**If this is dry**

**Excuse our dust**

**Plans for the year**

It is with some consternation that I await student reaction to this issue of the magazine. The need to maintain the goodwill of alumni, faculty, parents and administration, I feel that my primary obligation as editor of Campus is to publish a magazine that will please the major interest students. Of course it is not feasible to please everyone; but in this issue an attempt has been made to please everybody in at least some respect.

Unfortunately, the recent controversy over the merits of Campus magazine will have little to do with what may or may not be of value in any case. It is with a renewed vigor and delight that the editors plan for next year.

**WATCH FOR IT!**

The budget allotted for Campus by DCGA has been considerably reduced due to the decreased size of the student body. Thus it means that we will be forced to print less cartoons and photos than might be desired, for the high cost of engraving has its limits. The layout of the contents of this issue will be as great as possible, but of course cannot exceed the quality of the manuscripts submitted. The policy of this magazine has been, and will be, that it shall be to solicit material from all people interested in contributing to a magazine for students.

This year the style of Campus has undergone a moderate revamping. The manner in which the page has been completely balanced and an effort has been made to standardize the type in his headlines.

**MISS CAMPUSS CONTEST**

Denison is a college known for its quizzes. This organization and that was forever choosing a queen. Last year the staff of Campus figured they were ready out on the fun so they decided to select a Campus Queen, a true Queen.

(Continued on page 14)

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**A WORLD OF ISMS**

Stumbled across these definitions by Paul Garrett, a V.P. of General Motors.

**Communism**—If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

**Socialism**—If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor and keep one for yourself.

**Fascism**—If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government, then when it's cried out you'll have to deliver them.

**Nazi-ism**—If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

**New Dealism**—If you have two cows, you shoot one, milk the other, and pour the milk down the drain.

**Capitalism**—If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

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**LIKELY LEGISLATION**

We heard that the present Washington administration is considering a bill to go into effect next January whereby each year shall consist of 104 demi-weeks.

The new law goes into effect on Monday and Tuesday, for which they will be paid their regular weekly salary. Wednesday will be a legal holiday, and end of the first demi-week. Thursday and Friday will make up the next demi-week, and Saturday and Sunday will be holiday seasons.

The sponsors of the bill feel that this will cause everyone to work twice as hard, and produce twice as much, thereby justifying two weeks pay for one. It was also felt that under the new plan we will achieve production of 104 weeks of production each year instead of 52.

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**MODERN AMERICA**

In the last decade or two, many new and different kinds of businesses have been established. Some of these have been to provide a diaper service for families with babies. This is nothing particularly new or interesting, but one firm out on the West Coast has come up with a somewhat new idea. "Rock-A-DRY Baby"

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**IT HAPPENED HERE**

Not long ago one of the classes studying human relations in industry was having a discussion. Each member of the class stood up and told about his work experiences. Everything proceeded smoothly until one female stood up and said she had never had a job, but because she was going to be married in a couple of months she wanted to find out all about labor.

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**NO DRINKING**

To freshen and invigorate our College on the Hill we have developed a two-mile walking path along an almost unbelievable fact: there are no outside drinking fountains on this campus. If an individual can manage to pluck a patching thistle he will find that inside most of the buildings cold and warm running water is available.

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**COCOON**

by Joy Clapp

Helen Black opened the iron gate and then closed it carefully behind her as she strode up the long walk. Before she reached the porch, she saw the boy standing by the steps. He looked up, and then said, "Hello! Helen, isn't it?" He was quite small, really too small for such a job. She was going to say something about it, but he went on: "How old are you?" she asked firmly.

"Twelve, ma'am," he replied, and there was a note of prouder in his voice. "We're very small for such a large job," she said looking out over the lawn. "I just look little," he announced. In spite of herself, she couldn't help smiling at his boyish boast.

"What's your name?"

"Bobby Sherman."

"What a charming name! But of course cannot exceed the length of the kid."

"I'm a good kid," he answered. "Just a good job," she said, "the grass cut away from the walk and the hedge trimmed."

"Yes," he agreed positively. "You'll find everything you need on the back porch. Go around the side of the house, and I'll have the door unlocked for you."

Shifting the large grocery bag to a more comfortable position, she went up the steps and unlocked the front door. It was cool in the hall, and the dimness was a relief from the blinding sun. Brick houses with a blessing in the summer, she had always contended.

"Please set the kitchen, she said, the groceries on the table, then un-lock the closet that was in the back porch. The boy was watching patiently when she unbolled the outer door.

"If you need anything else, she said, "just knock."

She went back into the kitchen, and stood for a while outside the window watching the boy start his work. Absently, she twisted the narrow gold band on her left hand as she watched, and then glanced away. She was almost twelve if he had lived, she thought with a twinge of pain. The big brown eyes, the thin face, the hair so much like her own. He was good looking, she thought, and perhaps he could have been a big and lonesome with no one playing in it. He stopped as though something had made him turn his attention back to his food.

"Someone used to play in it," she said softly, "but that was a long time ago. The owner decided to come in and play in it sometime?"

"Oh, yes," he said quickly.

"If you liked," she added almost lamely to find herself doing it, "perhaps in the spring you might plant some flowers."

Bobby turned to her with enthusiasm, "Oh, I would like that. And I wish the other kids could see it. It would be a perfect place."

"A perfect place for what?"

"Just thinking," he mumbled quietly, "and gulping down the rest of his milk, he got up. "Thank you," he said refolding his napkin and setting his chair under the table with care. "I guess I better get started again."

He paused a moment beside the door. "Your rhododendrons would be much better if they weren't thinned."

Helen turned and looked at him, "I've never tried to thin them I hate to thin them so," she said.

"But they'd be much nicer," he replied, "I'd like to have someone teach them."

Before Helen had a chance to respond, the boy continued, "What grade are you in?"

"Seventh."

"Seventh," he replied, and continued eating.

"Do you talk much do you?"

He stopped, and put his spoon to his mouth again. "Someone used to play in it," he said with a slight smile. "There isn't much to talk about, he added in half-awear, and started to eat again.

"Don't say ain't," Helen prompted, "It isn't polite to leave a spoon in the bowl."

"Sorry."

"Turned out the groceries again except for the dish for the silver against the dishes. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" This was usually the question to ask small children.

"He stopped eating, and his face brightened from inside. "I want to have a big, big greenhouse," he replied, "with lots of beautiful things, and I know, he went on, "you'd have an awful pretty yard if there were more flowers." And it looked big and lonesome with no one playing in it. He stopped as though something had made him turn his attention back to his food.

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"Oh, yes," he said quickly.

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Today's headline:  
AP, Granville, Ohio. FLASH FLOOD DELUGES  
ALPHA STIGMA FRATERNITY SERENADE.
Perhaps you’ve heard of the Sophomore Stump, the Junior Jump, and the Senior Slump; but let me tell you of the Freshman Follies from a girl’s eye view. Man, it’s wonderful!

There are 193 of us beautiful babies. (At least our mommies call us beautiful). We’re some of you Southerners, some Yank Dankees, and some Wild Westerners, and one or two had from ‘turrin’ parts.

September eleventh was the glorious day. That was when the fun began!

The first big job was moving in. Pandemonium! Multiply two cartons plus three suitcases plus five shoe boxes plus two hat boxes plus one trunk plus one radio plus one camera plus 100, no make it 1000, miscellaneous items and what do you get? The contents of East, King, Stone, Parsons, and Monomoy in one big heap. However, the boys were strong and the girls undaunted, and slowly the bags, boxes, barrels, and brica-brac were dumped in little square rooms. Presto! The freshman dorms were alive once more.

Now getting acquainted with freshman gals is fine, but even finer is meeting freshman men. Our first good chance to look and see and hear. How? First floor, begging: “Is—is—isn’t there a soul left?” Second floor; pleading: “Can’t someone go out tonight? Really they’re terrific fellows. Seniors.”

The different kinds of dates we have around here are amazing. Coke dates, Corner dates, Newark dates (ahah!), Columbus dates, (hmmmm), bridge dates, walk dates, Spring Valley dates, library dates, Union dates—anything goes. They take just two ingredients, male and female.

Along about that time (So I am a student) those darned eight o’clocks. What invention! We can give you umpteen good arguments anti-eight o’clocks.

1. You have to get up.
2. You either miss breakfast and starve or get up even earlier.
3. You have to climb THE HILL.
4. You inevitably trip over a tree.
5. You never make it on time anyway.
6. Your whole day is spoiled.

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But if the first week was wonderful, the second week was sheer bliss. The upperclassmen arrived. The Kenyon invasion swept in. Generally there were men, men, and more men. The curiosity aroused by the new faces and figures drew the D.U. upperclassmen to the downhill dorms like flies to honey. A typical Saturday night phone conversation:

He: “But honey, I’ve got to get these fellows dates!”
She: “Do you know what time it is?”
He: “Honey, puleeze.”
She: “How many?”
He: “About a dozen, assorted sizes.”

Then the frantic girl runs around the dorm screaming to the first floor: “Isn’t there anybody here who doesn’t have a date? . . . Not one?”

Second floor; pleading: “Can’t someone go out tonight? Really they’re terrific fellows. Seniors.”

Try asking that again in the third floor, begging: “Is—is—isn’t there a soul left? . . . O.K. bring your crutches and come on.”

The upperclassmen are fine, they have their dates plus one trunk plus one radio plus one camera plus 100, no make it 1000, miscellaneous items and what do you get? The contents of East, King, Stone, Parsons, and Monomoy in one big heap. However, the boys were strong and the girls undaunted, and slowly the bags, boxes, barrels, and brica-brac were dumped in little square rooms. Presto! The freshman dorms were alive once more.

The lucky seven at the left below have sunny smiles on their friendly faces. They are waiting for them while they get their pictures taken.

Joanne Adamson is resting. She finds that a long walk is the shortest distance between Stone Hall and an uplift eight o’clock. But just wait until winter’s slippier arrivals, lookey.

The Kingsers tease us Stoners about the Mysterious Case of the Lost Lingerie. It seems the gals in Stone’s ground floor are now minus some of their prettiest, frilliest, most unmentionable unmentionables. Who took them, why, and when is the riddle of the day, but somehow the joke provides laughs for everyone but the ground floor gang.

The stories fly about the King girls too. Ever hear of the I. B. K. Club? Membership is by no means limited to King, but these gals can tell you what it is.

East dorm’s claim to fame is its Famous Twelve, twelve girls in the house you see. Parsons sports a fabulous roof for samba hunting and serenade listening. Wonder what would happen if some of the gals ever lost their balance during a serenade. No doubt it would be “Raining Parsons-ettes.” And Monomoy’s boast? Well, they just boast, with twenty-three good reasons.

Yep, our whole long year is one of joy. The keyword to it all is “boy.” We’re all of us on the jump. Next year, resolved: NO SOPHOMORE SLUMP!
A Glimpse Behind the Scenes at Homecoming

by Jacquie Dutro

At no other time on the Denison campus is there so much activity after the stroke of midnight than on the eve of Homecoming. The women usually have enough foresight, or energy, or whatever you wish to call it, to start working on their decorations at least a few days ahead of the deadline; but the men seem to prefer one grand attempt, all of which takes place within twelve hours before the parade.

Just by looking at the various floats and building decorations in their finished form, one would nev-

er suspect that trials and tribulations were interwoven with the preparations because a fair number of their fair chapter were away for the weekend.

Did anyone guess that the pigskins of the Theta float were, in reality, bedclothes treated with a coat of brown paint? It hasn't been revealed which poor Phi Gamma was asked to donate the sheets, but common sense would indicate that the donors were among the newcomers to the Fiji lodge.

The Sigma Chi had a little touch of legitimacy in their float, for the ideal Wooster Scot was reclining on artificial grass borrowed from a local funeral home.

If the paper mache figure of the Denison Big Red which the Delta Gamma erected didn't look especially glamorous, he should've, because he had his last coat of paint dried with hair driers. Dye doesn't have anything on the DG's.

A little difficulty in cutting their decorations out of beaverboard was the only major obstacle the AOPi's faced. But they used the entire collection in carrying the goalposts. Comment: it's a common-sense plus.

Practically synonymous with Homecoming is the all night session Friday night to throw a float together. Here the outstanding SAE's seem to be getting a head start.

Freshmen are always known for their unbounded exuberance and enthusiasm. Although by now it is nearly four in the morning notice the large group of girls watching the two brush-wielders.

By now, East Cottage can be referred to as "The Little Pink House" because the powder-paint which the residents used on the banner bore their Homecoming slogan was scattered into every nook and cranny, and, according to some of them, it's there to stay.

And speaking of roofs: things went smoothly at the Kappa house until all the decorations were up and the girls who were playing monkeys for the occasion were ready to come down; and no one could find a place to place the ladder where it wouldn't interfere with the decorations. They must've found a way because they weren't anywhere to be seen when the judges arrived.

One other disturbance arose, for every time the sun began to shine it was obvious to all that the bees had chickenwire skeletons; perhaps they should've worn heavier clothes.

Not being mechanically minded, the Tri-Delta's had a little trouble finding out just exactly what would make their synchronized clock tick, but where there's a will, there's a way—and they found it.

"More crepe paper," was the cry of the Thetas. The stuff stretches, but it just wouldn't stretch far enough. You've heard of bucket brigades; well the Thetas made history on Friday, October 11, by initiating a crepe paper brigade!

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They went on to look at more pictures that were all very different. But all very funny like the first two. It got so Earl couldn't laugh for fear he'd dislocate his knee if he clapped it. Claude had nearly lost his funny hat by stopping for fear the corner of it would meet at the back of his head.

Sitting there, Earl could only chuckle weakly at it and Claude couldn't get a grin weakly at it because they were pretty well bushed. Then they saw a pretty woman in very high-heeled shoes who made a lot of noise with her chewing gum before Hope and Substance.

Earl waited for her to laugh. Claude waited for her to grin. She didn't do either. Instead she threw her arms up very dramatically and said "oh" very emotionally. Then she went still making noise with her gum.

Earl and Claude looked at each other in surprise. Then a man with a beret and very long hair stopped before Hope and Substance.

Earl and Claude just waited this time.

The man stood there looking at it for a full seven minutes before he said "exquisite" with very much the same emotion as that woman with the very high-heeled shoes and the loud chewing gum had alone with him.

Again Earl and Claude looked at each other in surprise.

When they got home Earl put on some old comfortable clothes and opened up a can of beer.

"I'm going to go to bed," he said. Then he picked up the new Terhune book he bought just the other day.

Strange heels tipped in and out of the house all morning. They were quite quick and had tied the slip on the bedroom lamp so that she wouldn't waken her younger sister. When she came down from her walk the night before, the thick, heavy-heeled shoes hurrying to get places—lots of places—but a little confused as to which direction to take first. The slower, more assured male trash came next. They followed the women, carrying boxes tied with silver and white ribbons, and usually accompanied by a cacophony of chattering from chicanes to the rear of the display tables so that the sturdiest presents would meet the fangs of old Frost.

When Joyce arrived, there was no one to answer the door. After ringing the bell, she opened her purse and ran a well-acclimated finger rapidly down a list of the day's activities—shopping for jello (with peaches and grapes), Corn Flakes, Vanilla, two boxes of flour, confectioner's sugar, birthday present for Lila, Thank-you stationery for Dawn; pick up father's dresses from final alterations. That was all. She drew a careful line through all of them. Shifting the dresses, she pushed the bell again. Still no one. The door was open a little, so she went in and discovered the bell wasn't ringing any more. She picked up a dress that had come from underneath a display table where he had piled all of the boxes.

He was tired but smiling. Almost grudgingly he gave her the dress and told her to take it. "She's upstairs packing," he said, indicating Dawn's room. "I don't think I'll find you to do much, but you'll be somebody else to answer the phone. And you'll be able to make sure that will give me a rest, unless of course, her mother decides to use me for moving van again."

Upstairs, Dawn was hurrying from one room to another—losing spaghetti-aways and weddings and away from the head of the house.
When he got home, he'd consume the fire—rather like the taste of burning wood—before going to bed. (His nightslip.)

At last, life for Pasha became unbearable because of his brother. He waited for months about how he could get back at Jasha for being abnormal in a way which his folks admired. At last an inspiration came. Among his other eccentricities, Jasha was afraid of girls. In the vicinity of the Stravinsky home, there were no girls so Jasha had only seen two in his life—besides his mother—and they scared him.

"Why?" Pasha asked.

Pasha, Pasha had a plan. It was evening, and Jasha was taking his customary evening walk—50 miles as I recall. The bonfire in his hand was larger than usual and his big, brown eyes reflected the playful flame as he walked along.

Pasha had hidden behind a large bush which he knew his brother would pass. As Jasha approached, Pasha stepped out with a silent prayer that his plan would work and put faith in his skill as a ventriloquist.

As Jasha neared, he heard a rustle of leaves and a female voice called, "Yes, big boy. Come sit and talk to me."

The expression in Jasha's eyes débúlt his scheme. "You're David Gowan?" he asked, his voice low. "You're David, aren't you?"

"Yes," Siebel said. "They stoned her just before Christmas."

"How outrageous," David said. "Are you sure it was a real witch?"

"Yes," Siebel said. "They stoned her just before Christmas."

"How much was her name?"

"Siebel."

"What do you say?"

"That's too bad."

"That's too bad," Siebel said. "I know."

"Oh, I love reading stories."

"No," said David. "Genealogy."

"Oh, I know all about the dead people of my family," Siebel said. "I'm of the English. My people came here on the Voyage."

"I'm sorry," Siebel said. "I didn't mean to do that, but you win me."

"Oh, that's good," Siebel said. "It makes you glad?"

"Yes." Siebel asked. "You don't think I understand you."

"No, nobody," David said. "I don't think I understand you.

"I know," Siebel said. "I'm a rather diffident girl to understand at first. I'm all alone in the world."

"Oh, I'm sorry," David said politely. "Your folks are deceased."

"They died of old age," Siebel said.

"That's too bad."

"What do you do?" Siebel asked.

"I'm a writer," David said. "I enjoy working at home."

"I'm a writer," Siebel said. "I've always been thinking of going to New York."

"It isn't age that makes a man sensible. It's the lack of strength for raising hell."

"I know what?" Siebel asked.

"About the witch," Mrs. Wimmer said.

"What do you mean?"

This one was a young girl in her teens," Mrs. Wimmer said. "I'll tell you now."

"I'll promise you this: I'll never raise you."

"I don't want you," Siebel said. "You aren't afraid, are you?"

"I'll promise you this: I'll never leave you."

"I don't want your help."

"That's strange," Siebel said. "Now for heaven's sake, David said, "go upstairs and put on my mother's dress."

He watched her go up the stairs and then looked at his watch. Five-twenty. He didn't move.自动地 he walked over and answered it. But, holding the receiver, he didn't know who to call. Who would answer it? What was the man's name? Now? Then, when he called, a woman's voice said, "David?"

"Yes," David said.

"Oh, thank the Lord you're all right," the voice said. "Thank you for calling."

"Are you talking to me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"La mise de la com-" Siebel said. "See here, David, you must not stay there in that house alone. I'm young and you don't know. You couldn't know."

The phone rang and Siebel said, "Witches aren't always ugly, Mr. Wimmer.""
THE LEGACY

(Continued from page 13)

gnique: David said, blunt fact, carefully devoid of any emotion. "Comprehensive."
黯 he hung up the phone with a rapid movement. Suddenly in a hurry, he found the copy of "Snowbound, and started up the stairs. The telephone rang again; David realized that he wouldn't answer it. For he had already forgotten. Nor would he know about doors, except that one closed behind him somewhere in the upstairs dinette that would never open again.

COCON (Continued from page 14)
suitable is too far out of town, Mr. Johnson announced.

"And what am I supposed to do?" Helen said vaguely. "Just turn my yard over to be filled up with paper, pop bottles, and a crowd of people that I don't even know!"

"But everything would be cleaned up," Bobby said, "and it would be, but beside him stood a tall boy. "I'm Bobby's teacher, Mr. Johnson," he said as he paused in the yard over to be filled up with paper, pop bottles, and a crowd of people that I don't even know!"

"But everything would be cleaned up," Bobby said walking towards Helen. "He stood in front of her, his blue eyes now level with hers. "Honest it would. Nothing would be hurt, and your yard's the only place to hold it."

Bobby, I have not said anything out realizing it."

"Bobby, I have not said anything out realizing it."

His face again lighted from without. "Love, Miss, to Neck, Mo., submitted by Miss Shirley Collins, Independence, Mo. $100 in cash prizes for interesting town names! Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: Free RYE, N. Y., to CHESTER, N. Y. Between the two—the better your chances will be.

$10 and three $5 prizes. Contest closes December 31, 1951. All combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with other entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify.

America's FAVOR-it from coast to coast

LIFE SAVERS

still only 5c

In cash prizes for interesting town names!
October fifth came, a perfect day with just enough snap in the air. All day she waited for the evening meal was eaten and the dishes washed, she went upstairs and watched from the seclusion of her own room.

She was in deep thought when she heard footsteps in the hall and a low knock at the door. "Who is it?"

"It's me." Bobby opened the door and stepped into the room. She meant to correct him but in-stead she said, "Bobby, Bobby, you..."

"I hope I'm not bothering you," he began, his eyes on his shoes.

"Of course you aren't," she said. "But why aren't you down with the others?"

"I..." he hesitated an instant. "I was wondering if you'd like to come here and..." he stopped and turned. Pausing in front of the mirror, she gave a long look at herself. She was dressed too commonly to be a parent, a mother to him. She turned to her closet. It had been a long time since she had worn the red dress, she would like to go down with me."

Helen sat for some time watching the child standing in front of her. "I'd love to, Bobby," she said softly. "Run along and I'll be down in a few minutes."

**Famous Last Words**

"OK. Just one beer, but, man I've got to study."

"Maturity Ward (Prison Exercise)"

"Don't bother to wrap it, I'll eat it here!"

**Editorial**

Continued from page 2)

among Queens. Every girl whose picture graced the pages of Campus at least once during the year was eligible to be selected. The lovely winner was Peggy Malpass, Kappa Kappa Gamma. Again this year Campus will sponsor the contest and in the last issue of the year another delectable Denison Dolly will be chosen "Miss Campus."

It's Me!"

Faculty members and student organizations of Denison University are being offered a most unusual opportunity to enjoy next summer in Europe without it costing them a penny. Any faculty member or student organization sponsoring and organizing a standard size Trans World Airline Travel-Study Tour will receive free transportation for himself and may receive a substantial cash award also. Those interested should contact Lee Cross, Business Manager of Campus, who will see that full details are supplied to the interested party.

**Perplexed Oriental husband:** "Our child is white. It's funny!"

**Wife:** "It isn't. Two Wongs don't make a white, but accidents will happen."

**Travel and study abroad via TWA next summer**

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**Holy Land**

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Check the box for the area you are interested in visiting next summer:

**Indian and Far East**

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**Holy Land**

**South America**

**Africa**

**Other areas**

**Check**

**Yes**

**No**

**Please specify area.**

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