

9-1942

The University of Dayton Exponent, September 1942

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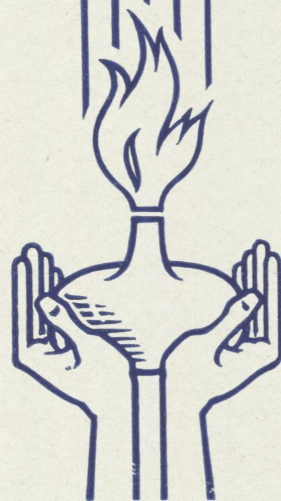
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



SEPTEMBER 1942

Take it from the "Queen of the Air"
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO

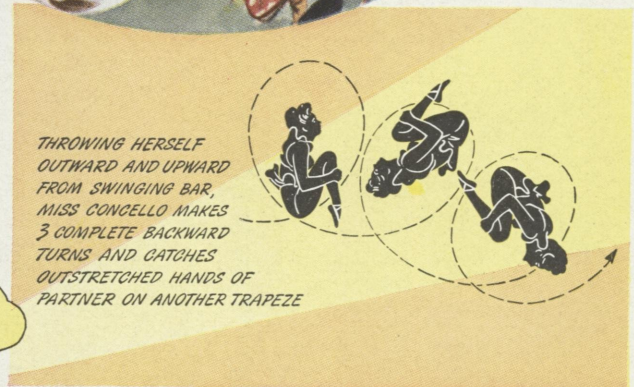
YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

TO BE
 A TOP-FLIGHT
 AERIALIST

● You may not go in for trapeze acrobatics. Even the thought of someone in danger may upset you, but there's a sound tip for any smoker in the fact that among men and women whose jobs demand steady nerves, it's Camels for the mildness that counts. Antoinette Concello (right) says: "Camel is one cigarette I really enjoy because of their finer flavor, also because they're extra mild."



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The *smoke* of slow-burning
CAMELS
 contains **LESS NICOTINE**

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



"Queen of the Air"
 Ringling Bros. and
 Barnum & Bailey circus

THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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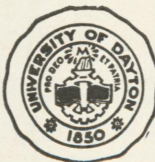
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Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

SubscriptionsTwo Dollars, Yearly in Advance
Single CopiesTwenty-five Cents

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO



THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON



Alumni Hall
The campus men's home

THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXX

SEPTEMBER, 1942

No. 6

Feet First

● By KATHLEEN WHETRO

Go down to Tennessee with the writer and take a hike over the famous Appalachian Trail, and enjoy vicariously the gorgeous scenery of The Smokies. It is quite a treat.

WITH nationwide rationing of gasoline in the offing, plus the possible rationing of transportation by public conveyances in Dayton, a good many of us can expect to be doing more footwork than we ever have attempted (dance floors excluded). Pity the poor day students living, as I am, some six miles from the campus; pity him especially if he has eight o'clock classes several times a week!

Perhaps my past summer's experience of hiking a couple of hundred miles will stand me in good stead before the year is out. In a number of summers, since 1934, I have been hiking the various trails in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. Not until this July, however, was I able to realize a long-held ambition—to follow the crest of the Smokies, end to end, over the famous Appalachian Trail.

What the Matterhorn is to the alpine climber, the Appalachian Trail is to the hikers in the Eastern United States. So far as I know, no one has ever accomplished a complete tour of the A. T., as I shall call it for the rest of this article. In fact most hikers are proud if they have done a portion of it. The starting point is on Mt. Katahdin, in Maine, and the finish line is atop Mt. Oglethorpe, in Georgia. The trail crosses the Smokies from east to west, a distance of seventy-one miles, and it is in this range that it reaches its greatest height, 6642 feet on the tip of Clingman's Dome. Much of the A. T. in the Smokies cuts through the wildest, least accessible parts. For that reason, it has come to be known as a wilderness trip.

An extended hike of seventy-one miles means a lot of footwork, even to the experienced hiker. It means carrying supplies for six or seven days' needs and sleeping out at the shelters, of which there are eight, for a longer period than I should care to be bathless. Consequently, I doubt that I ever should have undertaken the trip, were it not possible to break it down into separate hikes. It happens that a point near the center of the A. T., called New Found Gap, can be reached by automobile. Thus the hiker can split the trip into two sections, going to Davenport Gap, at the eastern boundary, which is thirty-one miles distant; or heading toward Deal's Gap, at the western end, which is forty miles.

My group decided to take the eastern section first. Besides myself there were three others: the wife of the park's chief naturalist; a woman tourist from Wisconsin, who is the finest hiker, man or woman, I have ever seen; and a 16-year-old boy from Knoxville. We set foot on the trail at New Found Gap at 6:20 a. m. of the appointed day. In exactly two hours we were at Charlie's Bunion, a spectacular point four miles distant. As all of us had been that far on other occasions, we stopped for only a moment. From there the territory was new and we slackened our pace, the better to enjoy it. For a couple miles the trail passes across that rugged section of the Smokies which most nearly resembles the barren peaks of the West. The sharp, knifelike ridges are appropriately called the Sawteeth.

Our next objective was Laurel Top. From its summit we branched to a side trail that leads out to Lovers' View. We were well paid for doing so, as we had one of the best panoramic views to be found in the Smokies. Back on the main trail we continued without a stop until we arrived at Peck's Corner, which is nothing more than a signpost in the wood. Nearby, however, is one of the shelter houses. We ate lunch

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there and then set off for Eagle Rock, another observation point. We arrived there by mid-afternoon, with two-thirds of our day's hike completed.

Between Eagle Rock and Mt. Sequoyah lie several miles of fine turkey country. We found numerous feathers and had the good fortune to flush one bird. After Sequoyah we began a long, steady climb up Mt. Chapman, which reaches a height of 6425 feet. It was while descending this peak, with just a mile between us and our destination for the day, the shelter at Tri-Corner Knob, that we ran into sudden brisk rain. Short though it was, it served to drench us. While we were able to start a fire at the shelter house, we should have been hours cooking supper over the feeble flame. Fortunately, however, the hiker from Wisconsin had brought along a couple of cans of Sterno. I shall always regard Sterno as something nearly magic, for in a few minutes we had boiling water for our tea and spaghetti.

Shortly after we crawled into our sleeping bags, we had a visit from Mr. Bear. He had quite a party for himself with the spaghetti pan which we had left outdoors to soak overnight. Our supplies were safely stored away. Although the shelters are enclosed on only three sides, and we were but a few feet from our uninvited guest, we were little concerned. We could chase him away whenever we chose by a sharp clap of the hands.

Having hiked a little more than sixteen miles the first day, our second day on the trail was shorter in length, but it required greater effort. It brought us soon to a point near the top of Mt. Guyot. The actual ascent to the tip of this second highest peak in the Smokies was the most difficult hiking I have ever done. It was so steep that, loaded down with packs and sleeping bags, we could climb but a few feet at a time. When we finally achieved the goal, we found that heavy clouds had "smoked" out the purported excellent views. Despite this fact, Guyot was for us the high point of the eastern section of the A. T., in interest as well as in topography. It rises to 6621 feet, being but twenty-one feet lower than Clingman's. There is much more thrill in reaching its summit, though, for it is in a region accessible only to hikers, whereas Clingman's can be reached easily by a motor road.

The descent from Guyot is something of a feat, too, as can well be imagined. Once more on the A. T. we began at this point to lose altitude as we skirted across the ridges that overlook the Deep Creek valley. Being in the open, we had many fine views on all sides until we arrived at the lowest point, called Low Gap, which is just 4242 feet. From there we began climbing again up the peak now called Mt. Cammeron, which most

people still refer to by its earlier name of White Rock. On its top is a fire warden's tower from which one can look in a complete circle for a distance of thirty miles or more on clear days, such as the day we were enjoying. From this peak down to Davenport Gap, our destination, we had just five miles to hike. We came off the trail at 7:30 p. m. of that second day. We had done our intended thirty miles, plus several more of side trails, and we were glad to see our friends awaiting us with the car, as we had close to forty miles of driving to do, over difficult mountain roads, to Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

After a rest of some days, the Wisconsin woman and I set out to do the western section of the A. T. Instead of starting at New Found Gap, we took advantage of the motor road from the Gap to Clingman's, and began our hike at the parking area, a half mile beneath the summit of Clingman's. This move cut off seven miles, which we decided to make as a one-day hike later. We topped Clingman's and headed on toward Siler's Bald, four miles distant. The hiking was treacherous, for the numerous blackberry bushes almost obliterated the path. The bushes were dripping as profusely with berries as with the previous night's rain. We collected both in an amazing manner.

Shortly past lunch time we had a shower. An hour later the rain set in for the afternoon. Soon the water was slushing about in our hiking shoes. Despite the fact we were wearing raincoats, we were wet up to the waist. I shall never forget the shock of pulling on cold wet breeches the next morning. The rain stopped as we came atop Thunderhead and a rainbow was dipping down into the Cades Cove Valley to our right. Behind us Clingman's Dome looked like a navy blue applique against the pale sky. To our left rolled ridge after ridge of the North Carolina mountains. Ahead was Spence Field and our shelter for the night. We reached the shelter shortly past sundown.

The next day took us across a series of balds, as these high mountain meadows are called. Again we had a rainy afternoon and again we reached our shelter, at Gregory Bald, just at sundown. We had better luck with the weather our third day. We came up over the top of Gregory early in the morning and could hardly bear to drag ourselves away from the luscious blueberries wasting away there. The final part of this day's journey brought us through rather monotonous woodland and much rocky terrain. We reached Deal's Gap in mid afternoon and succeeded in obtaining a ride with a workman from the Fontana Dam project nearby. He drove us to where our car was waiting at Tapoco Lodge. We indulged in baths at the lodge and cele-

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Pipe Memories

● By ADELE KLOPF

Here is one for you pipe smokers. Dont miss it by any means.

OLD JOHN HARRIS laboriously climbed the attic stairs. He had to stop and rest every step or two, but that was natural for a man going on ninety-four. It was a bit unusual for him to be going up there but then his granddaughter, Marie, had house-cleaned and now he couldn't find his pipe. She must have packed it away, up in the attic, because he had searched the lower floors. Maybe she was in league with that upstart of a doctor who said that he, John Harris, shouldn't smoke any more. Why, he had been smoking all these years and it had never hurt him. Now, where was that electric light switch? Oh, yes, now he remembered, it was over by the window. With only the darkest corners resisting the light, he started to search.

Of course he had other pipes, but this was his favorite one. When somebody gave him a new pipe for Christmas or birthday, he would smoke it for a day or two and then go back to his old one. Why, he himself had carved it when he had run away to join the Union army in 1864 at the age of sixteen. He had made it then to persuade them that he was a man, ready and eligible for service. He chuckled now to think how sick it made him the first time he had smoked it. Of course, it could have been the tobacco that the soldiers received. He liked to think it was, but anyhow it was a good thing he had tried it out in private first.

Come to think of it, it had brought about his meeting with Nancy. He had been strolling down the sidewalk a few years after the war with the pipe carelessly placed in his coat pocket. Absently his fingers felt in the pocket for it. It wasn't there! As he turned to look along the walk, the loveliest voice in the world said, "Please, sir, did you drop this just now?"

A dainty hand, holding the pipe, was stretched out to him. He had quickly introduced himself, and, as his name was well-known in town, she had allowed him to walk home with her. There had followed a whirlwind courtship and in a few months she was his affianced bride. The pipe had not been in the picture much in those days, except on the nights when he wasn't seeing Nancy. Then, with the smoke issuing from it in lazy,



little clouds, he had dreamed of their life to come, picturing their home, their garden, and even, if he could be so bold as to think of them, their children.

When they were comfortably settled in their little nest, there had been nothing he'd loved so much as to sit by the fire and read or think while Nancy sewed or gave him bits of news. When John, Jr., was born, he could remember his frantic pacing up and down, with his cold pipe clenched tightly between his teeth, until the doctor came out to tell him that all was well, and that he was the father of a bouncing baby boy. Then, although Nancy had never objected to his smoking in the house before, she forbade him to do so until the baby's lungs were strong enough to resist the harmful effects of the smoke. After that he was allowed to smoke in the house until the next baby was born, and so on until their fifth and last child had, in Nancy's judgment, outgrown any danger from inhaling the smoke.

His pipe had had a strange fascination for all their children, who would sit and watch the clouds of smoke for hours without tiring. They had even made a game of it, with their mother for umpire. They would try to guess what the puffs of smoke resembled. For a while they had relied on themselves but that had too often led to bloodshed, so Nancy was brought in to referee.

Once, young Stanley had tried out his new pocket knife on the bowl of the pipe. The scars, although covered with the dirt of later years, were still plainly visible. After that, a mandate had gone forth decreeing disaster to anyone that touched Daddy's pipe.

After Nancy died, and all the children had homes of their own, John Harris' pipe had been his chief companion. It was always close by when he was not actually smoking it. The children and grandchildren grew so used to seeing him smoke it that it almost equaled a national crisis in importance if the pipe was somehow mislaid.

He had lived alone in the old homestead until he was nearly eighty, when the children had decreed that he should live with them. So, for ten years he had moved from one household to another, until Marie, who was John's favorite, insisted that he should make

(Continued on page nineteen)

Kill The Umpire

● By WILBUR DUNSKY

Read this baseball story that will hold you to the very last line. Love and sport and fiery emotions are mingled in this tale of Dan and Russel and Peggy.

DANIEL MICHAEL FLAHERTY was one of the most promising graduates to whom St. Patrick's had ever awarded the B.A. degree. He was a good student, a fine athlete, and a natural leader. However, Dan did have one serious defect, a terrible, easily-aroused temper, and he had to strive constantly to hold it in check.

On the day of graduation, when the president of the college shook hands with Dan, he said to him, "My sincere congratulations, Dan. We expect great things from you."

"Thanks, Father," answered Dan with his characteristic smile.

"And watch that Irish temper of yours," warned the president laughingly as Dan walked away.

That evening as Dan packed his trunk and prepared to leave his Alma Mater, a young couple, back in Dan's home town, strolled into an ice cream parlor and took their places in one of the little booths.

"Happy, Peggy?" asked the young man as he took his seat opposite her.

"Why do you ask that, Russel?" returned the girl in surprise.

"Because I want you to be happy; because I—."

"What will you have, please?" interrupted a gracious waitress.

"A couple of frosted malts," ordered the youth mechanically, and turning to Peggy he continued. "Peggy, there's something I've been wanting to ask you for a long time, and I may as well get the thing off my mind now."

"Don't be so serious, Russel," said Peggy laughingly.

"Peggy, is—is it—is it me or Dan Flaherty that you care for?" burst out Russel in all seriousness.

"Why, I like both of you, Russel. You're both fine young men, and I—."

"But you must pick one of us," broke in the lad. "I simply can't go on like this. I want to know—now!" He took hold of her dainty hands and looked anxiously into her frank, blue eyes.

Peggy's eyes fell. She made no answer.

"That's all I wanted to know, Peggy. Good night!" And Russel hurried from the room.

Two weeks later Dan's baseball team was playing a twilight game with a strong opponent. The game had been close all the way, and when Dan's side came to bat in the last inning, they were trailing by one run.

The first two men went out easily. The third batter singled sharply into right. The next batter walked on four pitches. When Dan stepped to the plate, a great cheer burst from the home crowd, for he was a dependable hitter. The first pitch fooled Dan as it sped across the heart of the plate.

"Whatsa matter, Flaherty, couldn't you see that one?" taunted a sneering voice from the stands. "This is one time your good looks won't do you any good!"

"Sounds like Russel Blade," thought Dan. "Sore because Peggy turned him down in favor of me, I guess."

Dan took a full swing at the next pitch, but a sharp-breaking curve ran away from the end of his bat.

"Say," shouted Russel, "who ever told you that you could play ball? Better keep away from this man's game, Flaherty, might mess your curly hair"

Dan turned angrily towards the stands and blared out, "Better keep your mouth closed, Blade. This bat might slip!"

Dan cut viciously at the next pitch and fouled it back.

"That's as close as you'll come to it, Irish. What you need is bigger balls and wider bats," came the same biting voice.

"One more crack from you Russel Blade, and I'll split your head with this club," threatened Dan, white with anger.

The next pitch whizzed towards the plate. Dan swung from his heels and missed everything. The bat slipped from his perspiring hands and flew into the crowded stands.

The thick end of the bat struck Russel squarely on the side of the head and inflicted an ugly gash. Dan was not far behind the speeding stick and almost caught Russel when he fell into the bleachers. As he stooped to aid the unfortunate victim, Dan was paralyzed by insinuating remarks from a group of spectators.



"He said he'd split him open, and he surely did a good job!"

"It doesn't pay to fool with that Flaherty boy!"

"Do you think he tried it—really?"

"Well, Dan's words were fierce, and you know his temper!"

Dan's head began to whirl. So that was it—done on purpose—intentional injury—manslaughter maybe! The scream of the ambulance siren brought him to his senses. A doctor pushed through the crowd. "Looks bad," he said. "We must act quickly."

That night the name of Dan Flaherty was on everybody's tongue. "Manslaughter" some called it. "Intent to kill," others said, and "Just plain murder," exclaimed some indignant people. Everybody pointed a guilty finger at Dan.

Meanwhile Dan was slumped in a chair outside the operating room in a semi-stupor. He was disgraced, he was through. He had no way of proving his innocence. His words, his terrible temper were against him. But he prayed—prayed hard that Russel would pull through, for he could bear anything except that awful brand, that everlasting stigma—"Murderer!" Suddenly he felt a soft hand against his cheek. Quickly he looked up and with his dazed senses distinguished a feminine figure.

"Don't take it too hard, Danny," a kind voice said. "I understand, lad, and I know you wouldn't do anything like this on purpose. You're a good boy, and I'll not hold anything against you. I just thought you'd like to know."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dan quietly, and as his senses cleared a little, he made out the features of Russel Blade's mother.

The next morning word spread that Russel Blade was out of danger and resting nicely. That was the best item of news that Dan had ever received. Yet he realized that he was finished in that town. His reputation had suffered an irreparable blow, and he was a marked man. But he could go away some place and begin anew, and this he resolved to do—immediately.

He hurried over to Peggy's house, and as he sped along his way, he noticed groups gathered talking softly and nodding at him. The young boys, who just yesterday had worshiped him, shrank away from him. Dan Flaherty could never go on living that way. He would have to get away from it.

He rang the bell at Peggy's home. Her mother answered the ring.

"Oh—it's you," and she backed into the doorway. "You can't see Peggy," she said firmly.

"Will you kindly tell her that I called to say 'good-bye,' please?"

As the door slammed in his face, Dan turned and walked slowly, sorrowfully away.

Twelve years later an exciting World's Series was being staged at Brooklyn. The "Beloved Bums" were behind, and the crowd was on the verge of a riot. In the upper half of the eighth inning, there was a close decision. The umpire called one of the Dodgers "out." Immediately the cry went out "Kill the umpire!" and a barrage of trash was fired from the stands. From the upper tier came a murderous milk bottle truly aimed. It struck the umpire on the side of the head, and the official fell as though struck by the hand of the Lord.

Ten minutes later, umpire Russel Blade lay senseless at a nearby hospital. The door of his room stirred, and into the room stepped the renowned brain surgeon, Doctor Daniel Flaherty.

He moved across the floor to the bed but stopped abruptly when he recognized the patient. His face became white with anger; his fists clenched. He turned on his heels and started to leave the room. As he was about to lay his quivering hand on the door knob, he seemed to hear a familiar voice calling to him. It was that same kind voice which had spoken so gently to him one night twelve years ago in the hospital when the whole world was turned against him. He heard it now for the second time addressed to him.

"You're a good boy, Danny. You won't let my boy die, will you?"

Doctor Flaherty could not resist that motherly appeal. He turned back towards the bed.

Two hours later, Russel was wheeled back from the operating room. Dan stood looking down hopefully at his patient. He heard a slight noise at the door and turned slowly.

"Peggy!" he whispered in a voice filled with emotion.

"Oh Dan," she choked out as she rushed towards him. "It's so good to see you again. But will he—will Russel live?"

"He's in the hands of the Lord. I've done all I can. But what brings you here?"

Peggy knelt at the side of the bed and took Russel's hand into her own. Looking up at Dan she said tearfully, "I'm his wife, Dan!"

"You poor dear," was all Dan could manage.

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Paul and I

● By JERRY KILMER

The writer has a friend that he wants you to know and he wants to introduce you to the letters his friend has left to the world. The article is a clever bit of introduction.

WE had been acquaintances for a long time, Paul and I. His letters had come into my life many times but somehow they did not make the appeal of friendship or carry the tone of comradeship that one enjoys. Paul's letters seemed vague, indistinct; and so we had no common basis on which we could foster and develop our friendship—in short our interests seemed apart from each other, and I did not even bother to read his letters to me.

Never had I tried to analyze our situation. I knew that I didn't bear him a grudge yet Paul failed to interest me. Why his letters—addressed to me—were written to me I did not stop to wonder. Why he should write to me such voluminous epistles I could not and would not understand.

Then one day it happened! I was browsing around in an old trunk in the attic when I came across his letters, all together.

I made a firm resolution that I was going to understand him—I would force myself, I would read these letters and analyze them and re-read and re-analyze them. I had determined that I should know him, that I should understand him, sympathize and, if at all possible, cooperate with him.

Putting myself to the task I began to read and at once to realize that Paul had traveled abroad a good deal—not exactly pleasure trips or vacations, that is true, yet he had sailed the Mediterranean several times: he had seen Rome, the cities of Greece, Asia, and the Holy Land. He did not, however, refer to the beautiful scenery, nor did he mention the swimming, nor how the fish were biting. The only reference to his travels was to tell how he had suffered greatly in his work, how he had been chased by Jewish and Italian police and soldiers and thrown “in the jug,” how he had been beaten and of his escape by a basket over the city walls.

I began to be interested: my friend Paul was a man who could “take it.” I couldn't help admiring him, and perhaps liking him a little.

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But what really intrigued me was that he never tried to “get even”; he always seemed to think that it was to be expected that a Christian should suffer for his faith. Suffering, he seemed to feel, is merely a part of the life of the true Christian just as prayer, love of God, love of neighbor, almsgiving, and purity.

Paul had me “stumped” but I have overcome that: I am getting so that I like his company more and more; his letters are beginning to make sense to me even though I still don't understand everything he writes.

But I would like to introduce him to you sometime—I am sure he'd like it too. He is very easy to find: you can contact him most anytime by taking your New Testament and turning to the Epistles of Saint Paul in the rear of the book. Read his letters often—you will soon find a new interest in your newly found friendship with your old acquaintance, Paul, the last of the Apostles.

His letters are addressed to us—to you and to me—and if we don't read them we are missing one of the nobler parts of our lives. Paul has a challenging appeal: his thoughts show us how a world which has forgotten God and Christian principles and the indwelling of Christ in our hearts and which has discarded as “useless and out-of-date” the fundamental unit of a Christian civilization, the family, has judged itself:

And as they have resolved against possessing the knowledge of God, God has given them up to a reprobate sense, so that they do what is not fitting; being filled with all iniquity, malice, immorality, avarice, wickedness; being full of envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity; being whisperers, detractors, hateful to God, irreverent, proud, haughty, plotters of evil; disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy.

Whew!—he really lets us know what he means!

On the other hand Paul challenges us by a positive philosophy of life; he challenges us to have Christ in our hearts and to carry Christ into our homes, into our speech, into the schools and offices and factories and stores wherever we go.

Paul challenges you and me—to keep the faith, to
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First Things First

● By ROBERT MINGES

At the beginning of the school year let us turn our thoughts to a very serious factor in education, something that the world is most in need of today.

SOME of our Catholic Freshmen—and even a number of upperclassmen—may not yet have realized that the University of Dayton is a Catholic college. Of course, all of us know as much: the courses in Religion, the priests and religious who serve as our professors, the chapel with the Sacred Presence—all these things and many more lend a distinctly Catholic atmosphere to the campus. But do all of us recognize the reality of this fact, the implications that it contains, the personal response that it demands? Do we realize that our school can give us something that a secular college doesn't possess, something essential to us as Catholics, members of Christ's Mystical Body?

That other colleges do not possess these Catholic advantages is evident from the complaint lodged by a student in a nation wide review against the State University he was attending. He claimed that the academic activities there were a handicap to the spirit of religion, and that what religious facilities did exist were not closely enough related to the students' problems or were overshadowed by other activities. We know definitely that this is not the case at U. D.

Why is this "something" so necessary for us? A glance at today's newspaper, at magazines and books dealing with current problems, will answer that question. A world which has denied God and religion a place in its public affairs for centuries, a world which now finds itself in a total war—the second within a quarter-century—is looking for a way out. Our Church can show the world a way out, it has been showing it that way—the Way of Christ—during the twenty centuries since its foundation by Christ, but the world has persisted in looking the other way. Now it is our turn. The present Holy Father and his predecessor have repeatedly called on the youth of the world to lead it out of chaos into a Christian peace. It is our duty as students of a Catholic college to make use of all the means which our school offers us of developing ourselves into leaders, into real Catholics, into other Christs, who in the words tentatively expressing the purpose of the coming Catholic Collegiate Congress,

"have the right and the obligation to work towards the right ordering of society based on Christian principles."

Our university does provide us with the essential means of doing this work. All of us know what they are; it is necessary, though, that we realize them in ourselves, make use of them in the reality of our actions.

Most evident among them is the number of priests and religious who constitute the majority of the faculty—men and women consecrated to the service of God. Their example and influence are invaluable in the development of the Catholic spirit in each of us. Together with our lay teachers, they are directed by a singleness of purpose, expressed in the motto of the university: *pro Deo et Patria*. More important still is the common and completely spiritual objective of more than half the faculty, those who are members of the Society of Mary. These men, entirely devoted to the ideal of imitating Christ as Son of Mary in the work of bringing men back to God, present to us an example of the most intense and universal apostolate. God became man solely for the purpose of saving us, and He became man through Mary. How can we better do our part in helping the world in this hour of crisis than in following the example of our Marianist teachers by imitating Christ as other sons of Mary?

But if our work is to succeed, there must be method, and here, too, U. D. is ready to help by offering us a definite program of study, prayer, and action. The courses in Religion are an unparalleled opportunity of grounding ourselves in the Christian principles which can restore order in the world. Chapel services and the constant presence of the Blessed Sacrament on the campus are a chance to talk over our work with God and to ask His powerful blessing on it. Including and supplementing all these are the opportunities for practical Catholic Action offered us. The work of the C. A. cells, as well as that of the other religious organizations on the campus, is real, solid, and in the best Catholic interests of U. D.

These are only a few of the advantages of our Catholic university. Let's use them this year to their full extent and make U. D. a force felt in today's world, a Catholic force for the renewal of all things in Christ through Mary.

Dayton In Retrospect

● By ROBERT HUELS

Every Daytonian among the U. D. students will read this story of his city with civic pride. And the campus men will find it most interesting.

CITIES do not occur automatically but require men to found them and settle them and establish their institutions. The city of Dayton, Ohio, began about one hundred and fifty years ago when the first settlers were filtering into the newly-created Northwest Territory. In 1878 John Cleves Symmes contracted for land tentatively described as being all east of the Miami River. In 1789 three men bargained with him for land at the junction of the Mad and Miami Rivers, planning to found a town named "Venice." However due to Indian troubles, the deal was not completed.

In 1794 the government fixed the northern limit of Symmes' purchase somewhat south of the present site of Dayton. However, in 1795, following the signing of the treaty of Greenville which allayed the Indian threat, Symmes contracted with a syndicate led by Revolutionary War veterans, Arthur St. Clair, James Wilkinson, Israel Ludlow, and Jonathan Dayton (for whom Dayton is named) for land which he had no legal title to. Israel Ludlow and Daniel Cooper surveyed and laid out the original plot. Cooper marked a road from Cincinnati. In the spring of 1796, three parties of settlers from there arrived and built cabins. Newcom's tavern, still standing in a river-front park, became the center of the settlement.

Soon the colonists discovered they had been cheated by Symmes and had no legal title to the land. The government demanded payment, and many, to avoid paying for the same land twice, moved away. In 1803 when Montgomery county was established only five families lived in Dayton. Newcom's tavern was designated a temporary place for holding court. County commissioners first met in 1804. In 1805 Dayton was incorporated, built its first permanent court house and jail and survived its first flood. In the same year Dayton's public library, the first in Ohio, was formed.

Industry in Dayton started soon after the city's founding, dependent at first upon agriculture and later upon minerals and natural resources, producing at first for the local market and later for the whole world. A



grist mill and a saw mill started in 1798, a distillery in 1799, and a carding and fulling mill in 1804.

Transportation in the early days depended on flat boats on the Miami River between Dayton and Cincinnati and turnpikes to Eaton and Springfield. But travel on the river was dangerous and difficult because of shallow places, and soon proved inadequate. In 1825 work began on the Miami and Erie Canal. The last river boats arrived in 1828, and in January, 1829, the first canal boat arrived from Cincinnati. Not until 1829 was the canal completed to its northern terminus, Toledo, but Dayton and other cities along its route had meanwhile greatly benefited by the transportation opportunities it offered.

Dayton's population, which had already increased from 383 in 1810 to 2,950 in 1830, doubled in the decade following the coming of the canal, and the growing city added a wide range of manufactures. This decade also saw the coming of the national road which missed Dayton but passed through Vandalia, ten miles to the north. Numerous side roads linked Dayton with the main route. The natural trough formed by the valleys of four streams, the Miami, the Mad, and the Stillwater rivers and Wolf Creek, made the city easily accessible to railroad builders. A narrow-gauge line between Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton was completed in 1853, and reached Toledo in 1859. With the coming of the railroad, the Miami and Erie canal went into a period of decline. Other railways were soon built to connect Dayton with nearby cities.

During the Civil War Dayton felt its first war boom as industries produced supplies for the Union. Shortly after the war, in 1866, Congress authorized establishment of a national home for disabled veterans just west of the city limits. The first occupants were admitted in 1867 and by 1888 enrollment had grown to 6,000.

Dayton has never been an iron and steel manufacturing center but many of its industries have depended on these raw materials. The Stoddards, first associated with agricultural implements, and later bicycles and

automobiles, began operation during the post-Civil War period. In 1884 John H. Patterson invested in an idiotic money box that would ring a bell when opened, and started to manufacture them by mass production methods in a day-light factory. The National Cash Register Company, which took Dayton's name to all parts of the globe, resulted.

Dayton which had grown from 20,000 in 1860 to a figure approaching 60,000 in the mid-eighties typifies the rapid advancement being made in American cities due to unrestricted migration, increasing markets and expanding industries. At this time Dayton was served by seven railroads, three steam roads to Soldiers' Home, and four street railroads.

During its years of rapid industrial and commercial growth, Dayton had not neglected its progress in other lines. The first school was in a block house erected by Benjamin Van Cleve in 1799. The public school system was established and the first high school built in 1850, and in 1853 a second library was established. The public and private schools of 1886 were attended by 9,700. French Marianists in 1850 laid the foundations of the University of Dayton in St. Mary's Institute. Union Biblical Seminary, founded in 1871, is the Bonebrake Theological Seminary of today. Other causes of civic pride in Dayton in the 1880's were the banks, sixty churches, the State Hospital for the insane, the Soldiers' Home and four daily and twenty-two weekly newspapers. (The last figure has been greatly reduced by consolidations and by the inability of small, independent newspapers to survive).

The events that most influence Dayton of today have come in the twentieth century. Two Daytonians, Wilbur and Orville Wright, began flight experiments in their bicycle repair shop and succeeded in building the world's first heavier-than-air craft. The machine flew at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, December 17, 1903. It is only natural, therefore, that Dayton, in at the start, continued to set the pace in aeronautical experimentation and manufacture. Another local industry had its origin in the first decade of the twentieth century, Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, better known as Delco. Two young engineers, Edward A. Deeds and Charles F. Kettering, succeeded in making a self-starter eagerly sought for by the expanding automobile industry. In later years Delco was absorbed by General Motors Corporation.

A milestone in Dayton's development is the year 1913, the year of the great flood. From the time of incorporation in 1805, floods swept through Dayton at intervals. Reasons for the frequent inundations may be found in increased deforestation, silting of the channel, and encroachment on the banks. In March of 1913 five days of heavy rain had covered the entire area and

the Miami basin was full to overflowing. On the morning of March 25 the waters overtopped the Dayton levees. Hundreds of curious onlookers were trapped in the low-lying sections. The rapidly-rising water covered half of the city for three days and inflicted property loss estimated at 100,000,000 dollars. At least eighty-four lives were lost in Dayton alone. Those rescued from flooded districts crowded into high parts of the city. In the southern part of the city the Miami Valley Hospital, the Fairgrounds and St. Mary's Institute played a large part in taking care of the refugees, but by far the greatest credit must go to John H. Patterson and his National Cash Register Company.

After the flood the city began a greater task, that of clean-up and the making of plans. All were now convinced that levees alone were not sufficient to keep out turbulent waters. Therefore a group of citizens met to decide what was to be done. Within sixty days, Daytonians with "Remember the promises made in the attic" as their slogan raised a fund and hired an engineer, Arthur E. Morgan, later chairman of the T.V.A., to tell them what should be done. The plan of flood control involved building five dams to create flood basins to store water in time of emergency, deepening and improving the channel in Dayton and other cities, moving Osborn, Ohio, completely, and relocating miles of roads and railways. A tax was levied to pay for the project and construction work was begun in 1917. The system, completed in the early twenties, has protected the city from water at least five times and has served as a model for other flood-frequented regions.

Shortly after the flood, January 1, 1914, the city-manager form of government was inaugurated. This too has served as a model for other communities. The Dayton Wright Airplane Company was organized to make war planes, and McCook Field was developed to test and assemble them. Later Wright Field and Patterson Field, outside the city limits, were set up as headquarters of the United States Army Air Corps and experimenting grounds. The population of Dayton increased from 85,333 in 1900 to 200,982 in 1930.

Like other American cities Dayton weathered the days of the depression and continued to grow. Today Dayton is particularly an industrial city and it is thus in a position to aid the Federal government in the defense program. Dayton's past was one of rapid progress and bold experiments, marked by successful conquests of the frontier, distance, and the river. Its present is accompanied by the hustle and bustle of production. Its unpredictable future must be shaped by each citizen, for as John H. Patterson said, "A city is a great business enterprise whose stockholders are the people." (Dayton and Montgomery County City Directory, Page 8.)

THE EDITOR'S

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The Student's Answer

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country." How many times has that line been written; how few times has it been meditated on?

This is the first time since the inauguration of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at this institution that the school year has opened with our country in a state of war. It is not an ordinary conflict in which we are engaged. It is one that demands the utmost expenditures of a nation both as to men and machines. It is a Total War.

Those against whom we are pitted have, by long and carefully controlled preparations, reached a point where they may realize the ultimate from the resources at their command.

Our country, too, has seen the necessity of going "all out," but being a democratic nation, the methods at her disposal are relatively limited. In many cases the individual is left to decide in which method he may best serve. But serve we must if victory is to be attained.

In no previous war, have the theaters of operation been so widely extended. At the present time there are four major fronts, and it has been definitely stated that another is to be opened. The problem of supplying these fronts is therefore becoming a pressing one. It is not only a question of transportation but also one of production. The answer lies in our factories and also in our schools.

Men were needed to supply a fighting force and the Selective Service Act was offered as a solution. At various times the men of the different age groups were registered and classified. Included in these groups were the college men of the country. They, if they remained under the jurisdiction of the local board, were to be called when their number came up with little or no consideration given to their scholastic status.

The Army, Navy, and Marine heads could see this was a waste of valuable material. In a Total War, not one man can be misused without its having an effect on the war. This group of college men was a store of officers material. Accordingly, the various branches of the Enlisted Reserve Corps were set up to enable qualified individuals to complete their training, and by so doing, be of greater service to the country in the winning of the war.

Post-war problems may be as serious as those confronting us today. Here, too, trained men will be needed to effect their solution. It is therefore our duty not to be drafted, if the government so wills. We must remain where we can best serve. Each of us came to college to learn to serve our fellow men more proficiently. Can we not then learn to serve the government by the same means, for when we serve our government we also serve our fellow men.

A recent statement by a prominent government official has tended to discourage enlistments in the E. R. C. This statement was immediately denied by the President of the United States, but some still preferred to give credence to the unfounded report and base their chance of continuing their education on the Selective Service Act.

The Selective Service Act has already made itself felt on this campus. Within two weeks after the fall term was inaugurated four of our number were ordered to report. Two of these were seniors and one of them held an indefinite deferment. This would seem to nullify the argument of some that E. R. C. members would be required to report for duty before those subject to the draft, for to date no member of the E. R. C. has been required to withdraw from school.

Here is, then, the answer to the student's problem. If you want to remain in school, if you want to give your best to your country's war effort, if you want to enhance your chances for promotion in the armed forces, enlist at once in some branch of the Reserves.

—M. J. D.

Welcome

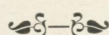
To the incoming students, freshmen and transfer students, and to the returning upper classmen, we extend a hearty welcome and a very sincere wish for a most successful year. We are very proud of the scholastic standards set by this University of Dayton and we hope that all of us will put our shoulder to the wheel and try to maintain these high standards.

Each of us must give his best, which in these times may be none too easily given, because of cross currents affecting our course. There may be distractions from outside our campus circle. We may be bewildered but we must hold to our course. Acceleration makes greater demands upon us and we must meet them or fall by the wayside.

The large enrollment also makes it more difficult. Instructors can no longer give individual attention, as they have done in previous years. This will necessarily mean a higher degree of attention, application and co-operation from each student, if he wishes to attain the most from his expenditures of time and money.

A word for the freshmen, and we feel that we are in a position to give that word because we have been about here for a few seasons. Don't waste any time in starting seriously with your school work, especially with those subjects in which the matter is very closely linked together so that a knowledge of what you took yesterday is needed that you may understand what you are learning today. And we hope we will see you at the pep rallies and all the games. In these hectic times of war and strife you need this relaxation for your frayed nerves. See you at the game next Saturday night.

—M. J. D.



Your Magazine

For the information of the more than three hundred and fifty new students on the campus we wish to say that *The Exponent* is the campus literary magazine and the editor welcomes contributions from any department of the University and from any students in any of these departments. If you can write a story or an essay or verse do so and give us the results of your attempt. We want the *Exponent* to represent ALL sections of the University. We extend our welcome particularly to the students of the engineering and the science divisions. If you are in doubt as to how to reach us put your contribution in the campus post office and just mark on the envelope "For the *Exponent*." Then, too, we will welcome letters to the editor. These letters create much interest among the readers of the *Exponent*. Preferably make your letters deal with questions of student life. Such subjects are closest to our readers. With your cooperation we hope to give you a very readable magazine every month.

—M. J. D.

"Quae Pacis Sunt Sectemur"

The motto of the International Relations Club expresses better than any other words the purpose for such an organization. The University of Dayton is proud to have such a club active on the campus. The Dayton organization is well represented each year at the Regional Conference, which is attended by clubs of Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky colleges and universities. Another outstanding event on the calendar of club activities is the annual open forum held each spring in the Albert Emanuel Library Auditorium.

The Dayton Club is affiliated with 1,218 similar organizations as members of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was founded by Andrew Carnegie on December 14, 1910. The Endowment was established through a gift of \$10,000,000 the income from which was to "hasten the abolition of international war." This organization, along with its affiliated members, has continually grown in size. Today, we are proud to say that the International Relations Clubs are functioning as actively as before the war.

Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Director of the Division of Intercourse and Education for the Endowment has stated the purpose of the Carnegie Endowment as follows: "The purpose of the Carnegie Endowment in undertaking the work of the International Relations Clubs is to instruct and to enlighten public opinion. It is not to support exclusively any one view as to how best to treat the conditions which now prevail throughout the world, but to fix the attention of students on those underlying principles of international conduct, of international law, and of international organization which must be agreed upon and put into action if a peaceful civilization is to continue."

The International Relations Club of the University of Dayton is composed of eighteen members, including active and associate members, and a faculty advisor, Bro. Elmer Lackner, S.M. Qualifications for membership in the club are a scholastic average of 1.5 or its equivalent, and a genuine interest in foreign affairs, and the fostering of international peace.

The general policy of the club is the same as that followed by the Endowment. The members strive to enlighten and instruct regarding the pursuit of peace by the bi-monthly club meetings, the regional conference and the annual open forum. The aim is clearly expressed by the club motto: "Quae Pacis Sunt Sectemur."

The *Exponent* is happy to recommend to the students the organizations on the campus that are of a cultural nature such as the International Relations Club. In the issues to come we hope to bring to the attentions of our students other groups that have as their special object the development of the higher and finer things of life.

—WEBB G. WHITMER.



We . . .

The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . ADELE KLOPF

FOR FRESHMEN ONLY

We congratulate you on having chosen a college career for at least a few years instead of succumbing to the temptation of entering the business world immediately upon your graduation from high school. We of the upper classes still remember that far-distant day when we entered the "portals" of the University of Dayton as bewildered freshmen. Only a little less bewildered, we proffer you a little well-meant advice.

- 1) Read the bulletin boards.

We no longer find it an annoying task to read the bulletin boards daily, for we have found out that from time to time notices of class cancellations are posted.

- 2) Don't wear jingle-jangle bracelets in class.

Both students and professors request that jingle-jangle-heart bracelets be left outside the classroom. Although most professors like music, they prefer to have it during their hours of leisure. Students (especially the male variety) do not appreciate the esthetic quality of these decorations, because they fear that some individual (again the male) will be disturbed in his peaceful slumber. Any upper-classmen listening in, please note.

- 3) Learn to play bridge!

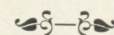
One of the prime requisites for social acceptance in the Women's Lounge is the knowledge, be it ever so slight, of bridge. As of this date of publication, there have been no bridge murders in the above-mentioned location. So take courage, girls, and answer the clarion call for a fourth.

- 4) Don't stand at the top of the stairs, there's a draft!

If this were the 1890's, this last bit of advice would not be necessary because of the long skirts of that period. There are little breezes that waft up the steps, etc.

We hope that you will profit from these well-chosen (?) bits of advice. May you take them deeply to heart so that you may pass them on to the coming generations.

—A. K.



WHY WE MUST WIN

What is this thing we're buying bonds and stamps for? This thing that's making colleges accelerate their programs, and sending you or your friend off to an Army camp, is a serious thing.

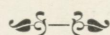
This war, as we have been told since Pearl Harbor, is a fight for freedom against the tyranny of the axis, a fight to preserve our constitutional rights and a struggle to defend our way of life. Through constant use these expressions have lost some of their real meaning. Our way of life is something that is taken for granted. It is an intangible composite of situations that we meet without a thought.

Freedom, liberty, our way of life, whatever you want to call it, is the whistles that usually accompany appreciative applause, it's a college anthem sung in falling snow at a football game, a round of bridge, and the nickel ice-cream cone. It's the blaring notes of a hot sax, the flag that waved from the July issue of the magazines and what was in the magazines too, a high school prom and the silly antics of Donald Duck. It's soap-box orators, New York's skyline and the ten-cent stores. We're fighting for everything contained in the Constitution and for the light you keep lit in the hall

at night, community singing of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," push buttons of the radio and peanut shells all over your lap at a circus. We're putting up with gas rationing and taking first aid courses in order to enjoy lighted Christmas trees on the 25th, a talk with an old friend over the phone, Stokowski on the podium, hot dogs with mustard.

Trivial, yes, but nevertheless important things that make our way of living different from the Nazi and Jap way. There is tradition in the American scene—family picnics—fireworks on the Fourth of July—"Old Black Joe"—the World Series. You can name many more. These are the real things that lie beneath the terms: our way of life, liberty, freedom. That's why the fight is worth it.

—ADELE UNVERFERTH.



ENGINEERS

What is so different about engineers that there are special rules for dating them? Well listen, my coeds, and you'll find out in a few short words what I found out the hard way.

When meeting an engineer for the first time don't show interest in his eyes or hair—or lack of it—(after four years of tearing out it grows thinner), but instead be fascinated by that long leather case he always carries which in engineering language is called a slide rule—affectionately known as a "slip stick." What is a slide rule? Well it's a sort of a rule with a lot of numbers that slide back and forth to give him all the answers (mathmatically speaking)—but it doesn't tell time as I, that is, some coeds have been led to believe.

Besides a slide rule, other distinguishing marks are a dark, scholarly scowl, furrowed brow, and a pipe. The scowl is for anyone who dares say anything in English and not in formulas (or is it formulae?). The furrowed brow comes from trying to recall what experiment or lab report he did last month, and the pipe—is for smoking, I guess.

Now about the date—if you manage to rate one-dress in parallel lines and dispense with distracting transversals. If you think he says you look cute, he really said Acute—he's just working on another angle. When he talks about hydraulics, mechanics, kinetics, or thermo-dynamics look interested but don't ask him to elaborate; he will anyway. If he can't make the secant and cosecant to get together in a problem cheer him up, tell him a joke, "I take an arts course" or "I have to write a term paper" (all engineers think that's funny).

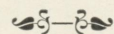
Don't let D. C. or A. C. excite you. They don't mean he'll see you During Class or After Class, but they

serve to keep the current of conversation running. If you go for a walk in the country and he sets up something on a tripod it is not to take your picture, it's the landscape he's surveying. When you detect a peculiar odor and feel faint, a distinctive chemical engineer probably has a little bottle containing the yield of his latest experiment he wants to show you. If you don't have another date with him for a month and when you see him he mutters "Quant, Organic, Physical, or Industrial," don't get jealous, it's all chemistry—I hope.

"Campus hermits" they have often been called and whereas the other campus men are sometimes referred to as "Wolves," the engineers could better be called "Bears" (they hibernate from all forms of life). And now since you know all about what to expect from an engineer, how about a nice date with a human being? Apply to the nearest arts student.

P. S. HONEST, J——, I'M ONLY FOOLING.

—IDA KNOW.



CO-EDS AND FOOTBALL

Women of today are no longer the frail, fainting helpless creatures of yesteryear. Yes, women of today have still maintained their femininity, but are hale and hearty and yet perhaps a little more cruel than their ancestors, for they enjoy seeing twenty-two men go crashing into one another on the gridiron.

In general women of today are well-informed on sports and go in for them as avidly as men. Many women have found fame and fortune in the sports world. Surprisingly enough, relatively few women (even football widows) know much about one of the most popular sports of the nation, namely, football. Why?

Perhaps this fact is true because there are usually many other things to divert their attention. Jane-Coed may be wondering when "Mr. Blond Handsome Number OO" on the bench will be substituted, or who a sister co-ed is dating. She may even be fascinated by a gay young blade in the band who had previously gone untouched or better still she may be captivated by her own date who is at the moment munching peanuts pensively while watching a puzzling play.

But fellows, please bear with us and try to think what a football team would be like without a little inspiration from the co-eds. It would indeed be a lost cause, or would it?

This perhaps is the woman's job in the realm of football. Even if we can't interpret each play, we can do our part by lending a little moral support and cheering the team to victory. How about it co-eds?

—BETTY COED.

Ersatz

● By JOHN WHARTON

Theme of the story: race persecution. Place: Austria. Poetic justice has its say in this story with a vengeance. Don't miss it.

GELTMEYER leafed through the papers he had taken from the desk-drawer. At last all was in readiness, the precious passports correctly visaed, official permission to leave, and dearly-bargained for English and American securities. These latter, he mused, would have to be hidden carefully in order to be taken out of the country.

It was time to leave Vienna, he knew. During the rioting that had become a daily and nightly occurrence since as far back as the time of Dollfus' death, shops were broken into and wholesale pillaging was the order of the day in some sections. "Official" confiscation of property was also known, the unfortunate former owners being dragged off to Deschau or some other concentration camp. Shake-downs were practiced, not only by local fascists, but by the imported SA, the brown shirt army that had surged in from Germany proper. These conditions, bad as they were, were accompanied by acts of terrorism, sadistic brutalities, committed merely for their own sakes. The situation, Geltmeyer knew, would certainly not become any better. What was local and sporadic was due to become general and continuing. Yes, it was time to go . . .

A clang from the bell above the door roused Geltmeyer from his musings. Hastily stuffing the papers into the desk, he stepped out into the show room of his little haberdashery.

Two brown-shirt troopers stood impatiently pulling at the shirts in the counter-stock.

"Hey! Let's have some service, Communist-Jew!" roared the foremost, a tall glowering lout.

"You would like a shirt?" inquired Beltmeyer, hastening over.

"Shirts, he calls this trash!" sneered the second, shoving all of the counter stock onto the floor. The second man was a florid-faced, thick-lipped version of the first.

"Yes, I want several shirts, Jew; good ones. Have you no better than these?" The trooper twisted the fabric in his hands, slapped Geltmeyer across the face with it, causing him to dodge, and sending the second storm trooper into gales of laughter.



"I'm sorry, gentlemen, these are the best I carry," said Geltmeyer nervously. "I could show you my stock-room and you would not find better. We cannot get materials as good as we used to have."

The second man stopped laughing, slid a note-book from his pocket, and said silkily, pencil poised:

"Oh, you don't care for our marvelous new substitutes? What, then, is the matter with them?"

"But no! gentlemen," Geltmeyer hastened to say, recognizing the gambit, with dread. They were going to try to trick him into saying something which could be construed as sedition. "I think the ersatz materials are remarkable."

The two troopers removed their own uniform-shirts and replaced them with the excellent ones they had selected from Geltmeyer's stock, transferring their insignia and arm-bands to the new shirts.

"The dye is beautiful, is it not?" exclaimed Geltmeyer, trying to calm his nervousness. "It is from South America."

"It is better than our German dyes, eh, Jew-dog?" stated the florid-faced trooper, replacing his crossed shoulder belts.

"No, no, gentlemen. The German dyes are the best in the world!"

"He doesn't like our new materials," muttered the trooper reflectively. "He prefers South American dyes." The trooper was writing again.

Geltmeyer knew then that he had put off leaving too long. He was being "railroaded" into a concentration camp. Nothing he could say or do would make any difference. Someone had informed—. That bond transaction, perhaps, was a trap. Stories he had heard began to return to him; stories of beatings, and hunger . . . Pictures flashed past in his mind's eye, Anna, his wife, sewing; Gerda, his daughter, when she was fourteen, so lovely she was . . . What would become of them?

As if in answer to his thought, he heard a light step in the next room and a voice behind him.

"Father," Gerda had come out of the office.

"Oh, I didn't know you had customers." She stood in the doorway, a vision of innocent youthful charm. The florid-faced SA man licked his thick lips.

"You have been holding out, Jew," he said, waving a waggish finger. "That is the sort of merchandise I am interested in."

He advanced toward the girl, who stood in the doorway uncertain as to what to do.

"That such a fair fraulein should be the daughter of a Jew is impossible," said he, grasping her arm familiarly. "Come with us, sweetheart; and hereafter you will associate with Aryans."

The clang of the door-bell followed by a voice saying, "Tshun!" deterred Geltmeyer from beginning some violent action, he hardly knew what.

"Koln! Frennig!" An officer stood in the front door. "Did you not hear assembly blow?"

The two troopers snapped to attention, raised their arms in salute.

"Special detail, Herr Kaptain," sullenly explained the tall trooper, "for the Adjutant."

"Special Bilgewater!" snapped the officer. "That can wait!"

"Special instructions have been issued for the patrolling of all streets in this area. In several days the Leader will come through. The place will have to be mopped up clean! Be on guard especially for several Dirty Communist terrorists. The SS is combing the city for them; probably they will drive them into the open before long. They are wearing red shirts and military boots. Shoot them on sight. Get out there!" The officer turned and strode off down the sun-swept street.

Both of the brown-shirted SA hurried out after him, stumbling in their haste. Geltmeyer stood for several minutes after they left, as if paralyzed into inaction.

"A reprieve," he muttered, "I don't have to go with them, yet." He turned dazedly.

"Gerda, there is time for you to go," he said. "You and Mama. Go quickly and pack a small bag for each of you."

As she ran off he sought the papers in the desk-drawer again, and contact with them gave him, it seemed, an inspiring wave of optimism. Perhaps there was time for him to leave, too. At any rate, he would make a good try! He grabbed the papers and ran to his room to jam some necessities into a grip.

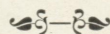
About this same time, the tall sullen trooper and his sensuously featured companion, in whose pocket rested Geltmeyer's indictment, were walking under the blazing afternoon sun, patrolling the Koenigstrasse. The day was a sultry one, and the two in their new, stolen shirts perspired in profusion.

Thus it was that from under the arms of the plodding figures spread a widening patch of carmine which deepened to brick red. The reaction of the acid perspiration with the ersatz fibre and Argentine dyes was precisely that of the indicator paper of the chemist. The red patch beginning at the small of the back spread to join the red travelling down the shoulder blades, until the backs of the shirts were uniformly bright Communist red.

That was how it came about, then, that when the four members of the Schwartz Korps came out of the side entrance of the Berger Cafe behind Koln and Frennig, they fired the five shots which killed both instantly.

Some fifteen minutes later, Geltmeyer, carrying two valises, hurried down the Koenigstrasse. As he shepherded Anna and Gerda carefully to the other side of the street from the sprawling, inert figures lying on the shadeless cobbles he cautioned them not to look. He looked himself, however, and recognized the silent pair, over whom a second, darker stain was spreading.

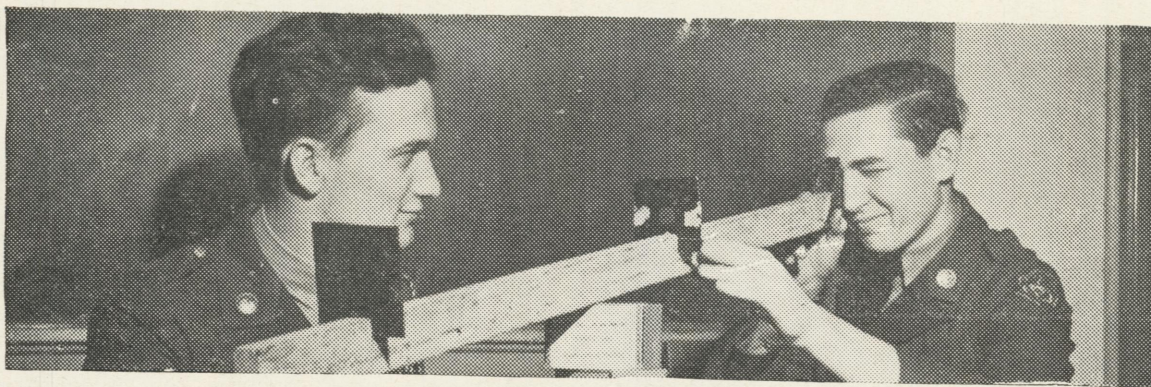
"Well, what do you know," he said, noting the stains as he hurried past. "They were right about those shirts; they WERE trash!"



PRAYER

Prayer is a rattle-trap Ford.
It bumps and it falters—
Seems hardly to go;
But usage soon alters
What's painful and slow
And quickens the race to Our Lord.

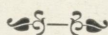
—THOMAS STANLEY.



RIFLE MARKSMANSHIP

Two hundred and seventy-two first year basic R. O. T. C. students will begin a fifteen hour course in rifle marksmanship under the able instruction of Melvin W. Dauer, 2nd Lt. Inf., the latter part of September.

Pictured above are two cadets demonstrating the use of the Sighting Bar, one of the first devices used in a rifle marksmanship training course.



LAST NIGHT I DIED

I died last night. I died for what?
 For striking workers in a vital war plant?
 For bootleg tires, and unlimited gas ration cards?
 For speeding drivers reckless with their tires?
 Is this my cause for dying?
 Is this the reason why my blood runs red on foreign
 soil?
 Can you tell?

I died when I wanted so to live.
 I was young and so had to fight,
 Fight because my elders had sinned before me.
 Did I complain? Not much.
 It was a job. A new job entrusted to my hands,
 So I marched away and then I died,
 No longer to breathe life, or cry again.
 Why? Can you tell me?

But yet I know why I have died.
 I died for all the little people of the earth.
 For those vanquished who can never be conquered.
 I died for all the people who have sacrificed at home
 without a word.
 I died for you that you may enjoy what you have saved
 for you.
 I trust you not to mourn my death, but to appreciate
 the cause for which I died.
 Then I can rest, knowing that I have not died in vain.
 Can you assure me?

—THOMAS BUTZ.

SAINT JOSEPH'S LILY

As spotless as our Lady's kirtle,
 Amid the flowers multi-hued,
 It nods upon its slender axis,
 With glossy foliage bedewed.

And as it bends to every breeze,
 Which wanders to and fro,
 I'm minded of a simple tale,
 That happened long ago.

A gentle Hebrew maid there dwelt
 In far off Galilee.
 No one of Israel's daughters grew
 In grace as full as she.

Then ere this virgin wedded him,
 Whom Scriptures says was just
 Into the soil of Nazareth
 His stalwart stave he thrust.

And from the planted stave unfurled
 A glorious white plume;
 From scarred and knotted oak there burst
 A lily in full bloom.

—MARY C. FERRIS.

(Continued from page five)

his home with her for the rest of his life. The only baggage he had wanted or cared about during all his moves was his old pipe and a picture of Nancy.

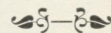
During the last four years he had lived simply and happily although he often mistook his granddaughter for his daughter or even Nancy, whom she greatly resembled. Then the doctor had forbidden his smoking, and greatly to his disappointment Marie had seen to it that he obeyed. But now she was downtown.

Surely he could get in a smoke before she got back. That is, if he could find—there it was!

Old John Harris rose slowly to his feet and hobbled over to an old rocker left forgotten in the attic. As he eased his tired body into the chair he reached for his matches and tobacco he had hidden from the watchful Marie. It was just enough for one pipeful.

* * *

Marie found him that night, her curiosity aroused by the light in the attic. Old John Harris had had his last pipe memories.



(Continued from page seven)

"Since I couldn't have you Dan, I thought I could be happy with Russel."

"Have you been happy?" asked Dan eagerly.

"As happy as I ever expected to be, Dan—without you."

"Perhaps you'd like to be alone for a while with Russel," stammered Dan in confusion. "He may come around any moment now. Should anything happen, just call for me. I'll be back again."

"All right, Dan, and thanks ever so much."

When Dan returned later, Peggy was whispering.

"Now dear, don't try to speak. Just rest."

"Awake, is he?" asked Dan stepping into the room.

"Yes, Dan, he came around shortly after you left. He recognized me immediately."

"Did you say 'Dan,' Peggy? Dan Flaherty? Is he here?" murmured the patiently excitedly.

"Yes, old-timer, it's Dan Flaherty," said Dan cheerfully. "I just did my best to put your head back together. How's it feel?"

"Do you mean you're my doctor?" murmured Russel unbelievably.

"Yes, Dear," broke in Peggy, "and one of the best."

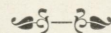
"Thank God," exclaimed Russel in a strong voice. "You're just the man I want to speak to. I'm through, Dan, and I know it. I can feel myself slipping fast. I was wondering what would happen to Peggy, but now I needn't worry, need I, Dan? You'll take her and love her for me won't you?"

"With all my heart, Russel. You know I will."

"So long, then, Dan. Goodbye, Peggy, dear." He seized her hand and kissed it tenderly. Then his hand fell upon the soft, white pillow.

"He's gone," whispered Dan solemnly.

"God rest his soul," sobbed Peggy as she buried her head in the pillow beside Russel's.



(Continued from page eight)

live our part in the Mystical Body by being fervent practical Christians, to lead back the "other sheep" with whom we come in contact so often. And Paul warns us by referring to himself: "Woe to me if I do not preach the Gospel!" That bringing the gospel to those around us is a fundamental principle of action in the full Christian life.

But his words are consoling too—may I point them out to you?

Rejoice always. Pray without ceasing. In all things give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus regarding you all. Do not extinguish

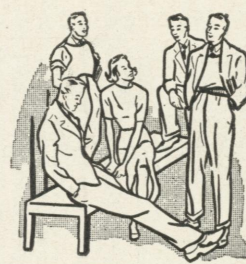
the Spirit. Do not despise prophecies. But test all things; keep fast that which is good. Keep yourselves from every kind of evil.

And may the God of peace Himself sanctify you completely, and may your spirit and body and soul be preserved sound, blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He Who called us is faithful and will do this.

Certainly worth aiming at, isn't it? And so I have determined to learn to know Paul better by reading him more often—won't you do the same? Paul and I are friends, why not join us?



POTPOURRI



WHERE TO FIND IT?

In modern education the trend is toward the particular. The liberal curriculum is disappearing from the educational system. In its place is the specialized education that is demanded by modern business and industry. The disappearance of the liberal education system is disastrous unless the students are instructed in one basic principle: know where to find it.

The ancient sage no longer adorns the educational stage. The old bearded man with pipe in hand rocking placidly in a high back chair and conversing at length on any subject brought before him is to be relegated to the shelf with grandfather's clock. Today the educated man sits in a well stacked library discussing at great length the most technical and abstract questions in his own field; and if asked about a particular question outside his field, he swings about in his swivel chair and peers wonderingly at the lines of books. But not for long! He reaches for a book and pages through it quickly and begins to read from authority.

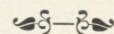
The student today is not quizzed in subjects which are foreign to his field. Instead his schedule and his examinations are most specialized. But the scholar today is a frequent visitor to the library. There he is at home among the stacks, in the reference room, and in the periodical files. He pages through Readers' Guide without hesitation. He reads the file cards as though they are popular novels. He is as familiar with the paths through the stacks as with the streets near his home, Anthologies, digests, and criticisms are his constant companions.

The course which the scholar runs when in quest of the unknown is simple. First to the files to consult authority; then, having paged through the books and recorded at least the references to the subject, the scholar turns to the Readers' Guide. Here the latest thesis on the required subject can be read. Digests will give the student a quick glance at the subject at hand. If the student wishes to delve further into the subject, the resources that can be supplied by the librarian are almost unlimited.

It is interesting to note that even the daily syndicated press has realized the need for instructing people in the art of finding what they want to know. In a world which has a tempo of life as rapid as ours, it is necessary to have the subjects listed for immediate reference. Copyrighted only a year ago, the column, "Where Can I Learn . . . ?" answers daily mail on questions sent in to the paper concerning diverse subjects instructing the correspondents where they may learn that about which they have inquired.

We need not be walking encyclopedias to be educated; we need not be able to discuss the theory of equations, the dictum of Aristotle, and the contributions of Livy to Roman and English literature. But if asked about these, we should know where we can find out about them. And once we have found the deposit of knowledge, we can continue to read without end for the well of knowledge is deep.

—JACK STANG.



THE COMMENTATOR

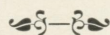
If you ever want to be liked by a commentator, do not call him a radio announcer. There is an important difference between the two and this should be noted by the listener of news broadcasts.

A commentator, as his name implies, edits, interprets, and comments on the news of the day, as it appears to him. This is no easy job. In order to qualify as commentator, a person must have a broad knowledge of current affairs, both national and international. He must be able to keep his finger on government officials, so as to learn of inside activities. Most commentators of today have traveled extensively and possess an uncanny nose for news. Is it any wonder then, that a commentator becomes insulted when referred to as an announcer, who only reports the news as it comes over the teletypographs? Now that we realize what a commentator must know, let us consider the relations between him and the listener.

The airways are able to boast of many outstanding

commentators, such as: Lowell, Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn and Raymond Gram Swing. These men play a vital part in forming the opinions of you and me. Our attitude on a political question can be changed entirely by some remark made by one of these commentators. Therefore the average listener should be watchful that he is not being dragged into believing anything and everything. Americans are a gullible lot, but we as individuals have a right to think and reason instead of joining the mass hysteria. Wartine is especially characterized as one of emotions and nerves. So, be on guard, listener, and chose your favorite commentator with care and thought.

—ADELE UNVERFERTH.



LEPANTO

Chesterton, who is perhaps the greatest of modern Catholic authors, has produced a masterpiece in his "Lepanto," which Belloc calls the finest ballad of modern times. In a brief one hundred forty-three lines, the poet has painted a complete picture of one of Europe's greatest crisis. For the Battle of Lepanto, though treated cursorily in many of our modern histories, was indeed a turning point in the history of Europe. When Chesterton says that "Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade," he means just that; for Lepanto (with Vienna) marks the end of that struggle with Islam which had begun in the seventh century.

With an economy of words characteristic of him, Chesterton depicts the background of the Battle. In ten simple words he portrays accurately the vanity and self-satisfaction of Elizabeth; with ten more, he summarizes the decadence of France under Charles IX and Catherine de Medici. In opposition to the lethargy and indifference of these "Christian" rulers, Chesterton puts the zeal of the Moslem who had practically made of the Mediterranean an Islamic Lake.

With more contrasts, he shows the fear and anxiety of the Pope against the complacency of the Sultan

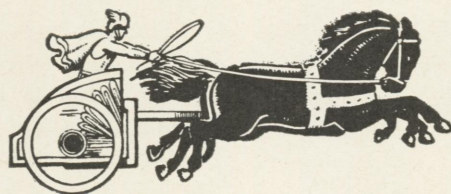
smiling at the "white founts falling in the Courts of the sun." He pictures for us the man of action, "the last knight of Europe . . . , the last and lingering troubador," the twenty-four-year-old John of Austria, and the man of hesitation, his half-brother Philip II. He shows us the Spanish and Italian fleets going out against the Moslem in defense of Christendom, and within Christendom the ravages of religious wars consequent upon the Reformation. Against the ease and comfort of the Moslem chiefs, he sets the plight of the Christian galley-slaves, "sick and sunless, countless, voiceless, hopeless."

It is regrettable that Chesterton makes no explicit reference to the action of the Blessed Virgin in winning the battle (though he does mention this in his "In October") and that he minimizes the role of Pius V, but his purpose is apparently to resurrect Don John from the mass of mis-statement, misunderstandings, and outright lies under which he has been buried. In this he succeeds admirably. This war-poem shows us Don John, the Christian knight with the virtues (and also some of the vices) of chivalry, leading the forces of Catholic Christendom against the threat of Islamism.

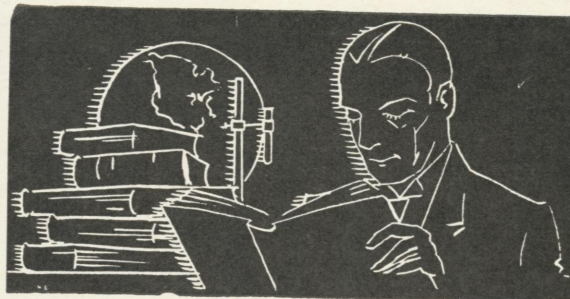
The very structure of the poem makes it good reading. His metre is well-suited for creating a military atmosphere; this is especially noticed when the poem is read aloud, and particularly so in those two lines—"Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard," and "Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far"—which may be represented as . . . The riming couplets have that touch of genius which prevents them from being "sing-song" or monotonous. The forceful recurrent rime scheme of a-b-b-b-a adds a military overtone to the entire masterpiece.

As Belloc says of Chesterton, "some of his finest verse was historical and the history therein was just, with a particular appreciation of the defense of Christendom against the barbarian and the Mohammedan. No one else but Gilbert Chesterton could have written such a poem as *Lepanto* in English, and no one else has attempted it."

—JOSEPH STEFANELLI.



Book Reviews



SEVENTEENTH SUMMER

By MAUREEN DALY

Dodd, Mead and Company

You've read or heard of "first love" before. May I recommend to you a real love story? You smile. But wait.

Seventeenth Summer is not the silly "stuff" you think of when someone talks to you of first love. It isn't the type of material that flourishes in dime magazines, or is heard on the radio. Nor is it a book portraying puppy love or infatuation or "love at first sight." It is a book, a picture of what innocent, Christian love can be—amusing, serious, highly ethical.

Angeline Morrow—Angie, as she is known throughout the book—and Jack first began dating each other in June. It was the old story of "drug-store dates," buying "cookies," joining the gang at Pete's, "dragging the town," dancing, and the rest of it. Though everything about their dating was only ordinary, Jack and Angie came to love each other more and more as the summer passed by. But there were certain persons and once a certain misunderstanding that interfered. When the summer was at an end, Angie left for college. Bidding good-bye to Jack, she knew that "never again would there ever be anything quite as wonderful as that seventeenth summer!"

Seventeenth Summer is as warm and as interesting as its title suggests.

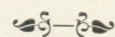
However, a book of this nature falls "prey" to easy praise or criticism. The style is not one of exceptionally high class, but it certainly is not one that runs below par. At times Maureen Daly rises to the poetic. Some may condemn such a book as childish, passionate, highly improbable. But is it so? Would you condemn a girl and boy, in love, as childish and silly in what they say?

Maureen Daly's characters live. Sometimes one feels

she has chosen to describe one's own friends, or the places one knows so well. Her delineation of male characters is a little weak and girlish. But is this a fault? Not at all, for Miss Daly attempts to write as Angie felt and saw that seventeenth summer.

The book is packed full of beautiful descriptions of the commonplace: the field, the garden, the kitchen, the rain. All these picturesque scenes raise the interest of the reader and lend grace, delicacy, and charm to the whole book. They give a genuine human touch to the plot. One has to take off his hat to this young author for the skill with which she sustains interest in her characterizations and descriptions. You will share with Angie her joys, pleasures, anxieties, and her attachment to Jack. When you have read the book, you will lay it aside and say with Angie, as others have done: there isn't anything quite as wonderful as that "seventeenth summer!"

—JAN MARSTON.



LIVING UPSTAIRS

By FRANCIS MEEHAN

E. P. Dutton

There is a line of poetry the author of which I have forgotten that best describes the value and probable effect of this book. The line runs: "It is the gentler sounds the heart remembers." And this book of essays on literature I think will be treasured by us long after we have let slip quietly by the noise of shot and crashing cities that fills our decade, along with much cheap, cheap literature.

There is an over-emphasis on rudeness in our world today. But Francis Meehan has a geniality characteristic of a gentler era. Certainly, in his essays he transcends Edgar Guest and the Plain Dirt Gardeners. Yet he is not utterly different from them, as he invites us to his Upper Room, to the Chair by the Window, the Flat Topped Desk; a New Life in fact, or an ordering

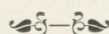
of the old one by Shifting the Furniture and Getting Rid of the Junk. (So he entitles his essays.)

Actually, they contain little that is new in the sense of not having been said before. But Meehan puts life into old lessons. He has a gracious style. He acts the kindly intelligent guide, philosophizing and criticizing with equal charm.

However living in his ivory tower has perhaps tinged his thinking with a little pendency. Most of us like a Best Seller at least now and then. The classics we have always with us nor have we much to fear with regard to their increasing numbers. First things are still first if we take time out to read something written in 1942.

But we welcome this voice, and to stretch the metaphor slightly, this Classicist, crying in the wilderness. His book about Living Upstairs we will remember best and for longest.

—MICHAEL DORSEY.



THE VOICE OF TRAPPIST SILENCE

By FRED L. HOLMES

Longmans

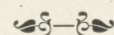
In the year 1848 the first American Trappist monastery was founded at Gethesmani, Kentucky. These first Trappist monks came to our shores from the Monastery of Melleray, near Nantes, France. The following year when goldseekers rushed westward a second group of Trappist monks came to the United States seeking a place of peace and solitude. This second group came from Mount Melleray in Ireland, crossed the Mississippi and established their monastery at New Melleray, Peosta, Iowa. The third American Trappist monastery was founded in 1900 at Valley Falls, Rhode Island, and is governed as a branch of the Kentucky Abbey. Today these three monasteries have a membership close to two hundred. Men from all parts of America have given up all their worldly possessions in order to follow in the footsteps of Our Saviour and to lead a life of routine and of self-renunciation in the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance, that are commonly called Trappists.

In this book *The Voice of Trappist Silence* Fred L. Holmes speaks for the silent Trappist. The author from his many visits to the Trappist monasteries and after several years of study about the life of silence and primitive austerity that is led by monks of the Trappist

Order, has been able to give us in this little volume an interesting account together with many photographs of the hidden and physical life of these secluded monks.

Mr. Holmes has made practical applications to the life of laymen living in the world from the inspirations that he himself has received from these men dedicated to chastity, poverty, obedience and silence.

—ADRIAN JANSON.



THE EMANCIPATION OF A FREETHINKER

By HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY

Bruce

The Emancipation of a Freethinker by Herbert Ellsworth Cory, noted educator and convert, may be classified as a "personality-autobiography." It is not an autobiography in the usual meaning of the word. The author tells us not so much what he did as what he thought, not so much how he acted as what he was. Indeed, the meager details of his life which occur in the book are simply starting points for expository passages. However, from these passages we learn much about the author.

The title of the book has been aptly chosen. After some forty years of search after truth, through every phase of "free-thought," the author finds in the Church that "liberty of the children of God" which makes him truly free. As is the case with most converts, the author is enthusiastic over his discovery; unlike many, however, his expositions are cold, intellectual discourses, untinged with emotionalism or sentimentality (except, perhaps, in the final chapter where his enthusiasm fairly overwhelms the reader).

This book is not one to be picked up in a moment of leisure just to pass the time. The author delves into all the major fields of knowledge—literature, the experimental sciences, philosophy, the social sciences, religion—in his search for truth. His pleasing style saves the reader many an effort in some of the more philosophical discussions, but at no point is the book "light reading." For any one who wishes to skim rapidly over a vast field of knowledge, this book is of a definite advantage; for those whose profession requires a broad background, it is well-nigh indispensable.

—JOSEPH STEFANELLI.

SPRING SYMPHONY

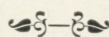
By LOUISE PAINTER

Harper & Co.

Louise Painter, the author of *Spring Symphony*, has taken the factual life of Robert Schumann and turned it into a most delightful novel. The story is presented in flash-back style starting with a Schumann festival in memory of the famous composer which is attended by his wife, Clara. She tells Haydn, who has proposed marriage to her, of her life with the deceased Robert, and why it would be impossible for her to be happy with any one else. The early manhood of Schumann, his wasted years at law school, and his struggle to attain recognition as a pianist is then unfolded. At twenty his association with the great teacher, Frederick Weick, brings him into deep understanding with

Clara Weick, then a child of ten, but already an accomplished pianist—the toast of two continents. In an effort to perfect his figuring technique, Schumann injures his hand and is forced to turn to composing and editing a musical journal as a means of livelihood. Success comes to him through these mediums but a jealousy springs up between Weick and Schumann and the former forbids his daughter and the young composer to communicate with each other in any way. So this strange love-affair must wait until Clara is twenty-one and free to marry without parental consent. Readers may feel that Louise Painter has allowed this tragic situation to predominate the greater part of the book. Overlooking this, however, *Spring Symphony* is a delicate story colored with the sensitive natures of two musicians whose lives are relatively unimportant in comparison with the influence they had on the music of their day.

—ADELE UNVERFERTH.



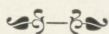
(Continued from page four)

brated our hiking accomplishment with two ice cream cones apiece before we began the sixty mile drive back to Gatlinburg.

Neither of us would have been satisfied if we had not done the western section of the A. T., but I doubt that we would ever attempt it again. While the balds are considered as phenomena in the high mountains, I much prefer the dense forests of the eastern section. I should like, however, to see Gregory Bald in June, when it is aflame with the flaming azalea for which it is noted, and I hope to Climb Thunderhead again and again. Both places can be reached by other routes, so that it would not be necessary to take the A. T. through the western section of the park.

Our remaining seven miles of the A. T., between New Found Gap and Clingman's Dome, we hiked some time later. This strip is more like the territory east of New Found Gap. It is a steady climb from 5045 feet to 6642 feet, but the trail ascends gradually. About halfway we came face to face with a large male bear, who glared at us momentarily before he bounded off through the undergrowth.

Along with the following the A. T.'s entire length, I hiked more than one hundred additional miles in the three months that I spent in the Smokies this summer. While I abhor pounding the pavements of city streets, if necessity requires it, at least I shall have had good preparation to put feet first.



FOR EXCHANGE

One badly broken heart
And a heap of shattered dreams
For my peace of mind
Lost some three months ago
To a pair of broad shoulders
And a line as old as time.

—RUTH DRISCOLL.

CHARLES R. BROWN, O. D.

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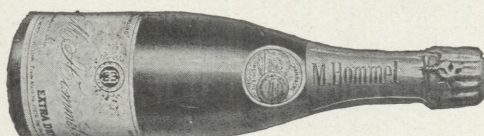


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