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.
LONGFELLOW

on Life Savers:

“Feel the fresh breathing…”
from "Tomorrow," line 8

Still only 5¢

“Washington Confidential”

City of sin, corruption, and communism—it was all this and more. We had heard the usual "confidential-type" stories about the nation's capital. But it took a semester in Washington, D.C., itself to satisfy the curiosity of four wandering sons of Denison about actual conditions. Although Granville and the District of Columbia have certain similarities, we concluded that the differences were far more significant. In fact, the attractions of the big city were enough to keep one of our number, Jim Dodson, for an extra semester. While Jim is enjoying the patronage fruits of his Republican loyalty by running an elevator in the Capitol Building, Jack Easterday, Avery Hask and myself have returned to Denison to convince our friends that the capital city isn't quite as bad as some claim.

Early September found twenty-five curious but unsure college students intertemporarily disembarking from train, plane, and car in Washington. We represented such distant states as Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Minnesota, but we shared a common ignorance as to what the coming semester would mean. We knew generally that we would live together at the uptown campus of American University and would undertake an intensive study of US government under the supervision of a full-time director from the university. Our experiences soon proved what a remarkable semester those months would be.

The fellowship of our group was remarkably close from the very beginning of the semester. Students majoring in English and art, philosophy and history, economics and mathematics still found much in common. Southern rebels refought every battle of the "War Between the States" with their Yankee neighbors. Westerners argued the evils of big city with their metropolitan friends from the east. The experience of fellowship within such a diversified student group was well worth the semester alone!

LONGFELLOW

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.

There are many members of the staff who deserve recognition here, but we'll just mention the seniors who pass on into the cold world because the others will be back next year. Pete Hawk, grand old father of Campus; Cy Weege and Bob Hilberts, of business staff fame. They served well, let them pass on to happier lands.

Another group that deserves our thanks are the men at the Newark Advocate. People who aren't in publications work seldom realize how much Denison owes them.

All we can say here is that they do much more than just print. It was a pleasure to work with them.

It was enjoyable to work on Campus because it is a magazine. Superlatives have fewer limits on content than any other publication. Magazines have fewer limits on content for a long editorial was an advocate. People who aren't in

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Washington had much more to offer, however. The formal Washington Semester was built around a threepart schedule composed of academic classes, a government seminar, and an individual research project. Much to the delight of the Denisonians, there were no eight o'clock classes. In fact, we were enrolled in the night school of Americans who worked in government and/or lobbyist class.”

Classmates were primarily older persons who worked in government during the day and added a serious, professional flavor to class sessions. It was not uncommon in the classroom to be flanked on either side by people who spent their working hours at the F.B.I., Treasury Department and the bevy of governors in the inaugural parade. The “Sunday Night Supper Club” dinners at foreign restaurants and the late hour bull sessions after an extra-thick class, the trip to Gettysburg by our Civil War addicts to view “the temporary setback suffered by the Confederate CSA.”

All this and more we shall remember.

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 living, breathing, practical educational experience. The ivory tower atmosphere of small college towns had been forgotten in the realities of Washington.

There had been opportunities to gain a first-hand knowledge of government, to enjoy a remarkably informal atmosphere of small college towns had been forgotten in the realities of Washington.

In the set of stories he received, a man who was completely in the proper place, purchased the information window! We were all in a state of disbelief, our good humor, and he snarled: "You're only entitled to your own opinion, and you can't buy it here."

The Lady meekly proceeded to the proper place, purchased the information window! She turned away, and the clerk called out: "It's a government building, you know!"

"Sure," the clerk barked. "That's funny," she murmured sweetly, "it's addressed by Chicago!"

"Oh darling, I've missed you," said the young man, "and I'm going to love you forever!"

"Yes," said the young lady, "and I'm going to love you forever!"

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Sure, and what the hell else could I be?"

A southern farmer was introducing his family of boys to the President. "Seventeen boys," he said. "All Democrats. They're in the little rascal. He got reading."
Dear Uncle Joerkel:

I came down here to New York a couple of months ago, and we really had a ball, a real wild time. She was a great sport, and strong. I know you'll like her Unc.

You know how these things happen Unc. Just another phase of college life I guess. She was a real wild time. She was a great sport, and strong. I know you'll like her Unc.

In ending, I would like to say, that unless you call off those creatures you call my brothers (I regretulate at the thought of them) I shall be forced to drown myself in a vat of Schenley's '03. What a glorious thought. Now if you will excuse me once again I shall fill my glass, and try and forget that life is worth living in a Yogert factory.

Dryly yours,  
Sturdilyville  
August 1996

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

Dear Brother Uncle:  

Once again I met in joys fraternal; once again my thoughts turn from fraternity love to our most honored and cherished alma — Yogert Joerkel. Gamma Gamma No. 365.

Dear Brother Uncle:  

Once 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—chucked full of mysterious songs and fellowship. Grande potentate Meyer Lutz was quoted when he remarked about our members as "a group of jack wallowing in the mire of understanding and brotherhood."

Once again my thoughts turn from fra- 

Dear Brother Uncle:  

You see Unc, I met this gal a couple months ago, and we really had a ball, a real wild time. She was a great sport, and strong. I know you'll like her Unc.

Sturdilyville  
August 1996

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

With great pride and satisfaction I offer you the following news:

My high school classmate, Dorothy, has been accepted into the prestigious Yogert Factory program. She will be graduating with honors and will undoubtedly make a significant contribution to the world of Yogert production.

Sincerely,

Luke Lado

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

Cousin Guenold

Yours,

A Citizen

Page 8

Letters From Six Nephews Clyde Lado

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

You dirty S.O.B. you. So you think you can buy ole Charlie out with that Yogert factory of yours eh? Well, your a damn fool if you think so. 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 yours. 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.

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

If I need money I'll write. Don't go playing with any wooden squaws now, do you hear? My Uncle Joerkel, that's her name, likes to have nice handy. Good ole Unc. I knew I could count on you.

Your,

Cousin Guenold

Page 9

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

Alas, alack, it has happened. You Unc, I have fallen in love and want to take my place in this world of turmoil and strife. This may come as rather a shock to you seeing that my letter of last week announced my engagement to Wanda Lockdone. But there was nothing else to do. You know Unc, there comes a time in every boys life when he gets in a little trouble—not much mind you but a little. Remember the time you told me about picking up that babe in New York and getting caught in a speak-easy during the prohibition. Well, my problem is a little bit like that—not much mind you—but a little bit.

Let us face the facts dear Uncle. If you had not threatened to cut me off penni-

Dear Uncle Joerkel:

Dear Uncle:

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

Dear Uncle:

Letters From Six Nephews Clyde Lado

Dear Uncle:

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Dear Uncle Joerkel:
41 YEARS OF
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 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” came 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 the Denison track team had their 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 clads 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.

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?

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.

Verse by Mary Watkins
Pix by Fullers
Sunnyside was not the most broken-down establishment. The east window of ward 28 fronted a mission of Divine direction. His face reddened in pace with his dictating papyrus.

"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 blashphemy, Nazarett trudged off making apologies to God for Banish's conduct. Knowing that he would be back before long, Jonathan engaged himself in happy reverie of the good life he had known only one week before. It had been the ultimate contentment by comparison.

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 from his warm bed-clothes made fragrant by Margaret's scented b o d y. He looked down at her soft face and felt a great contentment. He had yielded how much more he could have done. He was a brisk December evening, and here he was with his first raise after only a year and a half.

"SMAW" reported for what? What on earth are you talking about? I've seen cases like yours before. They're very deceptive, you have been brought to our attention as a serious case and commitment papers have been drawn up for you. Don't worry, none of your friends or relatives will have any idea where you have gone. They will be told that you have taken a vacation in St. Louis for the winter.

"This is the most preposterous thing I have ever heard of! No, I won't go with you; there's nothing the matter with me!"

Two huge hands seized Jonathan Banish's shoulders and wrestled them violently into a strange garment, completing the movement of his hands and arms. Kicking frantically, he was hoisted from his feet, as the familiar parlor rug flashed before his eyes. Lathar hauled him, like some flimsy cot. Lying there, he wondered how much more he could stand before he too lost his grip. The insurmountable mystery of his being there confronted him again, like a grimming spectre, as it had every day for one full year. Why?

"What did I do?" His only chance for an answer lay in the hands of his one loyal friend in Sunnyside who was to deliver his letter to Henry Williams. If only the attendant could get the message through, Henry would find out and what was responsible for this. But it had been a week now; why hadn't Henry found out? He was roused out of his ponderings by his attendant-friend's banging on the small, barred window.

"Did you hear from Henry? What did he have to say? Did he give you any message?" His voice was frantic, almost hysterical.

"Oh, dear God, please!

"I'm sorry Mr. Banish, but I couldn't contact Mr. Williams. The Postmaster told me that he and his wife have moved to Boston with out leaving a forwarding address."

The words druined into his consciousness as a stab of lightning. Gloomy black opened up its arms and swallowed Jonathan Banish up. The reeking stink of the cell permeated his body as his mouth spoke forth incomprehension.

"Past—Johnny! He has changed His Mind; we're to go today. He says that we are to leave the day after tomorrow—He says for us to start right down in Salem!"

Banish whirled from the wicker chair with fists cocked.

"Listen you bastard, leave me alone! I can't carry any more of this! Get away from me or so help me I'll kill you!"

Sweat backward understand the impact of Jonathan Banish's powerful fist, and came to a supine halt against the east wall of ward 28. A burly attendant rushed to halt against the east wall of ward 28. He looked down at the wooden cot and a fly-covered flimsy cot. Lying there, he wondered how much more he could stand before he too lost his grip. The insurmountable mystery of his being there confronted him again, like a grimming spectre, as it had every day for one full year. Why?

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You can always tell a girl sardine by her mouth sardine by seeing which can they come out of.
Modern Dance in Action

Lyn Martin

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 "gooey, 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 simply 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 must 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 during 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 longer 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 "Somewhere Square" a few short dances of a lighter mood.

After watching Senior Orchesis I just couldn't help wishing I were a Modern Dancer, to peep 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!

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 dance master in herself, expressive, educative, and entertaining.
ED BAKER — leaves Enchanted Cottage 68 for greener pastures in Cottage 69.

RAY STEELMAN — leaves, having passed more than seven years of the seven year itch to go.

DICK HAID — leaves his "wadi" for a more appropriate home in the TV department.

JEAN HEFLIN — leaves her D. U. to concentrate on one.

BOB GOODWATER — leaves to go to the University of Chicago.

CHRISTIAN BARTHEL — leaves her at the rear of window of Shaw Hall to any other Showtime who thinks they have a little blue car will suddenly appear whenever she is there.

BETTY REEVES — leaves the Denison track team at an undiscovered secret: through a series of midnight practices in the solitude of the field house, she has managed to break John's hard-up record.

JULIE CARLTON — leaves the problem of the "Shaw Hall War Brides' Society" to Jo Wright but she's taking her lecture and her grease paint just in case Bougie asks her to star in a camp show.

MARY JANE CHENOWETH — leaves her overloaded schedule to any other senior woman who thinks she can lift it alone.

RAY DODGE — leaves each and every Kaplan a new type of wrist watch: the hands reach out and pinch the wearer whenever it's time for a meeting at the Kaplan House.

JACQUIE DUTO — leaves one little sheep (only case this is a pony) — wagging her tail behind her.

BEV FALL — leaves her collection of a dozen odd beer mugs to many chaos. These Bo-Chi's who will promise to keep them in good condition through constant wear.

BETTY JAQUITH — leaves her combination French and Lon Gingrich accent to the geography and out of a car.

HILMA "(TONE-DEAF)" MULLEY — leaves a pitch pipe and Denison.

NANCY KORNMAN — leaves her opera house hostess to an equality dimmed underclassman in the theatre department.

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RAY DODGE — leaves each and every Kaplan a new type of wrist watch: the hands reach out and pinch the wearer whenever it's time for a meeting at the Kaplan House.
CHARMY BURREN—leaves her brother with a car all his own.

JANE GEBER—leaves her naivety to Jane Geyer.

JUVIE SLAYTON—leaves her sobri, serious and dignified personality to Joycie Slayton.

MARIANNE KUHN—bequeaths her dehydrated sense of humor to Edna Bogardus.

SALLI MACSWARDS—wills her fondness for the Navy to Jim Wright.

LUCY PUMPHREY—leave for San Francisco with a bucket of red paint.

AIMEE STEVENS—wills the hours of the morning to the Wing-losa Angel.

PEG WILLIAMSON—leaves re-luctantly, planning to have a fiftieth.

NAOMI WOOD—never leaves Harry.

ANN POWELL—leaves her party using fuchsia sarong to the Denison natives in exchange for Kansas Wheat-germ to the Ohio State Agricultural School.

DAVE HORNER—leaves his sharpness to Susie Curtis and his Phi Beta key to Fitch Himmel.

TED COCHRAN—vocates his honeycomb cottage for the next Phi Gam who takes the big step.

DAVE LAWRENCE—leaves his numismatist to Dean Bayley and his M.B. brown envoys to the D.C. Phi Bete to Bruce Lundquist.

JOHN AMES—leaves his quiet technique with blondes to Bill Heiser and leaves Kenny Thompson without a ride.

ANNE GIBBS—leaves her fantastic hairdos to Bob Camp-

iern.

ANNIE MACKAY leaves her Lambda Sigma Sigma to the Lambda Sigma Sigma girls.

DICK LORD, NU—leaves his debate player.

AL SHEAHEN—leaves his tennis rackets to the Newcomer and leaves his love for Denison to Mary Lou Gregory.

GUS SEAGER—leaves his touc-

hing ability to Susie Slayton, his big mouth to Dean Seager, and his love for Denison to Mary Lou Gregory.

DICK GOLD—leaves his 400 meters to Dick Lugar with fondness.

JACK McQUIGG—leaves his newest lamb to the Lambda Sigma Sigma firm.

WALLY DUNBAR—leaves without abscording with the Senior treasury because he is going on a new financial pasture in view in the immediate future.

DOROTHY GEEDE leaves his Kansas Wheat-germ to the Ohio State Agricultural School.

JACK FRATHER—leaves his basketball ability to Steve Sizer and his love for Denison to John Macklin.

JOE TALMADGE—leaves his harmonious relations with Dean Bayley along with his probation to Benny Brown.

BO BROW—leaves his chrome dome to the ROTC boys to sport at parades on sunny days.

DON GILLIS—leaves his sharpness to Sue Currie and his Phi Beta key to Fitch Himmel.

JOHN AMES—leaves his swift hurdlng ability to Stormy Winds,

his modest manner to the Clipper, and his all-round boyness to Jack Armstrong.

WHITNEY BROUGHTON and SPIRE KENNEDY—leaves their many years seniority to Bob Seeger.

MARY ALICE BERGER—leaves her watchful waiting policy to all alumni widows.

JOHN REINHOLD—in 1955.

ROBERT PORTER—his shadow in the Union to haunt all those that desire it.

BEATRICE CLAYTON—leaves her parole in 1956.

JIM MOORE—leaves his re- fining personality and his "shuttering" abilities are left to all that desire them.

JACK UBERSAX—leaves his snatching abilities are left to next year's seniors.

NANCY BOETTER—leaves her fantastic hititude to Bob Camp-

hill.

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.

ROSAEL ROCCEs—wills her mighty mouse personality to Mary Lou Gregory.

RUTHIE GRABEMAN—leaves her organization to the disorganized students on this organized campus.

JO MORTON and JANE DAVIS—will their differences to the comparative anatomy classes.

TICIA MURRAY—leaves her own Minor Try to the personal managers.

PHYL SCHULTE—leaves her p.r.s. for nights and nights of sightseeing.

NANCY CLOSSON—leaves the bourgeois for the Moulin Rouge.

JO HATCH—leaves her aches and pains to find to take the cure with Wilhelm in "de old country."

THE MFT CLUB—wills Joe Tol-

mance and Mary Barron.

BETTY MESSER—leaves knowing that her daddy personality will not be forgotten.

DONALD ALT—leaves the en-

chanted cottages for more potent meals.

NANCY BRIELE—wills her theme song, "First you Say You Do and Then You Don't!" to Nancy Brow.

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 was loaded with underclassmen with loads of talent. Dave Macomber, Mel Pattison, and Jim Donley, only to mention two of them, both won two. Macomber, a gifted stud, has won the mile and the mile and a half in 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 and distance records. The best effort so far this season has been their 96-31 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 set a new meet's record when he won the mile and a half, a distance where Don Sharp, 1952 captain, left off. Dane, only a sophomore, came within one second of Sharp's mile record in the Mount Union meet.

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Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain

Pete Hawk

Four years ago a youth covered with Grand Rapids hayseed stepped into the room of a copy hungry Campus editor. "My folks give me this when I come to college," he said pulling out one of the Post Office type straight pens. "I'd like to learn me how to use it." He went to work with a grim determination. Two weeks later the grim determination quit and he worked by himself from then on. He wrote serious stories that read "with a kind of quiet pathos that you can't quite put your finger on." He wrote children's stories that you could put your whole hand on. Palms up.

His main field of endeavor, however, was the field of down to earth white buck college humor writing. Colleges that obtained Campus often write complementary letters publishing that they were favorably impressed by the writings of this student from a liberal arts college, in a typical New England village, in the center of Ohio. For his distinction along these lines he was elected to Pi Delta Epsilon, journalistic honor society of the latter group. His other activities included freshman track, swimming, and Alpha Epislon Delta which doesn't.

After the dust lies down after commencement, Weagle (he was named after his parents) plans to attend graduate school. The staff who will slither across the platform in June is Cy Weagle. Cy learned his trade by working on the business staff of the editorial department as an alligator with locked jaw, and was a very suspicious fellow with a voucher. It is only right to point out that during his reign the Campus kept closer to its budget than ever before and that he kept as tight a hold on the spending of the editorial department as an alligator with locked jaw.

The convertible skidded around a corner, snapped off a telephone pole, ricocheted along three cars, upset eight pedestrians, 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."

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Another red-blooded member of the staff who will slither across the platform in June is Cy Weagle. Cy juggled the books for the outfit this year. With the courage of a horde of lushed up Seminoles he braved Bill Johnson's Finance Committee, he kept as tight a hold on the spending of the editorial department as an alligator with locked jaw, and was a very suspicious fellow with a voucher. It is only right to point out that during his reign the Campus kept closer to its budget than ever before and that he kept as tight a hold on the spending of the editorial department as an alligator with locked jaw.

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"Has gooseberries got legs?"
"No."
"Then I just ate a field mouse."

HAWK (Cont'd)

This year Pete served as Associate Editor on this magazine. In this capacity he was sort of a grand old man, aiding the staff quite a bit with advice drawn from the deep well of his experience. On the
 easiest!

Still rolling!

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...

Not to be caddy, but how about her short game?

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!