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!

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

COVER GIRL

For our Spring issue we have graced our cover with the comely features of Miss Lynn Collins, Delta Delta Delta.

The theme is particularly apropos, as basking in the warm sun at Spring Valley is a must on our list, come May and June. Miss Collins, besides bringing our cover girl, was recently chosen the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.
The rain

by pete lang

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 glossy like the eyes of a drunken man. The rain was drunk, and whirled and weaved on its way to the pavement.

I walked down the street in the rain. It was warm and felt good on my 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 out anyone else killing her. She's going into that bar. It looks nice in there—smoggy 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.

Continued on page 11

fritz and the field house

This coming June 2nd will mark the first Denison Commencement in the new Denison Physical Education and Community Center.

The editors feel that Fritz Meyer, of Highland Park, Illinois, exemplifies our senior men as he stands proudly before the new fieldhouse. "Fritz" has been President of the Independents Association, a Junior advisor at Curtis Hall, and a member of Blue Key. Good luck to you, Fritz, and the entire Class of 1950!
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 impunity, 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 unhappier of 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 misanthrope 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!

Continued on page 11
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 deit irony of Mary Lou McCullough; the shrieks and gasps over Queen Jean Gillies and her state-ly attendants, Mary Dougall and Mary Lou Moore; and the wild.

Continued on page 11

Page Five
Fields of Concentration for Seniors!

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

For the women — there is everything from modelling to red lights.

Perhaps Denison will claim several professional athletes as former students.

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

And last, but not least...

Some will go into medicine. They make pretty good money.

And the old maids produced at Denison can always enter the teaching profession.

When things really get rough, you can always go back in.

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

You can always marry a wealthy girl — I hear there are a few around Denison!
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, wasd't id dice outside!
I walked duh whole way home!"

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 fall in 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-
sponse.
My guiding spirit told me
That we were both winning the
game.
One puzzle — and teamwork
Had accomplished its answer.

NANCY WARD

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 rejoinded, "It
looks like a Hippopotamus, doesn't it?"

"Let's make a date for Sat-
urday." "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 Sat-
urday."

I hate people that read over my shoulder!

“it's indicative from these photos that casual
is the word of the day for these lads and ladies
of Denison.”

Lower right: Kent Hooker,
Mary Krohn, and Skip Seils
are found on the steps of Stone Hall,
"Through whose portals pass
many like this attractive Miss."

"I hate people that read over my shoulder!"

"Let's make a date for Satur-
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"I hate people that read over my shoulder!"
The toughest things to please are people, especially if you are a baseball player or Campus distribution manager. However, Jim Mason (Beta of Wavesworth, Ohio) manages to do a good job. His activities in Pi Delta Epsilon, Q.D. Association, Chem Society, Cadesquem 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 Tabor-Deptelle could only belong to Richard G. Kruger (ZX) of Hinsdale, Illinois. When the car runs, "Ben" manages to blow fuses for the Denison Theatre, haven in late publicity and public for Campus. Argue with the crockermen or senator, or loose Zeta Chi correspondence. If you are a senior Econ major and practically married, "Ben" seems to think that the best job prospects today are in the U. S. Army or on the salald wagon in the village of Hinsdale.

Campus progress report
by ralph gilbert

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junior prom
irresistible burst of Dixie toward the end which sent a few brave souls scampering into the Charles- ton. Then the band broke into the final rendition of "The Prom Theme" over as suddenly as it had begun; it had been a smoothly paced, effec- tively planned, altogether whopping success.

after graduation day
"Young man," said the heavy- set, greying man, seated behind the enormous mahogany desk, allmost hidden in the soft shadows which were cast gently by the rich, carpeted room by the heavy, velvet draperies which hung grandly on either side of the mag- nificent French windows of the office terrace. "We have consider- ed your application with the greatest care." Munching contentedly upon a large white pill of the variety usually consumed by those afflicted with ulcers, he resumed his speech.

"You are obviously a person of multiple talents. Your appearance leaves little to be desired as does your bearing . . . the bearing of an educated man. Your excellent conversational ability is sufficient proof of your resourcefulness and is an infallible measure of your intellectual capabilities. Your recent dates indicate that you are of excellent stock . . . blood will tell, you know . . . and, by virtue of these outstanding qualifications, we have decided to waive the usual tests submitted to aspiring applicants in this firm. Beginning tomorrow morning at eleven, you will move into your private office, interview several young ladies for the position of secretary and as- sume the responsibilities of a jun- ior vice-president of this firm. Your starting salary shall be . . . let me see . . . thirty thousand. Does that meet with your approv- al?"

John Beers puff ed his cigar thoughtfully before answering. "Thanks, Dad," he murmured finally, and walked quietly to the great window . . . his destiny ful- filled.
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.

Nine out of ten doctors that have tried camels prefer women.

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!"

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

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!"

"It should happen to a dog!"

Man walking into stationery store: "Pardon me, ma'am, do you keep stationery?"

Woman at counter: "Yes, until the last moment and then I go all to pieces."

"It shouldn't happen to a dog!"

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!"

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See RHONDA FLEMING CO-STARRING IN "The Eagle and the Hawk" A PARAMOUNT PICTURE COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

*i that, Chesterfield have been my _TnBACCO f ASM*

The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke

"Smoke my cigarette, Chesterfield, they’re Milder... much Milder" Rhonda Fleming

"...THAT’S RIGHT. CHESTERFIELDS ARE MINDER. 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. Golson PRONIENT TOBACCO FARMER WYLLIESBURG, VA.

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD The Best Cigarette for You to Smoke

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CHESTERFIELD Contest See Inside Back Page