WOMEN ... THE GREATEST PERIL!

Page 3
A RESTING PLACE
by Andy Thropoid

Everybody needs a place to get away from the hardships and turmoil of everyday life in America. I'll never forget when I was very young, I was sitting in the bedroom of my grandfather's house, sobbing into the pillow. I was heartbroken because I didn't have a false identification card like all the other boys in the county. It seemed at the time as though my life would always be a failure. While I was in there crying like a small boy (because I was a small boy) my grandmother came in, tossed down her bundle of bone chips at the foot of the bed and started stroking my wrinkled brow. Then she said to me words that I'll never forget, she said, "Get your stinking feet off the bedspread.

These words have been a guide and comfort to me all my life. As I grew older I realized how many people resent muddy tracks on their rugs, tramping in their gardens, and walking through their beds. Thanks to my grandmother I have made many friends by the simple day to day courtesy of keeping my feet off the ground. You know that our ancestors (my great uncle for one) spent quite a bit of their time in the trees. People were happy in those days, no eight o'clocks, no cooked foods, no music appreciation, just people and trees. In those days there were no wars, property breeds war and property is just a place to put your feet.

Sidelines
This Week's Cover

In spring a young man's fancy turns to earthworm collecting. The typical couple shown on the cover are headed for the worming ground to procure some of the finest type angle worms before the late season mob gets there. They are carrying the standard equipment consisting of two china dirt scooping mugs, a shiny metal giant size worm storing can, and a blanket to keep the little devils warm once they're caught (the worms, that is). The scenery is part of Sunset Hill where many wormers go each year, to take advantage of the shade, concealment, and darkness which worms really go for—gosh wouldn't you.

Beta Chi Again

This Beta Chi thing seems to be getting out of hand, when the article about this organization was handed in we thought it was kind of a novelty, but every day more lispers crowd into our room wearing the pledge pin of B.X. The pin, in case you haven't seen one, is the little cap under the cover of the milk bottles that are retailed by the management of the Aladdin. We sent some of our most able staff members including Pete Mackimm and Brad Hawk down to this restaurant to find out the scoop but they came back saying they were "Pledged to the secrecy." We also hear that Parsons and Stone have started Gamma Chi chapters. All we need now is a Nu Chi.

DCGA Senate Medal of Honor

This month's winner of the DCGA Senate medal of honor is shy, modest Hugh Paunch, a sergeant in the Granville Clean-Up Corps. Sam's whole life has been a series of trustworthy, loyal, helpful acts. In his freshman year he went through wallets in Curtis Hall, redistributing the wealth. His sophomore year was marked by two brave feats, feeding loco weed to the mules in the Beta Military parade and slipping an impetuous orangoutang into the ladies room at the Fall Formal.

In typical American fashion, he is very modest about the honor bestowed upon him, "Just a hunk of tin," he admits shyly.

Sgt. Paunch says, "You folks back home get this straight, for every dollar you put into DCGA activity books you get back . . . you, ah, get back . . . uh, stubs. Not only this, but remember that you're backing up our boys on the Student-Faculty Committee."
REVISITED INSURANCE AGENT

Beware the dawn, the noon, the night.
The earth is full of dread.
Beware the stair, the electric light.
Beware, in fact, the bed.

The earth is full of dread.
Their thousands down to death.
The tack-wound victim oft is rued,
As for eating any food—
Beware! Beware! Beware!

And as for eating any food—
Beware the sun—the shade.
Beware the zephyr's breath;
Beware the corner of the rug,
Beware, in fact, the bed.

Beware the stair, the electric light;
Beware the morning, noon and night.

Trust no stool or chair.

The earth is full of dread.

In a Red Cross class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense life-saving techniques.

"What article of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?"

General perplexity; the girls looked hopelessly at one another, and finally at madame instructor. She tried to give the distressed girls a little help. "The blouse," she informed them; "the blouse, because air gets underneath and acts like a buoy." Class dismissed.

And so we close another session of the SCRUFFBOARD after a funny, funny, run in with the elevator boy. I am currently lying on the floor of my pent-house office laughing so hard at these anedotes that I think I shan't be able to get up in time for my afternoon cocktail hour. But, I shall carry on bringing you the funniest and scruffiest jokes to your attention next week in another issue of THIS WEEK magazine. Keep yakking . . .

BENNETT SCRUFF

Most of the above animals are girls. They are drinking some guys roller skating money all to heck.

Women . . . The Greatest Peril

by LUCE GUMMY

In a fifty second street bar, a young man entered the smoke filled room, passy footed up to the bar and collapsed in a puddle of fresh. The bar tender, Kdjellhe (pronounced rag), noticed the youth and quickly grabbed the lad by the scuff of the neck and lifted him out of the freshly laundered bar rugaig (pronounced rag). Kdjellhe is one of those characters known up and down Manhattan Island for mixing a little philosophy and water with the home made imported brandy. The youngster snapped, "Go away, put your scaly hands back in the diswater and/or draft beer. Can't you see I don't want to be bothered—" I got lip goo on me. I can't blow my nose in public, my hankie has red smudges on it, this hay fever is killing me." You see, this boy was just like the many many of our stalwart young men are becoming addicted to the degrading habit of girls.

Luckily this particular case had a happy ending, for Kdjellhe had helped thousands of New York boys who had fallen into a similar plight. He made a quick phone call as social worker who was especially trained for such cases. The case worker, whom we shall call Al, picked up the boy, whom we shall also call Al (because he still has relatives who are trapped in Shaker Heights), and took him to the down town boys dorm. Here, with others just like him, he learned a new wholesome way of life. He learned how to talk with boys, cuss and swear. He caught onto cleaner forms of recreation like playing squash, writing on rest room walls, stag drinking, and taffy pulling.

(Turn Page Slowly)
The Great Revival

The social worker, you see, was a Beta Chi. The organization that maintains the boys dorm in New York is the Down-Long Island and etc. Chapter of Beta Chi. This organization has offered just scads of American manhood a second chance.

**What Is Beta Chi?**

Beta Chi was founded in 1601 by Adam Oakleaf, the first white settler east of Mayaville, Ky. Adam spent the first three years (celebrated today as the East of Mayaville Triennial) in utter loneliness with his cow as his only companion. So lonely was he that he determined to do something with his spare time—to get into activities. He wrote letters to all the committee chairmen east of Mayaville, but nobody ever picked up the campus mail except his cow (whom we shall call Al because his father was called Moo Moo and we like to be more original than that). After his initial failure, Adam decided to form his own group. He called it Beta Chi because he thought this was Greek for Boys’ club and, after all, there weren’t any women around. Now we realize that X stands for nothing but a couple of Greek letters and there isn’t anybody east of Mayaville who speaks Greek, anyhow, except some guys in Athens, Ga. (The English Department likes to go hog wild on our creation punctuation, so we suggest they use that last sentence as a warmer up.) The organization sort of went to the hounds a few years later when Adam took to courting a mouse named Eve Shirt-sweat. Thus the organization went into a dormant era, from that day to 1949 the secrets went to the hounds, and there were just a few good men and women, thoth old thtinkerth will gather them into the protectin of the hearth of Americath youth and the true joyth of buddyhood.

**At Denison**

What do these sweeping decisions mean to the Denison student, the happy inhabitant of the valley of the Raccoon? Quite a bit. Lots. In the first place ever since Denison was a happy man’s school, women have been pressuring their turned up noses against the window pane, looking in, and then moving in. First of all they built a girls college right beside Denison and called it Sheppardson College. Then when Sheppardson College couldn’t absorb Denison, they let Denison absorb Sheppardson. They became borers from within. Then they put across the infamous “co system” (named after Edna Co, girl arch-feminist). The co system means simply this: whenever a Denison male tries to escape from women by launching himself into activities, a girl is designated to follow him into whatever office he holds. The hideous success of this system can be demonstrated by the results of a survey recently taken by Pinky Gummy.

**Question One:** Who should have first choice on the new dorm being constructed across from Shaw Hall as far as rooms go.

18% said “bricklayers.”

13% of those polled didn’t know how far rooms go.

31% thought that the system would never work at Denison. 2.35% were just passing through from Kentucky. 4% favored proctors for buffet lunches. 1% was Pete Duroco. As one can easily see these results are nothing but statistics. They do indicate a trend toward more polls. This in itself is a rather dangerous thing. We have always felt that more polls lead to more poll vaulters, if nothing else.

**Question Two:** What do you think about having the union in the basement of Talbot Hall?

27% of the people polled thought there would be too many cockroaches there.

17% of the cockroaches polled had no opinion.

42% favored unions under Taft-Hartley.

6% were for unions under Hartley and Life Science, but couldn’t remember who Taft was. The cockroaches in the basement of Talbot Hall are dangerous, so the course of action then is pretty clear. Fella’s, you going to be a laughing into next spring when the turfers sink off into the protection of darkness. Remember, the women drove the happy go lucky buff-os out of Licking Commons. We drove the fun loving rattlesnake forever from our midst, and because of the evil design of this sex the once sweet singing Grizzly bear (American chestnut hairatis) has taken to cave to sack out for most of the academic year. For this we shall never forgive them. W.N., make Cat Run into a battle ground, we shall march on sorority, we shall never falter, fall, flinch, fumble or flunk as long as boys are boys.
Duel At The Dolphin

by JOE LEFEVRE

You never hear much anymore about the Westgate brothers, Charlie and Ted. A year or so ago I read in Downbeat where they were playing in some second class club with a third class combo outside St. Louis, but nothing good, nothing like they should be. The boys were good, real good, but I guess the spark went out like it sometimes does.

I know how they got away, because we played together back in '32. I know it was '32 because I know how good they were, because we played against Roosevelt because we heard somewhere he was losing his touch. His fingers couldn't make those brilliant runs, his lips couldn't give that sweet, passionate moan to his music. But when he stopped they applauded five minutes. Then Charlie, on the other side of the stage, stood up, nodded to his brother, and began.

This music was contagious, it swept over everybody. It was like mass hypnosis. They didn't move, they dimly sensed that what they were hearing they'd never hear again, could never recapture, and it was trance-like.

Charlie and Ted picked up their horns and looked at each other with understanding. This was it. I started chording "Dippermouth" and Charlie and Ted took it first. It was great playing, it was inspired music, and I could see he was tiring. His face was worn, his voice was veiled in silence. His fingers couldn't make those brilliant runs, his lips couldn't give that sweet, melodic moan to his music. But when he stopped they applauded. Then Charlie moved on, went into "Jazz Me Blues," then into "Dippermouth Blues" without stopping, without a pause, without a breath. I've heard most of the greats play at one time or another, even played with a few, but this was the most brilliant I've heard, past or now. They kept neck and neck for a long while, Ted making up in flawless technique what he lacked in originality, Charlie driving in with those piercing notes so clear you couldn't believe it was a trumpet.

After "Dippermouth" they took a short break, and I filled in for a few minutes with some stuff that must have been a big letdown, but the crowd didn't even seem to notice me. It was past closing time but I didn't see a person leave his seat.

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Teen Talk

FIGHT FOR YOUR FOOD

By Nil Muldur

Out motto is: “Never buy food when you can get it off your dormmates.” After perfecting our techniques we came up with the following advice that no college student should be without. It is the result of diligent work of freshmen who gallantly donated free-of-charge their services for this worthy cause. The reader with any ingenuity can improve the steps according to the situation. For example, when applying Number 5 it is necessary that you’ve suffered the dormmate’s mother’s cooking before (or maybe his or her father is a baker and he bakes the cookies, not the mother). With some imagination the following steps are 98.44% foolproof. It has been proven by freshmen!

1. Since you have the above mentioned motto dutifully carved on your coat of arms, try to room with someone that has never learned to read. If roomie has learned how to read, he might read this column too; thus you’ll spend a very dull year fruitlessly...

Of course you have pickings of the whole dorm, but it is convenient to have food tucked away in your roommate’s soap dish for quick snacks.

2. Try to be around when the mail comes in. Lurk in the shad-owy corners of the mail room (indulging yourself in an issue of the older, raunchier Campus Magazine). If you spot suspicious looking cargoes — shake, feel, smell, and X-ray. (Always carry a portable X-ray in your pocket.) Once you have determined the contents, cautiously take down the address on the bottom of your left shoes, toe area, code preferred. If you luckily find more than one box containing food, use your right shoe, too.

3. Once you have jotted down the destination of the cargo; you’ve several alternatives. Such as substituting another box for the original (this we admit that this doesn’t work too successfully, and is too risky for novices). It isn’t nice to tam-per with mail, but this has worked before and there is no reason why it shouldn’t work again.

4. A more urbane method is to casually stroll by the certain room that received “the Cargo” and hurriedly drop in. Hurriedly because the speed with which the homemade delicacies are devoured is astonishing. If they don’t know you they might offer your a piece, and in that split second, slide open the false compartment of your custom built D book and scoop the dainties in. It is polite to murmur “thank-you” between bites, too, if you want to please Emily.

5. You can always try, “I-have-always-liked-the-way-your-mother-cooks” line. This always gets the homiesick ones around homecoming time. While the crocodile tears waddle clumsily over their cheeks, respect their sorrow and quietly steal away (the cargo under your arm).

6. Another laboratory proven technique is to know the birthdays of your dormmates. This always works, if you like cakes. These cargoes arrive within a three-day radius of the birthday. (If the weather is bad allow some time for delay, but don’t worry, the postman always knows where you live.) When our methods are perfected, we’ll publish them as soon as possible.

Remember, For the gentleman who cares.

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seaside. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young farmer looked postically out to sea and cried: “Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!” His bride gazed at the water for a moment then in hushed tones gasped, “Oh, Fred, you wonderful man! It’s doing it!”

P.S. We are trying new ways to improve the “Fight-For-Your Cigarette” technique, but we find that this is a very complicated course and are running into psychological difficulties involving regular versus kingsize.

The newfangled is no need for you to spend lonely nights wishing you had something to eat. Go, fight for your food. If you are really forced to take drastic measures (and, friend, we really hate to see you do this) get to the grocery store downtown, buy a box of cookies and go to the Wild West or the local store, in the still of the night steal into your room via the fire-escape with the cargo under the beanie. Wear gloves and sun glasses.

If asked why you never receive food by other “Fight-for-your-Fooders” try the “I-am-an-orphan” line, or if your parents have been around the campus, try the “Mother-cooks-awful” or “I-am-not-wanted-my-father-hates-me-and-he-doesn’t-believe-in-eating” line. This usually makes them feel sorry for you.

Always remember that there is no need to look lonely nights wishing you had something to eat. Go, fight for your food. If you are really forced to take drastic measures (and, friend, we really hate to see you do this) get to the grocery store downtown, buy a box of cookies and go to the Wild West or the local store.

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The stagecoach was crowded and the elderly spinster felt her small purse being snatched from her hand. She turned quickly and thought she saw a suspicious looking character slipping it into his pocket. Indignant, she jabbed her hand into his pocket, gasped and then fainted.

“Say,” demanded one of the men on the stagecoach, “what have you got in your pocket?”

The character arched his brows, shrugged, and said “Who’s got pockets?”

“Are you the young man who risked his life to save my son from drowning when he fell through the ice?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, where in the hell are his mittens?”

Advertisement in one of the old country’s papers.

Farmer, aged 33, wishes to meet girl around 30 years old who owns a tractor. Please enclose picture of tractor.

Mr. Lockeroom Sent, III, popular socialite of the campus, and discriminating in his choice of deodorants says: “Unlike so many of my friends I dislike the obtrusive odors of perspiration, therefore I use ‘inger-Longer’ even though my friends ‘don’t linger long.’

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For the gentleman who cares.
Gentleman of Leisure

b. JOHN MILLER

Jack rolled over a couple of times, yawned, kicked off the sheet that was draped around his feet, and sat up in bed. Although the bedroom was sparsely furnished, the air was still, a persistent sea breeze kept crinkling through it, bringing with it whiffs of pure salt spray. Jack yawned again with decisive finality and jumped out of bed.

What a life! What a life! It was really great to be able to sleep till you didn't have to, to be able to do what you wanted to do and get up whenever he felt like it. It was really great to be home again, to see the ocean, to smell the scents of the deep colors, the coconut trees with their fronds that had been gone away for a couple of years. Yep, college life was quite the thing, but the Midwest just didn't fit in. Only for the beauty and as a nice place to enjoy yourself.

Heck, he hadn't realized that he'd done so much sleeping in the last week he'd been home. It was the greatest! Not much to do these mornings anyway, and what the heck was he going to do until his pals dropped around to see him? Didn't get as big a check out of fishing as he used to . . . too much work to get the boat out. He just turned over, said to himself, easy for a little while. His blue gabardines would possibly feel pretty comfortable for that and would go well with his hair.

Fifteen minutes later he was all set, feeling clean, freshly-shaven, and well-dressed as he walked out into the yard.

"Well, good morning, my young gentleman of leisure . . . or should I say 'good afternoon'?

"Hi Mom. Got anything good to eat?

"I'm afraid you're a little late for that. But don't worry, honey, lunch should be ready in just a few minutes."

"What's in the icebox that's good?"

"I don't know, but don't go filling yourself up right before lunch."

"Heck, there's nothing good in here! This icebox is almost empty."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jack. I guess I just don't have time to keep a big enough supply of icebox delicacies on hand for you hungry men. Why don't you go on out back to the chicken coop and help out with that new rabbit hutch? Then you'll be sure to have that big appetite of yours kept up for lunch—as if I haven't got enough."

"Oh, I don't know . . . not too much else to do right now, but I'll see if there are any magazines in the kitchen that I haven't seen before. I'll go out and see Dad."

Jack wandered into the living room and flopped down in the easy chair. It was a pretty good age for him since he'd been back, but sometimes they just . . . well, they just didn't realize that he was around. He couldn't have been any more comfortable, and he'd had to shift for himself in college, so why couldn't he be the same now? He shouldn't have to listen to all their silly suggestions and hang around with them all the time. And why the heck did he have to slave away on a lousy rabbit hutch and help with the livestock. "Livestock," heck! As if a few minutes worth of work in the chicken coop could make him a "livestock!" Oh, well, maybe he'd better go out in back and say "hello" to his old man and see how he was doing.

"For goosh sake," Jack muttered as he slammed the back screen door and narrowly missed running into the week's wash that was hanging out on the back porch. Apparently it had been raining earlier in the morning and some of the clothes were still dripping wet as they hung limply from the clothesline.

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have learned some manners since he had left home.

"Well, Mrs. Muller," a voice boomed from the head of the table, "that meal was really tops—in fact, it was as good as if I'd cooked it myself!"

"Yeah, Mom, it was really great," Jack said.

"If you ladies and gentlemen will excuse me, I'll get us all those dishes that are lying around. Jack, you help your mother clean up those dishes, then you can come out and help me."

"Okay, okay. I'll do the dishes for you, if it doesn't take too long. But when Sandy and his pals come . . .""Never mind, Jack. Grace and I will take care of those dishes, so you can help your mother."

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Finkin Jaques, the coach of the women's wrestling team at Madam Gulch's School for Young Ladies, finds Frieda Bead, queen of the light-heavy division, in the arms of her boy-friend, Paul Gink, when she should have been in bed training for the big match with Ahem Secretarial School next week. Gink says Frieda was just trying out a new hold. Finkin is suspicious.

Movies are Better . . .?

Well, heh, this is your old movie hound, Treadwell Lightly, bringing you the latest from that little old never, never land, our own Hollywood. This time I bring you a film that is destined to prove those immortal words of Producer Sol Sol when he said, "Movies are sure better than bridge."

It's called Gutrock and it contains a sort of undefinable pathos that, honestly, I can't explain, but the film will . . . but what I mean is, when you see it, you'll be able to figure it out, what they're trying to say, if you know what I mean because we're Americans, and golly, I mean, us Americans can figure out darn near everything. Don't you think so, Mr. American Moviergoer? I do.

Sorry, I got a little confused back there. Well, anyway, the pie (that movieland lingo for motion picture film) has everything. It's got . . . well, as I said before, it's got undefinable pathos and it's got a whole herd of cattle, you know, those things with horns and running noses and it's got that new he-man rage, Sterling Quarts. I know you'll remember him for his fine portrayal of the barber in That's the Way They Do it in Beloxi.

Ed. Note: Attention Mom and Dad! Don't take your kids to this. Let them go alone. It's about time they started to learn how to take care of themselves.

Because he needs Frieda to insure a victory over Ahem, thus renewing his contract, Finkin takes Paul to see his rock garden the next day. He tells Paul to lay off Frieda until after the season. They argue. A fight ensues. Paul is killed by a rock administered to the chops by Finkin. Finkin tries to escape, but is arrested.

A few days later, Madam Gulch's gets a new coach, name of Emil Grits. A stickler for discipline, he tells the girls it's no dates and in bed at ten if they want to stay on the team.

The day of the big match arrives. The teams are so evenly matched that Frieda's bout will decide the victor. Inspired by the memory of her old coach and the good teaching of Emil, who spent many hours with her perfecting her bear-hug, Freida wins her match quite handily. And Finkin? He's intramural manager at Sing Sing.

Page Twelve

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Test CAMELs for 30 days for MILDNESS and FLAVOR!

THE REAL PROOF of cigarette mildness is steady smoking. Do what millions of other smokers have done—try CAMELs for 30 days. By enjoying CAMELs regularly—on a pack after pack, week after week basis—you'll see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable CAMELs are. There must be a reason why...

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!