Holiday Issue

Campus

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
December, 1951

WRITING STAFF

Jacquline Durne
Lynn Martin
Sally Beatty
Bill Hughes
Janet Moore
Herbert Hart
Ed Jacobs
Harri Dahle
Don Shackelford
Roger Adams
Jim Davill
Hugh Pickett
Bill Malcolison

ART STAFF

Marlyn Smith
Bill Potts
Dave Rounds
Dave Hilgard

BETTY JANDA, Junior

Photo by Howard Studio, Newark
Furs Courtesy Green Bay Furriers

Denison University, founded in 1831, is a privately endowed, coeducational College of Liberal Arts and Sciences providing a Christian atmosphere. Denison is located at Granville, Ohio, a small New England type village in the heart of Ohio.

Campus Magazine is published four times a year by students of the college.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Barrie Bedell

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
John Trinkle

BUSINESS MANAGER
Lee Cross

BOARD OF EDITORS
ART
Jack Boyer
CAROON
Pete Pierson
COPY
Gret Williamson
FEATURE
Dave Fullmer
HUMOR
Pete Hawk
LITERARY
Shirley Umphrey
PHOTOGRAPHY
Orlo Smith

BOARD OF MANAGERS
ASSISTANT
Cy Weagle
BUSINESS MANAGER
Bill Webber
CIRCULATION
Bob Hilberts
DISTRIBUTION
Kery Gull
ADVERTISING
Dale Wilson

BUSINESS STAFF
John Knutson
Bryan Neumann
Jonny Nettles
Gerri Guthridge
Nanette MacDonald
M. L. Cradlin
Betty Bevier
Wilda Wiest
Amy Connor
Margy Wagner

Board of Editors, Art
Jacquie Dutro
Lynn Martin
Lolly Bruning
Bi Hughes
Janet Moore
Herbert Hart

Advisor
Barrie Bedell
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 things, and the conventional laughter, bubbling brooks. His proper name was Absalom, after his father, Absalom Sr., (a rare hare), and so named because of the memory and the fact that his home was the deep, deep forest.

"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 see, her memories of Absalom's father, Absalom Sr., (a rare hare), still lingered warmly in her soft, little heart.

Little Absalom's life was a warm, sunny life, deliciously filled with the pleasures of the earth. In the spring and summer, little Absalom would leap, play, roll, and roll, shrieking high into the air, rolling and tumbling over the green, little shrubs of rabbit delight. He was praised in these and other capricious common to rabbits, by all the other little bunny rabbits who were certainly no nuisances 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 repute. 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 spittin' image of his father (a rare hare), and the memories 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, she'd say, and be murmured.

Little Absalom's father, you see, was a very fine traveling salesman, who purified the people's feet in toms that denizens of the deep, deep forest were wise enough to court good fortune in this fashion. Why, he left that whole with as much as he did, that is to say, a Wham! Bam! Thank you, ma'am. "Still," said mother rabbit. "This desire even for CAMPUS, a brief statement.

We are digressing, however, so let us return once more to the story of Little Absalom, or Dick. There lived at this time, in that very same forest, a very mean, old weasel, whose main ambition in life, it seemed, was to eat Little Absalom for his breakfast, lunch, dinner . . . hell, whenever he could catch the little rascal. This obsession was now taking on a very unpleasant alarm by little Absalom, or Dick, for as anyone can plainly see, it would be very unpleasant indeed to be eaten by a weasel, even a weasel of a more genial nature than the one of whom persisted although their acquaintance. "This thing is too big for both of us," Absalom Sr. had said, "so undignified as an old weasel!"

There lived at this time, in that very same forest, a very mean, old Siegfried, who was a rare hare indeed. Each spring and summer, Siegfried would come down from the deep, deep forest, just like all the rest of the forest, and have for himself a rare Christmas feast of parboiled Absalom. We are digressing, however, so let us return once more to the story of Little Absalom, or Dick. There lived at this time, in that very same forest, a very mean, old weasel, whose main ambition in life, it seemed, was to eat Little Absalom for his breakfast, lunch, dinner . . . hell, whenever he could catch the little rascal. This obsession was now taking on a very unpleasant alarm by little Absalom, or Dick, for as anyone can plainly see, it would be very unpleasant indeed to be eaten by a weasel, even a weasel of a more genial nature than the one of whom persisted although their acquaintance. "This thing is too big for both of us," Absalom Sr. had said, "so undignified as an old weasel!"

"He was a rare hare indeed."
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 the memory of whom persisted although his son's gentlemanly love affair was altogether too brief to cement their acquaintance. This thing was too big for both of us, Absalom Sr. had murmured. Little Absalom's father, you see, was a very billy traveling salesman, who purified the researches' feet to the hearts of the forest who wished to court good fortune in this fashion. Why, he even left without asking as a Wham! Bam! Thank you, ma'm. "Still," said mother rabbit. "He was a rare hare indeed."

We are digressing, however, so let us return once more to the story of Little Absalom, or Dick, or Thumper. There lived at this time, in that very same forest, a very mean, old weasel, whose main ambition in life, it seemed, was to eat little Absalom for his breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. Whenever he could catch little Absalom unaware, this was to be a rare Christmas feast of parsnips and carrots.

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, or Thumper 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 excursions to run, by 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 repute. 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, this mother of another Thumper was as anything but that of a sensible, old lady rabbit named "Thumper." Once a year, in the deep, deep forest, just like all the rest of the world, there would be a Christmas celebration with warmth and pleasures of Christmas time. At this time of year there was much happiness among all the little forest people, except, of course, in the case of the wicked, old Siegfried, who was just a damned old grouch anyway. Siegfried didn't give this Christmas much thought.

Once a year, in the deep, deep forest, just like all the rest of the world, there would be a Christmas celebration with warmth and pleasures of Christmas time. At this time of year there was much happiness among all the little forest people, except, of course, in the case of the wicked, old Siegfried, who was just a damned old grouch anyway. Siegfried didn't give this Christmas much thought.
Behind the drab, weather beaten facade of this forlorn edifice, the stark terror inflicted on its 54 inhabitants for nine agonizing months lives on, its far reaching, significance not dimmed by the passage of time. Here! Now! Today!! exposed to the world! As the awakened occupant looked out of the window of their arched door, a voice would whisper “Get the glommerants out of sight!” as the awakened occupant slowly disappeared before their eyes. What is it that has caused this strange, wretched existence? The words of the once trusted companion Moriarity 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 Espionage” I, Shackelford, now suggested that we retire to my lodgings at 211-B, Baker Street where we might confer with my trusted companion Moriarity and examine at our leisure the contents" (Continued on page 22).
In the not too hazy 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 investi-
gate the recent goings-on in the nation’s number one selling magazine, CAMPUS. The “commi-
ttee”, equipped with thumb-screws, iron-ja-
monds, and a pillerred copy of the 1951 Adytum, extracted a docu-
ment containing information of un-
paralleled 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 unpar-
alleled 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. Individu-
ally, though, we discovered what makes this organization click! The
leaders, known as the “Hand of the Co-Directors,” who, have we been led to suspect, were trained in Nazi Germany and
then graduated to the Kremlin. These two terrible tyrants are subjugating all true-blue
American youth.

The Physical Education Department

When engaged in our ballgames, and playing with some of these people and D.C.G.A. that the
boys were having an easy time
of D.C.E.P. shall relate lewd and
lascivious jokes. One night, as they
were standing in the showers, which
was open by a rap of the hammer,
and a police refugee kneels to
have his head graced by the al-
mighty sledge. There is then a
period of silence, in which the object
is to hate everything. When these
members feel themselves set up to
counteract prejudice, and if any-
one suggests that perhaps Senator is
biased, then they are shot. The
reason? Prejudice against Senate.
This group, however, manages to
have its lively moments, such as
these monthly parties they hold.
These usually take the form of
dances with half-time entertain-
ment, D.C.E.P. has for you
a handy, economical, family-size
marijuana kit, with a motto on the
label, “Don’t be left out, make like
the movie stars.”

Recently we observed this organi-
zation equipped with bottles of
hooch, painting W A signs upon
the roof of the observatory. Oh
well, in the word of our emotional
forefathers, “Bring the Wagon
Home, John.”

The geographical education

When engaged in our ballgames, and playing with some of these people and D.C.G.A. that the
boys were having an easy time
of D.C.E.P. shall relate lewd and
lascivious jokes. One night, as they
were standing in the showers, which
was open by a rap of the hammer,
and a police refugee kneels to
have his head graced by the al-
mighty sledge. There is then a
period of silence, in which the object
is to hate everything. When these
members feel themselves set up to
counteract prejudice, and if any-
one suggests that perhaps Senator is
biased, then they are shot. The
reason? Prejudice against Senate.
This group, however, manages to
have its lively moments, such as
these monthly parties they hold.
These usually take the form of
dances with half-time entertain-
ment, D.C.E.P. has for you
a handy, economical, family-size
marijuana kit, with a motto on the
label, “Don’t be left out, make like
the movie stars.”

Recently we observed this organi-
zation equipped with bottles of
hooch, painting W A signs upon
the roof of the observatory. Oh
well, in the word of our emotional
forefathers, “Bring the Wagon
Home, John.”

The campus

As we left this illustrious encamp-
tment, we were reminded of their
obvious unity, as they screamed, “On
Comrades,” “Worker, Arise,” and “The
Kremlin Forever.” We are left with one conclusion: the people with the regul
septors, and justice are blind.

D.C.E.P.

In the “D” Book, the freshmen credo, it is written that no member of D.C.E.P. shall relive and
lascivious jokes. One night, as they
were standing in the showers, which
was open by a rap of the hammer,
and a police refugee kneels to
have his head graced by the al-
mighty sledge. There is then a
period of silence, in which the object
is to hate everything. When these
members feel themselves set up to
counteract prejudice, and if any-
one suggests that perhaps Senator is
biased, then they are shot. The
reason? Prejudice against Senate.
This group, however, manages to
have its lively moments, such as
these monthly parties they hold.
These usually take the form of
dances with half-time entertain-
ment, D.C.E.P. has for you
a handy, economical, family-size
marijuana kit, with a motto on the
label, “Don’t be left out, make like
the movie stars.”

Recently we observed this organi-
zation equipped with bottles of
hooch, painting W A signs upon
the roof of the observatory. Oh
well, in the word of our emotional
forefathers, “Bring the Wagon
Home, John.”

The Physical Education Department

When engaged in our ballgames, and playing with some of these people and D.C.G.A. that the
boys were having an easy time
of D.C.E.P. shall relate lewd and
lascivious jokes. One night, as they
were standing in the showers, which
was open by a rap of the hammer,
and a police refugee kneels to
have his head graced by the al-
mighty sledge. There is then a
period of silence, in which the object
is to hate everything. When these
members feel themselves set up to
counteract prejudice, and if any-
one suggests that perhaps Senator is
biased, then they are shot. The
reason? Prejudice against Senate.
This group, however, manages to
have its lively moments, such as
these monthly parties they hold.
These usually take the form of
dances with half-time entertain-
ment, D.C.E.P. has for you
a handy, economical, family-size
marijuana kit, with a motto on the
label, “Don’t be left out, make like
the movie stars.”

Recently we observed this organi-
zation equipped with bottles of
hooch, painting W A signs upon
the roof of the observatory. Oh
well, in the word of our emotional
forefathers, “Bring the Wagon
Home, John.”

The campus

In the not too hazy 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 investi-
gate the recent goings-on in the nation’s number one selling magazine, CAMPUS. The “commi-
tee”, equipped with thumb-screws, iron-ja-
monds, and a pillerred copy of the 1951 Adytum, extracted a docu-
ment containing information of un-
paralleled 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 unpar-
alleled 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. Individu-
ally, though, we discovered what makes this organization click! The
leaders, known as the “Hand of the Co-Directors,” who, have we been led to suspect, were trained in Nazi Germany and
then graduated to the Kremlin. These two terrible tyrants are subjugating all true-blue
American youth.

The Physical Education Department

When engaged in our ballgames, and playing with some of these people and D.C.G.A. that the
boys were having an easy time
of D.C.E.P. shall relate lewd and
lascivious jokes. One night, as they
were standing in the showers, which
was open by a rap of the hammer,
and a police refugee kneels to
have his head graced by the al-
mighty sledge. There is then a
period of silence, in which the object
is to hate everything. When these
members feel themselves set up to
counteract prejudice, and if any-
one suggests that perhaps Senator is
biased, then they are shot. The
reason? Prejudice against Senate.
This group, however, manages to
have its lively moments, such as
these monthly parties they hold.
These usually take the form of
dances with half-time entertain-
ment, D.C.E.P. has for you
a handy, economical, family-size
marijuana kit, with a motto on the
label, “Don’t be left out, make like
the movie stars.”

Recently we observed this organi-
zation equipped with bottles of
hooch, painting W A signs upon
the roof of the observatory. Oh
well, in the word of our emotional
forefathers, “Bring the Wagon
Home, John.”

The campus

In the not too hazy 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 investi-
gate the recent goings-on in the nation’s number one selling magazine, CAMPUS. The “commi-
tee”, equipped with thumb-screws, iron-ja-
monds, and a pillerred copy of the 1951 Adytum, extracted a docu-
ment containing information of un-
paralleled 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 unpar-
alleled 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. Individu-
ally, though, we discovered what makes this organization click! The
leaders, known as the “Hand of the Co-Directors,” who, have we been led to suspect, were trained in Nazi Germany and
then graduated to the Kremlin. These two terrible tyrants are subjugating all true-blue
American youth.
The number of awards in the Speech Office on the third floor of Doane is only one indication of the success of Denison debating teams in the past. Our debaters are finding other evidences whenever they enter a tournament or meet. When one team at the recent Cincinnati Tau Kappa Alpha tournament heard that their opponents were from Denison, their only comment was that they might as well concede the debate right then. Nor is such high praise undue, for our debate record has been outstanding.

There are many reasons for the growth of such a reputation. One of these, surely, was the winning of the Ohio Intercollegiate Tournament in February of 1948. Each year, the state title is sought by at least twenty teams on the campus of Capital University. Although Denison met its stiffest competition of the year, the team was judged one of the nine or ten best of the nineteen or twenty teams participating, and was awarded the trophy by the Ohio Association of College Teachers of Speech. This team, consisting of Joe Neath, Paul Schuch, Bob Comp, and Larry Crocker, were a particularly successful group.

Earlier the same year, Denison was invited for the first time to the Boston University Invitational Tournament. Such schools as Harvard, Yale, Columbia, West Point, Annapolis, University of Pennsylvania, and Notre Dame were among those schools entering. Joe Neath and Paul Schuch, both of whom are now studying law, were selected to represent Denison in Boston. Discussing the topic, "Federal Aid to Education," Neath and Schuch compiled a record of nine victories and four defeats. This team, consisting of Lucille Long, 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 Crutchshank, Myrtle Saunders, and Elne-Jean Young, debated successfully 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 Skidmore and Dick Lugar last year defeated an Ohio State variety 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 composition for basic industries in wartime, under the leadership of Lucy Long and Dick Lugar.

Perhaps the climax of last year's (Continued on page 20)
"Let me through here, please, I'm the doctor, let me through." Relentlessly the snow-covered semi-circle of curious onlookers parted to allow 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. I'm not sure just what happened, but he's unconscious. I thought it best not to move him until you got here, Doctor Malone."

"Sonny, my car's parked across the street—the black coupe; there's a blanket in the back seat. Run and find my car, and a general rundown condition."

"Mick Patterson."

"I'm the doctor; let me through."

"As a matter of fact, Jonathan Kline, would it be taxing your attitude toward people and things my money, the way I spend it, my career, my money, the way I spend it, my money, the way I spend it?"

"As a matter of fact, Jonathan Kline, would it be taxing your attitude toward people and things my money, the way I spend it, my money, the way I spend it, my money, the way I spend it?"

"No, Jonathan. I need more than a few scraps of paper. I realize that it's hard for you to try to do a selfless act. Without your help, I lack even a beginning."

"I'm the doctor; let me through."

"But the people of the town have drawn a smile between Jake and his past. To most of them, he's just a strange old man who sits on his little stool day in and day out in front of the Five & Dime Store—as much a fixture and as little a mystique being as the flagpole which squats on the curbing a few feet

(Continued on page 21)
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!)...

Who'd miss me if I died?

Not the best district... the best district is where the rich live...

A city street...

Danny Ginsberg... lyin' there on the steps...

Lincoln street... named after a president... how about that?

Jesus loves me, yes, I know...

What was it the Rabbi said...

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 get everything here...

Danny Ginsberg... lyin' there on the steps...

Hell, he should... 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...

Mom?... sure... one less mouth to feed...

Hell, he should... 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 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... 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 damn merciful...

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...

---
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.

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!

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 Bete 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 Vallee de la Loire,
A small cafe 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?
This story is the winner of the Campus Christmas Story Contest.

George Miller again, instead of number 17-3332.

"Profly your beard come off," Henry said to him.

"Henry," his mother said. She gave him a shake. "Now tell Santa you're sorry, and wish him a Merry Christmas."

George looked as the harrassed mother, the ugly little boy, the traitor family and the shop, just tastefully fine decorations, and thought, I hate this. The big electric star that hung from the ceiling, and twinkled on and off caught his eye, and George wanted to make a wish to forget Christmas thereafter.

George had never believed in Santa Claus, and was brought up to regard the 25th of December as the day when he got something he had wanted from the store, the year before, when he was given the thing he had wanted from the store. His family gave no emphasis to the birth of Christ, and yet, even though George could not remember what he was not taught or not learned from experience, sometimes he wanted to read about the shepherds and the three wise men, and he enjoyed Dickens' eternal story. He read them carelessly though, remembering only what he wanted. George preferred a book that gave him a lot to think over; he liked one particular passage from Joseph Glazier's Suf- ducimus Triumphantus, saying, "We are in the dark to one another's purposes and intentions; and there are a thousand intriguers in our little matters, which will not presently confess their design, even to suspiuous inquirers." It was a good book, not at all like the trash that was stacked in Overtown's book department.

"The next one's named Helen," the voice said through the earphone. "She wants a doll house and a bicycle."

George had never seen so many children together in one room before, and he knew what they were there 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, Helen," Merry Christmas," George said.

"The last one, George, and he won't tell me his name," the voice said. "He came alone, and he wants peace on earth, good will toward men, and the kids are crying for peace now, George."

He was tired almost to death, for the past hour, faces had been just blues; 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 the same look as the other kids in the face (Continued on page 21)

A NATIVE RETURNS

by John Hodges

John Hodges undoubtedly would have been planning to graduate this June with the class of 1918. He had the grounding of selective service intervened. John, a letter was received by the 20th Infantry at the CAMPUS humor writer during his interment here, and afterwards a visit about a month ago, couldn't resist composing the document here. John, an affable, little boy, had raised motorcycles or made short parachute jumps. John, an affable, little boy, had like this account of what a Denisonian will be like when he graduates.

Once again our hero paddles upstream through channels, and once again he is twirling his fingers into the semblance of a pretzel behind his back as he stands facing Captain Sloughoff (who, incidentally was once highly decorated by the Salvation Army for outstanding gallantry at the bridge table, and who is probably best remembered for his famous aphorism: "One peak is worth two finesses.") After a most humiliating interview in which Monty is forced to render an account of the death of his great aunt and his impending marriage, his twin sister and to promise a deck of marked cards to the captain, our young intrepid leaves with the fateful assurance that "everything possible is being done . . ."

Another two weeks in the kitchen are alternated with nights in the local pool hall (a schedule reminiscent of Monty's in exam week last year) when suddenly he is called to the orderly room. He hurried down with a myriad of worried thoughts, maybe it is a delinquency report on that slight altercation in the Town Pump last Saturday night, or desired since that he was a girl from Philly--oh no, she didn't know his address. Of course you and I know he is staying, going to get his leave. Gad, we are clever. So he got the (leave)."
gina as seen through a truck driver's cigarette smoke, nor can one dream of the beautiful Virginian homes to be seen through the dusty rear windows and the company of coons howling all over you. Ah, for the gloried hitchhiking.

However, young Fitzpatrick achieves the relative proximity of the universe, the proportion of the staggering sum of $2.62, up run by the cost of one hamburger, one beer, one game on a pinball machine, and one checkpoint that insisted on splitting the cost of the gas.

Monty procures a ride with the Schiltz distributing truck, running from Columbus to Newark, thus producing his first slight case of nostalgia (a disease somewhat similar to hayfever on occasion). Soon the imposing tower of the Denison chapel comes into view, and one can see the occasional shadow of an ivory tower here and there, slightly stained with meadon efficiencies perhaps, but none the less recognizable.

They say that if you don't drink, smoke, or run around with women, you'll live longer. Actually, it only seems longer.

Disembarking in front of East Cottage, Monty surveys the torturous and tortoish foods and finds him of one hundred odd steps (ask the girls in Stone for the exact figure) and sets himself diligently to—

"Must have taken the long way up." —Monty

"Why, heck, I'm as good a man as I ever succeeded. Forty steps—" Why, Monty to return to the campus, for unhaying, and cunning that comes with years of experience, he continues didal, and on the twenty-eight-yt, succeeds. Playing the "anything for the angle" angle for all it is worth, he finally emerges from the noisy crowd of cowards around the telephone with a date—Pon Bros, machine of course.

Running 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 eventually, etc.

There Monty is destined to find his biggest best. As he escorts his date into Foxes on a Saturday, mind you Saturday evening, there are two entirely empty tables! However, this sad condition is soon alleviated as the singing and a spirit of bon_merrie 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 umbs to Denison time after time. The spirit, the friendship, the atmosphere, and the traditions are ever there, unchanged.

Amazingly soon it is time for Monty to return to the campus, and when returning with a date, one must be sure to allow at least 15 or 20 minutes for "accidents." Spring accidents seem to have a higher relative tendency to occur. (Just a passing observation.)

Being 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 iniminent collisions to be seen directly in front of Beaver.

"You know how traditions are. . . fine, thank you." —Monty

A rather clankish parting, Monty returns to the house where it is necessary that the better things of life be discussed until at least 5 AM—such important matters as the blonde 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 shooting, how she got to New York for Thanksgiving—to name a few new subjects.

Finally, Monty is destined to become aware of the fact that he will have had his debate applause again in order to make Monday morning revellie. Gad, what a scolding thought! So out into the cold he trudges—what a soldier—traveling 1200 miles for one day at Denison. Oh, how he, then 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 February. The Denison squad of Bachelor McDaniel, Roberts and Crocker won the tournament; sweeping all eight of their debates, a feat which had never before been accomplished at the met. Forty schools participated in this invitational, including large schools like Indiana, Illinois, Purdue, and many others. This winning invitational tournament in no way considers any of the champion of the mid-west.

Surely one of the primary factors in establishing Denison's record is Dr. Leldon Crocker, the coach of the team. Crocker, who is first vice-president of the Speech Association of America (and will automatically become its president in 1965) 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 this that this year promises to assure us of another fine year. Although the annual non-decisions tournament sponsored by Denison has been the only extensive of the group has had, excepting the first team, many debates are planned.

Techniques developed in debating can be of unestimable value after college. We can well be proud of this phase of Denison University and remember our faith in it each year. There will always be Christmas and don't let ever anybody tell you otherwise.

"I won't," the little boy said, and got down from George's lap. "I gotta go now. Please don't forget me, Santa.

"Ho, ho, I'll be with you tonight." —George

The little boy turned to him, and asked. "What's the matter? What's 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 said. "And as the Wise Men brought gifts to Him, I bring gifts to all children on the eve of His birthday. This year is indeed a Santa Claus, little boy, so one can say there isn't, for as the Christ child, I live among you, 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 mantels, the trimming of trees with colored lights, and the using of holly, mistletoe and poinsettias to decorate rooms. Then there's the idea that children they should be in bed, when children watch from stairs and wait for me. Christmas is made by sugar plums, pudding, turkey and snow."

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

"This will be a very, very white Christmas," George said, and the whole city was. But this moonlight Christmas Eve, the gleaming snow will make enchantment. The stores are open close, and people will fill the churches to worship in candlelight and sing carols. The city will be a Christmas package 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 be true. 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 Christmas."

Of course there is Christmas, little boy, and just because of your faith, we doubting men fight for it.
the room. Through rips and glow that the flame cast around
with a frayed, knotted shoestring;
dow pane to disturb the gentle
now and then a whisp of wind
white candle was bound securely
prop of a little drama—a dis-
them and the door stood the sole
keep it erect. To its very tip a
wedged between two great logs to
Christmas tree, its miniature trunk
carded bough of the McCrourys'\
way along the dim passageway to-
together on a low pile of logs in the
They crept noiselessly down the

PORTABLE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 21)

the doctor. "Will you come, Jon-
"What time should I be here?"
"A little before seven."
"I'll try to be prompt."
The next evening, Dr. Kline was
admitted to the big yellow house
by a very proper, but very excited
butler. McCroory hurried to
meet him. "I sent a servant to
ask Jake and Mick to join us in the liv-

THE HOUSE I LIVED IN

(Continued from page 5)
of the aforementioned briefcase.
Here at last, spread before our
eyes was the magnificent plane which
had spawned such a progeny of
intrigue. The Pines, which had
long been noted for the soothing,
health-inducing qualities of its
modern four-way ventilation sys-
tem, had not escaped the notice of
a certain foreign power which was
looking for a relaxation for its
benevolent dictator's spouse, who
was currently suffering from Malos
Aires or the Argentine Blight.
The peculiar happenings since the Pines'
arrival for the way of Evita and a small group of
aficionados. The State Department,
however, had been informed of these
happenings, and had been obliged to inter-
vene on behalf of President Tru-
man. This, it seems, was not with-
out precedent. (See People of
Illinois vs. Vic Janovitz, 478 U.S.
1951, channel 5.)

Happily Harry, it turned out,
being a staunch Baptist, had selected
Grand Rapids, Michigan, and the Pines
in particular, for a hush-hush ren-
dezvous with England's Phillip and
Elizabeth. The purpose of this en-
counter being to arrange a marriage
of state between Margaret T. and
Bonny Prince Charlie when he
comes of age in 1965, and to bring
the House of Windsor into a coal-
ition with the Prendergast machine
of Kansas City. Obviously with
this hodge-podge of humanity
about to descend upon the Pines,
Mr. Y casually pushes aside
his Park Avenue penthouse, sitting
night off."

Mr. Y has a good reason to be
contented, for his reputation is
firmly established.

Tonight he is all alone; Olaf, his
companion dash to Idlewild and
hop on the first TWA flight for Cal-

A modern real estate sign
posted on a vacant lot in one of
our smaller cities is causing some
of the more sedate citizens some
conundrum: "Get lots while you're young!"
closed in order to avoid this inter-
national incident of the first mag-
nitude which was in the offing.
That's how it was; that's how our
little Gilbalter, Denise, fits into
the world picture.
This looks mighty suspicious, of course. After a brief lament over poor Rosy, the foursome hopes the next plane to a Casablanca. Mr. Y is now thoroughly convinced that Heinrich is his 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 hothed of international intrigue, Casablanca. While the two WAC's surround the hotel, Mr. Y and Pedro cautiously enter the lobby. Both brandishing sub-machine guns (to avert suspicion they pretend they are carrying room keys), they ride the elevator to the thirteenth floor. They find 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 diligently search the premises.

Finally, in a secret compartment in one of Heinrich's wisdom teeth, they find the reticent regurgitator. Right away, they send a wire to HQ in Washington, and together hop the next plane home. Back in

(Continued inside back cover)
This nimble-minded nutcracker almost tumbled for those tricky cigarette mildness tests. But he worked himself out of a tight spot when he suddenly realized that cigarette mildness just can’t be judged by a mere puff or one single sniff. Smokers everywhere have reached this conclusion—there’s just one real way to prove the flavor and mildness of a cigarette.

It’s the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke—on a pack-after-pack, day-after-day basis. No snap judgments. Once you’ve enjoyed Camels for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), you’ll see why...

After all the Mildness Tests...
Camel leads all other brands by billions.