosetta has uncovered a fiendish and diabolical plot, which has this very night been consummated. Foreign agents have filched from under the very noses of the AEC, the FBI, and the 4-H Club, a scale model of the Army's new super-sonic hydrophobic vacuum regurgitator, fully equipped with overdrive and compression chamber. The security of the nation is at stake, and it is imperative that the spy be caught before he can get to enemy territory.

Mr. Y, as always, is ready for the emergency. Grabbing his briefcase in one hand, the girl in the other, and the Sanskrit dictionary in the other, he makes a dramatic exit. In the elevator, a rapid consultation with his portable Ouija board indicates that Calcutta, hotbed of international intrigue, is as good a place to look for spies as any. Knowing a hot clue when he sees one, Mr. Y and his exotic companion dash to Idlewild and hop on the first TWA flight for Calcutta.

The scene shifts. Our two friends are standing on a steep crag overlooking the Calcutta market place. They see before them the teeming thousands of rug dealers, maharajas, spies, and rope salesmen, as well as animals of all descriptions, including water buffaloes, black cows, and pink elephants (Beasts of Bourbon). Suddenly Mr. Y, who is farsighted,

(Continued on page 24)



THE RETICENT REGURGITATOR

(Continued from page 23)

recognizes in the crowd his old friend and fraternity brother, Pedro Schmelsik. Pedro, who has helped him on many previous cases, is standing in front of a real estate agent's tent. Upon drawing closer, Mr. Y notices a neon sign on the tent which advertises "Get lots while you're young." Apparently Pedro is in business again.

After proper introductions are

ing the market place they see before them teeming thousands of coolies, laundrymen, and tea merchants. Mr. Y, who is farsighted, thinks he recognizes the three bales of tea they are looking for on a wharf. The quintet approaches the sage old proprietor, who is sitting on his junk, whip out the receipt, and spend the next six days methodically slashing open tea-bags. To no avail, however, for the missing regurgitator is still missing.

While they are gathered around

This looks mighty suspicious, of course. After a brief lament over poor Rosy, the foursome hops the next plane to a Casablanca. Mr. Y is now thoroughly convinced that Heinrich is their man, and dreaming of the new glories which will be his, he formulates a daring plan to capture the notorious public enemy.

Again the scene shifts, this time to that hotbed of international intrigue, Casablanca. While the two WACs surround the hotel, Mr. Y and Pedro cautiously enter the

THE RETICENT REGURGITATOR

(Continued from page 24)

New York they are met at the air field by the mayor, the ambassador, and two large bands. The ticker tape parade in their honor is the biggest thing since Noodlehoffer's famous cruise.

Two weeks later Mr. Y is sitting in his plush easy chair. Olaf, his Filipino houseboy, is up for trial on a dope-peddling charge the next morning, and Mr. Y has given him the night off. All is quiet in the plush flat.

Suddenly there is a rustle from behind the curtains and standing in front of Mr. Y is a graceful Papuan bush girl. She is clad only in a huge pair of fake twelve-carat gold earrings. In a guttural voice, she gushes, "Mr. Y, I'm in trouble . . ."

"Why is your friend so silent?"
"He can't seem to find a spittoon."

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit and run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

A farmer was driving past the insane asylum with a truck load of fertilizer. An inmate called out: "What are you hauling there?" "Fertilizer," replied the farmer. "What are you going to do with it?" "Put it on my strawberries." "You ought to live here. We get sugar and cream on ours."

Joe: "Let me have some money, Pop?"
Pop: "What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?"
Joe: "I spent it."
Pop: "What are you doing—keeping a woman?"

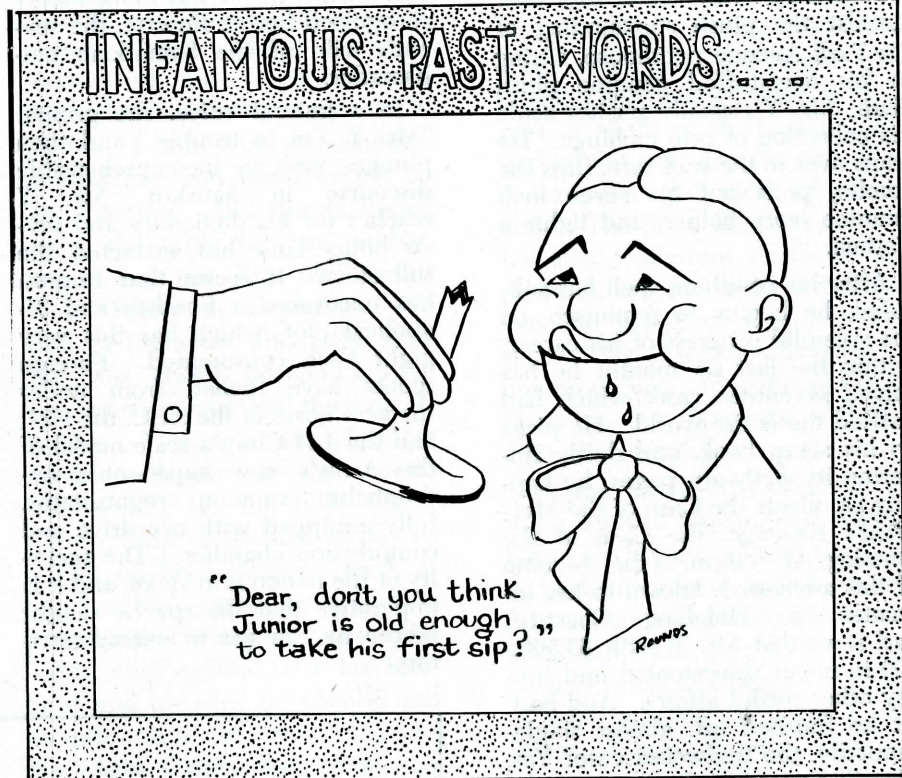
Cannibal to son: "Don't you know it's rude to talk with someone in your mouth?"

"That dress looks very well on you."
"Why, of course it does. I was just made for this dress."
"You should have held out for a fur coat."

It was not a slow lecture.
It was not a fast lecture.
It was a half-fast lecture.

Daughter of first film star: "How do you like your new father?"
Daughter of second film star: "Oh, he's very nice."
Daughter of first film star: "Yes, isn't he? We had him last year."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.



made, Pedro indicates that for the proper remuneration, he would do anything for an old friend, and will help find the spy. Mr. Y gives him Rosetta, and after closing shop, off they go.

Following a heated battle in an alley behind the Taj Mahal, the spy is finally captured, but the model is not on him. Since he won't divulge its whereabouts after being politely asked, many kinds of brutal oriental torture are applied, but he still won't talk. Due to a miscalculation on Pedro's part, they hold his head in a waffleiron too long. Before tossing the remains into the Ganges, they carefully search the ex-spy's sheet, finding no documents of importance except a warehouse receipt for three bales of tea recently shipped to Hong-Kong.

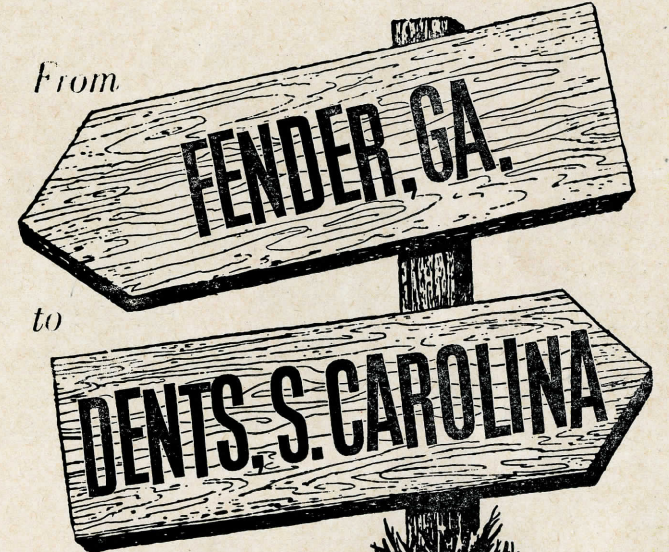
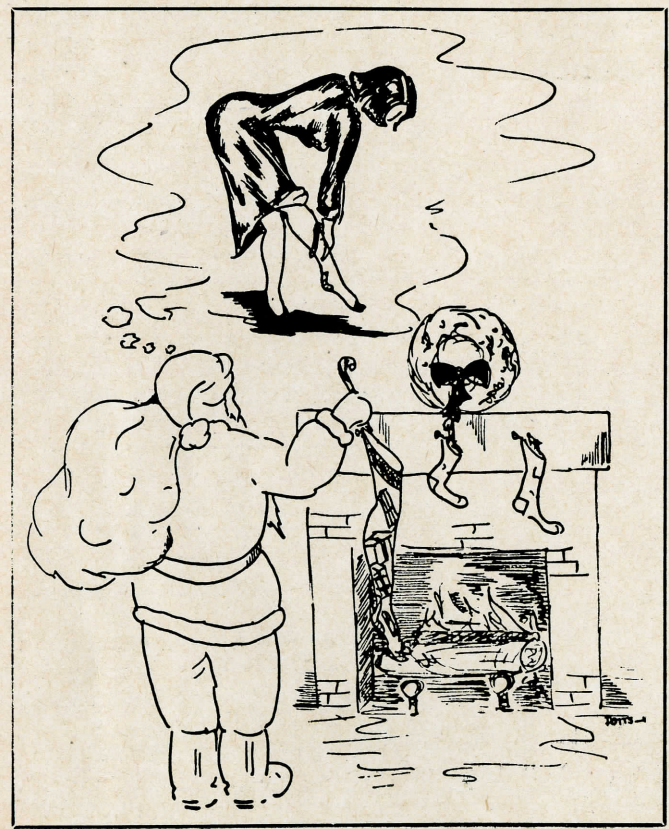
Obviously this is another significant clue. Our carefree little group immediately gets en route, via the Burma Road. Halfway to their destination, they encounter two wayward WACs who are looking for Mandalay. The two parties merge and several days later arrive at Hong-Kong. Mounting a steep crag overlook-

the camp-fire that very night for a chow-mein roast, Mr. Y interrupts Pedro, who is strumming on his guitar and humming an old Chinese folk song about "I've got the sun in the morning and the daughter at night." Mr. Y, licking his chop-sticks, announces that while perusing the society column of the afternoon Hong-Kong Herald, he noticed that Dr. Heinrich Morgenstern, the infamous and sinister international masterspy, has just arrived at the Imperial Hotel in Casablanca for a holiday.

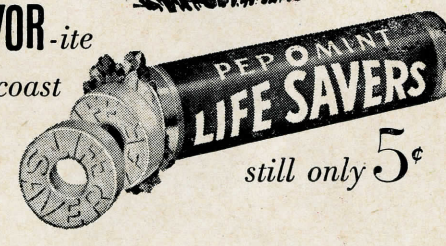
When Rosy hears this, she utters a piercing scream, immediately after which somebody shoots a poisoned dart into her from the nearby weeds. Before expiring she reveals that Heinrich is a brother-in-law of her husband, the ambassador, by a previous marriage.

lobby. Both brandishing sub-machine guns (to avert suspicion they pretend they are carrying room keys), they ride the elevator to the thirteenth floor. They find Heinrich in his room, and after introducing Pedro and himself, Mr. Y orders him to jump out the window. Heinrich refuses, claiming that he is superstitious. Faced with this arrogant attitude, Mr. Y loses his temper, and after thoroughly ventilating Heinrich with his Thompson, our two heroes proceed to dilligently search the premises.

Finally, in a secret compartment in one of Heinrich's wisdom teeth, they find the reticent regurgitator. Right away they send a wire to HQ in Washington, and together hop the next plane home. Back in (Continued inside back cover)



From
to
America's FLAVOR-ite
from coast to coast
"Fender, Ga. to Dents, S. Carolina" submitted by Francis J. Dolan, Cambridge, Mass.



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

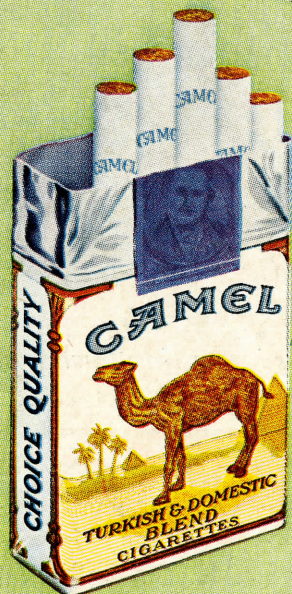
LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES
1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: Fom RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First 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.

Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!

No. 12...THE SQUIRREL



“They
had me
out
on a
limb!”



This nimble-minded nutcracker almost tumbled for those tricky cigarette mildness tests. But he worked himself out of a tight spot when he suddenly realized that cigarette mildness just can't be judged by a mere puff or one single sniff. Smokers everywhere have reached this conclusion—there's just *one* real way to prove the flavor and mildness of a cigarette.

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack-after-pack, day-after-day basis. No snap judgments. Once you've enjoyed Camels for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

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