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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



APRIL, 1948

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE
SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?

BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER!

Vic Scott

Champion
Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats — 57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for flavor. I learned from experience that Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



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TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste ...
T for Throat ...

that's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See if CAMELS
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ALL OVER America, more people are smoking Camels than ever before. Millions of smokers have found by experience that Camels suit them to a "T."

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Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

According to a Nationwide survey:
More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette



THE EXPONENT

University of Dayton

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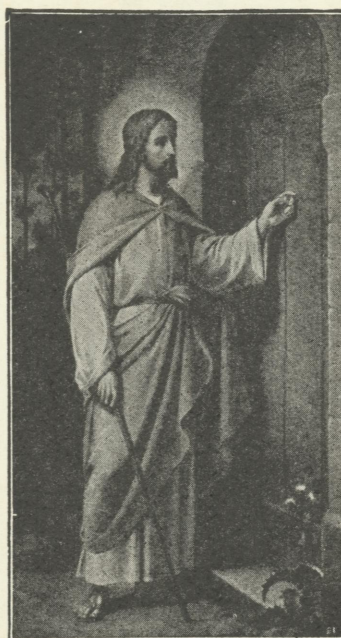
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PEACE OF MIND IN A HECTIC WORLD



By

THOMAS CORBETT

I am a young religious. An old friend of high school days dropped me a line the other day which said something to the effect that he almost envied my life because he doubted if anyone could have more peace of mind.

Since the world is a crazy thing, and material values are emphasized to the almost complete neglect of spiritual values, I can easily see how a man can lose his peace of mind. But the world has no priority on perturbation. Peace of mind is perhaps just as easy for a religious to lose as it is for anybody else. And when we religious lose this calmness of soul it is more difficult to bear because we have no material compensations to make up for and help sooth the hurt. And it is just because we use no material compensation to sooth the hurt that we can recover more quickly our tranquility of soul!

When a man uses material recipes for spiritual trouble, he avoids the real issue. And rather than hit at the real source of his spiritual difficulty, he distracts his attention by indulging in physical sensations like smoking, drinking and listening to wild music. These do not solve the problem, nor do they ever bring peace of mind. But (and this is the dangerous thing in it all) they do act as quasi "compensators", and form an easy escape from the psychic difficulties. And though the escape is only for a short while, still it can be indulged in almost continually, and it actually wants to be indulged in continuously because it is very attractive and

compelling in itself. And it is at this point that the "escape" is no longer an ally but a master. It has a human under its power!

Now by the fact that we religious are kept from indulging in these avenues of escape, we automatically find it easy to hit the real cause of the mind's disease; especially is this so when we go to a priest for direction.

This, to my mind, is the only reasoning upon which my friend can have based himself in his statement that he doesn't see how anybody could have more peace of mind than we religious.

But taking his statement baldly, I don't agree with it in the least. A person living in the world has just as much right and *should* have just as much opportunity to keep his peace of mind as any religious. Mental peace will surely come to that person who will so form himself by means of real prayer that he sees things through the eyeglass of faith. After all, that is the real issue in keeping one's mental and spiritual balance.

As long as persons lose themselves in these multifarious forms of "escapes" in order to avoid the real issue, there will be no mental tranquility. If we could only see ourselves in a developed and mature view we would see how we could peacefully chime with the harmony of the universe. This developed and mature introspection can come only from meditation which produces in oneself a conscious, common-sense way of looking at life.

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No. 4

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN

At a newspaper office the machinery is downstairs.

• By DAVID CARRIGAN

• Illustrated by BARBARA MALCOLM

Fred Stark stood in front of *The Morning Star* building, waiting for his trolley and brooding over the failure he had made of his job. He almost wished he were dead. It would be more convenient, he thought, and far more comfortable than going down to the office to face the music. It was eight o'clock, and the meeting was set for eight-fifteen.

Stark gazed indifferently through the windows of *The Star* building at the clattering, whirling presses as they chased the seconds by and reminded him that he had so little time left to think up excuses for himself. His tired, bloodshot eyes followed the endless stream of newsprint as it raced between the rollers and emerged on the conveyor as the finished edition.

He visualized the men who sat upstairs in the city room, above the dirt and noise of the presses, and how they, like other successful businessmen, had learned to know people and to put their knowledge to work. It was one of the rules of good business that Fred Stark realized he had lost sight of in his haste to build a career.

"Nice hunka machinery, ain't it?" a strange voice said in Stark's ear. He turned suddenly and beheld a large man of sixty years, dressed in

a dingy grey suit and hat and smoking a crusted black pipe. His hands were rough, and, though his face had been washed that evening, it had the grime of a lifetime of dirty work ground into it.

"Yeah," Fred said, "it's a good layout." He did not feel like talking, but he slid automatically into conversation, the way he did with strangers wherever he went. "Never could figure out, though, how the presses roll so fast and keep the paper from tearing."

"That's easy," the stranger said, grinning affectionately at the machinery inside as though he himself had developed the rotary press from the old style flatbed. "It's all in the timin'. Spent thirty-one years right there in that press room, and I guess I oughta know." Stark saw his street car approaching and moved toward the curb. "They offered me a pension, too," the old man added, following Stark like a stray puppy.

"That's a long time to stay in one job," Stark told him, half sympathetically, figuring that a man who spends thirty-one years in the same press room deserves some sort of condolence.

"I accomplished a lot," the older man declared. "Seen a lotta men come an' go in my time. Helped a

lotta them up the ladder myself." Stark had heard the tune so often before; it was so typically reminiscent of the pseudo-sentimental old duck who claims to have taught an underdog all he ever knew about the job, only to be left thankless by the underdog as he rises to the pinnacle of success. Old guys like this one eventually ask for a handout, and Stark thought he might as well brace himself for it. He automatically took two fares from his pocket as the street car drew to a stop.

"Maybe you know my son, Bud Rafferty," the man said, as they climbed on the car. "City editor of *The Star* now for over six years an' still goin' strong. Mighty proud of the boy." At the mention of Bud Rafferty's name, Stark looked up suddenly and almost lost his footing on the lower step. He not only remembered Bud Rafferty's beginning with *The Morning Star*, but had followed Bud's progress carefully ever since.

Stark felt better about listening to the old man's story, especially since he had dropped his own fare into the coin box.

"I got Bud started in the newspaper game. We spent many a cold night on the circulation trucks, runnin' around town makin' deliveries. Yep, Bud learned the racket the hard way, from the ground up. I got 'im out of some pretty bad scrapes, too." Old man Rafferty sat down next to Stark and went on talking.

"Bud owes his old man a lot, but I don't cast it up to 'im none. Guess I'm just glad to have a son like 'im."

Stark fidgeted and glanced at his watch. It was eight-six. He thought of what lay ahead of him at the meeting. He could be putting the time to better use, he thought, by planning some way to handle the situation. But Stark knew the value of a good story, so he listened while the old man continued.

"One night Bud dropped a bundle of papers off the truck on the other side of town, an' one of them rough vendors got a notion we'd counted 'im short on purpose. My son was only in his teens then an' not too big, so that coward grabbed Bud and was goin' to beat 'im up right there on the sidewalk. I came around the corner from makin' another delivery an' took that wise guy by the scruff of the neck an' threw a good scare into 'im." Stark could not help believing Rafferty's account, as he measured the man's bulky build against his own gaunt, forty-two-year-old frame. "He never gave us no trouble after that, even when Bud went out after news later in that end of town.

"The years went by faster'n a train carryin' the upstate edition. Bud learned the ropes an' got to be a copy boy an' later a cub reporter. A fella has a lotta hard decisions to make when's growin' up, an' Bud had more'n his share.

"I always left the final say-so up to Bud, not wantin' to run his affairs, but I put in lots of advice that didn't do no harm. An old buck like me ain't got much on the ball, but at least I been around a while longer than Bud."

"When did your pension come up?" Stark asked, anxious now to prod every angle behind Bud Rafferty's success.

"The pension came up in '34, but gettin' back to young Bud, there's another tight spot I remember I had to help 'im out of. Right after Bud got to be a reporter, the job he'd been after for years, up comes an offer to work for big publicity firm. A guy named Hiram Billows came up to the city room one night to talk it over with Bud, sayin' he liked Bud's style and would he like to work for more money.

"Well, what did Bud do but come high-tailin' down to me in the press room. He was all set to take the job, just wanted to get my slant on it before givin' the city editor his two weeks' notice."

"Did you convince him he was making a mistake?" Stark asked, tongue in cheek, pretending to believe that a man was making a mistake to change his job just for the money incentive. Stark glanced at his watch. Eight-twelve.

"Well," old man Rafferty drawled on. "I didn't say a word till Bud told me all about the Billows' offer." Rafferty shifted his pipe with a studied nonchalance. "Even then I didn't say much, except to remind Bud of the chance he was missin'.



an' how much the gang around *The Star* thought of him an' his work. And then," Rafferty smiled, leaning over Stark like a wise old uncle, "when I told him he'd be writin' campaign propaganda for a lotta long-winded politicians, the whole balloon busted right in his face. He dropped the idea so fast it made my head swim."

"Bud's really made a name for himself," Stark observed. "I've seen his by-lines for over ten years. He's broken a lot of important stories around town, hasn't he?" The old man nodded tolerantly, as though he thought the question highly superfluous. Everyone in town had read Bud Rafferty's stuff.

"You ain't heard half of it," Rafferty went on. "There's lots of chances for a newspaper man to get mixed up in crooked deals. About six weeks after Bud landed the spot behind the city desk, I got wind

of somethin' pretty foul. I never told Bud how I found out, but it seems when Simon Skuggs got to be city manager, he was out to buy cooperation from the word 'go.' I spotted Bud an' Skuggs goin' into the Town Talk Club one night together. It looked bad, an' I laid awake that night, thinkin' about Bud in there with that lyin', cheatin' snake. Skuggs would try all the stunts he knew to get *The Star* to back his crooked machine. There must've been a lot in it for Bud, 'cause he didn't come down to talk it over with me. Instead, I went upstairs one night an' waited for Bud to get through workin'. He came out in the hall with his coat on after the final paper was checked an' put to bed.

"Bud was surprised to see me. We hadn't done much talkin' since he'd gotten married an' had his two kids. But it didn't take me long to get down to brass tacks. I told him point-blank I wanted 'im to keep it clean. He pretended to get sore, but I could see he was mostly confused about the whole thing. He stomped away, mumblin' somethin' about me mindin' my own business, an' that was the end of that.

"But the next day the pay-off came, an' it was the right kind. I seen old Skuggs himself come barrelin' out the front door of *The Star*, walkin' fast with his head down an' not talkin' to anybody. I could tell he got brushed off up in the city room."

"Suggs left town soon after that," Stark said. I remember hearing something about the disappearance of funds that were earmarked for a children's playground." Stark pretended to be drawing upon a casual recollection.

"Yep," Rafferty said, "it got too hot for 'im." Stark was amused at the way Rafferty held his pipe in one hand and his coat lapel in the other. "Them guys don't last long in a fair an' square town, 'specially if the papers is run right."

"So you saved the day for your son, Bud!" Stark commented, ad-
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NO PERFECT CRIME

• By JOHN WHARTON

An ending you will not expect

"You can't connect me with this killing! These decadent democratic lackies were throwing me out for the second time when the shot was fired," exulted the little man the policemen held. "Turn me loose!"

"It's for the inspector to say whether you get loose or not, Commie," replied the officer. "He'll be coming directly." The little man tightened his grip on the large paper bag and looked up the hall.

The inspector, a large hulk of a man in a pin-stripe suit, came slowly down the wide sweeping stairs of the McKemmon mansion. "It doesn't add up!" he boomed in exasperation.

The medical examiner, a dapperly dressed man sporting an Adolphe Menjou mustache and carrying a black satchel, hurried down to catch up with him. "You checked his family physician?" he asked; "he took no drugs; had no maniac traits?"

The inspector halted for the other to catch up. "I did check him. McKemmon's health was fine; he had moods, but nothing the least bit abnormal. No reason for suicide there."

"Well, you saw the powder burns; he held his own gun in his hand." The physician shrugged. "Fingerprint men said his prints were the only ones on it. It was suicide all right."

"Yeah, I guess so, but he had every reason for not committing suicide; his finances were good, his family were O.K., he had a fine wife, his latest anti-red editorials were attracting a lot of attention, and besides all that, he was a Roman Catholic by faith."

"True enough," agreed the doctor, "he had a piece of rosary in his

hand. His convulsions must have broken it; the beads were scattered all over. What a mess that study was in; it looked like it had been ransacked. You know, he must have a lot of enemies—it could have been—"

As the men neared the door where the policemen stood with his captive, two servants appeared to help them on with their overcoats.

"But that wound was self-inflicted," continued the police surgeon, "depend upon it." Waving a farewell, he hurried out the door, leaving the inspector to face the patient policeman and his weazened captive. "You're the man they were pitching out when the shot was fired?" asked the inspector.

The little man nodded. "Can I go now, inspector? You see, I couldn't a' done it."

The inspector nodded wearily. "Yeah, turn him loose, Murphy, he couldn't have made Mr. McKemmon commit suicide—"

The little man smirked and turned to the door. Murphy still held on to the man. "He was here before, inspector."

"I forgot my package here, and came back for it," explained the little man. "Let me go, copper! McKemmon was all right when I left; ask him," the little man poked a thumb at the servant standing by the door. "You threw me out, you remember him yelling at me then."

"Yes, and vice versa," replied the footman.

"There was a quarrel?" The inspector looked suddenly alert. "Let's hear about this."

"Well, this—uh—individual was shown out of the study early this morning. Both he and the master

were very angry," continued the servant. "This man was threatening the master; Mr. McKemmon roared that he'd print what he pleased in spite of any Reds. Then he began to cough and ordered the man out."

"I got out, didn't I?" demanded the little man.

"He went on down the stairs quietly enough," agreed the servant. "As the master closed the study door, Edwards and I let him out the front door. He came back later like he said, to get his package. He'd left that upstairs in the study."

"See there," said the little man triumphantly, "let me go, Cossack! I couldn't have made him shoot himself from down here 'an' I was here when the shot was fired!"

Murphy turned to the servant. "Mr. McKemmon didn't smoke, did he, or have a cold or anything to make him cough?"

"No, he didn't believe in smoking," replied the footman, "I never heard him cough like that before."

"Well, Murphy!" began the inspector impatiently, "let him go. We've agreed he couldn't cause McKemmon to shoot himself, even if he does seem to have a motive in stopping those editorials."

"All right, sir, I'll turn him loose then." Murphy let go of the agitator, and contrived to tear open the paper bag he was holding at the same time.

The little man squealed a curse and scrambled to recapture the six cans of beer that cascaded out. He grabbed at the ones in sight avidly, as if trying to get them all before anyone else. He had five of the cans in his arms, and was reaching for the sixth as Murphy, forestalling him, picked it up. It was an empty can, the same size and color as the others. On the side of it were the letters C.W.S. Beneath this was printed:

IRRITANT SMOKES

The inspector looked bewildered as Murphy passed him the empty can, but had presence of mind

enough to trip the little party member when the latter tried to spring past him out the door.

"Explain the reason for this slapstick, Murphy!" he roared as the beer cans clattered to the floor again.

"This is a chemical warfare canister, sir," replied Murphy, coloring the figure rolling at the door. "With this he could have caused the publisher to committ suicide, an' I bet my future chances on stripes that he did! I was in the first war, sir, and we were gassed by the enemy with irritant smokes mixed with the smoke screens."

"What's it got to do with suicide?" demanded the inspector.

"The irritant smokes sometimes were so light in the screen that they would pass unnoticed; but the men who breathed it had to be watched, for they would go into a mental depression so deep that they would try to do away with themselves," explained Murphy. "The irritant smokes have that effect, even if they don't have enough concentration to hurt you otherwise."

"Well," said the inspector looking doubtful, "it sounds sort of fanciful."

"You can phone the Chemical Warfare Service, sir, and verify every word of it," Murphy assured him. "They probably don't want this stuff in the hands of the public if it's being sold as surplus; they should know anyway, shouldn't they, sir? I overheard what you told the doctor on the stairs an' I agreed with you entirely, sir; suicide seems unreasonable."

The inspector beamed. Murphy saw his stripes getting closer and closer. Then the inspector looked glum.

"Nah, how you going to tell this crazy stuff to a jury! Murphy, you're not paid to act like a detective!"

Murphy talked tactfully and fast, for the fate of his stripes. "The rosary, sir, could he have been try-

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ACROSS THE RIVER

The monument gets a ride

• By VINCENT CASHMAN

Naturally everyone knows that a marble statue can not speak. Normally this is true, except in the case of Union soldier George Washington Fair. Pvt. Fair, who has recently been removed from atop the monument where he has been looking over the growth of Dayton since July 30, 1884, felt like talking. Pvt. Fair has seen Dayton grow from a community of 38,700 to almost 350,000.

The one question uppermost in my mind was his own personal opinion on being moved. To this question he replied, in a typically mid-western drawl.

"You know I'm looking forward to the change. A body gets mighty tired looking down the same street for over sixty years. Of course I do appreciate all those fine folks that were a fight'n to keep me up there, but time marches, on as the say'n goes. Yes siree, I'll have an entirely different view of the city now. I'll be able to see the river again, you know the last time I saw the river it was a swirlin' and a swish'n down at the bottom of my feet. For a while there I was afeared me boots would get wet. Thank God for those far-sighted Daytonians that thought of puttin' that old river in it's place."

"Why," I said, "I didn't know you knew about our five dams?" To this question I received a sharp rebuttal.

"Gosh a mighty son do ye think I been a standin' up here all these years with me eyes closed."

"Oh no, sir," I timidly replied.

"Well that's okey son; didn't mean nothin' by that. Temper gets a little quick now and then. Yours will too when you get to be my age," he said apologetically.

Next I asked George what is was like to watch a city grow up. He

thought for a moment and then said.

"Son, it's a thrill I wouldn't exchange for all the gold at Fort Knox. Yes, I know about that, too. Well, as I was sayin', I watched while they paved Main Street for the first time, and I watched as every new building went up. Why I can remember when the first student walked into Steele High School, and I don't mind telling you I shed a tear as the last one walked out, just a few years ago. Back in 1904, on a clear day I could watch 'em build Chaminade Hall; must be gettin' pretty old now." "Oh it will last a few more years," I broke in to say. "Sure it will son, and you ought to be mighty thankful for a University in your own back yard. Never will forget the day the first horseless carriage sputtered, and banged down Main Street. Laughed so hard I almost fell off up there. What a sight! I swear every horse on the street went plumb crazy, and the language that was shouted after that car, tch, tch."

George then told me about some of the excitement he witnessed from up above.

"Now that I think back," he started, "I can remember some real bad fires, too. You weren't born yet when the Victory Theater burned, but I'll bet your maw, and paw remember. Then those fires during the 1913 flood, they were somethin' awful. Most things I recall are pleasant though. Like the time the boys marched back from the Spanish-American War, and the first World War, and this past war, too. Never will forget the feeling I got when the first airplane buzzed over my head; still get a thrill out of these things. Remember in 1912 the big parade that was given for Orville and Wilbur Wright. What a day that was. Two Dayton boys, invent-

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FATHER PAT

Who has troubles with the women's societies and his car

• By JOHN P. McHUGH

• Illustrated by ROSEMARY BUSIC

It was all very beautiful. He marched through the chapel door a seminarian, but less than an hour later he threaded his way through the congratulating throng and strolled through the seminary grounds, a priest of God. Beauty was a poor word to describe the elation that enveloped him. There was joy and peace in every pore of his skin and everyone he contacted or anything that he touched seemed to take new life. He was a priest and all the world was a gay place and he the gayest of creatures. That was over twenty years ago, however, and many things had happened to him since then. Twenty years of experience had changed him, and the change was noted by his superiors. They had called him on the carpet and he was sworn to obedience so he had come to take his medicine. He had been waiting for over an hour to see the Bishop.

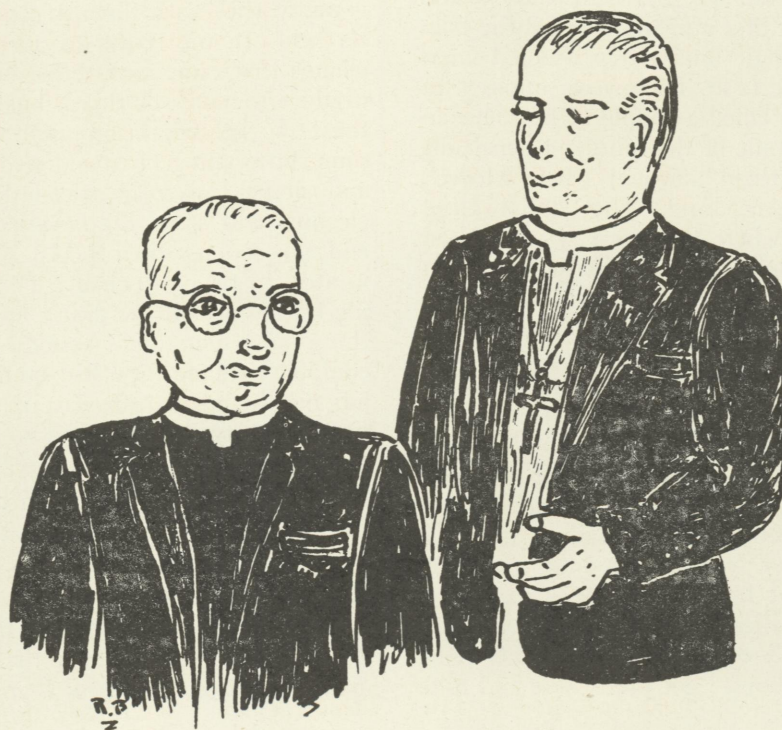
"You may come in Father Patrick." He hadn't heard the door open and the smooth voice was like a bolt from the sky. He turned. It was the Bishop himself, and he smiled. Father Pat thought that strange for it was the first time a Bishop had ever smiled at him. Generally they looked at him as if undetermined whether to bawl him out or give him an old fashioned spanking. He was a bit old for this now.

"Good morning, Your Excellency. I received your message and rushed right over. Is something wrong?" The Bishop did not answer, but just beckoned with his hand meaning for the frightened priest to proceed him into the office. He entered and sat down without waiting for an invitation. The Bishop proffered a box of cigars. "No, thank you. Your Excellency," he replied, "my stom-

ach could not stand one so early in the morning." Which was the truth. His stomach always troubled him when something was about to happen and this morning it was bothering him. The Bishop cleared his throat and suddenly the smile vanished as if a magician had reached up and erased it from his face. He removed the cigar from his mouth, and carefully rolled the tip around in the ash tray. This is Lent, Father Pat was thinking, and I wonder why the Bishop is smoking cigars. "Don't you smoke, Father?" the Bishop asked. Father Pat looked up naively, and quite innocently said without thinking, "Oh, yes, but this is Lent, Your Excellency. I have given them up as a penance." The Bishop looked quite surprised and set the cigar aside. There was a faint trace of embarrassment in his face. "So it is Father Patrick, so it is. Good of you to re-

mind me." Now it was the Father's turn to appear embarrassed for he had again said the incorrect thing to the correct people. Now would come the blow, he thought quietly and to himself. The Bishop was speaking.

"Would you mind telling me, Father, how it is that you manage to spend half of your priestly life in hot water with one group or the other. If it is not your parish ladies' society complaining that you are absolutely an atheist, it is the police department objecting to your unorthodox methods of driving that vehicle you call a car." The Bishop paused to relight the cigar. He exhaled, adjusted his bulk to the chair and continued. "Just between you and me, Father, where did you manage to acquire the car?" Father Pat looked puzzled, then an answer popped into his head and he looked relieved. "The car, Your Excellency, was given to me by the O'Connell boys. I suppose that you have heard of them." The Bishop looked very surprised. Everyone had heard of the O'Connell boys. They were notorious in politics and other rackets in the infamous days of the gang wars. This Father Pat is indeed a very strange person, he mused. Curiosity had the better of him for he asked



for the circumstances by which this all came about. Father Pat smiled in a dreamy sort of way and an infectious grin lit up his face like a Christmas tree. He reached for a cigar and chewed off the stub and lit it. The Bishop smiled and said, "Your stomach, Father." But the good Father was not listening, for circumstances had changed and he always felt good when he was about to recount his exploits. This evidently promised to be a very good accounting for the expression was a little bit of the Old Sod transposed on a humble priest's face. The Bishop smiled too. He was beginning to like this elderly character sitting across from him. The Bishop also was Irish and perhaps that had something to do with it.

"Well now, Your Excellency," and he pointed his finger at the Bishop, but withdrew it very quickly, "as you know I was a newsman at one time in my life. I worked at *The Tribune* while at the seminary. Those were the days, but you would not be interested in my personal life. The O'Connell boys were crooked even then. In fact, if my memory does not fail me they were at the top of the ladder and doing quite well for themselves in all the rackets of the time. The District Attorney was out to get them and so was my editor and they framed the boys on some murder rap which I knew to be false. They were supposed to have killed a couple of boys, but at the time of the murder I personally saw them down at Dinty Moore's stinking drunk. They didn't know just where they were. I sat around waiting for a call from the office but none came so I went on over to the precinct and had a long talk with Inspector O'Reilly. He looked worried and I wiggled the news out of him that a couple of the Capone boys had been knocked off about half hour before. I rushed the news to the desk but all I got was a bawling out for not having it there sooner. Now it turned out quite different from what I sent in. I said the killers were unidentified but the headlines were accusing the O'Connell boys. I got pretty sore and told

the re-write boys they had better re-write only what I sent in. They told me that they had been ordered to run it the way the headlines were. I saw it all then. The boys at the top were in cohorts with the District Attorney, and they were going to see somebody fry, so they picked the O'Connell boys. That got my Irish up and I started things rolling around that paper office. The first thing happened was I lost my job, but I had sworn to tell the truth about the O'Connell boys and that I had seen them at Dinty's dead drunk and that they couldn't have been at two places at once." The Bishop winced when the Padre said dead drunk twice in the same paragraph. But he was enjoying the original recital. It wasn't every day that he had the opportunity of conversing with such a character. In fact, the Bishop had forgotten what he had been reminded to reprimand this priest for. But that can wait for the moment, he thought, for Father Pat was continuing. "Well, I went over to the jail-house where the boys were being held under ten thousand dollar bail. They were still pretty groggy from last night's binge, but they weren't too drunk not to understand just what was going on. They were pretty glad to see me and I told them that I was going to stick with them to the bitter end. It was great to see the change that came over them. None of their friends would risk bucking the D.A., because he generally had some little string on their freedom, and all he had to do was order a cleanup, and bang! the boys would end up cooling their heels. None wanted to take the chance of risking his temper but he didn't have a thing on me, and besides, he couldn't hurt me for I had quit my job on the paper. Anyway, it was time to go to the seminary, so you see I didn't have much to lose."

The Bishop smiled. He was beginning to understand Father Patrick. "Now to make a long story short, Your Excellency, my information and testimony saved the boys from the chair and earned for me the undying hatred of Prosecutor Flynn. I

went on to the seminary and when I was ordained what do you think happened but the O'Connell boys were among the first to congratulate me and that is the story of my jalopie. They gave me the car. It was a good car at one time," he added as an after thought.

"That is a very interesting story, Father," the Bishop said. "You have met some characters in your time," he continued. The good Padre smiled but did not say anything. He was engulfed in an ocean of memories. The cigar protruding from his fingers was long dead and the cold ashes from it were resting peacefully on the Bishop's rug.

The Bishop looked about to speak. "That is all very interesting Father Patrick but we mustn't live out the remainder of our old age on the memories of our younger days. You look tired, Father. Do you need a rest?" Father Pat looked up. He had heard though his head was sunk in meditation and knew what to expect now. They wanted him to retire. It hurt him even to think of leaving his profession and going out to pasture. But he was an old man now and there isn't room in the top for the old and young to share together and so according to the custom, the one who has been there the longest must go and leave the reins in more capable hands. Hands that did not falter or a tongue that did not offend the old women of the parish. He didn't have to wait and hear what the Bishop was embarrassedly going to say. Yes, he was going to go out to where he would not cause any trouble. It meant a new type of life. A new humdrum existence. He hated the change. It was different when he was young. Then he hated convention as much as in his old age he hated change. Life was bitter now but at least he wouldn't sit here and beg the big boy for his parish. The Bishop was gathering himself for the scene that he was sure the padre would make when he broke the awful tidings. He was an understanding man. He knew how he would feel if someone were to come along and ask that he step down to make room for the
(Continued on Page 18)

THE DOCTOR IS OUT

More truth than fiction

• By AL THOMAS SUTTMANN

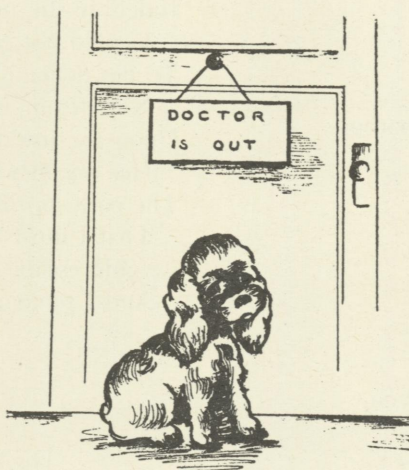
• Illustration by PATRICIA SUTTMANN

"There you are, sonny. Your knee will be like new tomorrow." With a soft pat on the tow-head, Doctor O'Brady sent the little chap limping back to his playmates. The Doctor watched him wistfully as he hobbled his way across the playground to the group of hilarious youngsters. With the exception of one and a half years, the "Doc" never failed to administer faithfully in twenty-one years to his public out in the play arena below his office window, where he would see that continuous procession of faces before him. Each September there would be new ones and the absence of a few old ones.

Yes, each face told a story for the "Doc." He could remember the first cry uttered when he added that essential pat to give them something to squawk about. The early years of childhood brought those faces through the portals of his office many times. Their little lips would be puckered up, a tear would roll down their little cherub cheeks, but it would be only a matter of minutes and the frowns of pain would leave. Out of his office they would go, munching loudly on the good Doctor's unfailing pacifier, a penny "all-day" sucker.

As the Doctor settled back in his leather-bound chair he mused reminiscently. The last tot had left the playground. Middy, his old dog rolled over once on the floor and continued his snoring. The half-hour immediately following the noon hour seemed to be about the only time he could recline and smoke his Merschaum, long treasured as his favorite pipe, with the minimum of interruptions. The old pipe smelled a little, but the taste of its smoke was so delightful!

The smoke gathered gradually in a heavy cloud over the Doctor's head. Its mist-like appearance sort of cast a spell over the entire room. Soon his mind was wandering back to those first days he had spent in this little village of Otenburg. He had just finished his internship and Otenburg was his first stop. He had planned to practice for a few years in this small village and then move on to a larger city to specialize. The first sight of Otenburg had caused his heart to drop. The population numbered around three hundred and ninety-nine, and the Main street conveniently took care of all the business establishments including his make-shift office.



Those were tough years. Medical school had put him so far in the hole financially that he had never dreamed he could pay it back. Each morning after arising his first job was to cut out a piece of cardboard and fit it into his shoes over the holes in the soles, so he wouldn't wear out one of the only three pair of socks he owned. The crisis of 1929 was felt even in this little community in southeastern Indiana. The Doctor wasn't receiving a great

deal of pay for his work, but he never lacked for food and gas for his jalopy.

His office from the day he arrived offered continuous service. Many a night, long after the hour of retirement, the old telephone box would give out with two shorts and a long. A voice on the other end would plead, "Doctor, will you come quick. The baby is so sick!" The Doctor would gather the directions and soon he would be off on his nocturnal mission of mercy. His old jalopy had often to be abandoned for a slower but more efficient means of transportation on the other end of the line. Winter or summer, rain or shine, the populace of Otenburg could always see the Doctor backing hurriedly out of his driveway and racing down the street to care for the sick.

He was a friend to the old, to the middle aged. There was never a call which he passed up unheeded. His ten commandments of the medical profession hung just to the left of the entrance to his waiting room. It was by them he set his pattern of profession religiously. He was the servant to all, but yet he was the master of all situations. The early thirties found his popularity growing. He received calls for help from greater and greater distances. From nine o'clock in the morning till late at night the waiting room door creaked open and shut and a turned up face would look at the set of little cardboard signs on the door. They would read either "The Doctor is in," or "The Doctor is out." The lower sign had a little clock designating the time of his return in case he was out.

As the House of God just two doors down from his office acted as a haven for the sick of soul, so the Doctor's office acted as a haven for the sick of body. The news of his untiring and diligent work soon spread to parts far beyond the sphere of his influence. Bids for him to leave Otenburg and take better paid positions in larger cities came by mail frequently. But Dr. George O'Brady didn't care to leave. (Continued on Page 18)

IN FAIR WEATHER—

A song,
Fit for the lips of an angel,
Floating on the summer air,
Mingling with perfume
Of the red, red rose,
Made me think of you,
And wish
That you were here.

Night winds,
Caressing the weeping willow,
Rustling the leaves with a sigh,
Whispering through waves,
Gently lapping the shore,
Made me think of you,
And wish
That you were here.

Bright stars,
Flickering in the velvet-blue sky,
Playing tag with dancing moonbeams,
On the white sand
Near a shimmering ocean,
Made me think of you,
And wish
That you were here.

AND IN FOUL—

Grey skies,
On the dreariest of days,
Hanging low, o'er the lonely harbor,
Heavy with the mist
From the neighboring ocean,
Made me think of you,
In days
We knew, so long ago.

Bitter winds,
Blowing against me,
Expressing my grief at losing you,
Echoing my thoughts
In sharp and wrathful manner,
Made me think of you,
In days
We knew, so long ago.

Angry waters,
Of a river, wide and long,
Sensing my sadness
Dashing and breaking against the rocks
Speaking aloud in voice disconsolate,
Made me think of you,
In days
We knew, so long ago.

—LORRAINE GLORIA DITCH.

MEMORIES

Golden threads of thought that link
Our todays with the glorious past,
Silent companions that comfort us
When dear sights and sounds have fled our presence,
Exquisite gardens or roses that bloom in our minds,
Cringing forth ecstatic cries of joy from our onlooking
hearts,

Mirrors of our past that reflect the keen delights
Experienced by us with those we love,
You are our memories!

Rusty chains of bondage that bind
Our darkened souls with the unforgivable yesterday,
Barbed arrows that tear our hearts
And wrench out our sobs of anguish and remorse,
Crowns of thorns that pierce our weary brows,
Taunting friends that will not let us rest,
Witnesses of sin that torture our consciences
So that soon we loathe the very sight of ourselves,
You are our memories!

—JOSEPH HIGGINS.

★ ★ ★

INSPIRATION

She sought me out amid the towering crags,

To flash, in dream sublime, the thrilling glint
Of riotous battle's many-colored flags.

And then upon my heart she placed her print;
Indelibly she marked my weary heart.

I could not go free, my heart was lost
To her demanding ways; I could not start,
Nor dream without the thought she had embossed
Upon the inward quakings of my soul.

Her dream was mine; her dream shone forth to light
The path, no matter what I would enroll,

That I must follow drear. She held my plight.

I would escape her now, but time has fled,

And I remain the faithful slave she wed.

—EUGENE VONDEREMBSE.

★ ★ ★

BOBBY

His blue eyes asking questions
As he traveled homeward;
Full of vitality and youth
He rode through the city's streets
Speechless, yet seeking truth.
In his hand a kite and the
Anxiousness in his tight grip
Showed his want to fly.
His small legs hanging from
The seat were swinging free
And the sparkle in his eye
Let all the world know
That he was youth.

—JOSEPH HIGGINS.

MEANWHILE SUPPER GOT COLD

A story of tragedy and pathos.

• By DAN F. PALMERT

• Illustrated by JOHN L. CAVANAUGH

Today was the day. At last it had come. These past few weeks had contained nothing but mental anguish and physical torture. The nights themselves, had not inspired one to sleep, for when doom hovers so inescapably close, the quickened brain, and the tense nerves resist and ward off any form of relaxation. The body does, however, cry for sleep, in each aching joint and tired bone, in every utterance of a word, in every gesture and every look. Yet this cry goes unheard for the senses are deaf to each new wail of the worn body. Still no matter how near exhaustion the bodily mechanism may be, there is always the energy, there is always the fortitude and the strength, for another struggle, until finally, the body succumbs, the will to exist vanishes, and the spirit fails to muster an answer from the dying shell that houses it.

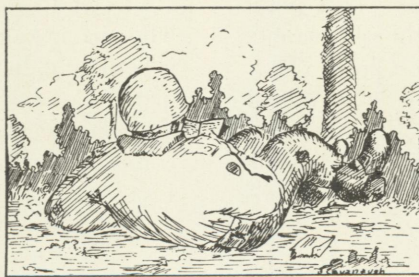
Johnny could not recall when he had last slept in a bed; days had passed since his company had occupied billets. Whenever they managed to snatch a few hours sleep, he never argued about the location for he, like the others in his outfit, dropped where he was. Perhaps there was no house within miles, perhaps too, there was nothing but dry rocky ground, or again it may have been a damp muddy field, but no matter what the spot, it became a bed to Johnny.

Now as Johnny was filing along, following the man ahead, he kept berating himself for failing to rest during the last break. He insisted to himself that he was no longer tired; he did not require much sleep anyway, and now especially, with mail from Mary, his wife, in his pocket he ceased to yearn for sleep. Johnny ached for news from home, for it had been eight weeks since he had left Boston and already his battalion

had been sent to the front lines. Johnny's heart had little room for bitterness, for he was too filled with love and longing for his wife and son.

The company had been alerted this morning, and the men were told their objective. They had been orientated on the terrain and also about what opposition they might likely encounter. Johnny, himself, had begun to wonder just where and when his outfit would strike.

A few hours ago, on a remote hillside, mail had been distributed and Johnny's fingers itched to pluck Mary's letter from his shirt pocket. Johnny looked at his watch; it was certainly a beauty. Mary's present to him on the eve of his army career. He saw that there were still forty minutes until the next rest period. The time seemed to drag, the pace was slow, cautious and watchful, also the scenery was no different from what he had seen since his arrival in Germany. The woods were heavily screened with foliage, each mountainside more perpendicular than the last, and each forded river as cold and as swift as the preceding one. Johnny wondered where all the highways were, and he was skeptical too about the location of this city they were to attack. It seemed odd to him that the men had not spotted some sign of habitation; hours of walking and as yet no native, no outlying farmhouse, no isolated shack had been sighted, nothing but



a series of deserted mountains and valleys. Johnny's eyes, trained to unveil in an instant any moving object, patrolled the surrounding terrain, while his mind, fascinated by the letter in his pocket, waited impatiently for any sign of a halt.

When after forty minutes, the men paused to relax, Johnny tore Mary's letter from his pocket. Ripping the envelope, the pages slipped into his palm. Reading hungrily, his eyes transmitted the message to his heart. When he had finished, he found clipped to the bottom of the last page a picture of Mary and their son.

Johnny's eyes misted as he gazed fondly upon his lovely wife and small child. How gallantly they smiled for him! Mary had remembered to wear that jeweled clip he had given her for Mother's Day. Even his flowers had been included in the picture, for the budding roses on the porch trellis at home could be seen clearly. Such untold happiness and contentment, this snapshot brought to Johnny. For the moment, Johnny was in his own yard again putting with his flowers, making them beautiful for Mary; but the reverie was suddenly shattered, as the man ahead once again proceeded to lead the way.

Johnny had not walked far when the proximity of battle was unmistakable. Bullets seared the hillside and men scattered for cover. The men concealed themselves on the slope until the enemy could be discovered. The undergrowth was soon riddled by machine gun fire and the order was given for the men to make for the summit of the hill. On the reverse side of the slope, defensive positions were to be dug. Spontaneous evacuation began and the men crept and crawled toward their refuge.

Johnny, making his way upward, suddenly cringed and straightened. His legs went rigid from the sharp, penetrating pain that raced through his body. His hand clutched his chest and his body ceased to writhe. Blood flowed freely through his

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Editorial Comment . . .

SAMUEL K. DeHART, Editor-in-chief

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WHERE THE YELLOW RIVER FLOWS

From out of the orient world came to our campus last month a priest of the Catholic Church, Father John S. T. Mao, chancellor of the Archdiocese of Nanking. To him was the job of purchasing education for those of his land who could not purchase it themselves. He met with a new job while he was here, one of informing the uninformed or misinformed. He told the story of a valiant country's fight for life, the life which has for centuries long since dimmed, given life to others. It is now these others who are weakly or vainly lamenting the loss of this ancient life.

China is the land, China, from where civilization had much of its beginning, where for the most part only culture has been encouraged, where there has never sprung the conquest of neighbors, where the people wanted only to live and let live, but where, now, their neighbor seeks to conquer.

Let us now get down to the facts of this conquest. As Father Mao told us it is the same sinful conquest which is rapidly conquering the rest of an old world. That same insidious sore, Communism; it is in the same old, untiring form of conquest through a sort of cancerous eating on the flesh.

First there is the appeal to those in dire poverty, a class that is very numerous in China. These people have little of material value which they can call their own, therefore when they are offered something for nothing it is not surprising that they will accept it. Along with this approach the Communist agitator asks the young teen-agers to forsake the old system which has been used to build the nation of China. They point out how much failure has come out of the old manner of ancestor worship by the old folk of China. They point out the failures of the style of government which for centuries has been based on the system of feudalism. They preach the doctrine of free government for all, which will liberate the poor victimized

peasant. These two century-old doctrines have been the basic points of China's history and when they are cracked the whole resistance of the Chinese people will be broken down. After this has been accomplished there will be little left for the Communist to do. If nothing else can be said for these two ancient doctrines one must realize that they have given the Chinese people something to fight for; how dramatically this has been shown during this decade of fighting which has occupied the people of China.

The Communist indoctrinate the young people with the doctrine of allegiance to no one except their civil superiors who will be in control under the new system. Their parents do not count in this new order; the candidate must give up all ties with his parents.

This is not hard for the earnest party member because when a member of a family becomes a member of the party he is disowned by his family. Usually if this does not happen the family is gotten rid of either by the party member or by the party.

The time-proven method of corrupting a nation by rewarding immorality and punishing morality is being used by these Soviet saboteurs. The practice of illegal child birth is encouraged by rewards of food and clothing from the Communists. These U.S.S.R. agents use drugs to weaken the wills of these peoples thereby making them easy preys to the wills of the Communist leaders. Drinking is widespread in the zones of the Soviet-dominated section of China where the forces of the Communists have taken over.

It is hard to figure the number of Communists in China at this time but it has been shown that those who are anxious to overthrow the present system of government have eagerly and blindly joined the ranks of the Communist party. There are those too that are sold on the idea of Communism and these have welcomed the Soviet-influenced hordes to their homes. Last there are those who are trapped in the web of

this encroaching power and are forced to either join or die. Those who can get out, leave immediately but for the most part it is only old women and children who can make their way out of Communist territory.

The armies of the Soviet-inspired Communists have been given material from the Russian army; the Russian authorities have given these armies lend lease material that they obtained from our government during the war. Japanese war material captured at the end of World War II by Soviet forces has been given to these Communist troops.

It is now time for the governments of the democratic countries to come to the aid of the Nationalist government of China through direct-aid monetary credit of ten to twelve million dollars if the constitutional government is to keep its control. Military aid will not suffice alone and the financial aid must come within a year. Father Mao emphasized the urgent need of aid within a year if the Communist forces are to be defeated.

It is time for the democratic forces to realize that only all out aid for the besieged lands of the world is the only way that one world peace can be obtained.

★ ★ ★

APRIL 12, 1945

From the crisp days of March, 1933, to the warm days of April, 1945, the destiny of this country and perhaps the world was shaped by the influence of one man. Although it can be said that one man influenced the world so much for so long a time it can also be said that he was not "a man" but was "a man of many men".

Before he took his place as the head of this nation Franklin Delano Roosevelt gave his pledge to those who were to follow him. He said in July of 1932, "I pledge you, I pledge myself to a new deal for the American people." He had already given to the people of New York a new deal in broad, sweeping social legislation which had put New York way ahead of other states.

Perhaps the greatest of his achievements was his feeling of confidence which he gave to the people of the United States when he said in March of 1933, "let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." How many times since then have those words been repeated by courageous men and women all over the world? That day was gray and cold for every one but many of those who listened to our President felt a little warmer and much surer.

Four years passed which were hard years for the country at large yet there had been much improve-

ment on the whole. People felt much more confident about the future and very confident in the man who was leading them out of the dark corners of a depression. When F.D.R. took office for the second time he realized the situation, "... I see one-third of the nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." Never before in the history of this nation did more laws for relief of the common man's burden come into effect.

Then came the dark clouds of war sweeping over the world, forecasting the days which were to lengthen into months and the months into perilous years of fearful waiting. Before the country as a whole was ready to accept the challenge of world leadership, our President saw the course to be followed as he said in the fall of 1940, "Our course is clear. Our decision is made. We will continue to help those who resist aggression, and who now hold the aggressors far from our shores." The same clique that then called President Roosevelt a warmonger for such a statement are those who are clamoring to lead the country back into the dark recesses of nationalism and isolationism.

The ones who called him a sick old man of fanciful dreams when he said, "We must be the great arsenal of democracy," are the same ones who are now claiming all the credit for those fanciful dreams which brought us victory.

The hearts of the nation were heavy on D-Day when the fighting men of this country embarked on the road to battle; those same hearts found hope and strength in the prayer of the nation which was delivered by our President: "Almighty God: Our sons, the pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity. Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith. Thy will be done, Almighty God. Amen."

There are now those who wish to make profit from the life of one man, who gave so much of his life to all men. Like, Judas, they now pawn off their self-respect for a like thirty pieces of silver. They write now and interpret his words for the best to suit their purpose; they twist about his deeds to make a purse for their own benefit. But for every one of these Judases there are thousands of faithful followers who remember the good of a man for his good and not for thirty pieces of silver.

All over the world as time passes from the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, monuments arise to his greatness, monuments which come from no coercion but from love, and it will be these monuments which, like the spirit of the man, will last beyond the words of the selfish Judases.

—SAMUEL K. DEHART.



We The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . MARY FRANCES CAVANAUGH

ACCORDING TO A RECENT SURVEY

With apologies to Mr. Gallup and the well-known man on the street, allow me to present the tabulated opinions of the U.D. women students. An inspiration for taking a poll first came to me after seeing the movie *Magic Town* in which Jimmie Stewart discovered a utopia of public opinion in a small town. Looking about my own sphere I soon came to the conclusion that nowhere could be found a more opinionated group than the crowd of coeds who frequent the women's lounge.

The poll showed that ninety-two per cent of the coeds preferred the new look to the old look, six per cent did not, and two per cent didn't know. In regard to the Taft-Hartley Bill twenty-four per cent favored it, twenty-four per cent opposed it and fifty-two per cent just didn't know. These last figures evoked the following comment from one of the male students: "Ain't that just like a bunch of women! Don't they know nuthin' about aid to Europe?"

The women students were strong for coeducation, ninety-six per cent favoring it for college and seventy-eight per cent favoring it for high school. Coming to the controversial question: "Do you believe that men are generally superior to women?" thirty-two per cent of the coed students had the courage to say "yes," but fifty-eight per cent checked the negative. Almost one hundred per cent of the women believed that a college education is an important asset to a house wife, and I later discovered the only negative opinion was put down by an N. C. R. worker slumming in our cafeteria on her lunch hour.

The Marshall Plan was favored by seventy-eight per cent of the students and sixty-eight per cent did not believe that a woman can efficiently pursue a career and manage a home at the same time. These findings prove nothing but you have to admit they are rather interesting. My only hope is that the women in the lounge will be on an equal par with the man on the street. By the way that will be a good question for my next poll.

—M. F. C.

THE SUMMER AHEAD

Are we making any plans for the summer? Oh, maybe there might be such a thought, but that is not very important. There are, however, three full months in which so much can be accomplished. But this is *just* April! Why bother about things so far in the future. Maybe, though, it isn't so far.

Students who intend to work during the summer must fill out application blanks. Application blanks in April—why that is ridiculous! All I want to do is "clerk" anyway and I can get that kind of job without too much trouble. "Clerk" did you say (don't misunderstand I am not condemning that type of work), but is that what YOU are best qualified to do? Let us integrate our avocations, our summer plans, and our future careers.

No I am not day-dreaming, but just doing a little thinking. Will Durant once said, "Thinking is an adventure and very few people ever have the thrill." Why not have a logical scheme for the summer. Mix all types of activities and really have an enjoyable time. We need people with vitality, initiative, and a "go-get-it" spirit. Lift the veil of "living just for now" and see life in the fullest sense.

What is our purpose in life? A big question, did you say. Yes, that is true, but it is one which we alone can solve. Maybe this summer will lead, more than any other vacation, toward the realization of this purpose. Future teachers could perhaps act as camp counselors in order to gain administrative experience. Students majoring in secretarial studies could obtain office work, thus putting theory into practice. Whatever our future, make the present the foundation stones for latter achievement.

When we think of our present summer plans, let us use a little forethought so as to save regrets in later years. We will succeed only to the degree that we plan our lives. For a better America, for a better world, we need lives dominated with a purpose.

—MARY ELLEN REINHARD.

THE NEW LOOK

No subject has caused greater controversy in recent months than the "New Look." Some gals are for it and some are agin' it. But whatever your views, girls, you'll just have to accept it, because the "New Look" is here to stay, for a while at least.

I say "for a while" because styles, like everything else, move in a giant circle, coming, and going and coming back again. Milady's fashions are apt to change over night, almost as quickly as milady herself can change her mind.

So you girls who resent covering shapely limbs with the "New Look," wear it and wait. Wait for the not-too-distant day, when your stout-limbed, wide-hipped sisters will look with dismay upon tight hobble skirts and the "new" shorter length.

—LORRAINE GLORIA DITCH.

★ ★ ★

HEADS-GEARED TO FASHION

The women folk have emerged unscathed from the variety garden and bird nest headwear. The sail-boat, skipped and baby bonnets have had their fling. Today it's the plateau, the cloche or the flower-piece; the latter has a sort of gentle charm men want in their women. Colorful, feminine, almost universally becoming, it is appealing.

There was once a man who remembered a girl because she always wore immaculate, camellia-fresh white gloves. It left a spark in his memory. That spark can today be ignited from the fresh flower coloring, the general becomingness, the allure of "heads-gear" as of today's fashion.

—PATRICIA GRIFFIN.

★ ★ ★

ALTERNATE TO AN ATOM

Blue beads slip by and with them the destiny of the world, the outcome of this dreaded next war! It is generally conceded that our age will become one of unknown horror, yet it need not be, it cannot be if we will but lay aside our fearful anxieties and attack. . . . with the Rosary!

In 1917 at the little village of Fatima in Portugal, a beautiful woman laid at our feet salvation. We failed to heed the portentous words of the Mother of God at that time and we have not heeded them throughout our years of trial. Why? Is there any answer other than lax faith, forgotten trust in promises made by God Himself, through His Mother?

Take a valuable minute to consider the promise made to God's innocents, three little children, at Fatima. There and then the defeat of Russia with all the heinous policies it represents was vowed . . . on condition. That condition was the Rosary, said fervently and daily by all Christians. Yet "practical" Christians would see the world collapse still further round them, would watch their sons, relatives, neighbors, friends die rather than bend their knees and hearts to render humble homage to Him Who owns all time and devotion.

It is within the power of you, of us, of every individual Christian to win this war before it starts. What we must do is something we have always done too little of . . . praying! While we pray, let us pray our Rosary; its pretty beads are mightier than any atom!

—SUZANNE KELLY.

★ ★ ★

THE WEeping WILLOW

An aged willow
Bends low o'er murmuring creek,
Dragging her lacy fingers
Among pebbles worn smooth
Through the years
Gone by. It seems to be weeping
And adding
To the waters gliding by.

—LORRAINE GLORIA DITCH.

★ ★ ★

MY YELLOW DAFFODIL

I saw a dainty daffodil,
Upon a sunlit hill;
In the blinding sun,
Pure gold it seemed,
And for a moment, I dreamed
It was a precious gem.

I stood quite still;
Then, falling to my knees
I plucked it from its bed,
And held it aloft
Fairly dazzled by the glitter,
Bright enough to crown an angel's head.

Suddenly the sun was hidden from view,
And just as swiftly, my joy was done.
I cast from my hand,
My pseudo-jewel, turned yellow,
To the ground, where it lay withering,
In the once more brilliant sun.

—LORRAINE GLORIA DITCH.

Book Reviews . . .

• By MARIMARTHA FAVORITE

Came A Cavalier
Frances Parkinson Keyes

This is a story of a Red Cross Girl of the first World War. It gives her life from that time through the freeing of France by the Americans in this war. The story concerns the life of an American girl, who married a Frenchman. Their happiness and also their sorrows are shared and help to complete them. This is not a war story, but is a tale of the lives of a people not their battles.

The Heart of Man
Gerald Vann, O.P.

The present book is of deep significance in planning for the future. Fr. Vann is well-known as a writer and speaker on ethical problems. He shows that the hunger for the infinite alone can fill the human heart. That the misery and chaos in which we find ourselves is due to our refusal to find a supernatural explanation of the universe.

Chapters of the book deal with the deepest problems of the human heart and its happiness—with man as lover and maker in his relationship to God, to art, to family, society and to his Church. The thought is deep, but expressed in simple, non-technical language. *The Heart of Man* is a book for everyone, for men of every faith and every walk of life.

The Living Wood
Louise de Wohl

Although this is a novel it is historically correct. It is concerned with the life of the mother of the Roman Emperor Constantine.

The narrative begins when the Tribune Constantius, a Roman officer stationed in Britain, meets and wins Helena, only daughter of the mystical and oracular King Coel of Britain. Through the course of their early lives together, and during their ten-year separation when Constantius returns to Britain as a conquering Caesar and Helena has become a rejected wife, devoted mother, and

militant Christian, there is a sure and convincing portrayal of character growth and personal conflict. Helena's fierce determination to raise Constantine as a warrior son and her gradual discovery and dramatic acceptance of Christianity prepare her for the discovery of the True Cross, the Living Wood on Calvary.

The Living Wood is a chapter from the turbulent half-forgotten pages of early Christian history and legend in which the religious conflicts and problems are handled with moving simplicity. It is also an action-packed novel of those times—with a lesson for us today—that captures with equal skill the tumult and the shouting of the battlefield and the devious plots and counter-plots of the court.

Souls at Stake
Rev. Francis J. Ripley and
F. S. Mitchell

Souls at Stake is a very good guide to a better spiritual life in that it designates deeper devotion to Mary, the Virgin Mother of God. It calls all Catholics to a more active religion. There is a very definite need at the present time for a more military laity.

The entire idea of the work is very good, although it tends to confuse Catholic works, deeds, and acts of charity with the specific and more significant Catholic Action Apostolate called for by the Popes.

Pope Pius XI defined Catholic Action as "the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy". This does not mean simply leading better Catholic lives and support of Church activities. It means more specifically meeting everyone, Catholic and non-Catholic on their own ground, in the factory, the school, and the professions each in his particular element. This is better known as specialized or institutional apostolate. While the book is excellent for personal holiness and spirituality in the parish, it fails to provide a bridge for passage from parish life to the institutional apostolate among the laborers, farmers and professional men.

The authors point out that there should be no distinction between leaders and the masses. This natural distinction follows clearly from the organization of the hierarchy. We, through the sacraments of Baptism and confirmation, are sharers in the priesthood. Jesus Himself appointed priests as leaders of the masses.

This, then, is the main difference between greater parish activities, which are necessary, and the Catholic Action lay apostolate. All Catholics should live exemplary Christian lives, but there is also a need for leaders to guide their fellow-Catholics as well as those outside the Church to Christ.

★ ★

DIARY OF TWO DEBATERS

John Fisher and Walter Diver

NEW YORK. We arrived in the rain but were not bothered by it. Off to St. Patrick's for Mass, which was celebrated by a Cardinal. Then to our hotel to plan the rest of the day. We decided to see the Broadway hit, "Command Decision" and then we dropped in on Sonny Dunham's band to cap the day. All very nice. Up early the next morning so that we could go out to Lake Success and see the UN. Sat in on a meeting of the Social and Economic Council. In the evening, to our first debate of the trip; we lost to Fordham and spent the rest of the night figuring out why we lost.

NEW BRUNSWICK. Still raining but the downpour did not dampen the hospitality of the Rutgers men. Much against my will, (it says here) we were quartered at the guest house of the New Jersey State College of Women. Some may think that Diver arranged this but the plain fact is that Rutgers made those plans and we naturally accepted their arrangement. Our debate went well and it was a no-decision affair.

PHILADELPHIA. We had two debates here: Temple and University of Pennsylvania. Both were no decisions. Walt was beginning to worry about me as I seemed to forget where I left my hat, money, notes and other pertinent items. I got a

letter from a girl while in Philly so everything looked brighter.

WASHINGTON. We debated Catholic University here in the evening and won. That pleased us very much since Brother Wehrle, debate moderator of Upsilon Delta Sigma, received his Ph.D. there and we were anxious to make a good showing. Of course, credit should also go to that letter I got in Philly. Incidentally, we met Father Donnelly, a Dominican who knows some of the Oak Park, Illinois, men who are going to U. of D. He mentioned Seeboeck, Reidy, and Crowley and asked to be remembered to them.

LATROBA, PA. We pulled in here after a long eight-hour train ride. Money running low but our spirits were high. The debate with St. Vincent went well but it was no decision. Last year this school sent four men to the national forensic contest in Virginia and they copped three national prizes. After the debate, they partied us; very nice treatment here.

PITTSBURGH. Our last debate on the trip was an afternoon entanglement with Duquesne. No decision was given, so our record for the trip was one loss, one win, and five no-decisions. In the evening, we hit the various places of interest in Pittsburgh, namely, the Terrace Room of the William Penn, (we stayed there; in the hotel I mean, not in the Terrace Room) the Gay Nineties Club, the Eintraub Club, (the latter is a German Singing Society.).

It was a fine trip and Walt and I were happy for the chance to represent Dayton against some of the best debate teams in the East.

—JOHN FISHER.

★ ★

MAN BEHIND THE MAN

(Continued from Page 4)

miring the gentleman's ideals, but failing to check the expression of a cynicism he had built up over the years.

"You bet," Rafferty agreed. "We been gettin' along fine ever since,

just like a man an' his son oughta get along—like pals." Stark looked at him studiously. A corny old guy, he thought, but Stark was convinced that Rafferty was not just another old bum who thought the world owed him a living.

"What have you been doing since 1934?"

"What d'ya mean?" Rafferty came back in an irritated tone of voice.

"Didn't you say you had a pension?"

"I said they offered me a pension. I turned it down. A man can't suddenly stop workin' after all these years. I seen too many guys die young that way. I'm workin' six nights a week back at *The Star*, runnin' them presses. This is my night off. No, I can't see retirin'. Bud an' I put out a darn good paper, an' this ain't no time to let 'im down."

The two men got off at a downtown stop, and with a friendly grin old man Rafferty bade the younger man good night. Stark noticed that the clock in the tower of *The Morning Telegraph* building said eight-fifteen. He paused a moment and watched old Rafferty as he made his slow, steady way across the street.

Stark was right on time for the meeting, and he hastened toward the entrance of *The Telegraph* building, the only other morning paper in town. As managing editor of *The Telegraph*, Fred Stark had some tangible explanations for the board of directors. He had been just a cub reporter himself when Bud Rafferty was getting a similar start with *The Morning Star*. Later, Simon Skuggs had tried to buy the same kind of alliance from *The Telegraph* that *The Star* had refused. But *The Telegraph* had found his offer too attractive to turn down.

As managing editor, he was a good step above Rafferty, but he had the career of the younger competitor to remind him that there was a right way to run a newspaper. It might mean losing his job, Stark

thought as he stepped onto the elevator, but he could get away somewhere for a fresh start. Once *The Telegraph* could be purged of bad blood, maybe something could be done to get back the 15,000 readers who had dropped *The Telegraph* during the past year and subscribed to Bud Rafferty's *Morning Star*.

★ ★

NO PERFECT CRIME

(Continued from Page 6)

ing to leave a message? If they didn't disturb it, it's still in place up there."

The inspector turned on his heel and rushed up the stairs again. If there were any more discoveries to be made, he was going to be the one to discover them. He returned less than five minutes later.

"It all fits in," he said. "He left a message before he died; it is in Morse code. He used match sticks for dashes and rosary beads for dots. When they moved the body they disturbed part of it, but the photographs they took of the body will show the whole message. What's left up there says 'gas' and 'red'." The inspector stopped for breath. "Now you can take this man down to headquarters—sergeant—"

★ ★

SUPPER GOT COLD

(Continued from Page 11)

fingers and he swallowed again and again. Inching his way along, weak with terror, his mouth too dry to call for help, his body sought the strength to reach safety. Jerking the picture of his family from his pocket he looked longingly again at Mary and his son; suddenly clenching his hand, crumbling the film, Johnny gasped, his body relaxed, and all the pain, the longing, the hunger, and the despair were erased from the contours of his face.

Darkness had come. The attack had been driven off but the loss of life and equipment had been extensive. Chow had been shuttled forward and the men had eaten. Many suppers were to get cold this night, as darkness blanketed the still forms lying so grotesquely on the moon-lit hillside.

DOCTOR IS OUT

(Continued from Page 9)

Good leather had replaced the cardboard soles and he had grown to love this little village in the valley most deeply. His clientele was large enough so as to cause him no consternation as far as finances were concerned.

But, one cannot hide his light under a basket too long without some traces of it leaking through. A neighboring city, Sadesville, just three miles away, was planning to build a hospital. A surgeon was sorely needed. The administrator of the estate, which made possible the building of the hospital, pleaded with Doctor O'Brady to leave and study surgery. His progressive nature permitted him no alternative. He accepted the bidding.

He took leave of Otenburg and traveled to Vienna, Austria, where he completed his studies. The populace could hardly wait for his return. The day he left, you would have thought they would all die before the Doctor returned, yet it seemed as though the population suffered none too greatly while he was gone. When he rounded the curve down the hill into his little village, the city limits sign still read, Population, 399.

The Doctor found his duties greatly increased. His weekly operations at the new hospital numbered in the teens. His practitioner work still did not suffer. Even when he finally married he was hardly gone long enough for anyone to get sick.

The war came and went and his hospital and clientele grew. V.J. Day passed and yet the great increase in his work failed to diminish. One night about two weeks after the war ended, the Doctor finally had to face the issue. He would have to drop one of his duties. There was only one course to take. His surgical work must continue, but a substitute for his general practitioner work must be found. It would not be easy.

He knew he had to be particular, because his village deserved the best.

The position did not appear too attractive to modern-day specialist-bound doctors. Luck was with him, however, as a young doctor was soon located who agreed to come to Otenburg and give the position a try. The Doctor gave a start! His musings were cut short. "What the devil is that buzzing? Oh, that's the buzzer I had installed a week ago from the waiting room to my office."

He struggled to his feet and walked to the waiting room door. He opened it hurriedly as was his habit and standing there was the new Doctor bidding him good day. It had completely slipped his mind that young Doctor Bartlow was to arrive today. He stuttered momentarily. "es? . . . oh, good day, Doctor Bartlow! Come and I'll show you about the office."

As the door closed slowly behind them, the little cardboard indicator broke loose and fluttered to the floor. All that remained on the door was the upper sign, "Doctor Is Out."

★ ★

FATHER PAT

(Continued from Page 8)

class of younger men. He had to get this over with, however. There was the appointment with the representative of the Better Business Bureau. Father Pat stood up. He stuck his hands in his pockets. There were lines of worry on his brow. A wisp of gray hair tumbled rampantly over his forehead and gave him a strange boyish appearance. He suddenly started speaking and all that he had stored up for years was unleashed and the words tumbled recklessly over one another in their haste to make themselves known and felt. "You needn't look nervous, Your Excellency; I know just what you are going to say. You're going to say that I'm too old for my tasks and that perhaps I could use a nice soft comfortable parish where I couldn't say anything to hurt the old women. You know, Your Excellency, I have often

wondered just what it is that makes old women the way they are. Myself, I am an old man. Through my priestly life I have been hounded by the shadow of some woman's organization overshadowing the rectory. Even when the sun sets, I see it there and when I go to say mass, whom do I see sitting at the front pew and bowing their heads ceremoniously but these same old women. I got tired, Your Excellency, and I told them that I am quite above the age of seven or twenty-one for that matter and I did not need any help from the female element on how to run a parish house and church. So I told them that and what do you think happens? They have me before the Bishop and pretty soon he is believing all the lies they are meanfully telling him and he is believing them because he doesn't know the true Father Patrick and . . ." The Bishop raised his hand to speak. "Just a moment there, you Irish terrier. Who said that I believed what they were telling me. Who says that you're out to pasture. Father Patrick, take it from one who is also Irish. There is nothing so fertile as an Irishman's imagination," then he winked good-naturedly, "unless its his temper and his gift for telling busy-bodies off. By the way, Father, what is your first name? You know we should have become acquainted sooner. I feel as though that I've known you for quite sometime . . . Pat."

Father Pat looked absolutely amazed. He didn't know what to do. This was actually the Bishop speaking to him. The Bishop continued. "What I want you to do Pat is to get back to St. Patrick's, and you're going to stay there. You tell those old women that. But do me one favor, will you, Pat?" "Anything, Your Excellency."

The Bishop smiled then said, "Will you fly just a little lower and perhaps a trifle slower . . . in your jalopie, I mean." Father Pat smiled and there was joy written there. It almost equalled the joy of ordination night, when the world was gay and he the gayest creature.

Student Essays . . .

CULTURE—SO WHAT?

"Why should I study the cultural history of Europe when I am going to be an engineer."

"English composition . . . of what value will that be when I don't want to be a writer."

These are the comments one hears all too frequently from college students. It causes one to wonder whether the really intellectual people are in the college or whether the intellectuals are not to be found working in some factory while the so-called intellectuals clutter up the universities.

No intelligent man can fail to see that all knowledge, regardless of how unrelated it may appear on the surface, is fundamentally interwoven. Engineering is related to English as much as art is related to philosophy and history is related to all four.

Most college students who fail to see the relationship of seemingly unrelated subjects are the type of individuals who, by pursuing only vocational courses, are using a college education as a means of learning a trade. Because of this reason many of our business executives, doctors, engineers, artists, musicians, statesmen, and others are superficially educated individuals with a warped education permitting them to see the world only in terms of the particular field in which they are educated.

It is true that one must pursue a certain amount of vocational courses in order to secure a livelihood and to satisfy one's interest and talent in a particular field of knowledge. It is not necessary though to exclude every other subject which, although not directly related to one's major subject, would at the same time

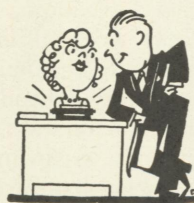
help to broaden the individual by making him see himself and the world about him in a more intelligent light. For the purpose of a college education is to broaden as well as to train the student in a particular profession. A university must educate the whole man and not just a part of him. And one's profession is, upon analysis, only a part of his whole makeup.

That the cultural subjects have no practical value is an utter fallacy. It has been proved that those who are most successful in the business and professional world are people who are most broadly educated. For while strictly cultural subjects may have little value in getting one's first job they are the deciding factor as to whether one will rise above that job. Executive ability and positions of prestige demand not only skill in a particular field but also a broad background which enables one to bring new ideas into his individual profession and to cope with unrelated problems which may touch it.

So the man who thinks that cultural background is not practical is only deceiving himself. He can see no farther than the nearest lecture hall. When he is one day called upon to cope with problems requiring broad and distant vision he will find his capabilities limited by the purely professional walls built up during his perusal of strictly vocational subjects in college years.

—WALTER J. SCHAEFFER.

★ ★ ★



JUNE IN JANUARY

Florida in the winter! It seemed impossible to leave exams and frigid weather behind, but it happened to me. Needless to say, I'll never forget it.

We traveled the months backward—winter, fall, and finally summer. I had never been south before, so it was doubly thrilling for me—from the sight of palm trees and orange groves to the excitement of riding the foamy waves of the Atlantic.

Saturday night, after three days of travel, we reached our destination, Hollywood, Florida, where we had rented an apartment from Dayton friends. We didn't really see the town till the next day. After Mass we ate breakfast (around noon) and then headed for the beach, where we dropped sun tan lotions, cameras, jewelry, and shoes in the white sand and made a mad dash to the sea. How wonderfully refreshing it was! I can almost feel the cool tingle of the salt water washing the sand from beneath my feet. It was surprising how gentle the huge waves could be. We didn't stay on the beach long that day (everyone had warned us about "too much sun"), but after that we stayed several hours at a time. By evening, our ravenous appetites were more than ready to be satisfied at one of the quaint places in Miami seventeen miles away. One place in particular, the Lighthouse, was situated on the edge of the ocean. From the long veranda, we could hear the waves lazily lapping against the sand. The interior had a marine-like atmosphere with fish mounted on the wood-paneled walls, and miniature ships over the doorways.

Miami has a fund of beautiful hotels, restaurants, night clubs, and

gambling facilities. We "followed the flamingos" to beautiful Hialeah Race Track, noted for its interior island of these long-legged, brightly-colored birds. It was here that we ran into some friends from home. The dog races at night weren't nearly as exciting (it seemed a shame to see those poor hounds race around the track after a dummy "bunny".) Then there was jail-alai (pronounced hy-ly) somewhat like hand ball. Amazingly enough, the spectators bet on the players just as they do on the horses. We went to so many extraordinary places that I can't begin to name them all here.

Fabulous Lincoln Road was our center of attraction one afternoon when we finally found time for shopping. It was just as glamorous as I had always imagined it. One of the most fascinating sites in Florida was the suspension bridges. There are so many inland waterways leading directly into the sea that this type of bridge is used almost exclusively. Often we waited for ships to go through, but we turned tables when we went deep sea fishing. We left Hollywood wharf at eight o'clock one Sunday morning in a fishing boat that wove its way through three small lakes out into the broad Atlantic. We went ten miles out to sea and up the coast almost as far as Boca Raton, but fishing wasn't so good that day (so the captain said) and we caught only a dolphin and a gooper. Two of the girls got seasick as soon as we hit rough waves, and had to be taken into Port Everglades, but the rest of us stayed out till six o'clock that evening.

We came back looking like a pack of Indians, but we loved every minute of it. I can't adequately express in words how wonderful it really was, but I can hope that each one who reads this will experience the magnificence of this vacation-land.

—MARIANNA MONTY.

★ ★ ★

CHARITY AND THE COST OF SERVICE

Too often hospitals are unjustly accused of not being charitable because the institutions request the

payment of the cost of the patient's care. Such an accusation is entirely false and unreasonable. In order to be truly charitable to all patients and just to all concerned, the hospitals must meet their expenses. Patients who can pay are expected to do so. Either this payment comes from the individual himself or from some other person or agency who is responsible.

The hospital cannot be expected to give free care to the extent of doing an injustice to its employees, the other patients or its creditors. In other words, it is not charitable to impose low wages on personnel in order to give free service; it is not charitable to present excessive statements of charges to pay patients in order to give free service to others; it is not charitable to let the payment of supplies, equipment and other expenses incurred to go unpaid in order to give free service.

This would be committing a grave injustice toward employees, pay patients, and business associates. It would lower hospital standards; it would call for the giving of inferior care; it would create a bad impression among those who work for the hospital or who do business for the hospital. Eventually it would bankrupt the institution and cause it to close its doors. In order that the hospital may continue its charitable aspect in the real sense of the word; in order that the hospital may give "free service" when it is needed, then it must receive payment for services rendered by all who can pay and from all agencies that purchase hospital care.

There are altogether too many individuals, governmental departments and corporate groups that follow the policy that proposes to "give everyone else their cost plus a profit, but cut the hospital below cost." Perhaps the hospitals themselves are responsible for this attitude. Being people of high ideals and charitable at heart, hospital administrators and boards have generally taken a very conciliatory attitude toward those with whom they do business. When demands were made and problems were presented, they usu-

ally have accepted that which they knew was not just because they trusted that the next time, a more fair arrangement would be made.

Now, however, they find that they are the victims of much injustice and misunderstandings because they wanted to be cooperative and friendly. As a result, most hospitals are receiving less than their actual costs in supplying hospitalization. When a fair adjustment is sought and demands are made by the hospital, the usual answer is the unwarranted remark, "Well, aren't you a charitable institution?"

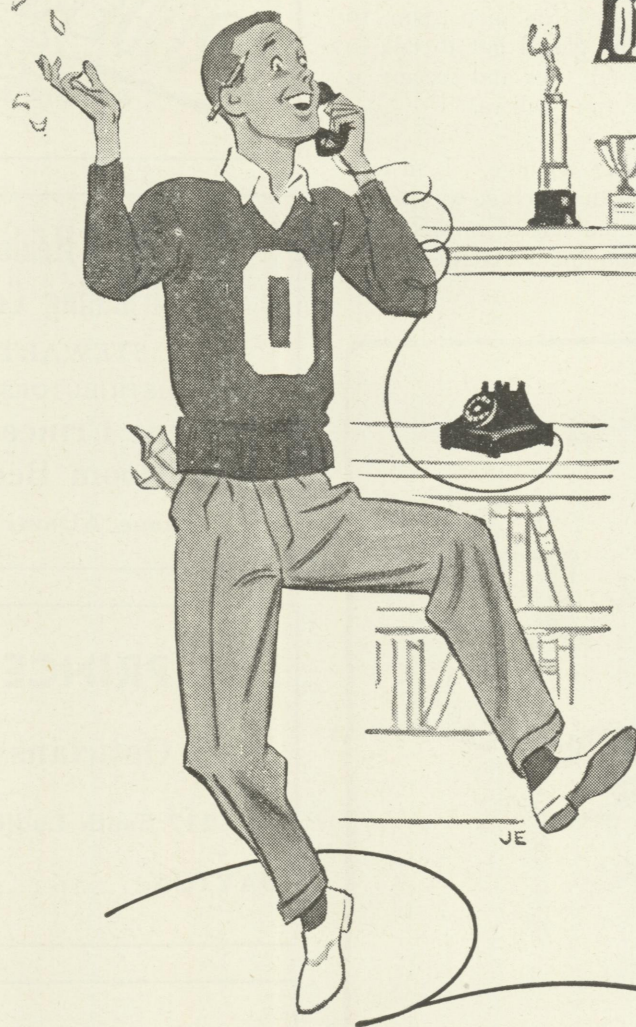
It is about time then, that all understand in what sense hospitals are charitable institutions. The voluntary non-profit hospital will continue in the future as it has in the past to be charitable in the right sense of the word. The voluntary non-profit hospital will continue to take more than its share of free patients, which is but one phase of its charitable aspect.

It is neither right nor just for the patient who has the means to fail to pay the hospital. It is neither right nor just for any prepaid hospital plan or insurance company to demand of the hospital a considerable write-off in accepting its subscribers. The hospital must receive a rate equal to what it must pay out of its pockets for expenses. To expect anything else is most unreasonable and unrealistic.

Hospitals will still take in the patient who cannot pay or who has no one to pay for him. Hospitals will always offer free beds, free medications, free treatments where the inability to pay is actual. There always will be an abundance of this phase of charity done by the hospitals but they do ask, in return, in the name of justice, for an adequate return for the services that they give by those who can and should pay. Their charity will be administered not only in the narrow sense of the word, but in all fullness so that the American public will receive in our modern hospitals a truly charitable service.

—SISTER AQUINA.

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ACROSS THE RIVER

(Continued from Page 6)

ors of the airplane; son, you ought to be mighty proud to have Dayton as your home town." After I had assured George of my love for the home town he went on.

"Yes, son, I've seen it all, birth and death, joy and sorrow, conquest and failure, all happening right on this street, and no generation any real different from any other."

When I asked him about his trip down from his perch he shook his marble head and said.

"I was kind of scared there for a while, but I knew those fellows knew what they were doin'. Dog-gone it though I started to spin half way down, and got mighty dizzy. Hope that doesn't happen on the way up over at the new place. Weil, son, here come the men again, so off I go. Sure glad I got to talk to you, and come over and see me at my new location, will ya?"

"Sure thing, George," I answered, and with that George was placed on a truck and started on his short ride up Monument Avenue to his new home.



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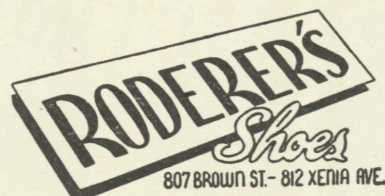
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*Spring has come, the grass has rize.
I wonder where the flower is!*

or

*Spring has sprung, and fall has fell.
It's rainier this season than usual.*

Spring fever hits campus: With flies anxious to make their debut and interestingly uncertain weather, the campus of U.D. once again realizes that spring is here. All year long we intelligencia wait expectantly for this season by nature equipped with excuses—of sluffing of lessons and classes, with a “spring, and I can’t seem to get down to studying.” Romance, the natural of this season, looms forth with the prominence of a tuxedo at a hayride. Paul Horning and Bud Weeks are nervously thinking about their coming roles of groom as of June. — Jayne Nyhan and Tom Head, in between studies (?) gravely discuss such serious matters as guppies (Tom’s present hobby) and his baby guppies. — The golf game rages—and even though the Ohio River rose to fifty-six feet and the rain still fell, the fanatics were out chasing the little white round nothings with woods and irons. Leisurely Charlie Shartle and Bob Le Maitre lean back in their chairs in the cafe to yawn, “If I could play as well as Jack Zimmerman, I’d make it a profession.” — And then there’s tennis! Long before the air was even a little bit warm, we saw Ri Richards trotting merrily out to the courts with woolies under one arm and a net under the other arm.

This may not be June but, weddings have no season, come to think of it. The former Ethie Kreen became the wife of Capt. George Grottle on April 9th at the Chapel at Patterson Field. Charlotte Sherer was the maid-of-honor. Charl’s just getting in practice for her big day, of which date is yet undecided. — And Maurie Reichard can be seen muttering sounds about Evie (his

daughter) and Tom Cron’s wedding, which will be this spring.

Gracie Luther was a wee bit red under the collar when she found the results of calling together a big meeting in S. M. 205. It turned out to be the room of the teachers’ lounge. Such embarrassin’ moments!

The student union is certainly a busier place everyday. At first the students were rather hesitant, or just didn’t think about going over, but now there is hardly a vacant table or chair for a juicy game of pinochle or bridge or rummy. By the way, the cards take a huge beating from the constant use. They get to the consistency of shuffling Kleenex, to be frank about it. If any of you would care to contribute any old decks that you have around your homes, we know the students would appreciate them. Cards have been given, but they really take such use that they, too, are soon in the said state. Any decks are appreciated (new ones, too!)

Speaking of the union, there are the hounds of said place. Take for instance, Bobby Flynn. He, in case anyone ever would like to find him

for some reason or the other, is usually in the union glaring fiendishly over a pool table, shooting his very best bank shot, or jubilantly banging out some boogie on the piano. — John Schneider, too, may be found at the sides of a pool table, trying various partners for size.

Congratulations to Bob Tormey, King of the Girls Turnabout Tag. It was really an honor, you know. And to the runners-up, it was a neat battle. The halls were surely papered with yummy posters concerning the election. Bet more than one girl wished she could take the poster bearing the picture of her secret passion home with her.

Tom Holloran was married the 14th of April. Best wishes to you and your bride. (It’s a wonderful institution—from a veteran of one month)—Pat Altenburg and Bob Yaezel have been keeping steady company of late. Big things often come from little things. Nice, isn’t it?

Well, think spring fever has crept up on us. Our typing has come to a slow halt—and, isn’t it nice out? See you around the campus.

I LOVE YOU

I love you through the nights and through the days.

Through all the magic moments of the years

My heart will dream of you, your merry ways

That tantalizingly drive way my fears.

I love you; through all the years that pass me by,

You, wondrous you, will stay within my heart

To guide me past the wretched, weary sky,

That empty, dismal waste from which I start.

Without your love my wretched heart is lost;

Without the dream your beauty builds, my mind,

Untouched by ecstasy, must be betossed

With storms and strife and struggle unconfined.

I love you, my sweet, with all my heart I do,

And in that love I find a life anew.

—EUGENE VONDEREMBSE.

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EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



As the late, great Gertrude Stein might have said—but didn't—"a buck is a buck is a buck." And bucks—up to fifteen of 'em—are precisely what Pepsi-Cola Co. kicks in for gags you send in and we print.

Just mark your stuff with your name, address, school and class, and send it to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co.

We pay only for those we print. Yes, you collect a rejection slip if your masterpiece lays an egg on arrival.

Will we hate you for mentioning "Pepsi-Cola" in your gag? Au contraire, to coin a phrase. It stimulates us. Even better than benzedrine. So come on—bandage up that limp badinage, and send it in—for Easy Money. Then just sit back and cross your fingers.

— DAFFY DEFINITIONS —

\$1 apiece to Herbert W. Hugo of Northwestern Univ., Richard M. Sheirich of Colgate Univ., Tad Golas of Columbia College, Bob Sanford of Notre Dame, and Jo Cargill of Bates College for these. And when we think of what a dollar used to buy!

Mushroom—the girl friend's front parlor.

Dime—a buck with taxes taken out.

Ounce—one-twelfth of a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Funnel—faster way of drinking Pepsi. Ghost writer—writes obituary notices.

* * *

Suffering from the shorts? Here's your answer—one buck each for any of these we buy.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



A very special contest—for cartoonists who can't draw. If that's you, just write a caption for this remarkable cartoon. (If you can't write, either, we can't do business.) \$5 each for the best captions. Or if you're a cartoonist who *can* draw, send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

December winners: \$15.00 to: Kathy Gonso of Michigan State College; \$5.00 each to: Alex. H. Veazey of Philadelphia, Leroy Lott of Univ. of Texas, and Robert A. M. Booth of Univ. of Colorado. Not a conscience in the crowd!

LITTLE MORON CORNER



Here's the character study (and we do mean "character") that dragged down two iron men for *Mauro Montoya of Univ. of New Mexico*:

Our own inimitable Murgatroyd (better known to his intimates as "Meathead") was discovered a few days ago carefully holding a large bucket beneath a leaking faucet. Naturally he was asked the reason. "Duuuuh," replied the outsized oaf, with his customary ready intelligence, "I'm collectin' trickles for the Pepsi-Cola jingle!"

Arthur J. McGrane of Duke Univ. also raked in \$2 for his moron gag. So can you, if yours clicks. Just be yourself!

HE-SHE GAGS

Three bucks apiece went out to Mammon-worshippers *Bill Spencer of Hardin-Simmons Univ.*, *Nick G. Flocos of Univ. of Pittsburgh*, *Shirley Motter of Univ. of Cincinnati*, and *Carson A. Ronas of Brooklyn, N. Y.*, respectively, for these bits of whimsy:

He: O. K., stupid, be that way.

She: Don't you call me stupid!

He: O. K., ignorant.

She: Well, that's better!

* * *

She: I'm thirsty for a Pepsi-Cola.

He: Okay, let's sip this one out.

* * *

He: Does your husband talk in his sleep?

She: No, it's terribly exasperating. He just grins.

* * *

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: At least we're better off than those two empty bottles on the sidewalk.

She-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: How do you figure?

He-Bottle on Pepsi Truck: They've been drunk since yesterday, and we're still on the wagon.

* * *

\$3 each—that's a lot of bonanza oil! But that's the take-home pay for any of these we buy.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

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"I've been smoking Chesterfields ever since I started raising to-
bacco. I know they're made of mild ripe tobacco because that's the
kind they buy from me."

J. Hogan Ballard -

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BRYANTSVILLE, KY.



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