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 absence 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 Reinholten
December—Judy Clarkson

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 fits
To count up the digits,
She's put away Math and taken up relaxing.

June:
A sweet young thing named McKenzie
At school's end was thrown in a frenzy.
Till 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.
The Big Red will win
By the looks of her grin
If they don't, you can bet she will "tear it."
Should happen to molt,
And our girl will stiffle a sneeze
Exposing a Gail to the breeze.
If the fur on the coat

October:
Said old Peeping Tom of Margie,
Wearing a corsage of mistletoe
And I find that she's peeping at me."
"Peeping ain't what's cracked up to be.
To a dance Judy said, "Boy this'll show
From most anyone
But I'll have to pretend to bristle, though.

CLASSROOMMANSHIP
THE ART OF GOING TO SCHOOL WITHOUT ACTUALLY LEARNING ANYTHING
(Compiled by the 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-
lights on important byplays and counters for the more frequent faculty maneuvers. The First Day Play of Gaining the Initial Ad-
vantage.
D. D. Melrose III and the two Canadian authorities Jean DeVierre1 and Paul Kartel agree with the au-
thor that attendance at the first class is essential to avoiding the unfortunate circumstance of having to fight back from behind. Vir-
tually all leading classroommen, with the possible exception of our own R. V. Mendenhall2, 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 followup3 cost him a letter grade in the final average of his humanities course.

Concealing the Late Night Table
To a dance Judy said, "Boy this'll show
From most anyone
But I'll have to pretend to bristle, though."

Consolidating the Position
Once the critical hurdle of tim-
ing is taken, the classroomman must take prompt action to consoli-
date his position. He should spot a high ranking major in the course4 and accost this person in a voice just audible to the professor. Fitz-
patrick made it a practice never to wait for a return of the greeting, because frequently he was not recog-
nized by the greetee and the en-
ter begins. He then may make a formal introduction, which is a very neat bit of byplay available to the advanced class-
roomman, but one in which he should be particularly careful not to become overconfident. We have briefly touched on this sub-
ject in the section on proper seats-
manship, but here we shall go deeper into the gambit as origin-
ated and developed by the Aus-
tralian, Falstahl5.

Feigned Awakemanship or
Concealing the Late Night
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is not a true classroomman word, but is named after Hedly Montague, uncle of our two schools of thought on this subject. To aid the classroomman in starting and one used only at the classroomman's own risk)—Couldn't we couldn't use proper vector analysis on this problem?

Speech—I feel we must define our terms before any definite opinion can be given. French—Je pense de- de- (particularly the use of "de" instead of "que" here. This prompts the professor to correct the student, and generally go on to supply the right answer.)

History—What are the dates on that? (This is, of course, not to be used if the professor has just asked the same question. A certain amount of common sense is always a prerequisite to effective classroommanship.)

We must emphasize again that the practitioner of feigned awake-

manship should prepare answers suitable to his own style and these examples are only to serve as a guide.

And of course any classroomman worthy of his salt would not stoop to the amateurish artifice of saying, "Would you please repeat the question?" Chauncey V. Her- bert of Christchurch was drummed out of the local classroomman's or- ganization for employing this amu- ruse when caught completely off guard during a particularly dull business law lecture.

Another neat bit of feigned awake- manship, developed by one of the few outstanding French classroommen, Marcel de Prevoir, during his undergraduate days, is the aptly named continental gam- bit.

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, chairs, looks the professor direct- 

ly in the eye, and smiles that know- ing smile which indicates that he knows that the student being called upon does not know the answer and he is enjoying this satisfaction with his own personal volume of pat answers. A few typical pat answers, to aid the classroomman in starting his own personal volume of pat answers. A number of so-called "pat books" have been flooding the market re- cently, but these are of little help as the replies indicated in them do not adapt to the tone of the class and the personality of the individ- ual. The classroomman is encour- aged to prepare his own pat an- swers. This now is the time to effect a temporary career change and make the student an object of con- tempt to the "hard as nails" type pedagogue.

The proper method of handling "Old Nails" is to obtain a seat at the front of the class and com- mence the course by obtaining a reputation as an innocuous yes- man by nodding wisely to any statement delivered in an overly loud tone and chuckling to oneself at every word twist the professor may add to the lecture. This will make the student an object of con- tempt to the "classroomman".

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It was a small college nestled among the hills of Ohio. Nothing much ever happened, until...

They found it that morning. Proper authorities were promptly notified...!

Steps were taken to alleviate the situation. Anyone putting up signs will receive demerits and lose Sunday afternoon plans. Get that, pardner?

The notice was posted within twenty-four hours.

But the problem was still far from solved...!

But treachery was afoot...!

The college defenders quickly mobilized.

Go out and get him!

There he is! Section 8, Grandville. Our airman is loyal.

Rote. Rote. Rote.

But Grandville. See! I hope we can find the major boys. Start Sandy. ARF!

Major Harry! Knock!

Blackfoot gorge. Get that, pardner? Right, Andy!

Here we go boys!

I've got him, Andy!

They're hearing for the clowns.

Off we go into the wild...
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 I found you shivering on the streets 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 Monument 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.

(III) . . . Sept. 16, 11:15 a.m., after coffee viewed lineup at city hall, saw two small boys who volunteered information about their sister really.

(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 Gamma 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. Little did we realize it would help us solve the murder.

(VII) . . . After visit to Moonlight, on October 23, at 6:00 a.m., talked to some coeds to ascertain in murdered man's rep'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.

(VIII) . . . Oct. 27, 12:05 p.m., eating when Clancy said, "Faith and begorrah, if it isn't Mike . . ." (deleted to protect the innocent), went to Tony's, gained insight into private life of Denison-Kenyon coeds, jotted it down, one week later resumed case.

(IX) . . . Nov. 3, 8:30 a.m., Vice-President (of the college) Dick Noxin seen leaving chapter room of Beta Gamma house.

(X) . . . Reported to us by coed (She gave as reason for being in the house that it was fraternity house party weekend, she was only girl in attendance so we knew she's either naive or lying, after close examination, decided on the latter) . . . Nov. 3, 10:00 P.M., grilled Noxin over Martinis, seemed to be clear but an inconsistency in his story made me say, 'I wonder . . .'

(XI) . . . Nov. 5, Noxin was caught trying to break into fieldhouse, 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 affect pardon. HOW'D I DO IT??

HOW DID I DO IT? TURN TO PAGE 22 . . .
Once upon a time, when a Year was getting ready to round out its activities for good, there was a big Christmas, a little 7-year-old boy—who shall be named—was busy rounding out his Christmas list so as to have a well-stocked list of items to draw from. He had red hair and freckles and his name was Tommy Nameless. He was getting ready to round out his Christmas, a little 7-year-old boy who went to a small mid-western college lurred in the Ticking Hills. Anyhow, Tommy had picked up the habit and virtually outstripped Ed, who, although he was in college, didn't think about his Christmas spirit so rife, he had a feeling that he'd been a little hasty last year when even naughty big brats have to be 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 when you're filling your stocking 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?" He thought a moment longer—"Oh hell, Mother, let's pull down the damn shades."

Well, with that, she did a very Mother Thing and sent him straight to his room. Whatever was she to do with that boy? No sooner had she sat down to catch a breath than she heard small but firm steps on the stairs, and who should have come into view but Tommy, carrying every stitch of clothes he owned in a huge bundle as if he'd just scooped them out of his drawers in one fell swoop.

"Hi, Mom," she groaned around for a reaction, finally chose tact.

"Oh... yea. You just tell him to let's see. You just tell O. J. Thanks for everything for every occasion, even naughty big brats have to be careful.)

"I think he gets the point," Martha whispered to her husband, "but he HAS to learn something."

But when I see the shape of them, I can hardly wait until I get to be college sophomoric..." (With apologies to the class of '57)

SABBATICAL-Year

Earn full college credit and enjoy a thrilling trip through Europe or around the world via TWA—take up to 20 months to pay with TWA’s "Time Pay Plan!"

I am the very model of a modern college sophomore. (With apologies to the class of '57)

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DO YOU NEED ANYTHING?
The Down Hill General Backslide
Of Things While I Was Away

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, hastened my return. However, now that I'm here I've been noticing.

For one thing, all the broads 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 pinning 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 gloriﬁed rest cures (like the one I just got over).

And lastly, of course, The Brothers. I reproduce it here only in part. It was this letter:

Of Things While I Was Away ^~

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 ele-shirt and little green loonies, actually he confused his rendezvous with one of the waitresses from Aladdin's as being at Aladdin's. I did, so I went to Whis—

Oops, 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 girls 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 said he wanted 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 blew 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 that convinced me.

Moral: 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 posterity.

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 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: "Wait, I'll catch one."
"Sometimes I get the urge to say the hell with the whole goddam business."

"Me too—I couldn't cough either."

"Care for a sandwich, boys?"

"I hear somebody's layin' fer it!"

"Ike spread out and warned 'em about cigarettes and Four Roses."

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

"The scoreboard you can plainly see, boys, says all there is to say."

"The London transit system was particularly helpful in aiding us in bringing the manuscript to our publishers."
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 grunnin' 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 couid 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 brung 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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