ET CUDDY, Freshman

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OH, TO BE A FRESHMAN!

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES AT HOMECOMING

COCOON

THE LEGACY

THE WEDDING

EXCUSE OUR DUST

F-L-A-S-H

EARL AND CLAUDE GO SEE SOME PICTURES

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN FAMILY

Cartoons and Jokes
Excuse our dust

Plans for the year

It is with some contemplation that I await student reaction to this issue of Campus. While realizing the necessity for maintaining 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 long suffering students. Of course it is not feasible to please everyone all the time, 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 Capitalism has completely overhauled and an effort to be made to please those who disagree with Capitalism. The boys walk home with eyes shiny watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was waiting quietly watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was watching the careful movements of the kitchen. To save freshmen and thirsty strangers to our College on the Hill what delightful milk to drink on the back porch. The boy was waiting quietly watching the careful movements of the kitchen.
The Legacy
by Edward R. Jacobs

The afternoon of the 19th was bleak and seemed unimportant, swept by the cutting wind of a full December day; the snow was falling profusely and the ground was harmlessly white. It was young David Gowan's first winter going to the country, and his first year being a college senior and alone for Christmas; his parents would be in Paris soon, and it was the only time he had ever thought of spending the holiday at the lake in the house, which he had modestly described to his friends as a cottage. It was in truth a graceful country home; the furnace had to be tended several times every day, the electric refrigerator in the kitchen required regular defrosting; you could sleep in a grand bed almost vanished, which was rutted and covered with drifts of snow. When David gave the thought, it's as though I want to consider that he would have to walk to the back door to be snowbound in the house eventually. Then he opened the back door and looked out: a solid mass of snow, no wind. The world was dark, of course, and David was sure he would be snowbound in the house eventually.

Finally the coffee was ready. David drove out into the garage, and brushed the snow off the canvas top so it wouldn't freeze there. Carrying his suitcases and packages into the house he thought, I really ought not to have brought the car; you'd think they'd find some indestructible top for Detroit. The first thing David did was to stroke the furnace; he or the house could not be comforted, because every- body thought, It's as though I want to consider that he would have to walk to the back door to be snowbound in the house eventually.

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Perhaps you've heard of the Sophomore Slump, the Junior Jump, and the Senior Stump; 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 us Southerners, some Yam Dankees, and some Wild Westerners, and one or two had from 'furrin' 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 bric-a-brac were dumped in little square rooms. Presto! The freshman dorms were alive once more.

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 dormhalls 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, pull yourself out of bed."
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."

Now getting acquainted with freshman gals is fine, but even finer is meeting freshman men. Our first good chance to look and be looked over was the night of the exchange dinners at Curtis Hall. Do you suppose those girls and the Senior Stump; but let me tell you of the Freshman Follies fun began!

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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. Peg Anderson, Sandy Hunt and Pat Long (left to right) are three pretty good rea-sons why the freshman men have been beating a steady path to the doors of King Hall. Do you suppose those girls think they can learn to play the piano by osmosis?

Denison, my D book, my Date, and my Dorm. Believe me that fourth D rates. King hall sings, "Good ole King Hall will shine over all" while Monomoy chants, "Monomoy is the only one"; then Stone, Parsons, and East jump in. The battle rages.

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 sunbathing 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." 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."

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 never suspect that trials and tribulations were interwoven with the more evident elements of brainy ideas and hard work. The situation is more or less analogous to the one in which the hostess, when her guests start to arrive haphazardly, closes the kitchen door upon the sink piled high with dirty pots and pans which she used in preparing the meal. Let's open the door a crack and get a behind-the-scenes version of the 1951 Homecoming decorations.

Not being mechanically minded, the Tri-Delta's had a little trouble finding out just exactly what would make their synchro-painted 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 stretched, 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!

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

A little difficulty in cutting their decorations out of cardboard was the only major obstacle the AOF's ran up against. The Chi Omega's also registered only one big complaint: their roof just wasn't made to be elbowed about on, but the decorations were made for the roof. Problems, problems, problems.

And speaking of roofs: things went smoothly at the Kappa house until all the decorations were up and the girls who were playing monkey for the occasion were ready to come down—then one could find a place to set the ladder where it wouldn't interfere with the decora-
tions. 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 that all the bees had chicken wire skeletons; perhaps they shouldn't've worn heavier clothes.

The Alpha Phi's had a little trouble getting together on their decorations because a fair number of their fair chanter were away for the weekend.

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

The Sigma Chi Beta girls tried to give legitimacy in their float, for the ideal Wooster Scot was reclining on artificial grass borrowed from a local funeral home.

No longer can it be said that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. The SAE's disproved this theory in a big way, for they collected an imposing pile of clothing from generous coeds. It was going to use the entire collection in carrying out their theme; then they decided to use only a portion of it; and finally, when parade time rolled around, they had discarded the idea completely.

Those DU's who were selected by their brothers in high gear all the way. No doubt the Du's and the Lambda Chis, because of their proximity, were called upon more than once for tools and materials which the residents of their laboratories for an out-house.

Since Homecoming preceded pledging year, the freshmen women were free to spend a considerable amount of time on dorm decorations, and since a new loving cup was promised to the first place winner, competition was in high gear all the way. No doubt the DU's and the Lambda Chis, because of their proximity, were called upon more than once for tools and a little masculine support. Even the Kappa Sig girls got in their two cents upon more than once for tools and a little masculine support. Even the Kappa Sig girls got in their two cents.

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Monsoon living on the second floor were forced to side-step a rather sizable chickenwire football for the entire week preceding Homecoming. They'll learn to start to early!

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

But the crowning event of the day was when one of Stone's junior advisors awoke at 6 a.m. Saturday to find a seven-foot cardboard man in her bed! Oh, well, freshmen will be freshmen.
Once upon a time there was a contented bachelor named Earl, who lived contentedly in a white stucco house with his dog named Claude. Claude was a Boxer. Earl liked Claude very much.

Claude liked Earl very much, too, as only a Boxer can love a contented bachelor. Earl, who lives in a white stucco house.

Earl liked his upland terrier and threethousanddollardog around the house and the fire, and Claude did, too. That made them both contented.

The white stucco house had a fireplace inside, so when it was winter Earl and Claude went inside and put a fire in it. Then Claude would lie a little ways away from the fire while Earl read Terhune stories to him.

In the summer Earl would put out the fire (Claude couldn't, being a Boxer) and they would sit on the porch and swing and swing. There Earl would read more Terhune stories to him.

One day it was declared that he and Claude should do something new just for a change. So they went to an art museum where there was all right to take dogs along.

The first picture they saw showed a bucket of dungarees on a clothesline with the back of his head. Then 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 laughed. It was Terhune's funniest trick yet for stopping grinning for fear the corner of the mouth of both would meet at the back of his head.

Sitting there, Earl could only chuckle weakly at it and Claude could only grin weakly at it because they were pretty well bushed.

Then they saw a pretty woman in very clean, white tennis 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 done with the "oh". 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.

Then they talked Terhune.

Then he picked up the new Terhune book he bought just the other day. He showed Claude the picture of a proud-looking Police dog named Rex that was on the dust jacket.

"I like this picture, don't you Claude?" Earl asked.

Because he had next to nothing for a tail, Claude wagged his behind and waited for Earl to start reading. Earl did.

Moral: Nice dogs can't laugh; they just grin.

Strange heels tapped in and out of the house all morning. They were quiet heels and had tied the slip of flame and waves of smoke were arising from the slip. Then the footman came

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The Legacy

(Continued from page 11)

It's not there any more, just a few chips and sticks. The fire is out. This was a big fire. And it burned, not just for a minute, but for an hour or more. I think it was set on purpose, maybe to get rid of some old rubbish.

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The Story of a Russian Family

by Lolly Brunning

(Continued from page 5)

THE WEDDING

(Continued from page 11)

The expression in Jasha's eyes de-

dicted his scheming terror. Her eye

was blinking in his direction. She said.

"Yes, Siebel said. "They stoned her

just before Christmas." How outrageous," David said. "I'll spread rumors about

their family."

"It's the easiest thing to do," Siebel
told him. "It's not difficult to make

people believe anything."

"You'll get it for that," David said.

Jasha was a giant with abnormal

strength. He was at least fourteen

inches higher than that of the At-

lonians. Rimski had never seen such

a giant in his life.

By the time a student enters col-

lege, he is familiar with old books he

has read or heard about. If he has

studied the classics of the past, he

knows how to build the Panama canal in the way we did.

As I mentioned before, Jasha despised his fire. He let go with

such force that the bonfire sank

to the earth and a few days later was

found in Mexico, where it is

building a large bonfire in the

room grate. He had already decided

that he would sleep in the master

bedroom, the wallpaper in his old

room was what David thought of

as bad taste.

Someone knocked on the kitchen
door and David listened to the

rapping with indecision. Although

he was unquestionably safe, he had

heard and read so much about how

people like him were being butch-

ered or imprisoned or made to do

awful things in their cottages near

the villages that he felt at first a

trifle uneasiness. David, fortunate

in having the capacity to appreciate

follks of any environment, was

successful in reassuring himself that

he could live like a man among

his own people. He walked over and

opened the door, and before him at

his own age, David thought--came in

and invaded his privacy. But she was

beautiful and full of the pret-

tiest, most flirtatious face he'd ever

imagined in his life.

"How do you do," David said

nervously.

"Do you know what I'll do, just to

look at your face?"

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

"I know," Siebel said. "I'm a

rather cool girl to understand at

first. I'm all alone in the world."

"Oh, I'm sorry," David said pit-

ifully. "You parents are deceased."

"They died of old age," Siebel

said.

"That's too bad."

"What do you do?" Siebel asked.

"Study writing," David said.

"I'm one of the English. My people

came from the north."

"Whatever?"

"Well, people like you are

sickening me."

"What are you talking about?"

"What are you going to do, Siebel?

"A real witch?"

"Yes, Siebel said. "They stoned her

just before Christmas."

"How outrageous," David said.

"I beg your pardon," Siebel said. "I

seem to have offended you."

"Oh, we might have to stay together here forever."

"What is it that you think?"

"Nothing," David said. "I've

only been here a short time."

"I think it makes you glad?" David

asked.

"Yes, Siebel said. "You aren't afraid, are you?"

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

leave you."

"Undoubtedly," 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-

twelve. Five-twelve. He turned on the

lights and automatically David walked over

and answered it. But, holding the

receiver in his hand, he didn't look a

stopper. Who would call him? What
took place above in the kitchen

now? Then, when he said hello, a

woman's voice said, "David?"

"Yes," David said.

"Oh, thank the Lord you're all

right," the voice said. Thank

God." What do you do?"

"What are you talking about?

"What are you going to do?"

"Wimmer," the voice said. "See here, David, you must not stay there in that house alone."

"I couldn't know."

It isn't age that makes a man

sensible. It's the lack of strength

for helping."

"Know what?" David asked.

"About the witch," Mrs. Wimmer

said. "Right." David said, "I'll tell

you what I'll do: I'll get out the

first time I see an ugly face leaning

over my bed, I'm staying until then

at least."

"Witches aren't always ugly," Mrs.

Wimmer said. "What do you mean?"

This one was a young girl in her

father's coat and hat. "And she was

one of your folks, David."

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father's coat and hat. "And she was

one of your folks, David."

He heard the little click in the

phone and David thought. Siebel has

already called the police and is listening to us on the

extension upstairs. "I have no time to talk," David said. "Call back later."

"There's someone in your house," Mrs. Wimmer said. "I'll hear them pick up the receiver."

This is a party line, Mrs. Wimmer

said. "David, don't be a fool," Mrs. Wimmer said. "La miseire ale de la corn-"
the yard looked better than it ever had before. Then she thought of the rhododendrons that were there. Yes, he was right; they needed to be thinned and he had done precisely what was needed.

She returned to the porch and it was late in the afternoon when at last she heard him coming around the side of the house.

"Finished?" she asked when he came onto the porch.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. His hands were grubby with soil, and there was a stain of dirt and sweat across his forehead and into his blond hair where he had rubbed his hands in the excitement of his work, and his face looked tired—his whole body looked tired, but there was a light of pride and victory in his eyes like that of a boxer after a battle.

"Come in the house while I get your money.

He followed her inside and stood hesitantly by the door.

Going into the library, she came out in a few minutes with her purse. "Here," she said counting the money into his hand, "I must admit that you did do a good job—a real good job, Bobby.

He stood quietly for a while, shifting his weight nervously from one foot to another.

"Well, what is it?" she asked when she could tolerate the silence no longer.

"Can I really come and play in the yard?" he asked shyly.

"May I come," she corrected. "Yes," she added softly, "perhaps next weekend. But you must be certain they don't bother anyone.

She noticed Bobby's quick glance toward Mr. Johnson as she spoke.

"I suppose so," Helen said after an instant of hesitation, "but just one closed behind him someplace.

"You better stay outside, Bobby," the man said. "I'll be out in a few minutes.

The boy looked up at him, and then turned to Helen. "I'll bet better come in," he said decisively.

"Now just what do you want?" Helen asked sharply as she closed the door.

"I'm Bobby's teacher, Mr. Johnson," he said. "But can't we go some place to sit and don't stand there?

"I suppose so," she answered nervously, and led the way into the library.

"You have a very beautiful house," he said as he passed in the middle of the room and looked around. "Your husband must be very successful.

She noticed Bobby's quick glance towards Mr. Johnson as she spoke.

"My husband is dead, and I don't see what that has to do with matters.

"I'm sorry," he spoke softly and sat down across from her.

"Aren't you going to sit down, Bobby?" she asked. He was standing silently in the middle of the floor, hands thrust deep into his pockets and a look of adult concern on his face.

"I'd rather stand," he replied firmly.

Helen looked at him with amazement, but turned to the other. "Suppose you state your business, Mr. Johnson, it's almost supper time and I have a lot of work to do.

"I won't take much of your time. It was really Bobby who insisted that I come.

"I see," she replied looking towards the boy.

"You see," Mr. Johnson said, "the school has been wanting to put on a fête October 5, and the problem we've run into is trying to find a place to hold it.

"And just what does this have to do with me?"

"Your place is just what we need," Bobby spoke up abruptly.

I tried to explain that it was almost out of the question," Mr. Johnson broke in, "but he insisted on my coming.

"But why should it be out of the question?" the boy said. "It's big enough, and it's right where we need it.

"But certainly—certainly there must be a park or some place you could find," Helen said.

"We've looked into everything. The school yard is just too small, and the only place that would be

(Continued on page 15)
COCOON

Continued from page 15

told her that everything would be
worry. So she went about her work
help, and watched the activity from
behind the heavy drapes.

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
and stepped into the room.

"But why aren't you down with the
others?"

"I . . ." he hesitated an instant. "I
hope I'm not bothering you."

"Of course you aren't," she said.

"I . . ."

"I'm sorry, Bobby, Bobby, . . ."

"But in a college magazine, it's
smutty.

"I dunno."

"I don't, eh? Well let's try
something else. Who was Bonny
Prince Charlie?"

"I dunno."

"Don't you! I assigned this silly
last Friday. What were you doing
last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with
some friends."

"You were! What audacity to
stand there and tell me a thing like
that! How do you ever expect to
pass this course?"

"Well, I don't, mister. You see I
came in to fix the radiator."

"And then there was the little mor-
on who collected stones and put
them in his bathroom. He had rocks
in his head."

"In Paris, it's frankness; In Panama,
it's life; In a professor, it's clever;
But in a college magazine, it's smutty.

First Communist: "Nice weather
we're having."

Second Communist: "Yeah, but
the rich are having it too!"

A pessimist is a man who feels
that all women are bad—an optimist
hopes so.

"But Henry, that isn't our baby.
"Shut up, it's a better buggy."

"You can't arrest me. I come from
one of the finest families in Vir-
ginia."

"We aren't arresting you for
breeding purposes."

Little Lucy had just returned
from a children's party and had
been called into the dining room to
be exhorted before her mother's
guests. "Tell the ladies what ma-
ma's little darling did at the party,"
urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

In these days it has been said
that a boy goes four years to col-
lege because it takes about that
time to develop an all-American
football player.

Edison said college men object
to work. College doesn't seem to
change people so much, then.

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Phone: 854-0520.

The Laugh's The Thing—

Irritated professor: "If there are
any more morals in the room,
please stand up."

A long pause, and a lone fresh-
man rose.

Professor: "What, do you consid-
er yourself, a moron?"

Freshman: "Well, not exactly
that, sir, but I do hope to see you
standing all alone by yourself."

Professor: "You in the back of
the room, what was the date of the
signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well let's try
something else. Who was Bonny
Prince Charlie?"

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Across the U.S. and overseas...
The rooster!

You have to get up early in the morning to put one over on *this* cock-of-the-walk! When it came to making "quick-trick" experiments of cigarette mildness, he stated flatly, "That's strictly for clucks!" How 'ya going to keep 'em down on the farm—when they *know* there's one convincing way to prove cigarette mildness!

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