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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. Above the shield is a sunburst. The shield is flanked by two stars. The entire emblem is encircled by a border containing the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONAENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a reddish-brown color.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

Freshman Plain and Clothes

By John Will

February, 1928

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The University of Dayton Exponent

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FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 2

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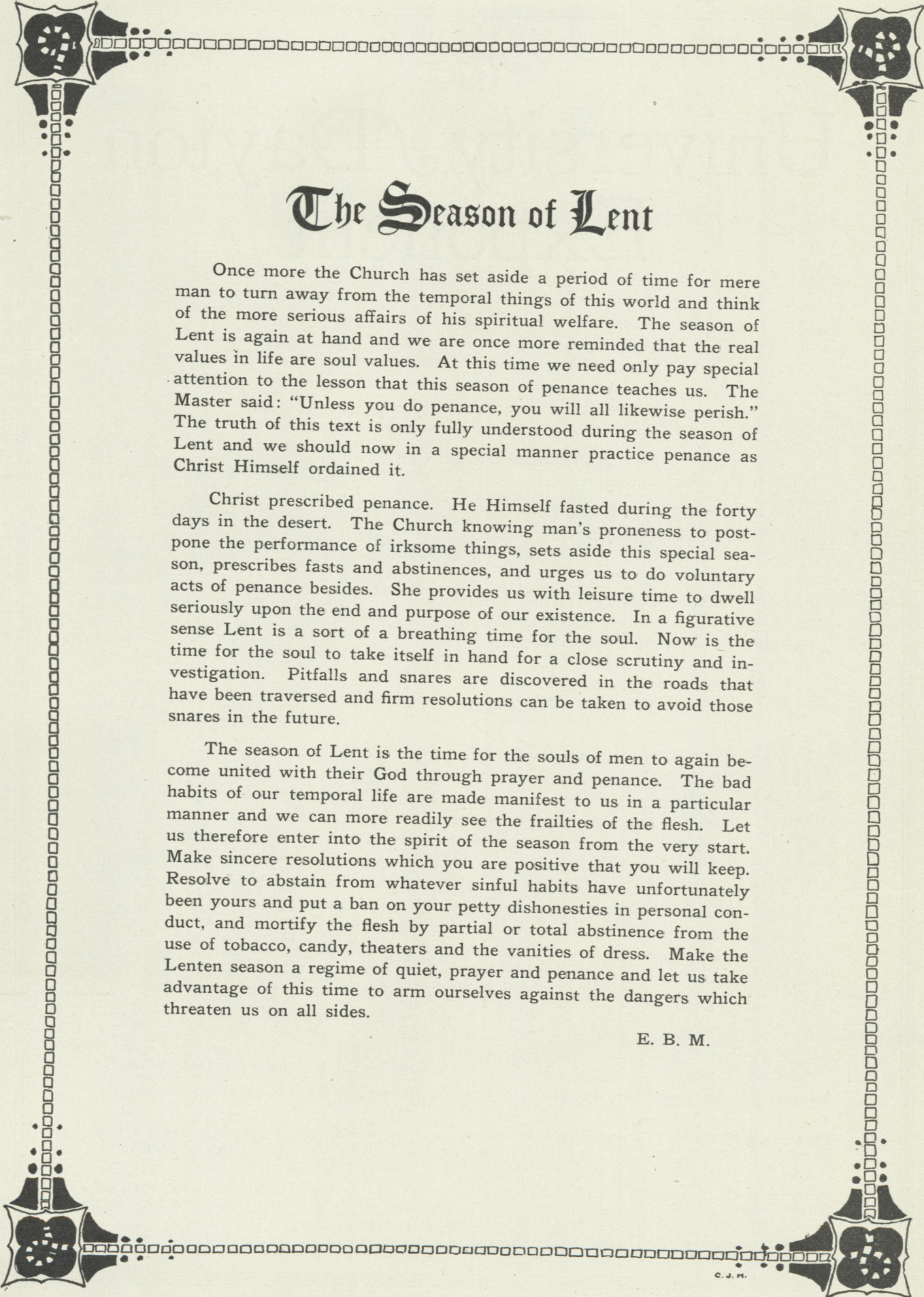
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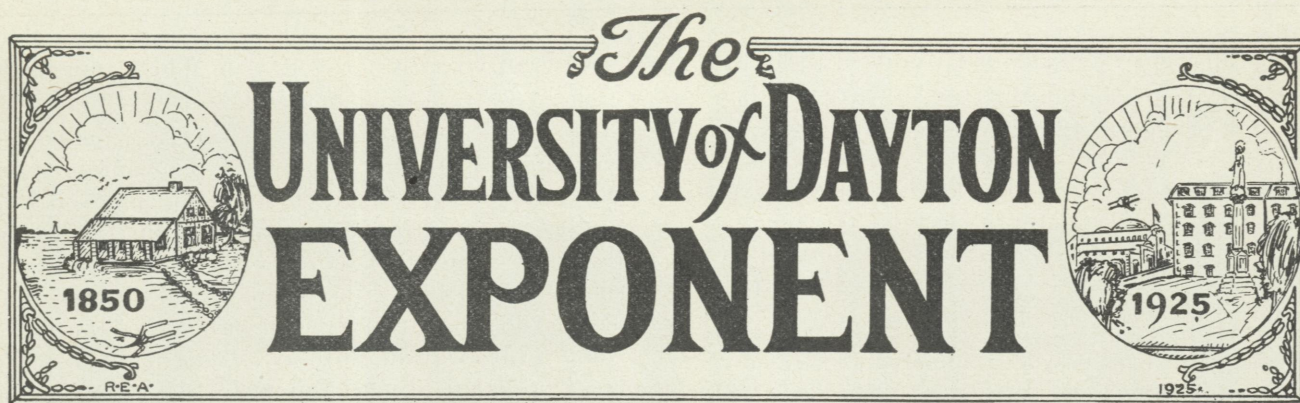
The Season of Lent

Once more the Church has set aside a period of time for mere man to turn away from the temporal things of this world and think of the more serious affairs of his spiritual welfare. The season of Lent is again at hand and we are once more reminded that the real values in life are soul values. At this time we need only pay special attention to the lesson that this season of penance teaches us. The Master said: "Unless you do penance, you will all likewise perish." The truth of this text is only fully understood during the season of Lent and we should now in a special manner practice penance as Christ Himself ordained it.

Christ prescribed penance. He Himself fasted during the forty days in the desert. The Church knowing man's proneness to postpone the performance of irksome things, sets aside this special season, prescribes fasts and abstinences, and urges us to do voluntary acts of penance besides. She provides us with leisure time to dwell seriously upon the end and purpose of our existence. In a figurative sense Lent is a sort of a breathing time for the soul. Now is the time for the soul to take itself in hand for a close scrutiny and investigation. Pitfalls and snares are discovered in the roads that have been traversed and firm resolutions can be taken to avoid those snares in the future.

The season of Lent is the time for the souls of men to again become united with their God through prayer and penance. The bad habits of our temporal life are made manifest to us in a particular manner and we can more readily see the frailties of the flesh. Let us therefore enter into the spirit of the season from the very start. Make sincere resolutions which you are positive that you will keep. Resolve to abstain from whatever sinful habits have unfortunately been yours and put a ban on your petty dishonesties in personal conduct, and mortify the flesh by partial or total abstinence from the use of tobacco, candy, theaters and the vanities of dress. Make the Lenten season a regime of quiet, prayer and penance and let us take advantage of this time to arm ourselves against the dangers which threaten us on all sides.

E. B. M.



Vol. XXVI

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Freshman Plain and Clothes

By Johnne Wille

SOME freshmen come to college with a bang and become class clowns, athletic heroes, business managers or thoroughly disliked. Others emit a few small-sized reports in keeping with their status as respectable middle-class freshmen, and take their tiny-niched places among that great mass resolved to slide through comfortably and not miss any of the fun along the way!! Other freshmen soak invisibly into their surroundings without even the tiniest semblance of a detonation, and become the most shadowy of grinds or the biggest balls of fire on the campus.

Of the latter class was Freshman John Plain. I was perhaps the only one to notice his unimposing entrance into college life and, frankly, my first impression of him was that he came the nearest, to being the man with the invisible cloak, of any freshman I had ever seen. As luck would have it, he was assigned as my roommate. Busy with my unpacking, I must have missed his timid knocks at the door and the first intimation I had of his presence there was his small cough that brought me wheeling around.

"Oh, hello", I said. "Are you the new roommate?" His face had a good square look and his features would have been rather dashing if they had only been tuned up a little. His hair needed care. I could tell at a glance that his suit was the blue one of his high school graduation. It was good, but out of trim like his head. Under it, I sensed a neat, lean body, but its effect was spoiled by the scholarly droop of his shoulders. He carried a suitcase that wore a lean look like himself, so I gathered there would not be much of a wardrobe. I took another look at his face and liked it.

"A goose egg", I reflected, "but maybe a good egg, at that".

John's needs were simple, and the vital question of fixing up the room and of apportioning space was left to my own judgment, which did not irritate me in the least. We dropped into the college routine, and John, for a while was, to me, just a flitting shadow that appeared now and then amidst the confusion of meeting old friends and teachers, of getting the first issue of the college magazine started, renewing contact with the sweet other-sexes of past college years and with the classroom.

Then came the Freshman Initiation. Now the annual initiation was a big thing on our campus. It was supposed to be the first big test of the college man, whereby was determined whether he was to be classified as a fraternity brother, a pal, or as a simple nonentity. Looking back on it now, I can see that it was nothing of the kind, but that does not remove the fact that it was a vigorous test and a painful one.

The night of the initiation I happened to be standing at the finish end of the gauntlet, which was always the wind-up of the affair. The freshmen came hurtling through, one by one, like ghosts fleeing from past sins, only it was something much more substantial than that they were fleeing from. Anyone that doubts the substantiality of the sophomore paddles on freshman initiation night is welcome to run the gauntlet and be convinced absolutely and utterly. Finally a panting, tight-faced freshman bounced off the last paddle and immediately collapsed. It was John Plain. I jumped to help him, but someone was quicker.

"The brutes!" she sobbed as she pillowed his head on her fur collar. John opened his eyes, those good honest eyes, and gazed straight at the vision above him. Slowly the tightness ebbed from his face. He even managed a crooked smile.

"I'm all right", he said, and stumbled to his feet. That was my cue and I assured the vision that I was the roommate and that all would be well now that I was in charge, or words to that effect. John did not utter a sound; just kept gazing into that girl's eyes as though he expected, like the good grind he was, to find there the secret of perpetual motion, or of the Darwinian theory, or of radio-activity. Then she blushed and John came to life.

"I beg your pardon", he stammered and we moved off. Frankly, John was a mess. I gathered from what he rumbled out that he had disagreed with the sophs as to the necessity of this last initiation rite, and I knew what that meant. There is no human so merciless as a sophomore who has heard a freshman victim complain. When I stripped him in the quiet of our room, his body was one mass of angry color. But John kept his feelings to himself and did not give a single moan while I played the Good Samaritan for him. He even took the good stiff drink I gave him without a murmur, teetotaler that he was; I knew he would not sleep otherwise. In fact, the first sound he uttered was in his sleep when I distinguished a faint "Who is she?" From that time on, John ceased to be a shadow to me, and I admired him, and took an interest in him. How to wake him up! How to show the college what a real man he was! How to give him that position on the campus that he deserved! Already he was known as a grind and a scholar—the boy had brains—and his run-in with the sophomores would cast him into a worse light than ever, once the word was passed about. The situation was not without its difficulties, and I fell into a fitful sleep still mulling over the problem.

John himself supplied the nucleus of the solution. I awoke the following morning to find my roommate already up, as usual, and moving stiffly about.

"Why, see here", I said as briskly as I could with my wits still addled with sleep, "surely you're not going to class?"

John smiled, a real smile, in fact the best he had shown in weeks (perhaps it was the concoction I had given him the night before) and said something about the foolishness of letting a little initiation keep him from going to class. Then he spoke with enthusiasm what was on his mind.

"Who was that girl? Do you know her? I've got to see her again." When he said it, his face took on the dashing look that had always smoldered there, and his body straightened out as it should have. Really, the boy could be good-looking if he wanted to.

Right there I had my idea, one of those infrequent bursts of mental illumination that, coming to such as I, can only be labeled as Divine Providence. I

had recently seen Charles Ray in "The Tailor-made Man."

"Now see here, old-timer", I said as I pulled his creaking frame onto a pillow, "you want to meet this girl, and you ought to be a big man on this campus, and you're missing a lot of fun, and a lot of other things. You're not getting what you should out of life. Anyone with a decent amount of the old gray material can be a grind, but who wants to be a grind, anyway? You ought to wake up. You want to meet this girl? All right, I have the solution to your difficulties". And I leaned back as though the secret I bore was pulling me down. John looked at me hard, and I could see in his eyes a lot of things struggling for expression. Anger was there, too.

"Go on", he finally said.

It was easy after that. I told him that clothes contained the solution to his difficulties, that they would give him personal poise and the respect of his fellow-students, that clothes had changed many a man from the buried ant he was to the busy man of the world that he should have been. But I hardly think I could have convinced him if it had not been for the girl. Anyone with half an eye for such things could see that he was already in love, with the whole force of his repressed humanity, and when I told him that he could hardly expect to call on a girl in the clothes he habitually wore but that he certainly could in the array I would get him, he capitulated without a condition. Wonder of wonders, he admitted that he had plenty of money, something I had never suspected in the least, and I gave him a reproving glance when I thought of all the borrowing opportunities he had withheld from me. We arranged to blaze a green-backed trail through the men's clothing stores that very afternoon.

It proved to be an epic event, both to John and myself. Never had I realized that the mere act of buying suitable clothes for another could give one so much real pleasure. John's nature expanded admirably as he witnessed his metamorphosis, exhibiting depths of enthusiasm that I had never suspected in the former grind. When we finally returned to our room, he was a completely changed lad, from his neatly trimmed hair past his likewise neatly trimmed pockets to the glistening innocence of his new oxfords. In the glass, John surveyed himself long and thoughtfully.

"You were right", he admitted, "I feel better already. Now what about the girl?" That might have brought up new difficulties if it had not been for the fact that I had known all along who she was, and heartily approved of John's good taste in showing a liking for her. It was easily arranged. John was to call on her that Sunday, and although

he insisted that I should accompany him as moral support, I soon showed him that it was best to go alone, feeling as he did, and with the poise and surety that the clothes had already given him.

His cause began to progress after that. Fellows who had never even noticed the seedy student slinking along, books under arm, now fell into step with the well-dressed freshman of the engaging countenance, on his walks across the campus. The old stoop had gone from his shoulders and his repressed good spirits had come to the surface, which, added to his undeniable intelligence, soon made him an interesting man to talk to. He began to take an interest in the campus activities, and invariably when that happens, the campus retaliates by taking an interest in you. So it happened with John.

His heart affair progressed apace. John told me in confidence one evening, when we were enjoying our pipes and a warm feeling in the vicinity of our chests, that he had felt his old depression returning when he rang the door bell of her residence that first time, and he felt like the silliest fool in the world as he stood in the hall after being admitted. Feeling like that over a girl he had met but once, and he, who had never before had dealings with girls! But luckily there happened to be one of those full-length mirrors, and he accidentally caught his reflection in it. He took a long, critical look and felt reassured, and by the time she came to meet him, his wits were functioning as sharply as ever. The time passed smoothly and even enjoyably after they had come to know and to admire each other. Of course John did not state baldly that she admired him, but so I gathered from what he said and from what I could notice in my capacity of sympathetic bystander.

John's best asset was his close concentration on the idea. He went in for debating, and this was for him a veritable defying of the gods. Formerly he would have collapsed to find himself obliged to speak in public but now he really made a success of it. He was an apt pupil. He sold the debating team the idea of wearing Tuxes when they debated and, as the teams they met usually wore street clothes, they secured a mental superiority at the outset that carried them to success. John's method was to leave the stage whenever he lost confidence in himself, and practice a few gestures before a mirror back stage, just to assure himself that he looked impressive enough, and it never failed. It was the waiting that was hard. Once talking, his wits carried him through.

The climax came at the end of the year. John had once admitted to me that he knew something about the gentle art of putting the ball past the batter. He had practiced pitching to his brother back home during his high school days and thought that he had become rather adept at it. Of course he knew nothing about sizing up the batters and fielding ground balls, but that he could learn with time. So, encouraged by me, he dug up his old glove, which he had half-heartedly packed in with his books at the beginning of the year, and betook himself to Freshman practice.

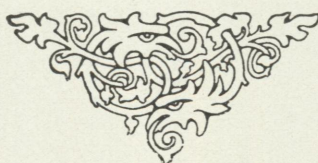
The Freshman nine was used to provide opposition to the Varsity during practice, and every year, just before the close of the school term, a regular game was scheduled between the two, so that the freshmen could show what chances they had for the Varsity the following year.

John had worked up to second string pitcher by then, and sat on the bench while the innings dragged by till, as luck would have it, the Frosh moundsman lost his grip and was blasted out of the game. Then all that John did was to go out there and hold the Varsity to three hits and only one run during the remaining four innings. That feat secured him a place on the Varsity nine next year and established him as a campus hero with his future assured. When I attempted to congratulate him, he belittled himself and gave all the credit to me, saying that he had felt fresh and sure of himself standing out there in his clean uniform, while the others were tired and dirty.

"I could never have done it if I hadn't thought of what you told me about clothes", he said, melting into his honest smile. "And say, old man, I told her yesterday that I loved her and she said she loved me too. That's the big thing I'm thanking you for."

I have since wondered just how much clothes really had to do with it, but the more I figure, the more hopeless it appears. This life is so complex that to lay your finger on one definite cause out of so many possible ones is about as improbable of attainment as to find a Scotchman at a charity bazaar.

During the following summer, I received a letter from my roommate in which he stated that he was having a wonderful time selling bonds, dancing, partying and baseballing and that he was still wearing what well-dressed men should wear. I noticed that he signed himself John Plaine. The seedy Freshman was no more.



Talking It Over with the Immortals

ARCHIMEDES' INTERVIEW

By William J. Hoefler

The ocean tossed, the heavens were rent,
Our headway lost, we southward bent,
The vessel broke on awesome shore,
A stranger land than e'er before.

What land is this? I humbly asked,
With mellow sun in mist quite masked,
With shinning domes of marble white?
Reply to one in shipwrecked plight.

An aged man in togaed dress,
Then through that strangest crowd did press;
Surveyed he all in one full glance,
I mute, lest anger I enhance.

"The isle of Atlantis doth never receive,
Immortals as thee, so I do not believe,
At death the Pillars of Hercules true,
Admitted thy barge to the Dark Sea too.

"The greatest of men can dwell only here,
Remain if thy fame is doubtlessly clear;
Here's Horace and Virgil and Shakespeare too,
It's Archimedes addressing you.

"An inquiring reporter I happen to be,
I was taking vacation upon the blue sea;
An interview please now Archie, old chap,
My press will be glad for a scoop mayhap."

The mathematician then tugged at his beard,
The frown on his ponderous brow then cleared;
"How strange and how odd!" he smilingly said,
"Thy quest is now granted," he nodded his head.

Please tell of your doings in Syracuse town,
About your inventions, Hiero's gold crown,
And mostly the thrill of your life I would write,
The press would consider the story my height.

The scholar then jerked at his beard once more,
He paced to and fro on the earthen floor;
The rest of them left us in privacy,
I pulled out a pad in hope and high glee.

"'Twas many the things I did make," he began,
"The Romans from Syracuse town to ban,
From lenses that burnt their galleys so long,
To catapults stoning their legions as strong.

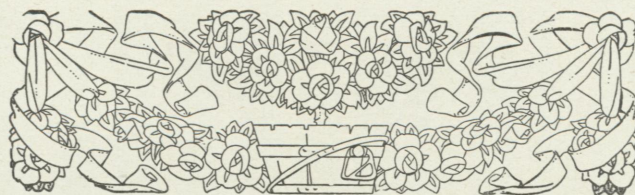
"The thrill of my life you have asked quite well,
"Twas not in inventions of war I tell;
I pondered so long on the various weight,
The gold in Hiero's gold crown and its rate.

"Success had eluded me till one day,
The answer by accident came my way;
I wandered by chance to a mystic room
"Twas one we did dread as the grisly tomb.

"It held a high vessel of generous size,
I thought to investigate in this wise,
I filled it with water and then took my gear,
I stumbled and fell in the tub. How I did fear!

"I rose to the top in such great surprise,
For now I had lightened in spite of my size,
'Eureka! Eureka!' I cried without cease,
Until I was pinched for disturbing the peace.

"So I wrote out my law, as Hiero so hale,
Came down to the prison and went for my bail;
Besides of the help to Physics began,
That cleanliest habit of bathing for man."



Is It Not True?

By Paul Spahr

IN studying the great historic figures who have well deserved their immortality we are in most cases content with a general knowledge of their lives and the great deeds which make them immortal figures in the eyes of the public. Such a general idea should not be sufficient to the thinker in placing the immortals on their pedestals. They were not so placed by friends and associates of their time. To them the personal character and private life of the hero was a deciding factor to be considered before he was crowned in glory. Because our heroic figures of the past have ceased to be mortals does not allow us to conclude that they deserve the halo of fame credited them by past generations. Should we not ascertain for ourselves the truth regarding their reputation? There are those who assert that our heroes of the past would not survive a close-up, suggesting that the less one knows of their private lives the more one will admire them? It might be false for some and true for others, and again for many others the glory would brighten and prevent their grandeur from being tarnished by ignorant and false criticism.

Only upon proof to ourselves of the true greatness of these men can we openly defy popular attitudes, which would have the soldier forever in full dress mounted on his charger or a statesman contemplating a scroll, his brow wrinkled, but never his trousers. So in our efforts to know our historical fathers better, we cannot conclude with looking upon a statue of bronze or marble, and acquainting ourselves with their general history. On the contrary, we must study them in an occasional unguarded moment, when they are relaxed, and unrestrained by audiences. Thus shall we be able to steal nearer and view them as human beings in the actual life; for the glory of a hero becomes a shell when we remove him from the actualities of life.

If we study George Washington in this light he still remains a good and great man, honestly deserving a conspicuous space in the hall of fame. The details of his personal character and private life only add more forcibly to his reputation. One does not admire Washington less because at times

he stormed a little profanely. That he danced a great deal and manifested a tenderness toward the other sex, in nowise detracts from his glory.

Critics, artists, and friends who were able to study him closely saw in him an habitual conflict and mastery of passion. He seems never to have lost his poise. A coldness of manner which was so characteristic of him might well be defined as an outward sign of a conflict and control, which expressed itself partly when he loosed his anger. Yet he had wonderful control of his temper and we have only a few instances recorded of his losing it. I believe that today under similar circumstances with a different actor, it is more than probable that someone would have sustained an injury instead of merely being on the receiving end of an outburst of anger.

Laughter on the part of Washington was as rare as his explosions of temper. He was of a serious and business-like nature, so that foolish, lazy and careless persons tried him to the utmost, and tempted him to give vent to his wrath.

We think of Washington only as the boy who cut down his father's cherry tree, who became a soldier, commander-in-chief of the army, and finally our first President. For this we credit him as being the Father of our Country. Yet there was another side to his life which we so often overlook, and that was his life as a farmer. Washington was one of the greatest and most successful students of agriculture of his time. He became general and president because he thought it was his duty, not because of his liking for it, or because of a desire for fame and world-wide reputation. In his writings, especially his letters during his political career, he expressed his desire to return to his home at Mount Vernon where his love lay. So we find him at the termination of his Presidency again taken up with his duties as a farmer and lover of the soil. "Here with bared head we take leave of him,—a farmer, the greatest of good men and the best of great men"; a true hero, of deserving glory and fame, whose memory will live in every American heart as long as Democracy remains unstained and the Constitution endures.



"Nothing Important Happened"

By Bob Bergk

SHE heard the front door open and shut with a slam, the odor of a cigarette found its way up to her room, the sound of footsteps leading to the kitchen and the concomitant noises of plates and pans followed, and then a two-step-at-a-time run up the stairs and her boy burst into the bedroom, where the mother sat, propped up with pillows, waiting his return, as mothers have a habit of doing. She knew they had won before he told her, for his running up the stairs and flushed and happy face, gave him away. But being a fond and wise mother, she wouldn't take the pleasure of his telling her away from him and accordingly asked, "Did you win, Eddie?"

"Yes, mother—and how," was the encouraging response to this question—"37-35 Talk about your basketball games, this one had them all beat. You know, mother, this one was the only game that really counted. We didn't care if we did lose all the rest as long as we won this one, 'cause its the last game and against Halliday."

"You Freshmen!" his mother laughingly remarked, "One victory and you forget all the times you were beaten." Tell me about the game."

"Oh! There wasn't much to it. Bill Langdon didn't play as well as he usually does, he almost lost the game for us with a bad pass. Some women got all excited in the second half and screamed when a Halliday man got a little bump. Bob Dowling was in a rotten mood and didn't speak to the rest of the fellows at all, even in the time-outs. One of the subs went to the dressing room before the game was over, without the Coach telling him to go. Coach ought to give him an earful for that little stunt. Just like every other game, only we won this time."

* * * * *

Long before the preliminary game was over, people were crowding and pushing their way through the several entrances that gave access to the gym. Proud mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, sweethearts and pals, friends and undergraduates, all milled and jammed through the narrow doorways—all anxious to secure seats for the annual Halliday-Stanton clash.

By the time Halliday and Stanton took the floor to warm up, the gym was packed to the roof with all sizes, shapes and ages of humanity. On the right side were the Stanton rooters and on the left, the supporters of Halliday, trying to drown each other out with the volume of their cheers.

One of the Stanton players stood apart from his

teammates on the side of the floor, shooting when someone passed him the ball but not joining in the good-natured banter that passed back and forth.

In a thoughtless moment, Bob Dowling had intimated that the Coach, a slight, white-haired man, whose methods of coaching were out of date but who held a warm place in the hearts of the students, was getting senile, and to his teammates, who had placed the Coach on a pedestal had practically revered him, the remark came as a sort of sacrilege and they were stunned into silence. They gave him his chance to apologize to them but he was too proud; but because he was a valuable member of the team and they had the welfare of the school at heart, and the coach had his heart set on winning this game, they refrained from telling the coach or any of their schoolmates about the incident and just ignored the offender.

Well, it was what he had coming to him. Maybe if he put his heart and soul into the game, played like he had never played before, gave himself wholly to the cause of the team, they might relent and forgive. When he had his chance to make amends by an apology he passed it up and now that he was willing and even ready to beg for a chance to acknowledge his mistake, his own stubbornness had closed that avenue of retribution.

All during the game he played as one possessed, always fighting, scraping and trying. At the half he was given no sign of recognition by his teammates, but the old, white-haired coach complimented him on his play.

Near the end of the game with but a minute to go, the score tied and the ball in Hallidays possession, a well-intended pass went astray; quickly Dowling pounced upon it and dribbled toward the goal, no one near him. Davis, his running mate, broke for the basket at the same time, and Dowling shot the ball to him and Davis dropped it in for the two points that spelled victory.

When the gun, announcing the end of the game, went off, Dowling tore for the dressing room, and was already in the shower when the rest of the Stanton players arrived. As soon as they had shed their wet uniforms, they trooped into the shower room, congratulating each other with much back slapping and towel snapping.

"Move over, Dowling, do you want the whole shower?" snapped Skipper Edison, the captain, and Dowling knew he was forgiven and joined in the hub-bub that surrounded him.

* * * * *

Bill Langdon listened to the last minute words of the coach, but did not hear them. His thoughts were of his mother who lay at the point of death in St. Mary's Hospital. At supper time the Doctor told him she would last till morning and his mother, who knew Bill's fascination for basketball and the importance of the game that was to be played that night, and who little realized the seriousness of her illness, ordered Bill, after begging and pleading had proved of no avail, to play and sent him away. Bill, whose ability to shoot accurately was the only thing that had kept Stanton from losing their games by terrible scores, hurried to the gym, dressed and took his place with the rest of the players around the coach and prepared to listen to the last minute instructions.

Try as he might he could not keep his mind on the game and his thoughts kept turning to the bedside of his mother. The basket could have been eight feet wide for Bill to have hit it, and repeatedly he passed to the wrong man, or fumbled the ball when it was passed to him. With a two-point lead and a minute and a half to go, Langdon let the ball get away from him near his own basket and a Halliday man scooped it up, dribbled in, shot and tied the score. Bill didn't realize the enormity of his offense because the face of his mother came between him and the scoreboard and the totals were too blurred to read.

Without waiting to dress, except for a sheepskin and his trousers, he hurried to the hospital. Thank God! she was still alive. He sat by her bed, placed her small white hand within his own and prepared to keep watch until she should wake up, so he could tell her about the game she had sacrificed so much for.

* * * * *

Near the end of the third quarter, in a scramble under the basket, for a ball which had rebounded from the backboard after an unsuccessful shot, four of the players fell to the floor. Three of them arose immediately but the fourth remained motionless on the hardwood. A woman in the Halliday section screamed as the trainer hurried out and began working on the boy's ankle. After a minute's examination, the boy, with the assistance of two teammates, his face white and twisted with pain, hobbled off the floor. The woman who had screamed was the

boy's mother. Early in the season he had sprained his ankle, and just two days ago, he had wrenched the same ankle severely. The doctor examining it, had told him that if he wanted to retain the full use of that ankle, complete rest and careful abstinence from the use of it was the only cure, and that basketball of all things was entirely out of the question. It had taken quite a few hours of much begging, pleading and arguing before his mother would consent to his playing and now to sit there and see him carried off the floor, that self-same ankle hanging limp, probably forever, had proven too much for her and she screamed.

* * * * *

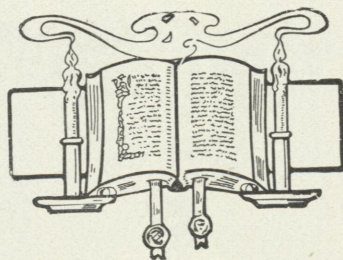
The game drew closer, minute by minute and second by second, to its conclusion. Sitting on the end of the Stanton bench, with his chin on his hands, a faded sweatshirt over his shoulders, was one of the subs. With both eyes feverishly watching the game and both ears tuned for the sound of the coach's voice, he sat hunched over and absorbed. When the time showed but a minute to go, he gave one last despairing look at the coach, swallowed hard and, as his eyes began to blur, beat a hasty retreat to the dressing room, where in a secluded corner, he gave vent to his emotions.

For four years he had tried, never missed a practice, reported faithfully day in and day out, rain or shine, taken everything that came his way without a murmur. Tonight was his last appearance in the Cream and Gold of Stanton and he had not made a letter. Love of a father, who had been quite an athlete in his day and whose first remark on seeing that his first-born was a boy was, "We'll have to make an All-American out of him," had prompted Jerry to try basketball as the means whereby he could gratify his father's desire. But he had failed and failed miserably. Two more minutes of time and he would have had a letter but the ironic hand of fate had decreed otherwise. He knew his father would not blame him, but deep down in his father's heart there would be a disappointment that could never be assuaged.

* * * * *

"Well goodnight, mother", he called back over his shoulder, "Don't forget I can sleep tomorrow."

"Good night, son", she replied, turning off the reading lamp over her bed as she prepared to go to sleep.



The Drowser's Defense

By Johnne Wille

Old Heston's rumbling voice drones on
Of war and tea tax, Congress, King,
But strikes not fire from sparks sleep-filmed
In minds hibernate till next spring.

Without, old Winter's robe of snow
From bright has aged to dirty gray,
And the sun's bright eye has turned to glass
And sullen slumber fills the day.

Now is it strange we students drowse
And drive the pros to storm and gloom?
Yawn engenders yawn—'tis thus
The yawny weather works our doom.

Valentines

By Johnne Wille

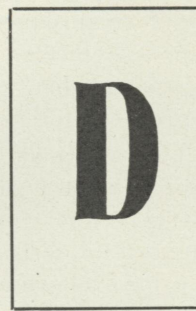
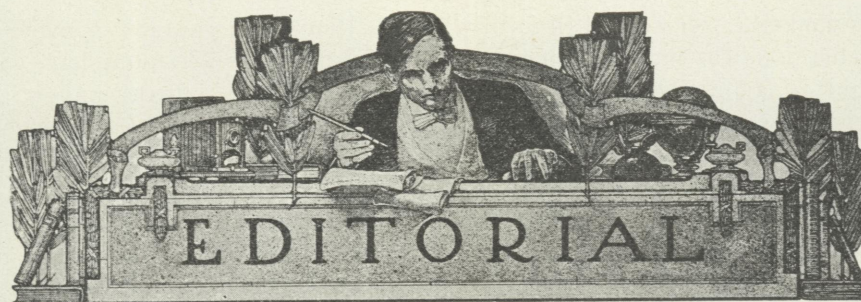
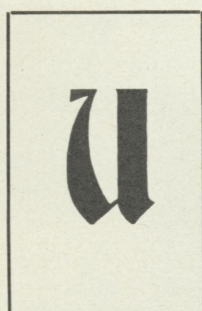
To a frosh of an air bright green,
Of flashy clothes and 'knowledge lean;
He tries so hard to be a man—
But never, never, never can.

To a soph and budding manhood—
Watch his moustache and his mood;
Envies junior-senior fame
And on the freshman puts the blame.

To a junior with his longing,
Fears and doubts are ever thronging;
Never clear but ever there;
What he wants is love full fair.

To a senior and his daze;
Leaving soon the trammeled ways,
Doubting where his steps will carry,
But this one thing is sure: he'll marry.





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Appeals

It appears that one of the many duties of an Editor is merely to go out and make numerous appeals. At the present time I am appealing to the entire student body and my entreaty is for the good of your publication. The Exponent is not for the contributors; it is not solely printed for the advertisers; it is printed for the student body. It is YOUR magazine and it would be the greatest event in the annals of the University to hear some comment on the magazine from the student body. We are not adverse to criticism; we invite it. But above all we solicit your aid. Other colleges and universities are not slow to voice their criticisms and their praises for our publication and it is about time that our own student body contributes to our list of "soft hammer artists".

In the following I quote from one of our local magazines and I believe that every word of it is true:

Mistakes Which Are Well Known

When the doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When the garage man makes a mistake he just adds it on your bill.

When the carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected.

When the lawyer makes a mistake it was just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When the preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an **Editor** makes a mistake—**Good Night**—Everybody squawks!

Now is an admirable time for every student to put in his "squawks" and let us hear what he thinks

of the magazine. The Editor's box in the Exponent Room door is sufficiently large to hold a manuscript from every student in the University. It would be an object of manifest delight to the Editor to come in some morning and find it filled to overflowing with the criticisms of the students and then he would know just what it is that appeals to the entire student body. Make this magazine yours! Show that you appreciate it or show that you do not appreciate it. Do your bit toward making everything on the campus the best that has ever yet been there.

As a final appeal, I would ask **Dibs Ellaway** to put in an appearance at the next meeting of the Staff on Tuesday, March 6, 1928, to be held in the Exponent Room at 7:30 p. m. The entire student body is invited to these meetings and these meetings make an excellent time to voice your opinions. Let everybody do his bit!

E. B. M.

On With the Dance

The dance is the real and genuine exhibition of what a crowd is or is not. It is at the dance that we are best able to adjudge for ourselves whether or not the standards of our college education are being observed. When we think over the dances that we have attended during our stay here at college we cannot help but distinguish one dance from the other and we find that we can almost put the dances in order according to their excellence.

Some give, as a reason for good dances, the crowd; others say the chaperones. Just what makes for a good dance, can hardly be recognized even if it were solitary.

After reviewing the dances that the University has sponsored, we divide them into two groups:

the formal dances, and the semi- and informal dances. Once this distinction is made we begin to approach what might be a possible cause for the degrees of difference of the dance.

The informal dances have never been able to approach the formal dances. The natural inference to be drawn from this matter-of-fact statement supports a decision in favor of the formal dance. We have no objections to make against the informal or semi-formal dance, but we certainly must go out of our way to praise the committees that have sponsored the dances which rank among the first.

Another attendant and vital factor to be considered is the presence of chaperones at the dance. They lend a certain something to the order and dignity of the dance which we know is missing when they are not present. There are always those that raise objections when the idea of chaperoning is mentioned. The idea seems to have passed out of vogue with high wheel bikes according to some of the light-minded revolutionists, who believe that we are old enough to conduct the entire dance without any aid from outsiders. We are thankful though that those individuals are not in the majority and that the majority finds a useful and beneficial reaction in the presence of the chaperones.

If we recall the recent formal dance sponsored by the R. O. T. C. we have an example of the college dance par excellence. Everyone who attended that dance was forced to admit that it was a complete success from the grand march to the "Good Night, Ladies".

Keeping that dance in mind and remembering that formal dances by far surpass the informal, let the committees for dances in the future decide whether they are going to be responsible for the best, or for the mediocre dances. On with the dance.

G. A. H.

Perseverance Business teaches that perseverance brings greater results than almost any other quality. If you are never idle, never waste your time, but keep yourself continually active in your work, it will count for more than anything else.

Look about you among the people you know. You will find that the successful individuals are the ones who have a definite object in view and keep plugging away at it early and late, wasting no time in trivial gossip or senseless dissipation, but devoting all their waking moments to the work that they have before them.

Whatever you start out to do—do. Never give up. Keep at it and you are bound to succeed sooner or later.

Do not lose courage or grow weary. Many men have failed who would have succeeded, had they only held out a little longer. Thousands of men are almost successful. The only reason they are not is because they give up before they reach the goal of their desires.

Think of Columbus when he was searching for the New World. The crew on his ship became discouraged. They lost all hope. They insisted on going back. They wanted to give up the work that was so important, and which already had taken a great deal of money and time, but Columbus would not give up. He promised them that, if they would give him three more days, if land was not sighted, he would turn back, and before the time had expired he had discovered America. And it was all due to the perseverance in the face of a threatened mutiny and rebellion by his crew. If he had lost hope, he would have failed when success was almost within reach.

When you make up your mind to do a thing, take hold of the task with a grasp that knows no weakening, and hang on through thick and thin in spite of all the obstacles and you will surely get the desired results. It is just this sort of perseverance which has many a time pulled success out of apparent failure, and it is a fine manly quality.

L. A. B.

Democracy "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This is my idea of democracy."—A. Lincoln.

Those words are certainly full of meaning. They go to the heart of what a democracy should be. A man who appreciates and believes in the ideals signified by those words is certainly a true democrat.

Men whose concepts of democracy conform to Lincoln's are men we need today. Not men whose politics are self-centered, and whose speeches aim to make less obscure their author's individual excellencies, but men who set a goal and strive upward toward it, making the path easier for those who follow after and are guided by them.

In the past there have been slaves. The French, slaves of a line of despots, struggled, arose to power, and then abused their power. There have also been masters. How many masters have been solicitous for those beneath them; solicitous in the unselfish sense of the word?

The middle ground, the golden mean, is almost invariably found to be the best. So it is with politics. Put the question to yourselves. How many are willing to be ground as slaves under the heel of oppression? How many of you, if you are human, will crack the whip to see another human crawl?

Does not Lincoln's view of democracy express a true brotherhood, a true love of mankind? If we

were all democrats of his type, how much poorer a vocation would military men find themselves possessed of! How the instruments of war would rot and rust away! How little thought would be given to constructive naval programs!

Perhaps it may be objected that Lincoln himself, though imbued with these ideals, was a prominent participant in the most destructive war in which the United States has ever been. But I answer that his ideals did not of themselves bring about the war, but that the existence in others of contrary, incorrect principles made necessary the protection of the truths which his ideals embodied.

Military men demand that students learn mistakes made in past wars in order to avoid the repetition of those mistakes in coming wars. It would be well, if from other sources of instruction, emphasis were placed upon the mistakes made in the application of democratic principles in the past, in order to recognize and correct these same violations at present.

Did I have a bolder nature, and were I better informed, I would cite for you current examples, illustrating that democracy is misconceived and misapplied at the present time.

Would it not befit us, as college men, to absorb some good, comprehensive definition of democracy, to carry about with us for ready reference?

I maintain that Lincoln's definition is an excellent one; comprehensive enough to permit a broad outlook, restrictive enough to allow us to detect error when we see it. Let us pay tribute to him in this month, the anniversary of his birth, by taking his ideal of a democracy as our own.

J. B.

Our New Gymnasium

The Alumni Associations throughout the various cities in which the University of Dayton is represented, have heard the call of their "**Alma Mater**" for the erection of a new and proper gymnasium to adorn our campus.

The Chicago Unit, under the noble leadership of **Ned Grimes**, may well be termed the hub of our great alumni wheel. The members of this unit are to be congratulated upon their undying efforts to launch this worthy campaign.

Alumni from all other cities have firmly placed their shoulders to the wheel of progress, and at present it is just a matter of time until the ground will be broken for this deserving enterprise.

A loyal Alumni Association is the keynote of a successful University. A school cannot and will not exist without staunch and loyal alumni, and a school will only be as large and successful as is the interest of its alumni association. They are responsible for the buildings that glorify its campus, for the students enrolled upon its register and for the type of athlete that represents its school.

The "**Fearless Order of Moots**" with their exemplification of loyalty, spirit and sacrifice are an inspiration to the graduating class and students of this school.

Commencement Day is your first day as an alumnus. Make yourself worthy of this name and honor, and support every endeavor of your alumni unit from that day on, and forever, always remembering that **your Alma Mater** will ever be as large and successful as is the interest you take in its movements, and the support you lend to its activities.

T. D.

X-Chang-S

By John Will, Editor

The work of conducting an exchange department becomes rather complex at times, with half a hundred publications challenging for comment. We cast about for some short cut, for some practical basis on which to establish our comment. In just such a mood did we find ourselves at the beginning of this review; the exchanges were many and so good that we were loath to slight a single one. What to do?

At this perplexing point we had one of our sesquicentennial illuminating ideas, and dug up a mouldy copy of the first volume of this official organ of Universitas Daytonensis. There we found, pertinent to the establishment of the Exponent Exchange Department, a worthy editorial entitled

"Aim and Scope of An Exchange Department", by our first exman, Edward Schoen, '03, of Chicago. Here was real meat.

Echo From the Past

The editorial by Mr. Schoen said: "An Exchange Department has many advantages, both for the college paper and for the exchange editor. It gives the former a place among college journals and the latter an excellent training for the development of the critical mind, which is no mean faculty. But, there is no good without some admixture of evil, and the exchange department is no exception. Some people are inclined to stigmatize the system of Exchanges as "a mutual admiration society". No

doubt, they have some reason for giving vent to such an utterance. Every honest minded man, who has a moderate experience in college journalism, will admit that something of the sort makes its appearance in a few college papers, at least, in one or the other. Utilitarianism is so prevalent in all the walks of life not to have invaded the domain of college journalism."

"On the other hand, some prospective critics go to the opposite extreme. They take up a severely critical attitude. It must be borne in mind that college journalism has no pretensions to the honors of first-class literature. It represents the tentative efforts of students whose diction and style have not reached mature development. Consequently it will admit of shortcomings not to be condoned in more pretentious works."

"Furthermore, the exchange editor must possess a wideness of intelligence beyond his years. It is a task, even for a great mind, to review some twenty or thirty college journals, and, for a single man, in the short space of a few hours, to mete out just criticism upon what has taken a hundred heads days and weeks of assiduous labor to produce, is close to impossible. Of course the exchange editor might do like the professional critic, of whom it is related that he reviewed twenty or thirty books a day, and still had time to spare. 'How is that possible?' asked his friend. 'Very simple', replied the critic; 'just read the index, or if there is none, the first and last pages, glance at the illustrations, and then dash off something. It goes, and people take it for cash.' We do not mean to say that any exchange editor is so inconsiderate as this, yet the danger is there."

"A careful editor can, however, reap all the advantages of an exchange department without any of the disadvantages. What he must bear in mind is this: too much praise is flattery; too little, injustice; too much censure is iconoclasm; too little, cowardice or weak indulgence. At all events he must avoid excess in both directions, lest, in steering clear of Scylla, he run against Charybdis. As in most cases the 'aurea mediocritas' of Horace is the safest way:

*'Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.'*

Such is the course our exchange editor will endeavor to follow. His motto is: 'In medio stat virtus.'

Thus '03 advocates a middle course which is safe and sane, but to our mind a trifle boresome. Personally we desire a little enthusiasm in our work, and a middle course attitude never could play the fiddle while enthusiasm danced down the column. Dancing is right in accord with our present mood. Our fellow exchanges have loosened up, due, no doubt, to the Christmas spirit prevailing at the time,

and we are, as a consequence, the recipient of some pertinent criticism. For the benefit of our students who may read this, we shall allow a few tidbits from these criticisms to reflect here.

Exponent Is Criticised

The **Boston College Stylus**, a welcome newcomer to our exchange this month, reprints the "airy bit" called Gifts by the pseudonymous Dibs Ellaway. This poem appeared in the December issue. The funny part of it is that we do not really know who Ellaway is, except that he is contributing good verse to the Exponent and is proven to be a student. Any student possessing information on this Mysterious Unknown should come to the Exponent sanctum secretly at midnight and deliver, then collect the nickel-plated toothpick for reward.

The **St. Joseph Collegian** says that "while the appearance and the form of the October Exponent are highly praiseworthy, its content is partially disappointing. Naturally, for a university journal, our standard of criticism is markedly higher than for a High School paper. The editorials, exchanges and poems measure up well to this standard, but the stories and essays fall short of it, due, we believe, to the lack of care on the part of the writers." Well do we know the truth of that last criticism! We are glad to see that the Collegian Exchange is pushing its pen with discernment.

The **Academia** from Portland, Oregon, thinks that "the University of Dayton Exponent while, on the whole, very well written, presents an uninteresting impression because of its rather drab color. We think that if this magazine could be issued in a more compact form with a more attractive cover it would be greatly improved. The poems are all very pretty. We mention 'Autumn' because it expresses nature's wonders delightfully."

From **St. Vincent College** comes criticism that we value because this exman has the keenest mind and best attuned pen of all the editors we have read this year. Read it for yourself:

"An essay, 'The Value of a Library to a University', is a clear-headed avocation of scholastic bibliothecas. Well written, without the customary fanfare of rhetoric that such topics are apt to provoke. The story for the month next drew our attention. Frankly, we will confess that 'Friendly Enemies' to us seemed woefully weak as to plot. In fact, we are inclined to regard it in the light of a subtle allegory to which we have no key, or as a scathing satire on the banal texture of the average football story, rather than as a dyed-in-the-wool tale. There is a poem, 'Autumn', that we can without compromise pronounce excellent. Two lines are especially striking—

'To drag your feet among the leaves,

To wade knee deep with swishing noise.'

This is enough to tempt a bed-ridden invalid to take a sylvan stroll."

"Chesterton's critic in this issue presented us with some new sidelights on the Prince of Paradox."

"We would not have you think for a moment that we are of the type who voluntarily read Music Reviews, but being obligated by our present office to peruse the one in this issue, we discovered, to our amazement, that even prosaic laymen like ourselves can be entertained by a dissertation on the Muse! The review is splendidly written. In fact, we read it twice. Honestly!"

"The Exchange is stamped all over with the delightful individuality of the writer. The page is asparkle with an inimitable suaveness that one might inquire for in vain in the ordinary exchange. Monthlies like this make the Exman's work a joy. Let there be no delay in the delivery of the next issue of the Exponent."

Now we shall toss the critical ball ourselves.

The Laurel

St. Bonaventure has a systematic method of conducting staff appointments. Each editor takes unto himself an assistant who is trained for the following year. Everyone serving for three years on the staff is awarded the Laurel Key as a mark of honor. This is something that the Exponent could well use. But we think three years is too long.

We have both November and December issues of the Laurel before us. They excel in short stories and essays, but the poetry we found pretty bad. "Autumn at St. Bona's" was too stereotyped, and the single author of the trio, "Home Again, Mother and Sing a Song" must have thought he was dashing off matter for "blues" or "mammy" songs. He should try for originality.

The author of the article on Sophocles offends by lengthy paragraphing. One paragraph alone ran for two whole pages. "Please Pass the Cranberries" was a fine story, but its title failed in the fundamental purpose of a title, namely to tell what the story is about. The author of "Why and How Mediaeval Philosophy Fell and How Modern Philosophy Arose" tried to cram a mountain into a teacup.

We like the clever cut used as a heading for the Exchange Department. The idea of connecting the Exchange with the pawnbrokers' three balls is great. We only hope that, like the pawnbroker, this Exchange does not take in things of value and give out nothing in return. The conductor of this "pawn shop" should develop a more interesting style which, added to his good judgment, would make his department the best in the magazine.

Dayton lost to the Quantico Marines by one touchdown and we notice that the Bonas gave in

thirty-two to nothing. The Laurel is well blessed with ads but is not so fortunate in its cover.

The Academia

This is the best high school magazine we have seen. The poetry is remarkable considering the age of the writers. The prose, however, has not the depth and development of collegiate authorship.

A Sparkler

"Sparkling" is the word that jumps to our mind after reading the December and January issues of the St. Vincent College Journal. The minds of the writers are as consistently alive as radio-activity. Take the short stories, for instance. "A Christmas Episode" is almost professional in interest and smoothness. "A Casual Contingency" has versatility and yet unity, too. How are these for plays on words: gelid alidity, incipient icicle? These and many more the writer of the latter story included as proof of his versatility. The author would make a good poet, we think.

"Gargoyles of French Gothic Cathedrals" supplied us with knowledge and entertainment on a subject about which we were always in the dark. Taking hold of a difficult subject, the author made it read like a story. "Scoring on a Single", "The Pipes That Panned", and "Anent Avocations" were all very clever stories but we did not like the slang in the first. We were delighted with the novel arrangement of the two poetry pages, and impressed with the excellence of the poetry itself. The authors seem old hands at the game.

The editorials are many and pertinent, and reflect an active student mind. School, alumni, athletic and humorous notes were all written in easy, sparkling style. Here we have come to the end of our review with scarcely one word of blame, which is exactly as we saw this excellent publication, one of the best we have ever received.

The Stylus

Paul Moorman, of the Sports Department, read the Boston College Stylus and says of it: "Of the featured articles Alex Pope—Romanticist, by Nicholas Wells, strikes me as foremost, whether it be merely for the color it contains or the style in which it is written; to say the least it was very instructive. Mr. Newton in treating Shaw—Rebel of the Theater is convincingly reasonable. Of the poems 'The Firefly' waxes of the beautiful and is cleverly descriptive."

The poetry of the Stylus is of the futuristic style with much love of startling and connotative words and little verse and rhyme. We do not like this type of verse so well. Kelly and Tracy are prolific poets. The Story of the Banshee was not very con-

vincing but it interested us. We wondered why Wells chose to paint Pope as a romanticist until we found out that the author was in love himself and hence inclined to include even the lemon-flavored Pope in his own suffused glow. In spite of the article, we still believe that Pope was the opposite of romantic. We commend Easy Payments for its unity of thought, something often lacking in collegiate prose and we found its Russian style very powerful.

We like the Exchange Department. It is not dry and parrot-like, a common failing of exchanges. Wonder of wonders, the Alumni are chronicled in an interesting style! Congratulations, Stylus. We like the classic cover and golden paper too.

Purple and Gold

The first issue of this magazine that we have handled this year has a few nuggets and much unnecessary gravel. The nuggets include all the poetry, also Cor Ad Cor Loquitur, which is an instructive and compact tracing of essay development, and Aesthetic Education. Francois was the best article although it was rather choppy. An Age-old Phenomenon in Modern Garb could have been cut in half, for it took the author half of the article to come to the point. The Chronicle is too lengthy and Alumni Notes are too meagre in facts and names. The Tattler has too much of the everlasting pun and the Exchange offers no real help to exchanges because the writer never descended to particulars but kept his head far in the clouds.

Canisius

In this Monthly we heartily approve of everything except the use of the block paragraphing in the Alumni Section. We would certainly like to meet the author of "Revolt on the Campus", because his style is convulsing. We said "Who cares about that"? after reading Nique Cartere. Poetics of Newman gave us a beneficial jolt. All five poems in this issue were good.

St. Joseph

We suspect the January Collegian of a subtle reproof when its Exchange denies responsibility for certain remarks about "exchange warfare". We were one of the exchanges approving of the old time style. But we, in turn, will do a little hedging by stating that we were not approving a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, but rather a fearless stating of the truth. So many exmen indulge in smiling, inaninities only. Which is better: congratulatory love taps or analytical error-seeking that carries the jolt of truth? Mention what pleases you but tell the truth also about what you do not like.

Shadows

This publication from Creighton is the most commercial appearing college magazine we have yet seen. A photograph of a campus scene is on the cover. It has those interest-whetting synopses, boxed off in the article, for most of the contributions. It runs contests, with real money prizes, to "betray students into creation" as an editorial puts it. It uses the "continued on page 35" system of the bigger magazines. It even has the latest highly colored Camel ad on the rear cover. We do not like its collecting of all poetry into one section. This spoils novelty and surprise for the magazine. The Shadows appeals to popularity as McCall's and Collier's and the like do, rather than as Century and Atlantic Monthly.

Others

The Dial looks interesting but we shall not comment on it until there is a chance for us to receive some comment in return. It has no exchange.

The Alumni Notes of the St. Louis Collegian from Honolulu contains some familiar names: Sheriff Patrick Gleason, Arthur Freitas, contractor, Walter Achieu, August Cabrinha and Theodore Freitas, newlywed. But McColgan, Robello, and Hennessey would be surprised to learn that they are "regular backfield—pipikaula, rah, rah!"

Capital Chimes contains no departments of any kind, not even editorials, but is devoted solely to literature of a pure, scholastic type that is smoothly written and interesting.

We notice that the December fifteenth issue of the Cardinal and White, Chaminade College, is dedicated to our own revered President in memory of the retreat he preached December fifth to eighth. What a busy and capable man is our leader!

Observations

Before we give over the critical ball to Culley, we have a few observations to make. There seems to be quite an interest of late in the Greek drama. Quite a few colleges are including articles on Sophocles, Aeschylus and the other masters. Newman is also interesting the modern collegian. Exchange Editors are hard to rely upon. St. Vincent thinks that Brighter Than Stars in the St. Benedict Quarterly is the best short story it has received, whereas the St. Bonaventure Laurel says that its construction is too even, and asks for better character delineation. Luckily we did not see the magazine in question so we need not commit ourselves. The poetry seems to be improving considerably and so are the short stories.

Bits About 'Em

By Gerald A. Herbison and John C. Bruck

The first finished pictures received from the Van Dkye Studio went to Pop Nunn. We have no comment to make. Just this one behest; put your order in early girls lest you be left. Well, anyhow they are good pictures and why shouldn't they be.

John Gerlach, our basso de excellance, physical culturist and erstwhile student, has once more left his old pals and friends. He will not soon be forgotten for he leaves behind him a fine and admirable reputation. We all wish him a bright and successful future.

Brother Bodie made a general shake-up in the dining hall. The heavy eaters are now at the other end of the hall and keeping Jim Reed mighty busy supplying them with seconds. Messrs. Bauman and Hamilton, roommates in St. Josephs, are the only ones that are kicking over the change; it seems that they are too close together to have time to eat and argue in the allotted hour. Get along, boys.

Bill S. of the sophomore pre-meds has been working long and methodically over his dog fish and he is now just about ready to make use of some of the C_2H_5OH that he has been distilling in the lab. We are not supposed to make any logical deductions from this Bits About 'Em. Just be glad that you're not in Bill's shoes and keep a watchful eye on him.

George Freitas and his Hawaiians, known all over Dayton and the surrounding country, were the entertainers of the Pattersons a short time back. George and his boys are earning a reputation which is justly due them, and which is in a way helping to bring U. D. to the foreground in another field.

Our Tommy Gallagher is feeling much better now. He returned from his home a short time ago after a visit to his mother who was very low. We are all glad for Tommy and we hope that mother will soon be on the high road to health.

Ralph Shanahan, one of our Freshies, has been somewhat inconvenienced by a sprained ankle. He has managed to discard one of his crutches and we'll all be glad to see him send the other one back to

the infirmary just as soon as possible. And by the way, Ralph's mother and dad have been making weekly visits to see how their boy is coming along. Don't worry, folks, your boy has the grit.

Just in recognition of the fine dance sponsored by the R. O. T. C. we take this occasion to congratulate the committeemen: Stallkamp, Althoff, Costello, Miller and Marshall. Fine work, fellows.

The Glee Club, through Pete Rau, wishes to let the Moots know that they are very grateful for the splendid lay-out received at the K. of C. on the day of the big entertainment.

Paul Frisz, another one of our industrious boys, ever on the alert and making use of every opportunity, is at the present pulling the strings for a big representation at Wittenberg on the 24th. Success is already his for he has proved his ability by past performance.

We hate to give Joe Stermer so much publicity in this column, but it just can't be helped. This time we are compelled to make mention of the fact that the Freshman president had his sister, Virginia, here for the Military Ball.

Joe Schneider, former cheer leader and brother to Nicholas, the esthetic dancer, has returned to resume his studies in the engineering department. Perseverance—that's Joe.

Dickson Burrows made quite an impression on the boys. We hope to hear him soon again and we must compliment him on his compositions.

Somehow or other we overlooked one of the Prep coaches in the last issue. Now is the time to give Charley Maxwell a hand. He is coaching the Sophs and is making a good job of it.

Andy Cunningham, one of the publicity staff and clever contributor to this issue, tells us that when Ray J. approached the microphone at Memorial Hall, one of the audience rushed out to call up the family to inform them that the program was on the air; mighty realistic—thanks for the scoop, Andy.

Alumni Notes

By Robert D. McClear and William P. Keane

After freezing our ears up here in Ohio for the past two weeks, we are inclined to think that Harry Busch, '95, is not having such a bad time of it down under the Southern sun in Central and South America. Regards, and best wishes for a pleasant vacation, Harry.

"Activity" that is the secret of Chicago's success. When Ed Schoen was here the past week he brought his skates along to keep in training. Right now let us point out one of the advantages of being an athlete. If the trains are held up by King Winter you can always skate home. Give our regards to the boys at Chi, Ed., and drop around soon again.

We note with pleasure that the Weigand-Poepelmeier Corporation is moving into new quarters the first of the month. The firm will occupy the Davis building on Linden Avenue. Best wishes for your continued success.

An extended tour of North America is being planned by Francis Hagan, '25, and Auggie Cabrinha, '27. Frank is going to make his home in sunny California, while Cabby is returning to his home in Hawaii. Although we shall soon be miles apart, we can never forget you boys. Keep in touch with us while on your trip.

One of the most regular visitors at the U is Father Oberlander, '15, of Middletown. We are always glad to see you, Father, and only wish that all the old grads were as faithful as you are in returning to Alma Mater.

Dick Snelling, '27, the pride of Professor O'Leary's class, returned for a short visit during the past week. Dick played with the Washington Senators last season and will either go back there again or accept one of the many attractive offers he is now receiving.

The many friends of Frank "Puff" O'Brien, '27, of Steubenville, who has been seriously ill at his home, will be glad to learn that he is convalescing satisfactorily. Puff, old boy, you have our best wishes for a speedy and sure recovery.

When big league ball players join the Marines it is time for the other branches of the service to

look to their laurels. And this is just what happened recently. Billy Scales, '25, played major league ball for two seasons and then answered the call of the colors, and now we find him commanding a platoon in Nicaragua. Success, Bill! In the future our money is going to be put on the Marines. Let the Exponent hear of your experiences with the Devil Dogs.

Mr. V. A. Joseph, of Columbus, who graduated from here in '20, made a call on Brother Fred within the past week. It was his first visit since his graduation and he expressed surprise at all the improvements made since he left. That is only a start though, V. A. Just wait and see how fast things move within the next few years.

Messrs. Rudolph G. Schneble and Frank McCormick, classmates of '88, divulged a choice bit of news to the editor, and we feel that you should be let in on the secret. Both men are interested in the progress of their Alma Mater, and are thoroughly alive to her every new venture. Their latest plan is to assemble their class in Dayton for the Commencement in June. This will mark an epoch in the annals of the University, for it will be the first time in her history that an entire class assembled in Dayton at a date so far removed from their graduation. Plans are well under way, and thus far only three men have not been located: Tom Hefling, of Montana, Tom McDonnell, of New Orleans, and John C. Wolf, of New York City. Can you give us any information about them?

A very interesting letter was received recently from our old friend, Johnnie Morrissey, '26. John answered the call of the briney deep and is now serving Uncle Sam aboard the U. S. S. California. He informed us that he will go on furlough the fifteenth of this month and hopes to see many of his old pals during his leave of absence. Don't think for a minute, Jack, that we won't be glad to see you. Drop into our office and sit at your old desk and help us spin yarns.

During the past month Mr. and Mrs. Mark Thompson, paid a short visit to Dr. Wholleben, Dean in the College of Engineering. Mark graduated from the Engineering Department with the class of '20. He is presently city chemist at St. Louis, and has direct supervision of all the asphalt

work done there. His business address is 300 City Hall, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Thompson is always glad to see "the old familiar faces", so drop in on him boys.

Our baseball manager of last year, Paul McClellan, did not accept the contract offered by the N. Y. Yankees as many of the students thought he would do. Instead he is assistant professor of Chemistry at Cornell, where he is pursuing a course of study leading to a Ph. D. Go to it, Paul, your old friends are pulling for you.

John J. Gerlach, Jr., president of the Dayton University Alumni Association in Pittsburgh, was a recent visitor at the school. Mr. Gerlach has the distinction of having attended every meeting of the club since its organization in 1920. He has held

every office in the organization he was instrumental in founding. He spoke very optimistically about the coming year, and we feel sure that if it is not the best in the history of the Alumni of the Smoky City it will not be Mr. Gerlach's fault.

The Exponent magazine on behalf of the faculty and the student body extends to the Varley family its sympathy on the death of William E. Varley, an alumnus of our school. Bill will be long remembered for his stellar playing with the old St. Mary's Cadets. He died unexpectedly on January 27 and was buried from Sacred Heart Church, Dayton, Ohio.

University Chronicle

By Robert C. Bergk

Military Hop The annual dance, given by members of the Officers' Club of the R. O. T. C. Unit of the University, was held at the Miami Hotel ballroom, the evening of February the third, and enjoyed the biggest success of any event undertaken by this organization.

The hall was attractively decorated in the school colors and music was provided by Cliff Curtner's orchestra.

The Officers of the University and their wives acted as chaperones and members of the Organized Reserves of Dayton and members of the staff at Wilbur Wright Field attended.

Colonel Harris, commander of the Fifth Corps Area, was the guest of honor.

All those who attended were attired in military uniforms or in evening dress, which gave a very pleasing appearance to the affair.

A. S. C. E. The local chapter of the American Society of Civil Engineers held a meeting, February the seventeenth, in the Alumni Hall clubroom, where they were addressed by Joseph Donisi and Leslie Conley, who gave very interesting talks on subjects pertaining to the courses they were taking up in their work.

Father Kuhlman On Wednesday afternoon, February the fifteenth, Father Kuhlman, who annually offers a prize to the student of the University, who writes the best essay on the historical subject he chooses, addressed the members of the history department and others interested in the

contest, on the subject he has chosen for this year's competition, "The Development of Alaska Under the United States". Father Kuhlman gave his reasons for choosing this subject and the way he wanted it treated.

Holy Name Rally At the last general rally of the Sodality units held in the University Chapel, on the morning of January the twenty-fifth, the assembled students were addressed by Father Bernard Robers, pastor of Our Lady of Good Hope, of Miamisburg, who gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the correct uses of the Holy Name and how the work of the Holy Name Society can be spread and how some of the abuses to which it is subjected can be remedied.

Glee Club Frolic The first public appearance of the first University of Dayton Glee Club, was held the evening of February the 6th, under the direction of Professor Daniel W. Donovan, at Memorial Hall.

To say that the program was a success is to put it mildly as the audience was very well pleased with the selections offered, and the second half of the program, which was devoted to a Minstrel, was received with wild acclaim.

For a first attempt, the work of the Glee Club was phenomenal, to say the least, and too much credit cannot be given the members, themselves, Mr. Donovan, and all those who helped put it across, especially the Monogram Club.

Music Review

By Theodore H. Hoffman

Civic Music League Concert

On Tuesday evening, January 17, 1928, Ernest Hutcheson, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist, presented the fourth concert of the Civic Music League of the season. In the first place, we want to say that we saw many of the students of the University there and we hope that they enjoyed it. The program was good but a little too classical. A more popular program would have been appreciated much better and would have been much more interesting.

Mr. Hutcheson and Mr. Thibaud both opened the program, Mr. Hutcheson accompanying Mr. Thibaud in his rendition of the Sonata in F major by Beethoven, in four movements. This number as we have stated before was a bit heavy and needed a great amount of concentration in order to follow it through. We think that Jacques Thibaud is a great violinist and in his hands the violin becomes an instrument capable of producing the most beautiful harmonies and pleasing melodies. It is a strange thing to see two major artists, or rather I should say, see one major artist accompany another as Mr. Hutcheson did in this first number. Mr. Hutcheson displayed a true spirit of co-operation in doing this and, in my estimation, is to be commended.

The next number of selections consisted of three compositions of Chopin, namely Fantasia, Valse in E Minor and the Etude in A minor. As we all know, Chopin was a master in the technique of piano playing and his pieces reflect this art. Hence the appearance of them on any program, shows to the audience more the technique of the artist, and has this for its purpose more than the beauty of the piece. Mr. Hutcheson played the very numbers we would expect him to play. He is a teacher, primarily, and consequently his purpose is to instruct rather than to please, or rather a combination of the two, hence his presentation of the Chopin numbers. He is a master of the keyboard. Each note is played or touched in just the exact way, the way in order to secure the best results. We see no faulty shading, no weakness of different fingers, namely the fourth fingers, which are somewhat sluggish and require more practice in order to make them respond in the same manner and at the same time as the others. These Chopin numbers showed the great dexterity that he has acquired in his long years of practice.

This is the second time that Mr. Hutcheson has been to Dayton, and I believe he was more appreciated this time than before.

N. C. R. Concert

Before beginning to comment on the concert which we heard at the N. C. R., we think it would not be amiss to open this review with a quotation we saw on the program of the Estelle Gray-Lhevinne concert. It was taken from Thackeray and read as follows:

"Music is irresistible, its charities are countless; it stirs the feeling of love, peace and friendship as scarce any mortal agent can do."

To me this was an interesting thought concerning music, and I hope it will find as much favor with our readers as it did with me.

This third concert of the free course sponsored by the N. C. R. for the benefit, pleasure and instruction of the people of Dayton consisted of a program played by Estelle Gray-Lhevinne, considered by some as the world's greatest woman violinist. The concert was held at the N. C. R. Schoolhouse on Sunday, January 22, 1928, at 3 p. m.

"Mme. Gray-Lhevinne's entire musical education was won by a series of scholarships. At the age of eight she gave her first unassisted violin recital to an audience of fifteen hundred persons at the Alhambra Theatre in San Francisco, California. At this time she played the entire Mendelssohn concerto from memory with orchestral accompaniment. By the time she was sixteen she had won New York with a series of recitals at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was at this time that Theodore Roosevelt said of her: 'You have absorbed the message of your great West. I knew you must have practiced in the open, in sight of the great mountains, because of the breadth shown in the strength and virility of your bowing.' At seventeen she made her first trans-continental tour. Before she reached the age of twenty this vivid violinist had had a two-years' successful tour of European art centers. She was asked to accept a life membership in the Cleveland Musical Association, an honor bestowed upon few women—the other life members are Walter Damrosch, Mischa Ellman, Schumann-Heink, Leonard Lieb-ling (Editor of the Musical Courier), Ossi Gabrilowitsch, Margared Matzenauer, Josef Hofmann, Reinald Werrenrath, Frieda Hempel, Tito Schipa, Galli-Curci and Rachmaninoff. She has perhaps a greater army of followers than any other woman musician."

The program was divided into four groups and to my opinion was extremely interesting and much appreciated and understood by the audience. Mme. Gray-Lhevinne usually gave a short synopsis of each piece before playing it, which greatly facilitated interpretation by the audience.

University Spotlight

By Ray Jay Grdina and Paul A. Moorman

Mry Dear Friend Pam:

After repeated entreaties on the part of our mutual and dear friend, the editor, I have finally decided that the time is now ripe for me to burst into another fit of typewriteritis, and answer your last letter.

* * *

And now that I have that rather lengthy preamble out of my system, I shall dispense with all further compliments and slams and proceed to the matters on hand.

* * *

HEY! HEY! Guess it looks as if we have a real bucketball team wearing the Red and Blue this year, what say? Since you last exerted yourself in penning me a missile of love, the Varsity has accomplished the noble feat of chalking up five more wins and dropping but one.

* * *

All of which brings their present record up to six wins and one defeat in (6 plus 1 equals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7) seven starts. Which, incidentally, (Honestly now, don't I just SLAY these big words?) is the best performance any Dayton court five has turned in since the days when basketball was THE sport at the U.

* * *

So I guess it will be all right (I was going to use "appropriate", but I don't want to show you up) for us to doff the headcoverings to Captain "Wop" Debesis and his gang and promise them that if they keep up the present pace, we'll put their pictures in the Annual.

* * *

The boys surely are going strong. They started off by taking over Defiance, Wittenberg, Antioch, Wilmington, and Bowling Green in their first five tilts. Laugh that one off!

* * *

Then came a flock of bad breaks. Shorty sprains an ankle, Johnny Ladner, scorer extraordinaire goes and gets his shooting eye bummed up, just when the outfit is tackling Ohio Wesleyan, one of the Conference's toughest.

* * *

With Johnny and Shorty each partially disabled the team nose-dives into a little slump and we have to drop a tough one to that Wesleyan outfit. Wouldn't that frost your appetite?

And to make matters worse, we don't play them again this year. You know I honestly do believe that when right we can make those Wesleyan cagers like it. I HONestly DO!

* * *

Still off form, the Flyers managed to call Bluffton's bluff and take them into camp. Then swinging back into their natural stride, Coach Fitzpatrick's athletes journeyed north, to the barbarian precincts of Columbus to give Capital College a little private lesson in the art of passing that ball around, and scoring buckets.

* * *

This Capital aggregation were disposed to "rough it up", but all it got them was a flock of fouls.

* * *

I'm sorry, Pam, but that is all the Varsity basketball news that I can slip you now, but don't fret, everything comes to him who waits, even Dayton street cars.

* * *

I suppose you've heard rumors of it, floating around the campus, but in case you haven't I just want to tell you that the Intramural Indoor Football—I mean Intramural Basketball League—has gotten under way with two ambulances, four doctors, five nurses in attendance.

* * *

So far, no serious casualties have been reported, other than that the Seniors have trimmed everything in sight, without the use of firearms. And next in line come the Frosh Day Students.

* * *

The Seniors surely have a real outfit. Look 'em over, and don't try to crack wise. Jock McGarry, Herb Hart, Jimmy Grace, Sammy Hipa, Matt Martzluff and Linus Boeke.

* * *

I don't know how true it is, but I've heard mention that our old friend, Harry C. Baujan, who has charge of all the Intramural activities is going to let the rest of the teams use baseball bats when they play the Seniors. Sounds fair enough, doesn't it?

Well, I guess that is just about all the goods on the shelf, so I'll just close shop.

Yours for bigger and better basketball scores.

RAY JAY.

P. S.—Did you hear that Dean Arns is composing a song to be played on the Adding Machine? It goes something like this: "You may be an addition to your family but you're of no account to me."

Dear Ray Jay:

Just don't know whether we should turn this column into a proverbial Chi. Trib. Wake of News or not, but anyway the faithful ed, was saying such things as "Help! Help." this morning, and furthermore stating that you were afflicted with a case of lazonc quitasia.

* * *

Even though we are not champion of the world we are in the wake just the same.

* * *

That was very nice of you to write me so promptly as you did, but as you now are reading, you can also see how very prompt I am. In fact, this just reached the printer before he started to work on your newsy epistle.

* * *

There is nothing like having help though, is there, Ray Jay? Yes, I saw that in one of the dailies not so long ago, our friend Mr. Kendall was assisting you in your fistic descriptions so much that Mr. Kendal wrote the entire story himself.

* * *

How did you like the Glee Club frolic? Well, in your capacity of radio announcer, I heard more

than one excellent compliment and therefore deem you an asset to this Exponent.

* * *

But one more home game remains on the Varsity sked, this being with Assumption on February 22. Then the team will have to finish up their season's assignment with four contests without the help of local "color".

* * *

I notice that since the drug stores are selling tires the Dry Cleaning establishments are advertising eggs.

* * *

The five cage stars of Dayton University's whizzing basketball team, Lensch, Ladner, Sharpenter, Wilcox and Debesis have started seven out of eight games so far this year for the Red and Blue. The lone game in which all did not begin together was the Wesleyan fray in which Ed Lange replaced Shorty because the tall center had a bad ankle.

* * *

Hear that the football team will start Spring activities about March 1, and that the Freshmen received numerals.

* * *

Here is a banner which appeared in the Black and Magenta, "Fight at Miami Followed by Heidelberg Here".

* * *

Now that we are both scheduled to write this Sportlight for March, I hope that our anniversary number will be the best ever. I know it will.

Here's to your health,

PAM.

Handygrams by Andy

By Andy Cunningham

It happened in a restaurant on the Varsity's recent trip to Capital. One of the boys ordered a ham sandwich and upon its delivery it was found to be lacking the ham what 'am. The purchaser was enraged, and returning the so-called ham sandwich to the proprietor, he said: "Shuffle them again Joe, I got the joker that time."

* * *

Don't you all think ma Pat played a good game?

* * *

What I'd like to know is just what caused that pretty co-ed at Capital to return handsome Eddie's sweatshirt to him personally. Look out, Fitz, or little Dan will be nipping one off the squad!

* * *

How can bowling be such a fine sport when it is played in the alleys and gutters?

* * *

Commenting on the recent Glee Club Frolic reminds me of a polka-dot dress. It had its nice spots.

* * *

There is a rumor in the campus atmosphere that the Frosh are actually going to be awarded their '31 football numerals. How about it, athletic board? They surely earned them.

* * *

Did you ever hear of the girl who was so dumb she thought the St. Louis Cardinals were appointed by the Pope?

* * *

On the left are the bones of Joe McHoax,
He endeavored to spring original jokes.

* * *

After viewing the pyramids on the third floor of Alumni, the writer has the idea that several of our residents might be of Egyptian descent.

* * *

English Professor: "And if you ever need any mistletoe all you have to do is go down South and pick it off the trees."

Student: "Aw, we don't need that old time stuff."

* * *

A pair of tights—two drunks.

* * *

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer?

Well Warren wrote "Now and Then"; Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning"; but Dickens wrote "All the Year 'Round".

Every thing in this world is divided equally. The rich man has his twin six while the poor man has his six twins.

* * *

Scene. In front of the Hippotamus cage at the zoo.

Little Willie: "Daddy, is that Lon Chaney?"

The Old Man: "Hush, child, the animal might hear you."

* * *

Preacher: "Would you care to join in the new Missionary movement?"

Flapper: "I'm just crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?"—Ex.

* * *

Lives of editors all remind us

That their lives are not sublime,

And how they work none can tell

To get the EXPONENT out on time.

* * *

"Ten-thirty and all is well", sang the prefect. But that was during the Christmas holidays.

* * *

The Mechanical Age

First Student: "Hi' Speed."

Second Student: "Lo' Gear."

* * *

Physics Teacher: "What is it that pervades all space which no wall or door or other substance can shut out?"

Student: "The smell of onions."

* * *

Chemistry Prof.: "What is the formula for water?"

Freshman: "H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O."

Prof.: "Where did you get all that?"

Frosh: "Well, yesterday you said it was H to O."

* * *

On viewing the picture of the "Southern Moon" in Wilcox's apartment, we were impressed with its beauty and inquired if there was any difference between a Southern Moon and a Northern Moon. Quoth Pat: "As far as the moon itself is concerned there is no difference, but there is a big difference in the moonshine."

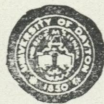
* * *

Two Frosh from St. Joe's were watching an upper classman getting his hair singed at the barbers.

"Gee", said one to the other, "he's hunting 'em with a light."

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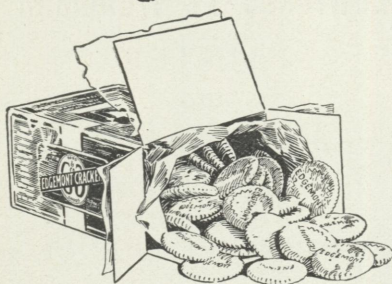
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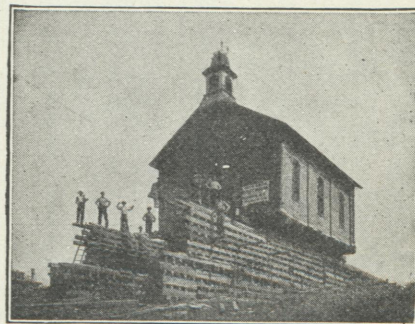
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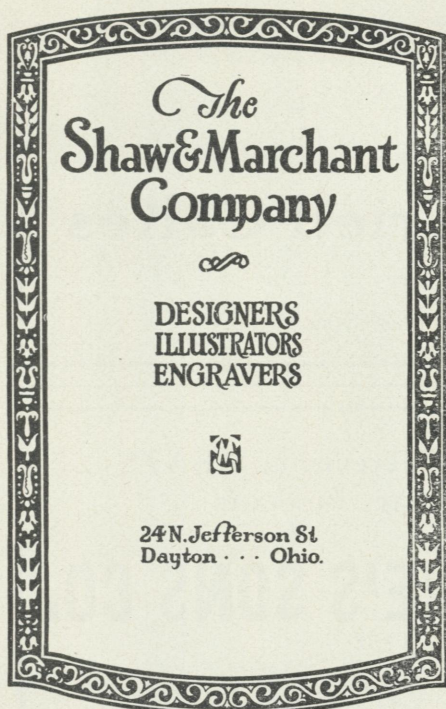
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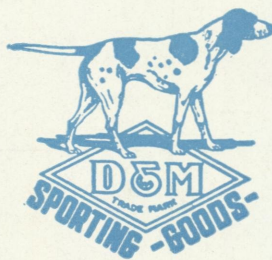
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