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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INSIDE COVER PHOTO BY
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Special Rates to Students
Skidding Down the Drag

For the benefit of some of our 400 new Campus readers, allow me to introduce you to our magazine and its contents. Campus magazine is one of the three weekly publication at Denison to combine literary, humorous, and feature effort into one well-rounded publication. We strive to strike some sort of an equilibrium between all three. Sometimes, as has happened in the past, we fail to find this balance and wind up with a particular issue loaded with jokes and cartoons, or nothing but feature articles. However, in the process of composing such a magazine, we employ three to four specific classifications of talent. First of all, we are looking for writers; those type individuals who can sit down and compose a short story, write feature articles or create humorous articles. Secondly, we are interested in people who can draw. In this field, we can use cartoonists and illustrators. Finally, we have an acute shortage of capable photographers. So, if you feel that you can qualify in any of these capacities, feel free to contact us through Campus mail. You see, we feel that we've hardly scratched the surface as far as finding the talented people, and day after day we find different people, just like yourself, who like to write over summer vacations or in their spare time. Also, if you are interested in working on the mechanics of the magazine, such as make-up or layout, then contact us.

A few comments about this issue. Just in case you squirmed past our cover in your anxiety to see whether or not the jokes are as raunchy as claimed, the cover will feature the Campus Calendar . . . with 12 lovely dollsies representing each month of the year. So until we see you then.

Your fun-loving editor . . . Marvin Mongoose.

WALT WHITMAN

on Life Savers:

"It is for my mouth forever. I am in love with it."
from Song of Myself, part II

Still only 5¢

Must be a week-end party at Kenyon.

"Adamant Evening" . . . .

Diane Hostetler

Adamant Evening didn't like his family tree. He didn't like it for two reasons: one, because everybody knew it completely and thoroughly; and two, because he was related, theoretically, to everybody who knew it completely and thoroughly. The only thing he did like about it was the manner in which it had entangled itself nearly two thousand years ago. At that time the tree had spread out into too many little branches and twigs—many of them soon dying. It definitely needed pruning then. And it could use a little more of them were unusual, but most of them enjoyed the privilege of being known as such. The little worms squirming their individual ways to the top of the tree had always intrigued him. Perhaps he was more intrigued because they always squirmed their ruts immediately back down into the ground again, into their valleys of the shadow of life, unmindful of the surrounding dirt falling on to their tiny, but somehow substantial, backs. No, what really intrigued him were the little worms who by now panic each time the door of their room opens. It is a typical Saturday morning in the fall, and amidst the workmen who are skidding past our cover in your anxiety to see whether or not the jokes are as raunchy as claimed, the cover will feature the Campus Calendar . . . with 12 lovely dollsies representing each month of the year. So until we see you then.

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Illustrated by Dorothy Meese.

"Adamant Evening" . . . .

Diane Hostetler

Since this evening stroll was habitual with him, Adamant stopped beside his worm garden. Adamant liked to think that this garden was for special, unusual worms. But he knew this was not so. Not all of them were unusual, but most of them enjoyed the privilege of being known as such. The little worms squirming their individual ways to the top of the tree had always intrigued him. Perhaps he was more intrigued because they always squirmed their ruts immediately back down into the ground again, into their valleys of the shadow of life, unmindful of the surrounding dirt falling on to their tiny, but somehow substantial, backs. No, what really intrigued him were the few, the very few worms, who remained above ground for more than a short time. These were the
the nerve to give up and settle down at "Blanchid's Apple Farm." He was an ever.

As the thought of his worms always brought into mind his nickname, "Blanchid," he turned his eyes toward the homes of his neighbors—homes planted firmly and squarely along the outskirts of his apple orchard. He never quite understood how he had never been able to convince them that "Blanchid" was not the proper nickname for him, or a nickname he must have. But finally one of his less obtrusive neighbors had thought up the name "Blanchid," partly because of the entomologist's interest in worms and insects, but mostly because of his intense desire in life. Anyhow, "Blanchid" seemed to fit in so beautifully with the name of his wife, Arachnid. Yes, indeed, "Blanchid" and Arachnid Evening were well known for their names, if for nothing else.

Since Adamant had been forced to think along genealogical lines for so long, his thoughts in other fields seemed to branch into similar sprays. From thoughts of "Blanchid," he followed the pattern by casting his eyes toward the sign in front of his home—"Blanchid's Apple Farm." Actually, it wasn't an apple farm, or a farm of any kind. It never had been to Adamant anyway, but in this case he had allowed himself to conform to his neighbors' wishes and placed a real sign next to his driveway. He thought disgustingly of all the people who had stopped during the day to buy his apples, apples that never had been planted in an orchard, and more and more homes were being rambling so had his unusual worms, and it suddenly appeared to Adamant that the garden was practically deserted. More and more motorists were squirming their way down to the pit, he decided ruefully.

But tonight, even Adamant's mind did not seem to be large enough to handle the latest development that his neighbors had created. The latest development was a new club. Previously, a new club had never sent Adamant into his mind more than a few minutes. But it was the snobbery that the club had adopted that had so incensed him. A white apple. A white apple. Why should an appleless community with homes planted firmly and squarely around "Blanchid's Apple Farm," with advertising signs in front of their homes, and with neighbors who knew Adamant Evening's family tree thoroughly and completely—why should they choose a white apple for their symbol? Why should his appleless neighbors who knew what he was searching for—those who knew nothing of apples—why should they of all people do this to him? To him—Adamant Evening. And on and on Adamant's questions twisted and searched for—they who knew nothing of apples.
JOHN FERNYAK
1. "Brownies from home!"
2. "Gee, Dad, it's a Schwinn!"
3. "Whoa oo. Whooo!"

MARILYN OMUNDSON
1. "Dr. Kinsey, I've something to tell you!"
2. "Want to see my tattoo?"
3. "Stop biting my ear lobe!

JIM BARTH
1. "It's the greatest!"
2. "I believe it's the greatest!"
3. "I guess I believe it's the greatest!!!"

JUDY SMITH
1. "Professor, may I leave the room?"
2. "Anybody got a safety pin?"
3. "Eat Rival Dog food!"

JANE GEYER
1. "Hey, Mable!"
2. "So, the farmer's daughter, see . . . ."
2. "Do the Hokey Pokey!"

CLIFF LYTLE
1. "The Dairy Queen closed!!!!!!"
2. "There's no money to pay the bands!!"
3. "Kissy-face . . . with me?"

DAVE BAYLEY
1. "Where's my dog, Dad?"
2. "Where's my dad, Dog?"
3. "You know I'm 21, Mr. Rizzo."

DAWN ANTHONY
1. "Oooh! That Good Gambrinus!!!"
2. "Me, frustrated??"
3. "I don't like kissy boys.

"What Are These People Saying"

Duck Shackelford
Clyde Ladd
In February of my Sophomore Year in France, I became very interested in the possibility of spending a year abroad. By talking at some length with Dr. A. H. Kimborough of my own Department, I discovered that Sweet Briar College in Virginia had organized a course in French literature and language, all over the United States could, under certain circumstances, spend a year in France and receive full credit for academic work at their respective colleges. A long letter to my parents, in which every conceivable persuasive, compelling argument (of Reflective Thinking days) was used, presented the advantages to be gained from study abroad. By May, all plans were completed, and Sept. 4th we sailed the New York pier for Le Havre, France.

During the preliminary six-week period, we stayed in Notre-Dame- sized provincial town in a gray apartment building. Due to the world’s worse for its hundred odd years of existence, and which contained odd, floating, finicky little animals that would be considered a kitchen in any household. We found the streets of a city where there were always three or four people talking at once, and all voices conflicting each other. Although we were shocked at first by the apparent improbability of it all, we somehow came to feel at home there. Despite the dreariness of the Parisian family, although of Greek aristocratic descent, I was still in the position of the foreigner. One hardly regains many of the aspects of this, and in French, our manners are as good as those of our own country.

My curriculum in Paris was made up of three courses. The art course consisted of two lectures a week—one on Friday, accompanied by slides, and one on Monday, during which we went to any one of the three main Paris museums. The first lecture, as a matter of fact, was given to the students as we stood before the masterpieces. The Frenchmen, however, are not the same people. American students are acquainted with a greater number of subjects, and are better equipped to cope with this. Apart from the fact that we were given the works of the greatest French authors of the classical, as well as of contemporary. Perhaps one could say that once French student is rapidly eliminated, having gone through severe competitive exams, but is not the same country. In any case, there are very few peers capable of coping with us in the same harmonious, artistic kind of way, as they come to learn the language. And, it is not only French students who can be thankful for this. There are more patients living, the more French students, the greater the happiness, the greater the happiness, the greater the happiness, the greater the happiness, the greater the happiness, the greater the happiness.

The second part of the lecture was the French Contemporary Literature, which, in my opinion, was the most interesting. The French literature of the 18th and 19th centuries, once had more than earned its title. My fellow students, all of them, were reading Bergson's theory of comedy. The art course consisted of eleven class hours a week, and covered a very substantial span of time, including the French Contemporary Literature.

Having now discussed politics, art, drama and French family living, I might as well mention that I was a little beyond my comprehension. My camera had been a symbol of accomplishment. I discovered that my camera had disappeared. I thought it was really that evident. My camera was a little beyond my comprehension. It was one of my biggest surprises: anything could happen to us. I am so glad he is a Lieutenant in the regular army. Oscar: "God loves you and your horse, whether he is a Lieutenant in the regular army or not.

He met the French Contempo-rary American army station. There we were greeted by the Frenchmen, who were quite willing to answer questions. As may easily be imagined, family discussions were rarely dull. These talks, even after our training at Tours, were almost impossible to follow the first couple weeks. Not only did everyone talk very rapidly, but there were always three or four people talking at once, and all voices contradicting each other. Although we were shocked at first by the apparent improbability of it all, we somehow came to feel at home there. Despite the dreariness of the Parisian family, although of Greek aristocratic descent, I was still in the position of the foreigner. One hardly regains many of the aspects of this, and in French, our manners are as good as those of our own country.

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The Birth of a Broadcasting Station

Lyn Martin

Go through the alphabet, pick a "W", a "D", add a "U", a "B". Presto! You have WDUB, Denison's new station.

But—the creators of this particular radio station, those who hope to broadcast their initial program around November 1st—say that the birth of a radio station is not so painless.

The idea of a station has been in the minds of communications-conscious students for years, but it has been the special obsession of Bob Ramsdell, '54. However, it was at hand to push the idea of a student-owned and operated station for Denison. He talked with DCGA advisors, what gave him permission to go ahead, and approached Dick Lugar, who incorporated the project into his campaign. This duo brought it up in Senate before Spring Vacation, and again received the green light.

While most Denison students barked in the Florida sun, Bob and Norm Green, appointed faculty advisors by Senate, made a very enlightening trip to WOIO at Miami University, to observe how carrier-current stations, operating problems, and college radio stations, snap shots, in addition to visiting stations at Oberlin, Otterbein, and Ohio Wesleyan.

By the time classes began again, the budget for the new station was ready. It called for $2100, the cost of putting the station on the air, plus $800 annually for each year's running expenses. The budget committee approved, and the Senate officially passed it on April 22. Politically speaking, WDUB had arrived.

WDUB is a carrier current station (meaning that it transmits and receives radio waves by cable), as in regular broadcasting), ex-clusively college set up, transmitted, and received. Present plans include provisions for 22 pickup units, including up-hill and down-hill girls' dorms, men's dorms, and up-hill fraternity houses. Parsons and the DU house will probably be included in the near future, but tuning in the Kappa Sigma house may not come about for some time. In each of the 22 units, including girls' dorms, fraternity houses, the station can be picked up by any radio, perhaps somewhere around 540 on the dial.

Bob, who has been appointed Station Manager by Senate, hasn't worked out the complete operating schedule, but he hopes to have the station on the air from four to five hours a day. A sample schedule might include classical music, disc jockey and request programs, sports and drama enthusiasts, announcers, engineers, secretaries, and spot remote specialists. It will be just as good as the students care to make it.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

Jim Bowman

"Boy that really goes down, doesn't it?"

Harry glanced at the man standing next to him.

The man leaned dangerously over the safety rail at the end of the platform. He looked into the can-
yon for a long time. Then he stood back and shook his head. "You sure don't see any sights like this in Ohio!"

"No, Ohio ain't got much of anything," Harry answered without thinking.

"You live in Ohio too?"

"Yes, Ohio—and I remember a lot," he added.

Wyoming seemed unrelated to the state of Ohio. That's why he had said it.

"You can't count on anything," he thought. "Why should I tell this joker I had never been out of Ohio until last week? When if I had read about the break? It would be all over there, wouldn't it be any more chances. Why be foolish and lose this—the first good chance you ever had?"

Harry pushed his way through the crowd of gawking tourists to the opposite side of the platform. He hated guys who wanted to talk. His mind drifted far away again.

"Why can't they just forget about me? I can prove I don't belong back there; that my crimes were just a product of an environment, not of a man gone bad. Just give me a chance—one chance. Oh, what the hell, cops don't think that way. They think guys that end up like me are all born bad."

Harry had planned this for three years. He was going to pose as a tourist in Yellowstone Park for about a month, then slip out and look for a job on a ranch. He had planned a lot. In 1963 he was going to get a lawyer, turn himself in, and try to get a pardon on the basis of a ten-year record of honesty and hard work. It was the only way to get the chance he had never had. He'd have to go back too. His plan-
as he tumbled under the rail and Harry had lost it about three-fourths and started to drop little bits of paper into the canyon. He would wander over to the side rail and more.

Harry watched the pieces float down. Some got caught in air currents and disappeared under the platform; others drifted down into the canyon before they caught a sudden gust of wind and were being blown over to the side rail and started to drop little bits of paper onto the canyon floor. He could lean over the rail and watch them float slowly down and down.

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where he won three varsity letters in football. Bill also has seen considerable action centers. He comes from Lancaster, Ohio, that calibre performance at Denison, too.

At D.U., and has already gained the respect School in Ashtabula, Ohio. There he was awarded, the All-Sports trophy as the out-

standing freshman. Standing 6' even, Don has already shown promise by running over an extra point in the opening game of the season.

Bill Wagner—Bill gained his high school experience at River Forest, Illinois, where he was Honorable Mention All Suburban in the Chicago News. Bill is 6'1" and weighs 190 pounds. He will undoubtedly see plenty of action before the year is out.

Walt Nadzak—Walt hails from Ambridge, Pennsylvania, where he also was All State Honorable Mention. Walt stands six feet tall and has been playing very well from his guard position.

Bill Ford—Bill is one of two freshman who often shakes loose, he is also one of the most versatile men on the team. A broken-field runner who often makes big gains, he is also one of Maeve's favorite pass targets. Voight, from Youngstown, Ohio, also handles the Big Red punting chores.

Ray Volz—Volt is a burly fullback who charges with knees high and plenty of power. From Cambridge, Ohio, he scored the first extra point against Lake Forest.

Don DeJong—Don, as we all know, has been All-Ohio! All-Conference for two years. Towing to 6'3" and tiny packing 210 pounds, Dee caught 28 passes for 383 yards and five TD's in 1953. He hails from Spring-field, Ohio, and promises to be a 60-minute mainstay in 1953.

John Dade—A sophomore, John has played good enough ball to earn himself the other starting berth at end along with DeJong. John earned two football letters at New Triy High School in Waverly, Illinois, and can play both offensive and defensive ball.

Dave Cane—Dave was one of the few freshmen to win his letter last year. Standing 6'2" and weighing 300 pounds, Dave played football all the way and promises to gain plenty of respect with his blocking skills. He played high school football at Racine, Wisconsin.

Andy Deeds—Andy's out double duty guard with two letters already under his belt. He uses his feet on the line and his educated toe for the extra points. He acquired his football talents at Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut.

Bud Savage—Bud's home town is Bay Vil-

lage, Pennsylvania, where he acquired his football talents. Although small, Willis is a colorful stickler whose diminutive size is very de-

fending. He is fast, elusive and hard to lay hands on.
Weak Links in Our Daisy Chain

Ed Jacobs

The photograph above is our attempt to reproduce the likeness of our outer-space editor, Joe LeFever. He is posed with his anti-gravoid earth pen and play-tex foot-flippers. In addition to the duties of this office, Joe is the most regular contributor and also the proud possessor of genuine rejection slips from some of the nation’s leading publications.

Joe’s most important position with Campus, however, is head of the Deep Department. Every magazine worth its salt has a professional Deep Man. The Deep Man’s job is to give other people, faculty members and the masses in general, the impression that something is going on behind their backs that is beyond their span of comprehension. The Deep Man goes around talking to the editor in a hushed voice to which the editor invariably replies, “Great, but we can’t use it; they’d never get it.” The Deep Man says in a disappointed voice, “Yeh, I guess it is too deep for them.”

Joe’s versatility of style is amazing—just read science-fiction, biography, sports stories, a note to your advisor, or anything else written in your mother tongue. Joe is the logical Denisonian to contact. This ability to use a typewriter, grubby pencil or red crayon is responsible for Joe’s being known as “F. Scott LeFever” at the Phi Delta House.

The whole trouble with this guy is that while he is other frustrated writers around Granville are struggling, he regards the whole business as a sideline. Actually Joe is a big frog and amoeba man by trade. He spends the major portion of his time pushing the pre-med class curve up.

When summer returns to the valley of the Raccoon, young Joe plans to leave the Phi Delta house with his B.S. and matriculate to medical school. After many more years of spending good golfing days in the lab, he will emerge with a goatee and attend medical school.

Jim: “I wish I had a nickel for every girl I’ve kissed.”

Betsy: “What would you do, buy a pack of gum?”

It isn’t what children know that bothers parents. It’s how they find out.

The little chap was sitting on the curb with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came up to him. Sonny, why aren’t you in school?” she asked.

“Hello, lady, I’m only three.”

Walter: “And how did you find your steak, sir?”

Diner: “Why, I just moved this little piece of fried potato, and there it was!”

Classified ad: “Wanted—Man to wash dishes and two waitresses.”

Hey, guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?”

“Nope.”

“Nope.”

“Just a gag, huh?”

“Nope.”

“Well, what is the matter with him?”

“Dead.”

An asylum patient, who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution.

“And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?” asked the director.

“Well,” said the patient, “I have passed the bar examination, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting.” He paused for a moment, deep in thought. “Then, on the other hand,” he continued, “I may be a tea-kettle.”

“Believe me, darling, you’re the first girl I’ve ever loved,” said he as he shifted gears with his feet.

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Joe’s versatility of style is amazing—just read science-fiction, biography, sports stories, a note to your advisor, or anything else written in your mother tongue. Joe is the logical Denisonian to contact. This ability to use a typewriter, grubby pencil or red crayon is responsible for Joe’s being known as “F. Scott LeFever” at the Phi Delta House.

The whole trouble with this guy is that while he is other frustrated writers around Granville are struggling, he regards the whole business as a sideline. Actually Joe is a big frog and amoeba man by trade. He spends the major portion of his time pushing the pre-med class curve up.

When summer returns to the valley of the Raccoon, young Joe plans to leave the Phi Delta house with his B.S. and matriculate to medical school. After many more years of spending good golfing days in the lab, he will emerge with a goatee and attend medical school.

Jim: “I wish I had a nickel for every girl I’ve kissed.”

Betsy: “What would you do, buy a pack of gum?”

It isn’t what children know that bothers parents. It’s how they find out.

The little chap was sitting on the curb with a cigarette in his mouth and a flask in his hand when an elderly lady came up to him. Sonny, why aren’t you in school?” she asked.

“Hello, lady, I’m only three.”

Walter: “And how did you find your steak, sir?”

Diner: “Why, I just moved this little piece of fried potato, and there it was!”

Classified ad: “Wanted—Man to wash dishes and two waitresses.”

Hey, guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?”

“Nope.”

“Nope.”

“Just a gag, huh?”

“Nope.”

“Well, what is the matter with him?”

“Dead.”

An asylum patient, who had been certified cured was saying goodbye to the director of the institution.

“And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?” asked the director.

“Well,” said the patient, “I have passed the bar examination, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting.” He paused for a moment, deep in thought. “Then, on the other hand,” he continued, “I may be a tea-kettle.”

“Believe me, darling, you’re the first girl I’ve ever loved,” said he as he shifted gears with his feet.

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Jane Greer says: "I was a band singer when a picture magazine asked me to pose in the new WAC uniforms. Hollywood saw my picture, liked it and overnight I was in movies. From then on, it was hard work and perseverance."

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