As the staff and I sit here surrounded by egg nog and plum pudding, we are overcome with the spirit to wish everyone at Denison the “Merriest of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years.” To our “big brother” the Denisonian, our best wishes for their kindly comments on our magazine, and to our readers, many thanks for their indulgence.

Hugh Wittich headed a staff of Don Hodgson, Tom Rees, Joe McGlone, Don Ide, John Trimble, and Bob Porter in producing our Calendar Girls. The photographing sessions were quite interesting, and we wish we could have had a photographer taking pictures of the photographers taking pictures.

For their article, “Ballroom to Boudoir,” Bedell and Hodges mimeographed a large number of questionnaires which they distributed to a good cross section of the university. Anyone wishing to read some of the unprintable answers should contact these boys.

We are well pleased with the reception to our first issue of the year. Copies disappeared quickly from the dorms and some people who got a late start in getting theirs even demanded of me that I produce one for them, since they had paid their activities fee and were entitled to their rights. But alas, all were gone.

This time, we are printing some two hundred extra copies, so everyone should be happy. DCGA is voting for the renewal of our budget for the spring semester, so if you know your local councilman, we would appreciate a little extra-curricular lobbying for the issue.

Continued on inside of back cover
Four WCLT programs now originate from the Denison campus. This has been made possible by the re-modeling of a studio on the top floor of Doane and the purchase of several microphones and a remote amplifier. Of these, the oldest is the "Denison Diary," which was first broadcast intermittently in 1947. Since last year, it has been a regular feature of WCLT every Wednesday afternoon.

The program brings news of the campus, such as speakers on the Denison Lecture Series, student and faculty recitals, and other items of interest to the students and the residents of Licking County. Each week, the Diary features a music group from one of the social organizations on campus. Bill Dresser is the student producer, and Doris Bennett and Don Dannecker are announcers. On the Diary, as on all the Denison programs, the student producer works in close cooperation with Mr. R. J. Robbins, who is the instructor in charge of radio activities.

The Denison Radio Forum is Radio station WCLT from which many of the broadcasts, featuring Denison talent originate.

Jack Lawson, Mr. R. J. Robbins, and Ginny Vernon working on the script for "Masterpieces of Music."

Broadcast By Don Hodgson

The man toying with the dials and instruments is Jack Lawson.

This is not the inside of a Denison student but an unusual angle photo of the tall antenna which beams WCLT waves over the area.
Bob Miller, Denison Alum, who is disc jockey and announcer at WCLT. He also runs the record department at Town and Gown.

Don Dannecker, Dirck Brown, and Doris Bennett gather about the mike for a broadcasting session.

The Alpha Phi sextette, singing over Denison Diary.

Doris Bennett announces the Denison Diary, heard over WCLT on Wednesdays.

Parnell Eagan, another Denison Grad, who is sports announcer at WCLT.

The Denison Radio Forum, which broadcasts Monday evening over WCLT on the Standard Network.

broadcast over WCLT and the Standard Network, which includes twenty stations. Producers of this show are Jack Lawson and Bill Craig. The program features a different discussion group each week and gives students an opportunity to air their views on local, national, and international issues. The Forum was started last year, and is heard every Monday night.

Dr. Jaroslav Mayda and Mr. Robbins broadcast “International Viewpoint” on Thursday nights, which is also heard over the Standard Network. On this program the discussion is limited to international affairs and the United Nations. This was initiated this year when Dr. Mayda came to the campus.

Masterpieces of Music is also a new show this year. Virginia Vernon is the student producer and Jack Lawson is the announcer. The idea for this show came out of the broadcast of “The Messiah” last year. This program is heard on Sunday afternoons and features musicians from the faculty in recitals.

Several of WCLT’s personnel are former Denison students. Among these are Thomas Rogers, station manager, Gene Ragle, production director, Bob Miller and Parnell Eagan, staff announcers, and Ben Windle, chief engineer and consulting engineer for Denison’s radio shows.
The college male mind, that is, the vivant has tried to thumb nail the field and delve deeper, in a sketch the best, the unusual, the rambling way, into the world of conversation of the most eager young. To a without some external prop other straining ear has drifted the con-preme egoist that will rest on singing in Grand Opera to the those laurels. Let us now look charm, and wit. It is only the supergrounds that will create not only will drop off a road company re- of ours an occasional milk train or. most out of an evening's endeav- the B'way hits are farming out the pike. There is a promising straying mummers is the Hart-White Way. A catch-all for these

**after hours almanac**

by bill hauser

Thru the past issues your bon vivant has tried to thumb nail sketch the best, the unusual, the "different" in the realms of play. Now comes the time to reverse the field and delve deeper, in a rambling way, into the world of music, theater, and entertainment. The college male mind, that is, the progressive college male mind, is endlessly searching for the new things that must stir the fascination of the college female. To a straining ear has drifted the conversation of the most eager young. To a without some external prop other than the super-ground that will create not only will drop off a road company regularly for our occasional milk train or. Most out of an evening's endeavours the B'way hits are farming out the pike. There is a promising straying mummers is the Hart-White Way. A catch-all for these.

**Polyphemus' Wrath**

by Zeus, there's nothing like the rosy-fingered dawn over a wine dark sea.

by pat optekar

Polyphemus stood on the cliff hurrying; the seven rocks at the sound of the blue-proved boat cutting swiftly through the wine-dark sea. However, the boat was moving as swiftly as a team of leopards on the plain who start as one leaporal at the smell of flesh and break into their cat-like steps to make short work of the distance, and therefore the Cyclop could not hit the boat. Not even the flailing oar could have kept up with the ship.

Ignoring the men's shouted taunts, Polyphemus slowly felt his way back to the ewe-infested cave. He "baahed" right back at the animals, momentarily forgetting their companionship that he had heretofore so enjoyed. Realizing their master's grief, the helpful sheep milked each other. The trustworthy he-goats were men enough to stay outside where their companionship that they belonged.

Polyphemus took a tuft of sheep's wool (first turning a portion as an offering to the gods), dipped it in milk, and commenced to wash his blood-streaked face. Now he began to wish he had anticipated for had he believed in the manner start a fire. Their talent and capabilities were unlimited.

This went on satisfactorily for a while, but soon Polyphemus tired of his life of ease and began nursing thoughts of vengeance. He decided to ascend the heavens and speak to his father, Earthshaker Poseidon. Putting on a clean apron, he hurried to his father's abode in the heavens, striking his hoofs together and in the manner started a fire.

Poseidon was overjoyed to see his favourite son, and was almost overcome with emotion. He at once gathered all the wicker baskets, and to leave the remainder in pools for their master. Two clever ewes could even squeeze out the ewe-infested cave and return to the ewe-infested cave in that manner start a fire. Their talent and capabilities were unlimited.

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**Continued on page twenty-three**

Before you leave for directions east and west in pursuit of after hours ac-tivities, and pick up a woman at Sawyer, Beaver, or Shaw Halls. These housemothers are helpful and friendly. And the women sparkle, scintillate, and are able to provide a pleasant evening to suit all tastes. It's the thing to do, nowadays.
I REMEMBER D-DAY

not for the lack of surprise and planned affairs but mainly for the Freshman-Sophomore tug of war across the marshy expanse of Ebaugh's Pond. In these rare photos, we see DCGA Prexy Jim Steckel either rubbing the mud from his hands, or else praying for victory, the successful Freshman forces being exhorted by co-ed cheer leaders outside Curtis Hall preparatory to the mucky event, and random scenes of grunt and groan activity.

I opened the door. The door knob was cold. I like to turn cold door knobs. Slowly, I entered the room, or rather the office. Yes, it was an office. Two desks, two chairs, and a book shelf. That made it an office. There were two men in the office. I walked over to the desk that had John Smith's name stenciled on its side. I sat down.

"Say, you are a bright boy!" John Smith turned to Al, who was still shoveling snow from his bottom drawer. The snow was still white. "Hey Al, this kid is really in there. He knows what he's here for. Can you feature that?"

"I'll try," said Al and went back to his shoveling.

"Well, lessie," said John Smith. He rattled some papers in his hand and then laid them on the desk. Reaching up, he caught a fly in mid-air and slipped it into the side pocket of his coat. His suit seemed too tight for him, and yet it had a well-tailored look to it. There was a noticeable bulge in his breast pocket. "Now you say you're interested in Canoe Paddling?"

"No kidding," said Al.

"No kidding."

"Well, isn't that just swell. With a name like Pablo Warrick I bet he's a real bright boy."

Turning to me, John Smith said, "Sure he is. I bet you are a bright boy, aren't you bright boy."

"I suppose so," I chuckled.

"That's right. That was the one that was here before you. He was real sharp, just like you." There was a moment of pregnant silence. John Smith scratched his chin and deftly caught another fly that was buzzing about his ankles. He slipped it into the side pocket of his suit coat.

"Al looked up. He had been shoveling snow from the bottom drawer of his desk. The snow was white. I like white snow.

"Al, bright boy here says he supposes he is a bright boy. Pretty shrewd don't you think?"

Continued on page twenty
In the village of ——, which shall be left nameless because all great writers leave their villages so, the convent of Sanctus Sophomorus Schlumpus is a living example of exemplary living. The good sisters, bound in the bond of Schlumpus, spend their days in an iron-grey walls in prayer, meditation, and copying extinct manuscripts.

In appearance, the good sisters parallel their meek demeanor. Their habits are colorless, and the nearest they have ever come to boasting is in relating the ancient and financial histories of their garments, a valuable lesson in trade and therefore a good thing. Their gait is slow and sedate. They rarely look up and out from under their habits and never address Outsiders, even in mere greeting. This is a self-inflicted privation and also a Good Thing.

They rise at six every morning and perform the various duties, tasks, and chores presented by communal living. Though most of their time is spent in silent meditation and inward probing, some of the good sisters have taken up knitting for the poor. They work late into the night, often not retiring to their pallets at all to make up for the time spent in knitting. Sometimes it is difficult for them to work, for the noises and distractions of the outside world pierce through the thin walls and barred windows. Never do such ignominious slanders be denied? Nay, let us give just one illustration of their piety: much as it is against their principles to indulge in things of the flesh, the good sisters make it a practice to humble themselves periodically by breaking their perpetual fast in order to partake of the dregs of the Outsiders' kitchens and parcels from home lest the dogs — the very mongrels of the vicinity — suffer from indigestion! Yea, verily do they take time from their bitter assignations and long-term papers to perform such caninarian deeds. This is indeed a good thing!

Continued on page twenty-three
fashions for women
by rusty barton

Winter and Christmas are just around the corner, and with the coming of this season, so arrive a host of parties, dances, and similar affairs. Most of these occasions will require formal dress or a reasonable facsimile, so a word to the wise woman about what to wear.

Formal dress in this day and age, and for most immediate occasions refers to a dress that touches the ground. There are thousands of styles, however most modern dancing dresses are some style of off-the-shoulder or strapless. As has been previously stated, the most popular forms are floor length; however during recent years, ballerina forms have come into style. They look best on tall women, so if you are short, you had best stick to the floor length.

Again, there are winter forms and summer forms. During the fall and winter seasons, dark colored forms are particularly suitable and taffetas, velvets, and brocades are good. Now, more than any other time, dark greens, black, navy, and wines are worn. Nothing is more appropriate at Christmas time than a velvet or satin formal.

Since a minority of college men wear black shoes, they never seem to get broken in enough to get comfortable. But now we find shoes on the market that are easy on the feet and go with anything. They are pictured patent leather pumps. Also available are a casual moccasin type in the same leather. The dull bow is a little decoration to contrast with the shiny leather. They’re as snug as your baby’s cheek. Pictured are: a bold collar with matching bracelets and earrings, or a velvet choker with a cameo or scatter pin. Dancing slippers are usually gold, silver, or dyed to match the dress and the necessary evening purse should match the slippers or gown.

Many a dress has been given the final touch by the location of the flowers. Of course, flowers can always be worn on the shoulder, except in the case of a strapless formal. However, on strapless or off-the-shoulder formal, the flowers can be worn at the waist. Corsages can also be made up to be worn on the wrist or in the hair, and in some cases, a single flower has been pinned to the evening purse.

Last, but not least, comes the evening wrap. Your good winter coat is never wrong, and those who own fur coats are all set. However, formal evening wraps add a special touch to the outfit. These can be had in full length or in shortie styles and are usually made in velvet or wool.

So much for what to wear. You now look terrific!! Just be sure to have a good time and also a Merry Christmas.

fashions for men
by ed johnston

Since a minority of college men wear black shoes, they never seem to get broken in enough to get comfortable. But now we find shoes on the market that are easy on the feet and go with anything. They are pictured patent leather pumps. Also available are a casual moccasin type in the same leather. The dull bow is a little decoration to contrast with the shiny leather. They’re as snug as your baby’s cheek. Pictured are: a bold collar with matching bracelets and earrings, or a velvet choker with a cameo or scatter pin. Dancing slippers are usually gold, silver, or dyed to match the dress and the necessary evening purse should match the slippers or gown.

The shirt’s the thing,” and you want it to be comfortable because it’s going to collar you all evening. So look around and find one that’s going to be soft as your baby’s cheek. Pictured are: a bold wing collar with a stiff front and French cuffs. The rest of the shirt is light woven material, good for all seasons. Center is a pique soft collar and stiffened shirt, widespread style. This can be found in other materials such as fine broadcloth and muslin. And on the end is a bold collar with French cuffs in a fine English broadcloth, with a soft, plaited front. This one is easy to find.

Above the shirt display are a pair of grey mocha gloves.
— the Denison co-eds as they leave no stone unturned in their search for dates.

— the fine assortment of Chapel speakers we’ve had this year. Pictured above is Mr. D. Waternuckle, nationally known vivisectionalist; speaking on “The Weapons Of The Malayen Indians.”

— Al Phooey, the retired college budget balancer, upon purchasing his new “Packard Twelve.”

— the spirit of the Freshman class this year in undertaking an assignment and pursuing it until they reach the end.
During the past few weeks, a questionnaire has been circulating among one hundred students, chosen at random throughout the college. Early returns show that the majority of the students profess to be either male or female.

There appears to be a slight difference of opinion as to how much money a boy should spend on a date, with answers ranging from five cents for a cup of coffee on a cold night, to twenty dollars. On the whole, the males seem to think that $1.50 is sufficient for the average date, while the female of the species (the gold diggers) find $2.25 more reasonable.

Among the preferred magazines, we find "Life" leading the pack, closely followed by "Time" and "The Saturday Evening Post." The men also seem to favor "Esquire" while the girls lean toward "Seventeen." Finishing in a dead heat for last place are "True Confessions," "The Wall Street Journal," "Pee," and "Campus.""}

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the favorite pastime on a date. In the masculine census, dancing predominates, followed closely by picnicking, turfing, meeting of the minds, and an anonymous something that seems to crop up in the answers as "parking and "...An overwhelming number of the fairer sex bow low before the altar of Terpsichore, as more than half indicate dancing as their choice. The remainder seem to divide their answers among such activities as "just riding around," saying goodnight, and partying.

Basketball is the favorite indoor sport of both sexes, followed closely by card playing, acrobatic dancing, and oscillation for the female. Among the men, it's dart throwing and billiards. Turning to the great outdoors, the big three among the weaker sex are swimming, riding, and tennis, while some of the more introverted souls prefer jumping rope, hunting, and curling. Once again, we find turfing high on the preferred list among the boys, pursued by tree climbing, chopping wood, and hunting the great Auk.

Checking over the answers to the question, "What puts you in a romantic mood the easiest?," we find a majority of the male answers to be unprintable. However, one hardy soul responded, "a gentle tremor of air in the left ear," which we believe will pass even the strictest censor. A full moon on the water and the right girl also rate high. Dancing once again tops the better half's hit
**January**

LOUISE DAVIS, Delta Delta Delta, warms herself before a fraternity fireplace on a cold winter's evening. Flanked by a loving cup on each side, she looks a tempting prize herself and a desirable partner for an open house.

**February**

We bet you can't guess the theme of this one. MARY ALICE FREER, Alpha Phi, makes the ideal valentine, head and shoulders above her competitors. How about getting something like this in the evening mail?

**March**

With a three leaf clover tucked between her arm, BETTY KURTZ, Delta Gamma, portrays the windy month and the promise of great things to come. Spring, flowers and off to the Welsh Hills are the things to come.

**April**

You might be surprised to see this on the library steps in the rain, but wouldn't it be pleasant. SUZIE SIMMONS, Kappa Alpha Theta, is dressed to keep off the spring showers and keep in the fancy of the male eye.

**May**

Now, we go automobile riding, and MARION CASE, Alpha Omicron Pi, proffers us a lift in her new convertible. Taking the risk of being trampled in the rush, we get aboard and point for Columbus.

**June**

NANCY JOHNSON, Independent, invites us to join her in a swim at Spring Valley, but the scenery is so interesting outside the water, that we turn landlubber in early June.
July
With a waving flag behind her, and somewhat apprehensive of the exploding cannon cracker to the fore, we gladly offer WANDA THOMAS, Shepardson Club, a comforting hand and consider it a fine Fourth.

August
She forgot to shout “Fore” but we can’t help but forgive DORIS BENNETT, Kappa Kappa Gamma, because she certainly is par for the course. This is a good example of why men play golf.

September
One could easily turn into a rake at the sight of JUDY WILSON, Chi Omega, taking care of the leaves on her lawn. She’s an Autumn Nocturne, herself, and though we can’t read a note, we desire to make beautiful music.

October
JOAN WILLIAMS, Delta Delta Delta, asks us to “Hold that Line,” and we feel certain she could coax the trees and rocks into cheering for her. We must go out for the team next year.

November
Waiting to go on a brisk canter is NANCY ROUDEBUSH, Kappa Alpha Theta, complete with jodphurs and riding crop. “Tally Ho” and the November hunt is on and we’ll race you to the nearest horse.

December
In a quiet atmosphere, spiritual and material beauty united as PHYLLIS CAMPBELL, Kappa Kappa Gamma, asks for a white Christmas and a visit from a generous Santa Claus. Where’s my whiskers and pillow.
Wrong question.
As a poetical member of "Film Fugitives Unlimited," JOHN T. TRIMBLE of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, is eminently qualified to join Campus as a staff photog- rapher. As fresh air, Jack brings ample experience as a photo- grapher in his high school yearbook. In addition to photography, Jack is pledged to Lambda Chi Alpha, and is president of his pledge class.

In featuring "Polyphemus’ Wrath" this issue, Campus adds another feather to the cap of its composition staff, OPTEKAR of Pittsburgh, Penn- sylvania, as a sophomore in the Dramatics Department. Pat gave us a good hint of future capabilities with her brief role in "The Tragedy," which was recently initiated into the Franco-Catholic society, and is the school social representative for her sorority, Delta Gamma. Besides living in the "T. K." apartments of Beaver, writing, and acting, Pat has freckles, which, she says, "Don’t show in the picture."

—Ben Kruger

"LEAVES, OH MAN!"

Man,
You are triumphant here.
Standing placed in your place,
While savage winds scurry these trees
And hurl dried leaves
In Autumn’s face.
Duly these death-blow,
Exhibit your strength,
Where they shriveled from red to brown.
You are life’s conqueror,
The spirit of eternity.
And what of them?
Scattered, lost in nothingness?
How so?
When Spring forever comes a pregnant thing
You are triumphant here.
Man,
—Marilou Taggart

Poetry: "CHRISTMAS FUGUE"

Where is Christmas?
I saw it once in the fields of night
Where snow slept on the boughs of holly trees,
And stars bent down over satisfied fields.

Dimly, dimly I saw it,
Where children knew a slumber,
Beside a warm fireside,
Smiling to be at home,
But these faded and were not clear,
Until I saw it again on a rainy street
Beside an old cathedral,
Where, staring at a stained-glass window of Christ,
Stood a boy — frozen and empty inside,

Dimly, dimly I saw it,
—Marilou Taggart

"the intramural saga" continued

The history of the intramural games has been as turbulent as the games themselves. From 1923 to 1932, the Kappa Sigs and the Alphas were the only two teams in existence on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field. But in 1933, the higher alti- tude seemed to pep up the boys on the student body's athletic field.

—Ohio State Sundial
“ballroom to boudoir” continued

“At Denison nearly everyone reads Campus”

- Lucille Long
- Jean Schneider
- Barbara Duke
- Betty Lou McCarthy
- Lynn McInerney
- Nancy Kniffin
- Jo Ann Johnson
- Barrie Bedell
- John Hodges
- Robert Dean

- "editor's corner" continued

We are somewhat disappointed over our Freshman turnout for staff members. Quite a few people were there but only a few contributed at the deadline. Let's go. Freshmen and get on the wagon. Especially you cartoonists, for we are sadly lacking in that department. Well, we'll see everybody in January. For those coming exams, Campus recommends that you study for gifts of Nix-Done and Nescafé this Yuletide. RALPH W. GILBERT

MOTHER (entering room): "Well, I never!

DAUGHTER: "But, mother, you must hunt!"

—Wisconsin Octopus

GEORGE: "She's a decided blonde, isn't she?"

WHITEY: "Yeah, but she only decided recently."

—Miami Tomahawk

COED, pouring date a drink, "Say when?"

"Anytime after the first drink is OK with me!"

—Michigan State Spartan

"Gosh I'm lonely—wish I had a Life Saver!"

—Ohio State Sundial

WEBBY: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

LARD: "No, what good is it?"

—Ohio State Sundial

"Are you on the rowing team?"

"Why no, Denison doesn't have a rowing team."

—Michigan State Spartan

"I'm grooping for words..."

"I'm afraid you're looking in the wrong place, Bucko!"

—Ohio State Sundial

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 four entries in the editor each month, 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. (Send By Campus Mail To Campus Yuletide, Box 80.)
3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

"Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

HUBBY: "Shut up. This is a better carriage."

—ProFile

HIPPOGRIFF, n. An animal (now extinct) which was half horse and half griffin. A griffin was itself a compound creature, half lion and half eagle. The hippogriff actually, therefore, only one-quarter eagle, while its dollars and fifty cents in gold. The study of zoology is full of surprises.

—A.B.
Give 'em all my Christmas Best

Milder

CHESTERFIELDS

Arthur Godfrey