

v. 3 no. 3

# *The* **Campus**

**DENISON UNIVERSITY**



A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION  
GRANVILLE OHIO

MARCH 1949



# Prove **CAMEL MILDNESS** for Yourself!



In a recent 30-day test of  
hundreds of Camel smokers,  
noted throat specialists reported  
**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF  
THROAT IRRITATION  
due to smoking CAMELS!**

According to a  
Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS**  
than any other  
cigarette

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!



How mild can a cigarette be? Make the 30-day Camel mildness test—and then you'll *know*! A similar test was recently made by hundreds of smokers. These men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers. And these specialists reported *not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

Put Camels to the test yourself—in your "T-Zone." Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT give you the good word on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

*Money-Back Guarantee!*

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

## Editor's Corner

Is CAMPUS MAGAZINE doing what it was intended to do when it replaced the PORTFOLIO? Does the student body still want this type of magazine?

Some years ago the student publication was strictly a humor magazine. When a large number of people expressed their disapproval, it was replaced by PORTFOLIO which was a literary publication. However, this did not meet with campus approval either. CAMPUS, a combination of the two, was born. It is now three years old. Is it succeeding or failing? Is it worth the money and effort put into it? These are questions which are in some people's minds. They are questions which I cannot answer. I cannot answer them because the student body has not taken enough interest to express opinions concerning the magazine. CAMPUS can be worth the time and effort put into it. It can be the type of magazine that you want. It can serve as a means of expression for those people who are interested in creative writing. It can serve those who desire experience working on a publication. It can serve the school by giving the student body a magazine that it will enjoy. But CAMPUS can only do these things if the student body is interested. Otherwise, I too would ask if CAMPUS is worth the money and effort put into it.

\* \* \*

Our "CALENDAR GIRL" for this issue is Martha Lovell. She is a freshman member of Delta Delta Delta. Our thanks to Joe Irwin for the picture.

Sam Robinson  
Editor-in-Chief



## CAMPUS



Literary Feature Magazine  
Denison University  
Granville, Ohio

Vol. 3, No. 3

March, 1949

	Page
THE VACUUM.....Lynn Olwin	2
BACKSTAGE WITH HOME OF THE BRAVE.....Terry Thurn & Ralph Gilbert	4
BOY MEETS LAUNDROMAT.....Jim Marshall	6
FROM ONE ROOM.....Tom Cooperrider	7
EVOLUTION OF A BLIND DATE.....Terry Thurn	8
THE CASE PRESENTED.....Rod Wishard	10
TUG OF WAR WITH TIMECLOCKS.....Gene Horyn	11
CIGARETTES AND COKE AND WILD, WILD COEDS.....Jack Mathews & James Gould	13
CAMPUSED MAGAZINE.....	14

### CAMPUS STAFFS

Editor-in-Chief.....	Sam Robinson
Feature Editor.....	Ralph Gilbert
Art Editor.....	Jinx Miller
Literary Editor.....	Hugh Wittich
Picture Editor.....	Terry Thurn
Sports Editor.....	Gene Horyn
Cartoon Editor.....	Jane Carstensen
Copy Editor.....	Sue Habbe
Business Manager.....	Sunny Reck
Circulation Manager.....	Lois Altmeiar
Subscription Manager.....	Marge Lane
Distribution Manager.....	Tom Davis

#### FEATURE STAFF

Eddie McDermott  
Al Robinson  
Bob Ehler  
Paul Shelford  
Ed Subler  
Marilyn Whisler  
Pam Hudson  
Betty Campbell  
Ben Krueger  
Kathleen Kalbfleisch  
Kay Pendleton  
Jim Stiverson  
William Hauser  
Maudie O'Brien  
Rod Wishard  
Don Hodgson  
Jack Mathews  
John Blashill  
Jim Marshall

#### ART STAFF

Pat Mather  
Betty Hirst  
Mary Ann Scott  
Doree Ernst  
Barb Nagel

#### CARTOON STAFF

Jean Gilles  
Jim Fuller  
Jerry Price  
Dave Niland

#### SUBSCRIPTION STAFF

Joy Blackadar  
Marjorie Liggett  
Lynn Porter

#### CIRCULATION STAFF

Marian Campbell  
Nancy Gundlach  
Lee Lanning  
Jo Roberts  
Kay Rourke  
Claire Spencer  
Eugenia Weinrich  
Jane Keeler  
Janice Carr

#### LITERARY STAFF

Chester Gooding  
Spiros Mandamadiotis  
Lynn Olwin  
Bill King

#### COPY STAFF

Helen Kavan  
Marjorie Nevin

#### DISTRIBUTION STAFF

Bill Craig  
John Peterson  
Jack Minneman  
Tom Green  
George Alexander

Printing by Granville Times Press



# THE VACUUM

By LYNN OLWIN

Henry Jamieson sat at the breakfast table scanning the newspaper. His wife, Suzette, sat across from him and watched him as he groped for his toast, never taking his eyes from the paper. She picked up the toast and put it in the outstretched hand and went on watching him. Her small white face was sober and her chocolate brown eyes reflected her anxious mood. "Maybe today," she thought. "Maybe he'll come home for dinner tonight and say, 'Suzi, I have a Job'." She hadn't known much about him when she married him, just that she loved him and always wanted to be with him. He had fascinated her at first — with his black hair and steady blue eyes, and he was so gentle and kind. She knew he had a good education and he had done some writing of some sort. But it must not have been successful because he never talked about it. She knew he had talent, and she also knew with that strange insight women sometimes have that if something did not break soon for him there would be tragic consequences. It was this strange foreboding that plagued her now. She tried to shake it off.

"Hank, we're having a special dinner tonight in honor of your new job."

He looked up but said nothing.

"I've the strangest feeling that something wonderful is going to happen today."

Hank smiled and rose from the table. She walked with him to the door and waited until he walked to the elevator and disappeared inside. Then she went back to the living room and poured herself another cup of coffee. She sat down to think.

\* \* \*

Henry Jamieson strode up to the desk in the executive offices of Ward Barlow's Department Store and told the girl he had an appointment with the personnel manager. She took his name and directed him to the waiting room. He sat down and watched the door opposite him which was marked "Private." He could hear a murmur of voices and occasional bursts of laughter. The white light was on above the door, and he guessed there must be a meeting of some sort in progress. He didn't know how long he had waited when the door opened and a group of men filed out, talking earnestly amongst themselves. One of them was saying, "He'd have to be fairly tall and should have angular features — well, like that man over there." With this he nodded at Henry.

"Wait a minute. Why not that very man?" He stepped up to Henry and said, "Young man, have you had any acting experience?"

Henry felt numb. Acting! Oh, how much he wanted to act, he thought to himself as he managed to stammer out a feeble, "Yes, a little," and then lapsed into an awe-struck silence while the man outlined his job.

When they had finished, Henry was disappointed. This was certainly not what he had foreseen for himself, but it meant a steady salary and they had to eat. Besides, he wanted nice things for Suzi. As he left, he looked at his watch. If he hurried he could get home in time for lunch. He stopped at a florist shop and bought a bouquet of flowers for Suzi. What would he tell her? She might laugh. But no, Suzi wouldn't laugh — then she might pity him — one so great coming to this — no, he couldn't stand that! She didn't know, did she? She thought he'd been an author. She didn't know he had been the great Jacques Martin — known throughout Europe — Jacques Martin, who, when playing Othello, was such a great actor that when he loosed his hands from the neck of Desdemona, she lay quite dead at his feet. He had fled Europe and come to America to begin again. But it seemed Luck was against him at every turn. Well, he would tell Suzi that it was an acting job, which it was technically.

\* \* \*

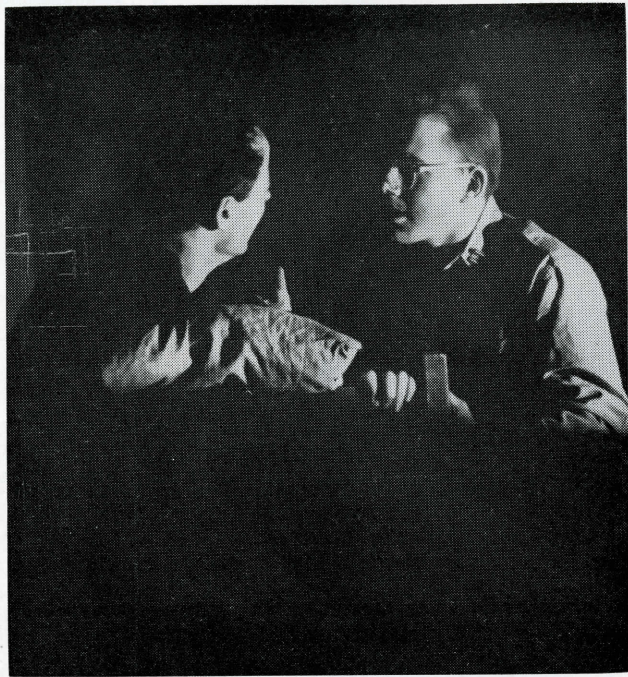
Henry Jamieson shuffled jerkily into the store window. He fixed his mascaraed eyes in the glassiest start he could and adjusted his gloves. The curtains were still drawn so he had time to make a last-minute survey of his makeup. Inches of chalk-like powder covered his features and stark black lines gave the impression of wrinkles. There were two artificial-looking spots of pink on his cheeks and his black straight hair hung lank on his forehead. He took a few more practice steps and then, taking the vacuum cleaner handle, motioned to Jimmy the boy to pull the curtains. As the fringe was slowly drawn back, he could see the small crowd of people who were there already waiting for him. He knew that this crowd would grow rapidly, hitting its peak around noon when curious people on their way to and from lunch would stop to watch this odd robot-man demonstrate the latest in Vacuumatic vacuum cleaners. He went through his

Continued on page 16



- |             |                              |
|-------------|------------------------------|
| March 15-19 | University Theater           |
| 25          | Spring Vacation Starts       |
| April       | 4 Classes Resume             |
|             | 6 Men's Glee Club Concert    |
|             | 8 Panhell Formals            |
|             | 13 Women's Glee Club Concert |
|             | 21 Orchestra Concert         |
|             | 27 Band Concert              |
|             | 29 Junior Prom               |
| May         | 3-7 University Theater       |
|             | "I Remember Mama"            |
|             | 7 May Day Program            |
|             | 8 Festival Chorus Concert    |
|             | 13 Spring Formals            |





Before the curtain goes up, Wright and Merriman discuss a point of delivery and diction on the darkened set.

## BACKSTAGE WITH

### By Terry Thurn

With a blast of realistic language, a fitting and imaginative setting designed by Director Dick Adams, and the taunting cries of Japanese snipers high in the backstage palm trees, "Home of the Brave" took over on the well trod and hallowed boards of the University Theatre stage. The Arthur Laurents' play, performed before appreciative and capacity audiences, latched on to our imaginations and flew us to a remote Pacific Island, complete with jungle sounds and government-issue dialogue. That was what the audience saw from in front of the footlights, but few had the opportunity to witness the sights and sounds backstage. And so Campus Magazine went down to the crowded dressing rooms, inside the flickering light cage, and up against the stage braces and the flats to give you a behind the scenes look.

Few people realize the amount of work that goes into a typical play like this. First comes the selection of the play and the designing of the set. Then tryouts and long nights of memorization by the actors in the privacy of their rooms. The prop man

The technical staff lounges between acts. Tom Toth comfortably occupies the rack; smiling Tom Wood stands behind him; Jack Rossland, Bill Hauser, and Hank Gleiss are leaning against the table; stage manager Gene Chamberlain holds the script, and Sylvia Straton plays the lady in the wheel chair.



## HOME OF THE BRAVE

### and Ralph Gilbert

sends his assistant into the streets to try antique collectors, faculty residences, and the basements of the local citizenry for fitting and realistic props. The theatre workshop classes and volunteers bucking for University Players or points for Masquers hammer and screw the flats together. And there is the constant humdrum of activity until the first night's performance when the curtain goes up and we see for the first time the fruits of their labors.

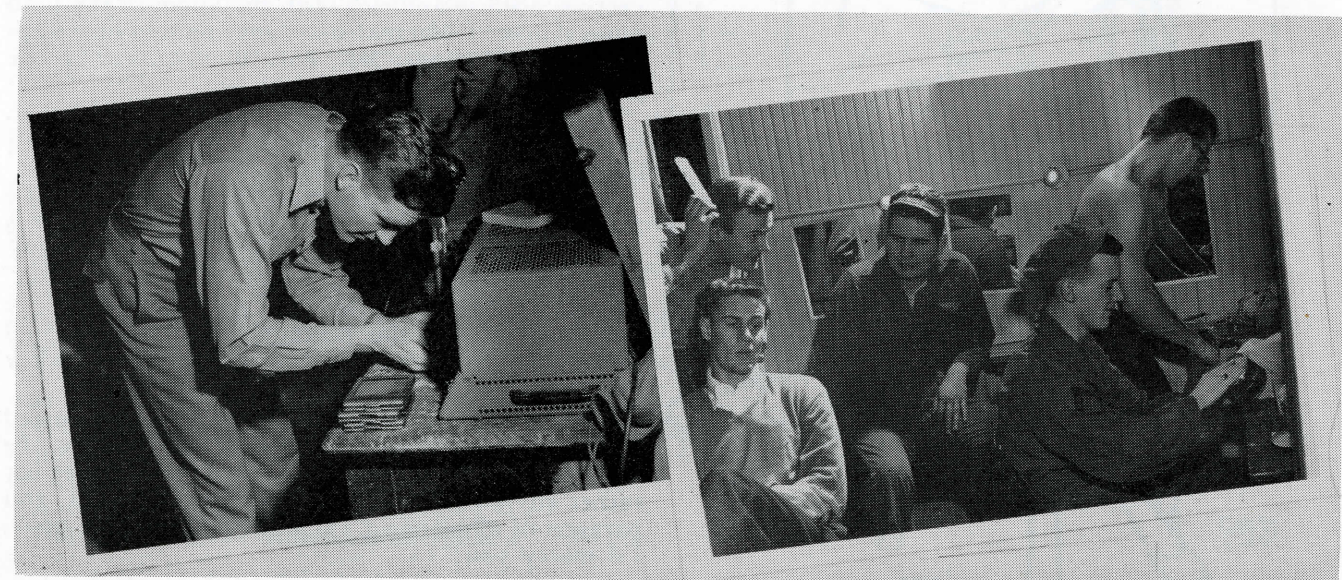
And behind stage while the play goes on, the staff and actors move swiftly and quietly in the shadows, waiting for cues, checking lines, sipping a quick coke from the Grille, moving props here and there, and straining their ears to catch the all important audience reaction and perhaps laugh silently at a forgotten or mixed up line of dialogue. To them, this may be fun, it may be needed credits, or it may be the satisfaction of seeing what really makes the theatre tick, but to all and everyone, from the moment the curtain goes up until the time it comes down and the last roll of applause dies out, "the play's the thing."



Lighting man William Dresser dims the houselights to foil any bulbsnatchers.

Dressing Room Scene: Lundquist mouths a few lines of script, Cover combs a few wavy locks from his eyes, Acting Corporal David Chaney keeps a close watch on Lundquist, Wright bares his upper torso, and Glenn Walters looks for the vanished vanishing cream.

Bill Hauser, jungle bird imitator par excellence, and in charge of sound for the play, is caught tuning in.





# Boy Meets Laundromat

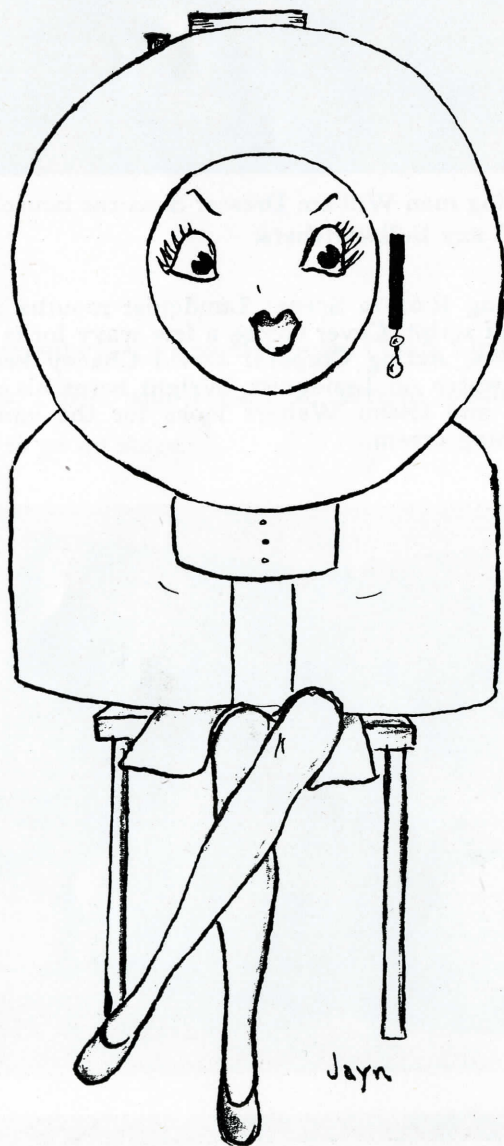
By Jim Marshall

For the greater part of this year my roommate has been hiking over to the basement of Curtis East with a bag full of Dirty Laundry and coming back full of an inner harmony and joy . . . an ecstatic expression on his face.

"It is great," he would say, "it is the experience of a lifetime . . . it is the ultimate realization of men over matter."

"But why, Phil?"

"It's just great," he would repeat, gaily draping his undergarmentia to my desk light, neatly placing Mr. Cooper's fine products on my radio, and with a very domestic touch spelling out fraternity letters with damp laundry in the front window.



I half suspected his joy was due to a secret rendezvous with some femme de monde of Sawyer Hall, or that he had a secret cache of "Nudism and Health" in the basement of Curtis, until I also met the Laundromat.

Determined to discover the recipient of his attentions, I slung my laundry over my shoulder, looked nonchalant and wound my way to the subterranean corners of the freshman dorm. A small white cylinder with a large porthole eye glared at me. I glared back, determined to master the little wench.

Running the Kinetic Molecular theory over in my mind, repeating  $e$  equals  $em$  cee squared, I stepped up to the little devil . . . turned the laundry dial to twelve as per direction one, threw my white laundry into the dark maw of the machine, and slipped the thing a quarter, adding a generous helping of Dreft.

I took my post at the port hole. Water sloshed rhythmically against it. I must have dozed a second . . . purple pajamas, a red sock, a bit of pink lingerie, green stepins and an old briar pipe appeared in rapid succession against the window. I suspected the insidious creature had taken my underwear into the depths of its vitals to gnaw at them secretly. Tiring of someone's purple pajamas, et al., it had regurgitated them back at me.

An ominous clicking of its little brain as if the thing were having an Id vs Super-ego battle with itself, then dial slipped over to Rinse One. Water shot from its circulatory system. Inside a cylindrical drum whirled at a tremendous rate. Meanwhile I pressed my nose against the porthole, shouting invective, profuse and rich with the idiom of the tired mule-skinner. Miraculously my underwear reappeared as the water left, only to disappear in the Rinse Two water.

"Tricky little slut," I muttered, "trying to confuse me. Clever little Pygmalion . . . still has a bit of the gutter left in her!"

Rinse Three and internal strife ensued within my diabolic little temptress. At last . . . la putain, the insidious little gamin was bending to my wishes. Click, Whirl Dry and the water drained. Ah, mastery . . . now you little fiend give me back my shorts. I opened the porthole. The multicolored ensemble I had seen sloshing against the window was gone.

Feeling slightly chagrined for having mistrusted the machine, I tucked my clean laundry into the bag and tossed it over my shoulder. I looked at her rather shyly . . . "You lovely little spellbinder, you paragon of efficiency . . . if you could only . . . cook, I'd marry you!"

I strode away with the glow of a rich new experience filling me. "Take me, darling Bendix, take me. I am yours!"

# FROM ONE ROOM

By Tom Cooperrider

He mumbled the words, half-aloud, to himself.

"Stern daughter of the Voice of God

O Duty, if that name thou have

Who art a light to guide, a rod. . . ."

What's this guy trying to say, anyway? Why doesn't he spit it out and get it over with?

The clock was ticking loudly on his desk, and the metal shade of the lamp began its incessant quivering. As it moved it cast its shadow over the bed in the room, and the clothes, and the open books, and the cigarette butts lying bent and wrinkled in the ash tray.

And what the hell am I taking this test for? What good will it ever do me? Will it help me find a job? Will it help me make a living? Will it help me marry the woman I want?

He lit a cigarette and watched the smoke fold and spiral over the book in his hands — hands with short, blunt fingers that were created for some purpose foreign to the turning of pages.

*Is there not a better life, a life which holds no doubts, no uncertainties of the years that will force themselves into being, no nausea in reflecting on that which has been?*

Behind the closed lids of his eyes his memory travelled over a well worn route to the farmlands of France and Germany. He breathed slowly, deeply, of the air around him — strong with the smell of gasoline and exhaust. He wiped his hands on the sides of his fatigues and listened as the motor of the tank noisily consumed its fuel.

That was where he belonged! Back there things had been clear. He had known what he was doing then, and a man can work his way out of any problem if he knows what he's doing. And there had been none of this fooling around with words — trying to cover up what was really meant.

Just like people, he thought. A man was what he was, and his buddies respected him for it. No one tried to hide from himself or appear to be something he was not. No covering up, everything was open and plain, back there.

But here in this cramped little room a

man couldn't think straight. At times his whole life seemed purposeless and he became absorbed in the superficialities of the life about him.

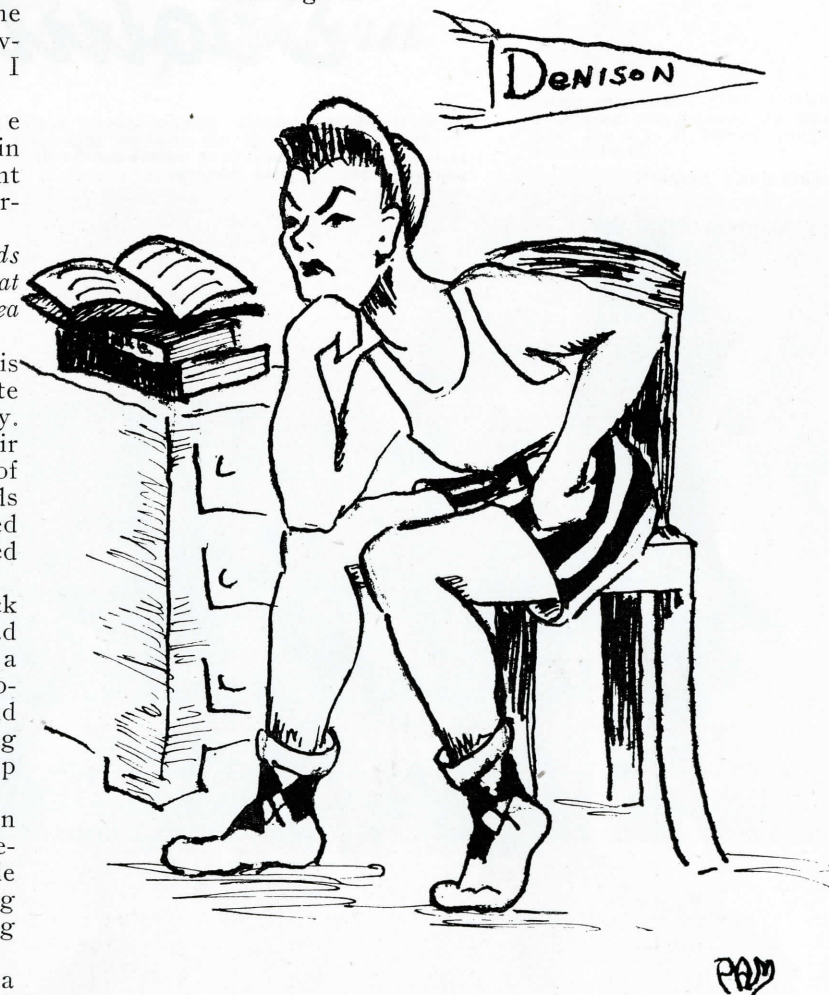
*Is there not, just beyond the sunset, a land of forests and green fields where clear streams fall through rocks of white granite, where each man shall find that for which he searches?"*

His eyes strayed to the magazine lying on his bed. The man on the cover had grease smudged hands. He started to rise and then sat down again.

*Where is the land of green meadows and white granite?*

He crushed the cigarette into the black tray and blew the smoke from his mouth with a quick breath.

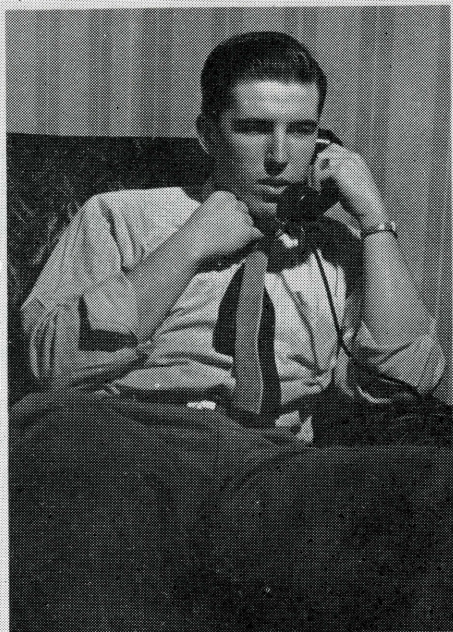
"Stern daughter of the Voice of God," he read aloud again.







Dateless, desiring hero aided by his mate consults the Adytum in search of cious companionship.



A bit nervous he phones the "lucky" girl.



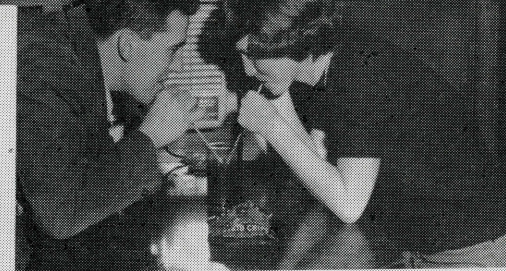
Heroine decides to play odds and accepts the date.



Giddy, groomed, and glowing, our Heroine prepares.



H-hour and our new-some two-some has three curious onlookers.



"The pause that refreshes." The "dateless three" just HAPPENED to drop in.

# Evolution of a Blind Date By Terry Thurn

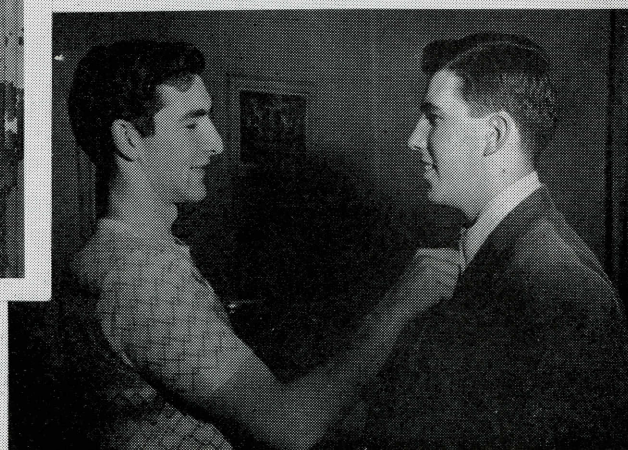
alas, his pockets don't jingle!!!



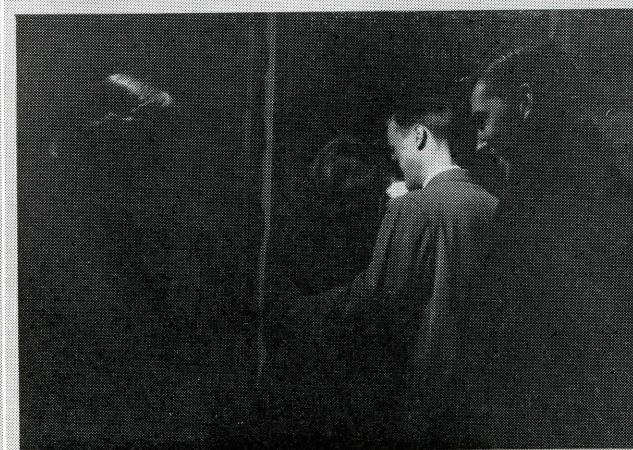
Heroine consults standard reference to investigate Hero's case history.



Our Hero has final adjustments made before making the FATAL step.



Hero and Heroine step back into the shadows to watch a more experienced couple!



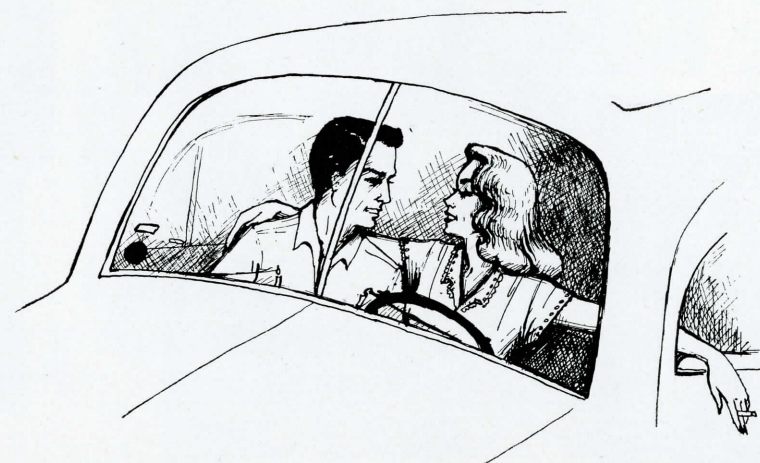
Clasped hands signify victory, while from left to right we have Mr. Bored, Mr. Gullible, and Mr. Skeptical.



"And then he----!!!" ? This ends our tale of drama and passion on this Denison campus, home of strong manhood and noble womanhood.







## THE CASE PRESENTED

By Rod Wishard

I will begin by saying that for some time I have been a leader in a crusade against female automobilists. To allow these half-baked creatures to scratch their nail polish on a steering wheel is the ultimate of foolishness. The great amount of complexity in the modern auto and the complete lack of it in the modern woman make the combination wholly incompatible. However, I shall not dwell on generalizations, but rather I shall relate a brief tale proving my point.

Next door to us back home lived a comfortably well-to-do family, the Van der Mooks. The wife owned a portly chest and a matching backside; the husband possessed a chain of diaper services and nurseries (motto: "Why wrestle with a problem when we can do the pinning?"); and the daughter, Veronica — well, what she lacked in brains she made up elsewhere — double. She had the beauty, build, and behavior to make Dutchess Hotspur blush, and the boys knew it.

Now her father was an intelligent man, but he must not have realized how well off he was for when Veronica became a senior in high school, Mr. Van der Mook had the extreme misfortune to be desirous of teaching his daughter to drive the family auto.

Very early in the course of the instruction it became apparent that Veronica was definitely not of a mechanical turn of mind. Engulfed in fatherly pride, however, the old man failed to recognize this fact, and together the two embarked on their path to ruin. Eventually she became rather adept at guessing where the conventional gears were and even ground in a few of her own.

As for the clutch and brake, she never could distinguish one from the other, and her greatest con-

tribution to the automotive industry was the joyous suggestion of placing the clutch and brake on the same pedal to eliminate killing the motor when stopping.

With a similar disregard for the orthodox, she also had difficulty telling the difference between gas and oil. Many were the times I heard her argue with her father: "Now, Daddy, when have I run around all night without any gas in that car?"

When she had mastered, in a crude sort of way, the fundamentals of driving, her father proceeded to instruct her in a few techniques of safety precaution beginning with hand signals. Although she made a determined effort in this matter, to the very end a female arm protruding horizontally from the driver's window of the Van der Mook auto could mean one of several things besides a right turn: (1) She was drying her fingernails; (2) "Oh, goodness, there's Matilda, the old slob. Hi, Matilda!" or (3) "Like hell it's raining!"

I feel that one other episode in Veronica's driving career should here be set down. It seems that at one stage in the game the sexy little creature actually began to show some improvement. Her father did not know why until he caught her in the garage with her latest heartthrob, Mortimer, to quote Veronica, "the only boy in the block who can bolt a gizmo to a whoozis in a '47 whatchamacallit, stand on his head, and neck at the same time. What a man!" Mr. Van der Mook's last glimpse of his dearly beloved was as she pulled out of the driveway splendidly, shifted into high without scraping a tooth, and drove in a wonderfully straight line down the right side of Main Street; one arm was dangling languidly out the window, the other was around Mortimer, and she was steering with her knees.

## TUG OF WAR WITH TIME CLOCKS

By GENE HORYN

"D" Day may have given the upperclassmen a nod over the freshmen in the tug of war for class supremacy, but the local '52er's will tell you it was a put-up job and if you want a real indication of freshman strength it will appear in the freshman-varsity track meet to be scheduled in the near future for one of those balmy, spring afternoons on the Deeds Field track. For in the words of the frosh chieftains and that specie of mankind which keeps its eyes on running form and its thumb on the time-piece, the freshman track squad is "loaded" with talent, three deep.

Spring can't come too soon for Coach Walter J. Livingston. Even now the dean of Ohio's track coaches is prepping his boys for a quick overture on the track scene, planning a better-than-average varsity performance. Mention the freshman and with raised eyebrows and a broad grin, he'll tactfully tell you he hasn't had a "chance to look 'em over yet," but he "understands" they have unusual abilities.

The boys themselves hesitate about reporting their times or talking of their championship performances. Perhaps it's modesty or maybe it's fear that the letdown from loose college living has affected their form, but they quietly run through their paces on the indoor boards, prepping diligently in a specially-arranged track class. Others, still in training for spring football, await the starter's signal and the releasing tick of the starting blocks when the outdoor season officially gets underway.

Heading the galaxy of frosh stars is Tod Heyman of East Grand Rapids, Michigan, who lettered in track every year while at school there, running a variety of track and field events. Above all, Tod is a hurdler, whose times are written down as the record at his high school. At the Milwaukee A.A.U. meet last summer, Tod went through the semi-finals of the Olympic qualifier in the junior division, taking a fourth in the 400 meter low hurdle race. It was his first experience running at that distance and his first occasion to skim over the Amateur Union's elevated hurdles. However, he never noticed the difference. In his next four years, he hopes to work at the regular 120 yard high's and 220 yard low hurdle race and anticipates putting in extra time in preparation for the next Olympiad and the grinding pace of the 400 meter race.

In recent years, the Ohio Conference finalists in the field events walked-off with ribbons despite heights and distances little better than high school marks. In the local crop of freshman there are two men who can better Denison's showing in the broadjump and pole vault of the recent past with a strong possibility of taking the Conference crown at some time, perhaps.

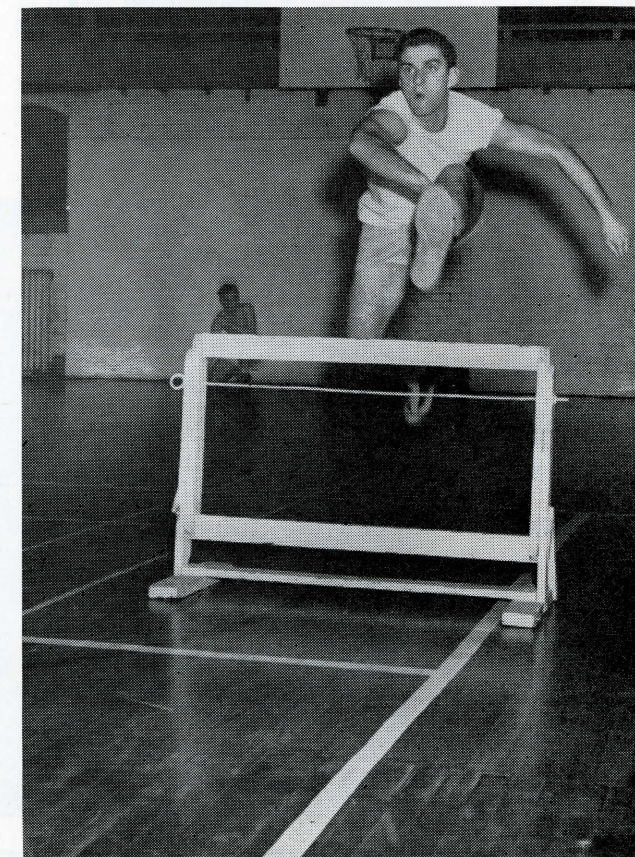
Steve Deedrick in his best jump, established a Mount Vernon High record with a leap of 21' 11½".

A three-letter winner, Steve also ran the 440 and figured in the mile relay. He uses a hitch-kick in his jump. He is still to be seen by Livy since he is practicing football now.

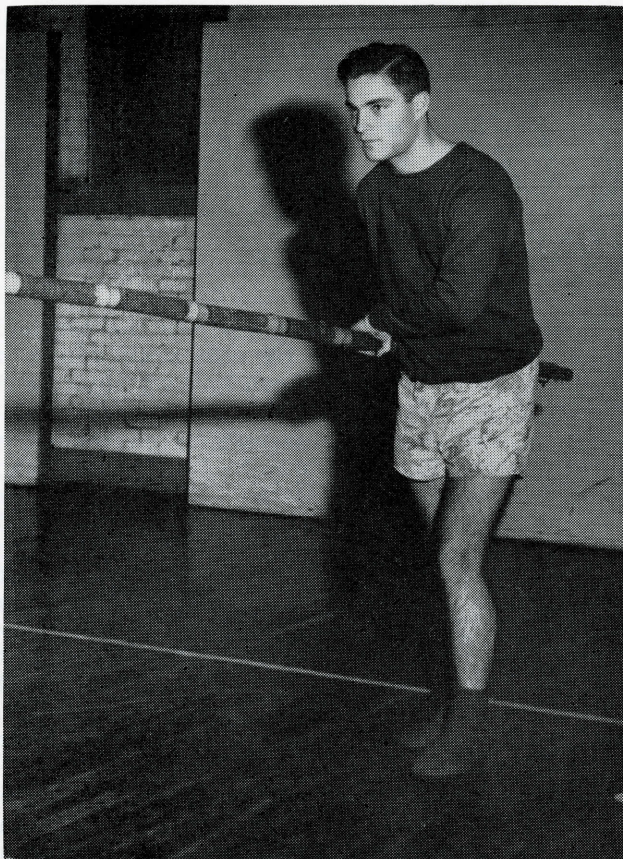
One of the all-around performers on the frosh squad this season is certain to be Jim Edgerly who lettered in track at San Mateo, California. In his favorite event, the pole vault, Jim, with the speed and rhythm of the sprinter he is, brings the pole up with perfect smoothness and direction, to push-off at a height of 12' 6". Jim has run the 100 yard dash in 10.1, the 220 in 22.3, and was on the 880 relay team which went far in the California Relays last spring. His best jump mark is 5' 8", which could have taken the Ohio Conference last season. Jim, now practicing football, will begin his pit work after spring vacation.

Two Andover Prep school boys, both milers, are listed on the impressive roster of the freshman squad. Green may be the color of the freshman class, but tone it down to varsity strains when you note the mark of experience these two have. Don

(Continued on next page)







Sharp runs a mile on this side of the 4:40 notch while John Hodges comes close to the mark as well as showing good times in the half-mile, two mile run, and a good high jump. Sharp lettered twice at Andover, taking a second in the mile at the annual New England Interscholastic Meet during one season. He was also on the two relay teams which beat Exeter in the Boston Garden games, the annual joust between the two top prep schools in the East.



BOTTOM ROW:

ROWND

MacNAB

WAYNE

MOORE

TOP ROW:

DOLD

BOVINGTON

SHARP

HODGES

Hodges ran the two mile run for the first time last fall at Denison, recording a 10:40 time. He won three letters at Andover. Last fall, he entered the Six Mile road race at Cincinnati.

With the group which has been working out since fall, Livy has conducted several time trials but has done nothing definite about working boys for any particular distance or event. He chooses to wait until they go outdoors. One of his versatile trialists has been Wilson Rownd, a Canton-McKinley speedster. He has been clocked in good time in the quarter-mile, half-mile, and mile. Rownd went through the semi-finals of the state championships last year. He is also an exceptional swimmer.

From New Trier H. S. in Illinois, and co-captain of the squad there, Chuck Dold looks like the 440 man the varsity squad will miss this year. By graduation and withdrawals from school, the Big Red is faced with a shortage of quarter-milers. Dold, who breaks the tape in about 51, was a three letter winner in a school known for its excellent squads. While there, he also ran in the 880 relay which timed itself in 1:29.6.

From a Shaker Heights cinder squad which won the Lake Erie League championship, D. U. is the recipient of two men whose combined events in high school number eight. Both are sprint men. Bruce MacNab was the hurdles winner at Shaker as well as third man on a winning 880 relay team and a discus specialist. His best distance was a throw of 126 feet. Jock Bovington is a 100 and 220 yard dash man. Jock also ran in the same 880 team.

There are other men too numerous to list who are in Livy's track class. It is still hard to tell if the present optimism will hold water once the boys take to the cinder oval. But some boys such as the ones we've mentioned and others such as Rog Landrud, Dick Wayne, and Jerry Moore, pictured in this issue, present a pleasing nucleus.

Maybe there's more talent to be discovered in these '52'ers.

# CIGARETTES AND COKE AND WILD, WILD COEDS

By Jack Matthews and James Gould

As the setting sun gently withdrew its warm tenacles of dancing sunbeams, the modest little community of Granville seemed to sink into the purple haze of twilight, reminding the casual observer of some great ship surrendering to the vast, unpredictable sea. . . . mad, mad, . . . mad.

From the spotless windows of the "Corner," that blessed haven for the sleepless refugees of Doane Academy, the friendly gleams of light seemed to beckon to all, in sharp contrast to the cold, unyielding pavement without . . . cold, cold, . . . cold. . .

Inside, if one could penetrate the ever-present pall of smoke, spawned from countless glowing cigarettes, he would see small clusters of students giving vent to their pent-up emotions in the manner of the average, clean-cut, all American student. A shrill scream suddenly pierced the murky air as Ned Nitrate, a chemistry major rushed madly from the scene, muttering formulas from the froth-flecked lips, his thin nervous fingers clutching a battered bunson burner to his consumptive breast . . . youth, youth . . . youth. . . .

Lithe, serpentine coeds draped their lithe, serpentine bodies across the coffee-ringed counter; soft, husky voices pleading with the tall, god-like soda jerks to draw two Tru-Ades . . . animal bleats of ecstasy . . . a table of cashmere-swathed students indulged in an exciting new game called Bridge . . . a hushed moan . . . softly, softly . . . softly . . .

Now we see a tall, thin youth with the appearance of one desperately struggling with approaching puberty . . . aimlessly wandering from group to group, table to table . . . a lost soul, in search of something unseen; intangible . . . grasping for an answer. Flitting alternately across his finely chiseled features, were looks of wonder and of pain. Exeter Curricular (affectionately called "Core Course" by his friends) that pillar of activity, that veritable robot of energy, was in search of a date. Heretofore, his sole forms of amusement had consisted of humming Gregorian chants to himself in the bath tub and translating Thorne Smith into Greek sanskrit. His wistful, amber eyes darting here and there, seeing all, missing nothing, alighted upon Al Argyle, one of the school's better known "sports," gravely discussing the sex drives of a Japanese crayfish with Wilma Willing, the party representative from the coed ranks.

Exeter moves towards them, writhing in abject humiliation in the presence of these immortals, and clasped their feet to his burning cheeks in a proper display of homage. . . . Having received fourteen lashes across the back and shoulders with Al Argyle riding crop for this brazen show of audacity, he

looked up at this great man and humbly asked, "What, oh master, oh lion-hearted Apollo, can I do? I just *got* to get a date for that real doocky Juke-Box Jamboree that the Union is giving tonight from 7:00 to 8:45!"

Al (better known as 'Al Baby' by his more intimate feminine companions), carefully replaced his snuff box in one of the numerous recesses of his fur-lined, shark skin cardigan and turned his rich, blue eyes to those of Exeter. He softly curled his sensual



"MY GAWD ----- REAL GROOVY!"

lips from his strong, white teeth, (whose sparkling beauty was marred only by intermittent specks of dental floss) and murmured in his irresistible, husky voice, "Son, we have, at this school, many, many of these strange creatures . . . those with soft white arms, flashing eyes and gleaming, scented hair. Those with a different colored sweater for every occasion and the proud possessors of cream-white, supersonic convertibles are everywhere for your beck and call . . . look around you, son, you will

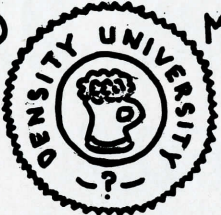
(Continued on page 16)



CAMPUSED

APRIL 1ST

CIRCULATION  
1,000,000



MAGAZINE

ISSUE

WRIT  
BY HAND

STAFF OF THE CAMPUSED MAGAZINE

Co-Editors.....Kalbfleisch and Hauser

Features ..... Hodgson

Sports ..... Shultis

Advertisements ..... Gilbert

Weeks Out . . . Admissions Policy Makers See the Light

In a recent Trustees meeting, drastic changes were made in the faculty and administration. The most significant of these was the transfer of Admissions Director Weeks to Custodian of Talbot. Doomsday O'Bookie, the new director, advanced his new policy as follows:

1. Sons and daughters of Trustess and Alumni are cheerfully refused admission.
2. To give the peasant a break and to remove all vistages of the upperclass ideology from these immortal halls, selection will be made only from the lower one third of the graduating class.
3. An unlimited number of full time scholarships are available for those desiring full time professional training in dishwashing, waiting tables, grass cutting, and leaf raking.
4. Mormons, Israeli, and Mohammedans are given special consideration.
5. Transcripts will be accepted from an industrial or reform schools approved by the Midwest Board of Accredited Penal Institutions.
6. As a means of encouragement to the brilliant student, special consideration will be given to those showing distinctly superior ability in the use of explosives in confined places, such as banks, Saving and Loan Associations, or Brink's Agency Trucks.
7. Students from other colleges who have failed to meet standards, fear not, give us a try!

O'Bookie stated in recent conference that further and more startling changes are yet to be announced.

(During reorganization, Mom Smood states that meals will be served as usual, in a trough.)

All Hail the Density Basketball Squad

Undefeated in twenty-nine straight games this season, Density University's fabulous basketballers finally tasted the short end of the stick as they tangled with the State Home for The Blind last evening and lost, 83-17 in a close and thrilling game. Speed Elliot claimed that the State Home's gym wasn't quite big enough for him and school officials were willing to agree after he had taken out the east wing of the bleachers in an attempt to grab a loose ball.

The players said the whole secret to a good season was a soft schedule and they were worried about the final game with their toughest opponents, the Veteran's Hospital Team. "We're afraid their crutches might get in our way. Anyway, we've managed to have a good season this year — so far," they concluded.

Density---A Traditional University

The Density tradition is a difficult thing to describe, but everyone is aware of the certain spirit that permeates the atmosphere in this picturesque little university, perched precariously on the hill overlooking that thriving metropolis, Granville, Ohio.

1. One of the traditions is the always friendly, "Hiyah, bub, got a but?", with which Denisonians invariably greet not only one another but townspeople and campus visitors as well.
  2. In order to keep everyone informed as to who has cigarettes and who hasn't, all smoking is confined to the chapel, chapel walk, and quadrangle. This keeps the busy student from wasting time going through the desks in the dorm.
  3. In the event that students fail to arrive within five minutes of the time for a scheduled class, the professor is permitted to leave; except of course, if he has campus "wheels," in which case a ten-minute wait is customary on the part of the professor.
  4. The most famous tradition is the Sweetheart Serenade. Each upperclass woman is limited to three per semester in order that all the women get a break. During regular serenades all lights in the dorms are lit while the women yodel, throw coke bottles, pillows, and tired roommates at the serenaders.
  5. In the warm days of spring and fall, the men and women so inclined frolic gaily across the Welsh Hills with blankets in hand to engage in the most popular of the traditions, turfing.
  6. Near Talbot Hall is the Senior Bench. This is put there for the convenience of the entering Freshmen who wish to demonstrate their artistic talents.
  7. In order to keep the unadjusted freshmen happy, a few upperclassmen are placed in their dorms to reap the effects of their ill-humor. These people are called Junior Advisors.
  8. All Freshmen men are required to wear their heads for a specified length of time regulated by the muscle boys, the 'D' Association. They are also drafted to roll up Granville's sidewalks at nine o'clock each evening, and to return all buildings to the campus in time for Homecoming.
- Denison traditions and the Denison spirit are what undergraduates have made them. Each student degenerates his share in perpetuating them.

This Week's Movie Schedule

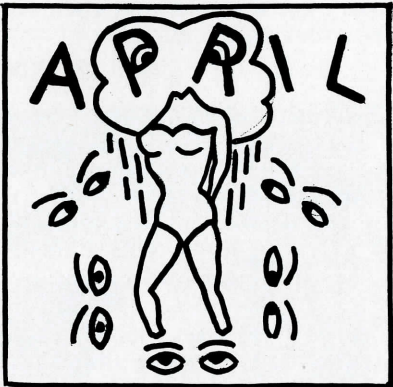
- INLAND THEATRE:
- Sidney Jenkins and Helen Barr thrilling you in "Tarzan and The D-Men."
- THE OPERA HOUSE:
- The King Brothers, Horace and Joseph in Arthur J. Rink's tremendous production, "King Leer."
- THE FLEA HOUSE:
- Frank Sinatra, starring in his first dramatic role, "The Charles Atlas Story."

WOLF SISTERS

NATURALLY



ALL LEGAL COSMETICS



Campus Calendar

- March 20: 2:00 a.m. Vacation ends
- 28: Interfraternity Slumber Parties
- 32: 8:00 p.m. Spitball—University of Newark at Granville
- April 1: Any fool knows his birthday
- 3: President's reception at Lieber's "Moonlight Gardens"
- 4: Final exams begin
- 5: Vacation that ended March 20th begins
- 8: Jai Lai—Denison vs. Vassar at the Wigwam
- 9: Denison Lecture Series—Swasey Chapel, Mr. Robert Mitchum. Subject: "To Inhale or Not To Inhale"
- 10: Dog Day
- 11: Opera House—University Theatre presents "Tobacco Road"
- 13: Glockenspiel Recital—Prof. Harold Gullbergh
- 15: LaCrosse in the Wigwam—Livy vs. Denison
- 18: William Howard Doane opens the Seminar Bar
- 19: Denison entertains Newark's delinquents
- 20: Denison migrates to Newark to reclaim Life Science
- 21: Granville Festival Association presents Erwin Vascileonitich and his musical saw
- 22: Fraternity Barn Dances—all fraternity houses beginning at 8:30
- 24: Winter Carnival
- 26-22: Emphasis Week, Dr. James Rizzo, guest speaker
- 30: University Theater presents Charles Chaplain and Errol Flynn in "They Knew What They Wanted"
- 35: Debate in Life Science Auditorium: DCGA vs. Pauper's Literary Society
- May 5-1: All school participation in levee construction—West Granville to west bank of Salt Creek, North of Pataskala
- 6: Lecture Series: Antonio Galento speaking on "Clean Living"
- 8: Denison Scientific Association—Miss Barr demonstrates the Atomic Bomb and Its Influence on Doane Gymnasium

The Most Unforgettable Professor We've Met

(A true to life interview, in geologic form, secured and published at great risk to the writer).

YOUTH  
EARLY MATURITY  
STILL LATER MATURITY  
EARLY OLD AGE

Roving Reporter

The Campused Roving Reporter roved around Density recently taking sample opinions of students regarding the magazine. The question posed to the students was: What do you think of Campused as a magazine? The answers listed below are both enlightening and interesting. The constructive criticism offered will probably prove invaluable to future editions.

Naoj Mosowddiw, Sophomore: I have never had the privilege of reading the magazine. Before I get a chance to read it, somebody has thrown every available copy in the dorm into the furnace.

Kcuhc Sregor, Freshman: It makes excellent toilet paper. I find that the grade of paper that Campused is printed on far superior to any brand sold commercially.

Ecyoj Repor, Junior: I find Campused mentally and intellectually stimulating for my ten year old brother.

Eisus Nilo, Sophomore: Campused? What's that, a new laxative?

Divad Yduj, Senior: After four years of Campused, I would rather try to forget the painful memories I have embedded in my soul.

Llib Ekralc, Freshman: Campused is a mental and spiritual experience that should never be passed up if it is unavoidably impossible.

Trebor Ginnelf, part-time: I always look forward to every issue with excitement in my soul for it invariably brings something new and enlightening into my dull, drab, college life.

SMOKE

FUMAR

CIGARETTES FOR

THAT CHARRED FEELING



FUMAR

BIG PRIZE CONTEST BELOW

The Fumar Cigarette Contest

Grand Prize: One slightly used volcano.  
Other Prizes: One thousand bottles of mouthwash.  
Consolation Prize: Two weeks paid vacation at Spring Valley.

- RULES: Answer the following questions:
1. What is the difference between a duck?
  2. What year did Jane Russell win the Academy Award?
  3. What are Jane Russell's measurements and how did you get them?
- Tear your answers into shreds, mix well with the contents of twenty-five Fumars, and mail to our Licking County Factory.



THE VACUUM

(Continued from page 2)

little act then, watching the ones on the pavement on the outside who were watching him so intently.

The "wise guy" over on the left was saying to his wide-eyed girl friend, "He's nothin' but a man all dressed up to look like a dummy. They can't kid me." Two business men were gazing in admiration, probably thinking what a terrific sales promotion idea this was. And down in front, a little boy crept closer to his mother a bit, for in truth, Henry was as gruesome a looking human robot as had been seen in a long time.

He pushed the vacuum cleaner back and forth, back and forth, shuffling around after it. Once in a while he would stop, raise his finger jerkily in an arresting gesture and then bend stiffly down to unlock the dust bag to empty it. Replacing the bag with the same clockwork movements as before, he would give the audience a mechanical wink and resume sweeping.

This went on day after day, week after week. Suzi was getting curious to know when the play would open. Henry would put her off with some excuse about a delay in production. He came home at night tired and moody. They didn't go out anymore, he was too tired for that. Sometimes she would read to him until he fell asleep and then she would put a blanket over him where he lay on the davenport. She was so proud of him — he was going to be a success.

\* \* \*

She awoke with a start! The room was dark and the night as still as death. Why then had she suddenly felt uneasy? She strained her eyes to see through the darkness. She peered through the gloom and could discern the familiar objects in the room — the bureau, the overstuffed chair, and then horror clutched at her spine and jerked her upright — there, by the doorway was the huge, hulking form of a man. Still drugged by sleep, she groped for her light switch. It seemed hours before she felt the cold little knob between her moist fingers. She gave it a savage jerk. The light flooded the room, and she looked up ready to scream.

"Henry, what are you doing? Why are you looking that way? Henry, it's Suzi! Why don't you answer me?"

She leapt from the bed and ran to him. He didn't move. In his eyes was a lifeless stare. She shook him and finally, in desperation, she slapped him. This snapped him out of his apparent trance, and he looked at her for the first time as if he really saw her.

"Henry, you frightened me. You've been working too hard. Quit your job and let's go away for a long rest."

He shook his head as if to free it from something and threw himself on the bed.

The next morning was the same as ever. Suzi made no mention of the previous night's occurrence.

She saw Henry off to work and then sat down for her after-breakfast coffee.

\* \* \*

Henry walked into the room assigned to him to make up for his part. He looked around and saw the black suit hanging on the hook above the dresser. He looked in the mirror and saw himself. Suddenly he began to laugh. It was uncontrollable — demonic. The cleaning woman going by in the hall shuddered.

In about fifteen minutes, Henry Jamieson was walking down the hall carrying the vacuum cleaner. He stepped into the window and nodded to the shop boy.

\* \* \*

"Time to knock off, Mr. Jamieson! I guess you didn't hear me before." It was the shop boy. He walked up to the man and tapped him on the shoulder. "It's time for lunch. The curtains are drawn. You can quit now."

There was no response. The arm kept pushing the vacuum cleaner back and forth and the head moved from side to side in that same peculiar jerky manner. The boy looked into the face and recoiled with horror. Then he ran shouting for the manager. Meanwhile, the creature in the window kept on shuffling, kept on pushing the vacuum cleaner.

But the man, Henry Jamieson, was dead!

CIGARETTES AND COKE

(Continued from page 13)

see tall ones, short ones," . . . he paused to shake off three ecstatic coeds from his classic leg . . . "lean ones, and fat ones . . . each complete with her pert, up-turned nose and wealthy family." He graced Exeter's eager young face with a slow, solemn wink and jerked his head at the lovely Wilma Willing who was hurriedly rearranging her pins as she saw a Beta come in. . . "There's your date, son, . . . a woman of singular accomplishments . . . the only seventeen year old to my knowledge that can chug twenty-seven ponies of "Cyril's Scintillating Suds" and polish it off with three cold hamburgers and a Kosher Dill . . . a most remarkable women. . . ."

Exeter, his tear-filled eyes cast discreetly down at the floor in recognition of this great lady's talents, moved slowly in her direction marveling at his new-found courage. Wilma, busily knitting two pairs of socks with the aid of her prehensile toes, favored him with a glance and muttered, "My Gawd . . . . . real groovy!"

The Chapel tower, that staunch guardian of a thousand secrets, was the only one to witness Wilma gently carrying Exeter's slim wiry form up, up, up . . . up, up, up, the tortuous Drag . . . on, on, on, into the purple and chartreuse shadows of oblivion . . . on, on, up, up . . . youth, madness, Cold, cold, bitter world . . . soft sleep . . . mad, mad, . . . mad. . . .

HISTORY REWRITTEN

DAMOCLES AND THE SWORD



Gosh, the suspense is getting me!  
Wish I had a Life Saver!



Still only 5¢

FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS  
for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?  
For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

CONTEST RULES:

- 1. Write down the best you've heard.
- 2. Submit it to the editor of this magazine, together with your name and address on campus. (Place entry in the Beta mailbox in Doane.)
- 3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some dim.
- 4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

QUESTIONS

- A Twice here in red, two-thirds in white,  
Explains just why a Chesterfield's right.
- B Four are shown and all the same  
In color and shape, but not in fame.
- C You've no doubt heard it noised about that  
oysters "R" in season,  
One glance at lovely Linda and you're sure  
to see the reason.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE



RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

- 1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
- 2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
- 3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
- 4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
- 5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
- 6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
- 7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
- 8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The sock which Arthur Godfrey is holding with his white mitten.
  - B The Chesterfield carton whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.
  - C Always Bring Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from Buy to Bring.
- WINNERS...

Richard S. Bonesteel  
John McCarter  
Patty Collier  
John Warner  
Gene Robinson  
Jerry Cowan  
Joe Irwin  
Dave Fairless  
Tom King  
Vernon Thomas



# Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

"Everybody likes Chesterfield  
because it's MILDER  
it's MY cigarette."

*Linda Darnell*



*Starring in*  
"A LETTER TO THREE WIVES"  
*A 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Production*

"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since  
I've been smoking. They buy the best cigarette  
tobacco grown... it's MILD, sweet tobacco."

*M. H. Griffin*

TOBACCO FARMER  
BAILEY, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)



MAKE YOURS THE **MILDER** CIGARETTE

Chesterfield contest appears on page 17

Copyright 1949, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.