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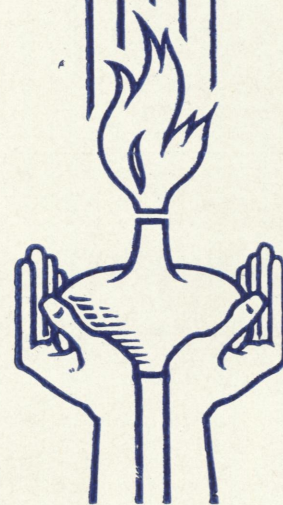
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

# EXPONENT



APRIL 1941



THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU  
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

AND

**28%**  
**LESS**  
**NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other  
largest-selling brands tested—  
less than any of them—accord-  
ing to independent laboratory  
tests of the smoke itself

IT'S NEWS! Not the picture kind—but  
*news of first importance to smokers.*

Independent laboratory findings as to  
Camels and the four other largest-selling  
brands tested—the four brands that most  
smokers who are not Camel "fans" now use  
—show that Camels give you less nicotine  
*in the smoke.* And, the smoke's the thing!

But that's only the start of the story!  
Camel brings you the extra mildness, extra  
coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking of  
slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Get  
Camels your very next pack. Why not get a  
carton—for economy and convenience?

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**THE**  
**SMOKE'S**  
**THE**  
**THING!**



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more exclusive pictures. Below, you see how Bob Donahue gets exclu-  
sive "extras" in his smoking. He smokes Camels, of course. Only Camels  
give you those "extras" of slower-burning costlier tobaccos.

CAMEL'S  
SLOWER WAY OF  
BURNING IS ACES  
FOR MY KIND  
OF SMOKING.  
**EXTRA MILDNESS**  
AND A FLAVOR THAT  
ALWAYS HITS  
THE SPOT



"I'LL TELL YOU," said Bob when he got his picture *taken* (above),  
"I smoke a good bit in my job. And my cigarette has to be more than  
mild—it has to be *extra* mild. Camel is the one brand I've found that  
gives me extra mildness and at the same time a flavor that doesn't  
go flat on my taste."

Make Camels your next cigarette purchase. Enjoy that Camel flavor  
with extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke.

**By burning 25% slower** than the average of the 4 other largest-  
selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you  
a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

**CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE**



# THE EXPONENT

## UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

### ✦ CONTENTS ✦

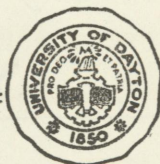
MY PAGAN PAL .....	3
<i>Frank Russell</i>	
THE CANDLESTICKS .....	5
<i>Jeanne McLaughlin</i>	
GERMANY AND ITS YOUTH .....	7
<i>Alfred Lange</i>	
EASTER (A Poem) .....	8
<i>Francis Grisez</i>	
TWO WEEKS OF GABBING .....	9
<i>John Chalmers</i>	
A SLUM-DWELLER'S REVERIE (A Poem) .....	11
<i>John Schreiber</i>	
EDITORIAL .....	12
WE . . . THE WOMEN .....	14
<i>Jeanne McLaughlin, Dona Lou Morris, Betty Wilson</i>	
THE END .....	16
<i>Francis Grisez</i>	
SHATTERED DREAMS, BUT . . . ..	17
<i>Wilbur Dunskey</i>	
POTPOURRI .....	20
<i>Muriel Glander, Kathleen O'Leary</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS .....	22
<i>Ralph Thayer, Wilbur Dunskey, Robert Esper, Ricardo Lupi</i>	

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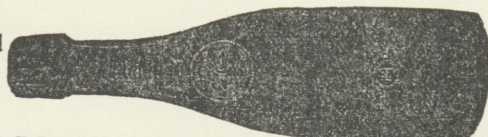
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*Military Ball, April 19*

*Spring Swing, May 2*



# THE University of Dayton Exponent

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APRIL, 1941

No. 4

## My Pagan Pal

● By FRANK RUSSELL

*A bit of nonsense telling how two smart-alecks fleece a fat boy of three dollars.*

PAGAN . . . ? I'll say he is . . . clean to the bones. And so are his Mother and Dad and his two sisters and his little brother. His Mother, though, was a Christian before she married his Dad; at least that's what I've been told.

Joe is the best pal that I have. His full name is Joseph Michael Richard Pagan. There now, the secret's out. I met him on the street one day, about twelve years ago and we had a whale of a fight. Neither of us won, though, because Mrs. Casy called my mother. You can guess the rest. After that, Joe and I became the best of friends and never had another fight.

Joe's a handsome kid even though his face is the bearer of some proud freckles. He has a smile that can bring out the apple blossoms in February and I even think that he could coax the Pussy Willow tree to purr. Both of us are now Juniors in high school and we're always together, both in class and out of class.

The reason that I'm writing all this is because Joe told me to. He's about as much at home with composition work as a woodpecker is in a boiler factory. So I'm going to tell you about the time that me and Joe—pardon—Joe and I, pulled a fast one on Clarence de Vour, the fat kid from the rich part of town, and how we were able to buy the old Ford.

Joe and I wanted money badly because we were going to buy a second-hand car and needed only two more dollars. We were walking through the rich section of town, straining our gray matter in search of some solution, when Joe suddenly grabbed my arm. "Say," he says kinda hopeful like, "there's Fatty de Vour. I'll bet that he's got two dollars with him."

"Swell," says I with a tinge of sarcasm, "you just push the sun behind a cloud and I'll go over and knock him down."

"Don't be a sap," says Joe, "we have to do this thing artistically. You just follow my lead and we'll have the money before you can spell the first letter of the alphabet." So over we went to Fatty de Vour who was pushing a lawn-mower for all he's worth, which isn't much.

Clarence de Vour was a kid of massive proportions. The only small members in his entire person were his little pig-like eyes. His copper hair looked like the burning bush of Moses and his round face created the impression of a huge medicine ball painted red.

Fatty never liked us kids from the East side of town. We weren't rich enough and we lacked what he called "pedigree." As soon as he became aware of our presence he stopped mowing and made a vain attempt to bring his flabby jowels into an expression of grim determination. Looking as tough as he could, he said: "What do you kids want around here?"

Joe nudged me with his elbow. "Do I hear a noise?" he asks, looking about.

"Yeh," says I, "the lawn-mower squeaks; it needs oiling."

Fatty didn't like this. "You fellows think you're pretty smart!"

"Bill!" cries Joe, "I've got it."

"What?" I asks innocent like.

"The noises—I know where they come from."

"Where?"

"There," he exclaims, pointing at Fatty. "That big round thing leaning on the lawn-mower."

"It does look alive now that you mention it."

Fatty was burning up. "If you fellows don't scam I'll sic my dog on you!"

"Dog?" says Joe just loud enough for Fatty to hear,



"dog? Ah! He's trying to tell us that he's a dog!"

"He doesn't look like one," says I, "but I do see a resemblance to Ella."

Fatty bit so hard that I heard his teeth snap. 'Ella who?' he growled.

"Elephant!" I shrieked with delight.

"Will you fellows beat it?" roared the fat kid, becoming even more red.

"Oh," says Joe weakly, clutching at his heart and leaning on me for support, "he wants us to beat a poor defenseless elephant!"

"And him a boy-scout!" I added with scorn.

Fatty was now in a red rage. "Listen . . .," he whispered hoarsely.

"To what?" asks Joe.

"To the elephant," I put in.

"TO ME!!" bellowed the fat one in anger.

"Great!" applauded Joe. "You're becoming more like an elephant every day."

At this Fatty threw down his lawn-mower and lumbered towards us, breathing forth clouds of fiery vengeance. Joe, leaning against a tree, began to roll up his sleeves in an unconcerned manner. The fat kid stopped as if he had been supplied with automatic air brakes. Then Joe began throwing out his bait.

"Fatty," says he, while the sugar dripped off his tongue, "I've got a little business proposition to offer."

"My name is Clarence!" shouts the fat kid.

"Gee," says I, "what a coincidence; I know a trained horse by that name."

Fatty was steaming. "I'm not a trained horse," he hissed.

"I didn't say you were trained," I snapped back. Joe cut in. Now, Clarence, Bill and I don't want to be at odds with you. As I said, we came over here on a little business proposition."

"I'm not interested!" howled the fat one.

"How would you like to make some easy money?" continues Joe, ignoring the noise that was raised. At the word "money" Fatty suddenly showed some concern.

"Hmph! Where did you fellows get money from?"

"Bill," says Joe turning to me, "show him the roll." I pulled out a wallet containing thirty-five dollars which were our savings for the Ford, and waved them before the fat kid's nose. His small eyes popped and his jaw sagged. Joe poked me and whispered: "He's ours; we've got him now."

"Are they real?" asks Fatty.

"Of course!" exclaims Joe in indignation. "Do you think that we'd waste our precious time fooling around with rubber bills?"

"Where did you get them?" asks Fatty slyly.

"Oh," says Joe carelessly, "we held a few bets with some of the fellows and were lucky."

"What did you bet?"

Joe looked at me. "Bill, old boy, should we tell him?"

I rubbed my chin. "Well, I don't know. I don't

think that he's prominent enough."

"He is," whispered Joe, "around the belt."

"NOT PROMINENT ENOUGH!" gasps Fatty. "My Father belongs to the upper circles of society in case you don't know it!"

"The upper circles?" mutters Joe a little puzzled. "Can he possibly be referring to a geometry club?"

"No," says I seeing my chance to take a crack at the fat kid, "he means the ones that appear under the eyes."

Fatty blew out a cloud of steam. "WHY YOU . . ."

"Now, Clarence," cooed Joe, "take it easy. If what you say is true we'll let you in on this little bet; what say, Bill?"

"Sure," says I, "seeing that he really belongs to the upper circles."

"Clarence," asks Joe, "do you have any money with you?"

"Of course," yells Fatty and he pulls out three brand new one dollar bills.

"Is that all?" I asked in feigned disappointment.

"Well—I—I could get some more if it's necessary."

"Never mind," cuts in Joe, "we haven't time. Now listen, Fa—Clarence, you just let Bill here hold that money while I explain to you this bet."

Reluctantly, the fat kid handed over the money, eyeing me all the time.

"Now, Clarence," says Joe, sort of smooth like, "I'll give you three guesses to tell me where I'm standing. If you can guess correctly, you get your money back, plus three of our bills. If you fail, then we keep your money. Now, WHERE AM I STANDING?"

A plump smile slid across the soft features of the fat kid and his eyes lit up with greedy expectation. "That's easy," he shouts, looking down at Joe's feet. "You're standing in your shoes!" With this he made a dive for the money but I was too quick for him and shoved it into my pocket.

"That's one wrong!" says Joe with a smug smile shining on his face. "Try again!"

"WRONG!" gasps Fatty.

"Yep," chirps I, "you heard him. WRONG! N-O-T R-I-T-E!!!"

"W-w-well," stammers the fat one, "if you're not standing in your shoes, where—where are you standing?"

"Ah-ha," grins Joe. "Are you asking me? Two more guesses, Clarence."

Fatty was bewildered; this wasn't going to be the cinch he expected. He now proceeded with caution, while that tax-collector's squint slowly made its way into his eyes. "You are," he said with great deliberation, "you are standing in your—your stockings—in—in your shoes!"

"Strike two!" laughs Joe as he pulls his pants up to his knees. "I'm not wearing stockings."

The fat kid was desperate now. Sweat ran down every hill of flesh on his red face. He moistened his

(continued on page 16)



# The Candlesticks

• BY JEANNE McLAUGHLIN

*Here is another of Jeanne's cleverly written and interesting stories. It has a surprise ending and Old Mame is a character you do not meet with very often in life, but her type does exist.*



THE policeman bent down. "She's dead, that's sure."

"Yeah. It's like I said, officer. I wuz walkin' along not thinkin' of anythin', when all of a sudden she comes runnin' out o' this here door, yellin' like they wuz devils arter her. Then she slips an' falls down these here steps, an' lands like that at the bottom. Musta cracked her head wide open."

"Anybody know who she is?"

"I do. She wuz one o' my roomers. We called 'er 'Old Mame'. Don't know as she had any other name. Don't know much about 'er; she kept to 'erself. Myself, I never paid no attention to 'er, 'ceptin to c'lect from 'er."

"What was she yellin' about when she fell?"

"Somethin' about bein' robbed an' somethin' that sounded like candlesticks—er somethin'. I ain't sure. Mebbe I didn't hear it right. Jist some ole dame gone nuts, I guess."

\* \* \*

No one seemed to notice Old Mame as she trudged from work, but that was not unusual. No one ever noticed Old Mame, for there was nothing in particular about her to attract interest. She appeared to be made all of one color from her mousey hair and dull eyes to her faded gray shawl and shabby shoes. Her step was stolid and heavy, and her expression was changeless.

But what did it matter that people ignored Old Mame, when she was oblivious to them? Her mind was on other things. No, she was not thinking of the dingy shop where she sewed long hours each day for a wage that would have been ridiculous were it not pitiful, nor was she occupied with thoughts of the bare lonely room that was her home. Old Mame was intent, even eager, for she had money in her pocket and she was going to buy something—something she had wanted for a long, long time.

Unless you knew Old Mame, you could not know how strange was her quickened and unpausing pace today. On any other day she would stop before each shop window on her way and gaze at the things within; this was her greatest pleasure. For Old Mame loved to see pretty things—shiny things—sparkling things—many-colored things that were very expensive. Expensive? Well, not to you and me, perhaps, but when one lived on Old Mame's pittance these things were dear—oh, very, very dear.

But today bright and shiny objects could not attract her, for she was to buy the brightest and shiniest of them all—a pair of beautiful candlesticks. She had looked forward to this for nearly a year and a half, ever since that moment when something had happened inside her as she gazed into a certain window. . .

\* \* \*

For, there, before her were the most beautiful things she had ever seen. Candlesticks—two sparkling, shining, glittering candlesticks! Ten long minutes passed while Old Mame watched the play of lights on them. She had never seen anything quite so brilliant, so fascinating. Oh, how she wished she might touch them, feel those cold bright surfaces! Desire grew to longing, and longing to obsession before Mame tore her eyes from their feast. In a dream she walked into the shop—the pawn shop, for there were three balls over the door. A wrinkled and unsympathetic face met her.

Those candlesticks in the window—they were for sale? And how much would they be?

"Forty dollars."

Forty dollars! A fortune! But to Old Mame a fortune was no more than fair. Were they not the most beautiful things on earth?

The shopkeeper watched her leave with mild interest. He was surprised that anyone should accept his price without bargaining, but more surprised that any-



one should inquire about the candlesticks—those hideous things that he had bought for practically nothing. He would have been glad to get rid of them for fifteen dollars, or—with persuasion—even for ten. Lower he would not drop, for the very ornate ugliness of the candlesticks was worth something to him in its power to attract attention to his window. He did not expect ever to find a buyer for them, nor did he care. Certainly he did not for an instant consider as a buyer the shabby old woman who had shown interest in them. He shook his head over her—and forgot her.

But Mame did not forget the candlesticks. Forty dollars! It was an unbelievable sum, but she made up her mind that she would have them.

That evening Old Mame ate no supper other than a piece of bread and a cup of tea, but she was not discontented—she now had a shiny coin hidden in an old cup. Every day after that saw another coin, or sometimes two, added to those in the cup. They accumulated steadily, but slowly—very slowly. Mame was used to pinching pennies—she had had to do it all her life. The small lunches that she carried to work grew smaller . . . she paid less frequent visits to the grocery . . . she put cardboard in her shoes to make them last longer . . . she re-patched and re-mended her shabby clothes . . . she practiced countless small economies that made the little pile of coins in the old cup grow. And periodically her ambition was renewed by the joy of substituting a paper bill for some of the coins—this was a milestone.

No one took notice of the change in Old Mame's way of living, or saw that she was thinner. Only the son of the woman who kept the rooming house where Mame lived felt the presence of her furtive secret, but teasing and annoying her did not discover it for him.

Each day the old woman would stop to look earnestly and long at the candlesticks in the pawn shop window. It was easy to forget hunger when one was fascinated by something one loved. To own the glittering pair had become Mame's goal, the purpose of all her actions.

\* \* \*

And now, almost a year and a half after she had first seen them, a thin, tired, shabby, but eager Old Mame was on her way to buy the candlesticks with the money in her pocket. For the first time in a year and a half she did not pause before the window which held the shiny sparkling pair, but walked under the three balls, through the door. She astonished the shopkeeper when

she laid forty dollars on the counter and demanded the candlesticks, but he got them for her with alacrity, half-fearing that she would change her mind.

They were hers, the wonderful candlesticks!—hers the bright and glittering candlesticks. All the months of hunger and denial were forgotten as she held them close to her beneath the old shawl. Her hurried step was lighter. Her eyes were brighter than they had been for more than a score of years—bright with pride, with satisfaction. Even a stranger could know that the brown paper package she hugged jealously was precious.

But it was not a stranger who accosted her as she turned into the doorway of the house where she lived. The shrewd eyes of the son of her landlady did not miss the change in Old Mame. He put a heavy hand on her arm and jerked her around to face him.

"Whatcher got there?"

Old Mame wrenched herself free half in annoyance, half in fear for her precious burden. The boy watched her climb the dingy stairs to the first landing, and turned away passively. He was not in a hurry. He guessed he did not have to see right away what was in the package. He would have plenty of time for that tomorrow while Mame spent long hours at work. . .

\* \* \*

The policeman bent down. "She's dead, that's sure."

"Yeah. It's like I said, officer. I wuz walkin' along not thinkin' of anythin', when all of a sudden she comes runnin' out o' this here door, yellin' like they wuz devils arter her. Then she slips an' falls down these here steps, an' lands like that at the bottom. Musta cracked her head wide open."

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# Germany And Its Youth

• By ALFRED LANGE

*If you do not have any idea about the training of young people in modern Germany, read his article.*

ONE of Adolf Hitler's most powerful weapons is no "secret weapon"; in fact it has been widely publicized for years: his organization of the youth of the nation.

German democracy, when it existed, never developed to the point where it could carry through a tremendous program without fatal interruptions. With more than a score of rival political groups and parties the nation was ham-strung.

Hitler, in his attempt of youth organization, met many complications, due in part to the essential nationalist aim of Nazi party ideology. His youth movement tended to produce dissension at the same time that it labored to achieve unity. In his crusade against the Jews, he by no means offended only them, but also thousands of Germans. The insistence on exclusive authority over youth was by no means accepted with open arms by the Church. Even Hitler's own army officers, as much as they favored the mobilization of youth—due no doubt to traditional German militarism—did not like Hitler's way of doing it.

Nevertheless, the regimentation of youth was accomplished. Police power, ruthless as it was, helped to suppress discontent with Hitler's methods. Another big help was the widespread feeling in Germany that loss of another war would mean complete destruction of the nation, and Germans therefore had better hang together than hang separately.

Roughly, the system of youth-training in Germany is this: Nazi organizations such as the Jung Volk (Young Folk), Hitler Jugend (Hitler Youth); and Bund Deutscher Maedel (League of German Girls), take in hand German youngsters from ten to eighteen. It is understood that the enrollment of ten year olds is voluntary, but the result of Nazi high-pressure recruiting methods is that practically every eligible youngster joins.

In the Young Folk Organization these recruits get plenty of Nazi propaganda and a sound physical training so extremely important for the army. In addition to the all-around physical training, they are encouraged to



be enthusiastic about such sports as glider-flying, model airplane building, marksmanship, and the elemental principles of seamanship. They go on long hikes and learn to live in the open air.

When those of the Young Folk have reached the age of fourteen, they are taken into the Hitler Youth. Here they get a more serious training in such fields as glider-flying, marksmanship and military topography. If they show aptitude for mechanics they get further instruction in operation and repair of automotive vehicles and a chance to find out something about tanks, war-planes and military leadership. Those recommended for special training are admitted to "Adolf Hitler schools," and if they measure up to the stringent requirements of these, they can qualify, at eighteen, for matriculation at an "ordensburg," which is a sort of university for Nazi leaders.

First, however, they must serve their year in the labor battalions and their two years in the army. The "ordensburg" is an imposing establishment, something between a medieval castle and a university. The students pass from one "burg" to another, getting a year or six months instruction in each, and theoretically should be full-fledged graduate leaders at twenty-nine. Naturally the war upset many schedules, and no doubt thousands of "future leaders," who ordinarily would be completing their training in an "ordensburg" have already died in France and other countries, or are preparing to play their part in the invasion of Britain.

Some of the things at these institutes indicate what stress is placed on athletic preparation for the hazardous tasks of war. One "burg" emphasizes sharp-shooting, equestrian sports, light athletics and flying; another insists on proficiency in skiing and mountain climbing.

To weed out all but the fearless, tests of courage and leadership are put before the youth. One of these might be the following: a student at Burg Vogelsang



in western Germany gets an order to report at once to such-and-such airport; just that and nothing more. After he gets there he is ordered into a plane, first strapping on the customary parachute. At five thousand feet he gets another order: "Jump!" If he hesitates, he's through.

Or it may be a company of students marching across a rather high bridge over the Rhine. "Number four in each squad jump and swim for shore!" barks the company commander. For those who hesitate, too bad, they have "flunked" a very important examination. Incidents such as these take on new meaning when one recalls the conquests of Norway, Poland, Austria, Holland, France and Czechoslovakia, especially when thinking of the unbelievable exploits of the parachutists. They indicate that the physical and technical training side of the program has facilitated the selection of the most skilled, most athletic, most daring combat personnel in the Reich.

It is the army itself, of course, which gives the real military training. Every young man at eighteen, whether or not he has made good in the Hitler Youth, whether jobless or gainfully employed, rich or poor, plain Hans Schmidt or the son of a baron, has to register for compulsory labor service. This is considered his duty to the state, not the state's way of giving him something to do until he can find a job. Incidentally, it prepares for the gruelling military training of his

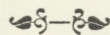
two years compulsory service in the army. If he prefers service in the navy or air force he must sign up for a longer term.

His labor service has hardened him with physical toil—draining swamps, building roads and fortifications—but care has been taken to avoid one-sided muscular development. Athletic recreation is a feature of the labor camp routine. Track meets and gymnastics are the antidote to too much shovel-work.

The army too is constantly sifting and selecting. Men have to be picked for the numerous specialized jobs of a great mechanized force. But one big worry already is off the officer's mind: he has good physical material ready for military training immediately. Months need not be wasted building up a recruit's physique to the point where he can carry a rifle and pack for ten miles.

German youngsters were trained in civil air defense tasks long before the war began. Organized collections by the Hitler Youth cleaned mountains of scrap metal for Germany's war industry; members of the League of German Girls, as well as Hitler Youth and students, helped bring in the harvest.

America! Appreciate your democracy. Appreciate the peace that still hovers over these United States and pray that God will keep it so.



## EASTER

Arise  
And light the skies,  
Bright Easter sun!  
From the gloom of the tomb,  
Arise,  
O Christ, arise,  
Your victory's won!

Awake,  
In glory break,  
Wild flowers of spring!  
From the cold death-like mold,  
Awake,  
O Christ, awake,  
And reign, our King!

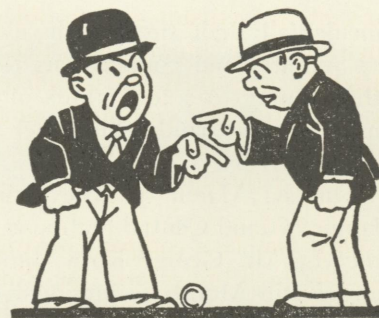
FRANCIS GRISEZ.



# Two Weeks of Gabbing

• By JOHN CHALMERS

*Just the story of how the writer and Joe Shimanek enjoyed the debate trip through the East. Join the debating team and see the U. S. A.*



EVERYBODY writes a diary—or attempts to write one. Sometimes the good intention lasts for three days, or a week, and the more persevering actually records events from January 1 to December 31. Here's one reminiscing over two weeks on the Eastern debate trip. All inference concerning the antics of my colleague, the erstwhile Joe Shimanek, columnist, author, and senior electrical engineer are intentional but cannot be held against me.

*Sunday, March 2.* Joe left yesterday to visit a former roommate in Cleveland. Or, at least that's what he told me. Anyway, we'll have to take his word for it. He was there when I arrived in Cleveland at 10:30. I suppose that I'll have to check on this story.

*Monday, March 3.* Our headquarters in Cleveland were at the Hotel Allerton. Joe hadn't put in an appearance. The debate was scheduled for 8 P. M. As per instructions I waited for someone from Carroll to call for me at the hotel. At 8:15 I was still sitting in the lobby of the hotel. Inquiring at the desk I learned that the university was 14 miles from the heart of town. As chief custodian of the exchequer I decided to wait for the promised ride instead of taking a cab. At 8:25 one of our hosts arrived and we headed for the school. There I found Shimanek tearing out the few threads of hair that were left and growling at "that dope Chalmers" under his breath. We did have the debate, however, and then went our separate ways until 11 A. M.,

*Tuesday, March 4,* when we met at the Terminal Tower, went to the top of it, and started the film record of our trip. We left Cleveland at about noon and arrived in Buffalo at 5 P. M. That day—sans a debate—was spent in a hotel and then we turned in. Before going to bed, Shimanek sent out 13 picture post-cards.

*Wednesday, March 5,* found us in Niagara, N. Y. Now I could write for several hours about the beauties of the Falls and its attraction for tourists (why the

honeymooners are singled out I can't say), but after all, the tourist trade of Hawaii ranks as its third industry (apologies to Brother Ryan, but I had to get this plug in somewhere!) so I can't afford to say too much about Niagara Falls. They were well worth seeing, though, and were one of the high points of the trip. We shot about fifty feet of pictures, but that darned "snow" spoiled everything—all we got was blank film.

There it was that yours truly almost lost his hat. After it blew off and floated through space for a while it got stuck between a huge chunk of ice and the railing at the edge of the cliff. My colleague retrieved it for me. Both of us were half-frozen, but we stayed at the Falls for almost three hours. Back at the hotel we thawed out for a couple of hours and then dashed out to Niagara U. for our debate there. Shimanek sent out 20 picture post-cards.

*Thursday, March 6.* Our next stop was in Rochester. As it was still pretty cold we stayed close to the hotel all day, had our debate, and then took in a show. Shimanek sent out ten post-cards and three picture folders.

*Friday, March 7,* found us in Syracuse. We were stationed at the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity house. The debate manager left town, the hastily appointed fill-in host knew nothing about it, the audience didn't show up, the debate coach was exceedingly embarrassed and Joe and I had a lot of fun. We had our debate at the university with the coach serving as chairman, timekeeper, and audience. I lost count here, but Shimanek was addressing some more post-cards when I climbed into bed.

*Saturday, March 8.* We arrived in Schenectady at 1:30—just in time to see the start of New York State's worst snow storm in six and a half years. We were put up in the Phi Gamma Delta frat house on the Union College campus. We had a round table discussion on the Western Hemisphere Union which proved very interesting and informative. Joe held forth at one end of the table and I was sandwiched in between the chairman and a formidable looking opponent who,



incidentally, got tired of discussing the subject after 10 minutes and confined his remarks for the rest of the evening to a few grunts of assent or dissent. No mail box was handy—Shimanek was foiled!

*Sunday, March 9.* We pulled into New York's famous Grand Central Station at 12:35 P. M. and were met by Mr. George Kirby, brother of Clarke Kirby, and Justin McIntyre, president of the senior class of Columbia University and an old friend of Joe's. We had been delayed in Schenectady and were forced to catch a special train at Albany. The special which we were to have taken directly from Schenectady to New York was held up by snow drifts.

Mr. Kirby drove us around New York City where we took in the sights—the Hudson River, the Normandie, the Riverside Church, Grant's Tomb, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Empire State Building, and Columbia University. We then drove out to Yonkers, met Mrs. Kirby, and then had supper. As the driving was so bad we went out to the Kirby's home after supper and spent a good part of the evening discussing a certain individual on the campus—incidentally, we mentioned that he was related to our hosts. And boy, did we get the lowdown!

*Monday, March 10.* We went into New York City with Mr. Kirby and then met McIntyre. Shimanek mailed all those post-cards which had accumulated for two days. We went up into the Empire State Building and then hiked around the big city. I think we spent over an hour looking for a laundry which would give us 24-hour service. We finally found Jim Lee, bless his soul, who agreed to give us special service. We went out to Fordham University early that afternoon for our debate. Brother James Wipfield, now teaching in Brooklyn and my former English and public speaking teacher in Honolulu, was in the audience.

We spent Monday evening at the Kirbys. Mr. Kirby and Joe challenged Mrs. Kirby and myself to a game of bridge. Realizing that we had to humor Joe, Mrs. Kirby and I let them rake us over the coals. Joe didn't write any post-cards that night.

*Tuesday, March 11.* The Statue of Liberty was our destination before heading for New Brunswick and our debate with Rutgers University. On the way to the subway my hat blew off once again—this time to land in a huge puddle of water on New York's 8th avenue. Fourteen cabs and trucks drove over and around it before the lights changed. We took it to the cleaner.

We took a ferry boat out to the Statue of Liberty and then tore back to catch a train for New Bruns-

wick, N. J. Our experience with shuttle trains here made us realize that we could have walked on the surface without following green lights and would probably have gotten to our destination just as soon.

We stayed at the Y. M. C. A. in New Brunswick. After our debate with Rutgers we headed back for the "Y." I went to a show. Shimanek spent the evening writing more post-cards.

*Wednesday, March 12,* found us in Philadelphia where, before our round table discussion at the University of Pennsylvania, we got well saturated with famous historical points. We visited Independence Hall, Ben Franklin's grave, Betsy Ross' house, and the famous old Christ Church. Needless to say, you can imagine how Shimanek spent the evening after we returned to Leidy Hall on the Penn campus. At this point I began to wonder if he didn't have a half-interest in the Post Office Department.

*Thursday, March 13.* "Washington, D. C. (Special News Release.) Joseph Shimanek and John Chalmers, varsity debaters from the University of Dayton, stormed the Capitol today prior to their debate at Catholic U. After spending a couple of hours visiting friends of Bro. Ryan's they called on Mr. Sam King, Hawaii's Delegate to Congress (more apologies to Brother Ryan) who gave them passes to a number of interesting spots about the city.

"Their first stop after visiting Mr. King was at the House of Representatives where they saw the House "in action." Both Chalmers and Shimanek remarked: 'After seeing how much attention is paid to some of the great speakers of the House, we feel much better. Next time somebody falls asleep during one of our debates we will recall that scene in the House of Representatives.'

"The U. S. Senate was their next goal. On the way they were almost knocked over by California's Hiram Johnson who decided that he had heard enough of Senator Tyding's speech. He was on his way to lunch.

"After leaving the Senate the debaters had lunch in the Senate Cafeteria and then hiked over to see the Supreme Court in action. From there they went over to the Library of Congress, the White House (nobody was there to count the silver so it seemed safer to just lock the whole place up), the Lincoln Memorial, and Washington Monument.

"After the debate at Catholic U. the visitors, still going strong, accompanied their hosts to the Hot Shoppe where they had a light snack. They spent the



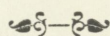
night in the Catholic U. infirmary. According to Chalmers, his colleague has a great capacity for sending out pictorial reminiscences, and will spend one or two hours late tonight or early tomorrow morning writing addresses and licking postage stamps."

Friday, March 14. Here we switched sides and upheld the negative of the question against St. Vincent College, at Latrobe, Pa. The school is connected with the Archabbey of the Benedictine Order in the United States. As Shimanek had an interview at Pittsburgh early the next day, we turned in early so that we could

catch the 8 A. M. train for the smoky city.

Saturday, March 15. After cutting our way through the smoke which engulfed the station and city we took a cab and went out to the Webster Hall Hotel which was to be our headquarters. Shimanek mailed some more post-cards. He kept this appointment, got a job starting next September, and then came back for our debate.

Sunday, March 16. Back in Dayton. That's all, folks!



## A SLUM-DWELLER'S REVERIE

I never saw a sunrise in the city.  
Oh, I've seen the sun ascending a laundry building;  
I've seen its dawn-rays peeping among the stacks:  
But I want to see it rim the horizon hills,  
Or slyly squint at me through leafless trees  
In winter; and make the living dewdrops sparkle  
On the green and velvet carpet in the valley  
On a summer's morn.

I trudged the dirty streets  
And pushed among the hurrying mob, greedy  
For money and pleasure, and evil, and most for  
companions.  
But I never found the money others find  
In city streets. I never found the pleasures  
Others get. And evil? I found too much!  
I found companions too, who stopped and chatted  
With me, but never helped me live a better  
Life.

I long to go to the country and see  
A sunrise, and work and pray, and love and play,  
And see a sunset. I want to stop and chat  
With a farm-bred boy, and talk about my corn and his,

About my chickens and his, about my thoughts  
And his. I want him to invite me to his house  
Of an evening to meet his parents and talk about  
anything.

I want him to ask me to stay with him forever.

Our children will roam the fields and woods and listen  
To the bob-white and mourning dove and robin and  
wren;

And see the clover bloom; and smell the rose;  
And feel the brook—the life-stream of the hills—  
Cool their feet and fingers; and taste  
The honey, fresh from the bee-hive; and sip our milk,  
Rich and creamy from our dairy. Theirs  
Will be a happy life free from dirt of city  
Streets. They must always look up—up at God-strewn  
stars

At night and heaven-sent sun at day and world-made  
Clouds with a silver border.

What matters it  
If they never know the laws that govern the sun  
And stars, the plants and birds, so long as they know  
The Law-Maker, and knowing Him, they love Him?  
What worth is all the knowledge in the world  
Compared with the knowledge of Him in Whom all  
knowledge  
Is?

My God! take me from these man-made slums  
Into Your land of waving wheat and corn.  
There let me work and pray, love and play,  
See a sunset, a sunrise, or—let me die!

—JOHN SCHREIBER.



## THE EDITOR'S

# Soap Box

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*Editor-in-Chief*

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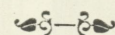
Betty Jane Israel

## Is Engineering A Profession?

Our answer to this question, even though we are an engineer, is a qualified "no." Qualified because of the different ideas of what constitutes a profession. Webster's Dictionary defines a profession as being "that of which one professes knowledge." In this light, then, the "sewer diggers" (C.E.), "steam fitters" (M.E.), "cooks" (Ch.E.), and "live wires" (E.E.) constitute a profession. But, when we view the question in the light of what the majority of people think of as a profession, we believe that one will find that the engineer does not enjoy the same professional rank as a doctor and a lawyer as a well-dressed, cultured and dignified man, with a refined speech but is regarded as a man in ragged riding pants, torn leather jacket and battered hat, who must rival a mule skinner in profanity in order to get his work done. We know that this is not a true picture of an engineer, but, nevertheless, we maintain that the majority of the people imagine this when the subject of the engineer appears in daily conversation. Just why is this so? We believe that this is entirely the fault of the engineers themselves, in that they generally scorn culture and the arts and allow outsiders to address them and treat them as they would common laborers. To illustrate the latter point we cite a recent series of speeches presented to engineers on the subject of concrete. To emphasize certain parts of his subject the speaker used coarse and profane language, something that the American Medical Association or the American Bar Association would not tolerate in any of its meetings. As to the lack of culture and arts in the engineer one thing that can be said is that we deplore this lack in the engineer. What is the solution to this problem? One solution would be to adopt a seven year course for engineers, the first four years being devoted to mathematics and cultural subjects and the final three years being devoted to engineering subjects. But that would mean time and money which the engineering student has not. As a substitute, we propose that a list of at least one hundred and fifty books on every branch of knowledge man has, be prepared and that the reading of these books be prerequisite for graduation.

Page twelve

Those of you who are engineers owe it to yourselves and your colleagues to help dignify your life's work and thus establish it in the eyes of all the people as a profession on an equal level with that of the doctors and lawyers.



## The Invasion of England

In the first issue of this year, we predicted the invasion of England this spring. Spring is here and the invasion has not materialized. But spring is not officially over until June 20th and much can happen before then. Come what may, England will be invaded before the seniors see their alma mater for the last time on Graduation Day. We base our reputation as an amateur arm-chair military strategist on this prediction.

How will the invasion come and what will it be like? Space provides only a brief study of the question. If the invasion is to succeed it must be a complete and swift surprise. The element of surprise in attack is recognized by the three foremost military strategists of our time, Napoleon, Foch, and von Clauswitz, as being the most important contributor to a successful battle. The present German General Staff also recognizes this factor in a successful war, not only as an element of time but also in the use of new weapons and old weapons in greater masses than were ever conceived to be possible. The invasion will not be a surprise as to time and place as much as it will be a surprise of the mass use of known and unknown war implements.

Having reached this conclusion, we will now attempt to reveal what we think the plan of the German General Staff is for the invasion. In the breakthrough at Sedan and the operations around Dunkerque the German "Luftwaffe" used two air fleets under the commands of General, now Field Marshal, von Kesselerling and General von Sperrling, consisting of seventeen hundred planes each. A minimum of sixty percent of these are bombers. Their work in Belgium and France will be nothing compared to the job they



will be called on to do against England. Day and night, on a schedule as rigid as that of a railroad, they will fly against England until their mission is accomplished or they die.

During the actions preceding the fall of France it was proven time and again that massed bombers can lie down and maintain a barrage as impenetrable as can the artillery. We believe that this fact makes the invasion possible, an invasion that has not succeeded since 1066. As preparation for this, we can conclude that during this past winter new Folke-Wolfe and Heinkel bombers have been issued to the squadron of the two air fleets and that these fleets have been reinforced by one more, possibly two. Likewise, we can conclude that immense underground hangars have been constructed at camouflaged air fields behind the Channel ports. We wish to point out here that the R.A.F. has never penetrated beyond the Channel ports and that such great former French air-bases as Arras, Amiens, Rouen, Lille, Douai and many others have never been subjected to bombing.

From the bridges at London to the docks at Bristol, the "Luftwaffe" will cut a path of destruction that will sever all communications with the rest of England. Look at your map. Notice how the Thames Estuary and the Bristol Channel approach each other so that England is narrowed down to a strip of land barely one hundred and ten miles wide. On this strip of land, between London and Bristol, every railroad, every highway, every line of communication down to country lanes will be cut and maintained cut by thousands of bombers. And then the German Army will cross the English Channel. Some will say that this is impossible, that there aren't enough planes in the whole world for the job and that the R.A.F. will smash such an attempt. In answer to the first objection we have a few statistics derived from the writing of Major Eliot and Louis P. Lochner of the Associated Press. The average roundtrip flying time between the German Bases and the objective is two hours for bombers. On the one hundred and ten mile front we can conservatively assume two hundred and fifty railroad and highway junctions that must be cut and maintained cut. Considering the number of planes needed over each objective at all times and the time it will take the German Army to land a sufficient force on the English Coast, we can come to the conclusion that the barrage can be maintained with a minimum of five thousand bombers. And Germany is known to have that many in active service with over a one hundred percent reserve. As to the second objection, the R.A.F. fighter and bomb commands, we believe that their threat will be nullified by maintaining offensive patrols day and night with German pursuit squadrons over every R.A.F. airdrome. For this purpose Germany has available at least twenty-five hundred fighting planes divided into five groups. Three groups of five hundred each are attached to the three air fleets in France and Belgium. One is a special group based on the Rhine to

protect the Ruhr industries and the fifth is attached to the reserve air fleet at Vienna. These last two groups will move up to prepare bases behind the Channel just before the invasion. Thus the barrage across England's "neck-line" will strangle her and, by preventing her from reinforcing the south coast, she will be invaded.

You think not? Let us wait and see.

## For God, Country, and Mr. Churchill

"War is no pastime; no mere passion for venturing and winning; no work for a free enthusiasm; it is a serious means for a serious object," (Von Clausewitz "On War," 1820.) Those words apply now as emphatically as they applied then. Von Clausewitz was referring to the French outlook on war at the time of Napoleon's defeat and we are referring to the present American outlook on war. The average American does not realize the seriousness of the steps towards war that his government has made in the past two years. From the Charlottesville Address, through the Destroyer Deal, past the Lend-Lease Bill, to the present utterances of "barbarian" by the President and the Secretary of State in reference to the German advance against the British in the Balkans, we have seen our government challenge the right of any nation, except England, to work out its destiny on the Continent of Europe. The United States has committed itself to support the world dominance of Great Britain. We wonder if the American people realize what this means. We wonder if the people know that to "make the world safe for democracy," to save England, to destroy the dictators, will take more treasure in blood and money than we can afford to sacrifice. Already we are spending weekly five times the amount of money for Canada's war than she is herself, and that within another six weeks our expenditures under the Lend-Lease Bill will be greater than England's and we are not responsible for the war. But this is not the end. Once before, in this column, we took the occasion to point out that England cannot mobilize enough man-power to reconquer the Continent, that it is just as difficult for England to invade Europe as it is for Germany to invade England, and Germany has twice the available man-power and manufacturing power. No, the American dollar is not going to be the only volunteer for England, but the blood of millions of American men will also be poured into Europe's cauldron of death. Let's not kid ourselves. We lost a "mere" 250,000 men in the last war and thirty-seven billion dollars, but this will be only "chicken-feed" as to what the present "crusade" will cost us. Our own conservative estimate is at least a million killed and two million wounded, with an expenditure of not less than two hundred billion dollars, the total national income for three years. After it is all over, all that we will be able to say is that we had asked for it and we got it.





# We... The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . Martha Rose Manny



Some time ago Tennyson penned a few words concerning a "young man's fancy" in Spring. There few lines have stayed with us and have been more or less accepted as a fact, but do you know what a young woman thinks about in Spring? She may ponder over . . .

## THE SKY

A lady of changeable moods is the sky;  
She can frown and smile, she can weep and sigh.  
She may thunder and flash in stormy huff,  
Or powder the earth with her snowy puff;  
She can glow with the sunset, or blush at the morn,  
Or veiled with clouds can become forlorn.  
But I like her best on a summer day  
When she joyously beams and is very gay.

—JEANNE McLAUGHLIN.

or she may have gay nonsensical ideas—

I may not know what makes grass green,  
Or why the earth's not flat;  
But you'll admit I'm pretty smart,  
'Cause I'm your new spring hat.

—DONA LOU MORRIS.

or beautiful thoughts such as these which go without title or author's name because of some coed's shyness—

Wind-tossed branches lace themselves against a leaden sky,  
Sharp rains tear the little leaves; they tremble there, and I  
Just so am rent by feelings strange and strong,  
They push themselves into my soul, a motley crowding throng,  
The dreams of youth—hope, and love, and pride  
Am I afraid to face them who often so have cried:

Page fourteen

"My whole life long, O Lord, for Thee,  
"For now and evermore—yes—for all eternity!"



Storm tonight;  
Wet pavements glisten  
Under lamplight.  
In reflecting pools is drawn  
Passing of the clouds—  
Dark awaits the dawn.

But the young woman also has thoughts of love as evidenced by another anonymous contribution, which is rather melancholy, but very sentimental—

## SPRING LOVE

Spring seems to be the time of the year  
Which always reminds me of you, my dear.  
I can still remember that day in May  
When first I noticed your charming way.

We laughed and talked and had such fun,  
We never noticed how bright was the sun;  
And although the sun is shining today.  
Because of you I'm pining away.

I thought that you were really mine,  
But now I know that I "fell for a line";  
Still how could I resist with the sky so blue,  
And someone near me as handsome as you.

The sky is still blue but our romance has ended;  
It's been so long yet my heart is not mended.  
Some day someone else will make my heart sing,  
But I'll think of you always whenever it's Spring.





## LOCKER ROOM

Just across the hall from the Rumpus Room (girl's lounge to the uninformed), is the locker room. Now you would think that a smallish space lined fore and aft with four-family-apartment-type lockers would be ordinary and peaceful enough. That is, you might think so until you become acquainted with U. D. coeds; then you know better.

Of course, the locker room has its off moments, as for instance during a holiday, but it's at its very best during an ordinary school day.

At about ten minutes before an eight o'clock class, for instance, a group of coeds moves strangely and mechanically among the lockers, automatically shoving books and papers about. A fixed expression is on their faces, and their eyes stare straight-ahead. Sssh, don't wake them, they're sleep walking.

This contingent files quietly out, leaving locker doors unlocked (a coed peculiarity), and with acute concern. The bell rings, and things are about to become quiet again when a late-comer strides in. Wide awake, and more than a little perturbed, she rushes down a row of lockers to one which looks familiar, jerks open the door, and starts rummaging. She is probably looking for the text which goes with the class which she's not in, or the assignment for the same class, or something. Above the noise of her brisk activity climb strange and vengeful mutters, increasing in volume with her rising anguish. She suddenly comes upon some unfamiliar paraphernalia having to do with engineering. Gazooks! the wrong locker. Hastily she vibrates to the one on her right, and digs in all over again. Red in the face and fifteen minutes late, she at last emerges and scuttles down the hall with whatever possession it was that she wanted.

From here on, coeds come in thick and fast. Now and then some surprised soul, upon opening the locker door suddenly, is beamed by anything from a five-pound law text to a half-painted wooden bowl.

Dazed but not shaken, she carries on with courage, and balances the offending article on the shelf in its original position, being firmly convinced that there's no sense in letting things get dull.

If it happens to be a bad day, the one radiator in the room rapidly becomes festooned with Nylons or with fuzzy angora anklets which singe and curl, smelling faintly like wet ducks, while the unhappy owners stand about pensively viewing cold bare toes.

Now and then a hollow metallic boom, followed by lesser crashes and reverberations, indicates that someone's book has just been tucked in—from across the aisle. A tinkling, scraping sound heralds the approach of any one of the coed fencers, bristling weapons in all directions and dropping headgear as she walks.

Meanwhile, there are always the usual verbal noises associated with a gathering of coeds. This gradually increases until it drowns all extraneous sounds such as someone being choked quietly in a corner for giving a juicy item to a columnist, or the stealthy rustle which book worms make as they glide happily through the pages of thick and luscious texts.

Lunch time in the locker room! There you really have something. Here and there, of course, a coed might give rise to a startled yip as she is knocked flat in the stampede; but she soon rights herself, does a little shoving on her own, and knocks some other victim amidships. By degrees, and with much patience, she finally gets through the squirming wriggling mass of humanity to her locker where she may collapse in comfort if there's any room. Usually, however, she finds her four or five locker mates all assembled and waiting for her; population per square inch, practically one hundred per cent.

As the afternoon wears on and some fortunate souls are free to go home, the locker room begins to look deserted. At five or after, however, some lonely exile from a late lab, art class, or campus publication, wanders wearily in, wondering if she can find anyone to keep her company going home. Not being successful, she too slams the locker door, sets the lock, and leaves. As she goes, a coed pops her head around the lounge door, envy glistening in her eyes. "Going home?" she wants to know. "Uhhuh," returns the first volubly, "You stuck here?" "Uhhuh," replies the second disgustedly, "Night class." "Oh, good-night."

And so the locker room isn't deserted—not quite.

—BETTY WILSON.



(continued from page 4)  
lips and prepared for his last guess. "You—you—you're standing—you're standing in your shoes—on—on the sidewalk!"

Joe let out a war-hoop. "Three strikes! You're out, Fatty. Go back to your lawn-mower. Come on, Bill, we have business to attend to."

---

## The End

*This is just a look into the mind of a discouraged person. See what the end is.*

I LEANED over the bathroom sink, my throat bare, a straight razor clutched in my hand. Hope was gone. Why should I suffer any longer?

Life for me had always been a succession of trial and misery. Reared in a poor family—one which lived on bare essentials, rejected charity, and starved on a scrawny income—I should have inured myself to privation, but I had not.

Too soon I was obliged to shift for myself. Through the influence of a chance acquaintance I had obtained a slavish job—inhuman work, negligible pay. After being enchained for five years, waiting from Sunday to Sunday for a rest, I was told that my services were no longer needed, that I had been retained out of kindness, but now that was impossible.

Kindness? I left the shop cursing my fate. Kindness? Yes, it was kind to throw me into the street after I had filled his cash box with my blood!

Then dragged eight dreary months of desperate searching for work. A search that was, of course, in vain. I never expected to find anything; I would even have been surprised if I had.

One day, however, my hope ran high. I was told that the proprietress of a shop dealing in imported goods was looking for help. I went there. Yes, she was in need of a co-worker. I hurried to assure her that I was indeed capable of the work, that I was, in fact, ready to begin at once. She protested that I would need some instruction. I insisted the more that I was fully equipped, and, alas, ruined my own chances. Though she wished to help me, I was over eager. Had I only submitted; had I only been more humble!

Since that day there has been no single ray of hope. No one has given me the slightest encouragement. All

But Fatty was not to be put off so easily. With amazing agility he got in front of us and like some wild bull he roared: "WELL WHERE DID YOU HAVE YOUR FEET, MISTER SMARTIE, HUH—TELL ME THAT!"

Joe looked at me and grinned. "In BILL'S shoes," he said; "mine are in the shoemaker's."

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● By FRANCIS GRISEZ

has been black, black—no wonder I am driven to despair. Day after day of walking, searching. Day after day of refusals. insults. I was treated like a beast. No, men are kind to animals, and even animals are not as cruel to one another.

You call me cynical? Who would not be sour after suffering all I have suffered? Do you expect me to be other than sour after being buffeted by a thoughtless world? Do you expect me to smile when I have encountered frowns, snarls, curses? To smile, perhaps, as the business man who thought I was a customer?—how soon his forced smile faded when he realized I was seeking employing. Cynicism? Yes, I enjoy it; I delight in it.

O, God, what has brought me to this end? But now that all my efforts have been useless, I am glad. Glad I was refused; glad I was snarled at; glad I was trampled upon—glad! glad!

The sun touched my shoulders with fingers of light. I grasped my razor. The thing must be done, and done quickly.

But what is time to me now? How satisfying it is to brood and laugh over my doom. Perhaps I am mad; I should have ended this misery long ago. Why live on with the world thrown against me?

My thoughts fell dead. I stood looking at my hollow cheeks, at the blue veins pulsating in my throat, at my heaving hands, at the razor—blue and cold. I felt the blade—so sharp that it gave a tiny cut.

I laughed insanely; I laughed and laughed. Oh, how detestable everything was. How wretched my existence. I laughed; I laughed as a feverish madman until tears boiled over my hot cheeks. How I wished everyone in the world dead! I laughed; I laughed; I laughed!

Then calmly I took the razor, smilingly looked at it, examined my throbbing throat, finished shaving, and set out once more to look for work.



# Shattered Dreams, But - -

● By WILBUR DUNSKY



*This is the story of the regeneration of a very bad father, and it has a touch of the Easter spirit.*

“O TOM, I don't want you to do it. I feel that something dreadful is going to result from it.”

“But I must, Marie! It'll mean so much for us and for Mildred. Don't you see—”

“No, I don't see any sensible reason for giving up your position in the symphony in order to direct an orchestra at a night club.”

“But I'll be able to play the music that I love, and I can give my own interpretation to the pieces. It's just what I've always longed to do. And besides, the salary is much better. You can take things a little easier now, and we can send Mildred to college.”

“I don't like to have you spend your evenings at a night club. Oh, I know I can trust you, and I do, but I'm afraid, Tom, I'm afraid!”

“Afraid of what, Marie?”

“And besides,” she continued unmindful of his question, “do you think for a moment that you can play anything that appeals to you? Don't you realize that you'll have to please the customers and not yourself?”

“But the salary, dear!”

“Yes, the salary—the salary—and Mildred,” Marie replied thoughtfully.

“Come now, Marie. Won't you give in?”

“I'm afraid I must, Tom, but I don't like it.”

Just then the front door opened, and a sweet, girlish voice sounded from the outer hall.

“Hello, mom and dad, have you gone to bed yet?”

“No, Mildred, we're in the parlor.”

A light step sounded on the linoleum, and then a slim, graceful figure stepped through the doorway. Mildred was just beginning her seventeenth year, but an artist might have worked for ages trying to capture the freshness and the exquisite beauty of her finely wrought countenance. She was smiling happily as she entered the room, but the expression which she saw on her mother's face quickly drove away that lovely smile.

“Mother, are you ill? You and dad haven't been quarreling, have you?”

“No, Mildred,” Tom said quietly, “we've had no

quarrel. Mother and I have been discussing the question of my accepting a new position.”

“A new job?” Mildred exclaimed in astonishment. “Why, I thought—I thought you'd never leave the symphony. Music means life for you, dad!”

“I did not say I was giving up music. In fact, I'll be a director now, and I'll earn more money. You can go to college after next June, Mildred!”

“I can? O daddy!” She gave her father an affectionate hug, and then turned to her mother. “Do you hear that, mother? I can go to college, and I can study and study and become a good teacher. Don't you—don't you think it's grand, mother?”

“O Mildred, I don't know what to think. Perhaps I am somewhat ill. I think I'll go to bed now.”

“We had all better get to bed,” Tom declared rising from his rocker and knocking the ashes from his pipe. It has been a hard night for all of us. Good-night, Mildred.”

“Good-night, dad. Good-night, mother,” returned a dumbfounded Mildred.

Marie had reasons to be fearful. The Triple Elm night club at which Tom's orchestra performed, was rotten from the corner-stone up. The people who attended the place were no company for an upright man like Tom. Many gambling devices were in operation, drinking went on very freely, and riots were not infrequent. Tom was not able to play the beautiful melodies which he loved, nor were the musicians very painstaking in their endeavor to render the pieces according to his interpretations.

Tom thought perhaps he would be able to raise the standard of the club and educate the people towards an appreciation of better music. He had long sessions with the members of the orchestra, and he spent many hours with the proprietor of the Triple Elm discussing his ideals. Always the answer was the same,

“Better give the public what it wants, Tom.”

He passed many sleepless nights revolving the question in a tired mind. He loved music, and his whole nature revolted at the trash he was forced to play at the club. Often he was tempted to throw down his baton and rush from the hellish place, but the thought of the good money he was making and the vision of



his darling daughter realizing her life's ambition at some college calmed his rebellious feelings.

Tom's health began to fail visibly. His appetite dropped off, the spirited step left his stride, his customary smile appeared only rarely, and there was always a sad, far-away look in his lustreless eyes. Marie could not fail noticing this, and frequently she tried to remonstrate with him.

"Tom, is it worth it? You're going to pieces. Give it up, Tom, please! Let them keep their filthy money. All I want is you, Tom!"

"Confound it Marie, stop talking like that. We've got to get ahead in life. We've got to think of Mildred. Don't worry about me, I tell you I'm all right."

Six months passed. Tom no longer cared for himself. All his interest in music had fled. One piece sounded very much like another to him. Only one picture haunted his befogged mind, the picture of his Mildred happily making her way through college, preparing herself for the life which she loved so much.

But there is a limit beyond which the human powers may not be urged. The members of the orchestra had for a long time already been urging Tom to drown his troubles in drink. One evening, after a quarrel with Marie, he was in a reckless mood, and he accepted the advice of his friends.

Tom was very late coming home that night, and Marie anxiously awaited him. Finally he appeared in the pathway staggering fearfully and crooning drunkenly. The very sight of her manly Tom in this deplorable condition sickened Marie, and she hurried to her room.

It was a year now since Tom had accepted the position at the Triple Elm, and that one short year had changed him from a fine, upright, conscientious man into a degraded, dishonest, pleasure-seeking individual. He frequently came home under the influence of drink and quarreled with Marie. Much of his salary he squandered on drink and in gambling, and most of his time he whiled away at the club among his new friends. He was devoting all his extraordinary talents to writing music which would appeal to the people, and he was becoming tremendously popular.

One night, however, Tom failed to come home at all. Marie was anxious, but she thought it best to wait. Two nights, three, a full week passed without a sign of Tom. Then a letter from Tom, posted with the city, arrived, telling Marie that he was through with her and Mildred. "Get along as well as you can," were the closing words.

Marie sank slowly into a chair, and then she burst into tears. Mildred found her there a long time

afterwards with the crumpled, tear-stained letter in her hand, staring blindly through the window. Quickly she read the short letter, but she did not cry. She turned to her mother with a sad, determined look upon her beautiful face and said,

"We'll get along, mother. I'll take care of you."

Marie seemed not to hear her, but she exclaimed passionately, "Tom! Tom! I'll wait for you. I'll wait for you."

"We'll pray for him, mother. God will send him back."

Five years passed. It was a clear, star-lit evening towards the end of March. Everything was agog on the third floor of St. Francis' hospital.

"Hurry, Miss Morgan, get that bed in shape. There's an emergency case coming in immediately."

Miss Morgan had scarcely finished her task when two burly policemen labored into the room carrying a wretched-looking man who was moaning and writhing with pain. His ill-fitting clothing was torn to rags, and his person reeked with the smell of liquor. His pale, emaciated face was badly lacerated, and an ugly gash showed through his disheveled black hair. It was Tom!

"Get him ready for operating," a doctor snapped. "It's our only chance. And please hurry!"

Three hours later Tom opened his eyes and blinked painfully at the blinding light. He felt a soft, gentle hand pressing against his fingers, and his gaze shifted to the side where he saw very indistinctly somebody clothed in white. His blood-shot eyes sought the white-clad person's face, and he could make out that it was a beautiful young girl. His eyes met two misty, blue eyes. He gave a sudden start of recognition,—  
"Mildred!"

"Daddy!" he read on the girl's red lips.

Tom then slipped away into unconsciousness. He felt himself seized by an irresistible force and dragged down, down, down! His breathing became faster and more difficult. His whole person seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of fire. Down, down he continued! A crushing weight was piling up on his shoulders, and a deafening sound as of mountainous, rushing waves thundered upon his ears. Down, down, farther down, always down he sank! Hideous laughter sounded all about him, and he perceived a million little devilish fiends dancing upon his body pricking him with sharp, blazing steel prongs. He began to struggle



and to shriek like one possessed. Blood gushed from his mouth and burst forth from his nostrils. Suddenly a greenish vapor, approaching dizzily in the distance in the midst of which appeared a horribly distorted countenance, attracted his attention, and he ceased his struggle.

"Welcome home, son," the shapeless lips uttered from the cloud. "You have merited a very high position in the kingdom of Satan. I bid you welcome!" And then Tom heard such a weird, inhuman, blood-curdling laugh that he swooned away.

When he again opened his eyes, the vision was gone. The fiends no longer tormented him; the crushing weight no longer bore him down; and the insufferable heat no longer plagued him. He was breathing quietly and regularly. Instinctively he looked for the white-gowned nurse. His eyes again rested upon hers, and the big, beautiful, blue orbs lighted up with joy.

"O daddy!" Mildred exclaimed. "You've come back to us."

"Come back?"

"Yes, Tom," another voice broke in from the opposite side, "we thought surely you were going away from us—forever."

Tom turned his head slowly to the left, and there he met a pair of mild brown eyes gazing lovingly at him through two shining tear-drops.

"Marie! Can you ever forgive me?"

"You were pardoned years ago, dear. Mildred and I have knelt at our bedside every night and begged the Blessed Mother to send you back to us. We've missed you terribly, Tom. We want you to come home again."

"You want me—me—back? You—After all—"

"You must forget that horrible spectre of the past, dad. We've seen enough of it during the past week. You were almost unmanageable!"

"Have I been raving here for a whole week?"

"Yes, Tom, and had it not been for Mildred's skillful and constant care, you might never have returned from that awful dream."

"Mildred," Tom said in a husky voice, "why did you do it for a worthless renegade? I abandoned you, and I destroyed your castle of dreams. Can you ever love me as a father again?"

"You'll always be my darling daddy. That's the only role in which I can ever picture you, and as such I have always loved you. As for the dreams, dad, that's all they were, childish fancies. Mother sent me to the Sisters to become a nurse, and I've been very happy here. It's such a beautiful work helping the sick, soothing their aches and pains, comforting them in their trials, cheering them in their dull moments, adding a little sunshine to their dark lives, and preparing them to go home. Everything has worked out for the best, and now that we have each other again, we can begin life anew."

Just then there swelled to the ears of the happy trio strains of heavenly music. Tom immediately started to attention. "Resurrexit sicut dixit!" he heard. And at that very moment the sun slipped out from behind a preventing cloud and sent a flood of dazzling light into the sick man's room.

"What day is it?" asked Tom anxiously.

"It's Easter morning, Tom!"

"Easter?" Tom exclaimed in surprise.

"Easter!" Mildred repeated emphatically. "The day of Christ's glorious resurrection."

"God be praised," Tom said in a powerful voice. "This shall be a day of resurrection for me also, for I shall rise from my life of sin and slavery to a new life of innocence and freedom in Christ's kingdom once more. O Christ, I thank Thee for this new life!"

The shaft of golden light, beaming resplendently through a freshly washed pane of shining glass, fell directly upon the crucifix hanging over Tom's bed, and once more those reassuring words sounded melodiously from the chapel below,

"Resurrexit sicut dixit!" ("He has risen as He said!")

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#### THE PUP

Wash my hands?  
These hands tell of a dog,  
A large, friendly dog.  
Wash my hands?  
  
I said hello.  
He answering, licked my hand,  
Then followed to my home.  
Wash my hands?  
  
You dirty pup.  
I pet your square-shaped head.

You friendly, clumsy dog.  
The memories you brought.  
  
My dog, today,  
Someone is missing you.  
You ate my food and wagged your tail,  
A last farewell.  
  
Wash my hands?  
Wash out a memory,  
A reminder of another pup?  
It would not do.

—GRACE MARIE KELLER.





# POTPOURRI



## A FAMILY REUNION

From the day our family received an invitation in the mail asking us please to be present at the annual family reunion to be held in the city park the following Sunday and to bring well-filled baskets, I practically begged my father to let us attend for the first time. My pleas were to no avail until Sunday at 11:00 a. m. Whether he was weary of my wailings or whether the fine day had anything to do with his change of mind, I know not, but I do know he had my mother pack a fine picnic lunch with fried chicken as the main dish. Within thirty-eight minutes we were in the car whizzing away toward the picnic grounds.

Upon entering the grounds huge signs showed us the way to the scene of the picnic. Why, there was Aunt Maggie and Uncle Jake waving frantically for us to join them at the table. The feast was already in progress for we were late. As we passed by the long table everyone smiled, whether at us or with us, I do not know. I only hoped it was the latter. As usual I was hungry and with a table (at least twenty-seven yards long) completely filled with food of every description, I knew I was going to enjoy the next half hour tremendously. I was prejudiced to my mother's fried chicken because it is of the best, but I am a staunch admirer of Aunt Joan just because she bakes the chocolate layer cake that melts in your mouth. When top honors are awarded for baked beans and mustard pickles, I do believe Aunt Ginny takes first prize. Picnics and a family reunion are the two times mother allows us to eat chicken with our fingers even though Emily Post does say it is permissible with the hostess's consent, so when the opportunity presents itself, I am ready, willing, and able to consume large quantities of chicken a la fingers with the aid of a large napkin.

And as always at the end of a large meal there are heaps and heaps of dishes. Today though at a picnic, paper dishes seem to be in order, so many can be discarded, but the task of putting the food away until it is time for an afternoon snack still remains a problem. It depends on one's age whether one can escape

this task, so if your age is anywhere in the vicinity of eighteen or older you had better not stop, look, and listen, but eat and go!

By two o'clock I had picked up a group of admirers. They ranged in age from 2 to 22. I found that young man was my father's sister's cousin's aunt's son. That he was only 22, liked Lamb's Essays and pretzels with mustard, had a blue convertible coupe which he likes to drive with the top lowered. Joan, age 5, really did not know there was a honeybee in that lovely bouquet of clover she picked especially for me. It was not Uncle Tony's little boy, John Edward's fault that a snake fell from an overhanging bough in that path near the woods, that is, I would not have thought it was his fault if he had not insisted I walk on that particular path when I wanted to take another. Wheee-ee-eee goes a whistle and from a previous bit of information I knew that was a sign which meant that games were beginning. Before I was able to reach the game grounds, however, I was completely surrounded by my mother and a group of jabbering women whom mother wanted me to meet. After ten minutes of such things as: "Doesn't she look like her daddy?"; "She doesn't look old enough to be in college"; and "18? Why I remember her when she was just a little tyke!" I managed to escape and ran to my destination where games were already in progress. There was a sack race for men. And, why there was my daddy! The contestants were lined up, each with a burlap sack into which they managed to put both legs and still stand erect. A starting whistle was blown and the men were jumping towards a goal line. Usually only two or three reach the end and as my daddy went jumping along laughing very hard, Uncle Louie ran into him. Both fell to their feet and were so scrambled up it was nearly forty-five seconds before they were on their feet again. My daddy took the lead even with a handicap and as I breathed a couple prayers for him to win, I knew they were not to be answered for lo and behold! daddy did not see that hole in the ground until he had jumped into it doing a complete somerset. The people on the sidelines were cheering him on, but daddy did not rise! He just lay on the grass and laughed. So

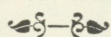


Uncle Louie received a perfectly good pair of socks that my daddy might have won if it were not for the hole. There were many other games too, potato races, three-legged races and guessing games.

About four o'clock there was a game of ball in progress which I wanted to see, but my daddy decided he had seen enough of his relatives for at least another year, so gathering up the family was his task. I ran quickly back to the table which held the food and slid my hand beneath the papers which held the chicken from sight. My fingers were in the potato salad, baked beans, red beets, and ah! the chicken. Knowing my daddy would also like a piece I grabbed another for him. How did I know it was the neck? I slid my hand further along hoping to find some celery for my mother but the best I could do was a slick banana without the skin. I heard my daddy calling so I ran to the car, my hands full of food and my head full of memories.

Next summer when the postman leaves an invitation for you to attend the family reunion, don't give it the nearest route to the wastebasket. Remember the time, place, and date, and go, planning to have a good time.

—MURIEL GLANDER.



## AN AUTO BIOGRAPHY

One memorable day (the fact is duly recorded in the family annals) Dad was brought home by a car which almost entered the barn by the same door the horse did. The neighbors came for blocks, and a crowd, larger than the one that had been at my sister's wedding, saw Dad mow down three mail boxes and a picket fence before he decided that the brake wasn't the clutch. Mom put Dad, the car, and even the gasoline cans under a puritanical edict, till one day Dad proudly turned the car, almost without mishap, into the driveway. Mon was won by this skillful feat, but only as a rider, though a voluble one at times.

But alas, cars grow old like horses. The Dunlaps bought a new car, and then the Montgomeries. Dad's prestige waned except in the small circle which called him "Pop." The Ford was now designated by the contemptuous surname, "old." Dad thought it as good a car as any of those streamlined ones, and probably a little better. His undeniable argument was that it still gave twenty-one and a half miles to the gallon. By brother

didn't care if it went thirty miles on a quart of Mom's apple-butter; he was through with it. Scorn led to open derision and the family—all but Mom and Dad—boy-cotted the "old can." Not being able to quell the revolt, Dad made another day famous by the "Compromise of 1932."

Armed with such a quantity of dealers' books as would give dignity to the occasion, Dad convened the house council for a vote of approval—never of disapproval. But oh, he regretted this diplomacy! My sister was a female Richelieu; my brother, "Richelieu's" ablest opponent. I wasn't there—not in that room anyway.

Dad, Der Fuehrer of the family realm, dictated the car he had chosen—a black funeral hearse as my brother characterized it. It looked like an Axis election when all dissenters were invited to agree or shut up. But she didn't, not my sister! She thought, Bob would like a white roadster with red wheels—and—she didn't care if only two could ride in it. Feebly mom suggested that father knew best.

I had my ear to the keyhole ready to hear the worst; it came—my brother suggested we buy a truck! Thus, he merited a seat beside me—"The Outcasts and Downcasts of Poker Flat." My only informant deprived of his right of franchise, myself ostracized from the meeting, I can only surmise what happened during the remainder of this turbulent conclave. Dad must have pulled "The Iron Chancellor Act"; sister came out crying—and we didn't get that white roadster with the red wheels.

It was long before my brother was reinstated in the house council though I think my sister's power was augmented. Dad felt like Il Duce after the invasion of Greece.

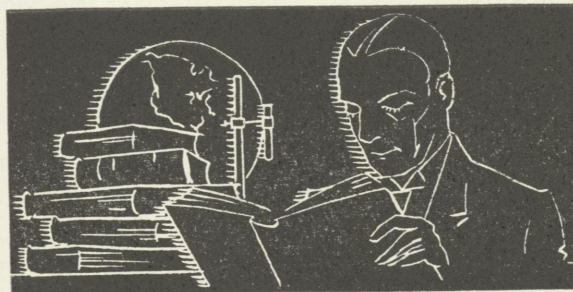
From then on the cars alternated every two years, and now they are as frequent as my sister's new hats. Each car was heralded by everyone save Dad and his bank role. Dad has his own car, now; sister has her own; brother has a truck—and he permits me to drive it now and then.

This Epic in Tin seems to be finished, but I may be elected to the house council in time to vote for a Lockheed instead of a Douglas airplane—for I didn't think the old horse would go either.

—KATHLEEN O'LEARY.



# Book Reviews



## NINE TIMES NINE

By H. H. HOLMES  
Duell, Sloan and Pearce

No one has ever written a book without any reason or purpose behind it. That is one of the reasons it always pays to read a book sympathetically, assuming the book is worth reading at all. And if one reads this book for entertainment he will be satisfied.

It is a mystery story and unless you are a seasoned solver of crime problems the chances of your figuring out the real culprit are slim until definitely in the closing pages of the book. That is to say, interest is supplied by the nature of the plot. There is a locked room and a man has been shot. How he was shot is a big problem; by whom is a still bigger one. The locale of the whole story is limited to the city of Los Angeles, where Wolfe Harrigan, prominent Catholic writer is busily engaged in exposing religious fakirs who are flourishing in that city of the Angels. Harrigan is hard at work on the immediate task of revealing to public gaze, the true character of a certain Ahasver, leader of the so-called Children of Light. Mr. Harrigan is killed in his study, after taking the precautions of locking and barring this room, and so we're off.

The characters revolve mainly around three personalities. Matt Duncan is a personable young writer struggling for a break. He meets Wolfe Harrigan who gives him the chance he is looking for and then the death of Mr. Harrigan changes things for him. Concha, the college-age daughter, lovely and winsome, affords the romantic appeal. Lieutenant Terence Marshall, an old smoothie of a police officer, is a friendly go-between for the reader and the inside information on the case. In general however, the rest of the characters are not too deeply etched.

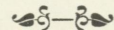
The writer seems to exhibit some familiarity with the practices of the Roman Catholic Church. Sister Ursula, member of the fictitious order of St. Martha of Bethany is portrayed, not so much as an individual, but as a picture of what the author imagines an average nun to be. His infrequent references to Sister Felicitas are classic. The treatment given by the strong note of a Catholic atmosphere running throughout the

story does not degenerate into anything resembling irreverence at any time. The identity of the murderer could hardly be construed in such a light. Incidentally Sister Ursula is the one who gathers in her clues, bides her time and finally—but we will leave that up to your curiosity, feeling that you will like her.

The style of the author is modern, the dialogue is rather crisp, sometimes ironical and humorous, sometimes rather flippant but not enough to destroy the note of naturalness.

So, if you desire a fascinating mystery, with plenty of action but not enough to wear you down within four chapters, flavored with a touch of wit, and mellowed with a background of Catholic religion, served warm from a 1941 model griddle, this might interest you.

—RALPH THAYER.



## JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE

By MARTIN DEMPSEY

Bruce

"Anyone who reads this life of John Baptist de la Salle, Founder, Educator, and Saint, must exclaim in the end, 'Surely this is the work of God!'" That is the thought that forced itself into my mind as I closed the new, glossy, green cover and put the volume in its place on the library shelf.

Yes, we see the Brothers of the Christian Schools so firmly established today that we take them for granted. However, there was a time when this Institute was not so solidly grounded. Time was when de la Salle and his courageous pioneers literally went through hell, when the little band was harassed from every side, when the fortune of the organization hung in the balance, when, I might almost say, the heel of annihilation was poised directly above it suspended by the finest gossamer thread. But we do have the Christian Brothers with us today, and it is the story of this up-hill battle for existence and of the ultimate success of a noble undertaking which Father Dempsey presents in this book.

John Baptist de la Salle never anticipated in the least the founding of a society of teachers devoted to the



free education of the children of the poor. As canon at the cathedral of Rheims he led a quiet life of prayer, of study, and of retirement. He felt called to this life, and he was happy in this service of the Master. God, however, had a definite task cut out for His servant, and it will astound the reader to see how beautifully God's mosaic fell into pattern.

Once the plan of Christ, the Master whose kingdom he wished to restore, was clear to de la Salle, he responded whole-heartedly, he sacrificed everything. He resigned his canonry, distributed his substantial fortune to the poor, and threw in his lot with the men whom Providence led to him. When John Baptist made that first surrender, he undoubtedly did not foresee what a burden he was taking upon himself. O blissful ignorance! Had he been able to peer over the hill of tomorrow into the land of the future, he would have been sorely tempted to retrace his steps.

A violent storm broke loose upon him. He met opposition on all sides. His family reproached him. The archbishop even opposed him. The teachers themselves complained, and some even left. The work was difficult. He was abandoned by friends, betrayed by those he trusted most. He was unjustly dishonored, threatened with imprisonment, and faced with persecution. His was a true martyrdom.

He struggled on. He hoped in the Lord. He spent his whole self in the service of God and in the service of His beloved poor. What a struggle, and what a victory! With the help of Christ, for the restoration of whose kingdom he was making every sacrifice, he overcame all who were leagued against him, and he did establish the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

So well did he perform his task that he could turn over the entire management of the Society to one of the Brothers. He then spent his last days in humble obedience and died a saintly death.

Even after the death of the Founder, severe trials came upon the Institute. The French Revolution almost crushed the tender plant, but the sweat and blood of the saintly de la Salle were not to be in vain. The storms passed. The sun took possession of the heavens again, and in this invigorating, life-giving atmosphere, the Institute grew and prospered wonderfully well, so that today we have an organization doing untold good throughout the vast realm of Christ the King whose empire the Brothers are pledged to restore.

Read this inspiring life. Without a doubt you will carry away some of this great apostle's zeal, and I know you will exclaim as you press together the covers in a firm, impassioned grip, "What a man! Surely this is the work of God!"

—WILBUR DUNSKY.

## TO THE END OF THE WORLD

By HELEN C. WHITE

The Macmillan Co.

"Going therefore teach ye all nations." These words of Our Divine Savior were not only addressed to those engaged directly with the salvation of souls, but to those engaged in the important mission of prayer, especially by example. Such was the desire of Michael D'Auvergne, an inclination which was blasted by the catastrophe of 1789, the French Revolution. Torn from the disrupted solitude of Cluny and from his own ideas he is thrown into the world of stark reality. He does not grieve over the fall of his idea, but, like every true man of the spirit, sees the will of Almighty God clearly manifested in the "fatherless" vagabonds of suffering France. He is a man of God, a Father of Souls, and he lives up to the function of a priest by embracing all dangers for his Creator. His neck, a price of capture, does not swerve him from his clearly defined duty as he brings souls back to their Eternal Father in the very tumbril of destruction; he places confidence and hope in those waiting the fatal blow of the guillotine. The Revolution ends, and Father Michael returns as a cure to the ruins of his beloved monastery of Cluny. He has kept alive the faith in godless Voltairean France. He has literally lived up to the injunction of the Divine Master: "Going therefore—."

Miss White is enjoyably clever in bringing out the main issues of the French Revolution in the persons of her characters. Thus the catastrophe between the lower and the higher clergy is vividly portrayed in the personages of Monsieur Emery and Monsieur Gourad. The work is distinctly one of character types such as enable one to picture truthfully the times. Her psychological analysis of the struggles embracing the mind of the young idealist, Michael, is one of the better that has ever been written. It has often been stated that seculars ought to refrain from writing about monastic life for they have a vague notion about the spirit of such a life. Miss White surprisingly fails to live up to this reputation, for she not only beautifully expresses the spirit which lies behind the activities of a monastery, but she understands that, after all, the people of the religious life are surprisingly human and therefore subject to the effects of concupiscence.

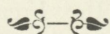
Anyone can find fault and it is a shame that flaws must be mentioned. In all charity, let us mention one fault which seems outstanding. Miss White is superb in the analyzation of character, but she is lacking in the art of giving her character, the hero, the gift of conversation. Father D'Auvergne certainly should have been a match for argumentation with the lower clergy as well as with the fellow novices who were all younger



than he. Yet it seems that he was sorely inadequate to voice his convictions. He utterly failed in upholding the righteousness of his position by sound logical argumentation. Certainly no reader should be given the impression of the assumption that this brilliant and intelligent young student of St. Sulpice was stupid. It just doesn't follow.

But need we say, "This is a great book extremely enjoyable with all the cold facts of history embodied in a delightful interesting novel."

—ROBERT ESPER.



## I MARRIED ADVENTURE

By OSA JOHNSON  
Lippincott

Thrilling, throbbing adventure are yours in this travel story that takes you on its magic carpet from the wilds of the South Sea Islands to the heart of the mysterious "Dark Continent." No tiresome details clutter up the pages, such as the amount of food, clothing, and so on that was necessary for the journey. Instead, Mrs. Johnson gives you a chain of hair-raising experiences like the following.

On one of the first trips that the Johnsons took, they "invaded," with two guns and three cameras the country of the cannibalistic natives of the Island of Malauke, who were called the "Big Numbers" because they wore, to distinguish themselves from another tribe of natives on the same island, a very large palmetto leaf while the "Little Numbers" wore only a small leaf.

Mr. Johnson wanted some pictures of the daily life of the natives but all he could get was about two hundred feet of film showing the chief inspecting Mrs. Johnson to see if the whiteness of her skin would come off. He also seemed quite inquisitive about how she was able to keep her long blond tresses in place. Imagine Osa's surprise when the chief decided that she would make a very nice "side dish" at the feast he would have when he ate her husband. (Mr. Johnson—the main dish—was about six-three; Osa is hardly five-one.) But a fly in his soup in the shape of an English gunboat, which sailed into the harbor, changed his plans.

"Big boat for us!" gasped Martin. The big native believed him and let them go. Grabbing their cameras they walked till they were out of sight, then began to run. The Johnsons knew full well that the gunboat would only steam into the harbor and out again. They had about ten minutes to get a head start on the blacks.

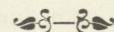
As soon as the natives realized the ruse, the chase began. The Johnsons lost the trail and the pursuers

were only about a quarter of a mile behind when they found it again. At the final lap the Johnsons lead by only a hundred yards.

When they had reached their own boat they found a letter addressed to them. It was from the governor of the islands. "... Of course, Mr. Johnson," the note read, "I trust that even if you do go onto the island of Malauke you will not be so foolish as to take your wife with you."

This was perhaps the Johnsons' narrowest escape but not the only one by a long shot. If you desire more, read "I Married Adventure" and learn all about the art of the safari and the dangers thereof. See you again!

—RICARDO LUPI.



## REVOLT

By JOHN BUNKER.  
Campion Books, Ltd.

For modern Americans, young or old, cynical or naive, who are thoughtful and interested in our play on the stage of history, this should be a thrilling book. John Bunker has frozen in his vigorous free verse an underlying tone or quality or element of our contemporary life and laid it bare for our meditative inspection. It is written in the sense of a "Weltanschauung" or world outlook, but becomes personal in a striking manner, especially in the closing pages. For a sympathetic reader the mental pictures painted by this bold pen are indeed vivid. Its attraction can hardly be styled sensuous however, because the poem is decidedly abstract in its main theme.

The first part records the forebodings of the author concerning a world in revolt. This revolt transcends Communism in depth and intensity. The rulers of mankind, the wealthy, have abused their power. Outraged humanity will not endure more.

Mr. Bunker scores the writers of today in the next section. This can be summarized in, "and if the blind lead the blind, they both shall fall into the pit."

The final section is one of power and beauty. The idea of the Mystical Body is presented in a way that compels attention and admiration. Is it preaching? Assuredly not, but it does bear a powerful lesson that encourages a firm facing of the situation.

Poetry reaches out by some unique force of its own, to touch and portray in some measure or manner, the untouchable and the unpaintable. Poetry in some way seeks to lay bare the unseen Reality that surrounds our material world. Poetry seeks after Beauty, in impassioned phrases. And Mr. Bunker has revealed Beauty and Reality to a degree that makes this book well worth your time and energy.

—RALPH THAYER.





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