Everyone on the Campus
Wishes Everyone of You

A Merry Christmas
And
A Joyous New Year

DENISON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHES

Campus
GALA HOLIDAY ISSUE

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AND PETE PIERSON

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COVER BY
JEAN GILLIES
Along with the glory of being an executive of a literary masterpiece of this caliber come many headaches every once in a while, but seldom is the headache a direct result of an Act of God. This particular holocaust I'm referring to is the deluge of snow that buried our fair state and adjoining vicinities several weeks ago.

Up to this particular time, the editors were busying themselves with putting this Gala Holiday Issue to bed, (a term often used in the newspaper biz, having no reference whatsoever to the passive morals of any individuals.)

To make a long story short, we've cut the size of this issue down to a mere twenty pages—but, oh those twenty pages.

Right smack in the middle you'll find twelve—count 'em—twelve Delectable Dusen Dollies, depicting each and every month in the coming New Year.

On the pages surrounding the calendar the reader will find stories both humorous and literary.

'Klee' in this issue is a timely account of two small boys doing a bit of light-fingered Christmas shopping. The story is by a new-corner to the pages of our publication, Miss Honnie Macdonald. Hope you like the insert—

KLEE

The lovely co-eds that represent the various months in our pin-up calendar are:

JANUARY . . Miss Dee Eytson Kappa Alpha Theta
FEBRUARY, Miss Marilyn Mead Delta Gamma
MARCH . Miss Marilyn Graham Alpha Phi
APRIL . Miss Barbara Peters Kappa Alpha Theta
MAY . Miss Jane Crook Delta Gamma
JUNE . Miss Kathy Whitacre Delta Gamma
JULY . Miss Martha Mann Kappa Gamma
AUGUST . Miss Carole Donahy Kappa Alpha Theta
SEPTEMBER . Miss Mary Krohn Delta Delta Delta
OCTOBER . Miss Carol Hawkins Alpha Omicron Pi
NOVEMBER . Miss Marilyn Cruikshank Chi Omega
DECEMBER, Miss Peggy Malpass Kappa Kappa Gamma

It was their first date.

"Have a cigarette?" he offered.

"No thanks," she replied. "I never smoke."

"Care for a drink?"

"Oh no, I never drink whiskey."

"Well, then, how about a beer?"

"Goodness no, it makes me sick."

"Well, let's take a ride and park some where."

"I don't believe in that. Why don't we do something exciting, something brand new and different?"

"Okay," he said between clenched teeth. "Let's go out to a dairy and milk hell out of a couple of cows!"

A Christmas Carol

By Jim Gould

Dramatis Personae:

MACBETH
Kappa Alpha Theta
LADY MACBETH
Alpha Omicron Pi
STALIN
Gertrude Stein (A holiday guest)
ANTHONY EDEN
Delta Gamma
SANTA CLAUS
A Little Waif

The scene is a castle on the Scottish Moors. It is Christmas Eve and the Macbeth family are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus as they are seated around the touring fire place in the castle sitting room. A wolf's howl can be heard from the moors without.

ACT I

MACBETH—Tis a brawny moon-light night without. Lady Mac.—(to herself) Dirty ham! (aloud to Macbeth) Throw some more books on the fire. It's colder than hell in here.

MACBETH—Have at thee, woman, and thy sharp tongue. (He throws some more books on the fire and surreptitiously drops three evil-looking pills into Lady Macbeth's drink.)

(Enter Miss Stein)

MACBETH—(Gaily) 'Tis Christmas, Christmas, Christmas, tender, warm, warm, tender, Christmas on the fertile, brooding earth.

MACBETH—(To himself) Oh Gawd! Lady Mac.—Mac, bring out another flask flagon glagon . . . dammit . . . bring Miss Stein a drink. MACBETH leaves, angrily cutting at the holly with his sword. A chorus sings "Red Sails in the Sunset" and Stalin enters, disguised as MacDuff. He is warmly embraced by Lady Macbeth and Miss Stein respectively. He retires to a corner and the needles. A wolf runs to these and clutches them with her frail breast. A squad of soldiers march in, surround the wall and march off the stage again taking her with them. She still clutches the picture and the needles. Santa and Anthony Eden leave still holding hands and singing "Britannica Rules the Waves." The chorus joins in the staggered harmony.

ACT II

Enter Santa Claus, wanting terrible oaths as he sprays his back coming down the chimney. A small shabbily attired scull with great, blue eyes and a running nose appears from under his cloak and grasps the holly with his tiny hands. He begins his round of singing "Deck the Halls" in a plaintive voice. All are如何 touched. Stalin looks up, momentarily interrupted as he notices Santa's red earth, and then continues with his pin-sticking. Enter Anthoody Eden, disguised as a North Korean soldier. He walks over to Stalin and presents him with a ugly wrapped package which makes an ominous ticking sound. Stalin embraces him and he leaves with Santa, up the chimney.

ACT III

The scene is on the moors four or five miles away from the castle. There is snow on the ground leading up to a little knoll where the little wolf has just come. He has placed his picture in the snow and is frantically searching for the olive in the folds of her gown.

Stalin—(Curiously) as he accidentally sticks one of his pins into his thumb) Damnski!

Miss Stein—An olive olive olive, green with little red dots, cold cold cold. Damn Scotchman!

Miss Stein plunges a piniard through Macbeth and is promptly shot by the little wolf who reenters here brandishing a large, black revolver. Re-enter Santa and Anthony Eden who has now discarded his disguise. They are still holding hands.

Santa—(Looking sadly at the body of Miss Stein.)

A rose is a rose is a rose. The chorus sings Trotsky's "Death March." There is a rosiello explosion in Stalin's corner. When the smoke has cleared, nothing is left except a small wallet-sized picture of Malik and three needles. The wolf runs to these and clutches them. Santa and Anthony Eden leave still holding hands and singing Brittanica Rules the Waves. The chorus joins in staggered harmony.

ACT IV

The ghosts of Trotsky and Stalin are joined with the ghosts of Miss Stein's brother and Miss Stein's father. They are all holding hands and singing "The Green Grass of Home." Miss Stein is frantically searching for the olive in the folds of her gown. Stalin says, "Well, then, how about a beer?"

"No thanks," she replied. "I don't believe in that. Why don't we do something exciting, something brand new and different?"

"Okay," he said between clenched teeth. "Let's go out to a dairy and milk hell out of a couple of cows!"
Mac was being smashed back into the corner of the elevator, but he was glad he was pressing against his nose instead of in his shoulder. His mind was on the electric train that he had dreamed of. Twentyány hands in the big roomy pockets curved to pick up the coal car with real pieces of coal. He heard the holliday music as the train rushed by. He saw the joy in the clerk's eyes. He would go home and tell his mother that he had seen every day for weeks. In a few days Christmas would be over. He would be going to the Salvation Army and get his presents. It was an exciting season and Mac was glad to be helping out. He was happy about his present and still stirred up about the train.

Mac was ironing clothes, his little sister and brother were fighting on the floor. Jerry was getting out the plates and forks and 20d was on the bed.

"Hello, dear, are you all well? It's awful out, ain't it? What you got in that package? How was the weather today?" Ma smiled across at her oldest son, but she did not stop ironing, even when she looked up.

"A surprise, and twenty-five dollars! I couldn't do anything today. That old detective saw me and I had to be careful."

"He didn't see you taking nothing did he? Twenty-five dollars! That's better than you've been doing most of the time. What do you mean a surprise? Is it?"

"Ma went over to her, looked in the bag and held it open for her to see. She looked down into it and squealed in delight.

"Oh, Ma, how beautiful! What a swell big brother. But—Mac, in a bag, Ma, did you buy it?"

"I had to, Ma, it was big. Now don't say anything, it wasn't much. Please, Ma, it's a surprise."

"But Mac, I know you was going to get one, but I didn't know you was going to buy it. How much was it?"

"Aw, Ma, he's too little. You know he shouldn't. He'll get caught, and besides I'm doing O.K. and saving, and one of us is enough. Let him stay home. I can do it alone."

"He, he's got to learn, Mac. He's a big boy now, and he's old enough to be helping out. You was little when you started."

"Aw, Christ, he's too little. Mac's eyes filled and he went over to the window. His mother put down the iron and went over to him.

"I know what you're thinking, Mac. You don't want him to do it and neither do I. I hate to do it..."
Jerry. You got to be clean, else the Little Pat. Pretty missus, too."

with real gold—"

watch and a beautiful dress and

pressed her lips hard together and

does he hafta come?' Mac looked

looney." Ma picked up Mac's coat

fore you can't get stuff like that

wakened by Jerry's shrill excited

where in the building was singing

a little boy, in a ragged shirt that

for a ten year old; Little Pat and

table. Mac, skinny and too wise

and went over to the two little

bring much. He'll be all right.

and take Jerry before he drives me

There wouldn't be no place

joy to the World, the Lord is

kets full of clean laundry. She

never run. Remember that. Don't

You gotta be fast and then get

minutes consider that Mac had tak-

three diamond rings had been

en them, but it occurred to him that

the ones who knew him and those

expression on his face did not alter,

the little boy turn around and keep

the face of the approaching man. The

expression on his face did not alter,

but he whispered to Jerry to 'Get

away—go home—quick!'

The detective could not see this

motion on Mac's face but he

the little boy turn around and keep

wasting, walking right out the door.

was the one he wanted and it's

paid no more attention to the van-

lishing accomplice, only frowned

slightly. (Continued Page 14)
In February, winds that blow
Are frigid, so I'm told.
If our sweet miss wears less than this,
She'll surely catch a cold.

Now January marks the time
Of old year's dissolution
So why not make this pretty miss
Your new year's resolution?

Along toward the end of March
Sweet Spring awaits resplendent.
Note, when your income tax you pay,
That here's a nice dependant.

Though April's balmy breezes blow,
This lassie's mind's on school.
She knows exams are coming up
And she's no April fool.
In May the sun shines bright and warm,
The days with pleasure brimming.
What matters if she dives or not,
She keeps men's heads a-swimming.

June marks the end of books and such,
No school bells now are ringing,
And you can find no fairer gal,
Her praises loud we're singing!

When August days get damp and hot
She's going for a sail.
An expert sailor? Maybe not,
So will you help her bail?

Though fire crackers on the Fourth
May interrupt our slumber,
The fifth, or sixth, or any date
Will suit for this cute number
October causes all the leaves
To flutter fast and free.
But this bundle fell from Heaven
And not from any tree.

September with its football games
Brings noise to split the ears.
But our sweetie in the sweater
Is enough to get our cheers.

'Mongst parties, dances, and such things,
November brings Thanksgiving.
If this cute gal should glance your way,
Give thanks, young man, you're living.

So ends another busy year,
And youthful New Year's knocking.
'Twould please a man most anywhere
To find this in his stocking.
A WEAK LINK IN OUR DAISY CHAIN

By Barrie Bedell and John Hodges

... And a Lucky Tiger calendar for the little girl in your life... Hey, Barrie, what are you going to give for Christmas this year? Frankly, I'm stumped.

"It's got me floored too, John. I've been in every pawn shop in town and still haven't found a thing."

"Why don't we check the shopping guides? They ought to give us some sort of clue." Time out for a short one between acts. Thirty-seven days later...

... Anyhow I can still get a Lucky Tiger calendar girl for my roommate. By gosh, Bedell, those loopy shopping guides don't have anything like the right sort of things to give to college kids.

"I'll bet plenty of other kids are in the same boat. Hey, don't we compile our own guides?"

After considerable research and thirty-seven days later:

As the first annual Bedell and Hodges Collegian Gift List hits the campus, we find several items soar to the top in popularity. For example, reference books have classified this list according to donors and donees. In order to accommodate the majority of college students across America, we will consider appropriate presents for pinched men and women.

The chained male has an exceptionally fine range of items from which to choose. For example, a nifty little item that has always been a hit is one of those countless left-over formal favors that have been accumulating since your freshman year. Another fast mover is a hair ribbon in her school or sorority colors, obtainable at Adam's Mill Remnants Shop in Columbus. If you want something really personal for the little woman, how about a pair of deluxe foam rubber "gay deceivers"? And a Lucky Tiger calendar girl for your roommate, too. Now for that chick in Cincinnati who you've been sneaking off to; how about a pair of deluxe foam rubber "gay deceivers"? And a Lucky Tiger calendar girl for your roommate, too. Now for that chick in Cincinnati who you've been sneaking off to; how about a pair of deluxe foam rubber "gay deceivers"? And a Lucky Tiger calendar girl for your roommate, too.

For you lucky fellows still free and master of your life, late October following treasures have been compiled for you to give to the light of your life. An electrically heated sweater for that frost-bitten (I can still see how you scare) little girl of the hayride last month is sure to go over big. For the blind date you had on the hayride last week, we suggest an ice pack. For that cute little freshman girl you're trying so hard to impress, complimentary two-month's rich black currant is the way to go. Old Mac reach for his mother. His mother stood quite still, staring at the closed door. Pa sank

(Continued Page 20)
Sport Shorts
By Joe Yearling

Another football season has come
to a close and many astounding
dreams and upsets have been
recorded in the books. The most
talked about team of the year was a
formerly invincible Notre Dame's gridiron
machines, the nation's most powerful
professional collegiate football force
over most of the last thirty years—
unbeaten from the end of 1945 to
1950. After losing three of their
first five games this year, a flood of
questions and many attempted
explanations followed. People were
strung when they heard that little
Purdue had romped over the Fighting
Irish. And after losing two more
games, the Irish reluc-
tantly resigned their throne for bigger
and better teams to fight over.
In order to climb to the top once
more, Notre Dame must immedi-
cately organized a more powerful
alumni recruiting group, patterned
after those of many other major
colleges, or be relegated to the list of
second-rate football teams.

As the winter season sets in, oth-
er sports will take the limelight
from football, and it is only fitting
to present a preview of the coming
winter sports scene around the na-
tion.

Something new has been added to
the wrestling and boxing scene. The
mat wonder, Marvin "Atomic"
Mercer, World's Junior
Wrestling Champion, claims he
is ready to whip the cream of
the public eye more than any other
sports will take the limelight
as the public interest in the past has never
reached a peak, the sport merits
some discussion here.

"Terrible" Ted Lindsay stands
out as hockey's No. 1 man. Being
a veteran with his ice skates and
hockey stick, it's going to be rough
dancing for anybody to surpass Lindsay. He
stickhandles like magic, and his shooting aim and
blistering shot long ago earned
him a place on the all-U.S. Stanley Cup-
ship last year. Thrills and spills
are again a dime a dozen as the
National Hockey League Champion-
ers. Lindsay is a member of the Detroit
Red Wings and was an im-
nental Hockey League Champion-
er out with Rick Hamilton, the
tick, the famous.

Basketball, of course, will hold
the public eye more than any other
sport during the winter season.
This season promises to be the most
thrilling for many a year. A bas-
ketball expert for the New
York Times picks the following teams to
be among the nation's top ten:
1. City College of New York.
2. Bradley.
4. Western Kentucky.
5. Bowling Green.
7. Brigham Young.
8. Iowa.
9. Long Island University.
10. Arizona.

Lost Christmas
By Sally Gleason

Her greenish eyes observed the
"NO SMOKING" sign briefly be-
fore she flipped it upside down

on a dorm room
booth, cigarette in hand. An
envious flurry passed through
the wailing throng, and they giggled
obediently. Lou was marvelous.
She didn't smoke. It went against
the school rule in existence. Wouldn't
it be terrific to have her nerve?

Outside the tiny cubicle, Lou be-
gan to feel a little sick. The hot,
sweetish air pushed against her
face and chest, and she coughed,
looking distastefully at her cigarr
ette. Absolutely, she took a deep
drag and disliked long distance.
Waiting for her connection to New
York, Lou twisted a strand of long
blond hair savagely. How had she
gotten into this mess, anyway?

Her head was beginning to ache as she
dimly remembered the joke-box
at Rocky's Larling "Bonaparte's Re-
treat" hot night when she'd green-
ner Rick Hamilton she'd spend
Christmas vacation at his home-
party, with four other couples. If
you dated Rick Hamilton, you
couldn't be the kind of girl whose
parents had a say in what you did!

She remembered Rick's black eyes
and stared at the cigarette butt on
his modern upbringing dictated.
D'you mind?"

But Lou was dying to
go to his party more than she had
ever wanted anything else.

"Please Clarice." The clamor at the Pelham's died
away, but you didn't act like a saint
her voice, Lou repeated, and wait-
est, and then his hand finding her
keen to Rick's party more than she had
she was pretty lucky. She
could do anything.

Lucky Lou sat down heavily,
tackling as idle smile on her face.
She was victoriously twirling her
hair (Continued Page 20)
It had been, Marge admitted, her idea to take this Great Lakes cruise; dear Harry really worked hard to make sure he didn’t have to, his, and besides, tomorrow would be their tenth wedding anniversary and she felt she deserved a little special in the way of a celebration. She didn’t think she’d been in her life, but on the whole she knew, with a private veranda. It one of the large bedrooms, you know, and she turned up her husband, “They’re all in their half,” she said, and sighed daintily. “I was twenty-six when Harry had just turned twenty-eight.”

“Pass,” dear Harry said, and laid his chin down on his hand. It seemed to him it was getting rather late.

She couldn’t tell the Whites how pleased she was to have met them, Marge said. She had known the minute she’d seen them—that this afternoon, wasn’t it—gracious, it seemed as if she’d known them for ages—really, for ages—as soon as she’d seen them that they were the kind of people she’d like to know. “I’ve always been a good judge of characters,” she said. “Why, I remember when I first met Harry. The moment I laid eyes on him I knew he was the man I’m going to marry.” And I didn’t.” She simpered prettily. Although, I mean, it took me three weeks to catch him.”

Harry slumped down a little in his seat. “One heart,” Mr. White said.

Harry’s hand was over. “I mean, it gets monotonous after a while. But it’s a good way to spend a night.” She examined her cards, “I’ll pass.”

“Pass.”

The Whites made their bids. Harry thought, no, you don’t? Marge asked when the hand was over. “I mean, it gets monotonous after a while. But it does serve to pass the time. And of course, you can have quite a good night without this poker.” She smiled nicely. “Harry used to play poker a lot when we were young. He’s not as bad as that. He doesn’t weigh much, really. Harry pushed, there was a splash, and she was gone. As easily as that.

For some time Harry stood looking at the spot where she had disappeared. Finally he brought his cigar from his pocket, carefully removed the wrapper, and went inside to smoke before going to bed.

Sport Shorts

Many of the top sports writers of the nation have compiled a list of the various teams, which is national, and only time will tell which of these will be on top when the season draws to a close. Last year CCNY, by going all the way in the National Invitation and N.C.A.A. tournaments, was generally acknowledged the No. 1 college basketball team in the nation. This year another surprise rugged team will have to challenge the hardwood court for CCNY. Lask year’s team was powered by the great Kellis, a sophomore who was, hands down, the toughest man to beat in anyone’s league.

In the East, Bob Zawoluk of St. John’s will probably hold top scoring honors. The 6’8” lad hails from Brooklyn, N. Y., and is currently considered one of the best shooters in the game. His 65 points against St. Peters was the individual high for any major college star in a single game last year. He also topped 36 points in three games. Bob Zawoluk is one of the top contenders for another vear. This season he was also considered one of the best of his class in the country.

Zawoluk. He’s going places this year. Among the top contenders for All-American honors will be Gene Melchiorre of Bradley, Ed Warner of Georgetown, Bill Spivey of CCNY, Bob Zawoluk of St. John’s, Sam Ranzino of North Carolina, and Sherman White of LIU. It looks as if the East may have its man to beat for basketball star of the year. Most of the sports editors throughout the nation pick the 5’9” forward to represent a position on their pre-season All-American team. Melchiorre can throw the ball through the basket with either hand, is a master in the pivot and an artist in the use of various fakes to get loose.

In the West, Coach Nat Holman calls Ed Warner the toughest “bucket-man” in intercollegiate basketball. It is nearly impossible to stop Warner when he gets under the basket. He’s going to be a tough man to beat in anyone’s league.

All in all, all sports fans, it looks like a great winter season for athletics. Children talk about sports away your raccoon coats and pennants for another season. This year sport fans are in for the usual dark-horses that are not to be left out of the picture. De-
back down on the bed, his mouth opened to say something that had not come out. Jerry looked at his mother and his face brightened. "Ma, I do know how. Mac showed me everything. I can do it and' Mac says that's best. Can I, tonight and come back with a hun-
pulled the cap off his curly hair.

"Ma, I do know how. Mac showed me everything. I can do it and' Mac says that's best. Can I, tonight and come back with a hun-
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"Ma, I do know how. Mac showed me everything. I can do it and' Mac says that's best. Can I, tonight and come back with a hun-
pulled the cap off his curly hair.
The debating team couldn’t make much use of this non-talkative baby... but one look at his “literary leanings” tells you that tests don’t buffalo him. Specially those tricky cigarette tests! As a smoker, you probably know, too, that one puff or one sniff — or a mere one-inhale comparison can’t prove very much about a cigarette! Why not make the sensible test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test.

You judge Camel mildness and flavor in your own “T-ZONE” (T for Throat, T for Taste) ... for 30 days. Yes, test Camels as a steady smoke and you’ll see why . . .

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!