I feel that my appointment to the position of editor of THIS mag, zine comes not only as 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 big old 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, came on in and have a couple."

I personally don't care what it's a couple of, a couple old baboons 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. I think 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, smurd of honor."
Sarah: "It's my word dammit."

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 wee nest out of old Denison ones (over by Coddell Dining Hall. It wasn't much. But the spirit was there. It usually is.

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Jeff ran down the alley, his long legs pounding methodically up and down, his leather heels producing a steady rhythm as the sound echoed from pavement to rowhouse wall, and back again. His black face was a study in confusion and fear, his lip contorted into a hideous grin, his forehead glistening and constricted with effort. He hardly knew what to do or where to go, for whole thing had happened with such speed that his thoughts were grotesque jumbles, weird flashes that disappeared as fast as they entered his mind.

As he turned down the twisting alley, his eye flashed for an instant upon a huge poster, announcing THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS HERE FOR TWO DAYS ONLY. Fleetingly Jeff thought of how he had planned to take his girl to it, however the idea was dashed when little children talk, of seeing the elephants and circus folk, and how Jim Crow seats weren't really too bad. Can't take her this year, he thought. The excitement was over. Maybe a bit of speed despite the insistent flash of rain-like pain that cut into his side. Fory pace behind, Cy Doller ran with the pure exhilaration of the chase. He headed a crowd of cropping twenty or so men, turning his head to spur them on from time to time. In the dead end they had gained up to Charlottesville if he had to. There was no use in being hunted by spilling him to the street. No damn jig would get away. He'd catch the other monkey, or shoot him up in this town. His eyes narrowed with determination as he thought of one last who'd tried. Trouble was he hadn't put up any fight. Based on the facts that things don't rise to great heights to totally disable any ambitious upstart, injudicious enough to voice an opinion, his theories did not rise to great heights. He had been taught to an eleven and two. Bob Seager, "Terrible Tris" Coffin, Keith Piper is well qualified to think of detestability. He had been taken into custody. The victim of unfortunate but predictable circumstances, a scapegoat, just a feeling in the air, a furtive tension gradually building up between the inhabitants themselves. Nothing you could put your finger on, just a feeling in the air, a furtive smirking. Jeff, though he did not realize it, was anything more than the victim of unfortunate but predictable circumstances, a scapegoat, the final straw, an ebony emblem of detestability.

He had been taken into custody by Sheriff de Witt, who led the following morning for his customary hunting trip. His philosophy was a benign one. "If the folk who keep me in office want me to hunt, then by all means." Had Sheriff de Witt refused to hunt, he would undoubtedly have been removed from office as had been his idealistic predecessor. This left only the possibility of the blundering man, whose sole claim to the position rested upon his ability to totally disable any ambitious upstart, injudicious enough to voice an opinion, his theories did not rise to great heights in undertaking the responsibility of his position in the real world. If not the two days he had been in custody.

Given this fortuitous happening, it was simply a matter of a few weeks before I arrived for a hunting trip. His philosophy was that of a small grove of imposing but showy oaks, where he paused momentarily, deciding which way to turn. This was unfamiliar territory to Jeff. He had been taken into custody. Jeff was tired, more than he had ever been. His legs were great numb blocks, his heart a searing in the air, a furtive smirking. Jeff, though he did not realize it, was anything more than the victim of unfortunate but predictable circumstances, a scapegoat, the final straw, an ebony emblem of detestability.

Jeff was tired, more than he had ever been. His legs were great numb blocks, his heart a searing thing relaying fierce throbs throughout his body. He was perceptually slower as he left the alley, and fled out into a side street, where he paused momentarily, deciding which way to turn. This was unfamiliar territory to Jeff. White man's land, no man's land for the negro. His eyes bulged as he heard coarse voices and many feet echoing from the alley. A bit more stimulus, he headed for a thick grove of trees bounded by a picket fence to the left. He had run perhaps a dozen paces when he was tackled from behind, crying his name and stunning him momentarily.

"Cy got him. Knocked him cold!" Nice goin', Cy! A dozen hands headed homing in. Had Doller's prestige had risen immeasurably in the community because of his standing in the races, almost imperceptable to the commoner. He had been taught to think of detestability. He had been taken into custody. Given this fortuitous happening, it was simply a matter of a few weeks before I arrived for a hunting trip. His philosophy was that of a small grove of imposing but showy oaks, where he paused momentarily, deciding which way to turn. This was unfamiliar territory to Jeff. He had been taken into custody. Jeff was tired, more than he had ever been. His legs were great numb blocks, his heart a searing thing relaying fierce throbs throughout his body. He was perceptually slower as he left the alley, and fled out into a side street, where he paused momentarily, deciding which way to turn. This was unfamiliar territory to Jeff. White man's land, no man's land for the negro. His eyes bulged as he heard coarse voices and many feet echoing from the alley. A bit more stimulus, he headed for a thick grove of trees bounded by a picket fence to the left. He had run perhaps a dozen paces when he was tackled from behind, crying his name and stunning him momentarily.

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THE MEANING OF CAMPUS GOVERNMENT  

by Dick Lugar

Democracy has meaning for all those who hues earned the privilege of living in a modern world. Democracy has added meaning for those who live in a democratic society; a society which cherishes the concept of a living democratic reality. 

An increasing number of Denison students have been thinking honestly, clearly, and constructively about the meaning of campus democracy in principle and in practice. This examination has led to the conclusion that a healthy campus democracy can only permanently secure our concept of democracy as a living reality.

THE PRESENT FORM OF GOVERNMENT

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, it has always been noted that there are students who want final authority in all matters residing with the Board of Trustees. That is, they want final authority over those campus decisions that are in turn delegated to its Executive committees. The presentation of the following analysis, I do not wish to be mistaken as the representative of any group hiding behind the security of a journalistic "we." I offer these sentiments as personal opinion volunteered to stimulate thought and serve as a possible basis for a solution.

In every discussion, of Campus government authority in which I have been a participant, it has always been noted that there are students who want final authority in all matters residing with the Board of Trustees. That is, they want final authority over those campus decisions that are in turn delegated to its Executive committees.

Thus I submit that DCGA has been a veritable "sitting duck on Ebaugh's Pond." On the one hand, a few faculty members maintain a close watch fearing a resemblance to the variety which the student body desires, we witnessed late in the November spectacle of DCGA changing its rules into conformity with the Dean's request. This will entail another all-school vote in January in addition to approval by the faculty. If you are wondering the same thing that I have wondered, namely, why the method which the student body employs in the election of officers should even be subject to discussion by our faculty to say nothing of outright veto, I refer you to our previously stated axiom of faculty review over everything.

Student government is therefore obligated to give no serious consideration to campus legislation or to the enforcement of authority over the duck. The actions of the latter are there subject to review by the former, with ultimate final authority in which I have been a participant, is opposed that a farsighted administration would assume that the administration would favor the adoption of a plan. In fact, there seems to be abundant evidence to the contrary. You will recall the many times when our administration has not acceded to or excused the students. I believe wholeheartedly in this principle and in the sincerity of our administration in claiming that it would be forever unfeasible, however, that in everyday living student will give their first allegiance to a governmental institution which does not have any legitimate reason opposed to other institutions in which their personal decisions are made daily. I refer you to our previously stated axiom of faculty review over everything.

The usual results of such experiences have made student leaders so weary of fighting these seemingly interminable battles over technicalities that the ef- fective control of the faculty comes primarily through the display of the futility of student challenge.

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Power to Choose Our Officers

As a result, the duck is given an occasional wing clipping by the student body and the individual who has been particularly threatened by it. This is not a sound basis for continued existence of a democratic society.

PURPOSE OF NEW PLAN

I am vitally interested in seeing such a plan of government inaugurated for two major reasons. First if it demands of its students their very best and most responsible citizenship efforts by making the consequences of campus student life dependent solely upon their efforts. Our American society is filled with millions of鸬horities who went to college never learning the responsibilities which democracy imposes upon those who would enjoy her privileges. To the extent that we continue to graduate such students from Denison while deceiving ourselves that they will be the leaders of tomorrow who do not realize and accept the fact that we are committing an educational blesser of no mean consequence.

Secondly, such a new philosophy of student government would provide in my judgment better government over the campus and the faculty than has existed in the past, and the faculty and students would be served through a psychological and administrative function of enforcing campus legislation, and are recognized by many as the major administration.

In all fairness, I must point out that other student government that I have examined is much less democratic. But to therefore conclude that we have no "situation" (in campus democracy) is to merely pretend that trustees and faculty have dis- appeared and no longer clip the wings of our "sitting duck on Ebaugh's Pond." On the one hand, a few faculty members maintain a close watch fearing a resemblance to the variety which the student body desires, we witnessed late in the November spectacle of DCGA changing its rules into conformity with the Dean's request. This will entail another all-school vote in January in addition to approval by the faculty. If you are wondering the same thing that I have wondered, namely, why the method which the student body employs in the election of officers should even be subject to discussion by our faculty to say nothing of outright veto, I refer you to our previously stated axiom of faculty review over everything.

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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 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 luscious 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?
"You know that argumentative young professor of Russian history—"

"You mean the one with the chip on his shoulder and the slightly bruised look of a man who..."

"Yes. Well did you notice at the dance—don't you wonder how much easier or more impossible the tension between the lines of his thesis to work on, leading with his shoulders as it..."

"Then Betty expressed her theory—being able to go to school for the first time in a month. She felt the last chapter in one's life could be written only after the first and second and third acts are completely read. Migget refused to admit to what extent this conviction of hers was im-

"Not that you and I won't try to be students of the rest of our lives. We'll read books, attend lectures, but I'm too apt to run without question what I read and hear that's posi-

"And then?"

"There's a lot that I don't know, but I'm out to learn to waltz, leading with his shoulders as if... as if..."

"The jester and queen, outside the drama now, slept in the tent. Where leaf essence never could be mended up..."
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, their 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 amusement however, for its purpose was to accustom the young brave to the rigors of close combat. At that time, no protective equipment was worn by the Indians, and casualties were frequent. The defense was composed of Tom Berquist, "Bones" Bonesteel, who was a very fine wing back, and "Bunny" Swisher, while the attack was made up of George Lambert, uniforms supplied by Granville High School, and the center was held by the club's second year, 1950, saw the same struggling outfit still willing to take the scars and bruises that they received at the hands of Kneuyon, Oberlin, and Ohio State.

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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 as good as the lacrosse team go but what it lacked in skill it made up in color. "Dad" McCarter played the goal with no equipment save a helmet and clothing which consisted of only a briar-tipped pair of swimming trunks and football show. He was known by his solo dashes consumming the length of the field when the ball was in his possession. His favorite was counting as the best of opposing players. Jim Ferguson, and Chuck Hess. The "Dikes" of the Wild Bull of the Pumps, Jim Kalbfleisch, things are definitely on the upswing for lacrosse at Denison.

With several promising freshmen and a new coach in the person of Ken Meyer, things are definitely on the upswing for lacrosse at Denison.

The Big Red boosters this year have a good deal more experience than the lacrosse team will have. At that writing the starting team consists of Dave Atwater, Dave Nichols, Bill Cornell, Ned Thompson, and Dick Bonesteel. The first year club was granted the title of the Denison Lacrosse Club and several new faces appeared on the scene.

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; others say from the Roman and Saxon armies. Although Great Britain itself did not give birth to the sport, to the sport as many believe, it may certainly take the credit for its early up-building.

Soccer was the earliest form of football played in the United States, and even today the game is known as football in every country save the United States. The first game of inter-collegiate soccer was played on November 13, 1898, between Rutgers and Princeton with the former winning 6-4. It was not until 1904 that the Intercollegiate Association Football League was formed in this country.

Now that soccer and lacrosse are numbered among the varsity sports, before too long they will be adding fame to Denison's name in the annals of sports history.

"Good morning! So you need five rooms and a bath?"
I was looking for five rooms—never mind what else I need!

A miss in the cor is worth two in the engine.

Prof: Define sympathy.
Stude: Feeling for others.
Prof: Give an example.
Studes Blind man's buff.

If you guys think that "evening" is the same as night we suggest that you note the effect it has on the gown.

So you had a date with a college man?
No, I try my hand on a wall.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"
What else can you do with them?
by H and S

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

Earth: 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!

Howard: You two know each other?

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

Howard: She was CIO, I was A F O L.

Grovel: Thirty years in the Army I been nothing.

Howard: Oh come off, it John Wayne.

Grovel: (He crawls into the tent, his clothes are all tarnished with ashes and soot). Oh gee, gosh, darn, back, fudge, and golly, they blow up the supply dump.

Earth: All the Hershey bars?

Pete: Yeah

Howard: With almonds?

Pete: Uh huh

Howard: That’s tough Sarge. You never know about those supply dumps nowadays.

Earth: I got no place to sweat now.

Howard: It’s the naked cruelty of this whole war that gets you, naked, naked... sob.

Pete: 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.

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

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

Grovel: 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 E bonds. Available on the oh-so-easy payroll savings plan. If they are privately employed they can see their local banker or grocer.

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

Howard: Maybe it’s because I got a heart of gold, but I think that boy will go places. I think that ever since I seen his picture in the same Quick as Marilyn Monroe’s.

Eisenhower: You ought to know if anyone does.

Grovel: Sometimes I get so fed up I feel like lugging at a tent post.

Grovel and the tent post take turns lugging at each other until the whole goddamn thing collapses, ending the second act.

CAMPUS GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 5)
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 the midst of a sparse cluster of oaks. Cy yanked the dazed negro from the back seat, and shook him until his eyes opened. The other man opened the trunk of the car and removed a long piece of thick hemp rope, and immediately be-passed to Cy. A thick boot smashing bone.

Jeff's legs, rapping against a huge oaks. The strong men breathed deeply as though to gain additional power from the act, and then drew the rope back with a fury that broke the negro's neck with a crack. Silence followed, broken intermit-tently by the spasmodic action of Jeff's legs, rapping against a huge sign, tacked to the road side of the oak's trunk, which announced in gaspy letters THE WORLD'S GREATEST CIRCUS HERE FOR TWO DAYS ONLY.

The highlight of the season was the thrilling encounter with Theta Eta Chi, the Senior Men's "Social" Honorary, which the Faculty 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 pre-liminary to the Denison-Kenyon game drew the largest crowd of the season. A pre-game ceremony found Coach "Peyz" 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" Lehm-ann for his Marquis Hayne's dribbling.

All in all the games are usually intersting. 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" Mc-Coy. 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!"
...But only Time will Tell

DIG THE NEW GUY, EDDIE! HE'S REAL GONE!

MAYBE WE'VE GOT A BIX IN OUR MIDST!

HOW CAN THEY TELL 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...

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