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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



DECEMBER 1942

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties (200 cigarettes). This gay gift package (below), with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

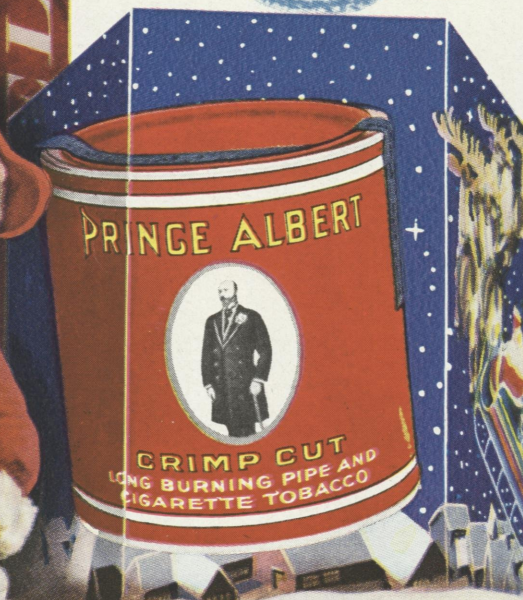


Yours for a
good Christmas—
and the very best
in smoking pleasure



TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton (left)—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco (below). The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!



CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember all your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

THE EXPONENT UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

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VIGIL

Let me kneel beside you, Mother,
That I may wonder too how He
Of me should such a Lover be
And, by His lowly birth, my Brother.

—THOMAS STANLEY.

THE University of Dayton Exponent

VOL. XXXX

DECEMBER, 1942

No. 9

Christmas Cross Section

• BY PAUL CHERRIER

In kaleidoscopic fashion we move with the writer across the globe and witness scenes varied and moving on Christmas Day. Tragedy and grief and love mingle in a medley that you must not miss.

THE CLOCK on the dressing-table showed 1:40. Through the drawn curtains of the New York apartment bedroom the winter sun forced its dim way. The paunchy bulk of Wallace B. Pickering, man about town, twisted under the bedclothes; his head burrowed deeper into the pillows.

"No use," he muttered, "can't sleep any more."

He sat up, his thin black hair wildly mussed, eyes still screwed shut.

"Wow, what a head!" He pressed his fists hard against his temples and groaned. "These Christmas Eve parties—boy, what a hangover!" Another groan, a shake of his head, his left eye opened slowly and peered at the clock.

"Huh, P. M. already. Nothing to do for today. It's all over." The right eyelids forced themselves apart.

"Some party. Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer. And how! But what a hangover!" He shook his head again. "Oh, well, can't stay here all day." He twisted over to the edge of the bed, let his feet down to the floor.

"Boy, what a head," he murmured again. "Where's that Bromo-Seltzer?"

* * * *

The heat of the South Sea noon lay heavy over the tangled undergrowth along the curving beach. On a jutting promontory overlooking the half-moon of gleaming sand the sun flashed from the lenses of a pair of powerful binoculars.

"See anything, Sarge?" queried a khaki-clad soldier sitting beside a machine-gun in the shadow of an outcropping.

"Huh? No, nothin' yet. But they're comin' . . . But they won't get us flatfooted."

"Yeah. Lucky that patrol plane spotted them and sent word."

The sergeant turned to his companion. "But we're in for a fight, Joe, if they try to land here."

Joe's eyes narrowed, his lean hard fingers tightened over the gun barrel. "Yeah, I know. But we'll show 'em what we're worth."

Both men fell silent, watching the rest of the troops as they prepared for the attack. Orders were being barked, groups hurried about, machine-gun emplacements were set up. A quiet tenseness gripped the whole camp. There was only one place where a Jap landing force could attack, and that was the gleaming circlet of sand before them. But they were only a few to defend it—pitifully few. And the attacking force had been reported large.

Joe turned to look at the sergeant. The sergeant returned the glance; their eyes met and held. Then a wry smile twisted one corner of Joe's mouth.

"Are you thinkin' what I am, Sarge?"

The sergeant grinned. "Yeah, I am. This is sure some way to spend Christmas."

* * * *

The little house on the Rue Lachaise was cold and bare; death was entering it, and it seemed already a tomb. In a dim room which a diminutive stove was attempting ineffectually to heat, Pierre LaVallie heard faintly through the mist that was settling on his senses the thudding march of the regiment of Nazi

troopers through the narrow cobbled street. It seemed to fan the dying spark within him. He opened his eyes, fastened them on the drawn white face of his young wife beside his bed, then twisted his head sideways to see the two children huddled near the stove. Five-year-old Michel was staring at him, his blue eyes wide with dread of what he could not understand. Little Adele, not yet three, only shivered and whimpered from the cold and hunger.

"Marie . . ." A hoarse whisper came from the lips of the sufferer on the bed. The white face of the watcher leaned closer. "Marie, I am going now." The woman caught her breath with a spasm of pain, and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, Marie, I can't . . . live . . . longer. But now, . . . what will you do? Listen."—The woman's hands fell from her face as she bent closer—"Listen . . . when I am dead . . . bury me secretly . . . Don't let them know . . . I am dead. Then you can keep . . . my ration card . . . longer . . . get more for the children . . . a little more." He seemed to sink back—his whisper was more hoarse and indistinct—his mouth quivered. "Today is . . . Christmas . . . my food card . . . my Christmas . . . my Christmas gift . . . for . . . you." He choked; his face twisted. Then something seemed to snap inside him—a breath, a gasp, and he was dead. The low aching sobs of the figure beside the bed mingled with the whimpering plaint of the hungry child and the pound of heavy boots in the street outside.

* * * *

There were only three men in Cell 4, Section F of the Strohstein prison. Two of them, one young, blond and stocky, the other taller, lean and dark, were talking in low tones in one corner. The third, an almost gigantic hulking figure of a man, with sparse iron-grey hair, craggy face, and huge tough hands, sat stoop-shouldered in the opposite corner, staring at the floor.

The youngest prisoner spoke in a barely audible voice, with a shift of his eyes toward the brooding figure in the other corner. "What's the matter with him? He hasn't said a word since I was put in here yesterday."

His companion's thin lips twisted wryly. "I think he is . . . well . . ."—he tapped his forehead meaningfully. "No, don't scare yourself," he went on, as the other started. "It's useless. I've been here longer than you have. I've seen it before. Some people can't stand it and he's been here a long time. Just cracked, that's all. Couldn't stand the strain."

The young man swallowed hard. "But, you think . . ." he broke off. A guard had stopped outside the cell; the door swung open.

"Up, you swine!" They understood. It was time for the twenty-minute shuffle around the prison yard, the only breath of fresh air they received during the day. They stepped out into the line that was forming. The young prisoner from Cell 4 felt his big cellmate behind him.

"Forward!" The line shuffled out into the bleak yard.

A guard's whip lashed out at the head of the column. "Step lively," his voice rasped sardonically, "today is a great day. Today is Christmas."

The young prisoner heard a thick mutter at his back. "Weihnachten . . . Christmas." Some mumblings followed. He shuddered as he heard what sounded like a funeral dirge sung by the man behind him almost inaudibly. Then he could make out the words—it was a Christmas song, sung in a heavy, agonized tempo! And the man sang more audibly . . . slowly . . . painfully:

"Ihr Kinderlein kommet,
Oh kommet doch all',
Zur Krippe her . . ."

"Halt!" the command lashed out. The shuffling stopped. In the clear cold silence the song moaned over the close-packed line of men.

"Silence!" the guard roared. The prisoner sang on. The guard's whip slashed across the man's face. There was a jerk in the dirge-like melody, but it did not stop. Again the whip came down. One of the singer's huge hands grabbed with amazing speed, clutched the lash. The guard jerked, the whip-handle tore from his grasp. Lumberingly, menacingly, the huge prisoner, still singing, stepped from the line and raised his fist still gripping the lash. The guard stumbled backwards two hurried steps—fumbled at his holster—fired once, twice, three times. With a choking grunt the prisoner crumpled forward. Twice more the guard fired into the prostrate body. Then he sneered.

"Now sing your Christmas songs, swine." He shoved the gun back into the holster; turned to the file of prisoners.

"March!"

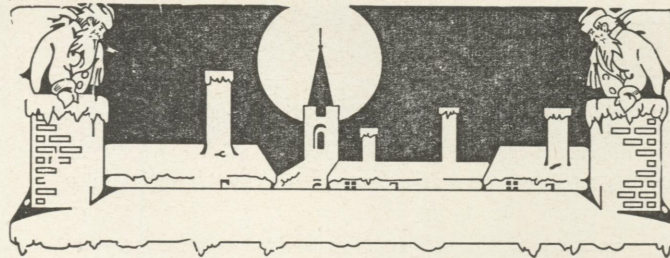
Slowly the ragged line shuffled past the brown hulk sprawled on the spattered dirt.

(Continued on page 24)

Santa Will Come

• By ADELE KLOPF

Read this story and be happy with the O'Halloran children on Christmas Eve.



MOLLY O'HALLORAN, busily scrubbing the floor, didn't hear her husband, Tim, stealthily open the kitchen door and steal up behind her. Suddenly she felt a pair of big, warm hands cover her eyes, and as she cried, "Tim!" they lifted her up to receive a hearty kiss.

"Molly, my love, I have got a job in the factory. This year the kids are going to have a real Christmas. I can save about fifty dollars by the week before Christmas, and they can have anything they want—almost."

"Oh, Tim, that's wonderful! I'm so glad! Last year you lost your job, and we couldn't get anything for them, but now we can keep our promise that Santa Claus will visit them this year."

The front door of the little cottage slammed, and four pairs of merry feet tramped out to the kitchen. Their owners ranged in age from seven to two. In spite of the hard times, the O'Halloran children had managed to stay healthy and plump, and full of vitality, as Molly could only too well tell you. As she pulled leggings off plump legs, and removed hats and coats from her offspring, she said with an air of mystery that they could write their letters to Santa Claus any day now, because he had just sent them word that he would visit them. Four shrill voices rose in such a clamor that Molly and Tim looked hastily to see if the windows were all closed so the neighbors wouldn't hear.

The next week or so was occupied in deciding just what each one wanted from jolly, old St. Nick. Of course, the baby didn't know exactly what it was all about, but she contributed to the general state of hilarity. Drums and blocks were first thought of, and afterwards discarded in favor of dolls, trains, soldiers, and teddy bears. Then the dolls and soldiers found themselves once more at the peak of popularity, but were closely seconded by other favorite childhood toys. The final drafts of the letters looked as if the children had gone through the toy section of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue page by page, and had listed everything found there.

Baby Mary's red curls bobbed with excitement at the very mention of anything connected with Christmas. She prayed every night that "Dod would make her a dood 'ittle dirl" so that Santa Claus would be

sure to leave her a big, "bwown" teddy bear on Christmas.

The children were little saints for the remaining two weeks. They were eager to help Mother do the dishes, and run on errands for her, and Michael, the seven-year-old who went to school, rushed home every afternoon so that he wouldn't be left out.

And then it happened! Two nights before Christmas, the boss at the factory paid their salaries so that the men could use them to buy their Christmas gifts. As Tim O'Halloran was walking jauntily home, a menacing figure stepped up to him from behind a tree, and, at the point of a gun, robbed him of his hard-earned wages, his children's Christmas. As the thief fled down the dark, deserted street, Tim, his shoulders sagging, continued on his way home.

When Molly opened the door, he drew her into their room to tell her his story. She had already guessed that there was something wrong from the look on his face, but her own grief and disappointment at the news was almost more than she could bear. She threw her arms around her husband to console him, but instead fell weeping into his arms. After a time, he told her he was going out, because he couldn't hide his sorrow from the children as well as she could. She let him go with the promise that he would return as soon as the children were in bed. He took some money from their dresser to buy himself something to eat and left.

Four hours later he had not returned, and Molly, curled up in his favorite chair, anxiously awaited his arrival. The children, more excited than ever, had been harder to get to bed than usual, but the house was now quiet. She tried to read a book, but didn't succeed. Just as she was getting up to look out of the window for him, she heard his step on the little porch. She ran to the door and threw it open.

"Darling, I'm so glad . . .," her voice broke off in bewilderment as she saw her husband laden down with packages, wrapped in gay holiday spirit.

"How on earth . . . ? Where did you get them?" Tim laughed at his wife's stupefaction as he carefully placed his bundles on the table.

"Well, you see, my dear," he said, "I went to a movie, and—it was Bank Night!"

Star Of Bethlehem

• By DANIEL E. SHARPE

Did you ever consider the Star of Bethlehem from the angle of astronomy? The writer of this article opens new vistas for our readers about the Christmas Star.

EACH Christmas the story of Christ's birth is renewed to us in fables and in fact. The Jews first heard of it when the Magi threw Jerusalem into confusion with their question, "Where is the newly born king of the Jews?" For they had seen his star in the East and had come to worship Him. Herod called them together secretly to learn from them when the star appeared. And after they left the king "the star that they had seen in the East went before them, until it came and stood over the place where the child was."

Now, the Magi were priests from the country south-east of the Caspian Sea. They belonged to a priestly caste, once great, but which had fallen. Zoroaster restored it to its former dignity. The members of this zealous priesthood were astrologers as well as sacrificers and mediators with the gods. Their great leader Zoroaster had foretold the advent of the Messiah; they were also familiar with the Jewish expectations.

It is these Wise Men, and Herod, and especially the Infant and His Holy parents Mary and Joseph we think about each Christmas. In our musings we think too of the Star the Magi saw. What was that Star, we ask ourselves, that God used to announce to pagans the birth of His Son? And each Christmas we look up to the sky, to see if the Star is still there.

Two thousand years ago we would well expect people to stare in wonderment at a star they could see during the day. Yet, there are many people today who, when they see a star shining after the sun has risen, stop to wonder, and ask what it means. Astronomers say that star is a planet, a heavenly body like our own world. Its name is Venus, and, except for the sun and moon, it is the brightest body in the heavens. Why couldn't it have been the Star the Wise Men saw? It is extremely brilliant, fifteen times brighter than Sirius, the brightest star known to man. Its bright phases, as morning or evening star, occur about every nineteen months. We seldom see it in all its beauty in our latitudes, but in a sub-tropical country such as Palestine it attracts much attention. In such regions it can throw a distinguishable shadow, and can leave its reflection on water alongside that of the moon.



When they came to Jerusalem the Magi said they saw the Star of the Messiah in the east. We might ask how the Magi from the East could be led by a star in the East. But the Magi probably travelled along the Midian highway, which, in order to avoid the hills just east of the holy city, swung almost to the Mediterranean, and entered Jerusalem from the west. Thus they would see the Star in the East, over the place where the Christ-child lay, and coming away from Herod's palace, would be led by it to Bethlehem.

All do not agree that Venus was the Star of Christmas. It shines for only a few hours of each day, even though it is bright enough at times to be seen in broad daylight.

A grand spectacle took place in the skies in 1604. Johann Kepler, who relates it to us, watched the planets Jupiter and Saturn draw very close to each other in December of 1603 in the sign of the Fishes. He watched them separate, and saw them return in spring. Then Mars joined them to form a very close triangle, close enough, said one astronomer, to appear as a single star. Kepler found out that this rare phenomenon occurred approximately every 800 years, and that a like occurrence in 6 B.C. could have started the Magi on their thousand-mile journey. In the fall of 1604 Kepler discovered a Nova, or new star, and added this to his speculation of the Star of Bethlehem. Henry Van Dyke in "The Story of the Other Wise Man" made this the sign for which they waited.

There is one thing that disturbs us here. We cannot determine exactly the year in which Christ was born. According to the calendar drawn up by the monk Dionysius, Herod died in 4 B.C. It is pretty generally

agreed that Christ was born within seven years before that date, but we are unable to put our finger on the right year. This gives each of us a chance to do some guessing of our own, and our conclusions will hold as much as those of our neighbor.

The Jewish people looked for a heavenly event to announce the birth of the Messiah because of a rabbinical commentary on Daniel. Abarbanel said a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn would precede the birth of the Redeemer, and that the planets would meet in Pisces, the sign of the Fishes. When Mars joined the conjunction it surely attracted the attention of the Wise Men. They looked for two stars. Imagine their surprise when they saw three! They knew enough of the movements of the heavens not to be affected by the planets, but never before had they seen three so close together. With their knowledge of the Jewish traditions, and remembering the prediction of Zoroaster, they could easily have taken the heavenly event as the sign long looked for.

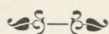
The Gospels hardly give us any information about the Star that led the Wise Men. The Gospels were not written to explain events scientifically, so we cannot know just what the Bethlehem Star was. Neither is there very much in the writings of contemporaries of the time to witness to this great event. One record from China has come down to us stating that a comet

was seen for seventy days in 4 B.C., from February to April. This fairly well authenticated document leads us to the guess that it might have been a comet the Magi saw and followed. A comet ordinarily stays for a long time and can be seen by large groups of people. The great Halley comet is known to appear periodically, and if following in its ordinary course, would have appeared about 11 B.C.

There are still others who think the unknown star was a meteor. I do not think that is a tenable theory. Meteors are certainly bright bodies, but because they can be seen only within a hundred miles from the earth they would be blocked off from the view of more distant places. Again, meteors have too short an existence in that luminous state.

But just what was the Star of Bethlehem? No one knows; we can only conjecture. There are those who believe only the Wise Men saw it to fulfill the prophecy of Zoroaster. In this matter it should be noted that they "saw" the star just when Christ was born, which was quite a coincidence.

Each of us is free to think as we please concerning this Star of the Magi. However, knowing that "God's way with men is to take men's way" any version we choose should serve to give glory to God and increase our faith.



ADVENT

Now in the night the hushed world waits - -
Beat softly, my heart, He comes.
Now has the small bird stilled his note - -
Be silent, my tongue, He comes.
Now walks the moon on silent feet - -
Go gently, my feet, He comes.

Now do the prophets yearn and pray - -
Hearken, my ears, He comes.
Now does the humble Mary wait - -
Be little, my soul, He comes.
Soon will the Day-Star gild the East - -
Behold Him, my eyes, He comes!

—SISTER MARY DAVID, S. N. D. de N.

Bright Christmas

● By BETTY MAYL

Looking back through the years the writer finds many bright Christmases. How about the one of 1942? Faith and hope in God and our fellow men, she tells us, can make this a bright Christmas also.

"I'M dreaming of a bright Christmas, just like the ones we used to know," to paraphrase the words of the well-known song. And what kind of Christmas do all of us dream of? Well, to go back about ten or twelve years, don't you often think of your last "Santa Claus" Christmas? Remember the Christmases before you heard that there might not be a "Santy Claus," and recall how about a month before you were especially good? And at this particular Christmas ten or twelve years ago didn't someone tell you that there was no "Santy Claus," and weren't you shocked, surprised, afraid, disillusioned? You went home and cried but you didn't let mother see you—you would wait and see. The night before Christmas you determined to stay awake to find out for certain whether Santy came or not. But you fell asleep nevertheless, and next morning sure enough Santy—or someone—hadn't forgotten you, even though you had been naughty once or twice that month. Yes, you got your big doll with the long curls, or your little red wagon to divert your mind from inquiry as to where they came from.

The next year you had no doubts about old St. Nick so it wasn't so much fun on Christmas. Still you received that bicycle or those roller skates and became very engrossed in them. And then there was the Christmas you received your first electric train, and because you were "too little" Daddy ran it for you, or you were given your real, little iron so that you could help mother with the ironing, at least of your own handkerchiefs.

And on Christmas you usually went to Grandmother's house for a big family dinner. All the aunts, uncles, and cousins were there and you ate turkey and dressing, and mince meat or pumpkin pie till you could hardly move. Some Christmases it snowed. Everyone was more in the Christmas spirit on these "White Christmases." If you received a sled and were near even a slight incline all the cousins, brothers, and sisters would take turns on your sled, and you were glad to share it—for a while. But then you were even gladder to see them go, so as to have it all for yourself.

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Then there was your first adult Christmas when your presents consisted no more of toys, but of clothes, books, money, and candy, and novelties to be put in your own room. You were growing up, and, while you still went to Grandma's, you felt like you would rather be with those of your own age than be under close scrutiny by the relatives. Not all of them came now but those who did also saw that you were growing up. They asked embarrassing questions about boy friends or girl friends, and marks in school. Maybe too, your voice was starting to change and you were afraid to talk, or perhaps they noticed that you were wearing heels about an inch high instead of those flat "baby" ones.

All at once you were in high school and Christmas presents had to be bought for others out of the money saved from your allowance. How many times did you walk home to save carfare and then, after all that saving, you still had to ask Mom for money to see you through? The great event this Christmas was being allowed to go to midnight mass for the first time. You were sleepy but you stayed awake somehow.

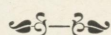
In the senior year there were many Christmas parties to attend. Your friends entertained you, and you had them over to your house. The family still had their big gathering, and you no longer felt self-conscious but even felt free to join in the adult conversation frequently.

Then came college, and you got a portable victrola and some "smooth" records for Christmas. The family dinner was at your house. All the relatives gathered to ask about college. The dinner was still turkey and dressing, and now you took coffee with your pie—even a second cup. Maybe you went to a party or a dance Christmas night with your cousins who were visiting from far away, and you all had a wonderful time.

But Christmas 1941—18 days after Pearl Harbor—the family was not so large now. One cousin had gone to the army, another was going to enlist soon, then there were the ones who had just been married and “would they take married men?” kept running through all minds. But yet it was a bright Christmas. We still had plenty to eat, drink, and be merry about. Silk stockings were still plentiful and at least all the family—even those who lived several hundred miles away—could be together and talk, mostly about the war. Defense stamps were the appropriate present.

Now, 1942, a few weeks before another Christmas, how are our dreams of a bright Christmas to come true? There will not be that second cup of coffee; the

scattered family cannot come together for dinner—gas rationing you know. Perhaps still more of it is “some-where in someplace” fighting for us here at home. How then can we have a bright Christmas? Well, think how much worse it could, and might yet, be. Count your blessings instead of the trials and discomforts. Pray, and have faith in the future, and there’s always hope. A ray of hope will brighten any Christmas. You still have your health, freedom, life, and your God, and He will brighten any place where He is sincerely wanted and truly dwells. Brighten your disposition, your smile, and your eyes, and you won’t have to just dream of a bright Christmas. I can dream, can’t I? Why don’t you try it, and may all our dreams come true.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

What would you like,
My dear,
This year
For Christmas? Tell me now.

A coat of fox?
Or mink?
Now think
And name your choice at last.

A costly gem?
A ring?
The thing
You want the very most.

The gift I want
Cannot
Be got
By money’s devious ways.

’Tis something else—
A gift
To lift
The world to happiness.

My choice is that
The war
Be o’er
With men at peace again.

Is my wish vain,
Or will
The good
God grant it soon to us?

A world of peace and joy—
Just that
Is what
I want this Christmas time.

—SYLVIA SCOTT.

Professor Forte Versus The Choir

• BY WILBUR J. DUNSKY

A rather fantastic story, but it will aid you in acquiring the spirit of the Yuletide.

PROFESSOR THOMAS SINGER, organist of St. Michael's Church, was an accomplished organist—a master organist. He could read anything set before him. Not only could he read it, but he could put into the piece soul-stirring feeling and interpretation. He knew his instrument thoroughly—was well acquainted with all its faults, virtues, whims and fancies. Over a period of many years he had learned how to humor it along and how to coax from it the most exquisite harmonies and combinations.

Not only was the professor an excellent console artist, but he also was an extraordinary choral teacher. The reputation of his choirs was spread throughout the country, and on the great feasts not a few of the throng which packed St. Michael's Church had come to hear this famous body of singers.

Professor Singer, however, had one great weakness. Frequently his genius seemed to slip into the subconscious, and at these times a mania for throwing on the entire organ possessed him. He seemed to revel in the deafeningly loud tones that thundered from the trembling organ. This spasm seized him most frequently in choral numbers where the organ dropped the role of a simple accompanist and ran all around the voices on a melodious spree of its own. This disastrous habit had earned for the professor the nickname of "Professor Forte."

One year the professor and his choir were studying a new composition for the Christmas midnight mass. On their way home one evening after a strenuous rehearsal, a group of choir members were discussing the new piece.

"I like that Gloria," insisted an enthusiastic first tenor. "We soar into the clouds just like the angels!"

"I like the Gloria, too" spoke out a booming bass. "We carry the melody in 'gratias agimus,' and I can feel the spirit of thanksgiving rise within me."

"When we come to 'et in terra pax hominibus,'" broke in another first tenor, "I can just imagine myself on the hills of Bethlehem listening to the angelic

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hosts!"

"There's no doubt that the Gloria is tops," agreed a smooth-voiced second tenor, "but personally, I think old Forte spoils the most beautiful part of the entire piece."

"I wonder whether you're thinking the same thing I am?" chimed in a sonorous bass.

"Well, I mean the 'Amen.' Why, it contains the most beautiful harmonies I've ever heard. Each voice has a lovely melody, and still everything forms an ecstatic, harmonious whole. When we sing it without organ it's—it's simply wonderful. But as soon as Prof. Forte throws in his assemblage of noises, I find myself consigning him and the whole contraption to the super-tropical regions!"

"That's the very same idea I had!" added another member.

"And I think we all noticed it," summed up the solo artist of the group. "Can't we do something about it?"

"Talking to Forte won't help any," grunted a bass voice.

"We might disconnect a few stops," suggested another.

"No," replied the soloist, "Forte keeps the thing locked always."

"About the only way to overcome noise is to make more noise," reasoned one of the intelligent members

"If you're referring to our singing as noise . . ." threatened a towering bass.

"Perhaps I should say, then," returned the intelligent one meekly, "we can overcome Forte's noise only with louder singing."

"That's the only way out," concluded the leader of the conspiracy. "When we come to the 'Amen,' we'll

all take a deep breath and then shout for all we're worth without straining too much. Perhaps we can take old Forte by surprise."

"During the rehearsals, though, I think it would be a good idea to sing rather softly at the 'Amen,' and the professor may not put on so much steam. Then on Christmas Eve we'll stand more of a chance of overpowering him with our surprise outburst," offered the intelligent member with pride.

And thus it was agreed that the choir would lie in wait for the 'Amen' of the Gloria and at that point burst out in a strong and sudden fortissimo. They were determined to beat the professor at his own game.

During the many rehearsals that followed, the choir sang a beautifully subdued 'Amen,' while Forte threw himself and most of the organ against them. It seemed as if the plan might work.

However, the secret leaked out. The professor found out about the choir's plot to steal the show from him, and he resolved to humiliate the upstart songsters.

It was Christmas Eve now, and the spacious church was filled to capacity half an hour before services began. The usual crowd was there who had come to hear Professor's choir, and many, who had gotten inside information about the "Choir versus Forte" situation, were anxious to hear the outcome of the battle.

The altar was ablaze with candles to celebrate the birthday of the Light of the World. Beautiful Christmas flowers flashed from the altar in colorful array. At the side altar was the simple representation of the oft-told tale of the Babe in the manger. The eyes of the adoring throng were fixed upon the attractive scene.

Softly, almost inaudibly, came the sound of heavenly music from above. Prof. Forte was proving again his reputation as a master of the organ. The worshippers listened entranced. The spirit of the first Christmas filled the air.

"Silent Night," "Adeste Fideles," "O, Come Little

Children," "There Came A Little Child to Earth"—all these and many more the professor combined into a gripping Christmas medley.

The tiny bell tinkled in the sanctuary, and the great Christmas drama began. Little rosy-cheeked youngsters, clad in festive cassock and surplice, preceded the richly-attired ministers to the foot of the altar. Meanwhile, Forte and his inspired choir rendered the familiar processional.

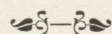
The opening measures of the Kyrie brought the huge congregation to spell-bound attention. After the last notes of the petition for mercy had faded away into silence, the priest at the altar intoned the song of the angels: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

From the lofty choir came the thrilling tenor melody "et in terra pax hominibus." Peace seemed to settle visibly upon the congregation. A few moments later the lovely bass melody sounded its message of thanksgiving.

As the 'Amen' drew near, an expectant hush fell upon the people below. Up in the choir, the members caught the signal from their leader, and they prepared for the onslaught. Forte seemed lost in the music before him, but his mind was active.

Just as the choir stood poised, with lungs filled and chests expanded, the professor threw on the whole organ, kicked open the swell box, and threw his left foot at the lowest pedal. His aim was true, and the tremendous note thundered forth! A large area of plaster directly above the choir, which had taken quite a beating during the recent rehearsals, shook itself loose with the aid of this final jar, and scored a direct hit upon the unsuspecting members of the choir. Their long-prepared 'Amen' was buried beneath the dusty debris!

In the midst of his noisy solo, Forte turned his head slightly to account for the choir's sudden silence. When he saw the once-ambitious choir lying now utterly frustrated beneath a heap of smoldering ruins, a triumphant smile lighted up his face. His victory was complete!



OPTAMUS

Would that all who held a torch
Might hold it high,
Against the dark
Night sky;
And let a spark
Drop down
To passers by.

—KENNETH GAENG.

THE EDITOR'S

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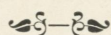
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KATHLEEN WHETRO
MARY FERRIS

The Seasons Greetings

To the faculty and the students of the University of Dayton and to all the readers of the EXPONENT we extend our very sincere good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. May the spirit of love and good will be in our hearts at this season and during the coming year.

—M. J. D.



This Christmas

December 7 and December 25. It is an incongruity that two such historical events could have happened in the same period of the year. One we celebrate, the other we merely remember.

This month marks a milestone in all our lives. For one year the United States has been an active participant in the war of destruction being fought in practically all parts of the earth except the Americas. Never in the life of any of us has one year so influenced the trend of our thoughts and changed our actions. It is difficult to foretell what proportions the struggle may acquire before the war is over.

Perhaps it is good that such a day as Christmas comes at this time to give us solace and to steady our thinking. We, even in such a critical period, have not lost the spirit of Christmas. Never have we experienced a period in which this spirit is more needed.

In his book, "Whence Comes War," Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen tells us that "War is first in man, then among men." To obtain a lasting peace therefore we must eliminate the causes of war that are within us. There is no better time to isolate and begin to eliminate them than the present season.

But we must win the war before peace can be effected. This is the problem confronting us in such proportions that we need assistance. Pray for victory and work so that within the next twelve-month span finis may be written to this chapter in the lives of men.

—M. J. D.

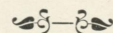
The Congress In Cincinnati

During the holidays, December 28, 29, and 30, two of our students will participate in the Catholic College Congress as official representatives of the University of Dayton. We would do well to note the decisions reached there for our duties in the war effort and in the establishment of the peace to follow.

Present-day students will be the leaders in the post-war world. Who would want to follow a person who did not know the goal he was supposedly striving to achieve?

It is a generally accepted opinion that we will not return to the way of life that we knew before the war. What then will it be? We look to the Congress to outline the principles discussed there to point the way for us.

—M. J. D.



Congratulations

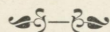
We should like to give credit where it is due. The Flyer football team exhibited during the past season what hard work and co-operation will do. Saturday after Saturday that team gave its all for victory against teams that outmanned us. Some of these opponents could almost have fielded a team of coaches. Against these odds our boys fought to the last minute, yes, even to the last second, to turn the tide of victory in our favor. The record proves the success of these attempts.

And then there is the band. Those of us who do not participate in any extra-curricular activities sometimes do not appreciate the work done on the campus by the students taking part in these activities. During the football season the band practiced several times a week and this calls for a spirit of willingness and sacrifice. And the performances of the band at the games were something for us to be proud of.

And who does not remember the efforts of the cheer-leaders trying to rouse us once in a while when

the going of the team was difficult? They did a fine job.

Congratulations to the team and the band and the cheer-leaders for the very interesting and enjoyable football season.
—M. J. D.



December Seventh

In this first year of the war, the University of Dayton has given many to the service of the country. Two of our alumni have already been reported missing in action. There are probably several others of whom no word has as yet been received here. It is fitting that we remembered them on that seventh day of December.

To how many of our soldiers and sailors will public acknowledgment be given for the service they have rendered? Some may be entirely unknown to men.

Their Creator will not forget. He will have seen them all and have given them their just rewards. It is to Him we commend those who have gone in the service of their country; it is His protection we ask for those who have yet to enter the conflict.

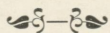


Too Bad

University of Dayton men are gentlemen—to anyone who has not attended one of the general assemblies in the gym.

The majority of the students, however, are on their good behavior. The minority is enough to ruin a well prepared and executed production. The best example was the assembly before Thanksgiving, although several others were far from perfect.

The chief offenders are not the Frosh, either. Upper-classmen set the example for the whistling and general rowdiness. Those in the center of the gym can hardly hear now. What will conditions be toward the close of the year? Perhaps by then some genius will have invented a filter for the noise that will allow us to hear only the speakers.
—M. J. A.



Upsilon Delta Sigma

The Debating Club of the University of Dayton was founded in 1926 by Father Charles Preisinger, S. M. During the first few years debating was limited

to intra-squad activities, there being no intercollegiate participation. Dayton entered the field of intercollegiate debating in 1928 under Dr. Lawrence Boll, S. M. The club adopted in this year the name: "Upsilon Delta Sigma".

Nineteen hundred and thirty was the first year in which the "President's Award", a debating trophy for the best debater, was offered. The winner that year was Mr. Barth Snyder, a present member of the U. D. faculty. The annual trips were organized the same year, and the first constitution was drawn up, although not adopted until 1934. The present club is governed by the revised constitution of 1938.

The present faculty adviser, Dr. William Wehrle, S. M., came on the scene in 1933, and as a result of his activity the University has achieved great success in intercollegiate debating. The Dayton Club has engaged outstanding schools in approximately three hundred debates and has compiled a sixty-six per cent average in intercollegiate competition.

Each year University of Dayton debate teams have travelled some five thousand miles to engage in thirty or more intercollegiate debates. This year's activities will be confined to intra-squad debating because of travel difficulties.

The debate problem this year is "RESOLVED: That the United Nations should establish a permanent federal union with power to tax and regulate international commerce, to maintain a police force, to settle international disputes and to enforce such settlements, and to provide for the admission of other nations which accept the principles of the union."

Officers for the scholastic year '42-'43 are: George Thoma, president; Al Diringer, vice-president; Bob Seiter and Vincent Yano, managers; Bob Schweller, secretary; Anthony Rodrigues, publicity; and Ed Morrison, treasurer. The club meets weekly on Thursday evenings, and each member receives one credit per year for his participation. Among other activities at meetings are demonstrations of various types of debating and guest speakers.

The purpose of the Upsilon Delta Sigma, as stated in the preamble of its constitution, reflects the general atmosphere of the University: "In order to provide a lasting means whereby the students of the University of Dayton may develop their abilities to formulate, express, and maintain a sound opinion, we do hereby constitute ourselves a debating society . . ."

—WEBB G. WHITMER.



We . . . The Women

WOMEN'S EDITOR . . . ADELE KLOPF



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Christmas comes but once a year, and here it is almost upon us. This favorite holiday of our youth would, I wager, still receive quite a large vote in a holiday-preference poll conducted by the illustrious Dr. Gallup among the students of the University of Dayton. Perhaps this preference is due not only to the practice of giving presents, but also to the long, long, vacation we students enjoy.

The carefully suppressed excitement of sneaking downstairs in the wee hours of Christmas morning to see what Santa has left, no longer has the power of thrilling us, but we still are quite eager to open the gifts piled around the Christmas tree.

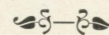
The weeks before Christmas are filled with happy secrets, knowing smiles, and long shopping trips. The returns from these excursions are highly exciting to the small fry, and, I might add, to some rather large fry as well. Furtive attempts to feel the shape and texture of the packages are bravely thwarted by their bearer, who then proceeds to hunt for a secure hiding place for his purchases.

Wrapping gifts into gayly-colored packages occupies many enjoyable hours. Red and green paper, ribbon, and stickers artistically cover the gifts, which when piled together make a very cheerful sight.

For weeks preceding the great day, everyone is

"dreaming of a white Christmas." For some unknown reason, a heavy snowfall always increases the enjoyment of the day, at least for those who don't have to shovel it from the sidewalks. Joyous shouts of "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" carry far on the crisp, winter air and pleasantly disturb the white stillness of Christmas Day.

—A. K.



HOW IT WILL BE THIS YEAR

Christmas time is with us again, but this time there is a different feeling in the hearts of the people. Many are spending the season without loved ones, who are in the service or who are in other cities working at defense jobs.

This feeling is shown in the extreme popularity of Irving Berlin's song, "White Christmas," with its hauntingly wistful melody. This music might be a manifestation of the desire to spend Christmas at home, among those who still remain. It could also have been written for the lonely soldier, sailor, or marine, far from home at some unnamed post.

The transportation difficulties will change our observance of the holiday somewhat. It will be impossible to dash into the family car at the last minute and

arrive at the last Mass just a bit late; then to drive somewhere for a dinner, to be eaten hastily; then to return home to find that Junior is going out with the "fellas," Mary has a date, and Mother and Father have planned an evening with some friends. This year, the family will no doubt spend its day together, and will perhaps discover that it is pleasant to do so.

Christmas has become too commercialized of recent years. Its true significance is often lost in the scurry and bustle of buying and wrapping gifts, mailing cards, and keeping up with the round of social life. By the time the day arrives, tempers and patience have worn thin, and the religious significance has faded until it seems a mere nothing. The countries under Hitler's heel have had a rebirth of Christianity and of religious feeling; this war cannot help but bring to us, also, an increased devotion. Hence, the Church service will be again an important part of the day, rather than a "must do" to be done away with as soon and as quickly as possible.

Here we do not have a "white Christmas" frequently, although it is often quite cold. However, the spirit is inside us; and sleigh bells, glistening tree tops, and the happy laughter in children's voices strike a sympathetic chord in our hearts. Who doesn't get a queer lump in his throat when he hears, faintly, the sound of Christmas carols coming from some unknown source? Who will not admit that he loves the ever-wonderful story of the star? And who does not echo the present hope for "Peace on earth to men of good will"?

—KATHRYN KUNKA.



CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

Sunshine and roses; blue skies and poinsettias; rows of golden oranges against a distant background of snow-capped mountains. This is Christmas in Southern California.

When I first told this story to my friends here, they could not understand how Christmas could be appreciated, since it was so much like the rest of the year. That was because they were used to freezing temperatures, leafless trees and bushes, and sometimes snow. But California's Christmas is really quite different. The very atmosphere takes on a very festive air. Every available tree is dressed in glittering lights; every lamp-post in the business section is covered with a fragrant, brilliantly-decorated Christmas tree. Fat, jolly Santa Claus strolls along the streets with packs on their backs containing candy and trinkets for every youngster.

To open the holiday shopping season there is always a gala parade. There are dwarfs and fairies and Santa Claus in his sleigh drawn by six reindeer. And following the parade there is community dancing in the blocked-off streets of downtown Los Angeles. Thus begins three weeks of anxious waiting for children, of secret shopping for their parents, and surprise planning for the others.

And along another line every church, Catholic and Protestant, has its shrine. Some are just miniatures in one corner of the church. Others, and one in particular that I am thinking of, are outside. This one that I mentioned extends for a city block and is made up of several life-sized tableaux of the life of Our Lord.

But this year I am glad that I won't be home for Christmas because it will be celebrated in a dimmed-out California. There will be no glittering trees and brilliantly lighted parades because of the black-out regulations. There will be no annual family gatherings because of the gas rationing. But the spirit of Christmas will be there, as it will be all over America, for no blackout regulations or gas rationing can dim this enthusiasm.

--SUE DUDLEXT.



CHRISTMAS

The lanterns of night
Send their gentle light
Below to the white vested earth,
And each glowing star,
As it shines from afar,
Proclaims the Christ Child's birth.

Wise men long ago
Saw the Christmas star glow.
They followed its wondrous light
To the crib of our Lord,
Where they knelt and adored,
In peaceful and holy delight.

Shepherds fell to the ground,
While God's brightness shone round.
They heard heavenly multitudes sing,
In radiant glory,
The glad Christmas story,
He is born—our King!

The Infant King lay
In a manger of hay,
Enfolded in swaddling clothes white.
In a stable so lowly
The Lord God all holy,
Was born on Christmas night.

—MARY C. FERRIS.

Julie And Tim And Jerry

●BY CELIA HIMES

Jerry brings news about Tim to Julie from across. War and strong human love and the Yuletide are pleasantly mingled.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE. Julie Glanton sat at the piano softly strumming Christmas carols. On the window ledges sifted soft snowflakes. As her fingers moved over the keys she gazed at her wedding ring, which for the moment dimmed even the sparkling snowflakes.

She stopped playing and thought only of Tim. She wondered if he might be singing Olde English Christmas carols just now, or perhaps, he was sitting with his buddies enjoying a friendly glass of ale and smoking a curved-stem pipe. There might even be a glimmering Christmas tree nearby. In her mind she formed a picture of how he would look—boyish and gay. Of course he would be gay. Tim just wouldn't be Tim without being that way, she assured herself.

Julie remembered their last Christmas Eve when the whole crowd dropped in for Tom and Jerrys and they stood about the piano singing and laughing, forgetting the future for one brief moment. There had been a giant tree at one end of the room. It glowed cheerfully. Its lofty bows filled the room with a cool fresh pine fragrance.

Oh yes—there was war then the same as now, but it seemed abstract and far-off! All of Tim's friends said it couldn't last six months. We could wipe out those dirty little yellow devils in a short time.

Then it didn't seem so incongruous to sing "Peace on earth," as now. Tonight the words would not come out, but choked somewhere between her heart and throat.

Timothy Glanton III cried and her thoughts were for an instant interrupted. This was the little Tim whom none of her friends had ever seen. This was Tim's own son whom he had never seen. It all seemed so unnatural. Tim had said, "Tell him about his father, so I won't be a stranger to him when I come home."

She hummed softly and soon he lapsed once more into slumber.

Julie looked about the room, at the sad little white paper Christmas tree on the table, at Tim's books in a corner of the room, his favorite pipe on his desk.

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She began to feel like the last leaf remaining after all the others had fallen. But what could she do to help? All she could do was wait for little Tim to grow older and then maybe she would be able to take a man's job in war work. Mother could take care of Tim because Julie had moved back to mother's after her husband left. The present isn't everything, she mused. The future generation has to be reared as normally as possible.

Julie had never before realized how the old crowd had scattered. It was rumored that Happy-go-lucky Marty Crawford had landed in Africa. She wondered about his wife, Gretchen, who never trusted him. Was she filled with regrets? What had become of her?

Then she thought of Eric Block, serious-eyed Eric, who said little but had deep thoughts. The clear tones that he had sung came back to her hauntingly. She especially remembered the grade school Christmas pageant when he sang "Oh Holy Night." She was a fifth grade angel and the angels fought backstage over their halos. Eric was older and settled the controversy diplomatically. Now he was somewhere in the great South Pacific, perhaps Guadalcanal.

David and Ann had been there last Christmas Eve also. But now they were in California where David was stationed for the present. In her last letter Ann had said she would soon come home, which meant that her officer-husband was about to embark.

Everyone of her friends she could recall had been transplanted from his own little world into a devastating, more confused one.

For a strange reason, though she knew not why, thoughts of Jerry flashed through her muddled mind. He had been foremost in her world before Tim came

along. It was odd that she should be thinking of him. Jerry had meant much to her until she met Tim at the fraternity dance. Jerry introduced her to Tim and from that time on there was no one else. Nevertheless, Tim and Jerry had remained good friends. She had almost forgotten Jerry since Tim was gone. He was a salesman with a huge manufacturing concern and traveled extensively. Often he came in unexpectedly for dinner, or just for a chat between trains. Jerry was jovial and always welcome. Since Tim had gone, Jerry had never come around nor even sent them a picture postcard. Perhaps it was because Tim was away or Jerry himself might be in the service.

Reminiscing is comforting to a tired mind, she concluded.

The snow had stopped falling and the earth seemed heavy with the whiteness. Suddenly she heard strains of "Oh, Holy Night" drifting from somewhere. She opened the curtains and saw below a group of carolers. It made her feel warm and cozy and just as though she knew them, even though they were strangers. She closed the curtains still feeling happy within herself.

This song is a symbol of the free spirit, free to wander in the streets; no curfew to drive people into shelter at twilight. Free to bring cheer to the sick and the sad at heart. This is the only right way, she told herself with deep conviction.

Suddenly she felt glad, glad to be alive; glad to be a small part of this free land; proud to have someone defending the free spirit; proud to have a son born in this free land.

It had not been a lonely Christmas Eve, but it was quiet and restful living somewhere between the past and future, leaving the present for another day. How long could one go on living in memory or in hope?

Julie was sitting with her mother watching the embers in a pensive mood. Someone knocked quietly on the door, startling her but bringing her back to reality.

Who would be knocking at the door at this hour? Perhaps a neighbor wanted something. Quickly she unlocked the door and opened it.

"Jerry!" she exclaimed. "How are you?"

"Great, just great, Julie!"

"Do come in. You're the last person I ever expected to walk in that door tonight."

"Sorry I couldn't get here sooner, but I was detained. It's a long story, Julie. Are you too tired to talk to-night? It's late. I could come back tomorrow."

Julie paced about the room too excited to remain quiet. She turned towards him. "Other than my husband, I don't know anyone I'd rather see tonight. Of course I want to talk with you."

Jerry lit a cigarette and the smoke curled in little spiral patterns. He settled in a low easy chair and began to talk: "It's that husband of yours that brought me here—"

"Nothing has happened to him," Julie interrupted.

"No, now don't worry that blond noggin of yours." Julie smiled a smile of relief.

"You see, Julie, I am in the service too, but it's a different kind of service. You notice that I am not wearing a uniform, still I have an important job to do."

"Not the F. B. I.?" she quizzed.

"No, Mrs. Glanton. Don't you remember that airplanes were always a particular hobby of mine? I renewed my pilot's license, went to night school and three months ago I was accepted for the Ferry Command. Of course there was work, but it was worth it. Sounds easy. It wasn't."

"Home town boy makes good. That's wonderful Jerry!"

"My story has only begun."

"You ferry those planes to England, don't you?"

"My, Mrs. Glanton, you catch on fast." Jerry smiled coyly.

"Just a minute—"

"And incidentally, I saw your husband just three days ago."

"Jerry, you wonderful fool! The idea of keeping this from me."

"Keeping it from you! I got here as fast as I could."

"Where did you see him? How is he? Is he still the same Tim?"

"Not so fast! Not so fast! Remember there are such things as military secrets. Don't ask questions, Julie. You already know that we come back on ships. I suppose you are thinking that it must have been a fast ship. Don't ask me how I got here. I'm here, that's all. Stop standing there, Julie, you give me the jitters."

(Continued on page 24)

Is There A Santa Claus?

● By KATHLEEN WHETRO

What do you believe about Santa Claus? This article might give you a new angle on the subject. Like all of the writer's contributions to the Exponent, it will be worth your time to read it.

WITH the Christmas season approaching I am reminded of a story, a true one, that comes to us out of the annals of newspaperdom.

The scene is the editorial department of The New York Sun. The time is a wintry day of some years ago.

The editor enters his office and, yawningly, begins his ritual of examining the stack of mail on his cluttered desk. It is an assortment typical of what any editor can expect to find: bills, invitations to speak at civic meetings, bills, complaints, bills, derisive comments from "crack-pots," bills, syndicate letters, and—bills.

Suddenly the editor plucks a piece of notebook-paper from the mass. Its childish scrawl says:

Dear Editor,

*Is there a Santa Claus? My friends
have told me there isn't.*

- VIRGINIA.

The writer leans back in his swivel chair and stares out the window. Somewhere in that metropolitan city is a little girl, one of many little girls in the universe. She is suffering those first agonizing, bitter doubts that precede disillusionment. She has appealed to one in whom she has faith for the truth. If he gives it?

The minute hand of the clock moves methodically along its customary way: people come and go; the telephone jangles and is answered, jangles and is answered—and again and again; letters are dictated; proofs are examined. Through it all the editor wrestles with his problem. There is at stake the heart of a little girl. That heart might be broken. Children's hearts break easily, however, and usually are as easily repaired. But is this the usual child?



So the editor reflects. Finally, his mind decided, he picks up a stub of pencil and a handful of copy paper. Out of his hieroglyphics comes one of the most famous newspaper editorials of all time.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

On the face of things the man seems to lie. Having read his editorial once I can attest that his explanation, a very Christian one in fact, really proves that Santa Claus is no myth.

You do not believe in Santa? Then let me tell you about a family that does.

This time the scene is an impoverished cabin in the Cumberlands of Kentucky. It is home for a sharecropper, his wife, and their seven children. Fifty dollars in money is a liberal estimate of their year's earnings. Christmas is the same as any other day in the year except, if the weather 'lows, they trudge several miles to a cold, dismal "church-house" to hear about the Child born in a manger. There comes a year, however, when Christmas is like that day the outlanders, whom they had met the previous summer, used to talk about. It is a day made festive with candy and nuts, with toys and picture-books, and with warm clothing.

That good family, from the "least un" up to "papa" will tell you, "sartainly thar's a Santa Claus!"

You still do not believe in Santa Claus?

Perhaps I can convince you with a story about an executive in a large organization who becomes misty-eyed at the mention of a Christmas tree. The man in question is a member of a staid "Down East" family.

He lived his boyhood in a rural section where pines, spruce, and hemlock give a picot edge to every farm plot, yet he never had a Christmas tree. He describes his remembrances of youthful Christmases as those days on which "Father used to pitch each of us boys an orange and a pair of socks."

The years passed the forty-mark for that man with Christmas continuing to be just a date on the calendar until—but let us visualize the scene as though it were today:

Two tired business men return from a long drive over icy roads. They have spent a weary day in a series of disturbing conferences. It is Christmas eve when they arrive at the bachelor's apartment. The bachelor invites his married companion to come in for a drink. They enter, not to the usual dark, soundless living-room, but to a room alight with a glowing Christmas tree that tinkles in the draft from the open door. For the first time in his life the New England bachelor has a Christmas tree with gifts, all gayly wrapped, stacked at its base.

"This is no place for me," the married man wisely announces. "I'll leave you alone with Santa Claus." He backs out of the room, his going unnoticed by the other man, who has completely forgotten about the invitation to have a drink.

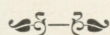
Now one more story about an adult who believes in Santa Claus. The principal character is a young

woman. As a little girl she had faithfully put up her stocking each Christmas eve. Christmas mornings never rewarded her, though, with the goodies and pretties that other little girls her age always received. Instead, her practical-minded relatives bestowed on her handmade pillow slips, cups and saucers, silver spoons, and like articles for a "hope chest."

A couple years ago the young woman, who had never known the joy of a child's Christmas, came home to a scene such as this:

A large red stocking, stuffed to its brim, hangs from the mantelpiece. Numerous colorful packages repose beneath the small tree that she herself had trimmed the day before. It is the kind of a Christmas she has always wanted. She takes down the bulging sock, seats herself on the floor as any curious child would, and begins with wild delight to empty the sock's contents. Candy canes, nuts, oranges, apples, and foolish, but clever, trinkets tumble onto the rug. Next come the big gifts more suitable for an adult, but it is several hours before the young woman is able to return to the reality of being an adult. Yes, she will tell you that there is a Santa Claus. Each Christmas she hangs up her stocking, assured that Santa will not forget her now.

Santa Claus is still on the job, mark my word. Keep on the watch for him. Perhaps you may not need to watch, for you yourself may be Santa Claus!



CHRISTMAS LULLABY

Baby Jesus, look up in the sky, dost Thou see
How lovely the bright star is shining for Thee?
It trails through the heavens its streamers of light,
And all for Thee, Jesus, it shines in the night.

Art Thou cold, little Jesus? The breath of the kine
Will warm little Jesus, the Infant divine.
The little white lamb with its softest of fleece
Is Thine, little Jesus, so slumber in peace.

At Thy feet, little Jesus, the wise men outhold,
For Thee, little Jesus, their offerings of gold.
Does it please little Jesus, this bright yellow stuff?
What more canst Thou want? Hast Thou not got
enough?

The star, lamb, and gold doth the Infant heart please,
But soon Baby Jesus grows tired of these.
A plaything He seeks. Here's an offering from me;
My heart, little Jesus, oh may it please Thee.

—MARY C. FERRIS.

Meet Mister Claus

• By THOMAS STANLEY



*Read about how St. Nicholas
became Santa Claus.*

POOOR MISTER CLAUS is just about the most misunderstood and the most falsely represented person in the world. The strangest part of his unhappy situation is the fact that his real self is so much more interesting than the fictitious one. But Mister Claus is a meek and exceedingly generous individual, satisfied with the libelous statements made about himself so long as they provide happiness for others. However, I am afraid that he will soon have to take a more bellicose attitude, for, if matters continue in their present course, he will eventually lose even his present greatly diminished influence. But before we get too far ahead of his story, let us begin this most startling of all biographies from the beginning.

Mister Claus was born in the little town of Patara in Lycia, a province of Asia Minor, sometime in the fourth century. His wealthy parents gave him the very sensible name of Nicholas, which future generations insisted on condensing to Claus. In his early youth Nicholas was left an orphan and an heir. Among friends he was known as a "good and holy lad", especially outstanding for his charity.

It happened one day that he heard of the sad plight of a father, once abounding in riches, but now constrained by circumstances to dire poverty, and of his three daughters, who, lacking doweries, were about to fall into lives of sin. Nicholas' heart melted, and one dark night he crept up under their window and threw in a bag of gold. He must have been low in ready cash, for he had to repeat the process twice more before he could provide adequately for all three girls. On his last trip it seems he was caught, but the shy donor extracted from the old father the promise never to tell of his philanthropy—a promise which was evidently not kept.

There is another and more poetic version of this story which has it that what Nicholas tossed into the window were not bags of gold but golden apples. This gave the event a more Christmas-like setting and undoubtedly also provided the inspiration for the sign of the three golden balls and the pawnbroker's claim to Nicholas' patronage.

Furnishing doweries was the closest Mister Claus ever came to marriage. As a young man he entered the monastery of Sion near Myra, and, because he was both scholarly and saintly, it is no surprise to find him soon succeeding his abbot and, later, the Archbishop of Myra. Since the latter dignity was conferred on him during the persecution of Diocletian, it was not long before he was apprehended and put on trial. He confessed his Faith, was tortured, and finally cast into prison, where he remained until the accession of Constantine.

It was during his episcopate that the most famous of his many miracles occurred. It seems that Eustathius, governor in Bishop Nicholas' vicinity, accepted a bribe to execute three innocent men. On the morning the execution was to take place the Bishop appeared on the scene, held up the proceedings, and obtained by a good deal of verbosity both the freedom of the men and the repentance of the governor. Three officers on their way to duty in Phrygia witnessed this event. Later on they were imprisoned in Constantinople, and, on the false charges of Ablavius, prefect of the city, were put in line for execution. The officers prayed to Nicholas and he on his part appeared to Ablavius and Constantine in their sleep, upbraided them for their crime, and induced them to acknowledge the innocence of their prisoners.

Down through the years this incident has varied in retelling according to the locality and imagination of the recounter. At present it goes something like this. One night a rich man and his three little sons stopped at an inn. The innkeeper, for reasons that vary from account to account, killed the three little boys, cut them up, and hid them in a barrel of brine, presumably to obligingly preserve the evidence. Bishop Nicholas, also staying overnight at the inn, heard of or discovered the crime and promptly restored the children to life.

After a good many years the Bishop, like other men, finally died. He was immediately and popularly declared a saint and his cultus rapidly spread far and wide. The more devotion to him increased the more did various categories find sufficient reason in one or the other of the many stories told of him to claim him as patron. A more or less exhaustive list includes:

Russia, virgins, children, scholars, sailors, soldiers, pawnbrokers, and robbers, or as they are more poetically called, "clerks of St. Nicholas."

A shrine was built in honor of the Saint and it was a popular resort for pilgrims until 1034, when the Saracens took over the city of Myra. Immediately after this misfortune several Italian cities, especially Venice and Bari, began competing in plotting the recovery of the precious relics. Finally, in 1087, some merchants of Bari worked a ruse on the Turks and brought home the body, for the Saint's remains had been (in fact, still are) preserved incorrupt. Out of gratitude for his deliverance he cured thirty persons the day his body landed at Bari, and he has made a regular business of therapeutics there ever since.

The fame of St. Nicholas thus received a new impetus and spread wider and wider up into Switzerland, Germany, and Holland. In fact, as a subject in art he was soon second only to Our Blessed Mother. Gradually he came to be associated with Christmas and gifts were distributed on that day in his honor. His devotees multiplied, his legends were enhanced, and his influence for good spread unbelievably, until one day there came a great spiritual depression, and St. Nicholas' true self collapsed in the crash of religious unity.

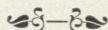
All his glory faded; his power and his title were denied him. He was now only a Nordic magician riding about at Christmas time on a magic horse supposedly distributing "goodies" to obedient boys and girls. Worst of all, his name was corrupted to just Mister Santa Claus.

Fearing the worst but hoping for the best, Mister Claus accompanied the Dutch settlers over to New York, where he was soon taken charge of by a self-

appointed propaganda manager — Bret Harte. Mr. Harte succeeded, as do most such propagandists, in selling everything but the truth. A horse would never do for Christmas, so he conjured up a sled and reindeer. A Bishop's garb was entirely out of place; a Russian winter outfit would do as well. To provide a supply house, he assigned Mister Claus a workshop and elves, and to preserve him from season to season, he kept him on ice at the North Pole. Mr. Harte was succeeded by Clement C. Moore, who added a few details of his own and condensed the whole into "Twas the Night before Christmas." Lately he has acquired an airplane for reindeer and a factory in place of a workshop.

From America St. Nicholas, now only the made-over Santa Claus, traveled over the world becoming re-adapted according to the several continents. In Europe he changed his white trimmings to blue. In South America he lost weight fast and changed his costume to something like that of a matador. The African climate changed his color, forced him into a white suit, straw hat, and fan, and robbed him of his beard and boots. In Asia he was influenced most by India, there donning only a turban and bedsheet.

Mister Claus is very worried just now. Unless he puts his foot down soon, he is doomed to extinction. He doesn't mind the setbacks and new attire. All he asks are three simple favors, a sort of return for the three golden apples he once sent special delivery through a window. First of all, he'd like to have his rightful name, *Saint Nicholas*, returned to him. Then, he wants everyone to realize that he has presents, not only for children, but for grown-ups as well. And finally, he desires that his true address be made public so as to prevent confusion and delay during the Christmas mail rush. It is, and mark it well: ST. NICHOLAS—UP IN HEAVEN.



CHRISTMAS LULLABY

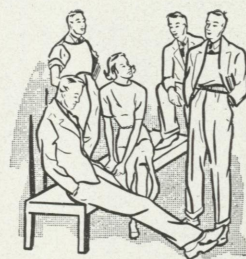
Jesukin, pretty Lamb,
Sleep within my arms.
Joseph will protect us.
From all cares and harms.

Jesukin, snowy Lamb,
Close Your starry eyes.
Angels sing a slumber song
In the velvet skies.

Jesukin, Mother's Lamb,
Dream upon my breast.
I will never leave You,
Hush, my Baby, rest.
—SISTER MARY DAVID, S. N. D. de N.



POTPOURRI



CHRISTMAS - 1942

"O, holy night, the stars are brightly shining
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth . . ."

"Yes, Christmas night, but there isn't any silence. It's 1942! I keep hearing bombs bursting up near the front lines and the reports of those cannon convulse the earth for miles. I keep wondering how many were killed each time . . . What stars? All I could see if I looked over the top would be smoke and that red haze far off against the sky . . ."

Look, soldier, oh look! Can't you see the brightness all around? It's there. Don't blind your eyes to truth this night because you are lonesome and afraid. It is the only Light for you to look to, since it is Love. So great a love that could give an Only Begotten Son to earth. And that Love is still here, soldier. The star is brightly shining!

"Long lay the world in sin and error pining
Then he arose and the soul felt its worth . . ."

"Is there no peace? When will it come? O God, where are you? It's so dark and we mortals lose faith. Is this world never to be free?"

Look, friend, look. Out there beyond the lines, beyond the blackness of this battle. Do you see? The green pasture and a still lake. You remember. Open your Bible once more. That is the promise. And read that other promise, too. "A star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." That is the Word you want. And tonight is Christmas—and re-born in men's hearts is this Word!

"The thrill of hope. The weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn . . ."

"Oh, my Father, I am tired. They say my son was killed. But how can I believe it? Tonight is Christmas Eve. On the night Thy Son came into the world I know Thou wouldst not let mine be taken from me."

Look, Mother, look. Over, over across the sea. Your son is safe. He was found early this morning in the grayness of a quiet dawn. In his unconscious hand the Bible you gave him lay open. "And the nations shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth shall

bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates thereof shall not be shut by day: for there shall be no night there." Yes, a glorious morn, dear Mother!

"Fall on your knees, o, hear the angel voices.
Oh night divine, oh night when Christ was born."

"Mother, is this really Christmas? It doesn't seem like the one we had last year. That was a jolly time. You know Mother, I was cold last night. But then I thought that 'specially on Christmas Eve, why Jesus wouldn't let me be cold. And He didn't, because He came and covered me up. He leaned over me and it seemed like He was crying. Then He told me to believe in Him—and went away. But I know He's near, Mother. We don't need to be afraid as long as we believe."

My son, my son. His words—"A little child shall lead them," and, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do he also shall do." Oh, but hear the voices crying in this wilderness. Open your eyes and see, unstop your ears and hear—This night, the Christ is born.

"And you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

—ADA KAY BOMFORD.



"You Shall Find the Infant"

Christmas Eve . . . in the streets people pushing and shoving . . . consulting shopping lists . . . trying frantically to remember what they gave Aunt Mary last Christmas . . . wondering whether they will get something from the people across the street . . . absent-mindedly tossing a coin to the "Mile-O-Dimes" . . . over the confusion the tinkle of the Salvation Army bells . . . no one hearing them . . . newsies crying the headlines of war . . . carollers singing "Peace on earth" . . . everywhere people calling out "Merry Christmas" . . . dozens of Santa Clauses . . . tired salesgirls with aching feet . . . a half-clad little newsie shivering into a florist shop, his grimy hand filled with pennies to buy Mamma a rose for Christmas . . . children with wide eyes being dragged through a veritable wonderland of toys by impatient mothers who wish they had "left the kid at home" . . . half the city clad in warm furs, feast-

(Continued on page 24)

REGULATION U. S. ARMY

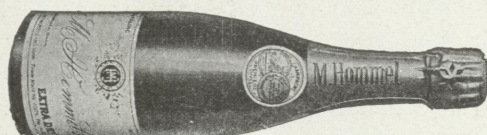
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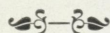
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DAYTON, OHIO

(Continued from page 4)

Dusk was already settling over a dark, cloudy Christmas afternoon, but in the front room of the modest white house on the corner only a small reading lamp and the lights on the Christmas tree were lit. John Carter, standing in the doorway to the kitchen, lit his pipe, laid the match in the ash tray, and, through a puff of smoke, smilingly surveyed his family in the little parlor. Nine-year-old Bobby lay on his stomach, chin in his hands, eyes unblinking, as sixteen-year-old Roy screwed together an elaborate contrivance from an Erector set—Bobby's set, of course, since Roy considered himself too old now to own one. Little Mary Ellen, ten, stood next to Bobby, dividing her attention between her new doll and Roy's creation. Janet, just two weeks past her fourteenth birthday, was curled up on the sofa under the reading lamp, one hand turning the pages of a book, while the other made slow, rhythmic journeys between her mouth and a dish of popcorn beside her. It was a grand family,



(Continued from page 17)

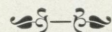
"I'm sorry. Tell me more, not military secrets, of course."

"I can't tell you much about the circumstances. About all that I can say is I just 'ran into' Tim quite accidentally. He's well, he's still madly in love with you and he wants to know about Little Tim." Jerry smiled at her happily.

"I don't know how to thank you, Jerry," Julie said with tears in her eyes. "Somehow Tim doesn't seem so far away now."

"Don't thank me, Julie Honey, thank Fate. Anyway, we'll pretend it was Fate and after the war is over Tim and I will tell you all about it. By the way, how is Little Tim?"

"He's fine, Jerry, and he looks just like his father."



(Continued from page 22)

ing and drinking, dancing and laughing . . . the other half starving and cold and bitter . . . bitter because there is no Santa Claus and because the story of Wise Men following a star seems so very far from their problems of eking out an existence.

The stars come out one by one and shine down on the city blanketed in snow, looking for all the world like a Christmas gift wrapped in tissue and tied with ribbons of gayly-colored lights. As the chimes ring out "Silent Night" the people gather in a Cathedral to

John Carter knew, this family of his. There'd been some hard times for him, with lay-offs and all during the depression. But things were different now. It was wonderful just to look at them there, with the tree, the lights, the tinsel shining . . . yes, wonderful.

He felt his wife beside him as she halted for a while from preparing supper. Their eyes met, they smiled, and both gazed at the little group in the parlor. It startled John a bit when he saw her wipe away a furtive tear. But he understood. There was one who was not there—the eldest, Johnny. A lump rose in his throat. Johnny had been "missing" at Corregidor. Quietly he put his arm around her shoulders.

"I know what you're thinking, Mary," he said, in a husky half-whisper. "Johnny's not here."

She nodded. "Oh, John, it's so wonderful . . . like this"—a tiny gesture toward the happy tableau around the Christmas tree—"Why . . . why can't we just live like this always? Why . . . Oh John, why do people have to fight these wars?"

Tell you what, if you could come back tomorrow you could see him then, but just now he is sleeping." Julie rose from her chair, tired, but happy.

"I'll do exactly that," said Jerry.

"Come and have Christmas dinner with us about two," said Julie's mother, coming in from the kitchen.

"Thanks a lot, I surely will. I know you are tired now, Julie, so I will go." He walked towards the door.

"Thanks a million for calling, Jerry. I will see you tomorrow. Good night."

"Goodnight, Julie. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Tim said to tell you your Christmas gift might be a little late; he had a terrible time trying to find anything good enough for you in England." He looked at her and smiled. "Gee, Tim's really a lucky guy!" He opened the door and quietly left.

listen to the Christmas story " . . . You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

But somewhere in Europe a mother is weeping, and as she looks at three empty stockings hanging in a row, she clasps her baby more tightly to her breast and sobs, "Where is this Christ who was born in Bethlehem? . . ." and there is no one to answer her . . . no one at all.

—RUTH DRISCOLL.

★

He's firing telephone wire at a Zero!

★



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