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The University of Dayton Exponent, March 1932

University of Dayton

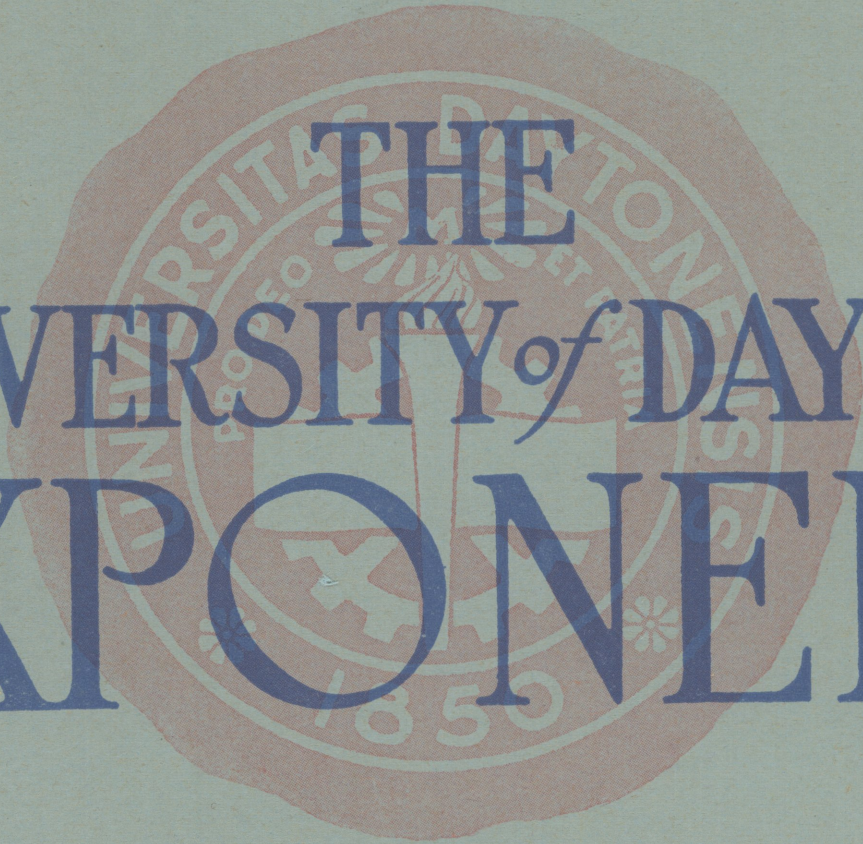
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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem with a red border. Inside the border, the words "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" are written in a circular path. The center of the seal features a shield with a cross, a book, and a sunburst. The year "1850" is inscribed at the bottom of the seal.

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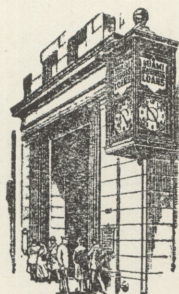
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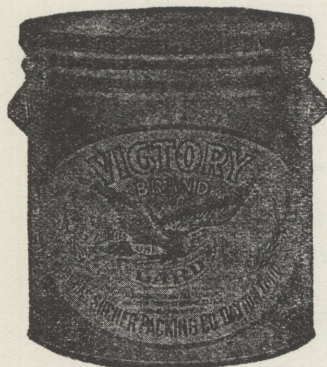
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXIX

MARCH, 1932

No. 3

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Two Sonnets

FOR THE WINDS OF MARCH—

By EDWIN H. SAUER

I

ANTE

*When I am gone (and I will go ere long),
Grieve not, O friend; do not restrain an act
For thought of me, but conscious of the fact
That in my going I have done no wrong,
Think of my joy, think of the carefree song
I now can sing, knowing I do not lack
As formerly, the hours which attract
Two friends alone who wander from the throng.*

*Forget me, even, if I interfere
With any want of yours. Remember this
I am contented feeling you are free,
And hampered not by loyalty, and fear
Of wounding me. Friends find their safest bliss,
When through companionship, their aims agree.*

II

POST

*When I had looked into the eyes of Hope,
When in them I had read, "Live not in fear.
The one, when you have gone, remaining here,
Holds as a torch, your love the best to grope
With helplessness," I, measuring my scope
Of weariness, cried out that all might hear;
"These words are false," then, saw them disappear,
And felt that with their adverse I must cope.*

*O cruel eyes! Now trembling with fright,
I dare not doubt your message as before,
Nor lift my voice to protest in my pride.
Cold hours of absence, hideous in love's sight,
And strong as winds that beat against my door,
Attack love's faith, when once that faith is tried.*

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Jazz-American Folk Music

By JOHN LINDSEY

FOR some three years my battle cry has been a loud and long proclamation against modern jazz. I stuck to the old argument that it was only a passing fancy (a very foolish argument) and predicted a speedy return for something made of sterner stuff. One of my aces was that we would soon tire of all this jumpy, jerky, syncopated and row-de-dow type of music because it was only an artificial stimulant. It perked us up for the time being, but for something lasting and mighty in effect to sooth the old nerves, we would have to go to the soft, easy-flowing, slurred type of sentimental music, which, to my belief possessed something of technical quality.

But all these arguments were only the words of my childish desire to "display a love of the beautiful in music." I had taken a few lessons in music and had myself figured as a rapidly rising genius. Thus, I had to take this stand to be fair to my contemporaries. Never for one minute did I realize that this popular music was the music of our time—the music people like—and the music I whistled when alone. In public my lips were ever pursed to emit the beautiful strains of the "Sextette from Lucia" which I was more familiar with than attracted to. And I could not bring myself to admit that I became familiar with the tune through having been exposed to it for a whole summer while working in a small town theatre.

Then when "Stardust" became popular and remained so, I again brought my arguments to the air; for this is really a beautiful melody and was

composed by one who had new ideas as well as a sense of showmanship. With my chest out I was a moving example of one of these "I-told-you-so" fellows.

Then suddenly came the realization that "Stardust" was just as much jazz as any of the other popular songs. Immediately the pins went flying out from under my argument and I began to have some spare sympathy for popular tunes. Then, with the advent of other new tunes, I found myself liking (or rather admitting that I did like) jazz music. And with this attraction to the new note came a desire to discover the inevitable "WHY."

First, we must have a little history of jazz. There are many stories connected with, and telling about, the coming of jazz. But no more ground is gained in placing the origin of the music than there is in finding the originator of the term. Likewise there has been considerable difficulty in defining "jazz."

Chambers' Encyclopedia says: "Jazz, dance music, generally syncopated, played by a band eccentrically composed. The jazz drummer, a sort of one-man band, provides the characteristic feature of jazz which is noise...the origin of the word is uncertain. The term has also been applied to noisy proceedings, to loud writings and to eccentric and discordant coloring."

Going to Joseph Gorham, who is sometimes spoken of as the "Daddy of Jazz," we find that he speaks of it as meaning to "mess 'em up and slap it on thick." (It seems to me that his definition is quite appropriately "jazzy"). We have many other

definitions which all leave us with the same meaning,—not so much what jazz is but how the people like it.

As for the origin of jazz it was generally agreed that the negro is responsible. The first defenders of jazz spoke very highly of negro music and musicians, saying that their rhythm and tonal qualities were marvelous. They preached the doctrine that the savages of Africa had a finer musical ear than the educated whites; for, in savage music was heard quarter and eighth tones, variations hardly recognizable. Again they said that their rhythm possessed a cross-current that could be produced by none other than genius.

And for once, the masters of the old school agreed with these theories; not concerning their genius, but their tonal qualities and their cross-cutting of rhythm. But instead of the negroes having infinite tonal variations and a new and difficult rhythm, the scholars merely explained that the savages were out of tune and out of time (which argument really sounds the more intelligent).

Nevertheless, we see that the advent of jazz caused more agitation and aggravation than enjoyment. And little wonder! When we look back to the years when jazz was in its primitive stages, we may have a hearty sigh of relief that we are at least a few years removed from that time.

Because the first version of jazz was in truth no version at all (that requires deep concentration), the underlying motive of the first jazz-band was to play loud and fast. If the band possessed a library of one number, it was revelling in luxury, for this was an unnecessary extravagance. Yet, such a number was good for the season. In an evening the leader (if one was handy) would permit each of the musicians to present his own version of a tune in the "hot," "sock" style of the day. Whatever entered his mind came out the business end of his horn. Occasionally, for an ensemble effect, the whole band would join in on a chorus. At such a time every man blew and kicked and pounded with all his might and main, and no two of them were supposed to hit the same note,—at least not at the same time. Faint echoings of this primitive din may still be discerned in our modern negro dance bands.

We must take time out here to erect a statue for Paul Whiteman, for it is through a very brilliant idea of his that we today have a popular number played two consecutive times in the same manner. Whether or not he is the hippopotamus of scintillating syncopation, his bulky frame should be hoisted onto some kind of a pedestal where all America can admire it. At least he should be on the good-luck charm of all publishers, for he certainly pulled them out of a terrible rut. So let us

spend fifteen seconds in reverent silence for dear old Paul,—the man who did a great deal to bring about the sophistication of jazz.

However difficult it may be to determine the origin of jazz, we find it a simple matter to determine the reason for the origin. The blame may be placed squarely on the shoulders of the conservatives, the hide-bound, intolerant scholars, artists, critics and other highbrows who have insisted that music is a matter of rules, regulations and formulae, and who refused to recognize any opinions, responses or reactions but their own. Any reference to a musical composition, made by a person without a musical education was regarded as "bad taste." Thus the "uneducated" assumed that conventional music was over their heads and "guessed that jazz was good enough for them."

Thus jazz has found millions of disciples, because it offers an escape from the conventional. It has a greater attraction, because it offers the line of least resistance; for, jazz rhythms are based upon the universal human instinct to keep time. By this instinct, physical labors are lightened; else why do we have folk-songs, harvest-songs and many others of a like class from earliest civilization down to the present? A specific example of this is the "Volga Boat Song;" a generalization is the music which has come to go hand in hand with the morning daily dozen.

Then too, we have come to be a race of jazz-hounds, because modern tunes are simple and easily remembered after one or two hearings. After all, popular music is nothing more than familiar music, and when recognition is made easy, the appeal is the stronger. In listening to a popular tune we always know "what is coming next" and we perform that all-important ritual of stamping the foot on the exact beat with deadly accuracy, causing that same feeling of triumph that overtakes us when we have boarded a street-car after a four-block chase.

Unquestionably, the new popular music is characteristic of modern America in its restless energy, its deliberate distortions and caricatures, its insistence on the obvious, and its occasional vulgarity. Taken as a whole, however, it is no worse than we are, and surely no worse than it sounds. Along with Sigmund Spaeth we will admit that Tin Pan Alley has had a lot of rubbish dumped on it from time to time. Right now it is all cluttered up with wisecracks, sallies of subtle salaciousness and plain dirt. But underneath this whole mess of lyrical garbage runs a solid vein of honest and golden sentimentality, which comes out in the compositions of every song-writer sooner or later.

So why not accept jazz as jazz and quit worrying about its degrading effect on the country? We

need not think that we are the sole perpetrators of the stuff. For in the last movement of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" we find a passage some thirty or forty measures long, which contains every essential element of modern jazz except the use of the saxophone. And we would be open to ridicule if we accepted the blame for syncopation, for that is nearly as old as music.

But, if you are too proud or patriotic to accept jazz without some argument to the contrary, you can shake your head in a duly mournful manner and admit that it is the modern folk-music of America. It shows all the characteristics and traits of primitive folk-music, albeit, in a complex and distorted form. It has essentially a monotony of rhythm, a simplicity of melody, a distinctive tonal

coloring, and, most important of all, the spirit of improvisation. And all these traits are to be found in naive folk-music the world over.

In any event we should be cheerful about the whole matter. We can either be thankful that this is 1932 and not 1920 (when jazz was wild), or we may look to the future when our popular music will be out of date, and jazzmania, as some are wont to call it, will be passé.

To do the smart and fair thing, however, we should accept the responsibility for jazz, and term it, if we will, folk-music. This should all be done without a repulsive shudder or a contradictory argument. Better still, we should let it slip by in musical history unnotized, content that it is our folk-music and not our art music.

Une Chanson Pour Consolation

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*Somewhere tonight strong men are singing
Dirges o'er the coffin of a friend
Somewhere tonight frail women weeping,
Tears beyond death's portal, send.*

*Thus I sing, thus too I weep,
Here alone, chastised by truth,
By all my aims, by fires I keep
Aglow in these few years of youth.*

*But not for death of man my songs arise,
And not for death of pleasure or of fame,
But only for your new-born love's demise,
And for the grief you've added to my name.*

*Somewhere tonight strong men are singing,
Hiding while they sing, a deeper pain;
And thus this thought to me is ever clinging,
"Love is not dead, and may return again."*

"Ike"

Au Appreciation of a Man

By ART FOCKE

IT is neither Saturday nor Sunday. A few minutes ago it was Saturday night, and a few minutes hence it will be Sunday morning, but just now it is that indescribable hour when time falters in its flight—more marked at this period of the week because it comes between the madness of the week-end's pleasure and the quiet of the Sabbath. The revelers have found their way to bed, and the reverent have not yet bestirred themselves for early Mass.

It is no longer Saturday night in the editorial room of the Times. A copy boy has extracted the last message from the machines, and laid a slim, yellow slip of paper on the news editor's desk; it reads, "Goodnight—AP—a37—2:02 a. m." Thus Saturday is gone, and Sunday will not come until the presses begin to roll.

The news editor sweeps the scrap of paper to the littered floor with a weary sigh, and the five men remaining in the big room gather at the master city desk, under its cluster of lamps, like a group of small boys afraid of the dark. They have been under a strain for 18 hours, and their nerves have begun to fray; but they have the joy of a task well done, and they are spiritually sympathetic—lack of sleep is an intoxicant which looses their tongues, and the conversation is intimate and human.

For long minutes their voices make the only sound in the big room—below them printers and stereotypers are putting the paper to bed, working feverishly against the ever-present threat of the inexorable clock that speeds toward press-time.

Suddenly the quiet is broken and the conversation is drowned as the door of the composing room stairs opens and up the well comes the clatter of linotypes, coloring the shouts of harrassed make-up men and the rolling of iron-wheeled form trucks across a concrete floor. The door closes, and silence again is king.

A newcomer stands with one huge palm against the door by which he entered. Thus supported, he regards the group at the desk. Slouched, he scowls at them, but shortly the scowl turns to a grin; the tolerant grin of an adult watching a group of children at play. He grins for a long minute, while they return his gaze.

He is silent, and they remain so because you always wait for Ike to speak the first word. They see his brawny forearms, black with ink and grease; his heavy body (he might have been a fighter in his day, but he must be forty now) loosely clothed, his huge head surmounted by his curly, black hair, his rather coarse features and his prominent Semitic nose; they see a printer, life-long enemy of the editorial room, inveterate mis-speller of their favorite words, derider of their tardiness—and they return his grin.

Then his lips part and move in an easy, tolerant drawl: "Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun—the idle poor." (None of the five choosing to make a defense, he shakes his head sadly and resumes the grin). But suddenly he straightens, and when he speaks again his voice is like the bellow of a bull.

"We're about ready to put these comic pages to bed now—if any of you editors made any more mistakes 'n usual you wanna correct 'em now. (He glares.) Well, ya ready to go?"

The news editor's "We're satisfied, send her in" is almost drowned in the echo of Ike's voice, which peals like thunder through the empty room. He fires a parting shot as he turns to leave: "An' I ain't makin' over no pages tonight—not for the Old Man hisself."

The door opens and closes, and the room is as before. No, a change has taken place—it is as if the Angelus has pealed forth upon a quiet spring evening, bringing a message of good will; the silence is as that which reigns while the last peal is fading, leaving the night better for the song which closed the day.

Someone says, "Good old Ike." Around the circle, each drops his word of approbation. "Boy, there's a great character," and "a story for somebody to write."

II

But none of the Times staff has ever written the story of Ike. He is a part of the week-end lull, that precious moment which only those who share it can ever appreciate; and he is just as hard to describe. He is far too different from ordinary men to be put into ordinary words. He is a Pythias with

a hundred Damons, a Galahad in an armor of gruffness, mounted on a horse of boyish wit—uncouth, unlearned—but respected and cherished, because he tilts with understanding as a lance.

Not all of Ike's qualities stand out to the casual observer. He is universally liked, but only a few men in every five-year cycle of Times reporters get to know him. But whether they are intimate, or merely acquainted, with Ike, all are agreed, "A gentleman and a scholar."

III

Few printers are ever liked in the editorial room. What makes you, to a group of cynical reporters whose praise is not lightly won, what makes you, a rough-necked, swash-buckling, cursing, play-boyish son of Israel, what makes you a gentleman to these hard-boiled chaps who dig up so much evil in their daily work that they see dross in the shiniest gold?

Ah, I know. Those who appreciate you see in your rough kindness a love for your fellow-men which would rival that of Ben Adhem's. For that, like Abou's, your name will surely be written high on the list of those whom love of God has blest.

They like your good-natured humor. They like you because you are always happy. You are the only man I know who ever got any fun out of the war. You described it like this, to me:

"I went down to enlist, an' the guy says, 'What can ya do?' Nothin', I says, an' he says, 'We got a whole company of college professors here, and we need one dumb guy to do the work. You're it.' An' boy, I done it."

These college professors must have liked you, Ike. Once I saw you in conversation with a visitor who was a college president, and another time, with a stranger who, I learned later, was a famous engineer. You receive postcards from strange places now and then, and you must have been just as popular with the —the Engineers as you are with Times staff.

You receive mail occasionally from former Times employees who have "gone up" to big jobs on great newspapers. They like you, because when I meet them, and they talk of the Times, they say: "How's Ike? Give him my regards." And I know that is because you have helped them, somewhere along the ladder—perhaps a bit of advice about their modes of living; perhaps a bit of reportorial lore that you picked up somewhere (I know you have "made" many a cub reporter with whom a city edi-

tor was too busy to bother). And I know they would rather hear you say casually, "Yep, he's one of m' boys," than be known as a protege of Horace Greeley.

You are invaluable when time is short. You loaf on the job, it seems, whenever the fancy takes you, but somehow you have the whole disgruntled crew working with might and main, despite their grumbling, when a little more than the usual effort is necessary. You will never be foreman of the Times' composing room, because you are too clever as a master of all the jobs in the place—but you will remain while foremen come and go, and each will find you his right-hand man.

You have a brilliant mind. If it were educated, you might have been a great man. But I know that the kid brother whose education you provided with the sweat of your brow is bringing you more happiness than your own fame might have brought, now that he is a successful young lawyer. You, too, might have been a brilliant lawyer. You once led a campaign for a higher wage for your fellows, and the Old Man in grudging admiration bestowed upon you the title of "Devil's Objector." And I once saw you defend a law of your own with the best possible argument. You had given a beggar a dime, and your companion berated you for encouraging mendicancy, remarking that the beggar probably was trying to collect enough money for a drink. You merely replied, "There's times when a man needs a drink."

IV

But, Ike, you are not a gentleman, I compare you with Newman's portrait of a gentleman, and I see little resemblance in the finished products. You are not in the portrait, and none would recognize it as yours.

Many times I have heard you described as a "diamond in the rough," and the description was as inaccurate as it is trite. You do not sparkle. And you have but few of the refinements Newman portrays in his gentleman.

But I have learned at last the secret of the admiration you win. Like Newman's gentleman, you "never inflict pain." And like Arthur's knights, you "do no evil, speak no wrong—."

No, you are not in the portrait of a gentleman—you are the canvas, without which the portrait could not be painted—you are a man, the sine qua non of a gentleman.

The Storm

By ROBERT WHARTON

“GOOD-BYE, Jim, drive carefully through the woods, a storm is brewing in the east,” smiled my mother, hiding, as I well knew, fears for my safety under her smile.

“Have no fears, Mother, my five-year-old Ford will torment the roads for some time yet,” I reassured her. “But I certainly wish that I had stopped with but one piece of that mince pie,” I ruefully added as I stepped into my old battered car and started my unsteady way down the road to the city some thirty miles away.

As I jolted along the bumpy road, I reminiscently thought of the time I had spent along this very dusty road and in these very woods that stretched for miles on both sides. Indeed, this road was merely a wagon track through the forest.

Then, suddenly my mind was brought back to the present. The air had grown heavy and tense. The sky had become overcast and the storm was almost upon me. The trees on both sides rocked to and fro gently in the quiet that precedes a storm. They rocked more and more in the ever-increasing wind until they were pitching violently, bringing to me a strong sense of loneliness almost akin to fear. Jagged forks of lightning struck all around and the heavy peals of thunder seemed to reverberate back and forth in my car. Finally, full, heavy drops of rain struck the windshield seeming to bring that impending sense of evil and that watchfulness that everyone feels at the sudden approach of a storm. The rain increased so that I drove with difficulty. The lightning seemed to increase with the rain, and I confess that I flinched at each flash that struck near-by.

The storm had gained volume and was soon violently raging. I fervently wished that I was safe at home. Suddenly, a short distance in front of my car, through the pelting, all-enveloping rain, a vicious streak of lightning struck. To my startled eyes a large tree moved, hovered hesitantly, then majestically, with invincible speed struck the ground with a crash a few feet in front of my car. Automatically my almost paralyzed arms and legs twisted the car to the side and slammed on the brakes. We struck the tree with one front wheel, the rest slipped on the wet road and the car was violently upset. I was thrown from the car and was stunned when my head struck a rock. I lay

gasping, on my aching back with the rain beating down on my unprotected face.

I painfully gained my feet and with ringing and aching head I surveyed the wreck of my faithful car with the aid of the lightning flashes. I moved despondently to the side of the road and into the woods to get away from the rain. The trees bending back and forth, seemed to talk and beckon to each other. The whole woods was filled with whispers of long-dead folk. Was that a line of men creeping there? Was that not a horrible figure with staring eyes and gaping mouth advancing towards me? Oh! My aching head!

I shook off these childish fancies. Staggering, holding my paining head, I trotted as fast as I could, my disturbed mind imaging all sorts of figures keeping time in the trees beside me. Were those footsteps following me? With a backward look I ran until I was almost exhausted, battered by brush and trees, I was ready to give up when I saw a small dark cabin. Thanking providence, I pushed and pounded on the stubborn door. Finally, almost sobbing in my distress I dashed against the door which gave suddenly. I sprawled on the floor and then gained my feet and shut the door on the raging wind and rain.

I felt in my pockets. Thank heaven, a dry match! I struck it and gazed directly in the open eyes of an old man hunched up over a chair with both hands clasped over a cane which was lodged on the floor between his feet. In the brief flash of light his white robe stood out in ghostly fashion.

My overwrought senses stunned by this last shock, failed me and I lost consciousness. When I came to I saw the old man hunched over his cane, sitting before a crackling wood fire, mumbling to himself.

“Yes, yes, young man,” said he, “your nerves are overwrought much as my nerves were one day long ago. I’ll tell you that story if you care to hear it.” He waited for no answer. Indeed, I could not have answered through my dry throat. (Since that time I have wondered how he knew I had come to, since I was behind him, and he never moved!)

“Many hundreds of years ago I was a young man such as you. I lived much as you are living—uselessly, giving nothing, expecting every-

thing. I was lazy and above all greedy. I was the treasurer of a band of twelve men who were led by a wonderful Man of great ability. I thought He meant to start a revolution against Rome, which was at that time, flourishing. I saw myself as treasurer of all Rome and its immense treasure. But as the days wore on I realized I had been mistaken. Thousands of followers came ready to fight but this Man instead of leading them in rebellion did nothing but teach them.

"So disappointed fool that I was I went to the priests and scribes and offered to lead them to this Man that they wished to exterminate. In my greed I asked for money; they gave me but thirty pieces of silver. In that bargain I sold myself, my honor, my conscience, my very soul!

"They seized this Man, the Son of God, and fast-

ened Him on a cross where He died. Realizing the enormity of my crime I hanged myself, but through the will of God I could not die. I have lived ever since trying to atone for my horrible sin. I have lived a life of sorrow and have repented my immeasurable deed. Oh that I might be forgiven!"

With these words the old man threw his head back and looked upwards. Then I must have fallen asleep for I remembered no more.

In the morning I gaspingly raised myself from the hard floor and moved my stiff limbs toward the door when I suddenly remembered the old man. I looked where he had sat last night and I grew weak in amazement. Hunched up on a chair, bony hands clasped over the head of a cane, empty sockets gazing upwards, there was seated a grinning skeleton!

On Easter Morn

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*O risen Lord, thy praise we sing,
Who, didst Thy Body, living bring
From tomb of earth, where laid they You,
When blackened sky had turned to blue;
When Thou wert placed in Mary's arm
Which shielded You from further harm,
When Thou hadst drained the cup which we
Had filled with sin, nor could we see
Your suffering and grief, O Lord,
But Thou art risen as the Word.
For said You not, to them, "Destroy
My Temple, and I shall, in joy,
Restore it in but three days' time."*

*My soul is sick with endless rhyme,
With sinful strife, with glory won,
With tasks that never can be done,
O risen Lord '...but give it grace
To stand before thy Sacred Face.*

Gasoline Engineering

A History

By WM. HOWARD AGENBROAD

THE work of the world is done by sun power. Whether it be done by the muscular labour of horses or human beings, by the burning of wood, coal, or oil, or by the swift and silent electric current, the energy comes directly or indirectly from the solar reservoir. But the sun does not shine every day and it cannot shine on all sides of the earth at once and it favors different zones at different times of the year.

So man in order to avoid the darkness of night and the cold of winter invented a way of using the sunshine of the past for present needs. According to the Greeks fire was a gift of that foresighted Titan, Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven and brought it down to man in a hollow reed. For this crime he was chained to the Caucasus and from his torn liver flowed a stream of black petroleum. The Greek mythologists differ as to whether Prometheus was ever released from his chains or not, and we cannot count Shelley as an authority, but the streams of petroleum have continued to flow in the Caucasus to this day. The Zoroastrians came to worship the Fountain of Everlasting Fire, rightly regarding it as somehow a gift from the sun, though how, they could not tell, any more than can the modern geologists just how the energy of the solar rays came to be embodied in the blazing oil. Marco Polo, who passed through Baku on his way to Far Cathay, says that a hundred ships might be filled at a time from the lake of oil, and he notes, quite correctly, that it is not good to eat but good to burn and to cure the sore backs of camels.

To-day this same Caucasian oil, which was to the Persians the object of adoration and to the Greeks the subject of a grotesque story, is to the modern world a source of power and the desire of all nations. It is the only liquid asset of the Bolsheviks and their efforts to bargain it off to the highest bidder broke up the Genoa Conference and are holding up The Hague. From 1898 to 1901 a ten-mile square of the Baku district supplied nearly half the world's output of oil and it is still the greatest source of the Old World.

First Uses of American Oil—But the United States has been favored above all other nations in the endowment of oil, and it was here that it first

became an important factor in civilization. It was from the earliest time used in Pennsylvania, as Marco Polo saw it used five hundred years before in the Caucasus, to cure the sore backs of beasts of burden. The Indians spread their blankets on the creeks that carried a film of oil and wrung them out. The product was sold to the Whites as "Seneca Oil" for man and beast at \$2 a gallon. A little more than a century ago a well was being drilled for brine in Kentucky when there burst out instead of salt water a stream of black oil that literally set the river on fire. The Kentuckian ascribed it to a different supernatural source from the Zoroastrians and called it "The Devil's Tar." Nowadays values are reversed and the driller who strikes brine instead of oil is disappointed.

In 1859 Drake of Titusville, Pennsylvania, put down a well and thereafter sold Rock Oil at the rate of thirty barrels a day. The value of the new fuel was now beginning to be perceived, and after the war the great oil boom set in and millions were gained and lost on paper while petroleum and its products found their varied uses. The great fortunes that are peculiar to our time had their origin in petroleum and it would be impossible to overestimate their influence in all fields of modern life.

Why petroleum is an unprecedented wealth producer and how it can be so readily monopolized by individuals or governments can be easily seen by reference to its geology and chemistry. In the first place petroleum comes in pockets and is therefore readily pocketable. It forms pools under pressure, pushed up from below by water and held down from above by a dome of impervious rock. The first man who drills through the rock gets the oil, not only the oil under his own claim but much of what seeps in from his neighbor's claims. Hence the race to get down the first well in a new field. But great haste means great waste. It is estimated that half the oil is lost through lack of system in drilling. Much of it runs off or is burned up before the well is brought under control. More of it is left in the ground through the competitive drilling. At the other end of the process, the consumption, at least half of the product is wasted, either through burning the oil to make steam when it might be used in internal combustion engines, or

by the careless use of the gasoline in automobiles. On the other hand the intermediate part of the process, the refining and transporting, being under unified management and chemical control is carried on with comparative efficiency and economy. Yet we hear little complaint over the irreparable loss of some three-fourths of the world's supply in the drilling and the using while there is furious and incessant denunciation of those who carry on the distribution and distillation because they have made so much money out of it. We do not seem to care how much wealth is wasted but we care dreadfully if somebody gets more than we do.

Mineral oil therefore lends itself naturally to monopoly because it is found in but few places in the world and there concentrated in small space; it is also irreplaceable and indispensable. But why has petroleum such a close connection with wealth? Here the chemist can give the answer. Wealth is produced by the expenditure of energy, human, animal, or inanimate. The unprecedented accumulation of wealth within the last hundred and fifty years is due to the utilization of external inanimate energy, chiefly the heat of combustion of fossil fuel in the steam and gasoline engine. In America the greatest use has been made of such sources and therefore this country is the richest in the world. If measured in the ancient way in terms of manpower we would each of us on the average have a train of twenty able-bodied slaves waiting on us day and night.

This increment of energy, that has given to all of us comfort and convenience beyond the power of potentates in former times, comes mostly from two simple and similar chemical reactions, the union of hydrogen and of carbon with oxygen, or in common language, burning. The first reaction, the uniting of hydrogen with the oxygen to form water gives more heat than any other combination of elements. Hydrogen would, therefore, be the best possible fuel for two reasons. In the first place it is too expensive. It is not found free in nature, except in natural gas, and this is rare and running out. To get the hydrogen out of water would require as much expenditure of energy as we should get out of it by burning it back again to water. Secondly, hydrogen is a gas and therefore not convenient to carry around. It would not be convenient to have a big gas bag hitched to your car like a captive balloon. It is true hydrogen can be liquified but it does stay so and it is then exceedingly cold.

Carbon is tolerably abundant in many countries in the form of coal. But carbon has less than one-fourth the heating power per pound that hydrogen has. Carbon, being a solid, is handier to use than a gas like hydrogen, but not so handy as a liquid

would be. A solid has to be shovelled. A liquid will flow. Coal has to be mined and hoisted up from the ground. Petroleum is so anxious to get out that it will blow off the rigging when its rock prison is tapped.

What, then, would be the ideal fuel if we could have just what we wanted? It would be composed only of hydrogen and carbon. It should give on complete combustion only water and carbonic dioxide, innocuous final products, already in the air. It should contain no ash; leave no solid residue to foul the cylinder. It should contain just as much hydrogen and as little carbon as possible. It should be a liquid at ordinary temperatures but be easily converted to a gas for combustion. It must not rot on keeping or freeze on cooling. It should not contain water because that reduces the heating power. Preferably it should look nice and clear like water and not stain things. It must not have a disgusting odor like carbon disulfide, though we will not insist upon absolute odorlessness or a pleasant perfume.

Now all of these requirements are found in gasoline and in that only. The compounds of carbon and hydrogen are constructed like a chain. Each link is composed of one carbon atom connected with two hydrogen atoms. The first of the series and the simplest possible is methane, CH_4 , but that is a gas. So is the next, but when we get along to the fifth and sixth members of the methane series we get to the liquids of the gasoline group.

Just What Is Gasolene?—Gasolene is not a single and uniform substance. You who use it know that it varies in quality, especially in volatility. It is simply the lightest part of petroleum, the part that comes over at the lowest temperature when the distillation of petroleum begins. Next comes kerosene, and then the heavy lubricating oils, and later vaseline and paraffin, while asphalt is left behind in the still. Formerly, when there was no demand for gasolene, as much of it was run into the next fraction, the kerosene, as it would stand without blowing up in the lamps. Each state had to have an oil inspector whose duty it was to see that no kerosene was sold that had an ignition point below the safety point of the lamps. There is now no difficulty on that score because the temptation is all the other way, to run the heavier kerosene fractions into the gasolene until it becomes too heavy to burn (and the motor knocks). In the early days the gasolene, being injurious to the illuminating oil and not being much wanted anywhere, was allowed to run from the refineries into the streams, where it sometimes took fire. When the introduction of the automobile created a demand for gasolene the refineries awoke to the fact that they had been wasting one of the most valuable parts of the petro-

leum. Then they began to save and sell their lighter distillates which under ordinary conditions amounted to about 11 per cent. of the crude oil.

But with the multiplication of motors this did not suffice. It became necessary to break up the heavy oils into light oils, which meant breaking up the big molecules into little molecules. Nobody knows exactly how petroleum was formed in the first place, nor even what it was made out of. But presumably it was made from masses of vegetable matter subjected to heat and pressure. If, then, we could reproduce those conditions we could manufacture petroleum in the manner which we desired.

This was accomplished by W. W. Burton, president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who worked out a scheme of distillation under pressure which cracked up the heavy oils into lighter fractions. Today the Standard Oil Company of Indiana has 800 pressure stills which can produce 2,000,000 gallons of gasoline a day. This makes possible the running of 2,000,000 motor cars. In

recognition of this achievement the American Chemical Society bestowed upon Mr. Burton the medal that bears the name of Perkin, the discoverer of the first coal-tar dye. The profits of this process are so great that the stock in the Standard of Indiana bought for \$100 in 1911 would be worth \$37,200 ten years later. Crude oil is now made to give on the average 28.5 per cent. of gasoline by cracking and this amounts to 54.4 per cent. of the value of its products.

Another new source of motor fuel is the saving of the gasoline vapors that are contained in natural gas. These used to be lost but are now condensed by cooling and provide about 8 per cent. of our present supply.

What the invention of the steam engine did for the world we can read about in any modern history. What the invention of the gasoline engine has done we can see for ourselves if we only look about us. Watt in his modesty would never have guessed the untold furore, money-getting and throat-cutting his invention would cause.

Courage

A Sonnet

By BARRY DWYER

*My soul felt encore of familiar grief
And filled with anguished bitterness, I prayed.
The silent truth had once more gone unsaid;
Belief once more abashed by disbelief.
Was ever mortal's firm resolve as brief
As mine? Or eyes so utterly dismayed
At the firm weakness deftly interlaid
With crumbled strength, like mould'ring leaf on leaf?*

*I groaned and said, "Give me some brand,
No matter if the edge be dull or sure
I'll bear it in Thy sight and fight the fight."
Then, suddenly, I felt a sweet, sure hand
Had raised my head, and there bravely obscure,
I saw a wooden cross against the night.*

"Gang aft-a-gley"

By EDWIN H. SAUER

MARGE didn't know that I had been playing the market. Consequently, she didn't know that I had lost heavily, and was in debt ten thousand dollars to Maurice Stein, operator of a Wall Street firm which specialized in large loans. Nor did she know that with the time for payment of the debt but two weeks away, that I had no funds with which to meet it. And that Stein grants no extensions but seizes all personal property available, to the extent of the loan, if the loan is not paid on the date due.

I had been afraid to tell Marge that I had been gambling. She had a fear of the market, of its disastrous crashes, and of all brokers, who seemed more dangerous to her than the most notorious thieves. From that you can see my position, and how much more serious it became with my constant, enormous losses.

I was in the depths of despair. There seemed no chance of securing the ten thousand in time. Bank after bank repeating the same tale of "hard times," refused me a loan. All my insurance policies were in Marge's name, and the smaller loan companies, my last resort, would not give out money in excess of five thousand dollars, for which they demanded more collateral than I could offer. There seemed nothing further to do, until Marge, unconsciously, suggested a way out.

When we married, her father, a retired merchant, gave Marge a ruby valued at fourteen thousand dollars. It had been imported from the Orient at great expense, but Marge's father having a fondness for luxurious jewelry, decided that a more apt wedding gift for his daughter was unobtainable. Because of its great value, Marge wore it seldom, limiting its appearance to twice a year; her birthday, and our wedding anniversary.

Now as it happened, our wedding anniversary occurred in the midst of my trouble. Marge wore the ring as I took her out to dinner, and upon seeing it, I determined to make use of it in settling the debt. This is what I planned:

Unknown to Marge, I would take the ring from the jewel box in which she kept it hidden in her dresser drawer. I'd take it to Stein; tell him its value, and ask him to hold it for me as payment of the loan until I was able to secure the cash: and in case I could not do that, the ring became his. If

he accepted it (and knowing Stein I realized that he would), I'd take careful notice of where he placed it, revisit his office during the night about a week later and steal the ring. Discovering its absence, he would call me, and feeling responsible for its loss, would cancel the debt. I would have the ring; the debt would be taken care of; everything would be right.

I had no difficulty getting the ring. I knew where it was hidden; I possessed a key to the box, and slipped it out of the house while Marge was down-town shopping. That she would not miss it, I felt certain, since she would have no occasion to wear it for another three months, when her birthday arrived.

Stein accepted it, as I knew he would, and agreed, moreover to take the burden of responsibility for its safe keeping upon himself; which was most essential to me. The beauty of the thing fascinated him, and greedy as he was, I knew that he was thrilled at the possibility of its becoming his own.

He placed it in a wall safe, shielded by an elaborate, and very gaudy landscape painting, as much out of place in his office as the ruby would be on the hand of his fat, complacent wife. Because of its smallness, I saw that the safe would not be difficult to force open. Everything pointed to the success of my plan.

I decided to wait a week before returning for the ring. During that time I made the most careful preparations. I bought several strong tools which I thought I would need, got an old suit and cap with which to disguise myself, and visited the building in which Stein was located. I determined from the rear the location of his office, so that I might enter from the fire-escape. Every detail had been taken care of; I was ready.

I had no trouble getting into his office. I drove downtown, parked my car in a garage, and walked to the building. Since I had studied it so carefully, the fire-escape was easy to ascend, and, entering through a window, I was in Stein's office. I made my way to his consulting room, where our business had been transacted, and in which the safe was located. I found the picture, took it down, and there was the safe before me.

I touched its handle,—imagine my surprise when the door opened,—the safe had been left unlocked!

Another difficulty in my path had been removed! Success was certain.

I found the jewel box easily enough, and opening it, the ruby lay before my eyes, sparkling as never before, in the glow of my flashlight. I closed the box, closed the safe, and made my exit. Ten minutes later, I was on my way home.

The next day I expected Stein's call but was not deeply puzzled when it did not come. More than likely he was attempting to locate the ring without wishing to let me know of its disappearance. But when, after three days, I had not heard from him, I became alarmed, and decided to pay him a visit, camouflaging the real purpose of my call by pretending that I had come to tell him I was collecting the cash and would have it for him before the date due. He received me courteously, and I told my lie: that I would soon reclaim the ruby.

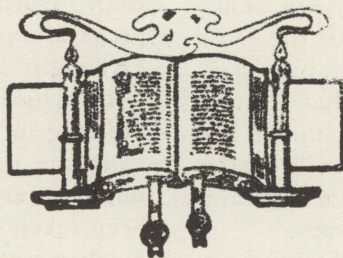
"It's a funny thing about that ruby," he said, when I had finished (and I felt that my hour had come). "You know when you left it with me I was so attracted by its beauty that I felt I must have one like it. I was afraid you'd get the money together and come after it, so I took it down to a jeweler and had one made exactly like it, for myself. Paste, of course. When it was finished, I went down after it, but left the genuine ring there because I thought it would be better protected in

the jeweler's safe. Now the funny thing is that three nights ago, someone broke into my office and stole the paste ring but touched nothing else in my safe. Think how they've been fooled! They have a ring of paste worth about a hundred dollars. Your ring is safe. I'll have it here when you come for it and pay me my money."

For a long while I said nothing. Then I rose quickly, and left the office.

As I write this I am on a train headed west. When I returned home that evening I told Marge the entire story. She has gone to live with her father. It's best that way. It'll be hard without her; I'll probably never see her again, and I don't deserve to, but she and I have always been so close and I can't help hating the thought of going on without her. Next week I'll be on a liner bound for China.

There's a fly on the window beside me. He's been trying to climb to the top of it for the last half hour, but can go only so far until the motion of the train forces him downward. Each time he seems more determined, and each time he seems better prepared, yet each time he's thrown further down. Who was the poet, or writer that said something about the best schemes of men and beasts always going wrong? I'd like to read more of him. I can understand how he must have felt.



How to Write Magazine Articles

In Six Easy Lessons

By DON SHARKEY (Magazine Writer)

STUDENTS often stop me on the campus, in the halls, and various other places about the school and ask me, "How in the world do you do it?"

"Do what?" I invariably ask, although by this time I should know what is coming.

"Why, write an article for the Exponent every month," is the reply. "I've tried several times, and I can't think of anything to write about, or else I can't find the words to express myself. Then I look at you and think, 'There's a student who doesn't get such good grades and who certainly doesn't look very bright, and yet he has an article in every month. Now if HE can get away with it, I shouldn't have any trouble at all.' I don't mean any offense, you understand, but I'd just like to know how you do it."

Now I'm a fairly obliging sort of fellow, but I simply cannot be answering such questions all the time. It's getting me into all sorts of trouble. I am continually going late to my classes, and I am always getting put out of the library for talking while others are trying to sleep or read the joke page of the "Literary Digest." It would not be quite so bad if the student who asked me the question would get put out too, but he always sits there with a blank look on his face as though I were talking to myself. Besides, I am never quite sure myself as to just how I do write an article, and that certainly does not raise the questioner's already low opinion of my mental capacity.

In order to put a stop to all such troublesome and embarrassing questions I have taken the time to formulate six easy lessons by which everyone may learn to write articles for this magazine, and I am offering them to you absolutely free of charge. Of course if anyone feels that he has really benefitted by the lessons and wants to slip me a couple of dollars, why I won't hurt his feelings by refusing to accept. After all, one must consider the feelings of others.

Lesson No. 1: Selecting the topic. This is very important. Before you can write anything you must have something to write about. Do I make myself clear?

The first step is to secure from the editor or from

the faculty advisor a list of suggested topics. You will not be able to use any of these, but one of them might suggest another topic. For instance, you see the suggested topic, "Are College Athletics Over-emphasized?" You take the word "athletics." Naturally before you can have athletics you must have athletes. All right. Now when you think of athletes what immediately comes to your mind? Why "athlete's foot" of course. It is always well to have the word "alarming" in your title. It attracts attention. Put all these things together and you have a title something like this, "The Alarming Increase of Athlete's Foot Among Centipedes Since Prohibition." The centipedes and prohibition part of it are purely original with you. Instead of centipedes you might just as well have said bedbugs, Hindus, vegetarians, Democrats, or street-cleaners. Instead of prohibition you might have said the industrial revolution, the Golden Age of Pericles, the stock market crash, or November 27, 1931. Simple? Simple.

This list of topics is good for another thing. It is on a long sheet of paper, and the reverse side can be used for writing your article in pencil before you type it. If you intend to take up writing as a profession, you might just as well learn to be economical right now.

Lesson No. 2: Preparation. Suppose you select the topic mentioned in the preceding lesson. You must constantly have it on your mind. No matter where you go or what you do, you must be thinking of what you are going to write. Go to libraries and find all the material possible on centipedes and athlete's foot. Get the statements of several doctors. If you were writing about street-cleaners or vegetarians it would be well to interview several of them, but this would hardly be possible in the case of centipedes.

Lesson No. 3: Commencing the article. After several weeks of research and intensive thinking you are ready to commence writing. Lock yourself in a quiet room. The first day you won't need any paper or pencil because you won't write anything. It might be well to put a piece of paper on the desk before you and to hold a pencil in your hand so that you will feel that you are at least trying to

do something. There is no need of my telling you what to do next. You will do it without having to be told. You will sit and stare at the paper for a long time trying to think of a good opening sentence. In spite of all those weeks of remote preparation you will find that you cannot quite get started. You will get up and pace the floor. For this reason it might be a good idea to have a long room so that you won't have to turn around so often. You will sit down and stare at the paper again. You will play with the pencil. The reason for having yourself locked in the room is that you would feel pretty silly if someone should suddenly walk in and find you standing on the top of the desk balancing the pencil on the end of your nose.

The second day you may actually get the first sentence written. In that case it is time to quit for the day.

By the end of the fifth or sixth day you should have the article written. It will still be rather rough and unfinished, but you can touch it up the next day.

Lesson No. 4: Completing the article. You will suddenly realize that the article is supposed to be handed in the next day. You will read over what you have already written and come to the conclusion that it is pretty lousy and that the topic isn't so hot anyway. When this time comes, sit down and write an entire new article in less than an hour.

Lesson No. 5: Typing and correcting. When you type the article change it completely so that hardly a sentence remains as it was originally written. After typing it you will find all sorts of mistakes. Since you will not have time to type it over, you will just have to take a pencil and mark up the paper to such an extent that the editor will scarcely be able to decipher it. He will not mind this, however, because he hasn't much else to do. And he loves puzzles. There is nothing he likes better than sitting home all evening trying to figure out a paper with words crossed out, other words squeezed in, and with signs indicating that the third paragraph on Page 3 should really be the second on Page 1.

Well, there you are. That is the way I write my articles. If you follow my instructions very closely you should be able to have a contribution printed

every month. It's really very simple. Anyone can do it. Perhaps I shouldn't have told my secret. Now I might have too much competition. Oh, well, that's the way I am. Generous to a fault.

Writing the article isn't the half of it, though. After it has appeared in print, you will find that everything which you intended to be humorous will be taken seriously and everything which you meant from the bottom of your heart will be taken as a huge joke. It is for this reason that I am including a sixth lesson which I consider the most important of all.

Lesson No. 6: When a person tells you that your paragraph on prohibition, a paragraph which you considered very powerful and full of unanswerable logic, is the funniest thing he ever read, you must choose one of the following courses:

- (a) Hit him over the head with a baseball bat.
- (b) Smile and walk on.
- (c) Walk on without smiling.
- (d) Hit him over the head with a table leg.
- (e) Say "Nice weather we're having."
- (f) Hit him over the head with a blackjack.

I recommend especially courses a, d or f.

You must be prepared for many such jolts to your pride. Once this year I wrote an article which I considered extremely humorous. There wasn't much sense to it, but then there doesn't have to be much sense to a humorous article. A few days after the magazine appeared a fellow classmate said to me, "That was the lousiest article I ever read. I couldn't get any meaning out of it. What was the idea of the thing anyway?" This time I chose course e. I just didn't have the strength to do anything else. I suddenly concluded that the article wasn't so funny after all, and I began to wonder how I ever laughed at it. Afterwards whenever anyone mentioned the article I would be filled with a sense of shame and would try with all he means at my disposal to divert the conversation into other channels.

Perhaps I should have made that last lesson the first, so you could have learned what is in store for anyone who gets an article printed before you read the other five lessons. Well, anyway, now you know how it's done. Go ahead and write an article if you want to. But don't say I didn't warn you.

"Itchy-feet"

By MASON C. BENNER

WHEN the first earthy tangs of spring hang heavily in the air, then I get what I like to term "itchy-feet." The old wanderlust settles down on me with the same feeling, although with a wholly different effect from the nostalgia which bitterly persecutes a provincial away from home against his will.

The desire is there, but my ambition has not yet been aroused. Foreign travel is too far and too foreign. However, there is so much to see right here in the States that Continental tours can afford to linger in the background of my imagination yet awhile.

The chances of my making any trip now are just as impossible as yours and yours and yours. Still, I have "itchy-feet." I have found that when I have a strong desire for something which is at the moment unattainable, then the best alleviation is to find a temporary substitute. My panacea for "itchy-feet" is reminiscence. I like to recall places I have visited which are different from the smug complacency of my everyday life. A picture of odd occurrences and strange scenes flashes across my memory like the images on the silver sheet of a cinema.

I remember one rather tedious but eccentric journey that another chap and I made from Enid, Oklahoma, to Wichita, Kansas. On the trip down from Kansas City to Wichita it had rained so hard that the roads had become impassable. The ordinarily small streams between Wichita and Enid were out of their banks and had washed away bridges and submerged the highway.

After three days of boring idleness at the Hotel Lassen in Wichita, we decided to store the car and take a train to Enid. The railroad had become passable by that time.

Two weeks later we learned that the roads were also navigable. We decided to try hitch-hiking back to Wichita after the car. This was a matter of less than one hundred miles. We set out from Enid early one cloudless summer morning, only to find that we were more successful at hiking than we were at hitching. It was a weary tramp of fifteen miles to Pond Creek before we got a lift.

In response to our desperately motioning thumbs, an old touring car halted long enough for us to jump on to the running-board. The farmer in the tonneau informed us that he was only going five miles further, and since a large dog occupied the

rear seat, we remained hanging to the outside of the car. I was clinging for dear life, hoping the wind wouldn't tear my glasses off my face. They were beating a lively tattoo on the bridge of my nose. Just then something grabbed the middle of my abdomen. Although my heavy sweater prevented much pain, the surprise caused me to lose my grip and I went tumbling head over heels in the soft gravel. I picked myself up gingerly and found that I was still in one piece. The farmer stopped to assure me that it was only his dog being playful, but my companion agreed that even hiking would be preferable to that sort of hitching. I don't think that I could ever learn to enjoy that sort of play.

Undaunted, we went back to thumb wagging, hoping for better luck. At last our efforts were rewarded. Naturally we were a bit wary when we climbed into an ancient Ford coach, but there were no more canines in evidence, and the Oklahoma rustic reassured us with his hearty greeting. Then we found another peculiar situation. The rear seat was loaded with potatoes, chickens, and sundry produce, so that the two of us had to occupy a single front seat. In the bargain, we had to hold a large cage of canary birds on our laps. This was somewhat discouraging but we were tired and the farmer assured us that he was going all the way to Wichita.

That was the most novel ride I have ever endured. Also, the driver was the most amiable and loquacious individual I have ever encountered. He informed us that this was one of his gala holidays. Twice each year he made a "pilgrimage" to Wichita, and it was indeed an event which he looked forward to with great anticipation. I can assure you that he made the most of it.

Every person we passed he waved at vociferously, tossing forth a lusty "Howdy." Every ten miles or so, he stopped to get gas, oil, air, and water, regardless of the sufficiency of these commodities. He always lingered to chat awhile with the filling station attendant, and for this we were thankful, because it afforded us an opportunity to awaken our slumbering pedal extremities.

We continued without any appreciable change of routine except that the horn eventually refused to give forth another squawk. This seemed to annoy him greatly, but gave us immense relief.

Finally we reached Wichita. The farmer bade us a kindly farewell and seemed sorry that we could not make the return trip on the morrow. We did not inform him that, although it had taken him from 10:00 a. m. until 6:00 p. m. to drive about eighty miles, we intended to drive back that night in half the time.

We secured our car and, after a refreshing dinner, stated the return trip. This proved very uneventful for about an hour. Suddenly, there loomed up in glare of the head lamps what appeared to be a tree branch lying across the road. Since it was not of sufficient thickness to do any material damage, I didn't try to avoid it. No sooner had I passed over it than we heard a slap-slapping sound as if the tire had gone flat. I stopped disgustedly, preparing to change a casing, but to our surprise there was a big snake now somewhat dilapidated, wrapped about the left rear wheel. We soon disentangled the carcass and travelled on.

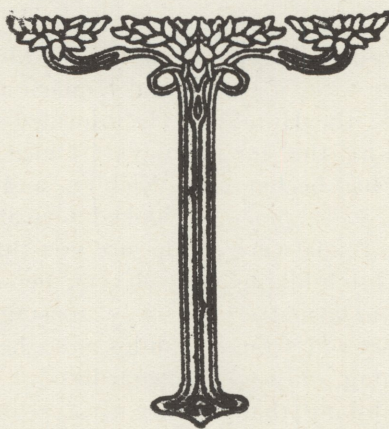
After driving for several miles, we came upon a big sedan almost hopelessly mired in a shallow ditch that ran along the side of the road. Fortunately, we carried a long chain for just such emergencies. Our car was light, but we soon had the mired vehicle up on the road again. It was with reluctance that we refused a monetary reward from the very thankful elderly couple who occupied the other car. Such is the sad result of an

early Boy Scout training.

After this we sped on for about an hour. Then, upon rounding a particularly sharp curve, we were horror stricken at the sight of a small coupe completely overturned with all four wheels pointing skyward. We hurriedly stopped and were just in time to help disengage a rather dazed but unhurt young lady from the interior of the wrecked car. This being a well travelled road, several motorists soon gathered at the scene of the accident. The crowd managed to get the car back on its wheels again and someone took the young lady on to the next town.

Again we got under way, hoping for no further delays as it was growing late and we had been on the road for nearly fourteen hours. Our hopes were realized this time. By midnight we were safely in our rooms at Enid. After a good hot bath, we were able to drop off into a profound slumber without the aid of any lullabies.

To you this may not seem much of an adventure, but, until I can fly the Pacific, hunt elephants, or bomb orphanages in China, this will remain one of my most eventful days. At least you will have to admit it was quite a full day's program. Perhaps you would not even consider it enjoyable, but to me it is a pleasant relief from the hum-drum and such reminiscences are my way of scratching those "itchy-feet."



Silent Men of Mind

By EDWARD R. SHOUP

THE world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them. Many are those today who unwittingly comprise the overwhelming army of men, who are content to voice their opinions without taking the pains or even attempting to carry them out. Were it not for the few silent, thinking and acting men who must carry out what others preach, this world would be sadly neglected. The development of a nation depends on action. Vociferous orators seldom accomplish anything directly; their ideas, however reasonable and promising, depend, for their execution, upon the men who think and do.

When I speak of acting men, I do not refer to the bustling hustling type who are fairly bubbling over with vitality and vigorous efforts. In this case I speak of a reserved type of acting men; those whom people are more apt to ignore until it is too late. Sometimes, long years have passed after a man's death before the world begins to awaken to the fact that the man was a genius. Time has a way of testing thoughts, of preserving those that are worthy, and of discarding those that are unworthy. Nobody has been able to explain this; but the fact remains that, somehow, great works become famed long after the other products of their time have been forgotten. Shakespeare, a striking example of this, was to his contemporaries merely an actor and playwright like any one of a score of others; but, with the passing of years, he has become the most wonderful figure in the literature of the world.

The self-expression of men of this category is, like that of other types of men, a translation of those impressions made through education, personal contacts, literature, religion, social institutions, as well as through daily observations. Every fragment of knowledge that a person secures is stored up in his mind for future use. Some of these accumulations are never again expressed, for certain impressions react on the person's mind more than others. Acting men have a highly developed sense of self-expression. They have so cultivated their minds, so that they are more susceptible to those impressions of things in which they are most

interested, and, therefore, have greater facilities for expressing those particular impressions.

The achieving individual is a man of deliberate thinking. He does not draw hasty conclusions. Instead, he carefully weighs his thoughts, and finally, after passing judgment on them, applies them to the thing at hand. A capable physician, when diagnosing a case, must be a deliberate thinker; for, any haste on his part might provoke very unnecessary complications.

Silence is another of the qualities of this ideal personage. He holds himself aloof from the noisy inanities of the world. He is entirely engrossed in his work and everything else is of little worth. Perhaps, silent, thinking and acting men do not believe in vocal expression. I prefer to believe that they have not time to waste themselves unnecessarily, when they can better consecrate themselves to their work. Some men are naturally of a silent disposition, while others learn to be silent. Those that acquire it usually do so because of the conditions under which they work, or through force of habit.

Thomas A. Edison was an excellent example of the silent, thinking and acting man. With his patience, ingenuity and fertility of resource he accomplished almost incredible wonders. Edison abhorred the word discoverer, as applied to himself. "Discovery is not invention," he once said. "A discovery is more or less in the nature of an accident, while an invention is purely deductive. In my own case, but few, and those the least important, of my inventions, owed anything to accident." In these few words he reveals the secret of his success—he was a deliberate thinker. Were it not for this outstanding feature, Edison, the man who made invention, as it were, a business, would have been less a success. Without it he could not have invented so many devices which have now become necessities. Most of them have been originated after long and patient labor, and are the result of almost endless thinking directed toward attaining some well-defined object. Edison was also a man of few words. He accomplished his best work when alone and for this reason he used to shut himself up in his laboratory where he could not be disturbed.

A more recent and more proximate figure of the silent, thinking and acting type is Charles F. Kettering of Dayton, Ohio. As president of the General Motors Research Corporation he is a very outstanding figure. However, only in more recent years has the public become aware of his presence. Today his activities in devising the Delco starter and ignition system, the Delco lighting unit and innumerable other inventions, in the same and different lines, are widely known. Moreover, he has written many magazine articles on modern equipment, business, research and invention, future de-

velopments, and, in a very recent article, has given a possible solution to our present business slump. He has also been in great demand as the principal speaker at business meetings and conventions. As a contrast to these widespread activities, Kettering is, socially, a very quiet man. He, at least, knows the value of silence.

Thus have I partially shown the characteristics of a truly beneficial type of man; one who is looking more to the future and less to the present; one who is striving to accomplish things, the while he thinks his silent thoughts.

Song of a Dying Man

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*There's a wild call in the wind today,
A savage, loud, triumphant word;;
And the same call is vested in
The singing of a bird.*

*There's a beckoning in the vaulted clouds;
A cry in the roar of the stormy sea,
A cry that is sad and softly weird
As it comes in to me.*

*There were maddening shouts through the calm last night,
And in the gold of the sunset sky;
"And who to answer all these?" you ask.
Eternity and I.*

Pillars of Industry

By HENRY GEMKE

ALTHOUGH the title of this article seems to mark it as a treatise on the accomplishments of great business leaders and executives, it is intended as a tribute to a far different class of people. Owing to our current economic conditions we shall have to turn back a few years to that time when America reveled in her boundless prosperity, in order to get a suitable setting for this discussion.

The great men that books, magazines and newspapers hold up to us as pillars of industry are indeed indispensable and deserving of our recognition, but the man who is equally indispensable and so little recognized is the ordinary "Mr. Buying Public." In paying this tribute to "Mr. Buyer" it is my purpose to show the important support given to industry by that class of American people whose expenditures are controlled by the influence of emotional advertising and high pressure salesmanship, as compared with the thinking, conservative and progressive class.

The buying public is the great instrument which many of our executives take in hand to accomplish the marvelous feats for which we give them all credit. The manufacturing facilities and financial capacity which we marvel at, are only two important parts of our industry. The third, a selling department, is equally necessary. It is through this department that "Mr. Buyer's" pocketbook is sacrificed to the success of many big industries. To prove this connection, we need only to page through our many magazines, glance to the side of our highways and streets lined up with billboards, or notice the elaborate displays of the downtown stores.

As an example I shall cite the automobile, a product which will appear on all three of the media mentioned above, presenting gleaming new models to arouse the desire of every observer. Turning back to the large industries that lie behind these advertisements, we note that their growth was comparatively small up until about 1921. This was not because of mechanical inefficiency nor financial limitations, but because their product was confined to a class of capitalists and high wage earners, who alone could afford to pay the terms of sale. The application of the installment plan to automobile buying brings us back again to "Mr. Buyer" looking over the advertisements of the new models. He is seriously complexed by the superlative qualities and performance claimed by each; he is coaxed by

the low prices as quoted F. O. B., and by the invitation of easy terms. The way the new features are presented makes him think his two-year-old car is an antique. So "Mr. Buyer" goes shopping for a new car, the advertisements having thoroughly convinced him that his old one is worn out. Neither he nor his family know anything about cars, so the salesman that can bring out his selling points best, or perhaps present the best emotional appeal to the family, will have "Mr. Buyer's" account for a new car. The account is generally turned over to a Finance Company to whom he pays from twenty to thirty percent interest, and when his payments are completed he is ready to buy a new car. Thus the process is repeated, and thus the automobile companies with the cooperation of the finance and advertising concerns have almost made "Mr. Buyer" a tenant instead of a purchaser, by taking his monthly payments as a form of rent for the "Transportation Service" which they loan him. By such means many industries provide an outlet for the gigantic volume which their marvelous factories turn out, and for which the executives and engineers receive all credit.

In the purchase of radios, furniture, wash machines, refrigerators and appliances the ordinary buyer contributes to business and industry in much the same manner as he does when he buys a car. He pays the finance company from twenty to thirty percent interest charges; he repays the sales department and advertising agency for placing the product in his hands, regardless of its utility to him or his ability to pay for it; he pays the margin of profit upon which large industries are built.

In the line of consumptive goods, where installment buying is not required, there are other opportunities given to "Mr. Buyer" to contribute to the support of big industries and successful executives. I believe a glance around a modern drug store will show us many outstanding opportunities. Here, for example, we find many varieties of toothpaste and antiseptics. The large displays in magazines and newspapers have made our buying public conscious of "the danger line," pink tooth brush and Halitosis, and have thoroughly convinced them that the preparations sold under their brand names are the only practical means of avoiding these unpleasant reminders. (It is highly important, however, to keep the buyer ignorant of the fact that simple household products can effectively replace

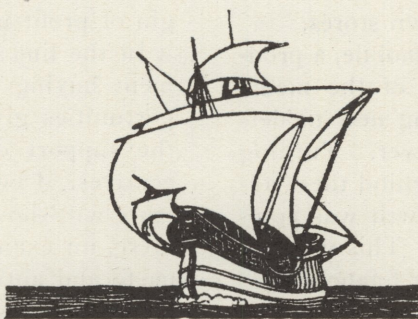
the use of a costly branded article.) They have taught him to pay at least fifty cents for a product the actual cost of which seldom exceeds five cents, the balance being a contribution to the producer's margin and a fee for advertisers to print fascinating displays or to give pleasing radio programs. No matter what his ailment may be, the drug store has a preparation put up in an attractive bottle that is sure to give relief to the buyer. Though the contents be valueless as a remedy, the bottle is worth a dollar to "Mr. Buyer," because he thinks there is in it at least a chance for relief. The suggestive seller also finds "Mr. Buyer" a welcome outlet for many products which must be sold regardless of their usefulness to the particular customer.

Although the conservative as well as the spending public are made the victims of widespread sales margins attached to our vast lines of branded merchandise, and also share a place on the "sucker roll" of the unethical advertiser, I believe the ready spenders support most sales activities. A great portion of our buying public is made up of such people. They cannot maintain a savings account because they are unable to withstand the lure of advertisements and the influence of high pressure salesmanship. Thus they live from hand to mouth, the installment agencies become their banks, and in times of financial stringencies they are the victims of loan sharks. They are seldom able to advance financially or socially, the profits of their labors being reaped by those with whom they deal.

The tribute that I pay to them as "Pillars of Industry," is because of the necessary place they fill in making large scale production possible. By their

hearty response to the appeals of the sales departments, they are instrumental in building up large industries for the conservative individual, who reaps a profit on the investments he holds in them. Conservative people buy only what they need, and defer their wants until they are able to pay cash. They are primarily concerned with investments to meet future emergencies, and thoroughly test the value and utility of the product before purchasing. Such people are well able to progress socially and attain financial independence. But if "Mr. Buyer," who spends readily, did not exist, we would have no one to make the various industries the profitable enterprises that they are, and conservative people would have no place to invest their money. Production of many of our living commodities would be seriously curtailed and advertising would no doubt become a more costly and ineffective undertaking, thus considerably raising the commodity prices for our conservative type. Our banks, too, would have only a limited field of investments wherein to place the superfluous inflow of deposits.

The spending American public is influential in raising our standards of living as well as the investments of the conservative people. Now, when by way of economic conditions, the spending ability of these Pillars of Industry is crippled, we are subjected to a depression in which these former generous spenders suffer most. Today many of our conservative people are spending in equal proportion to what they did three years ago, but without the general patronage of "Mr. Buyer," it is evident that an important cog is lacking in the machinery of industry.



Jonson and I See Hamlet

By JOHN R. CONNELLY

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: "A Visit to Shakespeare's London" by William C. Carlin in the last issue of the *EXPONENT* prompted the writing of this dialogue. Mr. Carlin furnished the setting in which my imagination has wandered, so I would suggest that you familiarize yourself with Shakespeare's London before reading this imaginary conversation.)

"**N**OW that we had lunch, Ben, how would you like to spend some enjoyable hours at the Globe? Hamlet is being produced today isn't it?"

"There's nothing I'd rather do, Jack, than hear those soliloquies. Then too, 'My Beloved Master' asked me to come to this performance to see his new actors. There are three of them, I believe, and thy are all taking important roles."

"It's an hour before starting time. Shall we go to the Club first or would you rather go directly to the theater?"

"I'd like to go to the Globe now, if it's all the same to you. There will probably be a great deal of talk about the latest political movements and I'd like to get some first-hand information. Then, too, I want to see the mood of the audience before the opening of the play. Will has been worried about reaction lately."

"Come along then. It's just a short walk."

"There's Will now. Don't bother him, though, because he's worried about those new actors. At first he thought that he would have to cancel this performance, but luckily he secured the services of two noted men and one of the company returned after a month's illness, so this play will undoubtedly be well acted."

"Ben, it looks like there is going to be a capacity house for this performance, doesn't it? It's a good thing we did come early.—Say! Did you say there would be much talk about the latest political movements? It looks like they are doing most of the talking with their fists. I've heard of these riots in the pit but this is the first one that I have witnessed."

"When they start so early in their rioting you may expect them to break out any time during the performance and begin anew. That's what happened the last time I saw 'Macbeth.'"

"You mean that they start a riot during the performance?"

"Surely."

"What do they do about it?"

"Oh—they just stop long enough to quell the disturbance and then begin again. It's nothing out of the ordinary in this city."

"Well, that will be an experience for me if it occurs today. At home you often see individual fist fights but never rioting. Interrupting a play is unheard of."

"That is not all you will see here. If the 'groundlings' are not thrilled they take their spite out on the actors. Last week a comedy was played here and just because there were only three beatings in the second act the 'groundlings' caused such a furore that the play was stopped for at least twenty minutes. Then too, Macbeth had to be revised so that there would be two more bloody murders in order to satisfy the audience. Jack, our friend Will would be able to write much better plays if it were not for the fact that they must be financial successes as well as dramatic successes. 'Art for art' sake' is a pretty saying, but it takes pounds and shillings to produce a play at the Globe and that is what Will must keep in mind when he is writing his plays. It's regrettable but we all have some encumbrance."

"Some of my friends at Oxford told me the same thing. However, I regard his plays as masterpieces no matter who they are written for. They tell me—"

"Well, it's curtain time now. Strange to say, the crowd has quieted down to hear what the guards have to say."

"Everything seems to be running smoothly, doesn't it? Will can sleep easier tonight than he did last night. He was really worried about those new actors but they are taking their parts admirably, aren't they?"

"Yes! I'm enjoying it immensely."

"I wonder who those gamblers come in here to play cards? You would think that they had no other place to go. It's the same crowd all the time and they always gather in that same corner. The Globe is really an institution. You can consider it a restaurant, ale house, smokery and gambling den

besides being a theater. All classes of people are represented, too. Down below us there are men and boys of the streets; in the galleries you can find a considerable number of none too respectable women, while in the boxes you find the gentlemen from the Inns of Court. All things considered, it is one of the most important places in London. Do you realize that the weekly attendance at this theater is equal to one-third the total population of the entire city of London?"

"That speaks well for the plays of our friend. Do you think that they come here to get information and hear the actors, as some of the more intelligent audiences at the courts on the continent?"

"No, Jack, they come here to be amused by the story itself. The majority of them have no cultural background at all. That is why they like so much physical activity and emotional excess. They really do not appreciate the cultural effect of the plays.—See! There is an example of it. Did you hear how boisterously they applauded when the ghost of Hamlet's father appears and commands Hamlet to slay the new king. Any kind of a play, just so it's bloody! Wait until they hear that the girl that Hamlet had loved has committed suicide."

"What's the commotion over there?"

"Apparently a pickpocket has been caught. The play will be ignored until they get that fellow out of here. That is the third one in two weeks that has been apprehended and there are many more going about their work unnoticed. Be on the lookout for one!"

"This duel certainly commands the attention of everyone, even the 'groundlings.'"

"Yes, this is what they all like."

"They are not keeping it a secret, are they?"

"No. Whenever there is some scene that they like especially they believe in letting the actors know about it."

"I wish that vendor would get out of the way. I can't see the Queen drinking the poison while he is standing up there selling his wares. Four deaths in a short time; that certainly pleases the 'groundlings.'"

"Ben, I don't know when I enjoyed a play as much as I did this one. Of course it was bloody and appealing to the 'groundlings' but there certainly was a wonderful plot to the play and it was well acted. Even our friend, Will, acted better than usual."

"Yes, Jack, this performance was better than most."

"One more question, Ben: Most of the present day tragedies are bloody but why do you think this particular tragedy is so popular at the present time?"

"I have been wondering about that myself. The only reason for its popularity, that I can think of, is the fact that there is a ghost in it. You know these people believe in ghosts and for them there seems to be some fascination in these ghost plays."

"Well, whatever it is, our friend Will deserves a great deal of credit for his ingenuity."

"He certainly does.—Well, Jack, I must be going. Shall we have lunch together tomorrow?"

"Surely, Ben, I'll see you at the Club at noon. Good Day!"

"Good Day, Jack!"

The Dole System

By LLOYD WALKEY

IN this period of depression there has been a great deal of agitation for a system of dole similar to the one which England has been using for a number of years. The labor problem in England has been very prominent for the last few years, so much so, that the English Government has established the dole system to quiet the demands of her working men. This system worked reasonably well up to the present time. However, since the Fall of 1929, when the present depression was first noticed in the United States and throughout the world, the English Government has found that the dole system is like a case of tuberculosis. It is one of the causes which have drained her resources until today she finds herself in a dangerously weakened condition.

Before the present economic crisis one never heard about such things in this country as a dole system or unemployment insurance. Men gave no thought to any such idea. They were too busily engaged in their every-day work and luxuries. They thought that paradise was at hand. However, since the country has been plunged into an economic setback, one has heard a great deal of discussion about the dole system. Men who have lost their means of income want the Government to give them support. Yet, when they were working full time and were making enough to buy luxuries of the present day, they refused to save enough for a time like the present, or cared very little to make sure that legislation was passed to take care of such a need. They bought things instead, not only with money which they had already earned, but with money that they had planned on earning in the future. In other words, they bought merchandise with money that they had never earned, or they bought on credit. This economic question is the same one that some of the men who had dealings in the stock market were accused of. Now that these men have found their incomes cut off, they must find some way to keep their families and themselves alive. Being unable to find work, they look to the Government for support by means of the dole.

The dole system of taking care of the unfortunates of a nation is detrimental to the general good of that nation as a whole. A country which employs such a method of charity will eventually have financial trouble of such a nature as to cause the entire structure of the monetary system to be over-

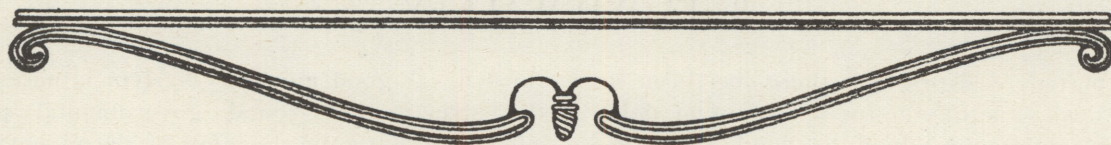
thrown. A good monetary system is necessary in the structure of sound governmental practice. Therefore, with the downfall of the monetary system, comes the ruination of good government, and with the downfall of good government comes civil war, death, and general chaos.

Although the system may have its good qualities, which may take care of an immediate need, it is bound to bring on a climax which will be far worse than the evil which it had been intended to correct.

The dole system is a system which, in the end, does not benefit either those dependent upon it or those who have to support it. It throws all the burden of taxation upon the people of a certain class. These people find that the burdens of taxation are steadily increased and continue to increase until a point is reached when they are unable to meet the obligation. The persons who have to pay these are gradually made poorer. They might even reach a state of being where they find it necessary to depend upon the dole.

The dole lowers the morality of a nation. It teaches the danger of dependency and it fosters the spirit of idleness. Work is one of the necessary requirements to success. A man must work in order to earn money with which to buy the articles needed by his family. When he earns his own money by the effort of his own exertion, he becomes independent. This spirit of independence is the power or force behind the progress of a nation. With the money that a man earns, he can take pride in buying the necessary things in life. He may even be able to buy some of the luxuries of life. In this way his morale is raised and he becomes a good citizen. On the other hand, there are those men who refuse to work, no matter what kind of a job one offers them and those men who work only long enough to raise enough money to live for a short time. If a dole was instituted, these men would live until their dying days by means of its support and any offspring which they might bring into the world would no doubt follow the example set by the parent. In time this would create a pauper class, thus dragging the nation down to a constant condition of civil turmoil. If the world ever reaches the perfect condition when it will be possible for a man to earn his living without working, then and only then will the dole system be practical.

EDITORIAL



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EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

All things, in time, come to an end, and Lent, praise be, is no exception. Those of the Faith, know the value of penance and self-denial. If the whole world would know and practice these inestimable aids to self-control, there would be no one to read psychologists who urge the yielding to every "urge." Alas, for a vulgar satirist!

But let us put off our robes of sorrow and don those of rejoicing to greet our gloriously risen Lord. Until the world knows Him for King there shall be contentious, strifes, hates, greeds, lusts, wars, and ambitions and all the burdens we have made our own, coveting them in the name of human nature.

* * *

With the closing of Lent, another period is rapidly approaching a finale. This is the school year. Perhaps I shall be blamed by some for anticipating; I plead excuse on the grounds that what I have to say will not bear delay. It concerns college publications and those who write for them.

There are those who wrote and those who did not. Those who wrote, did they gain anything by their efforts? Did those who failed to write neglect an opportunity of obtaining the most from their collegiate training? To answer this question we must consider the publication, its worth or lack of worth.

Has a college publication any value? Does it accomplish any purpose? Or is it a field for the half thinker, the show off, the pseudo intellectual, the seeker after publicity? It is not a place for

these, though there be those, students and others, who consider the field of writing to be the special habitat of the type of character listed above. They consider those who attempt writing as either radical in view, of no view at all, or of too many views. Let me repeat, the college magazine is no place for the publicity seeker and the rest of his category. It is no place for the half thinker, for he would be edited out of literary existence. It is no place for the show off, for he shows and is gone, never to be heard from again. The intellectual, so called in disparagement as one who would appear to be what he is not, disdains to mingle the life-blood of his pen with that of the hoi polloi, and so dies unwritten, which is a good thing. The publicity seeker (this is the most common accusation) does not last. He may, if fortune favors him, write once or twice. But the novelty fails, and with it his Public. It is a common fact that those who seek fame with little effort (and the publicity seeker is of this class) do not linger where the sweat of the brow is the lubricant of the brain. A college magazine is a place where a man must work, sometimes monotonously. Then, too, the meed of praise is too limited for one who makes it his pabulum.

Does anyone read a college magazine? Granting that it is read, does it stimulate thought? Does it engender that art, now so neglected since one man's convictions have become as good as another's, healthy controversy? By healthy controversy I mean controversy on subjects which are

valuable and at the same time controversial. I think it does. The editor is the recipient of many manuscripts concerning problems under discussion by the student body. To prove that these articles show the fruit of thought, consider the new policy with regard to freshman initiation inaugurated at the University this year. This improvement was begun by an article printed in the EXPONENT last year.

However, there are two common evils in writing for a college publication. One is the poverty of medium, the necessity of grinding words, which afflicts most collegians. Most have not developed a clarity of style; few, in fact, have any style at all. The second evil is a tendency to viewiness, a lack of **particular** knowledge, which also hampers the majority.

But these apparent evils appear less vicious when we consider the purpose of a collegiate magazine. First of all, it does not attempt to compete with the professional magazines, i. e., magazines published for gain. Nor do its writers consider themselves to be experts in the sciences, arts, in politics or economics. Therefore, it can be criticized as such no

more than its contributors can be held as men of repute in the arts or sciences. If competition with other magazines were its purpose, there would be no need for a college magazine. The college magazine is in a position to the standard publication as is the University to the Academy for research and experiment in Newman's "Idea of a University."

"What," you ask, "IS the purpose of a college magazine?"

To my mind it is this. To aid and encourage the student to think; for, writing aids him by clarifying his thought, and publishing his writing encourages him. Secondly: To give him a laboratory for the perfection of a medium for his thought.

If we consider these to be the reasons for a college publication, we must admit that it is an extremely valuable contribution to the educational facilities of a school. And to return to those who wrote and those who did not, we must certainly consider those who did not, as blind or indifferent. If blind, they are to be pitied; if indifferent, they are classifying themselves not too highly. As for those who wrote, whether their names appeared in print or not, they were fortunate.

From a Hilltop

By BARRY DWYER

*We hung our feet above the stars;
We smiled to know
Our birthdays would be numbered
When lights had ceased to glow.
Below the city slumbered
Beneath the stars.*

The Apostolic School of Urakami

The following letter from Urakami was recently received by the President of the University of Dayton. It is signed by the five students of the Apostolic School of Urakami who are being prepared for religious life and the priesthood through the generosity of the donors to the Japanese Scholarship Fund established at the University of Dayton. This Fund was inaugurated many years ago by Rev. August Frische, S. M., who is now located at McBride High School, St. Louis, Mo., and who is still interested in securing funds to educate Japanese boys for the religious life and the priesthood. Contributions will be gratefully received and will be added to the five Scholarships already established at the University of Dayton.

Urakami, November 30, 1931.

Dear Benefactor:

It seems to me that it was only yesterday that we saluted the dawn of the year 1931, but in a few days it will already disappear in the abyss of eternity. How quickly time passes away.

May the year 1932 be a happy and prosperous one for you. Dear Sir, when I hear how kind you are to me and what you are doing to help me along in my education, I feel it my duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks. You are so far away from me that I will never have a chance to meet you, but in spirit I am often with you and every evening when I am kneeling at the altar of Our Holy Mother, at an hour when you are perhaps working for me, I say my beads for your intention. I ask the Blessed Virgin to bestow upon you and your dear ones all the graces you are in need of during the coming year.

The year 1931 was a good one for our school. In

April last five of our graduates entered the novitiate of our Society and twenty-one newcomers were admitted into the preparatory class.

On June 14th our school was honored with the visit of His Lordship, Msgr. Mooney, the Apostolic Delegate to Japan. His Lordship spent two hours at our school and seemed to be much pleased to be with us. On November 5th we went to the picture show to see the film of the Twenty-six Martyrs of Japan. The picture was so touching that we were all moved to tears. Did we not live for a short time the sorrowful but glorious history of our heroic ancestors in our Holy Faith? Among the martyrs were even children. One of them was tempted to return to his mother. He wrote her so nice a letter that we all cried when reading it. We Japanese Catholics are proud of our saint heroes.

I, too, am preparing to become a zealous and fervent missionary and with your kind help I shall be able to work with success at the conversion of my countrymen. Please help me to convert many by your prayers.

Yours gratefully,

Thomas Nakamura,
Joseph Tagawa,
Ignace Noguchi,
Peter Koide,
Andrew Hayibata.

* * *

THE SIXTH JAPANESE SCHOLARSHIP

Amount previously reported.....	\$1,206.08
Recent Contributions	
Rev. August Frische, McBride High School, St. Louis, Mo.	120.30
Mr. C. G. Jauch, Dayton, Ohio.....	5.00
Amount on hand February 1, 1932	\$1,331.38

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