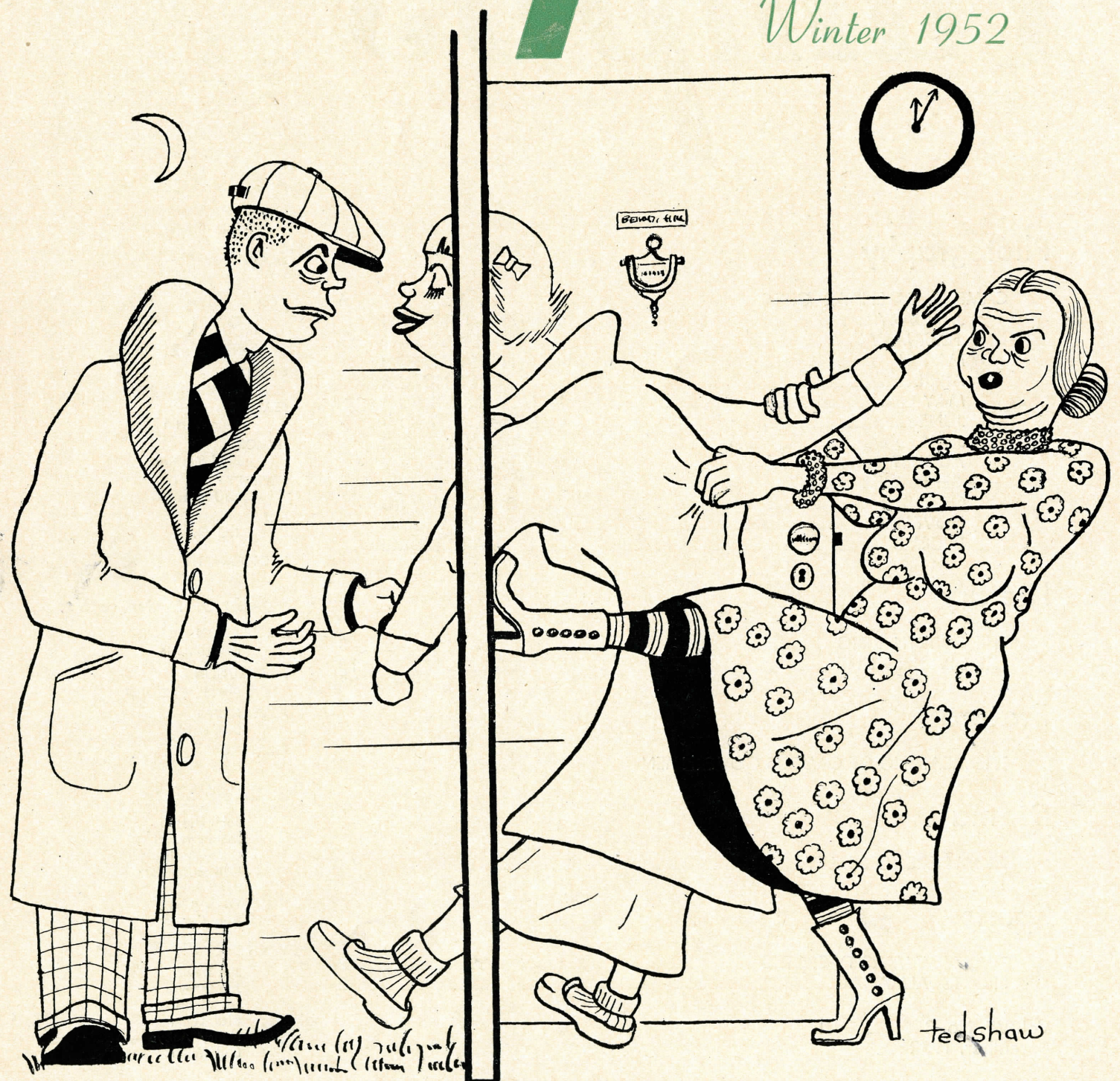


Campus

Winter 1952

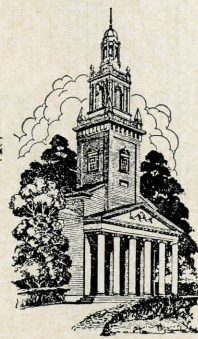


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Campus

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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I feel that my appointment to the position of editor of THIS magazine comes not only as a personal honor to myself, but to Denison womanhood as a whole. We girls have worked shoulder to shoulder with you men, heaving, *heaving* at the same big old activities wheel for years to make this campus move. Sometimes I, myself, speaking as a girl (which being one I generally speak as, all the time, that is) feel that the men of Denison ignore their sisters in the common cause of making this college really *hum*. Just the other day a man said to me, "Sarah we're trying to ignore your heaving." In the future this magazine will work for the recognition of the achievement of the Denison female. What's more we want to be recognized by name, like this: "Sarah we recognized your heaving, come on in and have a couple." I personally don't care what it's a couple of, a couple old hubcaps would be fine if the spirit was there.

This is the platform that I stand squarely behind:

1. Theater Arts Core Course.
2. More honor system and less swearing.
3. An expanded all-school social program.
4. Price supports for hogs.
5. More double dating
6. Barney Science Building.

The first point in our program, the support of Theater Arts Core Course, needs little explanation. It's just that all us girls (and fellows too) who saw last year's pro-

duction of "The Birds" were so *thrilled*. I know that before the play I had always thought of birds as a sort of messy flying animal that people made dirty jokes about. The play completely changed all my thinking on the whole topic. I left the Granville Opera House and fairly raced back to the dorm to slash open my pillow and roll around in all those soft feathers. Some of the girls even started building a wee nest out of old Deniscopes over by Colwell Dining Hall. It wasn't much. But the spirit was there. It usually is.

We also stand four square behind more honor system and less swearing. I think off the record that I would stand *further* behind less swearing than I would the honor system, but that's only an opinion. Anyhow, there have been a lot of people caught cheating this year. I was one of them. I would like to relate the following incident to emphasize my point.

Professor Q.: "Sarah you're cheating."

Sarah G.: "I wasn't, not so you'd notice anyhow."

Professor: "Don't argue with me."

Sarah: "My word of honor, I wasn't."

Professor: "Word of honor, smurd of honor."

Sarah: "It's my word dammit."

At this he snatched my paper, ripped it into small pieces and burned the pieces with his Zippo. Then he stomped on his Zippo until it was flat as a D-book. Then he went downtown and beat up the drugstore dealer who had the nerve to sell him the flat Zippo. Then he chopped up the body and shredded the pieces into the chop suey at the Sem. It seem to me that we'll never get rid of the chop suey problem until we cut out the swearing. Conversely, we'll never get rid of the swearing until we flush the chop suey. The problem deserves more study. The two seem pretty tied together. As Kritcher said in his recent study, "Swearing can let off pounds of steam, but very little fat." I think I'll eat downtown.

Every year there is much talk about an expanded all-school social program. What happens? Nothing. Oh yeah, they shoo the basketball team out of the field house every once in a while to hold a

dance. We don't want this. Goodness knows, if we'd wanted to waddle around the field house we could have been Physical Education majors. We have had more dances this year than a Shawnee medicine man during a dry season. Has anything come of it? No. There have been, according to the survey made by Clonley and Travis, fewer pinnings, engagements, and ROTC promotions at Ohio State and surrounding schools during this year than any year since 1945 (this survey assumed that the 1919-1922 period was a base or normal period). Not that I care. Men always think that women are made to hang jewelery, footballs, pins, rings, etc., all over. Just let one try. Just let one (or more) man call up Sarah Gummy, Room 68 Shaw Hall, and see if he can hang Balfour all over me like I was a Christmas tree or something. Instead of all these dances we could have mass marriages or something like they do in Japan.

The press today has to be constantly on guard against communists and Democrats and such infiltrating into the government. Eternal vigilance is the price of glory. Already many of Denison's own graduate associations are virtually honeycombed with alumni. Mainly this is the result of twenty years of bad administration, high taxes, and the Brannan Plan. Take my roommate Alice. She came to Denison strictly okay, like you and me. Then she got into critical issues or someplace. She came home with this Brannan plan. All about paying checks for money to farmers to support barley and plow under every third row. For a while we didn't pay any attention to her. Then one day my other roommate, Joan, she got fed up and said she couldn't see any sense in even *talking* about something as silly as paying money to guys to raise old smelly animals like pigs and goats. This kind of got Alice. She set out to prove to us what good friends of mankind the animals are. Every week on Saturday she's bring us our breakfast in bed and sit around in the corner going "oink, oink" and looking at us. She started looking for bristles all the time. She stopped going to football games, said we were cruel to cheer while her relatives got kicked around. It

was all right until she started bringing in garbage and putting it in her pillow case. In the morning she'd bring in an old apple core and lay it on your feet and kind of look up at you with those soft eyes, kind of devoted like. She ran off with a guy from Zanesville anyhow.

Double dating is another thing we stand behind. It only figures that if you double date you get twice as many fellows and girls out of the smelly, smoking, dorms and undemocratic fraternity houses and into cars and dances. Double dating is safer. Some people are content to try to increase single dating, but I always figure that if you can do something twice as fast why not do it. I get this from my uncle One Fell Swoop Gummy. One thing we are behind just as much is going steady in college. It seems that ninety-five per cent of the people who graduate from high school think that you should forget high school when you come to college. As a result they forget the pleasant thrill that comes to us all when we see a young couple walking down the quad, he with her class ring on his watch chain and she with her shoulders draped with his prep school jacket. It's keen.

The last thing we stand behind is Barney Science Building. There used to be many more people behind Barney than there are now. The main reason anybody goes back there now is to smoke. We lose our good old traditions so easily. In the early days of Denison students used to stand there and kind of gaze at the yellow bricks and wonder how they got that way. The smoking came later. In fact Barney had been here many years before the average Denisonian stopped oh goshing at the height of the building and started giving one another's pockets little exploratory probings. It started with my older brother Itsmylastone H. (Honestitis) Gummy. Anyhow I wish people would start appreciating our buildings, especially the rich heritage we have in the backs of our buildings. I personally will be happy to explain the subject to any interested student (male). Just write to "Behind The Buildings, Sarah Gummy, Shaw Hall, Available."

About this issue there is little to say. I don't understand most of it, but Hawk and Shackelford assured me that it was reeking with symbolism about man's eternal climb from the basket to the casket. And why not? S. G.



Fiction And Fact From Sports Almanac

by Sam McKenney

NEW VARSITY SPORT: It looks as if the Big Red is going to have a third new varsity sport this year—swimming. Because of the insufficient swimming facilities at Denison, the Big Red will hold all of its meets abroad this first year. However, if you wish to see the "frogmen" in action, all practices are held in the "bath-tub" in Cleveland Hall. When and if the new swimming pool addition is added to the new fieldhouse, Denison will be able to hold home meets and the athletic facilities here at Denison will be among the best of any small college in the country.

According to swimming coach, Keith Piper, the season will consist of seven meets with other Ohio Conference schools and possibly Fenn and Case. There have been twenty-six men, eighteen of whom have had high school experience, working out since the middle of November. The first meet will be sometime in December and the season will last until April.

Keith Piper is well qualified to coach swimming, as he held this position for three years at Baldwin-Wallace previous to his arrival at "the college on the hill." His overall record was seventeen wins and nineteen defeats, but after building the team up for two years, helped his charges to an eleven and two win-loss record in his final year.

RUMOR DEPARTMENT: It has been rumored that the Cleveland Browns are interested in Andy "The Toe" Deeds, Denison place-kicking specialist. They want him to hold the ball for Lou Groza.

FACULTY BASKETBALL: Intramural basketball season has started and one of the challenging teams is the Faculty. Showing their talent on the hardwood and decked out in red and white jerseys with the word *Teachers* across the front are such athletes as "Battling Bob" Seager, "Terrible Tris" Coffin, Pres "The Real" McCoy, Paul "Ride

(Continued on Page 16)

THE FOURTH RING

by Joe LeFever

Jeff ran down the alley, his long legs pounding methodically up and down, his leather heels producing a steady rhythm as the sound echoed from pavement to narrow wall, and back again. His black face was a study in confusion and fear, his lips contorted into a hideous grimace, his forehead glistening and constricted with effort. He hardly knew why he was running, the whole thing had happened with such speed that his thoughts were grotesque jumbles, weird flashes that disappeared as fast as they entered his mind.

As he turned down the twisting alley, his eye flashed for an instant upon a huge poster, announcing the approaching of *THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS HERE FOR TWO DAYS ONLY*. Fleeting Jeff thought of how he had planned to take his girl to it, how they had talked excitedly as little children talk, of seeing the elephants and circus folk, and how Jim Crow seats weren't really too bad. Can't take her this year, he thought insanely, increasing his speed despite the insistent flash of razor-like pain that cut into his side.

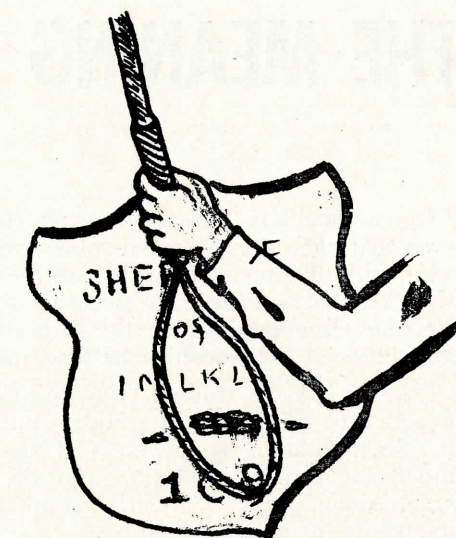
Forty paces behind, Cy Dollier ran with the pure exhilaration of the chase. He headed a crowd of twenty or so men, turning his head to spur them on from time to time. He'd run the damn coon from here to Charlottesville if he had to. There was going to be nigger blood spilled tonight if he had much to say about it. No damn jig would get away with a white man's murder in this town. His eyes narrowed with satisfaction as he thought of the last one who'd tried. Trouble was he hadn't put up any fight. Pased right out in the middle of things. But this one, he was different! As he rounded a corner in the narrow alley, his eyes were attracted by large letters proclaiming *THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS HERE FOR TWO DAYS ONLY*. Be the last circus he ever sees, Cy Dollier thought was a smile.

The town had talked of little for the past week but the approaching circus and Jeff Harper. Jeff was under arrest for suspicion of murder, the murder of a white man. He

had been seen leaving the house of the deceased, and despite the fact that he had cleaned house occasionally for the man, his guilt had been instantly and vehemently proclaimed. The general attitude of the community toward negroes at the time of Jeff's arrest was certainly not in his favor. An outsider would have noticed a tension gradually building up between the races, almost imperceptible to the inhabitants themselves. Nothing you could put your finger on, just a feeling in the air, a furtive glance now and then, a half stifled oath. Jeff, though he did not realize it, was nothing more than the victim of unfortunate but predictable circumstances, a scapegoat, the final straw, an ebony emblem of detestability.

He had been taken into custody by Sheriff deWitt, who left the following morning for his customary hunting trip. His philosophy was a benign one. "If the folks who keep me in office want me to hunt, then by golly, I'll hunt." Had Sheriff deWitt refused to hunt, he would undoubtedly have been removed from office as had been his idealistic predecessor. This left only Deputy Timmons, a great blundering man, whose sole claim to the position rested upon his ability to totally disable any ambitious upstart, injudicious enough to voice an interest in the job. Timmons did not rise to great heights in undertaking the responsibility of his new ward. Jeff had eaten once in the two days he had been in custody.

Given this fortuitous happening, it was simply a matter of a few irate citizens demanding that the heretofore lean stomach of justice be filled that began an avalanche which culminated on Tuesday night in a large assembly in front of the jail. It was not a well-dispositioned gathering. It was a gathering with blood in its eye, and on its sleeve. Cy had led its forces upon the building, had forced open Jeff's cell, and dragged him out into the street, where with the frenzied strength of an animal who looks upon death, the negro had broken away and fled.



Jeff was tired, more than he had ever been. His legs were great numbs blocks, his heart a searing thing relaying fierce throbs throughout his body. He was perceptibly slower as he left the alley, and fled out into a side street, where he paused momentarily, deciding which way to turn. This was unfamiliar territory to Jeff. White man's land, no man's land for the negro. His eyes bulged as he heard coarse voices and many feet echoing from the alley. Needing no more stimulus, he headed for a thick grove of trees bounded by a picket fence to the left. He had run perhaps half a dozen paces when he was tackled from behind, crashing him to the street and stunning him momentarily.

"Cy got him. Knocked him cold! Nice goin', Cy! A dozen hands pounded him on the back. Cy Dollier's prestige had risen immeasurably in the community because of that capture. Having sensed this change, Cy assumed his rightful role as leader.

"OK, men, get your cars and follow us to Ten Oak Hollow. Reckon Matilda'll hold this one." He and another man shoved Jeff into the back seat of an old Dodge, jumped into the front seat, and roared off with a lurch that partially restored the unconscious man. Jeff saw the flicker of a glowing cigarette, and fainted. Negroes were taught to fear the white man, and they did.

Ten Oak Hollow consisted mainly of a small grove of imposing trees on the outskirts of the west entrance to town, but the far more

(Continued on Page 16)

THE MEANING OF CAMPUS GOVERNMENT

by Dick Lugar

Democracy has meaning for all those who even hope that such a government plan exists in the modern world. Democracy has added meaning for those who live in a democratic society, a society which cherishes this concept as the superior formula for governmental relationships of free men.

Denison asks its student body and faculty as a first objective to think honestly, clearly, and constructively. Such thinking is the basis of the education we undertake at this institution and the vital element which alone can permanently secure our concept of democracy as a living reality.

An increasing number of Denison students have been thinking honestly, clearly, and constructively about the meaning of *campus democracy* in principle and in practice at Denison. This examination had its beginnings long before the president's challenged ruling on sophomore automobiles or the decision to formulate a new code of Denison campus government. The latter event, however, makes *immediate consideration of campus government on the part of undergraduates and faculty imperative if our common problem is to have the most satisfactory solution.* In the presentation of the following analysis, I do not wish to be mistaken as the representative of any group hiding behind the security of a journalistic "we." I offer these sentiments as personal opinion volunteered to stimulate thought and to serve as a possible basis for a solution.

PRESENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT

To begin with, let us examine DCGA as it is now formulated. In every discussion, of Campus government authority in which I have been a participant, discussion always begins with the major premise that final authority in all matters resides with the Board of Trustees. The Trustees have made a broad grant of authority regarding student life to the faculty which has in turn delegated certain matters to its Executive Council and to the Student Senate of DCGA. *Herein lies the sneaker,* "The actions of the latter are therefore subject to review by the former, with ultimate authority residing in the Board of Trustees."

Thus I submit that DCGA has been a veritable "sitting duck on Ebaugh's Pond." On the one hand, a few faculty members maintain a close watch fearing that the duck may someday decide to fly away free and independent of their scrutiny and most mysteriously strong enough to fly on its own will and power.

POWER TO CHOSE OUR OFFICERS

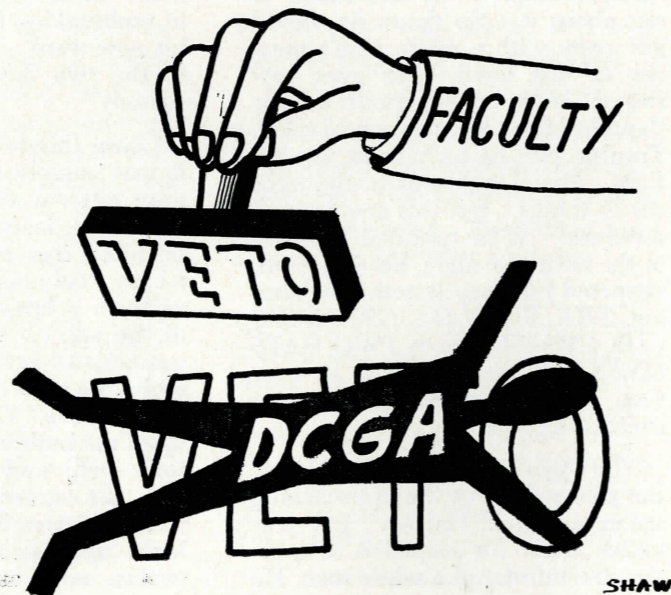
As a result, the duck is given an occasional wing clipping. Witness if you will the absurdity of a situation arising out of the change in DCGA voting rules which the student body passed by nearly a 7-1 majority last January. The Dean of Men decided that there were objectionable portions in the rules which would make their passage by the faculty impossible. The students were given the alternative of either changing those rules or of watching them meet their death in faculty meeting.

This author was asked by the DCGA officers to plead the case for a student decision (a 7-1 majority mind you) before a faculty meeting. He did so, but the Dean's motion to table the entire matter for further consideration gave the faculty no opportunity to vote one way or the other and the rules are still on the table.

In order to humor the powers that be and to have some rules for the forthcoming election which bear a resemblance to the variety which the student body desired, we witnessed late in November the spectacle of DCGA changing its rules into conformity with the Dean's request. This will entail another all-school vote in January in addition to approval by the faculty. If you are wondering the same thing that I have wondered, namely, *why the method which the student body employs in the election of officers should even be subject to discussion by our faculty to say nothing of outright veto,* I refer you to our previously stated axiom of faculty review over everything.

The usual results of such experiences have made student leaders so weary of fighting these seemingly interminable battles over technicalities that the effective control of the faculty comes primarily through display of the futility of student challenge.

Student government is therefore obligated to give no serious consideration to campus legislation or to the enforcement of that legislation because student government in the final analysis is not even deemed responsible enough to determine the method of electing its own officers. The term "responsible student government" has been construed to mean government which does a fair job of enforcing faculty determined or faculty approved regulations. To the extent that students can debate these issues and still not interfere with the expediency of their final determination, student government is not only tolerable but a highly desirable educational device for any administration.



In all fairness, I must point out that every other student government that I have examined is much less democratic. But to therefore conclude that we have the "real McCoy" (in campus democracy) is to merely pretend that trustees and faculty have disappeared and no longer clip the wings of our "sitting duck."

LACK OF PARTICIPATION KILLS INTEREST

The duck finds a precarious existence on another count. The student body long ago discovered that *DCGA was only an extended civics class.* Even the idealistic student who has aspired to a DCGA position (and there have been many) has often been crucified in public opinion as one merely fattening his ODK point total at the public trough.

Such a popular conception is not entirely unfounded. It is certainly rare to find that public spirited citizens on campus who will assume a position of leadership with his hands tied behind him by the faculty and with the sword of student opinion hanging precariously over his head. Life on this beautiful Denison campus tends to be too short for such often futile sacrifice unless said servant is truly devoted to the common good or is following blindly a success myth which leads eventually to the Governor's mansion or the president of US Steel.

FRATERNITIES RUN BY STUDENTS

I submit that the duck takes another dunking because democracy is well exemplified at Denison on another level short of campus democracy. I refer, of course, to those oft maligned dwellings which are sometimes termed the antithesis of democracy, the fraternity houses. Within our social groups, we are employed to make every decision regarding the health and welfare of our organizations so long as we do not violate civil law, burn down the houses which our house trustees own, or violate legislation formulated by our faculty and in some cases supported by DCGA.

The success or failure of our various chapters depends solely upon the wisdom exercised in our decisions. We impose fines upon ourselves, punish chapter violations, feed ourselves, maintain our quarters, and perform hundreds of other responsibilities without advice or interference from the outside. When the results are successful, we are justly proud that as a team we have succeeded. The results are seldom bad because we have enough pride in our chapters to call in needed assistance and to devote the necessary time and effort to the correction of deficiencies even with the sacrifice of time and effort in other campus fields.

You who would wonder why so much time and effort is diverted to fraternity activity might well remember that the operation of student democracy gives each member a feeling of being needed, of being responsible, and of being recognized for a job well done. *Thus the fraternities are doing well and so long as they do, they will continue to thrive because they are democracy in action.*

But so long as the members of DCGA are ultimately responsible for nothing, are needed only to serve a psychological and administrative function of enforcing faculty approved legislation, and are recognized by many students as mere "tools" or honorary point seekers, student government will continue to fall. To the extent that this failure can be covered by faculty proclamations about DCGA competence (in performing faculty desires) and to the extent that student lead-

ers will close their eyes to the apparent and sing "Oh What A Beautiful Morning," the failure will be partially hidden from our view. At present, however, the full truth is not difficult to discern.

Therefore, the time has come to write a new constitution. I would like to propose student government not as fiction but as a reality. I have no indication that Dr. Knapp nor any faculty member is opposed to such a plan. In fact, there seems to be abundant evidence to the contrary.

You will recall the many times when our administration has spoken in terms of Denison first and social group second. I believe wholeheartedly in this principle and in the sincerity of our administration in championing it. Because it seems utterly inconceivable, however, that in everyday living student will give their first allegiance to a governmental institution for which they have no ultimate responsibility as opposed to other institutions in which their personal decisions make every difference in daily living, I would assume that a farsighted administration would recognize this fundamental fact. Secondly, *I would suppose that the administration would favor the assumption by students or at least the same amount of uncontrolled authority on the campus level as is assumed by students on the fraternity level.*

This would not mean that finance, buildings and grounds, dining halls, academic policies, admittance policies, enforcement of civil law, and a number of other administrative functions to be defined leave for an instant the province of trustees and faculty. It does mean that students determine without overhead veto, the nature of their government organization and determine all questions of student extracurricular activity, questions of student possessions (this includes automobiles), and all other phases of student life which are not delegated specifically to the administration. In cases of conflict, student-faculty committees would resolve the differences as equal partners in campus government, neither in the role of benevolent dictator over the other.

PURPOSE OF NEW PLAN

I am vitally interested in seeing such a plan of government inaugurated for two major reasons. First of all, Denison is failing as an educational institution if it fails to demand of its students their very best and most responsible citizenship efforts by making the success or failure of campus student life dependent solely upon their efforts. Our American society is filled with millions of comfortable citizens who went to college never learning the responsibilities which democracy imposes upon those who would enjoy her privileges. To the extent that we continue to graduate such students from Denison while deluding ourselves that they will be the leaders of tomorrow when indeed they will be often only blind followers, we are committing an educational blunder of no mean consequence.

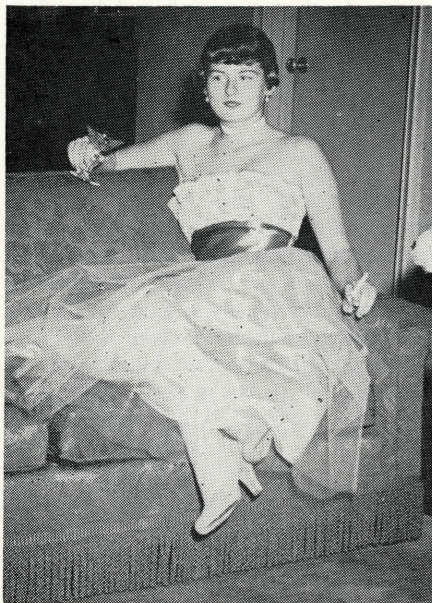
Secondly, such a new philosophy of student government would provide in my judgment better government than even the faculty and administration with admittedly greater experience can provide for students. I say this because I believe that students alone know best the problems which confront them and the best solutions in light of the personalities and the conditions with which they must deal in their administration.

Denison could become a pioneer in the area of stu-

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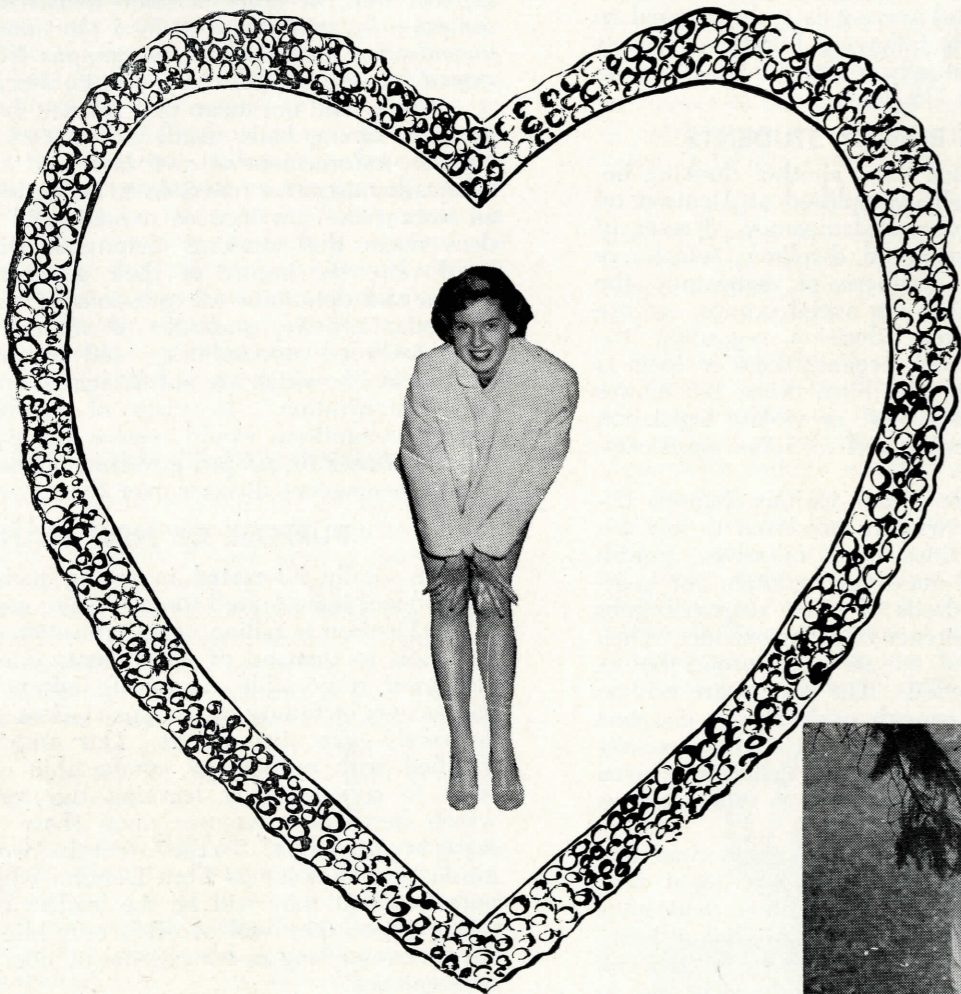
JANUARY

*There are smiles in the future for this little dear,
So a couple of toasts for the gay new year!
When the clock strikes twelve and last year's past,
A girl like Ann will make a friendship last.*



FEBRUARY

*February's the month when hearts begin to flutter . . .
Some murmur sweet nothings, others merely stutter.
Sally's advice would be, "Having trouble with your line?
Why not try a valentine?"*



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MARCH

*Brrr . . . March brings many a windy day,
The nights are frosty, but not here to stay.
Omie's philosophy is "Let the wind blow,
Who cares, as long as there are places to go!"*



APRIL

*Gret's always happy, even on such a rainy day;
With her equipment, she's prepared come what may.
So when a fair sky becomes foul overcast . . .
Remember, at Denison, storms never last.*



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MAY

*Nancy's quite fancy in her stunning ensemble
And in spite of those comps, stil l remains calm.
So if a Senior you see, one bright day,
Gaily turning handsprings, it's the last of May.*

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JUNE

*June's the time when wedding bells chime,
And lovely young misses to the alter climb.
Bobby's quite radiant as s he adjusts her veil,
What about it lads, Envy the lucky male?*



JULY

Side stroke, back stroke, or floating on top,
She loves the water as long as it's hot.
For some this board is a place to dive,
For Mary Lou it keeps admiring looks alive.



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AUGUST

The long sunny days in August are fine,
With Nancy in shorts behind the white line.
To the right, to the left, no the ball's up above.
Oh, heck, who care's? The score's always love.



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SEPTEMBER

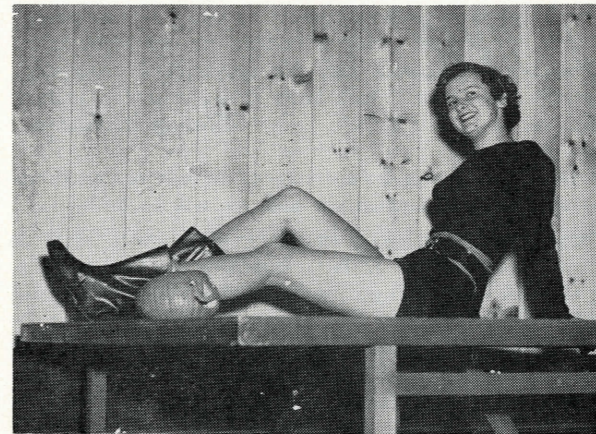
When the trees begin to color and fall rolls 'round,
Many happy people people back to D.U. will be bound.
Archery is a favorite, for those who have good aim;
But with Jackie as the target, they'd all get in the game.



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OCTOBER

If you like the ghostly, Halloween is lots of fun,
As for pranks by college students—they've really just begun
Lee Woodward in a pose like this, won't scare the boys a
In fact to tell the truth, she will surely make a hit.



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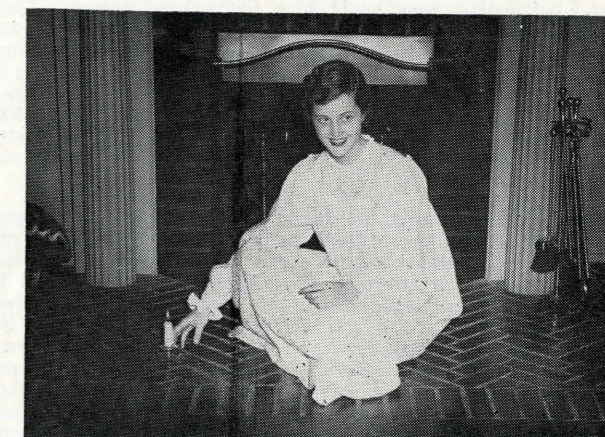


NOVEMBER

November comes and with it Thanksgiving vacation.
Now isn't Janie in a happy situation!
She looks quite lucious in her apron by the stove,
Do you suppose the pan holds t urkey, why yes, by Jove!

DECEMBER

As the cold snow falls on a bleak December night,
It's good t o be inside where it's cheery and bright.
And to see sweet Mary with her candle by the fire,
She looks so inviting, what more could one desire?



THE DIVIDING LINE

Nancy Aabye

Migget studied, one hand thrown over the pillow behind her head, the other holding a steaming cup of tea. Betty sat crosslegged at her feet. She was almost out of the light thrown on her French grammar by the floor lamp. Migget might have been one of Shakespeare's queens, her small lips pinching away from the heat of the tea cup's brim—and Betty, the jester-protagonist awaiting judgment, dallying over reflexive pronouns. Silence had proceeded to the point where Migget's textbook became tired, rested in her lap and Betty's pronouns receded, anticipating something more than separate learning, and so they talked. The moment came to them simultaneously when they wished to turn over arbitrary facts to expand whatever truth they found beneath. At first their questions were simple enough:

"You know that argumentative young professor of Russian history . . .

"you mean the one with the chip on his shoulder and the slightly bruised look of a man who . . .

"Yes. Well did you notice at the dance—don't you wonder how he somehow found time between the lines of his thesis to learn to waltz, leading with his shoulders as if . . . as if . . .

Then Betty expressed her eldorado—being able to go to school as long as she lived. She felt the last chapter in one's schooling was written too soon after the first and precluded all that could possibly be read. Migget replied:

"Not that you and I won't try to be students the rest of our lives. We'll read books, attend lectures, but I'm too apt to swallow without question what I read and hear that's positively stated.

"So am I."

"We'll need conflicting opinions if we are to keep up. Out of school, at our jobs, we'll miss authorities to have recourse to, audiences made up of people we know with whom we can discuss values of performances and concerts. There will be no give and take. We will learn only by ourselves." This made a kind of general sense to Betty. She said she wondered whether G. Schmidt's new novel was worth looking into. That microcosm of the irreducible self was discovered as their discussion progressed. The expression of each was rapt, intent. They leaned toward each other, held by the lights of understanding they found in each other's eyes.

Betty exclaimed to herself: "Oh Migget, why couldn't we always talk like this, delete such lines as 'I'm going to be late to the meeting,' and 'Forget to feed the guppies today.'" She was convinced she could spend all her life in serious discussion and be happy without anything else. At the same time, she refused to admit to what extent this conviction of hers was imbued with idealism.

Migget, the queen, and Betty, the protagonist, as the moment were both unaware of the parts they were playing. Later, of course, they could give them these names. Their lines unrehearsed, how could they know that a climax was approaching in this little drama of sorts? Betty was smiling the smile of a jester who is pleased by repartee achieved satisfactorily. With royal prerogative, Migget set her cup down daintily. She asked: "Betty, do you like to cherish illusions about those you love?" The jester's grin widened as Betty mentally relished the possibilities in such a query. She answered:

"Dave and I used to discuss this—whether or not trust should be earned or at first encounter shown toward every acquaintance. We both believe a person's character innocent, so to speak, until proved guilty. My Mother is opposed to this. She thinks people are apt to exploit those who trust them implicitly. And she doesn't advocate turning the other cheek, has almost the eye-for-an-eye theory. Not turning the other cheek, however, is usually a twin to the trait of hurting others. People can only do something for you when you trust them. But if people are never able to do anything for you, they will never be able to do anything against you.

Yet if you desire things done for you, it follows that things will as often be done against you and you will be hurt.

"Standards for character can never be so elastic as to do away with idol worship. Inelastic standards can lead to cherishing illusions which in turn result in fallen idols. You could probably measure maturity in a person to the extent that he either reconstructs his standards in the aftermath of a broken idol or else refuses to ever see that his idol is broken though its pieces lie all around him impeding any steps in a positive direction."

Migget softly reprimanded: "But you're speaking in generalities." For a moment, Betty was quiet, not wanting to come down to earth, though she didn't fear in the least that any pain could come from dealing in particulars. At last she capitulated, "Can you give me a specific example, then?"

Betty later realized how smooth was this transition to climax. In tragical terms, the dialogue had led inevitably to what followed. How right that she had not perceived the attempted lightness in Migget's question or seen any personal implications in it. How appropriate that she should misconstrue and thereby build the mound of optimistic idealism higher and higher so that she would fall from its impossible summit. How typical that Shakespeare's queen should sit out of the spotlight waiting—waiting to let the words fall overdue, still born while the jester with a fool's wisdom ranted on about cherishing illusions. The queen, with fingers tightly curled, anticipated the protagonist's simple, direct question, let judgment escape with:

"Betty, last weekend Dave was here"—(Betty oriented towards the name of the only Dave there was. Something in Migget's face showed that the little Theatre major wasn't acting now. Betty felt sudden remorse in leaving so many of her roommate's letters unanswered over the summer.) Migget continued: "He became engaged to Sue while he was here. He lied to you, Betty."

Betty was Migget for an instant and saw herself through Migget's eyes. Then she thought: "Dear, dear girl, why are your lips working so? Why should this hurt you, for I am somewhat helped by the shock. I am one *qui comprend, sans vouloir comprendre*. The wishing-not-to-understand helps too. All this jester can think of at the moment is the senseless rhyme: "Betty and Dave, Dave and Betty. All over, all over."

Migget leaned back on her pillow. The queen, her withheld judgment at last released, was no longer necessary to the drama. Betty leaned over her grammar again where irregular verbs began traveling most irregularly on the page. This other—this senseless rhyme of such importance—was not to be so quickly forgotten. The jester must be enlightened.

The tragical postulates didn't seem to be following their accustomed order in her case. Enlightenment and catharsis came simultaneously with the climax. Could there not be shock severe enough to preclude the protagonist's active conflicts in holding off enlightenment? This enlightenment now recognized as maturity—was it really worth it? Intruding in the midst of these doubts came a question not to be denied. Was this the time for such doubts? Wasn't she, as always, indulging in mental fancies, letting them take hold? Their precedence here—didn't that prove that there was nothing to her love? Love she had heard termed the only reality in life and she doubted whether she ever really had loved anything at all. She feared that she had squeezed her heart to find it finally dry.

It didn't matter whether anyone loved or had ever loved her. She had to know if what she had considered impulses of affection and love towards things and people were anything at all genuine except at the moment. If, as psychologists said, one's "self" is unique a moment at a time, is always fluctuating in the various contexts in which the body finds itself, how could love be a constant? It can not be forgotten,

however the moment, finally, when it mattered very much that there was an irreducible self. It mattered, but not for purposes of satisfying the ego, super-ego, alter-ego or any other egos upon which psychological explorers might come to set their flags of discovery. For, if there was an irreducible self, a carry over from moment to moment, from context to context, why then, love for anything, anyone would live independent of the situation and the time of situation. Betty felt that this could mean that love was not an illusion. Yet even if she granted that it was a reality, would she ever be able to say: "I love my friends, my sister, my parents, God, old places, young rivers, broken feathers," or anything, anything at all without wondering whether she was prompted only by the moment at hand—or at best by the weight of moments gone before?

Migget had started her bath water. Betty, French book in hand, uncrossed her legs and got up. She wasn't yet mature enough to finish her French lesson interrupted as it had been by what might be considered tragedy to a small degree. Her French professor had taught her one thing which might have relevance at this time. In an off hand manner he had said that sleep cured all problems. Betty realized that this rested on the supposition that one would be able to sleep, but she felt physically numb enough for sleeping.

She buttoned on her pajamas and went on wondering. It was challenging to consider how difficult this little tragedy of sorts would be to write about. If she wanted to be at all objective, she had better attempt it in prose. Any poetry concerning the subject would have to come later—much later. She knew she would write about it, however, for she believed there was a certain justification due the eruption of dramatic moments in life. A school could never be small enough for one to know the dramas even in lives of girls living across the hall, in lives of classmates or professors. They were like neighbors living down the same street from one another, catching the same streetcar, paying the same newsboy, but as much strangers to each other's important moments as if they lived on opposite sides of the earth.

Betty carried the tea cup into the bathroom, steamy and sweet smelling from Migget's bath. She had often thought that Danae's shower must have been something like the steam and scent of a bathroom after one's little nymph of a roommate had stepped forth looking warmer than you'd ever seen her. What a time to be thinking of Danae's rapture!

Betty tried to keep her mind where her body was—a motto she's seen spread across the wall of a psych office. She faced her mirror and started combing her hair. The comb suddenly stopped in an upward arc and she was viewing the drama again. This time she reached beyond the scene of queen and jester to the second and third acts in which the man named Dave had had many lines to say. He had handed her a comb once in a while—not because it mattered to them, Adam and Eve after the first night with leaves and tears of joy in their hair—but because the world had come to hold more than Adam and Eve. Some of the rest did not want to see a hair out of place when a girl came into a dorm at night. She did not wish that the drama had never been or that it could be forgotten, only that it wouldn't continue to be her every other thought. She considered what thoughts of any worth she had as too few and far between.

This belittling of her intellectual powers established a context characteristic of Betty in times of conflict. She would accuse herself of ineffectuality. This left her with no inner resources to speak of. (She had ordained her god impersonal.) Her's was a predilection for making excuses—any excuse, but always an excuse. She knew what her right reaction should be from what little she had learned from crises of others, from psychology lectures. She knew that emotions lent variety to life but that they must be able to be controlled if they were to be positive factors contributing beneficially to personality. She knew she must let the wound heal and refrain from probing it, making it worse than it was when received. Knowing and even believing the truth in this course of action couldn't make her follow upon it. She recognized her obstinancy, her very immaturity, but couldn't overcome it.

After folding back her bedspread, she became a letter in the envelope of her bed—a letter whose salutation was a sigh and whose closing line was: "In the acts the playwright hasn't written yet—I wonder to what point the protagonist will regress in his immaturity."

The jester and queen, outside the drama now, slept in the same chamber. Neither heard the dormitory heating system sputtering or the night watchman, making his rounds, in and out of the lounge. Betty, however, heard the end of the four a.m. alarm. She sat up and saw that Migget was undisturbed by the sound. With head bowed, Betty rocked back and forth as if, in this miscarriage of sleep, she had lost her own baby. She moaned, "Migget, Migget, couldn't your Augustine paper wait? Why four a.m. alarm? It didn't reach your sleep, but it's left me so sensitively awake. The cloud of idealism that had drugged me a few hours back is gone now. My nerves are bare. Oh Migget, I don't want to be a neurotic like I was when he left me once before. This time I know he'll only come back in dreams like those I was just having." Betty's head twisted from side to side in an orbit such as a captive cat makes reaching one side of his cage, then the other, back and over again, back and over again. How ironic that this threshing gesture should be identical to that of woman feeling ecstasy! Her hands against her eyes seemed only to impress the dream visions more vividly, so she put her feet down by the bed and went to the open window where the wind moved with painful gentleness.

She questioned silently. Why couldn't she accept her lesson, face up to it maturely? Why continue building the structure of emotional conflict higher and higher out of all proportion to its base? Why should it throw studies, sleep, and all other activities into a shadow they couldn't see to work in? Why, finally, should this hour be the dividing line in her days, making those before and after so apart? She sat at the foot of her bed, her hands clasped between her knees and thought of the next day, the day after that day and they after that. The back and forth to classes, belted against winds and hurrying past friends too kind in their faces. The back and forth on trains home. (There would be a kind of comfort in seeing overly solicitous faces disappearing in clouds of steam.) The proceeding to a point and returning to the origin—getting nowhere, in short. "Let's see," thought Betty, "(of course, like Catullus, I never kept count of kisses) but I've repulsed how many since Dave left? And how many more half-men will I turn away from in the days before me? Dave . . . say the name, say any word long enough and it ceases to have meaning. Dave, Dave, Dave, Dave . . ."

Betty's thoughts became more uninhibited the drowsier she became. She made no effort to resist them as they tumbled upon her from wherever they'd proceeded. They dictated that she be another letter as she crawled into her envelope of a bed: Say that the protagonist will be enlightened in retrogression. "Sure, I'll be enlightened," smiled the jester. "The new truths, however, like all new philosophies, will be variations on the old. I will be listening to music and recognize the obscure Beethoven concerto he played one night. I will read Job for new insights and hear his pronunciation, pause where he paused, reflect where he reflected. I will put away flowers—pruned and wired flowers like the cafelias growing dry on my desk—and feel the fragile spring beauty he tucked in my hat. I will see strong young rivers and recall that four hands are required to walk in them. I will not turn over rocks for the fern and shell skeletons beneath. I've been surprised by them before today."

The letter was almost complete. Betty started the last paragraph with the thought that perhaps some poetry could come out of this tragedy of sorts, after all. Someday she would return to the context of the second and third acts and call it forth. In that one sunny school where:

*Sound was shelved away in lichen ears
And never could be echoed by the same throats,
Where leaf essence never could be mended up
To be crushed anew by the same bodies.*

Someday she would sign this letter and enclose it with all its thoughts in an envelope of the ordinary sort.

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the father of triplets, rushed to th ehospital and burst joyously into his wife's room. The nurse was not pleased to see him.

"You can't come in here covered with germs," she said. "You're not sterile."

"You're telling me I'm not!" replied the husband.

*Delighted Daddy: What'll we call it?"
Moderate Mothers "Quits!"*



DENISON'S TWO NEW VARSITY SPORTS---LACROSSE AND SOCCER

by Bud Miller

Now that lacrosse and soccer have come to Denison in the capacity of varsity sports, it would seem worthwhile for us to look into their past, their present, and, somewhat hopefully, into their future.

The history of lacrosse dates back to the times of the American Indian when it was played supposedly as a game of amusement. It must have been grim amusement however, for its purpose was to accustom the young brave to the rigors of close combat. At that time lacrosse was baggataway as it was then known was played with anywhere from 600 to 1000 players and a good deal less seriously than the game today. The game was a wild and woolly affair with deaths not infrequent and broken bones more the rule than the exception (some spectators of the game today still claim this to be the case). The spectators were involved in the days of the Indian, for it the ball fell among them, the teams would plunge headlong after it without regard for the life or limb of anyone.

In 1839 the Canadians took up the game and several matches were played between the Montreal Lacrosse Club and the Indians. In 1867 the National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed, and rules and a

constitution were adopted. The game was pioneered in the United States this same year by Mohawk Club of Troy, New York. Since that time it has spread to nearly every college and prep school in New England, we well as the area around Baltimore which today is considered the cradle of American lacrosse. After the Second World War lacrosse started the westward movement. Since that time teams have been formed at Kenyon, Oberlin, Ohio State, and Western Reserve, with clubs in the major mid-western cities composed of recent graduates of the aforementioned schools.

When custody of the game passed from the Indian to the white man, certain rules were imposed which prohibited tripping, fighting, pushing, holding, unnecessary slashing with the stick, and touching the ball with the hand. The area of the playing field was cut to a size about that of a football field, and the number of players was reduced to ten, known as the Goalkeeper, the Point, Cover point, and First defense. These are respectively known as the defense the second defense, center, and second attack who form the midfield and the first attack; home, and out home who make up the attack. Protective padding was

also introduced, and today the players wear helmets, gloves, arm pads, and cleated shoes.

The object of the game itself is to put a hard rubber ball about the size of a baseball into the opponents goal while keeping it out of your own. This requires running, passing, and above all, team play. To accomplish the art of passing the player is equipped with a stick which may vary in length from three to six feet. The attack players generally use the shorter stick while the defenses uses the longer. The stick is curved and a pocket is formed by gut and string which are woven to form a net at the large end of the stick. The game is generally sixty minutes in duration divided into four fifteen minute periods. In case of a tie an over-time period may be played. Play begins when the referee places the ball between the back of two sticks which are held by crouched center mid fielders. On the call of "Draw" each attempts to get possession of the ball and the game is on.

The history of lacrosse at Denison has been turbulent to say the least. Lacrosse came to Granville with two boys from a New England prep school—Dick Bonesteel and John McCarter. The first year the team was composed of only nine men. With a borrowed mid field and equipment they played Kenyon to a tie, which I hesitatingly admit is the closest they have come to defeating the Lords since. The club (it was then known as the Granville Lacrosse Club) played its games on the Granville High School football field with no coach, no uniforms and little equipment. The situation was slow to improve and the club's second year, 1950, saw the same struggling outfit still willing to take the scars and bruises that they received at the hands of Kenyon, Oberlin, and Ohio State.

1951 saw some improvement in the situation as the club was granted the title of the Denison Lacrosse Club and several new faces appeared on the scene. The team that year was not good as lacrosse teams go but what it lacked in skill it made up in color. "Dad" McCarter played the goal with no equipment save a helmet and clothing which consisted of only a battered pair of swimming trunks and football shoes; his solo dashes consumming the length of the field were frequent. The defense was composed of Tom Greene (whose first love seemed to be the mashing of opposing players), Jim Ferguson, and Chuck Hess. The mid field consisted of "the Wild Bull of the Pampas" Bill Armstrong, Spike Kennedy, and Jack Swisher, while the attack was made up of George Berquist, "Bones" Bonesteel, who was a very fine lacrosse player, and Bud Miller.

Last year saw the club with a coach, Rev. Dick Lambert, uniforms supplied by Granville High School, and Deeds Field for its two final games. There was a much larger turnout in numbers of men for the squad last spring, and, although the team did not win a game, it is certain that nobody who saw the Ohio State game which they lost 6-5 will soon forget it. Hopes for a good season this year are running high. With several promising freshmen and a new coach in the person of Ken Meyer, things are definitely on the upswing for lacrosse at Denison.

Soccer comes to the Denison campus and

to the United States from another continent—Europe. The origin of the game of soccer is not definitely known. Some say came from Asiatic marauders and others say from the Roman and Saxon armies. Although Great Britain itself did not give birth to the sport as many believe, it may certainly take the credit for its early up-bringing.

Soccer was the earliest form of football played in the United States, and even today the game is known as football in every country save the United States. The first game of inter-collegiate soccer was played on November 13, 1869, between Rutgers and Princeton with the former winning 6 to 4. It was not until 1904 that the Intercollegiate Association Football league was formed in this country.

The game itself has the same object as lacrosse—to kick or head the ball into an opponent's goal more times than he is able to in four twenty-two minute periods. A team consists of eleven players: the goalie, two fullbacks, three halfbacks, and five forwards. Equipment consists of a jersey, shorts, long stockings, shin guards, and soccer shoes which are equipped with especially heavy toes for kicking. The field is roughly the size of a football field with a goal at each end. As in lacrosse there are penalties for such things as hitting the ball with the hands in the penalty area which encircles the goal, and deliberately pushing an opponent in the penalty area.

The Big Red boosters this year have a good deal more experience than the lacrosse team will have. At this writing the starting team consists of Dave Atwater and John Robinson at the Wings, Dave Buchanan and John Hunting at Insides and Dick Annsh-Oprensom at Center forward. The halfbacks are Glenn Walruz, Mike Coral, and Jack Feid, with Jim Kalbfleisch and Bill Wyse as fullbacks, and Bud Miller holding forth in the goal. Several capable reserves include Jim Barth, Dave Nichols, Bill Cornell, Ned Thompson, and Dick Stevenson.

Now that soccer and lacrosse are numbered among the varsity sports, before too long they will be adding fame to Denison's name in the annals of sports history.

"Good morning! So you need five rooms and a bath?"
"I was looking for five rooms—never mind what else I need!"

A miss in the car is worth two in the engine.

Prof: Define sympathy.
Stude: Feeling for others.
Prof: Give an example.
Studes Blind man's buff.

If you guys think that "evening" is the same as night" we suggest that you note the effect it has on the gown.

"So you had a date with a college man?"
"No, I tore my dress on a nail."

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"
"What else can you do with them?"

FROM HERE TO BEXLEY

by H and S

Or **From Here To Eternity** adapted to the Denison mind and the twenty inch screen. It is written in the form of a drama so that you in your own home can see the people move. Simple huh

CAST OF REAL CHARACTERS

Howard Grovel—a young man with bloated lips.

Pete Grovel—another young man, Howard's brother, with a bloated upper lip only. He wears a leotard for the absolute in symbolism.

Grovel Grovel—a camp follower with a bloated leotard that didn't come out well in the wash.

Sgt. Earthy—a real heller who underneath it all has a heart of gold. He sweats freely throughout the production.

ACT II

(Act one took place in the bilges, or whatever you call those rooms, of a troop ship. The characters were mostly busy slugging the rats that abound on ship-board. This act was barred because Granville has an ordinance against people slugging rats, even in plays when its not for real. Nothing much happens, so don't worry about it.)

Scene I (A tennis court by an officers club, someplace in Korea). Howard Grovel leans on his shovel, looks at the yellow sky, curses freely for twenty minutes while mopping his brow with a paper napkin.

Pete Grovel: What's the matter, brother of mine.

Howard Grovel: Aw nothing.
Pete G.: Oh. Six love, we're a team you and I.

Scene II (Any where in Korea). Sgt. Earthy enters the two man tent eating a bacon and tomato sandwich. He wipes his sticky fingers on his soiled pants and sits down on a cot.

Grovel Grovel: You're sitting on my leotard, I wouldn't mind excepting I'm in it.

Sgt. Earthy: What are you doing here?

Grovel G.: I don't feel well somehow. I think I'm with child.

Sgt. Earthy: Thirty years, man and boy I spent in this man's Army. I ain't never had nobody give me that excuse before.

Grovel: I'm a different, I'm a girl.

Sgt. Earthy: Yeah, I know kid, everybody thinks there's something special about their own special case, but in this man's Army . . . You are a girl aren't you. Sorry I didn't see it at first, old wound . . . I'd rather not talk about it now.

Grovel: Okay, we won't.

Howard: (entering) Earthy, why don't you change that sweatshirt

Earthy: Thirty years, man and boy I been in this Army. All the time on the move, no wife, no kids, no home or roots of any kind. I got no place else to sweat—now you want to take this from me.

Howard: (Noticing Grovel for the first time) Grovel!

Grovel: Howard!

Earthy: You two know each other?

Grovel: We used to play on the same industrial basketball team back home.

Howard: She was CIO, I was A F of L.

Earthy: Thirty years in the Army I been nothing.

Grovel: Oh come off, it John Wayne.

Pete Grovel: (He crawls into the tent, his clothes are all tarnished with ashes and soot). Oh gee, gosh, darn, heck, fudge, and golly, they blew up the supply dump.

Earthy: All the Hershey bars?

Pete: Yeah

Earthy: With almonds?

Pete: Uh huh.

Howard: That's tough Sarge. You never know about those supply dumps now days.

Earthy: I got no place to sweat now.

Howard: Its the naked cruelty of this whole war that gets you, naked, naked . . . sob.

Pete: Put your clothes back on, here comes General Eisenhower.

Eisenhower: Sgt. Earthy, I don't know if you remember me, I turned you in for cheating at the Point thirty years ago. I'm over here now to end this thing and I need your help.

Earthy: You can't do nothing here, nobody can until we kill off all those guys who blow up Hershey bars.

Eisenhower: You're right. I'm just a gopher out of water out here. I think I'll go back to Washington and appoint some cabinet members.

Grovel: I wish I could go.

Eisenhower: All of us can't go to Washington, you stay here and have youre baby. Only the people with guts go to Washington.

Earthy: Yeah, but tell 'em one thing from us out here in this livin' hell. Tell 'em that for a sound future they just can't beat the new series

E bonds. Available on the oh-so-easy payroll savings plan. If they are privately employed they can see their local banker or grocer.

Eisenhower: I'll tell 'em . . . I'll tell 'em. And don't worry about those almonds, I got almonds up white house.

Earthy: Maybe it's because I got a heart of gold, but I think that boy will go places. I think that ever since I seen his picture in the same **Quick** as Marilyn Monroe's.

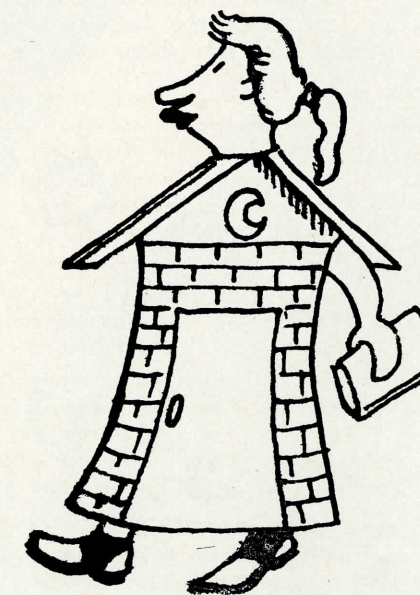
Howard: You ought to know if anyone does.

Grovel: Sometimes I get so fed up I feel like lunging at a tent post.

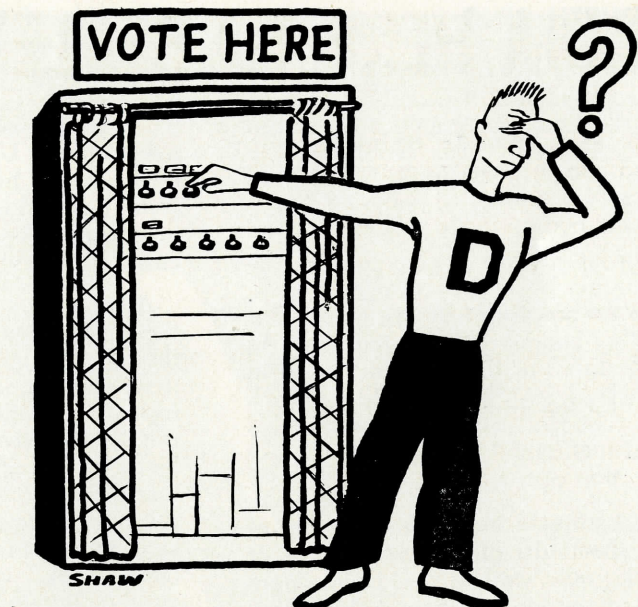
Grovel and the tent post take turns lunging at each other until the whole goshdarn thing collapses, ending the second act.

ACT III

Act three takes place in the Pentagon. Generals Eisenhower, Hershey, and Struddle (head of the ROTC tunnel unit at Colorado School of Mines) are studying new tactics of slugging rats with leotards full of almonds. Eisenhower decides he isn't much help. Says he feels like a squirrel off the ground and goes off to appoint some new ministers. Among those appointed is Sgt. Earthy, Secretary of the Senate Bilges. All ends well except that Grovel Grovel's child, Taft Grovel, is left on the plains to freeze to death. **NO ONE HAS EVER ASKED WHAT THE LEOTARD WAS DOING AT THIS ALTITUDE.**



-BRAD MacKimm-



"Colleges are turning out citizens who are not aware of their responsibilities.."

CAMPUS GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 5)

dent government at a time when most colleges are still in the "horse and buggy" stages of wondering whether even a little student government is a dangerous thing. *Our present philosophy is a chrome plated "horse and buggy" philosophy formulated, I would suspect, when faculty and trustees regarded students as ready for literary society government, but even then subject to close watch.*

The type of student government of which I speak will come upon the American college campus scene or our democratic form of government may wither from lack of statesmanship in the meanwhile. I believe that a majority of our student body is now eager and willing to assume responsibility which campus democracy would impose. I further believe that ample governmental talent is now present for the competent assumption of these obligations. We are ready for such government now!

My proposal of student government over student affairs is not the figment of a radical imagination which is preparing to lead a "Students Arise" movement. I am merely undertaking a responsibility which I believe every citizen should undertake when his nation's political ranks are seemingly so understaffed with statesmen and his nation's universities are failing to alleviate this condition. The thought of government by the governed can be as terrifying as it can be thrilling depending primarily upon whether one believes in the ability and the right of men to govern themselves. I believe that the ability and the right are now present at Denison!

Let us work for a constitution which incorporates this basic analysis augmented by the best thinking of which this campus is capable. Let us work to encourage the Denison student body to accept the privileges and the responsibilities such a constitution affords. And let us work to gain the adoption of that constitution by an administration which should be justifiably proud of its work in preparing us for such a moment because it believes as you and I must believe in the richest meaning of campus government.

FOURTH RING

imposing legends surrounding the place had lent it a certain aura of dark gloom. Among the negro population it was mentioned in whispers. In all, some nine negroes had been hung there. Of these nine, Cy had witnessed five, the first at an age of ten. After the hanging he had become very sick, an accomplishment for which his father had severely beaten him. As Cy stared at the indistinct form in the back seat, his mind drifted back to that first time. By God, if his old man could see him now!

The old car rattled off the road, and stopped in a narrow cluster of in the midst of a sparse cluster of oaks. Cy yanked the dazed negro from the back seat, and shook him until his eyes opened. The other man opened the trunk of the car and removed a long piece of thick hemp rope, and immediately began fashioning a crude hangman's noose.

Within minutes four other cars appeared and spewed their contents into the clear night air. A cluster of forms soon surrounded the recumbent man.

"What'd you do it for, black boy?"

Silence, then the heavy sound of thick boot smashing bone.

"Answer me, you devil!"

No answer. From the outer fringe of the crowd an ancient hunting knife was passed to Cy. With a deft movement he removed half of the negro's left ear. Blood streamed freely from the cut, and the ground on which Jeff knelt was soon stained a curious rust color. The two flashlights trained on the negro reflected the crimson stream vividly as it flowed from its ebony source.

"Let's get it over with, Cy. He can't hear now anyway," a voice called from somewhere. The mob was becoming a little squeamish, and others hummed their agreement. Jeff was hoisted to his feet and marched under the barren limbs of a huge oak tree. The method of hanging employed by the citizens was a particularly simple one. The rope was passed over one of the uppermost limbs of the tree, the hoop was passed over the offender's neck, and four or five of the stronger citizens hoisted the rope and victim upward from the

other side of the limb. After an interval of several minutes, the victim is dropped to the ground, the rope removed and replaced in the trunk of the old Dodge, and the men depart. Upon Sheriff deWitt's return from his hunting trip upstate, he would dispose of the body in an unmarked grave. "Makes it easier on everybody," he would say.

A small ring of men watched as the strong men breathed deeply as though to gain additional power from the act, and then drew the rope back with a fury that broke the negro's neck with a crack. Silence followed, broken intermittently by the spasmodic action of Jeff's legs, rapping against a huge sign, tacked to the road side of the oak's trunk, which announced in gaudy letters **THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS HERE FOR TWO DAYS ONLY.**

SPORTS ALMANAC

(Continued from Page 3)

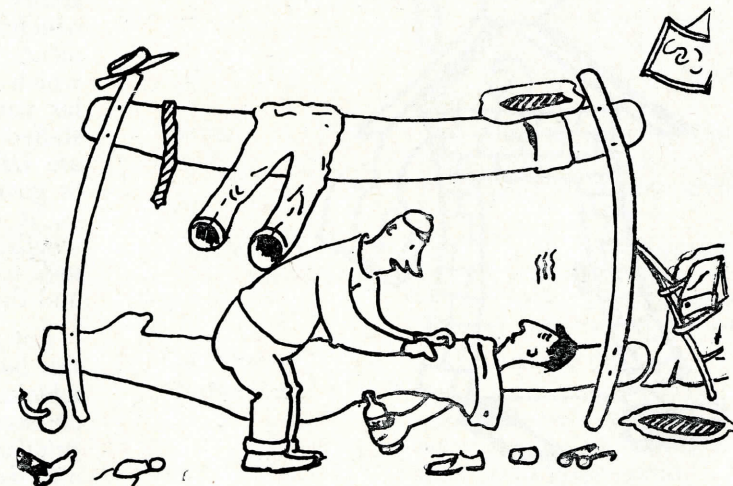
a bi-bi-cycle" Bennett, Johnny Loenhert, Jay Cook, Paul Nelson and "Lovable Lee" Lehman. Last season these refugees of the rostrum posted a .500 average and this included an upset win over the Phi Gams. The Phi Gams were winning handily when they decided to let their substitutes play. The first team showed and dressed only to find that the Faculty had taken the lead and before these men could get back into the game the Faculty had won.

The highlight of the season was the thrilling encounter with Theta Eta Chi, the Senior Men's "Social

Honorary, which the Faculty lost in the last second 25-24. One of the better plays of the game was when Bob "Just because I'm wind-ed doesn't mean I'm a chain smoker" Seager was all alone under the Theta Eta Chi's basket and his "roommate" Tris Coffin threw a spiraling pass the length of the court which Bob had a hard time catching and which saw him make a nice three-point landing. The game which was played as a preliminary to the Denison-Kenyon game drew the largest crowd of the season. A pre-game ceremony found Coach "Prexy" Knapp leading his forces on to the floor decked out in the traditional Faculty uniform, caps and gowns.

Big men in the talent department are: Jay Cook, most experienced and high scorer; Johnny Loenhert, Denison's head basketball coach; "Specs" Nelson noted for his fancy dan so-called hook shot from under the basket; and "Lovable Lee" Lehman for his Marquis Hayne's dribbling.

All in all the games are usually interesting. Profanity is kept at a minimum and in disputes with the referees the Faculty usually wins out. This department of persuading the referees to the "teachers?" view-points is the joy of the speech department's representative to Denison's sports, one "Kid" McCoy. If you should ever have a free evening during this winter and would like to see free entertainment just drop in at the Fieldhouse and watch the Faculty trying to get back into shape after so many odd years.



"Bimmelman! Wake up! There's a young lady and her father to see you!"



Ricky Helmerichs, Sophomore

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