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.
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, "Whoa."

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 it just had to have 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 line we wish you a good Je 10 por S 18 and we'll see you in the fall.

Marj.
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 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)

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?

I. 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?

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?

1. Appearance
   - A. real knockout
   - B. Average
   - C. Good person

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 offenses
   - 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.)

"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 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.

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(Continued on Page 20)
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 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: "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.

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 Representatatives, 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.

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.

Not ignorant of the pain life brings, But caring only to hide its stings, 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's gonna be 'n' give me H. We're behind on orders as it is."

"Yeah. Well! I write Al about that. 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 said. "Trudy was set up at her desk in the back of Rose. They worked in silence for a minute, elec
tric machines operating in quick, light staccato. Without slowing down, Trudy spoke above the noise.

"Well, I got a right to, don't I?"

"Oh, all men always think that!"

"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 talk about him.

"What d'you hear from Al?"

"Hey, Rose," Trudy called above the noise.

"Good morning," Rose echoed.

"Good morning," 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."

"Hey, Rose," Trudy said.

"We're behind on orders as it is."

"I was just thinkin', maybe we oughta know."

"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, picked up a sheaf of papers on Norma's desk,

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

"That's a terrible thing, though," Rose said.

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

"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."

"Good," 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 to Trudy's supply room.

"Hey, Rose," Trudy called above the noise.

"What d'you hear from Al?"

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

"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."

"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?"

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"Did you ever think—" Trudy began.

"No. Oh, no."

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"Hey, Rose," Trudy called above the noise.

-page 10-
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.

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!

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

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.

"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 stone 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.

**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.

**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 Emphasuse.

**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.

**Logan:** 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.

---

**THE DRUMS OF KU**

_Boom, boom! the drums of Ku_  
_Tattoo 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.

---

**YOU'D BETTER GO. HERE COMES FATHER.**

---

**Denison Hello**

**ABOUT FACE**

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

February 5
DU loses to West Chester 69-63.

February 6

February 12
Mu. 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

February 19

February 20
OWU wins 79-64.

February 22
Soccer squad bests OWU 4-1.

February 23
Central State downs cagers 67-62 as DeJong stars.

February 24
Big Red beats Akron 79-56 . . . DeJong again plays stellar game.

February 27

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, 7-4 in Ohio Conference play . . . DeJong sets new scoring record of 922 points . . . Co-captain Jones receives most valuable player award . . . Cinderella 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 . . . Cinderella wins 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 men 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 Flores.

Lacrosse
Miller and crew under Rix Yard’s tutelage could go places but lack of experienced men might be hindrance . . . 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 Koons, 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
LOU McCOMBS wills his whopper unrange,
joie de vie

JIM BARTH leaves his magnificent health to
leaves, still wondering

SAM McKENNEY leaves his 1.9 to all

BILL MORRISON leaves his slightly empty can
leaves muttering, "always a happy Bob Carter"

CHUCK PECKHAM leaves for a Yale European

ZEB BURGESS leaves his parking space behind

THE THETA SENIORS leaves condemning birth control

Joanne Serenade was overlooked by Mu

THE TRI DELT SENIORS bequeaths his home town,

MARY Elsayer leaves to open the

DUCK SHACKELFORD leaves his library of unopened

Scot for use in Religion and Philosophy.

BRUCE LUNDQUIST leaves his slightly empty can

JAMES KEATING leaves his 1.9 to all

DIANE HENRICH leaves from Kathy Heath.

HARRIET FAXON leaves her small rhine-

DOROTHY CLEVELAND leaves Shaw Hall the wiser

JOHN KEMPTON leaves his liberalizing tech-

JOHN MARTINO leaves his accumulation of

JOHN BARTLETT leaves his large unopened

THE THETA SENIORS leaves from them to John Macklin.

JOHN MARTINO leaves no stone unturned

JOHN BARTLETT leaves Denison Reeking a

DICK HOTALING leaves his collection of

JOHN BARTLETT leaves to John Hodges

DOTTIE DAVIDSON leaves his burnt out flash-

RAMSDELL leaves just one of his babies

THE THETA SENIORS leaves so that Pen-Hall can finally get an unanimous vote.

JIM BARTH leaves his magnificent health to

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

RAMSDELL leaves to the technicians at

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

EDNA BOGARDUS leaves her enjoyment of

THE THETA SENIORS leaves Shaw Hall the wiser

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

JOHN MARTINO leaves to the maintenance department.

THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a

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THE THETA SENIORS leaves her title "always a
JOAN TRITTIPO leaves her flowing tresses to BEV HITTSON

JOEN PRITCHARD PAM ERICKSON HUDSON GINA RACE leaves his cane in hopes, he TOM WINANS ED McNEW leaves the Young Republic- CARL JOCHENS WIN PROFIO leaves Denison . . . and takes sue MILES leaves her off-and-on pol- JAN McLAUGHLIN leaves for secret service. CAROL LEE DeVERNA leaves the song “I Apol- leaves the sunny cellars disenchants the cottage, but bequeaths a signed copy DICK WAKEMAN lavees his election-day trips to scrutiny to Bob Gaskill.

23 SKIDDO!

“Jeez,” she said, “I shouldn’t talk while she was here? Like people you see in movies that snow after a blizzard on the desert, and you see ‘em standing around there lookin’ off in the distance and they can’t see anything. ‘You know what they mean there just standin’ there they can’t see any- an’ look an’ you see in their eyes they don’t see nothin’ there but more desert. That’s how she looked sometimes—like she was lookin’ for somethin’ more ahead an’ she couldn’t see any-thing.”

Yeah—yeah, you know, that’s right. Now you mention it I re-member she said her ‘stirrin’ wasn’t workin’ 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. But yeah, she probably brought it all on herself.”

Both were silent for a while. Trudy put the metal plates in a rack, began stamping custom- ers’ names and addresses on order receipts. The afternoon passed slowly. Dirty gray tares of fog swirled around the windows and the rush of Chicago traffic far below came...
Weak Links In Our Daisy Chain

Any magazine of any type (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 Aabye. 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!” There are bright lights 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 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 heroes 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. 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 heck, 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.”

“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.”

“We 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 five 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: “Broked!”

Oratoroad: An orator who specializes in throwing the ball.

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!
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”

CAMELS LEAD in sales by record

Newest published figures*, by the leading industry analyst, Harry M. Wootten, show Camels now 50 8/10% ahead of the second-place brand—biggest preference lead in history!

*Printers’ Ink, 1954

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!

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