

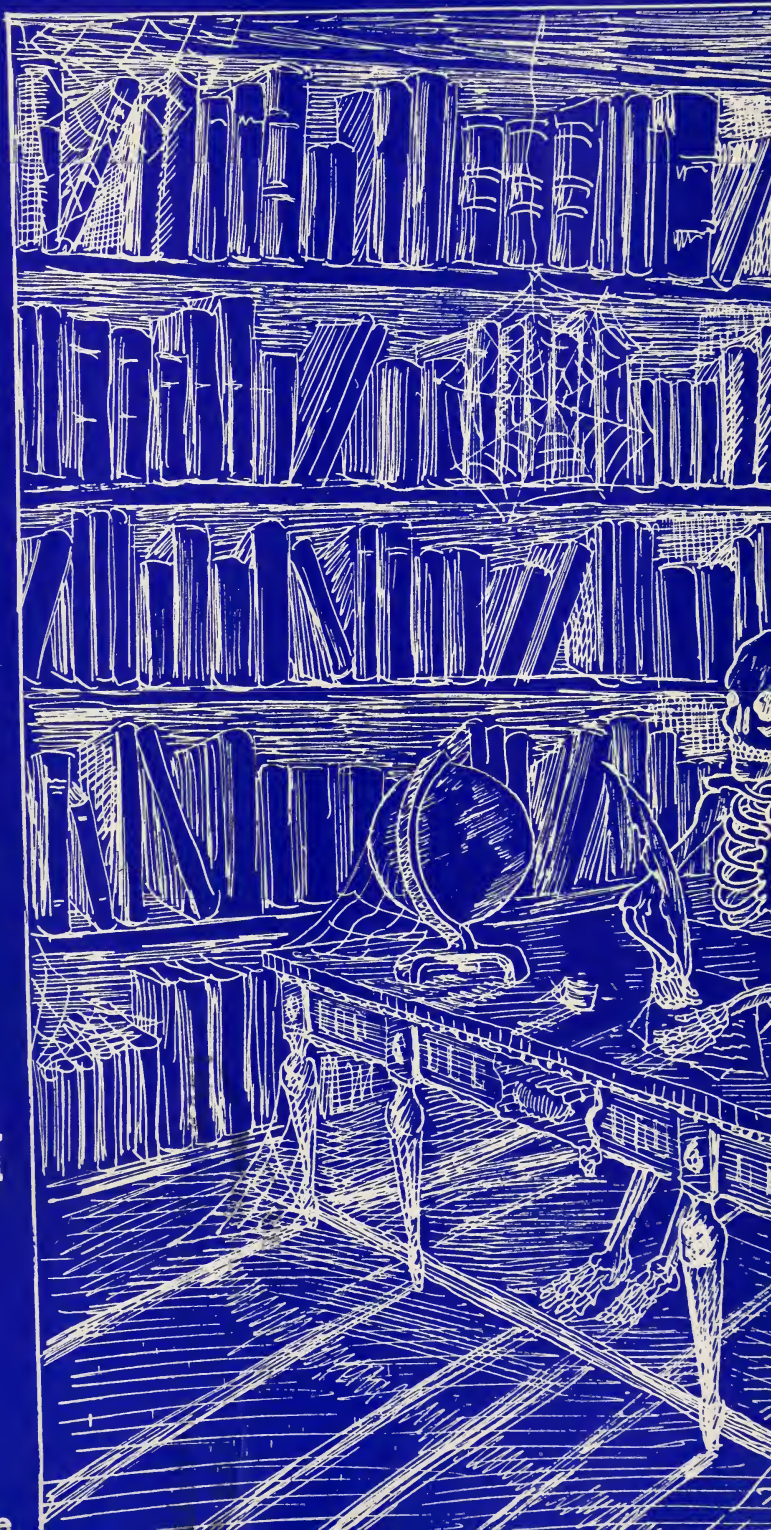
SHADO


M. D. G.

EIGHTON
QUARTERLY

Volume XXXII
NUMBER 4

Summer
1940-1941





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SHADOWS

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eteen Forty-One





The Creighton Quarterly

SHADOWS

May 1941

Editor: James Muldoon.

Associate Editors: Betty Blackburne, Henry Bristowe John Langdon, Jeanne M. Lund, Frank Pirruccello,
Anita Waters.

Contents

ARTICLES

National Defense	5
<i>Col. R. J. Halpin</i>	
Navy Boy	8
<i>Philip Duffy, Jr.</i>	
Army Girl	9
<i>Anita Waters</i>	
Classics and the Scientist	10
<i>George Ketcham</i>	
Marian Night—Years After	18
<i>Kenneth Carl</i>	
Farewell to Class of 1941	32

VERSE

Arabesque	2
<i>Jeanne M. Lund</i>	
Apple Blossoms—Subsistence	15
<i>James Muldoon</i>	
Campus Verse	16
<i>Virginia Fortune</i>	
May	19
<i>Dorothy Williams</i>	

FICTION

Gilbert's Debut	7
<i>Henry Bristowe</i>	
The Keys	12
<i>John Langdon</i>	
Betrayal	13
<i>Mary Kay Burke</i>	
Detective Townsend	14
<i>Julian Hogan</i>	
Glory—Death	22
<i>John McGillicuddy</i>	
Viewpoint	25
<i>Mary Kay Burke</i>	

DEPARTMENTS

The Editors	3
Modern Novels	20
<i>John Mullen, Jr.</i>	

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Arabesque

The pure white flame of candles
 'Neath dark and starless skies,
And the shining light of heaven
 In a thousand youthful eyes.

A silver flood of music
 From voices clear and strong,
With a fervent prayer in every heart
 To help the hymn along.

A golden altar gleaming
 Is the heart of all the throng.
Its incense drifts to heaven
 On a rising wave of song.

A ring of light and shadow;
 Of music, love, and prayer;
They join to form a mighty band
 And guard their Queen with care.

The faces form an arabesque
 Lit by a vision bright.
And a thousand souls turn heavenward
 On this—their Mary's night.

—J. M. L.

T H E E D I T O R S . . .



Shadows editors have come and gone for lo these many years, but not until now have the occupants of the Creighton quarterly's editorial *chaise longues* been granted two pages to do with whatever their literary little souls willed. The space acquired might best be devoted to an explanation of the whys and the how-comes of this new type of *Shadows*.

The new magazine is an experiment. It is an experiment designed to improve the readability and increase the popularity of the Hilltop's literary publication. Reader reaction, and reader reaction alone, will determine whether or not *Shadows* will continue next year in this new style or revert to the "catalogue" form which has been its theme for several years. The experiment originated in a reader reaction which complained, not that the quarterly lacked literary worth, but that its staidness of style discouraged interest.

The 32 pages of this issue are but half the 64 pages of the past, but the size has been increased by several inches both in length and width. The inclusion of pic-

tures and sketches is by popular demand. New styling in makeup and design has been employed to increase readability as have innovations in types and headlines.

The change in content of the magazine will be approved by some . . . disliked by others. The trend is toward informality. In addition to the short stores and serious poetry of previous issues, the new *Shadows* contains feature articles on current topics. As an example, Colonel Halpin's brief review of Creighton's activities in behalf of national defense . . . current, interesting, authoritative. And light poetry is given more attention as witnessed by Virginia Fortune's metrical meanderings on campusitizens.

The point to be remembered is this: *Shadows* will retain its status as a primarily literary publication. Our sister publication, *The Creightonian*, is fully qualified to represent Creighton as the university's news organ and outlet for journalistic jargon.

And, Reader, remember you this: *Shadows* exists for the students of the uni-

versity. It exists for their benefit as a magazine to be read . . . but even more so as a magazine in which students might publish their own literary efforts. It is both true and too bad that in the past, contributors to the quarterly have been few in number. Now, with a wider range of stories and verse to be printed, there seems no reason why all Creightonians shouldn't try their literary wings.

The interested may know that the hallowed chairs of several editors will be va-

cant after June's rhapsody in sheepskin. Editorial positions will be open when time comes to publish the Fall issue.

Ye eds will wait on proverbial pins and needles for your reaction to the fact that there have been some changes made. Do you like the new style? Why? Why not? A word from each reader, be he freshman or finishing, would be welcome. Address communiques to: The Editor of *Shadows*, Creighton university.

—J. M.

Marian Night

(Note: See the "Marian Night" Essay, Page 18)

OUR CATHOLIC education brings us a varied blessing. Imagine a "Marian Night" or a literary account of such a night finding its way to life in an ordinary non-sectarian school!

Mary has the gifts to win any of us, Catholic and non-Catholic alike; but we must understand them to have them charm our hearts. Her glories, like those of her Son, may be unveiled to our eager eyes in myriad ways. One person finds her when she answers his troubled prayers for help; another discovers her in the beauty of the masterpieces of literature and art and music which speak her praise; another comes to know her in the quiet study of the theological truths which reveal her relationships with God; but many find her friendship most easily on occasions such as Marian Night.

The candles symbolizing her burning

love of God, the hymns harmoniously suggesting the joy of her heavenly kingdom, the benediction honoring the Body of Christ, the Body formed in her womb in those historic days when she encompassed the eternal God—all these, coming to one surrounded by fellow students and faculty members reverently joining in the procession and service of honor, may open eyes long blind to the glory and nearness of Mary.

What could I desire more than to have as a friend the one whom God loves and honors above all other creatures, to have as a friend the one to whom He entrusts the store house of His graces, to have as a friend the understanding, the ever-helpful, ever-resourceful Mary, the beautiful Queen of heaven and earth?

—T. N. J.

Creighton and National Defense

... By Colonel Robert J. Halpin

What is Creighton university doing for national defense?

The question can be answered by a brief review of the activities of the university's students and alumni in building those ramparts which shall protect the Americas. The question can be answered by considering what Creighton has done in the past, and is doing, to prepare for the emergency which now faces, not only the free Americas, but all free men in all parts of the world. And we might add this query: what are the ideals upon which Creighton university is built and have we justified the mission handed to us by the Fathers?

During the years 1937, 1938, 1939 and 1940, 115 cadets were commissioned by the President of the United States as second lieutenants in the infantry reserve of the nation. On June 5, 1941, 35 members of the second advanced class will be commissioned second lieutenants. It is expected that all of these 35 graduates will be ordered to active duty with the Army.

During the last five years, 101 graduates of Creighton's medical school have been commissioned as first lieutenants in the medical corps reserve of the Army of the United States. It is expected that 63 additional medical graduates will be commissioned on June 5 of this year. In addition, several graduates of the university school of dentistry have been commissioned as dental surgeons in the Army.

During the last five years, approximately 1,825 students of the university have completed the basic course, a two-year course in the fundamentals of the military science. This course qualifies these young gentlemen to serve as non-commissioned officers and in other key positions as specialists with the armed forces.



The Author is Colonel Robert J. Halpin, professor of military science and tactics. A soldier for many years, the colonel is also a qualified instructor. Recipient of a master's degree from Cornell in 1906, he taught and lectured in the Eastern states until the United States entered World War I. He went to France in 1918 as commander of the First Battalion in the 318th

Infantry.

Probably the only professor on the Hill who doesn't mind being referred to as "the old man," Colonel Halpin conducts his cadet officers' class informally. His prospective second-lieutenants are often astonished by his remarkable knowledge of history and geneology. On the drill field he stresses leadership and precision in the training of his cadets.

Colonel Halpin left the command of Fort McKinley, Maine, to come to Creighton in the fall of 1938.

At the present time, nearly all of the senior military classes of the years 1939 and 1940 are on active duty with the armed forces. We have young officers on duty at Fort Benning, Georgia; Camp Jackson, South Carolina; the new sea base at St. Johns, Newfoundland. We have two young officers in Hawaii; two other young officers in the Philippine Islands; three in the Panama Canal Zone; several on duty at California camps; two in Vancouver Barracks; one at Chanute Field; one at Maxwell Field, Alabama, and several at the air corps training center, Randolph Field, Texas. We are represented in the United States Marine Corps by two marine second lieutenants,

one at San Diego, California, the other at Guantanamo, Cuba.

To summarize, we may add that our graduates are serving under the American flag in nearly all parts of the country, on several islands of the sea and here at home at Creighton. We have former graduates who are now serving with the Department of Justice, the Department of the Interior, the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Accounting Division. And above all this, we have many who are serving with the Army of the United States, with the United States Navy, with the United States Marine Corps, with the United States Coast Guard . . . not to mention the young cadets who are now serving and preparing themselves for commissions in several military schools. These schools include both West Point and Annapolis.

Without boasting, permit us to add that Creighton University did not wait until the current Selective Service Act was

passed and the threat of war at our very doors. We have had a well-ordered military unit at the university since 1917. And all young gentlemen, not only in the military department, but in all departments of the university have been taught the ideals of service to God and country. The ideals of Creighton are built around the saintly character and leadership of the great Ignatius Loyola. All of us know that Saint Ignatius Loyola was a soldier who became a priest and also was a priest who ever was a soldier. These are the ideals which have guided the president, the Fathers and the deans in building a university which shall protect those ideals built under the principles taught by the Holy Bible, directed by the Constitution of the United States and written in letters of gold in the Declaration of Independence.

If we can do more, please tell us. Our duty is to train young men to be men and to serve wherever the dictates of God and country may direct.

— Addresses —

(Editor's Note: Listed here are addresses of some of the former Creighton students now serving as cadets or commissioned officers in branches of the military service.)

U. S. Marine Corps, Second Lieutenants—

Thomas J. O'Connor, Marine Base, San Diego, California. Paul Johnston, Marine Base, Guantanamo, Cuba.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, Second Lieutenants—

Harold Zelinsky, Thomas Golden, James T. Kisgen, Marine Base, Quantico, Virginia.

U. S. Army Reserve, Second Lieutenants—

Louis Williams, Vancouver Barracks, Washington. James Mulqueen, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Warren J. Hughes, Fort Ord, California. Stanley F. Flynn, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Howard K. Olson, Fort Wolters, Texas. James Mullen, Fort Warren, Cheyenne, Wyoming. Frederick Hough, Scofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaii. John J. Sanduski, Fort Ord, California. Andrew G. McGrath, (CCC) Charleston, Illinois. Ernest S. Groneweg, Scofield Barracks, Honolulu Hawaii. Glenn J. McEniry, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois. William Heaston, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

U. S. Air Corps, Second Lieutenants—

Ray Scott, Vancouver Barracks, Washington.

U. S. Military Academy—

Philip E. Horan, U. S. M. A., West Point, New York. John L. Dworak, U. S. M. A., West Point, New York.

U. S. Naval Academy—

Arthur Mullen, U. S. N. A., Annapolis, Maryland. John P. Rossie, U. S. N. A., Annapolis, Maryland.

Gilbert's Debut

... By Henry Fox Bristowe

NEWSPAPER MEN say that at least three times in any person's life is he newsworthy. Even the most common dullard should have his name in print at birth, at marriage, and at death.

But young Gilbert Kool would add another event to that list—a boy's first date.

Jeepers! Here it was 6:48 and Gilbert hadn't even started to dress for the great venture into the world of love. He raced up to his room, bowed to himself in the mirror, then sorted out the proper tie, shirt and socks . . . he wanted just the right effect. Whether it was a study in blue and gray or a symphony in blue with a background of gray, Gilbert couldn't remember. *Esquire* had been rather vague, he thought.

Musing over the past few days, he recalled how sweet Louise was when he asked her to the sophomore hop. How she lit up and beamed at him. Poor girl. She would be putty in his hands. This first-date business wasn't as tough as the boys at the high school would make it appear. Gilbert would have done it long ago, but he had been awfully busy with his school work and the Boy Scout—

CLICK!

Had he been scooped by that sister of his?

Was that the bathroom door closing? As he rocketed through the door, he could hear her draw water in the tub.

"Virginia! Sis! Sis!" Pounding the door the enraged lad shouted, "I've got a date tonight and need the bathroom right away. Don't you dare set up housekeeping in there again."

"Hold your base, Sonnie," the affectionate eighteen-year-old chanted.

"But, I've got to shave."

"Whom? Dad? Haw! Haw."

Gilbert stormed downstairs three at a time and commandeered his parents as they were preparing to leave for a movie.

"Mother, I'll never be able to call for Louise on time if I don't get the bathroom now," he wailed almost sobbing.

"Now son, Virginia won't be in there but a minute," the placating father replied.

"Gee Willikers, Dad. A man can't shave in two minutes. That old beard of mine is plenty tough."

"I never thought of that," the boy's father said, as he started up the stairs to prevail upon the monopolistic member of the household, "I'll see what can be done."

A sly look was in the paternal eye.

Soon Gilbert was informed that the coast was clear and that his sister had been very thoughtless and she was very, very sorry.

Puzzled at the change of attitude towards him and ashamed of his loss of temper, the adolescent locked himself in the bathroom and got out the shaving equipment. Dad was sure swell to offer him the use of that safety razor. Whistling a few bars of "I'm Nobody's Baby" as he lathered up, he chortled as he viewed himself in the mirror. The reflection he saw was very pleasing and indicated to him that he was "somebody's baby."

Before long, the clean-shaven lad appeared in the parlor resplendent in his new suit of blue-gray tweed. The presence of his mother and father startled him for a

(Continued on Page 26)

Navy Boy

... By Philip A. Duffy, Jr.

IN EVERY young man's life there comes a time when he feels that he should repay his country for all she has done for him; for keeping our shores free from invasion; for instilling into him the tradition of democracy; for allowing him the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. At no time in American history has it been more important that we do not forget the men who died to make this country great. Today our country is calling men to the service. This call goes out to all young men that they may realize their country's needs and thus repay that debt which every citizen owes to this country.

If you have ever visited other countries and observed the people in them, you will immediately realize how fortunate Americans are. You will get a new thrill whenever you see the flag of the free, because you will have a deeper understanding of what that flag stands for.

I speak from four year's experience in the United States Navy. During that time I have seen service, both ashore and afloat, in many countries. I have no reason to believe that my experiences differ in any way from those of any other American sailor.

When a young man enlists in the Navy he is going into an entirely different life from the one to which he has been accustomed at home. The embryo seaman is put in a company with other young men from all over the nation. He will have two things in common, however, with these young men. First, he can be sure he is physically fit; second, he can be sure that no one of his new shipmates has a prison record. The Navy will not accept any man who has ever been convicted of any offense.

My experiences ashore in the training station were similar to those of the other apprentice seamen. Hard work, regular hours, and plenty of good food sum up the first three months of a naval career. No one, however, suffered from this routine; in fact all of us gained from 10 to 20 pounds. As there was no time for brooding, no one got homesick. Things were all so new and interesting that one cannot begin to write them down. Two important rules in the station are these: one must write a letter home weekly, and one must attend church services on Sunday. Catho-



(Continued on Page 26)

Army

Girl

... By Anita Waters

MY CAREER as an army girl began in Alaska. Chilkoot Barracks near Haines and Skagway was my first army post. It was situated right on the Chesapeake Bay with towering, snow-capped mountains surrounding it on the other three sides.

I can remember the half-breed Indian-Eskimo guides who used to take our family on hunting and fishing trips up the fresh, cool mountains and to the icy trout streams and lakes; our trips to Juneau, and the jewelry store where mother bought me beaded mocassins, Indian necklaces, and carved silver bracelets which I always lost; and my visit to the Indian graveyards where the ancient wooden totem poles, painted in bright yet fading colors with berry and herb dyes, rose at least forty times my size above me.

Dear in any person's childhood is a pet, and mine was a big brown Chesapeake Bay dog with a coat so curly it looked as if it had been permanently waved. I used to snatch up my fur coat and run down to the beach to watch my brothers shoot ducks which "Don" would swim out farther than the long dock to retrieve. He would bring them back in his mouth so gently that one could hardly see his teeth marks. He'd scramble out of the icy-cold water, shake his soaked coat, and wait for the next shot.

I also had my first beau in Alaska. He was a handsome little boy my own age. On one of our scout hikes our troop had penetrated three miles into the dense woods, mostly making our own paths



when, during a pause for breath and council of war, we discovered we had forgotten matches. After discussing this serious situation our troop leaders asked for volunteers to go back to the post to get them. Eddie volunteered. From then on he was my hero.

The next army post at which our family was stationed was at Fort Lawton, Seattle, Washington. Fort Lawton is an engineer post situated on Pudget Sound, that navigable channel that cuts into the northwest corner of the state of Washington. Seattle is rightly called the gateway to the Orient, and there is a large percentage of Chinese, Japanese, and Philipinos there.

At various times the army was in a rather delicate position in Seattle. The many "red" strikes which were so often

(Continued on Page 28)

The Classics and the Scientist

... By George Ketcham

THERE is no wisdom beyond the reach of the human intellect. Although some may soar above others in erudition, anyone may take from the accumulated stores of earth's knowledge that part which will aid him to a better life.

Yet man is a stubborn creature. Out of his environment and previous schooling, he builds a wall which shuts out the greater flood of learning, in order that only a small stream may trickle through. In this obstinate manner, he refuses all of the knowledge which is not connected with his one little profession.

The classics are a great help in removing this most undesirable barrier. They will flip back the pages of time, throwing into sharp relief the souls of the men who have created our present civilization. The reader of the classics will see men rise from savagery, sink back into savagery, but men always building and creating new, strange, beautiful things. In short, the classics can clear away the film of near-sighted ego, and project upon the screen of the imagination the true kaleidoscope which is the story of our fellowmen.

When a man congests his mind with nothing but formulæ and anatomy; when he continually befouls the free air he breathes with the pungency of hydrochloric acid or the unpleasant odor of formaldehyde; he leaves himself stranded in a little world where little minds compete with other little minds until they all sink into oblivion.

I am not foolishly advocating that the scientist abandon the laboratory so that he may seek the grandeur created by nature and man. But it would be equally stupid to suppose that he must limit his life to shiny tile and glassware, that he must strain his eyes perpetually over bubbling

retorts and blue-flamed Bunsens. There is much to be seen on the outside of test tubes and microscopes.

Because science has presented the universe as a material object of fixed laws, the scientist tends to become entirely materialistic. He loses the spiritual spark which flows between him and his fellowman. In order to live with himself, he must live with other people. If he would have real friends, he must show faith and belief in the human race, passing over its multitudinous errors and fumbings in order to discover the soul which lies in the meanest of us.

Today when men cheat and lie in order to sit upon a pedestal, when they step on their fellows in the mad scramble for glory and profit, a person of narrow scope would lose his trust in man and God. But if he were to turn to the humanities, he would perceive men as they have always been. They have fought and been enslaved; they have rebelled and sunk into decay; but they always rise again, nobler than before.

A truer knowledge of religion, too, as well as a truer knowledge of history, is fostered by careful reading. Religion will bring the reader closer to the people, not only to the white, but to the red and the brown and the yellow, who hold the other half of this insignificant bit of stellar rock. First of all, of course, the scientist should be familiar with the Bible and the teachings of Christ. Then through the Rig Veda, the Koran, and the Books of Confucius, he may sit before the wisdom of the East and see its millions, not merely as savage heathen, but as human beings of passion and thought and faith. He will no longer hold in contempt another man's God, but shall realize how small our petty

knowledge of earth may be when viewed in the last blinding Light which all must face.

The classics can do more than merely add color to the monotonous of the scientist's labors. They can spread jewels of deeply glowing fires which may twist the tedium of his entire life into a thing of new meaning. Through the splendid prose of Conrad, Lamb, or Moliere, he can feel the warmth of the sun, the relentless pounding of implacable seas, and the sparkle of music and wine, without stirring from his library. By savouring Shakespeare, Shelley, or de la Mare, he may reach Beauty as it was seen by distinctly different personalities.

Not only can a knowledge of the classics give to the scientist a stronger love of

good literature, but a passion for all that is fine will follow along. If he can feel the pathos and remorse in *Hamlet*, then the plaintive mood of the "Pathetique Symphony" or the subdued colors of a Ryder canvas are within his reach. If he is swayed by the tempestuous Goethe, then the symphonies of Beethoven might rock him in similar cadence.

This is the reward of careful reading—an understanding of other people, of their trials, their sufferings, their courage, and their art. While war is striking across the maps of the world, and the crash of shells is shaking the souls of men who are caught helplessly on the barb wire of a civilization gone mad, the intelligent reader still has hope. Calmly he recalls again that "this, too, will pass away." The struggle dies, the victory endures.



"Is that the way the experiment is supposed to go, Prof?"

The Keys

... By John Langdon

LIFE was pretty nice, Jerry thought. He was making good money, his draft board had given him a deferment because of the important job he held. Now it was spring, he was traveling for his firm, enjoying the beauties of nature returning to life—and business was good. What could go wrong? Life was pretty nice. Jerry even thought Des Moines was a pretty fair town, which showed what good spirits he was in. Dinner had been satisfying, and now he was looking for a good show where he might pass the evening. He found one.

It was about eleven-thirty when Jerry got out of the show. These second features they have—they are really lousy. But the main feature—that was all right. So Jerry was still at peace with the world. He patted the gun in the holster under his arm. Yes, it is a nice world, but you have to be ready for anything, especially in a job like this one. Jerry fell to thinking of the seriousness of his job as he headed toward his car. He had parked up an alley; he knew these little places. A small area in an alley is mighty handy when you can't find a parking place on the streets. He turned and walked up the alley.

Behind him, Jerry heard the sound of running feet, then a voice, "Hey, you!" Jerry turned around, pulled out his gun, fired. Twenty feet away a figure slumped to the ground. The sound of the shot echoed down the alley and died away.

Jerry stared for a moment, then ran

toward his car. Must get out of here. Got to get away quick. The keys. He searched through his coat pockets for the car keys. Got to find the keys. Somebody might come. He dug into his pants pockets. Where are they, Must have lost them. He pulled out his wallet, fumbled with it, shook out a set of keys. Good thing to carry a spare set. . . .

Driving back to his hotel, Jerry tried to figure it out. What could that fellow have wanted? Could he have known who I was? I don't know anyone in Des Moines. Could he have wanted to rob me? Then why did he shout like that? Now, what did he want, what did he want?

Jerry got very little sleep that night. He checked out of his hotel early next morning, took a hurried breakfast. He started driving north on 14th street; bought a paper before he left town, but did not stop to read it. North on highway 69 to

Ames. The days were getting longer, warmer. The heat had expanded the paving, forcing the tar between the pavement blocks above the level of the road. The tires of the car hit these strips in rhythm, a torturous rhythm: "dead—dead—dead."

By seven that morning, Jerry was in Ames. He stopped for gas, and was thankful for the relief from the beat of the tires. But the rest was a short one. West now on highway 30. At the edge of town, as the car gained speed, the tires again took up the monotonous drumming: "dead . . . dead . . . dead . . . dead . . . dead . . . dead."

(Continued on Page 30)



Betrayal

... By Mary Kay Burke

O'Neil leaned against the counter of the general store and watched the woman. He would recognize her anywhere. She had seen him also. He knew that, though she was avoiding his eyes and was trying to leave unobserved.

O'Neil almost laughed out loud. She should know him better than that. Did she think that he would let her get away after he had spent this much time in finding her? He wouldn't let her from his sight for a minute. She was smart. She would get away at the first slight chance. Yes, she was smart. And so was that husband of hers.

"Hello, June," he said kindly as he matched his stride to hers and gently took hold of her arm. Her eyes were frightened but she looked back at him boldly.

"Hello, O'Neil," she answered.

"No need to beat around the bush, I guess. You know what I want as well as I do. Where's Tom?" He didn't really expect she would tell him. She didn't even bother to answer. She just walked slowly along. He thought there were tears in her eyes, and he hated that. But an officer of the law can't afford to get sentimental about a woman's tears. Even if she is young, tiny, and pretty, he can't let that get him.

"Might as well tell me, June. You know I'll stick until you do. You can't give me the slip. Even if you did, I'd find you again. I did it once and could do it again. You and Tom can never escape me and you know it."

"Anyone else with you?" June murmured.

"Gosh! You don't think I'm slipping, do you? You know I always travel alone.

Anyway, Tom is my meat. I'll tell the others when I'm through with him."

June turned to him, and she wasn't trying to hide the tears. "Please, O'Neil. Let us go. I swear Tom had nothing to do with the darn business. It was all a frame up. Give us a chance, and I promise there will never be reason to be sorry you did it."

"Turn off the charm, June. It won't do either you or Tom any good, and it only makes it harder for me. We haven't anything on *you*. It's only Tom we want. But if you won't tell, I'll just have to turn you in for obstructing justice." O'Neil couldn't even look at her. She bothered him too much.

"Justice!" She repeated bitterly. "There isn't such a thing. Would they give Tom a chance? No! The order goes out—*shoot on sight!* And you ask me to show you where he is! You wouldn't give him a chance even to smile good-bye to me!"

O'Neil squirmed. "Look here, June. If I promise to forget that order and take him back for trial, will you take me to him? You can't live your whole life in terror—never knowing when someone is going to sneak up on you."

June watched him closely. She didn't trust him. But there wasn't anything she could do. He had only to ask anyone in this tiny western town, and they would tell him where to find Tom. She and Tom were respectable people in the town's eyes. She knew it was better that *she* take him.

"O. K., Copper, come on." She took the reigns of her horse from the hitching post and waited while he mounted heavily upon his. She rode ahead of him, down the main

(Continued on Page 31)

Detective Townsend

... By Julian Hogan

IT WAS a beautiful April morning in North Omaha. The nine o'clock car had just galloped down from Florence, picking up the last straggling Dagwood on his way to work. Most of the children had gone on the "eight-thirty," and the streets were left to the quiet devices of neighborhood dogs and cats of exceptional valor. There is an almost audible silence which follows the breathless and often irrational attempt to find Betty's books and Tommy's cap which they left "right there, last night." Husbands under like conditions may be witnessed but never adequately described, although the latter is sometimes attempted—and on the spot.

Through the hushed quiet which hung like a benediction over every housewife, as she munched her slice of burnt toast—which Johnnie should have eaten, but didn't—there came the scream of tires on pavement.

Curtains twitched slightly at every window, as they were straightened by their respective owners. The good ladies did not watch the proceedings; for Omaha, as you know, is a city.

If the ladies had watched they would have seen two men climb from a large black sedan, two men who from their air of comfortable sleepy alertness were obviously policemen of some kind.

"This is your neighborhood, Townsend. Do you suppose you could open your eyes wide enough to check this address, 2714? Do the Joneses live there, and don't say the name sounds familiar." The heavier of the two men was addressing his smaller companion with the air of amiable contempt usually reserved for younger brothers.

"Take it away, Chief," said Townsend,

not deigning to glance at the house number. Mr. Townsend seemed to be the type of man who is used to being wrong, and with no protestation he followed the "chief" to the door of 2714.

The bell was rung with the proper brusqueness, and the door was opened and adequately replaced by Mrs. Jones, complete with housecoat and curlers.

"Good morning," said the leader of the two men, clearing the official throat and rubbing the elk's tooth which lay on the official stomach, "I'm Lieutenant Murphy and this is my partner, Detective Townsend. We're from the station in answer to your call of yesterday—or—well, pretty busy these days, you know."

"Step right in, gentlemen. I look a fright, but getting Wilbur off to work is enough to tire anyone."

No exception to the usual male, Lieutenant Murphy showed no interest in *why* a woman looked a fright. "What was it you wanted to report, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well—sit down, won't you?" Murphy sank, sighing, into an easy chair while the untrammelled Mr. Townsend took a "nosey-dive" into the magazine rack.

"Now, what was it, Mrs. Jones."

"Well, Lieutenant, I don't like to say this because I try to be a good neighbor who minds her own business, but the lady next door is a dangerous woman."

Murphy was not visibly impressed and Townsend was rapidly returning to the state from which external forces had aroused him earlier in the day. Assuming the air of mock seriousness which he reserved for "nuts," the lieutenant asked softly, "What does she do?"

A jug of wine . . .
 A loaf of bread,
 While good enough for Khayyam . . .
 Are far too scarce
 To fill the terrace
 Of one who's built like I am.

—J. M.



APPLE BLOSSOMS

To whom should we grant pardon
 For the **faux pas** in the Garden?
 Tell me, madam,
 Do you blame Adam
 Or the naive
 Eve?

—J. M.



“I don't know their names, but she and her husband fought every time he was home. They've been in the neighborhood only a month.”

“Routine family quarrel, chief, no report,” Mr. Townsend seemed to be having a little trouble getting settled.

“Well, after all, Mrs. Jones that is quite common,” Murphy said soothingly. “If anything further develops let us know.”

“But it has developed. I think she killed him. I heard a lot of threats one night—he was only home at night—and then a scream and I haven't seen anyone going or coming except her since then.”

“How long ago did this happen, Mrs. Jones?”

“Oh, about three weeks ago.”

Murphy lunged from his chair like a wounded buffalo. “Townsend, we've got a job.” Rushing to the door, he was followed more staidly by his partner.

“Here's your hat, chief.”

Halfway through the tulip bed which divided the Jones's lot from the neighbor's, Murphy was again arrested by the voice of Townsend who had not yet left the porch. “Chief, could a man sleep in a roll-top desk?”

“What a question. Us faced with a trunk murder and you think of something like that. Of course, not. It would kill him. Now come on.”

“You're right, chief, but it would take more than three weeks to do it—but not much more.” Sadly and stiffly Townsend walked to the car, the “corpus delicti” creaking at every step it took.



Snappy Gauthie

Brave Snapper Gauthier.
No pan does he fear.
Clicks away with a leer,
And PICTURES appear.

Girls Rifle Team

Here's a gunner for fair.
When around her take care.
She shoots with an air.
Her misses are rare.
Her misses are rare.



King Richard

We see King Biglin
Giggin'.
He's like a piggin'
Wiggin'.

Campus Beauty

Ruth Matcha,
You batcha
We catcha
Ruth Matcha.



Creightonian Conley

Now Editor Herb
Do not disturb.
Does late copy perturb
Editor Herb?

Dean FitzGibbon

Here's to Father FitzGibbon
He gets the blue ribbon.
And we ain't a-fibbin'
We like Father FitzGibbon.



Marian Night--Years After

... By Kenneth Carl

YOU ASK me what Marian Night is? Why, Son, Marian Night is the big event of the year at Creighton. I always looked forward to participating in it, and now that I am on the side lines I never let a year go by without returning on that Sunday in May to honor the Blessed Virgin. I can remember what happened each year, but I still recall the first year with special vividness.

Spring was early that year, and the rains had ceased being a nuisance; but on this Sunday it looked as if they were returning. When evening finally arrived, however, all signs of rain had vanished. The weather was perfect.

As I left the car and ran up California Street, I could pick out my friends who had already assembled in front of the Church. There were other boys and girls whom I had never seen before and possibly would never see again. I learned later that St. Joseph's and St. Catherine's schools of nursing were present, as well as Duchesne and St. Mary's College and Creighton Prep. Ten of the city's parochial high schools were also represented.

As I was an acolyte that year, I hurried into the sacristy and slipped into my cassock and surplice. I was not the only one there. All of the regular cassocks, and many more borrowed for the occasion, were used. As we were lining up, some one came up to us and put candles into our hands. I thought it was rather odd, even silly, at the time, but when he told me what it was for, I readily understood.

As we passed through the main sacristy, I noticed several Monsignori among the priests, and I whispered to my companion, "This must be something big, some-

thing that outshines all other events at Creighton."

It was growing darker and darker all the while, and robins were ceasing their plaintive calls. In front of me stood all of my professors; in back of me stood more servers and a long line of priests. Out in front, all of the different schools were in their places, each boy and girl holding a candle.

When the night shades were finally upon us, and an anxious feeling of expectancy was passing over the crowd, the signal was given and all of the candles were lighted. The military corps, leading the procession, walked into the darkness followed by a long line of flickering flames and shining faces.

I couldn't help thinking as I stood there that here it was. May! Marian Night! Over in Russia, godless youths were marching in their annual May Day celebration. Germans were marching, too, but not in celebration. Italians, English, Serbs, all of them marching, but not as these young students with symbolic candles in their hands, hopeful prayers on their lips.

Finally our group, too, started walking, picking up the chant of prayers as we marched. It was only then that I discovered the route. We passed by the grotto on the north lawn and then walked down the steps to the athletic field. There, in the middle of the field, a small altar stood, emblazoned in floodlights, and all around it candles were forming a huge circle. It was beautiful.

On reaching the circle, I noticed that the nearest sections of the grandstand were packed with people who had come to pay homage to their Queen. Next I noticed

several altar boys starting back across the field. They were to escort the Blessed Sacrament to the little altar.

The Sodality Union president then gave a short address. I cannot remember the rest of it, but one line lingers in my memory: "Measures hitherto attempted to bring peace to the nations have failed." I wondered how much influence this evening's service would have in heaven—then the thought was crowded from my mind.

Benediction under the stars, under a bright moon with candles for a sun-burst, is incomparable, indescribable. It takes

your breath away. Here was the Light of the World shining through all the darkness.

The hymns died away, the candles were extinguished, I departed carrying a hope and an understanding that brought me a long step forward toward that abiding interior peace which we all seek always.

That, my Son, is Marian Night. When May rolls around again next year and the next, you will return—in body, I hope, in spirit, certainly. You cannot fail as you are a Marian Knight in love with the Mystical Rose.

(Editor's Note: See Editorial "Marian Night" on Page Four)



May

The fairest month for our fairest friend,
We consecrate this month to Mary.
But should all seasons change and end,
Our love for her will never vary.

—D. W.



Modern Novels

... By John Mullen, Jr.

THE NUMBER of novels which is printed each year has become so great that to read all of them, or even to estimate all of them, is almost an impossibility. The average reader uses a hit and miss method in selecting books to read. Often he selects books on the recommendation of a friend, who may or may not have the same taste he has. But the trouble goes deeper than this, for the average reader actually does not know what he wants, and will read any book that is widely discussed, going on the theory that such a book must be good. Although universal acceptance is usually a good indicator, much publicity and much discussion prove nothing but the fact that the book is something out of the ordinary (and that may be good or bad) or that the publishers have a good publicity man.

A well-known example of this is the recently published and much discussed *Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. This was the first of a wave of novels dealing with the sordid adventures of out-cast, dust-bowl farmers, touring the west in search of employment. The book's main

bid for popularity was novelty and an unexpected amount of sordidness. The value of such a book was argued pro and con, the advocates holding that the story was "real" and "true to life," that it pictured life as it really is. But is it a true picture of life? Does it have a legitimate place in the field of literature? The answer to the first question is "No." It is true that such a book pictures a phase of life, it shows only one facet of human existence. The difference between the realistic novel and life as it really is, is the difference between the proof and the finished photograph. While the proof is a true picture of the individual as he was at the moment the camera was snapped, the finished picture represents the man as he is from day to day. The truly great novel can, then, be compared to a superbly finished photograph.

The "one-facet" books have a place in the field of literature only in so far as they are a type of novel. The test of greatness is endurance; the great men, the great pieces of music, the great poems, and the

great books, grow in value with time. Books like Steinbeck's sprout and wither like mushrooms.

Another recent book, which enjoyed even more popularity than *Grapes of Wrath* was Margaret Mitchell's stirring book of Civil War times, *Gone With the Wind*. This book has many elements of greatness, for it pictures some of the best and some of the worst in human conduct. It contains a study of character, and an understanding of human nature that is not often found in modern novels. It is a book that is not limited by time or place, but a book that will be read and enjoyed by people who know nothing and care less about the Civil War. It is a story of a man and a woman, and their reactions to great stress and great trouble.

The book that has caught the public fancy at the moment is Jan Valtin's exciting account of life in Nazi Germany, *Out of the Night*. Many claim that it is out and out propaganda and should be banned, but the amount of interest it arouses in the reader should justify its existence. Whether all the facts related in the book are actually true may, of course, be disputed, but those acquainted with conditions in Europe hail the book as a true exposure of conditions in the Old World. Although sections of the book would scarcely be recommended for dining-room small talk, these parts are not put in for their own worth, but are examples to prove a point. The book is powerfully-written, and is a severe indictment of the "isms."

One of the newest books dealing with the present war in Europe is *Their Finest Hour*, edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner. It includes 16 reports, many of them told to the authors by people who participated in the struggle. Each account is stirring and fascinating.

"Twenty-One Days" was written by Sergeant Jack Wadsworth and describes in detail the retreat from Flanders and the unbelievable rescue at Dunkirk. "Fight to the Finish" is a report by Chief Petty Officer Bishop and Signalman Gold of the sinking of H.M.S. Scotstoun in a fight with two German submarines. "Up Periscope" was reported by an unnamed officer of the British submarine Sturgeon, and concerns the sinking of a crowded Nazi troop transport.

These later books can scarcely be classed as literature in the true sense of the word. They are, more or less, news accounts of current events, and derive their interest from their news value rather than from their literary worth. Books such as these will lose their appeal as quickly as yesterday's newspaper.

A brief study of the history of literature will reveal that literature goes in cycles. Novels move from realism to idealism and back to realism, and at the moment the pendulum has swung to realism. The public appetite for realistic novels will soon be sated and the pendulum will swing again. Truly great novels are the result of a unique combination of man and circumstances that cause them to be few and far between. The non-production of great literature must be the explanation of the vogue of such men as Hemingway who write such books as *A Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

It is sad but true that such books will always have some market in certain classes of society, just as there will always be a market for bawdy plays and class "D" moving pictures. The law of supply and demand holds true in the field of the novel just as it does everywhere else.

When the reading public begins to demand better type novels, it will get them—and not until then.

Glory . . . death

... By John McGillicuddy

HE WAS one of those guys that you know, yet you don't know. Nobody in Squadron 10 knew Carl Rickey any better than I did, yet his private life was as much a mystery to me as to the other flyers. He was tall, blond, good looking. You know, the kind of guy that women always glance at a second time.

I met Carl right after the United States entered the war. We had both joined the air corps and were training at Kelly Field. I took a liking to him the moment we met, and he to me. I believe the reason for this was that we were so different. Carl was a quiet, calm fellow and I was pretty cocky and excitable.

As a flyer he was a natural. The rest of us embryonic flyers really had to sweat learning how to fly those jennies. Carl, though, took to it like a kid takes to ice cream. I will never forget the day we were having aerobatics and Carl was the last one to go up. Two flyers had cranked up already that week going through these maneuvers and three others had bailed out. Carl seemed to be executing his usual finesse putting his plane through the side-slips, slow rolls, wing-overs, and had just started a loop when all of a sudden his plane stalled and went into a spin. We all stood there horror-stricken as the plane spun earthward. When all hope of his pulling it out faded and there were only about 1,000 feet between him and old mother earth his plane suddenly leveled off and started gaining altitude. That was Carl for you; most guys would have bailed out 1,500 feet earlier, but not this flyer. He would have stayed with his ship had he only an inch of altitude left.

You can imagine how proud and happy we were the day we received our wings

and were considered ready to go over and hold our own for our country.

The trip to France was a rough one. The seas were choppy and it seemed as though the elements were having a war of their own. We lay around in groups most of the time boasting how we were going to blast the Huns right out of the sky. In fact, we had the war won before we got there—that is, all of us except Carl. He said nothing, but we all knew he would outdo any one of us when the actual fighting began.

In two weeks we were at the front; in three weeks we knew what hell was like. Along with four others, Carl and I were assigned to dawn patrol duty.

The first morning out we didn't meet any opposition. I was hoping we would see some action, and at the same time praying we wouldn't, and wondering what I would do if we did. Well, that was the last morning we saw any quiet in our sector. After Carl and I had been on this assignment three weeks we were the only two left out of the original six. I was just plain lucky, but Carl's skill carried him through.

Six months at the front was all it took for Carl to bring down 30 Germans, 23 unassisted, while I accounted for 10. Because of this it was no surprise to any of us when he was made flight commander of the famous fighting squadron known as the Phantoms.

The day Carl received his promotion was a sad one in my life, because it meant we would be separated for the first time since entering training together. It was also the last I saw of my buddy, but it was surely not the last I heard of him. The

name of Lieutenant Carl Rickey was on the lips of every German and Allied flyer. He had become the terror of the skies and was feared by the German flyers as much as the Allies feared Hans von Ricken-tropp the great German ace.

It took me a long time to get used to going up on dawn patrol duty without Carl on my right. It seemed as if something was missing and I didn't feel quite as steady.

Through different channels, information came to me about Carl and the almost unbelievable feats he accomplished. It was through one of these channels that I heard

the shocking news about him—news I at first refused to believe. You could have made me believe anything, rather than convince me that Carl was a coward. But coward he seemed to be.

Von Ricketropp had been stationed in Carl's fighting sector. It was then that a change came over Carl that nobody could understand. Members of his squadron came back with stories of how they had seen him dodge fights with the German ace and had signaled them to turn back. This was an incredible turn of events, so unusual that Carl was told to report to Colonel Kelly, chief at 97th headquarters.



This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway against a wall—
Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall
Where we ourselves can never be.

—A. C. Hamilton.

Glory . . . death

Nothing gave him a second chance but his excellent record. He was warned that any other evasion of his duty meant a court martial. Carl took this chance with a promise to either do or die.

Bad weather kept the skies clear of planes for the next 28 hours. But as soon as it was possible Carl took his squadron out on patrol duty. It looked as if there would be no conflict on this flight, as the sky, as far as Carl could see, was clear of enemy planes. The thought had no more than flashed through his mind when he heard a great roar of planes swooping down upon them. A nauseated look came over his face as he realized it was von Rickentropp's squadron with the great German leading it.

Carl was really in a bad spot. Von Rickentropp had the advantage because he was above him and was on his tail. Carl managed to overcome this handicap by executing a perfect side-slip and then going into a loop.

At this moment one of the most furious aerial duels of the World War was in progress. For the first 10 or 12 minutes it was a matter of one ace trying to outmaneuver the other for position. Both let go with a few bursts, some of them tearing through the planes' fuselage—none doing any serious damage; most of them going wild. It was almost sure to be the breaks that decided the victor, and I guess this was Carl's day. He finally managed to maneuver around enough to get on von Rickentropp's tail and stick there. He gritted his teeth and opened fire with both machine guns. The great German was trying every trick in flying to shake him off of his tail, but all of a sudden he gave a gasp, raised slightly in his cockpit, and his Fokker seemed to stop for an instant. The pilot gave Carl a sort of farewell salute and then settled back in his seat.

His plane shot earthward, leaving a trail of oily smoke.

Carl watched the plane crash and swung around to see where the rest of his squadron was—to see if any planes were left. It looked like a victory for the American boys for he saw the tiny specks of three German planes streaking back across their own lines. He counted his own planes, and as far as he could see he had lost only two.

It was a royal greeting Carl received as he returned to the field. Fellow pilots were wringing his hand, cracking him on the back, throwing their arms about him—in fact, everyone was going wild. It was strange, though, that Carl did not respond to the praise. He edged himself slowly away from his plane and admirers; there was a slight smile on his face but there seemed to be tears in his eyes. He headed straight for his quarters and was not seen the rest of the morning. The men thought little of this because they knew he had just completed something that other less fortunate Allied flyers had been trying to do for three years. They figured he was just tired out from the nervous strain and needed rest. It was toward mid-afternoon when the adjutant became worried over Carl's absence and sent his orderly to see if he was all right.

When I heard the news that Lt. Carl Rickey had been found dead . . . shot through the head with a bullet from his own service automatic . . . I couldn't believe it. He just didn't seem the sort of a guy who would commit suicide.

Identification found on his person and later investigations cleared up some of the mystery. My buddy was Karl von Rickentropp, younger brother of the great German ace. Karl had come over to the United States in 1910, shortening his name to Carl Rickey.

IT WAS a lovely afternoon and the world seemed so good. The world always seems good on a beautiful day. I had paused in the foyer of a downtown department store to speak to a friend I had chanced to meet. We were about to part again when a child came up and spoke to me. She was just a little girl . . . scarcely more than a baby.

"Tie my ribbons?" she asked me, and she dangled the loose ribbons of her little bonnet. The bonnet was a soft blue and well became the pretty blond child. I loved her on sight and wished there were more I could do for her than tie the ribbons.

"Of course!" I answered softly. She was the type of child to whom you speak in soft words. You could never be harsh to her. You see her and feel sure a cross word would bring a puzzled look to her lovely eyes. So I spoke softly to her and tucked my purse under my arm as I reached for the ribbons.

"I will hold it for you," my little captor offered, and she reached out her tiny hands to take my bag. "That would be better wouldn't it?" I couldn't help smiling at her, she seemed so earnest. As I held it out to the child, my friend took it from my hand.

"I will hold it!" She snapped, and there was no tinge of sweetness in *her* tone. Her eyes and mouth frowned down at my new little friend.

I glanced quickly at the child to see how she would take the frown. Her head was cocked to one side, and a shrewd look quickly crossed her face. Her eyes were bright and calculating. Why, she looked like a little fox!



I tied the ribbons and the little girl left quickly without a goodbye or a thank you. It made me a little sad. "You didn't have to be so cross to her," I rebuked my friend. "She just wanted to help out."

"Oh, did she?" And there was more than a little sarcasm in the voice of the other. "Watch!"

I watched the child, as with a quick motion she again untied the ribbons and walked up to another woman. I couldn't hear what the little girl said, but the woman irritably shook her head and marched on. The little girl did not give up. She headed for still another woman.

"It's just a ruse!" my friend continued. "That child is being raised as a pickpocket. She has her orders and she carries them out well. You would have found your money gone when next you looked for it if you had given your purse to that little thief. But you would never suspect that little girl.

No one would. I had heard of her but forgot until she asked to hold your purse."

"But why hasn't she been turned over to the police?"

Surely it would not be hard to find the people who benefit through her!" I cried.

"Why don't you do it? There she still is. Just go over to her, take her and give her to the policeman you will find on the corner . . . if you can!"

The child was standing not so far away before a woman who trustingly held out her purse. It was almost more than I could bear. The little girl looked so sweet. She was a soft pink, white, and blue baby

(Continued on Page 31)

Gilbert's Debut

(Continued from Page 7)

minute. Virginia's presence always startled him.

"Aren't you going to a movie, Mother?" Gilbert asked.

"We wanted to see you all dressed up, dear," his mother said kindly.

Virginia giggled, then grew serious as her father threw a glance her way. Then the boy's father queried: "How was the shave, Son?"

"Oh, so-so. So-so."

"Razor pull much?"

"A little on the chin where they're thickest."

"Well, have a nice time, Son," he said, as he held the door for mother, "and if you're near a drug store, get a package of razor blades, we haven't had any in the house for three days."

Navy Boy

(Continued from Page 8)

lic and Protestant chaplains are on duty in all training stations.

Upon finishing training, I was assigned to one of the many ships in the Navy. It is possible to request any ship one might wish; and, if there is sufficient reason, the transfer will be made. When an apprentice seaman first hits his new home, he spends about a month in bewilderment. If he is put aboard one of the larger battleships he finds that Joe Gob speaks an almost unintelligible jargon, a language that is studded with nicknames, abbreviations, and strange terms for familiar things. Stairways are ladders, halls are passageways, floor are decks, ceilings are overheads, a chief petty officer is a CPO, the Officer of the Deck is the OD, and the Senior Officer present is the SOP. The master at arms is called Jimmylegs, destroyers are tin cans, pancakes are collision mats, coffee is Joe, a fireman belongs to the blackgang and is an underground savage. All this marine lingo is very disconcerting to the green sailor, es-

pecially if he is sent on occasional errands for striped paint, for board stretchers, and for red oil for the starboard running lamp. (I know.)

Then one morning I woke up and found that suddenly, the whole thing clicked, that it all made sense. When this happens to a sailor he can consider himself no longer a rookie or "boot," as the navy calls him. When that day arrived for me I began to learn the value of the comradeship I had been building up with my shipmates. I learned that friendship depends on the man, not on the pocketbook.

Advancement in the Navy is entirely up to the individual's ambition. No one is pushed; no one is held back. Examinations are conducted every three months. There are trade schools of all types which the sailor may attend upon his own request. Everything from music on down through radio, photography, and embalming is offered. All that is required is that one should pass a satisfactory entrance ex-

amination and have the approval of his commanding officer.

Of amusement there is no lack in the Navy. Every night, weather permitting, there are free movies on the ship's quarterdeck. If Joe Gob is sport minded, he has but to pick his sport and he will find on board ship equipment for every sport in the American repertoire. Teams of all kinds are encouraged. Swimming, wrestling, boxing, basketball, baseball, football, shooting, rowing, and sailing are only a few of the team sports that you can find on every ship. There is ample liberty to indulge in hunting, in golf, tennis, and horseback riding. In all foreign ports the ship's chaplain arranges for sightseeing parties and informational trips.

Many sailors have hobbies which run from photography and stamp collecting to carpentry and handicrafts. Traveling in the Navy gives a sailor ample opportunity in which to develop any hobby he

has unless his hobby is staying home. The larger ships carry libraries, magazine stands, soda fountains, tailor shops, shoe shops; in fact, a battleship is a small town where one can purchase any necessity. Mail service is good, too. All the four years I was in, I never had a letter lost.

So, if you want an opportunity to travel, to broaden your outlook on life, and to get a greater appreciation of America, then join the Navy. The Navy has honorably served the United States as her first line of defense for 160 years. The Navy today offers, the first defense against totalitarian governments, the first protection for the American way of life; and it should be the first place a man should go when he has the desire to serve his country.

But, then, I may be a little prejudiced: for, as I have said, I have had four years of it, and a sailor's life is the life for me!



Army Girl

(Continued from Page 9)

occurring at the dockyards and harbors on the waterfront used to cause the more violent "reds" to vent their excited emotions on the soldiers who appeared downtown in the uniform of the United States Army. On these occasions the commanding officer of our post would order the soldiers not to appear in the city in uniform.

I remember quite vividly the receptions I used to attend with my parents aboard the large battleships at the Bremington Navy Yard. Sometimes foreign fleets would be in. Their crews would be entertained at Fort Lawton by parades, band concerts, and various amusements. And at the receptions given by our commanding officer I can recall meeting German, Italian, and French naval commanders.

It was at Fort Lawton that I learned to ride horseback. As we cantered along the beach about an hour before sunset when long streaks of brilliant color would strike across the blue waves of Puget Sound, emphasizing the grayness of the battleships passing in fleet formation through the channel, we would automatically glance up to see beautiful Mount Ranier in the hazy distance. We rode beneath the cliffs on which the fort was situated, pounding over the crunching sea shells beneath our horses' hoofs and jumping dried-up logs that lay washed up by the ocean and scattered in our path.

A pleasing interlude between my second and third "stations" was my trip from San Francisco through the Panama Canal to New York. From San Francisco, where I remember the skyscrapers towering above me in the typical fog of that city, and the merry Italian flower vendor on the avenue who gave me a gardenia when I stopped to admire his flowers, and the Golden Gate bridge, then in construction, I embarked on my first long ocean voy-

age. The "Republic," largest of the army transports, was a German luxury liner captured in the last war and put into its present use by our government. It sailed out of the harbor of San Francisco, cheered on its way by the handkerchief-waving of the enthusiastic crowd on the dock and the strains of military music floating to us from the Army band back at the harbor.

The first days of fear of sea sickness quickly passed with few casualties and soon all were enjoying the sailing through the high waves with seldom a sight of land. Our days were occupied with deck tennis, shuffle-board, bridge, and sun-bathing, while at night we were amused with movies, dances, horse-races, and boxing matches staged between the boys of various ages on the boat. I got my first sun tan the morning we passed through the locks of the Panama Canal. At noon I disembarked with my family to shop in the city and visit friends at one or two of the army posts.

Panama City is very colorful and cosmopolitan, but also very dirty. The main street was only a crooked alley lined with holes-in-the-walls, at which, however, you could buy valuable linens, laces, and rugs. Leaving the city, broad, modern highways led us through the hot, tropical countryside to the army posts.

Here, what a difference! There were broad expanses of cool lawns, bordered with flower gardens, and officer's quarters and barracks so clean and white compared to the dirtiness of the native city. From this army post I saw a ship going through the canal in the distance. The ship looked as if it were merely going through cultivated fields, a very strange sight, for I could not see the locks cut through the land. After we had docked for a short time

on the Atlantic side of the canal, we sailed into the choppy Caribbean.

This was the roughest part of our voyage, but again the days passed quickly. My crowd of friends had boarded the ship at its first stop in Hawaii, and were brown from their two years on the islands. At night we would gather on the sun deck, and while someone played native songs on his ukelele we would sing songs of the islands in the moonlight. Some nights we would see heat lightning. One day we saw Havana, Cuba, in the distance.

When we reached New York the customs were quickly gotten through, and after a brief visit at West Point with my oldest brother, we were speeding on our way to Kentucky.

Fort Thomas, Kentucky, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, crests one of those hills which command the Ohio River as it curves its way through fertile green valleys. Our quarters were situated almost at the point of this hill as it jutted out over the river far below. From the

front porch we had a view of one side of the river, and from the breakfast room in the back of the house we had a view of another side . . . views from which I witnessed the tragic floods of 1938-1939. Coming to Kentucky was like coming home, for all the families of both my parents are from the South and my father's home is in central Kentucky.

Here, after that long ocean trip, I was again mounted on horseback as soon as possible. One of the officers on the post was a famous rider who owned and trained his own horses and was continually off at horse shows in all parts of the United States. I rode with him and his children every morning at seven o'clock, because later than that in the summer time it would have been too hot to be healthful for the horses.

My family was not in Kentucky long, before we motored down to the Blue Grass region of central Kentucky, where the tobacco fields ripen and world champion horses are bred. Here in a little but fa-



The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow.

—Wordsworth.

Army Girl

mous town, sixty miles from Lexington, my father was reared. Harrodsburg is the oldest town in the state, and the old Fort Harrod has been restored as a national shrine which includes the log cabin birth-place of Lincoln.

Perhaps I have delayed too long over what I consider my home state, but even an army girl has some place she feels that way about. We were not at Fort Thomas long when daddy was being called for months at a time for field duty at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where there is perhaps the largest concentration of mechanized

troops in the United States and where the Army leaves no detail lacking in guarding the world's largest depository of gold. Almost too soon, I, as an army girl, was called upon to begin the next chapter of my life. This time our orders were for Fort Omaha, Nebraska.

Perhaps this new chapter in the life of an army girl has just begun for me, and as probably it is just about to end. The one thing I shall remember about Omaha, uppermost among many, is that Omaha gave me one of the biggest thrills in my life—my first ride in a horse show.

The Keys

(Continued from Page 12)

One—two—three hours; he was on the outskirts of Sioux City. He sought out a good hotel; and as soon as he got a room he went to bed. He was completely worn out and slept soundly; it was five o'clock in the evening when he finally awakened. He dressed, shaved, went down to get some dinner. The newspaper. It was still in the car. He went to get it. Here it was, on the lower part of the first page: "Local Grocer Found Murdered."

Jerry read the article over. A grocer. Now why would a grocer be chasing a man up an alley in the middle of the night? Lived with his brother who was his business partner. No family. Well, Jerry thought, at least I did injury to only one man, I feel a little better for that. Shot through the head, died instantly. Apparently dead about an hour when found. Police at a loss, can discover no motive, no suspects. So I'm safe, thought Jerry. But what did he want?

Jerry ate a good dinner, and felt better. After all, he thought, I never wanted

to kill a man. I did it without thinking. Besides, it is over with, past. May as well see a show and get it off my mind. The show was pretty fair, and Jerry's mind was more at ease when he left. It was about eleven-thirty, just time to get a little something to eat before going to bed. Walking down the street Jerry saw a man ahead of him drop something. Jerry went over to pick it up.

"Hm," he thought, "that fellow dropped his car keys. I'll catch him and give them to him. Now where did he go? Must have turned up that alley." Jerry hurried forward, Yes, there he was, about half way up the alley. Jerry started running toward him. "Hey, you," he called. The man turned around, made a jerky motion. A streak of flame jumped from his hand. The world seemed to crash down on Jerry's head; he fell to the ground.

The sound of the shot echoed down the alley and died away, to be followed by the silence of the night.

Betrayal

(Continued from Page 13)

street and cut across the range. She looked almost tall on her horse. But perhaps that was because her chin was held high, and her tiny body stiff and straight.

"Tom," she thought over and over, "forgive me! What else can I do? I would give the world to talk to you first, to say good-bye. O'Neil won't keep his word. I know it. But this is best. I love you, Tom."

They wound up a steep, narrow path through heavy over-grown brush. It seemed hours to O'Neil before she drew her horse to a halt. She swung off the animal and walked forward.

"There's your man, Copper." Her voice was hoarse and scarcely more than a whisper. She had stepped out upon a flat rock and was looking almost straight down.

O'Neil took a rifle from his saddle and followed after her. He stepped out beside her on the rock and, following her glance, looked down. There, looking very much like a doll house, nestled an old ranch house. And true to her word, June had led him to Tom. Tom was staring up at the rock and waving frantically.

"Scared, eh?" O'Neil muttered. He had

forgotten his promise to June. That man was dangerous. He wasn't going to give him a chance. He had orders anyway. He raised the rifle to his shoulder. He could make it. He hadn't gotten that medal for nothing. He guessed that June knew he was going to do it. There had been tears on her cheeks when he stepped up on the rock. But he didn't care. He didn't feel the least sentimental now.

Tom had looked up with a start. He knew it was June. His heart was jumping, and he yelled at her. But then a man joined her on the rock. He saw the rifle, but he didn't care. He started running, not away, but in their direction. He knew it wouldn't do any good. The man with the rifle suddenly threw up his arms. But he couldn't catch hold of anything. He was too late. The rock gave away, and Tom could hear the two screams. One—just a scream. The other—June's voice calling "Tom!"

"Oh, my God!" Tom sobbed as he ran toward the fallen rock and the mangled bodies. "June, oh June! Why? The times I have warned you that the rock would scarcely hold even your own light weight!"

Viewpoint

(Continued from Page 25)

—any woman would want her for her own. I knew I would do nothing to turn her over to the police.

The child took the purse; but I didn't wait to see more. I turned and went into

the department store. I took one last look, not at the little girl but at the sun. It was queer the way the day had changed.

The sun was still bright, but it no longer made the world seem lovely.



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Farewell.





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