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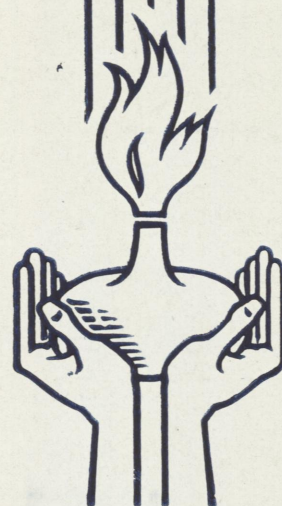
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



MAY 1942

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

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GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

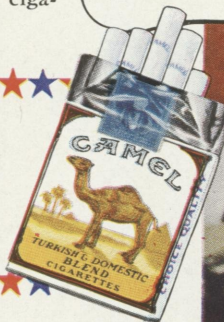
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TO ME. I STICK
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THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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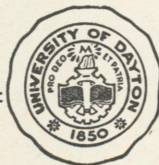
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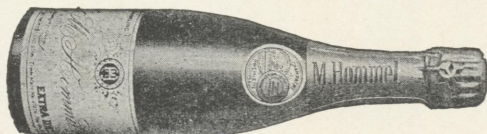


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DAYTON -- OHIO

THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXX

MAY, 1942

No. 5

Father To Son

The father tells the story to the son, a story that will hold you to the very end.

JOE WILMANN scowled at the war headlines in his hands. "Dirty Japs," he muttered. His father looked up quizzically from his magazine at the murmur, but said nothing. Joe continued down the column, reading distractedly. This war was closer to him, now that he was registered and waiting to be called any time. It put a crimp in his plans, all the way around. Here he had a good job now, with plenty of chances for promotion, and good wages. But it wasn't a war-industry job that would get an exemption. Not that he wasn't willing to do the right thing by his country. No, he'd go willingly. Only it would mess things up—all kinds of things. He and Helen had been talking it over this afternoon; they'd agreed there wasn't much that could be done about it. But it was hard on both of them anyway—after all their dreaming about plans for the day when he'd have a really good job. They might have been able to get married next year, but now . . . they still might, but it wouldn't be the same.

Still, he was willing to do his share of fighting; he knew what his duty was. Only it wasn't a pleasant prospect—this soldiering. And all because some yellow-skinned pirates started it off. Why did there have to be such people anyway? He muttered again, more audibly, "Dirty Japs."

"Something wrong, Joe?" his father queried.

"Huh? . . . oh . . ." Joe grinned shamefacedly. "I was just thinkin'." Then the grin faded. "I was just thinking why there have to be people like these Japs and Germans and the others that are always startin' wars. Why are some people like that? They should be shut up or chained or something."

● By PAUL CHERRIER

His father rubbed the back of his hand on his chin, with his eyes on the base of the lamp. "You know, son, that's not a very good way of looking at things—blaming everyone in a country for something like this war."

Joe laid down the paper. "Sure, I know it's more the big shots that are to blame, but I can't see that they don't all have something twisted in their make-up somewhere."

"I see your point all right," his father agreed, nodding slowly, "I felt the same way when I went to France in 1918. Most of us did, I think. We'd heard all kinds of things about what the Heinies did to women and children and prisoners and all that, but . . . well, I changed my ideas when I was over there." He paused, musing. "I don't believe I ever told you how it happened, Joe."

"No, I don't remember it," Joe answered. His father hardly ever referred to his stay in the trenches; he disliked to talk about it. But Joe knew that he had seen plenty of war at its worst. The fact struck him with peculiar force when his father rose from the armchair to take a seat closer to the table. Queer, how he'd got so used to seeing that little twisted limp of Dad's. That was from the last war. He felt a thrill of pride at this father of his, and a deepened respect. That limp was Dad's medal of honor.

It rather startled Joe when his father seemed to respond to his very thoughts. "It was the time when I was wounded. I'm pretty sure I never told you about it."

"No, you never did tell me just how it was, even when I asked you about it." Joe's curiosity was aroused.

His father leaned back. "It was in July of 1918 that

Page three

it happened. We were in the trenches there, and early one morning we went over to attack the German lines. They set up a heavy fire, and I could hear men who were hit near me, but we kept moving ahead. Then I stumbled into a sort of shallow hole and sprawled on top of someone. When I got back on my feet, the person put out a hand in my direction. I saw his German uniform and made a wild stab at him with my bayonet, without thinking. The blade struck, but before I could do anything else, something hit me a terrible blow right here." He put his hand over his watch pocket. "Everything went black then."

"When I came to, all I knew for a while was that the pain was unbearable, and I felt sure I was dying. Then I heard someone talking to me—talking in German, sounding miles away. My head and my eyes cleared up gradually, till finally I could see things, and understand. We had always spoken German at home when I was a boy, you know, so I could make out what the voice was saying." Joe nodded as his father paused, and leaned forward a bit. He could easily remember his grandmother's German accent that had always seemed so queer to him when he was smaller.

"I discovered that I was lying in the bottom of the little ditch I had stumbled into," continued his father, "and the talking was from a German soldier sitting next to me. When I saw him, I gave a little jerk, but it only made the pain worse, so I had to lie still, wondering what would happen to me.

"But the German told me he didn't want to do me any harm. He said just to lie still and he'd do what he could for me. I couldn't do anything more anyway. He'd already fixed a coat or something for me to lie on and had cleaned off the wound and put a rough sort of bandage on it. He gave me a drink from his canteen and then I asked him how we both happened to be in this mess. It was only then, when he told me, that I noticed he was wounded. He'd been out here in No Man's Land reconnoitering when our attack started. A bullet had got him in the right knee-cap, and he had crawled into this ditch for shelter. Then I had stumbled over him, and my bayonet stab had given him a terrible gash in the left thigh. I had been hit just after that, and so he had tried to help me out. That was all there was to it, he said. We were out here in No Man's Land alone, between the lines. Our soldiers had been forced back to our own trenches again.

"It was queer—being taken care of like that by somebody you'd tried your best to kill, but I didn't think much about it. My wound seemed to hurt more all the time, and I just about forgot that he was wounded, too.

"We were in that hole all day. It was hellish, Joe, and I don't like to talk about it now. I would have been almost glad to die to get rid of it all. The pain wasn't steady—it came on in spells, and when it was at its worst I don't know how I lived through it. I fainted several times as it was.

"It was that German soldier who pulled me through. He just seemed to forget all about his own wounds to take care of me. He could still drag himself around and move his arms—I couldn't move at all without almost dying from the pain. I couldn't even say more than a few words at a time, so he talked—told me all kinds of things about himself, his home, his family and all the rest—trying to keep both of us, me especially, from thinking about our wounds. And he prayed, too—oh, yes, he prayed, and enough for both of us. He knew I was Catholic from the medal I was wearing, and he told me he was too. When the pain was at its worst, I'd hear him saying the Hail Mary over and over, and I know that helped me pull through.

"In the back of my head there's a hazy recollection that he told me almost his whole life story, but everything was so confused then, I remember hardly anything about it. Not even his name. I know he told me what it was, but all I remember is that his first name was Karl. From Bavaria, I think he said he was. And I remember a lot of hazy things about farms and fields and hiking, but the only thing I remember for sure is that he said he had been planning to become a monk, a Benedictine monk, just when he was called to the army. I don't know why I remember that especially, but I'm sure of it.

"My memory of the time in that hole is mostly just a big blur, though. I guess I was delirious with fever quite a bit, especially after the sun came out strong about noon. The pain kept coming back, and then the thirst was terrible. I remember that perfectly—how I'd be biting my lip to keep from crying out and the sun would be burning down into that hole, and how I'd feel like going crazy with thirst. Then Karl would lift over his canteen and I could drink a little. The feel and taste of that water—I can't forget that.

"Somehow that whole day passed, and night came on. I hardly noticed any change, because the pain was always there, and I was burning with thirst and fever. Karl kept on talking, kept on praying, kept me holding on to life somehow. I still see his face, bending over, in a sort of haze—his eyes, his blond hair, the streaks of dirt and sweat. But more than anything, I remember the coolness of those little swallows of water

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The Jap

This is not the kind of story you think it is from the title. It has a surprise ending, all right.

“I WISH you reporters would stop bothering me; as constable of this here town I got more to do than talk to you; an’ besides, I ain’t got it all figured out yet—no, don’t print that!

“Here’s what you can print; say that a plot by Enemy Aliens to mine the coastal waters of this area has been foiled by the Coopertown Police Department, which has the situation well in—(No, smart-alec, they wasn’t going to mine Cooper’s Creek; we’re close to Philadelphia, ain’t we?)

“Like I said, it was a bunch of Enemy Aliens and, yeah, we got on to it by tailin’ Sam Kokigura. Like Jay Edgar says, you watch the small fry and you can bag the whole gang.

“Well, to tell the truth, I never would have thought much about Sam Kokigura. He always went around with a smile on his little Peter Lorre face and he was always polite, but Ed Mason (Ed was Marshal in ’twenty-five when the Jap came here, and I was deputy). Ed says ‘Watch that bird, there’s something fishy about him; anybody polite as that’s too good to live!’ At the time I figured that Ed was just prejudiced against polite people because of his daughter eloping with the shoe salesman; but I kept an eye on him now and then anyway.

“Kokigura did act suspicious at times; he remembered all the holidays and always hung out a big American flag on a staff he’d put up in front of his greenhouse. You never see any American do that; only foreigners. (Ed Mason said that you never could trust ANY of ’em, and I guess Pearl Harbor showed how right he was.)

“The thing that really made me suspicion Kokigura was the way he hung around the army camps when they held maneuvers up at Portsmouth in the summer of ’thirty-nine. I didn’t see him there, but Ed told me about it. Seems like he made friends with all those soldiers, somehow, even the officers! I watched him here in town; when he’d see a draftee standin’ around lost-like, the way they act when they have a pass, he’d go up an talk to him and maybe buy him a drink.

● By JOHN WHARTON

“From then on I watched him. At night I generally stood around in front of his florist shop until he went home. I followed him to his house and then I’d watch it from across the street for a while. That was how I got to see the big radio receiving set he had. It was really powerful; brought in all kind of stuff. He had a habit of turning this thing on after supper and bringing in all kind of foreign talk. Sometimes he’d write it down in a book.

“Well, I wrote to the F.B.I. in Washington, but you know Washington! I got a letter of thanks but they never did anything about it. This country is going to—Okay, I’ll go on.

“Once in a while in the afternoon Kokigura would go for a walk. I always followed him hopin’ that he’d tip his hand. Invariably he went down to the Quay outside of town. (They used to be a bunch of Portuguese fishermen lived there.) Once he got there he’d act kind of furtive; he’d hide behind the old flakes where they used to dry codfish and sweep the shore with his field glasses.

“From then on I knew I had him. I put on another couple of deputies and just kept watchin’ Kokigura, waiting for him to play his cards.

“Then last night it happened. I followed him home as usual and waited outside in the driveway. Pretty soon the lights went off and I heard him go out the front door. I followed him down the street (I could see him plain in the moonlight); then I stopped and pitched a handful of pebbles into Ed Mason’s window. When he came out we set off down the street after the Jap. He wasn’t in sight now, but I knew where he was headed so Ed and I cut across the fields to the wharf.

“Ed and I were just charging up the hill when the shots rang out. When we got past the old flakes we could see a launch at the wharf and the Jap standin’ on the beach with an automatic in each hand pumping shots at the four fellows who were climbing out. One man fell back into the launch and the other three opened fire. As Ed and I ran up hollerin’ for ’em to stop, another one of them dropped and the other two opened fire on me and Ed. Kokigura, still firing, had dropped to his knees when the two decided they had enough and broke and ran. I was kind of busy for a

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What They Think Of Us

● By CELIA HIMES

Comparisons are sometimes odious but then they may be very helpful, too. This one will make you think.

MOST girls go wild over men in uniform. Not I, I always said. They don't stir me in the least. I'd rather see men in "civies" any day. I guess I am just not a militarist, I always told myself.

But I will admit that I found myself almost altering my opinion one afternoon when I arrived home from school and my mother informed me that my cousin was bringing an R. A. F. man to dinner that evening. I found myself saying, "A real live R. A. F. man?"

It seems my cousin had been corresponding with him to help along the Great Allied Cause. Quite unexpectedly he developed a yen to come to see her on his furlough. He was in Canada training men.

At first my mother debated whether to use our blue willow dishes or whether to set the table with the best china. After pondering as long as time would allow, she decided against the blue-willow ware saying that every home in Canada has a set and perhaps he would welcome a change. At this point I remember remarking that neither Churchill nor Lord Halifax were coming, but just a flyer. Nevertheless, the dinner preparations went ahead as scheduled, with each member of the household having his special task to perform before the guest arrived.

I had always thought myself a realist. When he arrived with uniform, accent, and wings, I decided then and there that I had been seeing too many war movies. I was chagrined to find that he wasn't handsome. He was in his late twenties, but appeared much older. He looked as though he had known suffering—suffering that we still in our smug complacency cannot imagine. He looked as though he had borne England's whole burden on his own shoulders. He had seen two years of combat flying, but was now past the age to do combat flying. One wrist contained a piece of ugly shrapnel. His face was haggard and tense, but brightened when he entered into the activity of a home once more. His complexion was rugged from damp winds. He had kind eyes that laughed when he did.

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He was a music lover and was quick to see a copy of George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* on the piano. With deep conviction he stated that *Rhapsody in Blue* symbolized the future as does H. G. Wells' *Worlds to Come*.

My brother was home on furlough from camp and he welcomed the Britain; immediately there was a bond linking them that lies only between soldiers who are willing to die for the same principles.

At dinner quite as unexpectedly as the Pearl Harbor attack, he bluntly asked why we Americans ate such soft foods and why we were eating creamed peas that evening rather than boiled ones. My mother unable to think of a sensible retort simply said that it must be because creamed peas are easier to eat and that we like creamed foods better.

When I casually dumped two teaspoon fulls of sugar into a cup of tea he asked if we knew that that was one person's ration for a week in England. I began to edge about on my chair and feel like I had just stolen a dime from a blind man's tin cup. He said he wished that his dear mother back in England could see the food we ate that night.

For years our family has been making bland cups of tea with the aid of the great time-saver of American ingenuity, the tea ball. But he had no qualms about telling us that he liked his tea black and asked quite genteelly if we had ever tried making tea in a huge pot. We said of course, but this method was so much simpler.

Everyone sat about the table and talked after dinner. Somehow the conversation drifted around to the t.n.t. topic, history. When we asked him if England wouldn't lose most of its royalty after the war, he politely ignored

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Washerwoman Wishing

• JERRY KILMER

Three different types of person will read this article and the reaction of each will be different; one type will not get the point behind the story, one type will say "So what?", and the third type will say, "Yes, of course—a rather clever idea, don't you think?" Which type are you?

"MY job? Oh I'm just the washerwoman around here. I've worked here at the University for years—I'd tell you how many but you might start guessing my age. Even a woman who's a widow and has no children is fidgety about her age, you know.

"I've washed windows and swept floors here and I've cleaned blackboards in these lecture rooms ever since—I mean—oh, I didn't want to start talking about this. But it's ever since my Mike—Mike was my husband—ever since he went 'over there'—over there is the first world war.

"My Mike was gone a little more than half a year when 'little Mike' came; he was so cute and small and—well, after all I was his mother—how does any mother feel about her boy!

"I had to quit my job for a while, but later on Father O'Malley took me back again. He said something about 'Times are hard and Mike can't send you anything. Besides, little Mike is going to start needing things pretty soon.' And then he took me back—yes, took me back and raised my salary—'for little Mike,' he said.

"My Mike was proud as proud could be about 'little Mike.' He couldn't pass out any cigars over there of course, but he told everyone within miles all about it and he even felt like climbing up on top of the trenches and telling the Germans all about 'little Mike'; once when they had captured a young German lad Mike tried to tell him the whole story but of course Mike didn't know any German and the lad knew very little English. Mike solved that by writing out a sign with 'It's a boy, Heinie' written on it and told him in signs just what he meant. The German lad must have got the idea because he took the sign and wrote on it, 'Sehr gut, Yankee. Einmal ist keinmal—do it again.'

"Mike wrote me all this in his letters, but one day something must have happened. Mike didn't send me any more letters, and he didn't send any more to the

Germans either. The government sent me a letter saying that my Mike was missing in action. There wasn't anything I could do but to pray and say, 'O God give me strength in my dark hour. Help me to live for You and for little Michael.'

"What did I do? What could anyone do?—if I didn't have a God I would have gone crazy I guess, but knowin' that God loves us and that it was His Will that it should be that way, I placed my trust in Him. And I knew that our Blessed Mother wanted me to bring up little Michael the best I could—my Mike would have wanted it too—so I did my best. With a good bit of scrapin' and skimpin' and doing without movies and such little Mike and I got along. And little Mike soon got bigger and bigger and smart as a whip I tell you. Finally he got so big—he must have been about nine or ten years old—that he resented me telling everybody about 'little Mike' and he demanded that we should call him just plain Mike—you know how boys are.

"Well, when he was thirteen—back in twenty-nine you know—the depression hit us pretty hard. But with plenty of sacrifices and with a firm trust in Mary things came out all right. It seems that if you know the right one to ask you can get most anything—I always ask Mary because I know that Jesus won't refuse His Mother anything she asks.

"When Mike finished grammar school I was pretty proud of him. I didn't see any way of sending him to a Catholic high school but Mary didn't let us down. Just when I was about ready to let him enroll in a public high school our parish priest offered to give Mike a scholarship that would put him through.

"After high school Mike wanted to go to college but he never asked me about it because he knew that we couldn't afford it. So he tried to get a job—my how he tried! He could do lots of things but somehow he was always at the wrong place or at the wrong time. When he finally became so discouraged that he asked me if I would care if he joined the navy, though my heart was breaking inside of me, I told him to go ahead.

"That was in thirty-eight. His letters came regularly—just as his father's did twenty years ago, and what fine letters they were! Mike did very well, he liked the life and the work, he was strong and healthy and lived his faith—what more could any mother ask of God for her son?

(Continued on Page 24)

Your Orchestra . . . - The Dayton Philharmonic

● By EMMA LOUISE ODUM



The affiliation between the University of Dayton and the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra gives this article a very special interest to our readers. Read it and learn about Dayton's musical life.

THE city of Dayton should pride itself in having so many gifted and talented men as her natives. Outstanding personalities, such as Charles Kettering, Orville Wright, and Charles Kelso are nationally known for their scientific and business pursuits. Another name that should be added to this list is that of Paul Katz, an outstanding figure in the world of music. He began his career as a prodigy on the violin and now he is an outstanding violinist, composer, conductor and teacher. It was under his competent direction that the Dayton Philharmonic played its first concert nine years ago.

Until the birth of this organization Dayton had never had an outstanding orchestra group. The orchestra began with about twenty-five players under the name of the Dayton Chamber Orchestra. The first concert given by this group was in the auditorium of the Dayton Art Museum—as it was then known—under the direction of Paul Katz. The main objective of this group was to give employment to Dayton musicians. It was began as a cooperative organization, union members, however, receiving a definite amount of money. The non-union members were to have only the profits. However there were no profits because of the initial expenses, so there was nothing to be divided. This made no difference whatsoever to them since they were getting marvelous experience. The orchestra was receiving such wonderful compliments that they knew this could not continue forever.

After two years of working on this basis the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra Association was organized to help this growing musical group to get on its feet. The name was changed from the Dayton Chamber Orchestra to The Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra. All of the members of the group, both union and non-union, were now to receive definite compensation. Now at least Dayton had a symphony orchestra.

As soon as the expression "symphony orchestra" is

mentioned, the first thing that comes to your mind is "who is the conductor and what are his qualifications?" These questions are easily answered in regard to this orchestra.

Mr. Katz began studying violin at the age of nine. He has studied with some of the greatest violin teachers in the world, Leopold Auer, Otakar Sevcik, Eugene Ysaes, Emil Heerman and Miron Poliakin. He studied with Otakar Sevcik at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music and was the first person to receive the Juilliard Scholarship with Leopold Auer, the teacher of Heifetz, Ellman and Zimbalist.

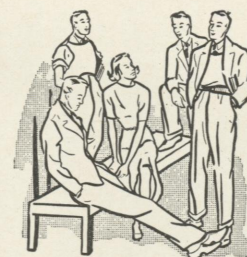
After a few years of study with Emil Heerman, his first teacher, Paul Katz was hailed as a prodigy, making his debut as a solo violinist at the age of ten in Memorial Hall, Dayton, Ohio. At the age of sixteen he was soloist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Reiner. Later he received a bachelor of music degree in theory from the Cleveland Institute of Music. He has also studied theory with Herbert Elwell, Wallingford Riegger, and from Nadia Boulanger in Fountainebleau, France. Mr. Katz played with the Cincinnati and Cleveland Symphony orchestras for eight years as first violinist, and he has taught violin for the past fourteen years.

In the field of composition Mr. Katz has also made a name for himself. Among his compositions are a string quartet which was first played in Cleveland by the famous Walden String Quartet in 1931, on a program given at the meeting of the American Composers' Society. He has also written some twenty songs, which were sung in Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. For orchestra he has written Passacaglia which was transcribed for organ and played on that instrument by Melville Smith in Cleveland on the Contemporary Composers' Series. He wrote three poems for orchestra and for contralto and orchestra he has written five folk songs. Another composition for chamber group was a short operetta, and for baritone solo and orchestra he composed a psalm. Some of the orchestral compositions have been played by the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra, the most noted and the most recent of which is his symphony, "The Procession of the Prophets."

(Continued on Page 20)

Student Government At The University Of Dayton

● By CHARLES WHALEN, JR.



An article that is so directly connected with student life as this one is, will be read by every student.

THE apparent need for improving student government at the Hilltop institution brought about, in the fall of 1940, feverish activity on the part of four undergraduates who were vitally interested in amending this condition. Student government, in the form of a student council, had been tried unsuccessfully five years ago; the council died a natural death—a miserable failure. Lack of initiative and “too much faculty domination” were responsible for its end. To insure a workable system of student government, it was necessary for those interested in its adoption to guarantee that these two hindrances would not recur.

With this in mind, preliminary plans for the formation of a central student governing body were drawn up in September, 1940, by John Chalmers, Joseph Shimanek, Jean McLaughlin, and the writer. Correspondence was carried on with a number of universities throughout the country in order to gain a thorough knowledge of the operations of student governments on other campuses. In December, a roughly outlined constitution was presented for revision and completion to a committee of twenty-one student leaders. This group met on two successive Sunday afternoons before the constitution was drafted in its final and complete form. The first task, the job of constructing a workable basis upon which to build student government, was now completed, but the most difficult task, that of getting the students to ratify the constitution, still lay ahead.

The constitution was submitted to the student body for approval during the month of February, 1941, and was accepted in its present form by a majority of more than two-to-one, thus clearly indicating the discontent among the students with the old system. The newly formed governing body was officially titled “The Student Council of the University of Dayton.” Fourteen councilmen were elected in March with John Chalmers, Charles Whalen, Jack Murphy, and Joseph Shimanek being chosen first president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer respectively.

Unfortunately, it was too late in the school year by this time for the council to accomplish anything tangible, so the initial meetings dealt more with the future than with present problems. However, with the advent of the present school term, the council took on new life. The first project undertaken by it was a drive to gain formal recognition by every student organization. This undertaking was successfully carried out, and at the present time every campus group, but one, is affiliated with the council.

In November of the past year the Student Council conducted the homecoming election, the most successful election in the history of the university, and one, by the way, which made the front pages of the local newspapers. The council-sponsored get-together of the heads of the respective student organizations has gone far towards eliminating many misunderstandings and creating better feeling among the various activity groups. Other council functions this year have been the publishing of “Daytoniana,” a weekly bulletin which lists all student and civic functions; placing in the arcade a calendar of daily events; conducting the election to determine whether or not the students favored the current accelerated program; gaining a time extension for the Junior prom. All of these were in addition to the regular duties of the council.

The foregoing paragraphs have presented a brief history of the Student Council from the time of its inception to the present. Now I shall endeavor to enlighten those few students (we hope) who are not acquainted with the council as to just what are its duties. The Student Council, which is composed of five senior members, four juniors, three sophomores, and two freshmen, holds regularly scheduled meetings every Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. These sessions are open to the public. The typical meeting is concerned chiefly with approving or rejecting petitions for places on the university's social calendar. Also considered during these meetings are the applications of new organizations for recognition by the council, dance budgets (which must be approved before they can be put into operation), and all suggestions or complaints which may be brought to the council's attention. Besides these functions, the council supervises all elec-

(Continued on Page 20)

First And Last

This article is a history of the military class of 1942.

THE R.O.T.C. class of 1942 is unique in its experiences of firsts and lasts in the military department. Among these perhaps the most outstanding is the fact that our class is the first to graduate in war time and also the last class to graduate with commissions during the present war. The classes in the future will have to complete their training and get their commissions at an officers' candidate school after leaving this University.

In the fall of 1938 as freshmen the class of '42 numbered around 125. During that year we received training from Major Keltner, now Lt. Col. Keltner serving with the army in the Philippines. We were the last class to be taught by him because he left the following year for troop duty.

Some of us joined the Pershing Rifles and became members of the first drill platoon to win first place. This was at the inter-regimental meet at University of Indiana in May of that year. Later in the spring of that year Dayton was host for the first time to the Pershing Rifles drill contestants held in the stadium.

Our sophomore year we discovered that we were the last class to use the old infantry drill regulations and the first to use the new regulations and manual of arms designed for the new Garand rifle and the abolition of the old squad movements. This year also we became the first class to be taught by the recently promoted Lt. Col. Kerr who became the highest ranking officer to have charge of the R.O.T.C. up till then.

As we entered the first advanced class in our junior year our number dwindled to twenty-two and we became the first class to wear the new bi-swing back blouse and the chevrons of blue and red. Then we took our place in the first Cadet Officers' club organized on this campus that year. One of our number edited the first R.O.T.C. publication on the campus as a function of the Officers' Club. The first trick drill team composed of advanced students came out of this group.

During the summer that followed our junior year we went to Fort Knox, Ky., and experienced many firsts and lasts there also. Our training was more inten-

● By JOE MURPHY

sive than that of any previous year because of the increased war effort and we took such courses as bayonet training which was first given to the R.O.T.C. that summer. We used the new Garand rifle for the first time and saw what a superior weapon it was. There also we became the first class actually to witness the culmination of a tank problem in which hundreds of vehicles participated. We were the first class to see a demonstration of the "flame thrower" and its horrifying effect. Finally we were the last class to attend R.O.T.C. camp, because recently all plans for this summer's camp were abandoned to concentrate more effort on the pressing needs of the regular army.

Entering our senior year, we remained the last class to be trained in both the old and new drill regulations. After several weeks we became the first class to have a professor of military science and tactics transferred before his term of duty was over. Lt. Col. Kerr left to serve the army in another capacity in Santo Domingo. We then became the first class under the new P.M.S.&T., Lt. Col. Birmingham, a graduate of West Point who served two years in France in World War I.

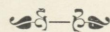
As the year progressed and this country entered the war our course became increasingly more significant and we became aware of the fact that our class would be the first to enter the army in a body upon graduation.

With the second semester and the beginning of the acceleration program, active duty became increasingly more important. When May 10th was set as the date of graduation and the receiving of our commissions we thus became the first R.O.T.C. class in the history of the University of Dayton to be granted our bars before June. The forthcoming War Department order for us to report for duty ten days after being commissioned, still has us stirring to complete the schedule and wind up our affairs. The most interesting question now is where we will be sent. However, even that matters little to most of us except as a matter of curiosity.

Towards the end of the year we became the first class to lose our P. M. S & T. in the middle of a semester when Lt. Col. Birmingham was called to troop duty. The new P. M. S. & T., Col. McIlroy, became the first full Colonel to take charge of the R.O.T.C. on this campus. A West Point graduate also, Col. McIlroy has served nearly forty years in the army of the United States. Part of that service was spent in France during the last war.

Now we become the first class to inaugurate on the campus saluting of cadets in uniform. This should have a far reaching effect and will bring about a more military-minded student body.

Enough of firsts and lasts for now and let it be sufficient to say that we hope we are the first ones to help culminate the war and the first ones to return home to help make a better America so that this will be the last war instead of just World War II.



ELEGY TO THE DEAD, LONG GONE

I see America singing on a hillside bathed in light.
I hear America crying as the dead pass in the night.
America does not falter, she stands with streaming
hair,
And lifts her arms toward heaven and knows He is
there.

I see a billion crosses in the graveyards of the earth.
I saw the new-born baby shudder in the light of birth.
I see the youth dying, as die they must.
There are a million more a-marching through the dust.
For though you died a hero's way,
There is no room for the dead today,
The living have your flag to wave,
As they go marching by your grave.

So cry not that you died in vain,
We realize your deeds and pain.
But our hearts are filled with another thought,
And not for the battles that you fought.
We are dreaming now a new world dream,
Where peace and happiness reign supreme,
So be content, long-dead, that we may look,
At your deeds in some old history book.

So, valored dead of other wars,
Fought on all the far off shores,
Move you closer in your earth,
Make room for the young dead who have proved their
worth.
Death is but a smiling lady, pain is but a lad.
If they die for love of country, why should we be sad?
Let us then die fighting for freedom and for God.
If the world's in bondage bury me beneath earth's sod.

I see America singing on a hillside in the night,
I see her arms around her people and her face turned
toward the light.
Her body is wrapped in sunrise red, and white, and
blue,
And she whispers to God, "Forgive them Father for
they know not what they do."

—THOMAS BUTZ.

THE EDITOR'S

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Associate Editors

JACK JONES

BETTY BOGART

JOHN ASPELL

MARY FERRIS

ROBERT MINGES

GEORGE MADDEN

JACK QUATMAN

BETTY MAYL

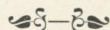
Introducing the New Editor

There'll be no more opportunities for editorials about Buckeye conferences, college men's manners, the lethargy of student participation in extra-curricular activities. We'll no longer write critically of coeds nor urge students to reform their ways. Soon college life will no longer hold any interest for us except for fond recollections.

But the *Exponent* will go on as it has for the past forty years. It will continue to be the most interest-provoking publication on the campus; it will ever crusade for efficiency and truth in campus organizations and activities.

Every bit a credit to the editors who have preceeded him and a guarantee as good as United States war savings bonds that the *Exponent* will continue its glorious traditions is Jack Jones, editor-elect for next year. Jones, a junior in the college of liberal arts, is the third straight editor of the *Exponent* who comes from East St. Louis or the vicinity. This fact should quiet many of the Daytonians who believe there is nothing west of the Miami river but farms, gold mines and Indians.

With Jack at the helm the *Exponent* should become even more colorful than it has in the past. Jonsey, as the new editor is well known, presents a preview of his extensive plans for next year in an article in this issue. It was but four years ago when the present editor wrote a similar editorial about Mr. Jones in the *Pioneer*, student newspaper of Central Catholic high school in East St. Louis, Ill. True to all predictions, the *Pioneer* became the most exciting high school paper in the nation. Good luck, Jack Jones!



The Class of 1942

While the class of 1942 is not the first class to be graduated from the university in time of war the responsibilities upon the shoulders of this year's graduates are greater than those possessed by the classes graduated from this school during the Civil, Spanish-American or First World War. The senior R.O.T.C. cadets to be commissioned second lieutenants are the first to be

graduated from the University of Dayton in time of war. Their's is the responsibility of leading men in battle, and they will probably be the first of the class of 1942 to enjoy the privilege of fighting for democracy. The senior coeds are likewise the first women to receive degrees from the university in time of conflict. Their's is the duty of taking over many of the positions formerly held by men and of leading other women in the performance of war work.

Needless to say the class of 1942 has been well prepared for the problems and the responsibilities facing it. The university has provided a well-rounded education suited to the needs of the day.

Our immediate problem will be one of orienting ourselves to new tasks in a war-minded world. We have just completed accustoming ourselves to an accelerated program of study made necessary by the war. This experience should aid us in becoming adjusted to our new duties.

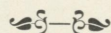
Our new tasks will all be but a part of the goal of an unified America—a glorious victory over the dark powers that threaten democracy. Some of our jobs will seem small and unrelated to our winning the war. Some, on the other hand, will be extremely important and directly against the enemies opposing us. Whatever our assignment; we must do it well. Not only well, but the very best that we know how.

If we carry out our own individual task in the war it is certain that our country will win the final victory. The better we perform these tasks the quicker will be the peace. However our duty toward our country does not end with the winning of the war. We must exert our influence as citizens to provide a just and a lasting peace. The treaty must respect the just rights of all the people in Europe and must eliminate all causes for rivalry between the individual nations.

It is our duty as the youth of the country to establish a strong League of Nations or some other organization that will settle disputes between countries rather than by war. War is far too expensive and devastating for a supposedly civilized world to employ in deciding disputes. However we must not allow our country to

become completely confident that it will never again have to resort to war. As voters we must insist that Congress maintain strong fighting forces that will be ever ready to defend democracy and to vanquish its enemies.

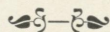
Necessarily the events of the next few years will work many changes on us. Many of us will be transferred from city to city and from job to job. Many will assume new stations in life. We will all be exposed to a great many temptations that will urge us to forget our ideals. We must be firm and cast them aside. We must ever remember the ideals and the ambitions which we have acquired through a very thorough education. At times our ideals will seem like hindrances to worldly success. However we must ever recall that true success consists in living and serving well. In any event our consciences will ever be the impartial judge of true success.



Vote Intelligently

Last month we said that democracy had failed on this campus because students had not voluntarily accepted the responsibility of participating in the physical fitness program. However on Friday U. D. students will have the opportunity to prove that democracy does work on this campus. Friday, May first, the various classes will vote for their representatives to the Student Council and it is the duty of every loyal student-citizen to vote intelligently.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find an article by Charles Whalen, president of the Student Council. Whalen's explanation of the ideals and purposes of the council is interesting and informative. He emphasizes especially the necessity of careful selection of Student Council representatives. The election of informed and capable representatives in Friday's election will mean the increased success of the Student Council for next year.

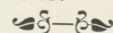


Concerning Co-eds

A big "F" key to University of Dayton coeds! And in this instance "F" stands for friendly. Our weaker contemporaries have proved that they can take constructive criticism. In fact they have conscientiously made an effort to follow some of the humble suggestions we offered in the last issue. From many of the more prominent males we have heard it said that the coeds have been much more friendly in the last few weeks. Perhaps it is the influence of spring; perhaps the editorial is partly responsible. In any event we, the poor defenseless men, are beginning to appreciate our reforming coeds more every day.

However we are not ignorant enough to believe that all of the coeds are going to swallow our ideas and like the process. We, likewise, know that we have many faults and are vulnerable to many an attack with which they might attempt to gain revenge. In fact we know that this issue's Women's Page has quite a reply to our little bombshell of the last issue although we did not see the answer. In any event we have already proved to the girls that we can withstand their most savage thrusts and still ask for more.

But once again congratulations to the majority of the coeds who received our article in the spirit in which it was meant—constructive criticism. Keep smiling and keep saying "hello."



Letters To The Editor

Dear Scoop:

Remember your editorial in the March issue concerning the participation of students in the various extracurricular activities offered on our campus? Well, it has bothered my mind since and I felt that a sort of follow-up wouldn't hurt anyone.

To begin with, let me direct a few words to those who are not connected with any activity. Surely no one will deny that they make up a substantial portion of the student body. It seems as though they do not appreciate and realize that a small college affords many opportunities for participation which are literally fought for on other college campuses. The abundance of extracurricular pursuits offered on our campus leaves no doubt in my mind that there is one thing or the other to satisfy the fancy of every student. The menu is indeed richly endowed, yet so many cling tenaciously to the main entree and by so doing deny themselves of a well-rounded meal. A mere mention here of the value of extracurricular doings in a complete education may suffice to provoke some thought.

On the other extreme, a student should not be a glutton and avail himself of every item on the menu; there's a definite limit to man's capacity. As you mentioned, to make a picture in the Daytonian one of the principal motives for taking part in any activity is certainly not up to the standard of good college thinking.

Here's a suggested remedy for the situation. Each organization should hereafter be a bit more particular about its membership and enlist new "recruits" only after thorough consideration. Also, it should not hesitate to dispose of a few poor members who tend to lower its "morale." The students themselves should select their activities with care and good judgment and try to abide by the slogan: "Either be a good member or not at all."

Sincerely,
INTERESTED.



We . . .

The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . BETTY KAY BOGART

GIRLS ON THE OFFENSE!

So we're not social—so we ignore the male students on our campus—so we're not human—so what! A certain Mr. H. R. made a few statements that demand comment, and that is why yours (guess who?) truly takes the offensive for the “prima-donnas.”

You say we're not friendly towards you and our acknowledgment to your presence is confined to a “hello.” If that is so, it is your own fault. Did you ever hear the comments made by those boys who loaf around the arcade? They usually utter low whistles as coeds go by, make critical comments, aloud, about the girls' clothes or their new feathercut hair-do. If we do wear clothes that are flattering and stylish, you label us “show-offs.” If we wear any old thing we happen to get our hands on, you call us “drab.” Besides, what clothes a woman wears is her business. We don't barge up to you and say, “You look awfully silly in that green shirt, blue slacks, and those yellow socks.” Sometimes we have to gaze at you in silent amazement. You do wear outlandish color combinations—just take inventory of what you're wearing now.

As for the “cream-colored convertible with tires”—how many boys on the campus have cars? The off-campus students have access to the family jalopy which does help date matters considerably. But, oftentimes the girls can get Dad's 1942 Buick (his pride and joy) much to the delight of Joe College who gets a big

bang out of driving around town as if he owned it. See—every story has two sides!

At other colleges, datables—male and female—get along without automobiles—if the town is small they walk, if not they ride a trolley. There isn't a girl on the campus who considers herself so far above average that she won't ride the trolley if necessary. After all, who is she dating—the car or the boy?

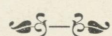
And don't think that you have to sport block “D” to merit attention. The athletes, as such, when spoken to, consider it a duty to converse with the girls. But they contend, as do their male colleagues at U. D., that if a girl is full of conversation and talks to all the boys, she is a “flirt.” If she resorts to a casual “hello” and goes on her way she's a “snob.”

Some boys think they have nothing in common with any of the girls. Suppose you do have your “wings” and practically fall off your chair in class gazing at the B-25 bomber soaring overhead. If you're radio-minded you absorb yourself in the latest magazine on the subject. If you've been shifted from right end to quarterback on the varsity, you ignore the subject because you, too, are beginning to believe that football players are simply the ultra-ultra crop of a campus—you know, conceited! And the war—when you do mention the fact that you're going into the armed forces you say it with such an I-don't-give-a-hoot-what-happens-to-me attitude that we shake in our saddle shoes. Remember

that we are also sacrificing a lot in this crisis maybe for good or for just a while—you and others like you!

But we can discuss football or aviation or radio—not technically but it is still radio!—with the best of you, but if you prefer the high school girls in all their innocence and starry-eyed attitude for your brain and brawn, to our wholehearted interest—go to it! Don't flatter yourselves with the idea that we're out to "hook" you for a sparkler for the third finger left hand. Matrimony, or even going steady, is beyond our wishes because we have plenty of time before settling down in a vine-covered cottage, darning socks, and budgeting "his" weekly salary. We're shopping, too, you know, and all we want is a little fun. We're doing our part—how about you?

—ANONYMOUS.



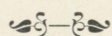
BACKWARD GLANCES

Another school term draws to a close. That means a farewell to the members of the class of '42 who will go out to make a place for themselves in this troubled world while the rest of us will be back come September to complete our education which will prepare us for our life's work.

Personally I'd like to thank each and every one of the girls who contributed their well-penned articles to the women's page . . . Kay Kunka, Mary Ferris, and Gwen Hollencamp whose literary efforts were well represented . . . to Mildred Wharmby for her excellent account of the WAA . . . to Jean Whelan for her clever article about the USO and who writes for the current issue . . . last but not least to brave Dottie Dustman for giving the boys something to think about in her much discussed "In Defense of Men."

A big "thank you" to all the readers for their comments, both good and otherwise. So it's bye for now—see you in the fall!

—B. K. B.



UPON GRADUATION

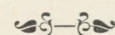
There is a tendency among seniors to look back at their four years of college hoping to discover what the turning points have been. But these are hard to find, for theirs has been a slow, steady growth in mental stature with no convenient milestones marking the changes. That growth has been a focusing upon the innumerable elements in the thought and action of the past and present until the basic elements have been seen distinctly and brought to their place in the fore-

ground. Graduation brings no successful completion of the educative process, but rather places the responsibility for becoming educated, perfect persons squarely upon our shoulders.

The training we have received in mental discipline, which after four years ought to have established pretty definite habits, has been accompanied by a growing understanding of the reason for living. This gives motive to our act of becoming well educated individuals.

We graduates shall not be overly-concerned about material gains like wealth or fame, for we know that peace and contentment will arise from the direction of our efforts for perfection toward the glory of our Creator. With this balanced direction of our efforts for growth we face a despondent world courageously, optimistically as youth inevitably does. The adventure of recapturing simplicity and peace is a challenge irresistible!

—JEAN WHELAN.



THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF LOSING THIS WAR

History has many times repeated itself. It will do it again. For we will win this war.

Mention of the Nazis or Japanese or Fascists strikes fear deep into the average freedom-loving American. It is not so much the dread of superior air forces, battleships, and troops of the Axis powers as it is a fear of the hell on earth that would result if the enemy nations were to triumph.

It cannot be that we fear their spirit of "Do or Die," for our soldiers go into the fight with the same spirit, improved a thousand-fold by their Christian background, their democratic government, and their education which taught them to live peaceably with their neighbors and to respect the rights of others.

A dictator whose people are already forming factions against him can know no supreme, united force on the fronts of action.

A race which has been the slowest to progress cannot outwit the greatest and most up-to-date nation of them all.

A government based on lies and obscenity, mass murder and concentration camps will never rule the world despite the strength that seems to be on its side..

There is a higher Power than war equipment or men Who will see that right prevails.

—DOTTIE DUSTMAN.

Jones Predicts

• By JACK JONES

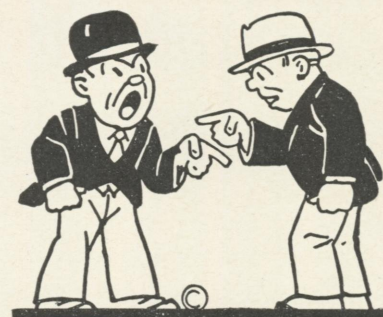
The "low down" on a new and better *Exponent* for next year straight from the new Editor.

I DON'T know what Hank is going to write about me. You have probably already read the send-off he said he'd give me in one of the columns of the editorial page, but at this writing I haven't the least idea of what he is going to say.

He'll probably reminisce about the high school days when I followed him as editor of the *Pioneer* at Central Catholic high school, East St. Louis, Ill. He may even mention the old, cut-down piano that, with modifications, was the traditional editor-in-chief's desk. But if he does pry that far back into history, I hope he doesn't dig too deeply. Anyway I hope for better treatment than the coeds received at his hands last issue.

But now, let me talk about him and his magazine. This year the *Exponent* has enjoyed quite a noteworthy career. There was always Hank and his scathing, poison-pen editorials, people like Anonymous (remember her?), Dance Reformers, and Men Who Came to Dinner. There was that thought-provoking title in the February issue "Lincoln Assassinated by Henry Rechten" and other slips of the pen which were not so momentous. Not a little of the credit—or blame—for some of the rabble-rousing was laid at my door. I want to disavow claim to any glory that may have been merited by those who wrote the Letters to the Editor, and yet I won't deny that there is just a chance, a slim one, that I had my little finger in the proverbial pie when it came to planning some of the stuff that aroused the ire of persons around the campus. I'm neither affirming nor denying; that's Hank's department, but next year . . .

That will all be water under the bridge—I was going to say over the dam but you know how strict the faculty domination and censorship is—when we start



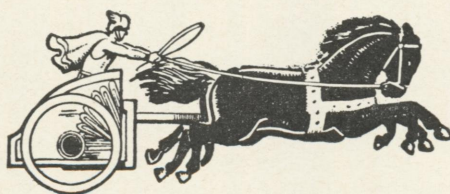
the presses rolling again. What's going to be the *Exponent's* policy next year is not definitely put into words yet, but you can have it straight from little Jonesy that there will be more and more stuff written about the "vital issues" if I have my way.

What are the "vital issues"? They are going to be anything that the student body is particularly interested in, or that we think the students should be interested in, or that we think we have a chance to stir up interest in, or purely irrelevant things that we think we have a chance to start a fuss or argument about. They will be things like the good manners, or lack of them, among the coeds; or was that argument about men students? Or the differences between Southern belles and Dayton sirens; the management of university affairs, social and otherwise; and everything about the university and student body into which we can pry and meddle.

We're also going to have some good, solid stuff by outstanding students, like Chuck Whalen's low-down on the Student Council in this issue, to cite but one of many this year, and an array of timely stuff, if we can persuade students to write it; and we'll continue the *Exponent's* forty-year-old policy of the best in fiction and non-fiction. Let the Saturday Evening Post look to its laurels!

Well, maybe we won't run the Satevepost out of business, but at least, with the swell staff and cooperation that I'm sure I'll have, and with Brother Tom Price brow-beating all his English students into writing things, we'll do our best to put out a magazine that'll carry on in the true *Exponent* tradition.

I hope you like it.



Snitch's Birthday

● By JACK QUATMAN

Snitch is in the college play and his girl from home unexpectedly arrived that evening, but he had a date with a local girl. Read the story and see what happens.

THE radio was emitting soft organ music from somewhere in New York. The blinds shut out the dazzling Sunday afternoon sun. But the cool, spring air crept in and rustled the pennants, programs, and menus tacked to the molding on the wall. Despite the pleasant surroundings, Freshman Joe Flick, better known about the campus as "Snitch," couldn't sleep. He was to make his debut that night on the campus stage in the "Hair on O'Hara" musical production. Besides today was his birthday!

Even though his "Roomie" did go home for the week-end, Joe was going to celebrate. A certain campus co-ed would be in the audience tonight and after that Joe planned to escort her to the Campus Camp where they would cut a rug or two.

"Gosh," thought Joe. "The Campus Camp may only be a hang-out, but I sure hope Betty doesn't expect me to take her to the Ritz on my birthday. I've only got a buck!"

A knock on the door interrupted Joe's thoughts. "Come in," he yelled.

The door slowly opened and "Doc," the hall prefect, stuck his head in. "There's somebody downstairs to see you Joe," he said.

Joe lazily swung one leg on the floor. The other followed in its own good time. "Thanks, Doc. Who is it?" Joe asked, yawning.

"I guess it's one of your girl friends from home. She said her name is Joan Kelly." Doc turned and left.

The yawn froze on Joe's face. "Oh, my gosh! Joan here! And I've got a date tonight!"

Joe wouldn't have dressed any faster if the building was on fire. The organ music went off together with a picture from the stand. Joe went flying out of the room leaving the door wide open.

It wasn't hard to find out where Joan was waiting. She was a blond. Seeing an unusual crowd of boarders in the lounge, Joe shouldered his way through to Joan.

"Hello, Joe," said Joan, crossing the small clearing in the room. "Are you surprised?" she asked. "I drove down with mother to wish you a happy birthday."

Joe couldn't speak for a minute. He hadn't seen Joan for almost a month, and she certainly wasn't getting any uglier! In fact, if looks make a star, she was a whole darned planet! "You'll never know how

surprised I am, Joan," he said, proudly placing his arm around her waist and escorting her out of the now overflowing room.

"My, there certainly is a lot of nice boys here," Joan said, leading him to the car and her mother. "What did you say they call them? Boarder Rats?"

"Wolves," corrected Joe. "Why, hello, Mrs. Kelly. It's certainly nice of you and Joan to come all the way down here to see me."

"Not at all, Joe," said Mrs. Kelly leaning over to open the door. "Joan and I are going to take you to dinner on your birthday."

Joe helped Joan in the car and then climbed in after her. "Oh, you mean you can't stay tonight?"

"Oh, mother wants to get an early start. She hates to drive at night," said Joan, pouting.

"That's a shame," said Joe, feeling much better. "But this night driving is dangerous."

"Well," said Mrs. Kelly, "Where would you two like to eat?"

"Any place will suit me fine," said Joe, cheerfully.

"How about that lovely place called 'Lord Downland'?" suggested Joan.

"Fine. Are you ready to go, Joe," asked Mrs. Kelly.

"All set, Mrs. Kelly. Let 'er go!"

"Wait a minute, mother. Isn't that boy motioning to you, Joe?" asked Joan.

Joe leaned out of the window. "Do you want me, Gus?"

"Yeah, wait a minute!" cried a student running towards the car.

"Gus Hintel, this is Mrs. Kelly and her daughter, Joan."

"I'm glad to meet you, Gus," said Mrs. Kelly, smiling. "We were just going to take Joe out for dinner. Would you like to come along?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Kelly. I would like to, but I have to be in the musical tonight, and Joe—"

"Well that's a shame, Gus," said Joe hurriedly, "but Mrs. Kelly is in a hurry and—"

"Oh, sure. I'm sorry for holding you up, Mrs. Kelly. You see Joe has the lead in the musical and I was afraid he would be late. I just wanted to remind him. But I won't hold you up any longer. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye." Joan turned to her mother. "Mother, we simply must stay and see Joe in the play."

"Well," said Mrs. Kelly, all right, I can't refuse. I know how much you two want to be together. Are you ready, Joe?"

"Yeah," said Joe, gazing despondently out of the window.

"Hey, Snitch!" called Gus Hintel, rushing into the dressing room. "Nice going fella; you were swell. I thought I would die laughing watching you in that last act. Say, your girl's waiting outside for you."

"Which one?" asked Joe.

"Uh?" asked Gus.

"Which one?" cried Joe waving his arms. "What does she look like?"

"Well I'll be darned. Leave it up to an actor to get the women." Gus shoved his hat back and looked admiringly at Joe. "Just a Freshman, too."

"Cut the comedy. Is she a blond or brunette?" asked Joe, growing desperate.

"She's a blond, I guess," answered Gus. "It's the one I met this afternoon, I think."

"Guess, think? This is no guessing matter. Listen, you go out and find Betty Barry and tell her that I'll meet her down at the Campus Camp, and that I asked you to take her. I'll be right down as soon as I get on my street clothes."

"But you've got your street clothes on now!" said Gus.

"Listen Gus. Remember that five I loaned you at Homecoming last winter?"

"Aw Snitch," protested Gus.

"Go on, do as I told you. I'll be down after awhile."

"O. K. Romeo, but you'd better show up, five or no five. I'm broke!" Gus cried, allowing Joe to push him out of the room.

"Oh Joe, let's go in there," said Joan, strolling through the business district with Joe. "Isn't that a cute name? 'The Campus Camp'."

"I never go in there, Joan, it isn't a very nice place. Let's go across the street to the Equity."

"I don't care where we go as long as I'm with you, Joe."

"Yeah," said Joe, helping her across the street.

Finding a table with little difficulty, Joe motioned for a waiter.

"What would you like, Joan?" asked Joe as a waiter approached their table.

"I'd like to have a chocolate soda."

"Make it two," Joe ordered, and then shoved his chair back.

"If you'll excuse me a minute, Joan, I would like to call school and see if I can get a late permit."

"Oh that would be marvelous, Joe. I'm supposed to meet mother in an hour. She might take us to a nite club. Is there a phone around here?"

"Oh no," answered Joe hurriedly, but there's one in the drug store down on the corner. Here," Joe tossed his dollar on the table. "You pay for the sodas and I'll be right back."

Joe dodged through the traffic and entered the Campus Camp in three seconds flat. Walking past the counter to the dance floor, he saw Betty dancing with the student. When the music stopped he followed them to their table.

"Here's Joe now," said the student to Betty. "High ya Joe old pal, sit down. Here take my seat."

"Keep your seat, Gus," said Joe angrily. "I hate to disturb you two, but thanks for the stand-up, Betty."

"Stand up? What ever do you mean?" asked Betty surprised.

Joe hated to do it. She was the most beautiful brunette on the campus, but it was the only way out. And he could let Betty apologize tomorrow, and admit that he had lost his head.

"You know dog-gone well what I mean, Miss Barry. I about broke my neck getting dressed after the play so I could take you out. I rush out of the dressing room, only to have some fellow tell me that youve already left with this guy!"

"Hey now; wait a minute, Joe," said the surprised Gus, rising from his chair. "You—"

"No, that's O.K., Gus," said Joe, gently shoving Gus back in his chair. "She's made her choice. Stay with her. You can forget you were ever obligated to me."

"You mean—. Well, thanks Joe, thanks a lot."

"Forget it," answered Joe.

"Hey!" cried Betty.

Joe turned around.

"How about me?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Joe, smiling. "Good-night, Betty."

Superman couldn't have made that trip any faster, with any better result thought Joe as he opened the door to the Equity and walked over to Joan's table. "You know Joan, who ever said that 'Everything you learn at college isn't in the books,' wasn't kidding!"

Joan couldn't understand what he was talking about.

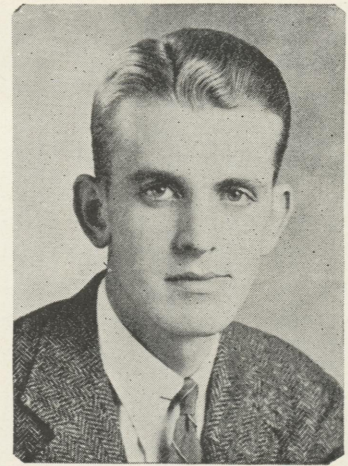
The Died That We Might Be Free!

"It is with profound regret that I confirm the recent War Department telegram announcing the death of your son, First Lieutenant Charles John Litkowski, o-396561, Infantry."

This communication was received by the parents of Lieutenant Litkowski on March 30 and it was issued by the Adjutant General's Office. His death was announced two days earlier by a telegram sent to his parents. Lieutenant Litkowski was reported to have been killed on January 18 in battle on the Bataan Peninsula, in the Philippine Islands.

This first victim of the war among the University of Dayton graduates was a member of the class of 1940 in the department of education. He was a cadet lieutenant in the R. O. T. C. course, an honor student and an associate editor of the *Exponent*. He was an unusually gifted student distinguishing himself particularly by his very brilliant contributions to the university's literary magazine, the *Exponent*. Just before entering the army last June he was a teacher at Chaminade High School, Dayton, Ohio, from which he graduated in 1936.

A solemn high mass for the repose of the soul of Lieutenant Litkowski was offered in the university chapel on Wednesday, April 1, at which the whole student body assisted.



LIEUTENANT LITKOWSKI

Lieutenant Litkowski was a young man of the highest type in every way who commanded the respect of his many friends among the students and faculty of the university and we of the *Exponent* staff who recall him with the fondest memories wish to pay tribute in our magazine to one of the very finest and grandest young men that have ever been graduated from the University of Dayton.

The students and the faculty of the university wish to express their deepest sympathy to the parents and three sisters of Lieutenant Litkowski who has made the supreme sacrifice that we might be a free people. May God rest his soul.

COURAGE

His turn has come
And he must go.
Reluctantly, perhaps, he leaves,
Yet in his heart he knows
The freedom of America is on his side.
The safety and comfort of his loved ones is
But for him to decide.
Shall he a coward be,
While little ones are praying on their knees
For that brave young soldier
Who dares to defy
Those Japs who rain down death
From the skies?
No, we think that he will go on
Until this war is won,
To make us glad that we know
A boy that had the courage
To leave home and American skies so blue,
Just because a great man beckoned
And said "I need you, too."

—MARJORIE AHLQUIST.

(Continued from Page 8)

One feature of the orchestra that has not been mentioned is the four free children's concerts given each year. These concerts are for the benefit of the sixth grades of the Dayton and Oakwood public and parochial schools.

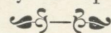
The funds of the orchestra are largely taken care of by the Philharmonic Society. About three-fifths of the funds come from donations and two-fifths from the ticket sale. This orchestra, however, like every other symphony orchestra, has its financial troubles.

The affiliation existing between the University of Dayton and the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra is very helpful and beneficial to both parties. Several members of the orchestra have been made members of the musical faculty of which Mr. Katz is also a member. The University of Dayton also permits the Dayton Study

Orchestra to hold its rehearsals in the music rooms at the University. This group was organized about five years ago as a preparatory group for the senior orchestra giving talented musicians ensemble and orchestral training. The director of this group is Miss Marjorie Kline, violinist and member of the first violin section of the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra.

The Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra is composed of approximately sixty members from all walks of life. Three of these members are students of the University of Dayton, Douglas Baker, the tuba player, James Will, the second trumpeter, and Emma Louise Odum, a member of the violin section of the orchestra.

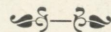
Remember the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra is your orchestra. Hear it as often as you can. It is active throughout the year, during its regular winter season, its pop concert season, and its summer concert season.



POINTS OF VIEW

What does "busy" mean to you?
A lot of work for you to do?
Bees making honey in their bowers?
Men making money after hours?
Or noises like aeroplanes at night?
Or raucous voices at the fight?
Or dishes rattling after meals?
Or heel plates clicking on high heels.

JANE BORING.



(Continued from Page 9)

tions and nominations, has charge of certain assembly programs throughout the year, conducts the freshmen ceremonies at the beginning of the year, serves as student co-ordinator of the school's defense activities, and represents student opinion to the administration.

A few words might be added here as to what are not the functions of the University of Dayton Student Council. Some individuals, not necessarily our own students, advocate complete domination of the school, its policies, its faculty, and its finances by some student group similar to our student council. A council which fails to do this is considered a failure, a "tool" of the faculty. It must be noted that the administration and the representatives of the students (student council) each has separate fields of authority, and as such, there must be no overlapping or interference by the other. Thus the students, through their elected representative, have no right to dictate the policies of the administration, dominate the faculty, or control the school's finances. The president and the deans of the university are the proper authorities to handle these functions. The U. D. Student Council has never claimed the right and has never attempted to assume

these powers.

On the other hand, the authority of the council in its own particular sphere, the field of student activities, must be respected by the faculty, and anyone who is remotely acquainted with the University of Dayton Student Council will testify that on no occasion has there ever been any semblance of faculty interference or faculty domination. It has been necessary to draw this distinction in order to clear up many misunderstandings in the minds of students as to what the powers of a council should and should not be.

What of the future of the Student Council? In the months to come I believe that the council will play a greater role than ever in the affairs of the university. The council is essentially a service organization and the future offers many opportunities for it to be of greater service to the students, the faculty, and the administration. Ultimately, however, the success of student government rests with the students themselves, so it is up to the students to co-operate with the council by voting intelligently in elections and by taking a positive interest in all student activities. An enlightened student body will insure an effective student council!

(Continued from Page 4)

he gave me, when it seemed as though the pain and the thirst would kill me for sure. They seemed to make everything soften out, and I got a new hold on life.

"That night went by, somehow, and the sun came up again. It was like the day before—worse, rather. The pain was worse, so was the fever. And the water in that canteen gave out—there weren't even the swallows of moisture to help along any more. Karl hardly talked now, and when he did, his voice was harsh, almost croaking, and it seemed to come from far away.

"I was out there yet most of that day, but it's all a terrible blur in my mind now. I don't remember at all being picked up by an American stretcher crew late that afternoon, when our army made another drive, and took the German trenches.

"I woke up in a cot behind the lines, with my wound bandaged, and the fever going away. It took me a while to remember what had happened to me, but I pieced things together, and I began wondering about Karl. The Doc came around about then to look me over, so I asked him, 'Where's Karl?'

(Continued from Page 5)

while with the one who came my way, and when I looked up the last one was out of sight and Ed was bending over the Jap.

"The Jap, down with three slugs in his chest, was tryin' to tell Ed about the mines, but he was loosin' blood and weakenin' fast. Ed plugged the wounds with his shirt and showed me the scars of five old gunshot

(Continued from Page 6)

the query. Soon he began talking of the American Colonies and said it was a mystery to him why England couldn't have held her colonies in America. The t.n.t. was touched off! He said England could have impoverished the colonies if she had wanted. I began shouting facts about the "Balance of Power" in Europe. Abruptly someone changed the subject, which was best for the welfare of all concerned.

He modestly told of his encounter with a German Stuka when he was in a plane returning via the channel from a raid over Germany. The top of his insignia was shot off his hat, but by an act of Providence he somehow fooled the Germans and made his way back to England.

"'Karl?' he asked. 'You mean the Dutchy that was in that ditch with you? He's dead. Loss of blood. Gangrene set in. Couldn't help him.'

"Then he said something else that started me thinking. 'You know,' he said, 'by rights you should be dead now, too. You must be able to stand thirst like a Gila monster or something. That Karl fellow was practically dead of thirst when we found him—mouth all swollen. But you weren't so bad off at all. And the funny thing is, he was the one who had the canteen.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'it was his canteen.' Then the Doc moved off. It took my brain a while to mull over what he had just said, but finally the truth struck home. Those swallows of water that had kept me alive, that had saved me through those two days—Karl had been giving me ALL the water! He had died of thirst to keep me alive. That little canteen couldn't possibly have held any more than I had drunk.

"So ever since then, Joe, I haven't been able to work up any hate for the men we're fighting against. There might be other Karls in those armies, you see. Other people like you and the rest of the draftees."

"Yes, I think I see," Joe said.

wounds he found across the Jap's body."

"Where in the world do you suppose," said Ed, "he got shot up like that?"

And the Jap only had strength to gasp:

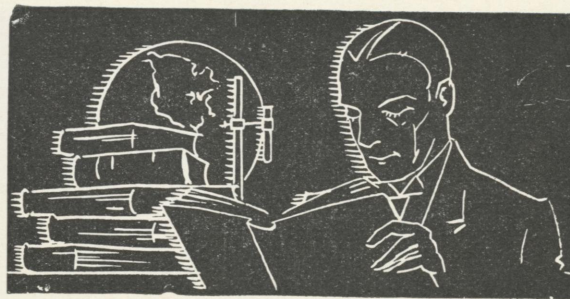
"Chateau Thierry."

During the same time that Coventry was destroyed, he explained that one day a group of four hundred German planes came across en masse; but the English were lucky that day and shot down nearly one-fourth of them.

When we hear first-hand stories of the war like this, now we in America can realize what England has endured and how near she came to being dealt that knockout punch. But according to him, no one else except England is winning the war nor ever will in his estimation; this is only a mere sample of their determination and "thumbs up" attitude. We in this country would do well to capture more of their spirit of resolution if we are to fit into the Allied pattern of battling the rest of the world.

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Book Reviews



PRAYER IN A MODERN AGE

By JOHN A. ELBERT, S.M., Ph.D.
Catholic Literary Guild

Prayer can hardly be considered a characteristic of this so-called "Modern Age." War might characterize it, or extreme mechanization, or astonishing material progress, but as for such an ancient thing as prayer,—well, many a modern man just couldn't find time for it even if he considered it to be worth spending any time on at all, which he generally does not. He cannot see any reason for praying, since he has convinced himself that prayer is entirely useless. Guns are what he calls for; tanks, planes, ships—more and bigger and faster ones every day. On these he relies for his salvation,—his earthly salvation, that is, for he ignores any other.

It is against this contemptuous indifference towards prayer that Father Elbert directs *Prayer in a Modern Age*. He seeks to show the necessity and importance of prayer in these present times. Now, he might have done this in either of two ways. One way—the most obvious, the easiest, the oftenest-used, and the least convincing—would have been to center attention on present conditions in the world, to point out just how badly off we are, to convince us of what we probably know well already, that quite a few things need to be remedied. And then that picture could have served as a nice background for a fervid appeal to return to prayer and to God. To all of which your typical modern would merely query, "And just what will praying do to help the situation, anyway?"

But Father Elbert did not choose this way. Instead, he centered his attention on prayer itself, on what it is, what it needs, and what it does. Concisely and forcefully he explains why prayer is demanded by the very nature of man, and shows that, far from debasing man to the level of a weakling trying for a private "pull" with the Almighty, it really raises him to the highest levels of his nature, and makes him even a co-operator with the Divinity in ordering the affairs of the world. Prayer, he points out, is powerful; it can stop armies

and prevent wars, because by prayer man shares in the work of grace, which influences the men who make wars.

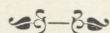
This decisive and positive approach to the whole question of prayer gives this book a permanent value. It shows how prayer is absolutely necessary for all men of all ages, for our own modern age as much as for any. Prayer is an ancient thing, of course, since it began with the angels and with Adam, but it is also vibrantly modern, because it is part of the life of any man. And it will be "modern" throughout all eternity. The modern age can no more ignore prayer than it can ignore food, because modern men are still men, and that means that they need to pray even more than to eat. Christ's words about not living by bread alone still hold.

It might perhaps surprise some of the superficial moderns who allege various objections against prayer to find that their "modern" skeptical ideas on the subject are not new at all, and, furthermore, that these very objections were thoroughly disposed of by the thirteenth-century St. Thomas Aquinas and the fifth-century St. Augustine. But they should have expected this. Since prayer is so universal, the objections against it will probably also be so, because they spring from the lower tendencies, pride especially, of the same human nature for which prayer is so essential. In other words, the problem of prayer is not a new one; it is modern only because it belongs to all times. The twentieth century can not live without prayer any more than could the Middle Ages, or the first centuries of the Christian era, or any of the centuries back to the beginning of things. God is God; man is man—prayer follows as an inevitable corollary. This is, I believe, the essential point brought out in Father Elbert's book.

Of course, the mere statement of the central idea can give no hint of the forceful development, the wealth of pertinent contemporary illustration, and the swift vigor of language which drive home this main thought and its consequences. Only the book itself can give that, and the realization of the meaning, the power and the worth of prayer which it produces opens up a

new view on life itself. It brings us back to the Source of life; it stimulates new ideas and new senses of eternal values; it makes us really think. And since good ideas and worthwhile thoughts are never over-plentiful, any book like *Prayer in a Modern Age* which arouses so many of them deserves attention.

—PAUL CHERRIER, S.M.



WHEELS IN THE TIMBER

By EVELYN VOSS WISE

D. Appleton-Century Company

Here is a pleasant enough book to satisfy the reading appetite, if no more worthwhile book is at hand. It is not the type of story, however, for which one would care to lose sleep, despite the fact that the jacket blurb calls it "intensely moving." The last four chapters qualify as moving, but as the author needed 10 chapters, or 203 pages, to arrive at that point, we feel we can hardly say the book is more than just pleasant reading.

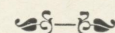
In being considered pleasant, *Wheels in the Timber* necessarily has some good points. Although the background of a lumber camp and community is a strange one for a woman writer to handle, Evelyn Voss Wise manages it in masterly fashion. In the climactic closing chapters she best displays her capability to deal with setting by giving a vivid portrayal of the grief and destruction accompanying a raging forest fire. And while many of the characters lack vitality, the central figure and two or three others stand out so prominently, we feel the author does possess power of characterization, but was affected during the writing of this particular book by one of those psychologically "off" periods that harass authors, football teams, and all who are constantly engaged in "putting out."

The plot presents the struggle of a young man, Alexander Rogers, to reach a place of prominence in the lumber industry in Minnesota. With him in those trying days of the late 1800's were a few trusted friends and his wife, the boyhood sweetheart who was to be the only woman in his life. He had one great fear—poverty, such as he had known in his youth; and one great sorrow—his lack of a higher education. By 1919 he had won not only the high place he desired as lumberman, but actually had been elected to a place in the United States Senate. He had no more to fear poverty and no longer to feel inferior about his meager schooling. But it was then he was most alone. His wife was dead and so were both his sons; one of the latter had died on a French battlefield, the other had been taken in the prime of life. He had left two grandsons who were cousins, and as unlike as any two cousins

could be. With their problem of adjusting to adult life, and their rivalry over the love of their childhood sweetheart, Rogers struggled in his advanced years.

Beside feeling that the author was weak in some of her characterizations and might, moreover, have done a great deal more with the plot than she did, we find our chief antagonism is against her constant habit of moralizing. It would have been refreshing to find such a clean story had she not felt it her duty to point, literally, a finger at the end of most chapters to her high standard of morality. Even this we can excuse the author, but one irritating fault remains—not her's but the publisher's—and that is the poor proof-reading job. That is something we cannot excuse in any book today. It nearly caused us to say the book was poor, but we remembered in time the significance of the background and of a few characters, like Rogers, and we decided so far as Evelyn Voss Wise was concerned, *Wheels in the Timber* is a pleasant book.

—KATHLEEN WHETRO.



KING'S HIGHWAY

By LUCILLE PAPEN BORDEN

MacMillan

Mrs. Borden's new historical novel, *King's Highway*, is another proof of her ability to tell an interesting story in an interesting way. The plot is laid in England, the Carolinas, and Canada during the period of history when England flowed with the blood of martyrs, and the Americas with the blood of Indians.

The theme of the story is one of heritage. The noblest traits of character passed down through the generations from parents to children are the characters most sacred and cherished possessions. The Starforth family intimately united to the royal court of England is exiled forever by Elizabeth because of their Catholic faith. Their long perilous voyage across the Atlantic ocean and their life among the Indians, when added to the cruel persecutions of Catholics, the betrayals, apostasies, repentences, and martyrdoms, along with the simple beautiful courtship of Idris, the Indian chief, fill every page with interest.

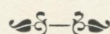
The characters of the story are people with convictions, and though loyal to God, to their faith, and to their family honor, yet remain human in their actions.

The novel should appeal especially to Catholics, since the novel is thoroughly Catholic (perhaps too much so), and shows what great sacrifices some are willing to suffer for the priceless gift of the Catholic faith.

Page twenty-three

The first pages may seem confusing and difficult to follow, but understanding and interest soon arrive, never again to depart.

—PAUL MAHLE.



ALL THE DAY LONG

By DANIEL SARGENT

Longmans

A short distance from Ossining, New York, there rests in a secluded spot on "Sunset Hill" a great general. On the monument above the grave of this warrior, His Excellency James Anthony Walsh, you may read these words: "Primum Regnum Dei." These words are an eloquent testimony to the hierarchy of values adhered to by this valiant missionary. Because he placed first things first, he was victorious in his confidence.

The field conquered by the General was vast. The battleground was the minds of American Catholics which were won to the cause of the foreign missions. Prior to Bishop Walsh's efforts in behalf of the foreign missions, American Catholics—as a group—were definitely not interested in the foreign missions. When he was a boy, James Anthony Walsh collected pennies for the missions; when he was a seminarian, he was co-editor of the column "Mission Notes" in a parish

monthly; when he was a priest, he was diocesan director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston; when he was a priest he likewise edited the "Field Afar." Finally Father Walsh joined with Father Thomas Price to found Maryknoll, the Motherhouse of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

But Father Walsh had not finished his life's work when he founded the missionary society. He supervised the development of the new society, continued to write and to speak in behalf of the missions, and traveled widely in the interests of the foreign missions. Shortly before his death the Holy See conferred on him the fullness of the priesthood. This, in brief, was the career of "the greatest missionary that America has ever given to the Church."

All the Day Long is a book which the friends of Maryknoll have been expecting for some time. It was inevitable that the life of Bishop Walsh be written. This biography is interesting and inspiring. However, one chapter, "The Trainer," is—to this reviewer—disappointing. With this one exception, the book is a fitting tribute to the missionary who aroused American Catholics to a realization of their duties towards the foreign missions, and who proved that the sons and daughters of America had the courage to cooperate with the grace of a vocation to aid in the extension of God's kingdom in pagan lands.

—JAMES R. HICKEY.

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, Mike was on duty in the Pacific during the summer; in the fall they went to the Hawaiian Islands, and they were in Pearl Harbor when in December the . . . the . . .

"Pardon me, I can't help a tear now and then, but after all it's only a few months ago. Mike was caught in that first attack. He never even suspected it I know, because in his last letter he wrote: 'Say a prayer to our dear Lord that we return to the States soon; I think that I may be home for a week or so. It'll be just like old times, Mom.'

"Pardon a washerwoman's weepin'. A little cry and then a little prayer and somehow I feel better. My tears only drop in my wash pail anyhow, so they don't bother anyone.

"How do I stand it? Land sakes, I'm not unhappy.

I'll admit that my life's had a good bit of suffering in it, but was there ever a good Christian that didn't have anything to suffer? Sorrow is part of our lives—nobody has really lived completely or loved God at all or been truly happy unless he has had something to suffer with the good Lord and His sorrowful Mother. We've got to expect those things and pray to be patient under our crosses when they come.

"So there's the whole story—say, can you hear that professor in the next room? Listen to that man now, will ye? For the last thirteen years he has been telling his classes the same story: 'You can't live without a philosophy of life': 'Everyone needs the truly Christian philosophy of life.'

"Humph! Philosophy of life—philosophy of life indeed. I've gotten along without one all my life so far and I don't see why, at my age, there's any sense in bothering about one now."

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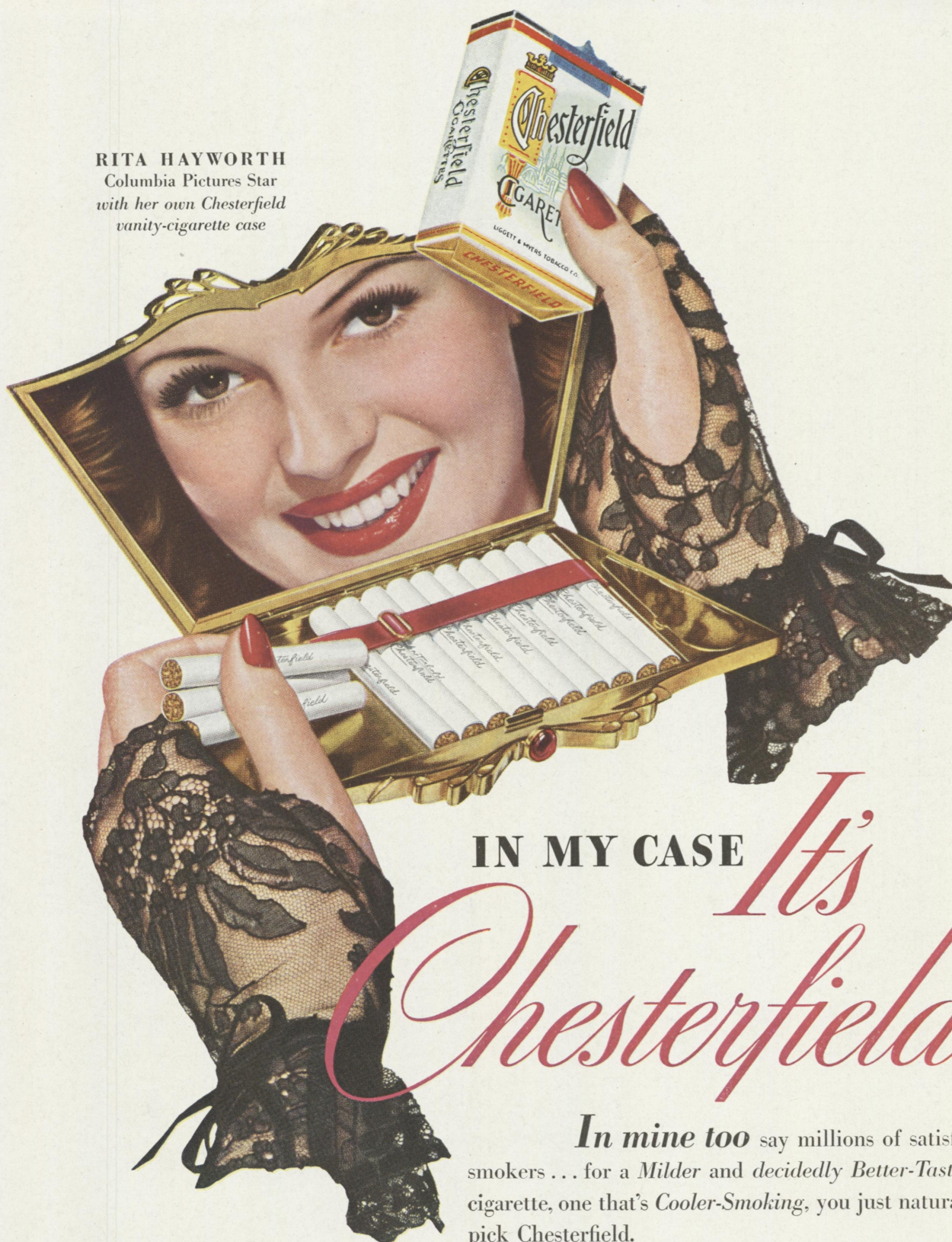
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