

11-1941

The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1941

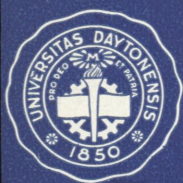
University of Dayton

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent>

Recommended Citation

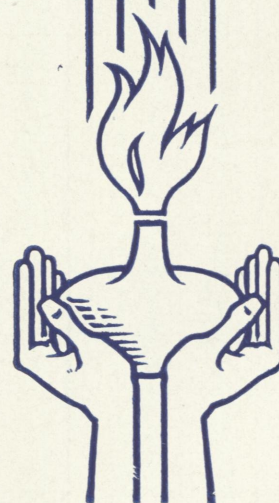
University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1941" (1941). *The Exponent*. 372.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/372>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Produced Media at eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Exponent by an authorized administrator of eCommons. For more information, please contact mschlangen1@udayton.edu, ecommons@udayton.edu.



6PK

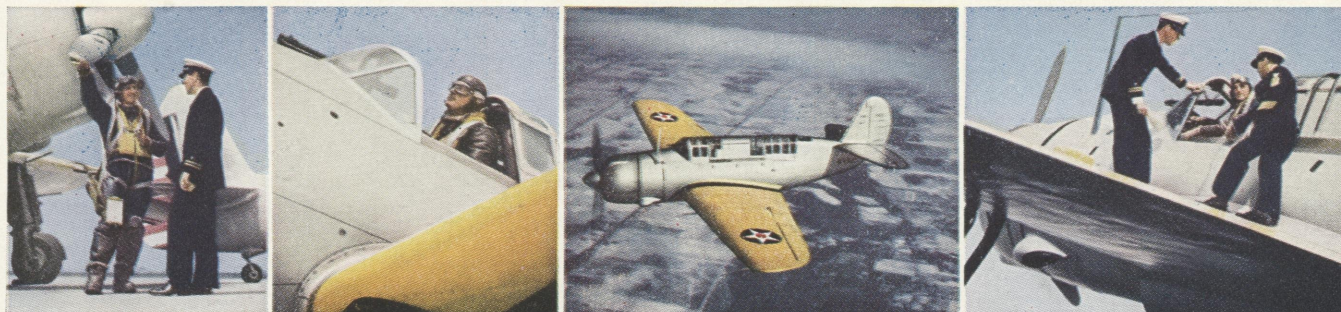
EXPONENT



NOVEMBER 1941

THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (*left, above*) smoking his (*and the Navy man's*) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO
CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR.
AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains

**28% LESS
NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-
selling brands tested—
slower than any of them
— Camels also give you
a smoking *plus* equal,
on the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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



*Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy
man's preference for the cigarette
of costlier tobaccos... Camel*

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways*. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

**CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

❖ CONTENTS ❖

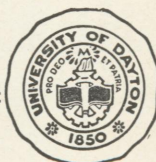
ALINE KILMER	3
<i>Kathleen Whetro</i>	
THE INTRUDER	5
<i>Lou Riepenhoff</i>	
RADIO (Verse)	5
<i>Sister M. Britta, M.S.C.</i>	
BROTHERS ALL	6
<i>C. E. Fisher</i>	
A LOOKING GLASS (Verse)	7
<i>Martin McMurtrey</i>	
A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH	8
<i>Alfred Lange</i>	
ON THE FIRST SNOWFALL (Verse)	9
<i>Orletta Lange</i>	
THE ATHLETIC GIRL	10
<i>Betty Mayl</i>	
ON NOT HAVING BEEN CHOSEN HOMECOMING QUEEN	11
<i>Sister Mary Florine, S.N.D.</i>	
SCOTCH AND SODA	11
<i>John Aspell</i>	
EDITORIALS	12
WE . . . THE WOMEN	14
<i>Kathryn Kunka, Betty Bogart</i>	
HARVEST PICTURE (Verse)	16
<i>Anthony Sobocinski</i>	
OUR PICTURE-MINDED AGE	17
<i>Walter Conway</i>	
REFLECTIONS AND FELICITATIONS	18
<i>Madeline Georgiev</i>	
POTPOURRI	19
<i>John Kelley, Dorothy Edwards, Sylvia Scott,</i>	
<i>Adele Klopff, Clarke Ash, Miriam Lavoie, Grover Shinbeckler</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS	22
<i>Betty Bogart, Muriel Musser, Norman Hamm,</i>	
<i>Robert Minges, Herbert Meyer</i>	

Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

SubscriptionsTwo Dollars, Yearly in Advance
Single CopiesTwenty-five Cents

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO



THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

CHARLES R. BROWN, O. D.

OPTOMETRIST

Practice Limited to the Eye

Telephone 1015 Brown St.
AD-7562 DAYTON, OHIO

DR. LEON DEGER, '10

Fidelity Building

Dayton, Ohio

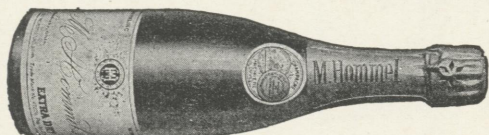


**Greatest Name In
Refrigeration**

In addition to the world-famous Frigidaire Household Refrigerator with the Meter-Miser, the Frigidaire Division of General Motors also manufactures Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters; a complete line of office and industrial water coolers; commercial refrigeration equipment for stores, hotels, hospitals, taverns, markets, restaurants, florists, etc.; ice cream cabinets, milk coolers, beverage coolers, frosted food merchandisers; portable air conditioners, and equipment for air conditioning any size space from a single room to an entire building. Every Frigidaire product is outstanding for economical performance and quality construction.

**See Your Nearest Frigidaire
Dealer**

Established
1878



Incorporated
1900

THE M. HOMMEL WINE COMPANY

SANDUSKY, OHIO

CHAMPAGNES AND SPARKLING BURGUNDYS

Guaranteed Naturally Fermented in the Bottle

A FULL LINE OF SWEET AND DRY WINES

C. N. STEMPER CO., Dayton, Ohio

The Most Complete List of Rare Varieties in America. Sold Everywhere

**The Dayton Heidelberg
Distributing Co.**

133 E. STEWART ST.
DISTRIBUTORS

**Student Prince and
Heirloom Beers**

Telephone ADams 9290

**WE FIT EVERY MEMBER
OF THE FAMILY**

**JOHN B.
RODERER
SHOE STORES**

807 Brown Street
812 Xenia Ave.

ARCHIE SHERER COMPANY

WOOD AND STEEL OFFICE FURNITURE;

STEEL SHELVING — LOCKERS — SAFES

Visible Systems and Filing Supplies

18-20 SOUTH JEFFERSON STREET

Phone FULTon 5371

Your Exclusive Office Furniture Center

Good Printing

at a

Reasonable Price

It is unnecessary
to sacrifice one
for the other —

Get both at

**The Beringer
Printing Co.**

124 East Third Street

FULTon 1751

L. M. PRINCE Co.

Opticians

117 South Ludlow

DAYTON --:-- OHIO

Homecoming Dance

Miami Hotel - Nov. 15

THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXIX

NOVEMBER, 1941

No. 7

Aline Kilmer

It is with a certain amount of pride that the editor presents this timely and very splendid article to our readers. You should know your American authors, living or deceased, consequently don't miss this.

"... we are to be together, inevitably, and soon in terms of eternity" wrote Joyce Kilmer from France to his wife Aline. At the risk of falling into maudlin sentimentality—a thing they both abhorred—Aline's recent death forces us to say it: At last they are together eternally, after twenty-three years of being "incomplete apart."

That they were never far apart, even after Joyce was killed, we soon discovered in trying to write this article. Attempt an analysis of Aline alone? It were easier to separate Jonathan and David, or Damon and Pythias. They were friends, Aline and Joyce; friends—yet married lovers and wedded poets. How rare and blessed a union that encompasses in equanimity two so gifted souls!

It is typical of the quiet and unobtrusive Aline that little material of a biographical nature can be found of her; and unless her heirs succeed in turning up one, she left no autobiography. To know Aline the poet and woman, we must look to the tributes paid her by two of the Kilmers' friends, John Bunker, former co-worker of Joyce, and Francis X Talbot, editor of *America*, but we can become best acquainted with her personality through Joyce's biography and Joyce's letters to her from abroad.

Whenever the name Kilmer is spoken, people invariably associate it with Joyce as creator of "Trees," his most popular, though by far not his best, poem. Yet oddly enough it is Aline, not Joyce, whom many literary critics believe to be the better poet. Joyce himself was keenly aware of his wife's ability and

● By KATHLEEN WHETRO

never tried to keep his opinion secret. We imagine she prided throughout her years his having called her his favorite poet. The occasion was his letter on January 18, 1918, acknowledging her "very noble poem—'High Heart'" as bringing him greater intimacy than he had known since crossing the ocean. Three days later he wrote: "I envy you your power of writing poetry—I haven't been able to write a thing since I left the ship." On April 21 he wrote: "Your poem 'Experience' has lodgment in my brain and heart and soul." He commented on the ease of one line in that poem, saying that nothing much was required for its making—genius merely... you are my mistress in the art of devotion as in the art of poetry."

So many poetic differences exist between the Kilmers, however, as John Bunker has indicated in his tribute to Aline, that a comparison to judge who is the better poet is almost impossible. In our own opinion, what value could such a comparison have, anyway? It seems enough to recognize that both the Kilmers were skilled poets, but if genius is attributed to Aline, it most certainly lies in her two rare qualities—intellectual honesty and self-control. She neither hid her light under a bushel, nor strung up a Christmas tree display to force attention.

Theodore Maynard says of Aline in his anthology of *Modern Catholic Verse*, that her greatest strength lies in her power of sudden personal poignancy and in a sincerity which is at times startling in its directness. A perfect example of that sincerity shows in her refusal to follow a suggestion to turn out "pot boilers." With Joyce at war and she the bread-winner for their brood, such a suggestion could have been a strong temptation. Aline tossed it off with the retort, "Bad writing is a gift." Yet we know from Joyce's letters that the Kilmer financial picture was anything but bright at the time. Although Joyce had made over to his wife half his

soldier's pay and she received in addition from the government an allowance for herself and each child, yet the total monthly sum amounted only to about fifty-seven dollars. In an undated letter from overseas Joyce wrote her: "... I find myself approving your plan of getting literary work, although doing it makes me feel like the colored man approving his wife's plan of taking in washing."

When they had married, in 1908, Aline was twenty and Joyce twenty-two. After several years of living in New York apartments, while Joyce tried various types of work until he found his proper field in journalism, they finally managed to buy (on the installment plan) a suburban home. That home is described by one of Joyce's biographers as "a place of boundless week-end hospitality and almost equally boundless domesticity" yet withal "a place of almost unbelievable literary industry." In a marriage where professional jealousy might easily have become a wrecking force, we see instead, to the everlasting honor of Aline's greatness of character, two writers working together, yet not in the sense of collaboration. It was Aline who, after the children were put to bed, used to sacrifice almost nightly the leisure hours that might have been hers for artistic venture to act as secretary for her journalist husband.

Aline and Joyce not only worked hand in hand, they saw eye to eye, yet with no consequent loss of personal individuality. Shortly after their nine-months old daughter, Rose, was stricken with infantile paralysis in 1913, they entered the Catholic Church together. They were together with Rose when she died in 1917. A few days later their fifth and last child, Christopher, was born. Already Joyce was an enlisted soldier. Aline saw him leave for France soon afterward. While many a woman in similar circumstances would have grown bitter over her lot, Aline exhibited that quality of courage that marks her entire life. How deeply she felt the parting she expressed in her poem "High Heart" from which we quote these lines:

My soul swoops down to sorrow
As the sea gulls dip,
And all my love flies after
Your lonely ship.
Yet I am not despairing;
Though we must part,
Nothing can be too bitter
For my high heart;
All in the dreary midnight,
Watching the flying foam,
I wait for a golden morning
When you come home.

The "golden morning" never came and Aline entered her thirties as a widow with the responsibility of four children. Those years must have been the most trying ones of her life. She had not only to bear the anxieties of being sole upbringer of her children, but also to suffer the tragic loss of one of them, her son Michael. That mother love was a dominant force in her life, we see from the fact that she immortalized her children in her verse.

"What a delightful poet you are!" Joyce wrote to Aline on one occasion. We can readily appreciate his compliment to her when we read her several volumes of poems, for she had the ability to produce lyrics of rare beauty and great strength. Like Joyce she never indulged in the unintelligibility that characterizes so much of the verse of modern poets. She could combine whimsy with irony; she could be emotional without being "soppy."

Not in the making of poetry alone, however, was Aline Kilmer the skilled artist. She was almost equally adept in the writing of essays. In that particular field she best exhibited the subtle humor that Joyce and her close friends knew her to possess. We actually found ourselves chuckling aloud several times while reading "Hunting a Hair Shirt," "Ghoulies and Ghaisties," and "On Works of Reference." What is more, we ashamedly admit becoming downright hilarious over "The Helplessness of Adults." (We recommend this last named essay to all who are, or would be, parents.) Aline herself seemed to appreciate that sense of humor which carried her through so many difficulties, for in one of her poems she thanked God that:

He gave me to keep a little foolish laughter.
I shall not lose it even when I am dead.

Throughout the last few of her fifty-three years Aline Kilmer knew what it was to suffer physical pain. She endured that affliction as bravely as she had the mental anxieties of earlier years. When she died on October 1 she had with her her eldest son, Kenton, who is associated with the Congressional library and is also poetry editor of the Washington Post, her only living daughter, Deborah, who is now a Benedictine Sister, and her last-born, Christopher, a soldier with his father's Sixty-Ninth Regiment.

A tribute that Joyce paid Aline when they were together in life seems most fitting now that they are together "in terms of eternity":

The darts of toil and sorrow, sent
Against your peaceful beauty, are
As foolish and as impotent
As winds that blow against a star.

The Intruder

● By LOU RIEPENHOFF

A creepy, imaginative tale with a wisp of humor and a real surprise ending. Don't read this when you are home alone.

IT was night—humid, smelly and black as sin. A heavy mist curtained a desolate section of the South Carolina bayous. Air with the slightest semblance of purity was foreign to this spot. Clothing stuck like adhesive tape to one's body. The sun, as it slipped over the horizon several hours before, had summoned all illumination to follow it; not a single ray of light had spurned its master's call. Darkness filled the bayous.

But suddenly a sharp burst of light from a mid-summer moon pierced the mantle of darkness that clothed the dismal swamp, and revealed a deplorable sight.

Stagnant, debris-strewn water drifted lazily about. From atop various, irregular knolls that had been fortunate enough to escape being engulfed by the murky waters which surrounded them, sickly-looking pines struggled skyward, but seemingly with little consequence. Insignificant little plants were slowly being crushed and smothered to death by their more formidable swamp associates, the mammoth, entangling wisteria vine, and the shaggy, disease-ridden, grey-green moss.

Into this scene of consternation drifted a small canoe, slowly nosing its way up the misty bayou. Its occupant, a lone man, leaned heavily, yet cautiously on a paddle, maneuvering his craft skillfully through the ugly waters. Periodically his beady eyes would cast sharp glances about him. The caution, fear and distrust displayed in the every movement of this sinister figure seemed to indicate that his trip, alone, through

the treacherous bayou was prompted by a desire to escape from society, or by a lust for crime in a place where apprehension by the authorities would be unlikely.

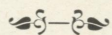
Again the swamp was enveloped with darkness as the moon slipped quietly behind a heavy cloud.

Off in the distance a sallow light shone faintly through the mist, and the suspicious-looking character in the canoe dipped his paddle more cautiously. Presently he noticed that the light came from a small island in the middle of the bayou. Upon closer observation he saw that the island was completely devoid of plant life, and possessed but a single structure—a dilapidated old cabin. Reaching the shore, he alighted from his canoe, beached it, and stood quietly on the soft sand of the bank as if listening for some sound. But his listening brought no results, for only the constant chirping of crickets and the miserable, melancholy hooting of night owls penetrated the lonely silence which shrouded this ghastly spot.

Satisfied that his landing was still unknown the intruder carefully made his way toward the cabin. Reaching a huge oak door, he rapped on it viciously. Suddenly the door flew open and a grey-haired, hard-featured old man appeared, a large shot-gun gripped firmly in his rugged hands.

The intruder was startled, but the calm expression on his face gave evidence to the fact that he had been in tighter spots than this before, and could easily master the situation. With grim determination in his voice he spoke.

"I beg your pardon sir. I'm from the Gallup Poll. Are you in favor of arming United States merchant ships?"



RADIO

Its power is magic, its mystery—speed.
Its wings are the ether, wherever waves lead.
A turn of the dial—captured is sound.
New vistas are opened, the whole world around.
Though man stands aghast at what science has wrought,
In decades of progress how rare is the thought:
"God's Masterhand held all these wonders in store.
Man only disclosed what was hidden before."

SR. M. BRITTA, M. S. C.

Brothers All

● By C. E. FISHER

The author presents in a comico-serious manner Brother Joe Stalin's blundering attempts at straddling the international political fence.

RUSSIA'S No. 1 man, Josef Stalin, is shaking his head, bewildered, for he is getting an exacting lesson in human relations whether he wants it or not. The instruction was begun two years ago with Adolf Hitler as the professor. Four months ago Hitler abruptly turned the job over to Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill.

Back in 1939, Comrade Stalin was in the midst of another five-year plan and all the little comrades were dreaming of a world revolution that would make all nations see the light of Communism. A couple of borders away, Hitler was beating the war drums, playing spider with Chamberlain as the fly, and casting covetous glances at Poland. While Chamberlain, an umbrella hooked over his arm, paraded up and down the public press with "peace, it's glorious," Herr Hitler sent his armor-plated halfbacks through center, around the ends and through the air, and soon Poland was no more.

Hitler also had dreams of conquest in the west. To make them as safe as possible, he decided to lock the back door in the east to stop Stalin from any thoughts of sneaking in and stealing the Polish pie. As a means of creating this safeguard, he told his people Communism was no longer a big, bad wolf; in fact, Russia and Germany had many things in common. What he meant was Russia had many things vital to the Reich, among them food and oil. High German diplomats went to Russia and important Soviet chieftains came to Germany for conferences. One morning in the fall of 1939 the world awoke to learn that Herr Hitler and Comrade Stalin saw eye to eye on all matters.

And so the great friendship was born. Stalin sat placidly in the Kremlin. He was an Axis brother. On his right was Friend Adolf and on his left was Japan, confused by this sudden turn in diplomatic relations. Despite Japan's distracted state of mind, Stalin reasoned that the little brown brother would do nothing to upset the happy family's harmony. So, Stalin smiled broadly and set his people to work on feeding and oiling the Reich.



Of course, the capitalistic press in America, England and France sounded off like an irate bleacher mob, but Stalin's mind had long since become calloused over such uncouth descriptives as "crook, murder, liar, and cheat" hurled at him by the money changers.

For a while, Stalin was at peace with himself. The peace could not last, for wasn't he an Axis brother? That meant being war-like, vigorous. He looked at Japan, engaged in a brawl with China. Hitler was licking his chops before plunging into the west. Mussolini was throwing out his chest and uttering threats of violence if certain nations (namely France and England) didn't calm down and hang a star in the big Axis sky. With the other three brothers in a belligerent mood, Stalin convinced himself that it was most unbrotherly to sit quietly at home. He buckled on a sword and began looking around for somebody to fight, but most certainly not a foe that would offer resistance. Right next door was Finland. A little nation. A small army. Just average equipment. The Allies too far away to give her more than moral support.

One fine winter's morning, Stalin rolled out his war machine and steered it into Finland. But Finland did not fall over and play dead: she fought back hard, vigorously, stalled and here and there threw back the world's largest war vehicle. The gigantic army Stalin pictured as a furious, unbeatable Goliath was dangerously near keeling over like a clumsy steamer with a shifting cargo. After three months of facing an inexhaustible supply of men, material, and machines, the Finns were worn down, sued for peace, and Stalin's Goliath limped home to drydock and a general overhauling.

Brother Joe shyly looked at his other three brothers. He discovered that Adolf didn't rage because he went warring; Brother Benito was too busy delivering speeches, and the little brown brother to the east was faring none too well in China. Furthermore, wasn't he

only a fledgling at this business of war? He shouldn't be expected to be the featured attraction the first time out.

The capitalists? What if they did call him a "mustachioed cut-throat," wasn't he still Brother Joe? That was enough for him.

As the spring and summer of 1940 eased by, Stalin watched Hitler grind up the armies of Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. "It's all over but the shouting," he gleefully told a few of the Kremlin hangers-on, and quickly bit his lower lip for uttering the trite capitalistic expression. But England did not seek peace. Instead, she defied Hitler. That puzzled Joe, but he kept quiet and continued to supply Hitler with food and oil. Occasionally, Adolf raged that the supplies were not coming fast enough, but then Adolf had always been a little spitfire.

Brother Benito finally developed an itchy trigger finger, and marched off to bowl over the Greeks. Instead of being scared to death, the Greeks began pushing Il Duce's legions off mountain tops. But along came Brother Adolph and he chewed up Yugoslavia and Greece. The Axis' face had been saved, and Brother Joe breathed a little easier.

But not for long, because as Nazi troops "brought order" to Yugoslavia and Greece, there arose faint rumblings that Brother Adolf was cooling off toward his Russian kin. The rumblings grew louder. Across the border were mysterious German troop movements. Stalin frowned, tugged at his mustache and reread the peace pact with Germany. He recalled that Germany had sneered at such pacts with other countries. He put away the document, ordered his armies to the border—just in case.

On a Sunday morning in June, 1941, Brother Adolf decided it was time to incorporate Russia as part of the Reich. His tanks snorted and clanked across the Rus-

sian border; his cannon stuck out many fiery red tongues, and his luftwaffe plunged at Russian columns. And Stalin was no longer Brother Joe, No. 4 boy in the Axis family.

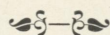
Two heads rose above the horizon. One wore a bowler and the other a stovepipe. A finger belonging to one of the heads pointed at Stalin and a mouth opened: "He's fighting our war." Behind them a couple of reporters hastily scribbled the words and raced to telephones. "Russia fighting to save Democracy," headlines screamed at stunned capitalistic minds. "Josef Stalin gallantly has taken up the challenge of Hitler. It is Stalin's brave armies that are helping the world rid itself of the scourge called Hitler," the capitalistic press editorialized, and slowly began dropping the word "Red" from headlines when referring to Russia.

Friendly missions from the United States and England raced to Moscow. Russia has only to tell us her needs and the Allies will meet them, government leaders shouted.

In Germany, Italy and Japan the press began berating Russia as a world menace. Mussolini, at Hitler's suggestion, sent troops to fight with the Germans against the former No. 4 boy of the Axis family. In Japan, the Konoye cabinet fell, to be replaced with a stronger pro-Axis, anti-Soviet government.

As a secretary announced another mission from the Allies, Stalin staggered out of his chair, extended a quivering hand and ran over in his mind new words, "Yes, Brother Franklin" and "Yes, Brother Winston."

Bewildered as he is over these lessons in high-powered international politics, Brother Joe is learning, for hasn't he dusted off a few pews, oiled some church bells to take out the rusty screech, called in some cameramen and rushed pictures of services post haste to the United States and England?



A LOOKING GLASS

Heaven is mirrored in all things good,
Sunrise seen on morning clear.
Angel's hymns are understood
When a whistling wren is near.
Smile of friend is smile of God!

—MARTIN McMURTREY.

A Challenge To Youth

• By ALFRED LANGE



A senior engineer discusses the industrial and economic situation today and suggests some advice to the college men and women who will be our future leaders. It is written for you U. D. men and women.

OURS is a great country, isn't it? It has grown, grown with leaps and bounds, and still there is a future growth and a newer development. It is upon the latter that the initiative, imagination and understanding of the youth of America, being tomorrow's leaders, will depend. It would only be fair that every possible effort be made to give to the young people of today a better understanding of their responsibilities and opportunities in helping to expand the horizons of progress, which without a doubt are vast.

It is a known fact that today's youth are keenly alert. They know the necessity for education and training. They are only too anxious to appraise their qualifications against those opportunities in fields where they are most likely to succeed. Isn't it obvious to the world that deep down in the hearts of youth there is a challenging spirit and determination to face that same world without undue discouragement, no matter what changing conditions have imposed?

How many times has the youth pondered the question of how to prepare for a position in an industrial organization? Should he pursue liberal arts subjects or perhaps a specialized course? Following either of these, would that same educational system prepare him for industry? He might even wonder whether his college education would be of value in getting a job. Perhaps not. If accepted by industry, would he find greater opportunities in a small organization or a large one? Just what personal qualifications does industry demand from young men? Where could they best find vocational guidance in determining their capabilities?

Presently we face the paradox of want in the midst of plenty. Is youth's answer to be found in government, or in the efforts of private enterprise? It could be that industry has reached its peak of expansion. If technological improvement continues will not more and more men be thrown out of work as time goes on? In that event, where does youth fit in? Would there be more jobs if the activities of industry were under government supervision?

Thoughts such as these are the thoughts of the youth of today. And because they look ahead to such a great extent today's young men may be classified above the youth of a generation ago. They seem to consider it a part of them to find out how industry operates. Economics and science are not merely textbook studies, but something vitally affecting their whole future. Naturally young people have no very adequate background experience of the basic problems confronting them in attaining their ambitions, yet they are seriously surveying their opportunities and more than ever determined upon success in building a greater world for humanity.

Great industrial leaders as well as renowned men of our higher educational system in the United States openly state that a formal education is not at all necessary as a prerequisite to enter executive leadership. They will even go so far as to say that some of the young men may be harmed by a formal education. The basis of their statement lies in the fact that no institution of learning gives an education but that the individual acquires it and education may be acquired in any way. Needless to say there are many self-educated men who have done a better job than any institution could have done for them. Today, however, we are in an era where self-education is at a decrease and as a consequence the chances of the young man who has gone to college (for the purpose of educating himself) are better for securing a high executive position than the chances of a young man who did not.

In regard to the pursuance of a liberal arts or a technical course the youth again wonders in which endeavor he will find the most opportunities. Industry is in need of both and in the final analysis there would be an almost equal portion of both. In all probability the graduate of the technical school will, after some time, find himself in a staff position while the graduate of the liberal college will be in an administrative position. Industrialists do not favor technically trained men nor liberal arts men but they do favor good men.

Referring to the inquiry whether chances for success are greater with the large institution than with the small, that again depends on what the individual wants

to do and just what his mental equipment is. His best outlook, should he lack the equipment, would be to start a business by himself or be in a small industry rather than a large one. Youth must however realize that the situation is different for each particular man in terms of the kind of mental equipment he happens to possess. It all depends upon the youth's circumstance and his particular tendency.

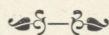
Industry does not expect one hundred percent efficiency from a machine nor the same from youth. They do find that one of the greatest requisites for the college graduating youth is to get along with people. One of the difficulties that the young man has, coming out of school, is re-orientating himself. It is a pretty sudden change from school to industry. As a consequence that individual who works in industry during the summer months or even during the school year will find the change much easier to take. It does not matter what kind of future the youth is getting into. His spiritual, moral, physical and mental equipment do however count very much. The young man should make the best of the physical equipment he has. It doesn't matter whether he is tall or short, thin or fat. There is some best in every youth and he should utilize that to the best of his ability. Never should he let someone else do his thinking. Young men with intelligence and ability who do their own thinking will be the ones who will have the best chance.

Despite the fact that technological improvement is continuing men are not thrown out of work. Improvements of this type work in two ways. One of them is

that it decreases the amount of labor required for a certain unit production, the other, that it develops new things. Every new thing that is developed gives the opportunity of more jobs. Whenever efficiency in production is increased, there may be a reduction in the amount of work required, but there also may be an increase in the amount of work required for that production in order to make the product available to many more people. If the public is interested in a new product, then the public is going to demand it. And again it is the public who profits in the long run by the wages for the labor of the production and by an increase in labor due to the demand of the product. All this because of technological improvement.

Most governmental experts have replied with an emphatic "No!" with reference to the increase of employment of youth by reason of governmental supervision of industry. Anti-New Dealers especially will point to the proven unconstitutionality of the one-time "N.R.A." which most certainly was a flop in that direction. A country is built upon private initiative. Wherever the latter is permitted to the fullest extent, there is the greatest country. American youth can indeed be grateful.

Industry will truthfully admit that it wants young men. It wants them to go out and try their hand at things, take their time, and use the good sense that God has given them. Advice is cheap. All youth needs to do is to use their judgment and distinguish between good and bad advice. Then, with a bit of optimism, belief and imagination, the youth of today can make tomorrow anything they want to.



ON THE FIRST SNOWFALL

I'm glad that I live in a part of the land
Where the snow falls soft and white,
Where I can stretch my eager hand
And catch the flakes so white.

If I could lift my troubled heart
To feel some of the healing balm,
To capture just a little part
Of the beauty I hold in my palm.

But it cannot be.
The snowflake melts and disappears.
Life interrupts my reverie
And brings back all my tears.

—ORLETTA LANGE.

The Athletic Girl

• By BETTY MAYL

The girls should read this article to see what they are like and the boys should read it because they want to know what a coed thinks about women in sports. Very interesting, we say.



“WOMAN’S place is in the home” is one old saying that is no longer true. In the last twenty years women have obtained equal rights politically and economically. They work side by side with men in nearly all lines of endeavor and with this closer association with men has come a keener interest in sports. With the advent of new labor saving devices women have more leisure time, and the new emphasis on health and exercise has naturally led women to turn to sports—as actual participants and as spectators. Fashions, too, have affected, and been affected by this new trend. If a woman sees a smart golfing outfit she is just liable to take up the sport in order to wear the outfit, or again, women being slaves of fashion may take up a sport because it’s “fashionable”—“it’s the style.” But let’s take a poll of women’s sports.

Contrary to all conjecture the favorite sport of women is not bridge. Instead, tennis seems to claim the most advocates while golf has fewer in number but more ardent supporters. Few girls surpass men in playing ability but the common fault seems to be either laziness or lack of confidence. In tennis, particularly, it is observed that girls fail to go after balls that they could return if they only ran faster. Bowling, either because of the social angle or because it seems more inexpensive, attracts many of the popularly called “weaker sex.” The current bowling craze has nearly as many women kegglers as men. The girls may not be good, but they save wear and tear on the alleys and give the pin boy a rest by sending so many balls down the gutters.

Basketball is perhaps the most popular team game, and the girls really play for keeps. Men take the game seriously enough but girls credited with having more sensitive nervous systems take it even more seriously. If you have ever watched a girls’ basketball game you know how easily tempers are lost, and how rough and tumble the girls can get. There is usually a couple of guards who play exciting “floor” games—and I do mean on the floor. Besides girls often carry grudges and do not speak to opponents for days before and after games.

Even softball has its supporters and although most of us should insist on five strikes—the first two are not counted as such—on the other hand there are some pretty good pitchers among the feminine sex (or should I say throwers?). We haven’t begun to mention all the sports participated in by women, but in addition to these spectator sports also occupy a very important place in their lives.

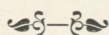
Women seem to have a “ball” complex. The most popular with them seem to be football, basketball, baseball, and ball-room dancing (but we’ll not consider the last one here). Even though comparatively few completely understand football, still the gridiron battles rate as most popular. Perhaps it is the color and music that accompany the game or the opportunity to bundle up in fur coats and blankets; whatever the reason, the girl’s answer to “What is your favorite sport” is usually “Football.” Baseball runs a close second and has recognized its popularity with the feminine sex by instituting “Ladies’ Days”—much to many husbands’ dismay, especially if there is a double-header. In a poll of women of all ages baseball might rate first, but on the U. D. campus, and practically on every college campus, the coeds like their football.

No one will deny that football is an exciting game. The teams involved, the traditional rivalries, hot dogs and cold coffee, all contribute to its popularity. The bands, the cheers, the uniforms, the mass of people, all send pulses racing as hearts beat faster with anticipation and anxiety. “Will the team win?” “I hope no one gets hurt,” “Do you suppose ‘He’ will play?”—all precede the referee’s whistle. And once the game gets going “what’s that penalty for,” “robber,” “block that kick, we want a touchdown,” “hold that line,” “boy, what a tackle”—such cries as these ring from the feminine rooters who take their football seriously. Perhaps the rooters couldn’t explain the difference between a tackle and a block, couldn’t distinguish clipping from an ordinary tackle, but still they love the game and in their case “ignorance is bliss.” Those who do understand it enjoy it even more. It gives them a

mental lift when they discover they can distinguish a shovel pass from a forward and a lateral, when they second guess the quarterback and call the next play. For those who don't, what's the difference? It doesn't detract from their interest or love of the sport. The girls sit in the rain along with the fellows, share the sunshine, freeze in the snow, and relish every minute of it. Whether they come to see "Him" play, or because they want to prove they can take it—whatever the reasons, it is an undeniable fact that the girls go

for the gridiron game.

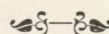
Sports activity and popularity change according to the season, but no matter what the game or which season it happens to be, women contribute much to the sports life and sports, in turn, make an important contribution to women's lives in the form of relaxation, new interests, and real fun. The woman of today is healthier and happier as a result of "sports of all sorts."



ON NOT HAVING BEEN CHOSEN HOMECOMING QUEEN

Yes, she smiled at the sun on his throne in the sky,
Though she knew she would rather just sit there and
cry;
To be sure, it was harder to live than to die!

SISTER MARY FLORINE, S. N. D.



Scotch and Soda

• By JOHN F. ASPELL

A bit of fiction of naval aviation at North Island, Cal., where John's brother, Tom, was stationed for over a year. Tom has been a flying ensign for over four years, and John writes very vividly of the life enjoyed by his brother.

NORTH ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

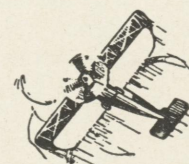
Captain Gordon Chase, in the ready room of Torpedo 9, rose from his chair and unrolled a sheet of canvas upon the table. "This will be Torpedo Squadron 9's new insignia," he announced. The seventeen men assembled were strangely silent. On the blue canvas was pictured a sleek torpedo pitching into a choppy sea with a little white scottie nonchalantly riding along. It was a perfect portrait of "Scotch" Duffy's wiry pup, "Soda." "Scotch Duffy helped me out on the design," Gordon Chase added. There was no comment. The seventeen men finished cokes and filed quietly out. That insignia was a perfect tribute to a man who was a hero to Squadron 9. Scotch Duffy was dead.

Ensign William McCormick Duffy dimmed the lights of his Ford 6 as he approached the marine on

duty at the Coronado bridge gate, Naval Reserve Base, San Diego. Acknowledging the leatherneck's salute, he turned left, passed the officers' mess and pulled back the hand brake at quarters "SA". Ensign Duffy had just a month before sprouted his gold wings at Pensacola and was on the threshold of four years' active duty with the aeronautic organization of the Navy. Snapping the keys from the ignition Ensign Duffy opened the rear trunk compartment and released a white, wiry scottie from a portable pen. As an "Aviation Cadet" at Florida, Duffy had found the little pup hiding in an empty club soda crate in the rear of the old officers' club. No one seemed to know the origin of the orphan so it was adopted. He had named the peppy pooch "Soda" for appropriate reasons.

Ensign Duffy's arrival with "Soda" at Torpedo 9 caused a transformation in the morale of the squadron personnel. Continuous soupy weather and an unfortunate crackup which landed two men in sick bay had stirred up a heavy atmosphere of discontent. There were even a few remarks as to the newly formed outfit being a jinx squadron. But Duffy's appearance was like the sudden clearing of a titration. The old punch

(Continued on page sixteen)



THE EDITOR'S

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

Associate Editors

JACK JONES

BETTY BOGART

JOHN ASPELL

GEORGE MADDEN

JACK QUATMAN

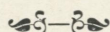
BETTY MAYL

Soap Box

Welcome Alumni

A hearty welcome from the student body to the Alumni of the University of Dayton, who will gather here from all over the country for the annual Homecoming celebration, November fifteenth.

Homecoming this year takes on a very rosy aspect as the Flyers have one of the best teams in the Middle-West. However, without an outstanding alumni to make the name of Dayton great, no such team would be possible. Thus the student body owes the alumni a token of gratitude. This token is the manner in which the students welcome the alumni at Homecoming. Students, let's turn on the hospitality for Homecoming.



College Students Do Not Favor President's Foreign Policy

The college students of the United States do not approve of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. If the students of the University of Dayton can be considered typical (we have every reason to believe that they are), the President's foreign policy is in error because it is aimed at eventually involving the country in actual war with Germany to save England.

The thoughts expressed in this editorial are shared by the author and the majority of the student body alike. They have originated from and have been confirmed by countless conversations between the author and his fellow students.

We do not believe that the United States should isolate herself from the rest of the world. The term, "isolationist," has been misapplied so that it is now used in a contemptuous sense to describe anyone who is opposed to immediate armed intervention. We are

opposed to a proximate shooting war with Germany, and therefore will probably be called "isolationist." However, we are not "isolationists" in the exact sense of the word. We favor trade with the rest of the world, although we realize that free trade with belligerent nations is at times impossible. We agree that the United States should do all in her power to assure a just peace to end the ever recurring wars in Europe. We believe in international cooperation for the betterment of mankind when such a scheme has a possibility of success. We love our liberties and would gladly die in the defense of them.

We differ with President Roosevelt in that we do not think war with Germany wise, while he, to all outward appearances, favors our entry. We also differ with him in that we do not approve of acts by our nation designed at provoking war between the United States and Germany. One difference between ourselves and the President which we cannot help is the fact that he and his political friends will not have to fight this war as we will.

The President seems to believe that government by the people has disappeared from the United States when it comes to deciding whether the nation should become involved in the war. It appears as if the President decided a long time ago that the United States should join in the fight against Germany. Perhaps the visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to this country immediately preceding the declaration of war was for the sole purpose of persuading the President that our destiny in the coming war was on the side of England. In any event, President Roosevelt seemingly made his decision at one time or the other and then proceeded upon a plan to bring the United States on the verge of war in what appeared to be small, non-belligerent steps. From the outset he declared that we couldn't keep our minds neutral in regard to the war. He appointed two rabid interventionists, Knox and Stimson, as secretaries of the army and navy respectively. Thence he lead the fight for the removal of the Arms Embargo followed by his extensive Lend-Lease programs. We traded destroyers and vast amounts of equipment as our President constantly cooperated with British propaganda to the fullest extent. Mr. Roosevelt was very skillful in that he always inveigled public

opinion to his side before he proceeded from one conquest to the other.

At a very psychological moment the announcement was made that American troops had occupied Iceland. Not much later the Navy was issued orders to shoot at German submarines on sight. This shooting order was the first of the President's planned steps that might possibly make it necessary for the German government to declare war on us. Actually Germany has offered resistance and as a consequence several American vessels have been sunk within a period of two months. At the present other actual involvement steps are being cleverly presented to the country in the hope that they might eventually achieve the President's ultimate aim, war with the Axis.

The latest of the President's pro-war enticers are the bills to arm American merchant vessels and to allow these same vessels to navigate to belligerent waters. Before we decide whether these measures should be adopted, it is much more logical to consider whether we desire the final effect which these measures are intended to achieve, and that final result in war.

The only reason that would justify our entry into the bloody struggle is the possibility that we could help the conquered peoples of Europe throw off the Nazi scourge, but we can't. Hitler has stamped out liberty in Europe and this condition should not be allowed to exist. However, we could not prepare an expeditionary force with any chance of success in invading the European continent in less than two years. Most military experts say that a force of eight million men would be necessary to accomplish the invasion, and even this force would not necessarily complete its mission. We would have to be prepared much better than we were in the last World War because this time we have no friendly spot to land our troops. The drain on our resources to equip the large force necessary would tax even the imagination of an Orson Welles.

Our present efforts to house, equip, and provide for an army of a million and a half would have to be multiplied more than six times if we were to be successful in constructing an invasion force. In addition ships would have to be built to transport the troops across the Atlantic, and the navy would have to be still further expanded to convoy the troop shipments while the Pacific coast was being defended from Japan. To accomplish such a feat our entire industrial machine would have to be reorganized. All production of civilian goods would have to be suspended except for products absolutely essential to life. Democracy in the United States would probably have to be temporarily curtailed to accomplish so great a goal. Women would have to work in the factories to keep our production facilities

working twenty-four hours a day to have our armed forces ready for an invasion of Europe in November of nineteen hundred forty-three. At this date Great Britain and Russia will probably have despaired of ever winning the war, and will have concluded peace with the Axis. But even if we did enter the war at this late date, our invasion might still fail as our untried army would be pitted against an army which will have had by then four years in the field.

Assuming that our forces would be successful, and the Germans would sue for peace, could we improve conditions in Europe? We could temporarily free the conquered peoples and that is about as far as we could go. This emancipation in itself would be a very desirable result, but we doubt whether the outcome would be permanent. England, no doubt, would again dominate the peace terms—already English scholars are planning the terms of the peace which she some day hopes to enforce on the people of Germany. History will more than likely repeat itself, and the terms of the peace will be such that a similar conflagration will reappear in twenty years. Of course our action will improve the condition of mankind in our generation, but most probably we would leave the future generation of Europe with a still more burdensome problem.

Assuming the Germans victorious, the peace treaty would probably have the same causes of future wars contained in it, only different nations would be mistreated. We could go still further and assume that we could both successfully invade Europe and thence impose a just peace on Great Britain and Europe, but there is no use in being idealistic. We know from Versailles that our statesmen with their high ideals just aren't wanted when it comes to writing the peace terms for the wars which we win.

Since the chances of our European invasion aiding the conquered peoples are so very, very slim we would be very foolish to enter the war as we, ourselves, have nothing to gain. We would be forced to sacrifice millions of lives, billions of dollars, security, leisure for a noble ideal that has such a small possibility of success. The people of this nation and particularly the college students, who will be called upon to sacrifice their very lives, seem to agree with these thoughts.

The President, however, seems to disagree although he hesitates to present the real issue to the people. He is preparing us for what we don't want with bills such as the act to allow American merchant vessels to enter the belligerent waters. *President Roosevelt and his political friends, and not the people, will be responsible if war is declared on the Axis.*



We . . .

The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . BETTY KAY BOGART

HOW TO LISTEN TO MODERN MUSIC

Listening to modern music has been developed into a true art. By modern music, I mean the non-conformists in the classical field and the products of the "arty" super-arrangers with modern dance bands.

Your equipment is simple: you need, of course, a pair of sturdy ears (which most of us seem to possess), two wads of cotton, a well-fitting strait jacket, and a long-suffering friend who will nudge you should you fall asleep or should you neglect to applaud in the right places. I might add that rare is the person who can tell the right places. Since "forewarned is forearmed," you might also try to gather a small smattering of knowledge about the subject from this and that source, so as to appear not too stupid before your friends, who, incidentally, probably know less about it than do you.

Your plan of action thereafter depends upon the circumstances under which you find yourself. If you are at home, things are greatly simplified—just turn off the radio. If you are visiting a friend who seems to take a ghoulish delight in seating his friends on a stiff chair and then playing his most-prized bits of horror—consider yourself blessed by the gods if he plays records instead of bestowing upon you the rather dubious honor of his own personal rendition on piano, violin, or "squeeze-box." Of course his favorite numbers never fail to be something without the slightest trace of a melody—instead, they consist either of a

conglomeration of disconnected chords that strain the very soul of the instrument or of an impossible line of notes which play havoc with the good masters' laws of harmony.

The most difficult circumstances in which you might find yourself is the concert (taking for granted the fact that you did arrive at the particular fate under your own power). These, fortunately, are rare occasions, for they are very enervating for all concerned. You might be subjected to something on the order of "Le Sacre du Printemps" (known in English, if you must know, as "The Rites of Spring"), for instance, which composition is in itself bearable. Some people even like it. It has a story, believe it or not, and if you know it, things are much less confusing—but let your attention slip, and you are doomed! Thereafter you are bombarded by eerie, fantastic sounds and effects which seem to bear no relation to the ordinary concert orchestra. That's where the cotton comes in—and perhaps later your little packet. 'Nuff said. However, if you should happen to be met by an "arty" arrangement of something akin to "Three Blind Mice" as you walk onto the dance floor, don't let it worry you. That's the place where you can really ignore it. No one listens to the music at a dance anyway.

This enlightening (?) article might serve to help you next time you are confronted by this peculiar problem. Just remember to keep your courage and don't do anything rash—nothing's so bad that it couldn't be worse.

—KATHRYN KUNKA.

IN DEFENSE OF MEN

Many is the time that I dash into the lounge only to find that a "guzz" session is in progress. "I like men, but these things we have out here—" is a common remark. And that's where I put in my two cents worth. Someone has to represent the fellows so I say, "Girls, that's not fair. They can't help it that they're such droops."

Since the lounge and this page are the only places we can call our own and no man can possibly trespass, let's have a discussion of U. D. men in general, because, of course, there are exceptions. For instance, there is that smoothie who is in our—but never mind—on with snatches from co-ed conversation. In their absence, I will continue to champion the males.

Recently I heard an authority say, "Men may be classified as follows: movie actors, smoothies, swell guys, snake charmers, and those who attend U. of D." I thought this was going to extremes so I immediately made her eliminate snake charmers.

My best argument is "You'll have to admit that we have some 'Brains' on the campus," and that's when the fireworks begin. "Brains?" says one girl, who incidentally possesses a few of her own. "Yes and the fellow who has some is the last one to deny it. I suppose you enjoy listening to his experiences with sulfanilamide or a balance sheet?" Well, I try to sound convincing when I say that I think they should show an interest in their subjects. And we're off again! "Interest in their subjects! Why, even at a dance a typical conversation consists of history, military, and economics followed by more history, more military, and more economics. Or, if you are unfortunate enough to be with a pre-med you're entertained by more gory topics—dissecting the frog, dissecting the cat, dissecting the human being. (Gulp!) If you are especially strong you may even dance part of a number before you find it necessary to have a little air. But quick!" Someone else contributed, "My advice is to let him rave on, say an occasional 'yes' or 'how interesting' and let your thoughts wander to the lucky girls who came with town fellows or who stayed at home in the first place."

Speaking of dancing, we decided to hear what she had to offer. "The men around here don't bother to merely step on your feet; their clod-hoppers start at your shins and work down." I distinctly remember having danced with a fellow who had barely scuffed my shoes and I promptly said so.

Then they started enumerating a few things that specially irked them, such as sitting still when a girl is standing, or jumping off a street car and letting the

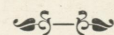
girl forge for herself, or, even worse, getting off after her.

The last thing I heard was, "I've given up hope of any of the fellows holding a door open for me, but I can't see why they have to let it swing right in a person's face."

I made a quick get-away because I realized that I had run out of even the most feeble alibis.

These things bother me too, but I figure we have to overlook a lot in this day and age. Anyway, there is one consolation: U. of D. men always have to be in early. Anyone can stand a few hours of torture.

—ANONYMOUS.



GYM COSTUMES—THEN AND NOW

About seventy years ago athletic college girls went through the daily routine of rings and horses and the one-two-three garbed in the bulkiest of blue serge skirts. Long full sleeves and a high tight neckline added a fashionable touch to the calisthenics costumes. In the early nineties the girls took the hurdles and the high jumps in baggy blue serge blomers, dark middie blouses, and long black silk stockings. The latter costume was a little less bulky than the ankle-length skirts. By 1900 white middies had replaced the dark ones but the blue serge bloomers held their own.

In those days, half the college turned out to cheer the team on to victory, and even the faculty rooted from the bleachers. Class songs were composed to inspire the real spirit. After the game, the team sat for their yearbook picture with skirts over the bloomers. Then bloomers alone were considered a wee bit immodest for a photograph of young ladies.

By the middle twenties the bloomers went through a process of re-styling. Stockings were substituted by socks and a somewhat tailored suit took the place of the baggy bloomers. A little later the one-piece jumper made its appearance and anklets were considered appropriate for the college sportswoman. Today, instead of going through the calisthenics and mild games of basketball, girls take part in swimming, riding, soccer, bowling, archery, and golf. These individual sports have become a part of the college curriculum and the simple tailored tennis dress has become the uniform for all activities.

—B. K. B.

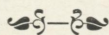
(Continued from page eleven)

and enthusiasm returned and Captain Chase began to resemble a pleasant individual again. The boys promptly dubbed Ensign William McCormick Duffy, "Scotch", which matched perfectly with "Soda", who was now officially the squadron mascot. "Scotch" rigged up the Douglas 9T6 with special quarters to house the scottie. He squeezed a small pen next to the aerial reel behind his cockpit seat and here Soda rode along on all flights. The little terrier loved it. He began yapping the moment a propeller would turn and could jump from wing to front pit without any assistance. He even had his own 'chute and flotation gear and seemed perfectly content just to be along when things were happening.

In the ready room, a week after "Scotch" had made his happy debut into Naval circles, the flight schedule, tacked on the VT-6 bulletin board, read "Squadron operations—10:00-13:00" which, in detail, meant a reconnaissance flight 300 miles north northeast inland to Bakers field, then due west to an area in the vicinity of San Luis Obispo Bay and return down along the rocky gold coast to North Island. "Scotch" dropped in at quarters SA for a dog biscuit before securing his flight gear. "Soda" was already tearing about the ready room in anticipation. Captain Chase, anxious to get under way, issued instructions to the eighteen men assembling "... V of V's, 5000 feet, 180 knots." Mechanics warmed the TBD'S in the pits beside the northeast runway. The tower came in, gave a "clear four" and the two divisions of blue-tailed Douglasses rolled under way. La Jolla passed underneath and the altimeter needle moved its shadow along the numbers to five and stayed there. An hour went by. They climbed to 8000 feet and flew over the Tecachapi mountains. An overcast was beginning to form. Bakers field reported a low ceiling and Captain Chase ordered the formation to swing about into a left echelon of

section V's and promptly headed southeast. The mountains below had vanished in a misty blanket that reached in all directions with dripping fingers. "Scotch" rolled his paralin hatch cover closed and switched on the heater. The skipper came in on Duffy's radio. "Everything OK Duffy?" he asked. "I could settle for a ham sandwich sir," "Scotch" answered. "I'll give you a rain check on that sandwich," said Chase and snapped off. North Island reported an almost zero ceiling and an hour later Captain Chase looked worried. Ickes couldn't conserve what little gas they had left. Somewhere below was North Island. But you couldn't simply dump thousands of dollars of machinery into the ocean and bail out. Skipper Chase pressed the button on his hand "mike" and gave terse orders, "Chase to Torpedo 9. If any of you men spot a hole in this soup dive for it. We'll follow you in. It may be the only chance!" As he spoke "Scotch" Duffy's Torpedo bomber roared into a wingover and dropped straight down through the steaming mess. Squadron 9 was quick to follow and broke into the clear at 200 feet just off the Silver Strand. But Duffy had not leveled off. He fought to pull his ship out of that screaming dive all the way down. The lateral controls did not respond. "Soda's" special pen had been jarred from its spot between the aerial reel and the front pit seat and had wedged against the control wires. "Scotch's" dive had not been intentional. The 9T6 crashed on the side of point Loma and exploded in a flaming pyre.

"'Scotch' Duffy helped me out on the design," the skipper had said. The seventeen men filed quietly out of the ready room. On the table lay a bit of blue canvas. It pictured a sleek torpedo pitching into a choppy sea with a little white scottie nonchalantly riding along. "Scotch" and the wiry mascot are still remembered by the navy.



HARVEST PICTURE

Pumpkins gathered, and an orange moon
Rising over stacks of golden corn!
Tinted clouds, o'er azure lightly strewn,
Wide expanse of lucid sky adorn,
Gossamer drapes each tree festoon.

ANTHONY SOBOCINSKI.

Our Picture-Minded Age

• By WALTER CONWAY

Are you one of those folks who would rather look at pictures than read. Perhaps the causes enumerated in this article apply to you. Find out.

THE lover of words and of good literature is growing alarmed. He is looking about him and wondering where the situation will end, as he sees row upon row of periodicals on the newsstands—for sale to the general public, and consisting almost in their entirety of nothing but pictures.

People no longer seem to be satisfied with mere words. They must have page after page of illustrations spread before their greedy eyes to convey impressions to their brains. They must see for themselves just what is going on, without taking the time or the energy to read about it. They are avid for details, mainly gruesome, such as bombed houses, dead people, and war, which evidently pictures alone can supply.

Is this not deplorable? "Certainly," you say, "it seems deplorable, but really I had not thought much about it." This is the typical reaction of the average person when informed of the situation. No one seems to have thought much about it, or to have considered its causes or results. The time has come to think!

Are the American people lazy? Are they gradually reverting to a second childhood? Can they be just naturally a nation of morons?

They are none of these? Then what is the cause of this alarming trend toward picture-books? Though but a trend, and under control now, it may gradually become a universal extreme, tending to do away with literature. Let us examine a few possible causes.

First of all, there is the time element. In this busy world, where people are rushing helter-skelter, bent only upon their selfish aims, and upon earning a livelihood, time is at a premium. People want to obtain all the knowledge that they can, but in the easiest and shortest way. In most cases the only time that is available for this is a period or two seldom exceeding five or ten minutes, and usually taken on the way to work. In the days before the pictorial magazine, people had to content themselves with short articles from the newspaper, or condensed magazine articles. Upon the advent of the illustrated periodicals, those that had



little time for reading eagerly seized upon them as a means whereby they could get a current knowledge of events, as well as of their more fortunate fellowmen.

As a second factor, there is the desire for first-hand knowledge in almost everyone. Since this is of course impossible, substitutes must be used. The written word, for a long time indeed, has supplied this substitute. The appeal, however, of the view itself, rather than its description has caused the photograph in some degree to supersede writing.

Last, there is the factor of poor-reading ability or illiteracy. It is indisputable that some people can not read as well as others. What one man could read in one minute, it will take another ten minutes to read and to understand fully. The unfortunates who are thus afflicted, have seized eagerly on the picture as a means of receiving knowledge, and this is one of the primary reasons why the sale of such material has reached a peak only recently.

Of course, the reasons outlined above are not all. They cannot be. But they are important, and they hold good not only for magazines and newspapers of all types, but for the moving pictures as well. As an additional attraction, the newsreels "talk" and so have a two-in-one drawing power. Even a person of low intelligence, but still normal, can assimilate a moving picture with ease.

But though this picture-trend appears very menacing, still one should not worry too much concerning it, as there is still a high ratio of above-average people graduated from our schools every year who will not desert the pleasure and the gracefulness of the written word.

Reflections And Felicitations

• BY MADELINE GEORGIEV



In a reflective mood the writer penned these two fragments. She urges that you stay in college despite the alluring jobs and the editor did not suggest the encomium on the Exponent.

DO WE KNOW?

Do we know? Can we truly realize what great opportunities are in store for us here in college? Quick money and jobs are far beyond the reach for most of us at present. The boom which is sweeping our country like a tornado and taking with it a great toll has been tempting many of us into turning our backs against all our plans, hopes, and ambitions, against our very goal, education. But what is education compared to a job, money, all the comforts of life, a car, clothes and security? Is education just a word, something abstract, something used as a shield by intellectual snobs? Does education yield any sudden dividends such as may easily be obtained today by merely having a job, any kind of job? Education may not offer any sparkling advantages from the outset to dazzle a person into following it. Instead it bluntly makes one aware of the many hours to be spent in hard study, sacrifices, patience and more patience, and only at the end, like a long, dark tunnel it finally shows one the lighted exit. It is only then that one goes at first a bit blinded, but soon aware of what he has reached, the place of truth and knowledge and all the blessings of an education. It is not necessary for me to enumerate them because you college men and women know what they are. I recall the words spoken by our President, Father Elbert, at a recent assembly: "Quick money is like quicksand. It offers us no stability. Education is like a brick foundation which is lasting and which will offer a strong basis for other things in our lives."

With this thought in mind and with joy in our hearts let us, students of the University of Dayton, stop for a moment and offer a prayer of thanks to God for turning our minds towards this fine goal of ours and for giving us the courage and the will power to follow it.

THREE CHEERS!

Readers, please be patient with me if I seem to be a bit boring with my personal opinions. You are quite right in thinking that what I feel and observe is of no interest to you. But in spite of all this let me have a word with you, I pray.

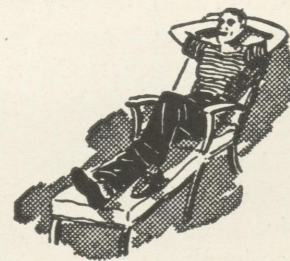
First of all I have a confession to make to all of you and particularly to the editor and the staff of the *Exponent*. I, a junior, who have been wearing down the floor of U. D. and collecting issue after issue of the *Exponent* for a long time, did not actually sit down to read one of the *Exponents* carefully until the other day. The editorials, the book reviews and the potpourri section were, before, just page after page through which I skimmed, never giving them a second glance. But the other day when I turned to the page of contents something happened to me (I really don't know what). "Common Sense II", "Apostle of Coney Island", "Musings of a G. P.",—all these titles intrigued me. They urged me to turn to the next page. Then like a powerful magnet the print made me read on, article after article, this time turning the pages very slowly, stopping to reflect upon each article which I had finished reading.

Suddenly it dawned on me that in all my long associations with many of the students, I did not really know them. Oh yes, often have I spoken with Grace Keller, Jack Quatman and many others who have contributed so much to this magazine, as well as to our other publications, but never did I realize what their interests were and where their abilities lay. It has been said that often a reader can get quite an accurate mental picture of an author by reading his books or poems or articles. Perhaps it is his style of writing, perhaps it is what he writes about, who knows? Nevertheless it is there, that intangible something that makes me get acquainted with the writer. This is just exactly what the *Exponent* has done for me and what it aims to do for every one at the University, if only he would open his mind to it.

I have said all this in hopes that perhaps you freshmen will profit by my past mistake. So join with me in giving three cheers for our *Exponent*.



POTPOURRI



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What is in a name? Some literary great has said that a rose by any other name smells just as sweet. Applying this to a group which is trying to upset the traditional bowl of cherries which constitutes life, we may say that a Communist by any other name still has the same bad smell.

Don't misunderstand me—this article is not aimed especially at Communists. There is only question of: what's in a name?

Now let's be logical—you and I. When a Communist does smell bad he is only living up to his principles, to his philosophy of life. To be a true Communist he must strive to imitate Marx and "Uncle Joe" Stalin and to live according to the principles that they have set down. To be a true Nazi, a German must be a follower of and an imitator of "Cousin Adolph."

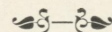
Were anyone to ask you or me point-blank: "Are you a Christian?" we surely would answer, "Yes." The conclusion then is simple: a true Christian is, by his profession of Christianity, a follower of Christ, an imitator of Christ, one who lives by Christian principles. The closer he comes to conformity with this Ideal, the better he deserves the appellation, "Christian."

If a Nazi's ideal is Hitler and a Communist's ideal is Marx or Stalin, then a Christian's Ideal must be Christ. And if a Nazi is ready to die to promote the cause of Hitler and a Communist is willing to starve to promote the doctrine of "a car in every garage," how much more willing ought we to be at least to live as Christians, that is, to live Christ-like lives? There are many persons who profess Christianity—there are a few who are willing to die for the cause of Christ—but where are those who are willing to live as He did?

Let's continue our logic: if we are imitators of Christ we must be imitators all the way. Christ wants no lukewarm followers. If He came as the Son of God and became the son of Mary for the salvation of men,

we must strive to be as He Himself, a son of God, a son of Mary, leading other souls to Christ. This is the story of what is in a name.

—JOHN KELLEY.



THE MOVIE-GOERS' LAMENT

Cotton has boll-weevils and picnics have ants, but the greatest scourge of all is the picture pest. These nuisances fall into the same category as castor oil, hangnails and clogged drains, and something should be done about them.

First of all there is the "thirsty female." Just as the murderer in the picture is about to commit the perfect crime, or the heroine is being dangled over a precipice, this lady will come ploughing over you, knocking your knees together and flattening your toes to a pulp, never bothering to say, "Pardon, please." Then, after you have removed your shoe and rubbed the offended parts to restore circulation, she will barge back to her seat, and, unless you happen to be a contortionist, your feet are sure to be left ragged remnants of what they used to be.

Secondly come the "gum gobblers." These particular individuals push large wads of highly fragrant chewing wax into their mouths and chew vigorously all through the movie. As the excitement grows, the popping becomes more violent, until anyone sitting within a radius of ten seats could gleefully wring their necks.

Next are the women who wear cartwheel hats to movies. Many a case of wry neck has been caused solely by the weaving and bobbing that becomes necessary while sitting behind a lady who refuses to remove her latest creation.

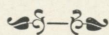
Then there is the elderly gentleman who sits behind you and asks of his neighbor, "Eh, what's that she said?"—just when the dialogue gets more interesting He should remember that repetition is good in making a sale, but not in a first-class mystery picture.

Children who climb up the back of your theatre seat and breathe down your neck are also a bit annoying. There are even some children who go so far as to explore the scalp of the patron seated in front of them, which is disconcerting, to say the least.

There are other cinema sinners, too, but the worst of the lot is the woman who, in a loud and shrill voice, announces to her companion that she has seen the picture twice before, and then proceeds to divulge the ending.

Yes, picture pests are inferior—like a worm in the heart of a rose. However, there isn't any cure, except to stay away from the theatre. But then, who can resist Clark Gable?

—DOROTHY EDWARDS.



LETTER IN ANSWER TO A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Hello, darling, for the second time tonight!

Don't you think telephone conversations are so inadequate? How much better it is to see a person when you talk to him. Telephones are such impersonal things and although the distance between speaker and listener doesn't matter at all—there's still the fact that it isn't the person you're talking to, but just his voice. I like to see people's eyes when I talk to them. You know, the good old glint you find in the windows to their souls.

This paragraph just seems to reek with scorn for telephone conversations, but really, it isn't meant to. It was good to hear your voice. You bet!

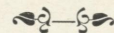
The letters don't sound quite as much like you as your voice. Letters aren't like spontaneous thought. You write down carefully just what you want to say and dress your ideas in just the proper words. Perhaps you take out a sentence and copy the whole thing over. Letters are like putting one's best foot forward. But yet, they're sometimes easier to write than to say the right thing over the telephone.

Especially horrible is it when you're calling long distance and have three minutes to talk and you can't think of a single important thing to say, and you waste expensive minutes babbling about nothing. Maybe you think I'm babbling about nothing now? No more than usual are these humble thoughts classed as babblings.

Page twenty

I'm trying, in a roundabout manner to tell you it was swell hearing your cracked voice, and it's grand to get a letter in your scratchy handwriting. But best of all, it's most wonderful to see your bulky form loom up on the front porch of little Janie Leland's house. See you soon. As ever, Jane.

—SYLVIA SCOTT.



ROAMING FOR AN HOUR

Ah! I've just finished a class. Now I may enjoy a free period. It is about nine o'clock; so I walk to the Post Office with high hopes of receiving some news from home or friends. Perhaps I get a bite, maybe not. If I get something, I immediately take my knife, slit open the seal, and read the contents. Depending on the subject matter, I may have to make a prompt reply.

The Chapel is a peaceful and inviting place any time, but especially when one is homesick or has the blues. I go to the Chapel. Within the Lord's House, I ponder over many burdensome trials. Meditation upon the Blessed Trinity and my Blessed Mother and prayers of petition and thanksgiving to both give me much courage. Thus, I make a visit.

Now, I start for my room. On the way to my room, I go by the office to see what is new on the bulletin board. Very probably, I stop, greet the Brother at the desk, and have a short talk with him. We discuss various subjects. Often the minute discourse runs into a rather long lecture. I wonder whether I'll ever get to my room. Finally, I excuse myself and proceed—up the Tower of Babel, so it sometimes seems—to my room.

Here, I drop my books. I go to the mirror to comb my hair, so it will look good for the next period. The mirror also reveals my heavy beard. Yes, I really must shave. If it isn't one thing, it is another. A hole in the heel of my sock necessitates a prompt mending. Thus, another ten or fifteen minutes elapse.

I think this is all the odds and ends that need be taken care of, or time will permit, at the present. I should still like to study a bit. English is the next subject. I nearly forgot; I have word-study today. I don't have much difficulty in spelling; therefore, I hastily look over the words. The dictionary, however, is needed for the definitions. In the process of getting definitions, strange words occur in the explanation. Now, I must look for cross explanations, or simple, every day English.

Did somebody want to know how to spend a free period? I'm sure I don't. Time has wings.

—GROVER SHINBECKLER.

SILENCE IN THE LIBRARY

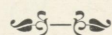
Last week I found it necessary, because of a newly-assigned term paper, to go to University library for research for the first time. Formerly I had dashed in, got a book, and swiftly departed. Now I found it necessary to stay at least an hour or two. Being new to this particular library, I felt privileged to ask the librarian where I could find the books that I needed. She very obligingly conducted me to certain shelves on which reposed an impressing array of large volumes. Hoping that the books I wanted were the smallest, I found them, to my dismay, to be the largest.

Having signed for them, I searched for a place at a table. Fortunately, there was one not in use. I rushed for it and dropped the heavy books on it with a loud sigh. Immediately I knew my mistake. If the room had been quiet before, what was it then? Truly, I think that everyone there stopped breathing and looked at me. I could feel the blood rush to my face in a hot wave clearly visible to all. If I could only have been calm and cool and not have lost my poise! I slipped into my seat with relief and at last the accusing eyes returned to their work.

Then I settled down to my work, myself, and after fifteen or twenty minutes, my nose began to tickle. In vain I tried to stop the sneeze. I held it back as long as possible and then came "Kerchoo," like an explosion of a cannon! Again I felt a crimson blush mount to my forehead. Again the accusing eyes were focused on me. But this time, after a surreptitious glance, my head remained bent over my book.

After this humiliating incident, all went well until it was time to leave. Then, after gathering up my books, I pushed back my chair. Oh, fatal movement! The loud grating screech of caster against varnished wood fell upon my ears. I didn't stay to view the results. I put the books on the desk and fled. The last thing I saw in that library was a large sign reading, "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

—ADELE KLOPF.



THE QUESTION OF STUDENT HONOR

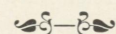
The question of student honor is one that has long been debated by educators. Just how far can students be trusted? This seems to be the unanswerable query. Some instructors, overflowing with faith in human nature, have attempted to prove that honor is not dead by giving unsupervised tests with textbooks left handy. They have returned only to find a few papers with amazingly accurate answers! Too accurate in fact.

As for myself, I believe that the percentage of dishonor among students is very low. But some does undeniably exist. This lack of honor is not exactly the same in all students. There is one type of individual who absolutely would not think of cheating. Then there is also the type who would never even let cheating enter his mind—as long as he is watched. The third type, which is definitely in the minority, would try anything once, watched or not.

We need not bother about those in the first category, for they are safe. Those classified in the last group should be, and usually are, eliminated as soon as they are discovered. But what of those in the middle class? As long as they are carefully watched no one knows their evil intent, and the chances are great that they will never attempt to cheat. Therefore, the logical conclusion: "Why tempt them?"

I am not a psychologist or psychoanalyst and therefore I cannot offer a cure for this dishonor; but I do believe that if it is left unchecked it will grow steadily worse. I contend that all students should be watched, whether they need it or not. If they have honor, it will manifest itself sometime, in some way. If on the other hand they have no honor, well . . . at least that fact will not be so evident.

—CLARKE ASH.



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MISSING PERIOD?

Foreword: All persons and places (especially the title) in this theme are not coincidental. Do you read Lil Abner?

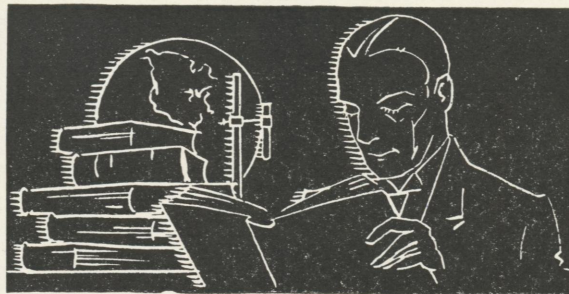
It is ten o'clock on any Tuesday in October. It is eleven o'clock on that same Tuesday. What happened to the missing period? Perhaps it would be well to define the terms of this mystery. Missing means not here, gone, or there. Period refers not to the inconspicuous dot at the end of each sentence, but to the interval of time during which the students have classes.

Stick Dracey, the famous detective, is working on the case. It looks as though Sticky is going to get into trouble before solving the case. His theory is that the Fifth Columnists stole it to give it to Hitler who needs all the time he can steal for the Russian Campaign.

Our hero, Stick Dracey (call him Sticky), worked for days with diligence trying to find the missing period. His theory was right; the Fifth Columnists did steal that time. However poor Sticky could not pin anything on them because they wore metal suits.

—MARIAM LAVOIE.

Book Reviews



SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL

By WILLA CATHER

Alfred A. Knopf

"Sapphira and the Slave Girl" is a character sketch of a Virginia lady, Sapphira Dodderidge Colbert, who was considered to have married beneath her station. Henry Colbert, the husband of Sapphira, ran the mill in the frontier town where the couple went to live after their marriage. The story begins in 1858 when Sapphira, once a very active person, is practically a household invalid. The action of the story is provided by the conflict of determinations between Sapphira and Henry over the beautiful slave girl, Nancy, against whom Mrs. Colbert holds an unfounded jealousy. The outcome is climaxed in a final chapter many years after the death of Henry and Sapphira Colbert.

Willa Cather's flawless style comes to the fore again to make "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" one of her best novels although it seems dull in parts compared to the perfection of "The Professor's House." The author's imaginative powers make this a dramatic and affecting novel.

The characters are all very human. The central character shows the passion and struggles which mark any invalid—the bitterness and jealousy of being deprived of many of life's natural gifts and dependening on others. The other characters depict humility and honest virtues. However, in the matchless style of Willa Cather, humility and honesty are overshadowed by Sapphira's firm and dominant traits. This is a case of an antagonist overcoming a protagonist.

"Sapphira and the Slave Girl" is a well formed story presented in a satisfying manner by an artist of calm dignity. This vignette of Virginia living will follow Willa Cather's other stories into a long-lived success.

—BETTY KAY BOGART.

FIVE AND TEN

By JOHN K. WINKLER

McBride

This book was meant to be the biography of F. W. Woolworth, the man who founded the chain of Woolworth stores. In truth the author never loses sight of this fact, but he goes one step further. He makes "Five and Ten" read like an adventure story with Frank W. Woolworth as the hero. It is not an intricately woven mesh of the lives of countless individuals as so many biographies are, causing the reader to execute mental gymnastics to keep the main character from slipping from view. It is rather the smooth and rapidly flowing events which moved an obscure and thoroughly dissatisfied farm boy up the treacherous ladder of success to the very pinnacle of a businessman's ambitions and dreams told with sympathy and understanding.

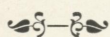
Biographies of successful men generally prove an inspiration to the thousands of young people starting out each year to make their own living in a world that is cold and calculating, demanding much and giving in return only what is earned with tireless effort, perseverance, and sheer determination. Frank Woolworth's life until he was twenty-one was that of a hard-working son of an old but humble farm family in northern New York. Farm life held no interest for him, and he sought any sort of job that would take him to the city, a place of opportunity. From a job in a small town store at no salary at all for the first three months, to the presidency of a business that yielded over one hundred and seven million dollars in 1917, is the most unbelievable rise of this man.

Woolworth's success did not come to him the easy way. For months at the beginning of his career he worked all day and most of the night at the risk of ruining his own health. Still he was undaunted. Saving the greater part of what he earned, he opened a store of his own. One of the most complimentary

things that can be said of this man is that he was not ashamed to admit failure. If his business proved unprofitable in one town, he gave it up and moved to another. Many men under the same circumstances would have been discouraged early in the game and given up the business as a bad venture. A strong character held Woolworth firm in his stand.

For all that he was an exceptional businessman, Woolworth could not have risen to such heights alone. During the years, he chose many associates to work with him. His judgment in choosing these men never proved wrong, for his was a keen knowledge of human values. Woolworth's policy of giving the customer the most for the least money was both wise and just, for out of this grew the romance of nickles and dimes.

—MURIEL MUSSER.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By DANIEL SARGENT

Bruce

Most biographies of today are a result of much extensive study, research, work, and thought on the part of their authors. Daniel Sargent's "Christopher Columbus" is one such example.

Here we have a biographical account of a man with a dogged determination and an unflagging effort working hand in hand with much suffering and untiring labor. Columbus was a man of deep faith and trust which prerequisites were needed on his many quests. He was a man hoping against all hope. Although we may know the life of Columbus in summary form, there are many and varied details that Daniel Sargent offers to fill up the gaps we overlooked. With the author we will become more acquainted with a man of character.

Disappointments, obstacles, hardships met Columbus on all sides. However, he was a man out on a quest, after a definite goal, and he reached it. His discovery of a new world was not purely accidental. The reader will find this out for himself.

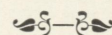
Columbus liked the name of Christopher, for he considered himself a true Christopher—a Christ Bearer. Carrying Christ to a new world was his mission. He felt that he was signaled out for such a work by Divine Providence.

Not in so many words does Daniel Sargent tell us of Columbus. Rather rapidly the author proceeds and

completely gives the details of the fleeting success, and the unexpected disappointments of Columbus. At the same time that we learn of Columbus the author gives us the setting or background of Columbus' life, in that he gives us an authentic and vivid description of the period in which the great discoverer lived. We are told of Genoa and her mission during the fifteenth century. Genoa was called "superbissima" by her neighbors. To Portugal and Spain we travel; we traverse the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; we sail to Africa and England. We meet great personages that Columbus met. To the new world and back again to Spain we go with Columbus on his different voyages. Finally we come back in chains, and meet sickening disappointments. New hopes arise but to be smashed. In the end death is kindly met. All this in some two hundred pages.

Not just another book on Columbus. Daniel Sargent has something new and revealing for each reader.

—NORMAN HAMM.



PATHWAYS TO HAPPINESS

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Our Sunday Visitor Press

A philosophy of life that is sympathetically human is combined with a Faith in God that is sublimely divine in this little guidebook to happiness written by a priest who has for years been the confidant of students in a state university. Simple and yet intelligent stories illustrate the principles that form the foundation for a happy life and at the same time take away the dryness of abstract Moral Theology. And behind them all runs the theme, "God's ways are the best ways." Father O'Brien's signposts point out health as a pathway to happiness, health gained in God's own world, nature. They recommend good hard work, but work done for God and seasoned with wholesome play. They show the enjoyment to be gained from love and friendship with God's friends, our fellow seekers after happiness. They remind us of the pleasures of thought and of a taste and an enthusiasm for spiritual things, of the ability to "be company unto one's self" and to the God that dwells within. They teach us to cooperate with God in making good come of evil, of the obstacles to happiness, and this by means of love, the way that Christ used to give this world of ours a new start on the pathway to happiness, and by means of worship, the way that the Church uses to keep it on that way. In other words, it isn't happiness that we are seeking, but rather the God of happiness.

—ROBERT MINGES.

Page twenty-three

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN

By FRANZ WERFEL

The Viking Press

After reading Herr Werfel's book "Embezzled Heaven"—a matter of 427 pages—one impression was left me, and that one was almost nondescript. It was a good story, but was it worth reading again? I wouldn't say yes and I wouldn't say no. Franz Werfel had a wonderful story to tell but he took up too much space to tell it. Long before the real story developed, I was worn out by the "Prologue at Grafenegg" in which we merely make the acquaintance of our heroine, Teta Linek, an expert cook in the wealthy household of the Argons. Living with the Argons is a certain Theo,—Herr Werfel's puppet—who as a writer and close friend of the Argons relates the whole story.

The Prologue beats a path for the story which follows many pages. During the absence of the Argons, who go on a visit to some friends, Theo makes the acquaintance of Teta on two brief occasions. The story drags very much during this Prologue, but it is here that the heroine's character is slowly spun out. Mrs. Argon, after her return from the trip, explains Teta's character to Theo, who, after meeting the old cook, begins to wonder at her aloofness, and the meaning of a much cherished picture of a handsome young priest, which Teta hung above her bed in her well-ordered and perpetually-locked room. Livia, Mrs. Argon, describing Teta said: "Teta is difficult to get on with, the maids find her unsociable, she is avaricious, she takes bribes from tradesmen, she does not keep her accounts with what I should call meticulous honesty, she spoils that loathsome beast Wolf in a most annoying way . . ." Teta called the old dog her "husband."

After seven years of service Teta leaves the Argon home and is employed in the home of Herr Slabatnigg. Here is where the story takes root. A widowed sister-in-law brings her son, Mojmir, to Teta begging her to assist in his education. Teta is "pulled in" and here is where her trouble begins, to last over a period of thirty years. She pays for his education and supposedly sends him on to the seminary. During this whole interim Teta never laid eyes on her freckled-face, puffy-eyed nephew. He continually wrote letters in beautiful round-hand script and literary quality that would do justice to a professional writer and thus convinced Teta of his vocation and his expensive needs to attain

the end for which he was studying and for which Teta herself slaved. Teta's interest was purely ego-centric. Mojmir's cleverly written missives quieted the rising suspicions and anxieties of the old cook. It seemed miraculous how Teta's little pile of money reached proportionately to the needs of Mojmir who knew well how to extract bank notes from his aunt at long distance. This process even became boring, as does the most exciting thing if repeated too often.

In the course of this flow of golden penned petitions, of which Teta was becoming suspicious, Mojmir grew too bold. He knew from previous experience that Teta didn't care to visit or even lay eyes on him, till he was well settled, so he wrote telling her of his appointment as pastor of the parish of Hustopec, Teta's home town. He invited her to come and live with him. Teta came to Hustopec, visited the parish priest and here her thirty-one year old plan of attack on heaven popped like a bubble. It left her swimming in the bitter soapy residue of her remaining years, mourning her plight, planning her final, feeble attempt at reconciliation with her Divine Judge Whom she believed to have seriously offended by her subsidizing a fallen away Catholic, a crook and a purveyor of smut. Teta's plans were so selfish, that after realizing what has happened she goes in search of Mojmir, still cherishing a hope that he is a priest, even though a bad one, just so he is a priest. When she finds him she coolly tells him just what she thinks of him, leaves the filthy apartment and is on the point of boarding a tram car, when Mojmir, following her to the car, asks for more financial aid. She actually does give him more money—just to make me disgusted with her, I suppose. It really was going too far.

There follows a tedious pilgrimage to Rome. The account, as it was narrated, fatigued me almost as bad as the actual journey did Teta; however, there are two very dramatic incidents. Her confession to Chaplin Johannes Seydel in the darkness of the catacombs, and her collapse just after Pius XI leaves the audience room, were intensely interesting. Teta was stricken with paralysis and died shortly after.

The "Epilogue" was dryer than the "Prologue" so we'll just let it pass. The whole story, practically, is written in the third person, with conversation occasionally introduced to help keep up interest, it seems. It is tiresome and difficult to read in some spots, but still it is a beautiful story.

—HERBERT MEYER.



ON CALL FOR DEFENSE

Speed aloft means speed on the ground. More pilots and planes mean more training fields and more plants to turn out planes. And that means more telephones to speed up air operations and industrial operations. Telephone circuits and services are "on call" every hour of the twenty-four for the speeding up of management, machinery and materials all along the line in the aviation industry throughout Ohio and the nation. Recognizing the importance of that job, the telephone industry is doing its part to "Keep 'Em Flying."

TUNE IN "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY
EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK OVER WTAM, WLW AND WSPD

THE OHIO BELL



TELEPHONE CO.



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

Let's Celebrate **IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smoking. Everybody who smokes them likes them.

They Satisfy

