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## The University of Dayton Exponent, March 1947

University of Dayton

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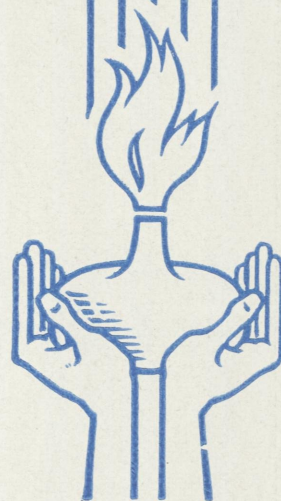
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

# EXPONENT



MARCH, 1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



**1945 NEWS ITEM**  
**Cigarette Shortage**  
**Still Acute**

Crowds Queue Up... Millions  
 Try Different Brands... Smoke  
 Whatever They Can Get.



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

# EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

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

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not.

And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

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

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

*Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS**  
**SMOKE CAMELS**  
*than any other cigarette*

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



*Your "T-Zone"*  
*will tell you...*

**T** for Taste...

**T** for Throat...

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



# THE EXPONENT

## University of Dayton

### FRONTISPIECE

St. Joseph, Rita E. McGarry .....	2
-----------------------------------	---

### ARTICLES

A Letter to Joe College, Jerome Butler .....	3
The Gaelic Language, Thomas Brown .....	5
No Shots in the Dark, Bob Unger .....	6
Personality Plus, Isabel Klopff .....	7
A Study in Colors, Three Coeds .....	9
The Family Rosary, Patrick Peyton .....	10
In Old New York Town, Betty Hodapp .....	16

### FICTION

The Domicile of Gus, C. King Bradow .....	4
Mostly About a Dog, Jayne Nyhan .....	8
St. Agnes Eve, Mary Frances Cavanaugh .....	18

### VERSE

The Annunciation, Robert Wood .....	11
Ode In a Garden, Raymond Tobias .....	11
The Question, Maria Baldassarre .....	11
St. Joseph, Robert Wood .....	11
F Sharp, Arthur Schmidt .....	11
Just Thoughts, J. H. Higgins .....	11
Flying Kites, Arthur Schmidt .....	13
About Love Poems, J. H. Higgins .....	17

### EDITORIAL

The Staff, C. King Bradow .....	12
---------------------------------	----

### WE . . . THE WOMEN

Vesta Cornet, Mary Van Dyke Brown, Jayne Nyhan, Rita McGarry .....	14
--	----

### G.I. EXPERIENCES

Robert Ford, Albert Montgomery, Henry Seeds, Hollis Young .....	19
---	----

### KAMPUS KUTUPS

	21
--	----

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### ST. JOSEPH

Quiet, gentle Joseph  
God gave His Son to you  
And as you watched with loving care  
The Child to manhood grew.

—Rita E. McGarry

# The University of Dayton EXPONENT

VOL. XLV

MARCH, 1947

No. 3

## A LETTER TO JOE COLLEGE

*Student advice to his fellow students*

• By JEROME BUTLER

Dear Joe (Jane):

The pineapples have been chucked back into cold storage. Rifles and ammunition are now a disposal problem of Uncle Sam's brass hats. The terrifying blasts of bombs and big berthas played to the accompaniment of droning sky fighters have been lost in the joy of victory and a promise of new life.

That is the meaning of peace—new life. Though peace has not yet been cemented in nation's hearts, we trust the big wigs to make a smooth, solid job while we go about constructing our new life which we dreamed of in fox holes and behind walnut desks.

It is a tough job. It is bound to be tough. Did you ever have a dream without a hitch in it anywhere? We like dreams of happiness, success, honor, and glory. And why not? Isn't the goal of life happiness, complete happiness finally in the beatific vision of God? Success certainly makes for happiness, and honor increases our success to the point of glory. So why not dream such ideal evolutions of our lives? Why not work to make them realities? There are reasons why some do not work. Perhaps just because they are ideal; or because a hitch in a dream is easily passed over, but to meet it in reality would mean discouragement, even despair.

Or could the one big reason be that our dreams never give us an integrated life?

What can we do about it? Make a dream. Forget those subconscious fancies of fame and fortune, and make a plan by solid reason for an integrated life.

We are in college to prepare more fully for life. What do we do? Prepare for living, a living which we dream of as happy and prosperous; but we are only too conscious that it does not satisfy. Our hearts will never be satisfied and our minds will never be at peace until we learn that here we are only preparing to live in another world.

Man needs health of soul and body to be happy. He must have a balanced diet of success and setbacks to be happy. If he is going to be happy, he must not be narrow-minded, but broad enough to reach into every phase and fashion of human progress. Then, and only then, will he advance toward his development.

Health of body requires exercise—and not only on the week-end; it calls for a balance of foods; and it cries out for proper care and rest. The soul is no less exacting. The best program to follow in this regard is the liturgy of the Church and participate in it. Also pray, pray

frequently, though your prayer be only a short aspiration. Why so much insistence on that? Dr. Alexis Carrel will establish the point: "Properly understood, prayer is a mature activity indispensable to the fullest development of personality—the ultimate integration of man's highest faculties. Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human reed its unshakable strength."

Setbacks in life are a necessity. Man must meet adversity if he is to acquire any worthwhile character. But the trouble is: we give the setbacks too many "setups." As long as we work for success, we need never "crutch" for the setbacks. They get along rather well by themselves—sometimes too well. But we must have such a balance that they can never prostrate us.

If you are in business, don't be afraid to stick your hooks into the arts and sciences. Business is a living; but balanced with all other knowledge, it is life. If you are a scientist, don't keep your nose to the grindstone. Your head might get rather narrow. Philosophy can contribute to your life; science, literature, psychology, manual arts, domestic arts, agriculture, horticulture, and music can do wonders. Your faith, your faith that you believe with understanding, must be the foundation of all.

Whatever you do, don't try to find life in the accumulation of greenbacks, merely for the accumulation. You must eat and live and may even be rich, but never forget the law of work and the spirit of poverty.

All these things are so bare old Mother Hubbard would rather live in a cupboard. They all can and should be developed completely. Some day I hope they will.

Our college life is the greatest opportunity for establishing an integrated plan of life. I am a student, a youngster of twenty years. In my three years of college life, the beauty of God and nature and knowledge has gradually dawned in me. But it is still a dawn. There are so many things that roll over my feet with the swiftness of a garden snake (my brains are supposed to be in my feet, you know. That's the traditional place for a young squirt with no experience to have them) that I am not able to grasp them.

I didn't want your college life to be as passive as my early part, so I thought I would pass on, though in an incomplete skeleton, the things that have touched my understanding.

Man is the wonderful handiwork of God, the God of truth, of beauty, of goodness, God whose very essence is knowledge. Treat yourself with the respect that God has given to your nature and with respect to God, Who loves you.

May God bless you with an understanding of His truth, His beauty, and His goodness, with an understanding of your complex nature, with a love of life and a love of your fellow men, with a devotion to prayer and to study—that you may realize your mission in life. I will supply the halo.

Sincerely yours,  
A FELLOW STUDENT



## THE DOMICILE OF GUS

*A character story more than a plot story*

● By C. KING BRADOW

I had just finished bringing in a semi from Akron and had knocked off for the day. Being as how it is a good 250 miles to Akron and being as how it is no snap pushing an eight-wheeled trailer along the road, I had stopped in at Jake's for a bottle of lager. The joint was pretty empty and I was sittin' there, chat-tin' with Jake, when Gus opens the door.

You could tell somethin' was eatin' Gus. When somethin' riles Gus he goes around muttering in his beard which on this particular instance I figured was about three days old. It was a warm day even for June but Gus was still wearing his long winter woolies. I could tell because he wasn't wearing his shirt. Come to think of it, I don't believe I ever saw Gus wearing a shirt. Anyway, he had on a pair of pants that looked like something Charlie Chaplin wore in a movie I saw once. I won't say his face was red, but the apples in his cheeks looked more like something off a tomato vine.

As I said before, something was eatin' Gus. He came in and flopped onto the stool next to me with all the grace and aplomb of a water rhinoceros. I'm in no special hurry because I finished the run early and the little woman won't be looking for me for another hour so I tell Jake to draw two and ask Gus innocent like what's wrong.

"Charlie," he said to me although he knows my name is Rutherford which no one ever uses, "Charlie, things is bad." I agreed as how yes, things were bad but I gathered he didn't mean things in general, he meant things in particular.

"You know my daughter, Bessie," he said. "She says how we should move over into one of her apartments on the East Side and sell the place here." Now I don't see exactly why Gus should get riled about this

because Bessie owns a considerable pile of jack in addition to the aforementioned apartments. These are pretty classy joints in a swanky part of town which is a lot better than the beat up shack he and Minnie, the wife, are living in at present. It isn't exactly a shack because it has ten, maybe twelve rooms in it and sits on a nice big lot. I doubt if it's had a coat of paint in twenty years, though, and the last time they cut the grass they had to use a sickle. Matter of fact, Minnie swung the sickle and Gus advised.

Anyway, when I mentioned a few of the above facts to Gus, he blew the suds off his beer, looked at me with a tearful eye and said, "But we have lived there ever since I came from the old country." In Gus' case the old country was a little joint in Germany near Frankfort. Gus was the son of a butcher back there and pretty soon after he got over here he was cuttin' up pork chops and pigs' knuckles for the local gentry. He didn't go broke on the deal, either, which is where Bessie got some of her jack.

"No sir," Gus said. "We are not moving. I am staying here with Minnie and Bessie can talk all she wants to. I will talk to Minnie. We will stay."

Generally Minnie is a quiet little character but I guess this time she wouldn't stay told because the next time I passed Gus' house maybe a week later, there was a big "For Sale" sign tacked up. I sort of figured that Gus had seen the light and gave in peacefully and I didn't have cause to find out otherwise for maybe a month.

They put me on the Indianapolis and Chi run for a while and then I took a load up to Boston and back so it was about four weeks until I

(Continued on Page 24)

# THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

*For St. Patrick and the Irish*

● By THOMAS BROWN

When March comes around the Irish in all parts of the world think of the big day, March 17, the feast of St. Patrick. And if those same Irish have left the old sod they revert in memory to the Green Isle, to that little bit of heaven that fell from out the sky one day. Nostalgia and clannishness seem to be very strong qualities in the Irish character, but not that they claim any special monopoly of these qualities. Many of the emigrants perhaps, found better homes in the new worlds that they came to, but still there is that hankering after the old country, a country that was poor, that had no national government for centuries, that had lost its language because of unwanted English domination.

This question of the Gaelic language is an interesting one. Suppose we pay our annual tribute to St. Patrick and the Irish by reviewing some of the salient facts about the Gaelic language. Down through the centuries there were two streams running side by side in Ireland, the Gaelic stream and the English, but by 1850 this Gaelic stream had practically run dry. Gaelic was still spoken by about seventy-five thousand people out of a five million, but it had little literary expression. The famine had dealt almost a deathblow to the language.

Then in the early eighties there was a Gaelic Revival with the publication of the Gaelic Journal in 1882 and the organization of the Gaelic League in 1893. Three people figured in this revival especially. They were Eugene O'Grawney with his simple lessons for the people, Peter O'Leary with his religious books and Douglas Hyde who wrote a Literary History of Ireland.

By 1921 the Revival had taken sure roots. The Gaelic League was embodied in the machinery of the

government and Gaelic was recognized officially as one of the national languages. It was put on the same level with English in the schools of the country. The government created a special committee to publish literature in the mother tongue and since the inauguration of that committee almost a thousand books or pamphlets have been issued. These editions were either original or translations. Some of the periodicals issued in Gaelic were short-lived but they did good work. One very helpful feature of the Revival is the publication in newspapers of columns written in Gaelic. Since 1882 over a hundred writers have produced a very representative amount of work in Gaelic. The first bibliography of the new Gaelic Language was published in 1938 and the period of time covered by the bibliography is from 1850 to 1936.

The number of readers of Gaelic is still relatively small. There are four million people in the Irish Free State and one million in the North but many of these did not have a chance to study Gaelic in the schools before 1900. Then there are some, no doubt, who do not see the necessity of studying two languages. From our American point of view it might seem patriotic and nationalistic but it does not somehow seem so very practical.

To aid the students in schools and the readers in general about eight dictionaries have been published. In the publications of grammars the Christian Brothers have taken the lead. To learn a language

readers must have an abundance of reading matter and this necessitated publishing much of the Gaelic that remained in manuscript form down through the centuries. There are still many of these manuscripts to see the light of day. In addition to the old Gaelic works that were published it was deemed advisable to translate writings from other languages to give the readers a copious variety in their reading matter. Thus we find that the *Ilaid* and the Latin classics and French works and novels were rendered into Gaelic. Many of these translations lacked spontaneity and skill and sprightliness in style. They are what the literary critic calls a *tour de force*, that is just a feat of skill or strength, just something done for the sake of doing something, something done for a utilitarian purpose and not for artistic motives.

Not all the work done in Gaelic was the publication of old manuscripts or translations. Much original work was produced under the name of belles lettres or polite literature. At first most of this was in verse. To get the real tang and flavor of the Gaelic the scholars and writers went to the southwest of Ireland where the people still spoke that language. In this country we do something similar when we go to the mountainous sections of the South to find the ballads as they were brought over by the original settlers. The Irish writers found much good folk lore in this southwest. One of the leaders in this quest was Dr. Douglas Hyde. Perhaps one of the best books to come out of this section is *Twenty Years A Growing*, by Maurice O'Sullivan, written in Gaelic in the twenties and translated into what became a best seller in this country.

Novels and short stories have been written, some simple and some sophisticated. Goldsmith and Sheridan wrote dramas in English during the eighteenth century and in our day the Abbey players produced plays with Irish themes and atmosphere but they were written in English. However some work in the



(Continued on Page 24)

# NO SHOTS IN THE DARK

*A discussion of the art of coking, proving that all students really prep for admission to the bar.*

● By BOB UNGER

With Lent well on the way and everyone (?) on the wagon, the fine old art of "coking" has again met with popularity.

What could require more technique, more finesse, than the act of showing a girl the best time of her life on a paltry nickel? The answer is "Nothing"???? And this miracle can be performed. Five cents at the "Caf" will do the job of \$25. at the Flagship—if spent by one who knows and loves his work.

Coking is no freshman frolic. Techniques seldom reach perfection before the fourth year—and even then the coker must have been conscientious. Success, however, generally appears at last. By the time they are seniors most students have mastered the art of drinking five to seven cokes a day with no inconvenience and are well qualified to become "graduate cokers".

Of course, knowing how to drink plain cokes doesn't do anyone too much good when he is out of college, and in college for that matter. But then, coking isn't the first impractical thing we have learned here at school. Besides, like algebra, it trains the mind.

No one knows exactly how the coke date developed. According to one pleasant theory, there was a time when women were at such a premium on the campus they were requested by the dean to block off their afternoons into two and three coke date periods to satisfy the masses of men. In this way every male could have several dates a week although he wasn't a big enough wheel to land any Saturday evening dates.

But to get on with the practical. One of the prerequisites for a good coke date is casualness. Even if the

boy has spent days trying to make arrangements and the girl has tried on twenty sweaters and skirts looking for a likely combination, neither must give any hint of their anticipation. The perfect date is the result of a conversation culminating with, "Well, let's go down for a coke now." Such spontaneity is good.

There is no rule about what to talk about on a coke date. Records, parties, bands, queer people and professors are all good topics. School should be referred to as seldom as possible—and then only with such generalizations as "Professors are so and so."

If you have ever been hypnotized, had a sixth toe removed, or have a dog that eats bananas you are bound to be a success.

Conversation is the main pastime for coke dates. There are, however, games for those couples who are in the fifth and sixth date stage and have only a small bit of small talk left to fall back on.

The first game is bridge, but we discourage it. Pulling out a deck of cards always looks so staged. Besides bridge involves another couple and the possibility of a bad cross flirt.

The best games are those played with money. Coins can be flipped, but it is really better to spin them. The coin is spun on the table and then stopped while vertical with the index finger. Some seniors can stop two spinning coins at once with their little fingers.

The question is often raised—which side of the booth should people sit on during coke dates, opposite sides or the same one? Really the matter is optional. Either is

correct. We, however, prefer the same side. It is so much easier to hear.

What to order is another question. In morning coke dates it is best to want coffee (only a square will fail to be repulsed by a real coke in the morning.) In the afternoon "coke" is a satisfactory order. An order for a lime coke indicates that the individual is at least a sophomore, having had enough cokes to develop some taste discretion. An order for a short lime ade indicates someone is dieting. An order for any tall drink or malt is a breach of contract.

Serious expressions during coke dating are recommended only for those who have mastered the Charles Boyer purr! The "pincers" movement has definite social advantages. It may be noted that the cokes in no way interfere with this relationship. Some coke dates can lead to "engaging affairs". It takes months of mutual admiration and lack of anything to do.

Among experts the night date at a Drive-In is not really a coke date although no one has ever had the brass to call it anything else. Not that car coking isn't perfectly all right. As a matter of fact it is undoubtedly the more engaging of the two date types. Here we simply mean to point out that there are the two. And since the Drive-In variety isn't dependent upon conversation and coin games alone for entertainment, it really doesn't enter into our discussion.

A communion of minds is the soul basis of attraction for the pure coke date. Sex never lifts its ugly head above the table.

★ ★



## PERSONALITY PLUS

*And a week's visit*

● By ISABEL KLOPF

A very important guest came to our house the other week. In fact, we were blessed with a visit of seven whole days. Now that the visit is a thing of the past, this personage, who kindly spent so much of her time in our humble abode, is the most quoted individual since Shakespeare.

She is not a tall, dark, dramatic woman whose every word falls on our ears like the musical verse of Sappho, nor is she the broad Nordic type who has such a striking personality she seems to her listeners ever to be reaching the climax of a Wagnerian aria. She is just the cutest little "half-pint" that ever walked the face of the earth. Her name is Kathleen Ann, Kathy for short, and she is just nearing the ripe old age of two years. She has dark brown eyes fringed with the longest of lashes, and with dark brown eyebrows forming pert arches above them. Her little nose is turned slightly heavenward to form the most perfect angle with her little round face. Her mouth is hard to describe since a multitude of expressions are always moving across it. One thing I do know is that a smile with a little dimple flanking it on each side is the most common expression found there. As for her hair—no, you're wrong, it isn't a mass of darling ringlets—it is straight, dark brown, and cut in bangs across her forehead with only an occasional curl found behind her ears.

If you think the above description is slightly prejudiced, please take into account the fact that she is our little niece and grandchild and the apple of our eye.

No princess could have received a better welcome than she when she arrived, nor could a princess have had more paraphernalia with her. Besides all her clothes and equip-

ment necessary for one of her age were her faithful "Teddy," her rag-doll "Susie," her little toy donkey "Donald", her private pack of playing cards, her picture book, and—oh, what's the use of continuing? Never did a night pass that Teddy and Susie and Donald did not go with her to the Land of Nod. If they did not happen to be in her crib she called out in her little, light voice, "Teddy? Susie? Donald, too."

Kathy has a good acquaintance with playing cards already, and often she came racing into the living room with her cards clasped in her hands, saying, "Dranma, play tards." She would then promptly sit on the floor, motion to Mother and say, "Dranma, down, too." Whereupon Mother would sit on the floor and Kathy would give her some of the cards. I don't know how the little "dickens" does it, but she can tell which of the cards are diamonds, hearts, spades, or "twubs."

Kathy thinks the world and all of her Grandpa and I can easily say that vice versa is more than true. While Dad was at work during the day, she would often ask, "Pappaw tum home? Pappaw tum home?" and when he finally came home, she would dance around on her little feet singing, "Pappaw tum! Pappaw tum!" Dad would then whisk her off her feet, give her a big hug, and set her on his lap. Kathy knew just what to do next. It was a regular routine. She would pull his arm

to her ear to listen to the "tick-tock", reach in his vest pocket for some little card calendars she knew were always there, and then calmly press in turn each one of his vest buttons with her small, plump finger while Dad let out "Boop, boop, boop" similar to the sounds of an organ if it were being played a note at a time. The pipe organ act would always send Kathy into gleeful laughter that was absolutely contagious.

If I were to form a mental vision of a fairy, I believe the fairy would be half like Kathy, for Kathy never walks, is never still a minute; she is always running lightly or dancing on the toes of her feet. One evening we saw her running around the dining room table chanting to herself, "Sassie's a bum, Sassie's a bum, Sassie's a bum." It was so funny seeing the little "imp" chasing herself around the table and calling herself names.

When Kathy grows up I'm sure she will be an ardent traveler if present indications are reliable. She was never so happy as when she was going "Bye-bye." We would ask, "Kathy, do you want to go 'bye-bye car?', and she would answer with a delighted and emphatic "Al-wight—wheeee, wheeee", and would run into the back room and drag out her coat, hat, and leggings. She was always literally in seventh heaven as she stood on the front seat of the car pointing to the cars, buses, lights and doggies, and Mother and Dad were just as happy as she to have her with them.

One afternoon Kathy and I went "bye-bye walk" to her great delight. She is just as happy to take a walk outside as she is to ride in a car. She was tripping lightly along the sidewalk when she spied a cocky Cocker Spaniel coming toward her. She gave a happy squeal, "Doddie! Doddie!" and headed straight for the astounded pup. Nevertheless the dog seemed to like her, and she more than liked it. She walked all around the dog, giving it the once over. Then she thrust out her mittened hand and gave the puppy a little pat, saying, "Nice doddie, nice

(Continued on Page 24)



# MOSTLY ABOUT A DOG

And Sheila too

● By JAYNE NYHAN

"March!" Sheila sighed as she drew on her stadium boots, preparatory to walking in the pre-spring snowdrifts. "What is there about this month that makes you want to scream?" she asked the sleepy cocker stretched before the roaring fire. Receiving an intelligent blink, Sheila liked to think that it was intelligent anyway, from the dog, she turned meditatively to the closet where she chose a hat. It was a pert little number, black felt trimmed in bright red. This she set rakishly askew on her head.

The dog was up to a halfway sitting position now, his head cocked to one side, his tongue lolling from his mouth as though it were something that he didn't want anymore and was trying to get rid of. "Do you like it, the hat I mean?" she asked him seriously. He flopped back to his original position and an indifferent look again settled over his handsome dog features. "Honestly," Sheila cried in disgust, "you're harder to please than any man I know."

"Any man I know," she repeated as she pulled the hat from her head and sailed it vigorously across the small apartment living room. "But I don't want to impress any man I know; it's the one down the hall that I don't know that I want to please." She pointed an accusing finger at the uninterested cocker, "you're no help either."

She opened the closet door again, and pulled out a vari-colored babushka, a belted coat and a dog's harness. She tiptoed in the direction of the dog who opened one eye and surveyed the babushka, coat, and the harness. He looked again at

the hat, at the harness and with a howl of rage jumped to his feet and began racing around the apartment, skidding on the throw rugs, and looking back to see what Sheila would do. Sheila dropped her coat and scarf on the nearest chair and raced madly after the dog, skidding in her turn on the rugs.

The dog ran and slid and howled. Sheila ran and slipped and hurled accusing threats at her pet. "You'll have us thrown out of the building, the lease you know," she pleaded.

Sheila stopped a moment to catch her breath. There was a quick knock on the door. "The landlord," she breathed, "Oh no!"

Tucking in her sweater with one hand, and pushing her hair back with the other, she walked slowly to the door. "Come in," she said, "it isn't locked."

The door opened, and . . . "but it couldn't be," wailed Sheila inwardly as a handsome young man with a rather perplexed look gazed into the room. "Him, and he should see me like this."

"Close the door quickly before the dog . . .," but it was too late; a sand colored blurr of fur and flying ears was tearing down the hall and out of the street door which some innocent tenant was just then opening.

"Oh," Sheila moaned, "he's gone and I never let him out by himself."

"I came only to see what the confusion was, and now I seem to have

done more bad than good," said the perplexed young man looking more perplexed than ever. "Put on your coat," he said, "and I'll get mine, and we'll see if maybe two people can't find him more quickly than one."

Sheila donned her coat, locked her apartment door and was waiting impatiently in the hall when he returned.

"I'm Mike," he smiled, taking her arm.

"I'm Sheila," she replied not bothering to withdraw her arm from his.

He held open the door for them, and they walked down the street looking to both sides. They looked up some streets and down others, down alleys, even in garbage pails because Sheila said that the dog was quite fond of garbage. They looked and looked and talked and talked until they turned another corner, and there standing in front of a little Italian resaurant was the dog, wagging his tail and smiling. Sheila was sure he was smiling.

"Oh honey," she cried dropping on her knees in the snow to embrace the wayward pup, "why did you worry us this way?"

Mike said, "Would you like something to eat?" indicating the resaurant. Both Sheila and the dog acquiesced, so the threesome entered.

The dog was settled happily under the table with a bone while Sheila and Mike devoured spaghetti and meat balls and sipped on good red wine.

Sheila bent down to survey her pet, who looked quite happy, in fact, well pleased with himself. In sotto voice she said to him, "you aren't quite so dumb as one would think, are you?"

The dog chewed happily on his bone.



# A STUDY IN COLORS

*Humorous but of special interest to the men.*

● BY THREE COEDS

## BRUNETTES

Attention all you people of the male species! Read this article carefully for you may discover that you have been a fool. "Put down those guns," fellows, I have a logical reason for calling you a fool. You see, this article is about women and at some time in every normal man's life (and I hope you're normal) he makes a complete fool of himself over one of the weaker sex—a woman. If it hasn't happened to you, don't worry. It will.

I offer my humble apologies to all the girl friends of the men that happen to be brownnettes or red-heads and to the fellows I extend my deepest sympathy.

Now I am ready to save men from the disaster of having any more than a very casual association with those wild red-heads or wishy-washy brownnettes.

The natural beauty of the brunette is obvious. All men with good taste appreciate dark wind-blown curls and black piercing eyes that can flash fire or look at you as if you were the only man in the world.

Let's peer into the inner soul of a brunette and see just what makes up one of these wonderful people. Could it be sugar and spice and all things nice? Great Caesar's Ghost, I hope not. What would a man possibly want with sugar and spice and all things nice! People claim we are mean. That we are, but in such a way that it makes us fascinating and exciting—never a dull moment with Lady Brunette.

Those who want to waste their time, and have no intention of devoting all their attention to a woman, go after a brownnette or a red-head. The Brunette demands un-

divided attention. She does not tolerate time or attention given only in part, but believe me, she's well worth anything you could possibly offer!

Beware of a brunette if you offend her, for she can hate with a note that is strong and deep. But remember she can love just as strongly as she hates. A man loved by a brunette, no matter for how short a time, has something well worth remembering for a whole lifetime.

If a brunette sets out after you, you have no chance to escape. (Not that you'll want to.) She always does her utmost to get whatever she wants, and in almost every case succeeds. The brunette is the girl that makes her dreams realities.

The best way to prove what I said is true and to discover the innumerable other wonders of a brunette, is to investigate. — Understand???? I shall not cat about those dull brownnettes or fickle red-heads, because, they in the flesh are living examples of what a mother prays her little girl shall not be. But then, it takes all kinds of people to make the world go round.

My wish to all you fellows is that, someday, you can all say "that dark-haired sweetheart of mine."

Now I want you to meet my friend(?) Mary Chilton, the brownette.

—MARIA BALDASSARRE.

★ ★



## THE BROWNETTES

Hey kids—if you are born anything but a brownnette, you'd better run and hide 'cause let me tell you what you're up against.

If you are the poor soul who happens to have dark hair, do something about it quick, you haven't a chance for happiness. The only way out is purchasing a bottle of peroxide or jumping in the lake. You are the kind of person who acts as though you are in love with everyone but underneath there is a cruel hatred. You are very conceited and subtle in your ways. There are hundreds of you two-faced gals and guys around so beware kids, they're devils!!!!

And then there's the red-head. You're through before you start. What does anyone see in you? I have never heard anything said in your favor? You are not content unless you have your own way, and when you don't get it—wow, what a temper!! No one would trust you if they only knew, but thank goodness, there are only a few in the world.

Well, enough of this drivel. Let's get back to the important subject which is, of course, the brownnette. You are easy-going and happy, usually with dark eyes and a pleasing personality. Say, what more do we want? I prefer you with the brown hair and really feel sorry for you others, 'cause you've got a jolt in store for you.—So as my last words to you, I say, "Be wise, don't go for the sly and crafty brunette or that ill tempered red-head; go for the best—the brownnette."

—MARY CHILTON.

★ ★

## RED-HEADS

A keen sense of humor is a red-head's chief characteristic. She is generous, kind-hearted, affectionate and careful never to hurt another's feelings, and she never loses her temper. She is sociable, vivacious, and energetic. Red-heads do not have tempers as some people say. Perhaps, some do show stronger

emotions than others, but this is the exception.

Brownnettes—Why do men fall for them, or do they only stumble? I really can't say. They probably will have large brown eyes with an attractive face and pleasing smile, but this sign reads—Caution, travel at your own risk. For they are really bold, independent and commanding, maybe studious, although somewhat vain and they should always practice self-restraint.

She's faithful, deceitful, keensighted and blind.

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.

She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down.

She'll make him her ideal, she'll make him her clown.

If you want the real answer consult Miss Chilton.

And what are little brunettes made of? Sugar and spice? Well, hardly. They are very optimistic, determined and shrewd, sometimes too shrewd. Their love is masterful and they expect complete obedience to their every whim.

You fancy she's this and you find that she's that.

For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,

But she'll tackle a man as big as a house.

For full explanation see Miss Baldassarre.

But enough with this small talk. Now, let's get back to the important personage, the red-head.

She's an angel in truth, she's lovely in fiction.

A red-head's the greatest of all contractions.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse.

She might split his head open, but she'll sure be his nurse.

Now, we have presented all the facts to you but the only way we feel that you will really be convinced is through practical experience.

—SUZANNE POHLMAYER.

Page ten

## THE FAMILY ROSARY

*The following letter was received from the Family Rosary, Albany, New York. We are passing it on to our readers for their spiritual benefit. Why not try to listen in and write to the Mutual station carrying the broadcast. Lent is a good time to do this.*

Dear Friend of Mary:

I am delighted to give you good news. A weekly coast-to-coast radio program I have long been planning opened over the Mutual Network Thursday evening, February 13, at 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time (9:00 o'clock Central Time; 8:00 o'clock Mountain Standard Time; 7:00 o'clock Pacific Standard Time), called "The Family Theatre," which will present half-hour plays featuring Loretta Young, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Jimmy Stewart and many other stars of screen and radio. Meredith Wilson directs the music.

Whoever follows this program will know by the theme and tenor of the plays that God cares for us dearly, never fails to answer our prayers, and that our everyday life, especially home life, belongs to God. The Family Theatre will "sell" family prayer as one of the most practical means of securing God's help in our daily lives and fulfilling our basic obligation to God, neighbor and self. What a privilege we have in the present arrangement of helping attune the public mind toward family prayer!

For Catholics, of course, family prayer means automatically the Family Rosary.

In the name of Mary, for the vast good this program can do, may I beg you to help create the largest possible audience.

1. Exhort all the parishioners, your school children, your family and friends, to follow The Family Theatre faithfully.
2. Exhort them to write their appreciation to the Mutual outlet which carries the program to them.
3. If the local Mutual Station does not carry The Family Theatre, please organize an effective campaign which will move the Station to take it.
4. Kindly place the enclosed poster conspicuously in church vestibule or school.
5. Finally, scatter the Family Rosary literature far and wide and pray hard for this work so dear to Mary.

A thousand thanks!

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,

Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C.

## THE ANNUNCIATION

Alone, she knelt in prayer that silent night  
When lo! before her, radiantly bright,  
An angel sent from Heaven's highest place  
Bended the knee and said, "Hail, full of grace!"  
He said Redemption soon should be begun  
By God, Who, if she pleased, would be her son.  
Who, when she understood the things she heard  
Said "Be it done . . . according to thy word."  
And Gabriel, who was the first, adored  
On earth, within her womb, his God and Lord.

—ROBERT D. WOOD

★ ★ ★

## ODE IN A GARDEN

Belated bean, disheveled spinach green,  
That once in spring enhanced this garden plot,  
Where is thy boundless beauty, now unseen,  
Thine emerald hue, now tarnished, turned to rot;  
Carousing carrot, radish, naught but leaf,  
Unbiased lettuce, cabbage wormed and worn,  
Why standeth thou, bedraggled, seared and torn,  
And to the call of morning ever deaf,  
Invoking once a bid for bard and ballad,  
Unwelcome now, unfit for coup or salad?

And winds that gently urged each anxious sprout,  
Now toss them to and fro in disarray,  
The dew in desperation falls about  
Each arid stem and bloom of yesterday,  
Sad bramble friends, chipmunk and timid hare,  
Unmindful of a friendship early spent,  
Ignore each bean and carrot lowly bent,  
Acquaint with cockle burr in deep despair;  
And green and good of May and early June,  
Now wilteth in the light of August moon.

No gardener loosens now the tired soil,  
No rake nor hoe a tool for morning toil,  
Cool water fills no more each mouth of earth,  
Warm breezes bring about no quick rebirth,  
Each bean, each green, each carrot, radish leaf,  
This patch of lettuce, cabbage wormed and worn,  
Then saw his graying head too slowly nod,  
Forlorn, recall his form upon the sod,  
And weed and cockle, mindful of his torn  
And tattered garb, entwine and share their grief.

—RAYMOND W. TOBIAS

★ ★ ★

## THE QUESTION

I often wondered where I'd be  
If Mom had not met Dad.  
Now fate saw that I got to earth  
I think I'm kinda glad.

—MARIA BALDASSARRE

## ST. JOSEPH

He was a humble carpenter by trade,  
Yet lord and ruler of the Holy House,  
A guardian to his ever Virgin Spouse;  
To God, a father and a loving aid.  
A faithful servant all of life's long length.  
On Bethlehem's serene and star-filled night,  
Across Egyptian sands in hurried flight,  
In Galilee's green hills he was their strength.  
A just man, made so by Divine decree;  
O teach us to fear not the chastening rod,  
To have a childlike confidence in God  
As Mary and her Child trusted in thee.  
O guide our footsteps 'till our course is run;  
Be near at death, and lead us to thy Son.

—ROBERT D. WOOD

★ ★ ★

## F SHARP

In music men do often play with keys;  
Hence, many times F Sharp must take a bow.  
He's ever anxious to perform his act,  
And sometimes I must tell him, "Oh, not now!"

—ARTHUR J. SCHMIDT

★ ★ ★

## JUST THOUGHTS

I find myself alone now and then  
And it gives me time to think  
About the folks around me  
And the pictures that they paint.

People aren't so awful different  
When you get down to the core;  
Why you can find just heaps o' them  
Who are alike on lots of scores.

They all have work and things to do.  
They have their problems and their fun,  
They toil and struggle and suffer pain  
But all relax when toil is done.

Some have ideas that just don't jibe  
And often they disagree  
But mostly all are common folks  
And they most all play square with me.

You see I don't look at the outside  
How they look or what's their job;  
The most important thing to me in life  
Is how they look at God.

—J. H. HIGGINS

# Editorial Comment . . .

C. KING BRADOW, Editor-in-chief

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

CHARLES SEAMAN

JOHN WHARTON

ROBERT UNGER

MILLIE MOONEY

RITA MCGARRY

ISABEL KLOPF

JOAN CULBERTSON

JACK JONES

## STUDENT OPINION

We, the editors of the *Exponent*, requested student opinion about our magazine and we will use these comments as a basis for some thoughts to pass on to our readers. Several classes were asked to write a criticism and the papers of one class are very much like those of another. We have selected some of the highlights of these critical efforts to help us talk over with our readers just what the problems are.

Naturally enough we are very happy about the fact that very many students found the *Exponent* interesting and enjoyable. That is our aim. We want to give the student body something that they will read.

One complaint is that the same writers are always found in the columns of the *Exponent*. Some students think that they should be asked to write. In the October issue we made it clear that the pages of the *Exponent* are open to all the students. Just put your contribution in the campus post office and mark on the envelope *Exponent* and we will get it. We cannot print your contributions if we do not have them. We are very anxious to have a variety of contributors, and how can we know you are a promising scribe.

Kampus Kutups came in for some severe jolts by a few writers. Why put material of this kind in a literary magazine they say. Just walk down the arcade right after the *Exponent* is placed on the stands and see what pages the students are reading. That is the bait that we use to get some folks even to pick up the magazine from the stands.

Here are some suggestions that were made. Why not have a page for the men similar to We . . . The Women? Why are not more of the G.I.'s represented among the contributors? Just send us your essays, stories or verse, G.I.'s. Jokes, cartoons, letters to the editors, sport articles were mentioned. One writer wanted the editorials to be more timely. Another said the *Exponent* is too serious and the students glance at the table of contents and place it back on the stands. One remarked that the *Exponent* of 1947 is better than the copies he read before he went in the service in 1943. Comparisons are odious but we must give you this one. A G.I. said he found nothing equal to the

*Exponent* on the campus of one of the big state universities that he attended while in the service. A writer with an artistic eye wants us to dress up the pages with more cuts. Here is a chance for the artists on the campus to come forth and give us some of their creative work. Let us hear from you. We don't know who you are.

Some of these suggestions are feasible and some are not. What we want to do in every issue is to give the readers a balanced diet, and that means stories, humorous articles, serious articles and good verse. Stories and humorous articles are most often missing in our pages. We cannot print them if we do not have them. We try to please you with the material that we have on hand. College students should be interested in reading serious articles by their fellow students. Do you know that one of the numbers in the February issue brought forth editorial comment from one of the local newspapers? It is encouraging for us to gather from all this criticism that the attitude towards the *Exponent* is sympathetic on the whole. Getting out the *Exponent* month after month is a big job and we need your cooperation in the form of contributions and if you cannot write you can read the magazine. That you do read it we are certain because the copies are taken from the stands and very few are allowed to lie about the corridors or in the class rooms. If you have any criticism to make, either constructive or destructive, let us hear from you. Our motto is to serve the student body.

—THE STAFF

★ ★ ★

## PARTY GOVERNMENT

There is an old axiom which reads, "It's always easier to be agin than fur." The latest to find this out is the Republican Party. Swept into power by last fall's landslide, the G.O.P. is finding campaign promises more than embarrassing. Matters such as balancing the budget and controlling rent have been giving Senate and House leaders more than their share of headaches.

In a way, this is an advantage. A party which has been out of power for any length of time gradually loses party responsibility and leadership. Too often it

devolves into a collection of sharpshooters. Now the Republicans are tasting after long years the trials and tribulations of the majority party. They see the difficulty of formulating and carrying out policy. On the other hand, the Democrats have long experienced the duties of leaders. Perhaps, out of this now common experience, a truly bi-partisan approach to the most pressing problems may be reached to the welfare of the country at large.

—C. K. B.

★ ★ ★

### THE PRESS

At the risk of throwing our index finger out of joint, we would like to point with pride in best political fashion to an editorial appearing in the *Dayton Journal* not long ago. In the last issue of the *Exponent*, there appeared an article by Ed List bemoaning the fact that newspapers are at variance on so many points of views and news. The writer of the aforementioned editorial undertook to present the case of the papers, as it were.

This is not intended to be a discussion of the article or the editorial. The topic of a free press is long, involved and complicated although extremely important. We were, rather, impressed (and, to be truthful, flattered) by the fact that opinions expressed in a college magazine of this type are read and considered by the editors of the daily press. The fact that an editorial writer considered one such opinion worthy of public comment added to this feeling.

It would seem that this bears out the contention that college and university students should be active and thinking, alive to some of the problems of the day. At a time when the nation and the world stands at a veritable crossroad, the lack of information and opinions on important matters is appalling. Such being the case, it appears that the editors have turned, we hope not in desperation to the colleges and universities looking for clear and independent thinking. It is possible to overemphasize this point, but the fact remains that in most countries the universities are the stronghold of liberty and freedom. While the distinction is not marked in America, we still have the duty to provide a clear thinking segment of population. Let's not fail.

—C. K. B.

★ ★ ★

### JOHN BULL

We here in America have a grandstand seat to what may be one of the great tragedies of history—the death of the British Empire. That statement, especially

the word tragedy, will probably be seriously questioned. Ever since its institution, the Empire has been reviled and decried as a mill-stone around the neck of humanity. The British were represented as vile traders and moneygrabbers intent only on the everlasting pound and let the natives be hanged. This feeling has been especially strong in the "midwest" of America and even recently certain politicians have used a blast at Britain as an excuse to make headlines.

Perhaps a truer picture of the Empire of John Bull can be gained by glancing at the regions in which British power is waning. The British Government has gone on record as desiring to hand over the government of India to a responsible body as soon as one was formed. India answered with some of the bloodiest riots in modern history. In Palestine the British are faced with the knotty problem of Jews and Arabs, the former claiming rights of inheritance, the latter rights of possession. Could the two races strike concord, the Tommies would have left Tel Aviv long since. The stabilizing force of British diplomacy is sorely missed in international relations. Whatever its detractors may say, the British Empire has been a balance wheel among nations for three centuries.

The withdrawal of British power creates a vacuum which will not long remain empty. There are only two nations left to assume the falling mantle, Russia and America. Who will it be? The answer to that question is the key to the fate of future generations.

—C. K. B.

★ ★ ★

### THERE'S SOMETHING FINE IN FLYING KITES

There's something fine in flying kites,  
Painted in skies of blue;  
There's a feeling of strength and victory  
In that taut twine tugging true.

Let windy days come soon again,  
With temperature just cool,  
So I may fly my kite all day  
Instead of going to school.

Ah, Strength, thou master of the skies,  
Who blows the billows broad,  
Bring back to me from ethereal realms  
Winds that are made by God.

Dear, wonderment, my kite is up!  
I feel thy joy in me  
Although I have not gone to school  
I won a victory!

—ARTHUR J. SCHMIDT



# We The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . RITA E. MCGARRY

## GOD'S MASTERPIECE

Opening the door of the chapel I feel a quiet reverence greeting me. I enter and walk down the aisle. Falling to my knees I allow my soul to take wing and hover pleadingly in the arms of my Lord, Who is all merciful. Satisfied, I meditate upon the wonders which envelope me.

The silence is so supreme I hear the voices of joy, sorrow, hope, wailings of souls in the agony of sin, and of those professing love for their Divine Savior. Celestial strains fill the air and before my eyes appears a beautiful painting, one that is the original of everything made by the human hand.

The vision before me is so alive, so utterly perfect I gaze in awe at its splendor; the harmonic coloring and the dependence of each living thing and creature, because without one the other could not be. I see the gracefulness of the plant life, the friendly sloping of the earth, the oceans of wind and rain, and the clouds floating thereon. Before me are chains of golden stars by which the vision is hung to the ceiling of the sky. The brightness of the sun forms a warm halo over all and the creation is in motion.

The brightness simmers low. The movements are still; the cloak of darkness is spread over all, and only the peaceful glow of the moon reflects the chains of gold. And under the picture may be seen inscribed:

### The Earth, God's Masterpiece

When the Artist painted His  
Masterpiece of untold worth,  
He made it a living picture  
And called it, "The Earth".

Because it was beautiful  
And so perfect to behold,  
He bestowed upon His creation  
Blessings manifold.

With His five-pointed links  
He fashioned thousands of

Golden chains,  
And hung His picture to the sky,  
To be guarded by white ships  
On oceans of wind and rain.

The next thing He did . . .  
He built a bright, bright fire,  
By which His great creation  
Could work, to carry out His  
Every desire.

Then He set a certain time  
For the fire to simmer low  
And leave only a single candle  
To reflect the chains of gold.

—VESTA CORNETT



## RICHARD AND CHLOE

It seems that this gizma named Richard won't open a door to some hole where he hangs out, so what happens? He gets his name on every radio program from "His Wife's other John" to "It pays to be Schmaltz". Just because Richard is man enough to stay in bed while a crazy fool pounds on the door for hours without end, he becomes a household word to every thinking, logical, adult crackpot. Richard is the idol of every red-blooded American boy.

And yet, friends, think for a moment. Give this matter your serious consideration. Is this Richard so worthy of our most high esteem? Or is our true hero pounding his heart out in the outer darkness? And could it be that Richard, horror of horrors, is not sleeping? Could it be that our Richard has—imbibed? That your Richard has—been intemperate? That Richard is—soused?

Furthermore and hence, there is this babe called Chloe. Nobody knows where she is for sure, but by this time she's probably developed biceps and is serving as bouncer in the local sot-spot. (Any resemblance to persons, places or things is purely.)

Now get this. Every dark night some jerk is still casing all the joints and getting mixed up with a gang of fire-bugs just so he can serve a summons on Chloe for beating up a character nobobdy knows; namely, Richard. Which stated item she didn't do in the first place, because at that juncture Richard was stone cold soused in the heart of deepest Africa, and Chloe was home with her three lovely children, Ethelbert, Rodney, and Kilroy.

And so, as we leave our friends and journey homeward into the smog, Chloe is bouncing jerks, Jerk is searching bouncing Chloe, Richard is soused, and our weary hero is tearfully beseeching "Open de doah, Richard!"

Frankly, I'll be glad to get home to the booby hatch!

—MARY VAN DYKE BROWN

★ ★ ★

### THOUGHTS WHILE SINGING

"Hail Mary, full of grace"—"wish my heart would stop hammering, I can't hear the organ. Be calm now, be calm, you'll be all right. Hold your rosary tighter, pray, pray—here comes the wedding party now—looks nice, too—if only I didn't have to worry. Father is marrying them—she has her ring—they are turning around—coming down. Oh, God, only seconds left. There's my introduction—one measure to go—"Oh promise me, that someday you and I—". This isn't too bad, if only my knees would stop shaking. "—we'll take our love together to some sky—". Knees are better now—wonder who will sing this for me someday?—wonder if I will ever have the occasion for someone to sing it for me. "Where we can be alone, and faith renew—". Groom looks so cocky, bet "she" fixes that—bride's mother is crying—with happiness, or sorrow, I wonder—"And find the hollows where those flowers grew—" Just two more lines before that high "G"—you know it isn't that high—hit it at home, all of the time—but this isn't home—please God, don't let me crack it—I'll always be thankful to you—yes I will—just let me make it—"These first sweet violets of early Spring—" here it comes—you can do it—you know you can—"that come in whispers, thrill us both and sing—" made it! This isn't I singing, it's someone else—she isn't bad—sounds so calm—so sure of herself—that last "A" will be a cinch—you'll do all right—after this singing will be simple—more fun than work—never be scared again—show them how good you are—let them wish they could do as well. "—Oh promise me, oh promise me." That's finished—breathe.

—JAYNE NYHAN

### SEASONAL SIGHS

First days of spring  
How glorious  
The children romp  
And play  
And little boys  
With paper kites  
Can fly them  
All the day.  
The little girls  
Can jump their ropes  
And laugh with  
Gaiety  
While I poor book-bound  
Mortal am  
Condemned to  
Misery  
To spend these precious hours  
Trapped  
In history 403

—R. E. M.

★ ★

### THOUGHTS ABOUT SPRING

E ach year as the joyous spring season draws near  
V erily comes 'fore each feminine eye  
E ndless concoctions of feathers and veiling  
R amphant with color and flowers prevailing  
Y et where in the world could she possibly find  
  
W hat she's dreaming of, hoping for, heart all a-flutter  
O dd enough, modish, to make her friends mutter  
M y what a hat, a creation divine  
A nd oh, don't I wish such a hat could be mine  
N ever another of quite the same kind.  
  
L ater perhaps as she tours all the stores  
O nly to learn that the hat she adores  
V ainly is sought but never is found  
E 'en though she searches the whole world around;  
S uch a chapeau, oh 'twas never designed.  
  
A nd with heart heavy, eyes weary, feet oh so sore  
N ever so bitter she tries one more store.  
  
E ach hat that she sees there is dowdy and trite  
A nd the last of her hopes is so quick to take flight,  
S till she tries on and takes off and frowns and sighs;  
T ears of despair soon fill her tired eyes  
E ntreating the gods to ease all her fears  
R ight there before her the dream hat appears.  
  
H appy she reaches to touch it with care  
A nd the light in her eyes quickly fades to a stare  
T he "SOLD" tag is all that she sees hanging there.

—R. E. M.

# IN OLD NEW YORK TOWN

*Enjoy a pleasant tour with Betty*

● By BETTY HODAPP

## ON PARADE

The most popular and widely known park is Central Park. It is one of New York's splendid show places. The visitors and inhabitants of this great melting pot enjoy strolling on the Mall, a walk of rare beauty surrounded by statues of prominent men.

It is not unusual to see children from wealthy homes at Sutton Place, a fashionable residential district overlooking East River. These children know Central Park as their only playground in this crowded city.

A small boy tugging at his nurse's arm, pleading with her to let him play with the huge metal cat, is a familiar scene in the park.

Even though not a Nature lover, the traveler cannot help but become suddenly aware of the picturesque shrubs and trees while walking along the pavement. Every flower looks as if it had been planted with painstaking care.

A pleading eye, an outstretched palm and a desperate choke begging a dime for a cup of coffee startles the park visitor. After a nod of acknowledgment, the beggar can be visualized in the Bowery jamming the coin in the Automat. Then he gulps down the steaming coffee, as if half starved, until the last drop is gone.

A shout, "Gid-up," and the thud of galloping hoofs announces some intruders. They are young girls urging their steeds on for a thrill along the five and one-half miles of bridle path. Just west of the park are many horseback-riding academies.

The strains of the festive music of an organ grinder beckon the traveler to watch his monkey perform. With an audience of clapping

young children, the red-coated monkey is at his zenith. The tall, smiling organ grinder clad in a plaid jacket topped with a high crowned hat calls to mind the legendary tale of the Pied Piper followed by groups of small children.

Turning off Mall Walk onto a cinder path, the traveler picks up his study of Nature where he left off before the pleasant interruptions. That New York City is built on solid rock is indeed astonishing. At intervals the jutting black rock can be seen in Central Park. Of great popular interest is a zoological exhibit located at the southeast corner just beyond the Terrace and Bethesda Fountain.

Noticing a small Chinese man rubbing his fingers along the beautiful white stone fountain, the traveler imagines that he is bewildered by the works of the white man. It is probable that the statuary in Central Park is as impressive to the Chinese as their antique shops and odd shaped flags are to strangers sightseeing in Chinatown. Hand in hand the Chinese and his doll-like daughter disappear into the zoo.

Eager to see more of New York's passing parade, the traveler follows the cinder path circling the reservoir. Falling in step behind a black uniformed chauffeur walking his master's pedigreed dog, a style note is taken as the observant sightseer saunters on. The popularity of the finger length fur coat on smartly



dressed New York women walking in the Park is evident. Upturned collars, matching suits and umbrellas, over-the-shoulder bags and fluffy hats as modeled at Lord and Taylor's, and Saks Fifth Avenue, set the style for women all over the country to follow.

The smile from a nursemaid sitting on a bench nearby quickens the chauffeur's footsteps and he hurriedly joins her. Spying another bench farther down the walk, the sightseer relaxes. New York is a fast moving city. With so much to offer in the way of sightseeing, there is little time for rest. Relaxation is never advertised as an inducement to spend a vacation in this busy metropolis.

An onrush of office workers scurrying through the park to their apartments sets the time at about five p. m. Twilight will fall over the park soon. Hansom cabs and high street lights will set the stage for another passing parade of theater goers and night club lovers.

## THE MAGIC VIOLIN

Evelyn Raye, an unknown girl violinist, was only seventeen years old when she played at Town Hall in New York. It was after a tremendous ovation that the impetuous Russian orchestra leader, Phil Spitalny, engaged her "and her magic violin" to play in his new all-girl orchestra.

Mr. Spitalny began to build a thirty-five piece orchestra around Evelyn. In 1932, he spent six months searching for talent and invested his life's savings amounting to twenty thousand dollars giving auditions, visiting amateur groups, and persuading parents to allow their daughters to work in New York. Fourteen hundred girls were auditioned from seventeen states.

The Linit Company sponsored the girl band in May, 1934. The girls played in Detroit while their agent in New York arranged an audition for a radio advertiser. The music was piped to New York by wire, and Linit, under the impression that they were auditioning a male

band, agreed to engage them. The General Electric Company now sponsors the ambitious, talented all-girl band.

A contest in 1940 to select the best vocalist among state universities was sponsored. Dorothy McVitty, a student at Ohio State University, was selected. She received a one-thousand-dollar award and a four-thousand-dollar music fellowship for her alma mater. Other featured artists are Vivian, a coloratura, and the singing Clawson triplets.

Enforced by the thirty-five members of the band themselves, a set of rules as strict as those of a girls' boarding school are observed. Exercise in the park every day and practice at home take up much of the girls' time. With their mothers, some live in apartments near the border of Central Park in New York and others room together in groups. When a new girl arrives, the others take her in hand, teach her how to get around in New York, what clothes to wear, and how to make up for the performances. Their gowns are all alike and are picked out by Mr. Spitalny. For their latest costumes, he hired one of Broadway's newest theatrical designers, Kathryn Kuhn, and because he thought an extra border of sequins on each dress would be more beautiful, he didn't hesitate to spend an extra thirty-two thousand.

No one may have visitors backstage during an engagement and that includes family, for thirty-five mothers could clutter up the wings badly. At first, the musicians were not allowed to marry, but this rule has been abolished. Once accepted, an Hour-of-Charmer jumps into an eight-thousand to a ten-thousand-a-year income, which includes radio appearances and tour dates.

The girls must be primarily good musicians, since the public would soon tire of the novelty of it. They are chosen for musical ability, voice (all the girls form the glee club), group cooperativeness, and charm and appearance. When being audi-

tioned, a future Hour-of-Charmer must give a finished rendition of two sonatas and two concerti. They must have gifts of rhythm and melodic perception, be able to read music fluently and have a great deal of experience. Rehearsals five days a week for five or six hours each day and periodic auditions for replacements account for much of the band's success.

The kind of music which the orchestra plays is a light dance music which, according to Spitalny, "there has been no compromise with cheapness—only good melodic airs have been arranged." After considering for a long time "what sort of music we can offer the masses who love music without having studied it" he decided that the answer was "light music, melodic, rhythmic, well-played tunes which will satisfy the ear and the emotions without overtaxing an intellect which has not been trained so that it may grasp the beauties of the greater classics."

Even before he had his all-girl group, he was one of the first band leaders to use a feminine violinist and vocalist with his band. Born in

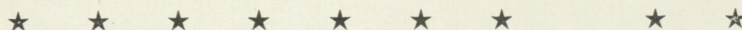
Odessa, Russia, of a family which had been musicians for many generations, Spitalny's musical education started early. At the Conservatory of Music in Odessa, he studied piano, violin, and clarinet. He toured Russia as a musical prodigy.

The bushy-haired band leader came to the United States from Russia at fifteen with his two brothers. While he played for local bands, he began to develop his own ideas of orchestral work. He became so well-known that he was able to tour the world successfully.

After giving up his all-male dance band, Spitalny engaged Evelyn as concert-mistress of his band-to-be. Now she handles all details and personal problems.

Evelyn "and her magic violin" with Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra playing in the background satisfy American musical tastes with:

"In the Gloaming," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "I Love You Truly," "The End of a Perfect Day," "Those Endearing Young Charms," "Ave Maria," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Rosary," and "The Last Rose of Summer."



## ABOUT LOVE POEMS

It seems like poems  
Are always writ  
By folks who've been lately bit  
By love.

Now I've lived quit a heap  
And bejabbers when I got bit  
I didn't tell a soul,  
I just quietly took the leap.

Now Nellie and I like to see  
These youngsters fall in love,  
But why all this flounderin' and fuss?  
Just you get your feller, gal, and nail the cuss.

So you youngsters just go on and write  
And one day like me you will see the light.  
That is why this poem came to be;  
You see I'm still in love at ninety-three.

—Writ by hand by  
a HIGGINS named JOE

# SAINT AGNES EVE

*She loved the poetry of Keats.*

● By MARY FRANCIS CAVANAUGH

Youth gorges on dreams. It exalts in the longings of a reflective moment when the imagination propels a being into the realization of achieved ambitions. For a fleeting second a day dream can ensnare Fame or Fortune, who are both as wily as quicksilver. But by far the most mysterious of dreams are those that come in the night, the comrades of a sleep-bound mortal. Generally meaningless, these little dramas of the dusk, are usually lightly dismissed and attributed to the vagaries of an unsettled stomach. A few of the more naive, the young in spirit, regard dreams as charms, which if properly used, can dissolve the barrier that hides the future. There are some who have discovered more than they wish to know from the so-called voice of their subconscious minds. I do not dabble in dreams. I look upon them very objectively. I only know of one dream that appeared interesting. It was not mine. It belonged to an acquaintance.

I could hardly say I knew her well. As a matter of fact I didn't even know her name. Ironically I might call her Madelaine. She worked in one of those wall-pocket book stores and I had fallen into an unconscious habit of going into the little shop every few days just to browse. Perhaps our friendship sprang from our mutual love for poetry. At any rate we spent many a half hour chatting over Shakespeare, Shelley, and Keats. Keats! His very name would cast a dreamy, ethereal film over her eyes. She was quite plain. In our conversations, however, her face would become prettily animated or in contrast she might be just quietly beautiful as though all the beauty in her soul would come welling up into her eyes. Of Keats' poetry, she far preferred "The Eve of St. Agnes" to any of his other works. She read it

as religiously as a good churchman reads his bible. At the time I marked she was quite like Madelaine in the love poem.

One cold January day I stopped at the book shop, and found her in an excited state. I was duly informed that it was St. Agnes' Eve. That night she would live poetry. In a shabby boarding house, in a drab section of the city, she would be on her cot and dream of her lover, her future husband. I was amused at her fancy. Imagine putting poetry to such a practical use. I decided that she was equipped with an over active imagination. Still my curiosity was aroused and I couldn't resist going around to the book shop the following day. Madelaine had had her dream and so had the humble little book store clerk. However she was disappointed with it. She had dreamed that she was walking through an entangled forest on a dismal narrow path. This she interpreted as her life up to the present. Then in the dream the path suddenly swerved and came out on the bank of a river. She stopped and watched it rolling and rumbling along. She was sad and lonely. She wanted to follow the river instead of continuing her path which led back into the forest. Suddenly up the river a boat came into sight. A single oarsman directed it on its course, and he sang lustily as he rowed. As the boat came abreast the bank the man perceived her standing there. He called to her and asked if she would ride down the river, but she shyly shook her head and softly answered "no." The little craft moved down the river and the girl was tempted to cry out. Then just as the boat came to a bend in the river, the moon slid out from behind a cloud and revealed a quick glimpse of the man before he disappeared around the bend. I was eager to hear just

what distinguishing characteristic the girl had caught in that brief second. Imagine my disappointment when I was told that he had "beautiful coppery auburn hair." I must admit that I partook in a few moments of undisguised merriment. Red hair! I told the girl that surely Queen Mab was playing tricks on her, but she was quite serious about the whole affair. She really believed that her dream would materialize only she planned to change the ending. The man would come to her but would never leave without her. Even then she pulled out her little volume of Keats and read several stanzas from "The Eve of St. Agnes."

January melted into a mild February. One pale afternoon I left the office early and headed toward the book shop. The incident of the previous month had completely slipped my memory so I was surprised to find that the little clerk began to cry as soon as she saw me. It took but one look into her eyes to tell me the whole story. Still I knew I must hear all the cumbersome details for the girl had already begun to unburden herself of them. To begin with she had lost the book and had been forced to get another one. Then one night not long after this happening, she was alone at the boarding house where she stayed when the doorbell rang. After hesitating a few moments she had answered the door. A young man stood there. It was raining and the doorway was dark. He held out the book of Keats' poetry. He had found it and was returning it to her. She noticed that he seemed pleasant and she thought of asking him out of the rain. But she was alone in the house so she only thanked him and shyly shut the door. A strange feeling came over her as she started up the stairs. Something about the man's voice struck a familiar note within her. Then she knew. She fairly flew up the stairs to her bedroom window to peer out into the street. A solitary figure crossed under the street-light near the corner. She only caught a glimpse of him in the

(Continued on Page 24)

# G. I. Experiences

## MY BUDDY

Ludtke was a big guy. He was over six feet tall and had the kind of a build to go along with that. He was a good looking fellow to, and in spite of all this, he was really a very gentle person—just one of those big soft-hearted guys. I first met him when we were in the middle of the Burma campaign sometime in January, 1945. We got acquainted right before I left division headquarters for a month on the front. As soon as I mentioned it, he wanted to go too. You see, he was new in the outfit, and he was green, a so-called “eager beaver.” The rest of us who knew better tried to point out to him that the best deal was to stay with headquarters. Of course, that was like trying to tell a little boy that candy wasn’t good for him. Ludtke was bound and determined that he was going to fight the Japs. I think a lot of it was because he was older than most of us; he was twenty-five, and practically all of us were still in our teens.

Ludtke always came to me for advice, although he hated it as he was older, but somehow we struck up a very good friendship—the kind that is developed overseas.

Well, in the following months of the Burma campaign, Ludtke never did see combat, and I remember when I got back from the front, he fussed around like an old lady making sure that I was comfortable and had some hot coffee and all the little things that a guy likes. Underneath it all he was hurt because he couldn’t be up there with us; it showed in his eyes, but it seems that our C. O. simply needed him at headquarters.

After the campaign we went into bivouac for a month while most of us were flown to Calcutta for a two-week rest leave. As usual, Ludtke

was last on the list; he didn’t mind that so much, but he just wanted to stick with us. The day before I left he was feeling unusually blue, and I knew something was bound to happen. Sure enough, it did. I was sleeping in the sultry, suffocating, bombed-out bashe that was our quarters, when I felt a hand shaking my shoulder, and looking up, I beheld Ludtke—drunker than a lord. He had gotten some sake from a Chink and proceeded from there. Just then somebody yelled my name from down stairs and I ran down. Ludtke tried to follow, but succeeded in falling down stairs, breaking three ribs, and hurting himself internally. I guess he must have vomited almost a pint of blood all over my arms as I held him before the medics came. He was in the hospital for a month. I think I was the only person who knew why he got drunk. He just had to have a crack at those Japs. Then we flew the Hump to go into combat in southern China. Again Ludtke had to stay with headquarters, but not without a terrific struggle.

Around the end of the war I was flown from the front to a hospital right near our headquarters, and Ludtke came to see me. The minute that I saw him I knew something was up—I soon found out. You see, it was he who was going to take my place at the front; I had never seen him so happy. Before he left, he told me to say hello to the States for him and wished me luck. I had a big lump in my throat, and I knew he had one too.

While I was in a hospital in Calcutta, waiting to be shipped home, I received a letter from another buddy—Ludtke was dead. He got it only a week after he left me. I guess he had his crack at the Japs—don’t you?

—ROBERT FORD

## A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

To be seven thousand feet above an invisible city, a city buried in fog, with your life depending upon finding a tiny thread of concrete among acres of towering rock may sound romantic to the layman, but to the pilot it is definitely no joke. To accomplish a safe landing under these conditions is impossible for the pilot alone. However, science has widened the scope of man’s accomplishments.

The procedure is elementary. The tower is contacted, and the stage is set as five men in a radar shack go to work. These men now become the pilot’s eyes and are responsible for his safety. Their instructions are clear and definite and must be followed with unerring precision. “Turn twenty degrees to the right, descend five hundred feet per minute and hold a ninety-degree heading.” All this comes clearly and coolly over the radio as the plane settles into the blinding cloud of fog. Now the pilot is completely reliant upon his instruments and the instructions he receives. With only one thousand feet remaining, he is directed to correct his heading, reduce his speed, and lower his landing gear for he is turning on the final approach. The next few minutes are an eternity of doubt and fear as the plane rapidly descends toward the end of the runway. Suddenly there is a jolt as the wheels make contact with cement.

The task is complete. You’re on the ground, but don’t compliment yourself too profusely. Five men in a shack have located the needle, your plane, in the haystack, that dense bank of fog, and guided you mechanically to your destination.

—ALBERT MONTGOMERY

## PORT MORESBY

Most of the troops and supplies that went to New Guinea passed, at one time or another, through Port Moresby, the capital of Papua and the only "metropolis" in New Guinea. This town, for a long time the only Allied base in the Southwest Pacific north of the Australian continent, has arisen from cartographical obscurity (where it rightfully belongs) to a position of prominence, especially when the Japanese accomplished the supposedly impossible feat of crossing the Owen Stanley mountains by foot and advancing within a few miles of the city.

Moresby is a dry, dusty, dirty town consisting of a few houses, hotels, warehouses and docks squatting on a hill that rises from a curving harbor. It is a good deal smaller than Fairfield, Ohio, and is inhabited by numerous mosquitos, chickens, pigs and Papuan natives. The score of white residents who lived there were evacuated a long time ago. Most of the buildings are made of wood, rather splintered after months of enemy bombing.

During the war it was a busy port. Army trucks plied between the piers and warehouses, loaded with gasoline, food, equipment and men, whose initial elation at arriving in a city, after gruelling days in the jungles and mud holes of the front area, was quickly turned into disappointment when they saw the tent camps and shacks erected for them.

There was only one place in Moresby that could conceivably be called a store. It was a canteen run by the Australian Army on the porch of the only hotel, a one-story wooden building which miraculously escaped bombing attacks. There, if you waited in line, you could buy chewing gum and concentrated fruit juices, a liquor that proved to have an incredible magnetic attraction for the ants.

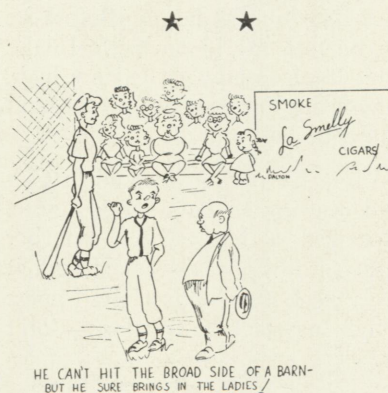
The Australians and natives kept themselves enthusiastically engrossed in two-up, a national game that does not require much skill,

since it consists merely of matching coins. One vacant building, half demolished, was the favorite stadium and they would gather there for hours on end flipping coins, excitedly rooting for heads or tails, represented fittingly by the emperor and the kangaroo. Occasionally there would be a military band concert and outdoor movies, held as soon as darkness fell, so that a complete picture could be shown before any Japanese planes could arrive. In the event that the Japs arrived early, the show would be peremptorily cancelled, and the mixed audience of Yanks, Aussies and natives would scatter into the hundreds of slit trenches dug all over town.

The natives around Moresby were quite civilized, spoke English and proved quite a disappointment to newly arrived Yanks who were seeking the romantic traces of darker ages. When I took my camera into the native settlement and asked an elderly woman to pose, I received the answer, "Certainly, that will be two bob, please."

A visitor to this bizarre town becomes soon accustomed to the notion that this half-primitive, half-modern land has jumped several generations in a decade. You can take a stroll along the main street and see a snake chasing a rat; streams occupied by crocodiles splashing about idly and engineers testing for bacteria content; convoys carrying elaborate equipment and sharing the dirt highway with natives padding along in their bare feet, wearing loin cloths, and carrying loads of unripe bananas.

—HENRY SEEDS



## INDIA

Perhaps it was best that we headed for destination unknown, because had we been informed that India was to be the locale of our war activities, we would have built ourselves up for a terrible let-down.

Geography classes, books, and movies had done their best to create the illusion that this part of Asia was "the land of mystery and enchantment." If the veteran of World War II, specifically those who spent time in the C. B. I. theatre, were to write future travelogues or even geographies, they could and would destroy any beautiful dreams that exist about this part of the world.

When we walked down the gangplank of the "luxury liner" and placed our feet on Mother India, the never-to-be-forgotten stench of centuries drifted into our nostrils. There is nothing like the smell of India and it is one of the first things noticed. Then you see the people who wear clothing which is comparable to rags, and who, in general, are filthy. Their clothes are so dirty that I wouldn't consider them good enough to use in cleaning my car.

During the two years that we spent there, never once did we find any rajah's daughter who looked like Hedy Lamarr. In fact, the longer we were there, the more we began to appreciate the American brand of female.

The Taj Mahal, as we saw it stripped of all its wealth, was architecturally beautiful, although its beauty too was marred by dirt.

The climate was the last straw as far as the G. I.'s were concerned. It was hot and humid continually, day and night.

As far as locales are concerned, I will take any place in the United States in preference to the rest of the world. The people in our land don't really know how well off they are until they see how the other half lives.

—HOLLIS E. YOUNG

# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

A note of apology: Some friends rush up to us indignantly inquiring as to why we don't print juicier and spicier stories in this column. Well, it's this way . . . Since most everyone knows who writes the KK, it makes things very difficult for us. Ropes and daggers and knives and things like that. Besides, you wouldn't want us to say nasty things about YOU, now, would you? Well, all right.

The other day we met Dick Hackett coming up the drive closely guarding a precious package. It was—not jewels or the payroll. but—yes, yes—bubble gum. Imagine.

Our pianistic Frankie is Phyl Stewart who accompanies the gals in the lounge at noon and odd moments between bridge games by playing the current favorites of the drooling audience. Her pets are "Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine" and "Body and Soul." Ooh. It's really neat.

Ellie Rettig, surrounded by a bevy of gals, was showing her contact lenses which she recently had made. To those who are curious, she says they don't hurt, you can't tell she's wearing them, and she likes them very much. Besides, they aren't breakable, as Ruthie Meyer proved.

Hey, you. Have you brought any clothing in yet for that drive? Well, why haven't you? The drive must be a success, so please don't let the school down. What say?

Current couples list includes such neatsters as Shirley Duerr and Knobby Walz. Shyrl and Knob may be seen together almost everywhere. In the cafe we find Jayne Nyhan and Karl, munching sandwiches and looking at one another devotedly. Glen Mumpower and Gloria are still in the news of go-togethers.

We hear from reliable sources that the Military Ball is to be the nineteenth of April. It's formal, but fellows may go either in tuxes or uniform. The place is the Biltmore, fourth floor.

Maddy Unger and Ellie Kurtz spend hours of deep meditation thinking up new slants to the question, "How do you feel?" One of the big lines is "Like a banjo—everybody's picking on me." Well, that's life.

One couple we think is real neat is Joe Mori and Terry Okuno. They've been dating quite frequently, we note.

Two dates that have been set for coming vows belong to Phil Ostendorf and Alice Axe, who are to be married April 19th. Jean Smalley and her fellow are saying the vows on June 15th. Why do people have to grow up? Makes us feel ancient.

Did you notice: Mary Ann Kessen's but def pleasing personality? She always seems to be in a good humor. How she does it, we dunno. Then there's Myra Boland and Mary Frances Cavanaugh, smoking, of all things. They say they did or do very seldom, but to us—we just can't get accustomed to the idea . . . Rita McGarry (Mac) is certainly to be admired for her "good Joe-ity." I think you know what we mean if you know her.

Bill Stonebarger just bought a new car for seventy-five dollars and so far has spent over six hundred fixing it up, or so is rumored anyway. Willie there just ain't no future in that.—Ray Miller is still playing golf in the middle of winter. Br-r-r.—Tom Amann was sporting Mike Fisher's gal last Saddy nite, which is always a good lead to mayhem.

Mike Quigley is going practically steady with his Jo. Nice, we add. Frank Maloney is looking madly for his gal of the month. Can't stand routine. Uh-huh.

Question of the day—Why didn't Steve Vargas get his terminal leave?

At Betty Hodapp's new home, a party was given in honor of Ruthie Meyer's birthday. Poor Betty—she couldn't get it straight about two drinks beginning with "M" . . . No remark.

Heard Dick Campbell say he hadn't had any beer for four long, long weeks now. Braggin' or complainin' Dickie.—Have you heard Bob Sherman lately say "I'm neat?" Well the reason is he's sporting a beautiful pair of ermine shorts—which are going to have to be cashed in soon if he doesn't quit wrecking Cadillacs on Saturday nights.—Chuck Kenny has really been giving Ellie Kurtz the grand rush. They had two dates in one week.—Tis said that Sue Argast is waiting for Bob Wagner to part for unknown reasons. Izzatso Susie?—Seen Marty Kinkaid smiling lately?—Been wonderin' when is Jack Payne the personality kid going to give the U.D. cuties a break? (joke).

Announcement! Jack Gossiger, Pete Kuntz and Jim Hall are all now members of good standing of the Club Rouane, a social athletic club. Congratulations boys.

If John-Paratrooper-Kelly, better known as Geronimo to his bosom pals, doesn't stop wearing those loud sport jackets with paratrooper boots, U.D. is gonna have to incorporate some eye doctors. Well good bye honey chile, honey lamb, honey doll, honey babe. See you all next month.

## HISTORY REVAMPED

To begin with (I think that is the usual thing to do) we shall turn back the aging pages of history to the times of the Greeks. Let's see now, that should be in the front of the book; where's the table of contents, anyway? Page 8, 9? No, I guess there isn't any index. Oh, well, we will just have to page through.

Ah, I think I have found it? Ops, there goes page two. I got it; ah yes, here we are, the Hellenistic Age. A couple of wars, but we still look up the more interesting facts. Here is something. In this age Euclid lived (let's hope so) and worked out our present system of geometry. Well at least some one knew what it was all about. Nice going, Euclid, old boy.

Let's go ahead now. Here is something about the Romans, Rome was founded by a people called Latins, and the Latin language was the common language spoken in that country. I would like to know the name of the crossword puzzle expert that thought up that language. And here we have evidence of the first firebug. As Rome fiddled, Nero burned, er I mean to say as Nero roamed his fiddle burned, as Byrne fiddled Wallace fumed, as Wallace fumed Byrne roamed. Oh my, I can't even read straight anymore. Well, all I can say is men who fiddle should never be firemen.

Now that we are hep to the doings of the Greeks and the Romans let's jump ahead to the fifteenth century, and here we find that Columbus in the year 1492 made the momentous discovery of America. Considering the great size of North and South America, we wonder how he could have missed them.

And everybody remembers how Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for twenty five dollars. Today I doubt if the Indians would take it back as a gift.

Would you like to know why Washington stood in the boat when he crossed the Delaware. Rumor has it that he was late and there were no more seats left. And maybe you know why Washington escaped a spanking when he chopped down the cherry tree. His father was not going to argue with little George as long as George had an axe in his hand.

Speaking of "Axes" people are still in the dark as to the whereabouts of our good friend, Adolph. Who knows, he may have had an unfortunate accident during a wall paper job, and might have papered himself to the wall. So if there are any unusual lumps on your wall test them with a large needle.

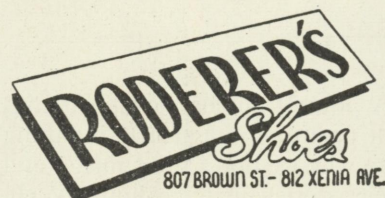
As in all books there is an end so in this book there is an end. Corny? We did our best.

—JAMES GARNEAU

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## THE DOMICILE OF GUS

(Continued from Page 4)

had time to drop in at Jake's. I was sittin' there grousing to Jake about how especially crummy the suds were when the guy next to me who I didnt know from Adam turned to me and said, "Bud, is everyone out in this neighborhood a character?"

At first I didn't know if I should slug the guy right off or wait until he stood up so I could see how big he was. My better judgment prevailed, though, so I said, "Mean anyone in particular, bub?"

"Yeah," he said. "I been lookin' for a house and the other day I seen this sign on an old beat up house a couple a blocks away. Well, this afternoon was the first chance I had to get over so I knocks on the door and asks to look the place over.

The guy that answered was a red faced old geezer runnin' around in a pair of the baggiest pants I ever seen. Well, he gives me a line about how he lived in the house for forty years ever since he came from Germany so he knows everything about it, and then he starts knockin' the joint. Roof leaks, pipes freeze up in winter, furnace won't fire and termites make the place look like a piece of Swiss cheese. Well, after runnin' the place down, he hangs a price tag on it you'd think the house was solid butter. I don't think the guy want's to sell at all."

I could see that Gus wasn't going to give in peacefully or any other way. They would probably have to wind up carrying him off the place which would be no easy job because he could probably still swing a side of beef around and he's been retired maybe ten years. Could be those strong cigars he smokes. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you about those cigars. You never see Gus without the butt of an old "El Ropo" in his mouth. In fact, he can even drink a beer without taking out that cigar. That's not easy, you know.

Anyway, knowing Gus, I figured that he and Minnie would stay put for awhile. You can see I was pretty surprised, then, when about a week

later I saw a big van out in front of Gus' house and sure as I'm born they're loading furniture. This, I decided called for an explanation. I went bustin' over to Jake's and sure enough, there's Gus. "Gus," I said, "Is it true that you're moving?"

"Yes, Charlie," he said, "Yes Charlie, it's true."

"But I thought you were staying. You said you lived there ever since you came from the old country."

"I'll tell you, Charlie," he said. "Confidentially," and here he drops to a whisper you could hear only half a block away, "Confidentially Bessie did a lot of useless arguing. All the time she was telling us to move, she didn't say that we would be living practically in the old country again. We will be living on Lindenwald Avenue."

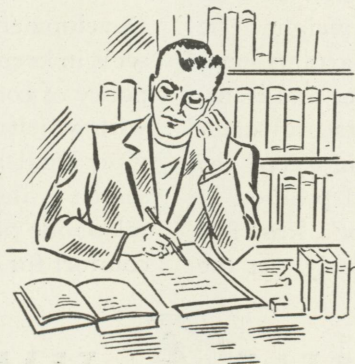
★ ★

## SAINT AGNES EVE

(Continued from Page 18)

feeble light. She caught only a glimpse, enough to tell her that he had coppery, auburn hair. Her story ended at this point because there was really nothing more to tell. I didn't know what to say so I only patted her on the shoulder and turned to leave. As I went out the door I gave a big volume of Keats an expressive rap and pulled my coat collar up. It suddenly seemed so cold.

★ ★



## THE GAELIC LANGUAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

drama has been done in Gaelic but as yet there is no outstanding dramatist. Biographies of note in Gaelic have been produced with national heroes as the subjects: Charles Stuart Parnell, Father Matthew, Laurence O'Toole, Owen Roe Sullivan, Hugh O'Neil, and Art MacMurrough.

Not much original work has been done in the religious field. Translations of the Following of Christ, the Gospels, The Epistles of St. Paul, and the writings of St. Alphonsus, St. Francis de Sales and the Little Flower have been made. There is a Gaelic Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The work of the Gaelic League is still in its youth. Many strides forward have been made but what the future has in store, well, it is difficult for us on this side of the ocean to conjecture. We will just have to abide our time and wait for further reports from over there where people are happy and law-abiding and prosperous, one of the few spots in Europe that claim peace and prosperity.

★ ★

## PERSONALITY PLUS

(Continued from Page 7)

doddie." She stuck her blue mitten in the pup's eyes and seriously told me, "Doddie's eyes open—see, doddie's eyes open." The little spaniel must have decided he liked this little creature because he jumped up and licked Kathy's face. Kathy was a little taken back, but she stood her ground. But when the dog tried the same token of affection a second and a third time, I thought it was time to leave. Nevertheless Kathy is still a firm friend of the canine world.

The short week of the visit was over all too soon. Her Daddy came one afternoon and took our little "bum" and her Teddy, Susie, and Donald, too, back to her home where she found her "Mommie" and a new little "baby Jerry" waiting for her.

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