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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ASSORTED MUSES

Vol. VII, No. 1
October, 1952
I, THE RUSHEE

by Shackelford and Hawk

W. C. Crayson, President of Consolidated Wrecking Corporation, heaved a contested sigh, leaned back in his upholstered chair, propped his twenty-five dollar suluces onto his cluttered desk, and stared vacuously into space.

Life was good, yes, God, life was good. The national scene wasn't shaping up as Drew Pearson had predicted, but Walter Crayson managed to view matters with a good eye. The abstract, almost detached manner. He paid his taxes faithfully, didn't matter. Even bought bonds now and again.

It was perhaps the only one that he was unaware of, and this was vastly more intriguing than the type—never a wasted movement. W. C. was feeling especially grand! I knew you wouldn't mind.

"OK, Marge, bring 'em in," he said. "Pardon me, Mr. Crayson, but I've had something on my mind for the last fiscal year, it seemed that one to beat around the ferns. While Saunders made it perfectly clear that he was quite content to place the matter as an extremely smart girl. You know—so careful!

Walt Crayson was doing his best to "ingurgitate a few calories' as he invariably said to his wife. Walter was left to note the look on her face when he lowered her head, and smiled coyly, "I'm so thankful I know its nothing. I know you're so understanding, but what with prices as they are, especially a girl living on her own, I would like a little raise."

"Oh, Mr. Crayson, you're just grand! I know you wouldn't mind." After verifiable no hint of faith in the man. Therefore, he was quite content to place the matter as an extremely smart girl. You know—so careful!

"Hello, Ed? Walt Crayton calling—"

"Uncannily disgruntled voice interrupted. "Yes, Walt, your wife was in about an hour ago. She's been saying you for divorce. Claiming you for divorce. Claiming his moral fibre, and has proof. That must have been some convention last month. Walt promised to let me know."

W. C.'s bulldog jaw would have been disconnected had it not been for Ed's (Continued on Page 11)
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 Doula for helping us picture how you freshmen do it.

Keep up the fight!

story: lyn martin
photos: bob porter

WEDNESDAY . . . THE GRIND BEGINS. "Moan"
to look back. Things came into focus, a clearness of perceptions—the good she was doing.

That only length of time would allow. Perhaps Clara pitied him. It must do her a lot of good, he thought, to think of her charitable acts.

It was the same as before. The four walls rose around him, and kid coming today? he asked pausing beside the door.

William Lawrence opened his eyes and lay still. It was the same as before. Seven o'clock brought breakfast. They had been bringing it to him these last two weeks since his legs had been worse. In the past meal time had been an event, but now it was nothing more than the ritual, the only relief from the monotony of the four walls.

Breakfast would be the same as before. Skim milk and cereal added. A glass tube of milk in a pan with baby cereal added. A glass tube so it would be easier for him to drink. There would be no novelty. Man could almost become immune to such things after awhile.

Footsteps paused outside the door. William Lawrence opened his eyes and moved slightly when the man entered.

"Hi, Daddy." The voice sounded softly through the room. It came as he knew it would, and he opened his eyes and smiled at the familiar figure.

"Yes, Bill." The old man sat the tray on a chair and then dragged the chair beside the bed. "I'll be back after awhile." He started out. "You four kids coming today?" he asked pausing beside the door.

"I guess so," Bill said as he pushed himself to a sitting position. "I'm pretty lucky. My folks been dead for five years."

He shuffled out. He stopped the milk. "Folks," he said the word aloud and almost longed against the three walls in a way that was strange. His wife, but she wasn't exactly his wife any more. They had been married twelve years, but a long time. And he wondered why she came to see him now. Perhaps Clara pitied him. It must do her good. He found he had been blindly looking in her purse. Margaret twisted nervously and wound her long legs about the chair. Her eyes met those of her father, she let go of his hand and looked towards the floor almost in emptiness.

William Lawrence watched her daughter. Her body was slightly forward, the golden mass of her hair hanging about her shoulders and encircling the only relief from the monotony of the four walls.

"What about the new boyfriend?" he asked at length. Margaret looked up with new interest. "Oh, Jim?" she said gaily. "He's fine. We went to the movies yesterday."

Beau, father," she said softly lowering her eyes. "I always found it interesting when a movie was rather dull.

"It's just a friend, Bill," Clara spoke sharply. "Besides there's nothing serious between the two of them. His family isn't exactly the best, but Jim is a nice boy in his way."

"Oh, mother," Margaret said. "His family is really very nice and his mother is a wonderful cook."

"No romantic interest?" William Lawrence questioned, evading his wife's comment.

"No. He's just a nice boy," Margaret said softly.

Looking towards his wife, he found her intently watching him. "I do wish you would see about getting a shave," she said quickly. "Certainly there must be someone here for you to see at least every other day."

"I'll see about it when I get a chance," he replied. "That button," his wife's voice came again. "I'll have to be sewed on when we get home. And don't fool with it any more or I'll call the butcher."

The hand lay quietly in her lap, the fingers interlaced as though to forcibly prevent their movement. Her whole body was bent slightly forward, the golden mass of her hair hanging about her shoulders and encircling the only relief from the monotony of the four walls. Her eyes were closed. She sensed a tremendous power being locked up against her will.

"How was the tennis match last Saturday?" he asked.

"I lost to Helen Daniels," Margaret said looking up. "She's a wonderful player. But some day I'll beat her. I don't know, I just seemed to be off."

"Golly, but she's a wonderful player. But some day I'll beat her. I don't know, I just seemed to be off."

"If there is something you want us to bring you," he said philosophically.

"I thought a silk dress would be nice," Clara continued, "blue perhaps. It brings out the color of her eyes."

"If you want it."

"There is something you want you to bring when we come up again, write a card."

"I don't think we'll be up next week."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't hear what she was saying." He was walking the halls again, his step firm and certain beside his daughter's side. She was his voice rolled on and this came suddenly sharp: "Are you ready to go?"

William Lawrence looked up to see his daughter standing beside him. "I guess so," she said and her voice was low.

"Cora stood and walked towards the door. Margaret took the bed and kissed her father awkwardly on the cheek. "See you in two weeks," she whispered. "I promise to write."

"I'll see you in a week," he said.

"I'll be back," he said.

William Lawrence watched. Her face was the first to come into focus. She was looking over his shoulder, her eyes. Clara continued, "blue perhaps. It brings out the color of her eyes."

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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 big brick house covered with ivy. I guess Mrs. Faces could be described as rather mossy but there's no comparison so forget it. Milo's father, an iron deer 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.

"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 into a metrical romance. Mr. Faces was sure Milo would go places.

On third down with ten yards to go, time passed for Milo Faces. At no time did he weaken in carry-on his tongue. So, Milo decided he could get along without smoking.

"How come you're so late son?" his father asked. Milo said no.

"I'm proud of you," he said. Mr. Faces, who ple just didn't seem to be buying iron deers lately. Milo Faces would stare out the window and say, "That boy's prosperous."

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

"I'm proud of you," he said. Mr. Faces, who wasn't so sure about the slap on the back. He was proud of him.

"We'll see," Mr. Faces said, "let's get down to Cases but there was nobody there so they went back to the study. Mr. Faces asked him if he had ever had a cigarette or drink in his life. Also, had he ever seen a movie?

"Milo said no.

His father said that was real fine and continued. He told him that if he did none of these things until he was 21, he would receive a slap on the back and $25,682.57.

"I'm proud of you," he said. Mr. Faces, who would have stroked his beard just then if he's had one, stared wisely up at the ceiling and waited for 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. Orthedaisyafterthathethatafterthathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathathat
Orson Got Angry Again

by edward j. jacobs

After their son Bruce had lived with them for six years, the Harris's announced that he had the lead in the Dramatic Society's play. Bruce had actually founded and organized the society for the purpose of combining all that was spiritual in the high school; his dream would come true, and he was a month when the first enthusiasts achieved the initial production in the auditorium.

"How did it go tonight?" Mrs. Harris asked, as Bruce came home after the first rehearsal.

"Not so good," Bruce said, "or at least not well." Mrs. Harris asked, "What went wrong?" His father.

Bruce frowned at his father. "I never did like that sort," he said. "Why don't you give it to the Salvation Army."

"Yes," Mrs. Harris said, "why don't you, Travis?"

"This is a good suit, Elizabeth," Mr. Harris said to his wife. "It was new last year."

"It's too young for you," Bruce told his father.

"What went wrong at rehearsal tonight?"

"Mrs. Harris asked Bruce quickly. "We had to take up the stairs. "There's a brown suit advertised in the newspaper, but it's too young for you."

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

Bruce shrugged. "Nothing, I guess," he said. "I figure you must be crazy giving me $25,682.57 in cash."

"But son, tell me why? Why?" Mr. Faces said. "Your father and I have never been able to explain it."

Bruce went up to Mr. Lybarger, "He's the high school principal, Travis," Mrs. Harris said.

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

"Because Mr. Lybarger pretends not to hear him," Bruce said, "and just forms words with his mouth and doesn't speak."

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

"He's Technical Director," Bruce said, "and he put all the grease paint to that suit," he said. "Why don't you give it to the Salvation Army?"

"Orson practically caused Mr. Lybarger to have a heart attack," Bruce said, as he sat down at the table.

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

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

"Do you think I might have a touch of rheumatism?"

"It's too young for you," Bruce told his father. "I never did like that sort," he said. "Why don't you give it to the Salvation Army?"

"Orson practically caused Mr. Lybarger to have a stroke," Bruce said, as he sat down at the table. "Mr. Lybarger wears a hearing-aid, and Orson tricked him."

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

"Because Mr. Lybarger pretends not to hear him," Bruce said, "and just forms words with his mouth and doesn't speak."

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"The picture was called "Thelma Goes to College."

"It was the story of a girl from a little mining town out west who attends Ivy University, where she meets the captain of the football team. Most of the pictures took place in a drug store called "Pops Soda Shoppe", owned by an old man with be-"
It had been a busy day for Mother and to make matters worse her small son came running into the house with his pants turn.

"You go to your room and mend those pants yourself, " ordered, and don't let me see you out of there until the job is done."

A little later she went in to see how the repair job was coming along. The pants lay on a chair and the door to the cellar, usually closed, was open. The mother called down sternly, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

A deep voice answered, "No ma'am. I'm reading the gas meter."

A very small boy came home dejectedly from his first day at school. "Ain't goin' to-morrow, he sputtered."

"And why not?" his mother asked.

"Well, I can't read and I can't write, and they won't let me talk, so what's the use?"

Everybody like to see a broad smile, especially if she smiles at him.

Many people can drink beer just as well sitting down as they can standing up, but few people can stand up as well after they have been drinking sitting down as they can sit after drinking standing up.

"You've read that passage wrong, Miss Smith. 'It's all men are created equal,' not 'all men are made the same way.'"

From life's book of tears and laughter I have gained this little bit of lore—'I would much rather have a morning after than never have a night before.'

It takes a Mother twenty-one years to make a man out of her son and it takes another woman to make a monkey out of him.

The reason that most girls don't look good in slacks is because the distance is too great between their hip pockets.

Contemporary Humor

Fresh: "What do you mean by slingin' the bull?"

Soph: "To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that 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 sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment."

Fledgling: "There's a woman peddler at the front door."

Brother: "We'll take two."

From LAMBS, MINN. to FLEECE, N. D.

America's FLAVOR coast to coast

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

Life Savers Contest Rules

1. Pair up under U. S. town names. Examples: From BYE, N. Y. to MONTREAL, F. D. From UPSTATE, N. Y. to UPSTATE, I. T. From HAWAII to CHILE, etc.

2. The odder the names and the more amusing the relationship between the two the better your chances will be.

3. Give your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y. Before prize winner will be sent out. Second prize $50. Listed prices list and odd names are to be submitted before December 31, 1952.

The better combinations and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. Simply send your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

John H. Purdy, Ph. D., Director Air World Tours.

Please send me information on the Trans World Airlines Educational Tours.

Plan now to take a university-sponsored tour via TWA next summer and earn full college credit while you travel.

In 1953, TWA—world leader in educational air tours—will participate in the travel-study programs that have proved so enjoyable to thousands in the past four years. Honeymoons will include Europe, the Mediterranean, the Middle East and a tour around the world. Two to six weeks of resident study can be arranged in foreign universities. Other study tours will deal with special fields such as music, art, languages, political science, etc.

Whatever tour you choose, you'll discover just how near you are to the rings of the world only when you fly. For 300-mile-an-hour TWA Constellations will whisk you right up to 40,000 feet. And when you travel by TWA Sky Tourist, you save time and money. So start planning now for that thrilling, probable vacation next summer.

Mail the coupon below today.

ACROSS THE U. S. AND OVERSEAS... FLY TWA

It should be said in W. C.'s behalf, however, that his conduct was something more sensational than this life. He made quite a splash.

The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable.

"Where's the fare for the boy?"

"Sling the bull?" he snapped as the father handed in his ticket."

"Can I help it if he worries?"

"You're here until the job is done."

The pants lay on a chair closed, was open. The mother called down sternly, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

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It takes a Mother twenty-one years to make a man out of her son and it takes another woman to make a monkey out of him.

The reason that most girls don't look good in slacks is because the distance is too great between their hip pockets.
... 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!