END OF SCHOOL ISSUE
MAY --- 1954
Pictured above we have the members of Theta Eta Chi, as stalwart a group as you'd ever want to find. They are the only organization on campus who have liquidated their entire treasury.

What do they do? As Whitey Broughton said during one of their annual free-for-alls with the faculty when the latter were winning, "We've been saving ourselves." Their methods seem to be keeping them pretty well preserved.
Marj promises to let me come back in January. Until then, we wish to see more of it here at Denison. In its place we often find committee meetings, gripes, big talk, lassiness, or fear of social pressure. Where are the dreamers, the do'ers, the individualists, the clowns? Where now, at the end of the year, are the dreamers, the do'ers, the individualists, the clowns? Where now? at the end of the year, are even the eager freshmen? We do have some of this rare ingredient. It flavors the better pages of CAMPUS, the success of a Bonds of Friendship Show, an enterprise like Red Mill, the forthcoming literary supplement, the imagination of the eager freshmen? We do have some of this rare ingredient. It flavors the better pages of CAMPUS, the success of a Bonds of Friendship Show, an enterprise like Red Mill, the forthcoming literary supplement, the imagination of the eager freshmen?

It shows up when Denison is treated to something new, something creative, something fun. More of it, please! It's true I'm going to Washington next semester, but the CAMPUS staff, in a Reader's Guide-This issue has really been an experience and now that Mr. and Mrs. America, all the ships at sea, and CAMPUS Magazine have all gone to press, I can only say, "Whew."

We started out to make this the Loose Ends Issue—the issue to tie up the school year and were then confronted with the problem of tying up the magazine itself. We finally decided we just have to keep loose, as the saying goes. Now all we need is someone to tie us up.

Actually about the only thing of importance I'd like to say is that we need and always need material for CAMPUS. What with our Washington correspondent evacuating, next year ought to really be an experiment in modern-day living. But whatever you do, please feel free to come to the meetings or to submit material to us. That's why we gave you that box in Doane. (This in spite of the fact that only the other day I caught Tom Skidmore over there reading the exchange issues.) It's pretty easy to sit around like clusters of peanuts on a Bun Bar and complain about the caliber of CAMPUS. If you as the student body want a good magazine, then it's up to you to write us some good material and we'll be only too glad to accommodate you. As it is, we're quite pleased with the material that has been submitted for this issue and only hope you will be too.

On behalf of the CAMPUS staff, in a Reader's Guide—this edition's job just as it gets exciting; but Marj promises to let me come back in January. Until then how about co-operating with her in a ZESTFUL way?

Lyn

A man of six feet, eight inches applied for a job as lifeguard. "Can you swim?" asked the beach manager.

"No," said the big boy, "but I can ride like a stallion!"

Then there was the family who named their dog Carpenter because he did odd jobs around the house.

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and me and against my conscience."

Psychologist: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't any children."

Shy bride: "Oh yes. We've spent many a sleepless night over it."

A woman's whim is ever this:

To snare a man's reluctant kiss,

And snaring it to make him pant

For things that nice girls never must be!

Wisdom: Knowing what to do.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

"Why won't you marry me?"

he demanded. "There isn't someone else, is there?"

"Oh, Edgar," she sighed. "There must be!"

The music worked its magic and they fell into the rhythm together. Automatically his mind turned to the dark-haired girl and his hand clenched around the glass. "My man's gone for good but I don't care, I'll be lucky again I know. I'll find another boy that's kind and hell I'll never, never, go." There was a lilt to the music and the blues was no longer the lonely cry of a broken heart but had the smile of a new day in it. He sighed, paid his bill, and left quickly. Little eddies of smoke marked his passage through the room. The mist closed behind him as he walked through the doorway.

"He'll come back, I know he will, and if he don't I'll love him still!" The piano changed to a slow, pounding boogie bass and his heart pounded with it. Unasked, the bartender refilled his glass and he absentmindedly drank from it, and moved with the music. The mist and smoke in the doorway stirred and mingled as a couple came slowly into the room. He watched them as they sat at a small table by the wall. The music worked its magic and they fell into the rhythm together. Automatically his mind turned to the dark-haired girl and his hand clenched around the glass.

A new note crept into the music and the singer's voice changed; "My man's gone for good but I don't care, I'll be lucky again I know. I'll find another boy that's kind and hell I'll never, never, go." There was a lilt to the music and the blues was no longer the lonely cry of a broken heart but had the smile of a new day in it. He sighed, paid his bill, and left quickly. Little eddies of smoke marked his passage through the room. The mist closed behind him as he walked through the doorway.

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With the end of the term approaching, most of us have probably made our plans for the summer. For some this means passports, innoculations, and boat tickets. In other words, bon voyage, we're off to Europe! Others almost equally select will get a week of pleasure gratis from their chapters at fraternity and sorority conventions throughout the U. S. Some less fortunate travelers will revel in the Louisiana swamps at ROTC camps. Most of the rest of us who lack the above opportunities will stick by the Republican administration and lower the unemployment rate by a substantial margin.

But what of the average midwest college professor? What does he do with his hard-earned three months of leisure? There may be those cynics who believe that professors spend their summer months shut off from the sunlight in gloomy chambers pouring over obscure references with which to fascinate and mystify their students in the fall. If one were of a nasty turn of mind, one might also imagine his favorite instructor spending balmy evenings preparing hour exams composed entirely of footnotes. However, a candid opinion poll of a typical midwestern university — Denison — reveals that the average college professor does neither of these things. To shed a little light on the subject, the following have been chosen as representative of the summer plans of really typical, honest-to-goodness Denison professors.

(Continued on Page 20)
Harry: My girl is sure clever with the footwork.
Larry: Classy dancer, eh?
Harry—: Naw! She runs a sewing machine.

Funny? The Denison Flamingo of 1921 thought so. What's the Flamingo? Why Denison's humor magazine of the roaring twenties, the forerunner of Campus. Ask your parents about it. Its mastheads are crowded with the surnames of present Denisonians and their relatives.

The Flamingo published 8 or 9 issues per year and was sold by subscription or by the issue, not only on campus, but in railroad depots and newsstands all over the state. It was loaded with humor, both original and gathered from similar magazines, but also featured poetry, short stories, literary criticisms, local ads, and lots of art work.

The razz-ma-tazz humor of the period as reflected in the majority of the jokes (?) is pretty corny by today's standards:

Boy: She threw herself into the river, her husband ran to the bank.
Teacher: What did he run to the bank for?
Boy—: To get the insurance money.

The ads, then written in a most serious vein, produce only humor in our generation, such as the playbills for the silent flicks.

Students—
Before your summer vacation starts—you will want to have the opportunity of seeing some very good photoplays at either of my three theaters.

The Opera House will show D. W. Griffith's

"WAY DOWN EAST"
Saturday, May 20th. Do Not Miss This.

Other features being "Boomerang Bill," "O'Mally of the Mounted," "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and many other noted features. The Alhambra and Auditorium Theaters in Newark also have some very good picture plays coming.


Perhaps you have a picture you would like to see, if so just write your wants, and if it is possible, I will try and arrange to have same shown at The Opera House.

Yours always for good clean amusement,

GEO. M. FENBERG.

The original humor in some cases is especially good. Consider this one, entitled "AS A DENISONIAN REPORTER WOULD HAVE DONE IT."

People's Friend
Struck Down
C. J. Caesar Stabbed 23 Times in Senate

Rome, March 16—"Et tu Brute!" gasped Caius Julius Caesar, 50 Appian Way, yesterday afternoon, as he sank dead to the floor of the House of Representatives, stabbed twenty-three times by his neighbor, friend, and legatee, Marcus Brutus, 60 Appian Way. The members of the House promptly spread the news and in less than an hour the populace were discussing the terms of the will which left each citizen a neat sum of money.

"I urged Julius not to go out to-day because of a dream I had last night," Mrs. Caesar is quoted as saying to a close friend when told of the death. When interviewed by a Gazette reporter she refused to divulge the nature of the dream and would only say that she would probably be prostrated for several days by the affair.

Mr. Brutus, in discussing the conspirators' motives, emphasized their friendly feeling for Mr. Caesar but pointed out that for his own good they felt it better for him not to become too popular. When asked about funeral arrangements, he said that plans have been made to secure Mr. Mark Anthony, the well-known platform lecturer, for the main address. The services will be held on the public square tomorrow at 2:00 P.M.

"Do you know this guy Lamp?"
"Yeah. Regular rounder."
"Uhuh, smokes and goes out at night."

While the old year slips into eternity, Amid a blare of jazz and gayety, Youth dances.

Old age may dream of memories gone by, And shudder at the new and sigh, But youth dances.
'cause somebody'd be sure to say something.'

"Yeah. Well, Norma always was kinda funny—she always tried to make out like she was quite the great lady. Always talkin' about all the places she'd been and puttin' on a fake accent like as if she came from some fancy place in the East. She didn't fool me though. I knew she was just plain Chicago like all the rest of us."

"She was a queer one, all right. But she was kinda nice though. Sometimes."

"She always thought she was too good for us, though." Rose put another sheet of papers in her machine.

"Yeah. And it's the people like that, half the time, that if you really knew what they were like you wouldn't wanta be seen near them, you know?"

"Yeah, Trudy, that's right."

The billing machines took up the clatter of conversation again. For a few minutes, all was business. A tall thin man strode briskly to the desk with his typewriter and dropped a sheet of papers on Rose's.

"My goodness," she said, "where's all this work comin' from? I don't know how soon I can get it all done, Fred."

"We've short on help," Fred said, "and we've got a million orders coming through."

He paused a moment longer. "Terrible thing about Norma," he said.

"Yeah," Trudy said, "you know it, Fred."

Fred still lingered. "Did any of the girls ever think she was like that?" he asked.

"Nah," Trudy said, viciously pulling paper out of her typewriter. "We never had any idea. They talk about feminine intuition or whatever you call it—anyhow we haven't got it, seems like."

"Well," Fred was about to move on.

"Did you ever think—?" Trudy began.

"No. Oh, no." He was on his way. "Never suspected," he said and was gone with long strides toward the supply room.

"Hey, Rose," Trudy called above the noise. (Continued on Page 21)
Sally's no Girl Scout  
but she seems prepared,  
Tim was a Marine,  
but he looks quite scared.

When it's time to be romantic,  
Tim's forced to play mechanic.

'Eagle-eye' Simeral  
might go ape,  
Catching Miss Campus  
on the fire-escape.

On the eighteenth green, Sal's as fresh as a daisy!  
When Tim said he'd go golfing, he must have  
been crazy!

Sally's DG spirit comes through every time,  
So that she can retard this "Fiji's" climb.
Man: Is this Cleveland Hall?
Seager: Yes, it is.
Man: I'm looking for someone from the history department.
Seager: Well sir, they have offices on the third floor.

Dawn Anthony: I'm suffering qualms of consciousness.
Tom Brown: If you don't get to bed until you've only got four hours to sleep instead of eight, you just sleep twice as fast.

Emily Bird: The easiest way to darn socks is to pinch the edges together and run the sewing machine around the edges.
Lou McCombs: I'm collecting gams, would you care to cough in my jar? I've got a sore throat and two colds already.
Anne MacLean: When you get back from breakfast, will you please wake me up for my 9 o'clock, and if I tell you I don't have a 9 o'clock, don't believe me.
E. June Woodward: My favorite word is embargo. Spelled backwards it's O Grab Me.

Billy Jacobs: If that girl didn't have such a horrible face and personality, she'd have a nice figure.
Wally Kul: I told our social chairman it's time we have some Boy-ask-Girl parties—I've been sitting home too much lately.
Sue Patterson: I've got the D.D.T.'s.

Dr. Archibald: Whenever you have a full moon, you're bound to find a lot of other things besides jellyfish on the beach.

Don Sutherland: Is this theater trip just for the enjoyment, or is it for some course?
Mary Ann Skala: It's for the enjoyment all right!

Mr. Atlee: How'd you like to enter a contest? Here's one to win $100, sponsored by the Planned Parenthood League; no experiments necessary.

By BETH HODGE
Denison Hello
An Evening at Tony's
Turfing Season
Monsoon Time
Eight o'Clocks

J ohn Miller.
November 25

Basketball season opens with Rix Yard as mentor. Co-captains DeJong and Bob Jones and Don DeJong and Bob Jones and DeJong star on team. Freshmen Walt Nadzak and Dick Speidel return as mentors. Co-captains DeJong and Bob Jones and Don DeJong and Bob Jones and DeJong star on team. Freshmen Walt Nadzak and Dick Speidel return as mentors.

December 1

Big Red loses to Akron 79-56. DeJong again plays stellar game.

December 2

Big Red gets first win, beats Kenyon 87-70. DeJong has 15 points per game average to pace Big Red.

December 3

Reds down Oberlin 85-62. DeJong sets new scoring record as he amasses 111 points in a season with a 3-1 win over OSU.

December 4

Big Red defeats Wooster 79-64. Bob Jones and Don DeJong and Bob Jones and DeJong are named to first team, Deeds to second.

December 5

Big Red wins 79-64. Bob Jones and Don DeJong and Don DeJong are named to first team, Deeds to second.

December 6

Reds down Wittenburg 81-62. DeJong sets new scoring record as he amasses 111 points in a season with a 3-1 win over OSU.

December 7

Reds down Wittenburg 81-62. DeJong has 15 points per game average to pace Big Red.

December 8

Reds down Wittenburg 81-62. DeJong sets new scoring record as he amasses 111 points in a season with a 3-1 win over OSU.

December 9

Youngstown tournament, squad loses to eventual winners, St. Francis, 77-67. Davis scores 24.

January 2

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April 30

By TIP RASOR
lovers to the Denison stage.

MARGARET McLEO leaves her chemical formula to Theta Chi as a symbol of her dedication to the fraternity.

BRUCE McMARLIN leaves his clothes for home, but will leave an album of movie stills to Kathy Heath.

BRUCE McMARLIN leaves an album of movie stills to Kathy Heath, along with a collection of his golf clubs.

BRUCE McMARLIN leaves his clothes for home, but will leave an album of movie stills to Kathy Heath.
Contrary to popular superstition, Spain is not the scene of the world's fluffiest Holiday Hotels. Consider our Congress.

With the present prevalence of boudiced hair, anyone will be turning up with a cutting satire on "Why Cars Leave Home, or Hair Today and Gone Tomorrow."

10: When I was in college, the girl wearing a man's fraternity pin seemed to cause someone getting some headaches.

25. Yes, and nowadays it just means necking privileges.

FLAPPERS (Cont'd)

OLE SUMMERTIME (Cont'd)

NB: How can you know, now that I think on it, she never really looked happy all the time I knew her. She'd large, but seem to make a show. She never once seen her look happy when she was just sitting, not talkin' or understandin' or anything.

"Which wasn't very often," Trudy whispered.

"Oh, you know what I mean. She just looked alone and lost sometimes.

"I thought she looked blank," Trudy turned and looked at Rose. "Jeze," she said, "I shouldn't talk about her like this. Shut up, Trudy." Obeying her own command, Trudy was silent. Rose, unsentimental, continued.

"I know how she thought something of sometimes? I mean really, while she was here? Like people you see in movies that play snow after a blizzard or on the desert, and you see 'em standing in the sun there lookin' in the distance and they can't see anything. You know what they mean? They think there's an' area you can see in their eyes they don't see, but the desert? That's how she looked sometimes—like she was lookin' for something ahead an' couldn't see anything.

"Yeah—yeah, you know, that's right! Now you mention it I remember her lookin' blank, standing in the distance like she was lookin' for somethin' an' never could find it.

"Yeah, you know, I feel sorry for Norma. I almost don't blame her. She had her troubles, I guess.

"Yeah, but she probably brought it all on herself.

Both were silent for a while. Trudy put the metal plates in a row, reached down, began stamping customize
ters' names and addresses on order forms. The afternoon passed slowly.

Mr. Chessman, Dr. Lindsay has painted many beautiful landscapes and hopes to be able to do a few more during the summer months. Like Dr. Utter, Dr. Lindsay is also interested in art. When she is working on the hand organ. (Maybe for next summer?)

"That's here and she felt like everybody to think she was high class and she wanted to be—well successful and all—and she just tried so hard she didn't get anywhere.

"Oh, she had her friends?

"No, I mean here.

"Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. That was an awful crack to make. But I just thought I might feel bad sittin' here talkin' about her like this, I mean really.

"Yeah, I know.

"Another silence. Rose's IBM clicked rapidly along, trailing long columns of figures down the page. Trudy glanced over at her, but Rose, her make-up ads—just a blank face with just the right lipstick and powder and just the right mouth an' nose, but no expression."
Weak Links In Our Daisy Chain

The above photograph seems to be that of the illustrious late-re-tired editor-in-chief of this magazine, Chicago's own James Bradley. MacKimm better known by his intimates as "stick" or "Brad's Boy." Last year, using the alias, Orthon Oldsickle, this boy leader was awarded a bronze star by the FRIENDSHIP OF AMERICAN BOYTH CLUB for his outstanding efforts as president and founder of BETA CHI (Greek for boyth club) and numerous other short-lived campus service organizations such as the THANK GOD IT'S THURSDAY FOR TOMORROW'S FRIDAY CLUB, MU RU MU, and RHO RHO RH, the Greek yachting club.

Way back in 1950 when Brad was calling himself a freshman and a Phi Gam pledge, the CAMPUS staff was referring to him as art editor. He jumped to the post of humor editor in his sophomore year and on to associate editor last year under Duck Shackelford. This extended activity won him membership in both Pi Delta Epsilon (national journalistic honorary) and Franco-Califipan (campus literary honorary).

Brad's specialty has always been in the humor line. His cartoons and parodies yet seen at Denison, THE SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, have a definite acumen in such matters, and the editors, for lack of more definite acumen in such matters, call their list of invisible assets, "stick" or "Bradsy Boo." AAacKimm better known by his in-timates as hers. That alone will over-shadow every other who art in heaven... /"

Any magazine of any type (and Campus more so, since it is one of all types) that is worth two hoots builds up over a period of time what the editors, for lack of more definite acumen in such matters, call their list of invisible assets. These assets in one way or another all aid in the furtherment of the editor's dream—a perfect magazine. First on our list of invisible assets is Nancy Aaybe.

Nancy has never held a position on the staff of this magazine. She has never, to our knowledge, attended a meeting of the staff. Yet her contributions we hold as significant. She is a writer—but that's like saying: "There is a star!" when there are bright stars and dim ones. Nancy is our brightest star. It has been a long time since such talent as hers has been on this campus, and we are proud that Campus has had the privilege to print her stories and poems over the four years she has been at Denison. If the truth were known, this column would be headed: Strong Links in Our Weak Chain. Nancy is currently engaged in finishing up a novel in connection with English honor work. We wish her only the recognition due talent such as hers. That alone will over-run the cup.

MacKimm (Cont'd)

and some saluting arm point him out to be a major in the ROTC, will be off to flight school next fall following in the steps of his own personal hero, Smiling Jack and Steve Canyon. We wish him lots of luck in the wild blue yonder.

NINE TO FIVE (Cont'd)

sat down and Trudy said softly, "Wonder what made her do that, though?"

"Well, maybe she thought she was in love with the guy."

"That wasn't what I mean. Course that was a stupid thing to do. Jesus, what did she expect, if she was runnin' around with a married man."

"Oh, well."

The five o'clock bell rang. They covered their typewriters, grabbed coats and purses, and crowded to the door, down the hall to the elevator. They descended to the first floor and went out, where the sound of traffic was no longer muted but strident with rush-hour crowds.

"The thing I don't get," Trudy said, "is why would she kill herself?"

"I guess the guy wouldn't divorce his wife and marry her."

"Yeah, but she could just walked off and not said a word at all! Nobody ever woulda known a thing about it. If she'd been pregnant or somethin' it woulda been different—then I could understand it—but as it is, I just don't get it.

"Well, maybe she just figured if he wouldn't marry her she didn't want to live any more. Like in the movies."

"Yeah, but people don't do like that really. Jesus! What'd she want to kill herself for? She had all the rest of her life to look forward to!"

"Well, I just don't know."

"Me neither. I guess you just never know about people."

"No, you sure don't. You never know."

"Well, gotta go. See you tomorrow, Trudy."

"Yeah, see you, Rosie."

They turned, headed in different directions. The city moved on.

"Pilot to tower," said a voice, "plane out of gas. Am fifty miles out over ocean at 300 feet..."

"Tower to pilot..." came the answer, "repeat after me 'Our Father who art in heaven...'

Boy: "Since I met you I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't drink."

Girl: "Why not?"

Boy: "Broked!"

Otoread, a skier who specializes in throwing the bull.

A track meet is where a lot of young men, suddenly discovering themselves, caught outdoors in their underwear, start running like hell.
How the stars got started......

William Holden says:
"My Dad, a chemist, wanted me to follow in the business. But I got the play-acting bug in school and college. I was in a small part at the Pasadena Playhouse when they picked me to test for 'Golden Boy'. I never worked so hard in my life! But the success of the picture made it worth it!"

"I'M FOR CAMELS! I'VE FOUND THEY GIVE ME EVERYTHING LIKE IMA CIGARETTE—GENUINE MILDNESS, REAL FLAVOR. YOU'LL LIKE CAMELS, TOO!"

William Holden
Star of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri"

CAMELS LEAD in sales by record

50 8/10%

Start smoking Camels yourself!

Make the 30-day Camel Mildness Test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days—see for yourself why Camels' cool mildness and rich flavor agree with more people than any other cigarette!

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!