We have a problem on our hands. It seems as though there are two entirely different schools of thought as to what Campus should be. Some want the Portfolio's policy carried on to a greater extent, but then, a larger group want pictures, features, and in general "doings around campus" on these pages. As the old saying goes, "you can't please everyone all of the time, but you can please most, some of the time." I am presenting this issue to you on that theory as we have tried to divide the magazine as closely as possible between the two schools of thought. We are still groping around, however, and since this is your magazine, how about sharing your ideas with us?

In this issue we have deviated more to the personal angles of campus life. Bob Findeisen's A Fine Art, the craft of coke dates, will bring you a chuckle as well as a twist of conscience when you see your thoughts and positions pictured so vividly. The models assure us that they enjoyed demonstrating.

Does Transient Types reveal you, or maybe the dorm-mate or frat brother down the hall? Our artist has caught those fleeting glimpses and when no one was looking splashed them down on his drawing board. The characters are all fictional and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely a quirk of fate.

On the literary side we have Tegie Wise's prize winning short story, Variation on a Theme. This story won first place in the Henry Stitout contest last year and it is something we're sure everyone will enjoy reading.

Winter Moments is our seasonal picture story. After last issue's Autumn Nocturne the general cry was "but where are the people?" We give them to you now and if you look closely enough you may see yourself coming out of that nine o'clock class.

Again we have our Rhyme and Meter page of poetry with several new contributors added to the list. We continue to call more . . . more . . . more .

Just keep turning the pages and something new will pop up on each one. Next time we will run a feature in the form of a satire on sororities so, fellows, your turn to laugh is on the way. No hard feelings we hope.

There you have it . . . Volume I Issue II. Thanks to your support and understanding suggestions, we feel as though we had come closer to what you Denisonians want.

BETSY A. WALLACE
Editor-In-Chief.
Variation On A Theme
Thea Wise

(Note: This is a legend which has been told through the centuries with variations. I heard it in a letter from Italy that it had been revived in this war. It is not new but I think it is interesting.)

Maria walked slowly, steadily along the narrow, white road. The sharp, white pebbles cut into the soles of her feet and a fine, grayish dust rose from the road and settled on her face, her clothes, her hair, in her throat. When the sun grew higher, the gray dust caked in the fine lines on her face. Her eyes felt like great, hot blisters from the continued staring at the blazing whiteness of the road.

As she walked Maria rubbed the front of her dress to be sure the pocket was firmly in place. Each time she did so she was swept by a feeling of panic, a realization of what its loss would mean.

About noon she stopped and cut off from the road. She walked a slight distance up the bank which bordered the narrow track, and seated herself beneath a twisted, blasted tree. It gave no shade from the blistering sun as there were few branches and no leaves, but it did help to reduce its harshness. Maria enjoyed the shade. The cheese was made from goat's milk, she was lucky to have it, and the bread was good. She was careful not to cut all of it, but wrapped the remaining cheese up in a rag and placed both it and the bread back in the bag. Then she picked all the crumbs out of her lap, ate them, and struggled upon her feet.

For a few seconds her eyes rested upon the valley beneath her, she ate slowly and carefully. The bread was very dry but the black bread. Her eyes fixed steadily upon the valley again. From her promontory it looked so rich and green. From there one could tell that the vineyards were man-made, for there were few branches and no leaves, but it did offer support for her back. Like Italy it had been stripped of all but the barest essentials and in some parts had been pierced to the very roots.

From a small bag Maria pulled out a piece of cheese and the end of a loaf of black bread. Her eyes fixed steadily upon the valley beneath her, she ate slowly and carefully. The bread was very dry but the small quantity of moisture in the cheese helped to reduce its harshness. Maria enjoyed the shade. The cheese was made from goat's milk, she was lucky to have it, and the bread was good. She was careful not to cut all of it, but wrapped the remaining cheese up in a rag and placed both it and the bread back in the bag. Then she picked all the crumbs out of her lap, ate them, and struggled to her feet.

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Of course, knowing how to drink plain cokes doesn't do anyone too much good when he is out of college. But then, coking isn't the first impractical thing we have learned here at school. Besides, like algebra, it trains the mind. We don't run into the ground. If you have ever been hypnotized, had a sixth toe removed, or have an order in for a convertible, you are bound to be a success.

Conversation is the main pastime for coke dates. There are, however, games for these couples who are in the fifth or sixth date stage and have only a small bit of small talk left to fall back on. The first game is bridge, but we discourage it. Pulling out a deck of cards always looks so staged. Besides bridge involves another couple and presents possibilities of 'bird-doggin' or a bad cross flirt, as the case may be.

There is no rule about what to talk about on a coke date. Records, parties, who's campused and why, queer people — are all good topics. School should be referred to as seldom as possible, and then only with such generalizations as "Professors are stinkers." "Child Development — wow!"

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Winter Moments

On Campus
The eagle-spread Atlas who believes the library is only for the pursuit of knowledge and is puzzled when he sees it used for the pursuit of women.

The arm chair athlete who has to push his Ford car up and down the Hill, then worn out by the effort, takes in his lectures by osmosis.

The source of the high pitched giggle that invades the innermost core of your sensitive brain. To her everything is "simply adorable."

Her nail file is her most prized possession and she even seems to sharpen her tongue with it.

Her smile always carries a shot of arsenic.

His room mate’s girl’s ‘best friend’ whom you have agreed to squire on a coke date to the Grill. Not much on looks, but “terrific, TERRIFIC poisonality.”

Our typical DU co-ed who majors in the study and observation of members of the opposite sex, homo stupidens. Her hours are long and grueling and she spends many a weary night in research at the Grill.

The backbone of the DU football, baseball, track, swimming, basketball, speedball, soccer, volleyball, tennis — and so on into the night — teams. He continually faces a seam splitage.
A SWEETHEART SERENADE

By GLORIA WEBER and WINIFRED SMITH

Years ago, when a man serenaded his sweetheart, his procedure was very simple. No practice, no permission, no preparation of any kind was necessary. He merely tucked a mandolin under his arm, strolled beneath her window, and sang.

For the Denison man today, however, it's not so easy. He—and she—must plan each detail as if the weather stays clear! What would be worse than a rain-dampened serenade?

For an example of a successful one let us take Peg Morton and Dick Petreen's Phi Gam serenade, the first on campus this year.

The night was the answer to a prayer, for the intermittent rain had stopped. One or two stars showed through the clouds. Only a slight breeze threatened the existence of the candle flames. All was quiet, no sound broke the stillness except for the sound of spectators gathering on the lawn below Peg's window. As one by one every light in the dorm blinked out, total darkness descended. Suddenly, through the stillness came the rhythmic sound of marching footsteps. The Phi Gams were coming! An assortment of moving shadows became distinguished as they approached. Closer and closer they marched—then stopped. An expectant hush fell on the group, a voice demanded in no uncertain terms:

“Bedderstayheretonight,” the doctor said firmly and two nurses helped me down and all but carried me to a small-white room. My clothes were removed in a rip and bundling me into a swaddling clothes night gown, they dumped me in bed and walked out.

By this time my ankle had white-hot pins in it and the girdle wrappings but left red welts, I cast a glance around but no one was looking, so I hurriedly unwrapped the bandage and let air and light fall on the black grease. The candle light illuminated her hair looked like a golden crown.

The men began a low harmonious to their president’s beautiful sweetheart who stood beside them and listened. They turned to march away, a lone figure left the group and hurried towards the dorm entrance. It was Dick. Silhouetted for a split second against the door, clicking off the lights. My watch read 11:15. “Oh, well, maybe it’s some new cure for sprained ankles,” I thought. “But why the thermometer?”

I must have dozed, for suddenly a hand on my shoulder shaking me interrupted my dream. “Jim, here’s your medicine!” My dark haired visitor looked stricken, disappeared and, listening, I heard his anguished groans a minute later, then, silence.

“Whatcha doing here?” it asked.

“Leave-it-alone-now,” I was threatened and she chugged out the door.

Well, you’ll soon have a better excuse than that before long.

After the candles were blown out and the fraternity brothers into spending a few extra hours on their vocalizing, the girl is wandering through a maze of negligee displays in various stores. Her choice is a difficult one. Would the candle light dull this shade of blue? Would this pink one clash with the shade of her roses? Would this one be too plain—or this one too elaborate? She may even cast a longing eye toward a black negligee before her horrified friends drag her away?

While these preparations are being completed, some couples find it helpful to pray that the weather stays clear! What would be worse than a rain-dampened serenade?

(Continued on page 16)
Campus Kaleidoscope

By John G. Thomas

Soulful gazes seemed to be in order at the Beta party with Sam Robinsen, Marcia Brooks, Charles McCune, Hope Halberg, Martha Davis, and Olney Dekker all doing their share.

Eight heads appeared better than four in this bridge game at the ACC dance. Howard Ussamer, Gloria Baker, Glerta McCurr, an import from Wesleyan, and Ray McLain looked on, while Bill Cox, Calvin Prince, Caroline Olney and Betty Roebuck started another hand.

Who has the pin? Jim Faight, Janice Thorpe, Lois Anderson, Bill Onderdonk, Pat Fraas, Jacques O'Hara, Laura Hayes, and Vic Rickman line up the Kappa Sig Balloon Room.

The desire has been expressed by many for items of universal student interest in the Campus Magazine, so an experiment is attempted. We do not necessarily feel confident that the students' wishes will be fulfilled by this column, nevertheless, we feel it to be at least a step in the right direction.

It may be a wrong step to criticize, but now that Student Senate has evidenced their willingness to conform to student sentiment, WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MORE encouragement from those who leaped at them when they went slightly astray.

A SHINY GOLD STAR goes to the members of the football squad who stuck it out through a decidedly mediocre season. Despite their losses and bad breaks they presented Denison with a season of exciting and enjoyable sport, and uncovered a good number of players that promise to bolster our strength next year.

Probably the most HUMOROUS EVENT OF THE MONTH was the new editorial policy adopted by the Denisionian, whereby it has chosen to criticize organizations before they have been able to prove themselves. Dad's Day, in our estimation, was handled pretty well by the "alleged" campus leaders of Blue Key that planned and carried out the program. It appears to us that meatier material could be found for editorials than the outgrowths of petty gripes.

The award of HEART BEAT OF THE MONTH goes undisputedly to the fraternity pledges who entertained their dates royally at affairs that proved to be the biggest and most successful so far this year.

DECEMBER, 1946

The Lambda Chis entertained at the Kappa house, and while Mrs. James Neeland looked on Catherine Niemitz and Ben Neier, Jean Jones and Wilbur Brechcreechee, and Mary Schilling and Frank Schweitzer enjoyed themselves on the floor.

Looking very comfortable and at home in the "Hell" room at the Phi Delt House were: Bert Dawden and Shirley Blinn, Mary and John Battles, and Suzanne Thieren and Dave Walker.

Another game of you know what was in progress at the Sig House, this time sans kibitzers, between Barb King, and unknown, and Paul Hanson and Lloyd Owens. Meanwhile, Carolyn Rickman, John Watkins, Pat Jackson, and Dad McGinnis took advantage of the music.
FRATERNITIES
THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

AMERICAN COMMONS CLUB
Founded: Right here at home.
Purpose: What did they say it was again?
Motto: "Pledge 'em or kill 'em!"
Active Chapters: Had to run and didn't get a chance to count them all.
Inactive Chapters: Didn't get this either.
Pin: Brother, if you can describe it you should be writing this.
Ideal: To cut their chapter down to the size of the Sigma Chi's
Flower: Golden Rod.
Assets: Al Dewey.
Liabilities: Don't we all.
Prominent Alum: They said there are lots of them.
How Recognized: By their very rosy complexions
Magazine: "The Portfolio."

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA
Founded: By a bankrupt fraternity jeweler.
Purpose: To dissolve the bankruptcy.
Motto: "We did it and we're glad we did it."
Active Chapters: You have to take off your shoes to count them.
Inactive Chapters: Ibid.
Pin: One pearl clad pretzel.
Ideal: To move into the city limits.
Assets: Haven't seen any yet.
Property: Contents of the second floor phone-booth.

PHI GAMMA DELTA
Founded: During a typhoid fever epidemic at W. and J. Splendid example of what can happen in a delirium.
Purpose: To start or stop trouble. (We don't know which).
Motto: "I don't care for all the rest."
Active Chapters: O n e. Its activity consisted of serenading behind Shaw Hall one cold evening (or should I say morning?) late in November.
Inactive Chapters: They blush at this.

KAPPA SIGMA
Founded: Unexpectedly during the panic of '09.
Purpose: To end panic. They did and started one a whole lot worse.
Motto: "We're rugged!"
Active Chapters: They're too active.
Inactive Chapters: There are those too.
Pin: A brass representation of a slice of Indiana watermelon being devoured by a trained starfish.
Ideal: To become national.
Assets: The Alpha Phis.
Liabilities: Most of the boys.
Prominent Alum: He's dead. Died in disgust shortly after a smaltzy serenade.
Flower: Dandelion—Willy's idea to save on the watermelon.
Property: That tumble-down shack on Broadway.
Magazine: "Farm and Fireside."
How Recognized: By their very rosy complexions after ten bells.

PHI DELTA THETA
Founded: By a bankrupt fraternity jeweler.
Purpose: To dissolve the bankruptcy.
Motto: "We did it and we're glad we did it."
Active Chapters: A constant lately, and very understandable at that.
Inactive Chapters: An increasing variable.
Pin: They've been passed around so often, they need no describing.
Ideal: To get Alder in the opera.
Assets: Do they have any?
Liabilities: There are too many.
Flower: The hops.
Property: "Trigger's" puppies.
Prominent Alum: In Detroit.
Magazine: "Esquire."
How Recognized: By their very rosy complexions after ten bells.

SIGMA CHI
Founded: In an awful hurry.
Purpose: To get to Newark from Granville in two minutes, spend a minute there or five, and get back to G'ville in two more with a minute extra to get into class and seated.
rhyme and meter...

STUDY TIME AT EAST

"Dearest David! — that's how it starts.
Your is this campus and everything that's on it.
"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
And make straight A's when all profs doubt you
What a price to pay just to please a yen.
Kinda seems we never can win.
If you can mention failures with your passes,
If you give me a nickel, I'll be your friend.
I gave you one — remember that time?
But just two weeks, and then vacation!
I want a coke — I have but a dime,
You're the one who lettered 'T' on my name.

The streets are strewn with tinsel of a pure and gay
decorating the living and serving as a spell.
And the glow from people's windows lights up the sky.

If the world is filled with mystery and everyone is afraid.
If the stars all seem to twinkle in a warm and friendly way.
If the house is filled with mystery and everyone is afraid.
If the world lies all enchanted in a feather-bed of white.

There was a faint mist which rose from the burning barrel.
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Maria recognized them as Albertino and Pio Pancalante.
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Albertino patted her shoulder, as though he had understood her thoughts.
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Her throat was filled with her terror, her agony of apprehension. To have run such risks! To chance losing all! How rash she had been, how foolhardy.

Maria was still shaking. It was not a nice feeling. To have the gun and believe it was loaded was one thing. To have had one' faith destroyed was to lose nerve. Maybe it would not shoot. Maybe it had not been cleaned. What if the cartridge was good? Could she aim the gun? Would she be too afraid to shoot? She was so weak, so frightened. She had thought of firing the gun and blowing up the house. But, after all, the gun would not shoot. She knew that.

There was a dry snap in the bracken beside the road.
She belonged to terror. It became a part of her.
A man parted the bushes and stepped forward.
There was a little man in black, slow and silent.
He had appeared she felt more calm. The fear swept through her mind.

Maria grasped the gun a little more tightly. Once
She turned to Maria's side, and Carlo waved back.
He filled the cup with the fresh goat's milk and offered it to her. Maria drank it
Carlo pulled himself up and disappeared into his room. In a few minutes he returned with the pistol and the cup of milk.

The pistol belonged to Maria and she placed it in her bag. He filled the cup with the fresh goat's milk and offered it to her. Maria drank it gratefully and then returned the cup to him, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Thank you," she said, "now I must start.
She straightened her dress, rose, and picked up the bag. When she reached the foot of the goat path she turned and waved, and Carlo waved back.

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The hard pistol butt pressing against her side was comforting.
The coolness of evening and the warm goat's milk made her feel lighter, younger.
There was a faint mist which rose from the burning valley and chased Maria's cheeks with cool, grey fingers. It spiraled and twisted around the branches of the black trees, and hung in soft, spongy clumps on the tops of the stubby bushes. Down in the valley the campanile sank into the gloom, after standing out in the singular whiteness which only night could

Suddenly out of the gloom and mist, two figures thrust forward. With a gasping sense of relief, Maria recognized them as Albertino and Pio Pancalante, neighbors of hers in the hills. They, too, had started back when confronted by a mist-enveloped form on the lone road. Now they came forward and greeted her.

"Maria, why are you alone so long after sunset? What of the bandits? Do you not have fears?"
"I have a gun," Maria replied calmly; "that will protect you.

"Still you should not be alone. I will look at the gun to be sure.
Albertino slid the bolt back and looked into the barrel.
"But this is empty! What good is an unloaded gun? You are a foolish woman.

Maria could say nothing. Her lips moved weakly, as though she had tried to talk.
Her throat was filled with her terror, her agony of apprehension. To have run such risks! To chance losing all! How rash she had been, how foolishly.

"Man, why are you here? Maria patted his shoulder, as though he had understood her thoughts.

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There was a dry snap in the bracken beside the road.
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A great choking sob of it racked her body. Fear swept through her mind.

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**A Fine Art**

(Continued from page 3)

The best games are those played with money. Coins can be flipped, but it is really better to spin them. The coin is spun on the table and then stopped while vertical with the index finger. Some seniors can stop two spinning coins at once with their little fingers.

Another game involves burning holes in a napkin stretched over the top of a glass. There is a penny on top of the napkin and the lower is the one whose burned place makes the penny drop in. This is a very harrowing game — ruins the nerves if played too long. Nevertheless, it is worth while in that it provides an opportunity for bets and charged handshakes. Also, it shows up to good advantage the man of the party as he battles about getting the napkin and preparing the glass.

The question is often raised — which side of the booth should people sit on during coke dates, opposite sides or the same one? Really the matter is optional. Either is correct. We would prefer the same side. It is so much easier to — hear.

What to order another question. On morning coke dates it is best to want coffee. (The exceptions are Saturday and Sunday A.M.). In the afternoon coke is a satisfactory order. An ordered coke indicates that the individual is at least a sophomore, having developed some taste discretion. An order for a malt is a breach of contract.

Among experts, the night date on "Sunset" is not really a coke date, although milk has ever had the brass to call it anything else. Not that car cooking isn’t perfectly all right. As a matter of fact it is undoubtedly the best if you enjoy it. Here we simply mean to point out that there are two. And since the ‘Sunset’ variety isn’t dependent upon conversation and coke games about future entertainment, it really doesn’t enter into our discussion.

A communion of minds is the basis of attraction for the pure coke date. Sex and the little fingers.

(Continued from page 8)

**WEIGHTY WORDS**

By Janet Teachnor

Most girls will answer cheerfully to such nicknames as Blondie, Red, Cutie, and Sweetheart. Their response, however, which nice girl likes to be called? Let me offer this advice to men and boys: never call a woman Punger, Chubby, Tubby, Patso, or Butterball, and above all, never refer to her (unless you happen to be in love with a woman who is circus sideshow material) as being yellow. Although these words to me, are the most abominable in our language, most men love to use them. They are so much easier in avoiding them. In fact they take a secret, almost feudal, pleasure in saying, why diet? Why exercise? You’re not fat; you’re just pleasantly plump. Then there are those who say, ‘Of course, your figure is nothing like Hedy Lamarr’s but I like ’em chunky."

A girl has only one way to avoid these well-meaning but terrifying remarks. That is in the hard way — dieting. Through varied, bitter experiences and systematic study I have discovered three good methods of dieting: the calorie counting method, the orange-juice-lettuce-and-melba-toast method and the starvation method.

In her to follow the calorie counting method, one buys a little red book called "Pocket Guide for Calorie Counters." It is inscribed with the message, "this book is especially written to make you thin and die trying." For most of us this method is excellent. However, the one who can live on lettuce in solitude must never try it. It is too easy for those people to forget accidentally one slice of bread, one teaspoon of gravy, or one banana split, as the case may be. The orange-juice-lettuce-and-melba-toast method is designed for those girls who feel that something besides variety is the spice of life and that one wishes to lose weight in this manner. She has orange juice, lettuce, and melba toast for breakfast and again for lunch. At dinner she eats as a nourishing, robust meal of orange juice, lettuce, and melba toast.

My favorite of the three methods is the delightful starvation diet. Imagine the "ohs" and "ahs" in a group of people when one girl declares that all she has had to eat in the last two days is a cup of black coffee and three grapes. She quickly adds that she never would have lived if she had not been for her chain smoking. Then somebody diagonally informs her that she will die before she is twenty-one, and this reminds another girl of her Aunt Mary who lost two hundred and fifty pounds in three weeks by eating calf’s liver and a cup of coffee. And so it goes until the statement is made that people who diet too strenuously become hollow-cheeked and sunken, but they show no remarkable self-control.

This brings me to the serious part of my discussion. Girls of today do not exercise their self-control. They have become lazy, careless, and gluttonous. They gorge candy and cream puffs while their waistlines expand. Self-control is essential for our welfare, and I see no reason for this tragic lack of it in our young womanhood. I certainly plan to set an example to the weaker members of our sex by exercising this control myself. I shall do this as soon as possible AFTER I have finished my third piece of pie-a-la-mode.