## Campus Magazine

**Winter Issue**

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.

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Miss Betty Phelps

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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, "Funky 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 dolly 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 "Nineveh Disclaimed" will leave you with a wierd sensation, and yet pleasantly provoked. Two excellent examples of literary effort can be found in stories by Nancy Aabye and Dru Swanson. Nancy's story "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.

Now, we . . . with the advent of the holidays, Christmas, New Year's, etc., the entire staff of Campus takes this opportunity to extend the Season's Greetings to all of our readers. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Your editor, Brad MacKimm

SHAKESPEARE

on Life Savers:

"Such is the breath of Kings"
from Richard II, ACT I, SCENE 3, LINE 213

Still only 5¢

“Sir, Your Son Got Home for Vacation This Morning”

Campus Calendar

January—Bunnie Burton
This you might see on a blustery night, if the snow's just right and no people in sight. An outfit like that looks cold to me. "But," says Bunnie, "This way I'm so free!"

February—Jane Cook
Though leap-year is not in fifty-four Janie's practicing all the more! She'll be all set to catch her man. So watch it fellows, be there if you can!

March—Nancy Myers
You'll see some pretty girls on a windy March day. Nancy's no exception as we look her way, but why—why the look of surprise. You're quite a lovely sight to our roving eyes.
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 in Central Park, her time on Sunday afternoons. The women at the office, the Viney place she climbed steep steps to, their tented the voices and their faces was im-
personal. What was said, however, was what counted. And what was said could be thought about, by looking back and judicious within the dark sanctuary of the Wisteria arbor. Here she si-
tently delivered the voices and faces, the voices and faces, the voices and faces.
In the instances when two lovers quarreled, Inga listened, recently, having no basis in her own experi-
ences for judgment relevant. She was a pupil, her ear open to an oracle of knowledge new to her.
If two men considered news of the day, politics and the hill in Korea, the arbor became a well into
which she threw a wish for some solution while not knowing enough about the problem to be sure her wish was for the best. Sometimes the arbor was a confessional and Inga listened stoically to a delin-
quent boasting to a pal.
Whatever her need for her, the arbor was significant most of all as the arboretum by which she com-
pared other lives to her own. In every case there was the choice—
to take what was said as it was said or to turn and sift it through the Wisteria, leaves until it was something else. Inga would get up from her bench when music came drifting out of the band shell toward her at 7:00 p.m. She would smoothen her skirt while her eyes, fixed, memorized the new truth that had swung into their ken that afternoon.
On the afternoon of June 27th when Inga smoothed her skirt and rose, there was a troubled look in her eyes. What she'd heard was not yet settled to her serenity. A young man had talked to an older man, and Inga had wanted to an-
swer the problem as she always did, silently, but she hadn't known what to say. It felt there was an answer to his words close to her life in New York—at the office of Dunlap-Claren, in that WYCA home of hers, but if she couldn't say what the answer was, maybe it didn't exist.
She walked in Central Park un-
til almost 8:00 p.m., trying to find an answer outside the arbor. The young vet, you know. But you don't know the old vine was one such anomaly, the arbor was another, Inga thought.
The women at the office, the boarders at the Y wouldn't have understood the admiration that the
brother mentioned. Kate Griffin, the girl at the desk, asked Inga once where she went every Sunday. She
probably thinks I've got in the rut
a lot of people, Kate Griffin, sitting on benches in parks, smelling at the sunshine glaring on their
tented Times, feeling sorry for

By NANCY AABYE

(Continued on Page 14)
My romance with Paul was the strongest one I ever had. I saw him in the hall 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 Gail said, "Oh, Pills? Sure, all the girls had 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 liked 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-scantily-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 the first thing after lunch and luckily, because of our names, sat next to each other. The Latin teacher, Mr. Payne, was a Spanish teacher, and was therefore more interested in Latin than we were, it that’s conceivable. He had a scant collection of jokes that he told in any class; the tip 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 such disgust that I couldn’t help but laugh. "Step farther," and then hold his ear from sheer torture. By the time Mr. Payne was saying, "Get it? Step farther, step farther..." Paul and I were howling 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, and from that time on I was his girl. When he’d pass me in the hall and say, "Hi Marj," there was something tender in it now. We went together for a long time, seeing each other at dances, KNOWING we wanted to dance with each other, passing each other on the cinder track at football games, not for any of the usual reasons, but only because Paul was shy, and besides, we had our understanding. I just know we did, I could tell.

Finally, all this was shattered, as are so many modern romances, by another woman. One day during the noon movie at school, Gail, with no provocation whatsoever, just slipped down the aisle and asked him, "Do you like Marj?"

"Marj who?"

"Marj Sherman."

"Oh, yea...I guess...She seems like a nice kid." I cried in the girls’ room until I was almost late for Latin class. How could she have the unmitigated gall just to go up to somebody else’s boy friend and ask him a question like that? When I finally did get to class that day, it was horrible. Things were more than tense, and I could sense a coolness on his part. After that, he was polite, but something beautiful had been destroyed. It was a sad day when we passed in the hall he’d just say, "Hi Marj."

And so our love affair didn’t come to a violent end, 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.
"T'was 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, DISMEMBERING 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!"
ON HUMAN PAGEANTS

By Edna Bogardus

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 findings by the "technocrats" by those in control of the Sophisticated Intellectual Circle of the world cannot just take place because the social scientists have accomplished their goal (de-

lined for their purposes). Perhaps the SIC of the world will also appreciate the scholarly aid that the 20th century social scientists are working in. If our society understands ourselves and Luke Stevens who lives in the street.

In this terrible progressive age in which we all seem to mingle, everyone's motto is, "Let's boil it down, or digest. The social scientists are boiling it down, or digesting humans as a result of the theory on human behavior which has never been thus defined. After all, as the philosopher said, "It's short; environment is important. Or we have it in long without boiling or digesting; environment is important when observing human behavior. One profound thinker has expressed it: "observing the human pageant is not enough, Walter." So now the work of 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 are referred to, let us think about intellectual atmosphere. Intellectuals either create atmosphere or atmosphere creates intellectuals. Then the environment in which one can seek out the atmosphere or intellectual in deep, misty, cloud-type area, the peripatetic reviewer saw Tobe, held in his arms.

The neon sign shed enough light, "Not papers, lady. Roses. See?" The other man approached the girl, "No," he admitted, "but they're dark deep-opened eyes were clean. The boy's face was luminously for Inga to see that the roses were without glancing at the bundle he

Son: "Not a word."

Sonny: "Pop, what's an optim-

The Guy: "No, just plain luck."

The Gal: "Would you think it

to have her Maybelline mascara.

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 girl for obvious reasons. An intellectual thinker who pointed out that a young architect was attempting to create an atmosphere in order to attract the attention of those who were only interested in the deformation of Gothic cathedrals was a safe and usual practice. The sleepiness, which usually only occurred by ten hours of intense study, or more, had retreated to my elbows, seeped up again; but the weeds whispered irritated remarks as the

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peripatetic reviewer saw Tobe, held in his arms.
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, who 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.
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 is, I don’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)

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 will point out the main differences.

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.

In reality one finds that girls like Raven have given enough of the active sisters a hard time so that she can’t pass a vote. The sweet young runny-nosed girls will find their way into sisterhoods that exclude Raven.

Active: “Do you like codfish balls?”
Rushee: “I don’t know. I’ve never been fishing.”
Dean to Freshman: “What’s your name?”
Freshman: “I’m Gladys Zell.”
Dean: “I’m happy too, but what’s your name?”

As the saying goes, whether you’re rich or poor, it’s always nice to have money. Whether you’re handsome or ugly, it’s always nice to have a face. Whether you’re male or female, it’s always nice.

Fisherman: “Reel in the line.”
Beginner: “I’ve done that, the fish is tight against the end of the pole. What’s the next step?”
Fisherman: “Climb out on the rod and stab it.”

A late professor may be considered a man of distinction. In fact, he is usual, but in a class by himself.

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If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, they’ll soon be condemned by the A.M.A.

A preacher has recently announced that there are 762 sins.

She’s a pretty little wench sitting there upon the bench looking very coy and shy at every passing college guy. Ah, such eyes.

Concentric thighs.

It’s too bad—she’s bald.

RUSHING PRIMER

Although many girls become overly shy at their first few rush parties, the motherly instinct and easy friendliness of the actives will help you be yourself.

The high point in the rushing season is the emotionally charged final party. The actives, on the verge of the most important decision of her life, will choose the sorority that makes her cry the most.

The symbols represent all that is noble and fine in the sisterly love of girl for girl.

The NOVELTY PARTY is the funniest thing you have ever seen in your life. If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, they’ll soon be condemned by the A.M.A.

From way down in my cranium, I, this prediction make: That if you eat uranium you’ll get atomic ache.

If an apple a day keeps the doctor away, they’ll soon be condemned by the A.M.A.

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RUSHING PRIMER
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?"
Fresh: "What 20 Million Women Want."

Lucky Pierre: "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?"
"Nope, 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

"What's the name of the book you're reading?"
"What 20 Million Women Want."

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

LYN MARTIN

One could make several assumptions after examining the curious picture of Lyn Martin, Campus' girl fashion editor. Notice the Italian cut, gown by Dali, stockings by Chevette, exquisitely styled footery by Porath & Mag- nohrous, accessories by Schiaparelli, and to complete the scene that “certain” look traceable back to old Biblical fame. At the risk of hyperimagination, let us stroll down a few lanes of possibility. A) She has a rendezvous with the janitor, who is changing his shirt inside the cabinet. B) She is consorting to a group of envious friends exactly what four years alumni did for her. C) In a classical setting, she is practicing for her triumphant role as Calypso in the junior DG from London, Ohio, who 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 and Beaver coed, but Marty is J.A. (Junior Angel) and should know better!

Come to think of it, Marty's full of idiocyscracies. She prefers the stacks to the reserve room for study (actually studying), she likes sleeping room with every window 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.

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 favorite pose or expression, and never goes out with the same boys two nights in a row.

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 'was 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 couldn't 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 thoughts of Christmas they shared. It wasn't the find, but the thought behind;
The thought that someone else cared.

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

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.
How the stars got started

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!

Anne: I changed to CAMELS years ago because to me they taste better and are so mild. You try them, too!
Bob: So many friends smoke CAMELS, I tried them and found I like them better than any other cigarette.

For MILDNESS and FLAVOR
Camels agree with more people
than any other cigarette!

Start smoking CAMELS yourself!
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