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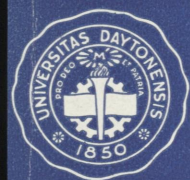
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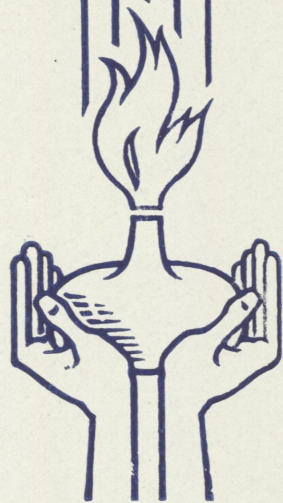
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

# EXPONENT



OCTOBER 1942

THEY'RE Milder  
ALL WAYS —

THEY DON'T TIRE  
MY TASTE —

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE  
A CAMEL!**



FOR  
STEADY  
PLEASURE

# Camel

*the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*



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

# THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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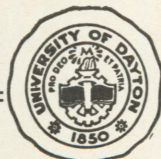
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*The Hub of Scholastic Activities*

# THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXX

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 7

## Women In Peace

*Post-war problems call for the study of all college men and women. One of the associate editors studies the problems specifically as applied to women.*

MILLIONS of words have been spoken and even more have been written about women in war. But what about women in peace? What is woman's duty with regard to peace? It is about time we take stock of ourselves and determine whether we have anything to contribute toward establishing a lasting peace. As women—the wives, teachers, and mothers of tomorrow—we ought to have some definite ideas on the subject that concerns our future so vitally.

Women naturally do not like war. Seldom have any wars been provoked by women. We read in history of Helen of Troy, Empress Eugenia, and Cleopatra as the occasions for wars, but these are the exception and not the rule. History is rather the record of men and nations—as to whether it is an admirable record we won't discuss here, but it has been men who have provoked the wars and drawn up the peace treaties that only have led in many cases to further war.

We also read in history and fiction of such women as Barbara Fritchie, and today, too, women are fighting along with men to defeat the enemy whose philosophy disregards all respect for womankind and the family. He must not win. Women are not weaklings when it comes to fighting for something they hold dear. Moreover they fight to win, they are hard losers. They fight harder because they love harder. They will sacrifice many present joys to insure tomorrow's unclouded happiness.

The sweethearts, wives, and mothers do not want peace only for themselves; it is for their children that they demand it. No mother wants to give up a son for

● By BETTY MAYL

nothing but a man's crazy desires, not if in another twenty years his son will have to be offered up to satisfy another power-crazed man. If she must give up her son she wants a peace to assure the future of other mother's sons.

1918 must not occur again in 19—. Peace, a truly lasting peace, is necessary after the winning of this war. Men drew up the "peace" in 1918—the peace that proved only a temporary twenty-year armistice, just time enough for a new generation to grow up with the doctrines of hate and revenge in their hearts fostered by these so-called men of Versailles. It is women's turn now. They probably could not meet to arrange the terms, but they can and should influence them. They must make their position known. Women must demand a peace built on generosity, magnanimity, respect for others' rights, and charity. Women, if they stopped to think, could not want revenge, could not wish to inflict more suffering, more punishment, on other wives and mothers. They would not want more suffering inflicted on them for some war they could not prevent. They do not want their sons hated, then how can they harbor hatred for others' sons—these sons who have been ordered to war on the world?

Women hold a tremendous responsibility. It is for the "gentler" sex to influence, inspire, and—what is more important—to insist on prudence and justice in the peace treaty. They do not want this war's babies to grow up with nothing but another war to look forward to.

The ideal is sought by women, and what could be more ideal than the whole world as a family of nations? It is a fact that even in the best of families there very often occur quarrels between the members. But the family does not choose up sides and have a royal battle. No, love keeps them together. If proper punishment

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# Cards Versus Yanks

• By AL BAGOT

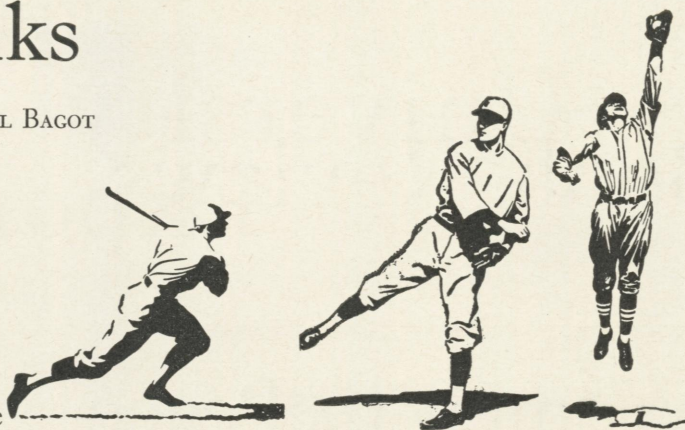
*One of the home-town boys took a two-day vacation to see his team tie the Yanks. We still hear them shouting out there beyond the Mississippi.*

**L**ONG before the game starting time of one thirty P. M., the stands of Sportman's Park in St. Louis were jammed, that is, all but the few seats reserved for the notables that were to arrive just as the game started. These notables are as much a part of the annual baseball classic as the two participating teams themselves. Commissioner Landis, George Raft, Leo Durocher, Mayor Becker, Governor Donnell, these and many others thronged the stands of the Grand and Dodier ball park.

Thousands of the less fortunate fans that had failed to get reserved seats for the first two games swarmed over the streets surrounding the playing field long before game time. As early as two in the morning a crowd of five or six thousand people lined up before gates not scheduled to open till nine in the morning. St. Louis was the mecca of true baseball fans from every state in the union from Canada and Mexico and Alaska.

The pennant fever of the entire preceding month was growing to fever pitch. Banners, placards, handbills, emblems, all decorated windows and automobiles and telephone poles. Downtown St. Louis was wild and excited; never had it been in such a state since the Cardinals of '36 had won the pennant and had gone on to beat the Detroit Tigers in the series behind the pitching of the one and only combination of "Me and Paul." All of this fever, and the series had not even got under way, but the spirit was to be aroused to its fullest by the spectacular play of the "youngsters," the Cardinals.

True love of baseball was evidenced everywhere. Blanket-clad fans stood for hours in the chill of the morning hours hoping to purchase one of the too few unreserved tickets. Many of the group brought guitars, ukes, radios, and other means of entertainment to pass away the dreary hours till game time. The St. Louis weather, previous to the day of the game, had been chilly, but mother nature, sensing something big in the offing, took a hand and the day of Wednesday, Sep-



tember 30, dawned bright and warm and by game time the temperature was hitting the eighty-five mark. An amusing sight witnessed by many of the bleacherites was that of a priest, who after having purchased his bleacher ticket after a long wait, retired to the runway under the stands to say his breviary. At game time, however, when he searched for a seat there was none, but the "all-night watchers," seeing his predicament, made room and the bleacherites went about their business of cheering and jeering.

Entertainment before the game was furnished by a trick drill squad composed of U. S. Marines from a near-by marine base. After performing for about fifteen minutes they marched to the flag pole and stood at attention till the flag was raised to the melody of The Star Spangled Banner played by the band.

After the roar of the applause had died down slightly, eight fast-stepping sons of St. Louis ran upon the field followed by the slow-walking ninth member of this "gang," Mort Cooper, the pride of the Cardinals pitching staff. Then as umpire George Magercurth called "play ball" the 1942 World Series was under way. Cooper seemed to be at his best, and the Yanks were retired without any of their famous power being loosed on the green Kids from the National League. The Cards' turn at bat was even less eventful. Ruffing and Cooper gave to the fans a superb exhibition, but the fates caught up with the St. Louis delegation and the Yanks were not to be denied, and they stepped into the lead, seven to nothing. The Yankees' power was unleashed unmercifully upon the nervous, hapless Cards, who till the eighth inning had not placed a man on first base via the hit route, and as we know the Yanks finally won, seven to four.

St Louis, the night after that first game, was somewhat more quiet, but there was still a dull undertone as to the outcome of the future games. Betting con-

(Continued on page sixteen)

# A Protest

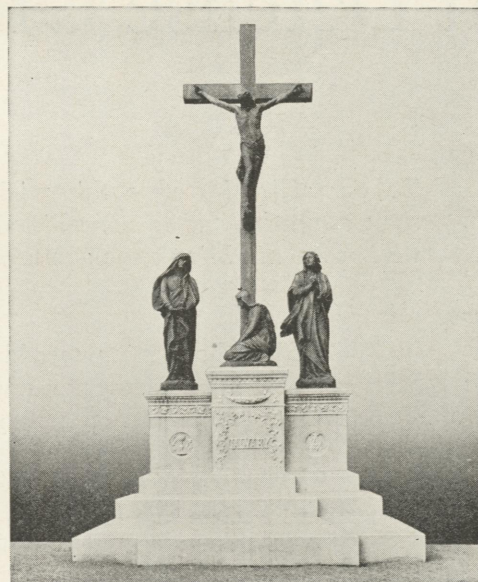
● By PAUL CHERRIER

*If you do not read anything else in this issue of the Exponent be sure to read this protest and meditate upon it. We need clear thinking today, more than ever.*

YOU'VE probably seen them often, those blue and white service-star posters that are appearing in more and more windows these days. Single-star posters are common now, and double-stars are not too rare. And once in a while you see a window with more, like one four-star home I know, with one boy in Iceland, one in California, one somewhere in the Pacific, and one missing at Corregidor. There is pathos in every one of those little stars, and bravery, too, a different kind of bravery than that of the field, but one just as glorious. Each star means a sacrifice that is about the biggest any home can make, and those at home certainly feel it. "I'd give everything I've got," said one father to me this summer, "everything, just to have this mess finished and those boys back home again."

But I didn't want to talk about these window-stars exactly. There was something else I noticed on a few of them, the words "Our Boy, Avenging Pearl Harbor." That is what I would protest against. Those words are a desecration of all that the stars stand for. Is it for mere revenge that mothers have seen their sons go off to our army? Are we merely trying to repay one stab in the back by another? We hope not. If that is all we are fighting for, then this war is a hideous waste of the best that our America has.

I have read that there are people, well enough known to be influential, who advocate hatred of our enemies as a prime condition for winning this war. Maybe it's this idea that causes the talk about revenge. But those who think like that have missed the whole purpose of this war, and the reason of our fighting. If it is a mere question of revenge, then it isn't worth the effort; it is, in fact, criminal. We have no right whatever to take revenge. But the truth is that we are fighting for something far greater than retaliation for an unjust attack. There are things gone wrong which must be made right. Pearl Harbor was only a very superficial symptom of a disorder that goes to the foundations of the modern world. It forced us into the war, it is true, but surely it isn't the main motive of our war effort. We want to win this war so that we can change the conditions that could bring about such a thing as the December 7 attack. It is a new world we want, and not only a



world free from Hitlers, but a world where Hitlers are impossible. There was no Hitler after Versailles, but there were conditions that made his appearance almost inevitable. The peace after World War I only set the stage for a bigger war; it left conditions worse than they had been before.

It is these conditions that we want to destroy—this balance of hatreds, cutthroat rivalries in all fields, dishonesty and greed that crush little men and little nations. A better world for everyone must come from this war, or else it will be a failure, and a colossal failure. We must win the war as it should be won, and we can not do that by hate. For to win a war as it should be won means to win the peace that follows the war. Terms of peace between men who hate are merely a temporary armistice, to give time to accumulate more weapons, to raise new soldiers and then to fight again. Is that what we want when this is all over?

We know it is not. We believe that there are definite values in human life that have been attacked, and which must be preserved, no matter what it costs. There is a way of life which we hold true, and which others are trying to destroy. Yet, to what purpose will it all have been, if, after fighting to preserve these values, we ourselves deny them completely? That is what we do when we fight with hate. If we want to preserve our way of life, we must be willing to live in that way by treating even our enemies as that way demands.

Of course few of us deny that, at least not openly. But there are too many signs to show that, in practice, we contradict ourselves. The words on the service-

(Continued on page seventeen)

# In Defense Of Bald Heads

• By KENNETH GAENG

*To our afflicted readers this might bring some sympathy, and to non-afflicted readers we hope it will bring some amusement.*

THROUGHOUT the ages innumerable apologies have been written in defense of various persons, and of all sorts of things and theories. Even as late as our twentieth century there appeared an illustrious apology by G. K. Chesterton, "In Defense of Nonsense," and we must confess that it was this chivalrous work that inspired this present feeble apology. It is not our aim to emulate the gracious style of any of history's brilliant apologists. Those of old were eloquent and sincere in their apologies and the late prince of paradox was not less sincere in his. Whether or not this, our work, is an apology, "Pro Vita Mea" is of little consequence, but if sincerity, seriousness of purpose and a pertinent message merit a hearing, then let them who have ears listen . . .

There is something pathetic about a bald head just as there is something quite venerable about a head of ageing gray. A head of soft, sage gray will always elicit respect from the young and sympathy from the old, but what can a bald head claim for itself but contumely and disdain? But why should a bald head be held in derision? Is it not merely an example of Nature following its course and, may we not add, is it not a polished finish to that course? If there is dignity in a gray head, surely there is simplicity in a bald one.

Of course, there are those who will hold "balditude" to be the sure sign of old age. Until several years ago we too maintained the same opinion. We thought the disappearance of hair from the head and its reappearance on the chin to be the unerring herald of senility. But such, evidently, is not always the case. To some this supposed calamity comes late in life, to others it comes early, but to all, at least post mortem.

It seems unnecessary to justify the need for this apology, because we will all admit that the bald-headed fellow has been in the past an object of ridicule and a target for abuse. Just what there is that is so outlandish and "non-conformish" about him is hard to say. To some he has appeared to be an individual who has lost his essence because he has ceased to possess his accidentals; to others, as an individual, the absence of whose accidentals conceals his essence.

If, as Americans, we are accused of a lack of reverence we are, in the same status, accredited with a sense of fair play and with a capacity of sympathy for the "under-dog." It is to this quality of fair play that we now appeal. The bald-pated fellow (whose name is legion) certainly deserves better treatment. In order to help him we must first understand him and the complex under which he is laboring; and to understand him we must enter into his situation.

There are, roughly, three steps in the evolution of a bald headed man. (We are not borrowing from Charlie Darwin and we omit any consideration of whether or not phylogeny begets ontogeny.) Each of these three steps is for the prospective victim a traumatic experience which demands an immediate readjustment. The first step we will call, for the want of a more mellifluous and obscure Greek word, the *initium exitus*. It is at this step that our subject first becomes aware of the fact that he is losing a part of his personality, or part of his "stuff." If our subject is a sanguine fellow he may take the blow with a smile. If he be the bilious or nervous introspective type he might "lose face" then and there. But let's give him the benefit of the doubt and go on to step two.

Step two might be termed the *conditio gravior*. At this stage the plot thickens, or to pun unpardonably and prove a point, the plot here definitely "thins out." Our friend realizes by this time that the situation is critical; he himself is almost desperate. Everything from olive oil to beer foam is used (externally, of course) in an effort to retard the rate of scalp erosion. By way of digression, we might say that it is possible at this stage of katabolism to make a wonderful study of head contour. In some instances Nature employs in her processes the "corona" method, which is characterized by an ever-widening circle of skin, just peeping through where formerly hair was wont to be. The other method is characterized by the receding forehead or "V" (though definitely not for victory) shape . . . Take our two friends, John and Guillaume, for examples. John is approaching "balditude" via the "corona" method while Guillaume is making a relatively same speed by the other method. Both John and Guillaume are blondes, but we will desist from any attempt to formulate a general law from this scanty evidence. (We do, however, in all humility, suggest that this topic be taken up later on in a graduate thesis.)

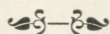
But to get down to the third step in the evolution of our subject. When step three, *the reductio ad absurdum*, is reached our friend is already in the midst of a psychological crisis. There now loom but three alternatives: a good old-fashioned philosophical resignation, social ostracism, or a toupee. It is precisely after this third step that we fair-minded Yankees do our part by helping the poor soul to realize that he is still one of us and no less a man.

We will admit that there are many ludicrous angles from which to view the situation. Anyone of us has seen a brazen sunbeam play upon a naked sconce, as if to mock its very barrenness (for a region of such infertility sunshine will do little good) will readily agree that it is a striking picture. In fact, our bald-headed fellowmen would be the last ones to begrudge us an occasional amusement of this sort, that is, as long as we do not deny them the respect and kindred feeling to which they are entitled.

In concluding, let us acknowledge again our feebleness in this attempted apology. But let us also stress again our deep sincerity. No effort was made to please the literary cryptics who may happen to have been listening in, but an effort was made to plead as well as possible the case of the bald-headed man. The next time you kneel behind such an individual in church, ride behind one in your car, eat beside one in a restaurant, or sit behind one in the movies, remember! he is as venerable and respectable as any of us.

Many an apologist is willing to die in defense of his cause. Many indeed have done so in the past. If such should be our lot we have but one request to make; for although, as a martyr, we die willingly, nevertheless, we would have known the cause of our death. Therefore, be not so cruel as to deny us this inscription:

Defensor capitis nudi,  
Victima rerum et ludi.



## LIVING

If you have never felt the rain  
Beat softly in your face,  
Or walked along a country road  
In spring when violets bloom  
In great blue clouds along the way,  
Or slipped between fresh sheets  
That smell of cleanliness and soap  
And are so smooth and cool  
That just their touch relaxes you;  
Or if you have not stood before  
Great cliffs and felt how small  
Is man and insignificant  
And yet how blessed by God  
To be allowed so full a life;  
If you have never heard  
Music so sweet the melody  
Long lingers in your heart  
And catches in your throat sometimes;  
If you have never watched  
A sunrise, seen a harvest moon,  
Smelled roses drenched with dew,  
Or if you've missed the happiness  
Of bird songs sung at dawn,  
If you have been so negligent  
Of life that you have missed  
All this that God has sent for you  
To have and know,  
I pity you—your life has not been full.

—RUTH DRISCOLL.

# The Old Trunk

• By SYLVIA SCOTT

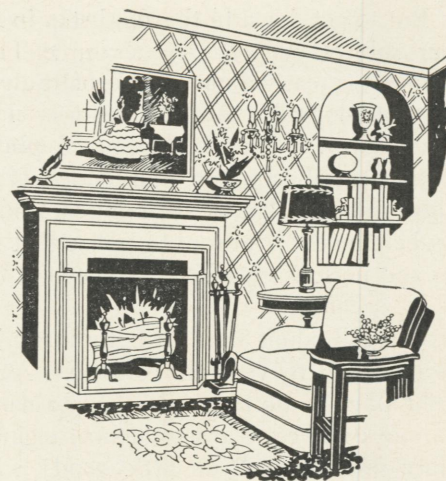
*You will be surprised at what the old trunk contains.*

SHE mounted the creaking, dusty old stairs to the attic. Ever since she had been staying at Aunt Harriet's house, she had wondered what it was like up there. This rainy, dreary afternoon while Aunt Harriet was away was a good time to see. Then, too, she sought excitement and diversion. Perhaps the old attic held the solution. Of course, funny Aunt Harriet had said the musty, dirty attic was no place for a fifteen-year-old girl, when she had asked about those stairs that led up into darkness. Said Aunt Harriet, "There's nothing up there but an old trunk." An old trunk . . . the very thought had sent little tingles up and down her spine. "What was in it," she had asked. Said Aunt Harriet, "Nothing. Now eat your pudding."

Nothing . . . Aunt Harriet had looked quite mysterious as she said that "Nothing." Perhaps . . . perhaps there was treasure in it—gold coins, pieces of eight, jewels, or silver. Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . But now she reached the topmost step.

Yes, there in the dim afternoon light slanting in from the window she saw it—the mysterious trunk. It lay right in the center of the floor with the beams of dusty light acting as a spotlight. It was an old trunk. The outside seemed to be made of hide with hair still on parts of it. There were tarnished brass bands going around the sides, and there were leather handles at both ends. Two heavy straps were slipped through brass buckles and an iron key was in the lock. At first the trunk had appeared to be large, but as she approached, she saw it was smaller than she had thought.

The air of mystery thickened about her. Her hand trembled as she stooped to undo the heavy buckled straps. Perhaps within she would find rare old books, or papers—perhaps plans for a secret stairway in the house. At last the straps were unfastened. Now for the lock. She struggled with the key. It refused to turn in the rusty lock. Would it never open! Perhaps there would be old pictures or toys in it—perhaps rare, rich laces she could have made into trimmings for her



dresses. At last the lock sprang. All that remained was to lift the top. She paused. Oh, let there be something exciting inside! The lid was up . . . she looked in . . .

There in the fading light of afternoon she saw . . . just a stack of letters tied with a threadbare blue ribbon, and some cloth. It looked like—why it was!—a dress, a yellowed white satin dress with lace carefully sewed around the neck and sleeves. Why, it must have been a wedding dress—Aunt Harriet's wedding dress! But Aunt Harriet had never . . .

There was a lump in her throat. She picked up the one letter not tied in with the bundle. It was dated 1903, and began, "Dear Miss King." The writing was crisp and firm. "There is no task more difficult than to tell a young woman of the untimely death of a dear, dear friend."

She read no farther. She laid the letter back, and carefully folded the satin dress and put it tenderly in the trunk. She gently lowered the lid. She fastened the leather straps. There were tears in her eyes. All these years—and Aunt Harriet had never said a word—had never had but memories from which to gain her small happiness.

That night at supper time she was especially kind to Aunt Harriet. Poor Aunt Harriet—to have her life so desolated—to have lost someone she so loved that she could never marry another. Poor dear old Aunt Harriet . . . Said Aunt Harriet, "Since you mentioned the attic, I guess I'll get up there tomorrow and clean it good and throw out that old trunk of Cousin Abby's with her pen-pal correspondence, and Cousin Lou's graduatin' dress."

# Come, Travel With Me

• By PEG KYLSTRA

*Take a trip with the writer out to Seattle and then by boat on to British Columbia where you will visit some very lovely gardens at Vancouver.*

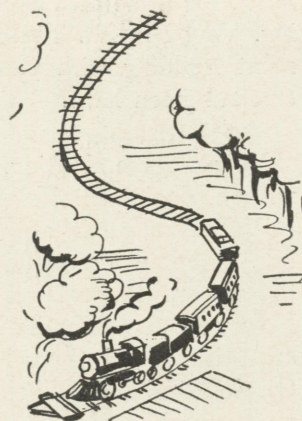
THE other night at a party we talked about gardens. Ever since then I have been thinking of one of the loveliest gardens that I have ever seen. No, it is not one of the beautiful, old historical gardens of Virginia with its three-hundred-year-old English box wood, and no, it is not an herb and spice garden of New England. It is instead a very modern garden set on a bit of land that might have been transplanted from Mother England herself. It is the famous Butchart's Gardens in Victoria, British Columbia.

Would you like to take a trip and see the gardens with me? Good! Then put on your imaginative mood and let's go. You have been driving for a week or more and have finally arrived in Seattle. You have five days to see all and know all about this beautiful country and you are anxious to start.

Knowing how much you must feel after so much driving, I suggest we start your sightseeing with a nice trip on salt water up to Victoria, B. C. We can look and rest both on this trip, and since we are inland people I know we will like another chance to try our sea legs. Sleep well tonight so you will be rested and ready at 8:30 in the morning.

At last the time is here. We make a dash for our cab and zip, down Queen Ann Hill toward the water front. Our taxi drops us at the Canadian Pacific dock and we get a brief glimpse of the activities going on there. It smells fishy, doesn't it? This entire stretch of street, several miles long and facing the water is called the "water front." See the big sign up there, "Port of Seattle?" But come on, we must hurry. I will buy the tickets for the boat and the bus ride. Don't fuss, I am your hostess. Besides the boat trip is only three dollars a trip per person and the bus trip is one-fifty. You see, even poor folks out here can see a lot for four or five dollars. Isn't that something?

Up and on the boat. Ah! we're just about the last ones on. We are the last. It's nine o'clock and here come the captain and some other men all decked out with much gold braid and shiny gold buttons. My,



the captain looks important, doesn't he? I, at least, am duly impressed.

There goes the gang plank, some bells and we are off! Doggone it! At this point I never know whether I want to stay at this end and watch the water churn or whether I want to go "up front" and catch the first salt breeze. What? All right, let's stand in the middle by this rail. That's smart. Why didn't I think of that?

Look back now. Doesn't Seattle have an interesting skyline? And look at Mt. Ranier in the background the "snow-covered goddess of the heavens." Quick, get your camera ready and snap the "Port of Seattle" sign and the tall building over there. That is the Smith Tower, the tallest building west of the Mississippi.

Sniff, sniff, umhm, doesn't that air make you feel wonderful? Come on, let's find some good "up-front" seats on the top deck and relax. Ha! Aren't you glad you brought your heavy top coat.

For goodness sake! I thought you were tired. Go ahead and roam all over the ship; it's fun. I will let you poke into things by yourself while I stay here and try to get more movies of these sea gulls. Don't you love to watch them though? See how graceful they are skimming over the water and then soaring up so easily. Watch them when they bank and turn and wheel into the wind. See how they pull their feet up! Retractable landing gear, sure enough!

Here you are again. What are you muttering? A small ship? You thought it would be larger? Say, listen, this is the S.S. Princess Marguerite, the boat that King George and Queen Mary used on their trip to Vancouver and Victoria, and if it's good enough for them it is good enough for you. So there!

Luncheon is over; it won't be long now. We dock at Victoria at one. Let's get up to the front as we come in so you can see the beautiful ivy-covered Empress

hotel, the pride of Victoria. It is cool and quiet looking. Very English. There to your right is the Parliament Building with Queen Victoria's statue on the emerald green lawn.

Now we are docking. I like the noise and commotion, don't you? Follow me, up this way, through this shed-like affair, now down the ramp and to our bus. I hope we get good seats. Don't take those over the wheels. Those buses jolt your liver loose. Good! Now we can watch the others scramble. Here comes our driver. I bet that's his breakfast egg on his vest. Oh well, he has a jolly good looking Irish face. He will most probably crack jokes every other minute.

Now we are starting to the gardens. We drive through the heart of the town and we get to see a lot for our money. Past the Parliament Buildings, past the Empress hotel. Did you notice the hanging flower baskets on all the street light standards? It is a nice custom, isn't it? It makes the town look like it is celebrating May Day every day in the year.

Victoria has many churches of all denominations. Look up that street at the big Hudson Bay Co. It is a nice modern looking building, isn't it? Now, out past some homes, small and neat, with beautiful lawn and flowers. Watch this side, for we will soon pass a large "monkey tree." Here, here it is. Odd thing, isn't it? Its branches all look like upcurved monkey tails. They are covered with stiff, slick needles like pine needles. They say it is the only tree a monkey cannot climb.

About ten more miles through the woods and the hills—bump—(nice roads, nice and bumpy) and we will be at the entrance to the world famous Butchart's Gardens. On the way let me tell you something about these gardens. The story is as interesting as the gardens themselves. Mr. Butchart used to be in the gravel and cement business. In the course of years and with good business acumen he made a fortune, but in making the fortune he also made a huge and barren gravel pit. Mrs. Butchart, who likes flowers, prevailed upon her husband to let her try her hand at reclaiming this scarred spot of land. She had tons of good earth moved here and she put the earth over the cold gray rocks. She filled in some of the low places, drained the wettest parts, made natural-looking pools in other parts, built bridges

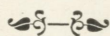
across the little streams and started planting trees, ferns, flowers, and grass. Slowly but surely this once hideous hole began to look as she had hoped it would look, a place of unbelievable beauty.

Their huge home is at the entrance to the gardens. Yes, they live here most of the year. They are old now and content to stay here surrounded by the beauty they created. The nicest feature, I think, is that the gardens are free and open to the public the entire year. They, the owners, make no profit from the gardens. They keep fifteen or more gardeners busy all the time, starting seedlings, changing the flowers in the beds according to the season of the bloom, pruning, cutting, planting.

Here we are. Now I shall let you follow the guide. Stay close to him and listen to all he tells you about the different sections.

It is a riot of color and a mass of bloom, isn't it? Each turn brings you to something new, each lane offers a vista of color and grace, each path leads across from one bed of flowering beauty to another equally lovely. We go on past the sculptured beauty of the formal Italian garden into weird and stunted growth of the Japanese gardens. Let's walk across these stepping stones, across the high arched wooden bridge; bend over here to walk under this drooping willow tree and heavy wisteria vine. Now, up into the rose garden. Did you ever see such gorgeous roses? The climate here, which averages about eighty degrees the year round, is perfect for all these flowers. You have a feeling each flower is so gloriously happy to be alive it turns its head up and opens its petals wide to thank God just for being.

Look up! It makes you realize how far down we are. Can you believe that under the moss, the vines and rambler roses there is a wall of brownish-gray rock. It is hard to believe, isn't it? Back and up through this pathway now, past the beds of bronze and golden snapdragons, up these steep rock stairs, careful! Let's turn and look down over it all. Yes it makes you catch your breath. It is a veritable fairyland. Shall I let you stay here for a while? I know now that you agree with me that it is one of the loveliest gardens in the world.



## DRAFTEE

He wished he could forget to think  
That his chain of life could lose a link.  
He felt his courage slowly shrink  
And heavily his heart began to sink  
But he chased the tears back with a wink.

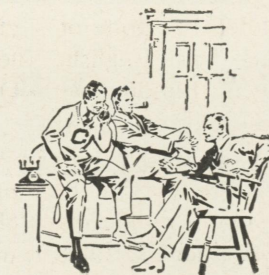
A year of learning how to die—  
To kill, too, thought he, asking, "Why?"  
He wondered whether he would cry.  
But jauntily waving, hand held high  
With resolute eye, he said, "Goodbye!"

—JANE BORING.

# An Engineer's Reply

• By BOB SCHWELLER

No comment needed.  
Read it yourself.



ABOUT once a year an article "cussing" and discussing the shortcomings of the U. D. engineer finds its way into this publication. And always in the subsequent issue a reprisal appears just to prove that we do take time out once in a while to find out what others think of us. This particular time the principal peeve irking one of our co-eds is the engineer and his social responsibilities especially to the fairer sex. But in reality it goes back even farther than that. There are a lot of things to be said and now's as good a time to say them as any.

To begin with the main reason we came to the University of Dayton is to become an engineer and by that I mean a good one. After all it would be foolish to put in all this time, grief, and effort if we didn't want to be good. You people in other branches and departments of this university keep telling us that the main object of a college education is to learn how to live with, and get along with other people. In the departments of business, the fine arts, medicine, law, education, and even to some extent in engineering I'll grant that this is true. But as an engineer sooner or later (probably sooner) we're going to be called upon to show exactly how much we know about the things we've studied for four years. At times like that we can't depend on our personality plus and a tooth paste ad smile to pull us through. Either we know or we don't. And nobody can tell me (quite a few have tried) that someone who hasn't accumulated what he should have in college can talk his way into a job over the man who knows his engineering. You see, in the long run they don't pay engineers to win friends, look pretty, and make mistakes they try to talk their way out of; they pay them to produce. And if they didn't, I fear we'd still be pulling wagons with square wheels and swimming across rivers.

That's the real reason behind an engineer's social hibernation. He's taking a tough course and has to put

in his time to get results. Contrary to general opinion most of us aren't mental supermen and instead of the conceded ninety percent brains and ten percent hard work it's just a reverse procedure.

We've been horribly accused with regard to this subject of dates. According to the last issue, if some co-ed is so fortunate as to get a date she is thoroughly bored throughout the evening by discussions of everything from the LL<sub>3</sub> scale of log duplex decitrig to the Carnot efficiency of the steam turbine. Well, perhaps we wonder how any one could possibly retain consciousness if he had to sit in four or five lectures a day on such dry matter as English poetry or the history of the novel. Personally I'd go slowly crazy.

Surely we laugh at the thought of a TERM paper. You know why? We do three a week, only we call them lab reports and we talk about them in terms of pages not words. Surely we smoke pipes. That's a matter of choice. You're lucky we don't chew. Surely we study mathematics and I'd suggest you learn how to spell it before you criticize it.

As for those yawns provoked by our conversation it might do us all some good to listen to the words of Henry Ford who attributed his success to the fact that he never allowed himself to be bored. Once his train was delayed and he spent a solid hour talking to a hobo seated beside the tracks. And even he learned something.

It's true that the engineers aren't the leaders in every field of extra-curricular activities but I defy anyone to say that they aren't well represented in the majority of them.

Yours, waiting for an answer, and please sign your name next time so we'll know whom to look daggers at.



## THE EDITOR'S

# Soap Box

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JOHN WHARTON

ADELE KLOPF  
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KATHLEEN WHETRO

## Materialism

This nation is engaged in a struggle in which her very existence is threatened. We may logically ask what she is combating. The answer is simple and is known to all of us. It is the totalitarian type of government based on materialism. Note well the second part of this statement for we want to say something about it.

"Materialism is the doctrine that explains the universe in terms of matter and motion. It is opposed both to natural realism and to idealism. This doctrine has been especially influential during the third quarter of the nineteenth century in Germany. In English thought materialism has been more influential from Hobbs to the present time." (Home and School Reference Work, Vol. IV, P. 1798.)

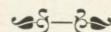
Since the beginning of the twentieth century the trend of thought in the United States has been towards this false idea. The growth of materialism in this country has been in almost direct proportion to the growth of industry. Wealth is becoming more concentrated in a fewer hands. Business ethics have become crooked and in many cases have disappeared altogether. The worker has not been quiet in this race for wealth. Strikes have increased yearly. All this to affect an increase in income. It is not the end, but the means to that end that we deprecate.

In 1940 a book, *Capitalism the Creator*, was published, that has found many advocates. It is a presentation of view of the modern materialist. Unintentionally it corroborates the statement that we have previously made as to the concentration of capital. An ordinary person with an ordinary amount of respect for his fellow beings could not however accept its fundamental postulate.

There is a simpler remedy at our disposal to correct this condition. Legislation may be able to accomplish it, but only if public opinion be favorable. If public opinion can be changed then legislation will be unnecessary. The latter is the more logical avenue of approach. Respect for the rights of others and fair dealings with others will gradually change the points of

view of these grasping men. It will be a lengthy task, for we cannot destroy in a day, what has taken generations to develop. With this change in social philosophy will come a better America, both for ourselves and the future generations.

M. J. D.

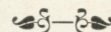


## The Retreat

The retreat is now officially over. We must not permit it to be said that we have forgotten it already. In times such as we are experiencing today, it would prove of value to each of us to stop and reflect on the principles that the retreat masters have outlined for us. In no other way can we find peace and contentment in the tumult of this war-torn world.

All men are seeking for happiness and to many people happiness does not seem to be around the corner with the prospects of the war lasting a number of years. But we can have peace in our hearts even in times like these if we remember the truths repeated to us at the retreat conference. In particular we know that the truth was repeated that man is not only animal but that he is rational and has a spiritual side to his nature. This soul of man reflects and knows that there is a Providence in the world who directs and guides the affairs of men. In the quiet of the retreat we felt the meaning of this truth, and we came to realize that to those who trust in this Providence all things will work out for the best in the end. Let us have trust and cling to the spiritual truths that will be our only cause of hope in this day and age.

—M. J. D.



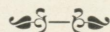
## The Team

The students of the University of Dayton have something of which they may be justly proud. The football team of this year is of high caliber and other schools would give much to have such material available. Is a well-coached team made up of this material all that is needed to produce a consistent winner? It is not.

A nationally known prognosticator bears out what had been evident for several years, that the Ohio college group is the toughest small group in the land. This is the group we must defeat. Each game we play is the most important of the season for most of the opposing teams. When a team aims at a single game it can often rise to otherwise impossible heights. At such time it takes an inspired team to meet the other inspired team. The job we have to do is to build and maintain in the team a spirit of confidence in the student body, and let them know that we want them to win.

Have we done our job well so far? Any one who attended the three home games can see we have not. In only one of the games was the cheering close to par and in the other two games it was anemic and sporadic. The attendance at the rallies is increasing, but there is still room for improvement. Come to the rallies and cheer at the games so the team will know we mean it when we say: "Good luck, Flyers, we're with you all the way."

—M. J. D.



## The Student Council

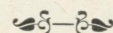
One of the finest tests for measuring the true value of a campus organization lies in the amount of service rendered by that organization to other causes and persons outside its membership. Is it merely a social group, working only for the enjoyment and betterment of its own members, or does it spread its influence and benefits over the entire campus for the betterment of the student body and the university?

One organization that must, by its very nature, fall into this latter category is the Student Council. It is by far the most important group on the campus and every real student should understand it and take an active interest in its workings.

The Council was organized for the purpose of coordinating campus activities and serving as a connecting link between the administration and the student body. It is a one hundred percent service group, in that all its efforts are directed toward aiding other groups and the student body. Most important of all, the Council is not merely an advisory group, but has actual authority, and this authority is recognized by the administration. The Council has the right to sanction the social functions of other organizations, and no function can be held without this sanction. Thus dances and other social events are kept properly spaced. It also has the power to supervise all class elections, or elections of the student body in general. Another benefit is a small loan fund, held by the Council, for the purpose of aiding organizations which may find themselves temporarily "embarrassed."

The Student Council, as the name implies, is truly a representative organization. Its members are elected from the student body by the classes themselves. It would be unfair to speak of the Council without mentioning the high caliber of its members. They represent the highest type of students, and it is due to this fact that the Council is able to operate so smoothly and efficiently.

—CLARK ASH.



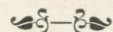
## Monsignor Sheen

On Sunday afternoon, October 25, at the National Cash Register Auditorium, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, of the Catholic University of America, will lecture on the subject: "The Crisis of Christendom." We strongly urge the students of the University of Dayton to attend this lecture.

Today we need some very straight thinking and we can think straight only if we follow the principles of Christianity as we will hear them in this lecture. America today needs more than bullets and bayonets. America needs certain guiding principles that will carry us on through the war to victory and to a peace that will bring happiness to mankind. The principles of justice and charity and sacrifice are necessary as a rock bottom for the winning of the war and for building a real peace. Monsignor Sheen has lectured for a number of years to the people of the country on a nation wide hook up and the basic principles of his talks have been justice and charity and sacrifice and trust in God and the following of His law.

Only the principles of Christianity can save the world from anarchy and nothing else. We will see you at the N. C. R. on Sunday afternoon, October 25.

M. J. D.



## Your Opportunity

Do you know that students from about one hundred and eighty high schools are represented here at the University of Dayton? And the schools range from New York to Honolulu. We often hear about the boy from the small town being provincial, but I don't think that is the case today with the radio and other means of communication so convenient. Meeting students from such various sections of the United States should do very much to give us a more cosmopolitan view of life. This is our advantage. I wonder if we make use of the opportunity of exchanging ideas with the folks from the big towns and the small towns.

—M. J. D.



# We . . . The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . ADELE KLOPF

## JOINT ENTERPRISE

From reading an ordinary text of American history, one almost concludes that the drama of American development had an all male cast. Yes, there are a few lines devoted to Ann Hutcheson and perhaps a paragraph or two about Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, but the few women mentioned are soon forgotten or seem unimportant when viewed beside generals and statesmen.

However, don't imagine that this country is something man-made without benefit of female assistance. Ever since a queen offered to sell her jewels so that a man might still sail to India, women have been helping to build this nation.

Of course one can see the contributions to national life that women are making now in defense activities. In the past they didn't don overalls and handle a wrench, but many a woman grasped the plow with strong, sun-bronzed fingers, and patiently and skilfully manufactured the homespun which kept one warm.

Women's part in building America, however, is not confined to industry and home making. We thumb our histories and see a chapter written on the Lewis and Clark expedition. Lewis and Clark were courageous; so was Sackajawea (The Bird Woman), who guided them. At the risk of her life she saved their reports and records. She used her influence with the Indians to prevent them from being killed.

Freedom of speech which we so dearly cherish was advocated by Ann Hutcheson way back in Colonial days. Her views affected the levying of taxes, and the election of magistrates.

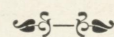
Eliza fiercely clutching her babe, as she crossed the

Ohio on ice floes, the tragic life of old Prue, and Uncle Tom being beaten to death aroused the public more than the writings of William Lloyd Garrison could ever have done. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was one of the main factors which precipitated the Civil War.

While men were trying to destroy each other Clara Barton was busy nursing them back to health. She it was who re-organized the American Red Cross, which is one of the greatest forces for humanity.

I could go on and mention educators like Catherine Beecher, poets like Edna St. Vincent Millay, novelists and musicians, but I think we all realize that America is a joint enterprise. In this war, as in past crisis, the women stand ready to do their part whether it be in the factory or in uniform.

—MARY C. FERRIS



## CAN WE "DOOD IT?"

With the greatly accelerated program and many other war duties falling on the shoulders of the professors and students alike, comes the question: "Can we, called soft by the Axis, take it?"

I think we can. At first glance this burden doesn't seem so much to carry. Maybe it isn't if you don't care how much you get out of your studies, but if you want to gain full benefit from them, it takes a lot of time and hard work, as you probably know.

As time is shortened, and assignments are lengthened, we realize that this is necessary; we don't especially like it; but we can "dood it!" As yet, there is not much that we students, especially the coeds, can do to help our country to victory. However, by studying seriously

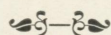
and diligently, we can do a lot towards fulfilling our duty to our homeland.

The men might say: "We'll be in the army, navy, or marines soon; why wear ourselves out studying?" We can answer: "By studying, you will be able to help your country and yourself when you are a soldier, or a marine, by becoming an intelligent, capable officer."

Let us show that we young Americans are not soft by applying ourselves to our work, and by not complaining too much. A little griping is human nature, but try not to be one guilty of this fault.

Men and women with college educations will be more necessary than ever to the welfare of our country after the war. So many men will not be coming back, that the duty of those left will be doubled if not tripled. Can we face this not too pleasant prospect of the future without flinching? Can we "dood it?"

—A. K.



## A FROSH AT U. D.



So this is college! "A society of scholars or friends of learning, incorporated for study or instruction especially in the higher branches of knowledge," so our friend Noah puts it. But college—the University of Dayton—means so much more than that to me. Yes, even though I am just a Freshman. I've been here only a short while, but I know already that roots are grounded deeply as those of the ancient pines on the hilltop.

I know that I can never forget—the Arcade, social stamping ground, and its life-center, the Caf . . . the whole campus, a thing lovely enough to inspire a million paintings . . . charm of the little pergola, its old iron benches stamped with "St. Mary's," U. D.'s first name, the picture garden setting, and stone steps leading down to a reflective pond . . . the rhythm of "Kalamazoo" swinging through the open window into history class . . . assemblies every Tuesday which I

forget and consequently make me think I have an extra study period . . . white steam panting from a freight as it chugs along and its impertent whistle accompanying the professor's "Quien estudia mucho?" . . .

The way everyone, and I mean everyone, says "hello" . . . the march into town after Cap Crowning with people on downtown streets watching enviously, (I thought they were)—the strangling odor of phosphorus fumes from the flares, and not being quite sure if they brought tears to our eyes or if it was the words of the U. D. anthem we sang on the court house steps . . . the thrill of having two stories published in the first edition of the News . . . the Albert Emanuel Library, discovered after the first week of havoc, its studious stillness bounded by rows of big books, and the views from its windows—each one a poem . . . the new experience of being "on my own" regarding study and doing assignments . . . eight o'clock classes every morning except THURSDAY, and staying until noon on Saturdays . . . the inspiring music of the band playing "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" . . . the strangeness of having overwhelming numbers of males in the class . . . and the way every one of them looks like "Johnny Doughboy" in his khaki . . . the pleasant surprises when each officer of the W.A.A. stood up at that first meeting wearing a red sweater . . . the luxury of ten minutes between classes . . . the marvelous ease with which a freshman may join whatever he wishes and poke his nose into practically any activity . . . the suggestive way with which a certain group always comes in with that, "Oh, when we do," in our Victory song . . . the elegant dance given to us by the Sophs . . . some other things given to us by the Sophs . . . the warmth, friendliness, and real eagerness every instructor here shows in trying to help a student find his place, and in helping him learn how to fit into it . . .

No, there's nothing like it. I wouldn't change my college for any other. And my prayer is now that these days don't slip by too fast. There's so much to fill each moment I want to live it all, that some day I, too, may be answering Alma Mater's call, "With measured tread advancing, our emblem full in view, we sound your praise and pledge our loyalty to the RED and BLUE."

—ADA KAY BOMFORD.



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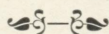
is meted out, and if it is just and both parties recognize its justice, usually no hard feelings result and the quarrel is soon forgotten. But if favoritism is shown to either party, resentment is aroused and only temporary armistice results before opportunity presents itself to further pursue the battle. Could we draw the analogy to apply to nations? If there was a genuine effort to understand one another's faults and ambitions perhaps satisfactory allowances and provisions could be made for them. The ideal seems far above us, but we must aim high for we are apt to fall a little below it—but it must be only a little.

We are not pacifists. If a war has to be fought we will help fight it. We are not preaching for peace now. We realize that the war is far from won and right now we must turn all our energies toward winning it. But

the peace must not find us unprepared. We should think about it too. We must make it a permanent, not a temporary, peace. This should be our utmost effort. Let prejudice and intolerance find no place in our treaty. College women as future leaders have a special duty to study the mistakes in past peace treaties and see to it that our terms do not include them.

We will save our kitchen fats, clean house for scrap, salvage tin cans, buy war stamps and bonds, and help in any other capacity that we might be needed. We women will sacrifice our own lives if need be if our children may live in a peaceful world.

So today, 1942, we must concentrate on winning the war, and after complete victory—even though it be years away—we must win the peace, a JUST AND LASTING PEACE.



(Continued from page four)

tinued at even greater odds and there were a few takers.

Young Johnny Beazley was to take the hill against "Tiny" Bonham the next day and this was to be the Yankee steeplechase. Johnny the Reb was just going to be too young for the Bronx Bombers, and he repulsed the Yankee attack while the Cardinals pecked away at the equally effective pitching of Bonham for three runs. But at this point the Yanks figured it was just the time to open up and they did just that. But by the end of the game Johnny Beazley had muzzled the big guns of the Yanks and won the game that put the Cards and the Yanks on an even basis as they departed for the East and the house that Ruth built to complete the series. In contrast to the night before St. Louis really cut loose that night and the merriment continued till long into the morning hours.

The general run of opinion following these two games was that the series was going to be a honey, and that it was going to take a super team to win from the other. The Yankees had shown both pitching and batting power. The Cardinals, while weak at bat, had shown pitching power and the spirit to fight from behind when necessary. The Yankees are every bit cham-

pions; they even look it. Anyone that can watch such players as DiMaggio, Keller, Gordon, Dickey, Cullenbine and Rolfe come up to bat and say that he is not looking for the ball to be batted out of the park is no true follower of the American league's "Finest." These sluggers plus the sterling pitching of Ruffing, Bonham, Chandler, and Donald were pitted against Billy Southworth's kids from "out west." The Cardinals placed their greatest hopes in their pitching and speed. They had both. The mound staff was led by twenty-two-game winner Mort Cooper and by twenty-one-game winner Johnny Beazley, and was rounded off by three port siders, Lainer, White, and Pollet. Speed was possessed by Jimmy Brown, Enos Slaughter, Stan Musial, Whitey Kurowski and Johnny Hopp.

When the teams left for the East the fans were no closer to picking the winner than they were before the series started. All that the folks in St. Louis knew was that their boys had done it and they would continue to fight those "power" men down to the rope. What ensued after they left St. Louis is not a part of this article, but as every one knows The St. Louis Cardinals are the New World Champions. Youth, speed, and pitching had conquered the invincible Bronx Bombers right in their own back yard.

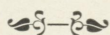
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star posters are only one example. There are others. There are, for instance, some of the war cartoons we see only too often. And there is the fact that, for many people, "German" and "Nazi" are exactly synonymous—some even seem to consider "Hitler" as another equivalent. And the Japanese are so often, not just "Japs," but "dirty Japs." Everyone freely admits that two wrongs do not make a right, but what good does it do to admit it if we go on trying to cure hate with hate?

Probably we all need a reform. Too often we examine our consciences only for faults against our

immediate neighbors. How often have we seriously asked ourselves just what is our personal attitude towards those people against whom we are fighting? Yet as Christians, we have a duty of charity towards them as well as towards anyone else. We should be practical in that charity; we should watch what we think and say, and how we say it.

And, to get back to the point from which we started, there is a tragic incongruity between a service star and a sentiment of hate and revenge. The sacrifice which the star represents is too great a thing to be thrown away, as it certainly is if we attempt to fight a war of hate. Against this, I think a protest is in order.



## TO MARY, TOWER OF IVORY

Noble Lady, often does the smoke of battle drift above the plain and dim the broad horizon. Often do the din and clamor of war blind us, deafen us, fetter our dull senses. The bright armor with which we had thought to repel every foe grows heavy. Our arms ache beneath the shield, our feet stumble, despite the gallant spurs. We think in our weary hearts that victory can never be ours.

And then, O Lady beautiful beyond compare, thou comest to our aid. The smoke rises a little, and we behold thee, dauntless, glorious, gleaming in the sunlight. Thou art our refuge, our garrison, our beacon. In thy peerless majesty, thou risest from the plain, and there we see thee, a tower of ivory, a fortress strong and beautiful, dazzling our eyes.

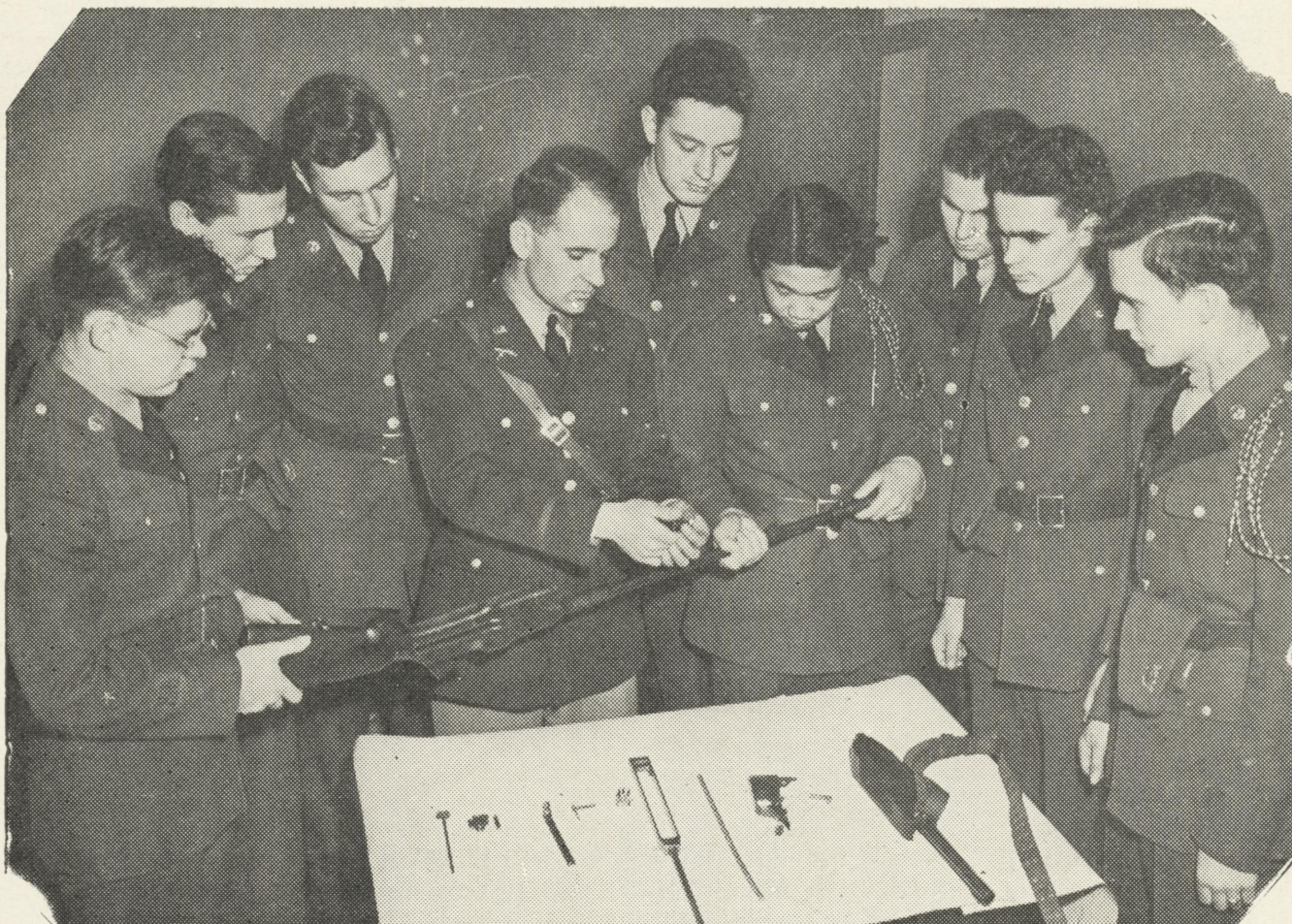
Thy mighty walls are impregnable, thy massive gates secure, thy battlements no enemy can surmount. Yet with all thy strength thou art most beautiful. Thou art no frowning fortress set upon a mountain. Thou art white and glistening and thou standest on our earth, while thy pennants float in the clear air of Heaven.

If we are weary or discouraged, if surrender seems preferable to persistence, we need but raise our eyes and thou art there, calm and strong. Once we take refuge within thy gates, we are forever safe. Thy walls flash with bucklers and breastplates of the valiant soldiers who have looked to thee for protection.

God has made thee the watch-tower of His Church. Thou, O most lovely woman, art a pillar of strength to all who hope in Him. Thou art the source of the bravery of conquering Christians. Victory is ours when we lean on thy strength.

May we see thee through all the smoke of conflict, may we look to thee despite our tears, may we never leave thy shadow, O Tower of Ivory.

—SISTER MARY DAVID, S.N.D.



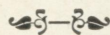
## THE BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE

First Year Basic R.O.T.C. students will soon take an intensified course on the Browning automatic rifle. Training will include: mechanical training, disassembling and assembling of the trigger mechanism, miscellaneous training with the automatic rifle, functioning of the gun, care and cleaning, and stoppages and immediate action. The Browning Automatic Rifle caliber .30, M1918, as a gas-operated, air-cooled, magazine-fed, shoulder weapon, and is capable of great fire

power. For this reason, an automatic rifle of this type is assigned to a specially trained rifleman of each rifle squad.

Pictured above is Melvin W. Dauer, 2nd Lt., Inf., instructing a group of cadets in mechanical training. This is the portion of the course known as field disassembly and assembly. Each cadet must know the names of every part, the steps in disassembly and assembly, the weight of the gun (15½ pounds), the muzzle velocity (2700 ft/sec), and the rate of fire (500 to 600 rounds per minute).

—WEBB G. WHITMER.



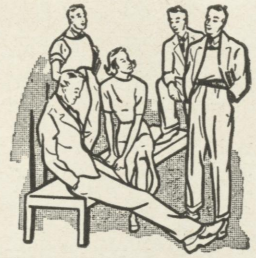
## THE DREAMER

Dream a dream and make it true;  
Fine work for dreaming hands to do,  
Create that dream—and dream anew.

—SYLVIA SCOTT.



# POTPOURRI



## ATHLETICS IN WARTIME

Athletics play a prominent part in the lives of people, whether it be in the actual participation or acting merely as a spectator. Some authorities think of athletics as a part of the cultural life, meaning, of course, that one is not cultured unless he has an introductory knowledge of athletics.

I think that football is more important than any other sport, because it accustoms one to physical contact, which is so vital to the vigor of wartime training, and actual combat. It is the preliminary training that one gets which develops the physical strength, and when the football player participates in the game the bumps and the jolts he takes do not affect him very much, and this would not be the case if he were not in proper physical condition.

Suppose a young man in college, due to various reasons, does not engage in any of the athletics offered by his school, and upon graduation wants to enter one of our country's services. Well, the young man will not be physically fit, and consequently the training that he receives in the service will be much more difficult to take than if he had received some preparation for his army life by participation in college athletics.

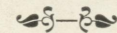
Good physical condition has a definite psychological effect on the participant in athletics. Boys well trained will play harder because their physical condition is conducive to strenuous activity. This same condition will hold true in the army or in any service. We are told that unity of command is the usual deciding factor in battle. Now it is evident that an army properly trained and conditioned physically will be more capable of carrying out this unity of command. The men may be trained very well in the elements of warfare but if they are not in good physical condition and cannot exercise their knowledge of combat the outcome will indeed be unfavorable.

One might ask the question, "What has physical condition got to do with their knowledge of warfare?" Well, I will tell you. If one is not in good shape

bodily he will be subject to fatigue more readily than if he were in good shape, and hence he is not as efficient as he should be.

So you can see how indispensable an athletic program is to the army, navy and marine corps and how it should be carried out for the duration. Men who are physically fit will be able to defend the rights of our country with more security. Men of the University of Dayton, let us take the program of physical fitness seriously.

—WILLIAM POWERS.



## IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

"Summertime and the livin' is easy," so goes the line of the well-known song.

After living through seventeen summers I have come to the conclusion that the composer was laboring under an illusion. Not only for myself is the summer a time of drudgery, but—well, let us consider the whole family.

First of all father can readily contradict the line. Doesn't he have to work at the factory all day in a sweltering heat, and when he does get home, doesn't his "victory" garden call for a little fancy weeding? Now if he has no garden, mother informs him that he may repair those windows that he could not repair in cold weather, or that he might do some of the odd jobs around the house that he postponed before with the weather as his excuse. Perhaps he wants to sleep or rest but he cannot because it is too hot.

It is true that mother is always a busy woman, but summer means an added amount of work in the form of extra house cleaning. Don't you remember how the dust filters in when the windows are open and the careful house-wife will not tolerate dust. But mother's more important work in summer is preparing fresh vegetables. Any woman knows that it takes more time and trouble to prepare fresh foods than it does to open a can (maybe not any woman—some have tried only the can method). But the most vexing part of the summer schedule for mother is having the children home

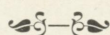
all day. Their running in and out of the house all day and bringing in pets or bringing in the neighbors' children for a raid on the ice box is only the beginning of mother's headaches. Trying to get "sis" to clean the house is the real work.

Brother Jim might be the only one to agree partially with the "livin' is easy." He spends a few delightful weeks at camp, but when he is at home there is the grass to mow, the porch to scrub, the hedge to trim, and a million and one errands to run for the family. Even he has to admit that he is somewhat thankful for his books and those disliked assignments.

Last, and maybe not least, comes sister and that means me. Now I don't like to complain about the summer time because it is a change, but dad thinks that I should work and buy my own clothes while also doing my bit for my country. So I'm up at six o'clock in the morning all summer, too. Working long hours with no recesses or no long lunch periods is no fun. When work is finished and I hurry home, strange as it may seem, I am worn out and have not the energy to play tennis or go swimming. Besides, by the time dinner is over, the dishes are washed, some letters are written, and maybe some pages of a book are read, it is time to go to bed.

So it goes, year after year. Summers come and summers go, and life goes on at the same mad pace. This mad pace causes the family to rise up in one loud chorus, "I have yet to see a summer of easy livin'."

—DOROTHY BRITTON.



## MEET MISS DIXON OF CLASSIFIED

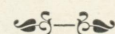
Did you lose a mattress, find a mule, or sell a Mercury this summer? If this happened you probably dialed the Dayton Daily News Classified Advertising Department and listened to a hopeful voice promptly lilting a little song in your ear, "Classified Advertising, Miss So-and-So speaking." Now if you recall the name to be Miss Dixon, I was the one who answered your call. My voice was hopeful because I wanted an ad from you. No, the little white lights buzzing on the switch board did not always mean ads. One man asked me if a pair of false teeth had been found; a woman wondered if "Mrs. Miniver" was staying for a second week; another wanted me to tell her of a good tattooist; and most often people wanted information about furnished apartments or houses. But such things as furnished apartments and houses are not readily found these days. Oh no, life was not all roses, and by "roses" I mean here large, four or six-inch ads. Incidentally there is quite a thrill in seeing a huge ad in print the way you yourself set it up.

Page twenty

Of course there were *The Times*. Times I sent ads to the composing room forgetting to mark the number of lines they should have run, and the printers had a holiday setting them up in their most beautiful large type. Then there were times when, being new at the experience, I had not learned to read phone numbers back to make sure they were correct. You can imagine the results.

However, if I had to do it over again, I know I would choose no other position for my summer vacation. The people were very interesting to work with, the business was always different, and probably most important, that office was air-conditioned!

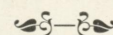
—ADA KAY BOMFORD.



## SCHOOL AS USUAL?

I wonder how many people there are about us who really believe that the college man and woman are peculiarly different from the average citizen of these United States. How many of our fellow Americans realize the chaos that reigns within the breast of the college freshman. Do our fellow citizens think that boys, such as we have on our campus, are merely draft dodgers. Neither you nor I can answer these questions, but we can both do something about the opinion of the general public. We can and must continue to do our work as if the world had not been turned upside down over night. How silly it is for us, supposedly of the higher intellectual level, to allow ourselves to become the victims of mass hysteria. Far too many of us rush about without stopping to consider "How can I serve my country as efficiently as possible?" The important thing for us to do is to keep up our spirits, our grades, and our courage, and to prove to Mr. General Public that we are doing our part in the defense of America. But first we must believe what we want them to believe, that we can and will be the McArthurs of tomorrow.

—ELEANOR GRIMES.

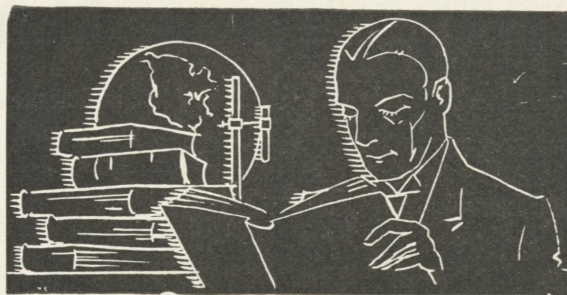


## IN THE PARK

Every year nature displays its artistic touch throughout the country side with an array of color and beauty unsurpassed. Students walk through the park on these cool crisp mornings and listen to the wind among the leaves, the leaves that keep time with the tempo of the winds, and then fall to the ground to their resting place. Between classes students sit beneath the trees with the falling leaves unconscious of life's rapid pace. Years go by and students come and go just like the leaves from the falling trees. But the trees stand with their roots growing deeper into the campus, wondering where the students of yester-year may be.

—JOSEPH ZOUL.

# Book Reviews



## THE SAINTS OF IRELAND

By HUGH DE BLACAM

Bruce

It would be an exaggeration to say that *The Saints of Ireland* has added to this history or tradition of the Irish, for probably no other people has kept the memory of its ancestors so vivid and so fresh. Yet, Hugh de Blacam's treatment of the lives of St. Brigid and St. Columcille has bequeathed a new fragrance and greenness to the Emerald Isle.

De Blacam tells first the story of Brigid and then that of Columcille. While the book is meant to be a sequel to the author's life of St. Patrick, it does not necessarily presuppose the reading of the latter.

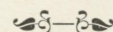
With historical aptitude and a touch of Irish wit, the author takes us back fifteen centuries to the meadows and misty climate of Ireland in its religious infancy, when Brigid and Columcille were finishing Patrick's work. Patrick planted; Brigid and Columcille cultivated—and so great was the harvest that the granary of Erie overflowed and Scotland was fed with the surplus.

Although De Blacam uses copious footnotes, he is not in the habit of feverishly disproving legends dear to every Christian and, especially, Irish heart. He has, moreover, an intimate way of portraying the personality of the Saints. The reader is always conscious that they were human beings of flesh and blood, who talked and laughed, wept and sang, who even had a bit of the "old Irish" in them. Their sanctity is revealed with equal vividness. The frequent use of the Gaelic tongue with a translation into early English lends a touch of local color to the biographies.

The record of Irish achievement, of the contribution of the Irish to Christian civilization, is not as well known as its importance warrants. The Saints of Erie not only affected their homeland, but, in great measure, influenced the whole course of Western civilization. Thus it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of this book. Ireland with its rugged

simplicity and warmness of heart, with its deep-rooted faith and unyielding conviction, where scholars and farmers, monks and boatmen, nuns and housewives, all served God together in work and good humor, breathes in these pages, and in that breath is the strength and happiness of the Irish people.

—CHARLES LEES.



## ANTHONY WAYNE

By HARRY EMERSON WILDES

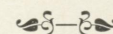
Harcourt, Brace

An extensive biography of the life and activities of one of America's outstanding heroes. It is written from an unbiased standpoint, giving his weaknesses as well as his strong points. The author has made an extensive historical research for his source material. The background of the Revolution with its hardships, its poverty, and its discouragements is vividly revealed. The leading officers are portrayed in their real life.

In addition to positive historical facts it is apparent that the author has used his imagination in the portrayal of Anthony Wayne in his home life, his social, political, and military life.

The book is too detailed and possibly too long to be suggested to the person who is seeking material to read merely for pleasure.

—HARRY ECKELS.



## THE QUINTS HAVE A FAMILY

By LILLIAN BARKER

Sheed and Ward

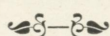
Much publicity has been centered on the lives of the famous Dionne quintuplets. However, never before has anyone given such a sincere and understanding account of the parents of these five little girls as Lillian Barker gives us in her book called *The Quints Have A Family*.

Miss Barker is the only writer ever to be in the farm-house as a guest of the "Quints" family. She has covered twenty-four Dionne assignments and is their official biographer. In this book she has undertaken the task of explaining the Dionne family background, the story of the world's most famous mother and father.

One can discover throughout the book a deep personal interest and sympathy held by the author for the parents of the "Quints." She despises, as do all sensible people, the misunderstanding, the lies, and the injustices which have befallen these simple, God-fearing Canadian people. From the viewpoint of the parents, she tries to explain the confusing story of two people who love their children and want to do only what is right for them. Her style is very sympathetic and highly colored. All her information seems to be true, neither exaggerated nor excused.

She wonders, as do we all, what the future holds for these five little girls—The "Quintuplets."

—PAULINE ZINK.



## THE WELL TEMPERED LISTENER

By DEEMS TAYLOR

*Simon and Schuster*

In *The Well Tempered Listener*, Deems Taylor treats music as a living source of enjoyment and possesses the ability to project his personality through the printed page as well as over the microphone. Deems Taylor is certainly qualified as an authority on music because he is not only a critic but a symphonic and operatic composer and music commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation.

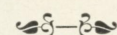
The book is divided into three sections: The Makers, The Givers and The Hearers. In the first section, which deals with composers old and new, Mr. Taylor stirs the reader's fancy by imaging what type of career Bach would be having if he were living today. This is not a fantastic thought for the author sums up the relationship that exists between composer and his era.

The second section answers many questions about the performance of music. How necessary is the arm-waving orchestra conductor? Should radio artists be taken off the air for swinging Bach? These and other behind the scene questions are answered in seventeen thought provoking chapters. In one of these chapters "Portrait of an Artist" the reader is given a sincere biography of the violinist, Jascha Heifetz, colored with amusing accounts from the life of this great musician.

The last section of the book deals with us—the listeners. Mr. Taylor offers comfort to the perplexed millions who wonder whether they are musical illiterates because they cannot guess a certain piece of music which has been disguised by an arranger. In no uncertain words the author gives his opinion on European system of government-controlled radio stations and discusses the etiquette that should be noted while listening to good music over the air.

The thing that makes this book so fascinating is the argumentative style that Deems Taylor throws back and forth between himself and his reader. For radio listeners, musicians, and those who would like to read an outstanding dissertation on musical subjects *The Well Tempered Listener* is a "must read."

—ADELE UNVERFERTH.



## FOR THE HEATHEN ARE WRONG

By EUGENE BAGGER

*Little, Brown*

After reading exactly one hundred and ninety-two pages of Eugene Bagger's "impersonal autobiography" I had, so far, found it anything but autobiographical. The author seemed to be wasting his fine command of English expression in describing beautiful French scenery, delicious French food, friendly Frenchmen, and the June 1940 disaster in France. True, he had introduced himself as an American writer driven from his retreat near Bordeaux by the Nazis in June 1940, but all of that, I thought, should have filled only one chapter instead of five. In a word, I was disappointed, even disgusted, with this eulogy of France mistakenly sub-titled "An Impersonal Autobiography."

But on page one hundred and ninety-three I became intensely absorbed in this book—I began actually to live in it! I saw a young Hungarian Jew around the turn of the century reading in the original Latin, Hungarian, French, and English philosophical and literary classics. I rejoiced over his conversion to the Catholic Faith at the age of seventeen, and then stood dazed when he apostatized within six months! I journeyed with him to Copenhagen, London, Paris, and then New York. After World War I, I followed him to Gay Vienna as he had a roving commission from a great New York paper. From 1927 to 1934 I wondered how he managed to live secluded in Provence without writing anything worth publishing or even worth "newspaper money." But he began to delve deeply

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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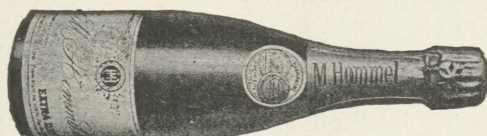


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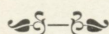
MARSHALL, October 31

CHATTANOOGA, November 7

(Continued from page twenty-two)

into philosophy, history and psychoanalysis, and I delved with him, glorying in the solutions he gave to the problems presented by these subjects. Soon, because he realized that Truth alone can satisfy the human heart and that the Church is man's guide to God, Truth Itself, I had the happiness to grasp his hand in sincere friendship when he returned to the one true fold in the early 30's. Needless to say, I regretted to part with my new friend when the book ended on page three hundred and fifty-seven since I had found *For the Heathen Are Wrong* another *Apologia* and its author a great philosopher, historian and writer.

—WILLIAM DORSEY.



## BERLIN DIARY

By WILLIAM L. SHIRER

*Alfred A. Knopf*

This book, as the title indicates, is a day-to-day diary of events in Europe from 1934 to 1940. These events were jotted down from day to day but unfortunately some of Shirer's notes were lost; others he burned rather than let them fall into the hands of the Gestapo; and a few things he dared not write and so he tried to imprint them in his memory. When he returned to the United States he was finally able to put all this material together in this book.

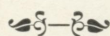
After graduation from Coe College at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Shirer worked his way abroad on a cattle boat and stayed for the next fifteen years. For the first seven years he was European correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, and in 1934 he began working for the Columbia Broadcasting System as Continental representative. In 1940 he came back to the United States and he does not expect to go back to Germany.

This book was written to show the American people a first-hand account of the agony and the despair of a Europe drawn closer and closer into war. Most of Shirer's time was spent in Germany close to Adolph Hitler and his co-workers, where he saw the various European countries fall under Hitler's schemes. It is due to this vantage point that the author is able to write about the big events and many of the small incidents that have helped to shape world history during the past decade. The implicit faith of all the countries in Hitler's promises at the beginning of the period is astounding to one who now looks back on the past events. He shows clearly that no one in Europe, not even the Nazi leaders themselves wanted war, and he tells of the blundering efforts of the democracies to preserve that peace. The reader is made to pity the Germans as well as the conquered people for the sufferings they must endure to wage a war they did not want.

Shirer writes this book in the easy informal manner of a diarist, and this style tends to make very interesting and popular reading. The reader is given many intimate glimpses into the lives and personal habits of the men at the head of world affairs. By his intermingling of personal family relations with the world happenings he makes the reader aware of him as a human being as well as of a news reporter. In my opinion Shirer injects just enough humor into the book to make the reading lively and yet to retain the reader's belief in its authenticity.

This book stands among the first of its kind in recent years for its supply of information and its keenness of perception. It has what few books of this kind have, accuracy of detail along with popular appeal.

—ELLEN PAETSCHKE.



## CONTRAST

I frowned,  
And life was dead.  
My soul was songless—starved,  
And men and waking Earth returned  
My frown.

I smiled,  
And life was sweet.  
My heart was glad and danced,  
And men and brighter skies returned  
My smile.

—THOMAS STANLEY.



Your telephone calls must travel the same congested lines that are used for vital war calls. We cannot increase these lines because materials are not available. Copper, rubber and aluminum are needed for the shooting side of war. For example, it takes as much copper for four minutes of machine gun fire as is required for a mile and a half of wire used in telephone cables.

The only answer is for all of us to save every minute of calling

time for the messages that will insure victory. You can do your part by following these suggestions:

- 1 Do not make calls to key cities outside of Ohio unless they are absolutely necessary.
- 2 Plan what you want to say so the call will be brief.
- 3 Whenever possible, call by number.
- 4 Do not visit on the telephone. Make your local calls as brief as possible.



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