Camels
FOR MILDNESS!
I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 10 YEARS, GENE! THEY'RE MILD AND THEY SURE TASTE GREAT!

Right Van! It’s Camel's Mildness Test!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

- Have YOU made the popular Camel 30-Day Test? The doctors’ findings in the recent coast-to-coast test of Camel mildness speak for themselves. But why not make your own personal 30-day test of Camel Mildness?
- Yes, smoke Camels and test them in your “T-Zone” (T for taste, T for throat). Let your own taste tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel’s tobaccos. Let your own throat report on Camel’s cool, mild mildness.

Money-Back Guarantee!
Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Editor’s Corner

With this issue my duties as editor of the CAMPUS come to an end. As I look back on the year’s work I run other times when I was very discouraged. These were times when we didn’t know if there was going to be enough material submitted to fill the magazine. I wondered then if the publication of CAMPUS was justified. More often, however, I felt a feeling of satisfaction. A feeling that comes with the knowledge that many people had the interest and were willing to give of their time to make each issue possible. To these people I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation.

Ralph Gilbert has been chosen editor for next year. He has worked on the magazine for three years. Last year he served as Feature Editor. Ralph did a good job in that position, and I’m sure he will do a good job as editor. Under his direction and with the support of the student body, CAMPUS can become the kind of magazine that you want.

SAM ROBINSON

It is with hope and confidence that I take over the editorship of Campus Magazine, hope and confidence in the students of Denison University. The student body is the element that can make or break this magazine and they are the ones that will decide whether they really want and need such a publication. As I see it, the function of an editor and my position-to-be-created kind of editor is to offer guidance and stimulation for the rest of the staff and our contributors. I believe that we have the imagination and the know-how to put Campus up where it belongs.

Remember, Campus magazine is a young publication. I am the fourth editor, preceded respectively by Betsy Wallace, Glen Bamian, and Sam Robinson, all who have done excellent jobs themselves. But they have not always had your support, and your support is the necessary thing. The future of Campus may be summed up by the eternal question of “Which came first, the chicken or the egg?” In this case, it is, “Which will come first, a terrific prize-winning magazine, or a unique and talented staff?” Both are synonymous and when we have one, we will have the other, but obviously we have to start with one of the two.

That is where it is up to you and you alone to enter into the spirit and the job of putting out Campus. We need the people who can write, draw, and photograph. And we need the people that can’t do these things to spur on the people that can. After all, Campus only comes out four times a year and there is no single student enrolled in Denison University who does not have the time out of some odd twenty-five hundred school days to put in a day or so of work on each issue if they have the interest, inclination, and talent.

In order to have a good publication we must be selective. But we cannot be selective in our copy if there are no good contributions, if we have to depend on just six submitted articles, or if the staff

(Continued on page 19)
GUIDE TO AFTER HOURS ANTIQUES
By Bill Hauser

A calendar of places to visit to relieve the tedium of everyday life on this hill. Or, a guide for the young swains who wish to give that special girl an impressive fling. The places listed have either been recommended by discriminating gourmets and play fellows or have come to light through personal discovery and are all within automobile range.

THE HARTMAN — Well-known Columbus catch for the latest hits from Broadway's boards, played by road show companies. Consult the state capitol's periodicals for final authority on plays scheduled as they move in fast. Coming for a week on May fifteenth — "High Button Shoes."

VALLEY DALE — Good natured gathering place for the enthusiastic scholars. Frank Daley's western branch of the Meadowbrook or Pompton Turnpike. A young crowd attends, and Earl Hood's band inhabits the stand. Entrance fee is two bucks per couple.

MEMORIAL HALL — Wrestling, dancing, symphonies, and jazz concerts all this large hall have. Jazz At The Philharmonic presented by Norman Granz stops here every year, as do other famed shows. Right on the route from Granville to Columbus' center.

IONIAN ROOM — Useful for your private life in public. Always a name band such as Tex Beneke or Jimmy Dorsey on hand for your dancing pleasure. Quietly expensive atmosphere and check. Reservations usually necessary.

"PAISAN" — Another "must see" foreign picture. Ground out in Italy, this one was voted the best film of the year by Godard critics. It is richly stocked with seven emotional episodes, having to do with GI's, partisans, chaplains, and appealing little waifs in a quiet and dignified setting. Ladies receive free coupons on Saturday evening.

BUCKEYE LAKE PARK — Popcorn, roller coasters, boating, and the Pier Ball Room for occasional name bands and regular week-end dancing. Moonlight motor boat rides to cool off one, and the presence of The Hideaway for those wishing to hide away.

THE ALIBI — Fine food in a rather lush setting for Newark, Lucite columns, glass bricked entrance, and required coats and ties, but no dancing. A nice place for conversation.

"RED SHOES" — English picture splashed with technicolor, concerning a ballet troupe and a pair of red ballet shoes that wouldn't stop dancing. One of the year's best flicks and enjoying a long run at a local picture palace in Columbus.

GOLDEN LOTUS — Oriental name and oriental flavor existing on quiet East Broad Street for those whose tastes are tickled by a touch of the exotic in edibles.

DAWES' ARBORETUM — A few miles past WCLT on the same road. Main attraction — a vast expanse of trunked foliage. This matter is planted in neat rows, surrounded and approachable by roadways, and offers excellent cover for afternoon shriving, picnic supper, and refuge for the after-dark butterfly chasers.

THE ALCOVE — Tid bits and four-course dinners to please the most particular gourmet's desires. Delightful atmosphere with no bawbles.

THE OLD MILL — Roller skating for the athletically inclined couples. Located on the way to Kenyon in a pleasant rustic setting. Organ music, and round and round we go, spiced with coca cola and straws.

FLENNIKEN'S PIPE SHOP — Mentioned for those who find their kicks in old heirloom pipes and required coats and ties, but no dancing. A nice place for conversation.

THE BUCKEYE LAKE HARRISON — Well-known Columbus catch for the latest hits from Broadway's boards, played by road show companies. Consult the state capitol's periodicals for final authority on plays scheduled as they move in fast. Coming for a week on May fifteenth — "High Button Shoes."

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FORT HAYES HOTEL — Excellent cuisine within a quiet and dignified setting. Ladies receive free coupons on Saturday evening.

(Continued on page 22)
Capsule Coverage Of The Last Fascinating Eight Months Of The Year Telling What, When, and Where but Not Why The Unimportant Events Occurred

The year 1948-49 will possibly be remembered until 1950 by most of the happy Denison Family. Perhaps graduating seniors will be inclined to fondly cherish memories of their last year in college, and the seniors who didn't graduate will not be able to forget them. This year, like all other college years, has been full of pinnings, unpinnings, repinnings, and unrepinnings. In fact, as the end of the year approached, it appears extremely doubtful if any fraternity pins will be worn by the men. Yet, there is the consolation, that in the fall the pins will be slowly returning to their owners and the shopping season will be open again for the freshman women of 1949-50.

SEPTEMBER:
The Denison Family flocked back to the college on the hill in obscure central Ohio. Immediately they were confronted with the situation of a much larger institution than what they had left in June. The Admissions, in a moment of kind-hearted generosity, had accepted the applications of fifteen thousand students. Living accommodations in Granville suffered accordingly under the burden of the additional population growth. Some more enterprising students began to live in the chapel, the water tower, or the roofs of the girls' dorms. However, the profs soon began to wield their big sticks and gradually the enrollment diminished as the remaining thirteen hundred settled down to a strenuous year of studies and a small degree of social activity.

OCTOBER:
Shocking news of a football pool being conducted at D.U. broke into the headlines. Hastily our more resourceful students and faculty members closed up shop and turned their prolific minds to other financial enterprises. Freshmen stopped scanning the past performances of the top football teams and wistfully returned to their studies, for in these troublesome days it was sufficient proof for arrest if anybody was caught reading the sports pages. Big-time bookies mournfully closed their shops and stole quietly from Granville with bulging wallets and portable printing presses. D Day arrived in these eventful month also. The dorm raids were the biggest and the best in the college's history. After the dust and smoke were cleared away, 43 men and 43 women were found missing in the shambles, $25,000 worth of damages was reported to the proper insurance companies, and the class of '51 retained their tug-of-war title. While these events were taking place, the entire campus migrated east and enjoyed the day.

NOVEMBER:
The gloomiest month of the year. Hundreds of loyal Republicans gathered together in the Student Union and other strategic points to listen to the joyful news that Dewey was sweeping the country. From all appearances and careful observations, the votes were being counted by unreliable postmasters, for Truman was elected and all the plebians uttered a sigh of relief and prepared to take a firmer hold in the nation's government. The Sadie Hawkins Day was a smashing success, and 63 couples were united in holy matrimony. All the ministers of Granville and vicinity immediately took off for a month's vacation in Florida with the loot gained from their business, and the little children of Newark were clothed and fed for another year. Also in November, the Kappa Sigs successfully repulsed the attack on their house by a band of unarmed burglars and were all solemnly created deputy sheriffs of Licking County. Dad's Day was celebrated with the 18th straight victory for the Big Red football team. It was also the time of reckoning for Denison's dads when bank balances were replenished and they had the privilege of watching where their money was being spent. Also due to the long winning streak, the entire team received a 20% salary bonus and a promise of higher pay the next season.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)
LOOKING AHEAD

By HUGH WITTICH

"I Always Thought The Way To A Better Life Was To Get At The Youth Of America And Teach Them The Ways Of Liberty and Democracy"

The radios snapped out the news in the early morning hours of May 4, 1964:

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin from Washington. Dr. McMahon has just signed into law the bill nationalizing all finishing schools, colleges and universities in the country. Consult your daily newspaper .......

And the newspapers later in the day carried the story on the front page —

"Today, at the executive desk, another important phase of the President's 'Looking Ahead' program was carried out when he put his signature to the bill calling for nationalization of the country's institutions of higher learning. This bill was steered through both houses of Congress in record time under the leadership of the President's right-hand men ........."

And, in the evening, the commentators had this to say —

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, we have reached almost the last stop in the socialized state. We have watched the people of this nation go down the long road, get off the bus at the stop marked 'Individual Liberty,' look around, and then climb back on the bus to travel farther down the road. To say that they were ignorant of where they were going would not be telling the truth in ........."

May 4, 1948

My Darling Meg,

I love you and I have decided to resign. I cannot keep you and the children always in a state of poverty and uncertainty. I know what you will say; that this was the life I always dreamed of. I always thought that way to a better life was to get at the youth of America and teach them the ways of liberty and democracy. Education, I believed, was the way to reach peace, happiness, and the good life.

This was the dream I had both before and during the war. I thought I could be happy teaching, even if it means always being poor. And you said that you could lead that kind of a life with me, and I loved you. But I know now that it is impossible. You stayed with me while I struggled through the years getting my degree. And you stayed with me during my years here, both you and the children, and I loved you. But I saw the look in your eyes when you saw me refuse those offers for better jobs and more money. I know you weren't satisfied with the life you were leading and neither was I.

I was thinking of the children, too. Of course, they would lead a sheltered life here at the school. They would be looked up to in certain places because they were professor's children. But they wouldn't have the things you and I always wanted them to have; clothes, a college education, the things money could buy.

These are the reasons why I have decided to resign. I hate to leave the place but it is the best thing for all of us.

I love you,

JONTIE

(Continued on page 15)
Ed—remember I warned you. Anything can happen and probably will. If it does—don’t stand there say “WAH’ HAPPENED?”—remember I warned you.

**CAMPUS’ COLLEGE FASHIONS**

By Rusty Barton and Ed Johnston

**Outlook On Male Threads**

For the immediate future here at Denison, you’ll be seeing more white bucks and flannels. Wool and nylon socks in argyle and other intricate designs, along with solid white, are on foot. Both dress shirts and sport shirts in the more subdued pastel shades will be popular. For the most casual occasions, you’ll find wool, cotton, or as some may say, maybe nylon sweaters in pastels, navy and black, holding their own, while in the formal line you’ll notice some of the sport-setters breaking out in light blue or coral shade dinner jackets.

Although many of you will spend a lot of time in golf slacks or combination sport shirt-swimming trunk ensembles, the late spring and summer wear calls for the gabardines, lightweight tropicals or cord suits. A great deal of research has been recently made to find the coolest and lightest materials, giving you a great variety of these materials and patterns to choose from. Vertical stripes, fine checks, Glen plaids and light solid colors will be in all styles and drapes.

For casual summer wear, the polo shirt with the gaucho collar will have a lot of appeal. It is a little more dressy than the regular crew neck shirt and adds a lot to your appearance. Light weight sport shirts with large all-over designs, horizontal stripes and large polka dots will be popular. For those of you with a flair for distinction and high fashion, there will be sport shirting in gold and bright designs on a black or navy background to go with your walking shorts. Some of the gauzy blouses which spent spring vacation in Florida can verify this. In shoe styling you will find colored suede shoes, with blue high on the list, and also a tasseled moccasin in leather. The navy blue blazer will still be leading the sport jacket list, with odd coats in pastels gaining appreciation.

Looking farther ahead to next fall you’ll see a lot of dress suits with the old tie pocket or change pockets in solid white. Wedge or sport vests in distinctive color combinations will be seen a lot in the mid-west and will aid in filling out your sports ensembles. Along with a few hop hats and curling tams, you’ll probably see some small Bowler caps, otherwise known as Wimbledon caps. They come in checks, plaids and small neat designs and sometimes a small strap and buckle for proper fitting. They are just the thing for football games, for they make an excellent sun shade as well as a rain hat.

I’ve mentioned only a few of the possibilities, and since college men are an exclusive clan all their own, anything can happen and probably will. If it does—don’t stand there say “WAH’ HAPPENED?”—remember I warned you.

**Predictions For Co-eds**

According to the calendar, Spring is supposedly here and with this thought in mind, obligations of the state of the weather, we turn to the current trends in women’s wearing apparel for the months ahead.

The first item on the list is spring suits. This year we are being different. Everything is navy blue, a color heretofore reserved for winter wear. The latest spring suits call for either long jackets and straight slim skirts, or short and very full jackets either boxy or with a full back. In any case the style is to create a tall slim impression. With a navy blue suit in mind, preferably in a weight gabardine, we turn to accessories. Straw hats are again the rage, being either navy blue or a natural color. The shoes this year are different also, navy blue sued opera pumps being definitely the thing. For those of you who do not attend the opera frequently, opera pumps are a closed pump with pointed toes, and are not worn to the opera.

As for the dress up occasions, silk print dresses are very popular. Again the dresses are plain in style with slim gored skirts rather than full spotted or checked ones, any color goes and all types of prints imaginable are being seen. An interesting feature of the new silk print dresses is the new pleated skirt designs, the deeper they plunge the more interesting they are.

In cotton dresses the style is again the slim, next look. Gone forever are the gathered sleeves, ruffled

**CONTRIBUTORS’ COLUMN**

Don Hodgson

Don rings the bell with two contributions to Campus this issue, “Father Time Reflects” and “Harold and the Broken Heart.” He is a pledge of the new Delta Upsilon chapter here, and his extra-curricular activities include playing tennis. He played Marson in “Ten Little Indians.” He is strongly addicted to card playing and is a freshman. Don has been a heavy contributor to past issues of this mag also.

“Gibson Girl” houses and gathered full skirts. Tailored classic dresses are the latest thing with a lace trim on the collar to give it that feminine touch. Pastel colors are very popular this year with bright plaidings running a close second. The male contingent of this campus might be interested in knowing that the skirts are going to be shorter this year than they have been in the past.

All in all the women will be dressed to seem taller, and slimmer and you will be seeing more of them.

Bob Rossi

He penned “Ah Spring Vacation” and should know all about it, because he went to New York on the art tour. Bob is quite a sculptor, as well as artist and cartoonist and will draw a bust of you at the drop of a hat. He is down for next year’s Cartoon Editor and has open places on his staff. Bob is a Junior and an inhabitant of the infamous “Pines.”

Rusty Barton

The registrar lists her as Barbara Barton but she gets her nickname from her flame colored head of hair. Rusty initiates the duties of female representative of our Fashion Column and stands to become one of the wittier editors within the two years ahead, one devoted to Campus.

Ed Johnston

Ed, the friendly Fiji takes over the male column. A true artist he is, seeing him wearing the styles he advocates such as plaid cummerbunds or oversize houndstooth golfing caps round about the quadrangle. Ed is a sophomore, hailing from Massachusetts.

Jean Gillies

Jean whipped up the heading drawing for “Father Time Reflects.” She has been practically second in command to Jinx Miller in next year’s Art Editor. Jean is tremendously busy in campus activities. She is garnering the choice and select of her staff for her magazine. Jean is an art student.

Bill Hauser

Bill rounds off our list of new columnists. He is the man-about-town who writes on locations for after school activities, and he likes it. Bill’s work. It involves trips to Columbus, where he flashes his press badge, puts on his portable Dunham Hines manner and inspects kitchens, and other facilities for fun. Bill is a Junior.

Bedell and Hodges

We list these boys together because Barrie and John always work as a team, at least in writing. They graduated from new places on their fraternity newspaper at the Lambda Chi house to featured authors of rare and delicious (?) humor in Denison’s favorite Magazine. Both are freshmen and enjoy the quiet of Curtis Hall.

And may we flash a quick spotlight on newcomers to Campus Bob Wilson, Bobbie Loveless, Bill Frisbee, Jack Tamashunas, Kent Hooker, Tom Rees, and oldtimers Hugh Wittich, Jack Matthews, Terry Thurn, and Gene Horyn for their work on this issue. Jack has a special mention for his design and execution of the pen and ink cuts of this mag also.

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**EDITOR’S NOTE:**

This column will be used to furnish added glory and incentive to possible contributors and art students. Each issue we will try to present a thumbnail sketch of eight or ten of our fashion columnists, features, contributors, and later hours agenda.

**Bedell and Hodges**

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Donald scratches his head to shake himself out of his twenty-nine year stupor, scans the changed quadrangle, and wonders which road leads to Spring Valley.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE AN OPERATOR?
OR
AN EXPOSE OF CONDITIONS AT DENISON IN 1920

Stolen from the archives of Dean Brooks by
Barry Bedell and John Hodges

Introducing a new form of literature in which plot, rhetoric, and rules of punctuation are completely subordinated to the attempt to meet a deadline.

Donald Mann, erstwhile member of Pinna Dama Day fraternity, lounged casually in the end booth of The Corner as he enviously watched his two friends depart for their two o'clock class in family life. He took a slow drag on his reefer and arched a lazy lunger into a nearby cuspidor. "Gad, these dream sticks are potent," he thought as a blue haze curled around his curly blond head. Donald was the typical Joe College relaxing there in the very latest drape cut, green check sport coat. As he sat there, concentrating deeply upon nothing at all, the reefers began to take effect, and his head sank back against a corner of the booth shaded from the sun.

Suddenly he awoke, and glancing at his gold plated pocket sundial he noted with dismay that it was time to adjourn his sojourn at the local hash house in order to arrive on time at his 3:00 in Sex and Psychology 311, better known as S. and P. He stepped into his Caddy convertible and wheeled it into its time-honored slot at the foot of Cleveland Hall. Sliding out from behind the wheel he clamped on his crampons and prepared for the ascent. Glancing up the first precipice his eyes wandered past the familiar inscription informing the casual passer-by that Denison University is "A Christian College of Liberal Arts founded in..." With a start his eyes swung back to the engraving. Certainly he wasn't still under the influence of his nocturnal rendezvous with the "brothers" of the previous evening. But there it was, as certain as death and taxes. Instead of the familiar inscription, it read, "There is entirely too much unregulated social life and too many opportunities for such youthful students to associate together without proper chaperones!"

Picking himself up, Donald uttered a comment worthy of being passed on to posterity—"Zounds!" Not entirely himself, he stumbled on to his class in S. and P. However, as he opened the door he was nearly floored by a barrage of hic, hae, hoo, huu, huus, huus. "What cooks in here?" he said breezing into the room. The class turned and gaped. Donald came to a screeching halt as his eyes bugged out at the garb of the fair sex. "This strictly ain't Bohemian," he said with an air of disbelief. Attributing this to the reefers, he made his way to an unoccupied seat and flopped gracefully into it. Brushing aside these discrepancies he passed the hour away as usual — trying to settle into a more com-

(Continued on page 24)
**SCENES FROM**

**MIDNIGHT IN A HERRING FACTORY**

Epic Prose By Jack Matthews

The topic about to be delved into is especially apropos as the season of Springs once again in full swing, and Frolick has descended, showing its rosy-checked face in our midst.

The Art of Turfing found its origins several centuries in the small hamlet of Wessex, South Essex. A maiden fair was one day walking her small brindle cow to market, when she found, to her and the brindle’s dismay, that the traffic up ahead was congested due to an upheaval of a large wagon of Turf which had careened off the side of the road filled with a group of fun-loving Bhagle salesmen. Her auburn hair was very beautiful and noble womanhood were made for each other.

To get back to the plot, Frothingham plunges his gloved hand into his bag of Bhagles, pulls out a large juicy one, and offers it to Roulette. She accepts, moving Proth to first base. They both sat there for quite some time on that pile of Turf, munching respectfully on their Bhagles. Every once in a while the juice of their Bhagles dropped from their jowls onto the soft green Turf.

After dexterously licking the stickum from their dexterous fingers, Roulette and Frothingham looked up only to exchange a few quick glances . . . . it was love at first sight on a pile of Turf.

The two lovers sat there for quite some time exchanging one passionate outburst after another. While this was happening, down from the heavens, lightning frequenting the locality.

As Fate would have it, one flash of lightning struck that earthly pile of Turf and laid waste to our two earthly lovers.

If you ever visit Essex, South Wessex, it would be worth your while to see the monument erected there for quite some time on that pile of Turf in commemoration of Frothingham and Roulette, who gave their lives to found our two earthly branches of the state university . . . .

**GOV. McMAHON WINS PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION**

Washington, Jan. 27, 1951 (UP)—Dr. John T. McMahon has been named by the President as Director of the Federal Education Program to replace the late William H. Sutherland.

Hampton, Jan. 3, 1958 (UP)—Last night the governor-elect in a speech before the City Club said that the only hope for the state and the nation lay in government supervision of those things which private enterprise would not or could not undertake.

"Only in this way," Dr. McMahon said, "would the middle and lower classes be able to 'Look Ahead.'"

This is especially true in the field of education. Many middle class mothers and fathers have only one child, and that is to see their children in college. But they feel lucky if they are able to send only one. The lower classes do not even have this chance. The fault lies with those private —

"Here are the headlines of April 10, 1958, brought to you from the WHTM news room —

Professors in all colleges in the state will henceforth be on the state payroll with a substantial raise in pay. The State Education Bill is finally in the hands of the governor after coming through unsathed in the battle of the Legislators. The governor's signature will make all colleges and universities in the state practically branches of the state university . . . .

**ANSWERS TO THE PICTURE PUZZLE,**

**DO YOU KNOW YOUR CAMPUS?**

1) The pillars of the front porch of Whisler Hospital.
2) Lamp on the front wall of the entrance to the Drag.
3) Concrete drainage spout below the concrete retaining wall before the little plaza containing the sand dial in front of Swasey Chapel.
4) Sculptured cement seal on the curved wall at the entrance to the Drag.
5) Stone stairway with wood railing leading up from Whisler Hospital towards Gilpatrick and the uphill dorms.
6) Carved stone urn on the entrance pillars flanking the stairways leading from the top of the drag up to the quadrangle. (Between Talbot and Doane Halls.)
7) Bench at the bottom of the curved wall at the entrance to the drag. (On the far right, starting up the hill.)
Dear Joe,

Well print it and see what they say,

Ralph

Reproduction has its difficulties

Friends are gifts of God...

Ralph— I don’t know what to call these damn things— do you?

Poverty is for the birds...
comes warm weather and people start losing their heads. That's the only explanation for it. Some fall in love, others go hog-wild in some clique. It is strange, meeting someone you are about to have an exchange with "toothpicks". We exchange smiles, broad handshakes, and the peace of our Peace盛世 begins drooling. I am ushered to the side of the goal and told to start swinging with the whistle and to stay on me feet.

Around the field are men who have had experience with lacrosse. Dick Bonesteel, a former Heron Prep School varsity player at school there. John McCarron and Ted Jacobs are other Mt. Heron lads, who wielded the crosse for the parents, who annually field one of the best teams among New England prep schools. The Mt. Heron-Andover game marked sports event in the East. Bonesteel, who played on the first team plans his lacrosse four-game series, scoring ten goals, to notch in second-team scoring.

A fine rival of Mount Heron is Deerfield Academy. A former Deerfield Junior Varsity player, Spike Kennedy, has also been working out with the boys. Sandy McDonnell learned the game by myself in the intramural program at the United States Naval Academy. Pete Gravengaard picked up fundamentals from an older brother. Other men who have just learned the game, yet of curiosity to learn from interest instilled by those who have had experience include George Burkert, George Gleiss, Doug Ten, Tom Greene, Bill Armstrong, and Jim Kornmesser.

There are few schools in this area playing the game as a recognized sport. A year ago, the Heron Prep College, in the past few years, has been instrumental in bringing the game to the Midwest. The Cincinnati and Ohio State have also joined the party, and these three schools attempt to play upper New York colleges that actively promote the game. Because of a sports schedule, too heavy for the Athletic Department to handle, Denison cannot sanction lacrosse on the campus.

FATHER TIME REFLECTS, Continued

This means only one thing — Christmas. The latter part of the month was spent recovering from the party fever which swept the campus until vacation and the credit cards go to the University theatre's spring production. Kenyon, a local university specializing in the education of young boys, invaded the campus and co-operation between all associated with this noble project. Spring vacation also ended with the beginning of the final exams. The campus is run by a clique. Both charges have been mentioned and they are "fill up space" and "Campus is run by the art line, and the use of more engraved matter. This is not a pep talk, an appeal, nor a sermon. It is a clear statement of the facts. Having had charge of this last issue of the year, I have initiated some new features. They include columns on Clothes, Amusements, and Contributors, author's column, and the use of more engraved matter. In future issues, I consider that the art department and the photography staff will play one half of the essential role, writing the other half. No one will read an article if it is not interestingly presented. Campus is wide open for new blood, new ideas, and fresh faces. It will undergo a modified face-lift, reorganizing administered between Life Science and Talbot. Family spirit. Campus is wide open for new blood, new ideas, and fresh faces. It will undergo a modified face-lift, reorganizing administered between Life Science and Talbot.

FEBRUARY:

The college greeted the new semester with glee and then went tobogganing in the second heavy snowfall of the season. (It was also the last). This was promiscuous social month and the Communist Party, national fraternities, including Delta Upsilon, and the CIO immediately arrived on campus to conduct their rushing parties. At the end of the month, all the stray cats and dogs who were unaffiliated with a social group were pledged as mascots.

MARCH:

The Denison Campus Government Association held their annual popularity contest and the new officers were installed. The pledges of tongues of love were heartily endorsed by Denison's frustrated men.

APRIL:

The Student Review, held in connection with the March of Dollars campaign, was a howling success. In fact, many sources are still howling over the outstanding success of this campaign. The total of Dollars campaign, was a howling success. In fact, many sources are still howling over the outstanding success of this campaign. The total of two million dollars, contributed as an incentive of dollars, contributed as an incentive of dollars was in Florida for use during the rainy season in Galivan.

The Wigwam was the scene of the last Junior Prom. In the future, such social functions will be called Field Houses and will be held in connection with the social events. The house is run by a clique. Both charges have been mentioned and they are "fill up space" and "Campus is run by the art line, and the use of more engraved matter. This is not a pep talk, an appeal, nor a sermon. It is a clear statement of the facts. Having had charge of this last issue of the year, I have initiated some new features. They include columns on Clothes, Amusements, and Contributors, author's column, and the use of more engraved matter. In future issues, I consider that the art department and the photography staff will play one half of the essential role, writing the other half. No one will read an article if it is not interestingly presented. Campus is wide open for new blood, new ideas, and fresh faces. It will undergo a modified face-lift, reorganizing administered between Life Science and Talbot.

MAY:

"I Remember Mama" closed the University Theatre's spring season and welcomed Denison's motherhood to the campus. Unfortunately the campus was deserted by the mass migration to the Kentucky Derby, held in conjunction with Mother's Day and also May Day. This left the deserted campus to the mothers who roamed at will observing the Denison Family Prom. In the future, such social functions will be called Field Houses and will be held in connection with the social events. The house is run by a clique. Both charges have been mentioned and they are "fill up space" and "Campus is run by the art line, and the use of more engraved matter. This is not a pep talk, an appeal, nor a sermon. It is a clear statement of the facts. Having had charge of this last issue of the year, I have initiated some new features. They include columns on Clothes, Amusements, and Contributors, author's column, and the use of more engraved matter. In future issues, I consider that the art department and the photography staff will play one half of the essential role, writing the other half. No one will read an article if it is not interestingly presented. Campus is wide open for new blood, new ideas, and fresh faces. It will undergo a modified face-lift, reorganizing administered between Life Science and Talbot. The Kenyon kids would also have robbed D.U. of our more loyal women if their president hadn't decided against the move as being unwise at that time.

JANUARY:

The winter carnival held in the rain was a terrific success. The student body was especially impressed by the fact that the sky was the only one who was-builder. The student body was especially impressed by the fact that the sky was the only one who was-builder. The student body was especially impressed by the fact that the sky was the only one who was-builder. The student body was especially impressed by the fact that the sky was the only one who was-builder. The student body was especially impressed by the fact that the sky was the only one who was-builder.
PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS
Cover shots: Thurn and Gillingham; Calendar picture: Miss Jean Forsythe of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority who posed for Terry Thurn; Fashion shots: George Paulson and Tom Rees; Panbell Panorama: Tom Rees; Do You Know Your Campus: Edward Subler; Picture Story: Terry Thurn.

NOTE: Any resemblance between these pictures and reality is purely coincidental. Any remarks, pictures, or mental images aroused are unintentional and not premeditated nor deliberate.

Fact or Fantasy
By Terry Thurn

These pictures portray answers to the following questions on the Big Red College from two points of view. One is how parents, alumnae and newly pinned individuals might see it. The other could be the opinions of deluded Kenyon men, flunkers of midterms, and joy boys. Which is fact or fancy, we leave to you.

1. WHAT ARE THE CLASSES LIKE?

2. ARE THE DORMITORIES AND LIVING QUARTERS SUITABLE?

3. WHAT KIND OF FRATERNITY HOUSES ARE ON THE CAMPUS?

4. ARE THERE AMPLE CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES HERE?

5. DO YOU BLAME THE AUTHOR FOR BEING A SCHIZOPHRENIC?

6. ARE THERE WHOLESOME RECREATIONAL FACILITIES?
The door. It had moved. I lay still, my heart pounding. He had entered the room. To think that the caretaker must have gone to bed. I thought, comparison. Pausing before a heavy panel-door, my host bowed and said with almost a smile: "Your bed chamber, sir."

I closed the door behind me and searched its edges for a bolt. There was none. I turned to search the bed table, but it was already upended for me on the bed table shed little light. It did disclose, however, the immensity of the room; the huge four-posted bed with its crimson hangings, boared as the rest. Picking up the candle, I made a rapid inspection of the musty objects further back in the room. That part of the room must once have been used as a study — why, I cannot guess. It was, however, such a study as I had never seen before. The shelves that stood on either side of the night was still. No noise came from below, and I thought that the caretaker must have gone to bed. One of the huge iron-bound volumes from nearby would have been a thing of odd beauty; it was now worm-eaten and covered with dust. The hand-carved faces on its shelves lay open, its pages smutty with finger marks. I stepped closer to read, if I could, what was written in that ancient volume. It was hand-written, and in a Monkish style and in the language of Chaucer. With some difficulty I made out the first sentence. It seemed to be a translation of an even more ancient book, for it read as follows:

"The Necronomicon of the mad Abdul Alhazred,.reads on the subject of the dread race of the Huldars thusly: 'With the coming of the great drouth has now passed and the Things are human. Then the drouth came and the cysts formed. The processes encircled him with a gurgle and the man's insane rage turned to screaming terror. The curses and abuse ceased. The man entered the room and made his way toward the bed. On his face was an oddly blank smile; in his right hand he held a huge, pinkish-grey mass; the jelly-like thing covered fully a quarter of the room. In the dash for safety of a cornered animal he thrust past me; my hand ripped the rotted coat from his back as he scurried through the darkness. As helpless as a blind man in that impenetrable blackness, I dashed out after him, guided only by the sound of footsteps. The man had turned to squeals of laughter; now he was in his element. He heard the steps down the stairs, and I thought, comparison."

The mad dash through the house was like a nightmare. That animal had lost me at any time. He played with me as a cat would play with a mouse. He wanted me to follow. I could do nothing else; safety for the mad was by the hand of the Huldar of Chaucer. With some difficulty I made out the first footfall. That odour was sweet and nauseating."

I lay quiet for some time trying to sleep. The night was still. No noise came, and I thought that the caretaker must have gone to bed. My thoughts wandered back to the manuscript. "Sweet smell" I said. "Neatly scented. Let us stop it, then continue, echoing into the still night."

The door slammed behind me. It was time to thank the caretaker for these accommodations."

"Trash!" I rolled over. The cancer of thought ate at my mind. What could those "Things" have looked like? "Of varying size..." His back was anomalous. "Shrievled and took on clyst-forms..." "Spread over the world..." "Their odours, sweet and nauseating..."
fortable sleeping position in his chair. He was abruptly awakened by the shuffling of feet as the pupil left the room. He came to as he realized that he had intended to ask the blonde sitting next to him for a date. He rushed after her and caught up with her as she started to step out the door.

"Hiya, honey, how about a date?" he said as he overtook her.

"Who are you?" she asked haughtily.

"Donald Mann" just call me D. Are you busy to-night? I'll meet you tomorrow." By the way, what's your name? I'll meet you at Valley Dale, Matty?" asked Donald.

"I don't understand you, Donald. But we have dancing here every night after dinner."

"Now we're definitely livin'; I'll be over tonight after dinner.

"Why, don't be silly, Donald. You know it's for girls only."

"Okay. O.K., I can take a clue, but how about the baseball game Saturday?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Article Three Paragraph Eight makes it perfectly clear that men and women students and women are permitted only on Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays."

"And then, he had the nerve to ask me what held you up?" cried Donald, banging his head against a convenient elm.

Donald sleepily opened his eyes to behold a luminous blonde classmate diligently banging him on the head with a well-worn Sex and Psychology textbook, and saying, "C'mon, D, let's shake a leg or we'll be late for our three o'clock class."

With a choking shriek Donald jumped for the nearest possible support. "Where are we going?"

Two students were passing a dormitory when one remarked to the other, "That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"Well — not exactly, but she's certainly retiring." — Sundial.

Two students were passing a dormitory when one of the occupants had forgotten to lower the shade.

"That girl's not a bit shy, is she?"

"Well — not exactly, but she's certainly retiring." — Sundial.

It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles but don't compliment her too highly. — Chatter.

The old timers who say the present generation is on the road to hell no doubt know what they are talking about — they probably recognize the same road. — Sundial.

"The laundry made a mistake and sent me the wrong shirt. The collar's so tight I can hardly breathe."

"No, that's your shirt all right, but you've got the wrong shirt. The collar's so tight I can hardly breathe."

In Rabelais, it's life; in Boccaccio, it's frakness; in Relais, it's life; in a professor, it's clever; but in a college magazine, it's not printed. — Sundial.

The pearl earrings worn by Linda Dalland were the same in color and shape, but not in fame, since Linda Dalland is much more famous than the pearls.

Two students were passing a dormitory when one of the occupants had forgotten to lower the shade.

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Chesterfield contest appears inside back cover.