

4-1947

The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1947

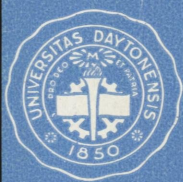
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University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1947" (1947). *The Exponent*. 315.
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



April, 1947

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TEACHER!**

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THE EXPONENT

University of Dayton

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Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

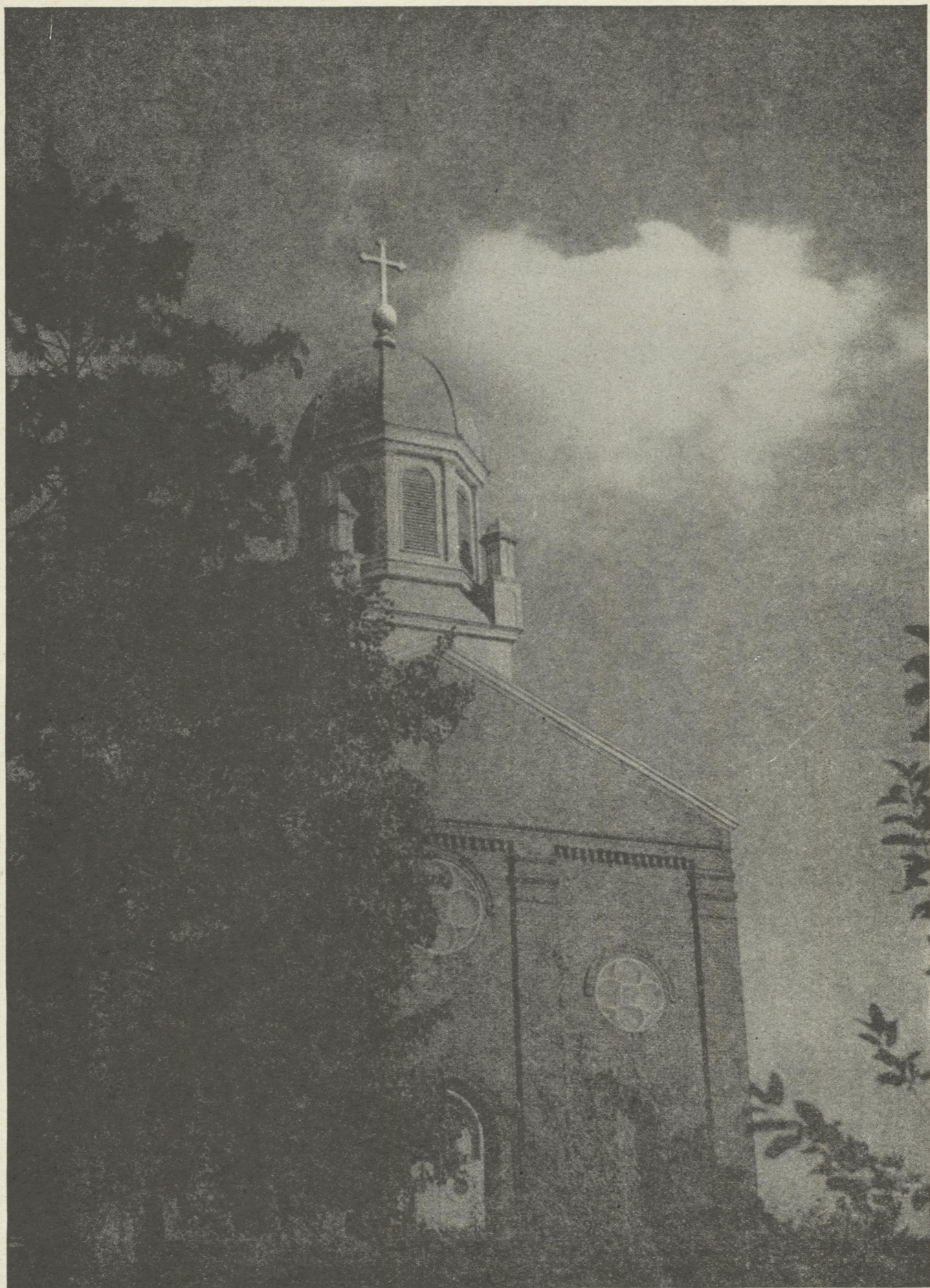
Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

Subscriptions Two Dollars, Yearly in Advance
Single Copies Twenty-five Cents

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO



THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON



The *University of Dayton* EXPONENT

VOL. XLV

APRIL, 1947

No. 4

WAR OR PEACE

It is up to us.

• By JOHN J. WELDON

This year is a year of decision for us in the United States. No, I am not an alarmist, but I see the obvious facts. We have a choice, yes, a choice between living or dying. Since we live in America, a part of this earth—and not in some dream world—we must learn to face cold, hard facts. The consequences of not facing them is simply the annihilation of our civilization. Now what are the facts, and what must we do, now. To reach an intelligent conclusion, we must go back in history so as to place 1947 in its proper environment.

Wars have been with us since the beginning of time. At first, war was confined to individual fights between the men of the first tribe; then distance and time brought organized assaults with clubs; sometime later, man "progressed" to using hatchets, swords, spears, cross-bows, and the bow and arrow. The introduction of gunpowder into the West brought a new kind of weapons to the military art. But a long time before gunpowder, the various tribes and nationalities living in selected spots had organized warfare into a science, a taken-for-granted profession. Every ruler had his army and the great powers of the day had navies. Certain men were selected, or volunteered, to live by the sword, but more often they

died by it. With the advent of gunpowder, new techniques of warfare developed. Soon mobility became a big factor and with it, supplies. Horses were replaced by tanks; the airplane swiftly lent itself to battle; huge navies appeared, and what we know as "modern warfare" developed. Science plays more and more of a part, and atom bombs, guided missiles, pilotless planes, germ warfare, and many other things now appear on the stage; some were used in their embryonic stage in the closing days of the past war. Doubtless if there is another "World" war, these and many other things will be used.

Now too, it was up to us toward the middle of the twentieth century to take warfare out of just the hands of a military machine and place its disastrous effects on whole populations. Well, so much for a sketchy account of the transformation of war from personal struggles with clubs to universal battles with atom bombs.

Why war? We know that as long as men live on this earth of ours they will always have struggles and fights with each other. Why? Because our human nature isn't perfect, and we give in to various things like anger, pride, jealousy, vain ambition, mistrust, and lust. We always

want what the other fellow has whether we actually need it or not. So some of the unprincipled among us set out, some way or other, to take it. How large the struggle is, depends on how many of us are influenced into getting together on first the issue, then, the war. Yes, wars are caused by ambitious rulers, selfish and greedy interests, overcrowded populations, hungry people, lustful and proud military cliques, adolescent scientists, and thoughtless thinking by whole nations. Greed is a root cause for every struggle, because in the back of every war is the fundamental desire to take by force goods and services that some other person, group, or nation has produced or possesses. Immediate causes are just the favorable time, place, person, or sentiment to put the blame on.

Now since it is fairly evident that we can't change human nature, it should be easily understood that we can't take away the fundamental cause of war—the unjust desire, on the part of a few, to take by force what isn't theirs. But in the face of the realization of what awful destruction a full-fledged atomic war would bring, we of 1947, in America, cannot remain indifferent. The choice between war and peace still remains.

We must, from right reason, choose peace, but our choice demands action, or it will be an empty choice. While it is true that we can't take away the fundamental unjust desire that is called war, yet it is also true, and encouragingly so, that we can limit and channel war,

by limiting and channeling the basic unjust desires.

How? First of all, we must realize that the fight for peace is every bit as intense, time-and-energy-demanding as the fight for victory and battle. There must be and can be no quitting till the job is done. And the job is never done. There are no medals of honor, no commendations, no war bonds, no desire to return to loved ones—there is no emotional incentive, strictly speaking; there is only the case for the survival of our civilization. And these are not empty words; they are stark realities. Unless we as a nation stop and think and plan this war for peace—unless we do this, then we shall all surely perish. There can be no compromise with destruction, and the annihilation of atomic war would need no conference to make it truly and absolutely unconditional. We must fight in the schools and in the churches, we must fight over the radio, in the movies, and in our newspapers, magazines, and books; we must fight in the halls of Congress, and in the courts of the United and un-united nations; we must carry the battle to the enemy wherever uncertainty lies, and we must do it now. We must fight desperately with all our mind and heart, all our soul and being; then we must pray to God. But if we do not fight for peace, we will soon be fighting a war after which there will be no more peace treaties, for there will be no one left to draft them.

The weapons in our battle for peace, are ideas; some will scoff, but no one has yet disproven the age-old adage that the pen is mightier than the sword. In order to get ideas we must think and think, and then think some more; to paraphrase a motto of World War II, "The difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little thinking."

I believe in our battle for peace, we can find a way to limit and channel war. First, we must be willing

to fight and think. Next, we must consider the nature of war—the fundamental, unjust desire to take by force what another has produced or possesses; we have admitted we cannot change this, without changing human nature; but how has this unjust desire developed into modern war.

At our stage of the game, it has developed by intensive and exaggerated grouping over a period of some three hundred and fifty years, namely, from the time that England came into being as a nationalist state. There were many wars before that, but they didn't have the cumulative germs of ever increasing warfare that came from the new nationalism. While it is true that nationalism was a necessary part of the growing pains of our world civilization—yet, it is also true that the good of nationalism is completed, and we are ready to go forward in progress together, not backward in steps of atomic destruction. Let those who prefer war to limited, national sovereignty now speak their peace. There was a time when we decided that our thirteen colonies must unite against a common danger. Our



states gave up some of their sovereignty.

There was a time when we decided that two United States was one too many. And though it took a bloody civil war, we again became one nation. And now, there is the time that there cannot remain seventy-three absolutely sovereign nations in the one world that communication and transportation have made next-door neighbors. The nations must surrender some of their sovereign power to one absolute government. No part of our world is greater than the whole.

The only way we can channel war—channel that unjust desire to take by force what another has produced, or possesses—channel it back from national struggles into individual accomplishment—is to set up a government above national struggles; yes, a world government; a government that will by making use of the laws of comparative advantage and free-trade, insure to all people the basic needs of life. Surely that will eliminate the unjust national desires, by their roots. If some individual lawbreakers remain, we will have an international police force to deal with the criminal types of individuals.

There can be no international cooperation, no solving of racial issues, no deciding of boundary questions, no trust, without an international government to insure it. To gain much we must all give a little. There is no other answer to the problem. All else is mere deceiving ourselves to the obvious facts of human nature, and the nations as now constituted. Ours is the answer. Will it be war and destruction, or peace and life. There is no other choice.

And finally, it is a choice between hate and love; these two emotions are at the extremes of war and peace. We must love our neighbor, before we can unite with him, under God. In the end, love always wins out; let us begin with it. America, wake up and think. Yours is the choice between war and peace.

A THREAT IN ASIA

Suggestions in the face of a world crisis.

● By W. J. FITZPATRICK

Asia is the largest continent in the world. Its three important nations are Russia, China, and India. Of these three, one is well-developed, well-fed, and well-equipped. This is Russia. But China and India are starving. The probabilities of the situation are quite obvious. The people in China and India are aware of their healthy neighbor, and their neighbor is aware of them. A union of these three nations with a common social system appears advantageous to the unhappy pair. Any change from their present state which might lead to better conditions is welcome to them. Consequently, the possible union of China and India with Russia is a danger which democracy must realize and, if possible, forestall. It would be easy for Russia to accomplish this coalition, for Britain is losing her grip on India because of her own failing strength, and Russia's strongest foreign minority is in China. The increase in Communist power which would follow a union of this magnitude would be a serious threat to private enterprise and religious freedom.

Since China and India are looking to Moscow for salvation, the problem seems to be that of presenting a more attractive solution to these desperate nations. President Truman seems to have adopted this plan with his proposal of financial aid to Greece. But this would have to be done on a much larger scale in order to combat Communist influence in Asia. Perhaps some type of social and economic sponsorship by Britain and America would be possible. This would not be relief or charity, but a form of national mortgage. In fact, it would be an "adoption" of the weaker nation by the major power. This hints of imperialism, though it is by no means to be thus inter-

preted. Yet even imperialism has advantages. Along with the returns from imperialism goes responsibility for the welfare of the satellite nation. Particularly, when contrasted with the probable repellent effects of a communistic world government, this plan seems logical.

A good example of the adoption plan was the relationship between the United States and the Philippine Islands. No one will deny that this was modified imperialism, but the mutual benefit derived far outweighed any disadvantages. When the people of the Philippines were ready for independence, they were heartily supported by America; this certainly was not a characteristic of "old-fashioned" imperialism.

Under the adoption plan, the major power would guarantee the monetary system of the satellite, thus enabling it to expand industrially, for prosperity comes only with full production and employment. Commerce would be increased between the satellites and other nations. In the case of China, who has no merchant fleet, the use of excess American cargo ships



would serve to promote her international trade.

The economic advantages of this plan would almost be exceeded by the cultural and social benefits. The satellite nation would gain knowledge of democratic governmental methods and ideals, while the "adopting" nation would gain valuable understanding of her neighbors. This understanding cannot be overemphasized, for in these critical times Britain and America need all the friends they can get.

The strategic locations of the proposed satellite nations are such that their friendship and cooperation would be invaluable in the event that we should "disagree" with Russia. In fact, their support would practically insure peace between Russia and the democracies.

Of course, this plan will not be permanent; when the weaker nation regains her strength and becomes capable of governing and supporting herself without aid, the democracies will withdraw, as America has done in the case of the Philippine Islands. Perhaps when that time arrives, a world government will have been established, and Communism will be a thing of the past.

We should remember, however, that even now the fate of democracy lies, not in the possession of power and arms, but in the minds of the individuals of all nations. Therefore, our best course is to impress other nations by practical offerings that a world under democratic government will be far better than a Communistic state.

★ ★

RAIN

The Rain will come.
There is no returning
To that land of no rain
Before Time was—
There is no evasion—
The Rain will come.
Yet it will cease—
When Time is no more.
And so we wait.

—MARY VAN DYKE BROWN

THREE SHORT, SHORT STORIES

Two about love and one about world politics.

● By THREE BUDDING SCRIBES

CHANCE MEETING

Three beers ago Johnny Wheeler, Bert Taylor and Ed Logan had just finished their spaghetti dinner. From their vantage point at the table they watched the dancing couples move gracefully to the soothing strains of the hotel orchestra. Ed Logan was talking.

"You know, Bert, it's funny the way we met tonight; here I'm just back in town and what do I see—a beautiful blonde? A shapely brunette? No such luck—just you two guys all buddy-buddy standing by the cigar store chewing the fat."

"Listen to the lad, Johnny! You'd think we were blots on the landscape or something!"

"Since when did you start noticing the slick chicks, Eddie, my boy? Methinks the Army has wrought some subtle change here."

"Say, Ed," interrupted Johnny Wheeler. "Your outfit was in France, wasn't it? How about those French gals? Are they responsible for your change of heart?"

"Bet you didn't even notice them," chirped Bert Taylor.

"Have your fun, lads. Have your fun," retorted Ed. "I've changed my mind about gals. They're human like everyone else! If a fella's lucky, he might even find one with brains!"

"Listen to the little man! I can remember not too far back when you wouldn't cast a second glance at the slickest whistle-bait around."

"Speaking of whistle-bait, take a look at that de-luscious vocalist, Gloria Baker," suggested Bert.

"Right out of this world!" agreed Johnny.

"Oh, I wouldn't go as far as to say that," rejoined Ed. "She's pretty, yes—but beautiful, no!"

"For your enlightenment, brother, she's the acme of feminine perfection!" explained Bert.

"Probably resorts to a ton of cosmetics a year," from Ed in the manner of one who has yet to be convinced.

"You know," said Johnny, "this lad doesn't know a dream when he sees one!"

"Pretty strong words" replied Ed with simulated mild indignation. "I don't profess to be an authority on the subject, but . . ."

"Here! Here! From Bert. He added by way of explanation. "This particular gal happens to have half of the fellows in town going around in circles. But strictly no dice! No one's even been able to date her yet!"

"I shouldn't think that too difficult!" stated Ed very deliberately.

"Not difficult!" snorted Johnny.

"I've five good American dollars here that says your fatal charm won't work," wagered Bert Taylor.

"Look fellas," pleaded Ed Logan. "Let's not get serious about this thing! What say we drop the whole matter."

"You don't get off quite so easy," cautioned Johnny Wheeler. "I'll put up ten that you can't get a date with that vocalist!"

"Put me down for ten of the same," from Bert Taylor, as he placed a ten dollar bill on the table next to Johnny's.

"But fellas!" protested Ed Logan.

"No 'but'!" commanded Johnny. "Be on your way, Doubting Thomas!"

Reluctantly Ed rose from the table and started toward the band. He was plainly unhappy. The music was almost over and Ed started toward the bar to wait for the dancing to stop.

"He sure doesn't look like much of a Romeo, does he?" asked Bert.

"Maybe we were too hard on the lad, but it will be a good lesson!" replied Johnny.

"You know, Johnny," said Bert, "we really ought . . ." He stopped.

"Hello!" said Ed as he and the vocalist stopped at the table where Johnny and Bert sat open-mouthed. Ed was very deliberate as he gathered up the money and gave it back to the men with a "next time not so fast."

"Gloria, I'd like to present Johnny Wheeler and Bert Taylor . . . Gentlemen, my wife!"

—FRANK J. HUGHES

★ ★

SPRING LOVE

It is wooin' time in the hills.

There's a boy,

There's a girl,

There's a moon—

"Howdy, Emmy."

"Howdy, Luke, give me yore hat?"

"No, I'd rather keep hit on; hit keeps my hair in place."

(Silence)

Pulling at his rope suspenders and rocking back and forth on his heels, Luke asks, "kinda warm, hain't it?"

Emmy utters an unresponsive, "Kinda."

Undaunted, Luke drags his toe through the dirt and glances bashfully at Emmy.

"Purty moon, hain't it?"

"Um hum," she replies, with growing interest.

"Could I set with ye awhile?"

"S'pose so."

Luke starts to sit down, but he sees that Emmy is still standing, so he jerks himself erect. Unaware of his movements, Emmy does the same thing. This is repeated once again. Finally in unison, they ease themselves down at opposite ends of the bench. Rigid, and without looking at Emmy, Luke says—

"Crickets shore sound nice—must be agoin to rain."

Emmy agrees with a faint, "Must be."

Edging gradually toward Emmy, he inquires, "Work hard today?"

"Not much—canned three bush-

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The Easter Bunny and the Squirrel

For young and old

● By MARIE BENNADETTE CALLAHAN

Some of the highlights of many Easter Sundays came to my mind as I began to write but one Easter I know I shall always remember was the one three years ago when the squirrel stole the chocolate eggs that the Easter bunny had left for our little girls.

The bunny had placed the be-ribboned baskets filled with chocolate eggs, jelly beans and other Easter dainties under two low-branched spruce trees in our backyard. The Easter bunny was, of course, my husband who had gotten up early and had slipped out of the house while the children were still asleep. I stood guard at their bedroom door and waited there until he had hidden the baskets under the trees and had crept noiselessly back to the house. Now

the stage was all set. Even the weather favored our early morning play.

About ten minutes later Claire and Aileen came running happily out of the house in search of the baskets. It was a warm, sunny day—a perfect Easter Morn—and the children ran about in tiny bedroom slippers and little flowered house coats which they had put on over their sleepers. When they woke up they were so excited and so eager to find what the Easter bunny had left for them that I had not insisted that they dress before beginning that joyful round of the shrubs and the trees. There was much scampering about the lawn while my husband and I stood by enjoying the fun and waiting for the children to look down under the spruce

branches where the baskets were concealed. Finally they were found and at almost the same moment we saw a squirrel hurrying up a tree and munching on a chocolate egg. Left unguarded on the lawn for only ten minutes the baskets were still there but most of the chocolate eggs were gone, particularly the larger ones.

The children were too happy with the pretty baskets and the small candies that were still left in them to grieve very long about the chocolate eggs which the squirrels had taken. Anyway, a few minutes later the baskets were refilled with chocolates from a box which the Easter bunny had given me.

The squirrel did not spoil that Easter morning but we have never since left the baskets outdoors to tempt him. Now the bunny leaves them just inside the door, which is always partly open when the children come hurrying downstairs on Easter morning. Each year they say about the same thing: "Oh, look, the door is still open. That is where the Easter bunny hopped out."



ONE NOVELIST VIEWS ANOTHER

Trollope about Thackeray.

• By JOHN KELLEY

To appreciate completely a work of art one must be an artist, in soul at least; to fall into rapture over fine sculpture one must need be a sculptor; to understand completely a fine piece of Gregorian Chant one must realize the deep and beautiful meaning of the words, appreciate its techniques, or at least have tried to sing it.

In the same way a novelist's biography of a fellow-novelist is more likely to be critically accurate and understanding than would be a biography by any other person.

Anthony Trollope has given us this sort of biography in his book on William Makepeace Thackeray because he knew the man, and he understood and appreciated Thackeray's novels because Trollope himself was a novelist. His book is sympathetic to Thackeray but it is accurate in critical details.

Thackeray was born in 1811. He was a fair and gentle child, but was rather timid. Even late in life when great success should have given him confidence in himself, he occasionally showed this timidity and lack of persistancy.

He was popular as a lad and popular as a man. He liked people and most people liked him. Several times he tried to edit and run newspapers, but he had little success in doing so. Later, after his fame as a novelist had established him as a national figure, he became a successful editor but, according to Trollope, he was never really a good one. He was not energetic enough, not hard-hearted enough, not patient or scrupulous or judicious enough.

As a contemporary of Charles Dickens, Thackeray must necessarily be compared to him, though in truth there is little resemblance in

either their personal lives or their writings. Dickens was born one year after Thackeray, but he reached the zenith of his popularity while Thackeray was still unknown. In 1837 Dickens was a confident, successful man of letters whereas Thackeray had very little confidence in himself and had even less success. Dickens was always steadfast, industrious and full of purpose, while Thackeray worked haphazardly and inconsistently, was idle and changeable of purpose. The style of their writings is distinctly different, their tonality is different, their works are not at all similar.

Thackeray's married life was full of trials; his wife lost her mind after an illness; and one child, a daughter, died at a very early age. Thackeray provided well, however, for his other two daughters, both of whom married literary men in their day and both of whom found pleasure in writing.

His personal health was quite usually very poor, and this may have been one of the reasons, though not the chief reason, for his inconstancy in applying himself to his work.

The first stepping-stones to his success were his writings for *Fraser's Magazine* and his work for *Punch*. A sense of humor was one of his chief characteristics: he was always trifling yet always serious. Probably his humor is more easily seen in his verses and ballads than in his novels, and it is sometimes directed at himself:

And here I sit, the
Muses' 'appy' vot'ry
A cultivatin' every kind of po'try.

Grammatical errors and spelling mistakes were two of the tricks employed by Thackeray to make his reader smile, but we also find satire, a trace of cynicism, a genuine sense

of humor, and even occasionally the aspect of the moralist: in "The Cristal Palace" he says,

Ther's statues bright
Of marble white
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc
And some, I think
That isn't over proper.

This spirit of satire and good humor shows itself everywhere in his poems and ballads; occasionally he uses the spice of the Irish brogue to season his dish; in this example he ridicules those who seek special favor from public figures:

This gineral great then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious
minerals;
And as he there, with princely air,
Recloining on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
The squeezin and the pushin was.

After the success of his novels, Thackeray sought to receive an official position with the Postal System but fortunately for literature he failed; later he sought to use his popularity to advantage by running for election as the representative of the people in Parliament (1857). Fortunately again for literature he failed, but only by a small number of votes:

His greatest novel from the point of view of construction, character creation and historical accuracy, is *Henry Esmond*, but probably the most popular of his novels is *Vanity Fair*. The historic notes that he took for his historical novels were very profuse, but he was not a man of great system, even in his diligence. Most of his novels were written in installments, each one usually being written the month before publication. The one exception to this method—if we may call it a method—is *Henry Esmond*. At the time of his death in 1863, a novel which he had not finished was in publication.

Thackeray made one trip to America during the time he was giving

(Continued on Page 24)

SO VERY EASY

It happened in the Balkans.

• By JOHN D. WHARTON

"They should promote me to commissar rank for this coup!" gloated Yadaloff to himself as he gazed around the long refectory table at which were seated nearly all of the members of the former government of Straladia.

"—I, Serge Yadaloff, greatest detective of the NKVD, have trapped the whole band of democratic resistance-leaders," Yadaloff beamed around the table as if he loved them all dearly, and did not in truth intend to betray them shortly. He clapped furiously with the rest as the member speaking concluded and the chairman announced the serving of refreshments.

"— I shall slip away after refreshments and lead the Civil Guard to this hidden den," continued the Secret Policeman to himself with a smirk, then aloud to an approaching waiter, "Thank you, I will have some of the delicious meat." He accepted spam and black bread, and, thinking of the arsenic filled bodies of other NKVD men found in the capital city, deftly switched his portion with that of the next man. He saw water and wine appear, but close watching revealed no one drinking. He laughed silently; the poison was obviously there.

It was so transparent; the Society had placed the arsenic there for unwary, undermining agents like himself. But how laughable, even had he not been so clever as to join the Society first, and to discover their tricks; a fool would have noticed that no one drank. "— Yadaloff, you will drink later, as you inform the Garde Civile," he told himself. "It has all been so easy—so very easy!"

NKVD agents had been looking for the legitimate democratic gov-

ernment of Straladia, "weather-vane of the Balkans," ever since the war's end, when a satellite government had usurped the power with a fake election. At that time the members of that government wisely went "underground." It was disturbingly apparent to the satellite regime that they continued to meet, keeping up well organized resistance, and awaiting outside help for a counter-revolution.

Indeed, more was at stake than control of a small mountain land. Rightly termed the "weather-vane," so strategically was it placed that a counter-revolution here would influence the whole of the touchy Balkans. Since Yadaloff's superiors had no desire to see all of their puppet states swept away by a conflagration started in Straladia, they had sent the best agents of the Secret Police into the little state in force to find and liquidate the government-in-hiding.

Four NKVD agents had reported having contacted the elusive ex-government, but each had been found in obscure parts of the state apparently poisoned by arsenic.

Yadaloff left it to men of lesser imagination to trace the actual arsenic; they would get nowhere: Arsenic is too easily obtained. Yet it was arsenic that led the detective to his goal; Yadaloff reasoned in this wise: Arsenic is not a common weapon, even in warfare which threatens gas, fire, and germs; the resistance group were superlatively proficient with grenades and Thompson guns; they would hardly find it efficient for use by the rank and file, even if its use were considered warranted by the democratic ex-government. To the astute Yadaloff, the drug indicated such a secret society as those that had rid- dled the Hapsburg Empire in 1914.

From the files of the dozen European police bureaus which were open to him, Yadaloff found dossiers mentioning likely societies. In Prague dossiers advised of one in connection with an arsenic poisoning, and here he knew he was on the trail. Vestigial remnants of the society existed in the district where it had originated in the middle ages, stated the dossier, and personal investigation in remote Transylvania confirmed this.

Believing that the society had some sort of connection with the government-in-hiding, Yadaloff's next step was to insinuate himself into that society. Papers of a D. P. lodged in a Siberian camp furnished Yadaloff with a new identity, that of one Adam Lemke, native born of the very district in Transylvania that was the fountain-head of the society. Traveling there, he found that taking up the life of Adam Lemke was singularly easy; there were but few relatives (the D. P. camps had been combed carefully for such a man as Lemke), and those remaining accepted the returned Lemke with no question. If slight changes of physiognomy were evident, as well as lapses of memory in the returned one, it was put down as the natural consequence of a period of years of war and hardship.

Membership in the Society Trag was gained quite as easily. The Society, he found, made up an inner clique in one of the parties of the former Straladian government; several of the important figures were members of both. The use of arsenic was historic with the Trag who followed the custom of the peasants of Transylvania's remotest district, that of eating quantities of arsenic. Although the peasants did so claiming that it improved the complexion, the Society used the immunity gained thus as a means of defense and the drug as a weapon. What device was used to prevent the usual affects of the poison were never revealed to Lemke-Yadaloff;

(Continued on Page 23)

LESSON ONE, MISS MARKS!

Not so hasty

● By DAVID CARRIGAN

Alice Marks waved to Mr. Fadd in the classroom across the hall and had just entered her own room when the blackboard eraser hit her squarely on the cheek. It left a white trace that reminded her pupils of the chalk marks they made when they pounded the erasers outside against the schoolhouse wall.

It happened quickly, and the children were back in their seats so soon afterward that Alice felt strangely as though the situation were both in and out of hand.

The room was suddenly quiet and well-ordered. Far too orderly, she thought, for the fifth grade. Alice stood for a moment, dumbfounded, her face reddening. She darted for the protection of the cloakroom and wiped the chalk off her face with her hanky.

Back in front of the class, she was poised and searched systematically up and down the quiet rows of students for the most logical culprit. Her eyes meeting those of Freddie Fallon, she recalled that Fred had been the last to regain his seat after the missive struck her. She made a quick decision.

"Fred, come up here!"

"Yes, Miss Marks," the boy said, slowly lifting himself from his seat. He frowned at Alice's choice of a victim and moved to the front, not taking his eyes from her.

"Did you throw it, Fred?"

"No, Ma'am, I didn't."

"Don't lie to me," she said loudly, thrusting her head forward and clamping her hand on her hip. "Go stand in the corner for the rest of the afternoon."

Freddie shamefacedly turned and walked to the customary corner be-

hind Alice's desk, though it was not Freddie's custom to stand in it. He stood with his back to the class, and the rest of the pupils looked on, awed by the teacher's quick action.

Alice felt a small triumph as she reached to her desk top to take up the set of science questions she had placed there before lunch. The paper was not on top. Strange! She had at least a vague recollection of putting it there. Opening the middle drawer, she found the paper promptly and took her usual spot before the class.

The room was like a mausoleum as she started to run through the questions orally with her pupils, and the steady drone of their answers added a gloomy monotony. It was a well-drilled set of questions, and Alice asked them automatically. Her mind went back to the boy who stood mute in the corner behind her.

The more she thought of Fred, the more she felt falsely justified for putting the blame on him. She looked around at the boy, and the sight of him shifting from one tired leg to the other was no comfort to her. Gradually she realized that her personal pride had played the biggest part in reprimanding him.

Perhaps, in her first year of public instruction, she had made enemies

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BEAUTY

For I know—
True beauty cannot die.
It does not fade,
It is a sigh—
A word unsaid,
Yet still spoken
In silence. With—
Faith unbroken.

—MARY VAN DYKE BROWN

too fast with the idea of progressive teaching. Maybe a little patience would have helped in this case. But she could not take back her decision now; the class would drop all respect for her. Still, Fred might become dangerously bitter, standing there for the remaining two and a half hours on such a flimsy conviction.

She came to the last question on the sheet before she realized that she had been paying no attention to her class. For all she knew, even her star pupils could have given the wrong answers.

The art lesson was next. Alice went to the closet to draw pastels and paper. The colors were stacked evenly on the shelf, and soon she had the correct number counted out. She called two boys forward to distribute them; then she went to the board to write a series of instructions.

Her chalk glided smoothly over the dark gray expanse, and the white letters contrasted vividly against it. For a moment, the sense of pedagogic exactness brought her pleasure. But she paused. The instruction was right, the class was quiet—the feel of the blackboard was almost too perfect. It all emphasized the one improper aspect of the picture! Freddie Fallon did not belong in that corner! She had known it from the moment she called him up front. Her eagerness to make a quick killing had punished him—nothing more. She could not see him throwing erasers around the room, not even during the lunch hour.

"Continue to draw the still life," Alice announced, wheeling around suddenly, "and let me see what you people can do with it. I'll be out of the room for a moment. But let me warn you, I'll be close by."

Alice left hurriedly and closed the door behind her. Mr. Fadd, who taught the class directly across the hall, was bending over the water fountain some distance down the corridor. She was glad to see him,

(Continued on Page 23)

ONCE WHEN APRIL CAME

Once when April came,
And found me far from home,
I looked at her in all her truth,
And was glad that I had roamed

Far from my own sweet land.
Yes, once when April came,
She took me by the hand;
Showed me what she had to give,
I hoped I would understand
All she had to say.

Once when April came,
Quaint flowers, rolling greens, and peace
Praise God and beckon His good word.
Would that I could capture but the least,
Yet go unseen.

Once when April came,
She brought dark skies of woe,
Yet clearing in the East;
Many untold tales I know,
But choose to bury in myself.

And once when April came,
Then ushered in sweet May, came hope;
Joys which I had never known,
My heart (poor thing) could not cope,
The happiness her dear face brought.

—THOMAS S. HEAD

★ ★ ★

THE SAME OLD SUBJECT

He said that I was in love with Love,
I denied it with all my heart.
I told him that I was in love with him,
And Love in itself was apart.

My love for him never ceased to grow,
It warmed and mellowed with age.
While he merely laughed at my sleepless nights—
Trapped alone in this cage.

The love was within me—deep within—
Torturing, holding me fast.
Yet still he said it was Love whom I loved,
And now he's convinced me at last.

—MARY VAN DYKE BROWN

INTERIM

The twilight blue melts into gold,
The gold to deepening red,
The fields are still, the trees grow quiet—
The Earth prepares for bed.

The evening star now guards the West,
Sweet lark has sung his last,
And o'er the peaceful countryside,
A dew-damped shadow's cast.

—THOMAS S. HEAD

★ ★ ★

OUR DREAM

Do you suppose we'll ever find
That sunny hill again,
Where happy, laughing, colored hours
Were ours to fill and spend?

And if we find our sunny hill
To lie in grass so green . . .
Do you suppose we'll lose our fears
And find once more our dream?

—J. S.

★ ★ ★

RAIN

Dear Rain—you bring a lull—
The lull that drugs my aching heart.
You gently sooth my ruffled soul
And mingle with the sighs and tears that start.

Dear Rain—How often have I tried
To lose myself in sun-filled clouds.
It brings no good so I return
To wrap myself in rain-swept shrouds.

Dear Rain—your drops are potions strong.
They cure my ill—a breaking heart.
Drive on—oh gushing, restless storms
And mingle softly with my tears that start.

—MARJORIE CRUTCHER

Editorial Comment . . .

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KINGS

These are certainly sad times for kings. There was a time when to be a king was the ambition of almost everyone. After all, the king had good hours, fine pay and was, in general, the lord of all he surveyed. Times, however, have changed.

Even though almost every square foot of Europe was ruled by some sort of a king or emperor once, the crowned heads can be counted on one hand and none of them are absolute in any sense of the word. Revolutions, some hard fought and some bloodless, have taken their toll in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland and Russia to name only a few. Sometimes the country gained, sometimes it lost but in any case the ex-king joined the ranks of the unemployed if he escaped with his life. Those monarchs remaining in places like England, Norway, Denmark, Sweden and Holland merely serve to give elite society a regal glow. As far as politics go, they have far less influence than a Tammany Hall politician.

All this reflection was occasioned, of course, by the recent death of King George II of Greece. When monarchy was in full bloom, it would have eclipsed all other news for weeks. The selection of his successor would have far outshone any paltry conference. But, as we have already said, times have changed. The entire story rates perhaps half a column and then the world turns back to the battle against Communism.

An historian might argue that this is merely something else in the chain of human events progressing in their own inevitable way. Perhaps it is. It is with a touch of regret, however, that we note the diminishing number of thrones for among the lists of kings there were many able and gifted men who were a credit to their country and to their race. True, there were more than a few despots who misused their power, but in general the succeeding governments in the now kingless countries have yet to prove that they are an improvement. Here is one plea that, even if the office of king is not revived, some of the stability which characterized the institution might return. There doesn't seem to be much political stability in evidence today.

THE FIELD HOUSE DRIVE

There aren't many financial investments around where it is impossible for the investor to lose. Yet they do exist and exhibit A should be the drawing sponsored by the Student Council for the benefit of the coming field house.

The primary purpose, of course, is to raise a substantial sum toward the erection of the field house. Its need certainly cannot be minimized or underestimated. We can't be overly proud of the fact that ours is the oldest covered gym in Ohio and anyone who has ever been there during a noon hour certainly realizes that it is still in active service. It is the opinion of at least one local sportswriter that a first class field house is absolutely necessary for topflight basketball teams. After you have worried your way through an athletic contest at the coliseum you realize that there is room for improvement.

The secondary purpose isn't so bad, either. There aren't very many people who couldn't find some use for a 1947 Ford, if only for a place to store pogo sticks. A frigidaire, a radio-phonograph or a table model radio would be rather welcome to almost everyone, too.

So you see, you can't lose. All U D students should support the field house project to the utmost anyhow, and that Ford will look mighty pretty. Let's go way over the top in this drive.

★ ★ ★

THE HUMANITIES

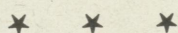
The heart of every dyed-in-the-wool Arts student beats a little faster whenever he hears a kind word spoken concerning the humanities. The hearts of many of the aforesaid Arts students have been considerably accelerated by the increasing emphasis being placed on liberal arts by certain columnists and others whose task it is to mold public opinion.

The gist of their argument is really quite simple. If anything, this is an Age of Science. The technical man, the chemist, the engineer, the physicist and all the rest, are enjoying far more respect and prestige

than ever before. Since he is assuming a position of increasing importance, he should know more than merely his own little sphere—whether it be physics, chemistry, electricity or any other technical science. He should be able to express himself clearly and forcefully both orally and in writing. He should know something of the history of many and be acquainted with forms of government and the finer things of life, such as literature and music. To be a real leader, a man should be familiar with these things.

Few people will deny the truth of this. Therefore, the sooner the engineers and scientists as a group take an active interest in the humanities, the sooner they will be able to exercise their latent influence in the world of today and tomorrow.

—C. K. B.



THAT WE BE SPARED

Spring is on the campus and in the classrooms. Out in the park couples are seen strolling over the lawn or sitting on the park benches. What does Tennyson say about springtime . . . oh yes . . . in the springtime the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. Looking about and seeing all this youth on the campus makes a person feel good and makes him pray that we won't have any more wars to destroy this peace and happiness that we all possess. Youth is a time of dreams and a time of planning for the future, and spring is the time of the year when youth wanders about and thinks of the future, thinks of the little home, the love nest that the two will possess. Yes, spring is in the classroom, too. Professors drone away on warm afternoons and students look out of the window or sleep. Tough going for the poor professors. But all in all it is a wonderful world. To be young in the springtime, why there is nothing like it. When we hear the peals of laughter of young people about the corridors and see the bright and smiling faces too numerous to be counted, I wonder if we ever stop to compare our lot with the peoples of Europe where a large percentage is suffering from malnutrition. It would be interesting to compare the campus of an American institution like U D with a college in Europe. Let us pause once in a while and think of what might happen to this country some day and how we might be the victims of conditions similar to those in Europe. Two sentiments should swell up in our hearts, gratitude to God for all the favors that we are the recipients of and a fervent prayer to the Almighty that our great country might be protected from the evils of the totalitarian states.

—C. S.

OUR CHANCE

Once in a while I think we ought to pause and consider how fortunate we are that we have a chance to go to college. We are here to prepare ourselves for the work that is ahead of us, a work that should make our lives interesting and happy. But there are certain intangible things that make our lives happier than material things can do. We are rational beings and our happiness depends very much on our state of mind and our outlook on life. Material things will pall on us after a while, and the older we get the more we will realize that the things of the mind and the spirit will give us much more satisfaction than objects like cars and clothes and cards and drinks.

Here at college we come in contact with men who are educated and our ambition is aroused to become like them. We really see what an asset it is to be educated. Then too we meet students from all parts of the country and from foreign countries and we acquire a cosmopolitan point of view. Our studies have for purpose to teach us to think and especially to give us a wider and a broader view of life. And particularly in the courses in philosophy and religion we study the all-important question of the relation between man and his Maker. Thus we see that our education tends to make us well rounded individuals capable of carrying out the motto of all true education, for self and our fellow men and our country and our God.



NEARING THE END

It won't be long now. The year is fast coming to an end. Several events, social and otherwise are scheduled before school closes. First we have the Military Ball at the end of the week and then there is the Turnabout Tag in early May. Read the poem Madeleine Unger wrote about this on page 17 of this issue. We believe there is going to be some fun on the campus when they elect a king for the occasion. Guess it takes the women to start things, all right. The Mask and Mascara production is scheduled for the week of April 20. The players deserve your patronage. The Thespians have their next play scheduled for the end of May. More about that later. Then the various clubs will have their outings. Sounds like a lot of fun and good times. All these extra-curricular activities make college life interesting and more complete. They are outlets for pent up energy and they are the sources of many of the most pleasant memories of college life. Don't miss your chance of having a good time while you are still young. Hard study and social life may be mixed very advantageously.

—C. S.



We The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . RITA E. MCGARRY

STOCKING CAPS

When I was in grammar school a thoughtful aunt bought me a red woven stocking cap. This cap was really lovely and it fit my head so snugly and kept my ears warm. The stocking part was extra long and extended almost to my waist. My aunt and mother were at a loss, however, when I promptly refused to wear it to school because no one else had one like it. To their dismay I absolutely refused to wear what they termed "cute" and "different."

Today things have changed. My young cousins attending grammar school also have stocking caps. But so do the rest of the children at school. While visiting the school a short time ago I noticed that each and every child, boys and girls, from the kindergarten through the sixth grade, has and wears a stocking cap. Those unique hats are numerous in shapes and sizes, being all colors, green, white, red, some striped and some plain, some with short and some with long stockings. The most amazing thing is that these children are so attached to this fad that they wear them not only outdoors but also in the classroom.

I cannot explain the change in style but I do know that it was the fear of being an individualist and being laughed at that kept me from wearing my cap to school. I really liked it but did not have the courage to face my friends with something so new and radical as a stocking cap. On the other hand my cousins would be considered individualists if they did not have these caps to flaunt merrily with the rest of the school. Children have such a dreadful fear of being taunted by their playmates, that, as every mother knows, it is impossible to make a child wear leggings or mittens before Johnny-next-door or Mary-up-the-street does. And so mothers have reluctantly had to admit defeat in trying to make individualists out of their children. They must wait till these stubborn little beings grow up and realize how silly they have been to stick so fondly to their desire to "be like the other kids."

—JUDY SMALLEY

A G. I. EASTER IN 1945

Easter Sunday found me parading over the muddy roads of Northern France, until I reached the chateau that was our temporary hospital. The chilly drizzle reminded me of spring rain of other Easter days that wilted the flowers of my new Easter bonnet. I visualized myself this Easter as a fashion reporter might see me in the Easter parade.

"In a costume of harmonizing olive drab, she led the Easter parade at the 78th Field Cantonment. The basis of this charming outfit was a sturdy pair of shoes in army brown fitting high over the ankle with flat heels giving a solid foundation. Turned neatly over the top, to cover forty-eight-inch shoes laces, were socks of the ever popular G.I. color. Baggy slacks fitted her size ten as though it were a sixteen and a neat crease set off the somewhat uneven trouser legs to best advantage. With the slacks she wore an army green utility coat the hood of which covered the smartest woolen helmet liner which passed for an Easter bonnet. With all this was worn a set of dogtags on a silver chain, the jewelry rage at the time.

"Other accessories were totally unnecessary for the smart set of Oise alley needs only the ample pockets



found in the coat and slacks in which to carry all the articles usually found in a woman's purse.

"It might be added that such a costume can only be purchased over the counter of the U. S. Quartermaster Corps."

My reverie was suddenly ended when I stumbled and caught myself in time to salute a passing officer.

—ETHEL STEFANICS

★ ★ ★

PARKING

Maybe it is because I am a woman, but frankly I can't park a car worth a darn. You know those hard-to-find parking spaces in the thriving city of Dayton where some one has graciously given you several feet over the length of your car. Well, I need a good extra twenty feet to make a success of this business called parking.

I once enjoyed (?) a little experience that taught me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Not only has it destroyed my self-confidence but it has won me a reputation of being what one might refer to as a "woman driver."

I was driving along down town one day—the Chevy was completely at my mercy—when a parking space with no meter, no time limit, no nothing—so I thought—loomed up and practically slapped me in the face. I decided right then and there that, just because I could not park worth a blast, I was not going to let a golden space like this one pass by, so I started on the hazardous job of parking.

I pulled the car up to the required length (so my father had previously mentioned in other battles) before I began the reverse-gear business. I started backing and heard a little cree-nch! sound. Quick as lightning I pulled it back to first and started forward. After waiting for the guy in the back of me to pass, I again tried it. This time no fender scraping. I went into the place so perfectly that I drove right up the curb and hit a lamp post. It is lucky that I was not travelling at a fast clip because then the damage would have been worse and dad's penalty of no-car-for-two-months would have been longer than just two months.

Again I pulled forward and this time allowing myself a safer margin from the other car, I tackled the space. However, if I went into detail about every time I hit the car, the curb or the lamp post I am afraid you would be staying home nights reading this ditty. So to make a long story short I finally did manage to get into a parking space. I got out of the car, locked the door, and stood there looking real proud like—first right and then left—then my eyes widened—a little red object kept jumping up and down in front of me—oh, no, it couldn't be, but it was—a fire plug!!

JOAN L. HARROW

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A REBEL

My mother's people came from Mississippi. My father's people came from Georgia. I was born in Texas and married an Arkansasan. It is evident, therefore, that my background is staunchly southern.

Until five years ago I had never been north of the Mason-Dixon Line except on brief visits. For the past five years I have lived in what I grew up to know as "Yankee Land." Three of those five years were spent in New York City which is definitely the melting-pot of the United States. There I rubbed shoulders with, met socially, and worked with people of all races, religions and colors—Jews, Negroes, Catholics, Irish, Italians, Chinese. I was reared in a strictly Protestant, Anglo-Saxon section of the country. I had never known personally but one Jew. I had never lived in a town that had a Catholic Church in it until I was out of high school and moved to the city. The Negro problem had never confronted me because there is no problem in the South. There are two distinct lines. The Negro stays on one side and the whites on the other.

Many of the difficulties were hard ones to overcome. It is not easy to about-face on the teachings of several generations. I was called upon to put to a test the Christian doctrines I had learned as a child when I learned to sing "Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in His sight. Jesus loves the little children of the world."

In my years away from the deep South I have come to know and have respect for representatives from all the above-mentioned groups of people. I can now say that I have no animosity toward any nationality, creed, religion or color. I am sorry to say, my views are not shared by many of my southern friends.

The war did a great deal toward spanning the gap that exists between races in the South. The road ahead is still a long and difficult one. The problem will not be conquered by "superior-than-thou" magazine articles and editorials written by journalists north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Southerners resent that. It will not be overcome by legislation. It must be done through educating the present generation, who in turn, will teach their children.

I am grateful for these five years in the North. I do not like the climate. People are not as friendly and accommodating. More stress is put on money making. But people, once you know them, are just as sincere, genuine and friendly as people anywhere. It is a lesson I hope to see all of my fellow southerners learn some day.

—MARGARET MONDAY



ABOUT THE CAMPUS

Humorous or otherwise.

● By MEN ONLY

THE COLLEGE ROOMMATE

With the coming of spring we shall find the cruel, cruel world opening her doors to another class of graduating high school seniors. To many of these graduates the world will seem to be heartless and distasteful, and for many of these same graduates the closing of their high school careers marks the first time that they are strictly on their own. Now the bewildered student is called upon to make his own decisions.

Impossible as it may sound many of the high school graduates decide to go to work. For these unfortunate people I can only offer a word of condolence, a short prayer and a hearty yo-ho-heave-ho. A few of the more intelligent students may take one long disgusting look at the world and feel like jumping overboard, but not really wanting to do that they finally decide to enter college and seek some form of higher education. So with a pleasant heart-warming thought that the old man will keep them for four more years they set out in search of an institution of higher learning.

The choice of a school is undoubtedly of great importance to the potential college student but I would like to point out some other facts which are of equal importance. Since I am a college man of long standing, almost two semesters to be exact, I should like to give the prospective college freshman some pointers on one of the most important phases of college life, the proper selection of the roommate. Of course, I am speaking only for the men. The coeds at U.D. do not have to worry about such a problem as a roommate. Their big problem is the men.

The ideal roommate must be considerate and a constant source of encouragement. When you have a tough problem he must be able to build up your confidence to such a degree that there is no doubt in your mind that you can work the problem. But in the event that you decide that the problem is too tough for you and you give up in disgust, the roommate must be smart enough to work the problem for you.

This roommate must be somewhat smaller than you so as to eliminate any possible chance of physical harm, especially if the acquaintance does not prove harmonious. However he must wear his clothes slightly on the baggy side to accommodate your somewhat larger frame.

Another important attribute of the roommate is that of personal appearance. He must not be as good-looking as you or dress as well as you do, otherwise don't introduce him to your girl friends. The best policy to follow is never to introduce him to your girl friends, no matter how he looks. I sincerely think that all the prospective college freshmen should take heed of these few helpful hints, and use them as a guide when looking for a roommate. In case you are wondering as to how you should go about finding such a roommate, just ask mine; he found one.

—WILLIAM M. ROBERTS



WHAT A LIFE!

As I trudged wearily out of the dining room—after one of Johnny Maher's three-course, blue-plate specials—I thought of the various unfinished tasks that I had to do before I could call it a day. I followed the winding walk leading to Alumni Hall; I walked through the corridor and up four flights of steps to my room, pausing briefly on the way to read the latest bit of news on the bulletin board. When I got in the room I flopped on my old reliable bunk and decided to take a short break before hitting the books. As I lay on my back and rested my eyes on objects throughout the room everything seemed to take on an unusually gloomy appearance. The entire atmosphere seemed stagnant. I looked at the picture of the girl friend, but even she returned a sour expression. For some reason or other my environment took on a sallow complexion. I finally mustered up enough energy to pull myself up and sit down at my desk. I picked up my pen and tried to write but it was useless, my mind was blank. I looked at the unfinished work before me; my stomach nearly somersaulted. The lights and the noises of the city attracted my attention so I gazed out of the window in the world beyond. I wondered what was going on out there. I kept wondering what the average person in a typical American city was doing and thinking. A sudden overflowing force seized me, and with a surge of strength, I grabbed my coat and hat, slammed the door behind me and dashed deliberately out to the driveway below. I had but one desire: to get as far away from this institution as possible.

—DON E. WENDELN

★ ★

WOMEN IN MY LIFE

As I fondly sit here night-dreaming out of my window (oops! that was close) with arms behind my head (I was taught at an early age how to write with my toes) and the

radio softly playing "Milkman keep those bottles quiet," my heart floats to another heart in little old New York. (Longfellow was never like this.) So the next time you see a red flash flying through the air, just be careful, that is my heart commuting.

For me there have been no other women in my life, figuratively speaking, that is. I met her at a summer resort in Wisconsin six years ago. After being with her for two months and writing "D. C." and "M. H." in the sand, we parted, she to New York and I to St. Louis. We wrote to each other and after we finished high school she entered college and I obliged the navy.

After five years we managed to get together once again and after a while we found ourselves under a Christmas tree, engaged. How can a guy resist a girl that plans for the future in every way; a girl that can cook and knit like your mother; a girl that has a million dollars (that would help) worth of personality; a girl that sees and likes everything that you like; a girl that, well gee, how can a guy?

Tell me, Mr. Anthony, "Do you think that Dick Tracy will ever catch Influence?" I feel sorry for Vitamin Flintheart but there is nothing like being under the "Influence of real love.

—DONALD E. COLLINS

★ ★

ON A LETTER TO BETTE

What shall I write to Bette? What can I say? Written before? Oh yes. I have written meaningless, trivial things, shallow sentiments, "Hi Bette. I hear you are doing nicely. So glad that you enjoy your work, etc." Tonight I feel a strong urge to write Bette. Perhaps I shall find within myself the courage and skill to write what I feel, to express what I felt when we were together. In my letter I want her to read beautiful thoughts, charming compliments that none have written or uttered before. How shall I begin? "Dear Bette?" Too cold, too casual.

(Continued on Page 18)



THE TURNABOUT TAG

Last year to create some excitement
Our coeds began something new
'Tho you'll have to admit it was "different"
It depends on your own point of view.

They sponsored a Turnabout Tag dance
Where the girls had to call for the men
And after they waltzed them around at the ball
They had to return them again.

Never let it be said our fair coeds
Didn't know how to do the thing right
The corsages they made for their fellas
Made quite a delectable sight.

Carrots and celery, pretzels or fruit
Adorned each lucky man's coat
An "Old Gold" bouquet walked off with first prize
His date had good reason to gloat.

Then after the dance, all the couples
Went to "Pappy's" to eat their fill
And don't think the fellas can't put it away
When the girls are paying the bill.

Now this year the coeds will do it again
Only bigger and better than last
To Lakeside the girls will escort their dates
(Convention's a thing of the past!)

The coeds have also decided
That a dance doesn't mean a thing
Unless it has someone to reign o'er the hall
So they're going to elect a King.

The campaign for this lucky fellow
Will begin about two weeks before
Six candidates are going to be chosen
And possibly one or two more.

These men will compete for a title
And every girl with a voice
Will work to make her candidate
The U D "Coed's Choice."

—MADELEINE UNGER

The Land of The Midnight Sun

She writes with love about her native land.

● By EDIE DIETRICHSON

The Norwegian people are to a remarkable extent the logical product of their geographical environments and the physical peculiarities of their country. From the first moment when human beings came to Norway, the natural conditions of the country were bound to turn them into Norwegians. These conditions have dictated the distribution and density of the population, prescribed its way of living, influenced its political and economic development, and given to the national character its peculiar features, both of strength and of weakness.

About three-quarters of the land area is occupied by high mountains. The inhabited regions, broadly speaking, are limited to the seacoast, and to deep-cut valleys. Along these valleys run practically all the main lines of communication. The country is long-stretched. A resident in Kristiansand, in the extreme south of Norway, is about as far from Hammerfest in the north, as he is from Rome or Moscow.

The sea along the Norwegian coast has always been quite as important a factor as the land, and has exerted an even greater influence on the national development. The deeply channeled formation which characterizes the mainland, is repeated in the territorial waters of Norway. Submerged valleys in the shape of narrow "fjords" penetrate to the heart of the country throughout its length, in some distances to a depth of 100 miles, thus producing a coastline which, straightened out, would reach nearly half-way around the world. A fringe of islands provides a nearly continuous sheltered route along practically the whole western face of the country. It is, in fact, a peculiarity of Norway that the land divides and the sea unites. This element has there-

fore been regarded, from the earliest time, not as a barrier but as a highway.

The population numbers about three million. So sparse a population that is distributed over great distances, and strung out along narrow and inaccessible clefts at once suggests a nation wherein the individual is paramount rather than the community. A passion for individual liberty and independence is, and has always been, the dominant characteristics of the Norwegian people. The typical Norwegian leads an isolated life, and this form of existence has endowed him with personal qualities of self-reliance, resourcefulness and versatility. Even if he lives in a town, he is likely to have inherited these gifts from his ancestors. Above all, he treasures jealously his individual liberty—his right to live his own life and to think his own thoughts in his own way, independent of external dictation. Different regions frequently display striking differences of outlook and sympathy. In particular there is still a gulf between urban and rural communities. They do not even speak the same language, though the speech current in town and country are being increasingly approximated.

Norwegian is closely related to Swedish and Danish, which together with Icelandic and Faroese, constitute the Scandinavian branch of the Teutonic language group.

In regard to the climate, the mountains in the center of Norway divide the country into two separate climatic areas. Along the west coast and right up north the weather is Atlantic, with mild winters and cool summers. East Norway, however, is sheltered from the Atlantic by the mountains; the climate is therefore more continental—very

dry with hot summers and cold winters.

Norway is the land of the midnight sun. This is one of the main attractions for the thousands of tourists who every summer visit the country. At the North Cape the sun never sets from the second week in May to the last week in July. Conversely, it never rises between about November 1 and January 23. The whole of Norway is light in the summer. In the north, during the long winter nights, the sky is frequently illuminated with all the fantastic colors of the northern lights.

★ ★

ABOUT THE CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 17)

The salutation must reflect my mood. It must be as warm and as personal as I feel. "Dearest Bette?" How will she receive this? How will she react to a passion she has never suspected, never encouraged? Will she understand if I tell her how proud and pleased I felt when we danced? When I tell her how anxious I was to do the little things that made her happy, and how ample was her smile of thanks. No, no, it will never do. Must I whimper and whine much like a love-lorn poet, for a bit of special attention. When two agree so perfectly in nature and temperament, why must there be a lack of affection on the part of the one for the other?

I feel my passion ebbing. The desire for strong nouns, colorful adjectives, and pretty phrases has passed. It has happened before. The original intention is much too big a project for my talent. Yes I will write to Bette but the letter will resemble those that I have written in the past.

—MARIO L. CANALY



Student Essays . . .

I TOO CAN SKI

With the coming of snow this winter, all the sports magazines ran articles on the art of sliding downhill on the hickory staves. I read all the articles, at least all that I could find, since I planned to go to the Adirondacks during the winter.

Following the instructions of the experts, I purchased the necessary equipment: boots, they must fit perfectly, tight at the ankles and arch leaving the toes free; and pants, yes, to be able to ski, one must have a pair of downhill ski pants—that's what the advertisements say. The rest of the equipment was loaned to me by a friend at the ski lodge.

To slide down the hill one must first get to the top. There are three methods to do this according to my knowledge: lift, herringbone, and side step.

The lift is by far the easiest; one merely climbs into a little seat and rides a cable up, but we had no lift where I was.

The herringbone is named from the track that is made in the snow. The toe of each ski is pointed out at about a forty-five degree angle. This method is very popular so I decided this method was for me. I made a few steps successfully, then I stepped on the tail of my left ski with my right ski. Back at the bottom, I started over trying desperately to remember that skis stick out behind too. At the bottom again I realized that they also slide backward and one must keep the ski poles far back to prevent this.

All this was too much for me so I tried the side step. This step is used for very steep slopes and by beginners for most slopes.

After much hard labor I reached the top, and lined my skis up with

the direction of the trail, keeping the poles well out in front of me to hold my position while I surveyed the situation. The trail was straight and short, but it seemed to me that it was also quite steep. I gathered my courage and followed the memorized instructions; bend knees, stand on toes, lean forward, and keep the posterior in. Everything was set so I pushed off with my ski poles. This I should never have done; things wouldn't have happened so fast if I had let gravity do all the work.

I felt myself for broken bones, and was amazed to find that all were intact. After I regained my footing, I looked back up the slope at my tracks. There were five of them; two were caused by dragging the ski poles, and the rest I leave up to your imagination.

Skiing is really a great sport, contrary to what you believe after reading this. After all there is a period of awkwardness for a beginner in anything he endeavors, be it work or play. The experts say that after several years one gets over the awkwardness in skiing.

My first night at the ski lodge showed me the real reason that skiing is such a fast growing sport in America. A full stomach, a roaring fire, and a blanket to stretch out on before the fire place, that's the way I like to ski!

—JOHN D. LEIBOLT



MUSICAL TECHNIQUE

To play any type of musical instrument correctly, you must first have a perfect technique. Many people play for years and amount to nothing just because they underestimated the importance of musical technique.

There are three important requirements for the acquisition of technique. They are concentration, relaxation, and repetition.

When a child is first started in the study of music, he or she should be convinced by the teacher that practicing exercises for finger dexterity is of grave importance. Normal children frequently dislike practicing exercises, but it is the only way to strengthen the fingers. The fingers should move independently like the tiny hammers that hit the strings on the piano.

There is no difference between the types of muscular technique required in the use of varied instruments. It is all the same. If the student plays the piano for four or five years and has acquired good technique, he will have no trouble mastering any other kind of instrument. The piano is the basis of all music.

Many musicians possess different styles in technique. It is fascinating to listen to great artists and observe the way they play. There is always some difference in everyone's playing which is apparent to a trained ear. Jose Iturbi plays differently than anyone I have ever heard. I consider him one of the best musicians in this country. His playing, which is very distinct, demonstrates the excellence of his finger action. When there are intricate runs in the selection he plays, it is impossible to hear his thumb passing. It sounds as if he has more fingers than just five on each hand.

An exercise or lesson should be played over and over again. The rough spots should be played many times so that you will not stumble over them as you play through the entire selection.

For technique perfection, an hour's practice a day is required, most of the time being given to exercises. Once the technique is mastered, you will not lose it. It is always best though, to play the scales and any type of exercise to keep your fingers limber. All great musicians continue practicing exercises daily, just as all great dancers have their daily routine limbering.

Your body should be relaxed while playing, but any type of motion—such as swaying with the rhythm—should be avoided. Your fingers should be the only things in motion. The movement of your body shows you are using wrist movement.

The fingernails should never be so long that you can hear them as they touch the keyboard. This seems minor but it is one of the requirements if you plan to make a success in music.

Anton Rubenstein is a great musician. His technique is considerably different from that of Jose Iturbi. In endeavoring to emphasize a phrase to make it louder than usual, he uses his whole body. This, I believe, is wrong. It is my only criticism.

Carmen Cavillaro is gaining recognition as a pianist. He plays mostly modern music but his technique is perfect.

The right attitude is essential when a person plans to accomplish anything in playing a musical instrument. You can never accomplish anything unless you yourself plan to do it. Many people think technique is not important. People of this opinion should not study music as it is a certain waste of their time.

To disregard the value of technique in the mastery of music, can only be likened to omitting a chemical in a known formula.

—RUSSELL E. SIDES

★ ★
VIA MEDIA

"We have lost our greatest witness for the faith, and we are all

poorer and lower by the loss!" These words were spoken by an eminent Victorian, in memory of an even greater contemporary. The man who delivered the address, of which only the first sentence is quoted, was Cardinal Manning. The occasion was the memorial service to his fellow cleric, Cardinal Newman.

Those who are familiar with the lives of these two men find it difficult to fit the above quote into the general scheme of their careers. Manning was not characteristically generous with Newman. Others explain that Manning was sorrowfully yet subtly saying to his now dead fellow priest, "You were right. I was wrong." It is even more doubtful that Manning could have been hypocritical while delivering the funeral oration. It is more justifiable to consider the once proud Manning, now aged and contemplating the journey his worthy opponent had already undertaken, and with the contriteness that comes of true repentance for one's follies, Manning spoke his heart to the world.

Even priests and religious must feel shocked that two great princes of the Church should stoop to bicker in public. For laymen, it is even more absurd that the followers of Christ should be so un-Christ-like. Religious are not unfathomable to the average lay person; rather there are so many Christ-like religious that the exceptions come as a shock.

Manning and Newman were born with personalities that were negative toward one another. As some biographers explain, had Newman and Manning been subjected to the same educations and backgrounds, their personalities would have clashed regardless. The two men were destined for greatness, each in his own field. Manning has been explained as the business man, while Newman, unfortunately, has been tagged neatly and catalogued as the introvert, the recluse, and the idle dreamer. Such is not the truth. History has been kinder to Manning than to Newman in that respect.

The leader of the Tractarian Movement was certainly not a recluse. The contemporary of Newman, Dean Church, supports that belief with the following statement: "Keble inspired Froude who gave the impetus and Newman who took up the work." The man who wrote the *Idea of a University* and the now immortal *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, certainly deserves a fitter description other than recluse.

Manning had many accusers. Accusations are cheap and so are words of praise, but whatever his faults, his virtues, especially his social work amongst the poor of London, justify the halo of greatness history has so nobly hung about him.

Of the two, I believe that Newman has done more for the Catholic Church. The greatness of Manning was transient and ephemeral compared to Newman's. Through his literary genius, Newman gave himself down through the ages. His writings have shown the way and made a difficult journey more clear for those men who wish to join the Church, but who can not quite justify their actions.

In appraising the lives of these two men, it is only proper to give to them their due greatness and not to choose between them, or to condemn the one and exonerate the other. Both deserve to be remembered for their individuality and genius.

—JOHN P. McHUGH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SONG OF LIFE

"A rose must remain,"
Though heaven knows why,
For each must fade,
And each must die.

Nothing remains,
For nothing must,
Our song shall begin—
"Dust to dust."

—MARY VAN DYKE BROWN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

Looks as if spring were really here. Rains come gently from the skies, leaving us all with the feeling that somewhere in our ancestry there must have been a member of the duck or fish family. And then there is the more romantic side—not only flowers and stuff—but love. Honest, you all must carry spring in your hearts and minds all year 'round, because love seems to be the theme, even in the dead of ice and snow.

Jan Stoecklein and Terry have sealed their promise of future vows by a neat sparkler. The gals in the lounge very appropriately sang, "Happy engagement to you."

Spring must also bring pranks. This is the season when everyone cuts the capers he dreams about all year round. For an excellent example, we found Connie Frank and Gracie Luther, to the well-founded amazement of onlookers in the halls, riding merrily around in a swivel chair belonging to one of the deans. They took turns pushing each other around in it. Nothing could astonish us after that. Literally nothing.

During the practice for the musical, which, incidentally, will be put on April 20th to the 22nd, Norman Schmidt, who, in the musical, is a statue (made of stone, of course) sneezed a very human sneeze during a most dramatic portion of the play.

The rain finds the baseball squad looking sadly out the windows, wondering when the heavenly (not to them) downpour will cease—if ever. If you see fellows walking around in hip-boots, you will know that nothing can stop the game!

Phyl Keifer certainly has an easy life. One day in the cafe she was even fed her food. Playing the maternal part was none other than Johnny Delp, who was shoving pie into her mouth. What service!

A note of caution—don't leave anything valuable—such as purses around the building. Bonnie Winkelman and Evie Reichard had the sad experience of someone, not a student, slipping their billfolds out of their purses, taking the money, and throwing them away outside the building.

Lucy Breidenbach and Jack Ryan are really stepping high. Noted them various places together on various nights . . . Sam Shingle-decker and Carolyn Minard are current daters, too . . . Tom Duffy has set the date of May 10th for saying his "til death do us part" . . .

Stan Croene was overheard affectionately saying to some unknown gal with whom he was to have his first date, right before vacation: "But I won't go home, honey, if you don't want me to!" Uh-huh! The power of the female species is shown again (sure).

Lent is over, and various vices have again been taken over. Found indulging in dates again is Earl Moorman. I guess he gave up the thing he loved most dearly. Ellie Kurtz gave up smoking so well that she didn't know for sure whether she was going to start again after Lent. Popular hang-outs for the students are once again frequented constantly too. Bet those were six long drawn-out weeks for scads of people.

Did you know that Helen Vlahos is in the hospital with a very bad case of appendicitis? Uh-huh, so let's all do our part to cheer the convalescent, huh?

Jim Millard came tripping out of class the other day and was just in time to catch Frannie Sloan and Casey putting rocks and a beeg log in his car. But did our friend Jimmy mangle them, strangle them, and beat them over the head a few times? Heck, no, Jimmy is a gen-

tleman, he just choked them a little.

Ah-h-h, the newest starry eyed, slightly dazed couple is Phil Kiefer and Paul Braun. Pretty Phil also has a ring from her quote "dream man" unquote.

Bob Mangan had his wife at school the other day, and had to practically beat the wolves away with a club. He sho is proud of that gal.

The Bar-room Bessies' are out to defend that appropriate title and those purty new uniforms under the captaincy of Mike Zeno. Heck fellows with a handle like that, how can you lose????

Jim Noll and "Pud" have birthdays coming up next week and they're going to start there celebrations Sat. at the Hiedleburg and then carry on from there. So "profs" if they don't show their haggared faces in class Mon. don't think a thing of it. They will just be suffering from natural reactions.

Note to Jean—Better keep a closer eye on Bill when he goes home for weekends. For "Nancy" reasons that is.

Important notice to all our good-looking college Joes and otherwise. By the time this has reached the press and weaved before your faces, the news will be out about all the Janes electing a king for the annual Turnabout Tag. So straighten that tie, Mac, and put on all your personality plus, and you just might have a ghost of a chance. And if your favorite flame hasn't asked you for a date to that illustrious occasion, don't tear your hair and think you are a social flop, it will merely be because the situation is now reversed and it's our turn to wait till the last minute before we pop the question. So, we'll see ya, we hope.

THREE SHORT STORIES

(Continued from Page 6)

els t'maters, didja?" He edges closer.

"Sorta hoed seventy-two rows a cairn."

Emmy fixes her eye on Luke's toe, which is bandaged in a black cloth, and her lover squirms under her gaze.

Finally the spell is broken, and she inquires, "What's a being wrong with yure toe, Luke?"

"Hurt hit while I wuz a choppin wood," he answers with a silly grin.

"Does hit pain ya?"

"A little," he answers nonchalantly.

"Let me see hit."

Luke carefully unwraps his toe, and proudly shows it to Emmy, who is by his side by this time. When her curiosity is satisfied, she shudders. Hugging herself, and shivering, she exclaims, "I'm a gettin cold!"

Luke casually eases his arm around the back of the bench and Emmy snuggles up to him. Finally she puts her head on his shoulder and sighs.

"What're ya thinkin about, Emmy?"

"Nothin."

"Cold now?"

"Not now."

Luke heaves a sigh. "What're ya thinkin, Luke?"

He jumps up suddenly. "I fergot to feed the pigs. I'd better be a goin! Bye."

And he hurries away. Emmy, still in a daze, echoes, "Bye."

—VESTA RENEE CORNETT

AN APOLOGY FOR LATE SLEEPERS

"Boys, you said you were going to have one good sleep when the shooting was over, but I didn't think you were going to sleep forever." Paul Gallico.

One morning Bill and Joe awoke as usual about four hours after the sun had risen. They both sat up in bed and gazed disconsolately at one another.

"Bill, do you think we ought to try it this morning?"

"Don't know, Joe. It's still kind of early, isn't it?"

"Yup."

"What time is it?"

"Almost two."

"Early to be so late."

"Yup."

"I feel sleepy, how 'bout you?"

"Me too."

"You know, we ought to get up this morning. There are a lot of people waiting to see us."

"Why do they want to see us?"

"I don't know. Something about changing the world."

"Changing the world?"

"Yeah."

"And they want to see us?"

"Yeah. They said we were going to do a lot of changing and they want to see us start."

"Did we say that?"

"Dunno exactly."

"Well I'll be darn. Have they been waiting long?"

"Oh, around two years."

"No kidding. When did you see them?"

"When we rented the room."

(Continued on Page 24)

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LESSON ONE, MISS MARKS!

(Continued from Page 10)

and it was a strange, helpless feeling to have to think of Mr. Fadd that way.

"Oh, Mr. Fadd!" she called, not knowing quite what she would say, as she hurried toward him.

"Yes, Miss Marks," Fadd said, his face lighting up. "Stealing a short break at the expense of your young proteges?" Alice groaned inwardly at one of Mr. Fadd's typical comments. She had to tell him something.

"Mr. Fadd, you've been very helpful to me this year, getting me started, I mean, and giving me ideas."

"I do all I can, Miss Marks." He was obviously pleased. "Is there something I can help you with now?"

"Well . . . yes, there is. A slight disciplinary problem."

"Why, Miss Marks, you've had no trouble with your classes. That's most unusual. Some incorrigible making it tough for you?"

"No, Mr. Fadd. This isn't a case of incorrigibles. It's a lot more delicate than that. I'm punishing one of my best students for an act I'm not sure he committed. He's ordinarily so well behaved, and I feel mean, especially since I'm not sure of his guilt. I can't go back on my word, though, and I told him to stand in the corner for the rest of the afternoon. I'm beginning to feel sorry for the poor kid. It's a long time 'til four o'clock."

"You have a problem, all right, Miss Marks." Fadd held his chin in his hand. "Either you lose respect or gain a lot of unnecessary enmity. By the way, what did the lad do? Maybe that'll help us decide how to handle him."

"Just as I went into the room at one o'clock, I was hit by a flying eraser. The kids were having target practice—or maybe I was the intended objective," she added smilingly.

"A classroom casualty, eh?" Fadd laughed loudly, causing Alice's sense of humor to hibernate. If just once he would stop trying to talk in alliteration and metaphor. She almost regretted now that she had told him her problem.

"I can't imagine what they were doing while I was gone. The room was pretty calm when I went in, except for the sound of shuffling feet and the sudden impact on my jaw."

"And the taste of chalk dust, perhaps?" Fadd was nearly in hysterics. "Miss Marks," he said. She was satisfied he still called her that, even after a whole term in the same school building together. "I have a confession," he went on. "I took over your class shortly after lunch, when the students returned, and told them it would be a good idea if they cleaned up your room. They took to it willingly—they like you, you know." He beamed.

"You mean they were actually cleaning my room when the eraser hit me?" Alice started toward her classroom door, remembering the neat appearance of the room after lunch.

"They were nearly finished when you came back from the cafeteria. I was watching from inside my door. You won't believe it, Miss Marks, but the boys were racing in teams to see who could clean the erasers fastest."

"Thanks, Mr. Fadd." Alice was opening the door.

"One boy threw an eraser to a pal who stood by the door ready to take them outside," Fadd rattled on. "His aim wasn't so good, I guess." Fadd's voice had grown louder as Alice got farther down the hall, but he trailed off in a whisper when he heard the door shut noisily.

Alice was back in her room, where her conscience—and perhaps Freddie Fallon—would get a much needed rest. She felt too that in the future she could do without Mr. Fadd's kind of assistance.

SO VERY EASY

(Continued from Page 9)

it was assumed that he knew the secret.

Yadaloff built up a resistance, Mithradates fashion, by taking minute, increasing dosages of arsenic; but he understood clearly that this was of no protection save for a very light dose. Yadaloff circulated about the Society Trag, learning by memory all there was to know about the organization and its associated resistance members, making no reports, but wisely waited until he learned of a proposed meeting of the most important members of the resistance. By this time he had cunningly worked himself into the job of secretary to a party leader. As such he found means to attend the meeting with his superior. Thus he reached his goal, the hidden stronghold of the republican forces, at a time when it contained all of the former government. . . . It had been so easy—so very easy. . . .

Yadaloff finished the dry sandwich, brushed the crumbs from his hands and strolled into the hall. Past the slack sentries slouching by the conference room, was the street door through which one could step practically into the public square of the capital. Almost opposite, across the patch of grass with its usual monument, was the office of the red Civil Guard; the last lap. There was only one more detail.

At the water fountain by the door lounged another secretary, an acquaintance, who nodded and smiled as Yadaloff bent and drank.

"Are those all that stand between us and the reds?" Yadaloff waved at the sloppy sentries, "they could stop a betrayal?"

"Not all, friend Lemke," grinned the other, "there is the arsenic."

"Ah, the wine no one drank," Yadaloff nodded derisively.

"No, the wine was all right," the secretary looked at the agent somewhat quizzically. "They didn't drink

because they wished to eat those rare sandwiches, but you knew, of course."

"Strange, is it not," he continued, "though all the arsenic was in the sandwiches and none in the wine or water, still it is those which can't be drunk in safety!"

Yadaloff, with his hand on the door, slowly turned to face the other. "Why can't water or wine not be drunk?" Cold fear struck him. "A physician once told me," the other babbled on, "that it was because the arsenic is thus washed into the kidneys where its deadly effect takes place, and that is why we of the Trag can eat of any quantity of it dry but always fast of wine and water for twelve hours after we have taken any."

Yadaloff, falling, heard the other's voice, as from a great and receding distance:

"Are you ill, friend Lemke? Friend Lemke, answer me!"

★ ★ ONE NOVELIST VIEWS ANOTHER

(Continued from page 8)

ing his famous lectures or readings. His readings differed from Dickens' readings in that they were prepared especially for that purpose, whereas Dickens' readings were taken directly from his novels or some other of his writings. Thackeray's lectures were well-received and they were what enabled him to provide so well for his daughters.

I think that the entire side of his kind personal character is well phrased in four of literature's forgotten lines; it is the Thackeray we love that a friend expressed in these words:

O gentle censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler
tongue
Whose word of wit and generous
page
Were never wrath except with
wrong!
—Lord Houghton

Trollope's appreciation of the writings of Thackeray is much greater than that which the ordinary reader can have of a novelist or of any literary man. Trollope is enthusiastic about most of Thackeray's work and especially does he admire Thackeray's style and his character creation—we today can well agree with Trollope in regard to these opinions. Without a doubt Thackeray, this great master of the English language, will live in ever increasing popularity among Americans who read and love literature for its own sake.

★ ★ THREE SHORT STORIES

(Continued from Page 22)

"I must have been sleepy. I didn't see any one."

"Well, they were there."

"If I weren't so tired, I'd go and look just for the heck of it."

"Don't do anything rash, Joe."

"Yeah, you're right Bill."

"Can't be rash."

"How long do you think they'll wait?"

"Hard to tell. I'm going to sleep for a while longer."

"I'll just sit here and think."

Joe sat quietly in the bed. He ran his fingers through his hair and rubbed his eyes. He yawned. He looked up puzzled. Then he turned sideways and shook his buddy. "Hey, wake up Bill. I want to know more of what we told those people. When did we tell them all those things?"

Bill sat up in bed. "Well, I think we told them when we were in the states, and overseas we said some more things."

"You mean, Bill, that we told those people we were going to change the world?"

"Not exactly, but we did hint at it."

"And they believed us?"

"They must have."

"Well I'll be . . ." Not finishing that comment, Joe reclined the full length of the bed. Bill continued sitting up in bed, with his chin propped upon one hand. "We sure said a lot, Joe."

Joe lay looking up at the ceiling. "For instance . . ."

"For instance, we said since we were fighting for democracy, we were going to make sure that's what we got; and get it for ourselves and for everyone . . ."

Joe interrupted. "Even for the Russians?"

"Yeah."

"The Greeks?"

"Sure."

"We talked big, didn't we?"

"That isn't all we said, Joe."

"No!"

"No. We also said we were going to take over the country and run it as it should be run, according to principles and not pretty speeches. We said we'd make democracy live every day, not just every twenty years."

"And those people are waiting to see if we do it. Right, Bill?"

"Right, Joe."

"How have we done so far, Bill?"

"Not so well."

Joe looked sad, as if he were awake for the first time. He threw off the covers, ran over and opened the blinds. He turned and stood facing Bill. "Bill what's wrong with us?"

"I guess we're just late sleepers."

"But we can get up now and face those people."

"When?"

"Now!"

"Why not tomorrow?"

"All right, then tomorrow."

"Right, Joe."

"Right, Bill. Tomorrow the world; today, sleep."

—JOHN P. McHUGH



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