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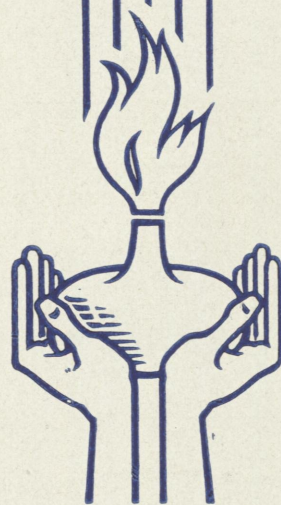
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EXPONENT



November, 1944

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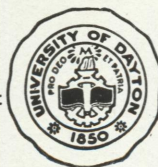
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THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

Praise ye the name of the Lord:
O you his servants, praise the Lord:

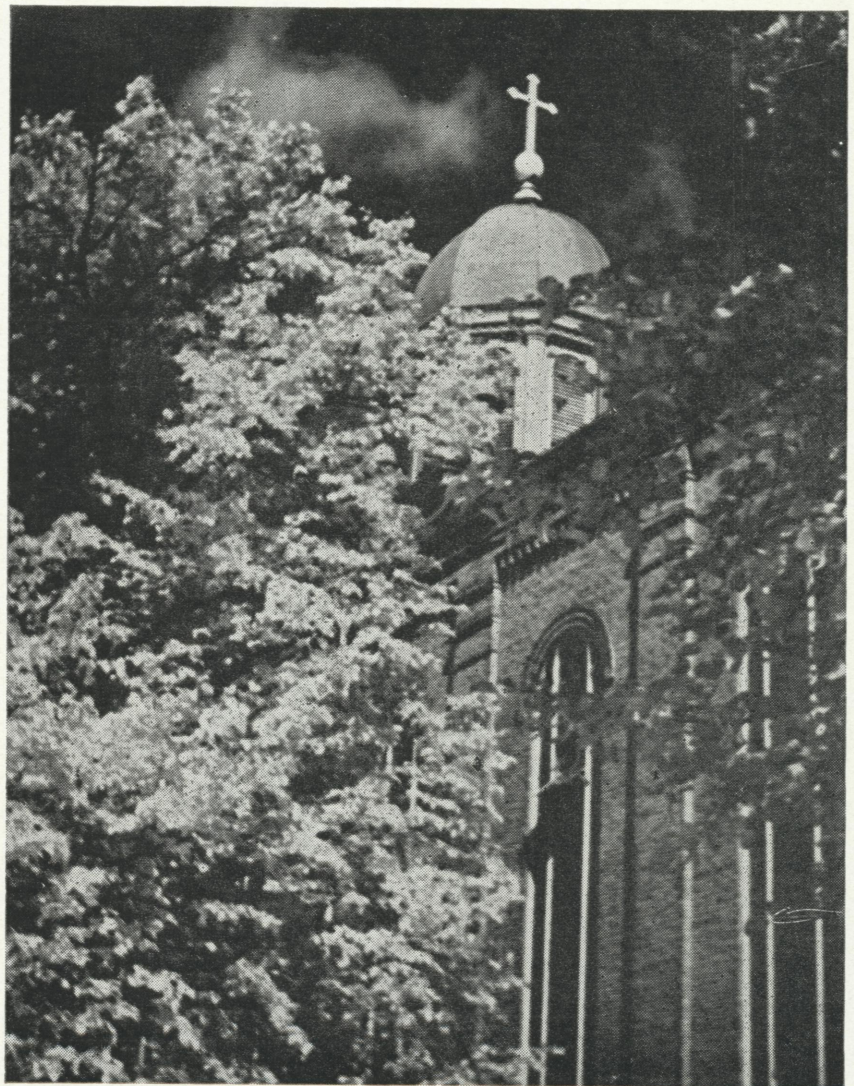
Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God.

Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good:
Sing ye to his name, for it is sweet.

For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself:
Israel for his own possession.

Thy name, O Lord, is forever: thy memorial,
O Lord, unto all generations.

(Psalm 134)



We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory

THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XLII

NOVEMBER, 1944

No. 6

ROARING, BLEEDING, SEARCHING!

• By JOHN KLEIN

Our alumni in the service

SLEEK, fast, thundering planes roar through the gray moonless night high over a fearful Germany, dropping their missiles of death, of destruction, of liberty! Tired, wounded, and bloodstained, soldiers hack their way through the entangling jungle. Our fleet rides the ocean (hallowed with the blood and bones of our dear ones) in quest of enemy craft. Planes roar, men hack and bleed, fleets search. Roaring, bleeding, searching—for Peace, for Victory!

* * *

Just as we, now, rove the campus smilingly, book-laden, gay; just as we sit in the cafeteria laughing, joking, sipping our sodas, listening to the juke box; just as we come from this class—sorry it's over, and from that class—sorry it wasn't over sooner; just as we have our speers of innocent fun; and, yes, just as we go to the Master to ask His strength, His blessing, His forgiveness, so they too, our valiant 1,639 alumni, did in years past.

But how the times have changed!

Now they tramp, not the U. D. Campus, but the blood-soaked earth of a Normandy, of an Anzio; they are laden, not with books, but with back-breaking packs; they laugh not, but a grim, defiant look which seems to say "Conquer we must; conquer we shall," is molded upon their countenances; they sit, not now, in a cozy cafeteria drinking a malt or enjoying the music, but lie crouched in the cramped tail of their Fortress, with only the monotonous roar of the motors and the rat-a-tat-tat of their tommies for music. How glad would they not be to endure any number of things if only they could efface from their memories, even for the barest length of time, those scenes of blood and carnage which will never be effaced! They are not now free to seek comfort and joy of their Father's House when they will. They must wait. They must wait for

Christ's minister; they must wait for his "Ego te absolvo"; they must wait for Christ's Body to be placed on their tongues.

They must wait for death. When rising, they know not whether they shall see the evening; when retiring, they know not whether they shall see the morn. Taking off, they wonder if they shall see the earth again. Bailing out they ask themselves if this is it. Gazing on the sea, they wonder if its leaping, lashing waves will not soon swallow them. They know that death is seeking them, following them, and may soon overtake them. Yet they continue. Why? Yes, why?

Why have they left home, parents, wives, sweethearts—all that ever meant anything to them! Why do they continue in the face of such dangers, such sacrifices? Is it too hard to imagine our fighting men as saying to themselves: "We see where our duty lies, and we're doing it, Pro Deo et Patria"? Why? Indeed; For you and me, and we know it!

Many plunge to earth human torches. Others die riddled with enemy fire. The scorched bones of many others gleam in the desert sun, while the sea also claims its share of bloated human bodies.

It's frightful to even imagine the sufferings of our men trapped in flaming planes or tanks. Their screams, their utter helplessness, their succumbing groans—we would rather do anything than think of them.

But what can WE do about it? How can WE insure the safety of our men? How can WE prevent enemy lead from dropping them in their tracks? How prevent them from shedding their life's blood? What can WE do to prevent their plunging to earth human torches? How stop Jap steel sinking deep into the hearts of our youth?



How indeed! By producing more tanks to overwhelm, to crush the enemy? By producing more, more, and still more arms and munitions to blow them and their death-dealing off the earth? By producing bomber after bomber to deliver their missiles of death, of destruction, of liberty? By these means can we insure the safety of our men? To an extent, a very great extent, yes, we can. With heavier, better, more powerful planes; with more arms, more munitions, our men can fight with more security, more safety.

But we, here, as students in this University, can't go out in the factories to roll off planes, tanks, munitions, from the production line. We're here studying, preparing ourselves, with a view to the Christian, the cultural of life. In a word, we are here to sustain, to promote that for which our men are fighting, are dying.

Then what have we left? We can't protect our men by moaning over them and their dangers; of course not. No, not by moaning, but by praying, can we insure the safety of our fighting men. Did not Christ say that whatever we asked the Father in His name would be given to us? Did He not also say, "Ask and you shall receive"? And wasn't it Tennyson who said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of"?

Perhaps you've read in No. 11 issue of CONTACT (a publication for men in the service) of a Bomber Pilot's encounter with prayer. We have the account in his own words:

When the ack-ack hit us, both engines conked out and we headed for the sea. I said, 'God, I'm sorry for my past life. I promise that if You get me out of this, You'll never have to worry about me again.' Well, that was the last I knew until I came to in the water. I was in bad shape. My leg was gone below the knee, the water was red all around, and I knew I'd bleed to death in a few minutes. And then what do you suppose happened? Something nudged me. Believe it or not, it was a piece of plywood with the plane's first-aid kit on it. I got the tourniquet out of it, and my co-pilot helped me to get the thing on and stop the bleeding. Another plane came along and dropped a life raft, and four hours later we were picked up by a rescue launch. God had something to do with that, Mister.

Do you suppose he has any doubts about prayer and its efficacy?

Neither you nor I know how many times incidents such as these have been duplicated. All we do know is that behind these incidents, is prayer. Prayer by the service man himself, prayer by the loving mother, prayer by the devoted wife, or prayer by the faithful "girl back home"! By the prayers of such, many of our men are saved from enemy lead, from Jap steel, from flaming death. Many are saved, but many more would be saved if there were more prayers, more sacrifices for them and their safety. Just as Our Lady of Fatima said to the three shepherds, "So many sinners are damned because they have no one to pray for them," she might also say, "So many soldiers are wounded and killed because they have no one to pray for them."

Do you suppose our men revel in the realization that they are just so much fodder for the enemy; that this mission may put the truth to the saying "They live in fame or go down in flame"; that these, their bodies, now active, strong, virile, may soon be lying out on desert sands lifeless, baked, corrupted? The mere thought of it on our part is nauseating, but to them, the actual fulfillment . . .? They know what they're in for, yet they go anyhow—for you, for me.

There is not one of us who does not admire the courage, the heroism, the love of our fighting men. But what are WE going to do? Sit back and be thankful we're not in their boots? And let it go at that?

Perhaps many of our men never really prayed before, but they do now. Pray as they never thought possible. But they're counting on us, we, the army back home, the army on its knees!

We, the army back home, (on its knees?) received a deserved slap in the face recently. It came from a newspaper. A picture showed a soldier, haggard, worn, dripping blood. The caption below—"Do we have to do the fighting, the dying—and the praying too?"

Well, what is our answer?

* * *

Planes roar, men hack and bleed, fleets search. Roaring, bleeding, searching—for Peace, for Victory!

THE LUCK OF NO. 10

• By ADA KAY BOMFORD

*A story you will enjoy to the very end.
Don't miss it!*

JOHNNY DIETHORN slumped over the wheel of No. 10, with his cap slanted dejectedly on the back of his sandy hair. Johnny was a very sad lad. Yes, indeed, but sad about nothing in particular and if that isn't the saddest kind of sadness there is, you name Johnny another. Woe is so much more satisfyingly intense if you can rivet it on one specific little demon . . .

Why was he here, anyhow? What was he doing driving a bus when up there . . . he screwed his head around so that he could look at the sky and watch the silver plane that had been circling gracefully and now was droning away to the south . . . Yeh, just a slight limp from an improperly set leg had done it. 4F. Well, if that's the way they felt about it he could take it. Do something for a while that he'd wanted to do all his life. Fire engines had been for the other kids, but he wanted to drive a bus. They needed bus drivers, too. Nothing to lose.

And now he'd learned to like the feel of the wheel under his hands, to pull like fury at it on the turns and then let it spin slowly back. He'd learned to like the way the old bus responded to the roads, singing over the new smooth ones, grumping over the bumpy ones. Almost human, No. 10 was. But not human enough to call Bertha or Jane as some of the other drivers did. Calling her No. 10 kept things on a businesslike relationship, like big men calling each other J. T., or B. G. She might get out of hand if you called her pet names. Just like a woman.

You couldn't tell other people things like that. They'd think you a loon for sure. But then, that wasn't much of a problem. There wasn't anyone to talk to anyway. The landlady wasn't the kind you stopped long with if you could help it. Sometimes she cornered you in the hall and started on the list of her grievances which amounted to a sizeable proportion. Whenever he got together with the other boys, they talked shop, their families, or told the jokes they had swapped with acquaintances on their runs. They were happy enough with a wife and a couple of kids apiece.

They kept telling Johnny that was what he needed. "Some home-cooked meals would build you up, Deet.

You're sure lookin' peaked." Or, "Don't worry, you'll find a woman some day. It's inevitable, hey boys?" Then they'd punch each other and laugh. They acted as they were still *happily* married!

Hah . . . he needed a woman! Good thing he knew when he was well off. He always refused when they generously offered to introduce him to "my wife's sister who's visiting us", or "a peach of a girl, friend of my wife's". Nope, he didn't want anyone who talked incessantly, who poked her nose into his affairs, who checked up on where he was if he didn't get home 'till eight o'clock. Nobody cared when he went out or came in. He was free . . . and happy. Sure he was. Don't look like that.

Johnny yawned slowly and slid his cap off. They wore caps only through town for the benefit of the company inspector.

Oh, it wasn't that he hadn't gone with plenty of girls. Don't get that idea. With his boyish looks and that limp especially, he brought out the maternal instinct in all of them. But the kind of woman he'd be satisfied with, huh, they don't even come as often as once in a lifetime. The rest are beautiful and bird-brained or intelligent and insipid.

One more street and he'd turn into Jefferson Parkway, the new government project, the long stretch of smooth, shining, newly-paved road with its one aggravating stop halfway down. For the three months he had been on this job, Johnny Diethorn had longed to go flying down that road without stopping. He could hear old No. 10 now, as happy as a lark, bursting her throat as he would let her out on that speedway. But every time, somebody had wanted off and he'd have to rein in his impatient, high-powered animal. Every time except one.

The bus was empty. His hour had come, but as he skimmed toward the intersection a huge Angora stalked into the street. Must have been blind and deaf to have done a thing like that. He screeched to a stop. He fumed, and as she looked up at him—he'll swear to this any time you care to ask him—that cat stuck her tongue out and sauntered off.

Well, that hadn't done Johnny's disposition any good, either. This may sound silly, but haven't you ever set your heart on doing something and had every attempt at doing it blocked? It's frustrating, to say the least. Why, you could practically develop a com-

plex. Psychologists probably had a name for it but Johnny hadn't learned it yet.

Yes, that was another thing about Johnny. He'd taken a couple of night classes at college before going on this job. Naturally, his hours queered plans like that. Now when was he going to get the rest of that education! Well, maybe bus drivers weren't supposed to get one. Maybe he was aiming too high. Maybe . . . Yes, sir, Johnny was pretty low.

"Pardon me, but uh, have we passed Lionel Avenue yet? It seems like an awfully long ride—"

"Lionel Avenue. Why, lady what's the m . . . ulp". Johnny looked at her. You could take her in in a second. A pretty little thing, no more than five feet four if she was that. But the thing that really stopped him was her expression. There was the sweetest smile he'd ever seen, and that included Coca Cola ads; and those quizzical brown eyes looking into his. They made a guy feel as though he'd failed a trust. And that soft voice. Gosh, you wouldn't mind if she did nag. Inside he felt as if a cork had been pulled out of a bottle filled with warm water. Odd, things you think of at moments like that.

"I'm afraid you're going the wrong way. That section is out at the other end of town on this busline."

"Oh." Her voice was very small and worried. He was surprised at the way his heart was reacting.

"But we'll be on the way back in a few minutes. You stay right on here and I'll take you back."

"Oh, that'll be . . . fine, thank you."

"Yeh," he grinned happily. "Why didn't you say something sooner. Could have saved yourself this long trip." *As if I wanted her to. But maybe I'd better act a little indifferent at first.*

"Well, this is my first day out here, out there I mean, and I was sure I was on the right bus, the brown with an orange stripe, Mrs. Parker said, and I'd have known the street by the description. And . . . well, I guess I was just afraid to ask," she concluded lamely.

Gosh, she's shy. And young. Must be nineteen, twenty. Johnny glanced up into the overhead mirror and noted with approbation that she was wearing a dark, soft-brimmed hat and a trim, dark coat. Her face was an oval he guessed, her skin like—"roses" was hackneyed, but the only thing that suited. Her eyes—he realized with confusion that she had been looking at him, too. They both colored and laughed a little.

Johnny set his cap on at its proper angle, lifted his head and straightened his tie.

"Going on a new job?"

"Yes. I'm to be a sort of personal attendant, companion, and social secretary for Mrs. Stacey Wilkes.

You know, take her calls, make appointments, send orders, check correspondence . . ." She stopped abruptly, amazed and embarrassed by this unusual flow of conversation with a total stranger. But he was nice looking, he had such white teeth, and those sad eyes. She wondered with an uneasy twinge how many other girls had fallen for those eyes . . .

Sarah Woods! What would your mother say! She'd say for certain that you were too young to be on your own in the city. Here you are, acting like a silly little high school girl over practically the first man you meet. And you didn't even *meet him!* Still, anyone who acted as genuine and nice as . . .

"Uh, you must be pretty smart to land a job like that." *Make conversation. That way you'll make sure. But you can be sure. You saw that the first moment you looked at her. She was the kind that would understand your feelings about No. 10. She would be something to come home to all right. And it would have to be a home. Two rooms would never do for her. Maybe one of those pretty little English bungalows off Jefferson Parkway. He could see her from the bus then, standing in the doorway . . holding Johnny, Jr., to wave at him . . .*

"I went to business school for two years." Pause. "But I'll only be on this job for three weeks. I'm going to be a secretary to a lieutenant in the government office downtown," she volunteered. "I'm going as soon as the present one leaves. She's getting married." *Oh, why did I have to say that? It sounds . . .*

"Lots of people I know are doing that. Somehow I never did, ha, ha . . . Uh, did you?"

"No, oh, no," uncomfortably.

"Neither am I," awkwardly.

They grinned. So neither one of them had. Well, that must prove something.

"Do you like to read?"

"Oh, yes. But I don't have my books here. Mother hadn't sent them up yet."

So she was from out of town. He was afraid to ask where, yet.

"I just finished a pretty good one of Stephen Vincent Benet's. I can bring it for you tomorrow if you want me to." He stumbled nervously over the name, but she didn't seem to notice.

"I haven't read much of him. I should like it very much if you want to bring it, thank you, but I don't want to cause you any trouble, I mean . . ."

"That's all right. No trouble. You'll get my bus in town at 9:30. It's No. 10. Don't forget."

"All right. I won't."

(Continued on Page 22)

ON THE AIR . . .

• By TWO FRESHMEN

An attempt and how sound is produced

MY FIRST RADIO BROADCAST

The artists were standing before the microphones, scripts in hands. The orchestra was seated, the music arranged and the instruments ready. The conductor was at his place in his box, with baton in hand. All was in readiness. Soon the sign, "On the Air" would be shining brightly outside the door.

The signal was given. The conductor raised his baton, as the members of his orchestra placed their instruments in position. He lowered his baton again in a swift motion, and the orchestra began playing.

It seemed an eternity, while the orchestra played the opening song. In reality, though, it lasted only one minute. As I stood at my place before the microphone, I was very tense. I do not know how I survived that minute. My knees trembled and my heart pounded so that I thought everyone listening in would surely hear it.

Then, the prelude was over. Soon I would have my first experience in speaking on the air. I had worked, planned, and waited for this moment. And now it was at hand.

As the announcer was reading his customary advertising address, I tried to steady my script paper. It was shaking at such a terrific speed, that I could scarcely read it. But surely I would know it by heart, I had said it over many times. After all, it was not a long speech.

The first artist began his opening speech. He read it as a true veteran would. His articulations were perfect. So far, the broadcast was commencing according to schedule. If only my part would follow suit.

My speech was then. Everything stopped. My heart stopped pounding, my knees stopped shaking, and my script paper was, for the first time, motionless. I opened my mouth. I formed the first word with my lips — but all was still. My speech too, had stopped. A million thoughts raced through my brain. What has happened? Where is my voice? What shall I do?

I began the second time. Again I formed the words and again everything was still. The artist on my left nudged me with her elbow. But still, I couldn't speak. I stood motionless as though glued to the spot, and yet the words would not come out.

What happened then, I'll never know. My mind was a perfect blank. Someone said my line, I hear. My one line - - - - my two whole words, "Yes, Madam".

—MARY GRACE BEHRINGER.

RADIO SOUND EFFECTS

Did you ever stop to realize that sound effects are the most important and most tedious part of every radio program? There must be different sound effects for every scene that you hear. For instance, there must be the familiar sounds of the forest, the highway, the home, the city and even the bathroom. In the movies, the picture itself supports the illusions, but in radio, everything depends solely on what you hear. Sound effects produce these familiar backgrounds.

Each year, radio companies spend thousands of dollars exploring the everyday noises of clicks, rumbles, squeaks and plops. Each sound effect is produced by certain kinds of apparatus to give that realistic effect. Wind, from a small breeze to a fierce gale, is produced by regulating the current of an electric fan through a perforated box. Rain is produced by sprinkling salt on sheets of paper covered with gelatin. For a blow rendered upon the body, a head of cabbage is struck with a hammer. Although all these methods give the required effects, the actual happening is the best. The sound of a body falling upon the floor is produced by a living body hitting the floor. For the background of a billiard parlor, a real billiard table is used.

In their early stages, sound effects were complicated, because the old-fashioned microphones magnified noise so intensely that the real sound taken from life effect was impossible. When a door was slammed, it sounded like a building caving in, and the tinkling of dishes sounded like a bombing raid on Germany. Now, however, microphones are more accurate and can reproduce the sounds as they are.

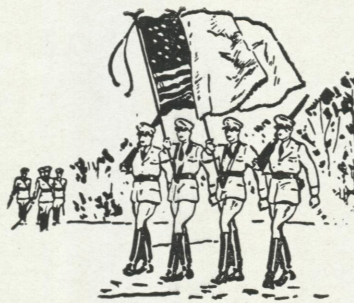
Orson Welles' programs call for unheard-of effects because he is not satisfied with anything less than perfection. In the rehearsal of "Dracula", the script called for a wooden stake to be plunged through the vampire's heart. A head of cabbage struck with a hammer was tried, but the cabbage, Orson said, was too leafy. Next, a hole was drilled in the cabbage and filled with water but this sounded too leaky. Finally Orson sent for a watermelon and struck it with a hammer. The horrifying sound that was produced, made everyone in the studio shudder.

These sound effects and many others like them have brought the radio programs to which you listen, right into the very room in which you sit. Without them, the whole life and feeling of a good radio program is lost.

—EMMETT CAMPBELL.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

Reads like a case of shell shock.



• By WILMA A. PIERPONT

THERE WAS ONLY one provoking thing about it, that was his inability to describe it — to explain to the doctor and the nurse and his mother. They couldn't understand because he couldn't put it in words. He knew what happened when he tried. The doctor's grave, perplexed expression, the increased busyness of the nurse, the tense anxiety that would cloud his mother's eyes—he had seen these things before the few times he had wanted to tell them about it. It would happen that way again. And he didn't want it that way. It was just his inability to explain to them that it was so wonderful, this thing that had come to him.

It was so easy. He would close his eyes and lie very still, and then silently it would come like an awful magic. At first he would only hear the laughing tinkle of the water, and the silence, and then it would come to him — and it never failed now — the brilliant white light first way up, then out of that appeared the little waterfall which dropped in long silver sheets over the ledge. The leaves bending gracefully down weren't like the dusty leaves of the world, they were like green crystal, yet alive, so very alive that they quivered in that dazzling white light. The bank sloping down to the stream's edge was of soft black earth, and its sweet, rich odor was the quintessence of Nature herself. Should there have been grass on that bank — soft lovely grass that blended one's body into the earth itself? That was the magic of it — he could have grass there on the bank whenever he wanted it! Just to suit his fancy. Sometimes he lay flat and close to the grass and dabbed at the water as it danced by. Other times he stood in the soft, black earth and worked his toes down until he could no longer see them and then piled precious little heaps first on one side then on the other. But the focus of the whole thing was that inexplicable brilliant light. No light of sun or electricity had ever been like that. This light was made of life — it was the source of life! He couldn't watch it, it was too brilliant. And even if he could have he wouldn't because he was too humiliated. He believed it was a divine light, and he would worship it and bow before it, and live for it, but he daren't raise his head to it. No one else ever once in-

truded the scene. Part of its charm was the lack of movement except for the falls springing out of the light up there. How exhilarating to be alive then, how light not to think, not to be driven! Here was no beginning, no ending. This was eternal. And so simple to attain! Merely close his eyes, be very quiet and soon it would come.

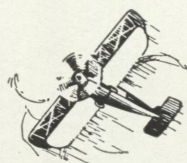
But the rudeness of the world wouldn't allow this to go on and on as he wished it to. Someone was always calling, "Paul, Paul - look! Open your eyes, why are you smiling?" Then Paul would open his eyes and there was that other gray, smoky world which he never wanted to see. It was shameful to look out at the ugly white tile walls and stiff white iron bed after watching that other. There would be the doctor standing over him and his anxious-eyed mother alongside. Each time it was a shocking experience to see those two who didn't, nor couldn't, understand his wonderful gift, and each time they called him back he remembered that other that had happened so long ago, so far away. One, two, three, four — One, two, three, four. Thick clubby shoes, stamping, one, two, three, four, through mud and dust and snow and heat, one two, three, four, over interminable spaces of water, and again on land, strange, hostile, unloving land, and always like the beat of approaching doom, one, two, three, four. Then the yellow mud would jut up and the yellow clouds would lash down and meet and there would be a tremendous explosion somewhere and it seemed near, but never too near to drown out that beat, one, two, three, four. But one time it did. It came very close to him and the yellow mud and the yellow clouds rushed at each other more furiously than they ever had before, and he was so fascinated by its horror that he stopped, one, two, three, four, and he watched, and the explosion was so near it enveloped him, and the slender thread of spirit and body almost broke under its impact. As he shivered and tossed, strangely enough the one outstanding remembrance was his uncontrollable impulse to laugh — to laugh giddily. The air was rocking and he wanted to laugh. He had laughed the same way when in some life way down and back, a man he had loved tossed him into

(Continued on Page 22)

BY LANTERN LIGHT

● By WALTER BUNNELL

*The lone survivor remembers
his fallen countrymen.*



I WAS SITTING in the Officers' Club of London in the spring of 1950. The World War II was over and now I had turned to a life of experimentation in the field of aeronautics.

As I was reclining in a comfortable chair a man came up to me and introduced himself as Sir Sidney Wellshaven. We began talking and discussing world events when suddenly he asked me if I would care to join him in an overnight trip to Paris. I answered that I would be delighted to join him, all the time wondering what I was in for.

At the precise time he arrived in his airplane and we set off. As we flew across the channel I asked him just what was his purpose in this flight. He replied, that knowing my fame as a man of profound interest in battle stories he thought I would like to see a story reenacted before my eyes. Now the truth was out. My interest was aroused and I began to ask questions. His reply was merely "to wait".

Soon we spiraled down to a landing at the Paris Municipal Airport. The time was 1730, 10 July, 1950. Sir Sidney hailed a cab and soon we were in a comfortable and very picturesque French chateau. We were shown to our rooms by a pretty, petite, French lassie. As we unpacked I was growing very impatient over the delay of the story. In answer Sir Sidney led me to a small, isolated inn far off the beaten paths of Paris. We sat down in a booth and ordered champagne and food and cigarettes.

My brain was pounding in my head. Why the delay? Why? Then the story began.

Sir Sidney told me that he had been a major in the 12th English Guards. He had taken part in a battle for a French villa and here was where the story took place.

It was on July 10, 1945, when a fierce battle had raged all day. The Germans were retreating but in their wake they were leaving death, despair and poverty. There was a group of Frenchmen fighting with

the British. Now the night came and the Frenchmen laid down their arms to rest for the night. It was near twelve o'clock when the event of war happened. The Germans, in one last, desperate, death-defying attack were coming over. The French were sleeping on a knoll a short distance to the left and in front of the English. That was when the attack was aimed.

With bayonets gleaming the Germans charged and the French never knew what hit them. Now Sir Sidney paused as his eyes lit up in recognition of a tall dark figure of a man who had come in with a lantern hanging from his bandolier. The man sat down at the bar, bought two glasses of a French drink, clinked them together as if in toast, and drank them both. He rose, asked the bartender for a match, lit his lantern and walked out.

"Come! Come!" shouted Sir Sidney.

We dashed out of the inn, and down the road we saw a light. We ran to within a hundred, maybe seventy yards and then moved along with the light bearer. Suddenly he moved off to the right and walked up a small hill. On this hill were twelve white crosses. They looked ghastly white in the moonlight. The man walked to a single cross, directly in the middle of the hill. Here he put the lantern. From his pocket he drew a gun. Was he going to kill himself? No. He fired twelve shots in the air, and then laid the gun on the grave, as if in remembrance. Then was all quiet.

Neither I nor Sir Sidney spoke. We, or at least I, were too dumbfounded. Silently we walked back to the inn and then to the hotel and home. The trip to London was made in silence.

But now Sir Sidney was laughing. I felt relieved over his outburst. He continued.

The Germans had killed every Frenchman except one. The lantern bearer was the sole survivor. The large grave in the center of the hill was that of his brother. Every year on July 10, the ex-soldier returned to the hill and paid his respects to his fallen comrades. Now the lantern bearer is dead but the old French people still can see his ghost walk to the hill to pay solemn respects to the fallen. Truly, here is a story which might be repeated by many American men. Who knows, maybe the same incident might happen to me or one of my buddies here at the University of Dayton in later months. Only God has the answer. So ends a story of devotion, the devotion of a man who paid respects to men who died for freedom.

DARE TO BE DIFFERENT

● By CHARLES MULCRONE

Without malice toward the enemy.

A LITTLE MORE than a year had gone by since Mrs. Morely had received that tragic news from the War Department. As she sat by the parlor window of her daughter Kathleen's home, the silk curtains pinned back, watching the tots pour out of St. Ann's school across the street, her memory carried her back to those exciting yet lonesome days of a year ago.

Her Jim had been killed in a raid on some Pacific island but not until his own gun had brought death to a goodly number of Japs. How he was hit will never be known it seems, but then that isn't too important. Perhaps, she thought, it might be better that she never found out.

But as often happened when she was resting this way, memories came back, imaginings reproduced themselves, dreams of a happier day just couldn't be stifled.

Now she pictured herself once more in Church, way up in the front pew with no one in front of her to guide her through the kneelings and standings and sittings of the Memorial Mass which Father Tom had offered for her Jim.

That day everything reminded her of Jim. As the acolytes moved slowly from the sacristy she saw her Jim among them. Hadn't she gotten him out of bed at five-thirty on many a winter morning so that he could get to Church and serve Father Tom's six o'clock Mass? And when Christmas rolled around, she always volunteered to wash and press a few white cassocks and surplices for the Midnight Mass procession.

Tears filled her eyes now as they had over a year ago when mellowed treble voices under Sister Carmen's direction softly chanted the Requiem Mass. It was Sister Carmen who coached him so well that he was able to sing solos with the choir when someone of the parish died.

And people were still talking about Father Tom's sermon that day. How he had had to put his clean white handkerchief to his eyes more than once, and how he moved the congregation when he told how the

soldiers in Jim's division would fight to the last man to bring peace to us.

Now Mrs. Morely broke into sobs. Those moments during Father Tom's sermon were the worst moments she had had in her life. She thought she hated the Japs then, hated them more than anything in the world. They had killed her Jim, her only son. She would get her revenge somehow, some way, some day. But no, she thought, as she grasped the wood of her bench, somehow that just wasn't right.

But just why wasn't it right, she thought as she rested her elbow on the pew's side. She had read in the papers how many a parent rolled up his sleeves and went to war just to avenge the death of his boy killed in battle. Surely she could do something! She might visit army camps and talk to the soldiers exciting their sympathies and incensing them to hate the enemy as she thought she hated them. Her heart was beating faster when Father Tom had finished his sermon. She grabbed the kneeler as she rose to her feet . . . She thought she was going to scream.

When the priest and servers had returned to the sacristy, Mrs. Morely remained in her place up in the front of the church while the children's choir sang a hymn, one of Jim's favorites, which Kathleen had requested.

As the last few notes ushered in the hymn's ending, Mrs. Morely, still tearful and shaken, had said in a soft whisper, heard only by her dear Master: "Lord, forgive me . . . please help my Jim and me . . . please help the mothers of those Jap boys my Jim shot . . . please Lord."

★ ★ ★

AUTUMNAL PRACTICALITIES

The poet sits and thinks and dreams
And pens his glowing works to praise
The beauty of the
Autumn days,
The multicolored trees
That shed their garments
In the breeze,
The majesty of nature that
Doth make his soul to ache.
Then some poor earthbound fool
Like me
Has all the leaves to rake.

—RITA MCGARRY.

THE COMPLAINING PINE TREE

There stood a majestic pine tree
In the clearing o'er the hill
And if it has not rot with age, you
Will find that it's there still.

It stands alone, this massive tree,
Apart from all the rest,
For a fire destroyed the others, he
Alone withstood the test.

At night you hear him wailing
For a friend to share his fate,
Is it too much to ask of God,
To give this tree a mate?

With outstretched arms and pleading mien,
You can hear him say:
"End this living death of mine,
Cut me down today."

"My zest for living dies at night,
As I stand alone in fear,
I have no one to comfort me,
No companions who are near."

This majestic pine, complaining,
As he lived from day to day
Will have to complain no more
Because he dies today.

—JOHN POPA.



LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

Where El trains rumble overhead,
And all the noises that I dread
Clamor from the busy street,
Christ and I, we often meet.
My tired eyes are all ablur;
My ears atingle with the stir;
And still I see His blessed form
Among the never-ending swarm.
I see Him in the grocer clerk
Who smiles at me and stops his work
To give me something for my poor.
I meet him when I pass the door
Of tenements and tiny shops.
I bless the kindly soul who stops
To give me more than she can spare.
How good it is to meet Him there!
The busy world goes rushing by
With hasty feet and empty eye.
But never do I fail to meet
The Christ along the city street.

—MICHAEL MOAKLER.

SINCE THEN

One was selling barley
In the cobbled street,
One was in a meatshop
Selling fresh, red meat.
One was in a sweetshop
Selling bitter sweets,
One was in a bookshop
Recommending Keats.
Each was free in fancy
As a bird is in the air
Each was settled in the comfort
Of knowing well his ware,
For each had somehow made it,
With the confidence to trade it,
And make the shining silver
And the fare.

Since then,
One is in a factory
Driving rivets to a plane,
One is in a bomber
To see that bombs are laid.
One is in the Red Cross
Caring for the men,
One is in a battleship
To give it back again.
Each is free in fancy
As a bird is in the air,
Each is settled in the business
Of protecting well his ware,
For each had, knowing, made it,
With the confidence to trade it,
That the newborn might be proud
And carry on from there.

—ANNE MATSON.



CHILL NOVEMBER

The visage gray of bleak November
Holds nought of dread for me.
There's something that I like about
His grim austerity.

One feels his power and his strength;
With frosty hand rules he,
And ends the last of summer's play
With sharp severity.

His reign, but brief, is firm with promise
Of winter that will be,
Preparing all within his grasp
For more frigidity.

I like his attitude of scorn
For man's soft luxury;
With wind and rain he makes us cringe,
A potent sovereignty!

—SYLVIA HENDRICKS.

Editorial Comment . . .

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THE THIRD THANKSGIVING SINCE . . .

The very word Thanksgiving conjures up a host of memories. It is one of our best-beloved holidays, partly because it is our own - - was born on our soil. The story of how the Pilgrim Fathers brought Thanksgiving into being was one of the first history lessons we learned in school, and as we grew older, it became deeply imprinted in our pattern of life.

The first Thanksgiving Day was organized for the purpose of thanking God for the blessings He had bestowed on the settlers of Plymouth. It has come to mean more than that in the three hundred years that have followed. It means a warm, wonderful sense of well-being; biting cold outdoors and a glow of cheer inside . . . enticing odors about the house, and the best of all, the family together again. However, for the past few years, there have been empty places at the Thanksgiving table, and many young men will never return to fill those places.

It's a terrible thing to be away from home on Thanksgiving Day. It's not that you miss the turkey and cranberries so much, but it's all those other things that go along with it. And "our boys" are going to be thinking of all those things come November 23. At least, they have the memories of other Thanksgivings locked in their hearts and they can draw them out and savor them with a new appreciation.

War-time Thanksgivings are especially precious. They make us realize how fortunate we are, and we regret those serene years when we took so much for granted.

This year, let's make our prayers of thanks really grateful, and let's not forget a supplication to the good Lord that we may work harder and better, so that as soon as possible, "our boys" won't have to celebrate Thanksgiving in any place but America - - where they both belong.

—M. C.

THESE HUMBLE THOUGHTS

Winning this fight is not alone our duty, it is our debt; not alone to our forefathers, but to those yet to come; not alone to the free, but to the enslaved.

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers." In time of war no boundaries, nor oceans, nor bayonets can separate the right from the right. Even death cannot conquer.

In Ben Hecht's tribute to England he wrote: "I saw Jesus Maria Lopez before the firing squad in Chihuahua smoke his last cigaret, grin at the leveled guns and say: 'Your bullets, my friends, will have no effect on the thoughts in my humble head, they will continue in other humble heads.'"

* "There is a destiny that makes us brothers,
None goes his way alone,
For all that we send into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own."

* Edwin Markham

—ANNE MATSON.

★ ★ ★

NOVEMBER

Just a word of congratulation to the students for the good attendance at the Rosary devotions during October. You know that these devotions were for our twenty-nine gold stars, The University of Dayton men who have given their lives that we might live on in a peaceful world. It is our duty not to forget these men. As we walk the corridor in St. Mary's Hall and see the small marker with the number twenty-nine below the gold star let us whisper a prayer to the Lord for them. And especially in this month of November, the month of the Poor Souls, let us be very grateful to them daily by praying for their eternal rest. They may be crying out to us to have pity on them because the Hand of the Lord has touched them. Can we resist their appeal after they have laid down their lives for us. You remember what the Lord says about the man who lays down his life for his friend.

—J. T.

HER "STALWART SONS" HAVE ANSWERED

It is difficult for us to repay the debt owed to America's fighting men, and to our twenty-nine U. D. gold stars in particular, those who have given their lives in our country's service. The debt will remain unpaid, unless through our years of suffering we learn to live what they died for - - unless, through our prayer and our vigilance, we drive war out of every nation on the globe.

We may pray this Thanksgiving Day and thank Him, as they must have done many times, that our boys knew for what they were dying - - to keep the country free, the country which is the hope of the world. Thank Him that never did their hearts need to be troubled and confused as to the issues of the war. That never did they fight to preserve the power of one man or a few, but to preserve the dignity of every man.

Our president said, "We are fighting this war because we have faith in democracy." Thank God that we are able to defend the noblest way of life which this earth will ever know.

—A. K. B.

LT. CHARLES J. LITKOWSKI, '40, Dayton, died of wounds, Philippines, January 18, 1942.
STAFF SGT. EDWARD L. HAKES, '43, Dayton, killed in plane crash, Hawaii, April 5, 1942.
LT. FRANK ZAVAKOS, '41, Dayton, killed in action over English Channel, June 2, 1942.
CAPT. JOHN E. BOHLENDER, '39, Dayton, killed in action, North Africa, February 14, 1943.
ENSIGN HARRY RATERMAN, '42, Fort Loramie, Ohio, killed in air crash near Alameda, California, February 24, 1943.
ENSIGN BRUCE JAMES, '36, Dayton, killed in air crash near New Orleans, March 9, 1943.
PVT. LOUIS TIMMER, JR., '46, Dayton, died of complications at Lowry Field, Colorado, March 28, 1943.
CPL. THURMAN L. WEBB, '43, Cookeville, Tennessee, died of sun stroke, Camp Davis, North Carolina, June 5, 1943.
LT. HOWARD DICKSON, '35, Dayton, killed in action, Europe, August 1, 1943.
LT. JOSEPH FEJES, '44, Toledo, Ohio, killed in plane accident, at Watertown, South Dakota, September 28, 1943.
ENSIGN VIRGIL DAVID ROLAND, '41, Dayton, killed in air crash near Alameda, California, October 10, 1943.
LT. DANIEL C. HAMMANG, '39, Detroit, Michigan, killed in action, South Pacific, November 11, 1943.

A. C. LOUIS E. PRISKE, '43, Dayton, killed in an air crash near Norman, Oklahoma, November 17, 1943.

CPL. LEO A. FONTANO, '43, Columbus, Ohio, killed in action in Mediterranean Area, date not known.

LT. FRANK J. BAKER, '42, Cleveland, Ohio, killed in bomber crash near McClellan Field, California, January 2, 1944.

LT. (j.g.) CHARLES H. DEGER, Prep School, Dayton, died of pneumonia, Southwest Pacific, February 20, 1944.

LT. EDWARD HEMPLEMAN, '39, Dayton, killed in action, South Pacific, early in 1944.

LT. FRANCIS X. SIMMONS, '39, Brooklyn, New York, killed in accident at Albuquerque, New Mexico, while on maneuvers, early in 1944.

LT. BERNARD F. HOLLENKAMP, '39, Dayton, killed in action during an air raid over Germany, December 20, 1943.

LT. STEPHEN A. THOMAS, '44, Middleton, Wisconsin, killed in action in Italy, April 28, 1944.

LT. WALTER A. REICHERT, '43, Osgood, Ohio, drowned in Italy, May 9, 1944.

FLIGHT OFFICER EDWARD N. SADLER, '46, Cleveland, Ohio, killed in an air crash in action over France during his 28th mission, June 19, 1944.

LT. GENE N. MEYER, '44, Dayton, killed in plane crash, Syracuse, New York, July 8, 1944.

CAPT. CHARLES R. WAGNER, '38, Cleveland, killed in action in Europe, July 18, 1944.

LT. FRANK B. COHAN, ex '38, Dayton, killed in action in Europe, July 6, 1944.

LT. RICHARD F. WILHELM, '39, Dayton, killed in action in France, July 12, 1944.

CPL. ROGER THOMAS, '46, Xenia, Ohio, killed in action in France, August 29, 1944.

CAPT. RAY DRURY, '42, Willard, Ohio, killed in action in Italy, September 14, 1944.

LT. EUGENE KERSTING, '41, Dayton, drowned in New Guinea, October 9, 1944.

★ ★ ★

PAIN

The wound of sorrow rifts the mind with pain
Which grips and chills the flimsy soul's alloy.
But pain gives birth to things of better grain
And peace is bought with dearer price than joy.

—BEVERLY TOMPKINS



We . . . The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . BEVERLY C. TOMPKINS

THANKSGIVING DAY

This Thanksgiving Day finds us in the middle of a war in which we are fighting to preserve our way of life — the way of life that our ancestors built out of blood, sweat, and tears. We, as Americans have much to be thankful for. Although the war has separated us from our loved ones this country has not suffered from the ravages of war as did Poland, Greece, or France. Each day our might as a nation grows and the Axis is crumbling before the blows dealt by the Allied Nations.

Many of our gallant boys will never come home again to eat "turkey" with Mom and Dad, but will remain in the jungles of Guadalcanal and on the beaches of Normandy. As we kneel this Thanksgiving Day to thank God for our blessings—these our dead should not be forgotten. They have given their all that we as free people may celebrate Thanksgiving Day, 1944.

—MARY ROSE KEVILLE

S M I L E

No doubt, you have heard that "A smile will travel over miles and miles just because you smiled."

When Father Time gently unfolds another page of the book, making Autumn the debutant of the season, he wisely smiles, folds his hands, examines the surroundings, and smiles again. The sky dresses in its prettiest blue; the trees stand taller, drop their colorful foliage, proud that they served as a shady nook or bore luscious fruit, and that now, their work is done. The crop in the fields is golden and ready for harvest. The birds smile as they set forth on their journey to the South.

In the hospital, the young interne, after performing his first operation, sighs and finally, the beads of perspiration around his forehead disappear, and a smile of success plays around his features. The patient, after awakening, just stares at the Big World he left behind

about four hours ago (but it seemed an Eternity) and automatically, he smiles; the nurse, standing by, does likewise. The professor, standing before his new pupils, greets them with a magic smile, thus making the atmosphere one of ease and relaxation. The husband, before leaving for the office, the mill, or to wherever his work takes him, lingers at the door steps and gives a last smile to his wife and baby as he waves good-by. The clerk in the grocery store smiles as she waits on you; the shoemaker grins as he soles your shoe; the policeman looks understandingly as he walks his post.

Now you smile. It isn't so hard, is it? You are more attractive when you smile; people like to look at you. The path is rugged; the cross, heavy, but you know that the clouds of today will be turned into the sunshine of tomorrow. So, keep smiling!

—JOSEPHINE DI GIORGIO

COMIC STRIPS

In spite of the love of younger children for gaudy and garishly colored comic strips, a danger to literacy can be seen in their great popularity.

Children who read them constantly cannot help picking up the slang and common dialects which the pictured characters use. In addition to this, comics rob children of a taste for better, more substantial literature. To a child raised on "Superman", "Alice in Wonderland" seems dull or "Huckleberry Finn", ordinary. The cheap sensationalism of comic strip trash lessens their perception for finer things. As candy robs children of an appetite for wholesome food, so do comics rob them of an appetite for good and wholesome literature. And, unless something is done about preventing it, comics will do to children's minds what a steady diet of candy would do to their stomachs.

It is imperative that parents stop or at least curb the disproportionate reading of comics or coming generations will witness an alarming increase in shallow, pseudo-educated mentalities.

—B. C. T.

LADY OF THE DAY

She was a little bit out of this world when I knew her, people. Not too far out, but far enough to make me wonder how she got that way. She's one of those people who always helps to keep the red ink off the ledger of human conduct. How many times I've sent a silent prayer of gratitude sailing through the ether merely because of her presence among us, I'll never know.

If it wasn't hamburgers, it was socks. No kidding, people, she always had something to do; and the one question that always puzzled me was: *why did she do it?* Didn't she know that there were other people in the world to help share the burdens of society? Didn't she know that each one of those ten kids lessened her chances for having a mink coat? Apparently she didn't.

People used to say to me: "Isn't it a shame how life is passing her by?" Life passing her by! What a laugh! They'll never know how they had it all turned around. She was the one who was passing life by, --- but quickly. I never heard her talk about the things she didn't have; she was too filled with love to have room for anything else, anyway. Yes, and she managed to keep clear of that modern ethereal piece of wishful-thinking --- getting away from it all. I was always struck by the manner in which she was consistently able to stand up and look that monster, reality, right in the eye. (And she didn't need a bottle of Old Crow to help her do it either.)

Medals are being handed out these days, but she won't get any. They don't make 'em big enough for her type of heroism anyway. . . We've got an army out in the field now, but that's because she was thinking in terms of sacrifice and rationing long before the Defense Program started. There're no two ways about it - - she's some gal.

Michelangelo was good, but this little lady puts him in the shade with her ten immortal carvings. And the only reason America is leading the parade today is because she and others like her preferred giving to taking. Oh sure, she gets off the beam now and then, and so does every hero. But her patience and self-forgetfulness; the darned socks and the cooked spaghetti; the sharing of troubles; - - all these little notes of sacrifice broke loose from their moorings, and giving unconscious expression to themselves, swelled into a resounding symphony of love --- a love which knows not self and never dies.

And all that love will come back one of these days — yes, all that love — heaped up and running over. It

will be in packages marked: "To Mom, from the Kids"; in long-distance 'phone calls on Christmas Eve; in the voice of one of the boys singing "Dear Old Girl". Yes, it's a mighty big heap. You know what I mean?

—JOSEPH TOWERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Until now the men have not dared intrude into the columns of We . . . the Women, but this article above is so beautiful and it is about mother . . . that is why we decided to break the rule and place in on this page.*

MAIDS OF MERCY

To provide trained volunteers to serve as assistants to graduate nurses in hospitals, clinics and health agencies or with emergency medical field units. These are the objectives of the Nurse's Aide Corps of the American Red Cross.

This is a trained and disciplined service, but a job that needs to be done. Many of our nurses are being called to serve the armed forces, which means there are not enough to care for the sick in our hospitals. Today no one can feel free to stop before the job is fully done so I have pledged myself as a Nurse's Aide.

Having completed the Red Cross training course a nurse's aide is assigned to a hospital, clinic, or health agency. She has pledged a minimum of 150 hours of volunteer service annually. She must faithfully, loyally, and cheerfully adhere to the rules and regulations of the Nurse's Aide Corps. This is truly a great service because so much self satisfaction can be had.

The gay blue pinafore and white blouse have grown to be a regular sight in our hospitals. Each girl takes pride in making sure that from head to toe she is as neat as it is possible to be. The joint emblem of the American Red Cross and Office of Civilian Defense is worn on the sleeve and a small blue cap sits on her head. Of course you know those white shoes and stockings.

After working in the hospital for some time and fulfilling the desires of many patients, I find these are experiences I shall never forget. Not only has it benefitted me through the knowledge acquired, but also in understanding people better and in helping to alleviate human suffering. This alone should give anyone a great satisfaction.

In no other volunteer service is the responsibility so great or the discipline so strict as in this service. That is why the Red Cross asks so much of this Corps and why it will continue to live up to the high standards which it has set.

—MARJORIE LEWIS

SOLDIER'S ILLUSION

*A story about an Army man's wife
who sees the light.*

AS GINNY'S high heels came clattering down the hall, I quickly covered the letter I had just finished to Bill. She thought a lot of Bill; in fact, she claimed there wasn't a better brother-in-law in the country. After all, she didn't need to know I was asking him for a divorce—that was between Bill and me.

The door burst open, "Aren't you ready?" She walked over to my dressing table, brushed her red curls into an up hair-do and carefully held it in place with one of my combs. "Give me a minute," I hurriedly started to redecorate. "Come on," she said impatiently, "you look pretty enough. Anyway, who is going to see you? your husband is in the army." "Has anyone come?" I changed the subject.

Jim introduced us to several of the boys from the office who had arrived. Tonight, all things feminine were excluded and the house traded its perfume and ruffles for cigarette smoke, cards and stories. After one more look at Junior, Ginny and I were on our way to a double feature at the neighborhood theater.

The letter I had written to Bill blurred the picture. I loved Bill and always would, only I just couldn't go back to the life of every evening home alone. He thought more of his inventions than he ever did of me. He might as well be in the army—I didn't see him often when he was at home. Should I send it special delivery tomorrow?

Ginny nudged me, "Let's go. Here's where we came in." "Is it?" I inquired. "Why yes. Say are you with me or at the football game?" she asked sarcastically.

It was raining when we came out. We hugged the buildings and dodged those big drops until we were safe in the dry of Ginny's car. "It's still early, stag time," Ginny said, "how about a sandwich and a coke?" We ate our sandwiches as slowly as possible, sipped two cokes and dreamed away thirty cents worth of juke box tunes. Then we headed homeward.

All the lights in Ginny's house reflected funny, slanting sparkles on the wet window panes. The party



● By ALVERTA M. STALTER

was still in full swing. Ginny stopped, "If we go in there now, they'll label Jim 'hen-pecked'. Do you feel like a ride in the rain?" I nodded. "Where to?" she said as she stopped for a traffic light.

A soldier stepped from under a tree and waved toward the field. "Poor fellow is soaked. Shall we run him out to the field?" "Do you think it's O. K.," I asked. "Two girls and a hammer against one poor soldier!" she exclaimed, "Yes, it's safe." Ginny opened the door and one soldier occupied the back seat. "Sure is nice of you girls to give me a lift. It's mighty wet out there." His voice was rich, and its eastern brogue was flavored with a touch of the old South. "Sure this isn't out of your way?"

"Oh, that's all right," Ginny explained, "we have some time to kill while my husband is entertaining some of the boys at home. This is my sister, Helen. Her husband is a radio engineer in the army too." "Your husband wasn't drafted?" he asked Ginny. "No, I guess Junior and his job saved him so far but he might go any time," Ginny rattled on. "There are a lot of fathers in the gang at the field now," he related. "My kid brother has two children and they took him last month. Are you married?" Ginny asked.

"No," he hesitated, "I guess Mary Ann, my girl back home and her parents thought I was kinda goofy. Anyway she married another fellow last month. I have lots of ideas (he reminded me of Bill). When I marry it will be for good and I intend to look until I find a girl that will fill the bill. I am a designer. I have an old rickety farm house and ten acres in Connecticut. After the war's over, I'm taking every cent I've saved back to remodel the old place. I've designed it down to the last stick of furniture. There are to be two hobby rooms . . . one for my wife and one for me.

"But what if your wife doesn't have a hobby?" I interrupted. "She must have a hobby," he firmly

(Continued on Page 18)

THE HOME MISSIONERS OF AMERICA

● By ISABEL KLOPF

Father Sourd, U. D. alumnus and co-founder of the H. M. A. preached the student retreat in October. Hence this article.

A new organization, centered in Glendale, Ohio, promises to do much for America, especially in a spiritual way. Known as the Home Missioners of America, its purpose is to Christianize America from its roots, and to properly staff with God's priests its many priestless countries. The soul of America is sick. More than half the population in the United States profess no religious belief whatsoever. There is strong evidence of the need of Catholicity in this wide land of ours when one considers the un-Christian, immoral tone of our newspapers, novels, magazines, and stage and screen productions; the irreligious, unmoral tendency of our public education system; and the flippant attitude of a great number of our people towards marriage. Yes, America does need the saving influence of Catholicity for how can a nation hope to continue to progress and survive with such a malady of soul? This new society is trying, and will continue to try, to cure this spiritual sickness. Theirs, indeed, is a large and important task.

The Home Missioners of America was organized seven years ago by Father W. Howard Bishop of Baltimore under the patronage of Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati. As a group, this organization started only five years ago, when Father Raphael A. Sourd, the first priest to join Father Bishop, became a member. Together, they have tirelessly worked to build up their new society. In the past five years, eight priests were ordained under the society's auspices, and today the organization can boast of a membership of ten priests, three Brother candidates, eight Sister candidates, and seventeen students studying to become Home Missioners. Their mother house in Glendale is an old, reconverted farm house, situated on eighty-seven acres of charming Ohio countryside. From this center, the Home Missioners have expanded so that they now have three missionary fields: one in Adams county and vicinity in southern Ohio; another in four counties in the diocese of Owensboro, Kentucky; and the third, in seven counties in the diocese of Savannah-Atlanta,



Georgia. The field in Georgia is the newest, for it was only in October, 1944, that two priests and one brother left to begin Christ's missionary work in this area. In the three thousand square miles of these seven counties of Georgia, live one hundred thousand people, and of this number, less than fifty are Catholics.

As time goes on, the Home Missioners hope to open up many new fields, for out of the three thousand and seventy counties in the United States, there are more than one thousand and twenty that have no resident priests. The total area occupied by these priestless counties is as large as twelve average states combined. In addition, there are nearly five hundred counties that have no priests in their rural sections. The greatest number of priestless counties is in the South from Texas to the Atlantic. Therefore the South, where the birthrate is highest in America, and where one half of the total population of the United States is born, is the section in which they intend to concentrate most of their efforts.

The new society has a definite plan for its work in a mission field. A pastor and one or more assistants reside at a "base parish" to care for the spiritual welfare of the Catholics in the parish, and, at the same time, to toil for non-Catholic conversions in the vicinity. In the summer, out-door missions are conducted for the non-Catholics in a number of "outposts" in the parish. Today, the Home Missioners are using a trailer chapel, named the "Chapel of the American Martyrs", a station wagon, and ordinary cars for these preaching tours. During the rest of the year, contact with interested non-Catholics is made by personal visits and mail. When the conversions in a locality are augmented sufficiently, a small church is set up and a priest is placed in charge. In time, it may become a parish, and still later, a "base parish" from which Christ's teachings will be propagated to new areas.

The community of Sisters will play an important role in the work of the Home Missioners of America. They will win the good will of the people in the No-Priest Land before the advent of the priests, and will discover the families interested in the Catholic Church. Since they will be trained as social workers, nurses, and catechists, they will be able to do away with a great deal of prejudice toward everything Catholic by friendly house-to-house visits. It will fall to the Sisters to do much of the instructing for Baptism and to conduct vacation schools of religion wherever possible. The Church permitting, these Sisters will not wear the conventional garb of other religious organizations for women.

Though God has blessed the Home Missioners, they have had, at times, dangerous and difficult experiences in their missionary work. These brave laborers for souls have been shot at, stoned, insulted, and called slanderous epithets, such as Nazis, drunkards, and spies by the prejudiced people. They have also had the tires on the trailer chapel and cars deflated by inimical non-Catholics.

Indeed, for the sake of God and His Church, and for the welfare of our beloved country, it should be the earnest prayer of all of us who call ourselves true Christians, that the Home Missioners of America meet with ever-widening success each year and that some day they may realize their purpose of Christianizing America from its foundations.

★ ★ ★

SOLDIER'S ILLUSION (Continued from Page 16)

stated, "if it is just to cut out paper dolls. You know, I don't think Mary Ann and I could have hit it off. All she thought of was to look pretty. I just wonder if she could have cut out paper dolls. That's the trouble with half the women nowadays. If they would buckle down and do something worth while—get a hobby—marriages would last. My idea is to take your troubles to your hobby room. Put the energy it would take to have a fight to use in creating something. It must work."

We had arrived at the field. He probably would have talked all night but Ginny said, "I hope you find the girl you want and have lots of happiness". She opened the door gently inviting him to be on his way. He started down the muddy drive and turned back, "Say, thanks so much for the lift. I really enjoyed talking to you girls".

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The house was dark as pitch. We ploughed through dirty lunch dishes, overflowing ash trays, poker chips and cards to the stairway. I heard Jim below, "Where the blazes have you been?" Ginny's voice gently related our story. Then Jim started, "So that's the kind of a wife I married—picked up a soldier, etc." I closed my door, took Bill's letter and walked to the mirror. I was a "Mary Ann." Sure! I was a pretty, perfectly groomed, strikingly clothed shell. I wondered if I could cut out paper dolls. Bill was so full of ideas that my very emptiness set us miles apart. A hobby would give us something in common. My decision was made. I would surprise him when he came home after the war. We would start anew. I tore the letter in fine pieces and started down the hall to the paper basket. A tiny sob came from Junior's room. There was Ginny. A smile had changed the course of a tear stream on her cheek. "I guess this is my hobby room" she said and pulled the covers over a bare foot that protruded into the dampness of the early morning.

★ ★ ★

FALL

Last year "fall styles" would have been a subject dear to me. Since then I have fallen unexpected victim to hay fever. The golden leaves on maples are reminiscent of goldenrod. The warm sun means only that the ragweed will stretch lazy arms to toss more pollen at me.

What used to be an excited search for lipstick of just the proper shade has become a drooling over drug counters for "eddythig to stob thisd sdeezing". There is no joy in golf or tennis, for every swing brings clouds of dust or wafts of pollen.

Picture, if you can, the victim of this dread allergy—the bulbous, tender nose; the streaming eyes; the sneezes that come right from the knees and shake the teeth. The victim of hay fever is a species of humanity recognizable by its box of Kleenex, its little kit containing nose drops, a muzzle for the nose, and its incredible selfishness, for it talks only if it must, and then of itself. It tells those who do not have hay fever how fortunate they are — but screams with delight when it encounters a fellow-sufferer.

Fall is a bounteous season, filled with delight — for others!

—FRANCES JEAN DAVIS.



IN THE DARK

The door leading to the dark, dingy cellar opened quietly and a man clothed in black entered. He was a large man. A black cap was pulled down over his piercing eyes. His coat collar was upturned to shield him from the frosty wind. It was cold outside—bitter cold. He turned and silently closed the door. He listened intently. He could hear voices upstairs. This would not interfere with his work though. He descended the creaky stairs to the cellar. It was warm there by the furnace. It would be fine to stay there by the fire. Not time for that though. He looked about him. He could not distinguish one object from another. It was dark—very dark. He advanced slowly, feeling his way along. Touching a chair, he nearly stumbled. He stopped, and vainly attempted to determine exactly where he was. He had been there many times before but never had it been so dark. He moved forward once more. Finally he touched the wall. He could now follow the wall around. He was sure to find it now. Then he could go. Already he had spent too much time there. He felt his way slowly along the wall. His hand touched something cold. The object felt like a metal box. Yes, this was it. He opened it slowly. At that moment the door from upstairs was thrown open, sending a bright ray of light into the dark room below.

"Who is it? Who's down there?"

The man approached the stairs until the light was shining down upon him.

"Oh, it's you, Tim!" a feminine voice queried.

"Yes, Sarah, I knew you had visitors and I didn't want to disturb you just to read the electric meter. I never can find the light switch, though," said the man in the doorway.

—JAMES A. GILKEY.



UNCERTAIN GLORY

The fog was just beginning to lift when, "Fighter Squadron 246 report to flight headquarters," came over the loud speaker in the officers' club. I picked up my parachute and headed for operations. I just arrived in England two weeks ago and now I was headed for a mission.

I was a bit nervous because this was to be my first mission. I paid very close attention to the instructions and found that my squadron was to escort a large group of bombers to Berlin. We were to drop our auxiliary gas tanks a few miles this side of Berlin.

It was about 7:00 a. m. when our squadron took off and then headed out over the English Channel. Now the fog had lifted and we could see the rough waters of the Channel; ahead we could see the coast of France. We started to climb to avoid the heavy flak we would encounter there. The flak didn't bother us for we were too high for their guns. Ahead of us we saw a great armada of bombers; they were the ones we were to escort. I started to get a little jumpy now for we were a few miles outside Berlin and nothing had happened.

I had just dropped my fuel tanks and I saw about ten German fighters diving at us from the sky. I gave my plane full throttle and headed for them. I singled out one of them and finally, after a gruelling battle for position, I got him in my sight and I let him have it. His plane burst into flame immediately and took a nose dive for earth. After I had shot down two more in the same manner, I felt a terrific impact on my plane; then flames started to leap from my engine. I was hit by a direct burst of flak. My plane took a nose dive and headed for earth, the controls were dead so the only thing I could do was to bail out. But much to my horror I could not get my cockpit open, the ground was coming at me faster and faster. Then "Loechtenfeldt wake up and take the next English sentence."

—BERNARD E. LOECHTENFELDT.



THE STORM STRUCK

The deep, dark, cathedral-like aisles of oaks and maples were beautiful in the early morning sunlight. Faint shafts of mist-colored light played upon the damp carpet of old leaves and mossy tree roots. A pearly mist, playing the role of fog, sifted slowly about in the hollows.

Amidst a thick clump of green sassafras and young maples young ground squirrels frisked freely. In the air high above soared a pair of hawks in seemingly effortless flight. From a patch of burdocks came a batch of young quail, dutifully following a fat proud

mother. All of these things play an important part in such mornings of which I speak.

Without appearing to hurry, the light gradually faded. The light morning breezes seemed to run out of energy and become motionless. At the first of these signs, the impatient scolding of the ground squirrels could be heard. The hawks disappeared from the sky and the quail led her young back into the burdocks. The sweet songs of bird life faded from the air and throughout the whole forest not a single sound was heard.

The sky now had darkened in the southwest forebodingly. Soon the leaves fluttered and moved again at short decreasing intervals. This time, however, there were no rays of sunlight to invite the wild life. They had run away to play in the northeast. The breeze now increased and got violent with the topmost branches of the trees, coming in gusts calculated to throw them from their homes. The sturdy boughs withstood all, laughing at such silly attempts and letting the wind have its way with a few leaves to tempt it further.

Now the sky was black; low gray clouds scudded swiftly over the pines and the trees looked worriedly against the heavens and took a firmer stance against the wind. Then the leaves seemed to shiver as if they had been plunged into a cold shower, and the rain came in slanting sheets that searched out even the hidden spots on the ground. The leaves on the ground kicked restlessly in agony, trying to get rid of the heavy drops. Soon all of the hollows and the low places were little trickles of clear, cold water.

Then away to the southwest there appeared a bright spot in the overcast sky, as if a giant had used an eraser on the gray clouds and soon the rain drops slowed and became fewer in number and smaller in size, until nothing but the clean dry breezes washed the woods.

Then the glory that can be nature appeared. Brilliant beams of sunlight shot into the forest, turning all they touched into blazing crystals of light. Once again sweet songs charmed the air and again all was life and activity and beauty.

—NORMAN PUTT.



FAMILY EXCURSIONS

In the days before the war, when it was a common occurrence to drive up to a gas station and say "Fill 'er up", our family took short trips every Sunday. We began by visiting all the interesting places in Ohio.

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It was fun to explore our state, and discover its many beautiful spots. Some of the most picturesque were the sandy beaches of Lake Erie, the State Capitol at Columbus and its immediate surroundings, the Ohio and Zane Caverns, the scenic Ohio River and its valley, and the gorges and forests of the famous Hocking State Parks near Chillicothe.

It is surprising to note the various places of interest very near our own city. For instance, a journalist might be interested in the Castle Mac-o-chee near West Liberty. This large castle was the home of Donn Piatt, author, poet, statesman and journalist, who plays a very important part in the early history of Ohio. Donn Piatt was a Colonel in the Union Army in the Civil War. After the war he organized a newspaper, "The Washington Capitol", in which he exposed the "Carpet Baggers" and grafters who ruled Washington at that time. In 1879, Piatt retired to his Castle and devoted the rest of his years to literary pursuits. One of his frequent guests was James Whitcomb Riley, who wrote the famous poem "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin" during one of his visits there. Colonel Donn Piatt died in 1891, but his works are still obtainable at libraries.

Another point of interest is the world's largest coal mine fire at New Straitsville. It began approximately twenty-five years ago, during a miners' strike and has been burning steadily ever since. It is believed that a miner deliberately started this fire because of some grievance against the mine owners. For years fire-fighters attempted to extinguish the flames that were, and still are, consuming the coal deposits deep in the earth. Our government also has been experimenting with several methods of extinguishing this fire. The ground over the mines is extremely hot and barren. Puffs of smoke can be seen occasionally, ascending from the cracks in the earth. Through the deeper cracks you can see the glow and feel the heat from this fire.

In Warren County, near Lebanon, are the great earthworks of the Mound Builders. Fort Ancient, as it is now called, is made up of a wall of mounds which extend nearly four miles. Within this inclosure of one hundred and twenty-five acres are cemeteries of cone-shaped burial mounds, traces of village sites, stone and flint implements, pottery, crude jewelry, and other evidences of occupation made by the people we know as the Mound Builders. At the Museum in the Fort the remains of these people are displayed and guides explain the habits and customs of this vanquished race.

These are just a few of Ohio's interesting and historical places. There are many more and I intend to see them all.

MADeline A. UNGER.

THE ETHICS OF MY GANG

America wouldn't be the same place without its youth and its small groups. Like every other American girl, I too, have a gang. Our gang is very much out of the ordinary with the other small gangs of girls. We have quite a bit of talent and high moral standards. We each have our own individual type of personality which adds to our fun and enjoyment.

There are five of us: Letha, Doris, Burnice, Becky and I. In their respective order I will tell you something about them. Letha is our little seamstress and she also hands us some good advice. We have our problems and as we discuss them among ourselves, Letha listens and then gives her opinion or advice on the situation. She has an exceptionally good head on her shoulders for a young girl. Doris is one of our ambitious young workers, and is paying part of her college tuition this year as a result of a job last summer. Burnice is our most ambitious worker and our greatest schemer for fun. She arranges and makes suggestions for our small parties and makes us all do our homework. Becky and I are cousins and we have always been together and have acted like sisters ever since I can remember. She is an accomplished pianist even though she doesn't expect to make it her career. She is interested in social work and in analyzing people. The latter is more or less second nature with her. I have been told that I supply the most personality for the group. I am Burnice's assistant in arranging unique parties and other activities for the group.

All of the girls of my gang come from the oldest Negro families in Dayton. In our discussion on Dayton and the race problem, we always arrive at the same conclusion - - - - the only way for the race to progress more rapidly is for the majority of Negroes to have higher degrees in education and to put those degrees to good use. Hence, we are all in college. Unfortunately, I am the only freshman in the group; the rest are sophomores. We all intend to get an M. A. in our separate fields and to use them to the best of our ability. Our one aim is to help toward the advancement of our race so that people will regard us as being human and just as capable of holding high ranking positions as anyone else.

—PHYLLIS SHAW.



WHAT MY JOB HAS TAUGHT ME

During the course of this summer I learned many things. I acquired ways of making friends, and I soon learned to be courteous and friendly at all times and to have a pleasant smile for every one. I found that careless work was not tolerated. All work must be

done to the best of one's ability. I also received experience in answering the telephone for business purposes only. It was necessary to have a soft, pleasant voice, and a good usage of the language. The experience I gained this summer from associating with people and also from doing interesting and educational work, will, I believe, benefit me in years to come.

—RUTH BOOHER.

This summer I was employed by a firm that makes agricultural implements. As every one knows, farm equipment is vital to the winning of the war. Of what good are guns if we do not have well-fed soldiers to operate them? It was my job to secure repair parts and to ship them to farmers in this country and abroad. The three months that I worked for this firm taught me many things. Only after working there did I realize the tremendous task that the overburdened industries of today have to contend with. I have been informed of the need of machinery, and only now do I have some idea of the size of America's war effort. It is through experiences like this that the American people have come to be what they are today.

—ROBERT OPPENHEIM.

One of the most important things that working has taught me is the value of money. I wonder if a person ever learns fully how to manage his finances and to value money until he works for his money. I learned to realize that a coin is not merely a piece of metal, but a representation of so much work, either mental or physical, or both, and that the coin is not to be spent foolishly, but should be used to purchase something that is equal in value to the time and labor spent to obtain the coin.

Then working has taught me how to use my spare time. This is something that some persons never seem to learn. I truly value this improvement over some of the other things that I have learned. Now I know how much time to allow for pleasure and relaxation and how much for rest and how much for work. Probably many of us use too much time for relaxation. I would not want to be without the knowledge and experience that my summer job has taught me.

—GRACE L. HART.



LUCK OF NO. 10
(Continued from Page 6)

The bus had been empty for a while as they went around the loop, but now a short, jolly woman clambered aboard. Well-intentioned, she plumped down across the aisle and began a monotonous monologue which lasted into town. Sarah was grateful for the distraction. She was a little breathless from the rapidity with which things had transpired. She had never believed in love at first sight. Love and such things belonged in the crowd you grew up with, the boy next door, usually. Yet what was this that had happened? She knew it was something out of the ordinary. She would never meet another like—what was that last name on the plate up there . . . Diethorn. J. Diethorn. J . . . Johnny. Yes, it must be Johnny.

You couldn't really blame Sarah for being bewildered. She was having some lifetime illusions shattered and they don't fall so easily.

By the time they pulled up at Lionel Street, the No. 10 had faces at every window. Johnny and Sarah maintained an ostensibly indifferent silence, yet somehow each knew what the other was thinking. When Johnny said, "This is it," he turned and grinned at her and she smiled back. What a smile!

Her ankles were slim to go with the rest of her. Johnny had been wondering if she wouldn't have fat ankles. *There must be something wrong with her.* Not that it would make any difference, but it really was unbelievable. He watched her as long as he could without stopping the bus completely, oblivious of the grins on his passengers' faces. Then he settled back. Yes sir, life was plenty okay. Say, when did that sun come out?

Twenty-five minutes later No. 10 turned into Jefferson Parkway. A stoutish man stepped on the treadle and rang the buzzer. But this time Johnny didn't stop. His courage was at a peak it had never reached before. He was showing off for Johnny, Jr., down there in the farthest little house.

The big bus exalted in her freedom. She sailed by the corners and cruised smoothly, panting a little, to the next stop. The stoutish man started to protest but surprisingly he found himself enjoying the ride. A couple of extra blocks to walk wouldn't hurt his midriff either.

Johnny yelled back, "Sorry I forgot to stop, sir."
"S all right. 'Bye."

Why, he was grinning. Johnny grinned, too. He started to whistle. What was that song—"How

Sweet You Are"—What had been wrong with him before? Why, there were all sorts of things he was going—they were going to do. He and . . . Holy cats, he hadn't even asked her her name. What if . . . but she'd be there tomorrow. He knew that as well as he knew she had questioning brown eyes and goldish brown hair and the sweetest mouth you ever saw.

Gosh, wouldn't the boys have one on him now! Old Deet, the woman hater.

"Hey boys, this one'll kill you. Deet's in love." Sounded pretty good.

He said it softly, "Deet's in love", and he felt that deep within its metal stomach he heard No. 10 chuckle with satisfaction.

★ ★ ★

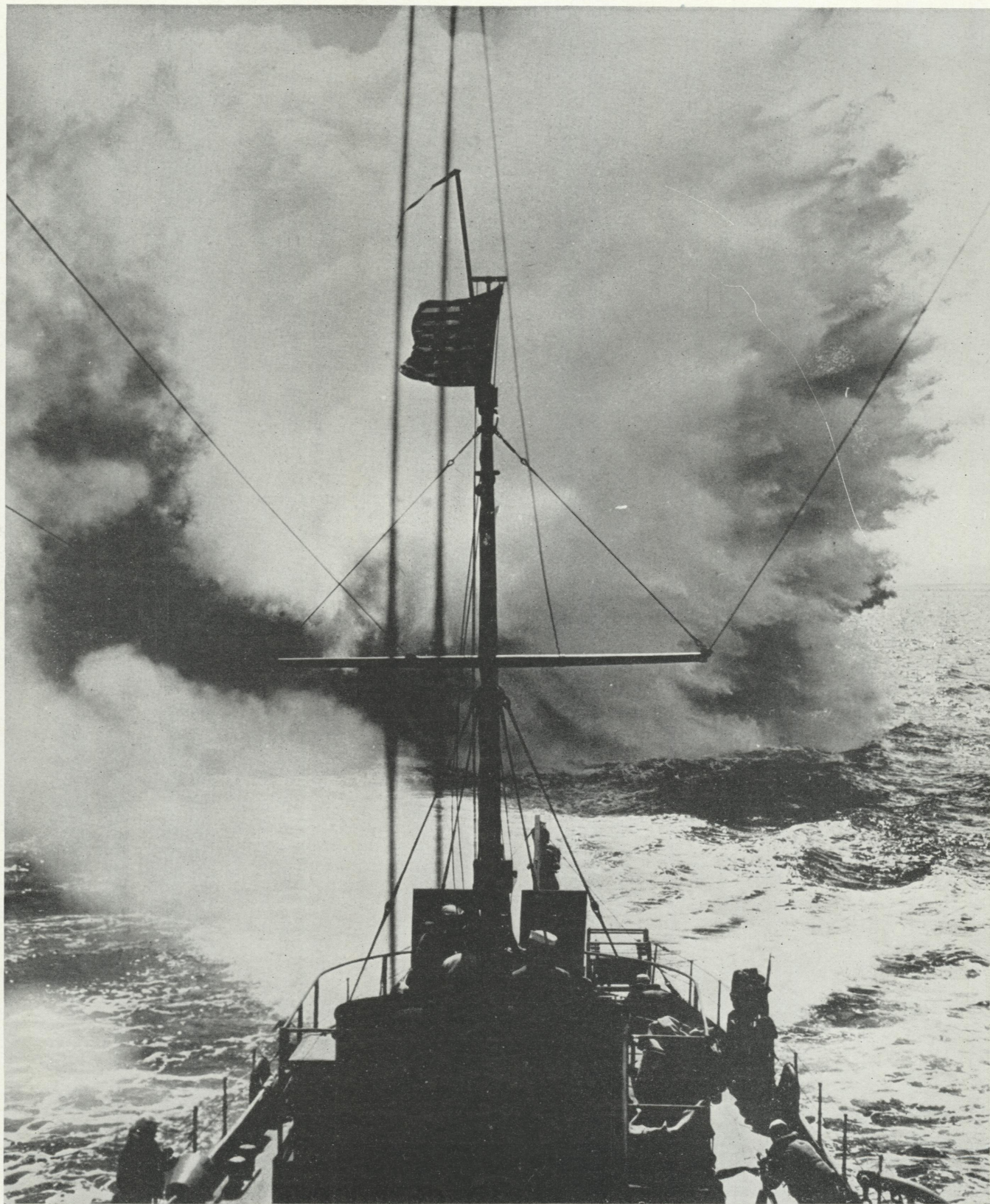
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
(Continued from Page 8)

the air and caught him and tossed him again and again, each time saying "Whoops". Oh, glorious, glorious! — But then everything stopped and was silent, and there was nothing more to it — that is, that part of it.

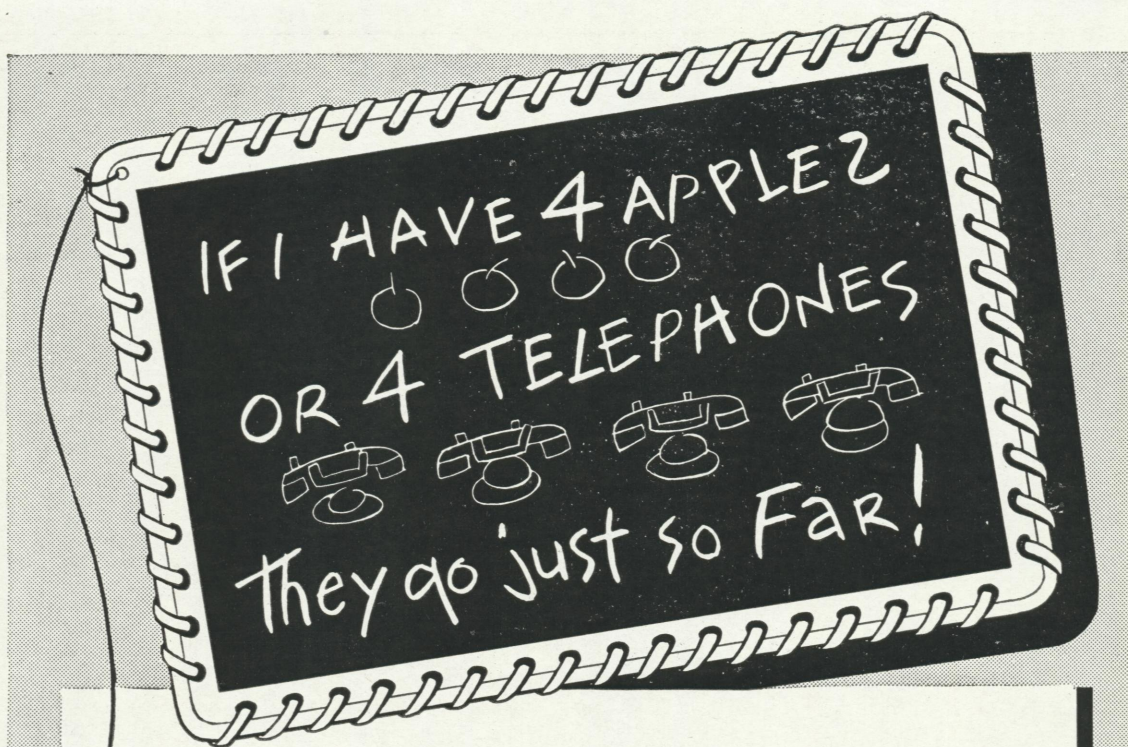
Now all he knew was that for a long time there was nothing, and then all at once there was something—this wonderful something that he wanted to share, but couldn't because they didn't understand. They thought he should come back to that world—cured, they said.

Cured? He wondered. He wasn't going to give up this gift which had been given him. How fortunate he was, how unfortunate they were because they couldn't know and understand. He had withstood all the travail of one, two, three, four, and the yellow mud and the yellow clouds, and he had been given this wondrous gift. Now in their ignorance they said he was a serious case, and cure was doubtful. No, they were wrong, they were to be cured, not he.

And with rising anger he looked up at the concern in his mother's eyes, and the perplexity in the doctor's expression, and the whole scene seemed comic, and he laughed at them and told them to go away, that all he wanted was to go back and away from their drab empty world. to his real world. And he closed his eyes and laid his head back against the harsh white pillow, and he smiled as he dug his toes in the soft black earth, and listened to the laughing tinkle of the water falling over the ledge.



Our navy is the foe of treachery and ruthlessness,
A college education is the foe of ignorance and prejudice.



WE'RE remembering that "apple" lesson in the telephone business. Telephone equipment is limited. (Manufacture for civilian use was suspended in 1942.) And War has created unlimited demands for service.

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THE OHIO BELL



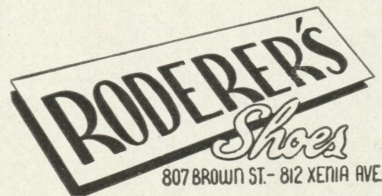
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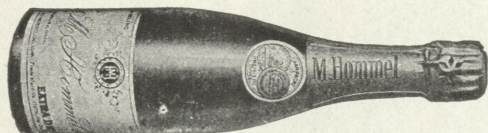
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