

10-1-1923

The University of Dayton Exponent, October 1923

University of Dayton

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

Recommended Citation

University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, October 1923" (1923). *The Exponent*. 239.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/239>

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

6PL

The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light red or pinkish hue.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

Dedication 1821-1921

John H. Holtvoigt

A Letter from Japan

Joseph Janning, S. M., '08

October, 1923

University of Dayton

College of Law

College of Liberal Arts

College of General Science

College of Education

College of Engineering

College of Commerce and Finance

The Pre-Medical Course

School of Sociology

Evening College Courses

University Extension Courses

Mt. St. John Normal School

College Preparatory

Reserve Officers Training Corps

FOUNDED IN 1850

VERY REV. BERNARD P. O'REILLY, S. M.
PRESIDENT

WRITE TO REGISTRAR

DR. F. S. KELLER
Dentist

4-5-6 Lyric Theatre Building

Bell Phone, Main 989

Home Phone 13617

BRIEN, GREENE & CO.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES

MAIN 791—HOME 6274

CALLAHAN BANK BUILDING
DAYTON, OHIO

50TH YEAR GOLDEN BUSINESS JUBILEE 50TH YEAR

HOLLENCAMP'S
SPECIAL SALE NOW ON

Stylish Men's and Boy's Overcoats and Suits \$25.00 and up. Gray, Brown, Oxford and Black. All Wool Goods. A-1 Quality. None Better.
Railway, Police and Firemen's Uniforms and Caps. Raincoats, Trousers, Hats and Furnishings
BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS—AGE 9 TO 18
Let us take your measure for a Tailor-Made Suit or Overcoat

Low Prices have been our Success since 1873. We seek your business.
13 S. Jefferson St., Near Market DAYTON, OHIO

PARK YOUR HEAD UNDER A
Cody's Town Talk Hat
Dayton's Only Exclusive Hatter

5 and 7 Arcade, Third St.



**WIFIE WON'T KNOW THE OLD BUS
IF YOU PAINT IT UP WITH**

Effecto
AUTO
FINISHES

You will get the Real Effect
of Beauty if you Paint
your car with

EFFECTO

The POEPPELMEIER Co.

412-414-416-418 Wayne Ave.
Bell Phone 1620



FELLOWS

For A-1 Service and Sanitation try

Harry's
Barber Shop

206 S. Ludlow Street
Near Fifth

Shop Supplies

Micrometers, Screw Plates, Steel
Tapes, Ivory Rules, Tool Chests,
Hand Drills, Braces, Vices, Squares.
Everything in Tools, Machinery,

The Patterson Tool & Supply Co.

Both Phones 123-125 East Third Street

The Reynolds & Reynolds Co.

Manufacturers

**TABLETS, COMPOSITION AND
STENOGRAPHERS'
NOTE BOOKS**

**PADS and SCHOOL PAPERS
OF ALL KINDS**

DAYTON, OHIO

Buckeye
Barbers Supply Co.

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

CLARENCE S. WIGGIM

No. 214 East Third Street
Opp. Public Library

Home Phone 3441

Bell Main 441
Bell Main 835

"Red Wing" Ice Cream

THE RED WING
CORPORATION CO.

The W. L. Adamson Co.

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

444 East Third Street
DAYTON, OHIO

H. F. PAFF
A. W. PAGENSTECHER

Paff & Pagenstecher

Importers and Jobbers of

China, Glass and
Kitchen Ware

Always the best and newest
for the price

Our Specialty Practical Dinner Ware

Phone Garfield 849

115 S. Jefferson Street DAYTON, OHIO

The HOMESTEAD LOAN & SAVINGS ASS'N

"Safety First"

"Service Always"

ASSETS \$2,500,000.00

6% DIVIDENDS

ON SAVINGS

RESERVE FUND \$130,000.00

"SAVE BY MAIL"—We Solicit Your Inquiry
O. F. DAVISSON, Secretary ELLIS J. FINKE, Ass't Secretary
27 West Fourth Street, DAYTON, OHIO

C. O. ENGLER

ALOIS MAYER

Dayton Monument Co.

OFFICE: 1072 BROWN STREET
WORKS: ALBERTA STREET AT C. L. & N. RAILROAD

Office Phone—Garfield 4138

EAT

Laurel Butter Crackers

BEST ON EARTH

Manufactured only by

THE DAYTON BISCUIT COMPANY

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

OLT'S SUPERBA MALT EXTRACT

This high grade product is useful in many ways for home use.

Fancy Pacific Coast Hops

Always kept in cold storage—therefore no loss of
aroma or drying out

Delivery to all parts of the city.

THE OLT BREWING CO.

East 860

Home 81164-81174

What we do claim—

We don't claim to make the most pictures, nor to be the only photographer, but we do claim that our work stands in the front line and that our patrons are well pleased with the results.

Don Wallace Studio

137 South Main Street

Main 940

The F. A. Requarth Co.

**MILL WORK, LUMBER
and BUILDING MATERIAL**

Monument Ave. and Sears St.

Both Phones

"FOR QUALITY AND SERVICE"

The H. Office & Bro. Co.

ESTABLISHED 1896

*Receivers and
Distributors of* **Fancy Fruits and Vegetables**

Phones Bell Main 1655, Home 3695

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUT-OF-TOWN ORDERS

135-141 E. Fourth St.

B. & O. Produce Yards

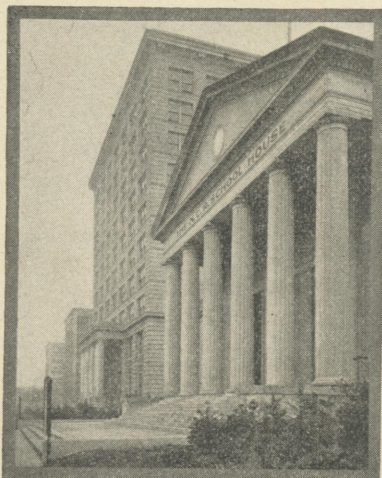
DAYTON, OHIO

A Schoolhouse in a Factory

The National Cash Register Company and its employees have never ceased to go forward because they have never stopped going to school. In our Schoolhouse we study the needs of those who buy our product. We learn how to build machines that will answer these needs.

We offer our workers many opportunities in our Schoolhouse to learn and to advance themselves.

Our Schoolhouse has a seating capacity of 2,500, a fully equipped stage, one of the largest pipe organs in the country, and the most improved apparatus for showing motion pictures. When in Dayton, visit The N. C. R.



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., Dayton, Ohio

Offices in all the principal cities of the world

A. C. Giambrone

**WHOLESALE
FRUITS**

Bell Phone East 2472

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

South End Pharmacy

DRUGS

CIGARS—SODAS
FILMS

CORNER BROWN AND WOODLAND AVE.

Bell Main 1429

Home 4839

*Albert Pretzinger
Edw. P. Musselman*
ARCHITECTS

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

Robert Colburn

THE POPULAR
Barber

Union Avenue and Brown Street

Ben Westbrook

UNDERTAKER

718 South Wayne Ave.

Auto Equipment for
Weddings and Funerals

Extensive limousine service for weddings

Office Phones:
Home—2485
Bell—E 485

Res. Phones:
Home—4142
Bell—E 2075

YES—There is a big difference in MEATS
INSIST ON THE QUALITY PRODUCTS

THE WM. FOCKE'S SONS CO.

BEST BY TEST

**Kettle Rendered Lard, Beef
Veal and Hotel Cuts, High
Grade Sausages, Mild-Cured
Hams and Bacon.**

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE
BOTH PHONES

1004-1006 E. Fifth St.
BRANCH

East Springfield Street
PACKING HOUSE

SMITH BROTHERS

Studio of Fine Portraiture

OUR NEW STUDIO IS ONE OF
THE BEST APPOINTED IN OHIO

16 EAST FOURTH STREET

DAYTON, OHIO

Bell Main 5536

Home Phone 454C

ALBERT A. VAUBEL **Furnaces**

SLATE, IRON, TIN and COMPOSITION ROOFING
REPAIRS FOR ALL MAKES OF FURNACES
SPOUTING and SHEET METAL WORK

Repairing of All Kinds a Specialty

242 Oak Street

Dayton, Ohio



Our Line of

Sporting Goods

Pleases the Athletes at St. Mary's
College. No Better Goods Made.
Send for Catalog

The Draper & Maynard Co.
PLYMOUTH, N. H.

The Ohio
Cooper Agency Co.

Insurance

501-7 Dayton Savings & Trust Co.

BALL'S CANDY

*Is used by the
U. of D. 800*

Bell Phone Main 2097

F. G. MEYER

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

My New Location
14 West Fifth St.

DAYTON, OHIO

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXI

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 8

CONTENTS

Dedication	John H. Holtvoigt
Essay—The Origin of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.....	Vincent Koepnick, S. M.
Verse—A Day	John H. Holtvoigt
Essay—The Development of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.....	James E. Donnelly, S. M.
Announcement—Annual Red Cross Roll Call	
Essay—The National Catholic Welfare Co.....	Wm. J. Quay

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial—Our President	M. E.
Purpose	J. P.
Optimism on Earth	J. H. H.
Yokohama	C. P.
The Lyceum Course	V. P. Y.
U. of D. Spirit	M. P. S.
Exchanges	John H. Holtvoigt
Calendar	Vincent Moir
Alumni Notes	Peter Babb
University Chronicle	George Marie and Gable Fleming
Athletics	C. Richard Horwedel
Frolicsome Folly	V. P. Y. and W. A. F.

ILLUSTRATIONS

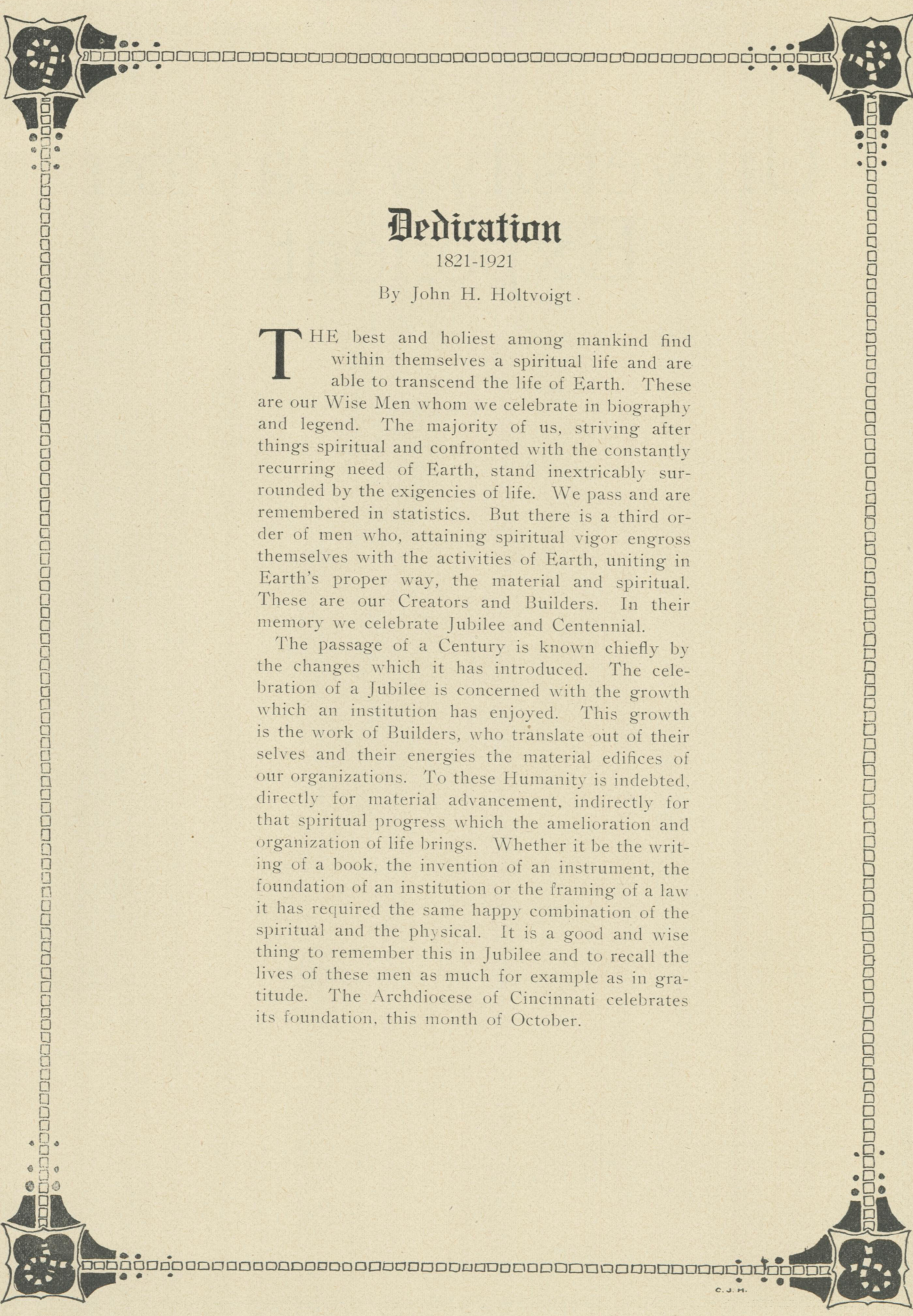
Very Rev. B. P. O'Reilly	Major H. Hazlett, U. S. A.
"I Come to Serve"	Major E. Reinhardt, U. S. A.
Building Committee	Lieutenant T. Drake, U. S. A.

Published Monthly in the interest of the Students of
The University of Dayton

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

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

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



Dedication

1821-1921

By John H. Holtvoigt.

THE best and holiest among mankind find within themselves a spiritual life and are able to transcend the life of Earth. These are our Wise Men whom we celebrate in biography and legend. The majority of us, striving after things spiritual and confronted with the constantly recurring need of Earth, stand inextricably surrounded by the exigencies of life. We pass and are remembered in statistics. But there is a third order of men who, attaining spiritual vigor engross themselves with the activities of Earth, uniting in Earth's proper way, the material and spiritual. These are our Creators and Builders. In their memory we celebrate Jubilee and Centennial.

The passage of a Century is known chiefly by the changes which it has introduced. The celebration of a Jubilee is concerned with the growth which an institution has enjoyed. This growth is the work of Builders, who translate out of their selves and their energies the material edifices of our organizations. To these Humanity is indebted, directly for material advancement, indirectly for that spiritual progress which the amelioration and organization of life brings. Whether it be the writing of a book, the invention of an instrument, the foundation of an institution or the framing of a law it has required the same happy combination of the spiritual and the physical. It is a good and wise thing to remember this in Jubilee and to recall the lives of these men as much for example as in gratitude. The Archdiocese of Cincinnati celebrates its foundation, this month of October.



Vol. XXI

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 8

The Origin of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati

By Vincent Koepnick, S. M.

AN account of the events, both fortunate and unfortunate, that led to the establishment of the diocese of Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, is most interesting and at the same time very remarkable.

Up to 1740 the state was for the most part, a wilderness, being a fruitful hunting ground for the various Indian tribes of that locality. These same men of the forest have left their landmarks behind them in the many conical mounds which are so numerous within the borders of that state.

Several companies from England and France had formed colonies in the fertile valley of the Beautiful River as early as 1745.

The first Catholic priest to make his way to these isolated settlers as far as we can discover was a Jesuit, Joseph de Bonnecamp. He was a member of De Blainville's expedition which had set out to claim the Ohio valley for the kingdom of France. However, he did not remain there long. He either pushed on further west or returned to his native country.

Two years later another member of the Company of Jesus, Armand de la Richardie, established a small mission for the needs of the Catholics near what is now known as Sandusky.

It was not until 1790 that another French colonization party arrived in the vicinity of Ohio. They were headed by Dom. Joseph Didier, a Benedictine monk. The Holy See had granted to him the title of apostolic prefect with faculties of Formula IV for a period of seven years. This band of hardy pioneers took possession of a tract of land near Gallipolis. They erected a small but serviceable church and a stockade ample enough to lodge about eight persons. But their lot was a hard one, replete with trials and difficulties. The Indians who were at first friendly suddenly began to harass

them with marauding attacks. Famine added to their distress and claimed many of them for the grave. The few who were spared by the savages and starvation, decided to seek more hospitable quarters. Completely discouraged, and broken in spirit and health, Dom Didier abandoned the colony in 1792. After the departure of the Benedictine, religion went from bad to worse. Although deprived of the spiritual succor of a priest some few staunch Catholics kept the faith burning in their souls.

About 1795 Rev. Edmund Burke, a professor of the seminary of Quebec visited Ohio and during his short stay succeeded in fanning the spark of faith into a most promising flame. Unfortunately for the struggling pioneers, Father Burke was called back to Canada in order to resume his seminary work. Thus the poor people were to be left alone once more, without the help of a minister of the Lord.

Rev. Burke communicated with Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, apprising him of the need of several priests in the state of Ohio. But the Bishop was so hard pressed for priests in the east, that it was impossible to send aid to the Ohioans.

Not long after, a certain Mr. Dittoe, an eastern immigrant, settled in Ohio and sent an appeal to Bishop Carroll for assistance in building a church and likewise asked for a pastor. Two years later a similar request came from Chillicothe.

At this time Fr. Fenwick, O. P., of the diocese of Kentucky was visiting Bishop Carroll. The constant cry for a priest coming from Ohio at last moved Bishop Carroll to take steps in order that it might be answered. He called Fr. Fenwick's attention to the condition of religion then existing in Ohio and requested him to visit his neighboring state as soon as possible.

This idea was carried out and Fr. Fenwick found Mr. Dittoe near Somerset. The priest was welcomed as an angel from heaven, so great was the joy of that devoted son of the Church. During his stay Father Fenwick said mass several times for the thirteen families which gathered at Dittoe's home.

The Benedictine's Ordinary was Bishop Flaget. He was then in New York and ordered Father Fenwick to leave Ohio for the east where he (the Bishop) would meet him. Before setting out, Father Fenwick expressed his hopes that on their return he and the Bishop of Bardstown would pass through Ohio and visit Mr. Dittoe. Owing to circumstances, however, the Bishop did not carry out this plan. It was only the next year, 1812, that Bishop Flaget with Father Badin finally reached Ohio.

Referring to this visitation in Ohio, Bishop Flaget reported to the Propaganda in April, 1815, as follows: "On my journey to Baltimore I found fifty Catholic families in the state of Ohio. I hear that there are many others scattered in various parts of the same state, but those who have migrated into these regions have never seen a priest (since they left their former homes). Hence many of those I met have almost forgotten their religion and they are bringing up their children in complete ignorance. And this neglected portion of the flock committed to me, I am compelled to leave on account of a lack of workers, for I can scarcely send a missionary to them even once a year."

From this report it can be seen that Father Fenwick visited Ohio once every year. But it was not long however before the Bishop released him from his monastic life and established him a permanent missionary in the Ohio section. Whilst he visited his widely scattered flock in 1817 and 1818 he baptized one hundred and sixty-two persons, young and old.

The first church built under the direction of Father Fenwick, was erected at Somerset and called St. Joseph's. Shortly after, another was begun at Lancaster and eventually placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Bishop Flaget, perceiving the rapid growth of Cincinnati and that it was developing into Ohio's leading city, advised the erection of a church there. No steps were taken however till Jacob Fowble, a resident of Cincinnati, was forced to bury his deceased wife from a Methodist church, it being the

only one in the city. Due to a lack of organization and sufficient funds the enterprise, under the leadership of Mr. Fowble, to build a Catholic church, failed.

In November of 1818 a committee composed of Michael Scott, J. Mahon, John White and P. Walsh, appealed to the generosity of the east for the needed assistance in building a place of worship. The Catholics in the New England States responded nobly to this appeal and a sufficiently large sum was gathered to make the desire of the Catholics of Ohio a reality. By Easter a splendid little church was completed and given the name of Christ Church. It was indeed small, being only fifty-five feet by thirty, but it meant a great deal for those pilgrims of the faith, whose years of disappointment had at last melted into a new year of grace.

From this time on religion flourished throughout the entire state, due to the intense zeal of Fathers Fenwick and Badin.

Towards the end of the year Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, in whose diocese lay the entire state of Ohio, wrote to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, giving a short account of the Catholic prospects in Ohio and advising the erection of a bishopric in the state. He wrote: "The state of Ohio may contain from two hundred and fifty to three hundred Catholic families, scattered here and there. Two Dominicans officiate in that country. The people generally are very religious, and very well disposed towards the Catholic religion. Monsignor Du Bourg and myself are convinced that a Bishop there would do a great deal of good."

It was, no doubt, as the result of Father Fenwick's report to him, that Bishop Flaget wrote this to the Propaganda. The two Fathers then in Ohio, had, indeed, formed churches or congregations at Somerset, Lancaster and Cincinnati, but as we learn from the baptismal register started by Father Fenwick in 1818, he visited many other places in the state, where he found Catholics. In 1820 Father Fenwick himself estimated the number of Catholics in Ohio at three thousand persons, composed principally of Germans and Irish. The Propaganda Congregation was not long in giving ear to the advice of the American prelates, relative to the erection of a see in Ohio, so that in June, 1821, the diocese of Cincinnati was founded with Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, O. P., as its first Bishop.



A Day

By John H. Holtvoigt

Because there has fallen an Autumn leaf
On the Autumn of my heart
I will arise and go to the woodways dim;

Where the meadows lie unbroken,
Where never a voice has spoken
Save the voice of the Elemental spirits of the air:
The lark aloof o'er the corn
On his own clear cadence borne
And the strong beat of his heart to home.
And the locusts cry
From the grass sprung high
Where the wood and the meadows meet,
These shall my hastening feet
Bear past to the woodways dim.

The sun burns and the shadows fall,
A light wind wakes and strays.
A leaf falls, the leaves fall,
I am lost on old, old ways.

I am gone, I am gone,
Where the snake creeps low in the grass,
Where the briar clings as I pass,
Where still is the cool of dawn.

I am an insect idle through an hour
I am a shadow in a dusk dim bower,
I am all that wakes, has life and dreams.
For the moss is fresh on the stone
As I pass, alone,
And the snail's abed on his crystal thread,
Where the blackberry bush is dry and dead
As I pass alone.

The soul of the woods is the soul of me
No other than the leaf of a tree
I am swirled and drifted endlessly.

And the wild cry of a bird awing
And many an unfettered forest thing
Lead on to my other selves
Along the coasts and the quiet shelves
Of an inland sea of harmony.

But the beech as I pass along
Gropes down with his fingers long
And I am a part of his greenery.

A gust of the wind comes swirling low
And all of a sudden well I know
The place where I long to go.
My heart springs gay
With a song to my lips,
And I am away
As a child trips,
I am the spirit of children sweet in the sun.
Where the wind blows
And the golden rod grows
And the wing of an unseen angel goes
The children of Autumn and I are one.

Where the golden sheen
Of sunlit green
Dances the moving shades between,
Where the sunbeam shatters
His golden ladders
On the pale gold of the dead dry leaves;
I dance with the grace of a child's feet,
I scamper away where the fairies meet
And the brown leaves blow,
And the golden rods grow,
And the hushed wings of an angel go.

Out of the wild wood following after
Sounds as of eternal laughter,
I run and the leaves run,
In the wake of a Summer's sun.
And the brown hill sides
Where the warm air glides
To the long cornfields below,
They hold me, hold me so;
And the long grass
Clings e'er I pass
To a world of weal and woe.

So even as a life begun,
Before the wild years start and run
I am a child asleep in the sun.

The Development of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati

By James E. Donnelly, S. M.

THE development of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati from its foundation as a diocese in 1821 until the present day, is a fascinating story of hard-working, zealous leaders laboring under handicaps and difficulties as various as they were numerous. Its youthful days, spent under the guidance of foreign charity are replete with tales of hardship both on the part of the pastor and his flock. The territory at first included in the boundaries of the diocese was very extensive even for those days when land was plentiful and settlers few and widely scattered. There was opposition on the part of unkind and unjust bigots but this was overcome by patience and forbearance. It was under such circumstances that the pioneer Bishop of Cincinnati began his arduous task.

On the recommendation of Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Ohio, which was only a portion of the country under his charge, was made a diocese June 19, 1821, with Cincinnati as the See. Edward Fenwick, a native of Maryland and a member of the Dominican Order, was appointed as first bishop to the see, and besides was made Administrator Apostolic of Michigan and the eastern part of the Northwestern Territory. When the Apostolic bull of the erection of the see and the appointment of himself as bishop arrived, Father Fenwick was as usual at work "in the woods of Ohio." Receiving information of the appointment his surprise was only exceeded by his humility which convinced him that he was unfitted for the Office. His superiors thought otherwise however, and justly so, for Father Fenwick had proved his ability and zeal by his record of fourteen years spent in laborious missionary work in the territory of Kentucky and Ohio. In fact, his activities earned him the sobriquet of the "itinerant preacher" and, what was more dear to him, the glorious title of "Apostle of Ohio." His consent being finally obtained, Father Fenwick was consecrated in St. Rose's Church, Kentucky, June 13, 1822, by Bishop Flaget.

That same year Bishop Fenwick arrived in Cincinnati amid general rejoicing on the part of Catholics and broad-minded non-Catholics as well. He took up his residence in a small building situated in the square known as "Flatiron Square," bounded by Lawrence, Ludlow and Third Streets. The house had only a room above and one below, the former serving as chapel, parlor and living room, the latter being reserved for sleeping quarters.

The tireless and indefatigable bishop began at once to make his influence felt in the affairs of his immense diocese. He first had the Cathedral, which was nothing less than a log church, moved to a more accessible part of the city despite the opposition of some of the trustees. The church in its new situation was renamed St. Peter's in memory of St. Peter's at Rome.

After the bishop had completed a visitation of his diocese the conviction was born upon him that radical changes were needed to conduct the affairs of the diocese successfully. He determined to lay his case before Rome. Failing to gain satisfaction when he appealed by letter, the determined bishop resolved to plead his cause in person.

He borrowed three hundred dollars from a Catholic layman to pay his passage and expenses in Europe, and left Cincinnati on May 30, 1823, embarked at New York, landing at Bordeaux, France, on August 6th. He arrived in Rome two days before the election of Pope Leo XIII, and the day after the solemn enthroning of that Pontiff, was received by him in private audience. This interview as we are told by Bishop Fenwick himself, turned out to be very satisfactory, the Pope according him pecuniary assistance to the amount of \$2,200, besides gifts of sacred vessels, ornaments, linens, etc. Provision was also made for two additional assistants for his parish work. After leaving Rome he travelled extensively throughout the Catholic cities of Europe, presenting his cause and soliciting aid. Leaving the continent enriched by generous donations he went to England and from there took passage for New York where he arrived October, 1824. He stayed in the East for a time, reaching his see only towards the end of March.

The bishop lost no time in putting into execution the designs for which he had travelled to Europe. He began now to lay the foundations upon which the future of the diocese was to find its security. With characteristic energy the bishop started to erect a new Cathedral. This edifice was completed by July, 1826, and its appearance was held by everyone to be a credit and ornament to the Catholics in particular and the citizens of the city as well.

The next enterprise for which the bishop had received permission in Rome was the establishment of a seminary. This he accomplished three years later when ten students occupied a frame building

on May 11, 1829, as their temporary seminary. A more substantial building was furnished them on the following August.

Bishop Fenwick brought several sisterhoods to the diocese for the conduct of his school. Among them were especially the Sisters of Charity, one sister of Mercy: Sister St. Paul from a convent in France and finally the sisters of St. Dominic.

In the meantime new parishes had been formed by the bishop who kept up a regular visitation of his diocese. Many converts were obtained by his personal work and also by the editing of first Catholic paper in the West—the Catholic Telegraph.

Such an array of definite accomplishments cannot but arouse our admiration for this truly Apostolic bishop of Ohio. He never enjoyed robust health, but as a rule was scarcely ever well. He frequently applied for a coadjutor but his request was never honored. In the year 1832 his health became very weak, burdened as he was by his arduous duties. While engaged in his annual visitation throughout the diocese he succumbed to the dread cholera which was then sweeping the Great Lakes. His death occurred at Wooster, Wayne County, on the 26th of September, 1832.

His work was taken up after a lapse of about one year by the Rev. John B. Purcell who at the time of his appointment by the Roman Pontiff to the See of Cincinnati was president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. He was a man of exceptional talent and his brilliant pen did much for Catholicism in the Middle West.

His ordination by Archbishop James Whitfield occurred on the 13th of October, 1829. After attending the Second Provincial Council of Baltimore he went on to Cincinnati arriving there on the 14th of November. He was installed in his new see by the venerable Bishop Flaget and began at once the continuation of his predecessor's work.

In the first year of his rule the Bishop made a great success of his missionary labors. He increased his flock from a mere seven thousand in 1832 to a respectable population of 50,000. The churches numbered seventy as compared to twenty in 1832. All this he accomplished by personal work, riding through his territory of unbroken forests and winding streams where death was lurking at every step.

Bishop Purcell was an able defender of Catholic doctrine. His famous debate with Alexander Campbell, a Baptist minister of the city, increased his prestige in this regard. The result of the debate was overwhelmingly favorable to Catholicism and resulted in numerous conversions to the faith.

He too sought aid in Europe making in all seven trips across the seas. His quests were fruitful and profitable for the struggling diocese. A valuable

band of Jesuits, seven in number, who were induced to aid him in Cincinnati, constituted the first fruit of his first overseas trip.

His next great move was the erection of the present imposing edifice of St. Peter's Cathedral. The characteristic features of this exceptional piece of art are products of his fertile brain. It is related that in the erection of the Cathedral not a drop of ardent spirits was consumed and notwithstanding the unmanageable shape and size of the materials not an accident occurred in the whole progress of the work. What an example for present-day safety first programs!

In 1851 Bishop Purcell received the pallium of the newly created archdiocese of Cincinnati. Invested with this dignity the Archbishop attended the centennial celebration at S. S. Peter and Paul in Rome in 1867. In 1869 he attended the Vatican Council and made himself notable by his opposition to opportuneness of the doctrine and also to the very doctrine of Infallibility itself. When once the question had been decided Archbishop Purcell immediately accepted the doctrine with his whole heart and mind.

Returning to his diocese he resumed his episcopal duties. It was at this time that the tide of his fortunes and that of the Archdiocese underwent a serious reversal. A wave of know-nothingism was sweeping the country, whose violent tenets affected even his distant diocese. The archbishop successfully coped with this evil by means of his eloquence and influence with his flock. Self-sacrificing and abstemious at all times the blow of a financial failure in 1878, shattered his life.

His reign was blessed by the introduction of numerous religious orders both of men and women, who conducted his schools and aided him in his parish work. The most notable are the Jesuits, Franciscans, Brothers of Mary, Sisters of Notre Dame, the Ursulines and the Sisters of Christian Charity.

In 1883 Archbishop Purcell entered upon his eternal reward having suffered a stroke of paralysis. The annals of his fifty years' of episcopacy present this glorious record: The Catholic population was increased from 7,000 in 1833 to 500,000 in 1883, the number of churches increased from 16 to 500, a new seminary, the Mt. St. Mary of the West, was completed, from whose doors went forth the majority of his 480 priests. Truly he deserved the title of Patriarch, first Archbishop of the West.

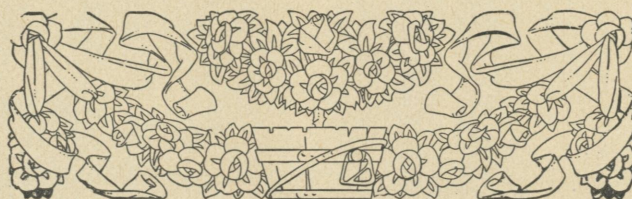
The saintly Bishop Elder, coadjutor to Archbishop Purcell, became at once the leader of the diocese. His first duty was to straighten out the financial failure of his predecessor. His great aim was to organize the administration of the diocese and place it on a firm financial footing. He insti-

tuted the office of Chancellor, insisted on the annual reports of his clergy and established the various courts and counselling bodies necessary for ecclesiastical matters. In 1887 the seminary which had been forced in 1879 to close its doors due to lack of funds, was reopened by him.

His rich legacy to the diocese was the empetus he gave to the spiritual life of his flock. From the copious founts of his own personal sanctity went forth those streams which vivified the lives of his charges. His sudden death in 1904 was a sad blow to his beloved and loving flock.

The present Archbishop, Henry Moeller, who was coadjutor to Archbishop Elder received the pallium from the late Pope Pius X.

For obvious reasons the recounting of his labors in furthering the work of the diocese must be left to future historians. Twenty-eight new parishes have been formed since 1904. To him is due also the existence of the Fenwick Club, the Bureau of Catholic Charities and the Apostolic Mission Band whilst a crown is to be added to his enterprises in the erection of a new theological seminary building.



Honors for French Priest Scientist

Paris, Sept. 6.—The Carnegie Foundation, which recently awarded a gold medal and a first prize to the radiologist Vaillant, who has had both arms amputated, has now granted its silver medal and a prize of 5,000 francs to a priest of the Sens Diocese, Abbe Tauleigne, pastor of the parish of Pontigny, "as a reward for the devotion with which Abbe Tauleigne had pursued his scientific work despite the serious injuries caused by the X-rays."

Early in the war the Abbe became alarmed over the number of deaths in the army due to the inability to discover just where shell fragments or bullets were lodged, and so he decided to use himself both as experimenter and subject for his experiments. The Abbe continued his experiments despite injuries which have seriously impaired his health. Today his right arm is completely paralyzed and his eyes also are seriously affected.

In the realm of optics Abbe Tauleigne initiated a method of color photography. The technique of moving picture projections also owes some of its notable progress to him.

It was Abbe Tauleigne who solved the problem of the reflex projection of opaque bodies. In radiology the apparatus of Abbe Tauleigne rendered inestimable services to surgery during the war. The radio sterometer made it possible to locate projectiles accurately and the autodiffusor rendered possible the exploration of the thick portion of the human body.

It was the Abbe Tauleigne, who, thanks to the electromagnetic relay installed in the parish residence at Pontigny, was the first to inscribe the messages sent out by the Eiffel Tower on an ordinary Morse tape.

Abbe Tauleigne was also the first to work out the amplification of the receiving currents and his apparatus, adopted by the French Navy, was employed with great success in 1915 and 1916 by the interception stations and was also used to locate the position of enemy submarines.—(N. C. W. C. News.)

Annual Red Cross Roll Call

SERVICE

SERVICE is the test to which we all must come, and by which we will stand or fall in the final count. We are each a necessary element in the processes of human history, and without the best we each can do, all life must be poorer in the end.

That life which is true to its task in the sphere of its highest capabilities, however lowly that sphere may be, is indispensable to the best interests of the race.

The fields of California are radiant with ten million indecipherable golden poppies, yet each little flower has its place in a great landscape.

The girl in the humblest factory, and the boy shepherding his flock on some lonely desert in the great West, can play a definite part in the work of the American Red Cross by starting out their dollar in the Seventh Annual Roll Call to swell the fund for service to humanity. It will work while they toil, and thus will they have gone "the second mile" in point of influence upon the time in which they find themselves living. The date is November 11 to 29, and your Red Cross Chapter will be glad to take your dollar.

SPECIALIZE IN LIFE-SAVING

You are specializing in English, the languages, science or math. You are planning to add a degree to your name, but you must know that your education will never be complete until you have learned something of the unselfishness of service.

The surest way to develop physically at the same time you help your neighbor is to join a life-saving corps. Consult your nearest Red Cross Chapter and you will be given information as to how you may become a life-saver or on the methods of forming a corps in your own community.

Then too, this life-saving instruction isn't only of physical value. Educational, social, moral and recreational, as well as health benefits, come from instruction in life-saving.



These are the things you will gain if you join a corps:

1. Health.

- (a) An ideal exercise.
- (b) Development of large muscle groups
- (c) As a means of improving posture.
- (d) Greater breathing power.
- (e) Symmetrical development.

2. Educational.

- (a) Development of mental attributes—1 alertness; 2 mental co-ordination; 3 accuracy; 4 precision; 5 judgment; 6 self-reliance; 7 dexterity.
- (b) Development of Physical attributes—1 strength; 2 agility!

3 muscular control; 4 endurance; 5 motor co-ordination; 6 muscular development.

3. Social.

- (a) An expression of the desire to be useful.
- (b) Brings a full realization of powers.
- (c) Life-saving as an activity directed toward the good of all concerned.

4. Moral.

- (a) Learning to do the right thing at the right time.
- (b) Development of unselfishness.
- (c) Self-control.
- (d) Character through leadership.

5. Recreational.

- (a) Competition in life-saving.
- (b) Water pageants and sports.
- (c) Life-saving efficiency tests.

Life-saving instruction is therefore of the greatest benefit to the college man. You can help the Red Cross to continue its corps of over 29,000 expert volunteer life-savers and to get new members by joining the organization during the Seventh Roll Call, to be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving.

The National Catholic Welfare Council

By W. J. Quay

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this great country of ours, thousands of Catholic youth will graduate from high schools and colleges and will go forth into the world full of enthusiasm and vigor. Each and every one of them realize that they have a duty to perform, a duty to society and particularly to the Catholic Church.

Let them stop and consider for a few moments what this duty is and how they intend to fulfill it. Those who have had the advantage of a Catholic education should have no trouble at all in recalling the oft-repeated words of their teachers, "You, as the future Catholic leaders, both in business and in your parishes, should set an example to those inside as well as outside of our faith in order that there may be no room for criticism or censure and that our non-Catholic friends may see the value that we have placed upon our religion."

How may this be done, some of the more thoughtful will ask? Hence the purpose of this article. There are countless ways in which every youth may fulfill his duty, but if he is really in earnest, he will desire to do a little more than his share. He may enroll in the National Catholic Men's Welfare Council.

The majority of the Catholic students have heard of the work of this organization but perhaps are not very familiar with its aims: At present it is not established in every parish and here is where the enthusiastic young man may do his duty, by interesting the men in his particular parish in this council.

The objects are to co-ordinate the activities of all existing lay organizations of Catholic men to the end that they may be more effective in their endeavors to bring about a better understanding of Catholic thought and opinion in matters of public interest—to promote and protect the interests of the Catholic church and its educational system and to assist in their preservation and growth; to encourage existing agencies for the training of Catholic men in the field of social service where new ones can be provided where required.

The basic unit of this organization is the parish council. This is composed of all Catholic men of the parish who are sixteen years of age or over and of all men's societies in the parish. The function of this council is to be a lay assistant to the pastor and to the parish, especially in works that pertain to the material and often to the spiritual

welfare of the entire parish. The Council functions through various committees who are appointed by the president. The most helpful is the Parish Ways and Means committee which provides for ways and means to finance the parish council, and also takes up the parish census. The duty of the Membership committee is to enroll every Catholic man in the parish as a member of the council. The Catholic Social Action committee is called upon to assist in all community celebrations. The Immigration committee has for its duties to keep in touch with all families who are foreigners and encourage them to attend divine services and also the parish social affairs. The Charities committee should look after the poor in the parish and any other charitable activity. The purpose of the Boys' and Young Men's committee is to provide recreation for the young men of the parish so as to keep them interested in the church. The object of the Educational committee is to keep their school in the first ranks, for the parish school is the greatest bulwark for the church in this country.

In the bulletin published weekly by the N. C. W. C. there is an account of the organization of this council in the diocese of Wichita, Kansas. It is a very instructive article for a diocese that is contemplating the organization of a council. A short time before the work of organizing was begun the Rt. Rev. Bishop sent letters to all the priests of the diocese, notifying them of the date of organization, the necessity of naming delegates and urging them all to be present at meetings to be held in their respective districts. All the priests and laymen present were greatly interested in the work, objects and aim of the council.

After the meeting adjourned a banquet was held for all the delegates where each one was called upon to state his name, residence and occupation, and to give his impression of the council which had just been organized, and to pledge his ardent support to the work which was soon to be initiated in his parish. This was a very good plan for it made the delegates acquainted with one another and impressed upon every man that he was a necessary factor in the work of organizing the council in his district. No one left for home feeling that he had been slighted or that he was not necessary to insure the success of the undertaking.

The Bishop, in his address, explained to the delegates the constitution, objects, aims and scope of the N. C. W. U. He laid particular stress upon

the timeliness of such an organization. He made it clear how necessary it was for the great mass of Catholics in the country to be united, how Catholic effort and Catholic strength should be co-ordinated and solidified. He placed special emphasis on the establishment of community centers where the Catholic people should meet and become acquainted and exchange views and opinions on things vital to Catholic life.

Not so long ago, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, sent through Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland, a message of love for America, a spiritual blessing to the N. C. W. C., and a benediction to America's Catholic Young People, to whom, His Holiness said, this world must now look for the solution of many problems. "I love America better than any country. Especially do I love the youth of America, for I know it is to this youth that the world must look for the solution of problems which will affect the nations. The youth of America has a great responsibility, a great opportunity for service to the world, and I send them my blessing and ask God's benediction upon them that they may be the better fitted for the great task that will be theirs to perform."

This call from the Supreme Shepherd of the church to the Catholic youth of our country should thrill the heart of every young man of America and awaken therein a desire and determination to meet successfully the great responsibility which the Holy Father has pointed out.

The Catholic young men should be acquainted with the system by which this organization is conducted, if they wish to become a member.

The Parish Council is the primary unit in this organization and is under the control of the elected officers. The pastor, while he has no office, may be consulted in cases of doubt, and he may also use his influence and advice before the council if he sees that the organization is not run as it should be.

All the parish units in a diocese comprise what is known as the deanery. They are governed by the arch-diocesan council in which they have representation. All the deaneries in turn are grouped under the diocesan deanery, all of which make up the subject of this article—The National Catholic Welfare Council.

The local deaneries conduct two to four meetings yearly depending upon the size of the diocese. After each deanery meeting the deanery secretary is obliged to send the executive secretary a brief abstract of the minutes of the deanery meeting and should call the attention of the secretary to any

matters of general and public interest that may have been brought before the meeting.

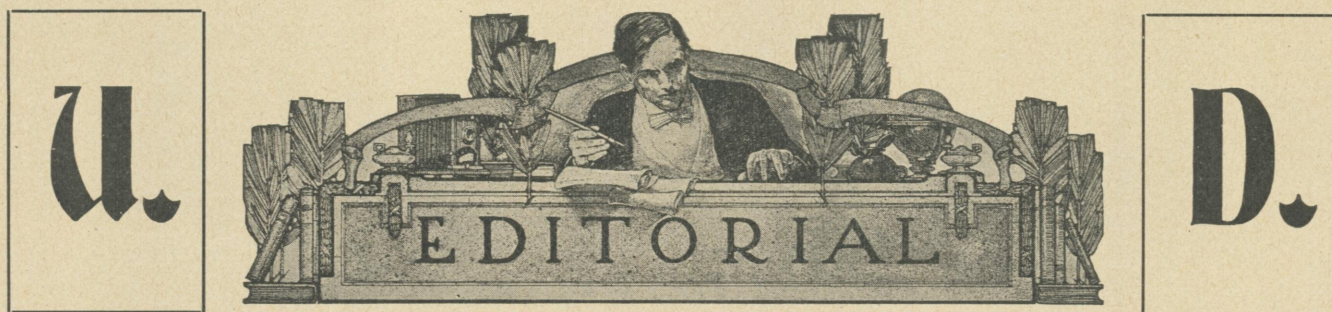
The Catholic School is our home for seven hours a day and nine months of the year, and when we leave school we should feel that the church is our home and is worthy of more support than is generally given it. Our problem in short is this: let each of us realize that when our school days are over that as a Catholic citizen of the United States it is our duty to enthuse fellow Catholics, to awaken them so that we may have a laity that is one hundred per cent efficient. There is no reason why we should not have a bigger Catholic laity.

Never perhaps before has there been such a nation-wide movement made against our faith. Bigotry and narrow prejudices is trying to drive religion from our schools. Anti-Catholic organizations are being formed, and strange to say are attracting many followers.

Catholic men, be awake, hold up your heads in pride because of the fact that you are so fortunate in having the Holy Church for your Mother, and guardian, and do not let the thought form in your minds that we must bow to any political power to retain this God-given right. We must be vigilant so as to meet the accusations of Anti-Catholic organizations and point out to them their mistakes. Let them know that from a strong Catholic laity will come the solid citizenship that will insure the nation's welfare. That as at present, and at the beginning of the nation's history men who were imbued with religious principles laid the foundation of peace, prosperity, and safety, so now also we must look to men with religious principles to secure and safeguard those principles of the fathers of our country.

Now we must all realize that this cannot be brought about in any other way than by action. This we are not able to accomplish to any great extent individually. The only means therefore is to join an active organization, one whose aims and object is for the betterment of the church. The N. C. W. C. is at present and has been for some time past, been performing this work in a meritorious manner. Every Catholic student should become interested in the work of this organization for it intends also the advancement of Catholic education—in short, to solve the problems of our youth. In this way the young man may carry out his obligation to society and to his Holy Mother, the Church.

"Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."



STAFF

JOHN H. HOLTVOIGT
Editor

GEORGE W. MARIE
C. RICHARD HORWEDEL
GABLE FLEMING

VARLEY P. YOUNG
PETER BABB

WILLIAM A. FRITZ
VINCENT MOIR
MERLE P. SMITH

HIMES BROTHERS—Staff Artists

CASIMIR PETKEWICZ,
Circulation Manager

GERALD S. SHENK,
Business Manager

JOS. C. MUENCH, S. M.,
Subscription Manager

REV. JOHN C. GUNZELMAN, S. M., Faculty Director

Our President This year should mark the pleasant milestone in the life of Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M. It should recall the many associations attendant to the office which he left six years ago.

The life of a college president is not strewn with that litter of garlands and honor as is so often conceived and prated upon by the laity. The leading of an institution of learning is a task in which the rewards of a fruitful life are not in the counting of dollars accumulated, but in the silent satisfaction of viewing the long line of former students, as they battle in the game of life, well equipped, through the fundamentals obtained under his direction, and this satisfaction is doubled when this man is acclaimed as having arrived. It is then the college head reminiscently pictures an adolescent chap, of perhaps ten or a score of years ago, wondering on the future and the context of the great, wide world outside, listening to his supplication, downcast at his admonition, or truly grateful for a precept rendered or an idea born under his tutelage. It is a recollection of such thoughts and feelings and situations that gives the true college president his reward and greatest delight.

By a pleasant coincidence Father Tetzlaff and Father O'Reilly proved successors to each other. After Father O'Reilly's departure six years ago to assume the office of provincial of the Society of Mary, Father Joseph Tetzlaff succeeded to the helm



VERY REV. BERNARD P. O'REILLY, S. M.
Our President

of the hall and it was under his administration that the Extension Fund was so successfully raised in an effort to place Dayton among the prime educational centers of America in physical size, enrollment and scholastic excellence.

Thus the first great step in our expansion was accomplished and when the reclining days of his career become a reality, his, shall be the satisfaction of viewing a greater U. of D. which his efforts brought forth from the embryo.

To Father O'Reilly falls the lot of carrying on where his predecessor rested and it is with confidence that the Society of Mary places the reigns in his hands. His assumption of the rector's chair and the inauguration of the school-building program are synonymous. Then there is the introduction of several courses, journalism, music and higher commerce and finance. Easy it is indeed to see that Dayton U. is daily traveling to that horizon where true culture and training will allow nothing but the graduation of the highest type of intellectual attainment.

To Father O'Reilly falls the brunt of fulfilling this prophecy, and truly may it be said, probably the greatest asset the University has at this hour is a man in the chair pre-eminently fitted, through past training and experience, which, welded with natural ability and commanding personality, can but give it a force which should carry it through the brunt of its struggle to the beautiful heights of academic eminence.

—Eikenbary.

Optimism on Earth

It should not prove at all difficult to the normal being to be optimistic about Heaven. Human thought is too much a matter of Hope for healthy speculation to be aught but rosy. But actual experience is not a matter of Hope, nor is our attitude toward these uncomfortably disconcerting things of Life apt in the general consensus to appear any too bright, which makes our need plan: some formula that shall contain in just balance the unhappy experience of Life and the reasoned good of it.

Judging from the discontent in the world, that is not an extremely simple formula. Browning once wrote that, having seen a host of artists execute perfect busts, he hoped some day to find one who proceeding upward from the feet might reach the torso. "So might he see the whole figure." That is much our predicament. We need the temperament content to drop the facile glory of dreams, intent to be convinced that there is one good thing on Earth besides the leaving of it. For it seems to me that having discovered one thing good on

Earth and of Earth, further search might lead to further goods. Things form such intimate concatenation here below.

Such a process might be much on this order: To watch closely for the first indication of a happy thing that is identical with Earth. Having found it, say, for example, the old swimming hole, a square meal or a good slap on the back, mark the date as a red letter day and score a gain. Even the years pass you cannot score a loss for what have you to lose? So one goes through life finding a gain every once in a while. A little practice I assure tends to make one adept at recognizing them. And who so complains saying, "All good things pass," let him remember that this Life passes also.

—Holtvoigt.

Purpose

Again a new period of retirement has commenced its course for which many young lads have gathered within the walls of silent contemplation. This is not done without premeditated purpose. Just as each movement upon a stage has its purpose so every thought has its object; and the thought of a noble mind has a noble purpose.

Our unique aim in coming to a college is to develop our natural faculties and above all the intellectual faculties. A solution of a problem, or mixing of two or more chemical elements, or translating of some Latin phrases, or reciting of a line of poetry does not form a noble character. Yet by diligence in our studies and discriminating observation of environment and fellowship, we shall acquire the necessary qualities of a gentleman. And this is the noblest desire we can have. A wise man knows from within what to receive from without.

The faculty too has a purpose. To us each member of the faculty is a guiding force upon the path of Life we strive: and upon his lips are these words: Attention! Remember! Observe! It is here we have found the opportunity to develop our innate good qualities; take the advantage of coming into close contact with each distinct specimen of the human family gathered here. Thus we become intelligent human agents not machines.

—Penjak.

Yokohama

Yokohama was razed to the ground by one of the gratest seismic upheavals in history. Tens of thousands of her inhabitants were killed and the rest were made homeless and destitute.

Yokohama is well known to tourists and commercial men having interests in Japan; but this recent disaster has made her universally notorious. Furthermore, being the center of the cosmopolitan

life in Japan, she was of special interest to the world during the catastrophe. Nearly all the different nations are represented there by consuls and citizens. This statement does not imply that Yokohama is the melting pot of nations, for in the social life there seems to be much racial discrimination.

Yokohama is a very important city with a population of about half a million. She is the port of Tokyo, the political, financial and social metropolis of Japan. Yokohama means a side beach or shore. The exportation of silk is centralized here. She is equipped with fine modern piers, one of them is a massive concrete structure.

There are three distinct divisions in Yokohama. The business section, both for foreign and Japanese firms, is located near the wharves and the water front, also known as the Bund. The Japanese residential section or the Settlement is further inland and separated from the business portion by a slimy canal. Here the houses are of flimsy construction and very closely packed. The foreign residential district is situated on a slight elevation known as the Bluff. This is the best and the most prominent section of the city. Under the bond of governmental leases, foreigners have title to their properties on the Bluff indefinitely. But it is hoped that this unfortunate event will not force them to relinquish their claims. Here the buildings are of foreign style and everything is kept clean and orderly. The American Naval Department has established an efficient hospital called the U. S. Naval Hospital. It has the best X-ray apparatus in Yokohama. On the highest point of the hill is situated St. Joseph College conducted by the Brothers of Mary. A thoroughly modern fireproof building had just been completed before the terrible earthquake.

Old Yokohama was annihilated, but like the mythical phoenix, from her ashes will arise a new Yokohama eclipsing the former one by her youth and improvement.

—Pederson.

LYCEUM COURSE—SEASON OF 1923-1924

The Lyceum course arranged for friends and patrons of the University of Dayton this season bids fair to surpass any group of attractions presented here for some years back. True there have been some excellent single attractions offered in the historic University auditorium. But usually there appeared one or the other who fell flat and destroyed a confidence built up by the talented performers. A lyceum course is essentially something intellectual. For hokum and wise-cracks people should patronize the vaudeville and extravaganza houses. For sentimental love-dreams and the like, let them seek out a stock company or a legitimate house.

But for pure talent and intellectual qualities the lyceum course stands alone.

The L. Verne Slout players presenting "When Mother Goes on a Strike," will be the opening attraction on Tuesday night, October 23, at 8:20 p. m. Following this talented group of performers in such a timely play, Mr. Edgar Raine, America's foremost authority on Alaska and our insular possessions, will deliver a lecture both instructive and highly entertaining. Mr. Raine will talk on Tuesday evening, November 6.

Herbert Leon Cope, humorist, "The Funniest Man Since Bill Nye," will keep his audiences rolling in side-splitting laughter all during the evening of December 10. Then again an attraction extraordinary, the Fenwick-Newell Concert Company composed of Fenwick Newell, tenor, Marguerite Holt, soprano, Joseph Marks, violinist, and Rosamond Crawford, pianist, will appear Wednesday evening, January 9. And one of the artistic treats, not alone at the University but of the city of Dayton, Mary Adel Hays and her opera singers in five acts from five operas in costume.

Charles William Paddock, the fastest man of all times will talk on the "Spirit of Sportsmanship." He will be with us April 7.

There is the list. The price of the season ticket will be \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for students. We defy any one to show us where, for the price indicated, one can find such an artistic and thoroughly legitimate list of attractions. You can't do it. We know.

—Young.

College Ties It seems but yesterday that the old collegiate year was being brought to a simple but impressive close at the N. C. R. School House. It was then that our former fellow-students, grouped together as the graduating class of '23, were bidding farewell to their Alma Mater; farewell to their professors and fellow-students. It was indeed an impressive program, and one of wonder and admiration.

Now, we find ourselves upon the threshold of a new scholastic year. With it brings many new faces to Dayton "U.," and it affords us the opportunity for those contacts which so readily ripen into affectionate friendships, and for the renewal of those friendships already formed. This opportunity alone would justify itself if no other results were secured this year, and it is this opportunity with its effects that enables us to seek out our ambition much more pleasantly.

When there exists among any student body a common bond of similarity of high ideals and purposes, of definite dedication of their loyalty to their

Institute of Learning; and when by mutual companionship they are as an individual; then their association is one that brings real happiness and achievement; as well as a satisfaction of their longing for human companionship.

This mutual companionship and fellow feeling has been the outstanding characteristic of our student-body in the past. So it is with no feeling of doubt when we say that the students, who are new to the "U. of D." will blend in with the student-body and display this "U. of D." characteristic upon the campus and at all times. Do not, however, mistake this for a mere surface geniality, which exhausts itself in display by an ostentatious slap on the back. No! it is founded upon something deeper and finer; upon the knowledge that there is happiness in personal association with students who claim the "U. of D." as their Alma Mater.

—M. Smith.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

Announcement Once again mankind is called upon to play its part in the life-drama of humanity. Once again does the Red Cross call upon the American manhood. Shall we

receive this Seventh Annual Roll Call as a mere irksome duty, or shall we welcome it with a true spirit of almsgiving, with a true spirit toward our fellowmen, with a universal love so noble and fond as to bind all hearts, the hearts of mankind animated by that Supreme and Eternal Spirit of Charity? Or dare we reject this holy call? He who rejects this call does not only shirk his duty, but likewise proves to the world that he is not manly. For no man is a great man in the full sense of manliness unless he has those finer tones of character which make the masterful man merciful and the strong man kind. Surely it is a truth that all really great men have always great hearts. Cast not this work aside as being merely earthly, for it truly reaches into the realm of the celestial. By heeding this call, by serving the Red Cross, we perform a charitable deed. And Charity is the bond (of benevolence) existing between the Creator and His creatures. Every one should endeavor to realize this, his own, duty with the true christian feeling. Would that we all could feel these words vibrating within our inmost souls:

"And Jesus had compassion on the multitudes."

—M. Smith.

Exchanges

By John Henry Holtvoigt

FOREWORD

LET us have done forever, in these few pages of criticism, with trying to be impersonal. A magazine is, to be sure, somewhat of an institution, controlled by a policy and maintained with organization. But a college publication, it seems to me, has these characteristics to a minimum degree; it must sacrifice its policy to the sporadic attempts of prentice writers, and its writers to the rapid machination of the graduating mills.

It is this latter circumstance which determines the personal character of college publication criticism. For unlike the popular, scientific and cultural publications of the day a college magazine cannot "buy its writers." If it could it would then be open to an analysis of its sagacity in buying. The case then with student publications seems to be reversed. Let us take for granted in general, the good will and wisdom of the men who have in charge the shaping of the policies of our exchanges. But let us criticize the students personally who, having the boldness to put pen to paper, have also the earmarks of consistent effort, lively interest, and ambition compatible with their particular resources.

The Abbey Students, May, 1923—The negro race has seldom met with a more kindly spirit than that pervading Leo F. Nusbaum's appreciation of their Folk Rhymes. His diversity of quotation point to a wide knowledge of these rhymes which represent the lowest stone on the foundations of cultural entity. And the general aspect of the criticism in emphasizing cultural traits is indicative of a scholarly mind.

The Labarum, May, 1923—All the historic romance and natural beauty of Italy has been cleverly inwoven with an incident of the Fascisti movement and a picture of their Napoleonic leader, in "From Rome to Milan," by Anna Gonner. This writer has, to a well polished and able style, added the happy faculty of grasping an opportunity and making a good scoop of it. Incidentally may Mussolini live up to Miss Gonner's expectations. Personally we fear that converted Socialists, like reformed drunkards are apt to be unnaturally emphatic.

Boston College Stylus, May and June, 1923—This magazine resembles a songbird. William F. Walsh in "Spring Fever" has described a picture

we've seen before, of "A God of Beauty in a Rocking Chair." Very good! Francis L. Ford shows consistent effort and the polished beauty which it brings. "You Need not Speak," "Rainbows" and "A House" exemplify these things.

Ariston—Continuing in the same rich gleaning may we bless the hand and heart that inscribed "Disillusionment" and "Prisoner in a Book," by Margaret McHugh. But let us perpetually abhor

such things as "Bird Vanity." Colorful things meaning little. The world is full of color; what we need is someone to make a design of it and then make the design signify. "Out of three sounds... a star." When however we read "Scarlet Tanager," by Maris Stella, we think that once more we are sprawled in the high grass on a hillside with a page of the "Holy Poets" spread before.

Alumni Notes

By Peter Babb

FROM THE OLD BOYS

JUST a reminder. Don't forget that all the students, and especially your old companions would like to know about you. Most of the old boys faithfully read the Exponent and the Alumni Notes. Help us make this department a clearing-house where each and every one of you may hear from your old schoolmates. Class of '23, take special notice. Write to The Exponent (you know the address) and tell us what you are doing. By the way, since you want to see many of the faces which wear familiar to you at the University, be sure to be here on November 24th, the day of the home-coming game. The Athletic Association, has made arrangements so as to handle the big crowd of Alumni who are anxious to see Varsity win. Wilmington will be the victim.

Leo P. Dolan, '17 Another U. D. student will grace the M. D.'s Hall of Fame in the near future. The enterprising young man of whom we speak completed his high school course here six years ago, and then went to the University of St. Louis where he received his well-merited degree on June the fifth. Come around to our office one of these days, and we will be very proud to show you a very business-like professional card the mailman brought us not so long ago. Whose is it? Why, Dr. Leo P. Dolan's, of course.

Lloyd J. Bing, '14 Yes, it is true. Lloyd J. Bing, who only a few years ago was among us, attended the Interstate Chiropractic College, of Cleveland, where he completed his medical course and graduated as a member of the pioneer class of that institution. In the name of the University of Dayton, The Exponent wishes you all the success that perseverance and stick-to-itiveness deserves. Let us hear from you a little oftener; remember that news from any former student is always welcome at U. D.

Leo J. Hornung, '11-14 Included in the Exponent mail, there was one letter which is especially pleasing. We will accede to the writer's wishes and follow his suggestion for an Alumni Note:

"Leo J. Hornung, '11-'14, has entered the Novitiate at St. Leander's, Pueblo, Colorado, the newest house of the Benedictines. He expects to take the name of Francis in religion."

We reciprocate your good wishes, Leo, and may God always help you in your vocation.

Lawrence N. Strattnner, '04-'11; '12-'15 At last! Here is an Alumnus who has given us a good deal of information about himself; would that other old boys could follow his example and let us know how this world is treating them. Lawrence Strattnner attended the University (where he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1911, and the degree of Bachelor of Chemical Engineering in 1915) and is proud to tell the world that he did. Like most of the U. D. graduates his particular hobby is work, although he will unhesitatingly and emphatically draw the line when it comes to "change" the baby. True to the law of averages, his happiest remembrance of Old St. Mary's is the Latin class. Lawrence is married, having a girl and two boys to bring up. His family is well represented on the U. of D. records, for we find George Strattnner, Earl Ritzert, John Holtvoigt, Joe Kohler among his relatives who have at some time or other attended the University. His present address is care West Virginia Pulp Paper Co., Mechanicsville, N. Y.

We wish you the best of success in the world, and remember, nothing would please us more than to see you here for the Diamond Jubilee of your Alma Mater.

Lieut. Thomas
Drake, '23



Second Lieut. Thomas D. Drake, U. S. A., '23, who for the past year has been a member of the Regular Army detail as a sergeant-instructor in the University of Dayton Reserve Officers' Training Corps, has been ordered to the 10th Infantry at Ft. Thomas, Ky.

Lieutenant Drake was commissioned a second lieutenant as the result of the June examinations for commissions in the Regular Army. During the year he was a military instructor here he spent all of his extra time pursuing academic work in the University in preparation for this examination and was graduated from the college preparatory department last June.

While on duty here Lieutenant Drake made friends with both the students under him and with members of the faculty. All unite in congratulating him on his commission.

Lieutenant Drake has completed more than five years of service in the United States Army. The day following the declaration of war with the German empire he enlisted in the army, although he was but sixteen years of age at that time. He sailed for France early in 1918 and served during

hostilities with the 59th Infantry of the 4th Division. He participated in five major engagements and for gallant conduct in action was given three citations and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. When the Third Army selected its troops for the Third Army Composite Regiment he was picked as first sergeant of one of the companies. With this regiment he participated in the triumphant march of the allied armies in Paris, the Victory march of the allies in London and also paraded in New York and Washington. He served a total of eighteen months overseas. Lieutenant Drake was discharged from the army as first sergeant, September 29, 1919.

After spending more than a year in civies in his native state of West Virginia, Lieutenant Drake re-enlisted in the Regular Army and was assigned to the 40th Infantry at Camp Sherman, Ohio. During the march on Logan and Mingo counties, West Virginia, in 1921, by a mob of miners, Lieutenant Drake, then a sergeant, spent three months in the hills of his native state with his regiment. He was transferred to the 10th U. S. Infantry in November, 1921, with which organization he was on duty at Camp Knox, Ky., until his assignment to the University of Dayton last September.

Lieut. Floyd Marshall.

WEDDING BELLS

Focke, '07
Luers

St. Mary's Church, Cincinnati, was the scene of one of the happiest days in the life of a former U. of D. graduate. There in the presence of many relatives and friends, Walter Eugene Focke of Dayton, and Miss Leslie Mae Luers, of Cincinnati, were joined in Holy Matrimony by Rev. Father P. J. Hynes. Among those present were Mr. William Focke, father of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Al Focke, Mr. and Mrs. George Focke and son William, and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Focke. Elmer Focke was the best man and Miss Ruth Luers, sister of the bride, maid of honor. The groom is well known to many members of the Faculty, who are all proud to claim him as a graduate of the University. He is at present a member of the packing firm of William Focke. After their honeymoon to Chicago and vicinity, the couple made their home at 2625 East Third Street, Dayton.

The University extends wishes of continual and unalloyed happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Focke.

Griesmer, '21
Stomps

The last day of June was selected by Miss Eugenia Stomps, of this city, and Mr. John H. Griesmer, for their wedding.

The ceremony took place at St. Agnes' Church, Rev. J. M. Sailer officiating. John is just another of the many University of Dayton graduates and former students who have forever given up bachelorship and chosen a less lonesome state of life. The couple spent their honeymoon on the Lakes; their present address is 1062 Grand Avenue, Dayton.

Your Alma Mater extends the best and sincerest wishes.

Strattner, '16 H.S.
Lehman

Anybody looking for George Strattner, Jr., around Dayton will be sadly disappointed, for George is now on his honeymoon and will not be home till November 1st. His bride was Miss Estelle Lehman, likewise of this city. Miss Alvina Lehman, bridesmaid and Mr. Clarence Henz, best man, preceded the happy couple to the altar, where Father Kuenle, of St. Anthony's awaited. After the first of November Mr. and Mrs. George Strattner, Jr., will make their home at Riverview Ave., R. R. 13.

Bergman, '16 H.S.
Kreidler

One of the leading social events of the summer season was the wedding of an old boy and a graduate of the University, Mr. Norbert C. Berg-

man of Dayton. The bride is a graduate of Notre Dame Academy of this city, Miss Estelle Kriedler. Rev. Joseph Sieber, pastor of Emmanuel Church, officiated at the nuptial High Mass.

Breakfast was served the guests at the Engineer's Club after the marriage ceremony, and a reception was held at the bride's home where friends were received. The couple then left for Columbus on their way to Detroit and Buffalo.

Norbert Bergman is at present connected with the Safe Cabinet Company of Marietta.

The University of Dayton wishes the happy couple a life full of happiness.

Martin, '21 Frederick J. Martin, a graduate of
O'Neill the College of Engineering of the University, and Miss Cecilia O'Neill were married on the twenty-fifth of September, at St. John's Church, Peoria, Illinois. We regret that our information is so limited, but we sincerely offer our most hearty congratulations to bride and groom.

Holscher, '21 On Saturday, June the ninth, the
Marie bells of St. Catherine of Sienna Church pealed merrily as they announced the marriage of Joseph H. Holscher, another of our old boys and Miss Marguerite Marie, of Oak Park, Illinois. In unison with their many friends the University of Dayton, wishes the couple countless years of wholesome, holy and happy life.

A LETTER FROM BRO. JOSEPH JANNING, '08, S. M.

Editor's Note—Through the courtesy of Brother Janning's father we have the privilege of publishing this letter, which arrived as we were going to press.

THIS letter which I might aptly style a "Fortnight's Memoir," of the awful catastrophe that threw us out of a peaceful life into one of unusual circumstances is but a feeble sketch of my experience for facts accomplished are now forgotten, feelings impressed are obliterated, sights witnessed are lost in the depths of the debris of my shattered memory; but out of the tangled mass that surges through my imagination and memory I will try to gather some few incidents that may prove to be of interest to you.

It was Saturday, September 1st; we were at prayer in our study when without a bit of warning the first heavy shock threw us about like a chip on the waves of the sea. I grappled onto a square bookcase about three feet high containing two large sets of encyclopedias. I held on with all my strength, half sprawling over its flat top and danc-

With a Taxicab In the "Ohmer Fare Register" of
Under the September, John F. Ohmer, U. D.
Southern Cross graduate, in relating his trip to South America with John Breen, another Old Boy, gives a very complete and entertaining synopsis of social and other conditions in Latin America. When we read his article we find how little the average American knows about his fellow-Americans south of the Equator.

The party left for South America on one of the U. S. Shipping Board steamers; the splendid service and accommodations made them boosters for U. S. ships and U. S. shipping. Beer a-plenty was seen on the ship, for Washington had not as yet ordered U. S. ships to conform to the prohibition amendment.

The first Latin American city they saw was Rio, the colorful capital of Brazil. Of course they went to see a bull-fight. In Brazil, these are far from bloody, for the Portuguese do not kill the bull, they "throw it." Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile were two of the other cities touched by the Ohmer Fare representatives, where they introduced the advantages of modern taxicab system. What impressed them most was the peculiar atmosphere characteristic of each little town and hamlet. "Each country, each city visited, was so full of different things, so different in matters of customs, climate, and characteristics of the inhabitants."

Like practically anyone of us, however, they were glad to get back to old U. S. A. and to be again with their old comrades of the city of Dayton.

ing on the jolting floor. The plaster fell, the libraries toppled over with a crash, the crowded desks of the study jammed, the window glass rattled to the floor; from the sun veranda where I now found myself I had a glance of falling houses on the opposite hill, clouds of dust filled the air in the typhoon gale that blew. Oh good God the first quake was over. I fell on my knees, blessed myself and offered myself to Jesus through Mary—death I felt was close at hand. Calm yet frightened I cried out to the others to run. It was not yet time to run for just then the second and worst quake came tearing along and carried every weakened building to the ground adding greatly to the toll of life piled up in the first collapse of buildings. How long this second upward, swirling, jolting quake lasted I do not know. Oh God, but it was awful; all I remember is that I repeated the holy names time after time, I saw the veranda separate from the building, the floor sway and sag by several feet under and around me, I saw the Sister's chapel fall

in a pile of debris and dust, I heard the piercing cries of the wounded and dying from the neighborhood, for next to our property stood the General Hospital and adjoining us also was the Sister's School and Orphanage.

In flight alone was safety; the bewilderment of my mind kept me from observing details in the flight from the building. I saw the other Brothers running, but where? When I reached the main stairway it had disappeared to the basement except for the banister—that was too risky a descent; I wanted a stairway! There was a narrow one behind the chapel. I made for it through the hallway and chapel. Here I saw the altar and tabernacle lying on the floor, the benches lying in all directions over the floor, the stations of the cross some hanging in grotesque positions others down, the sanctuary lamp swinging in a circle of 80 degrees. I feared a fire but found that the lamp had been extinguished; then for the stairway over the benches. To my horror that was a jam of debris impossible to penetrate. I turned about and at last fell in adoration for a moment and fled again to take the risk down the yawning hole that once held the stairway. Risk or no risk I ventured down the banister calling at the same time to the rest to follow, they did not hear my cries and ran over the same ground in vain. The wooden stairway from the house to the yard had separated from the building but that was easily crossed. The two flights of stone stairways leading to the playground, my goal, had cracked and slid downward with the movement of the earth. I reached the quivering yard in a state of extreme nervousness. Safe from falling buildings I yet feared the big rents in the earth. The quakes continued at short intervals strong and long. It was impossible to stand during these quakes and each time I fell flat to the ground grabbing ahold of some long pieces of timber lying about. Two of our buildings still stood and in each quake they would rock to and fro emitting a horrible squeaking, grinding noise. I called and called for the rest to follow to get out but none came and I started back to the building to lead them out. I got as far as the stone stairway when to my moment's joy I saw Bro. W. A. standing with two other Brothers at a lower window. It was but a moment and Brother William and myself were running to the assistance of the poor Sisters. The wife of a servant of ours was caught and killed in the collapse of our dormitory building but we left her to the rescue of the other Japanese servants.

To get to the Sister's yard we had to cross the debris of the collapsed chapel. I knew the place where the Sisters knelt and made for the spot. Their moans and cries told us that several were entombed. We worked like Trojans over the place

where we thought we would find them; one young Irish nun was caught just a few feet below the top of the pile—saved—we saw another Sister the oldest of the community a little further down, pinned down by the benches and saved by the organ that carried the weight of heavy beams. She was extricated with difficulty and when she was able to move her limbs she twisted and crawled like an athlete of young blood. Here was a case when I had to force myself to remain peacefully patient and respect the aged; her hood and veil were still below and the good old Sister did not want to appear before us men in that state. She got it and held it on her head as heroically as we strenuously tried to get her out of the hole we made for her. The Sister's appearance after coming out of that debris needs no description. By this time two more Brothers came to our assistance and two other nuns helped along to get to the rest who still moaned and groaned down deep in the ruins. We could hear them but not see them. As we worked ahead the difficulties increased; big blocks of brick from the walls hindered our progress and heavy rafters from the roof remained immovable to our united efforts of failing strength; the cries of the buried ceased from time to time and after the continuing quakes became weaker and weaker. They must have been ground into a pulp by the heavy pile of moving debris as it twisted and settled in the severe quakes that continued throughout the afternoon. We all encouraged them prepared them for death for we knew the approaching fire would drive us away before long. Between the horrible shocks, terrifying explosions, roaring typhoon gust of wind, the loud crackling of burning buildings we called out to them the holy names and tried to get an answer working ahead all the time except during the quakes when we all would fall flat onto some protruding beam or board. It was now about 2:30 or 3:00 p. m. and the fire on three sides of us, there still remained one chance of escape. With want of food since early morning and not a drop of water we all felt that our rescue was fast preparing to drop the curtain. Believe me my heart did hurt and I know all of us felt the same. Personally I put myself in the place of the doomed ones, I saw those I loved the best in this world; my own dear Sisters, in their place and forced my failing energy to greater efforts but all in vain we could not reach them and the fire was advancing cutting off our only means of escape. We left ten Sisters, six foreign girls and twenty Japanese orphans to the mercy of God.

The only way to safety for us was through a narrow valley already burning fiercely among the ruined Japanese match-box houses. The safe and saved ones reached the valley to find all exit impossible. Oh God what a feeling of desperation

seizes one in such an extreme fight for life. A small triangular opening was found between two fallen houses, to get through we had to crawl on hands and knees for about 20 feet and then venture through a dangerously leaning house we came to a passable pathway leading to the Bluff Gardens, a large open space used by the foreigners for tennis and afternoon tea. Here we found many refugees seeking protection from the raging fires. It appeared to me that if the fires came any closer these gardens would prove to be a veritable oven or perhaps worse a crematory. Others did not share my view and remained to their night of suffering. Three of us left for the hills outlying the city. Those who remained suffered everything but death that night. One valley below the Gardens stopped burning with a change in the wind, their salvation. When we reached the opposite and safe hills we placed one of the saved ones in a temporary place of safety and then Brother William and myself tried to return and force the others to follow but when we reached the valley through which we had come to a place of sure refuge, we found it dangerously impassable. We could do no more good on the Bluff and to return meant courting death. In the course of the next hour I met many of our friends who quickly told of narrow escapes and inquired for lost ones. The only thing to do was to encourage and to instill thoughts of confidence in the good God who had visited us with this awful calamity.

On this hill of safety from fire all the scattered houses were down except a few, among them one building was a dairy. It was milking time and all the milk was given to those fleeing to points of safety. Here we met with many acts of kindness from the Japanese, those who had given of everything they had saved in the line of food. Up to this point food and drinks in bottles were plentiful for those living on the outskirts of the fire. As you may know every house is a store in Japan so that everybody picked up anything while fleeing the city, the only cost was the taking. We also shared in the free taking and munched along the road, for we had a long road before us before night would set in. Our destination was the Sister's summer home about five miles distant where I knew some Sisters were still living and possibly be in need of help as they were in an isolated valley a good mile off the main military road. Here also I could place the young American girl saved from the ruins in charge of the Nuns and free myself from responsibility in her regard.

Off we started for the country turning every now and then to see the burning city one cloud of flame and smoke covering the entire sky. Such a cloud it was that we feared that Mt. Fuji was in eruption which luckily was not the case. Heavy explosions

still rent the air over the city and bay and in the direction we were going two columns of black smoke rose to the sky in gigantic volumes. Yokuska, the naval base of Japan was burning and the reserve oil supply for the imperial navy was going up in smoke—a real limitation of armament. One village through which we passed lay in ruins but fire had not broken out and strange to say some Japanese were beginning to pile up the tiles from their brokendown houses—getting ready to rebuild. The ground shook almost continually and we got the feeling of walking in tune so much so that for a few days afterwards there were earthquakes all the time if I were to judge so from the feeling in my legs. The second village had already burnt out. It was a semi-industrial village with several factories some still burning. The heat was high and we hastened our steps, till we got to the Negishi prison district. Prisoners were about looting, some were caught and barbarously put to death by the populace. Had I known then the tales I heard the next day about Negishi district I might have avoided it—but thanks to God we were unmolested and reached the open country once more. Here we had to climb over a pile of ground and rock that fell from the high hills along the road. This ground and rock was several hundred feet long, about sixty feet high and ran up to the sea. In its descent it ground to pieces the tea houses in its path and buried their visiting inmates in a moment. We had often roamed the tops of these hills with our boys during the year and knew them by heart.

The Sisters' place was reached about 6:30 p. m. We found two Sisters with the Japanese lady servants sitting in a field near to the half fallen down houses which had served them and the children for dormitories, living rooms and chapel. Fire had not broken out and so they had saved the Blessed Sacrament, some clothes and food. Sentiment got the better of me while I tried to tell the Superior what had happened in the city. Though she had seen us often she did not recognize us for we were black as coal in dirty torn shirts and pants and must have made a gruesome sight well befitting the sad tale we had to tell. The little girl proved the strongest of the trio and finished the story while my partner and I knelt in tears at the little salvaged tabernacle in the field. A candle burnt before our Lord and spread a glimmer of hope and love and confidence in our racking breast and heart for in these moments all the terrifying thoughts and acts of the afternoon surged through our minds and I knew the fate of those we left behind—the Sisters likewise fell before the loving Savior and prayed for those who had gone to Heaven for now they knew the story and the names of the dear Sisters, most of whom had left the country but the day before to

return to prepare for the reopening of school. Four had remained to pack up. It was some time before we arose and then it was in a stronger strength for we could talk of the details there in the gloaming. The two Sisters did everything for us; searched for water, prepared some food they had saved and gave us a little wine to drink. We urged them to save all but they would not. A short half hour before we arrived, two Sisters, the Superior of the Convent School next to ours on the Bluff, left for the city taking a different route from the one we had taken. They were accompanied by a young Japanese man servant for protection and guidance through the burning city. They saw the smoke but felt confident that the Bluff had been spared and that their buildings would never come down. My good God what must have been their sorrow when at the risk of their lives they reached the burnt out Bluff walking over dying fires, stumbling over half charred bodies, passing hellish hot fires, bound to reach their own who may be in danger...then to find their buildings in glowing ashes...deserted...except for two heroic Nuns who faced death throughout the night tending some wounded who could not be moved...and then to have heard from them the death of the ten Sisters and the twenty odd ones confided to their care. I know where to find deep true virtue of noble souls that puts us men to shame.

About 8 o'clock we mounted a slight elevation to view the burning city; for miles the flames swept onward and upward reddening the sky and smoke with a fearful hue. Beyond in the direction of Tokyo we could see the sky all lit up and knew from that that the greater part of Tokyo must be on fire which surmise proved to be true. We soon had enough of the sight and returned to take a little rest if that was possible for we planned to leave early the next morning for the city and to bring the Sisters to a place of possible safety. Shortly afterwards we heard the cries of one whom we recognized to be one of the Missionaries, Father Le Moine, the assistant at the parish and chaplain of the Sisters. He had been pinned under the parsonage and after two hours of crying for help was assisted by the sexton to crawl out badly bruised but not seriously injured. His cassock was gone, his shoes were gone, he was dressed the way he squeezed out of the debris. He told his tale, a harrowing one; the Sisters did all they could for him. We closed the night by saying the Rosary for those who lost their life in the disaster: among whom was the saintly pastor of the parish, Father Lebarbey.

The night wore on slowly interrupted by many explosions in the oil tanks a few miles away. At times the flames from these tanks shot upwards

from 300 to 400 feet in the air licking the very clouds with their fiery tongues. Sleep was impossible for under us the earth squirmed and rocked and the pestiferous mosquitoes kept up a constant thunderous noise and near us the houses squeaked with every quake.

Early the next morning the improvised camp was up, washed and dressed by the mere act of standing up! The chaplain told us that he would give us holy communion and that we should receive twice so as to consume the remaining hosts present. After due preparation and thanksgiving the Sisters prepared some hot milk for us and we started back to the city intending either to return or send word to them by messenger as to the best way of acting.

The return lay over the same route. In the villages we met crowds of refugees carrying all they had saved or "picked up" for some were loaded down with bolts of heavy silks, of pongee, of cartons of tobacco, with bottles of beer and with most anything, for one was carrying a big wall telephone, that boy knew a good thing when he saw it for telephones sell over here for way above 500.00 yen. Shortly after we had crossed the criss-crossed rented road and destroyed bridge of the Negishi prison section we met two of our Old Boys who had been in Tokyo at the time of the quake and had walked back the afternoon before. From them we first heard of the destruction of Tokyo by the quake and by fire. What had happened to our Brothers there caused us much conjecture. We knew they were in the chapel at the time and we knew the building. The soreness of my feet and the aching from the unusual exertions of the day before hindered our rapid progress into the city. What struck us was the absence of foreigners where they might have congregated. After inquiry from some Japanese who held fort in what we knew was constructed the day before by some foreigners, we learned that they had gone to the ships early that morning. A few minutes later we met the father of one of our boys, he was returning from the ship to see in what state his home was for he and his family had been at the pier at the time of the quake and could not return home—lucky for them. From him we learned that all the foreigners were seeking refuge on the several ships in port.

We were now in the ruins on the valley to the south of our College. Not a house to be seen, absolutely nothing but glowing piles of coal here and there, hot tiles everywhere, half burnt dray wagons and street cars, masses of twisted wires, melted cables and broken piles of crockery were the ordinary things one had to walk over gingerly for all were still hot. To get home we had to pass the ruins of the Kirin Brewing Company. The hop and

malt house still stood leaning at a treacherous angle while beyond we saw the big pile and blocks of wall from the other departments. It was a risky passage for if another severe shock came—good-bye. I prepared for a dash and bounded passed like a fleeing deer over and under wires and ruins. Now we reached home.

As I stepped onto our property and saw for the first time the once beautiful setting of buildings and playground surrounded by large and old evergreens now in utter ruin my heart sank and all I could say was—Gone! I met the acting Superior, Brother Mutchler, who told us to prepare to board the Andre Lebon lying at anchor. Before we could go we had duties to perform; we started to build a tin shed using the swinging bars as a common support for two slanting roofs. From our new concrete building the third floor of which was burned out by the sweeping fire that razed the city to a white dust, we secured some wood. The wounded and partly burned Japanese orphans we placed under this improvised shelter and left them in charge of two Japanese nuns. We did all we could for them and left for the reclaimed land as our destination. On this trip I saw the whole city at our feet, a still burning mass of ruins as far as the eye could reach. The homes of friends were no more. The massive English church lay crashed in a heap, likewise the American Naval Hospital, the Gaiety Theater where we so often had entertained record audiences, was down, and my mind wondered at horrible thoughts of what might have happened when we were there enjoying ourselves at College entertainments. Now we met with the dead. The cemetery, a beautiful little place, was shattered and not a tombstone stood erect for the ground had slid down considerably carrying with it the sleeping dead. Among these many people sought refuge during the preceding night for it was impossible to dare the flames that swept the road leading to the waterfront.

For a few hundred feet we had to follow the stone walled canal. The walls were gone, the water thick with oil and floating bodies of the dead. It is true that at one place the dead bodies were so thick that one could walk across the canal on their half-burned corpses. Hundreds and hundreds sought protection from the intense heat of the fire by plunging headlong into the murky waters only to find themselves surrounded by burning oil which came a little later as huge oil tanks lying at the outskirts of the city exploded and sent running streams of fire down the canals to the sea. The bridges were half burned or partly sunk into the canal for the earth had opened in many places and the bridges and retaining walls disappeared or were rendered useless. The French consulate, the grave of the consul and

several others stood a broken sentinel between the once fair city and the ocean, where the dead were floating in thick numbers on its surface and where hundreds had taken refuge on the few ships that stood nobly by and rendered invaluable and incalculable service.

On the reclaimed land we met the French Ambassador who had walked down from Tokyo. He was accompanied by the pilot of the Andre Lebon and several French residents waiting to board the ship. The ship was in danger of burning and sinking with its cargo of nearly two thousand refugees. Several days before the disaster the engines of the ship had been taken apart and pieces of the same were on land for repairs. It was a cripple at the mercy of the danger that threatened it. The floating burning oil was advancing toward the ship with the movement of the tide. Soon the pier to which the ship was tied caught fire. All life boats and life belts were prepared or put on, the sailors worked like fury with the ropes and anchor and thanks be to God the tide turned the boat and floated it away from the oncoming ocean of fire. At this moment the restless tide turned backwards its course and the Andre Lebon lay safe from the treacherous burning bay. Immediately they sent out rescue boats to shore to gather up the refugees.

The first load we put afloat from the reclaimed land were the Sisters and some women and what a dangerous work it was for now the roaming mobs of Chinese, Koreans and Japanese were feeling the pinch of hunger and the burning thirst of their sufferings. I feared the mob and would have jumped the first boat but women first was uppermost in our minds and hearts. Several Oriental men tried to force their way into the boat and by force alone could they be resisted. One Chinaman spoke "You white man you go, I Chinaman, me no go." We told him "We white men, we no go, lady go; Chinese lady she go too." This somewhat helped to hold his fury back. At the second load we had more trouble and dangerous looking individuals appeared, one with a drawn bayonet on a cocked gun, another with a naked sword red with blood. If looks could have killed several of us would be no more. What their mission or intent was I don't know, but anybody who had a bottle with him and if it were seen these two self-appointed guardians of the law would grab it and smell its contents. If the smell of oil hung around the bottle your life was not worth the hole in Oriental coins. They were the law, judges and executors of the law.

Propaganda had done its work for the Koreans were justly or unjustly accused of setting fire to the city. But I know, for I saw with my own eyes, that the fire started immediately after the first quake for nearly every house had its kitchen stove

going in preparation for tiffin. Nationality is nationality and a subservient nation must bear the burden of hate and its revengeful deeds. One Korean came up to me and pleaded most earnestly for me to put him aboard a ship. He spoke a fine English and said that he was innocent and only wanted to get away. He was wounded in the foot and was being carried on the back pickapack as boys are wont to do. What could I do, I had no authority to help him before all the women were put to safety. In the turmoil I lost sight of him. I hope his fate is better than that of many other poor Koreans.

The continuous roll of the earth under us, the sinister smoke cloud overhead, the burning oil barges in the canal that sent heavy columns of fire and black smoke skyward a few hundred feet before us, the burning bridges across the canal, the roving mobs around us, the thirst, hunger and fear that gained each moment in intensity nearly drove me to flee back to the country notwithstanding my weakened condition and sore feet when, from nearby I heard the voice of an English sailor calling out to all foreigners to go to the other end of the reclaimed land if they wanted to board a boat. I did not wait long nor did I care which boat in the harbor would give me shelter. The few women yet ashore were determined to board the *Andre Lebon* and no other, so Brother W. A. and myself hurried to the lifeboats of the "*Dongola*," a British ship lying beyond the destroyed breakwater. As soon as I got into that lifeboat I felt relieved and nothing would have forced me to leave it. I did not know when the *Dongola* would pull out nor where it would go that mattered little to me. All I wanted was to get away as I felt that I had no more pressing duties to perform. Nearing the *Dongola* I recognized the faces of friends and those of many of our pupils. What a load was being lifted from my mind I know not; but I do know that solid warm handshakes were mingled with smiles and tears as I witnessed the hearty reception and kindness extended to us by refugees, sailors and officers of the *Dongola*.

After our names had been taken we were given a wash, and good English tea and cake were set before us. Smiles greeted us from all sides and acts of true kindness were showered upon us; we could only respond with the same generous feeling and for the first time I forgot the past thirty hours. Complete forgetfulness was out of question for all wanted to know about the other teachers, the school and how we escaped for report had me dead. Others gave their stories without exaggeration for you could not exaggerate for it had been a fight for life amid the greatest calamity of nature. Each thought he had the worst tale to re-

late, but my good God, when I heard the escapes and daring deeds of others my story was but commonplace. At the end of this letter I will recall some of the experiences of others, of persons I know and of eye witnesses. I must go on with the narrative.

That night Yokosuka burned still to our left about ten miles distant. Yokohama had fires here and there in piles that once were godowns and storage tanks for oil. To the right about twenty miles Tokyo reddened the sky. What was the fate of Tokyo no one knew except from the few refugees that had fled without taking complete note of the extended area of destruction. The *Dongola* was filled with the wounded so that no cabins were left for the others. Each had received two blankets after dinner and before long the decks were filled with the sleeping. It was a hard bed but we were safe and what cared we, the boat would sail at daybreak but where, we did not care nor inquire. Get away, that is all we wanted, to get away from those terrifying earthquakes that even produce a peculiar knocking effect upon a big steamer. I felt several of the knocks that night and asked the captain what effect the big quake had upon the ship the day before. He said that he was in his quarters when the shock had come and immediately sent a messenger to the boiler room to investigate the cause of the explosion which he thought had taken place in the boiler rooms.

True to rumor the ship pulled up anchor and set her course seaward. We passed the old familiar places along the shore where often we had enjoyed ourselves in sport with the boys in tests of skill on land and sea. The contour of the cliffs had changed and homes on their tops were down. The Bluff was one leafless forest; but what cared we, we were going away, somewhere for wild rumor said that Kobe the next port had disappeared beneath the sea. The efforts of the radio operator proved useless as all attempts to get into communication with ships at other ports or at sea were jammed by "certain" stations for fear the truth would out before a determined time. But luck lay in our path and before long we sighted the President Jefferson which had left Kobe on Saturday afternoon close on to five o'clock. Signals were exchanged and boats lowered. Soon the captains of the two vessels were in private confab, passengers were exchanged, and shortly we were on our way to Kobe. That was good for from here we could reach our Brothers in Osaka and met our Provincial who was then in Nagasaki for the retreat of the schools in the south.

Our course brought us near to the forts protecting the naval base of Yokosuka. Once impregnable and strongly gunned, now a laughing, grinning idiot

of destruction sinking into the sea. Heavy guns still point their yawning muzzles in haphazard directions and massive concrete work once the backbone of protection, is a mass of broken, jagged, tilted crazy piece of nature's destruction. One half of the island forts are submerged beneath the toiling waves. Further in to land the great navy yards await the shovel and the cart. While the charity of the sea holds forever the secrets of more than one ship that carried death in its bowels. Truly a carrying out of the Washington Pact to scrap the implements of war.

How strange and divergent are the feelings and desires of man. Though many of us were happy to leave the sight of misery behind, others aboard became frantic when they realized that we were going. Mothers left their loved ones behind, families were separated, some on this ship others on that, while still others were unaccounted for. All throughout the day before and up to midnight launches plied from boat to boat bearing, seeking ones for those that were lost. Some with success others in vain. I remember one scene. Father and mother met after hours of anguished search. I need not tell you of the meeting except for the bystanders who felt the joy of the meeting and stood silent by with grateful hearts. Another mother who had been caught by the collapse of the Oriental Hotel on the Bund and received a deep gash in the arm and who had stood neck deep in the water to save herself from being burned alive, was well-nigh hysterical until a final search found her two boys on one of the ships. Another man threatened to take a header overboard if his only son, a little lad, was not brought to him. So there we were praying to leave and trying to stay to fill the yearning of human hearts. But onward we sped amid the tears and smiles of refugees and unbounded kindness of sailor lads.

Kobe hove in sight the next afternoon through the lifting mist of the tail-end of the typhoon that rocked our boat the night before. Smokestacks belched forth the smoke of industry so all was well in the sunken city as we had heard it to be. We cast anchor in the open bay and waited the arrival of the port doctor. Inspection was a quick process in this case and the few Japanese nurses that came on deck had little work to do for the wounded. Accounts of the two deaths and burials we had on that short trip were duly registered and we were permitted to enter port.

From the distance of the breakwater the wharf seemed in holiday attire with waving banners and flags and moving masses of humanity. A closer view explained matters for the banners and flags were the ensigns of big companies of Yokohama and Tokyo with branch offices in Kobe. All refu-

gees were to rally round the flag to be cared for by the branch office. Nearing the pier we could distinguish now the faces of this one and then of that. Some of those on the pier were more excited and even uncontrollable in their efforts to find a sign of relatives or friends on board. I was calm and taking in the scene, for now my plan of action had been formed, so I took in the actions of the rest.

The crowds followed the ship foot by foot and grew in excitement as the hawsers shortened lengths. Boys from school threw out glad greetings and inquiries about the "new" school and the rest of the teachers, which we answered by signs of the hands which they readily understood for I could see the sad expression on their faces. They loved the school for it was their life and preparation for the future. Now all was gone and they realized it far better than I then understood. Day after day they came to ask us to reopen, parents beg us to do something for their boys; but what can we do? All is gone, gone, gone to the last. But why tarry; the story still runs on.

First the steerage of Orientals was cleared from below then we were allowed to land. Just before leaving some one gave me a cap for I was coverless, dressed in a dirty blackened shirt roughly sewed together on my back by one of the good Sisters on the Sunday morning before while we waited for kettle to boil over a little fire in the field. When she had finished I begged leave to take the needle and a lazy tailor's thread and disappeared into a little copse nearby where I stitched together the rips in the seat of my pants. Well this was my costume and a sorry one at that to land in a foreign port, but we were refugees and the word dawned to a clearer light in my mind and a deeper aching in the heart. As soon as we landed the boys crowded around us and asked us a hundred and one questions; various as their questions were, we answered them mostly by the repetition of the same answer; nothing left, no nothing, concerning the rest of the Brothers we could tell them nothing for we knew nothing ourselves. Around us other scenes were taking place and visitors were being led away dejected and weeping for the sad news of loved ones gone had been broken to them. Sorrow was a common property for all of us.

A short walk of ten minutes found us at the Catholic Mission where the good Father Fage is rector. He was out visiting the first batch of wounded brought to the hospital from the refugee ship that piled in to Kobe one hour ahead of us. The servants did not understand our broken Japanese and did not believe that we were what we claimed to be. I do not blame them for we looked suspicious. However, that did not disturb our equilibrium. We entered and sat down waiting the return of the

Father. The servants kept a peeled eye on the two of us until Father Fage returned. Oh but it was good to feel at home once more and that I felt by the warm handout we received and the joking at our appearance. Within a short time a young American, Mr. X. of Kobe, was waiting with a taxi and off we were for a bath and clean clothes. He opened his wardrobe and pulled out the best. We had a hot bath and donned white suits all spick and span. I am the exact size of our benefactor so from head to foot I was M. X.—he said he had no enemies in town so I need have no fear. He put some money in our pockets and helped us through with cables. Mr. X. is a jolly good fellow hailing from San Francisco where he attended the Christian Brothers school and knew our schools well.

Our "news" was still fresh in Kobe and through the whole scene we had to go again, now without fear but not without pain, so that when dinner had finished I was ready to break off for the night. Yet, I had another duty which I could not leave undone and dispatch it I must. I sat down and wrote a quick itemized letter to the Director of our Osaka school seeking information as to the whereabouts of our Provincial. Strange to relate the Provincial passed through Kobe on his way to Osaka that very night accompanied with a Brother who was being sent to Yokohama to avoid the earthquakes of Nagasaki. The Provincial had heard but a little of the earthquake on the way up from the south and in fact knew nothing of the awful destruction of Yokohama and Tokyo. As soon as he read my letter he called for us! We left the next afternoon and told him our story. It was not encouraging in the least for out of the twenty or more Brothers still unaccounted for we had the greatest fears for stories were rife as to the severity of the quake in the mountains were some fifteen Brothers were at the time, and from an airplane picture of Tokyo taken at the time of the fire we were left in doubt and hope; for the picture took in the part of the city called Kudan where our big school is located. The picture just missed our property by a short minutes walk and showed part destruction on one side of our school and fire sweeping the hill to the other side of the school so there we were, so close and yet so far from the truth. Later we learned that the Brothers were all safe and that the primary department had burnt out while with the high school section there was a damage of about 40,000.00 yen. This we learned only one week later, for news grew scarcer and scarcer while rumors grew fiercer.

I returned to Kobe determined to join up with a rescue party that would have the backing of the Foreign Governments for free lance work was out of the question for me, orders are orders you know, and obedience is the best policy. It was now one

week since the disaster and hanging around the Oriental Hotel day after day brought us no closer to the information we desired. Cables were coming in to the Catholic Mission in Kobe for news about the missionaries, and nuns in Yokohama and Tokyo. Our Provincial was getting anxious also; we needed news and the only way was to go and get it.

A committee with the backing of several foreign consulates was formed and those who had urgent reasons for returning to Yokohama or Tokyo were requested to state in writing the reasons and submit them to the judgment of the committee. Out of more than a hundred petitions that of Brother Wm. A., and myself were accepted. The next question was how to go as all train service was destroyed at a point 100 miles to the south of Yokohama. Ships would not take passengers to Yokohama nor would the police allow any refugee or resident to proceed to Yokohama. After indefatigable work on the part of the committee we received the Kencho's permission to go. Now for the means. The American Asiatic squadron of destroyers had proceeded from China to Yokohama and Destroyer 216 called at Kobe to be a kind of link with the Admiral of the Asiatic Fleet and the American Consul of Kobe. After long negotiations the Consul obtained for us passage on the Destroyer 216. Twenty of us made preparations to go by buying in canned goods, liquor and disinfectants; this we did by order of the committee and the Japanese authorities for besides written permission to sail you had to have enough provisions for a week or two strapped to your back.

On Sunday morning we boarded the Edwards 216 in the best of spirits. The officers and sailors made us feel at home by showing us our bunks in tiers, gave us the Sunday chicken dinner, chatted under the awnings and weighed anchor upon receipt of radio orders from the Admiral in Yokohama. At three we were under way, speeding through a calm sea as only destroyers know how to do. Towards evening all canvass was rolled and tied, openings were bolted down, we would run into a typhoon that night! So far I had sat a prince upon his royal yacht talking or reading at will. I was courageous at supper and did fair justice to the meal. Night set in and the sea became a little choppy and now and then we rolled but I was a sailor bold and tried to down a funny feeling. We rolled in our blankets on deck and beside me was a refugee, a rear admiral of the Russian fleet before the revolution in Russia. He must have forgotten his sailor's lore for he told me it would not rain that night but only blow. He was wrong. Within a half hour we had to seek shelter, and the rail! Oh but I was sick on that pitching little boat. The

sailors gave me salted pickles to eat but they would not down, they improvised a cot for me and rolled me away to sleep; but not long, the fury of the typhoon hurled the spray of the waves and the waters of the downpour into my little nest and I was nearly drenched. I hugged the hot smokestack and steamed up on one side while the other was at the mercy of the rain and spray. Early in the morning the sailors were about putting new life into the crowd, the Relief Committee. Before we had left Kobe a refugee ship brought to us some of the Sisters of St. Maur of Yokohama whom we had saved, likewise two Brothers who had walked 80 miles in two days into Yokohama. They told us of the severe havoc caused by the continuous earthquakes in the Hakone Mountain region and how our Yamakita house suffered. There still remained a dozen Brothers in the mountains without means of escape for all the roads and railways were cut to pieces. The several Brothers who dared the hike were lost a couple of times on the way besides meeting with other dangers. The young men of Japan had formed themselves into guards to protect the lives of their women and children, whom they sent into the mountains for fear of the criminals and Koreans who were supposed to have caused the damage following the earthquake. Every passage was guarded by a band of men armed with long poles of sharpened bamboo, a treacherous weapon to fall upon. Every passerby was scrutinized and if suspicion fell upon you it was your last moment of life. They relate having seen the killed at many points along the way. One of our Old Boys from our Tokyo school related how unintentionally he had past a guard without stopping. He was carrying his child on his back and as it was growing late he hurried past. Suspicion fell on him and he was surrounded. They made him repeat the long Japanese alphabet, sing the national air, tell his history and then only they left him go. Was I going into this by landing in Yokohama?

As soon as we were permitted to leave the destroyer I transferred to the Andre Lebon where I knew I would find Mon. Gaschy our Director of Yokohama. As luck would have it our Provincial received an extremely peculiar permission and ticket to reach Yokohama and had sailed from Kobe while we were waiting sailing orders on the destroyer. He arrived on the . . . shortly after I did and there we were. The Provincial, the Director of Yokohama, the Director of the Primary Department of our Tokyo School, and one more Brother. That night I stayed on the Andre Lebon to plan for the next day. The Provincial proceeded to Tokyo from where messengers were sent to Yamakita so point by point of my mission to Yokohama began to solve themselves. I landed with the

Relief Committee in company with Rev. Bretton, who was going ashore to bless the graves of the Catholic sailors, the nuns, and the parish priest and those Catholic graves of which we were sure. By noon we had accomplished a good part of the work. To stay ashore needed a strong constitution and will power, for the sweetish, sickening smell of the rotting dead still lying about and it was now eleven days after the disaster, was enough to hurry me back to the President Wilson a goodly distance beyond breakwater.

Having accomplished the several missions I had ashore, my steps brought me to the ruins of St. Joseph's College. I lingered on the old school grounds where ambition had run strong, and hopes were strong for their realization. But the all merciful God in His Wisdom had taken away in a moment the work of love and sacrifice—may His holy will be done, but oh God, grant us the grace and means to carry on. All is lost, all is gone, naught but memory remains of the once glorious St. Joseph's College.

Walls and buildings were shattered and gutted by the quaking earth and lapping flames to such an extent that there has been an utter reduction to white powder of everything on the premises. The Brothers are entirely destitute, we must begin all over to work and save and go ahead with God's work in the field of Christian Education.

What help comes must come from America, God's storehouse of unbounded charity. Our **need** is **your opportunity**.

Yours in J. M. J.

JOSEPH, S. M.

(Joseph F. Janning.)

Catholic Mission, 37 Nakamachi-Dori, Kobe, Japan.

September 15, 1923.

September 6, 1923

To my dear Parents:

Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother, I escaped through the awful catastrophe of September 1st, without a scratch and besides I rendered as much good to others as was possible. I know that you are anxiously awaiting news and hence I cabled on September 5th, "Safe," as I am clothesless and penniless I cabled "collect" and therefore I thought it best to send the cable to Charlie where it would reach the business section sooner than otherwise. This letter is not the first I am writing home but the other scraps of paper will never reach you as I told the refugee to destroy them. My thoughts were with you many a moment during those horrible first 36 hours before I escaped from Yokohama. Now I will give you my little experience as it happened. It is impossible to describe

it. I must leave that to more calm minds and travelers who will come later to visit the ruins and hear the oft-told tales of death, misery, suffering, thirst, hunger, mob, murder, and other things worse that have happened.

We were in the study hall making our particular examination. It was five or three minutes before 12 o'clock. The weather was bright and partly windy and rather cool for the night before and early that morning we had a heavy rain and a partial typhoon. The first shock was a knocker and threw us about with such force that we were not able to stand on our feet. I was holding on to a small table like a bookcase filled with two sets of encyclopedias. The table case was flat on the floor and it and I were thrown about. I saw the libraries drop and windows fall out, the floor curve, and desks and chairs topple over and fly about, the plaster fell, I looked out and saw the houses falling over, and what a roar the wind was making! As soon as it stopped—how long it lasted I don't know—I knelt, blessed myself and offered myself to Jesus through Mary for I felt that death was imminent. I stood to run out—but then another severe, oh so severe a shock and shaking and rolling, and bumping, and throwing effect got us, that during the next couple of minutes, I saw nothing—I believe I tried to be ready for instant death—all I remember is that when the second was finished, I ran and yelled to the others to fly—get out—first stairway was all gone and the house was dark with dust—and ran to the chapel, everything was on the floor—I saw the tabernacle likewise—but no fire—the stairway was gone. I returned to stairway No. one and got down by holding on to such protruding pieces of wood and posts as I could and got as far as the door. The next stairway leading to the yard had slipped away and the stone steps looked like a crumbled piece of paper. By this time more shocks were coming and I could see the ground, upon which I fell flat, roll, and quiver, and crack, and heave, and hear the buildings that did not as yet fall grind and twist and crumble. Quake after quake followed. I was alone in the yard, and saw our dormitory buildings down and the faculty hall leaning at a dangerous angle, and all shot to pieces, our new building of concrete stood straight but heavy cracks ran right and left through it. I called and called for the others. No answer—alive or dead?—finally three came out, that left one old Brother still somewhere. This one, I left to the search of two elderly Brothers, and I told Brother William that we must go and help the Sisters as they had 150 orphans on their hands. We ran as

well as we could—crossed over the debris of the chapel and heard the buried nuns crying for help. Oh God, what a pitiful cry from the nine entombed Sisters! We got near to one and after five or ten minutes we extricated her, broken arm and leg—a little Irish nun—oh how thankful—but on to the next, an old French Sister. She put on her bonnet before she got out—I smiled—but left her to do it. Then the other nine down still deeper and moaning and sighing—we could hear them but not see them. We told them we were coming!—but lack of food—constant earthquakes—and now smoke from the fires raging all around made the rescue work harder. We stole away to search for a mouthful of water—but found none. We took a piece of honey from an overturned hive and returned to work, but it was useless—we could make no headway. I forced myself—put myself in their places—thought of ones dear to me in the place and worked on—but, oh God, we could not and we were forced to leave them. We knew the fire was coming close—already the fire was on the hospital next door—and from there the cries! Above the roar and din of the fire, the wind would rend the air. We had to flee but the Sisters could not leave—we had to force them—by leading—we had with us one American girl of fourteen years, all alone. That afternoon, about 4 o'clock, we got out of danger of fire and walked a few miles into the country and put this girl safe with some Sisters still living at the country home. They also suffered, but no deaths. We slept in the woods nearby and the Blessed Sacrament saved from the building. That night yet, the missionary was saved after being dug out about 9 o'clock. We received holy communion the next morning in the fields—and left immediately for the city—the site of the city, as not a house remained. We found two of the Brothers who stayed on the property that night and had dug their heads into the ground to escape burning and breathing fire.

Having helped to build a little protection for some wounded, we left for the ships in the harbor for safety, as now many dangers were growing. All this time, quake after quake—even now I feel like the earth is quivering under my feet. Having put the Sisters on the "Andre Lebon," we boarded the "Dongola" and the next morning early steamed out for—we did not know where. We had over 500 refugees in tatters, mud, in oil, in pain, wounded, sick, hysterical—what a sight! What heroic deeds of the English sailors and nurses and doctor who worked till he dropped exhausted. We arrived in Kobe on Tuesday. We slept on the floor the two nights.

University Chronicle

By Gable Fleming

Welcome The vacation door has again closed upon our summer days. We offer the best of wishes for a successful year to all who are going to travel the road of education. A hearty welcome is extended to the student body with the hope that the welcome which embraces all will be shared by all. Welcome one! Welcome to all!

Enrollment The enrollment barometer is again rising and indications point that this year will be the largest in the history of our Alma Mater. There is practically an increase in every department. The School of Commerce and Finance the second youngest school in the curriculum now leads the total of enrollments in the various schools of the university. Arts and Letters and Law are second in number. The links make the chain larger and at present there is a perceptible increase in the student body.

Faculty Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly former President of the University and Provincial of the Society of Mary, has again returned to the University after five years' absence. Many remember Father O'Reilly and all agree the work he has ahead of him will be kept under way paving the way for a greater U. of D.

Father Tetzlaff the past president has been transferred to the presidency of the Cathedral Latin School of Cleveland, Ohio. Father Tetzlaff has left as souvenir a great progress made during his tenure of office. Under his guidance the University instituted the several colleges and the student enrollment swelled with each year. He leaves numerous friends who wish him success in his new commission.

Bro. Lawrence Drufner, S. M., last year's athletic director, has been transferred to West Philadelphia Catholic High School. As his successor comes Bro. John Bodie, S. M., of extensive practical experience. Brother Bodie comes from Elder High, Cincinnati. It was in Philadelphia where Brother Bodie started as a director in the realm of athletics. He marked his presence in that city by instituting the Catholic High School League. His hobby is victorious sportsmanlike teams and the new guide promises the best.

Father Feige, known to last year's student body, is again a member of the faculty.

Students of three years' enrollment recognize Father Garcia of Mexico City who is again teaching at the University.

A new addition has been made to the lay faculty in the appointment of Dr. Kohler as professor of minerology and scientific German. Dr. Kohler earned his Doctorate at Fribourg, Switzerland. For a number of years he was assistant to Dr. Baumhauer, noted minerologist.

At the present time the active law faculty is composed of Dean John C. Shea and Samuel Markham of last year's faculty. The new professors are the Hon. Judge Routzong, Virgil Schaeffer and Arthur Leen.

Lyceum Course The schedule for the annual Lyceum Course has been completed and the program published by Father Gunzelman is one of exceptional merit. The most striking number that should satisfy every red-blooded American student is Charles William Paddock, the University of California man who is styled "the fastest man of all times." Another number that causes comment is the Fenwick Newell Concert Company who according to critic material is reputed to be held high in esteem. The program:

- October 23—The L. Verne Slout Players.
- November 6—Edgar C. Raine, "Alaska."
- December 10—Herbert Leon Cope, humorist.
- January 9—The Fenwick Newell Concert Co.
- February 4—Mary Adel Hayes Opera Singers.
- April 7—C. W. Paddock.

Players' Club The Players' Club will produce two plays during the course of the present scholastic year for the benefit of the extension fund. The dates for the plays are scheduled for November 18 and 19 and for January 20 and 21, 1924.

The first play is entitled "Turning the Trick." It is a three-act melodramatic farce by C. J. McMullen.

New Building The plans for a "Greater University of Dayton" have commenced to materialize with the beginning of actual construction on the Alumni Hall. A material aid to the extension work is the appointment of William M. Carroll as Extension Director. His offices are at the University and he devotes his entire time to the direction of the department. Mr. Carroll has a long record of service devoted to the University and by his capable direction the extension work will continue to progress.

Pep Meeting The inaugural pep meeting was held September 28, preceding our trouncing victory over Central Normal. The Rev. President, B. P. O'Reilly, Father Kunnecke, Coach Baujan and Bro. John Bodie delivered short speeches. The outlook on the proposed stadium was elucidated by Father O'Reilly. Father Kunnecke spoke on "Loyalty." Coach Harry Baujan pointed out the responsibility of the student body to help put the team in the limelight. The Athletic Director gave a summary of the financial status and the need of support.

The lusty cheers that rang in the gym gave ample proof of an active cheering student body.

Prep Department The Junior School has not been left by the wayside and they have instigated activities of their own. Although not past the nucleus stage most of the classes have formed their class bodies and elected class officers.

Some of the classes that have formed and elected officers are: Third-A, J. F. Wills, president, Jos. Clemens, secretary, and Driscoll Grimes, treasurer.

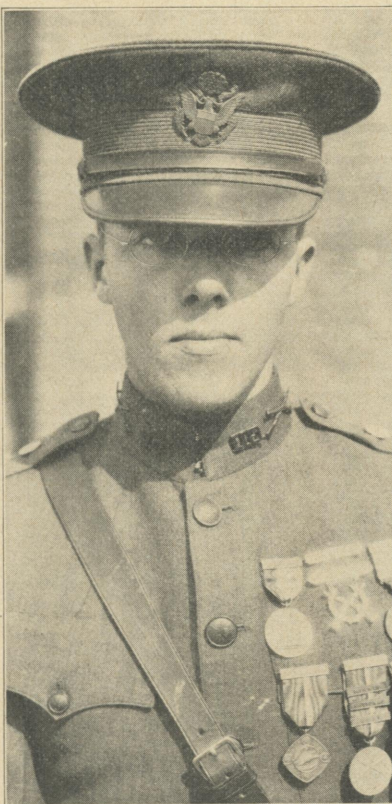
The Third-B, Joseph Desch was elected president; Moran and Johnson as representatives to the C. S. M. C. student council body.

Thomas Durkin was chosen as president of Junior-C. Hoffman was elected vice-president. The office of secretary and representatives were respectively filled by Kohlrieser, Thone and Zimmerman.

A continuance of this lively spirit is expected because it bespeaks the power we may depend upon from the Prep Department.

Mass of the Holy Ghost On Tuesday morning, October 2, a Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost was attended by the collegiate students, and the seniors of the Prep Department. Father O'Reilly, celebrant, gave a sermon on the evils that threaten our religion and how to combat them. The need of religious conviction was pointed out by Father O'Reilly as incumbent for success as worthy men and also for our own salvation.

R. O. T. C. NOTES



FRANK A. WILLIAMS

William's Record The reputation of a University at Camp Perry may be said to be judged by the achievements of its graduates, but the same holds true for its undergraduates.

Another laurel was added to the list of Athletic and Military accomplishments when Frank A. Williams of Dayton, a member of Senior Electrical Engineering class carried away four medals: shot first among all R. O. T. C. men in the United States Service match and second in the presidential match at Camp Perry, Ohio, last month.

Williams won the expert marksmen's medal for individual scores and ranges by making 143 out of a possible 150 at 1000, 600 without rests or metallic sights, and 200 yards in a standing position.

In the United States service match Williams was a member of a team of 15 civilians picked from 400 candidates to compete against the infantry, coast artillery, cavalry, national guard, and the marine team. Williams annexed another medal here shooting first over all R. O. T. C. men represented by a score of 279 out of 300.

Williams was also a member of a team of seven men, representing the 5th Corps Area (U. of D.'s corps area) which was picked at Camp Knox and sent to Camp Perry. This team triumphed over the teams from eight other areas and here again he made a very creditable showing being awarded another medal.

Thirty awards were given for the National Team match having shot with the first thirty. With a score of 269 out of 300 he received his fourth medal.

He participated in twenty matches including the President's match where he made 180 out of 200, the "Leech" cup 98 of 105, "Wimbleton" cup 94 out

of 100, and a good showing in the different rapid fire matches.

Williams has been lately appointed the Cadet Major of the R. O. T. C. unit of the University of Dayton and with the co-operation of the entire unit it will surely be the ranking unit of the 5th Corps Area.

W. A. F.



MAJOR E. REINHARDT,
U. S. A.

When R. O. T. C. students of the University of Dayton started military training the middle of September after their three months vacation from "Squads East and West" they found themselves under the supervision of a new Professor of Military Science and Tactics. Major Emil F. Reinhardt, U. S. A., reported for duty here in June as

the successor of Major Harry F. Hazlett, U. S. A., the University's military head, who was ordered to the Philippine Islands at the close of last school year.

Major Reinhardt is a West Point graduate. He was born at Bay City, Michigan, October 27, 1888, and after graduating from the high school of that city entered the United States Military Academy, June 15, 1906. He was graduated from The Point and commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army June 15, 1910, and was assigned to the 26th U. S. Infantry with station at Ft. Wayne, Michigan. October 1, 1914, he was transferred to the Philippine Department and was assigned to the 8th Infantry. His first promotion came July 1, 1916. In less than a year later he was promoted to a captain. Major Reinhardt completed his tour of duty in the Philippines in August, 1917, and was stationed at Camp Fremont, Cal., until June 1, 1918, at which time he was promoted to the grade of major in the National Army and assigned as senior instructor of the Machine Gun School. January 1, 1919, he was transferred to Camp Custer, Michigan, as camp recruiting officer. From Camp Custer Major Reinhardt went to Germany where he commanded a battalion of the 50th Infantry from September 10, 1919, until that organization was placed on the inactive list. During the remainder of his stay in Germany he commanded battalions in the 5th and 8th Infantry regiments. Major Reinhardt returned with the 8th Infantry to the United States in May, 1922—the date the United States withdrew its forces from Europe.

Major Reinhardt comes here fresh from the command and General Staff school at Ft. Leavenworth where he was a student during the past year. He was graduated from that school June 22, of this year and reported for duty at Dayton a few days later. During the summer the major was one of the instructors of the Ohio National Guard at Camp Perry.

Major Reinhardt has been detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at the University of Dayton for a period of four years. He and his family will live on Lonsdale Avenue in Oakwood where he has purchased a new home.

No other changes in the officer personnel of the military department have been made. Captain Theodore Bundy and First Lieutenants Floyd Marshall and S. C. Payne have been here for two years and expect to finish the remaining two years of their four-year details at this institution.

Athletic Notes

By C. Richard Horwedel

On September 10th, the football candidates for the Red and Blue varsity began to assemble to start practice for the coming season under the experienced direction of the new coach, Harry Baujan. When all had reported there were present some forty odd men trying out for the various positions. Among the candidates were a goodly number of veterans and a wealth of new materials. Moir, Eisele, Bost, Achieu and several others were familiar faces, while Cleveland had a good representation in Belanich, Snelling, Byrnes and others.

The first game being on tap for the 29th, Coach Baujan immediately set his proteges to serious work. All departments of the game were given detailed attention. After the first two weeks, the squad was in the pink of condition. The regular lineup was gradually shaping itself, the older men having preference through their former experience.

The line was almost the same as last year with few exceptions, "Skeeter" Eisele holding one end while Rodway will do the honors at the other wing. Rod was a tackle last year but his ability won a place as a wingman this fall. In reserve the Red and Blue has a very capable set of ends in Doyle and George Eisele, the brother of the renowned Skeeter. These lads both have exceptional ability and will be of material aid to further the grid name of the U. of D.

At guard will be found the steady going Sayre. Dick is a personage of no mean ability and is always sure to give a good account of himself. As his running mate, Spencer, late of the Islands, will have the call. Spence is a big boy, fast and heavy and the fiercest tackler on the squad. Although this is his first season on the team, he is certain to win a place. Virant the Lorain scrapper has been held back on account of injuries, but as soon as possible will share honors with either guard. Another good man is Schneider, who has been developing rapidly. With a year's experience behind him he will prove invaluable as the season rolls on.

The tackles well covered by the redoubtable Bost and a new man, Belanich. The later is one of the huskiest members of the squad, tipping the beam at 195. He has a highly developed football education, which he has already exhibited. Bost needs no introduction as his record of last season speaks for itself.

The center job is being well taken care of. Yagow, a new man has made a very strong bid, with Jack Brown running a close second.

The backfield is the big part where any football enthusiast will show a smile. The backfield material at the U. D. this season is the best that the school has ever boasted of. The material contains all the qualities that a set of good backs should possess. However, speed is the big outstanding quality. There is a goodly majority of veterans on hand. Achieu, the wily Islander is back with all his dash and fire and his knowledge doubly increased through a season's work. Moir and Captain Scharf have not deteriorated a whit and the fullback position will be well taken care of by these two men. Blake and Fulwiler are visibly improved and especially the former in the role of kicking. At quarter, the youngest member of the Mahrt family still reigns. Lou has taken on weight and is a very husky man this fall. Besides there are two youngsters, Potter and Haas who are making a very noticeable showing at the signal barking station. Amongst the new men in the backfield are Hippa and Cabrinha. These two men are destined to become stars under the tutelage of Baujan. Both possess speed and the weight necessary for good backs. Cabrinha especially showed remarkably well and has earned a place with the best of them. Hippa was handicapped by a sore knee, which has held him back, but watch him in the near future.

On September 29, 1923, the University of Dayton opened their grid season with a resounding bang by mopping up the Central Normal team 161 to 0. The weather was ideal except for an excess of heat, but that did not detract from the general colorful scenes of an opening game, accompanied by music, new uniforms and other odd ceremonies.

Dayton kicked off and recovered the Central Normal kickoff. A pass to Achieu on the first play and a short run took the ball across for the first marker of the season. From then on it was just a matter of how high the score would go as the Varsity scored almost at will. The entire squad had a chance to do their stuff, substitutions coming often.

It would be difficult to pick the outstanding star of the game as the entire squad played well. Cabrinha starred in the backfield with four touchdowns. This speedy Islander time after time outran the entire opponent's team for points. Another pleasing surprise was the showing of Snelling who played fullback. This lad playing his first regular football game, showed up like a veteran and bids to become a very good man within a short time.

A noticeable feature of the game was the almost entire absence of fumbling, a fault of last year. The team play was excellent at all times, regardless of what set of men that were in at the time. The blocking and tackling were without reproach, and the backs with their speed had little trouble in piercing the opposite line. All in all, the season looks rosy for the South Park boys. With a good schedule on hand, the stock of the school's athletics will take a big jump.

The University of Dayton cohorts made their second debut of the season on Saturday, October 6th, in a very decisive and impressionable manner by trampling over the strong Duquesne University eleven of Pittsburg, 27 to 0. The play throughout the entire contest was fiercely fought and the fact that Baujan's machine-like aggregation could roll up four touchdowns against such a formidable team demonstrates that the Red and Blue outfit has the goods.

The Duquesne team stepped down from Pittsburg and, as all advance notices predicted, proved their worth by slapping up against the Varsity a splendid line, a fleet backfield and magnificent fighting spirit. They fought Dayton to a standstill in the opening part of the game, stopped Achieu, Varsity's deer-footed halfback time after time, and crowned their efforts by their never-say-die spirit when the tide of victory turned against them. To defeat such a team is a feat which the Dayton lads should be proud to boast.

Our hats are off to "Skeeter" Eisele, the gladiator from Cleveland, who gave an exhibition of defensive and offensive play that never has been surpassed on the University gridiron. This lad was in the thick of the fight every moment and smashed every runner down who attempted to work the left flank of the Dayton line. All during the contest he snared passes "a la Kipke" which resulted in his being chalked up for two well-earned six pointers.

The opening of the game found Dayton on the receiving end. The kickoff was gathered in by Achieu who was downed in his tracks on the Dayton 45-yard line. Right off the bat the Varsity reeled off twenty yards in five attempts. This ended their march and Blake, the toe-artist, sent his first punt soaring over the goal line. The Pittsburg team immediately began their ramming tactics but failed to gain ground. Their kick was snared in by "Sneeze" who again was pulled down in quick order. Blake sent another spiral bounding over the goal line, and Duquesne elected to kick again. This time by pretty runs by Scharf and Blake on off-tackle plays, Dayton soon had the ball ten yards from their enemies' goal. Here Scharf fumbled and Dayton lost the ball.

After Schneider's kick, the Varsity by brilliant play again ran the ball up the field. This time they were not to be denied and Scharf plunged over for the first score. Achieu failed to make the extra point. Soon after this the timekeeper's whistle sounded and the half ended with Dayton leading, 6-0.

Dayton kicked off to start the last half. The Duquesne lads made two first downs in short order. At this point McKnight fumbled and the ever alert Rodway pounced on the ball. From the center of the field Scharf, Fulwiler and Mahrt took the ball down to Duquesne's 18-yard line. Mahrt threw a pass to Fulwiler which the latter could not reach. Dayton lost the ball and Duquesne punted. Fulwiler romped 27 yards to the Pittsburger's 25-yard line. Achieu gained 15 yards on a wide end run and Eisele made the second touchdown of the day when he broke away and received a pass from Mahrt. Achieu kicked the goal.

In the last quarter Eisele intercepted a pass from Weiss's arm and after dodging a few would-be tacklers raced across the goal line. "Tuffy" Fulwiler made the extra point on a placement kick.

Duquesne received Belanich's kickoff but Weiss's run was interrupted by Eisele. After chopping off a few yards Weiss fumbled and lost the pigskin. After a few plays the Varsity lost the ball on downs and then Duquesne's punter kicked to Fulwiler, who dashed back thirty yards only to leave the ball fall from his grasp. On another fumble Dayton recovered the ball and Pettinger threw a pass to Fulwiler for the last score of the game.

This game without a doubt tested the calibre of Baujan's warriors. The quality of play produced in it adds greatly to Dayton's rapidly increasing reputation and gave satisfaction to every spectator who yearned for real football. In the future this fact will be attested by the presence of a larger crowd.

The line-up:

Duquesne (0)	Pos.	Dayton (27)
Tanney.....	L. E.	Eisele
Schneider.....	L. T.	Belanich
Duffy.....	L. G.	Spencer
Gush.....	C	Brown
Papapanu.....	R. G.	Sayre
Edmunds.....	R. T.	Bost
McGivern.....	R. E.	Doyle
Weiss.....	Q. B.	Mahrt
Cohen.....	L. H.	Achieu
McDonald.....	R. H.	Blake
Kline.....	F. B.	Scharf

Scoring—Dayton..... 0 6 7 14—27

Touchdowns—Scharf, Eisele, 2; Fulwiler. Substitutions: Duquesne—Martin for Duffy, McKnight

for Weiss, Coyne for McGivern, Good for Klein, Weiss for Good, Caslin for McKnight, Vinsky for Martin, Hartman for Cohen, Hodgkin for Good. Dayton—Cabrinha for Blake, Rodway for Doyle, Virant for Sayre, Snelling for Scharf, Fulwiler for Achieu, Achieu for Cabrinha, Scharf for Snelling, Sayre for Spencer, Hipa for Scharf, Potter for

Mahrt, Doyle for Rodway, Spencer for Sayre, Cabrinha for Achieu, Blake for Hipa, Pettinger for Cabrinha, Haas for Potter, Schulte for Virant, Schneider for Spencer, Pfarrer for Brown. Referee—Lane, Detroit. Umpire—Fleet. Head Linesman—Becker. Time of periods—15 minutes each.



The Building Committee



THE BUILDING COMMITTEE

Reading from left to right—Hugh E. Wall, Dr. Ulrich Rappel, S. M.; W. A. Keyes, H. C. Anderton, Martin Kuntz, M. J. Gibbons, Jr.; Very Rev. Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M.; Bro. George N. Sauer, S. M.; Howard W. Germann, Architect; Harry F. Finke, Bro. John H. Lowekamp, S. M., and W. M. Carroll.

Frolicsome Folly

By Varley P. Young and William Anthony Fritz

(All rights reserved including the Scandinavian)

It seems a shame to start the year by requesting help but the editor of this department needs jokes for the succeeding issues of Exponent and wants the students to hand in all they can garner. However, in justice to those who have to read this column the following class of jokes are barred for reasons obvious:

Jokes about the meals—They take care of themselves.

Jokes about the chemical lab.—Must be filtered and washed.

Jokes about the editor of this column—he won't print them anyway.

John Supenski is registered in the Senior Science class. It took Science for him to get there.

Did you get your copy of the Annual? They're the horse's knuckles.

And speaking of the Annual did you see the cut of the orators? Talk about the old tin-type. It's the laugh of the year.

Just because there are a majority of flivvers out in front of the U. don't get the idea that there is a meeting in progress.

MICHAEL'S STRATEGY An Adventure

Out of the mysterious east came one who sought fame and fortune in the growing countries beyond Marietta. Footsore and weary he passed countless Pennsylvania dairies and came to the rolling hills of Ohio with hope still 100 proof.

Arriving in Dayton at midnight and stopping, almost famished in front of the Third Street "Ideal," he looked about for sight of a familiar map.

A stranger stood humped against the side of Mike Gibbon's Arcade. He approached him and the stranger scowled.

"The University. Where is it?" the traveler gasped.

"Turn to your right at the corner and go three miles straight ahead," Eikenberry shot at him.

"My God, your face. It's familiar. Who are you? In God's name speak," came from the fainting man.

"I'm Eikenberry, what do I look like a goldfish," was his reward.

"And I'm Byrne."

"But, my friend, what are you doing in this condition?" inquired Eike with real pathos in his thorax.

"John Schulte threw me out of the train window and I had to walk in," sobbed old man Byrne.

"But, great heavens man, how far did you walk and tell me all about it."

"Well he threw me out about 65 miles from Cleveland."

"And you walked all the way here," inquired Eike.

"All the way," replied Byrne in a retrospective manner.

"What time did this take place?"

"At 10:03 this evening."

"And it's only 12:30 now. Remarkable," mused Eike.

"I must have money, give me some," demanded the boy.

But instead of replying Eike, after moments of pondering, half aloud, muttered. "Two and a half hours from Cleveland here, on foot. Oh, boy. That's a record."

And then addressing himself to the boy he said, "If you walked two hundred miles in two hours you can walk out where you're going faster than a taxi, so start!"

He watched the receding figure and thought, "That guy will get along all right. He's the biggest liar I ever met. So I took the fifty thousand dollars and bought can openers."

SHAKESPEARE ON THE MOTOR CAR

I will remedy this gear ere long.—"Henry VI," part 2.

The dust hath blinded them.—"Henry VI," part 2.

I like the new tire.—"Much Ado About Nothing."

As horns are odious they are necessary.—"As You Like It."

I show thee the best springs.—"The Tempest."

As one would set up a top.—"Coriolanus."

Marks upon his battered shield.—"Titus Andronicus."

Had it been all the worth of his car.—"Cymbeline."

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.—“Com-
ed/ of Errors.”—Swiped.

THEN THE FURFLEW

Lady Customer—“I want a fur.”

Clerk—Here’s a nice one for only \$110.00.

L. C.—No, I want one like you have in the win-
dow.

C.—Oh, you mean skunk.”

NASTY

Comedian—’Ere, old deah, I hobject to following
a monkey act, don’t ye know?”

Manager—“Why, laddie, are afraid they’ll think
you’re an encore.”

ONLY A TEAR!

She (seated on park bench)—“Oh, Bill, we’d bet-
ter be going. I’m sure I felt a raindrop.” ’

Scales—Nonsense, darling, we are under a weep-
ing willow tree.”

CAUTION—Always take your foot off the re-
verse pedal on a flivver. Fences, garbage cans,
garage doors, etc., all amount up.

He struck a match to light his pipe,
On a can of gasoline.
A puff of smoke, a loud report,
Since then he’s not benzine .

FOOT BALL

All Aboard! Special Train
to Cleveland

November 3rd

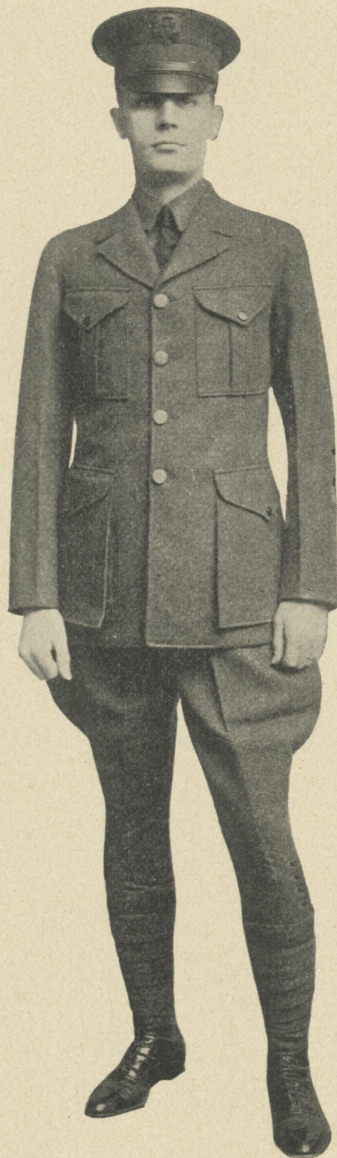
John Carroll University

VS.

University of Dayton

HAVE YOU SIGNED FOR THE TRIP?

ROTC



UNIFORMS

SIGMUND EISNER CO.
REDBANK, N. J.

Bell 2632

Home 11573

C. C. Young's

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

Work Called for
and Delivered

ED. MERKLE, Mgr.

1217 SOUTH BROWN STREET

BAKER'S HARDWARE STORE

South-west Cor. Fifth and Jackson Sts.

Main 836—Telephones—Home 2336

FISH POULTRY Sifferman's

45 South Jefferson Street
DAYTON, OHIO

Heller & Bundenthal

All kinds of

Insurance

Automobile Insurance a Specialty

512 Reibold Building

BOTH PHONES

The Dayton Stencil Works Co.

Steel Stamps—Rubber Stamps

Seals—Badges—Engravings

Stencils

115 E. SECOND ST.

Phone Main 5364

Dayton, Ohio

Bell 888

Home 8828

Frank C. Clemens

Successor to McDermott & Clemens

SANITARY PLUMBING

Gas Fitting and Hot Water Heating

28 North Jefferson Street

Prompt Service—Estimates Cheerfully Given

HARRY SCHMITZ

LOUIS RAUSCH

HOME PHONE 5666

The Bakery

Bread and Fancy Cakes

1211 Xenia Avenue

THE

John T. Barlow Co.

Wholesale

DRY GOODS
and NOTIONS

Third and Sears Streets, Dayton, Ohio

Home Phone 2688

Bell East 2800

The Dayton Lumber and Manufacturing Co.

LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES

Manufacturers of

Doors, Sash, Blinds and All Kinds of Mill Work

Get Good Shoes and You'll Be Safe

You can't save money on shoes, unless the shoes are good. Even high prices on high quality would be better than low prices on poor quality.

In Walk-Over Shoes you always get quality, plus dependable leathers, service giving construction, solid comfort and good styles.



KEHM'S

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP

39 S. Main Street

Established 1863



THERE'S A CERTAIN FEELING OF

SATISFACTION

Felt by the users of Lowe Brothers High Standard Quality Paint Products—they mean paints and varnishes that are made as good as they can be made—they look better, last longer and go further, which means in all, REAL PAINT Economy. Your painting problems are ours.

Lowe Brothers Paint Store

Main 58

110-112 East Third Street

Home 6301

THE DRINK THAT HITS THE SPOT

GREEN **Finest Quality** CAN
RED **Blend A Coffee** CAN

THE JANSZEN GROCERY CO.

Bell Phone Main 832

Connects all Departments

S. E. Corner Second and Walnut Sts.

101 to 117 East Second Street

CINCINNATI, OHIO

*This Magazine is
Our Product*

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

205-207-209 SOUTH JEFFERSON ST.

**South End
Haberdasher**

E. J. STOECKLEIN

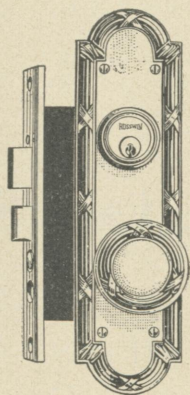
High Class Line of
**GENTS
FURNISHINGS**

1078 S. Brown St. DAYTON, OHIO

**Builders'
Hardware**

A SPECIALTY

Lawn Mowers
Lawn Rollers
Garden Hose
Screen Doors
and Windows
Chicken
Netting
and
Fly Screen



Bell Main 493
Home 2493

TOOLS AND CUTLERY

THE G. W. TISCHER CO.

34 N. Main St. Dayton, Ohio

Hollencamp's

SODA

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

TRY OUR CEREAL BEVERAGES

"Golden Glow"

AND

"Dark Cream"

VERY REFRESHING

The Hollencamp Products Co.

Bell Main 433 — PHONES — Home 2433

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

L.M. Prince Co.

117 South Ludlow

OPTICIANS

ALUMNI PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR

HUGH C. WALL, '84
Wall-Hardman-Lane
1077 Reibold Building
Dayton, Ohio

ARCHITECT

HOWARD GERMANN, '01
Schwind Building
Dayton, Ohio

DENTISTS

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

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

ATTORNEYS

JOSEPH B. MURPHY, '01
Murphy, Eliff, Leen & Murphy
Schwind Building
Dayton, Ohio

HARRY SOLIMANO, '09
Fiorini & Solimano
324 Dayton Savings and Trust Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

JOSEPH M. GOODING, '84
Fon du Lac,
Wisconsin

JUDGE VIRGIL TERRELL, '00
Municipal Court
Cleveland, Ohio

DAVID KERSTING, '05
1055 Reibold Building
Dayton, Ohio

FRANCIS C. CANNY, '09
211 Dayton Savings and Trust Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

EDGAR ORENDORFF, '99
801 Lindsey Building
Dayton, Ohio

HUGH ESTABROOK, '09
403 Schwind Building
Dayton, Ohio

JUDGE HENRY C. FERNEDING, '90
Court of Appeals
Ohio

WALTER L. CONNORS, '05
922 Dayton Savings and Trust Bldg.
Dayton, Ohio

CLARENCE J. STOECKLEIN, '08
709 Reibold Building
Dayton, Ohio

ALBERT J. KRANZ, '11
1006 Nicholas Building
Madison Avenue
Toledo, Ohio

JOURNALISTS

JOSEPH CONNORS, '00

Dayton Daily News

Dayton, Ohio

EMIL EDMONDSON, '13

Wall Street Journal

New York City

HENRY FARRELL, '12

Sport Editor

United Press Associations

World Building

New York City

FRANCIS J. POWERS, '12

Sport Writer

Cleveland Plain Dealer

Cleveland, Ohio

ENGINEERS

M. J. GIBBONS, JR., '02; M. E. '22

M. J. Gibbons Supply Co.

Monument Ave. and Webster St.

Dayton, Ohio

EARL A. SMITH, '07

Civil Engineer

702 Conover Building

Dayton, Ohio

HARRY F. FINKE, '02

Finke Engineering Company

Dayton, Ohio

HARRY ANDERTON, '09

Insurance Engineer

Anderton & Anderton

Dayton, Ohio

PHYSICIANS

DR. JAMES A. AVERDICK, '70

Eighth and Bakewell Sts.

Covington, Ky.

DR. G. A. HOCHWALT, '89

413 South Main Street

Dayton, Ohio

DR. A. J. MOORMAN, '00

857 Reibold Building

Dayton, Ohio

DR. J. E. MONNIG, '08

641 South Main Street

Akron, Ohio

DR. MATTHIAS WAGNER, '10

410 Savings Building

Lima, Ohio

DR. N. C. HOCHWALT, '18

2418 North Main Street

Dayton, Ohio

DR. GEORGE SEITTERS, '19

925 West Third Street

Dayton, Ohio

DR. CLIFFORD R. WEIS, '19

485 South Broadway

Dayton, Ohio



America's Largest
Distributors

of No. 10 Canned
Goods

FOR forty years
the leading

specialists in supplying the institutional table. Cur-
rent price list on request.

John Sexton & Company
Wholesale Grocers .. Chicago
Branches at Strategic Shipping Points

W. J. Sherer Company

25 Perrine St. DAYTON, OHIO
Bell Phone 3893



Interior Decorators

The Witte Tegenkamp Co.

Dealers in

Prayer Books, Religious Articles, Pictures

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

411 E. Fifth St. Home Phone 11199 DAYTON, OHIO

*Halftones produced by the new Week's
Electrical Etching Process give our clients
absolutely the best printing results.
It will pay you to investigate -*

ARTISTS · ENGRAVERS
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

The PHOTO ARTS ENGRAVING CO.
DYE BUILDING
FIFTH & MAIN STS., DAYTON, OHIO

A Repaired Shoe —

need not be a clumsy,
clumpy affair.

If a shoe is repaired
correctly it will have
the good lines of a new
shoe combined with
the comfort of an old
one.

We repair shoes cor-
rectly, promptly and
at moderate price.

Sach's Shoe Hospital

109 South Jefferson Street

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Bernhard Bros. Blends For Cup Quality

Roasters of High-Grade Coffees.
Jobbers of Teas and Spices. You
cannot afford to pass us by when
in the market. Ask your grocer.

BERNHARD BROS.

Pine and Marshall Sts., Dayton, Ohio



Serving you—that's our job

We try to do the job well—we get
the best styles, the best values, the
best of everything for you—

New Suits, Topcoats, Overcoats from
Fashion Park—from Kuppenheimer

\$35

\$38

\$45

AND MORE

The Metropolitan Co.

J. H. Margolis, Pres.

Quality Corner

Ludlow at Fourth

Ohio's Greatest Clothiers