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EXPONENT



DECEMBER, 1952

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EXPONENT

DECEMBER, 1952

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COVER

MADONNA, <i>by James Barrish, S.M.</i>
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Pencilings Along the Way

By The Scribe

• • Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year to all of our readers. Every year when Christmas comes we wish our friends to be merry and then eight days later we wish those same friends a happy and prosperous new year. This wishing happiness and success to our friends is a beautiful custom, and it is most appropriate that we should do this during the Christmas season when we celebrate the giving of God's greatest gift to man, His Son.

When we stand before the crib and see the little Baby Jesus and think of God's goodness to us, then our hearts melt and we go out of ourselves to others after the example of the Infant Christ. The crust of hardness falls off and we allow our souls to be permeated with the love that radiates from the stable at Bethlehem; then we say very spontaneously to our fellow men, "Merry Christmas, and may the Infant Savior shower His blessings on you in abundance."

Yes, the Christmas season is one of great happiness because Jesus came down to be with us and He is still with us all the time. There was peace in the world when Jesus came the first Christmas Day. But sadness fills our hearts today when we look at the evil in the world and the distressing conditions that keep peace from so many millions of men. If only the nations behind the Iron Curtain could have a Christmas similar to the one we will have. Naturally we ask ourselves what we can do to help these afflicted, suffering people. We can contribute to the drives for food and clothing that are being conducted all around us. But in a very special manner let us implore the Christ Child to send into the hearts of these unhappy men and women and children the peace that He

brought into the world at His first coming. Ask Him to console them in the persecutions that diabolical agents are waging against them. Ask Him to end this terrible scourge of war that hangs like a black cloud over the whole world, in order that the song of the Angels, "Peace on earth" will have a meaning for us that it has not had in a long time. Again, Merry Christmas to you all.

* * *

An old friend of Philip Murray, Bishop Francis J. Haas of Grand Rapids, called Mr. Murray's death "a tremendous blow" to the labor movement. "He was a man of conscience," continued the Bishop, "holding himself accountable to his Creator . . . Men respected him because they knew they could trust him without question. He leaves a precious legacy . . . to the entire American people."

* * *

Just a little bit of information. In 1916, shortly after graduation from West Point, President-elect of the United States, Dwight D. Eisenhower was stationed at Fort Sam

Houston in San Antonio, Texas. Being interested in athletics he received permission from the army to coach the football team of St. Louis College of San Antonio. The school is now St. Mary's University and is conducted by the Society of Mary. The Brothers went to Texas two years after the pioneer Marianists started the University of Dayton.

* * *

Clare Booth Luce was the principal speaker at a meeting in New York to raise funds for a new Jesuit Seminary to be built in New York state. St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary, gave her the cue for her speech "for Xavier fought in the dark night of Asia's godlessness for the soul of China, as we must fight for it today in the regathering gloom." She pictured Xavier in the vigor of his young years looking out from Sancian Island on the world he loved, China and the rest of the continent of Asia. Ten years of missionary work in the Orient convinced Xavier that China was the key to the Orient, and the door to Asia's soul. And after four hundred years the same truth holds, yet if Xavier would return today he would see the door to China more firmly closed against the Christian missionary than ever before.

Mrs. Luce continued: "Think of the new adversary that Xavier would face today. He would face Mao-Tse-Tung, servant of the powers of the Kremlin and herald of the 'faith' of Lenin. Xavier would face a new materialism, dynamic, revolutionary, total in its claim, missionary in its essence. He would confront today a thing unknown in his own day, a new secular faith, counter to his own, with its own corps of trained missionaries, that is making a carefully calculated counter-bid for the ancient pearl of great price, the soul of China."



Christ's Birthday and Big Business

By Shearl Roberts

● One of the saddest sights of our time is the degradation and perversion of Christ's Birthday. Christmas has been made a gigantic bargain day for the modern money changers, who attempt to sell the American public anything and everything under the guise of Christmas spirit. Their insidious advertising proclaims "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," to disguise their true meaning of "Buy."

And so the stores are crowded with eager humans, intent on capturing the Christmas spirit by buying a new stove, a new hat, a new piece of furniture.

Two thousand years ago, Christ drove the money-changers out of the Temple. But they have all returned and with their pragmatism philosophy, they continue to use something sacred to stimulate business. Their appeal to the desires and emotions of men has taken the form of a detailed science. No institution or tradition has been spared.

Christ pays His way into the world every Christmas. The business man is indebted to Him, for no clever advertising would have thought up an occasion such as Christmas.

I am not denying that all this buying makes for prosperity. And our economists tell us that prosperity is good for the country. Still the method of obtaining this prosperity is undesirable. If we continue to allow our much-vaunted spiritual traditions to be strangled by the undergrowth of commercialism then the only gift our country has given to the world is the American Dollar. The love that Christ gave us as a gift to be shared by all people cannot originate from a department store. The cheap imitations, thought up by practical business men, fade away into insignifi-

cance along the side of the true gift of love for our fellow men. And from this love came peace.

"Peace! Peace! — but there is no peace." Many Americans this Christmas will make a desperate attempt to capture the peace of soul by surrounding themselves with the glittering emptiness of a commercialized Christmas. Their so-called Christmas Joy will be lost in the mire of their frustrations.

Christ taught us to give, the advertiser teaches us to exchange. Exchange has the implication of an equal material value. Hence the value of a gift depends on how much it costs. It discounts the love and sentiment of the giver.

Using Christ's Birthday as a means of stimulating business was not enough for some of the hucksters. They decided that they were going to alienate Christ from His own Birthday. The outstanding example of this is in the modern Christmas cards.

You have seen the animal type Christmas card, often coy or whimsical; it pictures some animal, sometimes a kitten or a bird, but most



Winter

*Rills of sod appear through the snow,
A forlorn sparrow flits to and fro
A cluster of branches devoid of leaves:
The jutting of icicles down from
the eaves.*

*A scarlet orb sinks in the west;
The distant horizon receives it to
rest.
The clouds of the evening tuck it to
bed:
And winter to things of nature is
wed.*

—Francis Mullen.



often a dog, in various holiday attitudes. He may be wearing a wreath of holly at a rakish angle, or a red bow around his neck or tail, or he may be cocking a devilish eye above the side of a Christmas package. Below him will be some such caption as: "I wish you a 'Dog-gone' Merry Christmas" or "The same old 'tail' — Merry Christmas." While I have nothing against dogs and one must admit that this kind of greeting is ingenious, still it does not capture in its setting the true Christmas spirit.

In many American homes the youth of our country are taught that Christmas is synonymous with Santa Claus, and Christ is as foreign to them as the "Man in the Moon." How can we expect to capture the true meaning of Christmas when we have taken Christ from His own Birthday and substituted an X. In algebra X represents the unknown quantity. In the Xmas of commerce, Christ is the great unknown quantity. The mystical center of Xmas is not Bethlehem, but the North Pole. Santa Claus and his reindeer come to a chimney, where shepherds and their flocks used to come to a Crib. "Jingle Bells" is sung and "Gloria in excelsis Deo" is forgotten.

We must remember that the only reason for Christmas joy and Christmas giving is the Christ Child, who came down from His heavenly home on that first Christmas night to bring love and peace into this scarred and battered world. We are happy at Christmas and we want others to be happy because on the first Christmas Day Christ came to make us happy. We cannot expect a child to mature with a feeling of responsibility for his fellow-man if we continue to pervert the greatest lesson that was ever taught. "Merry Xmas!" No—"Happy Birthday, Christ!"

Uncertain Journey

By Michael Bonahoom

No war, or battles sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were
high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran
Lord was by.

From, *Ode on the Morning of
Christ's Nativity* by John Milton

• It was a cold black night as John eased his body into a more comfortable position — if one could find a more comfortable position while squatting in a fox hole. The wind blew the snow into John's face, leaving red marks which turned to white dots only to be covered again with the red of the biting snow.

"Christmas eve, ha! A heluva lot of good it did for Christ to come and save this rotten world. What does Christmas mean to me except fight — these dirty Reds, no knowing whether I'll see tomorrow — and if I do, what about the next?"

Just then a shell came whizzing over, and John covered his head with his arms as if they would protect him. A figure could be seen approaching John. It was indistinguishable and was only a black hazy outline.

"Who goes there?"

"It's Father Joseph, John."

"Well, you'd better get your tail moving before you get it blown off."

"You sound bitter, John, what's the matter?"

"This is the matter, Father, this cold, dirty war. It's getting me, Father; it's getting me."

"Well, John, I can sympathize with you, but what can we do about it?"

"I don't care what we do about it; I would like to get the hell out of here, out of this fox hole, out of this whole stinking mess; I'd like to go home to my girl, to my parents. It's not easy, Father, being away from home on Christmas. I always thought Christmas was a happy time of year, a time when everyone sings, laughs, and receives presents. The only present I look forward to receiving is a shell, right here in my lap; and that doesn't make me very happy; and I don't feel like singing!"

"You know, John, this life is difficult, and we all have our crosses to bear for God's sake."

"Come on, Father, don't start preaching to me; I'm in a lousy mood, and I've had my belly full of preaching, from you, from the officers, from everyone trying to convince me I should be here."

"John, my boy, I didn't mean to be preaching, but we all need to be preached to sometime or another. Let me tell you a story, John, something similar to your situation, something that might make you realize that good things are worth fighting for."



"Go ahead, Father, I've got no place in particular to go."

"Well, John, there were three very brilliant men, well read, and in their time considered the wisest men alive. They were admired and revered by every living person, yet they flaunted hardship and danger to go on a journey to see and pay their respects to a little Child. They even took gifts, that being a point of note since they didn't have to go at all. People came to them; they

never went to the people. Yet they sacrificed everything, and why? Because they knew that for this uncertain journey they would be rewarded a hundred fold. So uncertain was this journey that they had only a star to follow."

"O.K., Father, you can stop right now, I know the rest of that story."

"Yes, John, you may know the rest of the story, but you just take it for granted, don't you? If you yourself were in the wise men's place, would you have gone on this journey? It was cold, very cold; and it was especially long. Can you truthfully say you would have gone? Here's how a poet, T. S. Eliot, put it, John, in 'Journey of the Magi.'"

"Yeah, a poet."

"No, now listen, John, see if it doesn't apply to you, to us all in our present position":

A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long
journey:
The weeks deep and the weather
sharp,
The very dead of winter . . .
There were times we regretted . . .
And the night-fires going out, and
the lack of shelters . . .
A hard time we had of it . . .
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears,
saying
That this was all folly.

"Golly, Father, it's amazing; but that's practically what I've been thinking about this place, but for them it was different."

"Was it, John? They had palaces, wine, everything they wanted, yet they gave it all up for an uncertain journey. Tell me, John, don't you think that Christmas is beautiful?"

"Sure, Father, it's very beautiful."

"Well, you wouldn't like to see it done away with then, would you?"

"Why, you know better than that, Father. Why do you think I would like to go home?"

"Then, John, I guess we ought to

review why we're here fighting this war."

"I know, Father, we're protecting Korea from Communism."

"Not just Korea, my boy, the whole free world, that world not yet under the Communist rule."

"Yeah, Father, that's a good story."

"I take it you don't believe it."

"Oh yeah, Father, I believe it, but I can't see how I'm going to do much saving."

"You know, John, I don't think you really believe what you just said. I know that you have the good common sense to see that if everyone took your attitude, we would be in a bad way."

"I guess you're right, Father; I wasn't thinking . . . but why can't I fight Communism somewhere else except in this dirty fox hole?"

"You can, John, you can, but why make the battle harder? Don't you look forward to the day when you will be able to leave this place, with that feeling of helping to win the battle of ideas?"

"Sure, Father, sure, but I still don't like the idea of not being home for Christmas."

"Do you think you would be happy, John, if you left now, right when the going is the toughest? What if the wise men had turned back, how would they have felt? Do you think they would have been able to pass it off? Think, John, would you be able to look at yourself in the mirror if you got to go home before your time, before your buddies? I don't think you could live with yourself. John, answer me truthfully: Do you really and truly believe you could be happy if you left here now?"

"Well, Father, I don't want to go alone. I want my buddies to go back with me; and anyway, Father, I didn't say I wanted to go home, I just said I would like to."

"I know, John, I guess I made a big production out of it."

(Turn to Page 21)

Another Christmas Carol

By Charles Ott

● It is Christmas Eve. The cold moon has risen and once again starts its tireless journey in the east. The Hudson River flows beneath it like a massive fish, its scales reflecting the silvery moonlight. The picturesque banks are covered by a snow, and silhouettes of black forest trees overlook the water. Icy reindeer clouds form and flit across a pale, cold sky. Blackness, silver, and azure — all of nature seems hushed by the silent angels that fill the night with expectancy.

A little farther along the river lies the little town of Palenville. Lights of all colors blend and press an artificial aureole against the shell of darkness that surrounds it. Two not-so-long streets, Main and Partition, cross in the middle of town and form a commercial section. Here and there lights are strung across both streets, and each store is lit up with its gay little Christmas displays. The streets are almost deserted, covered only by the slush of yesterday's snow fall. The commercialization of Christmas has spent itself. The people are home in their treelit parlors; they laugh and reminisce with hearts that are warm.



But there are yet a few in town. The big clock atop the bank on Main Street strikes eight times and, seemingly in answer, the whistle of Cantine's Coated Paper factory sends a white plume of smoke into the night air. A tired group of second-shift workers punch the time clock in the lobby and file out onto Partition Street. They are laughing and bidding each other a final merry Christmas. With eager faces they head for home, and a

merry Christmas eve with their families.

Frank Mower is one of these. He hesitates; his foot poised on the running board of an old Chevvy.

Bill insists, "C'mon, Frank, let's go up to Al's and celebrate — You have all night to get home — just a couple of beers."

Frank feels that fat Christmas paycheck in his coat pocket, and a deep frown crosses his young, lined face. He promised Jane he would buy those gifts for the kids and come right home. There wasn't a penny in the house since last payday. Bill is waiting for an answer.

Frank looks up and laughs nervously, "Sure — what're we waiting for?"

The two men light up a cigarette and push their long legs up the steep hill that is Partition Street. They walk in silence for a short while. Then Frank speaks: "I promised Jane I'd come right home, and so I'll only stay for one drink."

Bill smiles to himself. That's what Frank said last week, and the week before, and the week before.

"Al's" is crowded as usual with familiar faces. There is the noise of raucous laughter, the cloud of tobacco smoke, and the cool scent of beer.

"Merry Christmas, Frank; Merry Christmas, Bill. C'mon, sit over here with me."

An hour passes and two new voices mingle with the hoarse merriment that pervades the tavern.

There is Frank, now leaning on the bar, now precariously rocking back and forth on one of the tall stools that line the bar. Then it happens. Frank swoons, loses his balance, falls over backwards, and goes crashing to the floor.

One Christmas Dawn

By Elizabeth McAdam

A dizzy array of spinning spirals fills his head for a moment and then goes away. He finds himself lying in a dark chamber. A clock in the next room softly chimes the hour: one o'clock in the morning. Where is he? There is someone lying next to him in the bed—a little boy. He feels himself and realizes that he, too, is a little boy. He peers through the bedroom door into the adjoining parlor, where it is also dark. Tinsel and balls reflect silvery moonlight in a corner of the room. Across the middle of the floor is a nodding moon-beam. It softly embraces the shadow of a woman. She is sitting, framed in a window, a Christmas wreath above her head. She turns her head toward the side for a moment, and the word springs to Frank's lips: "Mother!!" He catches it lest she become aware of his presence.

Now he knows where he is. He is home, and a little child. A strange feeling of resentment comes over him.

The boy next to him stirs and awakens: "Mommy, did Santy Claus come yet?"

She turns from the window and softly calls, "No, Jimmy, he hasn't come yet. But go to sleep now. You know he won't come while you're awake."

"All right, Mommy."

Once again she takes up her vigil at the window, and, as she turns back, Frank notices tiny rivulets of tears streaking her motherly cheeks. Now it all comes back to him. He holds back the spontaneous sob that shakes his little body.

"Oh God! how I hate my father! He still isn't home; he's out drinking and having what he calls a good time. He doesn't care what kind of Christmas we have. He doesn't care if we have nice gifts and candy, and if mother is happy. He's nothing but a selfish rat! I hate him!!" He grits his teeth, digs his fingernails into the bedsheet, and muffles his sobbing and hot tears in his pillow.

(Turn to Page 21)

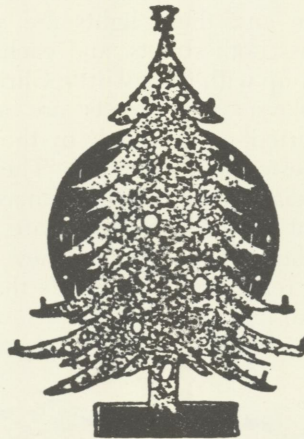
• A slim, dark-haired young man closed the door behind him and walked through the deserted station toward the ticket window from which a single lamp glowed warmly. He shivered slightly and inquired of the drowsy clerk the departure time of the earliest train.

"Next one's 5:25 this mornin'," the agent replied stifling a yawn.

"Is it all right if I wait around until it comes?"

"Suit yourself, son."

Larry nodded and walked over to a widow, away from the lamp's circle of light, where he could look down the tracks. They reached out toward the horizon, reflecting the moonlight and dividing the snow-covered plain.



Frosted by his breath, the window no longer allowed him to see the track. Instead Larry saw the darkened stairs of Lee's parent's house and felt the quiet of the downstairs rooms that only an hour ago he had seen for the last time. He was still tired when he had come downstairs but the Christmas tree outlined by the French doors made him feel again that all their hard work had been well worth it.

Larry smiled to himself, remembering Mr. Monroe, comfortable in his heavily upholstered chair, supervising the decorating while Lee,

her mother, Lee's sister Jean, and he decorated the tree. It was late when they started but Jean's children had to be put to bed before they began. Jean had come to live with her parents since her husband was reported missing in Korea.

Then Mr. Monroe had gotten up from his chair and taken the star from its box. They first uttered the silent prayer and he placed the star on the top of the tree as he had done ever since Lee could remember. Bending over, after Lee had turned out all the lamps but one in a far corner of the room, he plugged in the lights. The tree seemed to glow; the varicolored lights, reflected by the tinsel, cast rainbow streaks across the room and the star shimmered silver.

Why, Larry thought, were he and Lee unable to be as happy with each other as they had been a year ago? They had come directly from school to her parent's house as soon as classes were over that last day before vacation. Wanting to spend holidays with his parents also, he had finally decided to spend Thanksgiving with his family and then Christmas with her family. Her parents hadn't met him and they both thought that this would be an excellent opportunity. So they came from college together to spend their two weeks at her home in Michigan.

It did not work out as they had anticipated, however. Larry had always been a rather reserved individual, slow to warm up to people. This attitude came from his necessity as a boy to depend on his own imagination for amusement as his parents were always involved in their endless entertainments of his father's innumerable business acquaintances. Lee was accustomed to large family gatherings with lots of laughter and pleasant confusion. On especially cold Michigan winter nights they would gather

around the big fireplace in the living room and roast marshmallows and talk.

Her warm-heartedness and lovely smile had been the very things that had drawn Larry to her and it seemed now that these qualities were the very ones that had caused him to leave so abruptly. Lee just couldn't understand that it was very hard for him to suddenly become the center of attention for so many wonderful people.

Larry had slowly grown to like her family very much but he was hesitant in so large and jubilant a group. Lee, however, did not think that he was behaving toward them as she had expected.

Often in the past few weeks she had written of something he had done at school which would have turned the head of a less modest boy. Now they all would gather around and implore the newly-discovered hero to tell them about it. He would try but he always seemed unable to answer their questions easily.

One night Lee asked him why he acted as he did and he tried to explain why but succeeded only in widening the misunderstanding. She told him that it was only that she was so proud of him and she wanted her family to share in her pride of him, too. There was an argument and they both were miserable since each was unable to meet the other half way.

Sighing, Larry drew away from the window and went outside. He looked at his watch and saw he had a little less than an hour before the train came. He realized he had been standing at the window for over two hours.

It had started to snow again. He got out a cigarette and lit it as he walked along the track. He thought about the long, lonely ride back and the concern of the Monroes upon finding his note. This wouldn't be a very happy Christmas for him and he would probably remember it for a long time.

(Turn to Page 22)

Yuletide Memories

By Suzanne Connolly

• The night was filled with tiny, swirling snow flakes, making obscure the distant buildings so only the lights were visible. I stood alone on a bridge looking down at the black waters of the Seine River. Now the church bells disturbed the midnight silence. It was Christmas in Paris; in a few hours the bells of St. Patrick's would be heard in New York where I had spent Christmas for the last three years. I could almost hear the chimes of St. Mary's in River Valley, Ohio, as I had heard them as a child.

I laughed out loud as I thought of Christmas in America. During the month of December Santa Claus does everything from drink Pepsi Cola to ride in a new Lincoln Cosmopolitan. I had tried to tell my Paris friends about "our Santa." They smiled and talked of Pere Noel but there is only one Santa Claus for Americans and I chuckled again as I pictured the chubby old gentleman who is found ringing a bell on every street corner in New York.



I could hear the sweet voices of children singing French carols beneath the street light. I began to sing with them, softly in English: "Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains" — I was ten years old again in my "mind's eye." I was singing in the choir in St. Mary's Church, wear-

ing a stiff, scratchy collar, scanning the pews to get a glimpse of my parents, praying to find a bicycle beside the tree when I got home. I did get a bicycle that year. We had come home from mass to find my grandfather stuck in the chimney just above the fireplace, wearing a red suit and a black beard, covered with soot from head to toe. The little ones thought that Santa had grown fatter after eating the lunch they had left him and could not get back up the chimney after leaving the toys. We "older ones" (my sister Jane and I, twelve and ten) humored them and felt very big as we watched them go up to bed and then went in to join the laughter of our elders and help Grandpa become himself again.

Two feet of snow covered the ground that Christmas. Our relatives had come from Indiana to visit us. The snow kept coming and they were stranded there for two weeks. My cousins and I did not get along so well during that period of enclosure. Most of the indoor toys were worn out by the time they left, and I can remember thinking that the snow might never melt and I would never be able to ride my new bike.

The snow was over my shoe tops now. My hands and feet were cold. I started walking and pulled my coat closer around me. It was a warm coat. I had bought it in New York the last winter I was there. I remembered how cold it had been then. We used to sing about a "white Christmas" every year. But we didn't always have them nice and white. Sometimes it would snow two weeks before so it would turn into soft slush for the holidays.

It appeared to me the population of the city always increased during December. People seemed to emerge from the cracks in the sidewalks to stalk the streets for three

(Turn to Page 20)

Two Wise Men

By Jack Rice

• "I don't like it," he whispered.

Sammy lay on his belly on the snowy ground, the forty-five big and warm and live in his mittened hand. The dark shapes of his men behind him were bulky shadows in the night.

Richardson had been as kind as he could be, considering the rotten deal.

"Regiment wants some prisoners, Sammy. Wants 'em by 0300. Pick your men and take 'em out with you." The gasoline lantern made the worry-circles under Richardson's eyes seemed black.

"What time?" The walls of the tent were new yellow.

Richardson consulted his watch. They both tried not to notice the way his hand shook.

"You jump at 1100, in two hours. Be back by 0200, when the password changes, or . . ."

Sammy nodded. They both knew what happened to people who gave the wrong countersign.

He saluted, then said as if it were an after-thought, "I won't be around after midnight so I'll wish you a Merry Christmas now."

"Yeah," Richardson said. "Yeah, Merry Christmas, Sammy."

"I don't like it," Sammy repeated.

The little gook town lay still and clean in the snowy night. No soldiers, no civilians scrounging food, no slinking dogs walked anywhere in the streets.

"You sure they's gooks in this here town, Sarge?" Peterson whispered. He was more than a little stupid, but he could play a BAR like a piano.

"That's what the book said. We're going in and find out." Sammy signaled, and the squad was up and running forward, silently, humped over like so many overburdened apes.

The street was clean, too. Crouched in the shadow of the thatched houses, Sammy could see no sign of life. Nobody on the street, no yellow square of light to mark an occupied house.

"Tanks!" the whisper ran up and down the column of men.

"Who says?" asked Sammy.

"Worth, that bazooka gunner we got tagging along. Swears he sees tank tracks up the street there in that patch of moonlight."

"He should know. Malloy, you cover him, take him up where he can make sure. Make him leave the stovepipe back here."

"Right, Sarge."

"Pete, you cover the street with the AR."

"Yuh." Peterson slid the AR into position on the ground, his assistant hugging the ground behind him.

"Grady, you take charge of the bazooka, just in case."

"Stick around me," Sammy said to the artillery liaison man, lugging his radio set on his back, "you'll come in handy on the return trip."

The four remaining members of the squad began to work the houses in teams of two. It was easy. The first man kicked open the door and threw in a grenade. While the room was still filled with the smoke of the explosion, the second man would rush in, his gun at the ready.

"I knew it was too easy," Sammy said, and cursed.

Malloy and the bazooka man were crouched down on the edge of the moonlight. Orange flame of a rifle flickered twice at the far end of the street. The shots cracked flat and muffled. The bazooka man pitched slowly forward, and fell, arms spread wide, face down in the snow. Malloy seemed to be slipping sideways. He managed to get his

rifle as high as his hip. The shot went futilely into the air.

Tracers from Peterson's AR drew a fine white line to the place where the sniper had been. The searching team added their own fires, seeking revenge with cool scientific passion. He fell slowly, seemingly made tinier by night and distance. First his body drooped out of the window, and then he fell, landing with a dull thump like a sack of feed.

"Live," Sammy said. "We want them alive."

"Not that one," Peterson said.

"No, you're right. Not that one."

Suddenly there were more fires. Another sniper working out of an upper story window, an automatic weapon down by the corner of the gook alley, where it joined the street, a rifle from a doorway halfway down the block, all searching the narrow confines of the street.

"You two up on the roof of this house and take that sniper, live if you can. You two try and get that gook in the door through the back of his house. Pete, show those gooks how an AR works." He turned as he spoke, and then was still.

Peterson was dead.

The canvas walls of the tent were new yellow. The wind fluttered them gently, and the gasoline lantern flickered.

"Well, soldier?" Richardson was tired.

"Grady, sir, member of the patrol that went out last night."

"Give your report, Grady, and then submit a written report."

"Yes, sir. Report mission accomplished, sir. Blue Fox Patrol secured eight enemy prisoners."

The harried exec officer noisily adjusted a stack of papers and glanced sympathetically at Richardson. The wind slatted the walls of the tent, and the gasoline lantern threw harsh shadows on Richardson's face.

"And the casualties, Grady?" he asked softly.

Grady's lips quivered and his eyes were suddenly bright. He swallowed, hard, and regained control of himself. He said huskily:

"Blue Fox Patrol suffered six casualties, sir." He took the metal dog tags from his pocket, and held them awkwardly in his hand. The too bright light of the lantern was caught in their shiny metal surfaces.

"Who were they, Grady?" The sentinel outside the tent coughed, and it sounded hollowly inside the canvas walls.

Grady picked each tag out of the bunch in his hand, intoned the name monotonously (reading it as if it had not already been seared into his brain), and laid the tag, with a dull clink, upon the table in front of him.

"Peterson, Joseph M.; Malloy Patrick J.; Rothbarger, Martin K.; Brown, William R.; Kern, Richard M. . . ."

Grady's voice trailed off. He still held one tag in his hand.

"Who was the sixth casualty, Grady?" Richardson whispered.

Without looking at the tag, Grady said, "Karns, Samuel W.," and laid the bit of metal on the table with the others.

"Very good, Grady. You may go."

"Yes, sir." Grady saluted, and did an about face.

"Oh, Grady!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Merry Christmas, Grady."

"Thank you, sir, and the same to you." Grady lifted the flap of the tent and was gone.

The exec cleared his throat.

"May I ask a personal question, sir?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"Did you know any of these men in civilian life, sir?"

"In civilian life I had two brothers," Richardson said, "who changed their names before they enlisted. One changed his name to Grady — and one to Karns!"

Franz's Concept of Christmas

By Robert F. Wood

• Franz's steps were heavy as he walked down the familiar street to his home, the snowflakes cascading against his face either to melt or fall to his coat. His glasses were smeared and the old hat that he wore, the only thing about him that would set him apart from others on the street, was ancient but warm, definitely of old country style.

None of the neighbors really knew Franz. They thought they did, but they really did not know him deep down inside. Yes, he tipped his hat to them as he and his wife set off for church on Sunday mornings, and he was always courteous in speaking to them over the backyard fence when it was summer and the yard chores were to be done. But little did they know that behind that passive exterior rested a thousand memories of good, rich, wonderful days in a land far beyond the sea where Franz had lived as a child and had grown to be a man before coming to the new world. Franz never told of these things, these vivid scenes of old Austria with its quiet hills so green in summer and so snowy white in winter.



As the old man walked to his home he saw the many signs of the season, now near at hand, so evident on every side: the candles nestling in their wreathes hung in

the widows, the cut-outs of Santa Claus made by children's hands and pasted to the glass of the doors, and all the other unmistakable indications that Christmas was fast approaching. It is so different here, he thought, so different from the way in which he and his family, and his neighbors of that small village, had celebrated the birth of Christ in the faraway land of which he seemed to remember more and more as he grew older.

His steps became lighter to him as the wonderful faculty of memory took him back so many miles and years. Christmas time in Austria had been a thrilling time for all from Grandfather to the youngest. There was a certain richness, beauty, and yet real, genuine joy for all of them in those days. As Franz thought of the many ads in the paper he carried under his arm, he could not help but remember how little materialism existed in the Christmas of his childhood. It was not with the expectation of receiving some expensive gift that the children of his village looked forward to the Feast of Christmas, but, rather, with a sort of thankfulness and piety intermingled with joy that resulted in a remarkable balance of happiness and a sense of well-being. Franz remembered that the Christmas season really began with the Day of St. Catherine, or the Day of Katrina as they had always called it, on the twenty-fifth of November, and lasted until after the Feast of St. Stephen, the twenty-sixth of December. Between the Day of Katrina and Christmas Day there would be no dancing or excessive celebration but only the quiet, happy preparations for the coming of Christmas. And then, on the day of the Feast of St. Stephen, all of their solemn, reverent joy would change to laughing and dancing.

All of the special activities were for the children in those days.

Franz remembered how on the sixth of December certain fun-loving men of the village would get into costume, some as "Grampus," personifying correction, and others as St. Nicholas. Then off to the homes of the children they would go with "Grampus" going first to the door, rattling his chains, and calling out in a loud, deep voice, "are you going to pray and be good." He would then enter the home and the children would cower and pray upon the sight of him and would promise to be good. After the departure of "Grampus" would follow the entry of St. Nicholas who would be carrying a big bag containing gifts of nuts, cookies and apples for the children. Yes, those were happy days.

In old Austria each village had its own night watchman who was the nearest thing they had to a policeman. They did not find the need for policemen in those days. The people followed the laws and the teachings of the church. Custom helped them and the combination of good homes made up a good community. The night watchman carried no weapon, therefore, only a long stick with a scepter-like point which was a sign of his position. The watchman would ring the churchbell each night at ten o'clock in summer and at nine o'clock in winter, for then the days were shorter. Then through the night he would make his rounds of the village, watching for fire, and on each hour he would sing out the time with a special song for each hour of the night. At five o'clock in the morning he would ring the churchbell again, calling the people to arise for prayer and the beginning of the day. If there happened to be a fire during the night in one of the houses of the village, Franz remembered with pride how the people responded. Upon seeing the blaze, the night watchman would loudly ring the churchbell which would begin the succession of events that told so much of the people's concern for each other. First, a previously appointed man would run from his house and sound a bugle horn, calling out to all the other neighboring

villages that there was a fire in his village. They all knew from whence came the call for each bugler of each village had a distinctive call. Then from miles around would come help for the victims of the fire. But the help did not end with the putting out of the fire. Then the work really began for with the combined efforts of all the villagers, it would be a matter of days before the house would be restored to its former condition.

In thinking of the nightwatchman, Franz was reminded of how the whole of the village would arise every morning, from the Day of Katrina until Christmas, in order to attend the five o'clock Mass. On these days the bell would ring at four-thirty and men, women, and children would travel through the cold, winter dawn to the church to worship and be blessed.

Preparations for Christmas Day began a number of days before with baking of tarts, cakes with fruits and nuts, and loaves and loaves of bread. And there was much cleaning to be done and walks to be white-washed for everything, the houses, the church, and even the streets, had to be spotless for the day of Nativity. Everyone worked with not a thought of what part of the great task was his to be done but, rather, in a spirit of joy in the doing.

The day before Christmas was spent in fasting. For their sacrifice no one would eat anything except dried fruit, bread, and coffee, and certainly no meat. On Christmas Eve the families would gather close about the hearth and the children would impatiently await the coming of Kriskindl. Kriskindl would be a young girl of the village with long curls, white wings fastened upon her shoulders, wearing white gloves, a long white dress, and white stockings. In her hand she would carry a bell and upon reaching the doorstep of each house she would step out of her shoes, ring the bell, and come into the house like an angel from heaven. The children would stare wide-eyed at her, blushing all the while

in their happiness. Kriskindl would bring gifts, and for each, a tree. Even if there were six or eight children, each would have his or her own tree. After Kriskindl left, the trees would be put in place, being hung from the ceiling by their peak, the bottom of their trunk up off the floor so that children could scurry about the floor and look up at their trees and their gifts. Everything on the trees could be eaten except the candles and the phosphorus sparklers. There were cookies, apples, oranges, peppermint sticks, and candies. The children were so happy and proud of their trees.

At midnight, all would go to Mass with the exception of one member of each family, usually a man, who would stay to look after the fires so that the house would be warm when the family returned from the church. Franz smiled when he thought of how fearful the women were about staying at home alone to look after the fires while the family went to Midnight Mass. Upon coming home from Mass there would be a short celebration with good food and wine, and then off to bed for the time of the five o'clock Mass would soon arrive and all must attend. In those days all of the village attended all of the four services of the church on Christmas Day. Christmas was truly a day of thankfulness and reverence for them, Franz thought. At ten in the morning High Mass was held in the church and would last until near noon. Then at two o'clock in the afternoon would be the vesper service. There was no visiting on Christmas Day. All the families stayed at home, except for going to church, and there was a good, big dinner for all but no celebration. It was the custom for the children to go out on Christmas morning to walk about the village, going from house to house, to see the Christmas trees.

On the day after Christmas, the Feast of St. Stephen, a lively and happy dance could always be anticipated. With the dance could be expected good food and wine and it was then that all the villagers vis-

ited with each other, laughed and sang, and gave vent to their livelier emotions so pent-up during the solemn period of Christmas.

There was some moisture about Franz's eyes that did not come from the snow as he approached his little house at the end of the street. But then he had a thought. Perhaps he really should not feel bad about a loss that was not really a loss for these precious memories were his own possessions. What life he now lived could not detract from his life of long ago but could only add to the richness of his days as a boy in old Austria by their very contrast. And as he walked those last few steps he felt gratified in the thought of what his old father had said to him just before he had sailed for America. "Remember, Franz," his father had said, "a sense of well-being is that state in which you will always find yourself when you discover that you have satisfied your duties and obligations to God, yourself, and your fellow man."

Remembering his father's words of long ago made Franz feel good and it was with a smile about his lips that he walked up the narrow walkway to his little home lightly humming "O, Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum."



Pop Haskins

By F. A. Gerspacher

• "So you don't know much about photography," reflected Mr. J., running critical eyes over me from head to toe and back again. He spoke as though he was thinking out loud. "However," he said, "would you be willing to learn?" "Of course," I replied. "Fine, our Mr. Haskins is an expert; he will teach you all there is to know about it. We will arrange for your transfer to this laboratory. You should hear from us in about a week."

Back in the Records Branch I was telling my friend, Gusty, about my impending transfer. Gusty had been around quite a while and knew practically everybody. "So you are going to be Old Haskins's assistant," laughed Gusty. "Is he old?" I asked. "OLD," exploded Gusty, "why he is practically legendary; everybody in the place calls him Pop. 'You should see his equipment,'" continued Gusty. "He uses a rickety old beat up view camera. Its bellows are so ragged and frayed it looks like a chicken in a wind storm. I doubt if old Haskins himself could stand up to a stiff breeze. He uses a set of lenses that was made before the invention of the camera shutter. His microscopes and metallographs are not much better. His dark room formulas and techniques are the same as those used during the Civil War."

"What's this Mr. Haskins himself like?" I asked. Gusty paused, took several long contemplative drags on his cigarette, and waved the smoke away with his hand. "Well he is a shy, rather timid, gruff-spoken, tough-shelled old character. Keeps pretty much to himself. He has a roller-coaster temper that is fastest on the down grade and usually vents itself when the object of its fury is not present; dress and personal habits are marks of propriety. Pop is pious and conscientious. His workmanship is considered tops in

his field. How he manages with the equipment though, I'll never know," concluded Gusty.

A few days later I was clasping a bony hand in mine and looking up at a tall, frailish looking body. A pair of pale blue eyes sparkled through rimless glasses above a thin-lipped mouth and a sharp nose. And below an ancient, large carbuncle scar winked in the center of a forehead that continued on up and back like a well-polished arch of granite with a little gray moss growing along the edges.

"Hermmp! Hermmp!" went the gruff voice, "they keep sending me punier ones all the time. Don't know much about the business, eh? Well, you'll soon learn. Got yourself a new Studebaker, eh? How in the heck can you afford that when you are working here? Had to get rid of my twenty-one Hupmobile, too expensive to operate, and those scoundrels quit making parts for it. Say, you live on a farm, probably have your own meat then. If I was Governor of the State of Ohio, I would declare two meatless days a week until they bring the price of pork chops down to where I could afford to buy them."

"Here take these prints up to Miss Hess. She's the little frail-looking, skinny girl in the office at the head of the stairs." Entering the office I approached some three hundred pounds of beaming feminine pulchitude, all in one lump. Since I didn't see anyone else around, I inquired for Miss Hess. "I am Miss Hess," she replied. "You feel all right?" "Yes, guess I just went a little too fast on the steps." "Better sit down and rest a few minutes."

"Oh, yes," she explained, "Mr. Haskins said it was impossible to make these photos. You know he is always saying it is impossible to do this or that, then to prove his point, he goes ahead and does it." I excused myself and slowly made my way back to the laboratory, firmly resolving in my mind that in the future, no matter what Gusty would ever say to me, I would never ever doubt his word again.

Uttered Upon Receiving A Rejection Notice

Fah! you blue-nosed Philistines of line and foot,
You'll not find this seedling Burns hard put
For quick indictment of your priggish ways.

Nor are my eyes with injury's tears bedimmed;
'Tis you should weep to find my ire better limned
Than the best damned verse you've seen in all your days.

—Tom Eshelman.

The Poetry Page



Edited by TOM ESHELMAN

The Immigrant's Son Ponders

Citizens are lonely men at home,
Are wondering men among their fellows;
Are doubting men, at times, by friendly hearths.
Long introspection teaches little
Of how, or why, or whence this ordered bond
Among such ethnological ragout as we.
My eyes the color of jungle born mahogany,
My skin the hue of desert sand, my tongue
Yet able to articulate strange, unhomely sounds
When I desire. Still I pursue no urge to flee
To those unusual haunts of my beginning;
To see my father's face in any other house but this.

But once I heard, upon the wind sweeping shoreward
From the sea, the mingled breaths of every man
From every shore beyond this continent;
It taught: "We too are wondering of such a strict
Containment even here, where nothing differs,
Eye or skin or word: homogeneity proclaims us one.
We are the roots of your young, sturdy tree;
We would, if the sun would so ordain
Be there instead, closer to the sky and light,
Stretching forth our branches to the clouds.
But we, by fortune's arbitrary sentence
Remain the roots, and you, our blowing seed."

Justus

Let Us Go Over to Bethlehem

Are tears like springs that gush from bitter earth;
Will sorrow teach the way to weep for mirth
When joyous tears were falling when they might?
Too late they well, unseen, in sorrow's night.
Long alone the angels chanted there,
Until men moaning came to join the air.

—Charles Ross.

Attrition

Born of depression and war,
Fattened twenty years for more
Of the same:
A real shell game.

The generation of war poets resolved
The cause was just,
But placed no trust
In their rime:
"The most resounding slogans ring dead . . ."
Given time.

Just before Rome expired
The desert was filled
With holy men and tired,
Old men and pillars.

Ah! now every poet takes delight
In weaving his social mask,
(Tired of fighting and the fight)
And so, saved and saving, he can relax.

—James Gleason.

Fiat

Dark and barren lay the heart of man
With but one ray of hope.
And this ray was very strong, yet dim,
For its light was distant,
Destined to shine forth after coming ages.

From eternal time God chose a soul:
A human being . . . Mary!
Through her He found a way to save man.
And upon her consent
Depended man's hope, Christ, the Light of the world.

Pure and unspotted was Mary's heart,
Which knew only God's love.
Her virgin soul, wrapped in holiness
And all simplicity
Prayed and chanted an endless Magnificat.

On her the Holy Ghost descended;
And urged by trust in God,
From the depths of her humility
Mary uttered ". . . FIAT! . . ."
And the Divine Light gleamed forth in the darkness.

—Irmengard Rauch.

The Lonely Christmas Candle

'Tis true 'tis but a candle, just supple stub of wax,
Whose friendly flick of burning wick a cheery charm
diffracts;

Its tiny tongue of haloed warmth alights the earth below,
As daint'ly sprinks with every wink a fantasy in snow;
Its gallant, blessed shoulders melt and fall in humble pose,
Through frosted frame of winter pane this little candle
glows.

So too 'twas but an Infant, just a bundled Babe on straw,
Whose angel-kissed and frost-pinched fist o'er earth a
blessing draws;

In hay-wreathed stable reigning, from a manger for its
throne,

The Infant King—of Seraphs sing—was born for men
alone.

—Ray Kirk.

A Real Treat, A La Mexicana

By Pierce Lonergan

• One of nature's gifts to us is the art of enjoying a good meal. Indeed, we often celebrate many of the important events of our life with a nice big dinner. Everyone, whether he is Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, or even Communist, can be quite sociable and even likeable when one mentions a banquet to be held in the near future. In fact, in a world of conflicts — where truce talks, police action, and foreign aggression are the topics of the day — it seems that good eating is one of the few points on which we can all still agree.

Of course, each has his own particular taste on the subject. Many are content with sitting down to a good old American dinner with plenty of meat, potatoes, carrots, and lots of rich brown gravy, followed by a big slice of apple pie with a dab of ice cream on top. Others go for the rich Italian dinners with their spaghetti and raviolis and well-prepared chicken. One of my favorites is Mexican food with all the spice and color that go along with it.

I realize, of course, that many Americans will not agree with me on this choice because they have never given it a fair chance. This fact was forcefully brought home to me last summer when I worked as a waiter in a Mexican restaurant in the little California town of Santa Barbara. Our little restaurant, typically Mexican, with big straw hats, *sombreros*, decorating the adobe walls, and brightly colored Indian rugs covering the floor, was a big attraction to the tourists who swarmed the little town for almost the entire year. During the afternoons and evenings, they would come in a steady stream to try the many dishes which our cook so ably prepared. I can still picture them now with their dark glasses and their bright clothing. For many of them, this was their first experi-

ence with Mexican cuisine. As a result, they were usually docile to the suggestions of the waiters. There was, however, that certain type of customer who thinks he is always right and that you never are. One such interesting case concerns a young lady who might have been very intelligent in some matters but was pitifully ignorant about the items on the menu. She was about twenty-five and nice looking in a somewhat plain fashion. She was the proud possessor of a newly-acquired sun-tan and the "blond" color of her hair looked just as newly-acquired. She was a typical tourist. With her huge skirt that displayed all the brightest flowers of the tropics, she swished into one of the booths. The booth happened to be in my section, and so I walked over. Taking off her "gold-rimmed" sun glasses, she gave a sophisticated glance at the menu. What she ordered would have made the ordinary Mexican quiver at the thought. She picked the "hottest" dishes on the menu and asked for a large cup of Mexican chocolate to wash it all down! Struggling against laughing right in her face, I took the order and presented it to *Jose*, our amiable cook. In spite of his amazement, he obediently made up the order, mumbling something about "these crazy *gringas*." Still laughing to myself, I served her the order and waited. Soon her beautiful tan began to get red, and so I fetched a pitcher of ice water and silently put it on her table. She must have realized how silly she looked because she didn't bother to finish the meal. Needless to say, she never returned.

My own initiation was much more fortunate. I was introduced to Mexican food when I was quite young. In California there are many thousands of Mexicans, and our neighborhood had its share. One woman on our street was the mother of thirteen children, but she was

really like a loving aunt to the rest of us who lived near her. That is why we referred to her as *Tia Maria*, Aunt Mary. Having so many children had not been too easy on her girlish figure. To be more specific, she was quite large. But she had a heart that was even larger. Tired from playing, we used to gather in her huge kitchen and listen to her tell us about our neighboring country south of the Rio Grande, while she was making *tortillas* to feed her big household. The smell of the food always appealed to me, because we often had Mexican dishes at home. I knew very little, however, about how they were made, and so I asked *Tia Maria* to explain it to me. She simply told me to watch her and to ask questions. I followed this instruction and the culinary mystery gradually became clear.

First of all, I learned the importance of corn in the life of the average person in Mexico. Without this all-important corn, the most basic foods for these people would no longer exist. I remember how carefully *Tia Maria* would gather all the corn together in order to soak it in a limewater solution. She would then grind the ears on a big, flat stone, which was called the *metate*, until the corn was a paste. This paste is called *masa*. Many of *Tia Maria's* recipes called for this paste, and so she was most careful in preparing it. She and her three cute, little daughters, Lolita, Rose, and Stella, would gather around the *masa* and take handfuls of it in order to clap it into big, flat pancakes, called *tortillas*. I remember watching them clapping and talking all at once — clap, clap, chatter, chatter. How we loved the *tortillas*! We would eat them as ordinary bread, or we would sometimes make sandwiches of them, with beans and chili as a stuffing.

The big treats, however, came on the holidays and *fiestas* like May 5 (Mexican Independence Day), or the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe (Mexican national holiday). On such days as this, I was often invited to share in the fun at *Tia Maria's* house where the festivities

were truly gala. It was on days like these that most of the best Mexican foods were served. In the middle of the table was a huge *tostada*. This was a large and elaborately decorated salad. Its ingredients varied but were usually all sorts of beans and peppers with tomatoes, *pimientos*, and a multitude of rich spices. All of this rested on two very large toasted *tortillas* — hence, the name *tostada*. The *tamales* were a big attraction at the meal because these were *Tia Maria's* specialty. These were made by simply taking some ground meat and plenty of tomatoes and spices and by covering it all with some *masa*. This combination was wrapped in corn husks and steam baked. Delicious! My favorite, after the *tamales*, was the *chile relleno*. This consisted of a stuffed green pepper with an egg spread over the top. The entire dish was then covered with a spicy sauce. What fun we had with all of these and many other foods that *Tia Maria* so skillfully prepared. We always took our time because these people were not afflicted with our American attitude of rushing. We sometimes spent two hours or more happily conversing and eating leisurely. We would then usually conclude our meal with some candied ice cream that was purchased from the Mexican grocer.

Since those days I have often been a little homesick for *Tia Maria's* *tortillas*, *tamales*, *chiles rellenos*, *tostadas*, and many of the other treats that we took so much for granted. There are, however, many good Mexican restaurants in California; and so at least I can still enjoy a good spicy meal, even though it will not measure up to those of my childhood.

Indeed, it is unfortunate that so many Americans cannot agree with me on my liking for this type of food. If they would give it a chance, I am quite sure that many would change their opinion. They would really enjoy themselves and would soon realize that our Latin neighbors surely can provide a real treat — *a la Mexicana*.

Disaster Strikes Dayton U

By Joseph J. Kuntz

● The first president of the University of Dayton disembarked with his companion, Brother Charles Schultz, from Le Havre on May 28, 1849, and sailed into New York harbor, July 4. From there they went to Cincinnati via slow stages, and thence to the fair city of Dayton, which at that time numbered but sixteen thousand inhabitants.

Father Leo Meyer, the first president of the University of Dayton, was a majestic man, over six feet in height, and so large around his waist that he could not tie his shoelaces; hence, he always wore slippers. Despite his great proportions he carried himself well; his massive bulk was not unpleasing to the eye. A man of great faith, he possessed a remarkable spirit of poverty and an unusual devotion to Saint Joseph. Foremost in his mind was the welfare of his beloved Nazareth, the name then given to the University.

Nazareth was purchased from Mr. Stuart, a descendant of the royal Stuarts of Scotland, for the sum of twelve thousand dollars; the terms were for five years, payable semi-annually, with an interest rate of six per cent. It was a property of one hundred twenty acres, comprising fertile fields and pastures, finely fitted barns and stables, in addition to the Stuart homestead and a farmhouse.

A school was inaugurated on July 1, 1850, at the request of the people of Dayton. On that day, fourteen day students enrolled. Tuition for the day students was six dollars a semester, while the boarders paid thirty-six dollars for the same period of time. Among the courses offered were reading, writing, English, French, German, arithmetic, practical geometry, bookkeeping, history, botany and horticulture.

Just four years after the property of Nazareth had been purchased, there was a crying need for addi-

tional housing facilities. In the spring of 1854, therefore, a two-story addition to the Stuart mansion was built in the vicinity of the present-day chapel. On the property also was a two-room farmer's cottage located where Alumni Hall now stands.

On the eve of Saint John's Day, December 27, 1855, fire broke out about one o'clock in the morning in a shed situated on the eastern side of the mansion. Brother Heintz, the prefect, went to the dormitory and gave the usual signal for rising. The boys suspected nothing. He gathered them together on their way to an outside water trough for the customary morning ablution. When they were all together, he informed them that the house was on fire but that it was still possible to save some equipment. Amazingly cool and collected, they worked in a manner that would have earned the praise of veteran firemen.

In the meantime, two of the other Brothers had climbed to the roof to shovel snow onto the blazing building, but their labors availed nothing. Father Meyer, though ill at the time, went to the chapel, located on the first floor of the new annex, and saved the Blessed Sacrament, as well as the sacred vessels and vestments. In fact, with the aid of others, he carried the altar out into the snow.

The winter was severe, and on that particular night the snow was eighteen inches deep, with a temperature of ten below zero. Two fire companies in town were in operation — the "Neptunes" and the "Oregons." Persuaded by a reward of a hundred dollars, the latter arrived but could do nothing to battle the blaze, for the water froze in the pipes and hose.

After the fire, the boarders were sent home, and several Brothers went to lodge in the farmer's cottage.
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The Educator's Nook

(THE EDUCATOR'S NOOK is intended to serve as an outlet and an opportunity for all students in Education to express up-to-date views on interesting phases of matters educational. With your cooperation and approval we hope that it will become a permanent part of the EXPONENT.)

AMERICA'S LARGEST PROFESSION

"Good morning, children!" "Good morning, boys and girls!" "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen!" — These phrases might well signify the three phases in our present-day school system; namely, grade school, high school and college. Pick one—any one—and with ambition and hard work it may someday be you who are giving this greeting instead of receiving it.

Sounds great, doesn't it? Think it over. Picture yourself at the head of a class, all eyes turned expectantly on you (well, at least toward you). Now what are you going to do? I'm fairly certain that I would have an overpowering urge to turn and run for shelter. After all, the odds are some forty-to-one against you; and besides, you never can tell what one of those scheming pranksters will be up to next. The education courses presented here at the University of Dayton are offered for just such a reason to train those students aspiring to become the educators of the next generation how to handle any such classroom situation.

Opportunities in the field of education are now at their optimum in many ways: salaries and retirement benefits, placement in desirable positions, provisions for tenure. In addition to these considerations, there is the immense satisfaction obtainable by educating the world's future hopes in the persons of one's pupils.

In comparison with other similar types of employment, those in the teaching profession receive

salaries which measure up quite well to those offered in other fields. The State of Ohio guarantees a minimum sum as starting salary; it requires that there be annual increments thereafter for the first five years; and it has one of the best retirement systems in the nation. The three months' off-period during the summer gives one an opportunity to enjoy that long vacation which so many of us find necessary; or to raise those numerals marked in his bank-book under the heading *deposit*, or to add to his knowledge by taking supplementary courses in summer school. What more can one ask in the way of monetary or security benefits?

The rapidly increasing enrollment in both elementary and secondary schools provides a vast amount of openings for college-trained teachers. Everywhere, well-educated teachers are desperately needed. There have been emergency measures which grant to a person the permission to teach with as little as two years of college work. Because of the present need of teachers, one has a better chance to choose the city in which he desires to teach. This is definitely a decided advantage.

One very welcome change that has come into the teaching profession and has thus discarded the former fear of many girls, is that being a teacher is no longer necessarily associated with being an "old maid"; in fact, one-half of the women teachers in Ohio are married. Of course, the fact remains that a woman can't teach while "temporarily indisposed." A man certainly has no such worry. But still, a woman's education is an in-

valuable asset in the rearing of her children; and, if anything should happen to require her working outside the teaching field, her education is an extremely reliable thing to fall back on.

All of these advantages, plus a great feeling of immense satisfaction! Why more students don't join the ranks of America's largest and fastest-growing profession, I can't understand. —SALLY BROWN.

GLEANINGS

• December finds us well along in the academic year. Seniors are three months closer to their graduation day; freshmen are no longer looked upon as novices and strangers, but as well-respected members of the University family. We thought that it might be interesting, therefore, to call upon some of our freshmen in Education for some of their views and opinions concerning a very important decision. In an informal survey to find out what advantages and convictions motivated them in choosing the teaching profession, we came up with the following:

ANDREW DIXON — "The teaching profession has many great advantages. Teaching is a high and noble calling. Next to the parent, it is the influence that can mean the most in molding a child into the pattern that will be his in later life."

MARIE VAN BEVER — "A decisive reason for the choice is the great demand for teachers who have a well-rounded education . . . it is a job in which I can give of my best and see results in the lives of others."

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Editorial Comment....

CHRISTMAS

• We all know the story of Christmas. That timeless story of the birth of the Redeemer in the lowly surroundings of a manger: the inn was full, the journey of the Wise Men: the following of a star. A story that changed and is changing the world. A humble and a humbling story.

Oh, yes, we all know that lovely, sweet, beautiful, that inspiring story. But then why not? Once a year it is told. Like so many other stories, however, it has changed in the telling. Now it isn't so bare, so gaunt, so, well, so religious. Now it's posters, lights, cards, wreaths; it's the "perfect gift just for that very special person in your life" advertisement, and parties, and candy, and Santa Claus: — but it's not Christmas. It's merry Xmas. And with that Christ is entirely, even in name, excluded from Christmas — the anniversary of His birth.

It would be disheartening to think that there is a calculated effort under way in the hearts and minds of men to keep Christ out of Christmas. It is more probable that men, blinded by an era of material wealth and pomp, have forgotten their Redeemer. But can we say that either of these thoughts is consoling? If the former idea of "let's keep Christ out of it" is true it shows at least that there are a great many people who haven't forgotten Christ. Perhaps it shows that those men hate Him and all those who love Him; or perhaps it means that they don't really love Christ, but just the dollar. All that is "perhaps," whatever the reason they do recognize Christ — they haven't forgotten Him. If the second idea is correct we could well be classified as indifferent and, as such, we would do well to recall the fate of those.

The secularization of Christmas has become commonplace on the American scene, but this does not mean that we have to be disarmed and charmed with its appearance and welcome it, no questions asked, into our lives and homes. Now there is a tradition connected with Christmas that is anything but Christian. Many of the things, however, are not intrinsically wrong at all; some have a certain degree of charm of their own. It is only the improper emphasis placed on them by man that is out of place, that is wrong. This disproportionate weight of value robs man of the true spirit and real meaning of Christmas.

Only when the real beauty of Christmas is restored to its proper place, only when the true meaning

of Christmas is understood by all, then, and only then will there be room at the inn.

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MAURIAC: PRIZE WINNER

• On November 6th of this year M. Francois Mauriac was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. This is quite an honor for any man, but for M. Mauriac it is very significant. He is trying to do the thing that Cardinal Newman said could not be done: write a Catholic book.

Mauriac, in his early career as a writer, seemed not to do what Jacques Maritain said must be done (to attain a position above the novel, thus putting the writer above his writings) and especially with the type of writing that Mauriac excels in: novels of human degeneration and passion. He seemed to make evil and sins of the flesh far too pleasing. At one time in his career Gide wrote to him on this very thing, saying in effect that if he (Gide) were more of a Christian he would be less of a disciple of Mauriac's. This is not a particular compliment from one who has rather recently attained the fast company of the Index.

In return to the note from Gide Mauriac wrote *God and Mammon*, a soul-searching examination of conscience, in which Mauriac defends and explains why he writes as he does.

The awarding of the Nobel Prize for Literature will no doubt again start the arguments boiling over a writer who is the recipient of both glorious hosannas and deafening damns, a French writer who with his sure swift art is trying to reach God through means that some regard as dubious. Certainly he is reaching his fellow men.

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DEMOCRACY MEANS . . . ?

• The times in which we are living are (to use a weary cliché) no doubt troubled times — confusing. And to recognize this confusion and the fact that it really does exist is a step in the right direction, or at least a solid foothold from which we can start in the right direction. If, however, after recognizing the modern-day dilemma, we allow ourselves to be caught in the swirl of confusion until at last we are part of it, this is not only a sinful negligence and great danger, but over and above these things it is a most

alluring temptation. How easy it is to slump back in the great, old American tradition and allow ourselves to be swept along by the crowd. How easy it is to think: well, there's nothing I can do about it anyway; or any one of the many other rationalizations to excuse ourselves or, even better still, to wash our hands of the whole matter.

Let us, for a prime example of confusion, take just one word, democracy. Here is an example in which Mr. Webster is thrown out of the window with a vengeance. Not that the aforesaid gentleman is a person to be held infallible, but his book does offer some useful guideposts that we might do well to follow in some degrees.

When we see or hear the word democracy how many of us will have the same concept in our minds? In an essay, *The Idea of a Christian Society*, T. S. Eliot says: "Democracy is a word that is fast losing its meaning in meaning too many things." This seems to strike at the heart of the matter.

In educational circles we are assailed by such ambiguous terms which Progressive Education was born of and is based on as: democracy in action, or the social climate of the democratic schoolroom. The leading boosters of any typical town in the United States may be described by one of his contemporaries as being: progressive, a far-thinker, well, just plain democratic.

Here we see a cross-section of the American citizenry — from the ivory tower specialists of Progressive Education to the man in the street all talking of something called democracy. And it also should be stated at this point that the propaganda issuing from the Kremlin speaks of the democratic way in which her minions liberate and democratically rule the enslaved peoples of the gigantic plot of capitalism. We know that theirs is not the democratic way, yet we, living in democracy, speaking of democracy have no common ground for understanding what democracy is.

Indeed, it would be awkward to have to explain "your meaning" or inquire of "another's meaning" of democracy everytime you spoke or heard the word. Awkward, yes. But for understanding, it would be necessary. After all, there are few things so embarrassing and difficult as to hold a conversation with a person when you don't know what the person is talking about or when he doesn't know what you are talking about.

In personal experience we find that many cannot explain what they mean by democracy and immediately try to shift the blame right back where it doesn't belong, by saying words such as these: "Oh, really now, we all know what democracy is." This is, at

least, a very definite formula for never finding out what it is, unless, of course, we happen to be extremely keen of intellect, which most of us are not.

But let us pick on democracy no longer. The confusion of words is legion. There is one rather admirable, old saying in this language of ours, though, and for our part we would be delighted to see more people who can honestly say: "I say what I mean and mean what I say" — or vice versa.

• • •

FORTY YEARS OF POETRY

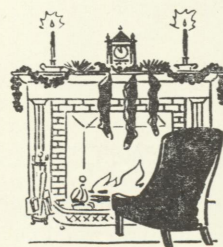
• Last October was the anniversary month of one of the "little magazines" in the United States, *Poetry*. It was founded forty years ago by Harriet Monroe in Chicago and from the very beginning it has had to depend mostly on handouts to be able to keep in existence. Its very founding was based on the donations of some Chicago businessmen to Harriet Monroe, and ever since its main source of income has been donations from both here and abroad.

Poetry has helped to launch the careers of such famous poets as Vachel Lindsay, T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg, Ezra Pound, and Wallace Stevens. *Poetry* has grown since its meager beginnings and for the anniversary issue the present editor, Karl J. Shapiro, himself a poet, arranged for the occasion by requesting some of the leading poets of the day to send a poem for the anniversary issue.

The October number gleamed with such names as: W. H. Auden, Peter Viereck, E. E. Cummings, Randall Jarrell, Archibald MacLeish, Marianne Moore, and C. Day Lewis and many more; fifty in all. W. H. Auden won the prize for the best poem in the anniversary issue with his "The Shield of Achilles" that tells of a future time with people —

. . . Who'd never heard
Of any world where promises were kept
Or one could weep because another wept.

The tone of the poem is foreboding, but if the anniversary issue of *Poetry* is indicative, the future of poetry in the United States has a brighter horizon than it has had in the last several decades.





Coeds' Corner

EDITED BY ANNE FLYNN



MAKE IT A "REAL" CHRISTMAS

• There's no doubt about it, the season of Christmas is the most festive and gay of the entire year. And strangely enough, it is in connection with this very pleasant event that my "pet peeve" comes to life. Please lend an ear!

Why is Christ taken so much out of His own feast that it is manifested even in the cards sent? Why, oh why, do people send cards covered with cats, dogs, cocktails, and just about every other imaginable thing, when it would be so much more appropriate to have Christ or Mary gracing the cover of your Christmas greeting?

You've probably heard this slogan many times before — "Let's put Christ back into Christmas," and as good a place as any to start would be with religious Christmas cards. If you're wondering where you can find suitable ones (I'll admit, they are getting harder and harder to find in the stores) any member of the C.S.M.C. here on campus will gladly demonstrate their large selection.

Thanks for listening, and have yourself a wonderful Christmas, with Christ in the foreground!

—A. F.



CHRISTMAS IN SWITZERLAND

• Santa Claus does not come to Switzerland! That is, he does not appear on December 25, but in the evening, December 6, he arrives with a big sack

over his shoulder. He has apples and nuts in the bag for the good children and a switch under one arm for the bad children. But at Christmas all the children are happy, because the Christ child comes to bring them gifts only, not switches.

I remember that we used to have an early, simple supper on Christmas Eve. We had to wait in the dining room or the kitchen until "s'Christchindli" came. It rang a little bell when we were allowed to go into the drawing room. Always the Christ child had disappeared already, but there was the beautiful and fragrant tree, with the many bright candles, cookies of all shapes and kinds, and a little house and ship made of sugar.

We did not open our gifts then. First we had "Christmas Eve." That meant we sang all the carols we knew, recited the special Christmas poems we had learned and also the Christmas story from the gospel of St. Luke. No, we did not get too impatient, because this was the loveliest part of it all — while the candles on the tree lighted up the faces of the family.

Afterwards we blew out the candles to save them for Christmas Day, turned on the electric lights, and gave each other the presents.

Surely, this is a short article about Switzerland and Christmas there, yet long enough to have made me a bit homesick. . . .

—BERTELI SHATTOCK.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

• Christmas is so close again and this will be my fifth Christmas spent in the United States. But we still celebrate it according to the German custom.

There are little differences in the celebrations. We are lucky, for we don't, for instance, have to sweep the chimney clean so that Santa Claus won't get his coat all dirty. He just doesn't come down the chimney on Christmas morning, but instead, he comes through a window while we are in church on Christmas Eve.

The parents bring in the Christmas tree on the afternoon of Christmas Eve and then decorate it. That is, they "help" Santa Claus who is called "CHRIST-KIND" (literally — the child Jesus Christ), and they put the gifts on a table beside the tree. Then the family leaves for church. We always had a beautiful Christmas Eve service, which was held between four and six in the late afternoon.

When we come back from church the waxed candles on the tree are lit — (by the way, the Christmas tree is never put up in Germany before Christmas Eve) — and we all sit down around the tree and sing carols. Almost all families use waxed candles on their trees there, and even here in the United States my father made imitations of them, and that is what we use. After we have exhausted our patience in singing and our eagerness to open the gifts overcomes us, we jump up and see what Santa has left for us.

Usually we enjoy Christmas Eve at home, but on Christmas Day and on December 26, we have company or go to see our friends' trees. I can see the expression on your face! Yes, December 26 is a legal holiday in Germany just like the 25th. You can imagine how I miss that custom over here, for when I go to work on the 26th, I still feel very much in a holiday mood.

Even though it is a little early, I want to wish you "EIN FROHES WEIHNACHTSFEST," which means, of course, "Merry Christmas!"

—GISELA MESTWERDT.

• • •

THE LONG OF IT

• What has happened to the world's short guys and gals? Excluding a few basketball players and other sky scrapers, there are quite a few "shrimps" at U. D.

But, seriously speaking, the University of Minnesota in a recent survey boasts that the average height of their students is five-feet-eight inches. This is about one-half inch taller than the average for other men and women.

A word to all those who do not know the plight of us who are slightly, quite a bit, or even extensively taller than the average. They just don't seem to make clothes l-o-n-g enough, do they? Take for example, trousers, shirts, skirts or blouses that are always lacking a few inches. Do you midgets (smaller U. D. students) wake up every morning with your feet protruding over the end of the bed? Of course not, but we do. The legendary Procrustes, a famous robber of classical times, offers us one solution. He insisted that

the men he despoiled spend the night with him. When they were too long for the bed, he simply lopped off the excess which extended past the bed. Please fellows in St. Joe's and Alumni Hall, don't try it on your roommate!

Another answer to the five-foot-fivers. You may need to bring a pillow when you take a spin in the car, but we "six-footers" drive from the back seat. We can't risk riding one of these new model busses, for they remove your head and place it in a separate seat all for the nominal price of one thin dime.

It's not all as bad as this, however. Height does have advantages. We altitudians never have to look at belt buckles all evening when at a dance. Instead, we are walking around with our head in the clouds (of smoke). We can easily slip into the last seat in chapel and still have a full view of the altar, or we can take the novel which no one else has been able to reach from the top shelf of the library without a stepladder.

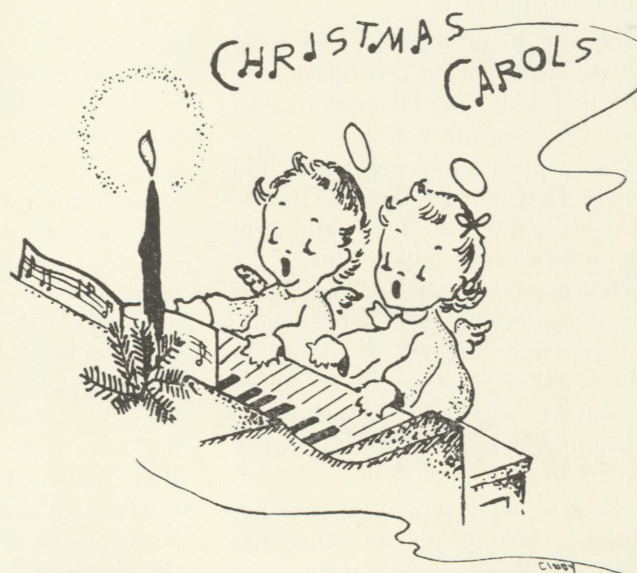
Another news bulletin from the "Altitudian Press" says that America's short people are gradually vanishing. And you men take note! Almost every literary hero from old legends to contemporary novels (especially those by female writers) has been a six-footer or better, and the tall man always has been lauded and admired in many other phases of life.

We could migrate to Texas, the Big State, fellows and girls, but let's just don our top hats and three-inch heels and smile, smile, smile, for I think U. D. still holds a place in its heart for us.

I'll be seeing you up here sometime.

—PAT JACOBSON.
Six-footer.

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Tuesday, November 25

By Tula Kiefer

• See how far ahead we have to write these things. No wonder I never make deadlines.

This whole thing started last Friday night. The phone rang about eight o'clock. Naturally I rushed to answer it. When I heard that voice I wished that I had broken my neck. It was Brother Tom Price.

"Now, look here," he said, "you've got to hand something in for the *Exponent* this year. Can you have something about Christmas ready by Monday. Try to make it funny."

Something about Christmas! Why, it wasn't even Thanksgiving yet! And to top it all, it had to be funny! What could I say?

"Huh? Sure. O. K., Brother Tom."

"Don't forget to make it funny."

"Yes, Brother Tom."

"Do you think you can make it by Monday?"

"Why, sure." (Dreamer)

"You're positive?"

"Yes, Brother."

"Don't forget to make it funny."

"I'll try, Brother."

About six rounds later we both gave up and hung up. I still don't know who was the more worried—Brother Tom or I.

"Well," I said gazing at my musty, dusty, neglected text-books. "It's too bad, kids, but I'll have to dust you off some other time."

So I picked up my trusty old Dixie Ticonderoga No. 2 5/10 and my little red crib book and into the television room we went.

It's too bad Brother Tom didn't want something on Thanksgiving. There were some pretty good shows on.

Saturday was one of those house cleaning days when the house work seems to never get done.

Sunday — company, cooking, dishes, cooking, dishes, cleaning, cooking, dishes, dishes, dishes . . .

So here it is Tuesday (Monday always gets lost in the shuffle) and all I can say is that I wish that this were already that wonderful Christmas vacation with tests far in the past and finals too far in the hazy future to worry about, and my musty, dusty textbooks getting mustier and dustier with no guilty conscience on my part.

When you see this in print it will be mighty close to those happy, happy days. So I wish each and everyone of you a jolly Christmas holiday and may the New Year be the best ever. And, oh girls, ask Santa for bigger and lower mirrors in the fieldhouse. After all, we can't all be as tall as the basketball players.

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YULETIDE MEMORIES

(Continued from Page 7)

weeks. Restaurants are even more crowded than usual. It's almost impossible to move in the shops and stores. I smiled to myself. Christmas in America! It means a million things to a million people.

To some it means a time to sell —anything and everything! Put up a picture of Mrs. Santa Claus with the words, "I use—soap," and you'll sell ten million boxes of—soap flakes.

To others it means about ten days of parties—from the twenty-third to New Year's a party every night. Tom 'n Jerry's and mistletoe, red formal gowns and silver shoes —diamond engagement rings and midnight sleigh rides —beautiful, tinsel American Christmas!

Last but not least is that unnamed atmosphere of brotherhood, the spirit in the air which makes people want to give—gifts to their friends, money to the poor, dimes and dollars to the bucket beside each Santa Claus.

This spirit is not peculiar to the formal-gown-and-silver-shoe class. I had seen it in the farm people of River Valley. I could recall clearly the time my mother and I had piled packages of clothing and food in the sleigh and had delivered them

to our neighbors whose barn had burned and whose harvest had been ruined that year. I thought of the looks on their faces as they saw us from the window. I remembered my mingled feelings of joy and sadness as I watched them open the boxes of home-made bread, canned fruit jelly, potatoes and bacon, warm knitted scarves and sweaters and shoes.

I was brought back to reality by a light tugging at my coat.

"Monsieur Americain?"

I looked down to see a small boy poorly clad, with one red, chapped hand extended, the other tucked under his jacket which was pinned close.

"S'il vous plait, Monsieur," he said in a small voice. He bent his dark, hatless head but kept his tiny hand pushed toward me. I stooped to look into his frightened eyes as I put a bill into his hand. I saw in them the same look which I had seen in the eyes of the poor children of River Valley. I pulled my scarf from my neck and wrapped it around his head and throat. My gloves were too large for him but they were soft and comfortable against his sore hands. Tears streamed down his thin face.

"Merci, Monsieur. Merci. Le petit Enfant est tres bon."

I walked up the steps of Notre Dame. The people were coming out after mass.

"Joyeaux Noel," said one to me.

"Merry Christmas," I replied proudly.

Christmas isn't so different in Paris, I thought. Here I see the same expressions on the faces of the people; I feel the same yearning to give to others.

And there in the church was the same scene that I had stood before so many times in St. Mary's and in St. Pat's; the same animals, the three kings and the shepherds and the "petit Enfant" who was so good to the little French boy and the hungry Ohio family, and to big American men who sometimes lose their way.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from Page 6)

"Frank — Frank!!" A familiar dizzy array of spinning spirals fills his head, and he slowly comes to. Al, the bartender, gives a sigh of relief and lays aside the smelling salts. Al helps him to his feet and sets him on a chair. He rubs the big lump on his head and breathes heavily for a moment.

Finally he speaks: "What time is it?"

"Just nine-thirty."

"I'd better get going then."

Groggily he pushes his way through the small group around him.

"Just have one more beer before you go," they urge. "It'll wake you up."

An encouraging chuckle ripples through the crowd. Frank drops a bill on the bar and walks out. "No, thanks, I'm in a hurry," he calls over his shoulder — "I have a lot of Christmas shopping to do to-night yet."

* * *

Jane sits by a window, her moist, tired eyes searching the road that leads from town for some sign of Frank. She won't give up hope. A string of beads that now and then glistens in the moonlight softly moves through her fingers. "Not for me, Lord," she prays, "but for the sake of the children."

* * *

A few miles away, a beam of light slowly makes its way along the county road. It brings with it an old Chevy, its back seat piled high with Christmas presents, and it brings with it the happy heart of a thoughtful, penitent father.

* * *

A silent cherub hovers over the countryside, an old familiar melody running through his angel mind: "Glory be to God on high . . ." He draws near to witness the scene . . . "And on earth peace . . . to men of good will."

UNCERTAIN JOURNEY

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'm sorta glad we had this little talk, Father; I guess I've been thinking too much."

"No, John, not thinking too much, just not thinking straight."

Just then the enemy artillery became heavier, and with a deafening roar all became silent. John and Father Joseph lay so still that the snow seemed to explode as it struck their steel helmets.

"Come on, John, let's say a little prayer so that God will give us strength to go on and fight for the things we believe in and know are right. Oh, Blessed Virgin, on this Christmas Eve give us the strength that you had on that holy night when our God, Christ, was born. Through your intercession give us the courage to go on, to protect the lives and minds of the free and innocent peoples of the world, as well as those who are suffering under the rule and tyranny of a government which does not realize the worth of a human life nor the value of one immortal soul. Protect us; guide us; do not forsake us in this our time of anguish and tribulation. Amen. It's not very eloquent, John, but at least it's a prayer."

"Yes, Father, it's a prayer and if I know our Blessed Mother, she will direct us as the star did the wise men, on our uncertain journey."



THE EDUCATOR'S NOOK

(Continued from Page 15)

JO ANNE CARLSON — "What are the advantages of teaching? To answer this question we must look, not only at the many openings, the fine retirement plan, and the steadily rising wage scale, but also at the unusual opportunities to something positive which will go on from generation to generation, for influencing the men and women of tomorrow to higher, finer, and clearer thinking."

BILL LUDWIG — "The sense of satisfaction gleaned from molding the pliable mind of youth, concurrent with the assurance of an adequate income, while expanding one's knowledge of people in general are known advantages of the teaching profession."

ANNE TENNERY — "The teaching profession gives you a chance to meet many new people. Each new school year brings new children and parents into your circle of friends."

NANCY FROST — "Teaching is the most satisfying job for me because in it I can assert myself and, at the same time, practically see the fruits of my labors in the development of my pupils — both mentally and spiritually."

JOE MCLEAN — "If ever young people needed education for life adjustment, it is now. With the various isms which have infiltrated into our American way of life, plus crime and political corruption, the alert and clever teacher can be of great assistance in fortifying his students in a way that they might cope with these adversities."

MARY LEE SHERMAN — "If you are looking for all jobs rolled into one, choose teaching — a composite of clerk, policeman, social worker, psychiatrist, salesman and fundraiser. You will never have a dull life."

SHIRLEY ROSENKRANZ — "In choosing a profession I sought two things: sufficient salary to maintain my state in life and, more important, a life of personal satisfaction."

The teaching profession, I believe, will suffice for both of these things."

JACK McDONALD — "... we were each put upon this earth by God to serve a purpose in life. What would please Him more than a life devoted to the teaching of His children and a life so devoted as to bring good and understanding to our fellowmen?"

For the sake of our upper classmen who will be doing student teaching next semester, we hope to be able to devote some space in a future issue to this important matter as seen by those who have already successfully completed it.

On behalf of the Dean, the Staff, and the students in the Division of Education, the *Educator's Nook* would like to take this opportunity to wish the entire University, their families and their friends a holy, happy Christmastide.

—JAMES V. TIEMAN.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAWN

(Continued from Page 7)

The snow was coming a little harder now. A flake landing on his sleeve, was silhouetted against the blue for a moment, then disappeared.

They had made such gay plans for Christmas Day. He could almost smell the turkey dinner. There was to be a sleigh ride, all of them piled in one sleigh, the adults laughing and singing, having as much genuine fun as the children. Larry could visualize the faces of Jean's children as they opened their presents. He looked at his watch again; it was almost time for his train. He drew on his cigarette, it glowed. He thought of Lee, her brown hair which curled against her cheeks, her blue eyes smiling at him.

Suddenly he threw his cigarette in a drift and turning abruptly he started walking away from the station. He passed through the main street and turned toward the west

section of town where he saw a dark figure outlined in the distance. It was still snowing but not as hard as before. The figure came closer and he recognized Lee. She saw him then and they both ran.

Smiling she let him take her hand. Some snowflakes drifted onto her lashes and made them wet. She turned and they started back to the house.

In the east a gray appeared on the horizon and the snow had almost stopped. He could feel the warmth of the fire already.

"It will be good to get home," he said smiling and she smiled in return.

Back at the house the children were running, laughing to the tree.



DISASTER STRIKES DAYTON U

(Continued from Page 14)

tage on the eastern side of the property. The others took up residence in a house lent to them for this purpose by a certain Mr. Viet.

Good Father Meyer, nearly broken, was almost ready to abandon the idea of a school and to continue only the farm, but courage prevailed and Nazareth remained a boarding school.

By 1860, a new building was built on the location of Saint Joseph Hall. It was a two-story U-shaped build-

ing, constructed of the bricks remaining from the old Stuart homestead. Further construction followed. The chapel of the Immaculate Conception, more like a church than a chapel, and the only consecrated house of worship in the Dayton area, was erected in 1869; a year later, the majestic, five-story Saint Mary's Hall, in its day the tallest building in the region; in 1874, the "Playhouse," or, as we know it, the old gymnasium. Shortly after, efforts were made to beautify the landscape, which up to that time had been utterly neglected. Six acres in front of the buildings were transformed from cornfields to the present-day park. Saint Mary's Institute was enjoying prosperity with two hundred boarders, but then . . . disaster struck!

On Monday, December 10, 1885, the U-shaped building, which at that time housed the normal school and novitiate, returned to its prime elements. About two-thirty in the afternoon smoke was seen coming from the garret, where someone had been working that morning in a Christmas crib and had carelessly left a candle burning.

The engines came from the city, but the firemen, seeing that they were too late to save the burning building, set about saving the chapel and other nearby buildings. Father John Reinbolt, then Provincial and President of Saint Mary's Institute, was never the same after the fire. It broke his spirit, just as the fire of 1855 had broken that of Father Leo Meyer. Out of the ruins of the old U-shaped building, rose a far better successor — Saint Joseph's Hall.

Since that time, Chaminade, Zehler, and Alumni Halls, as well as Albert Emmanuel Library, have been erected. In 1949, the Mechanical Engineering building was completed; in 1950, the Fieldhouse; and in 1951, the R.O.T.C. building. The University of Dayton has grown immensely since Father Meyer first set foot on American soil in 1849. It will continue to grow, giving more and better service . . . "PRO DEO ET PATRIA."



Hilltop Chatter

By Carolyn Mergler and Pat Ramsey

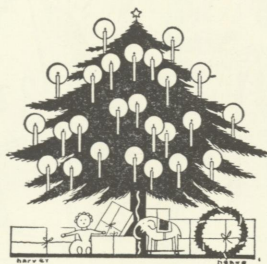
• Well, here we are again, just in time to wish you all a Merry Christmas before you take off for your respective parts of the country to enjoy that long-awaited vacation. Basketball season is in full swing now, but before we completely forget football, we'd like to take this opportunity to thank the team for a good season, with lots of thrills. Granted that we didn't have quite as large a number in that win column as we would have liked, but the guys played good, clean, hard-fought ball all the way, and they were always in there trying. As long as they do this it will be a good season. We'd like to give a special word of thanks to the sixteen graduating seniors on the squad. A sincere wish of good luck to each of you in the future.

Several Friday night parties have high-lighted the social life of the campus for the month. One of the best of these was the sophomore class party held at the Towers. The rainy weather seemed to cut down the attendance somewhat, but it didn't dampen the spirits of those who made it. A few of those seen having a gay time were Jim Hart, Keenie Monaghan, Jack Brune, Paula Stelzer, Ed Veda, Tom Lock, Katie Jardine, Steve Stewart, Pat Falke, and Dick Finan.—Seems that Ed Hoebich was giving the paid entertainment at the College Inn quite a little competition for the spotlight on a recent Saturday night. We didn't know you were so talented, Ed.

If you think that sand traps cause you trouble on the course in the summertime, just ask Chuck Noll about them now. Seems that he and Helen Raiff landed in one recently when sled

riding, and he came up with a bleeding lip and torn trousers, and Helen was sporting a big bruise above her eye. And he thinks football is dangerous!—If you hear Arnie Stein's buddies calling him "one brew" it's because he went out with the boys the other night, had one beer, and got up the next morning feeling funny. A real wild guy!

BABBLINGS—The fellas in the band really went for the Southern hospitality shown them by the sororities at the University of Chattanooga. They tell us that hors d'oeuvres make a pretty good meal if eaten in the right quantities. Just ask Bob Dovey and Jim Meyer.—Jerry Gurnick seems to be attracted



by "older women" these last few weeks. Or does he just like social workers?—Word to the wise—It's rumored around that if any of the school parties become as "wild" as one did recently that we're going to have our beverage supply cut off. We all enjoy parties, so let's keep them down to a low roar and we'll have lots more of them!—The veteran champions of the intramural league, the Spenders, are returning to defend their title after a thirty-one-game winning streak.—

Congratulations to Alice Mueller and Mary DuVal who were recently chosen the new cheerleaders.—Bob "Dad" Vandevander has in-

formed us that the U.D. Mother's Club is running him as their candidate for turnabout king. (We understand that this announcement is being made in self-defense.)—Attention all women! Here it is, hot off the press. The pet peeves of U.D. men when on a date. Just out of curiosity we recently took a random poll of the men students to see just what irritated them most when out with a girl. Here are their answers more or less in order of importance. (1) Girls who talk about other fellas. (Just about everyone mentioned this one!) (2) Girls that are moody. (3) Girls that are phony—put on an act. (4) Girls that are too quiet. (5) Girls that table hop. Among the qualities most desirable in a date, in general they preferred someone neat in appearance who likes to have a good time. So there you have it gals.—

Hear about the be-bopper who walked into a local restaurant and asked for a piece of pie? The waitress informed him, "The pie is all gone." To-wit the be-bopper replied, "Give me two pieces of that crazy pie." (We dedicate this joke to the music majors.)

STAR DUSTERS—If you've noticed a blinding glare these days when you get near Shirley Schroll, it's nothing serious, just that diamond that she received recently from Bill Cutcher. Congrats to both of you! Congratulations and best of luck also to Bill Boland who is getting married in December, and to Shirley Stemley and Bob Peterson who are engaged.

STANDOUTS—Athletes of the month—Vince "little Stosh" Werl, and Jim Spoerl, for showing the

(Turn to Page 24)

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

● Christmas is almost here and everyone is working hard for that extra dollar. Giving support to Rike's working staff are Ed Flynn, Connie Youngman, Connie Hall, and Ed Magot. By the way, we hear that Ed is on the available list—take notice all co-eds.

Tom Carroll is right in the holiday spirit — heard him singing, "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth . . ." A backstratcher heads Shirley Rosenkranz's list. Understand someone's going to give Frank Rozzano a wire recorder. Carolyn Mergler wants an adviser—she has such a time deciding about "things." Jackie Tangeman wants a direct private line to Cleveland Heights.

Went down to Rike's to see the jolly fellow in the red suit—no, not Tiny Schimmoller. Had to ride the escalators up, of course. When we got to the second we saw Ned Perotti, then went up to the third floor and saw Don Casey standing around. On the way down noticed Pat Byrne. What a racket! Seems these lucky fellows get paid to watch people travel via the escalators—noticed the gleam in their eyes as the girls went by—this is work?

Revenge is sweet! The Xavier game was terrific and a tremendous time was had by all. Heading south for the game were Bob Basal, Joe Nieman, Arnie Stein, Dan Casey, Tony Fussnecker, Jack Bruin, and Joe Egalite. Congratulations to the newlyweds, Carol Jacobs and Bob O'Friel, and Jo Koehler and Bill Fiel.

It seems the classes are running low on funds. With the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior parties—the past weeks have been very profitable as they all three were a grand success.

Noticed a lot of frequent twosomes around campus. Among them are Bev Nieman and Vern Weber, Marlene Fischer and Joe Young, and Shirley Stempley and Bob Peterson.

Is there ever a dull moment in Alumni Hall? Gene Joseph, Vinny Datz, Bill Byrne, Bob Schrader, and Steve Driscoll were really living it up one night. Seems one of the Brothers didn't appreciate their escapades and decided to do something about it. When they ran for cover, however, there were only three beds for all of

them so Bill had to resort to the closet. Brother left after an hour had passed—but what a long hour!

Hear that there was a surprise birthday party for Rich Montgomery at Marilyn Catron's house. Helping him to celebrate were Jim Cosmati and Flo Luby, Lynn Hartnett and Bob Montgomery, Armand Martino and Sally Payne, and Joannie Neuman and Jack Donavon. When everyone yelled "surprise" as Rich came in, all he could think to say was, "What're you'all doing here?" That's a southerner for you. Armand and Jim made the sphagetti and according to the last report everyone is still living.

Joe Malloy, Jim Currin, and Jim Haggerty were guests at Kinsellas' during the Thanksgiving vacation. By the way, Joe, did you ever answer that letter?



Congratulations to the Freshman Class officers — Bill Thesing, Tony Krystofik, Carol Bulcher, and Jim Synk.

Did you ever think that sledding was a dangerous sport. Just ask Chuck Noll or Helen Raiff—seems they had quite and upset when they went sledding on the golf course—they hit a sand trap no less.

Sally McBride had quite an expensive trip to Columbus. She was a little over anxious to get home, but the State Highway Patrol didn't appreciate her anxiety. You guessed it, the inevitable happened—she got a sizeable ticket for speeding.

Dick Finan had a party after the Xavier game. Enjoying the refreshments were Steve Stuart, Jeanie

Graul, Pauline Mitchell, Larry Sorohan, Carolyn Mergler, Don Dart (Hoot and Toot).

At the pep rally before the Chattanooga game Pat Maloney expressed his opinion of the season and said, "We might have lost some games, but no team in the country ever tried as hard as we did." With the end of the football season, we're sure everyone can agree with Pat.

But sports on the Hilltop has not ended. The 1952-53 basketball season is under way with two returning seniors—Vaughn (Ox) Taylor and Tom (TF) Frericks; three Juniors—Larry (Rip-cord) Pedicord and Don (Mick) Donohoe, Jim (Pax) Paxon, and six Sophomores — Don (Rebel) Miller, Dave (The Hat) Otto, John (Long John) Horan, Jack (Silly) Sallee, George (Sweets) Woywood, and Chris (Squints) Harris.

Here's hoping all the fellows find a Marilyn Monroe under their Xmas tree, and all the co-eds find a tall, dark, and handsome fellow.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

• • •

HILLTOP CHATTER

(Continued from Page 23)

most improvement during the season. Sight of the month — John Chaney kissing the football after recovering an X fumble on the U.D. one-yard line.—Campus queen of the month—Pauline Mitchell—An all-around co-ed with personality plus! Prof of the month—Mr. O'Donnell for being so understanding. Statement of the month—Don "Hoot" Dartt when coming out of the dressing room after the Miami game — "What! — What! — What pretty buildings." Guess that head injury from the game hadn't quite worn off. Nickname of the month—Jack Sallee—the King—bestowed upon him by his fellow teammates. Thought of the month—"The only real failure is not trying."

We'll hitch up our dog-sled and be off for now, but until next month, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each of you!



...*But only Time will Tell*.....



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