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The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1945

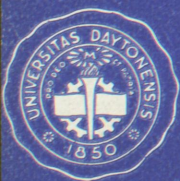
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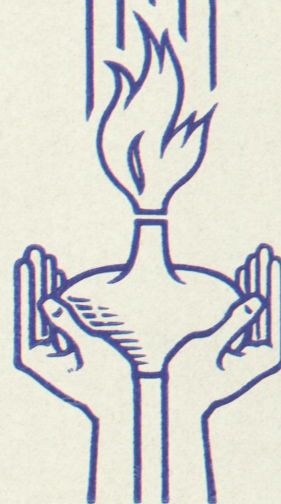
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



MAY, 1945

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" Yet most of all, grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years, a brotherhood not of words, but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth - grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure.

Grant us a common faith that man shall know bread and peace, that he shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal opportunity and an equal chance to do his best, not only in our own lands but throughout the world, and in that faith let us march toward the clean world our hands can make. Amen."

—From a Prayer Written By
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

THE University of Dayton Exponent

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No. 5

THE POLISH QUESTION

• By SAMUEL K. DEHART

A brave people suffer.

TODAY, Russia next to the United States is the most powerful nation in the world. The Bear's growl will be heard time and time again in the formation of world peace and world boundaries.

When the new World War began to blaze in 1939, the Germans overran their borders and enveloped all of the lands surrounding Germany. They invaded Poland and with the aid of Russia soon destroyed all resistance, took control of the country and divided the spoils with the Soviet Union.

This is where we stand today in controversy with our fighting ally Russia; this is our main point of dispute with the Soviet Union. Shall Poland have all of her pre-war land back or shall the Soviet keep the land she has claimed?

The Russian position with regard to eastern Poland rests on three main arguments: (1) The inhabitants of the disputed territories are racially identical to those of the White Russian and Ukrainian Soviet Republics. (2) The inclusion of these lands in Poland was accomplished by Allied force, when the Western powers, ganging up on the struggling U.S.S.R. compelled it to sign the Treaty of Riga in 1920. (3) The return of these lost provinces to Russia in 1939 was the result of a democratic decision of their peoples.

We cannot deny the first two propositions, but the third is up to dispute. The election was not a formal plebiscite as is customary; it was held a few weeks after the Red Army marched in to Eastern Poland. Few details ever reached the outside world and it is supposed by most to have been a totalitarian vote with but one vote. However it cannot be assumed that the vote would have been more overwhelming if conditions had been more democratic. It must be remembered that

the inhabitants of these disputed territories have been long oppressed by absentee overlords and it might well be expected that they would welcome a change.

Controverting the Russian claims, the Poles assert that whatever the circumstances were in 1920, Russia made no attempt to alter the situation between 1920 and 1939. It did, however, sign two non-aggression pacts with Poland in the 30's. Only when Poland was reeling from the Nazi attack did Russia publicly acclaim her desires.

The bilateral settlement of this dispute can only be completed after the defeat of Germany. The border line as it now exists was negotiated with the German Minister Von Ribbentrop, and it includes such areas as Lwow and Galicia which are mainly inhabited by Poles, and are seats of Polish culture. Russia must agree upon a new boundary, which while satisfying her ethnic claims would not divorce such cities from Poland.

The Russian offer to Poland, in exchange for their border claims, is support for a strong and independent Poland annexing most of Eastern Prussia and Silesia up to the Oder. Poland would gain independence on a Russian commitment, it would gain vast industrial developments and it would gain new settlements for the mass of landless peasantry.

A negotiated settlement of the border dispute along the lines proposed by Russia would legalize the Soviet's seizure of land and people in 1939. Poland would be strengthened both east and west by bringing up Poles within its borders, providing that Lwow and Galicia were obtained. This plan was agreed upon by Stalin and Churchill in February of 1944.

It is dangerous to make dogmatic assertions about a controversy so hoary with ancient grudges and prejudices. There are a few points, however, that may be listed as follows:

(1) Neither Britain nor the United States will go

Page three

to war with Russia to recover Eastern Poland for the Polish state. (2) Public opinion in Britain and the United States will suffer disillusionment if the Soviet Union after a quarter of a century of opposing "imperialism" and "territorial annexation," now insists on unilateral seizure of Eastern Poland especially after having agreed that its 1939 treaties with Nazi Germany had lost their validity. (3) Borders are not merely a matter of strategy or ethnography. They are also a matter of sentiment. The Polish Government in London, headed by the Peasant party leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk as Prime Minister and the trade union Socialist leader, Jan Kwapinski, as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Reconstruction, apparently feels just as concerned about the retention of Eastern Poland within the Polish state as the Polish conservatives. (4) No statesman, no matter how wise he is, would be able to fix a boundary satisfactory to both Russia and Poland in an area where populations have intermingled for centuries. (5) Russia does not need Eastern Poland either for additional territory resources or population. It claims the area chiefly on the grounds of security. (6) Security will not be achieved by mere seizure of territory. On the contrary, the efforts of Britain, the United States, and Russia, through the Moscow Accord and the Teheran Declaration, to create a feeling of security on the part of small nations may be defeated if the first move made toward the liberation of conquered peoples in Europe is the extension of Russian territory at the expense of a smaller nation.

All these considerations would suggest that the only hopeful approach to this border problem, the most baffling in Eastern Europe, is neither automatic seizure or return of Polish territory, but to apply, in this first test case, the principles laid down at Moscow and Teheran. It would be desirable if Russia invited America and Britain to participate with it in an Allied Commission to examine this particular problem, just as Britain and the United States invited Russia to sit in on the commission deciding Mediterranean affairs. Should the U.S.S.R. agree to such a procedure, it would give the best possible indication that it regards the United Nations collaboration not as one way traffic but as a genuine attempt to achieve security for all nations, large and small.

On February 13, 1945 it was announced to the world that the Big Three leaders conferring at Yalta had agreed on a compromise decision regarding this border line problem: Russia gets roughly the eastern one-

third of pre-war Poland, on the basis of a Polish border roughly following the old Curzon line. In return, Poland will get "substantial" territory from Germany in the west. The so called Lublin government, now reorganized by Russia will be "re-organized" on a broader democratic basis with the inclusion of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles abroad. The broadened government will be recognized by all the United Nations.

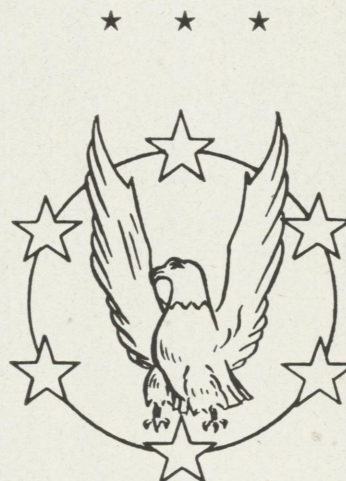
It is my opinion that we as members of the Brotherhood of Nations will through the vision of God, see through the mire of puzzling details, a solution to this and all the problems arising at this crucial period of world development, if we as courageous citizens have the faith that our fore-fathers had in their leaders.

The prayer of our late President

With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemies. Help us to conquer the apostles of Greed and Racial arrogancies. Lead us to the saving of our country with our brother nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

Thy will be done, Almighty God. Amen.

is a humble and fitting expression of our necessary reliance on the assistance of Divine Providence.



The Accelerated Program in College is Ill-advised

● By FREDERICA K. BUNTON

*A very satisfactory discussion
of a timely subject.*

THE accelerated program of college study is ill-advised. Shortly following this country's induction into the second World War there arose the question of accelerating the program of college study. Subsequently numerous colleges throughout the nation, which since time immemorial had conformed to the conventional four-year program, in an attempt to aid the war effort, adopted an abbreviated plan of study directed toward shortening the time for graduation.

An accelerated program is one that enables the student to cover in a shortened period of time a prescribed amount of study which was ordinarily designed to extend over a more leisurely period.

Several points are argued for the advancement of such a program one of which is that inductees, because of the shorter time involved, are able to complete their college training before entering the service. Another is that students, in a minimum amount of time, may qualify for various professions, such as teaching and nursing, where there exists an urgent need.

It is admitted that the accelerated program has some advantages to justify its existence. It is admitted that there are those students whose acquisitive faculties are so constituted as to enable them to comprehend in—shall we say—two years, what for most students, requires four. Conspicuous among major institution concessions to this latter admission is the program of Chicago University's progressive Dr. Hutchins. This program, however, cannot be termed all-out acceleration for, while it permits acceleration in the case of those students equipped to take it in their stride, as it were, it does not necessarily impose itself upon those lesser luminaries who appear adapted to the usual routine. The Chicago University program is so designed that it meets the individual requirements of the pupil. The pupil may arrange his curriculum over a period of two, three, or four years, as his particular condition may require.

An accelerated program involves heavier assignments for the student, a fact that imposes a condition similar to that of cramming for examinations. I speak from actual experience when I contend that that which is studied in haste is forgotten in haste. Facts acquired



in this fashion, because of the few associations built up during the acquiring process, have merely an immediate function and are possessed of no permanent effectiveness.

Accelerated programs work their hardships on instructors who have been trained to formulate their assignments in proportion to the ability of the student to execute these assignments. Experienced instructors are not so naive as to deceive themselves that these same assignments can be "doubled up," cramped into abbreviated periods, and still be effected with the required efficiency. Instructors are consequently obliged to realize that standards of scholarship must be lowered to meet the exigencies of a particular period.

Perhaps the greatest evil resulting from an accelerated program is the toll it exacts upon the physical energies of the student. A large number of students are forced to assume the complete responsibility for their college education. A lesser number assume a partial responsibility for their educational pursuits. In the case of these two classifications even a normal program makes for rigid exactions. An accelerated program with its increased demands leads, in many instances, to over-zealous activity which results frequently in complete physical, and sometimes mental, collapse. In a recent conversation with the registrar of a mid-western college the following remark was disclosed: "we are getting away from the accelerated program — it simply did not work." Thereafter was related the case of a brilliant student who had completed his undergraduate and pre-medic courses in record time only to meet with a complete physical collapse.

The proposed objective of a college might be termed "the complete and harmonious development of all the capacities of man's nature — religious, moral, intellectual, aesthetic, social, and physical." Achievement of this objective involves the exercise of all the powers of body and soul; it involves wide participation in the di-

(Continued on Page 24)

MARY'S MISSION

● By NORBERT BURNS

We can help her.

This war has effected changes in every sphere of life. Keeping pace with the demand for prayers from the men in the armed forces are two religious movements that are increasing their ranks as the battle wages more vehemently on the front lines. The Scapular Militia now sends between ten and twenty thousand scapulars a week to the boys in the Service while the chaplains' requests far exceed this output. At home the number of families that recite daily the family rosary is rapidly increasing. With their motto of "Rosary day, every day in every family circle" the originators of this league are now issuing a series of pamphlets to help in the praying of the rosary.

Each of these movements is dedicated entirely to the Mother of God. They foreshadow a devotion to Mary that will surpass any the faithful has yet shown towards her. First, the proclamation of her Immaculate Conception, then her apparitions at Lourdes followed some seventy years later by her prophetic announcements at Fatima, and now the consecration of the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary by our reigning Pontiff — all are indications that the coming era will be Mary's Age.

The apparent triumph of evil in today's world brings to light the providential role given to Mary from the beginning of time. God promised the Woman who would forever combat and crush Satan, and it is today when the forces of evil seem marshalled as never before that Mary's power will be most evident. Grace alone can overcome sin and it is from Mary that all graces come. Her title to the honor of Mediatrix of all graces has not yet been defined dogmatically by the Church, but it seems possible that the near future will see this token of glory given to her officially.

Yet Mary needs help. Sons and daughters must rally to her banner and assist her in the world-wide religious mission of saving souls. No longer are chosen individuals sufficient to carry out the program that calls for the united action of the masses. Every individual must assume the responsibility of bringing souls back to God. Realizing this need of modern times, the late Holy Father called incessantly upon Catholics to respond to his inspired plan for the salvation of mankind. He asked individuals to work at



this task in whatever circumstances they may be. The routine activities of every day were to be the web from which was spun an appeal that would cover the entire earth.

Every man and woman was to be an apostle through unerring faithfulness to their daily duties. The working man in his shop, the housewife in her home, the student in his classroom — every individual was to save souls in his particular environment. Efficiency of work was the first bait of appeal and coupled with a sense of "soul-alertness" that seized every opportunity to do good it made of all sincere souls true apostles.

These are the soldiers that Mary needs. Men and women, boys and girls, who will take their stand by her and battle for the souls that must make the decision — a life of good or a life of sin? Every Catholic has the responsibility of helping those persons whom he meets to find their joy in loving Mary. Her mission is vast. She needs loyal support!

SOLILOQUIES

The Scene: Mlle. Deplexis is singing the leading role in the opera "Carmen." This evening's performance is one of a series of one night stands. She is in the midst of one of her principal arias.

Vivian Laurence, Mlle. Deplexis' understudy—
Someday I'll be out there, singing that. The people will mean their applause for me and my name will be in big print on the program. I could do it now if I'd only get the chance. I've sung that so many times I could do it in my sleep. If only I could get a chance. I will, though. Someday.

Mike McCracken, reporter from the *Morning Globe*—
Another one of these things. I could write this without even coming. "Mlle. Deplexis delivered a fine performance in her role of Carmen - -" Nuts. She slaughters it but the boss said don't pan it, so—. I think I'll leave after this act and write up a couple of sticks for the first edition. Then I might drop over to Joe's for a couple of beers.

Mrs. Van Arlington, society matron—
Oh, there's Mrs. Smythington. I wonder if she sees me. She should, that's why I got this box.

Oh, she's wearing a new diamond necklace. I don't see where he gets all his money. I do wish they'd turn on the lights again. It's so dark I can hardly see anyone. I suppose I should read the program notes too. All the girls will be talking about this at the club tomorrow.

Mr. Van Arlington, just a business man—
Oh what I wouldn't give for a smoke right now. I wonder how much longer it is till the intermission. These opera stars always give me a pain. Say, there's Ed. I wonder if he's going on that fishing trip. And there's J.C. If I had that contract with me I bet I could get him to sign it. I can hardly wait for a smoke.

Jake, for twenty-four years the janitor at the Music Hall — This ain't as good as the one they had here in twenty-eight. The scenery ain't as pretty and she ain't either. Yes, that was something, that was. Why I remember the soldiers' uniforms had gold braid all down the front and plumes on their hats. This jes' ain't as good. I remember.

—KING BRADOW



THE OPERA FESTIVAL

The forthcoming opera festival beginning May 16, with its superb array of stars from the Met recalls the daring experiment which was the two-year-ago beginning of the event which has contributed so materially to Dayton's cultural atmosphere.

In her suite at the Biltmore the other day, Miriam Rosenthal, the intrepid and enterprising impresario who has so capably pioneered this innovation in things of a music nature, though assured of the success that is destined to mark the third consecutive Grand Opera Festival, was regretting, however, that ticket sales for the festival were confined to out-of-towners and to those lovers of music who claim Dayton as merely their temporary home.

When asked to venture an opinion on this evident lack of interest on the part of local residents Miss Rosenthal attributed it to a lack of appreciation of good music in general and opera in particular.

"The only hope for opera as I see it, is its integration into the public school system," she said.

"Along with other good music, in this way we may very reasonably hope to improve the music mind of the masses."

"What do you think of the 'pop' concert as a part of public school training?" I asked.

"I'm all for it," she answered. "The very name 'pop' concert has something in its favor. People seem to shy away from anything under the label 'symphony.'"

In operatic presentations Miss Rosenthal has found *Carmen* the biggest box-office attraction while programs of the type of *The Hour of Charm* have met the largest appeal on the part of the local public. Tickets for the Spitalny organization were exhausted two hours after they were placed on sale.

Miss Rosenthal is to be commended for the phenomenal foresight and courage which have enabled her to accomplish what to every way of thinking has been a man-sized job.

—FREDERICA BUNTON

A PLEA FOR INALIENABLE RIGHTS

• By MARGUERITE TURNER

A clear impassioned plea.

Pray God we heed it.

THE Negro in America wants to be regarded as an American — not as a Negro — and to be treated as such. America owes the same inalienable rights of every other citizen to the Negro. She has made the Negro an American citizen and owes to him good wages, good schools, adequate housing, wholesome recreation, police protection, justice, a larger share in civic improvements, and last, a chance to make the most of himself. These are the same ultimate goals of all men. The Negro has capabilities of culture and character equal to those of any other race; his gifts and endowments are equal to those of any other people. In spite of his struggles, he has achieved eminence and distinction in the sciences and arts, he has broken records of every kind in sports, his music is known around the world; he has, in effect, done successfully everything that other able and successful people can do. And no matter how long he must strive, the Negro must some day live in America with such freedom of movement, such equality of opportunity, and such respect for his personality that even though distinguished in his physical characteristics, his status will be no lower than that of the average American citizen. In fewer words, he wants the full benefit of life and of opportunity to develop in a nation that calls itself both Christian and democratic—to develop without the feeling of inferiority and to live without wearing his race always as a weight around his thinking and his heart.

The Negro is not an American of his own volition. The first one hundred and fifty years spent in this country were under conditions which did not afford any opportunity for advancement — he was valued for his brawn alone, and was offered little chance for cultural development except purely imitative and primitive. During the three quarters of a century since he has been liberated, he has lived most of the time under a fixed level for advancement — a level below that of the average white man. He has lived under a system where the economic, political, and civic powers were in the hands of the white race, and particularly in the south, this dominance has been preserved. He has lived under open and even boasting discrimination in some states; he has been deprived of the one right and one instrument an American citizen has to voice his legitimate demands

upon government. But — in spite of these obstacles, the Negro has made more progress since the termination of the feudal system of the South than any other race has made in a similar period in the world's history. His progress, considered as a whole, has been freer from bitterness, bloodshed, and reprisal than that of any other people struggling to win elemental rights from a dominant people.

All of us know, however, that there still persist ignorance, prejudice, and passive, if not active, resistance of our further advancement. Although state legislatures have indicated a growing sense of responsibility concerning education, the Negro is getting nothing like a proportionate deal in educational opportunities. Formerly, there was the general belief that with education the whole racial problem would quickly vanish. The Negro went at education feverishly, but no magical result took place; nevertheless, this desire to acquire knowledge and the ability to assimilate it have been to a great extent responsible for his advancement.

There is no pretense to the payment of equal wages for equal work; a Negro is paid less, because he is a Negro. Even teachers, who must have the same preparation and the same standards as their white colleagues receive a lower salary.

The Negro has been urged to back the fight to beat Hitler, yet he has been shut out of government jobs for which he is qualified, and he has not been given the opportunity for employment in the war industries. The manpower shortage has eased the extreme pressure which made job discrimination the number one problem among Negroes; but all too often, after the Negro has engaged in years of preparation to follow a given occupation, the doors of opportunity have been shut in his face. It must be admitted, however, that there has been important progress in removing barriers against Negro labor, but protests for equality must not be stopped now. The time is here to demand the rights and privileges for which the Negro boys fight.

The government has drafted the Negro citizen for service in its armed forces, yet he has not been ade-

quately protected. Wearing the uniform of his country he has been insulted on the very streets he is prepared to defend. Even while he wears the uniform of an American soldier, and fights on the far-flung battlefields for democracy, he must fight in segregated contingents; he is not given an equal opportunity for advancement; he is mistreated and abused by white enlisted men and officers, and yet, he is fighting for democracy — a way of life which he as a citizen has never fully enjoyed.

Slowly, but surely America is realizing that the Negro is a capable soldier, and if trained, can do the work of any other American soldier, and gradually the Navy will learn that a Negro sailor, given the same opportunity, will be as capable as any other sailor.

America will never fully win this war until she amends her ideals of democracy. America cannot help solve world problems of the relations of white and colored peoples if America is not earnestly and intelligently seeking to solve her own color problems. She cannot in good conscience insist upon the rights of minorities in conquered lands if intolerance is practiced here, or if the security of minorities in her own land is uncertain.

♦ Oswald Villard has said in *The Race Relations Crisis*, "We call to all America — Open wide the doors of all churches, all schools, all unions, all fraternal bodies, and all businesses to people of every race and color. Only by working, playing and worshipping together, day-by-day, can you wipe out the misunderstandings which are fertile soil for race hatred."

America owes the Negro the effective stamping out of lynching, the protection of his person and property from violence born of race antipathy. America — supposedly civilized, owes it to herself to declare by law that there shall be no lynchings, and to see that her declaration is enforced. To preserve America's self respect, and ideals of democracy and civilization, America owes the Negro discontinuation of racial discrimination in the armed forces, the protection of Negro troops from insult and abuse by stern insistence on the American uniform; she owes equal employment in all war plants, equal educational opportunities and equal judgment to those qualified Negro applicants.

America owes to its citizens Negro and white —

respect for human personality, treatment to all on the basis of their worth, giving to all every right and dignity — neither advantage nor disadvantage to accrue from color or race. The simple and sincere right of freedom—it burns in men's soul whether they are white or colored.

Lillian Smith, a clear-thinking, far-sighted southern white woman has said in so many words, that segregation and discrimination are stunting the growth of a nation and that we all must catch hold of something to help us toward a way of life in which every man is permitted to make his full contribution.

The task now falls upon the shoulders of this generation, who with the clear-sighted vision characteristic of youth, have sensed that the forces of democracy are stirring throughout the world, and have decided that their America too, shall be included. With the aid of church organizations, national sororities and fraternities, the N A A C P, and the Urban League, through liberal individuals, magazines and newspapers, America must fulfill her obligations to its American citizens.

If American democracy is to have meaning for all people — America owes it to her Negro citizens to legislate that arbitrary discrimination shall be done away with, that every man and every race shall have a chance at life free from fear — injustice — hatred — and intolerance, and a status among men determined only by what they are, and the part they can play. These inalienable rights America owes to its Negro citizenry.

★ ★ ★

TOGETHER

If I could give you just one thing
What would you ask, my sweet - -
A silken gown, a priceless gem,
The world in homage at your feet?

She raised her shining eyes to mine
Eyes that glow like stars above,
"What would I bid you give to me?
Why, what else but your love!

What else need I to shelter me,
To guide me through the years,
To brush aside the thorny boughs,
To smile at me through tears."

And so she placed her hand in mine
And thus we walk along.
And I know aught of doubt or fear
Her love has made me strong.

—RITA MCCARRY



TO A GOLD STAR MOTHER ON
MOTHER'S DAY

God sent His only Son to Earth
To heal the ills of man.
So have you given back to Him
Your son, to grace His land.

Now on this dearest day He smiles
On aching mothers' hearts.
Oh, may you know the blessed peace
His loving smile imparts.

—RITA MCGARRY

QUERY

Soldier, are you wond'ring
As you shoulder your heavy pack
Are you wond'ring as you're marching
If you'll be coming back?

Soldier, are you doubting
As you think of life before
Are you doubting as you're marching
If it's worth fighting for?

Soldier, are you dreaming
Of the world that is to be
Are you dreaming as you're marching
Of a land of liberty?

Soldier, cease those wonderings
And leave those doubts behind
But oh, those shining dreams of yours
Store them safely in your mind.

Shelter well and nourish them
Keep them bright and unafraid
Guard them well through all war's hell
Of such will peace be made.

—RITA MCGARRY

★ ★ ★

CASUALTY LIST

Killed in action —
Cold, passionless black words
Among a thousand other cold black words.
Just another casualty.
To those who knew him
Those words mean misery without end;
And loneliness that deepens with the years,
And a scorching, searing grief
That leaves the heart furrowed with wounds;
Those cold black words say nothing
Of the way his eyes crinkled when he smiled,
Or how that lock of hair always fell across his forehead,
Or of the intent expression of adoration on his face
When he knelt to pray in church,
Or how his laughter rang clear and gay,
Utterly joyous just to be young and alive.
A million eyes, wet with weeping,
A million souls that writhe in grievous anguish,
A million arms that now enfold emptiness
All turn to Him who alone can soothe and comfort
And allay the racking pain
When the cold black words say — Killed in action.

—MARY K. COTTERMAN

THE WAY OF THE COLORED CHRIST

I am the Christ the world has slain,
The colored Christ, 'tis I who speak.
My Olive Garden: color bus and train
Where Judas came to kiss my cheek.

There was I bound and led away;
No kindly face was there to see.
My fellow-Christ, they would not say:
"Go not away, but sit by me."

I turned to schools, a yearning youth,
Lest in deep darkness I should sink.
"I thirst!" cried I. "I thirst for truth."
They gave me vinegar to drink.

And grown a man, the marts of trade
Were closed to me. They scourged my back
And left me hungry, underpaid,
Reviled, because my skin was black.

Oft did I go to cast my choice
For him I held in civil trust.
But ten did speak as with one voice:
"Be off! We choose what man is just."

A house I entered where the lame
Might find a bed, a heart benign—
The cross upon its roof became
A gibbet, not a triumph sign.

From tearful sowing I did reap
A home, but none would neighbor me.
And I was startled from my sleep,
Led to a ghetto Calvary.

I journey thus through all the land
As Jesus did, His head was priced.
My soul came snow-white from the hand
Of God, a brother to the Christ.

—MICHAEL J. MOAKLER

★ ★ ★

I REMEMBER MAMMA

Oh, I remember Mamma's voice
As gently soft and gay,
And even fury in her heart
Sounded the self-same way.

Oh, everything that Mamma did
Was for the good of me,
And oh, the pity of it is,
That only now, I see.

—ANNE MATSON

Editorial Comment . . .

ADA KAY BOMFORD, Editor-in-Chief

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Five Smooth Stones

(Fifth in a series of five)

There is great cause for rejoicing in the land. Our country is the seat of an organization for peace, and from this organization can emerge the curatives for a warring world's ailments. Men with vision in their eyes are writing the plans in living words and deeds. But aside from the actual business of armaments and economics there is a spirit prevalent that was felt at the opening of the San Francisco conference in the few moments of universal silent prayer. It seems that nations are drawing together not only spatially, but idealistically and religiously.

From a late Polish writer we hear that religion is the core of civilization. Then what greater unifying power can there be than a bond of religion? Not treaties, nor agreements, nor debts, nor promises, but true brotherly love and charitableness and common principles of justice and decency.

Monsignor Fulton Sheen in *The Divine Verdict* makes three interesting analogies and draws an important conclusion.

"As the Cross was made by a horizontal bar of man crossing the vertical bar of God, so the war is the result of the contradiction of the Divine Will by the human . . . It is a reminder that God's moral law will never be destroyed as the sun will never cease to rise in the east . . . All our talk about spheres of influence, global strategy, Balkan federations, international courts, Beveridge plans, freedom and democracy, will collapse like a house of cards unless based on the moral order of Justice. . . Power without morality is power without responsibility."

Because of the nature of these five articles, a stone must be hurled against a Goliath. Then let this last stone be hurled against the anti-Christ. There have been many conjectures as to who the anti-Christ could be, but it is certain that the Satan that tempted our Lord three times is back in the world. He comes with the deceptive smiling visage, with the gloss of erudition on his brow. For example there is the trend toward unprincipled, unrestrained education.

Then wherever the anti-Christ arises let him be cut down where he stands and erect Christianity in his place. To cut down the evil we have the big sword of the revised Dumbarton Oaks agreement, the world peace plan, the smaller swords of reeducation, of educating ourselves, of the breaking down of unjust economic and social racial barriers.

In youth meetings, discussing war, peace, and international politics, there is always forceful representation of the faction that leaves God entirely out of settlement of these problems. They declare blandly that religion has no place here. What pathetic blindness!

The anti-Christ can cause wars, sufferings, humiliation, pillage, despair. Yet after centuries wars are still with us and will be with us until the Christ is taken in. Our late president realized this as have few other men in high positions. Through his proclamations, prayers, speeches, with his personal example of accomplishing what could never have been accomplished without our Father's help, we have a basis for everlasting peace.

—A. K. B.

OUR THANKS

We of the Exponent Staff wishes to express our gratitude to *The Marianist* and to the *Young Catholic Messenger* for permission to use their halftones during the past school year. *The Marianist* is the publication sponsored by the two American provinces of the Society of Mary and the *Young Catholic Messenger*, published during the past fifty years by the George Pflaum Publishing Company, has a very large circulation in the parochial schools of the country. We also want to thank all the students that have helped us this year by their contributions. With a small student body in these war-time days editors have their own problems in getting sufficient copy to publish magazines. The University of Dayton students have made our task relatively light in the past year and we are grateful.

—A. K. B.



THE PASSING OF A NOTED EDUCATOR

The Marianists in America were notified recently of the death of Brother Michael Schleich, S.M., in Madrid, Spain on April 25. Brother Schleich was a member of the General Administration of the Society of Mary with headquarters in Nivelles, Belgium, since 1909. In that capacity he was the Inspector General of the schools of the Society all over the world, and that includes all the continents except Australia. He was born in Pittsburg and made his college studies at the old Normal School of the Society here in Dayton, (now St. Joseph Hall on the U. D. campus) and at Stanislas college in Paris. He was a member of the University faculty in the nineties and for many years he was the director of studies of the Normal School mentioned above. For one year he was the Inspector of Schools of the Cincinnati Province of the Society and in 1909 he was elected to the General Administration. He returned to America on official visitations three times. Brother Schleich was always very vitally interested in the University of Dayton and followed the happenings here at U. D. down through the years. All the Marianists on the University faculty know him and some of us remember him as a teacher and guide. The *Exponent* in the name of the University wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Brother Schleich as a great educator, a great leader and a religious gentleman.

OUR CHALLENGE . . . PEACE

In the words of our fallen leader Franklin Delano Roosevelt lies the challenge we, the future guardians of peace, must heed.

"We owe it to our posterity, we owe it to our heritage of freedom, we owe it to our God, to devote the rest of our lives and all of our capabilities to the building of a solid, durable structure of world peace."

How we shall accept this challenge is up to ourselves; no one can force us to build the peace and we cannot build the peace unless we all understand the foundations we must build that peace on. The corner stone that has been laid for us, was laid in October, 1944 at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, D. C. There the representatives of the four great powers met and promulgated a plan by which we could set up a General International Organization for world peace.

The plan briefly is: (1) An international organization to be set up called the United Nations. (2) A General Assembly of Nations, to discuss and make recommendations regarding peace problems. (3) A Security Council composed of five permanent members and six temporary members to rule on peace problems. (4) An international Court of Justice for peaceful settlements of disputes. (5) An Economic and social council to smooth out problems of trade, labor, etc. (6) A military staff committee of the military leaders of the big nations.

Several changes have been suggested by leaders of public opinion for the improvement of this plan, here are a few: (1) A preamble that states the nations are subject to the sovereignty of God and the Moral Law of God. (2) Guarantees that disarmament will follow as soon as security measures have proved successful. (3) Independent small nations must have more guarantees for their security.

It should be remembered that the propositions of of Dumbarton Oaks cannot help but be imperfect. They are the results of compromise, revision, and amendment; time and experience we hope will bring about a true, perfect and just Peace Charter.

The influence of the United States in bringing about the final perfection of the charter can be effective only if we exercise our influence from within the organization. We are learning the tragic lesson that it will never be effective from without.

—SAMUEL K. DE HART



RAYMOND F. BIEBENBENDER

JOSEPH THEODORE BROWN

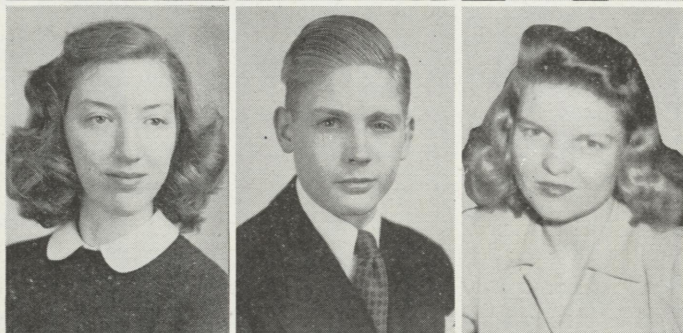
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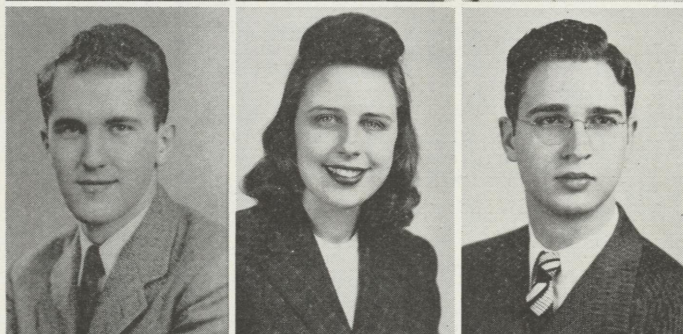
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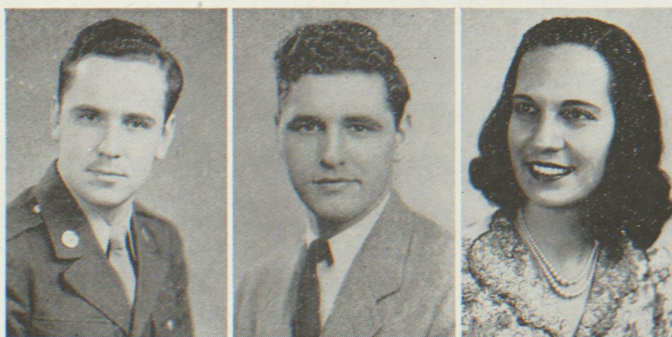
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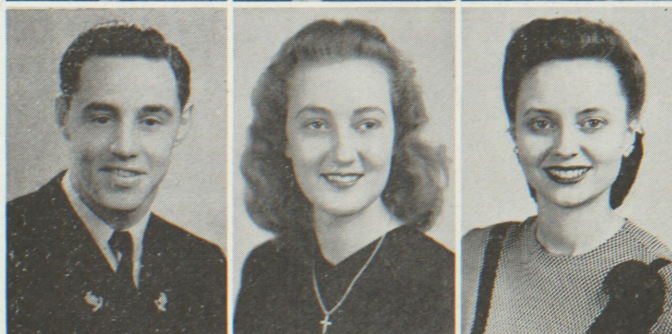
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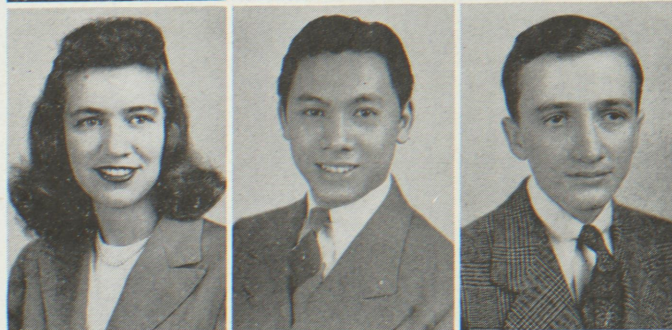
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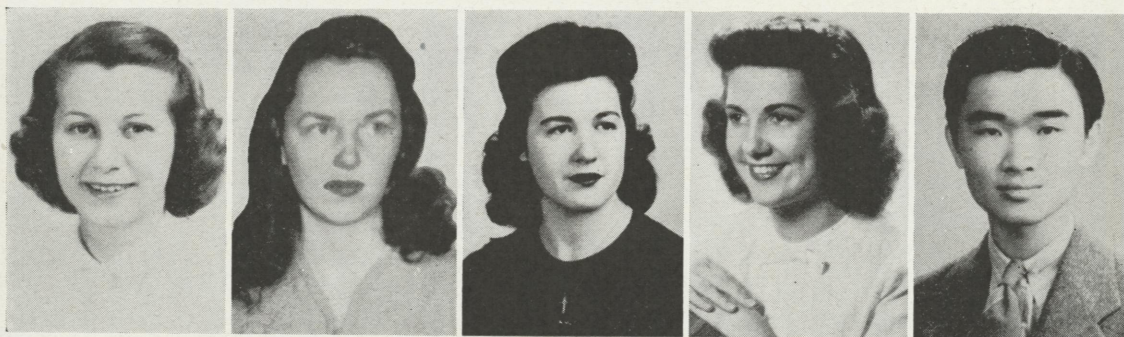


ELAINE T. WHALEN

ARTHUR GEE HING WONG

JAMES C. WREN





BEVERLY TOMPKINS

KATHERINE ELWIN ANGST

KATHRYN BETTY CARLTON

SUSANA MAY DUDLEXT

HELEN LOUISE RICHARDS

PETER LUKE YOUNG, Jr.



JEAN WRIGHT



FEBRUARY FRESHMAN CLASS

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Miriam Blaaser

James Thompson, John Ryan, Roderick Kreitzer, Vincent Parlette, Robert
Buehler, William Boucuvalas, Thomas Egan, Donald Schlotterbeck

LeRoy Miller, Thomas McCarthy, John O'Neil, George Oberer, William Porter,
Elmer Gootch, Franklin Ross

Harry Thomas, John Wolf, William Zaenglein, Robert Francis, John Dawson,
Kenneth Morrissey



THE PARK IN MAY

GRADUATES OF 1945

ARTS

JOHN HENRY ANTONY, Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Mariemont, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BETTYE ALLEN, 57 Old Lane, Dayton, Ohio.

KATHERINE ELWIN ANGST, 413 Salem Avenue, Dayton Ohio. Women's Chorus, Cabos.

LEILA FERN CHANNEL, 62 Chambers Street, Dayton, Ohio.

SUSANA MAY DUDLEXT, 333 North Paramount Street, Downey, California. Thespians, International Relations Club, Women's Athletic Association, Women's Chorus, Alpha Rho Tau, Senior Class Officer, Alpha Sigma Tau, Who's Who, Steering Committee, Alpha Psi Omega.

HUBERT ARTHUR ESTABROOK, Jr., 318 Southview Road, Dayton, Ohio. Senior Class Officer, Who's Who, U. D. News, Exponent.

RICHARD P. KINN, 349 West Tiffin Street, Fostoria, Ohio. Student Council, Chorus, Thespians, Intramural Sports.

HELEN LOUISE RICHARDS, 2116 Rugby Road, Dayton, Ohio. Thespians, U. D. News, Exponent, Cabos, Alpha Rho Tau, Women's Athletic Association.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH STICH, 240 Maryland Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Gamma Chi, Thespians, U. D. News, International Relations Club, Interracial Club, Daytonian Staff, Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Exponent, Alpha Rho Tau.

BEVERLY TOMPKINS, 2533 Patterson Road, Dayton, Ohio.

BUSINESS

EDWIN H. COLLINS, 321 Doddington Street, Dayton, Ohio.

GERTRUDE HEINZ HICKEY, 55 West Bruce Street, Dayton, Ohio. Beta Upsilon Sigma, U. D. News, Women's Athletic Association.

SHIRLEY ANNETTE RUPERT, 1906 Far Hills Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

MARVIN J. BROWN, 1217 Glendale Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

MUSIC

BETTY JANE SUMAN, 1401 Phillips Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

SCIENCE

EDWARD L. BUESCHER, 3345 Meyer Place, Cincinnati, Ohio, Mathematics Club, Sigma Delta Pi, Alpha Sigma Tau, Cabos.

KATHRYN BETTY CARLTON, 700 Otterbein Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi, Alpha Sigma Tau, Phi Chi.

MARGARET REGINA CARROLL, 125 East Market Street, Xenia, Ohio. Who's Who, Student Council, Senior Class Officer, Sigma Delta Pi, Phi Chi, Steering Committee, International Relations Club, Cabos, Thespians, Women's Athletic Association, Mask and Mascara.

MARY JOAN DODSWORTH, 315 Lexington Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi, Editor, Sigma Delta Pi News, Steering Committee, Alpha Sigma Tau, Women's Athletic Association.

MAE ANN DRISCOLL, Rural Route 5, Dayton, Ohio.

MARY ANN GRADY, 340 South Main Street, Dayton, Ohio.

JEROME T. GRISMER, 532 Forest Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Honor Society, Sigma Delta Pi, Exponent, Sigma Delta Pi News, Pershing Rifles.

FRANCIS KOON WUN HONG, 57 New Era Lane, Honolulu, Hawaii. Mathematics Club, Sigma Delta Pi, Alpha Sigma Tau.

GEORGE JOSEPH IGEL, 68 Preston Road, Columbus, Ohio. Student Council, Senior Class Officer, Cabos, Mathematics Club, U. D. News Editor, Alpha Sigma Tau, Who's Who, Exponent.

MAUVIS C. JOHNSON, Rural Route 1, Box 523, Dayton, Ohio.

JOHN AMON KELBLE, 3027 East Fourth Street, Dayton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi, Cabos, Intramural Sports.

MARK FRANCIS MOOTS, 720 McKinley Avenue, S. W., Canton, Ohio.

RAYMOND PATRICK MURPHY, 434 N. Central Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Sigma Delta Pi, Mathematics Club.

LOUIS J. NUTINI, 5 Fort Mitchell Avenue, Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. Student Council, Class Officer, Alpha Sigma Tau, Mathematics Club, Sigma Delta Pi.

ANNE ELIZABETH PENNEL, 521 Circular Street, Tiffin, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi.

FERN B. REEVER, Glidden, Iowa. Sigma Delta Pi.
MATHIAS JOHN ROLL, 415 Homewood Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi.

JAMES ALAN SCHULER, 427 Main Street. Marion,
Ohio. Student Council, Mathematics Club, Sigma
Delta Pi, Alpha Sigma Tau, Sodality.

NIALL MARTIN SCULLY, 509 North Fess Street,
Bloomington, Indiana.

JAMES HOROYUKI TANAKA, 74 11 D, Rivers,
Arizona.

FRANCES LEE THORNTON, 113 Haynes Street,
Dayton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi, Sigma Delta Pi
News, Chorus, Thespians, Women's Athletic Asso-
ciation, Mask and Mascara, Phi Chi, Steering Com-
mittee.

ARTHUR LEONARD VENTURA, 3901 East Third
Street, Dayton, Ohio.

ARTHUR GEE HING WONG, 407 Paui Street,
Honolulu, Hawaii. Sigma Delta Pi, Alpha Sigma Tau.

RICHARD A. WELSH, 205 North Plum Street,
Springfield, Ohio.

PETER LUKE YOUNG, Jr., 3775 Old Pali Road,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

HOME ECONOMICS

OKLA LEONARD CHENOWITH, 11 Delwood
Drive, Dayton, Ohio.

ELAINE T. WHALEN, 269 Schantz Avenue, Day-
ton, Ohio. Sigma Delta Pi.

EDUCATION

MARTHA E. BRUMBAUGH, New Lebanon, Ohio.
ELIZABETH CHOATE, 910 Cumberland Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

MARY ANN FINKE, 208 Squirrel Road, Dayton,
Ohio. Women's Athletic Association, Class Officer,
Student Council, Women's Chorus, Spirit Committee,
Cabos, Epsilon Gamma, Queen of the Senior Prom.

LILLIAN BRANDT GREENHOF, Rossburg, Ohio.

DOROTHY J. KEMPER, 108 Firwood Drive, Day-
ton, Ohio.

MARGARET COSNER LEWIS, 338 Hadley Road,
Dayton, Ohio.

KATHRYN BURNS MACCULLUM, 26 Shaw
Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

RUTH DIETZ MODLER, 1721 Kensington Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

HELEN LOUISE MOENTER, 1016 Dodgson Court,
Dayton, Ohio.

GENEVA MAY MOODY, 404 Groveland Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

DOLORES MARIE SAVINO, Old Troy Pike, Day-
ton, Ohio. Chorus, Women's Athletic Association.

SISTER MARY AVILA STANGEL, M.S.C., St.
Michael's Convent, Reading, Pennsylvania.

JEAN WRIGHT, 7 Cushing Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.
Women's Chorus, Thespians, Women's Athletic As-
sociation, Intramural Sports, U. D. News, President
Women Students.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

JOSEPH THEODORE BROWN, 2805 West Second
Street, Dayton, Ohio. Mathematics Club, Band,
Pershing Rifles.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

RAYMOND F. BIEBENBENDER, 208 Young
Street, Middletown, Ohio. Mechanical Engineering
Society.

JOHN M. FARNBACHER, 924 North Euclid
Avenue, Dayton, Ohio. Mechanical Engineering So-
ciety.

ROBERT W. REEF, 121 Heaton Street, Dayton,
Ohio. Student Council, Mathematics Club, Chorus,
Thespians, Mechanical Engineering Society.

JAMES C. WREN, Rural Route 1, West Union,
Ohio. Student Council, Pershing Rifles, Mechanical
Engineering Society.

EDWIN JEROME ZWIESLER, 119 Lincoln
Street, Dayton, Ohio, Class Officer, Monogram Club.



DAYTON AS A CULTURAL CITY

Dayton has long been noted for its commercial rather than cultural attainments, but its paucity of interests in matters of a higher, intellectual nature need not trouble us now. It is within the last five decades that we have matured, developing a love for the finer things: art, music and literature.

It was in the late seventies that Dayton awakened a desire for art. Charles Soule, John Insko Williams and Edmond Edmondson were among the first painters to be noted. Later, a few amateur organizations established themselves, earnestly trying to arouse the interest of Daytonians. A few saw the beautiful in life and slowly things happened. The first definite movement was in 1902 with the development of the Dayton Society of Arts and Crafts. Enthusiasm spread and today, Dayton has increased in artistic proficiency immeasurably. Here the late Mrs. Harrie G. Carnell comes definitely into the picture. Through her moving spirit, efforts and contributions, the Dayton Art Institute became not a dream but a reality. It is in this Institute that Dayton has attained the culmination of her artistic ideals.

The sproutings of community music began in the small, insignificant Dayton of 1823 under the leadership of John Van Cleve. They called themselves the Pleyel Society. Later, a group under James Turpin, who directed a cantata entitled "The Haymakers," was organized together with the Philharmonic Society. Appreciation of music grew and today the Dayton Civic Orchestra under Don Basset, the Westminster Choir, the Dayton Philharmonic under the direction of Paul Katz and others, too numerous to mention, afford hours of pleasure to interested Daytonians.

Dayton's literary history might be told in the story of its authors. However, that tale is too long to relate here. Maskell E. Curwen's "A Sketch of the History of Dayton" is among the first and most cherished volumes in our possession. Many followed, among them John Van Cleve, Mary Steele, George Houk and others. Though commercially minded, as was previously stated, Dayton can tell the tale of a number of writers whose fame has extended beyond her narrow locality. Literary interest now is wide-

spread. Museums and libraries have been established throughout the city and in these well-equipped buildings are volumes upon volumes of educational matter that prove beyond a doubt that Dayton, as a cultural city, rates among the highest.

—PATRICIA JUSTICE



DIFFERENCE IN TYPES OF BRIDGES

Yes, there are many types of bridges. If you ask several people to give at least one example of differences in types of bridges, you will get various answers.

If you ask an engineer, he will tell you that there are suspension bridges, pontoon bridges, and arched bridges. Then he will go into a long description of each. The average Daytonian will reply that there are only a few types of bridges and very little difference in them. He will say, "Well, there's the Third Street bridge, the Main Street bridge, the railroad bridge, and, oh, a few others." The society lady, upon being questioned, replies, "Bridge! Did someone say she wanted to play bridge?"

If you happen to ask a person from the heavenly regions of New York city, meaning Flatbush, to name a difference in types of bridges, he will answer, "Difference? There isn't any. The Brooklyn Bridge is the same at both ends." The violinist will answer, "Why there are many differences in design. Naturally you know that a bridge is the arch for the strings on a violin."

Finally we must ask the "red-blooded American boy" for his opinion. He says, "A bridge? Well, that's used when you are playing pool, and you want to make a difficult shot without sitting on the pool table. A right-handed player uses a bridge to put right-handed "english" on a left-hander's shot, and a left-handed player uses a bridge to put left-handed "english" on a right-hander's shot."

Yes, there are many types of bridges.

—EDDIE MARRINAN

LET'S WAKE UP

The growing instability of the marital relation and the home has become a matter of grave social concern. Throughout all the years, the Church has stood firmly by its immutable decision in the matter of divorce. The State, on the other hand, took on the benign, paternal, "Oh, let them play" air when divorce-seekers first began to peck away at the foundations of human society. Now the State has lost its air of benignity. In a frenzied perplexity, it shouts, "Why doesn't somebody stop them?" — for the number of these innocent, little "players" has been multiplied to an alarming degree. They have pursued their subtle "play." The foundation of the house has been all but pecked away entirely. The house trembles on its meager support. There is grave danger of its collapse.

Yet, while many people wrack their brains in response to the popular cry—"Why doesn't somebody do something?" — just as many others are contriving more efficient facilities for supplementing the ranks of the "players." These diabolical concoctors have made divorce a business — an appalling "good" business. This subversive venture initiated a giddy round of bickering in the state legislatures. The perennial attempts within these revered bodies to outstride the other states in the facility of divorce issuance has come to be classed under Economic History, so profitable has been the business.

When confronted with the accusation of having an ultimate goal of unrestrained sexual promiscuity in his desired legislation, the "modernist" will, invariably, be shocked at such a misconception of his progressive desires for the betterment of his fellow-men.

To counteract these iconoclasts of reason and the moral law, several suggestions have been brought under deep consideration. Chief of these — because of the nation-wide dispute to which it has given rise — is the proposed "Uniform Divorce Legislation." Today, it is really one of the questions, though perhaps to some it appears to be a remote struggle, obscured by the war.

However, Congress needs no new powers to enable it to put the Reno divorce beyond the pale. Ample provision for this emergency has been made in our

Constitution. Article IV, Section I states that "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the . . . judicial proceedings of every other State." It further provides that "Congress may by general laws prescribe the manner in which such . . . judicial proceedings shall be proved," thus implicitly authorizing Congress to define, with regard to divorce cases, just what shall and shall not constitute a "judicial proceeding."

Since 1790, this Congressional power has been consigned to some corner of oblivion. It is high time that we avoid burdening ourselves with any unnecessary legislation by utilizing this latent power to check the skyrocketing marriage smash-up rate.

—ROBERT DAVENPORT



"CHILD IS FATHER . . ."

When I was little on a night like this
With a moon so incredibly near
I'd be thinking that if I went up on the hill
I'd be looking at

The other side of the moon.
I'd be standing at my window, leaning, reaching out
I'd be thinking perhaps when I grow up
It will be easier.
I will be taller
I will know more
I will climb the hill alone.

Then I ceased stretching.
I learned all sorts of things
About reflected light and
How many millions of miles away are the planets.

So now it is night.
I stand on the hill and look up.
My hands are plunged
Solidly
Into my pockets.

My mind is sensible of spatial facts.
But in my heart a vague uneasiness
Childish rebellious unbelief in my heart
Is stretching . . . reaching . . . waving its hands
Across the narrow space . . .
Maybe . . . maybe . . .

—ADA KAY BOMFORD

MIDNIGHT IN THE MUSIC STORE

It is midnight in the music store. The silhouettes of the instruments cast upon the floor seem to be serenading each other.

The shadow of the yawning saxophone with its curled up snout appears to be chanting to its neighbor, the clumsy bass viol whose hairy bow hangs idly by the huge instrument's shoulder. A beam of light through the closed window reveals the shadow of the slim, melodious flute falling across the white smooth head of the drum and the silver chimes stand still and gleaming.

In a distant corner of the dark room the dignified harp whispers silent chords to the gigantic ear of the tuba while the tom-tom throbs with stillness. Unheard blasts blare from the trumpet as it engages itself in a bit of unaccompanied jazz.

The fixed look of the piano is unaware of the shapely shadow of the violin with narrow waistline which is being cast upon the ivories. A clarinet whines lazily to an attentive guitar.

All is still to the human ear. It's midnight in the music store.

—GERALDINE BUBOLZ

★ ★ ★

THE BUMP

When you mentioned in class about the irritating bumps you received from grammatical errors in our compositions I was reminded of a bump that was very precious to me. It was a bump in the road. If you rode over it fast a very enjoyable breath-taking, stomach-lifting experience was felt.

At that time we lived a short distance out in the country. The grand bump was about an eighth of a mile above our house. My sister's boy friend, now my brother-in-law, had a convertible coupe. Both my sisters and their boy friends rode in the front and two neighbor boys and I rode in the rumble seat. We would beg the driver to go fast over the bump. This resulted in our leaving the seats but it was fun. I loved to ride over it with anyone who drove fast or if I was by myself I loved to go over it full speed.

Then the fateful day came. My Dad was appointed road superintendent. He didn't like the bump in the road and thought it was dangerous. I was furious,

but silent and hopeful that the county would think it was too expensive or just wouldn't find time for the job, but they leveled the road. Now it is just an ordinary road with only a memory left. That was one bump that was pleasurable.

—MARCEAL HART

★ ★ ★

A TOAST TO A LADY!

You are my Mother. You are the one who shielded me, and when I felt pain you felt it with me. You are the one who saw me build my dreams into castles of sand, only to have them washed away by the sea. And you made me build again. You are the one whose strong love, and simple words of direction were a lighthouse by that sea.

You are the one who gave me devotion and showed me mettle in time of peace, so, that in time of war I was prepared for my second struggle . . . another struggle which would lead me onward. This I do for you, because you are my Mother, . . . and I am proud.

—ANNE MATSON

★ ★ ★

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

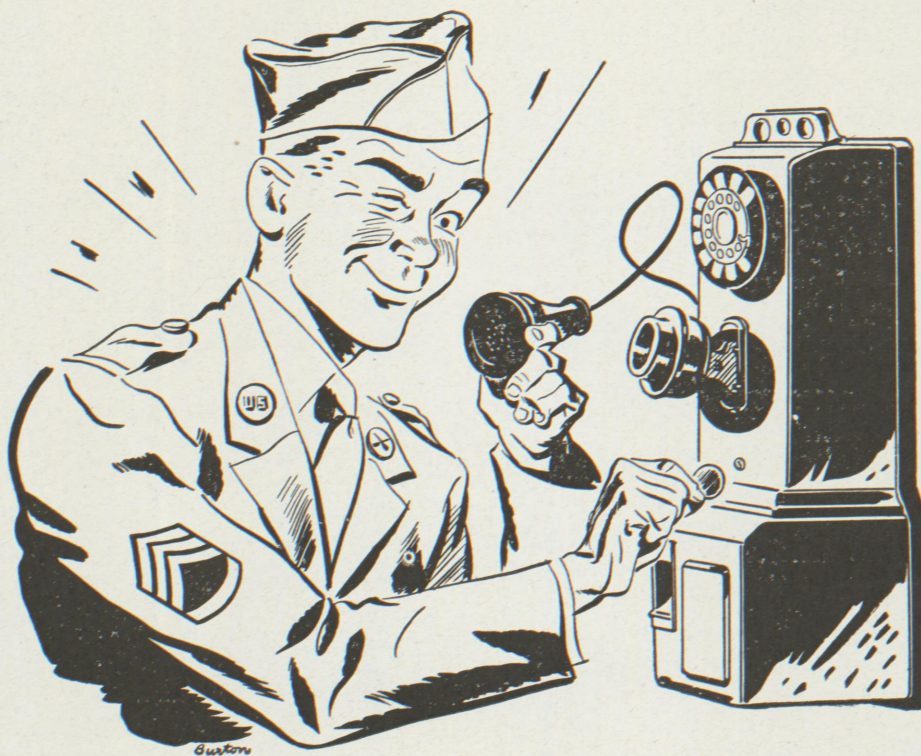
Ever since my childhood days, I have always enjoyed watching my mother's hands as they go about their daily tasks. They are small, capable-looking hands, with short, well-shaped fingers. The veins stand out prominently on the backs of her hands, but the skin that covers them is smooth.

It seems as if her hands can do anything! When mother peels apples, her hands remove the red skin easily and it falls from the fruit as thread unwinds from a spool. In making a cake, her hands move quickly and surely putting the ingredients into the mixing bowl then whipping the batter with strong firm strokes. They move the vacuum sweeper swiftly over the carpets, picking up small bits of thread my careless hands often leave behind.

Mother's hands are not always confined to housework. She is very skilled in crocheting and beautiful, spider-webs of thread fall from the flashing needle. And, oh, the many times her hands fashioned paper snowflakes for me when I was small.

When illness comes, Mother's hands smooth wrinkled bedclothes, "plump" bunched pillows and do

Maybe



HE WANTS THE LINE

Thinking of making a long distance call? Think first
of that soldier, sailor or marine of yours. He may be
trying to reach you tonight. Give him a chance.

"Save Seven to Ten for the Service Men"

THE OHIO BELL



TELEPHONE CO.

many tender loving little services to make me feel more comfortable. They can even make the distasteful medicine seem less hateful!

No theme on my mother's hand would be complete without saying a few words about buttons! Countless times I have fretted over a button that refused to go in place and mother's hands put the offender through its buttonhole easily and surely.

It is a comfort to know that mother's hands are here to help me and to teach my quick, careless hands to be as gentle and capable as hers.

—WANDA HEENAN

★ ★ ★

A RAINY DAY

"April showers bring May flowers," but I wish that there would be some other way for Mother Nature to help her May flowers make their appearance. A rainy day is a dreary day and the Sunday following the death of President Roosevelt was an especially dreary day.

A rainy day is also a day when a lady's hair becomes straight, her stockings become spotted and droopy, and her well-pressed clothes become untidy. For her it is a very discouraging day.

A delightful pastime on a rainy day, though, is to watch the wide variety of umbrellas as they bob along, guided by a steady hand. There are gay bright plaid umbrellas, checked umbrellas of various colors, and just plain umbrellas without a touch of color. There are also large umbrellas and small umbrellas—the small ones are carried by women because they dislike carrying a large umbrella and the large ones are carried by men because they consider small umbrellas too feminine.

It is also interesting to watch the wide variety of rain-coats. There are straight and fitted coats, plaid, check, or plain coats. The umbrellas and the coats together make a mingling of colors any artist would admire.

Although a rainy day in April is disgusting, it is delightful to be rewarded in May with the gaily blooming flowers.

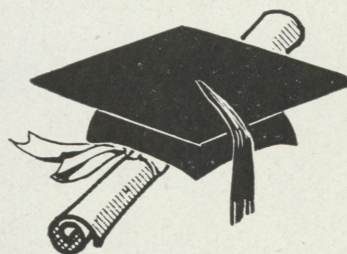
—MIRIAM BLAESER

THE ACCELERATED PROGRAM IN COLLEGE IS ILL-ADVISED

(Continued from Page 5)

versified activities attendant upon college life. An accelerated program, with its abnormal demands upon the mental energies of the student, with its undue concentration on the mental to the almost complete exclusion of the physical, tends to take on a one-sided character, thus defeating the professed objective of the college. If the college is to realize its end a comprehensive academic campus must go hand in hand with "moral instruction and adequate campus discipline." Personality development and character formation must combine with intensive mental development. If the college is to maintain its position as a center for training students for a liberal education; if it is to establish in its students a strong sense of social responsibility; if it is to foster leadership both by theory and practice of sound principles, let it continue its four-year form of study. Such a procedure will permit its students that leisureliness that will make for thoroughness on the part of conscientious students; it will make for actual intimacy with knowledge rather than a mere passing acquaintance and will make for that intrinsic culture which results from a deep draught from the Pierian spring.

It is in this way that college training can achieve its crowning aim to the extent that it becomes not merely a preparation for life, but, "an integral part of life itself."



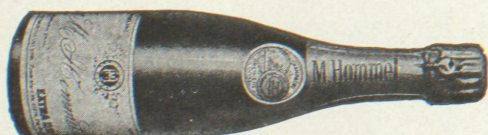
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