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## The University of Dayton Exponent, March 1956

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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON



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SPRING 1956

“There are a lot of people in the world who can write but lack the courage to keep at it; there are a lot of people in the world who have the courage but can't write; when you have the two together, the ability to write plus the courage to keep at it, nothing in this world can stop you from succeeding.”

A LEADING EDITOR QUOTED IN CHRISTOPHER NEWS NOTES

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# University of Dayton

## EXPONENT

*An All-University Literary Magazine*

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SPRING ISSUE, 1956

VOL. 54, No. 2

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The EXPONENT, a literary journal, is published in November, January, March and May, in the interests of the students of The University of Dayton. Manuscripts may be brought or mailed to the Editorial Offices, located in The Activity Building, on The University of Dayton Campus.

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as Second-Class matter under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

# The Contest

*With a move  
to California  
at stake.*

Jo Anne Carlson

• "For goodness sakes, Dad! If you stood up straight and took a deep breath like a person should, you wouldn't be cold!"

"I know, Mother, I know. It's your Michigan upbringing. When you were a girl your mother told you to breathe in and out, in and out until you could feel the cold air clear to your toes. But I notice you always want me to come after you in the car when you have been to market on a day like this."

"Now, don't smile so smugly, Dad! You know I always go to market on the bus just like I'm going today. I only 'phone you to bring the car when these baskets are so full of groceries that they're too heavy for me to carry home. You know it's not because of the weather!"

"Well, if we went to California it wouldn't be so cold."

"California! If we went to California you would bury your head in a book just like you do now — only then you would sit under a tree while you did it. Why, if we moved, you wouldn't even have your workshop. At least if we stay here, I can visit the grandchildren occasionally and see some friends at market who are interested in what is going on in a world made of people instead of books and carving. Why, if I can talk you into playing a game of Scrabble a week, it's quite an achievement." She turned to me. "You've never seen him play more than once a week, have you?"

I looked from one to the other. This was an argument I had heard many times during the days since I had come to visit them.

"What time is it, Grandmother?" I asked. "If you don't leave soon you'll miss the bus and be late for mar —"

"You wouldn't think she would want me to play with her more often than that. I won the last time. Remember?" My grandfather's eyes twinkled as he interrupted me.

"Grandmother, the bus is —"

"Yes, you won the last game, but I won the game before!" She stretched her short five feet as tall as she could make them. Her blue eyes flashed challengingly.

Grandfather paused a moment. "Well, now —" he said slowly. Then he turned to me. "Do you think she could win three games out of five?"

"Grandmother!" I began desperately as I handed her her gloves and purse. "The bus —"

"Three out of five? Of course, I could." She took the gloves but stood waiting for his reply.

The toe of his shoe drew a circle on the rug and he stared at it soberly. Then he glanced up at her under thin, gray eyebrows. "We will begin tonight then, Mother, and play one game each night until someone has won. If you lose, we will move to California."

She stared at him for a moment and then gave a faint laugh. "All right, but if you lose don't even mention living in California again."

He smiled slightly. "I won't," he said.

Grandmother picked up the wicker baskets at her feet and began walking toward the door. I held it open for her. As she walked through, she looked back over her shoulder.

"You had better study the dictionary this afternoon rather than take your bath, Dad." She was smiling, but there was also determination in her eyes. "And, Dad, when you come to pick me up in the car, remember to breathe deeply. I don't know what your mother was thinking of not to have taught you that as a boy."

Her steps were small and slow as she walked out to the sidewalk. I watched her for a moment, then shut the door, and turned to face my grandfather.

He had laid down his pipe and was walking past me toward the bathroom. I tried to meet his eye, but he seemed totally engrossed in unfastening the last button on his sweater. I went to help him.

"I think I'll take my bath now," he said.

"All right," I replied. I paused. I wanted to ask him a question, but to do so I felt that I had to see his eyes. Still holding his hand,

I stepped away from him and looked up into his face.

"Did you really mean it, Grandfather?"

"Mean what, Debby?"

"That if you win, you and Grandmother will move to California?"

"That was the agreement, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"All right." He dropped my hand and walked into the bathroom. Soon I heard the water gush into the tub.

After supper that evening, the three of us gathered around the large, round table in the living room. Grandmother and grandfather quickly became absorbed in their game. I picked up my advanced composition textbook and started to study. Then grandmother spoke. "How was your bath this morning, Dad?"

"Fine," he replied. "One thing I like about bath water, it's certainly warm."

"Did you find the undershirt I laid out on the bed?"

"Undershirt? Hmm — yes. Seems to me I put it back in the drawer."

"No wonder you can't keep warm, Dad!" Grandmother looked at me. "That man!" she said. "Every moment he's in the house, he wears that heavy sweater buttoned clear to his chin. Then, when he goes down in the basement to his shop or out of doors, he will only put on a light coat. He will never wear an undershirt!"

"Debby doesn't wear wool underwear, do you, Debby?"

"No," I said in a small voice.

"Debby isn't seventy-three years old!" Grandmother retorted. Silence descended again.

I was frowning over the pronunciation of *synecdoche* when grandmother sighed. I looked up and

saw that grandfather had established a wide winning margin by spelling the word *astronomy*.

"You know, Dad," Grandmother said, her voice filled with fatigue and despair, "if we move to California, we will have to sell the house; and your workshop and tools will have to be sold, too."

"I know, Mother, but that's all right. I saw Jimmie Mason this afternoon. He said that he has a janitor friend who will be interested in buying the tools. He's sending him over in the morning to look at them."

"Well, for goodness sakes! You aren't wasting much time. How do you know you're going to win the majority of these games? You haven't won the first one yet! Debby, bring me an apple! Oh, no, don't. You never pick out the right kind. I'll get it myself."

She rose and went out to the kitchen for a moment. When she came back, she was munching on an apple with such force that the skin cracked sharply each time she bit into it.

"All right, Dad," she said purposefully. She snapped a letter onto the board.

During the next few minutes, I abandoned all efforts to study and concentrated my attention on the Scrabble board. A soft hush, broken only by the sound made as they whispered letters and grandmother munched on her apple, filled the room. She was jubilant when her letter *y* formed the word *myth*. Then grandfather added four letters and the word became *mythical*. Grandmother paused, picked up a *c*, and carefully spelled out the word *camel*. Grandfather coughed and scratched his head. I held my breath. It looked as though grandmother might win after all. Grandfather coughed again, picked up a letter, and dropped it. He picked up another and studied it. He placed it on the board. Slowly under his fingers, the word *pen* was changed to *appendage*; and the game was over. He

had won. I reached over and squeezed my grandmother's hand.

"Oh, well," she said, and swallowed her apple seeds. "Tomorrow night I will win, and we will not go to California." She was smiling.

Grandfather patted her on the back and went out to the kitchen for a glass of water. I followed him. Seeing Grandmother swallow apple seeds always made us both choke.

The next morning, Jimmie Mason's friend, Mr. Swartz, arrived just as we were finishing breakfast. Grandmother made him sit down with a cup of coffee while she sent grandfather to put on his undershirt. Mr. Swartz nodded to me, sipped his coffee, and slowly looked around the room. He was a short, heavy man, and his eyes moved as slowly as the rest of his body. Grandmother watched him in silence for a moment, her mouth tightening.

"Well?" she finally demanded.

"I hear you folks are plannin' to sell your house," Mr. Swartz answered. His eyes continued to scan the room. "Don't see how you can ask much for it with the woodwork all carved up like that. Sure looks odd. My missus slaps the kids' hands when they try to get fancy with a knife."

"Oh?"

"Yes, Ma'am." He tilted his chair back against the wall and put his hands in his pockets. "My wife says no kid's goin' to ruin her house carvin' initials and curlicues on the woodwork. No, ma'am. My wife says they can go carve on trees if they wanta get fancy."

Grandmother's palm came down softly and firmly against the plastic table cloth. "Mr. Swartz," she said. Her voice was thin and firm. "Mr. Swartz, our 'kids' did not 'get fancy' with a knife. My husband did that carving." Her voice rose proudly. "He has not only done that work; he had also won prizes for carving figurines. Dad!" she

called. "Mr. Swartz says people won't want to buy our house because of the carving. Imagine!"

Grandfather came in knotting his tie. "Mr. Swartz was probably joking, Mother."

"Oh, sure, I was. Sure," Mr. Swartz said quickly. He sat up straight. "Maybe they won't like the carvin', but they'll figure they can cover it up with plywood. Sure, ma'm. You'll get a good price for the house."

Grandmother stared at him with her mouth open. Grandfather looked at the floor and cleared his throat. He turned toward the steps leading to the basement. "Uh — Mr. Swartz," he said. "If you will come down these steps, I'll show you my workshop."

"Sure. That's what I come for, ain't it?" Mr. Swartz stood up, laughed heartily, and patted his stomach. "Sure. I decided I'd have me a workshop of my own, and I need some tools. If yours ain't too high, I'll buy the whole lot from yuh. Sure." He went down the stairs with Grandfather.

"If you ask me," Grandmother said, "he needs more than tools!"

I slapped a spoon onto the table. "Let's forget him," I said. "He just doesn't know anything about art."

Grandmother handed me the coffee can to put away and started scraping dishes. The dishes clashed together, and swirls of soapsuds bubbled from the dishpan as she dropped the plates into it.

"'Not want to buy the house! . . . 'Get fancy! . . . Imagine!' she muttered under her breath.

I said nothing. Careful! I thought. You'll break the cream pitcher. Below us we could hear the rise and fall of men's voices.

Suddenly Grandmother spoke aloud with soft force. "You know, Debby, when we sell this house, I'm going to send Mr. Swartz a copy of the bill of sale just to prove to him he was wrong."

"Grandmother!" I had reached for a fresh towel, but now my hand fell limply. "Do you know what you are saying? 'Sell the house! You don't want to go to California — do you?'"

"Of course not. But your grandfather deserves to go. He has always dreamed of the day when he would be retired and could live in California, but I have always clung to the house and to the family. I guess homes mean more to women." Suddenly she sounded as old as her years and as tired.

My throat felt tight, and I looked down at the towel in my hand. I didn't know what to say.

"Besides, your Grandfather is much smarter than I am. He reads all the time. He will win those games."

Smarter! I thought. Smarter! She had never conceded that before.

"But—but, Grandmother, I stammered. "You are always doing crossword puzzles. You always say they require more intelligence than reading."

"Now, Debby!" suddenly Grandmother was standing erectly again, and her voice was crisp. "Don't argue with me! Your Grandfather is a smart man." She took a wool sweater from a hook near her and thrust it at me. "Now take this down to him, or he will catch his death of cold." I started dazedly toward the door. "And Debby —" she said. I stopped and turned. "Don't tell him what I said."

I started down the steps to the basement, but on the fourth step I sat down. I leaned my head against the railing and tried to clear my thoughts. Below me I heard the cellar door slam. Mr. Swartz had finally left. I stood up quickly and waited, holding the sweater. I expected Grandfather to meet me on the staircase and to slip into it before we entered the kitchen; but all I heard below me was the scrape of metal on cement and then silence. What could be keep-

ing him? I wondered. I took the last steps two at a time.

He was sitting high on the metal stool before his work table. His head and back were bent forward as he leaned on his elbows. He was turning an object over and over in his hands. As I came up behind him, I saw that his thin fingers, now somewhat thickened and knarled by age, were shaking.

"What is it, Grandfather?" I asked softly.

"Oh, hello," he said startled.

"Grandmother sent me down with this sweater."

"That woman!" he smiled faintly. "I'm plenty warm down here."

"Well, you know how she worries about you."

"I guess she just doesn't want me to be in too much of a hurry to go to California." He looked again at the wooden figure in his hands. It was an old, wrinkled man on which he had been working for weeks. He stared at it and then set it down. A curtain of silence hung between us.

I took a deep breath and spoke slowly. "Grandfather, Grandmother thinks you will win the majority of those games."

"She does?" he looked up at me, startled.

"Yes." Now I talked rapidly, feeling more like a traitor to my Grandmother with every word I spoke. "She says that you're smarter than she is, and, besides that, you deserve it."

He gave a short, dry laugh. He picked up the wooden figure again, twirled it in his hands, and then handed it to me. I felt its smoothness and lightness with my fingers, but I continued to watch him.

"You know, Debby, I don't really want to go to California."

I gasped. "You don't?"

"No, I don't." Suddenly he spoke with unusual force. "Do you know

what that man offered me for my tools? Five hundred dollars! Five hundred dollars for tools worth more than a thousand!"

He stepped down from his stool and stood over me. "And do you know what he called that man in your hand? A toy!"

I looked down at the little man. Two bushy eyebrows frowned up at me from an old, wizened face. "Why, Grandfather," I whispered, "it's beautiful."

"Yes," he said, but he really wasn't listening. "A toy!" he said softly. "A toy! I could never sell my tools to him."

"Grandfather, how are you going to tell grandmother?"

"I don't know." He shook his head. "I really don't know, Debby. When your grandmother sets her mind on something, there's no moving her, even if it's something she doesn't like."

I smiled wryly. I knew what he meant. How would we ever convince her that now he did *not* want

to go? We leaned on our elbows and thought.

The second Scrabble game began immediately after dinner that evening. Neither grandmother nor grandfather displayed much enthusiasm. When grandmother rose to select her evening apple, the game seemed to be tied.

"I think popcorn would taste good, don't you, Mother?" Grandfather asked.

She nodded. "Come, Debby, and help me."

I smiled at Grandfather and followed her.

When we returned fifteen minutes later, Grandfather was sitting at the table smoking his pipe.

"Well, Dad, let's begin again." Grandmother placed her popcorn and apple on the table. She picked up a letter and reached to put it on the board. Then she stopped in astonishment. "What," she asked, "is this? A joke?"

Grandfather took his pipe from his mouth. "Read it, Mother."

She read the words on the board slowly. "Three months away and here we stay. What," she demanded, "does that mean?"

"That we will live in Florida from January to April."

"And not sell the house?"

"And not sell the house."

She took a deep breath and started to smile. Then she glanced at me suspiciously. I was busily salting the popcorn.

"Well," she said. "Well. It's a good thing you changed your mind, Dad! I would have won those games, you know. But we'll go to Florida. You can be sure of that. I'm not going to nurse you through any more colds — especially when you won't wear an undershirt! I'm through!"

"Yes, Mother," Grandfather said. He put his pipe back into his mouth and winked at me.

I turned to taste the popcorn. It was just right.

---

## Beauty

Nelson R. Haas

*Far above the granite cliffs  
The moon is rising . . .  
Beyond the jagged coast  
A sombre haze . . .  
In the solitude of a deserted lake  
Still waters embrace its hue . . .  
Its magic light . . . its soft lustre . . .  
its richness . . .  
I dip my fingers into the moon . . .  
It is unreal . . .  
Reality becomes but a phantasy . . .  
A fairy-land . . . a make-believe . . .  
Our faith and our hope  
Lie beyond that moon . . .  
A tree . . . a moonbeam . . . a brook . . .  
Is harmony in nature . . .  
For those we love  
Our love is beauty.*

# Peruvian Art . . .

*Knowledge of South American antiquity gives us a solid basis to respect our modern neighbors to the south.*

**Julie Horvath '55**

• It is generally agreed that South America was peopled by tribes moving southward from Mexico and Central America. From these unknown progenitors there arose in what we call Peru a mountain or highland culture known as Tiahuanaco, and two coastal cultures — called Chimu in the north, and Nazca in the south.

Although most artistic achievements of the Andean peoples are credited to the Incas as a people, this is not the truth. The Incas had something to add to the cultures they absorbed, but the full creative force of Indian art in the Andean region had been exercised before the Incas came to power.

*Tiahuanaco Culture:* It appears that the earliest highland civilization, called by archaeologists Tiahuanaco I, rose out of an earlier archaic and ran its course in the Andean highlands between some unknown date B. C. and about 500 A. D. The most notable feature of Tiahuanaco I is its megalithic architecture.

Towards the end of the sixth century the highland culture of Tiahuanaco was greatly stimulated by contact with the coastal cultures of Nazca and Chimu. The resulting development in their culture led to the civilization called Tiahuanaco II. The tendency to convention and abstraction already present in the

highly imaginative art of Nazca was developed by Tiahuanaco to an unprecedented degree. The style of the highland people runs to grandeur and solemnity as against the liveliness and dramatic sense of the coast. Many textiles of very high quality were produced during this period. Tiahuanaco textile design is controlled by a severe geometry. The color is rich and the technique excellent.

Their pottery was usually painted in rich, dark colors often representing the puma god or the condor god. The puma was quite generally worshipped in all parts of Peru and it is thought to have been a symbol of the Sun. Many portrait jars have been recovered which belong to this period. In the main they represent men with quiet, dignified expressions, whose features were similar to the higher types of Indians living in the highland district today.

The greatest works of monumental sculpture in ancient Peru, the megalithic sculptures and the great monolithic gateway of Tiahuanaco, were produced in the period of Tiahuanaco II. Peruvian sculpture does not have the intensity or feeling for form which characterizes the best work of Central America, but in the dressing and joining of large stones the Peruvians were supreme. Tiahuanaco II sculpture is characterized by block treatment,

low relief, and severity and generalization of form.

About the beginning of the seventh century Tiahuanaco began a period of imperial expansion and for three centuries the style of Tiahuanaco II was dominant. It was a period of brilliant achievement in architecture, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, and in the working of metals. In the ninth century the empire of Tiahuanaco II began to decline.

*Chimu Culture:* The Chimu people were architects and town planners on a magnificent scale. They were skilled craftsmen in weaving and metal working, and excellent potters. Their art is predominantly realistic, though formalism is not entirely absent. The Chimu produced naturalistic portraits in pottery which are really sculpture, powerfully modelled and dramatic. A marked sculptural sense is characteristic of Chimu pottery and of Peruvian pottery as a whole. Their paintings, or rather drawings, for the emphasis is on line and form rather than color, have been of great value in reconstructing their culture by reason of their realistic treatment of costumes and everyday activity.

The most distinctive pottery of the Late Chimu period is the polished black ware with designs in relief and figures in the round.

There is also a polished red ware with similar designs. During this period the Chimu potters developed a double-bodied water jar. Usually on the top of the front jar is modeled a little animal and beside the animal is an opening which is formed in such a way that it becomes a whistle.

Beautiful textiles and interesting metal work were also produced during this period.

*Nazca Culture:* Contemporary with Early Chimu is the art of Early Nazca. The culture of this people is one of the most highly developed and interesting of ancient Peru. The Nazca people were the great colorists of Peru, using crimson, scarlet, pink, yellow, orange, green, various shades of blue, brown, gray, black, and white in artistic combinations. They had a lively and imaginative sense of design. There is great variety of forms in Early Nazca pottery, and a wealth of decorative motives which run to the fantastic in combinations of demoniacal, human, and animal figures in designs which embody the myths of ancient Peru. The Nazca pantheon included the Spotted Cat, the Bird-Demon, the Multiple-Headed God, the Centi-

pede God, and the Puma God. A certain amount of realism may be found in Early Nazca design, but the spirit of the art tends to conventionalism and abstraction. The decoration is handled with the greatest freedom. The subject is distorted and dissected to suit the demands of symbolism and the nature of the decorative field. Early Nazca pottery is extremely well-fired. In technique, design, and color it was unsurpassed in ancient Peru. Possibly the same may be said for Early Nazca textiles.

Late Nazca pottery decoration is not as vigorous and free as the earlier type, and runs largely to geometric patterns inspired by textile design, but there is a return to the old richness and color.

*Incan Culture:* The Incas were the conquerors and cultural heirs of their predecessors. There is clarity, harmony, and good proportion in Inca art, though it does not have the imaginative power, the color sense, or the subtle taste of its predecessors. In pottery the characteristic Inca form is the aryballus which is admirable in proportion but does not equal the earlier pottery in modelling or in decoration. Their goldsmiths and silversmiths

did superior work, indeed some of the best. The finest Inca weaving was done by the Virgins of the Sun for the Inca's personal use.

*Peruvian Textiles:* The textile arts reached a high development in ancient Peru. Peruvian ceramic products in modelling, beauty of decoration, and excellence of technique have rarely been surpassed, but the glory of ancient Peru is in her textiles. The Peruvian weavers produced many types of fabrics, tapestry, embroidery, brocade, gauze, pile fabrics, double cloth, warp and weft stripes, leno, dobby patterns, crocheting and laces. With the exception of a few feather mosaics on a textile ground, the finest work is probably in tapestry.

They excelled in fine cotton weaving, specializing in woven patterns in contrast to the painted and printed cottons of India. They were quite familiar, however, with both processes of printing and knew tie-and-dye and batik as well. Both blocks and small terra-cotta rollers for printing have been found in their tombs. They were even expert at producing a high glaze. Cotton and wool were the chief fibres, the wool coming from the llama and the alpaca.

# Night

John E. Koehler

Science Senior

Soft shadows first  
Then evening shades,  
A twilight glow  
That slowly fades  
As night descends  
With starry skies,  
Caressing breeze,  
And woodland sighs;  
A perfect peace  
With none to mar  
The silent glory  
Of each star.

# MY SIN

*Love, shame, despair,*

*and coincidence*

*mix to make this*

*harrowing tale.*

**Diane Cross**

• Nick and I had been married several years when it happened. Our two children were growing up happily, unaware of the strained atmosphere about them. I loved Nick, and I tried to overlook his great weakness for gambling. My father had tried to keep me from marrying Nick, but my mother had felt, as I did, that love and a family would put an end to his childish flings.

During the first few years of our married life Nick acquired several sizable debts, but each time we managed to pay them off, and each time Nick promised he'd never gamble again.

One evening Nick came home in a pouting mood and was extremely irritable. I guessed it was another debt. After dinner I quietly asked, "How much?" Without looking up Nick answered, "Ten thousand dollars." I was stunned, shocked.

"Ten thousand dollars! Nick, how on earth . . ." It was the same old story. He'd kept trying to win back losings until he was in the hole—ten thousand dollars. I began to cry. We couldn't borrow half that much on the car . . . our home was already mortgaged. We'd have to sell everything . . . but we couldn't do that without everyone knowing or at least guessing the reason why. And I could see my righteous father shaking his finger at me and saying, "I told you so."

I couldn't stand it! We were supposed to be a good Catholic family. Our little girl had just entered the first grade in the parish school. For nearly eight years we had labored to build a home, to acquire friends, to be respected in the community—all for our children. I wasn't going to throw all of that effort away because of an adolescent weakness in my husband. I was determined that my children were not going to be disgraced and subjected to misery and shame for a gambling debt, no matter what the amount. I looked at Nick. I loved him still, and I said, "We'll pay it somehow, Honey."

The next few days were torturous days of thinking how, how could I get hold of ten thousand dollars. I prayed that a streak of luck would hit us, and we might inherit money, or property, or something, but I knew that things like that just don't happen. Anyway, the only close relative Nick or I had was my own father. Nick was an orphan. Dad lived out in a lovely little country place that he and Mom had bought with their

life's savings before Mother died. I guessed that it was worth about thirty thousand dollars. Dad had a heart ailment, but he could live for years as long as he kept taking his pills. That's what the doctor told me—Dad could live for years. But he might not . . . especially if he got excited or stopped taking his pills. My mind was whirling. I was nearly delirious with the labor of so much thought, so many impossible ideas, and always the fear of foreclosure, court proceedings, publicity, maybe even prison, and the children . . .

It happened then. A fiendish plot entered my mind. Dad's life was lonely now way out in the country and without Mom. His death would accomplish many ends. He would be mercifully spared more lonely years on earth, Nick and I could pay the debt, save our reputation and the children's happiness, and perhaps then Nick would wake up and stop gambling. And it would be so simple. I wouldn't even have to tell Nick. I could say I needed a rest and write Dad that I was coming for a visit. Then I could take care of my father. I'd give him harmless soda tablets instead of his pills. Heart patients are always dying suddenly; there would be no suspicion. I had made up my mind, and I felt relieved.

That evening Nick came home and said that the note was due in one month—he'd got an extension. Good, I thought, this makes it even safer, and I told him that I was going to visit Dad. He looked unhappy, but I thought, "If only you knew how much I'm doing for you, Nick."

My bag was packed the following afternoon and Nick was backing out the car to take me to the station when the phone rang. I answered it; it was Dad's country doctor. He regretted to inform that my father had had a heart attack a few hours ago and had died. He was sorry. I dropped the receiver. For the first time the horror of my intent came home and overwhelmed me with shock and grief. Dad

had just died, and I, his only child, had planned to kill him — murder him! The words screamed in my ears — murderer, killer! Sin resides in the will . . . you killed your own father!

Nick and I went to the funeral, but I could not pray. Dad knew now that I had planned to kill him.

The estate was settled in a few days. We sold the property for thirty thousand dollars. Nick paid his debt, but the end of Nick's debt was the beginning of my trouble for I had also killed my soul. I lived in constant fear and remorse of conscience. I wanted to go to confession, and yet I would not. My sin was so horrible, so sordid, that I felt that it would not be forgiven. I wanted to forget all about it, but I could not. I was plagued by a series of torturous headaches which I knew were the result of my guilt. Doctors could do nothing for me. I continued to lose weight. I could not eat.

One evening I felt exceptionally bad. I was dizzy and nauseated, my head was splitting, I was tired to death. Nick suggested that I go to bed. I did. For the first time in weeks I felt that sleep might come, sleep . . . blessed sleep . . .

Suddenly there is light — all the pain is gone — where am I? There is a gigantic, disconsolate voice saying, "Hast thou loved Me?" God, no . . . I can't answer — don't make me answer now. Don't judge me now! Let me go back and be forgiven! God, my Lord, You must understand — I tried so hard all my life, but I made a mistake, just one mistake! Don't condemn me for that one. I was under pressure; I wasn't myself! I know it was wrong, even to think . . . but I'm sorry! God, listen to me . . . Now there are hedious shrieks and screams in the distance. Merciful Savior, no! Not Hell! Not Hell!

I was awake in my bedroom then . . . trembling and frightened in every inch of my being.

The next afternoon I went to Church for the first time in weeks. The subdued light through the tall stained glass windows was soothing to my tired eyes, and I felt the muscles in my face relax from their accustomed tension. The cold, soggy sponge of holy water sent a chill over me, but I didn't mind it. Strange, elusive shadows played on a Sorrowful Mother statue which smiled vaguely down at the rows of struggling vigil lights, like so many souls, some burning straight

and tall, others wavering and swaying, a few sputtering as in protest against their inevitable death. I sighed and genuflected, and felt very tired as I rose from paying that brief homage to my God.

When the priest came in at last, I started up at once lest I should hesitate, lose courage, and consider leaving. My eyes fell suddenly on the dull, brown curtain on the little, black box, the curtain which marked the entrance to life for me, my soul. Strange that it should be so plain, so uninviting, so poor-looking . . . no, not strange, for so was a stable, so was an upper room.

In the dimness inside the confessional, I glanced once at the tiny, grey crucifix, and began, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned . . ."

Afterwards I thanked God with all my heart for His Grace of repentance for sinners, and to prove my sorrow and renewed love, I asked God to give my suffering.

That was many years ago. I am alone right now; that's why I can tell you these things. Nick is out, as he is so frequently these days. I don't know where he is, but I do know . . . he's gambling.

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## When I Am Proud

John E. Kohler  
Science Senior

*When I am proud, let me remember this:  
My God once died upon a tree  
For some small speck of animated life  
That once crawled forth from out of the depths  
of some primeval sea.*

*And I am that small speck of life — no more.  
Shall this then be my claim to pride:  
That I took life from Him who gave me life —  
I hung my God upon a tree to murder, mock, deride?*

# Hail!

## The Flyerettes!

Diane Cross

• Back in 1954 an ex-serviceman, who was once in the military police and, later, on the Oakwood and Dayton police forces, had a dream. He is Bob Wood, now a school teacher in Kettering, who then was dreaming of a new feature for U. D.'s 1954 Homecoming. Bob knew and liked precision drilling, but he felt that even more impressive than a group of fellows in step was a group of pretty girls marching along together.

Today Bob's dream is fast becoming a tradition at the University of Dayton. His dream, now a growing tradition, is the "Flyerettes," those high-stepping, precision dancers who have been seen and admired at many a U. D. function. Their admirable performances have not been the result of haphazard rehearsal. There are many people and many forces behind the story of the Flyerettes.

They began as an added attraction for the Homecoming parade in 1954. But Bob was not to be satisfied with anything less than per-

fection. In May of '54, with Homecoming four months away, Bob began to enlist girls who were interested in his project. He could not promise them anything more than hard work to begin with, but surprisingly enough, twenty-four responded, and it looked as though the dream might become a reality. A dancing teacher was hired, Miss Rita Hoefler; Roy Kuntz, who had been a drum major at Chaminade high school for four years, was engaged as assistant director, and the work began.

And it was work. From May until October the girls met three nights a week at the Fieldhouse or at the adjoining parking lot and practiced and practiced. When they needed music, John Schmidt, then a freshman in Engineering, was always there with the records and a phonograph, ready to put the needle on at just the right moment. (The Flyerettes have affectionately nicknamed John, "Tape," and he faithfully attended their rehearsals until recently when he left U. D. with the Project.)

Learning the dance steps and the drills was not the most difficult task; learning precision was. Precision comes only with determination, practice, and a willingness to sacrifice individuality or stardom for the sake of the unified whole. So night after night the girls listened to Miss Hoefler call out, "Keep even with the girl next to you! Okay, here we go . . . music! Bend your knees! Watch that line . . . sharp! Hold it!"

Then they listened to instructions, and afterward they tried it again and again.

By the time they were ready for their first performance for freshmen orientation in September of '54, the Flyerettes were more than just a girls' drill team. They were a tiny society of devoted hearts with the binding spirit that comes from long hours of working together and from the sense of group accomplishment by individual effort. To cement their unity they enlarged their sphere of activities

to include socials, and elected officers for club efficiency. Miss Florence Luby (now Mrs. Robert Schmall) was elected the first president of the Flyerettes. Rev. Charles L. Collins, Dean of Students, agreed to be their moderator, and they voted to collect dues. That very year, then, they co-sponsored with the Monogram club a Christmas party at St. Joseph's Orphanage and backed a candidate for the turn-about dance.

After their initial performances the Flyerettes were in immediate demand. They performed at three football games and five basketball games; they were Santa's reindeer for the '54 Christmas assembly, and they were on the program at a school assembly last year.

Nor has their schedule changed this year unless it has become more filled. Any added engagements were probably due to the enthusiastic management of Roy Kuntz who, early last year, was made di-

rector of the Flyerettes. He and Mrs. Audrey Zajdel (the Flyerettes new dancing instructor and wife of the freshman football coach) have given much of their time and talents to the perfecting of the Flyerettes' routines. As a result, the girls have again performed in the Homecoming parade, for football and basketball games, the Christmas assembly and the U. D. variety show.

Although the Flyerettes may remember most vividly the particular bright spots in their career as their trip to Lexington at Christmas time for the Kentucky Invitational Basketball Tournament and their standing honor guard for the retiring senior basketball players, they must also recall some bleak moments. Now, of course, they laugh about them, but during the last Homecoming parade they smiled through frozen lips, and at the Villanova football game they marched onto the field in near ankle-deep mud.

But all of this — the work, the fun, the mud, and the honor — all of this is part of being a Flyerette, so says Miss Joan Leff, junior in Education and this year's president of the Flyerettes, and so affirms Miss Barbara Barkhurst, freshman in Arts, a "second-line girl" who has performed only twice this year in the "first line."

The Flyerette spirit is obvious — in the smile and in the step of the captain, the president, the greenest newcomer — in each and everyone of the Flyerettes.

As the Flyerettes continue to achieve their remarkable precision, do not be fooled into thinking that it is all easy or all fun. Go to the Fieldhouse some evening for one of their twice-a-week rehearsals. You will still hear either Mrs. Zajdel or Miss Mary Ann Krampe, captain, calling out, "Here we go . . . music! Bend your knees! Line's bad! Sharp . . . watch your toes! Line . . . pick up your feet . . . !

*Those high-stepping precision dancers now a tradition at U. of D.*



# The Romance of Geology

*A visit to an ore mine proved a most  
rewarding and informative experience.*

**Allan L. Horvath**

• In June of 1955, shortly after the close of the academic year, a number of energetic students departed from Dayton by automobile and headed northward toward a common destination. The occasion was the summer geology field trip composed of U. D. students under the capable leadership of Professor Springer, head of the University of Dayton's expanding geology department. The goal of their journey was the half-tamed wilderness of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. This region popularly known as a hunting and fishing paradise was noted for still another reason; one that is of great economic importance.

The Upper Peninsula is part of the great Lake Superior iron and copper ranges. The copper had been used for centuries by the Indians and their forerunners in the fashioning of hunting and cooking implements. The iron is of more recent discovery, however, for it was found accidentally by an Indian after white settlers had established the city of Marquette in the vicinity.

The task confronting U. D.'s embryo geologists was to look at the evidence for the origin and emplacement of the ore in addition to evaluating the data for the geologic history of the region. This was to prove a worthy task well-suited to

supplementing text-book knowledge with practical application. The petrologic history of the area bordering Marquette and Lake Superior harks back to some of the world's earliest known rocks. Their age has been estimated in excess of five hundred million years. Volcanism and sea flooding with associated folding and intrusive flows (liquid rock from the interior of the earth) have altered the original rock structure to an igneous complex with multiple theories of origin especially in regard to the valuable iron-bearing formations. The iron ranges of Michigan together with those of Minnesota and Wisconsin are the largest and rich-

est hematite deposits of the world, having produced about two and a half billion tons of iron ore.

Our base camp consisted of two strategically located cabins near Gwinn, Michigan. From here we set out to make our inquiry into the region's history using as a guide the classic monograph of Van Hise.

The daily field trips brought us in contact with varying structural problems under different conditions. Sometimes it was a comparatively relaxed search for outcrops along a roadcut in an effort to discover the contact between the Palmer gneiss and the underlying granite. More often our hiking took a more rigorous turn through dense underbrush and upsteep slopes. Two examples of the latter occurred in climbing the quartzite cliffs that constituted the Ajibic Hills and the labored ascent of Sugar Loaf Mountain. In the former we observed "chattermarks" — fingerprints of immense glaciers that covered the Northern United States thousands of years ago. On Sugar Loaf the correlation of different granites was checked by lineation and a Bronten compass. Here too, were excellent examples of frost riving and granite weathering. The height advantage of these two spots afforded a superb view of the surrounding scenery.

The trips to Presque Isle and the cool grounds adjacent to Lake Superior resulted in the most refreshing phase of these outings. Some of the problems: Sequence of deposition involving tangential bedding and a basal arkose; the age relationship of an intrusive basalt with the granite country rock and overlying sandstone; the analysis of shoreline features including stacks, wave cut platforms and cusped shorelines; the correlation of pillow-structure in schists to underwater lava flows; and finally the detection of faults and rock fault zones. A picnic-style lunch on the beach or the nearby grass cooled by the lake breeze provided renewed vigor and the prospects for an

afterwork swim in the crystal clear lake waters merely increased our enthusiasm for the locale.

The daily routine of observation and analysis soon had its desired effect which was reflected in the increased ability of the students to recognize and interpret evidence. Indeed one fellow became so adept at spotting the criteria for fault plane identification that he was nicknamed Professor Slickensides, after one of the more common characteristics of a fault.

The high-spot of the excursion came toward the end of our summer stay in Michigan. Permission was obtained to visit the Mather, a mine near Ishpeming. With the Mather B it constitutes the world's largest hematite (iron) shaft mine. Their combined annual production is in excess of two hundred and fifty thousand tons.

We arrived early on a Tuesday morning. With the aid and guidance of one of the company's geologists, we were outfitted for the descent. Our miner's clothing consisted of long woolen underwear, two pairs of heavy socks, boots, coveralls, helmet and two beam-battery operated helmet lights. All members wearing glasses were required to wear protective shields and others were advised to wear safety glasses to protect against flying fragments. A briefing informed us that ore pockets were being mined on several levels but that the richest ores were to be found on the eighth and deepest level, some two thousand four hundred feet beneath the surface.

We stepped from the lift into a well-lighted main tunnel on the eighth level and after a few precautionary instructions proceeded single file along one of the branch tunnels. Within a few hundred feet we entered a different world: one consisting of eerie underground passages replete with murky, dust filled air, weakly pin-pointed here and there by white and colored incandescent bulbs. Occasionally the clanging of a warning bell signaled the approach of an ore truck

and our group would find refuge against the tunnel wall. Deeper in the tunnel the footing became precarious in places due to water seepage in spite of the fact that pumps are in continuous operation. By now we were some distance into the network of tunnels and had maneuvered by climbing ladders and crawling through narrow openings into a tunnel cross-cut where we could observe actual mining operations.

Since this particular area consisted of a "soft ore," a method known as collapsing is used. A horizontal tunnel called a drift is constructed parallel to the ore and this is followed by a crosscut which crosses the ore trend, both of these being reinforced by wood and steel supports, the latter being used when possible. By dynamiting or drilling, depending on the situation, the intervening rock is shattered and removed. A large cable operated scoop is worked across the opening beneath and alongside of the ore in such manner that as the lower layer is removed the soft ore above collapses and fills the newly created void. Hard ore requires more extensive use of dynamite which increases the presence of dangerous gases after an explosion for a short interval until the ventilating system can remove them. For the sake of safety our tour was scheduled in the morning, since blasting was not scheduled until after lunch. Eventually the cracks from the explosions work their way surfaceward through the ore and surrounding country rock to produce surface subsidence. This ordinarily requires many years to occur but recent danger of collapse of country rock within a life span has caused increased geophone and seismographic exploration to prevent a sudden disastrous surface collapse or flooding of the mines. Large areas in and around Negaunee are roped off due to collapsing ground. In places whole sections of roads have disappeared due to a subsidence of 100 feet or more. A few people who have been unlucky enough to build homes on

the site of previously unmapped and abandoned mines have the choice of moving or naming their nearest relatives beneficiaries in their insurance policy.

It is heartening to report that the present mine owners are taking measures to insure the utmost possible safety for the inhabitants of the city by mapping and roping off all possible danger areas.

Miners receive wages in excess of \$19.00 per day, plus an additional percent for those who work in the ore itself if they mine over a certain quota. The latter jobs are considered "select" even in the face of the increased risk from cave-ins and are obtained on the basis of seniority and physical condition. The ore crew is usually periodically rotated because of the crippling effects of silicosis and other lung ailments resulting from prolonged exposure to blasting operations.

We observed the dredging action of the scoop upon the continuously sifting ore and then returned to the main tunnel by another route.

A short trek brought us in contact with more activity. One of the company's expert drillers was taking core samples at the blind end of a small branch tunnel. We learned from our guide that operating such a drill requires skill if the company is to be spared the expense of replacing the diamond bit too frequently. At best an expenditure of several thousand dollars is required to angle a core sample thirty or forty feet into a head wall to check the tenor of the ore ahead. Samples were passed around illustrating "blue steel" which is high grade ore, running 64 percent iron. Further in, softer ores, such as limonite (about 58 percent), were encountered and beyond that the lower grade jasper which is left untouched for the present.

Additional inquiry uncovered the fact that the eighth level of this mine (the Mather A) had a six million ton reserve with probably more ore on unexplored deeper levels. This amount, in addition to a newly discovered ten million ton reserve at the Mather B, amounted to a known reserve sufficient to

keep the mines in operation for at least thirty years at the current rate of production. Further assurance as to the condition of our natural resources was given in the disclosure that a nearby mining company, Republic, was doing research at Humboldt Mine, on the pelletizing of low grade iron ore found in abundance in open-pit mines on the surface. This low grade ore has previously been commercially unprofitable and due to physical properties of the ore has not responded to standard pelletizing processes. If Republic's research is successful an almost unlimited supply of this low grade ore or taconite will be tapped for the Country's future industrial needs. Shortly thereafter we returned by lift to the upper level to discover that we looked more like redskins than miners. The hematite stain has penetrated even the protective clothing so it was easy to visualize the havoc that it would wreck upon ordinary clothing. Later while heading toward our cabins we felt that we had undergone a most rewarding and informative experience.

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## Perseverance

Joseph Wessling, S. M.

Education — Evening

*Is there a soul so given up to grace  
That memories of other days now past,  
Of other loves, of longings which at last  
Were sacrificed, have vanished without trace?  
Can irrevocability of choice  
So fix the mind, that not a backward gaze,  
Impossible desire, or latent blaze  
Of passion, rebuke the Inward Voice,  
Re-tempt the soul and cause disquietude?  
No, even in the holiest arise  
Temptations unrelenting, unsubdued;  
Yet he is deemed more worthy of the prize  
Who fought the longer, braved the greater odds,  
Distrusted his own strength, accepted God's.*

# PAX INTRANTIBUS . . .

Peace on those who enter

## *My first retreat at a Trappist Monastery*

James A. Meyring

• A beautiful May morning almost seven years ago, my father's old Buick covered the last mileage down that picturesque avenue leading to the entrance of the century-old Trappist Monastery, so appropriately named Our Lady of Gethsemani. Located just South of Bardstown, Kentucky, the Cistercian Monastery is situated in a peaceful valley surrounded by tree-covered knobs.

The mingled feelings that arose in my heart at that time are expressed with difficulty. But yet I might say that the desire to penetrate those walls prevailed. As we drove along the Kentucky roads, the nearer we came to our destination, the greater my longing became, until after we had rounded the last bend in the road and had seen the towering steeple of the monastic church, I could no longer contain myself.

There were the three of us: my father, my younger brother and I. I had been the instrument, you might say, in bringing us here to the "land of holiness," because for

a long time I had been entreating my father that we might make a retreat at a Trappist Monastery. And finally here we were at the very threshold of the monastery.

Immediately above the gate opening into a beautiful monastic garden stands a lovely statue of our Blessed Mother with the inscription above her head: "Pax Intranitibus" — Peace on those who enter. It reminds me of the song, "On this day, O Beautiful Mother." I do think that the thoughts of that lovely hymn were the sentiments of my heart on that day as we passed beneath the image of Our Lady and thence into the enclosure for three days of peaceful seclusion.

The retreat itself was conducted fundamentally the same as others given throughout our country for laymen. But for me and I believe for the majority of the men, more than half of the retreat was the monastery and all for which it stands. By this I mean the atmosphere of the abbey and the monks who dwell there.

God is there. Yes, it is the House of God, but I mean more than Jesus dwelling in the Tabernacle. Jesus lives in the hearts of the Religious and is closely united to each of them in a very intimate way and the union of souls is diffused so to speak throughout the whole monastery, so much so, that one feels God is very near and dwells within his own soul. "Truly, this is the House of God."

What a powerful means of prayer is good example! This, I noted very much in our Retreatmaster. Perhaps the substance of his conferences was much the same as other retreats (and yet there was always something new), but the holiness of the man radiating through his words was something I had not experienced before.

The monastic choir and the low melodious sounds inspired a retreat in itself. The beautiful chant of over a hundred voices all blending together to form but one magnificent voice, frequently filled the abbatial church day and night. Al-

though I had no particular leaning toward or love for Gregorian Chant, there was something here that was irresistible. These men (and some but mere boys) were singing the Praises of God. Yet mysteriously, it was Jesus chanting to His heavenly Father in these men that inspired me most, the Holy Spirit being His Flame of Love.

Two other events which contributed to make this retreat the most consoling of all I had made were our tour of the Monastery and especially the privilege of conversing with the Superior of the Monastery.

On Saturday afternoon we toured the monastic grounds and buildings, the Reverend Guest-Master guiding the way. With eagle eyes of curiosity we strolled from place to place. The penances and sacrifices of the monks astounded us, for we were quite accustomed to the comforts of every day living.

The common dormitory and the refectory will illustrate sufficiently to what I refer. The enormous dormitory is partitioned off into in-

dividual cells, each containing only a hard pallet of straw, a crucifix, and a holy water font. The meals given to the monks in the refectory are simple and frugal but wholesome and sustaining — their diet being chiefly vegetarian.

Thus these Cistercian religious, by their countless sacrifices, are obtaining many graces for us in the world. Let us be thankful to God for the generosity of these young American boys and men offering their lives for us and our country.

The most exciting incident that occurred during our tour was the accidental meeting with Father Mary Louis, O.C.S.O. (Thomas Merton). Walking through the garden surrounding the church, we happened upon a monk sitting on a stool writing. No one knew who the religious was, so we passed on in ignorance. About fifty yards away, the Guest-Master stopped us with the question: "Does anyone know the religious we just passed?" A long pause and then Father answering his own question replied: "Thomas Merton."

Sunday morning before our meditation, we received a little note saying that Reverend Father Superior wished to see us at eleven o'clock that morning. My happiness knew no end. To me as a young boy, it seemed like the greatest moment in my life, as if seeing the Holy Father himself. My heart beat like a dynamo as I turned the knob on the door. Our conversation lasted no more than ten minutes but I could not help but be struck by the holiness of this religious. God certainly showered His graces upon me during that first retreat.

Sunday afternoon, and thus the end of the retreat, came all too soon, but I thanked God that I was permitted to be with these holy men and within the enclosure for at least these three days.

It was hard to leave, I assure you, and the lump in my throat did not help matters any; but I left with a firm resolution: A yearly retreat in these peaceful Kentucky hills will be a certain "must" for this sinful soul. May God be praised forever.

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## The Wider View

E. Ulrich

*When evening's sounds are soft and low,  
And all the world seems lost in sleep,  
The quiet somehow brings a glow  
Unto my heart where dreams I keep.*

*And then I live again the days  
When spring so sweetly kissed my brow,  
When life and love seemed golden ways  
And held a warmth they hold not now.*

*It's sad to think with age we find  
The world has other natures too;  
But then I still my heart and mind  
With thoughts that hold a wider view.*

*Without the pain, without the tears,  
Without the wisdom sorrow brings,  
The lofty music of the spheres  
Would fall on mute and hollow things.*

A

## SLIGHT

### Misunderstanding

R. E. Barnes



September 18, 1951

My dearest Janet,

Check off another week of boot camp. That leaves two more before we can be together again. It seems more like nine years since you've been near enough for me to look into those eyes of yours. I think if I were sent back another two weeks, I would go over the hill. I don't think I could bear it to be away from you that much longer. I know the S.P.'s would be right there on your doorstep when I arrived, but it would be worth it to see you.

I received a letter from your parents yesterday. It gave me quite a lift to know they think so highly of me. I only hope I can keep it that way, not only with them, but also with you. Honey, you certainly have a wonderful mother and father. It's easy to see why you love them so.

Tell your mother that my blisters have all but disappeared completely. I've always been a tenderfoot. I thought when I joined the Navy, I wouldn't have to worry about marching and drilling. Ha, ha. Little did I know what lay in store for me. The old feet have really toughened up in the last few weeks, though.

Here's a good one, Jan. Ted wrote the other day and told me that he heard you were going with Marty now. I guess he didn't think I knew you two were dating since I left. Well, I'll set it straight next time I write to him. He probably thought he was doing me a favor by telling me.

Well, I'd better close for now and hit the sack. Taps is in five minutes. I'll see you in two weeks. By the way, I love you, honey.

All my love,

Glenn

• • •

September 21, 1951

Dear Glenn,

Some people certainly have a nerve! Where do they get off,

thinking they're such first class friends? I'd like to know who told Ted such a thing. For your information, Mr. Daley, I am *not* going with Marty, nor have I ever intended to. Marty's your friend, not mine. I should think you would know that by now. He's certainly been nice about everything. He's always a perfect gentleman, and you know it.

I don't know why you put your trust in such people who call themselves your friends and then start ugly rumors behind your back. Of course, if you choose to believe such nonsense, that's perfectly all right with me. Don't let me stand in the way of your true friends. I wouldn't think of doing such a thing.

You only have two more weeks before you come home on leave, and you have to throw everyone into a dither just as the big moment draws nearer. Honestly, Glenn, sometimes I don't think you have good sense. Why do you have to listen to every idle tale that comes your way about me? I thought we had some kind of an understanding when you left, something like love. It certainly sounds as though there isn't much of it left.

I told Mom about it, and she thinks I should give back your ring. She didn't want me to go steady with anyone before, but I talked her into it when you came along. I thought I was doing the right thing. I can see now that I was wrong.

Have you heard Tony Bennett's latest record? It's called "Cold, Cold Heart." Listen to the words sometime. It fits you to a "T."

Sincerely yours,

Jan

• • •

September 24, 1951

Dear Jan,

I guess that about does it, doesn't it? You've left nothing unsaid as

far as I can see. Yes, sir, you really let me know the score. I didn't believe it of you, but now you've left me no choice. It couldn't be plain-er if you had come right out and said it to my face.

At least now I know who my friends are. Ted always did look after my interests. Marty and I were always after the same girl. It's been that way ever since we were kids. I hope you're both real proud of yourselves.

I listened to the song, Jan. Thanks a lot. If you had read my letter thoroughly, instead of just reading what you wanted to read, you would know that I didn't believe what Ted said. I actually thought it was funny. I only mentioned it because I thought you would get a kick out of it. Otherwise I'd have waited until I got home to say anything about it.

Well, you called the trick, kiddo. If that's the way you want it, then it's fine with me. The sooner you send my ring back, the better. I can think of better things to do with it.

If it had been merely an idle tale, as you put it, there would be no reason for you to fly off the handle this way. The only reason I can see for your getting so upset about it was that it was true. You couldn't have made it any clearer.

We have about a week to go before we have our dress parade and go on leave. Maybe you'd better leave the ring in the mailbox, and I'll drop by for it. That way I won't have to put you through the ordeal of facing me again. Have fun, Jan. Have a great time. You really deserve it.

I'll see you around.

Glenn

• • •

September 27, 1951

Dearest Glenn,

Honey! Sweetheart! Lover!  
Please don't be angry with me. I

know now that I acted in haste and didn't really give your letter a chance to sink through my thick head. I was wrong, and I'll be the first to admit it. I really didn't mean all those things I said. Please believe me, Glenn, honey.

I know you have a heart as big as all outdoors. I really must have been in a state to have written the things I did. Please, Darling, can you find it in your heart to forgive a foolish, little girl for jumping to conclusions so hastily? You know as well as I do that there can be no other boy for me. I love you, Dear. Surely you know that much by now.

Please don't make me give back your ring. It's all I have to remember you by when you're away. When your letters come, I can't wait to open them up and read them. Then I sit and read them again and again. I just can't put them down. Then I look at your ring and hold it against my cheek, for I know you've touched it many times, and I can feel your touch that way. You put it on my finger Easter Sunday, and I've never removed it. I don't even take it off when I bathe, because I don't want to break the spell of you that surrounds it.

Honey, you know that everyone says that true love never runs smooth. Certainly you must know that there can be no truer love than ours. We've had our little disagreements before, and I always think it's so much nicer when we kiss and make up. Please, Sweetheart, forgive my foolish pride and accept this love I offer from the bottom of my heart.

I can hardly wait until you get home so that I can prove to you that everything I've said is the truth. Hurry home to me, Darling.

With all my love,

Your Jan



## The Real Life

By Jim McCarthy

Say! there goes Billy walkin' by;  
He's got 'is pole, but dunno why,  
He's never caught a fish to fry,  
But still goes back again.

Let's tag along behind him slow;  
Be careful! keep your footsteps  
low,  
'Cause if he hears us, then he'll  
know,  
And all will be in vain.

Keep up, now, 'lest we lose 'ole  
Bill,  
He's skippin' down the pasture-hill,  
I know; he's headin' toward the  
mill,  
'Cause bass are bitin' there.

He sets 'is britches on the  
ground,  
And soon his float starts bobbin'  
round,  
'Is worms start swimmin' else  
they'll drown'd  
But Bill don't seem to care.

The ole straw hat slides o'er his  
eyes,  
He stretches out, face toward the  
skies,  
The sunbeams seem to sympathize,  
Let's get a closer look.

No wonder he don't get a bite,  
Shucks, he could fish here day 'n  
night,  
But he don't want no fish to fight,  
Why, he ain't got no hook!

# To Troy and Back

Mary Jo O'Callaghan

• Like any modern parent, I found myself assailed on all sides by instructions regarding my son's welfare and upbringing. And, like any conscientious parent, I did my best to follow all instructions and obey all edicts issued by Dr. Spock and his colleagues. Too long had I been warned of the consequences contingent upon failure to follow orders. I was sure I did not want my boy to grow up insecure and repressed, which two states I have come to believe the conditions referred to by mothers of old as "a fate worse than death."

When I became aware, then, of the dictum that "every boy should have a hobby," I determined that my boy, too, must have a hobby. Armed with this determination, I went hobby-shopping to find just the right avocation to fit my son's personality capacities and improve his group adjustment. I discovered quickly that a truly impressive array of hobbies meets the humble seeker of enlightenment. Because I did not want Junior wasting his time, I first surveyed the possibilities in the educational field. The idea of a pet for the boy attracted me very strongly. I could just see my son at home learning about group living through observation of his pet colony of South Australian flea-eaters or even aiding his

personal adjustment through play with his very own bee. Just thinking of the feeling of security Junior would have, increased tenfold my determination to choose the right hobby for him.

I soon decided, however, that the answer did not lie in a pet, for I realized the feeling of rejection my son might acquire if his bee preferred another bee to Junior. But the idea of improving his educational background still claimed my primary interest. After much thought and several trips for guidance to *Your Son and You* by Dr. Jonas Squawk, renowned expert on intermediate development, I suddenly received inspiration. Just the thing to give my son a better understanding of the history of his country! He could collect the fly-leaves (from the green copies only) of Carter & Carter's *History of the Americas*, sixth edition, for the third and fourth grade. With the knowledge gained from such material the boy would soon become a star social-studies student, and at the same time acquire the habits of neatness attendant upon taking care of a collection. But further thought brought this possibility: perhaps he would become a book-worm. Knowing this trait to be an early manifestation of anti-social behavior, I immediately dismissed from consideration the idea of fly-

leaf collection and also made a mental note to be sure no books were brought into the house. Such a severe measure was the only effective method of prevention I could devise for the book-worm temptation.

I did believe, though, that the collection-type hobby had merit. Perhaps something connected with the out-of-doors would be best. Nature, after all, presents us with a wide variety of specimens and the only difficulty would lie in deciding which to collect. It should be something, I thought, not too common, yet abundant enough not to breed discouragement. After consulting my old biology textbooks, making several trips to the library, and practically haunting the nature preserve, I finally came upon the perfect thing for Junior to collect. Triangular clovers. Triangular leaved clovers, that is. This species of clover, developed in Derbyshire, England for hexagonal bees, has not yet proved too popular in this country due to the preponderance of pentagonal bees, and thus would present the right measure of difficulty for a beginning collector. Only one objection entered my mind, but as days passed it loomed larger and larger. What if the nation's hexagonal bees, which now are served only by a small harvest of triangular

clover, should fear extermination of even that tiny crop by Junior's collection tactics? This might cause them to band together to protect their food supply, and in so doing they might injure my son. Not that I feared bodily harm they might do to him, but I was disturbed at the prospect of his personality being permanently scarred by the direction of so much concerted hostility towards him. So another proposal was abandoned.

It was becoming increasingly evident to me, as you can well imagine, that my boy was not to be a collector. Still, I did want something that would advance his general development. I then hit upon the idea of a hobby which would increase his manual dexterity. The most impressive of all suggestions in this field was put forth by Professor Raymond P. Dawn. He guarantees quite effective results following the use of his system, which

consists of stuffing olives in the eyes of Idaho potatoes eight times a day. This allows the child to release any pent up feelings of repression while developing a skill that will surely prove useful in the future. The idea of a completely uninhibited Junior brought me such joy that I decided that here must my Odyssey end. Now I could find peace. As soon as I could get to a grocery store, my son would have a hobby.

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## Song

Jo Anne Carlson

*It was in April, one Sunday,  
Yes, that Sunday!  
I was happy . . .  
You wore a white dress  
And two sprays of periwinkle,  
Yes, of periwinkle,  
In your hair.*

*We were seated on the moss,  
Yes, on the moss,  
And without speaking  
We looked at the grass which grew  
The green leaves and the soft  
shadow,  
Yes, the soft shadow,  
And the flowing stream.*

*A bird was singing on a branch,  
Yes, on a branch;  
Then it hushed.  
I took your white hand in mine . . .  
It was in April, one Sunday . . .  
Do you remember?*

*—Translated from the French of  
Edouard Pailleron.*

# The Voice in the Darkness

R. E. Barnes

• With my hands jammed deep in my coat pockets, I walked leisurely along Mitchell Street, enjoying the feel of the brisk October air on my face. I usually passed a great number of my evenings this way, strolling along old, familiar paths, stirring up memories of things past.

As I reached the end of the street and arrived at the old wooden rail around the gravel pit, I felt that same little chill I always experienced as I looked across that dark, yawning emptiness to the skyline of the town beyond. I could never get over that little shiver. There was an air of mystery connected with the origin of the pit, a mystery that remained unsolved.

It had once been completely level ground. Mitchell Street ran directly across its center, dotted on each side by houses, shops, and trees. Then, overnight, it had become a gaping hole in the earth. There had been no sound during that night, and there remained not one sign of the houses or people that had once populated its area.

The townsfolk avoided the site for weeks until one man decided to do something with it. He bought the land, turned it into a gravel pit, and made a rather handsome

living from it. The shroud of mystery slowly disappeared, and the citizens began to take it in stride.

A voice at my elbow nearly frightened me out of my senses. I turned and saw a dark figure next to me. His topcoat collar was turned up and his hat brim turned down. He was a little shorter than I, but aside from that, I couldn't describe a thing. The lack of light prevented my seeing anything else.

"I'm sorry," the man said. "I didn't mean to startle you."

"Quite all right," I replied. "I'm always a little jumpy around here, probably too much so for my own good."

"Oh? Well, no matter. I merely stated that it was a fine night."

"Very fine indeed. I believe I like the evenings in October best of all," I confided.

"I, too," he agreed. "They seem to possess more of an ability to make a man feel thankful just to be alive."

We chatted on about the wonders of an evening in this particular month, and I enjoyed talking with him. Here was a man who shared a like opinion with me, with whom I could discuss the matter without being considered a little too sentimental.

The conversation swung to various subjects, and I learned that we had a great deal more in common. His entire outlook was very similar to mine. We hardly disagreed on a thing until he brought up the topic of the mysterious chasm by which we stood.

"Some say the ground was hollowed out by the jets from a flying saucer," he said, very seriously.

"An opinion that my background forces me to disregard," I stated. "Flying saucers, as you call them, are a figment of the imagination. The reported sightings of them stem from either of two sources: First, that the spotters are victims of hallucinations, and, second, that some reported the things merely to

satisfy a desire to see their names in print.

"Besides, my friend, had it been as you suggest, wouldn't some local resident have seen or heard something?"

"Ah, but you are supposing," was his retaliation. "As yet no one knows the true nature of the flying saucer. No one can say whether or not it makes any sound at all. Perhaps, too, it might even appear invisible. I agree with you about the previous reports, but isn't it possible that such modes of travel do exist on worlds other than our own?"

I smiled and replied, "Anything is possible. It is just as possible, if you want to take this supposition to extremes, that they are propelled by little green men who walk among us every day, taking on the form of normal human beings."

His voice sounded a little sad as he remarked, "But you don't believe in any of this?"

"No, my friend. I can't go along with this school of thought. I would sooner believe in werewolves and vampires."

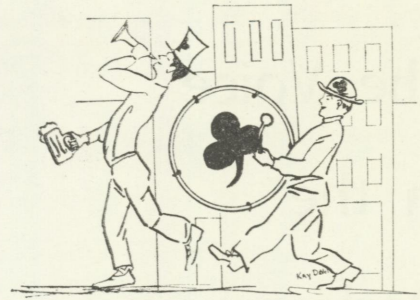
His silence gave me the impression that he was thinking over what I had just said. As it lengthened, however, I grew uncomfortable and decided, just to be doing something, to have a cigarette.

He declined the one I offered him, saying that he did not smoke because of his health.

I fumbled in the darkness for my matches and struck one, cupping my hands around it to shield it from the wind. I didn't look into the fire, as I often do, but directly at him.

In the flare of the match as I lit the cigarette, I saw my unknown companion's face for the first time. I felt my blood run cold, and I froze in the position, holding the match at the tip of the glowing cigarette. I couldn't tear my eyes away.

His face was green!



# A Bit of Blarney

Judy Garvey

● Since I have come from a family of Irishmen and am aware of their customs and superstitions, I thought it would be interesting to know more about the background of these people. I have heard many a fantastic tale of life in the old country and purely out of curiosity decided to look into the matter.

It is a well known fact that Irishmen are the most patriotic and happy people here in America. On St. Patrick's Day, a celebration takes place in most every city of the world and few patriotic anniversaries can even compare to this celebration. Parades, banquets, green beer, and green clothing are just a few of the displays of Irish loyalty.

This carefree, gay population comes from the most beautiful yet least known portion of the whole world. Ireland, by its very beauty and simplicity gives the inhabitant the sense that it is his own section of Eden. The Emerald Isle, only about the size of our state of

Maine, inherits its climate from America.

The homes of the Irish are usually humble dwellings of stone or wood. They are most always white-washed, and if a visitor should arrive unexpectedly, and the house is not stark white, great effort is made to apologize. Cottages in certain sections are rose-bowered — a distinctive feature of Irish homes. The interior is not elaborately furnished, often having only dirt floors. A visitor is always entertained in the garden. It has been said that at one time in the midst of summer a visitor dropped by unexpectedly. A terrible thunder storm broke, yet the little, old Irish hostess dragged two chairs into the garden and the two sat together in the rain. Visitors are always welcome, especially sight-seers who come to observe the doings on the small farms and the customs of the country people.

People living on farms keep to the ancient Irish ways. The whole family does the farm work and

schooling for children is taken lightly. Few farm implements are used partly because the Irish desire to grow produce the way their ancestors grew them and partly because the proper implements are not too easily obtained. Wondering minstrels roam over the countryside, delighting all ages with their folk songs and dances. The people are still dependent on the minstrels for entertainment and news in many rural areas.

The general spirit of bravery and wit prevails throughout the land. The people are unsevering in their faith and undying in their national spirit. Ireland has produced some of the important leaders in the democratic movement of our age, though they did not remain within the Island. The Irish wield an international influence yet are hard to change because of their firmly instilled ideas. Historic influences are responsible for this staunchness. Because they alone have molded the character of the Irish, down through the centuries.

Irish women are said to have the outstanding virtues of graciousness, courtesy, and modest speech. Their skin and eyes especially mirror a wholesome life. The men are good at heart and possess a chivalrous respect for women. Although an Irishman does not neglect to visit the pub, yet as a husband he is true and faithful. The well-known Irish temper, moreover, usually clears up the situation faster than any other device. Families are closely bonded and children are well looked after by their proud parents. Innocence may dwell unscathed and purity may go about without guardianship.

The Irish brogue is grotesquely over-emphasized. The best English is spoken in the Irish cities of Dublin and Boston. Only one percent of the people living in Ireland speak Gaelic as their mother tongue and this small percentage is country folk.

Yet in spite of all the love and patriotism, simplicity and religion, the Irish have not made progress in the development or expansion of their isle. Six out of seven children leave Ireland in search of a job or a better education. Irish generals, diplomats, counts, and knights are spread all over the European continent, but they are not doing any material good for their own country. America is swamped with outstanding Irish entertainers and culturists, yet, they are bringing the glory and honor to America — *not to Ireland*.

Undoubtedly the turning point of Irish history came in 1845, at the time of the potato blight. The nation has never been able to recover from this disaster and this incident has been the cause of the small Irish population in Ireland. After four black years of famine, more than half the Irish had been reduced to homeless wanderers, striving hopelessly to sustain life on bark and berries while disease and despair tugged at the heart-strings of their faith. Over a million dollars was sent by America in relief but this sum did not satisfy the starving millions, and throngs

of hunger-driven refugees fled to the United States. This immigration actually could not have come at a better time for the States. Canals, highways, and railroads were already in construction and more workers were needed. The majority of Irish supported themselves and their families by this type of labor and, although it was far from easy, it provided a sparse living. The Irish have truly played a great role in the development and foundation of America.

After 1845 the population of our Eastern cities doubled, redoubled and then doubled again — counting the number of Irish alone. The immigrant problem became a "political football." Crowded into shacks, tenements, or shantytowns the Irish formed a perfect target for demagogues who desired political status by unjust means — mostly by hurling prejudicial remarks at them. The storm that the poor Irish weathered in America was not a shower but a strong tornado of hard times. The humor and wit of the Irish, however, continued, and today the Irish are no more held up to ridicule.

Americans of Irish descent today number nearly twenty million. They have won an honored place in every level of American society. Over twenty percent of American educators are of Irish descent and over fifty percent are officers of the law. Great credit should go to the Irish for their enormous number of actors, singers, musicians, authors, sportsmen, politicians, and especially priests, and bishops. A few well-known Irishmen such as Dr. Joseph O'Dwyer, who devised the intubation technique which saved the lives of tens of thousands of diphtheria victims, and Dr. John Murphy, the first to remove the appendix have occupied a prominent position in the field of medical research. Our beloved Al Smith, who was Governor of New York repeatedly and candidate for President, won five million more voters for his party though he failed to be elected. The rank of Senators during the last few years has been

reached by such prominent men as John Kennedy of Massachusetts, Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming, Patrick McNamara of Michigan, James Murray and Myles Mansfield of Montana, all Democrats. Also on the Republican ticket are George Malone of Nevada and Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin.

For more than three hundred years, higher education in Ireland was doled out according to religious beliefs. In a Roman Catholic country no Catholic colleges were permitted; therefore Irish Catholics seeking a degree were forced to go abroad. In 1854 Cardinal Newman, a great English clergyman, came to the "Emerald Isle" and founded a college in Dublin. This movement was the start of native education. Works of Irish Monks in Northern Ireland had been stamped out by the English Parliament, and learning had declined because ambition was smothered.

Today Ireland is known as "The Island of The Devout," holding fast to the sturdy Catholicism that for over three hundred years resisted the persecution of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and others. Religion and conscience will always be preferred to peace and prosperity. The Irish have done more to spread the faith in the last one hundred years than all the Church's missionary force in three hundred years. They set to work and built a thousand churches in Australia which was really the foundation of religion in that country. They have made the Catholic Church the largest and most influential Christian denomination in the United States. There are twenty-five Catholic bishops in Ireland and over one hundred Irish bishops in America.

Irish music is an important gift to civilization and should not be forgotten. Ballad makers were the virtual rulers of Ireland and the old folk songs as "I've Got A Corn on My Toes" were sung by farmers cutting their hay as well as by the gay city-folk. The Irish flag is imprinted with a harp—in fact Ireland

gave Italy the harp. The melodies of Victor Herbert and George M. Cohen have stirred music lovers from coast to coast and the ballads of "The Wearing of the Green," "My Gentle Harp," "Paddy Works on the Erie," and "Twas Dying They Had Thought Her" have all come to be an important part of America's own collection of folk songs.

Generation after generation of Irish-Americans have supplied our stages with wholesome entertainment. Some of today's actors and actresses such as the Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, Barry Fitzgerald, Tyrone Power, Nancy, Gene and Grace Kelly keep up the Irish reputation for exceptional talent.

In the world of sports, Irishmen seemed to have the advantage. Many heavyweight championships have been claimed by an Irish "puncher" and other fighters took Irish ring names just for luck. Such fighters as Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Mike McTigue, and Terry McGovern made the reputation Irish fighters have.

Blarney is one of the best native products of the Emerald Isle. This "art" of implying a compliment with such delicacy and wit that a lady will not feel embarrassed has added gaiety to the whole Irish impact. There are mighty few Irishmen not "full of Blarney," and the older they get the more experienced they become.

Old Irishmen who hold fast to their ancient customs display them many times in everyday life. Mourners, hired to groan and weep, complete an Irish funeral. Oyster stew is a must for Christmas Eve; Irish weddings are the gayest ever, the liquor flowing freely and the "kissing of the bride" a custom never omitted.

As long as the world goes on, the Irish will always maintain their affection for the fatherland through feast or famine. Leprechaun or mortal, an Irishman is an Irishman till he gets through those "green, pearly gates" to his Irish God.

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