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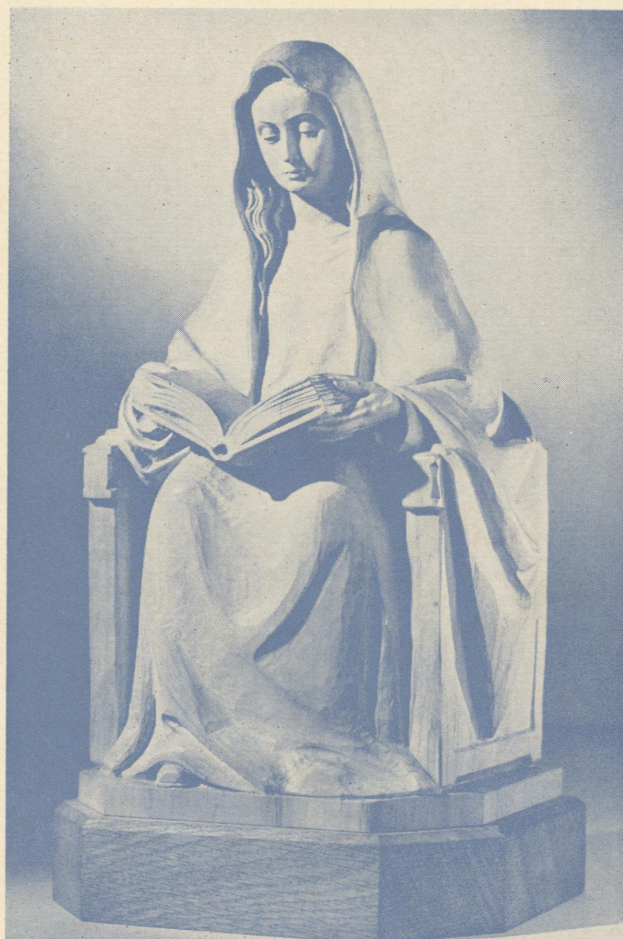
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UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

EXPONENT



MAY, 1952

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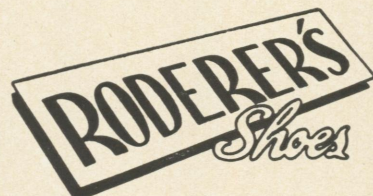
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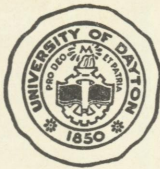
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OUR LADY OF THE MARIAN LIBRARY

FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF FIFTY-TWO

• On June the seventh the 1952 class of the University will leave the portals of alma mater three hundred and seventy strong and another group of young men and women will advance into the business and professional worlds to compete with those who graduated last year and the year before and on down the line of years.

Youth is full of enthusiasm and no doubt most of the graduates in these closing weeks of school are straining at the leash, waiting to get out of college and strike out for adventure. Many are surfeited with school days and books and are sighing for some fields of activity where they can put to test the theories they have learned in the class room.

As the day of graduation approaches certain sentiments rise in the soul of the graduate. Perhaps one of the strongest is a sense of gratitude for the great blessing of a college education. And to whom is the young person most grateful. No doubt after God to the parents. At least it seems he ought to be. College education is a most valuable asset in this day and age. With it one feels that he is very specially prepared for the success that he wants to make out of life. He considers his high school companions of other days who were not so fortunate as he to go to college, and naturally he asks himself why he should have been singled out to receive such a precious gift. With such thoughts in mind he will remember the sacrifices that his parents made to send him to college, and he will be most grateful to them.

Graduates from a school like the University of Dayton have a very special reason to be grateful. The kind of education received here is stamped with a mark that is all important in the final reckoning, and that stamp is the word "Christian." First of all such an education does not advocate principles that are destructive of public morals and of the freedom of man. On the contrary the philosophy of a Christian educa-

tion recognizes the dignity and freedom of man and the duties which students as human beings owe to themselves, to their fellow men, to their country and to their God. This Christian education is founded on the eternal principles of justice and righteousness. The older the U. D. graduate grows and the more experience of life he acquires the happier he will be that he is well armored against the false philosophy that will play havoc with his happiness here and in the hereafter. He ought to thank God every day that he was not exposed to the fallacious doctrines so insidiously disseminated in some of the schools of the land.



It is not sufficient, however, to know what one must do to make a success out of life, he must continue to put those principles he has learned into daily practice. Consequently it is to be hoped that the college graduate has developed in his four years of college education what we usually call a good character. By the word "character" we understand the sum of qualities by which one person is distinguished from another. A person of character directs his life according to the correct principles that he learned in school, in home and in the church. He is constant, reliable, dependable. People who are lacking in character act according to expediency, they are as changeable as the winds that blow now from the North and now from the South. Principle is an idea that has been understood by the mind, studied, brooded over and made into a standard of action, and finally applied to

the circumstances of life as they arise. The basis of character is acting according to the moral law, no matter what the consequences to oneself. Character is a quality by which we adhere to right ethics, regardless of what may befall us.

Character is subject to exercise, growth, development. Heredity, environment and habit are the forces that form character. One cannot change heredity and environment is also, to a certain extent, beyond the power to change. But habits may be formed as the person wills and herein lies the responsibility one has in the formation of his character. In a large way characters are formed by the habits acquired. Habit is the sculptor of character, it is a disposition by which a person performs an action more readily. Father John O'Brien in his pamphlet *Character Formation* says that our destiny is the result of our habits. We sow a thought and reap an act; we sow an act and reap a habit; we sow a habit and reap a character; and we sow a character and reap a destiny.

People develop habits of action and of thinking. Every college hopes to form men and women of culture and refinement, in other words to send out into the world people who are ladies and gentlemen. Perhaps the reader recalls Newman's definition of a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain. Habits of action—At all times consideration for others, that is the mark of a gentleman. Let us hope that U. D. has shaped all the members of the 1952 class into ladies and gentlemen.

Habits of thinking! This is the important habit. As we think we act. Look at the Communists. How has the U. D. graduate been trained to think? For a moment recall all the lessons learned in the philosophy and the religion classes. There the student is taught to put first things first. That is the rich heritage that the 1952 class and all the other classes carry away from U. D. It is not necessary here to enumerate the principles that form the Christian

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University of Dayton

EXPONENT

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RENDER UNTO CEASAR

By Shearl Roberts

●One of the worst features of our time is the wide-spread enthusiasm of some of our citizens to club their fellow-men into uniformity. The outstanding example of this is the agitation for universal military training. These individuals are using the present emergency to put the young men of this country into a permanent straight-jacket of militarism. Before Universal Military Training does become a dogma of American life, and militarism shuts out the possibility of criticism, let us examine the facts and then judge accordingly.

We recognize that the American citizen has the duty to defend his country against those who would destroy it. This duty is one that cannot be shirked. Appeasement does not always prove satisfactory. But to encourage and adapt measures that would enslave our country or render it serious harm, certainly cannot be justified. The disadvantages of Universal Military Training far outweigh the so-called advantages and because of this Universal Military Training is a distinct danger to our country.

Universal training originated in Europe among nations separated only by land frontiers across which men can walk or by rivers across which bridges can be thrown. Historically, one of the longest single invasions of individual liberties was perpetrated when the Revolutionary French Republic proclaimed the levy in mass not merely for home defense but for general military ser-

vice. Napoleon continued this system; after his fall Prussia added compulsory and universal peace-time training, and after 1870 all Europe, more or less copied Prussia. The result of such a situation can be found in the bloody wars which devastated Europe in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Saber rattlers with this huge supply of human munitions were eager to gain glory and prestige. Freedom was at a low ebb, the common good was translated into military victories.

That is the history of Universal Military Training. The results obtained from such a policy are indecisive, except one, which is blood-letting.

In this country, for years past an active propaganda has tried to blur the truth that compulsion is at best a necessary evil. The ink was hardly dry on the German and Japanese surrenders before the War Department began agitating for universal compulsion. This seemed a direct contradiction to the wholesale demobilization of our ground forces then in progress. Indeed at that time our leaders expressed confidence in the future and especially in the peaceful aims of the Soviet Union. These views were not criticized by the War Department. Why then the need for Universal Military Training?

Those who support Universal Military Training advocate that such a policy would strengthen our army, thereby securing peace. To entertain such a view is to be lulled

into a Maginot-Line complex of believing that numbers insure victory. The present draft system is furnishing the necessary men for the armed forces, while also allowing young men to obtain part or all of their college education. This education in turn can be transformed into advancements in all segments of our country.

The advocates of Universal Military Training also claim that such a policy fosters good citizenship by inculcating discipline. We must agree that discipline is needed in American life. The undisciplined life in America today, if continued, could lead to national ruin. We do need discipline. Universal Military Training, however, is not the way to cure this lack of discipline. It would only palliate the symptoms, not cure the disease. The disease is due to lack of home training and religious upbringing. Improve family life by attacking divorce, immorality and crass materialism and you will have real self-imposed discipline worth far more than the apparent exterior discipline that military training would produce. I cannot see the intrinsic value of the Army giving its members prophylactics so they can sin with impunity. Is this the citizenship, the discipline that will continue to make our country strong?

We have a duty to this country to protect it against all unlawful adversaries. Communism, militarism and slavery are these adversaries. Let us render to Caesar his just due.

ARE COLLEGE GRADS OF TODAY REALLY EDUCATED?

By Jim Alan

• This is an indicting article. That is exactly what it is intended to be—indicting on a personal basis as regards the writer, and indicting as regards today's college students in America. America's leading educators bemoan the fact that so many of today's college grads are of an inferior calibre as regards reading habits. A basic factor and a basic proof for the argument, it will be agreed, lies with the reading on the part of today's youth. How often we hear: "I went through four years of college without reading a book." Unfortunately, there's more truth to that than sees the eye. It's as startling as the headlines proclaiming Harry S. Truman's departure from the political scene.

But we aren't here only to criticize and wave our banners valiantly for reform. We certainly want to be serious, but at the same time understanding, for we're not so innocent either. Probably you'll find us wandering a bit later on, which is all right, too, for if you can get all the way through this article, we feel you can read anything. We would like, however, to present the challenge and tag on several incidents of our own. We want to offer both facts and fancies.

Firstly, what are our students reading? Not much. Any real reading they do is "forced" upon them by instructors, done only because a grade depends upon it. About half the books read today are "juvenile," and two-thirds are of the fiction variety. You can include comic books in the former class. Let's take a look at the normal drugstore literature picked up by students. Crime, sex, murder; ten cent junk that isn't worth a dime for the paper it's printed on. They sell it under the banner of realism and art. Actually realism is positive, and NOT negative as they would have you believe. As the literary critic A. R. Orage points out, "Art is the imaginative perfecting of nature."

What is read in the newspapers? The sportspage and the comics. What magazines are read most and why? Those with a layout of pictures; shorttype reading is, for one, easier on the brain, and secondly, none too tedious to comprehend. In reading the newspaper, how many will bother to read the editorial page? Too few. When the president delivers his State-of-the-Union message to the Congress, how many will bother to read the full text? Too few. How many just glance at the headlines of a paper for their news coverage? Too many. And these headlines are very often misleading unless the full content of the article is digested. (Note the misleading aspects of the title of this article. It was planned that way. See what we mean?)



"Reading maketh the full man"

Yes, it is true that today's college student isn't quite up to par as he should be in his reading. Everyone is guilty to some extent; seemingly, we just naturally find ourselves spending our leisure time via the effortless pleasure of television, movies, the radio, and maybe some light magazine digests. Not too stimulating.

Reading is, or should be, a cultivating factor in anybody's life. Whether this reading be Holman's *On Basketball* or Dudley's *The Masterful Monk* to Sheehy's *Head Over Heels* to Moody's *Little Britches*, reading is, and should be a cultivating factor in life. Reading is living. Reading to enjoy the article or book in question is a primary motivation; knowledge and understanding should follow naturally.

The noted educator, Mortimer Adler points out: "Reading . . . is a basic tool in the living of a good life. Those who can use it to learn from books as well as be amused by them, have access to the stores of knowledge. They can furnish their minds so that the prospect of hours spent alone is less bleak." Continues Adler: "In the first place you must be able to grasp what is being offered as knowledge. In the second place, you must judge whether what is being offered is really acceptable to you as knowledge. In other words, there is first the task of understanding the book and second, the job of criticizing it" So says Mr. Adler.

No book is too tough if we just put our minds to it and concentrate on what is at hand. If we really don't feel like reading books, we can work up to it. For instance, we can try reading an editorial a day in our newspaper for a week; if we want to cultivate and elevate our reading habits we can. We owe it to ourselves. As J. B. Kerfoot is quoted as saying: "As we look down and back, between these buoyant bits of understanding about the way we read and our reasons for reading, we shall see the past, like a landscape, begin to open out beneath us. We shall see supposedly hap-hazard choices in our early reading fall into significant relationship to one another. We shall see method emerge from the mixup. We shall see finally that the way we have come stretches, like a straight ribbon of road, visible and comprehensible before our eyes."

May we now suggest some books in which a cross-section of interest may be found. Try these for size and see if we all can't (and we can) build up our reading capacity. These are current and choice. None of these are difficult, nor are they for geniuses only; they are for us; they are for our real reading enjoyment, knowledge, and understanding.

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SIXTY YEARS OF SERVICE

By John Wilson

• Sixty years in the religious life, and for that matter in any walk of life, is a long time. Even though in retrospect the years passed rapidly, still sixty years of work and struggle and anxiety is a long pull to make. This year of 1952 at the University of Dayton will complete sixty years of service in the Society of Mary for Brother William Wohlleben, the head of the department of chemical engineering.

He was born in Chicago in 1786. He attended St. Francis of Assisi parish school taught by the Brothers in those days, and at an early age entered the postulate of the Society of Mary, which at that time was on the campus of the University of Dayton, over in St. Joseph Hall. He made his first religious profession on August 28, 1892, and the early teaching assignments took him to Baltimore, Erie and St. Louis. In 1904 he was sent to the University of Fribourg in Switzerland to pursue graduate studies and in 1908 he received his doctorate of philosophy in chemistry. Early in January of 1909 he returned to the States and was assigned to the University of Dayton where he has been uninterruptedly ever since.

When Brother Wohlleben came to U.D. the chemistry laboratory was small and inadequate. Down through the years he reared on the campus his monument, which gradually and patiently and quietly and with a tremendous amount of labor grew into the chemistry laboratory that we see today. One section of his work that he is particularly proud of is the splendid library with its books and bound volumes of periodicals.

The graduates of his department are counted by the hundreds and in various parts of the States one can meet them carrying on the work that they learned so efficiently in Doctor Wohlleben's chemistry classes. These men are an honor to the University and to the untiring efforts of their "old teacher" to train

them not only as learned and professional-minded chemists or scientists or what you will, but also as leaders in their professions and communities. Probably no other department on the campus has kept more in touch with its graduates than has the department of chemical engineering. This was done by personal correspondence and later when the numbers grew, by a lengthy annual Christmas letter. And this interest in the "old grads" has paid off in many ways.

You young folks here at the University who read this story in the *Exponent* about Brother Wohlleben probably will react with a genuine feeling of admiration for the work that he did here at U. D. in the last forty-three years. To build up a laboratory comparable to the one above the old gym is something of a life-time job. That is just it, a life-time job.



Right now all of you are in college working and thinking of your life-time job. The great majority of you will choose the professional or business world where you will make the money to keep your home and educate your children. But remember this. When the years have passed and your temples are tinted with gray you will want your young hopefuls to get the same kind of education that you got here at U. D. But in those far off days there will be a new faculty here at U. D., and who will it be? Perhaps some of you who are reading this story right now. We hope so. After a man has spent

fifty or sixty years in the field of education he will eventually be replaced by some of the next generation who will carry on where he left off. That is just it, to carry on where he left off. You may not feel the call to join the Society of Mary or any other teaching order, but you can pray that the Lord will send laborers into His harvest. If you young folks could for a moment know the problems that confront the provincials of the teaching orders relative to getting people in the spots where a religious teacher is needed, perhaps you would pray harder for vocations.

Consider for a moment what a teacher does for you. You come to the University as a raw recruit to be shaped into something useful to society, to be molded into a citizen that can help himself and spread the good leaven that will permeate the surroundings and influence others. And I am referring to the whole faculty of the University, not just to those who dress in black. These teachers instruct you, they help you to think correctly and sanely that you might make your exit from U.D. on commencement day as a person not just full of information but as one whose heart and will have been formed and shaped that you might carry on as becomes a Christian who believes that he has duties to himself, his neighbor, his country and his God.

But there is something about the religious educator that causes one to pause and reflect for a minute. All of them on the faculty here dress alike, they lead the same kind of life, they spend three hours in the chapel every day and their life is completely devoted to God and the interests of their neighbor by means of education. This is what Brother Wohlleben and all of the other religious teachers here on the faculty represent, the priests and Brothers and Sisters. These people carry on the work of Catholic education in

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THE MAN WITH FIFTY-SIX FINGERS

By Roger H. Keith

• A. Otswil McCraith spent the day in the same way as the day before, the day before that, and even the first day he was hired by Burnbough Nurseries: he tended the plants. He had been working with the company, America's largest producer of shrubs and trees, for twenty years, developing new varieties of plant life for the front and back yards of the entire nation. You might call him an unsung Burbank, but if you told A. Otswil McCraith that, he would probably just grin and remark in a choppy sort of accent that all his work was nothing compared to the handiwork of God back in his native Scotland. "—Now th' flow'rs bye th' shores a th' Firth-o-Forth are somethin' real a-worth seen!"

McCraith had a wealth of knowledge buried beneath his sun-shrivelled forehead, far more knowledge than his co-workers gave him credit for possessing, and a great amount more than the head of the nurseries ever dreamed he had. A. Otswil McCraith was well versed in horticulture, yes; that was his business, but he also knew a thing or two about the arts, yet there was one segment of knowledge that had intrigued him. Mathematics!

Because of his interest in this subject, he noticed a phrase in a government bulletin, just a line of type, one line that was probably glossed over by all of the others that had bothered to send in twenty-five cents to the State Agricultural Service for the pulp-paper booklet. The booklet described new designs for espaliered trees, trees pruned so that they grow flat against a wall or lattice. As a matter of introduction, the pamphlet stated, "An espaliered tree is one which has been trained to grow in only two linear dimensions, and has a formal shape and a given number of branches." His eyes hovered over the words "two linear dimensions". He thought. He lost himself so completely in con-

templation of those words that he didn't even hear the shrill blast of the noon whistle atop the boiler house, and as a result was late for lunch. One of the greenhouse hands mumbled something about "Old Otswil becoming forgetful in his old age," but McCraith said nothing. He knew what he was doing. To him a full mind was worth more than a full stomach.

Finally he reached the end of his thought; the original idea in his mind had reached maturity, and was ready to be harvested! In short, this was his line of reasoning: a tree normally grows in four dimensions, length, width, depth, and time. By careful cutting the depth of the tree in space can be made less, but if it were pruned perfectly, all depth of the tree would be eliminated.

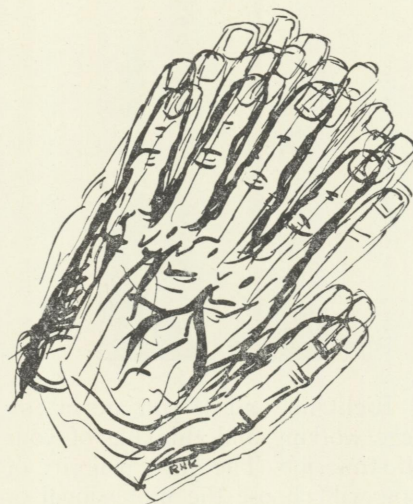


Illustration by the writer

Now if there is such a thing as a five-dimensional tree, and it were pruned, it would go into four dimensions, and thus would be like everything else in the universe, but if conditions were allowed to return to normal, the tree would go back into five dimensions, just as the normal espaliered tree will branch out and become full again if pruning is neglected.

All that would be needed then to produce a five-dimensional tree would be a lack of pruning influences; eliminate a lack of food for the tree, eliminate all destroying bacteria and insects; provide it with the perfect environment where nothing will "prune" the tree, and presto, it will go into five dimensions!

A. Otswil McCraith of the Burnbough Nurseries set about to achieve the greatest accomplishment of his career. He made a glass enclosure, covered it with infra-red and ultra-violet lamps, placed an irradiated seed inside a heat-insulated box on the soil under the canopy of glass, and heated the soil to the boiling point of water. The seed was safe inside the fiberglass-lined walls of its protecting box. After the soil had cooled sufficiently, a timer in the box opened it, and the tiny orb of vegetable matter rolled into a small hole made for it in the soil, and proceeded to grow. A. Otswil carefully regulated the supply of oxygen and carbon dioxide to the rapidly expanding plant. In two hours it was a foot high. McCraith looked at his watch and noted the time and conditions: "Time, 8:30 p.m.; 1 hour elapsed; Atmosphere 0.75 of optimum; Height 30.26 cm.; Thickness of stalk at air-ground interface 1.00 cm.; Remarks: Growth phenomenal even with improper atmosphere."

He leaned back and adjusted the controls regulating the supply of gases to the plant, and set them to release the proportion needed for most rapid growth. With that there was a slight pop from underneath the glass, and the plant disappeared. It didn't go gradually, like figures into the night, or with a tremendous crash and blinding light as such things did in the pulp magazines. It just . . . disappeared, calmly and quietly, into the fifth dimension.

America's foremost horticulturalist sat open-mouthed. He jotted down the way in which the plant vanished, and walked into the purpling evening, feeling shaky indeed.

The next day dawned, and the sun found McCraith at work once again,
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THE GLACIAL HISTORY OF DAYTON

By Rip Wissing and Ronald Hartman

• More than a million years ago, great masses of ice slowly crept over the earth's surface, carving out valleys and lakes like the sculptor drives his chisel into the stone to produce a majestic masterpiece.

Existing then was a somewhat colder world-wide temperature which had resulted in heavy snowfalls in Labrador, Baffin Land, Greenland, and British Columbia in North America and Scandinavia in Europe. Increasing amounts of precipitation gradually converted the lower levels of accumulated snow into ice, and it was this ice that flowed in a plastic manner over various parts of the world. In North America there was eventually an ice mass that completely covered Canada and New England and extended down in a broad tongue into the Mississippi Valley as far south as Cincinnati. This huge, slowly moving sheet was at least ten thousand feet thick at its center and graded down to about one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in this area. In appearance parts of North America were similar to present day Antarctica.

Four times this great ice mass advanced into the United States, and four times it was forced to retreat by rising temperatures. Thousands of years intervened between advances, and the climates of interglacial periods were warmer than the present. Finally only fifteen thousand years ago the ice withdrew from this area, leaving various deposits that are now familiar parts of our landscape. Let us look at the glacial work in this area in detail.

Before the first occurrence of glaciation in Ohio, the topography here closely resembled that of Kentucky, having deep rugged valleys which resulted from persistent solution processes and the underground escape of drainage. This is evident when viewing the present surficial topography of Kentucky and the bedrock topography of Ohio.

A few major river systems drained this area. One of these was the Teays, which was the main drainage system of Ohio, existing more than six hundred thousand years ago. The Teays gathered its headwaters out of the Piedmont Plateau of Virginia and North Carolina. Only a few segments of this preglacial river system can be seen today, such as the Kanawa of West Virginia. Just south of the Teays, there existed another drainage system called the Hamilton. It flowed through the state in a southeast direction.

As each ice stage increased in size and advanced forward its weight and scouring action gradually deepened the old valleys and carved out new ones. The debris resulting from this cutting was picked up by the ice and transported along with the glacier as it advanced. The melt waters flowing from the front of the glacier deposited well-sorted sand and gravel in the valleys, and formed hills (called Kames) in other areas.

The earliest invasion into Ohio involved only the northern part of the state. This was the Pre-Kansan ice sheet which existed more than six hundred thousand years ago. The Pre-Kansan ice and also the Kansan ice (the next great ice advance) failed to get as far south as Montgomery County, but disrupted the preglacial Hamilton River, which at that time ran through the site of the City of Dayton and meandered southeast to Cincinnati.

Following the Kansan ice came the Illinoian ice sheet, which existed about two hundred thousand years ago. It advanced farther south than any other glacier to reach a point slightly south of Cincinnati, into northern Kentucky. There are no surface deposits (outcrops) of the deposition seen in the Dayton area, but some water wells have penetrated it.

The Wisconsin ice sheet, the next and last great ice invasion into the

state existed some eighty thousand years ago. Its deposits completely covered the Dayton and Miami Valley area. Some of the various deposits and example areas are described as follows:

An End Moraine is seen just west of Highway 48 from Oakwood to Woodbourne. It was formed by debris accumulated along the front of the ice lobe when the ice front was stationary or relatively so for some time. It is composed of clays mixed with rounded boulders of various sizes.

A Ground Moraine is similar to an End Moraine, but much thinner because of the movement of the ice sheet. Beavertown and Oakdale are surrounded with such deposits.

Kames and Kame Pools are those deposits which form billowy ridges and hills typical of the Mt. St. John area. They consist of silts, sands, and gravels which are deposited in holds in the ice sheet, by melt waters from the surface of the glacier. These deposits eventually accumulated to a thickness of many feet, sometimes as high as two hundred. The entire area of Hills and Dales is also a good example of Kames and Kame Pools.

By geologic evidences such as the presence of a rock called Norite in the debris found in the Dayton area we believe that the lobe which covered this area came from the Northwest, because Norite is found just west of Hudson Bay. There are other geologic conclusions which assure us of the exact pattern, action, time, and velocity of the ice sheet in this area, but because of their complexities these will suffice here.

In conclusion and from a human standpoint, one of the most important results of the Ice Age was its effect on the soil in different regions, such as in the Mississippi Valley. Where the rocks are soft the drift lies over the fields in thick sheets

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NIGHT LIFE

By J. J. Gleason

• The day had been dark and oppressively hot. The tall buildings had pushed the heat down to street level all day, and now, even with the oncoming night, the heat still lingered. The streets were nearly deserted. It was, for the city, that pause of quiet which comes between the crowds of workers and afternoon shoppers coming home from the day and those who would soon set out upon the city and the night. Those few who dotted the sidewalks now cast an apprehensive glance toward the sky and then hurried to their homes fearing they would be caught in the showers that surely would come. The rain seemed intermingled with the heat which was almost tangible.

Jack Kevin surveyed the scene from above. He leaned out of a window of Kevin's small, dreary flat. He flipped his cigarette at a cat which was flattening itself in the gutter to feast upon some rancid cream dropped there by a careless shopper. His mother's voice from the kitchen called him and, with a final sneer of contempt for those below him, he rose to join the other members of the Kevin family.

"Where did you go after school, Jack?" asked his sister.

"What's it to you?"

"Answer your sister civilly, young man," said Mr. Kevin.

"That's the way he always treats me, dad."

"That's the way he always treats me, dad," mocked Jack.

"Jack! What's wrong with you?"

"I don't feel good."

"Are you sick, Jack?"

"Yeah, yeah now that you mention it I am sick—sick of questions, sick of advice, sick of Judy—you like to needle me don't you, Judy?—and I'm sick of this stinking, little sweat-box you people call home. I'm leaving."

"Where are you . . ." Judy stopped.

"Out."

"Whom with?" asked his mother.

"The guys."

Jack ran quickly down the steps nearly knocking down old Mrs. Fennelli who was just starting up the steps. "Better take your raincoat, Jackie boy, it's going to rain."

The slamming of the door was the only reply.

Rotten, thought Jack, that's how I treated them, rotten. I gotta make allowances for them though. But why can't they lay off me?



Illustration by Bette Osweiler

"Sharp," he muttered to himself as he caught a glimpse of his reflection mirrored in the street-car's window. He began to make an appraisal of his reflection: black hair, straight nose—well, fine featured—blue eyes—almost an Italian except for those blue eyes. He winked at the admiring face in the window, "You're okay, you know that—don't you?"

Night was beginning to set in like a disease when Jack stepped from the streetcar. As he walked down the street he observed the dreary phenomenon called the city: the cheap, little shops with the owners closing after the day's business; a House of Magic displaying vulgarities, large and small, in its show-window; an ice cream peddler doing a thriving business on the corner, the paper

boys beginning to chant the news of the evening edition, people clustered in hot, sweaty, speechless groups, and above and around it all, the darkness closing in.

Jack turned the corner and disappeared through a door directly under a large, yellow sign which flashed on and off illuminating its name — SKATELAND.

Stopping on the landing, Jack listened to the music above him and then he walked over to the window to assume one of his favorite positions. The ice cream man was gone, unintelligible bits of the newspaper boys' cries reached him, an automobile horn was lost in the sound of the stronger manifesto of a distant train whistle that sounded on the leaden air, the deserted street was littered with motionless scraps of paper and refuse of the day. Only the lights seemed to move. They formed a mechanical sea breaking against the limestone shoreline of the city's black coast.

"What a night, huh, Jack?"

Jack turned and saw one of "the guys" walking toward the window. "You said it, Tony; not a breath of air. Going up?"

"Sure, I'm not coming up here for my health."

"Maybe you oughta, Tony, you don't look so good."

"Wise guy, huh?"

They laughed and started climbing the stairs in the direction of the music. As they stood at the door of SKATELAND Tony remarked, "Not too many here yet."

"You're a very shrewd observer, Tony," Jack said. "That's one thing I've noticed about you, Tony: you're quick—shrewd."

A smile broke across Tony's face; when Jack saw Tony smiling he forced a laugh into a semblance of a cough.

"What's wrong, Jack?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Why should anything be wrong? Tony, my boy, I think you're the kind of guy that's always looking for the

bleak side of life. This great big, beautiful world, Tony, and you find the bleak side. You're a pessimist, Tony, that's what you are—a pessimist."

"A pessimist?" Tony rolled the word off his tongue. He said it again, and then, "Yeah, Jack, I guess you're right. Yeah you're right, Jack—I'm a pessimist."

"No you ain't."

"Whatta you mean I ain't? You just got through saying I was."

"Well, just take it from me you ain't. No, Tony, my boy, take it from me I know a pessimist when I see one, and you just ain't."

"Listen, Kevin, I've been taking it from you long enough, so if you're smart you'll lock up. And cut that 'my boy' stuff, too, see."

"Just simmer down, Tony, my . . ., I was only kidding you so don't get so burned about the whole thing."

"I'm a sorehead, Jack, I'm sorry."

"Look, here comes Sue and Marge."

"Where? I don't see them. Oh, yeah, Sue and Marge ain't it?"

"Yeah Tony, it's Sue and Marge. I think their identity is pretty well established by now."

"It's them alright; I could tell those two a mile off."

"I'll just bet you could too, Tony."

Tony lifted his arm, "Hey, girls, over here."

The girls had walked up to where Jack and Tony were standing. "Hi, beautiful," said Jack.

"Well, come, on Jackie, don't keep us in suspense—which beautiful?"

"Say, I did forget to mention that didn't I? Guess that'll be up for you two to decide."

"Jack, you're such a kiddier," said Marge.

"Yeah, that Jack, he's a real kiddier," said Tony.

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MY VERY FIRST LOVE

By Pat Radican

• You could dash madly about roasting wieners and planning parties and being a general good pal to all; you could be the calm and gracious type radiating charm; or you could sit by the fireplace knitting; you could be one of an unlimited variety of types.

However, you refuse to be classed into any special type. You are a combination of all types and a denial of none. Your emotions and sentiments are your ruling factors yet you possess more common sense than anyone I have ever met. Above all you are entirely unpredictable.

One day you say that you are going to sit quietly at home and rest and enjoy peace and contentment, but before I have time to even ponder the unusual statement you have made, you are off to a meeting or shopping.



You are a fireball of ambition and energy and sometimes I wonder how you can ever keep going at such an endless pace of speed. But then, I guess that is how you keep so young and beautiful.

You have an ability to get along with people that could hardly be surpassed. You are always trying to impress on us that you are an excellent driver, capable of anything; but you are forever going through stop lights because you have to wave and say hello to some friend passing by.

If it isn't hauling the neighborhood children around and planning

parties for them, it's cooking, cleaning, baking, entertaining, and most of all writing to us three, every other day.

Explaining any position to which you hold opposite views is a task requiring inexhaustible patience and an unlimited vocabulary. Yet, ordinarily, your opinions are the essence of liberality and understanding, for you are German by ancestry, Irish by temperament and utterly cosmopolitan in your interests.

Indeed, you are lacking in the sense of time yet you are so very competent in misplacing such things as your purse, car keys, my best hat or father's newest necktie, that often on my searches for such things around the house I wonder why I I don't write a book about "The Case of the Missing Things and How We Still Can't Find Them." Yet you can remember in a second just what you wore on your very first date.

You were born to appreciate and to love and these things you do to perfection.

I love the twinkle in your eyes, the mischievous curve of your smile, your stately walk, and coal-black hair; the way you talk and I guess—just everything about you.

You can drive me to distraction but you can never drive me away from you because you are my first love and my very dearest love. You are, you see, my mother.

And so today on this very special day of yours, I dedicate this poem to you with all the thanks and love within my heart for being such a wonderful mother.

*You filled my life with happiness
You gave me inspiration too
And everything I am this day
I owe it all to you.*

*A million thanks I want to say
A million blessings on you too
And this wish with all my love
A Happy Mothers' Day to you.*

YA STILL GOTTA HUSTLE

By Tom Eshelman

• Scene is a delicatessen in a large city. Four men are seated in a booth: Sol, Jerry, Jack, and Russ. Jerry is speaking:

That's a big bargain, ain't it, two and a half bucks a pound for peppered beef—I'm lookin' for the gold plate.

Jack: Speakin' of bargains, what's with Berger? I never see him except at that junk emporium of his anymore. Business must be terrific . . . he used to spend all his time ridin' around in that chartreuse Merc. The thing looks like a Christmas tree with all them spotlights he's got.

Sol: He's a shrewd cookie, that guy. If I had a Kop for business like him, I'd be drivin' a Merc, too. He's got scrap iron in his chest instead of a heart. The guy's really got a tough philosophy, he says to me, "Schlomo," he calls me Schlomo—he says, "Even if ya are a Methodist, you got a good yiddish monniker." He says, "Ya know, in them big stores downtown, they gotta have ten thousand people come in to make the day, with me it's different," he says. "All I need is ten good ones."

Jack: Hey, Pearl, bring me another dill, will ya?

Sol: But I don't know, the guy must really be peddlin' junk by the ton; he's usually here about this time every day big dealin' all the peasants.

Russ: Ya know, I think I know now why he stayin' away—he ain't goin' to show till he gets another car.

Sol: What's the guy want two cars for? He goin' into the used car business?

Russ: No. Believe it or not, Nate got rid of that Merc.

Jack: No kiddin'. What happened, the white sidewalls get dirty

Russ: Lissen, I might as well give ya the lowdown; ya probably won't believe it, but so help me it's true.

Sol: So make it a good one.

Russ: Well, ya know about two weeks ago, I was talkin' to Nate over at the junk yard, and he's big dealin' me all the way, as usual. He's got a good business, he's got two of the smartest kids in the world, his brother's a big deal up at the Schule—nothin' you got is better than what Nate Berger can produce.

I says, "Nate, so what's with all this geld you're gettin' ulcers over? Did ya ever think of anything else—I mean maybe there's somethin' more important in life?"

"I should live so long," he says.

I ask him if it makes any difference what happens to him after he dies.



Illustration by the writer

He says he wants the cantor shouldn't sing the Kaddish off key.

He says, "Look, I go every week in the Schule—I bought the Rebe a big stained glass window. Ya want I should hold revival meetings in the salami parlor to show I'm religious. Lissen," he says, "I look at it this way, nobody's gonna give me nothin' and it's mutual—I believe in God but you still gotta hustle. I mean ya still gotta hustle . . . even if ya go in the Schule every day and twice on Shabbos, ya still gotta hustle."

I say, "Lissen, Nate, I'll buy that myself, nobody's gonna give me nothin', either, but I don't see this shakin' everybody down just for more security."

"OooK, Moses," he says, "you peddle yer ten commandments and I'll peddle my junk, fair enough?"

Just then the phone rang and Nate grabs the receiver and says "Berger Iron and Steel, you bring the junk, I'll make the deal," like he always does, then laughs. At least the guy's got a sense of humor.

"Long distance," Nate tells me. "Hello!" he says, "Who? Joe Donatella? Yeh, this is Nate Berger. Yeh, sure kid, I remember. Artillery, Augsburg, wasn't it? Sure kid, I remember. Yeh, yer darn right, kid. What can I do for ya? Need a job? Ya what? Yer wife! Cancer? Damn, kid, that's crummy luck. Lissen, kid, so what d'ya want? Geld? Dough? Lissen, I can let ya have a C-note. How's that? Lissen, kid, I can let ya have a C-note."

This is all straight, too, I remember almost by heart the whole conversation.

He says, "Lissen, Joe, that's kinda rough, kid. I got some dough, but I don't think . . . Do I know anyone? I don't know . . . Lissen, Joe, two thousand smackers! Look, I ain't King Solomon. Who, Tony? That's the little one, ain't he. Lissen, kid, I'll call ya back. O.K. don't worry till ya hear from me. O.K., kid, hang on till ya hear, O.K.? So-long, Joe."

I swear Nate turned three shades of gray while he was talkin' to the guy. He looked the color of blintz dough.

I says, "Somebody makin' a touch, Nate?"

"Yeh," he says, "guy name Joe Donatella, knew him in the Army—haven't seen him for four years. He was a medic then." Nate was lookin' worse all the time. "Hell of a lotta guts, the kid pulled six of us out of a burning truck near Augsburg."

Then Nate didn't say anything—he just looked real disturbed.

"The guy's wife is sick, I take it."

"Yeh," he says, "he needs to get her taken care of real bad, and his baby's sick as hell, too. The guy's a meshiginer, tho', where's he think I'm gonna get two thousand bucks?

Anyway, I feel sorry for the guy, I'll send him a C-note."

I says, "Lissen, Nate, I'm gonna hit it, I gotta meet my wife, Pearl, before she spends me outa business. She's over at Marshall's, they're havin' a sale on shoestrings or somethin'. Solong," I says.

"Solong," Nate says and I went on over to Marshall's.

Sol: So Nate sold the car and gave the kid the money.

Russ: No. I ain't done, yet. A couple days later, I see Nate's Merc in front of Shan's hardware and I went in, figgerin' I'd see Nate. But he wasn't there, so I asked Shan where he was.

Shan says, "He's probably over at the junk yard."

"How come he left his car here?" I ask.

"I won it," Shan says. "Didn't ya hear?"

"Ya won it?" I say. "What d'ya mean?"

"Well, a couple days ago, Nate comes in here and says do I want to buy a couple chances on a car. I I say is it for the Schule, they need a new window? He says no, he's rafflin' off his own Merc. He says he's sellin' forty-two tickets for fifty bucks apiece, so I took two of 'em and won. Some guys bought three or four. I'm usually pretty lucky, that way. I figger the guy knows what he's doin' and anyway, he had the Shamus draw 'em so it was all legit. So I don't know. How's the wife?"

I say, "Lissen, Shan, I'll see ya. I gotta meet Pearl over at Koehn's, she's an auction fiend, and I better get over there before she brings home a Louis the Fourteenth can opener or somethin'."

So I got it all figgered out what gives with Nate. The guy's sellin' forty-two chances, he gets twenty-one hundred bucks out of it and sends the kid the twenty C's for the wife.

Jerry: That's an easy hundred the guy made for himself.

Jack: Nate knows how to do it, O.K.

Sol: Pearl, will ya bring me another dill, please?

SPRING IS HERE

By Robert Hughes

• Spring is here! The color-splashed oriole lirts in the tree-tops overhead, the gray hue of the pastures changes to a verdant green, and the once sombre meadows now teem with life. The hidden powers of Nature are realized before our eyes in all their splendor; the mysterious phenomena of life and activity work miracles before our eyes. Humdrum dullness is conquered by variety and color; happiness triumphs over pessimism; the fullness of joy drowns our sorrow. Such is the story of spring. But to many people, very many people, spring is merely a time of higher temperatures, a prelude to their summer vacation, a pigeon-hole in their calendar. Spring has no connotation of beauty, mystery, perfection for them. A fortiori, by the very effect of their attitude, spring brings with it nothing more than frustration, greater worry, and a downcast visage. Thus, hope wrestles with despair, and the fruit of Nature—natural happiness—vies with the fruit of unnaturalness—frustration. Life grows ever so meaningless and burdensome for them at a time when it should become the most valuable thing they have. Hence, the difference between the man who lives daily more and more, and him who approaches death day by day: the difference of an attitude, of knowledge, of appreciation.

To live in this world for forty or fifty long years without appreciation, is not to live but to mark time. Life, the world, Nature is too meaningful and enjoyable merely to exist in. You must live. Life is beautiful, and "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" the poet tells us.

To dash through a few pages of Fabre is like walking through a wonderland. Jean Fabre saw so much in Nature, that he sat for hours watching an ant colony. After a while he marked each ant, recorded the kind of work each did, the number of trips each made in and out of the colony, and the amount of material each carried. Of course,

we can't sit around on the lawns all day and count little bugs; for most of us this would be both futile and fatiguing. However, we can cultivate a love of Nature that will pay great dividends.

Observing as you walk through the woods or across the countryside is an excellent way to cultivate a deep appreciation and love of Nature. One of my favorite pastimes was to get up very early and stroll through the woods. I would run over to my buddy's house, yank on the rope attached to his foot and which hung out the second-story window, and off we would go on our bikes. With the sun just crawling up over the mountains in the distance, we would listen to the last croaks of the frog, watch for the morning turtle setting out for a food hunt, and stiffen our ears to the warbling calls of our feathered friends. As time went on, we would take the car to the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and rent a cabin high above the plains. The wee hours of the morning we would spend in watching the sun rise, in sneaking up on two nervous deer, in catching a glimpse of far-off peaks through the field glasses, in trundling along a bubbling mountain stream in search of a bathing animal. At midday we would bounce along a shaded mountain trail eyeing every little creature that crossed our path. Through the course of years one comes to live with and love Nature, and to learn all its profound lessons; to appreciate its immense variety and beauty, to enjoy the land of wonderment in which we live.

Spring is here! There is no better advice I can offer you for this season than to encourage you to take a second look at Nature. Splash through the plashy brinks and marshes after the elusive frog, or sit pensively upon a projecting knoll, and watch Nature at its best . . . come close to one of God's great gifts. Live your life, don't waste it away!

• The big powerboat roared through the night. All lights out, the only sign of its presence the white rooster tail of foam in its wake. But even over the roar of the engines, Gregory Tweed could hear the sharp fierce whine of bullets. He twisted the wheel. The big boat skidded, stood on its side, righted itself and went roaring off in a new direction.

The wail of the siren faded as the police cruiser pounded by—in the wrong direction. A searchlight makes too good a target so the cops played cat and mouse in the dark. Gregory idled the engine, just maintaining seaway. Even five minutes would give them enough lead to make the other side of the line.

Satisfied that the police boat was really going in the wrong direction and not just faking, Gregory opened the throttle. The big motorboat stood on her stern and drew a white line across the night.

There are enough small islands on the Canadian shore of the Great Lakes that you can run almost any kind of illegal operation without interference. The gang's Canadian agents had leased or purchased at least seven contact points. Gregory had hit that many. Rumor had it that there were anyhow seven more, possibly nine.

This was a new one tonight. Rogers stood by his side, chart in hand, softly calling compass bearings. A crewman lay on the bow, chanting soundings. The big engine idled softly as the boat crept in, inch by inch. No moon, no stars. The luminous dial of Gregory's watch showed 12:30.

Gregory cut the engine. The boat drifted slowly shoreward. There was a muffled splash as the anchor was lowered into the water. The silence was so thick you could cut it. Gregory could hear Rogers' harsh breathing.

Hiss! Kerplunk! One of the crew stood in the waist of the ship, casting.

"Just a precaution," breathed Rogers, making Gregory jump. "In case anybody gets nosy, we're just a

JOHNNY

By Jack Rice

bunch of innocent fishermen." Rogers went aft, checking the crew against their assigned duties.

Gregory sank down on the cockpit floor and leaned his back against the wall. They had more than an hour to wait.

Jimmy Richards was scared. Not of the night—he had sneaked out of the house too often for that. But of the fact that he had stayed out too long. His chores would be undone, or else his Maw would have done them for him. Either way he rated a lamming when he got home.

He couldn't help it really. The rod was new (a birthday present) and

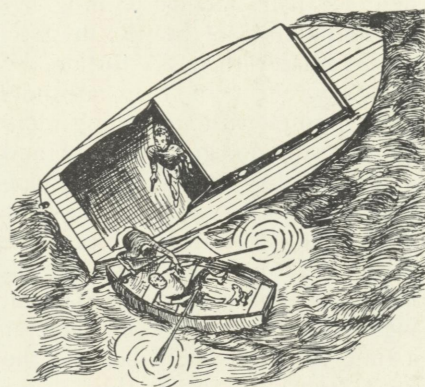


Illustration by Dan Zamorski

the fish were biting. He had a nice string of fish on his line. Maybe he wouldn't get such a lamming after all.

He smiled contentedly at Johnny and rowed all the harder for home.

Johnny was Jimmy's dog. Jimmy had picked Johnny up out of a ditch where a passing motorist had thrown him. When Jimmy cut Johnny out of his burlap sack he saw a dog that was half collie and half St. Bernard and half just dog. Johnny's back was still red with whip marks.

Jimmy remembered the first time he had tried to take Johnny fishing. Johnny had been playing in the yard when Jimmy came out of the house with the rod. All of a sudden Jimmy was on the ground, Johnny trying to chew his neck off. Jimmy's Paw was

all for killing the dog on the spot, but Jimmy wouldn't let him. Ever after that no strangers with whip-like objects came around—the second time.

Johnny rubbed his muzzle against his master's boot. Jimmy dug deep with the oars, trying to get some more speed.

In the house where the boat was to make its contact, silence reigned. Almost silence. Rogers' contact man lay sprawled in a pool of his own blood on the living room rug. Somebody in the gang had squealed. Even now the ugly snout of a tommygun protruded from an upstairs bedroom window, where a police guard watched a fisherman in a power boat and waited for the smugglers. Two experts with high-powered rifles sat in windows on either side of the tommygunner. There was no use wasting money to convict a bunch of dope runners.

Gregory must have dozed. Someone shook his shoulder. It was 1:15 by his watch. Time to roll. Gregory stretched. The decoy in the waist was still casting. Rogers came down the passageway, crouching. Gregory stood up, prepared to boost the crewman onto the forward deck so he could raise the anchor.

There was a yell somewhere in the darkness. The whole crew froze as if suddenly turned to stone.

"Oh my God! I bet it's that fisherman!" and Rogers had drawn his gun and run back to the waist. There was the splashing of oars to port. It was a kid and his dog in a rowboat. The kid was crying. One of the hooks had dug deep into the soft biceps. You could tell that by the dark river of blood on his arm. The moon was coming out now and you could see.

Gregory crouched. Rogers, everybody except the decoy, were crouched behind the bulwarks. Gregory slid the safety off his automatic, just in case. The decoy laid his pole against the seat, so that it was leaning out over the rowboat. He bent over the side to get at the kid's arm.

Suddenly the rod fell, forward and outward, right on top of the

dog. There was a growl, a roar. Johnny had acted instinctively to all those whippings. The decoy was on the deck of the motor boat, Johnny at his throat.

"The dog! The dog! Get this dog offa me!"

The kid and Rogers both moved forward at the cry for help. The kid forgot his own pain and vaulted lightly to the coaming of the motor-boat. Rogers had moved forward into the moonlight, the forgotten gun dangling from his hand.

The kid's mouth opened for a yell. Gregory took careful aim and fired—once at the kid and once at the dog. The kid fell back, a great hole in his chest where a mushrooming .45 had caught him. The dog was dead, too, but he had severed the decoy's jugular. Blood spurted across the deck in great rhythmic arcs.

Almost on the heels of the .45 came the double crack of rifles. Rogers took three tottering steps down the deck, the top of his head gone. Gregory took shelter behind the bulwark. He could see the thin arching line as tracers from the tommygun marched across the deck. He remembered the big white eye of the tommygun winking at him.

That was the last thing he remembered—Ever.

FAREWELL TO CLASS

(Continued from Page 2)

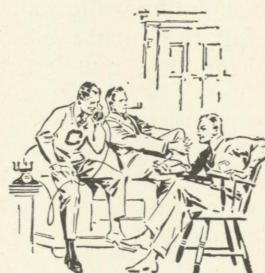
philosophy of life that U.D. bequeathes to its students. Remember, we said that character is subject to exercise, growth, development. As the years roll along and the day of graduation recedes more and more into the distant past may all the members of the class of 1952 continue to grow not only in knowledge needed to be successful here below, but particularly in the greatest of knowledge which will direct them to what they are all seeking, the Eternal Goodness and Beauty and Truth. Our very best wishes to all the graduates and our sincerest congratulations.

HOW'S YOUR CONVERSATION I Q?

By Wilda Mae Billett

• Have you ever wondered why some people have the knack of saying the proper thing at the proper time or why some people are able to carry on an interesting conversation with most anyone in a manner of intelligence, charm, and apparent ease? Conversation is an art that is too often neglected, so if you feel the need for some brushing up, here are a few pointers:

1. Don't scorn small talk. As long as you live you will be in the midst of it; small talk about such things as hobbies, ordinary daily occurrences, food, clothing, the latest movie or TV program, or what somebody said to so and so. All this chatter may not amount to a hill of beans, but what's the difference. Participate just the same.



2. Read widely about a variety of important subjects such as the arts, sports, or politics, and especially, current affairs. Occasionally the unexpected will happen and conversation will turn to more serious matters. Then if you are well informed, you can expound your ideas, engage in a meaningful discussion, expand your mental horizons, and gain confidence in yourself as you grow in public esteem. Here is conversation at its best.

3. Don't talk too much. Nothing can be more boring than to spend an evening with some one who snows you under hour after hour with his verbiage, giving you little or no chance to speak. Perhaps you

have already come into contact with one of these Dr. Johnson's who expect every listener to be a Boswell. If you have I need say little more. The ego-centric will never be sought after. Conversation should be like a ball bouncing back and forth, each party informing and stimulating the other.

4. Don't be too personal or too prying. Keep the chatter flowing at a nice balance subjectively and objectively.

A personal remark, however, can be helpful in a tight situation. If you are with a blind date or if you are in a strange crowd and perhaps your partner seems rather shy, the right personal remark can do wonders. A sincere compliment concerning her apparel or a comment about the unusual ring she is wearing will encourage her to start talking about herself and perhaps brighten up the whole evening for the both of you. Many a person may have the potentiality of being a good conversationalist but may only be blocked by shyness.

5. To cultivate the art of listening is also to cultivate the art of conversation. The ear has a part to play as well as the tongue. As Dale Carnegie says, be sincerely interested in the other fellow and what he has to say. Remember that the good listener is a silent flatterer.

6. In a group discussion be sure to bring everyone into it if at all possible and talk about something familiar to all present. This is only common courtesy. Learn to be witty without hurting people with your wit. Be clever without being sarcastic.

A good conversationalist can entertain people. He is interesting, magnetic, courteous and humorous. Those who master the art will open the door to popularity and success.

WHAT WAS HE THINKING ABOUT?

By Tom Ditzel

• Are there really any sure indications of personal traits in a man's face? May the signs of ambition and affection and piety be read by every passer-by who has learned them from books or from experience? When we sit on a jury, do we study the face of the defendant to see if he is really as villainous as he is pictured? Many times a day, we as humans, analyze our fellow beings. We like best to form our analytical conclusions on "people we don't know." We aren't sure if the observations we make are true or correct, but this is what makes them "people we don't know."

Sitting over there was "a person I didn't know." I didn't know that man. He was slumped in the corner booth of the cafe, leaning heavily over a glass of beer. He appeared to be a man of utter dejection, for such a slump could be caused only by the stress of great worry. I wondered . . . Did his wife leave him? Maybe he is hard to get along with. Was money his problem? Could he just have robbed a gas station and his plans went wrong? Uh, a criminal! Maybe he just got his draft notice. No, he was much too old for that.

Just then, the waitress brought him another round. To pay her, he dug into his fringed pocket and pulled out a "wad" of bills that was big enough to pass for a clump of moss. Immediately, I deducted that his worries weren't financial. And so, even though his dress was shabby, I knew money wasn't his cause of mental turmoil.

The man was so occupied within himself, that people around him didn't even exist. He hadn't even thought to remove his crumpled grey hat. It sat on his head like a leaf waiting for a small gust of wind to move it somewhere else. Much of the time he had his countenance buried in his over-sized hands, as if crying to himself. Then attached to those hands were the arms, propped

at the elbows, on each side of his beer. Those arms pulled down on his two shoulders, rounding them and warping his chest—a position of melancholy itself.

But one time he dropped his hands to the level of the table, and I could see his face. His face was one huge frown, topped by bushy eyebrows and a forehead that continued far under his hat. He had a half-mooned mouth, with the ends of the moon down, not up. The stranger's blubbery lips were closed, yet not tight, for they opened readily to the edge of his beer glass. His eyes were shadowed by the heavy brows above and his nose was insignificant. Possessing a dark skin, it should have contrasted nicely with his teeth, but I could not see his teeth. Yes, the enamel of the mouth is usually displayed with a smile. The "smiling muscles" draw the lips back to show the white wall behind them. But this mouth didn't have any use for those muscles.

I was wondering *what* could be causing this man's apparent sadness. Had his best friend died? Was the stranger sick or was he always like this?

Every normal man is visibly happy at times, unmistakably sad or displeased at others. To find a man depressed on a particular occasion is no good indication that he is a philosophic pessimist. It does not even prove that he has ordinarily a gloomy turn of mind. There is a physiognomic theory that the habit of frowning causes an alteration in the permanent forms of the face, which may even be transmitted to the offspring. Could that be this man's case?

I sat at my table watching him. His head hung, like a broken limb, by the stretched muscles of his thin neck. Tapping against the side of his glass in no rhythm were his big-knuckled fingers. It was just a clumsy beat to pass the time. What

was this man's trouble? What was he thinking about? He couldn't possibly be contemplating . . . oh, no! . . . suicide!

Curiosity mounted deep in me, forcing me to rise. It drove my feet toward his table. I, the good samaritan, was going to help the stranger out. I realized that I was no professional psychologist or philosopher, but the least I could do was try to help the good man—maybe even destroy his terrible misfortune.

I hesitated, stopped, but curiosity livened my feet again and I shuffled over to his darkened corner booth. I was there, I leaned over and finally . . . yes, finally found out what his problem was. He was drunk.

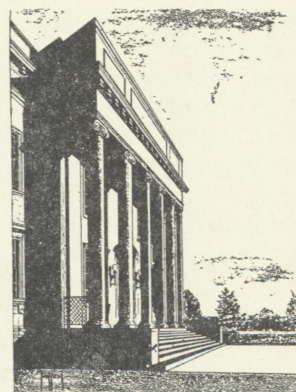
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SIXTY YEARS OF SERVICE

(Continued from Page 5)

this country and without them the Church would be handicapped. Again, how about saying a little prayer very often that the Lord of the harvest may send us many new laborers to take the place of the ones who grow old in the service of God and Country.

To Brother Wohlleben we wish through the pages of the *Exponent* to extend sincere congratulations for the years of noble service spent in the cause of education, particularly here at the University and we hope and pray that the Lord will bless him with many more fruitful years in the calling of his choice, a teacher in the Society of Mary. Ad multos annos.



the poetry page

My Bouquet

Each petal of these roses
Is filled with all my love,
For they are meant especially
For you, dear Mary, above.

Each leaf is meant to say
A little prayer to you
For all you mean to me
And everything you do.

The stems that bind together,
Each flower, plainly signify
The way of my life forever is
Dedicated to you on high.

As I place these flowers
At your feet today
A prayer of thanksgiving
With all by heart I say.

Thus with these flowers I enclose
My life, my soul, my love,
For they are meant especially
For you, dear Mary, above.

—Patricia Radican.

Verse

The poet is a minimus,
For the poet singeth once
And the poem doth forever
Sing and sound its own depth,
Which it alone can represent —
Its own sweet sound perpetuate —
Its infinite harmonium.

No more than the father is his child
Is the poet his creation;
No more than is the sun the
Carmine petal of the hyacinth
Is the lyricist his song.

Thus mysteriously doth poetry
Remain its own purveyor,
Its own conceit, its own judge,
Its own herald.

—Tom Eshelman.

At Sunset

Love — now farewell!
No more will the silent night
Be filled with echoes of your name.
No more will the day's streaked dawning or blazing noon
Be turned to you, and revolve around your smile.
Farewell, farewell —
The rising moon tonight cannot see me sad.
I have put loneliness out of my heart
And turned my thoughts to some far bird
Singing in the fast-darkening wood.
I will follow a bird-song — but not, my love —
Not again Love.

Peggy Kunka.

The Wine Glass

Raised to my lips,
The sparkling thing
Did make me pause
And yield myself
To a moment
Of light reflection.
"Such a pleasant dream,"
I mused, while the
Blood-red liquid ran
In a soft and pleasing
Velvet stream
Across my thirsty lips.
"To spend one's life
Thus, wine in hand!"
But 'ere I'd lost
My pensive mood
It soon returned again,
And I found myself
But in time — to curse
The shiny bottom
Which quite disclosed
The emptiness
Of my glass!

—Charles E. Brant

Night

The fluid fingers of night
Are flooding the city.
Night, feeling its way across the
Deserted streets, fed by furtive
Darkness flowing from fissures
In the formidable facade
Of business buildings,
Pushing through the
Valley of tall towers, cascading
Into the second-circle, drowning
Day's draught of dead dreams, leaving
Tomorrow's tragedy in its wake
To wait the drifting tenants of
This drear den,
Nears its peak.
Cresting quickly in quiet, night
Sallows the suburbs, and commuters
Are covered by the carload.

The sky above the city is red.
Dimly distinguishable, the tapering
Towers — man's tallest talents —
Are perched precariously
Above the shifting sand
Of this alluvial land.

—J. J. Gleason.

Seascape

The circling gull — his eye, his eye!
Soaring-searching, sharp and small,
A pin-point fixed in cloud-free sky
Above the desolate waste of blue
Where none applaud the fisher's try.

—Raymond McKenna.

edited by peg kunka

Editorial Comment....

MOTHERS' DAY

• On May 8, 1914, President Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday of May to be "Mothers' Day." On that day the United States flag is displayed on all government buildings as a public expression of love and reverence for the mothers of our country.

With such importance do we regard the mother, and rightly so, for she is the foundation and the fosterer of the home. This day truly bespeaks the graces of the state of motherhood.

Yes, for woman, the calling of motherhood is a very high one. Woman, in cooperation with God, propagates the human race, brings more honor and glory upon the Creator.

The world has taken upon itself the task of paying tribute to mothers everywhere. Various types of material signs of affection are showered on mothers, and still others demonstrate their regard through religious exercises.

The situation is paradoxical in that simultaneous with our recognition of motherhood, numerous agencies have as their objective the utter destruction of that honorable vocation. We are all aware of the organizations — economic, political, and welfare, which seek means of circumventing the honor and responsibility of motherhood.

Nevertheless, the underlying dignity of motherhood has maintained its position above the inroads of degradation. On Mothers' Day, we honor all mothers, living and dead, as the center of family affection and admiration. On this day, all mothers become fully cognizant of their sacred position — vested with recognition and respect.

Many have sung the praises of motherhood. James Russell Lowell aptly stated: Many make the household but only one the home. An often-quoted poem by W. R. Wallace seems to express aptly the spirit of Mothers' Day:

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers than he;
But mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

MEMORIAL DAY

• Memorial Day, May 30, is an occasion which calls for reflecting about man's place on this earth. It is on this day that our country honors those dead who have sacrificed themselves for the cause of freedom.

This legal holiday is fitting testimony of the charity of those who held a principle higher than individual gain. Those individuals serve as an example, to the living, of the value of our American way of life. This day portrays, nevertheless, a basic fault in the lives of men — the inability to live in peace and harmony. Here then is the true value of Memorial Day. It stands as a landmark in the progress of civilization toward a co-operative objective relationship. On many a commemorative program, the first bugle call is followed by another, not so much an echo from distant hills as a Godspeed from across the veil that separates us from them in eternity. It is the reminder from those war dead that we are to cherish deeply what they paid so heavily to win.

Who can estimate the worth of these lives? What these young men might have meant to the world if they had lived? The great treasure of any country is not its steel mills or its rolling prairies or its public buildings, but its young people. And now we commemorate citizens whose lives were sacrificed in early manhood before the story they could have told could be unrolled, or their contributions made to the family or the nation which gave them birth.

We as individuals must strive consistently to solve the riddle of world friction. Our government officials are human and therefore fallible. They need the response of a strong and informed public opinion. Representative government must survive and return to misguided people of other lands. It is facing the supreme test today. It can only survive if Americans muster interest in their problems and exercise straight thinking.

This is our present and compelling obligation to our heroic war dead that they may sleep in peace in the knowledge that we will not let them down, that we are keeping faith in them, and that their untimely passing shall have been definitely instrumental in bringing about a better world for their children and their posterity.

PEACE AND PRINCIPLE

• When one reflects over the past school year, he cannot help but be concerned about the difficult world-situation.

Over the entire world man is at unrest, disturbed by selfishness and Godlessness. It is a bit paradoxical that man, in his most advanced state, has been stymied by the inroads of pride and disregard for others. We have all the facilities for peace and harmony within our reach, yet we have not been able to employ them. But perhaps we have employed these facilities not according to their best possible usage. That is the ironic situation.

The world has run amuck, regardless of which direction one turns. It is disheartening to imagine the tremendous feats man could accomplish if he were to employ his abilities for humanitarian purposes, instead of the materialistic and fleeting goals now sought. The trend in international relations is definitely downward and a more favorable outlook is nowhere in sight. Some are playing the game of power politics, hoping to suppress man's freedom of action. Little does it concern them that nothing has been gained through force and unbridled power. Nonetheless, the road to success is principle. How awkward of man to have disregarded such a proven procedure.

All great things in life are accomplished through principle. Otherwise, man's actions are subject to refutation and disagreement. Man has failed to make use of principle. This is a result of our defective human nature. Each person has the ability to choose between alternatives. In the short-run, many of these alternatives appear to be lucrative, but in the broader sense, they are detrimental to the general welfare. Due to individual and group failings, the world has not been operated on the most logical and beneficial level. But the point is—we have not taken effective measures to neutralize the deficiencies of human nature.

It is for us, as educated citizens, to overcome this defect with education designed to recognize the principle involved, and to utilize it. True, such an objective is not easily attained, but that is the principle upon which training is based—to guide minds toward a communal interest and understanding, where once there was divergence of interest. We, as college students, have been given the principles. It is up to us to turn havoc into progress, by applying these principles, in order that "this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

GRADUATE MEMOIRS

• Once again we are approaching the epic event in the life of every college student—graduation.

When one reminisces over his college years, he feels a sense of satisfaction in his position, and rightly so, for it is no mean accomplishment to obtain a college education. A college education is an investment far above any material acquisition. It has become part of our very selves, for it is nothing more than a development of our capacities and interests. Such a treasure can never be lost, whereas material possessions are temporal as to life and ownership.

Yes, some will look approvingly over their bygone college days, and others will turn dejectedly away from the thought of advancement within grasp, but lost in the depths of complacency. Now, perhaps too late, we realize that one derives from his activity only what he injects into such actions.

Those graduates who receive degrees with an upright mind will be those who placed their education on a priority level. Others will receive diplomas with less honor, for they valued social, athletic, or economic status as more important than educational development.

Graduates of the University of Dayton are particularly fortunate for they have received not only material knowledge, but spiritual development as well. The latter is the more important, for it involves the important goal of all mankind—eternal life. We, as graduates, have not only prepared ourselves for temporal existence, but for eternal existence as well. This cannot be said of all college graduates.

We have a lot for which to be thankful, and still more for which to look forward. College life is a proving ground for the life ahead. It is an indication of our ability, initiative, aggressiveness, and determination. It is a program engendered by the task of making graduates responsible individuals for the acceptance of the duties as exemplary citizens engaged in a diversity of activities.

We, as graduates, now advance in life, cognizant of our benefactors, and confident in the fact that we are meeting life with a foundation—an integrity which visions will help us to make a success out of our lives.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The editor wishes to express his deepest gratitude for the cooperation of his staff and the student body, as also the faculty advisor, in publishing the EXPONENT during the past year. May the EXPONENT continue to increase in value and importance in the light of its merit and its benefit.

—WILLIAM HUTH.



Coeds' Corner

SENIOR PROPHECY

• Have you been looking into your crystal ball lately? If not, put up the high antenna and do a little gazing to find out what the future may hold for the senior coeds of '52.

Look, you can see Jeannine Gunckel having quite a time with the horse one of her students loaned her to use, while her yellow and black-striped convertible is being repaired. She took the ailing horse to the renowned Dr. Alice Duffy, who was so perplexed by its rare disease that she called in her assistant, Dr. Rosie Schmidt. After a thorough examination Dr. Schmidt diagnosed the case as being that dreaded disease "Horsicobia."

NEWS FLASHES! All Dayton is awaiting the arrival of those three famous hometown actresses straight from Broadway and the hit play "It Ain't Nothing to Be Over Forty." It's our own Mary Ruth Hofferbert, Peggy Kunka, and Paula Shay. Nancy Hohler recently obtained the much sought after position of advertiser for the Sandusky Yacht Club. Mrs. Toey Saelzler happily announced the birth of triplets. This now rounds out a hockey team and two basketball squads. Toey recently engaged Ellen Ammann and Helen Johnson, swimming champs of the world, to teach her one and only daughter. Beverly Whisler had just put up a sign stating "Accountant-at-large — I can solve all your tax problems," when Joanne Hoelderle, Jean Lieberman, Joan Crowe, and Marty Youngman Darr knocked on her door. These four teachers were inquiring as to IF and WHY they would have to pay taxes on their slim yearly income.

Looking further into the crystal ball you can spot Joan Batsche, head secretary for the United Nations, chatting busily with Mary Ellen Nagle, U. S. journalist at the United Nations. Frances Shay has now become one of America's leading vocalists with Naomi Cress as her accompanist. Lois Shepherd, Hollywood columnist, keeps tab on the fabulous Elsa Maxwell-like parties of Charmaine Hilgeford, whose favorite expression still is "Party, anyone?" There goes Hazel Aslakson, head of the New York Nurses Home, with

co-workers Ruby Cope, Una Walker, and Mary Lafayette. Claire Heiman has secured an excellent position as a Home Economist in the Swift Company. Joanne Koehler Field is keeping busy by aiding her husband in rubbing out Charley horses.

Pauline Kelley, editor of the Dayton Journal Herald, can be seen discussing business matters with Tula Vardalides, sports editor. Pauline is in the midst of selecting a platform for her presidential campaign. Janet Finke is distinguishing herself as the noted forward of the Dayton Globetrotters. This girl can really play ball. Pat Jellison and Jessie Johnson have recently earned their Ph. D. degrees in education.

Julie Raney is in charge of dietetics at Helen Brown's "Home for Aged Invalids." Miss Brown and her assistants Virginia Belt, Eugenia Wilson, and Willa Mae Hicks keep Julie happy by allowing her to make "party dainties" for the patients.

If you should need a doctor for your trees, consult Jeanne Moore, Karen Tanaka, and Thelma Vauls. Those science courses that they slaved over at U. D. are being put to us. Rosie McAvoy and Doris Finch are teaching square dancing to the sailors at Great Lakes. Seems all the fellows want to be stationed there "Because of Them." Our lovely Julie Pflaum gave up her position in the Guidance Center to become Mrs. America of 1960. She attributes this great honor to the wonderful diet of cake and ice cream she ate every day in Brother Paul's cafe.

Mary Ann Isenecker has been engaged in the fields of advertising, play writing (which was a flop), and fashion designing (which didn't last long). However, now she is content with her job of being personal advisor to General Mauch. When Thalia Johnson's new yacht sailed for Hawaii last week, she had two nurses aboard — Inez Kelly to look after her pet elephant, and Margie Stout to take care of the crew.

Those three distinguished scientists, Marilyn Liston, Lois Miller, and Marion Owen, will soon be receiving the Nobel Prize for their work on the atom bomb. Mary Catherine Sullivan, in addition to her nursing, is an assistant psychologist at Miami Valley

Hospital. Ruth Wilvert is doing very well in the teaching profession, and Mary Theodoras is now a leading surgeon.

Doris Shields has given up nursing in favor of housekeeping. Pat Radican and her husband are raising a big, healthy family. Ten children pretty well fill their household. Peggy Howley, still finding time for community activities, has just engaged Rosemary Rauscher as her personal secretary and confidant.

The invention of a new microscope is credited to Virginia Tate. Bertie Mae Williams has her hands full with her class of forty-five little pupils, but she loves it. Dee Carcelli will soon be seen on the cover of a leading detective magazine. Betty Cunningham's newest textbook entitled "Underwater Bonfire Building" will be published by Pat Sherman and Anita Clune.

This is all that the crystal ball will reveal, so let's just wish lots of luck to all the graduates.

—PAT RADICAN

MARY ANN ISENECKER.

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GRADUATION DEBTS

• Before we, the seniors of '52, reluctantly close the door to our college career, a debt of gratitude must be paid.

To the U.D. administration we wish to express our appreciation for the counsel and cooperation that they have so generously given to us.

To the faculty we express our thanks for the efforts they have put forth to give us the religious, cultural, and professional backgrounds so essential for success in the world today.

To our families we make a promise to repay all the patience, understanding, and assistance that they have so unselfishly dealt to us.

To our fellow classmates we wish Godspeed and unlimited successes in the goals which our Alma Mater has placed before us. We shall never forget the wonderful friendships that have grown through these four full years.

To the students who will return next fall we leave this bit of advice: Make the most of every minute you spend at U.D.; be an "active" leader in campus life; never hesitate to seek the advice of deans or profs, when you are confronted with problems.

To the Mother of God, the Inspiration of the University of Dayton, we offer our thanks for admitting us to the "hilltop" family.

—M. E. N.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS

• Will you seniors just look? It's graduation that's upon us, and from the thick and thin we've gone through, it's unbelievable that it's happening to us. Four years out of our young lives is a long time!

Remember our first college class, when we trudged the halls with over-elastic knees till a furtive glance identified the room, and peering through the doorway told us the world had suddenly become over-populated with fellas, a much more fearsome crew than high school had ever presented . . . the excitement of the first "cut" four years ago and the nonchalance with which we tossed them away this spring . . . the shiny-new stacks of books we carried our freshman year and the few beat-up ones we bury in our locker now . . . the lectures we were intent on four years ago, and suddenly revive to now that we're reaching the end of the line . . . and finals!

Remember the high school boy we'd known who had become interesting, different, and sophisticated because he had joined the ranks of that superior race of College Men . . . initiation, with flour and eggs on the head at Third and Main proclaiming to the whole city we were green as grass . . . the noisy throngs at the Welcome Homecoming . . . the formal dances at Lakeside that were such balls that anyone who hadn't witnessed one wouldn't believe the description . . . football and the rise of our basketball team . . . New Yawk, New Yawk, and Chicago, plus Lexington and Cleveland . . . Hangar . . . class picnics . . . talent shows . . . assemblies.

Remember the professors' idiosyncracies . . . the tests we just couldn't get through . . . the dean's face when grades came out . . . but the general friendliness of all the faculty, with Fr. Collins, Fr. Kobe, Fr. Friedel, and Fr. Renneker heading the list for smiles in the hall . . . the library and those endless hours.

The early-morning bus rides and the climb to the Hilltop that winded us exactly opposite the library walk . . . the people great and small, clickish or always friendly, tired and ambitious.

That senior year, when everything was doubly enjoyed because there wouldn't be another chance next year . . . the jolt of graduation.

The feeling of U.D., from tennis court to field-house, from the warm, old smell of St. Mary's lower hall to Chaminade's big-caf aroma . . . the heaps of colored leaves in the library park each fall, and the purple mat of violets each spring.

(Continued on Page 22)

edited by mary ellen nagle

Brevities . . .

ON BEARDS!

• Just as there are different kinds of men, there are different kinds of beards, i.e., heavy, light, and psychological. For the purposes of this discussion, we'll disregard the latter two and concentrate our efforts on explaining how to shave the former. But first, let me explain that a heavy beard may be described as one that gives a man who shaves in the morning, a five o'clock shadow at 1:15 P.M. the same afternoon.

As is true in any major undertaking, shaving a beard must necessarily start with a series of requirements. In addition to a well lighted mirror, a shaving mug, shaving soap and brush, safety razor, blades, hot water and a growth of beard, it helps if you have a wife and one or two children who desire to prove the natural law of science wrong, that deals with two bodies of matter occupying the same space at the same time. A more practical suggestion is secretly to set the clock ahead so the alarm will wake you at least fifteen minutes earlier in the morning and insure a completed shave.

First, place the razor blade into the razor, then grasp your wife firmly in both hands and suggest she comb her hair in the bedroom. Wet the shaving brush generously with hot water and use it to massage vigorously the soap in the mug, whipping up a rich, creamy lather. At this point you quickly wash your beard stubble with soap and hot water, as the initial attempt to soften that beard.

I use the adverb quickly, because it is speed and sharp reflexes alone, that will enable you to wash your face and seize the shaving brush full of lather before either or both of your children. Being possessed of a woman of wit, tact, and understanding, you should lose no more than

ten minutes helping her to remove the shaving soap from the faces, hair, and clothing of the children.

To continue, lather your beard liberally with shaving soap. It is not necessary, as advocated by "The Council of Frustrated Barbers," to hand massage the lather into the beard. At this point, it is suggested that a serious attempt be made to keep both eyes completely open since you are entering the critical stage of shaving.

Take up the loaded razor and start at the ear sideburn, pull the razor carefully and slowly down the side of the face, under the jawbone, and down the throat. In this manner, starting at the top of the face, shave downward until one side of the face is cleanly shaved of beard. From time to time rinse the soap, shreds of cut beard and shavings of cut face from the edges of the razor. This keeps the edge of the blade clean and free to continue its best cutting power. Thus you can now see why it is recommended that every effort be made to keep the eyes open. The blade being so clean, so sharp and so indiscriminate between beard and skin, it will require some small measure of vigilance on your part to insure you are aware of wounded portions of the face before blood droplets stain your clothes or surrounding environments.

In this manner, both sides of the facial contours are bereft of Samson's pride and joy. It is a moot point, whether or not to lather one or both sides of the face at the same time. Such a decision will undoubtedly be made by the individual dependent upon his skill, his pride in workmanship, the psychological approach he makes toward this daily task and his successful completion of a Red Cross Course in First Aid.

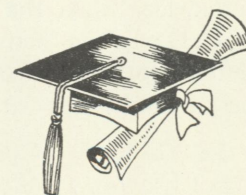
—JESSE AMASS.

IDYLL IN ENGLISH LIT.

• A faraway horn catches the left ear. A minor squadron of twittering birds dives too close to the building, and the right ear stops listening to the droning voice, too. The right eye catches a glimpse of magnolia, indescribably pink in its first bloom, just over that rooftop. A fresh breeze carries distant civilization sounds through the window, and the left eye wonders where that sparrow is going with its worm. The finger muscles relax suddenly and let the pencil fall. Such a crash has never been heard in these hallowed halls before—or has it?—the monotonous voice still fills the room, until the smell of fresh-baked bread from somewhere drowns it out. There are people laughing way down there on the green. And somewhere out of sight two basso dogs converse in dog language. The muscles of the face lose their rigidity and slowly form an imbecilic smile. The eyes dart left just two pear blossoms behind an intent bee. He hovers over one and —No! He buzzes off in the opposite direction. What a beautiful head that cloud has. The sky has never looked more freshly-laundered, nor the clouds lazier.

Suddenly it becomes apparent that the droning voice in the background has stopped. An unwelcome sense of unease takes over as the head swings around to encounter thirty-some-odd surprised faces, surprised that the Prof. can sheer sheep, too.

—O. MAR.



HARMONY AND NOT UNIFORMITY

By Vincent Marshall

• In early April, at a regional meeting of the American Association of School Administrators in Boston, spokesmen for the superintendents called all non-government schools un-American, undemocratic, prejudiced and divisive and practically asked for their elimination from the educational scene. The remarks of the spokesmen may be summed up in a demand that the public schools and their superintendents be given a total monopoly of our education.

This Association of Administrators is a department of the National Education Association and is said to be "one of the most influential policy-making bodies in the field of education." According to Benjamin Fine of the *New York Times* the association "has as its members most of the leading public school superintendents of the nation." The resentment on the part of many of these superintendents toward independent schools broke into the open at the Boston meeting. Regarding this Fine wrote in the *Times*: "Some observers expressed surprise that the 'private-public' school issue had come into the open. In the past this highly charged issue has been discussed in hotel rooms or in the lobbies of the convention hotels."

The attack was touched off by the president of Harvard University, Dr. James Bryant Conant, and he was joined by other spokesmen of the convention. Dr. Conant charged that help from the government to non-government-owned schools threatens our democratic unity. "Therefore to use taxpayers' money to assist such a move is, for me, to suggest that American society use its own hands to destroy itself," is the conclusion of the Harvard President. Dr. Conant further argued that the existence of private schools is making a dual system of education which is harmful to American democracy, and that many private schools operated along economic or religious lines have brought a "divisive attitude" into American life.

The superintendent of the Denver schools does not consider the numbers in the non-government schools "dangerous" but their ideas and philosophy. Perhaps the bitterest attack came from Dr. Edgar Fuller of the National Council of Chief School Officers. He said that there are two types of segregation in this country: the first is in the South and is based on race, the second is in the private schools and is based on "fundamental beliefs." The latter he claims is damaging to our "democratic tradition" that "all children should be brought up together in a democracy. These non-public schools are divisive and emotional in their attacks on our public schools. There is our problem."

Coming back to Dr. Conant for a moment, does he mean that his plea for government control of education should pertain only to elementary and secondary education? Why not to college and university levels also? Harvard is an independent, non-government school founded in 1636 as a church school and today it is still a private school. Perhaps, as Archbishop Cushing of Boston remarked in his Easter message, Dr. Conant would no doubt protest that such regimentation when applied to a university is Facism and in this the Archbishop says he would be right.

The private schools are a part of our educational system and they are contributing nobly to our national welfare. The first schools in the country were organized by religious denominations as private schools, and in these same schools the founding fathers of our nation were educated. Both private and public schools function under laws of all the forty-eight states. Also the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed the right of parents to educate their children in the school of their choice.

The private schools are not divisive, that is they do not tend to destroy the unity of our American

society. We, as a nation, have differences regarding education, politics and economics, differences which divide us into groups that have varying points of view according to our way of looking at education, economics and politics. Unless we become a totalitarian state we will always have diversities of opinions. When would these differences become a threat to our national unity? If they are exaggerated by persons with totalitarian or monopolistic tendencies or by those who refuse to say that living together in these United States means uniformity and not harmony. We can live together graciously and with Christian charity despite our differences and educators should teach us how to do so, instead of blocking this goal of harmony with their insistence on lock-step unity in education.

The largest group of private schools is the parochial schools conducted by the Catholic church. One wonders if this attack on the private school does not stem from that ugly monster called religious bigotry. Catholic educators want to work in harmony with their public school partners in education. Recently so many examples of cooperation between the administrators of both systems have been reported that Dr. Benjamin Fine in the *New York Times* wrote, "the relationship between Catholic and public schools is universally good." In his address at the National Catholic Education Association at Kansas City in April, Monsignor Frederick Hochwalt (U.D. alumnus), secretary general of the association, made this statement: "What happened at Boston ought to make public school classroom teachers very uncomfortable and should make them consider whether they should repudiate their leadership."

Shall we conclude from these attacks that the parochial school system will curtail its development and fold up. Quite the contrary. In the future the parochial schools and other private denominational schools will continue to grow because parents will continue to demand the kind of education that these schools give. The Catholic educators are ready to meet this demand of Cath-

olic parents and the ideal of the Catholic bishops of the United States is every Catholic child in a Catholic school.

As a final word and to show that Catholic educators want to cooperate with the public school authorities we present the Catholic position on the public schools from Monsignor Hochwalt's address. Catholics believe in the public school. As citizens they believe that they have the obligation to pay taxes in support of the public schools. They will not interfere with the justifiable expansion of the public schools. They have a civic duty to take an active interest in the welfare of the public schools, and finally they have a great admiration for the rank and file of the teachers of the public schools who in a spirit of sacrifice have stuck to their posts despite the relatively low salaries paid them in some localities.

A WORD TO THE WISE

• The other day I had an occasion to hear a talk on education given by the national president of the American Association of Chemists. His remarks concerning the roles of technical information, and a social interest in fellow students impressed me. I thought that you might be interested in a few of his ideas.

An education is not, and cannot be expected to give the student a commanding knowledge of a given field. A reasonable statement, considering the frequent development of new processes and theories in the field of social sciences and scientific research. Rather, an education is to give an understanding of the important divisions of the subject field so that future specialization will be supported by a general knowledge of the whole.

An intelligent man is not one who attempts to have all the facts at his finger tips. On the contrary, he is the man who can profitably make use of reference material and periodical literature, building new information on a strong foundation of basic theories and principles.

The benefits derived from physical recreation are often overlooked by students burdened with classes, studies and meetings. We forget that a stale body greatly affects the alertness of an otherwise keen mind. Deep breathing and brisk walking, tennis and baseball are wonderful tonics for both body and mind.

A very important aspect of a balanced education is the development of a social interest in human relations. Man is by nature a social being, depending on his fellow men for the essentials of life. Educators acknowledge this fact and require courses in English and speech so that men are able to carry out business transactions and discuss new theories and ideas. Technical information alone is not enough. If a student is to be able to work together with the other professional men in his field he should develop this ability in college. Taking an active part in clubs and school functions serves to give a student invaluable experience in human relations, the one mark of a complete education that will help much to make him a success in his community.

—LEONARD H. BECK.

COVER PICTURE

OUR LADY OF THE MARIAN LIBRARY

• The Marian Library, founded at the University of Dayton in 1943, is now the third largest collection of Mariology in the world. Organized as an international center of research, the library now has over three thousand volumes, one thousand pamphlets, and hundreds of Marian periodicals, clippings, pictures, relics, stamps, etc.

A Union Catalog, a unique feature of the Marian Library, indicates the location of eleven thousand Marian books in one thousand libraries throughout the world. The library has copies of books autographed by Pope Pius XII, Franz Werfel, Fulton Oursler and Bishop Fulton Sheen.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

Remember looking up from note-taking to look at the view . . . from an upper room in St. Joseph's in autumn . . . from the geology room at 8 o'clock some winter morning . . . from a room in St. Mary's across campus to the library in spring when the trees wear new greenery . . . from C-208 across the drill field, where the ROTC is making another life acutely near us.

This year our class will be scattered farther than any class for years: Korea, Europe, besides the long way to many homes. It is our faith and trust — and these things we remember — that can carry us confidently into a new, more lovely life, which is as it should be.

—PEG KUNKA.

• • •

PETTICOAT LANE

• As the strains of the "Alma Mater" drift across the campus to the tear-duct accompaniment of the seniors, attention is centered on vacation time.

No matter what playground you choose, you are certain to cut a fancy figure in the "Lazy Bone" fashions created especially for Mary Ann Boone, who was recently selected as "Miss Dayton." Mix or match the crazy print skirt, new short shorts, toreador styled pedal pushers, camisole blouse, sleeveless beach shirt, straight skirt, and one-piece play suit. "Junior Miss of California" fashioned these outfits out of a crinkled, cotton fabric that requires no ironing. Color ranges from jug brown, lime, hot orange, to blue grass.

Miss Dayton designed a clever ensemble, which is being manufactured by "Sun Fun of California." It consists of a camisole top, a sleeveless eyelet blouse added to a taffa-cotton skirt with an eyelet panel down the front. Gold, turquoise, powder blue, or pink are the color choices, available at a Dayton store.

—M. E. N.

MAN WITH 56 FINGERS

(Continued from Page 6)

seated in his workroom, glass cutter and tin snips in hand, and a jar of De Khotinsky cement balanced precariously on his left knee. He was preparing a new, larger enclosure, one large enough to hold himself.

At last it was finished; he climbed inside the cramped prison, flipped on the light, and lay on the small cot which filled this glass enclosure. Since the best condition for growth is sleep, he naturally chose to sleep while the transformation took place. He readjusted the controls for atmosphere regulation and intravenous feeding, and slept.

When he awoke, he seemed to be in a strange, weightless world. He looked at his hands, and to him they were natural, what any hands should be, hands with seven fingers on each of their four octagonal sides. All six of his cubical eyes moved in unison to perceive the plant which had gone before him into the fifth dimension the day previous. He had vague recollections of his old, clumsy four-dimensional existence, in which only three of those dimensions could be seen. Now he could see four of the five dimensions. This was *really living!* Focusing his fingertips on the shrub, he could feel not only its length, width, and depth, but also its age! He eagerly noted this on three of the cubical pages in his notebook, and sat down to admire an espaliered tree, trained to grow in only four dimensions.

• • •

NIGHT LIFE

(Continued from Page 9)

"This is SKATELAND isn't it?" said Sue.

"Yeah, this is SKATELAND," said Jack. "So what?"

"So let's skate," Tony chimed in.

"So take off, Red Shoes."

"Oh, Jack," laughed Sue, "stop it, you're slaying me."

"Well, pull yourself together, baby, and we'll trip the light fantastic."

The crowd had grown by this time and there was the usual singing and laughter. The inescapable waltz music blared on and on. The rhythmic figures moved in time to the music while the revolving spotlight cast its multi-colored rays on the mass of moving bodies. After skating for a while with Sue, Jack said, "I can't take any more of this." They turned in their skates and Jack again spoke, "Let's go out on the fire escape."

"You feeling bad, Jack?" asked Sue.

"I dunno. I just want to get outside that's all."

The music drifted out past Jack and Sue and diffused itself over the night-entangled city.

"It's no wonder you got to feeling bad it's so close tonight; and in there."

"What? yeah, oh yeah, it is close tonight."

Suddenly, like the green of spring the rain came.

"It's raining, at last it's raining."

"I'll say it is; come on in, we'll get soaked."

"But don't you understand, Sue? It's raining."

"No, I don't understand. I'm getting soaked. What's there to understand any way?"

"I dunno, Sue, I dunno. But It's raining. Go on in, Sue."

"What are you going to do? You'll get pneumonia if you stay here. Where are you going, Jack?"

"I'm going home, Sue, home."

• • •

ARE COLLEGE GRADS EDUCATED?

(Continued from Page 4)

RAYMOND, REV. M., *God Goes to Murderer's Row*. The Hound of Heaven stalks the death house in pursuit of the soul of a modern Dismas in this true story of a doomed criminal who found God in the solitude on a prison.

GREENE, GRAHAM, *The Lost Childhood, and other essays*. This

book has a dual interest: a purely literary one of an illuminating range of studies by the brilliant Greene, and it is also an intellectual autobiography, original and personalized.

BREIG, JOSEPH A., *The Devil You Say!* Devilish reports come straight from the Home Office in Hell; reports of Demons, Imps, and Fiends assigned to the Earth territory as tempters and efficiency experts in promoting disorder.

CRONIN, DR. A. J., *Adventures in Two Worlds*. Cronin's autobiography tells in exciting narrative form of those events in his dual career as physician and novelist which contributed to his understanding of life and of human nature.

WILBUR, M. E., *Immortal Pirate: Life of Sir Francis Drake*. For adventure lovers, here is the story of the great rogue and sea-captain of Queen Elizabeth's fleet, Sir Francis Drake.

GERARD, JOHN, *Autobiography of a Hunted Priest*. The life of a hunted Jesuit in Elizabethan England is masterfully told. Comparable in danger to the most hazardous exploits in the last war.

MARNAU, ALFRED, *Free Among the Dead*. The story of a group of friends, four men and one woman, in the Europe that was torn to pieces in the localized aggressions that led to World War II.

• • •

GLACIAL HISTORY OF DAYTON

(Continued from Page 7)

of easily tillable soil that yields rich returns to the harvester. Moreover this soil is often greatly improved by the mixture of materials carried from one region to another especially where a sandstone area received contributions from one of limestone. For example, the "driftless" counties of Wisconsin yield an average of 35.5 bushels per acre as against 47.8 in the glaciated ones, the value of glaciation to the state amounting to at least fifty million dollars per year.

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• A few of the mementos left behind by our seniors this year, besides the initials scratched into the student chairs and that twenty dollars left in the treasurer's office, are these sundry memories shining brightly among the rest:

—That incomparable trip to New York in 1951 when Dayton first hit the Big Town and spent St. Patrick's Day on Fifth avenue. New Yorkers were spellbound at the zooming beer sales during that ten-day seige. Any future trips will have to be pretty good to equal that first migration when Tom Blackburn's wonderful Flyers put Dayton on the basketball map by coming up with a team second in the nation.

—The day the coeds at the sophomore picnic (1950) voted Bill Cutcher "the boy with the prettiest legs."

—The night the Old Gold cartons showed up at Omega's masquerade dance and there were Bill Kehl and Dottie Dwenger hiding underneath!

—When Beautiful D.O'B. (Danny O'Brien) got that fierce cut over one eye and every coed on the campus wished she were a nurse!

—When Julie Raney threw that grand and glorious champagne party for some of the sophomore crew a couple years ago. Of course, she didn't know it was a champagne party till after they all left! (the empty bottles behind).

—The days of the Big Blizzard! When everybody who wasn't caught at the Heidelberg made sure they got there in a hurry and every male on the campus ran out to his girl's house for three days of free chow. No classes, no work. Just parties, parties and snow fun . . . "and who were you snowbound with?"

—The cold, snowy night Bobby Linden hit the print and hit something else, too, when he and a sled went each their own way—sled into the air and Bobby into a tree stump (ouch!). He was standing up when he read his headlines the next morning—as a matter of fact, he stood for the next two or three months!

—When "Vote for Pete" was transferred permanently to the grass in the cemetery when his campaign backers thought they'd be different and use house paint on muslin which went right on through and may still be there yet!

—That fine Saturday afternoon when Frank Siggins called signals for his first varsity game and from that day quarterbacked the team on to an inspired season.

—The day Jack Koverman was going to teach spectators how to ride a bronco and the "tame" horse threw him twenty feet (well, five anyway).

—When "Gunk" led some more of the lounge card sharks in a water pistol battle outside what used to be the dean of women's office. And who got the blame? Everybody but "Gunk."

—When Frank Razzano said . . . what hasn't he said? ? ? ?

* * *

Roses that bloom in the spring, tra-la, are very nice but these items have also bloomed this past year. (Although some may have had an early start): Paula Shay and Tom Reichard, Mary Hofferbeth and Jerry Kindle, Marilyn Baltes and Jim O'Connell, Jodie Flaute and Rip Wissing, Rosie Clayton and Ray Bedwell, Shirley Schroll and Bill Cutcher, Claire Heiman and John

Reeves, Bette Osweiler and Tom Anderson and Jack Nolting and Marty McShane, which has beat any rose we ever saw!

KK Honors Convocation: These probably won't appear at the honors assembly but they are special contributions made by the graduating class above and beyond the v. of d.:

For meritorius service in keeping one in the proverbial stitches during even the darkest hours: Mary Ann Isenecker, who can really panic 'em, and Gene Rice, an expert in his own special brand of humor.

For maintaining the legend of "Campus Idol": Pete Boyle (to whom we hope this will cause no undue embarrassment).

For keeping up the class average: Bill Huth.

For keeping down the class average: . . . any volunteers? (this issue, we're writing under a handicap . . . it's signed.)

For maintaining that "polished coed" look: Pat Jellison.

For keeping Hangar's solid reputation for the best social organization on campus: Bill Hallerman.

For giving the class claim to one real authentic blonde: Janet Finke.

For upholding women's suffrage in the pre-med department: Rosemary Schmidt and Alice Duffy.

For proving the proposition you can sail through U.D. and ignore the cut system: Bill Kehl.

For keeping alive that idea of southern chivalry: Clete Oberst.

For lending a hand plus musical talent to homecoming and Turnabout campaigns: Prince Davis.

For wearing the map of Ireland on their faces: Peg Howley and "Lefty" Kilbane.

For keeping U.D. in the Public Eye: Dick Beach.

For leaving behind a new ROTC building: Charleses . . . Brant and Zimmer, respectively.

For supplying U.D. with its own "Continental": Ed Mulanovich.

For being such a good sport when put up for junior prom queen: Shirley Tucker, or rather, Mr. Shirley Tucker.

* * *

Closing this last issue is a thing of both regret and relief. Regret because it's been such fun keeping up with your kutups for the last two years, and relief, too, knowing we no longer have to climb through transoms, hide behind pillows in the lounge and sneak microphones into the arcade cafe's flower vases and then crawl into some dark corner to type the results. (No, we don't write this in the Heid.) If you only knew how hard it is to be scintillating at 3 a.m. (yeah, we know, we ain't!).

Just to avoid spending the next few days in hiding, here are our apologies in black and white for any misspellings, misgivings or misdeeds. All complaints taken between 3 and 4 p.m., St. Marys 126 (heh-heh, look hard, you might not find it.) — Here's a public thanks to Brother Tom for letting us use all this nice space and having very, very much our own way.

Seriously, we do wish this were not the last issue — it has been a wonderful diversion for us and we hope, the same for you. — In years to come, when skies are dark, just remember the old Kampus Kutups and remember, too, you can always find "the sunny side of life." Tiny Tim said it, we'll repeat it: "God bless us one and all."

—Pauline Kelley and
Marilyn Catron.



STROLLING THE CAMPUS

By Dee Carcelli

• Turnabout Tag, was as usual, a conglomeration of colorful corsages, and this year, the girls produced some pretty hilarious masterpieces. King for the evening was Monk Meineke, who looked very regal in his crown. Tom Olberding copped the prize for his "Egg and I" ensemble, which was the work of Pat Radican.

Some of the other couples there were: Helen Warren and Ed Mulanovich, Mary Ellen Nagle and Bill Clark, Carolyn Nahn and Pete Rocanova, Kay De Vol and Bill Dorch, Joan Batsche and Bill Enouen, Char Hilgeford and Ed Veda, Julie Fecher and Jack Donovan, Julie Pflaum and Bill Talbot, Pat Falke and Bill Hallerman, Marilyn Catron and Rich Montgomery, Karen Munn and Bob Montgomery, Vaughn Taylor and Shirley McGarvey, Marlene Fischer and Chris Harris, Tom Frericks and Rosie Kramer, Chuck and Charlene Grigsby, Dick and Dee Campbell, Jean Graul and Jim Cosimati, Pat Schorsch and Chuck Noll, Corda Sacksteder and John Chaney, Bev Neiman and Tom Locke, Pat Ramsey and Gordon Murphy, Bev Whisler and Bob Finke, Peg Kunka and Charlie Brant, Pauline Kelley and Don Cosgrove, Janet Finke and Jack Pfeiffer, Thelma Romer and Dick Witt, Rita Kinsella and Tony Bardo, Pat Kinsella and Chuck Spatafore, Joan Brennan and Jim Paxson, Lynda Smith and Bill Bigelow, Katie Girard and Hank Radican, Shirley Gehring and Bill Collins, Lynn Hartnett and Bill Brennan, Jodie Flaute and Rip Wissing, Ann Utz

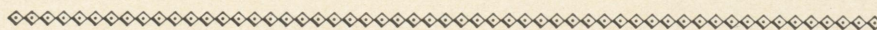
and Mike Smith, Shirley Schroll and Bill Cutcher, Thalia Johnson and Pat Maloney, Barb Payne and Ernie Koerner, and Sally Payne and Larry Sorohan.

Easily visible were Jack Donovan and his beanstalk, Vaughn Taylor with his spring bonnet, Tony Bardo with his dog-house chapeau, Pete Rocanova and his owl, and Hank Radican in his Cupid outfit.

On the evening of April 6, the U.D. Band presented their annual jazz concert, and a good one it was. MC was Dale Stevens, and the orchestra consisted of Don McCormick, Jack DeVelbiss, Wes Haines, Prince Davis, Bill Schneberger, Bill Arnold, Jack Kerg, Ron Goenner, Tom Thoma, Dean Matheney, Bob Hofferberth, Malcolm Taylor, Felix Andrews, Elton Dale, Jim Meyer, Jim Bily, Dick Wigenhorn, and Chuck Spatafore. Vocals were handled by Barbara Kettering and Don Smith. Mr. Maurice Reichard was director and special guests were the Arvie Recore Trio.

Then came the annual Scabbard and Blade Military Ball at Lakeside to the music of Eddie Kadel. Freda Morehart reigned as Queen, and her attendants were Helen Warren, Mary Kay Henige, Marty McShane, and Kate Maraglou.

A few of the couples seen promenading were: Jim Cosimati and Marilyn Baltes, Bill Hallerman and Pat Falke, Char Hilgeford and Rich Montgomery, Lynn Hartnett and Bob Montgomery, and Helen Warren and Harry Parr.



CALLING ALL COEDS

The Home Economics Club invites you to attend a style show in the Women's Lounge, Thursday, May 15, at 2:30 p.m.

The "fruits" of the sewing classes will be modeled by the stitch masters. Thal's Fashion Store will accessorize the outfits.

*Campus Interviews
on Cigarette Tests!*

No. 17...THE MAGPIE



He's a chatterbox himself — outclassed by no one! But the fancy double-talk of cigarette tests was too fast for him! *He* knew — before the garbled gobbledygook started — a true test of cigarette mildness is *steady* smoking. Millions of smokers agree — there's a thorough test of cigarette mildness:

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

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