WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels FOR
MILDNESS!

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported:

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!
campus congratulates emotion
direction by frank cover

boredom
The evening draws to a close as you sit next to him on a love seat.

smugness
Your face is smug with various escorts imported on occasion, for the inquisition is almost upon you. Facial maneuver by CHRISTINE KORNMAN.

love
At the dance, your best friend relates her experiences to you in the powder room (where you have sought refuge). Portrayal by PAT OPTEKAR.

fear
An expression of horror comes over you as your date advances toward you. Trying to remember what Shakespeare said about fear, you recover sufficiently to scratch out your one o'clock. Performance by DOREE ERNST.

hate
Inwardly, you feel not only animosity, but hate toward your old friend who, after extended intrigue, "fixed" you up. Emotion by SYLVIA STRATON.

Five fair and young members of the cast of "The Young And The Fair," a recent all-female production performed at the Opera House, are faced with an imaginary man. We asked them to call forth all of their emotional and histrionic talents to portray picaresquely the experiences of an evening with a blind date. Each girl selected an individual emotion, and at the cry of "Photographer," they threw themselves into the following facial poses. What the blind date did remains unknown.

adventures of a private eye by bob hawk

You don't mean my prayers have been answered, and I've got a client, a customer, somebody who's gonna pay me for a change.

"Uh-huh."
"Well raise the flag! Just don't sit there Jeffie girl, show off a few flares, clap your hands! Mrs. Tuesday's little boy has a client! What's she look like?"
"If I was a man, I could do her justice, but I'm not.

"Thanks for telling me, I never would have known.

"Let's just say she's nice looking and very well stacked.

"Let's go no further. I've got a good imagination."
"I know you do."

"Thanks."
I walked over and opened the door to my office. Then I stopped dead in my tracks. Picking up my eyeballs I looked again. Perched upon my desk was a blonde the likes of which these tired old eyes had not seen in many a moon. She was in the process of crossing her legs which didn't help my metabolism any. From head to toe the lady had "it" with extras. She was the kind of woman that could keep any boy down on the farm.

Collecting what wits I had, I sauntered over to my desk chair, sat down, and took out a pint of rot-gut from the top drawer.

"Have some?" I asked.

"No thanks." Her voice was a simple. It was raining. The P.M. and was cheerily greeted by my secretary, Jeffie Graebal, a saucy little miss with a figure like the Washington Monument.

"Well, what's she look like?"
"I know you do."

"No. Would you like a Tootsie Roll?"

"No thanks." Her voice was a little boy has a client!

"Have some?" I asked.

"Yes."
"I'll take some.

Wolfgang Slink, the rubber-nail magnet. Once he was a nudging nineties. Now he was awfully dead. As usual, she came to me instead of the police; and, as usual, I was supposed to find out who put the label, Jack Armstrong, somebody slip a Mickey in your Wheaties?"

"No, he didn't. I sat up all night with my ulcers and a case of beer.

"Screwing your courage," you remarked.

"Mr. Tuesday, I . . ."

"I'm known to the few people that will speak to me as 'Cal.'"

When we got inside, we went straight to one of the downstairs bedrooms. There, lying on his bed for a telephone booth.


"Mr. Tuesday, I ..."

"It's good for you. Put hair on your chest."

"Mr. Tuesday, I ..."

"What's she look like?"

"There's a dame in your office."

"I got to the office about one in the P.M. and was cheerfully greeted by my secretary, Jeffie Graebal, a saucy little miss with a figure like the Washington Monument.

"Well, now if it isn't the soldier of fortune. My but we look chipper today. What's the matter, Jack Armstrong, somebody slip a Mickey in your Wheaties?"

"No, he didn't. I sat up all night with my ulcers and a case of beer.

"Screwing your courage," you remarked.

"Mr. Tuesday, I ..."

"What's she look like?"

"There's a dame in your office."

Page Two

Page Three
the fine arts
selections by jean gillies

A variety of mediums, subject matter, and techniques are exemplified here in some of the work done by students of our Art Department. In the center arrangement, the clear wash watercolor with ink line was done by Jean Bacon. It shows the reduction of forms into simplified geometrical shapes, a disciplined and precise technique. The sculptor by Kent Hooker was done first in clay, and later molded in plaster and then painted. The interesting composition by Bobby Loveless was done in connection with a project dealing with space, volume, and line relationships.

Below: Joyce Roper’s watercolor of the Library steps is an excellent example of a free wash and ink technique. A limited palette of no more than three colors was used by Bobby again, in the oil landscape on the right, with composition and value relationships involved in the problem.

Out of the tinsel and marijuana that is Hollywood; out of the dingy theaters on rain-shining streets that is Broadway; out of coaxial cables that is television comes the fury of sound, motion, and picture that lifts one out of the reality of living and transports one into a hermitage of make believe. Ah! Yes, these are the mediums to which we look. Our lives are directed into the narrow confines of the flat, the theater column, and the channel. But, do we find the best the entertainment world has to offer there? Why do only ten pictures make the “Ten Best for 1949”? What happened to all the others? Why are people selling television sets they haven’t paid for yet? How many performances does a play run before it is a flop? Read on.

Hollywood is a funny place. Take, for instance, Shirley Temple. Here is a beautiful gal that drew million dollar box-office at the age of five, made dozens of pictures before she retired at the ripe old age of fourteen, married at eighteen, divorced at twenty, got teamed up with a romantic youth named Barry Fitzgerald, starred in a spectacular technicolor production with a horse that got top-billing. Just because this quadrangle in named Seabiscuit picked up a half-million easy clams on fast tracks at Belmont and Pimlico. Maybe someday they will have a picture starring Trigger with others in the cast including Roy Rogers.

The American Stetson is oft doffed at foreign pictures that find releases through some top-flight domestic studio. Look at the irony in this situation. A beautiful young Swedish actress gets leave from her Flicker City firm and goes to Italy to make a picture about a volcano. This actress has a nodding acquaintance with an Italian director that results in her motherhood. While this is going on her husband, a fairly successful pill merchant, is chasing all over Tiajuana looking for the one-armed bandit that gives a divorce with three plums. Incidentally the film carries out the same theme with a variation. She gets instilled with the spirit and returns to her ever-loving.

It used to be the soap opera that caused the substitution of beans for steak for hubby after his hard day at the you-know-where. The number of car eatings the little woman took drove her away from these refuges. A fit of mass hysteria drove the unemployed soap opera players to devising new methods of creating family strife. Up came television. Now a sudden interest in William Farnum as a dashing hero and Fatty Arbuckle as the new Bob Hope. What happens now? The living room or lounge suddenly assumes the proportions of a well-upholstered small theatre. The small thug brings in his friends to gallop through “Cactus Jim” or “Happy.” The reluctant Romeo in the fraternity houses fritter away the evening in wide-eyed hope of seeing a flash of a shapely leg in the Wynn show or on Garroway. If the evolutionary processes take hold, the new generation will have rectangular iris-sets with megaphone shaped ears. The atom is eclipsed by the antics of Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Ah, but the legit theater carries on the acrid smell of dust, grease and paint, and expensive perfume of the first-nighter. But not all of the shows boast the records of Oklahoma or South Pacific. In fact, a native New Yorker remarked that so much attention is centered upon tickets for South Pacific that little note is made of other dramas. Recently, Burgess Meredith opened in Happy as Larry. It had an amazing run of less than a dozen performances before the cast’s relatives stopped appearing in the theater. Even the critics stayed away. Josh White, the balladeer, checked his guitar and opened for
by dick chase

At the left, we have a shot of a recent regatta in which the Sailing Club took part. We can't tell who's in front, but there's a spanking breeze and the outcome will be close. And there's plenty of white sail in the afternoon sun.

Other sailing club members wait at the pier to embark for a short fresh water cruise. They are probably mouthing old sailing terms to each other as they wait for all of the canvas to go up. Once in the water, they make the magic transition from landlubbers to seafaring men and women.

It appears that the club members just can't get enough sailing. Every weekend, fall, winter, and spring, finds the more hardy members out on the lake. During the week "dry-hand" sessions are held at which novice members are taught the rudiments and veterans review tactics for the coming regatta. The regattas are, of course, the highlights of the nautical year. D.U. enters approximately 8 a semester, and holds its own big regattas in both spring and fall. Denison has compiled an amazing record in these regattas, considering the fact that we compete on an even scale with the biggest schools in the country.

During Thanksgiving vacation the Denisonians racked up a third place in competition with Midwest schools, and, to top it off placed fifth in the country. These regattas not only present the opportunity to show off the ability of D.U.'s club but enable the members to meet students with similar

Continued on page 24

Looking for thrills, fun, travel, new friendships, and an excuse to get out in the open air? Well, believe it or not, Denison's young, thriving Sailing Club accurately boasts that it can do all this and even more for any student on the campus. The Sailing Club, just over three years old, has grown to be far and away the most active special interest group at Denison.

It took hard work and a great deal of interest to start the club on its road to success for the club started under every handicap imaginable; no boats, no money, no body of water near the school, and no help from the school. Money was borrowed from the school, a boat was purchased, and the Buckeye Yacht Club came to the rescue with a fine location.

The yacht club has continued to play a major part in the development of the club. It turns over the club house facilities and the pier whenever the Sailing Club desires them and more important, the Yacht Club members actually give their larger boats to the club for use in the Spring Regatta. Without their wonderful cooperation, the advancement that

Continued on page 81

our march pin up girl

The arrival of pleasant weather also signals the beginning of outdoor sports. Peg Hassett, Senior, Kappa Alpha Theta, claiming that winter bypassed Granville this year, was all set for a game of tennis on the 18th of February. As a result, our photographer was able to get a very fine picture. The temperature, incidentally on that date, was 28 degrees above zero.
Several weeks ago, the president of Orchesis divulged all she knew about that organization and the work it does. It seems that Orchesis is an honorary society devoted to the pursuit of modern dance. The president, a fairly devastating junior named Mary Lou Moore, went on to say that the main purpose of Orchesis is to stimulate a healthy interest in the dance in general — an interest that regular classes in modern dance may fail to provide.

Orchesis on this campus is merely a cog in a vast wheel of other Orchesi; for Orchesis is definitely a national organization; Miss Moore stressed this point emphatically. The local chapter received its charter and came on campus in 1926. Since then it has become a thriving organization. Its members meet frequently to hear various speakers and perhaps receive a few master lessons on the dance floor. Recently the members profited by the expert advice of Gertrude Lippincott, who gave a dance program in the Women's Gym as well. The group often participates in programs given by other school organizations. Last year dancers from Orchesis appeared on May Day and in that unforgettable bonanza, The Gondollers. This year they will play an important part in the forthcoming production of The Merry Widow.

Anyone who is vitally interested in modern dance and who can pass a test given both in the fall and the spring is eligible for membership. At present, there are twenty-eight members, who are all under the able direction of Miss Sara Houston.

They float through the air with the greatest

by pete runkle

music. At the same time much of what we are is shown in the way we move; we frequently express our innermost feelings in involuntary movements. Modern dance puts these common involuntary movements into voluntary rhythmic ones.

We were so enthralled with all this, that we decided to attend a rehearsal in the Women's Gym to see for ourselves. A group of four dressed to the ankles in blue chintz were arranging and rearranging themselves in various postures in front of an immense square mirror. "We're being creative," they explained. They went on being creative for a quarter of an hour without any further disturbance. Suddenly, a ferociously determined-looking group began bouncing basketballs at the other end of the floor. The noise was deafening, but the Blue Chintzes didn't turn a hair. When we left they were leaping into the air with inexhaustible energy, saying that they were trying to produce a sustained effect. We left the Gym and walked to the Corner in stunned silence.
threads for the female

by rusty barton

The spring season introduced the tailored classic look in many new versions. The rayon dress with dyed-to-match cashmere sweater; tailored necklines; pleated skirts; the shirtwaist dress; the white tailored blouse, are all the latest thing. The straight look is the newest and skirts are rising to fourteen inches in length.

The lame arm dress with camisole blouse, high neck and matching jacket or stole is very popular. Hats are small and close-fitting, with veils. Open-heeled shoes are again in the fashion news and stockings are pale.

The polka-dot dress is holding its own, with a polka-dot hat to match. Bargain of the season is the Two-Theme suit. This suit comes with two skirts, one that matches the jacket and one that contrasts with the jacket. This is the year of the shortest coat — the 1950 version of the short coat that comes to your waist. The new suits also have this short short jacket.

As for colors, pastels are prettier than ever this spring, especially the new pinks and blues. However, more than ever before navy blue is the color of the year. White accessories are always good with navy although unusual contrasting colors, bright green or purple add a touch of spice to the conventional color.

And so passes the parade of fashions in the spring air. After reading this column all Denison students will, no doubt, be properly clad come rain or come shine.

THE TWO-THEME SUIT is modeled by Shirley Osborne. This year's classic suit comes with two skirts: one matching, and one contrasting with the jacket.

THE HAND KNIT LOOK.
Below, we have the knit dress that is more popular than ever this spring. Model Nancy Nusbaum wears it with a small knit hat.

THE SHORTEST COAT is worn with the new polka dot dress by model Marilyn Cruickshank. And in the suit version of this short short jacket, we see Joyce Goodwin.

innocents abroad

by larry crocker

The trip that Larry Crocker, alias Alice Bones, writes about, was made with the University Travel Bureau of Newton, Massachusetts. He was the only Denison student on this particular tour, officially known as Art Appreciation A. He sailed from New York July 6, 1949, on the Queen Mary, and the crossing took about five days. Travel on the continuation was by train and chartered bus. The return trip, on a Greek Line ship, left from Naples, sailed up the coast of Italy, called at Genoa and Lisbon, Portugal, and took about two weeks. With Larry, traveled students from the University of California, Tulane, and Cornell.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As you requested, this is a letter concerning my experiences last summer as a tour leader for American University students in Europe. I'm sorry this reply is so late reaching you, but your letter had to be forwarded to me here. Now, looking out my window at the Shady Glen Rest Home, I'll try to recount some of the things that took place last summer.

There were twenty-eight of us altogether, a professor of medieval European architectural history, and his wife, eighteen young ladies, five college men, a psychiatrist (just in case), and myself. Danny, a handsome lad, left New Orleans to come on the trip.

After hearing him tell of the cursory place, the rest of the members were either anxious, or afraid, to accept his general invitation to visit him in the home of Rum and Coca-Cola, the Mardi Gras, and Storyville. Danny was soon to point out to us Yankees that the correct pronunciation of his home town is not "New Orleans," but "N'Awluns." His use of the language was so infectious that shortly "you-all" (plural on-ly, of course) was universally adopted. The first few days aboard the Queen Mary, he and his cabin mate from Ohio were equally baffled and divided their time between asking "What's to follow?" and Danny was embarrassed to ask Jock to repeat his stock phrases, "What's to follow?" and "What would you like to call for?" Danny just muttered "uh-huh" and went on eating. One calm day Danny had a tremendous appetite from sleeping in his deck chair all morning. He'd just attacked a slice of roast beef and was chewing a succulent morsel when Jock uttered one of his unintelligible phrases. Danny mumbled "uh-huh," and his full plate disappeared into the pantry. The steward had asked, "Are you through, sir?" That was the last time anyone took for granted what Jock said.

Five days on the Atlantic brought us to London. Danny's roommate, Strings, spent his first evening elbow deep in shirts and Dreft in the washbowl. Danny had visited Mary's before leaving and was well equipped for travel.

continued on page 22
the Haitian sun sets swiftly and night comes in the Caribbean without a dusk, bearing fear with it.

by bob wilson

A huge man with red hair and a blotched face came through the doorway. "To a me another bottle," shouted the towering redhead. "I be in the woods, some in the shed. Yes, sir, everything just fine.

"Oh, no, sir!" said the black boy that I asked.

"Oh, th e y around, sir. Some still be in the woods, some in the shed. Yes, sir, everything just fine.

"Alfred, Mathew!" said the black boy, who had been let go by Mathew.

"Yes, sir, Mr. McDonley! Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" said the poor man babbling as he brought out a fifth of whiskey from his hiding place behind the counter.

Grinning again, McDonley fondled the bottle in his huge hand. "Thank you, Mat. I'm glad you and I understand each other so well." He broke the seal and lifted the bottle to his lips. The amber liquid ran from the corners of his mouth and down through the red stubble on his chin to mark dark spots on his grizzled shirt. He lowered it with a sigh and looked around the room.

His eyes lighted on me. "What have we here?" he chuckled. He started to pull the bottle from his pocket, but he stopped when he saw me. "I should have known you'd be along. I was just about to fix myself a drink."

I could almost see the man without, but with a hoarse cry he ran at the natives. He turned his head, for I was certain they would tear him to bits. When I looked again the bottle had broken before his charge and he was running toward the plantation house.

According to Mathew, he had all started a little over two years ago, when the young McDonley had been willed by his father, the past owner, of a tropical gold mine. It could have been that he had expected too much from the country. Coming directly from Scotland, he had not been prepared for the climate, the soul-searing heat, and then the everlasting drip, drip, drip of the rainy season, for then there is nothing to do. McDonley had arrived about a month before the rains, and despite what he considered to be a bad deal, had showed commendable zeal in repairing the ruined plantation. He seemed to be filled with a spirit as tremendous as his body. He worked insistently, and he taught the blacks to equal his tasks.

Then the rains began and work continued. At night, a strange scene. McDonley could be heard walking up and down in his room. During the day he would stand for hours on the porch of the plantation house, looking out into the tropical forest.

One day in the second week of the rains, he came to Mathew in the store and asked him if he had any whiskey on hand. Mathew had it, and he followed.

The sun had set in the western hills, and night comes in the Caribbean without a dusk. I could feel the throbbing of the drums pull at my chest. It was a strange scene. McDonley stood with his shoulders squared, looking out at a ring of perhaps one hundred and fifty natives,窗外的景色因雨而美。
GET ready to cast off those
mooring lines to the Ships
and take those turf blankets
out of moth balls; cause it won't be
long now before Spring Vacation
—and then June. It's about time for
lighter and brighter clothes
along with a few new styles.

Whether you realize it or not,
most of your spring and summer
styling in suits and sports clothes
comes from California, the land
where the stars are made. Because
of the importance of the Palm Springs fashion show in setting
fashions and summer styles, we'll like to tell you about a few of the lines that were shown there early this year.

Highlighting the entire show
was the appearance of many new	
materials, both in suits and in sport shirts. Some of the
outstanding materials were a featherweight (16 oz.) sports
clothing in wood, and a few in 11	
and 12 ounce fabrics. The styles were from 3 button models to
long roll 2 button models, most of
them in a casual cut with an
accent on the natural line of the
shoulders and the frame. Leisure
jackets appeared, and the latest
trend in jackets was a regular loafer cut with
3 buttons. The front of the jacket
has no rool and continues up to
the waist at each side. The
pattern has a tartan plaid and the
material is terry cloth. The mat-
terial, being water absorbent is
perfect for beach wear or after a
fast set of tennis. The style is
casual as well as comfortable, and this shirt can also be found
in denim fabrics in bright pastel colors.
You'll be seeing a lot of these
"cat cays" for sure.

Another style, in the pull over model,
is of silk with a convertible
collar. You can tuck it in or
leave it out for casual wear, and tie the shirt in front with a
simple overhand knot. The back
ground colors are dark — black,
brown, and maroon with brightly
graphed band prints.

Another winner was a fine silk
sport shirt, which had the appear-
ance of a finely woven Scotch
silk and the colors were natural — grey, blue, and maize. This
was a regular button model with
a sports collar with two chest
pockets with flaps and bottom cuffs. The newest in nylon sport
shirts was a regular button model continued on page 25

These drawings by Ed Johnston
show a new Nylonsky Sport Shirt with a gathered elas-
tic waist band; the "Cat Cay"
Shirt, obtainable in linen, denim,
and heavy terry cloth; Turkish
Toweling Jacket and walking shorts; and Terry Cloth Beach Shoes with rubber soles.

Page Fourteen

COLUMN FOR CONTRIBUTORS

Dave Rounds
If a sense of humor is essential
to a cartoon editor then Campus
Magazine has the ideal person in
Dave Rounds of Bronxville, N.Y.
Unoubtedly, that same sense of
humor has created many unique
characters for the Denison stage.
Besides Campus and the D.U. theater,
"Rondo" (A designation derived from the disappearing K2 dog) is kept busy as a cheerleader in
Deadhead, Inc. Despite the scope of his activities, Dave has found time to make the Dean's list.

Bob Hawk
One of the most promising addi-
tions to Campus this year is Bob Hawk (B 001) of Grand Rapids, Mich. As a freshman English
major, "Pete" is continuing his
training toward a literary career.
According to the latest latrine-
ograms from Curtis, "Pete" is en-
deavoring to equal the exploits of his fellow Grand Rapidsite, "C.T."

Eugenia Weinrich
According to statistics, there are
eight female philosophy majors at Denison. Eugenia ("G. G.") Weinrich (XO) of Logan,
Ohio, is a member of that select
mob. When asked what her favor-
ite food was, "G.G." immedi-
ately replied — rare steak. Her an-
swer became more meaningful
when she mentioned her activities
— off-campus circulation manag-
er, WAA, YWCA, plus an aver-
age semester load of 17 hours. It
should have been steaks, not
steak!

Larry Crocker
The by-line, "Local boy makes
good" would be most appropriate
for Larry Crocker. Through Lar-
ry the fair name of Granville and
STAR (suh?) are linked with the
English department, debate, band,
TKA, MA, Campus and the Den-
isonian. However, Larry is known for his cartoons and caricatures.

Marilou Taggart
Among students the cry is con-
tinually heard for more hours in
the day. Marilou Taggart of Des
Moines, Iowa is no exception.
Most of her time is spent as a
citizen student major and as pres-
ident of Sherwoodian Club. In the
past two years, Marilou has con-
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For relaxation, she baby sits.
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According to statistics, there are
eight female philosophy majors at Denison. Eugenia ("G. G.") Weinrich (XO) of Logan,
Ohio, is a member of that select
mob. When asked what her favor-
ite food was, "G.G." immedi-
ately replied — rare steak. Her an-
swer became more meaningful
when she mentioned her activities
— off-campus circulation manag-
er, WAA, YWCA, plus an aver-
age semester load of 17 hours. It
should have been steaks, not
steak!

Larry Crocker
The by-line, "Local boy makes
good" would be most appropriate
for Larry Crocker. Through Lar-
ry the fair name of Granville and
STAR (suh?) are linked with the
English department, debate, band,
TKA, MA, Campus and the Den-
isonian. However, Larry is known for his cartoons and caricatures.

Marilou Taggart
Among students the cry is con-
tinually heard for more hours in
the day. Marilou Taggart of Des
Moines, Iowa is no exception.
Most of her time is spent as a
citizen student major and as pres-
ident of Sherwoodian Club. In the
past two years, Marilou has con-
tributed poetry and feature ar-
ticles to Campus. On the side she
sandwiches in activities in D.C.E.P.,
franco-citizen Society, and Col-
lege Board Staff of Medadunelle.
For relaxation, she baby sits.
Page Fifteen
"Smoke My Cigarette Jesterpeel. They're much milder."

Says Lana Lamour, movie starlet, seen dining at Mother Adam's Exclusive Student Union, Granville.

Please Buy Jesterpeel. The advised cigarette for YOU to smoke.

Mr. Chumleigh Grould, famed artist and finger painter, who has been hung in effigy at every art museum in the land.

For Men of Extinction... Lord Culvert

Why do men of extinction - predominately men of excess - so repeatedly wrap fingers around Lord Culvert? Because they get good money for these ads. Enjoy it yourself - tonight.
"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Spitz made Milwaukee infamous!"
adventures of a private eye, cont.

smile on his face, was Wolfgang Slink. Mighty dead. I started towards the bed and then stopped.

"Just a sec, kiddo. Call me Supermen if you will, but my seventh sense tells me you need a bridge." Throwing apart a pair of drapes that hid a window seat, I found another body. But this one was still kicking.

"Why's it Smothers, our butler," Jasmine cried.

"Ye Gods," I howled. "Why is it always the Butler who hides behind the drapes? It's never the lady or the gardener who's caught Burgling, and the blood-soaked suit coat's in the basement late at night. You never hear about the cook dragging something heavy across the attic floor. No, it's always the Butler! Just once, for variety's sake, I'd like to have the downstairs maid. Well, some day, now that you're here, what's your angle?"

"Acute, right, or obtuse?" said Smothers, looking at me, smiling.

I shot him a stare as cold as an Eskimo Pie. Smother's teeth were chattering. He blew on his hands. I knew I had him. "I'm gonna do?" he asked, more laughing, boyish. What's the drift about all this?"

"Well, I had a miserable time; I went out with a Capon and all he did was talk about his operation."

"I'd rather not say, but I guess he had so much energy. His ticker couldn't take the strain. He died of a heart attack. I'll bet my servant. But if you must know, he was the nicest man. He only asked $1,000 for the job."}

"You!" Jasmine cried. "Oh him," Jasmine said. "You do?"

"I do?" I asked. "Sure." Smother's teeth were chattering. He blew on his hands. "I think he—ugh!" Smother's teeth were chattering. He blew on his hands. "I think he—ugh!"

"I like Tootsie Rolls. I like the 'gee whiz' pep you get from them, why, without the get-up-and-go of Tootsie Rolls I'd never have the strength to act suavy.

"You didn't, by any chance happen to give Wolfgang any of that stuff today did you?"

"Why yes, I'm only twenty-six. Knock off her rocker or else I was. "But I don't see why."

"Thanks ever so much." Jasmine said. "You don't have to worry about him. I know who did it." "You do?" I asked.

"I could see she was acting cute with me. "Let's not keep secrets from daddy. Com'on tell if you know."

"You really want to know? I don't see why."

"Say I'm curious and let it go at that. Now please tell me."

"Okay."

"Thanks ever so much."

"You're welcome. This is the way I'd Smother's out of the way."

"You?" Jasmine asked. "Me. Or rather my "employee." He was the nicest man. He only asked $1,000 for the job."

"What a deal. Either she was off her rocker or else I was. "But why'd you have him skonced?"

"I yelled."

"Well, I had a miserable time; I went out with a Capon and all he did was talk about his operation."

"He was real dead all right, but that was about all. Just as I was winding up to throw in the sponge, I noticed a piece of paper caught in the cuff of his pants. It was a Tootsie Roll wrapper! Jasmine—Tootsie Rolls—in my office. It figured. Playing it cagey, I pretended like I wanted a cig. I opened her purse, and sure enough there were some Tootsie Rolls."

"Silly-doll, I sure would like to know what your game is. What are these Tootsie Rolls doing in your purse?"

"I like Tootsie Rolls. I like the 'gee whiz' pep you get from them. Why, without the get-up-and-go of Tootsie Rolls I'd never have the strength to act suavy."

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nightmare

In the cinder fields, Where the red smoke Long since has blown away, And not a breath of wind Of this — my nation: Once a promise to the world, Full would be an end Of malignant branches. My nation bears the scars of yesterday Reminding her distinctly. She only shut her windows And did not speak. And now, this, my nation: The womb that sent me forth, Is dead.
admirals of the inland lake
interests from all over the coun-
try. The weekend's competition is
cramped off with a huge
party, with, of course, the usual
form of entertainment.

Sounds great, doesn't it? A
weekend of healthy laughs and
thrills with the best of company.
Now just because you've never
seen a body of water any bigger
than Racoon Creek doesn't mean
you can't get in on the fun. The
Club is proud of the fact that they
can guarantee any "landlubber"
that he will be able to sail with
the best of them within a school
year. Officers Bill Cummings, Don
A d y, Ann Gay man, Sigrid
Messe, and Wendy Watters will
gladly welcome any newcomers,
so join now, for Denison's Sailing
Club grows bigger and better
every day.

adventures of a private eye, cont.
I had him stabbed for effect.

"Yes, effect — intriguing. I
thought it would be rather fun to
slip in another murder when you
got done with the first one.

After the cops came and
carted him off to the Kip, I played havoc
with the liquor cabinet and left with
two films of Vermout. It was still raining
in that part of Illinois, and I'd been
blab about California, it's the only
place in the world where you can
develop ulcers and webbed feet
at the same time.

"What did you have to do for that
mink coat?"
"Nothing but shorten the sleeves!"

The drums of port-au-prince, cont.
Expecting him back at any
hour, I proceeded with my work
that day and the next and then the
next.

McDonley's horse was grazing
beside the store when I went to
work the third day. I called to
doubtedly complicate
our search.

"There are the rest of the boys!" I asked the worried store-
keeper.

"Mr. Clarke, sir, I can't find
them nowhere. They gone back
into the woods, I guess. Maybe
they're looking for the same thing
we are."

I started toward the
saddle your horse; we'll
do the best we can with what
we've got."

I mounted Mathew, Mathew had
four covering blacks and armed them with ma-chetes
to cut away the vines which would
undoubtedly complicate our
search.

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keeper.

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them nowhere. They gone back
into the woods, I guess. Maybe
they're looking for the same thing
we are."

I started toward the
dense undergrowth which McDonley had entered three days
before.

How I ever hoped to find him
down there, I don't know, but I had a good idea what he had been doing, so
we set out in the direction of the
hills. The rain that morning was
falling in minute droplets that
slowly penetrated even our oil-
skins and by noon we were
tired and miserable. I saw some-
thing hanging from a low limb of a
bush, two yards away. The brush
cutters reached the tree first and when they looked up at it
there were traces of terror and
they turned and fled past our
horses and down the back trail.
The object that had bothered
them was the lacquered skull of a
toad, speared from which hung three
feathers — two red and a black.

"The voodoo death fetish.
There is nothing more com-
plicated to the door, the revolver still
locked me as aus-twist-

Page Twenty-four

innocents abroad, cont.
rest of our stay in Venice. The
boys considered this quite a loss.
I hope your student friends find
these few things enlightening and
won't be scared away from travel.
It certainly is broadening.
You ought to see me!

Sincerely yours,
Alice Bones

Bridge: "Is this the student
laundry day?"

Reid: "Yes, sir."

Bridge: "I'm a student."

Ketiget a bit slippery.

Herk Sinnet: "It's my duty to
warn you that everything you say
will be held against you.

Swindler: "Jane Russell, Jane
Russell, Jane Russell."

threads for the malt, cont.
with a gaited horse and waist
band, coming in bright braid.
This short, because of the
waist band, could be worn either in
or out.

Zipper sports jackets were
shown at this line on the same
ing line as fall. The features of
these new materials and de-
signs. All wool iridescent dot-
skin and soft plain colors and tat-
tered cotton prints. The fall lines
were with a new waist. A set collar
and summer weight tweeds were the
outstanding models. Another
innovation in this type zipper
jacket with long sleeves and knit
cuff and wrist band was one in
white, yellow or blue. The two
breast pockets had buttons, and
the cuffs were of contrasting col-

Any of you chaps have a Life Saver?

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

CONTEST RULES:

1. Write down the best joke that you heard on the campus this week.

2. Submit it to the editor of this magazine, together with your
name and address on campus. (Send by Campus Mail to
Howie Hartman, Phi Gam House)

3. You will compete only with other DU wits, some sharp and some
dim.

4. The winner's name will be published next issue.

Winners will please contact Howie
Hartman, Phi Gam House for prizes.

QUESTIONS

A If you locate me, you'll see this modern age.

B When the dogwoods don't find me too,

C What's the nickname for woodchuck?

A JOMBLE. Phonetically speaking, this
trides for them, and froze me as I stood. Then

He wasn't dead."

a rodent from which hung three
feathers — two red and a black.

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"If you want a Milder cigarette that Satisfies it's Chesterfield"

Gregory Peck

Starring in Darryl F. Zanuck's Production
"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

...and JASPER T. CARTER, PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER says -

"Chesterfield pays the top price to get the very best mild, ripe tobacco. Chesterfield has been my cigarette for over 35 years."

Jasper T. Carter
BLANCH, N. C.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
the Best cigarette for you to smoke

CHESTERFIELD Contest See Inside Back Page