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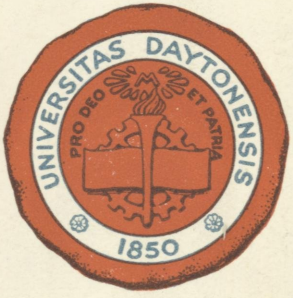
The UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT



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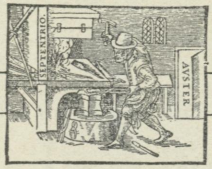
FROM GILBERT'S  DE MAGNETE —

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The University of Dayton Exponent

Published Monthly in the interests 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.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

Football Squad
Our Football Coaches
The Prep Team

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THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO

VARSITY SQUAD

Reading left to right: Top row—Virant, Miller, Schneider, Lange, Eikenberry, Fry, Moir, Wagner, Rodway.
Middle row—Kramer, Sayre, Blake, Hannigan, Bost, Scharf, Schaezler, Brown, Doyle, Murphy.
Bottom row—Caulfield, O'Shea, Achieu, Fulweiler, J. Mahrt (capt.), L. Mahrt, Monk, Eisele, McGriff.
Amersbach, Fischer, Taylor, Muehling (these four players do not appear because of injuries).

The
University of Dayton
Exponent

VOL. XX NOVEMBER, 1922 No. 9

Football

Sweet are the dreams of campus life,—the world which lies beyond
Gleams ever on our utmost gaze with visions fair and fond;
We see our fondest hopes achieved and on with striving soul
We buck the lines and run the ends until we reach the goal.

Keep coming back for all they've got and take it with a grin
When disappointment trips you up or failure barks your shin;
Keep coming back—and if at last you lose the game of right
Let those who whipped you know at least they, too, have had a fight.

You'll find the bread-line hard to buck and fame's goal far away,
But hit the line and hit it hard across each rushing play;
For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—
He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.

—Grantland Rice.

The Spirit of Football

ADES C. CHOLLEY

TO those who are not devotees of America's college game the word "football" has little importance and the intrigue of the science is meaningless and a dreary profusion of words. But to those who have experienced its spirit, "the call of football" with all its cherished reminiscences is intensely felt and heartily responded to. Any explanation of the game would be a laborious scientific thesis unable to really portray the game as it is. Football is a living science;—a science with a real spirit, and like any other spirit, it can be felt and perceived but not described. Of course the world would get along well without the popular sports but there is no denying the fact that it meritoriously holds a place in the heart of the American college student.

Football is uniquely a college game. It is to the American student what the Saturnalia was to the ancients. Abounding in animal instinct,—brute force,—survival of the fittest. The great motion that is exhibited creates thrills that are only responded to by the community of sentiment which exists in the student body. The brute instinct, so abundent in us all, here has a harmless outlet for pugnacity so scrupulously denied by the daily routine of studies. No sport gets so vitally a hold of the entire student body as football. The spirit of the game permeates campus life and takes healthy lodging in the heart of every red-blooded student. Men can be loyal without an effort or a quaver of conscience. Victory is anticipated without entertaining the thought of defeat. We are amazed at the loyalty which football commands. What other imaginable affair could have drawn eighteen thousand frantic Michigan rooters to our state capital? That contagious spirit generated by the student body is the life of the player on the field; it makes him give his last measure of physical sacrifice to his school and he is led without a murmur to the painful repetition necessary for teamwork. He is playing only to win and not for the fine points of the game as the European might play. It makes for a fulfillment of Theodore Roosevelt's statement: "It is good that the American ideal of a well-educated man should be a robust athlete rather than a pallid grind."

Seriousness in purpose is a characteristic of the athlete. Players desire to look as brutal and savage as possible. Often times the team which can take and give the most punishment is the victor. Players have been known to enter the game covered with mud, dirt, and even blood to frighten their opponents. This shows all the wild orgies of physical prowess, the grit and dogged fighting ability that football embodies. Thus in the frenzy of the raging battle we hear such familiar shouts as "get that guy" or "lay him out." The player is heated with the rush of the conflict yet cool with the discipline in which he is trained. In other words he must go madly insane and still keep his head at the same time. But this is all warranted and accounted for in that intangible thing known as football spirit.

For those who feel that such frantic devotion lavished on a game represents an unbalanced view of this particular college activity, we refer to it as an important preliminary to the great game of life. Like life it is a battle from start to finish against men with the same opportunities for victory as we have. Football teaches us never to be discouraged and accept relentless criticism without resentment; when the odds loom up like a Juggernaut, almost certain to crush us, we fight so much the harder. When we are knocked down we must jump up, and although we are knocked down again we must never be discouraged. It demands a mastery of mind over body, for clear thinking in the fracas is its absolute requisite. Then there is the valuable lesson of the result of team play; the whole college loyally supporting the team, coaches and management. If only we could carry our football knowledge into the practice of everyday life, what a splendid result it would have! We would be practicing that loyalty is greater than discrimination and we would feel that the crowd we are in is the best crowd of all. We would take orders and carry them out to the best of our ability, without asking why. We would use better judgment and act with greater precision.

So when we are playing the rough game of life and are getting ahead for a good gain and ill fortune throws us for a loss; when we are forced to punt out of danger and failure breaks through the line and blocks our punt,—then the spirit of football whispers its "never say fail" and we take heart and carry a career over the line of success, the goal of life.

Coming of Winter

FRANK POTTS, Prep

Falling and dying,
Withering, flying,
Rounding in circles down to the ground;
Mourning and muttering,
Uttering, fluttering
In stacks heaped profusely around.

Where has the Spring fled?
And is the Summer dead?
Ask the brown leaves as they fall to the ground.
Wafting and sailing,
Trailing and wailing
With a dull and funereal sound.

Darting and rustling,
Floating and bustling,
Ending in stillness on the hard ground.
Dashing and sweeping,
Creeping and heaping
On many a deep and high builded mound.

Sinking and grumbling,
Tumbling, mumbling,
Over and over down to the ground;
Shivering, shaking,
Building and making
Home for the hare and hunt for the hound.

Ceaselessly humming:
"The Winter's coming?"
Hurrying, scurrying down to the ground.
"Winter is soon to be."
Answers the mother tree,
Mourning her babes dead on the ground.

The Song of Roland

JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT

LONG before that time when to be prosperous was held a crime, there dwelt in the city of Ghent, Flanders, mine host of the Blamve Forre and his daughter Nele The Blamve Forre, coziest of taverns, was situated not far from the gates of the city and just beneath and in the shadow of a building with so high and huge a tower that it must needs touch the clouds. In the uppermost chamber of the tower, high above the roofs of the surrounding city, swung a marvelous bell named Roland upon which was inscribed this legend:

When I ring there is fire,
When I peal there is storm
In the land of Flanders.

Roland was a bell of the most wondrous properties. For hundreds it had been the pride and treasure of Ghent, loved by the lovers of freedom, feared by the lovers of wrong. To the depths and solemnity of its voice the men of Ghent came in and passed out of this world; to it they listened with wonder in childhood, pride in youth, with love in old age. Symbol of a thousand tablets of heroes, guardian of a hundred precious, its spirit was their spirit, its song their song. To its whisper there flooded out of the city gates and on to the neighbors' plains eighty thousand of armed men, a sea of steel to swallow the armies of kings. When Roland called, stout hearts leaped a horse and kings grew afraid. Its ring was the flame of battle, its peal was the storm of war.

The keeper of the tower was a young man named Peter, who lived with his parents in a modest cottage in the rue Heron, which was the street upon which the tower faced. His duty it was to ring the bell morning, noon and night. But on any special occasion when Roland's great voice was needed to crown a solemnity or give warning of danger, Peter was also authorized to ring it likewise.

Nele and Peter had grown up together from childhood until now many were the quiet hours between them. Most often they would be found in the dim twilight 'neath to the great tower talking in whispers for long hours of youth and love. Peter as like as not would beguile Nele with stories of Roland and the magic of his

great brass tongue which oft had made Kings tremble and stout hearts turn back. Long ago the story tells of deeds of oppression and wrong long lasting bitter days till out the darkness of oppression and wrong the great voice of Roland, booming ever his song of joy and right and truth. Blood has flowed in rivers but never the honor of Roland was tarnished. Ever the eighty thousand to the help of Ghent. A glorious tale Peter never tired of relating Forsooth he was proud of his custody of Roland and Nele was proud of her lover.

"And some day," she would say, "some day you, too, will rouse up the spirits of Ghent, to war with the spirits of wrong."

And Peter would only answer "Roland will sing."

Now about this time it was that the city of Ghent, secure in its ancient strength, refused certain taxes which the emperor had demanded So that his Imperial Majesty had grown very angry at the audacious burghers and swore to punish them in a severe fashion, even for an emperor. But the emperor swore in secret and Ghent paid no heed to it. For when Roland thundered in the morning, so gay and cosmopolitan a throng flooded the streets that one might think Rome was once again restored to her ancient splendor. Unmindful of the making of history the life of the city throbbed in and out of the city gates and all was a wonder and a maze and a confusion. It seemed for all the world that each fruiter and balser and candle-stick maker were more intent on the selling of his wares than anything else in the world. And in all Ghent there was to be found no more obliviously happy persons than Nele of the Blamve Forre and her lover Peter.

One evening of the warm summer time these two were seated alone in the area-way of the tower. Few words passed between them for the burden of the song of love lay heavy on each heart and bound each tongue. Suddenly they heard the quick, eager beat of horses' hoofs; immediately a horse and rider burst through the city gate and mad with the speed of the wind came to a halt before the Blamve Torre. Nele hurried in to see what the man wanted so late and in so desperate a hurry. Peter followed and inside they found Nele's father already exchanging excited words with the man the while drawing him a generous stein of Bruinbeer.

"The Emperor is coming," said the man. "The Emperor rides toward Ghent with four thousand and as many infantry. Alas Ghent will be punished." They questioned him further but that was all he would say. By that time the tavern was quite crowded, but the man broke through the press around and hastily mounting rode away into the heart of the city. Nele and Peter followed him out and

watched him disappear, a dark mote, down the rue Heron All was quiet again save for the hum of voices in the tavern.

Nele was picturing an old picture of a great press of peasants and burghers in holiday attire laughing and shouting, while through their midst rode a great entourage of knights and ladies surrounding one whom they called the Emperor And he rode not as the Emperor of old, large, kind, hearty, but cruel-faced, wizened, haughty, coughing incessantly. Nele shuddered slightly.

"What will happen?" asked she of Peter.

"Roland shall sing," said Peter, "Roland shall sing."

"But Peter, what will become of Ghent when the Emperor rides against her?" Where is the sea of steel to swallow the armies of kings? The Emperor come to extort taxes. He shall know that the burghers of Ghent have a voice. The voice of Roland, the voice of the spirit of Ghent.

Peter left Nele at the door of the tavern and walked out into the streets alone. Behind him Ghent slept in peace, the news of the Emperor's coming having not yet reached the ears of the people. He stepped out onto the battlements of the wall, gazing a long time into the night.

"Yet once more shall Ghent proclaim her ancient liberties. Once more kings listen in peace.

All night he was oppressed with the weight of a great care and he arose early next morning because he could not sleep. Just as the level sun was dispersing the shadows of night from the plain, he ascended to the tower curious to catch a glimpse of the Emperor's army. So! 'Neath the very walls of the city stood a goodly array of footmen and horse. At the head of these rode an impressive group of knights and lords with many a high dignitary of church and state. And in the center of these was His Imperial Majesty seated on his horse and surrounded by a host of attendants. The sight of the Emperor and his men so near the city unheralded and unannounced startled Peter. Surely no Emperor could mean hostilities with so small an army and especially against so strong a city as Ghent. Yet the fact that they had come unheralded boded no good. When one expected the pomp and splendour of Emperor, there was the stealth and quiet of the thief. He had approached the city even as an enemy might approach one sleeping in the night. Peter saw visions of a cruel face, haughty and proud. He hastily descended the tower and grasping the ropes of the bell he pulled with all his young vigor. Out over the hills and the cities and the plains of Flanders burst with a fury of sound the billowy voice of Roland, breaking into every

chamber of Ghent and pulling the startled burghers from their beds into the streets.

When Peter was sure that Roland had created sufficient disturbance in the city, he turned from the rope to meet Nele standing in the doorway, hastily clad, a look of wonderment on her face.

"The Emperor," he said and together they hastened out towards the wall of the city.

By this time the squares, the markets and the streets were filled with a hustling, bustling mob of citizens clad in nondescript attire, and all with looks of amazement on their sleepy faces. When the cause of the disturbance was discovered they were filled with consternation and clambered to the housetops for a view of the Imperial army. The men arming themselves and forming companies of the various guilds, climbed the wall of the city from which they could have a clear view outside. The sight which greeted them stilled the spirits of the wildest. There, at a distance of some hundred feet or so stood the most impressive gathering of dignitaries, church and state, that any Ghenter had ever seen. There, too, was the Emperor with his host of attendants and his bodyguard of four thousand horse, grim and gray with steel. Surely no Imperial visit had been the like of this before. Filled with amazement and overcome with awe at so great an equipage the honest burghers clambered down and added to the hubbub below.

Then the Imperial trumpets began to blow with the kingly impatience and a hastily assembled band of the leading burghers approached the city gates to ride out to the Emperor. Immediately a fierce quarrel arose with the burghers for many of them were opposed to the Emperor's entrance, and more especially since such a strong bodyguard attended him. The unfortunate burghers became the center of a wildly gesticulating crowd, some trying to force the gates open and others determined to keep it closed Meanwhile the Imperial trumpets ceased no whit and the quarrel began to take on the aspect of an insurrection. But the parties without the walls making no move to enter, the credulous citizens were finally convinced of the Emperor's innocent intentions. The gates rolled back and out marched the indignant and ruffled officials at least sure of a berating from the Imperial temper. In a short time into the streets of Ghent marched the eight thousand and where was the sea of steel to swallow the armies of kings.

Never before had Ghent seen such excitement. The masses of citizens were filled with apprehension; some were exceedingly angry at the entrance of the army in spite of the fact that Ghent had

voluntarily disarmed; others, convinced of the innocence of the Emperor's intentions and perhaps charmed with the magnificence of the entourage, made a great holiday. Nele and Peter, attracted by this atmosphere of gaiety, lost themselves in the crowd which flooded the public streets and squares. Peter was filled with foreboding at such misadventure of his plans; to him the army distributed throughout the streets was nothing more than a throttle on the throats of each of these silly holidayers. But Nele attracted by the great crowds, scolded him sweetly.

About noon hour they entered the rue Heron, where they found a small knot of people assembled before the tower. Hastening their footsteps, they perceived the center of the excitement to be two officers of the Emperor's bodyguard standing apart on the steps. As Nele and Peter came up, those who were standing about seemed to disperse. All looked curiously at them and someone from the crowd shouted an unintelligible something to Peter. He, with Nele clinging apprehensively to his arm, approached the two officers and identified himself as the keeper of the bell. To his great surprise he was told that he was under arrest and should await the Emperor's pleasure. Further than this they would not answer his indignant question. Warning him that resistance would be futile they began to lead him away down the rue Heron. Nele overcome with astonishment began to cry a little and clung passionately to his arm. Peter reassured her and Nele herself, convinced that nothing could be wrong, bravely watched him out of sight.

Many days passed and Peter did not return and the neighbors, indignant at such action, instituted a plea on his behalf. But all they could learn was that he had been imprisoned along with ninety other men, all for a like unknown reason. The prison was closely guarded and Nele could get no word to him. Her fears grew in spite of her brave attempt at cheerfulness.

Meanwhile throughout the city there was an intense apprehensive silence. Like a small urchin caught in some misdeed, Ghent, conscious of a civic misdemeanor, awaited the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty. Many were the complaints against the ruthless soldiery but they being placed by so sage a hand as the Emperor they were indeed a throttle on the throat of the city.

Finally after nineteen days Ghent received its sentence of condemnation. In the Imperial keeping, Ghent was to subscribe to the Imperial coffers yearly such sum as the Emperor dictated. Secondly, all those civic rights of which Roland was the tongue were to be annulled. Thirdly, the cathedral which stood near the city was to be

razed immediately and in imperial fort was to be erected which would guard the refractory city. All the bells which hung in the great churches of the city and which were the pride of the opulent burghers were to be brought low and recast into cannon for the fort. And with a truly Imperial touch it was decreed that the nineteen prisoners of the Emperor, condemned as ringleaders in the scandalous and unprecedented opposition to the imperial entry were to be hung in the great market-place of the city. But one, Peter, the keeper of the tower of Roland, the soldiers of the empire were bidden to hang by the neck until dead upon the great tongue of that most unhappy of bells. Which hanging should be the fitting preliminary for the eternal destruction of Roland, the spirit of the city.

To Nele worn out by the weeks of anxiety, this news came as a flood of dark and bitter poison poured out over her heart, stilling the spirit of life, chilling with the chill of despair. It seemed that that within her which bade her run and sing and cry were stilled forever. Life itself seemed a thing grown unrecognizable. She lay perfectly quiet for a long, long time attended by the women of the neighbors.

When conscious thought returned to Nele she was alone in her chamber. The memories of those last bitter weeks returned like a flood appalling her, but through that flood seemed to pry and peer a hideous presence, or as of some terrible calamity impending. Soon she grew aware of external things and was dimly conscious of the unusual. From the street below came the mingled noises made by a vast concourse of people muffled to a dim confusion. Out of this confusion there beat incessantly the voice of Roland, strangely, crazily, as though its tongue were throttled, its voice muffled with some soft object interfering with its beat. Nele drew the shades from the narrow window and looked out. Below her the streets were filled to choking with a great crowd of people, hushed and ghastly in appearance. Each head was thrown back, looking up to where Roland was swinging strangely. Soldiers stood all about, keeping back the mobs of the citizens. Nele's hand dropped from the casement, she uttered half sob, half breath and sank senseless to the floor.

Autumn

LAWRENCE J. TEBBE

Today I watched the brown leaves fall,—
Dead victims of the frost,
And twittering swallows circling high
By autumn breezes tossed.
My flowers so gay the summer through
Droop dead with leaves all curled,
While lurking winds sing requiems
Over a dying world.

The leaves that rustle 'neath my feet
And the blooms all brown and sere
In silence follow nature's wail
That burial time is here.
And afar the smouldering sunburnt groves
All tired of summer's gay
Have decked themselves in brown and red
For their cremation day.

And as the leaves all summer through
Their flaming colors save
To deck themselves in beauty, when
They flutter to their grave.
So may my soul through summer days
Horde all the good and bright
And weave itself a beauteous garb
For its eternal flight.

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America and the Near East

From Washington comes the official announcement that America has refused the Allied invitation to take part in the Lausanne "Near East Peace" conference. From those who seek only political interests this decision will evoke vociferous applause but to the average American who knows that his country is a world power and must take world responsibility, the "Hands off" policy appears shamefully unchristian and un-American. Our national policy, according to our Secretary of State, will remain as it was in the past with all European peace efforts, one of "watchful wishing." We will do all in our power to administer aid to the suffering Armenians and as Mr. Hughes states, we will affirm "unequivocal approval of the Allied proposals to insure effectively the protection of the Christian minorities and the freedom of the Straits."

This is just a euphemistic way of saying, "We would like to see the Straits kept open and the tortured minorities in Turkey pro-

tected but we will leave it to Great Britain and the Allies to do it and to pay the full price incurred." It is not a British question or a Grecian question, as many politicians claim, but it is a world question. The "Sick Man" as he is today, is a menace to the world, and just because his geographic position makes England his immediate rival does not at all justify any nation to leave England alone to carry out the burden of dealing with him. The traditional policy of American non-interference in Old World affairs is absurd. The Monroe Doctrine, so necessary to American welfare when America was weak and in the making, cannot be literally applied today when she is rich, powerful, and self-confident. Our intertwined commercial relations, our many schools and churches in Europe and all our many foreign relationships, demand positive international interest We helped Europe end the war, we are feeding and sheltering her helpless, and we now have twenty destroyers in Turkish waters but when asked to take a seat in a council that these conditions may not continue,—we have failed to act the gentleman. To indorse the propriety of any action but refuse to assume any responsibility for its execution is a severe incision into our American self-respect.

America has declined to take constructive measures and by remaining inactive has given unwilling sanction to the atrocities of Kemal Pasha. We have allowed the flames of barbarism to consume our fellow-humans lest we be scorched. But the flame still ravages and it will never die of itself,—some day it must be extinguished. How selfish for us to "watch and wish!" As long as the Turk remains a Turk he will never let any community of Armenians live unmolested within Turkish territory. Armenia must continue to suffer the curse of everlasting war and unmerciful tyranny until the leading Christian nations, by action and not sentiment, shall make it impossible. The big powers are willing to discuss the situation at Lausanne, but America, who because of her intelligence, her democracy, her foreign and national welfare, should be the most anxious to have better understanding exist, selfishly remains absent.

It matters not what the mode of procedure must be to solve the Near East problem; whether military intervention be necessary; whether all Christians must be removed to the Caucasus or to Syria or whether the Moslem must be driven from Europe, America must not flee responsibility. Let us be willing to do our utmost to advance the cause of peace and understanding as is becoming of a nation that professes to be both civilized and Christian.

L. J. T.

Thanksgiving With true Christian and patriotic fervor the Americans have officially set aside a day for the celebration of Thanksgiving. And no matter where they are, very few of them forget to hold ceremonies and festivals in acknowledgment of the providence of Almighty God.

But why is the last Thursday in November a legal holiday? What is the real significance of the event which this holiday commemorates?

The Pilgrims, having had their abode in the new world for almost a year, knew that their lives depended upon the coming harvest and they had been anxiously watching their fields during the summer months. To the joy of these early settlers their crops came forth rich and abundant. So in gratitude to the never-failing God a harvest feast was held, and celebrated by the white men and Indians.

This was the first Thanksgiving celebrated in America and gradually the custom of a yearly Thanksgiving has spread throughout America.

Indeed this is not really a memorial day, a day set aside in memory of a great event, but it is likewise a holiday bearing, I might say, a holy significance. Every American man, woman and child should be filled with the spirit of the day which is so perfectly expressed in the Thanksgiving proclamation (1789) of George Washington:

"Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, and to be grateful for his benefits, humbly to implore his protection, aid and favors...Now, therefore, I do recommend and design Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks of His kind care and protection of the people in this country, and for all the great and various favors which he has been pleased to confer upon us.

M. P. S.

College and Football Somebody has risen to remark that a college is an institution run in connection with a football team. It is not our intention to put forth any vociferous protestation of this wise "crack," as there always will be ignoramuses to mar our few earthly pleasures; however, we are convinced that if we listened to every quip that is slammed in our direction, life would not be worth three squares a day.

College football is the cleanest and most wholesome of sports. Modern scientists are loud in their unfounded lament that the youth of nowadays does not measure up to the physical standard of his forefathers. Not that we place any credence in these most abstract of theories, but football is THE sport to develop manly strength and qualities.

The grid game means much to every college. It is the exponent of the virility and of the physical perfection of a school. It is the press agent of every scholastic institution; it forms, without a doubt, the strongest basis for school spirit. It provides not only physical but mental development. It teaches the lesson of accomplishment. Foot ball players learn to put a thing across, to win over discouraging odds, to fight, fight, fight, and to THINK.

Every play of the opposing eleven must be analyzed, within a second. Each man on the defensive must grasp in a moment what he has to do, and must do it, at the risk of serious injury. He learns to cope with the unexpected, he has to be equal to every occasion. Call it mere "brute strength" if you want, but play the game yourself, if you really want to find out.

The statement that sports, and football especially, receive too much attention in colleges is untrue. "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Physical recreation is absolutely necessary, and the knockers will admit this, but merely because representative teams of various schools attract widespread attention by their grid prowess, and because college authorities promote a team as an encouragement to general athletics, the knockers are up in the air and chirp in with their destructive noise. At the the end of the world, some jay will have breath enough left for one last grumble

E. J. H.

Allied War Debt

The principle governing financial obligation between nations should not differ fundamentally from like obligations between corporations or individuals. Nevertheless, propagandists have been busy circulating ideas designed to influence the cancellation of the ten billion dollars allied war debt to the United States. Some of our national executives and some of our bankers have shown their support of this idea. Let us call them, and consider the merits of the proposition.

By extraordinary effort, inconvenience and sacrifice our people made up these billions, turned them over to the United States Treasury Department and they, acting in the capacity of custodian lent this vast amount of money to Europe. Now, it is suggested from

various sources that we destroy the notes representing this debt, and thereby gratuitously give to Europe an amount of money representing one-tenth of the American Peoples' liquid capital,—the capital they use in their daily business, to move their industries and their commerce, to finance their enterprises and development, to occupy their workers and build up the nation's future welfare.

The idea is preposterous. The government has no moral right to waste this substance of the nation. Moreover it would be open treason to the American people. In the life of sound business principles such a debt would not,—could not be cancelled. Given time, Europe can pay this honest debt and Europe must pay it.

L. V. H.

Nature's Lesson "The fool hath said in his heart, that there is no God." Man's nature is so constituted that he is always seeking the truth, yet there are those who in their scramble and search of true knowledge, ignore the existence of Him who is the author of all truth. They dare, to deny God's existence when they live in a world both created and maintained by Him. The atheist needs but to survey the events of man to find Providence working out its decrees; the successful humble and the lowly exalted.

How can men stand in the presence of the wonderful design of the universe without being profoundly impressed. The rough-hewn rocks of the towering mountain peaks in all their majesty; the valleys with their wildness of flowers and meandering streams; the stars in their orderly dances, all this so harmoniously arranged must have its meaning.

Then recognizing the perfection of these things and knowing that not the simplest hovel of man nor the nest of the bird are built without a designer, surely where we find perfect structure, difficult in design, exquisite in parts, perfect in totality we know with absolute certainty that an all-perfect architect designed it. The pyramids of the ancients; our modern bridge structures and sky-scrapers are but anthills compared to the tremendous structure of the whole creation.

Perceiving all the wonderful plan and order contained in the universe is an argument that no mocking paralogism of adversity may ever touch. No man of average mentality can any longer be unconscious of the Divinity which shapes our ends.

A. C. C.

Women and the Death Penalty Murderess after murderess has been acquitted within the past few years. In one of the latest of these acquittals the jury "deliberated" two hours and returned a verdict which gave absolute freedom. After hearing the verdict, the woman, whose beauty was said to be "simply killing" said that she would send for her children and make for them a good home. How much better if she had done this a few months sooner! But now she is at liberty. She may follow her good resolution or she amy not,—our interests lie in another direction.

Since our laws against murder and assault have been passed for the common good, violators of them should pay the penalty regardless of gender or appearance, and to sanction their disobedience would mean not only injustice to the victims of the law-breakers but also a dangerous undermining of the pillars of our common safety. Why then are well-dressed, good-looking, young women freed? It is not because our laws are not severe enough but because there is not enough sincerity of purpose manifested in enforcing them with justice and uniformity.

A great deal depends on the jury and witnesses but the greatest power lies in the hands of those whom we elect to judicial offices. It is of prime importance that we citizens elect as judges only those whom we feel sure will protect us by enforcing the laws as they stand. Then only can we look for justice to be meted out alike to all instead of showing unfair favoritism and thereby encouraging the murderess who has learned to rely upon a "sob story" or upon a pretty face as a sure key to freedom

L. G.

Our Political Prisoners There is a very important question fronting us at present: that of our political prisoners. The Joint Committee on Amnesty of Washington, D. C., has just been enlarged to include groups from several other cities, for the purpose of carrying on a nation-wide campaign for their release.

There are at present some 75 men confined in the Federal jails and for nothing more than written or spoken opposition to the war. There is not an act of violence charged against them. Most of them have been confined for three or four years, and many of them still have as high as eleven to sixteen years imprisonment ahead of them.

In general, they asserted the war to be a "capitalistic war" and that labor should strike against it. This was the extent of their crime. Of the different cases Dan Buckley's stands among the most noticeable. Statements were printed in the I. W. W. bulletin to the effect that capitalism had started the war and that labor should de-

fend itself. As he was secretary and had allowed this to be printed he received a ten-year sentence. He is still in prison even though his pardon was being considered.

Nevertheless it goes even farther. It is doubtful whether the majority of these prisoners were proved to be guilty or not. It is absolutely known that half of them were convicted in a twenty-five-minute hearing by a Chicago jury.

Political prisoners of other countries have all been freed and this was done within a year of the signing of the armistice. Contrary to the rule President Harding maintains that each one must be examined separately, in other words there will be no general amnesty.

At the rate they are going at the present, it will take the Department of Justice two or three years to straighten matters out. In fact it looks as if they think that in addition to their utterances there may be some serious crime chalked up against them. Their records, however, were examined for such offences as sabotage even though they were not convicted on those charges. Few have even revealed this so far.

Nevertheless this theory and method are essentially unjust. The sentences imposed were all excessive. In England six months was the maximum sentence. Look at it compared with these sentences: five, ten, and twenty years! The problem of the Department should therefore be to make reparation to these men and not that of extending clemency.

If these men have been guilty of illegal activities of an industrial nature, let them be given a fair and legal trial. Neither should they be imprisoned because they were I. W. W.'s for that is no legal crime. Looking more deeply into the matter it will be found that this was just the reason they were convicted. This represents a spirit of anarchy and not a spirit of law. So why not come to reason and give these men their legal right and there will be a general profiting by it.

H. B. H.

Christmas Cards Christmas is the most sacred day of the year and although we dislike to admit it the day is being commercialized by many Christmas card manufacturers. There is a curious lack of the religious element among Christmas cards and the fact is to be deplored among all good Christians. One of the finest brands of cards that so far have appeared this year is the Salve Regina cards which can be obtained at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C. They are the most appropriate that can be sent,

beautifully engraved and nicely worded. They depict in sentiment and design a true Catholic, Christian spirit.

All the profits from the sale of these cards go to the building fund of Our Blessed Mother's Church, the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is sincerely hoped that everyone will co-operate in this work and will try to retain the spirit, fitting to the day.

J. D. R.

Alumni Notes

PAUL A. KASS

Dear Alumni:

Big plans are afoot for this department. For this reason we ask your heartiest support and co-operation. So take heed you thousands of loyal alumni, who having left these hallowed portals are now scattered to all the far-flung corners of the earth. We deeply regret our inability to interview each of you personally, but we are as near to you as your mail box. Write us about your inspirations, aspirations, perspirations, complications, unifications, propagations, multiplications, everything but your expirations. Egotism? Detestable. But never Egoism. Or if you prefer not to air the Ego send us information, photographs, newspaper or magazine clippings about the old boys in whom you think others might be interested. We likewise suggest that the Secretaries of the various City Branches of the Alumni Association furnish us with reports as to the progress and plans of their organization. We want to make this department not merely an Information Bureau or Morgue of listless and mechanical information as to the activities and whereabouts of old friends and acquaintances, but a living, breathing organ that will recall out of your dormant subconsciousness happy images of the past and bind you once again with bonds of love, pride and gratitude to your dear old Alma Mater. She has not forgotten you. In view of these facts is this not an insignificant thing that we ask?

Sincerely yours,

The Editors.

James Lyons, '17 "Just a few lines to announce the arrival of a baby girl, October 11, 1922. * * * Mother and babe are both doing fine. The baby will be named Mary Vesta Lyons." Many happy returns, "Maggie."

E. M. Lause, '16 We announce with great pleasure and promptitude that E. M. Lause is also the proud father of a starry-eyed baby daughter, Margaret Ann. We heartily congratulate the happy parents, and say with the tippling toaster, "Here's to the ladies—God bless 'em."

B. J. Losh, '11 The lure of the newspaper game has a firm hold upon Bernard. He is a conscientious and enterprising reporter on the Dayton News. Bernard says his greatest "scoop" was his wife. He has entered a son, Peter Armin, on the waiting list at the Prep School. Bernie lives at 214 Lawnview Ave.

Frederick Mead, '22 The matriculation of Mexican students at our schools is the one determining factor which we believe will anneal and perpetuate Mexico's disrupted diplomatic relations with the United States since the disastrous Madero Revolution of 1910. Freddie the Rzzechewwsskki of the University of Dayton, has enrolled at Ohio State this year. Life is much like a chess game, Fred. In chess we watch our pawns; in life we pawn our watches. Good luck!

Bill Frischkorn, '22 A pun may be the lowest form of wit but it is the most potent weapon that a facetious Alumni Editor wields. Hence we say unblushingly. Bill didn't come back because he has such a case on Cleveland. He is at present attending the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio. When it comes to initiative, pep, and sociability Bill certainly is the skunk's powder puff. We wish him success and hope that he will always cherish a warm spot in his heart for his old professors and friends at the U.

Louis Mascharka, '21 We see by the funny papers that Louie has hibernated to Pittsburgh where he is continuing his engineering studies at Carnegie Tech. We hope Pittsburgh soots you, Louis. The captain sends his best regards.

Thos. Kehoe, '14 A good man may be down but he's never out. We were painfully grieved to learn of the serious accident which befell Thomas Kehoe the latter part of last summer. While in the basement of a garage at Cynthiana, Ky., an elevator fell on him. We were correspondingly elated to hear recently that

Beaujan and

F Van Hill '05

OUR FOOTBALL COACHES

he is now safely out of all danger and is able to be up and about on crutches. Thomas is still attending St. Xavier College at Cincinnati, where he achieved an enviable football reputation. He is also acting secretary to Judge Robert Marx.

A number of Alumni of Dartmouth College recently traveled all the way from California to Massachusetts simply to cheer their school at a football game. That's the spirit that we want. We don't demand a sacrifice like this of you but we would like to see more of the old faces at the school. The following are a few of the visitors for the month.

Robert A. Seward, '14 Robert is putting to practical use the commercial training acquired here. He is superintendent of the money order department of Elyria Post Office. Now we know why Will Hayes resigned.

B. Freeman, '07 Mr. Benjamin Freeman and wife visited here after attending the Stadium dedication at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Freeman is a generous contributor to the Extension fund and a great booster of the University.

F. J. Daeger Mr. Frank J. Daeger of Carroll, Iowa, paid his respects to the faculty and renewed many old friendships during the week of October 29. He is an octogenarian but certainly sets an example to the younger alumni in his loyalty and devotedness to the University. He is the father of Bro. Joseph Daeger of Baltimore, Md. Two of his brothers, Peter and Matthias, are buried here in the S. M. cemetery.

E. J. Leo, '91-'93 Edward is one of our loyal home boys to whom we point with pride as living examples of the sound training of mind and heart inculcated within these walls. He is District Manager of the Aetna Affiliated Companies of Hartford, Conn. His business address is 958-62 Reibold Building, Dayton, Ohio. Here's success to you, Ed. till it hurts.

Alvin Sacksteder, '18 We do not know whether Al has a Coue rosary or not, but certainly every day he is getting better in every way, especially when it comes to football. He has blossomed into a star of brightest ray serene at Ohio Wesleyan. Al is a cousin of the nationally celebrated pigskin artist,

Norbert Sacksteder, '14. Don't forget your old friends at the U. They are still valiantly rooting for you.

William Aloys Blommel, 1869 Does not the mention of this name stir faint recollections of the happy days of yore in the dimming memories of the oldtimers? Remember ye the old Rouzer Mill with its cool and refreshing solution of all youthful difficulties? The kindly admonitions of Bro. Rosenberger and Bro. Hart? We wish to inform these old friends that "Fatty" has retired to a small farm east of Dayton where he will spend his declining years in quiet contemplation. Happy indeed he, who learns to derive happiness from his own inner resources. Indeed it is my firm belief that only out of the vast silences of solitude, really great and consoling thoughts come. Mr. Blommel's address in Rural Route No. 12, Dayton, Ohio.

Ed Sander, '22 Ed is another of our live wire Graduates who believe that youth as well as old age is a time of success and accomplishment. He informs us that he has been appointed Chief Chemist to the Chatfield Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, manufacturers of coal tar and asphalt products. We were glad to learn, Ed, that you find your work so congenial and feel sure that you will

"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

W. J. Hoffman, '20 Bro. Thomas Seebold is teaching at Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio, this year. Bro. Louis Reimbold is at present stationed at Cathedral Latin, Cleveland, Ohio. Anything else we can do for you, Joe? We like to please everybody beginning with ourselves and usually ending therewith. Success ought to be a walkaway for you, Joe, as salesman for the Arnolds Shoe Store, Fremont, Ohio.

L. J. Virant, '18
J. D. McFarland '18 We wish to acknowledge receipt of a postal card from Rome, extending best wishes to the faculty and signed L. J. Virant and J. D. McFarland. By a strange quirk of Fate these two old cronies were again thrown together in that distant clime. McFarland formerly of Marion, and one of the brightest intellects ever trained at the University, has been studying at the American College for the past three years. Mr. Virant is seems was on a sight-seeing tour of Europe, touching on all points of interest, North, Souse, Yeast and Wet. He is at present

completing his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio, where he will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood next Spring. If you find time, Leo, we should be pleased to hear of some of your first-hand impressions of Europe.

Rev. Wm. P. O'Connor, 08 At the close of the American Legion convention held at New Orleans last month, Father O'Connor was the recipient of a very singular honor when he was named Chaplain of the Legion. Wouldn't that make Tom Watson turn over in his grave? Father O'Connor was chaplain dur ing the World War and is at present pastor of the Catholic Church at Sedansville, Ohio. It may be interesting to note here that his sister, Miss Kathleen O'Connor, is a very talented motion picture actress whom we recently saw to great advantage in "The Old Homestead" at a local theatre. All right now fellows, let's give nine husky rahs for Father O'Connor—and his sister. Hike, hike, hike.

Harry S. Cappel, '98 Who said that Harry wooden succeed as a furniture dealer? He has been elected president of the Ohio Retail Furniture Dealers' Association to succeed Samuel Shott of Cincinnati. The appointment took place at a special meeting of the executive board recently called in Columbus. Begorra, let's give Harry nine chairs, too.

W. A. Stephens, 1892
C. L. Stephens, 1892 William A. was inspired with a "bright idea." He crystallized it in the Myriad Reflector, which is rapidly bringing him fame and fortune as the novelty and sensation of the year. The Myriad Reflector is a rotating sphere, twenty-seven inches in diameter completely covered with more than a thousand special made mirrors. With the aid of spotlights it becomes a things of irridescent beauty, gorgeous scintillations, and corruscant grandeur. This fascinating and ingenious patent is becoming the sensation of dance halls, hotels, theatres and like places. Mr. Stephens is to be congratulated. His present business location is 22 Opera Place, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has a son, William Junior in the Sophomore Division of the U. of D. Preparatory Department.

His brother C. L. Stephens is the proprietor of the National Hardware Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and has a large and flourishing trade in and about Cincinnati. Here's success to you gentlemen, sublimated to the issimo degree.

MARRIAGES

Kling-Kuntz, '18 On September 26, Mr. Edward Kuntz, a graduate of the class of '18, was united in marriage to Miss Marie Kling. The ceremony took place at Corpus Christi Church and was one of unique beauty. Mr. Wm. A. Keyes, '86, sang a beautiful program of wedding music.

Mr. Kuntz is the son of Mrs. Peter Kuntz, Sr., of Oakwood. Edward is one of five brothers who have graduated from the U. of D. Peter Kuntz, Jr., graduated in '98, John in '99, Martin in '12, and William in '15. Miss Kling is a graduate of Notre Dame Academy. Her sister, Miss Helen, and Richard Kuntz attended at the ceremony.

Best wishes for a happy future to you, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuntz!

Burkhardt-Hochwalt, '20 Although some weeks have flitted past since September 27, the Exponent takes this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Carrol A. Hochwalt, one of our University's sturdy sons, upon his happy marriage on that day.

His bride was Miss Pauline Burkhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Burkhardt. She is a graduate of Notre Dame Academy. Carrol graduated from the Chemical Engineering Department of the University of Dayton in '20. His family holds a very prominent place on our alumni list,—three brothers, Albert, '10; Cyril, '14, and Dr. Norman, '18, as well as their father, Mr. Albert F. Hochwalt, '84, are all "old boys" of the U. of D.

The wedding ceremony took place at Corpus Christi Church. Two old "grads," Prof. Urban A. Deger, '06, and Wm. A. Keyes, '86, sang for the grand occasion. James Burkhardt acted as best man and Miss Mary Ellen Keller was bridesmaid.

It certainly was a gala day for the U. of D. graduates and the Exponent in the name of the University extends heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the young couple.

O'Neil-Kinniger On Wednesday, October 11, Arthur M. Kinniger entered the happy ranks of the Benedicts when he was united in marriage to Miss Charlotte O'Neil of Dayton, Ohio. The ceremony was beautifully solemnized at St. Joseph's Church, the Rev. James C. Ward being the celebrant.

The bride is a graduate of Notre Dame Academy. The bridegroom was graduated from the University of Dayton and is associ-

ated with the Danis-Hunt Company. The young couple will be at home to their many friends after November 1st at the Belpre Apartments.

The Exponent, on behalf of the University, extends heartiest felicitations and best wishes to you and your bride, Mr. Kinniger.

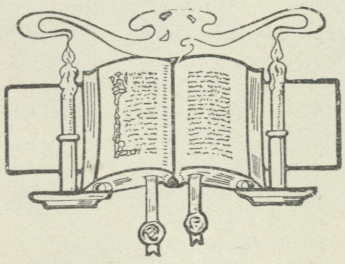
OBITUARY

With bleak and sombre Autumn as a melancholy background, we chant a doleful threnody anent the passing of one of our former graduates, Wm. J. Skelton. Mr. Skelton sustained a fracture of the skull in an automobile accident in Michigan last August, which later resulted fatally.

At the time of his death he was associated with the Coffield Washing Machine Company, Dayton, Ohio, where persistent industry, integrity and enthusiasm had carried him to the position of Generan Sales Manager.

To his bereaved mother and relatives we extend our most profound and heartfelt sympathies and with them breathe a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul.

May the beautiful floral wreath presented by his graduating class of '06 symbolize the crown of heavenly glory which his labors here below so justly merited.



University Chronicle

MICHAEL O'SHEA—F. LEONARD CANAVAN

HIGHEST HONORS FOR SEPTEMBER

College Division

Senior Arts and Letters—Cholley, 90; Klass, 85.
Senior Electrical Engineering—Elmer Steger, 99; Alvin Rabe, 96.
Senior Civil Engineering—Carl Theuring, 91; Frank Kronauge, 91
Senior Chemical Engineering—Walter Krantz, 92; Herbert Hannegan, 91.
Junior Arts and Letters—Tebbe, 93; Holtvoigt, 95.
Junior Electrical Engineering—Robert Dill, 92; Lewis Sherer, 92; Frank Williams, 91.
Junior Civil Engineering—Matthew O'Boylan, 96; Thomas Murray, 90.
Junior Chemical Engineering—Harold Melia, 90; Cyril Scharf, 89.
Junior Mechanical Engineering—
Sophomore Engineering—Carl Ziegenbusch, 94; John Alexander, 93; George Marie, 92.
Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robert Norris, 92; Vernon Roden, 88; Rollins McGriff, 88.
Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Joseph Adlard, 90; Edward Koehner, 90; Lionel Bradmiller, 89.
Freshman Pre-Medics—Gerald Dennis, 93; Joseph Keeler, 92.
Freshman Arts and Letters—Gerald S. Shenk, 93; James D. Reinhardt, 91; John Haas, 91.
Freshman Commerce and Finance—Charles Daugherty, 93; Geo. Pflaum, 92; Harry Heider, 90.

High School Department

Fourth High-A—Joseph Anger, 97; Herman Rebaulet, 95; Louis Schultze, 94; Walter Paul, 94.
Fourth High-B—J. A. Sanchez, 94; John Walinszis, 94; Robert Weishing, 94; Fred Berner, 92; Jerome Gitton, 92; Louis Stuhldreher, 92.
Third High-A—Cyril Stein, 100; Richard Schneble, 99; Joseph Keller, 99; John McBride, 98; Leo Scheid.
Third High-B—DeWitt Ashton, 99; Louis Gitzinger, 99.
Third High-C—William Ferree, 100; Albert Schreck, 100; Edward Haft, 99; William Lukaswitz, 99.
Third High Commercial—Matthew Marzluft, 96; Allen Tehan, 96.
Second High-A—Francis Mayer, 97; Charles Schriml, 97; Chas. Mitchell, 97; John Schwieterman, 95.
Second High-B—Deger, 99; Wellen, 96; DeBanto, 96; Grimes, 95; Cunningham, 95.
Second High-C—Theodore Hoffman, 97; Victor Hunt, 93; Bernard Steuve, 93; Alan Johnson, 88; Michael Moran, William Wolff.
Second High-D—John Will, 98; Joseph Dish, 97; Carl Wenzel, 93; Leo Nartker, 91; Jack Rex, 90; Leverne Roboult, 87.
First High-A—Ironius DeBrosse, 95; James T. Cline, 89; Regis Wurdock, 88; Francis E. Murphy.

First High-B—Edward Stack, 89; Lewis Fray, 88; John Schuler, 88; Frederico Rodriguez, 86; Franklin Klaine, 95; Jerome Michael, 85.
First High-C—William Althoff, 98; William Demunsch, 98; Lawrence Gough, 98; Bernard Hegman, 94; Francis Gabel, 94; Adam Westerkamp, 92.
First High-D—Paul Schommer, 96; Wilfred Schulke, 93; Elmer Staeuble, 93; Lawrence Hughes, 90; Donald Stine, 89.
First High-E—John Loges, 99; Vincent Staub, 97; William Keane, 97; John Stichway, 96; Adolph Synck, 95; Richard New, 94; Louis Weser, 93.

HIGHEST HONORS FOR OCTOBER

College Division

Senior Civil Engineering—Carl Theuring, 90; Frank Kronauge, 90.
Senior Electrical Engineering—Elmer Steger, 98; Alvin Rabe, 96.
Senior Chemical Engineering—Walter Krantz, 94; Herbert Hannegan, 90; John Schomaker, 90.
Junior Arts and Letters—
Junior Electrical Engineering—Lewis Sherer, 88; Frank Williams, 86; Patrick Wong, 86.
Junior Civil Engineering—Matthew O'Boylan, 95.
Junior Chemical Engineering—Cyril Scharf, 86; Harold Melia, 83.
Sophomore Engineering—John Alexander, 96; Thomas Bliley, 92; Harry Harn, 92.
Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robert Norris, 91; Richard Hochwalt, 90; Vernon Roden, 89.
Sophomore Arts and Letters—Elwood Hopping, 91; Merle Smith, 90; John Ratchford, 90.
Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Robert Bremer, 92; Edward Koehnen, 91; Lionel Bradmiller, 89.
Freshman Arts and Letters—James Reinhart, 90.
Freshman Pre-Medics—Joseph Koehler, 94; Kenneth Kurtz, 92.
Freshman Commerce and Finance—Chas. Dougherty, 91; Geo. Pflaum, 91; Richard Garster, 91.

High School Department

Fourth High-A—Joseph Unger, 97; Herman Brunner, 95; Walter Paul, 95.
Fourth High-B—Robert Wirsching, 96; John Walenszis, 95; Jerome Gibson, 94.
Third High-A—Cyril Stein, 98; Joseph Keller, 98; Richard Echneble, 97; John McBride, 96; Leo Schend, 94.
Third High-B—DeWitt Ashton, 99; Louis Gitzinger, 98; Leo Goetz, 96.
Third High-C—William Feree, 98; Albert Schreck, 98; James Tancred, 97; Edward Haft, 97; Louis Podesta, 97.
Third High Commercial—Matthew Marzluft, 94; Allan Tehan, 92.
Second High-A—Francis Mayer, 99; Charles Mitchell, 97; John Schwieterman, 96; Charles Schriml, 96.
Second High-B—Charles Deger, 96; DeBanto, 95; Robert Dinkel, 95; Thomas Grimes, 93; Cunningham, 93; John Wellen, 93.
Second High-C—Theodore Hoffman, 98; Joseph Clemens, 92; Herman Kroger, 92; Victor Hart, 91; Alan Johnson, 91; Michael Moran, 91; Bernard Steuve, 91; George Kramer, 91
Second High-D—John Will, 98; Joseph Dirsch, 98; Carl Wentzel, 95; Jack Rex, 93; Leo Nartker, 92; William Doyle, 91.
First High-A—Ironius DeBrosse, 98; Regius Wurdack, 98; Francis Murphy, 94; James T. Cline, 89; Charles A. Maxwell, 89; Wm. B. Hoeffner, 87.

First High-B—Franklin Klaine, 91; Jerome Michael, 90; Frederico Rodignez, 89; Carl Reuth, 88; Thomas Scott, 88.

First High-C—William Demunsch, 97; William Althoff, 96; Lawrence Gough, 96; Jerome Zimmerle, 95; Bernard Hegman, 93; Francis Gabel, 92; Walter Reiling, 92; Louis Tschudi, 92

First High-D—Paul Schommer, 97; Lawrence Hughes, 96; Wilfred Schulke, 95; Robert Renner, 95; Ellsworth Zimmerman.

First High-E—John Loges, 97; John Stechway, 96; Adolph Synck, 96; Francis Pack, 95; Vincent Staub, 94; Alfred Reiger, 94; William Keane, 94.

The Band On Sunday, October 8th, the U. D. Band did credit to themselves and to the University by heading the third of fifteen divisions that marched in the Holy Name parade at Cincinnati. All along the line of march Bro. Louis' boys, led by Clifford, were heartily applauded. Bro. Louis and his band are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their latest trip.

The Student Body at Cincinnati October 14th, 1922, is a memorable day in the history of the University,—the day of the annual football battle between the University of Dayton and St. Xavier. This year the entire student body accompanied the team, and although we lost, the spirit displayed that day will live forever. The conduct of the team and students was so highly praised that it merits our accompanying the team on more trips. The University gained many new friends and the team many "backers" in the city of Cincinnati. But the next time we will come home happier than ever,—the victory will be ours.

Notre Dame Dance The Senior class and Alumnae of Notre Dame Academy treated their friends to an elaborate dance, held at the East Oakwood Club on the evening of the 28th of October. All collegiate students ipso facto were invited. Many took advantage of the opportunity and in their name the Exponent extends their thanks to all who in any way contributed to its success.

The Lyceum Course If the remaining numbers of the Lyceum Course program are as good as the first we can look forward to a delightful season of entertainment. Ye Olde New England Choir presented on Thursday, October 26th, at the University auditorium a costume recital of the songs of four centuries. So pleasing was the rendition of the old songs that the singers were called back for many encores. Each member is an artist and their work together deserves the highest praise. Members of the Choir are Irene Marie Farren, soprano; Gertrude Greely, contralto; Frederick Perry, baritone and director, and ..... tenor. Miss Helen L. Welch added much to the program by her pianologue interludes. The schedule for the remaining numbers of the Lyceum Course is:

Thursday, Nov. 30—Noah Beilhartz, (Impersonator).

Tuesday, Dec. 5—Ned Woodman (Humorist and Cartoonist).

Monday, Jan. 29—Apollo Concert Company.

Tuesday, Feb. 6—Davis Opera Company—"Olivette," a comic opera.

(Open), March—A novelty lecture by D. Lee Fitzpatrick.

Reserved seats can be procured at Tressler's Drug Store, three days preceding the performances.

Hallowe'en Vacation Both the University and the Preparatory Departments were permitted a vacation extending from Tuesday, Oct.

31st, to Thursday evening, Nov. 2d. This vacation permitted many students to return home for a few days and the place surely did look deserted. Those who remained at the University, however, reported that despite the lack of students "a good time was had by all."

Senior Prep Hallowe'en With the club rooms decorated with ghostly symbols of Hallowe'en the Senior High Division celebrated the eve of All Souls Day in great fashion. With everything attended to by a committee composed of Peek, Brunner and Sanchez, the evening was passed in an enjoyable fashion.

The bowling season was opened by Bro. Fred who rolled the first ball. After the bowling and pool, came the boxing in which "Cyclone" Wagner got the decision over "Battling" Cotter.

Refreshments were then served and the entertainment was brought to a close, with speeches by Mr. Nolan who spoke on the Evils of Chewing Gum; and Mr. John Healy who spoke on My All-American Football Team. Brother Fred closed the affair with a little talk on respect for authority.

Junior Preps The Junior Division made the celebration of Hallowe'en a huge success. The members of the division were masked in real mirth-provoking style. Laughter rang out repeatedly throughout the evening. Among the features of the celebration were the following: a pool tournament which was held under the auspices of the entertainment committee. It was an interesting affair which resulted in a tie. After this the boxing show was staged and the boys showed rare form. This part presented many odd features of the boxing game. The committee in charge of the refreshments provided a very liberal supply of eats including pie, cake, fruit, punch, cider, ice cream and sandwiches.

The various speeches suitable for the occasion were delivered by the youthful orators. Music was the next thing on the program, accompanied by dancing. After the music was over a contest was held, the object being, to determine the best looking, ugliest, and the most simple-minded Junior. After due consideration on the part of the members they finally voted Mr. Edward Haft as the best looking; Mr. John Maxwell, the ugliest and Mr. John Schulte, the Junior brilliant cheer-leader, was elected the most simple-minded.

When the contest drew to a close the members went to the campus where several fires were lighted and a marshmallow roast was soon in full sway. After the marshmallow roast, the boys retired for the night, each feeling satisfied that it was the end of a perfect day. Brother Nicholas certainly deserves a great deal of praise for his untiring co-operation with the various committees in charge.

Soph Preps' Hallowe'en The Sophomore Preps held an "Open House" inspsction tour on Hallowe'en night. They exhibited a comic art gallery. Among the interesting works shown were "The Birth of Burns" which was demonstrated with a hot flatiron; the "Swimming Match,"—a lucifer match floating in a glass of water; "Music in the Air,"—a sheet of music suspended from a thread. "A chicken dinner" was seen by all but no one seemed to care for any of the cracked corn. Next we saw a pretty "Bridal Scene" but it was only a horse's bridle. "High and low tide" were exhibited by two shoes, the one tied high and the other tied low. We next enjoyed a pretty scene,—a "Rock by the sea,"—a rock beside the third

letter of the alphabet. In a "Bad spell of weather," weather was spelled incorrectly, hence a "bad spell." And so we continued until we reached the end. Here it was announced that a silver ring would be given away and we waited for the raffle. The winner's name was finally drawn and he was greeted everywhere with congratulations. Now the ring was to be presented. The brother took the stand and gave "the silver ring" by means of a little silver bell. The climax over, we left the happy boys to their enjoyment.

Freshman Preps On one October Thursday the Freshies went out on a nutting hike. After hiking about three miles the fun began; climbing trees and shaking a shower of nuts to the ground, "beaning" those below.

After lunch everybody trailed home tired, especially the fat boys. The Freshmen are looking forward to some fine nutting feasts this winter.

One of our November hikes took us to a spot in the woods where nature had prepared several fireplaces, just the thing for our purpose. After tiring of the hike we settled ourselves down for some eats. Our equipment consisted of popcorn, kernels, poppers, marshmallows and apples. Each of the half-dozen fires was surrounded by a group of hungry Freshmen, feasting on delicious toasted marshmallows, hot roasted apples and crispy popcorn.

F. Gabel.

The Freshies Hallowe'en party was a rolicking success and enjoyed throughout by the boys and visitors. A little after seven o'clock p. m. the doors of the decorated club room were open to the eager boys who no sooner got in than they tried most of the various objects of fun awaiting them. The party started with a "spooky" picture-show followed by a part which brought much hearty laughter. The boys were each given a ticket with the feat written on it which he was required to perform. Many of these feats were humorous and caused much enjoyment on the part of the spectators. The eats was the good part. We had our fill after eating plenty of pies, sandwiches, ice cream and drinking punch. Then, the light went out and the Hallowe'en ghost was ushered into the room. Most of the boys shook his cold wet hand. Brother Herbert Holmes proved himself to be a very good ghost.

E. Fernandez.

The College Football Dance Led by head Coach Van Hill and assistant Coach Beaujan, the U. of D. squad, one hundred and thirty-five couples romped out onto the ballroom floor of the Miami Hotel. The team was clad in gallant costume and the gang looked fully able to cope with the opposing barriers that defended the feminine goal. The field was decorated in red and blue,—the long mirrors reflecting all the polish of the great ballroom.

At exactly nine p. m. the team marched around the floor and then the great game started. "Skin" Virant kicked off and Herb Eisele returned twenty-five yards before he ran into the radiator. John Mahrt received a forward pass and it looked as though he would make a touchdown till Midnight Bost jumped in his way and by higher persuasive powers obtained an encore that Johnny desired. Bert Fry made holes in the line, but turning around to gaze at the mutilation behind him, he ran into the wall. Bert was carried off the field. "Blackie" went in for Fry and succeeded in gaining twenty-five yards before he slipped and fell. "Swede" Wagner was penalized fifteen yards for "holding." We were again penalized when L. Mahrt tripped Art Schaezler. The half ended nothing to nothing.

Between halves, the Allen Quartette, direct from a coast to coast tour, rendered several very pleasing singing and dancing numbers.

The gong sounded for the second half. Our warriors came back with renewed pep. Aided by Achieu, the fastest back in Ohio, we succeeded in getting a touchdown. The game was ours. All the boys are to be praised for their noble work. The line "held" and the backfield "couldn't be stopped." We won!

To Messrs. McCarthy, Cholley, J. G. Wagner, Emerick and Krantz, we extend our thanks for managing the best time we have ever had. We also wish to thank the head linesmen, Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll; linesmen Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Mahrt; timekeepers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Hazlett and the referee, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kuntz. We thank them for what they have done to make the affair a success and we fully appreciate the good will in being with us that evening.

Schelenbackers' Band of Detroit held the field spellbound by their choice music selected for the mammoth occasion.

Home-coming Day Saturday, November 11th, went down in our annals as a red-letter day for our University of Dayton. Making armistice day the home-coming day was very appropriate; our battalion and the football squad were the chief factors in its success. All who were present will admit that both did their jobs in fine style.

Our Rev. President, Joseph Tetzlaff, started the memorable afternoon with prayer. Then followed the military review in all its splendor and the game against Baldwin-Wallace College. It was a hard-fought game and the team with the most fight won. Baldwin-Wallace had to be satisfied with a 36 to 14 defeat.

About three thousand howling rooters jammed the stands and cheered the Varsity to victory. Many "old boys" were back and we feel that they can justly be proud of their school and its spirit. Let us see you all again at our next homecoming day.

The Fifth Japanese Scholarship

Cash on hand $1,427.78

Recent Contributions

Mrs. Mary Korte, $10.00; Penny Collection, $5.00; Mrs. Barbara Sauer, $5.00; Miss Mary Banzer, $2.00; Mrs. E. J. Raney, $1.00; Mrs. Mueller, $1.00; Aloysius Resch, $1.00; Anna Resch, $1.00; Sale of Japanese Post Cards, per Mrs. George Leugers, $5.00; Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo., penny collections, $25.45; Sale of Japanese Post Cards, $4.00 ..... 60.45

Total cash on hand November 1, 1922 ..... $1,488.23

Athletic Notes

B. C. FRY

Varsity swamped Earlham by a score of 32-7 this year, thus proving that the '22 eleven excelled the team of last year. Last season the Varsity and Earlham fought a 14-14 tie. The touchdown made by Earlham came as the result of a fumble in the first quarter. After that period the opposing team could do nothing against the defense of Van Hill's men. The touchdowns for the Varsity were made by Schaezler, 2; Fry, 2, and John Mahrt. Townsend made Earlham's score.

St. Xavier

Although the Varsity practiced two weeks behind locked doors for the combat with St. Xaviers they suffered their first defeat at the hands of the Saints by the overwhelming score of 46-13. This was the first game away from home.

The first score came to St. Xaviers when Fry of Dayton, fumbled the kickoff, losing the ball on Dayton's fifteen-yard line. The ball crossed the tape three minutes after the whistle blew for the starting of the game. During the first quarter St. Xavier ran up a score of 20 points against the Varsity's nothing. In the second half, the Varsity began its overhead attack and with the aid of the healthy rooting of the student body and the fight that was not used in the first half, they scored two touchdowns, the final score being 46-13. Touchdowns: Eisele, Moir. For St. Xaviers, Davis 6, Wurzelbacher 1.

Leaving home early Saturday morning, October 21st, for Terre Haute, and with the encouraging words of the coaches, the Varsity defeated Rose Poly Tech, 32-0. The train being behind schedule, the men were forced to get into their togs on the train. They arrived in Terre Haute with hardly enough time to get to the field at the appointed hour. This accounts for the Varsity's not running up a larger score, as the U. of D. men were somewhat stiff and had lost much of their original "pep."

Scoring: J. Mahrt, Schaezler, Fry, Blake.

Saturday, October 28th, the Varsity suffered its second defeat at the hands of Canisius at Buffalo by a score of 40-6. Canisius had all the breaks in their favor. On the kickoff the ball was fumbled by Moir when he attempted to pass it to Eisele on a criss-cross and the ball fell into the hands of Canisius. The Varsity held their opponents for downs on the five-yard line. Achieu played a wonderful game throughout. "One-Lung" tore through their line and ran their ends without much difficulty. Eisele and Captain Mahrt were the brother stars of Achieu, completing about nine passes between them. Blake did good work booting the ball, averaging 50 yards. "Toughy" Fulweiler, Dayton's end, was sent in to take the place of Fry who went in at quarter when Black was knocked out, made the only score for U. of D. when he received the ball on the kickoff and ran eighty-five yards for a touchdown.

Never in the history of the school has there been such a hearty group of rooters. When the team was down during the St. Xaviers game, they yelled with renewed energy although their team was losing. After the game when the players were coming off the field with downcast appearance, they cheered. When the Varsity left for Rose Poly Tech they marched to the cars with them cheering incessantly. Again the spirit of the student body

came into the limelight when the team arrived at the home station from Canisius,—throngs of rooters were there to meet them. After the "pep" meeting held the following Friday noon the players left the auditorium with a love for their school and fellow students and a resolve to play doubly as hard and whip Ignatius.

The Cleveland-Dayton game was considered a cinch by the St. Ignatius eleven, so much so that they were under the impression that the Ignatius-U. of D. battle would not be a sufficient drawing card to pay expenses. But to their surprise a crowd of about eight thousand filled the grandstand. In the first quarter the spectators experienced the unexpected. University of Dayton held Ignatius easily, both sides putting in their best. A score of 0-0 at the end of the fifteen minutes with the ball in the possession of Ignatius marked their positions at the end of the first period. The second quarter was another period of fighting. The Cleveland eleven put over a touchdown, making the score 6-0.

Early in the third quarter the Varsity put over a touchdown. Achieu ran the end after the ball had been carried the full length of the field. The touchdown was indeed a spectacular play. "One-Lung" fumbled but did not stop,—picked the pigskin up on the run and dove across the line. Moir made the second touchdown after St. Ignatius had scored a second touchdown, making the score 13 all. A real battle ensued. Louis Mahrt was injured, and Black took his position. Fry shifting to quarter in the last few minutes of play. Moir completed a pass to the fighting left end, Eisele, who, in his ordinary form grabbed it and carried it across the tape for the winning touchdown. Moir kicked the goal after the touchdown, the score remaining 20-13 for the U. of D.

The Cleveland boys seemed to be conscious at all times that they were playing before the home folks, for the work of "Swede" Wagner, Eisele, Bost and "Vinnie" Moir as well as Virant was remarkable, and contributed much to the U. of D. victory.

Home-coming Game

Following the impressive celebration of Home-coming Day the Varsity continued to make the day a howling success by outclassing Baldwin-Wallace. Thanks to "Skeeter" Eisele, "Sneeze" Achieu, Moir, "Swede" Wagner and J. Mahrt, Baldwin-Wallace went home with downcast faces and a score of 36-14 against them.

Our boys got off with a good start,—playing a brand of ball that completely outclassed their opponents, and at the end of the first quarter had the edge of a 12-0 score.

The third quarter was the most exciting period of the game for the alumni and students. Baldwin-Wallace came back with dynamic force only to be met with equal battling by the Varsity. However, Baldwin threatened several times to overcome the four-point lead held by U. of D. but the Varsity came out of the "close call" with a vengeance. Black received a long pass for first down. A series of end runs and plunges forced the ball to a scoring condition. Scharf carried the pigskin over the line for the third touchdown. Baldwin began to weaken and two more touchdowns were made by L. Mahrt and Eisele respectively.

The farce game between halves broke the tension of the game. Steve Emerick as stunt-master held up his reputation as a fun-maker.

A parade followed late Saturday evening in which thirty automobiles crammed with students and players paraded the streets of the city yelling lustily for the Varsity.

The Farce Game Home-coming Day did not have one monotonous minute. The interim between the halves of the football game was taken up by a farce game between Brother Nick's well-oiled Junior Prep machine and the All-American Drawbacks. The Preps expected a hard game when they saw the Drawbacks. Variety is the spice of life and the Drawbacks sure had it. Like the rodents that followed the Pied Piper of Hamlin there were big boys, tiny boys, skinny boys, slow boys, fat boys, rough boys, runty boys, good boys and mamma's boys. They had cosmopolitan appearance and a popygot of jargon but science was their middle name, and oh, but they could play football.

They were strategists of the first calibre. They used a psychological defense that none of the Juniors could pierce. Only those in the innocence of youth or in the adamantine fury of senility could ever break through the Drawbacks' line. Since the Juniors had neither of these qualities they had to lay down supinely to the onslaughts of the invaders. The derrick-leap and the delayed-kickoff, the invisible criss-cross, the sanitary kickoff and the terpsichorean flying-snail sent the Junior Preps to a 7-0 defeat.

"Steve" Emerick handled the ticklish job of referring the farce in true Emerickean style. To Steve and Brother Nick we owe many thanks for making the interim a very interesting one.

Prep Football With but three more games left on their schedule the Preps are looking forward to the consummation of a successful season. One defeat and three victories is the record of the Red and Blue so far this season; although the remaining games will furnish some hard nuts for the Preps to crack. Greenville High, the Springfield Bearcats and Sidney follow each other, each being sure to give the high school boys a tough argument.

Since the last issue the Preps have engaged in two contests and came out on the long end of the score each time, defeating Miamisburg High on their own field 32-6 and handing the St. Marys boys of Springfield a 54-6 defeat.

Against Miamisburg High the Preps were only able to make one marker in the first two periods but in the last half they managed to get going and put over two more touchdowns. The Burger's lone tally came after a desperate use of the forward pass during the closing minutes of play. Cholley, Shaw, Michaels and Mann shone in this encounter.

Against Springfield the Red and Blue machine started working immediately after the first whistle and the final reckoning showed a score of 54-6. Again their rivals managed to put over one tally, this time on a fluke punt that touched Stein as it rolled over the goal and was fallen on by a Springfield player.

The most brilliant feature of their work so far has been an excellent use of the overhead game and a strong defense as their goal line has been crossed only five times this season.

Junior Preps The Juniors met a tartar at Middletown, November 5th, but finally succeeded in winning over the paper millers by a score of 7-6. The Cubs started as though they were going to walk all

over the South Parkers but were halted in the first period. The Preps accomplished very little during the half because they were outplayed. However, the final half saw the Juniors coming to life and they pulled themselves together in grand fashion. After two splendid runs, Cholley received a forward from Stein, over the goal line and Captain Gallagher booted the pigskin over the posts for the extra point and victory. The Juniors threatened again in the fourth quarter when they were on the three-yard line, but the Cubs held them for downs.

The Juniors won from St. Mary's High by a 122 to 0 score. Leo Cammalle, a former St. Mary's student, played a stellar game, scoring eight touchdowns. Forward passing by Stein and Mann, whilst Maxwell, Cholley and Donisi did the receiving was a feature of the game.

St. Mary's deserves a lot of credit for their fight. Although outclassed in all periods of the game they kept fighting to the final whistle.

Soph Preps Not having a football team because of lack of material, the Sophs have already turned their attention to basket ball. Joseph Back was appointed to develop the material. At the first call for candidates thirty-five responded. Regulars are: Ryan, Cunningham, Schlichte and Hart, forwards; Pappert, center; Berghoff, McMillan and Sanchez, guards. James Cunningham has been elected captain, and Jimmie has promised to lead the youthful warriors of the Red and Blue to many victories. This will be a difficult task as manager Dinkel is busy forming a schedule that will keep the boys going at a rapid rate. Last year's "Shrimps" will again be seen in action, and the reserves are already organizing.

ACT I.—Introducing VARLEY P. YOUNG

It does not necessarily follow that this generation is not so handsome as the previous ones, just because they took the mirrors out of the traction cars, does it?

"HE WAS WARNED——"

At a freshman's first appearance in the dining hall this year the waiter stepped up to the table and made inquiry.

"Tea or Coffee, Sir?", he asked.

"Don't tell me," begged Frosh, "don't tell me. Just let me guess."

"CALL FOR BIOLOGY PROF."

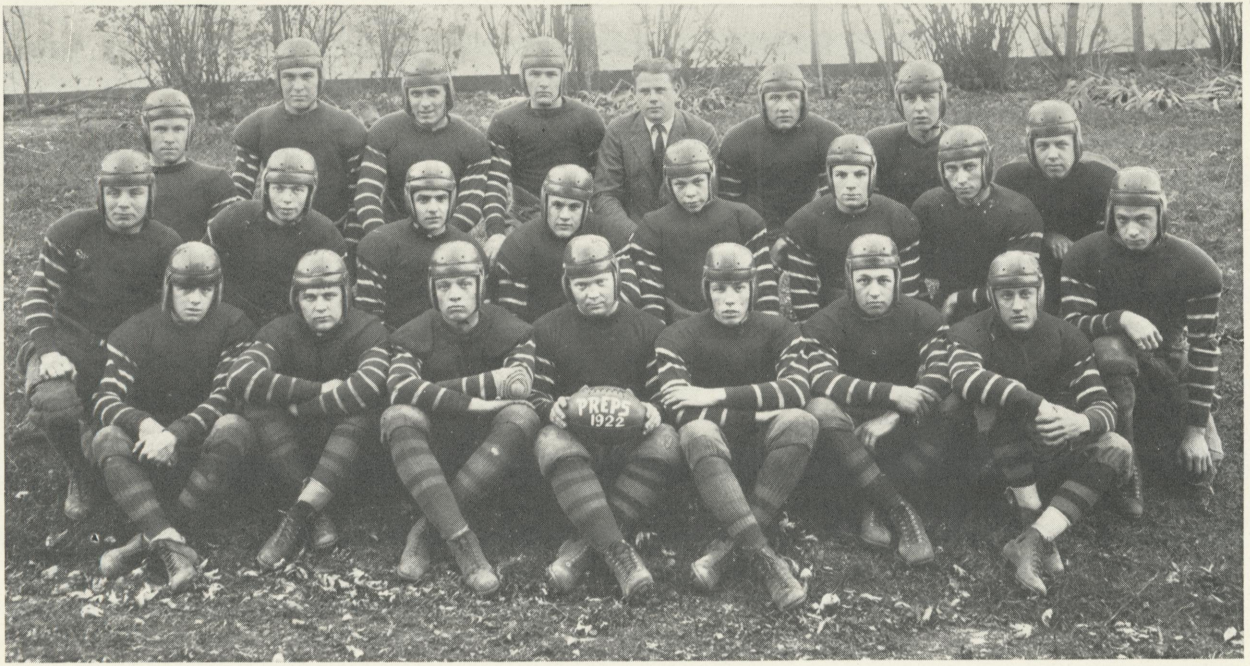
A June bug married an angle worm;
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy;
Now what could the poor fellow do.

ANOTHER LIMERICK ATTACK

A jolly young chemistry tough
While mixing a compound of stuff,
    Held a match to the vial
    And after a while
He found his front tooth and a cuff.

Pretty little blue-eyed Rhoda
    Drank a pint of caustic soda,
Doctor worked with might and main
    Used a pump, but all in vain.
Mother who, well versed in logic,
    Said in accent pedagogic;
Truth, smashed to earth will rise again
    Soda's a lye, and won't. That's plain.

One day I chanced to pass
    A beaver damming a river.
And a man who had run out of gas,
    Was doing the same to his flivver.—Awgwan.



U. OF D. PREP SQUAD

Reading left to right: Top row—Baker, Michel, Gallager, Peek (mgr.), Zimmer, Balger.
Middle row—Haft, Shaw, Donisi, Cholley, Stein, Mahn, Marzluft, Babb.
Bottom row—Maxwell, Kuzell, Nunn, Miller (capt.), Bush, Ims, Camalli, Schmidt.

ACT II.—Introducing P. K.

After reflectively contemplating myself in the mirror, I feel fully qualified to say that I know a joke when I see one. To some of you I need no introduction. To others before, like Walt Whitman "I utter my barbaric yawks over the roof ot the world," let me modestly introduce myself. My press agents have blazened for me a fiery trail from coast to coast, my fame has become international. My popularity is ever on the increase. I am the most placarded, billboarded and advertised attraction on the face of the earth. I am the talk of the theatre, the restaurant, the club, the home. In fact, I am the choicest morsel on the tip of everybody's tongue. I am **Wrigley's favorite.** Verily, as Voltaire said to Julius Caesar after his marriage with Hamlet, "Thank God, I'm an atheist."

Christoph—"May I see you-all home?"
Her—"You must be drunk, man. There's only one of me."

Dad Fox, our rural representative from Coldwater, says that Dayton has the politest newsboys that he ever saw. The other Wednesday he strolled down town and a newsboy came up to him saying, "Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman."

NATURE POEMS

The mule it has two legs behind
And two it has before;
You have to stand behind before
You find what the two behind be for.

The cow she is a good old scout,
She doesn't smoke but likes to chew.
She never spreads bad news about,
'Cause she has other work to do.

The whiffledinger has no mamma,
It is indeed a rare bird comma
Because it always backward flies
To keep the dust out of its eyes.

"Don't worry, little boy, you'll get your reward in the end."
"Yes I suppose so. That's where I always do get it."—Life.

Policeman (after serious railroad crash)—"What are you doing down here?"
Victim—"Oh, I'm just scraping up an acquaintance."

May—"What's the matter with Wiff Dirschel?"
Higgins—"He ate something for dinner that didn't agree with him."
May—"Croquette?"
Higgins—"No, but it looks as if he might."

A freshman raced feverishly around the lab looking for a bottle of "Silver Agitate." When approached by the Prof. he showed him the text book which read, "Add silver nitrate and agitate."

FRANK C. SCHULZE C. O. ENGLER

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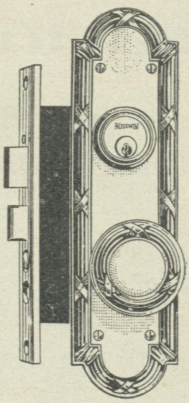

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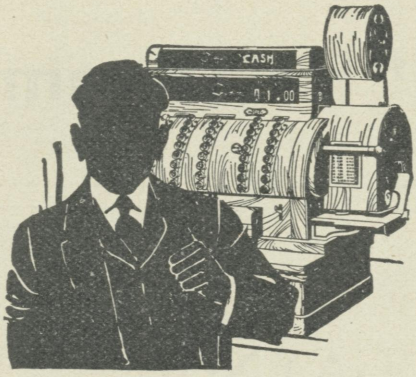

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