I feel that my appointment to the position of editor of THIS mag makes it not only a personal honor to myself, but to Denison womanhood as a whole. We girls have worked shoulder to shoulder with you men, heaving, heaving at the same old big activities wheel for years to make this campus move. Sometimes I, myself, speaking as a girl (which being one I generally speak as, all the time, that is) feel that the men of Denison ignore their sisters in the common cause of making this college really hum. Just the other day a man said to me, "Sarah we’re trying to ignore your heaving." In the future this magazine will work for the recognition of the achievement of the Denison female. What’s more we want to be recognized by name, like this: "Sarah we recognized your heaving, come on in and have a couple." I personally don’t care what it’s a couple of, a couple old hubcaps would be fine if the spirit was there.

This is the platform that I stand squarely behind:
1. Theater Arts Core Course
2. More honor system and less swearing.
3. An expanded all-school social program.
4. Price supports for hogs.
5. More double dating.

We also stand four square behind more honor system and less swearing. I think off the record I would stand further behind less swearing than I would the honor system, but that’s only an opinion. Anyhow, there have been a lot of people caught cheating this year. I was one of them. I would like to relate the following incident to emphasize my point.

Professor Q.: "Sarah you’re cheating.
Sarah G.: "I wasn’t, not so you’d notice anyhow."
Professor: "Don’t argue with me. Sarah: ‘My word of honor, I wasn’t."
Professor: "Word of honor.
Sarah: ‘’It’s my word damnit.’"

I was one of them. I would stand squarely behind four square behind a sort of messy flying animal that people made dirty jokes about.

The play completely changed all my thinking on the whole topic. I left the Granville Opera House and fairly raced back to the dorm to slash open my pillow and roll around in all those soft feathers. Some of the girls even started building a wees nest out of old Denisonian names over by Colwell Dining Hall. It wasn’t much. But the spirit was there. It usually is.

Every year there is much talk about an expanded all-school social program. What happens? Nothing. What do the girls want? They want to sit around in the Sem. It seems to me that we’ll never get rid of the mess of the campus spirit. "Swearing can let off pounds of steam, but very little fat." I think the press today has to be constantly on guard against communists and Democrats and such infiltrating into the government. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Already many of Denison’s own student organizations are virtually unknown to the students here. Not that I care. Men always think that women are made to hang jewelry, football, pins, rings, etc., all over. Just let one try. Just let one (or more) men call up Sarah Gummy, Room 68 Shaw Hall, and see if he can hang Balfour all over me. I was a Christmas tree or something. Instead of all these dances we could have mass marriages or something like they do in Japan.

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was all right until she started bringing in garbage and putting it in her pillow case. In the morning she'd bring in an old apple core and lay it on your feet and kind of look up at you with those soft eyes, kind of devoted like. She ran off with a guy from Zanesville anyway.

Double dating is another thing we stand behind. It only figures that if you double date you get as many fellows and girls out of the smelly, smoking, drowsy and undemocratic fraternity houses and into cars and dances. Double dating is safer. Some people are content to try to increase single dating, but I always figure that if you can do something twice as fast why not do it. I get this from my uncle One Fell Swoop Gummy. One thing we are behind just as much is going steady in college. It seems that ninety-five per cent of the people who graduate from high school think that you should forget high school when you come to college. Therefore, as a result they forget the pleasant thrills that come to us all when we see a young couple walking down the quad, he with her class ring on his watch chain- and she with her shoulders draped with her prep school jacket. It's keen.

As a result they forget the pleasant thrills that come to us all when we see a young couple walking down the quad, he with her class ring on his watch chain- and she with her shoulders draped with her prep school jacket. It's keen.
Democracy has meaning for all those who even hope to bring such a government and living to the modern world. Democracy has added meaning for those who live in a democratic society, a society which cherishes this concept as the superior formula for governmental relationships of free men.

Denison asks its student body and faculty as a first objective to think honestly, clearly, and constructively about the meaning of campus democracy in principle and in practice at Denison. This examination had its beginnings long before the president's challenge to a new student government. This examination had its final form in the selection of a new code of Denison campus government. The latter event, however, makes immediate consideration of campus government on the part of undergraduates and faculty imperative if our common wish to be mistaken as the representative of any group is to be realized.

The success or failure of our various chapters depends solely upon the wisdom exercised in our determination of the futility of student challenge. The usual results of such experiences have made student leaders so weary of fighting these seemingly interminable battles over technicalities that the effective control of the faculty comes primarily through the display of the futility of student challenge.

To begin with, let us examine DCGA as it is now formulated. In every discussion, of Campus government authority in which I have been a participant, and in every decision that I have been a party to, I have always begun with the proposition that final authority in all matters resides with the Board of Trustees. To my way of thinking, there is no greater potential grant of authority regarding student life to the faculty which has in turn delegated certain matters to its Executive Council and the Student Senate of DCGA. Hence chapter violations, feed ourselves, maintain our quarters, and perform of our own章, and chapter activities, are not delegated specifically to the Student Senate of DCGA. Hence chapter activities, are not delegated specifically to the Student Senate of DCGA.

Thus I submit that DCGA has been a veritable sitting duck on Ebaugh's Pond.
JANUARY
There are smiles in the future for this little dear,
So a couple of toasts for the gay new year!
When the clock strikes twelve and last year’s past,
A girl like Ann will make a friendship last.

FEBRUARY
February’s the month when hearts begin to flutter . . .
Some murmur sweet nothings, others merely stutter.
Sally’s advice would be, “Having trouble with your line?
Why not try a valentine?”

MARCH
Brrr . . . March brings many a windy day,
The nights are frosty, but not here to stay.
Omie’s philosophy is “Let the wind blow,
Who cares, as long as there are places to go!”

APRIL
Gret’s always happy, even on such a rainy day;
With her equipment, she’s prepared come what may.
So when a fair sky becomes foul overcast . . .
Remember, at Denison, storms never last.

MAY
Nancy’s quite fancy in her stunning ensemble
And in spite of those comps, still I remains calm.
So if a Senior you see, one bright day,
Gaily turning handsprings, it’s the last of May.

JUNE
June’s the time when wedding bells chime,
And lovely young misses to the altar climb.
Bobby’s quite radiant as she adjusts her veil,
What about it lads, Envy the lucky male?
JULY

Side stroke, back stroke, or floating on top,
She loves the water as long as it's hot.
For some this board is a place to dive,
For Mary Lou it keeps admiring looks alive.

AUGUST

The long sunny days in August are fine,
With Nancy in shorts behind the white line.
To the right, to the left, no the ball's up above.
Oh, heck, who cares? The score's always love.

SEPTEMBER

When the trees begin to color and fall rolls 'round,
Many happy people people back to D.U. will be bound.
Archery is a favorite, for those who have good aim;
But with Jackie as the target, they'd all get in the game.

OCTOBER

If you like the ghostly, Halloween is lots of fun,
As for pranks by college students—they've really just begun.
Lee Woodward in a pose like this, won't scare the boys a
In fact to tell the truth, she will surely make a hit.

NOVEMBER

November comes and with it Thanksgiving vacation.
Now isn't Janie in a happy situation!
She looks quite lucious in her apron by the stove,
Do you suppose the pan holds turkey, why yes, by Jove!

DECEMBER

As the cold snow falls on a bleak December night,
It's good to be inside where it's cheery and bright.
And to see sweet Mary with her candle by the fire,
She looks so inviting, what more could one desire?
Nancy Ashe

Migget studied, one hand tossed over the pillow behind her head, the other holding a steaming cup of tea. Betty sat concealed at her feet.

"You know that your French grammar by the floor lamp," Migget might have been one of Shakespeare's queens, her small lips pinching away from the heat of the tea cup's brim—and Betty, might have been one of Shakespeare's queens, her small lips thrown on her French grammar by the floor lamp. Migget studied, one hand thrown over the pillow behind her head, the other holding a steaming cup of tea.

"Then Betty expressed her eldorado—being able to go to school when she wished to turn over arbitrary facts to expand her text. She became tired, rested in her lap and Betty's pronouns. Silence had proceeded to the point where Migget's eyes. Then she thought: "Dear, dear girl, why are we so close?"

Migget replied: "I will see strong young rivers and recall that four hands are required to walk in them. I will not turn over rocks for the origin-getting nowhere, in short. "Let's see," thought Betty, "the word, the name of the only Dave there was. Something in the writer's thoughts in an envelope of the ordinary sort."

"Betty, last weekend Dave was here"—(Betty oriented to the name as though the only word she had ever known. Betty's face showed that the little Thalson maids wasn't getting any better. She was already being written off."

"He lied to you, Betty."

"Betty was Migget for an instant and saw herself through Migget's eyes," Betty thought. "Dear, dear girl, why are you working so hard? Why should this hurt you, Betty?"

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DENISON'S TWO NEW VARSITY SPORTS—LACROSSE AND SOCCER
by Bud Miller

Now that lacrosse and soccer have come to Denison in the capacity of varsity sports, it would seem worthwhile for us to look into their past, present, and, somewhat hopefully, into their future.

The history of lacrosse dates back to the times of the American Indian when it was played supposedly as a game of amusement. It must have been grim however, for its purpose was to accustom the young brave to the rigors of close combat. At that time lacrosse or baggataway as it was then known was played with anywhere from 600 to 1000 players and a good deal less seriously than the game known was played with anywhere from 600 to 1000 players with two boys from a New England prep school—Dick Bonesteel and John McCarter. The first year the team was composed of only nine men. With a borrowed mid field and equipment they played Kenyon to a tie, which I hesitatingly admit is the closest they have come to defeating the Lords since. The club (it was then known as the Granville Lacrosse Club) played its games on the Granville High School football field with no coach, no uniforms and little equipment.

The history of lacrosse at Denison has been turbulent to say the least. Lacrosse came to Granville in 1839 the Canadians took up the game and several new faces appeared on the scene. In 1867 the National Lacrosse Association was formed, and rules and a constitution were adopted. The game was pioneered in the United States this same year by Mohawk Club of Troy, New York. Since that time it has spread to nearly every college and prep school in New England, we well as to the area around Baltimore which today is considered the cradle of American lacrosse.

After the Second World War lacrosse started the westward movement. Since that time teams have been formed at Kenyon, Oberlin, Ohio State, and Western Reserve, with clubs in the major mid-western cities composed of recent graduates of the aforementioned schools.

When custody of the game passed from the Indian to the white man, certain rules were imposed which prohibited tripping, fighting, pushing, holding, unnecessary slashing with the stick, and touching the ball with the hand. The area of the playing field was cut to a size about that of a football field, and the number of players was reduced to ten, known as the Goalkeeper, the Point, Cover point, and First defense.

Some say came from Asiatic marauders and others say from the Roman and Saxon armies. Although Great Britain itself did not give birth to the game, it is certain that nobody who saw the Ohio State game which they lost 6-5 will soon forget it. Hopes for a good season this year are running high.

1951 saw some improvement in the situation as the club was granted the title of the Denison Lacrosse Club and several new faces appeared on the scene. The team that year was not good as lacrosse teams are accustomed to kick or head the ball into an opponent's goal more than to deflect it. The team was composed of only nine men. With a borrowed mid field and equipment they played Kenyon to a tie, which I hesitatingly admit is the closest they have come to defeating the Lords since.

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The Big Red boosters this year have a good deal more experience than the lacrosse team will have. At 1951 saw some improvement in the situation as the club was granted the title of the Denison Lacrosse Club and several new faces appeared on the scene. The team that year was not good as lacrosse teams are accustomed to the speed of the game, it is certain that nobody who saw the Ohio State game which they lost 6-5 will soon forget it.

Soccer comes to the Denison campus and to the United States from another continent—Europe. The origin of the game of soccer is not definitely known. Some say came from Asiatic marauders and others say from the Roman and Saxon armies. Although Great Britain itself did not give birth to the game, it is certain that nobody who saw the Ohio State game which they lost 6-5 will soon forget it.

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Last year saw the club with a coach, Rev. Dick Lambert, uniforms supplied by Granville High School, and a starting team for its final games. There was a much larger turnout in numbers of men for the squad last spring, and, although the team did not win a game it was certain that everybody who saw the Ohio State game which they lost 6-5 will soon forget it. Hopes for a good season this year are running high.

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FROM HERE TO BLEXY by H and S

Howard: (entering) Earthy, why don’t you change that sweatshirt.

Earthy: Thirty years, man and boy I been in this Army. All the time on the move, no wife, no kids, no home or roots of any kind. I got no place else to sweat—now you want to take this from me.

Howard: (Noticing Grovel for the first time) Grovel!

Grovel: Howard! You two know each other?

Howard: We used to play on the same industrial basketball team back home.

Earthy: She was CIO, I was A F O F. Thirty years in the Army I been nothing.

Grovel: Oh off come, it John Wayne. (He crawls into the tent, his clothes are all tarnished with coal and soot.) Oh go, gosh, darn, heck, fudge, and golly, they blow up the supply dump.

Earthy: All the Hershey bars?

Peter: Yeah. With almonds?

Howard: That’s tough Sarge. You never knew about those supply dumps now days.

Earthy: I got no place to sweat now.

Howard: Its the naked cruelty of this whole war that gets you, naked, naked... sob.

Peter: Put your clothes back on, here comes General Eisenhower.

Eisenhower: Sgt. Earthy, I don’t know if you remember me, I turned you in for cheating at the Point thirty years ago. I’m over here now to end this thing and I need your help.

Earthy: You can’t do nothing here, nobody can until we kill off all those boys who blow up Hershey bars.

Eisenhower: You’re right. I’m just a gopher out of water here. I think I’ll go back to Washington and appoint some cabinet members.

Howard: I wish I could go.

Eisenhower: All of us can’t go to Washington, you stay here and have your baby. Only the people with guts go to Washington.

Howard: Yeah, but tell ‘em one thing from us out here in this livin’ hell. Tell ‘em that for a sound future they just can’t beat the new series.

Eisenhower: I’ll tell ‘em... I’ll tell ‘em. And don’t worry about those almonds, I got almonds up white house.

Howard: You ought to know if anyone does.

Grovel: Sometimes I get so fed up I feel like lunging at a tent post. Grovel and the tent post take turns lunging at each other until the whole goddamn thing collapses, ending the second act.

CAMPUS GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 5)

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Howard: We used to play on the same industrial basketball team back home.

Earthy: She was CIO, I was A F O F. Thirty years in the Army I been nothing.

Grovel: Oh off come, it John Wayne. (He crawls into the tent, his clothes are all tarnished with coal and soot.) Oh go, gosh, darn, heck, fudge, and golly, they blow up the supply dump.

Earthy: All the Hershey bars?

Peter: Yeah. With almonds?

Howard: That’s tough Sarge. You never knew about those supply dumps now days.

Earthy: I got no place to sweat now.

Howard: Its the naked cruelty of this whole war that gets you, naked, naked... sob.

Peter: Put your clothes back on, here comes General Eisenhower.

Eisenhower: Sgt. Earthy, I don’t know if you remember me, I turned you in for cheating at the Point thirty years ago. I’m over here now to end this thing and I need your help.

Earthy: You can’t do nothing here, nobody can until we kill off all those boys who blow up Hershey bars.

Eisenhower: You’re right. I’m just a gopher out of water here. I think I’ll go back to Washington and appoint some cabinet members.

Howard: I wish I could go.

Eisenhower: All of us can’t go to Washington, you stay here and have your baby. Only the people with guts go to Washington.

Howard: Yeah, but tell ‘em one thing from us out here in this livin’ hell. Tell ‘em that for a sound future they just can’t beat the new series.
imposing legends surrounding the place had lent it a certain aura of dark gloom. Among the negro population it was mentioned in whispers. In all, some nine negroes had been hung there. Of these nine, Cy had witnessed five, the first at an age of ten. After the hanging he had become very sick, an accomplishment for which his father had severely beaten him. As Cy stared at the indistinct form in the back seat, his mind drifted back to that first time. By God, if his old man could see him now!

The old car rattled off the road, and stopped in a narrow cluster of trees in the midst of a sparse cluster of oaks. Cy yanked the dazed negro from the back seat, and shoved him in the back seat, his mind drifted back to that first form. The rope was passed over the offender's neck, and four or five of the stronger citizens hoisted the man opened the trunk of the car from the back seat, and shod him in the midst of a sparse cluster of tents into the clear night air. A small ring of men watched as the recumbent man. The highlight of the season was the thrilling encounter with Theta Eta Chi. The Senior Men's 'Social' Honorary, which theFaculty lost in the last second 25-24. One of the better plays of the game was when Bob "just because I'm wind-ed doesn't mean I'm a chain smok-er" Seager was all alone under the Theta Eta Chi's basket and his "roommate" Tris Coffin threw a spiralling pass the length of the court which Bob had a hard time catching and which saw him make a nice three-point landing. The game which was played as a preliminary to the Denison-Phi Gamma game drew the largest crowd of the season. A pre-game ceremony found Coach "Pinky" Knapp lead-ing his forces on to the floor decked out in the traditional Faculty uniform, caps and gowns.

Big men in the talent department are: Jay Cook, most experienced and high scorer; Johnny Loenhert, Denison's head basketball coach; "Specs" Nelson noted for his fancy dan so-called hook shot from under the basket; and "Lovable Lee" Lehman for his Marquis Hayne's dribbling.

All in all the games are usually interesting. Profanity is kept at a minimum and in disputes with the referees the Faculty usually wins out. This department of persuad-ing the referees to the "teachers" view-points is the joy of the speech department's representative to Denison's sports, one "Kid" McCoy. If you should ever have a free evening during this winter and would like to see free entertain-ment just drop in at the Fieldhouse and watch the Faculty trying to get back into shape after so many odd years.

"Bimmelman! Wake up! There's a young lady and her father to see you!"

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But only Time will Tell . . . . . . .

Dij the new guy, Eddie! Whatta note!
He's real gone!
Maybe we've got a bix in our midst!

How can they tell so soon? One toot doesn't make a trumpeter.

Only Time will tell about a young musician! And only Time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

Test CAMELS for 30 days for Mildness and Flavor!

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