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UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT

Hymn of St. Patrick

CHRIST, AS A LIGHT, ILLUMINE AND GUIDE ME!

CHRIST, AS A SHIELD, O'ERSHADOW
AND COVER ME!

CHRIST, BE UNDER ME! CHRIST, BE OVER ME!

CHRIST, BE BESIDE ME,
ON LEFT HAND AND RIGHT!

CHRIST, BE BEFORE ME, BEHIND ME, ABOUT ME!

CHRIST, THIS DAY BE WITHIN AND WITHOUT ME!

CHRIST, THE LOWLY AND MEEK,

CHRIST, THE ALL-POWERFUL,

BE IN THE HEART OF EACH TO WHOM I SPEAK—

IN THE MOUTH OF EACH WHO SPEAKS TO ME—

IN ALL WHO DRAW NEAR ME,
OR SEE ME, OR HEAR ME!

MARCH, 1952

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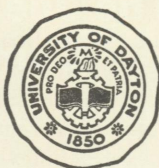
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University of Dayton

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ILLUSTRATORS

Dan Zamorski
Thomas Eshelman
Bette Osweiler

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• On March the seventeenth the Irish all over the world gather to celebrate the feast of Ireland's patron, St. Patrick. They sing the praises of St. Patrick and they recall the contributions of the Irish to the civilization of the world. The great men of the past left their stamp on the pages of history; they added their bit to the goodness and happiness of the world. St. Patrick is surely one of these great men and his achievements are in the mouths of men today all over the world. The Irish keep his memory alive by religious services, parades, banquets and speeches. They will not let him die, they are so proud of him and of the heritage that he has left them.

The Christian conquest of Ireland by St. Patrick has been told repeatedly until it is common knowledge. His conquest was not one of war, not of ruthless power and the confiscation of human rights. His battles were those of peace carrying the light of faith and learning into the black darkness of ignorance and paganism. He was a builder and not a destroyer. He filled the hearts of the Irish people with kindness and love for their fellow men and the people of Ireland down through the centuries have left their native shores in the interests of God and humanity. In the early ages of the Christian era they carried the torch of learning to the continent of Europe. Later their sons and daughters went out as missionaries to spread the faith that St. Patrick gave them to the far corners of the globe. There is no record in the pages of history of the Irish leaving their land to wage a war of conquest.

St. Patrick had a mission in the world, he performed it and the world is better off today for that performance. He is a model for all of us. We have a job to do and the doing of that job in the best possible manner will also help to make the world a better place to live in. If we could only induce the Communists to turn their efforts in line for making this a better world. And there are the Irish today who have kept the heritage of faith that the great Apostle gave them centuries ago. Sticking to that job faithfully day after day and

GLEANINGS

By The Rover

keeping those high ideals that are or ought to be ours, what an example we will then be to the world. It is something very much worthwhile to strive for.

* * *

A university is a place where students and professors seek for truth. The responsibility of university faculties and students is very great today because the forces that would destroy truth are more vicious and deadly than war weapons. The battle raging now is for the possession of the mind. If we bombard the human intellect with falsehoods, if we neglect and reject moral and spiritual values human dignity will be violated and the freedom of man will become a myth.



The university should be the arsenal of truth, the inspiration for a good life and the lighthouse of learning. The freedom for learning should be safeguarded and the students should be inspired to learn truth that is scientific, philosophical, artistic and theological. Science, philosophy and art are incomplete without theology if they are unrelated to the ultimate destiny of man, society and the world.

Newman said: "I wish the intellect to range with utmost freedom and religion to enjoy an equal freedom . . . but they should be found in one and the same place and exemplified in the same person."

The heart of a Catholic university is the chapel where dwells the Light of the World, the Source of all Truth. Let us ask the Dweller in our

chapel to illuminate our minds that we may find the truth.

* * *

The State Board of Regents in New York recommended that each day in school should begin with a prayer. This is the prayer. "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence on Thee and beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country. Amen."

One church group in opposing this prayer said: "This nation is founded by those who learned the tragedy of a society in which the state and Church were one. The place for specific teaching and formal practice of religion is in the home and church."

The historians tell us that while our nation was being founded all the schools in the country were primarily engaged in teaching religion. How could the horror of religion in schools have occurred to men who never heard of any school that was not inspired by the church? State-supported schools began in 1817.

We are banishing God from our schools. Almighty God is a jealous God. We know how He punished the Jews when they turned to idols and forgot Him. Because of neglect of God in our educational system we are drifting rapidly down the stream of materialism and religious indifference. It is a frightful thought to conjecture what may some day be the future of this great country because it is pushing God in the background.

* * *

Luther Allan Weigle, dean emeritus of Yale Divinity School, and a Lutheran, speaking before four hundred ministers in Los Angeles said: "It is time for those who believe in God to claim and insist on their full religious freedom. When the State through the Supreme Court threatens to exclude God from tax-supported schools and commits them to atheism, this is a denial of religious freedom." Dean Weigle's opinion is that the decision of the Supreme Court in the McCollum case that outlawed a released-time religious instruction program in

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University of Dayton

EXPONENT

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WOULD ATOMIC WEAPONS BE PRACTICAL?

By William Barnett

• Day after day and hour after hour, in the fields and mountains of Korea, husbands, sons, brothers, and relatives of families throughout the world are giving their all for the cause of world peace.

At the same time, on the home front in America, it is becoming increasingly apparent to the armchair generals that if the Third World War comes, unlike the two previous ones, it will undoubtedly be fought partially on American soil.

It is a frightening realization when one thinks that the weapons, similar to those which are being tested by the United States in Nevada deserts, may some day be turned upon American cities.

Some of these weapons have power enough to reduce our smaller industrial centers to rubble in the course of a few seconds. The proposed hydrogen bomb would be powerful enough to send alarmingly many of New York's skyscrapers tumbling to the streets below. These weapons would also spread radioactivity over a wide area of terrain, rendering it unsafe for human life.

There have been many discussions as to whether or not the next war will be fought with these dreadful atomic weapons. Some think that it will be chiefly atomic, and others choose optimistically to believe that it will employ only conventional weapons. I myself prefer to think in the latter vein.

Just as good lawyers do not make wild statements during a trial, but stick to logical reasoning for their success so must I resort to a form of logic to justify my conclusion in reference to atomic warfare.

Many times it has been said and proved by historians that history repeats itself. I see no plausible reason for this theory to fail now. Thus I proceed to show my reasoning in the case. In the first place wars do not just happen; they are caused. Their causes have been reduced to four major fields: 1) Religion; 2) Politics; 3) Economics; and 4) Social Problems.

From the beginning of history all the wars which have been fought can be classified as belonging to one or more of these groupings. The barbaric invasions, for example, were economic struggles in which thirst for power and wealth led barbaric leaders to wage war against neighboring countries. Then, in our own time, the second World War came, a war incited by a desire for political power. In it Hitler joined the long list of historical losers when he found that domination of free-minded people was impossible. One could go on and on citing examples, but in each of them one or more of the four major causes of war would be found.

We must realize that each of these causes of war necessarily brings a definite effect. If the cause is religious, the effect would be religious;

if the cause is political, the effect would be political, and so on.

We see, therefore, that war is fought with a specific end in mind, whether it be an ideal such as we are fighting for today, or a desire such as Napoleon fought for in the wars bearing his name. With this background in mind, I shall now proceed to show, as I see it, the implausibility of atomic warfare.

As is widely known because of the tests at Kikini, the explosion at Bikini, the explosion at Hiroshima, and the experiments in Nevada, the explosion of an atomic weapon leaves the area in which it is dropped useless as far as inhabitability or productiveness is concerned. In other words, wherever the bomb is dropped, the land is rendered useless to inhabitants. But what is more important, such an explosion renders the land useless also to the aggressive forces. An all-out atomic war could easily reduce any nations engaged to a condition near extinction. Undoubtedly the victor, though having won the war, would find himself seriously weakened by the loss of men, supplies, cultivated land, and economic resources. A nation in such a state would be easy prey for an upstart country which wished to gain recognition in the eyes of international powers.

It is, therefore, my conclusion that an atomic war is not practicable, because in that type of fighting

(Continued on Page 23)

THESE GIFTS

By James J. Gleason

• "Well, I guess I'll go out and feed the hogs 'n milk the cows," Charles Ranson said as he pulled on his heavy boots. It was the same announcement that he had made for the last twenty years. He then added the question which had accompanied his declaration through the years, "U'll supper be ready?"

"Yes, Charles," his wife answered. It was the always-ready answer for the ever-present question. Why not? It was a formula just as neat as a catechism.

As Charles walked down the little path, now covered with snow, Amy looked from the kitchen window and watched him, noticing his breath belch into a short-lived whiteness against the darkening sky. That formula completed, Amy turned back into the kitchen to hurry supper along.

If Amy Ranson had had at one time any grace in her appearance or movement, it was gone now. She was what city-dwellers would speak of as the typical wife of a farmer: not young, not old, neither pretty nor ugly—nondescript in every detail, from her graying hair, knotted at the back of her neck, to the soles of her old black shoes. In between? Just a faded blue housedress, which, to be in style, Amy had lengthened quite noticeably.

As Amy set the table she thought of the two places, Charles' and her own. All the children have left us now, thought Amy. The girls, Joan married 'n livin' out in Indiana, 'n Mary down in the city takin' Nurse's Trainin'. Well, Mary always was a hand at playin' nurse even when she was just a youngun, always bandagin' up the dog's paw or somethin' 'o the like. And Jack out farmin' on his own. He don't have his own farm yet, but he has got a mighty fine wife 'n kids, 'n a good landlord, 'n I guess that's 'bout all that really matters. Seems like it ain't fair, though, that Billy had to go to the

army. Eighteen, that's mighty young to be goin' away from home, into the army. Bill don't know nothin' 'bout fightin' anyway. Always was kinda frail—and so young. Well, don't s'pose there's anythin' we kin do 'cept pray that he'll come home safe.

Amy lifted her eyes toward the smoke and greasy ceiling above the old stove, "Oh please, God," she said, "let Billy come home safe." She then turned to the pantry. Emerging with a broom, she was about to brush away a spider's web from the smoked, greasy walls when she sighed and took the broom back to the pantry. She looked around the kitchen, then moved to the window to see if Charles was coming back. The blanket of undisturbed snow by the barn door told her that he had not yet begun the milking. She slipped wearily, almost cautiously, into the chair by the window, and propping her head on her arm she peered into the gathering dusk and waited for Charles.

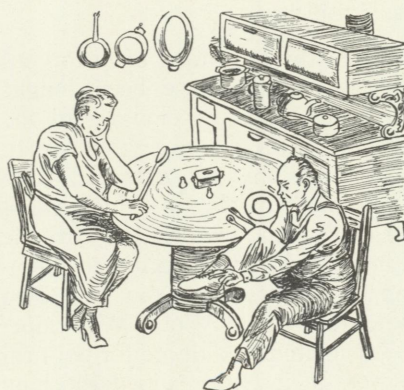


Illustration by Dan Zamorski

She sat thinking of the times past when she and the children sat at the same window and waited for Charles. She thought of how the children ran out to meet him and begged to carry the milk pails, promising not to spill them. "Charles 'n me has had a good life," she said aloud, breaking off her reverie. Then she added, "Well, he ain't comin' yet, wonder what he's doin'?"

Charles Ranson stood silhouetted against the evening sky. His always-chapped, well-weathered face was turned away from the penetrating East wind. His clothes lent no distinguishing marks to his figure. His heavy-set frame of medium height was covered by blue denim overalls and a jacket of the same coarse material. The kind of dress which others, wearing scarves and turned-upcoat collars, would look at and shiver. One needed only a glance to know that Charles was a man of the land.

Charles did not notice the squealing and grunting of the hogs as he spasmodically tossed the ears of corn from the wagon. The steady chomping of their daily fare formed background music for his plodding thoughts: If I kin git that patch o' woods cleared off this summer, it'll mean that much more land fer crops. 'Course that'll take a mite 'o work fer one body, but if Billy gits home this summer, I think we could handle it. Bill's gittin' to be a man now, not that he ain't doin' a man-sized job already, but he could do a heap o' work 'round here, too.

The corn was gone. Charles looked down at the muddy, half-frozen wallow littered with corncobs stripped of their fruit. Them hogs is gonna bring a lot when they's ready, the way prices is now-a-days, thought Charles. Costs a plenty to raise hogs though, treatin' 'em 'n buyin' corn fer 'em when you run out. Maybe I should try sheep; they don't bring like on to as much, but they ain't no bother either.

From his vantage point on the wagon, Charles looked over his farm. The flat bare fields were now devoid of life, but with the spring they would green and grow and then golden into the late-summer harvest. He thoughtfully contemplated the ancient corncrib. With its sway-backed roof and sagging sides it looked as if it might at any minute complete its decaying tumble of twenty-odd years. Had talk been work it would have been long since braced into an upright position. The red barn was pocked and scarred by the weather into a slate-gray color, dappled here and there

with a faded-red rusted hue. It seemed to speak of its once bright youth as does a pitiable old lady when trying to retell of the beauty of her past years. The windpump stood straight and cold scraping the low-hanging sky. The skeleton trees of the woods grouped together for warmth and stretched their arms above their bodies like the Jansenistic statues of the crucified Christ. In the small orchard the pear trees, now bare of their leaves and tear-drop fruit, shook their brittle nerve ending in pain at the sharp, pointed wind. And finally the house betraying its life within only by a mute whisp of black smoke which begrudgingly left the chimney to be blown into bits of the darkening sky.

Charles eased himself off the wagon, examined its broken tongue, and then turned toward the barn. Once inside, he lit the light and started milking. A dog raised himself from a pile of hay in the corner, stretched, yawned, and then padded his way over to the milk pail looking for a handout. Charles absent-mindedly patted the dog on the head. "Shep, whatta you think 'bout limin' that back field? More 'n likely pay off, wouldn't it, boy?" Shep wagged his agreement and sniffed the milk.

Charles picked up the pail, and, stepping out into the white-gray gloom, cast his eyes toward the sky. He dropped his gaze and waved his arm in greeting to a passing car. He didn't know the people, but it was just a way with Charles—like a man, who, marooned on an island, signals a passing ship which is ignorant of his existence. Once again he looked up at the sky. Night was about to happen.

"Well, sir, I ain't s'prised to see it," Charles said as he watched the first few flakes of snow begin to fall. "Been lookin' 'n feelin' like snow all day. Might turn into a real winter yet, Shep."

As he walked up the path, he anticipated the warmth of the kitchen. When he saw Amy sitting at the window, he again lifted his mechanical greeting, and his thoughts turned to her: I s'pose Ma gits purtty
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FOUNDING A COLLEGE

By Henry Barnet

● Most people are interested in the lives of men and women. In fact, after a while readers tire of fiction and turn to the actual accomplishments of those who have left their footprints in the sands of time. With these introductory remarks I would like to present to the readers of the *Exponent* some comments on the *Biography of Mary McLeod Bethune* written by Catherine Owen Peare.

Some years ago while I was at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama it was my good fortune to meet and hear a lady whom I regard as one of the great educators in this country, the subject of this biography, Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune. The book was written (by an author of outstanding interracial articles) primarily for young people, but I read it with growing interest.

Through various educational studies I have learned of the works of many men in the field of education, such as Froebel, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Barnard and Dewey, and naturally I was interested in adding one more educator to my list. Reading the book afforded me also an opportunity to fulfill a long-cherished desire to know something more about Mrs. Bethune. I hope historians and educators will recognize Mrs. Bethune's accomplishments and give her a rightful place among the educators of the nation.



This true life story of this noted Negro educator begins in a South Carolina cabin where the barefoot daughter of newly-emancipated

slaves dared dream of an education not only for herself but for her race.

Mary Jane, one of seventeen children, showed an early determination to acquire an education. Her craving for knowledge was truly deep and genuine. She trudged the long miles to the tiny mission school, and thus began to fulfill what seemed an impossible dream for a barefoot cotton picker. Life on the farm was not easy for Mary. The chores were many and varied. Work began when it was light enough to see. Although the cabin was shaky and leaned to a little, the family labored with love for it was their land and it was free.

Mary secured a scholarship, established by a Quaker, to Scotia Seminary in Concord, North Carolina. Here her dream was beginning to be realized. A combination of hard work, faith, determination and prayer, this she used in accomplishing her aim. Her later years have been devoted to the fulfillment of that dream for others. Mary McLeod Bethune started her college for Negroes, the Bethune College in Florida, a school with a campus of some sixty to seventy acres, and with an enrollment at the present time of about two thousand students. A farm is connected with the school and the students work the farm and help defray the expenses of the school. Much of the food for the student body comes from the farm. Colleges of liberal arts and science and especially education offer courses for the men and women for the college is coed. Later in its history Bethune College became Bethune-Cookman College.

From a humble beginning Mrs. Bethune has risen to national recognition. She was a consultant at the San Francisco Conference that erected the United Nations. She has been the friend and advisor of presidents and statesmen. She has received recognition for her humanitarian

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THE FIGHTING FORTY

By Charles E. Brant

• "There is no other place like it in New York," I said categorically. "I've never tasted spaghetti as good as that before; and the cake and wine—I wish we were back at Gene's right now."

Tom Andrews was only half listening. "Yea," he said finally, "I know, but you are only making me hungry. I think I will stroll up to the chef's corner and see what's for chow." As I had nothing more constructive to suggest I continued working the bolt on my rifle and Tom disappeared through bushes in the direction of the field kitchen. Soon I heard him call, "Hey, Charlie, the chow line is forming. Grab your gear and let's sample the cuisine."

A few weeks of army life and one soon learns why the soldier needs no second summons to this particular phase of duty. I went on the double.

"Well, Corporal, you got your wish," observed Andrews, "spaghetti an' a da meat balls. Now if the grape juice in the G. I. can were only a little more sour, you'd have your wine to boot."

I looked in the food warmers. The K.P.'s were poking around in them with ladles at something resembling a discarded surplus of suspension cable, only this was colored a pale sort of white. The "meata balls" were lumps of singed hamburger half-hidden in a suspicious-looking sort of sauce. The effect is obtained by emptying several large catsup bottles into the pot in which the stuff is cooking. Rolling with the recoil so as not to lose any of the precious victuals as they were dumped promiscuously on my mess-kit, I sought out some pleasant spot in the sylvan surrounding and proceeded to devour my food, dispensing with the usual forms of etiquette. Chuck Simmers and Mike Robats soon came over. "Pull up a rock and be seated, gentlemen," I

offered gallantly. Mike sat down and crossed his legs Indian fashion. Chuck followed suit and we soon fell to idle conversation about the weather and the possibility of the mosquitos winning the war if they were able to harness atomic energy. It was not to last, however. As I planned an attack upon a particularly stubborn sector of spaghetti, big Jim Cannon came charging into the area. "This is it!" he kept shouting. "This is what we are here for. We're gonna have a ball tonight. Enjoy that meal fellas, cause we move out in two hours."

"Rumors," called Jack Brumley from the mess-line. "Pig's eye," retorted Cannon. "This is no blow-off. I was up at the C.P. when the major got the orders from the battalion headquarters."

The four of us stopped eating and looked at one another. Everyone in the company area did the same. So this was it. This was the final objective of our weeks of intensive training in the combat zone. I remember the slogan that cropped up so often during the last three years of drilling, studying and learning weapons: "Remember as you train—the battle is the pay-off." And this was to be our first contact with the enemy. Well, we were ready for it, I guessed. Ike Eisenhower had been prophesying as much ever since we got a "booster" visit from General Mark Parke a week ago. This was it and we wanted to make good. The forty of us made up the second platoon of a crack outfit. Lt. Fineline and good old Sergeant Allenby had worked hard to make soldiers out of us. We were led by a skillful commander, Major "Wild Bill" Harrington, the fearless, redoubtable veteran of numerous foreign campaigns who now promised glory and Silver Stars to all who followed him to victory. Tom and I headed back to our pup tent to saddle up our equipment. "Well," I said, "how do you feel about it all? Doesn't this news

kind of do something to you, inside, I mean?" Andrews shot me a fast glance and answered: "Yeah, it sure does. I feel just jolly; almost giddy with delight you might even say." Good old Sergeant Allenby stopped by as we were packing. "All right, men, if you want that last cigarette better smoke it now. No lights when we start to march."

We soon joined the rest of the platoon on the way to the company assembly area. As we passed the perimeter of the bivouac, I noticed the sign erected a few days before by Ed Kidnie, the wit of the outfit. It read: WELCOME TO THE SNAKE-PIT HOTEL. RIDICULOUS RATES. HOT AND RUNNING ROACHES. I remarked to Glenn Kodilla, walking next to me, "Quite a sense of humor." "Sure," answered Glenn, "he will carry that bag of tricks to war with him."

We formed in a clearing for our briefing. Major Harrington was already there. When all platoons were in, he spoke to us: "Men of Company C, you are about to embark on the big offensive. The battalion commander has selected you to bear the brunt of the attack tomorrow. We will move out tonight and cross the line of departure in the morning on the signal. This has been the purpose of your training and the reason you have been sent here. Before you lies the foe, extended, powerful, and sure of his position. Victory will not come on a silver platter. But I have confidence in you, men. I know that you can and will dislodge and defeat him. No matter what the cost, we'll upend that enemy and give their bottoms a first-class scraping; so let's go."

We started out to the road to join our tactical column for the march. Suddenly, I heard Lt. Fineline's voice penetrate the still air behind me. "Corporal Grant, you and Private Crewly will be the connecting link between the advance party and the main body. Take your

position." "Yes, sir," I answered, and turned to Crewley. "Come on, Bill, let's get this show on the road." We moved into our places and the column started forward.

It was, as I recall, about five miles from our bivouac area to the assembly point for the attack. While we marched along, watching carefully signs of the aggressor, I permitted myself the diversion of comparing the scenery at night to its appearance during the day, when the hot sun thrust its searching rays into every crest and culvert of that semi-tropical terrain. But now only a full mid-July moon fought to gain a few fleeting glimpses of the world below through gaps in the nearly overcast sky. The effect produced gave one the impression that the landscape was changing hue from silver-grey to deep purple, much like the image of a giant kaleidoscope.

Yet even the darkness did not bring much relief from the oppressive heat, and perspiration began to stream down my face, neck and legs. Soon we came to a cross-road, turned right and set our course for a large clump of trees in the distance. "Nice place for a trap, isn't it, Charlie? Do you think the enemy has patrols in that woods?" asked Crewley. "Can't say, Bill," I replied, "we ought to be fairly close to Moss Creek though, so we will probably be meeting some of the Aggressor's patrols pretty soon.

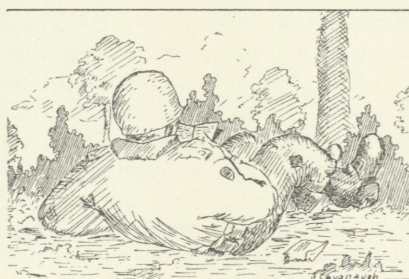
We had not gone a hundred yards when we heard a couple of shots up forward and saw the advance party head for the sides of the road and disperse. It was then that I saw a trail of sparks rising rapidly in the air from the area behind the woods. I knew very well what it was and instinctively I fell to the ground. I looked at Crewley. He was still standing. "Hit the dirt, Bill," I shouted in a hoarse whisper, "it's a flare, down!" Bill looked at me but he did not move. The flare burst above us flooding the ground with light.

Suddenly the raucous brack of a machine gun cut the silence and along the road little geysers of dust sprang up. Then I saw Bill fall over, but he did not make a sound, and

when the flare had burned itself out I crawled over to him. There was blood all over his fatigue jacket. "Good Lord, Bill," I said, "you are hit. Why didn't you duck when that flare went up? Didn't you see it?"

Bill grinned though his face was wreathed in pain, and a little rivulet of red trickled down his chin when he spoke. "They got me, Charlie, but they did not get my beer." He pointed to his knapsack and with these words toppled lifelessly out of my arms. I looked at the sack. Bill was right. Not a single bottle was cracked.

The advance party in the meantime had destroyed the Aggressor's machine gun and wiped out their small emplacement. The "clear" signal was given and I motioned the company to come up. After the company had halted and deployed in the woods, I rejoined my platoon. Lt. Fineline was barking his orders to the squad leaders: "Sgt. Holsberry, your squad area is by the road here. We are bedding down till the attack



in the morning. O.K., don't just stand there, let's function, Holsberry."

This business did not concern me, so I sought my own squad area where Tom Andrews had the tent set up. I crawled in. "They got Crewley back on the road," I said, "three slugs through the chest." "Sorry to hear that," he replied, "poor fellow, at least he did not suffer long. Have some coffee? Some left in this canteen." I drank what was left and settled down to sleep.

We awoke rather suddenly about three hours later, and without benefit of reveille. A mortar shell had landed in the center of the platoon

area and soon was followed by another which fortunately hit outside of the bivouac position. Instinctively I grabbed my helmet and rifle and crawled out through the tent flap. The men were trying to organize amid the confusion and I saw that the enemy shell had done its work effectively. Little Jerry Cork stumbled out into the darkness. "What happened, what happened?" he said, rubbing his eyes. "What's going on?" We were not long wondering. Don Swaller came up with the news. "They got a direct hit on Sackstiller's tent. He and Smyth wondered how the Aggressor was able to know our exact position, and it was only a week later that I found out. It seems Sackstiller had got new magazines and was trying to read them by a flashlight. That plus a lucky hit was all the enemy needed.

We soon found out that our work was cut out for us. Sgt. Allenby took charge of the platoon; Lt. Fineline could not be found. The word had been passed around the camp for him as soon as the fireworks started. Major Harrington feared at first that he had been hit, but a hasty search failed to show even a trace of him. However, there was not time to be lost; the attack could not be delayed till after dawn, for the Aggressor must have no chance to organize. We assembled at the line of departure and Al Cadwell, the squad leader of the First Squad, came back with the orders. Our sector was to be the extreme right flank and we were to move out in twenty minutes. Our own artillery had begun to pound the objective. I looked about me, at the faces of the other men of my squad, who like me were soon going to be face to face with the enemy. Those twenty minutes seemed like twenty hours. Norm Acheson and Joe Cutler, the squad automatic rifle team, tried to occupy themselves by checking their ammunition supply over and over. I heard a noise behind me. I turned and saw Simmer and Robots with a heavy machine gun which they proceeded to set up to give over head fire on the objective.

"Any word of Lt. Fineline?" I asked. "Not a bit," replied Simmer.

"No one knows where he is and they are sure he was not hit back there. I hear the Old Man is worried." I said that he would show up, but then even in the wildest dream I could not have imagined the circumstances under which we were to see Fineline again.

Then the zero hour arrived. Cadwell checked over his squad. "O.K., you guys," he said, "let's hit it." We clambered out over the ditch. I gave another tug on my cartridge belt, slammed my helmet on a little tighter and took my place in formation as we moved across the field. Then all hell broke loose along the line to our left. So this was a battle. It was very much like the Hollywood versions in the movies, I thought, but there was no symphony orchestra to set the mood music. So far no enemy had delivered fire on our sector so we kept on advancing. We all wondered when the Aggressor would spot us and who would be the first to get it, but we soon reached the initial objective and found out much to our amazement that it was unoccupied by the enemy. We re-grouped for instruction, and as it was getting a little lighter by now, Cadwell crawled forward to look over what lay before us. As he started back we discovered that the enemy had not deserted our front. A sniper in a clump of bushes about two hundred yards out got Al in the hip just before he reached his position, but in doing so he gave away his own position and Norm Acheson filled the thicket with A R fire. We saw the fellow fall to the ground. Ed Friday then went out and dragged Cadwell to safety, but no sooner had he done so when the earth behind us seemed to erupt with fire and steel. A heavy artillery concentration had completely cut us off from contact with the rear. The shells were falling closer and the noise and concussion was shattering. What to do? With the squad leader wounded, I looked at Andrews—there was only one course open to us. We had to move forward. A look of determination froze on Tom's face and pointed towards the foe. "Three cheers for Harrington! Up men and at 'em!"

It took little encouragement to leave that place so with Cadwell hanging on Friday's back, we charged forward. We had moved about six hundred yards still without encountering any enemy units when we came upon an area that was obviously fortified but unoccupied. Andrews halted the squad and checked his map. According to his map we had outflanked the objective and were now well behind the enemy lines. "Well," said Bob Peck, "if that is not jumping out of the frying pan into the fire! We clear out of a concentration area and walk right into an enemy's parlor." I replied, "At least you are in one piece." "Right," said Andrews, "now let's stay that way. Move into these foxholes quickly. We ought to be seeing something of the aggressor now."

We took up a circular position to afford maximum security, for Tom was right. We did not have to wait long. A party of men lead by an officer in Aggressor's uniforms, evidently in fast retreat from battle line came up the little dirt road near our position which was concealed from their observation. When they came alongside, we opened up on them with everything we had. After four of them had fallen, the rest threw down their weapons and raised their hands. Peck and Kidnie went forward to take the prisoners. When Kidnie went up to the officer he stopped as suddenly as if he had hit an invisible brick pile. "Well, I'll be —! Hey fellas, look who came to dinner!" he shouted. I took a closer look but I did not believe what I saw. Standing there at the point of Kidnie's bayonet was the treacherous turncoat, Lt. Fineline, arrayed in the gaudy uniform of the Aggressor. It took us all several minutes to grasp what had happened, and then we remembered his disappearance before the barrage last night.

"Well, men, I see you found our previously prepared positions a little before we did, but that is the way things go," remarked Fineline with a shrug. "We just did not bounce back quick enough." One man was for giving the lovable ex-platoon

leader a running start and using him for a transition target, but Brumley pleaded for the more humane course of taking him in as a prisoner and Andrews agreed.

Suddenly a green smoke streamer trailed across the morning sky to our left. It was the pre-arranged signal to cease the attack. We all exchanged glances. We had come through our first battle with the enemy. We were now veterans. Andrews formed the squad in tactical column, and marching our prisoners before us and carrying our wounded squad leader, we started down the road.

When we reached the company reorganization point our relief was even greater as we counted many of the old, familiar faces. There were Skiffert and Summer, inseparable "buddies" throughout the whole training period, chatting pleasantly as if nothing had happened while they set up field ranges for a quick meal. Marosco and Huff were opening several large gallon cans of ice cream. It certainly was good to get back. In the center of activities directing various operations was Major Harrington, gesticulating with his ever-present walking stick that gave him the air of a continental field marshall. Leading the prisoners, Andrews went up to report. "The first squad, second platoon reports, sir. One man killed, squad leader wounded—and, sir, we have bagged the cat!" At these words the company commander's eyes fell on Fineline. For a moment he was speechless and then understanding what had happened he spoke to the dejected officer.

"Why, Fineline, tell me why did you do it?" Fineline replied, "Why? Why not would be a better question. I'll tell you why. The Aggressor knew my worth. They promoted me to captain!"

We left the disposition of that case to the authorities and joined the rest of the company at chow where the conversation was replete with the highlights of the last battle. Nearly everyone had something to offer though there were some individuals who preferred to eat in

silence, and no one violated their privilege.

Soon afterwards the company organized to move back to bivouac area. Headquarters was sending a fresh battalion to occupy the ground we had won. We were going to get a few days rest. As we were "saddling up" Willie Yuth, the platoon's claim to musical fame, drew his old orange violin out of his field pack and proceeded to tune it. Leave it to him to have thought of the finer things of life in a moment like this. Rather amazed "Kingpin" Jackson asked him, "Willie, how in blazes were you able to keep that fiddle in one piece during all these fireworks?" Willie replied with a wink, "Confidentially, old boy, it is all a matter of presence of mind."

The Black Watch did have their bagpipes I thought to myself and the C Company did have fiddling Willie. We marched back to the rear area with the dulcet strains of Bach's Air for the G String.

The afternoon sun was beginning to set as we turned out onto the dirt road that we had moved up less than a day ago, and now it seemed less hot and fatiguing than it had been during the past weeks. Seeing the column of relief troops heading our way from the distance created a relaxed sensation in every one. I remember now, that at the time I wondered what each man was thinking, and I wanted to record the thoughts of those men. It was then that I formed a resolution. If and when I ever get back to the relative peace and quiet of Fort Apache, I will write down my impressions and recollections of our first fire-fight. I will dedicate it to my comrade veterans, and write it for the information of those men who would soon follow in our same footsteps.

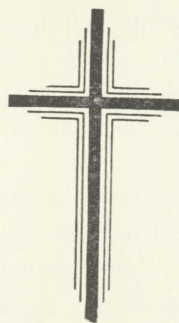
But the soldier has not much time for such reverie. Soon the columns of "green" troops were abreast of us. How remarkably clean they were I thought. Then Sergeant Allenby's voice rang out: "O.K. you men, drop the rocks out of your pockets and straighten up. Let's march like field soldiers."

A WARNING AND A PLEA

By William Johnson

• In February the Holy Father addressed to the people of Rome a message asking for a "mighty reawakening of Christians throughout the world." The thought that gives one consolation after reading the words of the Pope describing the awful and pitiable condition of the nations of the world is that God is in His heaven and that we may storm heaven with cries for help in our dire needs.

"The world is unconsciously walking paths which sweep on to ruin both bodies and souls, the good and the wicked, civilization and peoples." And then the Holy Father says that he wants to do everything in his power to spare the human race from such a frightful disaster. He chose the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes to give his message because he says that apparition in 1854 was the merciful answer of God and Mary to the rebellion of man and an irresistible summons back to the supernatural.



"The dangers at present threatening this generation are much more widespread and grave than pestilence and convulsions of Nature and their continuing threat has begun to make the nations almost insensible and apathetic." In order that we may not become insensible and apathetic he calls upon every one of us to examine with a courage that is worthy of the great moments of history what he can do to help a world that is started, as it is today, on the road to ruin.

The Pope warns us that there is a general condition in the world today that may explode at any time and the causes of this condition may be found in the religious lukewarmness of many people, in the low moral tone of public and private life, and in the systematic efforts to poison simple minds. "Now is the time to take decisive steps and shake off this fatal lethargy. It is time for all good men, for all who are concerned over the destinies of the world, to recognize one another and tighten their ranks."

Consider for a moment the pathos and the terrible tragedy in these words, "Men are asking guidance of the Church with explicit words and, even more, through tears which have been shed, through wounds still smarting, while men point to the endless cemeteries which organized and militant hate has spread over the continents."

The Holy Father asks his listeners to receive his message with a noble spirit of dedication, to recognize it as a call from God and as a worthy rule of life—the message "to launch a mighty reawakening of thought and action. This reawakening is a duty for everyone without exception, clergy and people, those in authority, families, groups, individuals, along the entire front of the complete renewal of Christian life, along the defense of moral values, in the realization of social justice, in the reconstruction of the Christian order."

The Pope says this is not the time to discuss and search for new principles or to fix new goals and aims. The principles and goals exist already because they were taught by Christ, clarified by the teaching of the Church and adopted to circumstances by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Now we want action. What does discussion avail without action?

The root of these modern evils and of their baneful consequences is
(Continued on Page 22)

GREYHOUND: CUPID

By Jack Rice

• "This is my first," the girl said.

Roger Grey's own feeling of being lost left him.

"Really?" he said.

The bus roared through the sunny, green countryside. Its white and blue sides were alternately reflected in the occasional roadside streams.

"What's it like, the first time?" asked Roger.

"Hasn't there ever been a first time for you?" asked Sally, and smiled with her eyes. "How did you feel on your first bus ride?"

"Sure, there's a first time for everybody. But I couldn't have been more than two or three years old. I don't remember."

"Well, there's always a place that you've never been past," she said thoughtfully. "You think that when you get on the other side of that place, everything will be different. The grass will be greener or browner or shorter or taller. The sky will be sunnier or cloudier or rainier or snowier. Then you get on the other side. Nothing is changed. The grass and the sky are the same. And the road just keeps on, as far in front as you can see, and as far in back as you can see." She sighed and crinkled her eyes up at Roger, "And that's what it's like the first time."

"Do you feel disappointed?" Roger asked.

"In a way, yes. And in a way, no," she said, and slipped her small hand between Roger's large ones.

The farms were beginning to get smaller and closer together. So that even though you couldn't see it, you could sense the nearness of some large city.

"Tell me more about your home," Sally said.

"Stoegerville? Like any other little town. All groceries and people, like a gigantic supermarket. Like no other town. Every little town is an individual, a person almost. You

could do two things for a living in Stoegerville. You could work in a grocery or you could farm."

"So you're going to Failor University?"

"So I'm going to Failor University to get away from both of them."

Farms were gone now, and houses began to cluster. The bus slowed its sprinting pace.

"I have to get off the bus pretty soon," she said, and sighed.

"So do I."



Illustration by Bette Osweiler

"Oh. Are you going to live in Midvale while you're in school?" she asked, her eyes shining.

"It looks like I'll have to," he said glumly.

"Don't say 'have to' like that. I live in Midvale," she added, unnecessarily.

"Want to, then," he smiled.

"Good. I'll see you again, then." She got up. "I get off pretty soon."

He held her hand, awkwardly because she was standing and he was sitting.

"Do you live inside the city limits?" he asked anxiously. He would have no car, no way to get out of town.

"Yes."

"I'll be at Failor all winter."

"You said that once," she smiled.

"Sorry." Awkward silence while they tensely watched the bus eat up the long, too-short, city blocks.

"I'd like to see you sometime."

"And I'd like to see you," she replied.

She smiled slowly, a smile of farewell, and started up the aisle. Roger would have followed her up the aisle, off the bus. He was in a strange town without taxi money to the university.

The bus ground to a stop. Sally jumped lightly down and started up the side street. Roger could faintly make out "Johnson Drive" on the curb stone. The bus started forward. Roger watched her, his face pressed against the glass, until the corner of a house hid her. The bus was picking up speed now. Second gear caught and held. Speed increased.

Roger was sick. Sick with despair at the thought of losing Sally. He had met his girl and lost her in one short bus trip. He didn't know her last name, her address, anything. He didn't have the faintest idea where to begin to look for her. He turned his face from the window and slumped in his seat. His foot kicked something.

Her purse. Sally had forgotten her purse!

Roger never thought of looking in her purse for some identification. Or if he did, he quickly put the thought away from him. His whole cultural background had taught him that an act such as that was mean and dishonorable. He hurried up the aisle.

"The girl that just got off the bus forgot her purse."

"We can't turn back now." The second gear whine ceased abruptly. The engine purred metallically in high. "Keep it and give it back to her, son."

"But I don't know where she lives. How can I give it back to her?"

"2420 Johnson Drive," said the bus driver, easing around a red furniture van. "But," he said, as if to himself, "Sally has been riding buses all her life and never forgot her purse."

"Wait a minute," cried Roger. "How come you know so much about Sally?"

"Easy, son," the bus driver smiled. "I'm her father."

AMERICA, THE ARTS, AND SCIENCES

By Roger H. Keith

• Today's proponents of art with a capital A are following the phenomenal rise of technology in our civilization with amazement, concern, and perhaps a tinge of jealousy. They have a reason to do so; the advances of science have come with machine-gun rapidity, and are becoming more numerous at an exponential rate. The fine arts have been growing, but at nowhere the speed of technological advance.

The growth of science has been a matter of expedience; Euclid's geometry is one of the granite blocks in the temple of civilization; Newton's laws of motion are prerequisite to any understanding of kinetics. Man must eat, and technology provides the means of finding the meal. It's a better meal, too.

Science as we know it today was born in the sixteen hundreds, as a direct result of the removal of self-imposed secrecy from scientific results by these antediluvian experimenters. After this "trade-secret" attitude was banished, the printed word soon diffused scientific knowledge, so that all could benefit by the experience of a few, and perhaps some could be inspired to experiment themselves.

It seems that almost all of those who come into contact with science give it an added impetus, whether they do so through their work, a hobby, or even through driving an automobile; each contributes something: a theory, a fact, an experiment, an improvement, or perhaps a little "public relations work" in the form of a chat with the barber on the advantages and disadvantages of this year's windshield wiper. Thus practically everyone who comes in contact with science gives the technological bandwagon a push up the road to truth, whether they do so by constructive or destructive criticism, or by a silence which implies assent.

We have thus seen the life and times of technology in a somewhat condensed form. A look at the fine arts is in order. The application of skill and taste according to aesthetic principles is as old as man himself; art enjoyed popular acclaim throughout the ancient world, and the medieval period also saw widespread interest in that branch of learning. During those times it easily surpassed the limited progress of science. But not so today.

But art is a subjective business; any man with an apple can verify the law of gravity, and if an apple is not available, an orange or a banana will do just as well. The man in the street cannot so simply prove to himself that Hogarth's line of beauty, the s-curve, is pleasing to the eye. To him it's either "O.K."



or "stinko", and he's entitled to his opinion; after all, he enjoys art to please himself. If Mr. Man-In-The-Street dropped that green apple from his lunch and it floated in mid-air, a convocation of scientists would assemble in no time. In spite of the fact that many people disagree with the technique of Mr. Dali, the latest word has it that his watches are still keeping their abstract liquid time. Theories and postulates have much less objection to change or annihilation than artists do, and personally I like it that way.

Thus it is seen that technology is furthered from without as well as from within, yet the arts gain little *directly* from the general public. If the number of artists and artistic enthusiasts is increased, the public will realize not only that art is real and living, but that it is also "very handy to have around". An increase in popular interest will in turn cause an increase of taste, skill, and aesthetic understanding; the measures of artistic progress.

How can these principles be applied to America? Let's see: all through the history of our country, America was expanding. In such an expanding civilization, technology was necessarily a full-time job. Pioneer art is sparsely and infrequently present. I believe Freneau captured the spirit of the times when he wrote,

*An age employed in edging steel
Can no poetic raptures feel.*

Technology bested art during the first quarter, but the progress game will probably continue point-for-point.

America is fast outgrowing its adolescent whims: waterfall furniture, gingerbread sewing machines, and decalcomania; a popular awareness of good taste is creeping into the public mind. This cognizance of fine art is due in large measure to those who have followed the popular trend, and yet have molded it with skill along the lines of good taste. Leroy Anderson, Edward Hopper, Rudolf Bing, Raymond Loewy, and even the Cleveland dentist who sculptures in hardware have brought the arts into the lives of America's people. Perhaps Joe Doakes likes their work, perhaps he doesn't; nevertheless he has been exposed to their art, and if this exposure continues, he will become a part of the American awareness of the arts, that renaissance which has sprouted and needs only nourishment to reach maturity.

SEÑOR CHICKEN HAWK

By Tom Eshelman

• Things were quiet in the state of Cayano—all except for an insignificant little corner which extended a few miles southward into the region of Parragon, where the daring *charro*, Candida, and an undetermined number of followers kept amused by hurling themselves frequently upon the town of Parral, and divesting the populace of its stores and livestock.

Candida, the people said, was like a chicken hawk, both in proclivity and appearance. He would swoop into the rich chicken raiser's *gallinero* and stuff the choicest hens into sacks and disappear before Capitan Cabecico, the local official, could even lower his meticulously polished boots from his desk at the *guarnicion*. Cabecico had never seen the bandit's face.

Naturally the garrison commander was upset more and more at every such occurrence, for was it not he who was totally responsible for the welfare of Parral and its surrounding area? Captain Hermenegildo Cabecico prided himself upon many things. His post was the best ordered in all the state of Cayano; his troops were the most experienced and had the best record—*el gobernador* had recognized this in the many commendations he had delivered to Cabecico on various occasions. Candida had changed the picture somewhat. Now from the capitol came not commendations but complaints — *el Gran Capitan* did not need the powers of the occult to learn that his future status as an officer depended upon his catching Candida. Hermenegildo Cabecico had his ultimatum.

Some days after the most recent and exasperating raid by Candida and his band, there came to the garrison an uncouth looking *charro* on horseback, whose unshaven face and wide-brimmed sombrero identified him as perhaps a goatherd of slightly better than average means or as a farmhand. He dismounted before

the building which served Cabecico as an office, and tied his aged *rocin* to the wooden awning post and entered.

Cajetano Valdes, the orderly, turned about stiffly from his task of straightening some papers on Cabecico's desk, from where they had been whisked by the robust breeze which on occasion swirled into the Parragon from the roasted slopes of *el Jorobado*.

"El Capitan is not in," said Cajetano Valdes officiously, displaying at the same time his importance and the contempt which he immediately felt towards this *payaso*.

"He will find it important to be in, *Teniente*, when you tell him I have something to say concerning Candida, the scourge of the Parragon."

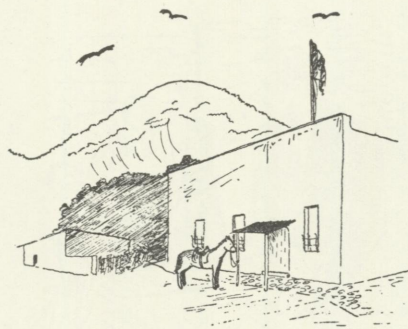


Illustration by the Writer

Lieutenant Valdes hesitated a moment, and thinking it perhaps wise to chance the man's veracity on so important a matter, hurried off to the *comedor*, where Cabecico was seated casually at a table munching *tostados* with very hot sauce, and reading an old issue of *Today*. In fewer moments than it had taken the orderly to depart, he returned followed by Cabecico.

El Gran Capitan first glared disappointedly at the coarse personage standing before his desk, and then, as though quite reassured, motioned him to sit down. Cabecico sent Ca-

jetano Valdes out of the room and took his own chair.

"Por favor," began Cabecico dispassionately, "I am a busy man; tell me what it is you have on your mind."

The *basto* drew a cigarro from a mutilated pack labeled "Fenicios," and after lighting it, spoke:

"Capitan, to you and me both is the *feroz* Candida an annoyance. To you, always. To me, now. I have just left his band of which I was a member. This carrion has cheated me of the just share of what we plunder, and I wish to help the *soldados* to capture him, and I will watch as they pluck from this *gavilan* every feather from his accursed body."

Cabecico, wide-eyed, opened his mouth as if to shout for aid, but the man raised his hand in a silencing motion, and continued:

"I exact from you only the promise that after you find and dispatch this vulture, that you let me go free, and I will leave Parragon and not return."

Cabecico, who was not inclined to make bargains with such *vulgares*, agreed, but meant full well not to hold his word.

"Tell me, then, *hombre*, where is this bandit, and I will promise what you ask."

"First, Capitan, I will give you a bit of good advice. Candida is not a fool. He knows that I have come to you, as I left the camp in such haste and with angry words. He will expect you to come into the hills, after I tell you where his camp is, and therefore he will wait for us both in ambush. He is vicious, Capitan. But here is what I have planned instead. As darkness nears, I will ride with you part way to the place where these *bandidos* hide, and I will go on into the hills. When I reach a place near their *campamento*, I will secure myself from their sight, and then light a green rocket from the other side of *El Jorobado*, where it cannot be seen by the band, and you shall then surround this area with your whole

garrison. He cannot run but in one direction, for *El Jorobado* rises steeply just behind the camp, *Comprende?*"

"Marvelous, *hombre*," exclaimed *Hermenegildo Cabecico*, completely taken in by the sincere delivery of the simple-looking *payaso*. "We will follow you part way to the camp of this pig and there await your signal."

The *charro* tightened the leather *barbiquejo* under his chin to hold his green-leather trimmed *sombrero* firmly upon his head for riding, and walked out to his horse, which he mounted and waited for *Cabecico* to summon the *soldados*. When all were ready, he spurred the decrepit-looking animal forward, shouting "Vamonos" to the group behind him.

Cabecico held up his men at a spot indicated by the *charro*, and watched him gallop up into the gray, mesquite-dotted hills of the *Parragon*.

Cabecico waited hours, for it was barely sunset when they had set out, not really dark enough to see a flare. When the twilight left completely, and one could hardly make out the hills, except for the light of a dim quarter-moon, there arose in the clear sky the brilliant tail of a *cohete*, as the *charro* had promised. *Cabecico* gave the order to head into the hills with all the speed that caution would allow; the garrison, until now resembling a somber forest of low trees, stretched into a non-descript column, as the horsemen urged their mounts forward.

After riding some three or four miles up the slowly ascending slopes at the foot of *El Jorobado*, one of the men near *Cabecico* shouted "See there! Capitan! *Miran amigos!* The *cohete* has burst just over there."

Cabecico saw it at the same time, and thinking that the *charro* had managed to set off another rocket, turned the riders toward this new signal.

Some ten minutes later, *Cabecico* saw a third flare, off in a slightly different direction than that from which the second had burst, and he

(Continued on Page 23)

THE HAWAIIAN SCENE

THE LUAU

• The Luau is held in an enclosure having a canvas top, and coconut branches whose leaves are woven together form the wall. To be used as an exit and an entrance a portion is left open. The inside is decorated with flowers and plants to give a holiday atmosphere. On both sides of long tables covered with tea leaves benches are placed for the convenience of the guests.

Have you ever been to a Luau? No? Well, you really haven't lived until you have been to a Luau. The Luau is a Hawaiian Festival and is very similar to a party. At a Luau are served all Hawaiian foods whose recipes have been passed down through the years. I cannot tell you how this festival originated or how long it has existed but in general I can say: "The Luau is one of our many wonderful Hawaiian customs."

Some of the foods eaten are *Poi* which is to the Hawaiian as rice is to the Oriental, *Kalua pig*, which is cooked in an *Imu* or an underground oven and can be compared to the sirloin steak which the American loves. *Lomi Salmon* is one of the more common of the many raw foods. Other raw foods are: *Vana* which is a sea urchin picked in water about ten feet deep; *Opihi*, which is another sea urchin picked on the rocky coast, especially where the water is rough. Then there is the *Lau Lau* which is pork, salted salmon, wrapped in taro leaves and again wrapped in tea leaves. The *Lau Lau* is cooked by steaming. Also eaten are: raw and cooked fish, raw and cooked lobster, pineapple, bananas, and coconut pudding.

During the meal there are waitresses serving the guests until everyone is completely satisfied. Although eating is the greater part of the meal, there are also Hawaiian songs and the ever popular *Hula* as entertainment.

The theme of the Luau is to be happy and to eat "till your heart's

content." In order to enjoy himself, the guest must be relaxed and therefore the dress for the men are aloha shirts and for the women it is the *muumuu*. Everyone is in his best mood and it reminds me of a Utopia where all are brothers and such words as "hate" or "enemy" do not exist.

Anyone who has ever been to a Luau cannot forget the food or the atmosphere that prevails. Many of the tourists hold it as one of the most famous attractions of the islands. The mention of the word **LUAU** will always bring back some of the fondest memories that I have of the Island.

—EDWARD HEE.

• • •

BUILDING A CANOE IN HAWAII

• In some parts of Hawaii the building of a canoe is still a very serious business, almost like bringing down an idol for the temple. Such a task among the natives of the Polynesian islands calls for hard, skilled labor and is the occasion of a special form of private worship.

A canoe has always played a very important part in the life of the Polynesians. It was for a long time the only means of travel from island to island and it was a requirement for fishing. Nearly every man, woman, and adolescent child could handle a canoe, both for fishing and in competition during the regattas in which as many as one hundred canoes participated.

The first step in building a big, sea-worthy canoe is the selection of a tree, a special one called the *KOA*. The canoe is then carved out of this single log, which in length is about thirty to forty feet and in circumference about twenty feet. Thus the canoe is made in one whole piece, instead of in separate, attached parts. To carve and shape the canoe usual-

ly takes a little more than a month. Nothing but stone adzes, stone chisels, and cocoanut-fiber lacings are used. The work is done by the most skilled craftsmen. Superintendents oversee the operation, and special workmen are assigned to the various specific jobs. At least twenty employees are necessary. A certain group strips the bark and shapes the log; another hollows out the inside for seating arrangements; still another supplies the finishing touch by coating the canoe with ten layers of varnish.

Necessary as all this physical labor is, it is not the most important part in building a canoe. The private spiritual worship of the natives themselves holds that place, for in every step of the process of building a canoe, the natives are accompanied by a high priest who offers prayers and sacrifice.

By tradition the whole operation has to be superintended by this high priest, called the *Kahuna Kaliaiwa*. Naturally the priest regards the choice of tree an item of utmost importance. Accordingly he spends a night in the *heiau* (temple), in order to receive directions from his *Aumakua*s (gods) through dreams. He pays close attention, too, to the actions of birds, particularly the little *Elepaio*, hoping for it to lead him to the right tree. When a *Koa* tree is finally chosen, the priest makes offerings of a hog, red fish, and cocoanuts, and addresses prayers to various gods, such as *Kane-Huli-Koa*, god of the sea. Only after this ceremony may the cutting begin. The priest invokes the gods again before the canoe is dragged down to the shore.

When the canoe is ready for launching, a final sacrifice is made, called the *Lolo*, at which time the priest recites a prayer as he stands beside the owner at the bow of the canoe. In this prayer he names the various South Pacific islands, such as Tahiti, Vavau, Upolu, etc. While he is praying, the people must maintain absolute silence. If the silence is broken by any noise whatsoever, or if someone by chance comes into the attendant group, it is believed by all that fatal disaster and death await.

If the silence is absolute, then the canoe is safe.

The canoe has always meant in the past so much to island-dwellers, hence it is not surprising to learn that each craft has a name of its own. Although sacrificial ceremonies and special chants associated with felling the tree, shaping the wood, and finishing and finally launching the boat, may sound somewhat fictitious, to the Hawaiians all this is a native tradition and a custom that goes back many years.

—HAROLD OKAMURA.

About Face !

By Lloyd Misho

• “Anything which makes religion the second object, makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.”

These words of John Ruskin, literary giant of the Victorian Era, keynote the great problem of his century. They have even more significance in our time, which is in greater need of an about face.

Our secularistic attitudes must be discarded. God must again resume the first place in our thoughts and in our every day activities. In order to bring about a Theocentric daily life, our attitudes must be brought to focus on God, “the summum bonum” behind the apparent goods sought in every thought and action.

The Christian environment at our University, where ideals and attitudes can be correlated and trained to the greatest advantage for ourselves and our neighbor, furnishes us with a powerful means to direct this process under the patronage of Our Mother Mary, our leader. We can achieve this reversal with greater success if we look to her commands. She gave God to us on that night long ago in Bethlehem. Have we accepted Him from her hands and shown our gratitude? We must answer that question in our individual hearts. Furthermore, she bids us:

“Whatsoever He (Christ) shall say to you, do ye.” Devotion to Mary will, therefore, usher in a Christian era, in which Christ’s Kingship is recognized.

If Christ gave twelve men the commission of preaching the Gospel to the whole world, why could not the more than two thousand students at U. D. exert a deep Christian impact on the entire American people? The faith must not be kept to oneself, but rather be spread in and from the milieu of the University and local environment. Material and merely natural consideration will no longer top the scale of values, but rather, under Mary’s aegis, the world will make its “about face” and put God in His rightful first place.

There is no place in our milieu for the dormant Christian. Whoever is not with Christ and Mary, is against them! Those who are clothed with apostolic filial piety to Mary, Our Mother, are able to fight effectively against the enemies of God’s primacy in man’s life.

Letter from Europe

by a Former U.D. Student

Dear friend,

Am just sitting in one of those big, dreary, cold classrooms empty at this time of the morning and the only sound perceptible is the soft scratching of my (unsharpened) pencil and the noise of knuckles knocking on wooden benches of some neighboring classroom (some kind of applause here).

Thanks a lot for your nice letter. Too bad Dayton lost (football: Xavier), but other teams want to have their chances, too. They haven’t been doing too badly, anyway. By the way, I saw an Army football game last Saturday. It wasn’t as good as the games I used to see, but it was the atmosphere and I got rather funny feelings, if you know what I mean? I guess, I have told you already that I never would have thought it possible to get to like a foreign country so well in a stay of only one year.

(Continued on Page 21)

the poetry page

To a Kitten

A tiny ball of golden fur,
A tiny little kitten purr
That curls itself within my lap
To settle for its noontime nap.

Quite still I hold lest he should stir
(I would not still his languorous purr);
A stretch, a yawn, then off to dream
Of her, his love, his kitten queen.

And though he shed a thousand hairs
On him I shed my world of cares;
No matter how my road may bend
In him I find a loving friend.

—John E. Koehler.

• • •

I Cried for a College Hero

He fouled out and as he did
The people's heart did swell,
Knowing full well that as he left
Emotion was in his heart as well.

Fearing he would never know
How much they loved him dearly
For the clean, good sportsmanship
His ambition showed so clearly.

The people, teams, and coaches rose
And gave an ovation so grand
A humble tear slowly slid
Down his face as fans made him stand.

As he stood there I stood with him
And tried as he must have tried
To hold back the tears within my heart
Only to have given up and cried.

—E. Roberta Carter.

• • •

Invective

Denying life who life should give,
Forgetting vows that should be made,
Looking never past tonight's clock
Or remembering past morning:
Coffee, toast, eggs, tea, or sin —
These self-deluded shapes pass on.

Their soul-less shadows cast no stain
On frozen winter windowpane;
Their hollow hearts can feel no gain
In life now lost that was not had.

How soon they die who give not life.

—Raymond McKenna.

Song of the Desert

Today before the grace of dawn
Had touched this desert place
I walked alone through lowly hills,
My spirit's path to trace.

At first, in human vanity,
I thought I was alone
But this assumption soon gave way
At nature's glorious throne.

For here among the shifting sands
I found much company:
The desert flowers, sparse and lean,
Their blossoms blowing free.

And in the furrows made by winds
The purplish shadows flared,
A masterpiece in glowing sand
To show that nature cared.

I walked, and then the light of dawn
Crested distant mountain peaks,
Cascading down on earth's domain
To find that which it seeks.

The air was chill, but then it changed
To cheering warmth to hide
The whiteness of the morning frost,
And comfort me inside.

The thousand, searching fingers
That crept out from the sun
Portrayed as many colors,
Proclaiming night was done.

Off to the east I heard the call
Of wild birds on the wing,
And in their song I heard the hope
For blessed, early spring.

And as I saw, and as I heard,
Cares melted full away.
Enraptured was I by the things
In nature's house that day.

—Robert F. Wood.

• • •

A Path, With Mist

Some tread upon a darkened walk,
With quickening step through night and damp,
Beneath a sky of storm-tossed scud
That flees the grasp of arctic winds.
A gauze of mist descends to bring
A diffuse view of nearby forms,
And cheats the eye of distant sight:
Distorting all, destroying most.

Myopic jinn controls such things
As fog and mist, the rain and sleet,
To force a Ptolemaic creed —
Egocentric, you might say —
To limit man's scope to "I" and "me",
And block his ken of things far flung.

—Roger H. Keith.

edited by peg kunka

Editorial Comment....

HOW ABOUT IT

• Now that half the penitential weeks of Lent have passed, it is time to take inventory of oneself. Are you as staunch about those Lenten resolutions now as you were three weeks ago. The hill is becoming steeper as you climb toward Easter and a boost would be appreciated.

Even though you are carrying through, here are some suggestions that you might add to your list — things so near at hand and yet so difficult to accomplish. Are you always on time for class? that eight o'clock class? If that first hurdle has been conquered, how about the second—assignments? Are they on time? Neat?

Is it not wonderful—that added incentive you receive from daily Mass and Communion, and the inspiration that moves you while meditating on the Way of the Cross. If you have not experienced the feeling, you might try it. These devotions are tops. Likewise, imagine the smile on the face of Mary, if on Easter Sunday Morning you can say, "Mary, our family is now saying the rosary for every day."

Have you noticed the new spiritual novels in the Library? If you have, it is a good sign—if you have not, well! . . . These new books are enjoyable. They are factual and do not preach. Try Father Trese's, *Many Are One*. That is a good book to pick up after you have attended the Friday devotions at your parish church. Was Father surprised to see you there?

Temporal acts are also beneficial. How about that letter you intended to write. Your friends and relatives are interested in what you are doing, large or small, and you are doing plenty. How about that someone, old or young, that you have intended calling upon. These activities are not exactly a penance, but they demand a great deal of will power to be accomplished. The exercise of will power is what makes one grow stronger spiritually. Of course, you have never heard that before.

How about the parties and that habit which accompanies them — drinking. You say that you are getting dry and lonesome. We admire your courage and sincerely urge you to continue. Remember, this is a good opportunity to cultivate temperance before the social whirl of April and May begins. Lent is not really as bad as we think when we look ahead to Easter. As for those resolutions —

*Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
All for Jesus, Love unstrained.*

NECESSITY FOR VOTING

• In the tide of strenuous political maneuvering persistent on the American scene, it is all too easy to overlook the basic foundation of political organization in the United States — voting.

Voting can be and has been a grossly neglected but a tellingly decisive instrument either for or against the public office seeker. Every single vote can be a crucial vote, and therefore, it is inconsistent for any American to criticize the state of public affairs if he is not willing to fulfill his obligations of citizenship. The right to vote the way one pleases is a precious privilege and should be so regarded. It can be lost.

No political system is perfect, as human beings are not. But so far in the United States, we have done remarkably well at forming an economy that is the envy of all the world.

When it comes to the thing that makes all our material prosperity possible, the precious right to elect, by our own choice, the men capable of operating our government, we hesitate; and in so doing, we deliver ourselves to the fate of chance and crooked characters.

The right to choose public office-holders by secret ballot is a right given only to the free people of a republican form of government. But out of a probable eighty million eligible voters in 1948, only forty-eight million voted in the last national election. So the losers who did not vote yell their heads off about those fellows in Washington. Well, that is another of the privileges that we enjoy in America. The power of the vote may be seen in the important recent elections in Italy, where eighty-nine per cent of those eligible, voted. Compare this fact to the fifty-one per cent that voted in our most recent elections.

Thomas Jefferson and Rutherford B. Hayes were elected President by one vote in the electoral college. In 1944, one more additional Democratic vote in each of Ohio's eighty-eight hundred precincts would have defeated Mr. Taft. In 1948, one more Republican vote in each of the above precincts would have carried the State for Dewey instead of Truman.

The national elections in 1952 may be the most important in the history of the nation. It is a lack of action, not interest, on the part of the American voters which can, and may, carry us into a totalitarian type of government.

Use your vote in every election! Vote for anyone you please — but vote!

KNOW YOUR MONEY

• The U. S. Secret Service guards our money. A division of the Treasury Department, the Secret Service was established July 5, 1865. It is one of the oldest Federal law enforcement agencies.

The U. S. Government now prints and circulates only three kinds of paper money: Federal Reserve Notes, United States Notes, and Silver Certificates. Their colors are respectively: green, red, and blue serial numbers and serials.

There are certain methods used to detect counterfeit bills. Compare a suspected bill with a known genuine bill of the same denomination. Pay special attention to the portrait, seal, serial numbers, and paper. The portrait should be lifelike. Observe the eyes, which are clear in the genuine, usually blurred in the counterfeit. The sawtooth points of the seal on the genuine bill are identical and sharp, unlike those of the counterfeit bill. The genuine serial numbers have a distinctive style and are the same color as the seal, whereas the counterfeit style is different and the color is not exact. Genuine bills are printed on distinctive paper containing small red and blue threads. Most counterfeits are printed on plain white paper. Rubbing a bill on paper will not prove whether it is genuine or counterfeit. Ink may be rubbed from both.

Counterfeit coins are rather easily detected. The coin may be rung on a hard surface. Genuine coins sound clear and bell-like; counterfeits sound dull. Feel all coins. Most counterfeit coins feel slippery and greasy. Compare the outer edge of a suspected coin. The ridges of the genuine are distinct and evenly placed, whereas the counterfeit are not. Also, counterfeit coins are made of soft metals which can be cut easily with a knife; or, you can apply acid to silver coins, the counterfeit coins turning black.

Beware of forged government checks. The Government issues nearly a million checks every working day. Thousands of these are stolen every year. Follow a few simple rules regarding government checks in order to safeguard yourself. Try to have a member of your family at home when the checks are due. See that your mailbox is in good condition and with a good lock. Do not endorse the check until you cash it.

The maximum penalty for making or passing counterfeit bills is fifteen years imprisonment or five thousand dollars, or both. The U. S. Secret Service needs your help to fight the counterfeiter and the check forger. You can help in two simple ways: examine your money; use care in cashing checks for strangers.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

• On March 17, we honor St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. His benign spirit will preside with solemnity over the altars of Catholic churches throughout the country. With graciousness and good cheer, the kindly spirit of St. Patrick will pervade the atmosphere surrounding the festive banquet tables of Irish fellowship clubs, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and other great Irish societies.

America is truly transformed on March 17 into an Ireland, with millions of Americans of Irish extraction proudly wearing the shamrock and the green carnation symbolic of the warmth and generosity of the Irish spirit and personality.

Saint Patrick was born in greater Britain. At an early age, he demonstrated a strong faith and a reverent respect for God. It was his daily custom to rise before daybreak and pray at length.

He was ordained and studied his religious works. Suffering untold hardships, he traveled far and wide throughout France and Italy. Under the Primacy of Pope Celestine, he was consecrated bishop and made his way to Ireland on the behalf of the spiritual salvation of the Irish who were then worshipping idols. With the aid of God he succeeded in this mission where evil forces, enemies of the faith, physical hardships and privations were predominant.

His efforts were eventually crowned by the conversion of the Irish. Ireland became known as the Island of the Saints and Scholars and carried the light to others.

From the days of St. Patrick to our present time, the Irish have played a part in world history out of all proportion to their comparatively small numbers. There was a time in history when Ireland remained outside the path of the conqueror. The Roman legions overran Europe and even dominated Britain. After the downfall of Rome, it was to Ireland that the civilized world looked for spiritual and intellectual succor. And again during the barbarian invasions, Ireland became the sanctuary and refuge of learning and culture.

Great deeds will always be remembered, and therefore, so will the name of Saint Patrick. We would do well to exemplify the intense zeal with which St. Patrick pursued his convictions. He accomplished what most men would term an insurmountable task. It is fitting that we commemorate his feast during the season of Lent. His example portrays the spirit with which we must pursue the path toward perfection and salvation.

—WILLIAM E. HUTH.



Coeds' Corner

THE BARD'S FORECAST

*Poodle cut or horsetail: that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler to suffer as a long hair
Or endure the stings and arrows
Of outrageous scorn and get clipped.*

• So a tale unfolds at the time when daffodils begin to cautiously peer about the winter-worn world. Methinks ye coeds would rather be first in style than play second fiddle.

A recent survey of the fashion highlights for you in fifty-two indicates a trend toward sweeping graceful lines. Ay, there's the princess-styled taffeta coat dress, which hangs upon milady like a rich jewel. The most striking color for this ensemble is tried and true navy blue, a shade that has certainly proven as constant as the northern sea.

Cotton tweed dresses in lively spring colors are bound to score a four-point grade in that popular class, underwater basket weaving. Another creation, featuring a sheer striped nylon blouse with enormous puffed sleeves added to a skirt too full of knife pleats to count, is also very class worthy.

The topper, aye that's the rub, appears to be either the shortest shorty (barely reaching the waistline) with emphasis on sleeves, or the long, full swinging coat. Color is the thing, so beige, rose, blue, and gray are emphasized this spring. 'Tis said bright red pique is made for the bewitching time of night.

Merrily shall you look in pastel colored tweed, pin check, or white line plaid suits. Full and fancy scarves and dickies provide the new "jet propelled" neckline. Bright buttons and bows (not beaus) spell fashion this season.

Hie thee hence to the nearest millinery for the straw vote is for tiny hats with the short hair cut and the coolie type hat for the longer hair styles.

Dare to be fashion conscious and ne'er forget 'tis better it were done quickly.

—M. E. N.

TURNABOUT MANEUVERS

• If you have ever complained that boys have it easy when it comes to dating, well now you have the chance to do the asking for a change. You get your chance at the annual "Turnabout Tag Dance" to be held in the CIO Hall, Saturday night, April 19 from 9:30 to 12:30. This is the night when the girl asks the fellow for a date and takes over the regular date duties. This means providing the transportation, corsage, and all the trimmings necessary for a dance date. I have a set of rules that may be useful to the girls on their turnabout dates:

1. Be on time to pick up the boy. It isn't polite to keep him waiting. (This doesn't hold true in all cases, however.)
2. Compliment him on the way he looks and on the fragrant after-shave lotion he's wearing. Promise his mother that you'll have him home early.
3. Be sure to take his arm and help him down the steps and into the car. (Even if he is two feet taller than you.)
4. Drive carefully. (Don't be a one-arm driver.)
5. Give him a cute, dainty corsage—like a ball and chain.
6. At the dance be cheerful, gay and in good spirits. (Above all, watch those spirits.)
7. After the dance take him to an expensive eating place to make a good impression. (It will make an impression all right—in your billfold.)
8. Have your date home at a "decent" hour and see that he gets in safely.
9. Be certain to have the gas tank filled so that you won't run out on a lonely road.
10. Follow these suggestions and I believe that you will always appreciate what a fellow must go through, whenever he takes you out on a date.

—MARY ANN ISENECKER.

RISE AND SHINE

• Time to rally — take up arms — and fight! No, the South has not risen again, but we, college women, have been “mildly” slandered.

Just for the records, do we suffer from political apathy, genteel selfishness, listlessness about public issues? Is our sense of intellectual adventure just withering away? This is the diagnosis Howard M. Jones, Harvard professor, has given to college coeds in a recent issue of *Mademoiselle*.

He claims that the only thing we know about politicians is that they are rather low fellows whom we would never want to marry. He further states that we do have an honorable belief in domesticity; however, we lack traditional feelings about things.

But he did go a little too far when he stated “careers are apparently passe among college women.” Now he tells us! Then for why are we attending college? Are we merely filling a void in our day by attending eighteen or twenty-one hours of classes each week, plus burning the midnight oil keeping ahead of the charming assignments so lavishly dealt to us?

He should tell that to the coeds who work twenty hours or more each week just so they can “waste time away.” Or perhaps his comments may be of interest to the ones who are studying hard to become good dieticians, teachers, journalists, secretaries, or social workers. Aren’t coeds, who are striving for knowledge so as to cope with the world’s problems on an equal footing with their future husbands, preparing for a career?

Perhaps some of his criticism may have hit a wee bit close to home for a few of us. If so, now is the time to wake up and contribute to society. See where aid must be given—and give. It’s not enough merely to study and read about the world situation—we’ve got to act.

College graduates are expected to be leaders in whatever field they intend to enter. Basic training for this leadership can be obtained through active participation in such organizations as the Christ Child Society, Red Cross, and local recognized political groups.

The most logical place for the U. D. coeds to start is the Central Women’s organization on campus. New “blood” and ideas are urgently needed to stimulate activity in this club.

The University of Dayton could be the instigator of a reawakening movement. College women all over the country could say, “U. D. did a good job, why can’t we do the same?”

— M. E. N.

TEACHER’S TACTICS

• Education students are supposedly prepared to undertake student teaching after amassing 128 credit hours. It may sound like a lifetime, but it seems like only a day.

At the present time I am settling into the routine of teaching school. With the aid of a critic teacher I’m learning the trick techniques which help to stimulate third grade minds. Daily lesson plans, taking hours to prepare, aid in emphasizing basic principles in the classroom.

Personal experience has proven that a teacher is constantly being confronted with the question, “Have you had any discipline problems?” You can be assured that when you’re standing before forty growing minds, each one of them is a potential problem. However, some of these problems develop sooner than others. It would be a sad classroom that contained no excitement. I really feel sorry for the child who never has the gumption to do anything disturbing. Yet the teacher must be able to out-think every one of those forty minds and stay two steps ahead of them. Try it some time for exercise.

Another thing laymen forget is the way teachers prod to develop efficient work habits in students. All children are not interested in the same things, therefore they cannot all be attentive for the same length of time. Here’s where the teacher’s ingenuity takes a beating. She must trick them into listening and paying attention. These things are applicable at the primary level.

A teacher can always depend on moments of humor that only a child can produce. For instance, while discussing dogs and how they play, a little girl interrupted with the comment, “My dog used to play like that, but he got run over.”

Being sympathetic the teacher replied, “Oh, that’s too bad, Sue.”

“No,” commented Sue, “that’s all right, because I have seven more.”

Can you top that!

Another incident involves a boy, who drew a box kite flying in the March wind with a bird sitting on a nest in the top of the kite. He explained that the bird merely became confused.

So it goes for seven weeks of work and fun.

—CHARMAINE HILCEFORD.

edited by mary ellen nagle

• The walk from the parking lot to the college gym was a short one, but to Peggy it seemed extremely long. Bill had been exceptionally quiet all evening long and she didn't have to guess to know the reason why. Mustering up all the courage she could find, and with a slight matter-of-fact tone in her voice, she asked, "Bill, this basketball game tonight is a really important one, isn't it?"

A dead pause followed during which time Peggy had wished that she hadn't had asked that question. Bill kept walking. Getting a firmer grip on the handle of the small bag which contained his basketball equipment he echoed, "Ya, it is a really important one."

Peggy moved in closer to him and whispered, "Are you scared?"

Bill stopped and faced Peggy. The long streams of light coming from the open doorways made her look as beautiful as ever. Here was the girl whom he had shared many of his joys with now asking to share his anxieties. He swallowed deliberately. "Peg," he started slowly, "I was never so scared in all my life." With that he continued walking towards the players' door.

Peggy caught up with him. "Look," he continued, "if St. Joe's doesn't swamp Richmond College tonight we'll never make the finals, and we have to if we ever want to raise enough money to build the college a new gym. Coach says that it is either now or never."

"Relax, Bill," said Peggy reassuringly, "everything will turn out fine." Standing on her tiptoes she softly kissed him, swung about and was lost in the crowd before Bill could say anything further. A smile came to his face. Gee, Peg is a wonderful kid, he thought.

Bill's arrival in the lockerroom was not noticed, and framed by the high doorway he glanced about the room. The tension was really at an all-time high although the team was certainly doing its best to act otherwise.

In the middle of the room on the long gray bench sat Tubby Holmes who filled the guard position on the

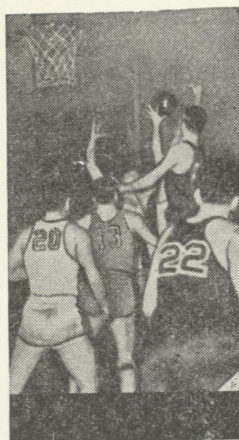
If Only

By Anthony Ipsaro

first string. Bill had known Tubby since grade school days and the bond between them was that of brothers.

As Tubby's redhead bobbed up he noticed Bill standing in the doorway and let out with, "Fellas, our Prince Charming has arrived!" With this Tubby made a profound bow that brought on the laughter of the team. As Bill started over to his locker he joined in the laughter, and passing by Tubby playfully hit him with the gym bag.

"Say, Bill," said George Wilkins, St. Joe's first team's forward, "coach says that Willy Peterson of the professionals will be here tonight looking for some one to relieve him of a contract or two." A slight chuckle came from the group. "Do you think," he continued, "that some of us have a chance to get 'stuck' with one of them?"



"Look, you prima donna," butted in Tubby, "I can just see the headlines in tomorrow morning's paper 'Local Boy Makes Good'." Amid the loud laughter George blurted out something that could not—and perhaps it was better—be heard. The sudden appearance of the coach was the thing that brought the situation back to normal.

"Fellas," he opened up with, "this is it. Either we win tonight's game, enter the finals next week and cash in for the new gym or else . . ."

One of the players interrupted, "There won't be an 'or else', coach. We won't let them win!" This sudden burst of loyalty was taken up by the rest affirming the statement.

"All right," returned the coach, "but remember, I'd rather have perfect sportsmanship and lose the game." The tone of his voice was one of complete devotedness to fair play which the team had always admired him for. "OK, get a move on up to the chapel for the visit and then, well . . ." The coach's voice trailed out as he turned and lead the group.

In no time the soft steps of the team was heard in the hallway as they made their way to the small college chapel at the far end. These short visits, or "quickies" as the team called them, had become as important as a practice, and to be sure, they made the most of them. As Bill knelt at the rear of the dimly lit chapel, he could make out the shadowy forms of the team as they knelt in quiet supplication. "Gee, Lord," he thought, "help us to win this game tonight."

By now the group had started out and Bill soon followed. Like monks on their way to choir, the silent team proceeded to the gym where cheers of welcome and backing brought them onto the floor.

Richmond's team was rated as one of the best this season, and it took little or no time to convince the St. Joseph five of this fact; for at the end of the first quarter the scoreboard showed that St. Joseph's was ahead, but by only six points.

Near the end of the half tension mounted to such a peak that Richmond had managed to slip past and end with the score fifty-eight to fifty in their favor. Bill could now see that the team was having a rough time keeping up with their opponents.

The third quarter ended with the score now seventy to sixty-four with Richmond College still out in front. In the fourth quarter, however, the St. Joe's squad caught up with Richmond and passed them by the little margin of two points. During a rest

period in the last minutes of the game Tubby came out with, "Looks like we're in, fellas."

"Say, Tubby," George snapped back, "save it for the end of the game." Tubby's usual retort was interrupted only by the whistle for "time-in."

Richmond now took the ball and with skillful dribbling set up a shot which proved to be good. With more speed the St. Joe's cagers came down the court only to have the ball taken away from them by the Richmond team. Before St. Joe's could realize just what had happened, the ball was heaved down the floor to a "sleeper" who made good the quick playing. The clock had taken on the warning color of red showing but one minute to play and the score was now seventy-four to seventy-two in Richmond's favor.

The squad of St. Joseph's took the ball and down the floor they went. Tubby passed it to George who in turn snapped it to Bill at the side of the floor ready for the set-up. As Bill received the ball, though, a Richmond player managed to get his hands on it and a jump was then called. Richmond got the ball and they proceeded to the outer fringe of the middle court.

"What are they up to now?" Bill asked himself. He didn't have long to wait before his question was answered. "Bill," shrilled a sharp voice, "they're freezin' the ball. What'll we do?"

Bill didn't have to turn to see who it was, he knew that it was Tubby. The half-a-minute whistle blew. Suddenly without a moment's hesitation he lunged forward and caught the ball as it was being passed from one man to the other. Down the court he sped with the Richmond team at his heels.

"Shoot! Shoot!" cried his team mates. The crowd took up the call. Coming to a quick stop near the side of the court, Bill took careful aim and . . . The ball sailed through the air and hit the backboard bounding off to the side. He had missed. The buzzer sounded the end of the game—Richmond College seventy-four, St. Joseph's College seventy-two.

As the team left the floor Bill joined them. He had missed the big shot! Over and over the thought ran through his head. He walked down the stairs hardly acknowledging the quick pats on the back or the consoling "Good try, Bill." He realized but one thing—St. Joe's had lost a wonderful opportunity to get a new gym. If only he had . . . if only he had made that one basket maybe things would have been different.

The weary team found their way to the chapel for the after-game visit. It was a sad team that now knelt before the tabernacle. Moments passed and soon the team started out to the shower room. Head in hands Bill hardly noticed that he was now alone. The only thing that broke the silence of the dark quiet chapel was the flickering shadows that were cast about by the sanctuary lamp. "Why? Why?" he asked himself, "if only he had made that big one."

Slowly he raised his weary head and looked ahead. Almost without any thought he rose and walked towards the front. There, before the Communion rail, he paused. As he slowly raised his hand and pointed at the tabernacle tears rolled down his cheeks. "You!" he cried, "why did You let us down?" Tears flowed more readily. "I tried not to let You down. I've always tried to be the best of friends with You . . ." Sobs clinched his voice. Weary he fell to his knees and rested his head on the Communion rail.

"I'm sorry," he choked, "if only You had . . ." He suddenly felt a light hand on his shoulder. Turning slowly he met the sympathizing eyes of Peggy. Half ashamed he slowly rose to his feet. "I didn't hear you come in," he softly said.

"I waited," she started, "I waited for you after the game as usual but you never showed up. Tubby said that you were probably here and so I came." Peggy paused and then slowly continued, "Bill, you think that He has let you down."

"Peg, let's not . . ."

"Bill," she interrupted, "to prove that you are wrong let me tell you what else Tubby said. Willy Peter-

son of the professionals wants you to play for one of his teams."

"You mean that I get a contract?" Bill now asked cheerfully.

"Yes, Bill." Her arm slipped gently around his waist to show him how happy she was for him.

"But what about the finals and the money for the gym?" he further questioned.

"Tubby says that with all the publicity that this contract will give the college we're sure to get the money. Oh, it may take longer, but we'll have it eventually." She then whispered, "Come on, you had better change."

"Ya, I'd better," he echoed.

As they slowly walked down the aisle Bill paused and looked back. "Sorry, Lord," he said apologetically, "please forgive me for 'blowing my top' at You."

"He will," Peggy reassuringly said, "He will."

• • •

LETTER FROM EUROPE

(Continued from Page 14)

I think you misunderstood me when I told you about my college career. We have four years, too (medicine students excepted, who have to have six years). But our last high-school year is equivalent to your freshman year. In this case we have to study in reality for five years, in American terms, of course.

Tell me more about your extra-curricular activities, as I'm deeply interested in it. You know, I couldn't agree in all points in the way of life you Americans lead, but I still think it's better than over here (and you know I don't merely mean material advantages).

It is the wonderful things you can see in the opera and theaters which still keeps me content with life. I know exactly well that there are too many disappointments waiting for me, so the good thing to do is to live simply for the moment. A shot of your American optimism would help a lot. I think it is the

weight of tradition which makes our blood more sterile every day. You would be surprised at the types of young men and women we have here at our University. Only the very best have chances for a future job, so everybody is doing nothing else but cramming from morning to night. Conditions have robbed us the right to be young. We're getting very old over here!

Well, I hope I didn't bore you too much. Some of the stuff I wrote was just one of those sentimental outbursts a guy needs once in a while.

So long.

• • •

GLEANINGS

(Continued from Page 2)

Champaign, Illinois, is "unwarranted and mischievous." He said the decision proclaimed an "impossibly absolute doctrine of separation of Church and State which throws doubt upon the inclusion of any religious element in government and education."

Separation of Church and State according to Dean Weigle does not mean separation of State and God, nor does it mean that the American state is atheistic or that it is exempt from the moral law that sets the norms for national and individual conduct.

When the public school omits God from its teaching it gives "a distorted view of history and literature and of human society." Such a school "puts itself in the anomalous position of attempting to perpetuate and advance a culture without informing the children concerning the faith that inspired that culture," said the Dean.

"The public school is not fulfilling its primary purpose of educating for citizenship in American democracy if it maintains a silence with respect to faith in God," Dean Weigle said. "There is nothing in the statutes of the public school as an institution of the State to render it godless. There is nothing in the

principle of religious freedom or separation of Church and State that prevents it from recognizing faith in God."

* * *

A writer in a recent issue of *Information* says that the distribution of obscene pictures among children is a worse traffic than the narcotic trade. Purveyors of illicit literature are sending their prospectuses to children ranging from eight-year-olds to college students. One purveyor sent out thirty to sixty thousand circulars a day. Post office officials have a special file of about four thousand complaints against one dealer alone. The writer recommends proper legislation and vigilance by home and school and social groups in seeing the laws are observed.

* * *

Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood movie executive, speaking before a gathering of newspaper men in San Francisco, said: "When children have God in their hearts, when pupils in all schools, public and parochial, are allowed to open the day with prayer, we shall have fewer Communists."

• • •

THESE GIFTS

(Continued from Page 5)

lonesome since all the children are gone. Ain't nobody to talk to 'cept me, 'n I never was much of a hand at talkin'. 'Course Mary gits home a right smart, 'n then they kin talk together. Ma's been worryin' 'bout Billy, too. Guess if he'd got home soon it'd take a load off her mind. Reckon I oughta try to say somethin' tonight to comfort her.

Charles kicked off his boots and hung his jacket on the nail. He walked over to the stove and stretched out his hands to feel the heat form invisible gloves around his stiff fingers.

Carefully facing toward the wall with his back to Amy, Charles began, "You know, Amy . . ." he stopped. It had been so long since he had addressed her as Amy—it had been "ma for years—that "Amy" sounded strange now.

Amy, at hearing herself called something than "ma," looked up in a startled, questioning way and stood watching Charles.

"Well?" she said at length.

"That sow up in the fur pasture's gonna have pigs."

"C'mon, Pa, let's eat. — Well, don't just sit there lookin' at me, ask the blessin'."

"Thank You, Lord, for these gifts that You've seed fit to give us."

• • •

A WARNING AND A PLEA

(Continued from Page 9)

not invincible ignorance of the destiny of man as it was in pre-Christian times or in pagan countries today, "rather it is lethargy of the spirit, weakness of the will, and coldness of the heart."

In his plea for action the Pope calls upon those of good will to offer themselves spontaneously to let their rule of life be that of unconditional fealty to the person of Jesus Christ. Their offering of themselves should be humble and obedient. These ardent souls of good will should be directed into the vast fields that must be tilled. Those that are asleep should be awakened, those that are apprehensive must be encouraged and those that are confused must be guided. "All are called to a suitable assignment, to an appropriate service, to a measure of work corresponding to the urgent necessity of defense, of victory, of positive construction."

"May the justifiable fear of the terrible future, which would result from a culpable indolence, vanquish every hesitation and determine every will."

We will do well to head this warning and exert ourselves in averting the ruin that the Holy Father speaks of by bringing the spirit of Christ into our lives again if we have lost it, or by increasing that spirit, the only remedy that will save the world from materialism, religious indifference and Communism.

ATOMIC WEAPONS

(Continued from Page 3)

the end for which the war had been waged would be denied, if not well-nigh destroyed. If there were left no men to rule, no land to exploit, then the victors could enjoy none of the effects which they had fought to gain. Without people there could be no religion. Without people there could be no politics. Without people there could be no society, and, lastly, without land there could be no economics.

At the present, the United States and Russia are using the threat of atomic weapons as a bluffing mechanism, much as gas was used in World War II. Gas at that time was banned by both sides because of its impracticability. It is my contention that atomic weapons likewise will be banned. They will be kept in readiness, it is true, but eventually all nations may come to recognize that such an undertaking would be an expensive proposition in manpower, landpower, and in maintaining prestige.

Until then we entrust ourselves as individuals and as a nation to God's infinite wisdom. Through Him we hope to attain a lasting peace which all nations of the world, large or small, can enjoy.

FOUNDING A COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 5)

efforts during the depression and during the last war. Her life story is one of remarkable victories over staggering obstacles. It is a story of faith in America and of the triumphs of the principles of democracy.

Miss Peare did a remarkable job in writing the biography of Mrs. Bethune. She has captured the determined spirit and drive of this Negro leader. The book may be read with ease and it holds one's interest with a tenacious grip. The simplicity with which the writer carries the story along makes it very pleasant reading for younger people and gives them an opportunity to identify themselves with greater personalities.

The unselfish crusade for justice or freedom or social improvement can mean much to young people, especially to those who have lacked security in their own lives. Photographs of Mrs. Bethune, her home and her school enliven the book and give it an air of intimacy.

SEÑOR CHICKEN HAWK

(Continued from Page 13)

moved his *soldados* accordingly, not concerned with much other than catching the bandit, whom he began to consider somewhat less cagey than he had thought.

This last change of direction brought them to a slope which descended, it seemed, towards, rather than away from the garrison. The horsemen continued, and as they rode, they all began shouting, for

before them shone a flaming brightness, which Cabecico, amazed, adjudged to be coming from the approximate location of the post.

When the soldiers arrived at the site, they found the *guarnicion* almost totally consumed by fire, and all that stood was a pole in the middle of the area silhouetted against the flaming skeleton of what was before the enlisted men's quarters.

When Cabecico reached the pole, he reined up, and after removing something from the top of it, he swore loudly and viciously, simultaneously intoning the names of his favorite saints, and invoking the intervention of the Evil One.

His eyes were transfixed to a dirty palm sombrero, trimmed with green leather, in whose band was stuck the feather of a chicken hawk.

Catholic Summer Schools Abroad

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| ENGLAND: | Newman Association Summer Session at Oriel College, Oxford, July 5 - August 2. |
| SWITZERLAND: | University of Fribourg, "Building A New World", French and German Language Courses, July 14 - August 22. |
| IRELAND: | University College, Dublin, "Ireland Today", July 14 - 26. |
| SPAIN: | Summer University of Santander, Spanish Language, History, Folklore, etc. August 1 - 31. |
| GERMANY: | Special Seminar for American and European Students. August 1 - 31. |

For full information write:

INSTITUTE OF UNIVERSITY STUDIES ABROAD

1736 Connecticut Avenue, N. W.

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KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• Ever hear the one about the coed engaged in gazing out the window who leaned out too far and fell, landing squarely in a garbage can behind Chaminade Hall? A passing Chinese student looked, shrugged, and said, "American velly wasteful. Woman good for twenty years yet."

The partygoers in the freshman class gave Jack Sallee a birthday celebration recently by way of a party with Rosie Kramer as hostess. — Wedding bells rang along with school bells for Naomi Cress who now writes Grothjan when asked to sign her name.

Four impressive specimens of typical U.D. virility and manly charm are in the running for king of the Turnabout Tag. Candidates so far include Sigma Delta Pi's Jerry Baujan, Bill Little, backed by independents, Monk Meineke, sponsored by the WAA and Bob Montgomery, put up by girls in Hangar. Maybe a couple more candidates will appear before the deadline.

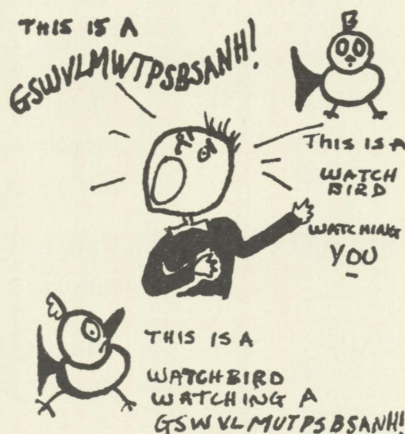
A busy gal these days is Julie Horvath who has a lot of talent and is very generous about doing art work for different organizations. The fellows really appreciate the time and effort she gives in lending a hand.

Belated congratulations on their engagement to Larry Pedicord and his Nancy who struck his fancy. — Two more people are representing U.D. in the City Recreation department, namely Bob Vocke and Tom Andrews (if they get a few students into the city division, they'll have one of them running for mayor pretty soon).

For Gals With Four Eyes: Ogden Nash has a tip for females to "console those ladies distressed by the lines, 'Men seldom make passes, etc.'"

*A girl who is bespectacled
She may not get her nectacted
But safety pins and bassinets
Await the girl who fascinets.*

After witnessing the Miami Xavier games, you'd wonder who would ever want to be a referee . . . but there are some brave coeds in phys ed who are willing to take "sticks and stones that break their bones and even words" to qualify for their local and national certificates for basketball reffing. A few of those applying are Marilyn Eickman, Gloria Taylor, Becky Strominger and Jeannine Gunkel. — Get well wishes to Barb Payne whose activity is missed by the juniors. — Put this in your Webster's Collegiate dictionary — if you don't want to say "hangover," one of the professors has coined a polite expression, "Carryover" (and did that class roar when they caught on to what she meant!)



Last month the watch-birds watched the D.A.R.'s (d--d average raisers, you know). This month they have their eyes on Gifted Students with Very Large Mouths Who Think Profs Should Be Seen and Not Heard. The GSWVLMWHP-SBSANH's always know more than anybody else and feel the other students should get their money's worth. Are you a GSWVLMWTS-BSANH?

Bill O'Neill is having some trouble in getting his practice teaching classes to call him "Mr. O'Neill." Too many of his former charges at a neighboring recreation center are used to the informal "Bill."

Congratulations to Bill Cutcher who led his Class B team to the city championship.

Definition Department: (For Girls Only) A husband is like a Christmas present. You don't pick it out. You sit and wait till it arrives and then act perfectly delighted with whatever you get.

One more wish to the basketball team for good luck in the NIT and the NCAA, if we go, that is.

Off now to put air mail stamps on these *Exponents* to get them to you students in New York, you lucky class-cutters, you! !

Near Star

The star
Presses a hot cheek to mine
As I watch it close from a hillside,
And grass of night-muted silver
Is rest for my weariness
As the wind wraps me in fancy.

—Peggy Kunka.

See the PASSION DRAMA

BY THE

U. D. PLAYERS

AT THE

DAYTON ART INSTITUTE

Friday, March 14th

and

Saturday, March 15th



STROLLING THE CAMPUS

By Dee Carcelli



• Though it be Lent, and large-scale social life is, as it should be, at a lull, there's much to look back on and even more to look forward to. In the future realm lie the final outcome of our Flyers' participation in the 1952 NIT, and, especially for the coeds, the results of their formulating plans for the annual Turnabout Tag, limelighting coming attractions.

Past events that merit recording go way back to February 9, when our Flyers, well on their way to Manhattan, took a close one from Toledo, fifty-five to fifty-three, with Chuck Grigsby piloting the victory on the Rockets' court. February 11 marked a new semester, but the basketballers kept their old winning ways, even though they were on the road, by downing the Falcons from Bowling Green, seventy to sixty-eight. Again, Chuck sparked the drive with twenty-two points, and shot the winning goal with two seconds remaining—long John was a runner-up with twenty markers.

Travelling South, the Flyers, bent on giving us our fill of thrills, marooned Eastern Kentucky sixty to fifty-nine, with Monk racking up twenty-one points, and Chuck's foul shot determining the win.

This gave us true cause to celebrate, and the next night saw U.D.ers partying at the Flyers' Hangar get-together at the Touchdown Club. The turnout was swell, and a few of the faces seen were Shirley Gehring, Ann Lyons, Joe Young, Gene Monastro, Julie Pflaum, Pat Falke, Joe Callahan and Dave Warsocki.

To prove that they could extend their score-margin on the home-front, our cagers sent the BW Yellow Jackets buzzing back to Berea by a decisive ninety-seven to sixty-four count. Highlighting the fray were the excellent second-quarter playing and Captain Norris' twenty-two points.

Preceding the Miami battle was the Spirit Committee Rally December 20. Bill Enouen called on the local newspaper to add zest, and Ritter Collet did the job most ably. Then came the anticipated call from the Big City sportsters, and we showed Miami that we had little need of a victory over them to get the bid. After readily accepting, the Flyers avenged the December affair and skinned the Redmen sixty-five to fifty-six, behind whole-hearted student support. Receiving trophies before their last home appearance were seniors Monk, Chuck, Junior, Pete, and Gene. Long to be remembered was the crowd's thundering clamor honoring Monk when he left the game.

Throwing a pre-Lenten party the next night, the Freshmen drew a tremendous turnout at the Touchdown Club. Some of the celebrants were Paula Stelzer, Jackie Tange-man, president Armand Martino, Leo Longergan (shocking everyone by drinking coke), Huey Knaggs, Carol Steckline, Pat Russell, Joe Ross (who couldn't decide whether to stay or leave), Fritz Frees, Ann Flynn, Lois Needham and Tony Fussnecker.

Cincinnati Gardens, with an overwhelming crowd of 12,000, was the

scene of the next Flyer bout on February 24. U.D.ers flocked to Cincy via caravan and were amply rewarded with a typical Flyer spectacle, climaxing in an eighty-two to eighty victory, wrought in the last fifty-five seconds. Monk stole the show with twenty-five points, and Gene Joseph's remarkable floor play was another highlight.

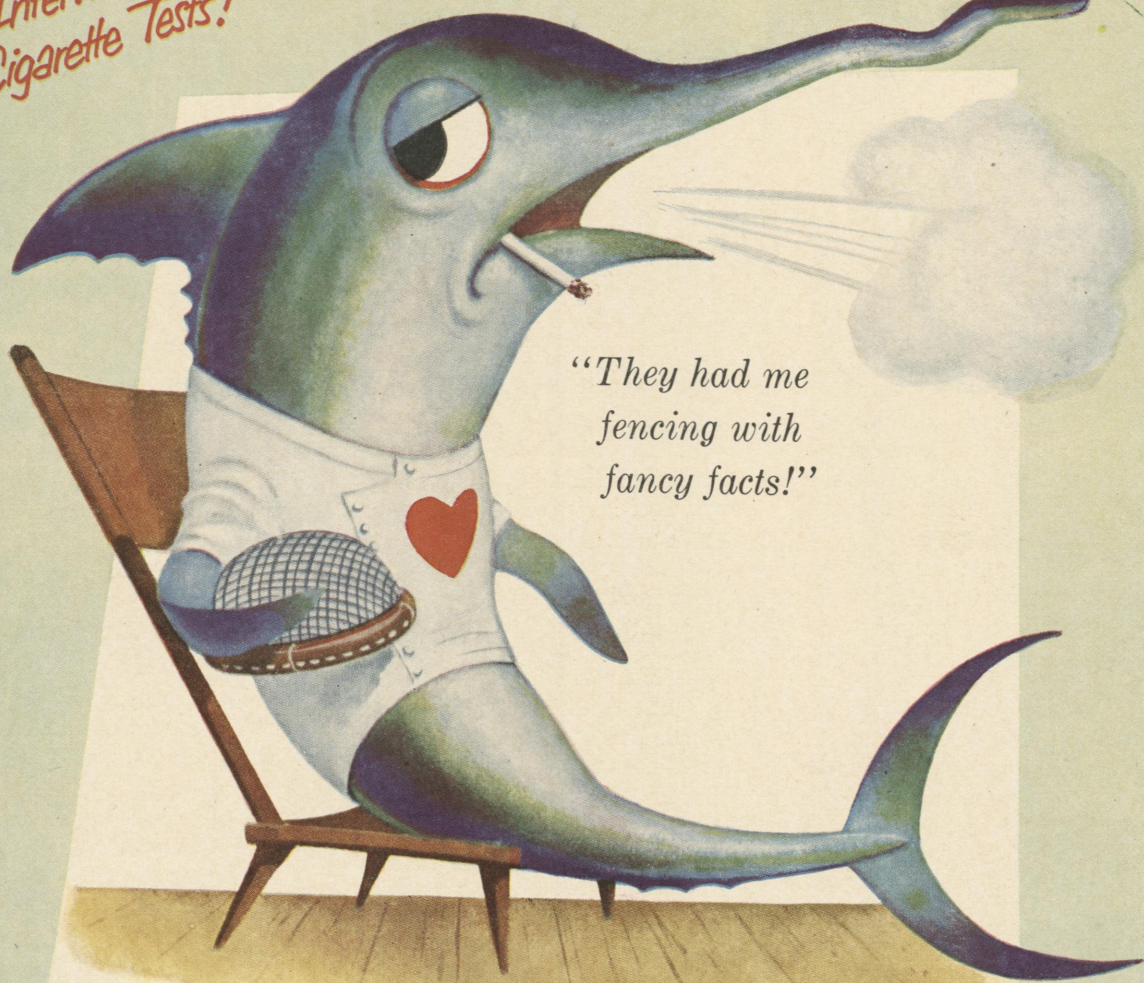
Then came a week of rest for the Flyers, along with one of unrest for the students, who were informed that excused cuts for the NIT were nil. Oh, well, where there's a will, there's a way; but if worse comes to worse, we can always resign our fate to Lenten self-mortification.

Blackburn's boys weren't mortified, though, for March 1 saw them coming into Berea like a lion and taking their last game from the B.W.ers seventy-five to sixty-six. That seventeenth consecutive win made their slate twenty-four and three. Chuck's twenty-four points extended his total to one thousand and one, and Monk set an all-time high in the annals of Ohio collegiate records with one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight points. The victory saw the Daytonians ready to invade NYU in the all-important tourney. U.D., eighty-one; NYU, sixty-six.

A candidate for honors other than athletic, Monk has W.A.A.'s support for the title of Turnabout King. He has some strong opposition, however, in that fun-loving party-boy from Louisville, Bob Montgomery, who is the choice of the Hangar women; and in Bill Little, that cute blonde with the ready smile, being backed by Omega.

*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 15...THE SWORDFISH



*"They had me
fencing with
fancy facts!"*



They crossed swords with the wrong man when they engaged this swashbuckling senior in combat! At first, he was foiled by the tricky, "one-puff" ... "one-sniff" cigarette mildness tests. But he parried their thrusts with this gleaming sword of logic: The only way you can judge mildness is by *steady* smoking. That's the *true* test of cigarette mildness!

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why ...

After all the Mildness Tests ...

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*