Campus
Homecoming Issue

Extra Added
"FROSH DAZE"
C'MON BIG RED!

Beat The Bishops!

HOMECOMING WEEKEND

FRIDAY
7:15 P.M. Torch Parade
9:00 P.M. Sock Dance at 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
6:00 P.M. Alumni Banquets at Houses
9:00 P.M. Victory Dance at Bigwam

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

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FEATURE
SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG
A REMEMBRANCE OF THING PAST
WEAK LINKS IN OUR DAISY CHAIN

LITERARY
HOMEcoming
NEW BOY

PHOTOGRAPHY
MISS HOMEcoming
CAMPUS MAGAZINE
"TO DENISON"
FRESHMAN PIN-UP

SATIRE
HOMEcoming—1950

SPORTS
PIGSKIN GREATS OF YESTERYEAR

FRESHMAN DAZE
FRESHMAN FOTO QUIZ
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS
A VIEW OF DENISON UNIVERSITY

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES
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 renown. 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 Edelman, 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-mongering 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 Carl-land, Emilie Connor, Mary Croalin, 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 slid into her room to close her suitcase and make a last minute check. She could have sworn that this was the train bound for Greystone. She turned to the cover and looked at the picture of Uncle Phillip had looked like; but where had this picture been shown? There was simply a blank page with four rough spots where the picture had been.

She glanced at her watch and wondered if she should phone to call a taxi. In twenty minutes she would be on the train bound for Greystone, Connecticut, to attend the funeral of that same Uncle, whom no one in the family had known very well and for that reason immediately labeled odd. Well, he was rather eccentric in that he lived alone and never seemed to care about anyone else except Joan.

Joan didn't remember at all. She had never known him, but he had sent her 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 her cab, elbowed in, gave the directions to the driver, and settled down. She wondered of whom 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 not seemed long—she left him after a month or two and came to visit Joan very briefly, which meant she would arrive at Greystone at nine twenty, or thereabouts, spent the night there and the funeral would be the next day. The train was moving slowly. Joan could just see the ends of the rails as they glided by. She turned a speed and the ties darted just as rapidly in the opposite direction. She watched the rails of the other tracks as they slithered along, converged with new rails and then slid away again like shiny blue snakes.

Joan snapped lock to consciousness; she couldn't tell how long she'd been absorbed in these thoughts of her own. She looked at her watch and discovered to her amazement that she'd been on the way nearly three hours! Where had the time gone? She picked up a magazine and tried to read, but her thoughts kept wandering back to Uncle Phillip. Who was this man? Did he ever really exist? No, Joan, take care, of course, Uncle Phillip was real. He'd sent you the flowers, the dolls. He'd never taken the place of the father you'd never known, but said you liked to imagine yourself a fairy princess with a mysterious Godfather, or even a suitor watching over you, sending you things—always knowing every move you made. It had been nice to think about. All her life Joan had felt lonely except for Uncle Phillip. Why? She'd never seen him. Her mother had never talked about him. She'd even objected at first to the presents, but he sent them anyway. Once Joan wanted to visit Uncle Phillip, but her mother had refused to let her go.

The train ground to a halt. The girl looked out the window. Could this be Greystone already? No, the sign on the dark station house said, "Willow Junction." Why, then, had they stopped? Just then a porter came through her car paging someone. He called out the name again and again. Suddenly Joan realized that it was her name. The porter had paused her and she bumped to her feet and called after him. He turned and gave her a look, which meant, "These dizzy blondes . . . ," and more, but said, "There's someone who wants you on the platform."

She turned, picked up her purse, and made a last check to the car and down the steps. There standing under the awning was a man. Not old exactly, but still . . . he had a neat grey mustache and a pointy nose. He was hunched over; and looked almost unshaved, but when she saw his hand, he stood erect to one hand, and shook it warmly. He had the kindest grey eyes, in fact everything about the man was grey. Joan heard a clatter behind her and turned in time to see the porter depositing her suitcase on the platform and pulling up the steps. In another moment the train was moving slowly off into the gloom leaving her there with this strange grey man.

A feeling of panic seized her, and she started back toward the train rapidly retreating train. Suddenly she felt his hand on her arm and heard his voice.

"I don't mean to frighten you, Miss, but I'm the hired man from up at Greystone. They told me to meet you here and bring you the rest of the way by carriage. I guess the train is a show one and makes a few more stops. They thought this way would be quicker."

Joan signed gently, and with that sigh, the fear drained out of her body. The man picked up her suitcase and motioned her to follow him. They picked their way along the overgrown pathway by the side of the station house and climbed through a gate up to the dirt road. Joan grinned to herself. She must be making a pretty picture, all dressed up and walking about in the brush. She was still following the Grey Man, for so she called him, and he led her right up to a small black buggy drawn by—of all things—a grey horse. Now really! Joan was about to say, but didn't. After all, all the things probably didn't seem strange to Mr. Grey Man. She climbed in and sat down. The springs in the seat were hard, and one of them was poking through the upholstery. She checked to the horse and it started suddenly, but then settled into an even trot. Joan felt she should carry on some sort of conversation, but the man 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 day before yesterday." Joan wondered if he'd misunderstood, but sorry for some reason the question did not 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 turned back and patted her hand. The buggy rolled speedily 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 monstrous house. Monstrosity was the word, for it didn't look the least bit inviting. The wide stone 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. The woman embraced her and 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 huge Tudor chairs, all looked and smelled of decadent splendor. Joan seated herself on the settle for the fireplace and gazed at the tapestry above her. It depicted a medieval hunt. The colors were faded now, but it was still beautiful. Her Aunt uncovered the tea 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 transfigured 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 would be 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 in to 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."

Monstrous Was The Word, For It Didn't Look A Bit Inviting.
"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.
TO 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 "Wampum." You graduated ten years ago? Please note Curtis Hall and try and remember the hectic days of trying to find a room in town. If you left here twenty 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 "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 painted "Granville history..." and cows got in the way of football practice. Inside plumbing is never resist that word "trend." The result of the hour lecture 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.

TO THE ALUMS:

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

TO THE ALUMS:

2. Y.L.I. Young Ladies Institute. Remember the class song, “We are the girls from the Institute.”

A Remembrance of Things Past
Or, "Gee, I'd Give the World To See That Ol' Gang Of Mine" 1

By Frank Cover

TO THE ALUMS:

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

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TO THE ALUMS:

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 ones ever come under the heading "Privy Pranks"), the history of humor in college has yet to be published. Like the folklore, 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 the 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.

TO THE ALUMS:

1. Remember the lyrics?
"I looked at the lamp post and looked at the stoop
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TO THE ALUMS:

2. Y.L.I. Young Ladies Institute. Remember the class song, “We are the girls from the Institute.”

TO THE ALUMS:

How do you tell whether your gold fish is a girl or a boy? Just add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid to the water in the fish bowl; if he comes floating to the top, he's a boy. And if she comes floating to the top, she's a girl.
NEW BOY

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—she'd always been bored in the new school. Well, it was different with boys, he guessed. The ball room 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, that's it. Oh, for a piece of gum, he wished that he could be chewing. He picked out the boy that would be the one—the one who would pick the fight. For Pete's sake, he thought, I wish they'd get out of the room quickly so the others wouldn't taunt him about following them. That, too, he thought, is childish, but that's 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 hick, they'd soon find that out. The tall one stepped out of the conspiracy. "Take your time, didn'tcha, bud?" Smiling slowly, Kirk said, "Gotta eat, don't I?"
"Didn't 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 gruffly.
He thought, if he puts a chip on his shoulder I'll have a fight ... 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 outsmart him, 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 treapulted. There was no reason for trying to himself; that was unnecessary and he had no sense 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 may be she was thinking deep inside her 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 "pre-mature," but premature. One of his inside minds, the furtherest one, he thought, was chuckling them. Chuckling . . . good word, but you never say aloud. Why was it, he wondered? Oh, skip 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 quit fighting either. When they felt the man's hand on their shoulder, the boys parted. Again Kirk felt ashamed for appearing so childish ... at his 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."

Frank: What is the difference between a "broad" and a "slut?"

Howie: "I want to change my name."

Judge: "What's your name?"

"Joe Stinks."

Frank: "Joe Stinks!"

"Don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?"

"Charlie."
Homecoming 1950

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

Those good old team.

Those places in Newark (illegal then but kids).

The old jayboys.

The good old days.

The return of the alumni.
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 improving. Whether better athletes had 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. Thirty-five minute halves; Denison held the limit, but their past records could stand up with any all-time great of today. Cincinnati upset Denison 13-0 in the first game of the 1914 season. But our boys caught fire and showed a decided reversal of form after the Cincinnati humiliation.

Anyway, State demanded thirty-five minute halves; Denison held the 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 unsportsmanlike team in the early 1900’s. After a particularly rough tussle with the Buckeyes, the Denison headlines read like this:

**DIRTY OSU**

State Maintains Its Long Observed Reputation for Undefeated Athletics—Their Team a Bunch of Prize Fighters

It is interesting to note how much respite Denison had toward Ohio State in the early 1900’s.

And then there was that football team of 1914 when the Big Red won its first Ohio Conference championship. “Nooky” Rupp was the outstanding star during those years, and he was not only considered the best back Denison has ever had, but his past records could stand up with any all-time great of today. Cincinnati upset Denison 13-0 in the first game of the 1914 season. But our boys caught fire and showed a decided reversal of form after the Cincinnati humiliation.

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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.

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."

"Why are there more automobile accidents than train wrecks?"

"Must be because the engineer isn't always making love to the fireman."

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

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

A car pulled up alongside a stranded coupe.

"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."

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."

"There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further."

He: "What's that?"

She: "Don't go any further."

Two little boys were standing on a corner. A little girl passed by.

Said one: Her neck's dirty.

Said the other: Her does?

"FROSH DAZE"
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
   (B). Sorority Circle
   (C). 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
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. A freshman may be as humble as Colburn's; 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 life isn't quite what he's been led to believe; and he must learn how to think, dress, and act like a college man should. Once he is squared away on these three counts, the freshman can really begin to feel at home.

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

A neighbor was chatting with Mr. Jackson about his daughter at the hotel. She ordered six Martinis, and proceeded to down them, in quick succession.

"Don't think so dadburn odd about hit'," retorted hayseed. "I've ever seen one circled.""I've ever seen one circled."

Tradition in this Christian College of Liberal Arts and Sciences is as ever present as the ivy on Talbot. While most of them are religiously observed, there is one that some completely ignore as the time goes by. That is the Denison hello. As the Class of '34 continues to trod the quad, they will soon find themselves becoming more lax in observing this tradition. The first few weeks is great fun, all so new and "college," you might say. Why, instead of walking a mile for a dim cafe, sipping rich red wine while some sulty frill commented dreamily on the rakish tilt of my beanie—But, alas, it was only a dream!

a typical example: Here comes Berndolf Honker. Steady now. Don't grunt unless he does. That's it. Don't panic, DON'T PANIC! Ha! Look at him curdle. Wait, hold on to yourself, he's walking too fast. Slow down, that's the boy. Let him break the ice. Nod once. Gosh boy! you've passed him now. Take a deep breath, you deserve it. You could only put yourself on the back without breaking your arm. Boy, did you Hush him. Oh, oh, here comes Hrothgar Davenport. Steady now. Don't Panic. How such laxity can be stopped is up to the individual himself.

The friendly hello, with both syllables articulated most "trippingly," becomes a half-grunt, half-sigh similar to a mama caribou in labor. In many cases, persons pass one another, look a little embarrassed; and walk on, each celebrating his own little moral victory that he could keep his mouth shut. This is.

The observance of tradition, the necessity of being casual in the sense, "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 it hurts:

1. Cultivate a sorta glad-I'm-alive expression on your face. (This can be obtained by having your roommate run his knuckles up and down your spinal columns.)

2. Develop a slight curvature of the spine.

3. Keep your hands in your pockets at all times.

4. Wear white bucks that are dirty enough to make them almost unrecognizable.

5. When talking to your roommate run his knuckles up and down your spinal columns.

6. Drink slowly and methodically, (As if you were waiting for your best friend to come in and tell you what a fine time he had with your girl.)

7. Walk with the shoulders humped. (Imagine you're trying a wind tunnel out for size.)

8. Drink slowly and methodically, (As if you were waiting for your best friend to come in and tell you what a fine time he had with your girl.)

If you can master all eight steps, people will be very impressed with you. However, if you do them all, they'll think you're a member of the walking dead. Still freshmen should always remember that a true college-man-appears is essential. To be a college man all you have to do is act like one, study hard and become a Phi Beta Kappa. The observance of tradition, the true picture of the average college woman, and the necessity of being casual are but three of the principles of college atmosphere the freshman encounters. In time, he will unconsciously make the adjustment. At home he can saunter down the street and speak to no one; he can spread wild stories about the cute little blonde he took out; he can dress and act like one of the Green Mountain Boys. Then, when he does go to college, he is a college man once more. Somewhat of a Jekyll and Hyde existence, you might say.

Oh well, if you don't like it, you can always enlist. 

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In Little Ark, Arkanasas, a hillbilly, with a dizzy blonde hanging on his arm, took the pen handed by the hotel clerk and signed the register with an X. With a thoughtful look on his face, he hesitated, then circled the X. "A lot of people sign with an X," said the clerk, but that's the first time I've ever seen one circled.

"'tainn't nothin so dadburn odd about hit'," retorted hayseed, "when I'm runnin around with wild women I don't use my right name."

Susie is a right smart girl, She is also very wise, Suzie can't do everything—But she can improve.
Miss Nancy Eshelman,
Parsons Hall
WEAK LINKS IN OUR DAISY CHAIN

Frank Cover, one of Denison’s biggest campus wheels, has proved to be a fine feature editor. Frank, a senior member of Kappa Sigma, is from Cleveland where he answers to the names of “Pretty Boy,” “Lardo,” or “The Ham.”

Frank’s contributions to Denison in the last four years have been many. As president of Blue Key, junior men’s honorary, he has launched a program that will make it the outstanding honorary on the hill. Down at the big white house on Broadway he has been one of Kappa Sigma’s outstanding men, last year serving the chapter as 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 Summer 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 turn confirmed bachelors into wife seekers. 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 Waterville (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 Epsilon, national journalistic honorary, and Franco-Callopean, 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 Orchestra.

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 to find out how to play the guitar in the best Burl Ives tradition.

Continued on page 15) and “Noaky” Rupp as players to represent their all-time All-Ohio team. Granville’s own Mike Gregory was one of the outstanding grid- ders during the late twenties. He received honorable mention on the all-Ohio squad in 1929 when he was a sophomore, because he was a terrific hard-driving linemen and starred in every game. Mike’s ability as a place kicker was sensational.

During the 1927 season, Denison was playing Cincinnati. With less than two minutes of play left, the score was tied 0-0. Denison had the ball on Cincinnati’s 35-yard line, fourth down and about five yards to go. Gregory stepped back from his position at guard and booted the ball square between the uprights. The ball traveled 47 yards in all, and Mike won the otherwise colorless battle from the Cincinnati Bearcats 3-0. This won him a place in the Denison Hall of Fame. Gregory captained the 1928 team, and he was given a position on the all-Buckeye and all-Ohio teams.

As time progressed through the 1930’s, stars such as Ellison, Wex- man, “Boot” Stewart, “Hube” Foster, Ferguson, Jack Carl, Barran and Burkart made names for themselves. Football was growing progressively better at Denison as each year passed and in 1947 and 1948, Denison found herself running away with two consecutive Ohio Conference championships, ousting many. As president of Blue Key, junior men’s honorary, he has launched a program that will make it the outstanding honorary on the hill. Down at the big white house on Broadway he has been one of Kappa Sigma’s outstanding men, last year serving the chapter as secretary.

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In Pullman, Washington, Scotchman John MacGregor was nearly beaten to death in a washroom because he thought the sign said “Laddies.”

The skin you love to touch is usually covered up!

Justice of the Peace: Wal, Clem, what’s this here boy charge with?

Constable: He charged with arson, Sam.

Justice of the Peace: Arson, huh? Go durn it, therers’ been altogether too much arson around here lately. Now, son, you marry that girl.
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!