END OF SCHOOL ISSUE
MAY---1953

Campus
THETA ETA CHI

Last year, while the Adytum (which the Denisonian calls "a sister publication") was taking pictures of anybody who happened to walk in front of a camera, they failed to include a group of ten earnest young men who enjoy keeping John Fox in business every Thursday night. They are known as Theta Eta Chi, and, although they have proved themselves no great shakes in their athletic pursuits, still they have managed to keep their heads above the table.
It's pretty hard to explain to anyone who has not been in publications work just how it feels to be an editor. It's really not an activity; it's a disease. I think that editors, Phi Betes, night watchmen, and owls are usually up later than anybody else on campus. It brings you in contact with all types of people that you might never have dealt with otherwise. When its all over, you feel tired, but you feel good also because you realize how much you've learned and you're grateful to the people you worked with.

For these parting thoughts, we would like to give the readers some inside story on Skidmore's scurrilous side. We offer the story worthy of your criticism Tom Daley's Touch Not Mine Announced. For those of you who are interested in Tom Skidmore's scurrilous side, we offer the inside story on Skids' Washington Semester. Also we want to introduce a new style in humor--that of Clyde Leado. Clyde is an exchange student from Yogert U. and brings us some of his personal letters to chuckle on. Last, but not least, we await Senior Will; a fiction story to be very difficult to duplicate.

Beginning with this, my first issue, I would like to briefly outline my policy toward the magazine for the coming year. Then I would like to give the readers some of the red-hot articles we have in this issue. Basically, it will be the policy of this magazine to print the best literary, feature, and humorous stories which are obtainable from Denison students. The fact that Campus magazine is one of the most critical campus organs lies in the amount of support we get from you, the readers. As Pete Hawk recently said, if we get more work and less guff, it will be post-reflected more of a cross-section of Denison student's writing ability. With the advent of this issue, I remain at your service.

Humorly, your boy editor,
Brad Mackimm

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Washington had much more to offer, however. The formal Washington Semester was built around a three-part schedule composed of academic classes, a government seminar, and an individual research project. Much to the delight of the Denizens, there were no eight o’clock classes. In fact, we were enrolled in the night school of American University and classes were held from the unusual hours of 6:00–8:00 PM and 8:30–10:45 PM, each class meeting once a week for two hours. Almost every major government bureau was represented by employees in one of our classes. The government seminar brought our small group of twenty-five into close contact with prominent leaders in the three principal branches of federal service, as well as important journalistic and lobbying figures. Our three-time-a-week seminars included such notables as the Korean War Ambassador, the Court Justice Harold Burton, radio commentator Bakauge, and former British Cabinet minister Enoch de Villiers. The government processes gained a very different perspective when outlined by men who must actually make important decisions under pressure. Every evening after the seminar we met in the FHA. Almost every major government bureau was represented by employees in one of our classes.

The independent research project was the third and sometimes disconcerting portion of the program. Much to the delight of the Denizens, our three-time-a-week seminar were only half the story, how- ever. The so-called “extracurricular activities” claimed the remain- ever of our time. Most of us were gleeful and thought that we would no longer have the pressure of committee meetings or collegiate activities while in Washington. We were left free to enjoy a very different type of “extra-class activities.”

Since our group was so closely knit, we took in many a free concert, museum, and lecture together. Washington is a magnificent city for culture, highbrow and otherwise. The well-known National Symphony Orchestra gave regular concerts and more than once we were blessed with free tickets for the box of the president of American University. Professional football and many other sporting attractions afforded culture to meet every taste. Of course the million and one facets of our gigantic federal government were the subject of our innumerable curiosity. We witnessed relentless Congressmen probing communism in private foundations and corruption in the Justice Department. We heard Averill Harriman, Paul Hoffman, and Summer Welles testify as to why their organizations were not communist, subversive, un-American, or unorthodox.

Elective night in Washington was an unforgettable treat. We breath-lessly shuttled back and forth between national Democratic and Republican headquarters. The glow surrounding the Stevenson followers could have been shouted out with a scoop. When an innocent bystander requested a chance to meet the free democratic, disillusioned liquor as “cheap whiskey,” he was promptly shouted down as a “new Republican.” Estes Kefauver and Steve Mitchell made several appearances at the Stevenson stronghold in attempts to bolster sagging Democratic morale.

Our “extracurricular affairs” in the government sphere had its lighter side, too. We shall long remember the Missouri Society Ball where we met Senators Symington and Hennings and the incompa- rable Harry Vaughan. Our valiant at- tempt to sneak into the United Na- tions Ball was stymied by watchful doormen. How could one characterize the Washington Semester? It was the sum of all these unforgetable experiences. It was that half-hour in- terview with the Secretary of State. It was the jokingphysics of Sam Rayburn. It was the hours of questioning about corruption at the Treasury Department and the belligerence of governors in the inaugural pa- rade. It was the “Sunday Night Supper Club” dinners at foreign restaur- ants and the late hour bull ses- sions after an evening class; the trip to Gettysburg by our Civil War ad- dicts to view “the temporary set- backs suffered by the Union.” All this and more we shall remem- ber.

If we had been unsure about the semester in September, there was no uncertainty in January. Without exception our group of twenty-five students concluded that our months together had been the most valuable semester of our college years. Our time in Washington had been a most practical and educational experience. The ivory tower atmosphere of small college towns had been forgotten in the re- alities of Washington.

There had been opportunities to gain a first-hand knowledge of gov- ernment, to enjoy a remarkably close fellowship with outstanding prominence from all over the United States, and to capitalize on the cul- tural offerings of a major American city. It was with hearts heavy that we left Washington at the end of January. We had learned much too-gether and could not help saying, “We wish we had more time!” The Com- rades might vary, but each would end with the same admonition: take it to the public. Our luck held out—enough to see it all.

President-Elect Arriving for Inauguration Ceremony.

Part of the Inauguration Day Parade.

meager thirty-three seats available to the public. Our luck held out— the three of us there were num- bers 32, 31, and 33.

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The excitement of a national election could have been surpassed only by one or two other events—the inauguration! We soon found that the Republicans had saved enough energy to stage the most colorful installation of a President in our lifetime. We care-fully trusted ourselves into as many of the notable occasions as possible (and were thrown out of a few). The actual ceremony itself was quite impressive and we felt rather lost among the several hundred thousand other people who sur- rounded us to see the General re-
pet the traditional oath.

To attempt to see even a small fraction of the government opera- tions open to the public would have made us all neurotics. Several stu- dents did have the opportunity to hear the famous segregation in educa-
tion cases tried before the Su-
preme Court. We stood in line for over three hours to get any of the

In a short-story writing class a professor told his students that a short story would always hold a reader’s interest if it began by men- tioning either Deity, royalty, or sex. In the set of stories he received, there was one which started:

“My God,” cried the duchess, “get youth and off my knee!”

* * *

Father (peeping timidly into the Phi Gam house): “Does Bill Win-
nier live here?”

Voice from inside: “Yes, just throw him on the couch.”

A young lady walked cheerfully into a post-office, stopped at a wicket, and asked for a five-cent stamp. The clerk was not in a very good humor, and he snarled:

“Oh darling, I’ve missed you,” she cried, and fired another round.

“Are you a little boy or a little girl? Please, and what the hell else could I be?”

A southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to the Presi-
dent. “Seventeen boys,” he said. “All Democrats, except for the little rascal. He got to reading.”

At three o’clock in the morning, agitatormen returned home from a particularly rambunctious night baccanalia. About five minutes after he opened the door, his wife heard a loud crash in the living room.

“George, what are you doing?” she asked.

“Teaching your darling goldfish not to bark at me!”
Dear Uncle Joerkel,

Alas, alas, it has happened. You Unc, I have fallen in love and want to take my place in the world of turmoil and strife. This may come as a shock to you seeing that my letter of last week announced my engagement to Wanda Play, the lady custodian of the Field House, but I can assure you that it was merely a boyish stab in the dark.

I met her shooting rats at the city dump and, like all girls, she was merely a boyish stab in the dark. I'm heading for the big time. I wish I could count on you.

Yours,
Cousin Gruenold

Clyde Lado

Letters From Six Nephews

Dear Brother Uncle:
Uncle Joerkel:
Yogert Factory
Sturdiville

Once again we meet in joys fraternal; once again my thoughts turn from fraternity love to our most honored and cherished alums — Yogert Joerkel, Gamma Gamma No. 365. Uncle, the brothers have had a great week again in the competitive and fraternal atmosphere of our sacred campus. Yes indeed, Monday saw three of the brothers elected to "Library Monitors" and a chapter meeting — chuck full of mysteries and fellowship. Grande potentate Meyer Lutz was quoted when he remarked about our members as "a group of lads wallowing in the mire of understanding and brotherhood." Yet brother Uncle Joerkel, we are growing stronger with each new day.

By the way, ole honored alum, we were wondering if you might see your way clear to building the sovereign fraternity to which you once belonged and loved, a field house. The boys were having a little, good, clean fun the other day, and burned down the gymnasium you built us last year.

Well, oh faithful friend of the everlasting order of Goofin, I'll be waiting patiently for your check, and until then dear brother, I remain yours

— in hook
Brother Gnut.

Dear Uncle Joerkel

You dirty S. O. B. you. So you think you can buy old Charlie out with that Yogurt factory of yours? Well, your a damn fool then. Little Charlie has got something else up his sleeve. Why do you think I haven't been writing home for money like the rest of those clods of you? I've been playing the horses that's why, and my system is far from south. No work for me, no sir. I got a friend here, name of Liedercranz Broughton, who can deal a fish or a straight any night of the week. I'm heading for the big time. I think maybe I'd like working at the Yogurt factory.

Sincerely,
Brother Grut.

Dear Uncle Joerkel,

Upon investigating my family background, I wish to ask you this question: "Did I come from a womb or an egg?"

Please forgive me for asking, but what in hell is Yogert?

Yours,
A Citizen
DENISON TRACK

A Relay Teams' Timing Is Exceptionally Important.

In recent years track has been the most successful major sport at Denison University. However, how many people realize that this sport is the youngest organized major sport at the college on the hill. The year 1912 saw the opening of the first "Big Red" track season. Walter "Livy" Livingston was the first coach. "Livy" had only recently graduated from Denison, and this was a pretty big job for such a young man, even in those days. During the 1912 season the Denison thin clad won three of their four meets. In the Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association meet the "Big Red" took fourth place, a glorious end for their first season. However, we are getting ahead of our story. As far back as 1882 the men of Doane Academy were holding annual field meets. However, these meets were not of the intercollegiate variety. Around the turn of the century "Big Red" cindermen were running against other Ohio schools. Their coach was anyone who could give them any pointers. A team manager contracted all of their meets. From 1900 until 1912 the local track squad met all contenders. However, no official records are available to show any results. This brings us up to where we were before. After the 1912 season, things began to pick up. The 1913 season was one of the greatest in Denison history. That year the record showed five wins against no losses. It was during the '13 season that the "Livy" coached team took a third in the Penn Relays. This season saw them average seventy-two points per meet. It was not until the 1921 season that Denison made their second national showing. That year the "Big Red" had a second 5-0 record in 1925. Among their opponents were Ohio University, who they defeated 103-28, and Cincinnati, who fell by a 78-52. On the overall season, the Granville team scored 417 points to their opposition's 208 points. This was certainly a banner season for Coach Livington and his men.

The "Big Red" thin clad of the 1930 season hold the highest number of points ever scored by a Denison track team. That year they defeated Wittenberg by a 107-23 count. Denison captured their first Ohio Conference track championship in 1932. The 1940 season saw the second and last Ohio Conference championship come to Denison. Ohio Wesleyan has proved to be the toughest nut for Denison trackmen to crack. Since 1920 the "Big Red" has defeated the Bishops only three times. Those victories came in 1922, 1924, and 1934. However, in several triangular meets the Big Red has come out on top of the Delaware runners.

In 1951 the Denison track team received the much-needed indoor track that they had so long awaited. The Ohio Conference indoor track championship meets are now held annually at Denison. In the three to date, the "Big Red" have won two firsts and one second.

Denison is now in its forty-first track season. In those forty-one years there have been only two track coaches. Walter Livingston held that position from 1912 until 1951. In 1936 Livy was honored by the Olympic coaching staff when he was appointed an assistant track coach for the games that year. In 1951 Dan DeJong,owy, Outstanding Freshmen Prospects.

Cochran and Ames—Denison's "1-2 Punch."

Distance Men, Ernst, Glenn, and Macomber.

INTRODUCING: LYDA AND CAROLE NEUMAN

First your mind is in a muddle
Then you think you're seeing double!
You squint your eyes and shake your head
But does the vision vanish? No, instead
You look again and sure enough
This vision you see is the real stuff.

Yes, it's Carole and Lyda, the Neuman twins;
The gals who put hearts into tailspins.

Here's a little story in picture form,
"Carole and Lyda Taking the Campus by Storm."
Among twins sometimes, there is even competition. Here we see them in a tennis exhibition.

When the game is over and the scores are tied, Out to Spring Valley, to sunbathe side by side. Sunbathing on a platform, what could be more fun? Bake 30 minutes on both sides and then you're done.

Here we find them sitting and enjoying the view. Say — the feeling is mutual, we rather like it, too.

Presenting Carole and Lyda, as they look on Saturday night Sitting in Stone Hall's lounge, isn't it a lovely sight?

Verse by Mary Watkins Pic by Fulins

Back to back by the birch, an ideal place to rest, It's absolutely necessary for one to play his best.

If you are all bogged down with exams and things to do, Just relax, enjoy the sun, that's the twins advice to you.
The landscape looked unusually bleak today. The fourth floor of Sunnyside was not the most pleasant place to spend a day. A broken-down establishment, the east window of ward 28 fronted and defiled a yard, was some bleak today. The defileable odor, was something more than repugnant.

Jonathan Banish, diagnosed as a deluded, hallucinatory patient who insisted on trying to persuade him to break out of Sunnyside on a mission of Divine direction. His face reddened in pace with his dilating pupils. "Oh God, if you're really talking to him, tell him to leave me alone."

"Get out of here, damn you! Can't you leave me alone for a single moment? No, I don't hear your blasted voices—you're nothing but a blathering idiot! Now get away from me, will you!"

Shocked and hurt at this blasphemy, Nazaret fled. The deep, mellow gonging of the big clock in the hallway resounded through the semi-gloom of the early morning sleeping chamber. Jonathan climbed wearily up the stairs to the fourth floor. He looked down at her soft face and felt a great contentment. He had never known such happiness as this, as this marriage was wonderful, even after only six months of it. He felt no small portion of glee when he remembered Henry Williams' warning. He had seen cases like yours before. It had been the ultimate contentment by comparison.

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Modern Dance in Action

Lyn Martin

A look at Denison's Modern Dance department reveals scores of young ladies in leotardes performing dance techniques ranging from primitive, gym-like fundamentals to powerful and vital dance sequences. This department has dancers of all skill levels—from pitiful, unsure ingenues through pitiful, unsure ingenues to proud, disdainful near-professionals—yet Miss Julia Denham bur-Accidentally I walked into the Dance Composition class, a three-hour course open to anyone desiring to do original dance work. Although Miss Denham carefully explained that the class was geared to the individual's purpose and skill, when I saw the purpose and skill of Liz Williams and Nancy Pobst, I knew the gears couldn't slow down enough for me!

I then enquired about the May Pole Dance. It's such a pretty dance—lots of girls, flowers, bright colors—but this, alas, is only for Senior Orchesis members.

Finally it came to me that I must be the gym-class variety of Modern Dancer. Even this, with its wrack-like stretches and killing bends and hours of 60,000 minutes each, is fun. Here's why.

Denison's Modern Dance department offers a dance form that is realistic yet beautiful, a course in poise with college credit, and Miss Julia Denham who is really a dancer, Julia Denham, who is really a dancer herself, expressive, educative, and entertaining.

Miss Denham, who came to Denison from Miami University, is the big boss of this one-man department and works hard to promote Modern Dance among her students.

To start things off, Miss Denham briefly told me about the history of Modern Dance, explaining how it has matured from a savage, ugly revolt against "goopy, sentimental, butterfly-ballet" into the surging realistic dance form it is today. Miss Denham also defined how modern dancers create dance patterns. The modern dancer tries to translate the mental response present during some experience into a dance pattern that causes a similar or sympathetic emotional response on the part of the audience. This idea sometimes scares away would-be Modern Dance enthusiasts and to them Miss D. says this:

"Some spectators have the mistaken impression that they must experience a profound, esoteric, and immediate reaction to Modern Dance. Tain't so! They may similarly watch it for pure entertainment, for pure color pleasure, or interesting rhythmic sensations."

"I wish people would just watch Modern Dance and relax" she ended.

By now this talk about the history and meaning of Modern Dance was really making me curious so I started out to watch Denison's Modern Dancers in action! The first group I saw was Senior Orchesis, and are they good! And no wonder, before becoming a member of Senior Orchesis the dancer has to master the basics, perform an original dance before the old members, and then receive an invitation to join.

The members of Senior Orchesis love dancing so much that they rarely miss a week's rehearsal, but their intensive work really starts after semesters when preparation for the annual spring program begins. Miss Denham and a dance instructor from Miami work up most of these program dances during the summer, but a few of them are composed and staged by the students themselves.

This year's program, given April 25 and 26, was highlighted by an original dance drama created and choreographed by Maryan Francis. "Segments," as this dance was called, was especially unique because the characters spoke, sometimes using a type of poetry or sometimes only words to index the movement. In addition to this long work, the program included the rather pessimistic or melancholy "Night Forest," a dance expressing men's clash with physical forces, "Mobile" a romantic fantasy, and "Somewhat Square" a few short dances of a lighter mood.

After watching Senior Orchesis I just couldn't help wishing I were a Modern Dancer, too, so I peeped in on Junior Orchesis, the beginning Modern Dancers. But Miss Denham had been teaching these eager beavers all winter and most were nearly ready for promotion!

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TO NJORTH
Joe LeFever

That half-known bearded Norse whose fingers touched the earth's first precious tap. The strength of winds was in his breath, the weight of seas his own; so great his power that blond giants, knee-bent, prayed That stronger hands might guide their ships Past woe monsters in blue waters, but blond goes white when kissed by cold. And hopes are numb and stillied—And Njorth, in deference to a lost race Pulled down a watery quilt and died; Yet from his bloated sea-scarred corpse Some dim Neptune was born.
ED BAKER—leaves Enchanted Cottage 68 for greener pastures in Cottage 69.

RAY STEMLAN—leaves, having had more than seven years of the seven-year itch to go.

DICK HAID—leaves his "wad" to Lee Woodward. 

NORM VANCE—leaves, giving the managing of WCLT to Buttsball (Remy) Remmell.

CT WEALE—departs, much to the lament of all red-blooded, All-American, All-School, All-Denison, and just plain left Denison's.

MARTY WISELEY—leaves her ever present butterflies to all Denison rods who find their campus life uninteresting.

MONA BRICH—leaves the Denison men with memories of her "Big Water." 

CONNIE CLARK—leaves the freshman men to the freshmen women.

M. L. CROSLIN—leaves Denison to further promote international relations.

LOUISE CHRENFIELD—leaves a Beta pin for a wedding ring.

BILL JOHNSTON—leaves her "se- cret of catalytic agents" in chemistry to Ms. T. D. in the chemistry department.

BETTY WITERS MONROE—left in a shower of rice with her Mayflower (or male) in hand.

WINNIE WOODS—leaves her ability for long-winded philosophic- al discussions to Cliff Lantz.

NANCY KORNSMAN—leaves her opera house hostess to an equally diminutive under-classman in the theater department.

JEAN HEBEL—leaves her double D. U. to concentrate on one.

FRED WOODWARD—leaves his ability to dote on the Ambar to Charles Adams and E. June.

JACKIE SOVULELIE—leaves to Fred Curry her provoking for provoking discussion in Soc. class.

NANCY MARSTAD—leaves her station at the rear window of Shaw Half to any Shortwee who thinks he has a little blue car will suddenly appear whenever she stands there.

BETTY REEV—leaves to the Denison track an undiscovered secret: through a series of midnight practices in the solitude of the field house, she has managed to break John's high hurdles record.

JULIE CARLSTAD—leaves the problem of the "Shaw Hall War Women's Society to Larry Wright; but she's taking her eyeliner and her grease point just in case Bogie asks her to star in a camp show.

NANCY JANE CHENOWETH—leaves her overload schedule to any other senior woman who thinks she can lift it along with her car.

RAY DODGE—leaves to each of the newly Kappas a new type of wrist watch: the hands reach out and punch the wearer whenever it's time for a meeting at the Kappa House.

JACQURE DUBO—leaves one of Bo-peep's sheep (only on this case it's a pony) wagging behind her.

BEV FALL—leaves her collection of a dozen odd beer mugs to anyone who knows Theta Eta Chi's secret. 

DOROTHY FEHLEN—leaves her combination French and Lon Ghislard accent to the geography department; that should make the Frenchman say "Bonne chance." 

BETTY JACQUITH—leaves her medieval French to Mrs. Mac. 

BOBBY KEENAN—leaves his sex appeal to Jack Lovelace.

HANK ORRAKE—taking Rich, leaves Bob Bierson's Tues- day night scene to Berean and the sun still rising.

RAY DODGE—leaves the Beta House still standing and the sun still rising. 

NANCY L. MALTBY—leaves her offtone used seck to Carl Slater who has much more use for her.

HERB BROWN—leaves—still loudly proclaiming the fame of Ohio University, the Monarch Indians, and the Democratic party.

BOB TROLL—shuffles off—leaving the cloack of mystery which surrounds him to John Obbond.

TOM EKELMAN—leaves the giggles to John and one Beta Ohio State to anyone who's willing to make the trip every week.

To Enchanted Cottage, RALPH HINCHARDNER—leaves all the rotterisms, anachronisms and other wild life he's taken from in four years.

HARRY HARRINGTON—leaves his Tenor to Shari Hendricks, Bill JOHN- SON—leaves his fourteen hund- red ODK points.

DAVE KOHL—leaves his pen- cials to any Theta Eta Chi's. 

MIKE ROSEN—leaves with Bob.

DICK POST—wills his serious attitude to Duck Shackelford.

JIM TATE—wills his hip pods to Betty Wade.

TOM KERR—wills his option on the sun deck (fire escape) to any willing.

KATE JANE CHENOWETH—leaves her atomic piles to the Science department.

ANN LOUISE HAUSMANN—leaves her accumulation of old flames to the Oiling Club. 

BAMBI NELSON—leaves her "secre- et of catalytic agents" in chemistry to Ms. T. D. in the chemistry department.

JAN FORSAITH—leaves her track shoes to Del Delong. 

ANN KEEN—wills her way with figures to Dick Wakeman.

BARB TRIMBLE—leaves her hungover company to Mary Ann.

NANCY FRIEL—leaves her accumulation of old flames to the Oiling Club. 

ED BAKER—leaves his "wad" to Lee Woodward. 

NORM VANCE—leaves, giving the managing of WCLT to Buttsball (Remy) Remmell.

CT WEALE—departs, much to the lament of all red-blooded, All-American, All-School, All-Denison, and just plain left Denison's.

MARTY WISELEY—leaves her ever present butterflies to all Denison rods who find their campus life uninteresting.

MONA BRICH—leaves the Denison men with memories of her "Big Water." 

CONNIE CLARK—leaves the freshman men to the freshmen women.

M. L. CROSLIN—leaves Denison to further promote international relations.

LOUISE CHRENFIELD—leaves a Beta pin for a wedding ring.

BILL JOHNSTON—leaves her "se- cret of catalytic agents" in chemistry to Ms. T. D. in the chemistry department.

BETTY WITERS MONROE—left in a shower of rice with her Mayflower (or male) in hand.

WINNIE WOODS—leaves her ability for long-winded philosophic- al discussions to Cliff Lantz.

NANCY KORNSMAN—leaves her opera house hostess to an equally diminutive under-classman in the theater department.

JEAN HEBEL—leaves her double D. U. to concentrate on one.

FRED WOODWARD—leaves his ability to dote on the Ambar to Charles Adams and E. June.

JACKIE SOVULELIE—leaves to Fred Curry her provoking for provoking discussion in Soc. class.

NANCY MARSTAD—leaves her station at the rear window of Shaw Half to any Shortwee who thinks he has a little blue car will suddenly appear whenever she stands there.

BETTY REEV—leaves to the Denison track an undiscovered secret: through a series of midnight practices in the solitude of the field house, she has managed to break John's high hurdles record.

JULIE CARLSTAD—leaves the problem of the "Shaw Hall War Women's Society to Larry Wright; but she's taking her eyeliner and her grease point just in case Bogie asks her to star in a camp show.

NANCY JANE CHENOWETH—leaves her overload schedule to any other senior woman who thinks she can lift it along with her car.

RAY DODGE—leaves to each of the newly Kappas a new type of wrist watch: the hands reach out and punch the wearer whenever it's time for a meeting at the Kappa House.

JACQURE DUBO—leaves one of Bo-peep's sheep (only on this case it's a pony) wagging behind her.

BEV FALL—leaves her collection of a dozen odd beer mugs to anyone who knows Theta Eta Chi's secret. 

DOROTHY FEHLEN—leaves her combination French and Lon Ghislard accent to the geography department; that should make the Frenchman say "Bonne chance." 

BETTY JACQUITH—leaves her medieval French to Mrs. Mac. 

BOBBY KEENAN—leaves his sex appeal to Jack Lovelace.

HANK ORRAKE—taking Rich, leaves Bob Bierson's Tues- day night scene to Berean and the sun still rising.

RAY DODGE—leaves the Beta House still standing and the sun still rising. 

NANCY L. MALTBY—leaves her offtone used seck to Carl Slater who has much more use for her.

HERB BROWN—leaves—still loudly proclaiming the fame of Ohio University, the Monarch Indians, and the Democratic party.

BOB TROLL—shuffles off—leaving the cloack of mystery which surrounds him to John Obbond.

TOM EKELMAN—leaves the giggles to John and one Beta Ohio State to anyone who's willing to make the trip every week.

To Enchanted Cottage, RALPH HINCHARDNER—leaves all the rotterisms, anachronisms and other wild life he's taken from in four years.

HARRY HARRINGTON—leaves his Tenor to Shari Hendricks, Bill JOHN- SON—leaves his fourteen hund- red ODK points.

DAVE KOHL—leaves his pen- cials to any Theta Eta Chi's. 

MIKE ROSEN—leaves with Bob.

DICK POST—wills his serious attitude to Duck Shackelford.

JIM TATE—wills his hip pods to Betty Wade.

TOM KERR—wills his option on the sun deck (fire escape) to any willing.

KATE JANE CHENOWETH—leaves her atomic piles to the Science department.

ANN LOUISE HAUSMANN—leaves her accumulation of old flames to the Oiling Club. 

BAMBI NELSON—leaves her "secre- et of catalytic agents" in chemistry to Ms. T. D. in the chemistry department.

JAN FORSAITH—leaves her track shoes to Del Delong. 

ANN KEEN—wills her way with figures to Dick Wakeman.
CHARMY BURR — leaves her brother with a car all his own.
DAVE HORNHE — leaves Fire- side Fellowship to Tom Steffen.
WALLY DUNBAR — leaves without disjoint of a book worth $5,000.
Peg Eagan — leaves the Theta pledge class to its owns devices and personalities.
BART HAYES — leaves Denison, but not Granville.
MARIANNE KUHN — bequests her dehydrated sense of humor to Edna Bogardus.
SUEI MacDOWELL — wills her fondness for the Navy to Jack Wright.
BILLY PUMPHEY and FRAN STARBUCK — leave for San Francisco with a bucket of red paint.
JOHNNY STEVEL — wills the hours of the morning to the Wing-des Angels.
PEG WILLIAMSON — leaves her time and talent necessary.
RUTH HENDRICKS and PENNY TAYLOR — wills their poster to Gillispie with the cheers B.S.C.A. (Bachelor of Science In The Culinary Arts).
P. E. G. RITTENHOUSE — leaves Denison to her future Demsonians.
JOHN AMES — leaves his swift running to Bennie Brown.
DAN FULLMER — leaves his cradle to Messrs. Seager.
NED THOMSON — leaves his constructive anatomy classes.
JACK McQUIGG — after being one of the few males to spend his time among the horses of women in the Denison office — leaves to write a tale of spicier pocket books.
NED THOMSON — leaves his well worn seat outside Mary Jane's committee meetings to Bill Goodwin.
DAVE PURCELL — leaves his map of the library to the LITTLE MAN OF THE STACKS, and his seat in the bookshelf to live gold-fish and Bill Bowen (Bowen is third from left).
JOHN AMES — leaves his swift hurling ability to Stormy Weathers, his modest manner to the Clipper, and his all-round-boyishness to Jack Armstrong.
WHITEY BROUGHTON and SPIKE KENNEY — leave their many years seniority to Bob Seeger.
MARY ALICE BERGER — wills her watchful waiting policy to all alumni widows.
JOHN JOHNSON — leaves his inheritance to Fitch Himmel right.
TODD COCHRAN — vocates his honeyman cottage for the next Phi Gam who takes the big step.
D. W. FEINBERG — wills his Phi Beta key to Fitch Himmel right.
JOHN GRANT — leaves his frater pin assurance it will assure in perpetual motion.
JOHN CROSBY — leaves his Bible to the Phi Gam who may use it as he may ever place a short piano player.
AL SHERMAN — leaves his debate tradition to Denison’s public speaking.
JACK UBERSAX — leaves his cradle to the found of the Denison Triad.
DENISON TRACK (Cont’d)

The present track coach, Jack Carl, took over Livy's post, and since has done a fine job. His 1953 team is loaded with underclassmen with loads of talent. Dane Macomber, Mel Pattison, and Jim Donley, only to mention two of them, have won two. Macomber takes a blaze of glory, carrying many records with them. No one will ever forget the fine performances of Captain John Ames, who already holds both Denison hurdle records. The best effort so far this season has been their 9-6-1 defeat of Mount Union College. In that meet Don Delong, the leading weights man on the Denison squad, won three first places, while Ames and Macomber both won two. Macomber took second for a short time, and then came in again for a first place. Melon, who has window shades that have window shades that have window shades that have window shades among the horse, was not given a chance to compete.

The future of track at Denison looks great. With the wealth of talent that has been coming in during the last few years it is certain that we can look forward to many victory-packed seasons in the near future.
Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain

LAUGH ’EM UP CORNER . . . . . . . . . .

ISN'T HE CUTE, JOE?

CLerk: “Yes, sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Makes you peppy.”
Customer: “Well, can you give me any specific reference, maybe someone who has taken it with good results?”
Clerk: “A man down the block took it for three years. He died last week.”

Clerk: “Oh, I see.”
Customer: “Oh, but they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it.”

The convertible skidded around a corner, snapped off a telephone pole, ricocheted along three cars, upset eight pedestrian, ran into a stone wall, and then stopped. A glamorous co-ed stepped rapturously from the wreckage.

“Boy,” she said, “that’s what I call a kiss.”

Nothing, no nothing, robs a man of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade.

“Has gooseberries got legs?”
“No.

“Then I just ate a field mouse.”

HAWK (Cont’d)

side he was an English major and a member of Theta Eta Chi; his baritone voice added quite a bit to the chorale efforts of the latter group. His other activities included freshman track, wearing glasses and being pinned. So what are you suppose to say when a guy like this graduates from the Beta Militia into the United State Militia; probably just use a “Hawktism” and say “Gosh, Pete, thanks.”

“Man, I don’t dig your music but you sure got a crazy son.”

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Looka that! Right down the middle... 150 yards, easy!

I think we've got a new champ!

It's still rolling!

Only time will tell about a new golfer! And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

Test Camels for 30 days for Mildness and Flavor!

There must be a reason why Camel is America's most popular cigarette—leading all other brands by billions! There's a simple answer: Camels give you just what you want in a cigarette—rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness, pack after pack! Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable they are as your steady smoke!

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!