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# EXPONENT



OCTOBER, 1948

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON



# The Sailfish are running



**OFF PALM BEACH**—Andrea Hammer has hooked a big one...and the battle begins. Here she gives him line as he jumps and tailwalks.

**INTO THE BOAT**—after a 40-minute battle. This blue-and-silver beauty measured seven feet ten inches. It's another handsome catch for Mrs. Hammer...an enthusiastic angler for several seasons.

**Noted angler ANDREA L. HAMMER agrees:**  
**"In fishing—and in cigarettes too—**  
**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"**



**SMILE OF VICTORY**—Back on shore, Mrs. Hammer lights a Camel and poses with her trophy. Like so many smokers, Mrs. Hammer has tried several different brands of cigarettes—and compared. Camels suit her best!

## MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING **CAMELS** THAN EVER BEFORE!

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

**W**ITH smoker after smoker who has tried different brands of cigarettes—and compared them for mildness, coolness, and flavor—Camels are the "*choice of experience*"! And no wonder! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, *properly* aged and expertly blended.

Try Camels yourself. Make your own comparison—in your "*T-Zone*"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Let your taste give you the good news on Camel's rich, full flavor. Let your throat report on Camel's cool-smoking mildness. See if Camels don't suit your "*T-Zone*" to a "T."



I'VE LEARNED  
FROM  
EXPERIENCE—  
CAMELS SUIT ME  
BEST!

CAMELS ARE  
THE 'CHOICE OF  
EXPERIENCE'  
WITH ME TOO.  
SO MILD AND  
COOL!

Let your "**T-Zone**" tell you why!

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

that's your proving  
ground for any  
cigarette. See if  
Camels don't suit  
your "*T-Zone*"  
to a "T."



According to a Nationwide survey:

**More Doctors smoke Camels**  
**than any other cigarette**

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!



# THE EXPONENT

## University of Dayton

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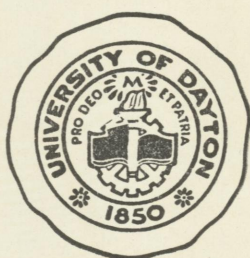
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Cover picture, Our Lady of Fatima



# *A Message from the President*

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My dear Students:

How I wish we had an auditorium in which you could all assemble and I could speak to you. I am sure I would be inspired in looking into your faces, all rather young, but serious and alert. As it is, I hereby bid you welcome to our ninety-eight-year-old institution. I hope you will find some inspiration in what follows.

Whilst college degrees have been conferred for over fifty years, we have stressed higher education especially during the past quarter of a century. In the beginning, this was a school for very young boys. For quite some time, it was a school for boys and young men. Now it is a college for men and women with an enrollment of 2525 in the day classes and over 900 in the night classes. Our pre-war peak enrollment in the day classes was 750. We are happy in being able to serve so many more students.

Whilst this is my fifth year as President, it is my twenty-fifth in the Administration and my thirtieth as a member of the staff. There was a time when I knew almost every student by name. I won't this year. I will not be able to meet most of you personally. I would like to so much. However, the Deans, Heads of Departments, members of the staff, other members of the Administration, Chaplains, Supervisors of Dormitories, and the personnel of the Guidance Center will do this for me. If you will only ask, they will give you every assistance pos-



Rev. George J. Renneker, S.M.

sible. We all need that some time or other. I want you to know that I personally am at your disposal.

In my years at the University there have been many incidents, changes, and adjustments. Whilst I have the general picture of these years, I am not inclined to recall the past; in fact, at times, I have difficulty in doing so. I have found the present always so interesting—I would say even enchanting—and the future so challenging; that there is no time to be reminiscent. At the very beginning of a school year, we have already planned for the end, and are thinking of the year after. In fact, just now we are dreaming of what the University will have to be within the next decade. It is just as well for all of us to forget the past, excepting when our previous experiences can prompt us to make better use of the present and to suggest a happier future.

Dr. Kenneth I. Brown, President of Denison University, recently asked his students, "Are you worth \$480?" His estimate of the educational cost per student for one year is \$570; the tuition for the year is \$450; the remainder is provided by friends of the institution, living and dead. They make an investment of \$120 for one year or \$480 for four years. There is a great investment in the college education of each one of you, personal and from others, other than money; your years of preparation and those of the staff; provisions for the professional growth of your teachers; so much effort, thinking, planning, on the part of all participating in, and co-operating with, the educational program of the University; thousands of years of religious consecration to the work of education of the lives of the present and past religious and non-salaried members of the staff. I would rather stress these elements of the investment in your college education. Considering your supernatural origin and destiny and the work which God has in mind for you to do in life, you are worth all of the investment. What is important now is that you be fully conscious of your responsibility of making the best use of the investment, and your best efforts to do so. This will mean success for you in time and perfect happiness when time for you has ceased.

Yours sincerely,

REV. GEORGE J. RENNEKER, S.M.  
President.



# *The* *University of Dayton* EXPONENT

VOL. XLVI

OCTOBER, 1948

No. 6

## **The Paradox of the Pilgrim Virgin**

*This story of Fatima is very appropriate for October.*

• By AUGUST BIEHL

Television, radio, grocery deliveries, even roof-top airplane services characterize our age as one in which the product is taken to the consumer, the pleasure brought to the lover of entertainment and the thrill of world news carried into our own parlors. It is an age of independence for Americans; so many things have come to them that they are loathe to travel distances to obtain the goods they need. The Wisdom of God has permitted this in the material order, and now God Himself acts upon us spiritually in an approach adapted to our day. Time was when the faithful made pilgrimages to visit the shrines of Our Lady and the saints. Who has spoken of "Lourdes" without immediately associating the name with the idea of pilgrims and pilgrimages? Is it possible for any one in the north-eastern part of our country to speak of "St. Anne de Beaupre" without forming a mental link between the words "shrine" and "pilgrim"? And so stands the case of Guadalupe, La Salette and a hundred other sacred spots. It must be agreed that the scenes of divine grace have always drawn hundreds and thousands of the faithful to the spot of heavenly manifestations. The faithful have always flocked to the points of our globe where divinity has deigned to visibly touch humanity. But Fatima,

the paradox of our age, is different! The "Pilgrim Virgin" has come to us! The Queen of Heaven and Earth has taken the most expedient means of reaching the faithful, so that it is through her own carved image that she effects the accomplishment of her bidding. At Fatima, Mary pleaded for reparation to offended divinity; now she tours the world, first drawing men to herself, inspiring them to prayer, and then granting the grace of conversion to the full Christian life of love and reparation.

To realize fully this aspect of the Creator's condescension to the human mode for the salvation of the creature, one must be familiar with the story of Fatima, the gripping narrative of prophesied war, shepherds, poverty, divinity, and world sin. These incongruous elements have shaped themselves into a record which demands only intellectual acceptance of facts . . . in this testimony of divine favor there is seemingly no need for faith. Who can doubt the veracity of half a hundred thousand souls who were present at the miracle promised by Our Lady? The throng of faithful was assembled on October 13, 1917, at Cova da Iria, the scene of the apparitions, awaiting the fulfillment of the promise. Gradually the sun grew pale, lost its normal color and appeared as a sort of silver disc at

which all could gaze directly without even shading their eyes. Then rays of multi-colored light shot out from the sun in every direction; red, blue, green, yellow—every color of the spectrum. The heavens seemed to revolve as the sun spun madly on its axis like a gigantic wheel of fire; three times the sun stopped and three times the mad dance was resumed. Suddenly the sun seemed to be torn loose from its place in the heavens, and hurtled down upon the terrified kneeling multitude. Cries of panic, repentance, and appeals for mercy rose as the cry of one great imploring voice. Just when it seemed that the end was at hand, however, the sun suddenly resumed its accustomed place in the heavens, when it shone forth as peacefully as before.

But this episode, "The Miracle of the Sun," is late in the true chronology of Fatima's events. It finds its prelude in the spring of 1916. Three little Portuguese children had taken their sheep to the grazing land near the little village of Fatima. Nine-year-old Lucy, and her two little cousins, Francis and Jacinta, aged eight and six, had played for only a short while when a strong wind shook the trees and above them a light appeared, whiter than the driven snow. The light approached and took the form of a young man, transparent with celestial light. "Fear not!" spoke the angel gently, "I am the Angel of Peace. Pray with me." Bowing low, the heavenly messenger recited a prayer, "My God, I believe, I adore, I hope and I love You. I beg pardon of You for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope



and do not love You." Then he arose and said: "Pray this way. The hearts of Jesus and Mary are attentive to the voice of your supplications."

Three times did this envoy of God visit the little ones, and on the third occasion he held aloft a chalice with a host suspended above it. Drops of blood fell from the host into the chalice. Before solemnly distributing the host to Lucy and the contents of the chalice to Francis and Jacinta, he prostrated himself on the ground and recited a sublime prayer of reparation; adoring the Most Holy Trinity, and offering the most precious Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ for the outrages, sacrileges and indifferences of mankind. As fruit of the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the angel begged for the conversion of sinners. The angel's prayer over the host was not the "Corpus Domini Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam," but a plea for men: "Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, horribly outraged by ungrateful men. Make reparation for their crimes and console your God."

One year after these remarkable happenings, the same three children had united their flocks as was their daily custom and had gone to the little natural amphitheater called Cova da Iria. It was May; the children knelt to pray their beads as usual, more fervently perhaps, for was this not Mary's own month? Soon it was high noon. The sun seemed directly above. There was a sudden vivid lightning and the little shepherds, becoming alarmed, hurried down the hill into the declivity. Another flash, more powerful than the first, startled them, and a near-blinding light drew their eyes to the right. There, above the little holm tree stood a beautiful enchanting lady who spoke to them, sweetly telling them that she would do them no harm.

"It was," writes Lucy, "a lady dressed all in white, more brilliant than the sun, shedding rays of light clearer and stronger than a crystal glass filled with the most sparkling water pierced by the burning rays of the sun." Six times in all, monthly from May till October the beautiful lady appeared to the children, stressing prayer and penance for the conversion of sinners, urging them to pray the Rosary, and foretelling something of their own personal future. The Mother of God showed these children a terrifying vision of Hell, impressing them with the fact that it was the abode of lost souls and prophesied the terror and horrors of World War II. It was on this latter occasion that Mary asked for the consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart and the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturdays. "If people heed my request," she said, "Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she shall spread her errors throughout the world, promoting wars and persecution of the Church. The good will be martyred; the Holy Father will suffer much; different nations will be destroyed but in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph. The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, which will be converted and some time of peace will be given to the world."

Not many days have passed since the remarkable experiences of Lucy, Francis and Jacinta were made known to the world. Still less time has elapsed since two hand-carved cedarwood images of Our Lady, wrought by the skilled hand of Thedim, famed Portuguese sculptor, were blessed by the Bishop of Fatima. The first statue, now touring Europe, was blessed on May 13, 1947, and the second icon, America's "Pilgrim Virgin," was blessed in the presence of 200,000 faithful on October 13, 1947, thirtieth anniversary of Our Lady's final apparition at Fatima. Crowds all over the world flock to pay homage to the

"Pilgrim's Virgin," especially here in the United States, Mary's own nation by numerous claims and official consecration. This latter statue has visited many Dioceses in the East, Midwest and South and more than two million people in the sees of Albany; Boston; Brooklyn, Raleigh, N. C.; Covington, Ky.; Mobile, Ala.; Lafayette, La.; Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Dallas, Texas; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Toledo; Syracuse, N. Y.; Newark, N. J., and Burlington, Vt., have venerated the famed image.

We are indeed a favored generation. We think of Lourdes, La Salette, and Guadalupe . . . So many times has the Mother of God come to mankind and then drawn mankind to herself. In our age, Mary comes to man and pursues him, sinful child though he be, that he may hear the voice of a Loving Father: "Ah fond est, blindest, weakest, I am He Whom thou seek-est!" Yet this humility of Mary is outdone by her generosity in granting miraculous favors. Physical miracles have been reported in Spain in connection with homage paid to the Virgin; countless are the miracles of grace wrought through the intercession of the Immaculate Pilgrim of Fatima!

Such then, is the story behind the story of the "Pilgrim Virgin." But the paradox suggested in our introduction will never be complete because thousands of souls are destined to flock to Mary's altar of veneration. God wills that it be thus! The paradox will never see completion as long as one soul burns with a spark of love for God. The tiniest flame of respect for divinity and divine sacrifice, even such as burned in the hearts of three little shepherd children who made shortcuts through their "Aves" can still bring the world to Mary's feet, though Mary makes her pilgrimage more than half the distance to meet and embrace her children. Some vestige of the pilgrim spirit will, it seems, always be with us.



# California: The Land of Sunshine

*As remembered after a summer's tour.*

• By MARY JO HUTH

During the past summer, I attended the summer session at the University of San Francisco, where my father was guest professor of sociology. This article is intended only as a brief summary of my experiences in California, where I spent a most enjoyable vacation.

After two days of travel across the Overland Route by way of the Union Pacific Railroad, we arrived in Oakland, California, and from there were taken across San Francisco Bay in an old ferry boat which resembled those used on the Mississippi River in the days of Mark Twain. Soon we landed in San Francisco's famous Ferry Building, and entered the "City by the Golden Gate," the metropolis of the West, and the chief Pacific port of the United States. Since the Great Fire and Earthquake of 1906, San Francisco has grown tremendously, until today, it ranks as California's second largest city. Surprisingly enough, the proverbial red flannels appear to be in order during San Francisco's cold, windy summer weather. The fog is so dense in the early morning hours and each evening, that it blows across the peninsula like a fine snow storm. It is remarkable, however, that one soon becomes accustomed to this typical San Francisco climate, and would not trade it for any other.

One of the first places which I visited in San Francisco was the famous Cliff House Restaurant built in 1858 directly on the Pacific Ocean beach. Its beautiful redwood dining room overlooks the Pacific where hundreds of seals disport themselves on the sharply pointed Seal Rocks just behind the Cliff House.

We were fortunate in living so near the one-thousand-acre Golden Gate Park, much of which has been reclaimed from desert waste. This

park not only has beautiful scenery, but it offers a wide variety of free recreation that appeals to old and young alike. There are bridle paths, tennis courts, golf courses, baseball diamonds, horseshoe stadiums, and children's playgrounds. Many rare plants are grown in the city block-long glass Conservatory, in the rear of which one thousand orchids are found growing at one time. Trees from virtually every country in the world and many rare plants are to be found in the fifty-acre Arboretum. The climate is responsible for the wealth of exotic plants of all kinds, most of which, by reason of their tenderness, are totally unknown in eastern United States and Europe. The park, in which nearly all varieties of native bird life and many alien species are to be found, is a sanctuary for migratory birds and water fowl; an art museum and weekly band concerts throughout the year provide educational facilities free to the public. This is Golden Gate Park—nature's wonderland, and a great cultural center.

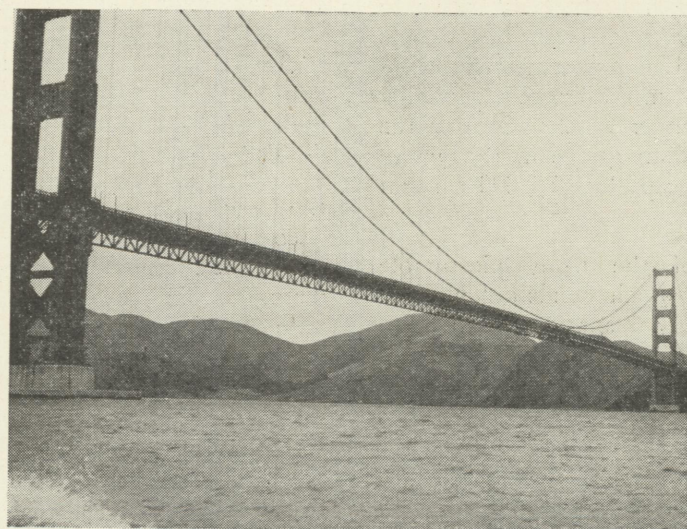
The Fleishhacker Zoo, located near the largest pool in the world of the same name, has over nine

hundred animal specimens. One could spend several days admiring the beautiful zoological gardens, and enjoying the antics of the animals as they perform for the crowds.

San Francisco's famous Mission Dolores, founded in 1776, was the sixth of twenty-one such missions established in California by the Franciscan, Father Junipero Serra. The first marriage in this mission took place on January 7, 1777, and the first burial in March, 1777. The "New Mission Dolores" stands at the right of this old mission, which remains as a memorial to the pioneer days of the Catholic Church in California, and to the religious zeal of the Franciscan Missionaries.

San Francisco's Chinatown is the largest Chinese settlement outside of the Orient. Here over twenty thousand Chinese live and have their own community life, subject of course, to the laws of this nation. All of their quaint customs and ceremonies are kept, just as in China. The annual Parade of the Dragon, Josshouse ceremonies, banquets, and paper lantern festivals herald the Chinese New Year. I found Chinatown distinctly oriental with its colorful pagodas, intriguing window displays and attractive street lamps.

The \$20,000,000 Civic Center of San Francisco is located in the very heart of the business district. The City Hall is a magnificent edifice built of granite and is almost an





exact replica of our national Capitol building, but interestingly enough, it is ten feet higher. The Veterans War Memorial Building, another unit of the beautiful Civic Center, commemorates San Francisco's killed in World War I, and was the site of the United Nations conference in 1945. The San Francisco Municipal Opera House, in the Civic Center, and a twin to the War Memorial Building, seats 3,000 persons. I had the privilege of attending "Rigoletto" in this beautiful Opera House which is one of the finest equipped theatres in the world, with radio ears for deaf people and electrically adjustable floors and orchestra pit.

Coit Tower, itself two hundred and fifty feet high, is located atop steep Telegraph Hill. It provides an excellent observatory for viewing the San Francisco waterfront where huge ocean liners use the port facilities. West of Coit Tower is famous Nob Hill, crowned by towering, fashionable hotels and apartment buildings, once the site of the marble and stone palaces of the Comstock millionaires.

At the foot of Powell and Market Streets in downtown San Francisco, is the famous turntable where the cable cars, which scale the seemingly perpendicular heights, are turned around bodily by the crew before starting up the hill again. A cable car ride is a real experience. You sit on long seats facing the sidewalks, and as you begin to climb impossible hills, the city seems to coast down upon you. These cable cars pass Union Square, a beautiful park in San Francisco's shopping district, under which is located the most modern garage in the world, having a capacity of 2,000 cars on four levels.

One of the many pleasurable occasions which stands out prominently in my memories of San Francisco, was our cruise of San Francisco Bay. We embarked at Fisherman's Wharf where deep sea crabs and other shell fish are brought in daily from the Pacific and are cooked in cauldrons while you wait. The Italians, who manage this wharf

almost exclusively, have developed one of the world's most lucrative trades, supplying the city with the finest of sea food and providing dining facilities for visitors amidst the picturesque surroundings along the water front.

Joe Rosenthal, famous for his photograph of the flag raising at Iwo Jima, who is now associated with the San Francisco *Chronicle*, was on our cruising ship taking pictures of the Bay region. Located in the Bay is Alcatraz Island. Known colloquially as "The Rock," it has been the site of the United States Prison for incorrigibles since 1933. The Spanish, first settlers of this region, called it "Isla de Alcatrazes"—Island of Pelicans, because of large colonies of these birds which nested on its twelve acres. San Quentin State Penitentiary is located on a small peninsula not far from Alcatraz. Angel Island, the largest island in San Francisco Bay, is now offered for sale by the United States Government, but it was occupied during the late war as a military outpost and as a place of detention for German prisoners of war. Soon we passed under Golden Gate Bridge, the world's largest single span suspension bridge, which has a total length of seven miles. San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, eight miles in length, spans the broad waters of East and West Bay. I was told that the cement foundations supporting the huge towers of both bridges are as deep as a thirty-story building under the Bay waters, so that it is apparent that a great engineering feat was accomplished in both cases. The cables which support the two bridges, are three feet in diameter, although they appear like mere threads at a distance. Both the Golden Gate and the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridges are double deckers, the former accommodating six lanes of traffic, and the latter four lanes of traffic.

At one of the several naval shipyards in the beautiful land-locked harbors of San Francisco Bay, we saw a ship which was used in the atom bomb testing program on Bikini Island. It certainly looked as

though it had seen its best days. As our cruise of San Francisco Bay came to an end, we were convinced that nowhere else in the United States are the skies and water more blue, the sun brighter, or the breezes more fresh than in California.

Berkeley, just across the Bay from San Francisco, is a center of educational and cultural activities, the home of the University of California. After leaving Berkeley we visited Oakland, a "home city" of beautiful gardens, golf courses, parks, schools, colleges and churches. I much prefer the homes in Oakland surrounded by spacious yards and having many windows, to the monotonous frame and stucco dwellings in San Francisco which are built together in apartment style with no space between them. Lake Merritt, the only tidal lake in the heart of any American city, is located near the business district of Oakland.

I was most privileged to have visited Mare Island Naval Shipyard, one of the largest on the West Coast, and located near Vallejo, California. The flag shop at Mare Island produces ship flags for the entire Navy, and likewise, the Presidential and Navy officers' flags. Another interesting fact regarding Mare Island Naval Shipyard, is that it has the oldest Chapel of any naval station on the West Coast, and it was also the first station to receive news of the Pearl Harbor attack in 1941.

Last, but certainly the most important place of interest for us in San Francisco was the University of San Francisco. This beautiful university, one of twenty-seven Jesuit institutions of higher learning in the United States, is located at one of the highest points in the city, from which one has an excellent view of the entire Bay region including the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco Bay, and San Francisco itself. St. Ignatius Church is an unforgettable Greek-Roman structure of cathedral proportions, and is situated on the university campus. Its two silver

(Continued on Page 21)



# WHAT DO YOU EXPECT THIS YEAR?

*This might be of some value to you. Better read it*

• By THOMAS MILLER

Every September finds thousands of men and women registering for college in all parts of this great country of ours. Some of these young people think that college is a happy place where they can have a good time. The future salesman comes with the idea that he will meet hundreds of future business prospects and the athlete might have in mind that college is a place to put on a show. Not all of the coeds are looking for a husband and fond parents send their young hopefuls to school to give them a better start in life. College graduates continue in graduate schools to secure a master's or doctor's degree that they might get a better teacher's salary. The vast majority of students register in college with the idea that they want to fit themselves directly for a position in life to earn a living.

Did you ever hear any one say that college should not prepare us to earn more but to need less? Naturally we have to be practical and we have to make a living, but along with these mundane thoughts why not stop to recall that colleges and universities have for special purpose to develop the cultural and scholarly sides of our nature. The first object of every college is to teach us to use our brains with maximum effect. Colleges are places for the pursuit of truth and we must display our industry and initiative and curiosity in the pursuit of that truth. What a wonderful spot to be on, a college campus where we find a fraternity of scholarship. Youngsters who come to college with enthusiasm to get ready for a life of service are the ones to whom the cultural and scholarly side of college appeals.

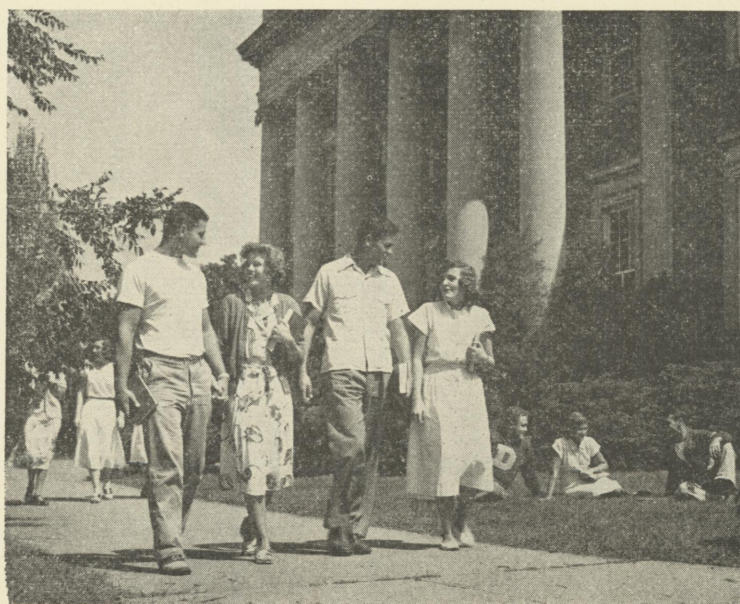
Failures in college life result from the student's inability to make the

grade because he cannot concentrate. Then parental influence will push the boy or girl in the wrong division of studies by trying to make a physician out of a born salesman. Poor health often accounts for failures and bright boys not used to working hard will fall by the wayside. Then there is the playboy who dallies here and there and often mistakes the side show for the main tent.

One of the very good cures for failure is hard work. The life of a college student is not an easy one; intellectual work requires much energy and will-power and a college man or woman is gauged by his or her intellectual effort. Personal charm is not a substitute for intellectual ability. However the kind of intellectual ability that is necessary for success in college is just the average kind; that with a lot of hard work and you will come out on top.

But the fact is that this intellectual ability is the foundation on which all worthwhile results will be based. The college tries to remove the rubbish of laziness by the proper motivation of the student's work. Some of the needed requirements on the part of the student are patience and industry; in other words, time and work. But the quality that triumphs over most obstacles is interest. The student who develops interest in his work will find that his mind is quickly withdrawn from the numberless trifles that engage the attention of the uneducated and the mentally undisciplined.

In this business of education there are the student and the college. Let us for a moment look at the duty of the college towards the student. A sound mind in a sound body was the slogan of the ancients and that principle holds good today with as much force as in olden days. Modern education begins with physical fitness, courses in physical education. Gymnasiums are erected and teachers, trained to develop strong and healthy boys and girls, are employed in the schools throughout the nation. On this foundation of good health the college will train



Shown above is a group of students passing Albert Emanuel Library, one of U. of D.'s most beautiful buildings.



the young people for business and the various professions.

In the business world today we need salesmen, accountants, bankers, advertising men and executives. The curriculum of our modern American college has planned for all these needs of the business world, and again the student is taught the value of hard work as an essential ingredient of success. Here, however, it is very necessary that the principles of social justice be instilled into the minds of the students. To some people capitalism means the acquisition of money at all costs. The rulers of capitalism are barons and the interests of the working man are sacrificed. God is left out of the business world and economic freedom becomes economic dictatorship. The guiding principle is not the moral law; it is economic restraint. The only fear the barons know is the fear of a court sentence. Civilization can be built only on justice and honesty and these two cardinal principles must be ingrained into the minds of the young business students.

Training for the professions is a very vital part of education. Law, medicine, engineering, teaching and the ministry are the various outlets for the energy and the ambition of young people. It is the duty of the college to supply adequate information and competent instructors

for classes in these fields of study. The ethics of each profession should be taught and possibly here we should stress the ethics of the medical and legal professions.

Education means much more than the imparting of technical information. Principles that will be the guiding lights of the students in the years to come must be presented to these adolescent minds. Man is by his nature social which means that he must live with his fellow men. The student will be reminded that he must take an interest in the doings of society. Tolerance, which is the opposite of race prejudice, can be advocated in courses in sociology. There the student will hear that there is no such group as a superior race and he will learn that the basis of his respect and consideration for men is kindness and charity as taught by the Divine Master. His interests will spread from his family to the community and then to the nation and finally to the family of nations. And again all this growth in interest will be motivated by those words: "Love thy neighbor."

Education should prepare man to live a fuller life, a task which will be achieved by a strong emphasis on the cultural and moral aspects of education. A thing of beauty is a joy forever said the poet and it is the purpose of the liberal arts

courses to increase the student's love of beauty and the finer things of life. Cultured people can be company unto themselves but they also spread about them that love for the best in life that is so characteristic of them.

Philosophy and religion greatly assist the student in forming the moral aspects of his character. The trained intellect will search for the truth and present it to the will as something good, and the trained and disciplined will, in its turn, will respond to what the mind recognizes as good. Evils in the path of good character development are ignorance and concupiscence, and opposed to them are a trained intellect and a strong will. With the grace of God and these well-disciplined faculties the student will go far in making himself a good citizen and a candidate for the beatific vision. His will be a character that knows what is right and does it out of a sense of duty. Such a person will triumph over the materialism of today, will express his belief in a personal God and will recognize the dignity of man.

The University of Dayton is a school founded on the teachings of Christ. These teachings will inevitably lead those who follow them to happiness here and hereafter. May this year be a very successful year for you in developing to the fullest degree your character in all the phases that belong to a true education.

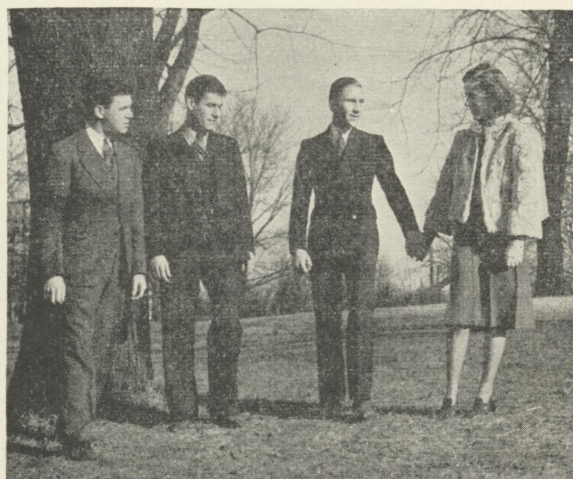
★ ★

#### A PRAYER

Hail Mary full of grace,  
Purest creature of our race,  
Chosen from eternity  
By God, who made earth, sky,  
and sea.

O Mother of the strong and weak  
Here I am thy grace to seek;  
Let not my prayer be in vain,  
In Thy sweet care I'll e're remain.

—CHARLES G. AWALT.



A Group on the Campus.



# AMERICA, FOR RENT!

*With reference either to individual or national welfare agriculture is of primary importance.—George Washington.*

• By CHARLES GOEDDE

Now that World War II has been declared over, America can again turn her attention to pressing, immediate problems. The one looming up now, and increasing in perplexing proportions concerns the steady exodus of families from agricultural regions. Why is this of vital importance to us? Besides being our main source of food, agriculture is a producer of raw materials for the use of industry. Next to manufacturing, farm laborers gainfully employed numbered 10,471,998 or 21.4 per cent of our total working population. Unfortunately, the large cities are draining off the rural dwellers.

Today, in the face of declining demand for farm labor, the annual increase in the working farm population is now about 445,000 persons.

But why are farmers leaving the land? The reason for this can be traced to various causes. After the last war, Europe proved a ready market for our surplus, both industrial and agricultural. But when Europe recovered, along with other nations outside of that continent, advances in improved methods and machinery lessened demand for American imports. In fact, the U. S. foreign policy of high protective tariff on imports discouraged exports abroad.

The farmer's income in time of prosperity advanced less than all other types of jobs; his income during the depression dropped further than all others. Soon his savings went, then his property. Facts show that owners became tenants; tenants, sharecroppers; and sharecroppers, workers. In 1926, approximately \$700,000,000 was the gross income for farms of incorporated agriculture (non-farm organizations such as banks, insurance companies, corporation holders, etc.).

For the entire U. S. for the ten years preceding the year 1937, new tenants added to the growing list amounted to 40,000. Of the 6,812,350 farm families in the U. S. in 1935, approximately 42 per cent were farm tenants.

The number of the non-owning working poor has increased enormously, and their groans cry to God from the earth. Added to them is the huge army of rural wage workers pushed to the lowest levels of existence, and deprived of all hope of ever acquiring some property in land, and, therefore, permanently bound to the status of non-owning workers, unless suitable and effective remedies are applied.

*Quadragesimo Anno* Encyclical,  
Pius XI.

The renter is a transient. He has no interest in the land he works and hence he neglects it. Reports from the Agriculture Department show that cash renters have only a period of occupancy of 3.8 years. For sharecroppers the period is 2.8 years. In Nebraska 20,000 farm families move on the first of March each year. Due to exploitative land tenure, millions of fruitful acres lose their fertility, and standards of living for tens of thousands is lowered. This loss of security for the "man of the soil" is preceded by loss of savings of a lifetime.

The land, the buildings, and farming equipment generally receive better attention when owned by the operator. He diligently plans and carefully manages to keep his possessions at their peak value.

Legislation enacted by Congress should encourage small, privately-owned units near our recent reclamation projects, such as in the Tennessee Valley, and planned for cer-

tain areas of the Missouri Valley, and in California. This possibility is expressed so aptly in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII:

"Men not only should possess the fruits of the earth, but also the very soil. The law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many people as possible to become owners."

Another cause contributing to agricultural insecurity is the heavy land taxes. In Nebraska, although the income from farm property was less than 25 per cent of the total state income, almost 70 per cent of the total tax revenue is obtained by taxing farm property. Since a farmer must try to make his property pay immediately, he is obliged to plow most of it. If the property tax were more flexible, a changeable property tax would take into account land devoted to other purposes—forestry, recreation, and wildlife. A step to distribute more fairly the land tax would promote soil improvement and conservation.

Another factor that leads to migration to the city is that twice as many youths are becoming potential farmers as are required to maintain the set number of farm operators. If, during the period 1935-1955, in regard to population increase, there were to be no migration, a three million rise would take place in the cities, four million in rural non-farm areas, and nearly seven and one-half million, or fully half of the total, on farms. Coincidental with this, modern technological improvements in machinery, such as tractors, plows, combines, mowing machines, corn planters, etc., reduce the need for farm labor. Hence, more people are liable to migrate to over-crowded urban regions to seek work in industries requiring unskilled "hands." What is lamentable is that those deserting the country for the city are young people. Virtually forced from their homes, they seek to settle themselves in urban regions foreign to their experience, contrary to their tastes, and prejudiced to their entrance.

(Continued on Page 20)



# A HUNDRED YEARS

*For your information.*

• By THOMAS BROWN

People remember with reverence the places of their birth. You recall the words of Scott:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead;

Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land."

As we grow older new places absorb our interest and one of these is school—grammar school, high school and finally college. At the beginning of every school year the colleges of this country admit many freshmen. At first, college life is very strange to them, but gradually they get into the swim of things and begin to catch that intangible feeling which we call college spirit. No doubt most of the freshmen are interested in knowing something of the history of their future alma mater. With this in mind and because the University of Dayton will be one hundred years old in 1950 we are glad to give you this brief history of the University.

To begin with the University is conducted by a religious order called the Society of Mary which was founded in 1817 in Bordeaux, France, by Father William Joseph Chaminade. The first members of the Society came to the United States in response to an appeal from the pastor of Holy Trinity Church in Cincinnati for teachers. On July 4, 1849, Father Leo Meyer, the founder of the American province of the Society of Mary, landed in New York with Brother Charles Schultz. They traveled by slow stages to Cincinnati, there to find the cholera claiming its daily toll of two to three hundred victims. Under these conditions it was impossible to open a school, consequently Bishop Purcell sent Father Meyer to Dayton to assist the pastor of Emanuel Church. Dayton at that time was a small midwestern town of some sixteen thousand inhabitants.

Shortly after his arrival in Dayton, Father Meyer made the acquaintance of a prominent citizen, Mr. John Stuart, a direct descendant of the Scotch royal family. The latter was anxious to return to France where he had large property interests and he wished to dispose of his Dayton farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres. Father Meyer bought the farm from Mr. Stuart for twelve thousand dollars, but having no ready money he gave the good gentleman a medal of St. Joseph with the promise that the Saint would be his security. The property was called Nazareth and the debt was paid within a period of about ten years. Father Meyer said mass in the Stuart mansion on March 19, 1850, the feast of St. Joseph. Brother Maximin Zehler, who with three other Brothers had come to Dayton in the fall of 1849, opened the one-room wooden school house and this was the beginning of the University of Dayton. The school was called St. Mary's Institute.

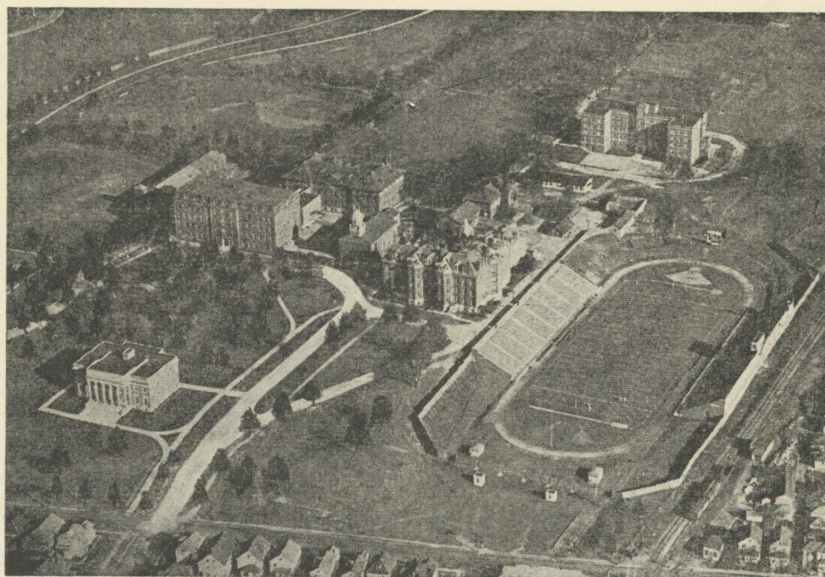
The ways of the pioneer are frequently trying and that was the case with the men who laid the foundations of the University of

Dayton. The Brothers built an annex to the Stuart mansion and after one year of use the Stuart mansion and the uninsured annex were destroyed by fire in the night of December 26, 1855. Undaunted in face of such obstacles the pioneers set to work to retrieve their losses and by 1857 the new boarding school was ready for use in September.

For the next thirty years the skies were clear and prosperity was the lot of the struggling school. In 1869 the present chapel was erected and consecrated by Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. Four years ago we commemorated the seventy-fifth anniversary of this consecration. Read the plaque on the rear wall of the chapel the next time you pay a visit to the chapel. In 1871 the present St. Mary's Hall was built at the cost of eighty-five thousand dollars, and it was then the largest building in the city of Dayton. The gym was built at the same time. It was a combination gym and playhouse, the playhouse being where the chemistry lab is now. In 1882 the college was empowered by the state of Ohio to confer degrees under the title of St. Mary's Institute.

Another fire visited St. Mary's Institute on December 10, 1883, and destroyed the building erected in 1857, a building which since

(Continued on Page 21)





### THE FIRST NIP OF FALL

The corn is turning from green to brown  
And south-bound birds are gathering aroun';  
There's a chipper feeling in the breeze  
As it whispers through the cottonwood trees.

At night, one feels it too, you know,  
Snuggling 'neath covers from head to toe;  
And that hazy moon, shining thru' the pane,  
Tells of that soon-to-follow, cold, fall rain.

But bearing up thru' weather and all,  
My favorite season still is fall;  
For what other time of the year, or where—  
Is that good old leaf smoke in the air?

—JAMES COONEY.

★ ★ ★

### OCTOBER HYMN

Mary! Thy name  
Past ages gracing,  
To ours  
In splendid glory comes.

Mary! Battle cry  
Of those  
Who infidels and heretics did rout.

Mary! Name whispered softly in the dawn of life  
To infants in their Mothers' arms;  
A pledge of blest eternity.

Mary! Mother,  
Protectress of each life,  
Each soul,  
Show'ring grace in mediative power.

Mary! Ageless song of saint and sinner,  
Singing praise,  
Pleading mercy,  
Trusting Thee.

Mary! Leading Lady of all time,  
Holding spellbound those who love you  
And for you did live.

Mary! In this thy month,  
When countless Chaplet Aves storm thy throne,  
Accept from our bequeathed beads  
The Aves we will add  
To this ensemble  
Ancient,  
New,  
As due of love our age doth owe.

—SALVATORE TROZZO.

### STREAM OF LIFE

As water spilled on barren soil  
I vainly waste my stream of life  
In sterile fields I harvest not,  
What fruitless toil! What endless strife.

The trifling tasks that fill my day  
Absorb my strength of heart and soul  
Retarding all my steps to God,  
My life's true source and goal.

Dear God, in Paradise you showed  
A master's knowledge of garden art.  
O teach me then Thy wondrous skill.  
Make me I pray Thy counterpart.

—ROBERT E. BACKHERMS.

★ ★ ★

### NOSTALGIA

The split-rail fence has passed from view  
And the old covered-bridge is going too;  
Old familiar things we took for granted  
By modern steel and concrete are supplanted.  
Some other things too, you now seldom see—  
Like the milkman's horse—the hickory tree!  
The hungry world, plus other factors,  
Have replaced the Dapple Gray with streamline tractors.  
But two things which TIME can't take from me,  
Are the yellow'd scrap-books and my memory!

—JAMES COONEY.

★ ★ ★

### MEMORIES

Golden threads of thought that link  
Our todays with the glorious past,  
Silent companions that comfort us  
When dear sights and sounds have left our presence,  
Exquisite gardens of roses that bloom in our minds,  
Sending 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 fiends 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!

—J. H. HIGGINS.



# Editorial Comment . . .

## GREETINGS !!

It's that time again. Shaking the relaxing ease of summer off him with reluctance, as a spaniel shakes water after emerging from a puddle, the student is ready for another tussle with Education. The *Exponent* staff wishes to greet former friends and all the new ones, students from other schools and the beginning students.

The last have already made some good impressions. The attitude of the students of Service Registration age in particular has been rather commendable, it seems to us. Despite possible sacrifice of personal plans in the future, they are proceeding calmly with their affairs making no loud outcry. We suspect that this attitude is due to steadfast and tranquil spirits rather than inarticulate ones. If the first is true, there is no need of the advice we offer. That is, continue to carry on as you are and don't jump the gun. (Especially, don't get each other excited into jumping the gun.) If the second is true, this is the place to learn, among other things, to be articulate.

It seems most important to us, as students, to acquire the most technical information that we can absorb; yet one's education would not be complete without a facility for self-expression. The professional schools are suggesting, for instance, that the prospective professional student be acquainted with as many cultural subjects as he can. The University of Dayton offers many extracurricular activities which work in with this. The *Exponent* is one of these; a good medium for creative writing. The only requirements for material submitted are that your work be original and interesting. Now that the "shake down cruise" of the first weeks is over, all of that spare time you now can find on your hands can be used writing epics, dramas, and compendiums. Let us hear from you.

★ ★ ★

## IT IS TIME TO VOTE

"Vote any way you like, but vote!" is the advice which will soon be showered on us from all sides. The pleading will be unnecessary this year, doubtlessly, for this election shows signs that it will be one in which record numbers will ballot. Any election involving "split" parties always makes one think back to the historic ones in the past; those coming to mind quickest

being the Woodrow Wilson election and that of Abraham Lincoln. The only conclusion to be drawn from a consideration of the past, however, is that such affairs have unpredictable results.

For this reason alone public interest is very great in these elections; and luckily so, for it is obvious that the larger the total vote the greater chance that a truly representative party will win.

Just going to the polls and voting doesn't finish the citizen's responsibility, although the "get-out and-vote" advice leaves one with the impression that if you just rush into the little house, write your name, scratch an "X", and leave quietly your duty is completely done. Of course, most people do consider a little. Too many, however, are swayed by a candidate's personal appearance, by his personality or by a ballyhooed incident in his career. Sectional prejudice influences others most, while a skilfully pulled red-herring leads many astray. Too few consider the issues involved, and the entire past records of the candidates, which reveal their various characters and their capabilities. It isn't enough just to vote, it is apparent; for it was easy to say "Ja; Heil" and "Si, Duce." One should vote with intelligence. Needless to say, straight ticket voting seldom comes under the latter.

George J. Abrams, chief investigator of the Honest Ballot Association, located in New York City, was quoted as placing the irreducible minimum of fraudulent votes in that city at seventy-five thousand. At that, New York City, according to him, is cleaner than any other large city in the country. This organization, which appears to be one of the reasons for the cleanliness, was founded in 1913. Such organizations would be profitably adopted in the many cities now without such; for if the political party watchers in New York City aren't effective enough to prevent that irreducible minimum with the help of the Honest Ballot Association (which is non-partisan), the fraudulent votes that slip by in places where they watch by themselves must be a caution. It is probable that local and state elections are the ones which suffer these abuses most. In the case of the Honest Ballot Association's formation, it was corrupt local politics which moved prominent citizens to action. It is easy to see, however, that a number of such fraudulent votes in each city could have an affect on even a national election. Nothing is truer than the oft-quoted saying. "The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."



The foregoing paragraph should have been the conclusion of these thoughts on the election, but we have just been led into a flight of fancy into the future; how long will it be until we see irate citizens' committees driving out of the polls various shifty-eyed individuals armed with magnets and screw-drivers. Even their angry shouts of explanation reaches us, "He was queering the voting machine!"

—JOHN WHARTON.

★ ★ ★

### "COMING BACK"

"A clarion voice is ringing; it rises, now it falls"—the University of Dayton calls its sons and daughters back to the classrooms and the laboratories once again. And back they come, from—as the anthem says—"North, South, East, and West" . . . from Hilo to Sea Cliff, from Texas to Minnesota. There is something about the opening of school that is heart warming, and also a little sentimental. It is altogether different from the close of the scholastic year, when friends bid farewell to those who have finished their college careers—then, it is strictly a matter of pulling at the heart-strings. But with the resumption of classes, it is good to see faces that have been absent for quite some time—was it only three months?

To come back to U.D. again—to walk through the hallowed corridors of St. Mary's Hall, past the silent pictures of the graduates, in the sunny quiet of a late afternoon in autumn; to watch the red and gold-spangled leaves fluttering down from the trees in the park; the pleasure of meeting acquaintances in the arcade or in the "caf", the bonfire and pep-rally the night before Homecoming; football games, wiener roasts, required reading, frosh initiation, "when in blazes is that G.I. check due?" the sleepy eight o'clock class—this could go on and on, memory after memory.

College life now is changed from that of eight, ten years ago. The era of students swallowing goldfish is gone, possibly never to return. A man who parachuted into France on D-Day four years ago sits in class beside a fresh-faced lad who, last fall this time, was worrying about finishing his senior year of high school. War-time acceleration is carried over into peacetime education, and the desire at present is to learn as much as possible in the time allotted. The University of Dayton brings up no rear-guard in the matter of get what you can while you can. Veterans have added a more serious touch to campus life, but that has helped to mellow the student's panorama of U.D.

The opening of school is classed, usually with tongue in cheek, as something just slightly better than a job in the salt mines of Siberia. There is the final big

week-end before settling down to chemistry and math—the Rubayat-ish philosophy of "eat, drink, and be merry, for next week we're off to college"—but actually, it is safe to say that "going back" is welcomed to a greater or less degree by all involved. Even in the knock-down, drag-out struggle of registration there is a certain eagerness to get things underway. With the bitter of analytical geometry we take the sweet of defeating an arch rival on the gridiron.

College means many things to many people—an opportunity to lay a foundation for the future, a chance to find out what makes a turbine run as it does, or a means of meeting the redhead in English 201—but to all of us it is a mixture of achievement and entertainment, and it is a consideration of this that causes us to answer "Yes" when someone asks "Coming back?"

—JOHN KELLY.

★ ★ ★

### SEASONALLY SPEAKING

In stilly, melancholy mood, strains of *The Last Rose of Summer* drifted forth in tribute to a passing season. I was puzzled that the advent of fall should cause many thus to lament. Surely such persons do not know life and the world about themselves.

But the great romantic John Keats knew it well and regarded fall in a sensible light. He asks, in *To Autumn*, "Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—"

I wonder what he thought of persons who insist such or such is the "best" season of the year. It seems to me he would have pitied them—regretted that they were so utterly unpoetic in outlook. John Keats was a nature poet and like the saints he saw in the world outside us a great deal more than the practical sort of mind ever will. The man who uses his heart together with his head and hands will see beauty and thus will be happy in every season of the year. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is it not?

G. K. Chesterton also seems to pity the too-practical world of today for its lack of spiritual and poetic insight. He tells us "We have hands that fashion and heads that know But our hearts we lost—how long ago!"

Autumn is marked as being dead, dull, dreary; sad, sullen, sober. But is it? At what other time of the year can one find such splashes of color—drippings from the palette of a Divine Artist—rustling and blowing overhead. Do not the pumpkins gild the fields, and the harvest moon the sky? The crisp coolness of an autumn

(Continued on Page 22)



# With the Coeds . . .

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . . . ERMA FISTE

## A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN OF WOMEN: EDUCATION

The collegiate term beginning in September, 1948, marks the fourteenth year of coeducation at the University of Dayton. It was in 1935 that the university opened its doors to twenty-six coeds. Since that time the number has steadily increased until the present enrollment of women students in the day classes is well on the way to four hundred.

Women are represented in all the departments of the university—Arts, Science, Business, and Education, and they present a group almost as cosmopolitan as that of the men. Apart from the traditional group of students who enter college immediately after graduation from high school, there are women students who have been out on their own for a length of time, and have embarked upon a college course with a heightened sense of its importance and values. There are veterans of all branches of the women's services who are taking advantage of their right to the privileges of the G.I. Bill. There are transfer students from many other colleges and universities. There are to be found in the student ranks married women who find college life quite compatible with keeping house and rearing a family. There are students for whom a full time college program is only a part of the day's job, and who after classes are over find it necessary or desirable to work many hours a week in office, factory, or store. War and post-war years have brought to U. D. women from many parts of the United States and even from foreign countries—Germany, France, Norway, Greece, and the Territory of Hawaii. Among these women there is a variety of religious beliefs since the university opens its doors to students of all races, creeds, and colors.

Against so varied a backdrop as this, education, one would suppose, should be an interesting and enriching experience. That will depend, however, on what one understands by *education*. The term is somewhat confusing as defined by many modern educators, though all generally agree on one point, namely, that it is something more than residence at an institution of learning, and more than the mere process of amassing credits. Lacordaire's definition is worth pondering: "Education is the tradition of obedience, of reverence, and of devotedness . . . a sublime tradition for whose absence nothing can compensate." Another great

thinker has defined education as "an elevation of mind which forbids a man to regard any other man as his inferior." In the light of these definitions the Women's Lounge provides a splendid laboratory in which to discover one's degree of education. Here one has splendid and priceless opportunities daily to rate herself as an enlightened social being or the opposite. Here one may truly determine whether or not she is clannish, prejudiced, unfriendly, a slave to the tyranny of one's "exclusive crowd." Here, too, one may, if she will, move out into a fresh, free world, and daily glimpse new horizons which only the truly educated may hope to see—the world of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. In that world the shallow barriers of race, creed, color, financial or social status fall before the sacred character of the human person. Seneca tremendously simplified the end product of true education centuries ago when he said, "Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for kindness."

—SISTER AGNES IMMACULATA.

★ ★ ★

## GREETINGS, COEDS

O. K. Gals, you can slip out of your dignity and into something comfy . . . you're on the Women's page, now . . . among friends!

These two pages of the Exponent are yours . . . to let off steam, tell what's on your mind, or just wax cute.

According to U.D.'s recent figures, for every one of you, there's four men. Let's take a look at your four. One is married, one stands 4' 10", and one turns purple and hides at the sight of a woman. That leaves you with the squatty one with the ratty hair and the two teeth who hangs around the drinking fountain like a piece of moss.

The new regime on cuts has been accepted and caused no more fury than a python in your noodle soup. You have a headache a day and you're a B student, a hangnail—a C student, and three-day measles, a D student. If you're planning on bronchitis, see you next year in the same old class.

You a joiner? Look over the various clubs for women only. There's the Home Economics Club (we



jestingly call 'em the Pots and Pans Majors, but they can cook, honest), The Womens' Athletic Association, and the U.D. Womens' Group, of which every single girl on campus is an automatic member.

We hesitate in mentioning it, but if you write . . . we do hate to beg, but if you have something the women would like to read, pass it on to the *Exponent* Editor. We aren't proud. We accept Saturday Evening Post and Collier rejects.

These are your pages . . . drop around next month. You may see someone you know. —E. L. F.

★ ★ ★

### FALL FASHION FORECAST FOR '48

Ed. Note: Jayne Nyhan, Science Jr., writes with a summer of experience behind her as a member of Elder's College Board. The "last word in fashion" awaits your reading.

Miss (or Mrs.) Coed on the College Campus this fall is faced with a very definite problem in clothing selection and fashion co-ordination.

Time was when a girl could select a wardrobe and could mix-match her selections "ad infinitum" without a worry about correctness or smartness of her costume. Today, the styles are drawn from different periods of history and each expresses a different feeling. Some of these can be mix-matched, but here the ice is very thin.

Modified Gibson Girl—those great full skirts Colleen Coed wore last year are strictly "passe" this year. The trend now is to a more simple uncluttered line in front and a lot of back interest, whether expressed in pleats, tucks or gathers.

Miss Coed is a typical sweater 'n skirt girl, and she's thrilled by the large and varied assortment of skirts she has found for this school year. She chooses a soft wool plaid, in light pastels made with an ever-so-slight amount of fullness . . . perfect for tucking in her favorite cashmere. She has some difficulty in selecting her jewel-toned corduroy for she has discovered that this year corduroy is fashionable . . . also those bright, quilted calicoes that spell blouse smartness.

Colleen knows this winter, the fashion world has done an about-face in color combinations. Her fitted winter coat with back fullness, of course, is an ebony blue or a dark navy, and she accessorizes it with pitch brown . . . wearing these also with her tailored black suit.

She looks smart with a small brightly colored silk square tied jauntily around her neck when she wears her new slipover or cardigan . . . and she's proud of

her set of three sparkling scatter pins which she arranges on suit lapels, blouses, belts and her pert beret. She has found her little black beret to be the most practical hat she's ever purchased. With a few pulls, tugs and pats, it doubles for a new Parisian Chapeau and just as easily can become the perfect little hat to wear while cheering for the Flyers. Her black suede opera pumps are the last word in footwear.

Colleen has assured us she won't have all A's when the mid-semester grades come out, but we definitely rate her all A's in fashion coordination. She chooses her clothes with an eye to fashion and serviceability. She believes in accessorizing wisely for diversification and buying economically for conservation. Her recipe for a smart, neat appearance is to follow the same theme from top to toe and be smart where're you go.

—JAYNE NYHAN.

★ ★ ★

### "T'WERE EVER THUS"

Ever since Eve received a part of Adam's anatomy, the male of the species has been taking a "ribbin."

One would think our prime maternal parent would let it go at that, but leave it to a woman. From biting apples when she shouldn't, to squeezing and leaving unwanted a quarter of a box of Fanny Farmers, this gender of the family has been plaguing mankind.

After naggin' at Adam until he was brow-beaten into tasting some pre-Burbankian Northern Spy, the woes of man began.

If one wishes to follow the chronological order of this feminine coup de' grace, one should halt momentarily and investigate the first new look. The old look had been out-dated and a new creation hailed by the current "Mademoiselle," claimed it was here to stay. So it stood, that is until one of our early brother-in-laws, curbed the styles with a series of dubious market manipulations.

So, one evening when Adam, after a grueling day at the pottery works, opened the little white picket fence before his cave, Eve in her usually coy manner said, "Addykins, guess what I saw today?" A thud echoed through Adams "Blue Heaven," as the *Times-Gazette Daily Hieroglyphic* clattered on the door sill. With characteristic male attentiveness to the mate's bidding, Adam picked up the *Times*, grunted, turned to his favorite comic, "Lil' Abernazer," and retired to the veranda.

But Eve was not to be denied, and after a series of screams, thrusts out her first Kolinsky's (with matching stole muff and wedgies).

"So don't put all the blame on 'Mayme' boys."



# AT THE GAME

Read it. It is a riot.

• By ERMA FISTE.

He wrapped his muskrat coat tighter around him and barked, "Well, let's go . . . stick with me, kid . . . you'll know something about football."

"Aw, shut up, I know a foul player when I see one," and with my backfield in motion, I stomped off.

I'm about as desirable at a football game as a plate of soured hog's belly on the breakfast table.

I'm a misfit. I just don't know who blocked the kick made by Herb Zubinskif in the third quarter in the game between Army and Purdue in 1939. I wouldn't know the guy if my father had mounted him in taxidermy school and hung him over the fireplace in the Recreational Room.

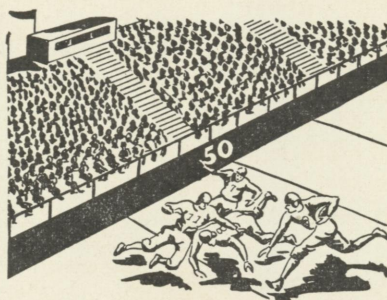
I've been going to games since I was knee-high to a sheepskin. I know a football when I see it . . . it's just the little things that throw me.

Take last week . . . I go to the game with this friend of mine. He has appeared in his muskrat coat and red nose at every football game since they substituted the T-Formation for the old Choke-Throat Play. (A sure thing for fullbacks who hate crowds.)



The band parades down the field. I am loving martial music, but not Broomhead. He is reading the program by a lighted match. He is also setting fire to my Dayton pennant. It appears that I go to DA University, which is perhaps the shortest locomotive cheer in the history of education. He speaks!  
"(Cough)"

My mistake . . . Being the friendly type, I offer, "Looks like it's going to be a good game." He gives me that why-don't-you-curl-up-in-a-nice-deep-manhole-and-pick-me-up-when-the-game-is-over-look. I think of something else to say. "Who's



starting?" I query. That sounded intelligent when the fella next to me said it. He shoves the program at me. It drops to the floor.

I am chewing on an old Neolite sole and trying to salvage my elbow from a barrage of saddle shoes when the crowd cheers. When I emerge with the program, "Happy Sam" retorts, "Your hair looks terrible."

"What's the score?" I pant.

"The game hasn't started yet."

"Then what were they so happy about?"

"The band went off the field."

"Oh."

"Here comes the team . . . now we'll see some action."



"Do you have any chewing gum?"

"Here, in my jacket." He shoves it at me. It drops to the floor.

This is getting to be old stuff to me. Crawling around on the cold cement I marvel at how many people smoke Harvester Cigars and chew Sen Sen. I climb back to the seat.

"Your face is dirty."

"What's the score?"

"35-6, our favor."

"Listen, they're starting to play our Alma Mater."

"Sit down . . . that's a horn on the play. We get 10 yards."

I nudge the fat man next to me. "There's a horn on that play," I say proudly. "We get 10 yards." He gnashes his teeth. He is a fan for the opposing team.

"Cold, isn't it?" I offer my friend.

"Get a load of that, would you . . . we get 15 yards on 'em." I remember this line very well, for it was accompanied by an elbow in my ribs that knocked me into the reserved section.

"Swell," I gasped. "Just give me the blanket for a tourniquet."

He shoves the blanket at me. It dropped to the . . . yeah.

I emerge.

"Your eyes look terrible."

"Who's winning?"

"We are."

I smile, "Hot Ziggity."



# THAT WISP OF HAIR

*A triangle story with an unusual twist.*

• By JAMES COONEY

• Illustrated by JOHN WHARTON

Bill Stewart was awakened from interesting dreams by the insistent pealing of his alarm clock. Yawning awake, he reached for the time-piece and punched it off, right in the middle of a high "ding." At first, he couldn't figure why he felt so strangely elated, but he knew that it was something darned important. Then it struck him!—today was his wedding day. A feeling of sweet expectancy enveloped him as he padded in slippered feet to the shower. Whistling gaily as the warm water struck him, his thoughts turned to Marge . . . Marge, with whom he had always been in love, it seemed. Well, anyway, since that night when he walked her home after a basketball game.

He had always been too shy to tell Marge of his feelings, although they had dated frequently. Then, in their senior year in high school she had announced her engagement to George Silverton, one of Bill's best friends. Well, that had settled that romance as far as Bill was concerned and he had not found much time for any more during the following five years, what with two years of college—electrical engineering—and thirty months in the Army as a communications officer. After his discharge from service, he had come home to land a job with a television and electronics firm then in its infancy, but since grown to one of the largest in the midwest. With his college and wartime experience, Bill was able to keep pace with the growth of the company, and now held a high executive job on the advisory board.

When George Silverton had come home, he kept putting his and Marge's wedding further and fur-

ther away, saying that he wanted to be sure of security for her and that he didn't have enough money or a good enough job. Well, his job on one of the local newspapers wasn't exactly as good as Bill's, but Marge wouldn't have minded that. She wasn't that kind of girl.

Then, one day Bill heard that it was all off between Marge and George. Sweeping strangely exciting thoughts from his mind, Bill kept busier than ever at the plant, working over a new model television set for the average home. But one day, he met Marge downtown and they had a drink together. Marge told him of the dissolvment of her relationship with George, not revealing whose idea it was to call it off. Bill asked her for a date, and when she said yes, it led to more dates, and, later to a diamond.



Returning from the shower, Bill tried to figure just what it was about Marge that he liked so well. Hurriedly inventorying her more noticeable abilities, qualities, and mannerisms, he decided that what he liked most about her, among a lot of

other small things, was the little-girl way in which she pushed a feather of brunette hair from her forehead with a carefree gesture.

Leaving the house to drive to the church, he was surprised to see George, Marge's old fiance, leaning very nonchalantly against Bill's polished-for-the-occasion car. A quick pang of fear inside Bill was whisked away by the old familiar grin on George's face.

"Hi, bridegroom . . . nervous?" George asked in greeting.

"Not so much; not yet, anyway," answered Bill as the pair shook hands.

"As you probably have already guessed, my paper wants me to get a few words from the boy-wonder of electronics before he signs his life away," George offered in way of explanation.

"Gladly," replied Bill, as he answered George's routine queries as to honeymoon, future plans, and so forth.

"Well, that about covers it," concluded George. "Thank you very much, and . . . the best of luck, from the News, and from me."

Snapping his notebook shut, he slid it into his inside coat pocket, lit a cigarette and offered Bill one.

Puffing nervously, Bill decided that now was as good a time as any to ask the one question that had puzzled him for some time.

"George, it's my turn to interrogate now," said Bill. Getting the go-ahead from the other, he asked, "Just why did you and Marge break your engagement, if it's not too personal a matter?"

Bill, glancing at his watch, then, grinding his cigarette out under his foot, answered: "Oh, I don't know, Bill. It's just a lot of little things that got on my nerves, if you don't mind my saying so. But the one thing which I disliked most, was that habit she has of brushing that wisp of hair from her forehead. . . .



# THE WATCHED POT

*Uncle Eb is a character of the hills.*

• By JOHN WHARTON

• Illustrated by the writer.

We hadn't quite made the opening curtain of "Macbeth," Fenwick and I; witches were hopping cozily around a bubbling cauldron saying nasty things by the time we found our seats.

Fen was highly amused. His craggy face split wide open into a grin, then he made gleeful noises in a wheezy roar. That's an Arkansas muse of humor for you.

"Hey," I hissed.

"Can't help it," he said. Th' one on the end looks like Uncle Eb, only he had a beard. That's jus' the way he hopped, too.

Sensing a story, the kind for which Fen had been famous in our outfit, I prodded him a little at intermission about Uncle Eb.

"Uncle Eb lived down in the hills so far that civilization got impressed with some unusual moldings before it filtered in to his family." He began. "Not that they weren't well aware of trends in science and literature. Literature, for example; they had BOTH the Sears and Ward catalogs. Thus in literary circles the Fibblehats could hold their own with anyone in Anopheles County.

"It was with drugs and medicine that Uncle Eb's real interest lay, though. On almost any day he could be seen there on the hillside mixing his curatives; Cousin Wistaria Fribblehat, wearing white feed sacks, assisting him by handing him the ingredients as he called for them. They were like a regular team.

"'Frog' . . . Uncle Eb's voice could be heard kind of muffled by his face-mask, which sort of doubled in brass, as it were, being his beard turned up at the second shirt button and saturated with Flit.

"'Frog' . . . repeated Cousin Wistaria, plumping it in his hand. Cousin Wistaria's voice was clearer—her beard was shorter.

"'Salt' . . . he went on, stirring the inky, bubbling contents of the pot.

"'Salt' . . . she handed him a cupful.

"'Bat-wings' . . . Eb made cabalistic gestures over the pot; spat over his shoulder.

"They continued to add ingredients; viper's tongues, rat's whiskers, whole locusts, blackbird feathers—ah, the technique of the man! He was modest, too, always ready to learn; so when the young doctor



came through one day and told him that things weren't done that way, an' deplored this horrible drug-making, Uncle Eb bowed to his advice. He made Uncle Eb promise to avoid decadent superstitions. He persuaded Eb to stop making medicine.

"The young doc, McClelland B. Randall was his name, was just a short while in Anopheles County, and when he was gone there was no one else that folks could turn to but Eb. Eb wanted to quit. He wanted to be considered as the Lillie of the field, but his people called him to come back to making drugs again. Well, Eb responded quickly as was his wont . . . He got the Lederle out . . .

"You can see that Uncle Eb was no slacker. He was not one of your ordinary Lotus eaters to ignore his call (corned beef and Lotus was the only way he could stand the stuff), so he went back to his drug making in the service of his friends and neighbors.

"Well, he was mixing with his cauldron one day; putting in a whole list of horrors! turtle shells (ground), lizard grease (refined), cat-claws, stinkweed root (tincture), using all the appropriate incantations. Young Doc Randall drove up just in time to see the last of the conjuring as Uncle Eb straightened with obvious satisfaction. Doc got out of his car and slowly walked over to face him. Reproach was on his face as he looked steadily at Eb, remembering how he'd heard Eb promise to give up this superstitious drug mixing; a promise apparently only too soon forgotten. Reproach was in his voice too as he said:

"Haven't you forgotten something, Eb?" You could see that he hoped to remind Eb of his promise and he was gentle about it.

"Eb lowered his gaze to the ground, shuffled his feet, then looked up shame-faced.

"I—I guess maybe I have, son, he replied slowly, remorse tingeing his voice, 'I forgot the SALT!'"



# AN IRISH POET

Mostly biographical

• By VERA SEILER

• Illustrated by ROSEMARY BUSIC

Gee, I'm glad I'm not a genius! Geniuses (or am I coining a word) always seem to lead such sad, miserable lives. All of these famous English writers I've read about starved most of the time and weren't appreciated till after their deaths. I'd rather eat plenty, be fat and sassy, and enjoy myself. I won't care at all if no one ever writes a book about me after I'm six feet under. But that's neither here nor there. I want to tell you now about another genius I'm glad I wasn't—Oliver Goldsmith.

Little Oliver was shy and sensitive and sent too early from the sheltered atmosphere of his home to a none too pleasant boarding school. Just imagine how the child must have suffered. He was not very intelligent, and was subject to the ridicule of his classmates. He was probably quite conscious of his intellectual shortcomings and also of his ungainly appearance. The mirror couldn't hide the small, awkward figure, and the thin pitted face.

Trinity College was the next milestone in Goldsmith's life. Here, in contrast to the boarding school, Oliver gained some confidence in himself. Though still burdened by hardships, he now participated in fun and frolic and seemed much happier. It was at Trinity that Oliver was introduced to the happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth existence that was predominant in his later life.

Once his college days were over, Oliver was in no hurry to acquire wealth or fame. He remained idle for awhile, then tried his hand at law, teaching, and the ministry. The money for these attempts was furnished by Oliver's benevolent uncle,

Contarine. But Oliver failed in all the careers that he tried and generally gambled the money that his uncle gave him. At this time he decided to take a foreign tour. He practically begged his way through Europe, somehow acquiring a medical degree in the process. Back in London, Oliver was faced with the problem of earning his own living. This was a very dark time in his life for he was without friends or money. After working at several odd jobs, he began to do hack writing for a bookseller by the name of Griffith. Though there had been little in his early life to prepare him for literary work, Goldsmith now found a certain joy in literary expression and also recognized in writing a means of livelihood.



Shortly after writing his first hack reviews, Wilkie, another bookseller asked Goldsmith to become the sole writer for his weekly magazine, *The Bee*. The essays and short stories that appeared in *The Bee* gave Goldsmith some recognition among fellow writers and caused him to be in demand among booksellers. After *The Bee* was discontinued he did

other hack work, writing, prefaces and reviews. In the midst of this drudgery, Oliver was working on *The Traveller* and on *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The publication of *The Traveller* established him as an excellent poet. Goldsmith's sudden success brought also many debts, for he foolishly insisted on buying fine clothes and throwing grand parties to impress his notable friends. So he existed till his dying day—writing unimportant pieces to pay for his extravagance and only too seldom writing the plays and poems which are retained as classics today. As he neared the end of his life, he was seized by fits of despair and depression. The hard life he had endured had broken his health and at the age of forty-six he died.

Goldsmith was most anxious at all times to gain the esteem of his friends. However, he was exceedingly nervous in society, especially at the meetings of the famous Literary Club. He often made terrible blunders in conversation, which caused contemporaries to wonder how such a man could write the most beautiful and melodious poems of the time. Johnson was Goldsmith's staunch friend and defender at all times. He sometimes enjoyed what he called a "Shoemaker's Holiday" with Johnson and other intimates. The men would spend the day hiking from one eating place to another and would pass the rest of the time discussing the events of the day.

In his writings Goldsmith avoided the darker side of life. His verses were light and airy and his style was graceful and easy to read. His best works are said to be *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*. *The Vicar* presents a marvelous picture of domestic life, which is rather surprising since Goldsmith spent his own life in garrets or bachelor lodgings. *The Traveller* was a poem started on his foreign tour of which Johnson said, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's Time." *The Deserted Village*, Goldsmith's most successful work, is believed to be a description  
(Continued on Page 23)



# THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



The Albert Emanuel Library of the University of Dayton was built in 1928. It is the gift of an alumnus of the University, Victor Emanuel of New York, who named the library after his father, Albert Emanuel. The first library was located in Chaminade Hall where the athletic offices are now. Then in 1915 it was moved to St. Mary's Hall to the room that is now the office of the registrar.

The style of architecture of the Albert Emanuel Library is Italian Renaissance and the columns of the portico are of Ionic architecture. Entering the library from the front the visitor walks into the circulation room, where is located the card catalogue, the display racks of the latest books and the recessed bulletin boards for information about library activities. South of this room is the periodical room which carries magazines that cover the whole field of the college curriculum along with some of a popular nature. North of the circulating room is the reference room in which the student will find the general dictionaries and encyclopedias and specialized dictionaries and encyclopedias in the social sciences, music, art, education, biography and history. The Periodical Indexes may be found on the counter in the west end of the reference room.

The second floor of the library contains the seminar room, the Marian Library, a lecture room and

offices for the faculty. The stack space which is east of the circulating room consists of six floors, four of which are completely installed. The science and technology departments have their own departmental libraries: physics, chemistry, biology and engineering, and these libraries carry their own technical periodicals.

In the basement of the library is a vault housing rare books. The librarian showed us some of these books and one has the date of 1498. To be technical, this book is called incunabula, a name given to all the books published between the invention of printing in 1450 and 1500.

In the seminar room we were shown some papal bulls: one of John XXIII, dated 1415; one of Clement VII, dated 1524, and another of St. Pius V, dated 1570. All three have lead seals which signifies that they are important documents. Most of the seals in those days were in wax. Each is brilliantly engrossed and is in an excellent state of preservation.

The Marian Library on the second floor is a unique adventure. It was begun about ten years ago, and the purpose is to gather all available material on our Blessed Mother into one place so that it may be readily accessible for research. All forms of printed material are being assembled. The *Exponent* staff promises its readers a lengthy article on the Marian Library in one of the coming issues of the magazine.

The library should be the center of culture on the campus. If you freshmen have not visited the U.D. Library drop around and meet the head librarian, Brother Francis Ruhlman, S.M., and his staff. They are extremely courteous and will take care of all your wants. See you in the library next week.—Ed.

★ ★

## AMERICA, FOR RENT

(Continued from Page 9)

To sum up, many factors contribute to the insecurity of agriculture. Some problems—soil erosion, one-crop farming, upkeep of equipment and buildings, prevention against diseases—may be dealt with primarily by the occupants. Great obstacles—farm tenancy, heavy farm debt, unjust property tax, disproportion between rates of income of industry and agriculture, population readjustment—all these require the assistance of outside sources.

To bring these conditions to the fore to have them settled has been among the prime objectives of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Its objectives are the improvement of the spiritual, religious, social, cultural, and economic status of the rural group. Although the rural problem presents great difficulties, it cannot be admitted that it is insoluble, for the fate of human society rests on the solution. The rural problem is so important that it should engage the greatest minds of the nation. Much work has been done. Much more must be done, and now to the American people must be revealed the true plight of the rural inhabitant.

As Harry Kemp expressed so nobly in his "Song of the Plow":  
For the nation that forgets me, in  
that hour her doom is sealed  
By a judgment as from Heaven  
that can never be repealed!





## A HUNDRED YEARS

(Continued from Page 10)

the construction of St. Mary's Hall in 1871, had been used as the normal school for the Society of Mary. The present St. Joseph Hall was completed in 1884 and served as the normal school until 1915 when the normal department was moved to the beautiful Mt. St. John Campus, five miles east of Dayton.

The power plant was erected in 1898 and Chaminade Hall in 1904. The name of the school was changed from St. Mary's Institute in 1911 to St. Mary College and in 1921 University of Dayton became the official title.

In the nineteen-twenties Alumni Hall (1924), the Stadium (1925), and the Library (1927) were added to buildings on the campus. Until the time of the first war most of the students at U.D. were high school students. Before the war from one to two hundred college men were receiving degrees in arts, science and engineering. The school of engineering was added to the curriculum in 1911. After the war the college section grew rapidly and the high school students were removed to Chaminade High School. The school of business began in 1922 and since then additions are teacher training, physical education, secretarial training and home economics.

Today the University cares for over three thousand students in the day and night classes. This is more than twice the enrollment before Pearl Harbor. In other words, with just about the same material facilities the University is doing twice the work. There is only one cause that halts our building program and that is money. With the completion of the drill hall at the east section of the campus the next project will be the field house. The Good Lord is vitally interested in those who do His work and certainly a school engaged in the Christian education of young people is doing the work of the Lord. Why not breathe a prayer to Him and ask Him to help

us with the building program so necessary for the future of the University.

★ ★

## CALIFORNIA: THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

(Continued from Page 6)

domes and golden crosses can even be seen shining in the sun from San Francisco Bay, miles distant.

California's wealth of architectural tradition from Old Spain is expressed in all of the Spanish-Gothic buildings of the exclusive San Francisco College for Women, situated directly north of the University of San Francisco on Lone Mountain. Its beautiful French and English reception rooms, its magnificent library of one hundred thousand volumes, its exquisite chapel trimmed in gold-leaf, and the tiered hillside in front of the college blossoming forth with colorful flowers, make it one of the most elaborate colleges in the United States.

The final days of our sojourn in San Francisco were spent visiting the big redwood trees of Muir Woods; the army base or Presidio in San Francisco, under the military authority of General Mark Clark; the famous Twin Peaks towering one thousand feet above the city, and the Palace of the Legion of Honor in spacious Lincoln Park.

Before returning to Dayton, we spent never-to-be-forgotten days in Los Angeles, the largest city of California. Los Angeles County, consisting of Hollywood, Beverley Hills, Culver City, and a hundred other similar suburbs, comprises the largest metropolitan area in the United States. The homes in Beverley Hills are extravagantly beautiful, monumental testimony of the wealth accumulated by their owners in the oil and movie industries. Hollywood is a city of gay entertainment spots—The Brown Derby, Tom Brenne-man's, NBC and CBS Studios, Earl Carroll's Restaurant and Theatre, and Graumann's Chinese Theatre, where every famous star from Mary Pickford of the twenties to Tyrone

Power of the present decade has his hand and foot prints and other characteristic impressions engraved in the cement approach. Indeed, it was a great thrill to stand at the intersection of Hollywood and Vine Streets to marvel at the extraordinary array of bright lights, and the great masses of humanity enjoying the extravagant night life. We also visited the distinctive mansions owned by movie stars in the mountains near Beverly Hills, and their gorgeous summer homes along the ocean front at nearby Santa Monica.

The University of California at Los Angeles, the University of Southern California, the huge Coliseum seating 105,000 fans, the many movie studios—Fox, MGM, and Paramount—together with Los Angeles' SUNNY SKIES, colorful flowers, and many palm trees provide the visitor with all the pleasures that characterize California as the Golden State, the land of opportunity and scenic splendors.



## NO USE HURRYIN'

Dere's no use you hurryin'  
Dere's no use you rushin'  
De Lord'll take care of you,  
So doan you go fussin'.

Now you take it easy.  
Just sit back and rest  
And de Lord'll praise you  
If'n you lov him da best

If'n your famblies got food  
If'n dey got a bed  
Dere's no use you slavin'  
Cause'n you'll soon be dead.

Den after you're gone,  
Tank your lucky seven.  
You've done right by the Lord  
He'll take you to heaven.

—L. J. BOHMAN.



## WHAT IS SHOCK ?

(To Terry Who Died Recently)

"What is shock?" they asked.  
Shock is a telegram  
Crisp and new;  
Bearing a message  
Which shrieks at you  
That a loved one has died too soon.

Shock is a stealthy hand  
That grips you when you see  
A million smoke rings  
Curl away—revealing ruin  
And burnt decay  
Where beauty once had been.

Shock is a look, a word, a phrase,  
A feeling; can't they see?  
Shock is a poignant, throbbing ache  
Which imprisons every limb  
And leaves you mutely questioning  
While heart-ache smothers you.

Shock is a dazzling jar  
That hurls you  
Out of a complacent shell . . .  
And leaves you nude for all the world to see.  
(It's the paralysis I feel right now  
the baffling-sudden-hurt I know  
as I tremble alone and realize  
that he has died and left us here  
too sick, too stunned to weep.)

—SHIRLEY ANN McNEIL.

★ ★ ★

## SEASONALLY SPEAKING

(Continued from Page 18)

evening and the warm glow of an outdoor fire with its myriad sparks dancing to the stars—thrilling—unforgettable experiences!

Some years ago I was—of necessity, I assure you—compelled to listen each day to a typical soap-opera favorite of my sister's. I hated the program but I never forgot the title, "Life Can Be Beautiful." That is an understatement—life is beautiful if we only look at it with the eyes of love, of faith, or of a poet. Those who insist on a measurement and a check, to the detriment of right pleasure, will indeed find all seasons "terrible" or at best "all right, but . . ." They miss the big things in life, and the little ones—they do not even exist.

If Mr. James Russell Lowell were around today to ask me personally,

"And what is so rare as a day in June?" I would say unhesitatingly: why a day in any other month of the year, of course!

—ROBERT E. BACKHERMS.

★ ★ ★

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

On other pages of this issue of the *Exponent* you may read about the meaning of education and the joining of clubs. You have heard about these ideas on education frequently in the past, but it is very much worthwhile to refresh your memory on them at the beginning of the school year. Now education is a two-fold process, one of absorption and one of activity. We should learn from books and we should learn by taking part in various activities according to our inclinations or tastes. In order that you may have a guide in selecting one or more extra-curricular activities we have classified them for you.

Suppose you want some kind of religious activity. Stop in at Father Leimkuhler's office, St. Mary's 202 and inquire about the Students' Mission Crusade, the Sodality, The Church Choir, or one of the Catholic Action groups.

Here is a list of academic societies on the campus: Sigma Delta Pi or pre-medical society, Geology Club, Mathematics Society, Economics Society, Home Economics Society, International Relations Club, Sociology Society, Mechanical Engineering Society, Electric Engineering Society.

To those who are interested in speaking or writing the University presents the Debating Society, the *Exponent*, the *U. D. News*, and the *Daytonian*.

Suppose you have a liking for music or acting. Why not join the U.D. Players, the Band, the Orchestra, or the Glee Club?

For your social or humanitarian interests look for the Spirit Committee, the Flyers' Hangar, the Red Cross Society or the Interracial Club.

Besides the varsity athletic clubs, U.D. has an intramural athletic program, particularly in basket-ball, baseball and tennis. Two groups devoted to sports are the Monogram Club and The Women's Athletic Association.

The highest ranking organization on the campus is the Student Council, but you must be elected to this group. If you are an outstanding leader in your class you have a chance of being a member of the Student Council.

Take your pick from this long list. Don't just be a book-worm or a play-boy. Educate yourself by taking part in some society on the campus. That makes for school spirit.—Editor.



## Books In Review

MARIMARTHA FAVORITE

*The Heart of the Matter*—GRAHAM GREENE. Viking Press, 1948.

This is a truly good Catholic novel. It shows the spiritual breakdown of a Catholic. Major Scobie, who is the story, judges no one except himself. He has pity on every one but himself also. These are fine attributes in any one, until carried too far as the Major does. His worst sin is that of despair and therein lies this dramatic tale. Anyone will have to go far to beat this book.

*The Flames of Time*—BAYNARD KENDRICK. Scribner's, 1948.

Superman, during the fight to wrest Florida from the Spanish in order to give it back to the Indians who it seems wanted to keep it. In other words, Artillery Armes, the

hero, behaves remarkably and quixotically throughout this historical novel. Unless you're in love with Florida or history don't read.

*The Golden Multitudes*—FRANK LUTHER. The Macmillan Co,

Best sellers and how they come about. The author gives you the result of years of research as to the why, wherefore and how of best sellers in America. Highly entertaining throughout, it is nevertheless very informative. Interesting anecdotes on past and present authors with their best sellers.

*The National Road*—PHILIP D. JORDAN. Bobbs-Merrill Co, 1948.

One of the American Trail Series, this book gives you history of United States Route Forty from the time that Washington began to hack his way through the woods from Cumberland, Maryland, in

1753 to its being taken over completely by the federal government in 1923. This is not only the story of a road though. The national trail began when our country did and it grew along with it. When it reached Ohio, she was admitted to the Union; that was in 1803. It began as a link between the East and her pioneer outposts in Ohio; it now connects the Atlantic, at Washington, D. C., and the Pacific at Vallejo on San Francisco Bay.

*Shelly*—EDMUND BLUNDEN. The Viking Press, 1947.

Not just another biography of the great poet. You find in this volume that Shelley had his feet more firmly planted on the ground than anyone before has credited. He is still the mystic dreamer, but also much more fun-loving and likable. Edmund Blunden tells the life story of Percy Bysshe Shelley very well. He also seems to make his poetry all the more vivid because of the warmth of understanding given his undertaking. Very enjoyable throughout.

★ ★

### AN IRISH POET

(Continued from Page 19)

of the village of Lissoy where he lived as a child. His two dramatic attempts, *The Good Natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer* were immediate successes, due to the natural wit contained in them. Goldsmith also wrote essays and histories but these have no real claim to fame and are important only in that they managed to keep him alive.

Despite his occasional airs of importance and his other eccentricities of manner, Goldsmith must have been a lovable person. Admiration and deep regard are shown him by the writings of contemporaries and by letters. He was extremely unfortunate throughout life but, excluding his last years, he always remained cheerful. His own faults brought about his early death and shortened his poetic output. Yet we can be very grateful for the verses that he did write. I think the words of a friend at his death summarize well his life and the work that he did for mankind: "He was his own enemy and everyone else's friend."

## QUESTIONS

- A Underline in comparative degree, I reveal my smoking superiority.
- B In a letter sequence, I'm twenty-five, When you add a man, I come alive.
- C Look sharply, Mac, and find a pin To join two pieces, and you may win.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

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Put your answer in the campus postoffice and mark it—"Exponent—Chesterfield Contest."



# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

Welcome you all—old and new. It's good to see old familiar faces here and there, but we like the new faces too. Sure, we're sociable; we "oldies" hope to be back-slapping and calling all of you by name before too many days tick by. You're going to have to be patient with us. Writing this column is new stuff but we'll do our best and just hope you'll like us. And who are we? tsk, tsk, we'll never tell. Just watch out for us—we're going to be noseys this year, so be sure to see that the coast is clear before you divulge any secrets to your best pal. Gals, we'll do our best to learn who your latest "Prince Charming" is, or fellas, whose big blue eyes you'd like to gaze into to the tune of "It's Magic" in Brother Paul's "caf." Our little black books will be handy so you just go ahead and "kut-up" (as the title of this column suggests); we'll write it up, and everybody will be happy, we hope. But enough of this chatter. On with all the latest gossip from the "college on the hill-top."

Let's look first at new two-somes on the campus. What gives with Mary Ellen Hagen and Jim Uttermohlen? From here, it looks like something a bit beyond the platonic stage—Walt McMahon hasn't lost any time labeling on to a new coed. For the straight dope, check Chaminade Hall any afternoon.—Old two-somes, as seen by our eagle eyes in the caf or strolling around the campus, are Nancy Routzahn and Mil Dunnick, Molly Bucher and Ray Montgomery.

Jerry Helmig seems lost now that Sue's not around. So's Dick Dutro. But Millie will be back in February, Dick, so don't fret.

Sue Pohlmeier came back with glowing reports of New York. Lucky Sue! The thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

Congratulations to the newly engaged: Madeleine Unger and Jim Riley; also Marilyn Kohler and Jim Bell. Be sure to invite us to the receptions, kids.

The first hangar was a huge success, but oh so hot! Wish we could have sold fans; we could have stored up a tidy sum and retired. We met the new president, Ed Boland. Looks like the Hangar's off to another good year.—Bob Tormey danced Navy style and bewildered Jean Stewart. His feet didn't hit good old terra firma more than once during the whole number. By the way, did you see the stag line? The fellows seem to be playing hard to get this year. Oh well, cheat yourself.

The pep rally for the Cleveland game really put us in a football mood. "Dayton's own" Bob Dawson is back on the job; keep twirling, Bob. We love it. Seemed like old times when we heard the familiar "sis-boom-ba" of Chuck Crowley and Co.

The highlight of our social life thus far was the Cleveland excursion. What a game! What a trip! What fun! Hank Ferrazza deserves quite a hand for making the train arrangements. There were songs and cheers galore on the train and we all ended up with husky voices or no voices at all. Mary Argast and Charlie Mudd's rendition of "My Old Kentucky Home" was some-

thing to hear. Mary Stoerner took a bow when someone dedicated "Mary Is a Grand Old Name" to her.—The dine and dance car (baggage car to you) was jumping. Dance did we say? You just needed to stand still; the train did the rest.—Without a doubt we let the Clevelanders know that Dayton had arrived. The station walls resounded the DA-DA, and the band struck up our loyalty march. The game itself was out of this world. What did you think of Art Bok's pretty 75-yard touchdown? How we love that team! Pauline Spring showed her appreciation by hugging Franny Quinn and Stan Kurdziel. How many others did you hug, Pauline?—Pat Serrer distracted the spectators. She should wear those blue and red caps all the time.—The Carter Hotel was parties from tip to toe.—Sue Argast's voice was in bad shape on the return trip. Couldn't be that she was shouting encouragement from the sidelines to Bob, or could it?—Leo McGarry's favorite chant was "Who'd we beat—John Carroll." "What'd we do—beat John Carroll U."—Peggy Ohmer, Anita Coberly, and Ginny MacMillan had to report for work at 9 a. m. How did you do it, gals?—We'd like to re-echo what we heard so often on the train, "More and MORE excursions!"

Golly gee, look at all the space we've used already and we could ramble on like this forever. We write like we talk, I guess (and we're even admitting it). Well, here we are, our brains overworked and our hair hanging in our eyes, too tired to think of a "punch" line with which to end this, so we'll simply say so long till next month. And may we add, "We love to spend each *Exponent* time with you," from the song of the same name. (Gee, we didn't know we were so witty.)





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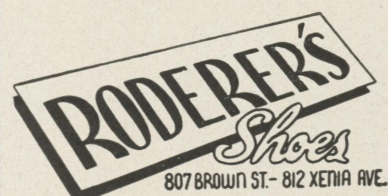
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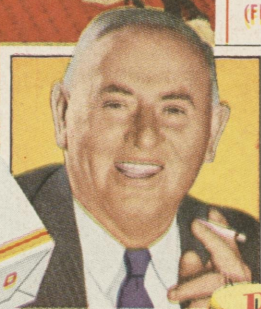




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