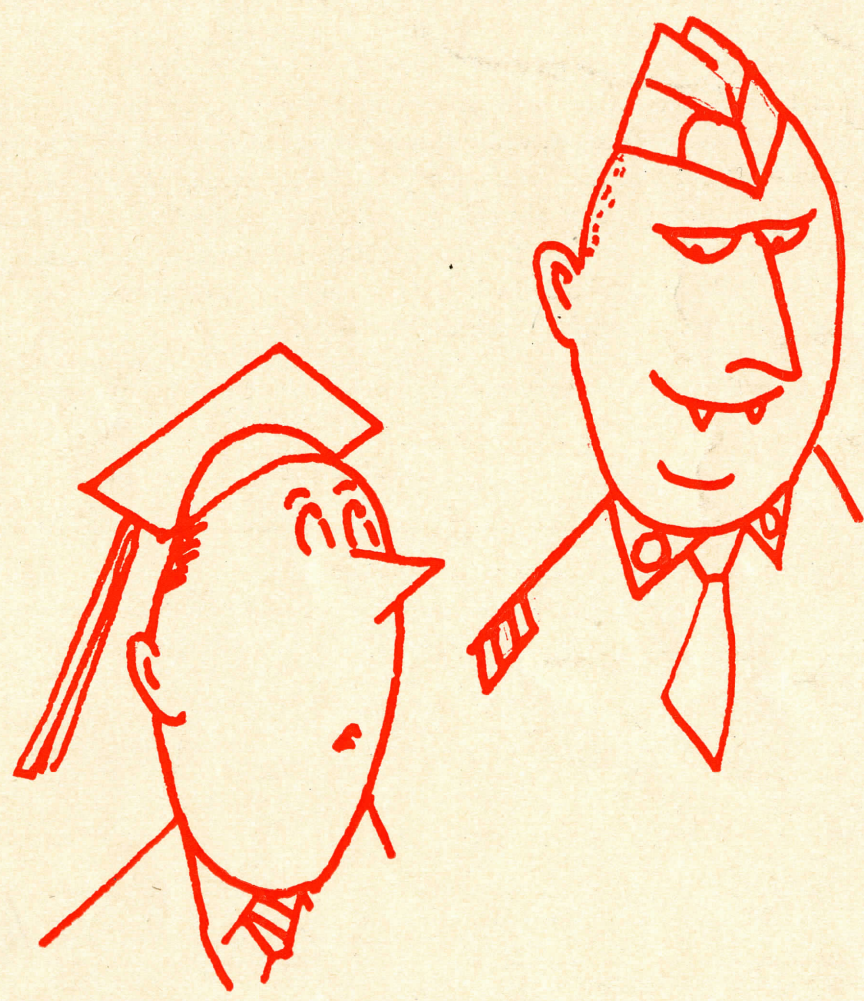


Campus

MAY



1952

END OF THE LINE ISSUE

END OF THE LINE ISSUE

Campus



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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We would here like to enter a formal protest against the decision made by certain bureaucratic organization on campus that pictures of the new editors should not appear in this magazine. As far as the arguments advanced by the dieticians that it would have a disquieting effect on the stomachs of those who dine at college operated dining halls goes, we believe these to be greatly exaggerated. The main opposition, however, seems to come from those who labor under the delusion that any such picture would undermine the standards of human decency, which this institution tries to uphold. Our only answer to this school of thought is to point out that the *Denisonian* prints, every week, pictures of Messers. Lugar and Rownd. We fail to see how these photographs enhance the beauty of the printed *Denisonian* page. Neither one of those guys is exactly pretty. In fact, the finely chiseled features of the whole *Denisonian* staff (women excluded) leaves quite a bit to be desired. This is only too evident when they start running anti-Campus cartoons in a futile effort to build up their deflated egos.

Anyhow, if things continue in this sorry manner, we will start running pictures of Pete Hawk in a bathing suit.

THE EDITORS

Editorial

It is with mixed emotions that I relinquish the reins of *Campus* Magazine to Duck Shackelford. It is impossible for one to work earnestly and diligently as the head of a publication without feeling some remorse when the last issue under his tutelage has been published.

On the other hand, I feel that the future of *Campus* lies in capable hands. I am confident that the progress the magazine has made this year will be augmented and furthered under Duck's able leadership. For the past two years he has worked faithfully as a member of the staff, and now as editor I feel certain that his ability will be apparent to all.

I also wish to take this opportunity to thank every staff member for his, or her, enthusiasm and cooperation throughout the year. I sincerely hope that the student body will get solidly behind Duck, for with the students backing *Campus* to the utmost, there is no limit to the heights it can attain.

BARRIE BEDELL

The New Regime

It is only proper at this time to thank all those who have done us the honor of entrusting the reins of this magazine to our hands for the coming year. We would like to offer our special gratitude to the graduating seniors who have been so helpful during this year: to Barrie, who brought this magazine through untold trials, and to our graduating writers, Hart Dake, Jim Gould, and colorful Lee Cross, who has kindly relinquished his meager salary in an effort to bolster the treasury.

The financial condition of the exchequer at this time is worse than that of Great Britain. Advertising, which produces much of the revenue of our sister publications, has been denied us, and the appropriation of D.C.G.A. was only sufficient to publish about three issues. Therefore, in publishing this issue we were forced to cut down heavily on the number of photographs and illustrations, and also on the total number of printed pages.

This issue contains the Senior Class Will, a fine memorial to the four years the seniors have spent

around the grounds. Seniors, you can put this issue in a metal cover and carry it with you into the cruel world. The metal jacket may deflect a bullet, brass knuckles, beer foam, fraternity pins, and other such dangerous missiles that constantly fly through the air in the cold, outside world.

We also believe that this issue contains one of the best serious literary efforts *Campus* has ever printed. Namely, Pete Hawk's story.

"Yeah, but where's da pictures of girls? I wanna see some babies

What good's a magazine with words, I hate words." For this segment of our society we have Miss Campus of 1951-1952. We can't see how there can possibly be any objection to that.

Thus, having added another volume to the folklore of Denison, we leave—tiny figures, tattered and torn, dodging ripe fruit hurled from the balcony. We are heading for an enchanted land over the hill—a land where the student government is a kindly group of millionaires, and people only write to editors at Christmas time.



SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

Well, well, here are two people to interview. You look like Tom Skidmore.

I thought I looked like Tille Helvenston, I'm disappointed.

Not you, him, he's the one who looks like Tom Skidmore.

I am Tom Skidmore, big as life. You can't be Tom Skidmore, he doesn't wear a beanie. You're trying to be Tom Skidmore, but you just can't make it, can you? You want to be Tom Skidmore so people will point at you and say, "there goes Tom Skidmore." Since you won't reveal your identity we'll call you Chuck Alexander.

Skidmore is a better term. How can you call this article "Chucking Down The Drag?"

We can call it anything we choose. Who's the girl?

My sister. Chuck Alexander doesn't have a sister. What's your name?

She's Moooo, disguised so people we're investigating won't know who she is, they think she is a

cow.

Well down to business. What are you three doing here, Chuck?

We're investigating drinking on Campus. Tillie is our sloth.

You mean sleuth.

You don't know Tillie.

What's the bottle for?

I'm building a sailboat inside. I guess a guy can build a sailboat in bottle if he wants too.

Have you found any drinking?

No, but there are two guys from the *Denisonian* who keep trying to suck the sailboat out of my bottle. If we can't find any drinking we are going to investigate kissing.

Kissing girls?

On the mouth, too. Tillie says it goes on in front of Stone quite a bit. Some of your fraternity brothers are involved.

You're a liar Chuck. They're regular guys, they wouldn't do that.

At least I can say I've never indulged in that sort of thing.

You mean . . .

Yes, oral odor . . .



"But I don't want to pose in a bathing suit while those men with cameras are out there."

Introducing . . .

"MISS CAMPUS"



CAMILE CHAMPLIN, Freshman

Photo by Howard Studio, Newark.
Howard's has special rates available to Denison students.

MISS CAMPUS

For weeks our ace photographers have been on the trail of the young lady pictured below. In spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of his camera and so on. After using up all our flash bulbs, we sent her to Howard Stu-

dio in Newark. During this brief kodak infatuation with our model we were able to extract some information from her. She claims to be a freshman, was a frosh cheerleader this year and is a theater arts major by trade. We could write more, but there is a suspicion on our part that nobody is reading these words. (Yes, we saw you

sneaking a sly glance at the pictures.) One thing more, however, eventually it was learned (sob) that she's pinned. After this information was divulged, two of our editors, five photographers and some people who were just passing by on their way to the lacrosse game slashed their wrists.



IT'S JUST A GAME

by pete hawk

"And now Mr. Brinks Mann, formally Admiral "Bull" Mann of the U.S.S. Outhouse, prepare to be finessed completely—faked out."

I took the queen of hearts off the board and waited for Brinks to play. Rubbing his finger against his upper lip, Brinks hesitated, started at his cards, then up at the ceiling. Slowly he slid the five under my queen.

"Let's just see if that lady is good."

I played my four. Carl looked at me and grinned. "Gee Sam, I hate to do this but you know how these things go." Quickly he slapped on the king and gathered up the trick.

"Dammit!" I howled. "I'd swear you had that Bull, Brinks."

"That's the way the old ball rolls, Sam my boy," Brinks said. "Lou, your partner, Mr. Sam Mertons, has just faked himself out of his own pants."

"No joke Sam?" Lou grinned. "Me, I'm just learning how about this game, but I'd be glad to teach you all I know."

"Okay, okay, smart one all-of-a-sudden. Look at him, my partner in crime and in bridge, Lou Newman. He learned to play not more'n three weeks ago and all ready he's a Culbertson."

"Sure," Lou said, making fun of himself. "You get that way after awhile."

"We were playing bridge," Carl said, "before you guys started in yammering. What you say we continue."

I had counted on a three-two split in hearts, but it didn't jell. Carl led back a heart and Brinks trumped it. We went down one in a five bid. When the hand was over, Lou acted hurt and surprised and said something about maybe I should stop and learn the game all over again. Carl took it up from there, advising me to stick to Old Maid. When they start riding you like that, all you can do is pretend you're mad, but in a way so they'll know for sure you're kidding.

"Okay, okay, my friends. So I over-bid just a little. So what? Stick by me, Lou. There will be other times, other hands when the real bridge player that is Sam Mertons will show his true form."

"Yeah," Carl said, "you and Mac-Arthur, I shall return and all that."

"You got your cards now, men," Brinks reminded us. "Let's play them."

We'd hardly got our cards arranged, when Bob Koiely came into the room. For a minute he stood there looking at us. Slouched against the door, his hand still on the knob, he seemed to be waiting for someone to say something so he could come into the room without saying hello first. Koely was a tall, fairly good-looking kid, the kind who one minute would pronounce you his friend for life and the next, turn around and call you a son-of-a-bitch to your face. Probably why nobody ever hit him was that he acted tough, he was a good talker and at times he was so god-awful friendly, it made you forget what an ass he really could be.

"Why, hello there, roomy Bob," Carl said quietly, not looking up from his cards. "Just invited the group up for a little bridge."

"Swell. That's just swell, Carl."

"I know you'd like it."

"Oh I do, I do. Looks just like Grand Central in here, but with no trains."

"I take it you and that little lady didn't hit it off so well tonight?"

"As a matter of fact we didn't. You know that girl was really phony."

"What happened?"

"You know how they are. They think they . . ."

"Cold tonight, huh? My dad told me these college women were unpredictable."

"Yeah."

"How come?"

"She thinks I . . ."

" . . . she acted all right the last time."

"Let me finish willya, Carl? Just let me finish willya?"

"Okay, okay, Mastuh."

"You're always not giving me a chance to talk an' it sure ticks me off. It would anybody, so just cut it for good, Carl!"

"Okay, I'll say I'm sorry then."

"Big as hell of you, you know that?"

"I only say I'm sorry once, just once."

"You can go to . . ."

"Thank you, Bob." Carl said it with an obliging sarcasm as if he

was straining to be polite. "Com'on, let's bid this mess. I'll pass."

Brinks bid it up to three spades. With Carl as dummy, I waited for him and Koely to start in again. Carl was considered his best friend. They had been buddies since high school.

"Carl, how long you guys plan on playing?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sam?"

"You got me. Probably another rubber after this."

"Anybody going to quit? Want me to take their place?"

Nobody answered him.

"Brinks?"

"Nope."

"Sam?"

"fraid not."

"What about you?" He pointed at Lou.

"Not right yet."

"That's just great. A guy can't even play bridge in his own room anymore."

"Koely, we already got four," Brinks said.

"Sure, I can see. I've got good eyes fella, but one of you must be going to quit pretty soon."

"I'm not," I said, eager to tell him so. "You, Lou?"

"NO, but if . . ."

"You see, Bob? Nobody's tired yet."

"Well, maybe somebody'll be pretty soon."

Koely sat on one of the desks and watched us play a hand. He kept quiet, but all the time his lips were slightly puckered into a grin. He stared at the middle of the table, but it seemed as though he wasn't looking at anything special. While I was dealing, he walked behind Lou Newman, big thick-fingered Lou who was trying to arrange his cards before the bidding started.

"Nice cards you got," he said, interested. "Hey, did I get your name right? Lou Newman?"

Lou Newman versus a smiling Gentle named Bob Koely, who didn't seem like a bad guy after all.

"You play football, Lou?"

"Yeright."

"Tackle. I know, I saw you. You weren't bad. Yes, when I look back on it, you were pretty good in there."

"Thanks."

"Oh, I mean it!"

Lou tried to concentrate on his cards.

"You damn right you were good, there's no getting around it. I saw you."

"I may not be big enough to pll in the grades, but I am for being a tackle."

Koiely laughed and put his hand on Lou's shoulder.

"Start it off, Lou. You're first bidder," Carl said.

"Jeez, I better say one of something here."

"Oh no!" Koiely cried. "Here, lemme see this . . . start off with these here, but open with two, not a measly one. You do a two bid, and Carl'll have to answer. He has to say something then." He rested his leg on the arm of the chair, crowding Lop.

"Two diamonds," Lou said. The confusion on his face made him homlier than he really was.

"I'll pass."

"Me too."

"Now hold on a minnit, Carl!" Koiely grabbed on Lou's arm.

"Newman opened here with a two bid."

"I know that."

"Well?"

"Well, so I didn't have an answer."

"Pass." Brinks sounded disgusted.

"Say three—no, Lou."

"But Carl just . . ."

"But Carl, hell. You got a powerhouse. I would."

"Look Koiely," Brinks said. "Newman's playing it, not you."

"Well . . . and I'm helping him."

"The hell you are."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"Say it again. Go on."

"I said, 'the hell you are'. Helping him."

"Oh? No kidding. Lookit fella, I know you were in the Navy and all that but don't go around saying that stuff to me. Don't think you can."

"Why not, fella?"

"Because 'fella', I don't like it."

"You're real hell on wheels, aren't you Bob Koely."

"Yeah . . . yeah, I am real hell. An' if I wanta help Newman here, I sure as hell will. I will any time I wanta." Koely was on his feet yelling.

Brinks sat and laughed at him, like he was some crazy guy in a cage. Carl just sat slouched in his chair, staring at the center of the table.

"What time's it, Sam?" Lou asked.

"Almost twelve-thirty."

"That late? Jeez, I gotta go. I really do."

"How come?"

"Well, it's late and I got things to do tomorrow. You know how it is. Go to bed early, get up early and be wise."

"Sure, Lou," Carl said, not looking up. "You better go if you got to get up."

"That's what I say." Lou stood up, trying to grin. "Well, so long. Good game we had and I'll do it again sometime with you if I got more time." Just before he shut the door quietly behind him, Lou repeated that he was sorry, but he really had to go.

"Now you got some new blood in the game. Let's deal them out, Carl."

Carl stood up and took the cards. He looked at them, puzzled, as if he wasn't sure why they were in his hand and why he'd left his chair.

"Let's go, Carl."

"Sure, Bob. You're right, it's my turn."

Carl closed his eyes, pivoted, and threw the whole deck at the door. Most of them sprayed out like birds being scared from a tree. The ones that clacked against the door just fell, quick, not holding onto the air. A few of them landed on the dresser by the door. The whole thing was over in less than a second. Carl just stood there trying to stare back at us all at once.

"Carl!" Brinks shouted.

"Shut up, Brinks. You too, Sam."

"I didn't say a word!"

"What the hell was that for? Koely asked."

"You really want to know?"

"Yeah! I really want to know."

"I was mad. I don't get that way very often, but I was fed up with you for what you did to Lou just then."

"No just a minute, Carl . . ."

"No, I won't! Boy, I just can't figure you out sometimes. You come in here—right away what do you do? You butter up some poor guy that's twice as dumb as you are, and then quietly push him out the door. That's you, and it's so damn typical you it turns my stomach! You're just like a little kid sometimes. If you can't get what you want right away you grab it anyway. Only there aren't any bloody noses! All I gotta say is it makes me pretty sick so stop it! And stop it quick!"

The whole room was hit by a silence that somehow keeps you from speaking because you're waiting for somebody to say something else. It made you feel embarrassed, yet excited at the same time to watch those two.

Standing there, Carl suddenly looks awkward and stupid before Koely. And Koely, his eyes were mad, but his mouth was smiling. By not saying a damn thing, he was making Carl look like an ass.

He knew it, and so did Carl.

Brinks headed for the door so I knew the only thing I could do was follow him. As we walked down the hall, Brinks said something about how he never thought Carl was the kind to blow his top the way he did.

I didn't answer him. It's childish I know, but I was wondering which one would pick up the cards.

Weak Links In Our Daisy Chain

Like all organizations at any college, *Campus* has its share of those who toil late into the night while others reap the fruits of their labors. These are the unsung heroes of activities. Who ever thinks about the men who line the football field when the Saturday stars plunge through the line. Who grows Al Dewey's popcorn? We would like to mention at this time a person who has more to do with getting this magazine out than anybody except the printers. This person is Gret Williamson, girl copy editor.

Gret comes from the crowded urban area of Ypsilani, Michigan. This town has produced such outstanding people as . . . ah . . . anyhow its really nice place to be from. She shelved her duties of reading typing, and correcting to become a model for the calendar in our Christmas issue, and proved to be a most photogenic young lady. When she isn't working for us, she is being an education major. By this one is led to believe that she aspires to the position of school marm in Ypsilani or some other outpost of civilization. Her lodge pin is that of Delta Delta Delta which is attached by one of those little gold chains that girls seem to wear all the time to a Phi Delt Badge.

HOW TO SNOW FINALS

CAMPUS research reveals the inside scoop on becoming a Phi Bete

Type I: Cynic

He saw service in the Pentagon and knows how fouled up things are. He has doubted everything since a prohibition bootlegger sold him some antifreeze instead of scotch.

Sample exam: (By English student, male).

"Although he may have received much acclaim from the illiterate public, Samuel Clemens, alias Mark Twain, was nothing but a lazy, idolent, happy gucky slob. He wrote very little on his own, but stole most of his material from the folk songs of slavick dockworkers. The story of Tom Sawyer is lifted almost word for word from the Polish fable "Andrei Sawnuck-and the Vistula River." Twain's prictures of life on the Mississippi were vastly distorted. Twain never saw the Mississippi; his drunken excursions on the gambling boats in New York harbor were the only time he was near water in any form" . . .

Type II: The Perpetual Youngster

He was young once himself. Likes to tease the girls in the front row.—"Well, Miss Smith, I can see with spring here and you sporting that fraternity pin, we won't learn much from you today, her, heh, heh,"—Don't try to pretend you know anything, he'd rather have bits of your private life.

Sample Exam: (Soc-Econ student, female).

"I see I've just wasted almost this whole period thinking about Bill. Frankly, I just don't even care about trade routes and finance in Polynesia. Bill wants to go there and see those old half-naked dancing girls. I just think men are aw-ful. I've never been so shocked as in this course. Why I just couldn't even make myself write about the things young people do in some of those places."

Type III: The Eastern Scholar

He went to Harvard; deplores the lack of thinking in mid-western students. He doesn't like the course he's teaching and has read only the text book. If you can make him think you're doing work outside the requirements, you'll get a sure A.

Sample Exam: (Western Civ student, male or female.)

"Although the author ignores the general trend from 1000 to 1785, it cannot be argued that the general trend was from lower population to higher population. Many authorities attribute this to reproduction. 1.

Of course, while new people were being born old people were dying. 2.

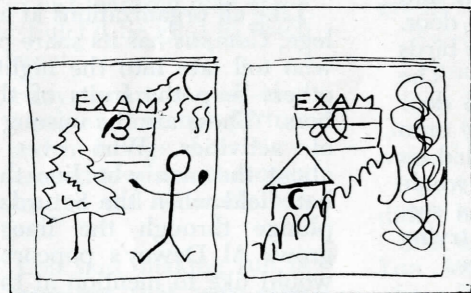
Nevertheless, people are, by and large becoming more common. 3.

While this was going on, the population was shifting westward leaving only the higher type people in the East in places like Boston, Concord and the East Indies.

The East got the cream 4. of the population crop. With this in mind, it is much easier to get a clear picture of our own crude local history. 5.

1. Ham & Mac, *BIRDS, BEES AND OTHER CUTE L'L OLE ANIMALS*, Saddle Oxford Press.
2. Obituaries, *LONDON TIME*, Vol. XII to MCVX.
3. Non Pure, *THE MIDWEST HOME of the COMMON MAN*, Ivy League Press.
4. Tex Twosome, *HOW NEW MIRACLE DRUGS DONE SAVED MY HERD*, Lowiq Digest.
5. Rizzo, J., *I MADE MY OHIO BARN INTO AN ORIENTAL PALACE*, Federal Liquor Report Monthly, April 1952.

The art of pasing final exams has evolved from crude attempts by a few backward students to a highly skilled science practiced by experts. It is the result of studying the personality quirks, weak points, frustrations and delusions of faculty members all over the country. These extensive studies have done away with much of the superstition formerly surrounding examinations. The once popular belief that exams were graded by throwing the papers down or up stairs has been shown to be false, too many teachers now live in bungalows and trailers to make this system practical. The modern system employed by most teachers is the Child Intuition System. This system is rather simple. A professor takes a stack of exam papers home and gives them to his children along with a large red crayon or mommy's lipstick. The tots are urged to use the materials at hand to develop their latent artistic talents or "go play." Advocates of this system point out that there is no one fairer, more open minded and unbiased than a small cherub. When the children have scrawled over all the papers the teacher may then interpret the drawings by referring to the handy edition of *Hawk's Home Handbook for Hyroglyphics*. Revealed below are two of last year's final exams, along with the interpretation:



Interpretation B—Student has good conception of man's place in the universe. Spread arms indicate wide grasp of subject. Sun in corner indicates bright ideas and clear presentation.

Interpretation D—Student has Oeipus complex that makes him resent professor's ideas. He has led sheltered life (see house). Doodle indicates hazy ideas, wandering mind.

One has to have bubble gum or a lease on an inter-space satellite to get anywhere under this system. Under no circumstances will anyone receive a big red A. Yes, kids, Old Nathaniel Hawthorne copyrighted red A's in 1842 and ever since then collegs have been afraid to risk law suit by reproducing this letter in any form.

Of course, an unforeseen happening such as a grade school football practice or ignorance of progressive grading methods will put the student in the embarrassing position of *having his examination actually read by the porfessor*. In this unlikely eventuality, it would be best for the student to know what professors look for in exam papers. As there are many types of professors, there are many types of exam forms to master. Three of the basic types are listed below.



KEEP GRANVILLE CLEAN!

by lyn martin

Something new has been added! A city-wide clean up day with the Granvillites and Denisonians both participating!

It was a lot of fun, too, take it from me, a caloused co-ed from the Broom Brigade. Not only did we have a good time, but we were doing something worthwhile. Sort of a two-birds-with-one-stone deal . . . No, make it three birds with one stone, for in addition to cleaning the town and having a good time, we were improving the townspeople - student relationship—the real motive behind the whole project.

Yes, when the idea was first proposed, having fun and improving the town's appearnce were only second, the main purpose was to set up some easy way for the college kids to meet and get to know the Granville residents. Our keen ex-co-president Bob Sepessy realized that it was very unusual to be a part of a community of 1500 without at least being aware of the existence of a few of them. Sep went to Mayor Belke with this proposition—How about a community project with the students participating to pave the way for some real Town and Gown relationships? The Mayor thought this an excellent idea, and remembered that the Rotary had wanted to sponsor a community clean-up. Then one day Sep and John Ames plus representatives from each of the civic groups of Granville were invited to lunch by the Rotarians. Plans began to evolve.

Mayor Belke appointed two men in charge of each block with instructions to find out what needed to be done in their block and which residents, because of illness, old age, etc., wouldn't be able to do themselves. All paper was to be collected a week ahead of the clean-up Saturday, and all scrap metal was to be collected on Friday. The Boy Scouts were to rake yards, the Denison men to work on the pick up trucks, the Denison gals to sweep and rake, and the townspeople were asked to clean out their attics and cellars and yards, putting all the trash out in front. A special group of 36 Denison men were assigned to clean up Sugar Loaf, and a special group of 20 co-eds were sent to clean up the cemetery.

Saturday morning was beautiful, even I, a part of the grave yard gang, could appreciate that. Dad McCarter looked so efficient behind a push broom, I thought he must have practiced. I saw Big John Wosinski shoveling tons of dirt and leaves onto the street trucks and pitied next year's football players. Everywhere I could see people sweeping, washing windows, and picking up paper.

As Mayor Belke put it, "We did a lot, but learned a lot. Next year I hope it can be an all day affair, with a community barbecue at noon to serve sandwiches and coffee to the workers. We Granville citizens really appreciate the students' help and hope we can think of some way to show our appreciation."

Last Will And Testament

JOHN BOYDEL—always available if anyone needs a fourth or has a fifth.

HARRY BUTLER—wills his seclusion to Lou Morrison.

ED JAIN—leaves for a job with Uncle Sam.

IGOR JURKEVICH—wills his party life to Radio Moscow.

DON (Gus) KINNAN—wills his meekness and humility to Tiger Brophy.

JAMES McCARTNEY—will eventually will his independent status to that of marriage.

BOB McDANIEL—wills his "Crockerisms" and rapid speech to Dave Redden.

HUGH MORELAND—wills his best Glee Club joke to Karl Eschman.

HOWARD QUINN—wills his charm to Bob Gray.

STAN RICE—wills his golden throat to Gib "Mario" Brown and Ma Woods.

WARREN SANBORN—wills his passion for Orchids to Dave Morgan.

BOB STEWART—wills his luck for life to Brad Rogers.

DON SWANAGAN—wills his stage design to the May Day ceremonies.

BOB BLACKMUR—wills his pseudo-sophistication to Mrs. Helen Chrysler and his gift for argument to the Denison debating team.

MARY BAILEY—wills her sunny disposition to Peggy Malpass and Nancy Friel.

DON GRAIL—leaves a bowlful of blondes to anyone who has what it takes to finish the job.

HARRY SHARP—leaves his thirst for the cup that cheers, but not inebriates, to Hugh Pickett, who has already been in—Fox Brothers, of course.

ED HARRIS—leaves the delicacies of Curtis Hall gruel to Dick Pobst, in full faith that he will continue to eat there.

BARRIE BEDELL—leaves the pen of **Campus Magazine** to A. Blair Knapp in the hopes that the latter can sign his diploma.

FRED DuBOIS—at the request of his friends and neighbors has left Denison for the United States Marines.

FRED BOGAERT—leaves his jewels on the campus.

DON "I was just showing her the john" BREN—leaves the Kappa Sig house to the up and coming boys when the pipes break.

DICK BONESTEEL—leaves saying "If you see Sue—let me know."

DICK ELLIS—leaves pushing his plow not slow, not fast, but **half fast**.

IRV HARLAMERT—Irv "Sunshine and Health" Harlamert leaves these famous words of disdom: Sunbathing is O.K., but it won't stop under-arm O.

JERRY MOORE (Alias Sam Shovel, Private Ear)—leaves the sofa for a breath of fresh air.

JIM KORNMESSER—leaves his mohair toupe to Bob Campbell.

PETE GUERNSEY—last seen hanging on the tail of a kite.

DAVE ROUNDS—leaves his D-sweater for future theater majors.

DON HODGSON—leaves his fine collection of bottle openers to John Grant.

DAVE CHANEY—leaves his three hundred pounds to John Crosby.

BILL OSBORN—leaves "Dudley" to the traffic on Broadway.

JACK HUMPHREYS—leaves his dissected cat to Tom McGranahan.

DON IDE—leaves the dark room in a mess.

TIM ADAMS—LEAVES!!

BILL BREED—leaves his chances of going Phi Beta Kappa to Carl Jochens.

SPIKE KENNEDY—decided to remain to pick up a few more honoraries.

CHUCK DOLD—leaves his rank to Andy Deeds and his hives to anyone who doesn't mind an itch or two.

HART DAKE—leaves the bleak frozen tundra of Yankee Ohio and the bleak frozen women who inhabit it for the more fertile fields of Mexico.

DAVE SHERMAN—leaves his life at Denison as an example of moral restraint to all freshman girls.

STEVE DEEDRICK—leaves the L and K butter smashing machine to anyone who needs steady work and who sends their laundry home.

JERRY GODDARD—leaves Peggy Malpass for a day for the first time in two years.

HANK SEASHOLES—leaves the Phi Gams to squirm under the rule of a new kitchen czar.

DALE WILSON—leaves to Denison bachelors his unabridged volume of **The Social Directory of Denison Co-Eds**.

BOB MILLER—left—long before the other, showing his qualities of leadership.

BUCKY WALTERS—leaves a big hole in the Denison line.

DON BERGER—leaves nothing.

NORM VINCENT—leaves a plaster cast of his nose to Beaver Hall inhabitants to remind them of Sugar Loaf.

JIM GOULD—leaves Swasey still standing as a monument to how a man can control his base impulses.

BILL PFLUEGER—leaves his great rhetorical reserve to the local Grange for next year's pre-planting soil treatment.

TIM ROUDEBUSH—leaves his adroit mastery of military tactics to next year's Militia General, Islay.

BOB SEPPESSY—leaves his shovel to Buck Walmsley.

DON (Captain Video) SHARP—leaves his favorite rocket ship 6-Z-9 to the coming Air R.O.T.C. for advance training courses.

CHUCK RICE—leaves Denison only to return later hoping for more success in finding a major.

DICK PRICE—leaves his enchanted cottage to Bob Jones.

GEORGE HEATON—leaves his southern accent to Dean Bailey.

JOCK BOVINGTON—leaves his car to anyone with nerve enough to attempt to put in the time, effort, and money necessary for ownership.

JIM EDGERLY—leaves his three second bath to the Phi Gams.

DON HOWLAND—leaves his many athletic trophies to the Betas, and his women to posterity.

LEE CROSS—the longest, and undoubtedly the widest pinned man at Denison, rolls on.

ROG LANDRUD—leaves his track ability, especially his broad jumping technique, to other ambitious Denison men.

TOM GREENE—leaves his way with the women to Press McCoy.

TOM MATTHEW—leaves his complete selection of levis to Dr. Utter to lend his lectures on "The Old West" more atmosphere.

DAVE LAWRENCE—leaves his vast picture and literature collection to the Howard Doane Library and Dr. Kinsey.

Of The Senior Class

JOHN McCARTER—leaves his chain and honorary keys as a goal for the wheels of the future.

CAL MEURY—leaves an as yet nameless "impelling motion" discovered during arduous research in his speech lab to Dr. Crocker and William G. Brigance for further study.

DAN CHAMBERLIN—leaves his musical talent to George Dallas and his voice to the frogs of Licking county.

JOHN (the SAE dog)—leaves school quite a bit richer than he came.

DOC WARREN—leaves Denison for a good job pulling up telephone poles.

KENT TAYLOR—leaves his Bonds of Friendship show singing to the future sweethearts of Sigma Chi.

DAVE NILAND—leaves his beard and wardrobe to future costume contestants.

JIM SHAW—leaves still protesting that if they named the dorm after him, he should be allowed inside anytime he desires.

TODD HEYMAN—leaves for the University of Cincinnati for some reason or other.

BOB LAVEN—leaves his vast vocabulary of swear words and dirty stories to Tom Skidmore.

JIM STIVERSON—leaves, contrary to faculty opinion.

WALLY MARTIN—leaves his key to the Alpha Omicron Pi house to Phil Graf.

BUD HAWKINS—wills his New England conscience to Dave Kohl.

JOHN RICHARDSON—wills Jackie Brown his rubbers for those rainy Denison days.

GUIDO PANTALEONI—regretfully leaves his ooching with the coed sailors of the Denison Sailing Club to Bob Westermarck.

JOHN SLADE—leaves his wrestling technique to Mimi Ragsdale.

CLAUDE PULLIS—leaves to Avery Haak all his various and sundry car troubles. To all "Club men" he leaves his steak cooking ability.

JIM KORNMAN—leaves his left handed golf clubs to anyone who can break 96.

SAM GUMMY—leaves for Stanford University.

GLENN WALTERS—leaves Curtis convinced that a young couple should take on the responsibility of children one by one rather than two hundred at a time.

BILL ARMSTRONG—leaves his position with Uncle Sam to Bruce Lundquist who should have attained it, but for the grace of God, and his social and fraternal affiliations.

BILL AUSTIN—leaves his prowess on the links to his closest competitor—Eri J. Shumaker.

DON CAREY—leaves his trips to the Kappa house at O.S.U. to Ralph Razor.

BOB DARLING—leaves his membership on important campus committees to extra-curricular man Joe Talmadge.

ROGER FARLEY—leaves his bag of Viennese gum drops, passed down from the House of Hapsburg, to Dottie V.N.B. with best wishes for future entertaining.

JOE FASSETT—leaves Dean Bayley with a decided void in his after-hour bridge schedule.

JOHN FITTON leaves Dick Mahard with only one major in his department (poor rocks!)

TOM HAMILTON—leaves his harem of women to any ten guys who think they can replace him.

DON HABBE—leaves for the continent. That moon's hell off Capri, Doosy!

TILLIE HELVENSTON—leaves his Ph.D. in the teaching of Vout O'Roonie to Dr. Titus.

CLYDE "Buck" ROGERS—leaves his rocket ship to Bill Johnson for that long overdue trip back to his home planet.

WALT SORG—leaves his simonizing equipment to Mr. Paul Bennett for use on his bicycle.

JIM TRUESDELL—leaves his "deals" to those clever individuals who can convince people they are what they aren't.

BOB DOWNING—leaves his friendly personality to Men's Judicial Council.

KITTY MAHOOD—will her imitations, jokes, and long shaggy stories to anyone else who can fib.

DOROTHY MARKERT—leaves the mental hospital for a bigger and better institution.

MARILYN STONE—leaves her ball of twine to Nancy Friel to string her men on.

THE TRI DELT BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP SKITERS—leave one phoney "cup of tea" to Kjell Amble.

PHYL STEVENS—wills her SAE sweetheart pin to anyone who can measure up to her specifications.

MARGIE PENNELL—leaves her study of Army life in Alabama to Mr. Mitchell's Soc classes.

JANET MacMAHON—leaves her cynical attitude to Dr. Secor.

MARY BROOKS—leaves Denison for points really EAST watching her figure, so the Yalies will too.

SUE EICHELBERGER—this Ike is staying out of politics to maintain the home front.

JANE FENWICK—leaves her Denison home for the old Olmsted.

HELEN FERENBAUGH—leaves with a sigh (of relief?)

CAROL THORPE—leaves her Denison family for her own herd.

We wish **TEETA HENDERSON** would leave her Phi Bete key to the chapter—our first in seven years.

JOAN LeROY—leaves with a friendly smile and cordial greeting for everyone, to pursue her career with "Da Workah."

JEAN LOCKHART—just isn't leaving, for Pete's sake!

To her successor on the Chapel bells, **WANDA THOMAS** thankfully leaves her alarm clock.

JUNE HOLCOMB—regretfully leaves Gilpatrick without transportation for the coming year.

JINX BACON—wills her Saturday night square dances to anyone who has the voice to take it.

To Phyllis Grossman, **GRACE PADELFORD** leaves her patience, tactfulness, and gavel.

CAROL THORPE—leaves her well-worn spot on the Chapel organ bench to anyone who has the time, the patience and the ear-drums.

MARLYSE CRAMER leaves her place at Mr. Mitchell's elbow.

FANNIE ANGELES—tearfully leaves her cat to future biology butchers.

SYLVIA ROSS—leaves her cat-o-nine-tails whip from **The Medium** to any prof having trouble with discipline.

MARY BAILEY—leaves her Phi Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the gossip in Sawyer Hall.

PEGGY CRAWLEY—leaves her perfect attendance at chapter meetings to Ginny Wood.

JODIE GOODSSELL—leaves with the hope that at Denison "it will always be a lovely aha-ha-ha day."

BOONIE HARDMAN—leaves her "all-night nights" to Bill Reese.

JUNE HARVEY—leaves her distinctive laugh to Eljee Young.

BETTY JANDA—leaves her bedroom eyes to Pierre.

ANN JOHNSON—leaves her knitting to Madame LaFarge.

JEANNE KINGERY—leaves her "Darling" who will go on to work on bigger and better queen contests.

SIG MEISSE—leaves \$10,000 dollars to Denison Sailing Club for constructing seaworthy boats.

HARRIET REID—leaves her grey hair to Bev Beutler.

ELLEN THOMAS—leaves an inflated balloon to the Phi Deltis in return for their gift.

BEV EVANS—is finally obliging Mr. Eschman, by giving him "her eyes."

CAROL SWISHER—leaves the Phi Deltis frantically searching for a new housemother.

BOBBIE LOSCH—leaves like a lamb, but will return like a lion.

PAT BROWN—leaves her riotous behavior to Barb Collier.

LUCIA HOWARTH—leaves her vocabulary to Webster.

JOAN JOHNSON— "John" leaves her name for special use by Denisonians.

KATHERINE WHITACRE—leaves her Navy pennant to Marianne Kuhn.

CONNIE FORD—leaves by the skin of her teeth.

SUSIE McDONNELL—leaves her various enterprises, "good deals" and money-making schemes to Sally Zurn.

BETTY MILLER—is satisfied just to leave!

LYNN OLWIN—leaves the Theatre-in-the-Round.

PEGGY POLE—leaves the dining hall with regret.

MARTIE SHORTS—leaves her "Zircon" to Flip Erney.

SUSIE WALTERS—leaves people guessing . . .

NANCY JOHNSON—leaves her secret in the circle.

NANCY BAYLOR—leaves with her condensed version of a one-man Norse mythology.

PAT WILLIAMS—leaves the Betas to her father and brother, taking away a pin for a souvenir.

THE SIGMA HA IOTO TAUS—leave 4 Phi Bete keys, 2 Sorority presidencies, 10 fraternity pins (which we'll keep) a 3.5 average, and Mrs. Brooks with one less worry.

NAN CUDDY—leaves her Cuddy Stories to anyone who will listen to them.

LUCY LONG—leaves the Chi O handshake to Nancy Nussbaum and future vice-presidents of DCGA.

CARMEN EHLERS—leaves a Southern fried chicken dinner in the Sunny South to Mr. Mitchell.

GINGER RASSMAN wills her fondness for the boys and food in Colwell to Mrs. Chrysler.

DOT BROWN—wills the Hampton jive to Denison's posterity.

SULLIE AND BOB STINCH-COMB—will the happiness of married life to Barb Gilbert and John Trimble.

MIMI CRIPPEN—leaves 3 years and the gavel of Gilpatrick to some strong soul.

JANET CUTTER—wills her pony tail to Hill Gail who can probably put it to better use.

PAT TUBAUGH—leaves her cackle (especially at her own jokes) to next year's Shaw Hall hens.

JEAN RIPPL—leaves her soothing voice to Jimmy Durante.

MARY ANNE SCHENK—leaves her nice suntan to Whitey Broughton.

ANN SPIKER—leaves her quiet self-possession to "Tallulah Dahl-ing."

GINGER WILSON—leaves her affinity for Kenyon to Mary Ann Laughlin.

JUDY VanDEVENTER—leaves with the thought of giving Denison several Sigma Chi legacies.

PEG SCHAIRER—leaves all her busywork to Kay Dodge and her ability to stay pinned in all kinds of weather to Whitey Broughton.

JEAN DUNGAN—leaves her sleep-talking ability to those who would like to discover important rushing information.

MARIAN ESCHMEYER—wills her much demanded literary ability to next year's journalistic geniues.

ANN MOYERS—leaves her unique status in Camera Club (that of being the only female member of the group) to other aspiring nature lovers.

GERDA MEHWALD—leaves her Math Miseries to Wetzel's Workers.

CLAIRE WARLOW—leaves her "clinical" observations to Dr. Lichtenstein to next year's secretary so that she can adjust to the grand-central-station atmosphere of the psych office.

JO PEASE—leaves her historic Fiji armour to Jim Gould so that he can go on to bigger and better pinnings.

SUE FOLTZ—leaves the Denison faculty in order to become another teacher's pet.

PENNY SLAYTON—leaves, wishing that she were three years younger.

JOANNIE BASSINGER—leaves her key to the rat lab for other frustrated couples.

NANCY GEMMILL leaves her Hart to Rog Farley.

DOOSY PREUCIL—leaves her dating tips on "quick romances your senior year with the bonus of a pre-honeymoon in Europe."

JEAN ROWE—the only feminine econ. major, leaves Denison with a far greater knowledge of supply and demand.

MOLLY HARTSHORN—leaves with a question mark on her third finger, left hand.

PEGGY OLDFIELD—leaves her psychology notes to Jack Streb in the hopes that he can read between the lines.

MARGE HARBAUGH—leaves her Phi Beta Kappa key to Press McCoy so that he will be able to impress the incoming freshman girls.

ALICE HELLERMAN—leaves only to return as water-boy for next year's football team.

BEVERLY BROWN—leaves with a "heap" of articles, essays, and news bulletins on the Korean war.

LOUISE DAVIS—leaves the Tri-Deltis and "Kinky" looking for another Queen.

JOYCE GOODWIN—leaves Kenyon without a publicity agent.

HONEY LOU HODGSON—leaves dreaming she was married in her maidenform bra.

BOBBIE HUMPHREY—leaves her melodious voice to the chapel soloists.

MARGARET LEIGHTON—leaves her negative nagging to Jo Gibbs.

"Fine car you have there, Jones. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"

"Nine times in one block."

"I've a friend I'd like you to meet."

Athletic Girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus Girl: "How much has he?"

Literary Girl: "What does he read?"

Society Girl: "Who are his family?"

Religious Girl: "What church does he belong to?"

College Girl: "Where is he?"

The moon was yellow
The lane was bright
She turned to me
In the autumn night
And with every glance
She gave a hint
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stammered, stuttered
And time went by
. . . And so was I.—Rooster.
The moon was yellow

* * *
She was only a carnival queen
but she made a lot of concessions.
* * *

JOKES EXPLAINED FOR FRESHMEN

Frosh girl: "My roommate says there are certain things a girl should not do before twenty-one."

Senior boy: "I don't like large audiences either."

This is the trouble of so much unhappiness between pinned couples—not understanding one another. This girl is so proud because she has found out about voting, democracy, citizenship, and other things that make the government run. The guy has missed the point completely; he may be thinking about the senior picnic or have other things on his mind. More than likely he's a theater major and is trying to impress her with tales of life on the wicked stage. His reply *doesn't even make sense*. Too bad—they looked so cute at the Pan-Hells.

Moral: Old seniors never die all over, it's just a cranial numbness.

Soon after the newlyweds moved into the enchanted cottages, the bride decided to cook her first chicken. Her husband decided to care it. He asked, "What did you stuff it with, dear?"

"I didn't have to stuff it," she replied, "it wasn't hollow."

What did I tell you—girls have lost touch with the household crafts. Also, they have no consideration for chickens. How would you feel if you were a chicken and a man walked into the room to carve you and you realized that you hadn't been dressed? We don't want to go into the sordid details but, well—you understand.

Moral: It isn't chicken not to be dressed.



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!
Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.

LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1952. All entries should arrive at Life Savers, Port Chester, not later than June 30, 1952, to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Sophomore: "Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"

Voice: "Yes. women?"

Voice: "Yes."

Sophomore: "Do you save bad couple for Saturday night."

This story just goes to show how those wild boys carry on. It's a pretty hard joke to catch on to, but boy, is it worth it. The first five times you read it through it just won't make sense. What you have to remember is how wild a devil-may-care boy can get on the telephone. What it boils down to is this, seethe guy isn't even *interested* in helping underprivileged girls, not him. He's just an old lewdy and he's got dirty thoughts about Saturday night. Guys aren't what they used to be.

Doctor: Well, Mrs. Jones, I have good news for you.

Patient: But it's not Mrs. Jones, it's Miss Jones.

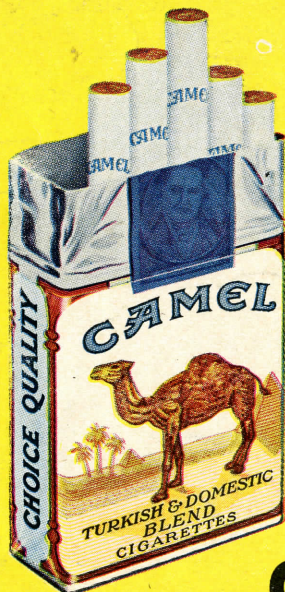
Doctor: Well, then, Miss Jones, I have bad news for you.

This one is a killer, even freshmen should howl. See, the doctor found a small gold wedding ring while he was going through Miss Jones' hair to examine her scalp for ringworm. He *though* it was good news because that would be her long lost nuptial band. Boy, when he found out she was unmarried he saw that her whole life was one of crime. She had been stealing wedding rings by concealing them in her hair the doctor all the time was a counter spy see—so he whips out his badge and sub-machine gun. Rat-a-tat-tat.

Moral: There is no easy road to marriage.

*Campus Interviews
on Cigarette Tests!*

No. 17...THE MAGPIE



He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! *He* knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is *steady* smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

It's the sensible test . . . the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments. Once you've tried Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why . . .

After all the Mildness Tests . . .

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*