

v. 9 no. 4

Campus

END OF SCHOOL
ISSUE
MAY --- 1954

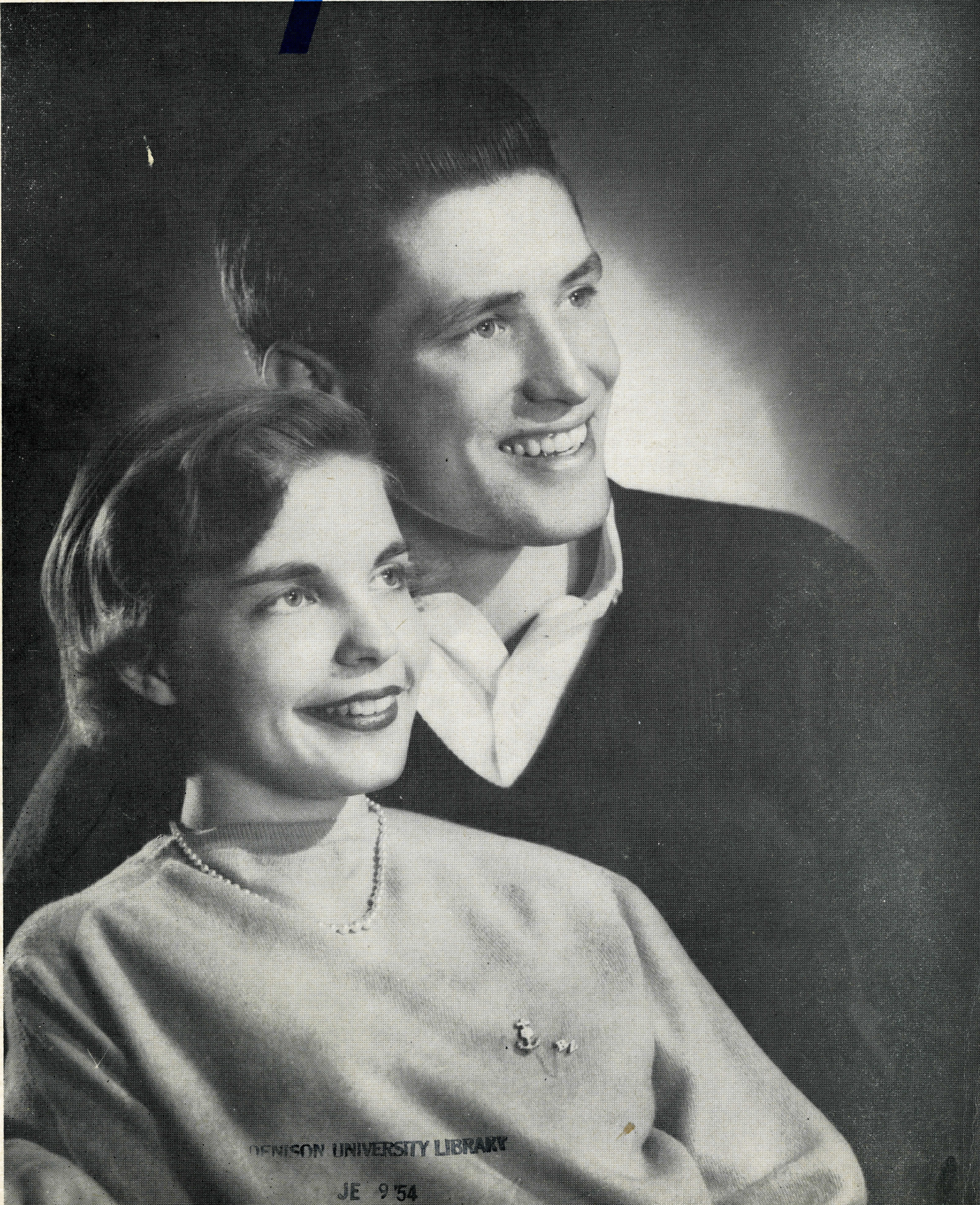
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DENISON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

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THETA ETA CHI

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.



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.

Campus

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COVER PHOTO BY

Howard Studio, Newark

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Skidding Down the Drag

There's an old Pillsbury ad that says "A cake is only as good as its ingredients." that can be extended easily to CAMPUS magazine. Marj and I think this cake (CAMPUS) is good, but we'd like to add a little more of one ingredient, Zest!

Zest, zip, flavor, flare, pep, whatever you want to name it, we wish to see more of it here at Denison. In its place we often find committee meetings, gripes, big talk, laziness, 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 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 whoever planned the new Student Union. 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, leaving this editors' job just when 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

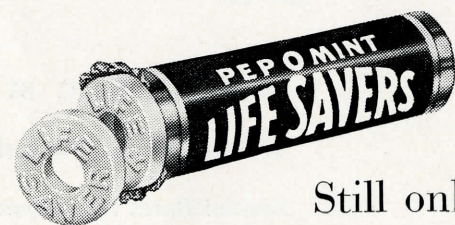
BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From *My 36th Year*, line 36



Still only 5¢

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'd 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 will 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 they gave us 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 calibre 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-ish way we wish you a good Je 10 por S 18 and we'll see you in the fall.

Marj.

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 wade like hell!"

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 against my conscience."

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

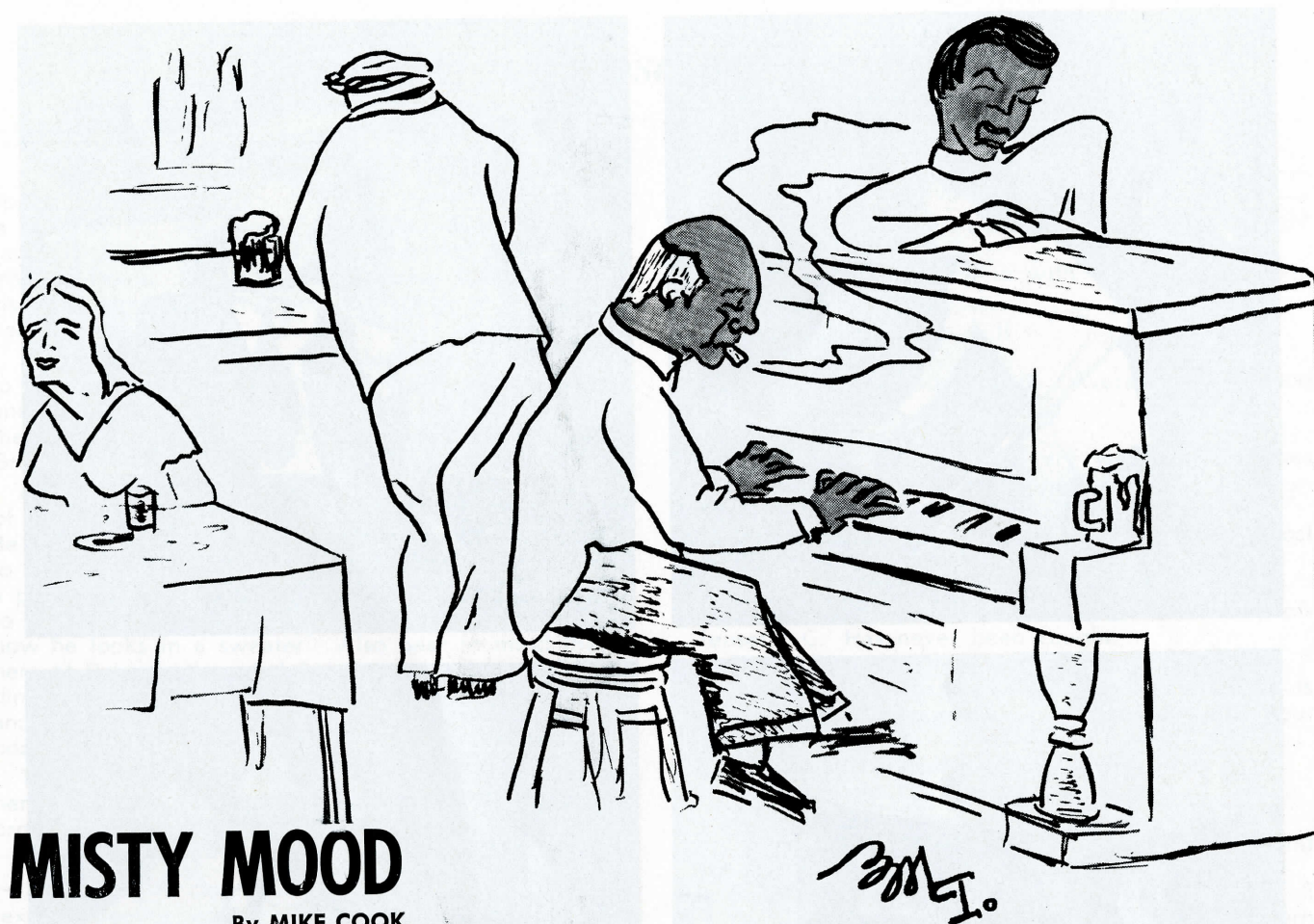
Shy bride: "Oh yes. We've spent many a sleepless night over it."

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 grant.

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!"



MISTY MOOD

By MIKE COOK

He paused by the doorway, turned his head to watch the mist curling around the street lamp, and listened to the music coming from the dim-lit room beyond the door. Then he turned, entered the room, and slid on to a seat at the bar.

At 1 a. m. the New Orleans waterfront was still wide awake. Outside, the fog was alone in the streets, but indoors the life of the city went on. The little cabaret was crowded, all attention centered on the small stage at one end of the room. A stocky negro was playing a soft blues tune on the piano while a dusky girl with tears in her voice sang a love song. The music was spellbinding. Nothing moved in the room but an occasional cigarette on its way to mouth or ash tray. Not a sound penetrated the blue haze of smoke save the throaty notes of the girl's voice and the muted beat of the piano. The smoke seemed to sway in accompaniment.

He signaled the bartender for a beer, and, downing half of it, settled back and lost himself in the music. The tune was old and the words timeless, the singer just another woman mourning her lost lover, but music and words held a power as old as sorrow and as new as every broken heart. He swayed with the throb of the old piano and the girl's voice spoke his thoughts.

Outside was the fog, cold and chill. Outside, not far from the bar, was an old house with a rusty iron-lace balcony. There, a dark-haired, pretty girl was sitting as he was, thinking. Shortly before they had been together, and while still together they had drifted many times farther apart than the short distance from the house to the doorway where the swirling smoke met the fog.

"What will I do without my man," whispered the voice of the singer and he sang softly with her, his

fingers tracing a pattern on the frosty beer glass.

"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 absently 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 he'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 went through the doorway.

Only moments later the mist parted again and a girl paused on the threshold. She was dark-haired and pretty. Her eyes searched the room quickly and then she moved to the bar and slid on to a seat. She covered every corner of the room with her gaze but finally hung her head hopelessly.

The piano beat softly and the singer swayed; "My man's gone and my heart's gone with him." Sadness and the lonely moan of a broken heart was in the music. Blue music and blue smoke throbbed in unison, and the mist in the doorway swirled with the rhythm.



Pictures PRENTICE STOUT

"In the Good 'Ole Summertime..."

By JOEN PRITCHARD

With the end of the term approaching, most of us have probably made our plans for the summer. For some this means passports, inoculations, 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 travellers 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 mid-west 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)

How To Choose A Roommate

By JOHN HODGES

At this time of year there is one impending event uppermost in every student's mind. Bock beer season is over, spring vacation is a thing of the past, and certainly this is no time to be concerned with such trivia as finals. No, it is none of these; the great decision at hand is the choosing of a roommate for next year.

In order to reduce this problem and its solution to the simplest terms, I shall employ a simple question and answer and rating system similar to that used by the parole boards of Sing Sing and Alcatraz and the Graduate Record Exams.

A word of explanation before you begin: Several of the questions will be divided into male and female. Be sure that you answer only the question applicable to the sex of the person whom you have in mind as a potential roommate. A man for instance, is bound to loose points through no fault of his own if rated on how he looks in a sweater. Also bear in mind that here at Denison the administration takes a singularly dim view of extending coeducation to the dormitories, and your chances of getting a roommate of the opposite sex are practically nil.

To do away with the necessity of writing "his or her" in each question, we shall simply refer to the prospective roommate as "it." Are we ready?

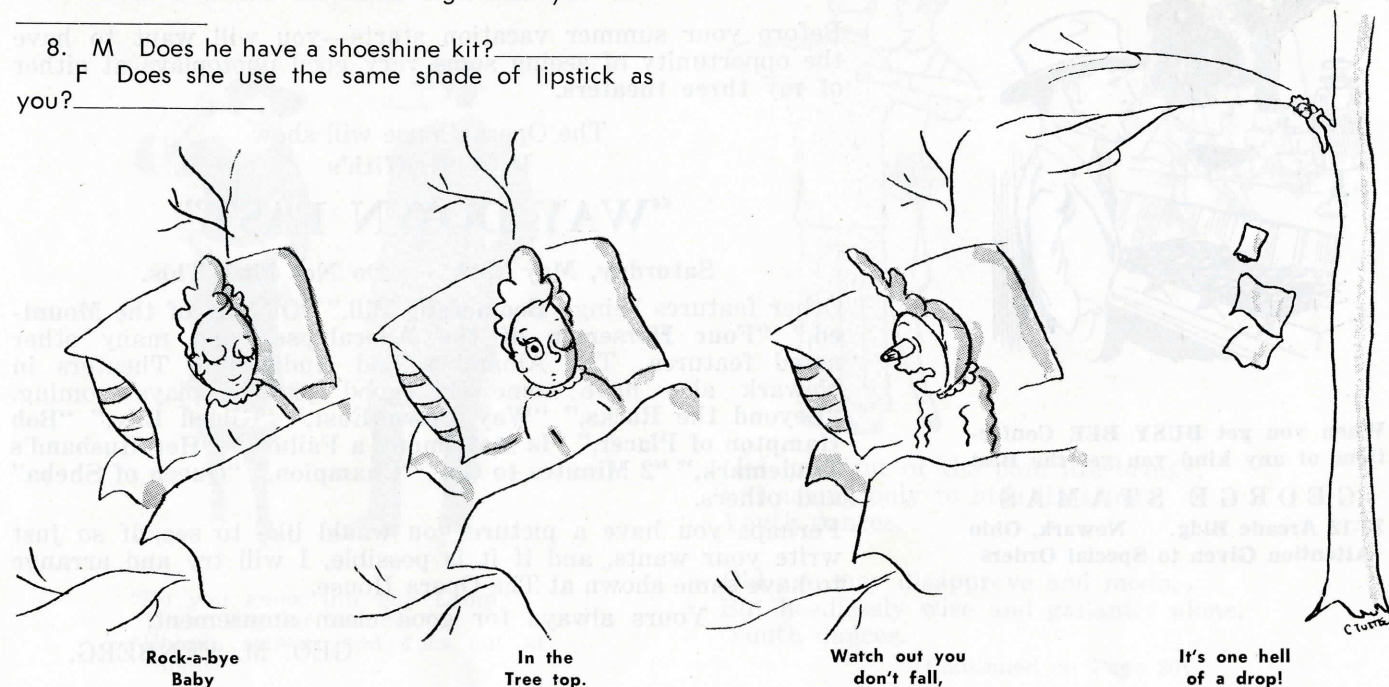
1. Are all its clothes within one size of your own? (except sleeves which may always be rolled up). _____
2. Does it have a fond parent who sends back a batch of cookies with each box of laundry? _____
3. Does it have a car? (In the case of women, the car will usually be found in the parking lot back of the Aladdin Restaurant.) _____
4. Is it filthy with loot? _____
5. Does it have a home nearby where you can go for weekends? _____
6. Does it take good classroom notes? _____
7. Does it smoke the same cigarettes you do? _____
8. M Does he have a shoeshine kit? _____
F Does she use the same shade of lipstick as you? _____

9. M Can he mix a good cocktail? _____
F Can she give a home permanent? _____
10. M Does he come in with a jag on after a night out? _____
F Does she come in with that frazzled look after a date? _____

II

1. Appearance
A A real knockout. B. Average. C. Good personality.
2. Cleanliness
A. Washes almost every week. B. Washes once a month. C. Uses Stopette.
3. Sense of humor
A. Laughs at everything. B. Laughs at almost everything. C. Has yellow teeth.
4. Honesty
A. Only minor offences. B. Penitentiary offences. C. Has never been caught.
5. Generosity
A. Is not generous with possessions. B. Is generous with possessions. C. Is generous with your possessions.
6. Moral character
A. Plato. B. James. C. Kinsey.
7. Religion
A. Has taken the core course. B. Is taking the core course. C. Has not taken the core course.
8. Intelligence
A. Took Western Civ. once. B. Took Western Civ. twice. C. Dropped Western Civ.
9. Sincerity.
A. Lies convincingly. B. Is often caught in a lie. C. Can't cover up worth a darn.
10. Industry
A. Oil. B. Steel. C. Coal.

This entire rating process should be self-explanatory, but if any clods are unable to comprehend the system, I shall be in my office at Antlers from three to five every afternoon to rate roommates. (For a small fee, of course.)



Jokes From The Jazz Age

By WOOD & KNAPP

Harry: My girl is sure clever with the footwork.
Larry: Classy dancer, eh?
H—: 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 newstands 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?
B—: To get the insurance money.

Frosh: I want my hair cut.
Barber: Any particular way?
F—: Off.

Drunk (stopping streetcar): Shay, thish car go to fortieth street?
Conductor: Yes.
—: Well b'bye and God bless you.



The ads, then written in a most serious vein, produce only humor in our generation, such as the play-bills 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. "Beyond the Rocks," "Way Down East," "Gilded Lily," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Is Matrimony a Failure," "Her Husband's Trademark," "2 Minutes to Go," "Champion," "Queen of Sheba" and others.

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.



When you get **BUSY BEE** Confections of any kind you get the Best
GEORGE STAMAS
10-12 Arcade Bldg. Newark, Ohio
Attention Given to Special Orders

or Flips From Flappers

By KNAPP & WOOD

Youth Dances

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.

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, 56 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 arrangement, 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."
"Uhhuh, smokes and goes out at night."



Not ignorant of the pain life brings,
But caring only to hide its stings,
Youth dances.

Old age may disapprove and moan,
But heedlessly wise and gallantly alone,
Youth dances.

(Continued on Page 20)

Nine To Five

By MIDGE GREENLEE

IN the yellow lighted office the nine o'clock bell rang, the quiet murmur of voices gradually died down, and the clatter of machines began. Rose picked up the stack of bills on her desk and began automatically to sort them.

"Well, for goodness sake," she said. "That's all I can say, for goodness sake!"

"It don't leave you much else to say," Trudy said.

"No, it sure don't."

"Hey, I gotta get busy. The old boy'll come back 'n' give me H. We're behind on orders as it is."

"Yeah. Wait'll I write Al about this! He's gonna say, 'What kinda office you workin' in, anyway, you know? He's really gonna be surprised.'" She put papers in her billing machine, switched it on. "Oh, well," she said, "you never know."

"I'll say." Trudy was settled at her desk in back of Rose. They worked in silence for a minute, electric machines operating in quick, light staccato. Without slowing down, Trudy spoke above the noise and just loud enough for Rose to hear.

"Wait'll I tell Mike about this, too. He always says, 'What d'you work there for? What ever happens at that office, anyway?' I always just told 'im I worked to make money, not for th' amusement. But now I got somethin' to tell him!"

"That's a terrible thing, though," Rose said. "Who'da thought Norma'd do a thing like that!"

"Well, it's like Mike was telling me the other night before he got tight—you never can tell an' you know, sometimes women can tell when other women are all off but then there's some that—Jeez!—you think they're just fine and you never suspect 'em until one day it all comes out and you wonder why you never knew!"

"Yah," Rose said. She turned and dropped a totaled bill in the basket. "You know," she said confidentially, "I wonder if anyone knew Norma was pullin' a stunt like that."

"I don't think so. Norma was too smart to let anybody know

'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 sheaf 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 two desks and dropped a sheaf 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're 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.

"What d'you hear from Al?" Trudy sorted order, fed the next one to the typewriter.

"Oh, he's fine," Rose said. The carriage of her machine jumped from one column of figures to another, then flung itself back again, up a space, to start over. "He thinks he can get home before too long."

"Yeah? He know when?"

"Pretty soon now, probably. Gee, I haven't seen 'im for—let's see—almost two years now."

"Well, at least you don't have to worry now. Not since they made that truce."

A business-like little man in a gray suit appeared and said quietly, "Good morning."

"Morning, Mr. Wright," Trudy replied punctually.

"Good morning," Rose echoed.

"Quite a few more orders," Mr. Wright said. "Sorry to load so much work on you two. We're trying to get someone to help out." He put a thick pile of papers on Trudy's desk, looked across the room at an unoccupied desk, and left. Trudy began counting the orders.

"Hey, Rose," she said.

"Huh?"

"I was just thinkin'—wish I knew what the whole story was, you know? About Norma."

"Yeah." Rose typed in silence for a minute. "Don't guess we'll ever know, though."

"Well, still. I know what Mike'll say—he'll say, 'You mean you ain't got no idea? An' you been workin' with her all this time?' He'll say we oughta know. He thinks all we do is talk about what everybody does. He thinks all women do is gossip."

"Oh, all men always think that!"

"Yeah, and I tell him, 'do I talk about the people at the office all the time?' and he always says, 'No and I don't see how you do it, Trudy. You talk all the time anyway.' He's so cute!" Trudy giggled.

"Well, you do talk about him all the time," Rose laughed.

"Well, I got a right to, don't I? I'm gonna marry the bum in about a month." She paused, suddenly

(Continued on Page 21)

Mr. and Miss Campus - 1954



INTRODUCING:

MISS SALLY SCHAFER

AND MR. TIM MACKIMM

*A pretty girl at King
Is willing to take a fling,
If she has someone to escort her.
So here's a swell guy,
With a smart look in his eye,
And he comes around to court her.*

*With these two let's spend Saturday,
From sun-up 'til it grows dim.
Mr. and Miss Campus are active and gay,
And commonly known as Sally and Tim.*

A Typical Saturday with Mr. and Miss Campus



Sally's no Girl Scout
but she seems prepared,
Tim was a Marine,
but he looks quite scared.



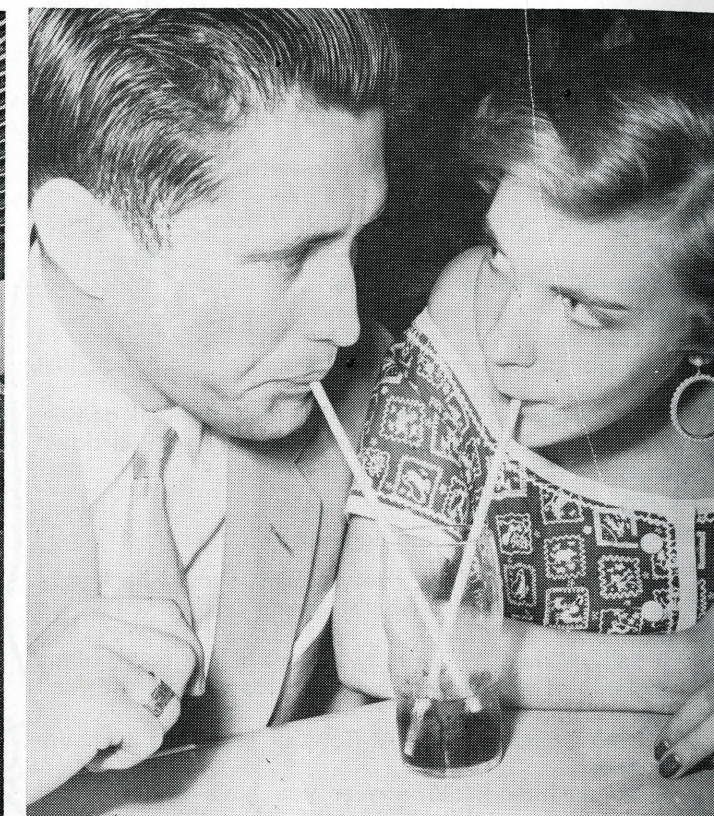
On the eighteenth green, Sal's as fresh as a daisy!
When Tim said he'd go golfing, he must have
been crazy!



Sally's DG spirit comes through every time,
So that she can retard this "Fiji's" climb.



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



She could be flirting, he could be broke—
Nevertheless, there's only one coke.

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



Well Shut My Mouth!

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.
Cliff Lytle: I'm so tired after that football game—you know how the towels in the John say 'Pull down and tear'—I couldn't even pull down!

What's a synonym for futile?
Pat Long: Discouragingly-out-of-it.
Dr. Hawes: I think every subject should be taught as a cultural subject—that's what's wrong with auto mechanics.

Sally Mahan: It's funny they've never dug up the skeleton of one ancient woman. No wonder they call them Homo Sapiens.
Duck Shackelford: (At Tony's) Leave no turn unstoned.

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

Bill Moor: O.K., we'll make this finale drippingly sincere.
Tom Clark: If you lose my belt buckle that opens beer cans, I'll charge you \$10. They just don't make those anymore, you know.

Professor: Now what are these little bodies here next to the liver in this worm called?

Sam Prosser: Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Betty Ann Miller: Dr. King gave us a bad test, so I cut his class to punish him.

Free Osborne: People came out of the Sophomore Graduate Records saying, "The literature was all right, but gawd that physical science, and the vocabulary was all right but gawd that Math." I just came out saying GAWD.

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!
Tom Ducro: Pardon me, I've never mastered the art of blowing my nose quietly, but at least I'm more comfortable than those people who sniffle and save up for later.

Hugh Foster: He's getting that Budweiser tumor.
June Clissold: (bumming a cigarette) I've come for a nicotine bon bon.

Jane Mathews: He definitely is a sort of semi-practical idealist.

Travis: It's Christian Emphasouse.
Woody Randolph: Let's live it up and lick the alcohol off the mimeograph sheets.

Duck: (to Lugar) Have you gotten your campaign pictures yet?

Lugar: Yeah. I set the committee to work on them.
Duck: That poor committee, think what they have to work with.

Lugar: I told them to get out the styptic pencil.

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.

Bailey Jacobs: If that girl didn't have such a horrible face and personality, she'd have a nice figure.

Wally Kull: 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.

Dawn Anthony: Marcia's reading *Romeo and Juliet* for fun. Catch that.

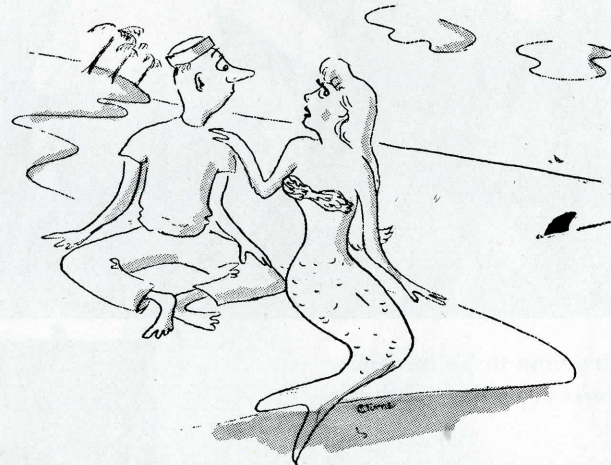
Marcia Wachs: I must confess I can use this culture for a book report.

Emily Bird: The easiest way to darn socks is to pinch the edges together and run the sewing machine around the edge.

Lou McCombs: I'm collecting germs, 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.



YOU'D BETTER GO. HERE COMES FATHER.

THE DRUMS OF KU

*Boom, boom! the drums of Ku
 Tatoo the hush of thin-skinned night;
 The Sea-God's urgent stallions
 Assault the shore with surging white;
 A jut of lava genuflects
 Before His awe-inspiring might.*

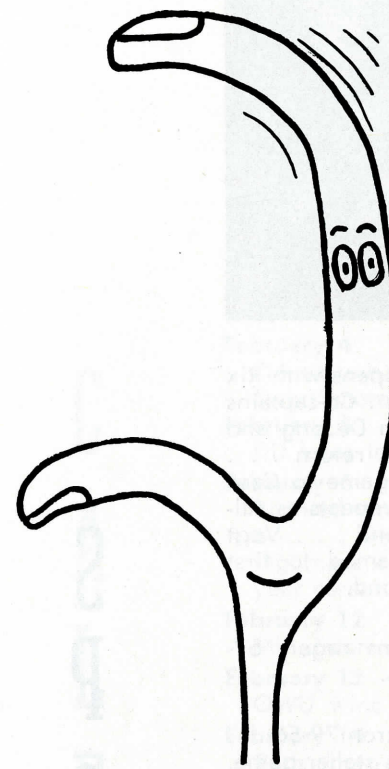
*"Laugh, white strangers, laugh when you hear
 Of backward Polynesian rite,
 Performed by pagans sanctifying
 The god of this hallowed site;
 Laugh as your phallic tractor tears
 Past the breasts of rock-piled tombs
 To plant the sperm of Progress
 In a reluctant womb!"*

*Boom, boom! the drums of Ku
 Subdue the doubts of old belief;
 The foaming stallions break their rein
 And trample o'er the barrier reef;
 From ancient burial haunts of Ku
 The curse of uncovered bones comes true.*

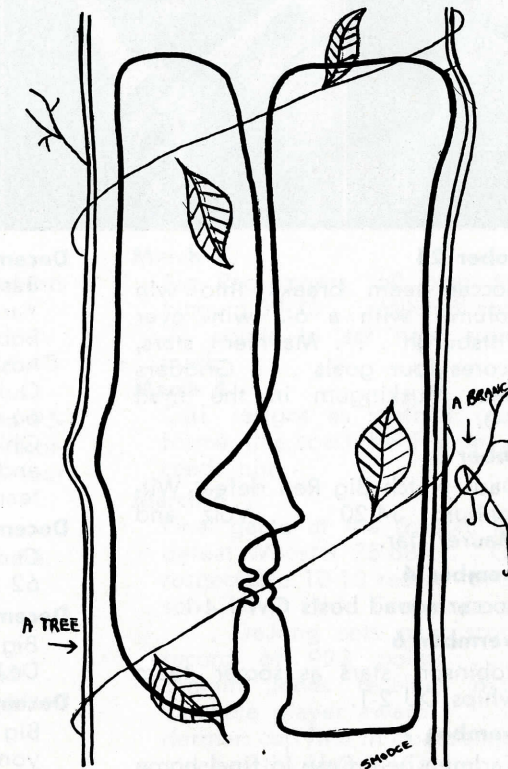
JOHN MILLER.

ABOUT FACE

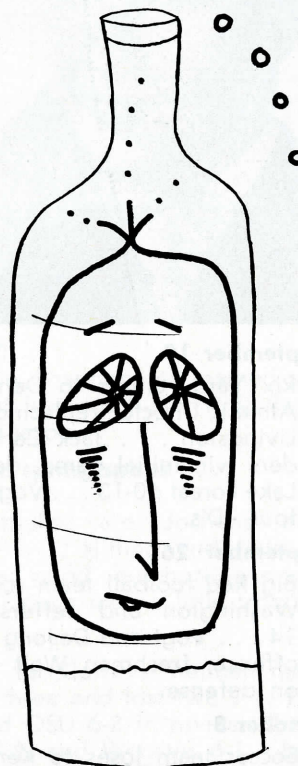
By BETH HODGE



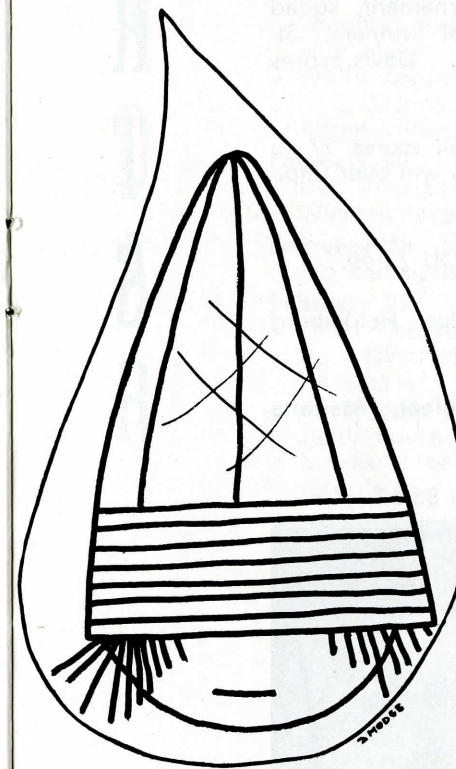
Denison Hello



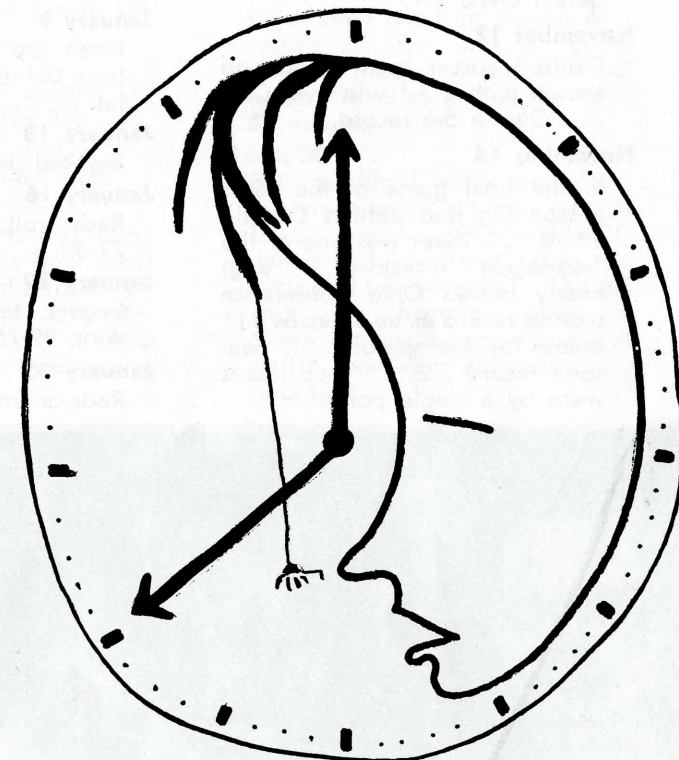
Turfing Season



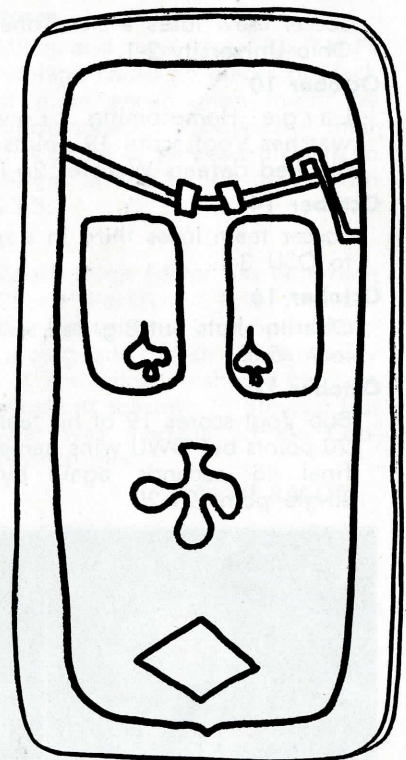
An Evening at Tony's



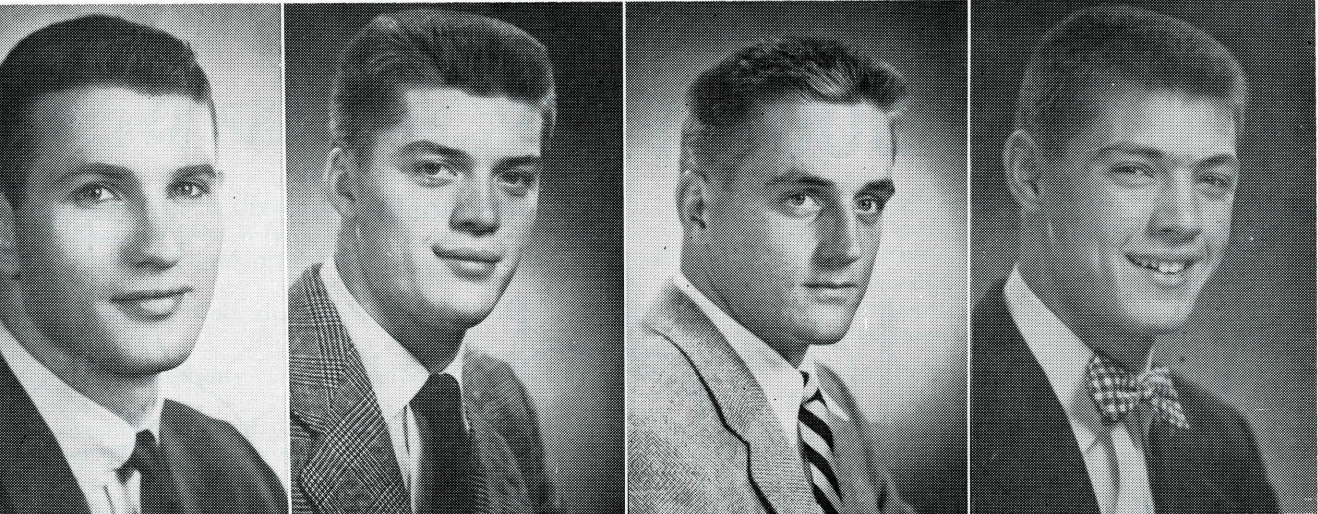
Monsoon Time



Eight o'Clocks



Bridge in the Union



September 19
 Rix Yard returns to Denison as Athletic Director replacing W. O. Livingston . . . Jack Carl's grid-ers win initial game, defeating Lake Forest 60-13 . . . Vogt scores for TD's.

September 26
 Big Red football team rolls over Washington and Jefferson 27-14 . . . Vogt and DeJong star on offense; freshman Walt Nadzak in defense.

September 3
 Soccer team loses to Kenyon 3-0 . . . Mount Union starts fast and then hold gridders to win by a single point 28-27 . . . Volz scores three.

September 9
 Soccer crew loses a close one to Ohio University 2-1.

September 10
 Large Homecoming crowd watches Vogt score 19 points as Big Red defeats Wooster 26-16.

September 14
 Soccer team loses third in a row to OSU 3-1.

September 16
 Oberlin shuts out Big Red soccer team 5-0.

September 17
 Bob Vogt scores 19 of his team's 30 points but OWU wins game in final 45 seconds again by a single point 21-20.

October 24
 Soccer team breaks into win column with a 6-3 win over Pittsburgh . . . Maynier stars, scores four goals . . . Gridders beat Muskingum in the mud 7-0.

October 31
 Dads watch Big Red defeat Wittenburg 34-20 . . . Volz and Maurer star.

November 4
 Soccer squad bests OWU 4-1.

November 6
 Robinson stars as soccer team whips OU 2-1.

November 7
 Carlmen beat Case in final home game for seniors 34-27 . . . Game played in snowstorm.

November 11
 Soccer team garners fourth win, defeat OWU 4-1.

November 13
 Denison soccer team winds up season with a 3-1 win over OSU . . . Own a 5-6 record.

November 14
 In the final game of the 1953 season Big Red defeats Oberlin 27-20 . . . Team was one of the "scoringest" in history . . . Vogt nearly breaks Ohio Conference scoring record as he amasses 111 points for the season . . . Season's record 7-2 . . . Two losses were by a single point.

December 5
 Basketball season opens with Rix Yard as mentor . . . Co-captains Bob Jones and Don DeJong and host of lettermen return . . . Quintet loses first game to Case 66-64 . . . DeJong repeats as All-Ohio Conference end . . . Vogt and Wolfe also named to first team, Deeds to second.

December 9
 Central State downs cagers 67-62 as DeJong stars.

December 11
 Big Red loses to Akron 79-56 . . . DeJong again plays stellar game.

December 16
 Big Red gets first win, beats Kenyon 84-56.

December 21
 Youngstown tournament, squad loses to eventual winners, St. Francis, 77-67 . . . Davis scores 24.

January 9
 Frosh Erp Mitchell scores 27 to pace DU to 85-68 win over Capital.

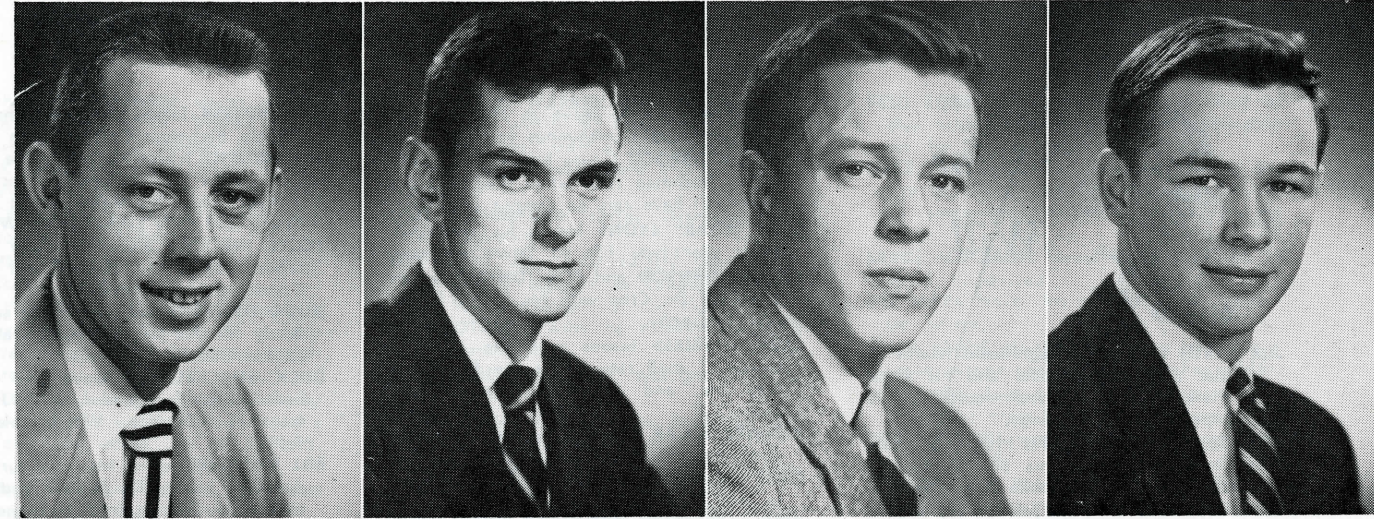
January 13
 Big Red defeats OU 72-65.

January 16
 Reds roll, subdue Heidelberg 77-52.

January 19
 Cagers taste defeat, Marietta wins 99-75.

January 23
 Reds down Hiram 85-62.

SPORTS



February 4
 On eastern trip, Big Red defeats Swarthmore 70-67.

February 5
 DU loses to West Chester 69-63.

February 6
 Big Red wallops Susquehanna 95-67 . . . DeJong sets new scoring mark of 812 points in four year career.

February 12
 Mt. Union defeats quint 61-58.

February 13
 OWU wins 79-64.

February 14
 Reds down Wittenburg 81-62 . . . DeJong has 15 points per game average to pace Big Red.

February 18
 Andy Deeds named 1954 football captain . . . Vogt receives Gregory award for most valuable player . . . Willis, DeJong, Wolfe, Maurer win other awards . . . DeJong inks pact with Los Angeles Rams.

February 20
 DU thinculds lose opener to Western Reserve 68½-35½.

February 23
 Big Red bests Oberlin 74-69.

February 27
 OWU defeats basketeers 90-61 . . . OWU also cops dual meet 68½-35½ . . . Bright spot, Phil Brady puts shot 44'4" to shatter field house record . . . OWU breaks three other field house records.

March 2
 Big Red cagers roll over Muskingum 82-70 . . . Mitchell scores 37 points to set new scoring mark.

March 4
 Carl resigns as football coach, former line coach Keith Piper succeeds him.

March 6
 Final game of the season, Reds defeat Wooster 75-68 . . . Own respectable 10-10 record for season, 7-6 in Ohio Conference play . . . DeJong sets new scoring record of 922 points . . . Co-captain Jones receives most valuable player award . . . Cindermen cop first in quadrangular meet with Akron, Capital, and Mt. Union . . . Jim Donley remains undefeated in competition.

March 13
 Denison second in Ohio Conference meet, OWU cops first . . . Cindermen wind up season with record of one win in quadrangular meet, two losses in dual meets and a second in the Ohio Conference meet.

March 20
 220 top-flight stars participate in Livingston Relays, five records fall . . . Podoley of Central Michigan is individual star, takes two firsts and two seconds . . . NCAA shot put champion Jones of Miami amazes crowd with put of 54'10" breaking old record by nine feet.

April 20
 Robbie Shannon '49 named assistant line coach for 1954 football season.

Briefs on spring sports . . .

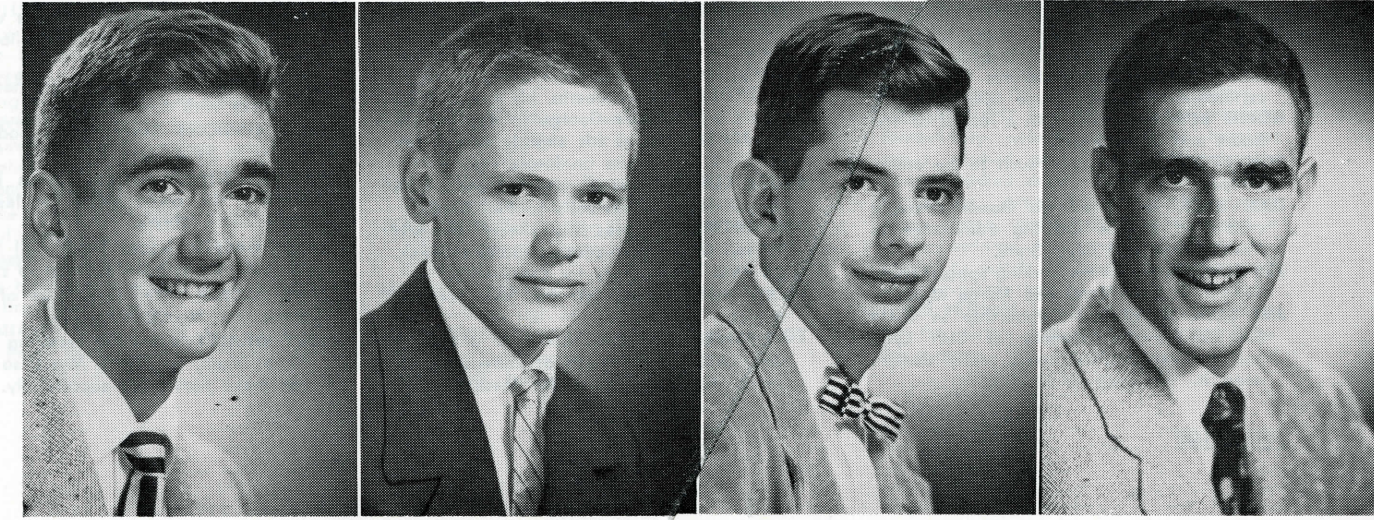
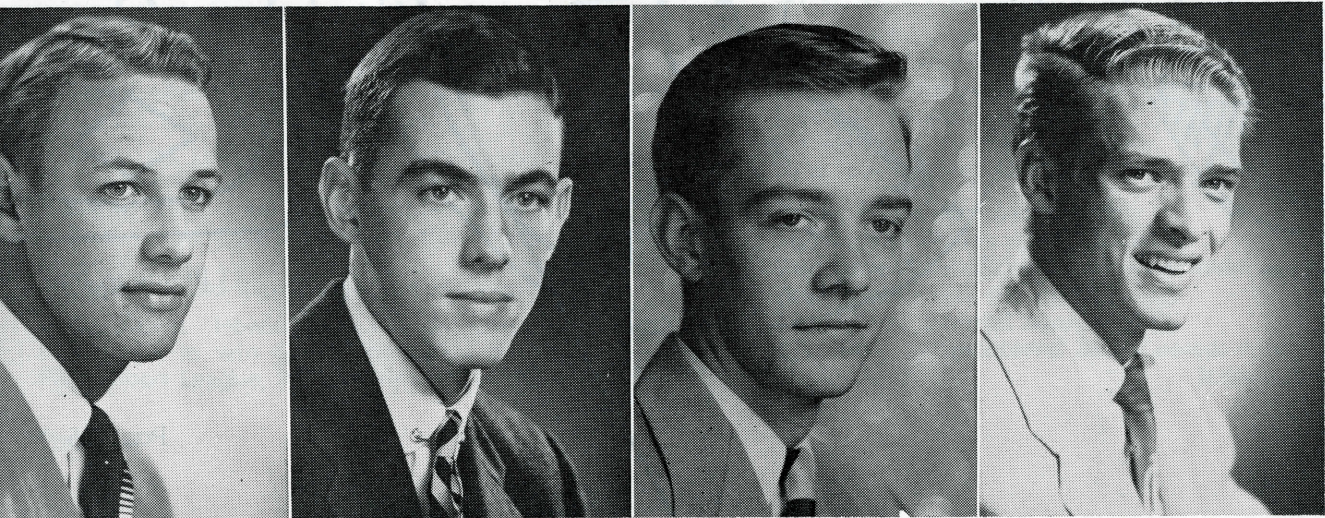
Baseball
 Co-captains are Jochens and Ryno . . . Hitting and fielding appear good, but hurling might give Piper's men a little trouble.

Tennis
 Thus far Coffin's netmen have won three and lost two . . . Defeated OSU 6-3 in opener, Temple 7-2, and Wooster 6-1. Lost to Pennsylvania 8-1 and Haverford 5-4 . . . Team is strong with number one man Bowen back plus lettermen and good freshman prospect Jerry Florez.

Lacrosse
 Miller and crew under Rix Yard's tutelage could go places but lack of experienced men might be hinderance . . . Showed in their first game as they went down to defeat at the hands of Oberlin 22-5.

Golf
 Coach Hugh Foster has lettermen Chuck Peckham, Bob Stewart, Phil Rouse, and Dick Speidel returning and frosh Mike Griley . . . The linksmen should have an excellent season . . . Stewart last year was medalist in the Conference meet.

By TIP RASOR





Senior Will

JIM BARTH leaves his magnificent health to Whisler Memorial Hospital and his stock of vitamin pills to the undernourished rats in Experimental Psychology.

GEORGE GARRETT leaves his Irish tenor voice to Dave Billett and his Lincoln to the Newark Square Automobile Association.

JOHN HUNTING wills his *joie de vie* and irresistible technique with women to Gene Gaenslen.

JOE LEFEVER leaves his bulletin board of rejection slips to Paul Bennett's writing class and his All-Star Ranking in Basketball to Phil Rouce.

LOU McCOMBS wills his whopperunerangs, double dorks tremendi, and wounded patriarchs to future psychopaths.

SAM MCKENNEY leaves, still wondering which twin has the Toni.

BUD MILLER wills his fantastic luck in poker to Bob Thrasher and his appetite for pizza to the tapeworm in Biology Lab.

DON DeJONG wills his harmless playfulness to King Kong and Barney Aphorpe.

BILL MORRISON bequeaths his independence in *affaires de coeur* to Ken Thompson and his taboo to all "crazy mixed-up kids."

WOODY RANDOLPH leaves his 1.9 to all senior pre-meds, and his annual birthday party to members of the Granville chapter of A.A.

CHUCK PECKHAM leaves his title of "Veep" to Molly.

HARRY ROWND leaves his distaste of Slang to J. L. King—Tha-at's right!

NANCY AAYBE leaves her quiet unassuming personality to Dawn Anthony.

PAT EVANS leaves muttering, "always a bridesmaid never a bride," looking for greener pastures.

JANE FRAME leaves her apartment to next year's Alpha Phi seniors that they may continue to uphold the traditions.

JEAN RACE leaves her athletic ability to Dave Bayley so he can challenge the good Dean and "birdie retriever" dog to badminton.

MARIAN REINERS leaves "happy Bob Carter" with mixed emotions.

CHAR SMELTZER leaves hoping to be a help-mate to a future occupant of the White House.

JOAHNE TURK leaves the boys at the Kappa Sig House in favor of just one fellow.

JEAN WILSON leaves for a Yale European trip leaving behind Kenyon and Fberglas.

JO SMITH leaves her musical ability to Karl Eschman.

MIKE BEGLEN unwillingly leaves his stool at TONY'S to his younger brother Rog.

JACK BEYER leaves his kidneys to any AA candidate. Prospect: Bruce Gilbert.

HOWIE BORGER leaves with a record of 160 hours and seven years.

TOM BROWN leaves too much to be enumerated.

DAN BUCK leaves all his non-transferable credits to anyone desiring admittance to Miami, Kent and Ohio State.

ZEB BURGESS leaves his parking space behind Sawyer to John Dold and Marge Miller.

JIM COPE leaves his membership in Theta Eta Chi to the memory of Cliff Lytle and to Walt McPhail, who really doesn't need it.

THE THETA SENIORS leave so that Pan-Hell can finally get a unanimous vote.

CHUCK ASHBROOK leaves his perpetual grin to the freshman class when they find out they can't have cars on campus next year.

DICK "ROAR" LYONS leaves his one-word-a-day silent-type life to Dawn Anthony.

KENNY JOHNSON and **BOB JONES** leave an effigy of Dr. Crist with his happy family life philosophy.

JACK LOVELESS leaves with the immortal words "I shall return, like my father before me, and his father before him, and . . ."

RICHARD LUGAR leaves Denison still in doubt about the outcome of his Wasserman.

DAVE MAURER leaves his old football cleats to Midge Greenlee.

DICK PRASSE leaves disillusioned because his ability as song leader of the Beta Christmas Serenade was overlooked by Mu Sigma.

PETE DUCRO leaves condemning birth control with an eye on his future mortuary business. "Ladies with big tummies are going to be quite stylish next year," says the Beta General.

JIM ROUSH leaves feeling that indeed liberal arts teaches us how to live rather than how to make a living.

CHUCK SMITH leaves the mattress in the back of his L and K truck to any red blooded American Denisonian who has the guts to take advantage of it.

DALE WOLFE leaves for graduate school to write a thesis on "You don't have to be pinned to have fun with a senior girl."

DICK CROWE leaves after his senior year whirlwind love affair, nosing out Tom Bernard for the "I've spent more time with my girl than you have" senior lovers' contest.

JANE MATTHEWS leaves the "Theater" and the "Dance," but takes her Rainbow Girls' sweater with her.

VIRVE SAAR bequeaths her knowledge of abnormal psychology to the "Wingless Angels."

JILL WOODS wills her Sunday Evening Vespers Services to the Theta Eta Chis, in hopes of their future redemption.

SHIRLEY UMPHREY wills her Paris-acquired slang to first-year French students and to those seeking eloquent conversation with young faculty members.

RAYKO YASUMURA wills her voice to Bill Bowen for a better year in D. C. G. A.

MARJE CLARKE leaves her Vassar awkcent to Nanci-Lee Smith.

BARBARA BOOTH leaves her niche in Chem cottage to make room for the helium machine, soaring *Excelsior*, in her search for bigger and better unknowns.

DAVID and DICK BAUMGARTNER leave their well stocked book shelves of Hardy Boys' Adventures to the Sigma Chi House for any future Bobbie Twins.

BOB CASH, seeing the obvious lack of mid-western culture exemplified in Wally Kull's wardrobe, bequeaths his country-bumpkin levis to the aforementioned—Cut 'em off Wally they make dapper walking shorts.

BOB THOMPSON bequeaths his branch canleabra and brother George to Kay Tatnall.

DICK SPEIDEL leaves his slightly empty can of 3-in-1 oil for use on future squeaks.

CHUCK CURRY leaves his peaches and cream complexion and bar-bells to Phil Brady.

BOB DISERENS leaves his cheery Denison "hello" to Adonis—another Golden Greek.

JACK FEID leaves Judy for the service.

DEREK HOXBY gets left by Kim for the service.

TOM FREER leaves his library of unopened volumes and his wealth of knowledge received from them to John Macklin.

FRED BURRER leaves the presidency of the Eligible Bachelors Club to John Adams.

TOM BROPHY leaves his bed in the Fiji house to look for new hibernation locations.

BILL HILL leaves his Maine accent to Walter Chang and Sally Lasher to Ed Wright.

SCOTT INBODEN leaves a soggy barrel of reduce ads to Paul Bennett and his pilot's license to Harry Hayes.

HUGO FOSTER leaves his athletic sox to Phil Brady and his jar of pickled seal pancreas to the friendly librarians.

DUCK SHACKELFORD leaves to open the branch bank in Equador, while Jimmy . . . transfers to Denison. Will Thekela be faithful?

BILL MANIERRE leaves his thick curly Charles Antellian hair to Dr. Morgan and his jokes to the couch man from Davenport.

TOM DUCRO leaves his friendship ring to Ann Creel and his evil mind to Marj Sherman.

BRAD MacKIMM leaves for summer school, bestowing his surplus hours upon Happy Don Fitch.

JOE SHEETS leaves the secret of Mousie's operation to the Standard Chairwoman of the Pan-Hel Council.

CHUCK BRICKMAN leaves his intramural medals to sister Judy and the feed business to sister-in-law Sally.

BOB BASSLER leaves an unused Ford convertible to the Simeralsonian Institute and his name "Moose" to Bobby Werner.

EDNA BOGARDUS leaves in hopes that she hasn't caused any ill success in the various musical careers of any members of the Denison family.

ANN CREEL leaves the congenial atmosphere of the Denisonian office to tactful and unassuming Wally Kull.

NANCY ESHELMAN leaves her small rhinestone to Mary Lou Gregory who wonders if they can make them out of Fibre-glass.

HARRIET FAXON leaves her enjoyment of being buzzed to all those girls who will be by Andy Deeds in the future.

AUDREY GOODMAN leaves, wishing she could take Bob Miller with her.

NANCY HOWE leaves the job of washing the Phi Delt sox to the Newman twins.

SHIRLEY JOHNSON leaves Smitty and her bagpipes to Bob Haroff. Hope he likes Loch Lomond.

JEANNE KIRSTEN leaves her genuine sweet way to Mrs. Heinrichs.

SUSAN KNAPP leaves Lunge's parking space in the Knapp's driveway to be auctioned off at next year's Bonds of Friendship drive.

JULIE LEIB leaves her "hole in one" certificate to anyone who doesn't believe it.

MARILYN LIESER leaves her short weeks at Denison and her longer weekends to Barb Young and Nancy Steele.

BETTY ANNE MILLER leaves her century-tested romance to Mary Ellen Maxwell and Bill Bowen.

MARTY NISBET leaves her affability to Bill Wagner.

JULIE ROBINSON leaves the area under her bed and her closet to T. S. Eliot for use in "the Wastelands."

ZOA SCHOLFIELD leaves for greener pastures to graze with a Guernsey.

JANE SESSIONS leaves her good driver's medal to Steve Sizer.

MADAME SUSAN SHOLES leaves her salon wishing she could make her last quarter from Kathy Heath.

BICKY GASKILL leaves Shaw Hall the wiser for her having been allowed to stay there.

JANE FISCHER, after four years of Spanish, leaves for Northern Europe.

JUDY WHALEY leaves her wedding plans, all 12 of them, to Nancy Myers so that she can make hers more successfully.

BILL "BEANBAG" GOODWIN leaves all the beans in his bag to Dr. Truman which could easily make him famous—What the hell, look what the soybeans did for George Washington Carver.

LOUIS RICE leaves his bogus, veneer and facade to the falsy industry.

JIM TRAVIS bequeaths his favorite sooty Tern chick to the birds.

GEORGE "CHAPPIE" PETERSON leaves a small fuzzy Kuder to Mark Smith to help him correct next year's freshman preference tests.

KEITH PIPER would like to have **Jim Posey** leave some of his weight to next year's centers and Jim would like to leave it, too.

JACK VANCE bequeaths all his Mutt and Jeff comic books to Mutt.

BOB WOODS leaves his accumulation of lipeds to Jim Kalbfleisch—Now Jim, too, can lift weights.

Bebonair **TOM SKIDMORE** leaves his continental touch and suave line to Bill Giles who can't get a date either!

JACK "THE BEAN STALK" LEFEVRE leaves his bean stalk to anyone who would like to climb it.

DEACON DAVE WOODYARD, in a fit of Christian benevolence, donates 120 unabridged copies of the Gideon Bible to his wayward Curtis Hall kiddies.

CHUCK HOBART bequeaths to Bill Bowen his ability to dominate class discussion.

LEWIS PRINE bequeaths his knowledge in Educational Tests and Measurements to Dr. Scott for use in Religion and Philosophy.

ALAN VOGAN bequeaths to Doug Yohe one 1932 Chevy for \$85.00.

ELLIOTT MILLER bequeaths one Phi Beta Kappa key to Marianne, Marjorie, or Patricia Miller, in the hope that the family name may continue to dominate the award.

JOHN MARTINO bequeaths his home town, Newark, Ohio, to the Class of 1958 who will of course use it for purposes of economic, sociological and geological study.

KATY LOU ENGLEHART leaves the Sigma Chi's without an honorary house mother.

JEAN PURYEAR leaves her clipped New England accent to Carol Ekberg.

SHIRLEY LAY leaves numerous recordings of her accordian playing to her long-suffering dorm neighbors.

MARY TURNER leaves her personalized stomach pump to anyone who enjoys Colwell food as much as she does.

MARY ANN SKALA leaves her shy, retiring nature to Jane Geyer.

ROSEMARY AKIN leaves her place in the Lost and Found line to those others whose memories aren't what they used to be either.

BONNIE TONNEBERGER leaves her semi-permanent bed in Whisler Hospital to anyone else who is sickness and accident prone.

MUGGS MILLER leaves her Enchanted Cottage for a new residence, but she takes along the same old husband.

SUSIE BOYER leaves, with half the faculty still calling her by her sister's name.

CAROLYN WHITCOMB leaves her various and sundry presidencies to anyone who has enough energy to take them over.

THE TRI DELT SENIORS leave their female Ginko tree to any male Ginko tree in need of a soul mate.

BILL WHITMER wills to Doris George "The Debater's Handbook," and to Paul Bennett his hair brush and mirror.

JIM MARQUARDT wills a tank full of Gulf Pride to Bruce Banta, but takes Julie with him.

AL CRAMER, WARREN OLIVER and FRED SMALSTIG will to Bill Bowen and members of the library staff a 200 pound marble bust, a pair of sunglasses, and a freshman beanie.

TOM RUTHERFORD circles Granville until next September.

BOB VOGT after four sweaty years, wills his athletic support to Greaseball Willis and future members of the Big Red.

DICK HOTALING wills the intramural field to the anatomy class.

JACK SCHENK wills his midnight vigils to Bad Brown.

BRUCE KERSCHNER wills the Roadside Park to the State Highway Patrol.

BRUCE LUNDQUIST leaves hurriedly after making out Senior Wills for four years.

HELEN (Helly) CRAWFORD leaves for Florida with bed and white rat in tow.

DOTTIE DAVIDSON sails away believing every word we say.

G'NNIE EARLE leaves professionally.

MARYAN FRANCIS leaves Yogi to Dr. Titus.

JAN KRIECKHAUS leaves her voice to Jan Pierce.

BETTY LITCHFIELD leaves her eyes to Dr. Eschman and her smile to Sue Haury.

JOYCE MENDE leaves "Foggy River" to Tris Coffin.

KATIE SHIRLEY leaves her aspiration and Bride's Magazine to Frances Beaver.

DRU SWANSON leaves her subtlety to Campus—it needs it.

CAROL TAYLOR leaves her title "always a candidate, never a queen" to R. J. Barbier.

SUE WHITNEY leaves her crinoline to the maintenance department.

HAL WALKER leaves Pudding.

JOHN SLOAT leaves the FourA-Cees quartette without a first tenor.

JOHN INMAN leaves, and the Greek Department no longer has a major.

JOHN KEMPTON leaves no stone unturned for future geology "rocks."

THEODORE MILLER wills his liberalizing technique on freshman women to Wilbur Crop-ley.

ROLAND J. (Extremely) BROWN leaves his flashlight in the basement of Barney.

KJELL AMBLE leaves Denison with his philosophy "Life Is A Bowlful of Cherries."

J. THERON DODSON, eminent historian, leaves the antiquarians of the Granville Museum a box of prunes and package of teabags for lean days.

RAY MUMMERY leaves to the technicians at Wub-DUB his book on "How To Be A Top-notch Ball and Socket Man."

GENE STEARNS leaves Denison seeking a new light (for his next cigarette).

IRVING J. CARR, scientist, leaves Denison, unconvinced by Core 82, as a confirmed hedonist.

DON BARRINGER leaves his chemical formula for synthetic rubber to Ken Cox.

BOB PRICE leaves Colwell without a Red (head) to wake the girls in the morning.

TOM BERNARD wills his arsenal and brass knuckles to Buzz "Bonne" Darrah.

JACKIE BROWN leaves the Y.W.C.A. to the Y.M.C.A. where it belonged in the first place.

BETTY BRICKER leaves Denison for Ohio State where she wishes she'd been for the last two years anyway.

ANNE ELLIOT leaves Denison for the greener pastures of Cincinnati.

JEAN SMITH leaves her bag pipes to Hartley Alley in hopes he can improve the Big Red Band next year.

MARILYN PAXTON leaves Colwell Dining Hall with a sigh of regret.

LIZ WINKLER-PRINS leaves her math ability to Pree Osborne to cope with the impossible D.G. budget.

FRED CURRY leaves in a dramatic whirl of dust which characterized his performance on the Denison stage.

DUKE DUNN leaves his uncompromising desire to live downhill to anyone who can so successfully entertain guests in his room.

BRUCE McMARLIN leaves in the vacuum in which he arrived.

DEE MILES leaves his pin but can't remember where.

JOHN BEMUS MILLER leaves but will return when anyone needs a fourth or has a fifth.

BILL (Willie Lump-Lump) MOORE leaves his meticulous dress to Lindsay Simmons.

BOB RAMSDELL leaves just one of his babies . . . WDUB.

JIM WESTLAKE leaves his Enchanted Cottage and the shot-gun with which he so successfully warded off Theta Eta Chi serenades.

DIANE DI ROSA leaves her grease paint and cups of tea to Sally Lashar.

JANET MOORE and ANN BAKER leave their Sweetbriar Junior Year in France for all those who are specializing in LIBERAL ARTS.

ANN FALTER wills her white rat to Tinker Edwards as a mascot for her pledge class.

JUDY BELL leaves the Alley for the sidewalks of New York.

MARY LOU PRICE and HELEN HUTZLER leave their twenty-two Brownies in the grade school gym.

BONNIE BRIGHT leaves for Lord's sake!

DICKEY MACKEN wills her burnt out flashbulbs to Nancy Sippel.

LYNN WELLMAN wills her "friendship" with Mr. Seager to all eager history majors.

PAT LUCAK wills her debatable high school senior students to the sophomore slump.

BEVERLY HOPE leaves her trips to and from New York to members of the Theatre Group.

MARYELLA NEAL wills her southern accent to Betty Tompkins.

CAROL CARLBERG wills her key to the chapel organ to the person who played the chapel bells April the 7th.

PRISCILLA HOEPPNER leaves her uneaten meals at the sem to Janis Towsley.

BRUCE BAUMAN bequeaths his Dow-Jones ticker and a subscription to *Barrons* to Prentice Stout.

BOB HARROFF, whose Denison badminton days are over, leaves two battered shuttles to Dean Bayley and Ginger.

CHARLIE HEVENTHAL leaves a muddy Lambda Chi lawn for Jim Arnold to seed and Geoffrey Chaucer's images in the library.

PHIL REES bequeaths five Caldor mobiles and a copy of *A Portrait of an Artist as an Old Man* to Jerry Jordan.

DON SUTHERLAND is still deciding what his bequest should be.

DOUG YOHE bequeaths an astounding sense of humor to Bill Vandever.

ED JACOBS has packed all of his clothes for home, but will leave an album of movie star pictures and autographs for Dale Gilb.

EX, judiciously, wills a copy of *The Cryptogram Key to the Reason Francis Bacon wrote Henry IV, Part I* to Dave Bayley.

AL BROADHURST bequeaths to John Hodges fantastically painted figures of harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, hare with gigantic horns, saddled ducks, winged goats, harts in harness, immortal understanding, wondrous virtue, indomitable courage and a heroic attitude for whatever moves humanity to watch, to bustle, to toil, to sail ships overseas and to engage in warfare.

HOAGIE HUGHES leaves three grand pianos for the tuners and WDUB programing to the juniors.

(Continued on Page 20)

BEV HITTSON leaves her flowing tresses to Emily Beardshear to send on to Bill Manierre who may need them shortly.

JOAN TRITTIPO leaves the campus thinking she's crazy for ever coming back from Florida State.

PAM ERICKSON HUDSON left us a long time ago for the cold (?) north woods.

ANNE BRITAIN leaves Denison for Uncle Jim and the breakfast table.

GINA RACE leaves the Granville police with much less of an out-of-town traffic problem.

JOEN PRITCHARD leaves the Student Union without a housemother and the Phi Gam chapter without a mascot.

CAROLYN JONES leaves her seat at Tony's to Ann Beckner who'll occupy it just as capably.

EMILY BIRD leaves the Soc. office to Mr. Mitchell's dog who's just as well trained.

CAROLYN WAGNER lays down her gavels and leaves the party with reluctance.

TOM BANBURY leaves his cane in hopes he has seen the last of it.

TOM WINANS leaves his "rocks" to the Geology Dept.

ED McNEW leaves his wining ways with the women to Herb Boswau.

HUGH TEWELES leaves the Young Republican Club his Ike button.

DICK ROPER leaves his "Wall Street Journal" to Ralph Shell in hopes he gets some good investments.

JIM CARPENTER leaves the D.U. House door open to George Heisey.

ART FRAME leaves the R.O.T.C. to flounder.

CARL JOCHENS leaves his Monomoy directory to Bob Gaskill.

WIN PROFIO leaves Denison . . . and takes Dottie with him.

CLAYTON MURPHY leaves his ability to put up with one woman to Ken Cox.

JANE SWANGER leaves her last name to planned parenthood.

BARB SPIEGEL—Just think, she'll stay in Granville when Spike hangs out his shingle.

BETTY BEARDSLEY leaves her off-and-on policy to anyone who has the patience—it gets results.

MARGIE MICHEL leaves for secret service.

SUE MILES leaves her chuckle to Mrs. Mac.

SHIRLEY STEIN leaves the mystery of her car on campus to the D.C.G.A. officers.

KATHY WEBER leaves to see what "happened in Boston."

JAN McLAUGHLIN has already left us for Sweeney.

DOTTIE OLNEY leaves her long, thick, black, curly hair to Paul Bennett.

CAROL LEE DeVERNA leaves her baton, her tan, her empty bottles and 15 broken hearts.

CAROL HARTMAN leaves the song "I Apologise" to Bob Kelly.

LYNN HANSELMAN leaves the sunny cellars of Barney to the boys.

BUD STEELE wills sixteen yards of rubber coated wiring to Steve Sizer to light his ROTC band concert.

JACK BARTLETT disenchant the cottage, but takes "Claude" with him before the Alumni Office gets a hold of it.

DICK WAKEMAN bequeaths a signed copy of his *Psychological Studies of Happy Dispositions* to Mike Cook.

CLIFF LYTLE leaves his election-day trips to Cleveland to Mona and Marcia in hopes they will promote an informed electorate.

ELAINE FALLON leaves the Pi Phi colony to Denison and Lindsay Simmons to next year's Senior girls.

FLAPPERS (Cont'd)

Contrary to popular superstition, Spain is not the scene of the world's finest bullfights. Consider our Congress.

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

'06: When I was in college, the girl wearing a man's fraternity pin meant that they were engaged.

'27: Yes, and nowadays it just means necking privileges.

23 SKIDDOO!



OLE SUMMERTIME (Cont'd)

Heading the list is Dean Francis Bayley who plans to spend most of the summer right here in Granville. It is rumored that Dean Bayley shows fine form on the badminton courts and, when not engaged in studying Goren, may be found in this more active pastime. For a brief change of scene, Dean Bayley intends to spend two weeks in Columbus taking naval training in aviation. To quote the dean, "This may necessitate many trips around the world."

Moving on in our survey, we could sum up Dr. Utter's summer by depicting him sitting in an antique chair in the Granville Historical Building playing the flute. Like Dean Bayley, Dr. Utter will also be spending a great deal of time in Granville supervising the work on the museum of the Granville Historical Society. In his spare time, Dr. Utter plans to pursue his hobbies—musical instrument and antique furniture collection. Along the musical line, Dr. Utter is a little partial to the flute although he is going to devote some of his time to learning a few new tunes on the hand organ. (Maybe for next year's Bond of Friendship drive at Colwell!)

Dr. Lindsay thinks he may ply the carpenter's trade this summer. No novice at the job, Dr. Lindsay held a card in the carpenter's union during the war. He likes the exercise, but for relaxation plans to switch to his chief pastime—painting. Although he has had no art training, 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 antique furniture. He enjoys restoring antiques and may find a little time to engage in that activity also during vacation.

Mr. Chessman is going to spend at least part of his summer in scholarly activities. While some of the other faculty members may be enjoying the great outdoors, he will be preparing a paper to be given to the American Historical Association. He does plan to take a vacation from the books, however. He and his family are going to take their annual jaunt to New Hampshire for a pleasant interlude of swimming and relaxation. Perhaps Mr. Chessman's greatest summer distraction is his brood of four fine children, a collection that always merits time and attention.

NINE TO FIVE (Cont'd)

thoughtful. "Just a month, Rosie! It don't seem possible. She pulled a stool up in front of the file and began pulling out metal plates, each stamped with a customer's name and address. "Well," she said, "still, he's gonna wonder why I don't know more about it. But Jeez! I see people here and know what they do here but I don't know nothin' about what they do when they're not here."

"Me neither. I never give it a thought, either. I mean I just figure it's none of my business, so why should I worry? I wouldn't want everybody wonderin' how I lived."

"Yeah, but you know everybody's gonna wonder what everybody else does."

"Yeah, I know." The pile of bills in the basket on Rose's desk grew. Later, Rose looked at her watch, turned again. "Hey," she said, "let's go wash up. Almost time for lunch." Together they rose, picked up their purses, and marched out.

Lunch was subdued, with little conversation. No one mentioned Norma. Rose and Trudy went back to their desks, sat reading newspapers until the bell rang. The mechanical office sounds began again. Rose continued with the billing. Trudy typed some rush orders, then went back to the file.

"You know," Rose said, turning around again, "I keep thinkin' about that. Here we are workin' with Norma and seein' her every day and yet we really didn't know hardly anything about her."

"Well, you don't know nothin' about anybody unless they tell you or they tell somebody else what tells you."

"That's true. I keep thinkin' about her, though. Her and that long blond whatchamacallit—page-boy—and all her fine airs."

"We shoulda known somethin' was funny," Trudy said.

"Yeah, but then there wasn't anythin' to wonder at. I mean she didn't look or act so different than everybody else."

"Oh, she looked different, all right. She looked kinda—blank, kinda."

"That's 'cause of the make-up she wore. She was like one of those make-up ads—just a blank face with just the right lipstick and powder and nice eyes and mouth an' nose but no expression."

"But she didn't look cheap."

"No, she didn't ever look cheap."

"An' could she talk!" Trudy said.

"All in that phoney accent of hers, like she was tryin' to make like some club woman."

"I always felt kinda sorry for her," Rose said.

"Why? She seemed fine to me—just didn't exactly love her because she thought she was so good."

"Well, I don't know. I just felt sorry for her, I guess. I felt like she wasn't happy for some reason."

"What ever made you think that?"

"No, I mean before."

"Yeah, I mean before, too."

"Oh," Rose said, "she seemed to me like she was trying real hard to be sometin' she wasn't—like she was kinda pushin' herself."

Trudy said, "She was pushin' other people around, if you ask me."

"Yeah, but—I kinda felt like she didn't know how to make friends or have fun so she kinda pushed herself and pretended like she had fun and enjoyed life, you know? But you know I never saw her really laugh at anything—I mean like she really thought it was funny and she wanted to laugh. It was always like she thought she had to laugh because everybody else did."

"She didn't laugh natural any more than she talked natural," Trudy sniffed. "She even tried to laugh like as if she was better'n anybody else."

"Well, I still felt sorry for her. I just kinda felt like she wanted 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. I 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 continued pulling metal plates out of the file, a plate for each order.

"You know," she said, "I was thinkin'—what you said about her tryin' too hard—I guess you're right. I never thought of it like that. But now I do—I see what you mean."

"You see?" Rose, clipping several order sheets together, turned again. "It's kinda hard to explain. It's like she—like she wasn't sure of herself."

"Yeah, but she tried to make people think she was."

"But she wasn't, I don't think."

Sure of herself, that is. Oh, I don't know—that's just the kinda feelin' it gives me now, thinkin' about it. If she was here I probably wouldn't of thought that."

"Yeah."

"And you know, now that I think on it, she never looked really happy all the time I knew her. She'd laugh and smile and talk but I never once seen her look happy when she was just sittin', not talkin' or listenin' or anything."

"Which wasn't very often," Trudy was unsympathetic.

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

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

"You know what she made me think of sometimes? I mean really, while she was here? Like people you see in movies that get lost in the snow after a blizzard or on the desert, and you see 'em standin' there lookin' off in the distance and they can't see anythin'. You know what I mean? They just stand there an' look an' you can see in their eyes they don't see nothin' anywhere but more desert. That's how she looked sometimes—like she was lookin' for something ahead an' she couldn't see anythin'."

"Yeah—yeah, you know, that's right! Now you mention it I remember seein' her sittin' starin' off 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 machine, began stamping customers' names and addresses on order sheets. The afternoon passed slowly. Dirty gray tatters of fog swirled around the windows and the rush of Chicago traffic far below came only as muted whispers of sound through fog and glass and the busy office noise. Trudy turned and said, "Hey, Rose."

"Yeah?"

"You wanta go get cleaned up now?"

"Yeah, just a minute."

They walked again to the wash-room, combed hair, freshened lipstick, and strolled back again. They

(Continued on Page 22)

Weak Links In Our Daisy Chain



NANCY AAYBE.

The above photograph seems to be that of the illustrious late-retired editor-in-chief of this magazine, Chicago's own James Bradley MacKimm better known by his intimates as "stick" or "Bradsy Boo." Last year, using the alias, Orthon Oldpickle, this boy leader was awarded a bronze star by the FRIENDTH OF AMERICAN BOYTH CLUBTH 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 NU MU, and RHO RHO RHO, 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-Callipean (campus literary honorary).

Brad's specialty has always been in the humor line. His cartoons and articles have been showing up conspicuously over the years throughout the lush, sensuous oft-times censored pages of this magazine. Though his one goal, a parody issue of SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, was never realized, he climaxed his editorship with one of the best parodies yet seen at Denison, THE NEW YAHKER.

Brad, whose sharp blue uniform

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, even 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 sore 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 heros Smiling Jack and Steve Canyon. We wish him lot 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. Jeez, 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 heck, she coulda just walked off and not said a word an' nobody ever woulda known a thing about it. If she'd been pregnant or somthin' 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. Jeez! 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 . . . Radio instructions."

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

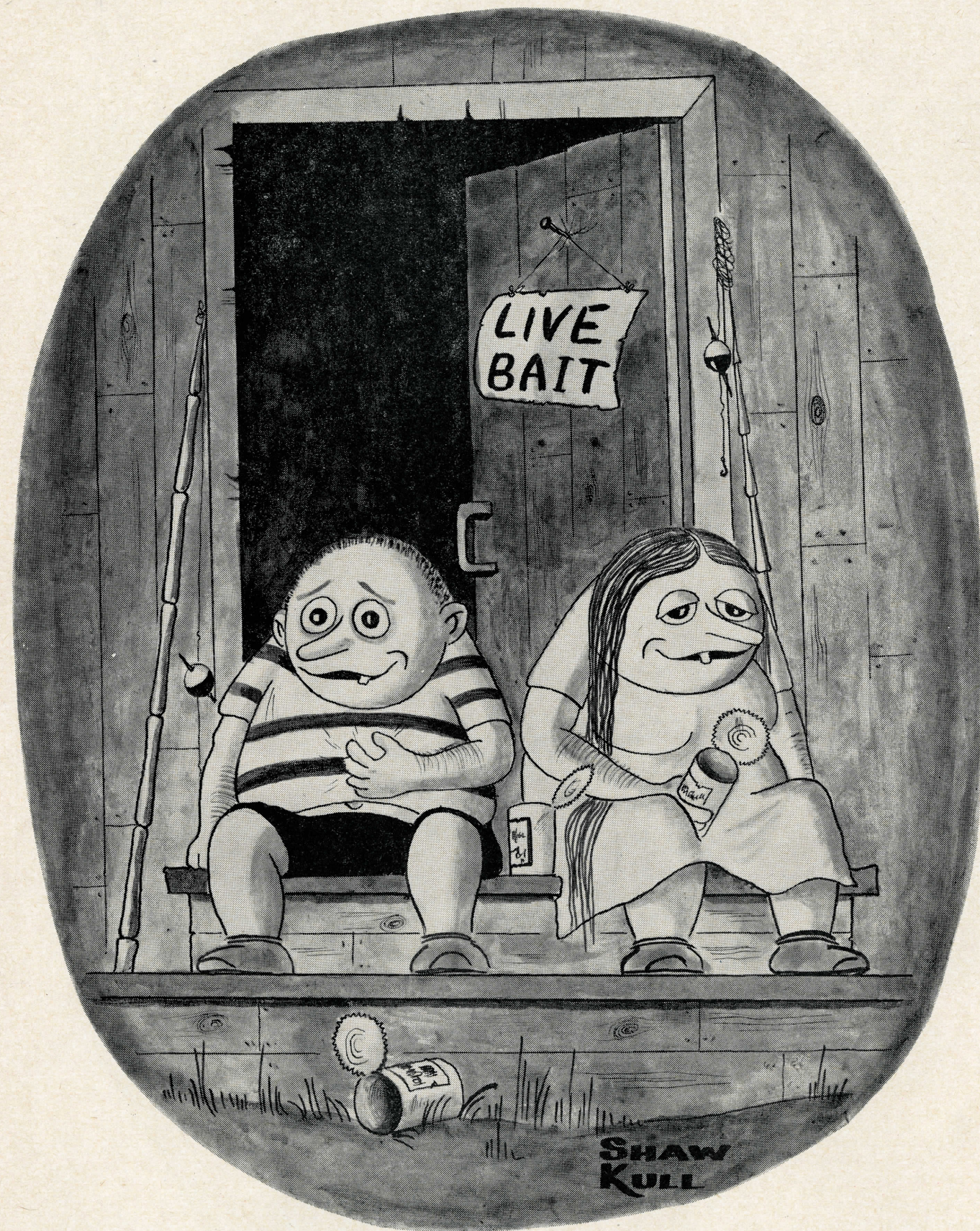
Boy: "Since I met you I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't drink."

Girl: "Why not?"

Boy: "Broke!"

Oratoreador: an orator 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.



WHETHER AT THE SEASIDE OR IN THE MOUNTAINS,
LIVE A LITTLE OVER THE SUMMER!

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
I LIKE IN A CIGARETTE
—GENUINE MILDNESS,
REAL FLAVOR. YOU'LL
LIKE CAMELS, TOO!"

William Holden

Star of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri"

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