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University of Dayton

EXPONENT



APRIL, 1954

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Cover, Wright Memorial, Wright Field
Inside Back Cover, Our Lady of Fatima Shrine, Sacred Heart
Church, Dayton, Ohio. Courtesy of The Dayton Daily News

Surveying the Current Scene

By The Staff

• We are in the Easter season, the season of joy and triumph because of the Resurrection of Christ. Some day we, too, will rise and our bodies will be immortal, glorious, spiritual and incapable of suffering if we follow Christ faithfully on the way of the Cross. After the Calvary of this life will come the glorious resurrection. How happy on the day of our resurrection we will be for all the efforts we made to remain close to Christ and to do His will. Those acts of self denial, those acts of kindness to the members of Christ's Mystical Body, how we will love the idea that we performed them.

A great joy filled the soul of Jesus on His Resurrection day. In the days of the Passion he endured unspeakable pains and humiliations of His body but on Easter Sunday He could exclaim with the Psalmist: "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul." Our souls, too, will experience a great joy on our resurrection when they will be united permanently with the body and enter heaven for all eternity to enjoy a happiness that will depend on the labors and mortifications to which we were subjected in this life for the glory of God.

Let our prayer during this Easter season and during all the year be that we will be found worthy to rise gloriously and be happy with God for all eternity.

Doubleday is issuing Catholic books in pocket-size edition with the purpose of "making the world's finest Catholic literature available to all." They are called Image Books, and will be sold for prices ranging from twenty-five to fifty cents. They will be a help not only to Catholic readers but to all who wish to familiarize themselves

with what leading Catholic writers have to say.

It is hardly to be expected that these Image Books will crowd out the specimens with the blood, guts and sex formula on the newsstand. But they should do much to improve the reputation of the pocket editions.

Among some of the names to be issued are: *Mr. Blue* by Myles Conelly, *Damian the Leper* by John Farrow, *Our Lady of Fatima* by William Walsh and *The Diary of a Country Priest* by Georges Bernanos. Watch the newsstands for some of the Image Books.

* * *

George Meany is the number one man in United States labor today because he is president of the American Federation of Labor, an organization of ten million members. The CIO headed by Walter Reuther has five million members.

Referring to the CIO Meany says: "They are a trade union and so are we. We've both got to bargain. . . . However, despite this feeling of good faith, which I am sure is there, it still is a man-sized job to blend these two unions together. But we are going at it.

A
Joyus
Easter
to
Our Readers

We are going to tackle it, and we are going to do everything possible we can to bring it about."

Meany was born over sixty years ago in the Bronx of Irish Catholic parentage. He completed only one year of high school but since those school days he has educated himself well. His vocabulary is first rate and his mind is sharp. At twenty-eight he was elected business agent of his union. In 1934 he was the youngest man ever to be president of the New York Federation of Labor. In 1939 there was no contest when he was elected secretary-treasurer of the AFL. He is a man of courage and the labor movement could fare much worse than to have Meany as head.

* * *

The April issue of *Today* has an article entitled "Practice in Citizenship." Here are a few ideas pertinent to college life clipped from the article.

1. Students serve their own best interests when they show allegiance to their school and cooperate with its purposes.

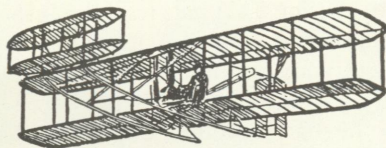
2. For building a true school spirit the student council offers a very effective means.

3. The purpose of the organization should be directed towards constructive action to enlist cooperation from the students rather than forced performances.

4. Election of members to the student council is a training that students can carry over into later life. Candidates for public office should be unselfishly dedicated to the highest ideals of responsive leadership.

Just in passing we urge you students to look for this magazine called *Today*, published at 638 Deming Place, Chicago 14, Illinois. It will give you something to talk about besides gossip, sports

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The Wright Brothers of Dayton

By John Marshall

• Many people know that the Wright Brothers are Wilbur and Orville Wright, bicycle makers and inventors of the airplane. Wilbur was born close to Richmond, Indiana in 1867 and Orville was born in 1871 in Dayton. After Orville's birth the family lived continually in Dayton. They belonged to the respectable middle class, often in need of money but never suffering actual want. To both of the Brothers their family life was of great importance. They clung to their home and its environment and refused to take on any attributes of the citizen of the world. Their rigid training taught them strict observance of the Sunday and a total abstinence from smoking and liquor.

Not much is known of the mother, Susan Catherine Koerner Wright. The reports are that she had a college education and that she was the best mathematician in her class. She died in 1889. The father, Milton Wright, was first editor of a religious paper in the United Brethren Church. Later he became a bishop in that church. He had scientific tastes and is said to have invented a typewriter. Perhaps he bequeathed some of his scientific interests to his two famous sons.

The Wright family had few social contacts, probably because of their restricted financial set-up and also because of their reserve and shyness, qualities which the Brothers never lost. There is much evidence, however, that their home life was congenial and free from animosities and bickerings. Of the five children, Reuchlin and Lorin were older than the inventors and Katherine was born three years after Orville.

Wilbur left school when he was about fourteen and never went back. Orville finished high school. Family finances are said to have

been responsible for this limited schooling of the Brothers. Because they began to support themselves early they developed carefulness in money matters, they balanced their budgets rigidly and they hesitated long to borrow money.

They obtained some journalistic experience by writing, printing and distributing a small magazine. From 1889 on they published weeklies named *The Tattler*, *The Midget*, *The West Side News*. Occasional articles written later by them all manifest a good command of language.

Available evidence leads us to believe that they never worked for any one. Being their own bosses, they developed a quality found in independent workers, the ability to carry out a project after planning it carefully. They made their own standards of work and because they were serious young men they set those standards high.

Their success as printers was only moderate. Then, too, Wilbur's health was never robust. He needed outdoor exercise and work, hence he suffered from the atmosphere of a printer's shop. A craze for bicycling swept the middle west in the nineties and the Brothers took advantage of it and opened a small repair shop in 1892, where they worked independently and successfully. From repairing bicycles they went on to assembling and selling them under their trade names: "The Van Cleve" and "The Wright Flyer." They rarely sold more than one hundred bicycles a year, but the business gave them enough money to live on plus some for recreation, which meant mostly their hobby, the pursuit of flying. It was only in 1904 that they discontinued the bicycle business. Besides supporting them the bicycle shop gave them thorough training in mechanics. They could build what they

blue-printed, thus cutting their costs to small sums and enabling them to test their ideas as they were born.

When very young, the boys were fascinated by a toy helicopter that the father brought home one day in 1878. Two screws rotating in opposite directions actually caused the toy to fly around the room. As they grew older, flying kites appealed to them. They became expert kite-flyers and joined a club. Their flying interests were desultory, they were limited to kites and observing soaring birds, but they had the desire that some day they might fly through the sky. Thus by 1896 the Brothers were selling bicycles, enjoying their congenial home and indulging in the hobby of kite flying.

Wilbur's interest in flying was augmented by hearing of the gliding experiments of a famous German, Otto Lilienthal. He appealed to Wilbur because he not only built gliders but actually practiced gliding. After reading all the books on flying in the Dayton library Wilbur wrote to Samuel Pierpont Langley of the Smithsonian Institute for more books on aeronautics. Langley gave the Wrights recommendations and advice about reading which routed them on the right course.

By the end of the century the Wright Brothers were interested seriously in flying. To them to fly meant to do it at their own will, as long as they wanted to, and by their own control. In 1899 to think of flying required mental daring and initiative. They knew the difficulty and the immensity of the job, and by 1900 they were ready to start work on the task of flying. Building gliders, looking for a good place to glide and actually gliding were the first items on their program. At this time many

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Dog Down

By Jack Rice

• "Quit kicking her."

"But I wasn't hurting her, Gramps."

The small boy stood solidly, his stocky body stiff, legs planted defiantly apart, lower lip stuck out, and pudgy hands clenched into fists. The puppy crawled around the corner of the house, its tail drooping with shame.

"What kind of a boy are you?" Gramps was tall, thin, and brittle as a reed. His breath smelled strongly of "medicine." When he talked his voice crackled like a shorted wire.

"I don't know, Gramps; what kind of a boy am I?" Roger asked with suddenly adult seriousness, relaxing his body and looking up at Gramps with inquisitive eyes.

Gramps swallowed a smile, and wiped away something that had got in his eye.

"Well, you're not very much of a boy. A real boy doesn't let his dog down."

"Doesn't — let his dog down?" Roger repeated wonderingly.

"That's what I said, 'doesn't let his dog down,'" Gramps said irritably. "A real boy doesn't kick his dog. And if another boy starts to kick a real boy's dog, why," and Gramps made vague motions in the air with his foot to show Roger how it should be done. "Why, a real boy would just walk up to him and kick him."

"Like this?"

"That's the way. That's the way a real boy would do it," Gramps said gleefully.

"I'm not gonna let my dog down, Gramps. I'm gonna be a real boy."

Roger's stiff body relaxed, and the defiant legs propelled him

humbly forward. He put his arms around Gramps' waist, pulled him down, and kissed him on his suddenly reddened cheek. Gramps had something in his eye for sure now. He had to turn away and blow his nose loudly to get it out.

The dog walked around the corner of the house, her legs wobbly with age. Her once-black coat was almost entirely white now, and the tumor in her sick-swollen body would not let her sleep at night. Whenever Roger woke up in the night, he could hear the click of her toenails on the kitchen floor, her moans and whines as she tried to ease the pain in her burning body. In the morning she would be lying on her blanket, her sides heaving in exhausted sleep.

Roger called her over to the steps where he was sitting. She flopped down at his feet. Roger rubbed her head absent-mindedly while he was trying to figure out a chemistry problem.

"Roger!"

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Go get me a loaf of bread."

"Aw, Mom! I've got this chem

...

"Go get me a loaf of bread!"

"Okay, Mom." Roger laid his chemistry book on the porch. "C'mon, old gal, let's go get some bread." Boy and dog started off.

George Norris listened with a critical ear to the powerful motor.

"Just my imagination. It didn't miss at all," he said to himself, and tramped harder on the accelerator. The big car sped even faster along the street. Visiting hours at the hospital would soon start.

His daughter, Cathy, was pretty critical. Rabies in a child could be

pretty serious. What was the use of having money if you couldn't protect your family from filthy animals. George Norris remembered how he had shot the dog after it bit Cathy. His finger tightened slowly on the trigger, squeezing, squeezing . . . He tramped harder on the gas and the big car leaped forward.

Roger stopped on the corner, his mind still on the chem problem. Boy and dog crossed together. Roger wasn't worried about the dog. She was car-smart. She always crossed at corners and she always looked both ways, which some people hadn't figured out yet.

Roger heard the car before he saw it. Then it was upon them, a great roaring, metallic monster. Roger leaped to the curb just in time. He turned, and saw the dog running after him.

"C'mon," Roger yelled. "You'll make it!"

She was running as hard as she could, moaning with the effort. Her age-weary legs gave out and she fell. She crawled a few inches, got up on her forelegs and was running and dragging her hindquarters; got her hind legs under her and was running, her swollen sides heaving painfully with every running step she took, when the car caught her.

The right front wheel ran over her chest. Roger could hear the crunching sound as her bones broke, the tearing of meat and hair, and the yell that issued from her lips, matched by a scream of his own. The momentum of the spinning wheel threw her against the underside of the car, where she hung with one leg caught in a brace, her head and the upper part of her body dragging on the rough concrete street.

The car dragged her fifty yards. Finally she managed to wriggle free, and dropped, rolling and howling, to the pavement. The rear wheel finished what the front had begun.

Roger stood as one entranced, transfixed by shock. His last wholly rational act was to note the license number of the car. Something snapped inside him, but he kept a stolid, slightly glazed look stubbornly on his face, refusing to let his true emotion pour out of him.

George Norris refused to admit that he heard the bumping of the small body on the underside of his car.

"Almost hit that damnfool kid. Gotta be more careful."

The car momentarily slackened its pace, and then resumed its headlong rush.

All during the sound and the fury of the "accident," the street seemed empty. Now, in the awful silence, the street seemed to be absolutely deserted. Then the people came, popping out of doorways and sticking their heads out of windows, running down the street, running up the street, coming from side streets and alleys, coming from between houses and cutting across lawns.

The crowd was silent in the presence of death, as it always is. But there was an angry muttering, an undertone that occasionally broke forth and became angrily vocal. A crowd has few favorites, but a small dog is one.

Roger went about his grisly work, using a shovel provided by a thoughtful citizen to gather the remnants of the body and deposit them in a small cardboard box provided by another. His expression never changed. He would not permit it to change, but rather gritted his teeth until his gums bled.

The crowd watched this dumb show in awed silence. When Roger was done, he handed the shovel back to the owner. Roger thanked him with his eyes, still not trusting himself to speak. He stooped and cradled the tiny box in his arms. He stood then, the box held high in his arms. He looked down into the box for a full minute, seeming to make a promise to it. Then he lifted his eyes and started for home.

The crowd opened a respectful aisle to let Roger through, then closed in upon itself and followed en masse. Several people tried to put their arms around Roger and talk to him. He did not hear them, but kept on walking.

Roger's mother sat on the porch, fanning herself.

"Where is that boy? I sent him after bread a half hour ago. John, I'm worried about Roger."

Roger's father looked up from his paper.

"Now, Martha, I wouldn't worry. Now, when I was a boy I remember . . ." It was a sentence he never finished.

Roger first appeared on the sidewalk just at the end of the hedge. His clothes were covered with blood, caked and matted with dirt, torn and ripped.

Roger's mother ran toward him.

"Roger, Roger. What happened, son?" she cried.

"My dog is — My dog is . . ." He brushed past his mother.



Illustration by Elizabeth DeCurtins

She ran after him. She stood on tiptoe to see the contents of the box, gazed upon the bloody dripping remains, took two tottering steps toward the porch, and fainted.

Roger's father was still on the porch, newspaper in hand, watching. Roger walked up to him and set the box on the floor before him.

"My dog," he exclaimed pathetically, and walked on into the house.

Roger's father sat rocking back and forth on the straight chair, his mind numbed by shock, trying to reconcile this bloody bit of matter with the memory of the live dog, active and full of fun.

The crowd had witnessed the scene in front of the house, had realized its inadequacy in such a situation, and dispersed as rapidly as it formed, to resume its daily struggle for existence.

Roger's mind was dominated by one thought.

"He'll come back over that street just to see if she's still there." And he shivered at the thought.

Roger knew what he wanted to do. He knew that when carbide and water are mixed together a violent explosion results. Roger dug the carbide wick out of his dad's old hunting lantern. He wrapped it carefully in litmus paper. Water would take a little time to soak through the litmus paper, so that it would act just like a timer on a hand grenade. Roger then got an empty milk bottle and filled it with water. With the carbide in his pocket, he was an angry kid carrying a milk bottle full of water.

"He has to come back."

Roger leaned carelessly against a lamp post, the milk bottle of water at his feet. He twisted a thin wire between his fingers while he waited.

"Here it comes." Roger's own voice startled him. He had spoken aloud without realizing it. He couldn't even see the numbers on the license plate clearly yet. But he soon identified the car.

Better go back this way and see if that damnfool kid was hurt. A man had kids of his own and he should watch out for somebody else's. If that damnfool kid was hurt a little money might ease any hard feelings. It was surprising how a little money spread in the right places did things. Was that kid on the corner the same one?

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New Orleans "The Crescent City"

By Dr. Edward A. Huth

• The twenty-second annual convention of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life, of which Dr. Huth is president, was held in New Orleans, March 24-26. In this article he speaks about a few of the events and points of interest regarding the conference and the city.

The National Catholic Conference on Family Life, like the Family Life Bureau of which it is an agency, is a special function organization which devotes all of its attention to the one field — the family — with due consideration to all facets concerning the basic institution of society. The most distinguishing characteristic of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life is that it is a body of experts on marriage, the family and related topics.

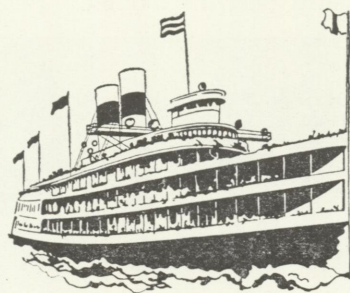
One of the principal objectives of the Family Life Bureau and the National Catholic Conference on Family Life has been in the field of research concerning the family. Since 1933, marriage and family experts, researchers and specialists have been meeting each year in National Conferences throughout the United States to exchange ideas and discuss publicly the various problems affecting family life. From these National Conferences, there has developed much of the existing literature on the Christian family.

Since about 1946, Diocesan Directors of Family Life have been appointed to integrate the work in the various dioceses and to establish a link between the clergy and laity. At the present time there are one hundred and one Diocesan Directors of Family Life in the United States. They are the Bishops' representatives for marriage and family life in their respective dioceses.

Invaluable assistance is given to the Family Life Bureau and to the

National Catholic Conference on Family Life by the National Council of Catholic Men; the National Council of Catholic Women; and the National Catholic Youth Council. Although they are general rather than special purpose organizations, nevertheless, they have special sections, on a national level, to promote family activity programs. Thus, the Men's Council has a National Committee on the Family; the Women's Council has an important Committee on Family and Parent Education; and, the Youth Council has a National Commission on Family Life.

To a very great extent this national type of organization is carried down into the dioceses of the country. Thus, there are Diocesan Family Life Bureaus, Diocesan Councils of Catholic Men, Dio-



cesan Councils of Catholic Women, and Diocesan Catholic Youth Organizations. The special purpose sections of these Councils, dealing with the family, seek to promote the family apostolate throughout their respective diocesan territories. In some cases they even develop organizations for this purpose in the deaneries and parishes. All of these organizations are ultimately under the common supervision of the Episcopal Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. These organizations constitute the appointed channels through which the work of the Family Life Bureau and the National Catholic Conference on

Family Life reach down into the dioceses, into the parishes, and finally into the Catholic homes.

The Conference opened with a Pontifical High Mass in historic St. Louis Cathedral and closed there with the Family Holy Hour. The Cathedral, one of the most notable landmarks of North America, faces Jackson Square and it, as did its two predecessors, looks out upon the crescent bend (hence the name, "The Crescent City") of the Mississippi river. The present beautiful structure dates from 1794 and is the third church located on the site. The first chapel was hurriedly constructed about 1722, and it was totally destroyed by the hurricane that swept the infant City of New Orleans a year later. A new church of brick and cypress, completed in 1727, was named the Church of St. Louis. Its spire towered over the young settlement through the French and Spanish regimes until 1788, when it, too, was totally destroyed by the devastating fire that almost wiped out the city.

The people were so hard hit that they could not rebuild their church. Very soon, however, Don Andres Almonester y Roxas, probably the richest man in the city at the time and the same man who financed the re-building of the *Ca-bildo*, destroyed in the same fire, agreed to erect a new and grander church at his own expense. The church was blessed on December 23, 1794. It witnessed the ceremony of the exchange of flags, December 1, 1803, when the royal red and yellow emblem of Spain fluttered down the high flagstaff in the *Plaza de Armas* and saw the tricolor of Napoleon's France take its place for twenty days, only to be succeeded by the banner of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes of the young United States. During

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Tributes to Our Queen

Prize Winners in the Mariology Essay Contest

MARY IMMACULATE

• When the reports of the apparitions of Our Lady at Lourdes were being carried in newspapers all over the world, a clergyman in England was discussing the alleged visions with some of his colleagues. He told them that he found it hard to believe that the Blessed Virgin would make such a mistake in grammar as to say, "I am the Immaculate Conception." One of the other clergymen present chided, "That grammatical error seems to run in the family. Her Son said, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life'."

This statement of the Blessed Virgin was not only not a grammatical error but its impact was to deal a crushing blow to materialists of that age; an age when men were saying that they needed no Baptism, nor the Redemption of Christ because there was no original sin, and, therefore, all men were born without sin.

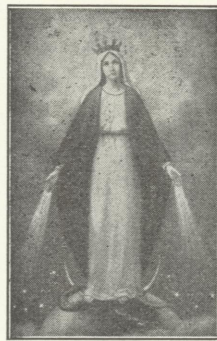
Four years before Lourdes the Holy Father, Pius IX, amid tears of joy and emotion proclaimed as a dogma of faith that the Blessed Virgin Mary was free of sin from the first moment of her conception in anticipation of her dignity as Mother of God, the Incarnate Word. Then, the bells of Rome rang out and the joy of the Christian world echoed in response.

Today other materialists are teaching their self-sufficient doctrines with no need of a God or a Redeemer. The countries enslaved by Communism are the victims of this materialism, but the words of Mary, "I am the Immaculate Conception," are still penetrating the Iron Curtain, giving hope to the masses of the common people. There is a Russian saying that when the sun, Christ, was blotted from their view, it would be the moon, Mary, who would reflect this

light back to them. These enslaved people, together with the free world, are praying and hoping that this prediction will be fulfilled and the Immaculate Virgin will triumph one day soon over the enemies of her Son.

Father Chaminade, that great apostle of Mary's Immaculate Conception, was wont to place his hand on the serpent at the foot of her statue and say, "She will crush your head once more." He would also often say to his disciples, "Let us in all humility be the heel of the Woman."

The Immaculate Conception has been the link and main-stay of this age of Mary which began in 1830 with the apparitions of Our Lady to Catherine Zoe Labore in France. In the second of the three visions, Our Lady appeared within an oval-shaped outline around which was written, "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee."



Immaculate, immaculate is reiterated over and over again by the servants of God who have led countless numbers back to the Son of the Immaculate one—Fr. Chaminade, Catherine Labore, Pius IX, Bernadette Soubirous and so many others in growing numbers in our present day.

The most recent jewel in the crown of Our Lady, the definition of the dogma of the Assumption by

our Holy Father Pius XII, was the logical and timely complement of the Immaculate Conception. The first and last moments of Mary's life are commemorated by these.

Was it merely by chance that World War II began on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and ended officially on the feast of the Assumption?

Despite the Godlessness and materialism, that modern heresy, present in the world today, we may look ahead to the time when the Immaculate Woman shall conquer the hearts of all mankind and win them back as a treasure for her Son.

—DONALD BOCCARDI.

FOR MARY

• Does Mary mean to you a sentimental, pastel-hued holy card . . . or a plaster statue frozen in the same inevitable attitude of prayer . . . or do you have some vague notion of Mary as the Mother of Christ, who — well, that's just about all of which you are certain? Or is your knowledge of and devotion to Mary just as real and as solid as God Himself would have it? If it is not, then there is a cavernous void in your Christian life. If it is not, then you are closing your eyes deliberately to one who is pointing out for YOU the way to the heart of Christ. Mary, the loving, docile daughter of God the Father, the chosen immaculate spouse of the Holy Ghost, the beloved, dearest Mother of Christ, is our model today in this the twentieth century just as surely as she was the model for the citizens of Nazareth.

Yes, but what was outstanding in Mary's life, you ask. Was it a very active one . . . or did she

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The Decison

By Mary Agnes Ens

• “What in the! — What is this? Leggo a’ me ya’ Big Bum! I’m stayin’ right here — an’ *nobody’s* gonna — Okay! Okay! so I’ll come along — but keep them feathers from flappin’ in my face or I’ll belt ya’ one, see! Where ya’ takin’ me? Put me down ya’ Bum! Put me D-O-W-N — — — Ouch! I didn’t say *drop* me! Can’t ya’ be more careful?”

“Wow! jest looka’ this dump! This joint is better’n the Ritz. Big thick rugs on the floor an’ everythin’ decked out real classy.

“Hey, Buster! — yeah, you in the monkey suit. Are ya’ the floor-walker aroun’ here or somethin’?”

“Who, I? Are you addressing me, sir?”

“There ain’t nobody else here, is ment.”

“No, we are alone for the mothere?”

“That’s jest dandy. Then maybe ya’ can tell me what’s this all about. I got grabbed about an hour ago by some big guy, see, an’ the next thing I knew he dumped me *here*. How’s come? What’s goin’ on?”

“SEND IN NUMBER 101,897,-493,601, PLEASE.”

“Hey! — where’d that voice come from?”

It came over the inter-communication set, my friend; they are ready for you now.”

“Ya’ mean this one billion-an-one character is ME?”

“Yes, you are our 101,897,493,-601st visitor this year. Go right through that large oak door on your right, please. You had better hurry. They do not like to be kept waiting.”

“They? Who the heck is THEY?”

“You will see all in good time, my friend. Enter the large oak door on the right.”

“Okay! okay! ya’ don’t haveta’ shove, I’m goin’”!

* * *

“Well, my friend, I see that They are all through with you. Come over and sit down; you look very unsure on your legs.”

“Yeah, I think I better. What happens next in this crazy place?”

“You must wait now for Their decision. They will tell you soon where your New Home is to be.”

“Ya’ mean by this—NEW HOME STUFF — Upstairs or Downstairs?”

“Yes, my friend, They have listened to the story of your entire life from your own lips. Now they are deciding upon your Future.”

“They’ve got the say, huh? — whether it’s Up or Down for me?”

“It is for them to decide. They have heard your case and will give you a fair decision.”

“A fair shake won’t do a guy like me much good! I gotta get outta here! I gotta get backta’ earth.”

“There is no where to run, my friend. Come back and sit down! You have no where to go! Sit down and wait awhile.”

“It’s easy for *you* to say ‘take it easy,’ but they’re decidin’ about ME in There.”

“Okay, okay, don’t do nothin’ rash; I’ll sit down.”

“See I’m sittin’. Now that I am, tell me, willya’ Mac — Not that it’s any a’ my business or nothin’, but seein’s how you work here an’ all could ya’ tell me, does everybody get the same treatment in this joint? I mean does every guy get

this long, white beard routine. All those old geezers in there sittin’ an’ lookin’ right through ya’ while ya’ tell ‘em your story? Ya’ know somethin’, it sounds crazy, but I jest couldn’t tell ‘um no lie neither. I tried, but I couldn’t even pad up the truth a little bit. It was enough to make a guy like me crazy in the head! — That’s it! I got a screw loose! — I MUST be off my nut to be believin’ this is really happenin’.”

“You had better seat yourself, my friend, and calm down a little. You have been through a great ordeal — after all, dying is a *trying* experience.”

“DYIN’! — Then I HAVE cashed in my chips ‘an I’m — I’m DEAD; I’m not jest havin’ hallucinations or somethin’”?

“That is correct. It may seem hard to grasp now, but you will grow to enjoy being a Spirit after a while.”

“Yeah? That I seriously doubt.”

“Ya’ do seem kinda’ happy at that though, Mac. Say, I don’t know your name — that is if angels like you have names.”

“Oh, yes, to be sure, I am called Ignatius — Ignatius The Receiving Angel.”

“Wow! that’s a mouthful, but glad ta’ meetcha anyhow.”

“My right name is Sam, but the boys call me — opps! I mean they *usta* call me Soupy for short. You call me Soup, too, Igg.”

“‘Soupy?’ — My, that is a strange nickname! May I inquire why they chose that particular one, Samuel?”

“The name’s Soupy. Why ‘cause I was one a’ the best nitro-men in the business. ‘Best Safe-Cracker in Chi,’ the mob *usta* call me. Pretty good for such a young guy, don’t-

cha think? I only turned twenty-eight a coupla months ago, an' I been in the Chicago mob for over three years now. Worked my way up from a little two-bit sneak-thief. Only got sent up twice, too. Those dumb cops in Chi' could never make a big rap stick on Soupy Hogan — only small-time stuff."

"I see. You were a gangster then. My, my, you *poor soul*, I hope everything goes well for you in There."

"Why did ya' have ta' go an' remind me — about in There! Tell me straight Igg, do ya' think They'll send me to — to — DOWN THERE?"

"Why I cannot answer that question, Samuel. I know nothing about you except for the very little you have just told me."

"Then let me tell ya' what I told Them — or at least, most of it, so ya' can tell me what They'll say. This waitin' is killin' me. I know I ain't got no chance, not a prayer, but WHY don't they get it over! Why don't They get it *over*!"

"I am beginning to wonder myself, Samuel. I have never known Them to take THIS long deciding about ANYONE."

"It is against the rules Here but if it will make the time go faster for you, I will gladly listen to your story. It must be quite interesting; They are taking so long."

"Igg, you're a *real pal*! Listen close an' shoot it straight after you've heard me out. Tell me watcha' think my chances are."

"Well, like I said, it all began for me twenty-eight years ago. We lived then in a pretty swell house, not lush a' course, but nice. It had rugs on the floors an' big velvet drapes hangin' at all the winda's. Gosh, we even had a garden with real trees an' flowers an' stuff. I had a sister, Julie, a good kid, an' three brothers all older 'an me. My mom was the greatest in the world. She was beautiful — I remember that. Funny how I can see her still by our big front door with all us kids lined up in front

a' her. She did that every mornin' before we went to school. She was swell to us, REAL swell. I guess my ole' man was okay, too. Mom usta' say he was the greatest. He took me to the park on Sundays sometimes.

"Thinkin' back when I was a kid, I had it real great. I usta' go to Church every Sunday an' everythin'. I went to high-school, too, for a while. Not many of the kids on our block got to go, but all my brothers had an' mom said I hadta' too, no matter how hard times were. I went all right, but now I kinda' wish I never. I got my beginnin' in that place."

"The *beginning*, Samuel? — the beginning of what?"

"I wantcha' to get this straight, Igg. I was a good kid up 'till then, a little dumb an' green maybe, but a good kid. This school was okay for the most part, too, an' everythin' would a' been just dandy if I hadn't a' tried to keep up with some a' them rich brats. I hadta' be a big shot! So like a dope I told 'em all that my ole man was real loaded. Money ta burn an' all that! I began to throw my money around to look big time. I was havin' a ball 'till the dough I had

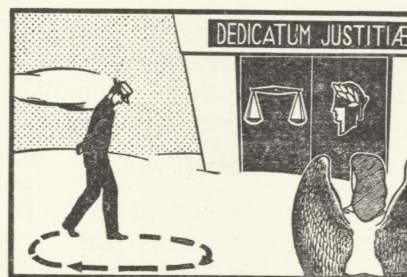


Illustration by Al Granato

saved ran out. Times weren't so good at home an' I couldn'ta' explained what I needed money for anyhow. I had to have some dough; I knew the kids would drop me fast if they found out I'd been lyin'. I hadta keep bein' a fast spender. I kinda' went crazy an' did a stupid thing. I stole what I needed out a' kid's locker at school. It was the first time I had ever done anythin' like that in all my life, an' I was scared plenty. But then as I needed more an' took it, the scare changed to a kinda'

excitement. Stealin' started to come real easy ta me. I learned to be a good thief, real fast.

"I was about sixteen when I got caught the first time an' got sent to some dump of a reform school up-state. Up there I really learned stuff — but it wasn't how ta' be no choir-boy. I was in for three years, an' when they let me out I never went home no more 'cause my mom was dead anyhow an' the family had kinda' split up.

"Me an' some a' the other kids from 'the school' got into a Philly syndicate. It was a hot car racket. I worked at it for a coupla' years an' did okay for myself, too. I was finally becomin' somebody, livin' it up real great when the cops caught us an' I got sent away again; this time to the Pen for four years. I was out in two on good behavior.

"Say, Igg, don't ya' think They're takin' too long decidin' in There? Lord! why don't They come out?"

"Please, Samuel, give Them another ten minutes! Your case must be *very* rare to keep Them *this* long. — In all the one hundred and one billion lives They have heard since I have been here, I have NEVER known Them to take so LONG in deciding. Promise me you will give them another ten minutes."

"Okay, but I'm waitin' *jest* ten minutes more an' then I'm bustin' in There! That's a promise!

"What was I tellin' ya? Oh yeah, about me bein' in the State Pen. Like I said, I got out in about two years — some priest up there took a shine ta' me an' talked the parole board into it. I was mighty grateful ta that chaplain an' when I got free again I was all full a' shinin' promises an' resolutions ta go straight.

"Ya' know I mighta' done it too, if I hadn't had such a hard time gettin' one a' them Honest Jobs. I run into a ole friend from State jest when I was down on my luck, an' almost out. This guy Red helped me out an' in turn I give him a

hand on a coupla' jobs he had lined up crackin' some small safes an' breakin' into some big house to hit thair wall boxes.

"I learned a lot from Red about nitro. After a while, I got ta be a better soup-man than him. An' then about three years ago me an' Red joined a big mob on the South Side a' Chi'. Whata organization those mugs had! — A real sweet set up!

"I may not have looked like much to them at first but I made them guys see how valuable I really could be ta their mob. Like I said, I'm one a' the best soup-men around."

"It appears that you were doing very well in your — umh profession, Samuel. What went wrong to put you here?"

"Oh, that can wait, Iggy! Tell me, *please* tell me, WHY don't They come outta' There an' say where They're sendin' me. I can't stand this no longer! Okay, I'm goin' DOWN but let 'um tell me so! I'm ready to BUST!"

"I know, I know! but there is *nothing* in all Eternity that can be done to hurry Them. Remember your promise — the ten minutes are not up yet. We will just have to be patient; there is nothing else to do. Go on with what you were saying. Telling why you are Here."

"That's one for the books, Igg. You'll probably never believe a smart boy like me could be such a *sap*. An' a SAP I was, but yuh know sometimes a guy jest can't seem ta help hisself. It was like that for me. Lemme explain. I'll try ta tell ya' what I mean.

"This night we had a job all planned out, see. We were gonna' knock over the same in Saint Joseph's Parsonage. Ya' gotta believe me, Igg, I'm givin' it to ya' straight when I tell ya' I didn't go for the idea right from the beginnin'; blowin' a can belongin' ta no Church don't seem right ta me. But the boys say dough's dough, an' I had ta go along.

"We broke into this parsonage

place about two A. M. Everythin' went real smooth at first. I blew the door an' Red was puttin' the green stuff into a satchil when the lights went on sudden like. It was a priest — that same darn one that helped me out up at tha Pen. Can ya imagine, after all that time I still remembered the ole guy.

"Well, Red grabbed for his gun an' I saw the trigger-happy dope meant ta shoot that poor ole guy right there. Why, I sure as hell don't know, but I jest couldn't watch Red do it. The priest hadn't hurt nobody; he didn't even have a gun or nothin'!

"I grabbed Red's arm an' we struggled over the gun. It went off a coupla' times. I knew I was hit an' bad the way I hurt, but I never figured on endin' up Here.

"That brings ya' up to date, Igg. Now what do ya think a my chances? — Never mind ya' don't *haveta* say it! — it's written all over your face. I'm goin' DOWN ain't I, ain't I?"

"I am sorry, Samuel, but it looks that way. I am afraid one good deed cannot make up for a whole life of evil doing.

"*I am* sorry, Samuel."

"That's okay, Igg. It's what I expected really. Now I'm goin' in There an' make them damn Blue Noses get this over with."

"Don't, Samuel! It will — "

"IGNATIUS! SEND IN SAMUEL SOUPY HOGAN IMMEDIATELY!"

"Don't worry ya' Blue Nose, I'm comin'!"

"Igg, pal, I wancha' ta meet a' ole frienda' mine. This is Father Paul, late a' Saint Joseph's Parsonage.

"An' say Igg, wa'cha' think a' the new outfit? The wings make me look kinda' destinguished, don't ya' think?"



RIDING A BUS

• Riding a bus is to many of us a tiring and time-consuming means of transportation. Although we would rather ride in a car, it is necessary, many times, to use the bus.

While riding the bus I have often counted the hours spent in traveling that I could otherwise use to do something that was more enjoyable. Then one day as I was leisurely looking out of the window at the familiar landmarks, a thought entered my mind. Of all the places in the world, the bus is probably the only place where people of all races, colors, and creeds meet.

I began to study the people who were sitting around me as individuals whose problems and joys in life were similar to mine. The woman in the mink coat sitting across the aisle from me was by all appearances the wife of a wealthy businessman. The shabbily dressed man with his lunch pail clutched in his half-clean hands was probably returning from a hard day's work to a dimly lighted home. A little woman wearing a worried expression on her face was carrying a large bag of groceries to her home and her children.

The heartbreaks, love, laughter and disappointments of life are reflected in their eyes. The concealment of their thoughts is no longer present, but the revelation of their feelings is evident by their facial expressions as they ride thoughtfully to their destinations.

The face of humanity is unmasked in a bus. Even though it be just the crying of a little child or the expression of a weary mother, the mask is removed in some way or form. The secrets of people's lives are subtly revealed in their eyes as they relax on their journey home.

The bus is also a place to meet and enjoy people whom we would ordinarily never come in contact with. A chance acquaintance on the bus for a short half hour may
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Military Training

By Francis J. Henggeler

• In writing this theme I am not advocating compulsory military service. I intend only to point out some of the valuable aspects of military training both for the individual and for our country. A big idea in the minds of those who are interested in military training is the principle upon which our country is based, freedom. They argue that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and that one good way to prevent others from attacking us is to be ready to stave off the attacks of the enemy. All citizens should consider it their duty to go out and fight when their country is attacked. Loyalty and patriotism require this.

In the fast-moving world of today our children have grown rapidly and glided through school over the oiled surface of the field of our educational system. The average student of today has had no real tempest with which to contend. Certainly, he lived during the time of war in his short life. Most of his impressions of war-time were formed from hearing his elders talk about not getting enough sugar or meat stamps, or that they could not drive the car this week because they had used up too many gasoline stamps last week. He had plenty of food to eat and all the warm clothing he needed.

He has read and heard about depressions and hard times, but they seem a little on the mythical or unrealistic side. They are hard to comprehend unless one experiences them first-hand, just as the real tragedy of death is felt only when it strikes close.

The young man receiving a high school diploma today is usually ambitious and eager to get ahead in life. Perhaps he has several ideas as to just what he wants to do. His education has been broad in that he has learned a "little

about a lot" of things. Despite all these factors, is this young man ready to cast his die and follow the pattern established? Or would he waste precious time and money only to learn later that the road he chose is not to his liking or aptitude.

By the time a young man enters college he should have well established in his mind the career he intends to follow. In order to allow a "cooling off" period — a period in which he can stop and think and take inventory of himself — what could be more suitable than to have a short tour in the military service?



In the service he would be removed from his family, friends and community, all of which have influenced him in the past and helped shape within him the ideas he has today. Here he would come in contact with other young men whose environments have been entirely different from his own. From them he would glean additional ideas.

The time spent in service would not be a period of just "marking time." The physical training is rigorous and healthful. The regular routine, with plenty of exercise, wholesome food and ample sleep will aid greatly in completing the development of the young man's body. He would have the opportunity of participating in various sports, and many other facilities for wholesome recreation and development would be available. Many young men in civilian status do not have such opportunities.

During a tour of service, the young man assumes personal responsibility that he has not had while still living at home in his familiar community. The most important of these responsibilities is making new friends and living with other men. For some it is a new responsibility to manage their financial affairs and other personal affairs. At the same time, the young man would learn that he is in keen competition for advancement even though he has more or less lost his identity as an individual and become a member of a team. The team, he is taught, is no stronger than its weakest player. He learns to respect authority, for without authority no organization can exist.

The services recognize the fact that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." The young men are provided with a field of entertainment and social events to meet the interests of all. Service clubs, church organizations and civic-sponsored groups in the local communities provide social contacts and entertainment for the young men.

The young service man has great opportunity to broaden his formal education by his traveling and living in various parts of our own country as well as in foreign places. Wherever he goes he will find varying interests — perhaps in the South the dominant topic of interest would be civil rights; in a highly industrial area it would be labor problems; and in the agricultural sections it would naturally be relative to farming. All of this time he would be learning. In addition to the formal military training he perhaps learns from the conversations with his buddies and other fellows in his unit. It would not be an education that carried with it degrees or diplomas but it

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The Poetry Page

Edited by Elizabeth McAdam

Sonnet of My Soul

If the skylark with his "unpremeditated art"
Pours out his joyful song to listless ears,
Then beauty such as music doth impart
Can never charm or quiet needless fears.
If eyes are blind to autumn's changing hue
And never see a quiet starlit night,
Then even Bacchus with his pleasure dew
Can never quench the thirst of that soul's sight.
So is it with my unrequited love;
For all the world are deaf and cannot see.
The stars I have, I know the value of.
The beauty of my song is known to me.
What does it matter if they see or hear?
My eyes can see; the song to me is clear.

—SUZANNE CONNOLLY.

Poem

This is a woman and this is her face;
This is a druggist and this is the place;
This is the place where beauty is found;
Beauty for women we sell by the pound.

Potions and lotions and mudpacks galore,
Lipsticks and rouges and creams by the score.
Selling compounds for the whole human race,
Helping woman keep her beautiful face.

Black dye for blondes, and then blonde dye for black
Forth we go, chance about, then we come back.
We hear this lament sad all the ages span,
Ever since Man and his Woman began.

—JACK RICE.

Soundless . . . Motionless . . . Fearless

Soundless . . . motionless . . . fearless earth this Easter day
Underneath the translucid sky, tinged with a faint blush,
All bedewed nature momentarily quivers
At the sun's awakening touch; then hushed calm once
more.

Stormless now . . . new grasses form emerald settings
From which pure lilies stretch their majestic necks
heav'nward;
And while out of brambly bushes roses appear,
From the Crown of Thorns arises a wreath of glory.

—IRMI RAUCH.

Quatrain

All weight and size and shape we must ignore,
If quality inspire the mind to rise

Amid the falls of knowledge and explore
Its rapids, seeking out each new disguise.
Another world, apart, a dreamlike land,
Inspired, desired, beyond the realm of sense
Wherein Imagination rules; her span
Now briefly unconfined, she gambols thence.
Return we must from that which fancy bred
Or mind imposed; some fleeting peace retained
Of moments spent. And yet are we soon led
To linger still, because a part remained!

—ELIZABETH MCADAM.

Frustration

"Now this functional relation,"
Said the Prof. in monotone,
"Is an obvious quadratic,
So this need not here be shown.

"Taking lambda as the vertex
We will rotate P Pi Xi,
Then with minor transformations
It's Lagranges form, you see!

"Where the partial differential,
When you normalize the set,
Gives us Euler's form in polars,
Which we haven't had as yet.

"But it's really very simple
For the tension in the cord
Is this lengthy complex matrix.
Wish I had another board.

"Well, I'm *sure* you got this first part
So we'll rub it out for space.
Come now, Bill, this Math is easy,
Why that blank look on your face"?

(Fifty minutes was that session,
But it seemed more like a year.
At its end he turned in triumph,
Then he smiled with careless cheer.)

"Q. E. D., and with full rigor!
Not a jot as yet unproved!
Crystal clear! But . . . Any Questions"?
(Not a single student moved.)

(Then a hand rose slowly skyward,
And a voice spoke soft and low.)
"Not on any point up there, sir,
Just one thing I'd like to know.

"Since you say it's very simple,
I will keep my queries few.
Could you tell me very briefly
What on earth we tried to do?

—KARL SCHWARTZ.

Vergil M. O'Flaherty

By Robert J. McAuliffe

• Father Tim was sure. He would have to find a job for Vergil or the latter would be forced to return to his old pals, to his evil ways. Father Joe had insisted that they could afford to have a sexton again, now that the mortgage had been paid off on the church. But Vergil, a sexton? Father Tim was not sure, but he had his doubts. How would Vergil see it?

For three days Fathers Tim and Joe argued the matter back and forth and in exhaustion decided on the compromise. They would put the decision up to Vergil. If Vergil would accept the job, they would both be happy, even though Father Tim had his doubts as to whether their meager salary would help Vergil decide on his future. Then there were Vergil's pals to be reckoned with. Could they be kept from Vergil, and more important, could they be sure that Vergil would keep from them? Father Tim was sure that Vergil could be trusted to take care of that!

Father Tim was proud of Vergil. He was proud of his penitent for several reasons. First of all was Vergil's insistence that he be paid nothing for his job as sexton. Vergil was a changed man.

Vergil himself was intent only on becoming a respectable citizen. He was intent on making his conversion complete. Vergil was not a real convert in the usual sense of the term, but he had wandered far from the faith his mother had instilled into him when he was a child in Ireland.

When Vergil had arrived in New York, he intended to keep going straight, but when he found a job that paid well he decided that somehow it would be all right to sacrifice principle in favor of the better position.

Who would ever suspect Mike McGrath of being mixed up in illegal business, of unlawful acts? Surely Vergil didn't when he agreed to take the position of bodyguard to Mike. The story was about in Ireland that everybody in America carried a gun, and so why not carry the gun that Mike gave him?

When Mike got mixed up in a fight in that East Side Cafe where they usually spent their Wednesday evenings, Mike told Vergil to shoot, and so Vergil shot. As a matter of fact, Vergil shot so well

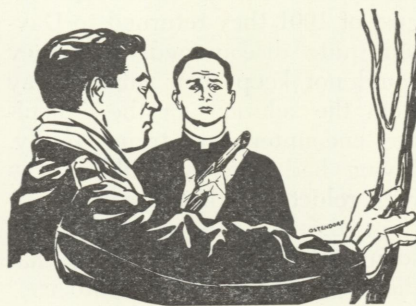


Illustration by Ned Ostendorf

that Mike gave him another pay raise and all sorts of honors. Vergil was put in charge of some of Mike's "collections." He liked Mike, and he liked the job.

It was quite recently that Mike had taken Vergil out on a very large "collection" to be made in Pennsylvania. The "collection" was to be from a bank in a small town just outside Pittsburgh, and had been carefully planned for some time. There were two cars of men to be used, and Vergil was to drive for Mike. His whole job consisted in driving around the block, blowing his horn twice, then standing by and watching for cops.

The men were on their way out of the bank with their satchels when a police car entered the block. In the chase that followed,

Mike and Vergil did all right until a stray bullet hit Mike in the head, killing him instantly. This close call started Vergil thinking.

He found himself in Father Tim's church, and memories of happy childhood days came back to him. He found himself talking to Father.

He now had a good, honest job, and in gratitude he would not accept any pay for it, just a bite to eat three times a day, and a bed to sleep in. The first was taken care of by Father Joe who brought it to Vergil's room below the sacristy. In the room were a bed, running water, a crucifix with a little lamp before it, and Vergil.

Because of the district in which Saint Patrick's was located, Vergil insisted that he be allowed to accompany Fathers Tim and Joe on all sick calls after seven p.m. and before eight a.m. Though the priests felt safer with their brawny escort, they doubted the lawfulness of young clerics being guarded by a man carrying a gun. Vergil's gun was the largest and ugliest weapon that either of the priests had ever seen.

Vergil's inseparable companion was a large automatic, a Colt forty-five gauge calibre pistol. For his own reason, convert or no, Vergil wanted to keep that gun. He once explained it this way.

"Father, sure and you can't be wanting me to get rid of me gun when it hasn't yet done anything good, can you?"

Father could make no answer to this one, and so Vergil kept his gun.

Vergil was sick last year when a bad cold turned into something else. He would not hear of going to a hospital, and one day he got up to prove that he was all right. He insisted that he be allowed to go out on a sick call that night with Father Tim. He didn't have on enough clothes to keep out the chill of the wind, and so was very sick by the time they arrived home again.

The next day Father Joe discovered how sick Vergil was when he brought his breakfast. Vergil was too sick to move; yet he was well enough to make sure that they didn't try to move him. He gave Father permission to call a doctor only on the condition that he would not be up the next morning.

It was three a.m. in the night of February eighth when a fusillade of shots brought the priests to their senses. They could plainly smell smoke. The rectory was afire, and was blazing merrily by the time the priests were clear and on the street.

Father Tim rushed to the corner to give the alarm, and Father Joe went to get Vergil.

When Father Tim returned and looked for Father Joe he found him at the altar rail, crying like a baby. Vergil had died in his arms as he carried him to safety. The gun, which had saved the church from ruin, and the two priests' lives, was still clutched by the fingers of its owner.

Today if you look around in the vestibule of Saint Patrick's church you will see the plaque on which is commemorated: Vergil Michael O'Flaherty. In gratitude, Father Tim Walsh and Father Joe O'Hara.

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WRIGHT BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 3)

others in America devoted their energies to flight problems.

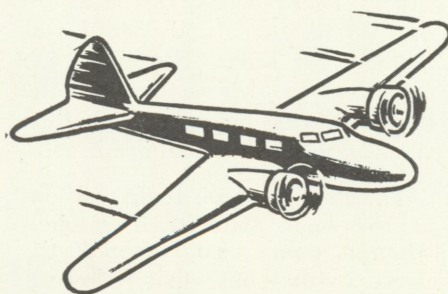
In 1900 flying was still a hobby for the Wright Brothers; their way of earning a living was making and selling bicycles, even though at this time their projected glider contained most parts that were important in their later machine. Flying was only a hobby, but it would not stay out of their interest and continued to distract them from their way of making a living.

The summer time was the busy season for bicycle merchants. In the fall of 1900 the Brothers decided to take a vacation away from bicycles and spend some time with

their hobby. The United States Weather Bureau informed them that a place on the North Carolina coast had strong and constant winds. In October with the parts of their glider and a tent they travelled a week to reach Kitty Hawk. The stay there was short. They flew the glider at first without an operator because the winds were not strong enough to sustain a glider and a man. Later they flew the glider with the operator lying flat on the bottom plane, because this position eliminated much of the wind resistance.

In 1901 the Brothers returned to Kitty Hawk in July with a glider that had twice the surface area of their first one. This time they built a shed to house it. Despite a glide of over three hundred feet they were not satisfied with their experiments. Even the weather conditions were adverse, so in August of 1901 they returned to Dayton quite discouraged. But they could not keep their minds away from the solutions of the difficulties encountered in trying to fly. Flying had been a hobby. Now with reluctance they considered it from the scientific angle and it soon became so fascinating that they were drawn deeper into it.

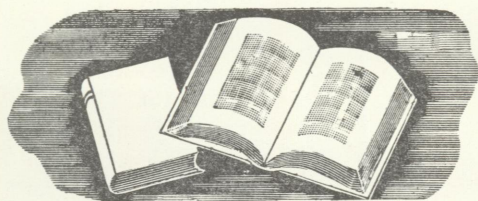
The third trip to Kitty Hawk, started on August 25, 1902, lasted four days. They found that their building had been battered by the elements. It took two days to raise and support it on foundation posts. Work about the camp lasted three weeks and it was not until September 19 that the glider was finished. It showed much advance over the previous models and after more experimentation it was finally brought to the form in which it was later patented. They made between seven hundred and a



thousand glides this year. The best lasted twenty-six seconds and covered a space of six hundred twenty-two and one-half feet. They successfully eliminated accidents because they avoided them, and later, spectacular flights.

The spring and winter of 1903 were spent in preparing for the coming sessions at Kitty Hawk. This year they would have a powered glider. Where would they get the engine? Not being able to purchase a motor, they decided to build one. It took them six weeks to build the motor Orville designed. The motor, two propellers rotating in opposite directions and sled runners were additions to the 1903 machine. The general construction was practically the same as that of the previous year. They arrived in Kitty Hawk September 25, 1903, and had difficulty in assembling the machine. The propeller shaft twisted off and afterwards the propeller broke. Orville returned to Dayton for new parts and it was five weeks before the propellers were ready. On December 14 the Wrights made a first trial of their machine. It stayed in the air three and one-half seconds and travelled one hundred feet. Struts on the plane were damaged by the flight and it took two days to repair these struts. December 17 was a poor day for a second flight. Ice was on the ground and cold north winds blew like gales. But the Brothers braved another flight on this day because they wanted to get home for Christmas. And this is the famous day in their lives. Four flights were made; Orville made the first one of twelve seconds. The fourth and longest was made by Wilbur. He was in the air fifty-nine seconds and he flew over eight hundred and fifty-two feet. It would be years before any other flyer would reproduce this achievement of December 17, 1903, an achievement that can be designated as the first controlled flight in history.

(The writer gives credit to Flight Into History by Elsbeth E. Freudenthal, U. of Oklahoma Press.)



Educators' Nook

Jan Stetson, Editor

Education Students are invited to contribute to the "Nook."

• You will probably remember Jim Tieman as having been the former editor of EDUCATORS' NOOK, and as having been an FTA leader. Jim received an assistantship from Miami University last fall, and is presently teaching two freshman classes in English. He dropped in between quarters to say Hello, and we asked him if he wouldn't contribute to the NOOK. It certainly is nice hearing from him again.

* * *

After Graduation . . .

• Advanced work in education seems to be a trend rapidly gaining momentum. Both superintendents and principals place a fairly high premium upon staff members who have had additional professional work. In fact, it is being said and frankly admitted by many educators that it is just a matter of years until a bachelor's degree will become as common in America as a high school diploma. Those with a desire to excel in their profession, as well as those who desire to be better prepared for their future responsibility, will find a great incentive to go ahead after graduation toward one of the advanced degrees.

There are a few suggestions which we deem quite valuable for those who are contemplating this course of action. We submit them now for your consideration and — we hope — profit.

1. Start making plans early (right now is not too soon, if you want to start next September); look around and evaluate the opportunities offered, as well as the reputation of the graduate school concerned.
2. Get a strong, stable background in the Christian philos-

ophy of education. This need becomes more and more apparent as one advances in the more technical aspects of the work. Many graduate schools — especially the larger, publicly supported schools — may have instructors who will throw one into complete confusion on this question, unless this need is taken care of.

3. Prepare yourself well in statistical and mensural studies. If one is strong in this area, his research projects and term papers will be greatly facilitated.

4. Be particularly careful in seeking sound advice on problems which arise. Most of your college professors in education have been through these problems and will be glad to help you by means of their own experiences.

5. Try to retain as many of your professional books and class notes as possible; they will come in very handy before you finish your graduate work.

6. Take advantages of every opportunity possible which will help you increase your professional know-how and your professional acquaintanceships. F. T. A. will give you a surprising amount of professional energy and enthusiasm. Organizations of this nature offer you a certain something which you will never get from any classroom or education course.

7. For those who will need financial assistance in order to pursue graduate work, there are many grants available to potential graduate students either in the form of scholarships, or in the form of part-time teaching and research positions. If you are a good student, don't fail to

look into this as a possible source of financial aid.

In speaking of personal professional advancement, it is advisable to keep the following in mind: As we advance, so does the profession advance; and as the profession advances, so does each and every one of us advance. Our motives for advancing ourselves and the profession may vary greatly in strength and nobility, but this we all agree upon: *We must always advance.*

—JAMES TIEMAN.

Thanks a lot, Jim, for the timely message. It hits us right between the eyes since many of us are debating the very question of "After Graduation What?"

* * *

Any one of our education students who has engaged in substitute teaching is sure to talk about it. We have induced Chris Frey, who is chairman of the substitute teaching project, to cull some random notes on the subject.

Never A Dull Moment

• Attention, Education Students! Are you looking for a little excitement, loads of fun, and a bushel of experience to boot? Those of us who have taken advantage of the substitute teaching opportunities which are offered through the FTA will admit that the most intriguing part of the job is the fact that there is never a dull moment.

During her first teaching assignment, Dianne Cadem's equilibrium was slightly disturbed when a little boy in the last seat in the room came swaggering down the aisle with his two index fingers extended in front of him. He planted
(Turn to Page 22)



Editorial Comment....

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE!

• We all know the story of Easter. We all know, and think we appreciate, the import of that tale. We have read the account many times in the Gospels. We have heard it preached again and again from the pulpit. Christ was born for us, suffered, was crucified, and died a horrible death just for us. Finally, He arose from the dead, soul and body, and later ascended into heaven, there to prepare a place for us. Every Lent and Easter the narrative is the same. But at each telling, this familiar episode should produce new effects within each one of us. It should animate our souls, turn our minds, our thoughts heavenwards. In other words, the remembrance each year of Christ's glorious Resurrection ought to prove a powerful incentive for us to rise also — spiritually.

Have we not often felt a certain thrill in our heart after having done a favor for our neighbor? Now, why not do ourselves a good turn; that is by rising spiritually? The same thrill will be experienced, though perhaps not at first. And our motive is certainly a sound one. Christ rose from the dead; He promised us that someday we also should rise. But who wants to go back down after having been raised up. There is our motive; our goal is high; our aim is practical. Christ arose that He might later ascend to prepare a place for us. We want to occupy that space, to be united with Christ for all eternity.

The plan we shall use to achieve our goal is simple, but it requires good will and a generous heart. Yet all this is for ourselves, for our own good. We gain all, lose nothing. Our scheme, we know, has existed for a long time, and has been known by several titles. Let us call it "Living in the presence of God." Everyone can do that. All of us can recall that we are ever in the presence of Him who died and rose for us — Him who will one day raise us up and, if we are found worthy, unite us to Him. By living in His presence we mean realizing and frequently recalling the fact that Christ, the God-man, by reason of our Baptism, dwells within us all.

Now if we think often of His hidden presence, and love and adore Him in our souls, are we not doing ourselves the greatest possible favor? Are we not rising spiritually and strengthening our chances of being united with Him in perfect joy for all eternity? Eternity is a very long time, longer than our

finite minds can possibly conceive. Whether we shall one day reign in happiness on high, or whether we shall waste in misery in the depths below depends entirely on us. Let us love ourselves, then, by loving Him. In that way our final end shall be to reign on high. During this Easter season, let us quicken our union with Christ. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity!

—SISTER M. JOANILLA, S.P.S.F.

• • •

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE FALL

• Spring is once again upon us, with its multitude of outdoor activities, ranging from belting the horsehide to trying to belt that little white pill used in cow pasture pool.

The ides of March are long gone, and Sunday athletes are crawling out of the woodwork, participating in everything from outdoor checkers to canoe races. Watching these Saturday Samsons putter in the great outdoors at these tremendous projects fills us with a tremendous amount of awe that so much energy could be so wastefully employed, while at the same time driving us yawning back to our hammock. We are right in the middle of a deep and serious case of spring fever, and enjoying every minute of it. As far as we are concerned about spring athletics, it might as well be fall.

This is not the apathy of indifference but rather the result of bitter, wretched experience. Times beyond number we have felt and we have seen others experience a burst of energy far beyond normal — for a day — brought on solely by the proximity of spring. Of course the energy never lasts, much to the rue of sporadic Hercules, and much to the delight of the companies that produce liniment. Times beyond number we have played the part of a heroic soul only to become a member of the liniment legion.

We have no objections to this outbreak of feverish activity. If a Ty Cobb wants to culminate his nine-inning career with a thrilling stop of a line drive by thrusting his right eye in front of the ball, that is none of our affair. If junior wants to frustrate his opponent by blocking a ringer with his toe, that is none of our affair either.

But the sad fact is that most of these doubtful duffers get no enjoyment out of all this activity. Fifty percent of them are performing these ignoble acts and looking silly doing them for the furtherance of their own ends, as they see them. The other fifty percent are wasting their time in these sports (?) because someone else does.

The first group is beyond redemption. They are unalterably ambitious and the only cure is death. The second group is a perfect example of social conformity in its silliest, most physically tiring form. To get out and play nine innings in a one-hundred-and-ten-degree sun or to walk six miles belting a little white ball is somewhat foolish if we get no personal enjoyment out of the activity, but only do it because the boys in the club, the office, or the class do it.

Obviously these people have never contemplated the world from the supported position of a hammock. If they had, they would join us there in the shade, long, cool drink in one hand and a good, classy book in the other. Spring fever is bound to come back in fashion again, and we'll wait for that time from the comfort of our hammock.

• • •

THE BABY

• The following was written by an engineer. Everyone knows how bashful engineers are. This particular engineer is twice as bashful as most. So the only way this noble account will ever see the light of public print is if the engineer's name is never revealed.

Two score and two years ago our father brought forth on this continent a new family, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all babies are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great struggle, testing whether that family or any family so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war, changing the baby's diaper. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those diapers who here gave their lives that that baby might be dry. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we cannot consecrate — we cannot change — this baby. The brave sitters, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we powder here, but it can never forget what the baby did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the un-

finished work which they who struggled here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — pinning the diaper — that from these honored diapers we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these diapers shall not have been soiled in vain; that this family, under God, shall have a new birth; and that government of the baby, by the baby, and for the baby shall not perish from this earth.

• • •

PARKING PROBLEM

• We are probably beginning to sound downright preachy on this parking bit, but the problem is serious. If this were Ohio State (God forbid,) some ten thousand students would have a space in which to inadequately park about fifty cars. You can bet a bagel to a bushel of bucks that the people (Nawtheners) up there park close enough to scrape paint.

Nobody enjoys wheeling the Model A into a cozy berth up by the M. E. Building. If we could park a little bit closer we could squeeze just four more cars in a row. You figure four rows are within reasonable distance of the Building of Buildings, the SUB. That means sixteen lucky people get to walk instead of run to class in the morning.

Never mind the rotten condition of the parking lot; not even the editor of the *Exponent* can accomplish wonders — all the time — besides down at Coney they charge you a dime for the same kind of ride that you get in the parking lot for free. If we all can park a little bit closer, we might get to class on time one of these days.

—JACK RICE.





Coeds' Corner

EDITED BY ANNE FLYNN



HAPPY EASTER TO ALL . . .

• Once again comes that extra-special season of the year . . . Eastertime. It is so special not only because it is the season for getting new clothes, although that is a part of it, but because everything is reborn again. Christ arose from the dead to give our religion a glorious new beginning; all of nature is once again alive — trees, flowers and plants are green and growing; therefore, it is only fitting and proper that we humans don new apparel, too. May all U. D. coeds look their very nicest on Easter Sunday morning . . . (hope you've been following the Fashion Hints) . . . and may the pure and fresh spirit of Easter last all year round. A happy Easter to all.

• • •

ITEMS ON THE TURNABOUT TAG

• For those members of the student body who don't get a chance to frequent the Women's Lounge, we print a few facts that may not be known to them, at this late date, regarding the Turnabout Tag.

First of all, the dance will take place on April 23, the Friday after Easter vacation, at Lakeside Ballroom — 9:30 to 12:30. Karl Taylor's Orchestra will furnish music for the big occasion. The theme upon which the decorations will be based is "Tulip Time." As is customary, a prize will be given at the dance for the cleverest corsage.

The following males are candidates for King of this annual affair: 1.) John Horan, backed by the Independents; 2.) Bill Uhl, backed by the Uhlettes; 3.) Artie Bigelow, backed by the D.G.'s; 4.) Tom Bollinger, backed by Hangar, and 5.) Don Donoher, backed by the W.A.A. Posters will go up in the Lounge at 6:00 P. M. on April 19th, with campaigning going on through the week. Voting will take place in the Lounge on Thursday and Friday of that week.

Time's awasting, girls, so hurry and get that date. You can get your tickets at anytime in the Lounge, or from the Dean of Women. See you at the dance!!

—ANNE FLYNN.

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING . . .

• Suddenly I heard a deafening crash and a lamenting scream of a woman. Leaving a wet sheet halfway across the line and dropping the extra clothespins, I ran to the house next door.

My imagination was playing intense havoc with my emotions. What had happened at Mrs. Todd's house? Had she caught her arm in the wringer of her antiquated washing machine? (I remembered that she always did the family wash on Monday, too.) Or, had she burned herself in the kitchen . . . severely . . . with hot grease . . . or scalding water; oh! how terrible! Would I remember the first-aid I learned last year? I'll call a doctor, of course! But then . . . perhaps, she only dropped a prized piece of china — no, my reasoning rebelled; that couldn't have been the cause for such a LOUD crash. Maybe, she had fallen down the steep staircase . . . broken bones . . . she would surely need an ambulance, and immediately!

I rushed up the front steps, two-at-a-time, and quickly swung open the door. Hysterically I screamed, "Harriet! Harriet!" I came to a dead stop when I reached the kitchen.

There was my next-door neighbor on the floor, calmly collecting scattered pieces of glass. "Don't be alarmed," she said soothingly, "five times in five years we've replaced this window-pane. With baseball, it happens every spring. Only this year," she explained, "it surprised me to see spring arrive so soon . . . and I screamed."

—ANN MILLS.

• • •

HOW TO DO THE FAMILY WASH

• "Learn by doing." "Experience is the best teacher." These expressions well apply to my encounter with the family wash. Listen to my story. Learn from my experience. But, please do as I say, and not as I did. I say, "Use an automatic washer and drier." I did the following:

I hurried home from my eleven o'clock class so that I could get as early a start as possible. I fully intended to finish in time to take a late afternoon nap to rest up for my date that evening. Twelve-fifteen found me, in my oldest clothes, trying hard to remember mother's procedure. I was forced, however, to be original because I just couldn't remember.

Common sense told me that the first step was to collect the clothing. I started in the farthest room upstairs and slowly picked my way through the entire house. I tried to take the lazy man's trip — everything in one bundle, that is — but the trail of stockings and handkerchiefs that I left behind me was enough to warrant two more trips. You just can't realize how many clothes six brothers and sisters can dirty in varying degrees during so short a time.

I dumped everything on the basement floor, flopped in the middle of the mess, and began to separate my mountain-like cushion into various little hills. At long last, I was in a valley surrounded by a cluster of motley-colored mounds. There were mean dark hills, snowy white hills, and dusty grey hills. There also was a small pile of unwashables — gum, pennies, toothpicks, and the like. These incidentals might be termed my profits for the day.

I put the stack of white clothes into the washer, meanwhile, filling the stationary tubs with hot water for the necessary two rinsings. (I took time also to make dinner for my little family, to eat and to read the paper.) Having allowed sufficient time for the clothes to wash clean, I shut off the agitator and looked for the switch which controls the wringer. I discovered that by moving two attached levers I could make the wringer work, but too bad I didn't know how to make the one lever stay in place, for I had to hold it for each article I ran through.

I emptied the machine of the first load, refilled it, and twice re-wrung the first load. To my great relief, I found the clothes line already hanging, part in the yard and part in the basement. I took the basket of wet clothes outside. It certainly does take a long time to hang a wash!

Four times I repeated these steps. As I ran out of clothesline after the third load, I draped some of the things on any available piece of furniture. Wearily I dragged down the steps for the last time. The worst part was over. I had only to clean up the mess.

"Only to clean up the mess" — this is the understatement of the year. I emptied the dirty water from the tub and filled it with clear water and began to scrub. I scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed. Then I began on the floor. By this time, I was too tired to

mop well, so I merely spread water evenly over the floor. When I shoved the machine safely to one side and rinsed the suds, I sloshed my way into the yard and picked up any miscellaneous items I had lost in the shuffle. It was late; the clothes would have to hang until morning. The kids were starving. I prepared supper, ran upstairs, took a much-needed bath, and was ready exactly five minutes before my date arrived. Guess how I spent those minutes. I just sat and stared!!!

—SALLY BROWN.

• • •

TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Watch out, fellas! Better start to run
Or better still, come along and join the fun.
You boys better learn some of Lil' Abner's tricks
Cause Daisy Mae "ain't got nothing" on U. D. chicks.

The girls are beginning to plot again
"All we want is revenge on men!
We're adding up all the times in a year they fail
And we're going to take it out on the unsuspecting
male."

In the hall, I heard one girl to another state
"Till two days before, I'll make him wait
I'll buy him a corsage that matches his attire
Like a diamond bracelet with an old rubber tire.

"I'll pick him up twenty minutes late, at least
Wonder if he'll make me wait, too, the beast!
When we're almost there, I'll spring my attack
Oh! I forgot the ticket — We'll have to go back.

"Table hopping comes next — got to see a *few* friends
Oh sure, I'll probably come back before the dance
ends.

A compliment? Oh, yes, pretty sharp tie — New, no
doubt?

Oh, you've worn it the last three times we went out?"

"Can you lend me Five?" Sue remarked to Sally
"Gee, I wonder if they need any blood at Miami
Valley

This asking for dates isn't so funny
Now I have to dig up a car and more money."

"I think the boys are plotting, too," she was heard to
repeat.

And you know what they say — "Revenge is Sweet"
Since we have dating manners the boys just burn
about

I wonder who is going to get the "works" at this dance
that's Turnabout?

—MARCIE BUTLER.

TRIBUTES TO OUR QUEEN

(Continued from Page 7)

possess remarkable talents? Why should Mary be singled out, her memory kept alive above that of any other good woman? Mary's life was outstanding in its simplicity and modesty. Its sole activity was in seeking Jesus and in remaining in "... His presence through joys and sorrows, unto the ultimate triumph." Her remarkable talents were an unfailing loyalty and an unwavering faith in life and death. Her memory has lived and her presence is and always will be felt because "God's own plan for the salvation of man included her not, of course, by necessity, but by an act of His divine will."

For every heart closed to Mary there is one heart full of love and longing to be one with the Heart of Jesus through the Heart of Mary. For every heart hardened with indifference, there is one whose very pulse is a litany in praise of her as the Mother of God, the Mediatrix of Grace, the Help of Christians, the Comfort of the Afflicted, the Immaculate Conception — and the litany goes on ...

Mary's servants are of all kinds. Her hand is impartially outstretched to *all men*. Her children are among the religious and the secular, the intelligent and the uninstructed, the young and the old, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, in every walk of life. Thomas Merton compares the Virgin Mary to a window by reason of her simplicity and purity. In "The Evening of the Visitation," Mary's love and subtle, holy influence, her gentle benedictions are as moonlight upon the face of the earth, "... smiling by night upon her sleeping children." Jacapone da Todi, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, Saint Alphonsus M. de Ligouri, Donald C. Sharkey, and Fulton J. Sheen are but a few of the numberless ones who have used their literary talents in singing her beauty.

Since Saint Luke gave us the first picture of the Blessed Mother, artists throughout the ages have

traced the Eyes full of compassion, the Lips parted in consolation, the Hands folded in supplication. Love for Mary has inspired men to live in perfect renunciation of self and worldly goods — to live as Mary lived. Marguerite Bourgoeys, founder of the Daughters of the Congregation of Our Lady, "... whose life is one that could almost be composed so that every third word be 'Mary,'" is just one of that endless army of the courageous and unselfish. Besides her march the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory and the members of the Society of Mary.

Mary is not a demanding mother; she asks of us only that God is faithfully served ... she even shows us how and promises us her perpetual help. Is not such simple, unchanging love deserving of our deepest gratitude? Granted there are few among us who will build great cathedrals in her honor, found religious orders in her name, or write a hymn in her praise. That is, not in the ordinary sense of those accomplishments. But what, besides selfishness and indifference, stands in the way of our making cathedrals of our lives, the towers of our thoughts ever probing the heavens? Why not let love and devotion etch upon our hearts a masterpiece of Love — Mary? Why not let our speech purely and modestly form a hymn in imitation of Mary's? And even the Rosary, Mary's jewels, can be prayed with such fervent care that its sounding will reach the Gate of Heaven with those lyrics of the great poets. You have done so much for us, dear Mary, now let this be FOR YOU, MARY.

—DOROTHY FOLEY.

SURVEYING THE CURRENT SCENE

(Continued from Page 2)

and dresses; it is particularly a magazine for the college man and woman.

The tenth Inter-American Conference was held in March at Caracas in Venezuela. Twenty West-

ern Hemisphere nations were represented. At this conference Secretary of State John Foster Dulles gave the following definition of international Communism: "International Communism is that far-flung clandestine political organization which is operated by the leaders of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Since 1939 it has brought fifteen once independent nations into a state of abject servitude. It has a hard core of agents in practically every country of the world. The total constitutes, not a theory, not a doctrine, but an aggressive, tough, political force, backed by great resources and serving the most ruthless empire of modern times."

Congratulations to the administration of the University of Dayton for bringing a man of the caliber of Mr. Louis F. Budenz to Dayton to be a lecturer on the summer school faculty. The title of his course is The Techniques of Communism.

DOG DOWN

(Continued from Page 5)

Without seeming to move fast at all, Roger had picked up the milk bottle, slipped the litmus-wrapped carbide into the mouth of it, put the metal milk bottle cap back on and wired it firmly in place. The car was nearly opposite him now. He aimed for the open window, gave the car a little lead, and threw the bottle with an easy underhand motion.

What was that on the seat? A milk bottle. I bet that damnfool kid threw that. That SAME ...

The explosion ripped the top out of the car. It veered crazily out of control, crashing the curb, upon a lawn; the car leaned slowly over as flames burst from under the hood. George Norris was already dead, a six-inch sliver of milk bottle in his throat.

Roger turned away. For the first time he could cry.

"No, Gramps," he sobbed, "a real boy doesn't let his dog down."

NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from Page 6)

the past one hundred and sixty years St. Louis Cathedral has dominated the religious life of New Orleans as it dominated the Golden Age of the old French Quarter, *Vieux Carre*, of which it is the most imposing structure.

On the left, as we face the Cathedral, is the *Cabildo*, the finest building erected for administrative purposes in the Louisiana province by the Spanish. The name now given this building properly stands for the legislative assembly of the Spanish colonial government, the *Very Illustrious Cabildo*, and to call this building the "Cabildo" would be like calling our national Capitol the "Congress." During the period the members of the *Cabildo* occupied the building it was termed by them *Casa Capitular* or "Capitol House." To the rear of the *Cabildo*, at one time, where shops now cluster, the *Calaboza* with its thick walls, crude cells, and dark dungeons extended almost to Royal Street, a huge, sullen and ominous reminder that crime, even in those unruly years, did not pay.

The *Vieux Carre*, more popularly known as the French Quarter, is the most famous sightseeing attraction in New Orleans. This is the old city, an approximately seventy-block area bounded by Canal Street, the Mississippi River, Rampart Street and Esplanade Avenue. This section, which contains the original settlement of New Orleans, is characterized by an old-world charm made up of narrow streets, the Creole architecture of its century-old buildings, flowering patios, exquisite iron lacework balconies, fan windows and mysterious alleys and passageways. Many delightful days could be spent exploring the French Quarter — visiting its antique shops, sampling the Creole cuisine of its world-famed restaurants and lingering in its art galleries.

New Orleans is the deep South's largest city with a metropolitan

population of seven hundred and fifty thousand. In area it is the nation's third largest city, covering three hundred and sixty-five square miles. The port of New Orleans ranks second in the United States in value of foreign commerce. Annual exports and imports handled through the port are valued at approximately two billion dollars. More than three thousand three hundred ocean-going vessels enter the port each year. Forty nations maintain consular offices in New Orleans.

The source of the city's water supply is the inexhaustible Mississippi River, which even at low stage carries enough water past New Orleans in one minute to supply the needs of a city three times as large as New Orleans for twenty-four hours. Within and near New Orleans it is possible to catch fish on every day of the year without fishing twice in the same body of water. Louisiana has more square miles of coastal

marshlands than any other state; these are an annual winter haven for migratory water fowl and other game birds and animals.

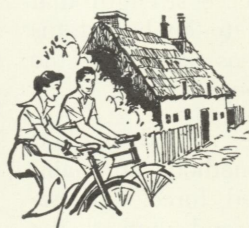
A vast new Union Passenger Railway Terminal will be opened about May 1, 1954. It will consolidate five railroad terminals into one. Twenty-one overpasses and underpasses will eliminate more than one hundred grade crossings in the city.

New Orleans has seven colleges, four of them in an uptown residential area known as the University Section. Tulane University, which was founded in 1834 and includes Newcomb College for Women, is the oldest and largest. Nearby are Loyola University, Ursuline College, and Saint Mary's Dominican College, the last two for women. Dillard University, for Negroes, occupies a spacious campus with stately colonial-style buildings in the suburban Gentilly area. Xavier University is the



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RIDING A BUS

(Continued from Page 10)

tell you some one's philosophy of life, his joys, and his experiences which otherwise would remain untold, and another phase of life would be missed by the listener.

The experience of learning to know and like all types of people whether they be short or tall, rich or poor, intelligent or ignorant, cynical or cheerful can be found by associating with people on a bus. Our appreciation and love for mankind can be strengthened to a much higher degree than if we would miss the associations that we experience on a bus. These associations enable us to become more interesting, understanding, warm-hearted individuals.

We learn how to appreciate people, not only from the talk of the gifted conversationalist, but also from the tired smile of a neighbor, or the courtesy of a tired factory worker in offering his seat to a grandmother. The viewing of mankind in this manner gives us a realization of the merits that all men possess but may seldom reveal. The excellence of each human being as a creature of God is made visible by the casual observance of that person while riding a bus.

—ANITA KLENK.

MILITARY TRAINING

(Continued from Page 11)

would be an education of the fine sands that sift and settle into foundations upon which to base his future.

Attention is now diverted from the individual to the overall picture of military training in the way that it affects the government as a whole. First of all, would the government profit by a military training program? It has been proven through the ages that a country must be able to defend itself. This can be accomplished by having either a large standing army or a large reserve force which can be mustered and retrained on short notice in addition to having a small standing army.

By adopting the first method with the large standing army the country has a large force for immediate use. The disadvantage of this plan is the tremendous cost of maintaining the army, along with the factor of non-productivity of the men in service.

By adopting the second plan and having a large reserve with a small standing army the cost to the government is much less, while the men in the reserve force are productively engaged in other lines.

The first method should be subscribed to only when an aggressor nation is facing the country's borders with a large standing army poised to strike at any time. However, this force should be made up mostly of a reserve strength that can be returned to civilian status after the crisis has passed, or the war has been fought.

Therefore, the second method may be one method of maintaining an armed force. To accomplish this second method the services for a short time of many able-bodied men are required to provide the necessary reservoir of reserves.

The decrease in cost by having a smaller standing army would allow more funds to be diverted to furthering education, building better roads and other projects that would present something tangible to the nation.

Upon completion of a tour of service, the young man is ready to re-enter his community and resume his education. He now has a feel-

ing that he has a more vital part in the nation's welfare. Should an emergency occur he is now ready to help defend the nation. He has been trained to play an important part.

He is now prepared to continue his education along a more definite pattern. He is more certain of the exact career he wants to follow. He looks upon his future with a more mature mind, rather than with the boyish dreams he had when he had just completed his high school education.

EDUCATOR'S NOOK

(Continued from Page 15)

ed himself directly in front of his new teacher and waved the two index fingers under her nose. "Miss Cadem," he asked, "do you suppose Liberace plays the piano with these two fingers?" "Why, I suppose so," replied the startled teacher. "Impossible," he replied indignantly, "they're mine!"

My first teaching assignment was a first grade class which I shared with Mary Sherman. Mary Lee and I both agreed that we aged about ten years that afternoon. Besides our regular teaching duties, we cleaned up spilled paint, sewed a little girl back into her dress, and dried several pairs of wet eyes. We had also patched up two skinned knees, and dealt with one tummy ache, one lost tooth, and one very bloody nose. Honest, we didn't lay a hand on them.

Lots of substitutes are amazed to find that children develop teacher crushes very quickly. Imagine how thrilled Sally Brown was when her class had a special ceremony in her honor. During their ceremony they presented her with a picture which they themselves had drawn.

Several substitutes were seen leaving the building laden down with big bouquets of dandelions and stacks of pictures which their young admirers had taken great pains to draw.

—CHRIS FREY.

Hilltop Chatter

By Katie Maroglou and Joe Oths



"Let's Go to Carl's" — the cry was up,

The caravan proceeded
O'er Stewart, Illinois, St. Paul,
And with a smile were greeted —

By massive frame with tow'l in hand

That 'can't-make-a-dime' expression.

Draw three, some chili, a sandwich too;

The students take possession.

The patience of Job was naught compared

To that of our dispenser.

He keeps his head when we lose ours,

And the smoke gets even denser.

And when we reach the great beyond

— The end of life's bleak sands,
May we raise a toast to Carl,
our host

Golden greetings in our hands.

• Amid the passing of old man Winter, flying volley balls, mid-term reports, and the Easter vacation we attempt to meet the deadline of this column. At the time of this writing it looks as if fairer weather is here to stay.

Belated congrats to Tom Blackburn and the basketball Flyers for a fine showing in New York. Our roving reporter in Gotham spotted many of the local folks at MSG for the games, although our own student body didn't get a chance to turn out there in great numbers.

You've heard of the boy with the green hair, but did you ever see twenty of them at one time? Let's turn back the clock to St. Patty's day and we'll explain: Beauty expert Eggy Campbell was

seen in his office at the Double Eighteen administering green hair to the "fashionable" students. As time progressed this fever spread to the abode of Tom Gallagher, Joe Ross, Jolly Hayden and Dick Litsinger plus Bill and Sid Inc. (Whew!!) A good time was had by a'l — finis.

The first casualty of the volley ball season was recently reported. Anita Beacham will be benched for the remainder of the season, but will assist the team as a coach. Hats off to the Has Beens — They have the distinction of being the only team to lose every game . . .

BOUQUETS TO . . . Kay DeVol and Ned Ostendorf on their recent engagement . . . Niel McDonald (who claims he's never been kissed) . . . The new steady couples on campus: Mary Ellen Weed and Bill Walsh . . . John Coughlin and Shiela Dougherty . . . Kathy Metz and Bob . . . The Three Sprites (Ford, Walsh and Flood) for their crazy antics . . . The Knickerbockers, for the first picnic of the spring social campaign . . . Sue Skilken, for a great party . . .

Our latest flash concerns the Turnabout Tag and the candidates for king. Our sources reveal that those nominated were Bill Uhl, Buzz Bollinger, John Horan, Artie Bigelow and Don Donoher. May the best man win!

We of Hilltop Chatter are making a plea to the student body to get behind the drive for lights in the stadium. As an instrument for obtaining the necessary capital for such a project the Flyer Frolic was born. With the wholehearted sup-

port this drive deserves, we will be able to hold night games and thus enhance the financial position of our teams.

We received one answer to the quotation contest in last month's column. The winner was John Coughlin, definitely an intellectual, who said "It could be none other than Alexander Pope!" Right you are, John.

In keeping with the true spirit of Easter, let us not be swayed from the real significance of the day by Easter Bunnies, new hats and suits — but remember that it recalls the salvation of the human race by the Son of God. Commemorate this day by attending your place of worship with that thought in mind.

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KAMPUS KUT-UPS

(Continued from Page 24)

when she went to Steve Stewart's home in New Jersey. Karen Munn had a chance to get a glimpse of the thriving metropolis — known as Marion, Ohio. What a shock after all of Jim Thompson's bragging about the place.

Where in the world does Letty Roll get all the jokes? She must read joke books day and night. There's never a dull moment with "Laughin' Letty."

Our sincere sympathy to Chris Harris on the recent death of his father.

Be sure to check the next issue of the Kampus Kut Ups. We will finally come clean with the names of the characters who have been writing this dizzy column.

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

• Here we are again on the last page of the second last issue. It seems impossible that mid-terms and Easter are over. Just think, only six more weeks of school and another year is over. This is slightly premature, but it's nice to dream anyway.

St. Patrick's Day seems a long time past, but no one will ever forget it. We've heard of green "beverages," but the latest is green hair and green cigarettes. Steve Driscoll, Bill Byrne, Sally Brown, Marcia Gabriel, Jim LaVelle, Louie Sarco, and Maryellen Weed were but a few of the self-appointed Irishmen.

Jolly Hayden and roommates threw a blast in honor of the occasion. Their poor house will never be the same. We forgot our pencil and paper, but it was like Grand Central Station. You have never heard beautiful Irish songs so badly mutilated. Shirley Bockroth, Betty Morobitto, Jerry McAvoy, Bud Simmons, John Clark, Bill Schimanski, Bill Leider, Tony Fusnecker sang from the time they got there till the time Jolly finally locked the door.

Bob "Lebo" Daley was really shaken on his birthday when Jim DeHart sprung a surprise party in his honor. The look on his face was really priceless. Ace Horstman was walking around in his usual sober state. Jim Madden, Pat Gavin, Charlie Nahn and Anne were also living it up with Lebo. Just a week later Bob Eilerman was the center of attraction in the cafeteria. Connie Masten gave him a "most exciting gift" along with a tremendous cake. — Now you are a man of twenty-one, uh Bob?

The boys are knocking themselves out trying to find a new way to present their girls with diamonds. Ned Ostendorf takes the prize in this category. He gave

Kay DeVol her diamond in a dirty-old sock. If they send any more DeVols down from Zanesville, the male supply will dwindle to nothing.

This spring weather never fails to bring out the usually "bashful" men with romantic ideas. You know that old saying, "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to . . ." Well, it must have. Now going steady are: Betty Miller and Hank Kirshe, Pat Tallinger and Gasper Parrino "Brooklyn," Judy Sachs and Jackie Martin, Paula Stelzer and Dick Yox, Janice Gannon and Al Wipf.

Turnabout has been, is, or is going to be the greatest. They couldn't have picked five better guys for candidates: Don Donohoe, Bill Uhl, John Horan, Artie Bigelow, and Buzz Bollinger. The campaign was, is, or is going to be the best in years. Congratulations or good luck to the winner. This could be confusing, but we are not too sure when this issue is coming out. All kidding aside, the campaigning is a lot of fun but also a lot of work. Special credit goes to Mary Lou Becker, Mary Gonzales, and Vivian Heidenreich who sponsored Bill Uhl.

Sports are taking over the U. D. campus. There's tennis, golf, and the indoor sport — pinochle. Out winning on the tennis courts will be Larry Pedicord, Bob Holycross, Steve Stewart, Neil MacDonald, and Dick Finan. On the golf links will be Bob Lowden and Bob Finke — winning? Well naturally. The more ambitious sportsmen playing a real tough game of pinochle are John Coughlin, Louie Sarco, Bill Byrne; better start doing push-ups to get in shape men.

Voted the most athletic girl of 1954 and sure to make the Olympics is Anita Beacham. Nodie Bowman had to rush Anita to the hospital after a recent major volley

ball game; as Anita broke her fifth and smallest finger.

Taylorville Dam is the place to go on Sunday afternoons for picnics. Tom Stafford and Carmen Ventura were the instigators of the whole idea. Carmen has one melted jacket to prove that she had to sit awfully close to the fire to keep warm.

The Knickerbockers also threw a blast on April 4th. We hear Sally Brown put on her own little talent show; singing up a storm.

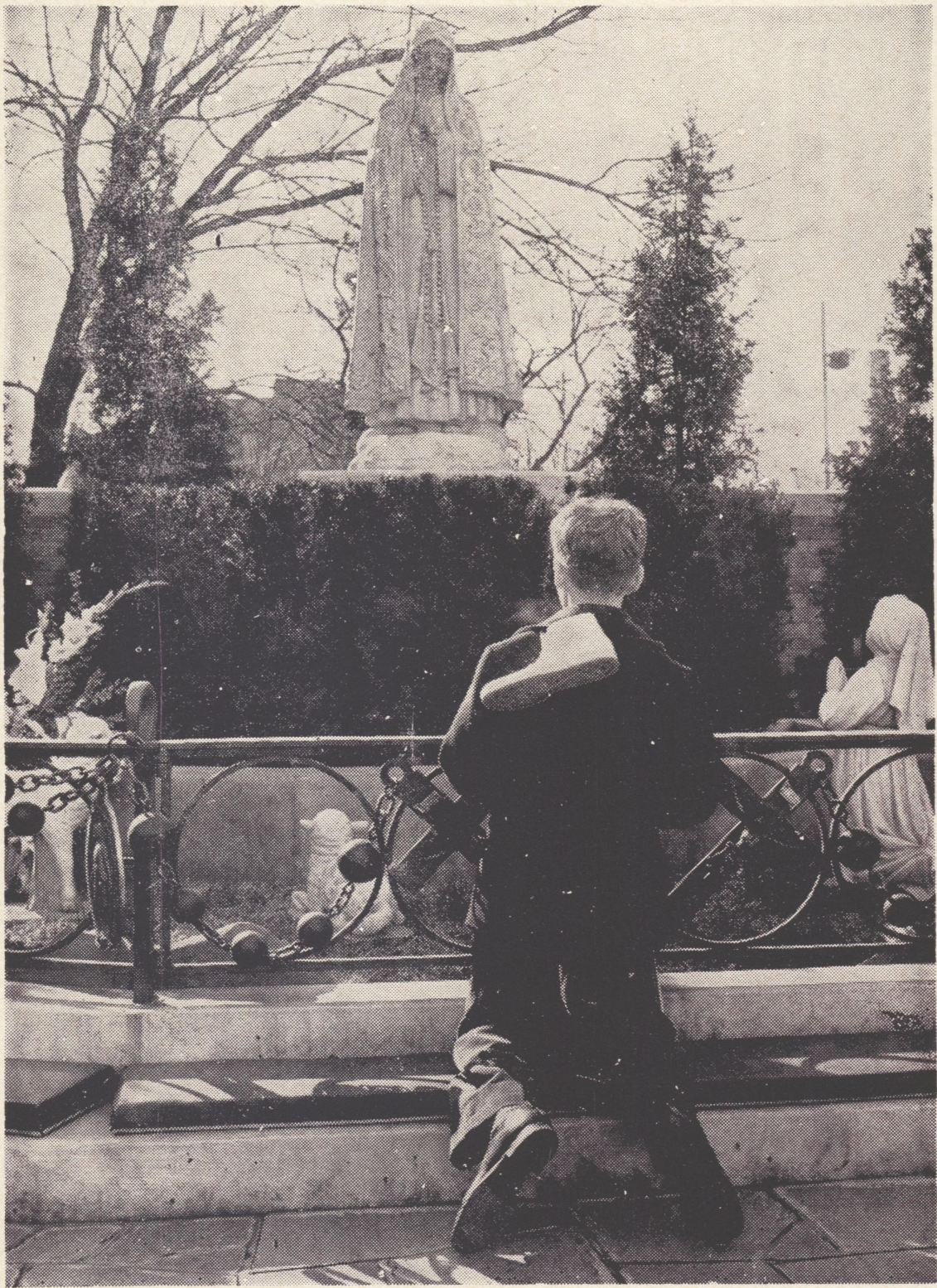
The greatest source of information or gossip on campus is none other than a group of our freshman girls. They seem to know just about everyone and everything. A few of our amateur Hedda Hoppers are Carol O'Connell, Joan Leff, Carol Haley, Gail Hallerman, Joyce Bloesie, Joan Stueve, and the rest of the crew.

It was good to see Tony Bardo back in town for a few days. Rita Kinsella became a seasoned traveler during his stay commuting from Kentucky to U. D. It was worth the trip, wasn't it, Rita?

We plan to see all of you at the Flyer's Frolic in the fieldhouse. With all the dances and picnics coming up, this is a great chance for the broke U. D. boys to acquire some easy money. You can't miss as they are giving away a thousand dollars a night and fifty dollars every hour.

Lent flew by and now everyone is talking about the great time they had during Easter vacation. That train ride to New York must have been a ball; it was filled with well-known "Kampus Kut Ups," Vinnie Datz, Shirley Rosenkranz, Suzi Kronauge, Tom Dwyer, Jerry Badum and Charlene Daum to name a few. Sally Payne went up to Cleveland over the holidays with Armand Martino. Jeanie Graul finally got to use her new suitcase

(Turn to Page 23)



Our Lady of Fatima Shrine

HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED..... Donna Atwood

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