We would here like to enter a formal protest against the decision made by certain bureaucratic organization on campus that pictures of the new editors should not appear in this magazine. As far as the arguments advanced by the dieters that it would have a disquieting effect on the stomachs of those who dine at college operated dining halls goes, we believe these to be greatly exaggerated. The main opposition, however, seems to come from those who labor under the delusion that any such picture would undermine the standards of human decency, which this institution tries to uphold. Our only answer to this school of thought is to point out that the Denisonian prints, every week, pictures of Messrs. Lugar and Rownd. We fail to see how these photographs enhance the beauty of the printed Denisonian page. Neither one of those guys is exactly pretty. In fact, the finely chiseled features of the whole Denisonian staff (women excluded) leaves quite a bit to be desired. This is only too evident when they start running anti-Campus cartoons in a futile effort to build up their deflated egos.

Anyhow, if things continue in this sorry manner, we will start running pictures of Pete Hawk in a bathing suit.

The Editors
Editorial

It is with mixed emotions that I relinquish the reins of Campus Magazine to Duck Shackelford. It is impossible for one to work earnestly and diligently as the head of a publication without feeling some remorse when the last issue under his tutelage has been published.

On the other hand, I feel that the future of Campus lies in capable hands. I am confident that the progress the magazine has made this year will be augmented and furthered under Duck's able leadership. For the past two years he has worked faithfully as a member of the staff, and now as editor I feel certain that his ability will be apparent to all.

I also wish to take this opportunity to thank every staff member for his, or her, enthusiasm and cooperation throughout the year. I sincerely hope that the student body will get solidly behind Duck, for with the students backing the magazine to Duck Shackelford. It is impossible for one to work earnestly and diligently as the head of a publication without feeling some remorse when the last issue under his tutelage has been published.

The New Regime

It is only proper at this time to thank all those who have done us the honor of entrusting the reins of this magazine to our hands for the coming year. We would like to offer our special gratitude to the graduating seniors who have been so helpful during this year: to Barrie, who brought this magazine through untold trials, and to our graduating writers, Hart Duke, Jim Gould, and colorful Lee Cross, who has kindly relinquished his meager salary in an effort to bolster the treasury.

The financial condition of the exchequer at this time is worse than that of Great Britain Advertising, which produces much of the revenue of our sister publications, has been denied us, and the appropriation of D.C.G.A. was only sufficient to publish about three issues. Therefore, in publishing this issue we were forced to cut down heavily on the number of photographs and illustrations, and also on the total number of printed pages.

This issue contains the Senior Class Will, a fine memorial to the four years the seniors have spent around the grounds. Seniors, you can put this issue in a metal cover and carry it with you into the cruel world. The metal jacket may deflect a bullet, brass knuckles, beer foam, fraternity pins, and other such dangerous missiles that constantly fly through the air in the cold, outside world.

We also believe that this issue contains one of the best serious literary efforts Campus has ever printed. Namely, Pete Hawk's story.

"Yeah, but where's da pictures of girls? I wanna see some babies"

What good's a magazine with words, I hate words." For this segment of our society we have Miss Campus of 1951-1952. We can't see how there can possibly be any objection to that.

Thus, having added another volume to the folklore of Denison, we leave—tiny figures, tattered and torn, dodging ripe fruit hurled from the balcony. We are heading for an enchanted land over the hill—a land where the student government is a kindly group of millionaires, and people only write to editors at Christmas time.

BARRIE BEDELL

The New Regime

Well, well, here are two people to interview. You look like Tom Skidmore.

I thought I looked like Tille Helvenston, I'm disappointed.

Not you, him, he's the one who looks like Tom Skidmore.

I am Tom Skidmore, big as life. You can't be Tom Skidmore, he doesn't wear a beanie. You're trying to be Tom Skidmore, but you just can't make it, can you? You want to be Tom Skidmore, so people will point at you and say, "there goes Tom Skidmore." Since you won't reveal your identity we'll call you Chuck Alexander.

Skidmore is a better term. How on earth do you plan to become Tom Skidmore?

Well down to business. What are you three doing here, Chuck?

We're investigating drinking on Campus. Tillie is our sloth. You mean death.

You don't know Tillie. What's the bottle for? I'm building a sailboat inside. I guess a guy can build a sailboat in bottle if he wants too.

Have you found any drinking?

No, but there are two guys from the Denisonians who keep trying to suck the sailboat out of my bottle. If we can't find any drinking we are going to investigate kissing.

Kissing girls?

On the mouth, too. Tillie says it goes on in front of Stone quite a bit. Some of your fraternity brothers are involved.

You're a liar Chuck. They're regular guys, they wouldn't do that.

At least I can say I've never indulged in that sort of thing.

You mean . . .

Yes, oral odor . . .

Well, well here are two people to interview. You look like Tom Skidmore.

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MISS CAMPUS

For weeks our ace photographers have been on the trail of the young lady pictured below. In spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of his camera and so on. After using up all our flash bulbs, we sent her to Howard Studio in Newark. During this brief kodak infatuation with our model we were able to extract some information from her. She claims to be a freshman, was a frosh cheerleader this year and is a theater arts major by trade. We could write more, but there is a suspicion on our part that nobody is reading these words. (Yes, we saw you sneaking a sly glance at the pictures.) One thing more, however, eventually it was learned (sob) that she's pinned. After this information was divulged, two of our editors, five photographers and some people who were just passing by on their way to the lacrosse game slashed their wrists.
It's Just a Game

by Pete Hawke

"Now and Mr. Brinks Mann, formally Admiral "Bull" Mann of the Great Lakes, is a bridge player that is Sam..."

"You got cards now, men," Mr. Brinks reminded us. "Let's play them.

"I'd hardly got our cards arranged, when Bob Koely came into the room. For a minute he stood there looking at us. Slowly he slid the five under the

"Me, I'm just learning how about..."

"I've got good..."

"'But Carl,' hell. You got a..."

"Who toil late into the night while..."

"Some of activities. Who ever thinks..."

"Here, lemme see this..."

"If..."

"Hold on a minnit, Carl!

"Two diamonds," Lou said. The

"What's that? the way that old..."

"Me, I'm just learning how about..."

"He learned to play not more'n..."

"At the door, his hand still on..."

"Bob Koely was a tall, fairly good-looking kid, the kind who one minute would..."

"They had been buddies since high..."

"She thinks I..."

"For a minute he stood there..."

"Okay, okay, Mastuh."

"'Big as hell of you, you know..."

"You really want to know?"

"Shut up, Brinks."
The art of passing final exams has evolved from crude attempts by a few backward students to a high-flying science practiced by experts. It is the result of studying the personality quirks, weak points, frustrations and delusions of faculty members all over the country. These extensive studies have done away with most of the superstition formerly surrounding examinations. The once popular belief that exams were graded by throwing the papers down or up stairs has been shown to be false, too many teachers now live in bungalows and trailers to make this system practical.

The modern system employed by most teachers is the Child Intuition System. This system is rather simple. A professor takes a stack of exam papers home and gives them to his children along with a large red crayon or mommy's lipstick. The tots are urged to use the materials at hand to develop their latent artistic talents or "go play." Advocates of this system point out that there is no one fairer, more open minded and unbiased than a small cherub. When the children have scrawled over all the papers the teacher may then interpret the drawings by referring to the handy edition of Hawk's Home Hand-fering to the handy edition of Hawks' Home Hand Book of Prolog. Secondly, as the tots have bits of your private life.

Sample exam: (By English student, male). "I see I've just wasted almost this whole period thinking about Bill. Frankly, I just don't even care about trade routes and finance in Polynesia. Bill wants to go there and see those old half-naked dancing girls. I just think men are aw-ful. We've never been so shocked as in this course. Why I just couldn't even make myself write about the things young people do in some of those places."

Sample Exam: (Soc-Econ student, female). "We won't learn much from you today, her, heh, heh,"—the teacher may then say when he is near water in any form" . . .

Sample question: (Law student, male). "Yes, when the idea was first proposed, having the streets swept clean on a Saturday alone, was a large undertaking. That was three months ago."

Midwest Home of the Common Man

CAMPUS research reveals the inside scoop on becoming a Phi Bete

Type I: Cynic

He saw service in the Pentagon and knows how fouled up things are. He has doubted everything since a prohibition bootlegger sold him some antifreeze instead of scotch.

Sample exam: (By English student, male). "Although he may have received much acclaim in the private life, Samuel Clemens, also known Twain, was nothing but a lazy, idiotic, happy go-lucky slob. He wrote very little on his own, but stole most of his material from the folk songs of slavic dock workers. The story of Tom Sawyer is lifted almost word for word from the Polish fable "Andrei Sawnuck and the Viatau River." Twain's prictures of life on the Mississippi were vastly distorted. Twain never saw the Mississippi, his drunken escapades on the gambling boats in New York harbor were the only time he was near water in any form . . .

Type II: The Perpetual Youngster

He was young once himself. Likes to tease the girls in the front row.—"Well, Miss Smith, I can see with spring here and you sporting that fraternity pin, we won't learn much from you today, her, heh, heh."—Don't try to pretend you know anything, he'd rather have bits of your private life."

Sample Exam: (By English student, male). "I see I've just wasted almost this whole period thinking about Bill. Frankly, I just don't even care about trade routes and finance in Polynesia. Bill wants to go there and see those old half-naked dancing girls. I just think men are aw-ful. We've never been so shocked as in this course. Why I just couldn't even make myself write about the things young people do in some of those places."

Type III: The Eastern Scholar

He went to Harvard; deplores the lack of thinking in mid-western students. He doesn't like how there's teaching and has read only the text book. If you can make him think you're doing work outside the requirements, you'll get a sure A.

Sample Exam: (By English student, male). "The author ignores the general trend from 1000 to 1785, it cannot be argued that the general trend was from lower population to higher population. Of course, while new people were being born old people were dying. 2. Many authorities attribute this to reproduction. 1. Of course, while new people were being born old people were dying. 2.

Nevertheless, people are, by and large becoming more common."

While this was going on, the population was shifting westward leaving only the higher type people in the East. In places like Boston, Concord and the East Indies.

The East got the cream of the population crop. With this in mind, it is much easier to get a clear picture of our own crude local history. 5. Type: "The Midwest Home of the Common Man," by League Press.

Type: "How New Miracle Drugs Solved My Nervous Breakdown," by Herbie."

Sample Exam: (Soc-Econ student, female). "I was young once myself. Likes to tease the girls in the front row.—"Well, Miss Smith, I can see with spring here and you sporting that fraternity pin, we won't learn much from you today, her, heh, heh."—Don't try to pretend you know anything, he'd rather have bits of your private life."

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Sunday morning was beautiful, even I, a part of the grave yard gang, could appreciate that. Dad McCarter looked so efficient behind a push broom. I thought he must have practiced. I saw Big John Wasinski shoveling tons of dirt and leaves onto the street trucks and then next year's football players. Everybody I could see sweeping, washing windows, and picking up paper.

As Mayor Belke put it, "We did a lot, but learned a lot. Next year I hope it can be an all day affair, with a community barbecue at noon to serve sandwiches and coffee to the workers. We Granville citizens really appreciate the students' help and we hope we can think of some way to show our appreciation."

Mayor Belke appointed two men in charge of each block with instructions to find out what needed to be done in their block and which residents, because of illness, old age, etc., wouldn't be able to do them themselves. All paper was to be collected one week ahead of the clean-up Saturday, and all scrap metal was to be collected on Friday. The Boy Scouts were to rake yards, the Denison men to work on the pick-up trucks, the Denison gals to sweep and rake and the townpeople were asked to clean out their attics and cellars and yards, putting all trash out in front. A special group of 20 Denison men were assigned to clean up Sugar Loaf, and a special group of 20 co-eds were sent to clean up the cemetery.

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Ma Woods.

Joan Grant.

JIM KORNMAN—leaves his left foot at Denison, rolls on.

JOHN BOYDEL—always leaves his rocket ship to Bill Johnson for use on his bicycle.

Bennie Bennett for use on his bicycle.

MARY BAILEY—leaves her patience, tactfulness, and gavel.

Kitty Mahood all his various and dirty stories to Tom Skidmore.

TODD HEYMAN—leaves.

CHUCK DOLD—leaves his three hundred pound to John Davis.

TIM ADAMS—leaves his New Era cap to Bill Johnstone.

JOCK BOVINGTON—leaves his rocket ship to Bill Johnson in his speech lab to Dr. Crocker for a good job pulling up telephone poles.

JIM GOULD—leaves his voice to the frogs of Lick Island.

JOHNNY (the SAE road) HARKINS—leaves his Stanley plane to Mr. Mitchell's elbow.

DOC WARREN—leaves his Phi Beta key to Mimi to lock up all the Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the society's books.

PJK STEVENS—wills his rocket to Beaver County.

JOHN McCARTER—leaves his letter for a good job pulling up telephone poles.

JOHN SLADE—leaves his drum to Royal Johnson, rolls on.

BOB MILLER—leaves his plaster cast of his nose to Beaver County.

DALE WILSON—leaves to Denison banquet committee the idea of a goal for the wheels of the future.

DENA MCCARTY—leaves his charming to Gib "Mario" Brown and Mimi Malpass for a day for the first time in two years.

WALT SORG—leaves her Phi Beta key to Mimi to lock up all the society's books.

BART EDWARDS—leaves his well-worn spot on the Chapel organ, rolls to his place at Mr. Mitchell's elbow.

DOROTHY MARKETT—leaves the mental hospital for a bigger and better rehabilitation.

MARY BAILEY—leaves her Phi Beta key to Gib "Mario" Brown and Mimi Malpass for a day for the first time in two years.

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BART EDWARDS—leaves his well-worn spot on the Chapel organ, rolls to his place at Mr. Mitchell's elbow.
CAROL SWISHER—leaves the Phi Delta slamming for a new housemother.

ANN JOHNSON—leaves her cardboard cutout of a lamb, but will return like a lion.

NANCY GEMMILL leaves her key to the rat lab for other frustrated couples.

JOYCE GOODWIN—leaves dreaming she was married to a football star.

LYNN OLWIN—leaves theΦ Beta keys, 2 Sorority pins, and a $125 cash award for fraternities, 10 fraternity pins, and $2 in cash prizes for interesting town names!

BARB COLLIER—leaves a hint to Madame LaFarge.

LYNN OLWIN—leaves the The-Sunshine-Cal.

SUSIE MCDONNELL—leaves her long-lost nuptial band. Boy, is it worth it. The first five times you read it through it just won't make sense. What you have before your eyes are the hidden partners of the joke. The joke itself was published in these columns. This is the trouble of so much unbalanced combination—between the lines.

The moon was yellow
The lane was bright
She turned to me
In the autumn night
And with her fingers
She gave a hint
That what she craved
Was real romance.
I stared, unsheltered.
And time went by
And so was 1—Rooster.
The moon was yellow.
She was only a carnival queen but she made a lot of concessions.

** JOKES EXPLAINED FOR FRESHMEN **

From girl: "My roommate says there are certain things a girl should not do before twenty-one."

Senior boy: "I don't like large audiences either."

This is the trouble of so much unbalanced combination—between the lines.

First prize winner will be sent $50. Second prize $25, third prize $10, and three $5 prizes. Contest closed June 30, 1952. All entries become the property of the publishers. All prizes are in cash. Submit only one entry per person.

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue.
He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! He knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is steady smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

*It's the sensible test...* the 30-day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments. Once you've tried Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

After all the Mildness Tests...

**Camel leads all other brands by billions**