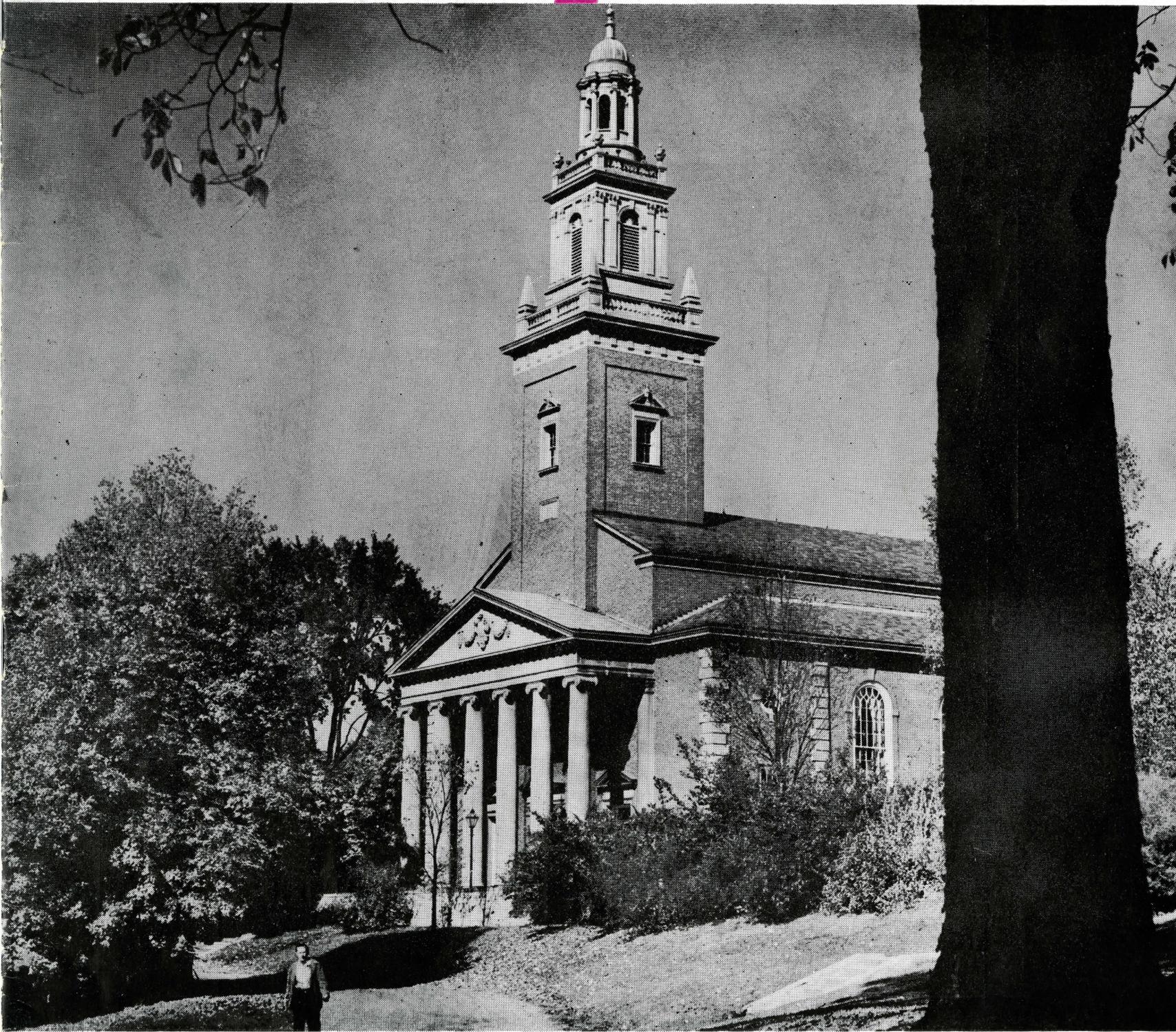


FLK
v.1 no 3

The *Campus*

DENISON UNIVERSITY



A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION
GRANVILLE OHIO

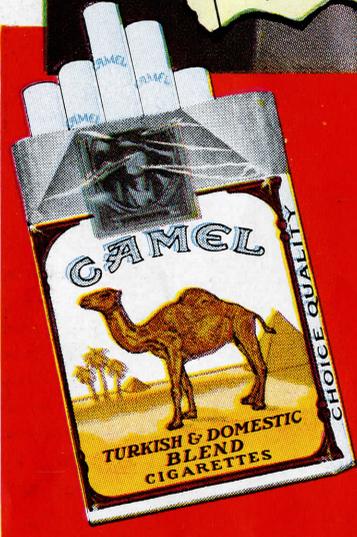
MARCH 1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



1945 NEWS ITEM
Cigarette Shortage
Still Acute
 Crowds Queue Up... Millions
 Try Different Brands... Smoke
 Whatever They Can Get.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

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.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

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.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette



When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



Off hand-

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 say in OFF HAND what I really wanted to. Here-to-for, 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 back 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 bow low to the superior force of hormones, etc., which seem to be under the spell of the kick in the breeze and the far off mooing 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 a pad of paper and pencil in the bundle with your swimming suit and towel. While roasting in the sun you can jot down comments here and there. There are some potential creative geniae among you who have hidden the torch behind Emperor Micalobe too long. You may be surprised at how naturally clever and witty you can be. These little incidental writings I can use, so jot 'em down and hand 'em in.

Again to the well-worn rut and away from the branch-off. It seems a natural tendency around here to want to look at pictures rather than to read words, so we give you pictures. *Spring Glimpses* is chapter three in the seasonal feature, and I'm afraid a rather ironic one at that. The groundhog seems to have been hibernating over-time. In *Do You Want to Be a Doctor* we have a picture story of what the pre-meds are up against and what their ultimate accomplishments will be.

On the literary side is George Todd's *The Valentine* with its hand on one heart beat of the past war. Also we collected some worthwhile poems and present them to you in *Prelude* and *Postlude*.

At last we've made it to press again. To tell the truth, one can never be sure until the finished product is there in his hands.

BETSY A WALLACE
 Editor-in-Chief.

CAMPUS



Literary-
 Feature
 Magazine

Denison
 University
 Granville, O.

Vol. 1, No. 3

March, 1947

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The Valentine

George Todd

Feb. 1, 1944

An entire American panzer division passed through our wee Gulpen today. As the first dawnbeams penetrated the shutters, lighting up the carved 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 shouting men, the rolling artillery, the ugly cars with wheels in front and a tanks caterpillar behind, and more, roaring, shouting 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 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 rest of the division. They must have come after midnight, for I didn't hear them while I slept soundly after yesterday's excitement. Tanks and guns and trailers and people fill the square of the martyr Hans Dijnmeer, before the Kathedraal. All my boys were glad there was no school and ran down the hill to Dijnmeer's square to mingle with the soldiers.

I am glad I studied English in the teacher's school at Maastrich, for today my ability to speak it was very useful. I went into the school to inquire whether we could use the classrooms tomorrow only to discover that the school is to be a barracks for these soldiers. The room where my twenty little boys were reading and reciting yesterday is now a home for twenty soldiers and their guns and their bedding and their helmets.

I went into my room to get some of my books and papers. It was there I met Mr. Scarf! He is a Corporal who drives a jeep, but he also likes music. He helped me carry my books to my house, then he drove me to my uncle's house to see if he would let me use the Kathedraal for my classes. As the bishop of our diocese he gave me permission, but said he thought it would be too cold in there. Then he gave me the keys, but only after I prom-

ised to see that the children were dressed warmly enough. He even promised to come in and see if I needed any help keeping order in such a big place. 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 still in the Dutch army and Father Mattias says we must not dance or celebrate while our Holland is still suffering. We must not be gay until all Holland is free again.

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 good-night 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)



EROLD LOUIS WEBER '47

CAMPUS CANINES

Ellen Fanslow

There is one social group on campus that seldom makes the scandal sheet. Rarely is any comment written on its latest activities. Nevertheless, in its ranks are some of the outstanding personalities on Denison's Hill. Membership in this group is not confined to any one type, and race prejudice has been completely eliminated. For in the dog circle, anything from a stately thoroughbred to a mangy mongrel is one of "the gang."

The unchallenged leader of her social set is Bonnie, a rather street-worn collie. She could hardly have been appointed because of her social background; for obvious reasons she isn't one of the "aristocracy," although she carries herself as if she were. An independent character, she socializes almost entirely with her human friends, dropping them when and where she pleases. She is even dubbed a snob by those who are careless enough to forget her influence with a large number of friends.



"Bonnie"

Bonnie seems to have no one favorite haunt. Apparently she feels it her social duty to be seen everywhere, since she attends classes from eight A.M. until four P.M., then trots to the Grill for an afternoon "bite." It is easy to know which nights hold poor promise for dining out; on those nights Bonnie stands in the "sem" line. After supper she usually ambles up to the Union, because she too lacks "wheels" to get to Newark.

Among her followers last year was a junior-sized cocker spaniel called Damit loping around the campus. The name echoed against the Denison Hill so many times that most of us were rather confused as to whom it really belonged. This year there are several, black cockers, each with various names. One of them, Charcoal, is the pet of the women's dorms. There are many nights when a roommate returns from dinner to find Charcoal with her eager snout in a box of Nestle's cocoa or a jar of blackberry

jam. She has a face that looks as if it should be on the cover of this month's "Woman's Home Companion."



"Charcoal"

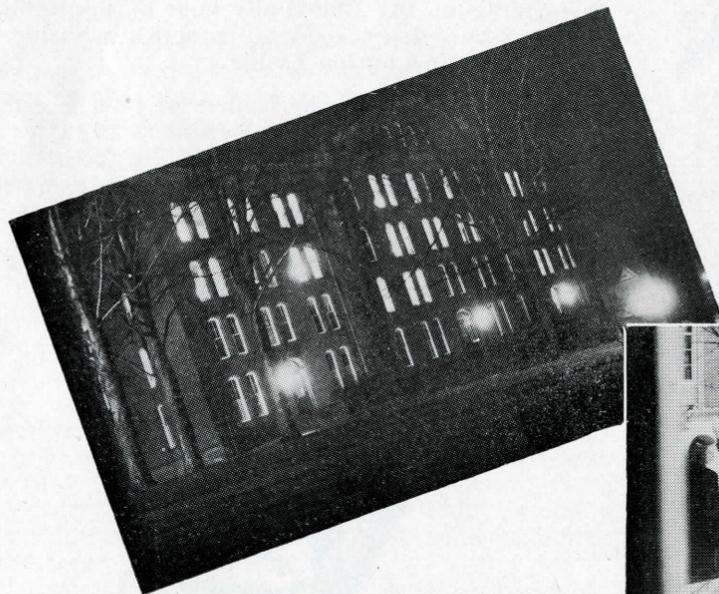
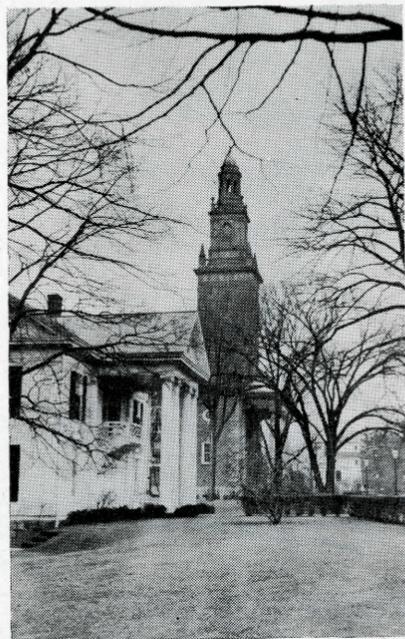
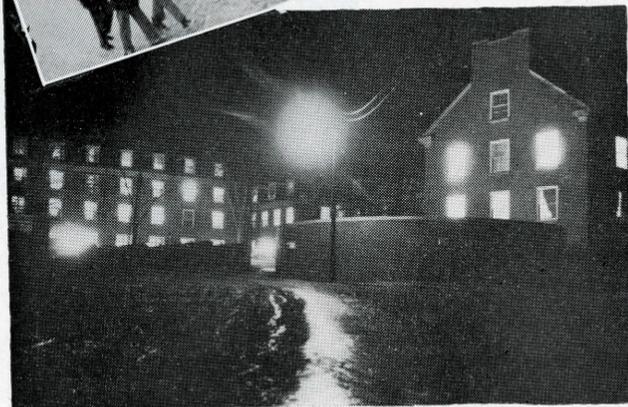
Another of Bonnie's tribe is Lady, a Boston terrier or something similar. Heaven itself knows what her history actually is, but at least one person ventured that she is the result of a chemistry major's experiment over a Bunsen Burner in Chem Cottage. Perhaps that is the explanation for her favorite haunt. At almost any hour of any day she is found curled up beside — practically inside — the fireplace in Lamson Lodge.

These are a few of the leaders of their group. Lately, some very young newcomers have been pledged. Before they may be officially accepted "in the bands" however, they must first become adjusted to this terrible strain of college existence.



"Lady"

Spring on



Glimpses Campus



Casual Corners

It seems as though wherever 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. Denison 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-doggin'," accidental meetings, and the passing on of notes for JL'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 Seedy. In booth 13, a group of freshmen eye the crowd admiringly and whisper among themselves. Next to the door, Joe and Jody 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 hubbub one hears, "Number 3—coffee and sweet rolls," or "Oh, S-u-z-i-e," and "Blue skies for me from now on, da-da-da." An experienced Grillite pays no attention to these noises though. Each booth is individualistic and they band together only for the opening lines of "Wyoming" which issue from the restless juke-box.

If you want an atmosphere that is a little quieter, cross the street to Aladdin's. Originally "Ted's," "Rix," then "Bob's", now "Aladdin's," this place is known for its fudge cake and milk shakes. To enter, you walk up the semi-circular steps and push the door open, usually right into Slim's towering face. For the most part, the long line of booths to the right are filled, and you must lean over the candy counter or plop down onto a stool next to the counter to await your turn.

In Aladdin's, the atmosphere is generally light and sunny, possibly because of the green and grey color scheme on the walls. It is easy to hang over

the red plush booths to borrow the sugar as the backs are low, not neck-breakingly high as in the Grill. The back corner might easily be dubbed "Intimate Cell" as hardly ever, unless there in a stray 20-20 in the crowd, can you see who is sitting there. Also in Aladdin's you can actually see your hamburgers being cooked, or your sandwich being



slapped together accompanied by a tantalizing odor that rolls across the nostrils. Many a customer has ordered on sniff alone not bothering to ask name or price.

Down the road a bit and around the corner, you run upon the Hut. There's a psychological air of mystery around this pausing point. No one knows by what specialty they are known or who they'll meet there, but still they troop in during all hours of the day and night. Again coffee seems to be the main bill of fare, unless you are an unfortunate victim of an "off" meal at the sem.



The Hut has an atmosphere all its own. It's a little bit of everything thrown together and jumbled up. You may be the sophisticated type, leering out of the dark booth to the counter to the left or you may let your hair down and lean over on the clean soda fountain for a casual chat. In the Hut you may be yourself, not the suave, debonair type that seems necessary in the Grill or Aladdin's.

You could go on to the Inn, or to Town and Gown for a meal, but the allowance problem throws halting restrictions on that idea. Just for kicks and for the casual cigarette and coffee time of the day, the Grill, Aladdin's, or the Hut will punch the ticket anytime.

"A burglar broke into our dorm last night."
"What did he get?"
"Practice."

Prelude

Death is not sad — it is quiet.

Rain falling quietly on ivy leaves,
Making wet, shiny patterns,
And pigeons crying softly in the eaves.
Below the men in navy blue
Pass silently along the walk.

The rain is steady in its fall.
The Chapel bells are peaceful in their call.
The pigeons coo a mournful strain.
Death is as quiet as the rain.

—Vera Welch

I do not love you
As I once loved you.

I see, when looking in your face,
Only the common place —
Not stars and sky,
Nor wild excitement singing high.

Yet, I am not less than I was then.
I have a deeper peace than that I knew
When I was young, and was in love with you.

—Vera Welch

A late October day---the wind was cool,
And blew the mist like rain
Across our faces.
There was nothing left for me to say,
Except "goodbye" before you went away.

And you returned one fall
In all the vivid gold of falling leaves.
I stretched my hand to you,
And called "hello."

But autumn's glory was too bright,
And blinded by its scarlet light
You passed me by.

—Vera Welch

CLOUDS

I like clouds,
I like to look at them pouring
Over a ridge in the mountains.
I like to see them pile up
In the sky on a hot, summer day.
Best of all, I like to look at them
Through willows or pine trees on a moonlit night
When they make the moon seem
To be racing the stars.
I like clouds,
They are peaceful and serene,
They are free.

—Louis Taylor.

Pray tell me m' lord,
That is, if you can,
The decor to follow
In pleasing a man.
Since frivolity causes
My dear lord to frown,
Must I put aside laughter
And turn gaiety down?
Is my youthful countenance
Causing distress?
Or, my lord, could it be
My fickleness?
I swear that I don't
Quite understand
The decor to follow
In pleasing a man.

—Betty Jane Dancy

Really our friendship is perfect.
I'll remember and treasure it always
And often when I am older,
I'll remember our college days.

Though our life path may sever
And each may go his own way
There'll always be something precious
I'll want in my heart to say.

• Although I may never say it
I'll fill it most sincerely
For I never could stand you
Any more than you could stand me!

—Betty Jane Dancy

THE MOUNTAIN

There is a mountain, on whose mighty peak
My feet may stand to wait each rising sun,
And on its towering heights, my soul may seek
For solitude, when each day's work is done.
No clouds defeat my striving when I've won
The top, though thick the mists around the base.
So wide the view, my dreams cannot outrun
The vast expanse that seems to fill all space.
Why then, though winding road hides from my face
The height above that is my destined goal,
Should I let circumstance of time, or space,
Or toil, or weight of earth hold down my soul?

There is a mountain to whose heights sublime,
My soul, as to its very own, may climb.

—B.Z.

You say you love me for my faith
And because you know I'm true.
You love me because I am sincere
And for the way I smile at you.

Will you love me too when I'm guilty
Of telling you those little lies?
Like, darling, I love you just because
You have those smiling eyes.

—Betty Jane Dancy

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!



Young Throckmorton enrolls in Acne College in the fall of 1931. ('Twas on a bright, September morn and the frost was on the corn, etc.) Graduated magna cum lousy from Fizzle-ville High School that same year, he is determined to become a doctor.



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, $E = mc^2$.*

*Better known as the Einstein Equation.



Under Acne's special, stepped-up system, Filbert gropes blindly about in a perplexing maze of Pathology, Bacteriology, Immunology, Epidemiology, Pharmacology, Toxicology, also . . . Roentgenology, Cardiology, 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."



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. 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 test.



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, gownless evening-strap before a battery of photographers, she is about to select the Prom King.

Be a Doctor?

Robert Findeisen



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, unobstreperously, he goes mad. He steps back carefully 31½ inches, and launches himself recklessly over the balcony. . . .



. . . and hurtleth earthward, landing squarely on the smiling, upturned face of Miss Suavecorn. Never was she ever so thoroughly osculated. After a short pause of twenty minutes, she disengages her lush lips from his with the gentle sound of a surfacing submarine. 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!"



Throckmorton is made. The campus 'wheels' grind their gums in bitter anguish as he skips blithely by with the lovely Agatha. Every fraternity on the campus rushes him at once. Honorary societies grovel at his feet. — (Then,—

By a typographical error, the college paper announces him as the outstanding senior of the year, confusing his name with that of J. Etaoin Shrdlu, the real candidate.



. . . . AND SO WE PRESENT J. FILBERT THROCKMORTON, THE PERSONIFICATION OF SUCCESS! BRILLIANT, YOUNG INTERNE IN ONE OF THE NATION'S LEADING HOSPITALS, HE WORKS WITH A DELICACY AND FINESSE SECOND TO NONE.

Campus Kaleidoscope

John C. Thomas

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.



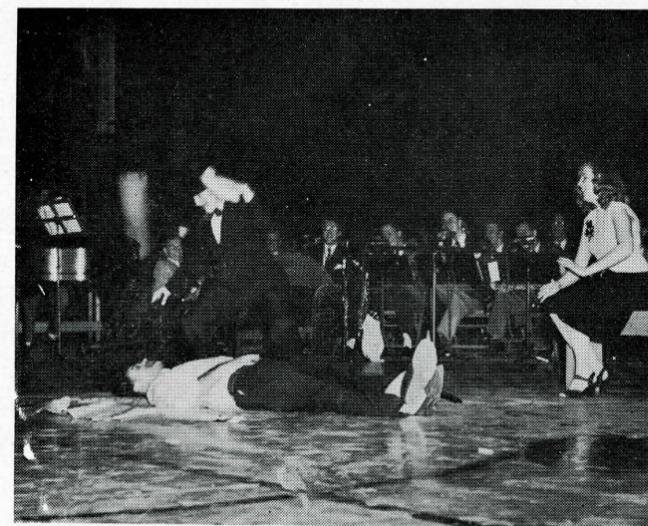
DEPARTMENT OF FESTIVE BOARDS — An idea was flitting around for a while last month that appealed to us very much. Some obscure source came up with the thought that the fraternities might better inter-fraternity relations by having open houses and inviting one or more other fraternities and their dates.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

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 ringer made by an old, dirty, beat-up horseshoe.

Song: "The Man I Love."

Flower: Stinkweed.

Collors: Purple and green with navy blue dots.

Ideal: "Each get a man,
disregard his pan,
short, fat or tall,
just any man at all. . . ."

How recognized: That peaked look.



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: If I could think of any I'd write 'em down.

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 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2" (reducing song)

Flower: They copied the Tri-Delts.

Colors: Dark brown, navy blue and black.

Ideal: Any Beta. . .

How recognized: By the cat scratches on their faces.



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: Circles under their eyes. . . .



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,
and just what are you?
You're not a Kappa?
well poo poo 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 again."

Flower: Some French thing that looks like a Boy Scout pin.

Colors: Black, gray, and purple.

Ideal: Kilroy.

How recognized: Many of them by their light blonde hair.



ALPHA PHI

Founded: A group of the nicer girls got together back in '96 and there have been Alpha Phi's ever since.

Purpose: Camaradie 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's.

How recognized: By the bruises they have received falling off their traditional balcony.



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.

Motto: Stretch 2 — 3 — 4,
For it's muscle we adore."

Property: A cottage that resembles a greenhouse somewhat.

Assets: Well. . . they have one sort of pretty song.

Liabilities: Those seniors majoring in Soc!

Pin: Three letters all crowded together like two fat men crowded in a phone booth.

Song: "Home Sweet Home."

Flower: Great, big, orange poppies.

Colors: Pale ones.

Ideal: To fill their pledge class.

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. . . .



ALPHA XI DELTA

Founded: When some social workers took pity on an early band of Oakies back in '06.

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.



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: I looked high,
I looked low,
Were there assets?
Answer's "No."

Liabilities: Far too many to list now.

(Continued on page 16)

POSTLUDE

DISCHARGE

James Marshall

Slowly the scars heal . . .
Like 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.
I am not of it and it is forgotten hell.
Flashes of rotten excruciating moments are
Gone with the smooth flowing melody.

Time, the warm liquor of wounds, pours over me
And I feel no more. Soothing, the ministering hands
Of loving woman pass over me and that which
was is

No more. Strains, distant chords, are still in me,
Dying in the echoes. Far off, a band plays the
Star Spangled Banner and it wells in me again
But time leaves only scars and they do not hurt;
The well of my emotion dries some and leaves this
husk.
I can feel no more. I forget hell-moments.

A tin piano plays. Street cars rumble.
Somewhere a car roars up the highway,
But I do not care. It is not for me or does it
Concern men. Not like the staccato of machine
pistols
The bark of 88, the boom of artillery, the mine.
Let the mellifluous melody of sweet passing time
Roll over me. Let drain from me the
Rank poison of living, experience wounds intense,
And make me unconcerned, to be able to live again
Without fear.

Sweetly warming is the sax hooting,
The far off boat whistle blowing and I do not care.
It does not concern me. A drunk sings his lonely
chant,
Jook joint blares and I can walk the streets and be
unconcerned
And no one will notice my scars because it is dark.
Slowly stealing time . . . the morphine of
Morbid experience . . . pours on me and I am at ease.

Hell years pass off as the slough of proud flesh
And I am at ease with myself; living again easily.
Can you understand and see why I sit here
With my lonely drink and am happy while
The sax blows warm and glowing.

I feel no heat or desire for more . . . female flesh
Is not of me and I am easy and do not fear
Now that this is done and gone. I am easy
And without fear, only somewhere, far off,
A band plays. Returning, the deep-seated thing in
me wells
And my soul is at attention for those
That are gone.

SUGGESTIONS TO DALI

James Marshall

If I were Dali
I'd love to paint . . . dead jap ears
On a black negligee.

The story — a testimony of America at war.
America divided . . .
Soldier-civilian
Life-scheme against life-scheme;
We who live in daily fear
No longer understand
Those who live in constant pettiness.

A perfect tribute to milady,
Said the marine,
Are the ears of this dead jap
Lying here in the jungle rot.

From their package
They spilled onto lush luxury
Dead jap ears on a black negligee
In horrified silence viewed
By society, so soft and serene.

They sent us off
The young, and the brave and the strong.
We came back
The old and the cruel and the weak
And they don't understand . . .

I'd love to paint dead jap ears
On a black negligee . . .
If I were Dali
I would.

SONNET MODERN, IN G MINOR

James Marshall

Yet, in the solace of our flat
You come back in thoughts to me.
The place you used to throw your hat,
Deep eyes, tousled hair, all this and more I see.
Your pipe upon the mantel edge,
The way you whistled in the hall,
The day on Devon cliff you pledged
Again, to love and cherish this above all.
Soft lights from the bay below us then,
Reflections of our love, greater than before.
You left me there (no other way) not knowing when
You embarked. These mem'rys are my horded store
Cherished in the evening solace of our flat.
My God, I loved him so! Yet he cannot come back.

THE REQUEST

James Marshall

World apart from world of mine,
In those worlds, what men find
All happiness I seek,
Are their worlds richly full
Who do not question, doubt or strive.

Are dreams left better undreamed;
Do we who strive to meet our dreams
Feel lost in our world alone, misunderstood,
Because we cannot grasp
A nebulous world that cannot be.

To never doubt, to never quest
To kill desires and dreams innate
Dreams of souls which float in whorls of smoke
ascending

To mingle, mix, and never think
Above this humdrum worldly plane
Untortured, restful in life complete.
You think no more, strive no more
Doubts are never there . . .
You live your life and die your death
And that is all . . . all in completeness there.

Is that life
To never doubt
Do they live? If God there is,
And many say its so,
Will God fulfill this simple quest
Of man-soul damned.

Which is life?
To dream, to think, to ascend knowing heights?
In places voices sing, but are tortured
Always by gnawing doubts.
Or to be complete
In a life that is material, concrete,
Of real-stuff women
Square as a cube
As real as fact.

If God there is
A simple quest I ask.
Answer now or soon shall I
A weakened thing of compromise be.

My mother always bade me beware
Of the lad with the unruly hair.
"You will often find," she said to me,
"He's not at all what he's supposed to be."

"Be careful of the lad with the constant grin,
Find out first what he's trying to win.
He might wear that insipid smile
Not just because it suits his style."

"Beware of those boys who feed you a line.
Don't let them catch a daughter of mine.
If there's any line to be had,
Then you use the one I used on your dad."

—Betty Jane Dancy

The Valentine

(Con. from p. 2)

Feb. 14, 1944

The Americans are gone. Corporal Scarf is gone too. There is nothing left. Nothing but the tracks of the motor vehicles and the marks of feet in snow and mud. Only these and one more thing. One thing tangible, I mean, for in addition there are traces etched on every Gulpen heart today of things we cannot see with our eyes or feel with our hands, but things which a two week's friendship planted in a day and nurtured in a wars time make me see what immortality may mean. Although these men may die today at Kerkrade, they will still be alive in Gulpen's heart. And Jay will live in mine.

Today I taught in my old room in the school again. One would not know that it had been a barracks. The maps are up again, the desks are back in place, and eleven that had been broken are repaired. Yet in that room, half hidden by my replaced desk, I saw upon the wall a pencilled heart, and in the heart are two names, one beneath the other with a plus sign in between: Els H. + Jay S.

As I read those letters, thoughts flashed into focus and stood startled in the spotlight for a glorious moment, then passed on to a half-light in the dim unshapen mass with countless other thoughts which never dared take firmer shape or even stand in light — but thoughts that do not pass unto oblivion.

School has been going very well there, but today what occurred upset the class so much that I had to dismiss them. Jay came into the church and stood in the balcony watching me teach. I don't know how long he'd been there when I spied him. I fear I can't conceal my feelings very well, for all the children turned around immediately to see what was happening in the rear of the church. After that they just wouldn't sit still; they had to keep looking about to the loft where Jay just stood looking at us and smiling. I finally dismissed them and started back to tell the corporal what I thought of his interfering with education.

When I climbed the spiral stairs to the balcony I found Jay seated at our organ playing Ave Maria. How could I scold him then?

I hadn't known he could play, so I sat beside him on the bench and watched and listened, thrilled by the music. He played it through twice, closing the swell and using the echo organ on the final amen. Then he turned, put his arm around me and kissed me.

I don't know how I felt nor what I said. I only know I clung to Jay as if my dreams were coming true. I don't even know how long we were together there in that cold church.

If this was my dream, it was shattered by the angry bellow of motors of great tanks. Corporal Scarf jumped up and said, "We're finally leaving! That means we're leaving tomorrow. They're warming up the engines and getting things ready. The captain really meant it when he said we're pulling out soon. Then he took me in his arms once more and said, "Els, you're a pretty swell kid. Don't ever let anyone tell you different."

(Continued on page 16)

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."

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.

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