The Denison Kampus

XMAS 1954

See Macy's Santa here
Denisonians!
For those students who feel ashamed to be seen reading our “Miss Goodie Twoshoes Magazine” the editors have included this false cover. Merely fold back our front cover and lo and behold—Zowie!
Skidding Down the Drag

Dear All,

Just a line or two to wish you a Merry Christmas and to give you a word of explanation about the new state of Kampus. (Note name change also, will you kindly.) As you know, there will be four issues of Kampus this year—two literary, and two humorous (I know it’s humorous because after the last issue I got a note that read: HA! Signed, A Friend.)

Since we’re only coming out twice a year, we’ve made some changes, added some pages, and tried to make the whole issue one big chortle from beginning to end. We only hope you get as many laughs as we did trying to decide what was and was not printable—although, looking back, I think we got a great many kicks out of “what was not.”

One last thing—in the absense of Lynn Martin, the co-editor, who is in Washington on the semester plan, Ted Shaw was moved up to fill her spot until she gets back.

Granted, the changes have had us as mixed up as Tuna Fish and Noodles, but here are the results. Hope you enjoy them, and if you don’t you can just go home and . . .

Have a Merry Christmas anyway.

Ted and Marj, and all the staff.

By the way, the girls in the Kampus Calendar are as follows:

January—Natalie Mitchell
February—Twink Young
March—Dot Jones
April—Sue Hadley
May—Nancy Hinter
June—Jean McKenzie
July—Betsy Leuba
August—Janie Peek
September—Sheila Walker
October—Margie Sessions
November—Gail Reinholtsen
December—Judy Clarkson

By the way, the girls in the Kampus Calendar are as follows:

January: Happy New Year to all from Miss Mitchell,
A greeting from Natalie which’ll
Bring you good cheer
For the rest of the year,
And that is much more than a twitch’ll.

February:

Twink as Washington is thinkin’
To take the rap for that cherry tree is stinkin’
And so she’s decided
To try and hide it,
And blame it on Abraham Lincoln.
March:
It's March and here is Dot Jones
Attired like one of the gnomes.
She's dressed for St. Pat,
Now don't you think that
Other elfkins should stay in their homes?

April:
Sue Hadley behind her umbrella
Is about to be duped by some fella.
Aha! thinks this honey,
I've found me some money,
Now isn't this going to be "April Fool!"

May:
Young Nancy, a gal quite distracting,
Discovered how the government was taxing.
But it's given her such fights
To count up the digits,
She's chucked Math and taken up relaxing.

June:
A sweet young thing named McKenzie
At school's end was thrown in a frenzy.
Til she decided to wait
Beside the back gate
And hitch a ride home with some men-zie.

August:
There was a young lady named Peek
Whose serve was as fast as a streak.
She aced one one day
In a relative way
And followed through the previous week.

July:
Here's Miss Leube under a palm
At present vacation is calm
If anyone should spy
Bets in Hawaii
'Twill be like landing on Guam.
September:
At the games Sheila really shows spirit,
She yells so the players can hear it.
By the looks of her grin
If they don't, you can bet she will "tear it."

November:
Said old Peeping Tom of Margie,
Wearing a corsage of mistletoe
"Peeping ain't what's cracked up to be.
That I'm ready for fun
From most anyone
But I'll have to pretend to bristle, though.

December:
Wearing a corsage of mistletoe
To a dance Judy said, "Boy this'll show
That I'm ready for fun
From most anyone
But I'll have to pretend to bristle, though."

CLASSROOMMANSHIP or
THE ART OF GOING TO SCHOOL WITHOUT ACTUALLY LEARNING ANYTHING
(Compiled by author and J. Montague Fitzpatrick while attending Oxford before the unfortunate events of March, 1947, leading to their expulsion.)

This dissertation, due to limitations on space, will cover only the fundamental opening gambits of classroommanship, with brief side-light on important byplays and counters for the more frequent faculty maneuvers.

The First Day
Play of Gaining the Initial Advantage.
D. D. Melrose III and the two Canadian authorities Jean DeVierre and Paul Kantel agree with the author that attendance at the first class is essential to avoiding the unfortunate circumstance of having to fight back from behind. Virtually all leading classroommen, with the possible exception of our own R. V. Mendenhall, prefer to operate from the so-called front-running position. Mendenhall’s play is an unusual and difficult one, and his minor slip in the unmatched socks followed by a letter grade in the final average of his humanities course.

Consolidating the Position
Once the critical hurdle of timing is taken, the classroomman must take prompt action to consolidate his position. He should spot a high ranking major in the course and accost this person in a voice just audible to the professor. Fitzpatrick made it a practice never to refer to a return greeting, as frequently he was not recognized by the greetee and the entire effect was wasted.

Feigned Awakemanship or Concealing the Late Night
An opening which is either so dull or so important as to require a feigned awakening is often encountered by the novice classroomman. The classroomman must enter before the last note has rung. Never enter before the bell. And under no circumstances enter before the professor. A professor who is an experienced counterclassroomman will often delay his entrance as much as four minutes after the bell on opening day. Care must be taken not to allow this to throw one off stride. The classroomman should busy himself in the cloakroom until the professor has arrived and laid the notes down on the lectern. The novice classroomman must keep in mind at this time Finch's Law. A strong opening on the first day is worth three effective gambits during the year.  

By JOHN HODGES

(Continued on Next Page)
Named after Hedly Montague, uncle of our roomman’s own risk)—Couldn’t we respond at his name, may doze at an awkward situation by repeating the question? “Chauncey V. Herbert of Christchurch was drummed out of the local classroomman’s organization for employing this antique ruse when caught completely off guard during a particularly dull business law lecture.

Another neat bit of feigned awakemanship, developed by one of the few outstanding French classroommen, Marcel de Prevoir, during his undergraduate days, is the aptly named continental gambit. This advanced bit of work is particularly effective against the less strict type of lecturer who feels somewhat ill at ease if the class does not roll along smoothly. The classroomman sits back casually in the eye, and smiles that knows that the student being called upon does not know the answer and he is enjoying this satisfaction with the professor.

Named all the most but the most firmly minded professor a trifle off stride and makes him feel that perhaps he has erred in some way. No instructor will attempt to preserve this awkward situation by repeating the question to the classroomman, and he will either call upon another student, or more probably drop the matter entirely. The beauty of this counter is that it requires no prior preparation and has been found effective on some of the most experienced counter-classroommen.

Handling the “Nails Type” Professor

The common error committed by the beginning classroomman is to attempt the sympathy approach to this type of instructor. He is likely to use such inadequate plays as wearing a cast on the writing arm to an exam and attempting to write the test with the non-writing, or off hand. This ploy has its place in classroommanship, but not under this situation. It only excites the sadistic tendencies of the professor.

The proper method of handling “Old Nails” is to obtain a seat at the front of the class and commence the course by obtaining a reputation as an imbecile yetman by nodding wisely to any statement delivered in an overly loud tone and chuckling to oneself. At every reply the titter professor may add to the lecture. This will make the student an object of contempt to the “hard as nails” type pedagogue.

The time is to effect the old cry, “Attack where the defense is weakest.” When “Old Nails” has more on the ball than I wait for him to make a particularly dogmatic statement. Then challenge and refute this statement with any trivia which might come to mind. Refuse to back down and continue this line of attack throughout the period. The professor, caught off balance, will wander back to his office in somewhat of a daze and muse to himself, “That old vile more on the ball than I gave him credit for.” From this point on, the classroomman has “Old Nails” in the palm of his hand.

Simple Pastimes for the Advanced Classroomman

When the classroomman attains a certain degree of skill, he will find himself with a considerable amount of free time during class periods. These periods are likely to pass increasingly slowly unless he can develop a few small diversions.

The author has always occupied his Monday morning classes in writing a newspaper column, but one is likely to become too engrossed in this effort and lose interest.

Many of the young people who receive their education here at Denison come to us from other countries. We are proud of the name they have maintained for themselves and their adaptation for hard work. A typical such student is Frankie Shinola from Italy.

Denison’s high academic standing is made possible not only by high standards set by the faculty, but by the eager quest for knowledge of the students themselves. This almost unbelievable spirit of intellectual curiosity is truly amazing.
IT WAS A SMALL COLLEGE NESTLED AMONG THE HILLS OF OHIO. NOTHING MUCH EVER HAPPENED, UNTIL... THE ODDER AUTHORITIES WERE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED... WHY I'LL BE A-HOG-TED, BARTY! STEPS WERE TAKEN TO ALLEVIATE THE SITUATION. THE NOTICE WAS POSTED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. BUT THE PROBLEM WAS STILL FAR FROM SOLVED... BOOM!

THE COLLEGE DEFENDERS QUICKLY MOBILIZED.

GO OUT AND GET HIM!

BUT TREACHERY WAS AFOOT...

MAJOR HARRY

KNOCK!

GRANDVILLE

BLACKFOOT CORSE

SEE! I HOPE WE CAN FIND THE MAJOR BOYS!

ARF!

RUTE

THERE HE IS! SECTION 8uarder & Son Airman IS LOYAL

MAH

MAH

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD...

I'VE GOT HIM, ANN!
Once upon a time there was a young newsboy named Randolph, whom we shall call Ned for purposes of alliteration. Ned lived with his drunken father and three younger sisters named Gua, Magda, and Zsa-Zsa in an old piano box on the wrong side of the B & O tracks. Every day Ned would arise at the crack of dawn, don his ragged knickers and his moth-eaten turtleneck sweater, and go forth to trod the streets all day, selling the racing form and French postcards to the passers-by. Late at night, his few cents' earnings clutched tightly in his frozen fingers, he would make his way down the deserted streets to his family's hovel, to receive curses and blows from his father and tears of gratitude from his three sisters, who needed every cent of their brother's earnings for food, clothing and policy slips. Thus the little family existed from day-to-day, always living from hand to mouth, and fearing what the future might bring, until one Christmas Eve when Ned was eleven years old.

It was a cold, snowy evening, and few people were brave enough to venture out into the icy winds which slashed across the streets of the city. Poor Ned, almost frozen stiff, was about to quit for the day and return to the family's meager Christmas dinner of breadcrusts and orange rinds, when he spied an old man crossing the street, his silver hair waving in the wind. Hopefully Ned approached the elderly gentleman and timidly whispered,

"Racing form, Jack?"

The old man's eyes softened with pity at the sight of Ned's forlorn little body shivering in the cold.

"Why, yes, sonny," he replied kindly. "I'll take half a dozen," and handing a dollar to Ned, he took the papers and started away.

"Wait a minute, buddy. You got some change coming!" Ned called after the retreating figure. The old man turned back. His soft eyes shone with pity.

"My boy, such honesty must not go unrewarded!" he exclaimed. "I am J. J. Westinghouse, famed tycoon and philanthropist, and henceforth you shall be just like a son to me."

The elderly financier kept his word. He took Ned to live with him in his mansion overlooking the Chase National Bank, and saw to it that Ned had every luxury his heart desired. When other children received electric trains at Christmas, Ned got the Pennsylvania. When the boy next door got an erector set for his birthday, Ned was given the Woolworth building. And when other boys began to date girls, Ned's foster father gave him the Y.W.C.A. Ned's family was not forgotten either—his three sisters received screen tests and his father lived in comfort in a private booth at the best bar in town.

Ten years of luxury passed. Ned was just entering the Westinghouse mansion after returning from his latest trip abroad when the butler approached him, and said in muted tones,

"Sir, being as it's Christmas Eve, the master would like to see you in his room."

Ned nodded, and mounted the heavily carpeted stairs to his foster father's room. When he entered, the old man was seated in his favorite leather-covered easy chair, the soft glow from the fire in the grate playing over his time-worn features.

"My boy," he said, "it is Christmas Eve. Ten years ago this very night I found you shivering in the cold and adopted you. For ten years I have treated you as my own son, and you have become very dear to me." He paused and his old eyes were filled with affection as he grasped Ned's hand in his own aged one. "I want you to know that when I die, you shall inherit everything I own, including three billion dollars and a controlling interest in the pizza industry."

"Father," exclaimed Ned, "You don't know how happy you've made me." And deftly smashing the old man's skull with a Tru-Ade bottle, he turned to the phone and made reservations for two at the Stork Club.

MORAL: If you can't take it with you, don't let anyone know you're going.
HOW'D I DO IT?

By TIP RASOR

(I). . . The brutal annihilation of three fraternity men behind Monomoy on September 6th, 1881, prompted the trustees of Denison University to call in the famed investigator, Mr. Tracer, keener than most.

(II) . . . Leaving his palatial estate at 690 Bowery Avenue by special car, Tracer and his right hand man, Clancy, arrived in Granville, home of Denison University, on September 15, 1950, to investigate the murder. The following are excerpts from the case history.

"Sept. 15, 1950, 8:30 A.M., breakfast at the Inn, talked with K. I. Brown to get background of case, visited Bjelke, Simmeral, Rees to gain insight and view pictures of the scene of the crime. . . . knew then it would be real hell to trace down killer. . . . put out a 609 for suspects.

(IV) . . . Checked on their information, found most of it true, resumed the murder case on October 19 at 9:00 A.M.

(V) . . . Oct. 21, 11:30 A.M., Clancy and I had been tracking down leads for about fifteen minutes, when we passed the Beta Gam house and heard no noise, we investigated because I'm an investigator.

(VI) . . . Clancy using his 6mm Rollithompson miniature, took this snap as evidence to bring alcoholic beverages on campus.

(VII) . . . After visit to Moonlight, on October 23, at 6:00 a.m., talked to some coeds to ascertain in murdered men's reps on campus (One of girls modeled for art class) . . . After four days of extensive examining we felt they weren't hiding anything and we got back down to business at hand.

(XI) . . . Nov. 5, Noxin was caught trying to break into field-house, was apprehended before he entered. Unfortunate because he must have been trying to get something, and we wanted to know what it was!

Then one night down at practice field, I figured it out, Noxin was guilty! Pushed thoughts of passion and three girls aside, ran around Sunset hill to reassemble facts of case . . . I had it! Went to Whisler next morning, got rid of it and resumed case.

(XII) . . . Took Noxin by force on Nov. 7, because it looked better and I was ambitious for office of District Attorney. Subdued him and hauled him off to jail . . . . He got life imprisonment, shown here with his child lawyer trying to effect pardon. HOW'D I DO IT?
A Xmas Tale
For Juvenile Delinquents

Once upon a time, when a Year was getting ready to round out its activities for the season, a big Christmas, a little 7-year-old boy—who shall be nameless—was busy rounding out his Christmas list so as to have a well-stocked list of items by which to draw. He had red hair and freckles and his name was Tommy Nameless. At the time, he could have made out an equally long list of his own sins and vices which he was always busy furthering. His newest, and by far the most obnoxious fault was Swearing...a habit he'd acquired from his oldest brother, Ed, who went to a small mid-western college lidded in the Ticking Hills. Anyhow, Tommy had picked up the habit and virtually outstripped Ed at it in a week. Whenever his mother would put him to bed for a nap, he'd lie there for a few minutes planning out what strategy to use on her this time, and then, more often than I dare to re-"egy to use on her this time, and

For Juvenile
quired from his oldest brother, Ed, which to draw. He had red hair and vices which he was always careful about what they say and so on about the way you talk. You never can tell, you know.

"What do you mean, Mom?" asked Tommy. "Little boys should be awfully careful about what they say and do at this time of year. It's really your last chance to be a good boy this year."

"Who's gonna see me?"

"Well dear, Santa Claus just might be looking in the window and what's he going to think about you?"
rifying his stuffing if he hears you swaying.

She was sure she'd made some impression because the first thing he did was glance over his shoulder at the window. He didn't say anything and she could tell he was chewing that one well with his mental baby teeth. Feeling like she'd just made the conquest of Everest, she asked, "Well, now what do you think about that?"

"Oh hell, Mother, let's pull down the damn shades."

With that, she did a very Mother Thing and sent him straight to his room. Whatever she was doing to help the boy?

"No sooner had she sat down on the beach than she heard men shouting, and above the screams and shrieks, O. J. heard—or did he just think he heard?"

"NUTTIN'! I don't know where he is, but somewhere...I've got a PONY!"

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See all the sights. Live in London, Paris, Rome or Geneva and take your pick of 6 to 8 weeks at an accredited university. You do both during one trip on a university-sponsored tour via TWA—world leader in educational air travel. And you can take up to 20 months to make with TWA's new "Time Pay Plan."

Choose a tour dealing with a special field such as music, art, language—visit the Orient or go around the world. Special arrangements for Haiti-tour-year travelers. See the writer's film, "Air Adventure Begins" now available for adult group presentation free of charge (except shipping costs). Mail the coupon now!

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN COLLEGE SOPHOMORE

(With apologies to the class of '57)

I am the very model of a modern college sophomore.

I am the very model of a modern college sophomore.

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I am the very model of a modern college sophomore.

I am the very model of a modern college sophomore.

I am the very model of a modern college sophomor...
DO YOU NEED

MIMI MILLER  BILL MARKEL  POLLY TEMPLETON

ANYTHING?

BILL MOOR  PENNY SAUNDERS  DAVE CARSE
The Down Hill General Backslide Of Things While I Was Away

by Fitch

Actually, one of the main reasons I came to Denison was because of a letter I received from the Brothers. I reproduce it here in part:

... And, other than that, not much else has happened, except the flood we had in the basement where your record collection is stored, or was, or something.

The treasurer sends his regards and says to tell you in no uncertain terms that if you don’t...

As I said, I reproduce the letter here only in part. It was this letter which, in spite of certain obstacles, fastened my return. However, now that I'm here I've been noticing.

For one thing, all the broods on campus seem to have gotten more so, especially my old girl friends. I can accredit a lot of this to escape eating on their parts—also many of them indulged in escape pinnings and other commitments of that nature and some just plain flunked out from grief.

Aside from the more emotional individuals who were upset at my going, there were those whose feelings manifested themselves in subtler ways. For instance, certain professors who went on “Sabbatical leaves.” But you know and I know that they were nothing but glamorous rest cures (like the one I just got over).

And lastly, of course, The Brother Treasurers was pretty unbalanced by my departure.

I have also noticed that the student union hasn’t changed much. You still can’t get decent scotch there. At least the bar maids haven’t adopted the Third Avenue Stewbum routine of... “What’ll it be pal?” The skirts that frequent the union around here. Of course, you know my definition of Sophistication: “Moral: Be a cop, but not a Dick!”

Solution. The thing that opened my eyes was the inconsistency of which I spoke. This was: When I asked him where he was on the night of the murder, he said Aladdin’s is closed on Monday! But the real tip-off was down at the practice field when one of the girls grabbed my lapels, bore me to the floor and whispered Dick (Noxin’s first name), then I recognized her—the worked at Aladdin’s. Before the grand jury she testified that she was dirty and thus Noxin, after too many martoonies saw pink elepant’s and little green loonies, actually he confused his rendezvous with one of the waitresses from Aladdin’s being as being at Aladdin’s. I did, so I went to Whis... Dups, sorry.

The motive for the murder was then easily arrived at, Noxin had been a Tri Bete legacy (the fraternity of the murdered man), but the guys at the Tri Bete house didn’t like him and so he took up with their bitter rivals, the Beta Gams and he still was deeply hurt by the Tri-Bete business. After a big party one night, the Tri Betes held an informal serenade at 3:00 in the morning. Noxin didn’t have anything to do and he knew a lot of Tri Bete songs so he joined them but they ignored him and this brought out his deepest hatred for this club and so he decided to tell a couple of them the Beta Gams’ plays and plans for their next IM contest, he met them and during the course of the revelation he slew them with a sabre. I knew he was guilty too, when I saw a sabre on the wall of his home, it was reddish brown and I knew.

Morals: Be a cop, but not a Dick!

by Tip Rasor

Something About the Author:

THERE CERTAINLY IS! ED.

 wasn’t big enough for the two of us anyway. The other being Leo’s pot condition.

In an article like this I really should give you the straight poop on the scholastic angle, but I haven’t gotten around to classes yet this semester.

Another thing I’ve noticed is the change in the men. When I left here, they were reasonably mature individuals, and I swear some of the freshmen men I’ve seen couldn’t be a day over 19. That’s what I mean. If the administration is going to cater to children, how can we ever expect to have any degree of Tweedy Sophistication around here. Of course, you all know my definition of Sophistication, but for the benefit of the pink-skinned freshmen, I shall set it down for the record.

Sophistication is holding a martini (unnecessarily dry) and a Herbert Tareyton in one hand while throwing furniture out of a 16th story window of the Biltmore with the other, without spilling the martini, therefore losing the lemon rind which is hard to come by, and (and here comes the hard part) changing expression. The expression being for the terrible martini made three to one. (Domestic vermouth, at that.)

All in all, though, after having been to an eastern finishing school—and boy am I finished in the east—I must admit that it sure is good to have me back.

Aviator: “Wan’na Fly?”
Young thing: “Ooooh yes!”
Aviator: “Well, I’ll catch one.”
SPORT SHORT

A great big kid named Bosler, a big sphere did espy,
And visions of a jolly game pranced before his eye.
He gathered up his chums and pals, he 'd 'em by the bunch,
And they all tramped down to Eiken's gym, acting on a hunch.

Right as rain, ol' Ike was there and said that he would coach 'em
On the fine points of basketball and all else they wanted to know-then.
Benny Brown was there and Click, and not forgetting Davis.

"We've got to learn a lot," they said, "or nothing's going to save us."

Without fail they drilled for many months; were all there for the count of noses,
And Ike spread out and warned 'em about cigarettes and Four Roses.
At last it came, this was the night. They toughskinned all their digits
So their fingers wouldn't slide if they should feel a case of tight.

The game begun, it sure was tight—of this there was no doubt.
The guy who'd made the uniforms hadn't taken the bastings out.
And the kid who lighted the numbers was drawing pictures on the board.

As the half gun sounded to halt the game, the score was tied at two all
And the coach grew hair on the locker room with words that didn't fool."

"Putting in these better guys will surely win this thing."

The pace sped up, the game swept on, the tempo got much faster,
But even so, it looked as if there might be some disaster.

By now the fourth quarter was under way—the crowd was going wild!
No one stirred to leave his seat except one weak-kidneyed child.

The score was tied at 10 and 10, another basket would do it.
And now the other team heaves the ball—their center forward threw it.
The swish is heard and then the gun, the other team has won it.

"And after weeks of training, don't know how they coulda done it!"

The dent is still in the bleachers where coachy beat his head.
His eloquence was evident, for this is what he said,
"The scoreboard you can plainly see, boys, says all there is to say.
And if I live to be a hundred—that's our LAST damn game with W.R.A.!

CLASSROOMMANSHIP (Continued from Page 10)

reduced to the simplest of feigned awakemanship ploys. We remember with particular embarrassment a certain Chaucer class in which the author was compiling the notes for an essay and was trapped by a superb bit of counterclassroommanship.

This is a 58 second clock, and, if we may be allowed an opinion, a fairly good likeness.

Learning to write left-handed is a worthwhile pasttime, and D. D. Salisbury, who had a rear seat in a lecture course, made classroommanship script with his toes.

At present, the passing of time is probably the least developed field of classroommanship, although two Americans are currently preparing a paper on this subject to be read before the next international meeting.

In closing, we should like to thank all those who collaborated with us in preparing this work. The London transit system was particularly helpful in aiding us in bringing the manuscript to our publishers.

22 No true classroomman should wear a watch as this eliminates a topic of conversation with one's neighbor.

23 Barring a small pamphlet by Mendenhall in the early '40s.
Cully Wall Discovers Xmas
for thinkin' of others

Cully ran the little newspaper and he was so busy rushin' here and there that he hardly had time to give folks any more than a tweedy hello.

Cully didn't have much use fer Xmas, neither. He thought of it as a day when you had to hold up your head, and if he'd had his way he wouldn't even have known what day it was; but folks kept talkin' about it, so he couldn't help knowin' it was Thursday.

Thursday mornin' he got up earlier than the rest of the clan and kept grummin' to himself about it's being Xmas. But on the way down the Quad he seen John Beumes, and seein' John was a heavy advertiser in the paper, Sully says "Merry Xmas," and he about fell over when John doubled up so hard with laughin' he couldn't stand straight.

Cully went on, kind of tickled at himself fer bein' so smart, and when he sees Jane Geyer he yelled out "Merry Xmas," and Jane laughed and slapped him on the back and thought it was a great joke.

By the time Cully had got to the 4th floor, he'd yelled "Merry Xmas" to a dozen folks and they had all called him so clever he was feelin' real carried away, and when he went in the office he yelled out to all that was there "Merry Xmas to yer." They laughed and called out to him and had a great time, and when Cully got alone in his office he sat down real tickled with himself. He could hear the folks outside calling "Merry Xmas" to each other and laughin', and it give him quite a kick.

He enjoyed it so much that about 9 o'clock in the evenin' he went out in the main office and sez to them, "If you can get yer work done by 11 o'clock yer can all take off the rest of the evenin', seein' it's Xmas." They laughed and cheered him, and long before 11 o'clock come they had more than a night's work done so he let them go and they went off to Tony's, saying what a helluva good guy Cully is.

Well, seein' no more to be done, Cully was so full of the Xmas spirit, he went out and bought a duck for Teckie, and took it over and give it to her. She was so surprised she didn't know whether he'd gone crazy or feeble-minded, and then he sez to her, "I bring you this fer your Xmas dinner."

She sez, "What are you talkin' about?"

"Ain't today Xmas?" sez he.

"Ah, come on, Cully," Teckie sez. "Xmas ain't until next Thursday."

MORAL: Don't buy a duck, when you can get an Xmas goose.

"It's some subversive group on campus."
TERESA WRIGHT says: “Up to 16, my knowledge of acting had been gleaned from seeing movies. When I saw my first professional play, that was it: I only wanted to act. I got into high school plays, wrestled props at Provincetown, understudied, sat for months in producers’ reception rooms. One rainy night, sick with a cold, I read for a good role, and got it!”

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