END OF THE LINE ISSUE
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.

Anyway, 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 Campus to the utmost, there is no limit to the heights it can attain.

BARRIE BEDELL

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 Dake, Jim Gould, and colorful Lee Cross, who has kindly relinquished his hands. I am confident that the Campus body will get solidly behind Duck, for with the students backing Campus to the utmost, there is no limit to the heights it can attain.

BARRIE BEDELL

SKIDDING DOWN THE DRAG

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 can you call this article "Checking Down The Drag?"

We can call it anything we choose. Who's the girl?

My sister. Chuck Alexander doesn't have a sister. What's your name?

She's Moooo, disguised so people we're investigating won't know who she is, they think she is a cow.

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 a 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...
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.

CAMILE CHAMPLIN, Freshman

Photo by Howard Studio, Newark.
Howard's has special rates available to Denison students.
"Yeah," Carl said, "you and Mac Arthur, I'll return to you all that.

"When you've got cards now, me, Brinks reminded us. "Let's play them.

"I'll hardily got our cards aranged, when Bob Koely came into the room. For a minute he stood there looking at us, Slouched against the door, his hand still on the knob, he seemed to be waiting for someone to announce so much as a hello first. Koely was a tall, fairly good-looking kid, the kind who one minute would pronounce your friend for life and the next turn around and call you a son-of-a-bitch to your face. Probably why nobody ever hit him was that he acted tough, he was a good talker and at times he was so god-awful friendly, it made you forget what an ass he really could be.

"Why, hello there, roomy Bob," Carl said quietly, not looking up from his cards. "Just invited the group up for a little bridge.

"Swell. That's just swell, Carl." "I know you like it.

"I do, I do. Looks just like Grand Central in here, but with no trains.

"Take it you and that little lady didn't hit it off so well tonight?" "As a matter of fact we didn't. You know that girl was really phony.

"What happened?"

"You know how they are. They think they..."

"How come?"

"She thinks..." "...she acted right the last time.

"Let me finish willya, Carl. Just let me finish willya?"

"Okay, okay, Mabel."

"How come?"

"She thinks..."

"...she acted right the last time.

"Let me finish willya, Carl. Just let me finish willya?"

"Okay, okay, Mabel."

"How come?"

"She thinks..."

"...she acted right the last time.

"Let me finish willya, Carl. Just let me finish willya?"

"Okay, okay, Mabel."

"How come?"

"She thinks..."

"...she acted right the last time.

"Let me finish willya, Carl. Just let me finish willya?"

"That's just great. A guy can't even play bridge in his own room anymore.

"Koely, we already got four, Brinks said.

"Swell. We'll see if you've got good eyes, but one of you must be going to quit pretty soon.

"I'd be glad to help him to sell it. You, Lou?"

"NO, but..."

"You see, Bob? Nobody's really phony.

"Well, maybe somebody'll be pretty profitable.

"What is it on the desk, and watched us play a hand. He kept quiet, but all the time his lips were giggling with glee. He started at the middle of the table, but it seemed though he wasn't looking at anything special. While I was dealing, he walked behind Lou Newman, big thick-fingered Lou who was trying to arrange his cards before the bidding started.

"Nice cards you got, he said, interested. "Hey, did you get your name right over, Lou Newman?

"Lou Newman? I am real hell. An' if I wanta help Newman here, I sure as hell will. I will any time I wanta help someone.

"Tackle."

"I know I saw you. You know that?"

"Oh, that's right. But. When I look back on it, you were pretty good back there."

"Thanks."
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 much of the superstition formerly surrounding examinations. The once popular belief that exams were graded by throwing the papers down on 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 his 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 Hank's Home Hand Book of Interpretations.See below are two of last year's final exams, along with the interpretation:

**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 from the illustrious public, Samuel Clemens, also known as Mark Twain, was nothing but a lazy, idled, 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 Volga River." Twain's pictures of life on the Mississippi were vastly distorted. Twain never saw the Mississippi; his drunken excursions 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. "Miss, Miss Smith, I can see with spring here and you sporting that fraternity pin, we won't learn much from you today, heh, heh, heh." Don't try to pretend you know anything, he'd rather have bits of your private life.

Sample Exam: (Soc-Econ student, female).

"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 hale-naked dancing girls. I just think men are awfully foolish, you know. There's been so much bad 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-west student. He doesn't like some teacher'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: (Western Civ student, male or female.)

"Although the author ignores the general trend from 1000 to 1785, it cannot be argued that the general trend was from lower to higher population. Many authorities attribute this to reproduction."

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."

**KEEP GRANVILLE CLEAN!**

by lyn martin

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 themselves. All paper was to be collected by the weekend before 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 townspeople were asked to clean out their attics and cellars and yards, putting all the trash out in front. A special group of 36 Denison men were assigned to clean up Sugar Loaf, and a special group of 20 co-eds were sent to clean up the cemetery.

Saturday 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 Wosinski shoveling tons of dirt and leaves onto the street trucks and pitied next year's football players. Everywhere I could see people 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 hope we can think of some way to show our appreciation."
JOHN BOYD—always available if anyone needs a fourth or has a problem.

HARRY BUTLER—wills his seclusion to Louis Morrison.

ED JAIN—leaves for a job with United Airlines.

IGOR JUREVICH—wills his party life to Radio Morrison.

JACK MURPHY—wills his Crockertisms and rapid speech to Dave Redden.

JAMES McMARTIN—wills his messiness and humility to Tiger Trophy.

BETTY ALEXANDER—wills her fortieth birthday cake to Karl Esch.

DICK BONESTEEL—leaves saying if you see Sue—let me know.

DICK ELLIS—leaves putting his post not slow, but fast, but half his power.

JERRY MOORE (Alias Sam Shriver)—wills his private ear to Bob Campbell.

PETE GUINNESS—last seen hanging out on the tail of a kite.

DAVE ROUNDS—leaves his soda for future theater majors.

DON RODGERS—leaves his fine collection of bottle openers to John.

DAVE CHANEY—leaves his three hundred pounds to John.

BIL OSBORN—leaves ‘Dudley’ the traffic on Broadway.

BUD HUMPHREYS—leaves his dislocated out to Tom McGranahan.

DON IDE—leaves the dark room in a world.

TIM ADAMS—LEAVES!!

DON BRAD—leaves his chances of going Phi Beta Kappa to Carl Jochens.

JIM KINNEMER—decided to remain to pick up a few more honors.

CHARLIE ODOM—leaves his rank to Bob Cameron.

DAVE MILLS—leaves his automobile to future military tactics students.

DAVE NILAND—leaves his board and wardrobe to future costume contesting.

BARNEY OLSON—leaves still protesting if they named the dorm after him, he should be allowed into the standing orders.

TODD HEYMAN—leaves Denison for the University of Cincinnati for some reason.

BOB LAVIN—leaves his best VINTAGE gumdrops to his home planet.

WALLY MARTIN—leaves his key to the Alpha Omicron Pi house to Phil Mr. O'Roonie.

HAYWARD ROSS—leaves his daily drive to Ann McRae.

DON (Captain Video) SHARP—leaves his favorite rocket ship 6-Zr to the coming Air R.T.O. for affection.

JOHN FITTON—leaves her sunny disposition to Pegg Malpass and Nancy Free.

DON GRAIL—leaves a bow on of blondes to anyone who has what it takes to finish the job.

DICK DARLING—leaves half his money to the Kappa house at O.S.U.

JOHN RICHARDSON—leaves his left shoe to Mike Merritt.

TILLIE HELVENSTON—leaves her patience, to any ten guys who think they can replace him.

JINX BACON—wills her vast collection of bottle openers to any ten guys who think they can replace him.

JANET MACMAHON—leaves her saucy attitude to Dr. Secor.

SUE WILLIAMS—leaves her all-night nights to Bill Reiss.

JUNE HARVEY—leaves her distinctive laugh to Elise Young.

WILLIAM BURKE—leaves his punkster to the up and coming Chi.

BARRIE BEEDE—leaves the pen of Campus Magazine to A. Bud Bedell.

JOHN ARMSTRONG—leaves his character to Dr. Cleve whom he has passed down from the House of Lundquist who should have obtained it, but for the grace of God, and his social and fraternal affiliations.

BILLY (the SAE dog)—leaves school quite a bit richer than he comes.

DAVE LAWRENCE—leaves his favorite rocket ship to squirm under the rule of leadership.

DON ROWLAND—leaves his trips to Denison politics to Ralph Raper.

TIM ROUDEBUSH—leaves his fortieth birthday cake to Kjell Lundquist who should have at least read my speech to Dr. Crocker and O. Brancie for further study.

JOHN (the SAE dog)—leaves his favorite rocket ship to squirm under the rule of leadership.

TOM MATTHEW—leaves his pet to Ginny Wood.

THE TRI DELT BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP SKIPPERS—leaves one phoney “cup of tea” to Kell Axon.

JOHN FITTON—leaves his Buck Walman to any friends having trouble.

HARRY SHARP—leaves his wire to his left shoe to Mike Merritt.

DON SMITH—leaves his vast collection of bottle openers to any ten guys who think they can replace him.

JIM SHAW—leaves pushing his bag of Viennese gumdrops, to Beaver Gunderson.

WENDA THOMPSON—leaves his well-worn spot on the Chapel oratory for the coming year.

JOHN MCCARTER—leaves his Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the files.

BARRIE BEEDE—leaves his saucy attitude to Dr. Secor.

PEGGY CRAWLEY—leaves her Phi Beta key to Mimi to lock up all the files.

JANET O’ROONE—leaves her saucy attitude to Dr. Secor.

JOAN LEROY—leaves with a friendly smile and a wave to everyone, to pursue her career with The Workhouse.

JEAN LOCKhart—leaves just isn’t leaving, for Pete’s sake!

JIM TRUESDELL—leaves his place at Mr. Mitchell’s elbow.

TINA BROWN—leaves for her home planet.

JOHN FITTON—leaves his Buck Walman to any friends having trouble.

JOHN McCARTER—leaves his Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the files.

DOROTHY MARKERT—leaves her chair to future biology majors.

JANE FENWICK—leaves her Phi Beta key to Mimi to lock up all the files.

JOHN FITTON—leaves his Buck Walman to any friends having trouble.

JOHN McCARTER—leaves his Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the files.

JOHN FITTON—leaves his Buck Walman to any friends having trouble.

JOHN McCARTER—leaves his Phi Bete key to Mimi to lock up all the files.
**LUCY LONG**—leaves the Chi O handshake to Nancy Nusbaum and future vice-presidents of Delta.

**CARMEN EHLS**—leaves a Southern fried chicken dinner in the Sunny South to Mr. Mitchell.

**GINGER RASSMAN** wills her fondness for the boys and food in College to Mrs. Chrysler.

**DOT BROWN**—wills the Hampton jive to Denison's posternity.

**SULLIE AND BOB STINCH-**

**CARELLE KESSLING** wills the happiness of married life to Bob Gibert and John Trumble.

**MIMI CRIPPLE**—wills 3 years and the gavel of Gilpatrick to someone with strong soul.

**JANET CUTTER**—wills her pony tail to Hill Gill who can probably put it to better use.

**PAT TUBAUGH**—leaves her cockle (especially at her own jokes) to next year's Shaw Hill hero.

**JEAN RIPPL**—wills her soothing voice to Jimmy Durante.

**MARY ANNE SCHENK**—leaves her nice suntan to Whitey Broughton.

**ANN SPINNER**—leaves her quiet success to “Tollulah Dahn.”

**GINGER WILSON**—leaves her voice for Kenyca to Mary Ann Lounsbury.

**JUDY VANDENVERV**—leaves with her thought of giving Denison several Sigma Chi legacies.

**PEG SCHAEFER**—leaves all her business to Kay Dockee and her ability to stay pinned in all kinds of clothes to Whitley Broughton.

**JEAN DUNGAN**—leaves her sleep-talking ability to those who would like to discover important Rushing information.

**DIANNA ESCHMEIER**—wills her much demanded literary ability to next year’s journalistic women.

**ANN MOYER**—leaves her unique status in Camera Club (as well as being the only female member of the group) to other aspiring nature lovers.

**GERDA MEHWALD**—leaves her Math Mitzies to Wetzal’s Work.

**CLAIRE WARLOW**—leaves her “clinical” observations to Dr. L. to next year’s secretary so that she can adjust to the control-station atmosphere of the psyco office.

**JO PEASE**—leaves her historic Polynesian to Jim Gould so that he can go on to bigger and better pinnings.

**SUE FOITZ**—leaves the Denison faculty in order to become another teacher’s pet.

**PENNY SLATON**—leaves, wishing that she is three years younger.

**JOANNE PASSINGER**—leaves her key to the rat lab for other frustrated couples.

**NANCY GEMMILL**—leaves her Minnie Mouse “hah!”

**DOOSY PREUCEL**—leaves her dating tips on “quick romances your senior year with the bonus of a pre-honeymoon in Europe.”

**JEAN ROWE**—the only feminine sorority major, leaves Denison with a far greater knowledge of supply and demand.

**MARGA HARTSHORN**—leaves a question mark on her third finger, left hand.

**PEGGY OLDFIELD**—leaves her psychology notes to Jack Streib in the hopes that he can read between the lines.

**MARGE HARBAUGH**—leaves her name to B. Prospero to win McCoy so that he will be able to impress the incoming freshmen girls.

**ALICE HELLERMAN**—leaves only to return as water-boy for next year’s football team.

**BEVERLY BROWN**—leaves with a “heap” of articles, essays, and newspaper editorials to the Konecnyor.

**LOUISE DAVIDS**—leaves the Tri-Delt and “Kinky” looking for another.

**JOYCE GOODWIN**—leaves her much demanded literary ability to the Pan-Hells.

**JEAN WADDELL**—leaves her name for special use by Denisonians.

**KATHERINE WHITACRE**—leaves her Navy pendant to Marianne Kuhn.

**JOAN JOHNSON**—“John” leaves her name for special use by Delts and “Kingy” looking for an-ther.

**LUCY LONG**—leaves the Chi O handshake to Nancy Nusbaum and future vice-presidents of Delta.

**PAT WATRAGE**—leaves her intelligence to Nancy Nussbaum and future vice-presidents of Delta.

**THE SIGMA HA IOTO TAUS**—leaves many things.

**PAT TUBAUGH**—leaves her name for special use by Delts and “Kingy” looking for another.

**DOSSY PREUCEL**—leaves her name for special use by Denisonians.

**JEAN WADDELL**—leaves her name for special use by Delts and “Kingy” looking for another.

**JOYCE GOODWIN**—leaves her much demanded literary ability to the Pan-Hells.

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**JEAN WADDELL**—leaves her name for special use by Delts and “Kingy” looking for another.

**DOSSY PREUCEL**—leaves her name for special use by Denisonians.
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**