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## University of Dayton Exponent, February 1953

University of Dayton

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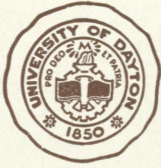
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# *University of Dayton*

## EXPONENT



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# University of Dayton

# EXPONENT

FEBRUARY, 1953

Volume 51 — No. 2

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## CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

U. D. LOOKS TO THE FUTURE, <i>by Bill Thesing</i> .....	3
THE CONQUEST OF THE MIAMI VALLEY, <i>by John Geiger</i> ....	5
THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY, <i>by Anthony Evers</i> .....	9
THE DIESEL ENGINE, <i>by Nelson Wolf</i> .....	10
DAYTON'S WATER . . . PRESENT AND FUTURE, <i>by Ernest Koerner</i> .....	11

### FICTION

THE DAREDEVIL, <i>by Don Bond</i> .....	4
PARENTS UNKNOWN, <i>by Gerald Heberle</i> .....	6
I'LL SEE HER AGAIN, <i>by Robert Nelson</i> .....	8
NOW OR NEVER, <i>by Marilyn Hauer</i> .....	13

### FEATURES

PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY, <i>by the Scribe</i> .....	2
EDUCATORS' NOOK, <i>by Janette Stetson and Jim Tieman</i> .....	15
HILLTOP CHATTER, <i>by Pat Ramsey and Marilyn Mergler</i> .....	23
KAMPUS KUTUPS .....	24

### EDITORIALS

JUBILEE COMMEMORATIONS, THE COMMONWEAL, A CULTURAL CRISIS, MUSINGS, <i>by James Gleason</i> .....	16
--	----

### COEDS' CORNER

VALENTINE DAY, 1953, <i>by Connie Maston</i> .....	18
THE INSIPID CREATURE, <i>by Carol Hilton</i> .....	18
SUBSTITUTION, <i>by Ann Anonymous</i> .....	19
GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS, <i>by Carolyn Metzger</i> .....	19

### VERSE

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD ACTOR, <i>by Ed Feidner</i> .....	12
PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND THEY SPELL SPINSTER, <i>by Joanne Combs</i> .....	12
SEASCAPE, <i>by Betty McAdam</i> .....	12
YESTERDAY, IN LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, <i>by Irmi Rauch</i> .....	12
NOVELLE, <i>by Tom Eshelman</i> .....	12

### PHOTOGRAPH

THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING BUILDING.....	Cover
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# Pencilings Along the Way

By The Scribe

• To help our memory we hold anniversaries of births, deaths, weddings, battles, peace treaties and other important events in the lives of people. This month we remember the birthdays of two of our great Americans. Washington won for us our independence and Lincoln saved the Union when it was in the throes of a Civil War. How much we revere the memory of these two men. Their deeds will always remain enshrined in the thoughts of Americans.

We love our wonderful country and we want the days of peace and prosperity to continue. This year we have a new president in Washington who will carry the responsibility of leading this nation through perilous times. Let us ask God to give him the qualities of the two great men that we honor this month, so that his term of presidency will be a bright page in the history of the United States, a page that will be recalled with gratitude by succeeding generations.

February is Catholic Press Month. Annually we have this bit of information dinned into our ears. By this time we know what the Catholic Press is and what it does for us. It is not sufficient to know what we can do to help the Catholic Press and what it will do for us. The question is what are we doing, or if we have not done much what will we do. And there are two things to do. Subscribe to some Catholic paper or magazine if we can do so financially and especially read the paper. We take medicines to stave off disease. Reading Catholic papers will help us to stave off spiritual shipwreck. Let us be mature in our thinking on this subject and do something.

The Blackfriars' Guild, located on West Fifty-seventh Street, is New York's only Catholic experi-

mental theater. During the months of February and March the Guild will stage "Angelic Doctor," a full-length original biographical play of St. Thomas Aquinas, written by Father Brendan Larnen, Dominican. Other biographical plays produced in the past by the Blackfriars include the lives of Mary of Magdalen, Blessed Martin de Porres, St. Paul and St. Augustine.

Seven years ago in Rome Pius XII created thirty-two new Cardinals. Last month in that same Rome the same Holy Father raised twenty-four prelates to the dignity of Prince of the Church. The number of Cardinals is now complete,



seventy. Since the naming of the new members before Christmas, one Cardinal-elect died and then the Pope substituted for the deceased Patriarch of Venice Archbishop Valerian Gracias of Bombay. Now there are twenty-eight countries represented in the Sacred College. The four Americans are: Cardinal Spellman of New York, Cardinal Mooney of Detroit, Cardinal Stritch of Chicago and Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles, the new American Cardinal.

The number seventy was decided for the College of Cardinals by Pope Sixtus in 1586. The present Holy Father gave consideration to enlarging the Sacred College but he said, "In the present circum-

stances it seemed to us, after careful consideration of the matter, to be inopportune to change the number."

Also the Holy Father regretted that he could not honor other members of the hierarchy with the red hat. "It would be most pleasant to Us to have raised to the same dignity others who are either near to Us or distant from Us." And another quotation from the Pope: "In choosing new Cardinals We were animated by this intention: namely, that as far as possible your Sacred College should be as it were, the living image of the entire Church of which it is the august senate. For the Catholic Church is foreign to no nation and no people and belongs to all and cherishes all with the same love and solicitude.

Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac of Zagreb in Yugoslavia and Archbishop Stefen Wyszyński, Primate of Poland, could not come to Rome to receive the red hat.

An interesting sidelight on the consistory is this. Two names that headed the list of new Cardinals in the Pope's mind were Monsignors Montini and Tardini, Vatican officials. Both pleaded personally and insistently not to be given the honor of Prince of the Church and finally the Pope acceded to their requests.

On the American Forum of the Air TV program, Clarence Hall, who is the executive editor of the Christian Herald, Protestant interdenominational monthly, published in New York calls those who produce salacious literature "a rampaging set of pornographic publishers."

A special House committee that recently investigated obscene literature recommended the establishing of self-imposed decency codes  
(Turn to Page 20)



# U. D. Looks to the Future

By Bill Thesing

• The only pattern for survival insofar as private colleges and universities are concerned, is labeled development.

The past several years have been marked with the endless story of private institutions closing their doors because of the high cost of operation. Others have cut expenditures to a bare minimum to maintain operation. Public institutions today, for the first time claim a larger enrollment than the private. The private schools, which in years gone by have educated an overwhelming majority of students, now educate only forty-eight percent of the men and women attending college.

The future of the private institution rests on the block, and the University of Dayton is no exception. U.D. in offering a private-school education has also tried to keep abreast of the public institutions in offering a curriculum as found in our big public universities.

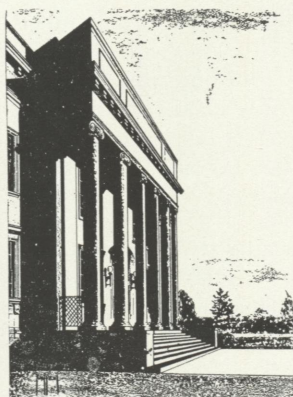
Realizing the present crisis, and the part it must play in the education of the youth of tomorrow, the University of Dayton has set up a full-scale Development Program to care for the needs.

The ideas of development had their birth back in the days of the roaring twenties. To the student of the early twenties, Mister University of Dayton unveiled a scene quite different from that of the present day. In fact, Mr. U.D. was just getting used to his new name back then with the change from old St. Mary's College to the University of Dayton—and development was not far behind.

Alumni Hall was the first on the list of new things to come to the campus, followed by the stadium, and the Albert Emanuel Library. The year 1935 marked the introduction of co-education to the campus. U.D. today, is the only

Catholic co-ed college west of the Appalachians and east of St. Louis.

The end of World War II marked a new beginning for the University. It was evident that new facilities were needed and expansion in many departments was a must. Temporary quarters were set up to help in this operation. The business annex, the chemistry annex, and the student union were all built to ease the pressure of the overcrowded facilities. The Field-



house, the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory and the ROTC Building were three major permanent additions in the post-war improvement program.

Today, the University is on the threshold of a new era of development. Under the direction of Brother Elmer Lackner, S.M., a formal development program has been set up. This program is designed first to satisfy the needs of the expected growth of the University within the next ten years; a longer range program is also in the making.

The necessity for this development program hinges on the need for additional facilities to care for the present student body, as well as to satisfy the prospects for the increased student body in the next ten years. Those prospects are very much in evidence today, and the Dayton Board of Education reports

that the number of high school grads in 1964 will more than double the number graduated last spring. There are presently over one thousand students from the Dayton area attending day school classes at the University, which means that in ten years U.D. can expect over two thousand students from this area alone. At this rate of increase, the U.D. of 1964 will claim between three thousand and four thousand students in their day school and an overall day and night division enrollment of some where in the neighborhood of seven thousand.

In keeping with this development program the University plans to expand its present curriculum by reactivating the graduate school and law school and expanding the present departments.

In order to set up an effective program, the Development committee has announced a two-fold program, emphasizing immediate needs and near future needs.

The immediate needs of the University deal for the most part with additional annual income sources necessary for operation at the present time. The present income from tuition alone is not sufficient to cover this cost. The tuition of the students covers approximately seventy percent of the cost of operation. Every student attending the University, therefore, is on somewhat of a part scholarship. University officials believe that the raising of tuition would eliminate many from a college education because of its cost.

The burden of increasing costs has affected the U.D. primarily in its faculty personnel. The present faculty is made up of only thirty-three percent religious (non-salaried) members as compared to the ninety percent religious faculty of

(Turn to Page 20)



# The Daredevil

By Don Bond

• It was three days after graduation from grammar school that seven of the grads decided to go to Coney Island. They weren't so interested in the rides, except maybe the roller-coaster, called the Shooting Star; they wanted to swim in Sunlite pool. There is an irresistible attraction to this pool. Its water is as blue as the zenith of a clear sky, and more refreshing than a bottle of beer after a hard day's work. Being the world's largest recirculating pool, its healthful cleanliness allures many swimmers; these seven lads were among them. In fact, they were the first to file past the turnstiles whose chromium plate shone under the hot morning sun.

After a rapid change and a quick shower, Bob, Joe, and Tom led the other four through the alleyway which opened into the pool area. There were shouts intermingled with the dispute whether they should stick together and recreate in the play area or first take a swim. After three brief rebuttles, Bob spoke up, "Let's swim for about an hour while we have the pool to ourselves and then we can play on the beach or in the game area." All agreed.

Bob was a fellow who had a good head on his shoulders; he received top honors at the graduation exercises. When he spoke the rest of the group gave him a good ear, not only because of his brains, but because he had a good-natured personality. He was not the toughest guy in the group, nor was he the weakest. He was well-built, stocky, standing about five feet, seven inches, but his very light complexion, white hair and pale blue eyes gave him an appearance of effeminacy, which was not part of his character at all.

Joe Marcus, on the other hand, was about the most stupid student

to receive a diploma that year, and, without exaggerating, I might add, for many years to come. School for him was an excruciating struggle, and often he succumbed to its hardships. Intellectually, Joe was a flop; personally, he was a good guy. He didn't have the leadership qualities which Bob possessed, but he was a good follower. His husky body gave him a mark of superiority on the athletic field. Football and softball were his mainstays, and his enthusiasm, linked with his bodily physique and playing ability, put him quite a few notches above his class. He never played the part of a cockney, and this is why he was so well liked by his classmates.

Bob and two comrades headed for the diving boards, while Joe and the others splashed through the shallow water to the twenty-five-foot slide. Each group played in their part of the pool, creating merriment with water-fights, duckings, and the like.

Within an hour, a considerably larger group of swimmers and sunbathers had flocked into the pool area. The line going up the step of the slide had to wait about fifteen minutes between slides. This slide, standing like a forest-guard outpost, was an ideal thing for young children. It brought them zipping down into the four feet of water with a thrill which they could never experience in a playground slide. Many older folks, and I dare say grandmothers, were drawn towards this object of child's play to be rejuvenated, at least in spirit if not in body. Our impetuous youths, however, did not like the intermission which the long line afforded the "grandmothers" to catch their breath, and so they went to join the group over by the diving boards. Bob and his fellow-divers were likewise becoming irritated

because they had to wait so long before they could dive. They, therefore, agreed to go over to the play area for a game of volley-ball with a few people who were trying to inaugurate a game before it got too hot.

The seven youths, in a hurry to get the game under way, readily agreed to play the six others who had banded together in an effort to round up some players. Joe soon put his height, six feet, two inches, to good advantage and led his team-mates to a twenty-one to sixteen victory in a peppy game. They played their vanquished opponents in a return match to give them a chance to redeem themselves. This time the tables were turned and the panting, sweaty seven were trounced by the wide margin of twenty-one to eleven.

By this time, Mr. Sun was emitting his scorching rays and the bare feet of the players were dancing on the dirt court to keep from being fried. The contestants unanimously agreed to go back in swimming for a while to cool off before eating their picnic lunches.

They took the required shower to cleanse their sweaty bodies before going back into the purified water. They stayed together this time, and all went over to the diving boards. Bob and a couple others dove off a few times, while Joe contented himself with sitting on the pipe railing that circumvented the whole pool. He was still somewhat exhausted from the strenuous game, which he had played with much exuberance. Two other tired players sat on either side of him and watched the divers who were "putting on the dog" before a few spectators. In his turn, Bob dove off with a splash that nearly emptied the pool. If you can envision a cow diving off a board, then you know how Bob dives. Since they were poor, or, at most, mediocre divers, they wouldn't venture to dive from anything higher than the three-foot springboard.

Joe had been admiring some of the young men who were diving off  
(Turn to Page 21)



# The Conquest of the Miami Valley

By John L. Geiger

• Forty years ago this March twenty-fifth one of the nation's major disasters occurred in southwest Ohio. Flood waters of the Stillwater, Mad, and Miami Rivers inundated many sections of the Miami Valley. The City of Dayton counted its losses in more than three hundred deaths and greater than an estimated \$100,000,000 property damage. People throughout the country thought that Dayton and the Miami Valley could never recover from the paralyzing disaster. It was also said that there was slim hope for continued existence of any community in constant menace of devastating floods.

The people of Dayton thought differently about the flood situation. A campaign for funds to make a preliminary survey netted \$2,160,000 within two weeks. The city secured the services of an outstanding engineer on flood control, Arthur E. Morgan, who associated with himself Daniel W. Mead, a renowned hydraulic engineer, Sherman M. Woodward, professor of hydraulics at the University of Iowa, and John W. Alvord, an internationally known engineer of Chicago.

It was recognized from the start that this was an area problem rather than a local one, hence, the Miami Conservancy District was established to coordinate effort and work on this common project.

After due study, Morgan and his associates presented a work program that included:

- 1) a series of retaining dams;
- 2) Improvement of river channels; and,
- 3) The construction of levees in cities wherever needed.

This plan met with approval and the work of the conservancy commenced without delay.

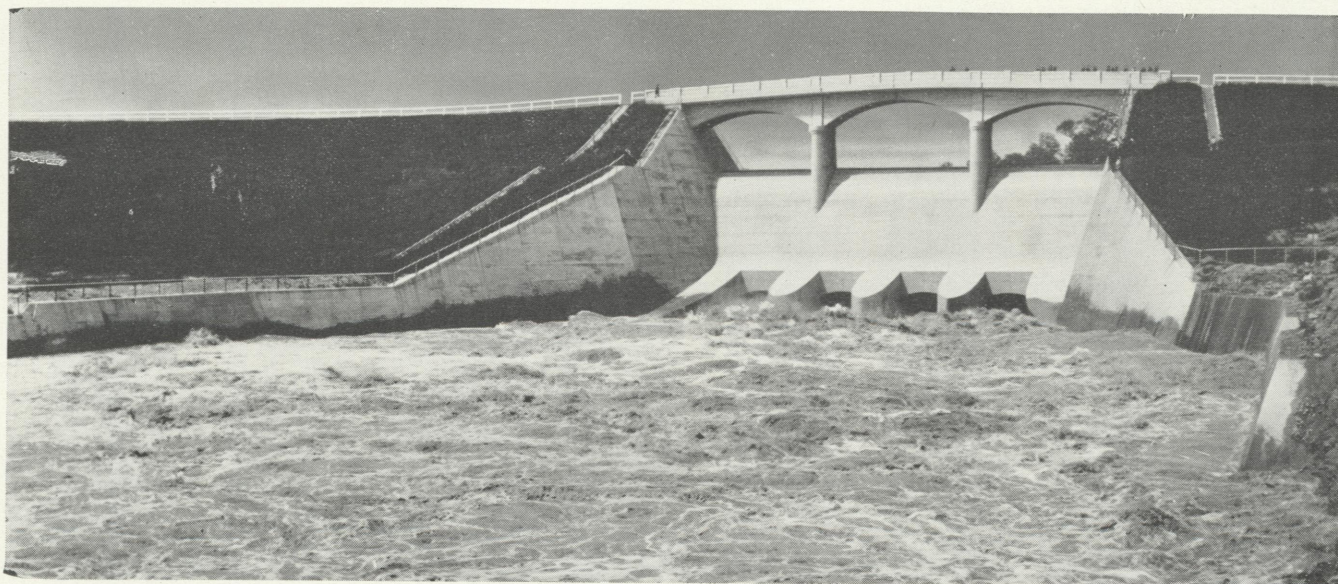
The topography of the Miami Valley proved favorable to the construction of the dams. The Valley lies about two hundred feet below the surrounding plateau which covers most of the state. Sections of this natural depression could readily be used to retain the waters of excessive rainfalls or melting snows during flood seasons.

The dams, five in number, were constructed with earth from the surrounding moraines which is of

excellent quality for the molding of dams. High pressure water was directed against the earth to form a flowing mixture of water, ground, and stone. This mixture was led to the site of the dam through a system of sluices and then pumped onto the dam. As the water drained off, the dam grew in width and height to the calculated dimensions. The fill was placed near the outside of the dam where the heavier and coarser material remained and the finer material drained with the water towards the center of the dam to form its core. A total of thirteen million cubic yards of earth were moved in the construction of these dams. This method of dam construction is known as hydraulic filling.

Each dam is designed with a concrete spillway and conduit pipes in the base of the spillway to release the trapped water in the reservoir at a steady discharge rate. At crest water stage the water discharges through the conduit pipes with a velocity of forty to fifty feet per second. If unchecked, this high velocity of discharge would score the channel beyond the spillway

*(Turn to Page 21)*



*Huffman Dam — (Courtesy of the Dayton Chamber of Commerce)*



# Parents Unknown

By Gerald Heberle

• In the cold, gray gloom of early dawn a man walked rapidly through the streets of a mid-western city. A foggy mist dampened the atmosphere and glistened on the deserted streets. It was early October, and a chill breeze cut through the man's worn, patched clothing. His hasty footsteps echoed off the walls of the silent stores in the downtown district. From time to time he glanced nervously at his cheap pocket watch and cursed its well-known inaccuracy. He walked with his head down, scarcely aware of his surroundings, absorbed in his own thoughts.

"I must get there in time," he murmured to himself. "This is my last chance. The old woman is the only one who knows the answer."

The department stores and office buildings disappeared around him. The man was entering a residential district which once had been wealthy and exclusive but had declined with the passing of time. Huge, old stone mansions lined the street like monuments in a graveyard — mute, silent symbols of a dead, departed past. Soon he came to one mansion even more dilapidated than the others. He turned off the walk and leaped up the cracked, broken steps, stumbling in his haste. He pounded the big brass knocker on the door loudly, impatiently, insistently. He was trembling, but not from the cold. Again he hammered the knocker until the corners of the house must have rung with his demand for entrance. He was still knocking when the door was swung slowly inward, and a tall, severe, grayhaired woman stared at him in annoyance.

"Oh, so it's you," she rasped. "What do you want?"

"I've got to see the old lady. I heard she was sick, and she has to tell me something before . . . before something happens to her."

"You're too late; she died last night!"

She continued speaking, but the man could not hear a word. He was numbed and paralyzed by the shock of her first sentence.

"Too late, too late, too late." The words repeated themselves over and over again. His mind rebelled and forced them out, but they returned to mock him. "Too late, too late." He clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the sound, but he could not shut out the working of his own mind.

The woman noted his agitation and smiled contemptuously.

"You were born in this house thirty years ago, and that old woman lying up there was the only one present. She told me all about you, how you never amounted to anything, always drinking and getting into trouble."

He raised his head, a spark of hope faintly glowing in his eyes.

"She told you everything she knew about me? She told you everything? Did she tell you . . .?"

He was interrupted by a burst of cackling laughter.

"Ha, ha ha. Did she tell me who your father was? Ha, ha, ha. Did she tell me whether your father and mother were married?"

The woman saw the pain in his eyes and twisted the knife in the wound, glorying in the feeling of power and importance it gave her.

"No," she shouted. "No, she never told me that, and she was the only person who knew it. She took your precious secret to the grave with her. Bring her back from the dead," she shrieked, "Bring her back from the dead and ask her whether you're legitimate or whether you're a . . ."

He rushed from the house, too terrified to wait for the last word. Down the broken steps he ran and down the sidewalk, heedless of where he went, so long as it was away from that awful house. He ran on, alone and unseen, until he could run no more. He sank to the curb, exhausted by his ordeal. He put his face in his hands and sobbed for lack of breath. A few people began to leave their houses now, and they smiled knowingly at the flushed, disheveled figure on the curb.

"Must really be down and out. Wonder what happens to a man to put him on the skids like that. He sure tied one on last night to land here in the gutter."

As quickly as they passed him, they dismissed him from their minds. Drunks were common enough; they had their own problems to consider. Neighbors greeted each other and went on. Cars whipped down the street, clashed, and honked at each other. The streets became crowded, and the city began to hum. The man still sat on the curb, long after he had recovered his breath. People passed him by, too absorbed in themselves to care about a ragged bum who had nowhere to go and nothing to do.

The morning wore on, and the streets became quiet as the inhabitants commenced the routine of the day. The man's watch said eight-thirty, and he mentally added forty-five minutes to that. Suddenly a car drove past, stopped, and backed up in front of him. He glimpsed a uniform cap and a bright, gold badge.

"I was just resting, officer. No, I don't have a job here; I'm from out of town. Oh, I'm not a vagrant; I have some money. See, here's my wallet."

The cop nodded, and the car drove on, leaving behind a shaken man, torn with despair and indecision. All his life he had searched for the answer to his one, burning question. Just as he had reached the end of the hunt, he was a few hours too late. His last hope was



gone; gone; he would not know. He could never be sure for the rest of his life.

He shook his head impatiently, but he could not free his mind from the thought. Never to know the identity of his father; whether his parents had been married; whether he was the child of a momentary act of passion; whether he bore the stigma for a sin of his parent.

He arose hastily, aware that this train of thought was dangerous. Once before he had attempted his own life, but he had been drunk then. The memory of that failure and the consequent humiliation added heat to the searing flame within him. He began to walk, slowly at first, but faster as the exercise warmed his chilled body. For a long time he wandered aimlessly through the city, caring little what lay before, obsessed by what lay behind. Little episodes in his life returned to him as he walked. He remembered the times in the orphanage when all the other children had been visited by their relatives and friends. He alone had had no one to come for him, his mother dead from the day of his birth, his father unknown. The orphanage had accepted him as a charity case and had treated him pretty well. He had lived happily, except on the visiting days when his lonely, outcast position was emphasized.

He remembered the times he had looked for a job—the times when he dreaded filling out the inevitable questionnaire. Once he had made up a name and put it in as his father. He chuckled with satisfaction as he remembered how he had fooled them. They never checked those things.

He remembered drifting from job to job, place to place, as the people around him came to know him. They were always asking him questions, trying to find out things. When they got nosy he always moved on. It was a lousy way to live, but he thought it was better than having them find out.

"Find out what?" he asked himself. "That's what I want to do —

find out. I wish they could find out."

The little joke seemed to break through his gloomy mood. He grinned inwardly, surprised to find he could still laugh.

He was suddenly hungry, so he hunted for a place to eat. He found a little bar downtown and had dinner. After a moment's hesitation he ordered a beer, knowing the dark shadows that alcohol cast over his mind, remembering how his problems grew and grew as he drank more and more. He smiled again at his private joke and dismissed these thoughts from his mind. The beer tasted good, and he ordered another. The second went down smoother than the first, and he had another and another and another. He sat in the bar for the rest of the afternoon, and a gradual change came over him. He was cheerful and almost gay at first, but he became morose and sullen and ugly as time passed. At last he got up to leave, and a young couple brushed against him at the door.



*Illustration by Bette Osweiler*

"Watch where you're going," he snarled, scarcely able to control himself. He bulled out through the door and walked the city sidewalks for the fourth time that day. Self-pity swept over him, and he began to recall all sorts of slights and insults, real or imagined, that people had given him. He raked over his past life mercilessly, hunting for incidents to torture himself with. He studied them, savored them, taking an odd satisfaction in the misery and self-contempt he felt.

The man came to a small park that bordered the river that flowed through the center of town. He

seated himself on a park bench overlooking the stream, and he felt a little sick from the beer he had drunk. The pain and disturbance in his stomach intensified the terrible convulsions of his spirit. He gave himself over to the dark, dangerous musings that had spurred him all day. The sadness and bitterness and hate that years of self-persecution had fostered welled up within him.

Beside the bench a large bridge spanned the river, and crowds of people hurried across it after the day's work. The man looked at them, and he saw all the people who had hurt and humiliated him. He hated them, and he envied them for their poise, their security, their normalcy. He hated them all, and he wished that they could bear his problems. If only they were in his place they wouldn't be so smug and self-satisfied. If they had problems they couldn't solve, they wouldn't do so well either.

Could he but have known it, the people on the bridge saw the man on the bench in exactly the same light. They thought, "It must be nice to sit in a park all day and not have to work or worry. No job, no family, nothing to tie you down. Look at that guy, not a care in the world."

But the man could not know this. He could only know the awful torment inside him. He saw more and more people on the bridge, and his misery grew greater and greater until it seemed to burst the confines of his being. He felt he had to do something to show them how much he despised them and their stupid ways. The last barrier had been broken, and all reason was gone, and his body was driven by thirty years of pent-up frustration and antagonism. He ran out on the bridge, screaming wild, incoherent curses at everyone in his path. His face was distorted with maniacal fury, and everyone fled from his approach. He stopped in the middle of the bridge and shouted, "I hate all of you. You can't hurt me any more. You can't . . . And he turned and leaped into space.

*(Turn to Page 22)*



# I'LL See Her Again

By Robert Nelson

• One afternoon in mid-November, Mom said that she felt ill and wished to lie down. My sisters, Alice, the older, and Wilma, the younger, cooked the supper. After the meal, Mom looked worse. Alice suggested that Doctor Allen, the family physician, be called. Mom finally gave in, and when the doctor arrived and examined her, he said that she should rest for a few days. One cause for her illness might have been the absence of my brother who had joined the Navy. The next morning Mom was much worse, and Doctor Allen said that she would have to be operated on for gall stones. My father called for the priest to give Mom Communion and hear her Confession. Wilma met the priest at the front door with a lighted candle, because he was carrying Jesus. I sat down on a chair and proceeded to watch the bedroom door, and after what seemed an eternity to my small mind, Father appeared and motioned us in.

The ambulance arrived a few moments afterwards. The men did their best when they put Mom on the stretcher, but I could tell that she was suffering plenty. I asked Alice if I could ride in the ambulance, but she replied that I had better stay home. I didn't like to miss a ride in an ambulance, but I missed Mom even more. The operation was performed that morning.

A few friends of ours met at our house, and Mrs. Flannigan and I led the rosary for Mom's recovery. The first time I saw her after the operation she looked a little sleepy. The nurse said that this was because she wasn't over the effects of the gas yet. She held me tight though. I put my head in her arms. I didn't cry. I just said over and over again, "Please, Jesus, make Mom well again."

Someone of us went down to the hospital every night to see her.

The Sisters at St. Gabriel's School were praying for her recovery, too. They said that it was all right for me to do just a little homework on the night that I went down to see her.

This went on for about a month and a half when all of a sudden I was afraid that she would die. One Wednesday night in January, I walked into Mom's room. I stopped short; there was something black around her mouth. It was an oxygen mask and it made a hissing sound when she exhaled. I ran over and kissed her on her cheek, thinking that she was dying. I asked the nurse why Mom had to wear that ugly thing; I didn't like the looks of it nor the hissing sound. The nurse smiled and said that my mother was breathing oxygen; it would make her well faster. I watched Mom awhile and she was grinning about the antics of my sisters who were talking to her in sign language, although she could hear all right. Then I walked out of the room.



The odor of ether and alcohol and the immaculate cleanliness of the hospital permeated the corridors. All I could think of was that Mom couldn't breathe right and when that happens, the person dies, and that I would never see her again. I sat down on a couch and began to cry. People were staring at me.

In a few moments the nurse turned the corner and saw me. She smiled and asked me why I was crying. I told her.

She said, "Your mother isn't going to die. I'm ashamed of you, crying like that. Now dry your tears and smile."

I dried my tears and my smile was the best I ever had for Mom. I was still worried. Mom said that I must pray to God that she would get well. I answered that I already did that but I would pray harder.

Everything went fine for a few weeks. Bill, my brother, was given a leave to come home from the Naval Training Camp at Great Lakes, Michigan, because of Mom's condition. Did I say fine? Everything went fine, all except for Mom. She didn't seem to show much improvement.

One Sunday Mom was in a pretty bad condition, and two of the Sisters from school visited her. They began to pray the rosary, with everyone present joining in. When Bill and I arrived, Alice told him that Mom was delirious. I asked Bill who delirious was? He said it wasn't a person but a condition. Mom couldn't recognize people; she didn't even know me when I walked up to her bed. She just mumbled things and looked around in a limpid stare. A priest came in ever so often. The doctors said that she would have spells like this but that she should get over them.

At 5:30 that evening, Alice and Wilma took me home. They called up some close friends, the Elmlingers, and asked them if I could stay down there for the night. They said that they would be glad to help.

I was frightened the next morning when I woke up. I didn't recognize the surroundings; then I remembered where I was. After I had washed and dressed I went down to the kitchen to eat. Mrs. Elmlinger fried some eggs and bacon. She didn't say much but she tried to smile.

(Turn to Page 20)



# The Age of Electricity

By Anthony Evers

• Television, radio, motion pictures, electric lights, washing machines, telephones — what would our lives be like if it were not for these and the many other comforts, conveniences, and necessities operated by electricity? Electricity — which so many of us take for granted so often during the course of a single day — how is it brought into our homes, our schools, our stores, and our factories? From where does it come?

Seventy-five years ago, in 1878, Thomas Edison began the development of a practical incandescent lamp. One year later the incandescent electric lamp became an established fact. Because there was no method of transmitting the electricity necessary for its practical application, humanity was denied its use. To remedy this situation, Edison conceived the idea of a central station, generating electricity to be distributed over a wide area. In 1882, he established the first central station plant in the country, in New York City, which served homes and stores in its immediate area.

In 1883, in the Dayton, Ohio, area the generation of electricity was begun in a combination water-power and steam-driven generating station on Lehman Street, now Riverview Avenue. This plant, which had an original capacity of two hundred and nineteen arc lamps, was followed in 1887 by an all steam-driven plant located at the site of the present Fourth Street substation. In 1906, the station on East Third Street at Webster, which furnished light, power, and steam heating to downtown Dayton, was erected.

In 1911, The Dayton Power and Light Company was organized and it purchased the properties of the two pioneer companies which owned the existing generating stations in the city. The Frank M. Tait Station, whose four smokestacks may be viewed in the south-western

skyline from the campus of the University, was constructed in 1918 with an original generating capacity of twenty-five thousand kilowatts. As the city grew and expanded, the demand for electrical service for residential and industrial use increased rapidly. Additional generators were added at the Tait Station to meet this demand until today its capacity has been increased to two hundred and twenty thousand kilowatts.

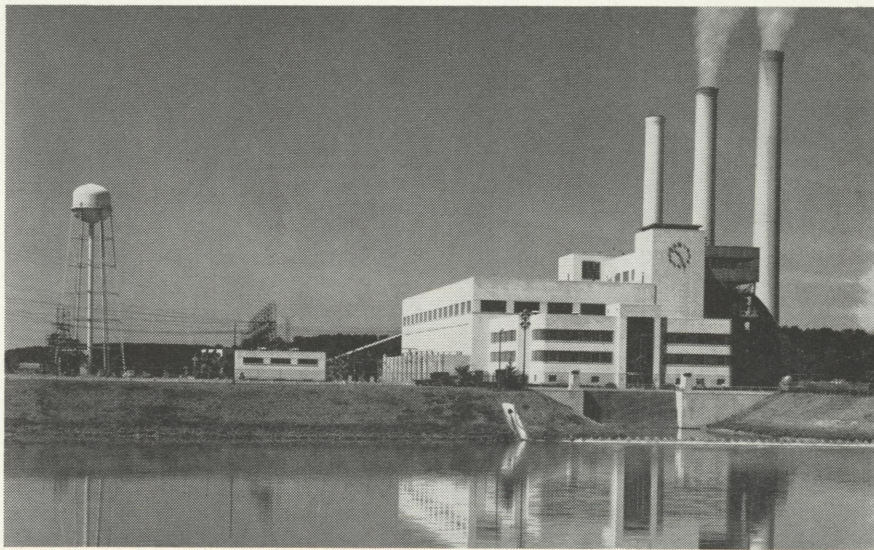
Construction of the O. H. Hutchings Station, located south of Miamisburg on the Miami River, was begun in 1946. When completed, the station will house six sixty thousand kilowatt generators. The fifth generator was put into service last November and the sixth and final one is expected to be put into operation this year. Upon completion, this modern station will have cost approximately forty-seven million dollars.

Electricity is generated from coal which is delivered to the yard outside the generating station. The yard at the O. H. Hutchings Station accommodates one hundred railroad cars and has space for storing two hundred thousand tons of

coal. The coal is unloaded into steel hoppers where the coal is fed to the conveyor belt. This belt carries the coal to a crusher, from which it is transferred on another belt to huge bunkers high up in the station. The crushed coal moves down through scales, where it is weighed, and then to the pulverizers, where it is ground as fine as powder.

The pulverized coal is mixed with air and blown into the furnace where it burns in suspension, changing into a gas. Heat from this combustion converts the water in the boilers to steam. Steam, under high pressure and temperature, enters the turbine and expands through a series of blades. As the blades spin, they cause the generator to revolve, producing electricity. After the steam has expended its energy it leaves the turbine and passes into a condenser where it is changed back into water. It is then pumped back into the boiler again where it repeats the cycle.

Each of the turbines requires about forty-three thousand gallons of condensing water a minute  
(Turn to Page 22)



*The O. H. Hutchings Station*



# The Diesel Engine

By Nelson Wolf

• Dr. Rudolph Diesel suggested in 1892 an engine capable of burning coal dust. In theory, this engine was to be similar to the Otto cycle engine, differing therefrom in the higher compression ratios used and in the admission of air only into the cylinder on the suction stroke. Diesel knew that if air were compressed rapidly its temperature could be raised to such a value as to cause spontaneous ignition of any fuel that might be introduced into the cylinder. His first thought was to time the injection of the fuel to give constant temperature burning, but this proved impracticable. His next attempt was to time the injection of the fuel under constant pressure combustion conditions which proved to be successful.

The thermal efficiency of the diesel engine is higher than that of any other commercial prime mover. The diesel engine is built in many sizes with a wide range of horsepower. This country produces diesel engines with piston diameters of three to thirty-two inches and with speeds ranging from one hundred to four thousand r.p.m. while delivering from three to eight thousand five hundred brake horsepower.

The diesel engine can be put to varied uses and applications. The compression ignition engine, as the diesel engine is also known, is preferred to the spark ignition engine for marine purposes because of its reduced fire hazard. The diesel engine is used in heavy duty transportation, such as trucks and buses, where the cost of operation per mile is of economic importance. The diesel engine is fast replacing the steam locomotive in rail travel as part of the smoke abatement program established in various cities. There is a distinct economic advantage gained in using diesel power in power plants below ten thousand kw capacity due to the

high thermal efficiency of the diesel engine as a prime mover.

The diesel cycle of operation, as previously stated, is somewhat different from that of the Otto cycle. Combustion occurs at constant pressure in the former, while burning takes place at constant volume in the latter with compression ratios of 12:1 to 18:1 in the diesel engine as compared with the maximum compression ratio in the neighborhood of 7:1 in the Otto cycle engine.

In the four stroke diesel cycle the following processes occur:

- 1) air is drawn into the cylinder on the suction stroke;
- 2) this air is compressed on the compression stroke with a resulting rise in temperature;
- 3) fuel is injected into the cylinder during part of the expansion stroke at such a rate as to maintain constant pressure burning conditions; and,
- 4) the burned gases are purged from the cylinder during the exhaust stroke.

Combustion in the compression ignition engine is considered to take place in four stages, viz., the ignition delay stage, the rapid pressure rise stage, the controlled or constant pressure stage, and, the burning during the expansion stroke stage. Ignition delay includes both the physical delay and the chemical delay; the former is the time elapsed between the injection of the fuel and chemical reaction conditions, and the latter, the elapsed time between the start of chemical reaction and ignition. Ignition in the CI engine takes place anywhere in the cylinder where the proper air-fuel ratio and kindling temperature exist. There may be several ignition points within the mass of the heterogeneous mixture constituting the

charge at the same time resulting in a rapid pressure rise in the cylinder. Combustion of the fuel charge is completed during part of the expansion or power stroke.

The various types of CI engines built today differ mostly in the design of the combustion chamber and the injection equipment. A study of the different types of diesel engines revolves mainly around the design and operation of the combustion chamber.

## *The Open Chamber Diesel Engine*

Fuel is injected directly into the combustion chamber of this type of diesel engine. Turbulence within the chamber is caused by the velocity of the incoming air on the intake stroke. Since turbulence caused in this manner is largely damped out on the compression stroke the injection system must be designed to produce a homogeneous air-fuel mixture. This is accomplished by a nozzle of four or more orifices that produces a chamber-shaped spray. Injection pressure is very high.

The advantages of the open chamber diesels are as follows: high thermal efficiency, low fuel consumption, low temperatures, fewer maintenance problems, and ease of starting. Its disadvantages include limitation to lower speeds and high injection pressure.

## *The Precombustion Chamber Diesel Engine*

With this engine, the fuel is first injected into an antechamber wherein the initial shock of combustion tends to be imprisoned and then serves as a nozzle to expel the partially burned fuel into the main combustion chamber. In this engine a greater range of fuels can be used, low injection pressure keeps maintenance at a minimum, and low cylinder pressures result in long bearing life. This engine is

(Turn to Page 25)



# Dayton's Water - Present and Future

By Ernest Koerner

• A friend of mine told me an amusing incident about his small daughter who, when asked "What is water?" replied, "It's what comes out when I open the faucet." This set me a-thinking about how much we take for granted concerning our water supply systems and the services they render.

We have to be deprived of some things to realize what they mean to us. Most people never give thought to the conditions that would exist if our city water works were permanently discontinued and no water would flow from "the faucet when opened."

For me, living conditions would be quite different without a municipal water system. First, I would have to find a source of safe water, for I could not live many days without it. I would be obliged either to drill a well, or collect rain water, or carry water from a spring or a stream. At best, these methods of getting water mean expense or bothersome effort. Further, there would be no definite assurance that I would not be exposed to typhoid or other water-borne diseases which formed such a scourge but a few generations ago.

I would have to arrange for the disposal of the sewage of my household. Again, I would run into added expense besides experiencing probable unpleasant living conditions. Imagine such a situation in crowded city areas.

Should my house catch fire, there would be less chance of saving it and the surrounding dwellings from the devastating flames. My family would not be safe nor would my sleep be peaceful. Because of increased fire risks my insurance rate would increase, probably more than my present total water bill. The advantages of good water services are obvious.

Perhaps we have allowed the many years of water flowing from

the faucet dull our appreciation of a service that is so vital to our civilization and so necessary for the comfort, health, and safety of community living.

Communities obtain their water either from streams, lakes, or from wells. Water from the first sources is known as surface water and that coming from the latter sources, as underground or artesian water.

The City of Dayton's water comes from underground sources. Its water is obtained from sunken wells that range from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth. These wells are of two types. The older wells have eight-inch pipes connected in groups to a single pumping station. Later ones are drilled with larger shafts and are operated by individual pumps. The wells are located in the gravel deposits of the Mad River valley which is of glacial origin and through which flows the underground "Hamilton River." Contact with the underlying limestone deposits accounts for the hardness of these waters.

The well pumps feed into a seven foot concrete conduit which leads the water to a reservoir at the main station where chlorination eliminates harmful bacteria. Pumps at the main station discharge the treated water into cast iron feeder

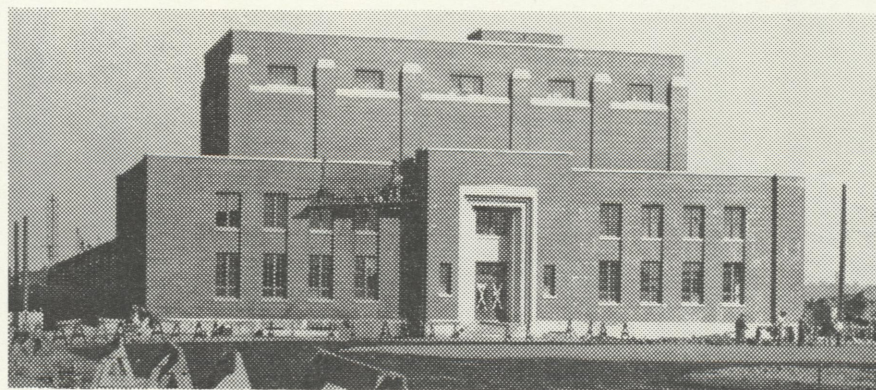
lines that are connected to the city's distribution system.

At the present time, the City of Dayton is completing the construction of a water softening plant. This plant which begins operation shortly has a rated capacity of ninety-six million gallons per day. The city's current consumption of water averages forty-eight million gallons. Dayton has planned wisely in that the water softening plant is capable of meeting future requirements up to double its present residential and industrial needs.

Dayton's untreated water has a hardness averaging about twenty grains of calcium carbonate per gallon. The water softening plant will reduce this hardness to about eight grains per gallon. A person can readily see and appreciate the tremendous job the water softening plant accomplishes when treating fifty million gallons of water per day.

Water softening is the term applied to those chemical processes that remove completely or partially reduce the calcium and magnesium ions of raw water, the main causes of water hardness. The water treatments are both varied and numerous. The following is a brief outline of the operation of Dayton's water softening plant.

*(Turn to Page 20)*



*Dayton's New Filtration and Water Softening Plant*



# The Poetry Page



Edited by TOM ESHELMAN

## On the Death of an Old Actor

My first intent had been to image all I saw,  
And that was *what all men are*. Perchance  
I mocked a few who needed mocking, and sought  
To immortalize that which remained deserving  
Of immortality; still, there is guilt in  
So presuming to live unfulfilled, a man and  
Not yet one man; seeking excellence in being  
Other than one's self. Who, I ask now, shall I be?

Yet long strides across a wooden world took me  
To more lands than my poor eyes would reach  
Otherwise, and much I've learned of what I might  
Have been had I not seen and made believe  
That I were all of men. Now I may find a better  
Grave than they when once I lie in death *extempore*.

—Ed Feidner.

## Put Them All Together They Spell Spinster

"Oh Mother," how gaily I cried my joy;

"See John, is he not a dear!

"And Mother," I said, "The darling boy  
Will wed me within a year."

And you smiled a motherly smile,

And insisted "Your hero's handsome mien

Hides more than your infant eyes have seen.

Confide in your mother a while."

And mother you certainly must recall

How Michael had sought so long

My hand to prize, and my heart enthrall

With a ring, and his heart, and a song.

And you smiled a motherly smile,

And explained "In wooing there's always a song,

And the ring is made from an old brass gong,

But trust in your mother a while.

And then when Harold had yearned to be

A slave to my small demesne,

And said I might live forever free

From care save but to reign;

Again you smiled a motherly smile,

And whispered "Tis old as the oldest hill,

The promise of Man that he can't fulfill.

Dwell yet with your mother a while.

Today dear Mother I'll not refuse  
Whoever should want my hand,  
So I'll limp to the beach in my old black shoes,  
And weep on the lonely strand.

And you smile a motherly smile  
And say "If in passing you meet Doctor Skinner,  
Invite him again for Sunday dinner,  
For your Mother has yet but a while."

—Joanne Combs.

## Seascape

On the wide span of the ocean, a ship  
White sails lifted with the wind,  
Sailed silently, eagerly toward the unknown.  
It dipped and rose, dipped and rose  
With the smooth caressing waves,  
Onward toward the horizon.  
The bow lifted with the force of a wave  
And plunged downward,  
Spraying the deck to rustic bronze.

—Betty McAdam

## Yesterday, in Looking Out the Window

Yesterday, in looking out the window  
The whole world seemed like a glass globe.  
Trees were spreading their bare wintry branches,  
Reluctant to the icy rain  
Which, encrusting them with its lustrous glaze,  
Made all nature appear unreal.

Late afternoon, the sun having appeared,  
Cast her warm beams like fairies' wands  
Causing the frosty branches to sparkle  
As sequins in a fantasy.  
So hoped the Divine Artist to wake us  
To His unnoticed creation. — A Real Fairyland.

—Irmi Rauch.

## Novelle

Joseph knelt by the rushing current,  
Gently chiding the small eddies  
Which stole bits of earth from the  
Bank beneath him.

His long golden hair flowed into  
The stream, and he thought the  
River not envious of the delicate  
Tresses which shamed its own grandeur.

Joseph thought the river undesiring,  
Unlike Man, whose candor is false,  
And whose tender stroking advantages  
A vicious grasp.

And Joseph's hair grew until,  
Once gently rinsing in the eddies,  
It now followed the tiny, stolen  
Earth clods into the seaward race.

Joseph slid silently into the flume,  
Still thinking the river  
Unjealous, till he was in the stream,  
Now helping to steal the earth from Man.

—Tom Eshelman



• For eight days now everybody was holding everything inside. The tension was due for a break; it came. And this five-foot fox hole was no place for seven men to let their tensions break all at once. There had been an uneasy lull for two hours now, and we took turns at trying to catch up on sleep we hadn't had for a week. Ken dozed off in a sitting position, his head resting on hard frozen mud. As I shifted my position the butt of my rifle caught Ken on the jaw and all hell broke loose. I tried to apologize but Ken wasn't in any mood to accept any apologies and Joe let loose on him and Sandy let loose on Joe, and so it went until everybody was jumping everybody else.

"All right, all right, you guys," I shouted, "you want to light this hole up for target practice for them Snipers?" I must have chosen the right words because one by one they settled back down into their crouching positions, all quiet except Ken who was mumbling under his breath. Maybe it was good that this happened because now everybody was a little more relaxed.

As I looked about me I saw regular Joe's, all filthy dirty with mud, stinking from not having had a bath in months; and you couldn't tell where their beards ended and the mud began. Their crew cuts were growing out all over their heads, which they faithfully kept covered with their helmets. On the front of mine were the letters T. J. Connely. The T. J. standing for Timothy John, and Connely, well, that was passed down to me from my Irish ancestors.

"O.K., Tim, I'll take over. Sweet dreams, Buddy."

"Thanks, Sandy, but no sweet dreams for me. It's all the worse for me when you wake up."

As Sandy took over my job of keeping watch, I settled back and relaxed. Just as soon as I was down, along came our first snow. It came slowly at first, but gradually it turned into a downpour, if snow can do that. The weather seemed to fit my mood perfectly. There wasn't any wind to create a bliz-

## Now or Never

By Marilyn Hauer

zard-like storm. It was quiet. It was too quiet. The only other motion in the air besides the snow was the small bursts of vapors coming from the mouths and noses of men. Men waiting, waiting and thinking. I suppose they thought of the things that they talked about most: their best gal, their wife, that big son, mom and dad, the kid brother, football, and what they were going to do when they were out. With me, however, it was different. The thing that I thought about most was something I had never mentioned to anyone. It was What I was going to do when I got out. And that was to become a priest.

I don't think there was a person in this wide world who knew this. I never gave any indications of this desire—at least not outwardly. I



Illustration by Ned Ostendorf

never had a chance to tell anyone. Every time I was ready to let go my secret a brick wall was thrown up against me, and it stayed my secret. I don't know exactly when I first had this idea. It seems that it has always been with me.

I come from a family of below average. By family I mean Mom, Dad, my brother Raymond, and myself. In a way it is too bad there wasn't any more of us. You see, Ray was the type that no one could talk to. He was always ready

to give advice but never ready to take any. Living as we did in the rough section of town, Ray attached himself to the wrong type of crowd and was never able to tear away from them. Mom and Dad worked hard. We were never in a starving position and always had clothes to put on our backs. One thing we couldn't have was a nice home and car. Now it wasn't Mom or Dad's fault that Ray turned out the way he did. The example they set was one of perfection. There wasn't a dishonest bone in either of them, and one thing Mom stressed most was politeness and cleanliness in both body and soul. Mom took her religion seriously and I know she prayed constantly for Raymond. Ray was five grades ahead of me at St. Martin's. He was always in some trouble; if it wasn't playing hookey, it was fighting or breaking windows. Once he was caught stealing. He was finally expelled from school in the seventh grade. The path he set for me wasn't a rosy one. Every nun I had looked at me with suspicion and was quite surprised to find that I wasn't like my big brother. Ray never had much trouble passing from one grade to the next. The Sisters were glad to get rid of him. With me books were my closest friend. I was especially interested in history books. I carried newspapers, and with the little extra money I saved I bought books.

As I grew older, I began to realize what a situation we were in. I guess my readings made me a little idealistic so that when I got a job down at the express station I helped Dad somewhat with my earnings. All this time I had the idea of how wonderful it would be to become a priest. I wanted to become one that would teach. Here I would be satisfying a two-fold desire: to be near to God and yet always to have my books. During my senior year I realized that I should start doing something about it if I was to go anywhere. I never mentioned this to anyone. In a way I was afraid, afraid of what they might think and say. I realized my job was really helping out at home and this is one of the



things that made it so hard. The night I decided to tell Mom and Dad about my vocation Dad ruined it with, "Tim, Thursday is Mom's birthday. I wonder if you and I could pitch in to get her that new dress she has been wanting? And I've been thinking, Tim, why couldn't we have enough money saved up by Christmas to get her that new chair for the living room? You'll be working full-time after June and it shouldn't be too hard. What do you think?" Dad caught me off guard and the words came out slowly. "Why, why sure, Dad, why not?" This was the sort of thing that confronted me every-time I decided to break the news. "Tim, I don't know what we would be doing without you right now, boy."

As June rolled near so did my nineteenth birthday, and turning nineteen meant something I had never given much thought to—the draft. Now this was another problem in my mind. I knew if I left for the seminary now I would be labeled a "draft-dodger," especially since no one ever suspected me of becoming a religious. I was so confused after a while that I tried to put the idea out of my mind. It would not leave me. Mom and Dad gave me a set of books for my birthday, and every spare minute I had I spent reading. It was while I was reading that my mind was free from the whirling problem within it. I finally came upon a decision—a way out. I would enlist before I had a chance to decide upon something definite. Mom and Dad hated to see me go, but when they knew it was what I wanted they said no more.

As I went through basic, I was still being plagued by my burning desire. Was it wrong for me to run away from it? Was it wrong for me to try to put it from my mind? Would I ever get another chance? With it stuck my desire to read. My chances were limited, but still I did a great deal more reading than the average person. My buddies labeled me "Readin' Tim." After basic we got our orders for overseas duty. I was assigned to a

company going into the fighting zone. Our trip was a slow and a fast one. It was slow because I started to think again, and it was fast because none of us were exactly looking forward to our destination. We were lucky at first; we were put behind the lines. But not to stay, however! We were replacements and were soon up to the front-line. I never saw a man die until the day Smitty got it while jumping into a fox hole just in front of me. It was the most horrible thing I had ever witnessed. Smitty reminded me a lot of Ray. He seemed to be bitter about something, but I couldn't get it out of him, whatever it was. In fact, Smitty never talked much about anything. As he landed on his back in the hole and I came in nearly on top of him, I could see that he was hit badly. The blood was spurting out of his side at a rapid rate. However, Smitty was conscious. His hard face was distorted in pain, and he tried to say something as I ripped at his clothes to reach the wound. Faintly the words came out.

"Tim, get a priest." At first I couldn't believe my ears. I never knew Smitty to be a Catholic and secondly I never suspected it. "A priest, Smitty?" The words, "Yes, hurry!" spurted out of his mouth. I cried out "Chaplain, Chaplain" to the next fox hole, but got no reply.

The area was thick with mortar shells and no one could hear nor see me. As I turned toward Smitty again, his head fell to one side. Smitty was dead. And I prayed to God. If I had gone into the seminary, would there have been a priest here today for Smitty? This thought haunted me day in and day out. I had the desire, why did I keep pushing it out of my mind? It was two weeks ago today that I wrote home and told Mom and Dad of my plans after I got out of service. For the first time in my life I felt free. I had finally told someone of my vocation. Now to wait for their reply.

"Hey, Tim, give you ten bucks for your thoughts," yelled Joe.

"I'll bet he's thinking about his love back home," chimed in Sandy. "What do you say, Tim?"

"That's right, Sandy, I was. How could you tell?"

"By that contented look on your face, that's how."

Sandy no more than got the "how" out of his mouth when we were attacked again. Shells were going in all directions; men were screaming orders all over the place. This seemed to be the heaviest attack so far. I was really scared this time. The next thing I knew we were blown somewhere. I felt the impact of an explosion and a sharp pain throughout my whole body. From here on in I knew nothing.

My next conscious moment I heard voices over me. I was lying in a soft bed, but I couldn't see or feel much of anything. Especially my right arm. It was paralyzed. It finally dawned upon me why I couldn't see. My eyes were covered with something. A soft masculine voice spoke.

"Timothy John Connely — notify his parents. When he comes to, nurse, keep him assured that everything is all right. He may be suffering from shock. I'll tell him myself about his eyes and hand."

My heart stopped beating. My eyes? My hand? Could it be that . . . Again everything went black. Later as I regained my consciousness, the same voice started to speak.

"Tim, I'm Captain Landerson, your doctor while you're here. I want to help you, Tim, but you have to want me to help you before I can really do anything. Tim, we amputated your hand; we had to to save your arm."

Yes, he was talking to me. Me—Timothy John Connely. Soon to be Father . . . Then it hit me. It really hit me. How can a priest say Mass with one hand? "My God, my God, why must I suffer like this?"

"Doc—my eyes! Are they gone too? Are they, Doc? Are they? Tell me!

(Turn to Page 22)





# The Educator's Nook

Jim Tieman, Editor

Education Students are invited to contribute to "The Nook"

## THE ACID TEST

• U. D.'s first semester student-teachers have passed the "acid test" of their professional careers. Soon their faces will grace school corridors throughout the midwest — fresh, young blood in the veins of American education.

Having successfully completed this pre-graduate and pre-certification work, they are so much the wiser in their professional acumen and understanding. Here are some choice tid-bits of wisdom, encouragement and humor which some of these student-teachers have passed on to us.

—EDWARD LOWRY—"Don't be surprised as to the questions pupils might ask. One day after class, a boy came up to me and asked me where I bought my shirts. It seems that he liked the way 'my collar stayed down' . . .

"The attitude of the faculty towards practice-teachers might be summed up by a statement of one of the teachers. 'It's good to have new blood come into the school; it gives us some new faces to look at' . . ."

RUDOLPH BURGER—"After reviewing my experiences as a student-teacher, I feel that for greater teaching efficiency all classes in our schools should be reduced in number . . . Double the number of students in a class and the teacher's discipline problems have increased ten-fold."

PATRICIA DONISI—"I would say that meeting my critic teacher and her forty students, and having had a small share in their lives was my greatest thrill in student teaching."

RUSSELL JOHNSON—"In doing my student teaching I found that most

of the theory, teaching principles, and practices that I had learned were difficult to be applied in the particular situation which I was in . . ."

GRACE WOLF—"I never expect to meet kinder, more helpful, or more gentle superiors and students. I shall always value the privilege of this human contact, and I shall treasure as well the unique experience it afforded me."

REGINA BRUSK—"Perhaps the most gratifying day of this experience was the last day . . . It was then I realized that, if I can touch the hearts and lives of children on their early road of life, my work will be worthwhile."

"My academic work at the university may be finished but, when I start to teach, my 'education' will just begin. The children will learn from you; but not nearly as much as you learn from them and about them."

W. A. PATTERSON—"Discipline proved quite a problem at times. I think the best solution to this difficult problem is to work with the students (1) to establish rules of conduct and to establish penalties for misconduct, and (2) to establish a small committee of students to pass on disciplinary problems. Make it a student responsibility as much as possible."

"I feel that we must concentrate on purposeful activity. Students should be permitted to work together and taught how to do so . . ."

—JANETTE STETSON.

## COMPETITION IN SCHOOL SPORTS

One of the areas of contention and disagreement in our school programs in this modern era is

the matter of competitive sports. Is it good or bad; a menace or a blessing; an educational liability or an asset to personality and physical development? It is entirely possible that our students and children can be exploited, physically wrecked, even corrupted by sports which are improperly and imprudently handled. Or they can help to develop courage, tenacity, and a sense of fair play and sportsmanship.

Since it is possible for the pendulum to swing either way if not closely controlled, what principles or code shall we follow to keep these sports a positive asset and blessing to our youngsters?

Jack Harrison Pollack, in a recent issue of *Parent's Magazine*, presents five recommendations to reach the desired goal. In his article, "Competitive Sports: Menace or Blessing," he outlines the following ideas which he has received from scores of experts who have considered this problem for quite a time, especially as it concerns the junior high and the high school:

1) "Ban Commercialism. Nothing kills amateur sports faster than this thing. Youth should play for fun, not for financial gain. But when gate receipts walk in the door, love of the game often flies out the window."

2) "Control Competition. Every educator and medical authority with whom I spoke agreed that highly competitive sports are detrimental."

3) "Include all children . . . all boys and girls should participate in a broad program of instruction in physical education, including the scrawny, the awkward and the handicapped . . . Emphasis should

(Turn to Page 22)



# Editorial Comment....

## A CULTURAL CRISIS

• In the Christmas issue of *The Commonweal* there appeared an excerpt of an essay by Gerald Vann, O.P., from the Walter Farrell Memorial Volume of *The Thomist*. This article is so timely and to the point that it seems worthwhile to stop and consider its contents now. The following is an excerpt:

We tend . . . to think of love as possessing, of life as mastering and dominating, of knowledge in terms of power, of holiness as heroic action. Superficially, no doubt, we are right; but fundamentally we are wrong, and tragically wrong. These things are true only against a background of opposites. Holiness is essentially not action but passion: the experiencing of divine things. Life means being open to reality; knowledge becomes wisdom only when it means being possessed by the truth. Activity, of course, in all these cases follows; but it is the expression, the fruit, of the preliminary receptivity.

The author then goes on to speak of the thwarting of the real view of life by the tempo of our modern society. One type of the way we live strangles another. The myriad interests and pleasures of our activist society press, divert, occupy us so completely, until, at last they rob us of our power to live at a deeper level. The more involved we become with the utilitarian level of life the less we are aware of the thing that people are so prone to call "those impractical things." We lose all interest in the offerings of poetry and philosophy, religion and love. Not only do we lose the capacity for wonder of these things, but we lose all conception of the value and importance of that capacity. In short the existent no longer marvels at existence. Of this Gerald Vann says:

The correlative of the sense of wonder is the mystery that lies at the heart of everything. And inevitably life loses its meaning when it loses its mystery. Take the mystery out of love and it ceases to be love and becomes a biochemical equation; take the mystery out of art and it becomes the mindless daubs you see in magazines and on billboards; take the mystery out of the blade of grass, the leaf, the petal of a flower, and you might as well be blind for you will never see the secret heart of things; you might as well be deaf for you will never hear the music of the spheres.

It would be difficult to find a place where the

philosophy of utilitarianism is not firmly lodged. One of its greatest strongholds, however, is also one of its most dangerous: that is, in the sphere of education. In the school the emphasis is placed on facts. Latin, Greek, art, poetry, and music count for little in the general run of education today, and the trend is to do away with them altogether. "What's the use of learning Latin?" How many times have we heard that question? The disconcerting fact, however, is that the asker isn't always the boy who would rather be playing sandlot ball than struggling with Caesar, but the question is often asked by educators themselves. Latin is listed as an "extremely doubtful" in the minds of many of the people who are in a position to wreak havoc on the curriculum. Latin is not the only subject under fire, but merely is a symbol for the cultural subjects. Material facts that will bring reward in the business world are thought by many to be the most pressing need of the present-day generation. Of this view the article states:

The greatest and most urgent task that confronts education today is precisely to instill in-  
eradicably into men's minds the utility of the  
useless, the value of these things that produce no  
cash return but which "make the soul worth sav-  
ing."

The essential thing to be remembered is that before one can hope to be active with any success one must first be contemplative. To successfully re-create reality one must first receive and assimilate reality. This is the gift and knowledge of the artist: to create beauty they must first receive beauty. This awareness of beauty is a gift of God to mankind. Some, the great artists, are blessed with this gift more than others; but the beauty is for all of us if we will only recognize it.

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## THE COMMONWEAL

• *The Commonweal* holds a unique position in the field of periodical literature in the United States. Many people think of this little weekly magazine as an exclusively Catholic publication, but it is in no way officially connected with the Catholic Church. It is a magazine edited by Catholic laymen.

This magazine does much to restore the real meaning and true proportions to the word liberal. And in these times when many of the other periodicals in this country are seeing a Communist behind every bush or are so biased in their political leanings



and so influenced in their subject matter by large interest groups that one cannot read them and retain an unbiased opinion, a magazine such as *The Commonweal* is not only as refreshing as a spring breeze, but is a real necessity. It fills a void that would exist if it did not exist.

The book and movie reviews, the editorial comment on issues of the day, the articles of permanent and timely interest by some men of leading quality in their fields all add up to fine reading in *The Commonweal*.

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## JUBILEE COMMEMORATIONS

• The Ohio Society of Professional Engineers, OSPE, is celebrating its diamond jubilee in 1953. This jubilee coincides with the sequi-centennial anniversary of the statehood of Ohio.

Programs for proper observance of this two-fold jubilee by OSPE have been planned and will be carried out on state and local levels. The culminating point of the jubilee's observance will be the Annual OSPE Convention to be held in Columbus, Ohio, on March 5, 6, 7, 1953.

The OSPE Student Chapters throughout the state will observe the diamond jubilee in programs best suited to the individual engineering schools befitting the occasion. The local Chapter decided to sponsor the February issue of *The Exponent* as this month contains the annual nation-wide observance of engineers week. The week of February 22 has been selected as the national engineers' week by the National Society of Professional Engineers, NSPE, in deference to George Washington who is considered as an outstanding member of the engineering profession.

The jubilee and the national engineers' week will be the occasions of presenting the engineer to the general public not only as a technologist who can justly glory in his material achievements, but also as a person gifted with social graces, civic pride, intellectual attainment, and religious conviction.

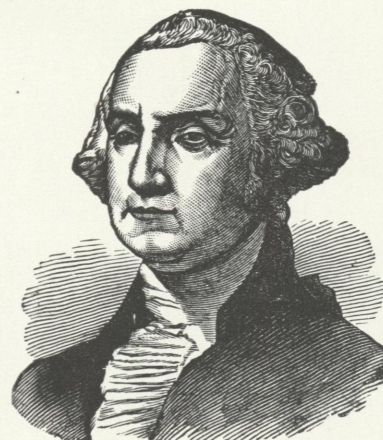
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## MUSINGS

• Here we are on the last long mile for some three hundred seniors. Looking back over the four years all the seniors with one voice will remark about how fast the time sped along. Freshman year with the initiation, sophomore year with the drubbing of the freshmen, junior year with the prom and now the senior year and one semester to go, the senior farewell, graduation and good bye U. D. and college life. How lucky we all are to have spent four years in college. We do not fully understand this great

blessing right now, so the old-timers tell us, but as the years roll by our good fortune will appear to us in brighter colors. No doubt the argument of our elders for this wonderful happening is that we live our life between the ears. In other words, it is what we think about that makes us happy. It is not just the having of a nice home and a car and television and all the mechanical improvements of this scientific age. After a while the car will be an added expense and we will be bored by the television, if we are not now. These material things have not the power to make us happy. There is much more joy in the spiritual things in life than in the material things. Now what did our college education do for us? Did it not teach us how to think and how to enjoy the pleasure that is in books and paintings and music? Yes, we are very happy that we have thus been greatly favored with a college education, and that this education was in the school like the University of Dayton where the administration and the faculty put first things first . . . and teach us to do the same. May we always follow their advice . . . Our hats off to the basketball team for the thrillers they gave us this season. What we like about them is that they just want to play for the love of the game. Not that our great team of the last two years did not possess this same quality, but these boys seem to show so ardently their pleasure in playing the game. The best of good luck to them from here on in, on the tough schedule that lies before them. If they do, or do not get to the NIT we are proud of them.

—JAMES GLEASON.



## WASHINGTON'S PRAYER

Let us unite in imploring the Supreme Ruler of Nations to spread His holy protection over these United States to turn the machinations of the wicked, to the confirming of our Constitutions; to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition and put invasion to flight; to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which His goodness has already conferred; and to verify the anticipations of this government being a safeguard of human rights. Amen.





# Coeds' Corner

EDITED BY ANNE FLYNN



## VALENTINES DAY, 1953

• Valentine's Day, 1953, and what will you be receiving from those who love you? Valentines, sure, but just what kind? Why Valentines, anyway?

Valentines date back to the year 270 A. D. when St. Valentine was to be beheaded. St. Valentine, so the story goes, was either to suffer martyrdom or renounce God. While praying to make his decision, he began talking to one of his guards. The guard's daughter had such a great love for Valentine that she wanted to become a Christian. St. Valentine gave this guard a note for his daughter and then went to his death. This note was an expression of his love for God and signed "Your Valentine." Thus, the very first Valentine, an expression of love, was sent.

Valentines and Valentine gifts increased in value as time went on. Probably the most expensive gift ever given was the engagement ring from the Duke of York to Lady Jane. When the Duke drew her name while playing a game at Samuel Peeps' Valentine party, he gave the Lady Jane a ring valued at forty thousand dollars. Today the custom of giving expensive gifts has faded out, but new ones have taken its place.

For instance there is the old Scotch custom of leaving anonymous Valentines. The unmarried boys and girls in that country believe that the first person they see on St. Valentine's Day will be the person they will marry within the next year. There are other people who believe it bad luck to receive a Valentine a day early. Among many of the Irish, it is believed that the Valentines are made and sent by Leprechauns, and that the first Valentine opened will be that of your lover for the coming year.

Many people, as a hobby, collect old and valuable Valentines. Not too long ago, in England, thirty-nine thousand dollars, the most ever paid for a Valentine, was given by the highest bidder at an auction. This was a framed, silhouette type card with a man and woman clasping hands over a rose. The man in the Valentine and the man who gave the Valentine were one and the same — Edgar Allen Poe.

Dig back into your own collection of Valentines. Perhaps they are in that old shoe-box in the attic. There's the one your father gave your mother back when he was courting her. It is yellow with age, and the writing is a little faded, but the love will never get old or fade. Down a little deeper in the box you might find that Valentine from the boy in the second grade who put an "X" under his name. Next comes that horrid comic Valentine you thought you had burned. You remember the eighth grade boy who sent it. He *would* send you this picture of an old maid. As if that wasn't bad enough, she had only one tooth and a long, hooked nose! Then there's that lacey one you got when you were seventeen. It's covered with hearts and flowers and "I love you's." Remember how good that one made you feel?

This kind of makes you wonder what you'll get this year. Maybe you'll get a horrible comic Valentine from your kid brother, or it may be one stuck with paste from little sister; it might be one signed "Mother and Dad," or perhaps it may be that all important one from Bill or Jerry or Joan or Nancy. But remember, whoever it is from or what it looks like, doesn't really matter. What matters is that someone sent you a token of their love.

—CONNIE MASTEN.

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## THE INSIPID CREATURE

• I hate buses! ! My whole being cries out when I am forced to enter one of those long, bug-like conveyances. The moment I perceive the oversized caterpillar bearing down upon me, I am overcome by a deep feeling of frustration which must be the result of some inner phobia. The insect, (I take hideous delight in nicknaming this awkward offspring of the machine age), sensing my dislike, persists in jolting to a stop a good ten feet from my stiffened form. Once having passed through the bug's yawning jowls — I conceal a hidden fear of being trapped — I experience the same feeling that Jonah must have had when he was swallowed by the whale.



The interior of the bus is as depressing as the exterior. From the inside, the vehicle loses its outward semblance to a bug and now radiates the charm of a gloomy tunnel. One is confronted by a narrow aisle that seems to stretch endlessly backward and which is lined on either side by lumpy, wellworn seats. It also comes equipped with windows, if one can so call the dirty, streaked panes of glass.

Once underway, the insipid creature crawls along at a maddening snail's pace, bouncing to a stop at each loading zone, then jolting onward, until at last, I arrive at my destination and am able to desert the monstrous thing. But, it still amazes me that in our modern civilized era we do not do away with this outmoded means of transportation.

CAROL HILTON.

## SUBSTITUTION

(Editor's Note . . . .) Due to circumstances beyond our control, the answer to last month's article entitled, "MEN," will not appear this month. It's just as you thought, girls, the "brave" male backed out when the time finally came. Strangely enough, this following "gem" appeared at the desk (I don't know why it's so easy for us to find things like this), so it is being published instead of the anticipated masterpiece on "Women." Sorry . . . maybe next month.

• What to write for a woman's page! What are women interested in — food? Money? Clothes? No, silly, MEN! ! !

Our problem (and it *IS* a problem) could well be explained thusly. We are brought forth upon this campus, consumed with desperation and dedicated to the proposition that all men are fair game. Now we are engaged — ? — ha, ha — in a great battle of wits, testing whether this coed or any coed, so confused and so impoverished, can long endure.

How to be popular? Well, here at U. D. popularity seems to depend on one's ability to "Fawn" over boys. This includes laying your coats over mud puddles for them, etc. Then if you're real lucky, a smile crosses their handsome faces and — they ask the local high-school belles or the nurses out for next Saturday night. Ho hum. Now days, a gal doesn't need charm and wit — just a mother who can cook and can tolerate Prince Charming spread all over the living room.

Just think how simple it was in the old ways, where men bartered for wives. Think of it, women! Papa would bring you to the market place where Joe Blow would count your teeth and give you an all-

round look to see if you were in good health. Then if you were up to par, he might pay Pa a chicken and two cows, or two chickens and one cow, depending on your worth, and lucky, lucky you could go home to the glue factory to scrub and cook and cook and scrub for the rest of your unnatural life.

What ever possessed me to begin this (besides the editor screaming at me to get something in)? Please fellas, give us one more chance! We'll work harder than ever at the old method of "catch as catch can."

For safety measures, the author of this article prefers to remain "Ann Nonymous."

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## GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

• The sun was shining brightly off the coast of Tsau-Tsau, a small tropical island in the South Pacific as we sailed into her only harbor, Cum-Hwa How. The natives were running about, excited by so strange a sight as we undoubtedly presented, with our sea-diving suits and cosmic ray pistols; we were on a project so unusual, so vital, that even secrecy was no longer necessary. It had been discovered that the Tsi Tsi fly was the cause of all the homesickness in the world.

Now as everyone knows, the Southern Tsi Tsi fly cannot exist without its only source of food, the Amalgamous Hyperbolius, a kind of sea-weed that grows only on the bottom of the ocean floor. We had been chosen by secret ballot for the task of eliminating the weed from the entire ocean. This would seem an impossible task, except for the fact that Amalgamous Hyperbolius cannot exist in the presence of chlorophyll. So, the ship was loaded up and the entire hull was filled with eight tons of "Chlorets." We were chewing away in preparation for submerging, while the natives stood agape. Finally, the great moment arrived and all twenty of us climbed over the side and went rapidly to the bottom, weighted down with a hundred pounds of "Chlorets" each.

For twelve days and twelve nights we alternately chewed and submerged, sticking the "Chlorets" on any and everything on the ocean floor; seaweed, starfish and minnows, who carried the stuff where we couldn't reach. Then we came up and put into shore, feeling very much exhausted. It wasn't until the next spring that we were assured that our efforts had been successful. The United States Bureau of Statistics reported that there had not been one case of homesickness in six months. The Tsi-Tsi fly had been banished forever.

—CAROLYN METZGER.



## PENCILINGS ALONG THE WAY

(Continued from Page 2)

on the part of publishers. Mr. Hall said that some publishers have established such codes but "the offenders have not allied themselves with such movements." Other speakers on this program agreed that an awakened public opinion, and action in the community will help to solve the problem of indecent literature.

Judge Charles Fahey on the program for the National Council of Catholic Men said that books causing "spiritual diseases" have reached "alarming proportions." Rep. Katherine St. George, a member of the special House committee on obscene literature, made this statement: "it is illegal to sell liquor to minors and there is no reason why they should not also be protected from obscene writings."

We have to fight the enemy from without our country, that is Communism, and we must fight the enemy from within. One of the very insidious forms of evil from within is the sale of lewd, salacious literature. Purveyors of this filth may be compared to those who stabbed us in the back at Pearl Harbor. Enlightened college men and women should be aware of this deplorable condition and give every available bit of assistance to wiping out the plague.

## U.D. LOOKS TO FUTURE

(Continued from Page 3)

ten years ago. The present staff is composed of sixty-seven percent full-salaried personnel.

Near future needs take in the expansion from the material standpoint. This is a ten-year program during which five new buildings are to be constructed along with an addition to the library. The cost of this phase of the program is expected to be about six million, five hundred thousand dollars.

In this program, the University turns to industry and alumni for help. In appealing to business

U.D. hopes to obtain aid from those who benefit from the personnel trained by the University.

With business, industry, alumni and friends endorsing such a program, we, students and public, can look to a greater Dayton and a greater nation through a greater University.

## DAYTON'S WATER

(Continued from Page 11)

Raw water from the wells is pumped into a chamber where solutions of lime, soda ash, and alum are added. The water then flows into a slow mixing and settling basin where the unwanted ions precipitate and settle to the bottom as sludge. The sludge is removed by a rake scraping over the bottom and is deposited in a sump where it is pumped into a lagooning area outside the plant.

The settled water next passes through a recarbonation basin where it is carbonated by combustion gases from submerged burners located at the outlet of the basin. Thus treated, the water is collected and passes through gravel and sand filters which remove all entrapped sludge or unreacted chemical particles and bacteria. Periodically, the filters are reconditioned by both reverse flow and surface wash. The wash water is discharged into the Mad River.

Solution pipe lines containing chlorine and sodium hexameta-phosphate are connected to the conduit leaving the softening plant. This solution purifies and further softens the water by forming soluble complexes with calcium, magnesium, iron, and aluminum ions, and prevents in later use the formation of scale and insoluble soaps. It also reduces corrosion particularly in nondeaerated water. The softened water is then pumped to one of two reservoirs of five million gallons capacity awaiting public demand.

The number of municipal water softening plants in our land is rather small because the public has not come to realize the economic

advantages of the process. The savings in soap alone are sufficient to warrant the cost of erection and operation of a city water softening plant.

## I'LL SEE HER AGAIN

(Continued from Page 8)

I was helping the children do some of the housework when Bill arrived. On our way home, Mrs. Sulfsted, a friend of ours, called to Bill. He got out of the car and told me to stay in, that he would only be a minute. I busied myself by rummaging through the glove compartment. I found an old pair of sun glasses which I put on, despite the cold, sunless January weather.

When we arrived home, I ran ahead of Bill to the front door. I opened it and saw Dad sitting on the couch in the living room. He had a handkerchief in his hand and I noticed that his eyes were red from crying. He looked at me, shook his head and then began to sob. That was the first time I had seen a grown man cry. He tried to tell me something but just couldn't. Alice led me into the bedroom and told me that Mom had died at 2:30 that morning. I don't recall what I thought or said but I cried plenty. After this Alice was my second mother, so to speak. I was by far, the saddest boy on earth.

I don't remember much after that. Everything was in a dream-like atmosphere. All I knew was Mom was dead and in heaven. Of this I had no doubt.

For the next two days all of our friends and relatives came to the funeral parlor and paid their respects. Most of them made the usual remark about her looking so natural, but I didn't see anything natural about a dead person, especially my mother. I couldn't believe that she was really dead. I never visualized that my mother would some day die.

When I was first allowed to see her in the casket my sister, Alice, led me by the hand up to it. I could tell that everyone's eyes were upon me. We knelt down on the



kneeler and I looked at the round, once smiling, cheerful face. It had a look of peace on it. Mom seemed to be in a deep sleep. I think I said, "Mom, Mom, Mom," over and over again until the tears made little splashes on my hands and rosary. I prayed as I had never prayed before.

I wanted to tell her all about the little things I had done. The green apples I had eaten; the corn silk I had smoked with Billy Wilson. I knew she understood; all mothers understand.

I knelt there for a time. Finally I heard voices in the background, like someone wakening you by whispering in your ear. I couldn't hear them very well nor did I care. I did hear a few phrases such as, "Poor little thing. Isn't it a shame! He is so young." I didn't know what I would do with myself. The one joy had been taken out of my life.

The Requiem Mass was sung at St. Gabriel's Church, my parish. The pupils of the fifth and sixth grades were in the benches on the epistle side. I sat in the front bench with Dad and Alice; the casket was near us. All I remember is that I cried, and so did everyone else.

The January wind was just as cold and biting as ever at the cemetery. Mom's grave was under a tree. My eyes were filled with so much water that I could hardly see. When they put her casket into the ground, I didn't care what happened to me.

The next few months were the hardest for me. Both of my sisters worked, and Dad worked on the railroad, which meant that I didn't get to see much of him because of his odd hours.

I would come home from school, run up on the porch and try to open the door. At first I yelled, "Mom, open the door, please; it's me, Bob." Nothing would happen. I'd pull out my key and fumble to get it in the lock, because my eyes would be cloudy with water. I tried not to cry. The house was usually cold and dreary, not only because there wasn't a fire but be-

cause I missed the warm hug and kiss which I had taken for granted so much before.

I wondered if I would ever see Mom again. Then I thought of Little Jesus being lost for three days. I thought of how His Mother looked for him. I asked Mary to look after me as She did after Her own lost Son, so that I would see Mom again. I knew that the Mother of God would not let me down. I would see Mom again.

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## CONQUEST OF THE VALLEY

*(Continued from Page 5)*

and in time would undermine the dam itself. It was necessary, therefore, to construct a hydraulic jump with a stilling pool on the outlet side of the conduit pipe to reduce the velocity of water flow. As the water emerges from the conduit pipe it flows down a concrete rack into a channel basin with heavy reinforced concrete sides. The water rushes into the channel, strikes against its curved sides, then falls back on itself and thus dissipates its energy harmlessly. The water leaves the basin with a velocity of about six feet per second.

Many miles of levees were constructed in the various cities of the Valley. River channels were dredged to prevent changes in the velocity of water flow, as well as, to increase the discharge of the rivers. The silt dredged from the channels was used extensively in the building of the levees. The lower sections of the levees on the stream side were strengthened with concrete slabs and blocks to prevent erosion. Approximately two hundred and fifty thousand cubic yards of concrete were used in the construction of the conservancy project.

Today, these monuments stand as a tribute to the engineering genius and foresight of the men who designed and completed this mammoth undertaking. Though the cost was high, the people living in the Miami Valley feel secure in the knowledge of their protection against a natural enemy — *Flood*.

## THE DAREDEVIL

*(Continued from Page 4)*

the ten-foot board. He marveled as they swooped down with a swan dive and somersaulted with the double flip.

"Hey, Bob, doesn't it look neat the way those guys come down off that ten-foot board?" "I'd love to try that once; I'll go off if you do," Joe said with anxiety in his voice. These fancy dives intrigued him and he quickly forgot about his exertion. Joe didn't necessarily have a one-track mind, but anything allied with sports attracted his attention and somehow captivated his whole being.

Bob paused and thought for a moment before he answered. "Naw! I don't think I'd like to try it, Joe." He was thinking of the consequences if he didn't make a good dive.

"Aw, c'mon, just once," Joe pleaded.

Bob saw that Joe was very eager to try a high dive, and so he consented. They started up the ten-foot ladder. Bob cautiously walked out to the end of the board, took a deep breath — COURAGE — and down he went. Splash! A wave of water shot up and almost drowned Joe who was inching his way out to the end of the board. He was eyeing Bob who was treading water about fifteen feet out from the board. It seemed to him to be a long way down as he peeped over the edge of the board; he brushed his hand briskly over his stomach as if to shoo away the butterflies which he felt there.

"C'mon, Joe, it's really nifty — it gives you a nice thrill," Bob called up to him.

Joe responded with a weak smile and more or less fell forward . . . down . . . down . . . SMACK!! Bob raced over to him; Joe grabbed on to him and both submerged. The tweet of the life-guard's whistle had the pool cleared in a matter of seconds. The guard dove in from his umbrella-shaded perch and brought Joe in while Bob swam along side of them. He scolded



them in no uncertain terms and warned them to keep out of the deep section.

The crowd cleared and as the two fellows walked away, still a bit shaky, especially Joe with his fiery-red stomach, Bob asked, "Gosh, Joe, it was bad enough that you never told me you couldn't dive, but why in the hell didn't you tell me you couldn't swim?"

• • •

## NOW OR NEVER

*(Continued from Page 14)*

"Well, Tim, we will have to wait awhile before we can make any definite commitments." I knew he was being kind to me. The nurse came over and said she had mail for me.

"May I read it to you, Private?"

At first I wanted to scream out, "No, no. I can read for myself." But only "Yes, please do" came out.

• • •

Dear Tim, I hope this letter finds you safe and well. Dad and I received your letter telling us about your desire to become a priest. Tim, we are the happiest parents in the world. Why did you hold it back, Son? I have prayed since the day you and Raymond were born that one of you would become a priest. Raymond failed me in every way possible. I still pray for him.

Tim, I can not help but feel that your becoming a priest will somehow bring Raymond back. I've told Father Steve about you. He is very happy for you. Tim, I know that with the decision you have made, God will bring you home safe to us. Love, Mother.

P. S. Those books you ordered from Ireland are here, Tim.

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## THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY

*(Continued from Page 9)*

which is obtained from the Miami River. Before entering the condensers, the water is screened to keep out fish and other foreign matter. When the station is com-

pleted, it will consume the enormous amount of approximately twenty-five hundred tons of coal a day.

The transmission of large quantities of electrical energy from a generating station to strategic locations throughout the service area requires a network of high voltage transmission lines. At present the Dayton Power and Light Company has eight hundred and ninety-four miles of transmission lines capable of operating at thirty-three thousand and sixty-six thousand volts.

The distribution system, which is the link between transmission and individual customer services is being continually developed to meet growing needs. Today, distribution lines of the DP&L area cover over eleven thousand, one hundred and seventy-five miles.

The transition from the first electric generating station of Edison to the present-day O. H. Hutchings Station seems almost like a miracle in such a short period of years. However, this and the present-day efficient electric service which we enjoy are not miracles. They represent the untiring work and devotion of Thomas Edison and his associates and those who followed in their footsteps; inventors — scientists — engineers; workers, all who thought only in terms of serving.

• • •

## THE EDUCATOR'S NOOK

*(Continued from Page 15)*

be on social participation instead of gruelling competition."

4) "Coaches should be teachers. Because coaching is as educational a job as teaching history, he should be as well qualified for his post as any other faculty member. Among other things, he should understand child psychology and development."



5) "Parents can help. Through your PTA, insist that high-school coaches are well qualified teachers . . . help shape school athletic policy. See to it that your child has a sane and rational athletic program."

These appear to us to be wise recommendations, worthy of enactment in any educational program.

—JAMES TIEMAN.

\* \* \*

Please submit your articles to the Dean of Education, Jim Tieman, Editor or Janette Stetson, Assistant Editor, of the NOOK.

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## PARENTS UNKNOWN

*(Continued from Page 7)*

The police searched for his body for hours, and at last they found it. No one attended his funeral, and his obituary was short; it read, "No known survivors."

• • •

## HILLTOP CHATTER

*(Continued from Page 23)*

Quite a few of our more fortunate students spent their between-semesters vacation basking in the sun at Florida. A few of the lucky ones were Pete Scalia, Arnie Stein, John Chaney, Jim Raiff, Ed Hoebich, and Charlie Locke. Ah, for the life of a playboy.

By the way, don't forget the Miami game at Oxford on Feb. 18, and the T.U.-U.D. game at Toledo on Feb. 21. Neither are very far to drive, and both should be really good games. Hope we see you there!

*Thought for the Month:* "Love is like a vaccination—when it takes, you don't have to be told."

• • •

No one can become a true teacher without learning the meaning of sacrifice.

—Anonymous

*The Exponent*





# Hilltop Chatter

By Carolyn Mergler and Pat Ramsey

• Well, here we are again, back for another semester, although our ranks seem to have been depleted somewhat since final exams. It seems that a few of the playboys and not-so-serious members of the U. D. family went the way of so many college students—home. Seriously though, why don't we all make a resolution to really study this semester and live up to our title of student. — Especially you fellas; let's face it. U. D. and a little homework beats Korea any day!

Congratulations to Dan Nagle and his capable committees for their great job on making the Junior Prom a big success, especially the procurement of Buddy Morrow and his orchestra, who really are great. A few of those seen, obviously enjoying the music were John Breen and Sue Michaels, Bill Collins and Pat Schorsch, Walt Cassidy and Janet Frantz (his girl from Portsmouth), Janie Smith and Jim Meyers, Chuck McLaughlin and Alice Mueller, Steve Stewart and Jeannie Graul. — The Prom week-end was especially pleasant for Ron Paliga who had his girl from Chicago visiting him.

The Freshman Class came through with their first party of the year a few weeks ago at the Democratic Club, and showed prospects of being a great party class. A few of the merry-makers were John Cashin, Pauline Mitchell, Sid Magat, Norma Lee, Jim McDaniels and Bob Burke. Tom Hughes offered the entertainment for the evening with his rendition of "Ballin' the Jack." — Hm-n-n-n he's a good one!

STAR DUSTERS — There's always news in the hearts and flowers department, and this is especially true in February, the Valentine month. Congratulations are in

order for Ruthie Nartker and Charlie Jeffords who announced their engagement at the Junior Prom, and also to Jim Lorenz and Wayne McClune who gave their girls diamonds recently. Best wishes to Mary Alice Bender who is to get married in March, and to Dick Durbin, Lou Silveri, Bill Dorch, and Dick Bertrand who are taking (or have taken) the big step this month.

We'd like to express our sincere sympathy to Don Lupica whose father passed away recently.

"You must have been a beautiful baby" — we're speaking of Jim Schnippel of course, who we hear won a beauty contest when he was still in diapers. Marcia Gabriel seems to be pretty happy with him as he is now. — To most of us who are recovering from our struggle with the flu it just meant runny noses and high temperatures, but it was a blessing in disguise for Shirley Rosenkrantz and Barb Weber who were excused from all their exams. What a tough break.

We were glad to see the good turnout from Dayton for the "X" game at Cincinnati Gardens. Before the game Pat and Rita Kinsella had a gay little party at their home in Ft. Thomas, Ky. Some of those present were Jim Currin and Judy Lang, Paula Stelzer, Pat Russell, Jerry Von Mohr, and Ed Murray.

First Moron: Say, there's a woman peddler at the door.

Second Moron: Well, tell him to come on in and bring some of his samples.

It doesn't seem possible that it could happen twice in one season, and the Duquesne team probably hopes it was all a bad dream, but

it was quite real and our Flyers came through for the second time in one season to defeat the mighty Dukes in a double overtime. It seemed a miracle that with twenty-eight seconds left and four points behind that the Flyers tied up the ball game and then after two breath-taking overtimes finally won the ball game sixty-eight to sixty-six. The Dukes are not to be passed off lightly, however, for the fans saw some beautiful basketball from them, especially their stellar center, Dick Ricketts, who can shoot, pass off, and seemed always to be there for those rebounds. But all this was not enough to stop the determined Flyers who wanted so desperately to get back into the win column after dropping a heart-breaker to Chicago Loyola at Chicago Stadium the night before. The Flyers came back the following Saturday after a week off to make a sizzling fifty percent of their shots and crushed Toledo ninety to fifty-eight.

There have been several games since these, but these games that Dayton really has a team to be reckoned with when they are playing the kind of ball that they are capable of playing. Win or lose, we're all really proud of them, and we hope that they continue such sparkling performances as mentioned above for the rest of the season.

Congratulations to Chuck Noll, Ed Clemens, and Jim Currin who received bids to join the pro-football ranks next fall. Good luck to all of you!

Statement of the Month: Pat Maloney on waking up at a drive-in movie. "What's Gregory Peck doing on the hood of my car?"

(Turn to Page 24)



# KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• After cramming for exams and the like many enjoyed a vacation between semesters. It sure was a wonderful feeling to start out again with a clean slate. There's a big semester ahead with parties and dances (not to mention studies) and here's hoping everyone makes the most of it.

Some of the lucky ones who enjoyed a sunny vacation in Florida between semesters were Jim Raiff, John Chaney, Tom Carroll, Ed Hoebiech, Pat Maloney, and Walt.

At a pre-prom cocktail party were Sally Brown and Jimmy Fadden, Nancy Radican and Jim McGraw, Jim Paxon and Joan Brennan, Rosie Kramer and Tom Frericks, and hostess Lynda Smith and Bob Basel. Helping with refreshments were Joe Nieman and Jim Hart.

Congratulations to Ed Clemens and Dennis Currin who completed their college education and graduated in January.

There was much discussion on the campus as to the flying of the Confederate flag. Many opposed the flag but a U. D. rebel stated that it would be back next year.

Question of the month: Will Tom Blackburn and Company be New York-bound this March?

The U. D. Players certainly made a hit in their recent performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace." Really heard some wonderful comments on the play. Their hard work surely pays off.

1953 may not be leap year but the U. D. coeds are once again on the lookout for that certain fellow to drag along to the annual Turnabout Tag.

Girls' Basketball Intramurals can sure be dangerous at times. The coeds really take it seriously. Pat

Huffman was the latest casualty—if you see her hopping through the halls with a cast on her leg you'll know why.

Chris Harris's father missed a recent cruise in order to see Chris play at Madison Square Garden. After the game Mr. Harris said to Chris, "I blinked my eye and missed seeing you play."

Another cager, Don Donoher, had his parents as guests for the Toledo game.



Southern hospitality was enjoyed by many U. D. basketball rooters at Kinsellas before the Dayton-Xavier game. Everyone really had a ball. Jim Raiff amused everyone by collapsing beer cans. After dozens of demonstrations Jim Haggerty and Carolyn Mergler succeeded in accomplishing the feat. Joe Malloy wore his light grey flannel suit and it really attracted attention especially on such a *shiny* day. Also there were Joe Zumo, John Prosser, Janet Grentz, Judy Lang, Jim Currin, Tony Bardo, Pete Boyle, Dan Casey, Paula Stelzer, Carol Stittgen, John Chaney, Marilyn Catron, Bev Neiman, Vern Weber, Don Dartt, Ann Utz, Mike Smith, Jerry Von Mohr, Tom Carroll, Pat Schorsh, Karen Munn, and Pat Maloney.

Through vote of popular opinion we would advise Marilyn Catron to

change her name to "Catroni." It seems as of late she rates in the eyes of our fun-loving boys (three to be exact) who claim Italian ancestry — and she doesn't even like spaghetti.

A transfer student from Barry College, Jackie Macbeth, has come to join us on the Hilltop for the second semester. Another new student, Raphael Tsu, has made the headlines in one of the local papers — picture, interview and all.

They talk about falling off a log but Bob Daly has added something new — it wasn't quite as easy falling off a chair though.

Some frequent Saturday night twosomes are Armand Martino and Sally Payne, Jim Cosmoti and Dottie Foley, Ann Flynn and John Gill.

Besides enjoying basketball, Davy Otto and Larry Pedicord have taken a liking to pin ball machines. Having free games on the machine, they would rather take those than the train ride from Cincy to Dayton — result: two U.D. fellows on highway hitchhiking back to Dayton.

The new system of cuts will really keep the fellows in training as they run from the ROTC building to their next class . . . field-house, business building, or any of the other far distant points. No more king-size cigarettes between classes—those between-class smokes will have to be of the shorter variety—can't let those points add up. What a system!

*A flea and a fly  
Flew up the flue  
Said the flea to the fly  
Oh, what shall we do?  
Said the flea to the fly  
Let us fly  
So fleeing and flying  
They flew up the flaw in the flue.  
And so we'll be fleeing, too.*



## THE DIESEL ENGINE

(Continued from Page 10)

difficult to start and its heat losses are high due to the large combustion chamber area.

### *The Turbulent Chamber Diesel Engine*

The special feature of this engine is the turbulent chamber designed to atomize the fuel and to set up a homogeneous air-fuel mixture. This engine has a low injection pressure; it is suitable for variable speed service; and its weight is low in relation to power output. Its heat losses are greater because of the greater turbulence of the gases. This turbulence likewise causes starting difficulties.

Other types of diesel engines include the air cell, the energy cell, and dual-fuel designs.

Fuel injection by an early method was accomplished by a blast of compressed air. This method gave good control and atomization of fuel but the air compressor unit was an expensive auxiliary. Mechanical or solid injection is current practice. The fuel is compressed and sprayed into the cylinder with pressures ranging from two thousand to thirty thousand pounds per square inch.

The CI engine has a distinct advantage over the SI engine in the matter of load control. The wasteful throttling process of the SI engine is replaced by mixture control in the CI engine for part load performance. The future of the diesel engine is bright because of the trend to apply supercharging to smaller engines to increase power output.

The engineer has developed the CI engine to such an extent that it is doubtful that Rudolph Riesel would recognize his original idea. An engine that was at first bulky and heavily constructed to burn coal dust is now comparatively light in weight and burns fuel oil. The diesel engine is fast becoming a source of power in America as further applications thereof are continually found.

## CRITICS' FORUM

• When the Critics' Forum was founded some years ago by Monsignor John K. Cartwright in Washington, D. C., the purpose was set as the exposition of Catholic thought on the Best Sellers. Branches of the Critics' Forum exist in many cities and the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae are responsible for bringing the Critics' Forum to Dayton in 1946.

The speakers for this coming season are:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27,

Mr. Frank Sheed,  
book to be chosen  
Chairman of the evening:  
Brother Thomas Price, S.M.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27

Rev. James J. McLarney, O.P.  
Book: *The Man of the Donkey*  
by H. F. M. Prescott

Chairman of the evening:  
Dr. Richard Baker

FRIDAY, APRIL 24

Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P.  
Book: *Steamboat Goths*  
by Frances Parkinson Keyes

Chairman of the evening,  
Mr. Elmer J. Will

All lectures will be given in the auditorium of the Engineers' Club. A reception for all members of the Critics' Forum will be held after the last book review in the dining room of the Engineers' Club.

Officers of the I.F.C.A. for this year in charge of the Forum are: Mrs. Elmer Will, general chairman; Mrs. Richard Baker and Miss Clair Murphy, co-chairmen for tickets; and Mrs. Robert Hollencamp, chairman of the ushers.

University of Dayton students may secure tickets at half price, \$1.25. This ticket covers all three reviews. Don't miss this offer. Call at the information desk in St. Mary's Hall. See you at the Engineers' Club on Monument Avenue.

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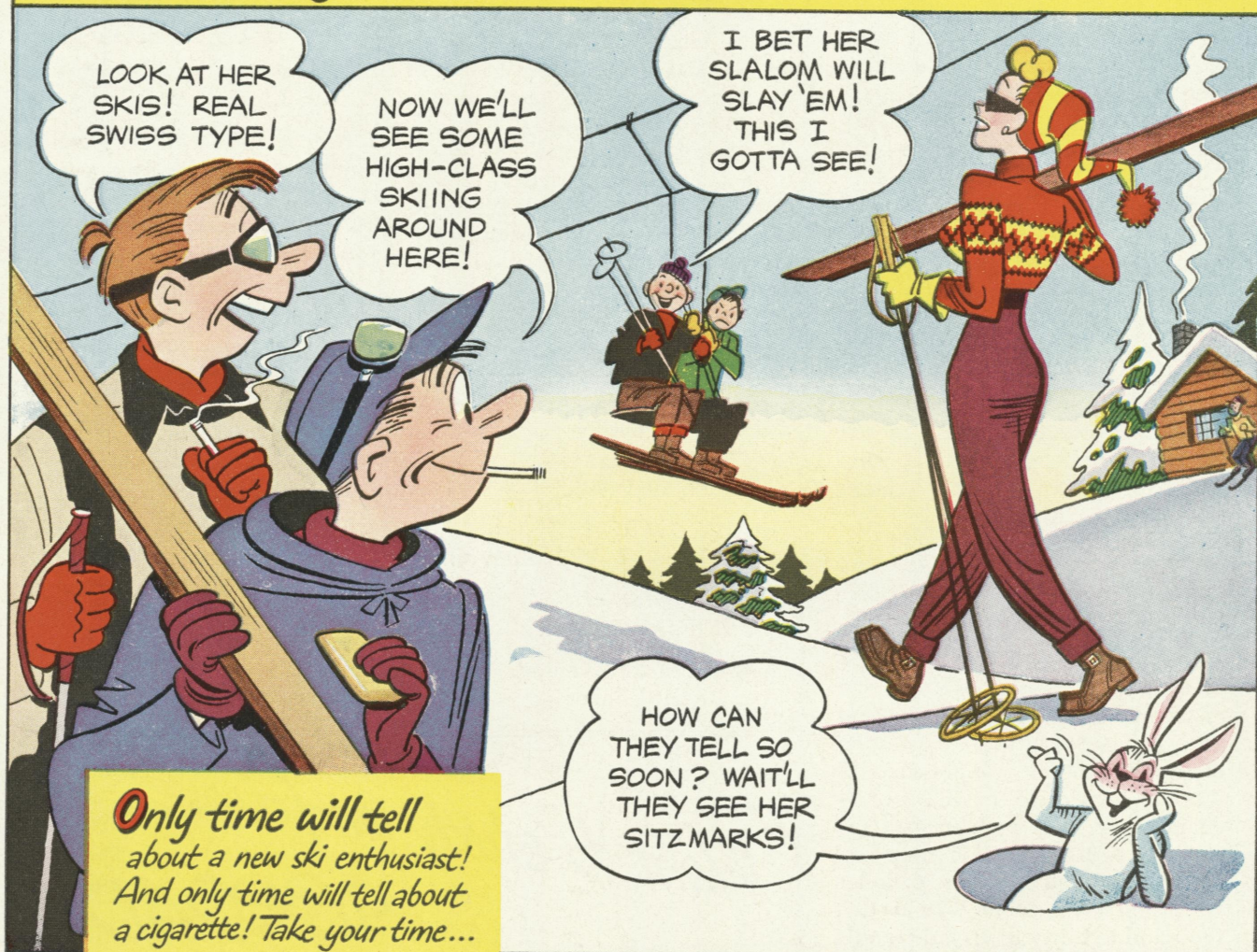
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