

11-1948

## The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1948

University of Dayton

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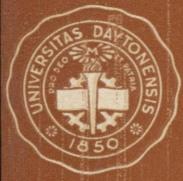
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# EXPONENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

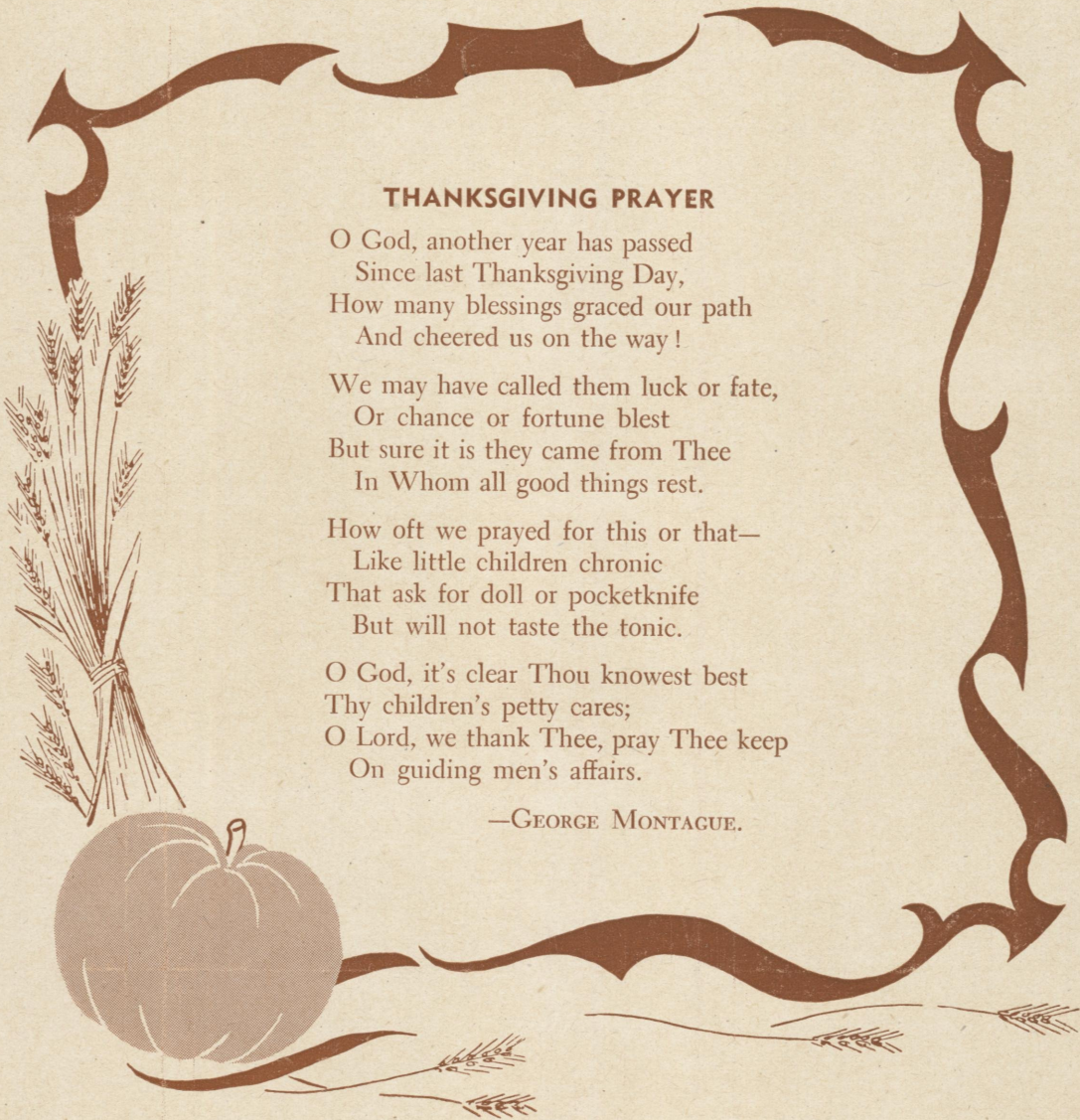
O God, another year has passed  
Since last Thanksgiving Day,  
How many blessings graced our path  
And cheered us on the way!

We may have called them luck or fate,  
Or chance or fortune blest  
But sure it is they came from Thee  
In Whom all good things rest.

How oft we prayed for this or that—  
Like little children chronic  
That ask for doll or pocketknife  
But will not taste the tonic.

O God, it's clear Thou knowest best  
Thy children's petty cares;  
O Lord, we thank Thee, pray Thee keep  
On guiding men's affairs.

—GEORGE MONTAGUE.



NOVEMBER, 1948



# LION ON THE LOOSE!



Zoo Curator  
**Clyde Gordon**  
finds **EXPERIENCE**  
IS THE BEST TEACHER  
...in handling "big cats"  
...and in choosing  
a cigarette, too!

WHILE MOVING TWO LIONS INTO A NEW CAGE AT THE ZOO ...



FAWSANA'S ON HER WAY  
— BUT IT LOOKS LIKE  
TROUBLE WITH SULTANA!

BE CAREFUL!  
I'VE LEARNED FROM  
EXPERIENCE—LIONS RAISED IN  
CAPTIVITY CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS  
THAN JUNGLE BORN!

WITH A  
**SUDDEN  
ROAR...**

SULTANA LEAPS THROUGH  
THE CAGE DOOR—CRASHES THROUGH THE RUNWAY FENCE!



**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER\***

LONG EXPERIENCE HAS  
TAUGHT CLYDE GORDON  
NEVER TO SHOW FEAR TO  
AN ANIMAL. HE STANDS  
HIS GROUND... SPEAKING  
SOFTLY, INSISTENTLY... WHILE  
DIVERTING HER ATTENTION  
WITH BROOM HANDLE.



\* TRUE, TOO, IN CHOOSING  
A CIGARETTE! WITH SMOKER  
AFTER SMOKER WHO TRIED AND  
COMPARED—CAMELS ARE THE  
"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE"!



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



Let your "T-Zone"  
tell you why!



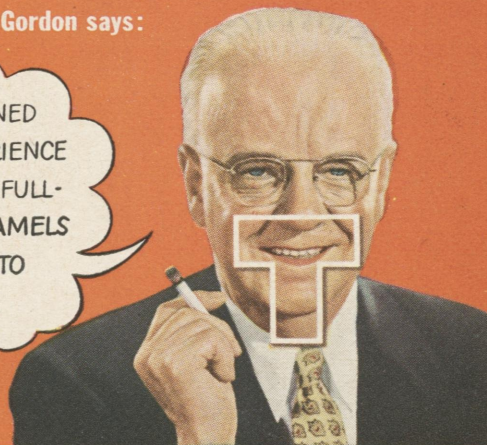
T for Taste...  
T for Throat  
... that's your proving  
ground for any  
cigarette. See if  
Camels don't suit your  
"T-Zone" to a "T."

Zoo Curator Clyde Gordon says:

I'VE LEARNED  
FROM EXPERIENCE  
THAT MILD, FULL-  
FLAVORED CAMELS  
SUIT ME TO  
A 'T'!

*Clyde Gordon*

General Curator and Director  
Staten Island Zoo



According  
to a Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE  
CAMELS THAN ANY  
OTHER CIGARETTE**

When 113,597 doctors were  
asked by three independent  
research organizations to name  
the cigarette they smoked,  
more doctors named Camel  
than any other brand!



**CAMELS—the Choice  
of Experience!**



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University of Dayton

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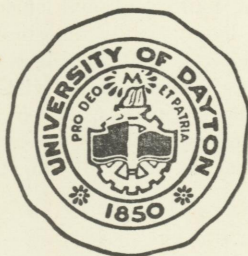
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Illustration by JOHN WHARTON

## THANKSGIVING DAY IN HISTORY

Thanksgiving Day is 327 years old this year. Way back in 1621 the Pilgrim Fathers, under Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, invited the Indians to a feast of turkeys, fowl, deer, corn, pumpkins, and squash. This day was ordered to be a day of thanks to Almighty God and was thus the first Thanksgiving Day. Actually days of thanks are not strictly an American institution; they stem from ancient times, as scholars have pointed out.

On October 3, 1789, President Washington issued a national proclamation which stated in part: "Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and

"Whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committees, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God . . .

". . . I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be."

Succeeding Presidents have ordered days of thanks to the "Divine Author of Every Good and Perfect Gift" to the "Great Dispenser of Events and of the Destiny of Nations."

Abraham Lincoln in 1863 wrote to the nation:

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven; . . . we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our own hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us."

It is significant to note that the Presidents—Washington, Madison, Lincoln, Buchanan, Johnson, and others—have insisted on the idea of PUBLIC thanksgiving. Above all, Thanksgiving Day is meant to be a day on which the public sins are repented of, and the social benefits humbly acknowledged. None of us can disclaim a share in the four freedoms of the United States, of the bounty of the land in every respect. We have, though, much more to thank God for—His redeeming grace, His Mother, health, happiness; everything we see, and feel, and hear, and taste, and touch—these are His gifts to us. Unfortunately today, we have remembered the turkey and the pumpkin of our forefathers, "but we have forgotten God" who gave us all this and more.

—ROBERT E. BACKHERMS.



# The University of Dayton EXPONENT

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## A TRIP TO ALCATRAZ

*The head of the Department of Sociology gives us a thriller*

- By DR. EDWARD A. HUTH
- Illustration by ROSEMARY BUSIC

During the past summer when I was guest professor of sociology at the University of San Francisco, I made a personal tour of inspection of the United States Penitentiary, Alcatraz Island, California. This world famous island, in San Francisco Bay, known colloquially as "The Rock," is sometimes referred to as America's "Devil's Island." The Spanish called it "Isla de Alcatrazes" (Island of Pelicans) because of the thousands of the big ungainly seafovals which nested on its twelve acres. It was my good fortune to meet the Reverend Joseph M. Clark, S. J., of the University of San Francisco, who has been the Catholic chaplain at the prison for the past fourteen years. In his company, I was able to meet all of the top officials of the prison, to talk to many of the prisoners, and to see anything on the island that I wished. It was my very special privilege to sit with the Prison Classification Board, which reviewed the case histories of twelve inmates, each of whom was interviewed after his case history was considered. After each interview the prisoner was asked to return to his cell while his record was fully discussed by the board. When the board had reached a decision, the prisoner was again called before the board and the warden announced the results. The follow-

ing account is a very brief summary of my experiences on the island.

Alcatraz Island lies just within the Golden Gate, a mile and a half north of the San Francisco docks. Several years before the outbreak of the Civil War, the United States Army built a prison there for incorrigibles. About the turn of the present century, the place became a disciplinary institution. In March, 1934, the United States Department of Justice took over the island for the confinement of those convicts whose presence in the other Federal penitentiaries was a danger to their guards and to their fellow prisoners.

"The Rock" juts out of the treacherous swirling water of San Francisco Bay; its highest point is about 180 feet above the swift currents. From Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, the terraces and buildings make it appear as a huge battleship. To those who see it from the decks of passing ferryboats, and to those who read about it, the island is a place of mystery.

Secrecy enfolds it like the characteristic fogs which creep in from the blue Pacific through the Golden Gate. Only relatives of prisoners, a few Federal officials and occasional

visitors of high standing are permitted; and the most favored of these learn little of the details concerning the penitentiary. Alcatraz is one of the world's most scientific prisons. There are four outstanding principles in its administration: (1) a maximum of security; (2) a minimum of privileges; (3) complete isolation of its convicts from the outside world; (4) a firm humanitarian treatment of the inmates.

The prisoners on Alcatraz Island include the world's most dangerous criminals. No man is sentenced to Alcatraz in the usual sense of the word. Whenever the warden of a Federal prison finds a prisoner who is intractable or is a plotter of prison breaks, the case may be referred to the Federal Bureau of Prisons. If the bureau so decides, the criminal is transferred to Alcatraz.

As we approached Alcatraz Island in the official Federal launch, I read a large sign which warns:

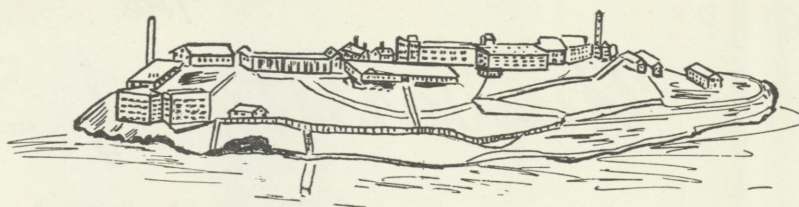
Landing Forbidden  
Only Government Boats Permitted  
Others Must Keep Away Three  
Hundred Yards  
No One Allowed Ashore Without  
A Pass

If any unauthorized boat comes too near, the guards fire across its bow.

After landing on the island, I took my place before the "electric eye," a device commonly known as the "snitch box," or "mechanical stool pigeon," which was designed to detect any metal on the person who passes through it. The dial over the window of the booth with its precise needle will reveal even a



watch spring or a very small medal. If anyone carries a knife or a revolver or any metal of like size, a light will come on and a buzzer will sound, so sensitive is the magnetic field.



When this test had been passed, we rode in a closed prison van which made its way up the hill in a winding manner to the Administration Building and the cell block, a single structure of concrete and steel on the summit of The Rock. The offices are at the southern end, from which one has an excellent view of San Francisco's hilly sky-line. In the offices, telephone connections are maintained with all parts of the island and with the outside world. By short-wave radio, contact may be established at a moment's notice with the San Francisco Police Department and the United States Coast Guard cutters. The cell block lies north of the offices; beyond it are the mess hall and the kitchen. In the basement of this portion of the building are baths, a barber shop, and a print shop in charge of Alvin Karpis, who very kindly showed me around his department. On the second floor is a hospital with a surgical ward, a dental office, a library, and an assembly room with a piano and a stage, where religious services are held on Sundays. Of the 239 prisoners, 78 are Catholics.

As we passed from the warden's office I observed to the right, the prison armorer, who occupies a corner room enclosed by five-inch bullet-proof glass, in which are set a number of brass balls which can be turned from the inside so as to permit the muzzle of a gun to be pointed through them at any angle. The armorer is the custodian of all firearms. We made a turn to the right after leaving the armorer and faced the steel doors opening into the cell block. At our left, on the opposite side of the corridor from the armorer, is a mirror set at an angle so that the armorer can see within it the reflection of the entire cell block corridor. The first steel door was a heavy steel plate covering the keyhole. No guard can open the door until the armorer checks to see that

all is well and pulls a lever to draw the steel plate from over the keyhole. The door through which we had passed was locked at once. The armorer now pressed a button; a buzzer sounded in the cell block corridor. The turnkey appeared; the armorer checked to see that the turnkey was the only man in the cell block corridor. The armorer pressed a button, which released the metal slide covering the keyhole. The turnkey unlocked the door; we passed through and the door was locked at once. This procedure was repeated at the third door, which opens into the cell block proper.

Father Clark and I proceeded down the middle corridor of the cell block, known as "Broadway" to the prisoners. We were just in time to meet the convicts returning from lunch to their cells. They passed by us in the form of a V as they went to their cells on each side of "Broadway." As soon as the prisoners were in their cells, a guard closed the cell doors by mechanical control at the end of the cell block. The count was made within a minute. Each prisoner is required to stand inside his locked cell door with his arms outstretched against the bars to make a cross. The guards can thus tell very easily if any prisoner is missing.

After the count, Father Clark introduced me to about a dozen prisoners in their cells. After shaking hands they showed me some of their drawings and books, and explained to me how they were spending their leisure time. They told me about their wives, mothers, fathers and children and various other subjects. The Catholic prisoners had rosaries, prayer books, holy pictures, and Catholic art calendars hanging from the cell wall. Father Clark is doing splendid work among the prisoners and has had quite a number of conversions. He is well liked

and is highly respected by the inmates.

The cells are four feet by eight feet; each contains a narrow bunk which folds to the wall when not in use; a toilet, washstand, a shelf with three clothes hooks on its under side, and a stool. On the shelf there are two towels, a box of tooth powder, a toothbrush, a cake of soap and a metal cup. There are two run ways overheard, one at each end of the cell block; they are enclosed by steel bars. A guard walks back and forth in each of them, armed with a submachine gun. Above the cells are large metal cylinders containing tear gas.

After interviewing some of the prisoners, Father Clark and I had our lunch in the prison dining room. We were served by a friendly elderly convict. He gave us large helpings of food and we chatted with him as we ate. Alvin Karpis sat with us part of the time while we were at the table. The food was tasty and well prepared. Thousands of people outside the prison do not enjoy the quantity and quality of food which is given to the inmates at Alcatraz.

The prisoners wear a gray one-piece uniform with their number on the left side of the chest and on the center of the back. Privileges are few and far between. Hard work, strict discipline, and rigid impersonality are the order of business at the prison. The work has little therapeutic value except to keep the convicts busy. Inmates have plenty of time to reflect during the foggy nights as they listen to the siren in the lighthouse at the southern end of the island sound its dismal warning through the long hours. The lighthouse stands 214 feet above mean high water and is surmounted by one of the most powerful lights on the Pacific Coast.

(Continued on Page 21)



# SKIPPER

*Read what happened to him.*

• By MARJORIE WITTMAN

• Illustration by ROSEMARY BUSIC

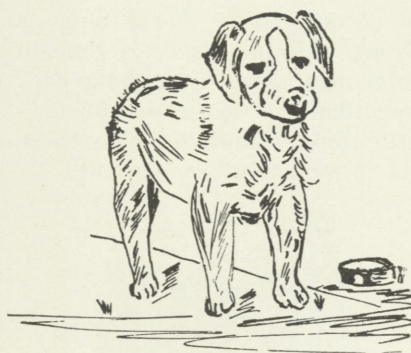
The day mother brought him home he was just a baby, easily held in my hands. He wasn't pretty, his coat was an indescribable cross between grey and brown, and he bore a striking resemblance to a skunk with a black stripe down the middle of his back to the end of a too-long tail. His feet were big, his legs were short, and he was so fat he waddled instead of walking. But at first glance we fell in love. The perky ears and devilish, dancing eyes won me over completely. From that day forward we were inseparable. This little collie puppy had firmly entrenched himself in our hearts.

From the start he lived in the lap of luxury. For his bed he chose a downy blue baby pillow which he deposited in "His Corner." Soon he began to collect playthings that he fiercely defended from the wastecan. There was a chip of wood, a squeaky mouse, four balls, a rubber bone, three metal disks, and a cereal box twice his size. All were carefully treasured and staunchly guarded when the broom came too near. He was not one to give in easily.

When he was first put down on the kitchen floor, he ran here and there in an awkward sidewise gait that gave him the appearance of a boat rocking on the waves. When "Puppy" proved an unsatisfactory name, Skipper was chosen as a substitute. He soon earned the nickname "Skip-Skip."

The new addition to our family proved himself to be both a pest and a clown. In both roles he was quite lovable. Shortly after his arrival, Skipper furnished visiting friends with a good laugh. My grandmother had left her cane on the rim of the sink. In this position

it moved slightly in the fashion of a pendulum. Skipper was fascinated by this motion, and, as most curious individuals, could not leave it



alone. Sitting in front of it for a few minutes, he watched the cane swing slowly back and forth. Suddenly he reached out a tricky right paw and gave the stick a push. The cane swung faster; Skipper hit it again and again, delighted with his new plaything. Suddenly the cane came loose and clattered to the floor. A frightened puppy dashed across the room and hid under Mother's chair. His toy made too much noise.

Skipper soon learned that barking was fun, but little children were not quite as nice. His independent spirit was highly insulted by fondling and petting. Consequently, he decided that the house was the best place to get away from children wanting to pick him up. Constant barking would gain him admittance, and when that didn't work scratching and whining would soon bring one of us running. Even at the tender age of two months he knew who was the boss.

As a pest none could surpass him. Sweeping the kitchen was an impossible job with Skipper on hand. Brooms fascinated him, and the more he was hit with them the

happier he was. Chasing the lawnmower, the sweeper, and the broom were the best of sports. He just couldn't understand why he was deposited in the basement just as the fun began. The howl he set up soon let us know his feelings on the matter.

Like all pampered creatures, Skipper loved soft beds. When he outgrew his pillow he began to look for another soft bed that would accommodate his fast growing legs. One night he found the perfect spot, or so he thought. A wastebasket had been left standing on the floor. Prompted by curiosity, he pulled himself up so he could peer inside, but lost his balance and tumbled in. Everyone was sleeping, so he was forced to spend the night there. Getting a little bored, he looked for something to do, and spied a nice white blouse that made perfect chewing material. Industrious he went to work. Needless to say he spent the better part of the next day in his corner.

Most puppies dearly love to chew up things and Skipper did not escape this trait. When left alone for too long he would upset the wastebasket, scatter paper all over the floor and tear it to shreds piece by piece. Despite his mischievousness he had a very good conscience. When he had been up to some trick he would get the most telltale expression on his face, put his tail between his legs, and go hide in his corner. He could not take scoldings. When they came his way he would become quite small, lay his ears back, and just plain quiver. His remorse was quite touching to see.

Skip-Skip followed me everywhere, upstairs, downstairs, inside, and out, even sneaking into the living room when we were alone. When I left for school he would be broken-hearted, begging to go along by "dancing." One morning he decided to be "Mary's Little Lamb," and dashed up the street after me, his joy quite unbounded. No amount of scolding would send him back. He was quite insulted when I picked him up and carried him

(Continued on Page 21)



# How Do I Love Thee, Let Me Count the Ways

Reflections after reading Elizabeth Browning's sonnets.

• By PAUL AMANN

I first became aware of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's love sonnets a number of years ago, at the outset of my real interest in poetry. They struck me then as something out of the ordinary, but it was not until I too had become a partner in a great love-story, that I became fully aware of the quality and intensity of emotion necessary to the birth of such beautiful lines:

"I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace."

I don't hesitate when I say that the full impact of the much used and misused term of "love" was unknown to me until one night just two years ago—the night our little girl was born.

It is impossible to describe what went on within me as I beheld my wife in the agony of child-birth. I can remember as if it were only yesterday, the biting of her fingernails into my flesh, as the magnitude of the pain increased, and she murmured between clenched teeth, "I love you, Paul"—and all the while aides and nurses were scurrying about preoccupied and indifferent. The cold, damp fingers of reality reached in and tore my heart to shreds and penetrated to my very soul as I stood there helpless and afraid.

I prayed that night with tears streaming down my face, fervently and simply, "Dear God, take care of my Ruthie and aid her in her most trying hour. I love her so."

"I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light."

It is not through name, social status or fame that true love grows. I love my wife more and more as the days and weeks become months and years because of little things, seemingly insignificant things—a kind word, on dreary days; a word of encouragement when things go wrong; a loving glance, a thoughtful remembrance—little things easily forgotten, yet long remembered—little things so infinitesimally trivial, yet so monstrously important.



"I love thee freely as men strive for Right  
I love thee purely as they turn from praise  
I love thee with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith."

If love is to weather the storm of this cruel, materialistic world, its foundations must be imbedded in something more durable than the mere animalistic convictions of modern society. It must be built on trust and purity. It must be built on God. A love devoid of these ingredients will only totter and fall. A love without God will never rise at all.

Looking back over the past three years, the happiest of my life, God's presence is in evidence everywhere—in the guise of our lovely child, our good health, and in the form of sunbeams splashing through the

dense clouds of our financial difficulties, and always just in time.

"I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath  
Smiles, tears, of all my life. And if God choose  
I shall but love thee better after death."

True love is not a thing that can be turned on and off like running water. It is present all the time, when life is good as well as when it is full of hardship and heartache; when life is pleasant and when it becomes a rugged struggle for mere existence.

True love is something that cannot be measured in terms of bushels, pounds or gallons. It is found radiating from the minds and hearts of men, the intensity of which is known to only those within its immediate sphere, husband, wife and children. It can be detected by word and action, but it can only be understood by two—lover and loved.

As true love is an indication of the happiness to be found in the domain of the Almighty, then it is understandable why some men have trouble to comprehend it. It is something most desirable in life, and happy are they who possess it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## MATCHLESS COURAGE

They paused beside a doorway dim.  
He quickly raised his arm.  
He struck her head with all his force,  
But her he failed to harm.

Collected, calm and cool she was;  
There was no sign of flame.  
The mad man struck and struck again;  
Her coolness stayed the same.

At last he threw her to the ground.  
His anger flared like thatch.  
He took another from his box,  
For she was just a match.

—GEORGE W. LAWRENCE, JR.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



# FAIR BIRD OR FOUL?

*A hunting story of the Thanksgiving Season.*

• By GEORGE MONTAIN

• Illustration by JOHN WHARTON

Kuntz was the kind of game warden hunters sought to curry, especially when the hunting season was about to open. It was, consequently, his delight and privilege to occupy prominent stools at the bars of the leading cafes of the county seat two or three days before the season opened, sip a dozen cups of coffee proffered by favor-seeking hunters, and lounge forward in such a way that his pearl-handled six-shooter glistened from beneath his jacket, shouting don't-think-you-can-get-by-me admonitions at the prospective hunters. It was one of the early days of the season that saw Kuntz sipping his seventh cup of coffee in the O.S.T. (Old Southern Trail) when a red-haired man from San Antonio, decked out in the finest checkerboard the sports-goods store could offer, stepped up to the bar and asked for some hunting information.

"That feller drinkin' coffee over yonder could probably tell you the best places to hunt," said the black-haired bar-tender, leaning over to add in a whisper, "as well as a thousand ways to get around wardens . . . He's an old hand at the stuff."

The red-haired man looked over at Kuntz, who happened to have his pearl-handled revolver well hidden beneath his hunting jacket. Taking a determined breath, he strode toward the coffee-drinker.

"My name's Miller. San Antonio. Don't know the first thing about hunting wild turkey like you do around here."

"Well, it's lucky you met me, Miller. Kuntz is my name. Sit down . . . As a matter of fact I was out huntin' all night last night and that got me sort of woozy. It's only coffee that keeps me awake."

"Would you have another cup with me?"

"Don't mind if I do . . . Miller's your name? Ever hunt anything before?"

"Oh, ducks, and quail now and then . . . You see, I bet my wife I'd bring home a gobbler for Thanksgiving dinner, so I've got to get one. Do you know any good hunting places in these parts?"

"Lots of 'em. There's Langford's place . . . or the Cox's Ranch . . . Old Jim Faris has got a place where lots of hunters go . . ."

"Well, you see," said Miller, remembering the tip the waiter had given him about Kuntz' cleverness



at evasion of the law, "since I'm not an expert at this business of hunting, I wouldn't like to go where there are a lot of experienced hunters. Being new at the game, I might — I might — well, I might shoot a hen instead of a gobbler . . ."

"Or a man instead of a hen," replied the warden with a sympathetic chuckle. "But you've got a good idea there. You wouldn't like anybody to know it if you did kill a hen, you know. The hunters probably wouldn't turn you in, but the game warden they've got here is

pretty clever — on the job day and night—"

At this Miller paled a bit.

"Tell you what I'll do," continued Kuntz, setting down his cup. "I'm a terribly busy man, but I'm always willin' to help a stranger. I've got a little place south of town where there's turkeys by the holler-ful . . . No hunters around, except me and my friends. I'd be willin' to let you hunt there. How's about me and you hittin' the road out there right now?"

The bar-tender bit his lip hard to keep from laughing as Miller paid him for their coffee and for Kuntz' four previous cups.

"By the way," said Miller, turning toward the door with his newly found friend, "Who is the game warden here?"

"I am," said Kuntz going out.

During the whole ride, Kuntz had told of his prowess of catching game hogs, while Miller, amid the jerks and bounces, struggled with an imagination that was chilling his heart with dreadful forebodings as to what might happen if he brought down a bird of the wrong sex. When the Ford reached the forty-second bend and eighty-fifth chughole in the little country road, Kuntz halted the car.

"Really, Mr. Kuntz," said Miller, "it's been so nice of you to invite me here. I enjoyed the ride immensely—the scenery, I mean . . . Now, I really think I ought to be getting back to town . . . That ride was a little disturbing to my stomach . . ."

"Nothing that the sight of a gobbler won't cure. Sure we'll head back for town, Miller. But we're gonna take back some game with us—two gobblers, what do you say? . . . Of course there's a fifty-dollar fine for shooting a hen, but a good quail hunter ought to be able to fire straight . . . Now you head around the foot of this hill. On the other side there's a canyon—best place in the world for the old 'granddaddies.' I'll make a *vuelta* around the hill this way, and if we don't



meet at the canyon, we'll come back to the car . . . Now, remember—a gobbler's got a long beard hangin' down in front like a necktie. One shot outa that shotgun of yours ought to lay him low. Good luck. Adios!"

The warden turned and set out on his circuit of the hill. Miller stood mummified for the moment, hesitating to take the first step. But once the decision was made, his confidence grew apace and, ten minutes away from the automobile, brought him in view of the canyon. Poised behind a cedar tree, he surveyed the gulch's venatic possibilities. Here, he reflected, would be the scene of the turkey story he would tell his wife (or of the explaining he would do to the warden). It was therefore imperative that he keep his eyes peeled both for game and for the minute details of the landscape. The canyon was deep and fringed with thickets on either side like a Daniel Boon cap turned inside out. A mammoth torrent of some prehistoric age had cut it out of the earth; but long since it had become the native habitat of wild turkey.

Turning his photographic gaze to the right, his eyes met what seemed to be a monstrous ant-hill whereon black objects scurried and zig-zagged in all directions. Turkeys—on the next ridge! As he raised his shotgun, he fancied he saw a baked Thanksgiving turkey lying on its back in a platter of gravy supinely awaiting the strokes of the carver. It was on the bird that he trained his bead. And the beard was as long as a necktie! With precision he squeezed the trigger and the gun bounced with the explosion. The air was filled with the sound of flopping wings, but thirty pounds of turkey somersaulted and slumped dead to the ground. Excitement throbbed in the heart of Miller. For a moment he wished he had never fired, but pride of victory soon possessed him as he clambered over the ridge and came upon the bird.

Turning it over, Miller shuddered. The very worst had happened. A beardless bird! He looked up to see if the warden were coming. Not

in sight. At least he would not have to pay fifty dollars for a few minutes. Thoughts of frustration and fear played on his nerves. He was a failure. Not only would he return to his wife without a gobbler, but without fifty dollars as well. Gone was the hope of carving the Thanksgiving turkey; gone was the adventure of a good hunting trip; gone was the bulk of his pocketbook. Miller ran his hand up and down the breast of the shot-riddled carcass lying before him. Still no beard. He could have sworn he saw one when he had fired them. If only he had turned back at the cafe! What a fool, to go hunting with a game warden!

The warden would be coming soon. No doubt he had heard the shot and pricked up his ears. He would be on the scene any minute now.

The sight of a nearby oak-thicket brought the first faint suggestion of a plan. He mopped his brow and thought it out. Seeing that immediate action was necessary, he sprang to his feet, caught the bird by the legs, gazed a moment at its maddening immensity, then tossed it under the thicket, well out of sight of the passerby. With quickened pace he retraced his steps to the automobile, and sat down to wait there for the warden.

If his plan worked, the warden on returning would surmise that Miller had missed his shot, scattered the birds, and returned to the car empty handed. Minutes passed in Indian file as he waited, and beads of perspiration met the crisp wind.

A worse shock unnerved Miller as he looked up. From the direction of the canyon came warden Kuntz bearing over his shoulder the bird which Miller thought he had so well cached. As Kuntz approached with a face of granite (as only wardens can look), Miller's heart ceased its violent throbbing and virtually collapsed. It was no use. He might as well confess. He was trapped. The look of fear changed to one of puppy-whipped dejection. He would make a clean breast of every-

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## What Might Happen Someday

By VINCENT CASHMAN

It is not easy for a man to put into words what he feels in his heart when those words describe the complete destruction of all he held dear. That is the position I find myself in; I must describe the ruins of my home town, the crumbled masses of brick and twisted steel that were once the churches, theaters and public buildings, the landmarks I knew so well and that held so many pleasant memories of my boyhood.

Today dawned gray, cold, and damp. A chilling November wind greeted me as I emerged from the smelly air raid shelter in McKinley park. The distant rumble of field artillery was the only sound breaking the early morning stillness. I know I shall never see a more depressing day. After a delicious breakfast of coffee (no sugar or cream) and toast (one piece—and no butter) I started out in my ancient Jeep to survey the terrible damage caused by relentless air raids. The civilian population was evacuated shortly before the first raid. This saved many lives. The bulk of our Army has withdrawn in an effort to strengthen our lines north of the city. All that remains here is a holding force large enough to gain time to strengthen our position. Having left McKinley Park I passed the ruins of the Art Institute and Masonic Temple. The Art Museum was hit by an incendiary a few nights ago and was completely gutted by fire. A mere shell remains. The Masonic Temple reminded me of some Grecian ruin, with its broken pillars standing in a sea of debris. Since the bridges were the first targets I had to cross the river on a pontoon bridge. The center span is all that remains of the Dayton View bridge; the others can't even claim a remaining brick. Driving down Monument Avenue to Main Street I passed the jagged ruins of the Y.M.C.A. At the cor-

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# A SHOE-HORN JOCKEY

Mostly his adventures with the public.

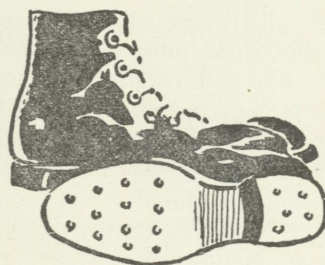
• By JOHN KELLY

My date comes down the stairs in her usual graceful manner—three steps at a time—and pauses to allow me a moment to look her over. Sensing the dramatic value of the situation, I crease my forehead like a plowed field, thoughtfully pucker my lips, and make like a canary. “Yea, and verily,” I say half aloud, “sharp as a limburger cheese sandwich with onion.” After a brief, fleeting look of three minutes, I tear my eyes away from the damsel teetering on the bottom step and mutter, “Whereja get the shoes? They look like ones I used to peddle. What size are they—about . . . lessee . . . 6½ double-A?” This rather technical talk serves (don’t mind if I do—thanks) to make the lassie slightly dubious as to my state of mind. And when I tell her that she was fitted too short (“but I like my toes to come out this far”) and too wide (“you cannot get my other foot in that gap”), she queries me as to how I know all this, where I picked it up, and what I’ve been drinking. Ignoring the last question, and wiping the suds from my chin, I explain that during the summer vacation (“vacation”—what a laugh!) I sold women’s shoes, and that I am still thinking in terms of Cuban heels (which is a type of heel, and not a Caribbean cad), black suede opera pumps, and ankle straps. Furthermore, my recent job has so affected me that at present, whenever I flick a glance at one of the local queens (both of them), I never get beyond the shoes—I’m taken up with speculating on where they came from, what make they are, and how much they cost. Anyone can see that my job must have unbalanced me.

Evidently the girl friend does not realize what trials and tribulations befall those glib-tongued salesmen who deal in milady’s shoes, and so I decide to enlighten her. Of course, there are the more frivolous mo-

ments in the daily grind—a ray of sunshine in the midst of a tornado, so to speak — and I also mention these. Presuming that she is in for quite a session, my skirted companion slumps into a chair, sighs like the wind at Second and Main on a March afternoon, and waves me on—which is like telling Old Man River to keep on rolling.

One bright summer morning, when business is as slow as a turtle with rheumatism, and four of us



shoe-peddlers are standing around yawning at each other, a lady comes trundling into the department. Seeing that no one else has awakened enough to spot her, I shuffle over that-a-way. “Good morning,” I simper.

“Good morning, young man,” she says, “do you have loafers here?”

“Yes, ma’m,” I reply, “which one of us would you care to have wait on you?”

That was nothing compared to what Dick, the assistant buyer, came up with one day. Dickie is an outspoken, carefree individual and doesn’t particularly care where his next sale is coming from—not any more than he does for his right arm. This particular morning a little old lady came in and sat down. We clerks matched to see who would wait on her, and Richard galloped over and asked if he could help her.

“Yes,” she piped, “I want something comfortable that I can put my foot into when I get up in the morning.”

Solemn as a judge, Dick blurted, “How about a bucket?”

“A-a-what?” asked the l.o.l.

“A bucket,” was the blunt reply.

“Oh, yes, yes—a bucket-te-he-he-he,” the woman quavered. Eventually, she bought a pair of slippers at a dollar and seventy-nine cents a throw, thereby proving that she could not only take a joke, but could buy one to boot.

Rush hours and heavy days never fail to bead the brows of the shoe-horn jockeys. We had been swamped all day—the department bore a marked resemblance to New Year’s Eve in Times Square—and Dan, one of the weary clerks, was desperately trying to polish off the sale he was working on and get to a belated lunch. As he was babbling to the woman about the appearance of the shoe on her foot, he heard a voice at his shoulder ask, “Do you have this in my size?” and an impatient housewife crammed a display shoe under his nose. Dan, envisioning his lunch hour going A.W.O.L. if he tried to help this latest terror, looked up and said slowly, “Lady, how the Sam Hill do I know?”

A woman came in one day and very carefully looked over all the shoes on the display stands. Anticipating a sale, I followed her around on her Grand Tour. “Something you’d care to see?” I asked. “Yes, I believe so,” she said, “I want a pair of shoes.” With that she lapsed into silence. “What color?” I ventured. “Black” was the answer. “How high a heel?” She came back with “About the same height as the pair I’m wearing.” A trifle testily, I ground out “Closed or open toe and heel?” It didn’t matter, she said. “Suede, reptile, or calf?” I questioned hopefully. That didn’t matter either, she stated. About this time, I didn’t think the sale mattered. But with grim determination I hauled out six different pairs of shoes in her size, after I measured her foot. She didn’t particularly care for any of them, but asked to try three of them in a slightly differ-

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## NO POSIES FOR POPE

What do you think of puns?

• By DAVID CARRIGAN

To say "he that would pun would pick a pocket" is to utter a gross inaccuracy and a foolish snap judgment. The highly revered Alexander Pope once said it, and I wonder how such an unreasonable statement could have dripped from that otherwise erudite pen.

Is the pun really such a disreputable article of conversational indulgence? Should a person given to forming them be driven from polite society? Let us examine the popular, anonymous saying that relegates the pun to "the lowest form of wit." This cliché, like the above quotation from Pope, can be applied only to certain individual cases. Surely the pun is not the lowest form of wit, if "low" means "malicious," "mean" or "evil." Try to prove that puns ever started wars or caused defamation of character.

Actually, what is a pun as we think of it? It is a play on words, brought unexpectedly into a conversation, and accompanied by groans and disdainful glances on the part of persons hearing it.

I once sat in class beside a fellow who was polishing his glasses just before an examination. He leaned over toward me and said, "Professor Blank says to be optimistic about the quiz, but first I want to make sure I don't have misty optics." It was a prime example of spontaneous, innocent merriment. I wanted to groan, but laughed in spite of myself.

In our era of false, parlor-type sophistication, the pun, as well as other kinds of harmless word-game diversions, has taken a back seat to the more "intellectual" pastime of putting friends and enemies under the yoke of gossip and slander. If this habit is not considered universally as a greater manifestation of talent, why does society indulge in it so readily? When subjected to closer examination, such derision,

even in the form of clever sarcasm, hardly contains as much thought or talent as the worst pun on earth, and the fact of its being more harmful makes it doubly insidious.

Why should sarcasters and habitual character-hurters look down on the punster and call him a silly fool? It may be with a sincere desire to steer the conversation away from maliciousness that the "fool" twists words and phrases into unusual patterns.

I do not go along with Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that people who make puns are like wanton boys who put coppers on the railroad tracks," nor do I agree entirely with Sydney Smith who claimed that "the wit of words is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company."

The witty person usually has good reason for injecting the wit of words into a conversation. The wit of ideas that Sydney Smith rightly regards as superior may be at the punster's command, but when he finds the group not receptive to the wit of ideas, he substitutes the wit of words. And it is very often the case with a conversation group involving persons of equal intelligence and experience that the discussion never centers very long on one topic but darts from one to another with a definite lack of coherence.

The punster finds, therefore, that the wit of words is more easily delivered; whereas, the wit of ideas takes time and attention that the group seems unwilling to sacrifice.

I for one, prefer the worst epigram on earth to clever calumny that is indulged in at someone's expense. And as for the persons who look down on the punster, I am inclined to agree with Edgar Allan Poe who said, "those most dislike them who are least able to utter them."

## In Loving Memory of—

By JOHN M. SCHNEIDER

In loving memory of Jim. Who is Jim? Oh, you do not recall, then permit me to refresh your memory a bit. Way back, seven years to be exact, Jim was your classmate in Frosh College class. He was a swell fellow and, to use his own expression to help refresh your memory of him, he was a 'swell Joe'.

Jim, I might say, was the ordinary boy, but for him that was hard because to all who came into contact with him he was extraordinary. In manners, speech, personality, and in a word, character, Jim stood out. It was your, shall I say privilege, to chum with him in the last years of high school and that first year of college, thus you got to know him fairly well.

To be an M.D. was his sole ambition. Did he want to be a big, famous, outstanding doctor as is the case with many other men in following this profession? Say no and you'll be right. No, Jim didn't want to be any of that for he wanted to be "All things to all men," that is to help others in his little way. A great thing in a great but ordinary boy. Jim made a fine start to being that 'all' because he was at your service twenty-four hours a day Saturday through Sunday even though he had athletics, school, part-time work and a few other things. Service? Yes! Kindness? Yes! Any line of need? Yes, certainly, "all things to all men! !!"

After having completed his freshman year Jim's number came up. Summoned was he to the service of his country. What was his reaction? Positive of course, for how clear did the chance now stand out to serve, not self, others. Lucky was Jim. Lucky because his assignment sent him into the ranks of the Medical Department, his line. After that Jim's company was but rarely to be enjoyed, for he was training himself for the future. Eleven months  
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### A THANKSGIVING DAY PRAYER

Our thanks we give, O Lord, to thee,  
For the gifts we have received.  
Thou'st sent Thy grace abundantly,  
And all our wants relieved.

All that we have has come from Thee,  
From Thy almighty power;  
For it, we thank Thee gratefully  
With praise at every hour.  
Yet one more thing we ask, O Lord,  
As we use Thy gifts today:  
The grace that we be in accord  
With Thy eternal Way.

Amen.

—CHARLES G. AWALT.

★ ★ ★

### FALL

The coming of fall effects a great rustling,  
Children are sent back to school a-hustling;  
The farmer scurries to bring in the harvest,  
Nature dons colors with inspiring jest;  
Halloween brings apple cider and pumpkins  
Costume balls introduce rowdy bumpkins;  
As baseball rings out in world series color  
Football brings in stellar men of valor;  
Fishing is forgotten; men hunt other prey  
The turkey is gobbled Thanksgiving day.  
Our straw hats and swim suits to closets have gone  
And woolens and snug furs are now put on.  
What causes this mild upheaval we reason?  
Oh, it's the annual change in season.

—JOE BUHL.

★ ★ ★

### IN MY DREAMS

*(These lines were written at Calcutta, India, in 1945, upon entering my tent and seeing a fellow GI fast asleep with a smile on his face.)*

Wrapped in magic flood of Indian moonlight,  
Far removed from dreaming loved ones,  
Slumbers a soldier  
In his sleep of seeming solitude,  
While gently swaying acacias murmur softly,  
Speaking sweetly of moments past.

—AUGUST BIEHL.

★ ★ ★

### TO CHILDREN, SLUMBERING

Dream on, my little ones, dream on  
Sail far across your silver sea of sleep.  
Dismiss the turmoil of this world  
As you forgot your own great tragedies:  
The bruised knee or stolen pup

Which just today so saddened you.  
Some distant day you may recall  
When burdened with the grief and pain of life  
A moment such as this when you  
Had only just to dream in innocence.

—SHIRLEY McNEIL.

★ ★ ★

### TOMORROW

The morrow's sun shall brightly beam from the skies,  
Pains we know today, tomorrow all shall die;  
And in pure ecstasy,  
Our wondering eyes shall see  
A new world hastening on with the dawning day.  
A new born race of mankind shall surely rise,  
With the light of freedom gleaming from their eyes.  
And with true brotherhood  
And love of all that's good,  
Go forth to greet the sun, greet the dawning day.

—GEORGE W. ELLIS.

★ ★ ★

### THINK A BIT

Did you ever stop to think about  
This human soul of ours?  
Did you ever stop to wonder why  
It's there?  
If you ask yourself these questions  
It's a lot of grief you'll spare.  
We always feed our body and still  
Death takes its toll,  
But, if you feed it often,  
Death never takes the soul.  
So stop and ask those questions  
And never mind the cost  
The body, is only mortal  
But good souls are never lost.

—J. H. HIGGINS.

★ ★ ★

### THE ROMANCE OF A CLOUD

The grass put on an autumn skirt  
And silently began to flirt  
Conspicuously, with a breeze  
That sang to her from distant trees.  
Far up above, high in the sky  
A taffy cloud began to cry  
Moist tears, because the pretty Miss  
Reached up and gave the breeze a  
kiss.

Yes, that is why the other day  
A smiling cloud became so grey  
And tears, called rain, tiny and  
round  
Descended sadly to the ground.

—SHIRLEY McNEIL.



# Editorial Comment . . .

## OUR COMMUNITY'S GRAVE PROBLEM

If there any longer exists any doubts about the problem on our hands concerning mental hygiene, the following facts may clarify the situation: In the United States today, mental patients occupy one-half of all hospital beds; and for every patient in a hospital, there are eighteen outside who need treatment. One out of five were rejected by the armed services due to nervous causes, and of those discharged for disability, one-half suffered from nervous breakdown or personality disorders. The amount spent annually on alcohol is more than twice that spent on education and religion; five percent of all patients in the hospitals for mentally ill are alcoholics. A high percentage of sex crimes, divorce, and juvenile delinquency results from the same factors.

For the purpose of doing something about this great problem, the Probate Judges in the Dayton State Hospital District organized. To improve the facilities for the mentally ill and to obtain a receiving hospital was their immediate aim. This was fulfilled in May, 1948, with the opening of the Dayton Receiving Hospital, and in September, a psychiatric ward was opened in the Miami Valley Hospital.

The Montgomery County Mental Hygiene Association in the institute held recently in Dayton indicated that the public can aid in defeating this problem in two ways.

First, the public must be made aware of the fundamental facts: mental illness can be prevented, and a can be cured. It shows warning signs in advance, develops gradually, but responds best to prompt attention.

Second, there is great need for legislation which will provide better treatment of the mentally ill; a program for prevention, and a program for research; a simplified commitment procedure, and institutions and clinics for the various types of mental disorders, and for personality disorders.

The public must also be educated to the causes and prevention of mental illness, as well as to the needs of the mentally ill, for mental health is related to all of the other social problems. Courageous facing of the problem of mental health would greatly reduce the others.

## CONTROL OF PRESS AND RADIO ANTICIPATED

At the convention of the National Federation of Catholic College Students held recently at St. Joseph's College in Indiana, a proposal was made for a series of interlocking committees to be set up with the purpose of providing some measure of control on those media which influence the public. Radio, the cinema, and the press, while giving lip-service to The Public, have generally operated on the erratic old theory that the public's mental age level is twelve years. If the formation of these committees does not refute this hoary old bromide, it may at least cause the leaders of the above named industries to gasp, "Twelve years old, but BIG for its age!"

We anticipate screams of "censorship," and the outraged cries of bigots; yet those who attended the convention, representing various types, races, and even faiths could see little but good in the idea. In the first place, censorship of an artistic nature is obviously not intended here; for it would be foolish indeed for any group to set itself up as an arbiter of artistic taste for the public at large. In moral matters, however, the various groups which form the public in our civilization desire or should desire the right standard, hence the influence brought to bear in behalf of one is good for all. Conscientious owners and editors, far from being irritated, will welcome the idea, since they go to great lengths and to no little expense to keep themselves in the public's good graces.

The type of owner and editor mentioned above usually offers a periodical for sale, and so realizes that the approval of the general public manifests itself in continued or increased circulation. Those editors who would benefit most from the guidance of this kind are those whose publication is not sold but given away; that is, the publishers of plant-papers, house-organs, the "official" paper of organizations, and the like. This type of paper reflects the interests of the organization supporting it, and those of no one else. Not having advertising accounts, as a rule, not even the influence of advertisers exists; so that the few checks and balances which the selling periodicals possess are lacking to them. Nothing exists to "keep it honest" save the possible integrity of the editor or owner. Strangely enough, this type of paper wields terrific power and its number is legion. The reader, while no doubt realizing that



paper is, for example, the voice of a firm or union, nevertheless seems to be unaware of the extent of the bias of features which are not obviously connected with the management.

Any form of public control on this type of literature is all to the good. The mere fact that there is in existence an organized body representing a good part of public opinion should have a beneficial effect on journalistic endeavor as a whole.

★ ★ ★

### QUO VADIMUS

(or, Whither are we being shoved to)

There is nothing really new under the sun. This thought should encourage us, for it makes us hope that nothing worse can happen to our civilization that hasn't already happened to other cultures before us. Nevertheless it is interesting to speculate on some of the prophecies or legends which have come down to us, but which seem to have a disturbing element of truth about them.

There is, for instance, the story of the Stone of Lun, a legend of the Far East. According to this tale, the Stone, which represented power and greatness to its possessors, was stolen out of the East by barbaric peoples of the western world, (gunpowder taken by Marco Polo?)

They prospered and rose in ascendancy so long as it was in their possession. However, the legend goes on to prophesy that the Stone will one day be inadvertently returned again to the East. Thereafter that civilization will reach the heights of its former greatness, while the western world declines.

No actual description of the Stone of Lun was ever given in the legend, but according to a Yogi friend of ours, it may have something to do with the Atomic Bomb.

In seeming support of this strange legend is the now famous prophecy of Nostradamus in which he foretold the Second World War, and the fact that it would be won by the Western Allies. He added a disturbing element, however, by indicating that the price of our martial victory would be the gradual decline of the Western World into a state of semi-barbarism, and the ascendancy of the East; so that by the year 2000, the centers of civilization will entirely have shifted back to the Orient.

Well, readers, brush up on your Chinese grammar. Here we go again.

### GOOD NEWS

For the 600,000 people in the United States, (as many as suffer active tuberculosis) the epileptics, the treatments developed in the last three years offer a new life. For seventy percent, the treatments promise relatively normal lives. Of the remainder, twenty percent will be alleviated greatly; and future research may turn up something for the last ten percent.

Now all that remains is for the public to help by removing the stigma unfortunately attached to the infirmity. In ancient times, epileptics were regarded as oracles favored of the gods, or later, as possessed of witches. In modern times, people regard them, falsely, as being subnormal in intelligence; or worse, act as though the victim were a dangerous or disgraceful thing. As for the I.Q., many, on the contrary, have been geniuses; Julius Caesar, Vincent Van Gogh, Lord Byron, Charles Swinburne, Paginini, Alfred the Great, to mention a few. Many thousands of others are simply normally intelligent people. They have been denied the opportunity to live normal lives simply because their affliction is misunderstood by the average person. The pendulum of public opinion must right itself before we can become known as an enlightened society.

★ ★ ★

### AIDS THE NAVAJO

In a recent issue of "Arizona Highways" magazine appeared a heartwarming story. One man is doing what most of us thought about and forgot; perhaps this year we may have the opportunity to assist him in his undertaking.

"Shine" Smith, of Flagstaff, Arizona, has adopted 800 Navajo for Christmas giving. It is pathetic to read of the happiness such simple presents as a can of peaches, or coffee gave these simple people. Cast-off clothing made wonderful gifts for the destitute children unable to go to mission schools for lack of it. One child loved his gift overcoat so much, it is reported, that he wore it winter and summer! These poor children see as little candy or fruit as do those in Europe; there were some oranges at the Christmas party last year which they have never forgotten.

We were much affected by the reports of these poor people, destitute through no fault of their own, when they appeared in "Life" and "Time" last year. We hope that "Shine" Smith, and the others aiding the Navajo receive many contributions for their Christmas parties this year.

—JOHN WHARTON.



# With the Coeds . .

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . . . ERMA FISTE

## LISTEN ! LISTEN !

Hand me my soapbox . . . I feel a sermon coming on !

Yon Women's Lounge looks like a Wednesday-Collection-at-the-curb-basket a few hours after it is opened in the morning. What say we place our "cheat sheets" in the waste basket, put out cigarettes in those little glass ash trays, remove muddy shoes before curling up on the blue sofa, and put the magazines back in the rack. Keep the radio down to a roar. You can't study Psychology in C332 to the tune of Mary Marlin—Backstage Wife. Remember, the window ledge isn't a deep freeze unit for lunches . . . in the lockers, please. Exit the soapbox.

You can't count on anything anymore . . . just as I was figuring out the lounge clock on the wall . . . they came in and set it right. It ran like this: 8 o'clock's began at 2:07½; 8:55's at 3:42½; 9:50's at . . . no, no, that wasn't it at all, it was 2:11½ . . . anyway, it knocks the wind out of a perfectly legitimate excuse.

Yes, the Arcade has always been THIS cold. On a clear day, you can bribe the penquins to carry your briefcases. Admiral Byrd, who visited the school in '37 was known to remark while adjusting his Parka Hood, "Gad." For those poor souls who have lockers in the Arcade . . . one word of advice . . . just walk your coats around the block a few times . . . they'll thaw out.

—E. L. F.

★ ★ ★

## STUDENT ENJOYS HER WORK AS MODEL

Fortunate indeed is the girl who works part-time and really enjoys it. One has to talk with Martha Scheffer for only a few minutes to discover that modeling clothes is more fun than work for her. She has been a full-fledged model at the Rike-Kumler Co. for about a year and a half now, working full-time during the summer months.

Martha is quite tall, slender, and her blonde hair is fashioned in the popular short feather cut. She would much rather model sportswear than dressy fashions, because she naturally tends toward the tailored look in her own wardrobe.

Martha explained that "Models gradually become 'typed' for various fashions, because certain clothes may look much better on one girl than on another."

Some of the "labeled brands" in sportswear which Miss Scheffer favors are McMullen, B. H. Wragge, Socony, and Maurice Everett. These various names in fashions are usually noted for one or more reasons. In the case of B. H. Wragge, that particular line is exemplified by its quality of materials and the frequent use of gold and orange.

Recently Martha participated in the Symphony of Fashion produced by Rike's at the Victory Theatre. At that time she modeled equisite dresses by Hattie Carnegie and Rosenstein, and Davidow imported tweed suits.

According to our senior coed, all girls are tempted to buy the clothes they model, and with a liberal discount offered them, they very often do purchase these fashions. Martha models most frequently in the main dining room at Rike's during the noon-hour, and at college fashion shows. There are occasions also when special shows are presented to the employees of the store, and to women's private luncheons.

Choosing a particular dress or suit for a model to wear at a show does not end with the mere selection of the item, according to Martha. Everything from the correct hat and shoes to the loveliest piece of jewelry is selected to carry out the desired effect. Models benefit from out-of-town representatives of cosmetic lines, and from hair stylists who turn to these girls for first-hand demonstrations of their new products and styles.

Martha attended Barry College in Miami, Florida, for two years before coming to U.D.; and she is now majoring in business organization. But she says that "modeling gets in your blood", and although she isn't planning on a full-time career of it, one never knows.

—JACQUELINE DEHN.

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## THOSE FASCINATING PERFUMES !

Have you a nose for business; the perfume business, I mean? How would you like to be a "smeller"? What's a "smeller"? A scent "mix-master" in a perfume factory. The job sounds inviting, doesn't it? But don't leave by the nearest exit to seek such a job because, without a doubt, you do not have the qualifications.



Believe it or not, as many as fifty to two hundred different products may be blended to make a finished perfume and a professional "smeller", after a study of two or three months of a precious perfume, can determine more than ninety per cent of its ingredients. It takes from twelve to fifteen years to train a man to be an ordinary perfumer and then he may not have acquired the technique to be an expert in his field.

To get down to everyday statistics in this business, it is interesting to note that one pound of attar of roses is derived from the processing of 5,000 pounds of rose blossoms. Strange as it may seem, the best perfumes contain an animal scent as well as that of flowers. (I won't mention the animals. You wouldn't believe me anyway if I told you that one of them is a skunk. Well, "that's what Uncle Remus said.")

It is always wise and safe to invest your dollars in scents by famous name perfumes. There is little danger of a famous label's being falsified. In France, where the perfume industry is of national importance, perfume counterfeiting is punishable by prison terms as high as twenty years.

A strong recommendation for the better grade of perfume is its lasting scent—the perfume eventually will evaporate on the skin leaving a delicate lingering fragrance. In the cheaper grades, all the ingredients will exaporate, one after the other, leaving a final undesirable aroma.

#### NOW FOR A FEW FEMININE RULES:

Always apply perfume directly to the skin.

Do not yield to the temptation of an oversupply.

Avoid light and heat; storage under these conditions may cause chemical changes.

Be sure stoppers are tight.

This "man-bait" is expensive but the result of its use justifies the extravagance: "Someone lovely has just passed by."

—MARY ELLEN NAGLE.

★ ★ ★

#### NU EPSILON DELTA

Professional nursing, in its infancy, was directed towards one end. It consisted primarily of ministering to the sick and was bounded on all sides by the walls of the sickroom. However, the traditional role of bedside comforter is not the only role played by the modern nurse. Her activities are no longer restricted to the hospital and the home. She has invaded every nook and corner of the American scene. Other than in hos-

pitals you find her in schools, in industry, in the Army and the Navy, in recreation and rehabilitation centers, in doctors' offices, and in colleges, only to mention a few places. It is with the nurses in colleges that we are concerned in this short article.

With emphasis placed on advancement in education, the branch of nursing education was developed until today it is a fast-growing and important field. Much has been done to inform the public about nursing and what it has to offer, especially through the raising of nursing to the college and university level.

In recent years, the enrollment in the classes of nursing education at the University of Dayton has increased considerably. With the influx of students in this branch, one of the most natural things to do is to organize a society to acquaint the students with modern advancements in the art and science of nursing. The name of the new society which is in the process of organization is Nu Epsilon Delta.

Any registered nurse who is a full or part-time student at the University of Dayton is eligible for admission. The purpose of the society is to create enthusiasm for superior scholarship and to develop leaders who will advance nursing education and the profession of nursing. At the same time efforts will be made to make Nu Epsilon Delta a working organization that will fit in with other activities at the University of Dayton.

—MARIA SANTARSIERO.

★ ★ ★

#### WHAT DO I HEAR?

I am standing my time in Chaminade Hall,  
A fem passes me by,  
"Hey, Mary, whadya hear from Ed?"  
"You think he's neat?" another cries.  
"Your gonna wear your flats tonight?  
What's the scoop in Spanish class?  
Goin' steady now with Frank What's-his-name?  
What say we have coffee in the Caf?  
Who'd you see at the party last night?  
When's Bill coming home from State?  
How crusty can a Bio test get?  
Did you make it on time . . . were you late?"  
I am shaking my ear as I slowly tread  
Down the stairs of old Chaminade,  
For the answers returned are only heard,  
By the Women's Lounge and God.

RUPPERT . . .



# BILL AND JOE

No comment needed.

• By JAMES COONEY

• Illustration by MARGIE CAPORAL

Joe Lankton swooshed out of the registrar's office in Sterling Hall, glad to have all of the business with the registrar, of making out a schedule, and settling with the finance officer over at last. Scratching a match across the nose of an uninterested bust of the school's founder, he lit a long delayed cigarette. Sighing resignedly, he decided to hop a down-town bus, so he headed for the nearest loading zone. Nearing it, he was surprised to see Bill Carlton's lanky frame draped ungracefully against a utility pole. The two had been inseparable during the preceding year. They had not kept in touch with each other during the summer, however.

"Hi thar', stranger!" drawled Bill in greeting. "Back for more, eh?"

"Hello yourself, you big stiff," grinned Joe. "Yeah, I'm a glutton for punishment. But why the strange vernacular?"

"Oh, I've been out on my uncle's cattle ranch all summer. How about you?"

"I worked in a stove factory in my home town during vacation. I saved almost every dime I made, too. If I work it right, I won't even have to get a spare-time job this year," related Joe.

"That's about the way I had it figured," countered Bill. "If we don't drink this year, our biggest expense is avoided right night."

"Yeah, those dime beers sure do add up, don't they buddy?" laughed Joe. "We don't want to drink this year. I haven't had a drop of anything all summer."

"I left the stuff alone, too!" declared Bill.

"Say, have you seen any of the other fellows?" Bill changed the subject. "I would like to trade some

books around, if they have any of those I need."

"I have to get a used geology book myself," said Joe. "So let's go over to Andy's Bar and look them up. I guess that is about the best place to look for them. Boy, those guys never will quit drinking like we did."



"Yeah, all it takes is a little intestinal fortitude," wisecracked Bill. "And besides look at the money we are going to save, oh boy!"

The two leaf-turning Sophomores walked off in the direction of Andy's Bar, local hang-out for the more fortunate students of George Casper College; those who could afford a beer now and then.

Entering the dimly lit den, the well-known pair were greeted by raucous laughter, wreaths of stale smoke, and received a "welcome back" from genial Andy Arnold, the proprietor.

"Hey Bill, there's Spud and Gene!" bellowed Joe.

"Come on over and have a beer-or-two-or-three!" welcomed Spud Adam, a hail-fellow-well-met, if ever there was one.

"No, thanks, we . . ." began Joe.

"Look, fellows, all we want to do is trade some books. Joe and I have decided . . ." Bill's voice was lost in the din aroused by his statement. Remembering their prowess with the amber fluid during the preceding school term, the imbibers would not take "no" for an answer.

"Well, one won't hurt any thing, will it, Joe?" asked Bill as he slid Joe a guilty look.

"No, I guess not," came just as guiltily from Joe.

"Hey! Anybody know any good jokes?" queried Gene Krain. If a person didn't know any, Gene did, and wasn't a bit slow in getting one out. He could tell jokes—just harmless little chuckle getters—in a manner which confirmed everyone's opinion that he should be a Master of Ceremonies in a night club.

"More beer, Andy!" shouted Spud, who was in his glory upon such an occasion.

"Whatcha' mean, 'no more for us?' Man we haven't seen each other for months!" jibed Gene, peeved at Bill's suggestion that he and Bill 'had to go now'.

Beer followed beer: one joke recalled another which had to be related. Some of Bill's books slipped to the cigarette-butt strewn floor, unnoticed by anyone but Andy. Hurrying over, he retrieved the volumes and handed them to Bill.

"Whatcha' want me to do, auto-graph 'em or something" jeered Bill unkindly. "Keep 'em, man. Ther're plenty more where these came from. Bring us 'nother round of suds!"

"That's tellin' them, Bill," encouraged a very beery Joe. "Lesh go after thish one, we gots lots of bars we haven't been in since last May to visit yet! An' we got money, too!" Joe told this to Gene and Spud.

"Yeah, we got a roll, boy! We worked hard all summer. We got lot'sa beer money—yeah, lots!"



# MISTER ICKSWORTHY AND THE SNAIL

A story of some importance.

• By GEORGE MONTAGUE

• Illustration by SUE POHLMAYER

The frosted glass door inscribed *John D. Ickersworthy, Scientific Research* swung open before the hand of Father Powers.

"Glad to see you, Jim . . . I mean, Father Jim," cried the beetle-eyed grey-suited gentleman rising from his ornate swivel chair. "It's been a mighty long time since I've seen you . . . Have a seat . . . Smoke?" He offered the priest a cigar.

"No, thanks, John," said the young priest. "It's a treat to see you, too. It's been a long time since we said goodbye that graduation night at old Saint Mary's; and I suppose our ways have been as different as the suits we're wearing."

The black suit and Roman collar of the priest looked about as out of place in the office of John D. Ickersworthy as would Henry the Eighth in a choir stall. From their marble perches a noted philanthropist and rationalist thinker peered icily at the apostle of divine charity. A philosopher, framed on the wall, was disgruntled at this intrusion into the domain where he reigned supreme—the office of John D. Ickersworthy. The executive himself sat in a swivel chair behind a black mahogany desk where a dictaphone, a fluorescent lamp and three sheets of paper on a spotless blotter sheet rivalled to express the scientific perfection demanded in his office. Beetle-eyed, beak-nosed, dressed in a scientifically perfected plastic suit, John D. Ickersworthy through his cigar smoke saw what he could of the priest. Not that he wanted to see much, for ever since he left Saint Mary's and lost his way in the materialistic labyrinths of a secular university, he had regarded Roman collars as the enemies of progress. And this bitterness was aggravated

by a little well-hidden fear which once in a while crept into his conscienciousness and tried to recall the old days when Jesus, not Jupiter, claimed his better aspirations.

It was this bitterness, this reactionary fear that prompted a quick and untimely, almost automatic, self-defense, as he brushed aside formalities and said:

"I have nothing against the Church, Father," the beetle eyes glimmered an oily smile. "It's just that she has become old-fashioned."

"How so?" countered the priest.

"It's just that she continues to hold those old theories that are as hoary as the quills they were written with; she's living in the dreamy yesterday, and trying to make others live there, too . . . Father Powers," he said, leaning forward a little scoffingly, dropping the old school name "Jim" and speaking directly to the Roman collar, "Father Powers, you've just got out of the seminary. I dare say you aren't acquainted with the revolutions that have been going on in science."

"I've heard of the Atomic Bomb."

Ickersworthy, brushing aside the naivete, leaned back in the swivel chair and swung his legs. "Yes, yes . . . the world of yesterday is nothing compared to the world of today! And think of the promises of tomorrow! Do you realize what speed man has attained? He can girdle the earth in 80 hours! It certainly is a shame, Father, that the Church is so slow in converting, and so to say, getting in the race . . . She's still spouting those fairy tales about a supernatural world, with all that excess baggage about sin, imperfection, and morality . . . Now,

you, Father, have been living in a hotbed of the Church for eight or nine years; don't you feel like you're stepping out of yesterday when you enter the world of today?" The eyes glimmered and laughed. "I'll bet that alongside of this modern man you feel like a snail!"

"And what, John, is so wrong with feeling like a snail?" inquired Father Powers. "In fact, what's wrong with being a snail?"

"Come, now, Father Powers, let's not become ridiculous." The executive blew out a cloud of cigar smoke. "I'm afraid those years of indoctrination have left you somewhat up in the clouds . . . Take, for instance, our new P-87. I helped build that plane myself. Magnificent job! Faster than sound! Talk about speed!"

The blood was rushing to Father Powers' Irish face. He did not mind being spattered with worldly conversation; but he would not see materialistic mud slung at the Church.

"I still maintain that a snail is not so slow as you think it is, Mister Ickersworthy."

The executive blew out another cloud of cigar smoke as if to say that the young priest was ridiculous, but that he would let him go on.

"Of all God's creatures that walk the earth or crawl it," continued Father Powers, "the snail is the least, the most despised, the most like the slime from which all such creation came."





Ickersworthy's eyes glimmered unpleasantly at the association of slime with man. "If you ask me," said the materialist, "the snail is the embodiment of your capital sin of Sloth; haven't you ever heard, Father, of a 'snail's pace'?"

"Precisely. Your anathematization is quite common; yet what makes a snail a perfect snail and places him in his proper station in the hierarchy of created beings is precisely the fact that of all of them he is the fastest.

"In this modern day and age, little children stand agog at the fleeting blue steel of your P-87; men puff cigars over their last business flight to New York; even women drape the backyard fence with gossip about the miraculous speed of a new soap powder . . ."

"How true, Father! Ah," he waxed dramatic, "this great being man—what speed! He has mastered the distances of the earth!"

"I would not wholly agree with you about the speed of man, Mr. Ickersworthy. Man, with all his test-tube triumphs, is being outstripped by a little creature which you scientists call *haplotrema concava*, but which the common man calls snail."

Ickersworthy lit another cigar and settled back a little more in his swivel chair.

"We say, do we not, Mr. Ickersworthy, that a sprouting adolescent is growing fast, because we see that in a year or two he will be able to fit snugly into his father's trousers. We say that work on a new skyscraper is progressing rapidly because we see that in a few months—perhaps weeks—the edifice will be perfected. Speed, then, Mr. Ickersworthy, may be defined as the rate at which a thing approaches its end, its perfection."

"Granted."

"The end of thing depends, of course, on the material started with. If you give me a loaf of bread and a jar of jam, I might make a double-decker sandwich, but I would never succeed in making a double-decker streetcar."

"I would not expect you to do that, Father. I do grant that it will be many a year before science can make a perfect streetcar out of a loaf of bread and a jar of pam."

"I dare say, Mr. Ickersworthy, that a carefully constructed sandwich is more perfect than a carelessly constructed streetcar; that a sandwich serving its purpose perfectly is approaching its end—nourishing my body—more rapidly than is a brokendown streetcar approaching its end which is the safe and rapid transportation of passengers." Father Powers paused to let his words sink in, then set his sights for a bull's-eye follow-up. "Now, tell me, Mr. Ickersworthy, wouldn't you much rather have a sandwich in your stomach than yourself be lodged in a stalled streecar?"

"Oh certainly, man! What are you driving at?"

Father Powers felt a note at having drawn the sicientist from his hibernation. "Just this. The picture I have drawn shows what is happening to man. The snail, in the humility of snaildom, trods its lowly path day in and day out. It is perfect; its Creator demands nothing more of it. It is not only outstripping man in the race for perfection—it has won the race! Or do you suppose man's perfection to consist in purely physical speed, limiting man's life and aspirations to the walls of a test-tube? I dare say man was made to be freer than that, freer and broader—like the snail . . . The snail, Mr. Ickersworthy, has won the race for perfection. It does not, however, look back scoffingly at man whom it has left behind. It is too humble—too near the earth out of which it was made. *Haplotrema concava* is not a self-assumed title—it was bestowed by the condescending mind of man. The fact that man is still entangled in the shackles of sin, and is making little effort to free himself for the race; the fact that the individual man in the race considers himself speeding along the track because his treadmill scientific inventions have surpassed the speed of sound, or be-

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## Unexpected Company

By KATHRYN KNESE

On October twelfth in 1492 the sun blazed down with great brightness on a lovely sandy beach, and the waves washing on the sand were a deep ocean blue. Leaning against a tall palm was an older Indian. Even in his relaxed attitude you could see that he was a man of authority. After watching the shining ocean he turned back towards the grove of palm trees. Because of the heat the Indians gathered there were very quiet, and the dogs walked slowly, but there were no horses. The Indian's face was very kind as he looked at his people, for he was a chief and this was his immediate family.

A breeze sprang up from the sea, and all the Indians sat up and the old chief turned to the sea to enjoy the breeze. Their faces were pleasant and relaxed, but after a while a tense watchfulness came over every face. They saw an amazing unexpected company arriving. A great chatter arose among them. Finally the chief quieted them and as the three ships came nearer the Indians retired noiselessly into the palm grove. However, every Indian hid behind a convenient palm tree where he could watch.

What appeared to be "braves" were lowering something from the ships into the water. The queer looking men scared the Indians but these things in the water seemed just like their own canoes. The queer looking men climbed down into the canoes and filled them. One canoe came ashore.

Whatever the "braves" had on their skin amazed the Indians as the Indians wore something similar to shorts and moccasins.

The other canoes came closer to shore and spread out in the beautiful bay in a line parallel to the shore line. Having beached the canoe, the men of the first canoe explored the beach quickly. The

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# AMERICA'S NATIONAL AIRS

*This is quite informative—don't miss it.*

• By WILLIAM E. HUTH

Our early national airs have survived despite many criticisms against them. It is easy to detect flaws in any of them, yet they have ironically survived despite this fact. One may class "Yankee Doodle" with jingle and consider "Hail Columbia" as mere noise, and object to the impossible vocal range of "The Star Spangled Banner", yet these supposedly annoying songs continue to exist. The fact is, none of these songs were intended as national anthems when they were composed, and none of their authors realized how far the influence of their songs would reach.

Numerous fanciful stories are attached to our national ballads, some perhaps true and others false. "Yankee Doodle" has been the cause of more controversies between historians and scholars than any other of our songs, because the origin of the tune has successfully eluded detection to the present time. Research in the Library of Congress has not to date revealed the origin of "Yankee Doodle."

Today, "Yankee" is a term applied to New Englanders. Some say that Yankee is a corruption of the word, "English," used by the Indians. Washington Irving in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York* states that the Indians gave the early New England settlers the name of "Yanokies," meaning silent men, and later the word was corrupted to "Yankee." The word, "Doodle" is not quite so baffling, but there are quite a number of theories advanced for its origin. One explanation is that "Doodle" is a corruption of "do little" and means a simpleton or a buffoon.

"Hail Columbia" was associated principally with the period two to three decades after the American Revolution. The words were written by Joseph Hopkinson, son of

Francis Hopkinson, the first native American composer. The song is adapted to the President's March, "Hail to The Chief," written in honor of George Washington's inauguration in 1789.

Up to the Spanish-American War, "Hail Columbia" shared honors with the "Star Spangled Banner" as one of our national anthems. Since 1898, however, Army and Navy regulations state that when there is occasion for the national anthem of the United States to be performed, the "Star Spangled Banner" is the one to be required. These regulations governed only the armed forces, however, and due to



the confusion of civilian and military personnel, the Seventy-first Congress in its third session passed a law designating as the national anthem "the composition consisting of the words and music known as the 'Star Spangled Banner'."

Our national anthem had a dramatic beginning. When the British attacked Washington, D. C., during the War of 1812, they were lavishly entertained, perhaps out of fear, while on their way to the Capital by a prominent colonial physician. Nevertheless, after the British had left, the doctor had three of the stragglers arrested. When the British army officers heard of this, they sent back a detachment of troops to release the stragglers, and while doing so, they took the doctor prisoner.

Friends, hearing that a young lawyer, Francis Scott Key, knew the physician and was influential in Washington, asked the young man to intercede. He proceeded to Baltimore with a Colonel John Skinner and together they went out to the British fleet. They succeeded in releasing the doctor, but all were held prisoners for the British were about to attack Baltimore and they did not wish their plans to be discovered. All large cities had been alerted, however, after the disaster in Washington, and Baltimore was no exception. All during the night the battle waged while Key stood on the deck of the ship watching the rockets explode in midair. As dawn crept over the horizon, he gradually saw the flag still waving over Fort McHenry.

Thus, inspired by his countrymen's gallant defense of the fort, Key took an envelope from his pocket and excitedly wrote the words of the "Star Spangled Banner," and applied them to one of the most popular tunes of the day, "To Anacreon in Heaven." The following day, a printer made a handbill with the song; that night it was sung in a tavern, a week later it was printed in a Baltimore newspaper, and since that time its career has been history.

The song, "America," is exceptional among our early national airs. Its origin is connected with no war, and it voices no such sentiments. In this regard it is truly our national hymn. Actually, this selection is as much English as it is American. It possesses only American lyrics applied to the British anthem, "God Save the King." The early English settlers brought the song to the new world, and after our independence was achieved, the music was retained for the words of "America." There are numerous verses, such as, "God Save America"; "God Save George Washington"; "God Save the Thirteen States"; or, "God Save the President."

The origin of the tune, "America," is uncertain, but it was probably written by Henry Cary around

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# WHAT DO YOU SAY, EDDY?

Happenings in Oakville.

• By EUGENE MEYERPETER

Night had already come upon the little town of Oakville. As the moon was almost at its brightest, the small tower of St. Patrick's Catholic Church was offset by its luminous light. St. Patrick's, as you might have guessed, is the typical small town church where the rector is a kindly old priest residing close to his beloved flock. As usual Father Henry — for this is the pastor's name — has retired to his peaceful slumbering, unaware of the most strange happenings about to take place in his ordinarily quiet church.

As we move to the opposite side of the building, we find two suspicious looking characters walking up and down the road along side the pastor's grounds. The one, a small but stalky chap, speaks quietly to his companion, who is rather slinky looking, cigarette in hand, and a hat sitting on his head at an exaggerated angle.

"Well, Joe, I guess the old man has hit the hay by now. What do you say we take a crack at it?"

"Not just yet, Eddy, I told you I wuz brung up in this burg and went to this here church, and I know that Pop Henry sits up in the dark praying his beads on certain nights. We had better play it safe."

"O.K., but the sooner we get it over with and scam out of here, the better I'm going to like it. I don't like messing around with anything Catholic. They always seem to come out on top."

Ten minutes pass.

"Let's go, Eddy, it's plenty safe by now. It's the back sacristy window that's left open. It will be a cinch to get the gold cup from there."

They both sneak silently to the window, take off the screen and climb in. Joe directing his flashlight around to ascertain just where the

door to the sanctuary is, lets the beam of light fall upon the vesting table where he sees a pamphlet lying.

"Hold on, Eddy. I want to see what Pop Henry is preaching about these days."

"Aw come on Joe, I told you I don't like this setup. What do you want to stop and read that trash for?"

"Button your lip, Eddy. You forget I used to believe in this stuff, and I don't like to be called a fool for my past life. Yo understand?"

"Sure, Boss, but can't we take the book along wid us and hurry up with the job?"

Joe seems not to hear, but begins to read.

"Look at this Eddy. It says here 'What can I Do?\*' I read this book when I wuz a member here."

"Ya Joe, but let's get this over wit."

"Don't rush me, chum."

"Now looka here, if you don't hustle up and complete this job, I'm scrambling out of here,"

"Keep your shirt on, pal. I'm in no hurry."

"If that's the way you feel about it, I'm beating it. The joint's all yours."

Joe doesn't even protest as his nervous friend hurries out the window. Joe then seats himself in a chair and proceeds to read the pamphlet.

One hour has passed. Joe gets up, puts the book down and climbs quietly out of the sacristy window, being careful to replace the screen. A few weeks later, Eddy in his apartment in the city receives a letter from Joe. It reads as follows:

Dear Eddy,

After you left, I sat down and read that pamphlet. I know you

will think I went chicken on you, but if you would read this book, I'm sure you would see the reason. Please, Eddy, just read this one section, I copied it directly from the book. This is the part that started me thinking.

"Do I ever think of what will happen to me at death? Friends and relatives will gather round me and say: 'How much did he leave?' But the recording angel will ask 'How much did he take with him?' I can carry away from this life only what I can carry away in a shipwreck—my merits and demerits. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?' (Mark 8.36)."

What do you say, Eddy?

Your buddy,

Joe.

-----  
\*Sheen, Fulton J., *What Can I Do?*

★ ★

## "IN LOVING MEMORY OF—"

(Continued from Page 10)

past and Jim shipped. As the tick of the clock follows the preceding so did the months after that with little news from Jim. Then, then nothing.

It was like this you see. While helping his fellow men injured in battle Jim himself was injured — fatally! Was his soul's flight straight to the loving bosom of the Father? We know not. God, we know is just. Jim could have been, in justice, detained for a while in the sufferings of Purgatory.

The Church in thinking of "Jim", that is thinking of the Poor Souls, has set aside November as especially dedicated "in loving memory of . . .". Thinking of Jim and many others who died thinking of us in war or otherwise is the encouragement of the Church for November.

"Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord."



## SKIPPER

(Continued from Page 5)

back, and his greeting that evening was less boisterous than usual.

The weeks flew by and Skipper grew like Topsy, becoming all legs. Slowly the baby fuzz peeled away, black streak and all, and his coat became a beautiful bronze. We were all happy. He had discovered the delight of ice cream and real bones and kept us laughing constantly by dancing and frantically chasing balls around the kitchen. Then tragedy struck. Skipper contracted an incurable puppy disease and died one bright June day. Till the last he had wanted to play. Since then the house has been dreadfully still. His toys still occupy his old corner. No one has the heart to throw them away. One day we hope to find another that will play with them. The requirements are hard to fill. He must be sable and white, like ice cream and limburger cheese, be full of mischief, yet still lovable and devoted, and above all, know how to dance.

★ ★

## A TRIP TO ALCATRAZ

(Continued from Page 4)

The routine is monotonous. There are no radios at Alcatraz. Very strict censorship is maintained at The Rock. Articles dealing with crime and other forbidden subjects are removed from any periodical. It is practically impossible for contraband to be smuggled on the island or messages from the inmates carried to their friends in the free world. All letters to prisoners are typed before they may read them, and every word of foreign information deleted. One letter of not more than two pages may be sent each week to blood relatives; no inmate may write to his sweetheart.

On shaving days, the inmate is given a razor blade which must be returned in two minutes. Visiting is drastically regulated. No visitor is permitted to shake hands with a prisoner or touch him. Between

prisoner and visitor is a plate glass extending to the ceiling. At the base of this glass are two strips of steel, perforated with quarter inch holes at frequent intervals. The pieces of steel are several inches apart with a thin metal diaphragm between them. The latter is in the nature of a loud speaker. Unless one raises his voice to the volume of ordinary conversation, the diaphragm does not vibrate. A guard stands behind each visitor and another behind the convict.

The guards are carefully selected, usually with experience at other prisons. They hold regular target practice, and study scientific frisking, jujitsu and reading codes. They are as hard-boiled as G-men and drill like soldiers.

Why do prisoners dislike Alcatraz? Because the discipline is rigid and there is no hope of escape.

★ ★

## AMERICA'S NATIONAL AIRS

(Continued from Page 19)

the turn of the seventeenth century. The words of the version, "America" were written by Samuel F. Smith, in the middle of the nineteenth century. He was a young clergyman, who had no idea he was writing a national hymn, but his words so well expressed American sentiment that the song continues to exist today as an inspiration to a generation of peace-loving Americans.

★ ★

## SHOE-HORN JOCKEY

(Continued from Page 9)

ent size. Around and around we went again, and finally, after half an hour, she selected a high-priced pair. Just as I was reaching for my salesbook, Madame discovered that she had forgotten to bring her billfold, and therefore she would be unable to make the purchase. But she toothed me a smile, a "Thank you so much," and lit out while I stood there with a blank look on my

face and a blank page in my book.

Way back when I first started selling shoes, a quaint elderly lady blew in at quarter of four in the afternoon and asked to try on some shoes — any shoes, irregardless of style, color, or price. She further stated that she was to meet her daughter at four o'clock, and wanted to use up fifteen minutes. So would I show her something? I did—the door.

Another dreamer wanted a certain shoe in a 6½ double-A, nothing else. As a matter of precaution, I pried off the shoe she was wearing, which she said fitted her perfectly, and checked the size. It was an 8-B.

It was quiet in the house. Not a creature was stirring—no spoons. My audience of one was still slumped in the chair, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Perceiving that three was a crowd, I haughtily arose from my seat on a stack of broken records, gave my shoe-horn a debonair flip around my little finger, and stalked out in my unusual manner—which is not very warm on a chilly night. Women — bah!

★ ★

## FAIR BIRD OR FOUL

(Continued from Page 8)

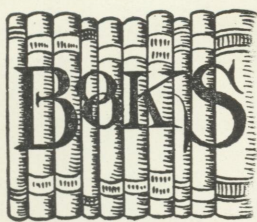
thing, go home and face his wife with empty hand and empty wallet, and eat a sirloin for Thanksgiving.

"I'm ashamed of you, Miller," said the warden, throwing the bird down in front of him. "I thought you was a better hunter."

"I'm sorry, warden—"

"A good hunter don't make excuses. You should of known not to use a scatter shell at such a distance. It spreads too much." The warden reached into his pocket and produced a handful of hairy strands. "Congratulations, Miller," said the warden, throwing back his head in laughter. "Biggest bird shot in this place for years. But next time use the choke shell and you won't shoot off his beard!"





### **Eleven Lady Lyrics and Other Poems**

By Fray Angelico Chavez, O.F.M.  
St. Anthony Guild Press

Bloody realism of war, tempered by a religious idealism, and sweetened by a simplicity characteristic of a son of Saint Francis—such is the spirit of *Eleven Lady Lyrics and Other Poems*. The book's author, Fray Angelico Chavez, a chaplain during the last World War, has seen the horrors of "twisted limbs and bloated bellies"; but he cannot forget the eternal significance and monumental beauty of their sacrifice. To these war poems he adds others concerning the Christian mysteries, as well as some lighter verse. The eleven Lady-lyrics, devoted to the Blessed Virgin, sparkle with devotion and simplicity of style.

In this volume Fray Angelico has gathered choice grains of poetic incense. If you open the book, you will see them burn.

—GEORGE MONTAGUE.

### **A Song of Bedlam Inn and Other Poems**

By Sister M. Madeleva  
St. Anthony Guild Press

God's glory is reflected in the world about us. This wonderful truth has been beautifully and poignantly captured in the poetry of Sister M. Madeleva.

Her book, *A Song of Bedlam Inn and Other Poems*, portrays in verse her appreciation of all things beautiful, nature, music, peace.

A reading of Sister's poems gives one a new view of the things of everyday life. The flowers, the trees, the stars—all take on a fresh significance when seen through Sister Madeleva's eyes.

Her lyric, "Sentries at Umbrian Farms" indicates that like St. Francis of Assisi, Sister Madeleva sees God in nature. For, after all, has she not taken this beautiful spirit of St. Francis and made it her own?

—CHARLES G. AWALT.

★ ★

### **MISTER ICKSWORTHY AND THE SNAIL**

(Continued on Page 18)

cause other men are going his same speed, or perhaps slower than he—this does not bother the snail. He has reached his end, and to God goes the glory."

John D. Ickersworthy felt stuffy, and rose. "But consider the great advances in science—"

"There is only one man," continued Father Powers, rising but oblivious of the interruption, "There is only one man who has won the race—and he isn't the scientist or the materialist. He will be there along with the snail, waiting for the arrival of the other contestants. But this man, too, has been complacently forgotten and ignored as the snail has been forgotten and ignored. He too, like the snail, went humbly on his way, the offcast of the world, the despised among men. And at the goal he did not turn back to scoff at the pitiable slackers, but turned to God to pray for them. To men he was the snail. To God he is the saint."

The frosted glass door inscribed *John D. Ickersworthy, Scientific Research* closed like a floodgate dividing waters.

The Rosary and an hour of breviary had not laden the eyelids of Father Powers as he lay on his bed that night. There before him, almost as in vision, glimmered the beetle eyes of the materialist. Father Powers shut his eyes, but John D. Ickersworthy was still there, the eyes were still there, glowing like coals of hell. Suddenly like an unleashed torrent, the priest's own life, swept before him — a life prostrate with unworthiness and helplessness. Forgotten now were his acts of charity, his fastings, his prayers. He saw only his nothing-

ness and powerlessness as a feeble instrument of God; an obstacle to the workings of the Divine Hand; a hindrance to the Grace of God. The glimmering eyes were burning him; he would quench them, he thought, were he more worthy.

He turned and buried his face in his pillow. "O my God, I am a snail, and I thank Thee for it."

★ ★

### **WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN SOME DAY —**

(Continued from Page 8)

ner, old Steele High School resembled the pictures taken in Belgium, during the first World War, of the bombed-out Guild Halls. Looking down Main street I saw nothing but ruins. The Biltmore hotel, once Dayton's finest, is now a hollow roofless tomb for the hundreds who were trapped there when it took a direct hit. The block from the Victory theater to Second street is merely a heap of unrecognizable rubble. One familiar building after another is just a heap of brick and stone, or a hollow windowless skeleton. Rike's department store, the Mutual Home Building, Telephone Exchange, are all in ruins—to mention only a few.

I had heard that the University had been badly damaged when it was caught between our forces and an enemy advance guard. When I had driven up College Street it was obvious that the damage was heavy. St. Mary's Hall had burned. The Chapel was roofless, as were St. Joseph's and Chaminade Halls. The glass in all the buildings was broken also. The Albert Emanuel Library seemed to have gotten away with a few broken windows and bullet scars. The once beautiful campus with its stately trees and soft green grass, so inviting on a warm spring afternoon, now was a muddy waste, strewn with broken trees and branches. But out of all this grim reality, still untouched and majestic as ever atop her marble column, Our Lady was looking down on her poor, foolish children. Had they turned to her to avert this tragedy, they would not be fleeing from a Godless barbarian.



## THE GREATEST GAIN

Heaven must be wonderful  
Beyond those clouds up there.  
And it takes a lot of living  
To gain that golden stair.  
So we can't afford to take our time  
To do the things that are right  
Because we'll find that all those clouds  
Will soon be out of sight.  
It takes a lot to be a man  
And to play by the book of rules  
But stop and think what it gets you  
If you don't use honest tools.  
So give the other guy a break  
And help him all you can,  
And I think you'll find that heaven  
Can be gained by any man.

—J. H. HIGGINS.

★ ★ ★

## QUESTIONS

- A** A field of red where tragedy lies,  
A cheerful thing when it's something of Ty's.
- B** The shamrock and the blarney stone  
Have helped to make its power known.
- C** Ten to the sixth say they satisfy.  
Ten to the zero will echo their cry.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word Milder which is underlined (and is in comparative degree) in the phrase "I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder."
- B** The twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet is Y. Add a MAN and you have Y-MAN, or WYMAN.
- C** Mac (or Mc), and "a pin to join two pieces" (dowel) gives you McDowell, with which name you may win.

### WINNERS OF CONTEST

Walter Roesch, Norman Pudzinski, Thomas Connair, Robert Connair, Rod Kreitzer, Robert Adler, Richard Glennon, Michael Quigley, Eugene Duane, Robert Anneser

Put your answer in the Campus Postoffice and mark it—"EXPONENT"—Chesterfield Contest."

## UNEXPECTED COMPANY

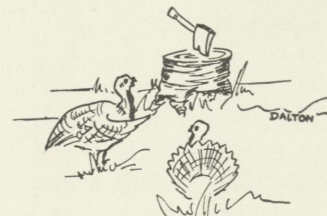
(Continued from Page 18)

other canoes came closer and the men on the beach ran back to their canoe and stood there watchfully looking up and down the beach. The other canoes were beached and all the great company of funny looking "braves" explored the beach and the palm grove along the edge of the beach. The Indians retired deeper into the grove noiselessly, coming back to their favorite tree when the queer "braves" went back to the beach.

The men gathered about in a group on the beach while a small number of "braves" took the canoes back to the ships. Men crowded into the canoes and were brought ashore. They all began to raise their arms in the air and cheer. The men from the ships ran up and down the beach, yelled, and waved pieces of goods in the air. Some seemed to be stretching their legs in a queer way and some got down and pressed their faces to the ground.

Now the Indian chief saw a man of authority. He had a long stick in his hand with a smaller stick across the long stick up near the top. The Indian chief tries to study this man's face. The big thing on the head shades the face. Now this man of authority takes the big thing off his head and kneels down, in his queer clothing and raised the two sticks high. He is waving his left hand but the Indian chief is positive that the man of authority is not waving at him.

This waving scares him so he signs to his people and they glide away into the palm grove, which is just as well, as the party on the beach scatter in every direction to look for fresh water.



THANKSGIVING... STUPID CUSTOM ISN'T IT!



# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

We're dull this morning! The light bulbs in our brains must have blown a fuse or something, 'cause our inspiration is nil. Frankly, we'd like to go back to bed but "Now is the hour"—the printers are breathing down our necks, and we'd hate to disappoint our many fans who are eagerly awaiting this issue. Well, we'll make a brave stab at being clever anyhow, but remember—we warned you so don't expect too much.

Wow—what a month! If someone would accuse us of being social butterflies, we wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Dances, parties, picnics, excursions, campaigns—everyone's been busy. The frosh initiation gave October a good send-off. There was plenty of fireworks during the parade when the impertinent freshmen turned the tables on our lordly sophs and juniors. The freshman lassies didn't seem to mind too much, especially when their tormentors were big and handsome like Bill Murphy and Joe Zaleski. The fellas suffered too; Ringling Bros. clowns had nothing on Mike Hennessey, who was "ultra-violet" from ear to ear.

Hats off to Ralph Fleischman and Jim Leary for staging a successful and warm Freshman Welcome Dance. The highlight of the evening came with the crowning of pretty Queen Sue Hickey and her King, Eddie Hess.

Seems like our favorite topic so far is excursions. What will we write about when football season's over? You guys and gals at the other end of the line better get busy and give us something to write about. But back to our subject: the Toledo excursion. That was one we'll never forget. Ann August and Mary Lou Deerwester thought it was great fun dressing up like ghouls in their gas sacks, but they stopped

laughing when the "sad sacks" fell apart and they were exposed to the merciless rain.—Gal of the month for real school spirit was Jean Stewart who flew up to Toledo just to cheer the Flyers on to victory.—The train-goers were a lively bunch.—The New York Central should hire Ray Munger; he looks terrific in a conductor's cap and besides, he loves to roam.—The gals consumed cases of coke—could Jim Murphy's presence in the club car have been a selling factor? But who wouldn't walk a million miles for one of his smiles?—Ginny MacMillan kept Bill Weikel roaring with her rendition of "The Great Big Saw".—Tireless band members blew out their brains in the baggage car to provide music for such dance enthusiasts as Pat Kraus and Ned Duffy—Boo-hoo, talking about migrations makes us nostalgic (whew! a three syllable word—see what college has done for us). But don't you cry, don't you sigh—see you next year when the conductor yells "All Aboard" and the choo choo chugs "We're with you, team."

Stunt of the month was Barnie Otten's novel "expectorating contest" at the W.A.A. wiener roast. 'Twas so funny that no one minded the waste of cider.

Charlie Mudd's birthday celebration was the social highlight of the month. Heard you had a wonderful time! Many more of them, Charlie—birthdays, that is.



Sandy King is thanking his lucky stars that Jean's no farther away than Springfield.—Charlotte Shearer and Jack Pontius seem to have a lot to talk about these days.—Too bad Marilyn Strattner is so interested in a certain Frank that she hasn't time for the local boys.—Noticed the Robinhoods of the campus—Don Mills and Bucky Weaver? Those suede shoes sure are "cat".—Why doesn't "Killer" Kilbane give the U.D. cuties a break?

The presidential campaign took a back seat here on the hilltop—and why not? U.D.'s eight lovely candidates for Homecoming Queen had lots more eye appeal than either Mr. Dewey or Mr. Truman. Has U.D. ever seen such school spirit or such keen competition? Everywhere on the campus were seen evidences of wild schemes cooked up by ambitious campaign managers. The U. S. currency took an attractive turn when Nancy Niswonger's pretty face appeared on the bills. Monogrammed match books bearing Joyce Rhoads' name parachuted from the sky. Marty Scheffer smiled down from posters like a cover girl from *Glamour*. Pretty as pictures were Nancy Bourquin and Margie Wittmann. The words "Vote for Vera" could hardly escape anyone's notice for they were inscribed on street signs, on banners, and even on the pavement. "Jeanie is our P.R. gal" was the chant of the Pershing Rifles military unit as they escorted her through the Arcade and about the buildings. "Switch to Twitch" was the Hangar slogan, and the band added their support by marching Marianne Roll around the campus. Congratulations to the Homecoming Queen, Marianne Roll . . . Flyers keep an eye on that Bowl—Congratulations on the Miami game—What a line—What a game!

See you next month.



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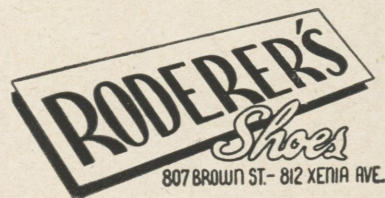
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