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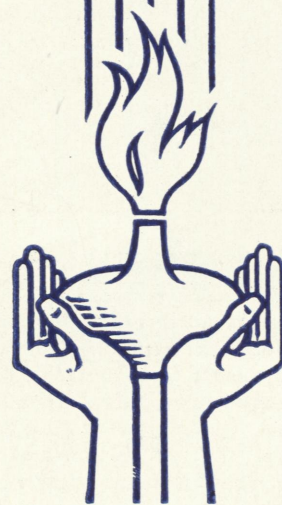
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



APRIL 1940

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC



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—SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you*, too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra* smoking in every pack. (*See below.*)

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THE EXPONENT

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

The Editor is not Glum....

The Editor is NOT Glum...

Honestly, this word business is driving us daft! And there it goes again. DAFT! Isn't that a silly looking thing? Just like GLUM or ABET or IMplode or SKEIN or GLUM. Horrible, fantastic words like those keep jumping out from behind my umbrella-stand bookmark and leering at me with a sort-of-superior-smirk on their cute little consonants. I'm cracking up, I tell you!

Why, what's the use of even trying to read when, every few steps, something like ELOIN, UBEITY, BRUCKLE or MIEN politely pokes eye with sturdy little fist? Where is the future in it? Anybody can go through life being unhappy if they want to be unhappy, but why call them GLUM? That only makes it worse.

How would you like to be called GLUM? . . . or DOLT? . . . or WOWF? I don't blame you.

But, seriously, where in the world do they get such things? SPUNKIE, LISP, GRACKLE and TWO! Look at them!

And, incidentally, ETYMOLOGICALLY is no bargain at that price, either.

Masterpiece of the Month

Robert M. Hutchins,
Prophet or Visionary?

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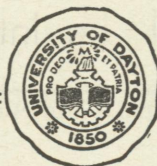
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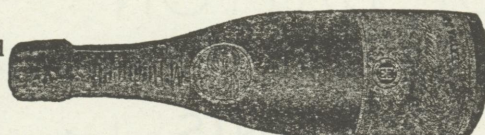
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This "Ad" by Frank J. Schmitt merited Third Award in the Ad-Writing Contest

THE University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXVIII

APRIL, 1940

No. 4

Robert M. Hutchins, Prophet or Visionary?

One of the juniors of the division of education attempts a discussion of President Hutchins' plan of education for American youth of today. According to this plan you would graduate with a bachelor's degree at eighteen. The article is of special interest to all college men and women.

EDUCATION in America today is a big business, one of the biggest we have, in fact. Thirty million students using ten billions of dollars worth of school facilities, and consuming two and one-half billions of dollars each year from the budget of our various local governments make education a big business. Such figures might cause a furtive recheck if written out in numbers, but they usually slip past us without any appreciable reaction. That they represent something big, I think you will agree.

Is our educational system producing results to warrant such an outlay of money? I believe most outstanding educators of the present day are agreed on this point. It is NOT. Attempts have been made and are being made to remedy this deficiency. Progressive Education is an attempt. Where it falls short in its underlying philosophy of action is not the purpose of this article to demonstrate. We wish to turn our attention to the plight of higher learning in America, in which we are personally concerned. Do we merit this condemnation? Many educators again agree on the affirmative side. Very few can be found to defend us. Jibes have been made at our qualifications for a degree. It has been said that persistence and patience are the only requisites for a degree. Naturally this is simplifying requirements a bit too much. Perhaps the president of Hiram university was also straining for

• By RALPH THAYER

effect when he stated, "to most college students who sit long enough and patiently enough, and docilely give back a modicum of the wisdom that has flowed past their ears, there will come in time the reward of their long-sitting, sheepskins to cover their intellectual nakedness."

On the other hand, how many college boys and girls of our age can sit down and read a book, other than a frothy novel, with any intellectual zest and enjoyment? How many ever read Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Poe, Eliot or any of the other masters, just for the fun of it? How many have ever heard of Volta or Millikan or Faraday? How many leave college and university campus with a real love of books and a desire to know them more intimately? Yet a college training should give students the key to our cultural heritage.

But just what is our aim in education? When Mr. Hutchins let this little question roll around the feet of his critics like a friendly bomb, they immediately invoked one of the grand old privileges of the army.

Mr. Hutchins remarks that the two men who gave American education its present character are Eliot, the father of "selectivism," and Dewey, the father of "progressivism." They reacted against the stereotyped form of education that prevailed around the turn of the century,—and inasmuch as they did revolt they made a real improvement; for this they deserve credit. Mr. Hutchins advocates the retention of all the advances made in methods during this period, while doing away with the vocationalism, specialization, and over-emphasis on empiricism, and the general confusion that besets education. His opponents, including Dewey, agree with his diagnosis. Its accuracy is devastating. For the idea of "selectivism" Mr. Hutchins

says that the fact that children are permitted to select the courses they wish to study, is a denial of the fact that there is a core and content to education. If children study only that which interests them, what will they do when they must apply themselves to things that they perhaps, do not enjoy, in later life? And he is not so antiquated as to insist on Latin and Greek in the curriculum, although one cannot possibly see the harm accruing from such study. As for "progressivism," and education that has prided itself on being "practical" and not "theoretical," it has produced a populace that is incapable of solving practical problems.

Is there no remedy for this condition of education? Every educator since Erasmus has promised that education would transform the world. But perhaps education has not been given the real chance that it needs. Mr. Hutchins has advanced a scheme, showing that he is not only an analyst, but also a constructive thinker. This scheme, undoubtedly has many flaws, for I do not think that Mr. Hutchins has tried to usurp the prerogative of infallibility. It does seem to be head and shoulders above any of the other petty proposals that are being promulgated. In short, he desires integration, generalization, and intellectualism in education, to combat the predominant evils of the present system.

He would start the child with six years of elementary schooling. Most educators agree with Mr. Hutchins in asserting that by advanced methods and improved teaching, children could finish this period in six years. Higher results could be obtained in less time by application of principles of modern pedagogy by a trained and efficient staff of respected school teachers. Naturally it will cost us more money to lure the more expert and promising candidates into the teaching profession. This expense would be saved many times over in increased expertness and thoroughness.

After this the child would enter high school, and continue his studies for two years on this level. The curriculum for this period of transition—for transition it would really be,—should follow closely the lines of the preceding courses, enlarging gradually in scope. For students unable to learn satisfactorily from books, "hand-minded" as they are styled, provision would be made in special classes, vocational schools, and for older students, in a permanent organization similar to the CCC.

Next he would combine the last two years of our present high school with the first two years of our present college. There is a fundamental similarity in these courses that makes the combination appropriate. All students in this rank would pursue a course of

studies calculated to give them a general education. History, literature, logic and introductory philosophy, science and mathematics would be the framework of this curriculum. Remember, the students would be completing this course at approximately the same age as that of our present high school graduate because of the time saved in elementary school. The graduates of this course would be given a B.A. degree, signifying the satisfactory completion of a course of general education.

Then the students that are intellectually fit, and who desire the opportunities of further study, could enter the university and begin specialized preparation, but with the unifying influence of philosophy still permeating all of their studies. Many of our present liberal arts colleges must give a person specialized instruction along with a general education. Immediately we see the staggering obstacles to such a program. The two aims can only confuse the college. Already steps have been taken at Chicago, Brown, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Johns Hopkins Universities to differentiate the two aims. Changes in administration, personnel, and equipment have been made and are proving satisfactory. So we can see that the general college would be distinct from the university.

Who would continue studies at the university? We mentioned two qualifications above. Mr. Hutchins expects that about fifty per cent of the students would be allowed to go ahead after gaining a B.A. degree. Entrance would be based on competitive examinations and the fulfillment of raised entrance requirements. Already where colleges have raised entrance standards, work has improved, wastage has been lessened. In this way education as a whole, would be raised throughout the country. It is an inescapable fact that when we have mass education on higher levels we must bring the studies down to the average mentality. The average mentality is not raised to the higher studies. If you believe that the curriculum should be open to everybody from beginning to end, any attempt to improve the condition of higher education in America is doomed.

With eager, intelligent young men and women developing their chosen fields in the real university, and knowing the responsibilities of an education on the higher level, we could have well-founded hopes for sane, progressive, and trustworthy leadership. Philosophy will help us to determine our goal and science will contribute means to attain that goal. Social justice is mutely but strongly demanding the attention of both the scientist and the seer. Certainly no one will claim that all young people gaining a master's degree would be either one. But they would certainly be able

(Continued on page 11)

City Planning and Zoning

● By R. KENNETH SMITH

For the technical-minded, a truly technical article dealing with a subject dear to the hearts of all engineers. For the civic-minded, a ray of hope in their drive to eliminate slums. For the student, the reader, the man-who-merely-lives, some mighty interesting reading! . . . all this lies before you.

THE problem of city planning was studied several years ago, but only in recent years has it been recognized as a vital problem which affects greatly our every day life. The well-designed cities of today are the results of the study of men who are trained to the task of finding solutions for the harmonious development of all the physical properties of metropolitan areas. Washington, D. C., is a living example of what beautiful cities we can have if they are properly planned.

Due to inventions such as high speed transportation, steel frame building, large industrial plants, and advanced farming methods engineers have encouraged the growth of small towns into large population centers. In 1870 the total population of the United States was twelve per cent urban while today it is approximately sixty per cent urban. This alone has created the need for correct city planning.

Of what should a city plan be composed? First of all, a master plan or map should show the various districts which provide not only for the future development of residential sections, of transportation arteries, commercial and industrial districts but also for the construction of recreational areas such as parks and playgrounds. The master plan does not eliminate the need for official city maps such as boundary maps or sewerage maps or zoning maps for these are needed to show detail of boundaries, existing structures, grades and construction information. But to prevent the haphazard growth of improvements, the master plan must first be consulted to see that the improvements have a logical place in the general city plan. To carry out the plan we need zoning ordinances and building codes. Zoning ordinances, which are laws governing the use of land, are prohibitory in nature but constructive in



effect. Without them factories would intrude upon business and residential areas; junk yards and filling stations would ruin many neighborhoods; the city would become a patchwork of disorder and misuse. In a broad sense zoning ordinances are of two types: a. those governing sections that are already occupied by buildings; b. those governing sections that are undeveloped. In the first case the object of the ordinance will be to protect the best existing conditions in the section. In the undeveloped sections we can restrict the improvements to a definite classifications such as residential, industrial or commercial districts.

Over fifteen hundred cities in the United States have these zoning ordinances. Through them we can assure a man that when he builds a house it will be unlawful for anyone to erect a filling station or any other undesirable establishment on the lot next door.

The need for uniform building codes is also felt. Mr. Walter S. Schmidt, past president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, advocates this adoption by saying, "We are overridden with hundreds of building codes, both state and municipal, which attempt to prescribe in detail just how homes and all other structures shall be built. These codes reflect methods, in many cases, which have long been outgrown. Moreover, the building codes are shot through with provisions inserted by special interests. The result is that building and housing in which we have a vital interest, is compelled to carry on burdened with a host of outworn ideas which add enormously to costs without compensating benefits in safety, health and convenience." The modern city plan requires a modern zoning ordinance and building code.

Mr. O. H. Koch, consulting engineer of Dallas, Texas, says, "The most fundamental element of any city plan is the major street plan; for whenever any section of a city becomes so congested that traffic cannot flow evenly and smoothly, then that section will have reached its maximum value and will begin to decline. The frame work, or street system should provide for free and easy movement of people and

goods to and from all parts of the city, keeping in mind that the main arteries will be called upon to carry more and more concentrated traffic as the city grows."

The general plan for street lay out must take into consideration highways leading into a city, bus routes, street car routes, centers of traffic origin and destination, location of public buildings, markets, terminals, educational and recreational centers.

More specifically important factors governing the street development plan are the width of streets, grades, curve data, sidewalks, right of way, and curb radii. Of these the width of street is probably the most important. The proper width necessary for future traffic can be found from curves plotted from traffic surveys. The advantages of having properly planned thoroughfares and streets is easily seen when contrasting the Manhattan district in New York City to the Queens district. By 1910 Manhattan was becoming congested due to its poor streets while in the Queens district a plan was formulated for well developed thoroughfares and side streets. As a result the population of Manhattan dropped five hundred thousand by 1930 while the Queens district increased eight hundred thousand by 1930.

The second most important item in a city plan is the planning of residential and commercial districts. Here it is the duty of the city planner to see that the real estate developers map not only shows streets of proper width but also that the general plan of the subdivision conforms with adjoining plats.

In planning residential areas it must be remembered that a house is more than a mere building. The things that make up a house are: the building, the lot upon which the building stands, and the local improvements such as streets and utilities. Therefore we must plan not only the type and size of the building but also the size of the lot, width of the streets between property lines and utilities available.

Here in Dayton the minimum lot size for building purposes is set at five thousand square feet. Another good method of governing lot size is to regulate the amount of the lot that may be occupied by buildings. Regulations such as these will provide more sunshine and fresh air for the dwellers and the subsequent lessening of congestion will also tend to cause a reduction in fire insurance premiums.

In the development of new territories the plan should provide for the establishment of proper street grades and elevations. Sewer lines must be placed so as to provide proper drainage of both storm and

sanitary sewage. At the same time the topography must be followed to prevent excessive cuts and fills.

In the smaller towns new residential sections may be scattered about the outskirts of the city but in the metropolitan towns we must provide for slum clearance and housing in congested areas. Here is a huge problem for the members of the plan board. Mr. Harland Bartholomew of the City Plan Commission of St. Louis, Missouri, makes the following recommendations:

The creation of a local planning and housing authority to make the following determinations: 1. Determination of probable ultimate population; 2. Estimation of number of families that could be housed to best advantage in group housing; 3. Determination of extent to which present housing is satisfactory; 4. Preparation of a future land subdivision program, with estimates of annual volume and type of construction needed.

Cooperation between the planning commission and housing authority is most important in the field of slum prevention since one of the principal causes of slums is bad planning and bad zoning ordinances. Insufficient residential sections cause people to move into commercial and industrial districts. Here zoning ordinances should prevent this movement for slums will probably form in these districts. Hence the problem of housing becomes worse without comprehensive planning and zoning.

Another important phase in this work is industrial planning. Reservation of land adjacent to railroads should be made for industrial development. The direction of the prevailing wind in the community should be taken into consideration in industrial zoning so as to keep the city free of undesirable odors and smoke. There is no reason why factories should be allowed to spoil the appearance of a city. Many of our most efficient manufacturing plants have the appearance of a large estate rather than a soap factory or glue works. Proper zoning ordinances can make factories near the heart of our cities provide landscaped grounds, etc. Other considerations necessary for industrial zones are the need for extra heavy pavements on streets, high pressure in water lines for fire protection and extra large sewers.

It is essentially important to make provision for parks and playgrounds in the city plan for if these areas are not protected they will be sacrificed to other uses. A favorite plan of recent years is to make such areas as old dumping grounds into play areas by proper landscaping. However, the primary criterion in the
(Continued on page 11)

Stupid Little Thing

● By Richard O'Shaughnessy

In no better way can we introduce this bit of living print than by saying . . . To be read through tears.

"You stupid child!" the teacher fairly shrieked, slamming her book for emphasis. "Won't you ever learn? What do you live for, anyway?"

Janet stared defiantly for a few seconds, then broke under teacher's angry gaze. But she wouldn't cry! She wouldn't! Her heart was pounding its way through her little breast, her head was bursting, and her eyes were on fire, but she wouldn't cry!

Classmates were gazing at her, a stupid child! Yes, she was stupid. Her answers were stupid—teacher said so; her questions were stupid—teacher said so. And now all the little boys and girls in her class said she was stupid, too.

At seven, Janet was hardly old enough to know just what stupidity is; yet she had a fair idea of what people meant. Missing a turn at skipping rope, being late for school, and not knowing her reading lesson—that was being stupid. And teacher said she'd always be that way. If she were always going to be stupid, why did she have to live? Her pounding heart repeated the question, repeated it over and over; her bursting head echoed it, and her eyes were aflame with it.

"Teacher," she blurted out, "why do I have to live?" And then she could tell from the look on teacher's face that it was another one of those stupid questions. But she couldn't help it. Her pounding heart, her bursting head, and her blazing eyes always asked them, and she just had to yell out.

Then the storm broke, and her little body shook with convulsive sobs as twenty-eight classmates looked on in awe, and the teacher in derision.

"Why do you have to live?" she echoed mockingly. "Why, indeed! To learn to read and write, you stupid child! And to learn the difference between a cat and a book!"

"Now stop that foolish crying!" she scolded, stalking down the aisle towards the wailing girl. "Stop it this minute!" she commanded, seizing Janet's arm and pulling her from the seat. "Go out and wash your face and come right back to this room." Teacher shook a finger that indexed doom if orders were disobeyed.



All afternoon the stupid question reasserted itself in Janet's mind: *Why do I have to live?* Still wondering when the dismissal bell rang at three-fifteen, she took her lonely departure, a stupid little child in a great, wise world.

She took her time about getting home. No need to hurry. Mother would be crabby, anyway. She always was during housecleaning time. Two chippies shot from an old maple tree and chirped in gay confusion as they swirled above her head. She watched them until they were specks of dust against an otherwise spotless sky, and then Janet cried—cried because the birds had something she didn't have.

Janet's tardiness didn't make mother any happier. She was quite out of sorts, and was just returning a jar of grape jam to the ice-box as Janet languidly pushed open the back door.

"Well, young lady!" exclaimed her mother, swinging around from the ice-box and planting her hands firmly on her hips. "Late again! How often have I told you to come right home as soon as school's out? Now you just march right upstairs and take your nap. You don't get any lunch today. I'll teach you to come trailing in here at all hours of the afternoon."

She hurried Janet to the hallway and gave her an initial shove up the back stairs. For the next hour Janet lay sobbing on her bed, asking her pillow over and over again, "Why do I have to live? . . . Why do I have to live?"

There were carrots for dinner. Janet hated carrots. But her mother piled a generous helping on the child's plate.

"I don't want any carrots," Janet protested meekly.

"You don't want any?" echoed her mother, pausing with a spoonful in mid-air. "Well, it's not what you want, it's what you're going to get."

And Janet saw a yellow mountain land on the plate before her. Two great tears rolled down her cheeks and hid themselves in the mountain. Quietly Janet slipped from her chair.

"Young lady, come back here and eat your dinner," arrested her father sternly.

The child turned her pleading eyes to daddy's. "But, daddy," she sobbed, "I don't like carrots."

"The stupid little thing doesn't know what's good for her," interposed the mother, shaking out her napkin furiously. "She's been acting up all afternoon. Now you climb up on that chair and eat your dinner. And you're not going to leave this table until that plate is clean."

And again a finger indexed doom.

Janet ate the carrots; she swallowed each mouthful whole. And as she did so, she wondered why they didn't feed her rats.

After dinner, from a corner of the living room, Janet watched daddy, shrouded in smoke and buried in the newspaper. Her little brain was working, working, working. After a while she moved shyly over to her daddy's chair.

"Daddy," she asked with tears in her voice, "do I have to live?"

If only her daddy had pulled himself away from that paper long enough to glance at his child—his child who asked such questions! If he had seen her whole inquisitive soul in her eyes, or heard those repressed tears in her voice, perhaps he would have taken her in his arms and pressed all the little fears from her heart. But it had been a hard day at the office, and he was too tired to notice such things.

"Don't ask such stupid questions," he growled without looking up from the paper. "Go away, and let me read." And he puffed vigorously on his cigar.

Janet shrank away crushed. She dragged herself out to the kitchen where her mother was washing the dishes, and stood in the doorway watching the hands go from pan to dish rack, from dish rack to pan. Then she moved across the room and looked squarely at her mother. But her mother failed to detect the look. Dirt was the only thing she noticed during house-cleaning time.

"Mother," Janet said—and by this time the tears had retreated to her heart—"Mother, do I have to live?"

Her mother dropped the plate she was rinsing back into the sudsy water, and stared agape at her daughter. "Well of all the questions!" she sputtered. But now her attention was drawn to the splash of water on the newly scrubbed floor, and the suddenness of the question was lost.

"Of course you don't have to live," she answered crossly, reaching for a rag. "Now look what you've made me do."

Janet looked, but beyond the splash. She turned and walked slowly, deliberately, from the kitchen.

Two hours later, on her way to bed, Janet's mother opened the door of the nursery and switched on the light to make sure that her daughter had undressed before going to bed.

"Just as I expected," she began as she caught sight of the little figure stretched on the floor. But as the real import of the scene dawned upon her, she screamed, caught hold of the door for support, hid her eyes, and screamed again.

Of course you don't have to live . . . The walls shrieked the words at her; the stupid little thing lying there, the blood, the scissors—all reechoed them.

THE MONSTRANCE

O, Lord, how cruel, how cold
It seems to throne You in
A sea foam pearl and blood-rayed ruby shrine.
The precious, polished gold
To You is worthless tin.
Can trifling treasures serve You, Lord divine?
Yet when You come into
My heart's cold shrine, You are
More poorly throned. Starred gold and jewels praise
You, Lord, and always do
Your will. Oh, better far
To be that shrine, to serve You all my days.

—FRANCIS GRISEZ.

Willa Cather

● By MARY M. SLEETER

Americans are proud of Willa Cather, one of their very finest women novelists . . . and justly so. How much do you know about her? Here is your chance to learn. The authoress has done a very nice bit of writing.



THE days of the Pioneer Homesteader have passed. The frontier has gone forever. To those of us who have an inherent love for early American History, it has been a joy to read Willa Cather's superb novels, in which she has so "greatly pictured this great life."

Miss Cather has the kind of love and appreciation for the immigrant pioneer that comes only from the heart. When she was eight years old her family moved from Virginia to Nebraska. The new life held a great fascination for her, and being an exceptionally sensitive, intelligent and impressionistic child, she absorbed it completely, both its starkness and its beauty. She would ride her pony over the open range or walk through the tall, wavy wheat to the neighboring farm to play with the other children. In this manner she learned the ways of the foreigners,—the Scandinavians, Bohemians, Germans, French and Russians. Her early training was rather Puritanical. Because she lived far from an elementary school, she was taught at home. Later she went to the High School in Red Cloud and graduated in 1895 from the University of Nebraska. While in college she often wrote short sketches of the immigrants but it was not until her senior year that she became interested in writing as an art.

The next ten years she spent in traveling, teaching and journalism. In 1903 she published a small book of poems called *April Twilight* and in 1905 *The Troll Garden*, a collection of short stories. These stories were enthusiastically received and the general appreciation aided her in securing a position with the *McClure Magazine* which she held until 1911 when she resigned as associate editor in order to spend all of her time in creative writing.

There has followed almost thirty years of inspired and remarkable work. At sixty-four she still retains her same Western bearing and accent. Although she lives

in New York in the winter in order to enjoy its cultural advantages, she goes west each summer to renew old friendships and to enjoy the beautiful country and scenes she has held dear for so many years.

Although Miss Cather has written some essays and personal sketches, she is known primarily for her fiction. She is of especial interest to us in our study of the novel because she is considered one of our greatest living novelists and also because her books have been of such uniform merit that she has been mentioned for the Nobel Prize.

A very brief survey of her works may help to throw some light on her qualities as a writer.

April Twilight (1903) is a very "slender" book of verses, just twenty-four, to be exact. It was her first book and although not exceptional, it did foreshadow her love of beauty and discriminating ability to choose words.

The Troll Garden (1905) is a collection of short stories. Some of them are very fine and clearly show the Henry James influence.

Alexander's Bridge (1912) shows her remarkable ability to understand a man's point of view. It also is an excellent example of her power of analysis and her skill in marshalling her material into a compact unit.

O Pioneers! (1913) is an epic of the Western Plains. It has great breadth but the structure is weak and the episodes are not closely knit together. It is a story of a western girl of immigrant pioneer family who finally triumphs over hardships and finds artistic expression through the soil.

Song of the Lark (1915) is a powerful and great book. It is again a story of the struggle of a foreign girl to conquer and subdue difficulties in the hostile world of art. It is considered by many as her finest work.

My Antonia (1918) is a disappointment after *Song of the Lark*. Not a novel but a chronicle of the love of land as a ruling passion and the emotional fulfillment of motherhood.

One of Ours (1922) had the distinction of winning the Pulitzer Prize but is not considered one of her best. It is the story of a man who is frustrated by his environment on the farm but finds spiritual exaltation on the battlefields of France.

A Lost Lady (1923) gives us a psychological study of a woman. It is written with great perfection and again we see Willa Cather's remarkable insight into a man's nature.

Professor's House (1925) is a fine study of the suppression of the soul of a man, due to our mechanized and sophisticated age. It is not a hundred per cent successful because of an inferior device used to relate the story, that is, an anecdote within an anecdote. The cliffs of New Mexico are used as a background with great effect.

My Mortal Enemy (1926) is not of first importance. It is a portrait of a passionate and willful woman.

Death Come for the Archbishop (1927) has been called her greatest and most beautiful book. It is the story of two gentle courageous French missionaries, Bishop Latour, a calm and scholarly man who is really the soul of the mission, and Father Macheboeuf, energetic and devout, who is the man of action. The contrast in character of these two men brings out the finest qualities of each. The background is the primitive Southwest with its pueblo customs, vivid legends and Indian superstitions. All the conflicts are softened by a poetic atmosphere and a spirit of great Faith hovers over each page. It is truly a perfect book.

Shadows on the Rock (1931) was received with universal homage. The scenes are of old Quebec in the seventeenth century and the characters are the cultivated French pioneers. It is wonderfully written with great delicacy of tone and coloring. It is much in the form of reverie and Miss Cather shows great understanding of the French nature and the gentle atmosphere of the Catholic Church.

In *Obscure Destinies* (1932) the author returns to the West for her material. The book is made up of three stories, two of these being novelettes. Two of the stories *Old Mrs. Harris* and *Two Friends* are very good but are not up to her usual high standard.

Lucy Gayheart (1935) is also disappointing although it has perfection and beauty of style. The scenes are the Midwest and Chicago.

This is quite an imposing list. Generally speaking, Miss Cather has shown a very steady artistic growth. Her work has become increasingly objective.

Critics have agreed that a great part of Miss Cather's power and charm lies in her exquisite and finely wrought prose. Someone has said that her work has a texture of broadcloth rather than silk or homespun. She has restraint, smoothness, clarity, balance and a certain amount of sturdy vigor. George Jean Nathan considers her our greatest living stylist. Whether this is true or not, one thing is certain,—her style is perfect for her purpose and material. Although her method of characterization and of building crises is feminine, there is a streak of hardness that runs through her work. The result is a mixture of "harmless, tender sentiment and wistful mood of reverie." She has little humor, action, satire or dialogue in her books. Her success relies a great deal on her power to paint word pictures, not everyday pictures of everyday life—rather pictures of long vanished scenes in which there is a memory of the past. We see this clearly in the last chapter of her books. Some critics have considered this "looking back through a sunset haze" as a defect for they feel that this peculiar "nostalgia and humaneness and sense of retrospection makes us remember the books with the same sense of transfiguration, causing us to believe they are better than they really are."

Equally as important as her portrayal of scenes are her portrayals of characters. They are drawn with such power and skill that they seem to almost live in the pages. Her women characters are superb and unforgettable. Her foreign pioneer women, simple, brave, heroic and robust seem to have a feeling for the land embedded in their souls and they rise above their environment and live out their potentialities. In her early books she was not so successful with her men characters. They were usually weaklings who were unable to conquer their difficulties, but in her later books they have become more individualized and in "*Death Comes for the Archbishop*" the missionary priests are the finest characters that she has ever drawn.

Many people believe that Willa Cather's greatest significance lies in her regionism and that she writes best when using her western material. Professor Quinn of Pennsylvania University feels that this definitely is not true, that she is not limited by location nor is location of great importance to her. Her greatest significance is in method rather than in her material. He feels that her religious books mark her emancipation from Nebraska. And reference to her religious

(Continued on page 16)

(HUTCHINS . . . Continued from page 4)

to evaluate and help others to evaluate ideas and opinions, so necessary to life, and particularly to that of democracy.

Concerning character-formation, Mr. Hutchins has not been so explicit as we might wish him to be. To be sure he has not passed it by with a shrug of his shoulders. Will anyone say that a foundation in ethics is not a fit background for a physician to possess, or that an insight into the basis of all law and the study of first principles would be foreign to the lawyer? Mr. Hutchins argues, and many will find fault here, that by the time a person is about twenty years old his moral habits are pretty well set. He believes that hard work, a search for truth by research, diligence in application, plus intellectual convictions of the reasons for proper conduct will go much further than any reasons of emotion or feeling. But there must be a training of the will. History reveals many master-minds who have not been moral models. On this point we feel that his program is inadequate.

These are the highlights of the much-mooted Hutchins plan. How is the plan going to be placed in operation? Is Mr. Hutchins a Communist waiting to revolt and put his theories into execution by force? He has been called many things, ranging from "red" and "rabble-rouser" to slightly more naughty terms, by people who must resort to names when their meager

fund of ideas is exhausted. No, he still holds to the constitutionality of the Constitution. He understands thoroughly the close connection between the state and education. The state, that is, the people as a whole, get the kind of education they want. So, they must be persuaded that they want something different. Our country has been definitely materialistic in its outlook, for we are young as nations go, and so confusion might be expected. Education has mirrored this attitude to a marked degree. People wanted to learn how "to get rich quick." But is not this a confusing of immediate aims with ultimate ends? The philosophy recommended so persistently by Robert M. Hutchins can answer that question in a monosyllable. With the machine giving promise of increased leisure in the future what are we going to do with this freedom once we have it in our grasp? For we know that "not by bread alone doth man live . . ."

What, we repeat, are we going to do with this freedom when we get it? Every man of common-sense and every philosopher worthy of the title, must say, that our leisure should be used for our best advantage, in the way most advantageous for us. Now it is by rationality that we differ from brute creation. "Selectivism," "Progressivism," and every other educational "-ism" have in the past catered to the money-seeking mind and not to the truth-seeking mind as it should have. As you shall know the truth, "and the truth shall make you free," so will we be able to utilize this freedom to the utmost.

(CITY PLANNING . . . Continued from page 6)

location of parks and play areas is their convenience and ability to serve the inhabitants.

It is difficult to suggest the size of a regional park but the city parks and the neighborhood parks should comprise not less than fifteen per cent of the city's area.

A rather new consideration that must be taken into account in the general city plan is the type and location of municipal airports. A piece of land three hundred acres or more is needed depending on the presence of natural or artificial structures present. This land should be within a fifteen minute ride from the heart of the city, necessitating the presence of good road or highway facilities.

Due to the failure of city planners of the past to foresee the rapid development of aviation, many of our municipalities face the case of having inadequate

flying fields. In like manner the city planner of today must foresee the day when the masses of our citizens will be using these airports.

Planning has proved itself to be a sound investment. The city without it would soon find itself in financial difficulties for it enables the city to curtail waste in unplanned developments. We can best obtain the results of planning only by the supervision of a board with a regular staff and sufficient funds.

From the type of problems we meet in city planning we can see that those men who do this work need a sound technical training. The civil engineer is the ideal man for the job, but he must possess more than technical training. Imagination, artistic ability and an open mind are necessary if he is to make correct decisions. It has often been claimed that engineers are slow to accept positions in civic affairs due to the lower rate of pay enforced by municipalities; hence we see the need for engineers endowed with public spirit to act as city planners.

THE EDITOR'S

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Editor-in-Chief

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Soap Box

Boom! Boom! Boom!

National business men are by this time just a wee-bit weary of waiting for that "big boom" that was to come with War-in-the-Spring and their impatience has been characterized as usual by several more or less serious attempts to discover why business has not sky-rocketed as promised. After the first wild flurry of advance buying last Fall and the initial jump in commodity and security markets as well as in employment figures, the upward movement seems to have struck a snag. Things are uncertain because, in the opinion of contemporary economists . . . things are too uncertain! There are too many hazy elements entering into the business picture that must be considered and upon which the "boom" will depend.

Perhaps the most important is exports. An increased volume of out-going shipments, due largely to the European War, is expected for the coming year but as yet, the signs are merely encouraging and not actual. That billion dollar airplane order is reported to be ready to roll and such industries as the munitions, metals, chemicals, textiles, parts, engines and transport vehicles expect similar volume of business.

On the local financial front, our greatest worry is the complete lack of new investment, the unwillingness of business leaders and money-men to risk their long-green in new ventures. No "boom" can develop unless men begin sensible risk-taking on a larger scale.

Grossly over-rated perhaps but still psychologically important is the political scene. "Who will be in the White House for the next four years?" As soon as this question is settled and Congress adjourns without imposing any new tax laws (rumor), many business leaders promise renewed activity.

The most depressing feature at present seems to be the agricultural situation with its imbalance and sticky low-price level; late 1940 may see the solution of this problem but hopes are not too high. Of course, as is shown by our last major "boom" the nation may prosper for a few years while an individual class does not.

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Encouraging signs that economists have been able to find here and there are . . . the relatively high level of consumer incomes and purchasing power, with a favorable outlook for the next year, the rosy picture in the auto industry, the absence of excessive inventories in all lines (a debatable point) and lastly the stable level of commodity prices.

Not so encouraging are the uncertainties as to the length of Europe's war and the jumbled picture of national finance as well as depreciation of dollar values. A long-term period of prosperity must be based upon a solid financial structure and that is exactly what we do not have.

So we see that any possible "boom" must be contingent upon financial, political, industrial and economic developments as well as psychological. As soon as national business men have the courage to move ahead and give the snow-ball its initial push, we should have prosperity of a sort almost immediately and, unless artificially controlled, a resultant "boom." But until someone takes the lead or some major event reassures money-men that the bottom will not drop out of the picture at any minute, it is doubtful if any real improvement can take place. In a nation-wide poll among the leaders of diversified industries and enterprises, a financial magazine discovered that, almost universally, there is a feeling that "business will be somewhat better." The measure of this "somewhat" must be left to history's pen.

Newspapers vs Television

An important question being asked by many newspapers the country over is . . . "Are we losing our foothold as conveyors of daily news?" The answer must be yes.

Proof that newspapers are losing their grip can be seen in the merging of many large city papers and in the shutting down of numerous small town sheets. Obviously such merging and shutting down of plants would not have occurred if people still bought papers in the same volume.

And why are people not buying newspapers as they formerly did? The answer is *radio* and its expanding foreign and domestic news service. It is simply that people can get the news almost as soon as it occurs by merely turning the dials of their receiving sets. Of course, some newspapers supplement their news with wirephotos but even these will be considered as stale news when television reception comes into its own and, according to present reports from the R.C.A. Television Corporation, American families will soon be able to buy these sets at the price of an ordinary radio. Television programs now being broadcast daily from New York by the R.C.A. include dramatized comic strips, projected movies and pictorial features. So it is easy to see that eventual installation of television sets in many American homes will seriously threaten both the newspapers and the theatre.

Yet, it is difficult to imagine that the newspaper, which has penetrated so deeply and intimately into every phase of modern life, will be thrown completely overboard. Despite the advantages of television, there will always be many controversial issues that must be outlawed as far as radio commentary is concerned. Printed publication will still be needed to settle political disputes and there will be many groups who cannot be reached by television service (best reception is in metropolitan areas) or who cannot afford receiving sets . . . to these individuals the press must continue service.

Though the newspaper field will be forced to recognize the superiority of television it is doubtful if they will be completely obliterated because of their editorial commentary and influence in important governmental policy. This cannot be subordinated by either radio or television; the power of the press will still be a necessary and vital counterpart towards continued freedom and democracy!

—D. F. P.

All The World is Yours - - And Yet You Worry!

Hardly are we in the mood for noggin-knocking at this stage of the game but a certain set of senior students are practically forcing us into it. We *cannot* rest and they *will not*, until someone soundly pounds their pates with the blunt instrument of sharp reprimand. So be it herein recorded that the EXPONENT assumes full burden for the hazardous but necessary task of "telling off" certain seniors who have lost their way after four years.

With graduation less than two months away, quite a few of the boys-who-will-not-be-back have begun a loud and heart-rending serenade at the weeping wall of

Dayton, beginning with, "O, dear, what shall we do?" and finishing their song along the line of "Nobody loves me!" Horror-stricken, they seem to shrink back from approaching alumni-dom as though it were eternal perdition and the jumping-off place beyond which dwelt a fearful four-headed giant. Briefly, they wonder what will happen after they are "turned out" into the cold, cruel, merciless old world and, while wondering, they weep. We ask . . . Why?

Good grief and Grand Rapids, what have you seniors got to worry about . . . what is the worst that could happen to you? You won't be killed as soon as you leave the ivy-covered walls of college as an escaped convict might. You won't be "turned out" in the dead of winter! You will hardly starve . . . in the first week, at least. No one is going to throw rocks at you because you are branded as "one of those horrible college graduates." You won't have to work as a share-cropper, a ditch-digger, a coal-miner or a street-sweeper, unless you want to.

What are you afraid of? . . . that your pride will take a beating during the first summer months, if twelve dozen firms aren't competing for your services? Or are you honestly thinking that you will never find a job?

Come, come laddies, glance back a bit. Every other college graduate, along with almost every one else in the world has had the same problem, or at least one just as great, to face. And they came through . . . most of them did. A few fell here and there but the chance of your falling is mighty small, isn't it, compared with the under-privileged classes of illiterate and uneducated youths your same age? You have a head start, in a way, and, unless you coast from here on in, nothing should stop you from, at least, living until you die. And that's a pretty important step toward whatever success is sought.

So, what the devil, why worry about a little thing like graduation and "being on your own" . . . why, actually it's a privilege! We aren't being "turned out" . . . we're being released. Only instead of stumbling out into a hostile camp with nothing but courage (as so many young men must go) we are fully-equipped and armed to the teeth, ready for anything.

And I think we will find that the "camp" isn't so hostile as we expect it to be . . . that it may be a bit impartial and impatient of error but it is not too unjust . . . it is not an "uncrackable" nut.

No matter what the cynics chorus, it's a pretty just old world and, in general, a man gets as much as he gives . . . no more and no less. If you have something to give, you will have something to get.

So, why worry?



We... The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . Martha Rose Manny



SPRING

Spring, spring, beautiful spring—but what's so beautiful about it? To the housewife it means spring-cleaning, to the student it means examinations, and to the people who are gainfully employed it's just another season. Ah, but think of the bees and the flowers and—Ah yes, think of the stings and the hay fever not so far off!

We merely jest, however, for we really think spring is quite wonderful—although, we fear, the subject is ill treated at times. Along about April someone, lacking a brilliant idea, will produce a few lines entitled "Spring," and will actually expect the long-suffering public to read it. Somewhere at some time today someone will say, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the girl has been thinking about all year long." Then he'll stand and wait for some kind soul to laugh at such a dazzling display of wit.

But in every place where soft breezes blow and bright sunshine beams people will take a deep breath and with it a new lease on life as they stand in awe of an awakening Mother Nature.

—M. R. M.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

I know a freshman coed. She is just an ordinary person, but the other day she told me a story perhaps you would like to hear. It was of her memories of the first months in her college career. I write them that you too might remember when you made your entrance into the vast realm of college life. It all began on a warm day in early September when she slowly approached the University of Dayton. Scared and awed by the prospect of encountering so many new people, it took real courage to enter the formidable portals of St. Mary's Hall. Once inside she was confronted by a long line of equally impressed boys and girls. Squaring her shoulders, she hurried to the end of the line. Not a familiar face in sight and she was frightened at the very idea of meeting new professors and deans. But no time to think of that now, it was her turn to answer the barrage of questions and fill out the countless papers.

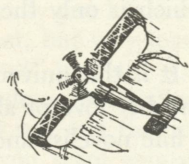
During that first week of classes, she was so green that she would have put her Irish ancestors in the shade. Indeed if it hadn't been for the sense of humor that they had given her, the next few weeks of initiation would have been torture instead of the fun that they were. She was even a bit sorry when the freshman "male element" proved hale and hearty enough to win the "flag rush." Football season opened and school dances began, and with them came her debut into the social life of the university. About Thanksgiving she knew her classmates by name and when Christmas came she felt as if she "belonged."

With the New Year came another barricade to hurdle—Semester Exams! They were a real trial and the vacation which followed was a welcome rest. However, soon she was eager to return and registration day found her selecting subjects with the air of a veteran. She began the final term of her freshman year with a vim and vitality for extracurricular activities. Soon she was engrossed in the fascinating newspaper and dramatic work. Of course she didn't write a column or even a feature article, neither did she win an "oscar" for dramatic orations, but she learned sportsmanship and the auditions were fun. Basketball and other sports were old friends and when the intramurals were over she was somewhere near the top, and victory was sweet.

She is a lowly freshman, she didn't succeed in becoming the most popular girl on the campus, she didn't stand at the head of her class—but she is proud to "belong" to U. D. and I think her story is typical. Do you remember when?

—ETHEL COCHRAN.

WOMEN WITH WINGS



All over the United States, women students of universities and colleges are becoming "air-minded." Under the plans of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, it is the aim to create flying reserves among college students. Among the women's colleges, Mills and Lake Erie were the first to offer the aviation courses when they pioneered in the field four years ago. The women pilots-to-be have been competent and serious-minded students preparing for their career as flyers. The airports the country over are alive with these ambitious young ladies who are opening a new field for women to conquer. It looks like Happy Landings ahead for the flying co-eds.

—BETTY BOGART.



"MEMORIES"

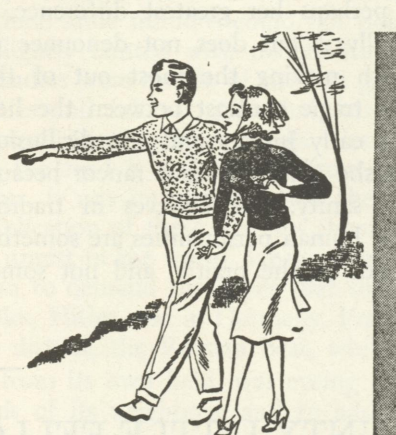
Memories—a favorite word of song-writers and poets, but always they use it in a pleasant way. Always they recall the charming little things in life, the tender happy scenes, sweet pictures of contentment and good cheer. It is well that this is so, because while we are writing our book of life we must perforce put in our

days of suffering and unhappiness, but when we read it over later we need only linger over those pages which please us most.

Sometimes, however, there are memories which arise whether we like it or not, memories which are cruel and beat on us with the stings of remorse and regret. Vivid pictures of misery and unhappiness we caused others needlessly when we could have just as easily made them happy—and now it is too late to make amends—these are the memories that sear the heart and fill us with bitter regrets, memories that make one exclaim fiercely to himself, "I should have been shot."

It is not the foolish and audible wailing of the poor misguided souls who like to air their troubles that I speak of—they cannot feel the pain half so deeply as their more silent brothers who "lock their troubles in a strong box and sit upon the lid."

—THEODORA ZONARS.



THE AVERAGE WOMAN

According to someone's calculations an average woman who lived to be seventy-five years old would see 2700 movies and eat three tons of candy costing about \$2500. She would weigh one hundred and thirty pounds and be five feet four inches tall. Although woman is often unjustly accused of incessant talking, she actually talks for only eight years, which, by the way, is the same amount of time spent at housework.

—M. R. M.



(WILLA CATHER . . . Continued from page 10)
 books brings us to the question, why does religion play such an important part in her work? Miss Cather has always been interested first and last in truth and beauty. She has a marvellous understanding of the human heart and its constant longing for things of permanence and endurance. As these things come from God, it is natural that religion should be an inspiring element in her stories. Taking her work as a whole, we might say she has covered the "entire panorama of American religious history since the beginning of the great expansion." We have our Puritan antecedents, Evangelism, Methodism, Slavic Catholics, Baptists, French Catholics and Irish Catholics. Each is treated with understanding, appreciation and tolerance.

Miss Cather holds a rather unique position in relation to her contemporaries. She belongs to no set school nor is she a disciple of any writer. Her point of view is perhaps her greatest difference. She sees life as it really is but does not denounce it. She is occupied with making the most out of the world. She sees the tragic contrast between the heroic days of America's early history and the disillusion of the present, but she writes without rancor because of her balance and sanity. She believes in tradition, "the tradition that human personalities are something given like the clouds or the prairie, and not something to

be laboriously assembled by the novelist as Frankenstein assembled his monster from the dissecting laboratory." She has been called by some of her colleagues, an "Escapist," unable to face the stern realities. She has answered "that people who talk about the art of escape simply know nothing about art at all." I think she is right. Then she has been called a humanized realist, but even this does not seem to cover the ground for we find in her famous critical essay "The Novel Demeuble" she denounces realism with her usual keen critical sense: "a novel crowded with physical sensations is no less a catalog than one crowded with furniture. Characters can be almost dehumanized by a laboratory study of the behavior of their bodily organs under sensory stimuli."

Of all of Miss Cather's views of life, the one that touches most deeply is her use of solitude and reflection as an opportunity for finding one's real self. We find it in every one of her books. The strength that comes out of thinking. It is one of the most beautiful parts of "Death Comes for the Archbishop." His loneliness, not through the desertion of his people, but the spiritual serenity with which he faced the end which is only the beginning of a greater beauty."

It is this universal understanding of the human soul and her love of all mankind that makes Willa Cather a fine novelist and an inherently fine woman.

A JAUNTY LITTLE FELLOW

Head bobbing,
 Tail wagging,
 You're a jaunty little fellow.

Nose to the ground,
 Tail up like a signal flag,
 You're following a rabbit's trail.

Tongue hanging out,
 Breathing rapidly,
 You rest in the long, cool grass.

Strange dog comes in the yard
 Twice your size!
 Diplomat, you manoeuvre
 Skillfully, and he leaves.

When I visit our neighbor
 You skip along ahead,
 And disappear over the hill.

Soon a knock at the door
 Tells us you are impatient.
 You like to go visiting too,
 So we let you in,
 And before the talk is through
 You sit up as if to add your bit.
 Or is it that we overlooked you momentarily?

Sometimes you come back from the woods
 With four wet-black paws
 That look like boots,
 And your sheepish face
 Tells the story.

One night you disappeared,
 We haven't seen you since,
 But you'll make your way, for—

Head bobbing,
 Tail wagging,
 You're a jaunty fellow!

—JEAN WHELAN.

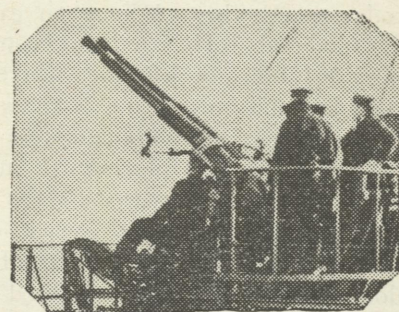
Intellectual Imperialism and War

● By Joseph A. Wohlschlaeger

The writer surveys the world today and finds much that is wrong with it. This wrong he finds is in part the result of the World War. Is there a remedy for the situation? See what he suggests.

Have you ever met an "intellectual materialist"? If you haven't, allow me the dubious pleasure of introducing you to one. An intellectual materialist is one of the more prominent members of the "lost generation". And who, might you ask, is the lost generation? The answer is simple. Place yourself before a mirror, and if you were born during or shortly after the World War I, you will see a more or less outstanding representative of the lost generation. While you are still before that mirror, you might as well raise your eyebrows and ask "Who's lost? Certainly not I." Well, maybe you are and maybe you are not, but very many of your fellow contemporaries are "lost" in dense jungles of modern philosophy and modern materialism. "But what has war, especially the last one and the new one, to do with this?" you ask, as you scare yourself with the very quizzical face you see in the mirror. The answer is again simple. The last war left a wave of broken homes, pauperized nations, and fatalistic people; all ripe for the preachers of Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and Imperialism, and most dangerous of all—materialism. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and the modern French and British Imperialists could not have prepared the way for their coming better if they had been allowed to do so themselves.

Let us consider the case of a young person who now possesses a life membership in the lost generation. If he or she was born in Europe, the first outburst of his or her lungs had every chance of being blanketed by the roar of cannon or the tramp of marching feet. Then followed a period of starvation when one's abdomen might swell to the proportions of a barrel and one's limbs might assume the dimensions of a broom-stick. Could anyone, except the strongest willed, resist the leadership of a fiery orator who offered food, land, and employment in exchange for civil rights and liberties that neither filled empty stomachs nor provided jobs. What followed this phase is common knowledge—the rise of dictators and imperialists was given much publicity. But we are not as much concerned here with the physical changes brought on by the last war as we are with the mental changes. The end of the war saw a great mass of writings and theories let loose upon the world. The outstanding examples of these writings were the two million pieces of literature written on the war itself. These books,



pamphlets, and articles at first either glorified the cause for which the author fought or spoke of the war in general as a glorious adventure. About 1930, the start of the Depression, occurred a marked change in the tenor of these writings. Such authors as Ernest Remarque, T. E. Lawrence, General Crozier and others began to write of war as it is—a release of all the hate and brutality contained in the souls of human beings. Remarque's works alone were read by millions of people and these same millions could not help becoming at least slightly tainted with materialism. These millions of readers were mostly of the lost generation and the cruelties and inhumanities that were revealed to them changed their outlook on life. Pessimism siezed hold and the road is a short one from pessimism to materialism. It was unfortunate that the same period of the publication of these writings should accompany a general unrest in the world. Japan seized Manchuria, Italy began to demand the spoils that she did not get at Versailles, Hitler rose in Germany, France still held the Ruhr district, the Russian bear, while still digesting food from its own field, was eyeing the more luscious fields of its neighbors, and to add to all these world miseries was an economic depression the extent of which had never occurred before in the history of the world.

The well-read young persons, who usually comprise the so-called "Intellectuals" of the day, could conclude nothing else but that a new and fiercer war was in the offing. And having reached this conclusion, he went on to convince himself that there could never be peace in the world and that man was doomed to go on killing his fellowmen by purely animal means. Now, they thought, if man acts as an animal in war why shouldn't he act the same in peace and satisfy his animal desires? The results of having reached this point in his conclusions are seen in the prevalence of low animal morality and high criminal delinquency that started in the early Thirties and continues today. Thus the evolution of the intellectual materialist has been traced back to World War I.

By this time you will have tired of standing before that mirror and will have reclined comfortably in an easy chair. With a slight smile on your face you will say to yourself that there are no materialists in America because we didn't starve nor did the war actually touch our shores. All this will be wishful thinking on your part. Materialism is just as rampant in America

today as elsewhere. Where on earth, outside Russia, has God and all He stands for been excluded from public institutions of learning; where else can one find such fast and loose living as exists here; where can be found a group of young and, very frequently, old people who desire the pleasures of marriage but none of the responsibilities; where are the number of divorces counted in the thousands; where else do the number of convicts exceed the capacities of the jails; and where does the expense of crime exceed the annual national budget? There can be but one answer—the United States. Very many people will not agree with this statement, but if they will investigate and talk to the young people of today they will be startled at the number who will argue that man is an animal and should act as such.

Today, the world is engaged in what is being called

World War II. The origins and causes of this war are basically the same as those of World War I. In 1914, one set of thieves set out to rob another set of thieves who had accumulated a loot that included half the land area of the world. With the help of a propaganda-blinded United States the upstarting, amateur thieves were beaten. For fourteen years they were kept in an international prison only to escape and become stronger than before, but this time not so amateurish. If the cause and origins of this war are the same as the last, the effects must be the same. With materialism advanced as far as it is now, how much further will it be advanced by the new war? Some say that this war will wreck civilization and they may be right. If they are right, and the modern bomber may prove them right, then it is our duty as believers in Christianity to hold to those beliefs and to combat the more intensified materialism that will result from this new war.

FAUX PAS

Sure, I sing a song of sadness, not enjoyment;
And I tell a tale of most distressful woe:
How a greenhorn maid in Flaherty's employment
By her blunder spoiled a worthy woman's show.

Mrs. Flaherty had just come into money,
So she said to Jim, "I think I'll have a spread."
And one morning with the weather bright and sunny,
She penned the invitations, which penned, read:

"Sir (or Miss), we're going to have a little party—
There'll be eighty guests not counting Jim and me—
Come on time, the doings start at just eight-forty.
We'll serve the drinks and victuals to all free."

Well, the guests they came and not a soul defaulted,
And dear Brigid was as happy as could be.
(As I said before, it was a blunder halted
What should have been a splendid scene to see.)

Things went well until she called for demi-tasses;
When they came, poor Brigid thought that she
would scream.

There was present one among the gathered masses
Who in demi-tassees always uses cream.

Why the cream, of all things, should be overlooked,
Brigid for her very life she could not see;
Or much less why guests should be so bloomin'
crooked—

'Twas as bad as making leather out of teal

Brigid faced the situation, nothing daunted;
Lack of cream would never make her party flop!
(Sure, her bright ideas she had often vaunted)
"Mary Ellen" (in a whisper) "bring the top."

Well, the story has at last reached its conclusion:
Mary Ellen's warming benches in the park;
Brigid tossed her through the window in confusion,
When she entered, bearing on a tray—a cork.

—MAUREEN MOYNAHAN.





POTPOURRI



YOU TOO WERE ONCE A FRESHMAN

Have you ever considered the plight of a Freshman when he first enters upon college life? Everything is new; all is different from what it was in high school. The newcomer is alone in a strange city, he must make new acquaintances, establish new friendships, and train himself to conform to an environment that is somewhat artificial.

These facts have been brought to my attention in a rather striking manner during the past few months. You see, I live in the Hall with about twenty-five Freshmen, and I really get to know their joys and sorrows. At first, I thought that I would never get acquainted with all of those new faces, but now I know all these boys not only by their first names, but also by the city from whence they hail.

One Freshman told me that his first impression of college was a very disappointing one. He had pictured college as an ethereal palace where dwelt the gods of knowledge. He visualized the professors as men who spoke only Latin and Greek, and walked about with an air of solemn dignity refusing to speak to anyone except on subjects of profound thought. His first few days at college were days of disillusionment as he gradually learned that college is quite mundane and that the professors are very much human and only too glad to speak to the newcomers and to help them whenever they could.

Most Freshmen are in a daze during the first few months at school. For many of them it is their first experience of being away from their family for any considerable length of time, and they wander about as one suddenly emerging from darkness into bright light. Whenever I hear the story of the woes of a Freshman, I recall my own experiences of the initial year on the campus, and silently I thank those upper-classmen who so ably guided me, and by their encouragement helped me to appreciate and enjoy college life.

At first the fellows were quite enthusiastic about the coeds, and for the first few months they were the chief topic of conversation. But, evidently, they must

have become acquainted with them in the meantime, because now they are talking more than ever about the "girls back home." They have quite a surprise awaiting them when they return home in June, however. It is then that they will realize that the easiest way to lose girl friends is to go away to college.

It is indeed a pleasant sensation to watch the Freshmen gradually "get in the groove" of college life. Almost unknowingly they fall in line with college routine. Little by little they adopt the customs and traditions of the school and even become a part of them. Steadily they acquire not only book-knowledge, but also a knowledge that is far superior and more important—the knowledge of self-maintenance and of daily living. By the time that they have completed their first year, these fellows will have the necessary requirements to instruct the new crop of Freshmen next year.

Thus it goes: Traditions are handed down from year to year—from class to class. The succession ever continues, and we all become a part of that never-ending chain. The buildings may be changed from year to year, students come and go each year, the faculty may be shifted, but the students themselves don't change. They are as immutable as the laws of nature, themselves. They were as they are today, when our fathers were students, even when our grandfathers were students, and they will, in all probability be the same when our grandchildren are students!

—MARK F. LITTEKEN.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

A few years ago I was fortunate enough to take a trip west with my parents and my two brothers. During the trip we saw many natural and man-made wonders; however, none impressed me nearly as much as the natural sights of the Yellowstone National Park.

The territory which now comprises the Yellowstone was proclaimed a national park by an act of Congress on March 1, 1872. It was originally rectangular in shape, sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide.

Since that time, however, its boundaries have been revised until it now covers approximately 3,438 miles. The Park is situated in northwestern Wyoming and touches Montana and Idaho. The central portion of the park is a broad elevated plateau which is about eight thousand feet above sea level. Inclosing this central portion are mountain ranges parts of which rise from two thousand to four thousand feet above sea level of the central plateau. The most important things to be seen in the Yellowstone are the geysers, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, the different waterfalls and passes, the petrified forests, and the numberless wild animals.

The geysers, located in the south central and west parts of the park, number about three thousand. These geysers occur only at places where the internal heat of the earth comes close to its surface. The action of the geysers differs in many cases. Some, like Old Faithful, spout at regular intervals. Some shoot upward with immense power, others steam out at angles or bubble and foam in action. Before the real action of a geyser starts the water at its surface begins to bubble and give off clouds of steam. This is a sign to onlookers that the spouting is about to begin. The action of these geysers, unexplained for many years, is really a simple matter. Water from the surface begins to trickle down through the cracks in the rocks, collecting in the bottom of the crater which is intensely hot. The water then becomes hot giving off steam which expands and forces upward the cooler water above it.

The most important geyser in the Yellowstone is Old Faithful. It is not the highest or the most powerful of the geysers but it is regular and never disappoints the crowds of people waiting to see it erupt. Between every fifty-nine and sixty minutes it bursts forth in all its splendor, spouting from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in the air. The best time to see Old Faithful in action is after dark during the summer season, at nine o'clock. At that time an arc light is placed on top of a nearby inn and it illuminates Old Faithful as it erupts. At that moment the geyser shines forth in all its beauty.

Geysers, however, are by no means the only wonders of the park. Coming to the Yellowstone just to view the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone would be a journey worth making. This canyon is not to be confused with the original Grand Canyon which is located in Arizona along the Colorado River. The canyon of the Yellowstone, though not as large and impressive as the Grand Canyon of Arizona, is considered almost as wonderful because of its scenic beauty. To the southwest of the canyon is a waterfall twice the height of Niagara Falls which rushes out

of the hills on top of the canyon and plunges downward into a drop more than a thousand feet below. Along the walls of the canyon are numerous ridges and projections caused by long years of frost and erosion. The whole canyon is covered with many different colorations ranging from red to yellow and from black to white. The immensity of this canyon together with its beautiful coloring make it one of the wonder spots of the world.

The petrified forests are more of the natural wonders of the Yellowstone Park. They are located over extensive areas in the northern part of the park. The two most important of these forests are the Gallatin petrified forest in the northwest, and the Yellowstone Lamar petrified forest in the northwest. These forests can be viewed from a distance, but are not easily accessible to the ordinary visitor. The petrified trees are of different kinds than those growing in the park today. They include the sycamore and the oak showing that a much warmer climate existed at the time of their growth.

These forests came about by the eruption of volcanoes many years ago. The volcanic dust hurled out in great clouds by these eruptions settled upon the growing trees until they were buried. Water then seeped through the volcanic dust and into the buried trees carrying with it silica from the volcanic ash. The water dissolved the woody structure of the trees and silica was deposited in its place. This shows that the petrified tree as it is today does not contain the ingredients of a true tree, but is only a reproduction in rock of the original form of the tree. Scientists say that this process of forming petrified trees must have taken thousands of years.

Another thing to note while going through the Yellowstone is the presence of the wild animals. The park itself is one of the largest and most successful of the wild life refuges in the world. No domestic animals are allowed in the park. Several thousand elk, a few hundred moose, numberless deer and antelope, bands of mountain sheep, a herd of approximately one thousand buffalo and many bear roam about the park and are well taken care of. The buffalo are the only animals that are confined by fences to certain localities. The caring of these animals shows that they are fearful or dangerous only when men treat them as game or enemies. Even the big grizzlies, which are generally believed to be ferocious, are tame and even friendly unmolested by man.

These are only a few of the wonderful things awaiting anyone who is able and wishes to make a journey to the Yellowstone Park.

—LOUIS GOLDKAMP.

PAL'S "LITTLE"

The brown and white terrier fastened his bright eyes longingly on the face of the boy who was gazing so pensively at the warm-air register. What could be the matter? Should he whine? Yes, he might as well remind his chum that they were wasting precious time. What if Bud did have ice-cube root, or some such thing to work out—if he waited, Dad would help him with it in his own way, which somehow the teacher didn't understand, and which Bud just couldn't explain. Well, here goes. Ah! His dark eyes brighten. As Bud looks at him, he is off toward the door, watching the boy expectantly.

"Sorry, Pal, I can't. Mother says that if I insist on tearing my clothes wrestling, I'll have to stay in and mend them myself. Gosh!" And he picked up the torn shirt which he had flung down on his bed. Pal's eyes were sorrowful. He licked the hand hanging disconsolately between two usually restless legs, wagged an appreciative tail at a grateful rub of his left ear, then lay down to think the matter over. Had Bud not been so downcast, he would have laughed in his own roguish way at such a ludicrous state of affairs. But how could he with Bud looking as if he had just failed to make the needed touchdown in the last minutes of play?

As the boy's fingers awkwardly plied the needle, using the same method of approach as with a screw-driver, Pal deserted his chum. He could be of no help anyway, so he slipped away stealthily, softly, hoping not to be seen. He bounced down the stairs, leading off the bedroom, and passed through the first-floor rooms to the kitchen. Luckily, his friend had neglected to close the door, or hook the screen-door. But before the little terrier pushed open the screen, a protection against importunate salesmen, his keen eyes fell on the kitchen towel. "Great Sirius! Well, at least Mother will know that Bud's hands are clean." He trotted out, even Bud's misfortune being unable to deprive him for long of his wonted gaiety.

Once outside he stopped to survey his monarchy, but only for a second. A sound broke upon his ears, a bark, the S.O.S. of dogdom. The blood of his courageous ancestors surged up. He was down the porch steps and off, led by his unerring instinct to the scene of the difficulty, his small heart throbbing anxiously as he realized the place from which the call had come. Only one appeal had been made; of that he was sure. He had identified the sound, and King was a collie of action. As Pal reached the pond, swollen to a depth of four feet by the early spring rains, King's teeth were sunk firmly in the skirt of his little mistress' dress. His legs were braced, but Pal saw at a glance that the larger dog could not possibly pull Nancy out unless he obtained a better hold. There was no time to go for help; no one was in sight; King would not let go of the dress and take the chance of rescuing the adventurous two-year-old from the cold water unless there were no alternative. And there was; Pal recognized the fact, but could he hold her weight even for a second? If not, it would be a fine death; Bud would be proud of him. All of which passed through his head in a split second. He edged up to the larger dog, planted his feet on solid ground and grasped the dress in his strong teeth. The Providence which watches over dogdom as over all else, was with him. Only for a fraction did he bear the strain. Then King's strength came to his aid and together they pulled the child out. The shock had paralyzed her, but once again on solid ground she began to scream. A breathing moment later, Pal saw the mother, who having discovered the absence of her baby, appear, running. There was nothing more for him to do. Off he trotted, well pleased with his good act for the day, wishing that he might share the experience with his chum, Bud. (The incident of the rescue is based on fact. Just such an anecdote appeared in a city newspaper about five or six years ago, though the small dog was thought to have been a stray, and other details were somewhat different.)

—SISTER ST. PHILIP, S.N.D.

MY TREASURE

You took your smile, your song, your love,
You took them everyone from me.
You left one joy; I cherish it:
Your memory.

— R. O.

Book Reviews



MEN, WOMEN AND PLACES

By SIGRID UNDSET

(Knopf)

A collection of nine essays, rich in the paradoxically unorthodox style of precise Sigrid Undset and steeped in a bewildering solution of Scandinavian and English folk-lore, "*Men, Women and Places*," offers all that the heart could desire in portrait literature. Most of the selections gathered within the book's confining binding have first seen the light as individual goodwill offerings from Norway to America via several of our finer magazines but since they have been written over a period of five years, it is doubtful if many will have read or remembered them in that form. Whether you've met "the wondrous Norsewoman" before or not, you will want to rediscover her particular brand of realistic escapism . . . a style too long absent from contemporary letters . . . and to revel in the clashing tempo of contumacious characterizations which she does so well.

Written in 1935, the first essay, *Blasphemy*, is a truly classic contribution to the intriguing discussion of what lies on "the other side" as Sigrid Undset calls whatever lies beyond the grave. Especially thought-provoking is her challenge to Judge Dahl's spiritualistic religion and to Professor Hallesby's doctrine of resurrection. If, says she in effect, we are re-born to continue the existences we began here on Earth, what happens to those dissatisfied with their lives, their situations, their associates? And if there is to be a social stratification in Heaven (as Dahl's "celestial correspondents" report) what of the conflicts in economic progress that must surely arise? A bit of reading between the lines about here would reveal the slightest touch of bitterness and ironical amusement that the authoress would feel were her own drab-gray life continued along its present path after Death.

D. H. Lawrence, second of the series, in which Lawrence is pictured as "a rebellious Bart, breaking win-

dows to let air into the stuffy labor-ridden houses of the respectable lower middle classes," lays bare the erotic and erratic soul of Lady Chatterly's lover, with the noblest of attempts to explain the consumptive egomaniac's unhappy life and perverse nature. The influence of his mother, his home and his idealistic attitude concerning connubial bliss upon the literature he penned is so strikingly illuminated by Sigrid and so beautifully phrased that the reader meets a "new Lawrence" . . . as vividly as though he himself were to come slouching out of the book and into your room.

The Scandinavian *Marie Bregendahl*, who writes so understandingly of the queerly-complex "silent, lonely, stiff, proud peasant, afraid to merge himself completely in the life of another, to lose himself in the personality of his mate," merits the lash and the laurel from authoress Undset in her third selection. Freely does the criticism flow . . . sometimes sweetly, sometimes tartly. The lovable old Hanne of the Knoll, who makes a festive occasion of her bi-yearly visits to the graves of her three ex-husbands . . . Elsbeth and Grethe, child-psychology at its cleverest . . . tragic Anne of Broholm . . . Hendrik i Bakken, reserved, morose and frightfully ugly . . . "a man is a man, a woman is a woman, but a human being, a human being, Rordam, that is a man and a woman" . . . are characters and sketches so clearly remembered.

Refreshing as a cool draught from some subterranean stream and as bracing as salt air in December, *Margery Kempe of Lynn*, traces the checkered career of our Catholic, fifteenth century radical, through her adolescent instability to an emotional maturity as one of the "Lord's own secretaries." "A curious compound of piety and egoism, humility and pride, charity and hardness, talent and hysteria" was she.

Systems which assume that Christian virtues are best protected if we pretend to know nothing of the dangers that threaten them come in for a satirical attack in a lengthy chronicle *Cavalier*, and skillfully does Sigrid Undset blend the Stuarts and the Blundells, Oliver Cromwell, Titus Oates, King Charles, the Test

Act to drive home a moral that in any other hands would be as dry as last year's cashew crop. History made interesting is this!

So typical of political strategy was the filibuster-style passage of the Grand Remonstrance resolution by England's House of Commons, *The Strongest Power* in 1641 and in sixth spot of Sigrid's collection. By starving out those who could not (or would not) miss their dinner, an oligarchy of nouveau-riche seized virtual control of King Charles I's realm and precipitated the bloody civil strife ending in a complete revitalization of Empire politics.

Leo Weismantel, with his trilogy, pulls the Norwegian Undset back into our generation to confess that "his book, *Maria*, left me cold." So she reviews it with such a different and satisfying treatment that the reader starts avidly searching the shelves for the trilogy almost before he has finished the criticism.

Characteristic of the versatility of the woman are the second to last and the last essay of her "Men, Women and Places." Both are somewhat of a double-barreled night-cap that will leave you chuckling inside and warm with the pleasant glow that comes from meeting someone new or traveling to a strange and exciting land . . . to gain and not lose by the experience. The descriptions of Gotland and Gastonbury range from St. Olaf to King George VI and a little girl clad only in a red velvet body belt, butterfly wings and horn-rimmed spectacles. Battles, coronations, Westminster Abbey, Dunstan, St. Bridget and the Danish Invader Valdemar are mingled to top off a pleasant three hour visit with the amazing Sigrid Undset.

—ERNEST SHARPE.

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD

By VINCENT SHEEAN

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

When I opened the covers of *Not Peace But a Sword* for the first time, I was wholly ignorant of the significance of the name Vincent Sheean. The name was like a train passing in the night, it evoked no response. But I finished the book, was deeply impressed, and as a result, ferreted out facts about the author and I read reviews of his book by reviewers. Now Vincent Sheean means something to me. I know that he is a reporter for the *New York Herald*, that he was a war correspondent in Spain, that he visited England, Ger-

many, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia as a newspaper reporter, and that he dashed off his impressions at a white heat, compiling them for his book *Not Peace But a Sword*.

This book was on the list of best-sellers and still appears there. However, "best-seller" is not necessarily the criterion of a good book. But if one takes the book and judges it on literary standards it deserves commendation. The literary standards must be journalistic, for Vincent Sheean is a newspaper man in body and soul. He writes as a journalist—a literary journalist. He chooses details that punch one between the eyes; he has a breezy, carefree style that is easy to read; he employs the most select of diction, he uses vivid adjectives, his sentences are finely chiseled. But he remains a journalist presenting history from close range. As a journalist he cannot leave himself out of the narrative, and as a chronicler he cannot be precise and sage, for history must mellow for centuries before it can be understood and delineated unbiasedly.

The *New York Times Book Review* supplement says that "there is little that is personal in the book except that Mr. Sheean cannot tell what he saw without telling what he felt," which illustrates that Sheean transcribes his personal reflections in his *Not Peace But a Sword*. The book reviewer in the *Nation* for July 29, Franz Hoellering, entitles his commentary "Personal History II." Vincent Sheean, with his brusqueness and audacity was witness to the reshaping of every major European front during the infernal, fateful year of March, 1938, to March, 1939. You wish you could accept everything he says at face-value, and you are exasperated when you find you cannot.

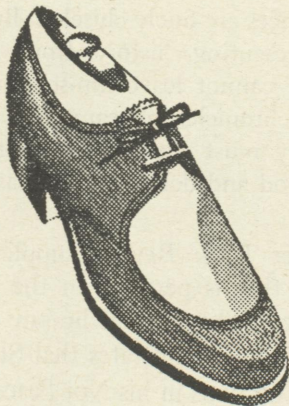
If Mr. Sheean is not a communist, as the *New York Times* reviewer asserts, then he is a fervid supporter of their philosophy. Otherwise, why would he consume four out of ten chapters on Spain if he didn't wish to defend Communism against its mortal enemy, Fascism? He hurls invectives against Hitler and Mussolini for their aid to the Fascists, as he calls the Nationalist army. His viewpoint on the Spanish War is as lopsided as the viewpoint of H. G. Wells on world order. To him the war is a Republican defense of Spain against the avarice of Hitler and Mussolini. He says in one place: "The Fascists apparently loved to waste their ammunition—which was but natural, considering that it was plenteous and came as the free gift of bountiful Italy." He mentions nothing about the destruction of Church property and the wanton murders of thousands of religious, which atrocities were generously dealt out by the Republicans. However, Sheean does admit several times that the Russian Comintern sent aid to the Loyalists. He expresses his

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personal gratitude to Russia. In his sojourn in Barcelona, Mr. Sheean writes about the unquenchable ardor among the people, but omits the outrages committed against the non-communists. Men, who were in Spain during the progress of the war, even those who served in the International Brigade which he extolls so highly, have written accounts that explode his most salient conclusions. Whose word will we accept? Obviously, we can infer from the denouement of the Spanish War, that Sheean has made many cockeyed pronouncements. Hitler and Mussolini are not at the controls of the government. It is Franco who is the Spanish dictator. Hitler and Mussolini have a few insignificant trifles to care for in their own sphere.

I found the book interesting. But I recall the jauntily written reflections on England with the greatest vividness. The chapter on Jim Lardner, the last volunteer for the Loyalists' Lincoln Brigade, is rich in human understanding.

Not Peace But a Sword was published in July, 1939, which is quite recent. But in the illumination shed by events as they have since evolved, we see the facts of the book like Druids of old, hoary with age. It was a best-seller, but not as literature; it was as journalism that it struck the high chord of popularity. And the name Vincent Sheean, author of *Personal History* served as a blazing advertisement.

—ROBERT H. ROUNDS.



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