Camels are so give real smoking pleasure to every smoker on your Christmas list. The smart, gay Christmas carton has Prince Albert. The colorful, Christmas-packaged one-pound tin of Prince Albert is just the gift for pipe smokers and those who roll their own cigarettes. Long known as the National Joy Smoke, P. A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

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

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

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

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

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

The Chesterfield contest in the last issue proved to be very popular. The magazine had only been making the contest for this issue appear on page 17, and the contest for this issue appears on page 16. The Life Saver contest is on page 17. Let's have some entrants for that.

A word of thanks to Joe Coulter and Ewald Weber who contributed sketches for this issue.
The girl smiled down at me from the picture on the wall above the drinking fountain. The lurching of the train didn't seem to bother her. The shrill squeal of the train whistle and the mumbly undertones of voices didn't disturb her tranquility. But then how could they? She was, after all, only a picture painted on canvas . . . and yet she looked so real. Her lips were parted in a mysterious smile and her eyes were never moving. As I looked across at the woman across the aisle — with her hands of a few, which is not such a bad idea. And he was most often the second place, wars are an expression of the discontent of the present nationalities. Sooner or later, wars will prove that internationalism is the ultimate goal. And as you must agree, wars always result in the concentration of leadership in the hands of a few, which is not such a bad idea.

"Why do you say that?"

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

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

"Why do you say that?"

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

"But will not these systems foster war?"

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

"Why do you say that?"

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

And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. There were the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. No one could deny that when the black headlines before our eyes. Munich Pact signed! And so we talked, examining and discussing these theories. 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This gay little group was pictured just before departing on their annual spring frolic. A half an hour later they were seen joyously skipping through the Welsh Hills to the strains of "Here We Go Gather-ing Nuts in May."

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

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

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

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

The batter waits for a fast straight one as the girls from Shepardson in the background cheer the team on to victory. Note Abner Doubleday leaning on the bat.
"Going Uphill?" or
An India Ink Indictment of The Drag, or
The Air Gets Mighty Thin Towards the Top, Mother

Drawing and description by Ralph Gilbert

DECEMBER, 1948

by JOHN BLASHILL

"O was some power the Giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."
Robert Burns—"To A Louse"

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

That was the man. This was the incident.

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

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

He was in his usual bad mood.

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

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

Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered through the first half of his secretary's speech with an air of a Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go Running Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A Club Meeting. Horace Dodds harumphed and blustered through the last half of his secretary's speech with an air of a Man Who Was Much Too Busy To Go Running Off For Every Little Fiddle Faddle Of A Club Meeting. Horace Dodds received his applause and sat down. The club (and Horace Dodds) was (Continued on page 16)
Sadie Hawkins Dance

by Jim Stiverson and Terry Thurn
Night rests on the land. The people and manifold objects of them flow in darkness. Shadows rise
from earth's founding in softened outlines of the human animals' dwelling places. Buildings of liv-
ing, buildings of work, of storage, of play; all mold-
ed to the broken surface of a city at night.

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

And rest rests on the land in rest.

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

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

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

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

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

Night's vision widens, and again the whole resumes.
The fourth again lies among eight rising as the
hotel.

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

The city smoulders on the land.

It is rest resting on the land at rest.

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

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**T'was The Night Before Christmas**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>January</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3: 8 A.M.</td>
<td>Christmas vacation ends</td>
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<tr>
<td>8: Basketball</td>
<td>Wittenberg at Springfield, O.</td>
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<tr>
<td>9 P.M.</td>
<td>Fraternity Fete Formals</td>
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<tr>
<td>11: Univ.</td>
<td>Theatre Play, Opera House (Jan. 11-15)</td>
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<td>12: Basketball</td>
<td>Kenyon at Wittenberg</td>
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<tr>
<td>15: Basketball</td>
<td>Wesleyan at Delaware</td>
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<tr>
<td>16: Vespers</td>
<td>Swasey Chapel, 9 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>17: 8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Granville Festival Ass'n.—Swasey, Erwin Laszlo, Pianist</td>
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<td>18: 8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>Basketball—Wittenberg at Wittenberg</td>
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<tr>
<td>21: Study Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>22-29:</td>
<td>Final exams</td>
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<tr>
<th>February</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1: Basketball</td>
<td>Wilmington at Wilmington</td>
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<td>2: Registration Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>3: 8 A.M.</td>
<td>Classes begin</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 P.M.</td>
<td>Basketball—Oberlin at Wittenberg</td>
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<td>4: Panhellenic</td>
<td>Informal Dances — Security Houses</td>
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<td>7: Denison</td>
<td>Lecture Series—Swasey — Carl VanDoren, Speaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>9: 8 P.M.</td>
<td>Basketball—Wesleyan at Wittenberg</td>
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<tr>
<td>12: Basketball</td>
<td>Oberlin at Westerville</td>
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<th>March</th>
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<tr>
<td>2: 8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Student recital—Recital Hall</td>
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<td>8: 8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Granville Festival Ass'n.—Swasey, Kathleen Perrier, English Contralto</td>
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<tr>
<td>10: 8:15 P.M.</td>
<td>Sonata Recital, Sam Gelfer at Recital Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15-19:</td>
<td>University Theatre—8:15</td>
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THE CASE OF THE CONSUMPTIVE CAPON

By JACK MATHEWS and GEORGE DUCRO

At the last meeting of the Campus Magazine's Board of directors a new policy was initiated; no readers, no readers, no readers. Following this theme we bring you the first in a series of murder mysteries entitled "The Case of the Consumptive Capon," featuring those super-sleuths, Shylock Shapiro, and his assistant, Detective Tony Apostafool, the famous basket star, and offered him a seat.

The scene is Little Italy in New York City. The proprietor of that world-famous home of good pizza, Tony Apostafool's Dago Heartburn Emporium, has been missing for the past two weeks. As our plot begins to unfold, Tony's well-seasoned form immediately called to the scene of the crime. Finding no clues except a bottle of astringic, three reapers, and a hatchet with a bloody handle, the two detectives decide an investigation will be necessary to get to the bottom of this brutal killing.

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

"Did you have any motive for killing Tony?"

"None whatsoever, except for a few trivial misunderstandings. Tony and I got along fine. He held a mortgage on my house, he was responsible for my husband's death, and he was blackmailing me for $350.

"Heinrich, an airtight alibi," ad-libbed Shapiro, playing the buffoon.

The witness was then released playing the buffoon. The last suspect, just in, was for cross-examination. Justin was a grape stomper at the Stromboli's Win Works, and as he sat nervously on the edge of his chair, he boasted himself by picking grapeskin from between his toes.

The last suspect, Justin Case, was called in for cross-examination. Justin was a grape stamper at the Stromboli's Win Works, and as he sat nervously on the edge of his chair, he boasted himself by picking grapeskin from between his toes.

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A flock of geese, flying in a v-formation dipped their heads, plopping down, and winged their way majestically over Deeds Field. In the stadium locker-rooms, a tired, hilarious band of gentle fans emerged. The fans were singing congratulations and putting each other on in the back in jubilant fashion.

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The pass was unheard of in '05, the rock 'em, sock 'em rule, when the Golden Age of Sports netted large sums for universities. The state legislature was to play for Denison. Gentlemen played bareheaded and wore scatty pads. There was more wiring than squaring. The game was won by a device used to screen a prize-fight. Every dollar squandered on college football was lost in the game.

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Debits and Credits of Christmas
by Don Hodgson

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

Things are bad when a big family is involved. Fortunately I come from a small one, but I am certainly not responsible for the size of the family tree, but the financial burden comes just the same. I have often wondered what a little pruning would do to some of my more unpleasant relatives.

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 17)
A phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder." 

C Mac (or Me), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell.

B The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, find him to pay the bill. On the particular day in
end of the meal, Tony's glasses would be so fogged

Feeling playful, he picked up Tony, carried him to

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

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

He was an important man, was Horace Dodds. Rich, with many friends. He was the owner of a large mid-western factory. He was the sort of man who could blaze up a scene in the most trying of places. And in all probability incurred the everlasting enmity of Aunt Matilda.

There are no readers.

The main clue lies in the fact that each noon Balderdash would come to the Emporium and eat lunch with Tony, and each noon Balderdash would zoop (snick) his spaghetti into his mouth. (He had broken his nose three times by zooping overcooked spaghetti. Tony died of heartburn and as-

After zooping a mouthful, Tony spotted a0 the Centaur microphone. He was a better speaker than out-stunk the ones his friends smoked. He was the most important man in Roseville. In fact, he owned half of it.

A tough maestro had a time deciding whether to marry a very beautiful but stupid girl or a rather painful looking creature who was blessed with a magnificent voice. Art triumphed over stateliness. The cannibal king looked at the beautiful young women about to be tossed into the cooking pot. "Mmmmm. Believe I'll have breakfast in bed this morning." He kissed her in the garden— It was a moonlit night.

He was a little tight, she was a marble statue—

It was a moonlit night.

He was a marble statue, he was a marble statue, he was a marble statue.

It was a moonlit night.

He kissed her in the garden.

The bootblack: "Light or dark, sir?"

Busy professor: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."
Sock 'em with a Load of Good Cheer

Give 'em by the Carton!

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

Merry Christmas Everybody

Arthur Godfrey

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD