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## The University of Dayton Exponent, May 1923

University of Dayton


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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 DAYTONA" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a reddish-brown color.

# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

*Essay:* The Legacy of Patrick Henry  
Michael Eikenbary

*Essay:* Aeronautical Economics  
Carl J. Crane

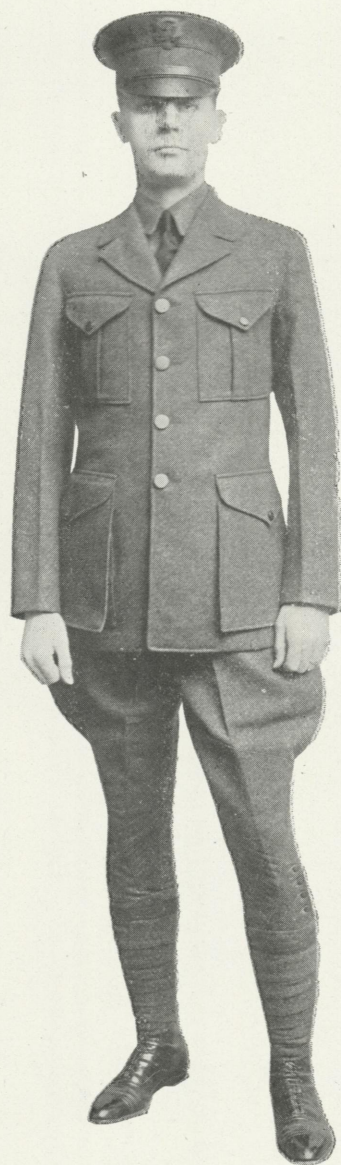
*May, 1923*



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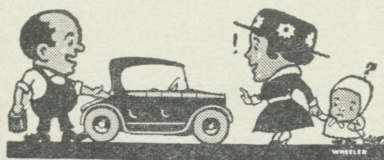
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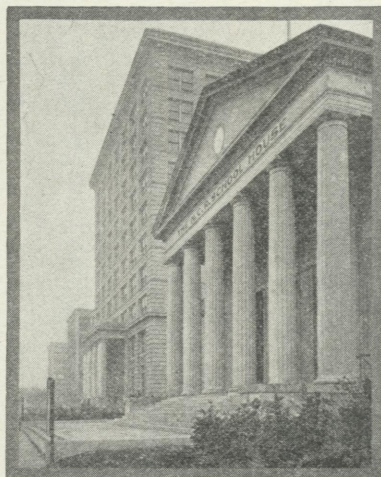
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C’mon, dish out, you guys.  
—Gerald S. Shenk.



# The University of Dayton Exponent

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MAY, 1923

No. 5

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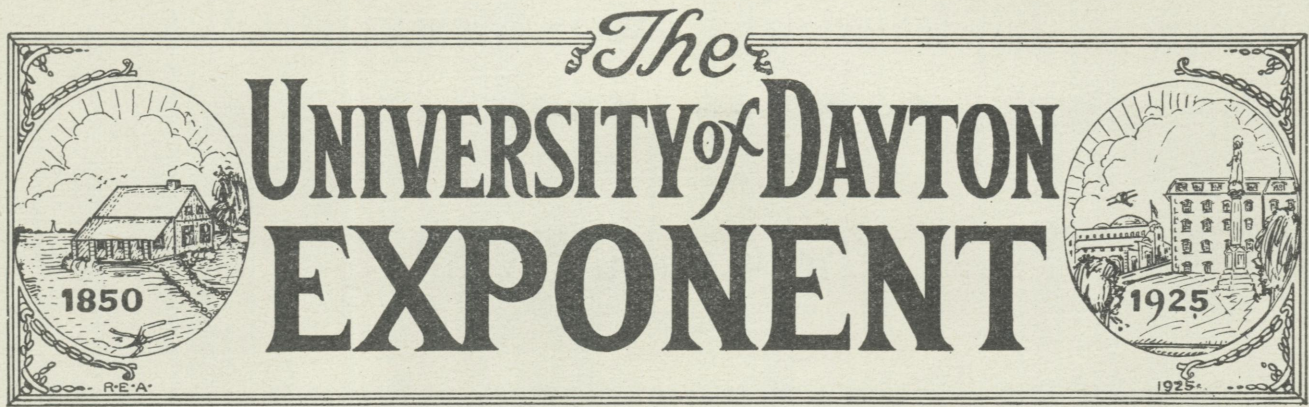
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Vol. XXI

MAY, 1923

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## Our Blessed Lady

By Lawrence J. Tebbe

Into the stillness of the solemn chapel  
 The evening sunbeams stretch their tired fingers  
 And wandering o'er the pews in lazy silence  
 Faintly tinge them with a docile red.  
 The sinking sun in pharisaic boldness  
 Throws a bright stream full on Our Lady's face—  
 "My God," I whisper, "what sorrow's in those eyes!  
 What dolour fills the tender mother heart!"  
 In raptured awe I kneel as the fading beams  
 Portray the beauty of that heavenly face—  
 My Mother of Sorrows.

The day's last embers melt in the purple West  
 And an even stillness fills the dreaming chapel.  
 The very benches hush in sacred reverence,  
 For through the dusk there comes the sober gleam  
 Of the tranquil face still radiant with the beams  
 That long have faded into the creeping night.  
 "Dear Jesus," I prayed, "forgive us who have  
 sinned"—  
 I thought the Mother smiled:—it had been our sins  
 That had nailed her only son to the cruel rood!  
 Yes, I really think she smiled,—  
 My Mother of Joys.



# The Crusade Calls

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Beckmann, S. T. D.

## MEMORIES OF 1921

**A**S we are approaching nearer to the date set for the Fourth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, to be held at the University of Notre Dame, there is once again awakened within us the happy remembrance of the last Crusade convention, which assembled in the summer of 1921 at the University of Dayton. It was a meeting made ever memorable, not only by the achievement of the delegates, but, in no less degree, by the sterling self-sacrifice and energy contributed by the good priests and brothers of the Society of Mary and by the most praiseworthy zeal of the students under their charge. To these factors, above all, is the material success of the 1921 convention due. To the unfailing courtesy and exemplary generosity of these men all Crusaders are deeply indebted.

## THE SPIRIT LIVES

The enthusiasm enkindled at Dayton has not been allowed to smolder or die down. We are on the eve of another great convention, and we are stronger and better trained Crusaders than we were two years ago. We more fully realize the grave and critical need of our missionaries, both home and foreign. The wheels of the organization's machinery are running more smoothly and we are emerging from the experimental stage. Many impediments to our progress have disappeared and we can begin to concentrate on the attainment of our blessed aim: "The World for the Sacred Heart."

And, in accord with this slogan, we have adopted another, especially chosen for the coming convention: "Notre Dame—to Defend the Cross." As the heroic Crusaders of the Middle Ages fought for the preservation of the Holy Land to Christianity, so we must fight that the symbol of Christianity,—

the Cross of Christ,—may not be outraged by the attacks of infidels.

## TO DEFEND THE CROSS

"To Defend the Cross!" No slogan, in these days, could be more appropriate; on every hand, even in our own land of freedom, the Cross is being subjected to jest and insult, and the sublimity of following the One who died thereon is disparaged and ridiculed as vain or fanatical. So, Catholic Crusaders, your work is clearly outlined before you. Upon you, the leaders of the days to come, depends much, and through our Mission Crusade you can prepare yourselves to take your rightful place in the army of Christ. Your task is a mighty one and requires a thorough preparation. The spread of the Faith, through the support of the missionaries,—those self-sacrificing men and women solely dependent upon the help of others,—is a God-given task, than which there is no nobler given man to perform.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

The spirit displayed at Dayton is the spirit that will triumph at Notre Dame, and it is our fervent prayer that this spirit will never languish or decay; that it will spread with the rapidity of inspiration to those institutions and students who are not yet fully alive to the meaning and possibilities of the Crusade.

The present call of the Crusade has the Fourth General Conclave as its objective. Crusaders who would have an active part in plans for the furtherance of God's interests must burnish their armor for the march to Notre Dame. "Notre Dame—To Defend the Cross."

May 4, 1923.

Written for The Exponent by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Beckmann, S. T. D., Chairman of the Executive Board, Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.



# The Blue, the Gray and the Olive Drab

By F. Leonard Canavan

I don't suppose that I could find the place again. I chanced on it by mere accident, but, that accident was a lucky one in that it gave rise to a bit of a historical incident and also a story of patriotism. However, I shall relate it as it actually happened.

Last spring I happened to be touring a rather sparsely populated tract of our own dreamy Southland. I was headed for no place in particular, just following any road that appealed to my fancy. I was hugely enjoying myself in that roving way in which I choose to spend a few months. I knew I was in the state of Tennessee, just where I couldn't say. Somehow or other I got switched onto a road that sure hadn't been listed on the Division of Highways' schedule for improvement. It was awful! Mud! Mud! Mud! I determined to find what lay at the end of the road and so chugged painfully ahead. I had gone perhaps ten miles, ten long miles, the longest I have ever traveled, when I came to a hamlet. It comprised four tumble-down shacks and two rickety houses. I decided to stop and then found I had to stop because it was the end of the road, and ten miles back wasn't a pleasant prospect.

As I drove up the "main street" three people came out to meet me. A short business looking character (the marshall, the postmaster, and the governmental head); two old bearded men wearing the garments of olden days, one the gray jacket of the Confederate Army, and the other the blue of the Union. I asked the short gentleman if I might obtain lodging for the night or for a couple of nights (I saw here real characters worthy of study.)

"Well now, lemme see," answered the marshal and after a pause continued, "I can't very well put you up but (with a sly wink at me). I guess either Sam or Bill could stan' yu fer a coupla days."

"Sir—," began Bill.

"Suh—," interrupted Sam.

The fat fellow chuckled and giggled.

"Permit me to introduce myself," I interposed, "I am Charles Dent and I'm just riding around the country."

"Well," replied the fat fellow, "I'm Augustus Crowell and (with a sweep of his hand) I bid you welcome to our city. This (indicating Bill) is William Fitzgerald, Union soldier, and this (pointing to Sam) is Samuel Marson of the Confederate Army."

Both old men bowed low.

"Mr. Dent, I would be pleased to have you stay with me for a few days," said Bill.

"Mr. Dent I beg the honor of your presence," argued Sam.

The old men glared malignantly at each other. Here Crowell interrupted with another wink.

"I guess, Charley, you had better stay a day with each."

Thinking that I had bumped into something real and possibly feudish, I agreed. Crowell seemed to be some kind of a judge, for he decided that I should stay with Bill that night. So I went over to stay with Bill.

The minute that I was alone with the old gentleman, I perceived that he had something important to tell me. His very mien accented it. He would look at me and study me to determine perhaps if I would listen. I decided to draw him out. It was not until that evening that I got the story.

"Charley, I suppose you wonder a lot since you have been here. There ain't much to wonder about 'cept Mr. Marson and me. I suppose you noticed how we act? Well, sir, we are enemies. He's a Southerner and I am from the North. Damn the South. I wouldn't be a stickin' here if I could get out. No siree! I love the North and my nephew, one of the last soldiers to leave Germany, is comin' to take me away tomorrow. Mr. Marson loves the South as much as I hate it. He was at Antietam and Gettysburg, and so was I. He was with Lee and I was with Grant. He still calls me Yank and he's nuthin' but a Johnny. Yet he maintains that the South was right. It was not. The Union cause was just, it was God and the North who kept this nation from the destructive hands of the South. God and the North, sir, and we were in the right."

The old man paused. I sat very still and looked straight ahead. Bill cleared his throat and continued.

"Y'know our nation was founded on democracy and yet the South wanted aristocracy. It seems to me that the South ought to be satisfied that they are alive. I don't see why we didn't kill every one of them. They deserved it. What right had they to stand for slavery? Why should they try to wreck all our hopes for advancement? Dern them, The dogs, the low-lying critters, would steal from a child. I hate the South, sir, I hate the South, it is wrong and will always be wrong."

Bill arose and went inside. For a long time I could hear him fumbling around, looking to see that he had everything packed for his exodus from the South. Bill was interesting,—I wondered how Sam would be. Well, I would see Sam in the morning.



Sam saw me coming and came to meet me.

"Good mornin' Mr. Dent," he said.

"I hope that Yank Fitzgerald hasn't crammed your head full of distaste for the South. Suh, the South is par-ee-mount. She was right, suh, she was right. And believe me, I would rather see the Stars and Bars any day than the Stars and Stripes. Them murderin' Yankees came thunderin' down. They won the war, but they never destroyed the spirit of the South; we are still carrying our ideals with us and we always shall. The grave alone shall separate us from them."

We had arrived at Sam's house and upon entering I was astonished. All over the walls hung pictures of the old South. The battlefields of Bull Run, Vicksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg; the generals, Lee, Jackson, and others. Sam offered me a seat and went on with his story.

"There's a man suh, a man's man. General Lee never stooped to any underlying Yankee trick. Jackson, the North had no man like "Old Stonewall." They all had to admire him. The manhood of the South is the manhood of the nation. The soul of America is the South. We have ideals suh, and the North tries to crush them. Damn the North, I hate it."

I stayed with Sam for the better part of the day but about four in the afternoon I heard another auto bumping up the road and I surmised that it was Bill's nephew. I went out to meet him. I was introduced to the younger Fitzgerald. He was an impressive person wearing the uniform of a Major, the olive drab that won the World War. After some time I had a chance to speak to him alone.

"Mr. Fitzgerald," I began, "you have come to a strange place. In the last few hours I've heard all the battles of the Civil War rehearsed. I've enjoyed every bit of it. I hope that you will get a chance to hear both sides of it."

"I've heard it all, Dent, I lived here off and on for a while. I came with the purpose of taking my uncle away but I'm not going to do it. He'd be discontented if he would see the North of today. Jazz bands, syncopation, murders and scandals. That's not his North. It would be far better for him to stay here."

As he finished speaking Bill emerged from the house.

"Come on uncle, we are going over to see Sam."

"See that Southerner? Never, nephew, never."

"If you don't come with me you will never see the North. I'll leave you here."

"Well, nephew, If I must go I must. I'll stay here no longer. Not in this hotbed of rebels."

"Come on, uncle, we'll go over to see Sam."

So we went. The younger Fitzgerald and myself leading the way and old Bill bringing up the rear

and at each step wishing new malediction upon the South.

"Well, if it ain't the boy," exclaimed Sam grasping the extended hand of the major, "I sure am glad to see you, suh, won't you come in?"

"Sam, I came down here for a purpose, I came to tell you and my uncle something. I don't want you to say a word till I have finished."

"You all know that I have been in France a long time and that I've seen things that it doesn't do men good to see. But I'm going to relate to you a story and when I've ended—well, here goes the story."

"I belonged to a rather mixed outfit. We were gathered from all parts of the country. We had what you call Northerners and Southerners, we had them from the East and the West. But we all went over to France with but one idea in our hands, and that was to lick the Germans. We did that job up proper and in accomplishing that task this is an incident that occurred, and many happened like this but you can still hear talk of Andy Lee Campbell, the All-American Ace. We had been transferred from one end of the line to the other, there was not a spot of the entire country that we didn't see. The Air Service of the United States made a greater part of the history of the A. E. F. One July day a call for two planes was sent into us and Andy and myself responded. We were soon in the air and headed for the German lines. Andy was flying high above me and to my right. I was to brook all the fire of the Germans when he was to slip by and do the dirty work. I had been gone perhaps an hour and the Germans were responding to the ruse finely. I had lost sight of Andy. Just how the next incident occurred I am at a loss to relate but I know that I was surrounded by three German planes. It meant almost certain death. I started a rapid fire on the first one, and got in response the return fire of all three planes. Things looked bad. I determined to flee and try to draw the planes over our own lines where I could give the artillery a chance to get in a little work. It failed to work. One plane cut me off and they slowly surrounded me. I could go higher but I could never escape them. Then to make things worse my gun went out of commission. I was doomed to die. When things looked the blakest along comes Andy. I could see him tearing to my aid and I sure felt a whole lot better. How that little devil came! Words cannot describe how he tore into that German formation and cut them to pieces. He looped and dodged and looped again, there was one plane left at the end of fifteen minutes and then Andy's gun went on the bum. Talk about cuss. What else could I do? There we were, two crippled planes being peppered by a German gun and unable to put up a fight. I



signalled to Andy to head for our lines just as soon as I could. How we went, we had everything in those planes in play. Would they stand the test? We were now about five miles from our line when it became evident that the German would get us. I had an awful time trying to keep my ship up. On and on the German came. He went passed me and began firing at Andy. I saw Andy look around. Then occurred something that I shall never forget. Andy took a big loop and came above the German, he had no gun and, boys,—here the major paused—boys he dove right into the top of the enemy ship. They both went crashing to the ground together. Andy threw his hand up to bid me 'goodbye.'

The major stopped and wiped the tears from his face, the old men stirred uneasily, I stared straight ahead. The major looked around and then continued.

"We were a happy lot with all our joking. We used to call Andy 'General Lee' and we kidded the life out of him about the South. But when he went West like he did, there was not a man who wouldn't stand up for him and the South. Sometime when you are in France and near the great American

cemetery at Argonne you ask the guide about Andy Lee Campbell. He'll take you to a little mound of earth surmounted by a small white cross. There is where the remains of Andy lie and above the grave they have placed this inscription:

"'He was from neither North or South. But he was from the United States of America. The North and South are one.'

"Boys, I've been through some awful scenes and every time I think of you two fighting about the North and South it makes me mad—there is no North and South, there is but one United States of America."

There was a long pause, Bill moved uneasily, Sam figited about on his chair, finally they looked at each other.

"Sam," began Bill, "have you got a little tobacco?"

"Sure," answered Sam, "and say Bill, you're not going away and leave me here all alone?"

The Major looked at me and smiled. Bill sat silent for a long while, then a smile began to spread over his face, at length, he said,

"Nah, Sam, I was only foolin'."

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## Shadow

By Frank Potts

Come, gentle evening, gently fold  
Your dusky cloak about the meadows;  
Melt out the blue skies and the gold  
With darkness and with shadows.

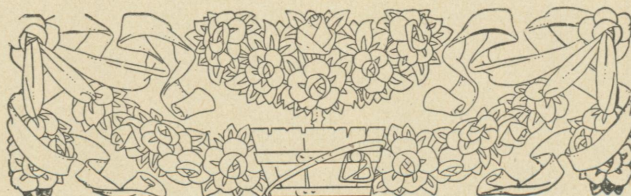
Send breezes down to lull to dreams,  
And bless in peace, the throbbing bird,  
That sends his notes in silver streams,  
Not wondering if his songs are heard.

Come, drop sweet stillness o'er the dell,  
Fading in the hueless light,  
And let your murmurs, with the bell,  
Announce the closing arms of night.

Suffuse with haze the sleepy glow,  
Bedim the silenced plain, that rides  
In stillness to a vale below,  
Where silence evermore abides.

There crush the incense and perfume  
From hanging vines around the stone,  
And drop soft whisperings on the tomb,  
Where only heated winds have blown.

There, shadow, flit in silent course,  
Singing sweetly from above,  
Not songs of sorrow and remorse,  
But pains of everlasting love.





# The Legacy of Patrick Henry

By Michael Eikenbary

IT has been most aptly remarked circumstances are the creator of great men; from this might be deducted that lack of the same, has resulted in ability and genius lying dormant or unheralded throughout its life. Therefore in touching the life of Patrick Henry and the great scenes in it, we must quote historical circumstances. To tell of his labors in detail would entail volumes, so in a short article the object may plainly be said to excite in the heart of a reader the wish to read of these stirring days when Patrick Henry and a host of others played the role.

It may here be mentioned that it is a lamentable fact that biographers seem to gloat in expounding contradictory facts concerning their subject matter, which may be partly excusable, when their zeal and adoration for the eulogized is raised. Hence, any contradictory statements will be but a testamentary to the biographer's fervor or originality.

Henry was born in Virginia, Hanover County, May 29, 1736. That portion of the colonies now stands much in precedent, bathed in the light of the generation of leaders it produced during the eighteenth century. As a boy he attended one of many private schools, somewhat irregularly, probably owing to his love of all outdoors. It being told how he would roam his father's wooded farms and oft-times reclining on mossy couch he would whistle a march tune as he reviewed the battalions of fleecy clouds parading overhead. His was a carefree life, and his enjoyment of it was brimful.

At the age of fifteen he began clerking in a country store, and a year later his father bought him and his brother William a stock of merchandise and set them into one of those prime educational agencies, the country store. Here indeed was to be his university, where he was to experiment the most complex and seldom mastered branch of learning, namely, human nature. And here it was he weighed both character and sugar, measured calico and men and drew conclusions and molasses at the same time. But his program of studies was destined to be short, for while Henry profited greatly in the carrying out of his life slogan "Study-men," his ledger showed deficiency while dealing with their purses, and although he, like Samuel Pepys, was alive to every quip of human nature and comedy, played in so rare a setting; he was also asleep to the tragedy of his customers crediting his ledger, they doing it so melodiously, till failure closed the final scene and left Henry alone to hear the dirge of his creditor.

We next view him as a farmer, with wife and babes to greet him as he returned sunburned and sweaty, from directing his few slaves, but not for long, as the flames one night consumed practically all of his earthly lot and so at the age of twenty-one with what little he recovered from the sale of his servants, he obtained another country store, operating it alone until 1758 when he failed again, due to the bad tobacco crops of his customers. At twenty-four he stood in a foreboding world in debt. Oh! Such, as we know now, was the world's way with genius, for nothing had he yet exhibited to give her a foreknowledge of the divine spark which he knew not, glowed within his breast.

Almost as a last resort his mind turned to law, and biography tells us that after a six-week gallop through jurisprudence, he presented himself (almost a country bumpkin, unpolished and unknown) before the board of examiners at Williamsburg, Va.; what a story it would have been for Charles Dickens to compare Henry to the smooth elegance, ruffles and velvet, which surrounded those vehement and almost contemptuous examiners who finally decreed that his knowledge of law was fairly weak, yet if he would but promise to keep on studying that his personality might bridge the defects, which he promised to do.

And we, now near his maiden leap to fame, picture the Hanover Court House of Virginia, crowded with parsons and laymen with the new-born Henry revealing the rights of the clergy and their duty to their peoples and to God. We cannot detail this narrative, and let us hope that we have but proved the fire of his tongue, when we say that the name of Henry at once became synonymous with the advocacy of liberty.

It is spring, warm breezes blow and shade inhabit the streams, and all nature seems conducive of repose with man and God. Up the hill on which is situated James Church of what is now Richmondshire, plodded the delegates of the first Revolutionary Convention of Virginia, and there were townsmen, among whom were Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and John Marshall, Sr., who rubbed elbows with the sturdy farmers who complained of leaving spring planting, little dreaming the reaping would feed their farms' defenders. Yet their seemed a terseness in both atmosphere and demeanor as if a foreboding of the great brewing storm, so into the low wooden structure they crowded while the river James sparkled far below.



Another apt remark is that every teacher has undoubtedly one crowning achievement of his career, and it is upon the apex of the days this "Demos-thenes of the Forest," that therein lies stimulation.

With the procedure begun and business progressing there arose a man, tall, a forehead high, while his shoulders contained a stoop. Possessed of a strong voice through which ran a strain of melody, he read three resolutions, all of which had been heard at different times before and in different phraseology, yet the third was something distasteful as it called men to a state of defence against George III of Britain. Having read, this member returned to his seat and listened to its objectors, while debate ensued.

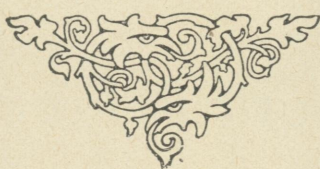
Men were clinging to peace;—yea, at any hour might appear an English sail, bringing news of better dealings. Oh! How deceitful is the phantom of hope; men see not the battle until the cannon's roar is heard. How little knew these colonies that but yesterday (on the 22nd) the words of Edmund Burke, words which men were to remember, and which would be studied by their grandchildren as embellishing the highest mental effort, and with but

simple justice as their keynote, declaring man's inhumanity to man, had fallen on the ears of a mute parliament.

So Henry re-arose, this time to give birth to a classic, and to proclaim sentences which shall stir the blood of freemen or slave as long as manhood exists. He was a picture of forlorn hope and liberty defamed, and how fiery was his question, "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains or slavery?" On and on he swept molding dissent into accord, fear into lion-heartedness and doubt into determination, and as a captain he faced his resolution's staunchest objectors and asked, "I know not what course you gentlemen might pursue, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

To tell of the effect of his words would be but to recite the history of the Resolutions, and their delivery may be better imagined than described.

So, American, when foreigners accost you with the fascinating tale of vine-clad abbey or skeleton-lined moat, ask him to pause, and then tell him the story of Patrick Henry and that little band with whom he lived in those chivalrous days of our country's birth.





## Mother

By F. Leonard Canavan

**I**T was the sixth of July. The sun beat unmercifully upon the imprisoned hospital. The heat was unbearable. Nurses sat on cots fanning the sick and the dying. Then they came for me.

Long hours afterward I awoke very weak and very sick. A cool, soft hand was laid upon my brow.

"Mother," I whispered, "Mother—Mother!"

I opened my eyes; a nurse was seated by the bed and in a low voice was talking to me. She told me that the operation had been a success,—I would live.

Despite these words my mind contained one picture. It was my mother. I could see her seated near the window, knitting. What a marvelous touch the twilight added to her features! It brought out all the beauty of womanhood, of motherhood, sorrow and joys. I can still see her a few days before I sailed for France. How she cried as I held her in a powerful embrace.

A month passed; I was swiftly recovering my strength. One day I was informed by the doctor that on the morrow I could be moved. I was transported to Paris. After a week in a Parisian hospital I was sent back to America.

During this period I had frequently written to mother but had received no answer. Presumably she had addressed the mail to my old quarters and it would be weeks before I would receive her letters.

When the day for sailing arrived, and we had already boarded the ship how our hearts beat with

uncontrollable joy; each pulsation of the mighty engines brought us closer to home! Closer to mines for some, to sweethearts for many, but to me—closer to my Mother.

At New York we were greeted with cheers and prolonged applause. Bells were ringing, whistles blowing, and everybody seemed mad with joy at our return. They called us "heroes" and many a tear was shed as they gazed at a "hero" blinded or hobbling along on crutches; they were frightened by the hideous grins on the faces of some of us whose visages were rendered weird and grotesque from shell explosions.

Willing hands aided me in securing transportation to the mid-western town where I lived. On arriving there, the first acquaintance I met was an old friend of mine and of the family. His greeting was hearty and congenial, yet I saw in his face something strange and indescribable. When he had finished, I inquired about my Mother. Sad question! Instead of his face kindling into a smile, two large tears crept from his eyes and rolled slowly down his withered cheeks. He turned a little toward the West, pointed to a grove of trees surrounding the village cemetery.

An old, old sun flung its mellow rays upon a newly heaped mound of earth.

"My boy," said the old man in a broken voice, "your Mother died on the sixth of July at two o'clock."

At two o'clock on the sixth of July I had passed the crisis.

## Aeronautical Economics

By Carl J. Crane

**A**MERICA today holds fourteen aeronautical records, which, by the way, leaves one or two to foreign lands. But what are these records? What is their significance and why has so much time been spent in their pursuance? Are they not merely passing scintillating bits of the American spirit to hold a dominant position in whatever she undertakes? Hardly that. The records that America holds today and of which she is so proud, and justly so, of possessing are the result of a fusion of the earnest efforts of pioneers, the thought and perseverance of science, the untiring labor of a far-seeing populace, the skill of American pilots and a fundamental patriotic zeal which feels that America, the birthplace of aviation, should be Mistress of the Air.

The world in general and America in particular has realized that aeronautics is a rising economic force that flows into the crevices of lack, which heretofore have not been filled by any means of transportation. Notwithstanding the difficult and arduous evolution through which aeronautics has had to proceed, we find it today assuming an ever-increasing role of importance in the economy of nations and in the progress of its people. Aeronautics today is at the dawn of a new era in which no doubt America will take part to an extent that will keep her foremost in the air among the leading nations of the earth. To those who have watched the development of aerial progress from its inception comes a conviction that the new science and art of aerial navigation has waxed strong





Lieutenants Macready and Kelly who piloted the T-2 to a successful non-stop flight across the continent.

Through the courtesy of "Slipstream"

and is to become one of the earmarks of an advanced civilization. At the present time an ever-increasing number of thinking, intelligent people are rallying to the support of aeronautics and their reasons for such hearty support may be summed up as forming a true, impartial and unbiased insight into the advantages of aeronautics. Indeed aeronautics is receiving an impetus at the present time which is destined to make it a leading factor in the lives of not a few but of many. Before the close of the present generation aeronautics will have taken its place, the place which belongs to it by right of succession, a place which recognizing conservatism is so reluctantly releasing.

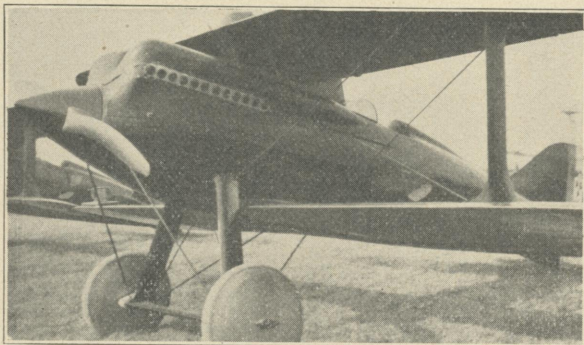
Expedient it is to consider for a moment the development of aeronautics in general and some of the phases in its evolution to the place it holds today as a dynamic force which has come to solve problems of world-wide importance; problems concerning the well-being of nations and municipalities. Beginning in the imagination and emotions of a few like in all other forms of natural conquest, aeronautics at first was considered as a foolhardy creation of man's restlessness. Aeronautics did not stand alone in that respect, for it was the oft-repeated story compatible with innovation and progress. Indeed we can say in all firmness that the scientific progress made by aeronautics has far outreached the popular support given it and contrary to most fields of advancement its pioneers are men who today take active part in the success that aeronautics is beginning to be characterized by. Unlike Clermont whose most optimistic dreams could not picture the giant steam vessels of today, Wright has a visible guarantee that his pioneering was not in vain but on the contrary a contribution to civilization which is being brought forth in strong relief. When flight of a few moments' duration was effected in the early days lit-

tle hope was held by the "I told you so" organization for aeronautics. They could not see in it a semblance of rational progress. When the light-powered flimsy aircraft of 1905 were demonstrated in the air by daring pilots the majority could not sense the value of the newborn mode of travel. But similar to all other projects which require a beginning the minority and not the majority is the factor for advancement. So aeronautics struggled along in the best way it could, gradually evolving from a state of dormancy to a position where it began attracting the attention of the more conservative and soon we find the United States government investing in aircraft. These two first airplanes purchased by the government were required to pass a gruelling endurance and speed test which consisted of sustained flight of something like a fraction of an hour and a minimum speed of about 35 miles per hour. The tests were passed. Commercial aeronautics began. However, up to the time of the World War little more than experimentation was carried on and America's part was below par. But surely necessity is a masterful force and four years of war brought out one very vital fact,—the world needed aircraft. America was caught napping which was probably good when considered as a valuable lesson learned. After the war much was planned and little done for a period of a few years until today finds the aeronautic industry really beginning to take an active part in the normal national life.

Considered from the commercial point of view it may be well to analyze the usefulness of aircraft and to lay bare the practical value of aeronautics. Before enumerating the latent qualifications of aircraft for commercial utilities let us get an idea of what has been done in the way of aerial transportation. A short time ago the writer hired an automobile, one of the variety that is manufactured so extensively, paying for the rental fourteen cents per



mile of travel. Compare that charge per mile with the cost per mile of aerial passage on the Cross Channel Air Routes between London and the Continent at nine cents per mile. Baggage up to a certain weight is transported free and the time consumed in the trip is 1-24 the time of ordinary passage. Engaged in cross channel transportation are British, French and Dutch lines. Together they carried 12,365 passengers netting 630,000 miles in 1922. Besides this 500 tons of mail and luggage was transported with no fatal accidents occurring on the regular British lines. At Le Bourget, France, the world's largest airport, over 50,000 passengers passed through its gates since August, 1919. During the same time 1,650,000 pounds of freight were transported with arrivals and departures of aircraft amounting to 12,861 up to January of this year.



The Army-Curtiss racer piloted to a new world speed record of 236.5 miles per hour by Lieut. R. L. Maughan.

This gives some idea of the practical value of aircraft for commercial purposes and no doubt will astound some who are not aware of the figures. In the city of Dayton, Ohio, as in other cities a very prosperous commercial airport has been in operation for over two years. The Johnson Airplane and Supply Company operating passenger service has carried over 3,000 passengers in local and cross-country flights aggregating a total of well over 325,000 miles of air travel without injury to any one. Besides the business of aerial transportation, the concern carries on a business of the sale and repair of airplanes and parts. The foregoing is a meagre outline of the possibilities of commercial aeronautics but gives an idea of what may be expected in the near future from the rapidly increasing industry of commercial aeronautics.

Responsible for the success of aeronautics in recent years we find another factor, namely the scientific and practical research carried out by the military and naval departments. To them goes much credit. America owes to a large extent, a great deal of gratitude to military and naval aerial

activity for placing our country in the position it now holds in aeronautic achievement. During the World War the need of aircraft became apparent and today the nations with the most efficient air service stand best protected against foreign invasion. This form of national protection is of great value to a country like the United States, which covers such a vast area needing protection. Indeed, from a military point of view aeronautics is fused into the program of national defense so securely that it is a question which should receive the utmost attention.

Not only the government and private interests are taking an increasing active interest in aeronautics but civil authority as well. Hon. John C. Lodge, Mayor of Detroit, says: "This city recognizes the great future that lies ahead of aviation from civil, commercial, and military standpoints. Its principal interest is in the inseparable relation of aviation to our national defense. It believes that this country needs as a prerequisite to preparedness in the air, a substantial use of commercial aviation and the necessary industry to support such use." Civil authorities in all sections of our country are confronting the problem of supplying airports and suitable municipal facilities for the convenience of aircraft so that in a short time air routes will form a network of systematic interstate travel.

Let us now consider some of the uses to which aircraft are applied as likewise other possible applications. The majority of people familiar with current events are aware of the brilliant accomplishments so recently effected in the domain of military and naval aeronautics. Speeds hitherto unattained, endurance that would try the best in other modes of transportation, for what locomotive today remains in continuous service a distance equal to the breadth of our land and what ocean liner today crosses the Atlantic without careful preparation and reconditioning? Meditate on the recent endurance record established by a U. S. Army transport which was kept aloft two nights and a day and during which time it could have crossed the Atlantic or spanned the distance from New York to California. This is indeed a record never before attained but it has been successfully done and can be repeated. Is this not sufficient guarantee of the reliability of aircraft today? Another use to which aircraft are admirably suited is to the system of fast mail transportation. During 1922 the United States operated the longest air mail service in the world completing a mileage of nearly 2,000,000 miles successfully! Properly co-ordinated aerial police systems are endowed with many natural advantages and will become more universal. Especially in these days of the 18th Amendment should aircraft be



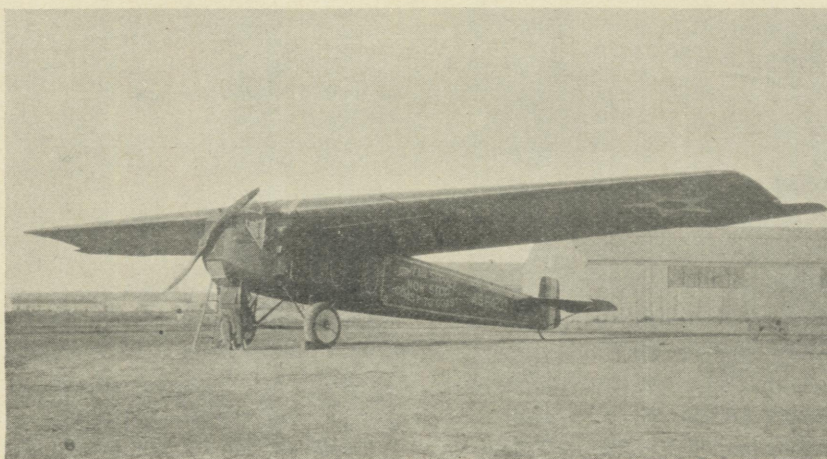
valuable for coast and border patrol. The program of forest conservation has been better controlled since the application of aircraft to that work, and many fires of a disastrous nature have been prevented by immediate apprehension. Aerial surveying is assuming a position of importance by rendering a valuable service previously not extant. Difficult coast surveys as likewise many inland surveys accompanied by many hardships and attendant enigmas are simplified immensely. Projects such as the survey of the Florida everglades and the Mississippi River Delta which include many thousand square miles of terrain that never could be mapped before have been successfully surveyed from the air with an uncanny precision. Topographical surveys that show not only the form of the terrain but the condition of it is another advantage of aerial surveys made from photographic record.

It seems that in the near future aircraft will be employed in transportation more universally and especially in countries where the terrain is prohibitive to other forms of transportation. Countries rich in natural resources as the Latin American countries are, should use aircraft to a great extent to make accessible the remote but naturally wealthy sections of the land. Sections of Canada

where, due to the severity of winter and the lack of transportation, travel at best is a trying ordeal, would benefit in a large measure by aerial transportation. This was demonstrated sometime ago when several airplanes flew to Nome, Alaska, from the States. The large dirigible is coming into its own with the advent of helium. The usefulness of this type of craft will be demonstrated in the near future it is hoped, when the Navy's ZR-1 now under construction is completed. This craft of mammoth size will have a cruising radius of 5,000 miles and be able to carry a useful load of many thousand pounds.

The time is not far distant when aeronautics will fulfill that logical economic need which is in greater evidence today than ever before. Aeronautics is a factor in the economy of life that can postpone to an enormous extent that point of diminishing returns, and by the fact make a greater civilization out of the present.

What aeronautics needs today is greater popular support especially in America, for foreign countries have done much. Aeronautics now stands facing a bright and most successful career. Let us therefore hope that America, the natal land of aviation, will always hold the foremost rank among the leading nations of the world in aeronautical progress.



Through the courtesy of "Slipstream"

The Army transport monoplane T-2 which made the record-breaking non-stop flight from ocean to ocean.



## Just Little Things

By Lawrence J. Tebbe

WE all want to be great. Sometime in the life of every person there comes this desire and choosing an exemplary ideal he prepares his path to greatness. If Washington used much cream in his coffee, so must he—if Napoleon slept flat on his back—so must anyone who would be like Napoleon. But this is the puerile exuberance of ignorance and wisdom is very fatal to it. The day inevitably dawns upon him when reflection reveals the lubric paradox—"suppose all men were great?" "Well, then none would be great." And that settles it.

All men philosophize. Yes, I think it was Sir W. Hamilton who said it, "Man philosophizes as he lives. He may philosophize well or ill, but philosophize he must." And youth is not easily discouraged,—health and vigor and wisdom are all on his side, but he feels he lacks one thing and he makes it his aim to procure it: it is knowledge. And the bursting of his iridescent bubble of imagined greatness is soon forgotten in a deluge of saner and more mature facts. Now he sees that it is the lot of the great majority to be born, to live, and to be forgotten,—but he is not pessimistic over the decree of the fates; for life here on earth is just an episode and whether or not he be remembered after death becomes of minor interest. His life has been a success if he has learned one thing well,—that he must always do his best; that if no great things are given him to do there is true greatness in doing common things uncommonly well.

So it is with commonplace things, that the average mortal must spend his time and he lives most who can draw from small objects the greatest pleasure. It is one of the most precious of arts to become conscious of the really interesting things with which we come in daily contact and a happy factor of the art is that it may be developed. "I look at a tree," said a great naturalist, "until I see it as everybody else sees it, and then I look at it until I see something that no one else has ever seen before." Another writer put it quite blandly by saying that a man who looks never sees the same object twice.

We all know the story of "Eyes and No Eyes." Of the two who walked the same path, the one returned disgusted, having seen nothing, while the other was bursting with interesting facts, having seen much which he was willing to relate to all who would listen. The story is only an incident of a day, but it is painfully true of all human life. How many are there not, who, feeling that commonplace

things are uninteresting, can see pleasure only under the dazzling lights of society, or in the simple creations of man. Little wonder that they become discontented with life for such pleasures last only a few hours and in contrast make the work of the day seem like slavish toil. The modern age is accused of being pleasure mad. It is,—but not more so than the generations that have preceded it. The difference lies in the things in which different ages seek pleasure. In early times the people found great pleasure in labor: in the miscalled "dark ages" men found delight in building magnificent cathedrals; in the time of the guilds, the bourgeois were pleased by their industry while today one of the causes of much dissatisfaction is an almost universal belief that "leisure" and "pleasure" are synonymous. But the revulsion will come—for it must—and man will return again to wholesome philosophy and seek pleasure where greatness lies,—in little things.

Much-travelled men often become blase and it seems to bore them much to listen to just an "ordinary" human telling of some landscape or cathedral that especially commanded his admiration. Although such a man may have looked at many things, I can safely say that he has seen but few. And so it is with the ordinary mortal—the things that we see are rather interesting but the things we look at and do not see would be of far greater interest. If only we would take a second and a third glance we would find interesting things from which a unique pleasure springs. Whether looking at a beautiful sunset or hoeing weeds in the garden great wonders lie before us if we only taught ourselves to see. When walking to town one can study the faces he meets; when enjoying a stroll it is interesting to note what sounds, what odors, and what sights present themselves to be enjoyed.

In speaking of the pleasures that come to the attentive, and interested minds, let us note also the blindness that falls over the habitually uninterested. Men have travelled beneath the starry skies for a lifetime without recognizing the fact that an entirely different galaxy of constellations adorn the winter sky than blink through the nights of summer. Confirmed sportsmen have trailed hundreds of bounding hares in the prairie snows without ever noticing by the relative size of the tracks that the foremost ones were made by the hind legs. I am sure many farmers have watched the glowing fireflies year after year without noticing that they flare when flying on a level or upwards, and never while



soaring downwards. And so we could go on into an almost endless category of things seen and not seen merely because we have previously decided that there are no interesting facts in the common things about us.

If life is to be enjoyed in its fullest we must in-

evitably turn to consider just the little things about us. Just as a true gentleman is measured not so much by his stand in great issues as by the "minor moralities" of life, so also the greatest liver is truly he who finds in the smallest things the seeds of pleasant thoughts.



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**Our Annual** Without branding our advertisements of the "U. of D. Daytonian" as light or insufficient, let us view the publication in another aspect. When stripped of all emotion and contagious sentiment the college annual really comes into its own. When we bear in mind that when our school days are over, the only medium of sharing our college associations with others will be through the "Daytonian," we can realize its function. No student who values the memory of his Alma Mater, of his classmates, of his teammates and of his friends, will be without this compendium of school reminiscences.

The "Daytonian" of '23, besides being a complete reflection of school life at the U. of D., is a very attractive book. Flexible leatherette covers in black with blue veins give the volume both beauty and character. Replete with splendid artistry in both cartoon and design, the "Daytonian" is everything that can be expected of a first-class college annual. When your friends from other col-

leges show you their annuals you will be glad that you made yourself the owner of a "U. of D. Daytonian."

L. J. T.

#### C. S. M. C.

The attention of the Catholic student world is again turned towards a great conclave to be held for the progress of missionary work. This fourth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held at the University of Notre Dame, from August 9th to the 12th. That it will be a large and successful meeting we have no doubt for the phenomenal growth of the Crusade and the efficiency of its leaders are both guarantees that much good will be done at Notre Dame.

In the present age of plenty in this country, a selfish self-complacency is so liable to overcome the individual that a movement like the C. S. M. C. is quite necessary to imbue us with the spirit that should enkindle all who claim to be true Christians.



Only too often we think of the age of the Crusades as romance that fitted in well in a past age and we forget that at least in spirit, if not in reality, those same activities are demanded of Christians of every age. That we should rise to defend the Church when it is attacked is vitally true, but it is just as true that Christ demands that we be offensively aggressive—that we be truly soldiers militant.

We wish the greatest success to the convention at Notre Dame and we shall be boosters both in representatives and in prayers.

L. J. T.

**The Little Flower of Jesus** Recently the body of Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus, a Carmelite Nun was exhumed from its tomb at Liseux, France, and transferred to its final resting place in the chapel of Carmel. The ceremonies which accompanied the transition was one of inspiring piety, and at the same time, of the most solemn grandeur. When the procession reached the city it moved slowly through the decorated streets. Thirty thousand people followed the coffin of the saintly woman who is now beatified. Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of many who had been cured or protected through her intercession. The sidewalks were crowded with those who had come to witness the passing of the "Little Flower."

The demeanor of the onlookers was touching; they had not come merely for the sake of curiosity. Not a noise was heard; there was no pushing or craning, nothing but the motion of thousands of hands making the sign of the cross and lips moving in fervent prayer.

It is such demonstrations as these which forcefully bring one to the conviction that the people are willing to follow when there is someone to guide them. This example of respect should be a lesson and an encouragement to the thousands of youths, who through college education are training themselves for lives of public service. They should recall that they have been chosen for leadership. How will they acquit themselves of this duty? Let them in their earthly careers be exemplary models of upright and moral men and women. May they often repeat with one of our English authors, "There is more good done by prayer than this world dreams of."

J. B. W.

**The Culture of the Truth** Any theory, in order to gain the approval of the common mind, must have at least some semblance of truth in it. And for examples of false theories that have gained the support of even very intelligent men we need only look about us. Ma-

terialism, altruism, evolution,—all have set firm roots, and each has its sturdy supporters. All know that most men are clinging to a falsehood; it cannot be otherwise. As Chesterton said: "This world is no less a wilderness because it is a howling wilderness." Where is the criterion of judgment? Where is the authority? Why has he authority?

That is the status of the world today. The theory that pleases is the theory that is followed: Truth is disregarded and a lie is followed just as eagerly. Little wonder that Chesterton tired of a world that would be just as likely to fossilize a truth into a terrible falsehood as to make truth a standard to be desired. So he came into the Catholic Church, that staid old body which analyzes a theory, discards its falsehood, and grasps its truth and even supplements them with more powerful evidence. It is the only body on earth which fears nothing and defies all in the cause of truth and right because God is with them to the end of the world. Because of its deliberation, its inflexible principles, and its sanity, the fickle world finds it necessary to murder some of its leaders occasionally but never will she stoop to falsehood. As Chesterton says it, "In that sane spiritual society I know that optimism will never be turned into an orgy of anarchy or a stagnation of slavery and that there will not fall on anyone of us the ironical disaster of having discovered a truth only to disseminate a lie."

L. J. T.

**"Home, Sweet Home"** In England, great preparation is being made to fittingly observe the centenary of the first production of John Howard Payne's simple but immortal lyric, "Home, Sweet Home."

Payne, an American actor, when far away from his home, put into this song the crying loneliness of the soul of an exile, and produced a ballad full of love and heartache and longing. His touching words have reached the very soul of millions and brought back to their hearts the undying memories of "Home."

The home is the foundation of our civilization. On its solidarity depends the well-being, strength and unity of the state. Be it a most comfortable and elegant palace, or a miserable hut in the wilderness, man realizes that "There's no place like home."

It is there that he first faced the hard world; there he went through those blissful days of childhood; it was at home that love came to play with his heart and work her enchanting spells; it was then that life was real, and there, in the culture of home life, our higher selves were nurtured. Around the home, cluster all the virtues, inspirations and memories which guarantee a people a glorious future.



The centenary should have a tender appeal to American hearts. The author of "Home, Sweet Home," was an American, and put in touching words the love of the American people for home. Home is heaven on earth, and the gateway to Gods home, and eternal bliss.

P. A. B.

#### Restraint and Reform

Today when the world is shaken with a spirit of restlessness, and morality has reached so low an ebb in contrast to our highly developed material progress, reformers, styled as such, have vainly endeavored by legislative means to bring about a return to normalcy. The mere passage of laws will not change the present decadences, especially not when these reformers overstep the sense of proportion by going to fanatical extremes. They are adding more fuel to the conflagration by attempting to deprive the public of those rights to which they have become accustomed. The new laws, looked upon as infringements are all the more quickly broken. Consequently the result is contrary to the one desired.

There is something even greater than the unjustness of a law, to cause its failure, for people are incapable of judging their righteousness. Moreover, meritorious enactments are likewise disobeyed.

During the last ten or fifteen years the youth of our country have been handled in quite a different manner than their forefathers. The unformed child is allowed to recklessly choose its own course. There is no restraining influence to tell him what he must or must not do. His flighty thoughts of the moment are acted upon without the interruption of those entrusted with the moulding of his character. In short, he mistakes license for liberty.

After reaching manhood and responsibility the person so formed is not willing to be bound. The respect for superiority and law is unknown to him. Hence he will not acquiesce to them.

Let us foster in the hearts of youth a feeling of restraint, of dependability, of subjection to authority. Then, not only will reforms be unnecessary but the existing laws will find support in the people, for, as a twig is bent so is the tree inclined.

J. B. W.

#### Charity

Again and again do the cries of "Charity!" "Charity!" come to us. First this good, and then that, offers its respective pleas. Even as the tide comes rolling in, seemingly to recede, only to take new courage and return just as strongly as before in an unceasing line of assaults and retreats, so also do these pleas for assistance. This then leads so many people to ask when there is to be an end to the demands upon their charity. Is there? No, absolutely no! Why should there be? It is charity that really makes us enjoy life: sacrifice for others is a requisite for pleasure. And is not charity a splendid means of prayer?—for Jesus said that whatsoever we do for His children is done also for Him.

Let us remember, then, that everything we have, our life, our health, our happiness, are but gifts of charity and that as long as we receive we should give. As a conclusion we might sum the entire position in a beautiful stanza:

"But must I be giving again and again?"

My weary and wondering answer ran,

'Oh, no,' said the angel, piercing me through,

'Just give till the Savior stops giving to you.'

H. B. H.

### CALENDAR FOR THE COMING MONTH

#### Literary and Social

- May 7.—U. of D. Military Ball
- May 13—Mothers Day
- May 14—Military Week begins at University
- May 18—College Dance
- May 19—Military Week ends
- May 30—Decoration Day
- June 2—Formal closing of classes for the College Division

#### Religious

- May 20—Pentecost —General Communion
- May 23-25-26—Ember Days
- May 26—Sodality Meeting
- May 27—Trinity Sunday

#### May 31—Corpus Christi

#### Sports—Baseball

- May 12—Cincinnati U. at Dayton
- May 18—Earlham at Dayton
- May 26—U. of D. at Capital
- May 30—Wilmington at U. of D.

#### Tennis

- May 11—Earlham at Richmond
- May 12—Cincinnati at Cincinnati
- May 16—Antioch at Yellow Springs
- May 17—Earlham at U. of D.
- May 25—Muskingum at New Concord
- May 30—Cincinnati U. at Dayton



## Exchanges

By George Marie

**DE PAUL MINERVAL:** We could not but admire the intentions of the author of "Bait for the Dispeptic," coming as it does in a time that surely tends to depress the spirits of men. This article will be of benefit in making men buoyant again and in rekindling the hope of better times. The article is enriched with many poetic quotations of rare beauty and unusual pertinence to the subject discussed. The gist of the article may be gleaned from the following line:

"The darkest hour is the hour before the dawn."

His purpose is to show that we are not acting in that hour and that we should be happy in the anticipation of that dawn of more fortunate times.

"The Breath of the Spring" describes in a somewhat elevated tone that popular malady to which we have appended the name of Spring Fever. The poet describes rather the effects on the mind than the fever itself. We can say, however, that he has succeeded admirably well in giving an impression of its effects.

**Duquesne Monthly:** "English Dominion" is one of the most singular articles that has appeared in a college magazine for some time. To some it will be a revelation; to others a reminder of facts long known but little heeded. The author directs our attention to England's activities in our drug menace: he continues to show how England by the most sinister means has extended her dominion over a part of every continent in the world. He tells of her influence over our press and suggests that these activities might be partly a well organized English attempt to put our country in a condition in which England could easily bring it into subjection. This is indeed something to reflect upon. Our rulers would be excited to greater vigilance if they knew the motives that actuate England.

There is something indefinably appealing in the tone and style of "Wishing." Perhaps it is because

of the familiar heart to heart manner of treating a subject of common appeal.

**The Messenger:** We have seen many pages of prose concerning retreats but none of them so impressed us as the poem "Retreat" in the Messenger for March. It succinctly and effectively gave the object of the retreat and the duties of him who purposes to make one.

"Character Study in Boarding School" is not without a measure of truth and more surely a good measure of tingling humor. It is the first article of its kind that we have received and we cannot but regret its brevity. Such a subject would afford an extensive and interesting study; "How to get along with your roommate" would be a valuable contribution to this end as it undoubtedly contains many things that are indicative of character traits.

**Mountaineer:** In our opinion the article entitled "Gold Smith, Child of the Muse," in the March number of the Mountaineer is the best appreciation we have encountered thus far in our task of reviewing magazines. The article combines in itself high literary qualities in both description and order of presentation.

"Recollections" is a poem which describes the disappointment and chagrin of one who has been lured away from the environs of his childhood by discontentment and love of romance only to meet with reverses that summon up the recollection of childhood scenes.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the Anselmian, the Alvernia, De Paul Minerval, The Messenger, Duquesne Monthly, the Mountaineer, the Notre Dame Scholastic, St. Edwards Echo and the Loyola Quarterly.

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## Alumni Notes

By P. A. Kass and C. P. Murray

**T**HE Spring meeting of the Board of Governors was held Monday, May 7th, in the offices of Martin Kuntz in the Commercial Building. All the Dayton members answered the roll call, and despite an atmosphere heavily charged with the aroma of Marty's El Ropos, managed to transact some business of considerable importance. First of all, a nominating

committee for the election of a new Board of Governors was appointed. This committee consists of

William Carroll,  
Dr. Norman C. Hochwalt,  
Rev. John C. Gunzelmann.

The work of issuing ballots to every Alumnus of the University is already under way. Plans were



drawn up for this year's Alumni Reunion, which according to the well-established custom, will be held simultaneously with the Seventy-third Annual Commencement. And if plans, arrangements, and advance dope mean anything, this year's reunion will be a Dempsey-Willard-Firpo knockout over anything previously held at the Old School. You who attended the Exercises last will recall, we are sure, the hilarity, the conviviality, the good-fellowship, and the glad schoolboy feeling of seeing familiar places and faces. Well we feel confident that this year's program will make the most festive, say Ormus Grotto, look like a Convention of Professional Undertakers. So make your arrangements early, come prepared for a good time, and we'll make last year's entertainment look as forsaken as the last leaf of autumn. The Reception Committee will consist of

Martin Kuntz,  
Michael Gibbons,  
Harry Cappel,  
and a list in the making.

In the words of Will Rogers, these men are all "Flasks among high-spirited men." All have distinguished themselves for their disinterested services to the U. of D., and their efficient handling of the situation to date certainly merits your heartiest co-operation. You will be assured of a hearty welcome for consideration is their chief stock in trade. In fact there is only one case in history in which they have been excelled for general politeness and that is by that French King who was so polite that he apologized on his deathbed for the lengthy time it was taking him to die. Their conscientious adherence to the Golden Rule also recalls the less historical incident of a condemned criminal whom the kind-hearted warden asked just before the man was electrocuted, "Have you any last request?" "Yes Sir," answered the polite murderer, "I'd like to give my seat to a lady."

Our guest of honor for the occasion will be Major General Dickman, '71, who will arrive in Dayton about the 9th of June accompanied by a special carload of distinguished service medals, Croix de Guerres, Victoria Crosses, Legion of Honor Insignias and other trophies of the recent Democratic Administration. Major General Dickman is Ohio's most illustrious soldier since the days of Sherman. A peep into Who's Who in America will give you an epitome of his entire life. Joseph Theodore Dickman was born in Dayton, October 6, 1857. After his graduation from the U. S. Military Acad-

emy in 1881, he participated in a campaign against Geronimo in 1885; went to Santiago under General Wheeler, 1898; was actively engaged in the Philippine Insurrection (1899—1900); on the General Staff in the China Relief Expedition in 1901. He was appointed Major General August 5, 1917, was second in command of the American Expeditionary Forces in France under General Pershing and has the added distinction of being the first American General to be wounded in action in the World War. However, the culminating feat for which the name of General Dickman will illuminate the pages of future histories was his command of the American Army of Occupation in Germany. It represents an unparalleled case in history of the conquering and invading army gaining the respect, the esteem and even the gratitude of the conquered. Reliable reports inform us that more than one tear furrowed the cheeks of war-stricken women and even battle-scarred veterans as the valiant Doughboys, God bless them, hauled down the American standard, evacuated German territory and embarked for the Land of the Tea and the Home of the Crave. This summarizes briefly his multifarious activities. He will be the principal speaker at the Commencement Exercises to be held this year in the newly remodelled N. C. R. School House, Monday afternoon, June 11, at 2 o'clock. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by His Grace, Archbishop Moeller, at the High Mass on Sunday, June 10.

Then we must not forget the chef d'oeuvre of our program, that highly touted affair, **the Alumni Banquet**. It will be held at the Miami Hotel, Sunday evening, June 10. Don't forget the date.

Who will be toastmaster? We don't know who the lucky individual will be but we hope he doesn't pull that old gag about the little boy exclaiming as the gas stove explosion blows his mother and father out through the window, "Gee, that's the first time that I ever saw Ma and Pa go out together." Let him take any one but that.

But to return to that smoke-laden meeting of May 7. After settling to his complete satisfaction the Election and 1923 Reunion affairs, one of the last things that the chairman did before succumbing to the narcotic influence of that smoke screen was to appoint a committee of Constitutional Amendments and Modifications. The work of this committee is now in the process of operation.



# University Chronicle

By F. L. Canavan and Roy A. Hesse

## HIGHEST HONORS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

### College Division

Senior Arts—Michael O'Shea, 93; Ades Cholley, 91; Edmund Klass, 88; Joseph Wagner, 88.  
 Senior Electrical Engineers—Elmer Steger, 98; Alvin Rabe, 96; Clarence Paulus, 94.  
 Senior Civil Engineers—Frank Kronauge, 94; Carl Theuring, 94.  
 Senior Chemical Engineers—Herbert Hannegan, 95; Walter Krantz, 95; Frederick Pfarrer, 95; John Schomaker, 94.  
 Junior Arts—Lawrence Tebbe, 94; John Holtvoigt, 93; Joseph Deddens, 91; John Garrity, 91.  
 Junior Electrical Engineers—Frank Williams, 93; Lewis Sherrer, 91; Edwin Rohr, 89.  
 Junior Civil Engineers—Matthew O'Byolan, 90; Ernest Gerber, 85.  
 Junior Chemical Engineers—Harold Melia, 92; Cyril Scharf, 90.  
 Junior Mechanical Engineers—Carl Crane, 93; Richard Sayre, 92; Francis Tsu, 92.  
 Sophomore Engineers—Carl Ziegenbusch, 98; John Alexander, 97; Thomas Bliley, 96; Harry Harn, 95.

Sophomore Commerce and Finance—Lionel Bradmiller, 92; Joseph Adlard, 92; Robert Bremer, 92.  
 Sophomore Pre-Medics—Robert Norris, 91; Leonard Kleinhenz, 90; Vernon Roden, 88; Richard Hochwalt, 87.  
 Freshman Arts—Joseph Wentker, 93; James Reinhardt, 92; Gerald Shenk, 91; Larsen Wagner, 91.  
 Freshman Engineers-A—Eugene Cetone, 95; Peter Babb, 94; Thomas Burkhardt, 92; Ralph Hommel, 91; Lester Adams, 90.  
 Freshman Engineers-B—Charles Pedersen, 93; George Murphy, 92; Andrew Zittel, 89; Frederick Moorman, 88.  
 Freshman Commerce and Finance—William Dorgan, 92; Harry Heider, 91; Paul Weber, 91; Howard Weimerskirch, 91.  
 Freshman Pre-Medics—Lawrence Gerlach, 92; Joseph Koehler, 92; Howard Mahan, 92.

### High School Division

Fourth High-A—Joseph Unger 98; Herman Brunner, 97; Louis Schulze, 97; Walter Paul, 96; Herman Reboulet, 96.  
 Fourth High-B—Louis Stuhldreier, 97; Fernando Cobian, 95; Eugene Guswiler, 95; Robert Wirsching, 94.  
 Fourth High Commercial—John Moran, 94; Richard Williams, 92.  
 Third High-A—Cyril Stein, 99; James Sherman, 99; Joseph Keller, 99; John McBride, 99.  
 Third High-C—Albert Shreck, 98; William Ferree, 98; James Tancred, 94; Edward Haft, 94.  
 Third High Commercial—Matthew Marzluff, 97; Allen Tehan, 97; Linus Boeke, 96; William Stovering, 92.  
 Second High-A—Chas. Mitchell, 96; John Schwieterman, 94; Robert Mannix, 94; Jos. Kirby, 93.  
 Second High-B—Charles Deger, 97; Thos. Grimes, 95; Robert Dinkel, 94; Charles DeBanto, 92.  
 Second High-C—Theodore Hoffman, 99; Victor

Hart, 96; Prudencio Cobian, 95; Michael Moran, 95.  
 Second High-D—John Will, 99; Joseph Desch, 99; Carl Wenzel, 96; Norbert Kobis, 96.  
 First High-A—Ireneus DeBrosse, 99; Regis Wurdack, 98; William Hoefler, 96; Francis Murphy, 92; Norman Miller, 91; Joseph Campbell, 90.  
 First High-B—John Schuler, 97; James Boggs, 96; Jerome Michel, 95; Franklin Klaine, 95.  
 First High-C—Jerome Zimmerle, 99; Lawrence Gough, 98; William Diemunsch, 96; William Althoff, 96; Bernard Hegman, 96.  
 First High-D—Laurence Hughes, 98; Otmer Wilhoff, 94; Paul Schommer, 94; Ellsworth Zimmerman, 92.  
 First High-E—John Loges, 98; Bert Smith, 97; Joseph Neuhoff, 97; Francis Pack, 97; Joseph Fernandez, 97; John Stichweh, 97; Adolph Synck, 97.

**Loyalty Day** On May 1st a half holiday was declared throughout the preparatory and collegiate departments for the celebration of Loyalty Day. The grant could not have fallen on a better day for it was one of those days when

the great out-of-doors draws all student minds from school work to play in the bright sunshine. The military band with the entire prep department participated in a parade through the streets of Dayton.



**Sodality Meetings** The College Freshman unit of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin held its regular meeting on April 30.

The Reverend Moderator and Mr. Joseph Wentker each gave very interesting talks. The senior unit of the sodality held its regular meeting on May 1. An interesting talk was given by one of the members. All were urged to make every effort to attend the May devotions to be held in the University chapel.

**Military Ball** The first annual military ball of the R. O. T. C. unit of the University was held on May 7. The dance was held at the East Oakwood Club and was given as a farewell to Major Hazlett who will depart soon for the Philippines. In humble appreciation of the services rendered by Major Hazlett for the good of the unit the students presented him with a handsome gift. The dance was strictly a military function, all the students going there in full uniform.

**Tennis Tournament** The tennis tournament, now in full sway at the college courts was started on April 27. Quite a few entries were made, the aspirants for the Varsity team being among them. The four players reaching the semi-finals will play each other a number of sets. The victors in these sets will constitute the Varsity team. The results to date are as follows:

Cetone .....	Dougherty 6-23, 6-2.....	Dougherty 6-2, 6-1.....	} Dougherty 6-2, 6-1....
Dougherty .....	Plato .....		
	Reynolds .....	Doyle, default .....	} Dougherty 6-2, 6-1....
	Doyle .....		
	Murray .....	Pflaum 6-3, 6-0 .....	}
	Pflaum .....		
	Mahrt .....	Althoff 6-2, 6-2 .....	}
	Althoff .....		
	R. Wagner .....	Carmony, default .....	}
	Carmony .....		
	Reinhart .....	Kronauge 6-1, 6-2 .....	}
	Kronauge .....		
	Kyne .....	Kyne 6-2, 6-3 .....	} Dorgan 6-0, 6-1 .....
	Krug .....		
Theuring .....	Dorgan .....	Dorgan 7-5, 6-3.....	}
Lundy .....	Lundy 6-0, 6-2.....		

**The K. of C.'S at the U. of D.** On Sunday, April 29th, a large assembly of Dayton K of C.'s spent the morning at the University of Dayton. With some sixty-five newly enrolled members they attended Solemn High Mass in a body at 8:30. Father Yeske of Mt. St. John preached an ideal K. of C. sermon.

After the mass, they assembled in our refectory for breakfast at 10:00 and then they dispersed. Among the group were some of our most ardent college boosters and the University is ever ready to do what it can to show its gratitude.

**Mission Crusade Raffle** The Prep and the Collegiate departments together held a very successful raffle for the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The raffle was ably conducted by our vice-president, Father Kunnecke, and Bro. Victor Knoer, S. M. Over one thousand dollars was realized for the Crusade help and a true mission-boosting spirit was aroused in the University.

Third High "A" were the victors in the race for high selling honors and we highly congratulate them. The following won the prizes:

First prize—Miss Charlotte Zink, R. R. 17, Dayton, Ohio.

Second prize—Mr. Francis Sieben, Senior High Division.

Third prize—Mrs. Wrigley, Owasso, Michigan.

### R. O. T. C. COLUMNS

Major Harry F. Hazlett, U. S. A., who has been professor of military science and tactics at the University of Dayton for the past year, has received orders from the War Department relieving him from duty here and assigning him to the Philippine Department. Major Hazlett will sail from San Fran-

cisco on August 11. Who will succeed Major Hazlett at Dayton has not been announced. It is expected that some other major of infantry will be detailed here. No other change in the instructors' staff of the military department is expected.



May 14 to 19 has been set aside as military week. Every afternoon during this period will be devoted entirely to military training. The program will not be the squads east and west kind but will consist of ceremonies, competitions, field manoeuvres and other features which will show the progress made by the corps during the year. This has been substituted for the annual spring encampment which was done away with principally on account of the uncertainty of the weather at this time of the year.

Tuesday, May 8, has been set aside for the annual inspection of the R. O. T. C. unit by a staff officer from headquarters of the Fifth Corps Area. Students and instructors are leaving nothing undone which will help Dayton in making an excellent showing.

The first annual R. O. T. C. military ball has been scheduled for Monday evening, May 7. College men who are members of the corps, military instructors and other regular army officers stationed in Dayton have been invited. In practically every other college in the United States where military training is given the annual military ball is one of the big social events of the school year. It is hoped that this dance will be the beginning of this custom at the University.

The University rifle team pitted its skill against the veteran shooters from McCook Field upon the latter's indoor range April 27. It was the case of Old Man Experience winning over Kid Ambition but the latter did not fail to secure the admiration of the older shots during the evening. The McCook men hung up a score of 2227 out of a possible 2500, and the Varsity finished with 1946. For Dayton Williams, Stelzer and Hagan shot true to form while some of the other students failed to hit their stride. Stelzer led the Dayton shooters with a score of 221 out of a possible 250. J. R. Moser of the McCook team was high man for the evening with a score of 235.

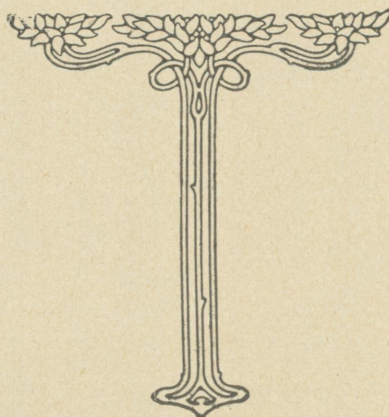
#### The Scores:

McCook Field	University of Dayton
B. Riley .....225	C. Scharf .....182
J. R. Moser .....235	F. Williams .....216
D. C. Maier .....228	F. Hagan .. ....215
A. H. Hoefer .....234	E. L. Koehnen ....194
L. Meister .....217	J. Brown .....153
W. J. Foster .....203	C. Stelzer .....221
F. L. McClung .....208	T. Kirk .....200
G. L. Welsh .....228	E. Schroer .....204
F. Elwell .....220	R. Wirsching .....192
H. H. Jacobs .....229	J. F. O'Donnell ....169

It is planned to fire some other indoor matches with teams in the city of Dayton before the close of the school year. Practice with service rifles on the range at Moraine City is to be held from now until the close of the school year by students who are going to Camp Knox for summer training. Through this practice Dayton hopes to make a strong bid for the Fifth Corps Area intercollegiate championship this summer.

Company D won first place in the inter-company rifle shoot which was finished the latter part of April. Company B took a big lead in the first stage but was passed by Company C in the second. The winners took a decided brace in the last two stages and won with a total score of 1713 out of a possible two thousand. The other teams finished as follows: Company C—1666; Company B—1613, and Company A—1408. Frank Williams of Company B was high man with a score of 361. Jack Brown fired three of the four stages for Company D and averaged 93.3 points per stage. A silver loving cup is to be awarded the winning team by the military instructors.

Another competition which is to come off soon is the crack platoon drill. Each of the four companies will be represented by a platoon of picked men and commanded by one of their company lieutenants, go through all kinds of close order movements. Major Hazlett, P. M. S. & T., will present the winning platoon with a trophy.





# Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

On April 21, 1923, the Varsity made an auspicious inauguration of the 1923 baseball season by trouncing the Earlham College nine to the tune of 15 to 0. The game was not a very good test of the Red and Blue's ability but it showed that at least that the Daytonites had good batting eyes.

Earlham's pitching staff was of a very poor calibre and consequently the Varsity collected several extra base hits. Coach Sweicher used all his pitchers in order to look over his abundant material under fire. Moir, Ramby, and Bradley each worked three sessions during the contest. Each man gave a very good account of himself, Earlham being able to gather only five hits.

The Varsity gave a nice exhibition of fielding, only one misplay by Muehling marring the contest. Scales, Eisele, and Emerick distinguished themselves by knocking home runs.

Box score:

Dayton	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Eisele, lf .....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Emerick, 3b .....	4	2	2	1	1	0
O'Shea, cf .....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Puig, 1b .....	5	2	2	9	1	0
Scales, 2b .....	4	2	2	4	3	0
Muehling, ss .....	4	1	3	5	4	1
Scharf, rf .....	3	2	1	1	0	0
Achieu, rf .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Blake, c .....	3	1	0	6	0	0
Ramby, p .....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Moir, p .....	1	1	0	0	0	0
Bradley, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	0

Earlham	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stafford, lf .....	4	0	0	2	1	0
Hadley, 3b .....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Bowles, cf .....	3	0	1	3	0	1
Ewing, 1b .....	4	0	2	9	0	2
Huff, 2b .....	3	0	1	0	1	1
Henshaw, ss .....	4	0	1	5	1	1
Edmundson, rf .....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gerrton, c .....	4	0	0	6	3	0
Haines, p .....	0	0	0	0	5	0
Rayford, p .....	3	0	0	1	5	0

Two-base hit—Muehling. Three-base hit—Puig, Achieu. Home Runs—Eisele, Emerick, Scales. Struck out by Ramby, 1, Moir 3, Bradley 4, Rayford 3, Haines 2.

	R	H	E
Earlham ...	0	0	0
Dayton ....	2	1	0

**Dayton—3** On April 26th, Dayton tackled the **Wilmington—4** Quaker nine at Wilmington and met with a setback 4 to 3. This was indeed a hard luck contest for Dayton. They played rings around Wilmington both at bat and in the field and yet were unable to cop the contest. The Red and Blue stickers collected 8 hits to their opponents' 5 and made only two misplays to their opponents' 6. A tree in right field was Dayton's undoing. In the seventh inning, with two men on and two down, Fisher, Wilmington second sacker, lifted a high fly in right field. On an ordinary good diamond it would have been an easy out. However, just as Scharf was set to make the catch, the ball hit a branch in the tree and bounded away, allowing two runs to cross the platter. The Red and Blue tried hard at all times to capture the contest but to no avail, although in the ninth inning, Dayton managed to get two men on with two down, but Eisele fanned and the game was gone. Moir started for the Red and Blue but was a trifle wild and was in the hole all the time. However, the Wilmington sluggers failed to touch him when he got it over. Bradley finished the contest for Dayton.

**Miami U.—6** On April 27th, Dayton went **Dayton—3** down again to defeat at the hands of Miami 6 to 3. The Red and Blue gave a poor exhibition of baseball, throwing away no less than a half dozen chances to land the game. With men on base, the Dayton batters could not touch the pill. In the fifth inning, the Red and Blue managed to shove across 3 runs thanks to the wildness of the Miami hurler, and timely hitting by Puig and O'Shea.

Miami played a consistent game and took advantage of all Dayton's misplays. They hit in pinches and had just the sufficient punch to put the game on ice.

They had one big session in the fourth, when they jumped on Ramby for 3 counters. However, a couple of mental errors were also responsible for the scoring. Outside of the one big inning Miami managed to gather three more but they came one at a time.

The Dayton hurlers showed fine form. Caulfield who succeeded Ramby, pitched fine ball and stood the opponents on their heads till the seventh inning when he was derrickd for a pinch hitter. Bradley finished the game in great shape.



O'Shea and Puig were the big sluggers for the Red and Blue. The latter had a field day gathering three hits and playing a fine defensive game.

Box score:

Dayton	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Eisele, lf .....	2	1	0	2	0	0
Emerick, 3b .....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Scales, 2b .....	3	1	1	2	3	0
O'Shea, cf .....	3	1	1	2	3	0
Puig, 1b .....	4	0	3	7	1	1
Scharf, rf .....	2	0	0	1	0	0
Achieu, rf .....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Muehling, ss .....	3	0	0	3	0	3
Blake, c .....	4	0	1	9	1	0
Ramby, p .....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Caulfield, p .....	1	0	0	0	2	0

Miami	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Loehman, ss .....	3	0	1	3	4	0
Petree, cf .....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Baker, 1b .....	5	1	0	6	0	0
Allen, c .....	4	1	1	10	4	0
Hopkins, 2b .....	5	2	2	1	1	0
Jones, lf .....	4	0	2	1	0	1
Roth, 3b .....	4	0	0	3	1	0
Bonham, rf .....	2	2	0	1	0	0
Coleman, p .....	2	0	1	1	1	0
Scott, p .....	2	0	0	0	0	0

Two-base hits—Coleman, Loehman, Achieu. Three-base hits—Hopkins. Sacrifice hits—Emerick, Scharf, Jones. Stolen Base—Eisele. Struck out—By Ramby 4, Caulfield 4, Bradley 1, Coleman 2, Scott 4. Left on base—Dayton 12, Miami 9.

Umpire—Bacon.

										R	H	E
Miami . . . . .	0	1	0	3	0	1	0	0	0—6	8	1	
Dayton . . . . .	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—3	7	4	

**U. of D.—23** When the Varsity breezed down  
**Antioch—8** to Yellow Springs to meet Antioch no one had even a faint idea of what a terrible rampage they were on, in fact, the players themselves had little or no ideas about the slaughter ahead of them, for Antioch had a reputation of being a strong nine this year. Notice we say they "had" a reputation of being strong but

after the Red and Blue gang hit their twirlers all over the field for eight innings and then started in the ninth to place hits all over the campus from the bleachers to the roof of the dormitory, then indeed many air castles built on the Antioch nine came tumbling down to earth. And when they saw the final score well—there were faint hearts galore in Yellow Springs.

The final score was 23-8 and it was a good game till the ninth inning when the visitors turned on the gas and sent 14 men scampering across the plate for counters. Both teams scored in the opening of the game, and Johnnie Bradley who started on the mound for Dayton, was sent to the bench while Caulfield took his place. He however made a bad start while Antioch by the aid of three hits and an error by Caulfield scored five runs. Things looked bad but the Daytonians came back strong and evened up the count in the third inning. The visitors scored three runs before the fatal ninth, one in the fourth and two in the seventh while Antioch scored one pointer in the seventh and one in the eighth.

Then came the historical ninth. Scales led off with a single and Puig trailed him with a double. Achieu drew a walk and Trileaven, Antioch's south-paw twirler, made tracks for the showers. Kimberlet took his place. Muehling, Blake, Caulfield and Eisele all got safe hits and Emerick was safe on a bunt when Kimberly made a wild peg to third. So amny runs crossed the plate that the massacre ceased to be interesting. The Red and Blue nine seemed to take a liking to playing "pussy-wants-a-ocner" and chased each other around the bags continually. The whole U. of D. team battel around twice complete, in this wild and wolly ninth.

Ray Caulfield deserves much credit for winning the game and for the masterful way he pulled his team out of several tight places in the early stages of the game. He also contributed three runs to the score out of five times at bat. Blake, too, deserves a world of praise for his superfine performance behind the bat. O'Shea gets credit for the most hits, registering five hits out of seven times at bat.

R. T. Hosler





# Frolicsome Folly

By Varley P. Young

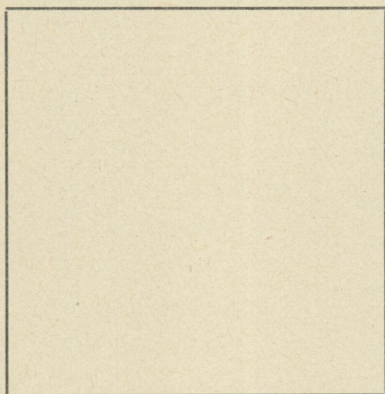
America is the land of opportunity—Warren G. Harding came from Marion, Ohio.

## ROTH MAY APPLY

Manager Weed of Keith's is looking for a young man who doesn't know anybody—to take tickets.

Shenk: "Hey, Petkewicz, do you know "The Road to Mandalay?"

Pet: "Why, have you rented a Ford?"



Cut of the R. O. T. C. student who didn't sign his payroll.

## ONE OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN

Bill Focke rides in Hills and Dales Sundays from 3:33 to 4:59 in the afternoon. Seats at Tresslers.

## THE EDITOR NOMINATES FOR THE HALL OF FAME

Joseph C. Amersbach—Because he is able to live in Cleveland.

James H. Burkhardt—Because he, in his long hours in the chemical lab., has determined that the percentage of microbes in the North Dayton raisin jack runs 10% lower than the Xenia Avenue brand.

Francis M. Clifford—Because he is the only drum major we know who doesn't look conceited.

Joseph G. Deddens—Because he got an ad for the annual.

Edward L. Koehn—Because he doesn't act as though he lives in Oakwood.

William A. Kramer—Because we cannot think of anyone like him.

Alphonse C. Stelzer—Because of his firm's excellent steaks.

Some time ago a Dayton, Ohio, woman and her four-year-old daughter were visiting relatives in Oregon. The little girl, Doris, never having been in the country before, was much impressed by the strange appearance of things.

"Who made all this grass, and who made these chickens that are running around with so many feathers on?" she asked her mother excitedly, who replied:

"Why, God made them, of course."

Whereupon Doris, in much astonishment, exclaimed:

"God! Have they a God out here in Oregon?"

"Mother, Santa Claus kissed me last night."

"Don't be silly, dear!"

"Yes he did, mother; he kissed me and he said, 'Go to sleep like a good little girl while I get your mother's rings out of her jewel box to surprise her.'"—Toronto Goblin.

"Brown is certainly robbing the cradle."

"How's that?"

"Why, that freshman woman he's rushing proved to be eleven years old in the psychology test."—Kansas Sour Owl.

Kit—He may be no good but he certainly has money to burn.

Kat—Well, I never suffered with the heat when I was out with him.—Williams Purple Cow.

## COWARD

The writer agrees with this one clipped from the Duquesne magazine: "An Orator Is a Guy Who Is Always Ready to Lay Down Your Life for His Country."



## OR A MILK SHAKE!

Things I would like to see:  
 The colored gentleman who is hiding in the  
 woodpile;  
 The shadow of doubt;  
 The breath of suspicion;  
 The man who is between the devil and the deep  
 blue sea;  
 A show box;  
 A tree bark;  
 A bank run;  
 A chocolate drop;  
 A college yell.

—Creighton Shadows.

## WHAT JUDGE?

At Fleming's trial the last time he hurried down town.

Judge (a friend of Fleming)—“Gabe, as this is your first offense, I'll let you off; what do you say?”

Gabe: “Fine, Judge.”

Judge: “Well, if you insist, ten dollars.”

## SOME PASSION

Passionate Youth—“Love! I must marry you.”

Cool Debutante—“But have you seen father?”

Youth in same state—“Often, but I love you just the same.”—Newman Quarterly.

We understand that on a recent trip to Cleveland, McCarrens was sitting quietly in the coach when the porter approached and the following conversation is reported to have occurred:

“Say, Mistah, if you all don't take that grip out of the aisle, I will throw it out of the windah.”

Mac. “I'd just like to see you do it, you big stiff.”

Without another word the porter picked up the grip and threw it out the window saying, “I tole you all I'd do it.”

Mac. “It really doesn't make any difference, it don't belong to me.”

## EXTREME KINDNESS

The doctor phoned the man whose wife's mother was critically ill.

Doctor: “Your mother-in-law is at death's door. What shall I do?”

Hubby: “Do all you can, Doctor, to pull her through.”

Yes, Kramer, the same price that they charge downstairs at Keith's holds for the boxes. Walk right in.

The Jack of Clubs is getting too darn smart.

The boys in the Junior Division surely have suspicious parents. The prefect begs to report that one of the mothers complained that on the last issue of Exponent News sent to her, her son had clipped a joke from the back page and she suspected that it was not fit to read. No, lady, we don't write those kind of jokes.

The boy is from Cleveland, so—

## VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

Horwedel went to the Zoo with a girl. He had little to say after the visit and the young lady, we presume, broke the ice.

“What do you think of the animals?” she inquired.

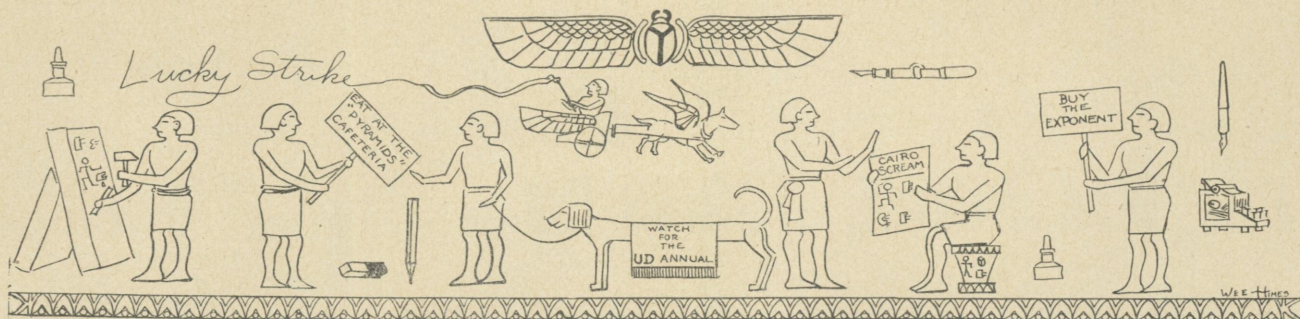
After a critical retrospection Dick replied: “I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails.”

Editor's Note—A cat has nine lives but a frog croaks every night so don't think these jokes are dead.

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Caesar governed many lands  
While King Tut ruled but one,  
But Julius did not use the brush  
To show what he has done;  
And so King Tut you all know well,  
Of Caesar few have heard tell—  
Which indicates to you who sell:  
It pays to ring your bell.

—Gerald S. Shenk.

The people of Dayton and nearby cities and towns have become acquainted with many of you through the columns of the "*Exponent*." The oftener your name, or the name of your commodity or form of service is seen—with the repetition of that name in print, your business booms in proportion.

When this magazine is read, those who have made it possible will not be forgotten. For it is no more than just that the many who reap its benefits should patronize those who are such great factors in its upkeep.

Remember the Egyptians, and think of Tut-ankh-Amen's fame, which is proof enough that

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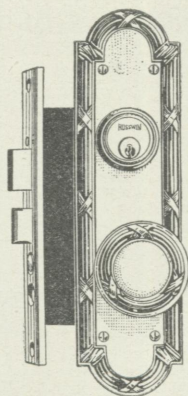
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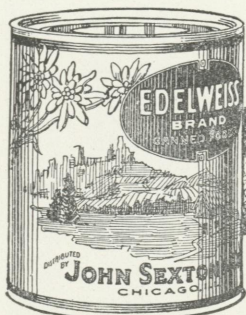
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