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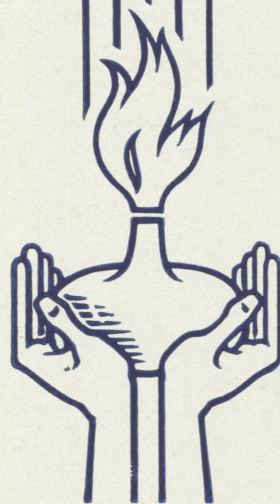
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



JANUARY 1942



An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida



THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!

WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD

HE Doubles in Danger!

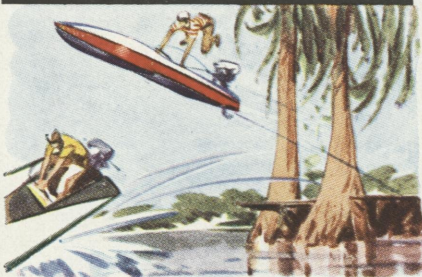
STUNT ACE MALCOLM POPE, WHO DOUBLES FOR THE STARS, CRASHED THE MOVIES AT 60 MILES AN HOUR



I'D WANT TO BE DOING MORE THAN 60 THROUGH THAT STUFF

SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?

40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump



The Last Hazard!



THE ONLY FINISHER—AND THE WINNER—MALCOLM POPE!

GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL

A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD



THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

MALCOLM POPE, Stunt Ace

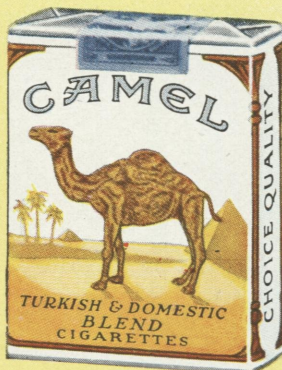
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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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

THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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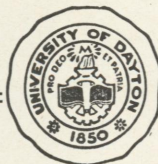
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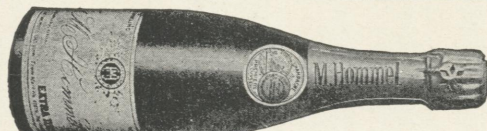


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No. 1

Romance of Saint Marys

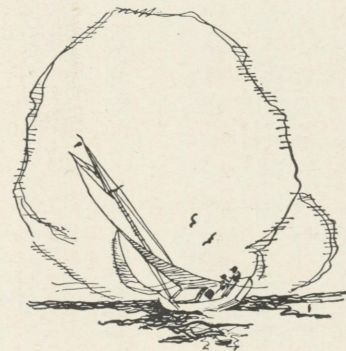
● By MARY FERRIS

You Daytonians who went fishing in St. Marys lake probably never realized all the history connected with that section of Ohio. The writer is proud of her native town and we hope you Izaak Waltons will share that enthusiasm with her.

HAD Mark Twain been born in St. Marys, Ohio, he might have written *Life on the Miami and Erie*, for this city would make an ideal setting for a story of the boisterous life of canal boat days. One could also tell exciting tales of the almost forgotten men who paddled up the St. Marys and the dramatic scenes which occurred along its banks. Some Sunday next summer pack your fishing tackle and drive to Lake St. Marys, not far from the town. Then while you are luxuriating in the sun and waiting for a bite, let me tell you something of the community you have just passed through.

Years ago, when rivers and streams served as man's only highways, the Indians, in journeying southward from the Great Lakes, chose the Maumee and its branch, the St. Marys. The river was much larger then because half of its water supply is now drained by a reservoir. Where the present city of St. Marys is located, the stream became too shallow for further navigation; so the travelers would disembark and, after resting a while, continue twelve miles overland to Loramie Creek. This route was adopted by the white man, and, excepting Pittsburgh, St. Marys was for a hundred years the most important causeway between the North and the South.

Perhaps the first white man to visit St. Marys was La Salle. History tells us that in 1690 he crossed Lake Erie and travelling southward discovered the Ohio river. It may have been he who named the St. Marys river.



La Salle was followed by Jesuit missionaries and French and English traders; therefore it wasn't long until St. Marys developed into an important trading station for Indians, French, and English.

Soon there arose rivalry between the French and the English. The French claimed the territory by right of exploration, and the English, by their Charter of Virginia.

A great Miami chieftain came from Canada in 1794. He was called Damoselle or Old Britain because he had turned his face to the English. At Fort Pickawillany (Loramie) he built the largest and one of the strongest Indian towns on the continent. St. Marys was included in his hunting grounds.

In January, 1751, three French soldiers who had deserted their fort, took refuge at Fort Pickawillany. The English there refused to surrender them to the French governor, and the following June two hundred and fifty painted warriors and a few French soldiers glided up the St. Marys. They captured Fort Pickawillany. They boiled and ate Old Britain. The survivors they led as prisoners to St. Marys on their way to Detroit. This procession was a death march, for none of the captives reached Detroit alive.

The Treaty of Versailles, which terminated the French and Indian War, meant nothing to the Indians, who continued to sound their war cries for over fifty years. St. Marys was in the center of this conflict zone, and many war parties assembled here or passed

through, among them a force of a thousand men, commanded by George Rogers Clark, who directed an attack against Loramie. Dan'l Boone was taken through St. Marys as a hostage by a band of Indians in 1778.

The first house built in St. Marys belonged to James Girty (1782). James was one of four brothers that included Simon, George, and Thomas. They had been reared by the Indians, whom they excelled in savagery and cruelty. Simon, the best known, was a counselor and leader among the red men. Some authorities claim that he, too, lived at St. Marys. James, the worst of the lot, took delight in inflicting the most fiendish tortures on prisoners, sparing none because of age or sex. When he became too old and feeble to move about he would still murder any prisoner brought within his reach. He came to St. Marys as a trader and the place became known after him as Girty's Town.

In 1794 word of a large assembly of hostile Indians at Girty's Town caused the arrival of Gen. Anthony Wayne and his army—one of the finest ever seen in these parts. Here he built Fort St. Marys. Girty, becoming afraid of the soldiers, sold his interests to Charles Murray and left without ceremony.

Murray must not have been a very happy man as his life was menaced on two accounts. He was accused of slaying a member of the Frakes family which had sworn revenge, and he was in constant danger of being tomahawked by his wife who had nearly succeeded on several occasions. He rid himself of the latter danger by paying the woman three hundred dollars. Later, 1823, it was Murray, assisted by William A. Houston and John W. McCorkle, who laid out and filed for record the original plat of the city of St. Marys.

During the War of 1812 William Henry Harrison established his headquarters at St. Marys. He built Fort Barbee a short distance from the fort erected by Gen. Wayne. St. Marys became one of the most important military posts in the state, and it was here that Harrison was made Major General of the United States Army.

While we were fighting the English, Indians had again taken to the war path, but the Treaty of St. Marys in 1817 forever ended all Indian hostilities east of the Mississippi. There were really two treaties made with different groups of tribes. The first, in September, was with the Shawnees, Wyandotts, and Ottawas; the second, in October, with the Miamis, Weas, Dela-

wares, and Pottawattomies. By this double treaty, the red man gave up all his claims except some reservations which were eventually taken also.

Imagine the pagaentry of this treaty. There were present the haughty chiefs, among them Blue Jacket, Captain Johnny, and Blackhoof, all dressed in ceremonial paint and feathers. There were traders from far and near. Lewis Cass represented the "Great White Father." After much feasting, dancing, and wrestling, the chiefs lit seventeen fires, honoring the seventeen states, which had plowed under their hunting grounds and made them strangers in their own land. They then solemnly smoked the calumet with Lewis Cass.

In January, 1817, the first resolution relating to a canal connecting the Ohio river with Lake Erie was introduced in the Ohio legislature. It was not until 1825 that an act was passed to "provide for the internal improvement of the state by navigable canals." In 1845, the canal, costing six million dollars, was completed. More than five hundred men were employed in excavating the channel from Loramie to St. Marys. Through this part of the state the canal was dug with a fifty foot clearance at the top, twenty-six foot at the bottom, and an average depth sufficient to carry five feet of water. The locks were ninety feet long, fifteen feet wide, and nine feet deep.

One thousand seven hundred men were hired in building the east and west embankments of the reservoir (Lake St. Marys). The lake was formed by damming the head waters of the Wabash River, known as the Black Swamp, making a basin of water ten miles long and three miles wide. This was for a long time the largest artificial lake in the world. The cost of construction was about \$528,222. Both the canal and the lake were completed at the same time. For fifty years the canal served as a means of transportation, and there are still several grand old people who remember the blast of the boat horns and the "loo-o-o bridge."

The lake is now a popular summer resort. It is used solely for recreation. In travelling along the east bank a stranger will perhaps wonder at the rectangles of water he sees across the road. What he observes is the State Fish Hatchery, the largest of its kind in the country. It covers an area of seventy-five acres. Here are bred three kinds of bass, three kinds of bull heads, blue gills, catfish, and three varieties of minnows. The fish are fed artificially.

In the center of the lake a fisherman may come
(Continued on page sixteen)

Whither America?

• By WILLIAM WILDER

In our serious moments we turn to the higher values in life. That is just what this article attempts to suggest to you, a turning to those higher values. We believe it is a thought provoking contribution to our magazine.

MR. THOMPSON in his article on "Urbanization" in the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences, says that we cannot "assume that a high degree of culture and great size in cities are casually related." The same holds true, I believe, in the relation between material and immaterial culture. Just because we are materially progressive is no indication that we are making real progress in immaterial culture. Here in America, we are experiencing, I believe, a degeneration of culture. Here we have the greatest air transportation service in the world—while our divorce rate is reaching a new high. Thousands of safety gadgets and inventions are being popularized yearly, and yet nothing can save us from the rising tide of vice, immortality, and crime. It all revolves back to that statement of Christ, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul."

"Where your treasure is, there your heart also will be," is becoming more and more apt. The big business man lives in constant contact with Wall Street and Washington. The little business man sits holding his purse strings tight, and only releases them to open for something going in. The question nowadays asked, is "How much do I get out of it?" Every emphasis is placed on pleasure, and money, and pleasure.

Meanwhile divorce rates constantly rise, as good families decrease. Much of the soreness, I think, is due to modern recreations. Instead of living at home, resting at home, "recreating" at home and enjoying homelife together, the family is torn asunder. Dad has his professional associations to attend; Mother her clubs; Claude and Marie have to be with the crowd or else they'll be thought wall-flowers and sissies. Little Jimmy has kept up with the movies, which frequently condone crimes and make heroes of gangsters. How can life, real life, be lived like that?

We Americans have an entirely new concept of life nowadays. Now we seek pleasure, not happiness. Now, God is remote, if thought of at all. In fact, there are seventy million pagans here today; and the Lord alone knows what number there will be, by the time our modern progressive public school system releases its quota of mismoulded minds into the streets. Yes, God is much more remote than He used to be. It seems that if He came nearer, He would interfere with our



Modern Man. God is calm, patient. How can He fit in with the bustling, vivacious, pleasure seeking ideals of Americans today? What we want is PROGRESS! We want to get somewhere! Well, we are, and we're going fast. We're progressing—backwards—to pleasure, to anarchy and to damnation!

Am I unsound? Am I unreasonable? Insisting too much on Religion as a cultural aspect? Well then, let's take another aspect. Let's take, for example, music. I love music. But as far as I can hear, modern "noise" resembles the music of the masters, as much as an idiot's raving resembles a Ciceronian oration.

Is man's true dignity lost forever? Have we forgotten the sublimity, the glory, the power, and the consoling truth about man and his activity—that he is the child of God, on his way back to his Father? No, there is a calm after every storm. Beauty blooms after the bleakest of winters. And even now there appears a revival—a new outlook on life. It is culture again—real culture—culture that considers something more than purse strings, booming business and gold. It is that culture which embraces the higher faculties of man, his love for home, for art, for music and for his God.

Joe

Here is a story with a surprise ending that you will never guess. By all means read it.

THEY called him Joe. That wasn't his right name; nobody but Joe knew what that was. Joe came over here near the turn of the century—back when industrialists were importing cheap labor from every country in Europe—and when he got a job in the mines the foreman asked his name.

"Vladimir Petrovinchski." Joe spoke slowly, but even so the name didn't sound like it was spelled.

"Yeah?" the boss grumbled. "Well, from now on you're Joe Peters. Remember that when anybody asks you and when you go for your check. You're Joe Peters."

For two years Joe and a lot of other Joes and Petes and Tonys went down into the pit six days, and sometimes seven days, each week and dug coal on twelve-hour shifts. In the winter it was dark when Joe came up into the fresh air. Joe liked it when he could quit after dark because people couldn't see the millions of specks of coal dust that covered his face and hands. But, everybody who came out of the mines was begrimed, and a man with a clean face in the town had to be "de beeg bossman." Regardless, Joe didn't like to be dirty.

"In ol' country me no come home dirty," he used to tell his cronies. "Me work for man in store. It was clean job. Somebody tell me 'bout dis country has streets with gold, 'n' me come here. Looka me—dirty. No lak!"

One day—a little more than two years after Joe came to America—a registered letter arrived at the post office. It was addressed to Vladimir Petrovinchski. The postmaster scratched his head and called to his assistant, who also was the postman.

"Ever hear of a guy with this name," he said, showing the envelope to the assistant. "It's from Petrograd, Russia."

"Never heard of him," the assistant answered, "but if there's a guy with that name in this town I'll find him."

● By C. E. FISHER

A couple of hours later, he knocked on a faded red door of a faded, one-and-a-half story, gray house, whose front porch was on the street level and back porch was supported on the side of the mountain by ten-foot stilts. A woman answered.

"Whatcha want," she demanded.

"Does a Vladimir Petrovinchski live here, Mrs. Stolansky?"

"No."

"Ever hear of him?"

"No."

"Any of your boarders home? Maybe they did."

Mrs. Stolansky turned around and called: "Joe. Hey, Joe. This fella wants to know if you ever heard of a Vladimir Petrovinchski."

"N—yeah! Yeah; sure that's me."

The postman shoved the woman aside and walked into the house. "Yeah? How do I know you're this guy?" he growled, holding the envelope for Joe to read but maintaining a firm grasp.

Nervously Joe reached for the letter.

"Keep yer hands off, Joe, until you can prove it's yours."

"Me show you," Joe called out running up the stairs. Frantically he searched through his belongings. He had never received a letter from the old country before. Oh, he wrote a couple of times to relatives to let them know where he was, but his relatives weren't the writing kind. In fact, most of them couldn't write their own names. Then his eyes saw the necessary identification—his passport. "Me show you," he gulped as he raced down the stairs.

The postman studied the passport. He turned it over and over, reading the name on it and checking it with the one on the letter. Joe shifted from foot to foot; his hands locked together and unlocked.

"Yeah, I guess it's you," the postman finally admitted.

Joe reached for the letter, but it was pulled away from him.

"Wait a minute, mister. You ain't gettin' this until you sign this paper. Sign here. "

Before the postman was out of the house, Joe had torn open the envelope and his eyes were skimming the contents. Mrs. Stolansky was reading—from over his shoulder.

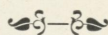
"Joe!" she gurgled. "Why, Joe, you're rich. You never told me you had a wealthy aunt in Russia."

Joe blinked his eyes and read the letter again. He pulled himself up to his full five feet, ten inches and leaned against the wall, quickly, as the full effect of the letter—\$100,000 worth of shock—settled on his \$2.50-a-day mind.

"Me no dirty again," he told everybody before he took the night train for New York for a boat to the old country. "You fella get dirty for me," he laughed. You shovel coal. Me? Hugh-ugh. Never!!!"

They tell the story up in the coal regions—and this is only the version one man got from another who had heard it from somebody in the neighborhood who was on the train—that the train came to a stop far out in the country and that in a couple of minutes the conductor came into the coach, announced that the fireman had taken sick and somebody was needed to shovel coal into the flaming mouth of the boiler—a very dirty job.

They tell the story that Joe volunteered—unconsciously.



DIASTROPHISM

When you are walking on the ground,
And you hear a jerking sound,
Don't turn just suddenly around,
It's just—diastrophism.

When earth was formed so long ago,
The rocks were all laid row on row.
Along came this that changed them so.
It was—diastrophism.

The rocks that laid so nice and straight
Now stand up and calmly wait
A sadder, sterner, loftier fate
It's just—diastrophism.

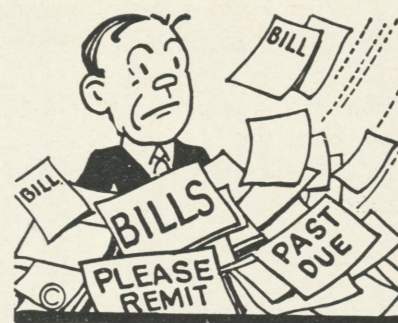
It's such a pleasant word to say,
I'd like to use it every day
But folks would shake their heads and say
I do believe she got that way,
From studying—diastrophism.

—ORLETTA LANGE.

A Guilty Conscience

• By C. E. BRESSER

Quite an interesting story of a self-conscious credit investigator, who watches all the doings of a policeman that comes to the office where he works.



CHARLES BENSON was exerting every ounce of his abundant energy to arrive at the office on time one Monday morning. Charles was that way about almost everything, except paying the piper when his enthusiasm incurred an unexpected expense, such as citation tags for speeding or parking in "No Parking" zones, because he figured he could move his car before the policeman made his rounds.

Charles was employed as an investigator for The Carrollton Credit Bureau and was scheduled to leave town this particular Monday, to track down one of the Company's largest "skip accounts." In fact Charles had actually put this particular call off until today in order to avoid being stranded in a small town for the week-end. The postponement did not meet with the Manager's approval. He declared that Charles was assuming full responsibility for the outcome of this investigation when he refused his advice.

As Charles stepped out of the elevator he glanced down the corridor just as a uniformed policeman rounded the corner and headed toward the Credit Bureau's offices. His pulse quickened a bit while he mentally connected the uniformed figure with the fact that he had failed to register his most recently acquired citation tag. His conscience was already prodding him vigorously, making him recall his many other traffic violations and past warnings from kindly officers. It didn't help matters either when the manager shouted a surprised "good morning" to Charles, which brought him back to the present and the boss's warning last Friday.

Now his conscience conjured up a real problem: "suppose the officer had a warrant for his arrest or a subpoena to appear in court this same morning." A bad case of jitters began to develop when he realized what it would mean if he lost the opportunity to break the "skip account" case.

Charles had been in the office only a few moments when the main door was opened and the usual extra large crowd of Monday customers surged forward with the tall blue-clothed, white-capped policeman looking like the crest of a wave.

There were twelve people employed in the Credit Bureau's office and Charles thought he was fortunate not to be one of those that must serve this cross-section of John Public at the front counter. He did keep his left eyeball swung about at a most uncomfortable angle in order to observe the policeman without the danger of appearing concerned by his presence.

Miss Scovil ordinarily acted as receptionist, but she was busy with a less literate member of the gathering, so, Miss Parman stepped over to where the officer had chosen to make his stand.

For all his size he was either very mild-voiced or, as Charles guessed, considerate about the victim's feelings, because Charles couldn't catch a word as the officer spoke his piece. Charles watched Miss Parman's brow furl and unfurl while her head nodded "No" to what seemed to him, very important questions, judging by the serious expressions on Mr. Law's ample countenance.

After too long a time for Charles to feel as though he had a chance, Miss Parman backed away from the counter as the public servant began to make better use of the voice Charles suspected he had. Only too clearly he heard "well, someone will have to go."

With that remark Benson's nerves gave a twitch and his mind fumbled with the thought that it was really he who was wanted, but Miss Parman had undoubtedly explained his important mission with such sincerity, and, the officer having a deep appreciation for the necessity of following up clues quickly, had agreed to let him remain, but on the condition that someone would have to appear at court in his behalf. Miss Parman was a clever girl, but not that clever. However, Charles was too upset to see any flaw in his surmise.

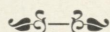
Miss Parman had gone into the Manager's private office and muffled voices were heard through the open door. Then she came back to the counter and spoke to the officer again. This time he made a wide sweep with his eyes as he surveyed the office force—"for a likely pawn"—mused Charles, feeling sure now that he was to be spared for the present.

Miss Parman left the counter again, and began, starting at the farthest corner of the office, to question each clerk in turn. Charles was most aware of the very definite "No" she received from each of the people questioned. He also noted Miss Rennick's quick broad smile, apparently intended for his benefit. His guilty conscience made him believe even his wildest thoughts, so he decided that sweet old Miss Rennick was laughing at him in his misfortune.

"Well I'm sunk" he said to himself as Miss Parman made her way toward him with the words already forming on her lips. He even began to gather from his

desk some papers, which he had strewn about purposely to appear unconcerned and busy. Now his mind raced to clear up the stories he had fabricated about the necessity of parking his car in the overtime zone and failing to register the citation tag.

With one eye on the policeman and an ear cocked for the fatal words from Miss Parman, his voice quavered "yes, what is it?" She smiled sweetly and asked in her most pleasant tone of voice—"Wouldn't you like to buy a couple of tickets to the Policeman's Ball Mr. Benson?"



PLEA OF A PLUSIST

(After hearing Franck's *Symphony in D Minor*)
From languid life
Dimmed and soothing
Spent within an ancient pile
That molds and saps one's strength away
O Lord! deliver me.

For, who so live,
Come forth to men and see them not.
Their eyes, used to none but mystic shades,
Envelop men in splendor undeserved.
They see a world that is not.
From such a life,
O Lord! deliver me.

Let not my gaze be stopped at some imagined cloak
or fancy,
Let me see the filth and emptiness of life,
And deeper still—
Let me see within each man,
The real,
The soul,
Life divine!
YOU, O LORD!

—THOMAS STANLEY.

The Initiation

● By JOHN WHARTON

This is somewhat of an eerie story about haunted houses and ghosts.

"YOU boys are on the last part of your initiation." The chairman of the Sophomore Committee was speaking to the two Freshmen who stood before twelve Sophomore "jurors." "You drive to the old Holcome house on the hill by the cemetery and stay all night there." The robed speaker was as dignified as a Philadelphia lawyer although a giggle from the jury box spoiled the effect. The Freshmen both groaned but obediently turned and walked out of the big room.

"Now you guys and gals get the sheets and blue spotlights and beat them there," ordered the speaker as the door closed. A group of the jurors snatched bundles and ran out of the room.

"Why didn't you tell them the story and get their minds set?" demanded one of the remaining jurors.

"Don't worry, Randy Whitcombe knows it, and he's probably telling Jerry Sanchez all about it right now," returned the chairman.

It was, indeed, about that time that Randy Whitcombe was relating the story to his companion as they drove up a bumpy, winding road.

"The house is haunted," he began, "by a young wife. It seems that in 1870, an insanely jealous husband suspected his young wife of infidelity. A mental case, he entombed her alive in the wall of one of the rooms."

His friend made skeptical noises.

"Well," he said, "the only spooks we will see tonight will be those goons we just left! We can expect sheets and such corny stuff."

After carefully driving up the long hill in the gathering darkness, they reached the house, an old brownstone mansion. The yard was surrounded by a rusty, wrought iron fence. Shaggy, unkept pines huddled against the walls, moonlight filtered down through their branches, a mournful wind soughed through their tops.



Although most of the windows were boarded up, the boys found one by which they were able to enter. They vaulted into the room to be met by sticky cobwebs. The smell of dry wood and mouldy dust rose to their nostrils as they stepped over the uneven floor.

A hallway ran down the center of the house. Rooms branched off from either side of it. Three of the rooms contained nothing more remarkable than birds' nests and mice.

It was the last room which was remarkable. It had a curious foreshortened appearance. The boys stood in the doorway and inspected it with the aid of a flashlight. Three walls were plaster. Although they were eight feet high, the length of the room was only six or seven feet. The fourth wall stood on the south side and was made of red brick. The only window faced the west. Through it the moon was stencilling faint silver squares on the dusty floor.

Even so, it was shadow-dark when Randy dropped the flashlight. Both boys bent to recover it. It was when they straightened up that they saw her. A knife-like fear struck the heart of each.

In a pool of fluorescent blue light that seemed to filter through the brick wall, appeared the figure of a woman, as though through the wall itself. The blue light danced as though it were radio-active, lapping at the sides of the plaster wall. The woman advanced with measured tread. Her flounced dress reached to the floor. Her hair, too, was long, and dark. The boys stood transfixed as she glided toward them. At a distance of about five feet from the boys, the figure extended both hands, palms up, as if in supplication. Moving nearer, she entered that portion of the room where the moon cast its light, its rays seeming to repel the weird radiation from the south wall. Here details of her form became visible. The moon threw a highlight on the dark head and the tone ran down her left shoulder. It gleamed from the staring eyes and from the teeth, as the lips of the figure parted, moved as in speech. But no sound came forth to break the utter stillness.

(Continued on page sixteen)

The Technique of Being Pleasing

● By WALTER CONWAY

Just a few thoughts that may aid us in our social dealings with others.

PROBABLY most people in this country have read Mr. Dale Carnegie's book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. If it has not been the pleasure of the reader to have done so, let us say here that in it, Mr. Carnegie purports to tell his audience just what steps to take in order to have one's friends, associates, and acquaintances saying: "Oh, what a good fellow So-and-So (the reader of Mr. Carnegie's book) is." This book has sold widely all over the country, and so it must have something of value.

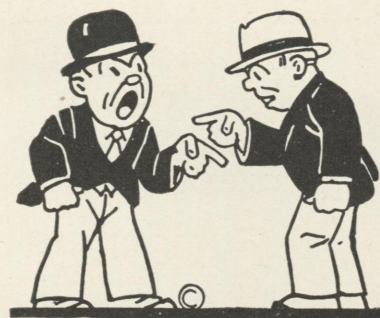
Do not be misled by this first paragraph. This article is neither a criticism of Mr. Carnegie's book, nor a rehash of it. The paragraph above is merely intended to bring out the point that people want to be liked, but that it is exceedingly difficult to tell any one person in words or in writing just how to attain this end. This is necessarily true because individuals differ. We will not attempt here to prescribe for any one person, but merely to give our broad opinions and a few suggestions.

To begin with, some people are born with good dispositions while some are not. By disposition we mean that intangible quality of a person that makes him liked or disliked by others.

If one is so fortunate as to be born with a good disposition (which by the way does not incorporate personality), and a good personality, that one does not need our help.

The person with a good disposition, but a neutral, latent, or undeveloped personality will not have so easy a time, and the person with a poor disposition will almost automatically have his or her personality impaired, so that much aid will be needed to attract the liking and goodwill of others.

We shall now divide the discussion into three parts: General rules, how to please men, how to please women. First, general rules: Smile. Never be reluctant to greet, or return a greeting. Have a pleasant word or two to say either about or for the other person. Never, never differ with people, or if you must, do it in a polite and unobtrusive way. It antagonizes others



to feel that their opinions are not accepted. Practice looking on the bright side of things. Never, never talk about yourself, but guide the conversation to the other person. Do not confine yourself to merely answering questions; introduce a little conversation of your own. Make it sparkle! Only too often this fault has lost people the esteem of those whose good opinion they most desire.

Next, how to please men (for women): If a gentleman approaches, and you are acquainted with him, it is inexcusable for you not to speak first. No gentleman will address a lady before he is recognized, but all men appreciate such recognition. It is not generally accepted as a genteel act, but the following, we have noticed has often proved highly effective, especially among the young people. Upon a young man's approaching, the young lady immediately recognizes him, and immediately follows this with a remark upon some article of the young man's clothing, as: "My John, what a pretty tie you have! Just seeing this tie will make a bright spot in my day!" Or some similar fol-de-rol which creates immediately in the young man's mind two impressions: She has good taste. She notices what I wear, and therefore she notices me. This method must be used with extreme discrimination. Lead the unsuspecting fellow to talk about his hobbies, or what interests him. Listen! If he bores you to tears, act as if you were interested, though it entails actual suffering on your part to be attentive. Never mention other boys in any shape, form, or fashion. It is bad policy. If you must, then always be complimentary. Never, never say anything derogatory about any other girl. He will classify you in his mind as a backbiter. The average boy will warn others, and they will accordingly shun you. If you smoke, chew gum loudly, or have similar habits, by all means practice them in solitude. It is, almost without exception, extremely disgusting to the average man to see any woman do these things, although he may be guilty himself. Never profess to know more than a man. Never presume to suggest a course of action to a man, or tell him what he should do. Never be obviously supercilious.

(Continued on page sixteen)

THE EDITOR'S

Soap Box

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

Associate Editors

JACK JONES
BETTY BOGART

JOHN ASPELL

GEORGE MADDEN

JACK QUATMAN
BETTY MAYL

All Out For Victory

Guns, tanks, planes, ships and men are needed by our country. Ours is the rare privilege to defend democracy so that our children and all other future generations may enjoy the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Our president has clearly stated what we must produce and what sort of military force is necessary to win the war, a conflict to preserve our democracy against unjust, premeditated attack by a government wholly without honor.

College students, without exception, will be called upon to make many sacrifices so that the United States might achieve a glorious victory even greater than those won in the past. Willingly and unafraid we accept our share of the effort. Many of us will enter the armed forces, others will engineer armaments, administrative work will be the contribution of others; even coeds will find their place in the war effort as clerks, secretaries, nurses and factory workers. Some will not be called for some time, but will be allowed to complete their college courses so that they might be better fitted to serve their country in the future. Whatever our job we must do it well. The Joe College and the Betty Coed of the past must disappear and be replaced by serious, mature men and women conscious of the destiny of their country.

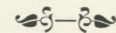
The *Exponent* pledges its unqualified support to the government for the duration of the war. Whatever it can do, no matter how small, towards a final victory it will gladly perform even suspending publication in the event that the government declares a paper shortage.

While true that the *Exponent* has frequently been a critic of the government's pre-war policies, criticism, however justified, would do much harm at present. For this reason the *Exponent* will not publish any articles or editorials that oppose the policies of the government for the duration of the war. However, this publication still believes that freedom of the press, one of the valuable liberties for which we are fighting, is necessary to maintain the efficiency of a democratic government at a high level. People forget that the

constructive critic often raises the quality of the government, while the flag-waving "yes-man" does nothing.

The desire for all-out victory therefore prompts the *Exponent* and all loyal citizens of the United States to repose faith in a government which can be trusted to make a sincere and aggressive effort to win for our country an honorable and glorious victory. Our part is clearly indicated: to do whatever we are selected for—even if we must give our lives for the freedom and dignity of man.

V . . . ---



We Recommend

Do you know that there is a "National Catholic Almanac," and do you know that it has been in existence for thirty-six years? It is published by Saint Anthony's Guild, Patterson, N. J., and the price is one dollar. Incidentally, this is the same press that published the revised "New Testament." The table of contents on the cover tells the reader that he may find information on doctrine, apologetics, education, sciences, fine arts, history and civics, government, economics, sports, home, and law. The index is adequate. As a university student you might be interested in knowing that education is treated between pages 280 and 320, and here the Catholic college man and woman will find the Church's theory of education explained. There is a brief summary of Pope Pius XI's encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth." You are interested in the apostolate and you will need to know the answers to questions that friends and acquaintances may ask you because you are a college student. They expect you to know. You will find many of the answers in the sections on doctrine and apologetics. By the way, the University of Dayton comes in for mention under the subjects of sports and science. The "National Catholic Almanac" is a book of ready reference that a Catholic college student will do well to have ready at hand.

Dead End Kids At U. of D.



The University of Dayton is not a backwood school. From a consideration of the students' conduct around the campus, a visitor might receive such an impression.

Whistling at coeds passing through corridors is a favorite pastime of many of the campus cowboys. Table manners can be characterized by a pack of wolves devouring a lamb; speed alone is essential in this department. Even during the prayers before meals a few students continue to talk, but as soon as the meal starts conversation laxes so that the job can be finished quicker. Some students even delight in throwing food at each other when members of the faculty aren't looking. Rarely have we seen a mutual friend introduce two strangers to each other when they happened to sit together in the dining hall.

There are other and perhaps more serious breaches of courtesy on the campus. At times students woefully disregard university property. Walking on the grass in the spring and fall and childish habits such as cutting names on desks scarcely bespeak loyalty to the school. There are a few students who are even classed as "snobs" by the majority of their classmates. The very small minority rarely ever say "hello," if ever. Pep rallies and assemblies were only meant to be attended by the proletariat. U. D. is just a small, insignificant school which by cruel fate they were forced to attend; Harvard, Yale, Vassar and a few others are the only colleges worth ever becoming interested in.

Above are listed but a few of the many breaches of courtesy found at U. D.; there are many more. Perhaps some of the statements contained in this editorial are exaggerations, but nevertheless the abuses do exist. Both male and coed students are guilty of some of the offenses. We are on this campus to improve ourselves, and courtesy is one of the marks of an educated man or woman.

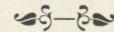
Three years ago a Courtesy week was held on the campus. The *Exponent* believes that another Courtesy week would be an excellent idea, but if the students would make every week Courtesy week no such bother would ever be necessary—not even this editorial.

—H. R.

Information Please

The Congress of the United States publishes the Congressional Record. The Assembly of the state publishes a record of its proceedings in the form of a journal which is available to the interested citizens. If we really have representative government at the University of Dayton the Student Council should publish a report of its proceedings or the minutes of its meetings so that the student body may know what its representatives are doing. Posting a copy of the minutes of each meeting on the bulletin board would be a satisfactory method.

—JACK JONES.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

Permit me to follow up something that I said last month in a letter to the editor. You will recall that I protested against organizations charging as much as possible for admission to the dances that are held as means of raising money.

In the same selfish spirit, that I condemned last month, there has been the activity of the junior class in running three events within the space of a month so that other organizations have not been allowed to sponsor activities of a similar nature. Granted that the idea of getting money for the class is good, yet a thing can be, and indeed has been, run into the ground.

Members of the Junior class received permission from the Student Council for their affairs. Therefore I think the council is partly to blame for the "hogging" of things by the juniors. The council should not only regulate the time of activities, so that the calendar is not overcrowded, but also should see that all organizations have a chance to promote activities. Failure to exercise better judgment in the future will result in the failure of the Student Council.

Sincerely,

—DANCE REFORMER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Dance Reformer is referring to the period from January 14 to February 14, during which the Junior class obtained permission for a party, a dance and the Junior prom. Petitions from the Band and the Officers' club for dances during this time were denied by the council because it was thought that these events would crowd the social calendar.

How about some letters from the rest of the student body?



We . . . The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . BETTY KAY BOGART

CONTRARY TO REPORTS

January, 1942.

Dear Mom and Pop,

Your favorite daughter would like to make a report on your favorite subject (I hope!)--me. Doubts have been filling your minds about the much-discussed college girl. You've heard we were queer people . . . anything but brainy . . . sloppy in appearance . . . unsettled in thoughts . . . disorderly in manner . . . detoured from the right path.

We're not like that, really. We're modern and sincere and hopeful and sound. We have ambitions and plans for a future which world conditions make uncertain.

We study chemistry, physiology, and political science with the best of the males. But there are still many of us majoring in home economics, preferring a husband, a home, and children to an apartment, a career, and a weekly income.

Magazines fill our heads with suggestions for correct clothes and faultless appearance—which we absorb with more than mere enthusiasm. On the campus we like the casual look and on dates we are strictly feminine. Whatever we do, wherever we go, we are well-groomed from the tips of spotless saddle shoes to the curls of luxuriant tresses. The urge for the sloppy look went out when the draft came in. We still go in for fads, some weird and some not-so-weird.

You've thought that life to us in this hazy-crazy

world was a round of cokes . . . college proms . . . football games . . . and men. These were and are important to us but there are other things more important.

Underneath our pompadour hair-dos our minds are occupied with sensible and sound ideas that we think will help clear up this Eastern and Western hemisphere muddle. And we talk about these ideas. We admire people like President Roosevelt, Columnist Winchell and Eleanor Roosevelt. We heartily dislike people who complain about taxes, rations, and high prices.

Incidentally, thanks for the increase in spending money. We're taking a dollar or more from the weekly allowance to buy defense stamps. We appreciate the bonds Santa left in our stocking but purchasing with our own money makes it seem like we're really doing our part instead of letting someone do it for us.

Some of us gave up college to take jobs in defense work but many are still pursuing higher education, using spare time to do our bit. During free periods between classes we took time out for cokes, bridge, gab-sessions, and loafing but now we are occupied with Red Cross work, such as rolling bandages, sewing, knitting, studying emergency nursing and household mechanics.

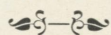
Last year we sent frequent letters to Shannon at Fordham, Peter at Dartmouth, and Chris at Michigan, and now more frequent letters reach Shannon at Randolph Field, Peter at Quantico, and Chris at

Pensacola. And instead of that dance at Michigan we're hoping you will allow us to accept that bid for a week-end at the training station.

Through all this we're not forgetting the super-swing of Glenn Miller, or the red, white, and blue philosophy from Kate Smith. These things are important, too, and we're not going to let them slip into oblivion because of a couple of "maniacts!"

So you see, parents, we're serious-minded young women with high ideals and a high sense of values. In a slangage, we can dish it out and we can take it! Don't spend too much time worrying about us, but give us a boost now and then. We'll take care of ourselves!

Your Collegiate Offspring,
Love from
B. K. B.



HOW NOT TO BE FUNNY

During the holiday gatherings, that excrable being, the life-of-the-party, forced unwilling smiles from unwilling victims until I began to fear that at the utterance of one more "canned" joke my facial muscles would rebel, leaving me forever disfigured with a scowl. About practical joking I am silent; since in the English vocabulary there is neither the quality nor quantity of words which would satisfactorily convey my sentiments. Another obnoxious characteristic of the life-of-the-party is his tendency toward unwitty witticisms. Now it is the thing called wit, which everyone thinks he has but hasn't, that I would like to discuss.

First, what is wit? There are more correct answers to that than there are incorrect answers to an exam question; so I think that a negative approach is better. Wit is not the ability to remember a multitude of jokes and then select the proper one for the occasion. The soul of wit is originality. It implies a quick perception of the incongruous and depends for its effect on ingenuity and unexpectedness of turn.

A witty person must have a keen insight into human nature, for he anticipates the reactions of those to whom he is speaking. He is gifted in the art of repartee. He can turn an opponent's arguments to his own advantage; thus putting the poor man on the defensive. A witty person has the ability to make many friends or enemies depending upon whether his wit is caustic or flows in a kindly sympathetic stream.

Instead of a highly refined, artificial type of wit, Americans, by their nature, prefer the robust humor of Mark Twain and the endearing humaness of Will Rogers. Many of our jokes are a play on words. We are told that these puns are the lowest type of humor, but what is good enough for Shakespeare is good enough for me; although Deliver us, oh Lord, from those who overdo it.

MARY FERRIS.

EIGHT BALL FOR SALE!

Right this way, women students, for "ten easy lessons in "How to Make Enemies and Influence No One." No credit. Classes held in the women's lounge. The instructor, Dottie Dustman, an authority on the subject.

Now I realize just how quickly a person can become "Public Leper No. 1" on a campus. Just cut off a hunk of truth, wrap it up in a piece of college slang, tie the package with a little imagination, then label it exaggeration, and you're in. From then on, you're on your own, you impractical joker, you.

Here's to Mr. Jack Jones, our famous associate editor, who so glibly answered that nasty article by yours "bashful" truly. "Nine Out of Ten . . ." was really on the ball. I especially relished that true confession about the piece of cheese.

But let's cut out the bouquets and get down to brass tacks. Since "In Defense of Men" panned the men students, allow me to point out a few of the good points of the fair young ladies who truck around the campus of ye old Alma Mater. Granted, there are a few of us who aren't Hedy Lamars, but how many of you are Beau Brummells? (If you say more than two I'll scream.) Remember, beauty is only skin deep, thank heavens. Each of us has at least one redeeming feature—if it's not looks it may be an oozing personality or even a special knack of performing card tricks. Do we pull out your chairs when you are about to sit down? No. Do we sock you on the head when you're at a drinking fountain? No. Are we here to take you from your mother's apron strings? No. Then do we deserve more respect? No—I mean YES! You bet we do. After this realistic picture how can you possibly say that it is you "who have a gripe coming?" It not only "ripples me up the back," it makes me petrified all over when I think how unappreciated we, the damsels of U. of D. are.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot that other article by the honorable Mr. Fitzgibbon from "Podunk" or "Three Forks." He has misquoted me, but def! I said "history, military, and economics," NOT "military, history and economics." It runs more smoothly, don't you think? If Mr. Fitzgibbon rereads "In Defense of Men," making this correction he will no doubt see things in a different light. From where I am reading he sounds like the Big Bad Wolf. If he wants to get really tough I'll brush up on my jujitsu.

"I seen my duty and I done it," so, no matter how much of an outcast I become, I'll let the jeers and cries of protest go in one ear and out the other, and I'll consider my time well spent if I have enlivened even one dead soul or saved even one poor skin.

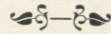
—DOTTIE DUSTMAN.

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(Continued from page four)

across an oil well built on piling. This is one of the several in the locality which still operate, relics of the days when oil was discovered in St. Marys.

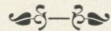
St. Marys is proud of her historic past and of the part which she has played in the defense of her country. At the present time, she has, in comparison to her population, more enlisted men than has any other city in the state. Her population is stable and industrious.



(Continued from page ten)

This last broke the spell. With one accord, the two boys wheeled in the doorway, bumping into each other in their frantic haste, raced madly down the hall, and out of the building.

It was during the next day at noon that Randy and Jerry came upon a group of Sophomores, among whom was the chairman of the Committee.



(Continued from page eleven)

We know these rules are good, because all of them except one were broken in the space of an hour in our presence, and the consequence was an immediate antipathy for the person who broke them.

How to please men (for men): Be a good listener and a good laugh.

Our next step is the technique of pleasing women (for men): Be obviously overjoyed when a woman recognizes you. Never offer your hand, but if hers is offered, take it eagerly. When around women, use every courtesy that you know, and spend your time thinking up new ones. Be yourself. Let them like you

Her government is efficient. She has sent men to the federal and state legislatures.

Simon Kenton no longer paddles his canoe in the St. Marys river, and the orchards planted by Johnny Appleseed have long ago died, but it does not pay to live in the past, and the citizens of St. Marys are doing all they can to make theirs a thriving city of the present.

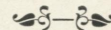
"That was really a fine show you put on last night!" Jerry told him. "How did you work those lights? You had me scared in spite of myself!"

"What show?" asked the Sophomore Chairman in a puzzled tone. "What lights? Our group never reached the house last night. Their Model T stalled half-way there."

or lump you, and don't be afraid to be independent. It is generally not difficult to please a woman, because women are always so busy trying to please men.

How to please women (for women): Don't be a cat. Keep away from other girls' boy friends, be they ever so humble. Don't backbite. The backbitten one usually finds out about it and OH! OH! Do not be supercilious with women. Develop your repartee. Never boast about your many conquests. Probably the other girls are jealous enough. Always speak well of other girls' boy friends.

We recommend these thoughts to your consideration.



POETRY

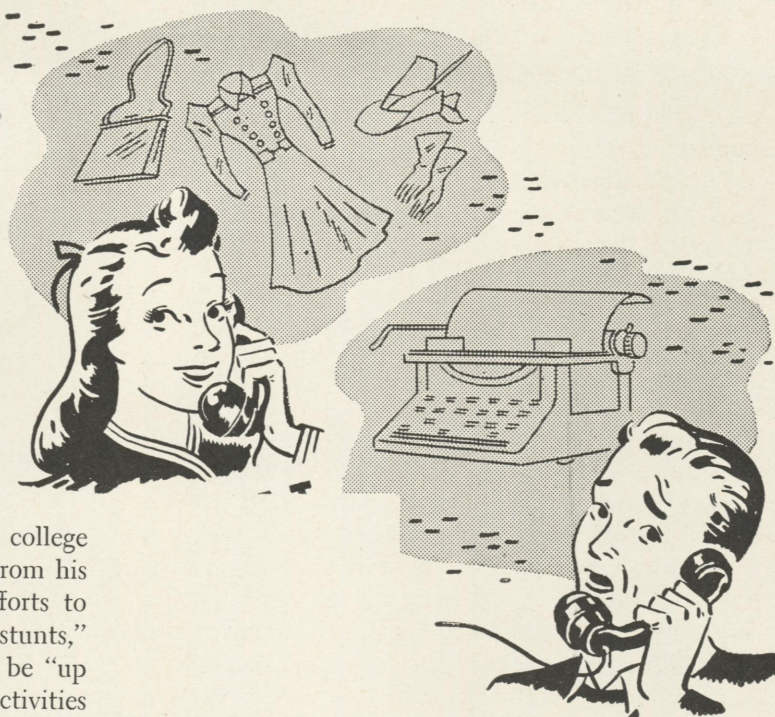
To the sunset add the sunrise,
To the blue sky add the sea,
To the starlight add the moon's rays,
This—perhaps—is poetry.

—MARTIN McMURTEY.

Education Table D'Hote

• By GERTRUDE WITTE

"The old order changeth" . . . but not very much. Read this study of medieval school life and see how much like these men and women of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are our modern collegians.



TAKEN at his best or at his worst, the college student of today differs only in details from his counterpart of the Middle Ages. Persistent efforts to obtain "recognition," widespread publicity to "stunts," demands for "self-expression," and the urge to be "up to date" are but milder forms of the same activities of the collegians of the 12th and 13th centuries. While our extensive program of organized sports has replaced to a large degree the prevalent medieval tavern brawling, and town and gown riots, other features of university life have changed but little.

Money is frequently cited as the most pressing need of the modern student. New and expensive books, unforeseen fees, clothes, etc., form the usual "line" for raids on the family resources. There is a quaintness about these pathetic pleas to relieve "financial embarrassment,"—so quaint indeed, that they resemble rather closely the *form letters** written by medieval students to achieve similar results. Compare our modern versions with the following letter from a student at the Chartres Cathedral School about the year 1156.

I am much obliged to you for the money you sent me, but I would have you know that I am still poor, having spent in the schools what I had, and that which recently arrived is of little help since I used it to pay some of my debts, and my greater obligations still remain. Whence I beg you to send me something more. If you do not, I shall lose the books which I have pledged to the Jews, and shall be compelled to return home with my work incomplete.

Or again, consider this touching letter of thanks from two young brothers during their first year at Chartres.

* A series of letters useful for all occasions, prepared by the *scriptores*, and sold to the students to facilitate letter writing.

After informing their parents that they are in good health, have comfortable lodgings, and associate only with the best of companions, they naively conclude.

. . . Wherefore, lest production cease from a lack of materials, we beg your paternity to send us by bearer, money for buying parchment, ink, a desk, and other things which we need, in sufficient amount that we may not suffer want . . . but finish our studies, and return home with honor . . .

Noble sentiments from dutiful sons, striving to bring credit to the family! In a similar vein is this "touch" from Oxford, written about 1220.

. . . I am studying at Oxford with the greatest diligence, but the matter of money stands greatly in the way of my promotion, as it is now two months since I spent the last of what you sent me. The city is expensive and makes many demands. I must rent lodgings, buy necessities, and provide for many other things which I cannot now specify. Wherefore, I beg your paternity to assist me, so that I may be able to complete what I have so well begun. For you must know that without Ceres and Bacchus, Apollo grows cold . . .

Certainly this poetic and classical appeal produced results, for heart-rending entreaties such as these could hardly go unanswered. Many a father learned, (perhaps to his sorrow), as did that noble Italian, who complained to the University authorities, "a student's first song is a demand for money, and there will never be a letter which does not ask for cash." Some fathers

thought a little advice might be as useful as the funds they were forwarding. One example will illustrate the general trends of such letters.

. . . I have learned . . . from certain trustworthy sources, that you do not study in your room, or act in the schools as a good student should, but play and wander about . . . indulging in sport and in certain other dishonorable practices which I do not now care to explain by letter . . .

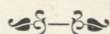
And so help me—after eight hundred years or so, mothers and fathers still have those same old ideas. O Progress! where art thou?

In the matter of studies, our modern student inherits much from the medieval. Robert de Sorbon complained that, "the student is much more familiar with the text of the dice, which he recognizes at once, no matter how fast they are thrown, than he is with the text of the old logic." Even though the tempo of today doesn't seem to leave too much time for the gentle art of "African golf" or "gallopin' dominoes," other "indoor sports" still have their sway. Elusive "Lady Luck" is still a favorite on college campuses.

Spurred as they were by the opportunities available to trained men, medieval students showed the same

regard or disregard for studies as the present generation does. We can still hear the plaintive lament of the undergraduate of the 13th century about his fellow-classmate, "who studies too much . . . who spends the day in his room reading, ponders over his lectures at mealtimes, and even reviews and argues in his sleep." Today, as even in the 13th century, it is the needy student who seems to appreciate most the chances for a higher education, and who, quite often, heads the "honor roll." One writer tells how the Middle Ages admired "the poor student, with no friend but St. Nicholas, seeking such charity as he could find . . . sometimes too poor to buy books . . . yet usually surpassing his more prosperous fellows, who . . . have an abundance of books at which they never look." But why stop with the 13th century? Admiration doesn't cost much.

Similarities such as these are strikingly evident in other phases of college life—university statutes, dormitory regulations, meals, assemblies, problems of women students, etc. But why prolong the story? Human nature hasn't changed, and whether we view the collegian in 1142, 1242 or 1942, we see the same old techniques, and hear the same old "gripes." It's just one of those things,—but we like it.



FAR-SIGHT

Though victory or defeat
May in the battle sound;
Both triumph high and failure
Can be with glory crowned.

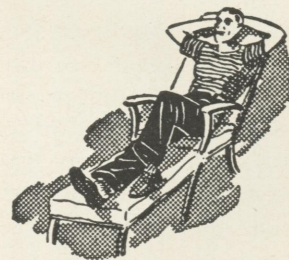
In Britain's long resistance,
In the Nazi war-machine,
In our defensive Unity
Some scheme may still be seen.

For all things move with purpose
And ill to good may turn
If but with upright vision
For God's best things we yearn.

—MIRIAM LAVOIE.



POTPOURRI



THE LURE OF AVIATION

Aviation holds a charm that casts its spell over every modern young person. It is an expression of the contemporary ideas of speed and venture into the unknown. It is still a new thing, and its newness and brightness attract many young men and quite a few young women with its magnetism.

Flying is a profession designed primarily for the young. Its fast pace and its uncertainty eliminate the older element from active participation in the field. The required physical stamina and mental alertness that the profession requires automatically limit it to the best possible group of people. As a matter of fact, only the exceptional person has the wherewithal to withstand the enervating grind.

In the early days of flying, only the more venturesome dared to set foot in a plane. "Barnstormers" entranced their gaping audiences, but it was not until after the Great War that aviation was undertaken as a serious business, the subject of real experimentation, and developed into what it is today. Now that youngsters are beginning to accept trans-continental and trans-oceanic flights as ordinary occurrences, a great deal of the pioneer spirit in aviation has died out. Students, however, are not lacking in opportunities to learn to fly.

The government recognized the need for a greater number of pilots than were being produced yearly and therefore established its Civilian Pilot Training Program, which makes flight training possible for nearly anyone of moderate means and enough enthusiasm to delve deeply into the mysteries of navigation, meteorology, and flight laws. This opportunity is helping an already air-minded nation to realize a secret ambition to put on wings.

The nation is indeed air-minded, as is evidenced by the heavy flight schedules of the large transportation companies and by the great number of private pilot licenses being issued annually. The lure of aviation has turned the entire country into one in which the person who does not travel by plane is old-fashioned and staid.

—KATHRYN KUNKA.

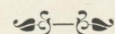
AN AVERSION

Just as some folks have a drinking uncle so some have a pet aversion, and I am no exception. I hate to get my hair cut. Why I feel toward the barber as others feel towards the dentist, I do not know. If I were a miser and hoarded my money I could say it was for pecuniary reasons. Maybe a barber once cut my ear or pulled my hair, but if so I cannot remember. It could have started when I looked at my baby picture. I was a plain child with plain clothes but my parents in collaboration with the barber had my hair done in a frilly way with bangs in the front. It looked as bad as some of the hair dresses attributed to Nero.

While the average man gets his hair cut about twice a month, I have about four haircuts a year. This naturally brings about many witty remarks when the hair gets to the braiding stage. Trite comics always mention the dog license or the violin. The more advanced wits put a clumsy arm on my shoulder and say, "It's about time you and your barber call off the feud." But my pet remark to all who mention about my hair is: "Do I need a haircut? I really had not noticed." This invariably sends them away with a raised eyebrow wondering if I had noticed.

After my hair is cut the same people congratulate me and ask when I got my ears set out or who scalped me. I still have not thought of a good comeback so I just join in on the laugh even though there is no fun in my heart.

—HOMER E. DYBVIG.



MY FIRST JUMP

There we stood! Eight student parachute riggers eagerly anticipating our jump that must be accomplished as a part of our graduation exercises. For eight weeks we had been diligently sewing harnesses, mending the silken canopies and packing parachutes until we could perform the operation blindfolded. The last three weeks had been particularly irksome as our training consisted solely of packing parachutes for the pilots of the school.

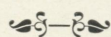
In order to instill confidence into our own training we had been required to pack our own parachutes early that morning and now the instructor stood in front of us minutely inspecting our 'chutes and attachments. I could only remember his words of warning about losing the ripcord and the fact that those losing the ripcord would buy cigars and drinks for all. Funny how many minor points seem to stick with one at such times.

Upon completion of instructions we were led to the transport, already warming up, which was to take us aloft. There was much bantering as we climbed in but to me it seemed rather forced. Our position assumed, the pilot gave us one quick glance and gave the engine the full throttle.

There was nothing eventful about the take off. It required about fifteen minutes to get the jumping altitude of three thousand feet. Looking back at the other boys I tried to give them a confident smile but I am sure it was detoured into a sickly grin. They all seemed to sympathize with each other. There was not a braggart in the crowd . . . not at that time.

The pilot eased back on the throttle and the huge transport glided through the air. Time for number one to jump! He arose and with an air of bravado stumbled to the open door and jumped unhesitatingly into space.

—CARL W. MULLER.



PETEY WITH THE RED-BROWN HAIR

"Petey, look at that view!" Priscilla leaned back against the seat of the sight-seeing bus and gazed. "Isn't it simply wonderful?" The bus had just come through the long tunnel leading to Yosemite National Park. The whole valley, which is several thousand feet above sea level, lay spread out before them. White ribbons of waterfalls hung on the luxuriant green velvet of majestic mountains. Here and there bare rocks towered above the valley.

After the tourists, who had agreed with Priscilla in her opinion of the view, had snapped all the pictures they wanted, the bus continued on its way to the hotel on the valley floor. When they arrived, they were given separate cabins, for such was the hotel plan. Priscilla and Petey took a small cabin for two at the end of the long row. Pine needles that gave a forest-like atmosphere to the scene covered the path that led to the cabins. After the two had explored the cabin and gave it their stamp of approval, they once more sought the pure, fresh air outside. A few

rods from the cabin yard a cascade of sparkling water plunged down a mountainside. In front the Merced River pursued its merry way, tumbling over rocks and around bends.

That night was one of perfect beauty; stars winked at each other in their dark blue vault; a gentle breeze whispered through the stately pines. Priscilla and Petey walked down to the playground and witnessed one of the most beautiful spectacles ever presented by man: the Firefall. Glowing embers, like a multitude of fireflies, were pushed over a cliff, falling several hundred feet to the valley floor. The "oh's" and "ah's" of the crowd attested to its success and beauty.

The next morning when Priscilla awoke Petey was gone! She wasn't worried, however, because he could have gone for a morning stroll. But when she got back from a sight-seeing trip through the valley and he hadn't returned, she began to pace the floor. An hour later, and still no Petey, she decided to ask the authorities. Priscilla sought out the hotel manager.

"I am staying in the last cabin. Do you know if anyone has seen Petey?"

"What does he look like?"

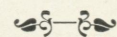
"Oh, he's short and cute, has curly red-brown hair, a pug nose, and black eyes."

"No, I haven't seen anyone answering that description, but I'll make inquiries."

"Thank you so much." Priscilla turned away and started toward the door. Just then a man came in carrying a cute little Pekinese, with curly red-brown hair, a pug nose, and black eyes.

"Petey, you bad dog, where have you been? I've been looking all over for you. Don't you know better than to worry your "mother" like that?"

ADELE KLOPF.



A MUSICAL TREAT

It was my privilege to attend the first concert of the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra for this year. It was held in the auditorium of the Masonic Temple. The guest artist was Albert Spalding, a well-known artist of this present day.

In a burst of applause, the noted violinist came striding onto the stage, taking his place to the left of the rostrum. Then, smiling, he greeted his audience with a low bow. While glancing at the conductor, he adjusted his shoulder pad with quick, deft motions. The orchestra softly began to play the ac-

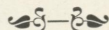
companiment. With a twist of the wrist, this great artist was ready to play.

At the first moment that he drew his bow across the strings, I experienced a thrill which continued throughout the program; in fact, one which I shall never forget. He is truly a master of the violin!

Throughout the performance of Max Bruch's Concerto No. 1, I noted every movement that he made. His actions were indeed those of a skilled artist. The rhythmic movement of his long body swaying gently to the music, brought to me the true sense of what excellence years of practicing will effect. Each stroke of the bow, the wonderful phrasing, and the nimbleness of his fingers performing difficult technical passages demonstrated the skill of this great musician. The tones that he produced were exquisite and delightful—the low ones were melodious and accurate, and the high ones true and sweet. In playing harmonics and double-stops, he was nothing less than marvelous. It was an excellent rendition of a beautiful composition.

Between movements of the concerto, Mr. Spalding was completely at ease, glancing at his audience and taking in the beauties of the auditorium. One of his encores was a piece by Pagnini, the greatest violinist of all time. Albert Spalding interpreted it with ease and dexterity. It is no wonder that he is the only native American to be recognized abroad. He is superb!

YUTSEUL YEE.



BEING SMALL

I think that there are many thousands of disadvantages in being small. This opinion may be due to the fact that I am so small. Because of the misfortune I am called "Shorty," "Pea-wee," "Shrimp," "Tiny," and many other names I detest.

How I hate trying to find a dress! I go into the collegiate department, but all the dresses fit me like a sack. Finally, I end up—in the children's department. Yes, here I find a dress to fit me. But oh! What a dress—a dress designed for a twelve year old girl.

One of the worst and most embarrassing disadvantages in being small is that I am taken to be so much younger than I really am. The other evening at the dinner table, a guest took me to be a junior in high school instead of a twenty-one year old working girl.

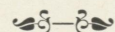
It is very inconvenient, too, to be small. A small person is always compelled to go first in a grand march at a dance. One has no choice in the matter; he is

just pushed forward and there is nothing to do about it. A tall boy never likes to dance with a small girl, consequently "Shrimp" must sit out many dances.

Can you imagine what an inconvenience it is to stand on a chair to secure a dish from the second shelf of a cupboard? After going through this trying process someone will praise your efforts with this: "Shorty couldn't reach it" or "I didn't know you were so small."

People try to console me by telling me that there are many advantages in being small, but so far I have not found any. But when I do, I know I will still long to be five feet eleven.

—MARY RITA FINLEY.



LOYALTIES TO SCHOOL, TO COUNTRY AND TO GOD

As college students we must hold to certain standards in order to reach our individual goals, but in doing so, we must keep in mind that we are not working solely for ourselves. The foundation of our school is a result of much work and even sacrifice by many people so that we may gain a higher education. Many aids are provided to help us to choose the courses we should follow and to see how much is needed as a foundation for the course. An effort is made to apply the course of study to the particular type of professions we desire to follow. That is why we are divided into groups such as arts, sciences, business, and education for our classes. We should be especially appreciative for this system.

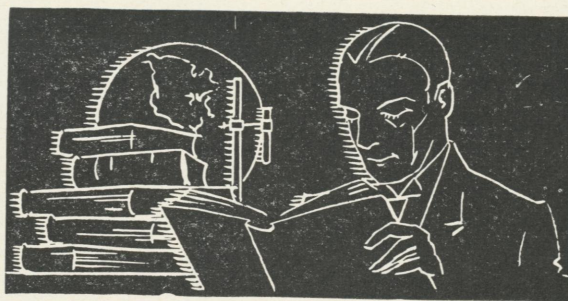
We can show our appreciation and loyalty by obeying the fundamental rules of the school, by being on hand a few minutes before classes begin and by completing the assignments on time. We must show respect for those in authority over us.

We owe our country our respect and support. We must realize that in the United States we have more freedom than the people have in any other country. Here we can choose the men who are to govern us. We can go to any public meeting, or stay from it according to our desires. We can become members of the church of our choice and attend its services without fear.

Above all, we must be loyal to our Creator for without Him we would have no reason for existing. We can be loyal to Him by living clean lives and by helping others to live true to His ideals.

IRENE NEHER.

Book Reviews



CARDINAL HAYES: ONE OF OURSELVES

By JOHN BERNARD KELLY

Farrar and Rinehart

This book is a character study of a New York-born prelate rather than a biography, as one might think it to be. Father Kelly does not bother so much with incidents which happened throughout Patrick Joseph Hayes' life, but rather, he is more concerned with traits of soul and facts of the Cardinal's character.

When we consider the time during which Cardinal Hayes lived, we feel more than satisfied that this intended-to-be biography is more than "an assurance of his undoubted, personal sanctity," which was his sole ambition. This sentiment he shared with one of the most beloved of his contemporaries, Father Duffy of the "Fighting 69th."

Pope Benedict XV appointed Auxiliary-Bishop Hayes as Catholic Bishop Ordinary of the Armed Forces of the U. S. Thus, he exercised jurisdiction, not only over those in the army of Christ, but also over those in the army of our country. "Two priests, two chaplains, two friends" are prominent characters in these few pages. During the first world war Cardinal Hayes was Chaplain-Bishop of American Catholic chaplains, and he will forever be associated with the well known priest, Father Francis Patrick Duffy.

The Cardinal's reverence for the Brothers who taught him, the heroes of his early youth, manhood, and priesthood, is clearly expressed in this character study of one of America's greatest citizens, one of the Church's greatest priests and princes of the Roman Catholic Church.

The author thoroughly appreciated and respected Cardinal Hayes, both for what he represented and for what he was; and as a result he has given us this book in order that we might come to appreciate and respect, more and more, this grand old prince of the Catholic Church, the Cardinal of happy memory — Patrick Joseph Hayes.

—JOHN KURZ.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

By A. J. CRONIN

Little, Brown

A. J. Cronin, in *The Keys of the Kingdom* strikes upon a problem, most significant to us in these world-upsetting days; that is, that of racial and religious tolerance for all peoples. The author, in introducing us to the hideousness of the prejudice and bigotry rampant in the early history of Scotland, sketches his scenes with rather revolting realness and bluntness, so that one is drawn irresistibly to condemn, and to do away with this tenacious foe, that hinders the peaceful union of mankind.

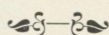
This book has the happy faculty of maintaining a wise proportion between energetic actions and dynamic personality. Father Francis Chrisholm embodies this proportion with all the flourish of a story-book hero. Reared in Scotland, he had seen his parents fall victims to violent, stupid bigotry, and thus there sprung up in his soul a deep-set aversion to all intolerance. This spirit of seeking ever to sooth out the apparent incongruities among those who came into his life, was his chief characteristic, reverberating throughout his seminary days, his days as a curate, and finally, in his noble attempt to evangelize the heathen Chinese.

The author chooses his phrases with the utmost care and succeeds in presenting his thoughts in such a way as to convince even the most sceptical of the sincerity of his views. He makes an earnest attempt to recall to the minds of men, that ideal of universal brotherhood of men, as a basis for a spirit of toleration among them.

It seems, however, that *The Keys of the Kingdom* will more than justify its claims on the reading public, for it is a vivid, true-to-life portrayal of characters, that shall endure because they persist in being distinct from the prosaic types, sometimes found in fiction.

It is not often that one gets such a keen psychological insight into the innermost workings of such contrasted personalities as the author gives us in this book, and moreover, such an ability to probe into such diversified characters seems to reflect a mind, alert and sympathetic to human woes. So vivid is the impression which this story makes upon the reader, that he can hardly make sure whether or not he has read an account of actual facts and deeds, accomplished by real persons, or has been merely duped into believing that they are real.

—ALBERT KASEMAN.



MRS. MINIVER

By JAN STRUTHER

Harcourt, Brace

Have you ever wondered what the windshield wiper keeps jumbling as it scrapes to and fro in the rain? I'm quite sure that none of us has given it much thought, but Mrs. Miniver did and she decided it says "Beef Tea." This might sound queer, but I'm sure you wouldn't find it that way if you read the book, *Mrs. Miniver*. It is beautifully written and moves with refinement so inapprehensively that you do not understand its largeness until you finish the book.

There seems to be no definite plot in the book but don't let that drive you away. It's really a series of events in one English family's lives bound together by the indubitable mother of three children. All of the happenings take place in the months before the war, and they paint a perfect picture of English life to those of us who have never made a personal visit to that country. The words are so pleasingly different from those in other books we have read, in this land of morning tea, cucumber sandwiches, chimney sweeps and haziness or perhaps I should say fog.

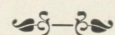
Mrs. Miniver, who is enjoying her forties, is the wife of an architect and the mother of three children. Their home is in Chelsea and their country cottage in the hop-region of Kent. If you do not love and relish Mrs. Miniver, you are not a critical judge of human beings because you have here a "perfect portrait of the twentieth century's only humane achievement, the civilized woman."

While there is trouble implied in this delightful little book, it is radiant with humor and grace, with each chapter depicting a different mood. Whether dealing with the cook (who had discovered "a horrible smell" in the kitchen) or doing Christmas shopping (at which time she decides that the red, yellow and green traffic lights mean frustration, hope or joy), or wondering why one must always invite both members of a married couple when one is charming and the

other just plain boring, you have here the perfect portrait and the tragic portrait of civilized woman. Besides all of this, one has the different characters of the three children to think about, and the sadness of parting from the old family car.

Better put this book on your "must list" because there is neither time nor space to enumerate each episode here, and I am sure you will want to live them all over again with the Miniver family anyway. I say "over again" because they are episodes that everyone of us has felt in his own way at one time or another.

—MARGARET WHEELBARGER.



LET THE EARTH SPEAK

By ANN STEWARD

Macmillan

The very title of this book will attract some readers and repulse others. Those who are familiar with the good earth and all that it implies will naturally choose this book.

This is a story of the living land, the vibrant earth. Really it is more than that. It is a story of man and earth—a personal earth and the human mind.

The four Jarrells come to live at Hayes El for a year. Each one, damaged by life, has to live down a bitter trial. Life is for them in some way devoid of freedom and peace. But Hayes El embodied true life, and shaped those who fell under its influence. Old Hayes' life was the life of the place. Although dead, he was still felt, shaping the very existence of the land and its people. Here at Hales El was the promise of reconciliation to life.

The story is related through the mouth of Jay Jarrell, as the year passes, month by month. There is a curious unfolding of characters by means of stories within the story in such a way that the reader can really see them. Somehow all the persons seemed linked together by some mysterious bond. There is a complication of relationships. The spirit of Old Hayes which hovers over the countryside binds the lives of all the inhabitants to his through the land.

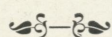
All the characters are interesting because they are human. This is the life of ordinary people. But at times the expression of their personal emotion has too great a depth of thought and we can't grasp their meaning.

This book has a generous share of nature description. At times it rises even to lyricism. The author seems to have a personal contact with earth, grass, snow and flowers as can be seen by her colorful descriptions.

We like to read with understanding. But at times the author throws before the reader an intricate view of her ideas through the characters. Thought collapses, leaving no realized whole but merely broken connections of nearly unintelligible ideas. The story flows smoothly enough but the significance behind action and character is a little difficult to grasp.

Our interest is focused on the relation of the earth to the conflicts in the minds of the characters; and gradually their hurts are healed by contact with the land. Hayes El had a life all its own. The unity of the place was the earth's own. It had been understood by Old Hayes. To like this book "it is only a matter of understanding the land, one thing in relation to another."

—JOHN WISE.



SAYS MRS. CROWLEY, SAYS SHE

By DORAN HURLEY

Longman, Green

Monsignor, *The Old Parish*, and *Herself* are books of great literary qualities which have given Doran Hurley a notable place among our modern writers of fiction. Yet, to have a glimpse of his abilities at his best, one must read his latest story, entitled *Says Mrs. Crowley, Says She*.

The author does not attempt to present a novel full of romance with a highly complicated plot. A number of simple sketches of every day life form the contents of the book. They embody the sentiments of a staunch New England Catholic on the most timely and most interesting subjects. A highly appropriate setting and the unique character portrayal of amiable, old Mrs. Crowley form a unifying bond between the various parts of the narrative and hold the reader's interest in suspense as he passes along the pages.

Doran Hurley is the able spokesman of a true daughter of Erin. Mrs. Crowley is a typical Irish woman, as true and noble as her worthy ancestors who were a credit to their church and their country. She is the leading force of "the old parish," conscious of the honors bestowed on her as one of the oldest members of her community. "Her spirit is always fresh and young, while her wisdom appears to be immediately old." It is a distinct pleasure to listen in to her conversations with her numerous Irish friends. What an abundance of wholesome opinions and constructive criticisms do we find in these simple chats! Such chapters as "The Old Pastor," "Patric Donahoe," "Ireland," "Things Historical" and the like sound like the echo

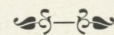
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of old Irish melodies. Her discourses on "Pope Pius the Twelfth, Voting, Fifth Columns," etc., tell about our own modern critical times with their many struggles and problems.

Though the book is rather biographical, its reading is indeed not slow and the style in which it is written makes it fascinating from beginning to end. Characters of the story are natural and real. The author portrays them with the artistic touch of a gifted writer. All artificiality has been brushed aside and their story is brought to us in a clear, simple, but forceful diction. His passages are full of charm combined with delicacy and grace of style.

Mr. Doran is an able and clever exponent of Irish customs and folklore. The character study of old loveable Mrs. Crowley must not be considered as that of a single person, but as one who represents thousands of her kind, as it finds expression in the words of introduction, written by Father Talbot, S.J. "The truth is, everybody knows her, whether her name is Mrs. Crowley or Mrs. M. Murphy or Mrs. Bid Johnny. She is universal, that Ireland used to send over here, or that grew up her in an Ireland that was shipped across the sea."

—SISTER M. BRITTA, M.S.C.



HEART OF THE ROSARY

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

Catholic Literary Guild

The spiritual hit of the month is *The Heart of the Rosary*. It is presented by Reverend Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., the author of the "Heart Series." It is a meditation on the rosary, written in simple language for the use of every man and woman, especially for those desiring greater love and devotion to the rosary.

The holy rosary is the Gospel transformed to prayer—to the Life of Christ. Each of the fifteen chapters is devoted to a Mystery of the Life of Christ. Each is a source of rich blessings. Animated with the desire of seeing devotion to the holy rosary practiced, so that abundant fruits might be obtained, the author has given us a book intended for private or public meditation of all Catholics. It guarantees a special benefit to all who read it, and should be recommended to all of Mary's children.

The simplicity in the presentation of the Mysteries connected with the recitation of the rosary, opens the individual's heart, and there flows a greater love of and longing for frequent meditation on the life of Jesus and His most holy Mother Mary by saying the rosary.

—THOMAS McMAHON.



OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

All hail to thee, our Lady of the Snows!
Thou purest Lady all creation knows.
Cast thy white radiance over all our woes;
Conceal our souls from grim satanic foes.

While we to devil, flesh, and world expose
Ourselves in reckless manner, God bestows
Through thee the needed grace that round us flows
Like thy protecting mantle, white as snows.

We ask thy help to use it well. Dispose
Our days once more in peace, where kindness grows
And truth prevails; where love of wisdom glows
And liberty floats free as circling snows.

—KATHLEEN WHETRO.



MARION HUTTON
Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade
"rings in the new"
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It's CHESTERFIELD

... first for a Milder and decidedly
Better Taste ... first for Cooler Smoking

...and right you are because everything in
Chesterfield ... every bit of material used, is put there to
give you just what you want in a cigarette ... from the
Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos
to top-notch manufacturing methods.

MAKE CHESTERFIELD YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE OF THE YEAR *They Satisfy*