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## The University of Dayton Exponent, March 1946

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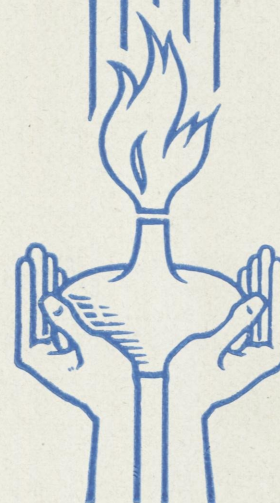
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# EXPONENT



March, 1946

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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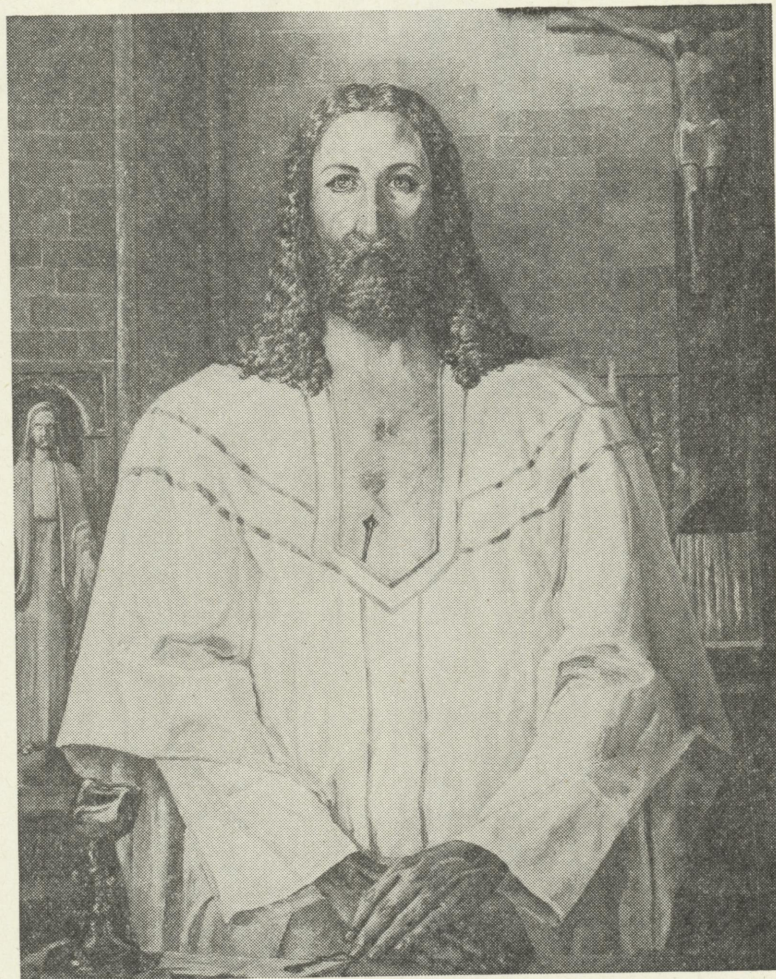
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### ECCE HOMO!

Pilate's hand trembled as he leaned forward for support on the protective railing which surrounded the balcony. Anxiously he scanned the crowd standing in small groups in the courtyard below. The low intense murmur of their conversation was ominous in its unnatural restraint and quietness. It resembled the silence of the sea in those moments of pregnant calm which presage a great storm. The crowd was waiting. . . .

Suddenly a scream, passionate and unintelligible, rent the air. A

dark hand pointed. Every face in the courtyard was turned to the balcony. There was absolute silence.

A few feet from Pilate, on his right, the figure of a man stood, facing the mob. He was naked to the waist where a dirty purple cloak was carelessly bound around him. His wrists were tied together before him and his shoulders slightly bowed. His back was a lacerated mass, crossed and recrossed with torn flesh and hardened blood. A mat of dark thorns pierced his brow so that drops of red ran down his face. His head was inclined just a little.

All this the crowd could see, but one thing they could not see — his eyes. They were soft and dark, hurt, like the eyes of a child whose sacred trust has been betrayed by an adult who no longer understands sacred things; yet deep beyond description, fathomless, infinite. They looked down on the crowd, they looked through the crowd, they looked beyond the crowd.

What the mob couldn't see, Pilate saw and he couldn't stand what he saw there. He turned as if in anguish. 'Behold the Man!' he cried.

—JOHN GORMAN

# The University of Dayton EXPONENT

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No. 3

## WHY IS YOUR RELIGION SO DORMANT?

• By A. J. BAUMAN

*A serious article that will make good reading for lent*

Pius XI once said: "The solution to the social problems of today is to be found in Catholic Action. There is no substitute for it." — Bishop Noll has caught the spirit of the Pontiff's message when he says that the battle against evil must be won where the evil exists. It will not be won in the churches and schools any more than the war was won in the tents of the generals. It was a hard-fighting infantry supported by the artillery and air force that actually overcame the enemy. So it is the layman supported and directed by the hierarchy who must fight the evil where it exists—in the home, in the factory, in the office, in the theater, in other places of amusement. The problem is clear. The enemies of God have taken the field; they dominate the field today and will continue to do so, unless Catholic Action becomes operative on a universal scale.

This implanting of Christian principles in the socio-economic world of today is clearly the work of the laity. By the official definition Catholic Action is the "participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." And this apostolate of the hierarchy is synonymous with the apostolate of Christ, for though He established His church, it was to His followers that He left the work of "making dis-

ciples of all nations." In the words of St. Paul we must "fill up . . . what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ."

It is this message that the Holy Father is trying to deliver. But why is the Pope so insistent? Many answers might possibly be given to this question, but doubtless, one of them is the Holy Father's profound understanding of divine grace and its relation to human nature. We know that grace builds upon nature, and in Catholic Action we have a fine example of how the one complements the other. Every reasonable being acts for a purpose, and is stimulated to pursue that purpose further by the feeling of achievement or success. In the work of personal perfection which is of a spiritual nature, there is little perceptible evidence of progress. Generally it requires a deep spirit of faith and considerable initiation in the ascetic life to maintain in consciousness a sufficient sense of progress to provide the desirable stimulus to continued effort. This same deficiency is not present, however, in Catholic action. In this work there is a constant and a two-fold stimulus that provides an excellent type of motivation for both the beginner and the initiated. Being primarily social in its method, it offers the constant spur of a wholesome emulation. The

weekly reports that each member of the cell must make to his group impel him to do something worthwhile so that he is not put to shame before his friends. This principle of emulation so effective in academic work, can be used just as effectively in spiritual work. True, it is only a natural motivation, but it is readily raised to the supernatural plane by the influence of the New Testament and the liturgy which have an honored place in every cell meeting. This supernaturalization is further aided by the work of the chaplain through the regular meeting, personal spiritual guidance, and the days of recollection.

The second type of stimulation results from the fact that Catholic Action is concerned with objectives that are not purely spiritual. The Christianization of one's milieu is a social work that presents evidence at least partially visible in its outcome. Thus, there is possible a real sense of accomplishment to spur the individual on to ever greater efforts and to challenge his natural drive to see results. Here again chaplains and moderators are never content with mere natural motives; they guide their co-workers to see in all that they do, the work of Jesus, the Master of apostles, and of Mary, the Queen of apostles.

It is of the utmost importance that we recognize the intimate connection between the natural and the supernatural. The child gets its first appreciation of the divine and the supernatural from the parental approval or disapproval that accompanies its attention or

inattention to sacred images presented by mother or father. And as children develop their first sense of the supernatural, through association with the natural, so there are few adults who can completely sever this association and continue to make progress.

Another reason for the papal insistence on Catholic Action is to be found in the fact that it provides an effective means of integrating theory and practice, faith and life. In much of the traditional teaching of religion, children were told what they should do, but seldom were they given an opportunity to put the teaching into practice under the guidance of the instructor. Sometimes the instruction was too abstract for the children to see the application to their daily lives. As a consequence, priests, teachers, and parents had frequently to deplore the obvious dualism between what the child could answer in an examination and his life which should have exemplified the principles involved.

In Catholic Action, the approach is different. Instead of being "passive" or receptive to the presentation of the instructor, instead of having something imposed upon him by someone else, the individual is led (by the cell technique: "See, Judge, Act") to "discover" the Christian principle by his personal activity. Instead of merely listening to an instruction prepared by someone else, he himself is forced to become alert to actual problems of his daily life (See), to think them through in the light of Christian principles, and to discuss them with his equals (Judge), and to determine the best solutions to be attempted during the coming week (Act). When the individual does all this himself he takes a certain pride in his work and feels a positive responsibility in carrying out his own plans.

In trying to Christianize his milieu, the individual feels thrust upon himself the obligation of personal improvement. He discovers

for himself the fact that it is ridiculous to try to improve others if he does not first improve himself. He learns that if, like Christ, he wishes to work for souls, he must likewise learn to pray and sacrifice for them. He begins to see, as never before, the need of prayer, the Mass, and other means of grace. The doctrine of the mystical body becomes real for him. Instead of being a listener and spectator he becomes an actor and "creator." Instead of viewing his religion as something merely to be believed, he sees it as something to be lived, something to live for, something to fight for. The problems of daily life become a challenge to his youthful spirit of adventure. He begins to grow spiritually. He breaks away from his former almost hopeless confusion between a belief in Christian principles and a type of conduct largely dominated by the pagan environment in which he lives. He passes from a type of thinking in socio-religious matters that was essentially emotional and naturalistic, to an analysis of his daily life in terms of intelligent Christian principles supported by a sacramental life that has become really meaningful.

Thus religion becomes more functional. There is no longer a separation in the training of intellect and will. Belief and action are fused in the "life problem" which the individual has discovered. He develops a new sensitivity to the problems of his social environment, which he studies in the light of practical Christian principles; he determines under the guidance of his chaplain or moderator the action that the will must carry out. His will is stimulated and sustained by a wholesome emulation in the cell, and by the spiritual helps for which now he feels a genuine need.

This is the Catholic Action for which the Holy Father says "there is no substitute," and in which he says that every true Christian must do his part. If every Christian has that obligation, the college student, with his superior training, has an obligation that is far more serious. What are you doing about it?



### A THREE-YEAR-OLD

She appeared so tiny and helpless as she ran towards me. Her face was dirty and her chubby hands were sticky. Her pigtails were loose and her shoes unstrung, but I thought she was the most beautiful three-year-old in the world as she greeted me with a hug and a "Hello, auntie Betty."

She had been playing in the yard with her friends. She did not mind the dirt on her face or care that her hair was stringy. She was happy being just herself.

Little did she realize how fortunate she was to be a child, so small and innocent and so untouched by selfishness. Life was so simple for her. There was nothing artificial about her. She was sincere and honest in what she said or did. As I paused to look into the eyes of my sweet little "Baby Sue" I envied her. There was no sign of care or worry on her soft round face.

I realized I was looking into the eyes of the next generation. One day "Baby Sue" would look into the mirror and see the reflections of a young lady. She would see herself matured both physically and mentally. She may recall her experiences in the passing of time from the days of childhood to adult age, but I hope that she will not be regretful.

I see in the eyes of this small child both character and strength that I trust will grow with her as she develops into womanhood, but how proud I feel when I see her as a child who sweetly exclaims "Hello auntie Betty!"

—BETTY BURNETT

# DARK DAWN

• By JOAN OLCH

*A story of love that you will like*

The little brass clock greedily bit off the seconds and swallowed them whole. An elevator hummed somewhere down below. All street noises were just sullen echoes, making the silence even deeper. Even the absurd chatter of the cross-town el, chasing itself around corners through the night was a part of this silence, and the swishing of the March winds.

The chart desk was a white enamel marvel of things-in-their-proper-place. Miss Lester had once been devoted to detail, but now, she hated the desk, and its bureaucracy, and its Mrs. Frick, the day supervisor, with her white enamel face. Miss Lester kept remembering, as she had these last six months, that her name was Claire, and that she had not been born or even reborn in white silk and linen, but had once worn a pink dress with little white roses printed on it, and graduated from grammar school in a formidable red plaid wool. She thought of the pale, pale pink dinner dress and the veil hanging at home in her closet. If only she were home, where she could look at it, instead of sitting here waiting for the patients to click their lights on. At this point, one did, and Miss Lester jumped. It was in room 813, the new man from the country. She scraped her chair back, precisely straightened up, and trotted off down the corridor. He was elderly, the grandfather type, and he wondered whether she would put his teeth in water for him and tell him what time it was. Claire performed these functions briskly and abstractedly, but not without a sense of relief. Then she turned out the light and swiftly left. He was smiling broadly and seemed about to start a conversation; she was definitely not feeling conversational. As she hurried to escape to the chart room, another light flashed. It was 805. It would be! That meant, wind the bed up eight

inches, then down five, then up two, open the window, pull up the blankets, lower the shades, wind the clock, prop the door open, and go into her best sweetness and light routine.

She hadn't guessed a single detail wrong, and settling back into the chair at the desk, she crossed the fingers of both hands, and wondered with the bewilderment which had possessed her for six months, what had really happened to her, what had gone out of her work, and why she, a sensible, successful, professional adult, of thirty-four had suddenly gone the way of a fluctuating high school girl! Years of pronouncing wry judgment on the entire universe of love and lovers returned and passed before her in a mocking cavalcade. Was it perhaps the very fact of her "escape" from these things which was making love such a turmoil for her now and tearing her completely loose from the sane refuge of her work? She knew actually, that it was two other things—the war—and her own refusal to face plain reality. If not, why was the pale pink dress hanging under a sheet in her room? If not, why had she told her sister? bought the flowers? given the hint at church? And all when this day was closing in on her with terrible finality and would pass on with minutes which would refuse to acknowledge her and hours which would not even know her. If she was to find help out of it at all and clear her thought, it must be now—between this midnight which was her noon, and the dawn, which was her dusk. She issued the order to herself with brief harshness: Face facts . . . Fact One: Jerome Fitzpatrick—tall and lean, with the laughing, dreamy eyes, the gritty courage, the kind word, the cleft chin. No! No! Start again: Jerome Fitzpatrick—aged thirty-eight, with the permanent leg injury, the half-interest in a fill-

ing station, the fifteen years of vagabond wandering, the two nephews to support, the Irish temper, the thin light brown hair. All right up to the last item. Lets have a look at Fact Two: Claire Lester.

At this point, three lights flashed at once, and Miss Lester knotted the thread of her thoughts and focused her mind on duty. The last room she entered was occupied by a little girl of twelve, who gave her one of those rare, adoring smiles which made everything tawdry, compared to the reward of little things. Tonight, it meant more than usual and was like a rope to reach for, when the fragile thread she was unraveling should break. But she did return to the thread. It was still Fact Two: It was still Claire Lester, the proud, independent orphan, the perfect nurse, the perfect machine, the perfect patriot, the perfect Naval Ensign, the perfect fool. Nurse and patient—wounded hero and angel of mercy, the crumbling of floodgates, the taming of an eagle. He had been helpless and she had been helpful, and they had fallen in love. It was a thing of such beauty and such tenderness that the barren walls of the naval hospital took on classic dignity, and homely faces, friendly and sullen, of drydocked sailors lying in the wards were like the faces of angels. It was both slow and sudden; it was impossible to frame in words. At first she had been angry with this tall man who made her laugh, angry without knowing why. It wasn't long before she knew how laughter is the cousin of love, and her anger grew more tender. She had spent most of her time there on night duty; sometimes, she had said—I think I must have been born with bat's blood, I have lived so many years at night. It had been a night—almost dawn—after a restless bout with the compound pain of many of the men, that he told her simply that he loved her and wanted her for his wife. Standing by his bed, she had watched the dawn mature. She had said nothing, but had kept her eyes on the sky outside and given him her hand, this time, in trust and wonder, not service. He had not said

anything more, but strangely sober, quietly took her hand. He had been in a complete cast them. It was strange—she had never seen him stand up and walk, yet she had always thought of him that way—not stretched out under the rigid plaster.

The little brass clock gulped madly on! Time was devoured ruthlessly. Time. Time for that penicillin in 809. Time. Time for Fact Three: The 17th of March—St. Patrick's Day! Ensign Lester U.S.N.N.C., said the war, become again Miss Claire Lester, R.N. But not the same Miss Claire Lester and not for long, said S I/c Jerome Fitzpatrick, grinning from his private little crypt. Don't write, he had said, wherever you are, next St. Patrick's Day, if we are both alive, I'll be with you—I'll find you—and I'll be ready to marry you. Claire had smiled quickly, and half-turned. I love you, Jerry. Saying it, she had fled. Almost to the door, she stopped and looked back as if compelled to do so. He was looking towards the door, with a quiet, secret look of assurance containing something of longing. Claire had started to run back. She had wanted to kneel by that bed and lay her cheek to his. But she didn't. Many times, she had wondered why. They had never even kissed. But it been love. It must have been. She had doubted herself. She had doubted Jerry. She had even at lonely times on dark nights doubted that it had ever really happened. Back in Chicago, life had sharp corners—three dimensions—facts! All she knew certainly was that it was a candle in her dim life, and she knew it had been dim, which she must keep burning as long as she could. It was no electric bulb—not now at least—but it was she—she gave a small gasp. It was almost time for her morning rites to the patients. She stirred and allowed herself one more quick and definite thought. She had waited these months—but they were only months and years, lay behind and before. She had really begun to know the reality of life, but perhaps it was just not for her. Jerry would not suddenly ap-

pear today, just because an impulsive promise had been made, just because she wanted him. She began to move briskly about, collecting her thermometers.

The night was over, and grayness, like the feathers of a little dove took over the sky. That was her life — black night and gray dawn. Through the bright golden hours, she must be asleep. She saw that God will show us a purpose in ourselves, if we will but face it. She was needed here and she was a lucky woman, lucky to be useful, safe, and to have once known romance — in its deep perfection which she could not find words to describe, never! She had faced the facts, and she felt strangely better — stronger — as she passed from room to room, she felt the old exhilaration which her work had always given her. If painful tears tried to force themselves out, she ignored them, and combatted them with a silent prayer for courage and understanding. She was for the first time, fully proud to be a woman, even though it was always like this.

At last things were all done, meticulously, deftly, knowingly. She gave her usual report to the sleepy student nurse who relieved her, and caught the elevator down to the ground floor. Outside, the spring sun had mustered all its strength for matinal glory. Somehow she didn't see it. She saw that the street was empty, and she realized again that she had really known all the time that it would be empty. Jerry was someone who had given a meaning to her life, and the meaning would remain, even though she would never see the donor again. She could even smile into the loneliness ahead. It was not until she had turned the corner of the block, that she saw the long, lean, limping shadow joining her footsteps; and the sun sang, and dawn was dark no more.

★ ★

### I REMEMBER YOU

I remember you in so many places:  
I remember you in the wind with  
your head held high as if to meet

the gust with determined fortitude;  
I remember you in the rain when  
the silvery drops covered your  
eager face;

I remember you in the sun with its  
gentle lazy golden color lighting  
up the very space which you  
occupied, bringing a more dense  
and profound radiance even than  
you already carried with you;

I remember you in the day as you  
expectantly looked forward to the  
newness and freshness of an unused  
day which meant unused and great  
opportunities;

I remember you in the night  
under the moon and stars—our  
star, Jupiter—their light casting a  
new beauty on your countenance  
and inciting me to love you more;

I remember you in the fall as you  
crunched along in the recently  
fallen leaves, as if to step over all  
obstacles which appeared in your  
troubled life;

I remember you in the dreariness  
of winter when the soft snows fell  
around you, anchoring themselves  
to your hair, your eyelashes, your  
coat; when we walked over our  
blanketed campus not caring  
whether there were no trees or  
flowers visible, only white blinding  
snow to cover all the familiar  
landmarks;

I remember you in the spring —  
the new baby spring, when the  
beauty of nature was at its peak.  
Birds, flowers, green things and all  
in life came to activeness again,  
waking from the natural sleep of  
winter; then we were together as  
a part of that exciting awakening;

I remember you in the warm  
summer, in fair June days, in cool  
June nights; just you, it seemed,  
were there, although we were not  
alone;

I remember you always in all  
things; in a laugh, in a dream, in  
a melodious song, in a book, in a  
restaurant, or by a quiet stream. I  
remember you everywhere.

Since I do remember you at all  
times I truly must love you.

—M. C.

# THE CYPRESS SWAMP

• By MILLIE MOONEY

## *Dealing with superstition*

There were in the treacherous bogs where cypress trees grow—dismal depths only half seen from the road, hidden by parasitic Spanish moss that hung like ragged grey curtains to hide a view from the road. The cypress trees they were after made excellent lumber because of their ability to withstand water rot: they stood here in the water for hundreds of years, and even after they had been engulfed by the swamp the trees remained solid and substantial. The lumbermen were carrying great cross cut saws and equipment intended for cutting down the trees. An old Indian was with them. They moved on a little further and stood talking amid the cypress knees, dwarf trees, and florid vegetation.

"You stay here with Sam this time," said an older man to a young one, indicating the blacking bronze figure of the Indian, "we'll be working due north and we won't be back 'till it's time for chow."

"And make it good!" said another of the men as they assembled their bunglesome equipment and started down a rather indistinct path.

The Indian sat down on a log while the young man who was left behind stood and watched the men and their steel implements disappear between the trees.

"How will they get the lumber back in that mess?" the boy asked the Indian when they were gone.

"Log road through," said the Indian, "not for a long while."

"How long have you been taking wood from the swamp?" the boy inquired.

"Years," said the Indian, "but not take trees from the swamp. I guide men in the swamp, cook chow, but no cut trees in the swamp!"

"Why?"

The Indian looked at the boy, who was sitting beside him, and began to speak very deliberately. "It is bad for a man to steal the

swamp's trees," he said. "The swamp sucks up the bodies of the men who have robbed her. Slowly feet turn to roots as he sinks, and the body of the man left above swamp turns to a little stump, a 'cypress knee,' white men say."

"I have been out to chop the trees only twice," the boy mused. There was a pause.

"Cypress knees are just the roots of the tree," said the boy.

"Dead men some. Sometimes if the swamp catch a chief or a man to be chief over other men, he turn to a great tree and he stand not naked, but he's clothes turn to gray rags that hang on the tree."

"You mean the gray Spanish moss!"

The Indian grunted.

"That way the swamp make up for lost trees."

The Indian leaned back against a stump and seemed disposed to go to sleep. The boy looked into the cypress forest and thought. After a while the Indian awoke and they began making provisions for lunch. The mush was sliced, the potatoes were boiling, the coffee was on, and everything seemed ready. The boy looked at his watch.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"They should be here."

"They should be," the Indian replied.

The boy began to grow impatient.

"Dinner's ready!" he shouted. Finally he began to walk down the path. "I'll go and get them," he told the Indian.

"Boy no go into swamp alone!"

"I've been in here before!" he answered rather jauntily, and was gone before the Indian could stop him. It was true that the boy had been in a swamp before, but this spot was absolutely new to him. Nevertheless, he trusted his sense of direction and thought that when he came near enough the sounds of chopping and sawing would guide him. He looked up at the

trees and thought of the tale the Indian had told him.

"Crazy idea," he thought, although he could almost believe it when he saw the "clothes" shift now and then with the breeze, or the movement of some swamp animal.

Suddenly he found when he tried to lift his foot that it would not move. As he tugged at it, the other was plunged into the mud also.

"How the devil did I get off the path?" he muttered to himself. He stood still and began to think very calmly. "Struggling only tightens the jaws of the marsh upon you," he remembered someone's saying; so he tried to think of a better way of drawing his feet from the clammy mass in which they were imbedded. Firm ground was too far away for him to reach, and so were several cypress "knees" temptingly out of reach.

He thought of the workmen and yelled "Help! Help! Help!"; but he could hear nothing. Straining his ears he fancied he heard the hacking of an axe or the buzzing of a saw in wood, but he could not distinguish it from the sounds of birds and possible movements of animals.

He thought of the "fen fires" which led people on, and other tricks of the swamp he had been told of.

He screamed again several times but could not even hear his echo. He looked at the trees in their mournful gray rags and they seemed even more life-like. Anyway he would not loose his courage and would show the swamp or whoever was interested, that he was brave in the face of danger. Glancing at the cypress knees close by he began to wonder which he would turn into. He was up to his knees now in the heavy mud, and felt very cold and stiff, despite the muggy heat of the swamp. He was changing! Was he growing smaller, like a cypress knee?

Perhaps he was sinking deeper into the bog. No, he was stretching out—growing taller. The branches above him seemed to be getting

(Continued on Page 24)

# PSY'CHO-MAN

• By JACK REYNOLDS

*Fantastic but interesting*

Dr. Rodney Beaton sat on the veranda of his country home gazing with anxious loving eyes at the meadow below him, in which a young colt was frolicking to and fro. For the past three months he had been caring for this colt with eager anticipation. With a sad smile he recalled the series of events which led up to this very moment.

Rodney was in his early thirties. By profession he was a psychiatrist, and since the outbreak of the war he had devoted practically all of his time to the army, giving mental aid to the returning veterans and helping them win a new start in life. Also, Rodney for quite some time had been conducting a long series of experiments in mental-telepathy. For the past two years he had been spending from twelve to fourteen hours a day at his work, arriving, finally, at such a state of exhaustion that he found it necessary to substitute part of that time with rest and recreation.

Ever since he could remember he had a liking for horses, a deep-seated interest in the animal which even he could not quite understand. Knowing this, a friend told him one day that he owned a racer which had seen her last days of racing, and although a thoroughbred, she was of no further use in the racing world. Not wanting to sell the mare to a stranger, he had decided to give her to Rodney. Dr. Beaton eagerly accepted the gift, knowing at once that in this animal lay the answer to his problem. The following year moved swiftly for Rodney, and soon he became concerned with the knowledge that his precious mare was going to have a colt. With the passing of each day his concern increased, and by the time the anticipated day arrived, a stranger might have easily mistaken him for an expectant father. However, a great event is often pre-

ceded by a greater sadness. Such was the case in the birth of the colt, for as one life was commenced another was terminated and so the mare made the sacrifice in bringing her offspring into the world.

The sadness of losing the mare which he had grown to love so deeply, tended, at first, to hinder Rodney's affection for the colt. However the plight of the orphan soon melted away all resentment and soon Dr. Beaton found himself a very devoted nurse to a thoroughly hungry baby colt. For the first few weeks the colt had all of its meals from a bottle, advancing finally, to lapping its milk from a bowl, like an over-grown, awkward puppy. By this time a deep interest had arisen between colt and man, and Rodney found that wherever he went the colt now followed him about like a dog. As time went on Rodney found himself spending more and more time with his pet. Even to the extent that he now conducted most of his experiments in mental telepathy at home.

So now, sitting on the veranda, he looked longingly at the meadow regretting that he did not, at the present, have time to romp with the colt for awhile. As he gazed at the animal it lifted its head and looked up at the porch, kicking up its heels, romping around and pausing to look again. For the past week or so, Rodney had noticed this strange reaction in the animal, for it seemed that whenever his thoughts were concentrated upon the colt, it always reacted this way, even though he had in no way whatever attracted the animal's attention.

In the following months Rodney devoted more and more time to experimenting with the colt, trying to understand and analyze this strange reaction. As time progressed, Rodney found that by

concentrating upon the colt, he could invariably draw its attention to him even though he might, at times, be several hundred yards away.

When the colt became a year old, Rodney began to train him for the turf, hoping he would follow in his mother's footsteps and become a great race-horse. The yearling was an apt pupil and progressed rapidly under the supervision of a well known trainer. On their way to the pasture one morning, Rodney demonstrated his power to draw the colt's attention by merely concentrating. "Why, Rod," said the trainer in amazement, "Do you mean to tell me that you can perform mental telepathy upon that colt? By Jove, it's positively uncanny, in fact it's psychic." "Psychic? Did you say psychic, Art? By golly, you've given me an idea. The colts over a year old now, and as yet I haven't given him a name. I couldn't think of one which I thought suited him. But now I've got it! I'll call him Psy'-cho-man." So the colt was named Psy'-cho-man.

Psy'-cho-man continued with his training and Dr. Beaton continued his experiments in mental telepathy, concentrating them almost entirely upon the young horse. By the time the colt was two years old, he had a very promising future ahead of him. Of his first four races, he had won three, coming in second place in the fourth. As his turf ability increased, so did his ability in the other field in which Rodney became more and more interested. By this time, Psy'-cho-man could obey quite a number of commands which his master would give to him mentally.

Came the great day for which Psy'-cho-man had been so tediously trained these past months, the great race in which he was to make his debut into the racing world. Much time had been given to the selection of a good and suitable jockey and now the race was at hand and Psy'-cho-man would soon be submitted to his supreme test.

(Continued on Page 24)

## MARCH 17 .....

• By THOMAS SMITH

*Thoughts suggested by the day*

Certain days carry us back to historical and personal events. Our birthday and the Fourth of July for example, mean very much to us. Now for a group of people in this country that have for their ancestors the Irish, the seventeenth of March is something of a holiday. They are transported in spirit to the little green island in the sea, "the little bit of heaven that fell from out the sky one day." We are all Americans first, and some of the people of this great land do not have any day that reminds them of the home of their ancestors. In this respect, however, the Irish are different. Some might want to cavil at such a practice and call it un-American, but you cannot make the Irish Americans believe that. And then too, different people have different moods and temperament, and if the Irish want to remember St. Patrick and the Irish on the seventeenth of March, why should others become annoyed at such a harmless celebration.

First of all, to true descendents of Erin, March seventeenth is the feast of St. Patrick. That fact stands out foremost in all the festivities. The Irish love to review the life of the Apostle of Ireland, the man who received the call from on high to bring the light of the Christian faith to the pagans of Ireland. There is much discussion about the place of the birth of the young Patrick, but we read in history that he was taken to Ireland when he was young, and spent seven years there as a slave. He escaped from this slavery and went to France, where he studied under the tutelage of his uncle, the Bishop of Tours. When his education was complete the desire to return to Ireland with God's gift of faith, grew very strong in him. Later Pope Celestine consecrated him a bishop and sent him back to Ire-

land. He labored there from 432 until his death in 493. Many are the interesting events in the life of St. Patrick, events that are retold every year on his feast day. How he used the shamrock to explain the doctrine of the Trinity to the people, and how he lit the Easter fire in defiance of the customs of the time. After lighting the Easter fire he was called before the king to debate with the pagan druids whom he defeated with the logic of the truths of the gospel. St. Patrick then began his missionary tours over Ireland, travelling from province to province until he had brought the whole island into the Christian fold. We read in history that although pagan, the early Irish were somewhat of an idealistic people, and they gave very ungrudgingly to the true God, the worship and the affection they had wasted on their idols. Then, too, in their laws, few changes had to be made to coincide with the new religion. These changes were made by a group headed by St. Patrick, and the revised laws were called the Brehon Law.

St. Patrick brought the Christian religion to Ireland, and the Irish have kept the faith down through the centuries. The path was not always easy. In the middle of the twelfth century the English, through the treachery of an Irishman, got a foothold in Ireland, and the cruelty of the English in Ireland is a matter of history. The penal laws banished the priests, compelled the people to attend religious services other than Catholic, forbade the Catholics to shield or conceal a priest from the persecutors, prohibited Catholics from educating their children at home or abroad, and excluded Catholics from public office if they would not receive the Sacrament of the Established Church. Education



was proscribed in Ireland. In the face of this law we have the hedge school, that is a school in some wild glen, or behind the wayside hedge, where the children would come to the whistle of the schoolmaster. When the student learned all that he could in this school, the parents smuggled him to the continent if they could afford it. However, most of the people had to be satisfied with what learning they could glean from the hedge schools. Despite all this persecution, Ireland is still called the land of saints and scholars.

Ireland's contribution to the culture and the civilization of the world may not be as noted and as outstanding as that of some other nations, but she has her share. The early Irish schools were famous, and the scholars from these schools took the light of faith and culture to Switzerland, Italy, Germany and France. Whilst the barbarian hordes were overrunning Europe in the early centuries of the Christian era, the schools of Ireland, almost single-handed, kept the torch of learning burning. Ireland literally preserved the ancient classics during this turbulent period.

The Irish have always been characterized by a love of learning. In ancient days the bard or poet was held in high esteem. When the penal laws and coercion and eviction drove the Irish from their homeland, they went to the four corners of the globe and carried with them, illiterate though many of them were, their faith and their love of learning. Whether they settled in the Australian bush or on the plains of America or in the wilds of Africa, they built their church and school. The most noble monuments that man can erect are churches and schools, and the Irish will not separate them.

If we read the pages of the history of the United States, we note many contributions made by the Irish. In the Revolution, it is estimated that about one fourth of the officers in the American army were Irish or of Irish descent. Most famous of these was General Anthony Wayne. Edmund Burke raised the question of the nationality of the American troops, and he was told that General Lee said: "Half the rebel Continental army were from Ireland." And a speaker before the Dublin Parliament in 1784 declared: "America was lost by Irish emigrants." In the Civil War it has been estimated that about 170,000 Irishmen were fighting to protect the Union. Meagher's Irish brigade is a byword with students of American history. The Fenian uprising in Ireland in 1867, sent men like John Boyle O'Reilly to America, via Australia. Later O'Reilly went to Boston, where he was the editor of the "Boston Pilot", a paper that stood for law and order and spirituality. Many nations of Europe have contributed much to this "melting pot" which we call the United States. The Irish do not feel that they have any monopoly on these contributions. All people of Irish descent in this great country, are proud of the fact that their ancestors had a small part in the shaping of the greatest country in the world, the United States of America.

In closing let us make this observation: St. Patrick had a mission in life, and he fulfilled it. The world today is a much better place to live because men like St. Patrick went before us. If only the criminals in high places could realize how much better it would be to spend their energies in doing good for humanity.



## INVASION

• By JOSEPH B. FRASER

*Very vivid, indeed. Read it.*

The "Tannoy" barked "attention!" again. Everyone in the card-game, and those involved in the difficult process of writing letters home, showed indifferent alertness.

"All" combat-crews. . all combat-crews" — rasped the speaker. "Briefing for all combat-crews in operations at 20:30 Repeat:—"

Then came the inevitable repetition which always brought irritation to the ears of those who understood the first summons.

As the speaker gave its last dying gasp, eleven half-dressed men, or (shall we say) maturing boys, looked into space simultaneously, and in the mind of each the same question was asked: "Is this IT?" For the past four days the same summons had been answered, only to turn into a "dry run", and more anxious waiting. This was the "Pathfinder Group"—picked crews and picked paratroopers to spearhead the landings in Normandy.

The card-game broke up, and letters were filed away for future reference as each man proceeded to dress in the specified uniform for the coming event: "O D's" with no tie, "G I" shoes, flying jacket, and a comforting "forty five" tucked snugly under his armpit.

Someone joked: "This is a hell of a time to be dressing up!"

"Why?" came the correct answer from the other end of the hut.

"It's just like dressing for your own funeral!" the first speaker retorted.

"Ah, can it!" a third chimed.

A half hour later men straggled into the operations room expecting another cancellation. Colonel Crouch, commanding officer, and everybody's best friend, walked to the front, cleared his throat, and

said, "This is it. It's now fifteen minutes before station-time, half-an-hour until take-off. Good luck!"

Tension held the whole group in their seats momentarily, and then a roaring flood of relief sent one hundred-fifty men tearing out to the "forty seven's" lined up in the gathering twilight.

Small clusters of troopers stood beside the ships, looking like disfigured cripples in the half-light. Crew members and troopers went aboard. Engines roared, idled, roared again, and then—in turn—the long line began to move. One, two, three cleared. We ourselves cleared, followed at five-second intervals by the remaining twenty-six ships which were to start the invasion on that night of June fifth.

The flight to France was one of deadly silence. The thoughts, hopes and prayers of each man were given absolute privacy. The solemn soot-blackened faces of our 'trooper-passengers appeared occasionally in the flare of a match or lighter. Many held rosaries as the interminable minutes passed. It was a flight into the great unknown. What lay in wait for us?

Three minutes over the coast of France gave us our answer. The bright lace-like fingers of tracer-bullets began to clutch at the sky around us. Under other circumstances one might call it very pretty, but all realized that hidden in those streaming fingers lay a one-way ticket to death. Uncanny as it seemed, nothing struck us on our approach. How could the foe miss a flight only five-hundred feet from the ground? Only God knows the answer and, without doubt, He made the decision that carried us through that maelstrom of lead.

(Continued on Page 24)

## JOHNNY APPLE SEED

See the funny old man with a pack on his back,  
That's Johnny Apple Seed.  
He puts all of his apple cores into a pack,  
A very strange man, indeed.

"Mr. Apple Seed, please tell me why  
Our apple cores you save.  
It surely is, you can't deny,  
A strange way to behave."

"Do you like big, red apples, my fine little boy?"

"Yes, that very much, sir, I do."

"So there'll always be apples for you to enjoy,  
I am saving my cores just for you.

"Just for you and others like you, lad,  
And those who like their cider,  
So apples always can be had  
I make myself provider.

"Through the plains and the hills and the valleys  
I roam  
With only the grass for my bed.  
The green rolling field 'neath the sky is my home;  
There's no cabin to shelter my head.

"And every place I chance to be  
I plant an apple core;  
So that some day an apple tree  
Will furnish fruit galore.

"Would you folks be so kind as to see that my trees  
Get all the care that they need?  
And when eating an apple remember please,  
Old Johnny Apple Seed."

As long as apple trees are known,  
Johnny Apple Seed, your fame  
Will last till they're no longer grown  
And those who like their cider.

—MARY C. FERN

★ ★ ★

## MEMORIES OF YOU

I reached down deep into the supposedly dead Past,  
And brought forth flaming memories of you  
That will live long after  
Our ugly today travels the road  
To a glorious tomorrow!

—JOSEPH HIGGINS

## THOUGHTS ON LIFE

Time is but a grain of sand  
On the infinite shore of eternity,  
And the span of one man's life is  
But a minute part of that grain —  
A drop of water on an endless sea!  
Yet how man clutches at  
That one small grain and is  
Blinded to the others; how he dotes  
On the one drop and ignores the beauty  
Of the sea!  
Time is a portion of eternity loaned  
To man by the divine Controller.  
It is a pauper's principal used  
To gain the Great King's interest!  
It matters not how much  
We are allotted, but rather  
How we invest it!

—JOSEPH HIGGINS

★ ★ ★

## THE BOY'S DOG

There he sat and shivered along the country pike  
And raised his soulful eyes to  
To my little brother Mike.

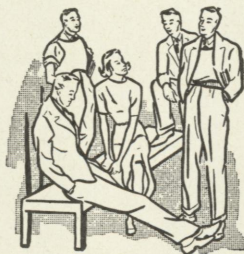
With quite some scorn I looked at him  
And readily agreed,  
What mixture of a dog is one  
That isn't pedigreed.

Well, anyway Mike took him home  
Washed him and cleaned him up,  
And in a month or two it seemed  
He no longer was a pup.

Mike called him Prince, I think  
Quite handsome and full furred,  
A very striking contrast  
From the shaking little cur,

That Mike had found and wanted  
And carefully picked up.  
The more I think of Mike and Prince,  
A boy should have a pup.

—RALPH W. PLAS



# Editorial Comment . . .

ADA KAY BOMFORD, *Editor-in-Chief*

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### DO NOW FOR WHAT IS TO COME

In a world which is "a kind of spiritual kindergarten where millions of infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks," as E. A. Robinson describes it, the positions of college people are going to make great differences. Many realize they're in college today to "develop their minds" and their education consists in *knowing where they are, where they are going, and what's best to do under the circumstances.* This is Ruskin's idea of real education.

Of first importance is to know where we are. To many returned veterans and to many others, much time may appear to have been wasted. Proper guidance teaches that we must work from where we are, not look backward, and not look so far ahead as to overlook the stumbling block at the next step. Time does not possess us but we possess it and have dominion over it.

If one has been earnestly engaged in the work at hand, the period has not been lost. We must cease to be bound by the illusion of "so little time." Trusting in divine guidance we realize that infinity stretches ahead. The great Teacher was never vexed when a multitude thronged and tried to hold him. According to Goethe, "days are lost tormenting over other days."

By those graduating or those leaving college for work, important decisions must be made. One graduate said, "It always seemed to be a painful struggle. When people demanded, 'Choose what you will be,' I shuddered. But actually, I found it easy when the time came. I just kept on in doing that for which I was prepared and for which I felt adequate."

The water looks troubled but if we step onto it and reach our hands confidently to what we know is there, we shall be led across safely. The changes in today's college curricula give evidence that youth is reaching for the guidance of ideals. If we have accepted the end of education as drawing toward God there will be no fear.\*

We all have our place in the world and the Lord will help us to find that place if we ask Him for His

help. It is the accomplishing of our purpose in life that matters so much to us and to those around us. The world has been compared to a big organ and the people to the keys. When the organ is in tune we have harmony, but when the organ is out of tune we have discord. The same will happen in the world. If every person would be doing what Providence wants him to do, what a beautiful and peaceful world this would be. College days give us the time and the means to choose that mode of living that we are to pursue and it gives us the means to prepare for it.

—A.K.B.

\* Addressed to Youth, by Sr. Mary Madeleva.

★ ★ ★

### THIS MONTH

The robins have returned, the grass is green and spring is with us again. The boys and girls stroll in the park and about the tennis courts where the nets are stretched and the athletes are busy. It is a wonderful time of the year, this spring season. How full of life and hope and happiness. . . . Then the football players will be out in a few days for the spring practice. For four years we missed this most interesting angle of college life, football. Spring practice means games next fall with the old rivals like Miami, Cincinnati, Ohio University, Marshall and Xavier. And it means Home Coming too, that delightful day when the Dayton men and women can return after an absence of four years. What that ugly thing called war has not done for us. . . . Then there is lent. That word does not have a pleasing sound because it reminds us that we must do penance for our evil deeds, and penance is not relished much by the most of us. But lent is a stern reality and we should take it as such. How about seeing you over in the chapel at 12:20 for stations or benediction. That is a good practice for lent. . . . And in March we always remember St. Joseph and right now we are in the novena of St. Joseph. Did you see the three things that you should pray for during the novena. They are written on the sign in the corridor, St. Mary, first floor. Personal purity, happy marriage, and a happy death.

—S. DEH.

## LEADERS

Commencement speakers are nice people: most of them have all the answers for the world's ills; they present to college graduates a well-analyzed picture of most of the problems elbowing for solution, and practically all these orators are quite sincere in their efforts to inspire the anxiously hopeful graduate into generous action as soon as he steps into the world.

This is all very excellent; but the picture is not puncture-proof. I like commencement speakers - - which is more than can be said by some persons who have had to report graduation exercises for years on end - - because they are nice people, but each time I channeled their words into the columns of a newspaper I could not escape the feeling that if their advice was specific, which in most cases it could not be, it was a half-year too late.

Half a year is just a blur on the calendar, but in a laudable if rash, zeal to argue for more practical thoughts at the close of a school year, I am asking you, Mr. 1946 Commencement Speaker, to tell us, frankly and fully, not what the world will demand of us, but the initiative our home towns should expect from us. To make us do a little intellectual calisthenics before graduation, throw some suggestions like these at us:

The home town of every graduate is in need of intelligent, well-educated and spiritual and social-minded young men and women to continue the community work interrupted by the war and to initiate other community projects which had to be put aside during that period.

Is your home town Dayton, Philadelphia, Louisville, Denver? It is that community in which you are planning to gain your livelihood, where you will marry and raise a family, take a serious, lively role in all its activities, and where in all probability you will be buried. It is not necessarily the community in which you were born and raised.

What does your home town need most? Leaders. The answer is the same as it was a generation ago; it is the same as it will be a generation hence. Leaders in every field, certainly in the one in which you are interested, whether that field is your profession or

trade, or your avocation. If you go into business for yourself or if you begin work for someone else, you will be surprised at the opportunities for leadership offered by a Junior Association of Commerce and the good such an organization can do in the community for all groups, youth, sportsmen, schools, etc.

There is a desperate need for leaders among Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts or Campfire Girls, CYO, Catholic Action, and other community organizations. It sometimes is said that America is over-organized, and there may be some truth to the statement, but the remark does not apply to the organizations brought into being by the demands of existing community conditions.

A lively interest in community life was mentioned, but unfortunately most of us interpret the word merely to mean membership in one or more organizations. Such interpretation is one of the causes for demands for reorganization and a removal of "dead timber." A practical hint: do not become a "joiner" but an active member of only as many organizations as you can give adequate attention, and then give them the time you allot for such purposes.

Your educational training should have prepared you to read and discuss business and civic matters intellectually and impartially: good citizenship requires that your voting should be on the same basis of intelligence in public affairs.

Your first interest and concern, although given this far down the line, should be your church and its various activities.

Some of us are afraid that our active participation in community progress projects will expose us to charges of meddling. Tell us, Mr. Speaker, that the risk will be reduced to a minimum if we are sincere in our efforts and demonstrate our sincerity by our wholehearted zeal.

You might also tell us, Mr. 1946 Commencement Speaker, that quite apart from the virtue of justice involved in giving our communities the full benefit of our college training, we will in the long run be the greatest recipients of our communities' benefactions.

—LESTER RASZKOWSKI





# We . . . The Women

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WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . RITA E. McGARRY

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## FIRST LADY OF THE CAMPUS

*Even in the most modern of scenes there is some discordant note, some semblance of the past - - - some link, however insignificant, between that past and the present. These thoughts kept running through my mind, as I discovered the old tombstone on the fringe of the school property. The chiseled letters on the stone are faint with age and mellowed by exposure to the elements but still readable - - -*

MARY LOUISE G. STUART

Age 5 mos. 22 days  
1848

The consoling words of the epitaph have long since faded into oblivion but, nonetheless, here was the clue to what this land had once been. Here was that delicate link with the romantic past, designed to pique the curiosity of someone like me - - - - an incurable romantic.

Stuart is, obviously, a royal name, and research soon told me that this was royal land. A grant of an English king to one of his "poor relatives," the John Stewart estate "Dewberry Farm" was comprised of 120 acres. Shortly after the body of the tiny Mary was interred in the pine grove on the hill the Stuarts sold the property to the Society of Mary who were seeking a suitable location for the establishment of an institution of higher learning. Campus legend tells us that the land was sold only with the stipulation that the child's grave not be disturbed and so it is that little Mary's bones have remained for this almost-a-century in their original resting place.

Time has rested lightly on this home of Mary Stuart. The original buildings that made up her home have disappeared and have been replaced by structures of more utility, if not more beauty. An old-fashioned pump surrounded by gnarled trees gave mute testimony of what was once a pleasant garden. But always the

old must make way for the new, however precious the old may be. Where once a few people lived the strenuous existence of a pioneering spirit now some 900 students walk the halls of learning. Land that once knew the cut of the plow trembles with the thunder of football cleats. Where once men sweated and toiled over the harvest facile minds expend their energies discovering the intricacies of science and man-made wonders.

Only at the grave at the top of the hill does time halt in its passage, cease its relentless drive toward change and improvement. Perhaps from her eternal resting place the little Mary sees the students, standing hand in hand, tracing in the cold stone the letters that tell of her brief visit to this world. Perhaps she knows of the lasting friendships formed in the solemn hush of that spot where mortal man can feel so close to his Maker. Perhaps she knows the romance she is bringing to the staid normalcy of ordinary lives. Perhaps she knows about "us" - - - I wonder.

—RITA McGARRY

## ★ ★ ★ HOW ARE YOU?

"Hello! how are you?" "I'm fine, thanks, and you?" "Fine thank you." And so the day passes; friend meets friend, neighbor meets neighbor and the greeting is the same.

Some people say the greeting as though they mean it, while others say it out of mere force of habit, little caring whether the person they are addressing is well or in ill health.

Of course there are people that one hesitates to ask how they are, because often they have a hundred ailments and devote equal time to each, never thinking they could be boring to the person to whom they are giving the details.

It's a little thing, this answer to "How are you," and most of the time people answer it very casually but did you ever notice how at the start of a new season people get away from just answering "fine". If it is winter, they are cold; spring, they feel alive; summer, they are hot; and autumn, they feel relieved that the heat of the summer is past.

The time of day can cause variations in the answer one can notice. When you ask someone waiting on a bus in the morning how he is, he is probably sleepy or tired. In the afternoon, he is fine or maybe confused or flustered by having so much work to do. Evening brings with it its own answers which are innumerable as the sands of the sea.

The age of the person can influence the answer to "how are you." Children are usually fine, swell or any adjective of five letters or less. Girls and boys of high school age are usually "super" or some exaggerated adjective which might be the vogue at the moment. People who have lived a goodly number of years have a difficult time saying they are just fine and mean it, since the years usually bring with them a little this or that which doesn't add up to feeling just fine.

The answers people give to a few words like "how are you" aren't necessarily important, but it's interesting to listen to them. One will say fine but end up by telling you his life's history while another will pause just long enough to say "just fine, thanks."

—HELEN TURNER

★ ★ ★

#### A FAMILY AFFAIR

(Thoughts after the Homecoming Party)

If we had after dinner speeches today, and given the chance I would have to have said the following:

It is a REMARKABLE thing to be able to sit at a table where are gathered together every living descendant of a certain couple of two generations ago, each descendent having his entire immediate family with him — twenty-six in all.

It is a BLESSED thing to observe that we are completely a congenial and peaceable group, with a noticeable absence of rivalry or even rowdiness.

It is a HUMBLING thing to realize that the five who were in service have returned from war unscathed. They are our heroes, together of course, with those who have lived heroically at home.

I shall speak directly to those heroes. Now the way of humans is often strange, and it seems that when a person has once shown his ability for heroism, we expect it from him from then on. This doesn't seem fair. Really, my head tells me that you have helped do such a big and dirty job for all the rest of us and have done it so well, that you are entitled to rest on your laurels from now on; but my heart says that I want you to be heroes and good soldiers in this civilian life too.

All that may seem abstract and merely idealistic, but here is my slant on the practical application of it. Let us return to the consideration of our big happy family. We are a happy family now because of the Christian heritage passed on to us by that original couple — a devotion to something higher than material things. Each of you, our heroes, will take a different road, — school, shop, or office, and you will have varying degrees of success. Those things, however, will be unimportant in another two generations. What does matter very much is this: how well you uphold and renew those Christian foundations.

You have every human right to take pride in this happy family today — but — carry on, soldier!

—MARABELLE H. JOHNSON

★ ★ ★

#### THE LADY OF THE HILL

From out this gentle hill a Lady sees  
The city and its endless hurrying,  
The city and its endless memories —  
Every dear, important, common thing.  
Beyond Her hill, The Lady often hears  
An eager footstep or a light young laugh,  
Or—voices that are sweetest through the years,  
Pleading Her Gracious Will in their behalf.  
Serene and spotless in the moon's white glow,  
Loving and radiant in the sunlight's gleam,  
Standing eternal vigil, while we go  
Carelessly by the hill in frivolous dream,  
When we should feel Thy Presence closer still,  
Guiding us always, Lady of the Hill.

—ELLEN JAY

# Sports . . . .

## BASKETBALL

● By JACK GOSIGER

The second half of the basketball season saw a revamped and almost new team on the court. Most of the new players were men of some basketball experience. Bill Gini topped Bob Kavanaugh's record with a total of 245 points. Bob Bockraft learned his basketball at Chaminade High School, Jim Bertle at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Ken Boxwell at Xenia Central. The veterans on the team were Gus Shroyer, Jim Herbig, Bill Knisley, Bob Wolfe, Gene Wolke, Kenny Pitzer, and Bernie Hickey.

Though inexperienced the team came through in great style on several occasions, and they should really click next season. This was the first season that they played together and with the exception of Bill Knisley, they should all be eligible for the team next season.

★ ★

## FOOTBALL

Coach Harry Baujan and his assistant coach, Jim Carter, will issue the call for spring football practice

to the following students on March 18:

Eugene Barnes, Joe Bath, James Boff, Louis Bolton, Kenny Boxwell, Harry Brooks, Edward Busch, Emmett Campbell, Charles Carson, Charles Crowley, Dick Dahn, Bob Debbins, Nick DiCiacco, George Donley, James Elliott, Steve Emerick, Henry Ferrazza, Dominic Gallo, Bill Goss, Bill Gutbrod, Dick Hackett, James Hall, James Hanby, Frank Havens, Bernard Hickey, Bob Hickey, Julius Hunt, Cyprian Klamo, Tom Koors, Lloyd Lewis, Ray Lowrey, Walter Malley, Frank Maloney, Barto Mariscalco, Eddie Marrinan, Tom McCarthy, Don Mills, Ken Morrissey, Glen Mumpower, Harold O'Neil, Bob Pfander, Gerald Radcliffe, Paul Reichert, Edward Reid, Don Ross, Louis Ruben, Bob Schell, Paul Schiebelhuth, Edward Schutzman, Jack Scrafield, Edwin Seiboek, Charles Sewalds, Sanford Shapero, Sam Shingledecker, Gus Shroyer, John Singer, John Singhoffer, Louis Stamatakis, Frank Tansey, Ed Toscani, Vern Vandembrock, John Walsh, Robert Wright, Angelo Zavalakos, Michael Zeno, Wilbur Zimmerman.

## SEASON'S BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

December 11, Dayton 28 .. Cincinnati, 45  
 December 18, Dayton, 41 .. Ohio University, 53  
 January 5, Dayton 32 .. Miami, 63  
 January 15, Dayton, 48 .. Cincinnati, 37  
 January 18, Dayton, 37 .. Bowling Green, 68  
 January 31, Dayton, 36 .. Camp Atterbury, 61  
 February 4, Dayton, 41 .. Xavier, 48  
 February 8, Dayton 46 .. Marshall, 57  
 February 9, Dayton, 65 .. Ohio University, 53  
 February 16, Dayton, 47 .. Xavier, 33  
 February 18, Dayton, 30 .. Wright Field, 52  
 February 20, Dayton, 42 .. Miami, 49  
 February 22, Dayton, 34 .. Camp Atterbury, 64  
 February 25, Dayton, 50 .. Wittenberg, 54  
 February 26, Dayton, 42 .. Marshall, 88  
 February 28, Dayton, 42 .. Bradley Tech, 87

## THANKSGIVING

Oh God! how I dread this place  
 Where monstrous insects sting my face;  
 Where slimy reptiles crawl the ground  
 And a treacherous enemy is looking down  
 From his leafy perch on this tropic isle,  
 Where death hangs 'round me all the while.  
 So through my tears that burn and smart  
 Dear Lord from in my lowly heart,  
 I pray and ask Thee that Thou may  
 Keep me through another day,  
 And if again I may see light  
 After the hell of another night  
 All my waking thoughts will be  
 Thanks for gifts You gave to me.

—RALPH W. PLAS

★ ★

## PATIENCE

If I could only know the time  
 The year, the hour, the day,  
 When love, that fickle traveller  
 Would pass along my way.  
 If I could stretch my hand in space  
 To hold that wand'rer fast  
 For just a glorious moment  
 I would be glad he passed.  
 But, oh, if love should scorn my road  
 Call it too dull and straited  
 And cast aside my proffered hand,  
 I'd still be glad I waited.

—RITA MCGARRY



# IN A HUMOROUS VEIN

• By Two SOPHOMORES

*School and Home*

## IN A MOMENT OF MADNESS

Pretending I am a bug on the wall (with no offense to the cleaning woman), I would like to look down on the various people who make up a class.

There's the student who, becoming bored, decides to study the architectural lines of the building. This venture is never very successful because it involves violent head contortions, and the agitation of the person sitting behind, whose favorite subject, usually is the one being discussed . . .

There's the girl who concentrates glassily on the professor, as if in rapt attention—the one with the frozen smile. She may look like "Mirium who uses Irium," but otherwise — whom is she trying to impress? . . .

Closely related to the well-known "doodlers," are the "counters". They count everything; from window panes, door panels, chair runs, floor boards, and radiator caps to the number of squares in a plaid shirt. The self-appointed task is done with intense accuracy and absorption, as if it were as important as the entrance examination for Annapolis. Although nothing is gained in the end, a smile of satisfaction and pride always creeps over the person's face; but those faint beads of perspiration on the forehead do not go unnoticed. This pastime causes too much mental strain, and is hard on the nervous system . . .

For the sake of variety, some, instead of counting material things, count the number of "ahs" and "er's" peculiar to the speech of the teacher. This makes the student

ridiculously impatient for the words to follow and if kept up for very long, it can easily lead to uncontrollable fits of convulsions, soon squelched by the penetrating glare of the instructor . . .

Invariably, when a person enters the class late, the majority of students cannot continue without turning around en masse to see who it is, where he is going to sit, if he takes his coat off, and so forth. If they could only see themselves. All they need to do is "cackle" and they could be classified as chickens straining their necks for the morning repast.

There's one in every crowd. Yes, the student who incessantly asks questions. Not only does she hold up the class, but she asks questions which never even entered your mind. There you were sitting in your "blanket of smug complacency", having at last figured out what the teacher was driving at, and what happens? ("Oh, not now—Pa-leeeze") Up goes the lily white hand, and out come those intricate questions, and back into the fog you go . . .

Looking down on people's feet, I am fascinated by the curious rhythms of the "foot twisters". Some snap the foot up and down, while others enact a smooth and lazy circling movement. This must be a product of restlessness; either that or they are humming a song to themselves and keeping time with their feet. (I should love to watch a conga enthusiast.)

. . . . and during all this time, higher learning is supposed to be everyone's objective. The moral of this story is:

People with quirks,  
End up "Jerks".

—Nancy Mayforth

## THE NIGHT BEFORE SUNDAY

Now 'tis the proverbial thing that on the seventh night of the week citizens laugh, dance, crowd theaters, and take the weekly bath. I had taken my bath some two hours ago and had become resigned to the fact that it was to be the only thing I'd have in common with the rest of the city's populace. This Saturday night found me at home alone, nursing the most ardent feeling of abuse and neglect I had experienced in some eight years when my brother had grown positively resolute in his refusal to take me with him on his honeymoon. I tried listening to my wireless set, but each program was entirely too gay and could not parallel with my frame of mind. So, finally, I sank into a chair with a copy of a soporific volume . . . Before I go on and forget, let it be said now that it is not often I flitter away my time on such frothy reading, but this night, in so dismal a mood, I could not be a vulture for culture.

Finding its way through the gloom came the ring of the telephone and I broke all records (plus one lamp, two ash trays, and a pair of bifocals) as I jet-propelled down the stairs to accept the inevitable invitation. In return for my best come-hither hello, I heard a familiar male voice inquiring after my health, and why it was I was home on Saturday night. Well now, that can be darn embarrassing to explain, and if I hadn't been so sure this person knew me, I would have made up one good story, but since it was my brother asking me to stay with his children, I ughed an "okay".

It was exactly eight as I knocked at my brother's door, and it was closer to nine before I entered. With all the pushing and pulling, it sounded as though it were some great honor to let in the wind, the rain, and the aunt, but finally the Wheaties' man won out and the door opened. It was a great surprise to find four beaming faces to

(Continued on Page 22)

# Around The Campus

## FACULTY

Brother John Lucier, S.M., of the department of chemistry spoke before the American Chemical Society at the Biltmore on February 8.

Major Robert C. Johnston is the new Comandant of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps of the University of Dayton. He came to the University from Ohio State University. During the war Major Johnson was overseas in the field artillery.

Captain Robert C. Bailey is a new professor in the R O T C. Before coming to Dayton he was in the Ashford General Hospital, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. He was overseas serving in the infantry.

Master Sergeant Woodrow L. Richister came to Dayton from Camp Butner, North Carolina. During the war he served as a lieutenant in the infantry and since the close of the war he re-enlisted as a master sergeant.

Brother John Perz, S.M., head of the department of modern languages, spoke before the Pan-American club at the Y.M.C.A. on Latin American literature, February 22.

Dr. Edward Huth, of the department of sociology, attended the fourteenth annual convention of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life at the Catholic University in Washington on February 5 to 8. He took part in the discussion of one of the papers. Dr. Huth attended the seventh annual convention of the American Catholic Sociological Society at Cleveland Hotel in Cleveland, March 2 and 3. On Monday, March 4, Dr. Huth spoke on "Government and Society" before the Muskingum County Democratic club, at Muskingum, Ohio. Dr. Huth is a dem-

ocratic candidate for nomination for United States Senator in the Ohio primaries in May.

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## CLUBS

Upsilon Delta Chi, home economics club, held its monthly meeting February 22, when Miss Margaret O'Connor, professor of clothing at Miami University was the speaker. New members admitted to the club were Mary Fischer Freer, Cassie McKenzie, Ruth Davis, Nancy Mayforth, Patricia Hagan, Lois Kappeler, Janet Meyer, Marie Kelbie, and Eileen McNary. Upsilon Delta Chi has recently been admitted into both the national and state home economics associations.

Five members of the International Relations Club attended the second annual institute for college students February 22, 23, and 24 at Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio. The theme of the program was "The Challenge of World Leadership." The five U D representatives, Sam DeHart, Myra Bolland, Mary Frances Cavanaugh, Mary Rose Keville and Rafael Valls, took part in the discussion.

Beta Upsilon Sigma, business administration coed club, sponsored a Valentine party for the women students in the women's lounge on February 1. Ruth Koerner, president of the club, was the chairman. Serving on the committee with the president were Ruth Meyer, Betty Hodapp, Marianna Monty, Mary Ellen Rinehart and Phyllis Kiefer.

At the last meeting of the Sigma Delta Pi, premedical club, February 27, Miss Margaret Carroll, U. D. alumnus of 1945, and medical technologist, was the speaker. New members inducted into the club were Thomas McCarty, Lillian Campbell, Mark Backs, Norman Pudzinski, Marjorie Daniels,

Glenn Hoffman, Margaret Fagler, Joy Vorhees, Mary Pritchard, Robert Rauh, and Mary Mitchell.

At the last meeting of the Mothers' Club on February 20, J. C. Harris of the research department of Monsanto Chemical company addressed the members on "Modern Cleansers."

Dr. Kenneth C. Schraut, of the department of mathematics, officiated at the installation of the Duns Scotus chapter of the National Mathematics Honor Society of Secondary Schools at Our Lady of the Angels High school in Cincinnati, February 26. Dr. Francis J. Molz, S.M. dean of the division of science attended the installation, along with Kay Ens, president of the U D Mathematics club and King Bradow, vice-president.

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## THESPIANS

The twelfth annual Mask and Mascara show was given by the Thespians February 17, 18, and 19. The score for the show was written by Maurice Reichard, director of the Thespians and Mary Cotterman. Bonnie Winkleman directed the production. A cast of nearly one hundred students participated in the show. Bob Buehler and Bonnie Winkelman were cast in the leading roles supported by Mary Cotterman, Joseph Higgins, Bob Sherman, Madeline Unger, Gil Stovicek, Samuel DeHart, and Charles Hart. Edward Spang headed the stage crew. Norman Foy contributed a beautiful voice to a beautiful song in a "Hollywood" production number. Lyrics for the songs were written by Joan Olch, Joe Higgins, Rita McGarry and Bonnie Winkleman. Those dancing in the ballet were Marjorie Crutcher, Letitia Rose, Janet Meyer, Pat Schultz, Wanda Ringo, Winifred Coates, Dolores Sizemore and Colleen Miller.

(Continued on Next Page)

# THE ALL-AMERICAN LUNCH

• By BARBARA LAND

## *Sandwich and a cup of coffee*

The dirty, young machinist, on his leisurely twenty-minute lunch period, slides onto a stool at the lunch counter and smiles at the waitress, "Gimmeasandwichanacupacoffee."

The college boy dashes into a restaurant, flops onto the nearest vacant stool, and yells, "Iwannasandwichanacupacoffee, Joe!"

In each case, these unintelligible bits are received by the waiter or waitress, unscrambled, and miraculously turned into the desired sandwich and coffee.

Doubtless, if one were to query a cross-section of the lunch-eating populace, he would find that this lunch order is the majority favorite. Of course, there will always be the "plutocrat" who orders the plate lunch!

At a certain downtown lunch counter, people from every walk of life congregate to enjoy the excellent, clean food served by this place. It caters to shoppers, business men, office girls, beauty operators, school girls, and clerks. Because the counter stools are always filled to capacity, it is necessary for the would-be "luncher" to stand behind someone who is eating and await his turn. This is advantageous in that it creates a hearty appetite while you watch others partake of luscious morsels, and it also enables you to make a study of the eating habits of the human being.

If you're in a great hurry, you soon learn that there are certain types of people behind whom you should NOT stand. Now an amateur may get stranded behind one of these individuals, but a veteran has long since learned to spot them.

Foremost of these human booby traps is the woman who is nearly finished with her sandwich. You stand behind her while she finishes.

She decides she'd like a dish of macaroni. She eats that. She concludes that the pumpkin pie looks delicious. It is, and she lingers over it lovingly. Each dish, of course, she orders separately. And then, she decides she'd like another cup of coffee. Surely, you think, she'll quit now! Foolish you! She's an after-lunch smoker! So she drags leisurely on a cigarette for several minutes, heedless of the half-famished you with five minutes left in your lunch hour.

From your point of view, the best person to stand behind is the "gulper" — takes his meal in two bites, and his coffee in one scalding swallow. But if you have a conscience, you'll avoid this person, realizing that, at that inhuman rate, he can't last long, and you'd hate to be guilty of being the one who hurried him last!

And don't choose a woman who is with someone of the same sex. The incessant chatter will work havoc on your empty stomach. It takes this character three times longer than usual to consume her pie! Her meal consists mainly of "darling" hats, cute shoes, and the widow-next-door's scandalous escapades; the food is a trivial sideline.

The amateur may be naive enough to stand behind a man, thinking that surely he won't dawdle! And then the poor soul is disgruntled to find most of the man's lunch interspersed with humorous (??) little anecdotes intended to amuse the waitress — plus flattery, free of charge.

Then there's the squeamish lady who orders a dish, finds it distasteful, and returns it. This is usually the one who investigates every nook and cranny of her sandwich, and stirs to the very depth of her soup to discover if any live toads are lurking around. Besides wasting your time, she also puts the

waitress in a bad mood, so beware this Prying Prunella.

Seriously, the eating situation presents a man-size problem to the plebian unfortunate who has to work for a living. Restaurants are crowded beyond capacity, regardless of the quality of the food. And people such as portrayed above do not alleviate the difficulties.

What's the solution? Welllll . . . carry your lunch! "But what'll I bring?" Ohhh . . . sandwichanacupacoffee.

★ ★

## SOCIAL

(Continued from Page 18)

The Welcome Whirl dance for the February freshman was held at Wampler's Barn on February 16. The committee in charge of the dance consisted of Margaret Ashworth, Helen Vlahos, Shirley Duerr, Dick Barr and Frances Sloan.

The Junior promenade took place on March 2 in the Empire ballroom of the Miami hotel. Chairman of the dance committee was Kenneth Trimbach, president of the junior class. Eleanor Kurtz, vice-president was head of the publicity committee, Bill Greger, class treasurer, was in charge of the reservations and Bonnie Winckleman, class secretary, was chairman of the program committee. Margaret August was head of the decorations committee assisted by Joan Hussey, Sam DeHart and Joan Roderer. The ticket committee was headed by Ted Aponyi assisted by Rita McGarry and Joe Mori.

## DELEGATES TO THE Wilberforce Conference

The University of Dayton sent fourteen delegates to the sixteenth annual "International Day" conference at Wilberforce University at Xenia, Ohio. They were Ann Matson, Joan Olch, Margaret Dierken, Mildred Mooney, Gloria Colp, Barbara Williams, Phyllis Shaw, Marguerite Turner, Audrey Watson, Ruth Stevens, Hattie Evans, Dorothy Reynolds, Christine Henderson, and Sister Agnes Immaculata, S.N.D. de N., dean of women of the University.

# Student Essays . . .

## PINT OF BLOOD

Now that the war is over quite a few unusual incidents are coming to light. Here is a true story; one which I feel surely shows the special blessing of God.

The story took place in the battle area of the South Pacific. The characters in our story are twin brothers and we shall call them Bill and Jack. These twins had been inseparable till they joined the Navy in 1940. After they graduated from naval school they were assigned to different ships. Bill drew a cruiser and Jack a transport. Although they were both assigned to the Pacific their ships never met, until a certain day in August, two years later, when circumstances brought them together.

Remember when three cruisers were torpedoed and sunk by the Japanese? One of the ill-fated ships was the cruiser on which Bill was serving as communication's officer. As soon as the ship was hit Bill helped to save as many men as possible, but when he regained his senses he found himself flat on his back on a rubber life-raft. His legs felt numb and his arms were very weak when he tried to raise himself up. Seeing it was of no use to try to move he just lay there helpless and allowed his shipmates to care for him. He wanted to be of as little trouble as possible while he prayed silently and wondered how much longer they would have to drift in those cold and oily waters. Suddenly his prayers were answered. He had dozed off and when he felt himself coming to he was being pulled up by ropes onto the deck of a large American Transport, where he heard a familiar voice giving directions as to where to place the wounded. Looking through blurred eyes Bill spied his brother and cried, "Jack,

Jack!" When Jack heard his name he turned and looking down he saw his twin brother lying wounded and very weak on a stretcher. Jack was so surprised and shocked at seeing his brother in this position that all he could say was "Thank God, it is Bill." Bill in response managed to raise his hand a little and smiling weakly drifted off into unconsciousness.

Jack arranged to have Bill placed under his direct care in his own cabin. The navy doctor told Jack that in order to save Bill's life a transfusion would be necessary. Jack volunteered and gave a pint of his own blood to save his twin brother's life. It was really the Hand of God that brought these two brothers together when they needed each other at this time.

—ANN FERNEDING

★ ★

## THE WORK OF RUNNING WATER

Everyone knows the river obtains some of its power from the sun, but few realize that the rest of its inexhaustible energy comes from the earth itself. Yes, the river is a great two-handed fret-saw — at one end the white arms of the sun, at the other, the black arms of the earth; at one side, the giant of Heat, at the other the giant of Gravitation.

Rivers are at once mountain eaters and mountain makers in that they eat away mountains and pour them as mud into the sea, and this same sea mud rises once more and becomes a mountain only to be eaten away again at some future date.

Nearly all of the volcanic lava of the inner crust of the earth has been eaten away by rivers. Volcanoes as high as Aconcagua and lava plains wider than France

have been swept away. But for the hard work of the streams of Louisiana, New England, California and those of the other parts of our country, the United States would today be bristling with volcanoes and swept across with lava streams.

The Appalachians, the Ozarks, the Sierra Nevadas, all are river mud and all are being worn down and washed away, as once the volcanoes were swept away, but the grinding down and the building up of mountains is not the only work of the rivers. They have the power to grind corn and to work machinery.

The soil made by the Danube is perhaps the richest in Europe and all along its banks are corn mills grinding the corn grown on the rich silt. Lest we forget the power of the torrents and waterfalls of the Alps we recall that Switzerland is completely electrically lighted as are the villages of the Rocky Mountain region of our own U. S. In Sweden the waterfalls are at work making nitrates from the nitrogen of the air; Niagara Falls and the Mississippi at Keokuk, Iowa, are already harnessed and similar schemes are prepared for the streams of all the other continents.

—VINGENT PARLETTE

★ ★

## MAKING BREAD

This, we shall call the "German way of making bread." The process surprised me somewhat, for I had always imagined bread making as a scientific process. The science in this particular German bakery was cut to the barest minimum. They worried about the amount of bread produced daily, and thought little about the quality and the cleanliness of the product. All that the cocky young lieutenant in charge wanted was a

specified number of loaves poured into the strange bin every day.

The motley crew that worked in the bakery was made up of Polish and Russian prisoners of war. They worked in shifts of twelve hours duration. A crew of American P. W.'s worked there also. Their task consisted of most of the heavy work. They acted as stevedores carrying the heavy sacks of flour and the big buckets of water. A few of them had the easier jobs of firing the ovens, but this job was a terribly hot one. Most of the Americans tried to keep away from the ovens. The intense heat sapped their strength faster than carrying the heavy sacks did. A few German soldiers were mixed in the crew to deliver a kick or a curse when they deemed it necessary. This helped to keep the workers on their toes.

The equipment was obsolete, and practically worn out. It consisted of one dirt-begrimed mixing machine, much like the mixer used by the modern farmer to mix feed for his cattle. Having watched my mother knead bread till it is thoroughly mixed, I know this machine was no good for the job it was to perform. Also in the bakery were six ovens. They were of the mobile type, mounted on wheels, so that they could be moved from place to place.

In the small room where the loaves were weighed and shaped sat several sets of balances, used to weigh the loaves. These loaves were carefully weighed, for they were rationed out a certain number of grams per person. More concern was shown about the weight of each loaf than about the texture. Also in this room was a bin filled with ground wheat husks. The loaves were rolled in this after they had been weighed and shaped. Around the wall close to the mixing machine several bins were located. These were always kept full of a yeast material called "sour," made from a fermented apple or potato juice mixed with flour.

Along the other wall in the mixing room mountains of flour were

stacked. The water tubs were located near the door of the mixing room and these tubs were filled by the Americans, who carried the water from a pump located some distance away.

There was no letup in the baking process. It continued day after day in all its filthy simplicity. The first step was completed by dumping two large tubs of the sour substance into the mixing machine. This was followed by two tubs of flour. The tubs used for the flour and the sour were of the same size. To this dry mixture they added a bucket or two of water. The exact quantity of water used was hard to tell. Enough was used to give the mixture a fairly damp consistency. After a few revolutions the mixer was stopped, and then the door in its front was opened. The bread dough was allowed to fall out onto a wooden platform, directly in front of the mixer.

This pile of dough was attacked by men with shovels who loaded it on dirty sheets and carried it into the weighing and shaping rooms. Here it was cut into pieces and carefully weighed. After weighing it was shaped into rectangular loaves and rolled into ground wheat husks. Then it was placed on long wooden planks, with twelve loaves on each plank.

Here the stronger Americans took over again. They carried the wooden planks holding the bread into the oven room. It was a difficult task to put the loaves in the oven, and this was accomplished by the Americans also.

Baking the bread was a quick process. The ovens were always scorching hot, so in a very few minutes the loaves were baked. After they were removed from the ovens the loaves were allowed to cool for about an hour. They were then carried to the storage bins. After each layer of bread was emptied into the bin a fine coating of wheat husks was sprinkled over the loaves.

The bread was now ready for distribution. At the end of every day

the lieutenant could tally up his figures of production and think of a day's work completed.

—ROBERT WEST

★ ★

## THE CHILDREN

The refugees of Europe are really the victims of the war. Through no fault of their own they are homeless, unwanted, desolate. They stumble along the roads looking at the towns and country side with dull, lifeless eyes. Perhaps that pile of stones had been a home filled once with the voices of little children at play, or that pile had been a church where voices had sung joyful songs.

One of the biggest problems is that of educating the children. These children have grown up to the sound of Storm Troopers tramping away, to the cries of the tortured, to the smell of the concentration camps. It will take time for them to learn that they have nothing to fear. They must learn to play marbles, baseball, football and house. Much of their knowledge is the game of war, of how to kill and salute the leaders. They know little of freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from fear.

The men and women who are responsible for the training of these children have a great task before them. On their shoulders rest the duty of teaching the future citizens of the world. They must have patience and understanding for children do not easily regain confidence in mankind if the instructors are unkind.

—RUTH GESSLER

★ ★

## SCRUBBING A FLOOR

Scrubbing a floor is a task that some people condemn, while others find it not too disagreeable. I belong to the latter group, provided I'm not called upon to perform this task too often. My floor scrubbing experience consists of the kitchen and bathroom, hands and knees variety.

Proper tools and equipment are of paramount importance when scrubbing floors. Such tools and equipment should include two buckets (approximately eight-quart capacity), a scrub brush, a bar of laundry soap, a can of cleansing powder, a handful of water softener, and one large cloth that will readily absorb water. Optional tools and equipment may include a small scraper, if the floor has been subjected to the chewing gum or tarvia treatment, and a rubber mat for the knees, if you are fortunate enough to have one.

All chairs and small items of furniture not fastened to the floor should be moved from the room, and the floor should be swept clean. When sweeping, as when scrubbing, particular attention should be given the corners and areas hidden by the stove and refrigerator. After sweeping the floor, the two pails should be half-filled with tepid water. A handful of water softener should be added to one of the buckets. This bucket will hereafter be referred to as the scrub bucket, while the other is called the rinse bucket.

Selection of a starting point, scrubbing path, and ending point is the next problem. While this is only a minor problem, it should be resolved at this time, to avoid scrubbing yourself into a corner. The next step is to lock all doors which permit entry into the enclosure being scrubbed. This precautionary measure will lessen the opportunities for vituperations between you and inconsiderate members of your household, who enjoy walking on floors that are being scrubbed.

After selecting your starting point, arrange your tools and equipment handily and get down on your knees. Moisten the bristles of the brush by dipping in the scrub bucket. Apply soap to the brush and scrub an area approximately two feet by two feet using a circular motion with the brush. Continue this until all dirt particles are loosened. Permit me to digress at this point and warn you that the circular motion technique is unique for linoleum floors, or

floors covered with similar materials. I learned this fact much to my chagrin, and much to the consternation of the Sergeant in charge of our Friday night G. I. party. Wooden floors, especially the type found in army barracks, should be scrubbed by using a stroke parallel with the grain of the wood. If continued scrubbing does not loosen the dirt, more soap may be applied, or for especially dirty spots, cleansing powder may be used. Chewing gum and tarvia should be removed by using the scraper. After all dirt has been loosened, the surface should be wiped with the cloth. It will usually be necessary to rinse the cloth in the rinse bucket after the first wiping and wipe the surface a second time.

The procedure I have described should be repeated until the entire floor has been scrubbed and wiped clean. As mentioned previously, particular care should be given the corners and hidden areas. Also, after finishing the first two-by-two square, it is wise to overlap when scrubbing succeeding squares to preclude missing small strips between squares.

After the floor has dried, it is advisable to cover the most frequently traveled parts with old newspapers. Some people think this makes the room unsightly; however, it does keep the floor clean, and after all that's why I scrub the floor.

—ROBERT W. FINCH

★ ★

### IN A HUMOROUS VEIN

(Continued from Page 22)

greet me. Surprise, because it had been but two days ago that I had counted my brother's tax exemptions and arrived at the sum of one plus one. Where did the other two come from. I was just at the point of going out to check the house number, when I noticed two adults, who, I decided, were the two strangers' parents. The one without the mustache was saying: "... and since she was ill, your brother suggested we just bring the kiddies here. You're sure you don't mind?"...

For one mad moment I thought of going dramatic, of wringing my hands and shouting: "Oh, now, really!", but one look at my audience, particularly the brother, and I could see how utterly wasted my talent would be.

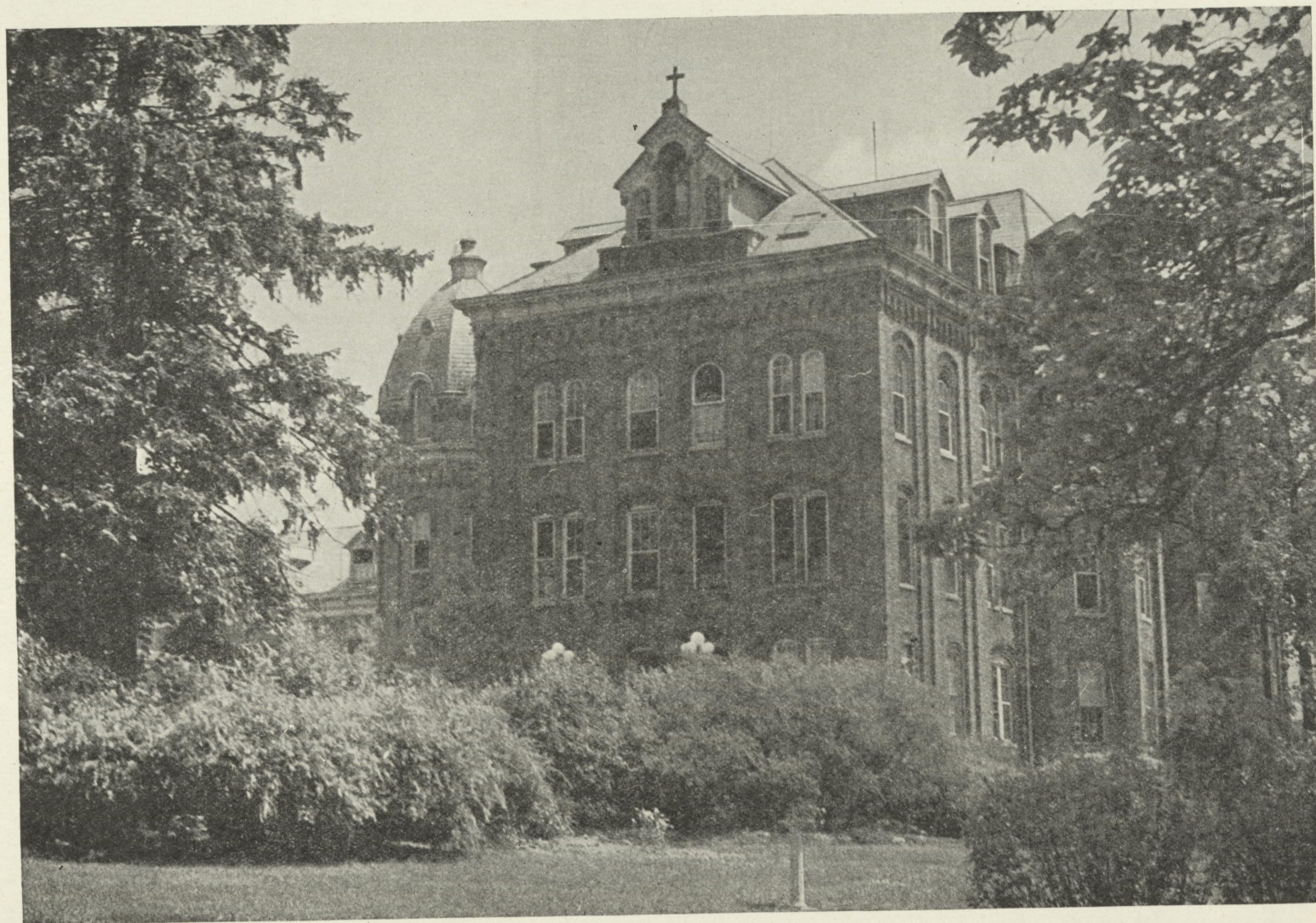
Instead, I smiled weakly, mumbled some inarticulate nothing, and sat down on three records. This ordinarily would have created quite a scene, but one of the children was stealing the limelight by swallowing the cap off a Drene Shampoo bottle, and my crime went unnoticed.

Now came the time for my sister-in-law and I to adjourn to the briefing room where I received instructions on who got three nose drops and one Kleenex, and which one slept with the picture of Bambi and the headless doll. Jotting down notes in shorthand, I answered "Roger", and we returned to the combat area.

Behind each chair lurked a giggling Indian, while the mamas and papas put on their ear muffs preparing to join the Saturday nighters. But before they could leave, the Redskins sprang out and demanded a goodnight kiss. This proved quite ridiculous for me because in the confusion I found myself entwined twice in the arms of my sister-in-law. Finally, those who were to go were separated from those who were to stay, and I found myself alone and somewhat shaking as I looked at my foreboding companions. But being a girl scout, I mustered courage and fearlessly responded to the call of duty. I am now wearing the purple heart!

—Liz Astbury





ST. JOSEPH HALL

## PSY'CHO-MAN

(Continued from Page 8)

The horses were at the starting gate, the jockeys anxiously awaiting the gun. Rodney, very, very nervous, stood at the rail, wishing, hoping, praying for Psy'-cho-man to win. The starting gun went off. The horses were on their mad rush down the track, but by some queer trick of fate, Psy'-cho-man's jockey even as the starting gun was sounded fell to the ground dead with a heart attach. As the horses sped madly down the track, Psy'-cho-man, perhaps from force of habit, stayed right along with them. Rodney, at the rail, quickly grasped the situation and, with a sinking heart, quickly decided that here, indeed, was the supreme test. These next few minutes would prove or disprove the effectiveness of all those previous experiments with mental telepathy upon a horse.

Concentrating with all the stamina within him, Rodney saw that Psy'-cho-man was on the outside falling rapidly behind. Speaking loudly with his mind's voice, he proceeded to give orders to that riderless horse. "Come on, Psy'-cho-man, close up that gap. Get in toward the rail, Boy. Keep going, Pal, if you ever ran, run now. Run! Psy'-cho-man, run, run, run!" The gap began to close up. At the half way mark, Psy'-cho-man was in third place gaining rapidly on the two horses in front of him. Coming down the home stretch there was but a half a length between Psy'-cho-man and his opponent. Once again those mental commands began to register upon the horse's brain. "Come on, Psy'-cho-man, come on, boy. You can do it. RUN, RUN, RUN!" Down the home stretch and across the finishing line came a great riderless horse, stirrups flopping against his sides and reins aflying. Jumping over the rail and up to a magnificent, fatigued, lather-covered horse, ran Dr. Rodney Beaton. Throwing his arms around the neck of Psy'-cho-man he said, "You've done it, Psy'-cho-man, you've done it You've passed the supreme test, boy."

Page twenty-four

## INVASION

(Continued on Page 10)

Suddenly the red warning-light flashed. Just a matter of minutes now! The weird-shaped sky-men stood up, hooked themselves up, and moved nearer to the chasm which was the door—removable for "para-drops".

Replacing the red light came the green one. Swiftly, noiselessly, eighteen men hurtled into a night latticed by fire the rifle-like report of their static-lines echoed behind them.

As the last man "cleared", we swung about in a gradual turn and headed for the safety of England. Back through that rain of lead we came with only eight small-calibre holes as souvenirs. Back to the Channel flew our ship and twenty-nine others. Where was the German air-force? The sight of that shining strip of water brought many groans and sighs of relief from five very tired men. It was summed up by one profound ejaculation from our pilot—over the "intercom":

"Good God!" he exclaimed fervently . . . .

★ ★

## THE CYPRESS SWAMP

(Continued from Page 7)

closer; was it just his imagination? He felt stiff about the waist, like the trunk of a tree, and he had lost feeling in his feet entirely. Gazing down into the mud he thought he saw the reflection of the outline of a tree trunk. What had been his blue overalls seemed turned to grey. Without realizing what he did, he raised his arms upward. Branches! He felt a kind of exhilaration and no regret at all to be a part of the swamp—a great dignified tree in it. Suddenly he heard the voice of a man. It was a moment before he realized its significance for him.

"Boy," said the Indian, "keep still."

As the Indian helped the boy back to the camp he shook his head. "Go not in swamp without a guide."

The boy hesitated a moment. "How is the swamp supposed to know whether to turn a man into a tree or a knee?"

"If he is a great man, he will be brave, and will not shake when the swamp pulls him down."

The boy said nothing, but he was glad, for he was sure that this omen indicated that forthwith he was to become a chief, or great man.

★ ★

## BEAUTY

Little buds of wonder  
Peep from below each limb,  
And see they are in safety;  
No snow their glory dim.

The air is filled with fragrance,  
Though very light at first,  
And every being's afflicted  
With spring's refreshing thirst.

And only in the glory  
Of sun, wind and rain  
Will each brilliant bud brighten  
And slake that thirst again.

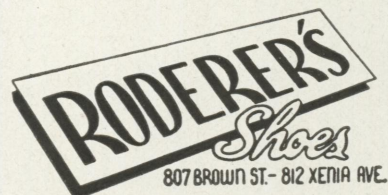
—WILLIAM A. SCHMITT



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