It has always seemed that here on the Denison campus, an editor's column must have some purpose, some specific reason for being written. Unconsciously, sometimes these little items take the form of an apology or an explanation, which is superfluous, for what follows on the printed pages. In the first two issues, I followed the stogy examples set before me, but I never seemed to be able to stay in OFF HAND what I really wanted to. Here-for-there, I advocated an "Open the Door, Richard" to a new type of column where one branches out and away from the "In This Issue" cubby hole. However, convention will eventually force me back to the proverbial rut.

First of all, a few well deserved claps on the claps to Norman Townsend and John Gripe for providing us with an amusing evening at the Student Review. More of the same to Dave Fairless and Jack Campbell for putting over what we dub THE dance of the year, the Sig Derby. Only one word fits the Derby and that was "mellow."

Again spring is in the air. I admit it heartily and how low superior force of hormones, etc., which seem to be under the spell of the kick in the breezes and the far off moaning of a cow. Soon Spring Valley will replace the Grill as a hangout for students. I sympathize and follow the crowd but at the same time send out a distressed plea for help. I still have another issue to get out and will need contributions drastically. Instead of letting those long afternoons drift away unused, why not include contributions to the paper? And millions more people found that they liked Camels best. Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

According to a recent Nationwide survey: More Doctors SMOKE CAMEL than any other cigarette. When three independent research organizations asked 112,997 doctors —What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?— More than any other cigarette. It's only a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of: Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.
The Valentine
George Todd
Feb. 1, 1944

An entire American p a n z e r division p a s s e d through our wee Gulpen today. As the first dawn beams penetrated the shutters, lighting up the carv ed crucifix over my bed, I heard the rumbling prelude of tanks introducing the day-long suite of war sounds. I sat up startled as my mind screamed, "Els, hide! The Germans are coming!"

Then I remembered that we are free now, that I should be glad to hear the shooting men, the rolling artillery, the ugly cars with wheels in front and a tanks caterpillar behind, and more, roaring, shooting in the snow their song of freedom soon for all Holland.

The past sings a minor melody which is a moving pattern, woven counterpoint into those notes but lately struck, stating new themes. I know this vital melody shall with a mighty modulation move to symphonies of dreams come true, the future!

Feb. 2, 1944

This morning I opened the shutters to see a very wonderful sight. The Americans have come to stay in our wee Gulpen! The streets were full of helmeted men with slung rifles carrying funny pans which they used for eating. They were going toward our school because—what do you suppose? The Americans are soldiers. The American soldiers are using the school for a kitchen and dining room.

Of course, I could not teach there today; so I had to get up quickly and meet the pupils to send them home.

Company A came last night, trailing behind the division. They have on serious faces. Corporal Scarf happened in the Kathedraal. I had to get up quickly and meet the pupils to send them home. They are leaving—Jay is leaving. And today something wrong for our little school.

My boys have much respect for Uncle Mattias, for he is their father's confessor. Jay, that is Corporal Scarf's first name, helped me move the children's maps and readers from the school room to the church. Then after supper, he came down to my house with his friend Ernest. He played American songs on our piano, and I sang "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" for Jay because it is the only song in English that I know. Ernest can speak French; so he talked to Mama. I like Jay very much.

Feb. 7, 1944

Tonight was the dance for American soldiers. Jay wished me to go with him, and I wanted very much to go but I could not. My father is in the Dutch army and Father Mattias says we must not dance or celebrate while our Holland is still suffering. But tomorrow night I will go to the dance. Jay was sorry and he went to the dance with some other soldiers. Many of the Gulpen girls were at the dance, and the girls from all our neighboring villages were there, too—some very pretty girls. I feared Corporal Scarf would forget me, but he left the dance before it was over and came to say goodnight to me as he has done all this week.

Feb. 13, 1944

This has been an exciting day for the Americans are leaving—Jay is leaving. And today something happened in the Kathedraal.

(Continued on page 15)
Spring on Campus

Glimpses on Campus
Casual Corners

It seems as though where there's a college in the United States, there also must be a student hangout; a place where Jim or Jerry may slam down his books, order a cup of coffee and forget that history exam in a game of bridge. Denton is no exception to the rule. As a matter of fact, DU has three such hang-outs; the grill, Aladdin's, and the Hut.

A description of the Grill is hardly necessary, as what "wheel" hasn't penetrated its depths? Situated beneath the Opera house, this "little den of iniquity" offers all sorts of possibilities for "bird-doggies," accidental meetings, and the passing on of notes for J.L.'s lit test tomorrow. Were one to count the number of hours logged per inhabitant, many an operator's license would need to be issued to the residents of the dimly lit booths.

On going into the Grill, one must pause in order to acquaint himself with the light, then little by little, through the blue mists you are able to discern forms. Here are Doggie and Raudebaugh, viciously finessing bridge tricks against Jay and Beedy. In booth 13, a group of freshmen eye the crowd admiringly and whisper among themselves. Next to the door, Joe and Joly are engaged in earnest conversation, while John and Nancy burrow a tunnel trying to find the exit.

The atmosphere of the Grill is homey. Above the back corner might easily be dubbed "Infinite Cell" as hardly ever, unless there in a stray doggin', accidental meetings, and the passing on of notes for J.L.'s lit test tomorrow. Were one to count the number of hours logged per inhabitant, many an operator's license would need to be issued to the residents of the dimly lit booths.

But what of Aladdin's and the Hut? "A burglar broke into our dorm last night."

"What did he get?"

"Practice."
Do You Want to

Then study carefully the amazing career of J. Filbert Throckmorton .... by paralleling your course with his, you can't miss becoming a smashing success in the medical world!

Under Acme's special, stepped-up system, Filbert gropes blindly about in a perplexing maze of Pathology, Bacteriology, Immunology, Epidemiology, Pharmacology, Toxicology, Radiology, Ophthalmology, Gynecology, Proctology, Psychopathology, Rhinology, Ophthalmology, Microbiology, and English Composition. Throckmorton passes all the ology's with an average of 2.999, but sticks on English Composition. For some reason, he insists on hyphenating "ain't got."

Here we find Throckmorton a week later. Literally up to his neck in the books, he is trying to determine the factors behind the simple equation, E = mc2.*

*Better known as the Einstein Equation.

We now find poor old Throckmorton in the year 1939. Though the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine. Throcky has worn out 6,769 pencils, exhausted 1183 reams of paper, and lost most of his hair while trying to break himself of the nasty habit of hyphenating "ain't got."

This can't go on forever. Comes a starry night in May, 1945. Agatha Suavecorn, the Prom Queen of Acne, has just been crowned. Posing demurely in her ravishing, gawless evening-strap before a battery of photographers, she is about to select the Prom King. This can't go on forever. Comes a starry night in May, 1945. Agatha Suavecorn, the Prom Queen of Acne, has just been crowned. Posing demurely in her ravishing, gawless evening-strap before a battery of photographers, she is about to select the Prom King. By a typographi- cal error, the col- leges paper an- nounces him as t he outstanding senor of the year, confusing his name with that of J. Etaoin Shrdlu, the real candidate.

... and hurtleth earthward, landing squarely on the smiling, upturned face of Miss Suavecorn. Never was she ever so thoroughly osculated. Grabbing the crown from the college president who has been trying it on for size, she slaps it on J.F.T.'s head and screams, "The King!"

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The college heads wag their heads (monotonous, isn't it?) slowly, determined not to give him a degree until he passes his English Composition proficiency text.

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By a typographi- cal error, the col- leges paper an- nounces him as t he outstanding senor of the year, confusing his name with that of J. Etaoin Shrdlu, the real candidate.

High above the teeming throng stands Throckmorton. Stuck in dear old Acne fourteen years, a combination of dementia praecox and hyphenated nightmares is getting him down. Quietly, unobstrusively, he goes. He steps back carefully 31\,\text{inches}, and launches himself recklessly over the balcony. . . .
And so the second semester is well under way, bringing with it the usual hopes for an early spring and warm balmy evenings.

To make up for the time lost between this and the last issue of the Campus, may we step right into the happenings of the past few weeks with our DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT —

The Big Red Basketball squad evidenced improvement during the later part of their schedule. And isn't it odd how their following increased almost threefold when they started to win games, and play as they were capable of playing from the start.

In our DEPARTMENT OF I'VE HAD IT —

We find a true incident taken from the files of our little campus snooper. Said the handsome young student to his fair companion, "Move a little closer to me, so I don't have to shout." "I don't think I should," said the coed, raising a restraining hand, "I don't know my own strength — and neither do you." You can sit and pencil that out while we gambol on to our DEPARTMENT OF HEART APPROVAL —

A note of introduction for Wayne Kline, the writer of the Denisonian's column, "The Wayning Light." If you haven't read it yet, you've been missing a fine treat.

DEPARTMENT OF FESTIVE BOARDS —

An idea was flitting around for a while last month that appealed to us very much. Some obscure source came up with the thought that the fraternities might better inter-fraternity relations by having open houses and inviting one or more other fraternities and their dates. Just a suggestion.

DEPARTMENT OF WOMEN AND HORSES —

A remark was dropped the other day and picked up to be set into this column. Twas said that the Uniform of the Year for coeds, the infamous Blue Jeans, is rapidly becoming extinct on the campuses of America. This replica of the man-power shortage is seen, nowadays, only on rainy days and during exam week. The men of the colleges of our thriving nation bow their heads at its passing, and raise a roar of approval. We hate 'em.

DEPARTMENT OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS —

In case you haven't noticed, spring is almost here. You know, spring, as in W-O-M-A-N.

NOT AT DU

Nurse: I think that college boy in 312 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.
SORORITIES

THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

By Betty Harmon

CHI OMEGA

Founded: During the flu epidemic two years ago that took the campus by storm.
Purpose: I doubt if they have one.
Motto: "Give us a pig and we'll make a hog out of her."
Property: A large, old-fashioned barn (whitewashed) that looks down its lawn at everybody else.
Assets: A few "brains."
Liabilities: A few "brains."
Pin: An X marking a finger made by an old, dirty, heat-up horseshoe.
Song: "The Man I Love."
Flower: Stinkweed.
Colors: Black, gray, and purple.
How recognized: Kilroy.

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Founded: Around the block from Scolley Square.
Purpose: To all grow up to be big and strong like "Shorty" K.
Motto: "No, they don't cause cancer . . . ."
Property: The makings of a good broom from Cathy's hair.
Assets: You certainly couldn't call their living room one.
Liabilities: The chapter.
Pin: A ripe banana that has wrapped itself around three sugar cubes.
Song: "We are the Tri-Delts, Tri-Delts are we . . . ," etc.
Flower: They copied the Thetas.
Colors: Orange and red.
Ideal: Changes every other day.
How recognized: By the bruises they have received falling off their traditional balcony.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Founded: Don't know where — really don't care . . .
Purpose: To just shine over all like little suns revolving around the campus.
Motto: "We are the best, we pass every test, we do not jest, we beat all the rest . . . ."
Property: A very badly, over-used, leather pillow.
Assets: To listen to 'em talk you'd think they had a couple.
Liabilities: Van Wert's gift to the group . . .
Pin: An arrowhead from the Newark mounds with two little chunks of glass adorning it plus little chicken scratches in spots.
Song: "1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1" (reducing song)
Flower: They copied the Tri-Delts.
Colors: Dark brown, navy blue and black.
Ideal: Any Beta . . .

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Founded: It should never have been.
Purpose: To go through life telling the world how wonderful Kappa is . . . .
Motto: "I am a Kappa, we pass every test, and just what are you? You're not a Kappa? we'll poot poot to you!
Assets: To listen to 'em talk you'd think they had a couple.
Liabilities: They do have a couple.
Pin: A common ordinary everyday door key.
Song: "Let's go back and kiss the boys good-night and "Atlas," and Cathy and Pug).
Flower: Some French thing that looks like a Boy Scout pin.
Colors: Black, gray, and purple.
Ideal: Kilroy.

ALPHA PHI

Founded: A group of the nicer girls got together back in '96 and there have been Alpha Phi's ever since.
Purpose: Camaraderie and companionship. (Alpha Phi handbook, page 78)
Motto: "Give me a date or give me death."
Property: They call it a "playhouse," and judging from what goes on there, it must be.
Assets: A free meal for some of the boys annually at their "Pigs' Dinner."
Liabilities: The pigs.
Pin: An A with lack of ingenuity for its background
Song: "Bless You."
Flower: The clover, because it's so inexpensive.
Colors: Various and asundry . . .
Ideal: To make their hair all look like Betsy Wallace.
How recognized: By the bruises they have received falling off their traditional balcony.

ALPHA XI DELTA

Founded: When some social workers took pity on an early band of Oakies back in '96.
Purpose: To take pity on others.
Motto: "We live alone and like it." (?)
Property: Barn-like brick house.
Assets: Their exclusiveness out near the edge of town.
Liabilities: The spiral staircase where many a good neck has been broken.
Pin: "I shot an arrow in the air . . ." Song: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll, you great big beautiful doll."
Flower: Shrinking violet.
Colors: Blush pink.
Ideal: To perpetuate the aims and ideals of orchesis.
How recognized: Don't think you'll have any trouble there.

ALPHA OMICRON PI

Founded: Suppose they were? Heard they just grew . . .
Purpose: They'll get one just as soon as a good one comes along.
Property: A cozy little window-seat and a patio.
Assets: I looked high, I looked low, I looked high.
How recognized: If she looks like she can pick you up and twirl you over her head eighty-seven times without changing her stance . . . . you've recognized her . . .

DELTA GAMMA

Founded: During a bargain-basement sale day before Christmas by some Greek.
Purpose: To be romantic. (Illustrated by Marybeth and "Atlas," and Cathy and Pug.)
Motto: "Give us girls who look well in our house."
Property: A cozy little window-seat and a patio.
Assets: A very badly, over-used, leather pillow.
Liabilities: Far too many to list now.
How recognized: Many of them by their light blonde hair.

MARCH, 1947

Answer's "No."

Flower: Great, big, orange poppies.
Colors: Pale ones.
Ideal: To fill their pledge class.

(Continued on page 16)
And my soul is at attention for those that are gone. I am at ease with myself; living again easily. The sax blows warm and glowing. And no one will notice my scars because it is dark. Now that this is done and gone. I am easy. Can you understand and see why I sit here.

Jook joint blares and I can walk the streets and be.

Hell years pass off as the slough of proud flesh slowly stealing time... the morphine of the far off boat whistle blowing and I do not care.

Star Spangled Banner and it wells in me again. Morbid experience... pours on me and I am at ease. Sweetly warming is the sax hooting, the bark of 88, the boom of artillery, the mine. It does not concern me. A drunk sings his lonely concern men. Not like the stacatto of machine guns. A weakened thing of compromise be. Always by gnawing doubts.

To dream, to think, to ascend knowing heights? And many say its so, if God there is, you live your life and die your death. Will God fulfill this simple quest. Dreams of souls which float in whorls of smoke. Feel lost in our world alone, misunderstood.

World apart from world of mine, because we cannot grasp. A nebulous world that cannot be. To kill desires and dreams innate. All happiness I seek, who do not question, doubt or strive. I saw upon the wall a pencilled heart, and in the plus sign in between: Els H. -|- Jay S.

Who do not question, doubt or strive. Who do not question, doubt or strive. In those worlds, what men find. All happiness I seek, because we cannot grasp. We cannot see with our eyes or feel with our hands, things which a two week's friendship planted in a day and nurtured in a wars time make me see which I ever may see. Although these men may die today at Kerkeide, they will still be alive in Gulpen's heart. And Jay will live in mine.

Slowly the scars heal. The oozing soothing melody of sweet exciting triumph.

Time rushes over me and I am healed. That which happened was not of me or this world. That which happened was not of me or this world. That which happened was not of me or this world.
The Valentine

(Continued from page 15)

I may not see him tomorrow, so I sent him a piece of lace I made for his mother. I hope he got it all right.

I wonder if he'll remember me?

THE WAY WE SEE 'EM

(Continued from page 13)

Pin: They're man-crazy I tell you—their pin is a dead steal from Annapolis, or more likely the V-12.

Song: "Come To Me."

Flower: All I know is that it smells.

Colors: Sky-blue pink with bronzed edges.

Ideal: "Atlas."

How Recognized: You couldn't miss that white anchor anywhere.

On The Cuff

A DIVINE STATEMENT

A bishop was sitting in a box at an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very decollete. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never madame," replied the bishop gravely, "never since I was a baby."

—Voo Doo.

ONE FOR THE BOYS

Father (looking cautiously into the club room of the fraternity house): "Does Bill Haithcock live here?"

Voice from inside: "Yeah, just bring him in and lay him on the couch."

—Voo Doo.

It's all right to hide behind a woman's skirts as long as her husband doesn't come in and open the closet door.

—Sun Dial.

The current horror story is of an ogre who brought a cocker spaniel to a veterinarian and ordered him to cut off the dog's tail. "I want it all off," he said, "so that not even a hair remains."

"Sorry, but I couldn't do that to a dog," the vet replied. "Why should you want to do it—cut the tail from an innocent little dog?"

"My mother-in-law is visiting us next month," the man replied, "and I want to eliminate any possible indication of welcome."

—Sun Dial.

DEFINITIONS

Adolescence: the age when a girl's voice changes from a "no" to "yes."

Embarrassment: Two eyes peeking through the same key hole.

Girdle: An elastic supplement to a stern reality.

Good advice: What a man gives when he is too old to be a bad example.

Glamour: Something that evaporates when the sweater is too large.

—Purple Parrott.

Lipstick is something that gives added flavor to an old pastime.

—Sun Dial.

He: Did you notice that girl with the step ladder expression?

She: What?

He: The girl with the wooden stare.

—Yale Record.

"Just saw McGurk foaming at the mouth."

"Horrors!"

"No, just Michelob's."

—Voo Doo.

A college magazine is a great invention,

The college gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money,

The staff gets all the blame.

Her: I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Her: I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Pause.

Him: You must ride quite a lot too.

—Voo Doo.
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the favorite of Hollywood Stars

Virginia Mayo - ONE OF THE STARS IN
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"
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ALWAYS
RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS - PROPERLY AGED

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