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EXPONENT

April, 1946



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THE EXPONENT

University of Dayton

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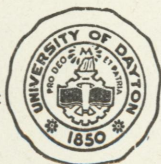
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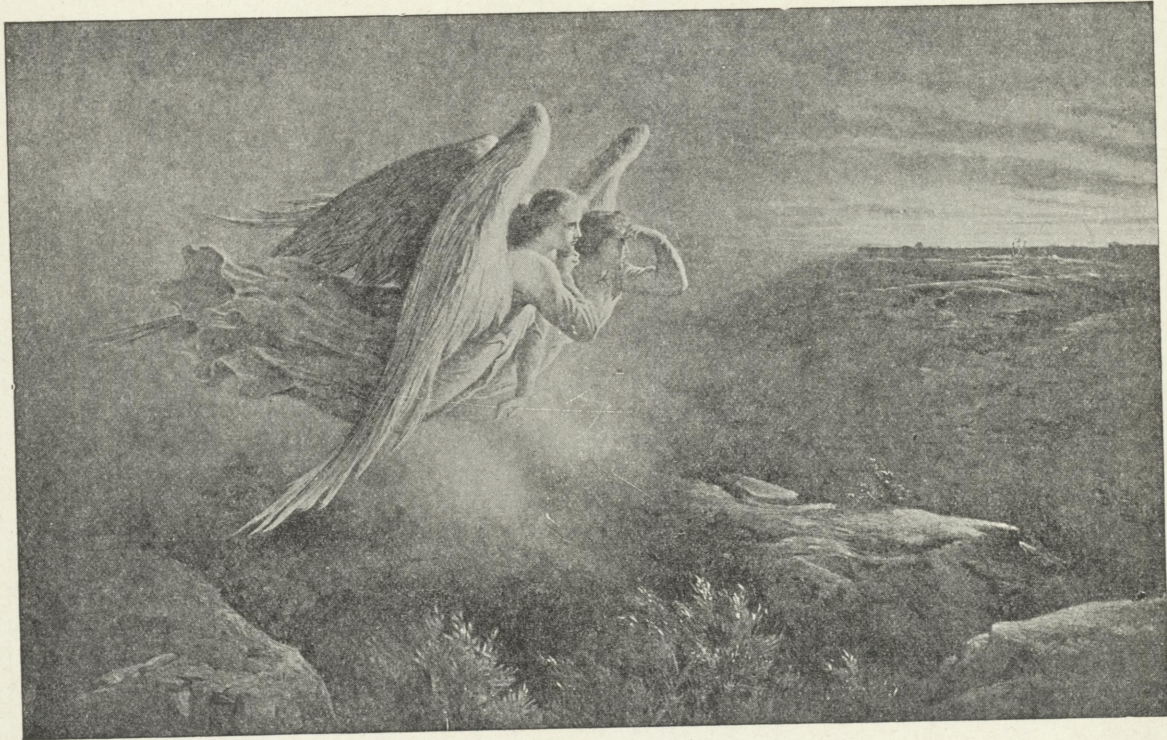
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EASTER MORN

From out the ruin and the blight
Of black despair and murky night,
From out the chaos and the tears
Of mortal dread and mortal fears,
Comes the Glory of Salvation
Comes the God of all Creation
Comes the dawn.

—RITA MCGARRY

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No. 4

GRAVEYARD OF THE PACIFIC

• By NICHOLAS R. DE VITA

A vivid description of the fight on Iwo Jima

Like a hawk which circles gracefully and warily over a traffic-victim's corpse on a lonely road, the plane dipped its wing - - - to hover over the tiny island below.

Barely one week previous, this speck of land in the Pacific Ocean was practically uncharted and unknown. Yet on this day it flamed across the front-page of every newspaper in America, with a throbbing

— "United States Marines Land on Iwo Jima." — Yes: 'America,' my land and yours, would be to some of these men, today's fighters and tomorrow's dead, an unreturnable ten-thousand miles away!

The plane lost altitude, magnifying the activity on the island below. Skillfully it avoided the sector of heaviest gunfire. It skimmed closely over Mount Suribachi, the volcanic crater, to land roughly on the bumpy runway. Forthwhile the detachment, the 'remoteness' of being a spectator, evaporated: we were engulfed in a pandemonium of noisy activity.

Noise was everywhere. For the following three days and nights, the sounds of battle crashed resoundingly in our ears. The gaping naval guns immediately offshore sent terrific waves of concussion thundering toward us. Nearby Marine-artillery barked, recoiling angrily as it expelled its shells. The screech and whine of heavy-calibre shells were

constant. There was the 'whoosh' of multiple rocket-launchers - - - the high plaintive drone of planes - - - the earth-shaking rumble of maneuvering trucks and tanks. All was havoc. At night the sharp cry of 'Halt!', the correct reply, or a rapid exchange of shots, would break the tense silence. Crackling, spasmodic rifle-fire, or the splutter of a machine-gun, like the noise made by a child who holds a stick against a picket-fence as he runs, filled the skies throughout the night.

All men soon learned to distinguish the note of a Japanese mortar-shell flying toward them, amidst hundreds of our own shells enemy-bound. There was also the more-hesitant voice of the Japanese machine-gun. One heard nearby battle-sounds, and saw the sky lit momentarily by yellow flares — only to turn a little restlessly on one's cot, and go back to sleep. It was especially easy to sleep if one had gone sleepless during the two or three nights previous.

We awoke stiffly in the morning. Rubbing the ever-present volcanic soot from our eyes, we splashed a handful of cold water from our canteens onto our faces - - - and the day began.

Curiosity is a compelling impulse, often over-ruling sound judgment. Aware that this would be an excellent chance actually to see front-line

action, we started toward the battle-zone.

Passing toppled tanks, like huge wounded animals, and an occasional rotting Japanese corpse along the roadway, we headed in the direction from which we had heard shouts and shots the night before. — About an hour before dawn, some two-hundred Japanese had infiltrated our lines. It was not an insane 'banzai' charge of sake-inspired Japanese, but a cunningly planned attack. Dressed in the clothing of American Marines, these Nipponese had by-passed encampments of Negro labor contingents, and, leaving the tents of the ground-troops unmolested, had reached their objective - - - the tents which quartered the flying-officers. Creeping up to these tents and slitting the canvas deftly, the enemy tossed hand-grenades inside.

Following the explosion of the grenade in one particular tent, the Japanese soldier concerned had heard the groans of the pilot-victims. The latter lay in agony — faces torn, and their bleeding sides laced with shrapnel. Blind, quivering with shocks, they lay helpless in their own gore, pleading from bloody throats: 'Oh God! Help!' Assisted by the pleas of the men themselves, the foe went from cot to cot, cutting throats. One wounded officer, despite himself, dug his teeth into his own hand, lest he betray himself by crying out. The Japanese soldier, thinking his work complete, left the tent.

As the area surrounding this sector attested, war is two-sided. Japanese bodies lay in various forms of death, twisted and broken. There

were headless trunks, with stumps of neck and blood-sealed arteries. Ribs, like curved fingers, clutched at entrails in the half-empty chest-cavity. There was one charred corpse, naked and black, petrified upright like a statue. The stench of the dead, taste-thick, hung in the air.

Filled to nausea with all this, we saw yet more death-stuffed caves and tunnels. Iwo Jima, four-and-a-half miles long, and in width two miles at most, cost our government more than had any other like piece in history. It withstood sixty-nine days and nights of consecutive bombardment. The defending garrison had scarcely weakened a particle. Maze-like passageways ran as deep as sixty feet into the centuries-hardened lava. Supplied with elevators and showerbaths, with food and water, the enemy could easily have endured for another three months, under continued attack, without suffering any material reduction in the original force of twenty-thousand crack Japanese marine-troops.

We walked in the narrow winding tracks of military vehicles, to avoid tripping any land-mines. Often we had to step out of the way of jeep-ambulances. The latter drove at a snail's pace, being usually attended by a walking 'medic,' who administered blood-plasm to keep alive the wounded until reaching the make-shift hospital in the rear. Double-decked jeeps carried the blanket-covered wounded, their heads directed toward the rear of the vehicle. The dead were reversed, their feet protruding to the rear.

We saw truckloads of mere boys, stacked like cordwood in temporary heaps, within what had the day before been the revetment for a Japanese plane. The latter bore all sorts of wounds. Chiefly, there were blood-matted heads - - - dirt-ridden, and with youthful beards. - - - And all of them quietly dead!

A round-faced 'cherub' of perhaps twenty, assigned to the burial detail, went from corpse to corpse. Knife in hand, he ripped pockets

and shirt-fronts open to extract the victim's identification-tags. Meanwhile, he munched calmly on a thick cheese-sandwich, held in the other hand. We thought it callous at first. But the lad had been working almost without interruption for two weeks . . . and he ate on the job.

Farther toward the 'front' we discovered a group of Marines in a ravine, huddled in two's and three's over their mortars. One fellow went from group to group giving orders and advice. Being just as dirty as the others, he looked exactly as they did. This, we learned, was a Marine captain - - - sans bars and brass.

Continuing forward, unaware of the true danger in exposing ourselves thus, we watched some Marines five-hundred-feet to the left; they crawled ahead, then turned and dived into foxholes. Seconds later there was a terrific explosion. Three dismembered Japanese, to be identified by their leg-wrappings, soared dummy-like through the air and thudded to the ground piecemeal. A squad of demolition-men had dynamited a cleverly-camouflaged enemy pill-box!

Though it quickened our pulse and froze our blood, the scene deterred us a little. Ahead there was nothing but the bleak, nightmare-like landscape. Immediately before us were some scattered foxholes, containing two or three Marines each. Jumping into one of these, we questioned the occupants as to the whereabouts of the front-line.

"This is it!" one of them replied. "Fifty feet ahead of us lies our most advanced position . . ."

They wanted to know the nature of our job. We told them that we were in a night-fighter squadron with the Air Corps.

"You mean that you guys fly at night, intercepting Japanese bombers . . . ?! Boy! Not for me: I'm staying on the ground," said one of them. We felt the same respect for

men in foxholes that they felt for us who flew by night.

Still moving forward, we joined two additional boy-warriors. Like the rest, they were frightened, dirty and bearded. The crack of a twig, or the sound of a bullet, made them skittish. With large white eyes, they seemed to look everywhere at once. The latter pair had lost a 'buddy' on the night before. They had been seven days and nights together on the front-lines. One of them, with an unnatural, high-pitched voice, showed symptoms of advanced combat-fatigue. He was nervous and jumpy, and on the verge of tears. Closest to the Japanese forces was a Brooklyn boy, of Italian descent, and twenty-one years old.

Nights in a front-line foxhole were a ghastly ordeal. Friend or foe, anything which stirred was killed forthwith. Sometimes a Japanese soldier would cry from his foxhole: 'Help! I'm wounded!' Crawling forward to inject a morphine-needle and ease his 'comrade's' pain, some 'medic' met death at the bayonet - - - or was strangled by the counterfeiting foe. The Japanese often regained during the night territory which the Americans had taken on the preceding day; American marines in this case discovered themselves to be foxholed among the enemy.

We peered cautiously forward. It was thrilling to hold the most-advanced position in the whole Pacific War! The enemy stood at bay immediately before us. We saw no hand-to-hand fighting, no wild exchange of rifle-fire. The 'front' was quiet . . . with nothing in sight. Yet every yard of ground would cost a life; it did! War here is poignantly personal: when a soldier raised his head and aligned his rifle-sights, either he found his mark or he himself, stunned, crumpled back open-eyed and open-minded - - - dead! A few days later the battle would move on. . . . The burial detail, finding his body, would load it with a thousand others. Jostling and swaying, the truck would take him away to swell the cemeteries of Iwo Jima . . . a cadaver among cadavers!

NANCY

● By MARY COTTERMAN

Young, pretty, successful, but unhappy

Nancy stood at the window and looked out at the dusky sky-line. Soon New York's mad display of light would be in full bloom. This was the part of the day that Nancy liked best and feared most. She liked the way the twilight softened the outlines of the buildings, and the soft gray of the sky. But she hated it because it meant night was not far away, and night to Nancy was the symbol of her life, darkness illuminated only by artificial brightness.

At twenty-five she was one of the highest paid writers in the advertising business with an office and a staff of her own. She had a beautiful apartment furnished in the best taste and her clothes were smart and expensive. She was young, pretty, successful but unhappy.

The office was quite dark and the furniture was distinguishable only as darker shapes in the general gloom, but Nancy still stood at the window. She lit a cigarette as she watched a large electric sign wink wickedly at her.

"I'm being very ungrateful" she reasoned with herself. But reasoning did not help much in her state of mind. It never did when she felt this way, which was almost always.

She let her imagination wander back into the past, and kaleidoscopic pictures of college life revolved before her eyes, and resolved themselves into one — Rod—

It was in her sophomore year at State that she met Rod. He was a junior then and studying architecture. They dated now and then, — football games, Saturday night at the Union, movies, and the J-Hop. Nancy never lacked for dates, but gradually she dropped the others and it became Nancy and Rod. Then came the summer vacation and Nancy realized with a shock how much she missed him. They

wrote each other long crazy letters that would have been gibberish to any but them.

At last October came and it was Nancy and Rod again. They were walking back from a movie the night he told her. Their conversation consisted of the usual light gay banter, but suddenly Rod stopped, sat on a bench and pulled her down beside him.

"Nancy, do you think you would like being married to an architect?"

It did not surprise her. She had known for a long time that he would ask her that some day.

"Well, not just any old architect. Did you have any particular one in mind?"

This was a game they were playing for each knew the other's thoughts.

"One Rod Marlowe — tall, dark, handsome, intelligent."

"No need to go any further, Mr. Marlowe. You are a good salesman." And then her voice softened and she smiled up at him. "I'll take that one."

In his arms, Nancy knew she had found what she wanted, and when he said "Oh Nancy, you're for me!" she could have cried for joy.

It was wonderful to be in love and be loved in return. This was not mere infatuation. Nancy had been through all that many times before. No, this was it. There was a new richness, a new color to life, because of Rod.

The fall and winter passed and Nancy and Rod were together every minute they could spare. They made such wonderful plans — it would take him at least a year to get es-

tablished so she was to finish school and —

Then in the early spring Nancy asked Martha to come up for a week-end at school. Martha was Nancy's best friend from childhood days, but she had been out of state to school. Martha was small and blond and sweet. Rod got a date for her and they had a marvelous time. Nancy wanted Rod and Martha to be friends, because she loved them both so much, and they seemed to hit it off, right from the first.

Rod began going home for week-ends oftener then, but Nancy thought nothing about it. She met his parents when they came for commencement. She liked them and she knew they liked her, — of course, they knew about her and Rod and so did every one else.

The evening before commencement his mother said, "Well, now that he is graduating, perhaps we will see our son once in a while."

And Nancy felt a knife jab viciously at her heart. Something left her then that would never return. Never again, would she have full, complete trust in any one.

She played her part well the next day. No one guessed, not even Rod. But later when they were alone she asked him and he told her. It was Martha. Nancy smiled and told him it was all right. She hoped they would be happy.

The man she loved and the girl that had been her best friend for years. Nancy knew that it was no fault of theirs, — it just happened. What good would it do to be angry with them? They could not help falling in love any more than she could.

Every one remarked about how well she took it. Some said that she could not have given him up without a struggle if she had really loved him. She was even maid-of-honor at their wedding that summer.

Nancy did not go back to State for her last year. It would have been too painful — there were too many memories.

New York, her work and plenty of meaningless dates, but for three years she closed her heart against men, — until Jack.

There was that feeling that comes from reading a book twice, you know what is going to happen next. It was the same story and Nancy could have written the ending as soon as the story began. But it was like going down hill on a sled and she felt powerless to halt it. Perhaps it would be different this time.

And then—much the same as before. But as this one healed a hard shell began to form around her heart. Something more left her, never to return, — a little more of her youth and trust.

That was three years ago. Nancy tabulated mentally, and since then it had been: no thank you. I'm not having any. Now Jay who had been so kind and gentle had told her last night that he loved her.

The same old circle, never ending. Somehow Jay had pierced the shell around her heart and left her without protection. If it happened again she could not stand it. But the third time is a charm, she thought, recalling that school day phrase. Perhaps this time it will be different.

A small voice whispered: "You said that before — Remember?"

Nancy flicked on the wall switch. She put her cigarette out and walked across the room to the closet. She laughed softly as she shrugged on her coat, turned out the light and closed the door behind her. The sharp staccato of her heels echoed in the corridor.

Exit the heroine, laughing.



INCREDIBLE EDIBLES

• By MARGARET DIERKEN

Sammy, the Flying Red Squirrel is writing

Of all the many and varied objects of interest to people and squirrels, food has long been one of the most prominent. There has been intense study on this subject along various lines; such as the elements in the various types of food, methods of transportation, preparation and (particularly in my case) how to get the most of it.

Scientists in research laboratories have gathered much information concerning the nutritive value of foods so that we know just how many calories, minerals, vitamins, protons and electrons there are, for instance, in one fourth of a sponge cake.

Also there have been developed better and faster methods of food transportation so that every squirrel has not only last year's nuts but this year's citrus fruit and fresh lettuce and tomatoes during the long winter months, as well as a certain amount of bird seed (any you can grab from the sparrows while the lady of the house isn't looking).

Furthermore there are now many new recipes by which to prepare foods. I was requested to write this essay because some of these new "creations" were invented by my brother, Satchelmouth, who is Chief Chef at the Walnut-Astoria. (I have another brother in New York who has built up for himself quite a business in the skyscraper district, giving express elevator service for small packages.) One of Satchelmouth's ideas was the Porkerhouse sandwich. The ingredients for this are simply one porterhouse steak, two Parkerhouse rolls, and whatever amount of imagination is necessary to make it taste good. Satch never makes cocoa except with coconut. He makes buckwheat panpies and pumpkin cakes. But his most popular dish is spaghetti and nutmeat balls.

Whew! That was a job. Those were the things I had to ask Satch about or look up in the library. Now I'll tell you what I know about food, and this is about how to get sufficient quantities of all the things that taste best. The corollary to this is getting insufficient quantities of whatever you don't like, but since there is so much opposition to this phase of the art, I haven't developed it to any great extent.

Nearly everyone knows what tastes best but there are a few suggestions I could make. One is walnuts, another peanuts, also chestnuts, hickory nuts and donuts. Some circus people, I hear, like bolts'n' nuts. Personally I never tried them.

There are numerous sources of supply in foods, the most popular being the super markets and restaurants and cafeterias. Now when you are in the super markets, don't spend a lot of time tramping behind a cart. Go about quickly so that you can visit as many stores as possible and find the very best goodies in town. The fastest way is to hop along the tops of the counters; thus you have a bird's-eye view of each article and in the same glance you see its price mark. Of course, if the store manager catches you doing this you might have some trouble; so the thing to do when you see him coming is jump into someone's basket and hide your face between your forepaws. They'll think you're a lady's hat every time.

The best departments to visit are the bakery section and candy rack and even the cereal counter. Often you will find here grape nuts put up in large boxes. (Somehow, though, grape nuts never did taste to me as if they grew on vines; so maybe we had better forget about them.)

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PROSE IN THE ESSAY

• By THOMAS SMITH

A backward glance

Students in the classes of English literature spend most of the time studying the poets. The reason for this is that very much of great English poetry is difficult to read and the teachers realize that students need help in understanding and interpreting poetry. Prose is studied in classes like the essay and the history of the novel. Poetry and prose have always been written, but in the beginnings of all literatures poetry was the instrument for creative writing. The ballads and the folk epics and the metrical romances were in poetry. Probably the gift of song and the gift of poetry were spontaneous with these primitive people. As our civilization advances and becomes more mechanical and scientific we reach the age of reason and the age of prose. It will be interesting in the paragraphs that follow to trace briefly the history of prose in the English essays.

There were novelists and other prose writers in the days of Elizabeth but their works are not read today because the plots are scanty and the style is quite involved. In fact, we have a word today in literary criticism, "euphuism" which comes from a book called *Euphues* written by John Lyly, a word that signifies an obscure, affected and ornamental style. Good writers today do not employ such a style.

The first important prose writer in English literature is Francis Bacon. With Bacon we can truly say that prose arrived in English literature. He avoided all the tortuous twists of the euphuistic school and set down his ideas in the essays with directness and simplicity. There is no sentiment, no emotion, no poetic fancy in the writing of these essays and the style is like a clean glass through which the reader can see the development of thought.

Concise, sententious are the adjectives that qualify Bacon's style. The essays of Bacon and of his followers are didactic in that they are concerned with the bettering of mankind. But their view of morality was more individualistic than social. Bacon died in 1625 and we must wait almost a hundred years till we come to the next important writers in the history of prose.

These men are Addison and Steele with their essays in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Till about 1700 the essay and consequently prose to a certain extent was avoided by the prominent writers, but after 1700 most of the great writers wrote the essay and peoples of all classes read it. The new essay might be called the joint creation of Steele and Addison and the periodicals that came into existence because of the relaxed censorship and the interest in politics were the outlet for these men. Their essays were didactic in the social sense. Steele was fired with a reformatory zeal to stem the torrent of ignorance and vice, and Addison wanted to bring philosophy out of the homes into the coffee houses. We might say that the periodicals were the organs of those who patronized the coffee houses where they discussed society, morals, literature and politics. The essays of the periods were the outgrowth of the London coffee houses. The style in which both Steele and Addison wrote is vigorous and unaffected. But of the two when there is question of style perhaps Addison stands out the most preeminently. Without doubt he is one of our great English stylists. The eulogy of Johnson expresses what may be called the consensus of opinion about Addison's style. "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Under the influence of Theophrastus, an old classical scribe, English writers produced a new kind of prose composition, characters, in which they would define in general terms the quality of say a malcontent, a busybody, a vainglorious person, a noble person or a humble person and then would illustrate by many details. The people in these characters might be described as types slightly individualized.

Steele and Addison established the essay and fixed its form for the next hundred years and Johnson and Goldsmith wrote in that manner, the qualities of which are uniformity of length, a certain variety of subject within fixed limits, a less personal and more social outlook on life and a satirical bent. Essays of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* type continued till about 1820, when we come to the modern essay established by Lamb, Hazlitt, Hunt, and DeQuincy.

There were causes for the rise of the new essay. Romanticism was in the air and romanticism means abandoning the old forms and experimenting with the new and the stressing of individual interests. This new force in life and literature affected men of responsive and original genius such as Lamb and Hazlitt, men who were capable of forming and establishing a new type of literature. Another important cause in the growth of the modern essay was the rise of the modern literary magazine, like the *Edinburgh Review* founded in 1802 and the *Quarterly* founded in 1809. Writers were not limited to a uniform length because some of the essays were twenty pages long. Then the freedom from old traditional fetters and good pay were strong incentives for men of original power to break away from existing conditions.

The new essay was not anonymous. It was more direct and less artificial, the illustrations were more personal, and up-to-date, there was not much satire and teaching, the kind of writing was determined by the character of the writer, and

(Continued on Page 24)

Strange Disappearance of Henry Adams

● By LOIS HAGER

A story about good, simple, rustic folks

It was on a lovely Spring day that Henry Adams disappeared. He had just plowed the south field of the productive tract of land he had inherited from his father, and returned to the house to wash up. The Miller children passed the old Adams place on their way home from school, and called to Henry as he splashed the dirt off at the water pump in the back yard. Shortly after that he vanished without leaving a trace.

It seemed very strange to us that he would simply walk off and leave a farm that was netting him a nice profit. The Adams farm is about the best piece of land in this part of Ohio, with corn fields in the rich bottom land, good wheat fields, and an orchard of peach and apple trees that scented the surrounding countryside with their fragrance in the spring, and invariably produced a bumper crop in the summer and fall.

The county sheriff made a routine investigation of Henry's disappearance, but could find no indication that the old man had met with foul play. After a fruitless search of the property and the surrounding vicinity, and unproductive inquiries of the neighbors and townfolk, the sheriff finally filed Henry's case away with the missing persons bureau and took up more pressing matters. After all the old man had lived alone and to our knowledge had no immediate family to press the investigation.

Henry's strange departure from our midst created quite a bit of excitement at the time and rumors ran like wildfire, but as spring blended into summer and summer into fall, we gradually ceased to speculate about the mystery and attributed his disappearance to the eccentricity of an old bachelor.

It was just two days before Christmas, when I received a letter that touched off an even greater furor in our farm community, and set tongues wagging for miles around. It was from Henry and he was coming home with a wife.

He wrote:
Dear Mrs. Thompson:

I know that you must have been quite surprised when I left so suddenly last spring without leaving a message as to my whereabouts. I meant to get in touch with you before this, but I've been so busy and somehow didn't have the heart for writing letters. I feel that I owe you an explanation, in view of the favor I'm about to ask.

You wouldn't remember Mary Dawson. She moved to Chicago before you and your husband bought your farm adjoining mine. She was a pretty little thing. She taught school in town and took care of her invalid mother. Miss Mary and I kept company for some time, but she didn't feel that it was right to marry as long as she had her mother to look after.

About fifteen years ago, Miss Mary heard of a specialist in Chicago that she thought might be able to help her mother, so she decided to go there. I hated to see her leave, but she promised to keep in touch with me. We wrote to each other regularly at first, but after a year or two, she stopped writing. They must have moved about that time because my letters were returned to me, so I finally stopped writing too. I never forgot Miss Mary, though, and I subscribed to the *Chicago Tribune* just that I might by chance read something about her in the paper.

That day last spring, when I had just come in from plowing the

south field, I read in the Chicago paper that Mrs. Grace Dawson had died after a long illness. I knew that must be Mary's mother, so I got my savings together, "hitched" a ride on a meat truck and came to Chicago, determined to stay here until I found Mary again.

She had moved around a lot, and it was pretty discouraging. I finally found her in the public ward at the Municipal Hospital. They told me that she was just tired and run down, from too much work and not enough to eat. When she was well enough to leave the hospital, we were married. We want to spend our first Christmas together at home, and plan to arrive in town on Christmas Eve.

I know the place must be pretty run down, with no one living on it for such a long time. I would be very grateful if you would get some one in to clean the house and freshen things up a bit, so that it will be a real homecoming for my Mary. I know that this is a lot to ask of you, but I'll try to make it up to you later.

With kindest regards,
HENRY ADAMS

There was a lump in my throat when I finished reading the letter. Poor Henry! Who would have thought that he, of all people, was nursing a secret sorrow. It certainly is strange that you can live right next door to a person for years, and not really know him at all.

I hurried to the phone and called the ladies in our sewing circle to tell them my amazing news and to enlist their aid. We met the next morning promptly at seven o'clock, all except Annie Watson, but then she is always late. While the women cleaned the house from attic to cellar, the men brought in firewood, ran errands, and generally got in our way. The house was finally clean enough to please the most exacting housekeeper, and we set about trimming the Christmas tree that one of the men had brought in from the woods.

(Continued on Page 22)

GIANTS OF AMERICA

• By ISABEL KLOPF

Take a trip through the Sequoia forests.

Today when travel is so restricted and congested one looks back with pleasant memories upon her trips of former years. One of these trips took me to California where there are indeed many attractions to lure the tourist. But of all these attractions, one stands out in my memory more than any other. The middle eastern part of the state is the home of the oldest living things on earth, the Sequoia trees. Here, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada range, trees older than the Christian Era lift their massive heads to heaven and proclaim themselves patriarchs of the plant world.

The Sequoia trees belong to a cone bearing genus and are of two species — the big trees or giant Sequoias and the redwoods or evergreen Sequoias. Some of these aged monarchs of the forest were mature plants when the pyramids of Egypt were being built. The size of these huge trees seems incredible to one who has not seen them or ridden through the Mariposa grove. Here a tree of average size, twenty-three feet in diameter, was felled; and by counting its annual rings, was discovered to be 2125 years old. One of the largest trees (dubbed "Grizzly Giant" because of its battered appearance) is twenty-six feet in diameter, 312 feet high, and 3800 years old. In addition this giant supports several branches, each of which is six feet in diameter. The "General Sherman" is so immense that it requires twenty men to encircle its trunk, and another, the "Empire State" is ninety-four feet in circumference. The Wawona tree has a tunnel chiseled through its base, and large motorbuses can easily drive through it. An odd sensation passed through me as I rode through this living tunnel which raises its green head 227 feet into the sky.

Other strange things have been done with these Sequoias. Imagine a dancing floor made out of a tree stump! A dancing pavillion was made by polishing the surface of the stump of one gigantic specimen. The Indians are said to have made a stable out of one of these living Sequoias. A great hollow was burnt into it and six ponies and mules were stabled inside it. The size of these trees can also be illustrated by the fact that a church in Santa Rosa, California was built entirely from the wood of one great redwood tree.

Another remarkable feature of these trees is the durability of their wood. It resists decay for centuries, even when buried under leaf mold. Well-preserved trunks have been found by miners at a depth of more than 2,500 feet below the crest of a mountain ridge. These immense trees have a correspondingly thick bark — sometimes two feet thick. The bark is cinnamon red on old trees, and reddish purple on young specimens. The soft, coarse-grained wood is red in the center, but the wood containing the sap is white. The trunks are very large at the base and gradually taper as they go upward; the branches begin to appear about half or two-thirds of the distance to the top.

It is a picturesque Indian belief that the big trees alone among the children of the forest were specially created by the Great Spirit. All other trees, they say, grew like other plants. This tree was named in honor of the half-caste Cherokee Indian who invented an alphabet for his tribe.

Indeed, as one walks through the aisles formed by these majestic trees, one feels small and insignificant. What is the stature of one's puny self in comparison with

the height of these ancient giants of the forest? What a wealth of knowledge and history these monarchs could give to human beings if they could but talk! What was happening on this continent of ours when the Pharaohs of Egypt in the Old World were building their pyramids? What ancient tribes were shaded by the foliage of their branches fifty or sixty centuries ago? How many mountains and valleys were formed and carved in their lifetime? It is hard to believe anything so old can still be living.

There is a deep feeling of security in these groves of Sequoias and redwoods. Here all troubles and worries seem to fade away. The sunlight has a difficult time penetrating the heights of these trees and finding its way to the ground covered with the pine needles. Here and there on the ground can be found the small cones from these huge trees, and as one examines the tiny seeds that these cones contain, one can hardly believe that from them could grow such mighty trees.

It was with a mixed feeling of awe and regret that I left Mariposa grove — awe at the great handiwork of God and regret that I was saying farewell to such majestic monarchs. In the words of John Muir — "The big tree is Nature's masterpiece. As far as man is concerned, it is the same yesterday, and today, emblem of permanence."

★ ★



HER FIFTH SWORD

• By GEORGE R. GAENSLER

On Calvary's heights

"Et introibo ad altare Dei." The Lamb of God has reached the altar, now let the Mass begin.

After reaching Calvary, Jesus is relieved of His cross and it is lowered to the ground. Men surround Him, pushing, jolting, spitting, impatient for the kill. Teeth gleam, lips foam, saliva drools into unkempt beards. Eyes are swollen and inflamed with malice; dirty hands are raised in anger, and voices ruled by passion clamor — "Let Him die! Crucify Him!"

St. John is clutching his hair and rocking his head in helpless woe. The repentant Magdalen is on her knees, her rose-gold tresses hiding her face, while her fists beat hard against the earth. Between the two, there stands Our Lady, straight, serene, and beautiful — yet stricken. In regal resignation she stands, in splendid contrast against the ugliness, the shame, the tumult, and the violence.

Naked gusts of horror have blown away her tears, but have not dried the pity in her eyes: pity for her children and her Child. The sun, making a halo of the dust about her, is shining on her saddened face, high-lighting her firm chin, and wide white forehead. But she makes no move to help this dearest one of her children, the only One of them she cannot, must not, help. Her soft lips move in prayer — but not to comfort Him. They ask forgiveness for those who torture Him; they ask His love for those who love Him not; and for those who hate Him. Her hands are joined in solemn supplication, mute advocates invoking mercy for the merciless, and pity for the cruel.

Then roughly, a soldier tears from the holy head the crown of thorns. It claws the Savior spitefully as it leaves, exacting precious treasure. And they strip Him.

The seamless robe, saturated with His blood, baked by the sun, and ground into gnarled lace of His back by the heaviness of the cross, has become one with the fabric of His back — that wondrous satin woven in the womb of Mary by the love of the Holy Ghost.

Strong hands tug at the stubborn wool, and rip it free. But, ah, a hundred tiny patches of His skin adhere to it. Jesus reels with matchless pain. A quick indrawn breath — more frightful than any scream — interrupts His mother's prayer. The red ebbs from her lips, her shoulders quiver, and she is still once more, yet gazing upon His back — an altar cloth, blackened and scorched and striped by fire, hacked by impious hands into a snarl of lace and ribbons, and smeared with a sticky wine, a holy red wine seeping from the broken chalice of her Son.

There naked and shamed stands Divine Love before His creatures, to be laughed at and mocked. "A naked king," they shout, "A naked God? He's a man like us and yet He calls Himself God! Kill Him! Crucify Him!"

"But give Him His crown," one demands, "for even on His death bed a King should wear His crown."

As a lamb before the shearer, Jesus lies upon the cross, without protest, without resistance. His raw back is pressed against the rough wood and scalding resin. His arms are outstretched; His feet are held by soldiers; His head rests on His pillow of thorns.

The hammers rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall. Slowly they rise, gleaming for a moment in the sun. Swiftly they fall. Iron clashing against iron, against the surface

of the pine, against the softness of hands and feet.

Close by stands His mother, her eyes frightened and dark and swollen. Her dry lips tremble at the sight; her hands are at her sides, and cupped as His are cupped against the agony of the nails. White tulips they seem, held against the deep black of her dress. Tulips shaking in a cruel wind.

The cross is raised by ropes and upon the shoulders of men and brought to the edge of the hole dug for it. There is a hush — such as comes before the Elevation in the Mass, when the last echoes of the great organ cease reverberating, and no one stirs.

The cross is dropped; suddenly, expertly, vertically, with a jolt that all but tears His hands loose from the nails; with a shock that throws His head forward, then sharply back against the beam, driving the thorns deep; with a jar that plunges Him, helpless, into a raging flood of pain.

Men hold the cross in place while others shovel dirt into the pit and stamp it down. And there our Divine Savior hangs, dancing a ghastly dance.

The wounds have now lengthened in His palms. His face is as white as Our Lady's hands; so white that the blood, the tears, the bruises, the spittle, and the dirt stand out in hideous relief against His flesh.

The drumming silence is broken. "Father forgive them," He whispers, "for they know not what they do."

His mother stands close by, her head upraised to drink the bitter chalice offered; her arms outstretched and reaching upward. A woman cheated of her child, and envious of the tree that holds Him. With Him she offers His body and blood to the Father, all in perfect adoration, in thanksgiving for all the blessings showered on mankind; in reparation for our sins, and in petition for all sinners among the living and the dead.

ON CALVARY

I see You hang upon the tree
On Calvary's grassy slope,
Your eyes are closed in death for me,
You died and gave us hope.

And as I stand and see You hang,
I know 'twas I who caused the pain
That nailed Your limbs and pierced Your side
And stood and watched and then - - - deride.

You reached Your gentle hand to me
And said You would forgive,
And then You bowed Your head in death
To die that I might live.

You asked Your Father and you said
"They know not what they do"
And then two thousand years went by
And still I torment you.

—RALPH W. PLAS

★ ★ ★

TO A RETURNED LOVED ONE

A long, long journey
My heart has taken,
Winter and spring twice through,
The senses sleep, but the senses waken,
The hours of now still woo.
Once again the magic rises,
The air is sweet with spring surprises
They flirt, they drug, they cloy—
Never!
Such weather!
To frame such joy!
Lacking the one ingredient, dear
Were your springs insipid?
Poetry cold and music tepid,
The wine of life gone flat and drear!
Mine were cruel,
Each star a pain,
My heart — a draggled fool
In the tarnished rain,
A cancerous dream in a little shroud,
Drawing the acid tear,
Hoping for sunlight through the cloud
Hope against hope
Fear against fear
Until life smiled
And you were here!

—ELLEN JAY

SPRING

This is the subtle season
Fashioned of dreams and tears,
Taunting the placid reason
Remembering the years;
Stroking the deepened grasses
With airs that briefly blow,
Telling each hour that passes
Its dream of long ago!
Dreams of a laughing gypsy
Over the gypsy hills —
March, the wild and tipsy;
April, bright with thrills;
May, demure and winsome,
Provocative and shy,
Dreams — each day will spin some —
Dreams — each heart will buy.
Spring has a song to barter
Of lilac's tinted drip,
Of columbine the martyr
And bumblebee the tartar
On his marauding trip;
A song of striate color
Across the weeping sky,
Of dawning's dewy color,
Of twilight's painted sigh.
This holiday, this teasing,
This miracle of green —
This is the subtle season —
This song, this tear, this dream!

—ELLEN JAY

★ ★ ★

A POEM — USING THE TERM LOOSELY

I've decided to write a poem about spring
Because I can't think of another thing
To write about. But wait a minute — don't go away—
Listen first to what I have to say.
I'm just as tired as you are of that old line
About breezes and trees, so listen to mine.
I'm not going to rave on about skies of blue.
I'm tired of that stuff so I'll try something new.
All the poets talk about a blue bird,
But I've never seen one — I've never even heard
One. I'm not going to write about flowers and buds.
Guys that do that are old fuddy-dufs.
Each year you hear about spring in all its glory —
Every year the same thread-bare story.
Now you probably don't think this is very good.
Neither do I, but I did what I could
To make clear beyond the shadow of a doubt
All the things I wasn't going to write about.

—MARY COTTERMAN

Editorial Comment . . .

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SPRING IN RESURRECTION

To feel the true and deep delight of springtime you must open your heart, a door to your thoughts and hopes, and air them, dust them off, open them to the sun so that every winter-chilled corner is warmed. The acceptance of this very spiritual of the seasons needs preparation. Yet even with the readiness to receive it, you will find yourself starting with amazement at fresh glories you had not comprehended.

* * *

Spring is most like a child . . . in its newness of underside of green . . . quietly as a robin's breast sinking warm into her nest . . . sweetly as a child walking.

Spring is most like a child . . . in its newness of life it sees through clear eyes untroubled by fear or intolerance — no child learns these by himself . . . in its manifestation of divine love and tenderness the smile of a happy child is sweet in the air . . . with its beauties turning our thoughts to the Creator of all good, in its humility of bearing, it reflects the spirituality of a child . . . like the young Jesus in the temple, humble yet wiser than his elders . . . already about his Father's business.

* * *

Sr. Therese of Lisieux knew the importance of the child's heart. When the "learned treatises of men tired her she turned to Scripture and found there the "infinite vistas," and like a child, surrendered herself "into the arms of the Good God." Surely there is a springtime in the heart purified by words of Holy Writ.

* * *

Then the spirituality of spring was made even more meaningful to us as the season of rebirth, when this same childlike Jesus arose from the human chains that would bind Him and came forth to bless the sunshine, the birds that sang above Him, and the flowers that blossomed under His feet. This Resurrection put the seal on His mission. We joy in thinking that on that day of resurrection He was as free as a child, that the torn cloak of the Man of Sorrows was dropped forever from his shoulders and that He was happy in his arising.

Goethe tells us we must earn anew that which our fathers have bequeathed to us if we would possess it. What an all-consuming task for us to "become as little children"; to prepare our spirits clean; then for Easter to put on the new garments of praise for old one of heaviness; to sincerely dedicate our minds and hands to the ever-appearing Christ!

—A.K.B.

* * *

OLD HICKORY

In the year 1767 England passed the Tea Act. A few months later on March 15, 1767, Andrew Jackson was born of Scotch-Irish parents, who had emigrated from Ireland to South Carolina. Jackson spent his early childhood amongst the woods and the farmland of their plantation; there he learned the lessons of life. He learned to be kind and friendly, he learned to be fond of sports, and he also learned to be able to take care of himself.

During the Revolution he learned the bitter lesson that War teaches; his family was killed, his home destroyed, he himself was left weak and sickly from a siege of smallpox that had enveloped the British War Camp. For the death of his mother and his two older brothers he held tender memories.

After the Revolution, Jackson studied law and at the age of twenty was admitted to practice in the courts of Tennessee. Later on, Tennessee was admitted to the Union and Andy was elected to Congress. He was appointed to the Senate to fill a vacancy by Governor Sevier of Tennessee.

In 1812, when the British threatened to take New Orleans, Jackson resigned his seat in the Senate, went back to Tennessee and formed an army of frontiersmen. From Nashville his army traveled down to the Mississippi River, down to New Orleans. The British arrived in their bright red uniforms marching in closed formation with their flags flying and their drums beating but soon they were shattered. From the breastwork of cannons and muskets the Americans poured down a constant barrage of fire, the British soldiers

broke and fled, the battle was won. From the streets of New Orleans came great crowds shouting, "Long live the victor of New Orleans! Long live Old Hickory."

The popularity of Old Hickory spread like wildfire from the South to the North and from the East to the West. Andrew Jackson had become the most popular man in the country.

The Democrats nominated him for president and in 1828 the grateful people of the United States elected him president. He took control of the country and of the party and his influence on the people was greater than that of any previous president. Through the newspapers he published open letters on the controversial issues of the times. Old Hickory had won the hearts of the people and in 1832 he was reelected by an even greater margin. However, not everything ran as smooth as he liked. Congress threatened impeachment if he took the country's money out of the United States banks and put it in the States banks or the "pet" banks but he went ahead and did it. In 1832 South Carolina threatened to secede but he kept this state in line and kept the nation together by throwing in his popular influence. He finally brought Texas into the Union by pleading with Sam Houston one of his captains in the battle of New Orleans. In 1837, he helped elected Martin Van Buren president by campaigning for him in the South.

Jackson returned to Tennessee, beloved by many and there in his home the Hermitage, spent the rest of his life. At the age of seventy-eight he passed away and was buried next to his beloved wife, Rachel, in their old fashioned flower garden. —S. DEH

★ ★ ★
A WISH

O, that the world might rise to see
That golden sun on Galilee,
Or pass within the City wall
And stand in Herod's mocking hall
Or wander through Gesthemane!

O that each feeble human spine
Might bear the burden that was Thine,
Thy Cross of wood without — within,
The weary Cross of human sin,
Thou didst atone, alone, Divine!

—ELLEN JAY

CONGRATULATIONS

The Vicar General of the Society of Mary appointed Brother Paul Sibbing, S.M. as the new Inspector of Schools of the Cincinnati Province. Brother Sibbing was on the faculty of the University in the department of chemistry from 1926 to 1930. Since then he was perfect of studies of Trinity College in Sioux City, Iowa, for nine years. In 1939 he was transferred to St. Louis College in Honolulu as president of that Institution and when he was appointed to the position of Inspector he was principal of St. John Baptist High school in Philadelphia. His visitation of the schools of the province will carry him to Puerto Rico and Hawaii and may eventually carry him to China. He has many friends on the University faculty who hope and pray that his work will be crowned with success for the benefit of all the students in the schools of the Marianists of the Cincinnati province. His very pleasing personality and his long years of experience in the field of education will admirably equip him for his very responsible position. Ad multos annos.

★ ★ ★

THIS AND THAT

Congratulations to the students for the wonderful showing they made during the Forty Hours devotion. It was an inspiration to see the large number of men and women at the two high masses on Monday and Tuesday and the continuous stream of adorers that came to spend their appointed time with the Master in the Sacrament of His love. Then the attendance at the 12:20 lenten devotions is very encouraging, too. Makes Father Leimkuhler feel very happy, that is sure. . . . Do you ever take part in any extra-curricular activity? You know when we watch the football players out there day after day going through those strenuous drills in preparation for the games that we want to win next fall, well, we just can't help thinking how much some people have to do at college besides studying. A tip to some of us that are interested in activities. Why not look around and see what you can do to help the general student body in some way. You are going to enjoy those games next fall after such a long lay off.

—S. DEH.



We... The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . RITA E. MCGARRY

WE, the WOMEN - - extend our cordial Easter wishes to faculty and fellow students.

To the Religious: A joyful conclusion to the season of Lent.

To the lay faculty: Bills for Easter finery that are as tiny as your wife's new hat.

To the veterans: Whole basketsful of lovely Easter eggs - - - not of the powdered variety.

To the other male students: Delayed draft calls.

To the women: A whole year just as wonderful as spring is.

To Harry Baujan: A crop of football players who are strictly misogynists.

—REM

★ ★ ★

EASTER SPECIAL

Spring is the season of the year when all the world abounds with things new — new flowers, new loves, new ideas and new hats. This last item has become a tradition for the American women who rarely fail to purchase an Easter bonnet each year. On Easter Sunday these new hats blossom forth in a score of distracting ways. To the male worshipper at Easter church services most of these hats seem incongruous and ridiculous, but the female faction has St. Paul to back them up to the last ditch. After all, it was he who said that women should cover their heads for church but he failed to indicate in what manner this was to be executed.

Hats constitute an endlessly controversial issue. Papa, who must pay the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker simply cannot see "putting thirty dollars into that heap of felt, feathers, and fruit." Mama who is ever bent on keeping up with the well-known Joneses is seldom thwarted in her efforts by mere masculine words. The result is that American hat designers reap

a harvest marked with a dollar sign and hats become increasingly grotesque and consequently, more eagerly sought after.

There are however, some hats which do not look like something out of a designers nightmare. These hats also find their way, inobtrusively, into the Easter parade and often their wearers are the smartest-looking women. (This is the logical moment for me to launch into a snappy commercial for beanies or jeep hats, but in consideration of the high standards of this publication, I shall refrain from doing so.) It seems an evident conclusion, though, that a hat should complement a face and not detract from it by gaudiness or ornate design.

—MARY F. CAVANAUGH

★ ★ ★

TO THE READERS:

Properly speaking, this article is intended for all the students. Appropriately enough, it is being included on the Women's Page. Read on and see why.
Editor

ON PEOPLE

The world is filled with strange characters. There are those people who are clever — and those poor deluded individuals who think that they are clever. It is to this latter group that this article is directed.

There are many people who seem to have nothing better to do than to go around and dig up the latest scandal, enlarge upon the facts and distribute this information to their friends and acquaintances. They think themselves quite successful if they can tell someone something that will cause the listeners' mouths to droop and their eyebrows to lift. These scandal-mongers are always around, ready to hand out to eager

ears any bit of gossip that it might please them to circulate, never considering whether it means the ruin of another's reputation or not. In fact, it is seldom that a catty person will lower himself so much as to say something complimentary about another.

Many disastrous things have happened because some gossipy individual has spread a rumor. Like a feather tossed in the breeze a careless remark is difficult to retrieve. By the time the remark is made the damage is done. Think first of the consequences and then continue your conversation.

It is an erroneous opinion that women are the only ones who spread scandal. Men are just as serious offenders but they seldom seem to realize their guilt. Many a reputation is ruined or marred by dormitory or poker-party conversations. When reprimanded for cattiness many men reply, "I'm not being catty, I'm talking about women." I don't know whether the remark is intended to be humorous or if men are really so guileless that they do not realize the harm in what they are doing. The conversation may have been harmless in origin but after it has been bandied about from one person to another, the original statements are often unrecognizable.

I am no example of one who has never made a catty remark — I could not cast the first stone. Still I do try to keep such thoughts to myself when they do occur. It is immensely disgusting to be subjected to a conversation with someone who has nothing better about which to talk than the character, disposition or financial status of a third party.

—ANON

★ ★ ★

HOUSECLEANING

The point of my story is housecleaning! Every year the word housecleaning rings in the ears of good housewives — and also in the ones that aren't so good. Ye old mop and broom are dragged out and the busy little woman generally tears up the joint. The living room furniture is in the dining room and the piano — where is it? All the chairs in the house somehow get piled up around the door and the innocent husband walks in and promptly falls flat on his face.

Such is the case in our house. Whenever the weather starts to get nice and I see that certain gleam in my mother's eye, I know what's coming. One bright morning she will say, "Now I want you to come straight home from school today. I am going to start to houseclean." There is no use to protest. Meekly I say, "Yes, Mother." By the time I get home that afternoon our house is in utter confusion. I can't even

get in the front door. Shouting above the roar of the sweeper I explain to my mother, "How do you expect me to get in?" Of course she doesn't hear me. By this time I establish a beach-head and stumble in. If I hadn't lived here for the last nineteen years I would say that I was in the wrong house. The curtains are all down, the rugs are gone, and the furniture is piled up in the middle of the floor. "This is ridiculous," I say to myself. The vacuum sweeper keeps roaring in my ear and my mother keeps yelling at some one. "Oh, where is the quiet and order that I left only this morning?"

My mother, although I can hear her, is nowhere in sight. No doubt she is buried under a piece of dirt somewhere. "Maybe I can sneak out before she knows I'm here," I hopefully think, knowing full well that it didn't work last year. Just as I have my hand on the door she appears and says sweetly, "Come here, I have something for you to do." Looking at her I can't quite decide whether or not she is my mother. Perhaps I should throw her out as an imposter. I have never seen any one so dirty, except maybe our coal man. If our house is *that* dirty then we can't pride ourselves on being very clean! All the while I am making these profound observations my mother is giving me instructions. It finally dawns on me that I am going to wash the living room windows. (Now if there's anything I like to do more it's not washing windows.) I try to protest but she silences me by handing me a bucket of water and three short, but meaningful words, "get to work." Just then the telephone rings. I rush to answer it, but it isn't there. I can hear it, but where is it? Frantically I try to find it. No luck. Finally it stops ringing. Unhappily I pick up the bucket and beat my way through the upheaval to the windows. I wring out the rag and start washing. My fate has been sealed. "If I fall off this ladder I won't have to finish this." All sorts of ideas start going through my mind. I discard this idea after due consideration, however, as I would probably kill myself. Think of all the grief (?) this would cause my family!

Pretty soon my father comes home and laughs gleefully at the sight of his daughter washing windows. "You won't laugh long," I haughtily jeer at him, "wait til she gets you." Confidently he says "she won't bother me." The last I saw of my father he was hauling two mattresses down the stairs.

This kind of torture goes on for days. Pretty soon I begin to lose weight from all the hard work. My father begins to wear a haunted, tired look. The worst of it is I can't see any improvement in the house. And my mother! Oh, she loves it! Didn't you know? Housecleaning is the favorite indoor sport of women.

—MARY ROSE KEVILLE

U. D. TO ERECT FIELD HOUSE

● By ROBERT HUELS

Alumni Dream To Become Reality

Students welcomed the news that the long-awaited University of Dayton field house moved a step nearer realization with the recent public announcement by Rev. George J. Renneker, president, that the construction of the \$300,000 building will begin in the spring of 1947.

Seating 4800, the field house will fill a long-standing need of the University for adequate facilities for indoor athletics and student assemblies. In addition, it will be made available for high school and industrial league games, other amateur athletics, professional basketball games, exhibitions, and conventions.

The new field house will be 167 x 175 feet and equal a five story building in height. It will replace the old gymnasium, built in 1873, one of the finest in Ohio at the time but outgrown and inadequate today.

Constructed of brick, stone trimmed, and colored to harmonize with the other buildings of the campus, the field house will occupy a site on Alberta St., north and west of the U.D. stadium, west of St. Joseph's hall, and south of the Albert Emanuel Library.

According to plans drawn by architects Arthur R. Geyer and George T. Neuffer, the building will be of steel skeleton construction with clear span roof trusses 163 feet long, giving all spectators an unobstructed view of the playing floor. The floor, of maple flooring laid over waterproofed concrete, 100 x 135 feet, will be large enough to allow two practice basketball courts or one professional size court and folding seats for 2100 spectators.

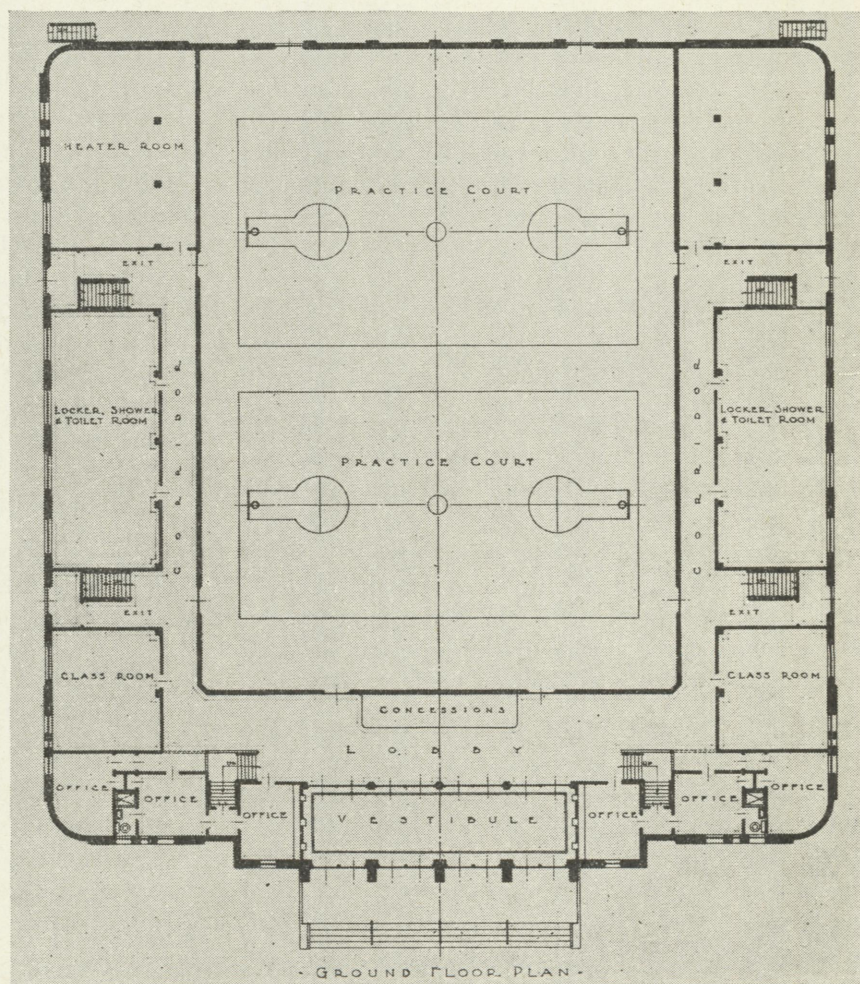
Permanent stands surrounding three sides of the playing floor will seat 2700. Folding seats on the playing floor around the court will increase the seating capacity to 4800. For assemblies and other activities such as boxing matches that require less floor space an additional 1200 seats may be placed on the playing floor.

The general public will pass through the front entrance on the Alberta St. side. Three ticket windows will be located at each end of the front vestibule. A series of doors will lead to the lobby and concession stand and to the stairs leading up to the stands.

Offices of the physical education directors and officials, two class rooms, and locker, shower and toilet rooms are on the ground floor. A medical room will be provided in the southeast corner of the building near the stadium. Public smoking rooms and toilets will be located on the intermediate floor just below the stands. Doors in the tile wall surrounding the playing floor lead to the corridors.

The roof will be fireproof, insulated, and acoustically treated. The corridors and lobby will also have acoustically treated ceilings.

The financial campaign to build the new field house began quietly in 1942 when a group of alumni met at the home of Martin Kuntz. C. H. Gosiger, Harry Cutler, Harry Mack, Henry Malloy, J. Ellis Mayl, and David Margolis were also in the original group, later joined by others including, Syl Deininger,



FLOOR PLAN

Charles Eisenhower, Charles Whalen, who headed our alumni campaign, Eugene Mayl, and representatives of the University including Rev. John A. Elbert, president of U.D. till 1944.

An executive committee was formed with Martin Kuntz, chairman; Harry Cutler, vice-chairman; Clarence Gosiger, treasurer; Eugene Mayl, secretary; and Harry Baujan and R. C. Brown, assistant secretaries.

The money has been raised quietly with no public solicitation, and public announcement of the plans were withheld until approximately \$200,000 was collected and prospects for raising the other \$100,000 were bright. If an additional \$80,000 is obtained, the building will be constructed with stands on all four sides of the playing floor and a total seating capacity of 6,000. Labor and material costs were too high to begin construction this spring.

Father Renneker, in his statement of the U.D. field house said in part: "Physical and health education, including recreational and competitive sports, are vital to every individual, to a community, and to the country. The University of Dayton has always endeavored to provide for this need in its educational program . . . In this post-war period, the development of the physical faculties of our young people must continue to be stressed. To attain this objective more efficiently, an adequate gymnasium is necessary.

" . . . During very recent years, a number of friends of the University, deeply conscious of this need, have formed themselves into a voluntary committee for raising funds sufficient to erect a University of Dayton Field House . . . Through the efforts of this Committee, companies and individuals have made substantial donations to this fund so that the University feels that it

can now announce to the citizens of Dayton that as soon as possible a field house can be built, possibly some time in 1947.

"Not only the University, its Administration, Faculty and student body, both present and future, but also the citizens of Dayton owe great gratitude to this committee and to the donors . . ."

Announcements concerning the new field house made front page head lines in local papers and were greeted enthusiastically by civic leaders, sports' lovers, faculty, alumni, and students alike.

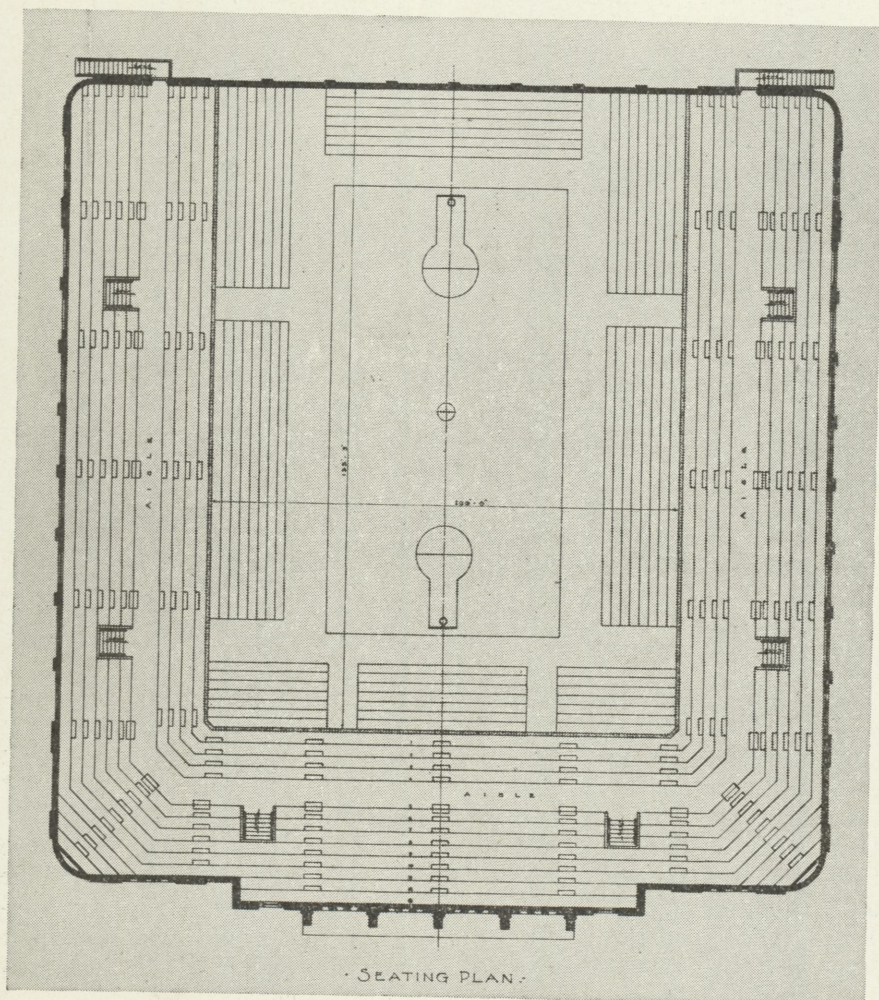
Mayor Edward Breen, '30, announced: "The people of Dayton should be delighted to hear that their University's dream of a field house will soon be a reality, just a matter of months away. The University of Dayton field house will be of city-wide benefit and interest and the citizens of Dayton can take pride in this announcement."

Paul Williams, managing director of the Dayton Chamber of Commerce stated: " . . . We in Dayton are proud of our University and the educational and cultural opportunities it affords. That it proposes to add to its plants and to provide facilities that will increase its efficiency and broaden its program is evidence of the progressive spirit that has been one of its great characteristics."

Harry Baujan, athletic director and head football coach, asserted: " . . . Because of this vision and loyal support of a group of friends of the University who realized our need for such a building, we are getting ready to construct a field house to satisfy both the needs of the University of Dayton and the City of Dayton. Our hopes are high and our gratitude is great."

Martin Kuntz, '12, chairman of the field house committee and member of the Athletic board, stated: "I became interested in the project of a new field house for

(Continued on Page 22)



SEATING PLAN

Around The Campus

FACULTY

Rev. George J. Renneker, S.M., president of the University and Rev. Edmund J. Baumeister, S.M., dean of the graduate school, attended the meeting of the North Central Association in Chicago during the last week of March.

Rev. Charles L. Collins, S.M., registrar, Brother George W. Nagel, S.M., dean of the business division and Sister Agnes Immaculata, S.N. D. de N., dean of women, attended the regional conference of the Council of Guidance in Cincinnati the last week of March.

Harry Baujan, head coach of the University, addressed the joint meeting of the Young Men's and Gem City Democratic clubs on "Football Stars of Yesteryear" on March 27.

Earlier in March Harry Baujan and Jim Carter, assistant coach, addressed the members of the Agonis club.

Faculty members who attended the Ohio College Association meetings at Columbus April 5 and 6 were Rev. Charles Collins, S.M., Brother Francis J. Molz, S.M., Brother William Wehrle, S.M., Brother George Nagel, S.M., Brother Albert Rose, S.M., Miss Betty Mayl, publicity director, Miss Mary Shay, alumni secretary, Dr. L. O. Lantes, Dr. Daniel Leary, and Mr. Reeves Swartz.

★ ★

CLUBS

Miss Joan Dodsworth, alumna of the University and presently medical student at Loyola University in Chicago, spoke at the March 13 meeting of the Sigma Delta Pi, pre-medical society, on her experiences as a medical student. Dr. Edgar Reagan, alumnus of '42 spoke at the March 27 meeting on experiences in medical schools and internships. Dr. Reagan is an intern at St. Elizabeth Hospital, Dayton.

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The Mechanical Engineering society of the University held its annual St. Patrick's Day party in the men's lounge. The committee consisted of Fred Henne, Gerard Rissacher and Dave Borchers. Mr. Lawrence Jehn, of the mechanical engineering department, is the faculty adviser.

The Alpha Rho Tau, arts division coeds club, sponsored the St. Patrick's Day party for the women students in the women's lounge. Eileen Quinlisk, Jeannette Stoecklein and Dorothy Kuhn were on the decorations committee. The refreshment committee consisted of Myra Boland, Rosemary Busic, Helen Vlahos and Betty Hodapp. Shirley Duerr, Margaret Ashworth and Bonnie Stelzer were on the publicity committee. Featured on the program were Jeane Warman, Joan Olch, Madeline Unger and Winnie Coates.

The University Flyers Hangar club held its St. Patrick's Day Dance at the Loretto. On the committee were Eleanor Kurtz, Margaret August, Kenneth Trimbach, William Greger, and Joseph Mori.

At the last meeting of the Mothers Club Judge Rodney Love, alumnus and former faculty member of U.D., spoke on "Strange and Queer Wills."

At the last meeting of the Upsilon Delta Chi, home economics club, Dr. Sheryl Winters was the speaker.

★ ★

RESERVE OFFICERS

The University of Dayton ROTC unit held a military review in observance of Army Day, April 6 at eleven in the morning. A luncheon for officials of the University, the U. D. military staff, the cadet officers and special guests was held at the Biltmore April 6 at noon. Rev. George Renneker, S.M., president of the University, was one of the principal speakers.

ENROLLMENT

The enrollment in the day classes for this semester is over 900 students and the enrollment for the night classes is over 700. Of this complete enrollment 668 are veterans. There are eighteen women among the veterans. In the day classes there are 345 veterans and in the night classes there are 235. Thirty-five per cent of the veterans are studying engineering, thirty-three per cent business, fourteen per cent arts, eleven per cent science and five per cent education.

In order to accommodate the increase in the student body next fall the University will lengthen its school day and just about double its staff. The present plans call for taking care of about 1500 in the day classes. Classes will be held continuously from eight to six. No definite lunch period will be designated. Instead staggered lunch periods will be in effect with the cafeteria open all day. The new plan will not be a definite double session with one group going to class from eight to one and the next group from one to six. There will be some overlapping especially in the science and the engineering divisions. It is expected however, according to tentative plans that upper classmen will go to class in the morning and the freshmen for the most part in the afternoon. In announcing the plan, Father Renneker, the president, said: "Every school has a positive debt to the returned veterans. In this post war emergency we must go all out now to do our best to supply the educational needs and demands of the men and women who were doing their best for us during the recent conflict."

Veterans will be given preference over all other applicants and there will be no limitations in the number of women students is the report from the office of the registrar, Father Collins.

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

What's steamin', deamons? Miss me last issue, huh? I bet. Thought you'd got rid of me, didn't you, but it isn't as easy as all that. Relax! You couldn't have done anything so drastic to warrant a large amount of worries, or on second thought, could you?

Did you know that our "Uncle Billy" Walsh has reluctantly ceased his daily visits to the local metropolis. Neither did I, although that's his proclamation.

Al Sprauer has two new arrivals. In his orchestra, I mean. Did you notice the something-new-has-been-added effect at the last Hangar dance? To date, his orchestry is bigger and better than ever.

Dottie Dixon and Miriam Keim apparently dip their crowning glory into pools of silvery star-dust. Ever notice how their hair shines?

Dick Sherrer is practically the Bob Burns of Alumni Hall. Sometime have him tell you the story of "Bloop-maker, 3rd Class."

My neck is rather on the stiff side from turning my head rapidly while watching a mild form of tennis without the wind, rain, and dust, namely, ping-pong, in the gal's lounge. The pretty ping-pongers are Dot Koester, Phyl Keifer, Joan Fulwiler, Sue Argast, and Lois Slavin.

It seems that Sammy Shapero was backed down the arcade of late by Julie. 'Fraid Julie'd bite or somethin', huh?

I don't know who, but someone asked Pauline Fecho if she'd found the swimming pool yet. For some unknown reason it perturbs her.

Our Mike Zeno is having love woes. What happened to Wanda?

- - - - Phyl Stewart and Bob Elliot are seen slowly stepping around the campus in between classes and during the lunch hour. - - Rita McGarry and Johnny Wyrnn aren't exactly on the buddy-buddy side of friendship, either. - - - Another new two-some is found in Marilyn Kelly and Vern Vandebrook. Makes me old heart feel light and gay, it does. - - - (No one around here minds his own business except me.) June Schwinn and Ed Seeboeck of late have been gazing deep into each other's eyes. Da-rool, da-rool. - - - Gracie and Gene carry out the am-I-seeing-double scheme with their wearing of yellow sweaters with beige mixers. - - - Dick Hackett and Maggie Ashworth are dating very regularly, too. They're another neat match. As a matter of fact, I think that everyone's been rushing spring.

The Laughters, jolly Jack and Cy, have blonde tastes in Pat Griffin and Audrey Renner. They make awful cute couples, too.

Guess what I saw! Yo-yos! Eileen Quinlisk, Jan Stoecklein, Helen Vlahos, and Dean Kuhns were madly yanking up and down bright, round, - yes, yo-yos. Here we go! spring's really on the in-coming chart.

Jimmy Murphy is the possessor of an infectious grin. Better be careful if you're in a grumpy mood when you meet him in the hall - because you can't help smiling back at him. Comes the balmy, sweet spring days and most young men's hearts turn to thoughts of love (or so they say) but it seems like young married men's hearts turn to thoughts of fishing, at least that was the case of Bill Wagner and Jim Clampet a few weeks ago. As the story goes Jimmy and Billy and the

two spouses went to Indian Lake in quest of great catches such as blue gills and bass but all Bill caught was a great big splash and the reason? Well Bill was standing on a dock, rod in hand, concentrating with all his worth on the supper at stake when CRACK, CRUNCH, accompanied by a loud yell and Fisherman Wagner was next seen to be sitting on the bottom of the lake, rod in hand, and shouting. Yep, right through the dock he went and according to Bill, that water was so-o-o wet. Well, better docks and smaller splashes next time Bill.

If you ever hear Larry Shaw going through the hall humming the tune, "Its A Grand Night For Singing" don't try to sing the words along with him 'cause all you'll get will be something like sounding like double talk. For his version goes something like this, "Its a long way to Bradford dum dum dum te te dum, dum - - - sigh." Too bad Larry but that's life.

Honestly, I'll never, never get used to the bounding energy and utter disregard of weather shown by the golf addicts here at school or Ray Miller, Dick Campbell, and Jack Dillon. The rain may have been drowning everything for hours, the puddles may be as wide as lakes, the fog thicker than the well known pea soup, but the minute a brave little ray of sunshine gorges its way through the clouds, they give a shout of delight, splash their way to the car and off they go, to play or shall I say swim, about eighteen holes. Golly some people are gluttons for punishment.

Have you noticed how Frank Maloney is always asking the girls to take walks? Hum, must be a nature lover.

(Continued on Page 24)

Student Essays . . .

DIVE BOMBER

Back in nineteen forty-three I was a student in the War Training Service (W T S) at the Municipal Airport at Vandalia, Ohio. I was taking the course prescribed by the Civil Aeronautics Administration for secondary pilot-training. The airplane used as a Meyers Trainer, a one-hundred forty-five horsepower biplane with two open cockpits. The usual occupant of the front cockpit was my instructor, an old-time pilot with a wind-burned, "instrument panel" face. His nose, hooked and bent by several contacts with the instrument panel, was supported by a wild, fierce-looking mustache which was his pride and joy. His formal name was Fred Haines, but he was known to his friends, and in the barracks as "Fearless Freddy." Besides being a fine pilot, he was a "good Joe." We soon became very friendly. This course ran from early March till around May fifteenth. The event which I want to tell of occurred early in May.

It had been a balmy spring day, a little warmer than usual, and now as dusk approached the air was light and warm. It was especially noticeable as I tried to force the little underpowered 'plane up to 3,500 feet for some aerobatics. Fearless Freddy was in the front "office" merrily pounding my knees with the stick if I skidded or slipped in my turns. We flew back and forth between Vandalia and Troy trying to gain the necessary altitude, and finally, after approximately thirty-five minutes of steady climbing, I had 3,450 feet indicated altitude.

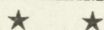
At the instant I was about to level off, the stick shook violently in my hands. This indicated that Fearless wanted control of the plane. Immediately I complied and we half-rolled onto our back, split-S out, and headed nearly straight down! As I gasped for breath and

waited for my stomach to catch up with me, Fred looked over his shoulder, his mustachio streaming in the wind, and a maniacal look came to his eye as he screamed above the roar of the engine, "DIVE BOMBER!!" By looking straight down over the nose I could see the target of this "dive bombing:" an inoffensive little four-car train steaming sedately along toward Troy.

Down and down we roared until we leveled off at grass-top altitude, a wing's length from the engineer's cab, nonchalantly waving as we roared by at the terrific speed of one-hundred thirty miles per hour. We pulled up sharply, did a climbing roll, and proceeded back to the field. Mission accomplished. Mission successful.

I have flown heavier, sturdier, faster 'planes and with many men during my Army career, but for moments of keenest pleasure, I shall always recall the halcyon hours when Fearless Freddy and I tooted the little Meyers through the Ohio sky.

—WILLIAM E. GILLESPIE



SPRING IN THE AIR

Yes, there is spring in the air, the first spring in five years. Oh, I can't deny the fact that the season we call spring didn't come around as it always does. This year, however, is the first time people can fall into the calm, quiet, annual laziness of spring. Now the war clouds have passed. Now after five long years of turmoil, death, and destruction has come peace. From behind the fast disappearing clouds of war the sun comes shinging to light up a new world of peace.

Like all springs there is the seasonal rain, and in this opening season of peace there seems to be a few periodical thunder showers.

Will these thunder showers become violent storms and flood the world with distress? Will they wash away the hopes of the peoples who have just gained a new freedom? Will they disregard the blood stained shores of Europe and the Pacific? Will they forget the men who died there? It is the duty of us who live on, to enjoy the spring, to act as the weatherman and make our predictions of world unity come true.

Nothing should prevent the nations of the world from drawing ever closer together and nothing should obscure the fact that in their harmonious intercourse lies the main hope of a world instrument for maintaining peace on earth.

It seems that out of all this the United States stands at the highest point of power ever attained by any nation. If this is true it imposes upon the American people a duty which cannot be rejected. With opportunity comes responsibility. Remember, strength is granted us all, when we are needed to serve a great cause.

If we mark off the weather of peace in a world charter, I hope we can succeed in lifting the curse of war and the darker curse of tyranny. Thus will be opened ever more broadly to anxious toiling millions the gateways of happiness and freedom.

Compare the rain with war and the sun with peace and the window in my story the window through which we must look at the world of tomorrow and you have this:

Rain drops in the window
Rolling down like a wooded stream,
They flash there on the window
With a tiny silver gleam.

The horizon clear in the distance
As the clouds pass swiftly by,
And now the sun comes shining
And brightens up the sky.

—JOSEPH H. HIGGINS

THE HOUSE I PLAN TO HAVE

As long as I can remember, I have always had a keen desire to own a practical but cozy little home. Perhaps it is because I feel that a happy and wholesome family life can only have as its hub a comfortable, pleasing abode, the product of long-range, careful planning. Of course, up pop thoughts like - - - Where should I live? What type and kind of construction would make the most suitable house? Which is more practical, one-story or two? Is a fireplace a necessary item? And, one could go on for hours asking himself many, many questions like these. All of which proves that the home planner's task is in reality, a complete one.

Now, I have decided, that my home will be located in the suburbs of Denver, Colorado or country similar to that section of the States. That locale appeals to me, particularly because of its all-year-round pleasant weather and its close proximity to what I think, comprises some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, the Rocky Mountains. I will not be content with a small city lot to build in. On the contrary, I must have a few acres, so that Joe Doaks, my neighbor won't be crowding me too much. Besides that, the children are going to need a little expanding room; and who knows, perhaps I may someday desire to dig a small garden or coop a few chickens.

The type of building will be a low-appearing, one-story affair, with most of the rooms having at least one southern exposure. To accomplish this, it will be necessary to have at least two wings radiating from the large combination living and dining room, the floor of which will be depressed about two feet lower than the rest of the rooms. One wing will be composed of the kitchen, dinette and the garage extension, while the other wing will have its bedrooms entering into the main living room. There will be a basement beneath the dinette and kitchen to provide for the furnace, laundry room and workshop. The overall impression one would get, if he viewed my home from a dis-

tance, would be that of a sturdy, graceful looking structure nestling among an abundance of evergreens and shrubs.

My better judgment informs me that stone or brick would be the proper outer construction material, despite the fact that the initial cost would be greater. Over a period of a few years, the constant expense of repairing, refinishing and repainting the outside surfaces of a frame dwelling would considerably overbalance that extra initial outlay in the case of the stone or brick home. This also applies to decorating the interior of the home. With recently introduced techniques of wall finishing, the use of old-time methods, like wall paper on plaster is becoming more outmoded every day. That is why the finish on the interior of my home will be of such a nature that it will require only simple washing or cleaning methods, and when renovation time comes along, that too will be a simple task.

Although a fireplace has very little intrinsic or practical value, I think there should be a place for one in every home. True, its radiant heat is warming only to those who happen to be in the path of its rays, however it has another value, that of producing a certain cheering effect upon the household. And that, I believe is sufficient reason for having one in my home.

Another important item is that of cupboard and closet space. It seems that everywhere I have lived, that

problem has always existed, much to the displeasure and inconvenience of all concerned. In my home, I am going to have so many closets, drawers and cupboards built into the walls, that I shall never want for space to put things.

—FRANCIS X. SCHOENBERGER

★ ★

THEY DIDN'T COME BACK

For over an hour we kept a vigil for our planes to return home from a long and perilous journey. We had the day to recuperate from yesterday's mission to Berlin and it was only natural, as we commonly state it, to "sweat it out."

In the shadow of the tower which overlooked the air field we spotted our group formation winging its way towards the base. Red flares from the bombers were darting into space and we presumed that wounded were aboard. The plane circled the field in the traditional manner but the crippled bombers dashed from the runway to be greeted by ambulances at the terminal stand.

We counted each plane as it roared down the runway but one was missing. Checking with the officer of the tower we were astonished to know that the missing plane was Palmer's crew, our hut-mates.

From reports of the other crews that returned we knew of our friends' fate. We could not let ourselves believe that they could not return. Just why it should be

STUDYING

I study this literature, but I wonder why
I would rather stay outside, and gaze at the sky.
But Brother Tom says study, so study I must.
But if I keep studying my mind will surely bust.

I take my literature book, wherever I go
I once opened it up and out popped Smoe.
I think that I'll read American literature with joy,
Because in this book I might find Kilroy.

Now, Kilroy is a man that must be admired
He went all over the world and never got tired
But if I ever opened my book, and found him inside.
I'd put up a sign saying, Kilroy slept here and died.

—EDGAR ALLEN DAWSON

they, when it could have been some other crew we knew little about, well we could not answer.

Darkness had crept across the sky as we closed the operations door behind us. We strolled carelessly through the muddy trail to our hut secluded in the woods. When we reached the hut fellows from the supply room greeted us with saddened faces. It was nothing new for them to be ready to collect the missing crews effects and they were anxious to get it over with as if it were a daily routine.

Quietly we separated quarter-master, which we tucked into a white mattress cover, from personal effects carefully packed in a barracks bag. Tears filled my eyes as I removed the radio operator's insignia and wings from his blouse. These I would send home to his mother for I knew he wanted it that way.

When the supply truck pulled away from our hut with the effects of the lost crew, we were left with six empty beds and memories of four long months that we all shared together in that little hut.

The following morning we had a replacement crew who were excited to venture on their combat mission. Those six empty beds were occupied again but we kept hoping that our buddies would some day, somewhere reach our shores again.

—WILLIAM W. HUSTON

★ ★

U.D. TO ERECT FIELD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

U. D. when I became aware of the need for such a building both for the University and the city of Dayton. The University needs it for its educational program. In the character building of youth, activities along athletic lines are of prime importance. The youths need an outlet for their energies. The City of Dayton needs such a field house too, to accommodate amateur athletics.

Bill Ginn, whose 245 points this season broke an all-time U.D. scoring record, voiced the typical student opinion: "The new field house sounds great to me. I'm just a freshman now and by the time I'm a junior U.D.'s team should be playing on their own floor and I hope to be on that team. By having our own field house we will be able to schedule more games with better schools."

The Dayton Herald commented editorially: "... We congratulate the University of Dayton as the recipient of such a welcome gift. To those responsible for it we can but add 'Well done.'"

★ ★

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF HENRY ADAMS

(Continued from Page 8)

Some of the women who couldn't help with the cleaning had promised to supply the food. They arrived just as we finished trimming the tree, and the house was soon filled with tantalizing odors of their culinary masterpieces.

We all agreed that after the long trip on the train from Chicago, Mrs. Adams wouldn't feel up to the strain of meeting a houseful of strangers. After leaving a note of welcome and congratulations on the table, we returned to our homes completely exhausted, but thoroughly happy with the day's work. I'm sure that more than one curtain besides mine rustled as Henry and his wife rode past the farm houses in the station taxi a little later in the evening.

I met Mary Adams after the Christmas services at church the following morning, and was completely captivated with her quiet charm. We have been good friends ever since.

It certainly seemed good to have Henry back on his farm again. Now that it is Spring, the fields are beginning to have that well-tended look, that only a conscien-

tious farmer who loves the soil, can give them. It is good to look out across the fields at night and see the lights from the Adams home twinkling a friendly welcome, and to know that two lonely people have finally found their happiness together.

★ ★



RESURRECTION

I.

A seed in earth,
An autumn rain,
A white snow-shroud,
A mourning cloud,
A winter's wane,
A flower's birth!

II.

A heart awake,
A sweetness stirred,
A brief goodbye,
Dead years gone by,
A welcome word,
A love aslake!

III.

A twilight's gold,
A deepening gray,
An indigo,
A midnight slow,
A hint of day,
A burning bold!

IV.

A Star that gleamed
Betrayal priced,
A Cross of doom,
A mournful Tamb,
The Risen Christ!
A world redeemed!

—ELLEN JAY



Janey's Long Distance Calls **HAVE DOUBLED**

Janey's keeping the wires humming these days what with that marine from Texas and the sailor from Kansas. Long distance conversation is getting to be a habit with her. And she's not alone.

Long distance calls in Ohio have doubled and are still zooming. That's why there may be delays on your calls. But we're putting in new circuits at twice our pre-war rate to catch up with you and with our high pre-war service standards.

P. S. Janey's planning to double her chances for a bright business future by going into telephone work.

THE OHIO BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY



"A Good Place to Work"

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

(Continued from Page 19)

Tennis season is here again. The eager Alice Marbles and Don Wilsons clear away the snow and ice, stretch the nets, and begin the game, while vigorously shivering in their sneakers. Jean LeBoef, John Hall, Ruthie Koerner, Jeane Warman, Louie Rossi, and Elly Retig - - plus scores of others, - are the willing followers of the energy-relieving sport.

Have you noticed the radiant smile of Frank "Bud" Schmidts? You aren't human if you've missed it. It (to put things mildly and softly) is BOING!!

Rosie Busic has one of the sweetest dispositions at U.D. Not only is she friendly to everyone, but something about her warmth is contagious and you feel friendlier for having smiled at her with an accompanying "Hi!"

"Meow! Meow!" Does that strike your conscience a blow? In almost everyone's routine of the day, a guy or gal is bound to be catty or destructively critical. When we are, it's usually a case of just not think-ink before blurting out with an "Oh! I know she's a good student, but she doesn't exactly make faces and throw spit-balls at the prof." or "He's a good Joe, but he's got the idea that we bow down to him when we see him." In most cases it may be the truth, but don't make the mistake of carrying around false propaganda. You might stumble into your own trap. If you don't like some habit, or if you've heard a naughty tale about him, either tell him in a tactful way or just grin and bear it. But don't cat or add to stories passed to you. Jeepers, you'd be surprised how many kids are hurt or have damaged reputations just because some lil' gal or fellow decided to cook up a real special. Think of the person as being you - - and oh, brother, I know you won't open your mouth needlessly. Besides, your fellow-gossip-

er, plus the audience you invariably have won't think too much of you for tatling on someone else because who knows, it might be one of them, come next juicy story. Teacher closes the book for today. Just use the brain before the tongue.

Whatchaknow! No more space. What? We haven't chatted about you today? Just wait . . . the law of averages'll catch up with you - (if I catch you). Happy mid-terms!

★ ★

PROSE IN THE ESSAY

(Continued from Page 7)

the egoism of the writer in telling about his likes and dislikes was frank but not offensive. With Lamb we revisit the scenes of his school-boy days in London, we meet his friends and his family and we learn of his sympathies. With Hunt we sit by the fireside and listen to his comments on his reading and about the people that he has met. With Hazlitt we take a tramp in the country, we enjoy the comforts of an inn, or we listen to his delightful remarks about books and poets. And from DeQuincy we hear about his dreams and acquaintances. These new writers of the 1820's wrote about London life but they included what had been omitted by their predecessors, for instance chimney sweeps, sailors, clerks, tradesmen.

It would be interesting to trace the development of prose in the novel from Robinson Crusoe in 1719 through the establishment of the novel in 1740 with Richardson and Fielding and then with the nineteenth-century greats, like Jane Austen, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and so on. But that is is another task. Our purpose has been to show the reader how prose developed in the essay from Bacon in the 1610's down through the years till it has become the tool for practically ninety per cent and more of our writing in this scientific and commercial age.

INCREDIBLE EDIBLES

(Continued from Page 6)

Other places to get goodies are, as I have mentioned, the restaurants and cafeterias. I prefer the latter because it is so much fun walking along the tray track pushing yours while all the big people have to walk on the floor. Also, if the person behind me is engrossed in the food he is looking for and choosing, I just sit in my tray and get a free ride.

The other day, though, at the Carolina I was embarrassed. I was sitting at one of the tables quietly nibbling away at a large red apple. In fact, this apple was so large that as I held it between my forepaws I couldn't see beyond it. The apple was quite heavy too, and I decided to lay it down on the table for a second. Well, just as I had brought it down to where I could see over the top, I stopped short! There stood an extravagantly dressed lady staring at me. After the first moment (and it seemed hours) she screamed at the top of her voice: "It's a mouse - and so HUGE!" With this she jumped to the top of one of the tables.

Well, they never did calm her till the proprietor explained that this "mouse!" was one of the U. D. flyers and a former member of the Air Corps. (Incidentally, I finished the apple. It takes more than that to hurt my appetite.)

To sum up this discussion on food, the best thing is a verse I know;

There was a young man named Hubbel,

Who wanted his malts to be double.

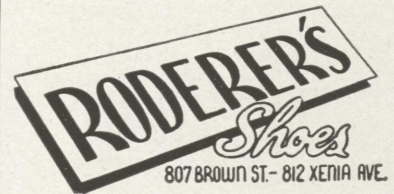
They cost him four bits
And the long walk to
Schmidt's,

But were worth every bit of the trouble.

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