Feature

Editorial ........................................ 2
Denison Debaters Used to Winning .......... 8
The American Way .................................. 9
Campus Gal-ender Girls .......................... 14

Literary

The Portable Christmas ......................... 10
A City Street ....................................... 12
It Came to Pass ..................................... 18

Humor

A Christmas Fable .................................. 3
The House I Lived In ................................. 4
Eastward Hal! ......................................... 6
A Native Returns .................................... 19
The Case of the Reticent Regurgitator ........ 23

Cartoons and Jokes

Vol. VII, No. 2
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Denison is proud of its athletic teams. It stands behind its fine educational theater and its outstanding debate teams. It has lead the educational world in its program of general education. We are failing if we do less with Campus American colleges must lead, and we at Denison, having led in many other activities, should provide leadership in the field of the general college magazine.

It is in this field that our challenge for leadership lies. Other groups must and will provide the needed leadership in moral and spiritual issues, in progressive education, in a living theater. It is the task of Campus to attempt to give the students a publication which is worthy of a place in the field of collegiate journalism.

A SERIOUS NOTE

The editors feel that Campus is an instrument which can be used to entertain and to educate. In keeping with this belief we asked a prominent and well-known American to write, especially for Campus, a brief statement concerning the part Denisonians can play in helping to halt the decay of the kind of Americanism that helped make modern journalism. In the keeping with this belief we have also included many more articles. It also includes many more cartoons and illustrations than a usual. Several new techniques have been attempted regarding layout, et al., in an effort to produce material that is fresh and stimulating.

We sincerely hope that you, the students, like college men and women, must be willing to assume. So far as we know, Campus is the first college magazine ever to print material outside of that contributed by the student body and faculty. It is with heartfelt appreciation that we thank Chester Gould for his inspiring message.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This issue is centered around our lovely calendric girls. The girls, and the months they represent are: January—Julie Robinson, February—Lynn Olwin, March—Jen Jettitch, April—Steven Williamson, May—Nancy Leith, June—Sue King, July—Mary Alice Berger, August—Peggy Williamson, September—Nancy Friel, October—Kay Dodge, November—Jill Woods. It also includes many more pictures and a special section for this issue, although, of course, the usual literary and feature articles. It also includes many more cartoons and illustrations than a usual. Several new techniques have been attempted regarding layout, et al., in an effort to produce material that is fresh and stimulating.

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Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a little bunny rabbit. His home was the deep, forest and the sunny meadows, replete with flowers and things, and the conventional laughing, bubbling brooks. His proper name was Ab- solom, after his father, and he was known more familiarly to all the other little rabbits and the rest of the family as "Dick." "Hi, Dick," they would say whenever they met him in the deep, deep forest.

To his mother, however, he was known always as Absalom, for, you could leap higher, shriek louder, run faster than just anyone in the whole wide forest. In fact, his mother often pointed out that he was the very spittin' image of his father, (a rare hare indeed) and he knew it. Of whom persisted although their somewhat transient love affair was altogether too brief to cement their acquaintance.

This thing is too big for both of us, and beside your little absin- murmured. Little Absolom's fa- ther, you see, was a very tall travellin' salesman, who purveyed little people's charm to those denizens of the college where he was to court good fortune in this fashion. Why, he even left without as much as a Wham! Bam! Thank you, ma'm. "Still," said mother rabbit. "The American is dedicated to the task of Campus is probably, one of the best me di ums through which our young student may exercise his creative ability, for Campus is the experimental member of Denison's journalistic family. We are not fettered by convention to the extent that our sister publica- tions often are.

Now, fresh, verdant writers are encouraged to write, to think, to consider, and to accept or reject by the editors. Here, (a unique opportunity for our students) Campus is the one place where convention will have been asked to use new methods of both writing and illustration which we think will raise the journalistic standards without sacrificing the general appeal of the magazine.

Campus is dedicated to the task of leading the campus in general, and in the field of progressive and creative journalism. In the commercial life of modern journalism, writers and publishers are often constrained by the chains of advertising, and the months they represent are: January—Julie Robinson, February—Lynn Olwin, March—Jen Jettitch, April—Steven Williamson, May—Nancy Leith, June—Sue King, July—Mary Alice Berger, August—Peggy Williamson, September—Nancy Friel, October—Kay Dodge, November—Jill Woods. It also includes many more pictures and a special section for this issue, although, of course, the usual literary and feature articles. It also includes many more cartoons and illustrations than a usual. Several new techniques have been attempted regarding layout, et al., in an effort to produce material that is fresh and stimulating.

We sincerely hope that you, the students, like college men and women, must be willing to assume. So far as we know, Campus is the first college magazine ever to print material outside of that contributed by the student body and faculty. It is with heartfelt appreciation that we thank Chester Gould for his inspiring message.
A CHRISTMAS FABLE

by James Gould

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a little bunny rabbit. His home was the deep, deep forest and the sunny meadows, replete with flowers and trees, and the conventional laughter, bubbling brooks. His proper name was Absalom, after his father, but he was known more familiarly to all the other little rabbits and to the rest of the forest family as, “Dick.”

“Hi, Dick,” they would say when ever they met him in the deep, deep forest.

To his mother, however, he was known always as Absalom, for, you see, his memories of Absalom’s father, Absalom Sr., (a rare hare), still lingered warmly in her soft, little head.

Little Absalom’s life was a warm, full thing, except when winter came to the deep, deep forest, at which time, of course, it was quite cold. In the spring and summer, little Absalom, or Dick, would run and play, leaping high into the air, rolling and tumbling over the green, with little shrieks of rabbit delight. He was joined in these and other capricious occupations by rabbits of all the other little bunny rabbits who were certainly no slouches when it came to having fun either. Of course, young readers, this is not meant as a slight to mink, who are also fun-loving forest people of no mean repertory. But then, this is a rabbit story, isn’t it?

Little Absalom, or Dick, was the liveliest little bunny rabbit ever. He could leap higher, shriek louder, run faster than just anyone in the whole wide forest. In fact, his mother often pointed out that he was the very model of a living thing, whom his father, (a rare hare), the memories of whom persisted although that which is esteemed as a hare’s efficiency was altogether too brief to cement their acquaintance. “This thing is too big for both of us,” Absalom Sr. had murmured. Little Absalom’s father, you see, was a very busy traveling salesman, who purveyed one of the footstamps to which was known American to write, especially for CAMPUS, a brief statement concerning the part Denisonians can and should play in helping to halt the decay of the kind of Americanism that helped make this country great. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this point.

The editors feel that CAMPUS is an instrument which can be constructive as well as entertaining. In keeping with this belief we ask a streamlined and widening circle of writers and publishers to contribute to this project.

Campus is dedicated to the task of leading the campus in general and in the field of progressive and creative journalism. In the commercial world of modern journalism, writers and publishers are often excluded by the chains of advertisers or special interest groups.

Many professional publications are confined to a few tried methods. The college publication is the medium best suited for free experimentation, just as the educational theater serves the professional stage. It is in this light that we strive to encourage the best in writing and in use of various genre and forms. We are striving to be leaders in progressive and creative journalism. Campus can and should lead the way in the field of college magazines. Denison is proud of its athletic teams. It stands behind its fine educational theater and its outstanding debate teams. It has led the educational world in its program of general education. We are falling if we do less with Campus American colleges must lead, and at Denison, having led in many other activities, should provide leadership in the field of the general college magazine.

It is in this field that our challenge for leadership lies. Other groups must and will provide the needed leadership in moral and spiritual issues, in progress of education, in a living theater. It is the task of Campus to attempt to give to the students a publication which is worthy of a place in the field of college journalism.

In the past few weeks I have been asked many times to state the purposes and objectives. This issue is centered around our lovely calendar girls. The girls, and the month they represent are: January—Julie Robinson, February—Lynne Owlin, March—Joan Jitchard, April—Gretchen Williamson, May—Nancy Leith, June—Sue King, July—Mary Alice Berger, August—Fujio Williamson, September—Nancy Fields, October—Kay Dodge, November—Jean Lockhart, December—Jill Woods.

Response to our repeated requests for contributions has been encouraging. We sincerely hope that you, as a student of Denison, will be willing to assume. So far as we know, CAMPUS is the first college magazine ever to print material outside of that contributed by the student body and faculty. It is with heartfelt appreciation that we thank Campus editor for his inspiring message.

A CHRISTMAS FABLE
THE HOUSE I LIVED IN,
Or The Real Story Behind The Closing Of The Pines.

by Hart Dake as told to Don Shackelford

Behind the drab, weather beaten facade of this foreboding edifice, the stark terror inflicted on its 342 inhabitants for nine agonizing months lives on, its far reaching significance not dimmed by the passage of time.

Here! Now! Today! exposed with startling frankness and clarity is the true story of the closing of the Pines, revealed to our readers by one-time inmate of the Pines, Senior Hartzell Dake, as related to Campus Special Investigator, Don Shackelford.

"I can tak now, lets see OK, weeh my heed Cenaracha safely across ze border. I have live in een beeg scare, you betcha, worse I leave ze den of intrigue and hothed of carnal desires. But I can tell you, if you will, to happier days when the site of the Pines was no more than an engrossing pastoral scene. Upon fields of lush herbage, the sleek flocks of the American Commons Club grazed contentedly. Richly endowed Denison maidens romped amidst the well kept grape arbor, plucking the succulent fruit from the trellis of young Mothah Woods.

Gaily mounting ritualistic Eurasian fertility chants, the maidens carried the grapes to large wooden vats, where they trampled them with unconsolled grief beneath their feet, until the limp grape skin remained immersed in a sea of frothing purple juices. But the gods were angry with us it seems. The clouds of war reared their ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly head, the co-commandant of the V12 program reared his ugly head. Ozie Baker reared his ugly head (see ugly head photo next page) and lo, there was the heavy clamp of combat boots echoing along the shuddered college walks. Overnight, rank militarism appeared in the form of this gaunt barracks.

"Et was not so much pretty like my home in quaint, picturesque, Guadalajara. (Now accessible by all-weather motor road during the dry season.) But I move in anyhow knowing zat ze immigration of officials weel not look for me zero.

More and more, this poor unfortunate was sucked into the relentless vortex of the Pines. He was but a drop in the hands of those unscrupulous few who ran the fortunes of the Pinesites from the safety of their five poster bed (counting The Saturday Evening). The nights were worse than the days. Endless hours of pseudo-study in the gray enveloping confines of a moop closet. The constant slip-slop of wet mop hairs across one's forehead was a makeshift but effective substitute for the ancient Chinese water torture. Food? Food you say? Ha, sure they had food, jerked venison and mhnhd Emus were staples of their diet. Oh sure, maybe the big boys in the soft drink cart let you play the Tru-Ade machine for all it was worth, but hell, the wheel were locked and you knew you couldna beat the house. Yet, there was something more going on beneath the surface—something intangible—a certain tension in the air. The inmates would hear late at night the soft scraping of a shovel against the spongy soil, the rapid scuffling of moccasined feet, a gentle tapping at a door. A voice would whisper, "Get the glommerants out of sight!" As the awakened occupants peered beneath their locked doors, the glommerants would slowly disappear before their eyes. The next morning there was no trace of the glommerants except for a faint odor of lotus blossoms near the fire extinguishers.

"Senor, my mother, she weaves the finest sarapes in all ze provencio de Chiapay. She makes them of bleached "D" sweaters fringed with old Wedi-scopes, I thencik.

Thus having allayed all suspicions, a day arrived "X" stealthily exited. (See stealthy exit photo). By this time I, agent Shackelford, late of the O.S.S., was fully aroused, and in full possession of my faculties for the impending struggle with the forces of evil which confronted me. Laying aside my purged three volume set of the "History of Flaggellation in Outer Monogepia," I seemed the complete master of the situation. (Purgated volumes are extremely rare. They are not to be confused with expurgated or unpurgated works. In the purged editions the author has taken great pains to go through the book and write in new dirty words in the margins or wherever he might be coming enough to find space.) I, Shackelford, now suggested that we retire to my lodgings at 213-B, Baker Street, where we might confer with my trusted companion Moriarity and examine at our leisure the contents of the..." (Continued on page 22)
A Daring Expose of Campus Corruption

EASTWARD HA!

by Rog Adams and Bill Hughes

In the not too hoary past, the halls of the illustrious Senate resounded with cries of "Un-American," "Un-Everything," "Kill it," and "Here, Here." The Senate "Un-Everything" committee was ordered to investigate the recent goings-on in the nation's number one selling magazine, CAMPUS. The "com m i t t e e," equipped with thumb-screws, in-maidens, and a pilloried copy of the 1961 Adytum, extracted a document containing information of unparalleled prejudices.

My colleague and I, still bearing the scars of this investigation, set out on one of our own, the results of which will probably be unparalleled in the annals of time. And so, for the first time, we present the revelations of an investigation which will probably be unequalled for ages to come. Come, let us light the lamp of truth for you.

The Senate

This nefarious organization is composed of outwardly benevolent, countenanced individuals. Inwardly, though, we discovered what makes this organization click! The Senate "Un-American," as the Hand of the Co-Dictators, who, we have been led to suspect, were trained in Nazi Germany and then graduated to the Kremlin, is ever apparent to the hapless peasants of the Hill. Meetings are opened by a rap of the hammer, and a political refugee kneels to warm-garbed in our balbriggins, and listen to what I got to say. Say, who taught you to read anyway? Your brave teacher, me! Put down that racing form you will take bets as you leave the room. Hey, Dugan, you better get in there quick, or I might let you graduate this year. Then where will you be?

Returning to the Gym class, we noticed the hapless youths being marched off to the showers, which reminded us of the atrocities committed in the gas chambers at Dachau and Buchenwald. However, some consolation is offered, that if you can do ten million push-ups, fifty thousand chin-ups, and one sit-up, (it isn't quite as strenuous as the rest) you can be exonerated until the next semester and will be known as a monster around campus. You ought to get a letter for passing P.T.

"D" Men

This band of individuals, the organized gestapo of the campus is rapidly achieving notoriety through its brutal mutilation of unlucky freshmen. Any time one of these poor lowly beings set foot outside Curtis Hall without a beanie or without having gazed reverently at a bit of tradition, he was whisked off to a regrouping center. Lid interred, his forced labor.

It was through the efforts of these people and D.C.E.P. that the "D" Book was published, and all the orders therein.

(Continued on page 13)
December of last year, Denison tied with Duquesne University for first place out of twenty-eight teams from nineteen different schools. Each debater was rated individually, and John Bacheller, a senior, was high-point man with eight-wins. As no one received an "excellent" rating (with a score of ninety or above), Bacheller and the other members of this team, Bob McDaniel, John Humphreys, and John Snyder were also tops.

The girls as well as the men have been outstanding in debate, for in the Women's State Tournament at Capital last year, our women's team tied for second place with Ohio Wesleyan, each group having eight victories and four defeats. This team, composed of Lucille Long, Marilyn Cruschank, Myrtle Sowards, and Ethrice Long, debated successfully on several occasions the national topic, "Resolved, That the Non-Communist Nations Should Form a New Organization."

Although we did not send a team to Boston in 1950-51, a group of four men, Bachehler, Crocker, Dave Fullmer, and Don Roberts, took an eighteen hundred mile tour of the south. The eight schools they encountered were Georgetown, Kentucky, Tennessee, Davidson, Wake Forest, North Carolina State, Duke, and Chapel Hill. These debates were non-electisonal, although some of them were broadcast over local networks.

This year is not the first time Denison has had the opportunity to debate Oxford University, England, for the British have visited our campus on several previous occasions. Denisonians have also met such schools as Purdue, Illinois, NYU, Baldwin-Wallace, Temple, and many others besides the Ohio schools.

A two-man freshman team of Tom Skinmore and Dick Lugar last year defeated an Ohio State varsity duo before a clinic of the High Schools of Ohio Debate Association. The freshmen, coached by a man and a woman from the varsity squad, last year debated an issue concerning the welfare state, and this year they are discussing prescription for basic industries in wartime, under the leadership of Lucy Long and Dick Lugar.

Perhaps the climax of last year's season (Continued on page 20)
“Let me through here, please. I’m the doctor, let me through.”

Reluctantly the snow-encrusted semi-circle of curious onlookers parted to admit the distinguished-looking man in the gray coat.

“What’s the trouble here, Officer Malone?”

The young policeman arose with apparent relief as he recognized the newcomer.

“It’s old Jake, the pencil peddler, Doctor Kline. I just got here a couple of minutes ago, so I’m not sure just what happened, but he’s unconscious. I thought it best not to move him till you got here.”

“Sonny, my car’s parked across the street—the black coupe; there’s a blanket in the back seat. Run and get it, will you?” This, to a wide-eyed little boy with a faded red stocking cap and low-born air. “And you, Malone, keep the crowd back as much as possible.”

Then the doctor turned his attention to the figure slumped against the gaudy glass-tile front of the Five & Dime Store.

Old Jake had sat so long in the same position upon his three-legged stool that millions of snow flakes had had their chance to drift down from the skies and settle upon him. “As a matter of fact, Jonathan Kline,” he turned to Mr. McCroury, “I tend to forget the sunlight on the wind swept hills unless I’m mistaken, he was a pauper for his family. His world revolved about that house, for it held the only people whom he loved and the only people who loved him. Every night he could be seen hunching homeward among the parked cars, a figure in one arm and, as a rule, a little suitcase.
A CITY STREET

A city street . . .
A BIG city . . . where something is always happening . . . and nobody gives a damn what it is . . .
Not the best district . . . the best district is where the rich live . . .
They're happy . . . hell, everybody knows that . . .
the rich are always happy . . . money always brings happiness . . .
hell, everybody knows that . . .
money . . . happiness . . . BEST district
The tenement district . . . the worst district (let's admit it) . . .
Anybody that's got money here don't keep it . . .
nobody's got money . . . nobody's happy . . .
Lincoln street . . . named after a president . . . how about that?
Old Lady Baxter—Miss Baxter—used to talk about him all the time . . .
"Some day one of you might grow up to be as great as Lincoln."
. . . I think he freed the niggers or some damn thing . . .
1951 Lincoln street . . . God! What a dump . . .
Only thirty families live there . . .
There's the Chenowskis, the Rappaports, the Malones . . . the Ginsbergs . . .
they're Jews . . . we go everywhere here . . .
Danny Ginsberg . . . lyin' there on the steps . . .
Hell, he looks awful . . .
He looked . . . he's got T.B. and God knows what else . . .
"Cough cough . . . Damn cough! . . . maybe I'll die from it . . .
. . . it's a respectable way to die . . . got to be respectable . . .
hell, yes . . .
What'd miss me if I died?
Sally? . . . she'd cry a little . . . all broads cry . . .
nothin' but cry . . . cry . . cry . .
Mom? . . . sure . . . one less mouth to feed . . .
"Kid'll never amount to anything anyway . . .
might as well die from it as anything . . .
. . . it's a respectable way to die . . . got to be respectable . . .
hell, yes . . .

What was it the Rabbi said?
"You are only half alive without God, my boy."
Half alive . . . hell, I'm dead, God or no God . . .
God . . . God . . . God . . . what a stupid . . .
what was that Herman called it . . . bourgeois, that's it . . .
what a stupid bourgeois pipe dream . . .
Jesus loves me, yes, I know.
if he loves me like Mom loves me he can go to Hell . . .
for all I care . . .
Jesus going to Hell . . . God! What an imagination I've got.
English teacher said I should be a writer . . .
I'd write a new Bible . . .
the Unholy Bible for Wops, niggers, chinks, Jew bastards, bums, pimps . . .
and trumpet players . . .
the merciful God . . . mercy for the happy rich . . .
sending people to Hell is awful . . .
well, maybe it is . . .
The Father of us all . . .
maybe I should go out and get drunk so I could be like . . .
my old man? . . .
Do God's will and you will go to heaven . . .

God's will accordin' to who?
Heaven? . . . you can't play jazz in heaven . . .
It'd disturb God . . . he only likes longhair stuff . . .
Guess you're all that's left, hon . . .
a man's best friend is his horn . . .
that's point one in our new religion . . .
Point two . . . the only God is money . . .
if you haven't got it, that's tough . . . you're licked . . .
Point three . . . the only good man is a jazz man . . .
but it don't make no difference . . .
because nobody but a jazz man believes it . . .
Point four . . . you're better off dead . . .
COUGH . . . COUGH . . . COUGH . . . COugh . . .
God . . . cough . . . cough . . . cough . . . cough . . .
Danny Ginsberg . . . he raises his horn to his lips . . .
Danny Ginsberg's last breath . . .
The tone . . . it bounces off the warehouses across the street . . . makes its way up Lincoln Street . . .
all the way to the residential district . . .
A church on Park Avenue . . . the loud trumpet blast interrupts the sermon
"And remember the Great Commission friends . . .
we must go into all the world and preach the gospel . . ."
BRRRaaaaamMMMMMWW . . .
"Some filthy drunk!" . . . whispers Mrs. Pierpont to her husband . . .
BILL MALCOMSON

Turn the page for the 1952 "Campus" Gal-ender Girls

Photography by John Trimble and Orlo Smith
Art Work by Marilynn Smith
Lyrics by Shirley Umphrey

EASTWARD HA!
(Continued from page 7)
were enforced. It seems that in order to be installed in this group, one must demonstrate his prowess in the realm of brute force and receive in token a white cloth initial, and affix it to a maroon-colored garment. It is at this time that a lady's unquestionable is placed about the individual's hips. After this ritual is accomplished there is a new recruit for the Denison Undergraduate Service. However if we all have faith, we may yet dispose of these demons.

May we close our investigation with the chorus of the Bohemian National Anthem, to the tune of Down at Mary Anne's:

"Workers, workers, Don't be shirkers. We're a job we have to do. Flee your prison—Collectivism. Is the thing for you. Don't be stooges. Subterfuges Is all the bosses ever give. They make millions—Sometimes Billions—but do they care how you live?
Seize the power At this hour; Fight with all your mights and mains. Strike the blow now; Onward we now, You have nothing to lose but your chains."

—Shulman.
JANUARY

The best trick of all on New Year's Eve
Belongs to the trickster who takes from his sleeve
This mademoiselle with mischievous smile
And a wink to add to her festive style.

FEBRUARY

When Cupid's darts are flying high,
There's not much use denying—sigh—
That to most of the Denison male population
A hit with this Miss would be a real sensation!

MARCH

Here's a teasing smile that seems to say,
"An orchid is really the quickest way
To make someone you think is mighty nice
Forget the frigid frost and ice."

APRIL

When the days ahead look dull and dreary,
And the prospects all are far from cheery,
Think about Spring's happy reminder—
If a cloud is gray—look what's behind 'er!

MAY

The attraction of a tennis court
Has a most remarkable way
Of making stuff of philosophic import
Look dull in the midst of May.

JUNE

A grin that says, "The Future's now;
To study and books we've made our bow."
But tell me, Miss, sunning in the breeze,
How did you get your Phi Beta keys?
JULY
This gal is a challenge to summer ambition—
For who could resist her pleasing petition
To bake for a while on the edge of a pool
Or take a quick plunge in the water, so cool?

AUGUST
This fishing can be tricky stuff,
But if she finds the casting rough,
Peg simply drops her line right in—
No fish—but gosh—a Grecian pin!

SEPTEMBER
Titian, da Vinci, la Vallée de la Loire,
A small café de Paris, quelque soir—
It's hard to leave exotic places,
But it's fun getting back to familiar faces.

OCTOBER
With football days come rousing cheers,
And lots of excited hopes and fears—
But who wouldn't tackle a little better
If Kay were sporting his D. U. Sweater?

NOVEMBER
An old stone hearth, a cozy fire,
A girl seated there, a poet's lyre—
And many's the budding sonnet and lyric—
Unless, of course, you're a poet satiric.

DECEMBER
Though mischievous, Jill should be past suspicion,
But do you s'pose it's her secret ambition
To pilfer a dollie from Santa's pack,
When he's filling the sock and has turned his back?
“Just wait until I get you home, Harriet!” her mother said, and caught up her arm.

“But why can’t I have it?” the little girl persisted stubbornly as she was led away.

The next one’s name, Henry,” the voice said through the earphone concealed under George’s black Santa Claus wig. The old lady who wants an electric train, and he knows what they are doing for. Just as they entered the line to be greeted by him, they were given a number, there were duplicate numbers in a big box, and in ten minutes there would be a drawing. The winner would be presented with presents from the store, and George thought. They’re probably mostly junk, but the kids will love them; the parents like the idea, and the store makes a lot of money from them.

And a Merry Christmas to you, glad to see you, Merry Christmas,” George said.

The last one, and George, he won’t tell me his name, the voice said. “He came alone, and he wants peace on earth, would go toward red and the kids are crying for peace now, George.

He was tired almost to death, went for the past hour, faces had been just blue; but something forced George to look hard at the little boy who wouldn’t give his name. He was dressed in ragged clothes and looked hungry, and he had a sort of poor young sad little face (Continued on page 21)

by Edward R. Jacobs
the vivants do look a heck of lot climb." he realizes that there is still who have tried to make that "Must be the tomb of all the people And finally the Senior Bench - "Must have taken the long way up." Seventy steps — heck, I'm as good a man as I ever him of one hundred odd steps (ask girls from here don't go out for the girls in Stone for the exact fig- and the many imminent collisions had on the way back to Beaver, things, we shall pass over any course.

After a reluctant parting, Monty returns to the house where it is and the many imminent collisions had on the way back to Beaver, things, we shall pass over any course.

While resting on the Senior Bench and running at the fine paint job done by the "residues, as "Hello" brings to Monty the fact that even if the steps are higher, at least it's not as hot in Beaver. And as he walks down the quadrangle, he realizes that there is still seem like a lot of love, although the vivants do look a heck of lot younger than last year.

From force of habit, Monty marches to the nearest telephone to call Beaver Hall for a date. And as he dials the familiar 8276, his face softening into complete contentment. His fears are without foundation, the cosmos is unchanged, and Deni- son's heart is the same—the line is busy. However, with the pa- tience and cunning that comes with years of experience, he continues on, and on the twenty-eighth try, succeeds. Playing the "anything for the angle" for all it is worth, he finally emerges from the noisy crowd of coaches around the tele- phone, with a date—Poe Bros., machine.

Funning four wheels of a sort from a reluctant brother, Monty arrives for his date the traditional five minutes late, and she is the equally traditional fifteen minutes late. The usual small talk ensues, renewing valuable acquaintances with the housemother etc., and then last hour.

There Monty is destined to find his biggest boost. As he escorts his date into Foxes on a Saturday, mind you Saturday evening, there are two entirely empty tables! How- ever, this sad condition is soon allevi- ated as the singing and a spirit of bonhommerie pervades even the kitchen, where the best ham sandwiches in Ohio are dispensed. The last of Monty's apprehensions are replaced by an air of conviviality, as he realizes what it is that draws M. to Denison time after time. The spirit, the friend- ship, the atmosphere, and the tradi- tions are ever there, unchanged.

Amazingly soon it is time for Monty to return to the campus, but on returning with a date, one must be sure to allow at least 15 or 20 minutes for "accidents." In spring, accidents seem to have a higher relative tendency to occur. (Just a passing observation.) Be- ing rather modest about such things, we shall pass over any slight "accidents" Monty may have had on the way back to Beaver, and the many imminent collisions to be found directly in front of Bea- ver. (You know how traditions are... fine, thank you.)

At a reluctant parting, Monty returns to the house where it is necessary that the better things of life be discussed until at least 3:00 a.m.—such important matters as the blunders in King (just an example, really), philosophy—amazing the problems of philosophy that are solved or accentuated between one and three o'clock in the morning—should she have gotten the chair for a trip, how do we get to New York for Thanksgiving—names of new subjects.

Finally, Monty is boundly becomes aware of the fact that he will have the date for the Buckeye Tournament again in order to make Monday morning revelie. Gad, what a sordid thought. So out into the cold he trudges—what a soldier—traveling 1200 miles for one day at Denison. Cold? Oh, well, again he swears he never will, but just wait till the first warm day of spring.

DENISON DEBATERS

(Continued from page 8) record came with the Buckeye Tournament at Kent State in Febru- ary. The Denison squad of Bachel- ler, McDaniel, Roberts and Crook- er won the tournament, sweeping all eight of their debates, a feat which had never before been accom- plished at the meet. Forty schools participated, including large schools like Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Purdue, and many others. The team winning this invitational tournament is considered the champion of the mid-west.

Surely one of the primary factors in establishing Denison's record is Dr. Lionel Crocker, the coach of the team. Dr. Crocker, who is first vice-president of the Speech Association of America (and will auto- matically become its president in 1926) is well-known throughout the country. He has been executive secretary of Tau Kappa Alpha, national forensic honorary. Dr. Crocker's book, Argument and Debate, has been widely used in debate classes.

This year there are more than the usual number of "accidents" assuring us of another fine year. Al- though the annual non-decisionsal tournament sponsored by Denison has been the only exception to the usual, many teams are prepared.

Techniques developed in debat- ing can be of unestimateable value after college. We can well be proud of this phase of Denison University.

IT CAME TO PASS

(Continued from page 18)

George had ever seen in his life. "Ha, ha," he said, "I wish I could see San- ta," George said. "What's your name?"

The little boy looked at him for a minute. "I am George," George leaned forward suspiciously, and asked. "How's the matter with you?" He thought, I don't see what these kids get so excited about. "Somebody told me there isn't any Santa Claus," the little boy said.

"I don't believe anybody would say such a thing," George lied, and looked nervously at the little boy.

"He did so," the little boy said.

"You sit on my lap," George said, and the little boy climbed up easily. "Shall I tell you about the spirit of Christmas?"

"Please," the little boy said. "Tell me about Christmas.

"Long, long ago in the city of Bethlehem, the Christ child was born," George continued. As the Wise Men brought gifts to Him, I bring gifts to all children on the eve of His birthday. This is in- deed a Santa Claus, little boy; no one can say there isn't, for as the Christ child, I live here, and help make Christmas.

"What else makes Christmas?"

The little boy asked.

"There is a lot more," George said. "There's the hanging of stockings on fireplace mantles, the trim- ming of trees with colored lights, and the using of holly, mistletoe and poinsettias to decorate rooms. Then there's the tree, and the special songs they should be in bed, when chil- dren watch from stairs and wait for me. Christmas is made by sugar plums, pudding, turkey and snow.

"It's snowing hard outside," the little boy said.

"This will be a very, very white Christmas," George said, "and the whole city will have a snow day. This moonlight Christmas Eve, the gleaming snow will make enchantment. The stores will close, and people will fill the churches to worship in candlelight and sing carols. The city will be bright and cheerful with packages wrapped in stillness, and love, and peace. These are signs of Christmas.

"But will there be real peace on earth, and good will toward men?" the little boy asked.

"The angels sang of it a long time ago," George said, "and their words will result in a Christmas." At this moment millions of young men as standing like little tin soldiers, and fighting and dying like real men do; they are not doing this just to keep freedom, but to keep in man always a monument where the dead used to stand. Being a doctor, Samuel, I often wonder if people realize what we do, and thought us to save their consciences.

With these last words the doctor turned his back on the fire and gazed intently at his host. "That's about all I can tell you, Samuel. I think you'll see for yourself, unless there's something else you wish to me."

McCurdy, his head still bowed in an attitude of deep thought, murmured, "Yes, there is one more thing. I hesitate to ask it because it would mean taking you from your own home the day before Christmas, but I would like very much for you to drive with us to morrow evening. My son and his family will be here, so you won't feel conspicuous. I'm seeing to it that there will be presents under the tree for Jake and Mick; I want them to take part in the whole even- ing, and I think your presence would help ease the tension a great deal.

He rose and looked earnestly at (Continued on page 22)
the room. Through rips and with a frayed, knotted shoestring; now and then a whisp of wind kept it erect. To its very tip a prop of a little drama—a dismembered house, wedged between two great logs to ward the low, raspy voice. Jake was moving around too much yet. I'd hate for them to disappear just now, because I've planned the finishing touches. They'd have to stand up before the open door way but the doctor was there, even though he was there, even though he wasn't really.'

He has his own personal one—gold curls spillin' over his forehead. You can hear him laughin'; Jimmy used to look like that. He's much too small. He'd have to stand up before the open door way but the doctor was there, even though he was there, even though he wasn't really.'

'That's how it was; that's how our smaller cities is causing some of the more sedate citizens some concern. They're worried about the influence which was in the offing. Obviously with the Prendergast machine firmly established.

Mr. Y, as always, is ready for a companion dash to Idlewild and hop on the first TWA flight for Calcutta. The scene shifts. Our two friends are standing on a steep cliff, looking down to a certain foreign power which was currently suffering from Malos. The State Department was, however, cognizant of these happenings, and was obliged to intervene on behalf of President Truman. This, it seems, was not without precedent. (See People of Illinois vs. Vic Janowitz, 478 U.S. 1951, channel 5.)

Reginald S. Flashburnight, better known to the public as Mr. Y, is a contented man. And why not? Amidst the plush surrounding of his Park Avenue penthouse, sitting in his overstuffed genuine plush chair, Mr. Y casually pushes aside his collection of rare etchings. He leans over to the wall safe, flips the comb, pulls out his seven inch ivory holder, and lights a Fatima.

After his coughing spell has subsided, he begins to reminisce on the splendid progress of his career; within the last six months he has solved two cases and baffled the entire world. He picks up his scrap book, and dexterously fidgeting its wellworn pages, he happily recalls the Case of the Mermaid—The Case of the Queeckaeet. His collection of rare etchings, known to her intimates as 'Holalong Chastity', has rewarded Mr. Y with $13,000,000 in uncut rhinestones) and sunshine qualities of its window.
This looks mighty suspicious, of course. After a brief luncheon over poor Rosy, the foursome hops the next plane to Casablanca. Mr. Y is now thoroughly convinced that Heinrich is their man, and dreaming of the new glories which will be his if he formulates a daring plan to capture the notorious public enemy.

Again the scene shifts, this time to that hotbed of international intrigue, Casablanca. While the two WAC's surround the hotel, Mr. Y and Pedro cautiously enter the camp-fire that very night for a chow-mein roast, Mr. Y interrupts Pedro, who is strumming on his guitar and humming an old Chinese folk song about "I've got the sun in the morning and the daughter at night." Mr. Y, licking his chop-sticks, announces that while perusing the society column of the afternoon Hong Kong Herald, he noticed that Dr. Heinrich Morgenstern, the infamous and sinister international master spy, has just arrived at the Imperial Hotel in Casablanca for a holiday.

When Rosy hears this, she utters a piercing scream, immediately after which somebody shoots a poisoned dart into her from the nearby weeds. Before expiring she reveals that Heinrich is a brother-in-law of her husband, the ambassador, by a previous marriage. Heinrich in his room, and after introducing Pedro and himself, Mr. Y orders him to jump out the window. Heinrich refuses, claiming that he is superstitious. Faced with this arrogant attitude, Mr. Y loses his temper, and after thoroughly ventilating Heinrich with his Thompson, our two heroes proceed to the thirteenth floor. They find the missing regurgitator is still missing.

"Why is your friend so silent?" "He can't seem to find a spitoon." Suddenly there is a rustle from behind the curtains and standing in front of Mr. Y is a graceful Papanush girl. She is clad only in a huge pair of fake twelve-carat gold earrings. In a guttural voice, she gushes, "Mr. Y, I'm in trouble..."

"Don't you know it's rude to talk with someone in your mouth?" A farmer was driving past the insane asylum with a truck load of fertilizer. An inmate called out: "What are you hauling there?" "Fertilizer," replied the farmer. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on my strawberries." "You ought to live here. We get sugar and cream on ours."

"I'm going to the Burma Road. Halfway there a miscalculation on Pedro's part, the wily old proprietor, who is sitting in his shop, whips out the receipt, and spend the next six days methodically slashing open teabags. To no avail, however, for the missing regurgitator is still missing. While they are gathered around the camp-fire that very night for a chow-mein roast, Mr. Y interrupts Pedro, who is strumming on his guitar and humming an old Chinese folk song about "I've got the sun in the morning and the daughter at night." Mr. Y, licking his chop-sticks, announces that while perusing the society column of the afternoon Hong Kong Herald, he noticed that Dr. Heinrich Morgenstern, the infamous and sinister international master spy, has just arrived at the Imperial Hotel in Casablanca for a holiday.

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