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EXPONENT



FEBRUARY, 1951

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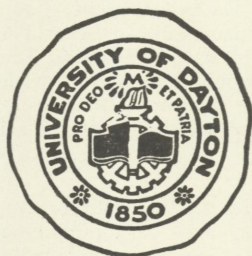
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Abraham Lincoln

★ ★ ★

● There is no doubt in the minds of the American people that President Lincoln is a heroic figure in our history, particularly because of his successful leadership of the country in the crisis of the Civil War. He had no formal education but he had a love for reading and study, consequently he was able to amass much general information and to develop a style of writing that has made some of his public documents masterpieces in logic and clarity. With a sure grasp of situation and richness of ideas he wrote as the occasion demanded using the simple idioms of farm life or the dignity and poetry of language. Time has granted him a lasting place among the great prose writers in our literature. His best-known piece of writing is the famous *Gettysburg Address*. In this February edition of the *Exponent* we would like to give to our readers *The Second Inaugural Address* because of a few timely applications to our day.

"Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great conflict which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. . .

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not dis-



tributed generally over the union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object of which the insurgents would rend the union, even by war; . . .

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with it, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered, that of neither has been fully.

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of the offenses which in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he wills now to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due those by whom the offense came,

shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a loving God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Dear Reader, we do not want to do your thinking for you, but may we single out a point or two in the *Address* for your consideration. What are the Communists in this country today but insurgents seeking to destroy the government, just as there were insurgents in Lincoln's time trying to destroy the union. Lincoln says they would "destroy it without war" but the Communists have no limits in their nefarious designs in seeking our ruin.

Notice too, Lincoln's reference that the war may be a punishment of the crime of slavery. Naturally here we recall the message of Our Lady at Fatima that we pray and do penance to prevent another punishment of God in the form of a World War for the sins of mankind. As we do today so in his time of fratricidal struggle the war-time president prayed for a just and lasting peace. And is it not heartening to note the deeply religious sentiments of Lincoln, "fondly do we hope, fondly do we pray." Substitute prayer for talk in the UN and the world will be in a better condition.

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON *Exponent*

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SOME REFLECTIONS ON CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS

Editor's note: The opinions registered in this symposium are thoughtful literary analyses of a timely piece of contemporary writing. The volume discussed is the fourth in the War Memoirs of Winston Churchill; its title: THE HINGE OF FATE. The critics were members of Miss Kathleen Whetro's American Literature class of last semester. Sources of the material were the October 30, and November 6, 13 and 20 issues of LIFE.

* * * *

• The selected sections of Winston Churchill's Memoirs, *The Hinge of Fate*, as published in *Life*, tell much of the international situation from 1942 until the middle of the year 1943. Roughly, this is the lapse of time from the fall of Singapore to the successes of the Allied African Campaign.

Even in this condensation the ability of Mr. Churchill to dramatize events, to portray personalities vividly, and to combine cold history into delightful prose is evident. The general tone throughout the work is decidedly pro-British and rather pro-Churchill. However, a certain amount of egotism is justifiable since the related experiences are those of the author and are meritorious for the most part. The work reflects the personality of Churchill himself, and from it a picture of the author can easily be visualized. Any incidents of a humorous nature are

definitely British or definitely Churchillian.

Many literary techniques are employed by the former Prime Minister to add tremendously to the effort as literature. Perhaps the most conspicuous is the use of parallel construction and effective repetition. For the most part this technique consists of commencing several sentences with the pronoun "I." To a lesser extent the use of metaphors, similes, and rhetorical questions may be noted. Particularly imposing is the effectively restrained use of flowery expressions. Certainly, the intermittent use of correspondence adds vastly to the authenticity, and the employment of excerpts from poetry breaks the bold prose sections effectively. The British Conservative leader shows himself the master of the understatement by one salient example. This occurs when Churchill writes of the late President Roosevelt's utterance of the term "unconditional surrender," supposedly made extemporaneously. Instead of accusing our late President of a statement contrary to fact, Churchill merely writes, "I do not feel that this frank statement is in any way weakened by the fact that the phrase occurs in the notes from which he spoke . . ."

by James Stechshulte.

This fourth volume, which traces the fortunes of Allied armies and the policies and personal difficulties of

the first representatives of the great Allied nations, carries us through the troublesome year of 1942 and into 1943. British scandal at Singapore, American embarrassment at Kasserine Pass, British revenge at El Alamein and U. S. successes under General Patton are all set forth in a singularly clear and forceful manner by a true master of the written word.

Mr. Churchill's literary style is typified by a careful reserve which strikes the reader with much greater force than does a passage alive with expletives. He can say a great deal with a wondrous economy of words. Not that he shuns the use of descriptive modifiers; on the contrary, he uses them quite frequently, but never lavishly. "Painful surprise" at British defeat at Singapore; "cumbersome and imprecise" language of the Japanese; "inveterate" suspicion of the Russians; and the "increasingly enfeebled" opposition of a country, are a few examples of the descriptive adjectives typical of his pen.

What might be called an indirect character sketch is employed by Mr. Churchill in his narration of the proceedings and dialogue of his meetings with Stalin. One easily arrives at a conception of the character of the Russian leader as one reads of his moodiness, his chaffing of Molotov, his tenacity in demanding a second front, his desire to see Churchill well-feted, and his keen intelligence

as evidenced by the way he quickly grasps the full significance of Allied activity in Africa.

Another distinguishing mark of the literary style of the author is his use of the short, almost cryptic sentence, which he resorts to for emphasis. A good example of this is his note to General Wavell wherein he insists upon stiff British resistance at Singapore.

—by Robert Hermiller.

Mr. Churchill's style is of such a nature as to remind one of the Fireside Chats of the late President Roosevelt. In both we find that ease, yet preciseness, of expression which seems to captivate all. Both have that rare ability of expressing themselves on the most intricate of issues concerning government, business, or what have you, in such a way as to make them appear to be (as they really are) the daily concern of every last one of their readers or listeners.

Most apparent to us in the reading of this work were the variations in spelling, and the most common of these was that of the British use of "ise" at the end of words wherein we would use "ize." Confer, for example, his spelling of the following words: realise, civilised, organisation, authorised, emphasised, victimise, and mechanise. We might, while citing these, mention his spelling of such words as honour, unfavourable, armoured, labourers, and others from which Americans would commonly omit the letter "u". In like manner, Mr. Churchill, as is the custom of his fellow Britishmen, differs from us when he spells the following words: renowned, defence, storeys, aeroplanes, and bathe (used as a noun). Churchill's use of the Scotch-English word "dunched" is similarly noticeable and somewhat uncommon to the American. In like manner, his usage of the past participle of "wake" in the statement, "I was woken up," is similarly striking.

One's attention is drawn to another oddity, though it in no way reflects the nature of Churchill's style. It concerns his quoting on two occasions Stalin's having made reference to God. These are the quo-

tations: "May God prosper this undertaking!" (Allies' June, 1944 invasion of Cherbourg peninsula), and, "All that is in the past, and the past belongs to God." (Stalin's comment on past bad blood between himself and Churchill).

—by Lloyd Monnin.

If it were not for the constant use of the first person which related and connected the English Prime Minister with his official diplomatic duties, we could say that here we have a clear, delightful, historical record, written by any competent historian with exceptional literary ability.

However, this reader could never divorce Churchill from his position of office and thus some of the literary effect was overshadowed by an appraisal of the personal man. By this I do not wish to convey the thought that this was no entertaining, enlightening, and above all, great writing. On the contrary, I started to read *The Memoirs* only very superficially, but soon found myself engrossed in finding out what the author had to say.

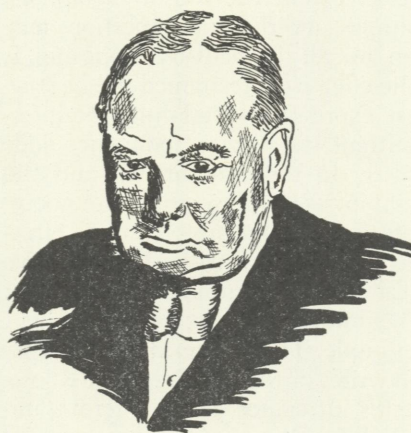


Illustration by Shirley McCurtin

In all probability, it is Churchill's sentence-structure style that attracts attention and makes the reader aware that something is being said in every paragraph. He effectively combines very short forceful sentences with longer, more complex, and often flowery, sentences. The terse line predominates as we can see in this series: "No one could doubt the magnitude of the victory of Tunis. It held its own with Stalin-grad. Africa was clear of our foes.

One continent had been redeemed."

Throughout most of *The Memoirs* Churchill is very informal and seems to be relating a story that he hopes the average citizen can read and understand. The style is very reminiscent of the late President Roosevelt's Fireside Chats. Through it all you cannot help but note that here is the work of a scholar and great author.

—by Ralph Plas.

At a big banquet in honor of Winston Churchill, a university professor compared the then-Prime Minister with Julius Caesar. Churchill, like the great Roman general, had not only made history, but also had written the greatest report on that history. We would like to extend this comparison and claim that he also wrote the same great style which was (and is) the beginning of a new kind of history writing.

The first striking aspect encountered reading this particular part of the *Memoirs* is the objectivity and sincerity with which Churchill writes of the many setbacks and defeats England had to bear in the year 1941 and 1942. There are no dodging, no feeble excuses, no hiding behind an avalanche of words; simply, strongly, and clearly Churchill develops the reasons why, for example, Singapore was lost and had to be lost. On the other hand, he keeps his clear reasoning mind when the tide turned. Churchill is an ardent patriot, but refrains from blind nationalism.

How exquisite is the portrait of Stalin, who is not the fierce and ignorant brute, but a shrewd, calculating statesman! Very impressive also are the other descriptions of other personalities and the numerous nicknames. "Bulldog" Smith, and "Eagle" Clark are Churchillian epithets that present clear-cut pictures of American generals, Walter Bedell Smith, and Mark Clark.

His reports of battles and events are of a classical shortness and simplicity, — clear, strong and exciting. *The Memoirs*, however, enable us also to see a little into the heart of

(Continued on Page 12)

DID IT HAVE TO BE THAT WAY?

By Quentin Hakenewerth

• "How do you think David would like this here willer for a fishin' pole, Sammy?" Billy didn't wait for his six-year-old brother to answer. He began to cut the sapling with measured strokes of his hatchet. "I wonder if David looks any different since he went away to school last year." Little Sammy was just about to venture a helpful opinion when he saw a worried frown sweep across Billy's face and then disappear in a big smile.

"Gosh, I know he's jist a hanker-in' to go fishin' agin. He don't never git to fish at school." Billy looked over the green fishing pole and winked at Sammy. This was just the kind of pole David always liked, and it would be dried out just enough when he would come home tomorrow.

"David will be able to tell lots of stories, I bet," piped Sammy's shrill voice. "He must be awful smart by now. Mom jist cries over some of them letters he sends. She says they're so nice."

Billy stripped the last piece of bark off the pole and the two boys started across the cornfield for home. Neither said much. They were both quiet and happy thinking about David's homecoming tomorrow. In fact, Mom and Dad were excited, too. They were busy getting everything ready that they knew David would like. They were proud of their oldest son, who now had the benefit of the higher education that neither of them had ever had.

Mom was smiling from the porch at the two boys as Billy came through the gate and Sammy wriggled through the boards in the fence.

"I got a real springy willer for David — jist the kind he likes," Billy said proudly.

"I done made you some special dough balls for bait," said Mom

watching the happy light spring up in Billy's eyes. "An' don't forgit to curry Nellie tonight. You know she was always David's favorite riding horse."

"I'll feed her some oats," Sammy remarked as he headed toward the barn to share in the honor of getting things ready for David.

The chores were done in a hurry that evening. Everybody helped along and was glad to do something extra. Dad didn't fly off the handle when the Jersey stepped into the milk bucket. He even gave the cats an extra pint of milk instead of the usual verbal barrage. Billy fed the chickens for Mom, and he didn't



Illustration by Dan Zamorski

repeat Uncle Louie's language when a hen pecked him while he was gathering eggs. Everybody was in high spirits. Tomorrow would be such a wonderful day, because David would be home and things would be just like old times again.

"Ed McCoy was over this mornin'," Dad said as he sat down to supper. "Wanted me to rent his corn ground agin next year. But I told him that since Billy would be goin' to school, too, I wouldn't be able to handle it. He says this here schoolin' is a big waste of muscle and money. Said he would hold the

land for me anyway until the middle of winter if I wanted to change my mind. But, 'course, it's settled, ain't it, Maw?" Mom didn't notice the tone of uncertainty in Dad's voice because Sammy stuck his elbow in the gravy.

"Land sakes, child, what would David say to that?" was all that Mom said by way of correction. "I saved my special sweet potato stew for David tomorrow. I remember when he used to beg for it like a hungry gopher. The boy seemed to holler from one end to the other."

After supper Billy helped Mom with the dishes and then went to bed so that tomorrow would come quicker. But he didn't sleep much. He kept picturing David to himself. How much had he changed, if he had changed at all? But surely he had. He would be able to speak well and talk about things that they wouldn't even understand. Billy had always admired David. And now he admired him more than ever before, because now he was educated. To Billy education was the greatest thing in the whole world. And next year he would go back to school with David. It was too good to believe.

Next morning Billy offered to finish up the milking so that Dad could get breakfast and leave for the train station. Billy noticed that the sun was smiling as it peaked over the horizon and promised that it would bring a fine day. The morning dragged along for Billy. His eyes kept turning down the lane in hope that he would see the dust cloud that would announce the arrival of David. Finally he saw it.

"Mom! They're a comin'!"

Mom came running out of the house all dressed up in her Sunday best. She didn't notice the sweet potato stew burning on the stove, but Billy did. He ran into the kitchen and pulled it to the side of the

stove. It started to run over the side from under the lid. Billy grabbed up a handful of newspapers and wiped off the stove. The stew was ruined. Of course, David wouldn't mind, but Mom would just about cry over it. Billy fixed things up the best he could and then went out to meet David.

Dad was just coming to the door with a suit case in each hand.

"Is he home, Dad?" asked Billy excitedly.

"'Course he's home!" Dad snapped back.

Billy stopped in his tracks. Now, what was the matter with Dad? Billy turned toward the car and saw David and Mom coming toward him. David was taller than his mother now. He was handsome in a neat suit with a big tie. But something was wrong! Mom looked embarrassed and David wasn't smiling. A lump swelled up in Billy's throat.

"Hi, David," he managed bashfully as if he were talking to a stranger.

"Hello, Billy," said David, coolly extending his hand. Billy shook it without knowing what to say. David was so changed. He didn't seem like his brother who was always so close to him.

"I should like to bathe, Mother," David said. "Travelling is so grimy in this part of the country."

"Of course, son," Mom answered, holding back what seemed to Billy like a flood of tears. He knew that those tears weren't because she was happy either. "Go put some hot water in the wash tub for David," she said turning to Billy.

"Wash tub!" exclaimed David. "You mean to tell me that you still bathe in a wash tub? Incredible! No one can get clean in a wash tub! Oh well, do the best you can, Billy. I must get clean to some degree at least. When do we have lunch, Mother?"

"We already had lunch, son. But we'll have dinner in a few minutes."

(Continued on Page 10)

TV Consequences

By Dolores McAnespie

• Are your evenings robed in silence as each member of your family stares in that far corner of the room where a beautiful piece of ornamental furniture unveils, as the fancy doors open, a television screen?

Television owners everywhere! Are you happy and satisfied watching Milton Berle, Morey Amsterdam, Jerry Lester, Ken Murray, and Sid Caesar do all the *talking*? Do you ever become bored beyond words when every hour on the hour you spot two men throwing each other over, under, and around the wrestling mat? Do you ever feel that maybe it would be a blessing if the picture tube blew out so you could chat with your long lost friends and relatives? And most important — if you do happen to drag everyone away from TV for a day, have you noticed how it has affected the conversational trend of all of humanity no matter where they are or what they are doing. Here are some examples!

Here we are in a typical (that's typical?) U.D. Classroom. The professor is giving a very studied and intellectual talk which the students are expected to understand fully. His choice of words is excellent; his speech is eloquent. The only trouble is the supposedly enlightening subject is way over the students' heads. Observe closely that lad in the back of the room. His mouth opens and we hear, "What'd he say?" in his best Morey Amsterdam voice.

In this same classroom, there is a fellow who is not at all interested in the proceedings and decides this is where to catch up on last night's lost sleep which he spent watching

Broadway Open House from eleven o'clock to twelve. After all, Uncle Miltie always says, "Go to sleep."

But in any classroom on any campus you'll hear utters of George when no assignment is given, Tom when an assignment is handed out. Teachers can thank Mr. Jerry Lester for this.

Then, too, there is a college co-ed who has finally talked her boyfriend into an evening away from that monster lurking in the shadows of her living room. Hoping that if the evening is a terrific success, he might desire to tear himself away from *The Thing* more often, she purchases a new dress, complete with matching accessories. She even throws the last dollar of her part-time job's salary into some new perfume. (Packed lunches the rest of the week for you, dear.) Now it's time — the doorbell rings and she rushes to answer — for fear he may decide to run next door since the aerial is so prominently displayed on her neighbor's roof. Joe didn't recognize her at first (television fatigue, you know) and then utters his first words in months. No, he doesn't say, "Gee, you look nice." He merely states, "It's George all the way."

But now let's listen to the boys' problems. Imagine, they say, taking a girl out who imitates Dolores the Dragon all night or who likes to make facial expressions equal to or above those of Sid Caesar's girlfriend, Imogene. But nothing could compare with the girl who recites, and by heart, too, "I love the wide open spaces, out where the cactus grows," every fifteen minutes thinking she is the life of the party.

Still television popularity is growing and will continue to grow, and grow, and grow. (Courtesy of Stop the Music.) I can see U.D. adding a new course to the curriculum next year entitled Translations of Television English for those poor souls who do not own a TV set. (Lucky people)

There's no solution although a Hollywood group continues to offer one. Movies are better than ever, you know.



FATE IN A FIRE-RED TRUCK

By Jack Rice

• "I wish I were dead," June cried.

The class roared with one accord. Mr. Haskins took off his glasses and smiled indulgently.

"May I remind the class and," with a nod in June's direction, "also our little fatalist that death is something that will be attained by all of us sooner or later. Wishing for it here and now only complicates the daily business of living."

The bell rang. The class, not waiting for the teacher's benediction of dismissal, pounded out the door. The bell had signaled the end of the last period class, and the class was loath to stand around and wait.

Most of the school children would go directly to their homes, but the girls, as women will, had concocted an excuse for lingering in the company of their fellow females. This particular excuse was a girl's intramural basketball team. The coach, referee, and social arbiter was a short, dumpy, flat-footed woman: Miss Been by name. Miss Been was also the teacher of American History, also the teacher of American history according to the degree of mental acumen they had shown in class, either in answering questions or evading same.

In the course of the basketball game, June didn't have her usual skill. In fact, after June had tripped and lost the ball to the second, or socially inferior, team, Miss Been hurriedly sent in a substitute and pulled June for what Miss Been called "a frank and honest conference" which, in reality, consisted of giving a player private rebuke and public praise.

"Now, you just tell Miss Been just what is worrying you, Junie honey," with much soothing and caressing.

"It's that awful Betty Robinson. Her daddy just got a new Buick, she's going to Jack Higgins' party tonight, and she won't even take me

home. I feel awful. I wish I were dead," she wailed, and buried her face in her hands.

"Now, now, honey, you just leave this to little old Miss Been. Miss Been will take care of everything." And she turned to Violet, a big, fat girl who had never done a thing unless it was first suggested by her smaller and more aggressive companions, and ordered Violet to present Miss Betty Robinson. Violet did this by the simple expedient of walking out on the playing floor and grasping Miss Robinson firmly by the hair. Miss Robinson was forthwith presented to Miss Been in a somewhat awry condition.

"Now, Betty, honey, what's this Miss Been hears about you not wanting to take Junie home?" Miss Been was inclined to address everybody as "honey," a fact which caused some rather paunchy and time-withered gentlemen to take a new lease on life.



Illustration by Virginia MacMillan

"I didn't mean I didn't want to take her home, Miss Been. I just meant that since you had said something about wanting to take a ride in our new Buick," with a sly glance, "I just meant that I didn't think there would be enough room."

Miss Been nodded. She really must check the Robinson girl's grades. She had a fine father. A fine man.

"Miss Been sees your point, Betty honey. Now you just go on back in there and play. And as for you, Junie, I think you better just call

your brother, Paul. He'll be glad to take you home. Glad."

June burst into tears. Having to go home with a boring brother, even if he was a senior, was comparable to being banished to Siberia in an ice-box. There was no recourse. After being ignored by Betty and Miss Been, the other cats would have no mercy. June would have to call Paul or walk home.

* * *

"But I don't want to come after you!"

"Listen, Paul Marker, you come after me or I'll tell daddy. He'll know what to do."

"Oh, all right, I'll come after you. Only it'll be a little late, 'cause I'll have to get that fuel pump back together again. Say, did I tell you about that new gadget I put in it? We'll see how it works on the way home. Wait on me.

A step to destiny.

Paul was all right, even if he was car-happy. Nuts about engines. There were more loose transmission parts around the garage than in a tank factory.

* * *

June showered and dressed. Violet came into the dressing room.

"Are you goin' to Jack Higgins' party tonight, Junie?"

"Why . . . why I don't think so, Violet."

"Be seein' ya, Junie."

June went outside to wait for Paul.

Five miles to the south, fate rolled in a fire-red truck. Adam Smith was a heavy-set young man. He needed to be, to take the pounding of the oil truck for ten and sometimes twelve hours. Adam was having trouble. He was worried by the draft, by a job that seemed endless

—and lacking in possibilities for promotion, by the fact that his young and pretty wife was about to have a baby. He jerked the truck back to the center of the road.

Paul's black Ford came down the road. Even to June's unpracticed eye, the Ford was running in a draggy way. The car drew up.

"Doesn't the car seem to run funny, Paul?"

"You're right, brat. I guess it's the fuel pump. I got a new needle valve for the carburetor. I'm going to work on it as soon as we get home. Hop in."

Just a mile from Marker's lane, Adam Smith was bowling along, his mind not on the thousand-odd gallons of fuel oil sloshing behind him, but on his young wife. How would he ever pay the doctor bills?

"You were right, the car is acting funny. Think I'll kick it up and see if that'll straighten it out." The needle on the speedometer climbed to fifty, sixty, sixty-five. The Ford was still running jumpily. Paul eased the car back down.

"Look, Paul, there are Sam and Martha."

Paul threw up his hand in salute. He slowed the Ford so he could turn left into the Marker lane.

"Paul, here comes a fuel truck."

"We can make it in plenty of time, brat," and he had the car wheeled halfway through the left turn.

The motor died.

Adam Smith was wheeling the big fuel oil truck through the half dusk of late afternoon. About the only way he could possibly pay for the soon-due baby was to get another job. Wrestling a fuel truck kept you in condition all right, but it sure wouldn't make you rich. Then, too, there would be the time when . . . what was that car doing? It wasn't moving, it was just setting . . . the brakes. The brakes! THE BRAKES WOULDN'T . . .

"Come on, Paul. That truck's getting close. Let's go."

"I'm sorry, brat, but the car doesn't seem to want to start. Maybe a little choke'll do it. Why doesn't he stop? Maybe you'd better hop out, June. June. JUN . . .

Sam and Martha were the first on the scene. There was really nothing they could do, but watch. The billowing smoke, and then flames licking out of the car windows, enveloping the truck cab. The screams, the screams they would hear in the stillness of the night for the rest of their lives. The stink of burning human flesh.

By the time the fire department arrived, there were only two large lumps of metal, smoldering and blackened. The only recognizable object was a shortened axle sticking up, the rim on its end spinning, spinning crazily round and round.

My Bridge

By Richard Hickerson

• It was drizzling rain the night I started out on my walk. I didn't really know where I was going, but my feet longed to walk, to walk—to walk forever, with no particular direction in mind. I had to walk and see—see the world at night in all its dark beauty.

The streets were slowly emptying and only a few store window lights helped the moon, the stars and the streetlights to keep the darkness from a total victory. It drizzled on, and on—on I walked, down an alley, up a street and across the tracks. My shadow walked before me faithfully as I left two young lovers kissing under a streetlight. It was my sole companion when I left them. They didn't seem bothered by my appearance, but were bold in their love. I cowered off down a side street again towards the bridge and off into the darkness.

There was something awfully cold about that old bridge tonight and I couldn't explain it. Its grayish bulk stood out boldly against the dark but starry sky, and I stopped and looked at it and thought. I had passed over it so often before! It was like an old friend whom you had never full appreciated. I loved the

old bridge, even though tonight it was a cold bridge. I half crossed it, then stopped and gazed out toward the horizon. The murky river glided along silently beneath me and rippled on past, and away into the distance. The lights from the city glimmered on its waters with the stars, and with a little honking from the cars as they passed and some faintly discernible music from a nearby dive, the scene was set and with my hands under my chin I leaned on the rail and thought.

What was life to me? What had it ever been for me? What had it in store for me? I was just a little old nobody, and no one gave a damn for me. I had to shift for myself—nobody cared. I was treated like a dog—never married—nobody ever cared that much for me; couldn't keep a job—they said I used to dream too much. Yeah, I was alone and nobody gave a damn. Might as well have been a dog or a billboard for all anybody cared. But I didn't care! I could always come out to my bridge in the evenings and watch the river roll by and the stars twinkle in the heavens, and nobody could ever stop me! I didn't have much at all in this old world, but I had my bridge and the river below and all the stars above me, and for these I thanked Him!

I was thinking so deep I guess, that it almost felt like falling, when the clock in the city tower sounded midnight and pulled me out of it. There were fewer lights now than before, but the moon and the stars managed to show me my way home—home? no, not home—they just showed me the way. The lights in the dive were out now, but a drunk sat there on the steps, moaning. The lovers had long since parted, maybe for a day—maybe forever—who knows? but the street-light still burned. I had stopped there for a moment without realizing it, but then turning my collar up against the rain, I walked away into the night.



"SURVIVED BY . . ."

By Jerry Moore

• Got a little time on my hands so I think I'll just write that letter. Let's see now, where's the paper with the fancy letterhead that says *Times Gazette*? Oh, here it is. Into the typewriter and start writing.

To: Professor Harold U. Smedley
Oxbury College
Oxbury, Mississippi

Dear Prof:

How are you? I guess You haven't heard from me for quite a while. What is it — two years? Boy, it sure doesn't seem *that* long so I guess I've got a lot to tell you.

Last time I wrote you I was reading meters for the Illinois Power and Light Company, right after I graduated from dear 'ol Oxbury. I had a tough time for the next year or so. From job to job and city to city. I think I cultivated that roving newspaperman stuff pretty well. Or anyway, the "roving" part.

Every town I hit I went straight to the local newspaper for a job. Don't know why, but every time I applied they gave me a funny look when I told them where I went to school; imagine that!

Remember the great times we used to have on the school paper — *The Brown 'N Black*? You sure gave me a boost. I always thought you liked me better than the others on the staff. Why wouldn't I, with the positions you gave me — Feature Editor, Makeup Editor, and Chief Headline Writer. Those were great jobs we did on the sheet. I'd come in with a pretty good yarn from Pop's Delicatessen and you'd zip around the classroom yelling "Scoop"! You sure did know the ways of newspapers I'll have to admit.

I'll never forget the "A" you gave me in Headlines 402. That grade really gave me a boost. Or how you showed me the way to put a press card in my hat. You must have been

the best writer they ever had on the *Oxbury Express*.

There are many things I can see so plainly whenever my thoughts go back to the old alma mater. Learning to set type, be press photographers, learning editing and engraving.

But enough of this. I haven't told you a single solitary thing about myself. I didn't last too long at the Power and Light Company, so I headed south and after a "zillion" jobs finally ended up in Cincinnati, Ohio. Ever hear of it?

Got thrown out of the *Times-Star*, *Post*, and *Enquirer* before I made the grade. Yep, went into the *Times-Gazette* and had a big chat with the Managing Editor who is a very nice guy, incidentally.

We talked of different subjects. He asked me where I went to school and if I had any newspaper experience. I certainly was proud and thankful that I could tell him of Oxbury and the summer vacation I ran copy on the *Oxbury Express*. He seemed very interested and he must have been in a good mood, too, because he had sort of a smile on his face all the while I talked to him.

He asked me what I'd expect to start at and I said, "Oh, fifty or sixty — around there somewhere." He just kept on smiling like a chessy cat 'till I felt kind of silly.

"Come over to the window," he motioned king-like. He and I looked out the window at the parking lot the paper owned. All I could see was a bunch of cars, which didn't make sense to me.

"See that Cadillac?"

"Yes."

"Belongs to the publisher."

"See the Olds and Buicks?" I nodded that I did.

"They belong to the pressmen and compositors."

I couldn't understand it. The editorial workers' cars were on the other side I guessed. Anyhow I asked him where they were.

"They can't afford more than a second-hand Chevy on what they make," he replied.

You could have kicked me over with a feather when he said that. Imagine, the writers can't afford new cars. Why I distinctly remember you telling me that Earl Wilson made fifty thousand a year. It was unbelievable.

"Still want a job," he asked.

"Heck, yes, at least I'll be on an honest-to-goodness newspaper," I answered. He called his secretary on a sort of radio and ordered her to put me on the payroll at thirty a week. Not too good but the best I could do.

This is my first day on the job and I haven't written a thing. I suppose they'll give me a good human-interest tale to spin — you know, those "dog-saves-master's-life" stories you told us about in Feature Story 201.

The city Editor, Jake Evans, has been giving me the eye for the past fifteen minutes. Hasn't disturbed me — probably thinks I'm working on a hot story and doesn't want to bother me.

Oh, oh, here he comes with some copy in his hands. At last I'm a pro in the game. I'll have to close this Prof., so good luck in your "Press" courses. Tell everyone I said hello.

Your Friend,

Al Riber.

"What's that Mr. Evans, you have something for me? Naw, I can handle it. I won't need any help. They taught us at dear old Oxbury never to enlist the aid of another reporter; said they might steal the thing and grab a scoop."

"Hmm, now I've got it."

"Nelly Crockett, age 56, 395 Elm Lane. Died yesterday at 2 a.m. Survived by . . ."

The Acid Test

By Robert White

• I could hear the thunderous roar of many motors as the planes "revved-up" on the flight-line. One after the other, the small Navy SNJ's pulled out of line and headed for the runway. The signal tower flashed its lights in an awesome pattern across the night sky. Each plane was guided to its takeoff position by a man with electric candles in either hand. As they taxied into position, with a new burst of energy and a long orange stream of fire from the exhaust, the planes sped down the long black strip of asphalt and rose gently into the darkness.

This was not only going to be the first time that I ever went up in an airplane, but this was going to be the Acid Test for all of the mechanics I had been taught in the last few weeks.

As I stood waiting for a cadet friend who had asked me to go up, I tried to reconstruct the circumstances that now found me in such a frightening position.

I had arrived at the United States Naval Air Base at Pensacola, Florida, in early August, and after indoctrination, had been assigned to a squadron, company, and so on down the line. I thought myself fully qualified for a position on the base newspaper, so naturally, I was assigned to a mechanic's school!

Now, that brings things up to this morning, when I was endeavoring to take apart and put back together the battered engine belonging to "Betsy," a relic held over from the old "Langley."

In the process of re-assembly, I noticed that some parts were beyond repair. Not having met the exact situation before, I thought it best to call in the "Chief." He informed me that they had discontinued making parts for "Betsy" about 1917, and, therefore, I was "in desperate need of a piece of wire."

"Wire it up," he said.

Minutes passed after that, and I met the same situation again. "Wire it up," he said.

The third time, being closely related to a genius, I knew what was to be done! "Wire it up," I told myself.

My Cadet friend dashed out of Operations loaded down with paraphernalia peculiar to his occupation. From the moment he came out of that office door, I could smell trouble. He headed directly for dear old "Betsy," who had to her credit what I hoped was the best "wiring up" job in naval air history. I suddenly decided that I'd better wait for daylight to take my first flight.

"Come on, kid," the Cadet urged, "there's nothing to be afraid of! These planes are taken care of by the best danged mechanics in the world!"

"Yeah! Sure!" I replied. Then, on shaky legs, I climbed up into the rear open-air cockpit. After a few turns of the starter crank, the motor failed to start. I breathed a sigh of relief and started climbing out, when suddenly she burst into life!

The next moments where like a nightmare to me! We took our turn up to the runway and with air screaming around my ears, we began to rise.

Everything about me was pitch-black. Every muscle and fibre in my body seemed bent upon holding our ship in the sky. My hands gripped the sides so hard that they became part of the craft, it seemed.

Suddenly, a deathly silence fell! The wind stopped! I could hear only one thing—that motor! I could hear each throb of a piston, each revolution of the prop. And every little "ting" sounded to me like wires snapping.

Then, the only thing that mattered in my life was to get back down. Maybe the pilot could hear me? What a silly thought against all of that wind!

With a sudden jolt, I knew the motor must be going. I was right, too, for the plane began to shake

and the motor sounded like it was running out of gas.

Then, all of a sudden everything stopped. The motor, the wind, everything but my loud, hard breathing, and my Cadet-pilot calling, "Come on, get out, we're down!"

With shakier legs than I had had when I climbed in, I stepped down onto good old "terra firma."

My Acid Test had been passed!

• • •

HAVE TO BE THAT WAY

(Continued from Page 6)

"That is what I meant," said David in a disgusted tone.

Billy couldn't stand it any longer. He went to fill the tub for David's bath. As he was about to go into the basement he turned to look back at David and Mom. But he was sorry he looked. Mom was heroically holding back her tears. Billy felt like crying but couldn't. It hurt him down so deep that crying seemed too superficial. He poured hot water into the tub. Suddenly he felt better and thought it a good idea to leave the water scalding hot. But then he thought of Mom and Dad and another pang ripped through his heart. What was the matter with David anyway? Couldn't he see how much he was hurting them? Is that what education does to a person?

"Thank you, Billy."

Billy didn't answer. He went upstairs. Dad was calling Ed McCoy on the phone.

"We'll take that corn ground for next year, Ed."

Billy was glad. He walked through the kitchen. Mom was combing Sammy's curly hair, still holding back her tears. Billy wanted to say something nice, but a big lump in his throat blocked any attempt. He wasn't hungry. He went out of the house, picked up the fishing pole he had made for David, and started off towards the river. His heart didn't jump at the thought of fishing this time. He didn't think things would ever be the same again. Did it really have to be that way?

• Two screws and shove it on. Two screws and shove it on. That's all I do for eight hours a day, five days a week. Two machines shoved on each minute; four screws. God, how I hate it!

The whirling, gritting noise of the power screw driver swirls into my ears above the din and roar and pounding of the whole factory. My head hurts. My ears are numb. My mind is drugged. I cannot think. I must keep going. I must put two screws in, and shove it on. Two screws and shove it on. The sheer monotony is driving me mad. The noise. The constant speed. God, is it human? I want to get up and run and run, and scream and scream until I drown out these dull deafening noises. I want to escape those screws. I see each one as I put it in. All my attention, my eyes, my mind, are glued to them. I can think of nothing else. I hate it. I hate it. Never any rest. Day in and day out! Two screws and shove it on, two screws and shove it on. God, help me! I can't go on, I can't. I can't.

I look up. My eyes hurt. Strain. I see those faces around me. Tense faces. Seeing nothing but their machines. Vacant stares all around me in the factory. Monotonous rhythmic movements. Speed. People living like dumb animals. Chewing gum, staring. Cows chewing their cud; not human. No thoughts, no future. Empty lives. They never smile. They don't know happiness. I can't stand to see them so sad. The cruelty of not being loved — of just existing, of having no hope, nothing to live for. Working, eating, sleeping. Endless days. Terrible nights. The loneliness of being truly alone. Never smiling, never seeing sunshine and happiness. They become like dumb animals or go mad.

If I could only help them. If I could only bring them a little happiness, a smile. I must smile. I must be cheerful. I must forget my own troubles, go out of myself, make them smile. Just a little smile from them. Make them see that life is worth living, some one does care. I cannot stand to see them suffer. I know bitter loneliness. I must save

Two Screws

By Urban Naal

them from it. I must do something, continue to be friendly. I must.

Two screws. Two screws and shove it on.

But I can't keep coming here. I'll go mad. Those screws.

I'm tired of trying to be friendly, tired of trying to smile, tired, tired. I hate this place. I hate those screws. I am sick, exhausted. I want to scream. I want those noises to stop. I want peace and silence. I want to get out of here. Why must I be their friend? Why must I be the one. Why must I keep striving and striving to smile? It's work, drudgery. Can't some one try to be my friend? I need a friend. I want a friend. I am no better off than they. God, send me a friend. Some one to come and help me, some one who really



Illustration by Frank Swift

cares, some one to talk to me in my lonely hours, some one to encourage me, to help me with these people. I am so tired. I want to rest, to be waited on. Some loving friend like You, God. Some one who understands me and wants to help me. I must rest. Those faces, staring, staring, always staring. Two more screws.

Two screws . . . two small screws . . . and shove it on.

Above the thundering noises of the machines, they are shouting

their filth back and forth. It's all they know. All they talk about. It's sickening. I can't stand to hear any more of it. Will they ever stop? My ears are bursting! I want to sit in a corner and cry. I can't stand that talk. It's nauseating, disgusting. I try to pray but I cannot. My mind is drugged. No thoughts, but slime. I try to call out God's Name. All that comes is some blasphemous sentence heard a million times a day. I cannot think of any thing else.

I go to Mass and Communion each morning. I must go. Even there, no consolation, no refuge from this work. I try to bring them Christ in me. I cannot. I am overwhelmed. The thought is driven from me. Nothing but darkness. I am alone, terribly alone. No one to help me. No one to help me help them. I am more helpless than they.

They try to include me in their slimy conversations. What shall I do? It's sinful. I cannot show myself one of them by laughing. If I do not laugh, I shall never become their friend; then I cannot help them. What am I to do? What course am I to follow? I wish I could suddenly die! They see that I do not respond to their filthy humor. They make suggestive remarks about me. I want to tell them off. I can't stand that talk. But I must neither consent nor become angry. I must reject their remarks and yet not lose their friendship. Tell me what to do, God, what to say. I do not hear You. No words come. Holy Ghost, You must tell me. How shall I answer them? What shall I say? Tell me. I do not hear You. I cannot find Your words. Where are they? My mind is blank. I must answer them. Always, I must have answers, answers. Always, I must be on my toes. Every word must be thought out before it is spoken. Always, I must be conscious. No wrong word may ever pass my lips. God, where are the answers? I cannot hear You. Don't forsake me. I can not think of any answer. Tell me what to say. What is it? What is it? Why didn't You make me a Trappist so that I would never have to speak! I am too dumb to speak. I do not know what to say. My mind is dull, heavy. I try to choose a few feeble words —

they do not seem to be "guided" words — they are all that I can find. I must have faith — faith that my stumbling words, my mistakes, are as You willed for the greater good of all. I must try to see beyond my clouded mind. I must have faith that You will right my wrongs. Faith, faith. It is so hard.

Those screws again. How I hate them!

They need a leader, God, some one to lead them to You. I cannot lead, God; I am no leader. I am a failure. All is discouragement, weariness. I cannot help them. I am not capable. I do the wrong things, say the wrong things. I am miserable, disheartened. I want to cry out. I try to rely on You. I try to do what is right. I cannot see, everything is dark, dark. Take me out of here, God. Send them a leader. Some one who can help them. I cannot help them. It's no use. I am no good, rotten. They need some one, God. All I do is harm them. They see how evil I am. They turn from me. I do not know how to help them. I cannot even help myself. Let me go before I ruin their souls. I am causing their damnation. They see me and then they hate You, because of me. "If he is good, then we don't want to be good," they say. They see my faults; how contemptible I am. They turn away from Goodness because I am bad. They hate me. Let them hate me. But don't let them turn from You because of me. Save them in spite of me. Don't let them be cursed because of me. Help them. Help me. There is no hope. But I must hope. I must continue struggling. I must see beyond my tears and bitterness. I must have hope that You will save them despite me. God, help me!

Two more screws, then shove it on.

At the break, we all gather in the same corner at the same time in the same manner. It's like that every day. No change. We smoke. I hate to smoke. It gags me. I can't breathe. My chest is heavy and stuffy. I want to crush the cigarette in my hands, throw it on the ground and smash it. I want to jump up

and down on it, grind it into the cement. I detest it. I hate it. But I must keep smoking. I've got to keep smoking. I can't stop. At least one cigarette each break. God, how it overwhelms me! I wish I could stop, but I can't. Smoking makes me one of them. To help them, I must become "all to all," else they will not listen to me. They will not seek my comfort, nor hear my words. I am detestable, I know that. But I must not let them realize what a sickly thing I am. I must try to be a real man. I must try to be part of them. How I hate it! Why can't I be my own pitiful self, the way God made me? Why must I keep going out to them? Why? Why? Is there no peace? No rest? I am so tired. How can I go on

When I go home at night, my head is splitting. My ears are numb. My mind is filled with disgusting filth. I am tired, bitterly tired. I want to cry but I cannot. The thought of so much sin and sadness weighs me down. The remembrance of those screws, the ever-pounding noises still piercing my whole head. It hurts. Sharp pains. I cannot think. Clouded darkness. My mind won't work. I cannot pray. Prayer is beyond me. I am too tired to seek God. No rest. Keep going. Think. Think. No thoughts. No peace. No consolation. No friend. Tired. Tired. Sick of smiling. God, I can't go on. I'm going mad, insane. I can't come back here again tomorrow. I can't. I hate it. I hate them. I hate those screws, that noise. God, take me out of here, take me out of here! Two more screws. Get me out of here! I cannot help them. I won't help them. I won't. It's beyond me. I have no hope. Nothing to live for. Let me alone. Let them save themselves. I just won't help them. I just want to run, run . . . get out of here.

But, God, who will give them love? Who will show them You? Who will be here to help them? Oh, God, there is no one! No one to help them. No one to make them smile. I can't leave them. I must keep coming back. I can't quit. Some one must help them. Some one must bring You to them. I must

make myself come back. Tomorrow and all the tomorrows, I must come back. There will be no rest, no consolation. I must have hope, hope that God will see me through. I must burn this hope in my mind. I must keep coming back, keep struggling against those terrible obstacles, those terrible torments. Always those two screws — two screws and shove it on.

Oh, God, help me!

• • •

CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS

(Continued from Page 4)

this grim-looking, bulldog-faced politician. How could this man, burdened with overwhelming responsibilities, enjoy nature! The picture of this allround man, statesman, soldier, writer, painter, sportsman, is completed when he expertly speaks of technical details.

by Edmund Brunner.

I frankly admit that the literary style of Winston Churchill is surprising to me. Since I am not imbued with a wide knowledge of, or avid interest in, the huge plan of world politics either past or present, I approached this task with necessary misgivings. And, because of this predetermined opinion, the first installment was so surprising and interesting that I failed to notice anything but the content. This fact was quite detrimental to the cause of style evaluation and grammatical observation.

In *Life's* October 30 issue, which was headed "Face to Face With Stalin," Churchill's interpretation of the name "heavy water" in terms of its implication to the war, was the first phrase which caught my heretofore bedazzled grammatical sense. He refers to the German effort to produce the heavy water, used in atomic bomb research, and deems the word "a sinister term, eerie and unnatural." His expression was very appropriate and well chosen, I thought.

The work, though dealing with the most vital happenings of the war years, is not heavy or dull. This

(Continued on Page 14)

MR. DEWEY, MORALIST

(IN ONE ACT)

By Rose M. Lowry

● Scene: Campus of Columbia University.

Characters: John Dewey, Francis X. Thomist.

Enter F. X. Thomist, wearing a green suit, gray hat and a worried look.

F.X.T.: Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Dewey?

J.D., M.: The same.

F.X.T.: Mr. John Dewey?

J.D., M.: The same.

F.X.T.: Mr. John Dewey, Moral-ist?

J.D., M.: The same.

F.X.T.: You are just the man I want to see. I have a problem, Mr. Dewey. You see I have a girl. I keep asking her to marry me. She always says, "No." Today I asked her again. What do you suppose she said?

J.D., M.: The same.

F.X.T.: No. she just smiled and started to sing, "A good man is mighty hard to find." What do you think?

J.D., M.: The same.

F.X.T.: Well, you see, I figure that if she wants a good man that is what I am going to be. But I am not sure I know what a good man is. That is where you can help me. How can you tell me if a man is good?

J.D., M.: Well, it all depends on the direction in which you are moving.

RF.X.T.: How do you mean?

J.D., M.: If you are moving towards the good you are good. If you are moving away from the good, you are bad.

F.X.T.: That sounds simple enough. Where is the good?

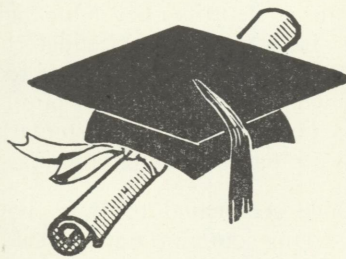
J.D., M.: Please! Do not say, "Where is the good?" No one knows where the good is. Even if you did know where the good is, by the time you got there, it would be some place else.

F.X.T.: Then I do not see how I can tell in which direction to go. I might just as well stand still.

J.D., M.: Not at all! Keep moving, by all means! Progress is what counts! Progress! Progress Always progress! Tell you what I will do. I will lend you my horse.

F.X.T.: I do not see how that will help. I will get to the wrong place faster.

J.D., M.: You are mistaken — on two counts. First of all any fool knows that where you go depends



on how you go. Nobody goes to the same place when he is riding a horse as he would if he were walking. Any fool knows that.

F.X.T.: Yes, any fool knows that.

J.D., M.: Precisely. Besides, mine is a very special kind of a horse. Here he comes now.

F.X.T.: Yes, I guess he is a very special kind of a horse. I cannot tell which is his head and which is his tail.

J.D., M.: Precisely. I will help you mount.

F.X.T.: Since I cannot tell his head from his tail, I do not know which way to sit on him.

J.D., M.: It really does not matter. You can even ride him side-saddle if you want to.

F.X.T.: I do not see how going faster will help me when I do not know in which direction to go.

J.D., M.: As I was saying, this is a very special kind of horse. When you say "Giddap" he goes off in all directions at once.

F.X.T.: That should help me. I will be sure to get there even if I do not know which way to go.

J.D., M.: Precisely. . . . You are smiling.

F.X.T.: Yes, I was thinking of my old Thomist friends. They think there cannot be such a thing as a horse that goes in all directions at once. And here I am sitting on one!

J.D., M.: Precisely.

F.X.T.: Well, thanks a million. This should fix things up with my girl. So long, Tom.

J.D., M.: The name is John.

F.X.T.: Aha! (F.X.T. was a Winnie-the-Pooh-ite just after he was an existentialist and just before he was a Townsendite.) Your name was John ten minutes ago! You are not progressing very much, are you. Aha! Aha!

J.D., M.: Giddap! Giddap!

Exit F.X.T., galloping off in all directions.

Curtain

FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN

By Shirley McNeil

*"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and
me."*

—JAMES R. LOWELL.

• Fulton and Will Oursler have written the story of "Father" Flanagan in such a way that the kindly Monsignor, who devoted thirty-one years of his life to helping homeless (and in many cases . . . forgotten) boys, comes alive for the reader. In fact, the word-picture depicted by the joint authors is so vivid that the reader instinctively feels the nearness of his newly met friend.

Father Flanagan is presented in *Father Flanagan of Boys Town* as a man who combines pure psychology (adolescent and adult) with genuine sentiment and prayer. Coupling this technique with his unshakeable faith in the goodness of boys Father Flanagan was able to change over 5,500 delinquent boys into worthwhile citizens.

During the sixty-one years he lived, Father Flanagan never faltered in his belief that "there is no such thing as a bad boy." Many doubters tried to convince the priest that poverty-stricken children are more sinful and prone to evil "than those who have homes". But Father refuted this theory time and time again. Under his guidance young murderers, cut-throats, thieves, and run-aways found salvation and were one-by-one reformed. Thus Father Flanagan was able to say to scoffers that "There is no such thing as a bad boy" . . . and prove it. The Monsignor explained that "There are no bad boys. There are only bad parents, bad environments, bad examples."

In addition to helping the souls of thousands of youth Father Flanagan is credited with founding a town for all lost and homeless boys in Omaha, Nebraska. The town he built is dedicated to "shelterless, or-

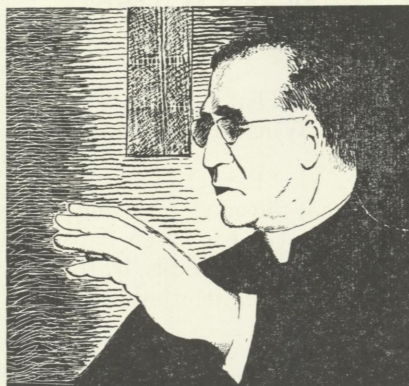


Illustration by Tom Eshelman

phaned, neglected, lonely, and wayward boys". The authors say of the town, "No restrictions of color or creed exist in Father Flanagan's model village. No walls, fences or bars are erected in the town and no locks or bolts are visible anywhere. Chinese and Negroes plant its fields, work at its shopbenches and sit in its classrooms as companions with Baptists and Jews."

Before several of his little "wanderers" appeared at Boys Town they had never slept in a bed. One eight-and-a-half year old offender had helped rob a bank . . . and a teenager who became an honor pupil of Boys Town had killed his stepfather with a pitchfork before entering.

Once acclimated to Boys Town the young outlaws never steal or kill again. In fact once they become anchored they are content to stay and submit to the rules and rigorous discipline.

Father Flanagan (lecturer, teacher, priest, and scholar) conceived the idea of a town for boys in 1914 while futilely attempting to reform hardened drunks and criminals. It was then that he discovered a priceless lesson. From the "dregs" with whom he lived and worked he learned that the reform program to be effective must start in the beginning . . . while the man is still a boy."

With this idea guiding him Monsignor Flanagan built a town of love and compassion. This town he dedicated to the salvation of all boys.

Today the town, that got its start on the borrowed ninety dollars of a visionary, has expanded into a "nine hundred acre establishment."

Father Flanagan died in 1948 at the beginning of Boys Town's expansion program. At his request he was buried in a vault at the rear of the chapel.

On the morning of his funeral boys of every hue came to Boys Town to pay tribute to the founder of their beloved town. Afterwards Father Edward Joseph Flanagan, "lover of Christ and man," was placed in the chapel tomb . . . where he will always be near his boys.

CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS

(Continued from Page 12)

is due in part to Churchill's ability to keep the work moving and cover the whole with an intimate and personal manner which attracts the reader. In addition there is a veil of humor over all the work which becomes visible only at appropriate and proper intervals. This humor and the personal touch of the writer, plus his undeniable agility with his vehicle, make the work pleasant reading.

by Walter McMahon.

In comparison to war memoirs written by many other statesmen or soldiers, which are usually bookish, dull, or disjointed, Churchill's writings are works of art. This is partly due to the fact that Churchill is a polished literary figure. He appreciates the beauty of life which can be interpreted by means of writing regardless of the subject with which he is dealing.

Let us now contrast his work with Eisenhower's book, *Crusade in Eur-*

(Continued on Page 22)

the poetry page

Flake of Snow

A blust'ry night of wind and snow
Let fall a tiny flake
Which came to earth unseen by men
Unseen by almost all.

In form it differed very much
From many things on earth,
For perfect was the shape it had
With symmetry complete.

Its simple substance without flaw
Reflected well its source:
The heavens far above mankind
Where purity's enshrined.

—James Kunes.

Hear What We Say

Hear What We Say:

We are not young
Who know so little laughter. . .
Who grow in War . . . face Death
Live horror's ugliness.
We are not young
Who learn, from broken anguish,
That tears are not enough
To purge our grief.
We are not young
Who (in our dreams) return
Return . . . with childhood's certain faith
To those ephemeral days
(A war ago)
When we . . . so innocent of Death
Thought life stretched endlessly
Across each verdant hill.

We totter on the edges of unconsecrated graves
And say . . .
We would go back . . . go back again
To fledging days.
But no . . . NO! NO!
We wake from peaceful dreams to find it cannot be!
For we (torn from the arms of normalcy)
Are young no more. And when
We turn our troubled thoughts
To those tender, whilom years
We hear the strange, harsh moans
Of sad men . . . dying . . .
And we recall the briny taste
Of tears.

—Shirley Ann McNeil.

The Broken Tree

I walked upon a wooded hill today
And saw a broken tree. A rugged rent,
Fresh made, had split its mighty trunk; and, bent
Unnaturally, its schismed section lay
In helpless freedom. Lightning, formed, they say,
By certain difference too fully pent
Between the earth and sky and sharply spent
In flame, its unity and form did slay.
Here nature sought a balance and relieved
Its clamoring in searing compromise.
The sudden fury of that awful flash
Destroyed. And what had once in union cleaved
Is broken now and always. Mute, it cries
Against the blind, precipitated clash.

—Thomas Stanley.

The Weeping Willow

The aged willow
Bending over a murmuring creek
(Dragging her lacy fingers
Among worn pebbles)
Seems to be weeping
Adding her tears
To the waters gliding by.

—Marcia Gay.

A Dream of You

My sweet, my dreams are all of you tonight,
Stealing as they do through velvet folds
Of night's sweet blessedness. Within my sight,
I hold your vision near to warm the colds
That slip with icy mien into my heart.
My troubled brain may wander through the days
Untouched by thoughts that dreams of you impart,
But with the night so filled with mystery's ways
I hold a magic picture sweet of you —
A dream so beautiful I hold it near
To fill the empty ways conceits construe
To be the path a heart must follow drear.
Though days may come and go, the nights entreat,
And fill my dreams with you, your presence sweet.

—Harold Gray.

Sunrise at Sea

Far out at sea the sun is sailing —
A ship of fire in a sparkling sea.
Up, up it steals all red and glowing
Dripping with lustrous lambency.

—George Spain.

edited by shirley a mc neil

Editorial Comment . . .

RELIVING THAT DEADLINE

• One of the problems which contributors to *The Exponent* experience in selecting prose material for these pages is choice of subject. This should not constitute a major problem because we find human interest stories all around us. We need only to look at such best sellers as "I Remember Mama," "Miracle at Carville," "Cheaper by the Dozen," and many others, to see that many literary masterpieces have to do with the common everyday persons, places, and things.

Every magazine editor is on the lookout for well-written reading matter, just as every football coach is on the lookout for good material for his next season's team. Equally those of us responsible for the monthly appearance of *The Exponent* are on the lookout for competently written essays, fiction and verse. Especially for well-written essays.

Some who write well are at times rather sketchy about facts, are not orderly in the presentation of material, and content themselves with generalizations. Whereas short, well-written, simple worded, specific statements are vastly more convincing. *The Exponent* is not restricted to religious or devotional themes, as its readers well understand by now. It aims to minister to every legitimate quest by U.D. students for information or pleasure in fact or fiction.

We list a somewhat sketchy list of topics with the hope that our contributors would get rid of their writers' cramps and submit articles on them: (1) A character study of your favorite professor. (2) An essay on the past presidents of the University of Dayton. (3) The history of the U.D. Music Department is due for an essay-length recall. (4) The founding of the U.D. Players might be sketched to essay length. (5) Way of Life in Alumni Hall. (6) Some earlier landmarks of your home town. (7) An interesting lecture at the Mathematics Club. (8) The Most Unforgettable Characters I've Met at U.D. (9) Three former football players now in the service. (10) The possibilities of television as visual aid in the class rooms. (11) Excerpts from a letter written by a U.D. graduate now serving in Korea.

The list for selection is almost limitless. We know that you can add to this list also. We hope that we have helped to solve your problem in choosing a subject for your next article. Now, won't you help us reach future deadlines with a smile?

DANGER AHEAD

• God made man and placed him in this beautiful world where man should love God and his fellow men. God gave us this world for our use but it is still God's world where He should be remembered and served. But there is a very false way of living today called secularism, a way of living that does not carry along with it an awareness of man's responsibility to God. Secularism is the practical exclusion of God from human thinking and consequently from human living and it is at the root of evils that beset mankind today. It is in a soil like this that such a monstrosity as Communism can thrive.

Christian culture helps us to integrate our lives and thereby to attain a certain amount of peace and order in society, but secularism acts like a blight on this culture. People acting under the influence of this culture will have ideals and strive after them. Lapses will occur in this struggle but the struggler will not give up; he will continue to strive. Now the remedy for the weaknesses and deficiencies of people is surely not to substitute secularism for divinely established standards of right and wrong.

Secularism blinds man to his sense of responsibility to God. He is a creature made after the image of God and thus he has inalienable rights that stem from the fact that he is human person created in God's image. Man loses this sense of responsibility to God when he loses the sense of personal guilt that follows the commission of sin. Man is accountable to God for his actions and it is only on this basis that we can build a foundation for any stable morality. Secularism substitutes expediency, decency and propriety for the moral law. This is building on the sand.

Secularism plays havoc in the world today in many ways. Religious indifference is one of the bad results. People just live natural lives as if there was no God. Then secularism has debased marriage by robbing it of its sacred character. The stability of the family has been undermined and we have the greatest divorce problem in the Western World. In the field of education secularists exclude God from the schools and thus we are rearing the youth of this country with little or no knowledge of the Ten Commandments and we are surprised that we have so much youthful delinquency.

The remedy for secularism is getting back to God. Just a suggestion. February is Catholic Press Month. A faithful reading of good literature imbued with the principles of a sane morality will do much to keep us from the baneful influence of secularism. Why not try?

PREPAREDNESS

• History was made on August 5, 1945, the date Hiroshima was leveled and its inhabitants were either killed instantly or terribly twisted and mangled as a result of the atom bomb blast. At the very instant of this explosion our traditional economic, political, and military values were altered. It initiated a revolution in the technique of warfare and eventually a reconsideration of our own national defense.

The secret of the atom bomb did not remain within the boundaries of the United States. German scientists were ahead of us in pure research during World War II, however, our mass production in development beat them to the draw. Today the Russians are known to possess atomic information. To what extent their atom bomb production amounts is no longer left to speculation. Periodic tests in atomic weapons are being made in New Mexico and Nevada. It is no flight of fancy to say that these flashes shone a moment on the walls of the Kremlin.

Preparedness is essential, as U.S. government officials warn that this nation is definitely faced with the danger of a sudden devastating attack. The enemy's target would be in the great metropolitan and industrial areas. If an atom bomb were dropped below New York's Battery in a strong south wind, two million people would be killed. Such a disaster would be against all the people, and therefore to prevent it requires the coordinated effort of the entire nation. Intensive research must be undertaken to provide protection and education in atomic warfare. This is a big job for big minds.

The administration has designed a billion dollar civil defense program to function in critical target areas. Since the air fields and important war industries have marked Dayton as a perfect target, this city is included in the civil defense project and already has a unit functioning. To insure success in this mobilization thousands of volunteers are needed to staff such defense services as: air raid warning, first aid, or rescue work. The organized teams and equipment are to be strategically dispersed in outlying parts of the city, where they will be ready to move immediately into stricken areas to help combat the effects of the attack. Homefront defense has no place for the "take-to-the-hills" or "let-George-do-it" attitude. Our city must be manned just as every naval ship or army station is manned.

Students are being given many opportunities within their own schools to enroll in various defense classes. U.D. has added a first aid course to the curriculum, in order to meet the urgent need for education. Facts are much less frightening when one is instructed to know exactly what to expect and how to meet the emergency.

February, 1951

Six survival secrets in the event of an atomic attack are:

- (1) Find shelter in a basement, subway, ditch or gutter.
- (2) Drop flat on the ground or floor.
- (3) Bury face in your arms.
- (4) Don't rush outside following a bombing.
- (5) Don't take chances with food or water in open containers.
- (6) Don't start rumors.

—M. E. N.

• • •

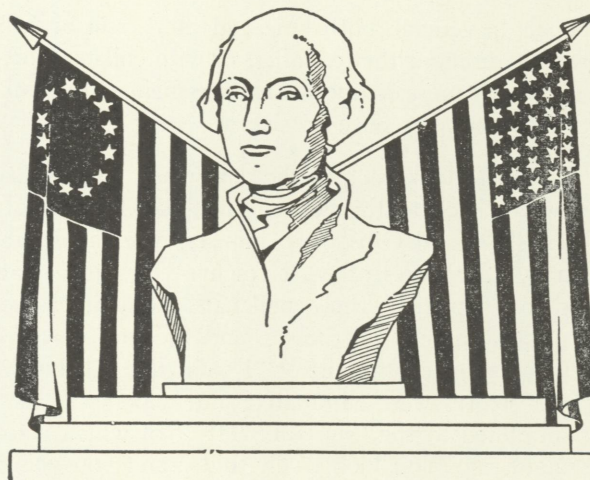
REMINDER

• Prayer and penance should be our common objective during the holy season of Lent. This year Lent has a very special meaning, for we all are faced with the perilously close threat of a new and terrible war. Only God has the power to aid in avoiding this menace.

Special Lenten devotions will be conducted in the U.D. Chapel every week day at 1:00 p.m. in addition to the regular Mass services. Holy Angels Church will have a 12:10 Mass each day during Lent.

Since our generation will bear the biggest brunt of war, we owe it to ourselves to pray that the world leaders by the grace of God will reach a quick peaceful agreement.

• • •



• We couldn't let February go by without saying a word or two about George Washington, a great statesman and the Father of our country.

In Washington, D. C., there are countless reminders of Washington . . . in fact, one can catch glimpses of the stately monolith that is the Washington monument. It stands, a silent sentinel to the memory of a great man.

Of Feminine Interest . . .

PORTENTS OF SPRINGTIME

• It takes no more than a few warm days or a hat display in a downtown window to send to any feminine brain thoughts of a clear blue sky filled with vernal wind, green grass lightly springing underfoot, campus benches being uprighted, and — heaven forbid! the need for new clothes.

This year's spring suit may just as well be grey as the traditional navy. Greys may vary from Miron's light soft weave to dark thick bankers' grey bound with white braid. Linings are getting bright and gay, with the darkest suits ablaze with posies inside, and even bright tweeds lined in plaid. Lines are slim-skirted, with an occasional double kick-pleat in back, and diagonal buttoning and greatly detailed stitching are favored for the jacket. For the lucky tall very-slim girl there are the newest: tunic suits, that no one tiny dares wear.

As good as a suit and finally come into its own is the jacket dress, better than either a suit or a dress separately for versatility. The jacket of a soft suit for class or traveling may be removed to show an attractive date dress, ready for evening accessories. Another jacket may be used over other dresses, while its matchmate dress is worn first under winter coats.

Coats in general, both long and short, will be full and simple in line, either collarless or with collars standing high, their most distinctive features being turn-back cuffs or the popular push-up sleeves.

It's fun to look back to the days when orange was never worn, back to the year of the New Look's voluminous skirts and Gibson-girl blouses. We can laugh as heartily at pictures of ourselves five years ago as at Mama as a flapper in those bell hats. Remember the first cap-sleeved summer dresses, and the first bracelet length sleeves you hung out of "I sw'ar like Ichabod"? Last year sleeves were eliminated, and dancing dresses were simplified to the "slip silhouette," of which your date might say "You look lovely, but aren't you going to wear a dress?"

This year shoulders will be eliminated in favor of the halter top in evening frocks, and everything new for less formal occasions has the dropped shoulder line. Waistlines are eliminated on a new favorite, the chemise dress, which is a baggy sack which can double as a

coat, or, belted in snugly, dress. Up-and-coming is Lanvin's wrapped skirt, seen at early stages in the tiered dress and walkable trumpet skirt.

Best colors of the season are honey beige, seen first in furs and now at its best in silk honan, black and white, used always together and most effectively in geometric prints, with the summer's prize going to a heart-warmer: pink. Stripes are gaining favor for the chemise dress and in shoes. Lilac, violet, and black patent are accessory colors.

Now's the time to take your inspirations, whether it be from the cover of Vogue, a bolt of wool and some perforated tissue paper, or an overstocked department store with leering clerks. After all this winter spring can't be too far behind! Try this for size: a chocolate brown velvet shortcoat to go over all your cotton dresses.

—PEG KUNKA.

• • •

AMBITION ACCOMPLISHED

• Consider the plight of most little girls who spend more of their time between naps, making-believe than doing anything else. Maybe it's playing house or queen-for-a-day. Or it could be playing private secretary, having all the necessary office equipment, such as a make-believe telephone, typewriter, and a few hundred sheets of paper, usually advertisements, rescued from the dark interior of a waste basket and accumulated on the top of an improvised desk. Naturally I took part in all the childish antics of the day and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Remember that certain age children reach when people begin asking, "Well, honey, what do you want to be when you grow up?" It used to disgust my parents that I had no noble desire to become a nurse, nun, or teacher. I would always answer the question in the same distinct way, even after prompting: "I want to be a typewriter!"

After graduating from grade school, where to my utter amazement no typing courses were offered, I hurriedly enrolled in high school. At the first opportunity I began a systematic search of the class rooms. Finally I discovered the quest of my search — an entire room of typewriters.

Any thoughts I had at that moment were quickly eliminated, when my schedule was awarded to me. My mouth must have dropped a foot as I saw such subjects as algebra, Latin I, ancient history, and basketweaving. After some fast and furious inquiries, I learned that this was the so-called College Preparatory course, and business subjects weren't offered until the junior year.

Two long years later I achieved the success of being entitled "a Junior." To be given the supreme honor of taking business courses, students were required to pass, with flying colors, an impassable test. I managed to survive the test, but I was informed that my test indicated I was college material. So when the schedules were handed out, I again was taking such fascinating subjects as French I, geometry, American history, and sewing. (You need that for college?)

After big discussions and bitter battles, I decided to join the rank of college students. I was instructed that unless the University of Dayton discovered that I was pre-med material, I would really learn to type.

Attending U.D. was definitely different from all past educational experiences. When registering in the business department, the dean presented me with a beautiful schedule headed by a simple, six-lettered word. **TYPING.**

Now that I'm a senior I'm glad that I had the opportunity of attending U.D. and fulfilling my ambition of becoming a typist. My training is already showing rewards, for I'm a secretary in the U.D. Publicity office. Yes, I'm "commander" of a real typewriter and I love it!

—DELORES McANESPIE.

Library Charmer

Two of the U. D. coeds
In the lounge were smoking away,
Talking about a mutual friend,
One was heard to say —

"I wonder what's come over Lucy
"She never used to act this way."
"I know," replied the other girl,
"Now she studies every day!"

"Yes, I know, it's all so odd,
"And guess where she spends her time,"
"Where? I certainly can't imagine,"
"The library, I think it's a crime."

"Well, perhaps we should go there, too,
"I've got some book reports or so,
"Now is the chance to get them done."
So off to the library they did go.

When they entered they saw Lucy
Apparently as busy as a bee —
What a model student she'd become,
And so unlike from what she used to be.

But let's look at Lucy's point of view,
And see what's brought about the change,
Why she's lately in the library,
And seemingly acting so strange.

Lucy takes a glance at the clock,
It's almost a quarter to ten,
"Just five more minutes," she thinks to herself,
And then she settles down again.

Five minutes pass, Lucy grows tense,
Little chills run from spine to brain —
For oh boy! here *he* comes,
Her efforts have not been in vain!

—Mary Ann Isenecker.

• • •

PETTICOAT LANE . . .

• Flash! Pneumonia Gulch has reached the all-time high for the year of twenty-five degrees — students are fondly packing away their parkas and dog sleds — hope is rising that the cold shoulder has permanently left the campus.

While all of these tremendous events are transpiring a coed's fancy is lightly and swiftly turning to thoughts of spring fashions. Since sweaters and other woolens appear so faded and tired in the spring sunlight, the designers have created just the right styles in lovely colors to perk up milady this season.

Topping the fashion news is the shoulder length hair style. In case your locks were clipped really short, you can achieve that "just pretend look" with a pinned on chignon. The spring silhouette follows the straight and narrow line, accented by the full cut pyramid coat. Some of these coat styles are true shorties, for they just reach to the waistline.

Daytime skirt lengths still stay at fifteen inches from the floor. Predictions are being made that the ballerina length will be definitely passe for evening wear. There will be no compromise, as the skirt length goes to the floor for big night engagements. In line with night life, put all pearls, clips, and flowers in cold storage, for the bear-throated look has arrived. One big beautiful brooch is the only adornment necessary to the otherwise barren neckline.

Important spring color combinations are black and white or black with black. Bright accessories to accent these costumes will be in pinkish red, bright yellow, or warm beige shades. Bold black patent leather shoes, handbags, and belts promise to be ALL-time favorites.

—M. E. N.

edited by mary ellen nagle

FAITH IN OUR TIMES

By William E. Huth

• Faith is a word used by many people without knowing the full extent of its meaning. One may have faith in his fellow-men or in God. Faith is the assent of our intellect to a truth or a fact on the word of another being.

Faith in our fellow-men and in God is very much needed today. In this day of materialism and false philosophy a return to religion and faith in God is of the utmost importance. Faith is one of the intangibles of life and that is one of the reasons why it is so much forgotten, and man in his ignorance has failed to utilize this potent weapon.

The great question of the day seems to be, "Is there any hope for the future?" Volumes of ideas are floating around, most of them too fanciful to be understood by anyone but bureaucrats and theorists. Across the United States men and women grapple with the same questions. Factories gear for war. Young men bid sad farewells to loved ones; and little children born into the holocaust with tragic bewilderment break their mothers' hearts. Yes, we are confused, troubled and humbled.

People riddle all plans that Truman, Hoover or Kennedy give the world with piercing question marks, and still they do not come up with the correct answer.

There is one sure plan of action left us, not as a last resort, but as constructive and fundamental. Why have statesmen, believing in God and calling themselves Christians, failed to see or utilize it?

Impending disaster is not new in the world. The Old Testament is filled with examples. Abraham and Noah each preached prayer and sacrifice, stemming from faith that God will prevail. God gave warnings and they went unheeded. Today is no different. Mankind is no different. We persist in neglecting faith manifested by prayer and penance.

What does this mean . . . that every one out in the world should be like cloistered religious. No, for that is not our vocation. We need merely live as practical Christians relying on God's Providence to guide us through our difficulties. Let us not be so naive as to think we must not also work. We have an intelligence which we must use. God's help and our efforts give us a most competent and prudent mode of living which assures of us a final victory.

If we are again to witness a peaceful world, we must have faith and apply it through prayer. God is the greatest power, not some politician or industrialist giant. Faith, as practiced by the most insignificant individual, is far more potent than all of our material might. World leaders must learn to consult God in prayer and not neglect Him in their speeches and reports.

A nineteen year old soldier in Korea writes to the *Saturday Evening Post* regarding his two escapes



from death, when all his buddies were assassinated around him. "During the four days we hid out we read the Bible a lot and prayed much of the time. I always believed in God, and I believed He could do anything. I believed that He could and would save us. We prayed hard and felt better because of it. God was our only hope, and we tried to lay all our burdens on him.

"As I said before, we prayed a lot in Korea. But I had been taught to pray all my life, so it was nothing new to me. The fact that our prayers were answered, while wonderful, was no great surprise. God brought us out of there and I want to tell the world that He did it."

With such faith, man can and will once again know peace in his day.

• • • Musings

By Roger Keith

The Urge

• The air is clear, the sky bright, and buildings, though miles away, seem so close that it appears one could reach out and touch them. The vista from the top of the Empire State Building is beautiful!

As I glance down at the street, 102 floors below, automobiles and pedestrians appear to be ants. Suddenly the height captivates me, and I feel myself being drawn to the railing by a power greater than myself. Looking to see that a guard is not near, I climb over the wire fence which separates the solid observation walk from the flimsy wild blue yonder. On I go, as if in a daze; as I stand on the inch-wide ledge, the world rolls dizzily a fifth of a mile below. Finally the temptation is too great to resist. With a warning look to the guards who are pleading me to return, I lean over and . . . spit.

Hooks and Slices

I dread to think of the day I spied that ad in the hobby magazine: "You too can have a knife time. Whittle for a hobby! Get our

deluxe outfit today. Send no money — and we send no merchandise.” That was the starting point of my addiction.

At first I tried soap carving. The manual explained that a knife, and of all things, a cake of soap were necessary. I soon found that a bottle of plasma was helpful also. My soap sculptures were a hit! (Mom discovered that the cakes of Ivory dissolved more easily in statuary form.) I received an art fellowship in the form of a case of soap, and set about my lathery task of making little ones out of big ones.

Two knives and three amputations later, I tried my skill at wood carving. After three attempts at carving the Statue of Liberty from balsa, I came to the conclusion that the wood splintered too readily, but my work was not in vain, for I have some of the nicest balsa toothpicks in Alumni Hall.

A year ago, I began my masterpiece, a carving from a block of ironwood, the world's hardest carving material. For the past twelve months I spent all of my leisure time whacking at the little four-inch cube, but I am afraid that all my hard work has been in vain, for everyone says its looks not like the charging stallion I intended it to be, but like a four-inch cube of ironwood. They just don't have any imagination!

Machine Lovers, Don't Read This

Recently the U. S. has become the happy hunting ground for gadget-happy mechanical designers. For example, in the good old pre-bebop days, buying a soft drink was a humdrum task. Comes the revolution: the Belchi-Cola machine emerged as a mercenary bechromed Goliath, eagerly bargaining bottles of flavored carbonic acid for the coin of the realm. Its trade is unjust, however, since they derive the public of bottle caps, which still play an important part in the Federal Reserve System. Tucking the brilliant closures into a metal esophagus running deep into their mechanisms, the steel monsters insure that the caps never again see the light of day. It is impossible to retrieve the bits

of metal, since it is said that the dispensers will survive a fall from a two hundred foot cliff, although I think that it's just a lot of bluff.

Rivaling with the nation's coin devices for the title of “Most Complicated of 1950” are the automatic automobile transmissions. Typical of these is “Slush-O-Matic,” which uses two propellers from a helicopter beanie revolving in a large bowl of Cream of Wheat (five-minute instant type). It is also available in a deluxe model, which features milk and sugar and your favorite fruit, at a slight additional cost. Its makers, the Rational Biscuit Company, guarantee lightning performance — it keeps hitting trees. The makers of the Gnash Rumbler convertible (the top comes off with just a twist of the can opener) have announced that their new model will be even more intelligent than its driver.

The cost of these transmissions is still prohibitive, therefore for the old-fashioned driver who would rather drive in a clunker with one or two pedestrians draped moose-wise across the left front fender, than in a grinning-grilled juggernaut, I recommend the 1908 model T gearing system; it's old enough to shift for itself!

SECOND CRITICS' FORUM LECTURE

Speaker: Rev. Leo Trese, of Detroit

Subject: Book Review of

The Far Side of Paradise

By Arthur Mizener

(A Biography of
Scott Fitzgerald)

Place: Engineers' Club

Time: February 23, at 8:30 p. m.

LENT

By Francis Schmalz

• Another penitential season has started and once more we, the members of the Mystical Body of Christ are reminded of our duty to practice self-denial, self-discipline. Yes, we are reminded in a very special manner because of the laws of abstinence and fasting. The church has mitigated these laws but the need for penance is just as strong today as it ever was. The Church wants us to detach ourselves from the material goods of this world and unite ourselves very closely to Christ.

Our acts of self-denial should be performed in loving memory of Christ's passion and death, and when we practice penance in union with our Lord the task is considerably lightened. Remember what He said: “My yoke is sweet and my burden is light.”

There are several motives for penance. For the sinner it is a duty of justice towards God because sin is an offense against God and requires reparation. In his own interests the sinner should practice penance to remit some of the temporal punishment stored up for him in the next world. Then too, penance helps the sinner to strengthen himself against future sins. We can offer our penances for the souls in purgatory, for the conversion of sinners, for the spiritual welfare of our neighbors. Let us perform our acts of mortification out of great love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus because He has loved us so much. Consider for a moment what a strong proof of that love are His sufferings and death.

Our Lady, in her first apparition at Fatima, expressed the need for reparation when she asked the children “to offer yourselves to God to submit to all sufferings that He will send you in reparation for sins by which he is offended and in supplication for the conversion of sinners.” In the sixth and last apparition, that of October 13, 1917, when the miracle of the sun occurred, the final words of our Lady were clear and explicit: “People must amend their lives and ask pardon for their sins.

(Continued on Page 22)

EVIL AT THE HELM

By Francis Mullan

• I hated that man — hated him so much that I would have taken the keenest pleasure in spending the remainder of my life devising and executing devilish schemes to make him writhe and scream in agony. What I saw him do to other people in that prison camp made the very marrow within my bones liquefy and bubble. God, how I hated him!! and yet with all the vehemence of my hate there was an equally vehement love possessing me — a love for one of his victims.

My name is not important; I was a guard in a prison camp in the Balkan Peninsula during the fighting that took place there in 1944. The Communist way of life had been paraded before my eyes as far back as I could remember — it seemed glorious and, searching for the bizarre and the novel, I clung to it with all the enthusiasm found in an adolescent. Before realizing it, I was in the Red Army, and not long after the initial stage of army life, I found myself in the thick of the fighting with the German hordes as adversaries.

Karl Strobel, as much as I knew of him, must have been in moderate circumstances before being pressed into service as a soldier of the Third Reich. How or where he came to be taken prisoner I know not; the first time I saw him was when he was being questioned by the man I hated more than anyone I have ever known in my whole life, Maxime Kolkov.

That day it happened that three of my comrades brought him before our Commander-in-Chief. The big boss was seeking information and apparently thought that Strobel could give him some.

The questioning began and Kolkov went into action almost immediately. The first answer (the question was a routine one) was a little long in being answered — at least Kolkov thought so. He told that young German that questions ought to be answered when they are asked and not six months later and after

he had finished this little speech he struck Strobel full in the temple with the butt end of his gun. A stream of blood shot down Strobel's face and he murmured something under his breath which I could not make out distinctly but which sounded as though he were calling on someone for help. The young soldier reeled and stumbled, only to be caught and held on his feet by my two companions. But that blow was only the beginning.

An hour and a half later the young soldier staggered out of that office a broken and bleeding man.

I was sure that there was no medical treatment possible for him in that entire lot of luckless men. My thoughts went immediately to the man who was responsible for the condition of the victim. Kolkov hated the man who staggered out of that office with a terrible hate. It defied explanation on my part . . .

Some weeks passed by and the heat of the fighting made it impossible for us to send the prisoners to the interior of our country. Whenever I had occasion to deal with the young German I noted that there was something that set him off from the rest of his soldiers. I knew he had been decorated for bravery on no less than five occasions . . . still he was the type that simply didn't seem to belong in a war such as this hellish conflict had turned out to be. Perhaps it was this valor that was known and hated by Kolkov . . . I was never to know . . .

Then the day finally came to move the prisoners out. Kolkov was there giving orders in crisp and hateful tones. As Strobel was dragging himself along, Kolkov pulled him out of line and detained him for a few minutes. Both entered one of the buildings nearby.

I saw the whole episode from one of the windows in the place: Strobel was in a terribly emaciated condition, suffering from cold, hunger and loss of blood and was utterly incapable of defending himself. I saw Kolkov draw off his warm and

heavy coat and throw it on the table as if preparing for some act of brutality. From somewhere in that room he drew forth a bull whip. He cocked his arm back and brought the whip down across Strobel's back with a sound as of flesh being torn. My hand went inside my coat and drew out the small pistol that I carried. I drew a bead on Kolkov and fired. Strobel dropped to the floor lifeless.

Two hours to live and then it will be all over for me, too. I took the wrong way out . . . but now it's too late . . . O God, if you do exist, how could you allow it? . . . O God . . . O God . . .

LENT

(Continued from Page 21)

They must not offend God any more. He is already much offended."

During Lent why not try to remember God's presence more frequently, make more visits to the chapel and repeat many ejaculations during the day. The noon-day lenten devotions offer us an opportunity of doing something extra to please our Lord and most important of all is that we try to attend Mass and receive the sacraments as often as possible.

CHURCHILL'S MEMOIRS

(Continued from Page 14)

ope. In prose we have the dramatic and non-dramatic material. Eisenhower is factual; he writes as a monotone orator who would deliver a too-lengthy speech. He displays very little individuality of style and his method of writing is not in keeping with the nature of the people. I would consider him as an Army correspondent, and not a novelist.

Let us now consider Churchill's works — whose sources of material and subject matter are virtually the same. His style is simple, written with a brilliant individuality that captivates the reader's interest. His external structure is definitely appealing to the ear because of its simplicity and emotional content. This comes about as a result of Churchill's ability and sincerity to see life clearly; and his feelings and thoughts about mankind, his foresight and common sense reveal him to be a true leader.

by Albert Young.

STROLLING THE CAMPUS

By Tula Vardalides

*Lord God of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.*

● This misconstrued ditty was being muttered by George Gavin — among a few others — on that memorable week in January which should best be forgotten by all concerned. It seems that George was just preparing to go home and study for his psychology exam for the following day when a fellow classmate cheerfully informed him that it was to be held the following *period*! A bomb could've hit poor George. In a state of collapse from one exam he staggered into his psychology class more fit for a stretcher than an armchair. He still had fifteen minutes to study those fifty pages, but what can a guy do in fifteen minutes? George decided to use some old psychology. He relaxed — completely. How'd he do on the test? Well, he relaxed so completely he's forgotten that.

Those book-lugging engineers now step into the spotlight. Mr. Anonymous has brought them into our focus in an address to all young ladies with intentions of marrying an engineer. We hasten to add that U. D. engineers do not conform to this article in every instance. In fact, we downright disagree in some parts.

Marry Not An Engineer

Cautiously, I say unto thee, "Marry not an engineer," for an engineer beith a strange creature, and possesseth many evils. Yes, he speaketh eternally in parable, which he calleth formulas, and he wieldeth a stick called a slide rule, and he hath only one Bible, a handbook.

He picketh his seat in a vehicle by the spring therein and not by the damsel. Neither knoweth he a waterfall save by its candle power. Always he carrieth his book with him and he entertaineth his sweetheart with log tables. (This is where we disagree.) His kisses are but to test her frigidity. In his eyes there beith but a vain attempt to recall the formula.

When his damsel writeth of love and signeth with crosses, he taketh not these symbols for kisses, but rather for unknown quantities. Marriage he taketh as a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns, and yielding diverse results.

Therefore I say unto thee, "Marry not an Engineer!"

Since history seems to be such a popular subject, especially among the freshmen (so many of them take it), we thought you'd be interested in the following excerpt supposedly taken from a real history test.

Topic: *Queen Ann's War.*

- Date:* Friday night.
- Cause:* Ann didn't have anything else to do.
- Chief place of conflict:* On the front porch.
- Where treaty signed:* On the front porch.
- Results:* Date next Friday night.

Hmmm, wonder what kind of grade he got. From us he would deserve an A. Those answers take real intelligence. How about it, Mr. Steiner?

While we're making rounds of the various departments let's climb into the Chemistry Lab. and take a peek.

Sing a song of sulphate,
A beaker full of lime,
Four and twenty test tubes
Breaking all the time.
When the top is lifted
The fumes begin to reek,
Isn't that an awful mess
To have five days a week?

You said it. Let's go!

We find Logic much tidier and so sensible, too. It teaches you to think straight. Look at what it did for us:

A loaf of bread is a necessity.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

An amphibious jeep is an invention.

Therefore, a loaf of bread is the mother of an amphibious jeep. How's that for straight thinking?

As you can plainly see from this month's edition, at heart we are true lovers of poetry and although it may not be a great poem we think that the one we have chosen to close this column expresses our thoughts very adequately.

*Here's a note to all the folks
We couldn't cause to grin,
They took out all our better jokes
And put some good ones in.*

Travel and study abroad this summer

You can earn full credits on an all-expense,
university-sponsored study tour via TWA

Now's the time to start planning for one of the most interesting and profitable summers you've ever spent... sightseeing and studying in Europe while you earn full university credits. Again in 1951, TWA will participate in the tours that proved so popular for the past three years... in cooperation

with the "Institute of University Studies Abroad." And you'll have a chance to learn at *first hand* the new concept of air-age geography... traveling by luxurious TWA Skyliner. Remember, half your time will be devoted to touring Europe and the other half in residence study as indicated below.

Look at this list of study-tours being planned for this summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SWITZERLAND
June 18—
August 20 | <input type="checkbox"/> University of Geneva
<input type="checkbox"/> University of Zurich, School for European Studies
<input type="checkbox"/> Fribourg Catholic University
<input type="checkbox"/> Swiss Camps for Teen-agers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANCE Sorbonne (Paris) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ENGLAND University of Oxford (15-day course, lecture, no credit) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> IRELAND University College, Dublin | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPAIN Madrid | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ITALY Perugia | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> INDIA "India and Problems of the Orient," including Cairo visit, a 6-week tour | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GENERAL EUROPEAN Study and Travel Tour (No residence) | |



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Please put me on your list to receive detailed information about study tours via TWA indicated above, to be sent as soon as available.

Name _____ Position _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Phone No. _____

C-2

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

A bit of advice to young ladies who have been besieged by amorous young gentlemen of late:

Girls, watch the boys when they come a courtin'

*And if they ask to marry ya
It isn't love — it isn't spring
It's only War Hysteria!*

The Junior Prom is come and gone but memories will linger on . . . especially for lovely queen Bev Whisler who received congratulations all around but in a special way from the "young man with a horn" . . . twice, yet! Jim Tieman was king for an evening. — Spotted Elmer Luthman and Katie Maroglou having a wonderful time along with Bob Eberts and Louise. Making the most of the mellow music were Julie Pflaum and Jim Gilvary. Glad to see Jim Gleason and Rita Wittmann and Mike Bonohoom with Marilyn Coppess. Having a quiet dignified time were Bob Kennedy and Pat, Bob Hoff and Mona and Teddy Borgert and Arlene. Prom night was special in more ways than one for Joe Banister who convinced Mary Ann to change her last name and made it official with one of those round sparkly items.

Speaking of recently formed partnerships, there's Bob Bruggeman and Jamie who are making big plans for the future. — Looks like Georgie Young finally flipped a coin and John Kelly won out. It must be the luck o' the Irish!

It's really June in January (and February, too!) from the way sale of rice and old shoes has gone up. It's been pretty hard lately to get to those Saturday classes with all these weddings going on. Jim Uttermohlen and Mary Ellen combined snow bells and wedding bells. Others caught in the pre-Lenten rush were Betty Williamson and Bob Teyber, Don Gras and Gloria. Tom Graul flew home from Med school in Chicago to be best man for his brother, Ed when waiting for Shirley to walk up the aisle. By the way,

bet Frannie (our honorable predecessor, no less) thinks Tom is the best man any day.

Rick Williams and Rosie will also be filing joint income tax returns. — Special congratulations to Bill Donohoue, his wife and their new little tax exemption. (Income tax, March 15.)

Second Semester is going to be interesting for Nate Newkirk since Pat has transferred from Bowling Green to Dayton. Nice going, Nate.

— Tom Zink's a lucky one . . . wasn't that Jackie Pohl who strolled down Chaminade hall real, real early every day to wave hello? What kind of a grade did you get in that course, Tom?

Quick, where do we go to join the "moldies"? Seems like the charter members are doing quite well! See above for reports on Jamie and Jackie and furthermore, Marilyn Beacham and her blond Louie have decided that being together out of class is even more fun than in. — Frank Siggins detained a crew on their way to Kentucky recently . . . seems he wasn't there . . . must have stayed a little longer in Columbus (you know, there's some little college up there) but then who wouldn't overstay a few days when Pat's around?

Let's be the first to welcome some newcomers on the campus. From up north in Cleveland comes Ned Perotti (girls, look at those eyes!) and Sydney sent Don Nutt who was doing all right for himself on registration day. Kay George can really keep her eye on Bob Westendorf now . . . better ditch that pinochle pack, Bob. Eddie (she's a she, tho') Yuen came all the way from Hawaii to see if what she's heard about Dayton is true.

Well, she did it again. Pauline Spring claims she can't ever get through a social function without landing on the floor sooner or later. But the reception for Betty Wil-

liamson Teyber was going to be different! That's what she thought. Everything went well and it was almost a perfect day, that is, until she got ready to leave and came to the top of the porch steps. Yep, you guessed it. No bones broken, though. Better luck next time, Pauline.

Since conditions have jeopardized our social life for a while we'll come to the rescue with some suggestions for nice quiet Lenten evenings:

1) Stamp collecting can be a fascinating pastime (personally, we go for those revenue stamps which are removed by simply unscrewing the top).

2) Who wants to table hop . . . that's old . . . go house hopping! Friends love this. Especially if you're hungry . . . but then we're fasting, aren't we? heh, heh.

3) Girls, you can always play "Old Maid" . . . that is, if you're not superstitious.

4) Community bonfires are fun . . . textbooks burn easiest — if they haven't been already scorched by the midnight oil.

For those who gave up that favorite Heidelberg product . . . try gin (rummy). You aren't chewing gum? . . . how about a chaw o' "Red Horse". If you're inhaling nothing but oxygen these days . . . try rolling your own with breakfast cereal.

You just can't beat Florida for a semester's resort spot. Dave Smith and Buddy Gibbons had some rip-roarin' times, we hear. Buddy probably had Floyd Begin and Dave Singler and anyone else around in hysterics by the time the trip was over. — Modern version of "Come with me to the Casbah . . .": "Let's go blotto in Otto's grotto."

*Our mind is blank
We cannot thank
Come on and kut up
Or we must shut up. . . . which
we'll do now. Bye.*

**Attention
Upper Classmen!**

* * *

**Do you he-men know how to
smoke a cigar properly?**

* * *

**Are you sometimes mistaken
for an Indian smoke signal?**

* * *

Do you inhale and turn green?

* * *

1. There's no need to bite off the end of your cigar to prepare it for light. Merely pinch the end gently and you will create an air vent.

2. Light your cigar with the heat rather than with the flame of match or lighter.

3. You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar.

4. A long ash makes a cigar smoke cooler, lasts longer. Let it grow.

5. Smoke slowly; avoid fast and furious puffing.

* * *

(Ed. Note: And if it's an expensive cigar, keep the band on it!)



**-but Cigars are
a Man's Smoke!**



**You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!**

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests
Number 5...THE OPOSSUM



THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there is a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll *know* why...

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