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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The seal is rendered in a light orange or tan color.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

The Failure?

By Henry Hayes .

March, 1928

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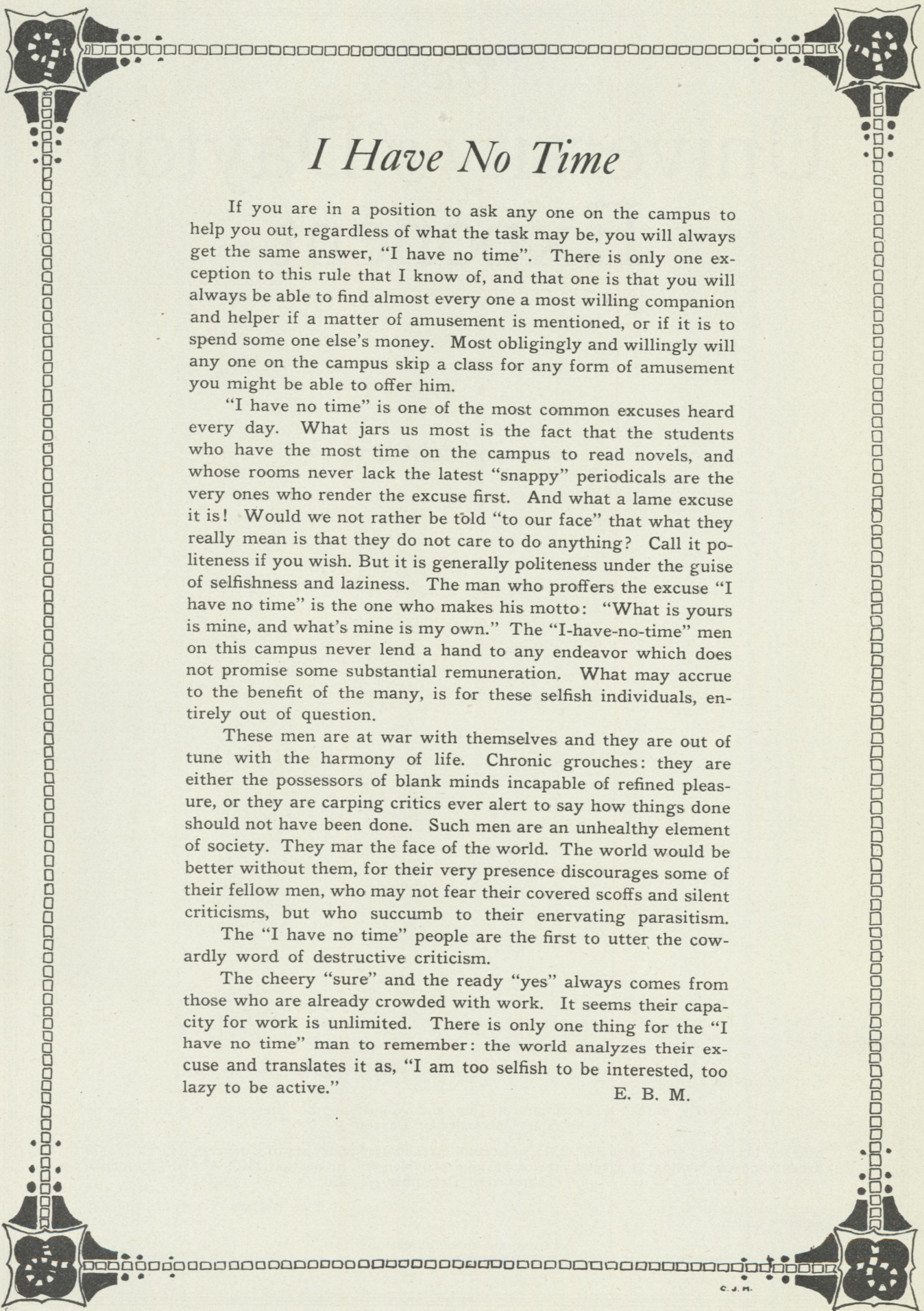
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I Have No Time

If you are in a position to ask any one on the campus to help you out, regardless of what the task may be, you will always get the same answer, "I have no time". There is only one exception to this rule that I know of, and that one is that you will always be able to find almost every one a most willing companion and helper if a matter of amusement is mentioned, or if it is to spend some one else's money. Most obligingly and willingly will any one on the campus skip a class for any form of amusement you might be able to offer him.

"I have no time" is one of the most common excuses heard every day. What jars us most is the fact that the students who have the most time on the campus to read novels, and whose rooms never lack the latest "snappy" periodicals are the very ones who render the excuse first. And what a lame excuse it is! Would we not rather be told "to our face" that what they really mean is that they do not care to do anything? Call it politeness if you wish. But it is generally politeness under the guise of selfishness and laziness. The man who proffers the excuse "I have no time" is the one who makes his motto: "What is yours is mine, and what's mine is my own." The "I-have-no-time" men on this campus never lend a hand to any endeavor which does not promise some substantial remuneration. What may accrue to the benefit of the many, is for these selfish individuals, entirely out of question.

These men are at war with themselves and they are out of tune with the harmony of life. Chronic grouches: they are either the possessors of blank minds incapable of refined pleasure, or they are carping critics ever alert to say how things done should not have been done. Such men are an unhealthy element of society. They mar the face of the world. The world would be better without them, for their very presence discourages some of their fellow men, who may not fear their covered scoffs and silent criticisms, but who succumb to their enervating parasitism.

The "I have no time" people are the first to utter the cowardly word of destructive criticism.

The cheery "sure" and the ready "yes" always comes from those who are already crowded with work. It seems their capacity for work is unlimited. There is only one thing for the "I have no time" man to remember: the world analyzes their excuse and translates it as, "I am too selfish to be interested, too lazy to be active."

E. B. M.

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The Failure?

By Henry Hayes

THE family of Harding was graced on a bright day in June in the year of eighteen hundred and ninety-eight by the howling presence of an eight-pound baby boy. Ralph Harding, the father, predicted that this young hopeful would some day be the most famous athlete in the country. However, his wife had different hopes for the boy, which were more along the line of mental accomplishments. The youngster was christened Howard, and it was little thought at the time that this name would some day rhyme with a name that every boy hates to be called.

Howard grew up and was very accomplished both in an intellectual and in a physical way. In regard to his grammar school life, there is little to be said, but as soon as he entered high school, he really began to learn how bitter life can be.

As he was a rather strong youngster, in the fall of his freshman year he was a candidate for a berth on the football team. He made great progress and by the middle of the season, he was considered one of the most brilliant halfbacks the school had seen for years. He possessed drive, speed, and a very elusive side step. Besides this, he was one of the most brilliant tacklers on the team.

However, what Howard lacked, and no one realized it save he, was the fact that if a crisis should ever arise in which everything should depend on him, he would never be able to meet it. This realization preyed on his mind so very much that he could think of nothing else, and by this worrying, he lost about fifty per cent of his efficiency to the team. The coach asked him what was the matter and Howard was afraid to tell him lest he should take it as an admission of cowardice.

His team had no trouble winning the first few games, as they were all with weaker teams. The first difficult game was to be played on November the fourteenth with the rival city high school. De-

spite the protests of many, the coach started Howard at one of the halfback posts. Howard was so nervous that he could actually feel his knees hitting together. Everything around him seemed to be in a blur, and he could only see the opposing team in a sort of haze.

His team received the kickoff, and it was with terror in his heart that he saw the ball come sailing towards him. The first thought that entered into Howard's mind was that he was going to miss it and those speedy ends swooping down on him would recover it. Everything seemed to turn into such a fog that he actually ducked the ball which hit him on the head. By the roar which followed, he knew that the opponents had scored on his misplay. The opposing team missed their try for the extra point, and just as Howard was going to his position for the next kickoff, the coach sent in a substitute for him.

It was with a burning face that Howard walked to the bench, amid the jeers of his own fellow students of which Howard could only hear one word and that was "yellow". He glanced towards the coach on the bench but that individual only gave him one disgusted look and then turned away. Howard slouched down on the bench and cursed himself thoroughly, wondering whether he was really what the fellows had called him "yellow". It seems as though he was, for had he not ducked the ball when it looked as though two opponents were about to tackle him? However, something in him seemed to say that he had not been afraid but was just nervous because so much had depended upon his receiving the kick-off. He decided that if he ever got another chance he would show them whether he was yellow or not.

Between halves none of the players spoke to him and the coach seemed to regard him as some sort of a reptile that should be shunned. The second

half was drawing to a close when Howard's team which had been trailing by the one touchdown, managed to score on a deceptive pass play and tie the score. There was only a short time to play, and the coach, whose heart was set on winning this game called Howard over to him.

"Harding", he said, "I should not give you another chance after the yellow trick you pulled in the first half, but I want to win this game and we need to kick this goal to win. Can you do it?"

Howard, who had been aroused from his gloomy reverie, could only manage to nod his head affirmatively and dash out on the field. There was a hush on the field, and then there was a loud groan when the students realized who was going back in. However, Howard did not hear them, for he could think only of all that depended upon this kick. A nausea seized him which was much worse than that which he had endured in the first part of the game. He fought against it but try as he might, he could not overcome it. He dreaded the moment when the center should snap the ball back to him, but the quarter had called the signals and the ball was coming. Why did it seem so small and why did those charging opponent linemen seem to break through so quickly? Howard's nervous fingers missed the ball entirely, even though it was a perfect pass, and it was recovered by the other team. Thus ended his football career. He was re-christened by the students who changed the "H" in his name to "C", and the appellation stuck to him through his four years in high school.

We next find Howard at a college which is located far from his home town, where his reputation as a coward had not as yet reached. However, he did not strive for athletic success as his lesson in high school had cured him of such ambitions along that line. He took up a very difficult course in engineering, and concentrated every effort in his ambition which his mother had instilled in him to be the highest ranking scholar in the university. He kept up this intensive work for three years and at the end of his Junior year, he was elected to the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, a membership to which can only be attained by the most brilliant of students. His hard work had obtained for him the recognition of all the professors in the school, and they expressed their confidence in him by choosing him to represent the school in an inspection to rate the scholastic standing of the school.

When he received this news Howard, for the first time since that eventful football game, was again beset by a spell of nervousness. However, he prepared for the examination with the greatest care, and two days before it was to occur, he felt that he was familiar with anything that the inspectors might deem worthy to ask him. His mother ar-

rived for the inspection, and the pride in her son was very easily revealed in her glowing countenance. It was wonderful to see the way in which she gazed upon her handsome son as they strolled around the campus together the day before the inspection. He, too, seemed to be filled with a certain self-confidence, drawn from the fact that she was so near to him in the hour of his coming triumph.

The day dawned and Howard stepped up in front of the students, professors, visitors, and inspectors, with an outward appearance of calmness. However, no one knew the inward struggle to master his anxiety that Howard was undergoing. When the first question was asked by the inspector, he gave way completely and forgot everything that he had ever known. He was unable to answer the very easiest of questions, and he gave an exhibition that would have been degrading to a grammar school boy. The professors in the audience were astounded and they could only reach the conclusion that the boy lacked that which is most essential to man, nerve. As Howard was told by the inspectors to sit down, there were many in the audience who expressed their sympathy for the boy's mother, who was unable to restrain her tears at the failure of her son of whom she had been so proud. However, when he came to her, she had only words of praise though she could not entirely hide the disappointment in her voice.

Having graduated from college with high honors despite his failure to pass his most difficult task, Howard returned to his home town and obtained a position as a construction engineer. He was working on a job of building a new subway and was located in a tunnel with several other engineers and about thirty or forty workmen. About the third week he had been working there, a fire broke out in the tunnel. Howard was seen to leave his men and run towards a back elevator which led to the surface of the ground. All the men were barely out of the ground when there was a terrific explosion that shook up the whole city. Did I say all? No, I mean all but Howard whose body was never found. It was the general consensus of opinion that he had died as he had lived, a coward, for had he not run and left his men to their fate?

But no one knew that Howard, who had been in charge of the work, had two days before placed some dynamite in a hole near the rear elevator for future blasting purposes. When the fire broke out, the first thought that occurred to him was that the fire should not reach the powder until all the men were out of the tunnel. This was the reason that he ran back towards the elevator and beat off the fire from the dynamite until a falling beam struck him and pinioned him to the floor. He could watch

the fire creeping toward the powder, but the only thought that entered his mind was for the safety of his men before the explosion should take place. Not a thought was for himself, though he realized

that there were but a few moments yet to live. Death came quickly to the man whom the world termed a failure and a coward, but who, unknown to all, had proved himself truly a man.

To A Villager

By John Will

From Broadway to Main Street isn't so far,
But oh, what a difference in other things;
For me, the Big Town's hue and cry,
For you the Country hums and sings.

For me the traffic's lightning menace
And the big cop's whistle to guide my feet,
For you the long road's sleepy beckon
And the birds' sweet calls your footsteps greet.

For you the gently winding hills
And the joy of running them down and up,
For me the pavement's hard caress
And the feverish crowds to sundown from sunup.

For you the flowers and trees and dew—
Those nature fairies that steal the heart,
But heat and bustle and city stink
And longing for air and space—my part.

For you the views—the fields of corn,
Like pearly lakes with trees around,
And hills and dales and sun and sky;
For me—just building-studded ground.

For you the sunrise, splendid glory,
Starting the day with halo crowned,
While I, through buildings, wires and smoke,
Scarce e'er the sunrise have I found.

And you have the sunset, whose lively colors,
Flung like a banner across the sky,
Have power to draw the thoughts aloft
And help poor mortals, but naught have I.

They say that the villager craves the City
Just as the cityman wants the Town—
Poor foolish villager, like others he'll find
That Country to City is a road leading

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The Irish in American History

By William P. Keane

THE worth and glory of a race may well be measured and adjudged by the typical character of its manhood, and by the eminence attained by its leaders, from age to age, under varying circumstances and environments. Judged by such a standard, Erin emerges triumphant and points with pride to the names of her noble sons whose deeds are engraved in American annals. At every period of stern endeavor through all the generations in our country's life, the pages of histories are inscribed with the names of warriors, statesmen and scholars who come from the Emerald Isle.

Excessive rents and penal codes drove thousands of the Celts to our shores preceding the war of the Revolution. They were among the most resolute opponents of English tyranny, and when war broke out their valor was conspicuous on land and sea. They fought and bled at Lexington and Bunker Hill. The Irish Brigade from Pennsylvania contained the best troops Washington commanded during the entire war. General Montgomery, a staunch Irish leader of brave Irish soldiers, was killed before Quebec. Morgan was largely responsible for the American Victory at Saratoga and again at the Cowpens. These battles were the decisive ones of the war. The Irish in the rank and file were so numerous that a committee reporting to the House of Commons said, "The main half of the Continental rebel army is 'Mere Irish' and our regulars should find no trouble in exterminating them." Of their success in their exterminating campaign we are now perfectly familiar. On the sea Commodore Barry was England's most dreaded foe. From his personal effects he fitted out a fleet and achieved remarkable success on the high seas. Those at the front were not the only heroes. At a critical period in the war twenty-three members of the Hibernians in America subscribed nearly a million dollars for the continuation of the conflict.

In the second War of Independence such able leaders as General Harrison and Andrew Jackson took the front. Parents of both these future Presidents came from Down. When the British advanced on Washington, all fled save a handful of Marines, mostly Irish from Pennsylvania, under the gallant John Barney. This little force bravely fought the invaders and time and again forced the oncoming vandals to scatter. They lost, quite naturally, for a company cannot resist an army, but they perished after resisting to the last man. On the water we have equally daring feats, especially noteworthy being the conduct of a young Lieutenant,

James McDonough, who attacked and defeated the British fleet and forced them to withdraw to Canadian waters.

Having themselves just escaped from bondage, we find the Irish strongly Northern in sympathy at the outbreak of the Civil War. The Northerners regarded all men as equal and looked askance at such an institution as slavery in a land of Freedom. Down South in the tobacco and cotton fields it was maintained that slaves were property and that slavery must not only be tolerated, but protected. There were Irishmen in the South who though disliking secession and hating slavery, thought that to their native states their allegiance was due first of all. Viewed in the light of history they were wrong, but we cannot condemn them for their staunch patriotism to the Lost Cause. There were Irish on both sides and often they met in conflict, but from the first to the last they maintained the traditional valor of their race.

Among the ablest of the Southern Generals were Early, Gowan and the Hills, all of Irish parentage; while Cleybourne, bravest and best beloved of all was a native of Cork. Ever remarkable for his kindness and valor, he fell while leading a charge, and of the whole army none was mourned more than he. As for the men in the ranks, their commanders readily admitted they were the bravest and the best of all soldiers; cheerful, cleanly, manly, they endured all privations without a murmur, and were ready to attack any position, and face any danger at any time.

On the Northern side it is estimated that over one hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen served. Generals Carney, Griffin and Butler were of Irish parentage, as likewise was Phil Sheridan, the most brilliant cavalry officer of his day. He took a prominent part in the bloody battle of Murfreesboro, and ably assisted Grant at Missionary Ridge and in The Wilderness. Towards the close of the war he carried Five Forks and captured all the Confederate cavalry. By actively pursuing the retreating Confederates he hastened the final surrender of Lee at Appotomax.

Yet it was in the purely Irish Brigade that the finest heroism of the war was shown. This command under General Meagher, the brilliant young Irish orator, formed McClellan's rear guard in the terrible Seven Days battle. It was their duty to cover the retreat and consequently they were continually engaged. They held the bridge and fords over the Chickahominy, and charged to the very muzzle of

the enemy guns, in order to allow their main body to cross the river to safety. Writing of the part played by this outfit in the battle of Fredericksburg the New York Times carried the following: "Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin, than during the six frantic charges against the impregnable position on Maryes Heights. Men of the Irish Brigade pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, but never glory more richly deserved than that which they won on December 13, 1862."

Owing to the wisdom and generosity of the conquerors in the great struggle the wounds inflicted on the conquered were soon healed and the bitter memories of defeat forgotten. The development of the country was in a large measure responsible for this quick recovery. In almost every case it was the Irish hands that built the railroads, spanned the rivers, strung the telegraph wire, drove the trains, went down into the mines or cultivated the wilderness.

Admiral Dewey was easily the outstanding figure in the Spanish War. His naval victory was the deciding factor in the struggle. During the World War histories are again inscribed with names of Ireland's sons who served with heroism in this conflict.

The immortal deeds of the 69th Infantry of New York, "The Fighting Irish" is but another of Ireland's claims to fame in America. Among the first to enter the trenches they were the last to leave, and the records of their valor are the admiration and the envy of all. In official circles there are no names more prominent than those of General Hunter Liggett and General Lee Bullard, grandson and son respectively of Irish patriots. In the War Department files are names of Irish origin which will be handed down to posterity as heroes who fought in the greatest war ever waged by man on this planet.

The most important result of the war was the passage of the National Defense Act of 1920, providing for adequate military preparedness for our great country. One hundred years previous, almost to the day, the far-seeing statesman, Calhoun, introduced a bill identical in every respect to the one passed. Had this bill been adopted when first introduced by that famous Irish statesman thousands of lives and billions of dollars would have been saved. There would most certainly have been no Civil War, for with even an appearance of an army the rebellion would have been crushed in its infancy.

Although many writers have made inquiries into the part played by Irishmen in the upbuilding of

our nation, nearly all of them confine themselves to the periods when our country was engaged either in a fight for its life or its principles. The Gaels are of the fighting race and in our enthusiasm for the fighting man we lose sight of the fact that in other fields of endeavor equally important, men of the Celtic race have occupied prominent places, for which they have received but scant recognition. Patrick Henry and other able orators who aroused the Colonists to activity, and showed them the way to achieve their independence; the Schoolmasters who imparted to the American youth their first lessons in intellectuality and patriotism, all have their place in history, and Ireland furnished her full quota of them all.

Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence Thornton, Taylor and Swift were born in Ireland. McKeane, Reed and Rutledge were of Irish parentage, while the grandparents of Lynch, Carroll, Whipple and Hancock were from Galway in Erin. It was an Irishman who first read that immortal document, first published it, and first printed it with the facsimile signatures of the signers.

In the terrible exodus of the Famine Years, Irish emigrants came to America in large numbers. Unlike other races settling in our country, the Irish avoided the cities and pushed West and settled the remotest parts of our lands, thus contributing in no small way to our material development. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, across the rolling prairies and the hills, beyond the Mississippi and the Missouri, in the days of our national expansion we can follow the Irish "Trek" in quest of new homes and fortunes. Before their hands the primeval forests fell, and under their magic touch cities sprang into existence, where formerly no sound save the wild cries of nature broke the stillness.

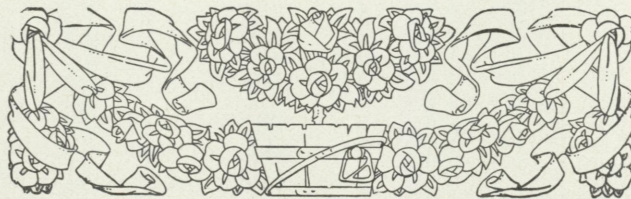
Politically the Irish have always been born leaders. At least seven American Presidents have more or less of the Celtic strain. Parents of Presidents Jackson and Harrison come from County Down. Arthur's parents were from Antrim. The father of Buchanan and the grandparents of McKinley migrated to this country from Donegal. Roosevelt boasts among his ancestors two direct lines from County Kerry. The first American ancestors of Polk as likewise those of Wilson were from Galway. Among the distinguished Vice Presidents of the United States were George Clinton and John C. Calhoun, sons of Irish emigrants from Longford. In all there have been fifty-seven Governors of States whose parents or they themselves came from Ireland. Among the eminent Irish Congressmen is William D. Kelly, who served in that honorable body for fifty years. John Shields holds the unique distinction of representing three different states at

different times in the Senate. Shields was a native of Tyrone.

In the Judiciary have been seen many shining lights of Irish descent. Former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Edward D. White was the son of an Irish emigrant, and one of his ablest associates was Joseph McKeane of Kerry. No more erudite or profound lawyer than Charles O'Connor has adorned his profession and it can be said with truth as well as with pride that his career remains unrivaled in legal history. Taken collectively there is no state in the Union, hardly a city in any state where an Irish American lawyer has not distinguished himself and made his name a symbol of truth and sincerity.

Art, medicine literature science have all been enriched by the studies and labors of men from the Emerald Isle. Space will not allow an enumera-

tion of all the distinguished men who have attained prominent places in these fields. Still in this very incomplete summary we can see that Irish blood, brain and brawn have been a valuable acquisition in the building of the fabric of American institutions, and that the sons of the Milesians merit more prominent recognition than many historians accord them. Whether they came here as voluntary exiles or were forced from their native shores by British despotism, they formed a valuable addition to our population and have taken part in every upward movement in American life. They have accentuated American wit, added to her tenderness, undoubtedly instilled additional pugnacity, and have suffused our whole existence with the spirit of kindly humor. Truly the land of the Golden Eagle is not the dimmest Gem in the crown of Erin's glory.



Advice for the Weary

By John Will

Jaded seeker after Thrill,
 Ever try the wood and hill?
 Ever take your gun in hand,
 And sally out on snow-clad land?

Take your trusty dog along;
 In your heart just pack a song;
 Light up now your old dunhill
 To warm you through with calm good-will.

Then step out under the wintry sky,
 Where house adn mortal come not nigh.
 Plow through snowdrifts, climb each fence,
 Sate each throbbing sense.

Then lungs clean, eyes bright, legs so weary,
 Home toward bath and grate fire cheery—
 I tell you truly, old seeker of Thrill,
 If you want a good one, try the hill.

Talking It Over with the Immortals

A SESSION WITH NEWTON

By William J. Hoefler

Near Atlantis Isle,
A newly vessel sailed,
Away to helm a goodly mile,
A vision strange we hailed.

The dot became a boat,
With but a single oar,
In circles it did oddly float,
A lonely man it bore.

We floated near the side,
Of that boat so frail,
We swelled with rescue-pride,
We reefed our flying sail.

But the rescued rose in ire,
"Away with you! Pass around!"
His eyes then blazed their fire,
"You've spoiled a thought profound."

"Have heart, oh, friend! We are here
To take you whence you came,
Back to terra firma dear;
Thy fevered words we cannot blame."

"About the circle, facts I'd found,
That outshine my former fame,
Did you think I almost drowned?
Isaac Newton is my name."

He climbed our Jacob's ladder high,
Our helm then sought Atlantis Isle,
Across the table, wine did fly,
We asked his tale for log-book file.

"An odd request", he slowly smiled,
"For nigh two hundred years ago,

I started for Atlantis wild,
Terrestrial work I left without much woe.

"My Principia work I enjoyed,
'Twas the product of the brain;
But much more, Gravity annoyed,
'Twas my greatest nervous strain.

"The problem, I agreed one day,
Could not be solved by man,
I strolled in farmland gay,
Resolved to rest from Physic's ban.

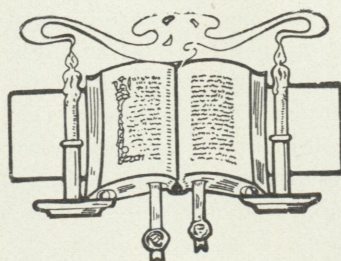
"The trees then heavy hung with fruit,
To my desire I fell,
I stalked lest the farmer shoot,
And then the sheriff tell.

"I filled myself with apples red,
And lay beneath the tree,
I gazed above my grassy bed,
As content as I could be.

"Some rotten fruit began to fall,
I then saw one above my head,
'Two seconds time to dodge the ball',
I judged, and confidently said.

"It dropped in less than one,
And hit me in the eye;
Inverse proportion won,
My glee I mingled with a sigh.

"A bull then chased me to the fence,
Where my leap bore proof to gravity,
I wrote my law 'mid feelings tense,
For colic does not mix with levity.



John Henry Cardinal Newman

CLEARNESS OF STYLE

By E. M. Leimkuhler, S. M.

IF we take account of the literary methods of those authors who excelled in clearness, as Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Arnold and Newman, we find that they were first and above all painstaking to inform themselves thoroughly regarding their theme. It is said of Macaulay, and the statement befits his tendency to exaggerate, that he read twenty books to write a sentence. These authors, and Newman more so than the others, were just as solicitous in trying to understand the intellectual capabilities of those for whom they wrote and in adjusting their language to these requirements. When writing his university lectures, Cardinal Newman said that his greatest difficulty at first was his lack of familiarity with those whom he was to address. This anxiety of his audiences explains the great variety of style in Newman's writings and the various means or devices of rhetoric he employed to make the comprehension of his thought easy.

Looking closely into a number of Newman's selections we find a great insistence upon definition. By this means he reveals his skill of giving within a sentence his ideas upon subjects. This brevity of his in definition has with it a certain force and self-sufficiency as to enable the thought to be extracted and often quoted. What reader of books of etiquette is unfamiliar with his definition of a gentleman: "Hence it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain"? What college freshman can forget his definition of literature: "Literature is the expression of thought in language"? What professor at educational conventions is not moved and more impressed with the fact that "A University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge"?

From this evident exactness and precision we are apt to picture Newman to ourselves as a sort of literary czar, answering the questions of his literary courtiers in such an abrupt manner as to disdain explanation. Such a view is in no wise justified, for we find the same exactness and precision in the lengthy explanations of the terms of his definitions. The same reader who consulted Newman on "etiquette" ought to be acquainted with the eight hundred words of explanation of the ideal gentleman. The studious freshman remembers his analysis of the thirty-five paragraphs in explanation of the terms in the definition of literature. He recalls how

Newman expounds on the term expression and finally limits himself to his exact meaning; how, in the term thought, he includes ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the mind. Likewise for the professor acquainted with Newman's definition of a university, there are pages and pages of explanation of the various phases of knowledge: Theology considered a branch of knowledge; the bearing of theology on other knowledge; the bearing of other knowledge on theology. Then there is Knowledge its own end; Knowledge viewed in relation to professional skill; Knowledge viewed in relation to religious duty; and finally, Duties of the Church toward Knowledge. These are not the topics of paragraphs, but the themes of lectures; and each lecture is clear, accurate, and precise, according to Newman's own ideas of accuracy: "And in like manner it is the education of our intellect; I say, that one main portion of intellectual education, of the labors of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye; to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyze, divide, define, and reason, correctly."

This lengthiness of explanation in Newman is not burdensome to the intelligent reader. It is like appreciating the beauty and richness of a diamond. Before we can perceive and understand something of the many glittering colors of this precious gem and estimate its value, it must be displayed before us, we must have time to examine it, we must take it into our hands and turn it round and round in the light, and get the sparkling radiance of its many facets. Now, the jewel of literary composition is thought, and that which enables us to grasp it in its fulness and luster is language. Literature is the expression of thought in language. But thoughts are often too rich, too vast in extent to be taken in at a single reflection. They have to be presented in various ways before our minds can perceive and absorb them thoroughly. This is done by means of amplification, that is, by developing a statement, unfolding a thought, by detaining the reader's attention to enable him to grasp the meaning more completely and impress him with its importance. Of the ample and copious writer Cardinal Newman

himself has said, "Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource."

As illustrations of this ample and copious writing we have but to recall the passages mentioned above on "The Gentleman", "Literature", or "The University". In fact, this passion for detail is so natural with Newman that we find it used to great advantage in nearly all his controversial writing, and from the time of his conversion everything that he wrote had some bearing or other in that way. To quote just one example of where "he might have used fewer words than he used; but fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, as if rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource". In attempting to show what the idea of God embodies, he says: "I mean then by the Supreme Being, one who is simply self-dependent, and the only Being who is such; moreover, that He is without beginning or Eternal, and the only Eternal; that in consequence He has lived a whole eternity by Himself; and hence that He is all-sufficient, sufficient for His own blessedness, and all-blessed, and ever-blessed. Further, I mean a Being, who, having these prerogatives, has the Supreme Good, or rather is the Supreme Good, or has all the attributes of Good in infinite intensity; all wisdom, all truth, all justice, all love, all holiness, all beautifulness; who is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, ineffably one, absolutely perfect, and such, that what we do not know and cannot even imagine of Him, is far more wonderful than what we do and can."

Other rhetorical means that Newman employs to acquaint the reader intimately with his thought are comparison, illustration, and contrast. When speaking of "Knowledge viewed in relation to Learning" he uses these illustrations to bring out clearly what he means by enlightenment or enlargement of mind. He compares the process to the effect produced upon a traveler who leaves the islands for the first time. Then he uses the example of viewing the

heavens with a telescope. He goes on to say that the study of history, active life, and the influence of religion are instances of the communication of knowledge but not the whole process. In the concluding paragraph he insists on the application of this knowledge as that which constitutes learning. Perhaps a better example of illustration is in the passage on "The Purpose of a University". "I believe, as a matter of history, the business of a University to make this intellectual culture its direct scope, or to employ itself in the education of the intellect,—just as the work of a Hospital lies in healing the sick or the wounded, of a Riding or Fencing School, or of a Gymnasium, in exercising the limbs, of an Almshouse, in aiding and solacing the old, of an Orphanage, in protecting innocence, of a Penitentiary, in restoring the guilty."

By way of conclusion no better words can be found to sum up the qualities of this master of English prose than his own explanation of what is meant by a great writer. "A great author, gentlemen, is not one who merely has a copia verborum, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution."

Winter

By John Will

The park is dead.
Her trees and shrubs huddle in desolation,
Old and dull, before the wintry blast;
Snowflakes drop, like petals on a grave,
Hiding the footprints of our love.

Gone the fragrance, all the throbbing beauty
That locked our senses in a place of dreams
As we wandered, close together, through the dusk;
Gone that splendid view from high-niched throne;
All gone—like our love.

The College Man

By Francis S. Gabel

IT has always interested me to notice the varying changes undergone by the college student during his four years on the varsity campus. Being of a rather chatty mind at the present moment I thought that I would put my ideas in print if any print was handy.

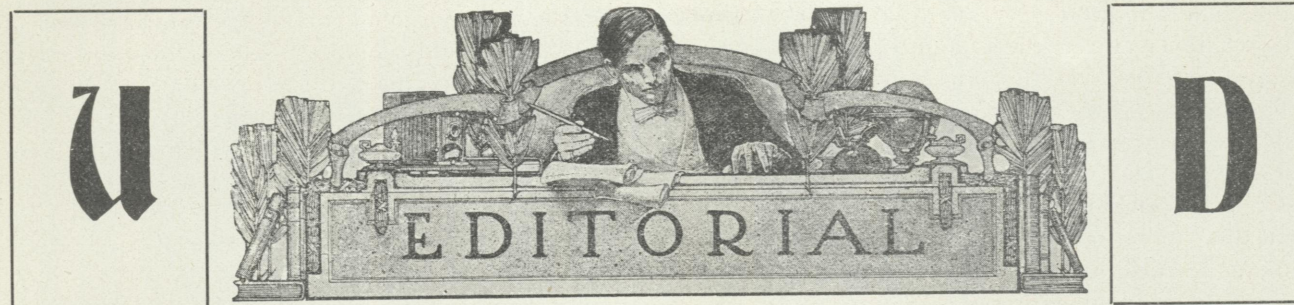
In the first place, notice the Freshman. In the beginning of the year he is timid, rather self-effacing and evidently dreading the vengeance of the mighty sophomore. Soon he blossoms out in the time-honored skullcap and begins to act like a real "College Man". He unconsciously emulates his elders, the upper classmen, dons rough dress and otherwise becomes the elite tramp of the country. Along with this he acquires a smattering of the braggadocio that belongs to the life of a collegian, and ends the year thinking himself a true and colorful son of the beloved Alma Mater.

See him return as a Sophomore. No longer is he a shrinking violet but is continually on the alert for some newcomer that possesses the characteristics of the figure in the preceding paragraph. With what a vehemence he greets the returning members of his class and how sorrowfully does he take the news that this or that person has decided that college life is not the life for him. His manner suggests one who realizes that now his time is come and he does not intend to let it escape. The braggadocio of the former year is accentuated. His whole person vibrates with the idea that now he is an upper classman and must take all things with indifference especially when one in authority speaks. His main idea seems to be that at last he is a sophomore and must be treated as one who has attained this position with much painful and laborious progress. Imagine his surprise when he finds that the Freshmen fear him and his class, but that the Juniors and Seniors are seemingly intending to ignore him until he proves able to take his place with them. Nevertheless he manages to exist and leaves the school at the end of the year with maybe more of the swagger of the first year.

Now see him return as a Junior. The thought that he has entered on the last lap of his college career has perhaps sobered him somewhat but no one can notice it. To all outward appearances he is still the same defiant and carefree student that

left the previous June. His greetings to his friends have the same cordiality but not the same vehemence. However, his manner seems to indicate that the friendship that has existed for three years is destined to last forever. Yet in one respect he is not changed either mentally or physically. He still has a lingering contempt for the youths that are a year behind him and consequently must be a little less brilliant than he. Perhaps he is right, and if you take into consideration that he has received the same treatment from the men above him, you can hardly blame him. Some more changes might be noticed that cannot be overlooked. The swagger has given way to the dignified pace of a "Junior", and he now wears a wrinkle from trying to find a way to make his social and class duties mutually agreeable. If he is not successful he will always wear a frown. When he leaves in June we have the impression that the next year is his last and he certainly knows it.

Now let us observe the Senior. The thought that at last he and his comrades must part, perhaps never to meet again, has changed him from a youth to a man. Remembering his own tough life he tries to help out the weaker of the undergraduates and endears himself to his school by his strong support of every college movement. As he walks about the campus he is neatly dressed in contrast to the other students of the university, and his underclass boorishness has given way to the sedate and polite manners of the "Model Senior". Perhaps he knows that the eyes of the college are upon him, and perhaps not, but in any event he is wary that he will not be misjudged or unduly criticized. And, as he leaves the school in June with the Sheepskin under his arm, we think that we see tears in his eyes. He recalls the many days of solid enjoyment which were his, and which will return no more. He realizes then that he is still the boy who entered college four years ago, and that the memories of these days will live forever. Maybe we will see him again, and maybe not, but we know and we probably see a better man for the schooling that he took. Yes, during all his years he was a likeable character and a subject for study. Now he is gone and we remember "The College Man".



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LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

Play to Win Every year during the season of Lent we are called upon to make our contribution to the self-denial fund. Year after year we have donated to this fund as a matter of fact, without either reluctance or a spirit of self-denial. Whether or not this fund is a self-denial fund is not to be contested at the present time. We know that there are many that really make the sacrifice; on the other hand there are just as many that suffer no feelings of material loss and spiritual gain through their weekly contributions.

Gentlemen, we do not expect you to sacrifice in the full extent of the word, but we do expect you to give just a little. We want you to feel that you are getting some return for what you are doing. If you can give a quarter and feel that you have suffered no pecuniary loss then you have not sacrificed, you have just fulfilled a duty. You have neither lost nor gained.

When you win or lose in sports there is always some feeling that you are conscious of. If you win there is a sensation of joy, if you lose you feel blue.

With the self-denial fund you are playing a sure bet. No matter how you play you're going to be a winner. The greater your sacrifice, the greater will be your winnings.

Don't forget that the greatest happiness in life comes from doing little works of kindness for others. This time the "others" are the missions and other similar organizations that are toiling for the salvation of souls. Giving to such worthy causes cannot help but merit reward.

At this writing we will not go into other Lenten suggestions. Most of us have denied or obliged ourselves to abstain or do certain things. Whatever they may be they will help to make our spirit

buoyant at Easter time. We will feel better for our sacrifice.

We will not say "Give 'till it hurts", but we will say, **give!** * * * Remember the object of the self-denial fund, and **play to win.**

G. A. H.

Good Books "Reading maketh the full man", and hence every student who strives toward perfection enjoys good books. He also enjoys good music, sculpture, paintings and good plays. There is, however, only one of these that the student can always possess and cherish and that is a good book. A good book is next to the channels of grace, the most sacred to a student, and its influence will endure long after the material pleasures have lost their charm. We are fortunate if we can view even one of the great masterpieces, and we must be content with one recital of a concert, but a good book can always be obtained. The great thoughts of a Shakespeare, a Milton or a Tennyson can always be found on any library shelf.

Good books are treasures, and as a treasure hunter in a strange land does not cease searching until he reaches the goal of his ambition, so also a student who has a true love for a good book will not give up his reading until he achieves the supreme goal of all, good reading,—a more intimate communion with his Creator.

E. B. M.

Another Chance Some four years ago an organization known as the Auditorium Club met, elected its officers and went ahead with production. "Seventeen" was the first show that the club put on and it was a highly commendable presentation; the material was new to the art, but

zealous and ambitious. To the cast of "Seventeen" goes whatever laurels there might be for dramatics as they now exist at the university.

The purpose of the club was to bring about eventually the erection of a new auditorium. With that aim in view and with hopes for cultural and dramatic achievement, some fifteen young men put forth their united effort. With such substantial intents it seemed highly improbable that anything adverse to original gain for the Alma Mater, and individual rewards could fall upon the high-spirited club.

Just what was the cause of the breaking-up of the Auditorium Club is not known. But this much is known: it was not due to the lack of spirit shown on the part of the members of that club. Every single man in the Auditorium Club stuck with the club just as long as the club stuck with him.

The female impersonations were not excellent, but then, they were not expected to be. The tolerant audiences that were played to, looked beyond the rough spots and saw only the effort that was made.

Then of a sudden the Auditorium Club with its male casts dropped out of existence. It was merged with another club known as the Players' Club.... Then and there the secondary motive of the Auditorium Club ceased. The hopes of most of the men were extinguished because of what they believed was an injustice done to both clubs. There were members enough in both the Players' Club and the Auditorium Club, so a new organization combin-

ing the two was unwarranted. We have only to say: How could we expect all of those interested to take an active part in the productions? The result was unavoidable in the merger.

The Auditorium Club has been denied three years of its existence and we hope that when a new Auditorium Club is organized that it will take cognizance of the cause of the ill fate of its predecessor.

The amateur production in the University is too educational to be mishandled and overlooked. It is a step toward culture and must be absorbed by more than a few.

We hope that with another chance that the old club will come back to life, and that it will take up the task and not fail.

G. A. H.

C. S. M. C. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, to which the students of the University of Dayton belong, is now approaching its tenth birthday. The first ten years of its growth has been rapid and expansive and the Crusaders now almost number a veritable army.

The C. S. M. C. renders a most ingenious service to the missions and it is edifying and gratifying to see the Crusaders attain their end. We are all members of this society, even though we might have forgotten it, and a small personal prayer or sacrifice will be an invaluable and inestimable aid to the C. S. M. C.

E. B. M.

X-Chang-S

John Will—Editor

This month we shall dispense with all frills and proceed directly to the work at hand.

St. Bona Laurel (Jan.)

We like the system of staff appointments followed by this magazine, as we stated once before. "A Blackguard Writes Poetry" deals with Francis Villon in such an intelligent manner as to reveal its author a skilled manipulator of his mother tongue, an interesting story teller and an analytical reader of character.

"To A Skull" was an attention-compelling poem, and the only one in the issue. It stirred up vague memories of some brooding soliloquy of Hamlet. The Exchange Editor reviewed the October Exponent and liked "Spider", "Talking It Over With the Immortals", "Street Car" and the "well-handled departments and general good arrangement" but requests additional articles "written in scholarly or philosophical vein to preserve balance". Muy gra-

cias! The Laurel Exman is a comrade to our liking for the scholarly and clever St. Vincent Journal. St. Bona, your cover is rather dull.

Canisius Monthly (Jan.)

This compact little magazine starts off well. We refer to the poem, "Ascent", with its clear picture-painting and confident moral of hope. We strew on "A Phantom Among Men", an essay on Shelley, all the petals on hand. Such painstaking literary entertainment is rather rare in the field of modern college prose. "Prelude to 'Sonnet'" is a sparkling gem of original wit in the essay line. "At Dawning" is (no, not a song!) a fine short story with a Poe-like thread of melancholy, providing effective atmosphere. We thought of Kipling while reading "Only Truth" with vague remembrances of Robert Service, too. That is compliment enough for any college poetry. Really in the line of verse the

Monthly serves a special menu for January. There is plenty of it and it is all very palatable.

The helmsmen of the Canisius paper let out a strident cry of battle in the following editorial:

"For Minute Men"

"...this is merely to break the news—as gently as possible—to Canisius under-graduates that the editors of the Monthly are not, and do not intend to be, a board of nurses..."

"Bethink ye, therefore, ye men who revel in paltry trifles, heeding not the call to unsheathe your pens in our cause, hear us, and lay the words deep within the confines of your souls: oft has the bugle sounded to summon you to tourney and you have heeded it not; oft have soft words of ours sounded in your ears, and oft have you turned away; oft have you sworn defiance or false fealty, and oft have we pardoned and condoned. But now, by all the thousand devils that roasted in Apollyon's panier, we will suffer contumely no more! Slow have we been to wrath and merciless will we be in attack. Here stay we the standard borne with travail to this twilight of the lesser gods: rally around it, ye who will, blades out and sword-arms free, and we'll march on to glory or the grave; and ye cowards, renegades, and loutish peasantry who band against us—beware, and stand not in our path, or ye shall know the temper of our steel!"

The Monthly, like the Exponent, must be finding the going rather rough. Must the modern collegiate yield to the charge of lazy? He could write if he would.

The Anselmian (Jan.)

Of this publication we liked especially the neat cover and gold stock, the quality of its poetry and departments, and the story, "Line Is Busy". Of the poetry we praise "The Shack on the Top of the Hill", and "Hail! Death". The former we reprint here:

The Shack on the Top of the Hill

Give me a shack on the top of a hill,
With a roof that's hanging low;
Give me the hill with a gentle slope,
And a town in the valley below.

Where the sun comes up in the morning
Like a blush on the cheek of the shy,
Where the sun shines warm through the whole day
long,
And the day can never die.

Give me a meadow in back of my shack,
Where the air is scented sweet
With roses red as the robin's breast,
And daisies grow at my feet.

Give me a garden in front of my shack,
Where the fairest of flowers grow,
So I may lie on my back and dream
Of the town in the valley below.

The story, "Cheating", was not smoothly developed. "Snowflakes" was a splendid little reflective essay.

St. Catherine Ariston (Feb.)

We commend:

"City of Silent Hours" for its fine description and catching of atmosphere;

"Three Times Is Charm" for its dry humor;

"A Poet's Plea" for its whimsical air;

"Impressions" for its vivid picture drawing;

"Drama in Mediaeval Times" for its hard work;

"Yellow" for its echo of Amy Lowell;

"At the Lycee" for its news value;

The book reviews, because they are really good.

We do not like the cover, which is dull, and the stereotyped style of the Exchange Department failed to interest us, even though the Editress was good enough to compliment the Exponent. She thinks: "There is something substantial and satisfying" about our paper. Also, the magazine seemed a little too crowded.

Duquesne Monthly (Feb.)

The author of "Footsteps" draws too heavily on "poetic license" and as a result his diction becomes confusing, especially in the third stanza; also in his references to the Deity in the last stanza as both Some-one and Some-thing. "Fate Takes a Hand" is a good story but the writer has too much of a leaning toward slang. If "See Breezes" were not such a good imitation this month we might say something anent originality. Alumni Notes are rather meager but the editorials are all they should be. Poetry is rather crude.

St. Benedict's Quarterly (Feb.)

The big thing in this magazine is the startling metamorphosis in the Exchange Department. We are not hastening to commend or to condemn but here are some of the reactions that we had at first sight: Original and clever; systematic and neat; apt to grow monotonous with time; may kill initiative and certainly there is no literary style; hard work and exhaustively analytical; it may not stand the test of time because basically statistics have no appeal.

We like "Valentine" for its pensive memories; "Girls in Art" for its neat study of types; "Ballade" for its tenderness and rhythm; "From a Handloom" for its real educative value; "Chemistry of Human Contacts" for its type analysis and insight. We commend once more the Alumnae Notes, the best of any magazine that we have seen.

Resumé

Of these magazines, Canisius has the best poetry and stories although the poetry of the Anselmian is not far behind. The Ariston stands alone in description and sketch. Both the Laurel article on Villon and the Canisius contribution on Shelley

strive for top honors in essay. St. Benedict has the best Exchange and Alumnae notes and its poetry and essays were also good.

We thank Gonzaga for its Quarterly and Mt. St. Joseph for its Labarum.

Alumni Notes

By Robert D. McClear and William P. Keane

A most interesting letter was received from our old friend Matt Keller, '26. The blonde is studying law at the University of Notre Dame, and enjoys his work very much. With his letter comes his best wishes for all his former classmates. Let us hear from you again, Matty.

The Exponent is pleased to inform its readers that Andy Amann, Prep '26, now attending the University of Notre Dame, is recovering rapidly from a recent operation. He will return to school at an early date and continue his studies in the School of Law.

Professor O'Leary of the Commerce Department, is a constant source of information about the Alumni. He manages to keep in close touch with practically every member of his department and can tell you all about them at a moment's notice. From him we learned that our long-lost friend Joseph Adlord, '23, is one of the department managers of the Piqua Felt Co. Joe is making his home in the fair village north of here.

Wedding Bells rang merrily on February 21st, when William A. Neary, '07, formerly of Kokomo and now a resident of Dayton, was married to Miss Josephine Patrocia at Corpus Christi Church. After an extended honeymoon in the South the bride and groom will make their home in our fair city where Will is connected with the Standard Register Company.

Andrew Sack, '20, passed the bar exams at Columbus with one of the highest marks ever awarded. After leaving Dayton Andy continued his studies at Cincinnati U. where he graduated with the class of '27.

A postal card from Rome informed us that Geo. Donovan, '20, is concluding his studies in the theological seminary at American College of Rome this year. George is a native of Cincinnati and that perhaps is the reason why he likes the Eternal City so well.

The Des Moines, Iowa, Register has a very capable editor to say the least. After working on the Chicago Tribune for several years Ernest "War Tax" Kirschten, '20, has made pleasant connections in the Western City. Success, "War Tax," and let us hear from you again.

With all the dignity and solemnity of the Catholic Church, the Rev. James W. O'Brien, '22, of Springfield, Ohio, was elevated to the Priesthood at Rome, on January 15th. From Dayton he went to the Gregorian Seminary at Cincinnati, and there distinguished himself in his studies. Because of his high scholarship he was sent to Europe to complete his studies. Father O'Brien will return to the States early in the summer.

Our former editor, John C. Conoby, '26, is making a name for himself in financial circles in the "Fifth City". He is presently connected with the Union Trust Co. of Cleveland, in an executive capacity. How does the market point, John?

Word from Asbury Park, New Jersey, indicates that our diminutive friend, Paul Schneider, '26, is not letting his size handicap him in any way. Paul is office manager of the sales agency of the National Cash Register Company in the Eastern City. Drop us a word, Paul, and tell us all about yourself.

Dayton is such a beautiful city and has so many alluring features that Lowell George, '26, just couldn't leave for his old home town after graduation. He is in the office of the M. J. Gibbons Supply Company and is pleased with the work in which he is engaged.

That interesting letter promised by William Garcia, '24, has failed to materialize. Bill is studying at the American College of Rome, and enjoys his work very much.

Rev. William O'Connor, '15, National Chaplain of the American Legion and one of the U's most ardent backers, will deliver the principal address

at the annual St. Patrick's Day dinner at the Gibbons Hotel. Father Bill, as he was known to the doughboys, was the first Daytonian to see service in France. Since then Father O'Connor has been active in relief work for the benefit of ex-service men. His younger brother, Francis "Jake", is a freshman in the Arts School.

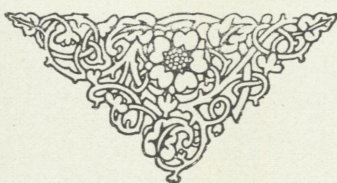
A surprise letter received by the editor informed us that our old friend Frank Hadley, '00, is still thinking of his Alma Mater. Frank is the fire chief at Peoria and is located at the Five House.

Another of the old boys whose companionship always affords us considerable enjoyment is Frank Brahney, '26. Our former stellar basketball player is assistant cashier at the Union Trust Co. in Cleveland. We are always glad to see you, Frank, so why don't you call oftener.

We have a very enlightening letter from Dyersville, Iowa, telling all about Frank "Zip" Pettinger, '27. Frank is chief consulting engineer for the American Telephone Company there. Oh, yes, boys, he still writes to that fair damsel in our own Gem City.

Interested friends and well-wishers will be glad to know that Oliver Rees is leading his class at Tri-State College in Angola, Indiana. We are pulling for you, Ollie boy.

The students and faculty of the University extend their sympathy to the Herkenhoff family at their recent bereavement. Mr. Albert Herkenhoff father of John Herkenhoff, '25, departed this life last week. He was buried from Sts. Peter and Paul Church at Sidney.



Chronicle

By Robert C. Bergk

Monsignor Salmone Visits University

On Wednesday morning, February 15, Monsignor Philip Salmone, in charge of all the Greek Catholics west of the Mississippi River for the last twenty years, offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the Greek rite, at the University chapel before the entire body of resident students.

Although the Greek Catholic Church is in union with Rome, the Greek and Arabian languages are used instead of the Latin, and, there are, besides, a number of differences in the ceremonial which dates back to the very early Church.

In his talk to the students the Monsignor explained in a very interesting manner the history and symbolical significance of the Mass in the rite of his Church, emphasizing the fact, that the differences which existed were of minor importance.

At an assembly of the entire student body on the same morning, Monsignor Salmone gave a very interesting lecture on the "Eastern Situation". He stressed particularly the radical racial differences, the manners and customs of the Eastern peoples, and the inability of the Western World to understand the Eastern temperament. An Egyptian him-

self he drew most of his illustrations from his native country.

Edward A. Thompson reads "Cyrano de Bergerac"

On the night of February 16, Edward Abner Thompson, noted interpreter of literature from the Curry School of Expression, Boston, Mass., gave a reading of Edmond Rostand's romantic comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac". Mr. Thompson's rendering could not have been excelled by an exceptional complete cast, and the small but select audience enjoyed one of the intellectual treats of the season.

Japanese Bishop One of the most impressive ceremonies ever held at the University was the reception tendered to his Lordship, The Right Reverend Janarius Hayasaka, Bishop of Nagasaki, on February 28th.

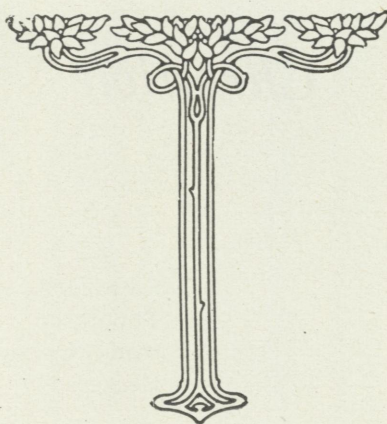
After luncheon the Bishop, accompanied by the representative clergy of Dayton and vicinity, was conducted to the gym, which was appropriately decorated with Japanese and American flags and the colors of the U.

The address of welcome was made by the Reverend President and by two students, John Carroll and Kaichimo Sumida, following which the Glee Club rendered several selections.

The college yells, however, apparently gripped the visitor, who seemed captivated by the inimitable gyrations of our spirited cheer leader, Joe Pesce, and in replying to the previous address, he asked for a holiday for the students, which received a unanimous record by the student body, and which met with the approval of the Reverend President.

The faculty and student body of the University extend their most heartfelt sympathy to John McCogan whose mother died on Thursday, March 15, 1928.

The students and faculty of the University extend their sympathy to the parents of Lawrence Erb, a Senior Prep student, who died Wednesday, March 14th.



Bits About 'Em

By Gerald A. Herbison and John C. Bruck

Bernard Fitzgerald has new cause for complaint and worry over his roommate, Tom Gallagher, since Tom has decided to keep the cobwebs off his harp, and to daily practice the lessons which are being assigned him by the Spanish Village Studio. In case things get too bad Barney, you'll find an axe down in the trunk room.

Joe Neville and Harry Foster of the fourth floor front, Alumni Hall, were lately visited by the parents of Joe. Foster is quite pleased over the visit and he hopes that he will see the Nevilles often, since the visit brought a change of diet, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Neville. Harry thinks Joe has a reason for his rotund outlines.

Black and Black have changed the name of their combination to Ephraim and Ephraim. It seems that a little colored dialect has persuaded the firm to make the change. Parties unable to get the significance of this "Bits" are at liberty to see Messrs. Garland and Wilcox, or any members of the junior or senior Arts.—"You ain't nuthin' and you neber will be nuthin'."

Irwin Besch was instrumental in arranging a trip for the Senior Engineers through the plant of the N. C. R. The boys spent almost a whole day on this educational expedition and report back that the late Mr. John H. Patterson must have had a keen business mind to conceive an organization such as his. Let's hope the Engineers will do their "Bit".

"Bits About 'Em" has been deeply interested in the color change of the cover of the Exponent. It may be well to mention that the staff held several meetings before it was definitely decided to make this radical innovation in our otherwise safe and sane magazine.

In connection with the above Bits, John Schuler, one of the artists of the Annual Staff, has submitted an excellent design for the new cover. We will not divulge the design at present since we are in hopes of having you appraise it for yourself. That's keeping up the good work, John, and much obliged.

Edmund Ley of the sophomore Pre-Meds has been losing sleep nights trying to decide his future Alma Mater. He has done fine work under the di-

rection of his profs and we hope that he will have no difficulty in gaining entrance to the school of his choice.

Bill Schmidter's dad takes the credit this time instead of Bill. Dr. Schmidter footed the bill at the Cincinnati Business Men's Club for fifty-two dinners served to the Glee Club after their recent broadcasting hour at W S A I. At the dinner Dr. Schmidter complimented the Club on their success and proved himself a capable host indeed. Thanks to you, Doctor; U. D. says many thanks.

Arthur Schlitt, Shorty Sharpenter, Herb Hart, Bud Blumenthal and Johnny Ladner have informed this column that they are the six-foot gentlemen from Chicago. Now it is rather queer that these are the only Windy City representatives that we have and that they are all cloud dusters. Thanks for the "info", fellows.

Cicero Jardin, the tall Hawaiian, has made a quintet out of the Hawaiian quartet. Good luck, Cicero. Oh! beg pardon, Caesar!

A word of praise for the gentlemen who represented the University in the forensic tilt against Oberlin College. Haag, Deger and Iwashita, all new to the art, ably advance the argument against protection of foreign interests. With a little more experience they will be the finished product.

Ray J., sports editor, was called home recently when his dad was very ill. Mr. Grdina is on the road to health now.

In a recent contest conducted by the U. D. News, several arguments that were hanging fire for the last couple of years were finally settled. The large tawny gentleman of the firm of Ephram & Ephram was crowned king of popularity; J. C. Maxwell gets the palm for being most handsome; M. Grisez will be awarded another pair of glasses; J. Debesis gets the mention of being the best in athletics; our Annual editor was chosen as having done the most for his school; Bud Blumenthal got the title of "The Well Dressed Man"; and Andy Cunningham again breaks into print as being the most ambitious, whether Mark Anthony likes it or not.

If there is anyone who disagrees with this popular selection, he will just mention it to this column and we will see to it that he will also gain a niche in the hall of fame.

Music and Dramatic Department

By Theodore H. Hoffman

Glee Club Concert

On Monday evening, February 6, 1928, the University of Dayton Glee Club gave its first concert at the Memorial Hall under the direction of Mr. Dan Donovan. The Memorial Hall was crowded and the first appearance of the Glee Club was certainly a success. As stated by the program, the success of this concert was "due to the splendid co-operation given by all interested in the affair". We wish to take the opportunity in this article to thank the two committees: the executive committee composed of Mr. Daniel W. Donovan, Bro. Thomas W. Burke, Bro. John G. Bodie and Mrs. A. H. Kemper, and the student committee composed of George Rau, William Schmidter, Edward Schiltz and Gerald Herbison.

The Program was divided into two parts. Part One was composed of songs and the second part was devoted mainly to frolic and stunts. The first part consisted of songs really within the scope of a glee club and for our part we think that we enjoyed this better than the latter part under the circumstances.

An introduction entitled "Good Evening, Ladies" adapted to the music of *The Song of the Vagabonds* from the Vagabond King, an operetta by Rudolf Friml, opened the program. This opening song combined with the splendid scenic effects which accompanied it, made a very good impression on the audience at the outset. The members of the Glee Club were grouped close together in tiers and the rest of the stage was darkened and all the singers were attired in Tuxedos, this being the appearance at the first number. It was as we said very effective. The first number was done very well, with excellent rhythm but not as much volume as was developed later on, due perhaps to stage fright and the fact of the first appearance. The chorus responded ably to the direction, the different voices being well correlated and coming in at just the right time, a necessary requisite for all group singing.

"An American Ode" by Kuntz in which Dwight Emerick, tenor, and Joe Cowden, basso, had the solo parts was the second or rather the first presentation on the program, the other being the introduction. Both of the soloists responded or rather rose to their parts with the voice and volume necessary and we can say that we enjoyed the piece, it being new to our knowledge. This was followed by Aloha O, the well-known and much used

Hawaiian melody, in which Leone Brockmyer rendered a contralto solo. John McColgan, the possessor of a very fine and deep baritone voice, was the soloist in the next number, "On the Road to Mandalay", by Speaks. For real stage poise, sureness and beauty of tone, this solo pleased us as much as any of the evening. Also the chorus was admirable on this number. Mr. McColgan really has a fine voice and certainly used it to advantage on this occasion. The tones were rich, rounded, deep, full, and the spirit of the piece brought out in a way that was very near to perfection.

The next big number on the program was the "Miserere" from the opera "Il Trovatore" by Verdi. The solo parts were done by Miss Zara Dubroe, soprano, and Mr. Dwight Emerick, tenor. We enjoyed Miss Dubroe's rendition, her tones being well suited to the part she portrayed, but several of the notes of Mr. Emerick's part seemed to be beyond his range, however, he did well. In this number, the chorus had a chance to show their perfection, as they had to sing at the same time as the principals and therefore be careful not to sing too loud and drown out the voices of the soloists. This number is the chant of pilgrims singing to the Lord "Have mercy on us". The very words themselves necessitate that they be sung softly and with devotion in order to conform to their meaning. Last summer we had the opportunity to hear the whole opera and we can truthfully say that the chorus here did not sing this number very much better than our own Glee Club and they were trained singers and for the most part professionals.

This number concluded the first part of the program and the first part of the intermission was occupied with a very novel incident. Mr. Raymond Grdina announced through station WSMK at Dayton, Ohio, that they were forwarding the Hawaiian quintet from station KGU, Honolulu, Hawaii. The young men then played a few very interesting numbers and so realistic was this performance that we heard afterwards that some people in the audience were temporarily in Hawaii.

The second part of the program was opened with a minstrel, in which several jokes and songs filled the entire time. We enjoyed the songs, which consisted of a tenor solo, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", sung by George Rau, a tenor solo, "Everything Is Funny to Me", sung by Clement Kemer and a

bass solo, "Asleep in the Deep", sung by Thomas Durkin. These are all students of the University of Dayton and all three sang like veterans. But the jokes rather fell short of their intended purpose being, we might say, a trifle old. The ballet entitled "Cus-P-Dor", was done well and pleased the audience and the specialty dance by N. Schneider also is very worthy of mention.

The program was closed by singing the piece "U. D. We Hear You Calling", sung by the Glee Club and the audience. The first concert was a glorious success and we hope that there will continue to be more of them in the future.

"Seventh Heaven"

On Monday night, February 20, 1928, I had the pleasure to witness the presentation by the University of Dayton Little Theatre of "Seventh Heaven", a drama of the World War by Austin Strong. Before beginning to criticize this production, I wish to say that previously to seeing this rendition of this drama, I saw it produced by the road company a few years ago and also the picture version of it a few weeks ago. For all-around acting, able direction, fine scenery, this production compared very favorably with these two productions.

The principal parts, namely that of Diane and Chico, were portrayed by Lucille Abel and Thomas Gallagher. Both responded very well and lived the part, not merely played it, as is the case with so many amateur productions. The many dramatic climaxes which this play contains for the two principals, were acted with all the emotion necessary to make them successful. The part that particularly impressed me as a piece of fine acting, intensely

dramatic, was the lines, spoken by Chico in his attempt to tell Diane of his love for her, "Chico, Diane, Heaven". These words were expressed with all the depth of feeling of an unsophisticated lover to declare his love for the girl he loves.

Of course, Mr. Joseph J. Abel as Pere Chevillon the kindly old priest, who secures the position of street cleaner for Chico and looks after the souls of these poor unfortunate people of the Paris slums, was excellent. However, Mr. Joseph J. Abel can always be depended upon to give a very good piece of acting.

Another characterization that was outstanding, was that of Colonel Brissac, portrayed by Thomas Daugherty. This part demanded a polished gentleman, a true Parisian, a man of impeccable manners, suave bearing, and cultured language. Thomas Daugherty had all these in his presentation, the night that I witnessed the performance. DeWitt Ashton, as Papa Boul, the taxi driver, the owner of "Eloise", his cab, that led the taxicabs in that grand parade that saved Paris from being taken by the Germans, brought to the part all of the stage presence and skill that he has acquired during his many appearances in Little Theatre performances.

All of the minor parts were played to perfection. Those most deserving mention are Mrs. Joseph Abel as Aunt Valentine, Mrs. D. Herbert Abel as Nana, the sister of Diane, Mr. John Meresicky as the sewer rat, the companion of Chico, and Miss Rosemarie Abel as Arlette, the friend of Diane.

In my opinion this has been the best production the Little Theatre has given up to date and all who had any part in its success deserve praise and commendation.



University Spotlight

By Paul A. Moorman and Ray Jay Grdina

Dear Ray Jay: This task of writing you letters ever so often just to tell you of the Varsity athletic doings is getting so burdensome that I think I will just subscribe to one of the dailies which are always up to date, except on an unpolite scoop.

* * *

Not a great deal happened the last four weeks, but the staff picture was taken. Sorry you were missed.

* * *

Which only reminds me of the sign I happened to chance recently: "If our seeds don't grow, bring them back".

* * *

To George Fitzpatrick our cage mentor, goes the honor of havnig turned out a basketball team, which had the best record since 1917 when Frank Mahoney was coach. Yes the Varsity clipped through their sked for a disastrous finish. Just the same they have a record of eleven victories against five defeats for the season.

* * *

And but two men will be absent when the call for candidates is sounded for the 1929 outfit as Captain Johnnie Debesis and Shorty Sharpenter will be the only ones leaving.

* * *

With 25 events featuring the second annual indoor sports frolic held at the coliseum, the benefit carnival staged for the Christ Child society resembled a three-ring circus. The program lasted four hours.

* * *

Going down one of the principal streets of our fair city last week I came across the startling sign of an up-to-date establishment "Yee-Sing Laundry". Now to be practical, it might not be a bad idea for the Glee Club to "sign up" Yee and not only have him sing for their club but also chalk their tuxes gratis.

* * *

Speaking of "signing up", Johnnie Debesis who polled the greatest number of votes as the best athlete in the school, will leave for a tryout with the Cleveland Indians this spring. And Jock McGarry will coach West Philly Catholic in all-sports.

* * *

The Spotlight's secret ambition—to scoop the U. of D. News; and we will do it too one of these days.

When the Varsity has one of the greatest and best turnouts of baseball material in years—be careful.

* * *

Joe Schneider, utility man on the Red and Blue several years ago, recently came back to school and will be eligible for the diamond this season.

* * *

Dayton has one of the best chances in years for spreading their prowess as baseball giants and if they can only keep up their past good work with the stick and in the field, the Varsity men will be making names for themselves.

* * *

Ohio Conference basketball seems about the hardest assignment of their major sports which the Hill-toppers tackle, and for the second straight year they fell below par in winning O. C. games. This year's record of two won and three lost was final, but when we take into account that the Fitzmen lost all their games away, to such teams as Ohio Wesleyan, Muskingum and Wittenberg, the losses may be submitted to a small discount.

* * *

With the entrance of Lady spring, baseball, track and tennis will have its fling, with the outlook of success in all of the sports appearing fairly bright at the present time.

* * *

Spring football is going in fine progress with the finishing touches expected to round off the program about April 5.

* * *

The revised and complete pigskin schedule for the Flyers in 1929 will have nine games in all, the same number that was played last year. Four new clubs appear on the list in Brown, Detroit, Muskingum and Ohio Northern, while elevens which were played last year and will be encountered next fall will be Findlay, Cincinnati, Loyola, Wilmington and the Marines.

* * *

Seven games will be played in the stadium while only the brushes with Brown and Cincinnati will be played away.

Did you ever think with "gnawed thought" of the result that a reporter could give in telling of a mirthquake instead of an earthquake. Still there

could have been people killed. Yours.

When you get to the end of your string,
tie a knot in it and—

HANG ON. PAM.

Handygrams by Andy

By Andy Cunningham

If all the college men that sleep in class were laid end to end they would be ever so much more comfortable.

* * *

Found: A Way to Rise at 6:15

At the first sound of the direful gong, cross your toes tightly and bite your finger nails in the shape of a crescent. Grit your teeth to arouse courage. Speak one of the old pieces like "Mary had a little lamb" to stimulate your brain activity. Now you rest for 5 minutes until the second bell rings and then you are ready to burst forth into the school song. By the time you are finished the chapel bell will have rung, and you will be late anyhow, so you may as well roll over and sleep till class time.

* * *

I'd like to know who won the big battle between Julius Pesce's militia and Herb Hart's volunteers.

* * *

I think it would be a fine idea to pass out gowns to some on their way to chapel. It would give them something to sleep in.

* * *

The End

It would soon be over; he looked at the pistol, fingered the trigger, and sighed. Why must it all end? Why did not Time stop in its eternal flight? He looked about him—a sea of faces—hilarious—hardly realizing that in a few moments he would end it all. Why did they stare at him so? He'd show them the pistol! That was it. He raised it toward his head, took a last deep breath and fired. A woman screamed; the game was over and the Flyers had turned in another win.

* * *

How to become popular—Try refereeing the intramural games.

* * *

I am told that a fool and his money are soon parted—around here a fool with money is hard to find.

We just discovered that dogs curl their tails so that their fleas can loop the loop.

* * *

Mid-year exams are over. However, no one has been admitted to the asylum as yet, although one fellow was nearly lynched the other day when he suggested that he wished the mid-year exams would come every month.

* * *

The Burning Question

If it were not for the college men's clothes, what would the circus clowns copy?

* * *

They tell me that the University of Nebraska has a \$4.00 tuition fee. They must be swamped with Scotch.

* * *

After interviewing numerous students as to just what kind of a test the authorities should give, one similar to the following was found to be the most wanted:

1. If 1493 was a year after Columbus came, what year did he land?
 2. What two countries were principals in the Spanish-American War?
 3. How long is it till June?
 4. Who is the best fellow in Dayton U, and why am I?
 5. If each star in the American flag represents a state of the Union, how many states are there?
- N. B.—Answer not more than three questions.

* * *

The latest unit to be added to Marygrove's building plan is a high-powered gas station. Dayton hasn't any gas station as yet but we have quite a few hot air manufacturers on the campus.

* * *

Who said there are no miracles? The fact that you are casting your eyes over this column once more is short of a miracle. "Well, here she goes," said the Scotchman as he cast the bundle of gold into the river.

I hear they are going to give us a ten-day vacation at Easter. Well, it is a sure bet that some of the boys will extend it to an even two weeks due to the usual deaths, births, marriages, christenings and such.

* * *

In the Analytic Class

Bro. Edward: "Give me an example of a variable."

Stude: "My notes." (Big laugh.)

Brother: "Good, now an example of a constant."

Stude: "A woman's mouth, it can't be stopped." (Tumultuous applause.)

* * *

You can lead a jackass to college—oh why should I bring that up?

* * *

I'm told that Alumni Hall now has plenty of guest rooms on the third floor due to the recent changes.

* * *

In the Lab.

Prof.: "Can you tell the class what Barium is?"

Frosh: "Why surely. Barium is an undertaker's motto."

* * *

What I'd like to know is will the Floating University have a paddle wheel for its freshmen?

* * *

They tell me that a convict, no matter how poor he is, can always have a watch and chain.

* * *

One of our handsome young men from Alumni Hall has given his spare time over to taking lessons in the manly art of self-defense. After watching his workouts I think he should be billed under the name of "Kid Candle" since he has the habit of going out with one blow.

Judging from the various assortment of curves thrown in the dining hall, the Flyers shouldn't suffer for the want of tricky slab artists for the next few seasons.

* * *

I think that the U. D. boys would be able to enjoy the shows at the Colonial with a little more comfort if the owners would be so kind as to remove the tax from the seats.

* * *

Did you see the play "Seventh Heaven" as presented by the little Theatre group. It was presented by an "Abel" cast.

* * *

After the game is over—

After the shouting is done,

The date that grates on me

Is the girl who says:

"Which won?"

* * *

The only way to keep some students quiet in class is to ask them something pertaining to the lesson.

* * *

The taming of man by woman is one of the great plastic arts of all times. It requires science, common sense, faith, hope and charity.—Exchange.

* * *

History proves that the cheapest operation was Adam's, because it cost him only one bone.

* * *

Prof. "Who established the law of diminishing returns?"

Student: "The Laundry."

* * *

The supreme thrill: the electric chair.



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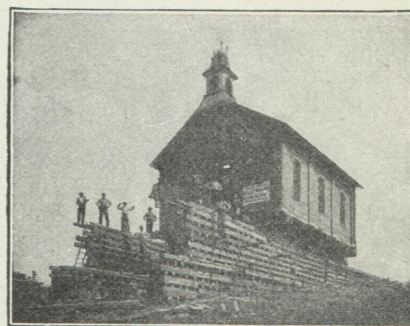
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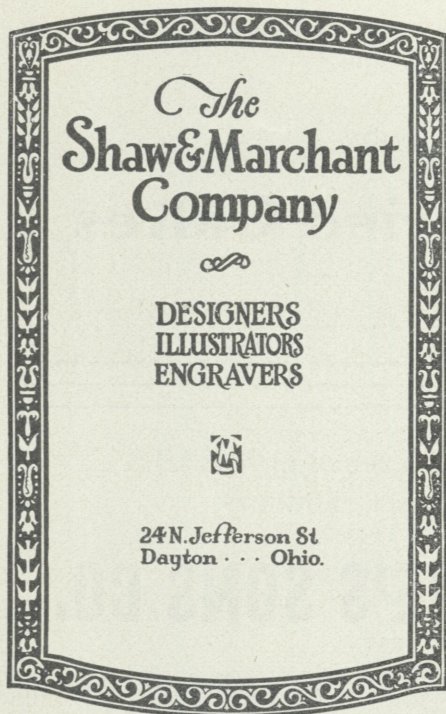
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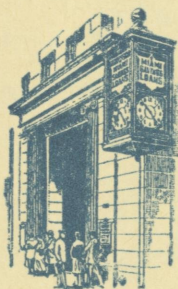
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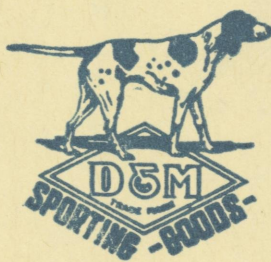
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