

Wilmington
v. 3 no. 4

The *Campus*

DENISON UNIVERSITY



Editor's Corner

With this issue my duties as editor of the CAMPUS come to an end. As I look back on the year's work I remember times when I was very discouraged. These were times when we didn't know if there was going to be enough material submitted to fill the magazine. I wondered then if the publication of CAMPUS was justified. More often, however, I felt a feeling of satisfaction. A feeling that comes with the knowledge that many people have had the interest and were willing to give of their time to make each issue possible. To these people I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation.

Ralph Gilbert has been chosen editor for next year. He has worked on the magazine for three years. Last year he served as Feature Editor. Ralph did a good job in that position, and I'm sure he will do a good job as editor. Under his direction and with the support of the student body, CAMPUS can become the kind of magazine that you want.

SAM ROBINSON

* * *

It is with hope and confidence that I take over the editorship of Campus Magazine, hope and confidence in the students of Denison University. The student body is the element that can make or break this magazine and they are the ones that will decide whether they really want and need such a publication. As I see it, the function of an editor and my soon-to-be created board of editors is to offer guidance and stimulation for the rest of the staff and our contributors. I believe that we have the imagination and the know-how to put Campus up where it belongs.

Remember, Campus magazine is a young publication. I am the fourth editor, preceded respectively by Betsy Wallace, Glen Bamman, and Sam Robinson, all who have done excellent jobs themselves. But they have not always had your support, and your support is the necessary thing. The future of Campus may be summed up by the eternal question of "Which came first, the chicken or the egg." In this case, it is, "Which will come first, a terrific prize winning magazine, or a unique and talented staff." Both are synonymous and when we have one, we will have the other, but obviously we have to start with one of the two.

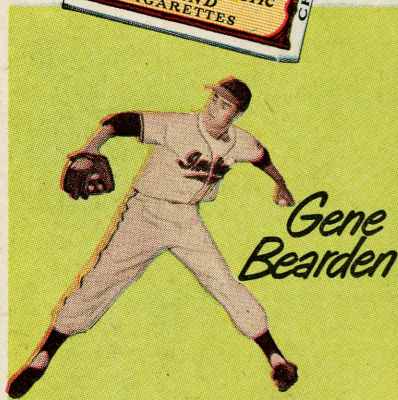
That is where it is up to you and you alone to enter into the spirit and the job of putting out Campus. We need the people who can write, draw, and photograph. And we need the people that can't do these things to spur on the people that can. After all, Campus only comes out four times a year and there is no single student enrolled in Denison University who does not have the time out of some odd two-hundred and fifty school days to put in a day or so of work on each issue if they have the interest, inclination, and talent.

In order to have a good publication we must be selective. But we cannot be selective in our copy if there are no good contributions, if we have to depend on just six submitted articles, or if the staff

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Camels FOR MILDNESS!



Voted the "Rookie of the Year" in the American League with an earned run average of 2.43, Gene was the pitching hero of the '48 World Series...stepping out on the mound to wrap up two big climax games for the Cleveland Indians.

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CAMPUS



Literary Feature Magazine
Denison University
Granville, Ohio

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The Last of the Huldars

By Robert Wilson

Drawing by William Frisbee

The dread race of Huldars has spread in dormant form over the world. Of them, all that one remembers is the odour, sweet and nauseating.

Close the door quietly. No noise — if they hear you in here they'll come for me again. Don't look at me so oddly, I know the shades are drawn; light has bothered me ever since the fire. You come from the real estate company? Ah, I remember, they sent me to that place — that house. And now you want a report, is that it?

You don't remember me? Oh, I worked in the first office. You do remember, now. I look older? Greyer, more tired? Hah!

I'll never purge my mind of the memory of my first impression of that house. I had traveled many miles that day to see it. The wet day had turned into a drizzly day when I stepped from the cab.

I stood in front of a huge gate inspecting the mass of decay before me. The wall which surrounded the house also enclosed an overgrown formal garden, the like of which I hope never to see again. The trees which once had undoubtedly been carefully pruned and trained had taken on a wild, blighted look, as if they were struggling futilely with some unknown enemy. Vines covered everything. They had, in the dense fog, a look of agony as they twisted and turned, entwining the gaunt house which stood out in the fog like something too long dead. They gripped at the boarded windows as if to tear them open to grapple with some long-sought-after foe. They choked the path and hindered my passage as I sought the porch. Their leaves, grey in the mist and clammy with dew, brushed against my face as I walked across the porch, lifted the creaking knocker, and sent it crashing against the sounding piece on the massive oak door.

Inside, I heard a door open and close and the squeak of footsteps coming along the hardwood floor toward the front door. It swung open, and the glare of a lantern momentarily blinded me.

When my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw the dried-up figure of the caretaker. His withered, rat-like features were framed with straggly white hair. The hunch in his frail shoulders had lowered his stature to below five feet. The bristly moustache beneath his warted nose added to his rodent-like aspect, and I felt a wave of repugnance pass through me as I stared at him. He and the whole house smelled like a long-sealed mausoleum. A toothless grimace almost split his face as he greeted me and told me how he had looked forward to my coming. I do not think he noticed that I shuddered as his blue-veined hand took my arm, and he led me into the house.



He staggered back, still screaming at me.

Behind him I saw IT.

Inside, the smell as of the grave was stronger. I wished then with all my heart that I had waited until morning before visiting this mound of stinking decay. Cobwebs were everywhere; I held my hands before me, but they brushed my face nevertheless. The miniature man beside me seemed not to notice my discomfort but chattered blithely on. Among the many odors of a house long unused, my nose picked up a new, sickening sweet smell. I questioned my host, but his answer that he smelled nothing did little to destroy my ill ease. He led me to his room at the back of the house. In comparison with the rest of the house the little room was neat. The furniture was dusted and the windows unboarded and curtained. As I accepted his offer of tea, some of my nervousness dropped from me, and as we talked I began to believe that I had been over-imaginative. The caretaker would take no prizes, of course, but he was quite evidently making an effort to be nice.

My host stopped our rather forced conversation with a question as to whether I was not tired after my hard trip. "I have prepared your bed in the master's quarters on the second floor," he smiled, and led me from the room.

(Continued on page 22)



GUIDE TO AFTER HOURS ANTICS

By Bill Hauser

A calendar of places to visit to relieve the tedium of everyday life on this hill. Or, a guide for the young swains who wish to give that special girl an impressive fling. The places listed have either been recommended by discriminating gourmets and play fellows or have come to light through personal discovery and are all within automobile range.

THE HARTMAN — Well-known Columbus catch for the latest hits from Broadway's boards, played by road show companies. Consult the state capitol's periodicals for final authority on plays scheduled as they move in fast. Coming for a week on May fifteenth — "High Button Shoes."

VALLEY DALE — Good natured gathering place for the enthusiastic scholars. Frank Daley's western branch of the Meadowbrook or Pompton Turnpike. A young crowd attends, and Earl Hood's band inhabits the stand. Entrance fee is two bucks per couple.

MEMORIAL HALL — Wrestling, dancing, symphonies, and jazz concerts call this large hall home. Jazz At The Philharmonic presented by Norman Granz stops here every year, as do other famed shows. Right on the route from Granville to Columbus' center.

IONIAN ROOM — Useful for your private life in public. Always a name band such as Tex Beneke or Jimmy Dorsey on hand for your dancing pleasure. Quietly expensive atmosphere and check. Reservations usually necessary.

"PAISAN" — Another "must see" foreign picture. Ground out in Italy, this one was voted the best film of the year by Gotham critics. It is richly stuffed with seven emotional episodes, having to do with GI's, partisans, chaplains, and appealing little waifs in Rome, all hung with a war background. On view at a flicker house in the home city of OSU.

FORT HAYES HOTEL — Excellent cuisine with in a quiet and dignified setting. Ladies receive free corsages on Saturday evening.

BUCKEYE LAKE PARK — Popcorn, roller coasters, boating, and the Pier Ball Room for occasional name bands and regular week-end dancing. Moonlight motor boat rides to cool one off, and the presence of The Hideaway for those wishing to hide away.

THE ALIBI — Fine food in a rather lush setting for Newark. Lucite columns, glass bricked entrance, and required coats and ties, but no dancing. A nice place for conversation.

"RED SHOES" — English picture splashed with technicolor, concerning a ballet troupe and a pair of red ballet shoes that wouldn't stop dancing. One of the year's best flicks and enjoying a long run at a local picture palace in Columbo.

GOLDEN LOTUS — Oriental name and oriental flavor existing on quiet East Broad Street for those whose palates are tickled by a touch of the exotic in edibles.

DAWES' ARBORETUM — A few miles past WCLT on the same road. Main attraction — a vast expanse of trunked foliage. This matter is planted in neat rows, surrounded and approachable by roadways, and offers excellent cover for afternoon studying, picnic supper, and refuge for the after-dark butterfly chasers.

THE ALCOVE — Tid bits and four-course dinners to please the most particular gourmet's desires. Delightful atmosphere with no baubles.

THE OLD MILL — Roller skating for the athletically inclined couples. Located on the way to Kenyon in a pleasant rustic setting. Organ music, and round and round we go, spiced with coca cola and straws.

FLENNIKEN'S PIPE SHOP — Mentioned for those who find their kicks in old briars and their appropriate fuel. They mail the Pipe Smoker's Mag to all of our fraternities and the friendly owner will tell you all you need to know for happy smoke-filled hours.

CLEVELAND HALL GYMNASIUM — A fine place to take paper and pencil and explore the recesses of your mind during the latter part of May. Everyone will be there and any faculty member will give you directions and wish you a good time.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Address all correspondence concerning data and details to your host, Bill Hauser, c/o this magazine. Suggestions and recommendations on new fields of play will be jovially accepted.



By Don Hodgson

Capsule Coverage Of The Last Fascinating Eight Months Of The Year Telling What, When, and Where but Not Why The Unimportant Events Occurred

The year 1948-49 will possibly be remembered until 1950 by most of the happy Denison Family. Perhaps graduating seniors will be inclined to fondly cherish memories of their last year in college, and the seniors who didn't graduate will not be able to forget them. This year, like all other college years, has been full of pinnings, unpinnings, repinnings, and unrepinnings. In fact, as the end of the year approached, it appears extremely doubtful if any fraternity pins will be worn by the men. Yet, there is the consolation, that in the fall the pins will be slowly returning to their owners and the shopping season will be open again for the freshman women of 1949-50.

SEPTEMBER:

The Denison Family flocked back to the college on the hill in obscure central Ohio. Immediately they were confronted with the situation of a much larger institution than what they had left in June. The Admissions, in a moment of kind-hearted generosity, had accepted the applications of fifteen thousand students. Living accommodations in Granville suffered accordingly under the burden of the additional population growth. Some more enterprising students began to live in the chapel, the water tower, or the roofs of the girls' dorms. However, the profs soon began to wield their big sticks and gradually the enrollment diminished as the remaining thirteen hundred settled down to a strenuous year of studies and a small degree of social activity.

OCTOBER:

Shocking news of a football pool being conducted at D.U. broke into the headlines. Hastily our more resourceful students and faculty members closed up shop and turned their prolific minds to other financial enterprises. Freshmen stopped scanning the past performances of the top football teams and wistfully returned to their studies, for in these troublesome days it was sufficient proof for arrest if anybody was caught reading the sports pages.

Big-time bookies mournfully closed their shops and stole quietly from Granville with bulging wallets and portable printing presses.

D Day arrived in these eventful month also. The dorm raids were the biggest and the best in the college's history. After the dust and smoke were cleared away, 43 men and 43 women were found missing in the shambles, \$25,000 worth of damages was reported to the proper insurance companies, and the class of '51 retained their tug-of-war title. While these events were taking place, the entire campus migrated east and enjoyed the day.

NOVEMBER:

The gloomiest month of the year. Hundreds of loyal Republicans gathered together in the Student Union and other strategic points to listen to the joyful news that Dewey was sweeping the country. From all appearances and careful observations, the votes were being counted by unreliable postmasters, for Truman was elected and all the plebians uttered a sigh of relief and prepared to take a firmer hold in the nation's government.

The Sadie Hawkins Day was a smashing success, and 63 couples were united in holy matrimony. All the ministers of Granville and vicinity immediately took off for a month's vacation in Florida with the loot gained from their business, and the little children of Newark were clothed and fed for another year.

Also in November, the Kappa Sigs successfully repulsed the attack on their house by a band of unarmed burglars and were all solemnly created deputy sheriffs of Licking County.

Dad's Day was celebrated with the 18th straight victory for the Big Red football team. It was also the time of reckoning for Denison's dads when bank balances were replenished and they had the privilege of watching where their money was being spent. Also due to the long winning streak, the entire team received a 20% salary bonus and a promise of higher pay the next season.

(Continued on page 19)



CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

MAY 19-21	COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATIONS
MAY 24-31	FINAL EXAMINATIONS
JUNE 5	BACCALAUREATE SERVICE
	SENIOR COMMUNION
JUNE 6	COMMENCEMENT

LOOKING AHEAD

By HUGH WITTICH

"I Always Thought The Way To A Better Life Was To Get At The Youth Of America And Teach Them The Ways Of Liberty and Democracy"

The radios snapped out the news in the early morning hours of May 4, 1964:

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin from Washington. Dr. McMahon has just signed into law the bill nationalizing all finishing schools, colleges and universities in the country. Consult your daily newspaper -----"

And the newspapers later in the day carried the story on the front page —

"Today, at the executive desk, another important phase of the President's 'Looking Ahead' program was carried out when he put his signature to the bill calling for nationalization of the country's institutions of higher learning. This bill was steered through both houses of Congress in record time under the leadership of the President's right-hand men -----"

And, in the evening, the commentators had this to say —

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, we have reached almost the last stop in the socialized state. We have watched the people of this nation go down the long road, get off the bus at the stop marked 'Individual Liberty,' look around, and then climb back on the bus to travel farther on down the road. To say that they were ignorant of where they were going would not be telling the truth in -----"

* * * * *

May 4, 1948

My Darling Meg,

I love you and I have decided to resign. I cannot keep you and the children always in a state of poverty and uncertainty. I know what you will say; that this was the life I always dreamed of. I always thought that way to a better life was to get at the youth of America and teach them the ways of liberty and democracy. Education, I believed, was the way to reach peace, happiness, and the good life.

This was the dream I had both before and during the war. I thought I could be happy teaching, even if it means always being poor. And you said that you could lead that kind of a life with me, and I loved you. But I know now that it is impossible. You stayed with me while I struggled through the years getting my degree. And you stayed with me during my years here, both you and the children, and I loved you. But I saw the look in your eyes when you saw me refuse those offers for better jobs and more money. I know you weren't satisfied with the life you were leading and neither was I.

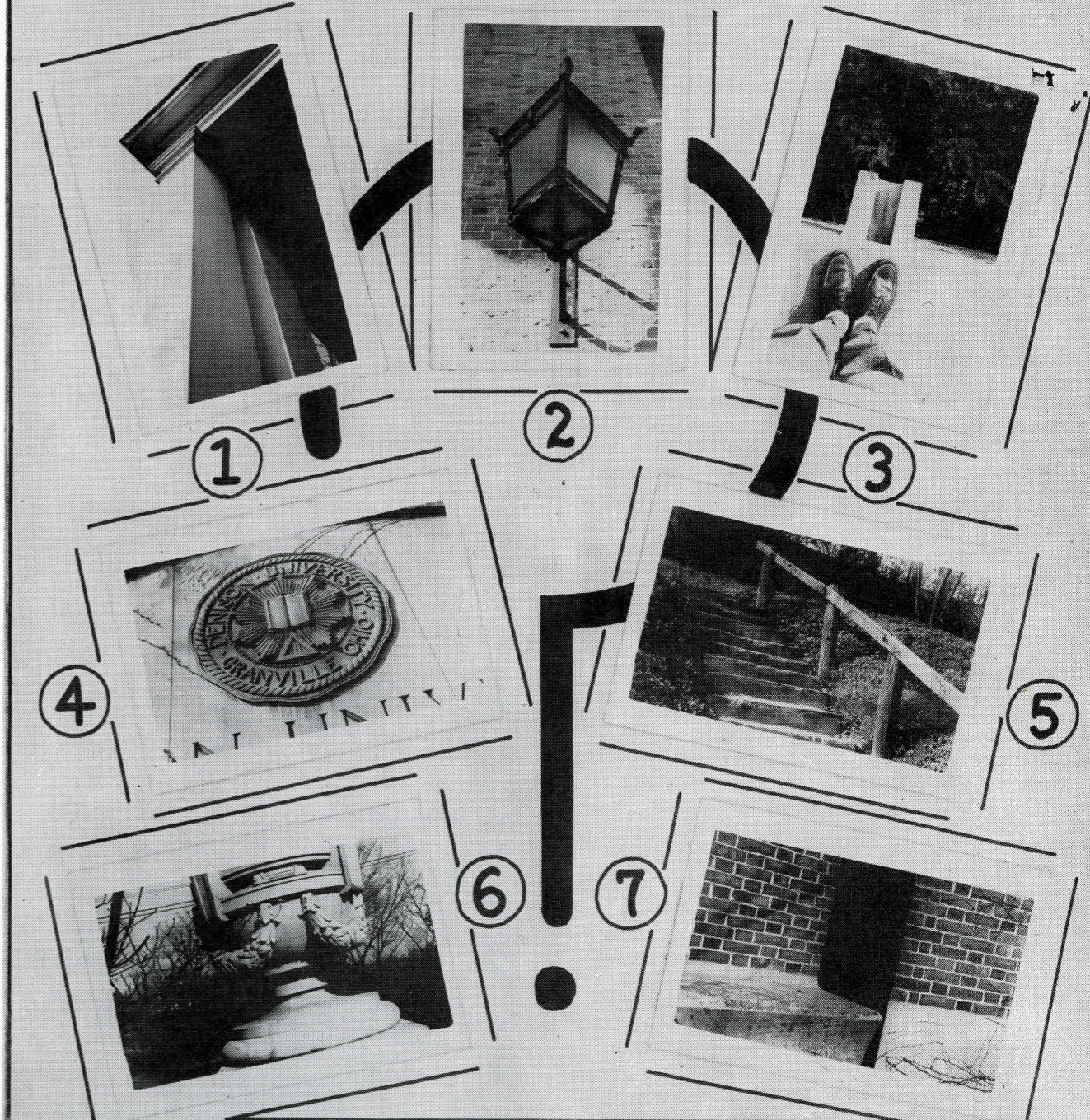
I was thinking of the children, too. Of course, they would lead a sheltered life here at the school. They would be looked up to in certain places because they were professor's children. But they wouldn't have the things you and I always wanted them to have; clothes, a college education, the things money could buy.

These are the reasons why I have decided to resign. I hate to leave the place but it is the best thing for all of us.

I love you,
JONTIE

(Continued on page 15)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR CAMPUS?



"A PICTURE PUZZLE BY DOC SUBLER" 

Identification answers can be found on page 15. Seniors should get a perfect score on this. Any Freshman that does not make four out of seven will not be permitted to enroll at Denison next year.



CAMPUS' COLLEGE FASHIONS

By Rusty Barton and Ed Johnston

Outlook On Male Threads

For the immediate future here at Denison, you'll be seeing more white bucks and flannels. Wool and nylon socks in argyle and other intricate designs, along with solid colors, will be on foot. Both dress shirts and sport shirts in the more subdued pastel shades will be popular. For the more casual occasions, you'll find wool, cashmere and maybe nylon sweaters in pastels, navy and black, holding their own, while in the formal line you'll notice some of the pace-setters breaking out in light blue or coral shade dinner jackets.

Although many of you will spend a lot of time in golf slacks or combination sport shirt-swimming trunk ensembles, the late spring and summer wear calls for the gabardines, lightweight tropicals or cord suits. A great deal of research has been recently made to find the coolest and lightest materials, giving you a great variety of these materials and patterns to choose from. Vertical stripes, fine checks, Glen plaids and light solid colors will be seen in all styles and drapes.

For casual summer wear, the polo shirt with the gaucho collar will have a lot of appeal. It is a little more dressy than the regular crew neck shirt and adds a lot to your appearance. Light weight sport shirts with large all-over designs, horizontal stripes and large polka dots will be popular. For those of you with a flair for distinction and high fashion, there will be sport shirts with gold and bright designs on a black or navy background to go with your walking shorts. Some of the gay blades who spent spring vacation in Florida can verify this. In shoe styling you will find colored suede shoes, with blue high on the list, and also a tasseled moccasin in leather. The navy blue blazer will still be leading the sport jacket list, with odd coats in pastels gaining appreciation.

Looking farther ahead to next fall you'll see a lot of dress suits with the old tic pocket or change pocket plus side vents. Weskits or sport vests in distinctive color combinations will be seen a lot in the mid-west and will aid in filling out your sports ensembles. Along with a few bop hats and curling tams, you'll probably see some small Bowl caps, otherwise known as Wimbledon caps. They come in checks, plaids and small neat designs and sometimes have a small strap and buckle for proper fitting. They are just the thing for football games, for they make an excellent sun shade as well as rain hat.

I've mentioned only a few of the possibilities, and since college men are an exclusive clan all their own, anything can happen and probably will. If it does — don't stand there say "WHA' HAPPEN-ED!"— remember I warned you.

Predictions For Co-eds

According to the calendar, Spring is supposedly here and with this thought in mind, oblivious of the state of the weather, we turn to the current trends in women's wearing apparel for the months ahead.

The first item on the list is spring suits. This year we are being different. Everything is navy blue, a color heretofore reserved for winter wear. The latest spring suits call for either long jackets and straight slim skirts, or short and very full jackets either boxy or with a full back. In any case the style is to create a tall slim impression. With a navy blue suit in mind, preferably in a light weight gabardine, we turn to accessories. Straw hats are again the rage, being either navy blue or a natural color. The shoes this year are different also, navy blue sued opera pumps being definitely the thing. For those of you who do not attend the opera frequently, opera pumps are a closed pump with pointed toes, and are not worn to the opera.

As for the dress up occasions, silk print dresses are very popular. Again the dresses are plain in style with slim gored skirts rather than full gathered ones, any color goes and all types of prints imaginable are being seen. An interesting feature of the new silk print dresses is the new plunging necklines, the deeper they plunge the more interesting they are.

In cotton dresses the style is again the slim, neat look. Gone forever are the gathered sleeves, ruffled



Fashions: Here we have Marge Lane in a spring suit and gabardine-clad Frank Roberts greeting friends after dinner at the Inn.



CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Don Hodgson Don rings the bell with two contributions to Campus this issue, "Father Time Reflects" and "Harold and the Broken Heart". He is a pledge of the new Delta Upsilon chapter here, and his extra-curricular activities include acting. He played Marson in "Ten Little Indians." He is strongly addicted to card playing and is a freshman. Don has been a heavy contributor to past issues of this mag also.

"Gibson Girl" blouses and gathered full skirts. Tailored classic dresses are the latest thing with a lace trim on the collar to give it that feminine touch. Pastel colors are very popular this year with bright plaids running a close second. The male contingent of this campus might be interested in knowing that the skirts are going to be shorter this year than they have been in the past.

All in all, the women will be dressed to seem taller, and slimmer and you will be seeing more of them.



Fashions: Caught in the Easter Parade outside the Baptist Church are Jean Cassidy and Dick Hamilton demonstrating what our columnists have to say.

Bob Rossi He penned "Ah Spring Vacation" and should know all about it, because he went to New York on the art tour. Bob is quite a sculptor, as well as artist and cartoonist and will do a bust of you at the drop of a hat. He is down for next year's Cartoon Editor and has open places on his staff. Bob is a Junior and an inhabitant of the infamous "Pines."

Rusty Barton The registrar lists her as Barbara Barton but she gets her nickname from her flame colored head of hair. Rusty initiates the duties of female representative of our Fashion Column and staff and is a sophomore with two good years ahead, one devoted to Campus.

Ed Johnston Ed, the friendly Fiji takes over the male viewpoint in Fashions and is well equipped and versed for his job of columnist. You may see him wearing the styles he advocates such as plaid cummerbunds or oversize houndstooth golfing caps round about the quadrangle. Ed is a sophomore hailing from Massachusetts.

Jean Gillies Jean whipped up the heading drawing for "Father Time Reflects." She has been practically second in command to Jinx Miller and is next year's Art Editor. Jean is tremendously busy in campus activities. She is garnering the choice and select of the campus artists for her staff of specialists for next year. A sophomore residing in Beaver Hall, Jean lent her talents as costume chairman in the recent May Day.

Bill Hauser Bill rounds off our list of new columnists. He is the man-about-town who writes on locations for after school activities, and he likes his work. It involves trips to Columbus, where he flashes his press badge, puts on his portable Duncan Hines manner and inspects kitchens, and other facilities for fun. Bill is a Junior.

Bedell and Hodges We list these boys together because Barrie and John always work as a team, at least in writing. They have graduated from news aces on their fraternity newspaper at the Lambda Chi house to featured authors of rare and delicious (?) humor in Denison's favorite Magazine. Both are freshmen and enjoy the quiet of Curtis Hall.

And may we flash a quick spotlight on newcomers to Campus **Bob Wilson, Bobbie Loveless, Bill Frisbie, Jack Tamashunas, Kent Hooker, Tom Rees,** and oldtimers **Hugh Wittich, Jack Matthews, Terry Thurn, and Gene Horyn** for their work on this issue. Jack Tamashunas deserves special mention for his design and execution of the pen and ink cuts that top our three new columns, fashions, contributors, and later hours agenda.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This column will be used to furnish added glory and incentive to possible contributors and staff members. Each issue we will try to present a thumbnail sketch of eight or ten staff members or contributors in all fields, art, writing, and photography, to acquaint the reading public with them. Maybe added recognition will ferret out the hidden geniuses with pen, brush, and lens, hiding somewhere on the campus. And where are all of the women who can write? Campus is waiting to embrace them with open arms.



Donald scratches his head to shake himself out of his twenty-nine year stupor, scans the changed quadrangle, and wonders which road leads to Spring Valley.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE AN OPERATOR?

OR

AN EXPOSE OF CONDITIONS AT DENISON IN 1920

Stolen from the archives of Dean Brooks by

Barry Bedell and John Hodges

Introducing a new form of literature in which plot, rhetoric, and rules of punctuation are completely subordinated to the attempt to meet a deadline.

Donald Mann, erstwhile member of Pinna Dama Day fraternity, lounged casually in the end booth of The Corner as he enviously watched his two friends depart for their two o'clock class in family life. He took a slow drag on his reefer and arched a lazy lunger into a nearby cuspidor. "Gad, these dream sticks are potent," he thought as a blue haze curled around his curly blond head. Donald was the typical Joe College relaxing there in the very latest drape cut, green check sport coat. As he sat there, concentrating deeply upon nothing at all, the reefers began to take effect, and his head sank back against a corner of the booth shaded from the sun.

Suddenly he awoke, and glancing at his gold plated pocket sundial he noted with dismay that it was time to adjourn his sojourn at the local hash house in order to arrive on time at his 3:00 in Sex and Psychology 311, better known as S. and P. He stepped into his Caddy convertible and wheeled it into its time-honored slot at the foot of Cleveland Hall. Sliding out from behind the wheel he clamped on his crampons and prepared for the ascent. Glanc-

ing up the first precipice his eyes wandered past the familiar inscription informing the casual passerby that Denison University is "A Christian College of Liberal Arts founded in. . . ." With a start his eyes swung back to the engraving. Certainly he wasn't still under the influence of his nocturnal rendezvous with the "brothers" of the previous evening. But there it was, as certain as death and taxes. Instead of the familiar inscription, it read, "There is entirely too much unregulated social life and too many opportunities for such youthful students to associate together without proper chaperones!"

Picking himself up, Donald uttered a comment worthy of being passed on to posterity—"Zounds!" Not entirely himself, he stumbled on to his class in S. and P. However, as he opened the door he was nearly floored by a barrage of hic, haec, hoc, huius, huius, huius. "What cooks in here?" he said breezing into the room. The class turned and gaped. Donald came to a screeching halt as his eyes bugged out at the garb of the fair sex. "This strictly ain't Bohemian," he said with an air of disbelief. Attributing this to the reefers, he made his way to an unoccupied seat and flopped gracefully into it. Brushing aside these discrepancies he passed the hour away as usual — trying to settle into a more com-

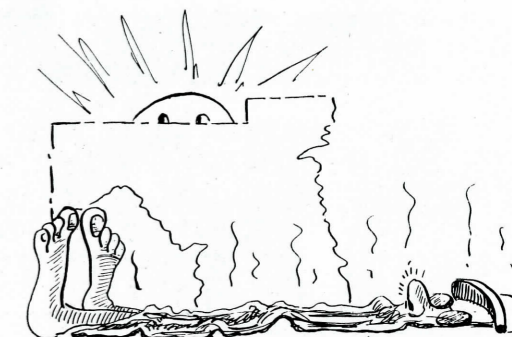
(Continued on page 24)

AH! SPRING VACATION

(OR...ALL HELL BREAKS OUT IN THE UNITED STATES)



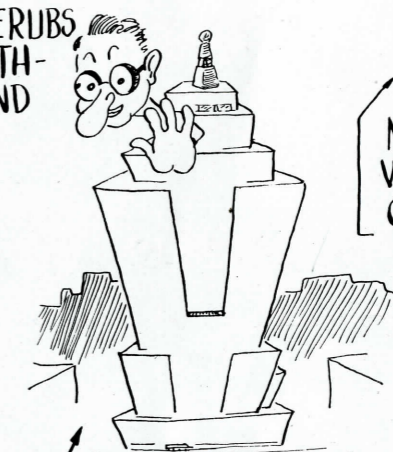
OUR LITTLE MUSICAL CHERUBS TOURED THE MIDDLE NORTHWEST WITH GREAT VIM AND VIGOR



MOST OF THE "DENISON FAMILY" WENT TO FLORIDA, AND RETURNED CRISP AND BROWN AS BACON

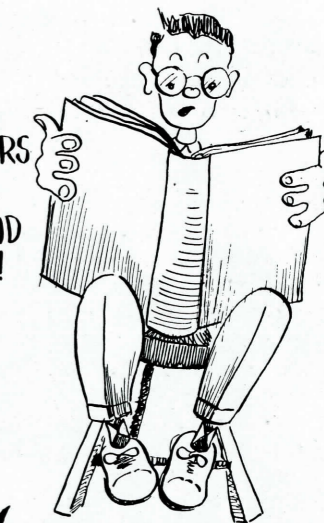


THOES WHO STAYED, KEPT "THE HOME FIRES BURNING"



FIELD TRIPS OF ALL KINDS RAN ABOUT, TO CONFUSE THE "EASY-GOING" NEW YORKERS

PARTYS WERE NUMEROUS, AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL!

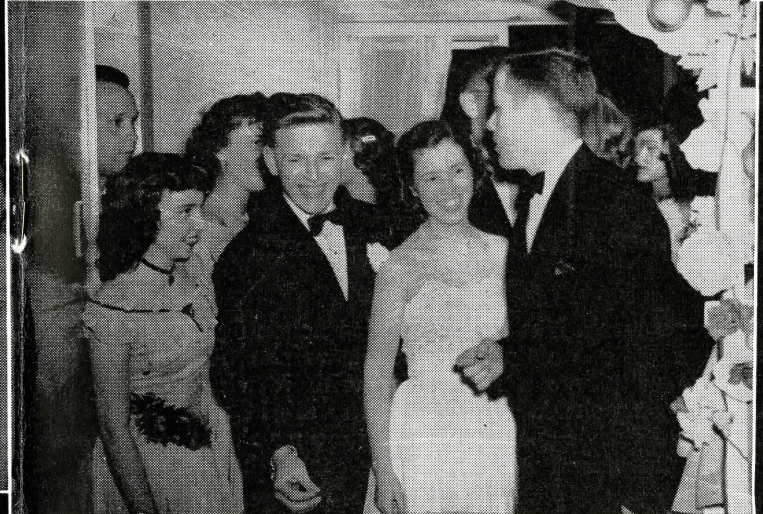
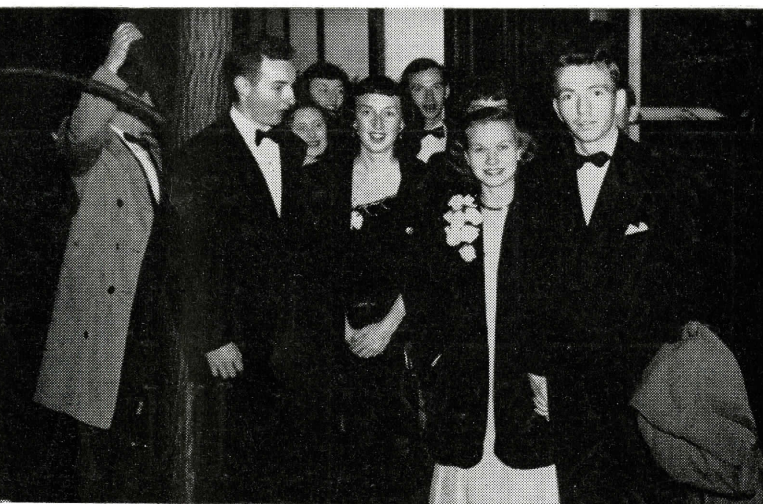


SOME FOUND TIME TO BECOME OBNOXIOUS

Bob Rossi



Panhell



Panorama

Photography By Tom Rees

SCENES FROM

MIDNIGHT
IN A
HERRING
FACTORY

Frothingham J.
Twang was no
piker when it
came to "making
time." He
owned a watch
factory.

at least once a week. Her finely chiseled nose might be termed a little too finely chiseled, as she had been known to pierce a man's ear with it while dancing cheek to cheek. All in all, one might say that these two classic specimens of strong manhood and noble womanhood were made for each other.

To get back to the plot, Frothingham plunges his gloved hand into his bag of Bhagles, pulls out a large juicy one, and offers it to Roulette. She acquiesces, moving Froth to first base. They both sat there for quite some time on that pile of Turf, munching respectfully on their Bhagles. Every once in a while the juice of their Bhagles dropped from their jowls onto the soft green Turf.

These two were oblivious to the fact that the crowd had departed and the wreckage had been cleared away, all except for this one Bhagle-juice-laden hill of Turf.

After dexterously licking the stickum from their dexterous fingers, Roulette and Frothingham looked up only to exchange a few quick glances . . . it was love at first sight on a pile of Turf.

The two lovers sat there for quite some time exchanging one passionate outburst after another. While this whoopee was being made, a terrific storm arose. Rain began to fall in sheets, blanketing the countryside of South Essex with flashes of lightning frequenting the locality.

As Fate would have it, one flash of lightning struck that earthly pile of Turf and laid waste to our two earthly lovers.

If you ever visit Essex, South Wessex, it would be worth your while to see the monument erected on that pile of Turf in commemoration of Frothingham and Roulette, who gave their lives to found the grand old Spring sport of Turfing.

In closing, the reader should remember the moral on Turfing: Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but look out for Herb Simeral.

Epic Prose By **Jack Matthews**

The topic about to be delved into is especially appropo as the season of Spring is once again in full swing, and Frolic has descended, showing its rosy-cheeked face in our midst.

The Art of Turfing found its origin several centuries again in the small hamlet of Wessex, South Essex. A maiden fair was one day walking her small brindle cow to market when she found, to her and the brindle's dismay, that the traffic up ahead was congested due to an upheaval of a large wagon of Turf which had caromed off the side of a bus filled with a group of fun-loving Bhagle salesmen.

This fair maiden, whose name was Roulette Chanticleer, tied her heifer to the nearby limb of a nearby tree with a barrel-hitch, and set down her two urns full of rich golden cream which she had been carrying. She then proceeded to the scene of the tragedy.

At the scene of the accident was a swarming mass of curious commoners walking all over the newly-picked Turf in search of pertinent facts for their backyard gossipings.

Lord Frothingham J. Twang, Bhagle salesman extraordinaire, spying the curious Lady Chanticleer with a curious look on her curious face, nonchalantly waded through the Turf until he was at her side. Frothingham was a beastly handsome wag. Almost in between beastly and handsome, one might say. Rugged was not the word for his profile, it might be better described as haphazard. Because of the odd shape of his head, he was the type of man women looked twice at. His rather concave, hirsute frame was generously disguised in a dark black plaid, with a sun helmet rakishly atilt atop his dome.

Roulette was by no means the epitome of fair womanhood herself. Her auburn hair was very becoming, provided that she shaved it off her upper lip

Washington, D.C.
June 1, 1948

Dr. John T. McMahon
Assistant Professor of Political Science
Hampton University

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter and I am glad to hear that you have changed your mind. Report to my office, Room 9, Federal Education Building, at nine o'clock Monday morning and we will install you behind a desk to begin work.

I hope our association will be a happy one.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM H. SUTHERLAND
Director, Federal Education Program

NEWS BULLETIN

Washington, Jan. 27, 1951 (UP)—Dr. John T. McMahon has been named by the President as Director of the Federal Education Program to replace the late William H. Sutherland.

Hampton, Jan. 3, 1958 (UP)—Last night the governor-elect in a speech before the City Club said that the only hope for the state and the nation lay in government supervision of those things which private enterprise would not or could not undertake.

"Only in this way," Dr. McMahon said, "would the middle and lower classes be able to 'Look Ahead'." "This is especially true in the field of education. Many middle class mothers and fathers have only one desire, and that is to see their children in college. But they feel lucky if they are able to send only one. The lower classes do not even have this chance. The fault lies with those private -----"

"Here are the headlines of April 10, 1959, brought to you from the WHTM news room —

Professors in all colleges in the state will henceforth be on the state payroll with a substantial raise in pay. The State Education Bill is finally in the hands of the governor after coming through unscathed in the Battle of the Legislators. The governor's signature will make all colleges and universities in the state practically branches of the state university -----"

GOV. McMAHON WINS PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

"This is Robert Howe in Washington.

Remember the date — for it will be a date that will go down in history. For today Dr. John T. McMahon took the oath of presidency and was given the mandate and the power to put his 'Looking Ahead' program into effect. It appears that he will have no trouble with his Congress in setting the wheels of his state control program into motion. He will not, as did Wilson, that other ex-professor president, run into -----"

My Darling Meg,

May 4, 1964

You are now the First Lady of the land. You have the things you always wanted. And the children have the things they have always wanted.

And they are all in college where we always wanted them to go.

But are you and they really happier? Have I done the right thing -----?

ANSWERS TO THE PICTURE PUZZLE,
"DO YOU KNOW YOUR CAMPUS?"

- 1) The pillars of the front porch of Whisler Hospital, (worm's eye view)
- 2) Lamp on the front wall of the entrance to Swasey Chapel.
- 3) Concrete drainage spout below the concrete retaining wall before the little plaza containing the sun dial in front of Swasey Chapel. (Looking down)

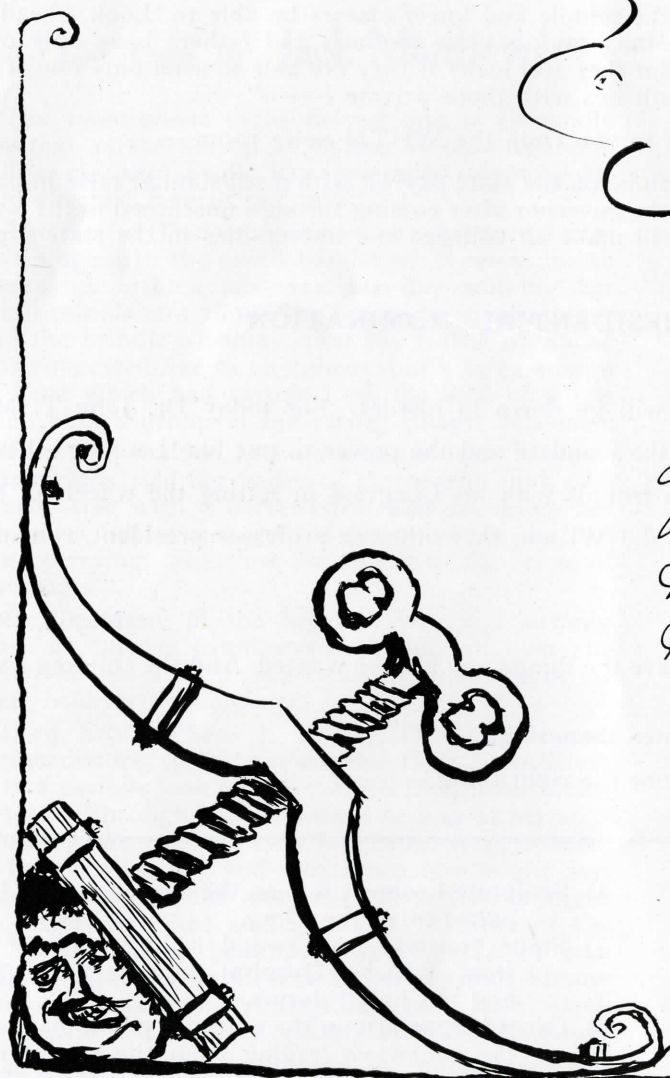
- 4) Sculptured cement seal on the curved wall at the entrance to the Drag.
- 5) Stone stairway with wood railing leading up from Whisler Hospital towards Gilpatrick and the uphill dorms.
- 6) Carved stone urn on the entrance pillars flanking the stairways leading from the top of the drag up to the quadrangle. (Between Talbot and Doane Halls.)
- 7) Bench at the bottom of the curved wall at the entrance to the drag. (On the far right, starting up the hill.)

I
Hate
Alcohol...

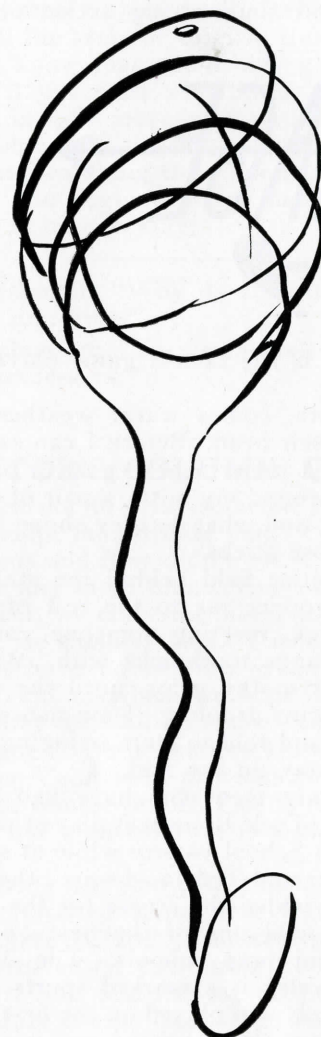


Ralph- I
don't know
what to call
these damn
things- do you?

Poverty
is for
the birds...



Reproduction
has its
difficulties



Dear Joe,
We'll print it and
see what they say,
Ralph

Friends are gifts of God...



Comes warm weather and people start losing their head. That's the only explanation for it.

Some fall in love, others go hog-wild in some mad, passionate pursuit, the golfer gets in his conventional rut, even the old man doesn't mind leaving his favorite chair and cool-weather beverage to belt a few to the kids on the ball lot.



But these guys with the sticks, what's with them? All I know about the Stick Scrimmage is what I see. There's nothing about it that's tame. It's a battering sport. You start out swinging a mean piece of wood and end up on crutches. Your chance of surviving is really not much. There's a dash at the goal and a thud on the turf. The left wing goes down on his knees after two swats over the head and they remove his teeth with the mesh at the end of the stick. It's really a rollicking game.

Comes warm weather, I tell you, and people start losing their head.

"Not at all," say Dick Bonesteel and John McCarter, two of the men who have been instrumental in organizing a group to play the game.

"The game is lacrosse. It's an old Indian game and history records show that it is the oldest form of sport played on the North American continent. It was used by the Indians, not only as recreation, but as a training school for war. When you get to understand it, you'll see why it is unexcelled in interest both to players and spectator."

Well, that may well be. But along with a lot of other things we should have given back to the Indians, you can include the Stick Scrimmage, say I. As for the interest, I'm a peace-lovin' guy who cries "Halp," at the sight of mayhem and thank you. Anyway, I don't sit closer than the 16th row at even a boxing show.

"You may get an occasional rap, but there's always good fun in a little fight," is their next argument in behalf of the game.

I have seen ice hockey and have thrilled at the sight of a little body-checking against the boards and even a little tripping with the sticks. But the majority of the time, I tell these guys that the sticks are gliding the ice in that game and are not wrapped around some guy's kisser.

I have seen football with all the body contact and bruising, mauling, and hauling around that goes with that sport. Any swinging that's done is strictly legal in my book if it's with the arms and legs or other parts of the body. But when you drag in a two-by-four to do your work for you, I think I'll sit this one out if you don't mind.

I have seen two colored boys square away in the center of the ring with jabs, hooks, and haymakers flashing every which way while the sweat from

their bodies and the whites of their eyes gleamed blood, after a fast exchange. But those boys get paid for it. What's your excuse?

"To say that lacrosse is like hockey, football, or any other sport is misleading, because lacrosse precedes these other games," my friends inform me. "It has the dash and soul-stirring action of any

sports combined. It is the fastest game played on two feet."

As was said before, comes warm weather and people start losing their head. Before I can say no, I find myself enclosed under a head gear, a pair of gloves are wrapped around my mitts, a pair of cleat-shoes are on my feet, and what do they shove in my arms, but one of those sticks.

Down on the practice field behind the stadium, these gentlemen introduce me to the rest of their cohorts. It is strange, meeting someone you are about ready to exchange toothpicks with. We exchange smiles, broad toothy grins, until the white of our Pepsodent begins drooling. I am ushered to my side of the field, and told to start swinging with the whistle and to stay on my feet.

Around the field are men who have had experience with lacrosse. Dick Bonesteel played on the Mount Hermon Prep School varsity while at school there. John McCarter and Ted Jacobs are other Mt. Hermon lads, who wielded the crosse for the preppers, who annually field one of the best teams among New England prep schools. The Mount Hermon-Andover rivalry is a marked sports event in the East. Bonesteel, who played on the first team in his last four games there, scored ten goals, to notch in second-in-team scoring.

An arch rival of Mount Hermon is Deerfield Academy. A former Deerfield Junior Varsity player, Spike Kennedy, has also been working out with the boys. Sandy McDonnell learned the game by way of the intra-mural program at the United States Naval Academy. Pete Gravengaard picked up the fundamentals from an older brother. Other men who have just learned the game because of curiosity and from interest instilled by those who have had experience include George Berkquist, George Gleiss, Tom Greene, Bill Armstrong, and Jim Kornmesser.

There are few schools in this area playing the game as a recognized spring sport. Kenyon College, in the past few years, has been instrumental in bringing the game to the Midwest. Oberlin and Ohio State have also joined. When scheduling permits, these three schools attempt to play upper New York colleges that actively promote the game.

Because of a sports schedule too heavy for the Athletic Department to handle, Denison cannot sanction lacrosse on the campus. The group therefore, (Continued on next page)

has taken the title of the Granville LaCrosse Club.

Lacrosse players must be in good physical condition. After watching the Stick Scrimmage, you discover, like any other sport, the instinct of hitting an opponent unnecessarily hard only follows when the other fellow starts it. It takes considerable self-control to hold back after you've been whacked across the arms or thighs. But most players of the game know that you'll only get one back twice as hard if you start something. The real feat of the game is agile movement, with ability to feint, duck, or dodge your way out of the defense.

After watching the game and even taking a crack at it, you begin thinking maybe this Stick Scrimmage is here to stay.

Freshman: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Sophomore: "So we can tell them from the English professors."

—Mis-A-Sip

EDITOR'S COLUMN, Continued

decides not to print someone's story, this someone will adopt the attitude that, "I wrote one article for Campus and they didn't use it. I'll be darned if I'll waste any more time trying out for that rag." Remember, we make mistakes, and we also have to do what we think is best. There are two expressions which have no bearing or application to Campus magazine, or which we hope do not characterize it and they are "fill up space" and "Campus is run by a clique." Both charges have been mentioned against Campus in previous times, without foundation or honest proof. This is not a pep talk, an appeal, nor a sermon. It is a clear statement of the facts.

Having had charge of this last issue of the year, I have initiated some new features. They include columns on Clothes, Amusements, and Contributors, a horror story, combining photos and drawings in the art line, and the use of more engraved matter. In future issues, I consider that the art department and the photography staff will play one half of the essential role; good writing the other half. No one will read an article if it is not interestingly presented. Campus is wide open for new blood, new ideas, and new people. It will undergo a modified face lifting job for next fall. If you are interested, get in touch with me or the staff. Because Campus needs YOU.

RALPH W. GILBERT

FATHER TIME REFLECTS, Continued DECEMBER:

This means only one thing — Christmas. The latter part of the month was spent recovering from the party fever which swept the campus until vacation time.

Kenyon, a local university specializing in the education of young boys, invaded the campus and attacked the Sig Alphas who were conducting their campaign against women. Unfortunately, the boys were repulsed and sent home with a sound spanking administered between Life Science and Talbot. The Kenyon kids would also have robbed D.U. of

our more loyal women if their president hadn't decided against the move as being unwise at that time.

JANUARY:

The winter carnival held in the rain was a terrific success. The student body was especially impressed by the cotton batten dropped from cruising airplanes on the hill. The queen, who was the most beautiful woman ever seen on the campus, was imported from a New York modeling agency. After her reign was over, she promptly married a local prof and signed a contract with MGM for two thousand a week.

FEBRUARY:

The college greeted the new semester with glee and then went tobogganing in the second heavy snowfall of the season. (It was also the last). This was proclaimed colonization month and the Communist Party, 12 national fraternities, including Delta Upsilon, and the CIO immediately arrived en masse to conduct their rushing parties. At the end of the month, all the stray cats and dogs who were unaffiliated with a social group were pledged as mascots.

MARCH:

The Denison Campus Government Association held their annual popularity contest and the new officers of the club were duly elected. Solemn pledges of tunnels of love were heartily endorsed by Denison's frustrated men.

APRIL:

The Student Review, held in connection with the March of Dollars campaign, was a howling success. In fact, many sources are still howling over the outstanding school spirit and co-operation between all associated with this noble project.

Spring vacation also ended with the beginning of the month and D.U. returned from Florida with deep tans and peeling backs. Almost as soon as the migrants had settled themselves to finish out the year, a move was begun to plant a Denison colony in Florida for use during the rainy season in Granville.

The Wigwam was the scene of the last Junior Prom. In the future, such social functions will be called Field Houses and will be held on the tennis courts, sources close to the administration disclosed.

MAY:

"I Remember Mama" closed the University Theatre's season and welcomed Denison's motherhood to the campus. Unfortunately the campus was deserted by the mass migration to the Kentucky Derby, held in conjunction with Mother's Day and also May Day. This left the deserted campus to the mothers who roamed at will observing the Denison Family spirit.

May is also the month of final exams. The entire student body will soon settle down for a week of intense concentration and study in the attempt to learn four months of studies in eight days. Thus, another year at Denison has become history and the students will return to their respective homes to await the coming of September and another ride on the merry-go-round.

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Cover shots: Thurn and Gillingham; Calendar picture: Miss Jean Forsythe of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority who

posed for Terry Thurn; Fashion shots: George Paulson and Tom Rees; Panhell Panorama: Tom Rees; Do You Know Your Campus: Edward Subler; Picture Story: Terry Thurn.

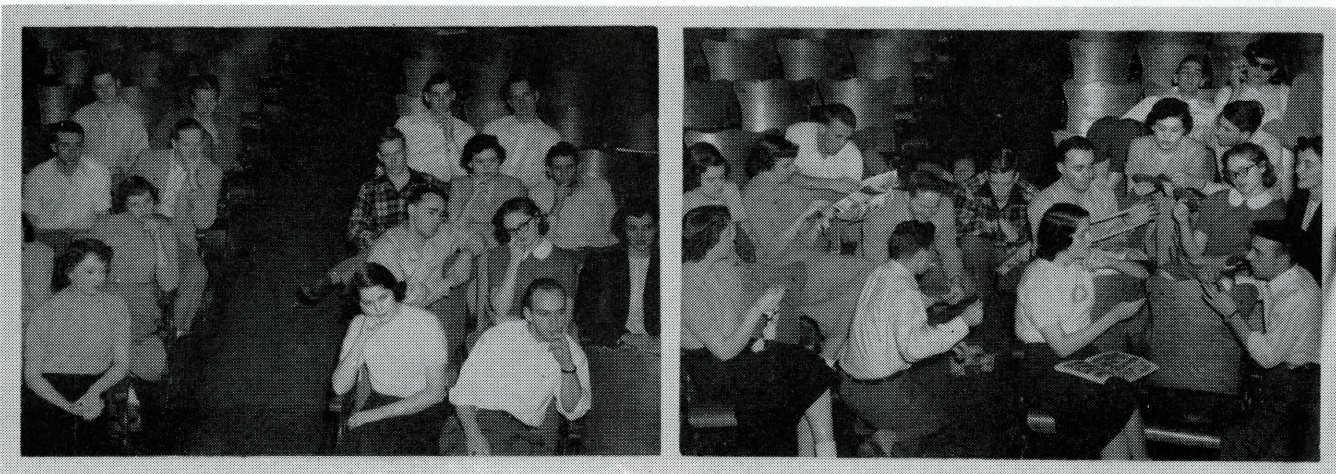
NOTE: Any resemblance between these pictures and reality is purely coincidental. Any remarks, pictures, or mental

images aroused are unintentional and not premeditated nor deliberate.

Fact or Fantasy

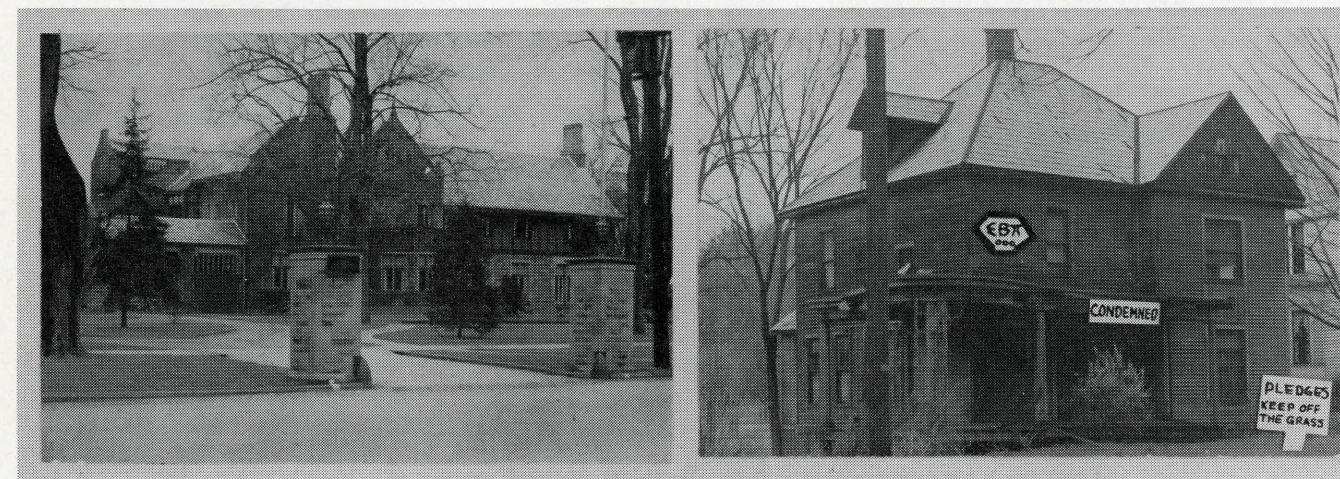
By Terry Thurn

These pictures portray answers to the following questions on the Big Red College from two points of view. One is how parents, alumnae and newly pinned individuals might see it. The other could be the opinions of deluded Kenyon men, flunkers of midterms, and joy boys. Which is fact or fancy, we leave to you.



1. WHAT ARE THE CLASSES LIKE?

2. ARE THE DORMITORIES AND LIVING QUARTERS SUITABLE?



3. WHAT KIND OF FRATERNITY HOUSES ARE ON THE CAMPUS?

4. ARE THERE AMPLE CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES HERE?



5. DO YOU BLAME THE AUTHOR FOR BEING A SCHIZOPHRENIC?

6. ARE THERE WHOLESOME RECREATIONAL FACILITIES?



LAST OF THE HULDARS, Continued

I was warned to keep away from the ballustrade, as it was very weak, and we proceeded up the rubble-littered front stairs. As we reached the landing, the lantern which he held before him cast weird shadows and made the dark corners even darker. The house was silent as a tomb; I shuddered at the thought comparison. Pausing before a heavy panelled door, my host bowed and said with almost a smirk, "Your bed chamber, sir."

He closed the door behind me and I searched its edges for a bolt. There was none. I turned to survey the room. The one candle he had lighted for me on the bed table shed little light. It did disclose, however, the immensity of the room; the huge four-postered bed with clean linen, and the two windows, boarded as the rest. Picking up the candle, I made a rapid inspection of the musty objects further back in the room. That part of the room must once have been used as a study — why, I cannot guess. It was, however, such a study as I had never seen before. The shelves that stood on either side of the huge mahogany desk were filled with ancient metal-bound manuscripts. On some of the shelves were dried skulls of rodents, snakes preserved in alcohol, withered frogs, and old bottles filled with oddly colored liquids and powders. Dust and spider webs covered everything. The desk must once have been a thing of odd beauty; it was now worm-eaten and covered with dust. The hand-carved faces on its edges served only as anchors for the enormous spider webs which covered that corner of the room. My glance fell on the desk's one dust-free object. One of the huge iron-bound volumes from nearby shelves lay open, its pages smutty with finger marks. I stepped closer to read, if I could, what was written in that ancient volume. It was hand-written in a Monkish style and in the language of Chaucer. With some difficulty I made out the first paragraph. It seemed to be a translation of an even more ancient book, for it read as follows:

The Necronomicron of the mad Arab, Abdul Al-hazred, reads on the subject of the dread race of the Huldars thusly: "With the coming of the great drouth, the Huldars, a race of powerful Things, became dormant, shriveled, and took on light, cyst-like forms. In normal form they were of varying size. They grew slowly, but without bounds. They had no shape. They possessed dominating minds, forcing upon my race many sacrifices, animal and human. Then the drouth came and the cysts formed. The drouth has now passed and the Things are gone. The race of Huldars has spread in dormant form over the world. Of them, all that I remember is the odour, sweet and nauseating."

I closed the volume with a shudder and turned back to the more pleasant part of the room. The bed looked inviting. Removing only my shoes and outer garments, I climbed between the sheets. They were cool and fresh. I thought, "I must remember to thank the caretaker for these accommodations."

I lay quiet for some time trying to sleep. The night was still. No noise came from below, and I thought that the caretaker must have gone to bed. My thoughts wandered back to the manuscript. "Sweet smell"? "Nauseating"? I had smelled such a smell upon entering the house. "Trash!" I rolled

over. The cancer of thought ate at my mind. What could those "Things" have looked like?" "Of varying size. . ." "Grew slowly but without bounds. . ." "Shriveled and took on cyst-like forms. . ." "Spread over the world. . ." "Their odours, sweet and nauseating."

The door. It had moved. I lay still, my heart pounding. A board in the hall creaked. The door moved again and slowly swung open. I steeled myself, pretending to sleep. First the hand, then the head of the rodent-like caretaker appeared in the doorway. I thanked God for the sputtering light of the candle. Treading with utmost care, the little man entered the room and made his way toward my bed. On his face was an oddly blank smile; in his right hand I saw the glint of a blade. My muscles tensed. He reached the bed, and I saw his hand flash upward, then start its descent. I leaped for him. The repulsive creature uttered a scream of terror; the force of my assault drove him against the bed table, knocking it over and extinguishing the candle. The room was thrown into complete darkness. I made a grab for the rat-man, now gibbering uncontrollably in a corner of the room. In the dash for safety of a cornered animal he thrust himself past me; my hand ripped the rotted coat from his back as he scurried through the door. As helpless as a blind man in that impenetrable blackness, I dashed out after him, guided only by the sound of footsteps. The man's squeaks of terror had turned to squeals of laughter; now he was in his element. I heard him start down the stairs, and I followed.

The mad dash through the house was like a nightmare. That animal could have lost me at any time. He played with me as a cat would play with a mouse. He wanted me to follow. I could do nothing else; safety for me lay in the knowledge of the whereabouts of my would-be murderer. The chase led through the kitchen and finally down the basement stairs. I was dizzy with exertion, but not so numb but that I noticed that the sweet odour of before was stronger now. I reached the bottom of the stairs not ten steps behind the fiend. Then, directly before me, I saw him silhouetted in the light of a doorway. As I dashed for him he tried to shut the massive door, but I hit it with my shoulder and burst into the room. The light I had seen came from one candle fixed in its own wax on a box. The little man leaped on me, uttering incoherent curses. Suddenly it struck me, the odour — it was violent now, completely nauseating. It weakened me; the man, small as he was, had his bony fingers at my throat in an almost superhuman attempt to throttle me. The room swam. I braced myself, and, wedging my hands against his chest, I hurled the little monster from me.

He staggered back, still screaming at me. Behind him I saw It — a huge, pinkish-grey mass; the jelly-like thing covered fully a quarter of the room. It had no definite shape, but it moved, forcing processes from its body like the arms of some gigantic octopus. The man's foot caught on something as he backed away from me, and he stumbled.

He stumbled into that stinking mass.

(Continued on next page)

The processes encircled him with a gurgle and the man's insane rage turned to screaming terror. "No! No! Hulder!" His scream was smothered, and he disappeared into the bulbous thing. As I watched in a horrified trance, the thing became redder and seemed to swell. It derived nourishment from that pitiable creature. I glanced around the floor. The obstacle on which the caretaker had stumbled was the skull of a rat. The floor was littered with the skeletons of small animals, animals which the monster must have devoured.

I watched it move its ponderous bulk, making oozing sounds as it lurched forward. It must have come from the aged cistern in the center of that room. The very sight of it turned my legs to quivering ineffectual stumps. I remember staggering to the door with my eyes fixed upon the undulating mass before me . . . moving, moving, always forward, always toward the door, toward me. I turned and almost fell from the room, slamming the door and fixing the catch with fumbling fingers.

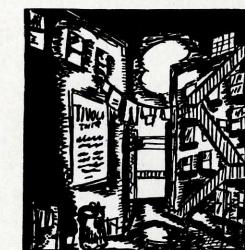
I stumbled up the stairs into the kitchen. "It's trying to get me; it's trying to get me." The thought pulsed my head. I stopped, trying to control my boundless fear and revulsion. I knew then that I must destroy it. Frantically I searched the kitchen. The answer was in the far corner of the room: a five gallon can of naphtha. The very thing. With shaking fingers I poured the volatile fluid across the floor and into the living room, out the door and onto the porch. Then I heard it, the crash of the door of that basement room. The monster was loose. He had moved against the door and his ponderous weight had crushed it. My thoughts were interrupted by the squeak and groan of the cellar stairs. It was moving up! I flung a match onto the naphtha-sodden living room floor. Flames roared.

I heard them. I heard the gurgling grunts welling forth from the house as the flames roared and crackled. I heard the floorboards creak as the thing tried to reach the front door. The cracking of the doorframes as it forced its bulk through drove me wild. I stood rooted to the spot, fascinated by the play of sounds going on within that house. I screamed at the flames to hurry. The thing had to die. It was after me. It must die. Flames burst from the second floor windows and roared at the wind. Sparks cascaded into the air. They made the night as day. But the smell! It was terrible now. The grunts were longer, almost groans. They pitched higher, became louder, spewed forth into the night like the cries of souls in hell. It still moved forward. My head felt as if it would burst. I knew I was screaming at the thing, but it still did not seem real. Louder and louder, higher and higher, almost shrill now, the moaning screams issued forth from the house. I heard it creaking its way across the living room floor toward the front hall and the door. I ranted, I screamed, I begged the flames to burn. The screams from the house reached an ear-splitting crescendo as the flames completed their work. With a dull roar the roof of the accursed house collapsed.

And then I was laughing, uncontrollably. My laughter was something apart from me; I could not stop it — it continued, echoing into the still night.

Then their hands were upon me, pinioning my arms behind me. They hit me, and I can remember nothing more. . . .

I have been in this room a long time, now. I have watched the days pass and have lost count of them. I have counted the cracks on the ceiling and watched the spider spin its web between the bars on the window. I have thought about that thing in the house and its last drawn-out screams until my mind is numb. But THEY won't believe me. THEY persecute me, who killed that thing; THEY say there never was a monster, a Thing such as I have described. THEY say I made it all up. THEY say I burned the house to hide some crime. THE DOCTORS ALL SAY THAT I'M MAD!



METROPOLIS

You are my city, my honkey tonk, my opera,

My star-touching sky scrapers, my back Alley slums with laundry hanging between

Smoke covered buildings. You belong to

Me and a million others. Your spirit is

Greater than mine or any of the rest.

I, like so many, am chained to

Your desires and whims. You completely

Possess me. I am captivated by your

Magnitude, your man-made splendor

Your smallness, your indifference to a

Passing world. The never ending

Clatter of your streets has grown to be

The rhapsody of my life. The whole

Song of my existence has you for its melody.

I hear in the rhythm of your life,

Success — failure. There are those who have

Reached out and failed because of you

Your honkey tonks, your gilded women,

Your vastness, your cold indifference.

There are those who have striven to gain and

Succeeded because of your fine schools — your

Business men, your politics, your warm

Spirit of generosity to the select few.

The spirit of youth invigorates me but

No matter where I travel — separated

By rivers, mountains, seas, continents —

I cannot really leave for half of me is you.

The spirit of you invigorates me, but

No matter where I travel, separated

By rivers, mountains, seas, continents,

I can never really leave for half of me

Is you.

fortable sleeping position in his chair. He was abruptly awakened by the shuffling of feet as the pupils left the room. He came to as he realized that he had intended to ask the blonde sitting next to him for a date. He rushed after her and caught up with her as she started to step out the door.

"Hiya, honey, how about a date?" he said as he overtook her.

"Who are you?" she asked haughtily.

"Donald Mann" just call me D. Are you busy tonight?" he replied.

"Mr. Mann, aren't you aware that Article Seven Paragraph Three in the rule book distinctly says that gentlemen must not speak to young ladies without a proper introduction?"

"Can the formality, honey. Let me walk you back to the dorm, anyway."

"Why you know that today is Wednesday, and that Article Nine Paragraph Two states that walking with men is permitted only on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays."

"That's the corniest brush-off I've heard in a long time. By the way, what's your name? I'll meet you here tomorrow."

"Matilda Oglethorpe, if it's any business of yours," she replied, and with a swish of her petticoats strutted away.

"What the Sam Hill is coming off around here?" Donald thought as he started down the mountain toward his car. Arriving at the car, he got in and rocketed off towards the Pi Delta Delta House. As he reached the house, he careened his Caddy into a space between a Jordan Blue Boy and a Stanley Steamer. "What have we here, an auto collector's convention?" he wondered as he got out of the car. (Author's note: Due to an inability to correlate certain strange circumstances here, we shall conveniently let the time pass until the next afternoon when our hero once again awaits Matilda outside of Cleveland Hall.)

As our hero assumes a position against Cleveland Hall designed to keep it from rolling up hill, he observes the U.S.S. Matilda cruising into sight. "Hi, there, Matty, long time no see."

Even as Hiawatha paddled his true love down the swirling rapids of Raccoon Creek, so did our intrepid Donald lead the blushing Matilda down the Alpine Trail from Cleveland Hall. (author's note: We humbly apologize for the need to scrape such poignancy from the shovel, but frankly we didn't have time to rewrite it). "Where are we going?" inquired Matilda innocently.

"Why, I thought we'd engage in a little nature study on Sugar Loaf," Donald replied coolly.

"Honestly, have you forgotten all the rules? Article Two Paragraph Two-A clearly states that women residents of the college may walk with men only from 3:00 to 5:00 on Sunday on roads west of Broadway."

"Then let's take a stroll down Broadway," replied Donald, feeling rather like the Romeo who drives out into the country on a date and discovers to his chagrin that he still has plenty of gas.

"Now Donald, don't tell me you missed Chapel Monday! Prexy emphasized the importance of not walking on Broadway at such times, as the faculty is convinced that false impressions of the college may easily be given to casual visitors or motorists."

"Whatcha doing? Going for a B.A. in rules? Where do you get all that rot?"

"Why, it's all there in the rule book," Matilda replied.

(Author's note: in order to circumvent further idle chit-chat, we shall transport our characters [Ed. note: you can say that again!] to the prehistoric, mold-covered steps of old Shepardson). "How about taking a 'one o'clock' Saturday and going dancing at Valley Dale, Matty?" asked Donald.

"I don't understand you, Donald. But we have dancing here every night after dinner."

"Now we're definitely livin'; I'll be over tonight after dinner."

"Why, don't be silly, Donald. You know it's for girls only."

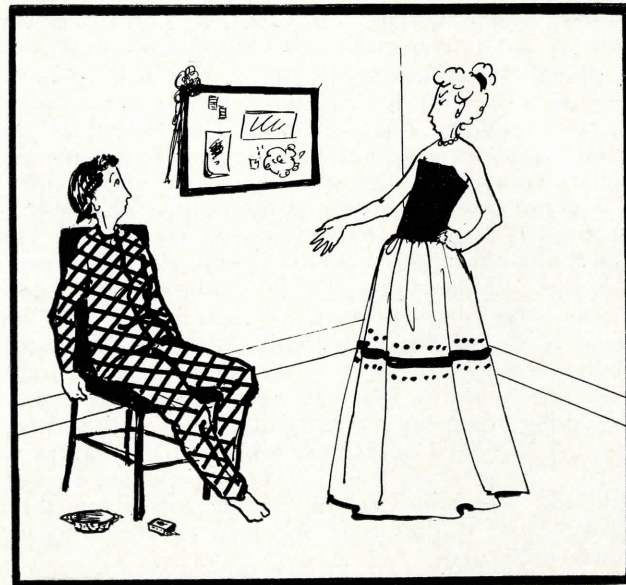
"Wha—O. K., I can take a clue, but how about the baseball game Saturday?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Article Three Paragraph Eight makes it perfectly clear that men can escort girls only from varsity baseball games to residence halls." (Author's note: undoubtedly this was the forerunner of the present day sport pickups, upon which we shall expound in a future article, discussing the technique used on buses, in movies, and in crowded cafes). (Ed. note: these are two of the most noteworthy authors we have ever seen). "I'm sorry, but you must leave immediately," continued Matilda, "It's there in black and white, Donald. On schooldays, men who accompany girls of Shepardson to their places of residence must take their leave promptly upon arrival at their destination."

"That's all I can take," gasped Donald, banging his head against a convenient elm.

Donald sleepily opened his eyes to behold a luscious blonde classmate diligently banging him on the head with a well-worn Sex and Psychology textbook, and saying, "C'mon, D, let's shake a leg or we'll be late for our three o'clock class."

With a choking shriek Donald jumped for the chandelier, and hanging there by one arm shouted madly, "I've had enough, I tell you, enough!"

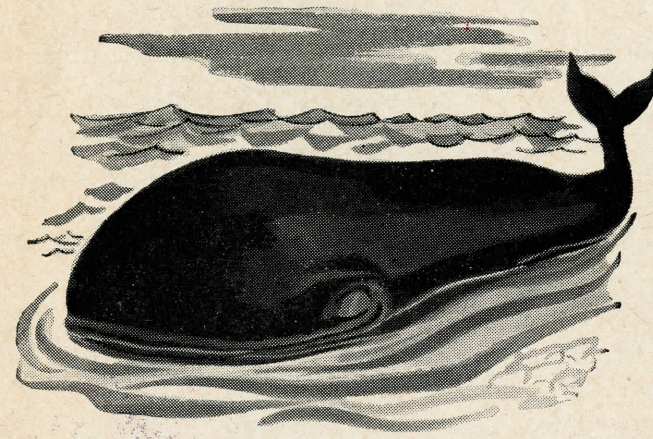


"And then, he had the nerve to ask me what held my dress up."

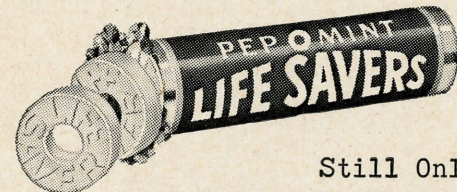
Jean Gillies

HISTORY REWRITTEN

JONAH AND THE WHALE



"Things look pretty black for me in here!
Wish I had a Life Saver!"



Still Only 5¢

**FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS
for the best wisecrack!**

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

CONTEST RULES:

1. Write down the best you've heard.
2. Submit it to the editor of this magazine, together with your name and address on campus. (Place entry in the Beta mailbox in Doane.)
3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

Two students were passing a dormitory when one of the occupants had forgotten to lower the shade.

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"Well — Not exactly, but she's certainly retiring." —Sundial.

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles but don't compliment her too highly. —Chatter.

The old timers who say the present generation is on the road to hell no doubt know what they are talking about — they probably recognize the same road. —Sundial.

QUESTIONS

- A** Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste, On each an apostle his name has placed.
- B** Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow" Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
- C** Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me, Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word "milder" appears twice in the ad in red letters, and the word "mild" (two-thirds of "milder") appears in white letters. They all explain why Chesterfield is right.
- B** Four eyes (Darnell's and Griffin's) are the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Darnell's are much more famous.
- C** The pearl earrings worn by Linda Darnell.
- WINNERS...

Jack Minneman
William W. Craig
Dale Smith
Jim Mason
Jack Landis
Hank Gleiss
Sunny Maurer
Mary Saunders
Charlene Calhoun
Phyllis Campbell

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's not printed.

—Sundial.

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar's so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got your head through a buttonhole."

—Syracusan.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"When you smoke
Chesterfield you get a Milder
cooler smoke - that's why
it's my cigarette"

John Lund

STARRING IN
"BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Prominent Tobacco Farmers smoke Chesterfield

JAMES H. DARDEN, Farmville, N. C. says

"I've smoked Chesterfields steady for 12 years. They're really MILD. They buy mild, ripe, sweet-smoking tobacco . . . the kind that ends up in real smoking satisfaction."



THE BEST CIGARETTE FOR YOU TO SMOKE - MILD *much* MILD