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WHAT THIS WAR MEANS

Margie Sue Hoppes

The whole nation was shocked a few weeks ago, shocked and enraged, to hear of the cowardly, insidious attack on the United States by Japan. It could have no other meaning—war!

The conflict that has engulfed Europe these last few years has, like a great fire, spread and caught up other nations, devouring and destroying them—has moved on until at last the whole world is ablaze.

It is the duty of every American, of every fair-minded man and woman on the face of the globe to help quench this raging destroyer. We are told it will take time, years—and in the meantime, our men, our loved ones, sacrifices, money—but if we are to fight this monster, if we are to come out the victors, we must be prepared to meet these demands no matter what the cost. And we have as an additional task not only the hard one of making sacrifices but also the still more difficult one of doing it all with a smile. We must "keep 'em smiling" as well as "keep 'em flying."

And after this war, after the monster has caused his own destruction—what then? What is to be done when countries all over the world lie in ruin and total blackness? Who will be big enough to bear the responsibility of piecing the world together again bit by bit? For the way of man must change—from thoughts of self and hate to thoughts of others and of love if this world is to remain in the universe. The whole answer to the question of survival of the world of mankind will rest on our shoulders and on the shoulders of other youths such as we all over the world. Will we be strong enough, brave enough, to realize our mistakes in the past and to gain wisdom from them? Will we be wise enough to know mercy and love and have common sense and a knowledge of man?

I pray God it may be so!

* * * *

A Blackout in the Nation's Capitol

(Continued From Page 1)

fense practice. I sighed because nothing really thrilling had occurred. No one seemed to take the thing too seriously. And yet, there was an undercurrent of seriousness; I could sense that. Suddenly a strange thought jolted me. After all, what do I expect? Panic; confusion, hysteria? No, we wouldn't be like that; this is just the way Americans would react in a real emergency.

Then my "thrill" came. For suddenly I was startled by a new sound. It came from the skies—at first a slow, steady hum in the distance. It grew louder and louder, and I felt the strangest sensation within me. For one moment my imagination would have it that these were real enemy raiders come to rain destruction on our city. I gazed out into the murky void, and it was no longer murky. Countless searchlights held the planes in their rays, and it was easy to tell that these were not enemy bombers, but just another

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My Day

by Louise

Vacation Set-Ups

Miss Sheets and Bob Barnhill have been doing O. K. It started during vacation and has been going full force ever since.

McAdoo received the answer to a maiden's prayer, five Christmas presents from five different fellows. You must have plenty on the ball to rate like that!!!

Shelia broke three dates when little Lichty came back five days early. Nice work, if you can get it, Harold.

The titian-haired dormite from Louisville was escorted on New Year's Eve by the dark-mustache in the Chapel Choir. In case you don't catch on, it wasn't a "puzzle" and a "cobbler."

It must be love to hitch-hike from Pa. to Iowa just for a girl. Did you see the wind burn on Berkshire's face.

M. Otter just wasn't the most unhappy girl when Private Don came marching home for the holidays.

Max Clark dated a BEVY of beauties including Mary Andrews, Mary Bott, and Lucille Garber. Are you sticking to the old philosophy, "Variety is the spice of life," Max?

While "Krupa" Albright, "Tommy Van" Neely, "T. Dorsey" Jelley, and "Duchin" Soka were escorting Hunter, Dessenberg, Eccard, and Wise to Columbus on New Year's Eve, "Harry James" Denbow was on his way to Pennsylvania with Ethel Crawford.

* * *

Glittering News

Harriet B. is now wearing a rock given by the one and only from back home. Ditto sister Ellen from Don Kiefer.

It will soon be Wedding Bells for last year's southern gal, Marty Nish. I guess you're not weeping, Roger.

* * *

Snoopy Snatches

After B. Solomon took "Lamour" Hunter to Bud Neely's party, he was heard to say, "Why do I always fall for girls who are practically going steady?"

I guess it is definitely quits between Flossie and "her man." At least she was at the same shindig with Whizzer.

It has been reported that June C. and Ben Davis have that "You and I" feeling.

Fellows, do you get the proper inflection in your voice when you phone a girl? Why don't you practice as LaRue does before he calls Lucille Davis?

Both Lichtys, Ryan, Anter, and F. Joseph must have spent a comfortable(?) night in the hotel when they all stayed in the same room. The poor manager really lost money on that deal, in more ways than one.... I wonder what the customers are using for towels, now.

Louise has heard the rumor that a certain junior girl is so confident of becoming May Queen that she has chosen her attendants. Methinks she shouldn't be too sure, because there will be competition to the very end!

Campus Co-eds assert their approval of the combination of K. Rook and J. Miller that was seen the other night.

* * *

Verbal Bouquets

A huge orchid to Trudy for her excellent Chapel talk. Louise requests a repeat performance.

A pure white gardenia to my nomination for the most dependable girl on campus. Sybil really gets things done.

A carnation to each and every one of the brass choir. Why don't they do that more often?

For his ability on the basketball floor Vince Barr deserves a mammoth bunch of roses.

Camellias to the Chapel Choir and its director for all the diligent work they do.

To the newly inducted members of Scribes, Max Clark, Bill Dreher, and Phil Shumaker, Louise sends tuxedos with bachelor buttons.

touch of realism lending atmosphere to the blackout picture.

It seemed as if ages had passed instead of twelve minutes when the all-clear sounded. Three long blasts and it was all over. The city became alive again. I breathed a prayer of thanks that our wonderful capitol still had its peace.

PAN AMERICAN HATTERS

E. Main St.
Ashland, Ohio

Hamlet Turns Modern Hamlet on the World Situation

—Marius H. Livingston

On our age: "The time is out of joint."

On Russia to Germany: "I pri-thee, take thy fingers from my throat; for, though I am not splen-etic and rash, yet I have some-thing in me dangerous, which let thy wiseness fear."

On England to Russia: "For this relief much thanks."

On a declaration of war on Ger-many: "Diseases desperate grown, by desperate appliance are relieved, or not at all."

On the German war machine: "O, most wicked speed."

On speeches for aid to the Allies: "More matter with less art."

On Roosevelt: "Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—that I have positively said, 'tis so, when it proved otherwise?"

On taxes: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions."

On the conscientious objector: "To be or not to be: that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and ar-rows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them?"

On a refugee from Europe: "O, woe is me, to have seen what I have seen, see what I see."

On dictators: "Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go."

On Hitler's subconscious mind: "I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not born me."

On Hitler: "O, treble woe, fall ten times treble on that cursed head."

On Laval: "O, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tables, —meet it is I set it down, that one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-lain."

On the Vichy regime: "These tedius old fools."

On the European saboteur: "From this time forth, my thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth."

From the President's Desk—

SUPERSTITION

Superstition is a belief that is not founded on fact. It is merely an opinion or the acceptance of a statement or event for which there is no positive factual proof of its truthfulness or existence. It is based upon error rather than upon truth.

The human mind is inquisitive. When a new or strange phenomenon is encountered, a satisfactory explanation for it is sought. If the cause is easily found, the solution clears up the matter. But if the solution is difficult, a wide variety of explanations are offered, any one of which if not based upon fact may be accepted as a solution and thus it becomes a superstition. For illustration, the superstition that the earth was flat and covered with the sky as a dome meeting the earth at the horizon arose when man first attempted to explain the size and shape of the earth. It was generally accepted as a fact, but doubt and dissatisfaction gave rise to a search for the facts. Observation, experimentation, and calculation finally revealed the earth

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On the concentration camps: "But that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul."

On the Nazi menace to America: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

On Mussolini: "My soul is full of discord and dismay."

On justice: "Where the offense is, let the great axe fall. Revenge should have no bounds."

On the destruction of Fascism: "If it be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come."

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