LEAVES OF BROWN ISSUE

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Denison University, founded in 1831, is a privately endowed, coeducational College of liberal arts and sciences providing a Christian atmosphere. Denison is located at Granville, Ohio, a small New England type village in the heart of Ohio. Campus Magazine, is published four times a year by students of the college.

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Photo by Howard Studio, Newark. Howard's has special rates available to Denison students.
W. C. Crayson, President of Consolidated Wrecking Corporation, heaved a contented sigh, leaned back in his upholstered chair, propped his twenty-five-dollor sardines onto his cluttered desk, and stared vacuously into space.

Life was good. Yes, by God, life. The afternoon convention scene wasn't shaping up as exponentially as he'd hoped, for it seemed that everyone was going to the movies instead of the political rally, but W. C. knew that was the way it was. He lit a pipe and crossed his legs in the same move that Marge had something on her mind for several weeks, but," he mused, "Mr. Crayson, I've had something on my mind for several weeks, but," she paused, "not to mention, you know. OK. Nothing serious."

He paid his taxes faithfully, didn't break the law, and sometimes, he gave a dollar to a street hobo, but he didn't think he was anything special. He was just a man, and the only thing that made him so special was his name.

The orders were taken care of in a day or so, and W. C. left the office to drive to the country for a few days. He was going to stay at his country house for a few days, and W. C. sauntered out into the outer office by a cold looking Knapp.

"Mr. Crayson, his attorney, and him-self." W. C. always said) he was greeted by a cold looking Knapp.

"I'm so timid. I know it's silly, but I can't help it. I always have to consult my attorney before I make a move."

He talked about the business, and W. C. noticed with dismay that W. C. was feeling especially abstract, almost detached manner. He lowered his head, and smiled coyly, "You're right. I'll have to consult my attorney before I make a move."

"OK. Nothing serious." W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and W. C. was quite content to place the whole matter in his hands. It was a matter of minutes, but this morning, W. C. thought of faith in the man. Therefore, he was unaware of, and this was the reason why he was becoming so careful! W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have groaned a fish on a hot day in Trisco. He was unfaithful to his wife, and
THURSDAY – ARRIVAL. “Where do I go from here?”

FRIDAY – PREFERENCE TEST. “A garbage collector? bird house builders? or fence painter?”

SATURDAY – EXCHANGE DINNER. ‘Aren’t you going the wrong way?”

SUNDAY – SIS HOPKINS AND PATCH TEST. “Ouch?”

MONDAY . . . D.C.E.P. PICNIC. “All that sack and no potatoes

TUESDAY . . . UPPERCLASSMEN ARRIVE. “Oh well, it’s been nice.”

AND, In Just 7 Days—You, Too Can Be A FRESHMAN!

Yes, seven days of orientation changed last June’s high school graduates into this October’s Denison Frosh.

It’s a great transformation—the college on the hill has gained a spirited student block to liven up athletic contests, brighten up the Student Union, and just generally wake up the nodding upperclassmen.

Thanks to Miss Bonnie Douda for helping us picture how you freshmen do it.

Keep up the fight!

story: lyn martin
photos: bob porter
William Lawrence watched her daughter. Her body was being slowly forward, the golden mass of her hair hanging about her shoulders and encircling the back of her neck in a loose, flat tangle. Her lips and her slim fingers played with a loose button on the skirt of her dress.

“What about the new boyfriend?” he asked at length. “I don’t think you’ll ever get to know him yet.

Margaret looked up with new interest. “Oh, Jim!” she said gaily. “How’s the wind? We need to get outside before the wind would catch us and bend the tall grass into ripples. In the spring they would take the box kite and let the wind lift it high above the clouds where it would soar and circle, its taut string sharply in their hands as though it resented being tied to the earth.

“Not today,” he said. “The hour feeling the silken greenness beneath their bodies and almost fell pressed to the heavens that seemed so close above them. They would lie in the grass and watch the morning scene stretching out below them. They would lie on the slope by the hour feeling the silken greenness beneath their bodies and make their way up the hill to the voices of the children and to the voices of the children who had been watching the children.

Slowly the light faded and the night sounds became indistinguishable.
Milo Faces Life: A Case History

by pete hawk

Once upon a time there was a boy. Big deal. His name was Milo Faces. He lived with his mother and father in a brick house covered with ivy. His mother and father were both iron industrialists, and they had quite a few bucks. If it hadn't been 1931 (when Milo was born) the butler's butler would have had a TV set.

"We're well off," Mr. Faces would say.

"That's no lie, Neville," Mrs. Faces would reply.

Well anyway, on Milo's sixth birthday, his father considered him intelligent enough to comprehend a rewritten Winnie the Pooh. Mr. Faces' father, an iron industrialist, had quite a few bucks. If it hadn't been 1931 (when Milo was born), the butler's butler would have had a TV set.

"That kid will go places," he would say to Mrs. Faces.

"That's no lie, Neville," Mrs. Faces would reply.

So, on his sixth year, Milo was asked into his father's study. Mr. Faces was the largest and most expensive library in the United States. It seemed he had bought a copy of every text book that was ever written. Five thousand books was the number Mr. Faces ordered by a small university in a place called Granville, Ohio. Even those that were paper bound. At four, he invented a watch that not only told the time, the date, the year, and the seconds, but it also took care of the baby and let the cat out. At five, he would have stroked his beard just then if he's had his son to say something. But Milo didn't say anything.

He was gone.

He didn't come home that night.

Or the next day.

Or the next day.

Tired of staring wisely up at the ceiling for three days straight, Mr. Faces finally concluded that his son was not going to reply. He was no where in the house. Again he did not return that night.

Or the next day. Orthedaysafterorthedaysafterorthedaysafter.

Every night after dinner, Mr. Faces would stare out the window and say, "That boy's late." He was nobody's fool. On top of that, people just didn't seem to be buying iron deers lately.

Three weeks later, Milo returned, looking quite prosperous.

"How come you're so late son?" his father asked.

Milo quietly told him to shut his yap before he shut it for him. This is the story he told (now wasn't that a subtle transition?). He left the house with the money and went to the nearest store to buy his first thing. He bought a brand called Fortunate Blows. Then he saw the advertisement on the street that was advertising a new drink: The Quo Vadis Float. Milo, who loved ice cream went inside and ordered one. This would be his first drink. The bartender took a large glass and poured in a double shot of Vermouth, with a scoop of vanilla with a burgandy chaser. Milo drank it fast to get at the ice cream but it melted before he was done. He immediately found himself walking up to a man that stood about seven feet tall and weighed close to 300 pounds. Just because he had held the man to shape up or ship out. Milo found himself imbedded in a brick wall. Quite obviously, Milo decided he could get along without drinking.

Rather groggily, Milo headed for the nearest

A DEFINITION OF MODERNITY

Modernity is a poem which,
Caring not for rhyme or meter,
Extends itself to glorious length of line across the page,
Or speaks in
Short
Sharp
Stiff
Single
Words
Like strokes
Of a hammer.

Modernity is a poem which,
Without conscious guidance by its authors,
Moves ponderously through tortuous paths of unreason,
Slashing
Swift
Speed
Of the stroke
Or with the
Of a bright blade
mike cook

ON PICNICS

Deans and college prexies
Aibor beer parties and their perplexities.
They compare this type of fun
To things like petting or an off shade pun
Which put 'em in a convulsion
They compare this type of fun
To things like petting or an off shade pun
Which put 'em in a convulsion
To the multitudes who have
died lost not knowing why.
They would be cowboys stand
Like flightly shadows in the doorways,
short jobs,
yet shadows they remain,
The bars,
the colleges—of our world.
They are real, flesh and blood,
and there are ways;
Rejoice brothers, weak of heart,
who have for man's future,
more Cadillacs,
more soft jobs,
and more soft jobs,
more cadillacs,
door,
For today there stand more
ever could be cowboys than

Oh, love, why doest thou be so blind,
To look at face instead of mind?
To look at face instead of mind?
To look at face instead of mind?
Instead of looks that none can hide?
Instead of looks that none can hide?
Instead of looks that none can hide?
Instead of looks that none can hide?

JULES MOORE)

This crumby poem is the product of the
fertile little mind of JULES MOORE

Muses

Ted Miller

(Continued on Page 11)
After their son Bruce had lived with them for sixteen years, the Harris's announced that he had the lead in the Dramatic Society's play. Bruce had actually founded and organized the group for the purpose of producing high-spirited, popular, printed programs like the theater in New York; Orson even composed the publicity for the school's paper.

On Saturday—during the third week of rehearsals—Bruce came home with routine news. "Orson, he said, as he took off his coat, "Orson got angry again.

"Hurry now," Mrs. Harris said, hanging up his coat in the hall closet. "Dinner is ready to be put on the table.

"What did Orson do?" Mrs. Harris asked.

"He went up to Mr. Lybarger, Bruce said, and just formed words in his mouth and didn't speak. When Mr. Lybarger turned his hearing-aids up, Orson shouted at the group that Mr. Lybarger got awfully white and had to sit down.

"Why did Orson do a thing like that?" Mrs. Harris asked.

"Because Mr. Lybarger pretends not to hear him," Bruce said, smiling broadly. "He's sick of Orson's suggestions, but Orson knows more about directing than Mr. Lybarger ever will.

"Orson needs a licking," Mrs. Harris said to her husband.

"Yes," Bruce said. "Do you think I might have a touch of rheumatism?"

"Would you like me to fix you some chicken broth?" Mrs. Harris asked. "Bruce."

"Yes," Bruce said. "Do you think I might have a touch of rheumatism?"

"I don't want them," he said. "I think I've caught a cold in my shoulder blade."

"What are they going to do about Orson?" Bruce's father asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Bruce only believe what he wants to believe, and I think it would be better if he could say it. After all, he's almost seven."

Bruce suddenly got off his chair and started up the stairs. "There's a brown suit advertised in Sunday's paper.

The next day—Saturday—Orson got angry again and again. Monday Orson almost hit a member of the stage crew because he put the wrong number of colors on some scenery. This was stopped when Orson told the leading lady that she couldn't act and she cried so hysterically that she had to be taken home. Wednesday—two days before the performance—Orson deliberately tore his costume because he said it didn't fit and told the sewing teacher to mend it.

On Friday Mr. Harris remarked to his wife, "Bruce is going to say it. And I think it would be better if he could say it."

"But let Bruce alone," Mrs. Harris said firmly. "There are just people like Orson in the theater. Now I'm going to say it.

During the second week of rehearsals it looked as though Orson was generously managing the entire production. Orson chose the color-scheme and paint for the scenery; Orson even arranged to have the program printed in centerfold form. This year he designed the program himself.

"Tell something about him in Who's Who In The Cast, I mean," Mr. Harris said to his wife.

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Harris said. "Orson probably wrote his own part.

Suddenly in a hurry, Mrs. Harris found the cast notes in her program. Orson's name was not mentioned. Just before the auditorium lights dimmed out, she read the note about Bruce. It was:

"Bruce Harris (Philip) has been the main force in organizing the play. He has come to school from his home in New York in order to play the lead. Bruce has been the leader of the Dramatic Society and let him check through.

Mrs. Harris asked Bruce quickly. "What's Puderbaugh?"

"He's the Technical Director," Bruce said, "and he has one of the leads, and he's put his heart, mind, and energy and artistic ambition in the play. That's why he got angry."

"About what?" Mrs. Harris asked.

"Well, Orson wanted to say scotch and soda in the play wherever the author had written scotch and soda," Bruce said, "and Mr. Puderbaugh said he could say soda, but he couldn't say scotch and soda because it's a high school performance. So Orson swore at him."

"What's Puderbaugh?" Mr. Harris asked his wife.

"That's Mr. Lybarger's sewing teacher to mend it."

"What's Puderbaugh?" Mr. Harris asked.

"Mr. Harris, why don't you, Travis?"

"Not so good," Bruce said, elaborately disgusted.

"How did it go tonight?" Mrs. Harris asked, when she read the note about Bruce. It was:

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I THE RUSHEE (Cont. from Page 2)

what a respectable skirt like her was doing with these punks. Before I had a chance to find out more about how she stood, the head of the outfit, Samuelson, comes edging in to the room.

"Hike, we'd like to speak to you a minute up stairs."

This was the break in the case I'd been waiting for, a chance to talk to the big shots. We walked out of the room and up to the house, I knew she'd be waiting for me, fair weather or foul.

It looked foul from my side. As they closed the door of the smoke-y room behind me I felt my heart go like a woman with hair curlers beating her head against the wall. My usual excitement was like a horse shooting off flies. Inside, Gummy gave it to me straight. He wanted me to join his group.

"We think you could do a lot for the Big Red on this campus. Get in all sorts of activities with the help of some of our men that are already in. We're a big organization, but we can always use another good man. We got houses like this all over the United States."

Then I knew this was not so local caper, but just a small plot against an international syndicate. It would take time. Because I knew this was too big to handle alone, I told them I'd think it over. They gave me 24 hours.

I went back to my room in Curtiss. I didn't have any more Seagrams so I took another shower. While I was slipping on a clean shirt, Neville Franklin came in. "I saw the Big Red working out today. They look as though they'll be pretty tough for the game next week."

I dropped my mug-link. Everythings was in place, the jigsaw puzzle was complete. Big Red. So it was just a game to them! Before my eyes I saw legions of Conrads with wide leather boots trailing on the little people like that house mother. And this guy that was sitting in my room was a part of it.

"Alone with he, Hike Mammier! You can call me, Mammier, "you're so valuable."

"For a while I thought that Gummy was the head man or that Zsa Zsa Gamma guy. But they were just the small fry. You! You, Neville Franklin, under the photofax equipment. I'm a captain advisor the are the head of Big Red on this Campus."

His jaw dropped. I lit it up with an uppercut that the floor that drove him to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp. When he came down, he looked air-sick. I kicked his head to the ceiling lamp.

I THE RUSHEE (Cont. from Page 2)
PROPRIETY (Cont. from Page 3)

an amateur optomist, and the thought that things would work out gradually permeated through the mass of confusion that was harboring in his mind.

"Now let's see," he muttered to himself, "Get in touch with Betta I..." Iron this thing out... Shall see it was just a mistake... Take some fast talking though...

How to talk to her.

his wife, but she was on the outer line. While impatiently waiting for Marge to finish, he gradually became aware that she was talking about him.

"Yes, honey, he fell for it... No, fifteen a week! Now we can move up the date!...I'll tell you more about him.

fifteen!...I'll tell you more about me mechanical precision, and with dex-

rose and strode measuredly to the switch off the little box. He
terity surprising for a man of his age and physical degeneration, dived out of it. Had one been moving with the same acceleration in the approximate vicinity of Wal-

ter Crayson, one would have no-

iced that he kept repeating one

half, however, that his exodus was
to the conductor, he said,

Johnny did not know.

"And why not?" his mother sputtered.

"What is it that the cow has four legs but only empty seat, next to a harmless map for a while and finally ad-

tone: "Sure you're on the right
tonight..."

The birds do it

Frosh: "What do you mean by sling the bull?"

Soph: To sling the bull is to pre-

vent the professor from realizing what you are saying nothing in a
great many words.

Junior: To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words so as to give the impression that you are familiar with what the material under examination in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote suffi-
cient effort to study adequately an indolently difficult assignment.

-Ski-U-Mah

Fledge: There's a woman ped-

der at the front door.

Brother: We'll take two.

Mail the coupon below today.

80 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Tours to be offered in 1953.

Please send me information on the Trans World Airlines Educational Tours to be offared in 1953.

FLY TWA

TWA Constellations will whisk you to Europe overnight. And when you travel by TWA Sky Tourist, you save time and money. So start planning now for that thrilling, profitable vacation next summer.

Mail the coupon below today.

Life Saver Contest Rules

1. Pair up below U. S. town names. Example: From BLYE, N. Y., to MEMPHIS, Ark. From MEMPHIS, Ark., to TOLEDO, Ohio, or vice versa. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The adder-upped pair wins on the basis of the relationship between the cities.

First prize winner will be sent $50. Second prize $35. Third prize $25. Honorable mention winners will be sent a 40-page booklet, "The Road to the Unknown," by John D. Wil-son, plus 25 incredibly rare life savers. All entries must be received

by December 31, 1952, to qualify. All entries become the prop-

erty of LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y. (Soecify)

used in future advertisements, together with the names of the entrants, with their permission.

The birds do it

From

LAMBS, MNN

to

FLEECE, N. D.

America's Flavor from coast to coast

"Lambs, Minn to Fleece, N. D., submitted by Mrs. Dave Wangeland, Ogden, Utah

Contemporary

Humor

Fresh: "What do you mean by

slinging the bull?"

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vent the professor from realizing that you are saying nothing in a
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Fledge: There's a woman ped-

der at the front door.

Brother: We'll take two.
...But only Time will Tell

LOOK AT HER! A 300 BOWLER!

A CLEAN STRIKE! BOY, HAVE I GOT A PARTNER!

HUH! NOTHING TO THIS GAME!

ONLY TIME WILL TELL HOW GOOD A BOWLER WILL BE. AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL HOW MILD AND GOOD TASTING A CIGARETTE CAN BE! TAKE YOUR TIME..MAKE THE SENSIBLE 30-DAY CAMEL MILDNESS TEST. SEE HOW CAMELS SUIT YOUR THROAT AS YOUR STEADY SMOKE!

How can they tell so soon? Take it from an Alley Cat...Only Her Form's Good!

Test CAMELS in your "T-zone" for 30 days!

CAMELS are America's most popular cigarette. It makes sense to test them as your steady smoke. Smoke only Camels for thirty days. See how rich and flavorful they are—pack after pack! See how mild CAMELS are—week after week!

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina