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## The University of Dayton Exponent, January 1953

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# *University of Dayton*

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# EXPONENT

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## CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

CITATION, <i>by E. M. L.</i> .....	3
ABSTRACTION, <i>by Robert McAuliffe</i> .....	6
MY FIRST EMPLOYER, <i>by Thomas Oster</i> .....	9
MOTHER FRANCIS SCHERVIER, <i>by Sr. M. Rosalie</i> .....	11
I RECALL DECEMBER 7, 1941, <i>by Melvin Silva</i> .....	13

### FICTION

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART, <i>by Flot and Jet</i> .....	4
THE BEGINNING, <i>by Jack Rice</i> .....	7
THE GREAT TREE, <i>by Thomas Spring</i> .....	8

### FEATURES

PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY, <i>by The Scribe</i> .....	2
BREVITIES, <i>by Tula Kiefer, Thomas Rose</i> .....	14
EDUCATORS' NOOK, <i>by James Tieman, Sr. Mary Gordian</i> .....	15
HILLTOP CHATTER, <i>by Pat Ramsey and Carolyn Mergler</i> .....	23
KAMPUS KUTUPS .....	24

### EDITORIALS

WHAT? ANOTHER RESOLUTION, <i>by Sister Joanilla</i>	
SECULARISM DECRIED, JANUS, ONE WHO LOVED	
HIS FELLOW MEN, <i>by James Gleason</i> .....	16

### COEDS' CORNER

WORLD'S SADDEST STORY, <i>by Schweller, Rauch, Jacobson</i>	
CENTRAL WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION, <i>by Anne Flynn</i>	
MEN, <i>Anonymous</i>	
WOMEN ATHLETES IN THE OLYMPICS, <i>by A. A. U</i> .....	18

### VERSE

RAIN, <i>by Betty McAdam</i> .....	12
SONNET 5, <i>by Joanne Combs</i> .....	12
SONATA, <i>by Roger Keith</i> .....	12
TIME GUIDES THE LOST TRAVELER, <i>by Tom Eshelman</i> .....	12

### PHOTOGRAPHS

THE PARK IN WINTER.....	Cover
DRIVEWAY ON THE CAMPUS.....	Inside Back Cover



# Citation for the Presentation of the Marianist Award

BY THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON  
to REV. PATRICK PEYTON, C.S.C.

December 10, 1952

● In this year of 1952, the University of Dayton is honored to confer the Marianist Award upon you, Reverend Patrick Peyton of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, because of your extraordinary success in fostering the devotion of the Family Rosary, not only in America but in other lands as well. The magnitude of the good that you have been able to accomplish for Our Lady in so short a time has been acclaimed a modern-day miracle.

You came to America from County Mayo at the age of nineteen from a family with a strong tradition for praying the Family Rosary. You worked at hard labor for a time before entering upon your studies for the priesthood. Shortly before ordination your hopes were challenged by a serious illness which threatened to invalid your life. But you met that challenge with your confident trust in the power of the Mother of God and you were restored to good health and ordained with but a short delay.

Since then, with the permission of your superiors and the aid and assistance of your devoted associates, you have been literally spending yourself to repay your debt of gratitude to Our Lady in fulfilling your promise to restore the Family Rosary to the homes of the world. You have fired the faith of millions to a veritable crusade like that of Mary's great clients of old.

All this began in 1942. From the modest beginnings of speaking before small groups in parishes and schools you brought your message to civic and business organizations, and then merited the distinction of convincing those in control of communications that the Family Rosary is "good radio." The weekly pro-



grams of the Family Rosary soon spread to hundreds of stations throughout the country.

You then presented the half-hour programs of the Family Theater which carry the same message. Your zeal and personality won the voluntary cooperation of hundreds of stars on stage and screen and radio. These programs are now being carried weekly by four hundred and seventy-four stations over the Mutual Broadcasting System and the Armed Forces Radio Service, which reaches our armed forces in other lands.

Your great devotion to Mary and her Family Rosary found even a greater field of influence for good in the hour-long Annual Rosary Programs on Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Mother's Day. These programs over television networks and independent stations are estimated to reach well over one hundred million souls. You have also won the cooperation of the leading Hollywood studios to release and produce these programs under the title of the Family Theater Films.

But the crowning work of all your efforts for Our Lady are those

five-week campaigns of intensive organizing for the Diocesan Rosary Crusades. From London, Ontario, in 1948 you have responded to the invitations of the Hierarchy throughout Canada, Alaska, England, Australia, and in nearly one hundred dioceses of the United States. Your audiences at these final rallies have responded to well over seven million pledges to pray the Family Rosary daily. May your contemplated crusades in Spain, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippine Islands and India fulfill your promise of ten million pledges for Our Lady. Our prayers will follow you wherever you go.

But this brief account of your achievement, Father Peyton, is not the whole story of your great work, as you so graciously admit. Your kind letter of acceptance of the Marianist Award insisted that you are willing to be highly honored only in the name of our dear Mother, for you sincerely believe, and it is evident to all who have the privilege of meeting you, that whatever achievement may be attributed to you, it is all due to our Blessed Lady.

While we sincerely accede to your wish of acknowledging the tribute as given to our spiritual mother, yet we feel deeply privileged in honoring her through you, and as justification we are mindful of her own prophetic words: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me."

Underlying the disarming simplicity of your personality in achieving all this for Mary and her Family Rosary is a truly Christian spirit which was nurtured in your father's house; it was fostered in the great  
(Turn to Page 20)

# An Affair of the Heart

(with apologies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle)

By the two Sams, Flot and Jet—illustrated by the authors

● As you know I have attempted, from time to time, to commit to writing the adventures of my illustrious colleague, Sherlock Holmes, the world's greatest independent investigator. It is now my sad duty to write the master's last case. The tale I am about to relate might be called Mr. Sherlock Holmes' Swan Song.

"You took French toast for breakfast this morning," observed my friend.

"Now how in the devil did you know that, Mr. Holmes?" asked Scotland Yard's incredulous chief.

"It's really quite simple, Lestrade," offered Holmes, in his most benevolent tone. "Knowing you as I do, I know that that particular condiment is the only one that can bring forth such an expression of contentment as graced your countenance up until a moment ago. Besides that, you have a tiny bit of syrup under the nail of your left index finger."

"Blast it, Holmes! How am I supposed to go about the business of capturing criminals, when you come in here every morning and spoil my whole day!"

"Really now, Inspector," soothed Holmes, "you wouldn't deprive me of my little pleasures, would you?"

"I am just a hard-working policeman, Mr. Holmes," retorted Lestrade, "I must be practical. I cannot indulge in such abstruse observations as you are in the habit of making, nor can I waste time in listening to your pedantic pratings."

"Ah, but that, my dear Lestrade, is why you are not so proficient in your profession as you might be. In your preoccupation with the cruder and more obvious aspects of a case, the important subtleties

often escape you. The purely analytical mind may take longer to apprehend the criminal, but in the end the job is done with infinitely more grace and finesse. An enforcer of the law should discharge his duties with *savoir-faire*. "I," added Holmes, "have always maintained the dignity of even the most brutal criminal."

Needless to say, this little speech startled me. Sherlock Holmes had always been rather reticent concerning his philosophy and accomplishments. Now he seemed to be leading the inspector on. His stoic calm conveyed to me the impression that he had planned this conversation ahead of time. This suspicion escaped the inspector, however, as, in the next breath, he had the temerity to compare his own excellent record with that of Holmes'. Whereupon I settled back in my chair for a long siege. But I was soon to be disappointed. The inspector's office had hardly filled with smoke from Holmes' pipe before their conversation had me on my feet. Indeed, I am sure that they would have come to blows, had I not intervened. I had never before seen Holmes so agitated in an argument with an obvious inferior.

"I challenge you, Inspector Lestrade," put forth Holmes, "to prove the superiority of your crude methods by preventing my suicide. I have reached the conclusion that my work here is finished. I have had a good and useful life, now, with advancing years, I cannot be as active as has been my custom and so must face boredom. Rather than end life a senile fool I shall take my own life now, at the height of my career. I have considered this move at great length. Your argument has decided me upon the time and place. I shall commit

suicide next Tuesday at three in the afternoon, by jumping from the highest tower of London Bridge into the Thames, and neither you nor anyone else shall stop me. Come, Watson, let's not waste any more of our time with this dunderhead."

And with that he picked up his coat and stick and strode from the room.

You can imagine my consternation at such goings-on. The inspector and I looked at each other, dumbfounded. Lestrade was the first to find his voice.

"What have I done?" he moaned. "Such foolish things we do when anger overtakes the reasoning process."

The man looked so absolutely lost that I stole quietly out after Holmes, without bothering to bid good-day. Knowing Holmes' moods as I do, I was nonplussed by his expression as he leaned against the inspector's door-jamb. His usually granite features were positively alive with a sort of fiendish glow. That magnificently formed nose seemed to have acquired a pronounced upward turn. Those steel-gray eyes danced with livid fire. And his mouth—his mouth formed a perfect crescent from ear to ear. It was the closest I have ever seen him to a laugh.

On the appointed Tuesday Lestrade was close to becoming a mental case. Every hour for the whole week he had rung our Baker Street rooms, only to find that Holmes had disappeared from the face of London. Now, in defiance of direct orders from his superiors, he had blocked off the Thames to traffic and had closed an area approximately ten blocks in radius, surrounding London Bridge. Every man the Yard could muster was

either on the bridge or guarding its approaches. A church mouse couldn't have squeezed through, even in the London fog. Holmes' suicide would certainly occur under auspicious circumstances. By now all of the Isles and the Continent were watching. And I was beginning to worry. It was not like Holmes to court the public eye this way. All week I had had time to recall certain incidents of the past months which seemed unimportant. Furtive glances at the Lloyd's calendar, extravagant readings in philosophy, and Holmes' recent assembly and classification of his voluminous notes all began to fall into place. Could the master brain have snapped Other peculiarities and subtle changes which only I would have perceived came to mind, and I called up a hansom for London Bridge.

"ello, Guv'nor." It was Lansom, an individual whom Holmes had engaged many times before for particularly difficult routine jobs. "Mister 'olmes sent me to fetch y' to 'im when y' ventured out. If y'll just kindof squat down in the cab we'll be off. The rooms're bein' watched, y' know."

Lansom lost the inspector's man in the fog immediately. Through London's cobbled streets and darkest alleys we clattered at break-neck speed, and finally arrived at a secluded green some miles from the city.

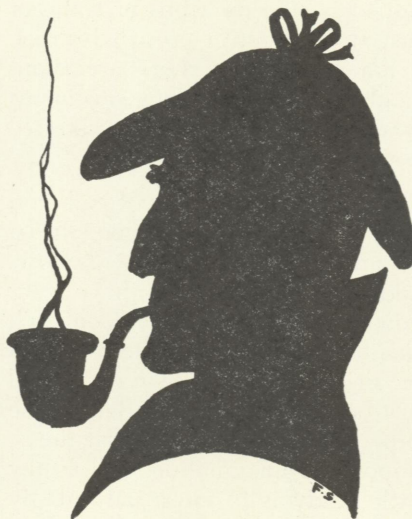
Here we met a scene which at once gladdened my heart yet filled me with foreboding. I was, of course, gratified to see Holmes himself, alive and well, and to know that he hadn't forgotten me in whatever scheme he was planning. But I became convinced more than ever that the great detective had, at last, lost his mind. For, securely moored in the center of the small field, was a bright red captive balloon of prodigious size being rapidly inflated from a battery of generating tanks surrounding it. The very air seemed charged with madness as Holmes extended his hand in greeting.

"Welcome, Doctor. I am glad

that you arrived in time." The great man gestured in the direction of the balloon, which was fast becoming obscured by the gathering fog. "You, my old and loyal friend, shall share my moment of glory."

"Holmes," I cried, "what is this madness? You don't actually intend to carry out your threat!"

"You know I never jest, Watson," he replied coolly, "you have had experience with gasbags in the Crimea, so you are to be my driver. There are maps and a compass in the basket. Through a steering device of my own invention, which you will observe at one side of the basket, you will be able to deposit me directly upon the highest parapet of London Bridge. Now come, we had better cast off, as the time is growing."



I could not find it in me to refuse him, though I realized full well the consequences of my action. I had no doubt that he would have proceeded to guide the balloon himself, had I refused so I remained with him to the end.

I will never understand how we navigated that pea soup fog without shearing off the towers of Parliament. Providence must indeed have held the helm. London Bridge loomed a dim colossus when Holmes put the last light to his meerschaum. I could barely see a foot in front of my face as we began the perilous descent. Several times we were caught up in sudden gusts, but always Holmes' determination

brought us back into line. Finally we could make out the ant-like men on the gray span. They hadn't seen us yet. None of them expected an approach from the sky. My efforts to dissuade Holmes were all in vain. Violence would have been foolish, as he was a master of the art of self-defense. I am proud to report that Sherlock Holmes was cool, collected, and rational to his last breath. Someone saw us as the basket settled gently upon the tower's top. Holmes stepped out to a sudden cacophony of shouts, whistles, neighing horses, and anguished shrieks from Inspector Lestrade. He took one last, long puff from the pipe and strolled calmly over the edge. For an agonized moment there was nothing, all the world seemed to have stopped, and then he was gone. His last puff mingled with the thickening fog and disappeared at the instant of that far distant splash.

An oppressive wave of desolation permeated the structures, the people, and the fog.

I should have hung there in space forever had not a bullet whistled past my ear. Someone on the bridge was trying to explode the gasbag! I hastily jettisoned rather too many ballast-bags, and shot up like a breath of pollen before the wind.

I lost consciousness immediately. When I woke, I found myself in our old Baker Street lodging. Mrs. Mason and Lansom were bending over me with anxious expression. At last certain that I was all right, Lansom informed me that I had been found by a hunting party in a Surrey meadow, about fifty feet from the collapsed balloon. He had brought me back to London in the hansom.

I could not believe that Holmes was dead. The room was full of mementos of him. The old slipper in which he kept his tobacco, the diminutive corner laboratory, his favorite teacup on the breakfast stand, still half full, that atrocious bust of himself, a remnant of some forgotten case—all served to keep alive his image. I recalled those last

moments, his parting words. And then I knew what I must do! I cursed myself for not having grasped Holmes' foggy clue on the spot. He had directed me to drown my sorrows, after his demise, at a certain riverfront pub DOWN-STREAM from London Bridge, where they kept the brew in LARGE CASKS.

The barrel gave me little difficulty as I pulled it from the Thames, under the alehouse pier. Inside was Holmes' beloved meersch-chaum and a note to me in a peculiar undecipherable code he had devised for our own use. It referred me to our mail box.

Inspector Lestrade scowled over the scrap of paper. He scowled often now, since the successful suicide of Sherlock Holmes. Even as I acquainted him with the cipher I perceived my mistake and again cursed myself for having let a trick of the fog and my excitement drive me to the inspector for assistance.

Someone's cat was undoubtedly let out of a bag. The note had contained the capital letter M, rather than the small. Of course, the Baker Street mail box had been empty, and the capital M referred to our box at the London Daily Mail. The inspector was in now, so I consented to let him along when I opened the box. It contained a small scrap of paper bearing an address just outside of Rome, Italy.

You cannot imagine the incredible oppressiveness of a transcontinental trip when the traveler is buoyed up by a last desperate hope. Lestrade, with his poisonous cigars, was not an ideal companion. The journey for a few days seemed like a few centuries.

The address on the paper materialized into a charming Roman villa, on one of the older suburban slopes. We were ushered in by a peasant servant girl. In every room artists were busily at work. Several artists in oils, a writer, three violinists, and a water-painter occupied simple studios to either side of the hallway she indicated. From the extreme end of the passage

(Turn to Page 20)

## Abstraction

By Robert J. McAuliffe

• Maybe I am a little eccentric, and maybe not. Maybe I have a weak mind, and maybe not. At any rate I find myself very interested in "different" things. Not different in the sense of unusual. No, they are the most usual things. It is merely that others seem to have little interest in them.

Take, for instance, a person out for a ride on a bus or a train. You, for instance. How would you pass the time? You would look at the scenery, or sleep, or read, or just talk with the person next to you. Now take, for instance, me. I am out for a ride on a bus or train, or just strolling on a crowded street. I am aware that there are thousands of peculiar looking specimens floating around awaiting to be discovered.

There is no trick to it; all you need is one good eye, good for a distance of twenty paces or more, and an imagination. I have very good eyes. One is located on each side of my nose, about three-fourths of an inch above the nostrils and just below the eyebrow. Behind the brow is a very active, and at times, impossible imagination, and so my little study is to me a natural. By crossing my eyes, I can see two lumps, the lower about four times the size of the upper, and both connected by a thin line. The upper is right on a level with my eyes,



and so I have a fairly accurate picture, in my mind, of the perfect nose. Of course, mine is perfect; after all it's mine, isn't it?

Now the study begins. My criterion is my good judgment. I see an elderly man. He is of medium height, or about five-feet-nine-inches. I guess him to be about fifty. He is thin. I give him about one hundred and fifteen pounds. His head does not look too large for his body, and so I may pass judgment on his nose. It is too long.

I imagine him with a shorter nose. He would be good looking. I broaden out his nose and fill out his face. Not too good. I lengthen his face. The nose is still too long. I lengthen the face, shorten the nose, and, bingo, he belongs in Hollywood.

Here is a young lady. She is tall, thin, and not too bad looking, except for her nose. She looks better when I fill her nose out. She looks better when I shorten it and take the bend out of the middle of the bridge. She could be a model by the time I have the bridge at the correct angle with the forehead, about one hundred and twenty degrees.

Now an old lady. The years have dealt well with her. She is elderly and beautiful. Her nose looks all right. I cough, and clear my voice in order to get a front view. Full face, her nose is still well proportioned for her face. Shrink her head a little and the nose becomes too prominent. I decide to do havoc to her face. I blow up the nose. It sets on her face like a tomato hanging on a tree. I protrude her ears below the bun of her hair that unbalances her head. I feel sorry for the old lady. I move on.

But this game soon tires me. Do I resort to a normal pastime? No. There are endless games to play. Here is one that is more serious and can keep you busy for a long time. It is a study of hands. The hand is the tell-tale member of the body. Nothing can tell the story that a hand can tell.

I find hands to be very interesting. By merely reading a person's

hand, you have his story. You can practically tell at a glance at the hands, what occupation a person has. Then, too, there are infinite varieties in the shape of fingers, the thickness of the hand. Its length, the breadth, tell-tale shape of the fingernail, the length of the nails, how they grow, their cleanliness, the color and texture of the nail section.

How they are used is another big study. Certain nationalities use their hands as punctuation for the speech. Certain people are proud of their hands, others are ashamed. Some people are self-conscious of their hands and try to hide them. Adolescents do not have a monopoly on "hand-consciousness," although the greatest awkwardness in this matter is generally located in that group. It is often a riot to watch a young man try to hide his short, stubby hands with closely nibbled fingernails, and it is a study in itself just how he tries to hide them. After the act he goes through, they are only more prominent. Of the latter, I can give a personal experience.

The period of adolescence was for me a tortuous time. Not only did I nibble my nails, but I was afflicted with a colony of warts which settled on my index finger, right hand, between the base and the first knuckle and on the back of the hand. I was horribly conscious of that hand. Once when I was at a dance, I thought I could feel people staring at my hand. How did I solve the dilemma? I turned my hand palm-out behind my partner's back. When standing or walking, I kept the little finger to the front and the warts toward my leg. It probably only became more peculiar looking, but I felt better socially.

Every scar on a person's hand has a story to tell. A good imagination can find a wealth of stories on anyone's hand. Closely clipped nails on smooth hands, male or female, will show a typist. Large, tapering hands always hold an interesting study. One may speculate. Violin-

(Turn to Page 20)

## The Beginning

By Jack Rice

• "Where's Kenny?" Barney asked. The rocking chair grated monotonously back and forth.

"Gone for the undertaker," Maria said tonelessly, tugging at one ragged gray sleeve.

They fell silent; the rocking chair grated back and forth. Maria stood with her hands limply at her sides, then walked over to the stove and loudly rattled pots and pans.

"When'd he leave?" Barney yelled above the noise.

The pans and pots were suddenly still. Maria stood, her back to Barney, one pan in her hand.

"Who?" she asked cautiously.

"Kenny," he said, "Kenny, of course."

"Oh," she said, "he left more'n an hour ago. Oughta be near to town by now."

Each unconsciously looked toward the dirt road for any sign of Kenny. It was dry and yellow with heat and an arid summer. No cloud of dust signalled the approach of any car. Two hens had made dust-holes in the road, and they were in them now, scratching and clucking contentedly.

"Gonna miss the old man," Barney said.



Illustration by Kay DeVol

"Yep," Maria agreed. "Sure gonna miss him. gonna miss the funny way he'd come in for breakfast every . . ." Her eyes were suddenly full, and she dabbed at them with a corner of her apron.

Barney tried hard not to notice.

"Yeah, always funnin' around ever morning at breakfast, no matter how he felt. Always come in with that mossy old gray sweater and those funny green slippers and that . . ."

He broke off. The green slippers were piled in the corner, one broken, one on top of the other. Maria stooped and picked them up.

"I'll just set them in—in there," she finished lamely, and disappeared from the kitchen.

Barney rocked on; he lit his pipe and drew some consolation for his grief from the homey gesture. Maria came back into the kitchen and said,

"Well, I . . ."

Each heard the sound. Each knew what it was. And staring into each other's eyes, they were never more alone. It was not loud. The sound was merely the gentle slapping of leather on wood. Such a sound, as a matter of fact, as might have been made by a pair of broken green slippers!

Barney sprang out of his chair, tensed and ready, the cords on his neck standing out like huge veins. Maria started to scream, stuck her fist in her mouth to stifle it, and slowly sagged, fainted dead away.

He grabbed the shotgun from the corner and ran with great leaping strides into the other room.

There was nothing. In the living room, the dining room, the bedrooms, upstairs and down, there was simply nothing there. Under tables, behind sofas and chairs, beneath beds, there was nothing but dust motes and a varied assortment of junk.

Finally the old man's room. The slippers themselves on the closet floor with the rest of his footwear, (Turn to Page 21)

# The Great Tree

By Thomas Spring

• Once upon a time, about the time that Lief Erickson is supposed to have trod our eastern shores, a small, insignificant cone dropped from the tip of a branch of a giant tree and bounced down an embankment until it came to rest under a log.

Winter came with her cold twang and covered the forest paths with a white, fluffy blanket. Hungry wolves and beady-eyed rabbits passed the spot where the little cone lay hidden under the snow. But winter went her way, the snows melted and streams ran full. The deciduous trees and bushes once again garbed themselves in green and what had once been the little cone was now a strong, green shoot.

Seasons came and went and the little tree grew tall and straight. It had reached the height of a man when an Indian, a stranger to this forest sanctuary, came toward it. He looked upon the tree with a knowing eye and said to himself, "Here is a young monarch." Then he went on his way through the forest until he came to a quiet stream. He pulled a canoe from the bushes along the bank and paddled to the other side searching the while for signs of life on the bluff above him. Having landed, he concealed the small craft and hiked up a steep trail to the top of the bluff. There was a crude shack made of small boughs with skins stretched over them. Playing before it were a young squaw and her boy. Upon seeing him, they ran to embrace him and went into the hut with him.

About dusk, the brave and the boy came out and sat on the bluff. Off in the north they could see the hard, bare peak called Nest of the Great Birds, for it was there that the eagles make their home. Speaking of his trip, the brave told the boy about the tree he had seen and said, "Son, in many moons, that

tree shall cover Nest of the Great Birds so that you can not see it from here."

And so the tree grew through the years. It was visited often by the Indian and later by the Indian and his son. In time, the boy, now a man, alone passed by; and after a while, he, too, was accompanied by a younger man. Thus the years slipped into decades, decades into generations and generations into centuries. The tree was very tall and straight now, so tall in fact, that it was second only to one, the Great Tree.

The prophecy made centuries before had been fulfilled; no longer was Nest of the Great Birds visible from the bluff above the river. Rising in the view was the aspiring monarch of the forest, towering far above all the other trees except one, the Great Tree.



Illustration by Bette Osweiler

Then a time came, about the time that Columbus sailed to our southern shores, when the air became hot and dry; the river ran almost dry; no wind blew; nature grew silent and waited . . . waited . . . for what she knew not. Then it came, slowly, softly at first, but with gathering momentum. The low rumble was heard far down the valley coming faster and louder

until it roared up the vale and crashed down upon the forest. The trees jerked and swayed violently as the earth convulsed madly beneath them. Suddenly, an unearthly screech of wood being rent asunder pierced the roar of the quake as the Great Tree teetered, paused for a moment, then plunged toward the earth through the resisting bramble of smaller trees.

Silence, absolute, except for the patter of rain drops on the broad leaves of some trees. The new king of the forest reigned now in proud, regal majesty.

Back on the bluff, a man ran from the hut into the rain to see if the tree his father had told him of still stood. It did, but as if by itself; for the brave saw that the old giant, the former monarch had disappeared and no tree was higher than the new Great Tree.

Some years later, the same brave appeared on the bluff with a small boy. He pointed the Great Tree out to the child and told him how, many years ago, a man had stood before the tree when it reached only his height. He spoke of Nest of the Great Birds, which being obscured by the giant, could be viewed only from the other side of the forest. Then he told of a tree that had once been taller than the Great Tree but was gone now. After looking at the wooden royalty for a while, they went into the hut.

The years still went by and the men still passed the tree. For a period of years two would come; then only one; then two again, one younger and the other older, but always one whose face had been seen before. Time marched on until a young brave came many times by the tree, and always alone. Never did he bring a younger one to whom he could show the Great Tree. For now, he was the sole occupant of the little hut on the bluff; there was no squaw, no boy. just the brave . . . the brave and the tree.

The day came when the man was too old to make the trip past the tree and he would sit for hours on the bluff gazing at the giant and

thinking of Nest of the Great Birds beyond it.

One time, about the time that the shot heard 'round the world was fired at Concord, the old brave looked into the north and saw dark, forbidding clouds gathering there. He became aware of a cold chill in the air and a soft but cool, biting breeze. With a last look at the Great Tree, he went into the hut.

In the forest, there was an excited chatter from the birds and beasts as the storm gathered about. The wind moaned through the tree tops. Suddenly, the wind stopped, silence descended upon the forest creatures. This was the moment before the storm.

Then it came! The forces of nature broke with furious wrath upon the forest. Screaming down onto the hapless trees, the wind bowled over the smaller ones like sticks. Hail lashed leaves and bark from limbs. The ominous sound of thunder came closer until it crashed into the trees threatening destruction. Through the rain struck the lightning at tree after tree until it picked a target. Lightning strikes not in the same place? Ha! Again and twice more! The Great Tree shuddered.

In the hut, the old man listened to the roar of the storm he heard the crash of the lightning and the screech of wood ripping to shreds. After the height of the storm was past, he listened to the steady beat of the rain on the stretched skins of his hut.

Morning dawned. The gaunt frame of the brave pulled itself from the slump in which he had fallen asleep. Anxiously he walked to the edge of the bluff and beheld through tear-dimmed eyes what he feared in his heart. Rising grimly over the forest through the morning mist was the gray bulk of Nest of the Great Birds.

• • •

The first step toward a greater teaching profession is to make up our minds to do the things necessary to build that profession.

—Anonymous

## My First Employer

By Thomas Oster

• Gramp, to the average person, is a normal man with gray hair and a dark complexion, but to me he isn't comparable to anyone else I have ever met. He is short now, but some pictures of the "good old days" show him to be a good two inches taller than any other patron in Pat's Bar. His face is a dark, reddish-brown, whereas the top of his head is tinted baby pink, for it has been protected from the sun by an old tattered straw hat. His hair, what's remaining, has been bleached white by sixty-five years of work.

Grandfather is a jack of all trades and a master of many. When the weather is good he farms and when it's bad he improves and repairs the buildings and equipment.



Illustration by Bette Osweiler

He is an old timer in some respects but usually won't hesitate to purchase some useful new-fangled dudad if it cuts down his work or helps him to relax. He's got a radio, a phonograph, a telephone, a tractor, and a car, if you want to call it that. The car he has now is a 1935 Packard Limousine. He bought it from his brother-in-law who is a funeral director. The plans for today's tanks must have come from the builder of this car. Any car that Gramp drives has to be built strong.

Gramp drives correctly only when he is teaching someone else how to drive. He usually owns a big car for he finds that such make good moving vans. When taking a small calf, sheep, goat, or bull to market, he takes out the back seat and chauffeurs the animal away.

City people depend considerably on other people's goods. Gramp, on the other hand, can get along pretty well by himself except for electricity and whiskey. What electricity won't supply usually the whiskey will. Gramp isn't a drunkard; he just gets working power from alcohol.

Grandfather's education was very meager, for his parents were poor immigrants when he was born and reared on the American soil. His small list of English adjectives is supplemented when possible by a cuss word or two. He never uttered a vulgar word or curse, but used cuss words only for emphasis, description, or opinion.

As mentioned before, he worked hard and couldn't get along with any one that didn't. When I began to spend my summer vacations on the farm, he took it upon himself to make me a good worker, no matter how much it would hurt me. The day began at six o'clock for me. Gramp would be up at five-thirty but wouldn't wake me until six. From about six-thirty in the morning until seven o'clock at night we worked. Breakfast was at seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. No periods of rest or relaxation followed the meals, except on Sundays.

Life on a farm can be very interesting; for there are only a few jobs that have to be done every day. There are seldom two days alike, for a farmer has a large variety of jobs. One day a farmer may be doing carpentry work; the next day he may be out fixing a fence.

I got up and dressed from six to

six-fifteen. I then staggered downstairs, washed up and went outside to do morning chores until Grandmother made breakfast. For breakfast we always had eggs in some form or other. After breakfast I fed and watered the chickens, while Gramp prepared for his work that day. In the beginning, the days I worked with Gramp were few and far between. My main job was to keep the place clean, healthy, and orderly.

When I was thirteen years of age, Gramp began to show me how to farm. Up until then, it was theory; now the practice began. At the breakfast table Gramp would tell me what he wanted; then it was up to me to do it. My first jobs were small, maybe just to harrow a field. The harnesses were heavy, and the horses were very big when I began to work with them. Life was a little lonely at times, for often I was out in a large field for as long as eight hours at a stretch with no one to talk to, except the horses, and they were always too busy to say anything.

After the crops were planted the farm work lightened a little, but there was always cultivating to be done, either by machinery or by hoe. Near the top of the list of those things which I didn't like to do was hoeing.

When summer began to fade and harvesting time approached, all odd jobs were dropped. The grain bags were inspected, patched, and counted. The granary was cleaned and set up. After the machinery was put in shape the available farmers were asked to come over on a specified day and thresh Gramp's crops.

When the threshing machine arrived, the turmoil began. The filled wagons and trucks of grain were driven one at a time along side of the machine. The bundles of grain and straw were thrown on a conveyor belt coming out of the machine. From the opposite end hung a long, large stove-pipe affair. Out of this snorkel came the straw, chaff and plenty of dust. The grain was separated from the straw within the

(Turn to Page 21)

## Gallantry and Intrepidity in Action

By Bob O'Brien

• First Lieut. Stan "Stosh" Kurdziel recently died of wounds received in Korea. Four days after the infliction of the wounds death occurred at a hospital in Japan. Stan suffered the fatal wounds behind the line, behind the enemy line that is. The reason he died: "Pro Deo et Patria," for God and country. Stosh lived by the school motto and he died by it.

Four weeks before this happened he was awarded the Silver Star and was promoted from Second Lieut. The Silver Star is awarded for: gallantry and intrepidity in action. His promotion was also for heroism. The third act of heroism highlighting Stan's active duty was his last; it happened on Triangle Hill to a man who aimed his life towards the Trinity.



Many people I talked to who knew Stan still have a wonderful impression which he left with them. Thelma Romer says that you knew him just because he was so friendly. Marlene Fischer speaks of him as a "perfect gentleman." U. D. Athletic Director, Harry Baujan, calls Stan the type you like to have represent the university.

For eight years, high school and college, Mr. Joe Gavin coached Stan in football. It was long enough for Mr. Gavin to see Stan perform all the blocks, tackles, touchdowns, and when needed extra points and safeties on the grid and also in life. Mr. Joe Quinn expanded on this by telling me that Stosh was probably one of the most liked athletes at U. D. and also one of the better tackles.

His old team-mates still remember him and men such as Jim Raiff, Jimmy Akau and Frank Siggins vividly recall his power on the football field and his power as a man. There is also Jerry VonMohr who knew Stosh. Jerry and Stosh played for the same team but not on a gridiron. Although at different times they made a nice pair of All-Americans.

Also there is another man who knew Stosh as a teacher, a friend and a neighbor at Saint Joe's Hall. This man, Brother Louis J. Faerber, S.M., was kind enough to give me a great deal of information and show me the files remaining on Stan. While looking through this, I noticed two things I couldn't forget. The first is in a letter to the Kurdziels from Brother . . . "Stan will never be lost," the other written to Brother from the Kurdziels by Stan's sister Jeannette . . . "Such was the Will of Our Lord." One of the things Brother Faerber believes about Stan is "His motto seemed to be the same as Lincoln's: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.'"

Bob Vandavander, a close friend of Stosh's told me of the deep love and pride Stan had for his parents and his younger sister, Jeannette. That was something both Bob and Brother Faerber saw when they met those Stan thought so much of.

(Turn to Page 22)

# Mother Frances Schervier

By Sister M. Rosalie, S.P.S.F.

*(Mother Frances founded the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis who conduct St. Elizabeth Hospital in Dayton.)*

● To the superficial observer there was nothing in the outward appearance of Mother Frances, as she was called by her Franciscan daughters, to distinguish her from any one of them. She wore the same brown habit, observed the same common life, and performed the same tasks as they did. She was averse to drawing attention to herself by word or deed, especially if that attention would be in the form of recognition or praise. She never talked about herself and a very short acquaintance with Mother Frances revealed that she was a much better listener than a conversationalist.

It was only when you looked into the deep brown eyes, set far apart in the small, round, pallid face, that you became aware of the power and the spirit of love that seemed to draw you involuntarily to Mother Frances, and to feel that you could trust her without reserve. When she spoke, her words and demeanor revealed a cultured and disciplined voice, yet her conversation was plain and simple. One was impressed almost immediately with her possession of contrasting traits of childlike simplicity and masculine firmness that seemed to blend and animate her small, frail body with constant activity.

Although Mother Frances lived a century ago, her life story sounds typically American because she displayed to a striking degree qualities not generally found in the solid German-French aristocratic stock from which she came. She answered the challenge of a life filled with seemingly insurmountable difficulties and hardships with a courage and fierce energy that would thrill the heart of any adventure-loving American. Hers is a success

story, a story in reverse. A riches to rags story that ends in God.

Frances Schervier was the daughter of a prosperous German manufacturer and an aristocratic French mother. As a child she had every advantage that a loving but strict and pious family could give her. She lived in a day when freedom was unknown to the children of the well-to-do. They were forbidden to be on the public streets except in the company of their parents or a nurse. Early in life Frances showed a lively disposition and a gift of ready laughter which thrived in the loving association with her three sisters and two brothers, in the well-ordered Schervier home. She also manifested a marked firmness of character and



the faculty of a clear perception and quick decision which were valuable assets when at the age of thirteen it became necessary for her to take over the management of the home following the deaths of her beloved mother and her two older sisters. This triple crisis in her emotional life occurred within the space of eighteen months. She accepted it, along with the physical burden of the home management, in the spirit of self-sacrifice which she so fre-

quently manifested in her later life as Mother Frances.

Frances' vocation of pious practices and works of charity for the poor and down-trodden had its beginning when the family's distribution of alms became one of her duties. In these works of charity Frances gave as long as there was anything to give. Soon she exhausted her personal dowry and inheritance, but she kept on giving and it was necessary for her nurse and the servants to hide things to prevent her giving them away. She then began to beg for the poor, and because of her family's position she had access to the wealthier homes of the city. She added personal services to the material aid as she visited the homes of the poor and nursed them.

Frances entertained the desire to become a religious but was opposed by her father. Until after his death she remained satisfied with what she could do in the way of organizing societies and other groups to carry on the charitable work so dear to her heart. After ascertaining that her tasks were in accordance with the will of God, she put aside all personal respect and stifled her natural pride to carry out anything that would benefit her sick and poor. On one occasion, in an effort to stop her begging, a family friend offered her a live pig provided she would drive it across the city herself. This was most humiliating to Frances, but she did not refuse and arrived that evening with the pig at one of the soup kitchens she had caused to be established in the city.

Her real vocation was revealed directly by God to her very close friend. The command that she was to begin a religious community was so dramatic and far above the humble aspirations of the already saintly Frances that she suspected

*(Turn to Page 22)*

# The Poetry Page



Edited by TOM ESHELMAN

## Rain

It beats against the window panes,  
And swirls, carried by the wind,  
Around corners. It drops methodical  
As an army; to the ground  
Rain!

The lingering leaves upon the trees  
Turn a brighter hue and the pavement  
Glistens wetly. Streets are desolate  
Save a lone figure pressing homeward.  
Rain!

In a torrent it pours from the sky;  
Seeping into the ground it quenches  
The thirst of crops. Making them grow  
As it drops endlessly eastward.  
Rain!

—Betty McAdam

## Sonata

A room, bare.  
Harsh bulbs stare down from enameled steel eye-sockets.  
In the far wall, a window with four bubbly panes.  
Outside: rain, thunder, darkness.  
The simple polished piano bars the plain walls.  
But there is life, and music.  
. . . Music rising slowly, steadily, in wisps.  
It is gay, tinkly, superficial, uncertain.  
Then it plummets to the depths of moist caverns,  
each note richly black, as dark velvet trimmed in gold.  
Strange pulsations contort the pious sadness.  
Then comes a phrase, speaking small, first under,  
afterwards over the throbbing. It is simple, honest.  
It rises and overpowers all else, yet remains plain.  
Pure, complete, a kind force: that is the melody,  
filled with burgundy emotion.  
And the music soars and fountains and rings  
to brilliant clouds and suns undreamed of.  
A room, bare.  
But there is life . . . and music.

—Roger H. Keith.

## Sonnet 5 Sonnets to the Siamese

How do I love thee?  
Give me a comptometer;  
Better yet,  
Just read my thermometer.

I love thee more  
Than there are oil wells in Tulsa;  
You don't believe it?  
Then feel my pulsa.

Lest the more sensitive  
Should wince at my poetical clowning,  
I'll end by adding (unnecessarily)  
That I love thee more than I love Mrs. Browning.

—Joanne Combs.

## Time Guides the Lost Traveler

Turn here from that dark path;  
That vista of stately remorse,  
Little noble or enriching there.  
Nought but forgetfulness—come here  
Where I beckon.

I am time.  
I measure in years, hours;  
In centuries of the same  
Ageless pain that stuns your  
Presence now.

Here stand shielded from stinging sparks  
That follow after—from black  
Midges and tarantulae that feed  
On dungheaps of memories putrefying  
Into remorse.

That beauty, sweetly shrouding dullness  
And self-speculating self, primping  
In countless mirrors that are other  
Eyes like your burning pair,  
Century old infant.

Then go but once through the briers;  
Be torn again by those black-thorn  
Fingers, jealous of their prey.  
Let each sting awaken in you  
New senses.

Each poisonous prick will release  
Fetid blood, infested with the toxin  
Of unfed desire, which strengthens the clutch  
Of morbid love's stark rigors,  
Gray child.

Raise the adder's potion once more  
To your lips—the draught perhaps  
Will flood ulcerous longings from  
Your innards. A year will make the venom  
Sweeter than nectar.

The roiled brew will clear,  
And my alchemy will invoke  
Sweeter visions: as, you were gallant,  
True, and she, a sunny, blue-eyed  
Nameless darling.

—Tom Eshelman

# I Recall December 7, 1941

By Melvin Silva

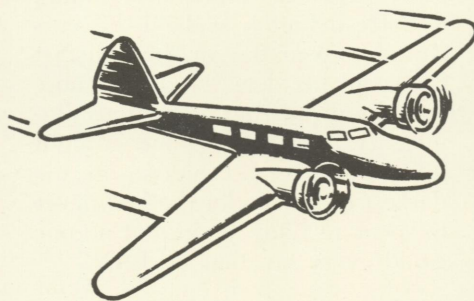
• All of a sudden it happened! Out of the clear, blue tropical skies there came a flight of terror of so strange a nature that everyone was overcome by suspense and fear. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in December of 1941, as we drove home from church services, that we noticed two airplanes fighting right above us. Dad stopped the car, and we got out to see this exhibition in the sky. The show was most remarkable because of the complete reality of the thing. In due time, both planes headed southeast; but shortly thereafter, there came a whole squadron of approximately fifty airplanes of an unidentified character.

An eerie feeling about the whole affair overcame us. We went home, and Dad turned on the radio. Not having any response from the radio, we came to the conclusion that it had gone "off the air." We discussed the matter with some consternation among ourselves and, later, turned on the radio again. This time the announcer was saying, "This is an air raid; take cover!" The phrase was so foreign to us that we scoffed at it and took it as a joke, as indeed most people did. But after really getting the whole context of the broadcast, we realized that Pearl Harbor had been attacked and bombed by Japanese aircraft, inflicting much damage on the Island of Oahu. The only way by which we could heed the admonitions of the military authorities on the radio was to keep indoors; and this was a little difficult, curious as we were to ascertain what was taking place outdoors.

Martial law was almost immediately enforced in the Territory of Hawaii, imposing very strict restrictions on the civilian population. The first few months of the Second World War were months of extreme bewilderment for most of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands, a land where peace and

happiness was once synonymous with living.

The beautiful and famous Hawaiian moon, a phenomenon to many a visitor to Hawaii, peeping over the swaying fan-palms in the evening breeze to the strains of sweet Hawaiian music, was now considered more an enemy than a friend. The native sport of sliding down the waterfalls (Wai-pahee) into Mother Nature's own freshwater swimming pool could no longer be enjoyed, for barbed-wire fences were strewn along the paths leading to the pool; and military reservations restricted the inhabitants from entering the naturally beautiful tropical gardens of the Pacific.



I will never forget the first "black-out." It was about eleven P. M. on the night of December 7, 1941, when the siren warned us of an air raid attack. The weird, wheezing sound of the siren was sufficient in itself to throw the population into excitement — just as if we had not had enough agitation throughout the day! Living next to the recently converted Civilian Defense Center, which a few hours before had been the District Court House, was no consolation whatsoever. Everybody warned everybody else to "take cover" — and hardly any one knew what was meant by the term! Eventually, airplanes flew over, soaring above the roofs of the houses; but we were not told whether they were friendly or enemy planes. It is rather difficult to put into words

the experiences when everything seems to happen all at once, and the unfamiliar is commonplace. The feeling of being in the dark, not knowing where the bombs will be dropped, puts one in a state of extreme, uninterrupted dread. The air raid shelters were not yet built, for it was only a few hours since the first bombs had been dropped quite a few miles away. And, besides, "air raid shelters" was another unknown term. As the planes flew over, the children in the neighborhood started crying and shrieking, while parents hushed and scolded. The local police played an important role on this unexpected occasion by visiting all the houses of the neighborhood and demanding that all lights be put out. Planes were faintly heard and as the hum of their engines died out in the distance, people breathed a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, police and American Legionnaires, with their blue-tinted flashlights, halted pedestrians on the streets. It was hardly possible to fall asleep that night with the thought of what would happen next! Everyone was literally in the dark, and no one would know where to run should the necessity arise.

This dreadful day suddenly changed the lives of many of the peoples throughout the Territory. A new way of living gradually took shape, and measures towards protecting ourselves from any sudden attack were adopted. People gradually came to understand the meaning of "air raid shelter." Families constructed them in their yards, and they were our means for survival. Gas masks were distributed, and the regulation to carry them everywhere we went was strictly enforced.

How strange to the illiterate all this seemed! The erudite recognized the event as an historical one, world-shaking in its significance. The antagonism that suddenly arose between the East and the West was in a strange setting in the Paradise of the Pacific, the melting pot of all races. Ill-will and suspicion sprang up overnight. It took quite some time before  
(Turn to Page 22)

# Brevities . . .

## STROLLING THE CAMPUS

• Well, here we are again. All our ducking and dodging of Brother Tom didn't do us a bit of good. In fact, it proved quite a catastrophe, for he trapped us just the day before deadline and so, here we are torturing the weary brain for some bit of knowledge to set down in print.

It's pretty hard to concentrate on school activities when the soup keeps boiling over, the dishes and the ironing are collecting dust, and the house, on the whole, looks like a bull has been turned loose in it. As a housekeeper we belong in the bottom of the barrel. (Please, excuse us while we check the roast.)

Now, we want to tell you about "Wild, Woolly Willy," the sweetest little pup you could ever hope to see. We're not saying this just because he's ours, but because we think it's the truth. Everywhere he goes cars stop, people stop, and children follow him.

Little Willy is an albino Chihuahua. He is pure white and pink right down to his little nose and eyes. Although he isn't quite seven inches tall his ears stand up a full two inches above his head, making him look like a miniature rabbit. His tail, which forms a perfect arc over his back, proves that perpetual motion is possible, for it never seems to stop. When he is wearing his green sweater with a shamrock on the end and sporting his shiny pink nose, he answers to the name of "Irish."

For such a little fellow he has a great deal of energy. He's always frisking about, just as cocky as he can be. His favorite pastime is picking on dogs ten times his size, and sending them yelping away with a snap of his pincer-like jaws when the play gets too rough. Then one day he met his match, Lady.

Lady is a bit different from most dogs. She is a Great Dane about

four feet tall and weighing approximately one hundred and fifty pounds. When Willy first saw this colossus, his first reaction was to run under the closest armchair and growl his greeting from behind the protecting ruffle. Lady, however, lived up to her name and soon the two were fast friends.

One day Willy, true to form, began telling Lady off. He stood beneath her nose and gave a few short yaps. Poor Lady was at a loss. She looked at Willy curiously, then lowered her head, and uttered one ear-splitting whoof, that sounded as if it came from an underground cavern, right in Willy's face.

You've never seen a dog walk away so fast in your life! He didn't run. He definitely walked—his ears straight up in the air, his tail fast between his legs, and his nose straight ahead—but he kept his dignity. He may have gone straight up the stairs and hidden in the darkest corner under the bed never to speak to Lady again, but no one could ever say that he RAN.

Now you may ask, what has this got to do with the campus? Simply this, I applied my Child Psychology course to Willy. It may sound silly but it certainly worked.

When we first got the little imp he had a terrible inferiority complex. He had been badly mistreated and consequently he was terrified of everything and everyone. One of his huge ears dropped sadly, he never wagged his tail, and he shook whenever anyone reached out to pet him. He hid under the couch all day and even had to be dragged out to be fed. All in all, he was a pitiful little bundle.

However, within a month with plenty of love and affection and a few tips from Fr. Roesch's lectures we had a snappy, cocky little rascal, with ears as stiff as starch.

We have a new problem now. How are we going to *unspoil* him? Hmmm, wonder if they offer a Dog Psychology course around here.

—TULA KIEFER.

• • •

## SMALL TOWN

• Nestled in a valley, situated along a highway, jutting up from the level prairie, indicated by a sign along the road, or merely a speck on the map is the small town. The small town, the place where you know practically everybody and they know you. Here you share joys and sorrows, pleasures and misfortunes. When an emergency arises, residents from every part of town answer. Let the fire siren blow and volunteer firemen come running from stores and homes, head toward the fire station, and before you know it the truck, with its red light flashing and siren wailing, goes roaring down main street as the policeman halts the traffic. It is the place where last night's basketball game is of concern to all and the question of the outcome of next week's game is fervently debated. Here the home town band sends a tingle down everyone's spine as it marches in parades down main street. Then, on Memorial Day, as one of the band's trumpet players sounds the taps, tears come to those who have lost someone in the service of the country.

The small town is the place where many famous men and women began and finished life. A small but interesting history book could be written about practically every small town in our country. It would be a history as varied as the towns themselves.

A great many young people leave the small town and accept employment in the large cities. Here they see the chance to earn more money and have more of the conveniences  
(Turn to Page 21)



# 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.)

## ANOTHER "R" IN EDUCATION

• It is commonly held that our schools should center their attention on the three basic skill subjects, reading, writing and arithmetic—more commonly known as the three "R's." There is yet another "R" which needs to be added to our list of basic skills to be taught in our schools. It is a skill which is just as vital and important and fundamental in everyday living as is any of the other "R's," namely the ability to get along with other people, to know how to cooperate with them, and to be able to "iron out" differences of opinion justly and tolerantly. Here I make reference to what Ashley Montagu in his book *On Being Human* calls the "Fourth 'R,'" human relations.

"We must shift," insists Mr. Montagu, "the emphasis from the three 'R's' to the fourth 'R,' human relations, and place it first, foremost, and always in that order of importance, as the principal reason for the existence of our schools . . . For all the knowledge in the world is worse than useless if it is not humanely understood and humanely used."

Of course, the responsibility to get these attitudes and ideas of good human inter-relationship across to students rests squarely upon the shoulders of the teacher. Mr. Montagu, therefore, concludes, "Our teachers must be specially qualified to teach human relations. The importance of their function must be recognized and suitably rewarded by a society anxious to encourage the entry of the best kind of people into the professional privilege of preparing human beings

for the art of living . . ." (That society is *not* anxious to reward suitably those who are today trying to effect this lofty goal is witnessed to by such astounding facts as this—in 1950 the total national expenditures for education in the United States, teacher salaries included, were only 2.7 per cent of our gross national product.)

The addition of a "Fourth R" to our educational objectives should, ultimately, not confuse our work or make it more difficult; but rather indicate more clearly where we are going and how we are to get there. Now, in a troubled world such as ours, more than ever human relations must be carefully cultivated at the grass roots, or civilization must face annihilation from war.

—JAMES V. TIEMAN.

## AIDS TO DISCIPLINE

(The first part of this article is a precis of "Some Aids to Discipline" by Sister Aurelia in the *Catholic Journal*, April, 1949.)

• Many teachers associate discipline with a strict, regimental, military force. They feel that no order can be obtained otherwise. However, this notion is far from the correct idea of discipline. Training children to meet the realities of life through the practice of obedience, charity, and co-operation with others, cannot but develop a sense of real self-control in the students. Discipline again, like many other factors in teaching, must come about through *mutual understanding* between teacher and pupils. A calm, exterior behaviour, a sympathetic understanding and an or-

derliness about oneself, will suggest to our students to do likewise. Observing these Christ-like traits in their teacher, their application to assigned work will be of wholehearted attention, thus giving little time to misbehave.

The ability to overlook minor infractions and disturbances that cannot be avoided is a mark of a good disciplinarian. However, when children become unruly, then it is time to find the cause, and perform the distasteful duty of correction in a calm manner of action. We have been chosen as God's instrument to help *each* and *every* child entrusted to our care. This must be done in a positive manner—training the child in Christian social living, not with the rigid whip of the dictator, but with the gentle, yet firm, guiding hand of the Creator.

## CRITIQUE

• Sister Aurelia's explanation of discipline is in direct reference to the Latin derivation of the term, "to teach." It is my opinion that if more teachers would take this thought into some consideration, disciplinary problems would cease to exist in a certain degree. Training the child through the teaching or inculcation of good habits cannot but help the child attain a fine moral character.

The role of the teacher is a great factor in obtaining discipline. The students consider their teacher as their model in many instances, and rightly so. In order to develop good discipline in our students, one must be well-disciplined herself. To the students, the teacher should be one

(Turn to Page 22)

# Editorial Comment....

## WHAT? ANOTHER RESOLUTION

• 1953! A new year stands before us. Fifty-two weeks full of potentialities are waiting. Most of us, no doubt, have formulated our annual "pocket" resolutions. The time we spent in making them was short; the time we shall spend in keeping them will likewise be brief — at least, it usually is. But this new year is full of possibilities. Every minute of it holds for each of us happiness or desolation, peace or war, life or death — yes, heaven or hell. The either-or lies within our power. What are we going to do about it? Now is the time to act, not later. Let us bring ourselves together to make one solid resolution with the firm intention of keeping it.

This single resolution consists of two words: Love God. Yes, love God. We don't have to be so-called pious souls to do this. No, our love must be made manifest in action, rather than in word. Love God! We rise in the morning to live another day, a day given to us by our Heavenly Father. Love Him for it! We make our way to school or work, meeting many on the way; many we like, many we do not. We could speak to some and ignore the rest. But God made them all. Why not love Him in every one of them, and give each a greeting from the heart.

We trudge through a heavy, twenty-four hour schedule. Why not do it cheerfully, loving God for giving us an opportunity to work out our salvation. We attend a heart-warming basketball game. Love God for letting us have so much fun.

If we spent our time in this manner, loving God in everything and in everybody, we would have much less time to think of ourselves and our little troubles. Why, we'd be happy. Then let's put forth all we've got into this resolution, and show the world the way to true peace and happiness. Let's LOVE GOD!

—SISTER M. JOANILLA, S.P.S.F.

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## SECULARISM DECRIED

• At a convention held recently in Denver The National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. warned that "our culture is in danger of becoming pagan" and to offset this trend "religion must be placed at the heart of higher education."

The council further declared that "we cannot admit that in a public system of education the state

should have the unchallenged right to monopolize all the hours during which a boy or girl receives instruction five days a week." The council claims to represent nearly thirty-five million people affiliated with thirty Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations. In its three-thousand-word message the Council makes a plea that the philosophy of secularism must not be permitted to gain control of public education.

In many respects the National Council's statement parallels the statement of the American Bishops made at their annual meeting in Washington in November. Where the Catholic hierarchy had found the nation's public schools dangerously secularized the Council's message says: "It is unfair to say that where religion is not taught in a public school, that school is secular or Godless. The moral and cultural atmosphere in a school and the attitudes, the viewpoints and the character of the teachers can be religious and exert a religious influence without religion necessarily being taught." We would just like to suggest that teachers in the public schools have the children learn the Ten Commandments plus the sanction that God's places on His law, that is the punishment meted out for violation of the Ten Commandments, and then watch how the tide of juvenile delinquency would decline.

The Council decries the current trend towards secularism in these words: "A typical secular state, by rejecting the reality and authority of God and the relevance of religion to life depreciates religion and exalts irreligion. Furthermore secularism can take on the character of a positive religion, as it has in certain modern states, whether of the Communist or Fascist type. When this happens, a state tends to assume divine prerogatives and commits satanic crimes."

The Council's message unfortunately carried an antagonistic note when it declared that government aid to parochial schools would be a "devastating blow to the public school system" and violate the principle of separation of Church and State. Against this statement of the Council the Catholic Bishops remarked in their message that when a government makes more difficult the task of parents in providing religious education to their children in the parochial schools by depriving them of what the federal constitution grants them, auxiliary school services like bus transportation and lunch aid "this can only be regarded as an utterly unfair and short-sighted policy."

## JANUS

• In the days of pagan antiquity there were gods for nearly every occasion. One of these gods was Janus. This god was represented on the earliest coins of Rome with two bearded faces looking in opposite directions. The reminder of this ancient deity is with us all through the month of January; as the very name is a derivative of Janus. It was Janus who busied himself with the beginnings of all enterprises.

The gods of ancient Greece and Rome are now confined to the realm of myth, but this one mythical god, Janus, gives rise to thought upon entering a new year; especially a year with the potentialities of 1953.

In this year the administration of this government suffers a complete changeover in personnel and policies. A new President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, will be installed as the new chief executive of the United States. To him will fall the task of assuming the leadership of this country. In turn this country must assume the place of leadership of the free nations of the world if those nations are to have leadership comparable to that offered the Communist world by Russia. This leadership that we are now speaking of regards the merely material-economic point of view.

There is another kind of leadership, however, and this is a spiritual type; a kind of leadership based on absolute standards, or values, of morality. This type of leadership does not have its basis in the land and natural resources or in the technological and scientific wealth of a country as does the material-economic type. It is to be found in the individual himself, and it is only through the individual that its inestimable force can be effected.

It would seem our duty, then, to undertake this personal (in the strictest sense of the word) leadership in regard to the forwarding, as well as backing, of governmental policies. With this resolve in mind we, whether once for or against his election, cannot but wish President Eisenhower well.

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## ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou, 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low.  
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed, —

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt, a lesser English poet of the Romantic Period, is the author of this poem, "Abou Ben Adhem." Actually, however, it could well be entitled "Variations on a Theme"; the "Theme" being, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

A friend of mine, speaking of the poem, recently remarked, "The humanists must thrive on that." And well it could be the maxim of the Christian humanists—those that are not caught in the quagmire of human endeavours as the "be all and the end all."

In this new year let us be mindful of our relations with others. Often we are tempted to hold others in disdain because they do not for reasons, which seem legion, come up to our standards. In short we don't find them to our liking. If one realizes, however, that, for the most part, all of our petty dislikes which we feel for others spring from something we find only in another's physical qualities (appearance, companions, mannerisms, habits, speech, and dress to mention only a very few for examples), perhaps we would recognize the insignificance of our dislikes especially when one considers the whole man, and not just the parts of man that are matter and movement or qualities related thereto.

C. S. Lewis, in his *The Weight of Glory*, a series of lectures compounded into book form, speaks of the different types of human beings that we meet in life. He mentions that everyone—though different in surface appearances; of varying intelligence, from the lowest to the highest; and also of variance in character—everyone, no matter what his station in life may be, has an immortal soul. And therein lies our responsibility to our fellow-men.

Ben Adhem carried his weight well. "Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." The author, Hunt, too, we must think, realized the place of love for others in God's creation. The epitaph that is engraved on his tomb reads:

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

Let all of us profit by the words of dead men and engrave these words on our lives. This is our weight of glory. It is not an easy burden, but carry it we must.

—JAMES GLEASON.



# Coeds' Corner

EDITED BY ANNE FLYNN



## GREETINGS !

• Greetings for the New Year to all readers of the "Coeds' Corner." We will start the new year off right by again urging all those who wish to contribute to this page to please do so. Don't wait for us to contact you personally. If you have an idea, just write it down, hand it in, and it will appear. Our resolution for this year is to put lots of new names in print.

May 1953 be a happy and successful school year.

—A. F.

## THE WORLD'S SADDEST STORY

• As one trips lightly along a U. D. corridor about the 26th of January, he notices a pervading sense of gloom. Social life is at a low ebb. The library is aglow. The sale of blue books has risen fantastically. At basketball games, students require three passes to accommodate themselves and their load of books. Exam week, 1953, hovers over the hilltop.

There is one bright spot on the campus. As one glances out the arcade windows, he sees those bright young U. D. coeds running for their lives. The fellows, for a change, are chasing the girls, waving term papers to be typed, and searching for maps, lab reports, back assignments and accounting work sheets. As the coeds put it, "opportunity knocks while work piles up." However, the boys are not the only knowledge seekers. In the women's lounge, pinocle has been replaced by last minute cramming.

Let's take a look around to see some of U. D.'s typical students. The scholar, Brainy Bernard, who has avidly hit the books since the fifteenth of September can proudly display a smug grin. The not so fortunate and perhaps more common, Mediocre Madeline, who has just now managed to race to the bookstore for her text book, armed with "No-Doz" tablets, burns the midnight oil. Despairing Douglas gives up the whole mess as a hopeless case, leaves all to fate and goes off to drown his sorrows.

Indeed, this may be the world's saddest story, but just think, on January 31st it's all over except for the grades, and that may replace this as the "world's saddest story."

—JOANIE SCHWELLER.  
IRMA RAUCH  
PAT JACOBSON

## CENTRAL WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION

• The Central Women's Organization is an organization here at U. D. to which all women students automatically belong.

One girl from each of the four classes is a representative on the administrative board which meets with Miss Whetro at various times throughout the year. The senior member of the board is Marilyn Hauer; the junior, Shirley Gehring; the sophomore, Joan Moore; and the freshman, Shirley Rosenkranz. This board discusses the suggestions given by the other coeds, plans the larger group meetings, and takes care of other administrative duties.

The important decisions are taken up at the group meetings where all women students are asked to attend. The success and importance of the entire organization rests upon the students and their attendance and co-operation at these meetings.

The C. W. O. has many projects during the year. At the present time, a Mother-Daughter Tea is planned for Sunday afternoon, February 15. Also on the agenda are early plans for the organization's biggest social affair of the year, the Turnabout Tag, which will be held after Easter. This year, representatives from U. D. are being sent to a conference at Ohio Wesleyan University, where women from every college in Ohio will attend.

With the help of each and every woman student, the C. W. O. can be bigger and more effective this year than ever before.

—ANNE FLYNN.

## MEN

• Men are what women marry. They have two eyes, two hands, and two feet, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes; bachelors, husbands, and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types — prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity — mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy the company of a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bay rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you scare him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you cease to interest him; if you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and startling hats.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain; if you are modern, advanced, and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are brilliant, he longs for a playmate.

Yes, it's all so true, but so is the plain fact that we women can't get along without them

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The preceeding article, written by an unknown *female* author has already stirred up so much comment, that a brave U. D. male has volunteered to write his answer which will appear in next month's "Coeds' Corner." Says he, "It will take a month to find an answer to this one."

## WOMEN ATHLETES IN THE OLYMPICS

• Girl's schools and coed colleges today are urged to cooperate in the development of more girl athletes in track and field events so that Uncle Sam's chances in the 1956 Olympic Games will be strengthened. The plea comes from Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union.

"As far back as thirty years ago, schools like Vassar, Bryn Mawr, University of California, Florida State College for Women, and others had good women's track teams, and this effort paid off as late as 1932 when the U. S. women dominated the distaff events at the Olympics. We have to build up our strength in the women's events and encourage women's track and field athletics like the Russians, the French and the English do," states Ferris.

The prowess of the Russian women athletes gave the Soviets a big lead in the recent Olympic Games at Helsinki, a lead that the American men barely managed to overcome in the eleventh hour.

"There is no secret about the way other countries develop more good women athletes in track and field events," Ferris recently said in an article for "Parade" Magazine. "The Olympics are not intended to pit nation against nation. The purpose of the Olympics is to find great athletes, and it is a shame America doesn't give her girls more of a chance to be great!"

Ferris said that the 1952 Olympics convinced him that women's sports, properly selected, do *not* produce mannish women. "Participation in track and field events will enhance rather than dilute femininity," he contends.

"It is not that our girl athletes are failing U. S.," Ferris opines; "it is we who are failing THEM by not giving the same opportunities and training for track and field that we give in swimming and golf and tennis where our women athletes bow to nobody. Sports have made American boys strong and even great in their sense of fairness and courage. They can do the same for girls — and even prepare them better for raising happy, moral-minded families later on."

Anyhow, it looks as if the track and field events will have ceased to be a "men's club" by the time the chips are down at Melbourne, Australia's Olympic Games in 1956. They will if Dan Ferris has any luck in spurring on the American Universities and girl's schools in their athletic departments.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

## AFFAIR OF THE HEART

(Continued from Page 6)

came the unmistakable sound of a cold chisel on granite. This was the sound to which we were directed.

"I've brought your pipe, Holmes," I called to the figure atop the fifty foot boulder of granite.

"Dr. Watson," he greeted as he clambered nimbly down the ladder, "I had expected you two days ago."

"I misread your message in the London fog and so was delayed," I replied.

"And Inspector Lestrade!" Holmes exclaimed, "I had hoped to keep you in the dark regarding my end."

"The supreme actor," mused Lestrade. "Your make-up job on that nameless corpse from the morgue could have fooled your own mother. Tell me, Holmes, why have you done it?"

"Ah, that is a deep question, my dear Lestrade," countered Holmes; first of all, let me introduce my wife, Leonora."

At this point Holmes' model for the monumental work in granite stepped forward. We had not noticed her behind a curtain before. When this vision of loveliness emerged into our circle I nearly had an attack, my heart beat so erratically. She was the embodiment of Mediterranean women. Exquisitely proportioned, she combined the grace of the lynx with that inner beauty peculiar to innocent children. She could have demanded the soul of any man.

Holmes continued: "My life, until very recently, has been wasted. In my dogged specialization, I have created nothing. None of my brilliant detective work will ever reach the annals of history. I have wasted my intellect, and my talents, in thankless pursuits. I have always admired the Gallic spirit and Italian art. Last year I met Leonora. I had thought it impossible for me to fall into that state of imbecility called love. But no man created could

have resisted her. Together we are using the modest fund I accumulated during my unproductive period to stimulate cultural pursuits. I, my friends, have become a patron of the arts. This fifty-foot statue—Leonora—is to be my first masterpiece in my new vocation. I trust that you will keep the secret of my retirement from the world. It was the only way that I could escape my growing reputation. Would you care to join me in a jug of wine and a loaf of bread, Watson?"

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## THE MARIANIST AWARD

(Continued from Page 3)

religious family in which you received your training, and it is being passed on to millions of other families throughout the world. Priest and religious, you have set an inspiring example that will live long after your earthly years.

For these reasons, Father Peyton, the University of Dayton esteems you worthy of the honor within her power to bestow, and is happy to confer upon you this Marianist Award.

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## PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY

(Continued from Page 2)

A special reporter to the New York Times says that the real reason for Tito's diplomatic break with the Vatican is the special stand made by the Yugoslav bishops against an attempt to set up a National Church in that country. Tito's regime realizes that there is small hope of rooting up religion entirely, hence the vigorous effort to establish this National Church. It is the opinion of experienced diplomatic men in Rome that Tito's break with the Vatican shows him clearly to be an atheistic Communist.

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Bishop Fulton J. Sheen writes a weekly column for numerous papers in the United States under the caption, "God Love You." For the

issue of November 15, after telling how an American nun in China was forced to kneel on a public platform and hear the Communists say as they filed by, "The Devil is Our God," he writes this paragraph.

"Though the Communists have not convinced us there is no God, they have long convinced us that there is a devil. Communism is the Mystical Body of the anti-Christ; its visible head is Stalin; its invisible head is the devil; its members are not merely those who deny God, but those who challenge God; its Peter and Paul are Marx and Lenin; its Bible is Das Kapital; and its temporal city is the Kremlin."

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## ABSTRACTION

(Continued from Page 7)

ist? Then compare with the clothes, hair, build. Pianist?

The number of wrinkles at the knuckles could be counted and compared for width and cleanliness. There is hardly a hand without one or more scars. Just counting those on the knuckles, and only on the rear knuckle surfaces, I have some sixteen individual scars. Variety of colors in scar tissue on a person is another study.

After some time, you can become very adept at telling the age of a scar, or just the depth of the incision. I have two odd scars. One is a circular pink one in the flesh at the base of my thumb. The other is on my index finger. It really starts in the center of my palm and twists its way upward to the end of the finger, a tributary doubling back next to the nail and terminating on the face of the last knuckle. When my hand is resting it is a soft pink line, but when my hand is tense it grows a bone white. The former I received from a screw driver about three years ago, while the latter dates from about nine years ago. How did they happen? That's another story.

More interesting characteristics that can be noticed in a person's hand are the width of the knuckles (Did they grow from being crack-

ed?) and the proportion of lengths between knuckles.

Another study is the use of jewelry on the hands. Why is this one wearing that ring? Is he trying to take the gaze away from some other part of the hand? Is the ring to draw the attention of one away from some prominent scar on the hand, or is it to call attention to the beauty of the hand?

Look around as you ride the bus tomorrow. If you see someone looking at your nose, or your hair, or your feet, or hands or ears or head, or tie, or belt, or, or, or . . . just walk right up and say "Hello" to him, will you? If it is not I, it will be a mutual friend of ours.

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## THE BEGINNING

(Continued from Page 7)

shapeless and battered. The still figure beneath the sheet.

"Just to make sure," Barney said aloud, and lifted the sheet.

Nothing. Death had erased some of the cancerous pain of living from the face, but the old man was obviously and finally dead. The hovering flies attested to that.

Barney replaced the sheet and went back to the kitchen. Maria was sitting on the floor, bathing her head with a wet cloth.

"Kenny?" Barney asked.

"No," she said, "I looked. The truck's not in the barn nor anywhere around. Besides, Kenny wouldn't do a thing like that. He's too serious."

Barney sighed, "I guess you're right. I'd a dern sight druther it was him."

Maria nodded her head silently.

"Well," Barney said, "time to get the cows in. Will you be afraid—now?" he asked anxiously.

For answer Maria gestured toward the shotgun. Barney smiled and went out. He had a right good woman, steady and dependable for all her faults.

On the back porch, he paused momentarily to light his pipe. He stood frozen, staring at the table, the match burning in his hand. He dropped it and cursed.

"Of course," he muttered aloud. "The oilcloth; that's what made that flapping noise."

There was no wind now. The oilcloth on the table hung lifeless as a gallows corpse.

The pipe dropped and smashed on the floor, unnoticed. Barney stared at the dead-still oilcloth, as from the house came the gentle slapping on wood of broken green slippers.

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## MY FIRST EMPLOYER

(Continued from Page 10)

machine and came out by way of a worm gear, through a chute and into burlap bags. The filled bags of grain were thrown on a truck and hauled off to the granary where they were emptied. At dinner time the machines were turned off and the crew washed up in some basins setting outside before coming into the house to eat. After dinner the bustle began again and didn't stop until about five o'clock.

The work was hard then, but as the years rolled by new machinery was developed, and the farmer could live a little easier.

Gramp "combines" his crops now and saves himself a lot of hard work. The combine moves over the field and separates the straw from the grain. The grain collects in a bin on the side of the combine and is then transferred into bags. Gramp can thresh his crops now with just two or three men, whereas before he needed to engage maybe fifteen men.

Gramp's crops aren't as large as they were in bygone days, for his body is worn and his movements slower. His thoughts and actions turned more towards God as the years flew by. He receives the sacraments often and even abstains from his whiskey during Lent.

## BREVITIES

(Continued from Page 14)

of life. However, that small town spirit never leaves them and bright and early on Saturday mornings they are loading their cars in preparation for the trip back home to the folks or to some cottage for the week-end. They simply find they cannot stand being hemmed in by brick and asphalt over week-ends. They work fifty long weeks of a year cramped on all sides by a man-made canyon for a two weeks' vacation in the country. There are many city people who have one definite goal—to have a home in the country some day. Even those who were born and raised in the city find the call of the country beckoning them.

The small town is a great town. It is the place city dwellers would like to move to and some country people, away from. It is the place where the merchant and farmer sit side by side at church. Here you find men of different trades taking an interest in each other's work on a project. With no labor unions to interfere to any extent, the carpenter, plumber and electrician all work hand in hand and combine their skills to make the finished product the best possible. Here is the place where the telegraph operator has either a smile or an expression of sorrow on his face as he delivers the telegram. As the postman delivers the mail, he knows whether you'll be happy or sorry, for he can tell by the return address if the letter you have been expecting has arrived.

Without the small town, our country would not be the same. For here is a deep-founded spirit of liberty and justice. Here exists a community spirit that is almost impossible to shatter. No matter what the issue, once the future of the town is put at stake, everyone unites again. The small town is a part of the foundation upon which our country is built and may that small town, wherever it may be, enjoy a long and joyous life.

—THOMAS ROSE.

## HILLTOP CHATTER

(Continued from Page 23)

steder will reign as queen and be accompanied by her court consisting of Katie Maroglou, Lynn Hartnett, Freda Morehart, and Mary Ellen Weed. Hope you all have a terrific time!

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH: It is better to be silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt. — With that thought in mind we think we'd best leave you for now. Best of luck to all of you in your final exams. See you next semester!

## I RECALL DEC. 7th

(Continued from Page 13)

that ill-will spent itself and innocent Americans of Japanese extractions were regarded as friends, not subversive aliens. By that time, however, many of them had been transported to a utopia called the "Replacement Center" somewhere on the American mainland, returning a few years afterwards when victory was evidently discernible.

These and many other related incidents occurred eleven years ago, but how well we remember them. We were part of it; we lived it. War with the East brought home to mainland Americans the strategic importance of the Hawaiian Islands; and subsequently these Islands were well-fortified.

## GALLANTRY IN ACTION

(Continued from Page 10)

For those of you who knew him, you will always have him in your hearts; for those of us who didn't know him we know enough about him to respect him as the man he was. Bill McKinley, who roomed with Stosh during their four years here, may know him better than most people but we all can honor Stanislaus N. Kurdziel and the other sons of Mary like him.

To you, Mr. and Mrs. John Kurdziel, nothing can be said to make up for the death of your son except

that death is the beginning of eternal life. Also, the things that you have taught your son to do will always be examples for students at the University of Dayton to follow.

## THE EDUCATOR'S NOOK

(Continued from Page 15)

who understands their needs and wants to help them. I have found that if the teacher deals with the student in a quiet, calm manner, the whole class will take on this quality. However, constantly "unnerving" yourself and the students through constant bickering and nagging will certainly create a chaotic state in the classroom. The children are not angels, it is true, but they are not devils either. They have certain rights that should be respected by the teacher. To educate them in the fear and love of God is very good, insofar that the "fear" does not predominate the "love."

SISTER MARY GORDIAN, C.P.P.S.

## MOTHER SCHERVIER

(Continued from Page 11)

it to be a snare of the devil and would not accept it for a long time. This revelation of her true vocation tended to deepen her faith in God and strengthen her spirit of prayer that later was to be Mother Frances' only support in many trials. Her self-sacrifice now became much broader to include in a maternal way all her spiritual children and the very foundation for the community that was to spread to several countries. Her goodness and charity became as it were boundless, and she was looked upon by the poor and needy as an "Angel of Mercy."

Her talents were many, but they were only observable in her constant activity that varied with the current needs of those with whom she came in contact, whether it was the rich or the poor, whether the need was food or just a friend. She was at ease in the company of the poor and the humble and also in

that of the wealthy or of high church dignitaries. She undertook with equal assurance the most complicated administrative duties of her Superiorship as she did the bathing of a sick friend. She preferred to lead rather than direct and succeeded in doing this in her role of Superior of her religious congregation. This had no effect on the high esteem in which she was held by the members of her congregation or those associated with it. This accomplishment, the most important one in her life, she viewed as another gift to lead her closer to her goal, which, through her short life, was always God.

## OPPORTUNITIES IN ADVERTISING

Two-thirds of the people engaged in advertising work today are employed by concerns other than advertising agencies, Kenneth T. Hurst, Dayton advertising executive and chairman of the Southern Ohio Examination Committee of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, pointed out. Those college men and women desiring to get a start in advertising frequently find their best opportunities with retailers, newspapers, magazines, radio stations, creative printers and similar businesses.

The A.A.A.A. Examination Plan was established in 1947 to guide those seeking careers in advertising. The Examination actually consists of two separate series of tests. The first is a group of aptitude and temperament tests that all A.A.A.A. candidates are required to take. The second is a series of seven optional tests covering knowledge of various kinds of advertising work.

The aptitude-temperament tests will be given in Dayton on Saturday, February 14. Fee for the Examination is \$20. Application blanks, sample questions and other information may be obtained by writing:

K. T. Hurst, Chairman,  
A.A.A.A. Examination Committee  
201 Third National Bldg., Dayton.



# Hilltop Chatter

By Carolyn Mergler and Pat Ramsey

• Before we launch full swing into the 1953 activities it might be interesting to reminisce over some of the events of 1952. Remember—the football players all wearing levis and ten-gallon hats in January after their return from the Salad Bowl at Phoenix — the Junior Prom with lovely Barb Payne reigning as queen — and that same week-end the Loyola-U. D. basketball game at Chicago Stadium with U. D. the victor by twenty points, and Bev and Pat's party afterward — how basketball fever caught the whole city when the Flyers once again went to the big city and the N. I. T. — especially when they completely outclassed second-seeded St. Louis U. — the disappointment when we lost to LaSalle in the finals — the deafening ovation given Monk at the close of his last home game — the Turnabout Tag and all the weird cosages present — the class picnics — the Senior Prom — Commencement and the reluctant farewells to a really great class.

The large freshman enrollment in September, with lots of girls for a change — homecoming with Marlene Fischer acting as queen, Marcia Gabriel as freshman attendant, and the football team winning a smashing victory over John Carroll — the presidential election and the excitement for some, disappointment for others, and the change for all that came simultaneously on Nov. 4th. — the Military Christmas Ball which was a big success.—And that just about brings us up-to-date. So as we look forward to what the balance of 1953 has in store for us we have lots of pleasant memories from 1952.

To elaborate a little on the Military Ball, the big event of the eve-

ning was the appearance of Santa Claus (Jim Raiff) who spread good cheer throughout the crowd. Others seen tripping the light fantastic were Pat Maloney and Karen Munn, Joe Niemann and Corda Sacksteder, Johnny Prosser and Sally Payne, Paul Hoberg and Shirley Gehring, Bob Basel and Lynda Smith, Larry Sorohan and Pauline Mitchell, Jim Striebel and Katie Jardine.

Didn't realize Bob Finke was such a maestro. Saw him after a recent B. B. game leading the singing with his Uke, while Ray O'Connor, Bill Entz, Ed Hoebich, and several others joined in. — Good to see so many of our recent grads in Dayton over Christmas vacation. Saw Ed Ednie, Gene Mauck, Jim Nyhan, and Jack Bramlage back on leave; Jerry Baujan, Dave Kelble, home from med school; Elmer Luthman home from Southern Cal. where he's studying for his masters. Nice to have them back with us for a while. — If you've been wondering why everyone is calling Pat Russell "puddles" just ask her what happened in the Holy Angels parking lot the night of the Fordham game. — We hear that Jim Naughton acted as waiter at a party given by his girl, Betty Umina; what a guy won't do for love! — Have you noticed that Gene Warning has been all smiles since vacation? Seems that Pat Dills isn't going back to B. W. next semester. We'll give them about a year! —

## STAR DUSTERS

There were quite a few engagements made during the holidays. Among those taking the big step are Johnny Hart and Marilyn Clingshirn, Jim Donnelly and Deiores Pohl, Jack Anderson and

Frances Shay, Jack Pfeiffer and Marilyn Myers, Jim Lemming and Doris Powell, Mike Long and Mary Ann Cummings, Ed Clemens and Marilyn Reilly. Congratulations and best wishes to all of you. — From the expressions on their faces New Year's Eve we'd guess that Joe Young and Marlene Fischer are looking forward to 1953 with great expectations!

The fellas might laugh about the girls' intramurals, but they aren't as tame as they're cracked up to be. One week brought a sprained ankle, a scratched eye, a fainting spell, and a broken ankle. Some of these gals aren't as harmless as they may seem!

We were all truly sorry to hear that Jimmy Akau had to leave U.D. because he was drafted. Hope he has the best of luck. We'll all miss him a lot around campus.

Congratulations to the basketball team and the great ball that they've been playing, especially such games as the Duquesne and La Salle games. Even though they lost to LaSalle they made everyone sit up and take notice as they matched the polished Explorers all the way for the first forty minutes. The team is bound to lose more games than it did last year since they've scheduled the roughest teams in the country. But they are playing heads-up ball, and everyone thinks that Blackburn has another "Cinderella Team." Good luck, fellas, for the balance of the season.

Don't forget the Junior Prom at Lakeside on January 16. Buddy Morrow, his orchestra and vocalists will provide the music, and to make the dance complete Corda Sack-

(Turn to Page 22)

# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• The first day back after the New Year and things looked pretty bright on the Hilltop (ice, snow, etc.). Classes started out on the right side as the 8:00 o'clock classes were dismissed. Then as the week progressed everything got back to normal and one sure thing was evident—the faculty certainly didn't make a New Year's resolution to lighten up on assignments and tests. Never saw so many term papers floating around and the library is doing a booming business.

Wedding bells will be ringing in the next couple months for a lot of U. D. students. Dick Durbin and Barbara Clark, and Bill Crotty and Marilyn Hauer are planning February and April weddings, respectively.

Becky Strominger believes in extending a helping hand. She did a fairly good paint job on the ceiling of the women's gym during class the other week. The prof didn't appreciate her talent though.

The jewelers had a big turnover of diamond rings this Christmas. Giving rings to their girls for Christmas were Ed Clemens, Jim Donnelly, Winnie Busillo, and John Hart.

Kramer's is really the place to go after basketball games. After the Fordham game Kramer's was really hopping. Laughing the evening away in the last booth were Don Dartt, Jolly Hayden, Pat Ramsey, Bev Whisler, Larry Sorohan, Pat Russell, and Jim Raiff. Also joining in the fun were Dick Daum, Dave Evans, and Larry Hussman.

New Year's Eve found U. D. representation at numerous parties and dances. Enjoying one party were John Chaney and Carol Stittgen, and Marlene Fischer and Joe Young.

The Coeds really got around during Christmas. Jackie Tangeman as

well as Carol Wehner enjoyed part of the holidays in Cleveland. Rosie Clayton seemed to have a liking for Cincinnati along with Marty McShane and Joannie Neuman.

Tom Volk, Bob Eilerman, and Charlie Nahn also had quite a party.

*Student Council Funnies:* When someone asked Pat Byrne how long it took the fellows to eat in the dining hall, he intelligently replied, "It all depends on what we have to eat." All the other fellows vouched for his statement.

Then someone suggested that mail boxes be put in each dorm so the boys wouldn't have to go so far to mail a letter. Katie Maraglou disagreed strongly and said, "Regular people have to walk to mail a letter." Really, Katie, they're not too irregular.

Not many coeds receive long distance calls for a date. The lucky girl was Shirley Rosenkranz. A certain someone called from New York to ask her for a New Year's Eve date.

Hear that Shirley Stemley had quite a party. Helping to make it a lively time were Steve Driscoll, Shiela Dougherty, Bob Peterson, Sue Kronauge, and Tom Dwyer.

Marcia Gabriel spent New Year's Eve in Piqua with Jim Schnippel—they really had some dandy parties in Piqua Marcia reports.

One of the government prospects had a Christmas party in the Student Union Building before the holidays. Some novel gifts were given to some of them. Peggy Gillespie's gift caused the greatest uproar—she was presented with *false* . . . teeth.

Question: Is Barbara Weber sure where the friendship ring came from that she is wearing on her left hand?

A holiday party headed by Gene Schamel was enjoyed by Bill Crotty and Marilyn Hauer, Thelma Romer and Dick Witt, Pat Maloney and Karen Munn, Jim Currin and Judy Lang, Marlene Fischer and Johnny Callahan, and Tony Kramer and Liz Schweir.

Hal Okita didn't quite make it home this Christmas but he did leave the Hilltop for a trip to New York.

Since the basketball team has taken to the road, our own alumnus, Bill Kehl, has been doing a tremendous job of relaying the play-by-play description of each game.

Before a recent home game which was a sellout, Chris Harris was heard trying to seek a general admission ticket which would be aside of the two tickets he already had purchased beforehand.

Bill Thesing, a helper in the Publicity office, has been spending his time doctoring up the measles. Hope you make it back for exams, Bill.

Joan Brennan should convince her cousin to attend U. D. Together they have an act with false teeth and eye glasses which is as good as any vaudeville act.

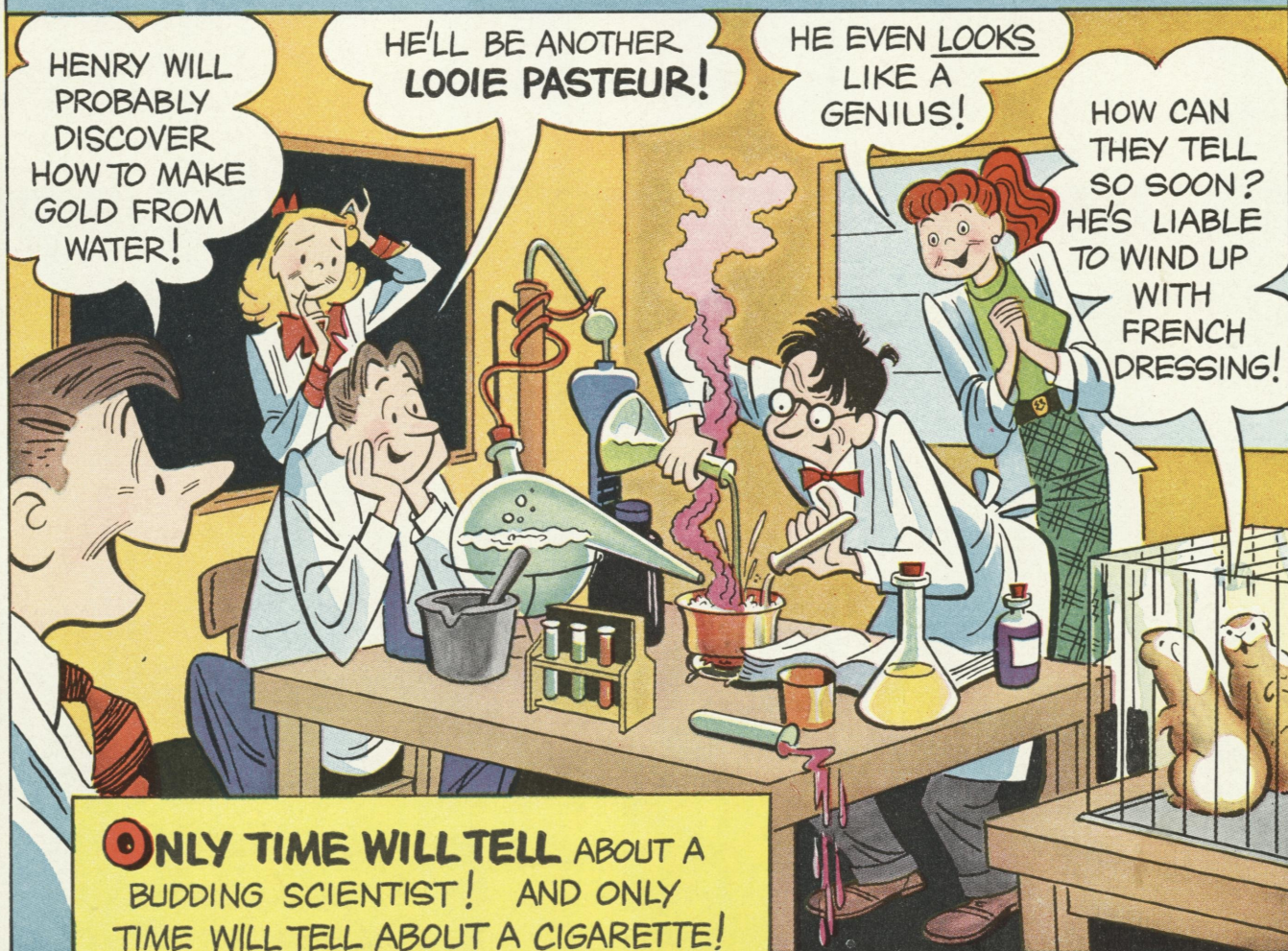
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boland (Shirley Dunham). Hear that they had a beautiful Christmas wedding.

Also congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Norris, Jr., on the birth of their eight-pound baby girl. Junior, you'll just have to wait till the next time for that outfielder.

Here is a chance for the students to show their loyal support to the basketball team. An excursion, sponsored by the Freshman Class, will be conducted to the U. D.-Xavier game, Sunday, January 18th. See you there.



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



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