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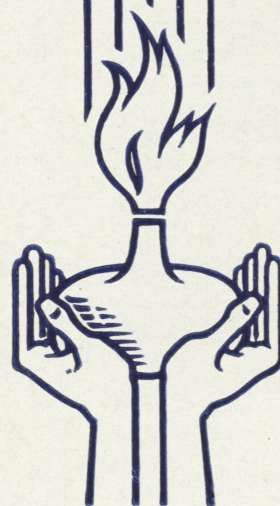
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# EXPONENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON



OCTOBER 1941



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# THE EXPONENT

## UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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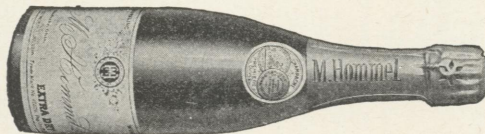


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# THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXIX

OCTOBER, 1941

No. 6

## Common Sense II

• By HENRY RECHTIEN

*In the confusion that accompanies times of stress we are happy to find those who try to think clearly. That is just what this article pretends to be. It is a plea that this nation remain out of war.*

THE war drums are beating! The bands are playing; strong marshal music fills the air. Soldiers are parading while throngs cheer them on. United States citizens are being drawn into an all-conquering desire for war with Germany. In other words the same psychological forces that involved us in the last World War are again playing their hand.

According to the Gallup poll, which is regarded as a fairly accurate index of American public opinion, 30 per cent of the citizens of this supposedly peace loving democracy favor the opening of hostilities against Germany. However, at the start of the present World War in 1939 I don't believe a single sincere citizen favored our entry into the war. But ever since its opening we have gradually become more and more involved just as the spectators at a bar room brawl become more and more partisan in the fight as it proceeds until finally the onlookers themselves are swinging fists. At the present time we are taking just an occasional swing at the hostile combatants but the time when we will be in the struggle is not far off. The awful truth is that we are being converted to this point of view not by logic but by psychological trickery heated by clever propaganda finding welcome space in publications and plenty of advertising over the air and from the pulpit. In other words it is becoming fashionable to hate Germany. The situation is similar to that of World War I. We entered this war thoroughly convinced that our action was the only proper course, but after the holocaust when logic again replaced psychological trickery we saw the folly of our participation.

Thus at a time when reason has been suppressed, and all are inclined to be heated sentimentalists, it is necessary to consider the position of the United States in the present conflict with only reason and common sense as the deciding factors. When this nation almost two centuries ago rebelled against Great Britain, John Paine wrote a pamphlet advancing the reasons for armed conflict. This article he called "Common Sense." This article is frankly an imitation of Paine's predecessor although "Common Sense II" arrives at a different though logical conclusion.

War is very close to being hell itself—at least it is the worst human experience on earth. Very few who favor our entry into this war have stood poised in a trench ready "to go over the top" to dodge whistling bullets, screaming shrapnel, to be torn by barbed wire or to have their vitals slashed by the edge of a bayonet. None have been crushed like a fly by the sixty tons of a tank, none have been converted to hamburger by machine gun fire, or have had deadly gas slowly but surely eat away their flesh and very life. Those who control the reigns of our democracy cannot feel the pangs of an aged mother as she dies time and time again at the thought of her son mortally wounded on the field of battle.

However, I do not intend to use sentiment to win my point as this is a logical treatment of America's future. Nevertheless, the fact remains that war is too devastating to be entered into lightly. Through it, a large part of our most important economic asset, thousands of young men, would be lost. Billions would be expended on a non-productive effort. Vast readjustments in private lives would be necessary during and after the war as well as in the social, political and economic systems of the nation itself. Many maintain that war creates prosperity, but this is prosperity at a tremendous cost in after years.



The worker has always complained in past years that he has not fared well. The high cost of living and his long hours of work are not in proportion to his increased wages. The position of the middle-class in many cases becomes insecure, and already manufacturers are charging that they can scarcely fill defense orders at cost.

The depressions and recessions that will be the inevitable result of our participation in this war will work still further hardship on the proletariat and the middle-class. Our competitive position for world trade could not possibly be improved by our participation. This is a realistic and not an idealistic world as many of our Presidents have tried and are still trying to make us believe. Nations will buy their goods where they can obtain the best quality at the lowest cost. The last World War proved this point. If we had remained neutral everyone will agree that our trade with Great Britain would have been just as great as it actually was after we had spent billions to help her win the war. In fact, it is common talk that Great Britain believes she would have won the last war without ten cents of American aid. She certainly implied that our aid wasn't worth as much when she defaulted on her six billion dollars of the war debt still due to the United States. In those times, however, we never gloried in the fact that we were two great brotherly democracies as we do at the present when we are lending, or probably giving, billions in money and equipment to the English. However, at the present our friendship is very significant.

Other timely lessons we have from the last World War should be reiterated. Most important of these is that we cannot save democracy by participation in ever recurring European wars! As a result of the World War I we did eliminate Kaiserism, as we had set out to do, but Hitler and Stalin assumed power in the confusion of post-war Europe. In the case of Germany, Hitler's rise was caused by the Versailles treaty which was composed for the most part by England and France. Almost unbelievable is the fact, attested to by correspondents, who should know, that English bankers provided the money which gave Hitler many of the supplies for his army in the beginning of its training program for its later war with the world and Great Britain. If we should aid the English in winning the present conflict what assurances do we have that they won't again dominate the peace terms to crush Germany so completely that she will again be forced to rise in arms to improve her status. We must not forget that history has an uncanny ability to repeat itself. It is indeed foolish for us to fight in a European war every twenty-five years when the condition causing the conflicts is never corrected and when we are never even

repaid the money we lent to nations to safeguard their institutions.

We all know that the United States didn't gain a square inch of territory for its success in the last war, but we were not the victims of allied discrimination as we enacted the part of the great idealists who entered the war only "To save Democracy". At the present time it seems as if it is the administration's policy to inveigle us into a war, which we do not desire nor in which we belong, under the seductive guise of "National Defense." Defense is necessary, and the great majority of the steps we have taken to insure it have been in the right direction. However, the cry of "National Defense" is being used as a blind to justify several warlike acts committed at the command of our country's administration. Already our President is telling us that "we have a war to win." These aggressive acts may very likely provoke Axis declaration of war on the United States. If not declaration, such acts must eventually be met by armed resistance from the Axis which in turn will fire American hate to such a temperature that public opinion will force our own Congress to declare war.

At present we are gradually becoming converted to the idea that war with Germany is necessary to insure our National Defense. No idea could be more untrue. If we enter the conflict, and invade Germany, as the English have already suggested, we will be leaving our West Coast vulnerable to Japanese attack. Such an aggression is entirely possible when one recalls that German, Italian and Japanese mutual-aid pact. It is quite evident that the Nipponese would shout with joy at the prospect of their navy attacking our West flank while our as-yet "one ocean navy" was busy in the Atlantic escorting troop convoys. Much more vulnerable in such a crisis are our possessions in the Pacific—the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and several small islands. Why risk the chance of an immediate invasion rather than build up our defenses for a possible but almost improbable invasion by war-sapped nations victorious only after a protracted and costly war?

In fact, a British victory appears certain since the Nazis have decided to attempt the enormous task of taming the unruly Russian Bear. The Red armies are still intact after two long months of terrific pounding by all of Germany's blitzkrieg might. Since the U. S. S. R. is so large, the Corporal Dictator of Germany could advance his army at the present rate without ever successfully completing his job of conquest. The logical procedure is to aid England with the materials of war which she requires, and in payment for our help we should either receive cash or be given neces-

(Continued on page sixteen)



# The Limited Goes By

• By JACK QUATMAN

*A vivid and quaint tale of peaceful country life with a tragic ending. Circumstances involved in the last World War and the Selective Service Act are cleverly combined to produce a plot of genuine merit.*

THERE wasn't much of a story in the paper about it. Just a little filler on the front page. But it was the talk of Centerville and Fort Botkins. It all happened the night of March 15th, at the water tank on the I. & E. railroad, two miles south of Centerville.

Miss Watkins, "the peculiar old lady that lived on Windy Hill," had been sitting as she had been doing for the past twenty-three years, on her rickety front porch watching the limited go by. She was an unusual sight for the villagers taking their evening stroll, as she sat there silhouetted against the scarlet sunset with the ancient field glasses to her eyes, studying intently the tracks at the foot of the hill. But they became used to the sight and looked forward to it. She never failed them; rain or shine she could be seen. Once the villagers took a collection to repair her old house, but she gave them her kind smile and refused the aid. She sat up to study the limited as it stopped for water and jumped up to run down the hill screaming! The villagers were so surprised that they paused with whatever they were doing and watched her run towards the limited.

Corporal Wilson sat in the pullman irritated by the delay. The conductor had mentioned something about "stopping for water," but he didn't care about that, he wanted to get home and enjoy his leave. He wasn't any too happy about this army life. Being conscripted had broken up a lot of his plans. The family would be proud of his uniform, especially since his uncle had been "over there." He glanced impatiently out of the window, and the sight that he saw held his attention. An old woman was running down the hill. The expression on her face was that of joyful surprise. She covered the ground with amazing agility, her hair trailing wildly behind. Her eyes were staring directly at him! He wanted to pull his away, but he couldn't. All he could do was sit and watch her approach. He wished that the train would move. Finally when she was about ten feet from the train he felt it jerk forward. But she didn't stop! Instead she ran up to the window and tried to pound her fist against it. She

slipped and disappeared from sight. He jumped up and pulled the emergency cord. What he saw I would rather not describe, for she had been run over by the train.

It was all a complete mystery to both the town and the corporal, until one evening an old man got off the limited at Centerville and walked over to the town's only cab and asked to be driven to Miss Watkin's house. The driver looked at him for a second and then shrugged his shoulders and sent the ancient vehicle leaping forward.

After the old gentleman walked up to the front porch and knocked at the door, the cabby broke the news to him. The driver helped him into the car and brought him back to town. "Come along sir," said the driver, as he pulled up to the village tap room. "I think you could stand a drink." "Eh?" said the old man. "Yes, yes I think I could." The two entered the bar and seated themselves at a table. The villagers, who had seen the cab go up the hill, trailed in one by one to see who wanted to go up there.

The old man didn't notice them as they crowded around his table; he watched the foam settle on his beer, and made no effort to move it to his lips. Finally when everyone had given up hearing him clear the mystery, he spoke. "How long has she—been dead?" he asked. "Four weeks," volunteered the driver, and told him the story. "If I had only been here a little sooner," he said. "But I'm too late." He grunted and took a sip of beer. "Twenty-three years too late to be exact," he added. Everyone settled down to hear the story.

"I courted Elma Watkins twenty-six years ago. When her parents died in a shipwreck we planned to build a house and get married. I was a promising young engineer, just out of school, so I showed my ability by erecting that house on the hill. Why did we move here? Well, the same reason that you don't want to leave I guess. It is so quiet and peaceful. I was going to set up a trade, a construction company from the money we inherited from our families, and we were going to live a happy peaceful life. Then the war; I was called the day before we were to be married and move into the completed home. Being an engineer, they made me an officer. I gave my field glasses to Elma when I left. She moved in, and would be the

(Continued on page sixteen)



# Apostle of Coney Island

● By THOMAS STANLEY

*A biography of one of the many unsung heroes of the Church, written in a manner that does justice to a very beautiful and useful life-story that proves that not all of God's saints are found in monasteries and convents.*

CONEY ISLAND in 1899 was a rough place. Behind a veneer of glamor and tinsel, immigrant Italians—slaves of public recreation—lived in misery. Brawls almost every night and not infrequently a victim upon the beach next morning. Catholics, all of them—in name—but they had no church, no priest and no time for God. Many who could stand it no longer, took the coward's way out.

The Bishop was informed, and so, in a short while, a tall and handsome young priest with jet black hair and a deep harmonious voice was sent among them. He was Father Joseph Francis Brophy, D.D., S.T.L. The son of an American Army captain, he had studied in Rome and had been ordained in the Lateran. His flock, informed beforehand of his appointment, was ready for him. A flag went up in his honor and the fire bell clanged out a noisy welcome. Women knelt in the street and, with much weeping and vocal prayer, kissed his hands. It was only a Palm Sunday.

During his visitation he learned a different story. People hid under beds, in closets and in ice boxes to avoid him. A gang of street toughs found him a good target for their sling shots. Dirt was swept out of upper windows onto him by way of an attempt to discourage his persistence at the door bell. He touched the heart of one of his charges to the tune of a dollar, but a few days later it was demanded back because the church was not yet up.

The fact is that Father Brophy did not put up a church at all. He obtained an abandoned dance hall, induced a swarm of little Italians to clean it out, and began alterations. Two saloon screens set off the sacristy, an old ice box became the altar, and park benches secured from the vicinity were arranged for pews. A large and useless stove was set up in the rear (it made a good impression, but that was all). Some billboards, displaying the fine qualities of various tobaccos and face creams, were fastened together and behold! a confessional.

Father Brophy's troubles were more than architectural. Most of his parish could not boast of having

gone to church more than once (the day they were married) since they had come to America. We can hardly wonder then, at hearing that after his first Mass in the converted dance hall, the youth of the congregation made a dash for the door, and being repulsed by several strong-armed elders and informed that they were to remain for Sunday school, they remarked wonderingly:

"What's the matter? The show's over!"

A big man (and Father Brophy was a big man) usually has the misfortune of having a big heart. Father Brophy was no exception. While making his visitations, parishioners would give him money, but as he made his rounds in the poorer districts, it quickly disappeared. Often during his walks he would pick up street urchins and take them to a nearby store for a complete outfit. Once a young tramp broke into his poor box. Father Brophy saw him as he was escaping with the booty, chased and within three blocks caught him, led him back and made him return what he had stolen. Then he reached into his own pocket and gave the boy some money.

He had other fine qualities. Boys especially loved him because he understood them so well. One night he visited a home where Johnny was in disgrace for having tied the tails of a dog and cat together, Father Brophy was requested to administer the penance. He pondered a while, then asked Johnny to get the dog and cat, tie their tails together again, and see what would happen. John was only too willing. He did as requested, and when the dog and cat went into action, Father Brophy began to laugh so much that the penance was entirely forgotten.

Father Brophy had another quality that is rarely found in the majority of men. He knew when to pray and when to take action. Shortly after his arrival he wished to move his church to a more central location, and he had in mind a certain piece of property. But the price was too high, and he knew that if the owner got wind of his intentions it would be higher still. So he prayed—not long after, it was donated to him. Another time he heard of a certain conscienceless individual buying whiskey for some women afraid to buy it themselves. Father Brophy immediately "button-holed" him and promised him a good thrashing if he continued to play middle man. There was no need to keep the promise.



It is said that every saint is a contradiction to the evils of his day. Father Brophy certainly was at loggerheads with Coney Island. He conceived an idea that only a saint could propose, that of moving his church to a central location and making it a place of national pilgrimage, and for the Holy Souls in Purgatory at that! Imagine a shrine for the Holy Souls in the midst of Coney! But it's there!

As we have seen, he secured his new location. Then he set his church on rollers and moved it there. More alterations. A beautiful hand-carved maghogany railing obtained from a saloon that had failed, was installed as the Communion railing. A Bishop donated a beautiful group statue, bearing the title "Our Lady of Solace" (the name of his parish), representing Our Lady and her Son freeing the captive souls in Purgatory. These, together with the help of a host of other patrons, completed the interior remodeling.

Attention was brought to the exterior. The "Flip Flap," predecessor to the "Cyclone," was blown over one day during a storm. The lumber, donated by the non-Catholic owner, was used to build a belfry for the bell that the Volunteer Fire Department had contributed. A coat of paint for the church, a bit of landscaping and gardening and all was completed.

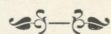
That is, nearly all. One thing was yet undone, so

Father Brophy went to Rome and came back with a litany of privileges for his shrine, chief among them being that of having his church declared a Roman shrine.

Despite his failing health, he was tireless. He now began the still more arduous work of forming sodalities, organizing fairs, and putting up a school. Not only was he Coney's spiritual authority, but the civil power as well, for what law and order existed there was due to him.

Like his fellow laborers, the army of unbloody and unsung martyrs who labor alone and forgotten in the vineyard of the Lord, overcoming obstacles we call insurmountable, he wore himself out quickly. In his lifetime he had made death easier for many (he used to stop and board ambulances and render what help he could). Now, not yet forty, and only nine years after his arrival at Coney, his turn came also.

Father Brophy was a hero of Catholic Action and his aim was to "restore all things in Christ." He answered the problems of his day, not with words, but with actions. It's for us to follow his example in meeting the problems of today. And perhaps, in a spare moment, we can whisper a little prayer to him for those who labored as he labored—forgotten.



## INDIAN SUMMER

Tangeheela, Indian maiden, born of the Pawnee  
chieftain,

Wooded and won by the Manitou  
At her wigwam fire  
In the first fall snow.

Tangeheela, Indian maiden, pledged to the Manitou,  
Sighed to see the summer gone;  
And her wedding feast  
In the deep white snow.

Manitou, he Season-maker, chief of the hunting moon,  
Called a council of weather-makers  
To restore the sun  
Of the early June.

Indian summer, a wedding gift, the Season-maker gave,  
With its summer sun and its frosts of fall,  
With its dreaming stars  
And its winter moon.

Tangeheela, Indian queen, wed to the Manitou,  
Renews each fall with the Season-maker  
Her wedding feast  
In the Indian Summer.

—MARTIN McMURTREY.



# The Bridge To Harper's Ferry

• By JOHN WHARTON

*A freshman short story writer is introduced to the readers of the Exponent by way of his tale of Civil War days. You will wonder and reflect about the ending more than once after you finish reading this story.*

**"H**ARPER'S FERRY has been captured!" The clerk burst from the door of the telegrapher's shanty screaming the news at the top of his lungs. Madly shoving his way through a group of blue-clad soldiers he seized the arm of the Union captain, who stood in the midst of the group.

Harper's Ferry Arsenal? A serious blow to the Union! Abruptly the captain's interest became more personal.

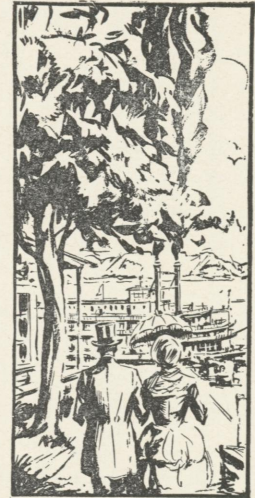
"My supply train has almost reached there! They will run right into the enemy's hands! Corporal Riley, saddle your mount. Stop that supply train!"

Almost before the words were out of the captain's mouth, Corporal Riley had flung a saddle over his horse and tightened the cinches.

Thunder rolled from the hills on the left as the soldier mounted and dashed off down the road splashing puddles right and left. He galloped on under a cloudy sky, his heavy dragoon revolver pounding his hip. Desolate countryside streamed by on either side. Wind whipped the tattered blue campaign hat. Sheet lightning momentarily brightened the crossed sabers insignia on it. The bedraggled corn fields had no fences, hence when he left the road, the only impediment he faced was the mud left by the recent rains.

Through terrain becoming more and more rugged he raced, seeking the river. After pounding through sassifrag groves, crashing through alder thickets, splashing through swampy sections, he finally reached the bank of the foaming, muddy Potomac.

Scarcely noting that the water was high, he pushed his weary horse to a new burst of speed over the crumbling banks of the swollen river. His objective was the bridge; he could stop the supply train at that point. As he swept around a bend of the meandering river, he saw the bridge appear in the distance. The advance guard was crossing now. He waved his arms



and shouted. The two troopers who whirled to face him with raised carbines witnessed the tragedy.

There was a muffled roar as a section of the water-soaked bank, loosened by the pounding hooves, slipped into the river. Horse and rider toppled into the turmoil of foaming waters.

\* \* \*

April 6, 1940. A column of brown trucks marked "US QMC" wound its way over the tortuous roads of the Pennsylvania-West Virginia border. They were bound for spring maneuvers. A cold rain was making Private Witherspoon very unhappy. Private Witherspoon was driving the lead truck. Private Witherspoon would have spoken of his unhappiness to great length had there been any one else but Sergeant Peabody sitting in the cab beside him. Sergeant Peabody was a man of few words, most of them profane. He had been very unsympathetic when Private Witherspoon had mentioned how the rain was becoming too much for the windshield wipers. Private Witherspoon wished he were in the canvass-covered rear of the truck with the other eight men; they were shooting craps. He could hear them. Private Witherspoon wished some one else were riding with him. Sergeant Peabody was no conversationalist.

Private Witherspoon's inner nervousness soon manifested itself in a spasmodic stream of comment.

"The rain is slacking up some," said Private Witherspoon. "Ain't this the darndest country for hills, Sarge?"

The sergeant grunted, looking out the side window.

"And turns! Look at that!" Private Witherspoon registered disgust as they passed a sign indicating an S turn followed immediately by a sign indicating a right U turn.



"A one-lane bridge too! You might know!" he exclaimed as another sign flew past.

"When are we gonna reach this Harper's Ferry?" The private's tone was plaintive.

They were drawing near the entrance of a simple truss bridge. The sergeant was still looking out the side.

"Stop," he said. "What's that?"

He opened his door and Private Witherspoon crowded over to see the strange scene.

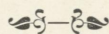
Indistinct in the drizzle, a horseman was loping up the tow-path beside the stream. As he neared the bridge the horseman waved his arms frantically. With a crash a section of the bank, like a miniature avalanche slid into the river. With it went the horseman and the bridge.

The soldiers arrived at the scene in time to see planks and girders bobbing in the yellow water. Of the horse and rider there was no sign. The two, later joined by troopers from the trucks, tramped back along the muddy banks; straining their eyes in vain effort to find traces of the rider and his mount in the tumultuous waters.

After a halt of nearly an hour the column proceeded on its tracks, heading back the way it came to find another route.

Private Witherspoon and Sergeant Peabody now sat in the rear of the last truck. Neither made a move to join the other six men who resumed their crap game. Both sat scraping the mud from their shoes and puttees in silence. It was Sergeant Peabody who finally broke this silence.

"We followed that muddy bank clear to the bend in the river," he said thoughtfully. "Why was it the horse didn't leave any tracks!"



## AUTUMN DAYS

Through countless springs have men been thrilling to  
see the lilacs blow.

Ask any child about the joys that come with ice and  
snow.

Some think the sunny summer is the blithest of the  
year,

But I am quite contented now that autumn days are  
here.

Come rake the leaves into a pile and build a roaring  
fire.

I love to smell the pungent smoke, to see the flames  
mount higher.

A walnut tree all loaded down stands bowed on yonder  
hill.

Our bags, tomorrow afternoon, with walnuts we shall  
fill.

Pass round the mellow cider; let us drink to Halloween,  
To frosty nights, to corn in shocks, to leaves no longer  
green,

To garish autumn colors which to me the more endear  
This season of the dancing leaves, the gayest of the  
year.

—MARY FERRIS.



# Musings of A G. P.

● By CELIA HIMES

*A country doctor reminisces over his life and the quaint characters in a typical New York town. Such an existence has many advantages over city living. Do you agree?*

WHEN I first came to Meadowdale, a quaint and picturesque village in the Empire State, where three-fourths of the population were of Dutch descendants, I was a young practitioner fresh out of the then small institution of learning, now better known as Johns Hopkins University. I had high ideals and many illusions of grandeur about a waiting room filled with red plush furniture, and an office smelling soothingly of cool antiseptic and freshly starched linens. Probably yet today, every young practitioner dreams of these same things; time alters only material things, but dreams are universal.

Nevertheless, I knew that I had many fears and faults to combat. Two generations before me my grandfather had followed the same routine and the idea of becoming a doctor was as much a part of my childhood as ice skating on the old mill pond or raiding the cookie jar on Saturday morning. It was simply an unwritten law in the family that I was to become a physician. I grew up in a doctor's home and knew the perils, joys, and heartaches that accompany the profession, but any thoughts of entering another following were promptly dismissed from my mind of my own will or by my own kith or kin.

My father had always lived in Baltimore and had established a practice of long standing and stability. He was considered the most capable surgeon on the hospital staff and generally regarded by fellow workers as a man of great skill, profound learning and high ideals. When he was disheartened, mother was close by to play her ultimate purpose devotedly by giving him encouragement, even when in her own heart she knew that his attempts were futile.

All of my few years had been spent in Baltimore, but I had great pipe-dreams in my college days of being a general practitioner in a little off-the-map town, where people needed medical care just the same as those living in the vast metropolis. I wasn't looking for a lucrative town in which to stake my claim; that did not matter. I lived for my career, just as mother had lived for father. In fact, I fairly worshipped doctors, their clean, cool odors of medicine, their glisten-

ing instruments and offices with red plush furniture. It was almost an obsession with me.

As I have said, I had been reared in a city and knew almost nothing of rural life, but I was as docile as an adolescent.

At first I was astounded by the many types of people who go to make up a village, each one bearing his own burden and doing his best to make a place in the world. I was as a sponge, absorbing all the gossip. I was damnably home-sick for the city, perhaps even worse than a child could be, but my father rented two rooms above the Farmers' bank and also bought all the necessary equipment for me, which was really quite a start in those times. Soon I learned to love the country, its thickly scattered woodlands, the majestic sunsets and most of all the people. It wasn't long until I had made many amiable acquaintances.

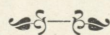
I shall never forget elderly Dr. Jenkins who was in Meadowdale when I came. He has long since been dead, but I have never forgotten the kindly advice he rendered me on more than one occasion, when my own father was separated from me by a vast span of miles. Then too, there was Mrs. Weatherby who was the leader in the moss-covered Episcopal Church. At times she was inclined to be hypocritical and one would have believed her to be the "Evening Chronicle" walking down the street on two legs, she was so heavily laden with news. She never failed to chat with any housewife who, at the time, happened to be sweeping snow, dust, or leaves off the brick sidewalks of Meadowdale . . . Uncle Jessie Franz was the editor of the "Evening Chronicle." Brown tobacco juice flowed freely from his whisker-covered mouth, but nevertheless, the "Chronicle" was a choice newspaper and it never overlooked one juicy tid-bit . . . Katy Clemmens was the proprietress of the Devonshire hotel which boasted twenty-five rooms. She seldom had more than five rooms occupied at once, but, at any rate, it contained many elegant suites. I stayed there in the early days of my practice and grew pudgy from her apple-brandy cake, which was served all too frequently . . . George Garrison was the man who certainly must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle, for he never ceased talking even when he paled with a severe case of typhoid one bitter winter. He was never seen without a cigar and was perpetually seen loafing at Tom Hawkin's general store, informing all, who cared to listen, how the country should be run because it



was going to the dogs fast and furiously. If he could only see it now . . . Then there was young Pete at the lumber yard who was kicked by a mare and crippled for life. Good kind-hearted fellow he was. He would have given you the shirt off his back. Perhaps if it had happened later, by the help of modern medical science we could have restored his spine to normalcy. I wonder what ever became of his family? They drifted, I guess, and now I've lost track of them . . . Oh, yes, and there was Nan Hartley's little child, Ann—I believe that was her name—who fell out of a cherry tree at her grandmother's and factured her arm badly. She didn't cry much, as I recall, and she was such a small child, too. The last I heard her parents were divorced; a sad thing, divorce. She must have lived in Syracuse with her father in the summer months and lived with Nan in Meadowdale in order to attend school. Then, not very long ago someone told me that Ann was divorced from her young husband. Parents may expect such things when they set a bad example themselves? She was such a sweet child; she must not be over twenty-one even now . . .

And those sparkling Christmas festivities at the Meadowdale Country Club, I'll never erase from my memory. They helped to take away the sting of loneliness during my first associations with Meadowdale. It was at these gatherings that I met many charming young ladies of the community. But the only girl that I really noticed was Judith Pierce, attorney Pierce's only daughter. She was home from Vassar for the

holiday season and well, I'll have to admit it was almost love at first sight, if there is such a thing. It seemed that a great deal of time had elapsed, but it wasn't long until wedding bells were ringing from the stately spire of the moss-covered Episcopal Church. A formal reception with all the trimmings was held at the club, after the rituals at old St. Andrew's. Judith was too precious and beautiful to touch; it seemed like one of my dreams again. I thought if I opened my eyes, she would walk away into an ethereal cloud. But my eyes were open and there was Judith! It was not a dream after all . . . Today we have two fine children, Richard Montgomery III, soon to graduate from John Hopkins and Judith a senior at Vassar, who has all of the finest markings and qualities of a concert pianist, just as her mother had. Young Judith has a radio contract offered her after graduation; but her mother had nothing offered her except a husband . . . Although I'm still continuing my practice, I feel certain that soon my son can carry on for me. Perhaps when we reminisce it is a reminder of old age. Anyway, it is reassuring to know that there is someone to take your place when you have completed your life's work . . . I shall always be utterly grateful that our children were raised in this small community. No cities for me! I would not have it changed for all the skyscrapers in Gotham. They have learned to love the moss-covered church and its stately spire, the woodlands, the sunsets and gently rolling plains . . . Stay by my side, Judith, for I feel strangely old this autumn evening. It must be this firelight along with too much reminiscing . . .



## ALL HAIL TO CHRIST OUR KING

We bow before Thee hanging there,  
While sinners boisterous taunts do fling,  
To offer homage we repeat  
Our praises dear to Christ, our King.

As once did Wise men of the East  
Our precious gifts of life we'll bring,  
And place before the throne of God  
Our hearts and wills for Christ, our King.

For thou art Creator, Lord of all,  
From tiny babe to bird on wing;  
Thus as created let us give  
Our gift of love back to our King.

So to Thee, this day, O Prince of all,  
In praise of Thee our voices ring,  
While throughout nations men acclaim  
All hail to Christ, Eternal King.

—WILLIAM WILDER.



## THE EDITOR'S

# Soap Box

HENRY C. RECHTIEN, *Editor-in-Chief*

Associate Editors

JACK JONES

BETTY BOGART

JOHN ASPELL

GEORGE MADDEN

JACK QUATMAN

BETTY MAYL

### If You Don't Read Anything Else--Read This

How many students read *Exponent* editorials? This is one question we would probably rather not have answered. If the exact amount were known your editor would probably take his typewriter down to the closest loan establishment where it would be traded for filthy lucre which would be used to help said aspiring young journalist forget said exact amount.

However, rather than employ so drastic a means of forgetting, we propose to turn this notoriously long-haired editorial page into a crusading, live-wire, up-to-the-minute column of interest to University of Dayton students. Of course it is only natural that we might take a poke at President Roosevelt once in a while, but we propose to make all of our comments about events with which we are not immediately concerned very short and tart.

We will give credit where credit is due; we will criticize where criticism is needed; and we will suggest where suggestion will aid. However we do not say that we are above reproach, except in our honesty of intent. Because we are human and are very fortunate if we are right 51 per cent of the time, we invite and encourage letters from students and faculty who disagree with anything that is printed in the *Exponent*. To show our tolerance (something badly needed in our daily press) we solemnly promise to print any such letter received, provided it is printable. The name of the writer will also be required although this will not be printed if the author so requests.

Thus the University of Dayton *Exponent* commences its 39th year of publication—the oldest and most democratic publication on the campus.

### Be Informed

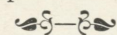
Take an active interest in the great democracy that is the United States! At the present our nation of high ideals and freedom of enterprise needs an enlightened populace. Old Stars and Stripes is changing its policies so fast that the uninformed citizen will soon wake up to find himself in a totally new and perhaps not so

wonderful "Land of Opportunity" unless the common man of the streets does awake and cautiously help in guiding the world's "greatest Democracy" through its present turmoil and strain as the great liberals who established our constitution intended him to do.

College students are as much a part of our democracy as the common man. Because university students are training to be leaders it is vitally important that they interest themselves in the affairs of what should be their most valued temporal possession—democratic government. Paradoxically it is the exceptional student who does not employ the push button on his radio to switch from a news broadcast to a swing band. News accounts are entirely disregarded although headlines are sometimes scanned. About the only feature in the newspaper that is really read is "Smilin' Jack" or "Li'l Abner."

In such times as these we have the duty of reforming our reading habits. We must read the newspaper as mature collegians and not as fun-loving kindergarten students.

We have a duty to study the news, the editorials and to form opinions as to what is right. The press is filled with much propaganda, disguised "ballyhoo" that might eventually lead us to catastrophe. It is up to us to preserve our democracy for ourselves by distinguishing between propaganda and truth and then seeing that our government is "government of the people and by the people."



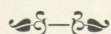
### Is Your Future Secure?

Today there is no security in the United States nor the remainder of the world. We cannot feel certain of the future even though we have money, property, a family or ability. However there is One we can ever rely on even though we lose all temporal goods, and that is God. Not even our heavenly Father will be much comfort in our trouble if we don't learn to speak to Him through prayer.

During October all students of the University of Dayton have an excellent chance to learn to pray. The noon-day Rosary devotions offer an excellent oppor-



tunity for strengthening our moral fiber to cope with any set-backs the world may have to offer. These devotions to Mary take but ten minutes which is ordinarily spent in idle talk, so let's turn this waste of time into useful conversation with Mary and her Son.



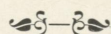
## Are We Loyal Sons of Dayton

The students of the University of Dayton have something this year—a football team that is the envy of every campus in Ohio. Many larger schools, such as Miami, would give a couple of their new dormitories for a squad as capable as Harry Baujan's.

However, the most outstanding football team in the State of Ohio has not inspired its student supporters to any heights of enthusiasm. While the Flyers fight for victory, many of the students in the stands refuse to cheer. When the band plays the anthem, the student body stands, but not at attention. To many, the other sex holds too much interest for them to sing their alma mater as every loyal collegian should. Others perhaps don't know the song, but at any event fans wouldn't be very impressed with the Dayton spirit as manifested at the home games to date.

As students, ours is a sacred heritage. The University of Dayton spirit has always been ranked along with that of Notre Dame and the Fighting Irish; perhaps if Dayton were a larger school, Notre Dame would now be known as "the Dayton of Indiana." Our spirit is still probably much more powerful than that of most other universities and colleges. However, it certainly is not as strong as it was three years ago. Unless a school continues to progress it declines.

We have reason to advance our spirit this year. Let's boost University of Dayton stock at least 100%. When the band swings into the anthem Saturday afternoon, make it a point to stand erect and sing to the world and especially to Miami that the old Red and Blue is second to none. Let's not miss a cheer, and above all let's back our school.



## Be Logical

The retreat is now officially over. How many of us have already forgotten it?

In these troubled times it is foolish to forget the lessons learned in reflection and pious meditation such as those engaged in at the time of retreat. The retreat master proved beyond a doubt that it is logical to follow God's commandments. Never before has the practice of virtue seemed more reasonable.

Let us always remember that lesson.

—H. R.

## Hello Stranger!

The dining table is not merely a place to satisfy one's physical appetite, but it is a place where a person can spend a moment of mental relaxation, get together with his friends and enjoy a bit of entertaining, perhaps even informative conversation.

Meal times have always been eventful occasions in the lives of American families. Everybody enjoys mother's delicious home-cooked meal. But at meal times the family also engages in some of the most enjoyable and entertaining discussions that are ever held beneath the parental roof. Nowadays, more than ever before, dinner is often the only time of day that the whole family is in the home at the same time. Dinners really have a social value, aside from being merely stomach fillers.

At the University of Dayton, the campus students' "home away from home," meal times are often the only occasions that students really meet. True, students meet in class, in the Arcade, and there are some riotous visits in the dorm, but for a good, lively get-together of all campus students, meal times furnish the best occasions. In times past, everyone used to meet everyone else at the dining table. At a typical table in the dining hall under the old system there might be that halfback who had his picture in the paper yesterday, one of the upperclass officers, a junior engineering student, and two freshmen who were just beginning to learn what made the wheels go around at the university. Possibly the freshmen knew who the upperclassmen were, but they had never had a real chance for a bull session with them. Possibly the upperclassmen had never met the freshmen, possibly they had no particular desire to try to meet everyone in the new class, but thrown together by the hit and miss seating system the five students got to know each other a little, and new understandings and friendships were born. One meal didn't accomplish much but the total effect of the continual mixing of the classes during the year amounted to a great deal.

Now it is a different story. Each class is isolated, and students in one year have no chance to mingle with others at meal times. The twice-a-day social get-together does not occur. And what will result? Freshmen, especially, and the other classes, to a lesser degree, will tend to keep more to themselves. Cliques will begin to form and the student will forget more and more that he is a student of the University of Dayton, and remember that he is a member of a certain class.

Half of the value of college life has been said to lie in the social contacts that the students make while attending classes and living around the campus. A great part of this social contact is being destroyed by the arrangement of the dining hall. It would be wise, I think, to restore the old system.

—JACK JONES.





# We . . . The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . BETTY KAY BOGART

## HOW IT FEELS TO BE A FRESHMAN

A Freshman's feelings are something of a mixture. He is beginning to feel very proud of himself for having reached his present state, and yet he is beginning to realize how much he does not know.

I cannot remember ever having felt as young and bewildered as I did on my very first day. How was I ever going to find my classes was one of life's most profound mysteries. I'm sure I tried the patience of many a person when I quavered timidly, "Where do I go next?" (By the way, I later discovered all that information in my university booklet.)

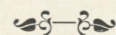
The two succeeding days put me in doubt as to whether or not I was sufficiently qualified mentally to be a college student. Those days, as we all shall remember, presented some pretty formidable achievement tests!

Then came our acquaintanceship with the Sophomore class. The Sophs really did help us to get acquainted with each other—even though we were primarily banding together in self-defense. I had heard of hazing but had never personally undergone any. None escaped this time! I don't believe that our friends, the Sophomores, have incurred any ill feelings, however—except possibly from a very few poor sports, though I know of none.

I, as a Freshman, feel that I am entering upon an entirely new and different world. You upperclassmen may or may not remember just how different college seemed to you from high school. But that's the big problem to us Frosh right now. We feel rather insignificant and yet saucer-eyed at having succeeded thus far in reaching one of our goals.

I think our Freshman piece is very apt in the line, "Green as grass as you can see"—so thanks, upperclassmen and teachers, for the help you may have given us in the past or will give us in the future.

—KATHRYN KUNKA.



## THE ROSARY

In 1897 Ethelbert Nevin and his wife returned to America after a sojourn in France and Italy. Upon their arrival Nevin found a letter from his mother which contained the poem by Robert Cameron Rogers, "The Rosary." As Nevin read the lines and then re-read them, the haunting thought won his admiration. By late afternoon of the next day he had set the beautiful lines to music which he presented to his wife with these words—"Just a little souvenir to let you know I thank the bon Dieu for giving me you. The entire devotion and love of Ethelbert Nevin."



The wife of a Colonel Myers of Buffalo was the inspiration for poet Rogers when he wrote the verse. Anne Nevin inspired her gifted husband for the musical setting and she was also the individual who negotiated the sale of the song to a publisher.

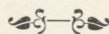
Francis Rogers, then a prominent figure on the concert stage, gave "The Rosary" its premier performance at the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall in New York. He hesitated at the suggestion to place the song on his program but when he sang it at the Madison Square Garden, it was the high spot of the afternoon.

Of the hundreds of artists who have sung "The Rosary" Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink has been more closely associated with it than any other singer of equal rank. In a magazine article Madame Schumann-Heink paid tribute to the song:

"Here in America it is the song I love to sing best. It is one of the few songs I sing in English, and I know that every word of it will go straight to the heart of every listener. It always has the same effect. There is a spontaneous burst of applause as the audience catches the first familiar phrase. Then comes silence that grows tenser and tenser. I can see and feel on every face before me that what is in my heart is in theirs, and we are both swept along in artistic transport to that anguished cry for a happiness that has escaped. A song like that, to make all hearts beat together, is a work of genius."

"The Rosary" was published in May, 1879, and now, over sixty years later, it is still sung wherever there is good music. The poetry of Robert Cameron Rogers and the music of Ethelbert Nevin blended by inspiration created a work of beautiful and enduring art.

—B. K. B.



## ARE YOU MODERN?

Gals, do you send cookies to a far-away soldier (who prefers cigarettes), hum "From Taps to Reveille" in a dreamy monotone, haunt the family mailbox waiting for another pen and ink sketch of his private and public life? ("The troops are gaining too much weight say the authorities, so they are marching us five miles tomorrow, ten miles Tuesday, fifteen Wednesday, twenty Thursday, twenty-five Friday, uphill! By Saturday we'll be shadows! p. s. The fellows got hold of those oranges you sent, I managed to salvage three from the wreckage.")

You're in on the army secrets . . . You're up with the times . . . You're 1941.

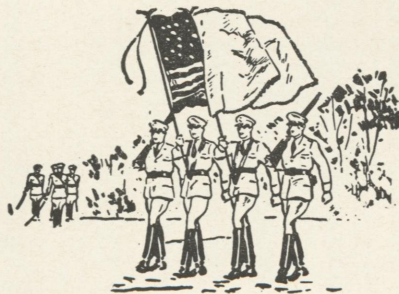
You don't know any soldiers? You haven't gone to a U. S. O. dance? . . . where the girls arrive discreetly half an hour before the men . . . settle themselves in any section from A-Z . . . feel some misgivings about the whole adventure while they nonchalantly watch the boys arrive and come to the sections. "Oh yes, there are exactly as many men as girls here," you muse as the music starts. A ponderous uniform bears down in your direction, or is it headed toward the girl next to you? Stifling the desire to run you glance up into—why he has butterflies in his stomach, too. You dance stiffly, feeling his nervousness in the shaky lead. You become so busy setting him at ease that you forget your own shyness. He's on the kitchen crew. You pick up hints on peeling potatoes, meet his gang who cut in lavishly. They're bursting with talk of army life. You begin to feel like a belle. Comes the announcement of ladies choice simultaneously with an introduction to two young men in foreign uniforms. While one makes a hasty get-away you plunge in whole hog and ask the other for a dance. He's a boy from Detroit who joined the R. A. F. and is going over to England in two weeks—the adventure has paled. You feel sorry, get him talking, but someone cuts in and the grand march begins. If one doesn't feel patriotic marching arm in arm with a uniform to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever," one never will. It is time to leave already. After hopeful goodbyes you go with the other girls and—.

For some weeks afterwards you hum "Over Hill, Over Dale," you keep a keen watch for a letter, you hunt up cookie recipes.

That most disastrous of all calamities—nothing—happens.

Comes September and the beginning of school. You change your tune to "Dayton Had a Little Ram," ignore the mailbox, and bring apples to the teacher. Say—there's always the R. O. T. C.

—ANONYMOUS.





(Continued from page four)

sary British bases in this hemisphere which we can use for its defense. At present we are erring as we did in the last war, by supplying Britain with only a promise of ever being repaid.

While the war rages in Europe, we should build up our defenses in the event of a very improbable German victory. An invasion by a war-diseased Germany would in essence be nothing but a fool-hardy venture certain to be nipped in the bud by what will then be the world's greatest and most modern navy—that of the United States. The new bases supplied to us by Britain would prove very effective in such a case. No invasion could even be partly successful if the President, the Army, the Navy, and every individual citizen sees to it that our defense effort is conducted properly. At the present there is too much to be put into order in our defense program for us to have time to meddle in other peoples' wars.

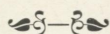
Invasion by the Fifth Column can be successfully combatted by our Department of Justice and state and local police forces. Internal dissension cannot be stamped out by battling a foreign foe. In fact, we jeopardize our position by fighting a war under the handicap of internal fifth column activity.

The President seems to be much bothered about a possible invasion of South America. True, Fifth Col-

umnists have made rapid strides in that continent, but since the present war has unmasked the ruthless representatives of Germany, South American nations are rapidly ridding themselves of this danger. A "Good Neighbor" policy can show Latin America that her true course is at the side of the United States.

But what of the port of Dakar in French West Africa which is but 1800 miles from the Brazilian coast? If the Nazis seize this port they will have a base for an invasion of South America. True, but what good is it? The efficient German army has several excellent bases in France for an invasion of England, but twenty-five miles of ocean proved too wide a gap for such a maneuver. Furthermore, most military experts agree that if our navy had a base, say at Recife (formerly Pernambuco) in Brazil we could easily block a German invasion of South America with our present navy. By merely asking we could have this base as Brazil is one of our most friendly neighbors to the South.

If we are to preserve democracy, strengthen the defense of the Western Hemisphere and be logical in the face of adverse conditions, there is but one reasonable plan for the United States to pursue—mutual cooperation with Great Britain in the supply of her needed war materials and the upbuilding of our own defenses in this hemisphere along with the necessary steps to avoid actual, active participation.



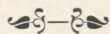
(Continued from page five)

first to see me when I returned home." The old man paused and took another sip from his glass and continued.

"I was ordered ahead with my crew to clear a road at the front. We were shelled and I remembered nothing until three days ago. They say I have been insane, and that I wandered about 'No man's land' for hours. How I came out alive I will never know. They found me, but my clothes had been torn off my body by the terrible concussion of that shell. Until three

days ago my only relative, a sister, believed that I had been killed. Elma knew nothing. I guess the corporal that you mentioned must be my nephew, Tom Wilson." The old man buried his face in his hands and wept. The sight was too much for the kind villagers. They left him with his sorrows.

The house is still standing, and the old man sits silhouetted against the scarlet sunset, on the front porch of the house on Windy Hill, and watches the limited go by.



## NATURE'S PRAYER

Incense of burning leaves  
Drifts through Nature's chapel,  
On a chant, which is the breeze  
Singing through the steeples.

—GRACE MARIE KELLER.



# May I be of Service Please?

• By GRACE MARIE KELLER



*Just a few remarks by one who speaks from experience.*

THE secret of good salesmanship, to me, consists in the capability of the sales person to meet his customer on equal standing. Any attempt to let the customer know you are one of the intelligentsia is met with a drastic reduction in sales. In this same line we should consider the best uses of the English language and "slanguage." You just can't say, "Isn't this a lovely piece of material?" to a person who answers your "Good Morning" with an unceremonious "Uh?" This grunt is your cue to relax and be friendly. At the point when the customer quietly feels the material, after laughing at one of her own jokes, very confidentially let her know that this is a real bargain. Once the customer agrees that the article is "neat, good looking, or of good quality," you might well start tearing off sales stamps.

The rarer type of customer is the person who answers with a very correct smile and a "Good Morning." Remember then, you have been to college and can use correct English. Pick out the best points of your stock. Remember most people can't see that this color can be worn with almost any other. Name the uses of your material. With all sincerity tell the customer that the silk umbrella will appear more attractive and will last much longer than a lower priced rayon one.

Once you have definitely stated a salespoint, remember not to contradict it. The customers always enjoy finding out, in time, that you have been handing them the proverbial line. They will grin, then quietly say they will be back later. Once gone, they rarely come back.

Rewards of pleasantness justify all efforts toward pleasantry. Ill mannered persons mellow to smiling. Sweet old ladies often stop to tell you "how much they appreciate an intelligent sales girl." Those grand people who carry money, often buy five slips instead of the usual one. Pleasantness and courtesy make up the combination which brings customers to say, "Honey, I'll be in the store tomorrow and I'll come into buy some-

thing from you." Although she won't recognize you the next time she comes in, this good will attracts her to come back into the store.

Most of the girls are fun, but there are always new clerks who think they have to sell their quota. Generally the other clerks are just too glad to take you into their confidence. But then, where is the girl who doesn't like to brag that she had so much fun last night? All these little intimacies add interest, relaxation and generally, a laugh to the day. Working so closely with other people and hearing them groan about "that last customer," really affords a complete study in psychology.

Each clerk has her own pet peeves, but all agree that the person who insists on seeing every pair of hose in a number of boxes, is the meanest. One clerk always amazed me with her patience with one such person. This one, shall we call her a case, insisted that each pair of hose was a different shade and length. Convincing her that they were the same length took a yard stick and quite a bit of self control on the clerk's part. How the sales girl ever convinced the lady that three pairs were the same shade, I don't know. I do know we had to straighten the entire counter after she left. We all gasped when the same lady came in the next day and went through the same procedure.

Groups of people are often distracting, because instead of selling to one, the sales person has to sell three or four persons. Have you ever tried to make four people give an affirmative opinion at the same time? Try it.

To you men, who think it is your duty to enlighten the sales girl as to your charms, please don't. In the first place, the sales girl doesn't have time to play games; in the second, she has a set quota to try to reach.

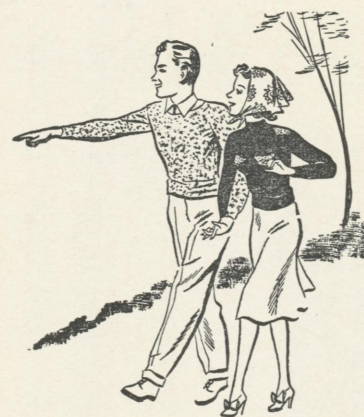
Quotas, I might say, are those unreachable amounts of sales, which the sales persons are supposed to make some attempt to reach. There is an old legend around the stores, to the effect. "If one sale clerk should sell the unsurmountable heights of the quota, she or he, shall thereby be bequeathed this store and all the property thereof."



# Summer In The Smokies

● By KATHLEEN WHETRO

*If you don't read this article you are missing a real treat. If you went to the Tennessee game recently, you will probably enjoy it more. The writer spent part of the summer in the Smokies and she gives us her experiences.*



**B**UILDING castles in the air is a favorite human pastime. Translated in terms of my own leisure day-dreaming, the particular castle has been for many years a log cabin in the mountains, with special emphasis on those haze-covered mountains that sprawl across the Tennessee-North Carolina divide. I first saw the Great Smokies, aptly named by the Cherokees, back in 1934, six years before President Roosevelt dedicated them to the nation as a national park. They captivated me so completely that I have returned again and again. In fact June of this year marked my fifth vacation there. It was then that the possession of a mountain retreat took concrete form. The metamorphosis from fancy into fact came with such startling suddenness I find myself wondering, now that I am back in Dayton, whether the cabin in the Smokies actually is ours.

My father, who had always scoffed at my repeated trips to a place "where there are just mountains and trees," went with me in June. His friends bet three days would be enough for him. I was inclined to agree. Before the third day came, however, the very mountains and trees which the Pater had so often belittled began to affect their charm on him. How readily they victimized him is seen in the fact that when we concluded our two weeks, he was negotiating the purchase of a log house on a wooded hill overlooking Gatlinburg, Tenn. By August we were heading again to the Smokies—this time to our own place—with the gratifying prospect of five or six weeks to do with as we pleased.

Those weeks seemed to speed by as fast as the clouds that come out of nowhere, descend over the high peaks, and then disappear. Yet while they lasted they covered a broad expanse, ranging from the menial household tasks of cooking and cleaning, to the more sublime pleasures of viewing the panorama from a vantage point like Charlie's Bunion or enjoying the peaceful atmosphere of a virgin forest like Spruce Flats.

Among the permanent residents of "the burg," as Gatlinburg is most often called, are a few Catholic friends who were awaiting my August arrival to bestow a weekly duty on me. I, who had never decorated a church altar, was given that charge. Come Saturday, rain or shine, I called upon a good Methodist resident, famed for her flower garden. Upon depositing with her the sum of a quarter, I was free to go my way, armed with knife, among her dahlia and zinnia beds—for the greater honor and glory of the Lord.

The Catholic chapel, conveniently situated for us on the hill opposite ours, is a crude structure. Once a mountaineer's cabin, it was brought out of the hills several years ago, was renovated and set up to accommodate primarily the influx of Catholic tourists, who otherwise would have to drive forty miles to Knoxville for Sunday Mass. Prior to the existence of the chapel the few Catholics residing the year round in "the burg" assisted at Mass, whenever the priest could be present, in the beauty shop of Josephine Lynch, a former Dayton convert. Another ex-Daytonian, who is a non-Catholic, used to help set up the altar. I have it on her authority that the altar had seen more humble days as a packing box.

The chaplain of St. Mary Hospital in Knoxville is in charge of "the burg" chapel, which is packed to capacity every Sunday of the tourist season. An overflow crowd clusters on the porch (yes, there is one) and along the slope behind the chapel.

Gatlinburg, in its position as northern entrance to the Great Smokies National Park, has been enjoying a boom for the past few years. It is not, however, a mere tourist center, for its history goes back far beyond Civil War days. The visitor finds there a predominance of such names as Ogle, Reagan, Clabo, McCarter, and Trentham. The owners of these names are descendents of the early settlers. Some of them are still eking out existence on nearby farms, but the majority have felt the influence of city ways and have



taken their place as owners and managers of Gatlinburg's hotels, restaurants, gift shops, service stations, and riding stables.

When I first came to "the burg" in 1934 there was a single hotel, plus a post office, a few scattered dwellings, and the Log Cabin Cafe (why so named I shall never know, for there is not a log in it). Nowadays there are innumerable hotels, lodges, camps, and eating places. To the dismay of many tourists, however, there are only three places where one can buy beer; and if one's tastes lean toward the stronger beverages, it is necessary to drive about thirty-five miles to Newport, Tenn. Of course, if you can make the proper connections, you need travel just a "whoop and a holler" to get the well-known "mountain dew." Since the state has local option on the liquor question, some counties are "wet" and others are "dry." Usually the "dry" ones are the strongholds of "moonshiners." Despite the constant efforts of "revenooers," the illegal making of whiskey still continues in certain sections. (Anyone doubting my statement is invited to view the evidence in the form of a moving picture made at the scene of a "still," near Cosby, Tenn.)

Filming "shiners" at work is a privilege I never expect to have again. I happened to be in a small group vouched for by a certain health officer who, after working several years in the Cosby region, had won the confidence of the "moonshiners." At the very time he was driving us past innocent-looking store rooms and humble huts, where corn liquor is sold to the "right" people, federal inspectors were touring the vicinity. Our two cars passed and re-passed. When the opportunity came we stopped at a roadside cabin, where several "lookouts" were lolling on the porch, and took on as a passenger the owner of the "still" we were to visit. After circling around a number of times to find the whereabouts of the federal men, we ended up very near the cabin at which we had stopped. From there we followed a short, but steep and torturous, trail to where the "batch" was being run off into mason jars. The filled jars (eight to a gunny sack make a "case") are later transported to the wholesale and retail distributors. At eight dollars a case it would appear that the "moonshiner" makes a tremendous profit, for his expenses are practically nil with the exception of buying sugar. The high mortality rate of "stills" cuts the profit considerably, as the life of a "still" rarely exceeds six months. Sooner or later the

"law" discovers the "still" and destroys it. If the operator does not manage to escape, he is removed from society for a year or two.

I could relate some exciting anecdotes about meetings of the "law" with the law-breakers in recent years, but I have been too long on this one subject. My reason for dwelling on it is to show, that though city influences have caused many changes in the lives of the southern mountain folk, there remain today remnants of former customs and habits—some bad, some good.

Much of the good in southern folklore is being preserved through the efforts of the National Park Service. In time to come these treasures will be exhibited, along with biological, botanical, and zoological specimens, in a museum which the Park Service plans to erect.

Life is the same today in certain sections of Tennessee as it was in the days of the early settlers. One can observe it first hand, if he knows where to look for it. Unfortunately the average visitor does not know and cannot take the time to search. Yet a five-minute drive in almost any direction out of Gatlinburg would bring him to at least one habitation where the family's supply of water is obtained by drawing up a bucket from a mountain stream. Or, in less than an hour from Gatlinburg on the Little River Gorge road, one can turn off on a side road, wide enough for a single car, and pay a call to the Walker Sisters. There four maiden women, of whom the youngest is not less than sixty, oversee all the farm work, and card, spin, dye, and weave the wool for their clothing and bedding. Until this past summer they did all their cooking in the mud-plastered fireplace of their log house, which was built by their father more than 100 years ago. One can even find in rural districts one-room schools where classes are held in summer because the roads are impassable in winter and the pupils must work in the fields in spring.

The presence in a modern civilization of such old-time customs and habits of living is one of several distinctive features in the Smokies that caused our government to create a national park there. That action insures for all time the preservation of southern mountain lore along with the natural attractions that draw outsiders, like my father and me, to become part-time residents.





# POTPOURRI



## THE FRESHMAN'S PROBLEMS OF ADJUSTMENT

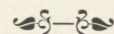
When a young person matriculates at the college of his choice he has nearly reached maturity, and accordingly should be able to make an easy adjustment to the new situation. Many a college freshman, however, spends weeks, months, or even the whole first year, without actually "belonging." The fanfare of his recent commencement activities, plus the aura of importance surrounding his going to college, ill fits him for the almost sure disillusionment he is to receive on the college campus. He may have been the most popular high school senior, but, for a time at least, he is just another name on the freshman roll. If he does not have the faculty for making friends easily, he will have many lonely hours. Even if he does acquire new friendships immediately, he will still be missing the home folk, old chums, and old scenes. No freshman welcome committee, no orientation program, no faculty homily can successfully combat those pangs. Besides having to adapt himself to new companions, he must adjust himself to different types of teachers. No doubt the methods of instruction differ from those to which he had been accustomed. He may find it necessary to rearrange his habits of study. He has, moreover, to acquaint himself with new rules and regulations. He soon sees that between high school and college there are differences not only of degree, but also of kind.

Confronted with these problems, some college freshmen try to battle their way through with such aggressive tactics as showing off at the least provocation; or instigating bold stunts to attract attention to themselves; or deliberately breaking known rules; or attempting to identify themselves as friends of already popular campus figures. Other freshmen go to the opposite extreme. When their first feeble efforts at getting a foothold are repulsed, they begin to withdraw, slowly at first, but as their discontent grows, they gradually drift farther away from the active scene. While such seclusive habits enable some of them to attain high scholastic marks, all too frequently the hibernation is spent in day-dreaming, rather than in studying. Fortunately for most

college freshmen, the healing properties of time and hard work take care of the adjustment problem. Without consciously realizing it, these students are incorporated into the whole. Their former discomfort is supplanted by self-assurance. They have found their proper place.

Why do some college freshmen find their proper place while others do not? Why is it that time and hard work do not perform the same functions for all college freshmen? For both these questions there is one answer, the freshman's ultimate adjustment is the result of his ability to be patient. If he rushes in rashly, he will fall a victim to his own foolhardiness; if he withdraws completely, he will surely miss many of the valuable benefits of college life. If, however, he takes each new experience in stride, and refuses to worry over seeming set-backs, he will overcome his early feelings of inferiority. His application of large doses of patience will result in his developing into a well-integrated student—and the well-integrated student is the happy student.

—K. W.



## "I'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS BOOK, PLEASE"

It takes a lot of work to get the books you take from the library ready for you. The first thing, necessarily, is to order the book from the publisher or some other book company. When the book arrives, its bill is filed and checked on the order card. The book must then be opened and, if necessary, the leaves cut. Each book must have an accession number, and the placing of this is the next step. Cards, for the catalog, which will fit this book are ordered from the Library of Congress. After the cards are received, its call number is given to the book, and the subject headings and call number are typed on the cards. The pocket and pocket card are also typed at this time. Now the call number must be lettered on the outside of the book and a coat of shellac must go over the lettering. This is the final step, and the book is now ready to go into your hands.



Preparing magazines for the periodical room is not quite such a complicated process as that of getting books ready for the stacks. It takes about a week to run a book through all its processes. The cards must be filed in the catalog before a book can go into the stacks, but not if it is going into the New Book racks or on reserve.

When a magazine comes in, it is recorded on the card kept especially for it. Each publication is stamped with the library stamp. It is then ready to join the others on the racks in the periodical room. When a new issue is placed on the rack, the copy it replaces is taken into the stacks and put with other back issues of its kind. Magazines in the stacks are kept in alphabetical order and also in chronological order. Periodicals may be used in the library but they may never be taken from the building.

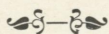
Newspapers have only to be placed in holders and then put in their places on the newspaper rack to be ready for the reader.

Government pamphlets must be filed under department and number, for instance, Department of the Interior, Bulletin No. 6.

Other jobs in the library include the making of lists of borrowers who have overdue books, arranging the displays of book jackets, and making the lists of brief sketches about new books that are periodically placed upon the bulletin board.

For all this work the services of a number of people are required. In the Albert Emanuel Library there is a permanent staff of three and a group of students—usually about ten. Working in the library is interesting. A student gets to know a great deal about books that he had never imagined before. The work never gets monotonous because there is always something new to think about. We all enjoy each other's company and like to wait upon our "customers." The whole thing briefly is this: It requires a lot of work on the part of many people to put books and periodicals at your disposal, but those people all enjoy their work and think it is worth the time and energy.

—CHARLOTTE WENZ.



## THE FLAG RUSH

Mud! Mud! Mud! Sloppy, slimy, sticky mud; that briefly describes the recent freshman-sophomore flag rush. Before we begin with the flag rush proper let us

briefly tell what it consists of. The flag is the main item and it is placed almost on the top of a twenty-foot pole. The pole is covered with the slipperiest grease possible. Then the fire department comes out and floods the surrounding soil to make mud over ankle deep. The primary aim of the flag rush is, of course, for the freshmen to climb the pole and get the flag. Father Monheim, the referee, explained the rules before the fracas started. He said there would be two twenty-minute periods with a ten-minute rest period between. Now we are all set.

With a whoop and a cry we went through the mud and tangled with the sophomores, who were just as anxious to keep the flag on the pole as we were to get it down. Soon there were several groups of eight or nine muddy individuals battling away. The main fight raged in the vicinity of the pole. By the middle of the first period every one had taken on a very brownish tint and this made it very difficult to recognize friend from foe. Several very ambitious freshmen reached the pole and started to climb but the combination of grease and sophomores proved to be an insurmountable obstacle.

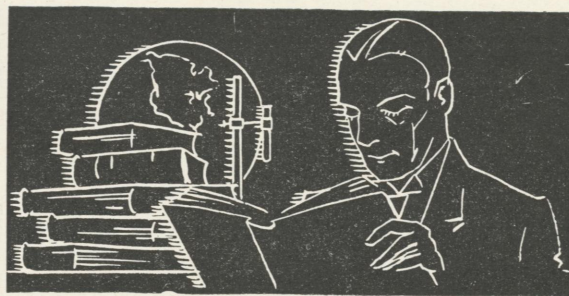
During the next period we agreed that the only way that the freshmen could emerge victorious was for two freshmen to grab a sophomore, drag him away and literally sit on him. As we outnumbered the sophs this method seemed possible, and so we rushed forward for the second period. But this plan did not prove effective because some freshmen did not follow instructions, and in some cases two freshmen were sitting on a classmate because they could not recognize him. Hence we abandoned this strategy and the confusion of the first period reigned again. Several of us reached the half-way point of the pole but the grease always brought us down again. So the period ended with the flag still on the pole and a very sorry looking bunch of freshmen down below. At this point the fire department returned, turned the hose on us and cleaned us up.

I think that I can say that I had more fun during those fifty minutes than ever before. And from this battle I can give you a lesson, and it is this. A few organized individuals can defeat many leaderless persons who are not organized and do not have a plan of battle.

—FRANK HOLLENKAMP.



# Book Reviews



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## STREET OF THE HALF-MOON

By MABEL FARNUM

Bruce

Do you want to read a soul-stirring account of a young Catalonian noble, Pedro Claver, who left his country, his parents, his confreres, and went to the Queen of the Caribes, the Carthage of his choice? Did he go there to be the Spanish Governor? Strange,—Pedro Claver, young and ambitious, went to Cartagena, Colombia, not to be a slave trader, but to be the “slave of the slaves”, as he so aptly puts it.

His parents, Don Pedro Claver and Ana Sabocna, were outstanding for their staunch Faith, the heritage of their forefathers. “Pedro,” Dona Ana had said, “if God will give us a child, I am ready to dedicate it to his service, that so he may answer our prayers.” Don Pedro hastily replied, “If God gives us a son, the child shall be His before being ours.”

And so on August 2, 1602, Pedro Claver joined the Jesuits at Terragona. At Majorca, where he was studying philosophy, Pedro met the saintly old lay-brother, Alfonso Rodriguez, who pointed out to him the need of the missions and sowed the seed of a remarkable missionary career.

As the author remarks there lies not one guess between these grey covers. Miss Farnum visited Cartagena, saw the hallowed spots and talked with the old Jesuits about their “Pearl of the Indies”. A fine group of characters, Dons and Donas, some fictitious, does the author weave around the saint. Who would not be amused at the light-hearted gaiety of Don Carmen de Badajos and the seriousness of Don Pedro d’Urbina’s little wife, Dona Isabel.

It has been said that the older we get we find that biography becomes dearer to us while fiction loses its attraction, and the reason is that biography actually takes place on a certain day and year. The life study of this heroic soul is a challenge to every American. Read it, if you dare. See how one of the blue bloods of Spain acted when he took compassion on a multitude of slaves.

—ROBERT STRECKFUS.

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## SIDNEY LANIER: POET AND PROSODIST

By RICHARD WEBB and EDWIN R. COULSON

*The University of Georgia Press*

It is seldom that a book of this kind is in demand forty years after the original writing and rarer still is the circumstance of such a work in conformity with what time has confirmed. This study of Sidney Lanier consists of two distinct essays. The first, written by Richard Webb in 1903 and awarded the Porter Prize at Yale University, is a critical study of Lanier in his lyrics and in his versification and constitutes the principal part of the book. The second essay by Edwin R. Coulson, Professor of English at Santa Monica Junior College, is really a supplement and, for the most part, consists of a collection of published criticisms and the opinions of some contemporary poets.

In the first essay, Mr. Webb, after an interesting and scholarly consideration of Lanier’s greatness of mind, his temperament, musical ability, imagination, scholarship and scientific turn of mind, takes up his theory of versification. This theory the author holds to be the result of an inability to decide between music or poetry as a life work. Lanier’s indecision coupled with his studies in Old English poetry led him to the hypothesis that music and words were once united but had gradually fallen apart and that poetry would never be all that it should until they were reunited. He, therefore, developed his theory of quantity, which he opposed to the theory of accent.

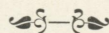
The analysis of Lanier’s life and lyrics reveals a great poet—in soul but not in utterance. Mr. Webb gives three reasons for this circumstance. They are in short, too much poverty, too much imagination, and too much theory. Perhaps he overrates the influence of the first but he amply proves them all.

Mr. Coulson supplements this essay with one of his own. Acting as toastmaster, he presents the opinions of various critics and contemporary poets, who state their opinions on the influence of Lanier’s poetry and theory of versification. The general conclusion is the same as that of Mr. Webb.



Despite the term paper style, the essays are simply and interestingly written. Anyone who reads the book and is interested in poets and poetry, will, I think, agree with Mr. Coulson when he says in the Introduction that the book is "a distinct contribution to scholarship."

—THOMAS STANLEY.



## THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH  
*Harcourt, Brace*

Every citizen of the United States owes to his country the half hour required to read the much criticized "Wave of the Future". Though this literary bombshell is but a mere 41 pages in length, it is packed with more common sense about the war than all the newspapers of the country print in an entire month. The book is unique in that it can be called neither isolationist nor interventionist.

It does not say that we should be appeasers and avoid war at all cost, but certainly with conditions as they are at present we would be needlessly neglecting too many pressing duties at home by our entrance into the war.

Anne Lindbergh examines the present European struggle very minutely, and her interpretation to my mind, penetrates the inmost elements of the conflict. She terms the war as not a war but a revolution—a revolution as inevitable as the "Wave of the Future".

Our present capitalistic system, as we know it, has many faults. This thought is entirely in accordance with the views of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI in their encyclicals on the social order. In Europe today, some of the countries have adopted newer forms of government and economic regulation. Nazism, Fascism and Communism are three of these newer systems, but they are probably the worst of what is to come. Germany, Russia, France, England, the United States and all countries may work out new and better systems.

European nations have chosen to rebuild their order by war, but we in America have the opportunity to perfect our system in peace. The world will need a shining example after the present chaos in the Eastern Hemisphere. We should be that guiding light!

The idea is perhaps fantastic at first, but read the "Wave of the Future". Then digest it slowly, and see if you don't think Anne Morrow Lindbergh has really succeeded where others have failed in catching the true significance of the war.

—HENRY RECHTIEN.

## CATHEDRAL IN THE SUN

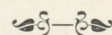
ANNE B. FISHER  
*Carlyle House Publishers*

Here is a novel depicting a vast historical movement, the Indian question. Helen C. White writing about the book says, "... it is presented from an Indian's point of view". The structure of the novel consists of a progressive series of events starting in the year 1818 and coming to a close in 1882, these series being grouped in two complete books. The first book is entitled "Juan, the Mission Builder", and carries the reader to 1836 when Juan, the narrator, dies. The second book is called "Loreta of Carmelo", Loreta being the daughter of Juan and the narrator in this book.

The reader is given an opportunity to learn about the Indian personality and to learn that the Indians are human beings like the rest of us, having a definite place in society. The assimilation process of a dominant culture by the Indians is another feature of interest. The medium through which this assimilation took place was the mission. The mission established itself as a balancing force between the settlers and the Indians. If it were not for the work of the mission perhaps the settling of the New World would have been a much slower and more difficult task. This conclusion can easily be read between the lines in this novel. The patient work of the mission Padre brought Christianity to the Indians.

When it came about that the mission was disorganized the reader notices a disorganization in the lives of the people who were dependent on the missions. Without the protection of the mission the Indians were subjected to exploitation against which only a few were able to survive. The novel presents an interesting study of California's development both from the historical and sociological point of view.

—JOHN GLEMET.



## PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

By ROBERT NATHAN  
*Alfred A. Knopf*

It's boy meets girl in "Portrait of Jennie," but the story is altogether different from any ordinary boy and girl romance that you have ever read. Well worth the hour-and-a-half that it will take you to read it, this fascinating and rather mystifying novellette by the



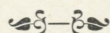
poet and novelist Robert Nathan will keep you entranced so that you are sure to want to read it all at one sitting.

The boy is a struggling young artist. Discouraged, he is walking through Central Park where he meets an appealing little girl. She is dressed in outmoded, old-fashioned clothes and is playing hopscotch. They walk and talk together in the park. And there begins the strange, fantastic friendship that leads young artist Eben Adams to success. Nathan, with all the artistry of the poet that he is, has woven into the story a different conception of time than we ordinary mortals have. The sensitive soul of young Eben is greatly affected by his love for the young girl, and for him, the past and the present are hopelessly tangled together. The shifting time element rather complicates the story and furnishes something that makes this love story so different from many others.

Taken merely as a story "Portrait of Jennie" is a diminutive masterpiece, told with all the faultless mastery that characterizes Nathan in his poems, and in his other works. In fact, the sparkling prose of this little story often approaches the poetic. It is a story that would have been run-of-the-mill if written by almost anyone else, but with Nathan's compelling charm it becomes a wholly satisfying tale.

When the reader tries to discover the meaning of the book he is apt to be, as I was, confused. Mr. Nathan is probably trying to express the workings of an artistic temperament. Perhaps he had a moral in mind, but if there is a message I fail to see it. Take the story without worrying about its deeper meaning and you have an altogether charming little gem. If you are clever enough to dig down beneath the nicely-turned phrases and the intriguing thread of the story and discover a moral, the reading of "Portrait of Jennie" will be doubly a pleasure.

—JACK JONES.



## THE TREES

By CONRAD RICHTER

*Alfred A. Knopf Company*

The plot of this narrative was nicely constructed. It followed the story to a definite climax but was frequently hindered by heavy descriptions of one kind or

another. Subplots were frequent and were used not to detract from the reader's line of thought, but rather as a completing action for the run of the story. This novel is built upon the common scene of the early 19th century Pennsylvanians, who migrated to the newly created Ohio Country for new settlements and homes. They again recarved for themselves new surroundings, just as their ancestors before them did in settling Pennsylvania. All the trials and hardships these migrating families suffered in their travels for new homes, makes this an easily readable story.

The characters of Richter's "Trees" seem most human. He displayed real knowledge of what they resembled, evidence by his fine realistic descriptions of characters, their actions, and connections with the main plot. Worth Lockett, a typical hard-boiled woodsman, led his large family from their homestead in Pennsylvania into the Wilderness of the Ohio country, only to hasten his own wife's death. The author's attitude towards Worth, the father, was one of antipathy. Towards his main character however, he held real sympathy, and she, the heroine, was Worth's oldest daughter, Sayward Lockett. This staunch, level-headed girl realized by the death of her mother, the tremendous responsibility shifted on her in the decent rearing of her brother and sisters. Jenny Lockett, Sayward's younger sister, a whimsical girl, was swayed by her first girlish impulse of puppy love, and married a no-count for a husband. Ascha Lockett, another sister, was a peculiar and selfish girl who like her sister Jenny obeyed youthful ideas, and later ran away into the North Country with her sister's husband. Wyitt Lockett, a teen-aged boy and the only brother, early developed one of his father's few good traits, that of useful marksmanship in hunting. Portius Wheeler, the lawyer lover of Sayward, left his Massachusetts home for the wilderness of the Northwest Territory, where he sought peace and the exercising of his practice before the Bar.

The author's style is accented by the excellent mountaineer dialect that added the necessary local color to his novel. The whole narrative is full of action, local color, typical dialect, and is true to life, but the whole novel seemed to be cluttered with unnecessary and long descriptions which made the reader impatient with its delay toward the plot. Despite this, Conrad Richter has written a very enjoyable book.

—PAUL J. JACOBS.





# Business as ~~Usual~~ UNUSUAL

TO TELEPHONE WORKERS, as to all Ohioans, the phrase "business as usual" is ancient history. "Business unusual" is the order of the day in the telephone industry because of the vital part which communications are playing in National Defense. Realizing the necessity of furnishing good, dependable telephone service to all Ohio under present unusual conditions, telephone forces here and throughout the entire Bell System are doing their level best to keep up with this tremendous demand for more and more telephones occasioned by the nation's defense requirements.

*NEWS NOTE. Special telephone equipment for the armed forces of the nation amounting to \$40,000,000 is being turned out in one plant of the Western Electric Company manufacturer of telephone equipment for the Bell System.*

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