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THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT



March, 1938

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Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the
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"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes

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Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

Sworn Records Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST- IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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THE University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXV

MARCH, 1938

No. 3

A list of authors and their contributions for

March, 1938

IRELAND, MOTHER IRELAND.....	William P. O'Connor
A WINTER ROUNDEL (A Poem).....	S. M. F.
BILL WEST—SUPER STAR.....	Jake Baker
ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT.....	Walter C. Steffen
A CAMPUS ROMANCE.....	Joe Thomas
EDITORIAL.....	Debunking the Campus Fascist; Non-Compulsory Classes
FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.....	Alma C. Braun, Marguerite Parrish
AQUATIC TRAINING CAMP.....	Robert J. Stoecklein
CAN COMMUNISM COME?.....	Charles McBride
POTPOURRI.....	Robert Q. Jones, M. L. Wool, John F. Chalmers
BOOK REVIEWS.....	Marianna Kuntz, Myron Hueslman

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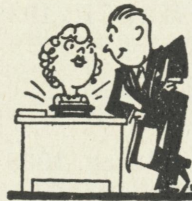
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THE University of Dayton Exponent

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Ireland, Mother Ireland

• By William P. O'Connor

This article is a review of the centuries-old struggle between Ireland and England, and the story is brought right up-to-date. No solution of the problem is suggested; however, our readers will join with the writer in his prayer to St. Patrick that Erin will know days of peace after the centuries of battle.

IRELAND, a little dot upon the map, situated so serenely in the broad Atlantic, would impress any observer as the haven of a simple, happy, contented race of people. Yet, this diminutive island has been the scene of great misery and unhappiness. Millions of its sons and daughters, unable to earn a livelihood among its green hills, have left the land of their birth and travelled to America, until today Ireland's population has diminished to such an extent that it would be more proper to point to several large American cities as the abode of the sons and daughters of St. Patrick. However, Ireland has been striving for independence and even in America, Irishmen have not forgotten their suffering countrymen across the sea. The flame of independence sparkles in their hearts and societies for Irish independence have sprung up from New York to San Francisco. These organizations have backed Irish attempts for freedom, but in all the results were disastrous. Today, however, under Eamonn DeValera, Ireland at least ostensibly seems to be making great advances in her quest of an independent nation. Just what are its chances? This is pretty hard to predict but let us review briefly the history of Anglo-Irish relations and then weigh the evidence for and against.

Early Irish history is lost in folklore and tradition. But we do know that Ireland was set-

tled by a race of people similar to those of pre-Saxon England and pre-Roman Gaul, known as Celts. Ireland is perhaps the only place in the world in which a fairly pure Celt can be found, for in general the little isle of Erin was not visited by the moving hordes of Barbarians that swept Europe at the downfall of Rome in 476 A. D. Most of the isle was under the domination of clans and really was never united. There was some sort of unity under the four *ard-righs* or kings of Munster, Connaught, Leinster and Ulster.

Irish history really begins with the Christianization of the island by St. Patrick, early in the fifth century. Patrick, after spending some time in Ireland as a slave, escaped and returned to what is now France. Here he decided to return and plant the faith in the land of his captivity. After being ordained to the priesthood, he received the commission to convert Ireland. The story of his labors, the hill of Tara and the shamrock are well known and the faith of the Irish people is perhaps the most imperishable account of Patrick's victory for Christianity.

Several hundred years after Christianity came to Ireland, the island was invaded by the Danes. Here for the first time do we see the island showing some form of unity. The clans did manage to organize somewhat under the leadership of Brian Boru, king of Munster, to defeat and repel the Danes in the famous battle of Clontarf, 1014. But once the menace was removed, the petty potentates began to wage their internal wars and this was the condition which greeted the invasion of Ireland by Henry II, king of England, in 1171-72.

Henry conquered a part of the country around the city of Dublin, which came to be known as the Pale. This section was organized under English rule and it was not long before a parliament was established. But toward the close of the fifteenth century a statute known as Poyning's law curtailed to a great extent any powers of this body. This law provided that all English statutes should apply to Ireland and that the Irish parliament could not be convened without the consent of the English government, and when summoned all its acts must be approved by the king in council. This setup certainly didn't benefit the relations between the two countries.

Another important event which widened the breach between England and Ireland, was the revolt of Henry VIII against the Holy See in the early part of the sixteenth century. Here we see Protestant England dominating Catholic Ireland and later when under James I, Ulster became a Plantation which was settled by Protestants from England and Scotland, great religious rivalry arose.

During the trouble between Charles I and his parliament, Ireland saw its opportunity and revolted. For a while it seemed that Ireland would be able to drive the foreigners from its soil for the island was cleared of the "blasted" English with the exception of Dublin. This success was short-lived for when Cromwell stabilized his position, he turned his attention toward the revolt in Ireland. Stories concerning the slaughters of Cromwell are so horrible and barbarous that they are not fit to be mentioned here. It will suffice to say that Ireland never forgot the scourge of Cromwell.

Following this escapade Ireland was tranquil until it again saw its opportunity. This time it aided James II in his attempt to regain his throne. Although the Irish fought valiantly they were no match for the armies of William of Orange and the defeat of the Boyne, 1690, crushed this rebellion.

England in the latter part of the eighteenth century had her own troubles on the continent and in the American colonies. After the end of the American War of Independence, England seemed to have learned a lesson and began to modify her policy toward Ireland. Poyning's Law was repealed and Ireland was given a certain amount of home rule. But this proved to be mere sham for in reality the English viceroy was the actual ruler, and he was a member of the English cabinet.

In 1798, while England was casting worried glances at France which was in the whirl of revolution, Ireland again revolted but to no avail for the rebellion was crushed with much cruelty. This revolt led to the Act of Union under William Pitt the younger. The Irish parliament was abolished and Ireland was given twenty-eight seats in the House of Lords and approximately one hundred members in the Commons. This act was the death blow to the Irish people. For a while affairs were peaceful but it was not long before the Home Rule League was formed to obtain home rule for Ireland.

Gladstone, the great English prime minister, became converted to the Irish cause and in 1886 introduced the first Irish Home Rule bill. This action caused a split in the English liberal party and gave rise to the Unionist (Liberal-Conservatives) and the Liberal-Nationalist (Gladstone-Irish Nationalist) parties. Gladstone had to resign and when he again returned to power in 1893 he introduced a second bill which passed the Commons but which met defeat in the House of Lords.

In 1911, the Act of Parliament broke the power of the House of Lords, and in 1912-1914, another home rule bill for Ireland was introduced. This called for a united Ireland under an Irish parliament at Dublin with a great deal of autonomy, especially in internal affairs. Ulster, however, revolted against this plan and although the act passed, the World War brought the issue to a standstill.

During the war, the Sinn Fein movement began in Ireland and led to the Easter rebellion in 1916. Lloyd George then introduced another home rule measure (1920) which called for two separate governments in Ireland. Ulster accepted this plan but southern Ireland objected and would not establish a government. Finally England compromised and in the treaty of 1921 met the Dail Eireann, the Irish de facto parliament, and created the Irish Free State. This government under William T. Cosgrave functioned along the lines of the treaty but when Eamonn DeValera became president in 1932, matters took a different turn.

DeValera stood for Irish independence but for the first year of his presidency, he was unable to introduce his reforms due to the fact that he had to rely on the support of the Irish labor party. But after the elections of 1933, the

DeValera party gained an absolute majority. DeValera then introduced a new constitution, eliminated the governor general and for all facts made Ireland practically independent of England, politically.

This in brief gives an insight into the relations between Ireland and England. Only recently, we saw the conference between the Irish president and Chamberlain, British prime minister, on the union of Ulster with southern Ireland. The Ulster prime minister, Viscount Craigavon, dissolved the Ulster parliament and held a general election on the issue of a united Ireland. The vote was against DeValera. So at least for a while it seems that Ireland will have to continue under its dual government.

Will Ireland ever be fully independent? This is a question which no one can definitely answer but about which any one can speculate. Ireland is a poor country in the matter of natural resources and industry. It leans a great deal on England and on the fact that it is a part of the English Commonwealth of Nations. Therefore economically it is perhaps better for

Ireland to retain its status as a dominion. Strategically, England could never allow Ireland to unite with an enemy and in the case of war, Ireland would again helplessly fall under British control. Its mere geographical situation is a barrier against complete independence.

However, as long as Irishmen inhabit the Emerald Isle, there will be attempts at independence. The Irish mind seems never to be contented until it has attempted to realize the dream of Robert Emmet, that Ireland might someday take its place amongst the nations of the earth. Bloody attempts seem to be over at least for a while, for England is not ready to jeopardize her position as head of the great commonwealth of nations and no doubt will make great concessions to Ireland, but that she is ready to completely detach Ireland from her domination is another story.

What would be best for Ireland is shrouded in uncertainty, so let all true Irishmen unite in prayer to St. Patrick, patron of Erin, to guide the destiny of his charge.

A WINTER ROUNDEL

The spring will return, though the winter's
cold blast

May make of the hillside, sepulchral-like urn
For the bright things of summer. When winter
is past,
The spring will return.

Though woodlands be dumb, nor from thicket
nor fern
Comes note of a songster—when life stands
aghast,
Beneath the bleak bareness, this hope we
discern.

Our hearts too have winters, when skies are
o'ercast,
When songs die unsung, and life's lessons are
stern;
How sweet then the promise that surely at last,
The spring will return!

—S. M. F.

Bill West - Super Star

• By Jake Baker

Collegiate athletics are all thrills and glory to the spectator, but the participants often reap a greater share of character-building dividends. The sports editor of the campus newspaper denies that his associations with campus athletes during the recently closed basketball season provided the germ for this yarn.

BILL WEST was a great basketball player. And nobody knew that better than Bill. Why, what kind of a team would Haley college have if he didn't play? Hadn't he scored seventy-five per cent of the points last year? Wasn't he the main reason for his team's phenomenal success this year? He didn't go around bragging about his exploits, but let anyone criticize him for anything and he was at their throats. In his opinion, Bill West wasn't a swell-head, although the rest of the team and the entire student body might think so.

Haley was scheduled to play Driscoll University Friday and Coach Jim Rudy wanted to win this game above all others. Three years ago, the Haley mentor had been dropped without warning and for no apparent reason from the Driscoll athletic staff. This was the first time he had been successful in negotiating a meeting between his Haley five and Driscoll's band of Blue Hoarders.

As he sent his charges through a lengthy practice session prior to the tilt, Coach Rudy noticed one fellow loafing on the job. Rudy stepped up to the dawdler—it was West—and in a tone audible to everyone in the gym, irritably remarked: "Snap into it, Bill! Put a little life into your playing."

Like a flash, Bill saw red. What did the coach mean by riding him? Since he didn't have to play as hard to play as well as the rest of the team, there was no sense in overdoing himself. All of this was flaring through his mind as he replied:

"If you don't like my playing, you know what you can do."

Coach Rudy was not just feeling too good about the matter himself, so he said: "All right. You can turn in your uniform now, West."

Smirking, West left the floor and took his shower. What kind of a team would Haley have now? he gloated. Without Bill West they would be lost. Why, he had been the whole team. Jim Rudy was neatly cutting his own throat by dropping his star. Haley wouldn't have a chance Friday and Bill would have the last laugh. After practice that day, Coach Rudy called his players around him for a little speech. "Whenever a player gets too good for the team," he began, "then it's better for the player to get out. You all know to whom I refer. I want to win this game Friday. I think you know the reason for that, too. But I won't stand for any half-hearted playing from anyone. West is off the team and Dan River will replace him. That's all, boys. Don't forget practice tomorrow afternoon at 2:45."

River was in West's regular berth next day. He was far from being a Bill West but he was a fair shot despite his erratic passing. Coach Rudy decided he was the best of the reserves and prayed that he would come through on Friday against Driscoll.

The night of the big game, all Haley was going over to Driscoll, for, despite the fact that only twenty miles separated the two institutions, this would mark the first meeting in many a year of the two schools in any sport.

While warming up on the Driscoll court, the Haley team was conspicuous by the absence of the tall rangy Bill West. Some had held hope that at the last minute Coach Rudy would seek out Bill and ask him to return while others hoped Bill would come back voluntarily.

The game had hardly gotten underway before the substitute, River, had hung up three baskets. A foul and a basket by Glover gave Haley a 9-0 lead at the end of the first five minutes. At this point the sharpshooting forwards on Driscoll's fast breaking team found their basket eyes and by the time the half rolled around

Driscoll was sporting a 15-12 lead. River, after his first scoring spree, had been held in check by the tight Driscoll defense.

In the second half the game turned into a rout as River continually threw the ball away and shot miserably. Midway in the final period Driscoll took a 30-13 lead and then went on to win by the lopsided score of 45-20. It was a humiliating defeat for Haley—especially since they wanted to win so badly. Everybody opined that the absence of West was the cause of the disaster. Some went so far as to blame Coach Rudy. They said it was his fault that West wouldn't play—just a petty argument some reasoned, and the coach should have overlooked the incident.

How did Bill West feel? Hearing of the defeat—he didn't go to the game—he was elated. "See," he told himself, "they can't do a thing without me. I guess this will bring that fool Rudy to his senses. He'll be around next week begging me to come back. I think I'll have some fun with him and make him wait awhile."

However, the next week passed and there was no sign of Coach Rudy hunting up West, although Bill was still waiting. Haley lost another tilt by a big score. This time the loss came from a team which had been soundly trounced by Haley just a few weeks before when West had been in the lineup. Still there was no sign of Coach Rudy. Haley lost another game; and another. The thing was getting on Bill's mind so he determined to go around and see the coach himself.

The next day Bill went over to the gymnasium and looked up the coach whom he found in his office just adjacent to the practice floor. Walking up to Coach Rudy as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, Bill said, "Well, I see you can't get along without me, so I've decided to come back and help you out."

Like a blast out of a cannon, the coach turned on West and roared, "You big conceited jack-ass! Get out and never show your face around here again!"

Backing out hurriedly West went to his room, and began to think. Maybe the coach was right. Maybe he was too good for the team and showed up the rest of the players. As he reasoned the matter out, it was either he or the

rest of the team. Since he couldn't play opponents by himself, he had to be sacrificed in order to let the rest of the squad stick.

But the more he thought the more uncertain he became. Finally he decided to consult a friend of his about the matter. His friend, Professor Blitz, an old acquaintance of the family, convinced Bill that he was wrong. "The thing to do," he said, "is to apologize to Coach Rudy and ask for another trial."

An altogether different fellow went up to Coach Rudy the next afternoon and asked to be reinstated. After a little talk, the coach told him to get into a uniform and report for practice.

Coach Rudy didn't even put him on the reserve team his first evening out. The next day he was allowed to play with the reserves in a tilt with the regulars. His particular job was to guard River, the lad who had his first string berth. Try as he might he couldn't stop River who was definitely "on" that afternoon and at the same time he was unable to connect with the basket himself.

Time for the next game rolled around. Haley's opponent, Oxley college, was undefeated and it was the consensus of opinion that even with West, Haley would have a hard time stopping the Oxley quintet. However, the starting lineup did not contain West. In fact as the game went on, it became more and more evident that Bill West wasn't likely to see any action at all. River was playing as he never played before. He was leading Haley to a decisive victory over Oxley.

The next three games were a repetition of the Oxley tilt as River continued to run wild on the court. The time for the last game of the season arrived and West hadn't been able to regain his starting berth or even see action in a single game. It seemed that West's return to the squad had inspired River to new heights which made the coach forget all about West.

As was expected the final game with Franklin was close. Bill West sat on the bench, just itching to get into the game but it appeared a lost cause. With a minute to go a Franklin forward connected with a long shot to give his team a one point lead. He was, however, fouled on the shot by River who was forced to leave the game on four personal fouls.

West replaced River and watched the Franklin forward miss his free throw. Like a streak he sped down the floor. A Haley guard took the ball on the rebound and heaved it down the court. West took the ball on the dead run and dribbled in for a short shot underneath the basket. He left his feet, pushed the ball up gently as he flashed underneath the basket. This kind of a shot had been his specialty but this time the ball teetered around the hoop for a second and then rolled out into the hands of a Frankinite. For the remainder of the game, Franklin stalled and the game ended with Franklin one point ahead.

Crestfallen and dejected Bill West walked slowly towards the showers, certain that he had been the cause of the loss. As he neared the shower room, Coach Rudy walked up, gave him a pat on the back, shook his hand and said with a smile, "You gave all you had, West. I'm proud of you."

Bill's eyes beamed. For the first time since he returned to the squad he felt that the coach liked him. Next year he would show Coach Rudy that his confidence in him was not misplaced.

On Student Government

• By Walter C. Steffen

This is the third in a series of articles analyzing current trends in colleges and universities all over the country, as mirrored by student newspapers. Though opinions expressed therein are Mr. Steffen's, the article was written at the request of the Exponent editor, who assumes full responsibility.

WITH Communism and Fascism ever rapidly approaching a struggle to the death in Europe, the question of democracy in America becomes one of increasing interest. Not the least important of the numerous aspects of democracy in the United States is that of democracy in education, of student government. (In this discussion "student government" will be used in place of the more exact "student participation in government" which is really meant, for the idea is not for the students to assume the authority rightfully belonging to the school officials, but to work hand in hand with the administration, if possible, to lighten its duties).

Student government is nothing new, for it was begun, as we know it, somewhat less than fifty years ago, but real student government had existed centuries before. In fact, at the universities of southern Europe, like Bologna, founded before 1100, and others in Spain, Italy, and southern France, the students were grouped in guilds and controlled the entire machinery of the university, regulating everything but the granting of degrees according to John Dale Russell.

In the 16th century under the Jesuit system of education there were strictly supervised student governors and monitors, but they had no real initiative and no real executive or legislative powers or responsibility.

Student participation in school government has as its goal benefits of an immaterial as well as of a material nature. Student government, in its best forms, is not a set-up to run the school, but rather "a cooperative means of living together." It aims at producing social efficiency, yielding service to school and community, uniting and coordinating the many interests, organizations, and activities of the students, and developing school spirit and loyalty.

One of the most important needs of the present day is to prepare the youth of this nation for citizenship, for participation in the conduct of the affairs of the country, both internal and external. If the student graduates with the idea that all politics is a dirty business, if he has never come into actual contact with it, he will often remain aloof and let the government continue largely in the hands of the uneducated. It is widely recognized that one of the best methods to train for life is to run up against and solve problems resembling those met in life. Student participation is one of the best ways to demonstrate to the student the benefits to be derived from a wise use of the voting privilege, and it will encourage him to take an active interest in local government.

Development of leadership, initiative, and a sense of responsibility should go hand in hand with properly conducted student government, even though that student government may not be the smoothest, most effective means of producing results. Other benefits of student participation might be the stimulation of scholarship, the development in the students of a high sense of honor, and assistance in interpreting the school to the public. Student government would help to create a still more cooperative spirit between faculty and students, to bring them into relations of mutual understanding and sympathy, to change the all too prevalent "teacher-versus-student" attitude into one of "teacher-for-student."

Among the most important requisites for a really effective working of student government is a good spirit of cooperation among the students. To this must be added the proper intention, a "seriousness of purpose," and a certain amount of character. If these are lacking, they must be developed before any system of student government will function properly.

The systems of student government are numerous—so numerous in fact that it would be extremely difficult to find any two exactly alike. One author classifies the systems according to degree of student control into three main types: "(1) paternalistic or limited student government; (2) thorough student government, and (3) joint faculty-student government." There is not space to discuss here the relative merits of these forms—the best plan in one situation might fall flat in another—no one plan can be qualified to fit all cases. The simplest plan which will enable the student body as a whole to cooperate with the faculty is the one most likely to succeed. In any event, the form is often less important than the enthusiasm of the student body in fostering and supporting that system.

Student government has its drawbacks as well as its benefits—it may not be truly representative of the students, "crooked politics" may be allowed to play a part, a select few may hold all the offices. Then, too, it has been claimed that student government demands too much time of students who should concentrate on their studies, that too great responsibility is put upon the students, that they lack the judgment required for a proper fulfillment of their duties. Of course, if student government is used as a mere means of securing advantages and favors

for the students, and where it becomes partisan and represents the students as over against the faculty, it fails.

The authority of the most effective student government systems now in vogue seems to relate principally to the granting of charters to school clubs and organizations, and to the supervision and regulation of all extra-curricular activities.

Powers of the student government are, of course, granted it by the administrative head of the institution—the student, knowing that the one who delegated to them that authority will realize that he still has an absolute veto power, that he can, upon provocation, annul that delegated authority. This knowledge should serve as an excellent check upon abuses. Decisions of a too arbitrary nature, may, however, stifle initiative.

With this rather sketchy treatment as a background, we may well study a few of the problems of and results produced by actually existing student governments, as shown us by the official publications of colleges and universities where one form or another of student government is practiced.

St. Mary college, Leavenworth, Kansas, is definitely pleased with its student council. The **Saint Mary Taper** calls the Student Activities Board "a true democracy, in organization, selection, and operation . . . elected of the students, by the students, and for the students," and having the task of "budgeting and controlling activity fees and making decisions concerning social activities and school activities."

The Catholic university student council, too, controls extra-curricular activities, according to an editorial in **The Tower**, campus weekly, which reports "Student Council Proposes New Commencement Plan," and "Student Reaction Sought." The editorial continues that "the Student Council favored the idea of having a night, preferably the night before commencement, devoted entirely to a program for the members of the graduating senior class and their families."

Students of Youngstown college, Youngstown, Ohio, were extremely dissatisfied with their student council according to **The Jambar**, bi-weekly campus publication. In a news article headlined "Council Action Is Urged; Investi-

gating Committee Attacks Governing Body In Lengthy Report," and an editorial entitled "Council, Give Us Action!" **The Jambar** tells of charges of "lack of ability, incompetence, and inefficiency" made against their student council. With "only one member reported as being truly representative of the college as a whole" and with the same student being "the only member who appears to think before he votes," the Youngstown college student council was apparently in bad shape. The committee, in addition, accuses the council of withholding financial reports from the student body, saying "no account is ever made of receipts given or payments received by committees in charge of dances or other social functions until many weeks after the events have occurred." "The general idea seems to be that posts on the Student Council are honorary awards," and "Student governing bodies of this college seem unusually apt at wasting time," states the startling editorial which **accuses the council of threatening to cut off the Jambar's source of revenue and invites the council to try it.** Obviously, definitely unsatisfactory conditions exist at Youngstown.

In an article in the **Duquesne Duke** telling of the student council again coming into existence after a brief disappearance, the writer wonders if it will have real advisory powers or if it will merely be a group of honorary officials. He claims that "the answer to this question does not depend upon the administration . . . The burden of true representation rests squarely upon the students of the University."

The student council at Loyola university, New Orleans, Louisiana, is, according to F. L. Janssen, S.J., Regent of the College of Arts and Sciences and director of student activities, "under the faculty, the supreme governing body of the students with regard to student activities, the smooth running of the University as to externals such as the maintenance of traditions, customs, regulations, etc., and is also a body

of men constituted to represent to the faculty the interests of the students and to the students the interest of the faculty. This is quite evident from Article II of the Constitution of the Student Council . . . In these same Constitutions ample powers have been given to the Student Council to obtain the above objectives." The Loyola U. student council also proclaims that "no organization or activity whatsoever, except only such intercollegiate athletic contests as are governed by the Athletic Council, can withdraw itself from the supervision or the regulation power of the Student Council." Regent Janssen also writes in the **Loyola Maroon** that, as far as the financial administration of the Student Activities is concerned, this again is essentially in the hands of the Student Council." This gives a great deal of authority to the council members who, it would appear, handle their duties in a satisfactory manner.

Kentucky U. has had trouble with the student government. In an editorial in the **Kentucky Kernel** the editor asks "Why is student government at this University generally regarded as a failure?" "Year after year, with selection of Student Council members left entirely in the hands of the students, the elections became more and more a campus political racket." The **Kernel** editor has in several paragraphs more told of the evil effects of student government at U. K.

Thus, in practice as well as in theory, student participation in government has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It is extremely difficult to tell in advance whether a system of student government will be of benefit to a school or not—perhaps student government is not what is really needed. In that case it would be futile to even try student government because the primary requirement for its success is the actual need for it, or at least conditions favorable to student government, conditions which would be improved by its inauguration.



A Campus Romance

You will laugh at this story told by Joe about Jack and Betty, two campus lovers.

JACK MORGAN is one of the most successful business men of today. He is a very serious bachelor of about forty-five years. All the members of Mr. Morgan's graduating class think it very strange that Jack should be so serious. When he was graduated from college, the year book chose him as the wittiest member of the class; he was far from the most likely to succeed.

Jack was nice and "goofy," and to get along with him, one had to be nice and "goofy." Today we would call him a half-wit; he was half-witty by nature, and chose to be half-witty over a sweet young thing named Betty.

The very way in which Jack met Betty was nice and "goofy." It happened when Jack was being initiated into his fraternity; he had to walk no less than one hundred times through a revolving door. Rather coincidental it was that that very same day one Miss Betty Cunningham was being initiated into a sorority. Her penance was to walk a mile with a college man. Upon seeing our rather embarrassed hero a spectacle of guffaw as he walked in this door, she decided he would be her college man. Therefore, she hopped in the same compartment with Jack and started to walk her mile. True, it wasn't a straight mile, but nevertheless it was a mile.

Very often nit-wits have romance, and Jack had his; the affair became known around the campus as the "Revolving Door Romance." After graduation our half-witted hero secured a position. When Jack had his first two weeks vacation, he received an invitation to the Cunningham summer residence and gladly accepted. He scored a hit with Betty's dad, because of his sense of humor, and Betty's dad scored a hit with Jack for a similar reason. The two fished, and played golf together. Our "Romeo" told his prospective father-in-law of classmates. The ones he liked he referred to as "nice and goofy," the ones he disliked as "too serious." Mr. Cunningham thought this was funny, and told Betty. The latter, however, was about fed up on this favorite phrase and told her father of it. She decided to tell Jack of this but couldn't hit upon a strategic plan.

• By Joe Thomas

When she saw him, she approached, trying this plan: "Jack, dear, you're getting along splendidly with father, aren't you?"

"I think so."

"Well, you want to make a nice impression on him, don't you?"

"Yeh! I like your pop; he's 'nice and goofy'."

Bang! Betty flew right off the handle, but managed to check herself enough to give him another chance. "If I hear you use that expression once more, I'll give you up for good."

Jack quieted down some after this bawling out, and for the first time in his life he determined to become serious. He decided to pop the proverbial question that very night. He met his lady fair that evening on the veranda of the house. Everything was perfect, it was warm, the moon was shining down through the trees.

"Betty," he started.

"Yes, Jack," she replied, having a pretty good idea of what was coming.

"Well, you're pretty nice, you see, and I figure . . . well, I mean, that is . . ."

"Oh, Jack, if you're going to propose you have to have a plan to follow. First, you tell the girl how long you've been going together and that you want to get away from a big-time life and settle down. Then, you tell her how much you like her and why."

"Well, if you know," argued Jack, "why do I have to tell you?"

"Oh, just as a matter of form."

"Well, here goes. First I gotta tell you how long we've been going together. Well, gosh you know that as well as I do."

"All right, then, skip it."

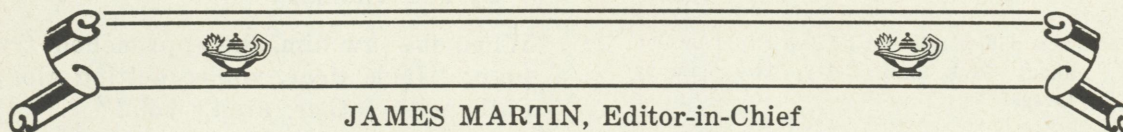
"Next—well, I like you a lot and I wanta marry you and settle down, and you know how much I like ya'; I told you that when we were back in college."

"Well, then, just tell me why you like me."

"Tell you why I like you? Well, Betty, I like you because—well," Jack was quite flustered and said the first words that came into his mind, "well, you're 'nice and goofy'—."

Yes, sir, Jack's a very serious bachelor today.

EDITORIAL



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THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

AS I ascend once more to the now worn and sagging slats of the Soap Box, I am as usual imbued with a reactionary spirit. Hitherto I have not commented at length on any political ism, and it is not intended even now, to launch another boring anti-communistic crusade. That would be superfluous, since numerous contemporaries have dilated on the subject to the saturation point. In surfeiting us with monotonous expositions of the "boring in" tactics employed by our misguided Russian brethren, there has been a marked tendency to overlook or ignore the open and obvious threat of Fascist nations, a situation which is hardly justified by the alibi of the "greater evil."

I will be catalogued as an alarmist for saying so, but I believe the condition has been aided and abetted by the activities of a powerful Fascist propaganda machine, representatives of which are actually operating on this campus. The local "Black Shirt" gang is anti-communistic, and aren't we all? In addition, while stressing Red perils, they maintain that Fascism cannot be condemned from the moral point of view because it allegedly has no ideology. One spokesman has gone so far as to make remarks that are downright seditious in a society having democratic prepossessions. Granting that Fascism has some aspects that are antithetical to democratic principles, he leaves one groping by the query: "Is democracy indispensable?" Our Black Shirts have so far successfully refuted anything tending to show Fascism in an unfavorable light by the blanket accusation that it is "communist propaganda" spread by prejudiced parties.

Still, an undeniably authoritative presentation of the aims and ambitions of Fascism is

available, which should serve to clear up disputed points. Reference is made to Mussolini's book "Fascism, Doctrine and Institutions." Italian in origin, Fascism exists today in Germany under the guise of National Socialism, but Mussolini has taken the trouble to write down his theories, and the fourteen pages in which he concisely describes the fundamental ideas of the Fascist state are highly informative; it seems odd that so little notice has been given to the book.

Il Duce very definitely defines Fascism, and it is only when his theory is studied in relation to other ideologies that difficulties are presented. For example: when the government-inspired Italian press began attacking democratic governments a few weeks ago, a Dayton newspaper branded Mussolini as inconsistent, and used "doctored" quotations. "In rejecting democracy, Fascism rejects the absurd conventional lie of political equalitarianism, the habit of collective responsibility, and the myth of felicity and indefinite progress." The latter passage was taken intact from the treatise, but to prove his point, the writer made a false assumption: "However, in the same essay, he (Mussolini) defines Fascism as an organized, centralized, authoritarian democracy." Actually, Mussolini wrote: "If democracy be understood as a regime in which the masses are not driven back to the margin of the State, then the writer of these pages has already defined Fascism as an organized," etc.

Mussolini's first paragraph discredits the claim of our Black Shirts that Fascism has no philosophical basis: "Like all sound political conceptions, Fascism is action and it is thought; action in which thought is imminent, and doctrine arising from a given system of historical

forces in which it is inserted and working on them from within . . . Anti-individualistic, the Fascist conception of life stresses the importance of the State and accepts the individual only in so far as his interests coincide with those of the State, which stand for the conscience and the universal will of man as an historic entity . . . The Fascist conception of the State is all-embracing; outside of it no human or spiritual values can exist, much less have value." Mussolini places the cart before the horse. It is a wrong philosophy, but it cannot be ignored because of that fact.

Much of the reluctance of the press to discuss Fascist theories is based on the mistaken belief that Fascism stops at the Italian boundaries. On this point Mussolini is clear: "Today, I hold that Fascism as an idea, a doctrine, a realization is universal; it is Italian in its particular institutions, but it is universal in the spirit, nor could it be otherwise. The spirit is universal by its very nature. Therefore anyone may see a Fascist Europe drawing inspiration for her institutions from the doctrine and practice of Fascism. Today, Fascism fills universal requirements, and solves the threefold problem between State and individual, between State and associations, between associations and organized associations."

Though he wrote in 1935, Mussolini was a prophet. As this is written his prophecy nears realization, for all Europe appears on the verge of prostration before Fascist imperialism. Britain has "muddled through" with an Italian bargain, bribed into recognition of the Ethiopian conquest, hoping thus to sever the Rome-Berlin axis to avoid meeting German demands for colonies. The League of Nations is no longer even a symbol. It is indeed the "universal spirit" of Fascism that menaces us today, despite the fact that the English capitulation has thrown the United States back on an isolationist policy. Unpredictable forces are at work outside as well as inside the government, which, with the concentrating of more and more power in the executive, approaches a Fascist parallel.

But ours remains a diluted Fascism. Roosevelt has not yet abolished Congress. Alcatraz has not yet become the American sequel to the Italian Lipari. As far as is known, we have no counterpart of the Nazi Gestapo, or Italian OVRA for the suppression of anti-Fascist activities. And, of course, the Republican party still exists, so we have still the semblance of democracy, which may be something to be thankful for, after all! As long as our Black

Shirt crew doesn't launch a March on Washington, instead of merely advocating it, Fascist leanings can be tolerated.

* * *

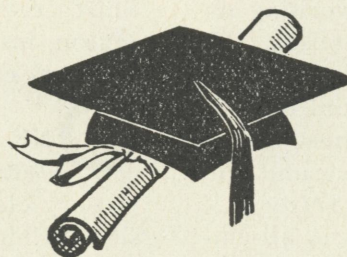
ONE of the outstanding trends in higher education today is the abolition of compulsory class attendance. Recently, the University of Chicago completed six years of successful operation of the voluntary attendance plan. Some students there have completed the four-year course in one year. Others have done it in two, and the majority in less than four. Fewer students cut classes, and a greater number take graduate work.

"At the end of the course," explains Dr. Hutchins, "you will have to take an examination, and I warn you that only the first examination will be free." At Chicago, students who take advantage of the plan, complete courses as fast as they can pass examinations and to pass they must know more about the subject than is given in text books or lectures. Examinations are being revamped so as to test a student's thinking processes rather than his ability to memorize.

But there is another side to the picture. At Chicago, since classes became non-compulsory, attendance at classes has increased! This situation is deplored by President Hutchins as "slavish servility on the part of students." He claims further that the plan could succeed only in an institution primarily interested in education, and where athletic and social advantages are not the main attractions.

In evaluating such a plan, it seems best to concede that it would not fit the generality of college students. Only the exceptional student, who has a very definite objective would benefit. Speed is the characteristic emphasized, but supposing one does win a degree in a quarter of the time ordinarily required, there is no real advantage unless opportunities for using it are at hand, and they are more likely to materialize if education is obtained through more leisurely channels. There is no doubt that in regard to certain courses, the student can compile more information in one hour's work at the library, than he can by sitting three hours in a classroom, but that is hardly true for all.

"Attendance at courses is strictly enforced." So reads section 8, page 6, of the University of Dayton "Rules and Regulations" booklet. In years to come, when mental prodigies become a majority, that restriction may be struck out, but until then, most of us prefer to be slavishly servile.



FEMININE PHILOSOPHY



CHRISTINE, THE WOMAN

It was Saturday night at the surgery. Dr. Manson walked to the door, pinned upon it the announcement that the surgery was closed for the night, and then deliberately walked along the passage leading to the consulting room. There stood Christine! It was then that the past crept up to him grasping at his throat like the investigatory tentacles of the octopus.

While reading the latest work of A. J. Cronin, "The Citadel," the reader becomes conscious of an underlying influence. The personality of Christine Manson becomes more and more evident as the pages of the book unfold the story of an English physician whose life was a continual struggle to maintain the standards set by himself in the early years of his medical profession. Strangely enough, however, Dr. Manson saw fit to divorce himself from the very principles that were the foundation of his work when achievement spelled success, and money the doom of the medical profession. Had not the ever present shadow of his wife, Christine, loomed before him in the tragic hour when he found himself at the threshold of quackery, the fate of Dr. Manson would have been that of the physicians whom he had in his youth condemned.

Christine was indeed the guiding star of the brilliant Manson. From the first days of their marriage till her untimely death the two pursued a tough course to success and happiness. Hers was a steady hand, a loving and tender heart. The lot of Christine was harder than that of the average doctor's wife. Her married

life remained childless and for a while was darkened by the thought that her husband had lost his love for her; yet, despite the agony of uncertainty that obsessed her, she remained ready to help the man who was the cause of her happiness and her sorrow. Christine was the molder of the character of Manson in his later life; she was the balancing power of his passions in his early manhood; she was the driving influence of his effort to forge ahead; she was, in a word, his inspiration.

Having read the work of Cronin, we are bound to ask ourselves the question, "Who was the Christine in his life?" For who could sketch such a woman before having first felt her influence.

—ALMA C. BRAUN.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORS

What has happened to present day America? Why is it that our modern literature dramatizes the errors and mediocrities of the greatest of all professions? White gowned figures, scalpels, and sutures readily lend themselves to the author's flying pen. And it is only natural that these white masked figures who hold in their gloved hands the glories and secret tragedies of life and death should be frequently before the eyes of the public, but why is it that only the dark and tragic side is presented. Is it the fault of ourselves? Is it because we, the reading public, are more susceptible to criticism than to praise? No finer man or woman exists than a good doctor—and the world is full of them.

"An amazing human document; One physician dares to reveal the glories and secret tragedies of his profession." In bold print, these words appear on one of the foremost pages of America's largest selling magazine. How can, this Guardian of Life, reveal the secret tragedies of his, the noblest of all professions? Undoubtedly, his story has truth as a background, but nothing human is infallable, and it is unjust to dwell on these living blunders, who through misguidance or lack of guidance have found their way into medicine, as into all other professions.

Hundreds, even thousands, spend their lives shaking dice with destiny. They see life from the first feeble cry to the last sigh, and though they often shield themselves with a protecting crest of cynicism, deep down in their hearts they walk humbly with God and thanklessly guide mankind through the years. The few so-called frauds are practically lost in the long golden chain of names which will forever be emblazoned on the honor roll of healing. The names of the illustrious dead are endless. And a brilliant army of the living are carrying on. Medical science exists as brilliantly as in the days of the great Pasteur, and we still have those who spend busy days and sleepless nights, gazing in their test tubes, and breaking their own health, that others may live with less pain and more healthy bodies.



—MARGUERITE M. PARRISH.

LABORATORY TECHNIQUE?

Spending the afternoon in a laboratory is one thing (one would like to say in no uncertain terms just how much a "something" it really is), but attempting to work an experiment with electric coils to wind and untangle is quite another. Picture to yourself the fair hands of the fairer sex amidst the cutting tangle of much used and mutilated wires. One wonders just how to scrape away the insulation without the help of a pocket-knife—one of those things that ladies do not possess along with the regular jumble-jamble of trinkets in their "traveling-bags." So, with the usual disregard for precedent we strive with fingernail files and whatnots to put into condition the object of our contempt. Fitting the wires into the wheatstone bridge is another step toward spoiling an un-

usually beautiful afternoon. Resistences after resistences we test to the hearts content of our beaming professor. Don't tell me! I know that he knows just how much I do not know about resistences!

And technique! Vell I'm telling you! The four long hours passed and I succeeded in ruining the tips of ten otherwise capable fingers—to say nothing about the nails. There is only one problem that I have failed utterly in solving, however. Why did our instructor smilingly say, "I'll make an electrician of you yet?" And poor Genevieve lay in her sack in the cold, cold, anatomy lab waiting for the "technician" who, someone else said, would make a remarkable butcher one of these fine days.



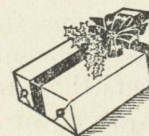
—ALMA C. BRAUN.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

Just one hundred years ago four young women for the first time blazed the trail of higher education, and this highway has become broad enough to accomodate all the young women of the world. Today there are in the United States 651 colleges: 451 co-educational, 120 for women, and only 80 for men. The door once closed has opened wide and little Sue has certainly turned the tables on big brother Joe.

Today the little Sues are all about us—in offices, stores, and wherever head and heart and hands find work to do. It is no longer news when a woman does something no woman has done before; such things are being done every day, and they are expected of these sisters who have looked upon the shining heights and dared to scale them. The women of today are a living proof that the feminine mind is capable of higher pursuits of learning. Equality for women has done more than add to the number of votes to be counted. Because of this equality a new and better generation is being molded, and that means a new and better United States for the future.

—MARGUERITE M. PARRISH.



Aquatic Training Camp

• By Robert J. Stoecklein

Grind, grind, grind, then grind some more. This behind-the-scenes narration of the rigorous training requirements for swimming contestants proves that it takes more than a stream-lined figure to cut the water like a Jarret or Weissmuller.

HAVE you ever seen a championship swimming meet or exhibition? Did you notice how the champions seemingly glide over the surface of the water, with long, slow, graceful strokes? Do you realize the effort and time these athletes have spent in acquiring their skill? This apparent ease with which they slide through the water has taken three to four years of arduous training. A swimmer is no exception to the slogan "champions are made, not born"; even more so does the competitive swimmer differ from the pleasure swimmer and depend upon training as he uses a style wholly different. Competitive swimming is nearly unknown to anyone except coaches and those who participate. And as a skill or ability cannot be appreciated without some knowledge of the effort required I intend to give the outsider a brief insight into the rigorous training that a champion swimmer must undergo in order to prepare for competition. I shall carry you through one day's training which would precede an important meet.

After taking a shower, the aquatic star like any other bather first tests the temperature of the water and then with a long shallow dive enters the pool. First he will slowly swim up and down three or four times to "warm up" which is similar to the antics of a football player as he jogs up and down the sidelines prior to his entrance into the game. This is done to circulate the blood and speed up the heart action in preparation for a taxing event. After the warm-up, the natator climbs upon the "block," a starting box at one end of the pool and assumes the starting position. Then at the crack of the gun he lunges into the air in a flat, shallow dive and begins the first lap of the event in which he will contest in the coming meet. The coach sets the pace which the swimmer will try to maintain during the entire race.

If the swimmer were training for the 220-yard free style swim, the coach would probably tell him to take a fifteen second pace, which means that the swimmer will try to maintain a speed of fifteen seconds for each of the nine laps, which is a very fast pace (the 220-yard swim in a 25-yard pool is 8 laps and 20 yards, nearly nine lengths). Incidentally the 220-yard swim is about the most grueling event a swimmer can enter, because it borders a sprint and a distance race, and it therefore forces the swimmer to maintain an almost sprint pace the entire distance. If the natator keeps his pace, as set by the coach, the final time will be two minutes and twelve seconds, nearly record time. A swimmer of this caliber could compete with the Olympic stars of the '36 games. (World's record is officially held by Johnny Weissmuller at two minutes and eight seconds. Jack Medica, Seattle swim chap, swam the same distance in two minutes and seven seconds last year in an exhibition race at Detroit, but his mark has not been accepted).

Following this trial race the swimmer will rest for about twenty minutes. When his pulse is nearly normal he begins his distance swim. The proper distance training for a 220 swimmer is a quarter of a mile or 440 yards. This training develops endurance and wind. If the swimmer is using "observation turns" (he grabs the edge of the pool with one hand and pulls himself out of the water in turning, thus lifting his head out of the water) the coach will call out the time at the end of each lap thus informing the swimmer as to whether he should speed up or slow down his stroke. This practice enables the contestant to acquaint himself with a regular and steady pace which is essential in competitive racing, for if he did not have any knowledge of timing he would burn himself out in the early part of the race. After completing the distance workout he rests for another twenty minutes before continuing.

Next in line would be the "push" exercise. This consists in pushing a flutter board or inflated tube by means of the kick alone, which is done to develop strong leg muscles and an even regular leg thrash. The movement used by

the freestyle swimmers is called the "flutter kick," a straight up-and-down movement of the legs from the hips with particular attention to not bending the knees. Oftimes while practicing this exercise the athlete contracts a cramp, either in the arch, calf or thigh. In the "pull" exercise the swimmer hooks his feet over the tube and drags it after him while practicing arm movement. This exercise develops a strong arm pull, a quick recovery of the arm after the completion of a stroke and a smooth, steady stroke. It likewise coordinates the arm movement with the breathing which is essential, as jerky breathing disrupts the smoothness of the forward motion of the swimmer. These two exercises are usually a quarter mile each.

Another twenty minute rest and he is ready to brush up on the fine points of a competitive race, the "fast start" and the "slide turn." Twenty or thirty times he practices each under the careful observation of the coach, who after each try corrects any small defect he notices. The fast start depends mainly upon

the quick response of the contestant to the signal of execution. A fast sprint man will beat his competitors at the first instant of the race due to his quick get-away. Likewise the fast sprinter gains on his adversaries by his ability to turn quickly at the end of the pool. If he can execute the "slide or flip" turn smoothly he can gain as much as five yards, which is important in a short race. In performing one of these turns the swimmer does a half somersault as he approaches the wall, touches with one hand, flips his feet over his head, firmly plants them against the wall and shoves off. A great deal of practice is necessary in order to execute proficiently a fast turn.

Having completed the last turn the swimmer is ready for a hot shower, a rub down and a heavy supper. For thirty days prior to an important meet a champion swimmer will undergo this arduous schedule six days a week. Besides training in the pool he has a set of diet rules and a schedule of regular hours which he must conform to in order to be at the peak of condition on the day of the meet.

Can Communism Come?

• By Charles McBride

The writer, a freshman engineer, takes a survey of the economic and labor conditions of the country before he gives an answer to the question, can communism come? There is a note of optimism in this article.

IN a fertile field it shall not require more than a few years for communism, or any of the various other "isms", to gain power. By a fertile field I mean those conditions in which this menace will easily grow. Years of deadening unemployment, days of waiting in bread or relief lines, slow, yet steady starvation all add to dissatisfaction which forms the basic element in the growth of communism.

Dissatisfaction increases too when the poor souls who suffer these hardships realize that there is an enormous amount of work which they could accomplish had they only the proper material or opportunity. Decent homes could be built to replace their shacks. Or if this would

be asking too much, they would be thankful for an acre or two on which they might grow food for their own use. These people see acre after acre of uncultivated land, yet they are hungry; they see idle clothing factories, yet they are in rags; they see decent homes vacant, yet they must be satisfied to dwell in a miserable, crowded home. There is some incongruity in all of this. It is little wonder that people faced with such direful conditions turn to whatever will promise adventure, relief, or possibility of a decent living.

Today in America many of these conditions are present. Approximately ten million are totally without work. A large per cent of these have been forced to seek relief from the government. Year after year this condition has existed. While these are in need of food, the government pays farmers to reduce their crops; while children are forced to remain home from school for lack of sufficient clothing, mills are closed or working half time; while families are

suffering from cold for lack of fuel, mines are shut down.

Certainly some of the unemployed are unwilling to work. They prefer to be fed and clothed by relatives or by the government. We would most surely be committing a great injustice, however, if we were to say that most of the unemployed are of this class. The great majority are willing and anxious to work.

Many people are content with the government as it functions today. How different and how cruel that same government might seem if they were out of work for several months and were forced to accept relief. How different too, that same government might seem if they were forced to work twelve and more hours a day for six days a week to earn enough for food and clothing. There are many men in the country today who find themselves for no reason of their own in one of these two conditions. In contrast to those who work overtime in a factory one week and do not work at all the next, we find clerks in retail stores who labor from seventy to eighty hours a week for less than fifteen dollars a week. These are hours sufficient for two men: the wage could but half cloth and feed a family. Conditions make it all but impossible for these clerks to obtain a decent wage.

In Cleveland a number of years ago clerks of a chain grocery company went on strike. Immediately all stores owned by the company were closed and were not opened until the clerks agreed to work at the same low rate or were replaced. Many are dissatisfied with the misuse of capital and with the non-interference of the government.

Conditions are unstable for a vast number of our people. It is probable that a fourth of the nation are living in conditions in which they intend to remain no longer than absolutely necessary. We find starvation in the midst of plenty. We have grain and minerals to ship to other nations together with factories to turn these products into articles for our daily use. I believe a change in the manner of dealings between employers and employees will come in America. Such a change must be sound and it must guarantee the nation as a whole great social advancement. The poor souls of whom we spoke earlier are no longer able to reason. They know only that they are on the bottom of a "topsy-turvy" world. They will blindly at-

tempt anything to free themselves. Less than a week ago I overheard a man of average income state that if we were to embark upon another depression, America would be found in a revolution. When asked what good would it do he replied merely by asking what good was being accomplished by going on.

Competition has been the life of trade in America. Now cut-throat competition has become the death of trade through wage slicing. No planned reform can be fully effective from the outset. Years will be required to develop a nation which will be able to insure every capable man a job.

A research would have to be made of the three great divisions of labor: (a) industry, (b) retailing, and (c) agriculture. Employment must be increased in each field. Absolute lowering of hours and a definite minimum rate per hour could be carried out in industry and the retail and selling fields. This is necessary if the nation is to find jobs for a vast number of people. The Constitution gives to Congress the power to pass and enforce laws for the "general welfare." Even if Congress were not vested with this power an amendment to the Constitution would not be too much of an undertaking for the good accomplished.

Under the N.R.A. many violations were born and grew. Various ways were devised in order that employees could be paid the sum which they received before the Blue Eagle laws went into effect. One of the most clever was to issue checks for the correct wage under the code and to force the employees to cash these checks for a smaller sum before leaving the building.

When Congress carries out the president's plan (I truly believe it will), laws must be made to insure the employee immediate protection from unjust employers. Congress too must make laws which will enable the government to punish such persons in all cases. One good point in Communism is the prompt action of the courts in Russia.

My agreement with and short explanation of President Roosevelt's "wage-hour" plan was merely the statement of a plan which I believe will prevent this nation from coming too near anything so foolish as Communism. The nation should be taught the true meaning of Communism; how the government would function, what powers it would assume, and what powers

and rights it would take from the individual. Once the citizens realized how each one's actions would be dictated under Communism, I have no doubt that the freedom-loving American people would steer clear of anything Red. Under the president's plan the employer would be forced to pay his employees a living wage. This is as it should be and he is given the security that other employers are also paying wages so that their employees may buy the product which he is making or selling.

Russia forms a perfect picture for an anti-Communist advertisement. People in that nation are not safe. Persons are shot on the slightest suspicion. There can be little joy in such a state. You must fear everyone: trust no one, not even your own family lest they be spies for the government. Scores of men and women who have returned from that country tell of the unbelievable hardships of the masses. Artists of propaganda tell of a great social advancement in Russia. Those who have lived there for long have an entirely different

picture of conditions. There can be no doubt that the vast majority of her people would be only too willing to flee were a chance to present itself.

Conditions are very discouraging for many in America. Some of these people have already turned to Communism in their search for aid. Thank heaven this number is small. Looking forward I can see an increasing number if nothing is done to aid them in a sound and reasonable manner. America has always been a progressive nation. Now is a time when we should follow the leadership of one who seeks to make the man's week one of work. There is work for all, food for all, and homes for all. What is needed is a system for each to do a part and receive a share in return. The President of the United States has a fine idea. Why not reason it out carefully before jumping on him before we see clearly his idea? He is hoping and praying to build a greater, happier nation. Good luck to him.

Potpourri

CROSS BRIDGES BEFORE YOU COME TO THEM

Somebody once said, "Don't cross your bridges before you come to them," which has been generally accepted as logical advice. Ever since it was first heard, it has been thought a good fable to follow on the road to success and happiness.

In all probability, an altered version of this proverb might prove to be a better policy: "Cross your bridges before you reach them." Where would the young lover be, if his impromptu proposal had been given on a dark, dreary, and stormy night? The slightest whisper then, might have frightened his poor victim into silence. If the anxious young man had waited for a moonlight evening, to ask a well-rehearsed question, the object of his affections might have been moonlighted into loving him. If he had crossed this bridge before he came to it, his hoped-for results might have been realized. If those people, who not only expect the worst but make the worst of it when it hap-

pens, would cross their bridges before they come to them, their difficulties may be conquered in a comparatively easy fashion. The great men of the world have been known to cross, mentally, the bridges of their lives before they came to them. In this way, they knew each step of the way on their road to success. If any crossing predicted a failure in their plans and dreams, they were always prepared to meet the massive or minute obstructions to their journey.

Some people have no more plans for the future than a cake of ice, and they are those who follow this philosophy: "Forget the past, live the present, and hope for the future." Those who live in the present are not familiar with the construction of their bridges which they must cross and if they falter along the way, they either fall into a slough of despondency or flounder about aimlessly. In the present hustle and bustle of the modern world, it is fitting advice for youth to cross their bridges before they come to them, so that they may visualize what each crossing will mean to the content-

ment in their lives. Only thus will they reach the goal for which each is preparing, and which will bring success, happiness and friends.

—ROBERT Q. JONES.

WHY NOT BLOW YOUR OWN HORN?

Too often we hear people being condemned for what is considered, by supposedly broad-minded society, an unpardonable faux pas—for proudly acclaiming one's accomplishments. I am not referring to the braggart, the one who claims abilities and talents which he does not possess. He rightly deserves criticism. I am speaking principally for the intelligent, industrious person who strives to achieve a definite goal, but who is retarded in his progress by the thought that he ought not to talk about himself, that he will be labeled as conceited if he avers that he himself considers his abilities as outstanding, as superior, as worthy of recognition. In a retrospection of history we find countless examples of the effects of this deeply embedded creed. Franz Schubert, after a lifetime spent in composing some of the world's most beautiful, most inspiring music, died a pauper, only because his talents were not appreciated until after his death.

Why are such restrictions on human behavior deemed necessary and proper? Why must this outmoded code persist through the ages? Modern industry has not held to this principle. It speaks for itself without hesitation. Every issue of every magazine carries space purchased by the Sneezy Suds Soap Company, which boldly declares that its soap unquestionably excels all others, or by the Crispy Crunchy Cracker Company, which makes no bones about stating that its product is beyond a doubt unsurpassable. The manufacturers do not wait until the public discovers their products in the course of time, but they impress upon its mind that it must try them immediately in order not to be deprived of their benefits. We might investigate the tact of the publishing business. What makes a book a best seller? Surely, the obvious answer is the number of copies sold. But how are these vast numbers of books sold? Does the publisher wait until the public acclaims the book superb? Of course not! He launches a huge campaign, tell-through the medium of the newspaper and the magazine, what a stupendous, what a colossal, what a gigantic influence his book is.

Society bears no scruples against advertising. Why, then, must society look askance at the

individual who lauds himself on what he has perfected through his own efforts? Let the individual, too, profit by the knowledge that "it pays to advertise."

—M. L. WOOL.

SLEEPING BEAUTIES OF THE CLASSROOM

Every classroom has its personalities—the studious and the diligent, the less intelligent and the lazy, the humorous and the witty, the wits and the half-wits. But above all, the class has its lovely sleeping beauties (with an extremely large question mark after "beauties").

Without casting any reflections upon courses or instructors, the drowsy tend to snooze in the courses where the professors do the most talking. This is most noticeable in zoology, chemistry, religion and military, and even in English. This is not the fault of the professors, for it is their job to talk, whether they talk the students to a better understanding of the subject, or talk them to sleep. The sleepy indignantly maintain that it certainly isn't their own fault. Who is to blame then?

I will not try to exonerate either. The answer is self-evident. Those who sleep the most are the least attentive when they are awake. They sleep, not because they are tired, but because they haven't enough ambition, or to express it more vulgarly, because they haven't enough gumption to force themselves to attention. It isn't the question of getting enough sleep, because they do or should. It is plain L-A-Z-I-N-E-S-S!!

Let me give a description of a student about to enter the land of Winken, Blinken, and Nod. He first takes a position that would bring tears to the eyes of the most hard-hearted contortionist, namely, a droop which gives his spine the curvature of a new moon. This is the ideal in classroom comfort. He then folds his hands securely to be sure that when he is "drifting and dreaming" there will be no sudden drop of the hands to disturb his reverie and bring him back to the cold realities of the classroom. He is now prepared for the ultimate goal.

His mind next drifts from a right oblique in military or a pH value in chemistry to the green fields where he is a little lamb skipping lightly among the clover and weeds with nary a care in the world. Or, if his tastes are less aesthetic, he will think about his true love, her "gorgeous hair and beautiful blue eyes." This is sufficient.

His eyelids become extremely heavy. Mother Nature has attached her weights to his eyes and commissioned the Sand-man to do his best.

"But," said the Sand-man, "I have already used up more than his quota of sand on him. His accounts with me are all debited."

Nature extends her hand in command. The thrifty Sand-man mumbles something under his breath about students who are always asleep, regardless of the time of day or night. He sprinkles his sleep-maker. The student emits a boisterous yawn and blinks his eyes a few times. Who is he, lowly person, to thwart the work of Nature?

Gradually, oh so gradually, the lids draw together. The last look from the hazy eyes is toward the professor. The last words in his ears seem to be mumbling incorhently about the method of determining a pH value . . . Blessed oblivion!

But only for a second! Our sleeping beauty's neck has become alarmingly flexible, and before he knows it, he is awakened by the sensation of decapitation. His head automatically jerks back to its normal position; his eyes cast

a hurried glance to the front of the room, then to the side. "I wonder if anybody saw that? But then, who cares, you can't blame a man for being sleepy once in a while."

Everybody is listening attentively to the professor. Beauty is safe! But this time he'd better keep awake. Professors aren't "asleep all of the time."

The next problem is to find a satisfactory means for keeping awake. Perhaps biting the tongue will do it, but then, he might bite it right off if he should nod once again. He tries pulling the hairs on his wrist; he bites his fingers. All are tried to no avail. The lids become heavy again, the eyes close, a mumble is all that can be heard . . . And then again comes "rubber banditis" of the neck. Shucks, he's awake again. Poor boy, he can't get a decent day's rest.

Then come the magic words: "That will be all for this morning." Friend Beauty instantly springs into action. He is the first one out, saying: "Boy, that stuff is tough! I'm glad that course is over."

—JOHN F. CHALMERS.



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Book Reviews

SORROW BUILT A BRIDGE

By Katherine Burton

A beautiful story of a beautiful soul who loved God with her whole being, her whole mind and loved her neighbor as herself. Such is the story of Rose Hawthorne, youngest daughter of the famous novelist, who later became Mother Alphonsa, head of a nationally known institution for incurable cancer. This is a book that soars to great heights in beauty of description, tenderness, and pathos. It is an intimate glimpse, if you wish, into the lives of a great family, who through their fortunes and misfortunes, joys and sorrows, see the True Light. But more is it an intimate glimpse into a life that from childhood had been steeped in a Christian philosophy by a mother who through "precept and example, and in the small ways of the family," reared her favorite daughter so that in later years that daughter would profit by these teachings. It is of the spiritual struggle, the earthly love and hardships of a young woman who put the love of God and neighbor before her own desires and devoted her life to those poor unfortunates whom society repels and medical authority abandons. "Sorrow Built a Bridge" brings one close to reality and yet there is a supernatural element that can not be denied. In the book one feels he personally meets the great literary men of the time—he suddenly realizes that they were quite human and oft times very lovable characters. Though it is biographical this book is indeed not slow, and the style in which it is written makes it really fascinating reading from start to finish.

—MARIANNA KUNTZ.

BROTHER PETROC'S RETURN

By S. M. C.

S. M. C. is a nun and she is to be congratulated on the book, "Brother Petroc's Return." The story is very fascinating, charming and full

of action. The setting is laid in the Benedictine Monastery of S. Brioc which is situated on the wild north Cornish shore in the year 1549. Due to the invasion of the King's men and the heretics the monastery is partly destroyed. Then there is a break in the story and we are taken to the year 1929 when the bishop approached the English Benedictines and asked them to take over the monastery in order that the Church might save the surrounding territory which was developing very rapidly.

The author transplants Brother Petroc, a Benedictine monk of the sixteenth century, into our own twentieth century by means of a miracle. It is interesting to note how the author treats Brother Petroc in view of all the modern twentieth century thought. The Brother's faith was of the very simple type and one might perceive his difficulty in comprehending the modern world. The essence of the story is that such a man as Brother Petroc could not possibly exist had he not left his soul and his spiritual life absolutely in the hands of God. So we see that Brother Petroc "bowed to the inevitable and acquiesced in his own inability to cope with life as men lived it now."

The climax of the story is reached when we recognize that Brother Petroc shall be a priest through the promise of Our Lady. The characters of the story are real and human. They linger long in the reader's mind after the final page has been turned. The author portrays them with the artistic touch of a gifted writer. Her style is simple and clear, so much so that a child may comprehend the story. This does not mean, however, that it is a tale written wholly for children. There is enough of the intellectual to make any man ponder and think. Catholicism is found in abundance but with such restraint that the artistic element is not marred in the least. John Gilland Brunini summed up the book in the following words: "Brother Petroc's Return" is perfect, it is uniquely unique, it is one in a thousand, it is pure art unconsciously wrought."

—MYRON HUESLMAN.



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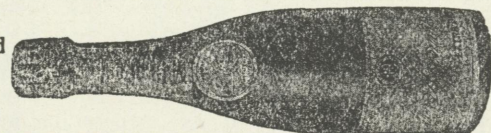
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