

11-1-1933

The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1933

University of Dayton

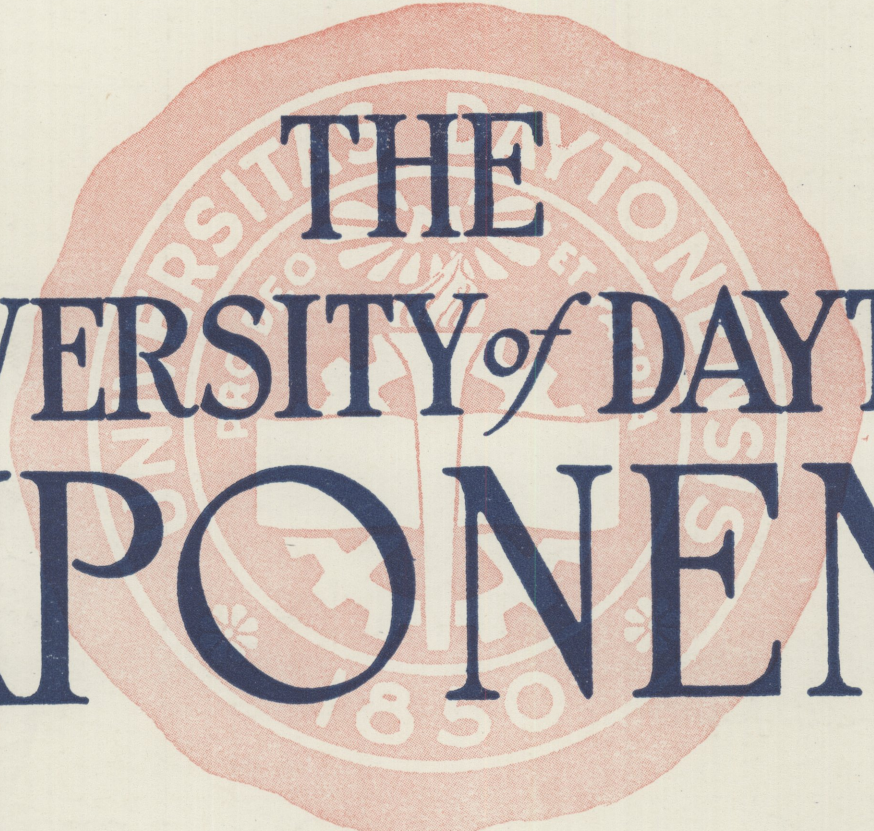
Follow this and additional works at: <https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent>

Recommended Citation

University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, November 1933" (1933). *The Exponent*. 273.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/273>

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

6PL

The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem with a scalloped border. It features a central shield with a cross and a book, surrounded by the text "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" and "1850".

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

November 15, 1933

Safeguard your and your Baby's
Health with

NEWBAUER'S MILK

Call for Prompt Delivery Service

PHONE FULTON 9071

1201 East Herman Ave.

Our Baby's milk contains not less
than 5% Butterfat

N. L. LE MONTREE

Dayton's Leading Optometrists
and Opticians

4 East Third St. HE-2552

Compliments of

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

Green & Green Bakery, Dayton, Ohio

Bakers of
SUNSHINE BISCUITS
and
EDGEMONT PRODUCTS

Compliments of

The Greenville-Dayton Transportation Co.

Safe, Dependable and Economical
Transportation

H. OFFICE and BRO.

Wholesale Fruits and Vegetables

Dayton, Ohio

PHONE FULTON 5137

DR. LEON DEGER, '10

Fidelity Building

Dayton, Ohio

Compliments

of

SHERMAN WHITE & COMPANY

THE

John T. Barlow Co.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS

Third and Sears Streets
DAYTON, OHIO

THE

LAUREL BISCUIT CO.

Bakers of

LAUREL CRACKERS AND CAKES

The Wehner Roofing & Tinning Company

Fulton 3751

833 South Ludlow, Dayton, Ohio

We specialize in all types of Roof-
ing, including factory Built-up Roofs,
Spouting, Furnace Repairing, Carpen-
ter Work, Oak Flooring, House Paint-
ing, and Accurate Metal Weather
Stripping.

In business in Dayton 82 Years

Compliments of

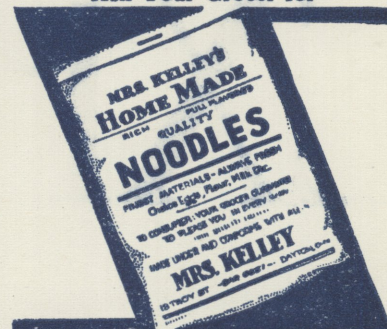
Beigel Jewelers, Inc.

18 South Main, at Market

Fulton 8791 DAYTON, OHIO

Martin E. Beigel, '34

Ask Your Grocer for



Always Rich, Tender, Delicious

THE H. SCHRIEBER SHEET METAL CO.

Slate, Tile and Composition
Built Up Roofers

Mechanical Warm Air Heating and
Ventilating

GENERAL SHEET METAL CONTRACTORS

306 and 308 Washington Street
Fulton 5491

FLORSHEIM

Shoes for Men

Now Most Styles \$8.00

BELDEN SHOES

Companion Line to Florsheim
\$4.00 and \$5.00

BAYNHAMSHOE CO.

The Florsheim Store

SHOES HOSIERY

New Location

44 W. Third St. Dayton, Ohio

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 7

A list of authors and their contributions for
November, 1933

Editorials	
Forgotten Soul	James Schopler
"I Got a Date"	Edward J. Connors
A World of Numbers	Bob Wharton
Three Years in Korea	Alfred F. X. Agajan
Etiquette	Don Sharkey
Psychical Phenomena	Clair Voyant
Home on the Range	Jim Brown
The Voice of the Bayou	Wanda Ream
Saturday's Millions	Jerome B. Schmitz
The Count of Nine	Elwood Follick
Numerology	Smoka Kemal
College Clippings	Jack the Clipper
"My Dear Percival"	Udee
The Stadium Spectator	Jim Brown

Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

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

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

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

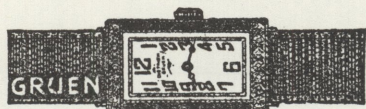
Don't make a mistake in the name,
only one

F. G. MEYER JEWELER

32 S. Ludlow St. Arcade

Agent for

Gruen Watches



A full line of Watches, Clocks,
Diamonds, Silverware
and Ivory Goods

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

Phone ADams 7611

Buckeye Barbers Supply Co.

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

CLARENCE S. WIGGIM

No. 214 East Third Street
Opp. Public Library

She and You—

will find immense
stocks to choose
from, consistently
low prices and a
square deal if you
buy your furniture
at

Cappel's
215-221 S. MAIN ST.

Bernhard Bros. Blends For Cup Quality

ROASTERS OF HIGH-GRADE COFFEES

Jobbers of Teas and Spices

You cannot afford to pass us by when in the market

ASK YOUR GROCER

BERNHARD BROS.—Pine and Marshall Sts., Dayton, Ohio

Government Inspected Meats—Made in Dayton

FOCKE'S Quality Meats

FIFTH STREET BRANCH

1004-1006 East Fifth St., DAYTON, OHIO

Oscar F. Focke, Manager

Hotel and Restaurant Supply

Packing House East Springfield St.

PHONE—FULTON 2138

Reputation

FOR TWO GENERATIONS WE HAVE SATISFIED THE
DESIRES OF THE ICE CREAM LOVERS IN
OHIO WITH A FAMOUS ICE CREAM.

SELL THIS BRAND THAT IS KNOWN TO BE GOOD

TELLING'S ICE CREAM

The HENRY BURKHARDT PACKING CO.

PORK AND BEEF PACKERS
AND SAUSAGE MFGRS.

Packing House and Office

235 S. Irwin Street

DAYTON, OHIO

Government Inspection Est. No. 520

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXX

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 7

EDITORIAL

Don Sharkey Editor-in-Chief
Jim Brown Associate Editor

It's Thanksgiving again, and this year the day should have a special significance for all of us. Last year at this time things looked black, and apparently the only prospect in store for us was that they would get blacker yet. We were told that we should give thanks for what little we had and pray that better times would soon put in their appearance. And, as true Christians, that was what we did.

Since that time great changes have been brought about. Today we seem to be definitely on the road toward better times. We are still far from our goal, but when we consider the four million men who have gone back to work and the pay checks which have been increased, we see that we have much for which to be thankful.

So this year let us eat our turkey (if conditions have improved enough to allow us to eat turkey) and go to our football games, but let us not forget that Thanksgiving is primarily a religious holiday and that we should thank God for His many blessings.

* * *

Three years ago a great controversy raged here at the U. of D. The battle was fought in the Exponent, The U. D. News, in the halls, and even in the classrooms. Cartoons, editorials, articles, and verbal denunciations were hurled back and forth in a gentlemanly way as befits college students, but with great vigor, nevertheless.

The causa belli was the relative merits of the

Arts course, and the Arts students were always on the defensive.

"Those who flunk the other courses flock over to the Arts course where they know they can get by," sneered a spokesman for the anti-Arts forces. "Snap course!" cried another. "Fish course!" shouted still another.

The Arts students put up a valiant fight. "Yes," they admitted, "it is possible to get by with little study in the Arts course, but a real Arts student will put in much more time than is necessary to get a passing grade." Another slogan for the Arts side was, "An Arts student gets out of the course just what he puts into it!" The only trouble with this defense was that there were very few "real" Arts students.

It was generally conceded that the anti-Arts came out on top in the conflict.

This year things have changed. (Maybe it's part of the New Deal.) Call up an Arts student and ask him to go some place that night, and the chances are he will say, "I can't go tonight. I have too much studying to do." Yes, they are really working this year.

Leave it to the Arts students to be different. With everyone else going under the N. R. A., and working fewer hours for more pay, the Arts students are now working more hours for lower grades,—for the general average of grades has been lowered, very appreciably lowered.

It looks like there's a conspiracy afoot, mates.

Page three

It would be quite a coincidence if all the profs, working independently, would get the same idea at the same time. This conspiracy should be a cause of rejoicing, however. The Arts students will benefit individually, because they will have to study harder and will thus learn more. Naturally they are not going to study any harder than they have to, for even Arts students are human as they themselves will admit, if pressed. They will also benefit collectively because the prestige of the Arts course will be raised. And lastly, the anti-Arts group should be more than satisfied, because now the Arts Students are really working, and working hard. After all that is what they wanted. Now, is everybody happy?

* * *

In the Purdue Exponent we find a lengthy editorial requesting a study hall for the students. It tells of the difficulty in finding a quiet place to study. "Not even in the library, usually thought of as an ominously quiet place, do we find these ideal conditions existing. Here we find the ever-present buzz of students studying together, the constant noise of those taking out books or walking around looking for something to read, or possibly we are distracted by observing a "library date." All these combined with the doubtful ventilation and illumination, help to make our library a somewhat undesirable place to stay for study."

We are fortunate in our library here at the U. of D. There is a special room for those wishing to use magazines and another for those using reference books. In both absolute quiet is required. Upstairs is another large room in which the students may consult together about their studies. It is an ideal arrangement and thanks are due the Brothers in charge for keeping it so.

* * *

The first six weeks have come and gone and the second are well on their way. This could lead us quite naturally into a whimsical discourse on the flight of time and the shortness of human life. Instead, in some mysterious way, it leads us into a discussion of marks.

Perhaps you are not satisfied with the marks you received for the first six weeks. Fine! No one should ever be satisfied with the work which he has done. We should always strive to do better the next time. As long as you are not satisfied, and are determined to do better, there is much hope for you. It is only for the self-satisfied individual that all hope is lost.

Don't feel too badly if your marks were a little low for the first grading period. The subject was probably new, and perhaps the professor and his

methods were also new. Now that you are better acquainted with both the subject and the professor, you should be able to do better next time,—if you apply yourself.

It has often been said that marks are an unnecessary evil and should be done away with. It is true that many errors creep in. Your neighbor may receive a higher grade than you do when you are sure you know the subject better than he does. If you have a professor who grades low you will have a lower general average than the student who avoided that professor. With all its faults, however, the present system is the best which has been devised thus far. What if you do not get exactly the grade you thought you deserved? An error of five per cent in either direction makes little difference..

If no marks were awarded there would be no incentive for studying, and who can work without an incentive?

* * *

It is a regrettable fact that so many college students take their duties as citizens so lightly. Many of them do not even try to keep informed on the vital questions of the day. In this country it is, theoretically at least, the people who rule, and they should be able to look to college-trained men for leadership.

It is especially important that Catholic students keep up with what is going on in the world. They should always be ready to defend, explain, and promote the Catholic viewpoint. In order to keep informed they should do much reading, especially of Catholic periodicals.

U. of D. students are furnished with a splendid opportunity of keeping informed by reading "America." Every week we, as students, receive our free copies of the magazine. We should read it and profit by it. Of outstanding importance right now is the question of recognizing Russia.

"America" has the reputation, even among non-Catholics, of being one of the most intelligently edited magazines in the country. We should be thankful for the opportunity of reading such a magazine.

* * *

We fear we may be accused of inconsistency. We say that students should read high-class magazines such as "America," and at the same time we are endeavoring to make the "Exponent" lighter and less high-brow.

This seeming inconsistency vanishes when we consider the purposes of the two magazines. The aim of "America" is to enlighten its readers on questions of import to Catholics. The purpose of

the "Exponent" is to develop the talents of the students.

In order to meet its objective, "America" has a staff of trained writers, men who have been out in the world and know what they are writing about.

In order to meet its objective, the "Exponent" asks the students to write about something in which they are very much interested, some subject which they know thoroughly. Now we feel that few college students are qualified to write on the

gold standard or the recognition of Russia. Any such article would of necessity be merely a rehash of other newspaper or magazine articles.

So while a prospective writer is developing his talents he should write about his hobbies, his experiences, his likes, and dislikes. After he gets out in the world and acquires more practical knowledge he may commence writing about deeper subjects. Perhaps he may even get an article printed in "America."

Forgotten Soul

• By James Schopler

Chapel, library, stadium, park, quadrangles, laboratories, and dormitories dot the 56 acres of U. D. Students are familiar with them all. How many are acquainted with the spot in "God's Acre" pictured in the author's article?

STUDENTS at the University of Dayton come and go. There are here to-day as pupils, absorbers of knowledge, and gone to-morrow as men of the world, employers of that newly acquired knowledge. This process continues year in and year out in a fashion as consistent as the rising and the setting of the sun.

Yes! they come and go. Shakespeare once said, "Life is a stage." University life occupies only one short but significant scene in that all-powerful drama of life.

Social life, studies, lack of a reasonable curiosity (on the part of the students), and a careless laziness are some of the factors which cause students to overlook some of the most beautiful spots of the University of Dayton grounds. Were they more inquisitive they would have discovered long ago, far out in the eastern end of the property, the resting place of one of God's "forgotten souls."

It may be well to state that, as far as atmosphere is concerned, the university grounds present a "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" complex. The Mr. Hyde side is represented on the campus proper, where signs of activity are evident. The Jekyll side extends to the extreme east end of the grounds into a section that is least frequented. It offers a marked contrast to the campus proper in that it is a region of unusual quiet,

The path to the spot to which I allude is both interesting and picturesque. It's just a matter of a minute's walk, once you pass Alumni Hall, up a road adorned on both sides with aged trees clothed in motley colored foliage, before you come to a serene spot,—the University of Dayton cemetery.

As far as burial grounds are concerned, this spot may be just another place to you. But nature caters to beauty, and for this reason the cemetery is interesting. It is here that the deceased members of the Society of Mary find their earthly resting place. It differs from the average burial grounds insofar as all the tombstones are of uniform size and the same style of inscription graces each stone.

But we haven't arrived at our destination. Up the narrow walk we go to the upper end of the cemetery. Over to the right is that stately pine, standing as erect as a sentinel ready to challenge the slightest intrusion. Some ten feet behind it, hidden from the sight of the casual wanderer, stands a stone all by itself. It's tall and white and reaches easily five feet in height. Surrounding it are trees to the left, bushes behind it, and a bare spot in the foreground. An appearance of loneliness magically draws us nearer. A rustling of leaves ever so faintly, and a picturesque blending of flower and foliage assist in presenting this forsaken outward appearance of the stone and urges us to hold our peace.

The quiet is unbroken except for the unregulated whirl of wings and the occasional chirp of birds. What a paradise for a poet! Longfellow in all his glory could not have desired a more inspirational nook.

We edge a little closer. Yes! there is an inscription on the stone, though the letters are worn and weatherbeaten by the action of time and the elements.

The letters, on closer scrutiny, form words that are vivid, though they appear dim. They are simple, yet gripping words. The inscription reads:

Mary Louisa G. Stuart
Died July 15, 1848
Aged 4 months and 20 days
"Mary, thy spirit is in bliss
Pray for thy parents."

* * *

Our mind turns back to the middle of the nineteenth century. Eighty-five years ago, a broken-hearted mother must have shed tears when death snatched this precious little babe from her arms. Four score and five years ago this happened,—before the beginning of the Civil War, before the inauguration of President Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of our nation.

Mary Louisa Stuart! a pretty name if there ever

was one. Where have we heard that surname before in connection with the University of Dayton? Our subconscious mind fails to respond. But wait a moment! Why yes! the Stuarts sold the present University of Dayton grounds to the Society of Mary way back in 1849.

Yes, that's right. And when the Stuart family moved, they couldn't take little Mary Louisa along with them, because she was far happier in her new home. But the Stuarts left a small remembrance as a token of their parental love in the form of a tombstone, with the hope that perhaps at least someone would come across it now and then,—and think of their little Mary Louisa.

The tombstone has lived through almost a century, through good times and depressions, through war and peace without crumbling away. But little Mary is a forgotten soul in the cemetery. Her spirit and her soul are far away in the presence of her Maker,—and she is happy. No doubt she often looks down upon the University of Dayton grounds and wonders wistfully if any one will be kind enough to pause in front of that quiet, silent stone and think of her.

I Got a Date

• By Edward J. Connors

A bashful senior, anxious to date up Miss Exponent, asks Jim Brown to help him out. Jim tips him off the kind of a line to give her. Here's hoping that Ed becomes her "steady".

AFTER listening to that soul-inspiring talk from Don Sharkey on the values and pleasures of having a date with Miss Exponent, and remembering my experiences with her last spring, I decided, or rather Jim Brown, who aids Sharkey in keeping her on the straight and narrow path, decided that I should try to get this noble lady to give me another date.

How to go about getting this date was quite a problem. I knew that this fair creature would not go with anyone who did not first prove his valor. I dare say the knights of old did not experience as much trouble winning their fair ladies as must be gone through in order to have the pleasure of the company of Miss Exponent. (I hope it is Miss;

Page six

Brown didn't say, but I think if it was Mrs. he would have warned me.)

"Just tell her things you are interested in," is the way Jim put it. "Give her the same old line you would give to any other girl." At first I thought this would be a swell idea, but later I changed my mind, as I happened to remember that Miss Exponent can not keep a secret, and if I gave her the usual line, I would have to rake up a new one for my next date with another girl. If this were last year and if I knew anything about the Gold Problem or the N. R. A., I could discuss topics such as these with her, but I hear the dear girl is not so much interested in subjects like these this year. That is quite a break, however, as I fear I would not last long talking on such topics. Not knowing just what to do I decided that I had better get some more advice from Brown, so when I found him I went up to him and said in a very confidential voice, "Listen, Jim, you got me all worked up

on the idea of a date with your girl friend, Miss Exponent, so it's up to you to give me an idea how I can get the date."

My pal Brown responded something like this, "If I knew you were going to be this much trouble I would never have suggested it, but since I went this far with you, I'll give you one more suggestion. Go home to-night, get a paper and pencil and sit down and think for five or ten minutes on what you are interested in. Then write it down in as good English as you can, and turn it in. If it is good we will correct it so you will be able to give it to her in its best form; if it is no good we will tell you. Then you can take your troubles elsewhere, as I have too much to do to waste my time getting you dates."

This I thought to be a swell idea, so right after supper that night I got paper and pencil and sat down, prepared to write. My mind must have been away on a vacation, however, as the longer I sat the less I could concentrate. So I decided to jot down whatever came to my mind, and then try to make some sense out of the notes and arrange them in readable form. After ten minutes of jotting I stopped and looked at my paper to find it contained the following:

"Once upon a time there lived a smart college boy who knew all the answers. He was very brilliant. He even knew the answers to his psychology test. I wonder if the next psychology test is going to be as tough as the last one. Why doesn't the family turn on a good radio program instead of that awful thing? I could sing as good as that guy if I had the worst cold in the world. I hope it stays warm for a couple of weeks. I hate cold weather. I wonder how much a ticket to the Junior Prom will cost."

Now gentlemen, I ask you, what can be done with a mind that rambles like that? Yes, I know the owner of it should be taken out and shot, but then I am a man of stout heart and I do not give up easily. So I sat there and figured for a while

and thought maybe if I could find a good magazine article I could rewrite it and hand it in, but then I remembered that I was not doing a thesis for school, so I let that pass. My next idea was elegant. I decided to write something as well as I could and then give it to the old master Sharkey to read over. While he was reading it I was to stand and talk to him and so keep his mind wandering, hoping that he would O. K. the article without knowing what he was doing, and thus I would be able to slip in and have my date with Rita. (I had been thinking about Miss Rita Exponent so much that I felt by this time I could call her by her first name. However, she is still Miss Exponent to most of you guys.) This did not work out, however, (Who said that? I distinctly heard someone say, "How did this get in, then?") and I bid my chance of going out with Rita good-bye.

About a week later I ran into Jim Brown again, and the first thing he said was something about faint heart never winning fair lady. I agreed with him and told him he could go steady with Rita Exponent if he wished, as no girl in my estimation was worth any more trouble than I had already gone through for her. Besides, I always go on the old principle that girls are like street cars; you don't have to run after them because there is always another one coming. Then dead old Jim started saying how sorry he was I missed out on Rita and that maybe if I would just tell my experiences of trying to get a date with her, Sharkey would break down and make an exception in my case. Remembering my past dealings with Sharkey, I doubted this, but decided I might as well take one last chance. Then I told the keeper of the keys my story, and he said that since I was trying so hard that maybe Miss Exponent would be able to bear up under it, so he said he would arrange for me to get the date.

As he was walking away he muttered something about maybe the Freshmen will have enough courage to date Miss Exponent after seeing how this guy got by.

"Luck is about as likely to strike a man as lightning, and about as likely to do him any good. The best luck any young man can have is the firm conviction that there is no such thing as luck, and that he will gain in life just about what he deserves, and no more."

—William T. Foster.

A World of Numbers

• By Bob Wharton

Bob, with a Poe-esque love of the weird, describes his wild ride on the night-mare of accounting. His steed takes him into a new world, a world of numbers, where he sees strange figures.

“WELL, Jim, sorry you aren’t going to the party,” called Pete Hurst, Jim Master’s roommate at the University of Dickinson. “You’ve been working on that accounting problem now for four hours. Why not relax for a while?”

“This problem is due to-morrow, Pete. I’m dog-goned if I can make it work out correctly. I always did have trouble with figures.”

“Now will you look at that?” he added with a roar. “What in the world is that supposed to be? It looks like three numbers all jumbled together,” Here he carefully applied a drop of ink eradicator on the offending number.

“Honestly, I’m so weary of this problem that I’m having difficulty in keeping my eyes open. Even the numbers are all running together. So long, Pete, have a good time at the party,” he called as the door shut after his roommate.

A moment later, as Jim felt a heavy lassitude steal over him, and his head nod with weariness in spite of his truggles, he felt his fountain pen slip out of his fingers and fall upon his paper. Where it had fallen a great blot of ink had splashed from the pen, and as he watched in startled amazement, the pen rapidly started to revolve around the blot. There before his horrified gaze, a whirling dark hole appeared in the top of his desk. It rapidly grew larger, and one by one the articles on his desk toppled and fell into the hole as it gradually ate away the wood, like some insidious, fast working acid.

Then as he sat stricken, paralyzed with terror, the entire desk disappeared before his eyes, and in its place a great dark spinning hole appeared, gradually growing and blotting out everything before his eyes.

He felt the front legs of his chair drop a little, and then the whole chair toppled, and with a great horrified scream, as only a terrified man can make,

he fell forward into the dark void in an agony of terror.

Falling swiftly, his body revolved slowly in the air, the bit of light in his room above him rapidly disappearing. As he fell he noticed an oddly familiar but elusive odor.

“Why it,—why of course! It smells like ink!” he ejaculated, and the next moment, with a great splash, the water closed over him.

He seemed to sink for miles and miles in inky darkness. When it seemed that he could hold his breath no longer he slowly started to go upwards towards the surface, and just as he spasmodically opened his mouth to gasp in the water, his head popped out of the waves and he gasped in a deep breath of air.

Treading water, Jim thankfully drew great breaths of air into his lungs. Everywhere there seemed to be that inky darkness, and Jim, straining his eyes, could see nothing. The chill of the water was becoming more noticeable, and Jim felt his teeth chattering with the cold.

Resolving to swim in one direction he started to swim slowly and steadily. When it seemed that he had been swimming for about half an hour, he stopped, and treading water again, he stared intently and carefully about him. The cold was not now so noticeable, due to the struggle of swimming. But now a new danger had become apparent. He was becoming very tired and knew that he could swim for only about half an hour longer. This time he carefully scanned the distance but was unrewarded. Then from the corner of his eyes he thought he perceived a glimmer of light. Hopefully he stared. It was true! It was a light.

With new strength he swam toward the light. As he swam the darkness gradually began to disappear, and soon he could make out land, a short distance ahead of him. He soon felt solid ground under his feet, and with a tired sigh he stopped swimming and wearily started to wade in to shore. By this time it had grown quite light, and with a start of surprise Jim noticed a small group of people silently watching his approach. And what people they were!

Jim slowly came up to them. He couldn’t help

staring, and they couldn't help laughing a little. How like nightmares they were! They all resembled numbers.

As he approached the leader he noticed how like the number "1" he was in appearance. Although short in stature, his resemblance to the figure "1" was startling. His eyes, very large and possessing the ability to stare directly through one, seemed to be focused directly upon Jim, and Jim had the feeling that he had known this strange person before,—perhaps in some former life. Former life! Had he really ever lived before? Strange, but he couldn't remember any world other than this. Then what was this elusive feeling about this strange looking person?

As Jim stared, this odd person spoke. "Greetings, stranger, where have you come from? The moulds of the gods must have sadly slipped when you were formed, because never before has so misshapen a creature emerged from the Holy River, the Source of Life. You look like three normal people rolled into one. But nevertheless, approach nearer. It is not for us to question the work of the gods. What do you want here? Why did you come?"

"I want nothing! I didn't even come of my own free will, or I most assuredly would never have come here!" snapped Jim, aroused at the criticism.

"Oh!" thoughtfully exclaimed the odd personage, "I understand now. You are another of the lesser gods sent here for a better understanding of your subjects and servants. Won't you come this way?" and he bowed low to the astonished Jim. "I will try to explain how this world is moving. First, however, let me introduce myself. My name is A Number One (A No. 1).

Here Jim broke in, and pointing to one of the crowd who resembled a number "3," he exclaimed, "and I suppose that he is named '3,' and that person at the water's edge is '7.'"

"Yes; those are their family names. Truly you are one of the gods," said A No. 1, with more respect in his voice. "And pray what is your name?"

"I am known as Jim Hastings."

A No. 1 seemed to have difficulty in pronouncing this name. He tried to, once or twice, then gave up and said to Jim, "I am afraid I will have to give you a new name, stranger. I will call you Double 'O.'"

"All right, A No. 1," said Jim, "but in return allow me to call you A No. 1 Pete, because that name somehow fits you."

A No. 1 Pete guided Jim along a smooth path, and pointing in the distance, told Jim that their great city, Multiplivision, was ahead of them. Jim, all of his fears gone, was now able to study his sur-

roundings carefully. The trees were beautiful. As he approached one of them he was surprised to see that the fruit hanging on it was formed in the shape of the figure "9," the stem upwards. He stubbed his toe on a rock in the path, and glancing down he saw that it was made as a perfect figure "8." He dropped it and it broke into two perfect zeros. Every plant, every flower, every bush that he saw resembled numbers in some way.

"Truly," he thought, "it is a veritable world of numbers!"

As they walked onward, Jim recalled what A No. 1 Pete had said about the river.

"What did you mean by saying that the river was the source of all life, A No. 1 Pete?" asked Jim.

"The river control our world," solemnly said A No. 1 Pete. "We inhabitants of this world are made of the elements contained on the Holy River. When our time comes to leave this world, we emerge from it at the will of the god who controls us. Listen, the god is speaking now! Don't you hear him?" Faintly there came to Jim's ears the sentence, "I'm doggoned if I can make these figures work out correctly. I always did have trouble with figures. I hate 'em!"

"How familiar that sounds!" thoughtfully said Jim. "I seem to have heard that before."

"Oh, undoubtedly," said A No. 1 Pete. "You are one of the gods who rules a world such as this one. The god who rules this world does not use all the forces at his command, and thus he has difficulties. No doubt you have been sent down here in order that you may realize that we inhabitants of this world work efficiently only for an efficient god. If the god is one who can not make all of his faculties work together, then we never work well with him. We despise a god who despises us. Did you hear how this god despises us? He just said that he hates us. That is why we never cooperate with him, and why he has so much trouble with his problems. Do you see into that?"

A great light broke upon Jim.

"Why!" he exclaimed in wonder, "this world is a fountain pen! The river is the ink!"

"I don't understand your terms, Double 'O,'" said A No. 1 Pete. But this I do know: the river is very low and soon we must all go. The Master in control of this world is very careless in replenishing the River of Life, and so we who have been here for years training our people to be more efficient,—we must leave. See, even now the River runs dry and we must go!" And seizing Jim by the arm, he ran and jumped into the river.

A great whirlpool sucked Jim down, and just as he despaired of life, he was bodily thrown out into

the air and light, and he gazed upward into the huge, immense face of a human being. As he stared he heard a small voice, and he turned aside in time to see a number "3" near him point in his direction and whisper to a number "7," "What a strange looking person! He won't last long! The Master will rub him out!"

Frantically Jim looked for means of escape, but there was an impassable barrier all around him.

"I'm in a column of figures on a piece of ledger paper," thought Jim miserably, "and this impassable fence around me is only four lines, but I can't get out because I have but two dimensions."

In pitiful supplication Jim looked up in the Master's face for mercy, and then his heart leaped. The great face was his own face! It was Jim himself, with his features contorted in concentration, and

with his tongue between his teeth as he counted.

Then Jim saw a gigantic black column of some hard material right above him, and then he heard a great voice boom out over the entire world: "What in the world is that number supposed to be? It looks like three numbers all jumbled together!"

And then Jim felt a great rush of intense agony as a cascade of some devouring acid-like liquid enveloped him completely, and was destroying his entire body.

"It's ink eradicator! It's ink eradicator! It's eating away my whole body! It's killing me! Help!" shrieked Jim.

"Jim! Jim!" spoke an urgent voice; "wake up, you fool! You'll have the prefect here in a minute!" And Jim woke up to stare stupidly into the face of his roommate who had just thrown some water into his face.

Three Years in Korea

• By Alfred F. X. Agajan

"Life in Korea," as seen by a U. D. student who lived there three years. He tells us why Koreans dress in white, why they wear "top knots," and how they prepare their "hot dogs."

KOREA, that quaint country, little heard of in the western hemisphere, occupies a small piece of territory adjoining the seat of considerable political and civil strife at the present time, Manchuria. It is often indicated on some maps as "Chosen," a name given it by the Japanese since it became subject to them. In spite of occasional reaction in an endeavor to overthrow the yoke of foreign dictatorship, Koreans have made little, if any, headway toward obtaining their independence.

On leaving Japan proper from the port of Shimono-seki, we find ourselves in sight of the land of the Koreans within twenty-four hours. When entering a strange country certain characteristics or customs of the people make a keen impression on one's mind. As in Japan, my first and strongest impressions were the "klik-cluck" of the "gaitas" (wooden shoes) on the pavements, and the "jin-rikishaw" men shouting, shouting their way through a crowded street with "hai hai!"

Of course, Japan of ten years ago was not

modern in aspect as it is at present. Korea, or Chosen, proved to be no exception to this rule, for no sooner than I got in sight of Fusan, the port of entry from Japan proper, I could not help but notice with perplexity the nature of the freight stored up on the breakwater, rows upon rows of millet-cakes in large cylindrical forms, which are a major export for that little country, and are used as a food for cattle and horses. Besides this, the odd dress of spotless white from head to foot, as well as the fantastic headgears that the natives wear, could not but attract a foreign eye.

The larger cities of Korea, like those in Japan and China, have through the settlement of modern commercial concerns become considerably westernized, and thereby lost a great deal of that native atmosphere for which a tourist thirsts. It would therefore be rather a waste of time to dwell on the descriptions of the port of Fusan, except to say that its points of interest are too semi-native to interest the reader, so I will endeavor to describe the people of the inland, mostly villagers and mine laborers, among whom I lived for three years in sufficient contact to learn something of their customs and habits.

Journeying into the mining districts is usually

done by buckboard or ponies. At present, however, I believe cars are coming more into use, that is, where roads permit such travel. When traveling into the interior of most Asiatic countries, one must be prepared to face the native accommodations and food. In present day missionary magazines we read a good deal of the hardships that traveling into the interior of China causes the missionary. Though I have not had broad experience in such travel, I feel certain that Korean country travel is far from being a congenial excursion. Periodical floods cause considerable damage and make vehicular traveling at times simply impossible, due to the flooding of rivers which must invariably be forded.

The agricultural aspects of the country are very uninteresting, in that millet and corn form about the only products cultivated to any extent. The greater part of the territory is rocky and unfertile, proving a great drawback to successful harvesting.

In the way of natural resources, I am inclined to think that Korea is fairly rich when considering her size. Gold mines are considerably numerous, and quite a few of them are under foreign control.

In my personal opinion, anyone desiring to study the Koreans as a people could best do so by residing among such of them as are not affected by foreign contact. The peasantry and laboring classes are of just this type. Having lived in a mining concession owned and managed by a Frenchman, I have had considerable opportunities of coming in direct contact with the natives who were employed as laborers in the mines and mills. This particular mining camp was beautifully situated in a deep ravine, through the middle of which flowed a small river which served as a separating line between the foreign and native settlements.

The Korean, such as I know him, is a simple, hard working man, and extremely simple in his mode of living. His home is a low thatched roofed mud hut, purposely built low to withstand the torrential rains which would otherwise wash away his home built of earth. In building his house, the Korean devises an ingenious method of heating during the bitter cold winters. The floor is built some two feet from the ground, also of mud, and the basement thus formed acts as a furnace, the mud structure retaining the heat and keeping the inmates warm.

The poorer people of Japan and China are known to be able to live very cheaply on rice and pickles. The Korean peasant or laborer goes one better on them and subsists happily on millet, a substitute for rice, but much cheaper in price and nourishing qualities, and "kimchi" (pickled native cabbage).

These mining folks, to whom I refer, find other means as well to cut down their eating expenses. "Believe it or not," they eat the flesh of dogs and crows. By dog-meat I mean the flesh of their own domesticated watch dogs, which they fatten and later butcher.

The people of Korea have some very odd customs, some of which I will endeavor to describe. A young man upon reaching the age of manhood receives a tonsure. Allowing his hair to grow, it forms a "top not," with the hair around this bald patch. He is then permitted to cover this head-dress with an odd shaped black "cup-and-saucer" hat which he wears continuously. Tradition has it that the wearing of this hat dates back from the days when Korea was a kingdom. So many of the king's subjects were brought to court for quarreling and fighting, that his majesty struck upon a bright idea to putting an end to these petty fights. He ordered all the men folks of his kingdom to wear glass hats, the owners of which were to account for the breakage with a state penalty. Glass hats, however, proved to be extremely fragile and had to be replaced by hats made of horse hair (these, incidentally, are springy). In the course of time these hats took various shapes to denote the class of society to which the wearer belonged.

Another noteworthy custom is that of wearing nothing but white clothes, summer and winter. During the latter season Koreans pad their clothes with cotton wool. The story as to how the people got to wearing white runs along similar lines with the "head gear" tradition. The ruler of the land was sorely perplexed as to how he could make his people keep themselves clean, in order to prevent frequent epidemics. He finally decided to enforce upon the people the wearing of white which would act as an inducement to cleanliness. The poorer class actually keep their clothes white, but the whiteness of the garments next to the skin is questionable.

There is no nation in the world that does not believe in the supernatural. The case of Soviet Russia, of course, is a forced atheism and is not to be considered. The Koreans have their beliefs and religious customs. Their funeral processions are interesting to watch. Men carry the bier on their shoulders and swing from one side of the road to the other, wailing all the while.

Missionaries have made considerable strides in Korea,—for that matter in all pagan countries where the natives are not inclined to licentiousness to any great extent, and such, I believe, the Koreans are. All in all, I would say that the Korean is not a bad fellow, and I am proud to say that I have a few friends among them.

Etiquette

*Be nonchalant and smoke a Murad!—
if the wind blows your hat away; but
how are you going to behave at a banquet
when you don't know your silverware?
Ask Emily Post? She doesn't
tell you everything you need to know.*

BOOKS of etiquette are all very well, as far as they go, but they never answer the problems in which I'm interested. In this article I will discuss a few of the situations which I find baffling. Perhaps some of my readers will be able to offer solutions.

Most of my troubles come at banquets. I don't like banquets, anyway; they're so stiff and formal. I prefer to sit down to a meal of sauerkraut and pigs' feet, where I can eat in my shirt sleeves. But I am getting off my subject.

At banquets the silverware always constitutes a puzzling problem. If you use it too freely you have exhausted your supply before the meal is half over, and are then faced by a grave situation. If you call the waiter and tell him to bring a fresh supply, he pretends not to understand, and you have to repeat the request in a louder voice. By this time everybody at the table has heard you, and the titters become audible. The waiter returns and disdainfully places the fresh silverware at the side of your plate. By this time everyone has stopped eating and is watching you. You become self-conscious and find that you can't keep the food on your fork. Finally you rush from the banquet hall, mumbling something about just remembering a previous engagement. As you close the door behind you, you imagine you hear a great roar of laughter from the assembled banqueteers.

If, on the other hand, you do not ask for more silverware, you are at a loss as to how to keep yourself occupied. Of course there is the glass of water, but you can't keep taking a sip of water every few seconds; somebody would be sure to notice it. Somebody notices you anyway. "What's the matter, Joe?" (If your name is Joe.) "You're not eating," he says. You reply that you are not hungry, and then some other smart alec chimes in with, "Well, you were eating fast enough a minute

• By Don Sharkey

ago." You're in misery until the table is cleared off.

There's another problem connected with the silverware. During the first part of the meal you are likely to use some of the wrong utensils, and then when the ice cream comes you find you have nothing left but a salad fork.

What's to be done when you are eating your meal and you get a big piece of gristle in your mouth? You can keep chewing for a while, but sooner or later someone will notice how long you have been chewing on one piece of meat. To make the matter more complicated, the man on your right keeps trying to engage you in conversation. The only solution seems to be to cry "Oh! there goes Charlie!" and waving wildly, run and stick your head out the nearest window. The obvious difficulty in this solution lies in the fact that it is almost impossible to cry, "Oh! there goes Charlie," when you have a piece of gristle in your mouth.

Here are some more questions I wish Emily Post would answer. What is to be done, when the piece of meat which you are cutting slips off the plate and slides into your lap? What are you to do when you spill gravy on the dowager at your left? In this case is it enough to say, "Pardon me?" When the napkin slips off your lap, are you supposed to crawl under the table after it? What is the correct procedure to follow (a) when you find you have been eating your neighbor's salad; (b) when you find your neighbor has been eating your salad? How do you extricate yourself from the situation, after saying to the English teacher at your right, "If I was you, I'd close the window"?

Perhaps the most trying time of all comes when the ice cream has been eaten, and the dishes are being removed. The dowager at your left and the English teacher at your right are each engaged in earnest conversation with their other neighbors. This leaves you completely isolated. You try to break in on one of the conversations, but this seems to be resented. Is the best procedure in this case to keep laughing and talking as if you were conversing with someone across the table?

If the banquet is followed by a dance, more difficulties arise. Probably the worst one occurs when you ask a girl for the next dance, and she replies, "Well, I've never danced, but I'll try."

In this article I have touched only a few of the questions which are not treated in ordinary etiquette books. I could give more which arise when you are visiting. For instance, when Junior spills a pitcher of water down your back should you smile and say, "Oh! that's all right?" Do you have to

grin and bear it when the collie climbs into your lap? In this case should you say, "Dogs always did like me?"

When you go to a party and the chair you offer the dowager collapses, are you supposed to gather her up?

If the writers of our books of etiquette would answer such questions as these, they would gain a much wider following, would sell many more books, and would be able to retire at an early age.

Psychical Phenomena

• By Clair Voyant

Are all mediums fakes? Houdini says "Yes!" Thurston says "No!" Are there such things as real psychical phenomena? Read what Houdini, Thurston and other authorities on the "occult" have to say about mediums and crystal gazers.

TO peer beyond the veil of death, to long to continue the friendship and affection which life has engendered, to hold communication with the departed has been the longing of many souls.

Egyptian monuments show the solicitude of the pyramid builders to communicate with and help the souls of the dead. Mausoleums have been found supplied with food, clothing, and books to serve the needs of the departed.

The belief in immortality engenders the hope and creates the expectation of getting into communication with those who have gone to the world beyond. It is this human instinct that stirs men to seek some means of intercourse with their departed friends.

Charlatans have traded on sorrow from time immemorial. The incantations of the savage witch doctors and the phenomena of the fraudulent mediums at seances are extreme examples of deceitful claims to communicate with the dead.

Let us in spirit attend a seance!

The lights are low; they shed a dim red glow. The singing begins...The singing stops for a while. The silence is tremulous and fraught with vague anticipations. The atmosphere is ghostly. Around us are other sitters, strained and expectant...The medium's face becomes pallid; her eyes close little by little as if their gaze were lost in misty distances; her lips qui-

ver. There comes a low moan. It moves you as you have seldom been moved before. Another low moan. The tension grows. You want to jump, run, do something...But hush! there comes a soft, ominous tapping, and then a little flutter, afar off it seems. The figures crouch beside you, then silence, but not for long. Something invisible whispers to you that your mother is there, that she wants to talk to you. A strange pang comes, as always when you think of your dear, dead mother. Can it be true? you ask yourself. Is my mother come to this strange earthly gathering? Your emotion grows. Perhaps it is she...

The tension grows. You feel alone. Hush! you hear a voice, then the strained, unbearable silence again...The voice comes again, softly, distantly, tenderly. Is it your mother's voice? No. You try to remember. It comes again, pleading this time. Yes! it is your mother's voice. In broken phrases the voice tells you of a little incident that happened far back in childhood. You want to say something, but you are dumbfounded. You are about to rise...

The seance is over. You go out; perhaps you return again. Perhaps that thought of thoughts haunts you on your pillow or at your work: the dead have spoken! You feel as Sir Oliver Lodge when he believed that he had heard from his son Raymond. (1).

And mediums will go still further, for some specialize in summoning spirits of great personages from the other world. An example will illustrate this materialization of spirits.

"If anyone present wishes to communicate with the spirit of some illustrious person, madam will endeavor to materialize the individual desired." At once, an English woman who was a devoted church-member, spoke up:

(1) C. M. de Heredia, S. J., *Spiritism and Common Sense*.

"I wish to see and speak with Cardinal Newman."

Madam agreed to try. She went into a trance, uttering muffled moaning sounds... In the midst of hushed silence, the materialized form of Cardinal Newman took one step forward, and raising two fingers of the right hand, after the manner of imparting a priestly blessing, uttered in impressively deep tones the word, "Benedictine." The overawed credulous sitters, in ignorance as crass as that of the medium, did not perceive the dual blunder... Cardinal Newman, though in life a superior Latin scholar, now spoke bad Latin, because, on entering into a higher intellectual sphere of the spirit world, he had forgotten all former learning, as well as sacerdotal functions. (2). (Some cause must be found for that *liquid* Latin.)

Houdini, the magician, claimed that he could by legerdemain do anything that mediums could do. The great magician, however, referred to the common run of professional or paid mediums. These he did outdo with his magic art. Houdini's claim did not include non-professional sittings, where real psychics without hire, give in all honesty, manifestations to spiritistic friends, to the exclusion of the public.

C. M. De Heredia, S. J., a master of magic and mystification, who studied under the great Herman, asked himself the question "Are there *real* psychical phenomena? And he answered affirmatively.

Father Heredia believes that after weeding out all phenomena whose psychical part could be traced to fraud or trickery, "there are some phenomena left which are really psychical—genuine sensible effects which, although brought about by a medium acting as an instrument, are primarily produced by an invisible mind using forces which are, as a rule, unknown."

The artist supreme of the arts of the medium and the clairvoyant, offers three theories toward the unraveling of real psychical phenomena: the "Diabolic Theory," the "Spiritistic Theory," and the "Natural or Telepathic Theory."

When the question is asked, "What is the physical cause of psychical phenomena?" many immediately answer, "The devil!"

Father Heredia, calling our attention to the fact that the Church does not declare *every* extraordinary event a miracle, insists that it is not common sense to declare *every* extraordinary psychical phenomenon the work of a preternatural agent. He therefore concludes: "The diabolic explanation for this or that particular well-authenticated case may be more than probable; but as a general explanation of *all* real psychical phenomena it is but a theory,

(2) Simon A. Blackmore, S. M., *Spiritism, Facts and Frauds*, with imprimatur.

and a theory which thus far has not been very well established."

The spiritistic theory is the theory that the outside mind in psychical phenomena is the mind of a discarnate spirit. Father Heredia does not favor this theory. He says: "No Christian who has any respect for God and His providence, would believe that He allows the souls of the blessed, or the souls in purgatory to hover about the earth, ready at the summons of various mediums of dubious character, to join in the frolic of a spiritistic seance, tipping tables, blowing trumpets, strumming on guitars, jangling tamborines, conversing on idiotic matters, communicating mere nonsense, and sometimes even uttering blasphemy. And as regards the Catholic idea of hell, it seems impossible that God would allow the *souls of the damned* to attend *at call* the orgies of the ordinary seance. God may allow the devil to act, for special reasons which we may not know, but to believe that God permits mediums *to call* the inhabitants of hell to earth as suits their passing whim or curiosity, seems so ridiculous as to be beyond probability."

And lastly, there is the natural or telepathic theory, the theory that supposes that the human mind has the power here on earth of communicating with and to some extent controlling other minds. This theory likens minds to wireless transmitters and receivers: "Some minds can send messages; some minds are better at receiving them. Some minds are tuned only for certain kinds of messages; some for others." Father Heredia believes that the foundation of the theory is rational, and that this theory *may* have the correct explanation for psychical phenomena: "I, for one, think the real solution of psychical phenomena will be found in the study of telepathy."

The eminent English theologian, Herbert Thurston, S. J., admits the possession of extraordinary powers by the few. His words seem to lean toward the consideration that telepathic phenomena may be the cause of real psychical phenomena. He writes:

There is such a thing as telepathy between the living. Genuine and inexplicable phenomena, even of the physical order, do occur in the presence of certain exceptionally constituted persons called "mediums"... Automatic writing and seeing of visions in a crystal appear to be faculties which come to some people spontaneously but which are withheld from the majority. (3).

The eminent English theologian endorses the utterance of the well-known Dominican, Pere Mainage:

(3) Herbert Thurston, S. J., *The Church and Spiritualism*, with imprimatur.

I admit, very simply, and without waiting for the final word of science, I admit that I believe in the objectivity of spiritistic phenomena. There are tables which turn and which talk. Mediumistic script is not the figment of a crazy imagination. Apparitions are not all of them the result of unreal hallucinations, and the partial materializations obtained by Dr. Geley are not a pure chimera. (3).

Father Heredia warns us against attending seances: "Apart from the moral consideration, such practices tend to cultivate over-emotionalism and a lack of mental balance in the spectator." He believes that seances incline men and women to superstitious beliefs and practices, and adds: "It is to prevent this *superstitious attitude* that the Church from the early ages has always forbidden any attempt to communicate with the dead."

Catholics has "positive" doctrine on means of intercourse with the dead. It is a doctrine that can wonderfully comfort us who suffer the pangs of bereavement, teach us how to help those who have gone before us, and inform us how to obtain assistance from those departed who are now in the presence of God. This doctrine of intercourse between the Church Militant, the Church Suffering, and the Church Triumphant is called the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. During the month of November Catholics are urged to cultivate and prac-

tice devotion to the souls in purgatory.

Speaking of the intellectual activities of those detained in the place of expiation, Abbe Chollet, D. D., professor of Theology at Lille, says:

The eye of the soul has a still wider range. It penetrates to the surface of this world of ours. In anguish as in glory, in Purgatory as in Heaven, the soul possesses the same nature; its knowledge of earth is the same; and if the occurrences of this life are perceptible to the elect in Heaven, they are equally perceptible to the elect in Purgatory. Those, then, whose loss we deplore have not really left us; as immaterial things they are unaffected by locality or distance, they are near us; clear-sighted as they are, there are no opaque barriers, there is no dimness of vision. They know us, they follow our movements, and in the delicate consideration of a love which grows continually purer, in the concentration of a gaze which becomes ever more intent, they enfold us in their affectionate solicitude. (4).

To seek contact with the dead through the aid of mediums is to court deception and risk the wrecking of our mental and physical health. The Church has placed her prohibition against attending Spiritistic seances. The Church knows best and it is for us to obey.

(4) Abbe Chollet, *La Psychologie du Purgatoire*, with imprimaturs.

Home on the Range

• By Jim Brown

The cactus and sage brush scent reminiscences of a lonely cowboy who lived in the days when poker chips clinked to the time of a tin piano. Alas! "Home on the Range" is only a song today.

"...where never is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not cloudy all day."

"**T**HET'S shore a purty song, ain't it Silver?" The little pinto pony stamped impatience as the man continued:

"I 'member old Lafe Chillers used to sing that, when me and him was ridin' fer the Lazy L. Lafe was a funny feller, never talked much, just took it all out in singing', I reckon."

The speaker rambled on and on, while the herd

he was watching gradually moved farther down the draw.

Milt Taylor, bronzed by twenty years on the range, sat cross-wise in his saddle, left leg hooked casually over the pommel. He was riding herd in the upper draw of the Sleepy Valley ranch, and as was his custom, was singing and talking to himself to pass the long hours away.

Milt was in a reminiscent mood, and as he rolled a cigarette he again addressed his pony:

"Silver, we used to have considerable times around here, long ago, before your time." The tired little horse looked around at his rider and winked drowsily. "I'll never ferget the night me and the boys caught 'Stud' Haggerty and Pete Loftus right about here. Little hoss, thet was *some* party!"...

Page fifteen

The Sleepy Valley outfit was in various stages of industry and indolence this October evening. A few of the men found occupation at poker in the bunkhouse, two or three were in the stable currying their horses, and still more were just lolling in the dying light of the sun at the bunkhouse door.

Mike Laskar, the foreman, was the first to notice a moving speck of dust on the western horizon, which betokened the approach of some rider.

"Kayriminy," Laskar's pet cuss word, aroused the men to the realization that something was happening, and they all gathered around the foreman to watch the approach of the strange horseman.

"He's shore fannin' the breeze," contributed Milt Taylor, top hand of the Sleepy Valley; "must be in a right smart hurry."

As the speck of dust grew into a cloud, larger and larger, the little group of watchers could see that the rider was a woman, a *young* woman, and that she was a very frightened young woman.

"It's old Ike Yountiff's kid, Millie!" shouted someone; "she's scared half to death."

Millie Yountif jumped from the saddle of her perspiring horse, and ran distractedly into the arms of Mike Laskar.

"Oh Mike! something terrible has happened. Two men broke in our house and ransacked everything. They've killed Dady; I *know* it. Oh it's terrible; I know he's dead."

"There, there little girl, don't get all fussed up now. Your dad'll be all right. Me an' the boys 'll go over to the house and fix him up."

The giant threw a glance over his shoulder that spoke plainer than words that "Spider" Werner, the kid mascot of the outfit, was to take Millie to the ranch house and turn her over to Ma Trumbull. Spider's expression, despite the seriousness of the situation, was comical with mingled distaste and disappointment at not being allowed to go along with the boys. To miss an event like this was nothing short of a crime. Grudgingly he led Millie to the ranch house, while the men of the outfit quickly saddled up and were off.

Old Ike Yountif and his daughter operated a narrow strip of dried up grazing land on the western slope of the Sleepy Valley, and for years after the death of Millie's mother, the ancient cattleman had tried to eke out an existence from this pitiful excuse of a ranch. It was rumored that the old man had a cache of gold some place on his premises, but his few intimates knew that the rumor was false. Laskar's men judged correctly that the object of the present intrusion was robbery.

Laskar and his followers spurred their horses unmercifully, and in twenty minutes' time were arrived at the crude little one-story ranch house of

the Yountifs. They leaped from their mounts and followed the foreman into the house.

One glance told the story.

"Kayriminy," murmured Laskar; "he's shore been salivated."

Sombreros in hand, the outfit gazed in awe at the still figure on the crude cot. A tiny blood clotted mark, on the forehead of the prostrate old man, testified that a small bore revolver had been used.

Instantly, Laskar was boss.

"Men! there's two of 'em and one used a small bore revolver. Who're they?"

"Stud' Haggerty and Pete Loftus!" was the answer.

There was only one small bore revolver in the entire section, and "Stud" Haggerty was its owner. Pete Loftus was Haggerty's crony, the two of them being notorious as loafers, bullies, and card sharks.

Laskar continued, "You shore are right, boys. That's who it was, and now we've got an excuse to hang 'em! Davis, you stay here and watch the place; the rest of you follow me!"

Laskar strode through the door with an awful fixity of purpose expressed on his lips. The men silently followed. There was still enough light to follow the prints made by the hoofs of the murderers' horses, and the grim posse swung into saddle in full pursuit. Soon a cloud of dust, hovering around the cottonweeds near the cabin, shut them from the view of the man known as Davis.

The trail led through a grassy section to the west of Yountif's place, and was easily defined, but gradually a rocky stretch was reached where tracking was impossible. The posse stopped to await Laskar's next move. Silently, Milt Taylor rode up next to his superior.

"Boss, this is just another of their crooked moves. This trail leads straight to the canyon, and you know dern well no man or hoss can cross there. They've back-tracked; that's what! It's a cinch we can't follow 'em in the dark, so I move we take the short cut to the upper draw near our place. Mebbe they've pitched camp there."

Laskar ruminated over a bulging quid of tobacco, spat viciously at the white expanse of a stone, and admitted that Milt might be right.

The men wheeled their horses and picked their way as best as possible in the general direction of the upper draw. For two hours, only the clop-clop of horses' hoofs broke the ominous quiet as the outfit neared the draw.

"Careful, boys," warned Laskar; "spread out. Ef Taylor's right; we're apt to see some shootin' 'fore long."

All was silence again. Then a sharp crack, fol-

lowed by the drone of a bullet, charged the spot with activity, and pandemonium broke.

"Git off yore hosses!" bellowed Laskar, but the command was needless, as each man was already away from that telltale horizon line, and had sought the protection of one of the friendly cottonwoods. Random shots rang ut here and there for what seemed an eternity to the combatants, and then there was a lull from the murderers' natural fortress.

Laskar wriggled from one to the other of his men, with instructions to the effect that Haggerty and his crony must be out of ammunition, and the smart thing for the Sleepy Valley men to do was to surround the two fugitives.

Laskar's orders were carried out. Then a shouted signal, and with much firing the men advanced on the two trapped murderers who were sullenly awaiting them. Soon it was all over, su-

perior numbers having been successful in making the capture complete.

Law courts were a superficiality in those days when Judge Lynch was barrister at this out-of-the-way place.

Two lassos were produced and in a short time, two objects, silhouetted against a vast expanse of sky, swung lazily in the night breeze. The stern justice of Judge Lynch was done.

* * *

"Yes, sir, Silver, thet was *some* party! Things don't happen like that any more. Everything's always jest kind of peaceful."

The pinto cropped at a bunch of grass as his master again took up that familiar chant...

*"Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word and the sky is not cloudy all day."*

Saturday's Millions

• By Jerome B. Schmitz

Do YOU promenade on Main Street on Saturdays? Have you watched the debs and the sub-debs—just going anywhere? And did you notice those big athletes proudly strutting their monogrammed sweaters? Join the big parade!

PERHAPS we have not had the opportunity of walking on the hot sands of the Sahara. Perhaps we have not even found that alluring guide to lead us down the old ox-road, but who of us has not strutted to and fro down Main Street on a Saturday afternoon? It's a convention for some, it's an opportunity to escape the monotony of home for others, but it's almost a religious rite for many. Have you ever stopped to consider why everyone comes to town on Saturday? Have you attempted to classify the different people who frequent our stores on Saturdays? It's a very, very interesting occupation.

Let us consider those sophisticated, effeminate creatures just out of their teens. I mention them first because they are there every Saturday. Whether they have anything to purchase or not is immaterial. Why, it would be almost a calamity if they could not parade to and fro from one de-

partment store to another, pricing this hat, trying on that dress, etc. During their protracted and exhaustive survey of all effeminate habiliment they might chance upon some article, the like of which one of their friends possesses, and immediately their day begins. If the article is expensive, the girl is a "chic" and smart dresser; if the opposite is true she is an object of derision and backbiting for the rest of the day. Then, when all the stores have closed their door, they march into the Seville or Riviera and order their toasted ham-sandwiches and "cokes." This, indeed, must be the most interesting time on their schedule, for, like Mrs. Winchells, they tell of all the latest scandals. "Did you hear about Jack and Sally? Do you like him? Are they going steady? I don't think she is so cute,"—and so on and so on. What would we do without these dear little ones?

Then there's mother! Of course she goes for a purpose, but for some undefinable reason it is always on a Saturday. There must be something in the air on that particular day that gets into one's blood, and the blood, having once tasted it, must crave for a transfusion every seven days. Perhaps it is because the week's work is finished and every one is more carefree and jolly. Whatever it is, it

Page seventeen

possesses some charm. After a busy day, jostling in between crowds, dodging some well-timed side-arms, etc., mother returns home utterly exhausted, and over the dinner table that evening firmly resolves to do her future shopping during the week, and not on Saturdays. Seven days hence, however, she forgets that she ever made such a resolution and is ready once more to do battle with Saturday's millions.

Then there is the class which claims members of both sexes. It is really difficult to classify them. They have a look of boredom written all over their faces, as if to tell the world that this is certainly a "comedown" for them,—mixing with the common riffraff. They do not walk. Theirs is almost a run. One of these fine days I am going to take the trouble and run after one of them to discover what is really the cause of their haste. Ten to one, I'll discover that after all they had no particular place to go. They probably think and believe that in their haste and air of boredom, they leave the impression that they are people of affairs, but how disillusioned they are! If they but realized how silly and utterly ridiculous they appear, they would undoubtedly adopt and assume a different attitude. But I suppose that even their best friend won't tell them!

This article would certainly be incomplete if we overlooked those gentlemen who sport a big letter on their "coram se." (I am not referring to mailmen.) They are essential, for without them there

would be no romance in the air. Theirs is the care-free jog. "Here we are folks! How are we doing?" They very graciously acknowledge every admiring glance from pretty young maidens, and they certainly prove the adage that you have to be a football hero to get along with the beautiful girls. It must be great to be a "letter" man. No doubt everyone of us, at some time or another, have had ambitions to become a great hero. Some have blossomed forth, others have failed. We all envy those who have scaled the heights of stardom, and, though sometimes it goes against the grain to give them due credit, they really deserve all the laurels that are bestowed on them. So, friends, if they enjoy walking down Main Street on a Saturday afternoon, to show the world that they have succeeded, more power to them! Many of us wish we could do the same, ourselves.

And so, dear reader, our story comes to a close. Of course, this is not an exhaustive survey of the different classes that frequent the downtown section on Saturday, but the ones mentioned are the ones most conspicuous and easily detected. As a matter of fact we have as many classes as we have individuals because no two are identical. Each possesses peculiar characteristics that individualize him or her, as the case may be, in this world. That is why life is so interesting. This would indeed be a dull world if everyone were the same. Well, I'll see you at Third and Main next Saturday afternoon. Join the big parade!

The Ivy Vine Next Door

• By Elmer J. Will

I stopped to contemplate the vine clinging to the chimney of the house next door. It must be very old, for it completely obscures the bricks. And what a mystery of small life it must conceal amid its myriad leaves and tendrils.

Often the noise of quarreling sparrows fluttering through its fastness has awakened me early of a summer morn. Then I would lie in bed for many long minutes, enchanted by the thrills and crescendoes emerging from its leafy thickness, though of birds I saw none. I wonder how often winged lives have sought refuge there, or how many happy feathered families it shelters.

Page eighteen

To the uninitiated eye it is not a thing of exceptional beauty,—my ivy vine. Aye, as I look at it now, it seems all too commonplace and the leaves it bears are—just leaves. Yet I know that soon those same leaves will turn to miniature rainbows, and for a week or two that vine will assume a crown of glory that will compensate for all its drabness. Then, one by one, slowly, sadly, the leaves will drop off. No longer useful as a home to its little friends it will wither and die until nothing is left but a network of sturdy stocks against a background of red bricks.

The Voice of the Bayou*

• By Wanda Ream

Bayou La Forche, one of the original outlets or deltas of the Mississippi River, branched off from the main stream at the present city of Donaldsonville (one of the early capitals of the state of Louisiana), and ran almost directly to the Gulf, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles; whereas, the Mississippi proper bore eastwardly about fifty miles and thence south to the Gulf. As the levees along the Mississippi were raised to great heights for protective measures, the cost of raising the levees along La Forche became prohibitive, and as a result the Bayou La Forche was walled off from the main stream in 1891. A permanent levee was built across its inlet, and it has since been used only as a barge canal. It traverses a section known far and wide as the "Sugar Bowl," which section raises 75% of the sugar cane grown in the United States.

Oh, thou cruel hands, why hast thou robbed me of my glory?
Why hast thou walled me from my noble source?
For centuries I have gone my way,
Carrying the sands of the mountains and the silt from the plains,
To strew along my mossy banks and spread at the roots of the low hung
cyprus.

But lo! I now lay a sluggish, stagnant pool,
Where the faint decayed patchouli hangs heavy in the air.
Here where thou, generation after generation, harvested from the adjoining fields,
Thou saw fit to wall my lazy banks,—to hold my flooding waters.

Thou bridged my channel and used those placid waters for thy barge.
And in all this did I rejoice—
Until that day when thou broke that sacred trust,
When with treachery, thy cruel hand severed the tie that bound me to that
great system.
Thou throttled my very life blood,
Thou robbed me of my purpose and brought me lowly in thy sight.
I am conquered.
And lie helpless at thy feet—
Where once I moved in silent dignity.

But, victor and vanquished must share an humble course.
Thy mills are silent now, and thy country side deprived of the bustle of
industry.
The iron rails are rusting,
Where once there rumbled steel and smoke.
Thy homes are deserted, thy values decline,
And all around is wanton neglect.

Oh, you Master of Destiny, open up my gates,
And let the sparkling waters of the mountains again course through my
strangled veins.
Drive from my midst the briny, brackish waters that lurk in the shadows,
And a new spirit shall enter your hearts.
Let my channel once again become a street of commerce,
And once again industry will line my shores with furnace and mill,
And gala-bedecked vessels will ply their way,
Where now the slime of the tropics pollutes my shallow path. (*Copyrighted, 1933)

The Count of Nine

• By Elwood Follick

An impressionistic study of a fighter during that strange interlude when the count nears ten. The fighter made a bad mistake in sparring the afternoon of a big fight. He is out for the count now.

A roar, wild and barbaric, reverberated about the building, the roar of fifty thousand spectators as they watched a well-lighted square of white in the very center of their midst.

The fighter lay prone upon the canvas in the center of the ring. His body, wet and sleek from sweat, was now faintly tinged on one side with resin. As the referee signaled the count of four he stirred slightly and made a feeble effort to rise.

He was tired! He wanted to lie there and continue that delightful feeling of floating through space. Miles and miles away he heard a dull roar. Something funny about that noise! It sounded as if a thousand turbines were running inside his head. They made him dizzy and a bit sick. There was another sound, too. Someone, a great deal closer, was shouting "FOUR" into his ear.

Now he knew! He was on the floor! That sound close to his ear was the referee! He had been knocked down and was being counted out.

"FIVE" The voice of the referee was clearer and more natural now. "Five seconds left, plenty of time to take it easy; no use to get panicky and jump up, only to get knocked all over the ring," the subconscious mind of the fighter flashed back. The afternoon workout had just been completed. There had been a session with the light and heavy bags, a little work with the skipping rope, and seven rounds of good, fast fighting with his sparring partners. The challenger felt that he had made an impression on the sport writers gathered at his camp that afternoon.

He knew he was correct when one of them slapped him on the back and congratulated him, saying, "you looked mighty good in there to-day, Kid."

"Yes, sir, agreed the writer from the "Times," if you perform that way against the champ, his number is up. There is just one thing that is worrying us, though. You, Kid, have never been knocked out, as I recall, never even knocked off

your feet. What will you do if the champ happens to floor you?"

He remembered now how he had chuckled at the idea and replied, "I'll bounce right up and start to fight again."

"SIX!" came that rhythmic chant.

"Four seconds to go. This idea of bouncing up isn't so easy as it sounds. Someone must be holding. It can't possibly be this hard to get on one's hands and knees. That roar is beginning to die now. Have to get on my feet, shake my head. Maybe that will clear those spots before my eyes."

The white-clad arm of the official rose and fell for the count of SEVEN! The crowd was on its feet now, wild with anxiety. Shouts, excitement, and then bedlam. Fifty thousand pair of eyes stared at the figure crouched on all fours in the center of the ring.

And then he heard the voice of his handler: "One more second to go and you got to stand on your feet! Take it easy! Cover up! He'll come rushing at you. Steady! Steady!"

"He's leading a left. Watch his right. Get in close and clinch. Hold on! That's the ticket. Hold on! Why doesn't he come in? What's the matter? He's walking away."

Then the Kid felt a friendly arm around his shoulder, and knew he was being lead to his corner.

"Come on, Kid; sit down; the bell rang. Here take a whiff of this. You sure had me scared. I thought you weren't gonna get up."

The second worked like a man inspired. Quickly he sponged the head and chest of his fighter, and then began to massage his arms and legs.

"Here, Kid, take another whiff," he urged, and then in a different voice the second rasped: "Now listen, Kid! Watch his right! You're letting your left slip down. Keep that hand up! Stay away from him this round! Spar with him as much as you can, and take it easy till you feel better. And remember, keep that left up! O. K., there goes the whistle."

The men climbed from the ring as the bell sounded. The fighter advanced to the center of the ring with his left up!

Numerology

Numerology, or algorithmics, can be learned easily and self-applied. It requires no sanctum; it is the clairvoyance of the kitchenette. Consult Smoka Kemal to make your readings complete and accurate.

NUMEROLOGY, the science of numbers, was taught by Pythagoras, about 600 B. C. Pythagoras learned it from the Egyptians.

You are your name! Your name expresses your inner desire, your natural ability,—your personality. Reduce your name to numbers. Everything may be reduced to numbers. That's where the science of "Numerology" comes in.

Your name, reduced to numbers, will tell you that for which you are best fitted. Perhaps your name handicaps you at present. Have your signature "adjusted" by a capable numerologist. Let Smoka Kemal do it!

Let me illustrate my scientific work!

Take the name, Lou Tschudi.

Looking at our numerology chart, and substituting a number for each letter, we find upon adding the digits that the sum is "31." Adding these two digits we find that we have a "4." In other words, Lou Tschudi "vibrates" to the number "4."

Looking under the number "4" on our chart, we see that Lou Tschudi would make a good class president, football coach, sports writer, singer, or history teacher. If he would start spelling his name without the "T," he would "vibrate" to a "5," and would then become a good logic student. If he would leave out the "c" he would become very punctual and would always complete his assignments on time.

* * *

OUR LETTER COLUMN

Dear Smoka Kemal:

Frankly, sir, I am in a delemnemnia. I live in a very beautiful house, and am quite satisfied with it, only my, or rather its roof leaks. Knowing the value of numerology, I have tried to remedy this by changing the number of the house. Perhaps I did not use the right number, because the roof didn't stop leaking. Instead, I got a lot of other people's mail, mostly bills from tradesmen whose names vibrated to unattractive numbers for amounts that

• By Smoka Kemal

vibrated worse. Please help me, Smoka, for I know that numerology holds the solution of my problem.

—Blue Eyes.

Dear Blue Eyes:

Yes, indeed, you are right, quite right in your belief that numerology, especially as applied by Smoka Kemal, will solve your problem. What you should do is to secure the services of a carpenter whose name vibrates to 3.75 (as Smith, Brown, Jones, Koczinski, or others) and give him a supply of **shangles** (shingles spelled with an "a" instead of an "i," to secure more harmonious vibrations) with instructions to fasten these **shangles** over that portion of the roof which is leaking. An application of Tar over the **shangles** will help, but be sure to use capital "T" instead of small "t" in Tar so that the numbers will harmonize.

—Smoka Kemal.

* * *

A 99870:

I am afraid your number is one that is not likely to give you much of the freedom you so much desire. However, changing your number is a matter that is in the hands of the State. I understand that they are unfavorably disposed toward any changes, but perhaps you will have better luck during your next stretch.

—Smoka Kemal.

* * *

Robert Payne:

Your trouble is not in the numbers of your name, but in the number of hours you boil the hops before adding the yeast. Try 3.2 and let me know how it vibrates in your system.

—Smoka Kemal.

* * *

Are your numbers right? Do they vibrate properly? Will you ever become rich, or will you remain rich all your life? Ask Smoka Kemal! He knows!

Send a stamped, addressed envelope to this magazine for the following interesting booklets: No.

167543½, "The Important Part Played by Numbers in the Science of Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division;" No. 835729¼, "Memorizing the Numbers from One to Ten Without the Use of the Fingers;" and No. 98165.432, "The Important Part Played by Numerology in Cooking Eggs or Laying Out a Rhododendron Bed."

Send your questions and problems to Smoka Kemal. Reading fee, 39c; chart fee, 54c; answering fee, 28c; (N. R. A.: No riddles answered.)

College Clippings

• By Jack the Clipper

I didn't know before that—
Violators of parking rules at the University of Cincinnati must pay a fine of \$2 within 48 hours or suffer suspension from the university.

* * * * *

Harvard uses Yale locks, but specifies that the manufacturers furnish the locks without the name Yale on them.

* * * * *

At Amherst Freshmen must remain standing until the upper classmen have left the chapel.

* * * * *

Students selling or lending their Season Books may be traced, and if convicted, given a five-year sentence and a fine of \$10,000 in Federal courts.

* * * * *

"The Acquin" of St. Paul (College of St. Thomas) states "The nationalities represented on the University of Dayton's football squad are American, Scotch, Irish, Lithuanian, Jewish, Polish, French, Dutch, German, Slavian, and Hawaiian."

* * * * *

Students living in dormitories at the University of Georgia have been threatened with extra fees if they persist in taking so many baths.

* * * * *

The "Parenthesis Club," at State Teachers' College, Trenton, N. J., is open only to bow-legged men.

* * * * *

At Denison University one of the regulations reads as follows: "The student may be reinstated only if absence is caused by long continued illness or death."

* * * * *

A Detroit city college track star took three large gold medals he had won and bargained with his dentist. The dentist melted the medals, used part of the gold for filling the teeth, and kept the rest as payment for his work.

* * * * *

The night watchman at South Dakota State College walked around the campus enough to equal a trip two-thirds around the world.

* * * * *

At Fordham University names are significant. Father Deane is dean, Father Whalen is dean of

discipline, Mr. Shouten is in charge of debating, and Mr. Voekal is in charge of the glee club.

* * * * *

Because students at a Columbia University dormitory used pennies and shoestrings in the telephone, service has been discontinued.

* * * * *

Purdue gridders wear special light-weight uniforms that weigh less than 10 pounds.

* * * * *

Temple University has eight sets of twins among the student body, all but one having chosen the same department.

* * * * *

Dutch Stanley, coach at Florida, gives his team an hour and a half of practice after the last man arrives on the field.

* * * * *

At Marquette all students living in fraternity houses have their names, characteristics, and peculiarities listed with the police.

* * * * *

Baylor University of Waco, Texas, has in its Freshman class this year the first set of quadruplets ever to enter college in this country.

* * * * *

A visitor tried to crash the Chicago Fair with a pass to the exposition of 1893, according to the Purdue "Exponent."

* * * * *

Navy gridders are now equipped with cleatless canvas shoes for wear on frozen fields.

* * * * *

The department of bacteriology of Akron University paid students \$1,600 for blood transfusions last year. ("The Acquin," to whom we are indebted for many of these clippings, wisecracks, "That's one school that pays for bleeding the students.")

* * * * *

A co-ed at Southwestern University went to the dean's office to borrow a nickel for a phone call, and asked the secretary to add it to the tuition bill.

* * * * *

Harvard students carry on their person an average of 22 cents. The average at Miami is six cents.

"My Dear Percival"

• By Udee

"Cherchez la femme! as the French detectives say. We thought Udee had some underhand reason for writing to Percival. He admits it now. Geology worries him, too. He finds that Geology is a rocky road to learning."

My dear Percival:

I've been waiting around expectantly all week for a letter from you, and since none was forthcoming I am calling for an explanation, apology, or "what have you?" to offer. In fact, I've been standing on my heels for word from you, and it's not due to being "punch-drunk" or anything of the sort.

If you believe it's you I'm interested in, then you're as wrong as Si Burick in his weekly football prognostications. Well, I don't mean it in exactly that tone, but all the "Irish" in my Dutch is all het up.

What I'm concerned in is: How is little "Schattsein,"—your sister? (Consult page 145, "Deutsch fur Anfanger" dictionary for definition.) Tell her I've chosen her to be the bit of sunshine in my collegiate life. Break the news gently to her, will you, Percy old Pal, and I'll remember it. Give her my sincere sentiments of amor. You know what I mean.

Is she still a blonde, or has she gone back to her brunette ways. Tell her that I always did prefer blondes,—yes, both me and Bob Payne. If she isn't a blonde anymore, forget about the remark.

Say, Percy old boy, what's her first name, anyway? I forgot it.

As far as the latest news on the campus is concerned, I haven't heard any. Why? Well, I haven't talked to the "Winchell of the Campus," meaning of course my old school teacher (no, that's the wrong gag), my old side-kick and pal, Jim Brown. Yowsah!

The more of this letter I write, the more firmly I am convinced that if it weren't for your sister I'd forget all about you. I will give you several reasons for sitting down here and writing.

1. I am and always have been a glutton for punishment;

2. I don't feel like studying. To much, like anything else, ruins you. Refer to the law of diminishing utility, Political Economy, for verification;

3. There isn't anything else on the radio except the stock reports and the adventures of Detectives Black and Blue.

Of course there IS something on the radio. For one thing there's Leo Fahy's hat. (How it got there is another riddle to me.) And right next to it is a sign, "Men at Work," which was borrowed from Fourth and Main, September 10, 1932.

Report cards were sent home a week ago. I think it was Aristotle or George Bernard Shaw who said: "Report cards are conveyors of bad news." Lou Tschudi says it was Mahatma Ghandi.

Am I ever on edge, mentally speaking, about my report. ASK me! Yes, I am. Back in grammar school days I used to be on edge, physically, after my parents took a glimpse at my report card. In fact, I was forced to be on edge for about three days after that. I ate my meals off the mantelpiece.

Right now I'm worried about geology. For the love of Mike, if I don't know more about rocks than to deserve an 80, I guess I'll take up physical education and become a teacher. Evidently the prof failed to take into consideration my previous experience with rock piles.

We've got a football team at the University of Dayton that will take yours, or any team in the country, like Grant too Richmond. No, I shouldn't have said that. Doc Wehrle would call "Grant took Richmond" a trite expresion. Well, anyway, this team would take yours into camp like the geology prof took down my mark? How's that? Not good? But you'll have to admit, Percy old boy, that it's not half bad. It's George Walker's team of "All Americans" to whom I'm referring.

In closing I wish to say that on your first and only letter I was forced to pay an additional three cents postage due. Hence, when you receive this letter please pay the postman three cents which will be due on this letter. That will even up matters.

Remember me to your sister.

Udee.

The Stadium Spectator

• By Jim Brown

JACK CICUTO is dead! To the world this means little, but to sport fans in Cleveland, and John Carroll University in particular, it means that one of the finest fellows and best football players ever to wear the Carroll colors is gone! The little Italian was a popular figure on the Blue Streak campus and was a respected opponent here at Dayton. South Park students sympathize with a bereaved John Carroll University in the passing of a model of American youth.

* * *

Moral victories are strange things. You expect to lose but you do not. You do not expect to win and you do not. What did happen? You saw your favorite sons of the grid go up against a powerful John Carroll traditional foe, and you did not rate them a chance to win; rather you expected to lose by two or three touchdowns. You saw your school's team play a grand game for sixty minutes, holding a superior team to a scoreless tie. Yet, in that last minute of play, when it looked as though Tommy Hannigan would break through for that winning touchdown, you were sick with disappointment when he was forced out of bounds. Moral victories are strange things!

* * *

The day after the Ohio State-Northwestern game, newspapers were filled with glowing stories of one John Kabealo, fullback of the Buckeye squad. Kabealo had averaged 41 yards on his punts against the Purple. Just one night before Kabealo's performance, Dayton's punters, Vince McDonough and Eddie Meisner, averaged 40 yards per try against John Carroll. Meisner is a Dayton boy, playing for the Dayton University; Kabealo is not from Dayton and plays for a Columbus University. What is the difference in the news value of the two boys? Does the addition of thirty-six inches to a forty-yard punt make that difference?

* * *

After the Findlay game a few weeks ago, the wolves were in full cry over the closeness of the score. A last quarter stand by the Dayton team just barely nosed out the determined upstaters by a score of 13 to 12. "Stu" Holcomb's rejuvenated Findlay team came to Dayton with the purpose of taking the Flyers into camp.

Before the game, down in the Findlay dress-

ing room, the coach was heard to say, "Boys, two touchdowns will beat Dayton. Get those two and do it quick!" And "Stu" was nearly correct, but he reckoned without the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage of the Flyers.

Since the Dayton game, Findlay has walloped John Marshall 95 to 0 and Defiance 56 to 0. So you see, it wasn't such a sloppy ball club that almost upset our hopes the night of October 20.

* * *

At the John Carroll game, a decided blow but not necessarily a fatal one, was struck at the Hilltoppers. Johnny Heller received a knee injury that will keep him out of the remaining games on the schedule. Dayton will miss Heller's passing, kicking, line driving, and defensive work; there can be no gainsaying that, but just how much Heller will be missed remains to be seen.

At present things seem to be perking up in the Flyer camp. Marty Armbrusterm put up a grand comeback performance in the Baldwin-Wallace game, and Eddie Meisner looked the money against Carroll.

Incidentally, while we are on the subject of performances, let us consider two linemen on the Hilltop combine. There are several good forwards on the team, but two in particular have scintillated in practically every game. I refer to John Bagdonas and Stan Corbett.

As a guard on a Notre Dame coached team, it is Bagdonas' job to pull out of the line and lead the interference on various plays, and if you'll notice, John does an amazingly good job of it. In addition to his offensive capabilities, Bagdonas is a tiger on offense.

Stan Corbett richly deserves all the orchids that can be cast his way. Stan made his Dayton debut as an end, but ends were plentiful and the lanky Cincinnati was relegated to the bench. When it became evident, later this season, that a center would have to be found to take the place of the regular centers who were injured, Corbett was chosen for the job,—and how he delivered! Stan's particular forte is pass defense. His unusual height and speed are well suited to this particular branch of play.

We say hats off to the line,—Corbett and Bagdonas in particular!

Joe Spatz

BAKERY

1337 WEST SECOND ST.

Telephone FULton 4832

Ask the U. of D. Boys,
They know!

Westbrock Funeral Home

1713 South Wayne Ave.

PHONES
1361—MAdison—3311

"Ambulance Service by Appointment"

Val. Hegman

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

Trunks
Bags
Suit Cases
Harness

TRUNKS & SAMPLE WORK
A SPECIALTY

Repairing of All Kinds
ADams 5652

136 EAST THIRD STREET

ALOIS MAYER
FRANK C. SCHULZE

P. A. ENGLER
CHARLES BEREZ

The Dayton Monument Co.

Office: 1101 Brown Street (Cor. Frank St.)
Works: Alberta Street at Penn. Railroad

Office Phone: FULton 1362

DAYTON, OHIO

Hollencamp's

SODA

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

TRY OUR CEREAL BEVERAGES

"Golden Glow"

AND

"Dark Cream"

VERY REFRESHING

The Hollencamp Products Co.

TELEPHONE FULton 3422

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

DAYTON, OHIO

A Boarding and Day School for Young Men
under the Direction of the Society of Mary

College of Liberal Arts and Science

Department of Commerce and Finance
Teacher Training Division
Pre-Medical Course
Pre-Legal Course

College of Engineering

Mechanical
Electrical
Chemical
Civil

*Evening College Classes

*Summer Session

College Preparatory

Reserve Officers Training Corps

*Open to Women

FOR FULL INFORMATION APPLY TO
THE REGISTRAR

The Dayton Stencil Works Co.

Steel Stamps—Rubber Stamps
Seals—Badges—Engravings
Stencils

113 E. SECOND ST.

Phone ADams 1432

Dayton, O.

*Patronize
Our
Advertisers*

A. C. Giambrone

WHOLESALE
FRUITS

ADams 1002

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

*This Magazine is
Our Product*

The
J. C. Ely Printing
Company

205-207-209 S. JEFFERSON ST.