

5-1-1931

The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1931

University of Dayton

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent>

Recommended Citation

University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1931" (1931). *The Exponent*. 209.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/209>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Produced Media at eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Exponent by an authorized administrator of eCommons. For more information, please contact mschlangen1@udayton.edu, ecommons@udayton.edu.

Dup
6PL

The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The words "PROFESSOR" and "ET PATRIS" are also visible within the seal's design.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

May 1931

GARFIELD 409

Don't make a mistake in the name,
only one

F. G. MEYER

JEWELER

32 S. Ludlow St. Arcade

Agent for

Gruen Watches



A full line of Watches, Clocks,
Diamonds, Silverware
and Ivory Goods
FINE WATCH REPAIRING
Phone Main 3481

Albert Pretzinger
Edw. P. Musselman

ARCHITECTS

1125-28, 1138-39 Reibold Building
DAYTON, OHIO

She and You—

will find immense
stocks to choose
from, consistently
low prices and a
square deal if you
buy your furniture
at

Cappel's
215-221 S. MAIN ST.

LEO F. WALTER

Funeral
and Ambulance
Service

MAIN STREET—AT WASHINGTON
Phone Garfield 134

Government Inspected Meats—Made in Dayton

FOCKE'S
Quality Meats

FIFTH STREET BRANCH

1004-1006 East Fifth St., DAYTON, OHIO
Oscar F. Focke, Manager

Hotel and Restaurant Supply Packing House East Springfield St.
PHONES—Garfield 857-858

Perfect Health—

You can have it by drinking more Milk—Nature's Perfect
Food. Drink at least one quart a day.

One of our wagons is in your neighborhood every morning.

THE DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.
219 EAST FIFTH STREET

Gar. 1325

Gar. 1326

GITMAN BROS.

WHOLESALE

FRUITS AND PRODUCE

27-29-31-33 South St. Clair St.

DAYTON, OHIO

Young's
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

Work Called for and Delivered

Let us knock the spots out of your clothes

Gar. 1523

1231 South Brown Street

*There is a man in our town. And he was
wondrous wise,
He swore by all the gods above he would
not advertise!
But one day he did break this rule, and
thereby hangs a tale;
The ad was set in real small type, and
headed Sheriff's Sale.*

RED WING ICE CREAM

PREFERRED FOR ITS QUALITY

Served Exclusively at the University of Dayton
Cafeteria.

Let our experts prepare something different and unique
for your parties and dinners.

The Red Wing Corporation

748 S. MAIN ST.

DAYTON, OHIO

The Witte Tegenkamp Co.

Dealers in

Prayer Books, Religious Articles, Pictures

Importers of Vestments, Laces, Banners, Chalice,
Ostensoria, Etc. Candles, Sanctuary Oil, Incense,
Charcoal, Tapers, Etc. Mission Supplies.

113 S. Ludlow St.

DAYTON, OHIO

The Beringer Printing Company

For Better
PRINTING

124 East Third Street
Fourth Floor
Garfield 501

The Dayton Stencil Works Co.

Steel Stamps—Rubber Stamps
Seals—Badges—Engravings
Stencils

113 E. SECOND ST.
Phone Main 1988 Dayton, Ohio

The Right Kind of Friends



THE right kind of friends are not always the friends you like, nor those that flatter you. The best friends are those that are loyal, dependable and honest. It is the constant aim of this institution to make all of its employees worthy and desirable friends to its patrons.

Miami Savings & Loan Co.
"AT THE CHIMES"
25 South Main Street • Dayton, Ohio.

Westbrock Funeral Home

1712 South Wayne Ave.

PHONES
Gar. 1072 East 2075

"Ambulance Service by Appointment"



**The GIELE
& PFLAUM Co.**
**PRINTERS
& PUBLISHERS**
FIFTH FLOOR
124 E. Third St.
Dayton, Ohio

For Good
Printing
and
Prompt
Service
Call
Garfield 170

Harry Schmitz Louis Rausch
EAST 1303

The  Bakery

Bread and Fancy Cakes

1211 Xenia Avenue

A. C. Giambrone

**WHOLESALE
FRUITS**

Bell Phone East 2472

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

THE

John T. Barlow Co.

WHOLESALE

**DRY GOODS
& NOTIONS**

Third and Sears Streets
DAYTON, OHIO

The
**HENRY BURKHARDT
PACKING CO.**

PORK AND BEEF PACKERS
AND SAUSAGE MFGRS.

Packing House and Office:
235 S. Irwin Street DAYTON, OHIO
Government Inspection Est. No. 520

**The HOMESTEAD
LOAN & SAVINGS ASS'N**

"Safety First"
Assets
\$4,811,437.36

**DIVIDENDS ON
SAVINGS**

"Service Always"
Reserve Fund
\$214,557.26

"Save by Mail"—We solicit your inquiry
O. F. DAVISSON, President ELLIS J. FINKE, Secretary
21 EAST THIRD STREET — DAYTON, OHIO

JACOB L. BALLMAN

ALOIS MAYER

Dayton Monument Co.

OFFICE: 1101 BROWN STREET (*Cor. Frank St.*)
WORKS: ALBERTA STREET AT C. L. & N. RAILROAD

Office Phone—Garfield 4138

Patronize Our Advertisers

J. E. SAUM & SONS

138-140 EAST SECOND STREET

Wholesale Mfg. Confectioners

Distributors for Puritan Chocolates
J. Hungerford Smith Co. Fountain Syrups Coca-Cola Syrup
PHONE—Bell Main 1121

CHICAGO MARKET CO.

MEAT OF QUALITY
Wholesale and Retail

34 S. Jefferson St.

Tel. Gar. 470

Bernhard Bros. Blends For Cup Quality

Roasters of High-grade Coffees — Jobbers of Teas and Spices
You cannot afford to pass us by when in the market

ASK YOUR GROCER

BERNHARD BROS.—Pine and Marshall Sts., Dayton Ohio



Ask for **SUCHER'S**
"VICTORY BRAND"

Hams, Bacon, Lard,
Dressed Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Sausages,
Cooked Meats, Etc.

All our products are U. S. Gov. inspected.

The Chas. Sucher Packing Co.
N. Western Ave and Dakota St., Dayton, O.
Main 793 Main 794



GIFFORD'S
PASTEURIZED

SWEET CLOVER
CREAMERY BUTTER

CHARLES F. DICKMAN

Contractor and Builder

Residence 529 Hickory Street

Repairs Attended to Promptly.

Phone Garfield 3227

*Patronize
Our
Advertisers*

Laundry and Hospital Supplies

SOAP, SODA, STARCH,
BLUEING, PADDING

Various kinds of
Cotton and Wood Materials, Etc.

Established Forty Years Ago

The FANSHER Bros. Company

113 West Court Street
DAYTON, OHIO

*This Magazine is
Our Product*

The
**J.C. Ely Printing
Company**

205-207-209 S. JEFFERSON ST.

HIMES BROS. MILK

Always Uniform—Always Safe

1537 GERMANTOWN STREET

Main 902

We appreciate your patronage.

SMITH BROTHERS

Studio of Fine Portraiture

OUR NEW STUDIO IS ONE OF
THE BEST APPOINTED IN OHIO

16 EAST FOURTH STREET

DAYTON, OHIO

WALKERS, INC.



HAST, SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES *exclusively*

135 N. Main Street

The Danis Hunt Company

General Contractors

Dayton - Ohio

East First and Webb

Phone: East 250

Andrew Caulfield

Plumbing and Heating

124 S. Findlay Street

Phone: East 815

The Hermes & Knuge Company



Photographers
Artists and
Engravers

6th Floor - Dye Bldg
139 S. Main at Fifth
GARFIELD - 3902
DAYTON, OHIO.

Buckeye Barbers Supply Co.

Is the place to buy Razors, Strops,
Hair Tonic, Toilet Waters, Perfumes,
Pocket Knives, Shears, Hair Brushes,
Combs, Etc.

CLARENCE S. WIGGIM

No. 214 East Third Street
Opp. Public Library

Val. Hegman

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

Trunks

Bags

Suit Cases

Harness

TRUNKS and SAMPLE WORK
A SPECIALTY

Repairing of all kinds

Garfield 2280

136 East Third Street

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVIII

MAY, 1931

No. 8

ORDER OF CONTENTS

Song for May (verse)	Shanachie
Let's Imitate 'Em	Ernest Levit, Jr.
Spring (verse)	Louis A. Otto
Justice	Thomas Devine
The R. O. T. C. Graduate and Active Duty	William J. Hoefler
It Wasn't a Perfect Crime	Ray Blosser
To My Mother (verse)	Lou Tschudi
Artifice	Reginald Price
Man and the Moon	Howard R. Houser
An Apology for Our Present System of American Culture	Chas. E. Martin
Editorial	

Published Monthly from October to July, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

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

Subscriptions	Two Dollars, Yearly in Advance
Single Copies	Twenty-five Cents

Address all communications to
THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO

Song for May

By SHANACHIE

*Stay, stay, May is here and May is flying,
Down by the plashy reeds
The blackbird's mate is crying,
Crying her note of love
To the lazy blackbird plying
His crimsoned wings above;
May is here,
May is here,
And May is flying.*

*Stay, stay, May is here and May is flying,
Swift through the meadows clear,
Where dimpled grass is drying;
Down where fields of dun
With emerald blades are vieing
To win the golden sun.
May is here,
May is here,
And May is flying.*

*Stay, stay, May is here and May is flying,
Lightly through orchard lands,
And painted barns outlying;
Bearing the lilac's scent
To the appleblossoms dying
Before her dewy tent.
May is here,
May is here,
But May is flying.*

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVIII

MAY, 1931

No. 8

Let's Initiate 'Em

By ERNEST LEVIT, JR.

BOY! O Boy! Riding on these Pullman Chair Cars is surely a treat," thought our almost-college man as he readjusted himself in a large and very comfortable arm chair, slipped a little farther down on the soft upholstery, stretched out his legs, and carefully placed his number tens on the deep blue upholstery of the chair next to him. "If it's as nice as this down at the University of Day Town, we're going to get along swell. Wonder what it's like to be a Freshman down there? Oh, well, I'll probably find out enough about that in an hour or two, judging from the time that this train is making."

Kenneth Blair had graduated only last June from Bradley High School, the larger of the two rival high schools in Clarion, a town which boasted of sixty thousand people. Ken was liked at Bradley High, but more than that, he had made quite a name for himself as the President of a Junior Class that "did things."

Anyone who knew Ken, could tell that he was not going to be one of those timid, young Freshmen, but along with the aggressiveness that had gained him recognition, he possessed a useful supply of common "horse" sense and ample moral courage to carry him through the pinches. Although Day Town U was not yet aware of the fact, it was about to welcome to its campus, a lad who had more than ordinary ability.

While Ken is thoroughly enjoying himself on the luxurious upholstery of the speedy train to Day

Town, thinking about college, and for a moment playing the gentleman of leisure, a few of the outstanding leaders in the new Sophomore Class are holding a friendly reunion in the club room of Chester Hall and are earnestly discussing their major problem. The momentous question is of course, "What shall we do with the Frosh?"

And who should we find talking but the loquacious Robert I. Ferguson, Bob Ferguson to his pals. You must know Bob. He is the man who always lets you know when he arrives, the man who never lets you forget he is present, and the man who takes his leave as though he wanted you to appreciate your tremendous loss. If Bob were only half as good as his many words, he would be the wonder of all wonders, for Bob's policy is "Never waste a word! Always use it!" Now everybody quiet please! Bob is speaking.

"Well, if you fellas want to know what I think, I think we ought to hand these little freshie boys the same trimming that we took last year, only, we ought to add just a little finishing touch or two for local color, if you get what I mean. Ho! Ho! Not bad, eh?"

"Listen Bob, I'll tell you for the last time that I wish you would let your hot ideas about riding the Freshmen cool off. You know as well as I do that the authorities have declared all forms of 'hazing' absolutely out of order. I know you don't like it, but you're liable to get yourself and all of us into trouble if you don't begin cooling off, and right now."

Page seven

"Say, Heinie, don't you worry about me. You may be the President of the Sophomore Class, but you don't have to get it in your head that you are going to be held responsible for everything that we do; and you can bet your Ph. D. that we'll do something, somehow. How about it, men?"

Practically all of his friends call Henry Clemmens, the President of the Sophomores, by his first name, but at one time Bob accidentally discovered that Henry did not care for that nickname "Heinie." From that time forward Henry was just "Heinie" to Bob.

Henry was probably justified in sensing a few difficulties ahead of him as the President of a revengeful Sophomore Class that was forbidden the use of "hazing." Any Sophomore President would think twice in such a predicament, and you may be sure that Henry's problems were not lightened in the least by Bob Ferguson's belligerent attitude and his uncanny aptitude for rounding up a willing and very able gang of subordinates.

"All right, Bob, have it your way," Henry was saying. "Nobody has ever succeeded in changing your mind, so I guess there's no sense in my attempting the impossible. Yet, one thing I don't understand is what you have against the Freshmen. Here are a lot of kids just out of high school, boys who have probably never been away from home by themselves before; now they are coming to live on our campus and you are acting as though they were your born enemies. What grudge have you against them anyway?"

"By George, Heinie, I could have sworn that you had the wrong slant on this Freshman Welcome business and I might have known better than to think I was wrong. Why, Heinie old boy, I haven't any personal grudge against these fellas. None of us have. It's just a matter of principle with us, that's all. Can you imagine what would happen if we sat back and let those swell-headed high school kids get the bright idea that the Freshman year in college is just the fifth grade of high school?"

A few of Bob's many supporters gesticulated their agreement with all that Bob could say and cast several reproachful glances at the audacious Henry.

"I suppose you think they'll walk in here and try to run our college the way they thought they were running their high schools." Henry was slightly ruffled.

"Think! Don't make me laugh, Heinie. Those fellas will make this place impossible with their high-hat ideas, if we don't set them in their places, pronto. We've simply got to knock that sophistication out of them. Why it's our duty to our college as Sophomores. That's what it is. And in the second place we're doing them a favor."

"There's a new one! It would take Bob Ferguson to explain how the Sophomore Class is playing big brother to the Freshmen, with the assistance of a paddle four feet long and three inches thick. Just try to make the freshies understand that."

"I wouldn't think of it. In the first place, those Freshies are so full of high school, senior conceit, and big ideas about taking college by storm that they couldn't attempt to understand it. Humility is the one quality they all need. You men know that. Without a little humility and respect for their superiors they will ruin themselves inside of one year. What's the answer? It takes a strong and dutiful Sophomore Class to teach them the valuable lessons of respect and humility and they will be the better men. What say, John?"

"Oh, a-a-a-a . . . You are perfectly right, Bob. A-a-a-a . . . I agree with you absolutely. It is our duty to make college men out of high school grads and that's that."

"Well, I can't say that I agree with you," Henry replied, not a little amused by John's willingness to be Bob's yes-man. "But before we begin paddling each other instead of the Freshmen, I move that for the present we forget this argument. This is only our first day back on the old campus and we haven't had a look at anything. Somebody told me that they built two dandy new tennis courts. Let's walk around a while and see a few of the old sights."

"I second the motion," chimed in Bob. "All in favor signify by saying 'aye.' Aye! The motion is moved, seconded and carried. Meeting is adjourned. Let's go, fellas! Maybe we'll find a stray Freshman to set on the straight and narrow path."

"Bob, you're a regular one-man society," laughed Henry, "but this time I'm with you. Come on!"

* * * * *

"Mmmmm . . . Boys, just breathe a little of this brisk, fall ozone. Makes me feel like jumping into my football togs and taking some fullback for a two-yard loss," exhaled Bob as he burst out of the side door of Chester Hall.

"Will you look at the gym over there?" Henry almost shouted in his surprise. "They've actually given it a real coat of paint. And did it need it?"

"And would you look at what's coming towards us, walking over there next to the gym. Men, it's a Freshman!" The glowing prospect of his first encounter with a freshman had Bob excited. "Let's initiate 'im with a real Sophomore welcome!"

"How do you know he's a Freshman?" The idea of welcoming any Freshman a-la-Bob Ferguson did not exactly appeal to Henry. "He might be an upper-classman for all you know."

"How do I know he's a Freshman? Say, the way

I feel, I could almost smell a Freshie around the corner," snapped Bob.

The boys had not walked more than fifty steps from Chester Hall when Bob made the discovery of what he claimed to be a Freshman and at Bob's command the little group halted to await the approach of the young man who had caught Bob's eye. From the two large grips that he was carrying, it was evident that he had just arrived on the campus and when he was within speaking distance and politely asked, "Can any of you gentlemen tell me where I can locate Chester Hall?", there was no longer a doubt as to his status. He was at that moment approaching the very building in question. As ever, Bob was the spokesman.

"Say, you! What's your name and what are you doing on this campus?" Bob greeted the Freshman with his gruffest voice.

The newcomer was surprised at Bob's attitude, to say the least, but he answered, "Kenneth Blair is my name, and I am attending school here this year. I am just looking for Chester Hall as I am to report there. Is this the building here?"

"Oh!" sneered Bob, ignoring Kenneth Blair's question. "So you're a Freshman. You know, I've always wanted to meet a Freshman." A few of the men laughed. "I suppose you are from the great little town called Paducah."

"No, I'm not from Paducah. My home is Clarion, but if you gentlemen will pardon me, I will just step by here and inquire in that building ahead."

A few of the men stepped aside when Ken moved to pass as he had indicated, but Bob had no thought of allowing a nervy, little Freshman to slip away from him that easily.

"Hey, you, just a minute there," Bob growled as he took three rapid steps and clapped his hand, none too gently, on Ken's shoulder. "Do you know who you are talking to?"

Bob's rough tactics riled Ken and as some of his "horse" sense probably informed him that he was only dealing with a bully, he answered Bob in an equally firm voice. "No, I don't know who I am talking to and I am sure that it doesn't make a great deal of difference."

"Oh, it doesn't make much difference, doesn't it? Well, you insolent Freshie, whether you care or not, you're talking to a Sophomore, Robert I. Ferguson, and the next time I ask you where you're from you're to say that you are from Paducah. Do you get me?"

"But I'm fr——"

"Never mind where you're from," cut in Bob. "From now on you are from Paducah and since you want to know, Chester Hall is back one block the

way you came and then two blocks to the right. Now get a move on!"

With this last command Bob took his hand from Ken's shoulder and Ken slowly turned to follow Bob's directions. Henry, who had been unable to do or say a thing up to this point, because of Bob Ferguson's aggressive methods, stepped up to Ken and hurriedly introduced himself.

"Pardon me! My name is Henry Clemmens, President of the Sophomore Class. This is Chester Hall right back here. Let me take one of your valises. They look pretty heavy. Bob is trying to pull one of his pet pranks on you, but I think you have taken plenty already." Henry's manner was almost apologetic.

"Thanks, Mr. Clemmens, I'm glad to meet you. My name is Kenneth Blair. One of the men at the entrance told me that I would find Chester Hall down this way and I guess you have saved me a good bit of useless hiking around. I want you to know that I appreciate it."

"That's O. K., Mr. Blair, but I would rather you'd call me Henry. Whenever anyone calls me Mr. Clemmens I always think he is talking to somebody else," Henry responded in his genial way.

"The same holds true for me, Henry, so you will have to think of me as Ken." Ken was impressed by Henry's gentlemanliness and his estimation of Day Town University was raised considerably.

"Well, Ken," Henry continued, "I suggest that we move along into Chester Hall and see whether we can get you settled. And as far as you are concerned, Bob, you had better wake up to the fact that your way of developing respect and humility in the Freshmen will not bring the least respect and will only arouse hatred instead of humility. According to your theory of initiation, you ought to be a perfect example of meekness, after the way you were handled by the Sophs last year. But instead, all that initiating has just made a first-class bully out of you. If I can do anything about it, no one is going to follow your example this fall."

"Aw go chase yourself," mumbled Bob.

"So long, boys!" Henry added, overlooking Bob's remark. "I am going to show Ken to his room. You men go ahead with your tour of inspection, but if you meet any more Freshmen, try to make them understand that we are more than a bunch of hoodlums. See you later! This way, Ken."

* * * * *

Again we have a moment's view of Kenneth Blair without company. This time Ken is not riding luxuriously in a Pullman Chair Car, but he may be even more comfortable stretched out there on the bed in his room on the fourth floor of Chester Hall.

As Ken has a single room, he hasn't a room-mate. Possibly this is the reason that he can day dream in peace.

"Boy! Oh, boy!" thought our college man (Ken has been attending classes for the past week) as he gazed about his room, but looking mostly at the ceiling as he was flat on his back, "that was a real job getting all those clothes unpacked and straightening out this place, but somehow I feel pretty much at home. I do sort of miss Mother and Dad and Johnny, but I guess I'll be able to hold out until Christmas. . . Most of the chaps in this hall are pretty fine fellows, but that Henry Clemmens is a splendid pal. When I come to think of it he's the man who has made me feel so much at home and so generally welcome. Was that someone at the door?" "Come in!"

"Oh, hello, Henry! I was just thinking about you when you knocked."

"Hello there, Ken. I ran up to see how you were getting along with your unpacking and incidentally with your new school work."

"You shouldn't bother me that way, Henry, but as I said when you got me out of that scrape with Bob, I surely appreciate it."

"That's perfectly all right, Ken. In fact, that's the only way for any Sophomore to welcome a Freshman. In my opinion, a Sophomore should do everything he can to make a new man feel right at home and to get him settled. I see you're all set for some real work."

"Thanks to you, Henry. Have a chair! I'll sit here on the bed. Most of the other men are still trying to locate their trunks and to have them sent up to their rooms or they are only half through unpacking. They haven't had the help that you've been."

"The reason for that is that last spring we did not know that hazing was to be forbidden and whenever our Freshman President called a meeting to discuss our plans for welcoming next year's Freshmen, some boys like Ferguson would get the whole class worked up over the idea of revenge, putting the Freshmen in their places and initiating them as all the larger and better known colleges initiate their Freshmen."

"Your mentioning Bob Ferguson reminds me that when you knocked, I thought at first it might be Bob coming to pay me a little friendly visit."

"You weren't actually expecting Bob Ferguson to pay you a visit in the middle of the afternoon, were you? Bob got away with his game too long to be so dumb as to work in broad daylight. Anyhow, the prefects had Bob spotted all week and probably wouldn't even have thought of letting him go to a Freshman's room. Evidently Bob

knew that too, because he did all of his mischief at night."

"Well, I'll be doggone! Haven't you heard a thing about the hazing that's been going on up here this past week?"

"No! The boys haven't said a thing about it to me."

"I told you once before that Bob is clever. Well, now I know he's even more than that. Here's what he has been doing."

"Wait a minute, Henry. You're talking Greek. First you told me that hazing has been forbidden on our campus; next that Bob has been barred admission to our floor; and now you intimate that he has been getting away with night visits up here for the past week and I haven't heard a word about it. Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I'll admit that it sounds like one of Ripley's stories, Ken, but you can believe it or not. I was at the meeting this noon with the President, Bob Ferguson, the prefect and two of the Freshmen from your floor and what you have just said is the absolute truth. Apparently Bob and his gang have been making regular calls on the Freshmen every night, but became a bit too daring last night when they took a bucket of water along with them on their visit to the Freshmen's room. After dragging them out of bed and giving them a good paddling and plenty of rough usage, Bob pulled his ace and gave them both a soaking. He only made one mistake and that was just one too many. He forgot about the chambermaid and when she came in this morning to make up the beds and found all the bedding thoroughly soaked and evidences of something like a riot all over the room, she went straight to the prefect."

"Do you mean to tell me that those two fellows didn't have nerve enough to see the prefect themselves?"

"Ken, you don't understand Bob's methods or you wouldn't be at all surprised at that. When Bob picks out his victims he takes the timid, retiring, inferiority-complexed lads and bravely faces them with four or five other bullies to help him. And by the time he is through with his initiating and threatening, they are quite glad to be good little boys while hoping that Bob won't be displeased with them and make a return trip to carry out his bogus threats. Oh, Bob is good at that all right! You notice he didn't take a chance on bringing his gang to your room and having you give him away. He probably would have liked nothing better, but he was too good a general to make an error like that."

"Do you expect that the President will be very easy with him or will he be suspended for this

monkey-business?"

"Well, Ken, he shouldn't expect too much leniency, but a special meeting has been called for tonight to decide what will be done with him, and since I'm President of the Sophomore Class, the President promised to let me know the decision right after dinner."

"How has Bob taken the situation?" Ken was beginning to wonder just how much Bob was going to be made to suffer for his foolishness.

"You have no idea what a change has come over Bob. Yesterday he was the biggest bully on the campus and at that meeting this noon in the President's office, he was so quiet and meek that I thought he might break down. He stood the test and he now probably feels like a murderer who is waiting for a certain verdict of first degree. Say, Ken, I didn't come up here to talk about Bob. You men who are Freshmen this year have a splendid opportunity to set a fine precedent next year in welcoming the Freshmen to our campus."

"I think we have a good chance to do some welcoming and initiating next year that will at least be a little better than Bob has done, but can't you persuade some of the men to still take action this year?"

"Oh, surely! We had a meeting only yesterday morning and voted that each man take a personal interest in one or more freshmen. Of course you are my freshman."

"And you are doing a good job, Henry. I'll vouch for that."

"I haven't started yet," Henry answered laughingly. Wait till I tell you what I have planned. First of all you have to see the campus. You have to get acquainted with the stadium, tennis courts, baseball diamond, gymnasium, library, dormitories, class rooms, and so forth. Not only that, I'll have to let you know all about the organizations at our University including the debating society, the newspaper, the literary magazine, the history society and quite a few other features that you should know. And then we Sophomores will have to help you Freshmen get organized and elect officers. We'll have a great time."

"How are the other men on this floor going to learn about these activities if somebody doesn't take a personal interest in them?"

"Ken, they just don't. Come on down to my room after dinner this evening, if you want to hear what happened to Bob Ferguson."

"Suits me, Henry. I'll be right down after dinner."

"Well, slip into your sweater Ken, we still have time to see the campus this afternoon and maybe

we can pick up a few more Freshmen who would like to see the grounds."

* * * * *

"Have you heard anything about Bob Ferguson yet?" Ken was in Henry's room, as it was then after dinner.

"No, not yet, Ken. But I expect to receive a message any minute now. They'll probably send a Freshman over here with the note."

"Before I came down I was thinking that we have been stressing the welcome part of our initiation, but we have utterly ignored the funmaking activities. When we plan our initiation for the Freshmen this spring, we will have to arrange to have some kind of a Freshman Holiday to stage athletic events and competition between the . . . There's your Freshman Messenger now, I'll bet. Somebody's at your door, Henry."

"Just a minute, Ken, I'll see who it is . . . Why, Bob Ferguson! I wasn't expecting you, but you can be sure you are always welcome. Come right in, Bob."

"Thank you, Hein . . . Henry, I thought I'd like to come over and talk with you; I hope you don't mind. Oh, I see you have a visitor. Hello, Mr. Blair, glad to see you! I a-a-a—, I came to tell you how sorry I am about all this crazy hazing that I've been doing. I feel as though I kind of owe you an apology, Henry, you being the President of our class."

"Forget it, Bob! Your pranks would probably be applauded as heroic deeds at many a college, but I am glad you are ready to be your old self again."

"Yeah! I don't know what got into me. Probably the rotten way I was treated last year had a lot to do with it. . . . Ken, I guess there is not much that I can say to you except that I'm sorry about the way I have treated you. I'll try to make up for some of what I did if I possibly can. You men go ahead with whatever you were doing before I interrupted. See you later." Bob walked slowly toward the door.

"Don't leave yet, Bob. Ken and I are just talking over some plans for a Freshman Field Day next fall and we were wondering how we could arrange for the Sophomores and Freshmen to have a little wholesome fun before that day and during it. You know, just some harmless pranks."

"What? You're planning a field day? You can bet your boots I'll stay. Not only that, but I've been forbidden to leave the campus for a month and I'm going to use all my spare time from now on, working out a program that'll give the Sophs so much to do next fall from September to Thanks-

giving that they won't have time to think about paddles, rough stuff, or buckets of water either, for that matter. And you can bet I'll be here to help you run the initiation the way you think it should be run." Bob was himself again.

"That will be great, Bob," Ken answered with a smile. But what can we do if the boys want to use the old initiating ideas?"

"Say, if I catch any of those thickheads wanting to do any of that so-called initiating, I'll ask the President for special permission to use an over-

grown paddle on them and as many buckets of water as the chambermaid will let me," laughed Bob.

* * * * *

With Ken, the President of the Sophomore Class of 1931-1932 and Bob his right-hand man, the Freshmen received a royal reception and a wonderful time. And Henry's prophecy that the next year's Sophs would set a worthy precedent in welcoming the Freshmen to the U. D. Campus was fulfilled, thanks to Bob Ferguson and Kenneth Blair.

Spring

By LOUIS A. OTTO

*O for thought to write a ditty,
Something witty,
Also new if you should ask;
Not about this hackneyed season,
For my reason
Would rebel at such a task.*

*Shall I write of lovers sighing,
As if dying
From their treatment by the fair?
Quite a theme these beings blighted,
Who, excited,
Knash their teeth and pull their hair.*

*Come, O Muse, can't you inspire,
For my lyre,
Nimble thinking in my brain?
If you would give inspiration,
Compensation
Would return in verse not vain.*

Justice

Sam Salino said there wasn't any, but—

By THOMAS DEVINE

NEW ORLEANS, in early January, was far from the worst place in the world. In fact, New Orleans at anytime was far from the worst place in the world. But that fact was far more evident in early January than at any other time. Delightful weather, innumerable interesting visitors, the native charm emphasized to a superlative degree and above all the Races that were in session at the historic old Fairgrounds. These were a few of the many things that contributed to the city's early January charm.

All these things were the contemplation of young Bob Barker, as he sat at a secluded table in the "Horse Shoe," a sportsman's hangout, just a little away from the famed New Orleans racing oval. Barker was just a kid, 24, to be exact, and he did not look even that. His youthfulness was betrayed by his hatless-collegiate appearance. Two years out of a Kentucky college, and yet, despite the fact that he was a former collegian and still very young, Barker, when in New Orleans in January, was in his element, because Barker knew his race horses.

As the ancient saying goes, Barker "was born and bred in ole Kentuck'" and like a good many such, from a very early age his chief delight had been race horses. While still in school he had been "pony prognosticator" for "The Call" and as such he had established an enviable reputation. It was a fact that was generally conceded, whenever the talk centered on the thoroughbreds, that Barker's word carried weight, because horses were his line. So when the "sheepskin" had been carefully tucked away in moth balls and college was a thing of the past, Bob continued to be "The Call's" racing authority. No gold mine, as far as salary was concerned, it is true, yet Barker realized that he was in a spot for something better because "The Call's" racing writers have that habit. Before Barker there had been Hadley, Sighmer and Doolan, and all three had gone up. Hadley and Sighmer to New York on "The Racing Daily," and Doolan, Bob's former boss, was at the head of the new sheet, "The Runner." "Good old Doolan," thought Barker; "when he left he had prophesied that he would go up before long, and if no one else saw to it he would."

Good old Doolan, he had kept his word. After Bob had been "The Call's" chief for a year Doolan wired him: "A place open. What is your answer?" It had been "YES," and that is how it happened that Bob Barker was seated at a secluded table in "The Horse Shoe" one January morning, enjoying New Orleans to its fullest. Bob Barker, 24, two years out of college; Clocker, Handicapper and Staff Writer for "The Runner," as breezy and as dependable a daily, doing with the activities of the thoroughbreds as you could find. "Not so bad," the youth pondered. He liked the work because it kept him close to horses, his first and he hoped his only love, and too, he was in constant contact with the glamorous and glittering crowd that goes to form the racing game's curious and ever zestful following. Then too, Barker had a reason for feeling good, he was "clicking." His stories were "it." Bob Barker, the moniker that was his own, was rapidly becoming recognized as nationally known turf expert and there was good reason for the same. Take for example, the story in this morning's "Runner" under his "byline" concerning Happy Deelark, the mite pilot that was setting New Orleans on fire; five straight winners yesterday and that's what Barker's story had related. Related in such a way that even good old Doolan had taken the trouble to say so. Features like the one on "Happy" were putting Barker over and making that pay check show sizeable increases.

Barker at his secluded table was busy in figuring out his "system horse" on the basis of the morning workouts. Serious business this. Opposite him and as deeply occupied, but in a far different pursuit, was Sam Salino, a 70-year-old owner whose half a century on the track had given him a vast store of yarns and taught him every angle of the tricky racing game. Sam, as was his daily habit, was perusing the sport sheet of "The Blue Grass Banner," which kept him in constant touch with things back home, the moves that were made at the Association oval, the ups and downs of his fellow-horsemen and other little sidelights. Yes sir! reading "The Banner" was a sacred duty with Sam and woe unto him who disturbed him. Barker knew the

law and that was one reason he was sitting opposite Sam. Alone someone might disturb him; but when with Sam not a chance, for everyone knew it was to play with dynamite to interrupt Salino when he was taking his daily dozen through the news sheet. Sam was a peculiar sort of a fellow, he seldom said much and he expected silence for the most part from others.

That was one reason Bob Barker, stopped calculating, sat erect, when Sam exploded—"Justice???—Hell—Not in this country." He didn't query as to why the exclamation. If Sam wanted him to know he would explain, if he did not, well that ended it. In this case Salino was to have his say. He pushed his highly prized "Banner" across the smooth top of the narrow table. "Read the paragraph with the circle around it," he commanded, and Bob did. It was short but to one "in the know" very pithy.

"George Janline, veteran owner and trainer of the horses racing under his name, will dispose of his holdings at auction, the day previous to the opening of the Spring meet here next month. Janline stated he was severing his connections as an owner-trainer because he could no longer withstand the financial burden of his losing stable. Janline has been closely connected with the turf for forty years."

Without uttering a word Barker shoved the sheet back across the table. He had known Janline, indeed they were very few who ever frequented a race track that did not know the amiable old Janline. From Connaught to Havana, from Acqueduct to the smallest of the tracks on the "leaky roof" circuit of the West, George Janline was a known and welcome figure, one of the remaining few who portrayed the dying vestiges of the fast fading but never-to-be-forgotten "Kentucky ker'uls." His tight fitting breeches, frock tale coat, snow-white goatee and pearl-handled walking stick had helped to build up racing lore.

In most sports it is a fast holding axiom that "the world loves a winner." Janline, the picturesque old gentleman of the track, had done much to prove that in horse racing they also love a loser. That is at least they love a good loser.

"Pipe that," Silent Sam commented, "Old Janline to retire." "They gave Tommy Lipton a cup for being the 'world's best loser,' George Janline would make him look like a novice at the game. Lipton drops eight series of races in about a quarter of a century or so and takes the silver mug. The 'Ker'ul' drops heat upon heat, day after day, for forty years and did you ever hear of his 'trophy case?' Not on your life, he took his beatings like

a man, and, except on rare occasions, all he ever collected was 'after the race razzes.'"

Barker, with his memory thus refreshed knew the story that some of the old-timers had told him time and time again. How Janline had always had a number of horses on his string and yet despite the long span he had been in the game there was never a real winner in the lot. He had thrown his charges in with the best of the handicappers; he had thrown them in with the cheapest of the selling platers and it was always the same old story: they ran last.

The wise-acres could not pick the winner and bet on him through the mutuals, but they would "jack pot" and wager on the horse that would trail the field, and almost without fail the winner by this method was "Ker'ul" Janline's entry. So consistent did Janline's horses prove in finishing far in the rear, that the crowd soon called them "Hero Horses;" they were so brave that they would chase the rest of the field in. "Janline's Hero Horses" became a standing joke on every track in the country. North or South, East or West it was all the same; if an owner was having tough luck and dropping lots of races they said, "He's got the Janline complex."

Only pleasure seekers out for a day's sport, who knew nothing whatsoever of the ponies, ever wagered on Janline's horses. These innocent sportsmen and sportsladies are of the type that bet on a horse "because he has such a nice name" or "I like his jockey." One other class also occasionally bet on Janline's entry and they were those who closed their eyes and ran their finger up and down the program and then wagered on the horse where the digit stopped. No "wise money" ever went on the "Ker'uls" horses. The "hardboots" laughed politely when given a tip on the "hero horses" but refused to "get on the line."

"I got a family to support. It is enough to feed them without asking me to buy hay and oats for Janline's nags. Charity begins at home. It's the Watson entry this time for me." That was the usual line the boys handed out. None of Janline's for them; at least they wanted a run for their ticket.

Of course the law of averages was enforced once in a great while and the scraggly boned runners bearing the Black and Gold of Col. George Janline would stagger across the finish line on top. And then the odds board in center field always was taxed to the limit to hold the figures, because when a Janline-owned colt or mare won, it paid off in box-car figures. Sam reminded Barker of this with: "Were you at Aurora last spring when the 'Ker'ul' scored his last win? 'Mad Madge,' three hundred

and twenty dollars for a two-dollar ducat was the return, and as usual he never had a copper on her nose. No wonder he couldn't stand it; a winner a year and then he is not in on his own secret when he stands a chance to get partially out of the red. If there was ever a 'game one' George Janline is it, and to think he had to be always on the short end of everything."

"You're right, Sam," Barker drawled after a brief silence; "the Ker'ul deserved a better fate, but I'm glad he is getting out. Some of the 'copy-starving rats' were about to crush his stout old heart with their crazy stories at his expense. Remember what "Easty" Legler wrote about 'General Grant' after the Derby last year. He took the race furlong by furlong and suggested various things the old war-horse and his jockey did by the campfires as they rested over night.—Oh, sure, I know as well as you do 'The General' was away back, but what of it? "Easty" didn't have to get on Janline about it. It hurt the old man and singularly enough he hasn't won a race since. I've written plenty about the old gent and I intend to write still more; some of it very shortly; but it always has been and always will be for the 'Ker'ul."

Sam Salino re-read the paragraph and muttered "George Janline—Tommy Lipton—Losers. Justice???—Hell—Not in this country." Then he folded the sheet, stood up, brushed an imaginary speck from his suit, turned on his heel and left the "Horse Shoe."

With his eye Barker followed the old fellow onto the street, murmuring the while to himself "Queer Creature," and yet glad that Sam Salino had been there that morning because he had given him an idea for another story.

Sidetracking that thought for the moment at least, Barker returned to his calculations. "50½ breezing with 122 pounds up for the ⅛ is good enough to let "Ticker" cakewalk in the third," he thought. "Ticker" in the third was the system horse for the day. And immediately after making that momentous decision Barker started for the telegraph office to flash that money-making news to the home office.

Once outside the youthful scribe allowed the warm breeze to ruffle his mop of brown hair, and he thoroughly enjoyed the process; so thoroughly, in fact, that he decided that instead of waiting for a car he would stroll the eight or ten blocks necessary to reach the office to file his wire. "Not so far and besides the walk may do me good. More time than money any way, so I may as well spend a little of the former and conserve on the latter." So saying, he began his leisurely promenade.

The ancient French atmosphere permeated every

step that one could take in New Orleans. Not that the town isn't strictly modern, particularly the section that Barker now walked through, but somehow, regardless of all the attempts of moderns to wipe out the influence of the city's early inhabitants, the Old World touch inwardly remained, although outwardly it was history.

As Bob Barker wandered his apparently aimless way down the cobblestoned street, he turned over and over in his mind the facts of George Janline that he knew and the additional information that Sam Salino had recently given him. One phrase particularly struck him; it worried him, that is worried him as much as anything ever worried Bob Barker, and that was: "Justice???—Hell—Not in this country." Right back of it was the thought that Tommy Lipton had gotten a cup and George Janline had not. Abruptly the young staffman of "The Runner" stopped dead and did a right turn which brought him squarely in front of a jeweler's window, with an elaborate display of trophies. Young Barker eyed them diligently, reached in his coat pocket, pulled out a bulgy billfold, glanced at its contents and then disappeared into the somewhat darkened recesses of the jeweler's shop.

When he re-appeared about ten minutes later, a glance at his billfold would have shown that it was no longer bulgy. But that item did not bother him; he had placed an order and dictated the engraving that was to go on the purchased product. "Was the pessimistic old Silent Sam Salino correct in his version of Justice? A few days would determine that," smiled Barker. Then at double quick time he set out for his downtown hotel. Plenty of work had to be done before he went to the track that afternoon, and he meant to have it done. The sooner, the better; for this idea of Sam Salino losing his faith in human nature was not at all to the liking of "The Runner's" clocker, handicapper and staffwriter.

New Orleans in late January was far from the worst place in the world. In fact, New Orleans at anytime, was far from the worst place in the world. But that fact was far more evident in late January than at most other times. Delightful weather, innumerable interesting visitors, the native charm emphasized to a superlative degree and above all the Races that were in session at the historic old Fairgrounds. All these things were the contemplation of young Bob Barker, as he sat at a secluded table in "The Horse Shoe," towards the end of January.

In the youth's hands was a copy of "The Runner," the paper which he served in the capacity of clocker, handicapper and staffwriter. The sheet was turned to page three whereon the young racing expert viewed with pride a full-page story and layout of pictures under his "byline." There was told

the life story of "Colonel George Janline." The main photo gave a close-up of the amiable old gentleman, who had made turf history, as he beamed from ear to ear while he received "The World's Trophy" awarded to the most gracious loser in the history of sports by "The Runner," America's foremost racing journal." . . . Bob Barker chuckled and murmured, "Wonder what "Easy" Legler thinks of that." Not that he cared a whole lot because the only message that really meant anything was in his pocket: A wire of congratulation from good old Doolan.

Again Bob Barker chuckled and then did what few men dared to do. He disturbed Silent Sam Salino, while that worthy was engaged in the daily perusal of "The Blue Grass Banner."

"Did you see 'The Runner' this morning, Sam?" Barker queried.

"No; why?" was Silent Sam's laconic reply. As an answer Bob shoved a copy of the sheet across

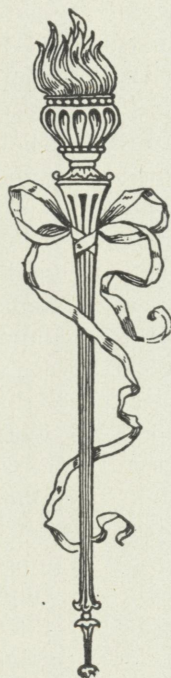
the smooth top of the narrow table and then tilted back in his chair to await whatever comments the aged owner sitting opposite him might have to make.

It was several minutes in coming, but when it did come it came with force. "Well, I'll be damned! George Janline finally won a cup."

A broad grin appeared on Barker's face and he asked; "Any Justice in this country, Sam?"

"Justice?? ?—Hell. Maybe after all there is. George Janline got a trophy."

And in order to give the problem more thought they both fell silent. But inwardly young Bob Barker was aglow, he had written another fine story and by that self-same story he had paid tribute to as fine an old gentleman as ever saddled a sleek colt and to another he had restored faith in humanity. Was that Justice? Who knows? Yet Bob Barker had his own ideas on the matter and he intended to keep them.



The R.O.T.C. Graduate and Active Duty

By WM. J. HOEFLER, 2nd Lt. O. R. C.

THE R. O. T. C. graduate is commissioned in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army for five years. If he permits his graduation to mark the end of all his military activities his commission will die a natural death after that length of time. He can retain his commission and gain credit hours by Inactive Duty and Active Duty. Inactive Duty consists of correspondence courses, contact camps, lectures and so on. Active Duty consists of attendance at some army camp. In my opinion Active Duty is the most interesting and enlightening phase of the whole scheme. Reserve officers are appointed to active duty with their own organizations, or attached to the National Guard. There are various methods for various branches of service, but the infantryman will as a rule fall under one of these two. The main camps in this Corps Area are Camp Knox, Ky., Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ft. Thomas, Ky., and Camp Perry, Ohio. The writer had the good fortune to attend the latter two during consecutive summers. That the R. O. T. C. graduate may receive some idea as to the situations he will encounter during his two weeks, month, or perhaps even six weeks of active duty, I will treat of my impressions and experiences of each camp consecutively.

With my graduation from the advanced course in 1929, in which I was far from the head of the class by the way, I was assigned to the 329th Infantry, whose headquarters were located in Cincinnati. A letter from that headquarters inquired whether I desired active duty or not. The 329th Infantry, which consists of all officers and no enlisted men, belonging to the Organized Reserve, was ordered by division headquarters in Columbus to take complete charge of the C. M. T. C. unit at Ft. Thomas from July 1 to the 14th, inclusive. On July the fourteenth they were to be relieved by another reserve regiment for the remaining two weeks. I felt that it would be better to accept active duty while the material was fresh in my mind. On the whole it proved to be the wiser course.

Here is my first hint as far as Ft. Thomas is concerned. Never take a taxi from Cincinnati to that

place. A Dixie terminal trolley will transport you there for an humble nickel. There were a number of fellow officers who learned this fact too late to save a heavy taxi bill. I reported to 329th Headquarters immediately. I was referred to the sergeant-major, a very efficient fellow, who had me sign several papers and produce in turn several copies of my orders. Before I had a chance to think I was assigned to barracks in A company, to the Casual Officers' mess and to the medical detail. The headquarters was functioning smoothly.

There had been practically no saluting in our R. O. T. C. unit. The knowledge of this form of military courtesy was brought sharply to my attention the minute I entered the post. Soon my arm grew weary of returning salutes. My first reaction was of casual indifference. Then I felt somewhat embarrassed and irritated. Whenever it was inevitable that I pass a group of enlisted men of the Tenth Infantry they seemed to make it a point to scatter in a long line, just enough to make it necessary to return each man's salute separately. I suspected deliberate design in this maneuver and learned later that others had had the same experience. As the days fled the problem of saluting became so mechanical and spontaneous that it no longer intruded on conscious thought.

The 329th was faced with the problem of organizing a mob of over eleven hundred boys into some semblance of a military unit. It was the first year the reserves had been intrusted with this responsibility and the regiment felt that it was up to them to make good. The first three days were taken up with putting these lads through the "mill." Three other lieutenants and myself were given a simple job of handing out Form 122 to the boys as they came through. Those faces were a study in expression. The old, medical sergeant, under whom we worked, thoroughly enjoyed it. The boys were loaded on trucks before they had a chance to draw a full breath. They barely arrived at Ft. Thomas when they were put in line before the medical building and run through the "mill." Their civilian clothing was confiscated for the duration of the

camp, and following the examination they were given uniforms. Their expressions consisted of bewilderment, dismay, fright, assumption of carelessness and occasionally downright arrogance. Many boys who could have not been over twelve or thirteen, bravely claimed that their age was sixteen. If they looked capable they were permitted to pass through, but many a youngster was refused by the medical colonel and left the hall struggling to keep his upper lip rigid.

My cadet uniform made an excellent dress uniform. If the reserve officer has no pecuniary embarrassments, there is no problem, but who ever heard of a college man with money? I found that a good deal of money could be saved by buying a campaign hat at the quartermaster's and adding the necessary cord and strap. O. D. shirts could be secured very cheaply there also. The shoulder straps could be added by the post tailor for the sum of seventy-five cents each.

We learned that many details of post life were not contained in the rules. Every post has its idiosyncrasies. As the colonel doth, so do the rest. It is not wise for a reserve officer, especially a second lieutenant, to question the legality of certain regulations.

I was assigned to Company A and given charge of the third platoon. The company was war-strength. The boys had never seen khaki or a Springfield before. However, they took very readily to discipline and absorbed the drill quickly. My fellow officers of Company A were Captain Schaeffer, Lieutenants Von Schlichten, Markey, and Homel. Homel was a Dayton man like myself. There were other Dayton men in the regiment, namely Lieutenants Makely and Marshall.

Those two weeks were no sinecure. I seldom worked harder in my life. Captain Schaeffer ordered that all officers stand reveille. That meant arising at four-thirty or five, as the tented area was over a mile, or so it seemed, from our barracks. I missed the first day. To my relief all the other lieutenants did too. The captain reprimanded us in an informal way. I felt guilty, but later I learned, from our first sergeant, that he had not been there himself.

The third day of the camp Colonel Newhall called a regimental review. Our boys had done nothing but march to mess in column of squads. They knew practically no more drill than that, and absolutely no manual. There were hectic preparations and then came the review. What a review! It will remain with me in my nightmares. In passing the reviewing stand we looked like the charge of the light brigade. My dismay was somewhat alleviated by the fact that others were in the same

predicament. The colonel rode up on a horse and shouted,

"Lieutenant, get your men in line!"

Fortunately I did not voice my mental reply. Finally by main force, at the far end of the field, I got my platoon into a column of squads and was about to give the necessary order to follow the second platoon off the field, when my second section marched passed me, headed for I don't know where. How they got there I never found out.

Our second and succeeding reviews were polished affairs. The C. M. T. C. outfit began to look like a real military machine. We got on well with the company. Whenever I was asked questions which were embarrassing, I referred the interrogator to the First Sergeant. I never realized until then what a blessing First Sergeants were.

We drilled with sabers. We borrowed enough from a Hamilton Military Academy to outfit the regiment. It took considerable practice to master this drill effectively. In our company we had a position known as the officer-of-the-day. This officer remained with the company twenty-four hours of the day. We took turns at it. One night I was faced with a grave problem. An officer rushed into the orderly tent and asked whether I was the officer in charge. I admitted the allegation. After violent language of some duration I learned that he had been struck by a large section of watermelon, that had come, apparently, from our company street. Of course my investigation revealed nothing. All seemed quiet and serene. The next day I made it a point to inform the company that it is a very bad policy to hit second lieutenants with watermelons. Another night I was called upon to get one of my boys out of the guard house. I eventually did, but at the same time I learned to hate boots, especially when they are wet. I vowed to have a pair of putts when I attended my next camp. I learned considerable of barrack life and drill at Ft. Thomas. I also learned that the less a second lieutenant says, the better. Consequently, whenever the officers of the regiment held their evening meeting I was quite content to listen. One grave question was settled at one of these meetings. A dispute arose as to who should furnish tissue for a certain latrine. The staff settled it with true military strategy by inquiring who was using the said building. I returned from Ft. Thomas with about seventy dollars in currency and a thousand dollars in experience.

This last summer, pleased with my first camp, I applied once more for active duty. I was attached to the National Guard for the encampment at Camp Perry. I was assigned to the 74th Brigade from July 20th to August 2nd. I changed to a troop train, going into Camp Perry, at Toledo. I was

astonished to discover that the enlisted men were carrying packs and seemed fully equipped. It was my first meeting with the National Guard. I made the acquaintance of a captain, who took me into the officers' coach where I met a very nice and friendly group. They were from the 147th Infantry of Cincinnati.

When I arrived at Camp Perry I made my way to the headquarters of the 74th Brigade. The commanding general was Brig.-General Henderson. I knocked on the door and was bid to enter. I was referred to Captain Thibaut, the adjutant. I was glad to meet three other reserve officers who had been with me at Ft. Thomas the year before. We were given tents at Brigade headquarters and spent the remainder of the Sunday there. The others reported to the 166th Infantry, while I was assigned to the 147th Infantry. At 147th headquarters I was attached to Company A.

I speedily discovered that field training was different from barracks training. We were always in field uniform and never were required to don the dress uniform in the evening. I found Company A already at drill. Her commander was Captain Rohdenburg. Her two regular lieutenants, Tettters and Beach, were assigned to special details. Lieutenant Richard Sherer, whom I discovered to be also from the University of Dayton, and I were assigned to their normal duties, though the lieutenants later took up some of them.

It was easy when compared to the tedious two weeks of Ft. Thomas. The company was well-trained on close and extended order drill. Their purpose at camp was range practice and field training. The company was peace-strength and consisted of sixty-three men. It was drilled as a platoon.

I quickly found that the regiment had invaluable world-war traditions and that many of her men and officers were veterans of the late war. It was with some trepidation that I faced the company for the first time and took command in some close-order drill. This feeling soon wore off as I observed the discipline was perfect. The non-commissioned officers took a good deal of pride in their office and were very efficient.

I found, or thought I found, two distinct types of reaction as far as the National Guard officers were concerned. One was of good-natured welcome. The other was a sort of resentment. Sometimes I felt that certain individuals looked upon us as in-

truders. I am glad to say that this feeling had worn away by the beginning of the second week.

The regiment possessed its idiosyncrasies, personality and distinct ideals. No matter how much contention goes on within the outfit, it is ready to defend anything against outside criticism. Reserves, when attached to the Guard, will do well to remember it is a good policy to, "while in Rome, do as Romans do." If they feel they have any criticisms to make, it is best to make them mentally. Such activities belong solely to inspecting officers.

The regiment spent a half-week on the rifle range. It was the nationally-famous range of Camp Perry. Many of our men qualified. Captain Rohdenburg kindly arranged for Lt. Sherer and myself to shoot also. I borrowed a rifle and, to my satisfaction, made the grade of "Expert Rifleman." I had failed to qualify at Camp Knox, by a single point.

The division review before the governor and the badger fight were the highlights of the second week. One amusing incident occurred during the review. The salute at retreat was fired and a few moments later a horse flew by at top speed, evidently frightened by the report of the seventy-five. Both mount and rider were not seen again during the review. The rider may have been able to stop him in Port Clinton.

There was a regimental review nearly every evening. The 147th drilled with sabers, though the 166th used pistols instead. As I said, it depends on the regiment. There were band concerts occasionally, in the regimental area or in the service club. The 166th claimed that their band was the better but I always thought the 147th band was just as good. One concert that they gave in the evening consisted of all classical selections, such as "Victor Herbert Melodies," "Faust," "Tannhauser," "Il Trovatore" and so on. Their favorite marching piece was the "Stein Song." Whenever we heard the strains of "Moonlight and Roses" we knew the 166th Infantry was out in force.

We lived under canvas the entire time. The tents for the most part were lighted. I requested lights in my tent but as no results became apparent I tapped the wires and ran a light in myself. Even second lieutenants must not expect too much.

I left Perry with genuine regret and a healthy respect for the National Guard. I am going to request active duty with the 147th again next summer. I do not think there is anything I can say that will express my feelings better than that.

It Wasn't a Perfect Crime!

By RAY BLOSSER

A dark figure, which was a mere vague outline, dramatically issued from the house amid the snow which was fast submerging all of New York. A chance listener might have heard a muffled crack, which might have been a shot from a silenced automatic. It probably was, for the figure reeled drunkenly and slowly crumpled to the snow-covered ground. Two more of the same sounds followed, and then—silence. The snow continued to fall, and the other millions of New York went on their way, unconscious of the fact that Nick Somari, known the country over for his gangland exploits, was now dead.

Five minutes later, two blocks away, Smoky Zapiki started his car, all the while congratulating himself on the effective way in which he had carried out the killing of his most-feared enemy. "I didn't waste no time bumpin' off that guy," Smoky muttered to himself. "That rat won't muscle in on my business any more."

Smoky drove fast. He had to keep a schedule, but first he must rid himself of a few things. No use taking chances for a few bucks. So Hudson fishermen were quickly enriched by a pair of shoes and a gun, for, Smoky reflected, those bulls weren't going to get him by his footprints or by that gat. Those damned cops were getting too clever, with all of that new bullet crime-detection stuff, but they were going to get one put over on them this time.

Smoky drove as fast as he safely could. But still, no use getting off the pike and gumming things up. The pavement was plenty slick. Why shouldn't it be, right in the dead of winter, and snow falling as steadily as the stock market during the crash?

On and on he went, and finally pulled into a New Jersey city some 200 miles from the metropolis, where in twenty minutes the fast Florida train was scheduled to make a ten-minute stop. Smoky idled munching on a sandwich and sipping some deadly black coffee, and carefully thought over his plans.

Three minutes late, a whistle announced the arrival of the passenger. With a rumbling, a jarring and a crashing it slowed up, stopped, and travelers began to issue. It was just before daybreak, Smoky pondered, when a short man who might well have been Smoky's twin approached and greeted him. Smoky looked around carefully, and no one was watching—apparently. "Everything okay,"

Smoky said and queried at the same time. "OK," was the answer, "here's the tickets, and it's berth 31." "The car's around the corner," Smoky said to the other, "you know where to put it."

Smoky entered, divested himself of his clothes, and got into the berth. Before long he was snoring, but was awake in an instant at the call of the porter, for he was almost to New York—the same New York which he had left in so great a hurry just a few hours ago. Despite the murder, the metropolis held no terrors for him—for wasn't he right on schedule, and didn't he have everything planned? Hadn't he been to Florida, and hadn't he been sleeping on the train on his way back from the Sunny South when the murder was committed? Who was to say that he wasn't?

The train pulled into the enormous station which is familiar to travellers the world over, and Smoky briskly descended the steps at the side of the Pullman, hailed a taxi, and went to his apartment. Upon dismissing the driver, he gave him a ten dollar bill and told him to keep the change. Smoky had his reasons—he wanted to make sure that the driver would remember him.

The next two hours were spent in a barber shop and Smoky came out looking almost like a different character. His appearance was immaculate, his hair neatly trimmed and his face nearly sunburned to a tan.

Smoky proceeded back to his apartment, idling along, planning his course of action. Ten to one he would have company when he got back. Oh, well, he was ready. Let 'em be there. He'd fool 'em.

As he entered the door Smoky already had his hands halfway up, for he knew what was coming. "Put 'em up" resounded through the door in no uncertain terms. Smoky complied. In the room were four flat feet. Smoky was searched, his gun taken away, and handcuffed. "We're going to take you up for that Somari job," one of them said.

"I just got back from Florida" Smoky defended. "I got my tickets and I think I can remember the taxi driver who brought me home. I don't know nothin' about that job except what I read in the papers about it. I was on the train sleepin' when that guy was killed. The trouble with you damned cops is that you think you can haul an honest guy in anytime you wanna. Look at this sunburn I

have and tell me that I haven't been in Florida. It's winter here and you don't get sunburned here while it's snowin'." It was a long speech for Smoky, but it had its effect.

The detectives were taken aback for a moment, but then one of them, quicker-witted than the rest, saw a flaw. "I don't know where you got that sunburn, but you must have done the job. The murder was too late for the morning papers and the afternoon editions aren't out yet. Come on in, Smoky, we've got you."

You will perhaps wonder why the papers couldn't get any pictures of Smoky while he was being tried, when he got life. It was because Smoky was sore at the papers, and wouldn't pose. So they had to use the federal plates—those with the numbers underneath.

And the sunburn? Well, barber shops are useful for more things than a haircut. Haven't you heard about those new-fangled artificial sun treatments?

To My Mother

By LOU TSCHUDI

*I dedicate these lines to One,
Who loves her most unworthy son.
The blue that crowns the sunlit skies,
Blends with devotion in her eyes.
Their glow recalls her fond caress;
My childhood days; her tenderness.*

*When I would falter on life's road,
Her Sweet smile helps to lift my load.
And though some day the world's acclaim,
Might link itself unto my name;
Far more than fame and gold to me,
My precious Mother e'er shall be.*

Artifice

By REGINALD PRICE

SEVEN o'clock, and the street, after the jostling crowds of five and six, seemed almost deserted. A faultlessly attired young man strode up and down the sidewalk immediately before the courthouse. The ever-increasing number of cigarette stubs smouldering on the concrete of the sidewalk, and the young man's incredible solicitude for his watch, to say nothing of his sudden and somewhat over-enthusiastic interest in exercising his lower limbs, rather gave one the opinion that he was about to be joined by one of the mutable sex. The fact that he strode the sidewalks a minute after seven, although he had made the appointment for seven, is not to be taken as any indication of intellectual ill-health, for Johnny Burke was a cunning little fellow. As a matter of fact, his unheard-of credulity was a direct result of his sanity in abstaining from the supposititious pleasures of feminine company. All young men have pitiful illusions regarding women, until they begin keeping company, and Johnny being otherwise than sane for the first time in his life, was about to be disillusioned. However, sympathizing in all sincerity with Johnny, we cannot find cause to greatly deplore the mutability of feminine minds, if you will pardon the degradation to the term, due to the lamentable fact that his pocketbook was appallingly full of emptiness. Under the circumstances, the young lady need not feel slighted because of the fact that Johnny's watch once again resumed its accustomed reliability, and that it was with decided evidences of relief that he welcomed the half-hour chimes of the big clock above the city hall, (oh yes, they always wait that long, the first few times.)

Among Johnny's numerous pet theories, if they may be so called, was the one about Fate. Johnny firmly believed that Fate is wont to give us "breaks," with due apologies for the use of the vernacular, and that failure to profit by the advantageous use of the said "breaks" invariably incurred the enmity of that otherwise impartial being. And being of a conscientious nature, Johnny proceeded to make use of the added time given him by Fate, in order to procure the pecuniary requisites of a bigger and better impression to be made upon the "most beautiful woman in the world."

Toward noon of the next day, Mr. Aaron Goldmann, of Goldmann & Jacobs, Pawnbrokers, rubbed his hands in anticipatory glee as he viewed the hesitating attitude of a young man on the sidewalk. The door finally opened to admit an enormous bow tie, and a gaudy, if rather threadbare suit, with the added embellishment of a few splashes of oil color, and last but not by any means the least, the wearer of the apparel, to all outward appearances, a poverty-stricken artist. And, as if to verify the impression, the youth, not without some difficulty, extracted two slight canvases from the cavernous recesses of his ample coat. However, Mr. Aaron Goldmann was destined for a disappointment, for in the ensuing brief moments, he learned that the young man was not at all desirous of pawning any article, that he was not by any means in dire straits financially, and that his one and only object in invading the threshold of Goldmann & Jacobs was to ask the kind Mr. Aaron to be so good as to keep the two pictures while he partook of some nourishment in the restaurant across the street. Disgruntled at the utter collapse of his expectations, Mr. Aaron was inclined to be unaccommodating; however, upon being assured of the young artist's patronage in the future, Mr. Aaron became sufficiently mollified to grant the little favor.

Mr. Aaron's knowledge of the relative values of paintings was very much likened to his information regarding the traffic laws prevailing in the hidden city, a subject upon which he was profoundly ignorant, and consequently the two canvases were vouchsafed little attention. Having laid them face upward on the counter of the long table, Mr. Aaron resumed his seat in his comfortable rocker and awaited further developments.

The young artist couldn't have been in the restaurant more than a quarter of an hour, when a somewhat elderly gentleman of well-to-do appearance, strode out of its swinging doors. The eager, beady eyes in Mr. Aaron's puffy, round face lit up as the man of well-to-do mien made a bee-line for the offices of Goldmann & Jacobs, and his pudgy little hands began their mysterious motions, which were not unsuggestive of a person performing an ablution. Entering, the elderly gentleman, in a

calm and detached manner introduced himself as a certain Mr. Henry Lakington, well-known connoisseur of antiques. By way of explanation for his presence in the offices of Goldmann & Jacobs, Pawnbrokers, Mr. Lakington vouchsafed the information that he was in quest of further additions to his valuable collection. Deliberately, then, and without uttering further comment, Mr. Lakington began a leisurely inspection of the heterogeneous array of trinkets displayed on the numerous glass-enclosed shelves. The pudgy little Mr. Aaron, from his point of vantage behind the counter, anxiously followed Mr. Lakington's dignified movements. Now and then the connoisseur would pick up an object or two, but invariably put them down again after the briefest scrutiny. Suddenly however, Mr. Aaron saw him give a little gasp of surprise and dart forward; Mr. Lakington picked up the two canvases almost reverently, and this time, failed to put them down. But the next moment, Mr. Lakington, the connoisseur, was once again nonchalant, as if he had donned a mask at the realization of the presence of Mr. Aaron Goldmann; and in a voice obviously casual, he inquired how much Mr. Aaron wanted for them. Mr. Aaron was very much dismayed; the paintings did not belong to him; he was merely keeping them for a young man while he ate his lunch. Mr. Lakington then expressed his deep regret and mentioned that he would have been willing to pay as high as three hundred dollars for the one and at least two hundred for the other, but since they were not for sale, . . . and he made as if to leave. But Mr. Aaron was possessed of an idea. Perhaps he could induce the young man to part with the canvases for a reasonable price; perhaps he could make a tidy little sum in the transaction. Would Mr. Lakington call again later in the day? Mr. Lakington said he saw no objection to his doing so, and it was arranged that he call again at, oh, say about five.

Mr. Lakington had been gone but a few minutes when the young artist returned. Mr. Aaron Goldmann was beside himself with worry, lest the young man should not wish to part with the paintings, but bearing in mind the lesson he had just received when the elderly Mr. Lakington betrayed himself

with an uncontrolled start, the pudgy little man chose his steps with painstaking care. In a manner that was perfectly natural, he inquired of the young man whether or not the canvases were of any value. The young man shrugged his shoulders, and said he didn't think anyone would pay any sum exceeding say fifty dollars for the pair, but that they were of value to him as he had taken a fancy to them. Mr. Aaron was fairly bubbling over with suppressed excitement but with an effort he controlled himself and said casually that he also had taken a fancy to them and that he was willing to pay a hundred dollars for them. But the youth laughingly said that ridiculous though it may seem he would not part with them for less than a hundred and fifty apiece. Mr. Aaron figured rapidly and considered two hundred dollars sufficient compensation for his trouble in making the transaction, and accordingly offered the astounded young man the three hundred he had quoted as his price. But now the shrewd little man could see the young artist was becoming suspicious and in order to allay his fears, or rather his surmises as to the real value of the paintings, Mr. Aaron appeared to be about to change his mind as though he realized the folly of paying three hundred dollars merely to satisfy a fancy. The young man did not fail to notice the hesitation manifested for his benefit, and promptly accepted the sum.

With three hundred well-earned dollars in his pocket, one would think Johnny Burke would choose to be sane; but no, not Johnny,—he must squander it on "the most beautiful woman in the world. However, as I believe I have said previously, Johnny was merely inexperienced, and with his brain, learning better is merely a question of a little time.

As for the avaricious Mr. Aaron Goldmann, we shall leave him to his eternal vigil for the return of the elderly Mr. Henry Lakington of 1313 Vanishing Avenue, Necropolis. It might interest you to know however, that Mr. Jacobs, of Goldmann & Jacobs did not feel inclined to join in the vigil and as a result, poverty-stricken artists now have two pawnshops to patronize.

Man and the Moon

By HOWARD R. HOUSER

AS the dusk of evening crept slowly over the valley and cloaked the massive ironwork in its friendly shadow, one forgot, momentarily, the unsightly, rusted girders, and the wilderness of vegetation which had gradually crept over and around the steel framework, converting that little spot, where once the clamor of industry was heard both day and night, into the only thing which it could be likened unto, a scene of wild desolation. Then the sun, setting beyond the far distant hills, sent out one last beam of light, which, by chance, fell on the old tower, crowning it with a golden halo, while flecks of brightness darted among the steel girders. Under the magnetism of that glorious light, the tower assumed a majestic appearance which brought crowding back, vivid memories of a day, just sixteen years ago, when the eyes of the entire world were turned towards this little valley and this time-ravaged tower. Sixteen years ago, though it seems as if it were but yesterday, the faculties of everyone, whether he were rich or poor, young or old, were trained on this spot, for from here it was that man first made an actual attempt to reach the moon. The story of that enterprise is the story of two intrepid adventurers who, in failure, achieved the greatest success.

To write in detail concerning the events and the circumstances which led up to this flight, would be the work of years, for it would, out of necessity, be a history of the world. From the dawn of civilization, and, perhaps, for centuries before, man has worshipped the moon; he has contemplated the moon and felt a renewed serenity as the result of this contemplation. Once man venerated the moon and worshipped it as a god, and then, in a later period, after Galileo had conceived and made the telescope, he began to study it. When man first thought of conquering or, at least, of flying to that only satellite of our earth, is largely a matter of guess. Perhaps Jules Verne, when he wrote, "A Trip to the Moon," put the notion into the minds of men; at least, we do know that man began experiments to bring such a dream to culmination, shortly after the publication of that story.

Scientists early discarded the theory of Verne that a projectile from a mammoth gun could be hurled to the moon, and worked instead, upon the

invention of a rocket which would be capable of making the trip. Professor Herman Oberth of Germany, and Professor Godard of this country, were the most successful of the many scientists engaged in experiments with rockets in that they were able to successfully launch models. They learned, in the course of their experiments, that a rocket depends for its propulsion on the kick given by the explosion of some propellant agency, that is, the rocket is driven forward by the recoil. The fact that the outer atmosphere of our earth is believed to be a vacuum, would not hinder the efficiency of a rocket, for the kick of the explosion would be just as powerful in air since the push would be against the gases formed by the explosion; and, indeed, the rocket would travel faster, since there would be a lack of atmospheric reaction.

However, the scientists could not tell for a certainty whether the outer atmosphere was of a high or low temperature nor how much the pressure decreased. Then, too, the rarefied gas, sixty miles from the earth's surface, is charged with electricity; and these factors combined to present an extremely hard problem for the rocketeers. In order to successfully launch a projectile to the moon, it was first necessary to invent a mechanism capable of conquering the earth's force of gravity and of maintaining its motion against that force, as far as the boundaries of the gravitational field.

A German, Dr. Herman von Dentlinger, was the first to achieve success in this field. After receiving his doctor's degree in science and in philosophy from the Berlin Academy of Science, Dr. von Dentlinger (a typical German, rather short in stature and inclined toward rotundity) devoted the next seventeen years of his life in experimental research at the Berlin Rocket Research Airdrome. This field, lying just outside of Berlin, was the first experimental airdrome established in the interest of rocket research, a research which was followed in an attempt to discover a faster method of sending mail to the United States. Von Dentlinger, when he entered the Berlin field, cut off all his contacts with the outer world, and the seventeen years which he spent in poring over books and figures, constructing models and tearing them down, and laboring day and night in the chemistry laboratory, were

seventeen friendless years. Then, suddenly, dissatisfied with the management of the experimental work, he announced his retirement. For five years he passed beyond the ken of man; his whereabouts were unknown to even those few of his collaborators at the Berlin airdrome.

The return of the admirable doctor to the public eye, was marked by a fanfare of newspaper publicity, for von Dentlinger announced that he not only had discovered a fuel propellant capable of propelling a huge craft, but also had discovered a steering mechanism which would enable it to reach the moon. The man in the street ridiculed the thought that one could fly to the moon, but the scientists, at first, entertained and even encouraged the thought, in the belief that they, perhaps, might learn what the propellant and the mechanism were. The doctor, however, kept his discovery a strict secret, and endeavored, in the meantime, to interest someone in his project, someone who would give him the necessary financial backing.

The scientists turned against him, finally, and Germany, usually foremost in scientific matters, could offer only sarcasm and ridicule to the aspirations of the much misunderstood doctor. Grown bitter and vindictive in the face of adverse criticism, during which he saw his project spoken of in the newspapers as Dentlinger's Dream, the weary scientist turned toward the United States for his financial backing. It was in New York City that von Dentlinger encountered destiny in the shape of Sandy Rayburn. To understand the consequences of their meeting, one has to know a few details concerning Sandy.

There was a time, not many years ago, when Jack Rayburn, then a young man of twenty-two years, with a shock of sandy hair topping six feet two inches of strapping manhood, rose overnight to the pinnacle of elusive fame. His lone-hand, non-stop flight around the world was only paralleled by that flight of another modest, young American, Charles Augustus Lindberg. With fame came the opportunity to reap a moderate fortune, and this opportunity, under the shrewd business mind of Rayburn, was turned into a reality. Then followed his marriage into a wealthy New England family, and Sandy settled down to a life of ease and comfort; and indeed, if that great jester, Fate, had not taken a hand, Dentlinger's project would probably have become a dream. But one sad day—to be quite truthful, it was a brilliant summer day with the whole world in blossom—Rayburn's whole life was thrown into chaos, for his wife, an accomplished aviatrix, and his three-year old son were killed on an attempted take-off, when the plane, which was being piloted by Mrs. Rayburn, caught

on some high tension wires and crashed. For months after the calamity, Jack was broken in both mind and body, in fact, he had not recovered from it on that day when he ran into Dentlinger.

That aptly describes the meeting, he ran into Dentlinger, or rather, the doctor ran into him. The worthy scientist, in a furious mood, after a lengthy argument with some of the American intellectuals at the Scientist Club in New York, rounded the Times Building, from the Seventh Avenue side, rather hurriedly and drove pell-mell into Rayburn, staggering him against the building. At the instant, the doctor became profuse in his apologies:

"Ach! I am so sorry. You are not hurt, mein friend?"

"Oh, no, just a little winded. You caught me unawares, Mr. —"

"Doctor Herman von Dentlinger, mein friend. I was in rather an angry mood, and quite thoughtless of the others around me."

"Doctor von Dentlinger? Not by any chance the rocket experimenter?"

"Ach, yes, the same. I believe that I am now the most famous lunatic still roaming at large, eh?"

"Well, doctor, I have been very interested in your experiments, and I assure you that I am heartily glad for this opportunity to speak with you. But allow me to introduce myself. I am Jack Rayburn."

"Rayburn! Ah, but the gods have been good to me today; you are the very man whom I wanted to see. Are you busy today? Would you care to lunch with me? I believe that I can tell you something in which you will be very interested. Will you do me the pleasure of becoming my guest?"

"Well, to be frank, I haven't any engagement, and . . . well, certainly I would be delighted to dine with you."

History does not record what was said nor what occurred at that luncheon, yet with that conversation the environment and the thought of every man was changed, for Rayburn, shortly afterwards, announced that he intended to promote the Dentlinger Dream. That is how this valley became, for a short while, the most famous spot on the map, and how this desolate tower came to be constructed.

Our little community awoke one morning to find a small army of skilled mechanics busily engaged in building an extremely modern, if small, factory and blast furnace on the old Rayburn homestead. Naturally, all of us were interested in the work, and proud that our community was to be the center for such a venture. We used to gather around the wire stockade, which enclosed the various shops, and speculate on the nature of the various odd pieces of machinery which were shipped in by train, on a

siding from the main line. Daily we watched the tower rise foot by foot and we wondered how soon it would be completed and how soon we ourselves would fly to the moon. With the completion of the tower, the work seemed to reach a standstill, for, though Dentlinger and Rayburn were continually experimenting, yet no actual progress was noticeable.

As the years passed, the tower became a familiar landmark, but it was no longer an object of interest. Just as our interest lagged, so also did that of the newspapers, which, with the advent of Rayburn in the project, had devoted much space to the feasibility of the plan.

Then, one day, the magic word was spread through the town that the projectile was completed and an attempt to launch it would be made immediately. The word was sent to neighboring towns, and, within the hour, messages were being flashed to the ends of the earth that man was ready to begin his conquest of the planets.

This tower was the center for many eyes that day, as the entire countryside turned out to witness the gala event; later, travelers from all over the globe came out of morbid curiosity to see it. But on that never-to-be-forgotten day, the tower held an aluminum projectile, high-polished and tapered at the nose, and which was some eighty-five feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. It did, indeed, resemble a monstrous air bomb. Von Dentlinger and Rayburn, for they had announced their intention of being the ones to make the trip, were to ride in the cushioned, forward chamber, while the fuel for the rockets was stored in the rear of the living quarters. What that fuel was, I suppose, will never be known, for von Dentlinger retained his secret until the very end. It was believed at that time, however, that a mixture of alcohol and liquid hydrogen was used.

Dentlinger used a triple rocket, that is, he had two series of rockets, one, supposedly, of alcohol below, and the other of hydrogen, above, and an auxiliary or shearing rocket in the center. The shearing rocket, when ignited, supplied the propulsion required to start the car on its long journey. The initial speed was low, but, as the velocity increased and the flight became higher and higher, a stream of atmosphere was reached in which the hydrogen ignited. The explosions of the rockets were not in series but were continuous, in order that the necessary propulsion might be supplied.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when two men climbed into an opening near the nose of the rocket plane. At the sight of these figures, a feeble cheer, which was quickly checked, arose from the onlookers. After Rayburn and von Dentlinger

had entered their plane, a tense silence fell over the valley; and then, at exactly four o'clock, there was a low rumble followed by staccatic explosions and another dream of man was launched. The sound of the rocket as it passed quickly out of the guide rails of the tower and hurtled along in flight, was like the moaning of a huge projectile from a large gun, or rather, like a long drawn out rumble of thunder, which, with height, changed into a shrill scream. The rocket-plane, in a flash, passed from sight amidst the clouds; indeed it was afterwards estimated that the plane had an average velocity of 1.6 miles per second or of 5000 miles per hour. If this were true, then the two hardy explorers of the unknown should have reached the moon within forty-eight hours: such, unfortunately, was not the case.

Although the rocket passed from the sight of those millions who were gazing heavenward that day, those few men of knowledge, in their large observatories, were able to mark and observe the journey of the plane. With the coming of darkness, the people on this planet renewed their humdrum existence, yet all entertained some thought of those two men who were going to a far more distant planet than the one which they had selected as their destination. Astronomists at the Mount Wilson Observatory reported that at exactly eight and one-half minutes until nine P. M., Pacific time, a white flash, like the light from a falling star, was observed directly on a line with the route taken by the rocketeers. Several other observers verified the fact that such a flash did occur, and this phenomenon was attributed only to an explosion on board the rocket. Except for one other incident, that was the last ever seen of the first rocket launched toward the moon.

What the cause of such an explosion could have been, for surely it must have been an explosion, since the plane could no longer be traced in the heavens, became the subject of many a conjecture.

Some claimed that there was a much greater atmospheric pressure than imagined; others claimed that the plane had collided with some planetary body; but the theory advanced by Professor James R. Beckman, dean of the electrical college at Columbia University, was the one which was most generally accepted. Professor Beckman stated that the heat generated by the friction of the atmospheric gases against the rocket had caused an explosion of the reserve supply of fuel in the plane.

The remaining incident in this compilation of facts concerning the first attempt to reach the moon was narrated by the passengers and the crew of the S. S. Macedonia (Cunard line), sailing from Yokohama to San Francisco. To describe the in-

cident in the words of Captain Harold A. Thatcher:

"We were sailing on our course for San Francisco at an average speed of eighteen knots, when, at 11:05 a. m., August 17, at which time we were in latitude $36^{\circ} 55' 15''$ N., longitude $171^{\circ} 26' 31''$ E., the attention of passengers and crew alike, was attracted by a meteor off our starboard side. As the passengers rushed to the side of the ship, in order to witness this phenomenon better, the meteor, for such we supposed it to be, fell into the sea, about a quarter of a mile away, with such force that a slight tremor ran through the ship. All on board were, naturally, very much interested in the proposed Dentlinger-Rayburn trip to the moon, in fact, that project was our chief subject of conversation; and yet, we did not, at first, associate the falling of this supposed meteor with the rocket plane. I could not, even now, say positively that this falling star was the plane, but it did appear to be formed of a shiny metal, very similar to aluminum, although it was only about one-fourth the size of the rocket. It is quite likely that what we saw was the forward compartment of the rocket."

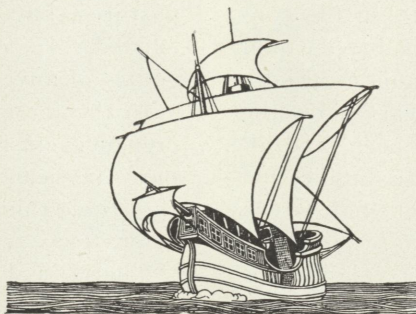
Of course, many fantastic tales made their appearance. Many passengers on the Macedonia

stated that they had heard cries of help as the meteor fell into the ocean; some even went so far as to say that they had seen men jump from the white-hot mass. Such tales were quite evidently far-fetched; still, one cannot help but consider how much better the fate of those two men would have been, if they had again reached the earth and had not, instead, become just so many atoms in our vast planetary system.

Even though these men failed, in that they did not attain their goal, yet their exploit was highly successful. They not only built a rocket capable of flight; they not only flew farther from this planet than any other man, but they also proved that the project of reaching the moon, or any of the other planets, was not impossible.

* * *

And now, once again, the moon, in all of its cold beauty, shines upon the old tower, creating weird and mystic light effects; and as one considers it, one cannot help but wonder if it is not smiling encouragement for the next man who will make the attempt to reach its surface, for, beyond a doubt, a trip to the moon will soon become a reality and there will then be men on the moon.



An Apology for Our Present System of American Culture

By CHARLES E. MARTIN

IN the last several issues of this magazine there have appeared several extensive and well written articles which have had, I believe, as their avowed purpose the examination and criticism of the existing spirit of culture which their author believes to be the present fault of our modern state of American society, as contrasted with the supposedly superior European culture. It is extremely assuring to learn that there exist on the Campus people who are apt disciples of that master of cynicism, H. L. Mencken, and are able to voice opinions which he himself, might be proud to have expressed.

It is to them that the following considerations are directed, so that, upon learning the errors of their ways, they may be able to readjust their notions concerning this "American Civilization." Accordingly, I shall turn to a close examination of the fallacies existing in the arguments as set forth by their authors.

Attention has been drawn by these writers to the superiority of the famous Greek school of philosophy, and it remains for me to voice loudly the fact that at no time in history was learning of any sort in the sole possession of the masses. On the contrary, an unbiased examination of the subject would reveal, undoubtedly, that learning, and especially such learning as would have any bearing on the general culture of a race has always been, and always shall be in the possession of an intellectual minority. Therefore, the assumption that Greek philosophy appealed to the people as a whole is decidedly erroneous, and I believe, should be promptly discredited.

Is it a too hazardous assertion to say that the Athenian youth enjoyed any better knowledge of the works of his contemporaries, say Plato, Aristotle, or any of the rest, than does our modern youth of Nietzsche, Kant, or Goethe? To the most of us they are only foreign names, and as far as any possibility of a familiarity with their writings—. Who, among us has even a passing knowledge of them and why therefore assume that the people of any other day did either? Therefore, I contend, that the error which exists in modern thought is enor-

mous. The whole system is based on a false premise—that culture is the attribute of the masses. If the truth is seen in the above statement, how then can anyone indict a whole nation for not having what was never theirs to possess? Surely, the logic is apparent.

One has pointed to the European Universities as models, surely he has not attempted to compare them with our many prairie colleges situated far out amid the cornstalks, and their brothers in the cotton belt? He could not have been guilty of such a thing. The German, who has been in the past attracted to some particular University found not a stadium, or a huge gymnasium to meet his gaze, but rather was only seeking the opportunity for sitting at the feet of some great personality. That is the true conception to have of the subject. These personalities were not Germans, were not Frenchmen, were not Englishmen, but rather were citizens of the world who had a message for the world and not for their own particular nation. Unfortunately, it has seldom been our luck to have a master arise up in this arid land and lead our sheep to green pastures, but one cannot say that they have not existed. I could name a score who rank as the equals of any from the European schools.

In the foregoing passages I pointed out the discrepancy existing in any attempted comparison of our American culture with that of the Greeks for the whole thing is only of a highly imaginary character.

Therefore I feel entitled to place the two questions on the same plane, for I believe that no one would even remotely contend that the culture of the European University has been permitted to permeate through to the masses. Therefore, why attempt to compare our Babbitts with their counterparts, the German Junkers? Our Dodsworths are undoubtedly in the same category. But, why not restrain ourselves to just a comparison of individuals?

Could we expect any better from a people who permit such fads to exist as Christian Science, or who would place the osteopath on the level with

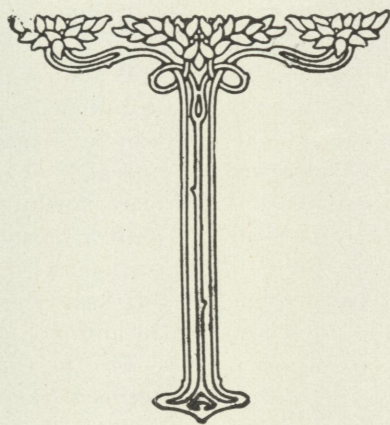
the respected physician? While complaining for our not being on the parallel with other nations intellectually, why can we not express some thanks for not being any lower on the scale? Surely, when we realize that in this country instead of possessing a democracy we are at the mercies of the dictates of the national synods of Methodist Bishops, should we be thankful? At least I am if for no other reason than that matters are no worse. Therefore be thankful instead of overly critical.

One of the last contributors has pointed out that any existing superiority of the foreign diplomat to our native son is due to his being endowed with the benefits of a liberal arts education. That is foolishness. The real reason lies in an entirely different direction. It is because they are hampered with what it is the American's misfortune not to be troubled with, the traditions of a family who have made their mark in history. That alone is sufficient to constrain them to the narrow path of duty. With that as an incentive, there has never been room for graft to enter; but now since the war, our diplomats are on a more equal footing, since through the workings of our martyred President, Woodrow Wilson, who introduced the benefits of Democracy to our

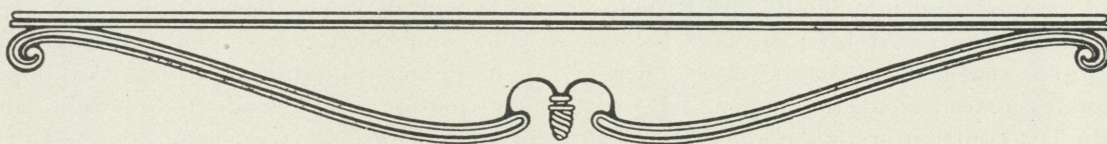
less enlightened brethren in Europe. And now, the student of history tells us that the plight of Europeans is no better than ours, so our fears are without any necessary substantiation.

I have mentioned "in this arid land" and shall dismiss it with little explanation save that statement made by Mencken, that the nobility of our American pioneer is purely legendary. He was one who could not under the existing conditions make a living in his native country. Was his a fitting contribution to be made to a virgin land which would by its very face demand the best of any people? Fortunately, Father Mendel's great work has been sadly misinterpreted; otherwise we would be in a worse position than we are now if all was truth which Mendel's exponents have claimed as being his work; and who wishing to credit to his good name, have attached to it, without any effort being made to prove the theories by fact.

Therefore I feel that under the enlightenment which I trust to have shed on the subject that it is more in order to give three cheers for Hoover prosperity and a two-car family than to stand off in an amiable state of criticism finding fault with things, which should be undoubtedly the subjects for our thanks.



EDITORIAL



BARRY DWYER, Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM HOEFLER, Associate Editor

Contributing Editors

ART FOCKE

J. REGINALD PRICE

CHARLES BOESCH

THOMAS DEVINE

N. DIDISHKO

CHAS. HELDOERFER, Exchange Editor

DR. LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

Your Editor is peeved; more than peeved, exasperated. With the feeling of exasperation comes one of near despair. It is one of those cases of "What can you do about it?" In this instance we can stand up on our legs to say that we do not like such-and-so and moreover tell why.

The first cause of bitterness is the award for familiar essay made by the Scholastic magazine. It was written by a sweet looking high school girl. It was entitled "God Dies." It was damnable poppycock. There are moments when it is useless to employ reason. The chief is when one is dealing with an unreasonable individual. Those are harsh words; they are meant to be. If it is reasonable to say that because we are able to continue our existence though ignoring God, therefore there is no God, it would be logical to say that because we are able to continue eating though we do not know anything of spinach, therefore there is no such thing as spinach.

But perhaps we take too much for granted. Perhaps this budding genius is one of the moderns who discard logic, save in one case; to prove there is no logic. Perhaps we may be hypercritical. Perhaps we are wrong in thinking that an essay should show some evidence of thought. But we think not.

We could be flippant in this matter, but it is no occasion for flippancy. When puerility is held up

to high school students as worthy of literary merit it is time to clear the decks for action. There are proofs of the existence of a Supreme Being other than His ability to aid in the recovery of mislaid clothing. We cannot take time to discuss these proofs. It is enough to say that they are within the reach of every unimpaired intellect.

Enough of that.

* * *

While on the subject of literature we would like to put in a complaint against that type of writing which is miscalled "realistic." It is a singularly unreal type of realism. The exact term should be materialism. But then only a few critics, and these with a morbid tendency to be medieval, designate realists as materialists. Only those still in the "dark ages" think that man is anything other than an animal.

The first purpose of these materialistic literati seems to be that of depressing the reader. They dig up all the mean and petty details in the existence of the characters to be presented and call the mess "life." They degrade the animality of man and ignore his essential spirituality. They would make instinct superior to reason. They would replace volition by the various desires and passions. The next thing they will have us whuffing around in the underbrush with the other wild animals.

Poor "lopsideists" they lead a haunted existence and spew out their horror for the world to behold; for which privilege the world pays about \$2.50 to \$5.00 a look. It wouldn't be so bad if they were sick only at segregated intervals, but it does become nauseating to scent their vomit constantly. Some sweet day they will be killed off by their own disease.

* * *

What has happened to the hero and heroine of fiction? "Where are the snows of yester-year?" They have been lost in the maze of thousands of "best sellers." But the reading public has suddenly discovered that they are not with us. That their places have been usurped by adenoidal young men and young women suffering from an eternal "hang over." The reading public has determined to rescue the favorite hero and heroine from the fearsome wilds where they have been so long lost, and to give the adenoidal young man and the sophisticated female gin swizzler the air.

Yes, this is the truth. We have it on best authority that young would-be authors, if they wish to make a mark, should return to the realms of imagination. They should abandon the headline snatching and gutter puttering. The next one to start off with the rattle of machine guns on a dark and deserted street will be promptly "put on the spot."

We will be there to cheer until hoarseness conquers the vocal chords.

* * *

The Freshman Class gave a dance. The dance was a success. It was something else; a new unit in the social life of the University. We said at the beginning of this year that the Class of 1934 would accomplish something during their passage. This is no time for an "I told you so," but it is a manifestation of things to come. We will say, "I told you so" in June 1934.

* * *

When this magazine comes from the press the school year will be in its last stages. Examinations and feverish days of waiting. Caps and gowns and visions of high success. Wait! Not yet. There is a little time before June comes in, or before the "Coronation March" is played for the procession of graduates and faculty. This is the period of waiting. Now we may have the double pleasure of anticipation and the knowledge that the climax is yet to come. But somehow or other these pleasures are hampered by anxiety or impatience. It is like waiting for the circus or for a long planned picnic when we were a few years younger. There was always a great dread lest it would rain or that something would happen to ruin our expectations. And every fine day that came along we would wish to be that day for which we waited. But then we changed our wish when that day ended, for IT was still to come.

We are not much changed.

* * *

There is an organization on the campus now going through the first stages of formation. It is a literary society. Its purpose is to recognize those engaged in literary activities.

We have needed such an organization for years. There was one attempt to do something along this line a few years back. It failed because there was an idea that one wrote to belong to the society rather than one belonged to the society because he wrote. A sad mistake. The attempt failed and no more was said. Now there is a new movement afoot. This will succeed in all human probability. Heaven knows it should succeed and that it is needed very badly.

Just now writers at the school are in a state of uncultivation. They spring up here or there, wherever the wind carries the seed. Some are abandoned for weeds. Some are discovered too late. Some are forced to bear fruit to exhaustion.

There is a great hope.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

ARCHITECT

HOWARD GERMANN, '01
Miami Savings Building
Dayton, Ohio

ENGINEERS

HARRY F. FINKE, '02
Finke Engineering Company
Dayton, Ohio

DENTISTS

DR. LEON DEGER, '10
Fidelity Building
Dayton, Ohio

DR. FRANCIS GAYNOR, '15
Brown and Warren Sts.
Dayton, Ohio

Joe Spatz

BAKERY

EAGLE AND MADRIVER
STREETS

Telephone Garfield 4899

Ask the U. of D. Boys,
They know!

The Joe. O. Frank Co.

BUTTER, EGGS and POULTRY

Quality Store—29 S. Jefferson St.
Phone Garfield 1747

PHONES
East 2819 and 589—Plant, Xenia Pike.

Tickle Your Palate with

REICHERT'S

WHOLESALE
BAKERY

Quality line of

Baked Goods

At your favorite grocer
or delicatessen

When in need of new Glasses or
repairs are necessary on the
old glasses, visit

L.M. Prince Co.

117 South Ludlow

OPTICIANS

Hollencamp's

SODA

In all Assorted Flavors and the Very Best
Just phone what you want and we will deliver to you

TRY OUR CEREAL BEVERAGES

"Golden Glow"

AND


"Dark Cream"

VERY REFRESHING

The Hollencamp Products Co.

TELEPHONE MAIN 433

Thanks!
We Saw Your
Ad in
The Exponent



*Have a date
with Mother*



Of course you're too busy to get home this week-end. But that's all the more reason why you ought to telephone home now.

Those weekly telephone visits let your family know you haven't forgotten them. Try a call tonight. By arrangement with your parents you can charge the call to your home telephone.

THE OHIO BELL TELEPHONE CO.

