C'MON BIG RED!

Beat The Bishops!

HOMECOMING WEEKEND

FRIDAY
7:15 P. M. Torch Parade
9:00 P. M. Sock Dance in Bigwam

SATURDAY
11:00 A. M. Homecoming Parade Downtown
1:30 P. M. Homecoming Queen Ceremony at Stadium
2:15 P. M. Football—Denison vs. Ohio Wesleyan
6:00 P. M. Alumni Banquets at Houses
9:00 P. M. Victory Dance at Bigwam

SUNDAY
10:00 A. M. Deni-Sunday at Swasey

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SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

Once again the Campus staff has launched into a new year to attempt to give the student body and interested bystanders of our Core Course Curriculum an unjaundiced view of campus goings-on.

The magazine this year is one step closer to taking the place of Life on the newsstands due to several fresh changes and additions that we have innovated into our policy.

We are continuing to bring you a balanced variety of photographs, art, cartoons, and stories, both serious and humorous. You will find each time on the inside back page of Campus a sneak preview of what's coming in the next issue.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Starting with the next, or Holiday issue of Campus, we are providing space for a "Letters to the Editor" column. This is to give all of our avid followers a chance to air their comments, both pro and con, as to how they like the magazine. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, Campus magazine, and dropped in the campus mail if you are a student. Letters from our out-of-town readers will also be cordially welcomed. We sincerely hope that you will take an active interest in this new feature, for this is the best means there is to determine just exactly what you want in your college magazine.

WHO WILL WIN THE TITLE OF "MISS CAMPUS" THIS YEAR?

For years upon end, Denison University has reveled in the glory of knowing that its feminine dormitories are "chuck full" of gorgeous co-eds of the dateable variety. This year the Campus has decided to make the fact world renowned. In each issue will appear the comely features of our more Delectable Denison Dollies.

To add further interest we are going to hold a contest to determine the most suitable aspirant for the title of "The 1950-51 Miss Campus." The girls who appear in the first three issues will be voted on by the Board of Editors and a representative of each class. A close-up, pictorial article featuring the winning candidate will be featured in the last issue of the magazine.

There will be prizes galore, all of which will be announced in the gala Holiday Issue. And don't forget, your letters to the Editor on your own choice will help to influence the Board's final decision.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

It's always a big rush getting this first issue out each year. Everyone on the staff has, in the past few weeks suffered from ulcers, temporary mental inertia, or some other nervous malady.

This issue is dedicated mainly to the Alumni at Homecoming, it goes without saying that this is one of the reasons why we hit upon the brainstorm of a title—Homecoming Issue—brilliant, what? We hope that the Graduates, if they happen to leaf through a copy over the weekend, will be smitten with pangs of nostalgia, or at any rate get a few good chuckles in reading of the days gone by.

Towards the back of the magazine, the reader will find the "Freshman Supplement," which is largely for the benefit of the wearers of the '54 beanies and their female contemporaries. The girl picked to portray the typical freshman co-ed is Miss Nancy Eshelman, currently residing in Parsons Hall.

Miss Chris Fredrickson, sophomore member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority, is our other example of feminine pulchritude which is so often seen gracing the walks of the Quadrange. As of last Summer, Chris has been sporting an egg-sized diamond on the third pinkie of her left hand.

It goes without saying that with the printing of a college magazine there are dozens of unsung heroes whose names do not appear on the first page with the rest of the glory-hungry mob of pseudo-literary geniuses. The following people should be given a hand for their meritorious service above and beyond the call of the Editors: Betty Bevier, Helen Boyce, Julie Cartland, Emilie Connor, Mary Croslin, Jean Hebel, Margaret Waggoner, and Wilda Wiest.

I hope that you will enjoy our first issue of Campus magazine!

—KLEE

Miss Chris Fredrickson, Kappa Alpha Theta
Joan closed the album and threw it on the end table as she sat into her room to close her suitcase and make a last minute check. She had had no intention whatever of going to Connecticut. She had been looking forward to spending the week in Washington. She had not wanted to go to the funeral of her dear Uncle Phillip. But he had sent her beautiful dolls for which she would have to go up there. She had not realized until this moment, however, that she would have to go alone. She had not thought about it. All her life Joan had not been able to think about. All her life Joan had never taken the place of the father—except for Uncle Phillip. Why? She'd never thought about it until then.

She knew she had never seen him. But she had seen his beautiful dolls when she was small, and she had received a bouquet of roses every birthday until now. Uncle Phillip was dead.

The girl took a last look about her, picked up her suitcase and keys, and locked the door. As she stepped out of the apartment house into the street, she saw a cab, circled in, gave the directions to the driver, and settled down. She wondered who of the relatives would come to the funeral—probably not many. No one had seemed to care about Uncle Phillip except Aunt Sophia-Regina, who kept house for him when her sister, Phillip's wife, had died. But Aunt Sophia-Regina had always been absent—she had left him after a month or two and come to visit Joan very briefly. Then Joan had asked about this strange Uncle then, but Sophia-Regina never answered anything. She had said little. Joan wanted to thank him for his kindness and his gifts, but Aunt Sophia-Regina had not answered anything. Joan was talking about her mother. Now she had lost track of her Aunt, and Uncle Phillip was dead.

The purchased a round trip ticket to Connecticut and boarded the train. She found a seat by the window, stowed her luggage, and settled herself for the four-hour trip. She looked at her watch and discovered to her surprise that it was already time to meet her father. The girl didn't seem inclined in that direction. Finally she managed, "Is it far from here? Greystone, I mean." And the man answered, "No, not far." He had a nice voice. Not like a hired man at all.

"How did Uncle Phillip die?"
"He died by day yesterday."
"Oh, I wondered if he'd misunderstood, but for some reason the question didn't repeat the question. The girl felt tired. She leaned back and closed her eyes to rest them and in a moment was asleep. The man turned looking for a long time, then cautiously removed and patted her hand. The buggy rolled slowly on, and was enveloped in the night.

A gentle tug at her sleeve woke Joan. She found herself, still in the buggy, drawn up before a monstros house. Monstros was the word, for it didn't look the least bit inviting. The wide steps led up to a heavy door flanked by two lamps, glowing forlornly, trying to pierce the mist that had fallen. The hired man took her suitcase and helped her down. As she climbed the steps, she caught the heavy, dead smell of boxwood. How strange, she was sure the climate in Connecticut was too severe for that delicate shrub.

The door opened before her and there stood Aunt Sophia-Regina. She was composedly and elegant; the man led her into the hall. Joan's heels made a funny sound on the flagstones as she walked along. Suddenly she remembered the hired man and her suitcase. She turned to speak to him, but he had gone, leaving the suitcase by the door.

Aunt Sophia-Regina took her in to the high-ceilinged living room. The thick beams supporting the ceiling, the heavy ironwork, the big Tudor chairs, all looked and smelled of decaying splendor. Joan seated herself on the settee before the fireplace and gazed at the tapestry above her. It depicted a mediæval hunt. The colors were faded now, but it was still beautiful. Her Aunt uncovered the tin wagon and poured her a cup of tea. It was warm and good. The girl curled her hands around the cup. She hadn't realized until this moment, but she was cold. It had been that long ride in the open buggy. She helped herself to the sandwiches. Somewhere in the room a radio was playing music. It sounded almost incongruous. She and her Aunt talked for a while. Suddenly the music stopped. An announcer was interrupting the broadcast of transcribed music to bring a special bulletin. Joan half listened. The announcer was talking about a train, the Connecticut Flyer, derailed in a collision, Connecticut Flyer! Her train. Many people killed. It was an act of God that she should have been saved.

She looked up and saw that her Aunt had moved to the door at the end of the room. She motioned for Joan to come. The girl rose rather shakily and crossed the room. Aunt Sophia-Regina opened the door and said, "Come in now, Joan, and see your father." Joan looked down into the coffin for a long time. Finally, wishing she could see once more his beautiful grey eyes, she said quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Grey Man."
"To Denison"

To Denison, We Raise Our Song. Fair College On The Hill.

The Name That Sets Our Soul On Fire And Makes Our Senses Thrill.

A Pictorial Essay by John Trimble

To Denison, My Denison. In Praise Our Voices Swell.

The Scenes Of Happy College Days. The Home We Love So Well.
A Remembrance of Things Past

Or, "Gee, I'd Give the World to See That Ol' Gang Of Mine" 1

By Frank Cover

The result of the hour lecture which ensued was this: In the early days of Granville's history, the people of the town had the dream of becoming a huge manufacturing center, but their ideal met with two disappointments. The first was the route of the National Turnpike, which instead of coming through Granville, went from Zanesville to Columbus. The second disappointment was the failure of the railroad connection to the town. If you left here twenty-five years ago you will be interested in Doane Library and the hospital. By your long gray beard and glittering eye you left here twenty-five years ago! Compare the top floor of Doane to Swasey Chapel.

The twenty-five year men will note that the streets have been paved (done in 1917) and Deeds Field has replaced Beaver Field where Jimson weed "by your long gray beard and glittering eye" you left here twenty-five years ago you will be interested in Doane Library and the hospital. By your long gray beard and glittering eye you left here twenty-five years ago! Compare the top floor of Doane to Swasey Chapel.

The twenty-five year men will note that the streets have been paved (done in 1917) and Deeds Field has replaced Beaver Field—Beaver Field where Jimson weed and cows got in the way of football practice. Inside plumbing is now prevalent in Granville—no one resists that word "trend." Granville people? A historian can never resist that word "trend."

Everybody was broke after the bank failed twice and so, having nothing else to do, they started a school. The school was founded and fortified by such toasts as: "Granville College, a young and healthful virgin. May she become the Alma Mater of many noble sons." Later education grew into two forms of expression: Doane Academy and Y.L.I. 2 College pranks haven't changed much. The senior bench gets paint ed every once in a while, and this year the dome of the observatory received a good dose. No one has rivaled the trick the college boys pulled on the towns some years ago. Back in those days the competition was keen between the town boys and the college men over the young ladies of the school. When a passing haywagon of town boys and institute girls gave the men's dorm a midwestern Bronx cheer, they were horrified to see a boy fall from the roof of the dormitory. Then they arrived at the spot, after calling the fire department, they found a dummy.

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Dorm raids reached a peak during the war when a veteran led a huge force on Stone Hall. Every watch had been synchronized, and even the housemother's door had been wired shut. The phone connections were cut off and objective, Stone Hall, was captured in one of the most systematic dorm raids ever executed.

Since college pranks are unprintable (most of the early ones come under the heading "Privy Pranks"), the history of humor in college has yet to be published. Like the folk story, these tales of Rabelaisium Denisonium must be spread by word of mouth from returning alum to waiting freshmen.

WELCOME BACK ALUMS!

We are anxious to hear stories of the past, and although most of us are "all cored up" we'll have time to listen to the yarns of your college days, if you'll give us a chance to tell ours.

1. Remember the lyrics?
   "I looked at the lamp post and looked at the stoop
   And remembered the time I had the group."

2. Y.L.I. Young Ladies Institute.

CTO THE ALUMS:

You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." You graduated from Denison a year ago and you're looking for changes? Well, the "Wigwam" has been transferred into the "Big-wam" with the help of a great deal of "Wam". You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall of "Wampum." 

1. Remember the lyrics?
   "I looked at the lamp post and looked at the stoop
   And remembered the time I had the group."

2. Y.L.I. Young Ladies Institute.
He was new at school, maybe that was why he felt out of place. Whatever it was, he was unhappy. It wasn't a sissy kind of sorrow—like crying—because there was no lump in his throat, or anything like that. And it wasn't because he hadn't wanted to leave Monroe City—no, he was even glad about that. He remembered his sister had told him; she was glad they moved, because a new girl was sort of intriguing to the fellows in the new school. Well, it was different with boys, he guessed. The bell rang and he lined up with the other boys. That was another thing—lining up was no way to start off! It was well, . . . third grade stuff. No one talked to him, but he understood it—a "regular" guy doesn't talk to a new fellow. He didn't blame them; ever since he was a kid, he had never bothered with the new fellows, at least not until they were "broken in." Suddenly he noticed the boys were nudging each other. So they'd noticed him; well it was about time. He mustn't smile—look bored, he thought. That was a very immature thing Kirk didn't like . . . the way the game is played. He found the lunchroom easily. Looking around casually, he decided it was too soon to appear interested in the girls, although he certainly was aware of them! After eating, he walked out to the field. There they were: Holding his shoulders erect, he walked over to them. Ha, they looked disappointed that he didn't stanch towards them; but he was no kid, they'd soon find that out. The tall one stepped out of the conspiracy. "Took your time, didn'tcha, bud?" Snorting slowly, Kirk said, "Gotta eat, don't I?" "Dida find out my name yet?" wasn't interested. You can tell me yourself, can'tcha, or can'tcha?" Looking dubious, the boy answered, "Taylor." Kirk thought quickly, I should have said my last name; but maybe they don't realize Kirk is my first name. "Wanta fight?" Taylor volunteered. "You bet." Kirk responded gravely. He thought, if he puts a chip on his shoulder I'll have a fit . . . boy, that's really kid stuff. But Taylor was evidently no "kid" because he said, just said, "O.K., bud, see ya after school." Kirk stood there, smirking, not walking away as they expected. Thank gosh I can outstare them, he thought. That was a very inside thought, though, because in his outside thinking he was wishing the bell would ring . . . so the fighting time would be sooner, of course, not because he felt reproved. There was no reason for fancying to himself; that was unnecessary. He wasn't a boy of ashamed. But his countenance didn't change. He wouldn't fail this test after "passing" so far.

Back in the classroom Kirk tried to listen, but he was thinking—this time about his sister. Poor girls, they worry more about what the boys think. Silly, but then maybe he was thinking deep inside him that he was a fool for not going up to the fellows and saying something very friendly or humorous. She didn't understand him, so maybe he didn't understand her. He remembered in time not to be caught gazing out the window . . . that was definitely premature. He didn't mean "premature," but premature. One of his inside minds, the furthest one, he thought, was chuckling them. Chuckling . . . good word, but one you never say aloud. Why was it, he wondered? Oh, slip it, he repudiated himself.

After school he went out to the field again. "Come on, Taylor," he said good-naturedly, "let's get this over with; I'm in a hurry." Taylor looked non-plussed, probably because Kirk wasn't afraid. But Taylor put that thought aside. Doing away with the formalities of beginning a fight, they started right in. Kirk remembered to laugh a little and then started slugging. He thought again how kiddish this was. Of course as soon as the usual crowd gathered, the principal or a teacher would break up this stupid fight. Yes, here he came. No, evidently it was the principal, because the crowd dispersed so quickly. But Taylor knew the "rules," too, because he didn't quite fighting either. When they felt the man's hands upon their shoulder, the boys parted. Again Kirk felt ashamed for appearing so childish . . . for age, too. The man tried to look stern, and said, "Look, boys, this isn't allowed you know. I'm sure it will never happen again. When you get in the fourth grade, you're above fighting. I hope you'll remember."
Homecoming 1950

Did you ever hear how old prof, when we were in college used to...

Those good old times...

The old flappers...

Those places in Newark (illegal then, but kid).

The return of the alumni

The good old days
This weekend, Denison University gives welcome to the alumni as homecoming celebrations begin when the Big Red plays host to Ohio Wesleyan's football aggregation. Among the "alums" will be many past football greats who have starred for the Big Red team. As they sit in the stadium watching our boys match plays with Battling Bishops, memories will carry them back to the days when they carried the pigskin for ole D.U. In what channels will their thoughts run?

Let us open the gates of the past and wander down into the early 1900s. That 1904 team will be remembered by some of the older "alums." Such great stars as "Barney" Shipp, Fred Schoop, Bill Ellor and "Fat" Van Voorhis, who captained the team that year, will remain fixed in the minds of many. Football at Denison was slowly undergoing a change during this era. Spirit was it highest ebb; athletics as a whole was in a depressed state. Whether better athletics produced better spirit, or better spirit had brought better athletics is not known; however, it is known that that 1904 team reached the ultimate as far as student support was concerned. It represented the student body as gentlemen as well as loyal supporters of athletics. "Fat" Van Voorhis captained a great team that year.

In 1905 an interesting thing happened as far as football rules are concerned. Our own coach "Livy" Livingston, who is considered one of the finest football players of his day, will probably remember the game originally scheduled with Ohio State. Anyway, State demanded thirty-five minute halves; Denison held his ground and refused to play the limit time and the game was forfeited. There was much argument over that forfeited game for a long period of time. It was rumored that OSU was fearful of the Big Red aggregation that year and they demanded the thirty-five minute halves, because they knew Denison would not play so long a game. Ohio State was considered a very unsportmanlike team in the early 1900's. After a particularly rough tussle with the Buckeyes, the Demsonian's headlines read like this:

DIRTY OSU
State Maintains Its Long Observed Reputation for Unslemanlike Play-Denison Gridders Placed More Men on the Mythical All-Ohio Team than Did Any Other College.

DIAMOND FOOTBALL: The Big Red aggregation. Pete played quarterback that year, and was selected all-OHio quarterback. Other great stars such as Jefferson, McLain, Steadman, and Calhoun were all given positions on the all-OHio team in 1922 and 1923. Steadman was a light, hard-hitting guard, and was the hardest fighting guard in Ohio during the years he played for the Big Red. His work as defensive fullback was nothing short of spectacular. Despite the fact that the Big Red was not among the top notches in the finish of The Ohio Conference championship in the early twenties, the Denison gridders placed more men on the mythical all-OHio teams than did any other state college. Denison football was slowly on the up-grade during the Golden Twenties. In 1924 Tommy Rogers came into the limelight. His team elected him captain that year and they never regretted it. Rogers was invincible as he trampled through opposing lines as if they were paper. He was recognized throughout the state and was given a position on nearly every all-OHio team. He is still considered one of the best backs in the history of D.U. football. Other outstanding pigskin men in 1924 were "Red" Allen, Bill Owens, and "Nick" Nicholson. From 1913 until 1924, the Big Red ranked third in the Ohio Conference as far as total games was and lost were concerned. Oberlin and Wooster were first and second respectively.

In 1925 the Cleveland Plain Dealer picked Thiele, Livingston, and Kull received all-OHio Conference honors for the 1917 and 1918 seasons.

Brothers Pete and Dick Willis were the spark plugs during the early twenties. Dick was captain and all-OHio tackle of the 1922 aggregation. Pete played quarterback that year, and was selected all-OHio quarterback. Other great stars such as Jefferson, McLain, Steadman, and Calhoun were all given positions on the all-OHio team in 1922 and 1923. Steadman was a light, hard-hitting guard, and was the hardest fighting guard in Ohio during the years he played for the Big Red. His work as defensive fullback was nothing short of spectacular. Despite the fact that the Big Red was not among the top notches in the finish of The Ohio Conference championship in the early twenties, the Denison gridders placed more men on the mythical all-OHio teams than did any other state college. Denison football was slowly on the up-grade during the Golden Twenties. In 1924 Tommy Rogers came into the limelight. His team elected him captain that year and they never regretted it. Rogers was invincible as he trampled through opposing lines as if they were paper. He was recognized throughout the state and was given a position on nearly every all-OHio team. He is still considered one of the best backs in the history of D.U. football. Other outstanding pigskin men in 1924 were "Red" Allen, Bill Owens, and "Nick" Nicholson. From 1913 until 1924, the Big Red ranked third in the Ohio Conference as far as total games was and lost were concerned. Oberlin and Wooster were first and second respectively.

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As the saying goes, whether you're rich or poor it's always nice to have money. Whether you're handsome or ugly, it's always nice to have a face. Whether you're a male or a female, it's always nice.

"Believe me darling, you're the first girl I've ever loved," said he as he shifted gears with his feet.

"What's the matter?" asked the intended helper. "Outa gas?"
"Nope," came the answer from a voice inside.
"Engine trouble?"
"Nope."
"Tire down?"
"Nope, didn't have to."

A car pulled up alongside a stranded coupe.

Three fraternity men were debating over their cups one evening on "Who is man's best friend?" The first was loud in his praise of the dog, a loyal friend, a dependable buddy who never talks back. The second insisted that a horse is man's best friend. He is loyal and true, a beast of burden, a helpmate to mankind.

"You're both wrong," the third volunteered. "Man's best friend is the male alligator. A female alligator lays 10,000 eggs at a time. The male alligator eats 9,999 of those eggs. If it wasn't for the male alligator, we'd all be up to our necks in alligators."

The only trouble with lipstick is that it doesn't.

She: "There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."
He: "What's that?"
She: "Don't go any further."

"Why are there more automobile accidents than train wrecks?"
"Must be because the engineer isn't always making love to the fireman."

Two old ladies were enjoying the music in the park.

"I think this is a Minuet from Mignon," said one.
"I thought it was a waltz from Faust," said the other.

The first went over to what she thought was the board announcing the numbers.
"We're both wrong," she said when she got back. "It's a refrain from Spitting."

"Many a girl who's on the shelf
Could easily have saved herself
Numerous remorses,
If she had nabbed a wedding ring
Before she started exploiting
Her natural resources."

He (as his wife is packing) "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."
She: "But dear you know how strict they are at the beach."

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed by.
Said one: Her neck's dirty.
Said the other: Her does?
1. To the Core Course Ingenue, This Might Look Like:
   (A). A Chippendale
   (B). Chapel Pew
   (C). Cleopatra's Couch

2. This Probably Reminds the 4-H Club Member Living in Parsons Hall of:
   (A). Matterhorn
   (B). Pennsylvania Turnpike
   (C). Tobacco Road

3. OK, Frosh, What Is It?
   (A). Honor Dorm
   (B). Taj Mahal
   (C). Denisonian Office

4. Shades of V-12, Its:
   (A). Cannery Row
   (C). Sorority Circle
   (B). Bexley

5. This Gave Frank Lloyd Wright Spasms of Ephemeral Ectasy, Its:
   (A). Mound Builder's Picnic Hut
   (B). Cottage Cheese Factory
   (C). Bop City

6. Everybody Knows That This Is The
   (A). Licking Laundry
   (B). Carnegie Hall
   (C). Chicken Little's House
Home Was Never Like This
by Pete Hawke

The average freshman, during his first few weeks at this or any other university is, perhaps, the most bewildered hunk of living matter ever to walk the face of this or any other earth. No bridge may ever even humble Culbertson; his presidency of the 4-H club back in Slim Rock County may have been a raging success; his scholastic and sexual achievements may be the envy of the boys back home. However, to the college as a whole he is just another beanie-clad member of the Denison Unit who doesn't quite know the score. There are three problems of adjustment that the college student must solve for himself; he must observe tradition; he must realize that college is, perhaps, the most essential to be a college man; act like a dyed-in-the-wool college man. The type that the old man hung around with during his days at old Otter Haunch U. have not died out. Still there have been some modifications. True, the college man as of today is spirited, but he is not a six-thousand-bash boy. He is not always so full of breakfast cheer that motivates one to the extremes of guppy-swallowing. Although he is still somewhat of a hell-raiser, first and foremost today's college man is casual. Casual in the sense that if he suddenly saw King Kong executing double flips while whistling 'Dixie,' he would remark with emotion, 'Well, how about that.' Being casual really isn't so difficult once you get the hang of it. Some practice is needed of course, but it doesn't take long before you can hold your own with the best of them. These are the eight steps you should follow if you want to be so casual:

1. Cultivate a sorta glad-I'm-my-own-man approach and study on how to get a Man. This freshman sees himself in a dim cafe, sipping hash-heesh and sipping rich red wine while some sultry frill comments dreamily on the rakish tilt of his beanie—but, alas, it was only a dream!

I pictured myself in some dim cafe, sipping rich red wine while some sultry frill commented dreamily on the rakish tilt of my beanie—but, alas, it was only a dream!

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1. Cultivate a sorta glad-I'm-my-own-man approach and study on how to get a Man. This freshman sees himself in a dim cafe, sipping hash-heesh and sipping rich red wine while some sultry frill comments dreamily on the rakish tilt of his beanie. Yes, as far as he's concerned, that is it. This college life is going to be one big happy ball. Ha! Then comes the dawn. The strange experience of being confronted with open arms when he arrived, turn on to be as sweet as the youngest child left home. They play a frantic game of bridge; drink beer from a moderate reason, and make all the best grades. Their walk is not excessively undulating. Most of them just put one foot in front of the other and let it go at that. Take a good look at the Little Miss nearest you. Now take a good look. Does she drop an occasional leaflet on the quad stating her name, telephone number, and measurements? Does her gaze make you feel glad you left Pansy? Does her voice suggest the possibility of feverish nights along the River? Does she believe in the Double Standard? Brother, if she does all that, let the author in on it. will you? He lives in Talbot 363 and is usually in the sack.

At Denison, the freshman soon must learn how to think, dress, and act like a dyed-in-the-wool college man. The type that the old man hung around with during his days at old Otter Haunch U. have not died out. Still there have been some modifications. True, the college man as of today is spirited, but he is not a six-thousand-bash boy. He is not always so full of breakfast cheer that motivates one to the extremes of guppy-swallowing. Although he is still somewhat of a hell-raiser, first and foremost today's college man is casual. Casual in the sense that if he suddenly saw King Kong executing double flips while whistling 'Dixie,' he would remark with emotion, 'Well, how about that.' Being casual really isn't so difficult once you get the hang of it. Some practice is needed of course, but it doesn't take long before you can hold your own with the best of them. These are the eight steps you should follow if you want to be so casual:

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Miss Nancy Eshelman,
Parsons Hall
WEAK LINKS IN OUR DAISY CHAIN

(Continued from page 15)

Frank Cover, one of Denison's biggest campus wheels, has proved to be a fine feature editor. Frank, a senior member of Kappa Sigma, has managed to remain on the all-Ohio squad in 1926 and 1927. His contributions to Denison football have been many. As president of Blue Key, a freshman honor society, he has consistently proved to be one of the most versatile and dependable actors in the department. He has starred in the Snapper Theatre for two seasons, and last spring was awarded the scholarship given annually to the outstanding Denison actor.

Despite his tough schedule, Frank finds time to be one of the most popular and dependable actors in the department. He has starred in the Summer Theatre the past two seasons, and last spring was awarded the scholarship given annually to the outstanding Denison actor.

Frank's contributions to Denison in the last four years have been many. As president of Blue Key, junior men's honor society, he has launched a program that will make it the outstanding honor society on the hill. Down at the big white house on Broadway he has been one of Kappa Sigma's outstanding men, last year serving as the chapter's secretary.

Not the least of Frank's accomplishments have been his powerful performances on the Denison stage. A theatre arts major, Frank has consistently proved to be one of the most versatile and dependable actors in the department. He has starred in the Snapper Theatre the past two seasons, and last spring was awarded the scholarship given annually to the outstanding Denison actor.

Despite his tough schedule, Frank finds time to be one of the senior class' socialites, equally popular with both sexes. He claims his only form of recreation is the weekly Thursday night meeting of Theta Eta Chi, senior men's "social" society.

Back in the hoop skirt days, I'll bet they whooped it up plenty.

Beautiful Lynn Olwin, Campus literary editor, has all the qualities that form a successful bachelor into a wife seeker. Her beauty and personality made her Winter Carnival Queen last year, and her talent has made her outstanding in the fields of theatre and journalism.

A junior member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Lynn is from Water- ville (Toledo), Ohio. She has been a consistent contributor to Campus columns since her freshman year, with her poetry being particularly outstanding. As a result of her efforts, she has been tapped for Pi Delta Epion, national journalistic honorary, and Franco-California, literary honorary society.

Lynn's ability on the stage is well-known to Denisonians. Her portrayal of the sultry siren in "Peer Gynt" will long be remembered. She also lends her talent to Orchesis.

Popular and busy as she is, Lynn finds time to get good grades and her social calendar is overflowing. Not satisfied with all her activities, Lynn says she's determined how to play the guitar in the best Burl Ives tradition.
Don’t think our neat-pleated friend with the drape-shape doesn’t know the score! He’s plenty hep to all those tricky cigarette tests! If you’re in the groove, they’re not fooling you, either. You know, from your own smoking experience, that just one puff of this brand... then one puff of that brand isn’t going to give you the answer you want. What can you possibly tell by a quick inhale and exhale, a whiff or a sniff?

The sensible test — the one that gives you the proper answer — is a day-after-day, pack-after-pack tryout for 30 days. It’s the Camel 30-Day Mildness Test! You judge Camels for 30 days in your own “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste) — the real proving ground for a cigarette. Once you’ve tested Camels as a steady smoke, you’ll know why...

More People Smoke Camels

than any other cigarette!