Moheudia

"My cigarette? Camels; of course!"

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!

Editor's Corner

With this issue, my year of service as Campus editor comes to a close and I feel that it has been an enjoyable and educational one. My aim was to raise the standards of layout and written and pictorial content, and I feel that I have succeeded to an extent, but not completely to the goal that I set. I feel that there is still an unfortunate spirit of apathy characterizing the students with talent at Denison who could contribute to the magazine's success, but who do not. I have, however, only grateful thanks and praise for the members of this year's staff, not only for their assistance to me but to the university, for it is obvious that whatever benefits Campus benefits Denison.

Jack Matthews has been elected to take over the editorship for next year, and he also has had complete charge of this issue. Jack has all of the necessary qualifications for the job, particularly imagination, which is a paramount asset. For Campus needs new ideas and fresh creative thought to survive the justified comments of a critical student body. I profoundly regret that I did not leave Jack adequate funds to put out his first issue properly, but the fact that we went over our budget, proves that it takes the expenditure of money to have a worthwhile magazine. Campus has made noticeable progress this past year, and I know that it can make even more under Jack.

There is no limit to the achievements in reputation and excellence which our college magazine can reach with the aid of an interested student body. So it's all yours, Jack, and the best of luck.

Ralph W. Gilbert
the rain

by pete lang

in there - somber and nice.

"What'll it be, George?"

"Oh, I don't know. What have you got."

"Beer, liquor, wine — say, George, are you trying to be funny."

He was large and strong and muscular. His hands were fat and white, with cigar shaped fingers.

"Beer."

He brought the beer. It was cold and topped with a white froth that ran down the glass like the foam of a wave washed on the sand. It tasted bitter and green, not as good as it looked. The girl sat just down the bar. She smiled at me.

The rain fell hard, and beat against the pavement. It fell like a handful of pebbles scattered on a tin roof. It pounded against the pavement and made it glisten — smooth and glassy like the eyes of a drunken man. The rain was warm and felt good on your face. It felt good to be walking in the rain with it warm on your face. It was nice not to be home, but to be alone, walking down the street.

I went by a store window, and caught myself in it. I tried to find myself in each window that passed. Sometimes it was hard because the panes slanted or were curved, and refused to mirror my image. Then I lingered, and moved closer or farther away so I would be reflected. Soon, however, I became bored with the game, and just walked while the rain beat against the pavement.

It's a fine day. I'm so glad I'm here and not home. Work, work, work while my mother and my father, they sit and complain; and when I want to go out and walk in the rain they don't understand. I try to explain that I just want to walk and be alone, and they think I'm going to a bar and drink or pick up some girl. And then my mother says with saccharine sweetness: "You'd better take the umbrella. Dear — it's raining."

God, how I wish I was alone. I wish I didn't have to say "yes" or "certainly, I'll do it right away," and that I didn't have to smile and thank anybody for anything. I wish you could live and die if you wanted to. I'd like to die, I'd like to decide to die, and just do it. I wouldn't want something else to kill me. But I would be nice to just make up your mind to die and then be dead. It would be better than dying like this with something else killing me.

My but she's pretty — smiled at me too. I wonder why she's walking in the rain. Maybe she'd like to die, only do it herself with someone else killing her. She's going into that bar. It looks nice

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after graduation day
by jim gould

On the pleasant countenance of John Beers, there rested a look of smug complacency. Clutched in his hand was the diploma that singled him out as one of this year's bumper crop of highly polished products...products of Denison's famous Core-Course system. The future held no terrors for John Beers.

He could, he reflected, his eyes watering with intense self-appreciation, discuss with perfect impurity, any subject ranging from the smile on the face of De Vinci's "Mona Lisa" to the delicate squama structure of the lower called organisms. Hadn't the Core-Course system, (which he had foolishly cursed for the last four years), prepared him for life with such useful information as, the number of teeth in a spur gear, the chants of the priests of the more obscure Druid deities, and of facts concerning the home life of the seal? The fact that employment was virtually unobtainable to the masses meant little to John Beers. His mind was busily occupied with visions of himself and his family, successful and upstanding members of some fine American community. His cup was filled, to overflowing.

It was not until some three months later that the first suspicions of the possible fallibility of the Core-Course system began creeping into the mind of John Beers. He had, he reflected, shattered every known record for the accumulation of employment refusals...the last one being rather violent because he had worn a red tie. He was seated dejectedly upon the bar stool toying with a Scotch and soda and casting somewhat indelicate aspersions upon the fact and family connections of his erstwhile faculty advisor, failing to repress a shudder as he recalled one of his more recent interviews...the man had actually offered him a position on a construction crew! Good heavens! They had taught him at college that the laboring proletariat consisted of those unfortunates who had never had the opportunity to benefit under such things as the Core-Course Plan! John was born with a particular aversion to any form of physical exercise and was raised and educated in an environment that did little to change this dislike.

At length, finding neither the Scotch nor the laconic misanthropist in the guise of a bartender to his liking, John shrugged his thin shoulders, straightened his tie, (a red, white, and blue combination this time), and went once more in search of work. After all, he told himself, he did know more about the statistical distribution of euphorbia plant life and of the sixty-nine odd variations of a certain Gallic folk dance than did the average layman. A job which entailed little or no physical effort, short working hours and a salary in the upper brackets of the national income tax was certainly imminent for a person such as John Beers...a man with an education and upon whose shoulders the weight of the world would someday sit.

The reader is undoubtedly wondering, at this point, whether or not there is a plausible solution to John Beers' dilemma. Of course there is!

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as we danced off both our shoes

by pete runkle

the reminiscent strains of hal mcintyre's theme song were a fitting close to a wonderful dance.

Hal McIntyre seems mighty pleased with the last issue of Campus. And from all reports, the student body was mighty pleased with Hal, his band, and vocalists at the Prom.

At noon on Friday, there was a rising panic among the Junior class; for there was a grim rumor that no one would be at the Prom; only thirty-five tickets had been sold in Curtis Hall alone. But by ten-thirty that evening, everyone seemed to have changed his mind. Cars were still rolling in from the preliminaries in Newark; there was no place to park for blocks around; deserted drifts of coats were heaped in the cloakroom; and the Wigwam was packed to its antique seams with shuffling, gyrating Prom-goers.

Stark, Grecian simplicity was the keynote of the decorations, which consisted of an occasional willowy goddess plastered on a wall and a sort of column-like effect which formed a proscenium over and around the band. In direct contrast to this simple severity were the myriads of endlessly darting vari-colored lights which bathed the dance floor.

To many of those who went to the Prom the evening seemed to consist of a series of fleeting impressions such as the slick, quickly paced medleys of Bandleader Mcintyre; the cold bitter gulps of cigarette smoke on the balcony outside; the low-comedy insanity of Bogaert and Rounds and the deft irony of Mary Lou McCullough; the shrieks and gasps over Queen Jean Gillies and her stately attendants, Mary Dougall and Mary Lou Moore; and the wild,

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Page Five
And last, but not least, there is everything from modelling to red lights.

For the women—

You can always marry a wealthy girl. I hear there are a few around Denison.

I imagine there will be a few who will make this a career?

Some will go into medicine. They make pretty good money, you hope.

And last, but not least, when things really get rough, you can always go back in.

Some will go into medicine. They make pretty good money, you hope.

Perhaps Denison will claim several professional athletes as former students.

I know a few that want to be lawyers. This may be their start.

To keep this world in its present foiled-up condition, we will need plenty of economists.

Of course, there are those who do not feel like working.

And last, but not least.
ye olde poetry corner

SPRING FEVER
The rains are here again
And the air is damp and warm.
The snow is gone away
And birds in lazy swarm
Go wheeling through the misty air.
The road is black and wet,
The warm wind gives me kisses,
The buds are ready, set
To pop, and it just misses
Being really hot — so
I didn't take the bus
But walked the whole way home.

"Modder, wasn't id dice outside!
I walked duh whole way hobe!"

BARBARA de LACKNER

Would that time were a
gentle hand
pushing you on
rather than an iron fist
crushing you further into the mire
of unaccomplishment.

Time and Necessity
are constantly battling over
who shall be the possessor
of your abilities
but the hands of the
time keeper's stopwatch
keep ticking endlessly on
in spite of your efforts to
turn the knob.

JOYCE GOODWIN

It was fall
And the clear sky with its starry
boss
Was in my eyes.
The pattern began
To find its place
As if the missing pieces
Had been fit into the myriad color
Of a jigsaw puzzle.
And I reflected the crimson
And bright hues of the picture
A puzzle of leaves
From my inner being.

And yet it was mid-December
And a cheery fire glowed
In my cheeks,
The episode reenacted — a casual
game,
One which children
Find so easy
While adults strive
To find the missing portions
It was a spring evening
In my heart
You pierced the soul of me
And I reached out in warm re-
response.
My guiding spirit told me
That we were both winning the

One puzzle — and teamwork
Had accomplished its answer

NANCY WARD

"I hate people that read over my shoulder!"

Soph.: Does your girl smoke?
Frosh.: Not quite.

Adam and Eve were sitting in
the Garden of Eden, naming all
the animals. They called the lit-
tle animal with the long tail a
"monkey," and the one that flew
through the trees, a "bird." Then
a huge clumsy beast came lumbering by.
"I think," said Eve, "that I'll
call that animal the "hippopota-
mus.""

"Why give it such a name as
that?" asked Adam.
"Well, Eve rejoindered, "It
looks like a Hippopotamus, does-

"Let's make a date for Satur-
day."
"I have a date for Saturday."
"Then, let's make it for Sun-
day."
"I'm going out of town Sun-
day."
"How about Monday?"
"Alright, alright, I'll go Satur-
day."

Pictured above left: Fashion-
able campus wear for either in or
out of the Library, is worn by Hal
Widdowson and Bob Foy of Delta
U. We caught them swapping a
few words with Doree Ernst.
AOPS, between classes. Nice
catch, boys.

Upper right: Here are Chuck
and Jerry. They do not look too
happy. What are they looking
for? They are looking for Doree.

Lower left: Relaxing in typical
garb, these Fiji warriors are dress-
ed in the fashion of the day, cash-
meres, and flannel or gab slacks.
Truly, Bill Keeley, Dave Sher-
man, and Don Howland are ready
to win any co-ed in these get-ups.

It's indicative from these photos that casual
is the word of the day for these lads and ladies
of Denison.
For men of extinction, see Jim Gould ('Phi Gam') of East Aurora, N. Y., so the ad said. To maintain this exalted status, Jim suggests the following criteria: he's Campus feature writer, an English major, penned a member of the Phi Gam Quartet, a frightened ex-paratrooper, completely unqualified for any position, and readily recognized as a non-entity. You win, Jim!

If you see girls running around campus with red faces and white rings around their eyes, the chances are they live in Sawyer and have borrowed Jo Davis' suhump. Jo is a Cleveland Tri-Delt and major in English. Along with acting as Copy Editor, she is in W.A.A. and Y.W.C.A. After copy reading all year, it is her firm conviction that several Denisonians can't spell their own names, all printers need glasses, and Campus has steadily improved.

 COLUMN FOR CONTRIBUTORS

paratrooper, completely unqualified for any position, and readily recognized as a non-entity. You win, Jim!

The toughest things to please are people, especially if you are a baseball player or Campus distribution manager. However, Jim Mason ('Beta') of Wordsworth, Ohio, manages to do a good job. His activities in Pi Delta Epsilon, "D" Association, Chem Society, Caduceans, and Beta Alumni Secretary bear that out. In fact, that satisfying factor has been extended to a coming marriage (no girls, she's not a Denisonian) and medical school in the fall of 1951.

The most dismantled car in Talbot Hall could only belong to Richard G. Kruger ('Z') of Hillsdale, Illinois. When the car runs, "Ben" manages to blow fusies for the Denison Theatre, hand in hale and hearty. Ben and the Denisonians are the only ones who have seen him off campus. I think she wants me to go home with her. The bartender's beam at me. Such big white hands — such a dirty white apron. Why does he keep wiping his hands on the apron. "Should we leave."

"Sure. Why don't you come up to my place for a drink. We could play some records. I have some simple dancing songs, and — --."

"Fine."

I paid the man behind the bar. Why did he have to leer like that? He wasn't so big. I'd push his silly face in.

It was just a short walk to her apartment. It was upstairs, above a twenty-four hour laundry. She looked better in the shadows of the hallway than she had been pretty once. *

* * *

In the morning it was raining. I watched it from the bed by the window. The rain fell hard, and beat against the pavement. I could hear the rain pounding on the roof and a bottomless basket of pebbles was being poured over it. The rain ran down the window and it glinted. The window was smooth and wet like the eyes of a drunken man. It was warm and musky in the room. Outside, the rain looked dirty and cold as it weaved drunkenly to the pavement.

junior prom

A fellow driving his convertible with the top down was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, a red and white checked suit, and a purple beret. A motor cop stopped him and made him pull over to the curb.

"What's wrong, officer?" asked the lad. "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

"I know," said the cop, "I just wanted to hear you talk."
Miriam just doesn't give a hang since she wasn't asked to the Spring Formals!

College in a nutshell:

FRESHMAN YEAR: Yes, mother, I'm going to study, and study hard, too!

SOPHOMORE YEAR: Ah, what do I care who shot William Tell in the head with an apple?

JUNIOR YEAR: They don't grade the papers, I tell ya, they don't grade the papers!!

SENIOR YEAR: They can't do this to me. I'm a Senior.

Ruth rode in my new auto,
On the seat in back of me.
I hit a bump at fifty-five,
And drove on, ruthlessly.

"It shouldn't happen to a dog!"

"Miriam just doesn't give a hang since she wasn't asked to the Spring Formals!"

Did you hear about the midget that went visiting?
When he arrived, the person to whom he went to visit said, "If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked a cookie!"

The other day Sid was putting one of his P. T. classes through some calisthenics, and he gave the order: "Hips on shoulders — place!"
A moment later he reconsidered. "As you were men. That can't be done. Hips down."

It shouldn't happen to a dog!

What started the California rush?

C'mon, men! They just found Life Savers in California!

...Only 5¢

Free! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke 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.

QUESTIONS

A Adlet, I lie surrounded by a word
Which twice repeats a virtue which you've heard.

B A letter (from the Greek), a conjunction (transposed),
One from Flanders, here reflected and posed.

C A ten dollar bill, and the term "to sell"
Gives me a title, if they're combined well.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

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 from school students will win a case of Chesterfield cigarettes each.
4. The winners award will be a case of Chesterfield cigarettes. In case of duplicate entries or disputed answers, the judges decision will be final.
5. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
6. Person or judge will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A 20th CENTURY-FOX. This modern age is the 20th Century; a furry friend is a fox.

B BLANCH, N. C. The Dogwood State is North Carolina*, Blanch means to pale, or grow white.

C CHESTERFIELD-ABC. The smoke that satisfies is Chesterfield. In the frame the initial letters of lines 1, 8 & 3, spell a B C.

WINNERS...

Miriam Cober
Kate Meeker
Patti James
Emilie Connor
Jo Ann Taylor
Mary L. Langan
Natalie Hasbrook

SCENE AT THE GRILL:

Waiter, bring me two orders of Spumoni Vercelli, please.

Sorry sir, but that's the proprietor.

Any girl can be gay in a nice car
In a taxi they can be lush,
But the girl worthwhile is the girl who can smile
When you're taking her home on the bus.

Kat: A woman is never older than she feels, and this morning I feel like a two year old.

Mouse: Horse or egg!
See RHONDA FLEMING
CO-STARRING IN
"The Eagle and the Hawk"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

*that, Chesterfield has been my f
TINNACO*

The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke

Copyright 1950, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO Co.

Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield,
they're Milder... much Milder

Rhonda Fleming

...THAT'S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE MILDER. I know
that for a fact, because raising tobacco is my business, and
Chesterfield buys the best mild, ripe tobacco I grow. Beside
that, Chesterfield has been my steady smoke for 11 years.

C.J. Holson
PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER
WYLLIESBURG, VA.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke

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CHESTERFIELD Contest See Inside Back Page