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## University of Dayton Exponent, April 1952

University of Dayton

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University of Dayton

## EXPONENT

*Easter Hymn*

*To the Paschal Victim, hymns of praise,  
Come, ye Christians, joyful raise!  
Lamb unstained, unmeasured price hath paid,  
Ransom for the sheep that strayed.  
To a Father kind, rebellious men  
Sinless Son hath led again:  
Life and death in combat fierce engage,  
Marvel dazzling every age.  
Prince of life, by hellish monster slain,  
Liveth now: shall ever reign . . . .  
Know we that Christ hath truly risen,  
Wrenched the gates of hell's dark prison.  
Hail, Thou Victor! Hail Thou glorious King,  
Help and save us while we sing, Amen, Alleluia.*

APRIL, 1952

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# University of Dayton

## EXPONENT

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#### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Peg Kunka

Roger Keith

James J. Gleason

Shearl Roberts

Mary Ann Isenecker

James Cosimati

Jack Rice

Charles Brant

Dee Carcelli

Robert F. Wood

#### ILLUSTRATORS

Dan Zamorski

Thomas Eshelman

Bette Osweiler

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COVER — EASTER SEQUENCE	
Father Lasance's <i>Missal</i> , Benziger Bros.	

• The month of April brings with it the great feast of Easter, which means the Resurrection of the God-Man from the death that was inflicted on Him by His creatures on Good Friday. Yes, humanity condemned divinity to death, and the divinity died that man might be raised from sin and once more become a child of God. Christ's resurrection is a symbol of our own resurrection at the end of time when the blessed will go into the kingdom that was purchased for them by the death of Christ.

That we might go into that kingdom which was won for us by the sufferings of Christ we must continually rise from our daily sins and strive to make our lives more and more Christ-like. That is the price that we must pay for entrance into that kingdom. This daily rising constitutes a constant struggle but we recall what the great Apostle of the Gentiles wrote about the kingdom of heaven suffering violence and only the violent bear it away. Christ will help us in the battle.

The world today is in a sorry plight. The powers of evil are waging a mighty struggle against the kingdom of God and millions are caught up in the struggle and suffer many and painful trials. This enemy knows not the dignity of man, he does not respect man's freedom, but drives man about the earth where he seeks for a place to live in peace and to worship God in the quiet of undesecrated churches. But Christ overcame the enemy of mankind and if many of us must suffer with Christ even unto death in this day and age, we must recall that the power of Christ is eternal and that with His Power the poor old world that is so lacerated and scarred today will find days of peace again. This should be our Easter prayer.

\* \* \*

Jan Ciechanowski, former ambassador from Poland, told the members of the John Carroll Society in Washington that the late President Roosevelt admitted to him that he could persuade Josef Stalin to see the advantages of democracy and change his views accordingly. The diplomat replied to the President:

## GLEANINGS

By The Rover

"You might just as well talk about persuading a man-eating tiger to become a vegetarian."

The speaker suggested that the United States Government declare the agreements of Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam Conferences "null and void" and place the responsibility on the Soviets who have rendered these agreements inoperative. Another suggestion was that the United States should sever diplomatic relations with Russia's enslaved satellites because it regards their present regimes as illegal since they have been imposed by force. This action



would not change the "present enforced satellite status of these countries" but it would show to these enslaved peoples and to the Russians that the United States stands for the self-determination of nations.

"The only thing the Soviets really fear is forced isolation, circlement and being deprived of the convenient sounding board in the UN for their phony peace propaganda. It is essential to effective American leadership for the U.S. to assume a diplomatic offensive against the Soviets and this can only be done by the moves suggested without the risk of war and with the certainty of placing the Soviets on the defensive," said Mr. Ciechanowski.

\* \* \*

According to *Veritas*, a bulletin published by the Christian academy in Czechoslovakia, there are twenty-two thousand churches of the Russian Orthodox (schismatic) Church open in Russia. The faithful must support these churches hence the writer concludes that each church must have a fairly large

number of members. The big collections testify to the large number of worshippers and to their generosity. All this is in the face of the opposition of a powerful government that propagates atheism. The upkeep of the churches must be maintained by the voluntary collections of the faithful. The religious training of the people is limited to sermons and to the message found in the liturgy. There are to be no meetings for the purpose of religious instructions. Libraries and reading rooms of a religious nature are banned along with Sunday schools.

\* \* \*

The twentieth annual meeting of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life was held in Columbus, Ohio, during the last week of March. The President of the United States sent the following message to the convention members.

"I am particularly attracted by the theme of your convention, 'The Home, a Church in Miniature.' It clearly suggests that you aim to focus special attention on the religious aspect of home life.

"Needless to say, these aspects are second to none in importance. Where religion is found in the homes of the nation, it will be found in the hearts of the citizens. And where it is found in the hearts of the people, one can rest assured of a sound patriotism, of an unfailing regard for justice and right. There one will find a God-fearing citizenry, a genuinely virtuous nation."

\* \* \*

James M. O'Neill, a seventy-year-old professor of speech at Brooklyn College, wrote *Catholicism and American Freedom*. He is called by one writer the foremost lay apologist in America and his book can be compared only to Newman's *Present Position of Catholics in England* written a hundred years ago. The book is an answer to Paul Blanshard and the same writer believes the book is the final and crushing answer.

Mr. O'Neil says that Blanshard has an anti-Catholic bias springing from a dangerous philosophy that

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# University of Dayton

# EXPONENT

VOL. XLX—No. 4

APRIL, 1952

## TRUMAN'S UNPARDONABLE SIN

By Shearl Roberts

• Harry S. Truman, President of the United States, has been the target of criticism since he first took office in 1945. He has incurred the wrath of just about every segment of our population. From the columnist whose ancestry Mr. Truman questioned to the MacArthur controversy our President has been fired upon, threatened, ridiculed. But the one unpardonable sin of Harry S. Truman, in the judgment of some of our citizens, was the President's proposal that the United States send an ambassador to the Vatican. The deep freezes, the five percenters, the Pendergast Machine — all of these sins could be forgiven, but not the sin of recommending that we have diplomatic relations with the Vatican. That was a sacrilege — unpardonable.

When the President first recommended Clark as ambassador, a wave of indignation arose, especially from the South. Exactly what was Truman trying to do? Was he intent on breaking down our historic policy of separation of Church and State, favoring one religion over another, or was it just a political maneuver in securing the Catholic vote in the elections of fifty-two? The bigots, the anti-clerics, the Communists started waving the "bloody shirt." Protestant leaders demanded equitable treatment and a large part of public opinion was brought against the President. And so the old political rule, "Don't handle a hot poker on the front porch," was invoked and the recommendation was post-

poned out of expediency. The so-called wall between Church and State was still intact, and once more we chalked up a victory for bigotry.

I do not intend to analyze why Truman proposed to send an ambassador to the Vatican, for I will leave this to the political experts. What I will give are the facts concerning diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and then you can judge accordingly.

Today the United States is faced with a ruthless enemy intent on our destruction. That enemy, Communism, straddles vast segments of the world and controls the lives of eight hundred million people.

It is a fact now almost universally accepted that the free world faced with such a threat looks toward the United States as its leader. This country cannot renounce this major role in international affairs which its size, its productiveness, and its industrial power have thrust upon it.

We can further assume that there is a struggle between Russia and the United States for mastery over spheres of influence throughout the world. This is an admission that our way of life differs fundamentally from the Russians and as yet no one has devised a method for the two to live together permanently in a state of peace.

Moreover, in this fight against Communism, it is of practical importance for the United States to work together with all those people

and all those forces which generally agree with us on our ultimate objective of world peace. We must try to minimize differences and emphasize common objectives among all those opposed to Russia.

How does the Vatican fit into this picture? Not so much as a sovereign state of 108.7 acres and about one thousand population — though technically diplomatic relations are with the Pope as a secular sovereign — but as a powerful moral force claiming the spiritual allegiance of 350,000,000 Catholics in all parts of the world. The Pope speaks as moral and spiritual leader of these millions of persons in every country of the world; he receives information about conditions everywhere from loyal members of his Church.

Our first obvious advantage from maintaining regular diplomatic relations with the papacy is that we would establish a connection with what is perhaps the world's most sensitive listening post, for diplomats are agreed that in many ways the Vatican is the best informed government in the world. Thirty-six nations are represented there by permanent embassies. This includes such Protestant nations as Finland and England. Moreover, thousands of bishops from all over the world send regular reports on their respective dioceses to the papacy, and each one of them makes his ad limena visit to the Pope every five years. Thus the Vatican has thousands of eyes and ears not possessed by our government.

Experience in the last ten years has shown another, and perhaps even greater advantage this country would gain from having an ambassador at the Vatican. Diplomatic connections work both ways. As the Vatican is a sensitive listening post, so it serves as an excellent rostrum for selling our ideas and explaining our intentions to the world. It is a world-wide marketplace for the exchange of information, and it is in our interest to utilize it as a medium for explaining our much misunderstood intention to the world. The survival of Communism depends upon the ignorance of its potential members. The Iron Curtain is mute testimony to this fact. Yet, because of our bigotry, we will not avail ourselves of the Vatican as a weapon against such ignorance.

It is significant that the only major powers in the world not represented at the Vatican are Russia and the United States. By reason of its ideology and by reason of its ruthless disregard of human and divine values, Russia cannot utilize the great moral force of the Papacy.

Both Soviet leaders and Vatican officials realize that there can be no peace between the two. One or the other must disappear or undergo radical, revolutionary change before the two powers can live at peace. Russian policy has consequently been aimed at isolating the Vatican as a force in international affairs, a policy Russia has hammered away at without letup since 1944. By denying itself diplomatic contact with the Vatican our country is playing into Russia's hands. The Soviets must view our stupidity with extreme pleasure, for they can clearly see the advantages of using such a powerful moral force as the Vatican, whose policies are, by the very nature of things, anti-Russian.

The United States can find in the Vatican a natural ally in its struggle against the Kremlin. But this is an ally we can employ most effectively only when we have established an ambassador at the Vatican. Not to use this force at our disposal is to allow old bigotries which everyone hoped had died out years ago

(Continued on Page 22)

## Kentucky

By Gerald E. Morris

• The word "home" will always be synonymous with Kentucky to me. This is only natural, of course, as I was born in that state, and there I have lived for the greater portion of my eighteen years in a bustling little town on the Ohio River.

Perhaps my love for my home state, especially the northwestern section, may be accounted for because my happiest memories are associated with it. I will never forget the long, drowsy summer days of my childhood when nothing was so pressing that it could not wait until tomorrow to be done.

My father, grandfather, and several of my uncles spent much of their spare time and all of their vacations fishing and hunting, a favorite pastime of many people there. It has been my privilege, ever since I was old enough to keep up with them on long walks, to "go along and help." In this way I have learned a great deal about the way in which people in the surrounding rural areas live, and I have been greatly enriched by my observations of their quaint speech and their interesting philosophies, which are oftentimes surprisingly practical and true. I have a profound respect for many of the older people, who, though comparatively unlettered, are full of wise old sayings and bits of practical knowledge and wisdom, which they have had handed down to them through generations or have learned, not from books, but from actual experience. These tillers of the earth, these gleaners of the fields, these hunters and fishermen, I sometimes believe, have captured an intangible something, a contentment and peace of mind, for which they might well be envied by many of their more worldly brothers.

The happy memories of which I spoke include summer vacations enlivened by visits to beautiful Kentucky Lake and other camping trips. On these occasions I enjoyed going for long hikes in the woods, fishing along the banks of many pretty little

rivers and creeks, blackberry picking, and swimming. A rustic little cabin on the banks of Green River has been the scene of many of these happy events. Every summer for years we have gone there for my father's annual two-week vacation. Coming back to the cabin from a long day spent fishing and enjoying nature, I have often quickened my step when I neared the cabin and caught the odor of a delicious meal prepared by my mother.

In autumn and winter we visited the country a great deal, and I spent many enjoyable afternoons in the woods searching for hickory nuts, mistletoe, and wintergreen.

The spring of the year in Kentucky, as in other places, is a sweet, nostalgic season. It is a good time to find wild flowers, moss, and spearmint for transplanting.

One outstanding occasion in my memory is the time when, at the age of ten, I decided to take a forbidden holiday. After reading such books as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, I became fascinated by rivers. I came to love the sight, sound, and smell of the Ohio. With three companions I spent a joyous summer day of glorious, unbounded freedom on the river. We left early one morning, taking with us a picnic lunch which we had smuggled from my mother's pantry. The spot we chose for our picnic was a little island comprised mostly of a sandy beach with a clump of willows on a knoll in the center. It was necessary to wade a shallow channel to reach the island. Indeed, the very nature of our holiday — the river had always been strictly out of bounds — added to our enjoyment. Late in the afternoon we returned home laden with pebbles, snails, shells, and various other flora and fauna garnered during the course of the day. I received not only a severe scolding but also a more effective type of punishment from my worried parents when I reached home. In my estimation, however, that wonderful day was worth it!

Experiences such as the ones I have mentioned have all combined to make my memories of home both pleasant and happy.

# SHALL WE SLING MUD?

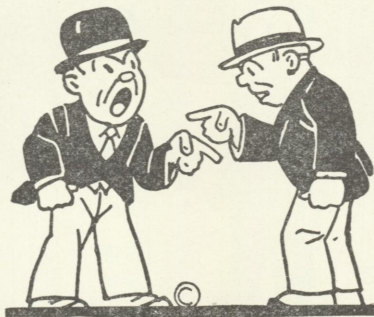
By James V. Tieman

• We Americans, unlike many less privileged peoples, possess the effective constitutional right to freedom of speech. Now this right or freedom is a weapon, highly potential, often abused but even more often unused. Its abuse and disuse are very evident in the matter of criticism of our governmental officials and their policies. Maliciously and wrongly projected this criticism becomes destructive and takes on the form of a mud-slinging contest. But the failure to utilize this means is also destructive and perhaps more conducive to decay, taking on the form of a malignant disease, indifference. A proper understanding and realization by the ordinary good-willed citizens of criticism's function and place in a government which exists "of the people, by the people and for the people" will probably eliminate much corruption in governmental circles. In trying to reach this proper understanding in a society peculiarly democratic like ours, a formulating and discussion of the proper concept of authority as well as its origin in government are paramount.

However, before we attempt to do so, an initial and very important distinction must be made; that is the nice distinction that exists between power and genuine authority. Now in the political realm power is the force used to make people obey and follow a given command. On the other hand, real, genuine authority is the actual right to give commands and to be obeyed in all that is moral. Authority in politics is delegated; power is unilaterally assumed, that is put on.

Now we all know that ultimately all authority comes from the Creator Who has the absolute and infinite right to command and be obeyed (although God never uses his power to force obedience). But to say that

authority in government is directly from God is to misconceive and misinterpret the way in which authority is conferred on our officials. Such an idea might be too vague and meaningless to free human individuals. In the beginning of time, before complex political frameworks were ever conceived and realized by men, God placed in the individual human being the right of autonomy, the right to rule, direct and govern oneself and one's actions in conformity with the right reason and the moral law. Now this autonomy is antecedent to, as well as subsequent to politics, that is, the rule of a political society. As time went on men freely decided that for the best interests and mutual welfare of all they should formally organize and delegate their individual rights



and authority over themselves (a conditioned purposeful authority from God) to a central element of control.

When the people delegate this authority they do not relinquish their inalienable right to self-government. Each man possesses that right inherently and permanently, whereas a government official only participates in that right as a vicar or representative thereof. There is real, genuine dignity then in this authority, which represents the innate dignity that resides in each human creature of God. Let us emphasize this point, though, that the author-

ity and right to command and legislate in government are always conditioned to the common good for which purpose it was established. It can never be rightly conceived otherwise.

Thus it follows that when a government fails in this essential purpose, that is caring for the common, temporal good of mankind, each and every man has the right to voice a sincere objection, and to use all the moral legitimate means at his disposal to check, correct and eradicate abuse and decay in his (collectively speaking) government. This is not mud-slinging, subversive activity or disrespect as long as it is based on sincerity and Christian principles. Rather it is a reasonable, active, healthy interest and participation in that which should be everybody's business, government; a safety valve to prevent corruption among our representatives; a dynamic well whence should spring many new, more wholesome ideas and legislation.

But lest we be inclined to abuse or refrain from making actual use of this right to voice criticism, let us remember this. Respect for authority should be recognized and practiced in the same way and for the same reason that respect for the dignity of man should be recognized and practiced. Also, government has no right or authority except that which it has by and through the people, that is you and me. Thus since rulers are utilizing and participating in our God-given rights, should we not be interested in how they make use of their office? Is it not truly our business?

Slinging mud is not the answer. We must build, not tear down, so that "this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the face of the earth."

# THE FUTURE — FOR A PRICE

By Peter J. Giglio

• Mr. James Bantam, who has made his fortune in the stock market, enters his office.

"Good morning, Miss Steward. Have the morning reports come in from the exchange?"

"No, sir. They haven't."

"Will you see that they are brought to me as soon as they arrive?"

"Yes, sir."

Bantam enters his private office, hangs up his hat and coat, and seats himself behind his desk. As he begins reading the morning paper, the telephone rings. He quickly lifts the receiver.

"Mr. Bantam, Mr. Moody's on the phone."

"Put him on, Miss Steward. Hello; hello, Dick?"

"Hi, Jim. I'm afraid I have bad news for you."

"About the wells?"

"That's right."

"How much have I lost?"

"Jim, I'm afraid it's all —"

"It can't be! Do you mean I've lost my life's fortune? That I'm wiped out?"

"Jim, look. Didn't I tell you it was a risky venture? Why didn't you take my advice?"

"It seemed to be the sure thing!"

"What are you going to do now, Jim?"

"I really don't know. I really don't."

"If there's anything I can do, depend on me. We've been through a lot together."

"I'll remember that, Dick."

Bantam slowly replaces the receiver and sits staring at his desk, half

stunned by the shock. It doesn't seem possible that he could have lost more than \$300,000 in an investment that he had felt certain was worth a million. He calls in his secretary.

"Miss Steward, please dismiss the office force. Give them two weeks' salary in advance."

Her mouth opens in dismay; but before she can produce a word, Bantam voluntarily reveals the cause of his radical action.

"Yes, I'm through. It's finally happened. I never thought it would, but it has. In this kind of business you always wait for a long shot, one that



Illustration by Dan Zamorski

will pay off in large dividends with a small investment. You wait day in and day out for that one chance. Then the chance in a hundred comes. You invest all you have in it. You sit back and wait for the buy to pay off. Then without a word of warning, it falls through. Your hopes, dignity, prestige, fortune — all of them vanish! Well, I guess I've said enough, Miss Steward."

Miss Steward fumbles a handkerchief and slowly says, "Mr. Bantam, if there's anything I can do, I'd like to stay to help."

"No, no. You may leave."

After she goes out, Bantam opens a drawer, takes out a small box, and pours himself a glass of water. He cautiously drops some tablets from the box into the water and stirs it. He holds the glass with both hands — looks into it — and then gently raises it to his lips.

But the door opens. "No, no! Mr. Bantam, don't drink that!"

"Miss Steward, this is a simple headache remedy. Or don't you believe I have a headache?"

"Oh, sir. You had me worried. I thought you were going to take your life."

"What a foolish thought!"

"Why don't you go for a walk, sir? The fresh air would do you good. I'll close the office."

"Thank you. I'll do as you say, Miss Steward, but I doubt if I'll ever walk again with peace of mind."

Bantam puts on his hat and coat almost immediately. A few minutes later he walks out into the sunshine of a crisp winter day. The wind is stirring up the soot and stray papers that gather about the curbs and corners of tall buildings. A sudden chill runs through Bantam and increases his sense of loneliness. He is not sure just where he cares to walk. One street is like another. They all lead nowhere. The hustle and bustle around him make no impression. As far as he is concerned, he is walking entirely alone.

Eventually Bantam finds himself in the heart of forty-second street. The onrush of the crowd, the bright lights, the honking of horns, the shouting of door-men as he passes from one theater to another, seem to bring him out of his reverie. He finds himself reading the billboard of a vaudeville show: The Zuchinis, jugglers from Europe; the Four-step Brothers; Bo-Bo, the clown; and Rabda, the palmist, magician.

"It's a great show, sir," announces the doorman, sidling up to Bantam. "Once in a lifetime will you see such a gay array of entertainers. Those

jugglers are magnificent. Let me tell you about the magician. He's sensational."

"I've no time to see a show."

"You don't know what you're missing."

"No, not today."

"Give it another thought. Once you see this act, you'll never forget it."

Suddenly Bantam asks himself why shouldn't he go into the show. Possibly it would help him forget. With that thought he buys his ticket. At last he has somewhere to go. When he enters the theater, Rabda is on stage, already in his trance. His sepulchral voice proclaims: "In the audience is a woman who wants to know if her husband is being faithful. Yes, Madam, he is — to someone else."

The large crowd laughs boisterously.

"I see a man who is worried —"

Just then a woman stands and yells, "You're a fake!"

The audience roars.

Another voice calls out, "I can tell fortunes better than that!"

Disorderly laughter blares through the theater.

Rabda raises his arms to command silence. "Please, please," he cries. "I shall perform one more stupendous act. I see in the audience an elderly man who today has lost his fortune."

Bantam leaps to his feet. "How much?" he calls. "How much did he lose?"

"He has lost \$300,000."

The crowd no longer can be held. They laugh and jeer till the curtains have to be drawn. Bantam hurries to find an usher.

"I must see the magician!" he breathlessly demands.

"You can't, sir."

"But I must. You shall take me to him." Bantam grabs the usher's lapels. His demand cannot be denied, and the usher leads the way to Rabda's dressing room.

Without introduction Bantam accosts the seer. "How did you know? How did you know? You've never seen me before. How could you know?"

Rabda smiles indulgently. "The vision came to me as you entered the theater. Your grief disturbed my powers of concentration. I am no fake. To help others has been my life work, but I can only help those who seek Rabda."

"If that is so, then you can help me regain my lost fortune. Will you?"

"For a price."

"Name it. Anything!"

"Very well then. I shall meet you in your apartment in a fortnight. You must be patient till then."

In a considerably calmer mood Bantam returns to his lonely quarters. He rarely leaves them in the ensuing days. Finally the appointed night arrives, and Bantam stalks back and forth in his living-room, anxiously awaiting Rabda. Scarcely does the quiet knock sound at the door than Bantam leaps forward to admit his guest, who appears in a sweeping golden oriental gown.

Rabda wastes no time in getting to the business of the meeting.

"Mr. Bantam," he solemnly announces, "you have but one choice. Select your help, therefore, from one of the following whom I shall contact for you:

Omata, the spirit of Faith  
Yutoma, the spirit of the Past  
Latopa, the spirit of the Future  
Tacoma, the spirit of Fortune  
Saco, the spirit of Hope  
Lutona, the spirit of Death

Make your choice, Mr. Bantam."

"The Spirit of the Future," says Bantam after considerable deliberation.

"Mr. Bantam, be careful of what you ask from Latopa. He will grant your wish, but he will see that you pay for it."

Without hesitation Bantam says,

"All I ask is that he grant me one wish."

"So be it, Mr. Bantam," Rabda declares. "You shall this night witness your destiny."

Rabda begins his ritual by slowly bowing and mumbling in a mysterious manner. Then he takes two powders, one black and one white, and mixes them in a small bowl that he had carried into the room with him. He strikes a match and ignites the mixture. A brilliant white flash races across the room, and a small mushroom of smoke rises from the bowl. Suddenly a loud, penetrating laugh comes from out of nowhere. It is followed immediately by the question, "What mortal soul asks Latopa for help?"

"Oh, wise one," Rabda implores, "master of all the years to come, who knows all that lies before us, please bestow upon this earthly creature his one and only wish —"

"And what would he have?" asks the Spirit of the Future.

Before Rabda can reply, Bantam blurts out, "I want the entire daily edition of the New York Times for the coming year."

Latopa's answer is a prolonged and weird laughter. When it gradually fades, Bantam turns to Rabda.

"Well, is he going to grant my wish? What kind of a stunt is this?"

Rabda points to Bantam's desk. "Your papers are there."

Bantam runs across the room and clutches the stacks of newspapers greedily, too elated over his newfound success to notice that Rabda has left.

"It's true! It's true!" Bantam shouts. "They're here. I've the New York Times for the whole year to come! Now I must go to work. Let me see."

Bantam grabs one issue after another and hurriedly glances at the stock market quotations. "American Oil will go up seven points by spring . . . Aluminum Shield six points . . . Pacific Can two points . . ."

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• Uncle Will used to be a tight wire walker in the circus. He was just a youngster then, and weighed only about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. One day Uncle Will had a terrible accident on the tight wire. As soon as he could he retired from the circus. Now he weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds. He lives with my folks.

Once in a while Uncle Will gets a little too much to drink. Right away I run out and round up the gang, Stinky Forrest, Slat's Kelley, Skinny Kanase, and the rest of the guys. Because, when Uncle Will gets a little drunk, he always puts on his act in our barn, just the way he used to do.

The last time was the best. Slat's Kelley's father runs Kelley's Saloon Bar & Grill. Slat's was sweeping up when Uncle Will was in there. Slat's father had to go in the back for a minute. Right away Slat's slipped a full bottle of whiskey to Uncle Will. Slat's figured the more Uncle Will had to drink, the better the show would be.

Slat's slipped out the back as soon as he could. He ran and got Stinky Forrest. Stinky sort of borrowed his big brother's bike. Stinky and Slat's pedalled like mad for Skinny Kanase's house (Skinny weighs a nice good two hundred pounds, and there isn't an ounce of muscle on him.) Skinny hooked his mom's wire clothesline, and they all three came as hard as they could go for my house.

I was reading a comic book when they came yelling down the drive. They stood outside the living room window and yelled but I didn't pay any attention. Pretty soon Mom came from the kitchen.

"Sonny, don't you think you ought to go outside and play with the boys?"

"Aw, mom, do I have to?"

"Now, sonny, they are a nice bunch of boys. You go out and play." As long as I acted like I didn't want to go outside, Mom wouldn't suspect anything, but the minute I ran outside, she'd catch on to what we were doing.

## Dry Dive

By Jack Rice

By the time I got outside, they were all busy in the barn. The barn had an open space in the middle, where tractors and machinery used to be driven in through the big doors. There were stalls on each side, with an open hayloft over each stall. The floor of each hayloft was about twenty feet from the ground. It wasn't very high to an old circus performer, but it was plenty high to us kids.

Skinny and Slat's each grabbed an end of Mrs. Kanase's wire clothesline. They scrambled up into the hayloft on each side and fastened the clothesline so it ran about an inch above the floor of one hayloft across the big open space to the other side.



Illustration by Bette Osweller

Stinky got on his brother's bike and tore around the neighborhood, rounding up the kids for an audience. I opened the top half of an old horse stall and got ready for business. We had a box on the inside of the door. The box had a hole in the top. Each kid that came to the circus paid admission—three bottle tops, two pieces of candy, four rusty nails or two new ones, five slugs or one real nickel, six marbles, or one live frog. I dropped everything through the hole in the box. After the show Skinny and Slat's and Stinky and me divided what was in the box four ways.

Sometimes the frog ate everything in the box, including the bottle tops, the candy, and the nails, but

it never made him sick. Once I put a half a bottle of pop in the box. The frog drank half of the half and I drank the rest, but neither one of us got sick.

Pretty soon the kids started coming in. Stinky spread the word that Slat's had slipped Uncle Will a bottle of whiskey on the side and it should be a good show. We had more kids than ever that day. They were all over the place, sitting on the rafters, on bales of straw (which cost the kids one bottle top extra), on piles of junk.

Skinny Kanase was the fat lady, so I had to go into the house to get one of mom's dresses. Mom asked me what all the kids were doing out in the barn.

"We're playing circus, Mom."

She laughed. She thought I was fooling.

Slat's Kelley was the ringmaster, because his dad owned a derby hat. We used stalls for the sideshow. Like I said, Skinny Kanase was the fat lady; Skinny's sister owned a goat so we had to let her in, but she didn't get to divide the stuff in the box; I was the strong man. I did about five chin ups and then let a frog out from under my shirt and scared all the girls.

Stinky Forrest was the lookout. He watched for Uncle Will. As soon as he saw him coming, Stinky ran in and told Slat's. Slat's got all the guys to help lift Stinky's brother's bike up to the hayloft. Then Stinky and me took the tires off the bike while Slat's got all set to introduce Uncle Will. All the kids knew Uncle Will. He'd stop and talk to them every day. But when Uncle Will stepped in the door of the barn dressed in spangled tights and a high silk hat, he was like somebody different. Everybody oooh'd and aaah'd like they'd never seen Uncle Will before.

Uncle Will sort of teetered and rocked back on his heels. But when he saw the wire across the barn and Stinky and me holding up the bike, he seemed to stand up a lot straighter. Uncle Will took off his high silk hat and made a low bow to the kids in the audience. When he bent

over you could see the darned places on his tights, but the kids didn't mind because that was what a real circus performer wore.

Slats and Skinny, still in his fat lady's dress, gave Uncle Will a boost up the ladder to the hayloft. Stinky and me pulled and Slats and Skinny pushed, and we got Uncle Will up in the hayloft. Stinky set the bike on the wire and I handed Uncle Will his umbrella. Uncle Will always used an umbrella when he rode on the tight wire, I guess partly because it looked fancy and partly because the barn roof leaked whenever it rained.

Uncle Will fished inside his coat, pulled out the whiskey bottle, and took a big swallow of it. He waited for Slats' introduction.

Slats had trouble. His voice kept cracking and the derby hat was too big, "Ladeez and Gentlemen, your attenshun puleeze! While this next performance is being performed, I must ask for complete silence in the ring!" Somebody giggled. The goat was banging against the stall.

"Ladeez and Gentlemen, the toasts of two contin-nunts, Uncle Will!" Giggles Smith, that lived next door to me and took drumming lessons, rolled his drums.

Uncle Will, his umbrella in one hand, the whiskey bottle in the other, and his high silk hat on his head, shot out on the bike into the middle of the open space. It was more than twenty feet between the edges of the haylofts. Uncle Will sat there on the bike in the middle, the wire bouncing up and down. The kids were screaming, and jumping up and down. Uncle Will got the bike almost to the edge of the far side. Every kid sighed with relief because he was glad to see Uncle Will safe. Uncle Will pedalled backwards and the bike shot back out to the middle of the wire again. All the kids screamed all over again.

Uncle Will stood up on the bike. Then I screamed because I thought Uncle Will was going to get off the bike — right there in the middle of the wire. The wire started bouncing worse than ever. I yelled down to

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## HAWAII . . . FORTY-NINTH STATE?

By Hui O. Hawaii

• Since the first of the year, three magazines of nation-wide circulation have carried articles on Hawaii — the January 12, 1952 *Collier's*; the February 2, 1952 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*; and *Time* in its issue of February 18, 1952. Why the sudden deluge of articles about the islands? A possible answer may be supplied by considering the convening of Congress early in January: with a new session of Congress, the perennial bill for Hawaiian statehood will probably be on the agenda again. For the past few years, Congress has been on the verge of passing that bill; but, for one reason or another, the Senate and the House have never gotten together to make it law.

The United States annexed the Republic of Hawaii in 1898, but the idea of statehood for Hawaii dates as far back as 1854 during the reign in the islands of King Kamehameha

On August 12, 1898, the Republic of Hawaii transferred its sovereignty to the United States and became an integral part of the United States through annexation. Hawaii voluntarily surrendered its sovereignty to become part of this nation.

On April 30, 1900, Hawaii was organized into a Territory of the United States; the Organic Act established a territorial form of government which was to be followed by statehood as soon as the people of the Territory were capable of self-government. The Organic Act prescribes the form of government for the Territory and serves as its constitution. It provides that the Constitution and laws of the United States have the same force and effect in the Territory as elsewhere in the country. Hawaii today is an incorporated territory and not a "possession."

Inasmuch as the islands are represented in Congress by an elected delegate who can only introduce bills into the House, Hawaii has no vote in the legislative body of the nation of which it is a part.

The total land area of the Territory of Hawaii is slightly more than the areas of three states — Delaware, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The Territory has a larger population than six states — Nevada, Wyoming, Delaware, Vermont, Idaho, and Montana — and a population greater than that of any state at the time it became a state — with the exception of Oklahoma.

Assessed property value in the islands is higher than that of any state at the time it achieved statehood — again with the exception of Oklahoma. Internal revenue collections in the Territory are about ten to fifteen times the federal grants to the islands. Hawaii's tax payments to the federal government exceed that of fourteen states. A greater percentage of people in the Terri-

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Illustration by Manuel Cadiz

III. Ninety-eight years ago, President Franklin Pierce instructed Secretary of State Marcy to commission D. L. Gregg to represent the United States in Hawaii and to negotiate with Kamehameha III for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. A treaty (of 1854) proposed that Hawaii come into the Union enjoying the same degree of sovereignty as other states. However, this treaty was never ratified and negotiations lapsed with the death of Kamehameha III on December 15, 1854.

# A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE INDUS

By Robert F. Wood

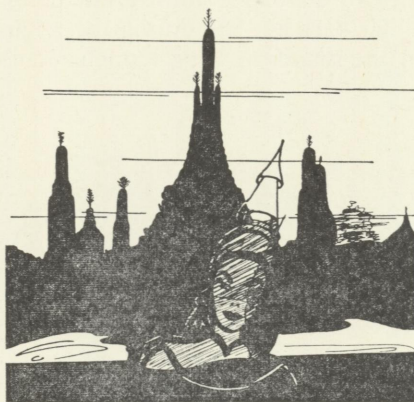
• It has been but five short years since the dissolution of British India into Pakistan and India. In fact, five years is such a pittance in time that the word Pakistan is perhaps still a strange one to many of us.

One will remember that, due to certain disagreements, the Muslim League (representative of the Indian Mohammedan) and the Congress Party (representative of the Indian Hindu) agreed together with Great Britain that India should be divided into two general states in which territorial areas would be best represented the two religious majority groups of the mighty sub-continent of India. As a result, Pakistan consists today of the northwestern corner of old British India which composes the provinces of Sind, Punjab, and Northwestern Frontier Province. In addition, Pakistan holds a small portion of territory far to the east between Calcutta and Assam. The formation of this latter area was held necessary because of the large Mohammedan majority living there prior to Great Britain's abdication of India.

Western Pakistan embraces much of what is to many the most romantic area of the peninsula. Such places as were made so famous by Kipling and others are all there in this relatively new nation: Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Sialkot, Lahore, and the Khyber Pass. This is all great Mohammedan country rich with legend and color. It includes many climates as the whole of the country ranges from the Himalayas on the north to the Arabian Sea on the south. Besides the Arabian Sea it is bounded by many romantic and fascinating lands which are so familiar to many of us such as Iran (old Persia) and Afghanistan on the west and the new nation of India on the east.

The life blood of this new member of the world of nations can accurately be stated to be the Indus River. The Indus begins its tortu-

ous path far to the north and east for it originates in the high ranges of the Himalayas in Western Tibet where it flows at an altitude of seventeen thousand feet. From there it begins its circuitous path to the sea passing through Kashmir where at one point it passes through a defile which is thirteen thousand feet in depth. Then on to West Pakistan where it enters the Northwestern Frontier Province, the land of "Gunga Din." Then south it travels to the arid areas of Sind Province through which it flows to the sea where it forms its delta just south of Karachi, the capital city of Pakistan. Unfortunately the large delta area of the Indus is of little agricultural value due to the fact



that its soil is largely of clay composition. However, this is well compensated for by the use of its waters to the north through the practice of modern irrigation methods. Not too far north of Karachi at the city of Sukkur is a huge dam called the Sukkur Barrage and which is so important in the control of the waters of the Indus. These waters which flow so quietly throughout the year become a raging torrent in late summer when for but a few days the smashing rains that remain of the monsoon that began in Burma and Assam in late winter drench the great Thar Desert. One cannot help but see the value of the Indus as he travels the dusty trains that make the long desert run from

Karachi to Lahore. While most of the time he sees through his compartment window the dry, withered plants of the desert, struggling in parched, hot earth, he is soon not surprised to see large orchards of fruit trees and truck farms flash before his eyes, products of man's work and imagination in making good use of the Indus' precious waters.

There is so much to see in West Pakistan. Even though one is most methodical in his visits, while there, he leaves with regrets that he did not have time to see everything and learn about everything. The cities in the desert are like we would imagine them to be — hot, cluttered areas with the buildings huddled close together as if to escape from the merciless sun. The result is narrow, winding streets upon which no water ever falls except that of the late summer rains.

Less than fifty miles from Karachi, to the east, is a place well worth inclusion in one's itinerary. There at the end of a crude, one-lane road that follows the contour of the earth over desert ridges and down into gullies cut by August torrents, one finds Tatta. This city with its present population of five thousand people once must have been proud and important with the presence of kings for there one can find huge burial tombs that house the bones of long-since deceased Mohammedan kings lying buried beneath the same roof as their wives. The tombs, for the most part, are large structures made of huge blocks of stone. They are open around the sides with large, weighty roofs supported by strong, block-like pillars. There lie the kings for whom they were built in stone caskets in the center of the floor with the caskets of their wives, and perhaps children, grouped around them. Of special interest are the ceilings of the tombs which are beautifully inlaid with tile and glittering semi-precious stones. From a distance, and especially so if they

are viewed in the dusk of evening, they pose as silent, lonely sentinels of the Mohammedan conquest in Sind.

The gateway to Pakistan is its capital city, Karachi. Karachi has always been an important city for it is the fourth largest harbor on the Indian peninsula and, furthermore, it was for long the capital city of the British Indian Province of Sind before the days of Pakistan. Karachi's harbor is quite adequate, being equipped with a large dock area which is modern in appearance. The harbor is always abundant with fishing boats which are small sailing craft called banda (pronounced bun'da) boats. The harbor furnishes much employment for the many coolie laborers who make their livelihood loading and unloading the ships. And there in the harbor the Westerner who is newly acquainted with the Far East will perhaps be shocked if there should be a coal ship being unloaded for the work will be done by coolie women carrying the coal from ship to shore in baskets which they balance gracefully on their heads.

As we move into the heart of the city we pass many business buildings which house the commercial interests allied to the harbor shipping. One is almost immediately conscious of the crowded living conditions of the city's inhabitants and the lack of individual housing for individual families.

There are two general areas of the city — the Old Town, as it is called being reminiscent of the fact that it was the original nucleus from which the city sprang, and the Cantonment Area, which is the portion of the city built between the beginning of British occupation and the birth of Pakistan. The word cantonment really comes from the British use of the term to denote their military posts or regimental areas so that since the regimental area was always placed a short distance aside from the Indian cities where the troops were stationed, the settlement that grew up around the troops came to be known as the Cantonment Area. The modern and

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## OUR COMMON BOAST

By John La Faso

• From the very beginning of Christianity man has tried to honor Mary in every conceivable way. Under the skilled hands of artists, masterpieces of lasting value are hewed in stone and marble, hundreds of paintings bear witness to the love that artists have for her. Books about the "Woman above all women glorified" totals to uncountable numbers. Melodies harmoniously rise above mere earthly cadences when the Queen of Heaven becomes the theme. The great minds, the most skillful hands, the world's great poets have found in Mary a common boast.

Pilgrims to Rome will stand before centuries of aged stone, marble and canvas that proclaim the privileges of the unspotted handmaid of God. They will marvel before the great originals of Michaelangelo, Da Vinci, Raphael. They will always remember the celestial music of plain song and the rich harmonies of the Palestrinian music. They are the pray-work of art of the past generations.

Yet the world's greatest lover has given to Mary homage most sublime. God became the Son of Mary. In the spring time when in its orderly ways nature revives and regenerates herself, Mary the Mother of God, and our Mother, too, should become a subject of universal concern.



Not limited to any class, or condition in life, devotion to Mary is common property of all God's children. She has and continues to be the inspiration of poets, artists, laborers — all of mankind. How many are they who pray her beads, sing her praise, proclaim her name in every art and form! She is nature's solitary boast.

Christ was not satisfied to have Mary as Mother all for Himself; He was not satisfied in honoring her alone. He gave her to all mankind. As a result we can in conformity with Christ love Mary, or better still allow Christ to love her through us.

A true and perfect devotion to Mary characterizes itself not in a pietistic emotional fondness of the Mother of God, but in a mature love that culminates in a total donation to Mary of one's entire self . . . a happy acknowledgment that Mary is truly our mother.

Not satisfied with giving the individual powers, abilities of a skillful hand, a keen mind and intellect or any other single quality — every power is given unselfishly in its entirety. Based on the solid foundation of faith this devotion will then tower to a gigantic realm of spirituality and holiness.

In but a few words this perfect devotion to Mary can be summed up as conformity to Christ, especially in that aspect that stands out so prominently — His filial love for His Mother. That generous giving of one's self to Mary as Christ did in becoming her son is filial piety. Practicing this filial piety, a person endeavors to become completely and intensely a Son of Mary as Christ, the Model.

Christ, it is true, had but one all-embracing work to accomplish; it is the same work all of us have also — the fulfillment of the will of the

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# ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF ROTC BUILDING

By Robert S. Oelman, Executive Vice-President,  
National Cash Register Company

Father Renneker, Colonel Kinney, members of the ROTC and guests of the university:

• This day marks another milestone in the history of an institution close to Dayton's heart—an institution of increasing stature in American education . . . the University of Dayton.

We have come here today to dedicate certain physical facilities that meet a long-felt need of the University.

Those facilities are centered in this building. The best of craftsmanship—in architecture, engineering, construction and design—has gone into its making. If there is a finer ROTC for its size on any campus in the country—we have yet to hear about it.

Father Renneker—on behalf of your guests on this memorable day—and all other Dayton citizens who cherish the welfare of this university—I congratulate you and those who have worked with you—on all this building represents.

Little more than a year ago, this building was a paragraph in your annual report. Today—it is a very real reality. It is significant that this building was erected with university funds and with no outside aid.

We salute the administration of the University of Dayton and the Society of Mary for this magnificent accomplishment. The credit is all theirs.

We here today might rest well content by focusing all our thoughts on this fine addition to the facilities of Dayton University. But, in this hour of dedication, it seems to me that it behooves us all to view this building in the light of what it represents beyond a new facility. We might well ask ourselves—why is this building here at all? To what fundamental purpose do we really

dedicate this rifle range—these class rooms—this modern plant for educating men?

In one respect, the answer is obvious. We are dedicating a new bastion for the defense of America. And the essence of the answer is contained in a splendid letter sent to Father Renneker by General Lawton Collins, chief of staff of the United States Army. I should like to read it to you, for in this letter we find not only a warm tribute to the University of Dayton, but to the institution of the ROTC itself.

Here is what General Collins wrote to Father Renneker:

"As we in the army pause to look back over the accomplishments of 1951, it is particularly appropriate that we express our heartfelt gratitude to you for the very real contribution you have made to the growing strength of our nation.

"The much needed support which your fine institution has given to our ROTC program has added greatly to that strength, and you may be sure we are looking forward to your continued support in the future. The response of the University of Dayton proves again that our time-honored reliance on the citizen-soldier is well-founded."

"Speaking frankly," General Collins continues, "I can say that we could not have provided the necessary officers for the army during the past year without the aid of the ROTC program. Looking ahead, I anticipate that even greater demands will be made on the ROTC, primarily because of the expiration of the terms of service of thousands of officers in 1952. We are therefore dedicated more than ever before to give this important program greater vitality, and we ask your continued co-operation."

If General Collins were here today, I am confident he would feel that co-operation will be forthcom-

ing from the University of Dayton in fullest measure.

One sentence in his letter especially appealed to me. General Collins made reference to our time-honored reliance on the citizen-soldier—and the implication is clear that he means reserve officers as well as those who serve in the enlisted ranks.

Time-honored is a good phrase for our reliance on the citizen-soldier—for it goes back to the earliest days of our republic.

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The creation of that institution was strongly encouraged by Washington, by Adams, by Hamilton and by Jefferson alike.

In our earliest days, our infant republic demanded a trained corps of professional officers, just as our mighty republic demands one today. But Washington, Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson were all determined that this nation should not create a professional military caste. They were also determined that the military academy itself should emphasize the proper role of a soldier in a democracy.

This was all refreshed for our memories very recently by General Omar Bradley, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff. In a special message for the West Point anniversary, he pointed out that its graduates are vastly outnumbered in the army and the air corps by reservists. By officers from the National Guard, by men who had won their commissions through the enlisted ranks—and above all by graduates of other colleges and universities.

During World War II, when there were more than eight hundred thousand officers in the army and the air corps, less than nine thousand were graduates of West Point. The ROTC is the principal source

of supply for officers in the armed services.

We are all familiar with ROTC history in a general way. Its family tree goes back to the Student Army Training Corps which was introduced at the University of Dayton—then known as St. Mary's College—in 1917. It was disbanded at the end of World War I, replaced in 1919 by ROTC, and in 1920, military training was made a required course for freshmen and sophomores. In 1922 the first cadet was commissioned from Dayton University.

Today, the graduates of Dayton University include more than one general in the army and other officers of high rank—as well as a host of men in company commands.

They are serving with the utmost distinction—and their honors are a tribute to the University of Dayton—and to the broader institution of the ROTC itself.

Colonel Kinny told me of U. D. graduates in Korea, and as he told me of them, he provided me a thread of thought that is especially appropriate in this dedication hour.

I asked the Colonel what difference he saw between his experiences in Sicily and Italy in World War II and his year of service in Korea.

"Well," he said, "they are both hilly countries, so in that respect, they are somewhat the same. But there's a considerable difference in the temper of the enemy.

"In Italy, the enemy knew when he was licked—and he quit. In Korea, he keeps on coming."

He went on to explain that there is nothing cheaper or more expendable in the philosophy of the enemy in Korea than human life itself. I made the guess that the upper brackets of command might feel that way—but what about the fellow who is being expanded?

And this is how the Colonel answered: "Oddly enough," he said, the man in the ranks seems to feel much the same way. Perhaps one reason is because he leads such a miserable existence even under normal conditions that he doesn't care too much what happens to him.

"Besides all that, he has little choice. Machine guns at his back discourage any idea of retreat."

I am wondering if we cannot draw some interesting parallels from that.

For example, we have been faithful to the concept of the citizen-soldier instead of the military caste—and victory has consistently followed our flag.

Then, too, this is a mighty land, but we are not arrogant in our might. We do not covet the property of our neighbors in the world. We have worked out a pattern for living that has blessed us rather abundantly—but we do not presume to impose it on others.

We are essentially a people who prefer the plowshare to the sword. Many another economic society concentrates on preparation for war. They take the inventions for war and sometimes adapt them to the uses of peace.

In America we contradict that practice. In time of emergency, we use the facilities of the vacuum cleaner factory to build an airplane—we use automobile machinery for military purposes—we convert the machines that make parts for gas stoves into making parts for tanks.

It might be said that America's military power is due to constant pressures to increase our living standard in times of peace. Here in America, we take peace seriously—just as we take seriously the value of every human life.

Our institutions as well as our economy keep faith with the democratic spirit. Among those institutions is the ROTC, dedicated to the purpose of supplying trained officers, to be sure, but equally dedicated to the encouragement of individual leadership for peace without which no democracy can long survive. Thus, the ROTC occupies a vital role in our national scene, both in time of peace and war.

Your guests today, Father Renneker, and this university's host of friends in Dayton, salute the institution of the ROTC as we salute this milestone of progress.

Father Renneker—I do not know why I was honored by this invitation to assist in dedicating this facility. Perhaps you had in mind that it would be a happy thought to ask a neighbor instead of some distinguished stranger.

If so, I am very happy, too. The University and the N. C. R. have been neighbors—and good neighbors for some sixty-seven years. You were a going concern for more than thirty years before Mr. Patterson built the first of our present factory buildings. You were nearing maturity when Mr. Patterson was rocking the cradle of the N. C. R., but since then, both institutions have grown together.

You will have hosts of good wishes today—an abundance of them, I am sure, but I would like to add to them the best wishes of Colonel Deeds, of Mr. Allyn and all your other friends across the street.



You and all of your associates—the faculty—the alumni and the students alike—are giving the University of Dayton an ever-increasing meaning in our mutual home town—and in the educational world. I called this occasion a milestone in the progress of the University, but it occurs to me now that you are using a shorter yardstick to measure your miles—because fundamental forward steps in the University's progress have been coming along with increasing frequency.

The people of Dayton rejoice in your continuing success—and the tempo of your progress. We here who are privileged to share in this dedication would call it, I believe, another “mission accomplished.”

I am sure that every person here today hopes with all his heart—as I know I do—that this building and all that it stands for—will fulfill your hopes to the utmost.

To the development of future leaders—to the building of a greater University—to the preservation of democracy—we dedicate this building.

## OUR COMMON BOAST

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Father. In Christ this accomplishing of the will of God was done by becoming the Son of Mary for the salvation of mankind. This is the endeavor of the genuine devotee of Mary, to fulfill the will of God in conformity with Christ by becoming a son of Mary for the salvation of one's own soul and that of his fellow men.

Spring focuses our thoughts on the Blessed Mother, and bids us bend our knees and raise our hearts in prayer to Mary, the patron of the University, and of the faculty that bears her name, the Society of Mary.

It is to this virile devotion of the founding fathers of the University, in their endeavor to lead Christians to a sincere and open profession of true Christianity with Mary as guiding star, that the school owes its existence.

## Eighteen-Year Olds Can Vote

By Roman J. Gerber

• These words might very well be the headlines of Ohio newspapers should a new constitution be adopted. Thomas Jefferson once stated that a law should never be retained for more than twenty years unless reenacted. Though a strict observance of this astute statesman's advice would doubtless be, in the interest of efficient government, impractical, adherence to its principles would be of great benefit.

The spirit of this idea is reflected in the proposed constitutional convention to revise the Ohio State Constitution, a question automatically arising every twenty years and which will be before the Ohio electorate this November.

As required by the sixteenth amendment to our state constitution a proposal to have a constitutional convention is submitted every twenty years for approval of the state's electors. If approved these same electors then must elect delegates to a state convention. These delegates are equal in number to the representatives in the Ohio General Assembly and they are elected on the same basis of apportionment. These constitutional convention delegates then propose various amendments to the constitution such as a lowering of the minimum voting age. If they approve them by a simple majority, these proposed amendments are then submitted to the voting citizens in the form of a referendum. If a majority of the voters approve these constitutional revisions, they then become part of the Ohio Constitution.

No person less than twenty-one years of age has been legally permitted to vote since the inception of the Ohio State Constitution of 1802. The Constitution of 1851 is substantially the same as the one which is in use today. Though there

have been amendments added from time to time, the question of voting has met with no decisive action. Even the Federal constitution with its fifteenth and nineteenth amendments preventing discrimination from voting on the grounds of race or sex has failed to reach an equitable solution regarding age as the latter is a power reserved to the individual states.

Acceptance of this civic challenge on our part would bring about a more democratic rule. Granted, many of us of college age are not allowed the privilege of voting but it is for that very reason that we should actively support the revision and amending of the constitution at this time. This constitutional convention in Ohio comes but once in twenty years. At this time public sentiment favors the lowering of the minimum voting age. Consequently, the time is ripe for action along these lines.

It is interesting to note that in Georgia and South Carolina eighteen-year olds are privileged to vote whereas in the other forty-six states this is denied them though they are still requested to fight and die for their country. This question is of importance to us; it is our unballoted blood that may be used to fertilize the rice paddies of Korea.

## THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 7)

Bantam drops into his chair and thumps the desk with a vigor he had not felt in many a year.

“No one can stop me, no one. I'll be wealthy. I'll be the biggest man in Wall Street. Ha! Ha! Ha! They'll all come to me. All of them. Ha! Ha! Ha!”

He leans back with a smile of confidence playing over his features. The future is his. He wonders suddenly what the headlines will be for tomorrow. He turns to the front page. The smile disappears. His face becomes ashen. His very breath halts as his eyes behold: “James Bantam, Stock Market Tycoon, Dies Suddenly!”

## *the poetry page*

### **The Lost Lover: A Ballad**

There is an island off this coast,  
And on it roses grow—  
Roses red and roses pink  
And whiter than the snow.

A maid said to her sailor lad:  
"A rose you'll get for me;  
And you must swim for it yourself  
Across this stormy sea."

"Across this stormy sea, my dear,  
Across the ocean, too;  
I'd gladly do it all, my dear,  
To prove my love for you."

He hurried to the water's edge;  
He soon was in the sea.  
The winds churned up the waves about;  
Her love she could not see.

Now something floats in on the tide—  
See how it bobs and goes!  
The waters wash it to her feet:  
It is a red, red rose.

No more does she make sport of love,  
Or see her lover true;  
But spends her days in mournful wait  
To join her love anew.

—RAYMOND McKENNA.

### **An Evening Walk in Two Acts**

Darker than the swoon of sin,  
Lighter than the shadow of love,  
Night comes in.  
A glove to envelop us  
In a false feeling of nearness,  
Security, never-ending:  
Time is absent—banished, all gone, dead.  
Day impending? Nonsense, never . . . No! Now! There!  
Stars—sharp sparks shed the shroud.  
Then, a travesty of a grin—the moon,  
Lights our way to the tomb.

The first was very fast  
And everybody was in the act.  
But, in fact, was a dismal  
Failure in its general impression:  
All grew old—the Fountain was well hidden.  
The sign (we would have a sign) was lost  
In the maze of billboards. The Word  
Was lost in words. (We never heard.)  
Now the second, unknown but undeniable,  
Being based on individual performance in  
The first, has given indication of being a long one:  
Time at last  
Is past.

—J. J. GLEASON.

### **A Reminder**

Did you ever stop to wonder  
How good the dear Lord is?  
Besides our own sweet mother,  
He also gave us His.

His wond'rous Mother, Mary,  
To hear us when we call:  
To take our hand and guide us  
To right us when we fall.

Did you ever say a prayer  
To this Heavenly Queen above?  
Does your heart not yearn a little  
For her tenderness and love?

Let us daily pray the Rosary:  
Our tattered lives, let's mend.  
Soon the Peace and Love of God  
Will fill our hearts again.

—CAROLUS SCHNEIDER.

### **To the Girl Whose Steps I Hear Behind Me**

Girl,  
Don't look at me with those  
Impossibly sincere eyes.  
Frown once in a while;  
Reserve your smile for a time  
When I glance shyly downward  
From your sweet visage of  
Delicately tanned Mother-of-pearl.

Practice deception, chide and  
Scold me.  
And impishly hold me  
To my silly enamored vows.  
Love me without release,  
But allow me not the ease  
Of a single real, smug thought;  
And I will grow to cherish  
What would otherwise expire in the  
Well of my own pride.

—TOM ESHELMAN.

### **Vigil Light**

You see him die, who yesterday  
Reached out to catch your hand and smile.  
You see him die by pain distorted;  
The face grown weaker all this while.

And you, you watch that awful agony  
But never yet forget for just a moment's span  
What love and other words exchanged  
Before this happily destined plan.

You see him die. That boyish head  
That ducked in laughter and delight  
Relaxes, rejoicing from the bitter pain  
Now gone, and left to mortal right.

You see him die with wordlessness  
And no remorse. Beside the bed  
A simple candle burns in prayer  
And gleams alone in dusky living red.

—PEGGY KUNKA.

*edited by peg kunka*

# Editorial Comment . . .

## VICTORIOUS RESURRECTION

• The world is in one vast turmoil, and yet it celebrates Easter. What a contrast—Christ rising in the glory of Easter, and Christians dying in the darkness of conflict.

Christ, by his death on the cross and His resurrection, overcame sin, but we have not overcome sin until we live in obedience to His Holy Will. The Resurrection was sin's defeat. From that time forward, sin could persecute religion and destroy humanity, but it could never do anything so wicked as the Crucifixion again. The devil's worst was conquered by God's best.

The Risen Christ walks through history holding in His outstretched hands the promise of victory, the pledge of peace, and the seal of happiness, but so long as men are free they will always have the power to refuse that love. Our Lord never taught that His Resurrection would banish evil from history, except to those who profit by it.

The world is the battlefield of the City of God and the City of Man, love against hate, until the consummation when Christ shall reign supreme in mercy to the saved and in justice to the lost. Then will the struggle be over and the just will be confirmed in grace. For then sin will be no more and they will recall the words of Christ: "I am the resurrection and the life."

Man has reason for joy in these troublesome times. Evil is now in the ascendancy, but its day will pass, for the powers which rule are already dethroned in principle. The Risen Christ would dispose of evil and bring peace if only man would be disillusioned about his politics, his economics, his self-importance and bring the principles of Christ into the world.

What is the source of human tears, of human sorrow, of the tragedy that stalks the earth today. It is sin, the great enemy of man which Christianity boldly confronts when it faces the worst that befalls us and offers deliverance. Christ, through His Crucifixion and Resurrection, has given to man the means whereby he might be saved. The Resurrection stands as the ray of light leading man's hopes and actions in the incessant battle against the forces of evil. It is in the Resurrection the the whole world was to witness the mastery over sin and evil. Through it, God beckons all men to share in the disposal of evil, by participating in the graces emanating from the Divine Tragedy.

When on the evening of Easter Day, Jesus stood in the midst of assembled disciples, and showed them His Hands and His Feet, their joy was very great. It was an experience of what Our Lord had promised . . . "and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy,"—the radiance of Easter.

Man has ample reason for joy at Easter. First, the joy in the triumph and satisfaction experienced by Our Lord Himself. We Christians are aware of his reign in heaven. It is His joy which inspires ours; it turns our worries into joy.

Secondly, our Easter joy is inspired by the sense of confidence which Christ's Resurrection from the dead gives to us. In the Resurrection we have a solid fact on which the Christian Faith securely rests.

Thirdly, Easter joy stems from the thought of the immortality of the soul — the life hereafter. His Resurrection is the model as well as the warrant of our own. It also typifies the resurrection from evil, and the mastery over sin. Here then is the greatest cause of our joy. Man will revel in the light of resurrection after the struggles of life are over.

And a Christian who follows the teachings of Christ will struggle to be free from relapsing into sin. Grave sin is the tomb of the soul; and to have risen from the tomb ought to mean that we do not return to it. "Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more . . . Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord." This is the rule of a Christian life; it has risen from the grave of sin for good and all.

• • •

## MARY, OUR MODEL

• One of the means which the Church uses to encourage her children to strive for perfection is pointing to the lives of the saints, especially to that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She put into practice the teachings of our Lord and we are encouraged by her example and success.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is our model. She expressed an act of faith when she replied to the angel, "Be it done unto me." She is the most perfect of all Christians. She possesses both, her full measure of God's grace and perfect conformity to His will. The angel declared, "Hail, full of grace." No finite being could possess more grace, and fullness of grace implies fullness of perfection.

Inasmuch as God Himself has called her by that dearest of names—"Mother"—it is appropriate that we also consider her as our Mother. We are Mary's children in the spiritual order. Christ gave her to us when He was dying upon the cross. Through Mary, Christ is our elder brother in whose Divinity we partake, not by right, but by the will of Him Who deigned to be born of woman, that man might be redeemed.

Mary is the cause of our joy, for through her hands God distributes to us all graces necessary for attaining the joys of heaven. God has constituted the Blessed Virgin Mary His treasurer and His almoner. The help which Mary communicates to us is superior to all natural gifts. The merits of the cross pass into the hands of Mary, to be distributed over the entire world. Jesus gave all nations to Mary when, at the foot of the cross, Saint John was given to her as a son.

True devotion to Mary is marked by three qualities. It should emanate from the heart; it should be continuous throughout our lives; it should not lead us to presumption. Saint Thomas states that true devotion towards God consists in conforming our wills to that of God. Logically then, true devotion to Mary consists in a ready will to do everything that she desires, for her will is always in accordance with that of her Son.

"Let us praise her, and never cease to praise her," we may say with one of the great Doctors of the Church, "and spend ourselves glorifying the Mother of God, without fear that our praises will ever equal her incomparable greatness."

Mary has a claim to our homage and praise. She is not the mother of a human king, but the Mother of the King of Kings. She is the Mother of mankind, the Coredemptrix of men, who desires the salvation of all men.

• • •

## MONOPOLISTIC LABOR

• Labor, as an institution, has been in the American scene for many years; in fact, since 1792. It was then that labor became a recognized organization for representing the aims of the employee.

At first, labor unions were discounted and legislated against in an effort to protect "private property." However, union goals of wages, hours, and working conditions were just, and with the passage of time, definite progress was made on behalf of the working-man.

The Norris-LaGuardia Act and the Wagner Act served to stimulate the cause of organized labor. It was from these acts that labor acquired much of its influential position enjoyed today.

Ever since labor began to organize, a potential danger has existed in such organization. This danger is exemplified in mob psychology and mass rule. Labor represents a tremendous segment of manpower, and if utilized in an unrestrained manner without prudence and control, it could wield influence totally opposite to the national stability.

Among the inflationary tendencies in the American economy, of which government fiscal policy is one, labor is a prime offender. The two great labor federations, the AF of L and the CIO, compete for the fruits of mass force unrestrained as to the warning signs posted by the interests of economic stability.

The United Steelworkers Union of the CIO is a case in point. The union wishes to exact inequitable wage increases out of an industry that can little afford such increases at existing prices.

Now the CIO and the Steelworkers are cognizant of the existing economic situation. There is great speculation as to whether the market would absorb a price increase in steel. Moreover, the raised wage-price cycle would only stimulate the inflationary environment. Also, the price indexes are now in a state of stabilization, which condition would not be benefited by wage increases.

Big union concessions adversely affect the small union member, who must compete in the market with an inequitable purchasing power. Such concessions also open the door for a chain reaction of wage increases to other large unions, thus effecting more pressure on prices.

Organized labor recognizes these effects, but nevertheless upholds its inflationary policies as just. Management is powerless to operate against such infused manpower. Government policy has been one of appeasement. All such tendencies portray the monopolistic position of labor.

Justice, equality, freedom, and stability demand that labor be met with conviction and principle.

—WILLIAM E. HUTH.

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## TURNABOUT TAG DANCE

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1952

Elton Dale Orchestra

9:30 to 12:30

C. I. O. Hall

Tickets on sale in the Lounge

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# Coeds' Corner

## EMPIRE STATEMENT

• New York—city of taxicabs, skyscrapers, and foreign tongues. If the taxis don't knock you down, the high cost of living will. If you aren't captivated by the delightfully foreign accent of New Yorkers, then you weren't born in Ohio.

New York cab drivers are definitely a unique type of human being, probably not found in any other part of the world. They come in various sizes, shapes, and dispositions. Some utter nary a word except the curt comment, "Thaddal be a dollah ladee." Others talk constantly from the time you set foot in the cab until you leave. All of them drive as if they have great trust in God. You have no trouble finding a cab—you can't get rid of them! They are everywhere, crawling over the city like huge bugs—they are part of New York.

Who says Chicago is "the windy city?" Have you ever been blown off the top of the Empire State building or the Staten Island ferry? New York has its own type of cold weather, in addition to its other oddities. It's the type of cold that makes you feel like you're swimming the English Channel in the middle of January. However, New York's weather is not consistent, and the very next day could be just like spring.

In the "big city" there can't be a dull moment. It's never difficult to find something to do or to have a good time. You can even find several ways to commit suicide. For instance, you could ride the subway at five in the evening; you could go down to Greenwich Village, the Bowery, or Harlem alone at night; you could ride an elevator at Saks Fifth Avenue; or then again you merely have to cross the street.

To find your way around in New York you must know two things: where you are going and how to read signs. If you are familiar with the Eastern "lingo" then you are pretty safe in asking someone questions about directions. Sometimes you don't even have to ask questions, just stand on the corner of Thirty-third street and the Avenue of the Americas and mutter, "There isn't any Sixth Avenue." Maybe someone will walk by and say, "You're on it."

No matter how often you visit New York, you'll never forget the first time you discovered that fabulous Manhattan Island and said, "All this, for twenty-four dollars!"

—SUZANNE CONNOLLY.

• • •

## LET'S PRETEND

• "Oh, isn't he boring?" This is a familiar remark some students make regarding their profs. Much has been said about the faults of teachers and, of course, much more can be added. For a twist, put yourself in the place of a college prof, preferably of U. D., and try to imagine yourself sitting at the head of a class of forty-five students. It really would not be much of a picnic.

The eight o'clock class convenes and in comes—half of the class—the rest enter later. The "early arrivals" present quite a picture. There are the six foot fellows in jeans shuffling their feet on their way to a seat, a few well-dressed business-suited boys, and the average sport-shirt-and-trouser type. There are also the trim and some slim nurses, the heavy set and suited coeds, and the usual sweater and skirt girl.

After the prayer has been said, the class sits down and you are ready to begin, you are, but they aren't. In front of you are thirty-three faces (the rest are due to drift in), twenty of whom are looking at you. The remaining thirteen are sleeping soundly. Most of the coeds are quite attentive, with the exception of the ones who are still thinking about last Saturday's date; next Saturday's date; the fellows sitting next to them; or what they should wear for the Military Ball.

Twenty-five minutes pass and things begin to settle down a bit, especially those who haven't awakened from their long winter's nap. The back door opens, a few heads (approximately thirty) turn in that direction to see a latecomer sneaking to the back row.

As the period nears the end the following situations arise: five of the thirteen sleepers have awakened, and the students become increasingly restless as they await

the sound of the bell. The business-suited boys still have their eyes glued on you; most of the coeds now appear more comfortable and relaxed due to the soothing quality of your voice; and a few of the blue-jeaned lads are looking as though they wished you would suffer a stroke, so you wouldn't be able to continue the lecture.

Thus you have a picture of a prof who often becomes so tired of looking at us and so envious of those who are sleeping. No wonder there is a teacher shortage!

—MARY ANN ISENECKER.

## PARTY POINTERS

• "Party Philosophy" is something the seniors have, the juniors envy, the sophomores work for, and the freshmen marvel at—that is, all except U.D.'s freshmen. They come to the university with a solid background in parties and fancy plans for the ones in the future.

Parties have become a real part of college life. For some, they are the only part, and for others, they are the best part. No matter what their status, after attending a few dozen of these functions, you unconsciously form a philosophy—a method of attack.

It all begins several days before the "ball." Be enthused! Get into the mood. Consult "the girls" about what to wear—as if you haven't already done just that. You have learned by now that you must dress right to feel right. Put on the garb, be comfortable, and forget about it.

Be ready when your date arrives. This thing of being tardy can put a damper on the whole evening. What if your date is late? Well, consider who he is. The poor neglected male needs a few privileges — mighty few!

Here's the crucial moment—arrival at the destination. Just paste on a smile and walk into the house as though you had lived there all your life. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open until you've "cased the joint." Locate your objective and go to work.

New faces? Good! Be introduced. Some say that friends are like handkerchiefs—you never have enough on hand. After the introductions, say a personal "hello" to everyone, that'll take a half an hour. Where's the date all this time? Probably either following you, or following his own line of attack, referred to as "book-ing."

Be ready to help the hostess. She needs vivacious people to keep things rolling. She also needs a little assistance in the kitchen. You will really be the answer to her prayers, if you pitch in and help everyone have a good time. Forget about yourself and have fun.

Leave the "ball" at a decent hour. What you do on the way home is your own business, but just remember be NICE, so that you will have a repeat performance.

There you've just spent a wonderful evening. Parties are as important as studies. Look around—the people who make the grades are usually the ones who have the fun.

—CHARMAINE HILGEFORD.

## THE VIOLENT RAY

"The sigh guy with the cry in his eyes," Johnnie Ray was recently welcomed to Dayton on the wettest, drippiest day of the season—the Chamber of Commerce certainly cooperated.

America's favorite "weeper" is a boyish looking, slightly built fellow with quite a sense of humor. Yes, believe it or not he can really smile. However, most of the time his rubbery mouth is occupied with some very unique grimaces.

While rehearsing, the Oregon born singer "vants" to be alone, so this reporter could be spotted peeking through a palm listening to the Ray version of "Broken Hearted," "Walking My Baby Home," "Please Mr. Sun," and "Cry."

This fabulous stylist, who is one quarter Blackfoot Indian, has never had any formal musical training. His singing career began in Hollywood at the age of seventeen. Times were hard and he claims that he consumed so much coffee and doughnuts that he actually splashed.

Mr. Emotion emphatically states that his singing style is not affected, for he actually feels everything he sings. Evidently he is normally miserable, because the melody usually comes out in growls, groans, sighs, and cries. The fact that he is a little deaf could account for that terrific volume. Johnnie even admits that he has received replies from Chloe.

When queried about his recreations, pastimes, and hobbies, the twenty-five year old singer gallantly replied, "Girls, girls, and girls." He even volunteered, "I'm unmarried, unattached, and a little bit worried. The little woman that I am going to marry will not be associated with the entertainment field, because I will want my wife to stay home and take care of our children."

Thus the nation's Number One "Public Mourner" came, wept, and floated away.

—M.E.N.

*edited by mary ellen nagle*

## BASIC ANIMOSITY OF INANIMATE OBJECTS

• Man and the inanimate object have struggled for supremacy from time immemorial. Man is closer to defeat today than he has ever been. The experts will tell you that some people have and some have not mechanical aptitude. It is time we realized that we all actually possess varying degrees of an inherent anti-mechanical aptitude.

Mechanical success in today's complex world is difficult enough for the average non-specialist. Consider the plight of the poor chap with a highly developed Anti-Fetishism (This is a better term—there is something mystic about anti-mechanical aptitudes). Take, for example, me.

I have more trouble with objects than anyone else I know. Toast doesn't pop up, screwdrivers break, handles separate from tools, and radios jam only if I am near. Drinking fountains that work perfectly for everyone else squirt me in the eye. Even ash trays manage somehow to move away. Yet I can't get along without all the modern conveniences—as long as someone else runs them.

This curse can seriously warp one's supposedly golden childhood days. Early shocking experiences with electricity have been known to establish lifelong mental blocks against ever turning on lights. People who like their food uncooked get that way because of childhood burns. One very good friend of mine will not go near an airport because his first toy balloon burst. He retains, to this day, an unreasonable fear of balloons and, consequently, aviation.

There are too many such cases in everyday life and in history to be

shrugged off. Matter strives to return to its original state and, while so doing, delights in getting man mad enough to help it along. Things have been against us. But the hand of matter has seldom been as upper as it is today. Modern technology has contributed such weapons as the non-lighting cigarette lighter, the non-opening drawer, and the dripping faucet. Each more complicated object we create hates us more intensely and leans more strongly towards self-destruction, hoping fondly to take a few of us with it to the last roundup.

For some reason the machine singles out persons with high Anti-Fetishism quotient for its more fiendish designs. We, the unmechanical, must be constantly on guard. For the benefit of those who have been attacked, here is a simple test to determine Anti-Fetishism quotient.

Things that have hated me. Check some.

1. Front doors to St. Mary's Hall ( )
2. U. S. Rifle, Cal. 30, M-1 ( )
3. Zipper fasteners ( )
4. Automobiles ( )
5. Metal stair treads in Chaminade Hall ( )

If you checked only one don't worry. If you checked more than one but less than four you are in danger. If you checked four or more "you should have stood in bed."

I hope that this article will be of some help to someone, somewhere.

—O. MAR.



## CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE

• The American city approaches a complex prison wherein human happiness is bound by fetters of frustration. A very wide chasm separates this metropolis of confusion from the cherished land of promise outside. Shysters fleece the unwary at every turn, armies of pick-pockets, thieves, and criminals hound the innocent. Streets! — the hazardous race-tracks of death! Woe to the man bereft of agility! To sniff the stench of auto exhausts and factory smoke is the inevitable pastime of every pedestrian. They say we are to appreciate beauty in Nature, but steel sky-scrapers, deaf walls, mechanical engines clamp a steel vise upon the mind. Culture! Just walk down the street like a gentleman some day. It's like playing scrimmage with a bunch of track-horse hyenas. Paper-littered streets, dirty, gritty sidewalks, comic books, machines — mangle the human mind into a pulp fit only for the junk-heap. Frustration, filth and furor is the sombre knell of city life. Noise is the drone, drudgery the reward, and confusion the terminus of man's metropolitan existence.

But off in the far hills lies a dreamland of happiness and peace, of love and the simple enjoyment of God's gifts. Guarded by stalwart sentinels of majestic mountain peaks and supported by verdant sweeps of fertile valleys, the mountain village thrives in the simplicity of all its peaceful gaiety. Ah! to smell the freshness of a perfumed morning and stroll along the crests of innumerable knolls bathing in the beauty of God's grandeur. The human heart skips from peak to peak in gladness, embraces pure beauty, and drowns its sorrows in a cup of joy. Fields and fields of golden masses of wheat, shrouded in a pallium of

blue, bow gently to the salutations of the morning sun. Here you see the rising of the sun, the happy smile on his face throughout the day, and the peaceful closing of his eyes beyond the shadow of the evening hills. What great peace here in the garden of God's Nature! Here the soul is wed to Nature, here resides goodness itself, and it sees the goodness and power of God manifested.

But the awful day comes when you are dragged away from this haven of peace amid the shrieks of a train whistle. Back to boredom and nausea you are called, to nobody's land where millions teem in greedy endeavor. You turn and wave "good-bye" to the overalled friends you knew so well, to verdant fields and the farmer's plow, to the shining ranges of a kingdom of love. Back you go, back to the jaws of a fitful monster, inhuman and merciless. The hills jerk tenaciously from your view, but you must boldly fix your gaze to the future of confusion ahead. Your sole flickering hope is that some day you shall return, return to the land of milk and honey to enjoy all the beauties of the great outdoors.

—ROBERT HUGHES.

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**MARY — AN  
 IMPORTANT NAME**

• Last winter, when I was in Cleveland for a weekend, I was introduced to a member of the female sex who remarked that she didn't like her first name, which was Mary. Why she did not like it, I do not know. Perhaps she felt that it is too simple a name, or that it is too common. True enough, Mary is a simple and common name. But, ah, what an *important* name, for the saint of saints, the Mother of God, was also named Mary. With what tenderness the angel Gabriel might have pronounced that name when he appeared to the Virgin of virgins with the tidings that she was to become the mother of our Redeemer. Yes—hail, Mary, thou art full of grace! For the Lord is with thee!

The Church recognizes the importance of this name (which is a Hebrew name, Myriam, meaning lady or sovereign). It has a special feast in its liturgy (September 12) in honor of "the most holy name of Mary." Also the Church says and its members echo, "Blessed be the great mother of God, Mary most holy" and "blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin, and Mother." Even Mary herself prophesied, "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." This she stated in that canticle of canticles, the *Magnificat*, her reply to her cousin, Elizabeth, who had greeted Mary with the words, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!"

Those who utter this important name, Mary, in time of need, do so with great confidence, for they know that the Comfortress of the afflicted never leaves unaided those who implore her help. In knowing her power, they realize, as many do not, the importance of that name which is invoked so many times, in so many lands, by so many millions—"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death!"

—NICK KIPTYK.

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**DRY DIVE**

(Continued from Page 9)

Skinny and Slats. They knocked the kids off the hay bales and drug them over in the middle, so when Uncle Will did fall, he would fall on something soft.

Uncle Will stood up on the bike seat. The bike was waving from side to side. The wire was going bong! bong! Just then Mom and Dad walked in!

Mom took one look and fainted, right on the spot. Dad looked at Mom, then he looked at Uncle Will, standing on the bike seat twenty feet in the air. Then he looked at Uncle Will again. He puffed up and got red and I knew he was going to yell. He might scare Uncle Will and make him fall. Slats and Skinny ran over and stopped him

just in time. I ducked down. I didn't want to be caught.

Dad ran out the barn door, Stinky and me slipped down the ladder and sat down with the other kids. There was going to be fireworks.

Uncle Will was standing on the bike seat, drinking from the whiskey bottle. Pretty soon we heard sirens. Every kid in the place was staring up at Uncle Will. A fire wasn't half as good as this.

The sirens stopped in front of our place. Pretty soon Dad came back, with two real cops, with guns and everything, right behind him. One of the cops and Dad carried Mom into the house. The other cop waited, looking at Uncle Will. Half the kids were staring at Uncle Will now, and half the kids at the cop. The other cop came back. They stood and talked. Uncle Will was standing one foot on the bike seat now, balancing the whiskey bottle on the umbrella. The cops walked out of the barn.

Pretty soon we heard more sirens. We opened the admissions again, to let more kids into the place. The price was now two frogs instead of just one. Dad came back. The two cops followed him. Behind the two cops was three firemen carrying a hose. Uncle Will had both feet on the bike seat now.

"Careful," says one of the cops to the firemen, "Don't make too much racket or he's liable to fall." Some more firemen came in the barn, carrying a long ladder.

I went up to Dad. At first he looked like he always does just before I get a licking, but when I said, "Dad, please make Uncle Will come down," and looked up at him, he got all teary-eyed like a girl and patted my head.

The firemen were having trouble with Uncle Will. A fireman went up the ladder and talked to Uncle Will. Uncle Will didn't even look at the fireman. He was standing on his head on the bike seat.

The firemen were having trouble with the kids, too. Just as the fireman started up the ladder, Skinny Kanase's sister ran over and bit him

in the leg. She didn't want him to get Uncle Will down. The fireman pushed Skinny's sister. Right away, Skinny, still in his fat lady's dress, ran over and butted the fireman in the stomach. The fireman went oof! real loud. He fell down but he hung onto the ladder. The ladder went bong! Bong! on the wire. Uncle Will was sitting on the bike and he didn't fall off. The ladder fell around a fireman's neck.

The firemen got Uncle Will down. His bottle was empty so he stepped off the bike to go get another bottle. The bike was in the middle of the wire. Uncle Will landed on a cop. The cop was knocked out for a while but Uncle Will wasn't hurt.

We were eating supper. Mom woke up and hurried out to the barn to see if Uncle Will was down yet. Just as Mom got through the barn door, Uncle Will got down. Mom fainted again. But Mom woke up again. I was hungry. I wondered if Uncle Will was hungry. He had got to ride in a real cop car, with the siren on and everything.

We were eating supper. Dad looked sort of funny. He said,

"Son, tell me just what part you played in all this."

"Dad, I didn't do anything. Ask Mom. I been telling her this isn't a nice bunch of kids in this place. Ask Mom."

Dad looked at Mom. Mom sighed and nodded her head.

Dad smiled, "Son, I guess I misjudged you." Gee, parents are dumb!

## HAWAII

(Continued from Page 9)

tory pay income taxes to the federal government than do people in twenty-six states.

The Hawaiian Islands are roughly about two thousand one hundred nautical miles southwest of San Francisco and can easily be reached by ship in about five days or by plane in nine to twelve hours from the West Coast; Hawaii is not as

isolated from Washington, D. C., as were Texas and California when they became states.

These comparisons could go on and on, but this should suffice. When Hawaii became organized as a Territory of the United States, it was well understood that the islands would eventually be admitted as a state. Hawaii has been a Territory for fifty-four years. The statehood bill comes up for consideration following the discussion of the Japanese peace treaty scheduled to begin the week of March 10. The time has now come for granting statehood to Hawaii.

• • •

## A JOURNEY TO THE INDUS

(Continued from Page 11)

more European part of Karachi is the Cantonment Area. Here can be found the better hotels, the European restaurants, theaters, and other businesses that cater to the European trade. There is a large Catholic church situated here and one remembers the ringing of its bells long after he has returned to his western world because of the great contrast they presented in that faroff eastern land. Often in the early evening the peal of the bells must share the ear with the other sounds of the city: the hoarse cry of the street vendor, the drums and wail of native instruments in their strange minor key, and the rather frequent, creaking passage of the camel-carts into town laden with produce from Tatta or Hyderabad.

But stranger yet are the scenes in the Old Town for here we see the East in its most unadulterated form. The bazaar, as in all of this part of the world, is the shopping center and market. It composes a large part of the Old Town and it is here that we gain our richest memories. There are a thousand noises, odors, and kinds of people to be found in the bazaar. There is found little that is not of the East. The restaurants are rich with the odors of highly-spiced foods, and no one is found sitting without tea before him. Much prepared food is served

by vendors squatting along the street where one may receive for a fraction of a penny a handful of food served on a large, green leaf. And then there are the cigarette makers who are found sitting close to the buildings at the edge of the narrow, winding streets adroitly and with uncanny speed rolling tobacco into small green leaves and tying it into place with a thread-like string.

As the hour grows late the milling throngs subside, the shops begin to close, and soon there is little left to chide the senses but the ever-present, far off sound of oriental music, perhaps giving background to the swaying form of a dancing girl high up in the confines of some building not too far away. And as one walks on toward the sea and the ship from whence he came, there is but the far-away barking of night-foraging dogs and the soft winds. It is then that he truly knows that he has been sojourning in another world. Some would never return, but others live but to do so.

• • •

## GLEANINGS

(Continued from Page 2)

would lead to totalitarianism if it were generally adopted. It is a secularist philosophy, anti-religious philosophy which holds that moral standards ought to be determined by popular vote. Blanshard teaches that if any law is passed over the opposition of the Catholics or Protestants or Jews or any other group, then submission to law must be taught and observed. This is the very heart of totalitarianism, of Communism, of Naziism and Fascism.

• • •

## TRUMAN'S SIN

(Continued from Page 4)

to cripple our effectiveness in international affairs.

The facts which I have presented are not complex. They are simple and fundamental. Yet to many of our citizens the simplicity is lost in the mire of their thinking. Our "Alice-in-Wonderland" minds must wake up to reality if we are to win this war for survival.

# SNAPSHOTS OF NEW YORK

By Tula Vardalides

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1952

8:17 P. M. Birds-eye view of the Big Town — thousands of sparkling lights as far as the eye can see. It seems as though the whole world is covered with the mass of these man-made stars. Nothing else can be seen. The sweeping salute to the Statue of Liberty . . . the graceful landing accompanied by the snap, crackle, and pop of our busy little ears. (This was to keep up for a solid week!)

8:45 P. M. Staggering to the bus (no land legs and less money). "Open the grit window, grit your teeth, and BREATHE!" said the Hostess. We did. Well, at least we can't complain of lonesomeness. That little cold that breezed in was a very close and constant companion for the rest of our stay.

9:30 P. M. Emerging from the subway across the street from Madison Square Garden we concluded that riding backwards is not conducive to good digestion, especially after a rocky plane trip, and that it *does not* take a mere five minutes to reach Manhattan as our helpful hostess had told us . . . Hailed a cab. "To the 'Gahden,' please." (Notice our New "Yawk" accent?) "Sure," the man says. Thirty feet later twenty-five cents shot! This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship between New York cab drivers and myself. Ha!

9:40 P. M. Lots of people in front of the "Gahden" but no Mary, no Dolores Hieber. So again I establish a new and beautiful friendship. This time between New York telephone operators and myself. Ah, ha! Wonderful news from Mary. *No tickets!* Who said Hamlet had troubles? Anyways we were making more friends all the time—T.V. and Frawley's. I gotta tell you about Frawley's. Its a very little place in the heart of Manhattan with a very large and talented bartender, Johnny Seuling. Now Johnny is the bartender to top all bartenders! He roots for U.D., he sings, he smiles, he dances, and he invites you to Sunday dinner, for FREE! Free dinner in New York City! This is too much. We quietly pass out . . .

11:30 P. M. When we come to we are at the Paramount Hotel. From the looks on the faces we imagine that we won the game. Otherwise we wouldn't know. Johnny Callahan, Stan Kurdziel, and Bob Montague, fresh up from Indiantown Gap, Pa., are sporting ivories as flashy as their little gold bars . . .

SUNDAY

12:30 P. M. There is little more awe-inspiring or beautiful than Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. We finally caught first living glimpse of Monk Meineke, in the second row, no less. Jim Paxton also stood out in the crowds. Next, Rockefeller Center. Got lost.

4:00 P. M. sharp. Here we are at Frawley's waiting for our free meal. Since we haven't eaten since the day before we are well prepared. We seem to have stumbled into a regular T.V. goldmine. T.V. announcers, singers, and backers are all eating their weekly free meal. Mary Hieber keeps pointing them out, but our befuzzled brain can't take it all in. All we are interested in is "Wacky" Packy, the professed writer of "Moon Over Miami" and a veritable Santa Claus when six throats are dry.

9:00 P. M. Greenwich Village really has some sights. "Nick's," "Mona's," "Tony Pastor's," and then some strong, black coffee. Cups, glasses, mixers, matches . . . our pockets are bulging with souvenirs.

MONDAY

4:15 A. M. Back at the Paramount the St. Louis team just pulled in. They look like a small forest of tall pines. Banishing thoughts of the game ahead the party rolls on.

8:00 A. M. Call home. Another check.

8:00 P. M. The party is finally over and here we are at "Frawley's" again. Holy Cross has moved in. Arguments galore.

TUESDAY

3:15 A. M. Chinese lobsters at Holy Cross' expense. Gee, are we saving the money!

2:00 P. M. Leo Lonigan, Ed Veda, and Bill Hallerman join the party. Then the Dukes barge in. Holy Cross and LaSalle are also sprinkled here and there. It was a great success as far as cheering goes. Dayton can outcheer almost anybody, we are proud to state. The management will cheerfully back our statement. (Note to physics students: It takes a piece of ice about five seconds to hit the ground from the 17th story.)

7:00 P. M. Yipes! We discover we bought the wrong tickets. "Listen," we say politely, "We didn't come six hundred eighty miles for nothing." Gee, those Garden people are hard to convince. Our friends, the Dukes, came through with tickets so there we were right in the middle of the Duquesne section. More fun.

11:00 P. M. Duquesne and Dayton invade "Frawley's" in force.

WEDNESDAY

10:00 A. M. We hear that the Dayton team and the "Bonnies" are moving out. Call home. Another check. (*Please*, this time.) The rest of the day lapses into a heavy fog. The usual round of parties and celebrations. Crowded an educational visit to the U. N. in somewhere.

THURSDAY

2:00 A. M. By now we have established a system. While one shift sleeps the other throws a "parlor party" out in the hall. It works out fine, except that we keep meeting the *strangest people!*

10:00 A. M. The big question: Where has the team gone? Junior Norris, when besieged by rooters says they're at the Victoria Hotel. Junior! How can you fool people like that?

7:00 P. M. This time we have to sit with the Bonnie's. It's not so bad, especially since we're the winners.

12:00 P. M. *Dick Flood* and *Sam Ventura* along with several freshmen are among the many enjoying themselves at the party the Dukes threw this night. Then off to the Village Barn for polkas and square-dancing.

FRIDAY: The reservations are pouring in . . . *Ginny MacMillan* and *Tony Kramer* are noted among the newcomers . . . Tom Blackburn is beginning to look a little weary. At least we begin to hit the high spots — "Toots Shor's" and "Leon and Eddie's" . . . The Paramount looks like a Christmas tree.

SATURDAY: Everywhere you go you run into fellow Daytonians . . . Red and blue beanies sported everywhere . . . Everyone in a holiday mood. Tom Pohlab, Frannie Quinn, and Dave Smith are up from camp . . . Mary Ellen Nagle and Joan Batche pop up everywhere . . . Nick De Martino and Bob De Roziere are seen cheering avidly at the game. Later at the Victoria Hotel Pat Faulkey, Jack Donovan, Bill Enouen, Marlene Fischer, the Montgomeries, Pat Radican, Bill Little, and Bill Talbot were among the partiers. Ruth Bensman threw a party at the Paramount which was well sparked by LaSalle and Duquesne. Tom Gola and John "Neut" Jones were among the early birds with many others dropping in later. Only 7:00 A. M. Mass could put a stop to that one.

It was very hard to say goodbye to everyone but, gee, it would be good to get back home and get some sleep again.

# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• Turnabout Tag Time means that spring is really here! And here we go into the social season—the last U. D. one for all the Seniors. Since the Tag is just several days away, the crystal ball looks pretty clear and if you look closely you might see Ray Lou Knuth and Ed DePasquale waltzing around, and over by the band stand Thalia Johnson and Pat Maloney (Thalia's doing her best to keep him from taking over the drummer's spat). Over yonder whipping into a snappy Charleston are Pat Schorsch and Chuck Noll and looking on are blonde Carolyn Mergler and handsome Johnny Vukelich. Oh, oh, there goes Lee Butler's corsage on the floor and Kay Ann Pecholt scrambles to pick up her masterpiece. Helping Ray Zannon off with his coat is Maggie Stang and he's going to make her go and have it checked (he really takes this Turnabout seriously).

Mr. Joseph Callahan, Esq., just CAN'T decide what kind of refreshments he wants—he keeps changing his mind while Doris Drees waits patiently. Bette Osweiler doesn't know the dance has started; she's still tacking up posters while Tom Anderson is subtly trying to remind her that dancing couples are surrounding them. (Passing thought: now if all those older people (Juniors and Seniors) would break up, just think of all the scoops and all the new names you would see here—but what are you gonna do??)

Look, look, what's this? That fella over there figuring up totals—why, it's Pat Luby doing statistics on the dance and Dee Carcelli tapping her foot to the music as if to say, "The only numbers I want are ones we can dance to."

Giving the crystal ball another twirl you'll see one grande romance in full bloom by now. If you go down to the big cafe about 12:20 on

MWF you might guess even before you take a look. That's right—the boy who doesn't stop making points even if basketball season's over — Jim Paxson, and bright eyes Joannie Brennan. Ice cream, anyone???

By the way, if a young faculty member gives you a penny, watch out! Seems Bill Bigelow and Lynda Smith got one with the explanation "I felt like a cheap-skate watching the show for nothing." This faculty member has lots more pennies and an eagle eye.

Scraping up money for lawyer's fees and reading up on libel suits are Pat Radican and T. T. campaign chairman (both for different reasons) who have sufficient grounds for a good case against the U. D. News. They could win in any court, incidentally. — Those campaign managers, after conducting a thorough survey of U. D. coeds, report that LOTS of girls say they would vote for boys who go steady. Good



WHAT—U. D. Band Concert

WHERE—N. C. R. Auditorium

WHEN—Sunday, April 26, 8 p.m.

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WHAT—U. D. Chorus Concert

WHERE—N. C. R. Auditorium

WHEN—Sunday, May 18, 8:15 p.m.

luck to ALL the candidates, no matter how many girl friends they've got—one, two, or a dozen.

Congratulations to Shirley Borgeise who is now Mrs. Cannorozzi and to Lou, too. — Everybody knows how proud fathers are but did you ever see uncles act like Bob and Rich Montgomery over little Jane Ellen, their first niece, (whose proud father, Ray, belongs to the class of '50)? Cigars and cigarettes were plentiful in Alumni Hall that day.

Little Margie Stout is almost as tall as everyone else now that she's got so many clouds under her feet, and stars in her eyes, and sparkles on her left hand — that solitaire type of sparkle, that is!

Caught in the act of trying to imitate Mid-Western Hayriders at a recent square dance gathering were Don Miller, Pete Boyle, John Breen, Marlene Fischer, Rosie McAvoy and Toey Oldiges, and lots of others. Everyone had fun but couldn't move a muscle for three days.— The little black pup who audited an Ethics Class was very polite about it. He pranced around till class began, curled up in a corner and quietly went to sleep during the lecture. When the bell rang again, he jumped up and ran out.

Here are some thunk-up originals as Pogo would say:

There was a young coed named Lena  
Constructed just like a pipe cleana  
Moaned she, "I've no honey,  
For boys think it's funny  
To be dancing with such a  
string-beana."

A coed by name of Geserk  
So ugly she drove boys beserk  
Had no date for the tag  
She was told to go stag  
So she did and made out like a  
Turk!

# STROLLING THE CAMPUS

By Dee Carcelli

• Invading the "Big City" again, U. D.'s Flyers returned to the N.I.T. finals at Madison Square Garden, by defeating New York University, eighty-one to sixty-six; Saint Louis, sixty-eight to fifty-eight; and Saint Bonaventure, sixty-nine to sixty-two. They took second place once more by dropping the Championship game to powerful La Salle by the score of seventy-five to sixty-four. U. D.ers flocked Times Square again to follow the team. A few of the hearty followers seen at the Garden were: Pat Ramsey, Bev Whisler, Bob Linden, Ed Ednie, Paula Stelzer, Jackie Tangeman, Bill Hallerman, Jack Donovan, Ed Veda, Mary Ellen Nagle, Joan Batsche, Mary Ruth Hofferbert, Mary Burke, Sue Connelly, Marilyn Catron, Marlene Fischer, and Bob and Rich Montgomery. At the Hotel Victoria were spotted: Pat Schorsch, Pat Kinsella, Helen Warren, Thelma Romer, Dick Witt, Woodie Blackwell, Rosie McAvoy, Pat Falke, Kathy Jardin, and Bill Enouen. While at Radio City Music Hall, we saw Jack Bramlage, Max Monaghan, Gene Hoying, Rosie Schmidt, Gene Warning, and Rita Kinsella. After the Bonaventure game, U. D.ers stopping in at Jimmy Ryan's to hear the Dixieland Band were: Pat Radican, Chick Walters, Pat Russell, Carol Stoeckline and Bill Talbot. So ends another N.I.T., and Flyer followers are expecting to return to Broadway next year.

After our fine showing in New York, our team received a bid to play in the NCAA tourney in Chicago the next weekend. Dropping their first game to Illinois, eighty to sixty-one, the Flyers defeated Princeton, seventy-seven to sixty-one, to cop third place. Monk dropped in twenty-six points, making his collegiate total one thousand eight hundred sixty-six and receiving an invitation to play in the East-West All Star game.

In the dramatic field, the U. D. Players presented their second annual Passion Play the weekend of March 14th. Jerry Bohman was cast in the role of Jesus, Carl Goodwin took the part of Judas; John Murphy was Caiphas; Don Loeffler, Nicodemus; and false witnesses were enacted by Armand Martino, Jim Cosimati, Tom Ditzel, and Paula Shay. Ray Bedwell handled the role of Pontius Pilate, with Anita Clune enacting his wife. Pilate's son was James Thesing, and Mary Thesing took the part of Flavia. The production was directed by John McGrath.

Working hard on their Turnabout campaigns, U. D. coeds will present some pretty clever stunts the week after Easter. April 19th marks the big night, and one of the following fellas will be crowned King: Bob Montgomery, Monk Meineke, Jerry Baujan, and Bill Little.

After that, social events will follow fast and furious. The Military Ball is slated for April 25th, and later on, there will be the Hangar Anniversary Dance and the Senior Farewell to look forward to.

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## 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.

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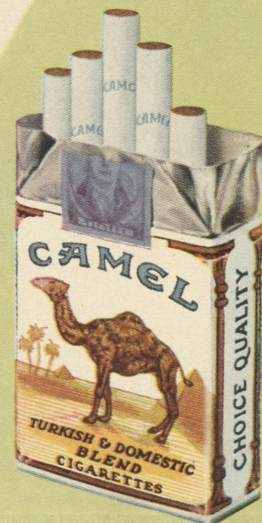
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