Skidding Down the Drag
Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain
Six Weeks Old

By Any Other Name
Nineveh Disclaimed
On Human Pageants

Campus Calendar
Rushing Primer
Denison's Menaces
Gone Today and Gone Tomorrow

Varsity Basketball

Twas the Night Before Christmas
"Christmas Is For Everyone"

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
Brad MacKimm

BUSINESS MANAGER
Brian Newman

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Ed Jacobs
Lyn Martin

BOARD OF EDITORS
Art - Ted Shaw
Cartoon - Bruce McIntosh
Feature - Marty Watkins
Humor - Jane Geyer
Literary - Joe LeFever
Photography - John Pallets
Sport - Tip Rasor
Circulation - Jim Travis

INSIDE COVER PHOTO BY
Howard Studio, Newark
Special Rates to Students
Skidding Down the Drag

You are looking at our first four-color venture in the cover of this Christmas Issue. When the staff first brought up the idea, it was almost forgotten immediately... but when we decided that we wanted a holiday issue to be slightly different... we strolled forth into this; and we are hoping that it isn't too great an eyesore. However, due to such trivial matters as money (our budget), we have embarked on as simple a note as possible. Also this cover is the first offering from the Class of 1957. Carol Tuttle is responsible for the black and white cartoon and after many sleepless hours, this is the product—and a very commendable one. This particular issue is just loaded with pictures of attractive dollies such as Miss Betsy Phelps on our inside front cover, and the twelve calendar girls inside. For anyone not connected with Campus or any such publication which attempts a calendar, the work involved is extremely difficult to describe; various poses, costumes, final selection of the girls, and headaches are the result. And so, recognition is in order for the hard work and migraines of Lyn Martin, Marty Watkins, and Mary Moderwell. Just in case you might not know all these calendar girls they are:

January—Bunnie Burton
February—Jane Cook
March—Nancy Myers
April—Barbara Burger
May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, “Funny Edna” Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Danison last year. Drus Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

It would also be in order to give picture credits, and they go to the intrepid work of John Pullets and John Wright—the two greatest photographers in school (the only two in school). The next issue will be out around March 15, 1954, and this will be our parody issue... so you may start anticipating it.

May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, "Funny Edna" Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

It would also be in order to give picture credits, and they go to the intrepid work of John Pullets and John Wright—the two greatest photographers in school (the only two in school). The next issue will be out around March 15, 1954, and this will be our parody issue... so you may start anticipating it.

January—Bunnie Burton
February—Jane Cook
March—Nancy Myers
April—Barbara Burger
May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, "Funny Edna" Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

It would also be in order to give picture credits, and they go to the intrepid work of John Pullets and John Wright—the two greatest photographers in school (the only two in school). The next issue will be out around March 15, 1954, and this will be our parody issue... so you may start anticipating it.

January—Bunnie Burton
February—Jane Cook
March—Nancy Myers
April—Barbara Burger
May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, "Funny Edna" Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

It would also be in order to give picture credits, and they go to the intrepid work of John Pullets and John Wright—the two greatest photographers in school (the only two in school). The next issue will be out around March 15, 1954, and this will be our parody issue... so you may start anticipating it.

January—Bunnie Burton
February—Jane Cook
March—Nancy Myers
April—Barbara Burger
May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, "Funny Edna" Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.

It would also be in order to give picture credits, and they go to the intrepid work of John Pullets and John Wright—the two greatest photographers in school (the only two in school). The next issue will be out around March 15, 1954, and this will be our parody issue... so you may start anticipating it.

January—Bunnie Burton
February—Jane Cook
March—Nancy Myers
April—Barbara Burger
May—Sue Fay Louie
June—Nancy Timms
July—Dru Swanson
August—Dede Duffy
September—Lane Flanders
October—Mary Kenrick
November—Audrey Palmer
December—Nancy McLain

Now to the content of this issue:

In the course of perusing the magazine, you may have noticed a few more pictures. With these pictures we have two feature articles which ought to be of interest—namely, an article concerning the basketball team and the outlook for this season, written by Chuck Curry; and a picture article about the radio station giving some of the avid listeners a glimpse of what actually goes on up on the third floor of Doane. We have contributions from Beth Hodge, "Funny Edna" Bogardus, Duck Shackelford, and Ted Shaw. Duck Shackelford's interesting tips on how to approach sorority rushing will undoubtedly be of great value to every freshman woman; we suggest that all fresh dollies study this closely. Ted Shaw has also produced an interesting illustrated concept of the old Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and although his mind is somewhat demented, it may give somebody a chuckle.

Finally, two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story won first prize in a short story contest which was held at Denison last year. Dru's Nineveh Disclaimed will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked.
April—Barbara Burger
Spring vacation soon rolls around
With many Denisonians, Florida bound;
Here we see Barb as she is ready to leave
"See you there at the good old 'Sea Breeze'."

May—Sue Fay Louie
Spring returns to good old D.U.,
And with it, a tradition for many and few,
"Walks in the woods are great," says Sue,
"Who wants to come along, how about you?"

June—Nancy Timms
Too many times bridesmaid— never a bride
Don't worry, Nancy won't always be standing beside,
Here she is reaching to catch that bouquet
Someday she'll be the bride who throws it away.

July—Dru Swanson
The fourth of July—Independence Day
With fireworks, speeches and come what may
Here we see Dru—true dynamite
If she ever explodes we'll really see the light.

August—Dede Duffy
For anglers this spot is truly ideal
Here's Dede, attempting to catch her next meal
If the fish aren't biting—don't give it a thought
There are dozens of males just craving to be caught.

September—Lane Flanders
Now it's September and back to school we go,
Looks like this gal stepped right from a fashion show,
But no— she's getting ready for a Denison date
Watch out there Lane, don't be too late!

October—Mary Kenrick
October's the month for hayrides galore
The only complaint—"Why not have more?"
Here is Mary in the spirit of it all,
Says she, "Um, hum, my favorite season is Fall!"

November—Audrey Palmer
On some long evenings we find there may be
Term papers, book reports, we didn't foresee,
Does Audrey look like she's learning a lot
Or is she the type who ought to be taught?

December—Nancy McLain
Old Jack Frost has gone away
But his daughter, Nancy, has come to stay
She'll paint pretty pictures and write on your name
Merry Christmas to all and Merry Christmas again!
It was always and unexplainably empty—her bench in the Wisteria arbor was deserted. Kate Griffity spent her time on Sunday afternoons. The workday, the class, the job, the boys—all hung a shell like she wanted to pass it up for what was better—the cooled purse, the tired.

Kate Griffity, alone or tired.

With her Sunday afternoons in the arbor. Kate Griffity, her time on Sunday afternoons. Ka...
My romance with Paul was the strongest one I ever had. I saw him in the halls several times before I decided to fall for him, but once the decision was made, I never had cause to regret it. I made up my mind definitely about Paul the day Gall walked home from school together and she said, "Oh, Pills? Sure, all the girls have liked him at one time or another, but he never pays any attention to anybody and after awhile they work on somebody that's not so hopeless." I began to feel sorry for him—he was obviously lonely. What he needed was a girl friend, that's what—a girl friend very definitely on the order of me. One this decision in Paul's and my relationship was reached, things went much more smoothly, because now I could see him in the hall with a sort of purpose, so to speak.

I began systematically falling in love with him. First I loved his hair that was more curly than it would have been if he'd combed it, then his slouchy walk with his hands in his pockets, then his smile that seemed to crawl out of him and stretch out on his face like a too-scarcely-clad sunbather sneaks out onto the roof of a sundeck. But I saved his eyes for Latin class, and it was a good thing I did, for without those eyes, declension would have been unbearable.

We had Latin class together after first thing after lunch and luckily, because of our names, sat next to each other. The Latin teacher, Mr. Payne, was a thwarted Spanish teacher, and was therefore even less interested in Latin than we were, it's convincable. He had a scant collection of jokes that he told in any class of his you might happen to be flunking, and Paul had already been in his Spanish class and heard them all. So when Mr. Payne would ask, "What relation is the top step to the threshold?" Paul would mumble in the back of the room. Needless to say, our grades in Latin left nothing to be desired. It was in these little ways that we worked together and shared things, including the answers to the tests.

By the time Mr. Payne was saying, "Get it? Step to the top step to the threshold?" Paul would mumble in the back of the room. Needless to say, our grades in Latin left nothing to be desired. It was in these little ways that we worked together and shared things, including the answers to the tests.

In all the time we went together, we never had a quarrel, or any other emotionally disturbing thing, like even a date. We parted as we began, "just friends"—and neither one of us gives any indication of what once was.

And so our love affair didn't come to a violent ending, just a quiet drifting apart from Latin 3 to Latin 4. In all the time we went together, we never had a quarrel, or any other emotionally disturbing thing, like even a date. We parted as we began, "just friends"—and neither one of us gives any indication of what once was.

"Morgan David Hits the Spot . . ."


The Orangatan is, of course, the Denison version of the Evolution of Spirituals; Isaih, The Hands, and this week, fifteen minutes of Christmas music. Although a listener selected for provoking discussion and comment. This program is expressly recommended for those students who haven't seen a newspaper since Registration Day of their Freshman year, for there's much less pass beyond the funny sections.

Consider This is a 15 or 30 minute program that is something of an anomaly. Keith Uphdal, Tom Cleary, G. J. Barbier, Janet Cameron, Cathleen Osborne, and Rube Huddell do a lot of work on it, and this combination of imaginations has come up with such programs as the Evolution of Spirituals, Isaih, The Astounded Man, The Hands; and this week, fifteen minutes of Christmas music. Although a listener seldom knows what to expect, the program is successful at provoking discussion and comment.

SIX WEEKS OLD

Denison's newest arrival—WDUB—is celebrating its six-weeks birthday this week, and the staff members wish to add their heartfelt good wishes to the host of good reports circulating around the quad. WDUB is no ordinary baby, it demands not only the attention and time of two people but utilizes the talents of at least fifty Denisonians in order that it may have successful and well-balanced growth. A sample of its varied diet might include The Orangatan Hour, Consider This, Views of the News, Sports News, Something Old-Something New, and BBC Playhouse.

"What's the fourth one?" and it was then that those eyes of his looked right at me. The blue in them was like the Blue Hole at Castalia, Ohio, sort of. I stared at them and all I could think of was how some people throw popcorn boxes in a natural phenomenon like the Blue Hole, and what those eyes would look like with popcorn boxes in them. It took what seemed like ages for me to think that fourth, what much less the answer. And from that time on was my girl. When he'd pass me in the hall and say, "Hi"
'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By TED SHAW

"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING—JUST SANTA THE LOUSE!"

"THE CHILDREN WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE, IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT SANTA WAS THERE!"

"...A BUNDLE OF TOYS HE HAD FLUNG ON HIS BACK, AND HE LOOKED LIKE A GHOUL JUST ABOUT TO ATTACK"

"HE WAS BENT AND TWISTED—A RIGHT DEMENTED OLD ELF, AND I SCREAMED WHEN I SAW HIM IN SPITE OF MYSELF..."

"HE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS WORK, DISEMBOSSING THE CHILDREN, AS HE PULLED WITH A JERK."

"BUT I HEARD HIM EXCLAIM, ERE HE DROVE OUT OF SIGHT: "HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"
The social scientists are dedicating their efforts for one necessary result: that their studies, approaches, and experiments be accepted as legitimate. It seems that the acceptance of these hard-won “discoveries” by those in control of the Sophisticated Intellectual Circle of the world cannot just take place because the social scientists expressing them are such distinguished and skilled for their purpose. Perhaps the SIC of the world will not appreciate the scholar who dedicates the 20th century human scientists to being nothing but Madison Avenue optimists who understand only ourselves and Luke Stevens who lives down the pike.

In this terribly progressive age in which we all seem to mingle, everyone’s morto is, “Let’s boil it down or digest.” The social scientists are boiling and digesting and in so doing we are encouraging a theory on human behavior which has never been thus defined. After boiling and digesting this theory, we have it in short: environment is important. Or have we in it long without boiling or digesting: environment is important when observing human behavior. One profound thinker has expressed it: “observing the human pageant is enough, Walter.”

Let us now work the scientific method to death by saying environment and atmosphere are the same. Now everyone can see that environment is necessary—we need atmosphere and, since intellectuals have been referred to, let us think about intellectual atmosphere. Intellectuals either create atmosphere or atmosphere creates them intellectually. Then let us refer to an individual: one can see out the atmosphere or intellectual, in deep, treacherous, foggy, or misty, murky, and distant causes by too much something or other. Here, in the other, in the latter, one is not likely to find any intellectual (those who spend all night repeating what they learned during the day), but one will have the real intellectual. Observing a real thinker describing how he met himself coming around a tree. This was perhaps caused by ten hours of intense study, or more, and it was such an in itself and in an intellectual environment. The social scientist is to be appreciated, to be highly thought of, but let us contradict the profound thinker by saying, “observing the human pageant is enough, Walter.”

Now you have an example of a real intellectual in his or her natural environment. It will be intensely fascinating for you now to see how an intellectual can create his environment, in short: intellectual atmosphere. It was especially suspenseful when it floated gracefully from a shower cabinet. This made a bypasser curious and, upon casual investigation, this student of the Reformation was a safe and usual practice. The answer was simple and straightforward: “Don’t you ever cause configurations in the shower?”

This seems to be a rather selfish attitude on the part of the young thinker for observing a real thinker is attempting to create an atmosphere in order to attract the attention of those who were only interested in the Reformation and not the deformation of Gothic cathedrals.

Mendel then is the social scientist is being accepted by the Sophisticated Intellectuals of the world for his astute observations of the human being. Environment is his refuge, atmosphere is his order, but let us contradict the profound thinker by saying, “observing the human pageant is enough, Walter.”

Son: “Pop, what’s an optimist?”
Father: “An optimist is a man who thinks his wife has quit smoking but finds cigar butts in the house.”

Mother: “What did your father say when you smashed his new car?”
Son: “Shall I leave out the swear words?”
Mother: “Yes, of course.”

“Not a word.”
Son: “That is the one-fingered pockocket who could only steal Life Savers.”

The Gal: “Would you think it was telepathy if we were both thinking the same thing?”
The Guy: “No, just plain luck.”

TWO old friends were playing golf. They came upon two women golfing ahead of them. One of the golfers casually asked, “Don’t you ever think about the future?”

The other answered back, “I’m not a winner.”

Then it was my turn to make some stunts and adding importance to her question, ask: “Do you sell many of them, Pietro?”

“Not many, I’m afraid.”
An air of hustle was present in the field house on Nov. 7 as Denison's new basketball coach, Rix Yard, sent his cage prospects through their first workout. And that will be the keynote for the coming season as Coach Yard attempts to pick a winning combination from 35 or more candidates.

Pressed for comment after the first week of practice, Rix said that he was very pleased with the performance of both the returning lettermen and the freshmen prospects. Earp Mitchell, Phil Semler, and Bill Hoot are the most promising of the freshmen crop.

Heading the list of returning lettermen are co-captains Don DeJong and Bob Jones. Others who will form the nucleus for this year's team are Tom Davis, Ted Bosler, Jim Cope, and Ben Brown. Brown is presently attending Pittsburgh and will return to Denison the second semester.

DeJong, who stands 6 foot 5, plays equally well at center or forward. He has led the Big Red in scoring for two consecutive seasons, garnering 305 points last year. This two-year total of 619 points puts him just 181 points shy of Jim Emanuelson's three-year total of 800 points, a Denison record. Don scored 31 points against Heidelberg last year, a season high, and averaged 13 rebounds per game. In his sophomore year he pulled down 36 rebounds in a game at Otterbein, which stood as an NCAA single-game record for one year.

Bob Jones stands 6 foot 3, but has an arm-spread that is exceeded by no one on the squad. This makes him especially tough on rebounds. Bob is a smooth ball handler in the pivot and hit on 39 per cent of his shots as he scored 150 points last season.

Jim Cope, along with DeJong and Jones, is the third senior on the squad. Possessor of a soft, accurate hook shot, Jim leads those returning from last year's team in a field goal percentage with a mark of 42 per cent. Ineligible during the first semester last season, Cope returned with his 6 foot 6 frame to score 117 points in the remaining games.

Tom Davis, the bespectacled sophomore guard, led the team in assists last season, and added 193 points to the Big Red attack. Standing only 5 foot 8, Tom is known for his driving layups and expert ball handling. Davis broke into the starting five with a 24-point splurge against West Liberty, and couldn't be displaced after that.

Ted Bosler personally accounted for two Denison victories last season with his last-second, one-hand push shots from the charity line and outcourt. A sophomore, Bosler is 6 foot 2 inches tall. Using his deadly one-hand shot to advantage, Ted led last year's varsity with a free throw percentage of 72.2 per cent. Ben Brown completes the outstanding trio of sophomores. 5 ft. 10 guard, Ben's amazing jump shot helped rank him third in team scoring with 231 points, an 11 point-per-game average. His 13 field goals in 21 attempts at Hiram was a season high.

This is the squad that will try to bring Denison its first winning season in nine years. Last year's aggregation could win only 9 of the 21 games, while becoming the highest scoring team in Big Red history. This year's team will try to better that average of 78.7 points-per-game.
THE FRESHMAN

Letters To The Editors

By DUCK SHACKELFORD

Dear Editor:

I am miserable. I am also a Stone Hall freshman. I have everything a girl could ask for: dates, friends, good grades, and well, you know, well off. And besides, my dad buys me anything I want, he has heaps of money, not that we're rich, but he buys me things. You may know him, he's Kurt Sourschlag, the Toledo pickle king. I guess I should introduce myself, I'm Sally Sourschlag (P.S. see signature).

Anyhow, it's this sorority thing, here it is Christmas and I'm not in one and what am I going to tell my girl friends at home. I mean, it's not that I'm the only freshman in this boat, you know all of us are. It's because of this darn delayed rushing which I see is necessary and all. Besides, I like Dr. Knapp, he's smart and he's sort of handsome for an old man.

You see, I came to college to prepare for a career. But, gosh, I certainly expected to be in a sorority, as it doesn't have a big sister, a beer mug (I don't drink—but I wanted it for my room), and when I go on picnics, I feel like an icky because I can't wear a sorority sweatshirt, and my West Toledo Tigercats sweatshirt looks childish as heck, especially since I've been dating a Beta sophomore and an SAE junior, they must think I'm a child.

But, gosh, I certainly expected to be in a sorority, as it doesn't have a big sister, a beer mug (I don't drink—but I wanted it for my room), and when I go on picnics, I feel like an icky because I can't wear a sorority sweatshirt, and my West Toledo Tigercats sweatshirt looks childish as heck, especially since I've been dating a Beta sophomore and an SAE junior, they must think I'm a child.

You know all the big wheels, see what you can do to help us, (I talked to Dick Lugar about it. He was nice and all, but I couldn't understand his explanation, he sure knows a lot of big words though) we feel this way about it. At least, most of the kids do.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)

Editor Note: We were unaware of this problem, thanks for bringing it to our attention. Who is this Dr. Knapp? The whole thing has been turned over to our Fish, Game, Wildlife and Sorority editor, Duck Shackelford.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

There are many popular misconceptions about what type girl sororities are after. The average freshman has the idea that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

There are many popular misconceptions about what type girl sororities are after. The average freshman has the idea that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)

Editor Note: We were unaware of this problem, thanks for bringing it to our attention. Who is this Dr. Knapp? The whole thing has been turned over to our Fish, Game, Wildlife and Sorority editor, Duck Shackelford.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)

Editor Note: We were unaware of this problem, thanks for bringing it to our attention. Who is this Dr. Knapp? The whole thing has been turned over to our Fish, Game, Wildlife and Sorority editor, Duck Shackelford.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)

Editor Note: We were unaware of this problem, thanks for bringing it to our attention. Who is this Dr. Knapp? The whole thing has been turned over to our Fish, Game, Wildlife and Sorority editor, Duck Shackelford.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)

Editor Note: We were unaware of this problem, thanks for bringing it to our attention. Who is this Dr. Knapp? The whole thing has been turned over to our Fish, Game, Wildlife and Sorority editor, Duck Shackelford.

Dear Sally,

We can't do much about your plight. However, after much study, we have found out that sorority rushing is about to begin. Since you seem confused, we will endeavor to guide you and your friends to a better understanding of the whole female social structure.

The Difference Between Sororities and Fraternities. You seem to be more familiar with fraternities; we feel that the various women's lodges are seeking girls like Raven de Lot, the most dated girl in central Ohio.

Sincerely,

Sally Sourschlag—Stone

(P.S. Please withhold name)

(Thank you)
DENISON'S

The kind that always gets the football players — "Oooh — you great big hunk of muscle, you!"

The big brother to a St. Bernard, loves to top off an evening of studying with a quick game of chess.

The man Charles Atlas and his bank account dream about, overheard saying "Yeth?"

The thing that greets you in the mirror every morning: "Gad, what a joy to be alive (or married)."

MENACES

By BETH HODGE

The Kiljoy who always smiles after a Soc test; shakes hands with everybody in school every day.

The unselfish kind; would much rather hear all of "your dirt" than tell own; very much like Paramount News—"Eyes and Ears of the Dorm."

Joe: "Did your date blush when her shoulder strap broke?"
Mo: "I didn't notice."

Associate Editor: Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking, or profanity.
Editor: Okay, I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too.

Lucky Pierre: "What's the name of the book you're reading?"
Frosh: "What 20 Million Women Want."
Lucky Pierre: "Let's see if they spelled my name right."

"Did your date blush when her shoulder strap broke?"
"I didn't notice."

"What's the name of the book you're reading?"
"What 20 Million Women Want."
"Let's see if they spelled my name right."

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."
"Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."
"Alone?"
"Nob, hitched the cat to it and drug it up."
"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"
"Used a whip."

"DAMN DOG DIED"

"A DEAN'S BEST FRIEND"
Weak Links In Our Daisy Chain

Kappas Sigs, and Phi Deltas so that the telephone at Stone Hall is constantly busy, (if you don’t believe it, try 8143).

Westerville, the home of Carrie Nations and the WCTU, is also the vacation address for Marty. Here she has two very wonderful parents, a Pekinese dog named “Barry,” and a host of old high school flames. At Denison Marty majors in English and meso-cogwhatsa’s. (Making Everybody She Comes Into Contact With Glad To Be Alive And Able To Whistle.)

Lyn spends a good deal of her time up where this picture was snapped. If you look closely at the low flying nimbo-cumulus clouds—background you will see swirls of you know. But you probably have never seen a girl like this. She’s a feature editor of the latter, and a member of the male faction of the editorial board, against whom she got dragged out into the hall by the University. She’s a junior DG from London, Ohio, who majored in English and meso-whatsit. She’s a J.A. (Junior Angel) and should know better!

Come to think of it, Marty’s full of idiosyncrasies. She prefers the stacks to the reserve room for study (actually studying), she likes a sleeping room with every window and door wide open and the wind howling through, she does excellent imitations of her friends’ favorite pose or expression, and never goes out with the same boys two times in a row.

Yet for all this, everybody knows and likes Marty Watkins. Not only does she rate with the CAMPUS magazine which has made her its feature editor, but she impressed the Kappas so favorably they made her the model pledge, the second sleeping room with every window and door wide open and the wind howling through, she does excellent imitations of her friends’ favorite pose or expression, and never goes out with the same boys two times in a row.

For the joy in their eyes made me realize that Christmas is joy for all.

Christmas Is For Everyone

By BOB CLIFFORD

I almost ignored a wreath on a door; Could death be the proper reason? The snow in my hair, the cold in the air; Of course, this was the Christmas season.

Before chanced more, someone opened the door, And I entered a small, humble flat. By a Christmas tree, waiting patiently. A ragged urchin sat.

One among many, I asked if there were any Present that I might give. “Christmas night is here, be of good cheer; Tonight we want you to live.”

Soon I knew that dreams would come true For the ragged, little urchin by the tree. The time was near, then it was here; The best was now to be.

With the opening of each gift, I felt each lift That the urchin experienced himself. He probably thought each gift was brought By some kindly Santa Claus elf.

Maybe he knew to his mother ‘twas due; Her love and devotion I could feel. I can’t express the tenderness A maternal love can reveal.

The wealthiest guy I’m sure could not buy Happiness such as this. To best convey, let me just say The emotion in her kiss.

As others received, I know they believed The thought that someone else cared. As others received, I know they believed The thought that someone else cared.

The collection of gifts which brought such lifts Brought me closer to my recall. For the joy in their eyes made me realize That Christmas is joy for all.

a. "I found 'em in My Sister's Drawer."

b. "I'm Sorry. There's No One Registered Here by That Name."

c. "That's So!"

MARTY WATKINS

Martha (Just call me Marty) Watkins is a nice girl. Of course she has two very disturbing personal habits, one: writing raunchy rhymes for the CAMPUS calendar girls, and two: sneaking in and out of Stone Hall windows. Now such behavior wouldn’t be so offensive by Cleaver or Beaver coed, but Marty is a J.A. (Junior Angel) and should know better!

Come to think of it, Marty’s full of idiosyncrasies. She prefers the stacks to the reserve room for study (actually studying), she likes a sleeping room with every window and door wide open and the wind howling through, she does excellent imitations of her friends’ favorite pose or expression, and never goes out with the same boys two nights in a row.

For the joy in their eyes made me realize that Christmas is joy for all.

RADIO (Cont’d from Page 11)

Company, is a series of 60-minute British drama currently featuring Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales. Next on the bill are plays from Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde. Denison basketball games, broadcasted by Tom Cleary brings the Big Red cagers right into the boudoirs and study rooms of basketball fans whether the action takes place at the Big Wen or away from home. Tom is particularly good man for this spot as he’s had two years’ experience sports casting on the Ken Mac show over WCLT, plus helping out in the tower at football games.

WDBU, like any other infant, has taken a few tumbles in its attempt to stand on its own feet, but considering its age WDBU has progressed remarkably well. In fact, last year there was the time the U.S. Navy Show, regularly played at 33 1/3 rpm, came in on 45. The Doncaster on Campus rang up, raving about the “new hectar with the voice like Donald Duck” and “that cazy new song” actually Anchors Aweigh jazzed up a bit.

Then there was the time the engineer and disc jockey were arrested by Bill Reese (as a joke). The duo (not in on the humor) finally prevailed on Mr. Reese to unlock the handcuffs with the plea “How can we play from the pokey?” . The show must go on.

And finally WDBU’s most publicized fox paw, its broadcasting to Newark. As the professor asked Ramsdell, “Are they still picking you up in Ohio?” Actually once WDBU was officially on the air, it could not be picked up beyond Sally’s Jones, but during the test period it reached Newark. Face it, WDBU is not going to grow up to be a FCC deliquent.

The arrival of WDBU and its six week growth has been a considerable experience. The station had already swallowed over half the years’ DCGA allotment of $6,000 and will probably consume an additional $2,000 before the year is out. However—and here the analogy to a real six-week baby differs—WDBU may soon be self supporting. Advertising may do it.

If WDBU can manage to become independent and self-supporting before its one year birthday; if it can maintain steady and balanced growth; and if it can remain in the good graces of its benefactors, then WDBU is a model baby indeed and would deserve a big birthday party.
ANNE JEFFREYS dreamed of being an opera star, studied long and hard. BOB STERLING could have been a pro athlete, but chose the long, hard pull of acting. Both eventually won good parts on stage, radio, TV. They met on a TV show... became Mr. & Mrs. in real life... and "Mr. and Mrs. Kerby" in TV's brilliant new 'Topper' program!