Delightful Ways to Dodge the Draft

• Dig oil wells in Afghanistan.

• Enlist in the army.

• Get lost.

• Marry the singing daughter of Happless Harry.

• Imbibe a double shot of arsenic before retiring.

• Be a missionary to the South Pole.

• Mary a widow with twelve little monsters.

• Join the French Foreign Legion.

• Go to hell!
SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

It gives me great pleasure with this issue to introduce to you the man who will hold the reins of the Campus magazine for the forthcoming year, Mr. Barrie Bedell. Barrie, or “Beetle” as he is referred to by his intimates, has worked on the magazine now for three years. His conscientious efforts in trying to get a laugh from the student body have met with much success; to illustrate this point we merely quote from the booklet of the Boffos that appeared in the LIFT issue of the Campus.

I would like to thank everyone concerned who worked with me this year on the staff. We have all tried to give you a good, well-rounded college magazine, combining humor, literary, and photographic techniques accurately and in the correct proportion.

My last wish is that you, the students, will read and enjoy. It is my contention that a school of Denison’s caliber should have a college magazine that can compare favorably with the best college magazines in the country. It is towards achieving this end that I shall strive.

FROM THE NEW EDITOR’S DESK

In accepting the reins of Campus for the coming year I am fully aware of my responsibilities to its readers. It is with hope and confidence that I take over the editorship of a magazine, hope and confidence in the students of Denison University. For only with their cooperation will I be able to follow in Jack’s footsteps by putting out a magazine that the students will read and enjoy. It is the cooperation that he is deserving for your contributions are the things that will make or break the Campus magazine. — Jack Matthews.

IN THE FUTURE

I would hasten to add at this time that the staff of Campus is in no way complete. In the short time that has passed since I became editor, some have been unable to fill all of the staff vacancies. This matter will be attended to before next fall. There is a great need for people who can draw, write, and take photographs. To those of you who have such abilities this appeal goes out. For a magazine can be no better than its contributors. If any of you have such abilities and talents and the inclination to work on Campus I urge you to get in touch with me.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

It has been a big rush to get this issue out, and this coupled with a fairly tight budget for the final issue of the year, has forced us to condense the final edition of Campus into a sixteen page magazine.

This issue is dedicated primarily to the graduating senior (God bless ‘em). On the middle spread is an excellent cartoon depicting four years of life at Denison, and we honestly suspect that some of the June graduates will be able to trace their careers through the complexities illustrated.

We are also very proud to introduce to you Miss Peggy Malpass, a sophomore member of Kappa Kappa Gamma residing in Burton Hall, who has been selected “Miss Campus 1951.” The Senior Will has been printed in this issue because the editors felt that the rest of the student body might get a few jollies out of this farewell gesture of their classmate—Barrie Bedell.

THE FIRST BIG SNOW

by Pete Hawk

When Lon Troyan reached the last chapter of The Great Gatsby, he lit up a fresh cigarette. The cigarette was burning and he was now on the last page. As he took a deep inhale, a twist of smoke curled up and into his eyes, making him blink rapidly. Lon dropped the cigarette on the floor and ground it out with his heel.

The green leather of the easy chair gave a muffled rustling sound as he shifted his weight to the left, placing his right leg over the arm. He continued to read.

And one fine morning—So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Period, the end. Below the last line, blank paper grown tan with age and disuse.

Lon rubbed his lower lip with his fist. He stared down at the closed book on his lap. “And now that’s that,” he said to himself. A closed book with a cover of red, he thought. The Great Gatsby by the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, both tragedies of the twenties. Strange dreams, he thought, and he had read of Al Capone and he had read of Jack London. Lon possessed a mild conservatism that was different from, but did not contradict, his roommate’s eagerness. His manners were characterized by a boy who had grown up with a neighborhood gang on a street where green trees lined the sidewalk, where people sat on their porches during the cool summer nights. Lon Troyan and George Doss. Lon and George, each accepting the other’s friendship because they were sharing the same room and the confusions of a first year at college.

“You know, it’s too bad you have no young Miss for this Friday,” George said as he applied some disinterested comment on the sport coat and pants that were chosen. George had good taste when it came to clothes. He knew how to wear them. His wide eyes, the short hair, the high forehead, the round face, his thin-lipped, smiling mouth almost stereotyped George Doss as one of America’s Eager Young College Men. Lon possessed a mild conservatism that was different from, but did not contradict, his.

Joan Carlyle had a drinking date with George Doss, and Lon Troyan sat with Dean for two hours drinking beer he did not want at 35c a bottle.

Joan Carlyle had a drinking date with George Doss, and Lon Troyan sat with Dean for two hours drinking beer he did not want at 35c a bottle.
"That's me, big social misfit. I feel good and am eating like a horse.

Fifteen minutes had passed since Lon had left the room, and already he felt strangely surprised because he was not shocked at this thought. The message had stopped. The time was now 8:30 P.M. Lon frowned at the sound of organ music that followed. As he got up and turned off the radio, he saw in his desk the letter to his parents he had meant to mail that day.

Dear Mom and Dad and all,

Well, here's the letter I owed you all up for so long. It's good to get your letters, but you know how I feel about returning them. I just can't seem to get started to write them (just lazy I guess).

Well, anyway, enough of that. It's getting cold now here. I started snowing down yesterday afternoon and has kept up since. How is it up there? You should be stowed in by now. Well, anyway, I won't have to shovel the walk and that's one good thing.

I'm sorry to hear about Mrs. Potson. I guess when you get that old, you have to go sometime. She must've been around 80, wasn't she? 80 years is a long time, I guess.

Say, dad, you should see the basketball team they have here! They really go at it in a big way here.

Their record is five wins and no losses (pretty good huh?)

Nothing much on tonight. I don't have a date. I guess I'm thinking too much about Barbara. The work here is getting pretty rough but it gets that way before exams. I feel good and am eating like a horse.

I love you all.

B.Y. Pu.

P.S. Please send my laundry back soon. I need it.

The touchless flakes of snow traced Lon's face with dainty dot-like caresses. The letter had been mailed, but he did not return to the room. He continued to walk down Division Street. Lon Troyan looked up to a sky of clouds. The shapeless moon seemed curtained by a rippling lace of time. He stopped to feel the press of the wind against his legs. This was the first heavy snow of the year and he wanted to see the whiteness of the snow before it disappeared. Soon the snow would stop and then the streets would be covered with black slush and the gloves would push chiselled mounds of gray snow along the curbs. The sidewalks would no longer be pathless. The awkward patterns of unknown footprints would disappear. In a few days the side-walks would be packed down and fused with the rusty grit of cinders and the dirt from the shoes of walking people. Lon kicked at a drift tapering up against a tree. The snow sprayed haltingly up into the wind, then downs again into the nowhere of white behind him. He walked on, enjoying the loneliness because it was his to share with no one.

Fifteen minutes had passed since Lon had left the room, and already (Continued on Page 11)
Well, wouldn't you be surprised to find a photographer outside your shower?

Really now, who takes books to an eight o'clock?

Time out for a short chat in front of the library.

And she can swim, too!

Wonder who'd keep such a cute gal waiting?

Introducing

Way last fall the editorial staff of Campus decided to run a contest to select a Queen of Queens. Every girl whose picture graced the pages of this fair magazine during the year automatically became a candidate for the title of "Miss Campus 1951." And so it was that the board of editors eagerly turned their eyes to the more aesthetic features of life here at Denison, the selection of "Miss Campus 1951." After due and careful screening of all the eligible delectable Denison dollies Peggy Malpass was chosen as the lovely recipient of the title. Campus is pleased with its choice and feels confident that the discerning Denison males will be in complete agreement.

After scrutinizing these photos there should be little doubt in any reader's mind concerning Peggy's pulchritude. And as the members of the staff can vouch, Peggy has one of the most pleasant personalities that a girl could have. She was willing and cooperative at all times, and that, combined with her photogenic qualities, was what enabled us to bring you this pictorial story of "A Day in the Life of Miss Campus 1951."

All's well that ends well.
to graduate from Denison, and to

brow" also, for I have learned to

brow, then my make up is "high

high brow children (along with

have been kind, very considerate.

All through my travels, people

of young men and women-

JUST A HOBO

by Sam H. "King" Cole

To the Administration, the faculty, and the

through my travels, people have been kind, very considerate.

with the understanding of what it

means. I hope this will continue to

be your practice always. Let

ting God guide you is what all of

us know is vital. Accept his word

and live accordingly. This will

guard you against doing any

shameful act. The above was not

practiced until the third day of

life. At that age I became a

person in the sight of God. When

you are ashamed to say you are

a Christian," you only act the rest

of your life. You are a phoney,

on the band wagon of faith.

Never cease hoping. Have a

heart for all the realms of charity and

then you truly are full of love and

will be loved in return. Remember

that nobody leads you wrong but

yourself. Choose your associa-

tes and be sure you cherish

their friendship.

These few lines are not written

in haste. They come from the

strange history of a man over sixty

years of age. The good Lord

knows they come from the shall

of my heart. As I leave Denison, I

am willing to study and to seek

knowledge.

Study and work to learn all you

can,

and Save the ship of life for

sake:

Never moer, frown if you must,

but smile.

and hold to the things which are

really worthwhile.

THE FIRST BIG SNOW

(Continued From Page 4)

he was getting tired. The stinging

wind with the icy snow; the thick

cloth of his pants clung coldly to

his thighs; water was seep-

ing into his boots, freezing his feet with itchy

wetness.

This was a stupid-ass walk," he said. "Now what?

It was then he saw the building, red

noon-up on other street.

GEORGE WILLIAMSON

College Tavern

Beer and Liquors

George would probably be:

Once inside, Lon Troyan just

stood there, noticing the sud-

denly warm humth that sud-

denly came over him as though

some unknown force lay on

him. The odor of smoke and

beer, flowed with perfume,

chocked his nostrils. At the bar to

his left he saw Ben Marstan run-

ning a wet rag across the counter,

wiping the curl puddles of beer

into one sticky smear. Ben Mar-

stan was a fat, bald little man who

catered to college students with

jovial respect as long as they were

willing to pay 35c for a bottle of

beer. Ben would make lots of

money tonight.

"Hey there, Lon!"

Lon turned quickly to the call.

A few booths down George was

grinning wildly, waving to him.

He had his arm around a girl

Lon remembered seeing often on

campus. She had exchanged a few

bottles with her, and yet this was

the first time he had ever thought

of her as a date. Especially

George's.

"WELL, hello, hello, hellow,"

he said. "What brings you down here?

You never come over here any more.

No, just couldn't stand looking

at those four walls anymore," Lon

looked into the clock, then just

nodded, then sat down facing

them.

"And just when you first felt

jeez, almost forgot, Jauny,

want you for to meet Lon Troyan.

And Lon, this is Joan Carlyle.

"Lon said it as though they had

been introduced sometime

before.

"Yes Jauny, this, my girl, is my

old roony. Now you know how

rough I have it. With Lon, I

was fumbling for something to

say something tomorrow I know.

Not me, Lon, I don't give a damn

at all, or even a hoot in hell.

Say something tomorrow. Oh

Jesus, tomorrow isn't there.

Tomorrow. Oh Jesus, tomorrow

and say something tomorrow and

then what? Lon took his eyes away

from the women in the pic-

tures.

"Of George," he continued, "yes,

Shylock about this, you know.

And what might that be?"

and arms were full and round, yet

she lacked. There was some un-

imaginable eagerness about her

that said, "I know I'm not pretty, but

I'm cute."

"... and now you know what

I've got to put up with twenty-

hours a day, Jauny. Some fun,

huh?"

"Yes I guess it would be," Joan

remarked. She attempted a laugh.

"Don't let him kid you," Lon said.

"Without me he'd never get through

the day."

George sensed the mild reli-

cations. He did not want to further

the argument that might result in

his being the goat.

Well, c'mon, Lon. Are you

drinking too or ever since?"

"I only came down for one or

two hours drinking beer he did not

want at 35c a bottle.

"George," Joan said, "Lon needs

a little coaxing."

"Well, I might stay for a little

while," Lon said, "but just for a

little while."

"Well, that's good," George re-

marked with counterfeit enthu-

siasm.

"... on one condition, old pard."

"And what is that condition?"

"That you let me buy you and

Joan here a round."

"Will do. Then we'll just have to

return the compliment. Can't be

shylock about this, you know.

"No, George, you can't."

George did not hear him. He

was fumbling for something to

light Joan Carlyle's cigarette.

(Continued On Page 13)
Our college can claim as its own many men and women outstanding in all walks of life. Among them we find . . .

SOME SONS OF DENISON

by C. P. Johnson

Yale has its Atchison, West Point has its MacArthur, and many a college of hard knocks has its Al Capone. You ask who claim to fame Denison has? The Angels are not the only people of repute to roam the hill! It has been proved that Denison graduates make Who’s Who more often than practically any others from all the alma maters of Denison. I could carry dishes for 18 girls on one tray without having a crash more often than once in two weeks.

Wayne Woodrow (Woods) Hayes

O.S.U. Head Football Coach

Succeeding Wes Feider as head grid coach at Ohio State University, Woody Hayes becomes the 19th mentor of O.S.U.’s football team. After a sensational two month screening of all possible candidates for the job, the former Denison tackle was unanimously chosen by O.S.U.’s Board of Trustees to take over as the fifth coach in ten years.

“Woody” graduated from Denison in 1925. While he majored in English and History with a minor in Physical Ed., while playing for three seasons at the tackle position. His graduate work at Ohio State was in Phys. Ed. After coaching several high school teams, he enlisted in the Navy in 1941 and soon became Lt. Commander. He returned to Denison in 1946 as their head grid coach, but after finding that D.U. had lost ground in the two years he had lost six of eight games, winning the last game of the season. This was the last chance he had to prove himself.

Colonel Clarence Shepp Outstanding Aviator

One of the most outstanding men in aircraft today, Colonel Shepp is another famous personality who calls Denison his alma mater. Sporting campaign ribbons of the American and European theaters with six battle stars, Colonel Shepp also received the American Defense Med- al, a Distinguished Unit Citation, the Air Medal, D. 1 Stilgher Flyng Cross, and the Croix de Guerre, gilded palm with palm.

S P O R T S

Mike Crane

The First Big Snow

(Continued from Page 11)
NORVAL GOSS—leaves his chapter meetings.
HERSCHEL BOWYER—leaves a time bomb.
JOHN ELLIOT—leaves his driving ability.
TOM READING—leaves his pin with the Denison Sailing Club.
ALBERT DIX—leaves his autographed copy of "How to Make Love in Cartel Hall".
LOWELL JOHNSON—leaves his five years in the ministry for all pious Denisonians.
GENE ROBINSON—leaves his title as old man.
GLENN SEILS—leaves his beer buoys to Doodles Walters.

14

JACK MARK—leaves his humorous orations for Warren Underhill.
LUCY AMNER—leaves Deputations to the Donkey Whisperer.
DAVE MCCONNAUGHY—leaves his journalistic efforts to the Hearst Foundation, and the sway of his pet, road, afoot, glove, elbowboard and shoe which he misplaced.
GLEN BOICE—leaves his copy of the Windjammer to Lucy Long.
DON CLEMENT—leaves 138 window spares to Bob Blackmur.
HERB BURDSALL—leaves his copy of the Windjammer to Lucy Long.
MERLIN BRADLEY—leaves one well-beaten short sleeve for any three men who can fill them.

15

JOHN MARTINSON—leaves one Sigma Nu fraternity badge to Tris Coffin.
DICK HUFF—leaves his masculine physique to Herb Zimmeral.
DON FELLABAUM—leaves his Naval Rifle to Herb Zimmeral.
DICK GAGAN—leaves his elognated heart strings to Lucy Amner.

16

JACK LANDIS—leaves his Kappa Sigma fraternity pin with the Denison Sailing Club.
BOB BENTLEY—leaves D.U. with a miniature philosophy, 1941 variety, to Bob Robertson.
BOB ROBERTSON—leaves his torso to Bob Blackmur.
PETE PETERSON—leaves his Kappa oblongus for a worthwhile topic for an honors project.

17

PETE PETERSON—leaves his Kappa oblongus for a worthwhile topic for an honors project.

18

JAN JUDY—leaves his stand up, speak up, shut up to Steve Deedrick.

19

JACK NAVOK—leaves his copy of The Psychiatric Quarterly to Dr. Kenneth.
LEE LAMBERT—leaves to find the only woman who can make him happy.

20

CAROL BAIY—leaves James Sport Shop.
PATTY HUNTER—leaves her ability to be persistent.

21

BOB LANDON—leaves his Naval League commission to Dean Francis Bayley.
LILIAN COOK—leaves her experiments on pregnancy tests to anyone who's interested.

22

TOM READING—leaves his pin with the Denison Sailing Club.
ALBERT DIX—leaves his autographed copy of "How to Make Love in Cartel Hall".
FREDDE REED—leaves his maschinist trade to Bill Austin.

23

GEORGE WEBB—leaves his solid ivory stall shaker to Jim Drivar.
JEFF REED—leaves his pretensions forever and receding batton to Talbot.

24

DON FELLABAUM—leaves his Naval League commission to Dean Francis Bayley.
LILIAN COOK—leaves her experiments on pregnancy tests to anyone who's interested.

25

HUGH RANNA—leaves his wife Judy to Mr. Diven.
DICK NAVOK—leaves his maschinist trade to Bill Austin.
DOUG DREES—leaves his super-hug car washing and polishing technique to Steve Deedrick.

26

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PETE PETERSON—leaves his Kappa oblongus for a worthwhile topic for an honors project.
GEORGE GIESE—leaves his B-r-r-r-itish
WEB DAVIS—leaves his final Charles At-
LARRY CROCKER—leaves his wild de-
BRUCE JOHNSON—leaves a dozen salt-
AL THE BIRD—leaves his friend, Jim the
TEE JAY EVANS—leaves her acquaint-
AL HIGLEY—leaves his love for parties
NANCY RETTIG—leaves Johnny's car to
JOANNE DAVIS—leaves Al for just a few
DON MIRRIELEES—leaves his rocks to Dr.
LYNN SHIELDS—the mender of souls,
MARY LANGAN—leaves Miss Wetzel
PAM HUDSON—leaves her car keys to
JOAN WIDDOWSON—leaves half a bot-
16
accent to Dick Lugar.
with Gould and Dake the task of
er, Jim Gould.
figure to Dave Chaney.
Rabbit, to add spice to the column.
the maintenance men.
Johnny and the Denison roads to
Titus' office to Maggie Harbaugh,
to raise money for the new house.
who may use the talent to advant-
ged for Life Savers, and prize-winning
awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT
LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES
in cash prizes for interesting town names!
Between the two—the better your chances will be.
concluded and mailed to LIFE SAVERS, 5700
from coast to coast
-FLAVOR-
Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

"I don’t go for a wild pitch!"

Clean-up man on the baseball nine, this slugger doesn’t like to reach for ‘em... wants it right over the plate. And that’s the way he likes his proof of cigarette mildness! No razzle-dazzle “quick-puff” tests for him. No one-whiff, one-puff experiments. There’s one test, he’s discovered, that’s right down the alley!

It’s the test that proves what cigarette mildness really means, THE SENSIBLE TEST... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack-after-pack, day-after-day basis. After you’ve enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you’ll know why...

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!