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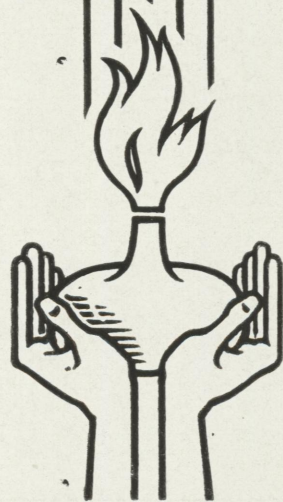
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



APRIL 1943



Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine — "Camel" for his favorite smoke.

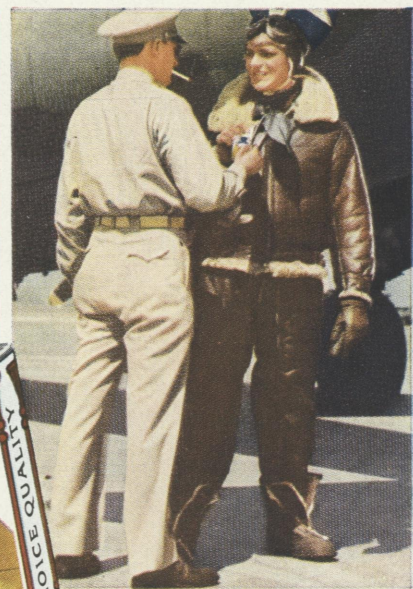
Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST
GUARD

Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



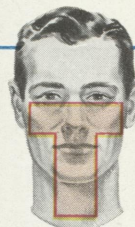
On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



On land — on sea — yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE" — Taste and Throat — is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

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

THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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BREAD

When shared by men, you bind in friendship
Becoming common flesh, O Bread;
But blest and broken, Christ betoken,
And Him become, to souls are fed.

—THOMAS STANLEY

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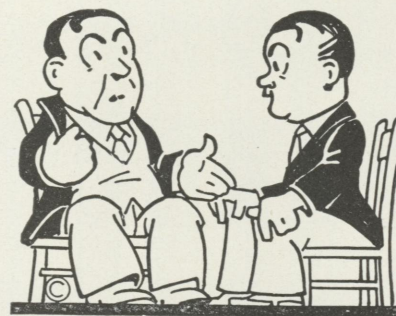
APRIL, 1943

No. 4

A New Monroe Doctrine

• By ROBERT MINGES

Any idea that will assist in cementing amicable relations between the United States and Latin America is most welcome. This article suggests such an idea.



TODAY, when hemisphere defense and improved inter-American relations are an absolute necessity, an accurate understanding of all the points at issue is essential. It is not intended in this article to attempt a solution of the specific problems involved, but to indicate a hindrance to such a solution and to suggest a replacement of that hindrance by another fundamental basis of action. The hindrance is the current meaninglessness of the Monroe Doctrine, which is very frequently taken as an adequate basis for establishing a sound unity among the American republics. Practically, that term is probably the most grossly misunderstood in the entire field of inter-American relations. To us of the United States it signifies one idea, to our neighbors of the other Americas, an entirely different concept. To see that in itself it really means nothing will go far in removing it as a hindrance; then a sounder basis of establishing inter-American solidarity can be discussed.

What was the Monroe Doctrine at its inception? Merely a presidential message to Congress which treated in some detail the attitude of the United States toward certain relations between the nations of the Old World and those of the New, and that during a specific period of history—the early nineteenth century. The passages which referred to the question were as follows:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers . . .

The political system of the allied powers (the Holy Alliance) is essentially different from that of Amer-

ica . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to OUR peace and safety . . .

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence . . . we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition TOWARD THE UNITED STATES. (Emphasis added.)

The ideas expressed in these quotations were for the most part those of Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, who had persuaded the president to include them in his annual message of December 2, 1823. Among Adams' motives may have been included a desire to secure the friendship of the new Latin American states. Foremost among them, though, was his determination to avoid concurring in England's proposition of a joint declaration to the same effect, and thereby to manifest our diplomatic independence of that nation.

The Monroe Doctrine was not a declaration of hemisphere solidarity, even though it did draw a sharp distinction between the two hemispheres. Rather it used that argument to support its real object—a declaration of a self-defense policy in the face of threats by various European powers to what the United States considered its prerogatives in the New World. Some of these

privileges were in no way concerned with Latin America. The "closed to colonization" remark, for instance, was intended principally for Russia, trying at the time to extend her Alaskan holdings into the already disputed Oregon territory. The only application that it might have had to Latin America at the time can hardly be considered complimentary to our motives, for Adams' refusal of England's proposal was prompted in part by a reluctance to deny to the United States as well as to other nations (as England would have him do) any future acquisition of territory to the south—such, for instance, as we did acquire by the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War.

Knowledge of such motives would seem sufficient to have aroused the suspicion in the new Latin American states that their fellow republic to the North was not quite sincere. Two of them, however, considered the pronouncement an invitation to form an alliance with the United States against possible European aggression. But our traditional policy of non-entanglement advised the rejection of their overtures. Their suspicion was only deepened.

To this suspicion was added doubt as to the ability of the United States to enforce the Doctrine. Bolivar, who together with San Martin and other leaders had liberated most of Latin America from Spanish rule, seemed to attach little significance to it. An agreement which Britain had "persuaded" France to sign almost two months before Monroe's declaration, disclaiming any intention on the latter's part of intervening in Spanish America, was considered as more meaningful, since it was supported by the recognized might of the British Navy, whereas the Monroe Doctrine was for practical purposes merely a piece of paper.

The surprising growth of the United States in power during subsequent years served in some measure to dispel these doubts, but it only increased the fear of Latin Americans for what they came to look upon as the "colossus of the North." What was to prevent the Yankees from expanding southward in order to fulfill their "manifest destiny"? The early applications of the Monroe Doctrine were rarely in defense of the rights of their neighbors. They were rather attempted justifications of action taken for the sole advantage of the United States.

When the Doctrine—by this time hardly recognizable as Monroe's—at last came to the rescue of Latin America in the grasp of European creditors, it was in company with Theodore Roosevelt's "big stick" policy, and so could hardly be welcomed as a doctrine of solidarity by the other American nations. They demanded security not only from the grasping of European powers—which we would promise them—but

from what they looked upon as our aggressiveness as well. When the Monroe Doctrine brought United States troops to occupy their territory and United States officials to collect their customs duties, they could hardly be expected to cooperate wholeheartedly.

Woodrow Wilson realized this, but his distractions in Europe during the first World War and the fiasco of Versailles obscured his perspicacity as well as destroyed his idealism. When the Latin Americans, upon their entrance into the League of Nations, whose covenant denied that it abrogated any documents "as for instance, the Monroe Doctrine," asked for a definition of that Doctrine, they were put off with vague references to even more vague pronouncements of the past. Hardly a way to gain their confidence and cooperation!

And so the tradition of the Monroe Doctrine has lived on. In the United States it has come to symbolize "Pan-Americanism" and hemisphere solidarity; in Latin America, Yankee imperialism and selfishness. Nevertheless—almost in spite of this divergence of viewpoints—progress has been made during the past ten or fifteen years toward more friendly and cooperative relations between the American republics. Does not this point to the fact that the Doctrine has ceased to be of importance in this matter? The time has come, then, to forget the Monroe Doctrine as meaningless, if not as dangerous and as a hindrance to the fulfillment of a longed-for design.

What is to replace the Monroe Doctrine as a rallying sign? What is to be the new Monroe Doctrine? The common possession of a deep Christian culture by all the American nations. Surely such a bond of unity would be much firmer than a mere political shibboleth.

The possession of a deep Christian culture is Latin America's in its traditional Catholicism. Could it be found in our own social life in the place of the secularism that is found there, Pan-Americanism would be a reality. That it is not found there, and that Latin-American Catholicism is not a powerful force in establishing inter-American solidarity—both these facts can be in large measure traced to our own apathy and indifference. A revival of active Catholic life in Latin America demands that priests be sent from the United States to supply the lack there. To merit the respect of the deeply Christian Latin Americans, the United States must Christianize its social life. Both of these possibilities lie within our power to achieve. Their fulfillment will mean Christian solidarity and inter-American solidarity.

Madre de Dios, Madre de las Americas—Mother of God, Mother of the Americas, unite us in the universal Brotherhood of your Son.

The Willow Run Bomber Plant

• By WILLIAM E. McHUGH

Read about the new Ford plant from the point of view of a civil engineer.

SOON AFTER the beginning of the present world cataclysm it became evident to all that mechanization in general, and air power in particular, would play a decisive role in the conflict. As the titanic struggle continued and Germany proceeded to batter England with air raid after air raid until the knees of the Empire quaked, all people who realized the seriousness of the peril, and the danger of allowing the marauder to continue unchecked, feared and wondered. What to do?

Obviously the answer was to help Britain. But then the question arose: How shall we go about it? Henry Ford was one man who answered the question with a decision, a decision that was to help pay Hitler back in kind; to build bombers to carry the war to the Third Reich.

Just why Willow Run was selected as the site for this bomber plant I do not know. I do know that Ford owned a large amount of the land in that section and used it for a sort of cooperative summer farm camp for young boys of high school age. Also, Ford had at that time many of the smaller plants in that region working under contract with him. Moreover, it is close to the heart of the Ford industrial empire and but a few miles from the great labor market of Detroit. Undoubtedly all of these entered into the ultimate decision to build this large structure at Willow Run.

Work started soon after the decision. Albert Kahn, associated architects and engineers, of Detroit, were the designers. This firm had previously done much of the design for the buildings of the motor car industry, particularly for Ford and Chrysler. While the plans were still being drawn the excavation was started. This was in May, 1941. By mid-July the greater part of the steel erection in the manufacturing areas had been completed, and a good start had been made on the erection of the steel in the assembly areas. The shipping and receiving areas were about half completed. Work on the airport across the road in Wayne County (the road has since been removed), was just getting



underway; the engineering building, the paint shop, and the power plant were not yet started.

In September the people of Ypsilanti (who actually knew very little about the plant) began to predict the completion of this giant by Thanksgiving. This is mentioned only to show the overoptimism of some of the workers, which was in turn magnified by the townspeople.

Relatively few unexpected difficulties were encountered. Threatened strikes were averted by suspension of almost all work on Saturday and Sunday and an increase in the hourly rates. The weather was excellent. During the period I was there I can recall only two working days when the rain interfered seriously with construction. However, there was a problem which was known to exist, and which had to be overcome.

This whole area is supposed to have been a lake at one time. At any rate, a problem on all excavation work was the unusually high water table. Whenever excavation of any extent at all was made it was first necessary to install a system of well points. This minimized the difficulty, but did not overcome it entirely. The procedure followed in almost all of the larger excavations was to remove the earth to a point about a foot below the water table. The well points were then installed by the usual jetting method and connected to an eight-inch header pipe. At the same time the other pumps were installed to pump the water which had accumulated in the excavated pit. When most of this water had been removed the excavation was continued down to its lowest point. A slight slope was given to these pits so that the water would run to one point from which it could easily be pumped. It was while investigating the grade at one of these low points that I chanced to find a deposit of quicksand.

The soil was poor, both from an agricultural and from a construction point of view. It seemed to be liquid a good bit of the time, but when agitated, occasionally would whip like cream. To hold the side

slopes in place it was necessary in most places to erect sheet piling in a sort of terrace system, but the semi-liquid mass was continually coming over these, so that some attention was necessary. In places where the soil was particularly poor and conditions warranted, the columns and footings were given what protection could be offered by sheet piling.

To give you some idea of the speed with which the work progressed from the drawing board to actual field work and eventual completion, I might mention the following case. On one Friday afternoon a contract was awarded for the installation of the electrical conduit. The construction company had anticipated this and immediately switched many workers to this new portion of the job. Engineers were brought in from other jobs and from the company's Detroit office, and in general, the new contract was particularly emphasized. The result was that by Saturday noon more than two hundred feet of this conduit had been poured.

By September the workers at this plant were numerous but there was a shortage of housing facilities. Then the highway system was inadequate. M 112 was about a mile away at its closest point and the connecting roads were unsurfaced. Ecorse Road was surfaced but was not built to carry any great volume of traffic. It was expected that most of the workers would come from the Detroit areas, but many of the workers on

the construction gang came from Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, and the vicinity. A housing project was started but was not expected to meet the demands. Accordingly, it was decided to provide an adequate access road system between the plant and Detroit in record-breaking time.

The State of Michigan concentrated its highway department on this project. As is the case on all highway projects during the present war, steel must be dispensed with in the slab. To make up for this the slab is made of uniform thickness, commonly nine inches, as was the case here. Keyway joints were substituted for steel tie bars in connecting the curb and the adjacent slab. In all this work the idea was to build for the present but with an eye to the future.

Although I have not seen the plant or the highway system since completion, I understand that they are both pleasing in appearance and not strictly utilitarian. This is to be commended. After all, even in wartime we should not allow ourselves to be too limited in our outlook, to the extent that we place eyesores of a more or less permanent nature about the countryside.

And in conclusion I would like to point out that this is another reminder to a future Hitler of the speed and efficiency with which American industrial might may be converted to the uses of war.



A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

He knelt there praying for a while—
A soldier kneeling by his bed—
Praying,
Thinking,
Thanking God,
What were the words he said?

I thank You for protecting, God—
My life,
My wife,
My little boy,
The land on which I trod.

He knelt there praying for a while—
Wishing,

Dreaming,
Wondering, too,
Yet on his lips, a smile!

He felt he was a lucky man—
Thankful,
Grateful,
Happy, too,
He's here, not in Japan!

In his hands he held his head—
Praying,
Thinking,
Thanking God,
A soldier by his bed!!

—PAULINE ZINK

Pompeii

● By MADELINE GEORGIEV

Read what a visitor to Pompeii has to say about the ancient city.

UPON A HILL, overlooking the scenic bay of Naples, flourished the city of Pompeii, two millennia ago. It had only about twenty thousand inhabitants, but in spite of its modest size, it was prominent both as an industrial and trade center, and because it was a resort favored by the Romans, among whom were such prominent men as Pliny and Cicero.

The history of Pompeii can be traced back to the sixth century B.C., at which time the first temples and other monumental edifices were erected. In contrast with the nearby "Neapolis" (at present Naples), which was a Greek colony, Pompeii was founded by Italic people. Nevertheless, it was under Hellenistic influence culturally, and later, also, politically, since it needed an alliance with the Greek colonies to defend itself against the powerful Etruscans. The planning of the town, the fortifications, architecture, sculpture, and mural paintings all exhibit characteristic Greek features. Thus it will suffice to mention the names of the temples of Zeus and Appolo and to point to the mythology portrayed in the numerous splendid frescoes.

However, there is some evidence also of Egyptian art and culture. Scenes from the Nile and paintings of African flora are found on the walls of some of Pompeii's palatial residences. Superimposed upon and blended with the creations of these two famous civilizations are the contributions of other ancient though less known nations—the Samnites, Etruscans, and others. The latest stratum in this complicated city structure was obviously of Roman origin.

The little city of Pompeii had often struggled against various invaders in an effort to preserve its independence. It, finally, had to submit to the ever growing pressure of Rome, in 80 B.C., when the hordes of Sulla entered its gates. Cicero, at that time, defended the rule imposed by this dictator on Pompeii. The influence of Rome was powerful and affected the development of Pompeii and the life of its citizens in many ways. Patricians and wealthy merchants then moved in and built luxurious mansions such as the House of the Golden Cupids. Theaters originally planned along Grecian patterns were altered to provide facilities for

the performances of gladiators, and for the display of ferocious animals. The theaters were of such magnitude that they were really out of proportion. For example, the one in the open air accommodated five thousand spectators, and Odeon (with a roof) one thousand five hundred. Splendid public baths were built, impressive not only because of their architectural value, but equally so on account of the clever arrangement for the supply of water and heat, elaborate plumbing and artistic decoration with mosaics, ornaments, etc.

The activities of the community were centered at the two forums, and the political, economic and social life of the Pompeians was reflected in the edifices erected there. Administrative offices, the court-house, a kind of a stock exchange, the treasury of the city (found to be empty), and storehouses are prominent among the various structures, all of which exhibit a refined taste. These were beautified by porticos, statues, and fountains. Numerous inscriptions on the walls and on special posters testify as to the great interest of the citizens in elections, and political activities in general.

Among the various guilds, that of the Fullers was particularly prominent. It controlled the textile industry and the dyeing and laundering establishments. A number of vats, tanks, and implements used by the members of the guild were found. Mural paintings of the latter give a precise idea as to the processing of fabrics in those days.

During the rule of Augustus, Pompeii underwent a rapid Romanization. The old frame and stucco houses were being replaced by what was then a standard for the conqueror—brick houses. If Mt. Vesuvius had delayed its eruption by a few decades, we, probably, would have been deprived of seeing, now, the unique combination of Hellenistic, Etruscan, Samnite and Roman architecture which prevailed in Pompeii at the time when its life was so suddenly arrested.

The unique feature of Pompeii is not to be found in the discovery of individual edifices, statues, and archeological treasures in general. Such can be seen also, in other famous historical places—Egypt, Greece and Rome. It is the "ensemble" of all that goes with the existence of that prominent city—the total of its diversified structural elements and the abundance of graphic and, therefore, vivid evidence as to the way of living in the community. This, in particular, is most

fascinating to the visitor. Instead of looking at pyramids, the remnants of the Acropolis, or the ruins of the Colosseum, and straining your imagination to visualize the life of the ancients, you simply walk through the streets of Pompeii where the ruts of the wheels are perfectly visible; drop into a bath-house which is complete in all details, and still serviceable; pass by a private home with a sign "Watch out for the dog"; visit the office of a surgeon, where you can see his instruments. Next door you can see the shop of a cobbler, and, behind the curtain, his living quarters. As you enter a kitchen you can see a kettle over the fireplace and a loaf of carbonized bread, and remnants of a fish, and a few nuts and dates, abandoned suddenly, and preserved perfectly for many centuries.

To cap the realism of the life of this ancient town, there are some beautiful and incredibly well preserved mural paintings found in several dwellings of the rich. Some of them portray the life of the Pompeians and serve as a substitute for the absent inhabitants. To these must be added a number of plaster castings, exactly reproducing the appearance of humans, plants, pieces of furniture, etc., which while covered by the solidified ashes, slowly disintegrated, but left a perfect mold in the latter.

As Pompeii had reached the zenith of its development, a terrific earthquake rocked it to its foundations, in 63 A.D. Most of its monumental edifices were, then, damaged. An intensive reconstruction followed the disaster. Sixteen years later, as the city was already emerging from the ruins, more beautiful than ever, the

tragic finale came upon it. Pliny, the younger, who had a villa in the vicinity of Pompeii, was an eye-witness to the eruption of 79 A.D. He described vividly the catastrophe in a letter addressed to Tacitus.

For fifteen centuries Pompeii slumbered undisturbed under twenty feet of a heavy blanket of ashes. Even the site of its existence was forgotten. Then, in 1594, a group of men, working on an engineering project, struck upon an ancient house in which they discovered a number of strange furnishings and other objects. It took two more centuries before the excavations by archeologists were started. They are still going on, with three-fifths of the city now uncovered. Priceless treasures of historic and art value are still to be reclaimed by future generations, since the scientific handling of the excavation is slow. Its objective is to unearth without damaging the findings, and leaving in place every statue, vase, or implement, so as to offer to the student of history the best opportunity for learning more about the life and accomplishments of the ancients.

As I was bidding farewell to Pompeii, I glanced once again at Mt. Vesuvius, which forms its background. Lovely vineyards and forests were covering its slopes. From the crater, black smoke was rising toward the deep blue skies. Vesuvius was, indeed, both beautiful and threatening. Prostrated before it was the dead city of Pompeii. I could not help thinking that in spite of its cruelty the volcano preserved several ancient civilizations more completely than in any other place on earth.



TO BLESSED JULIE BILLIART

Your eyes beheld this glory rise
And gild the earth from hill to hill,
You marked how tranquil were the skies
At morning's birth, how pure and still.

Your heart was glad that soul of song
Should bear aloft a flashing wing,
When youth was fellow to the throng
That made the misty meadow ring.

Your face has shared the soft caress
Bestowed by Hand we may not see,
Your soul has known the loveliness
Of April dawn in Picardy.

—SISTER MARY DAVID, S.N.D.

Latin... The Languages of the Middle Ages

• By WILLIAM WILDER

If you don't know why Latin was the language of the Middle Ages, read this interesting proof of this statement.

THAT lonely man falling asleep after a long day's work over manuscripts and letters moved wearily on his couch of rushes. He was as if he were seized with a mortal illness. On other nights he would slip off to a peaceful sleep praying; or failing that, he could at least go back to his letters with his lantern, and pour over the words that held his heart. "I talk to your letter, I embrace it, it speaks to me, it's the only thing here that understands Latin . . ." As he muttered these words he had written just that day to a boyhood friend, he could see himself as a student far off in Rome, standing before the Praetorium of Caesar.

Suddenly there was the clash of chariots, a flaring light and then—"Who are thou?" The voice fairly thundered from the judgment seat as the wearied scholar cast himself upon his face. "I am Jerome, the Christian," he rejoined, at once pleading and reliant. "Thou liest," was the stern reply, "thou art a Ciceronian, not a Christian."

Then the man who had experienced trials and temptations in the desert, cut off from family and friends; a poor wretch who would pray and fast, only afterwards to read Cicero; who after a night of vigils and tears would take up Plautus again, felt strongly touched by divine Grace. Turning up toward the light (more befitting the character of the man he was) he said, "O Lord, if ever again I possess worldly books, or read them, I have denied Thee."

But try as he might, St. Jerome could not purge classical learning from his writings. On the other hand, he discovered that he could use his classical training for Christ. He could write later, "When books of secular wisdom come into our hands, if we find anything useful in them, we apply it to our own teaching." And he was only one of the Fathers of the Church—only one of the forerunners of the great Latin Society of the Middle Ages.

Dean Millman in his *Latin Christianity* has said that the *De Imitatione Christi* "supplies some imperious want in the Christianity of mankind, that it supplies it with a fullness and felicity which left nothing to be

desired, its boundless popularity is one unanswerable testimony . . . The style is ecclesiastical Latin, but the perfection of ecclesiastical Latin of pure and sound construction."

Why did Gerard Grote pen that soul-saving *De Imitatione Christi* in Latin? What made Sir Thomas More use Latin when he pictured for the world, *Utopia*? When Copernicus finally published his great discoveries in *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, (dedicated, by the way, to Pope Paul III) why was it written in Latin rather than in his native Polish dialect? Why?

A response comes from James J. Walsh in *The Century of Columbus*: Those authors "probably thought nothing at all about the language that they were using except for its convenience for others." But how can we explain that Latin came naturally to be the language of the Church and of Scholarship in Western Europe during the Middle Ages? Mr. Walsh does not give the answer. He takes the answer for granted. The answer lies not with Renaissance writers, not with fourteenth century empiricists, not in a papal bull—but the answer does lie shrouded in the historical pages of the Roman Eagle's flight.

Look back over twenty-five centuries to a little thatch-hut town of Rome, with its shabby band of inhabitants. Rome was already a hundred years old then, but it was just in its infancy. Thatched houses and seven hills became small for a hardy race. Farmers on the outskirts of town gave up their homes for a good price and moved farther out into the plains; some went farther away from home; some sailed down the Tiber, ventured out upon the sea and became roving sailors—all carrying their language with them.

Hardly had the Gallic raids been finally driven off when the Roman legions marched out of the Capitol to penetrate the lands of nearby tribes. Aequians, Hernici, Volscians—fell one after the other under the wing of the Roman Eagle. Almost every decade saw new territory being subjugated by the Roman arms, new peoples being added to the family of Jupiter.

With the legions went the language of Rome. It was only in remote corners that voices could be heard crying in the wilderness, "Here an old man must either learn a barbarous tongue or maintain silence." (St. Jerome from Palestine.)

(Continued on page 19)

Another Forgotten Man

● By MICHAEL DORSEY

*An addenda to "Their Lost Treasure"
in the February Exponent.*

IT WOULD seem that the author of an article in the February issue of the Exponent allowed for a space, subjective fancy to overcome not only his critical taste but his sense of real value as well. He deserves praise in that he brought to our attention a number of prominent American non-Catholic authors who have paid tribute to Our Lady and constitute her "fifth column" among those not of our faith. Yet his emphasis was on those whom I might call lesser knights of Mary. What seems unpardonable, he gives only nominal mention to Henry Adams, American philosopher, whose poem on Our Lady has been called the finest of its kind written in modern times. I would write what I consider a necessary addenda to *Their Lost Treasure*, giving due recognition to one whose sentiments might easily have inspired that title.

Adams, a scion of the family which has furnished America with two Presidents and any number of lesser political figures, expresses best the modern tribute to Mary. He uses, appropriately, the form of a prayer:

*Listen dear Lady! You shall hear the last
Of the strange prayers Humanity has wailed.*

It is the prayer of what he calls in his famous *Education*, twentieth century "complexity."

Before Adams fell beneath the impact of this bewildering age, he passed a rather futile life in search of what he called an education. He traversed strange paths in a still stranger manner (for original applies even more to his method of thought) acquainted at one time or another with most of the prominent statesmen, diplomats, scientists, and literateurs from Lincoln to Wilson. He followed no definite plans, but by a series of happy accidents, came upon the *Summa Theologica*, Saint Bernard, Mont-Saint-Michel, and Chartres Cathedral, in a word, the whole glorious panorama of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It was in Chartres, at her home there, that he met the Virgin, and from Chartres came stumbling back into the world he could not understand, the Virgin's strangest yet one of her most devoted clients. She fas-

cinated him with her thirteenth century simplicity. He loved her as the Queen before whom the simple tumbler displayed his tricks:

*"Ha!" said he, "how I am ashamed!
To sing his part goes now each priest,
And I stand here . . .
Shall I say nothing and stand still?"*

So, because the Divine Chant was above him, this "Tumbler of Our Lady" leapt and sprang, and Adams thought the Queen more queenly in her acceptance of such a humble gift. She fascinated him, too, as the force behind the creative fervor of the thirteenth century, and he was puzzled that for all her winsomness, the Virgin seemed only secondary to the Dynamo as the force behind twentieth century achievement. His research on the subject, however, he left incomplete.

But the vision of Chartres never left him. One wonders why he did not realize that his search for "education" might have ended in Chartres Cathedral; that the Son is with His Mother always, and they both with His Church.

Henry Adams is not usually ranked among the poets, nor was he a Catholic. Yet his Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres is such that he has added, definitely, to the Catholic poetical heritage. What Catholic would be ashamed to repeat:

*Gracious Lady:
. . . weak, weary, sore
In heart and hope, I ask your help again.*

Or finally, what poet would not be delighted to claim as his own these lines:

*But years, or ages, or eternity
Will find me still in thought before your throne,
Pondering the mystery of Maternity,
Soul within Soul - Mother and Child in One!*

Henry Adams stands the culminating light among non-Catholic poets who have paid tribute to Our Lady.

—MICHAEL DORSEY

Found and Lost

● By PAUL CHERRIER

The title just fits the story. Read it for yourself and find out why.

YES, I SUPPOSE I've been in this movie business just about ever since it began. Doing all kinds of things—camera work, directing, publicity, some scenario writing. Mostly I've been talent scouting, uncovering the new stars and all that. I suppose I've put a fair share of names in the lights. And it's been an interesting job—finding the kids that have the stuff, and then watching them go. Some fizzle out, some make the grade. I could name quite a few names, now, and tell a few good stories about stars and near-stars.

I don't suppose I ever told you about one of my best finds. No, don't start guessing—you don't know him. He isn't in the business anymore.

You remember back in '37 when we were filming *The Castle*? That was the medieval historical picture that made Greville Lane one of the best directors in the field. I was working with him then. We were in a huddle with the casting director and a few others, trying to get our cast lined up. Everything was O.K. except we needed somebody for the part of the young monk. Maybe you remember it? It wasn't a big part, but Lane was a stickler for getting everything perfect. That's why he is where he is now. There just wasn't anybody that would suit him.

So we let the thing ride for a while and I did some nosing around. I found our man, in the bunch of extras they were signing up for the big scenes. Young fellow, early twenties, nice-looking, just the type. Lane and the casting director thought so, too. We screen-tested him and he was perfect. When Lane saw the tests he turned to me and said, "Get those script men to give that monk more space." That was all, but I could tell he was impressed.

Then he made sure the kid knew what he was doing. He called him over and told him just what his job was. "You're a Cistercian monk," he said, "a young Cistercian monk, and you've got to act the part. Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, I am," said the kid.

"Good, then you know the signs." I knew what Lane meant. He'd had a scene with some monks praying in the other Middle Ages picture he'd just finished, and got razzed because he hadn't spotted some of them making that—what do you call it?—sign of the Cross backwards and a few other slips. That got him mad, because he always was rather stuck-up about his accuracy in those historical pictures.

"Know anything about monks?" he asked.

"A bit," answered the kid. "I've read quite a lot about them, and once I made a Retreat at a monastery." That was better yet. He'd had experience.

He did a swell job, too, all the way through. I used to wonder sometimes just how one of these monks would do things, but he really showed me. And then there was that one big scene he was in. You remember, the hero is wounded and goes into the monastery for safety and the heroine comes along and wants to see him and can't because the monks can't allow women inside the gates. The kid had the part of the gate-keeper of the monastery, and Irma Lanier had the feminine lead. She had looks and personality, and besides, she could really act. And it was one of those emotional parts that fitted her perfectly. By rights she should have just stolen the whole scene. But she didn't. That kid did a perfect job in a blame tough scene there. Me, I wouldn't have been able even to imagine how a young monk would face a beautiful princess at a time like that, and I have a hunch Lane didn't know either. But the kid showed us.

I got to like him while we were filming that picture, and sort of took a special interest in him. He was a likeable fellow anyway—had a quiet way of talking and a slow smile that I liked. It seemed to me he did a lot of thinking about things, and sometimes I'd find him on the set in his monk's costume just sitting there and dreaming. When he had the props up for the choir scene in the monastery he sat and looked at it for a deuce of a while, just smiling to himself a bit. I found him reading one day. He had a book—called the *Way of God*, or some such thing—and he was just drinking it in. He told me it was by a Cistercian monk, and it was one of the best things he'd ever read. I didn't get the point exactly, but I guessed he was reading it to get the atmosphere for his part. He seemed to enjoy that part he had, and he seemed to get a big kick out of wearing that monk's costume. All

(Continued on page 18)

THE EDITOR'S

MARVIN J. DEWITT, *Editor-in-Chief*

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ROBERT HUELS
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GEORGE THOMA
KATHLEEN WHETRO
MARY FERRIS

Farewell

There comes a time when every person must take his leave from a particular person, place or thing. The fact that he has grown to love the person, place or thing does not eliminate the necessity of this leave-taking.

This year's Senior Class is the same as the ones that have preceded it. We move from these portals and a rather carefree life into a world which we must try to remake. The problems we will have to face will be difficult whether we go into the armed forces of this country or into a job in a defense plant. There will be no more of those days for many of us, but here at the University of Dayton the EXPONENT will carry on.

During this year we have attempted to give credit where that credit was due. Criticisms and suggestions were offered where, in our opinion, they were needed or would aid. However, we do not say that we were correct all the time. Being human and therefore subject to error, we are fortunate if we were correct fifty per cent of the times in the opinions that we expressed.

We have had our say and now we must take our leave, hoping this University and all the things that compose it have been improved, however slightly, by our attendance here.

Wars cannot interrupt or upset the ideals to which this institution holds. It will be here next year, and as long as there is a school there will be an EXPONENT. We would like to extend our best wishes to the incoming editor, and although because of the uncertainty of next year's student body, we do not know who he will be, we are sure that the EXPONENT will be as good or even better during the forty-first year of its publication as it has been at any time in the past.

—M. J. D.

Time

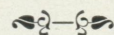
"I didn't have the time." How many times have you heard such an excuse or even used it yourself for not completing some assignment or task? It is the one excuse that should not be offered, or if offered, not accepted.

How many hours a week does the average student waste? Few actually waste long periods at a time; it is five-minute or ten-minute intervals between important tasks that in the end represent the hours. These are the moments that we should use productively.

There are many instances of people using minutes to advantage. It is not necessary to wait for a free hour to write a letter; it may be completed by bits. Did anyone taking a language ever, when riding a bus, try to spend that time to advantage by translating the advertisements. A great amount of reading may be done while waiting for other people. Memorizing may be done under these last two conditions and under many others.

These examples are not intended to cover all possibilities for utilizing spare moments. Let them suffice to show that it can be done. The particular system or systems employed must be determined by the individual concerned. Time is short and valuable. Use it while it is still here. Use it to advantage.

—M. J. D.



Thanks

The members of the Mechanical Engineering Society desire to express to the EXPONENT staff their appreciation for the article in the last issue of the EXPONENT giving an account of the purpose and the activities of the Society.

Through the Year With the A. S. C. E.

The constitution of the University of Dayton Student Chapter of the American Society of Civil Engineers reads "For the professional improvement of its members and the encouragement of intercourse with men of practical science." Under these principles the Student Chapter functions, supplementing the technical teachings of the class room by developing a professional consciousness in the students.

Contact between the Students and the Dayton Section A.S.C.E. was facilitated by the Senior Contact Member, Mr. J. J. Chamberlain, Jr., a representative being present at every meeting, and the Chapter being guests at several of their dinner meetings when such speakers were featured, as Prof. John Wiley, Purdue University, regional director of the A.S.C.E.; Mr. Walter Graf, secretary of the Ohio Society of Professional Engineers; Mr. H. A. Humphrey, soil cement engineer, Portland Cement Association, and Prof. William E. Abromitis, S.M.

At the bi-weekly meetings, speakers, slide lectures and motion pictures of engineering interest were presented. Technical and semi-technical subjects were treated by each member followed by a discussion. A social meeting was sponsored to insure a fraternal spirit among the members.

The second semester spotted with weekly inspection trips proved of special interest to the students. Under faculty supervision and detailed description given by professional men, the Chapter visited the Burger Iron Co., the Dayton Water Treatment plant, the Price Bros. Reinforced Concrete Pipe Co., the Dayton Sewage Treatment plant, the Southwestern Portland Cement Co., the bridges in Dayton, and the water supply and sewage treatment plants of several small villages in the Wooden Shoe district north of Dayton.

The officers for this year are Don E. Rist, president; Robert Wening, secretary and treasurer, and William McHugh and Robert Schmidt, committeemen. The faculty adviser is Brother Charles J. Belz, S.M. The members working under the incentive of their latest achievement, the President's "Letter of Commendation," the highest tribute paid to a student chapter, hope that this year will be one of the most successful in the history of the chapter.

—DON E. RIST

Women In Industry

Is it actually helping this country in the war effort for so many positions to be filled with women? Undoubtedly they have done much to fill the places of men who are now fighting for safety. All women do not, however, fit into the general plan as it has been outlined. There are women who could do more by fulfilling their proper duties of life. It is the mother with children to which we refer.

Women, it is being proven, are practically as capable as men in even the more dangerous and arduous positions. The women who can fulfill these positions should do so, but let the mothers stay at home.

It is the family, as a business unit, on which cities, states and countries are built. If the family is broken the whole deteriorates. Small children offer relatively comparatively simple problems as compared to those in their teens. They may be placed in a nursery, even if treatment there is not quite like a mother could give.

The delinquency problem among the teen age is becoming more and more difficult to solve. There are the ones who need a parent's guiding hand to point the proper way. If left to their own decisions, many of them will be wrong. They are the ones, also, who are influenced by anyone who seems to know the proper answer. In the post-war-world crime will surely rise if the adolescents are not properly guided now. Even in these times a mother's place is still in the home.

—M. J. D.

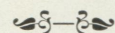


Have You Got It, Too?

My soul won't stay
Confined today!
Its free full swing
Bespeaks of Spring.

My work is here,
And yet I fear
I can do naught—
Spring fever's caught!

—SYLVIA SCOTT



A pencil
Whispers nervously,
Chattering
Its smudgy gossip
To dingy paper.

—KAY KUNKA

We . . . The Women



WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . ADELE KLOPF

RAMBLINGS OF A SENIOR

The coed of 1943 is a far cry from her counterpart of a decade ago. For the first three years in college, I hadn't given much thought to the idea, but as a senior it has become more important to me, has this self-analysis, not of myself alone but also of the other women who will be graduated within a very few weeks.

The responsibilities that lie ahead are bearing down upon us with a frightening speed. Are we ready and able to meet and cope with them? I think the answer is a definite "yes". Never before have all women, and especially college graduates, had such vast opportunities. We are needed in limitless positions—those in which we fit quite naturally and those to which we must adapt ourselves to take over the work of our fighting men. We shall meet this challenge with eagerness, sincerity, and seriousness.

Fifteen, even ten years ago, a coed was thought of as a living edition of Betty Boop. She wanted a minimum of study, parties by the score, and, of course, a fur coat. This was college life to her. Her vision was shortsighted, and she looked little beyond the exciting life of her campus years.

I hope I will not be thought conceited when I give some praise to the modern college woman. She is no less fun-loving than was Betty coed of the 20's. However she must be given credit for being more level headed, and her sense of values is sound. She has an aim in life and sets out to achieve this aim without forgetting to reveal the charm and grace of manner that make her a woman. She is neither an absolutely self-sufficient entity nor a helpless clinging vine. All in all, I think she will fit very well into this tempest-

tossed and changing world. Much as I dread putting college life behind me, I'm exceedingly glad that 1943 is the year of my graduation. The world offers us so much.

—MURIEL MUSSER



Credo—For the American Woman

Emerson says:

*When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.*

The American college woman answers Duty

In Red Cross work . . .
In special wartime classes . . .
In equipping herself with a VALOROUS spirit . . .

strong enough to conquer the hardships and disappointments of wartime living and heroic enough to wait . . . wait for news from the front . . . news from him. Her place . . . a VALIANT citadel between two fights . . . bound together with overwhelming faith and love. As a youth, she replies, I can . . . I can join

Physical Fitness Courses
First Aid
Civilian Defense

along with others who untiringly strive for a VIGILANT nation. She is proud to save part of her allowance, or go with some little extra . . . to buy bonds. Of all the tasks she can do, she realizes that buying bonds is the most VITAL.

War has come to the American college woman. She will not be found wanting. Armed with a fervent prayer . . . she faces it holding silent courage as her weapon.

Youth has been called . . . Youth has answered.

Mr. Emerson must have foreseen this generation and its determination to be VICTORIOUS.

—ADELE UNVERFERTH



APRIL SENTIMENTS

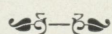
April brings a mixture of joy and sadness to us, the students of the University of Dayton. We undergrads eagerly welcome our short, but none the less anticipated, vacation from our studies. The three weeks free from classes and the homework resulting therefrom will allow us to recuperate for the coming grind during the hot summer months.

The Class of 1943 regretfully leaves the portals of the University, but is nevertheless eager to take their place in the turbulent world of today. We see the Seniors leave, and know that we will miss their heart-warming friendliness, their good comradeship, and their advice which has so often helped us to adapt ourselves easily to University life.

To all those girls who have so generously written interesting articles for "We, the Women . . .", I wish personally to extend my most grateful thanks. Kay Kunka, Betty Mayl, Ada Kay Bomford, Adele Unverferth, and Celia Himes deserve special credit for their frequent contributions. The entire list of contributors would be much too long to print here.

So once again, goodbye, Seniors. We hope that you will come back and visit your Alma Mater frequently after graduation. GOOD LUCK!

—A. K.



THE DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

Have you ever visited the Dayton Art Institute? As students you should be especially interested in it, due to its affiliation with our own University of Dayton. The School of the Dayton Art Institute offers courses in both commercial and fine arts that can be integrated with courses here. Art courses here at the University are taught by Mr. Siegfried Weng, director of the Institute, and Mr. Edward Burroughs, dean of the school.

It takes more than one visit to the Institute to gain a full appreciation of its value for you. Instead of being just a beautiful building housing art treasures in the typical museum fashion, it aims to bring out the human side of art for the enjoyment of all. Visitors are always welcome, for art must be enjoyed to be of value to the community.

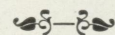
Located at Riverview and Forest Avenues, the Institute overlooks the Miami River and the skyline of Dayton. The building itself is comparatively new, having been completed in 1930. It is patterned after an Italian villa of the Renaissance period. It is built around two cloistered courts. Three-hundred year old wrought iron gates lead from the courts into the gardens. Here are fountains, the swan pool, and a variety of birds, including peacocks, pheasants and cranes. To the rear of the gardens is the collection of animals, a South American llama, antelope and deer.

The exhibits within the building are of two main types. First, those which are the permanent collection, the property of the Institute. Included in this group are such varied things as the Chinese Temple, the Italian rooms, chapels, classical sculpture, and a section on Oriental art. The other exhibits are those which are hung every month. These traveling exhibits are in tune with the times and include different phases of industrial art, photography, and crafts, as well as the more orthodox shows of modern painting and sculpture. Recently emphasis has been placed upon the arts of our allied nations.

No doubt you have at one time or another experienced "museum fatigue," which results from viewing seemingly endless stretches of art objects. You need have no fear of that at the Dayton Art Institute due to the varied nature of the exhibits and the refreshing manner in which they are displayed.

Why don't you go and look it over? The galleries are open daily from twelve-thirty to five o'clock in the afternoon and on Sunday from one to six o'clock.

—DOROTHY COLLINS



Mnnnn . . . !

Hello, there—
I'd have known you anywhere
Just from my dreams—
Broad shoulders, gray-blue eyes,
And that slow smile—
Was it only yesterday
That I laughed when they told me
About love?

—RUTH DRISCOLL

On Global English

● By CHARLES W. NEUMANN, S.M.

An interesting discussion about the future of the English language.

PROGRESS has rushed our world into an age when material means of communication draw nations together, the while human speech by its diversity shatters the bonds of international friendship. If we diagnose this problem as a culture lagging behind a civilization, it follows that we shall not enjoy the cultural benefits of a civilization tapping with its complex network the resources of every nation, until we fill the arteries of that network with a common medium of cultural exchange—a global language. Among the living languages, English holds most promise of satisfying our need.

The present condition of the world, first of all, is favorable to the international adoption of English. For many years our language has proved its worth in international business, and over three-fourths of the mail between countries is now addressed in English. The radio and motion picture, moreover, have taken root most firmly in Great Britain and the United States. Besides helping to explain the spread of the language, these means of communication hold unplumbed potentialities for aiding its formal adoption as a *lingua franca*. Providentially they are in the hands of the nations who will be most influential in establishing peace.

The argument for the global use of English, however, does not rest on mere opportuneness. As a language, English bears marks of energy and clarity that make it not only living but also healthy. Its inflected forms are few. Its grammar is surpassed in simplicity only by the Chinese. Since the English word order is primarily logical, not syntactical, the stream of thought flows unobstructed along its natural course to expression. These advantages combine to make a working knowledge of English more easily obtainable than that of any other living language.

If the health of anything living is seen in its growth, we can test the truth of these statements by a glance at the spread of English. From fifth place among languages spoken during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries, it climbed to first place about 1850. During the latter half of the nineteenth century the number of foreigners who could speak

English increased eightfold, and even before this war one linguist estimated that by the year 2000 the speakers of English will outnumber those of Russian, Spanish, German, and French combined. The trend to a simplification of the language is continuing to reap its fruits in a growing number of foreign users. It is true that as any system comes to embrace more individuals it normally adapts itself to greater variety by greater simplicity. Yet our tongue will not necessarily be impoverished by its worldwide use if, instead of permitting it to reduce itself to inaneness, we standardize it, freeze its functions near the mean between excessive complexity and absurd plainness.

Of course, nobody wants to hear the entire world speak one language. Even did not the quips and quirks of national thought place an absolutely uniform manner of expression beyond hope, we would never wish that "a common greyness silver everything"—even if it were an English greyness. A global language is, as it were, the standard according to which we mint the coin we use in the international exchange of thought. People will not mind carrying extra coin if that burden dispenses with carrying a gun to a neighborly chat.

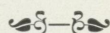
Esperanto, you say, possesses all these advantages, and, not being linked to any nationality, does not incur foreign prejudice. But the social experiment of an unfamiliar global language will probably be disagreeable to men who are tired of being used as guinea pigs. Furthermore, if after this war countries continue to let nationalism govern their foreign relations, and if we fail to play our role as victors in such a way that the embers of prejudice against us are extinguished, we do not deserve to impose, suggest, or even hope for the international use of English, nor need we hope to establish any other global language, no matter how impartial its status. Such an aspiration recalls the story of the New England farmer and his wife whose marital hostility endured for thirty years, while they carried on necessary communication through one of those "impartial media", the household cat. I never heard the end of the story, but if it were enacted on the international plane by countries whose hostility seethes beneath an insincere peace, events would soon kill the cat, whether his name be Esperanto or any other.

The argument for English, on the other hand, betokens a brighter future, for a brilliant past teaches us

(Continued on page 19)

that our language has spread to foreign lands, not by the force of conquerors, but by a conquering force of its own. We can now break down the prejudice which might stunt this natural growth by dealing equitably with the countries into which our armed forces have moved, and by sacrificing selfish aims to a

just peace. It is not inconceivable that, at some future date, Esperantists from all over the world would hold a final congress to recognize formally that they might as well disband, inasmuch as another language was filling the role they had reserved for their own. And their resolution, I wager, would be written in English.



Senior Sentiments

• By BETTY MAYL

We believe every senior will say "just so" to Betty's reminiscences.

IN THE SPRING every senior's relative's fancy politely turns to the one dollar question, "Are you anxious to graduate?" (How many times has every prospective graduate been asked that? "Yes," in the usual emphatic reply. But wait, think a minute, member of the class of '43, are you—honestly?

Remember when you first thought about college a long time ago? You were thrilled; you know you were. We all had seen movies about college—that incidentally show no time off for study—and we were looking forward to many good times when we went to college, and we were not disappointed. From the saddle shoe swings to the formal proms, from the skating parties and initiations to the farewell banquets, college was fun!

Of course there were bad times, too. First semester exams in our freshman year we thought we would never survive. Then we lost a couple of football games that we wanted very much to win. We did not get to go with the team to Huntington, or to Tennessee. It rained for most of our picnics, but we almost had a "name" band for every Junior Prom.

Will anyone ever forget those musical shows? With rehearsals until late and early, at least not anyone who was ever in one. And will you ever forget—well a lot of things like tramping around in the rain looking for leaves to put in your leaf collection for biology, trying to unravel notes for umpteen term papers, running out of ink in the middle of a final exam, forgetting blue books, writing verse during class, and dashing around at the end of the year to accomplish in days what you could not do in weeks ordinarily? And then there was the memorable ROTC band on Fridays during the

You still maintain that you are glad to leave?—glad

to leave all your profs and friends?—well, anyway, glad 11:00 b.a. (before acceleration) o'clock class and 11:30 a.c. (after the catastrophe) class. Who would forget that?

to be without 11:50 permission to bring you in on Saturday nights. Disregarding the latter, "yes" cannot be your unqualified answer. We all hate leaving the secure, even, although sometimes hectic, life we had in college. We are not happy at the prospect of leaving the friends we have found here. Many of us will miss certain of our profs, and we'll even miss the ones we gripe most about, we shall miss the griping, too.

But we are men and women now. We may not stay reasonably comfortable in college; we must take our places as useful citizens in the world outside of our small college world. We shall find other friends and we shall keep many that we now have. A bigger trial than semester exams confronts us.

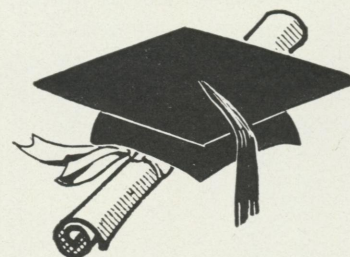
We are going to fight for the privilege of having our kind of education and even those feared exams. We shall be fighting for the right to hold May processions and pep-rallies, to gripe and to boost, to agree and disagree. Truly it is with mixed emotions that we leave college—eager and anxious for the future, yet hopeful or fearful of it. And we are ready to accept our responsibility and determined to have our say about running the world.

We naturally cling to the past and its carefree days, and we want to hold deep in our hearts the friendships we have made. Even so, we want to leave. Right about now most of us are plain tired out. We have the usual senior disease, 'get-out-itis'. However, we want still more to return later. Later, when we shall have time to really enjoy college, to appreciate it, and to understand how very much it has meant to us. And most of us hope that "later" will be soon.

A Graduate's Inventory

• By KATHLEEN WHETRO

Every U. D. student who will not graduate in April should read this article, and the graduate will find it very instructive.



IN THE FALL of 1938 I walked into the Registrar's office, where I now act in odd hours as a makeshift assistant to the assistant. I had decided upon a college career as the best method of attaining a background in philosophy, psychology, and sociology, for I felt an absolute need in those particular fields. To start out with a regular full-time schedule seemed out of the question, in view of the fact that I had been away from formal schooling for ten years. Hence I began as a special student, cautiously limiting myself to nine semester hours. In the course of these five years I have gradually accelerated myself to the point where, in this final semester, I am carrying nineteen hours. Although like most students, I am careening along at a mad pace, with the accelerator pressed to the floorboard, so to speak, the effort required is no greater than that I had to give my first semester. If you do not believe me, stay out of school for ten years and then try to start again. The adjustment problem is one that would tickle the intellectual palate of any experimental psychologist.

Since this is my final contribution to the EXPONENT, an inventory of my college career seems appropriate. In making such an inventory numerous questions arise: Have the original goals been attained? Were they really worth the nervous tension? The loss of sleep? The eye-strain and general wear-and-tear on the physical being? Will the college degree bring success, money, happiness?

As to the original goals—the individual alone can answer. In my own case I can say that I acquired the basis I sought in philosophy, psychology, and sociology, and I can now go on to further study of my own. Being able to answer affirmatively to this one question, I can consistently say that I have found the physical efforts were indeed worthwhile. But who can answer with any degree of certitude whether the college degree will bring success, money, and happiness?

When we reach this stage, we are limited. The circumstances and the times largely determine the answer. In 1929 there were college graduates, who had forgot any ethics they might have learned, leaping out of Wall Street windows. In the '30s there were college

graduates standing in bread lines. College graduates today are voluntarily entering factories to take advantage of the high wartime wages.

To say whether a college degree gives success, money, and happiness, we must first know the individual status of the particular graduate. Success, for example, may mean one thing in the life of one person and another thing in the life of some other person. We can say the same for money and happiness.

Although it is a duty of education to prepare an individual to make a living, I personally believe too many persons expect too much from a college degree. They are inclined to look upon it as a key to worldly gain. For a few it means that; for others it results in much less. If the others, who number in the majority, consider their higher education only from a material standpoint, is it any wonder that college graduates include untold numbers of disillusioned beings?

So far as I personally am concerned, if my college training leads to success, money, and worldly happiness, so much the better. If not, I am little concerned, for I have gained what I sought - enlightenment and a better understanding of life. If this remark places me in the category of the idealists, I can only say — so what? I am satisfied. I would not exchange the benefits I have received in college for all the power in the universe. I have made numerous friendships, many of which give evidence of withstanding the tests of time. I have established contacts with certain professors whose influences will follow me to my dying day. I have built up already a library of considerable worth and I have acquired an acquaintance with other books, the value of which I might never have realized had I not entered college.

From a practical standpoint, although I entered college not to learn more and better ways of making a living, I have gained a sufficient preparation to enable me to pursue various inroads to particular fields, some of which require no further educational training than that indicated by my forthcoming Bachelor of Arts degree. From my own experience I would say that a long-range view of one's college career offers the great-

(Continued on page 21)

(Continued from page 11)

in all, I liked him quite a bit, and hoped he'd get some breaks after this job was through.

You know what a hit *The Castle* made. Irma Lanier just missed getting the Academy Award that year, and the picture had a terrific box-office. But there was one little thing we noticed—at least Lane and I did. Every reviewer or movie critic had stuck in his article somewhere a little note about the way the kid had handled his part. Not much—the part wasn't big enough for that—but something. They all mentioned him, every one of them.

Well, right there we knew we had something, and we got busy to see if we could get the kid a solid contract before some other company copped him. We told the boss about it, and he said sure, if Lane thought he had the stuff, he'd take a chance. So we called the kid up.

Lane got the boss to make a good offer the first thing. The kid was the kind that would probably not even think of jewing about terms, and we sort of wanted to give him a square deal. He was surprised when he heard the offer, but he didn't jump to take it like we thought he would. He just smiled that slow smile of his, and said, "No, thanks a lot, but I've got other

plans." The boss thought he meant an offer from somebody else, and jacked up his bid. But the kid didn't change his mind. We raised the ante again, but he stopped us. "It's not the price," he said, "It's just that I don't want to go into the movies anymore."

That floored us. Most of these kids out here are just mad for a chance to get in the lights. So we wanted to know why. He was rather embarrassed. "I've been doing a lot of thinking lately," he explained, "and I've decided . . . well, I liked the part I had so much I'd like to keep on at it—I'd like to make it a lifetime job, in fact."

And that was all we could get out of him then. A few days later he left Hollywood. He's written to me a couple of times since, though. I just got one of his letters yesterday. That's what made me think about him. He always thanks me for getting him into that movie—says I was an "instrument of grace" or some such thing for him. This last letter talks about his making some kind of "final vows"—I don't get what he means exactly.

He writes from someplace down in Kentucky called Gethsemane Abbey, and he signs himself Brother Bruno Alberic, O.C.R.



(Continued from page 16)

In the shadow of the Roman legion came the great means for establishing permanent Roman control—the colonies. As the legions moved on, the colonists followed in their wake somewhat similar to the vanguard of America, the rough and ready pioneers who prepared the way for the ranchers, farmers and finally the townspeople of our own United States. As the legion advanced too, men were incapacitated, or passed their time of active labors for the "patria". These retired service men received plots of ground along with a share of booty. As an example we might mention how the veteran soldiers of the Punic Wars settled down in Spain, married Spanish maidens and brought up their children in loyalty to Rome. Is there any wonder that the country could be rapidly and effectively Romanized? Not long after the penetration of the Romans, citizenship papers came for the prominent families of the conquered tribes who adhered to Rome.

The official documents were written and published for the common people in Latin. Was it the praetor's fault if the "barbarian" failed to know the laws? During these times were laid the foundations for the Gallic-Roman schools like the ones at Autun and Rheims. Of the former we read in a letter of Constantius Chlorus,

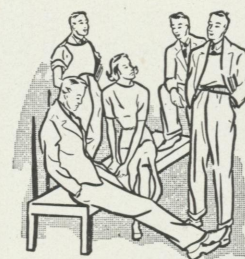
"Our Gauls, whose sons are instructed in the liberal arts at the city of Autun, and the young men themselves who have so cheerfully served as our escort, assuredly deserve that the cultivation of their natural abilities should be looked after carefully." As early as 180 A.D. Marcus Aurelius spoke of Rheims as another Athens.

Thus Rome burst the bonds of infancy—became Rome of the Republic with Legions far away in Gaul and Spain—became Rome of the Empire with provinces in Africa, Britain, Dacia and Jerusalem—became finally Rome, the Eternal City of Christianity, with spiritual sons the world over.

So it was then that, when Gerard Grote unveiled a new world in man's soul thereby doing as much for the microcosm as Copernicus did for the cosmos, he chose Latin as the language that would reach the greatest number of the people of his time. Is there any wonder then, why the Roman tongue became the language of the Middle Ages, the language of Religion, the language of culture? "Quid salvum erit, si Roma perit," wrote St. Jerome when he heard Rome was besieged in 410. Rome did fall, but one good not interr'd with the bones of the Roman Eagle was the Latin Language.



POTPOURRI



IN APPRECIATION

If an artist were to create only objects of truly inspired workmanship which would be appreciated by his fellow men, he would be deserving of great praise for his contribution to the enjoyment and enlightenment of men. How much greater, then, is the claim to immortality of the artist who devotes his heart and soul to the production of profound, aesthetic masterpieces only to see them neglected and even ridiculed. It is not man's habit to be impressed by the profound; the finest works of art gather dust on the shelves while the pseudo-cultured public are thrilled by bombast, are moved to tears by lush sentimentality, or are awestruck by banality and mediocrity.

I offer as an example of distorted sense of appreciation a comparison of the responses given different compositions played by the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra at recent concerts. Although many will not admit Beethoven's Ninth Symphony as the zenith of symphonic literature most people will agree—at least, as a statement of fact—that it is one of the greatest of all compositions, and yet, after its performance, an embarrassingly feeble applause was accorded it. However, just two weeks before, the audience had rocked the hall with the tremendous ovation they gave to the thirty-some minutes of key smashing that is known as Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In the catalogs of nearly all composers, the best works are the most seldom heard. Schubert is often remembered for trivial early works which he used merely as stepping-stones to learn the science of music; the Comajor Symphony and the quartets are too often forgotten. Mozart is perpetuated by one symphony, not his best at that; the other symphonies, the piano concertos, the quartets are neglected. Poor Tschaiowsky suffers from sentimental adaptations of his works. When a choice is to be made between two superb piano concertos of Beethoven, the power and grandeur of the Fifth cause the almost invariable precedence

given it over the Fourth with its calm, meditative spirit.

I could easily continue with many more examples, but I think those given are sufficient.

Fortunately, there are many people whose judgment is not warped; however, the number of those who are thus afflicted is alarmingly large. Let us hope that proper education in the future will reduce the number to a minimum.

—BERNARD DOODY



THE SILENT SENTINEL

The night air was still and peaceful. The moon, almost a full one, was shining in the heavens, lighting the world and casting silver shadows over the now darkened tents of the sleeping soldiers. Yes, night had come upon Fort Lawrence and it was already an hour or two since the calm, peaceful tones of "taps" had echoed out over the countryside.

Michael O'Niel stood guard tonight. Usually Mickey was as eager to "turn in" after a full day of drilling and rifle practice as the other fellows, but tonight was different somehow. He didn't mind the solitude in the night, the constant watch on any moving object in view, the unceasing strain of keeping alert to any suspicious sound.

He rather enjoyed being alone with his thoughts tonight. He wanted to think of home, Kathleen, his sweetheart who had promised to wait for him, and of Pat, Kathleen's brother and Mickey's best friend. The fellows had teased them about their companionship because of their names—Pat and Mike—and had labeled them "The Two Irishmen."

They had been boyhood chums, their friendship beginning when Mickey and his family landed in America and settled, as so many of the Irish immigrants, in the hearts of New York City

Pat was three years older than Michael and had always had a feeling of responsibility and "big brotherly" care for him. Difference in age had no effect on their comradeship and their friendship grew and became stronger as they developed into manhood.

Then came Pearl Harbor. The two Irishmen, loyalty burning in their hearts for the country they had both grown to love so well, enlisted together and marched off to war to "make the world safe for Democracy"—again.

They remained together and were stationed here at Fort Lawrence, where they both made friends and became two of the most well-liked soldiers in the camp.

"A month ago tonight," Mickey thought to himself as he kept watch, "Pat was walking this same guard, watching, listening." There had been a full moon that night, too, but the air wasn't as calm and the sense of peace did not prevail. Instead, a feeling of uneasiness possessed him that night as he watched, walked, and listened.

Suddenly there was a noise—a step and a figure moving in the shadows. Immediately Pat was on guard "Halt," he shouted, a little startled at his own voice ringing out into the still night. "Who goes there?"

There was no answer. Again he called out the order but to no avail. Suddenly there was another noise in the night—a shot, a stinging pain in the heart, a silent prayer, and Pat dropped to the ground. Rushing footsteps could be heard as the deserter and murdered escaped into the night.

Michael chilled slightly when he thought of it, trying to swallow that old lump in his throat. But Michael was not afraid; the thought hadn't occurred to him to be afraid. No, somehow, Michael felt as though he were not quite alone. He imagined there was a big brother near, a "Silent Sentinel" who would protect him and help him to keep his watch in the night.

—MARY VIRGINIA MALONE

METEOROLOGY

WEATHER: Warmer with possible showers late tonight or tomorrow morning, southwest winds prevailing.

We read similar reports in our daily papers. Such a report is issued by the community weather bureau only after a study of information teletyped in code, such as 42918 79B812 R7738 11926 L312, from all parts of the country.

The decoded message tells the local observer the pathway of winds and storms, gives the temperature and barometric pressure in various parts of the country and after some calculation and charting, he is able to foretell, fairly accurately, what the weather condition will be for the next twenty-four hours.

This weather forecast is of interest to farmer and civilian and particularly to aviators winging their way among the clouds, enabling them to fly more confidently and safely.

Weather can be predicted because Nature follows certain laws: atmospheric disturbances move from West to East; winds blow from a high to a low pressure area, storms have a tendency to follow known paths. Graphs and charts help to determine the humidity, air stability, wind pressure and velocity at various heights; instruments have been devised to predict the approach of storms.

After weather data has been obtained from other parts of the country, the weatherman begins to "plot", by spotting a large map with various kinds of markings. These markings help him to determine the direction of local winds, possible precipitation, the approximate temperature at a given time, the ceiling, visibility at various strata of the atmosphere.

The work is intricate and calls for a knowledge of meteorology, augmented by calculations based on a knowledge of trigonometry and physics; it requires rapid calculations from formulas. There is little glamour in the role that he plays, but his work is important for upon his prediction, thousands of dollars in harvests and crops, in ships, in property and real estate may depend. Often the lives of civilians and particularly of pilots and their passengers in the far-flung network of aviation, depend upon the weather prediction of the meteorologist.



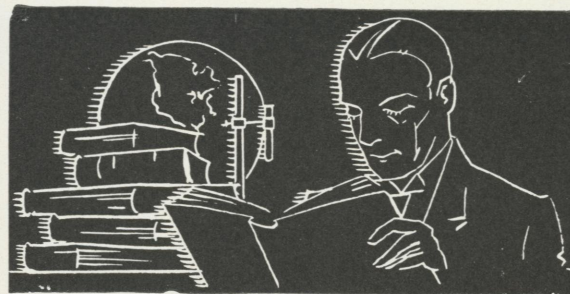
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est advantage to the student, and needs to be carefully worked out with the dean of whichever division the student may enter in order to achieve optimum results. Know what you are after and concentrate upon it,

whether it be the ideal or the practical; but have foresight to include a sufficient amount of the less specialized subjects in order to gain a liberal over-all coverage to enable you to step forth as a college graduate, who can truly evidence he or she has had college training.

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Book Reviews



THESE TWO HANDS

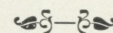
By E. J. EDWARDS, S.V.D.
(Bruce)

For five years during the hot summer months Father Edwards, S.V.D., relieved missionaries at their inland posts and became acquainted with the natives of the Philippines. Sickness forced him months before the Japanese seized the islands to return to America, his native land. It is most timely that he, himself a missionary, should choose scenes and people he knows well when he sits down to write his touching stories of Philippine missionary life which he so aptly titles *Thy People, My People* and *These Two Hands*.

In his second book, *These Two Hands*, which runs is a fictional biography, we see the human side of a picture that is not familiar to many people. The young, inexperienced Father Templeton considered his task of correcting papers more important than helping a poor dying leper. Shortly after fumbling this call to help the dying leper he is sent to the lonely mission station of Santa Cruz, a small fishing town. He strives hard to overcome his fear and distaste for daily missionary activities which are so necessary for missionary life. But he fails to conquer his paralyzing fear until an old-timer in the missions, Father "Buff" Conners, encourages the disheartened priest and tells him how to get acquainted with his parishioners. Beginning once more his daily toil among the natives, Father Templeton besides fulfilling all his missionary duties in the best possible way, also engages in hunting sharks at midnight, diving for coral, settling local jealousies, and even speaking with the washwomen on Monday mornings along the seacoast where at "public washing all topics of private and public interest were aired from the birth of a child to the size of the latest patch on a man's clothes."

Besides Father Templeton, the main character, there are a number of other interesting and fascinating characters. Among these are Gracing, the local church fiscal agent, a Spanish don and his half-caste son, Totoy the Padre's houseboy, and Lucay Luis, the old storyteller and the originator of the quips and proverbs that are flung around by the villagers.

So completely does Father Templeton succeed in overcoming his fear that one day after receiving a sick call he rescues a dying leper from the flames of the poor man's hut, and sacrifices his hands in the heroic act. After that he suffered much but a skillful Filipino doctor, by means of skin-grafting, saved Those Two Hands which enables Father Templeton to continue the work that he loves so much. —ADRIAN JANSON



I Saw the Fall of the Philippines

By COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO
(Doubleday, Doran)

"Always tell them the truth," MacArthur ordered, "people can stand the truth." And Colonel Romulo, the last man off Bataan, writes the bitter truth in his tragic and terrible account of the fall of the Philippines. He writes of hope and despair; of blood and sweat and tears; of endurance and defeat, as few men are qualified to write. For Carlos P. Romulo is a native Filipino editor, a recent winner of the Pulitzer prize in journalism, and a colonel on General MacArthur's staff. From a bomb-blasted cave of Corregidor he sent out messages over the Voice of Freedom, messages of courage and hope, of coming American aid—of American aid that never came. To the soldiers rotting in the fox holes of Bataan, ill-clothed and ill-fed, who questioned him eagerly about promised help, he spoke with assurance. "Soon," he said. "Soon."

There is something bleak about this book, and something terrible. For in its awful tragedy there is a fascinating record of human endurance, of a dogged, hopeless fight against a merciless invader, overwhelming superior in arms and men. It shows so vividly the faith of the people, faith in their God, in their country and its leaders, and in America.

I Saw the Fall of the Philippines is a book you should read. You should read it to gain a deeper appreciation of the devotedness and courage and faith of your Filamerican brothers; you should read it to lose any complacency you might feel about the war effort; you should read it to see the appalling results of any policy of "too little, and too late."

—STANLEY MATTHEWS

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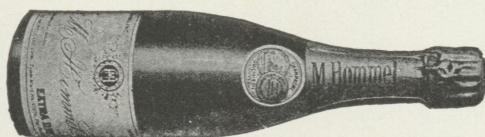
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GO WEST, YOUNG LADY

By INEZ SPECKING
(Catholic Literary Guild)

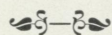
The story in *Go West Young Lady* takes place in a little town in Southern California, where a young girl is sent for her health. She acquires a position as a teacher in the county school there and she becomes very well acquainted with all the people in the community, not excluding a young man whom she had previously met, and who, she thought, was not very gentlemanly.

During the course of the story she finds that this young man had also been sent out West for his health. While the happenings take place in the story her opinion of him is soon changed and she finds herself in love with him, much to the disapproval of her brother, Robert Henry, who thought that anything west of St. Louis was really wild and woolly.

There is much description of these poor simple western folk, who work laboriously all year only to find themselves hardly out of debt. The Catholic priest comes to their community once or twice a month, and on these occasions the people gather for the religious service and also for some social function, such as the square dance or a box lunch or a bazaar given in honor of the priest's coming.

Rather than one continuous plot, the story is made up of a series of unrelated events with not so much concentration on individual characters. The book is not a comedy, but it is a wholesome and interesting story worth the time that it takes to read it.

—MIRIAM J. LOGES



DARK SYMPHONY

By ELIZABETH LAURA ADAMS
(Sheed and Ward)

Dark Symphony . . . a symphony indeed! Elizabeth Adams writes the song of her life. Here is a tale of deep suffering, misunderstanding, and poverty, and yet she sings without bitterness. Those of us who have a love of our dark brothers, because we are all blood-relatives of the Crucified, will find comfort in this book, while those of us who are antagonistic towards the Negro will have our smug feeling of superiority dashed with cold water.

Miss Adams begins the story of her life in good humor with a description of her preschool and kinder-

garten days. And then she entered grammar school, where she first felt the cutting sting of class distinction: "I won't play with her because she is a nigger." That she never succumbed to antipathy or hatred is a tribute, not only to her own internal worth, but likewise to the gentle understanding of her parents.

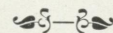
Despite recurring deaths among her relatives and her own state of weak health, her childhood was a happy one. She had affectionate companions and teachers who made her feel that she was one of them.

From her parents she inherited a deep sense of religion, and her intelligence prompted her to search for the truth among the Christian sects. At an early age she was attracted towards Catholicism, but her father opposed her desire to join. She then sought comfort in a church of another belief whose ceremonies were somewhat similar to those of the Catholic Church. Again race prejudice lifted its ugly head; white people did not wish to kneel at the altar with a negro. Dazed and hurt, but still without rancor, she turned away. Eventually she had the happiness to become a Catholic.

Gifted as a writer, she was forced by circumstances to work as a matron and maid. When the depression came even this meagre source of income was lacking. Ill health constantly pursued her.

And yet Elizabeth Adams has written a symphony on the beauties of negro womanhood, the tremulous melody of which, sometimes happy and sometimes sad, is ever upward. You who want an understanding of the deeper meaning of life, come, listen to the *Dark Symphony*!

—CHARLES LEES

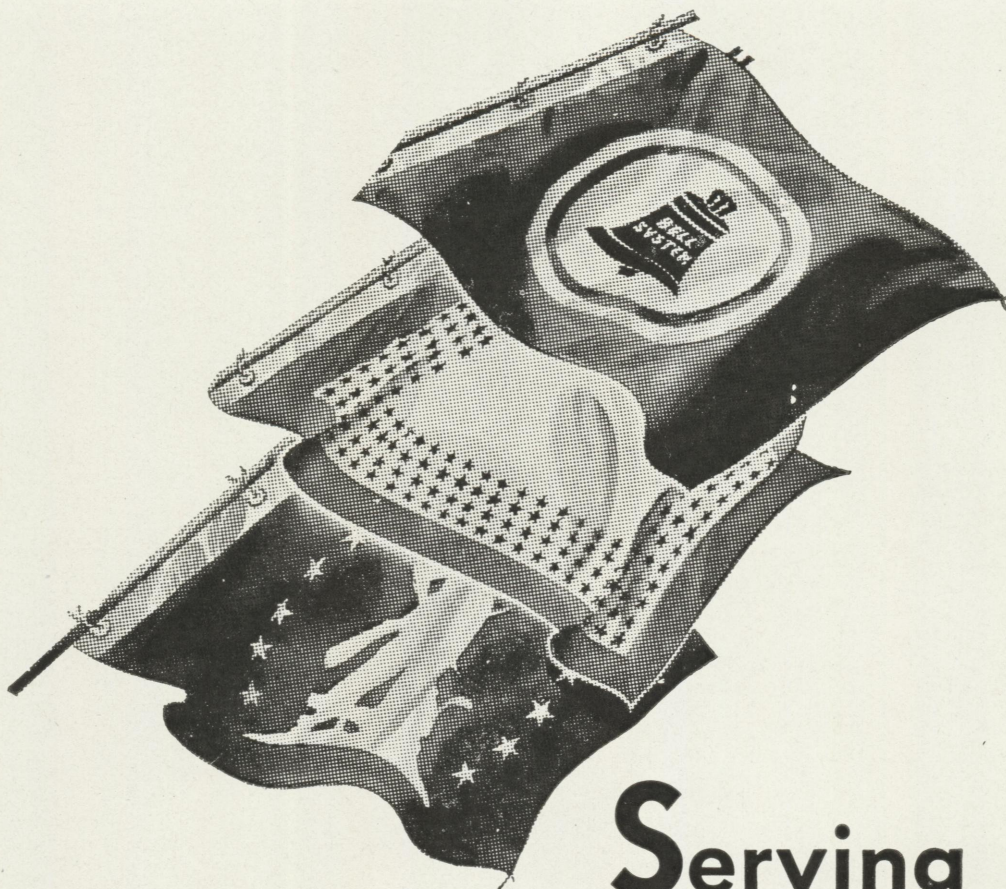


Suggestion of Spring

There is a hint of Spring today.
The wind blows cold and strong and yet
The fitful sunshine holds a spark
Of warmth of sunny hours.

I hear a brave bird give his call
And flutter toward the azure sky.
He seems like me to feel the promise
Of golden days ahead.

—SYLVIA SCOTT



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