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THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT



April, 1938

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says

MEL KOONTZ to
PENN PHILLIPS

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS — Turkish
and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has

spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful

planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr.

John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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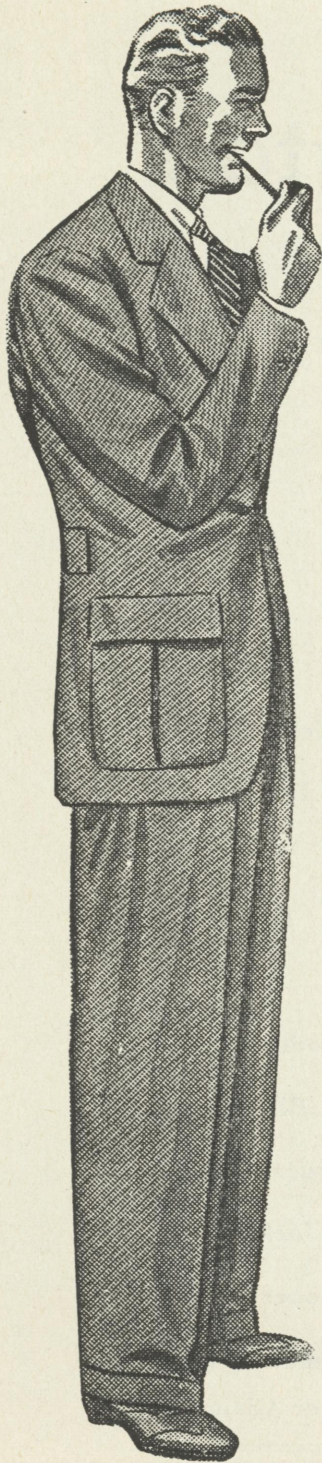
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THE University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXV

APRIL, 1938

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France Needs a Dictator

• By Jim Martin

In the light of recent European warscares as well as abortive internal politics, the necessity of a French 'strong man' is shown in this article, which also describes the thwarted revolution of last autumn.

AS this is written, a few short hours remain before the expiration of the Polish ultimatum to Lithuania, on which hangs the possibility of a Baltic conflict being added to Spanish and Far Eastern hostilities. Indeed, observation of the hectic international scene in mid-March indicated that the serving of ultimatums is highly contagious. With dictators little and big making demands on their neighbors, even the most optimistic are conceding that a general European war is now inevitable. One thing was made clear during the feverish activity in foreign diplomatic circles following the absorption of Austria by the German Reich: that any collective action against aggressors will proceed from France and her allies. Only the French have made definite commitments, and the pledges of her allies carry the reservation that she must take the initiative. In reality, France stands alone and because of that, her present internal situation is of interest.

It has been said that one of the most peculiar things about the French nation is that, though her parliamentary scene may be in an uproar, and disorder in the country, whenever there is a threat from the outside, all such bickering instantly ceases, and the French stand united. In the past four months, that menace has been constantly present, due to Hitler's uncompromising stand as regards colonies. During that period the French government has experienced two of the severest cabinet crises

since the World War. The last found the French without a responsible government as the Nazis entered Vienna, the third Chautemps ministry having been forced out of office when parliament turned thumbs down on a huge appropriations bill for war finances. Attempts to form a National Union government embracing all parties have failed up to this time, largely due to the refusal of the Communists to participate. It begins to appear that France, regarded as the last great bulwark of democracy on the European mainland, must through dire necessity become a dictatorship, at least temporarily.

Even discounting external pressure, it is peculiar in view of the frequent political upheavals that occurred after the fall of the monarch to the foundation of the current Third Republic in 1875, that the French could have maintained one form of government practically intact for sixty-three years. Revolution would seem to be long overdue. At the moment, it augurs well that the revolution should come from within the present government, and it would not be surprising if the worthwhile ends of the forces working outside would thus be attained.

That there has been no successful coup d'etat as yet does not mean that there have been no attempts. Last November, the vigilant **Surete Nationale**, in a series of sensational raids, exposed a gigantic plot, which, if executed, may have restored the monarchy in France. The incident is by no means closed either. Every edition of the Paris newspapers contains reports of new arrests or discoveries of arms caches. If one can rely on such reports, the Sante Prison in Paris must be filled to over-

flowing with suspected enemies of the republic, many of whom are prominent persons. Since the affair was attended by a great deal of color, a feature lacking in the long-drawn-out Soviet purges, a summary of the French Revolution, model 1938 offers some diverting details.

First inkling of an uprising was given to the public in September, 1937, shortly before the cantonal elections. Illegally held arms were confiscated, and a few arrests made. Responsibility was placed on a mysterious organization known as "Les Cagouleurs," a band of terrorists whose members wore white hoods. Paris correspondents for American papers have been inclined to regard the event as unimportant, and some have dismissed it as a mere political scheme of the Popular Front government to gain more votes in the election by manifestly "saving the country from revolution." Despite the rigor with which the investigation was pursued, the government does not seem to have its hands clean. Party-politics are so at cross-purposes in France, that there is almost certainty of collusion between plotters and high officials. In the De la Rocque defamation trials last fall, Andre Tardieu admitted under oath that as premier he had supported the outlawed Fascist organization, the Croix de Feu, with secret government funds. Since secret societies would not be secret if everything were known about them, there is little data available under the Cagouleur caption. They are believed to be the French branch of the Ku Klux Klan. Both Rightist and Leftist groups denied any connection, but one Paris paper, professing to have no positive political leanings (if that is possible in France!) recently published an historical article showing that the Cagouleurs figured in the Restoration, the July Monarchy, and the Second Republic, being in fact the original organization from which the more notorious Italian Carbonari developed.

Proof of a well-planned plot was provided on November 17, with the discovery of enough high explosives to blow up one-fourth of Paris, and secret fortresses crammed with machine guns and grenades, added impetus to a nationwide search for the "higher-ups" behind the thwarted putsch. A few days later at the Rue des Saussies, Moitessier, director-general of the **Surete Nationale**, announced to the press that the leader of the conspirators had been taken into custody, and was none other than Eugene Deloncle, Knight of the Legion of Honor, and

holder of the Croix de Guerre. Incriminating documents had been seized revealing plans for an uprising like that which plunged Spain into civil war with the goal of establishing a Fascist dictator under a monarch similar to the Italian regime. The name adopted by the plotting group was the "Secret Committee for Revolutionary Action." In reporting subsequent police inquiries, the French press refers to the plot as "**L'Affaire du C. S. A. R.**" Tons upon tons of munitions have been discovered.

In the midst of all this, the Duc de Guise, Bourbon pretender to the French throne, got himself a great deal of publicity by publishing a startling manifesto proclaiming his intention "to reconquer the throne of my fathers." His son, Henri, comte de Paris, followed up with a similar statement. Aside from the father's vague threat of conquest, the two royal personages seemed mainly intent on persuading their countrymen that they had no active sympathies with the **Action Francaise** (which is the name of both the monarchist party and newspaper), because of a difference of viewpoint on the theory of monarchy. Their royal highnesses claim that the House of France is "by its very nature above all parties and foreign to their struggle which it disapproves."

This very condition is probably the reason why the republic has prevailed so long in France. Monarchists never have been able to agree with monarchists. It was due to their three-way split over candidates (Orleans, Bourbon and Bonapartist) in 1875 that the republican minority gained the upper hand. The Orleans line is now extinct; the supporters of the Napoleonic pretender, Louis, great-great-grandson of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who was a brother of the Little Corporal, are negligible; and the Bourbon heirs who now could command the royalist majority, suddenly become scrupulous and find a nice distinction in principle!

It also begins to appear that the Bourbons were sincere in denying any affiliation with the C. S. A. R., which early belief was supported largely by the presence of the fleur-de-llys royal emblem and "royal blue" wrappings among the confiscated arms. More convincing evidence points to German and Italian influences. Most of the munitions bore German and Italian trademarks, and in addition, the assassination of the Roselli brothers, Italian exiles,

has been finally traced to the Cagoulard doorstep. Writing in *L'Epoque*, Henri de Kerillis, noted French journalist, says: "Now it is evident that the foreigner has played his part in the C. S. A. R. The machine-guns and grenades came from Germany and Italy, from two countries whose frontiers are hermetically sealed and from which nothing goes out without formal authorization. A German who, without permission, exports a simple share of stock exposes himself to the penalty of death. No one is able to suppose that they might allow arms and munitions in considerable quantity to go out from the Reich without the regular authorities of the country being in accord. They whisper besides that at Florence was the nest of intermediaries of the agents and of the police."

Then M. de Kerillis indulges in a bit of pointed sarcasm: "Indeed, I hear that pure, generous and disinterested intentions are attributed to the Italo-Germans. They would have acted through horror of communism. They would have wished the French bourgeoisie to avoid being massacred. Nonsense! The Italo-Germans would certainly not wish that communism should install a definite regime in France, whose proximity alone would create great trouble among them, but they would be charmed if our country furnished them the unexpected occasion that they have found in Spain. And my intimate conviction is that their secret hope was to launch one day the complicated machine of which they commanded certain cogs unknown to the principal directors. As a signal, some of their provoking agents would have civil war break out, the more easily since through their attentions, anarchist and Trotskyist groups are equally armed."

Quite plausibly does M. de Kerillis explain the presence of so many arms in France. But he condemns the C. S. A. R. largely because it apparently has foreign interests. A revolution, he implies, must be entirely French! The particle before his name marks him as a royalist. Only last month he was leading a strenuous crusade with the aim of uniting all the Paris newspapers into one, claiming that such a combination would make the newspaper business more secure, less costly than the present set-up in which each of the multitudinous factions in the French parliament has one or more editorial outlets, and would improve the general quality. What he does not mention is that a single national organ could be much more easily subjected to the rigid control necessary if and when a dictatorship or abolutist monarchy is established.

Whether the C. S. A. R. threat has been definitely broken is not at all decided at this writing. Hitherto shielded leaders may be only biding their time to take advantage of another cabinet crisis to seize control. Very probably only a revolution could achieve the changes that are imperative in France, chief among which is a need for reform in parliamentary procedure. Existing conditions allow private interests to obstruct measures designed for the common welfare. No premier can launch a far-sighted legislative program when he is morally forced to resign if the opposition fails to approve the minutest detail of his program. Still, a dictatorship is claimed to be repugnant to the French mind. That same French mind, however, would surely prefer an independent totalitarian state to a Nazi province! That seems to be the choice.

MY QUEST OF HAPPINESS

I hear majestic symphonies
In my quest of happiness;
Yet their solemn rhapsodies
Leave behind but emptiness.

O'er the written word I ponder
In my quest of happiness;
Tales of love, of hope, and wonder
Leave behind but emptiness.

In a chapel where I knelt
Ends my quest of happiness:
The love of God within me felt
Shall satiate my emptiness.

—MICHAEL KEREZSI.

A Visit to Greenfield Village

• By Vincent Poeppelmeier

If you want to be transported back into the days of your grandmother read this account of a freshman engineer's visit to Dearborn.

HOW would you like to step back into the age in which your grandparents spent their childhood? What would you see? How would you live? What would you wear? How would you be carried from place to place? These, and many other interesting questions can be answered by actually seeing the answers. Yes, it is possible to step back into the age when grandfather was a boy just like you.

In the city of Dearborn, just outside Detroit, Michigan, there is located one of the most unique museums in the world. It isn't a museum in the sense that most people think of, but it is a village made up of very old buildings. I had the good fortune of visiting this museum several years ago, and it is one thing that will always remain deeply impressed on my mind. In this museum which Henry Ford has assembled, it is possible to see exactly how your grandfather lived when he was a boy. In the following paragraphs I will take you on a trip through the museum, and tell you of the things which impressed me most.

When you first drive up in your car, all you can see is a large fence which seems never to end. You park your car on a fine parking lot such as one never sees around this part of the country, and proceed to the ticket office where you are charged a small fee and given several books which explain the various exhibits. To your left you see a large building which resembles Independence Hall. This is known as Edison Institute. It is a large indoor museum which contains so many things that it would take volumes to tell of all the fine exhibits. However, since I started to tell you of the other part of this museum of Mr. Ford's, I will have to let this go until some other time.

The exhibit with which we are concerned is called Greenfield Village. You enter through a very modern building and once inside you seem to be in a place resembling the inside of a depot. After waiting for a short time a man comes into the room dressed in a very peculiar uniform. At first you cannot imagine why he is dressed in this manner, but as soon as he

tells you that your coach is waiting, you realize that he is a footman on an old-fashioned coach which has just drawn up in front of the building.

As you step out of the building to get into the coach you have your first glimpse of Greenfield Village. It is a quaint old place with no appearance of being located near one of the largest industrial plants in the world. There in front of you lies an entire village, not in miniature, but an actual village with real buildings, dirt streets, horse drawn carriages and without power lines, noisy automobiles, and traffic lights. You are completely overcome with the feeling that you are living in a new world. All of the buildings in this village have been moved here by Mr. Ford from some place, and restored to their original condition.

You step into the carriage which is waiting and are whisked away. Your first stop is at an old inn which used to be located on one of the main stage coach routes. In this inn you are able to see the type of furniture that was used in these early days; cooking utensils used then are on display, and people in the inn are dressed in the style of clothes that were worn during this period. One of the things which impressed me about the inn was the Sunday Visiting or Sitting Room.

Following this you are taken to an old church, and then to the school in which Mr. Ford got his early education. The next building you are conducted through is the building in which Abraham Lincoln tried his first case. This building contains the actual chair in which Mr. Lincoln was sitting when he was shot. Near this building are located several slave huts which were brought up from the South.

After a brief walk down one of the dirt roads you are conducted through an exhibit which in my opinion is the best in the place. It is a group of buildings in which Edison did all of his early experimental work. The fact that Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison were very good friends is probably the cause for this group of buildings being so complete. After these buildings were torn down and reassembled again in Greenfield Village, Mr. Ford asked Mr. Edison if the place looked just as it did before. Mr. Edison was reported to have said that the only thing

that didn't look natural was the ground. When Mr. Ford heard this he immediately sent a fleet of his trucks to the spot where the buildings previously stood and had them bring back enough dirt to fill in around the buildings so they would look natural to Mr. Edison.

In one of these buildings is the room in which Mr. Edison made the first practical electric light bulb. All the equipment which he used when he made the first light bulb is still in good condition. Most of the delicate apparatus in this laboratory was designed and built by Edison himself. On the 50th anniversary of the first light bulb, Edison went to Greenfield Village and at exactly the same hour, made another light bulb in precisely the same way. A short time after this Mr. Edison died and ever since then the laboratory has been left just as it was that last night. In the boiler in this building is a fire which he started on his last visit to the village. It has been kept going ever since. In this Edison group is included one of his first power houses, his laboratory where he made his first light bulb, an office which he built later, and the boarding house in which Edison and his colleagues lived during the time he was working on his light bulb. This house was the first domestic building to have electric lights. Other buildings in this group include an office and laboratory which he maintained in Florida, and the station where he was put off of the train on which he worked as the magazine and candy salesman. Mr. Ford also has among his collection of Edison relics, the river boat which Edison used on his frequent trips to the south, and the first electric train built by Edison.

Following the visit to the Edison exhibits, you visit a combined apothecary shop and post office. Next you view a photographer's shop. It is possible to have a tintype or Daguerreotype made of yourself. Here you meet an old man who has experimented with photography since it was in its early stages. Across the street is found an old general store. In this store is found practically everything you could ask for. This too, has been restored from an old general store which Mr. Ford used to visit.

While you are in the village you hear chimes regularly every fifteen minutes. Now for the first time you learn what is the cause of these. On the other side of the street is an old building, which your guide explains has been brought from Europe. It is an old craft shop.

You enter and inside you find many rare pieces of old jewelry.

Since your carriage has left you, you have to walk to the next stop. All of the previous stops have been in the business district of the Village, not a business district as we think of one, but one which is spread out a little. There is at least one vacant lot between each store and sometimes there are only two or three stores or buildings in one whole block.

Your walk takes you into the residential section of the village. You pass the home of Edison's parents, the home where Edison boarded, and walk down a shady lane until you come to a very old cottage. This house came from England and was built about a thousand years ago. It combines the home with the barn. On one side is the living quarters for the family and on the other side are the stables for the cow and a few sheep that the people of this time kept.

An exhibit in the village which was just being restored, was the shop in which the Wright Brothers built their first plane. Another shop on the grounds is the one in which Mr. Ford built his first car. One of the last things which you see is an old-time grist mill to which the farmers took their grain to have it ground. Here you can see the great stones which were used to grind the meal, and the boxes to measure the portion which the miller took for grinding the meal.

During your entire trip you have been conducted through each building or group of buildings by a very polite and intelligent guide who has been especially trained for this job. Everything in the village is maintained in the best of condition, the buildings are painted, the carriages are brightly shined and the streets watered and cleaned.

It is hard to realize that you are still living in our present age with all its war and strife. It seems to me that this is one of the most peaceful places on this continent. After you have visited this museum, and come out to your automobile, you feel very thankful that you have all the modern conveniences of our day. For the first time you realize that many of the things you have always taken for granted, really are conveniences that the people of other times would have been very grateful for. As you drive away from this marvelous museum, your mind is filled with many memories that will remain for a long time.

Memories

● By Dan Hobbs

Read this article and then join the debating team. Dan and his partner, George Wolf, both seniors, made their last debating trip and we believe these memories will live a long time in their minds.

IT'S quite a little train ride from Pittsburgh to Dayton—in fact somewhat more than six hours on a through express. And six hours of continuous sitting gives plenty of time for (among other things) thought and recollection. Recollection, for instance, of the past fourteen days which slipped by like fourteen short moments—or maybe seconds. But, boy, what transpired in that fortnight will not be forgotten in many a fortnight to come (a fortnight is fourteen days).

Remember Niagara? It was cold and snowing when we rolled into that haven for honeymooners, but our ardor was undampened by the weather, and all we needed was a bride apiece to make the picture complete. But then, we were on a debate tour and our thoughts were forced to more serious matters—matters like wondering if our hosts, Niagara University, would serve us hot toddies to counteract the chill of the train ride, and likewise make us forget the “ride” the cab-driver took us for in overcharging us—well, we’re ashamed to say how much. But such wondering was fruitless, and we were forced to resort to the heatedness of debate to rid our bones of the chill. But we forgot any discomfort when we were given a view of the Falls at night, encased in ice, and a glimpse of the collapsed Honeymoon Bridge. And how glad we were then that we didn’t bring brides—because think of the disappointment that would have been ours to be on a honeymoon and not able to view the Falls from Honeymoon Bridge! Yes, life does have its little compensations.

And can we ever forget George Eastman’s little city of Rochester? Wasn’t it there that we engaged in the first Oregon-style debate of the tour? And wasn’t it there that the first negative speaker didn’t want to answer any of our questions but wanted to ask some of his

own? It certainly was a wonder that it didn’t wind up in a free-for-all. But then, they were rather nice fellows—it’s too bad that they were bigger than we. And it was pretty decent of the debate coach to show us the city of the kodak king and to entertain us for the evening.

Syracuse was a diversion. It was there that we engaged in formal argument with two feminine-gender sophomores and discovered that the argumentative powers of the “weaker sex” are not so formidable as current reports would indicate. Of course we narrowly escaped having our eyes scratched out and were called “old meanies” for refuting our opponents’ statements—but such things happen in the life of a debater. And wasn’t that a great bunch at the frat house where we stayed? It was almost like leaving home when we tore ourselves loose in the early morning and headed for Albany.

That train ride to Albany was the payoff! Remember? That was the train on which we made such good friends with Jerry, the little four-year-old tot across the aisle. That is, he was across the aisle until we coaxed him over with some candy and then took turns reading the comic-book to him and telling him bedtime stories for the next sixty miles. And will you ever forget the look on those Albany debaters’ faces when they came down to meet us and saw us getting off the train carrying a four-year-old lad! I’ll bet they thought we had brought families with us. But then it didn’t take long to reassure them that we were only being chivalrous in aiding the lady to debark with all of her belongings.

And finally New York. I’ll never forget the sight of New York from the topmost point of Rockefeller Center (it offered a better view than did the Empire State building and was sixty cents cheaper to boot). The day was made for sight-seeing, and the Hudson River stretching northward, the mass of skyscrapers, the Queen Mary in dock, Central Park, the distant Statue of Liberty, the great bridges, and sundry other interesting items were worth far more time to see than we had at our disposal.

Then our two-day tour of the city—it took us from the subway to the sublime. It was a good thing Marty Hillenbrand was with us on that first subway ride—I know I never would have gone down into that hole by myself! Speeding under the city is a wonderful experience, if you know where you're going—but if you don't it's a different story. And we were in the latter state when we tried to untangle the intricacies of the underground tube all by our little selves later on. One kind-hearted soul halted one-fifth of a second to tell us to take the Broadway train, and another equally as kind-hearted told us between gasps for breath to board the Bronx train; so we tossed a coin, grabbed the first train that came along and landed out at 149th St.—which was pretty good for a first try, since that was where we wanted to go!

We really enjoyed those short visits to the various “foreign” sectors of the city—Little Italy, the Hungarian district, the Rumanian quarter, the Ghetto district, and, finally, Chinatown. It was in the latter place that we approached a native retailer and asked in our best pidgin English if “Chinee fella likee sell souvenir quickee chop-chop?” and were we rendered meek and embarrassed when our alien brother said, “Why the *%\$/\$ h — — I don't you speak English?” Our retreat took us down through the canyon that is Wall Street, over to the Battery, back to the Williamsburgh Bridge, over to Long Island, around the site of the 1939 World's Fair, back across the Triborough Bridge to the northern section of the city, through Harlem, across the George Washington Bridge to New Jersey and back, and down along the picturesque Riverside Park—which was plenty for one day.

And if we forget everything else, the sight of Broadway at night will always stick in the back of our memories; and not only the sight, but also the sound and the “feel.” Especially the latter, since the never-ending, ever-moving mass of human beings along the Great White Way will furnish material for nightmares for many a night to come. Having spent practically all day taking in day-time New York, we thought it proper to let New York spend practically all night taking us in—and take us in it did. The standard we used for judging the quality of a spot was whether it charged thirty cents or more for a ten-cent bottle of beer—and if it did we were traveling in high class.

But we didn't travel there long—not at that price. Our only regrets, however, were that we didn't get our money's worth from our hotel rooms, and that on the second night we insisted on keeping Marty up till the wee hours of the morning, when he should have been working on his thesis. But then, his objections were suspiciously weak. Yes, little old New York is a great place, but the next time we visit her it is our sincere wish that we do so with more time and money to spend.

Pennsylvania seemed rather tame after two days in New York City, didn't it? That is, until we landed in Lancaster, and were informed by the Franklin and Marshall debate manager that we would debate over the local radio station in an hour and a half. I wonder if he could detect that funny feeling we had inside us when we nonchalantly answered that any arrangements that he had made were all right with us. But I'll bet the questions we asked and the queries we answered during that Oregon-style fray made old Professor Quiz feel like an amateur—or, again, maybe not. Anyway, I'll never want a funnier sight than the look on the face of the F. & M. debater when, before the debate, he ranted for some minutes about the lousy announcers employed by this little station before he discovered that he was standing beneath a live microphone being tested by some of these very announcers!

And, to taper off an extremely enjoyable trip, that Business Men's Better Speech Club gives a banquet for the Penn State debate team and us, which comes as a complete surprise. And as if that weren't enough, they even permit each of us to tell his pet “funny” story—and did we lay them in the aisles! (or maybe they were just being sociable).

Just two more stops after that—St. Vincent's at Latrobe and Carnegie Tech at Pittsburgh—both fine schools and real hosts. And here we are completing the last lap from the Smoky City to home, which, as I say, is a rather long jaunt. But it's not half long enough to give us time to recall the many interesting features, pleasant and not-so-pleasant, which comprised our two-week argument. So, we'll be just unoriginal enough to say, “We did have fun, and no harm done—and, thanks for the memories” (from the song of the same name).

Memos of a One Nighter

• By Dick Skapik

In which a U. D. representative of the band-leading fraternity presents the harrowing details of a particular single evening engagement during which everything went askew, from out-of-order elevators to ballroom fires.

ALTHOUGH most dance musicians may seem like happy-go-lucky individuals, they have their dislikes like everyone else. It may seem odd but they all agree on a pet peeve—"one-nighters." In their own language, a series of one-nighters on a percentage basis is called a "starvation jaunt." The following is a typical description of the one-night stand.

As I entered the ground floor of the building housing the ballroom where we were to perform, the drummer and brass man were sitting at the bottom of a stairway, looking very unhappy. Their oversized instruments and accessories, ranging from two tom-toms to a tin whistle, were sprawled in front of them. "Did someone die?" I asked. "No," said the drummer, "but the elevator is out of order and the hall is on the tenth floor." The brass man, in a fit of frenzy, broke in: "Yeah, and that darned trumpet man thumbed his nose at us as he went up!"

On the way upstairs, I mused how lucky piano players were because they never have to carry anything. But on reaching the top and seeing the piano, I felt more sorrow for the piano player than for the two boys at the bottom of the stairs. The machine was an ancient out of date thing, about the closest replica of Shakespeare's coffin I have even seen.

Five minutes before starting time, everyone was present, set-up, tuned and rarin'-to-go, but the "slush-pump man" (trombonist). Just as we were preparing to break the ice and start (fifteen minutes overdue), the late one came rushing in, mumbling excuses about meeting a long-lost friend on the seventh floor. He insisted that he couldn't get away from the friend without first having a little chat. (From the smell of his breath, I thought that he surely must have had a couple of chats). There were no mishaps during the first couple of sets, and we were

beginning to get "in the groove," when the manager walked up and said that one of the sax men had thus far been playing with his shoes off, and would I kindly make him put them back on. The customers were complaining. Following that in close order, the guitar man broke two strings and the bass man broke two fingers. "I guess that's because I slap my 'dog-house' too hard," moaned the latter.

By this time the requests were beginning to pour (maybe trickle) in. As you might expect, "Star Dust" let the list. And one girl said that her evening would be complete if we would just play "Josephine." I refuse to state what we did to the man who requested "Dinah" when we had finished "jammin" the last of twenty choruses of it.

The one highlight of the evening (intermission) was over and we had started to "feel our stuff" gain until I heard one of the trumpet men painfully yell out: "Mamma, those men are here again!" I turned around and saw some of our rivals from Joe Blow's orchestra walking in. Obviously, they were here to heckle us. The first to approach piped: "My what a corny band they have here tonight!" "Yes," answered our drummer, "at least we're working tonight, and you're not." That stopped them and they retreated to the side of the band-stand to spend the rest of the evening making faces at us. You should have heard the squeals, squawks, and general discord we produced when some "nut" turned out the lights.

A watch is not needed to tell when a dance is almost over. Listen to the brass section, and if you hear more groans than notes, then their "chops are beat" (lips are tired) and the dance is near the end. "Our kissers don't wear like leather, you know," defend the horn blowers.

The affair came to an end, and we began to work. The public address system had to be taken down, music stands packed, music put in order, instruments put away, etc. Then the caravan of weary musicians started down the ten flights of stairs with their baggage to load the bus. As I started up the second time after more equipment, I met the pianist running

down. "Get out of here quick!" he yelled, "the joint's on fire!"

Well, we left there in a very short period of time, and finally got the bus loaded. But did we start home then? I should say not. It's a fact

that musicians will not get to bed as soon as possible after a job. They go to a place where some others are still playing and spend the rest of the night listening and maybe sitting in a couple of choruses. Someday, I'd like to find where the latest playing musicians go.

Posse

Building up to a disconcerting denouement, this story, drawn from an authentic incident in the author's experience, has all the earmarks of man-hunt, even though the man part turned out to be largely figurative.

IT was noon on a hot August day. Four companions and I lolled on our lawn, sprawled full length upon the baking ground. It was too warm for much activity, but suddenly, Ed, a pint-sized, peppy individual, sat up.

"Say, fellows," he began, "I have an idea. Let's go out to Snodgrass and look the old place over. We could climb around the old bridge and do a little swimming if nobody's around. What do you say?"

Perhaps it should be explained that "Snodgrass" is a barren bit of a township, well out in the rural districts of western Pennsylvania, and an old camping ground and meeting place of our younger Boy Scout days. To return to the conversation. I merely glared at the upstart Ed, and rolled over on my stomach; Charlie snorted a brief "Shut up!" and Jack and Bob did not so much as move. Minutes passed.

"Aw, come on, gang! We can go out in my car. At least it's something to do." Another short interval of silence, and once more the persevering Ed raised a pleading voice:

"We can—."

Forestalling a further outburst, Jack rose disgustedly and stretched. "Come on," he said. "There won't be any peace here if we don't go. It's better than listening to this moaning."

So the five of us ambled out to Ed's car, gleaming and glistening as a result of a thor-

● By Paul Wick

ough washing and polishing. We piled in silently, not paying much attention to Ed's warning pleas that his father would be "plenty sore" if we dirtied or marked the spotless interior. On arriving at Snodgrass, our spirits rose somewhat as we viewed the old surroundings and recalled fond memories of former activities. We decided that the bridge would be our first diversion. Having scaled the wooded slope to the bridge a debate ensued as to whether or not we should walk across, when a challenging voice rang out from the brush some distance away.

"Alright, you guys—come on down here. You're covered, so don't try to get away. Quick, now, and no tricks."

Amazed and perplexed, we peered down and saw five men, one pointing a rifle, who beckoned for us to descend from our position. Whispering among ourselves, we scurried down to face the scowling party.

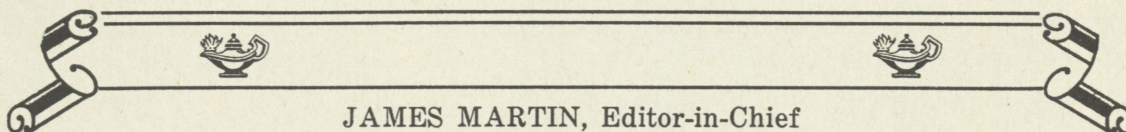
"What do you want?" chirped Ed. "What's the idea of the gun?" This, in a similar chorus from the rest of us.

"You know what's up," answered he with the rifle, who, by the large and shiny star upon his coat, was apparently the sheriff. "Search 'em fellows," he said curtly, lowering the rifle slightly.

After a search, which of course revealed exactly nothing in the way of criminal evidence upon our persons, we finally convinced the men that we were not desperate characters, or at least not the characters for whom they were looking.

"Yuh see, five prisoners escaped from the
(Continued on page sixteen)

EDITORIAL



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THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

BELATED though it is, I will use as the text for this article the adage about spring and the young man's fancy. With the arrival of that season, mankind seems to manifest the tendency to entertain ideas of light-some diversion. And though the herd instinct has never been all-pervasive, I will attempt to be cheerful, if it kills me.

The Easter holidays in the offing will come as a pleasant chaser for the acid draught of mid-semester exams. Speaking of the latter, let me remind kindred souls that the ogre of flunking is largely a creation of the mind, and results from a refusal to face the facts. A good motto is: if you must flunk, flunk gloriously. To be truthful about it, I may as well confess that the idea is not original: a professor gave it to me. Anyway, what vague satisfaction is obtained by one's entrance into the three-point-zero category is largely counteracted by the invariable necessity of adding courses giving instructions in "How To Keep From Going Nuts," which appear in the catalogue under the nomenclature of "Mental Hygiene." Educators think of everything. But, we who have never entered the land of doubtful promise, let us rejoice.

To get back to the theme: Any discussion of springtime in college would be incomplete without mentioning coeds. I put the word at the end of the sentence in the hope that it would be overlooked. In the past, when I took up the subject, some have been inclined to suspect my motives. Not, of course, without reason. Some months ago, after a fit of morbid introspection, I had occasion to do a piece on the

subject. No, you didn't see it. One of my main arguments before an implacable Board of Censors was, that in the future, if figuratively speaking, I had a change of heart, I could dash off another bit by way of retracting such heinous utterances, thus undoing any harm they may have caused. The argument didn't get to first base, but the cardiac change has come. To come to the point, though I may slip back into the dregs again, at the present moment, inexplicable atmospheric forces have caused me to don rose-colored spectacles when considering Eve's daughters.

The balmy breezes of spring, now wafting gently about the campus, and having more potency than a pipeful of hashish, have dispersed all hitherto firmly anchored aversions. Yea, verily, the power of spring be strong!

* * *

WITH the above out of my system, I can now take up a less ethereal topic. During the past month, the domestic scene itself has been considerably enlivened by the attempt of President Roosevelt to push his government reorganization program through Congress. At the moment, the nation awaits the verdict of the investigation into what will probably go down in history as the "TVA Scandals." In addition, the absorption of Austria by Hitler, resulting in Czechoslovakia being placed between the jaws of the Nazi nutcracker, as a prelude to a similar coup, has caused excited observers to predict another general war in Europe. Whether the conflagration is set off

tomorrow or the next day depends upon how soon another Sarejevo occurs. Already, consciously or unconsciously, we are choosing sides. Pacifists claim that Hitler is only taking what is his due, and that peace must be maintained at any price. Secretary Hull denounces "treaty-breaking and return to barbarism," but America confines her overt acts to providing a haven for Austrian and German political refugees. All in all there has been no concrete evidence to belie Hitler's boast that the "international conscience" is defunct. Perhaps it is good riddance!

Recently, the last remaining senator who voted against our entrance into the World War, admitted that "there is more justification today for war." Considering the possibility of the United States entering another conflict, the American people are divided into three general classes: chauvinists and plain patriots who will fight anyone, anytime; pacifists who refuse to fight under any circumstances; those who will fight only a defensive war. In the long run, most of us will dash for the recruiting office as soon as sabres begin rattling in earnest. Of course, justifying any course of action presents difficulties. For instance how can we be sure a war is defensive? So many "incidents" are deliberately provoked. It is all very confusing, but perhaps the following contribution will clarify matters:

* * *

I'M NO PACIFIST! BUT—

I AM writing this article not as a pacifist, but as one who would like to have the American people, particularly the younger generation, take a rational attitude on the state of foreign affairs as they exist today.

The newspapers of today, news broadcasts, and other agents of general information are filled to the brim with startling news of Fuehrer Hitler and his imperialistic ambitions. All events point to the fact that Hitler intends to become a second Napoleon, but may the gods permit that he shall meet his Waterloo before his strides plunge the world into a fatal conflict.

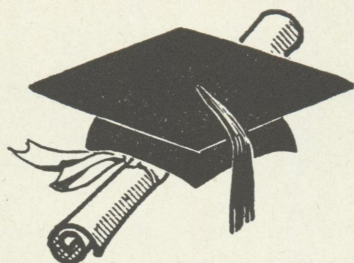
Undoubtedly, the world is headed for a second World War. The proximity of this inevitable conflict is indeterminable at this time, but it is, in the strict sense of the word, inevitable. When the world is plunged into this chaos, there is absolutely no reason why the United States should jeopardize the lives and welfare of its citizens in that sequel of 1914's hectic times.

It is generally agreed that the underlying cause for the entrance of the United States into the World War was primarily to safeguard foreign investments and loans, with the sinking of the Lusitania and other atrocities used as basis for waves of propaganda to excite the American people to a feverish pitch. Undoubtedly, if unlimited credit had not been extended to certain countries involved in the Great War, pressure would not have been put on the men holding the reins to the United States' foreign policy and they would not have found themselves bound to declare war on Germany. Similarly, if undue credit is not extended to participants in the approaching conflict, the United States will be able to follow out its "hands off" policy in regard to European entanglements. If munitions and supplies are sold to the adversaries with a "cash on delivery" agreement, there will be no real need to safeguard investments and loans.

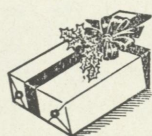
As I said in the opening sentences, I do not purport to be a pacifist. In reality I am in accord with the principles of a just war, of a war which comes about in defensive action. But why should the United States play the role of Uncle and attempt to bring about peace in Europe or in the Far East by exposing you and me to the ravages and horrors of modern warfare? Let me follow out the statement made recently by one of the representatives in Congress: I will not voluntarily go into an aggressive war; but let a foreign power become the aggressor of the United States and of American democracy, and I will wholeheartedly join my brethren and defend my fatherland.

—BILL BERINGER.





FEMININE PHILOSOPHY



LOVE LIVES ON

Was Shakespeare a dramatist or a philosopher? It seems to me that he excelled in philosophy. Was it not Shakespeare who said: "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and that we can find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Do I hear someone disagreeing? You say there is not good in everything? Who can find good in the angry floods which rage through our lovely land? And what is good about the fierce battles which are striking terror into the hearts of countless thousands? The good is the generous response from rich and poor, young and old, to the appeals for help. It proves that there is something wonderfully fine even in the worst of us, and that our hearts still throb with sympathy for the afflicted and the suffering. It is disaster that keeps us sympathetic and loving. Everyone knows that love is born of suffering—each of us came into the world by the suffering of another human being, and that being, our mother, is the object of our love. If there had never been any pain, or suffering, or disaster, how strong would human love be? Yes, Shakespeare was above all a philosopher!

—MARGUERITE M. PARRISH.

THAT WOMAN "CURIE"!

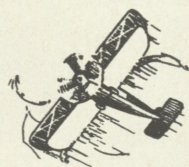
Eva Curie writes an amazing story of her mother, the petite Polish scientist who starved herself to a mere wisp in an endeavor to reach her ideal. Although that ideal lay in the life of science, one thing remains in my mind after reading the biography of Marie Curie. During her heroic years—those spent as a penniless student—she found time, perhaps a precious moment, when poetry penetrated her very being. This is what I remember:

Oh! how harshly the youth of a student passes
While all around her, with passions ever fresh,
Other youths reach eagerly for easy pleasures!
And yet in solitude
She lives, obscure and blessed,
For in her cell she finds the ardor
That makes her heart immense.

I have wondered how Marie Curie considered herself blessed. Yes, hers was a great destiny! But did she fulfill it as was intended by her Creator? Those who read the story of her life undoubtedly remember how the adolescent Marie had forsaken her faith after the death of her mother and her sister, Zosia. Eva Curie does not fail to mention on several occasions in her book that her mother had apparently forgotten her religion. Her marriage to Pierre, a free-thinker, may have killed whatever there was of the spark remaining. Somehow we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the idea of a woman possessed of such a powerful will and beautiful soul, yet utterly without thought or mention of the Great Physicist.

—ALMA C. BRAUN.

WAR AND WOMEN!



The question of dispute is as old as man, or shall we say it is as old as woman? "Way back when"—about four years ago when in the throes of Muzzey we became interested in the history of America and its various struggles, the problem of war was personal only in that it involved us in the tediousness of daily assignments. We would venture to say, however, that now, and in spite of the fact that the greatest danger lies on foreign shores, our minds wander not to pen and notebook, but to bandages and splints. These precisely because they spell the immediate environment of a woman's battle field during war. The writer has in her cranial cavity, immeshed in what is biologically called gray matter, the birth of a question mark. Do the co-eds on the campus favor our entrance into war, if such seems necessary to the signature scribblers of our nation? And what would they do about it if instead of the usual headlines of our daily press we should read some morning over someone's shoulder "United States Declares War?"

As I said, it is just a question mark. It has, however, direct application to us, since we as women would have to change the course of our lives at least for a time. It is worth our while to change that question mark to definite period.

—ALMA C. BRAUN.

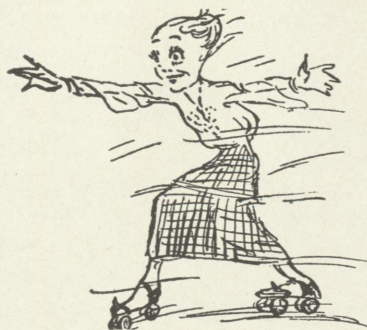
JUST A DOUGHNUT

Just what has happened to the good old American doughnut? In our grandmother's day it was one of the supreme achievements of this country, a triumph of feminine handicraft. It was a complete answer to the foreign critics who complained that we had no literature, for the doughnut itself was the poem of the American home—poetry compounded of a loving woman's heart, a full larder, a drowsy fireside, a snug home, and an everlasting barrel of apple cider. You would have sworn that such perfection was as changeless as the everlasting hills, but the delicious, fat, sugary poem of our pioneer days is lost forever. It can't even be found in the museums.

The large baking houses of today turn out modern 1938 doughnuts. But look at them! Look at the weird distortion of a once sublime art. Instead of accepting grandmother's wisdom at its face value, many of our bakers are concocting a sweetish dough, spraying on a French lacquer of white or pink icing, and wholly forgetful of the necessary hole calling the finished product, doughnut. And, heaven forbid, sometimes these concoctions aren't even round. Why if the fathers of our country had foreseen such treason, they would have written a recipe for doughnuts into the Constitution.

Girls only, I wonder if this devaluation of the doughnut is by any chance the fault of you or me? Just how many of us could even make one of the weird 1938 imitations.

—MARGUERITE M. PARRISH.



(Continued from page eleven)

Wharton reformatory, and we're out to get 'em back. Tough guys, too; been scaring the people of the neighborhood 'round here, 'specially the kids," said the sheriff.

"Yeh, and we'll get 'em too," muttered a young lad of perhaps twenty, whose ruddy, farmerish face and brown eyes still regarded us rather suspiciously. "You-all fit the description of that gang purty well, seems to me."

"Now, son, don't jump at conclusions," interposed the sheriff. "These fellows are all right and can go on their way as law-abidin' citizens."

"But listen, sheriff, couldn't we help you look for this gang?" asked Ed, rather sheepishly. "We'll do all we can to help the law and justice."

"Well, I reckon we could swear you in as deputies," answered the sheriff, thoughtfully scratching his head and peering intently at us. "We could use a lot more men; this hunt'll probably extend over a heap of territory, and the more men we have the easier it'll be for us to catch this gang."

After a formal session of excited swearing (of the lawful sort) and pledging ourselves to the "law and duty" we were full-fledged deputies and ready to join the posse.

"Well, we can't start without grandpa; where in the thunder is HE," said the ruddy-faced youth.

"Oh, Pa'll be here shortly," said the sheriff. "Probably found another berry patch. Oh, he's awful spry, boys, and can keep right along with us.' This in unasked-for response to our awed and wondering glances, for the sheriff was decidedly gray at the temples and no youngster, to be sure.

At that moment a rustling and crackling in the under brush drew our attention, and into view stepped a bewhiskered old man, whose face lighted up like a beacon light as he saw us.

"By gorsh, so yuh got 'em, eh," he croaked, in a high and slightly cracked voice. "Well, dang it, yuh should a-knowed yuh can't dodge the law, fellers. Lucky I didn't come acrosst yuh—mightn't a been in sech good shape as you air now!"

This we readily believed, as we watched his slightly shaking hand replace an enormous weapon, of the horse-pistol variety, to a leather holster. It took some time for the sheriff to impress upon the old man the fact that we were not the outlaws, but finally he accepted us and welcomed us heartily as members of the "posey," as he termed it.

After some wrangling between the sheriff and his father as to where and how we should renew the man-hunt, it was decided that we should split up into groups of three. We were then to traverse a section one or two miles in circumference, keeping within a reasonable distance of each other in order to shout for aid if we came upon any or all of the hunted.

The group of three in which I was placed consisted of the sheriff and a cherubic individual named "Shorty." Scarcely twenty minutes after we had departed from the other members of the party we heard a shot.

"Quick, just over that hill," yelled the sheriff, as we clambored through the underbrush. "Gash, I hope Pa didn't kill one of 'em."

As we burst over the hill-top we saw a lone man, calmly leaning on a rifle and looking down upon a thrashing object on the ground.

"Throw down that gun and come here," yelled the sheriff, pointing his rifle at the man. Suddenly he lowered it and smiled.

"Why Jud, you old cuss. What're you doin' here?"

"Jest picked off 'nother groundhog, sheriff. Beauty too, aint he? Second one one today. Pretty good, eh?"

Rather disgusted, I watched the sheriff pick up the groundhog, his admiring eyes glancing over the animal critically. Then, lighting his pipe, he sat down upon a rock. After a half hour of conversation, the chief subject of which was groundhog hunting, the man-hunt was resumed.

Shorty dictated the direction of our course, suggesting a "little more west" or "more south" as the case might be, and whether by chance or by sound knowledge, our path seemed to cross a small barbecue stand an astonishing number of times. Here we would rest, eat, and drink,

and "check up" on any information that may have arrived since our previous visit. This, I was told, was the "meeting place" of the posse.

On our fourth visit to the "meeting place" we were joined by the rest of the posse, all red-faced and panting from the intense heat. I ignored a remark from the exhausted Ed that I looked rather suspiciously fresh and unwilted for a member of a hard-working posse. After all were sufficiently rested it was decided to go by automobile to a vicinity some ten miles up the road to search for the escaped men. The sheriff was to lead the way in his car, the original five of us to follow in Ed's car.

The only notable feature of our journey to the new happy hunting ground was that we, as a posse, were allowed right of way through an unopened road which was under construction. This road, much to Ed's dismay, was freshly tarred and oiled, and the havoc wrought upon the formerly gleaming automobile was terrible, to say the least. To make matters worse we were forced to stop at intervals and search suspicious thickets and brush. The result of this was to render the interior of the car worse than the exterior, if that was possible. Suddenly at one of these stops the sheriff's father stopped, tense, and slowly withdrew his cannon-like weapon from his belt. Slowly, and with a trembling hand, he leveled it at the top of a thick tree along the road.

"Git down outa there," roared the oldster, "and make it quick 'er I'll fire on yuh."

Anxiously we gazed from the trembling trigger finger to the tree and finally saw a small boy emerge, a basket of apples clutched in his hand. As it turned out, the poor lad was far from being a convict or a desperate character,

but it was quite fortunate that his head was not blown off by the hawk-eyed old man.

It was now almost sun-down and it was decided to postpone the hunt until the next day, in spite of the protests of the bearded patriarch that it was "awful dangerous fer sech critters to roam 'round, 'specially at night." Much to our delight, however, it was decided to return once more to the barbecue headquarters for a final snack and a discussion of plans.

As we drove into the parking lot at the barbecue, the owner came dashing out to meet us.

"Got 'em inside—all five of 'em," he gasped. "They're in there just eatin' their darn heads off—must be nearly starved."

Immediately we dashed for the house, the sheriff pushing open the door with his rifle and the rest of us cautiously creeping behind him. There at a table sat five youngsters, ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, laughing and eating ravenously.

"Hi, sheriff," whooped one of them, his clothing tattered and his face scratched and dirty. "We're ready to go back now. Boy, did we have fun, though! Guess we trailed you and your gang 'most all day and you didn't even see us once. We're awful tired now, so let's go back to the home. You'll take us, won't you sheriff?"

As we started glumly home that night not a word was uttered from any of us. Ed finally broke the silence.

"Boy will Dad be sore. Look at this car. Oh golly, am I ever busted!"



History of Swing

• By Jack Keeshan

In treating a phenomena which has reached the stage of an all-absorbing mania today, the writer traces the development of "swing" from Cleopatra's time down to present methods of letting ourselves go.

TO those who are intimately acquainted with me, and my particular tastes, this article will be hailed as prejudiced. For me to go on record as being entirely unprejudiced would be silly for I am an earnest and sincere advocate of what our young moderns have termed "swing." Without a doubt there is no subject more discussed and more heatedly argued about today than swing. To use the now worn expression of just what is swing is a good point from which to start our discussion. Swing according to the dictionary is a free swaying motion and any one who heretofore has had trouble in defining the term could have defined it in just such a manner and in doing so would have been perfectly correct. That free swaying motion is the very essence of swing music.

A very persistent and most certainly erroneous notion is held by most people of this age that swing is something new. In the days of old Egypt when Cleopatra entertained Antony flutes were swinging. When Napoleon returned victorious the string ensemble was swinging. Through the ages the music of all nations has possessed swing to a greater or less degree. In the days of the old Dixieland Band swing first began to come into its own. It was at that time that the top swingsters of today such as Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong were children.

The Dixieland Band was the first real exponent of swing in this country because they freed themselves from a group of inkspots on a sheet and let their very souls escape through the mouthpiece of a trumpet or down the black and white ivory of the keyboard. To the youth of today Dixieland music sounds sloppy and that is more or less a correct adjective. Modern swing bands have achieved a smooth effect not because they swing in a different manner than did the Dixielanders but because now but one instrument takes the "ride" while the rest forms

a smooth, swinging background. Do not misunderstand me. One instrument taking a ride with a smooth background of harmony does not constitute swing. Freedom of motion is absolutely necessary for swing.

To a musician swing is that certain something which he feels; that urge to let himself go which can only be satisfied by a steady stream of "slightly-off-the-beat" tones poured from his instrument and eased into a pattern of absolute smooth-flowing rhythm. To define in any clearer or simpler terms is impossible. Regardless of definition most of you, if you are at all human, have felt and given vent to the urge to swing. To explain why you want to move, to sway, to swing, is difficult. We can merely attribute it to that certain something which swing has that makes us want to express it in our own form. What could possibly explain the fact that a short time ago when Benny Goodman, supreme in swing, was making a personal appearance at a New York theatre, the greater part of the capacity audience danced in the aisles and stomped on their seats. There must be something there that makes them do it and that certain something is still a mystery. Perhaps we could explain it by saying that music is some form of tonal structure that is pleasing to the ear.

For music to be pleasing to the ear it must have a certain lilt and possibly the apex of that lilt has been reached in swing. Regardless of what it is, it is with us now and with us it is going to stay. Elders will sniff and call youth and swing both erratic; some sophisticates will deny affection for swing but will never fail to listen to the "Swing Club." The greater part of the disaffection for swing is not due to genuine dislike of it but rather to an inability on the part of the individual to find a mode of personal expression. He reasons to himself and convinces himself that to let himself go would be decidedly unconventional and so he decries swing as a passing fancy and merely something swallowed by gullible moderns.

Regardless of that individual's opinion swing has definitely got something. He asks you what

that something is and because you can't define it, because it is something you feel he immediately ridicules you as being "swing crazy." If being "swing crazy" places me in that category wherein individuals have to express themselves in some one way or another when Goodman starts swinging then I am definitely "swing

crazy," and twice as happy for it.

To you who feel swing and won't admit it try letting yourself go. Try it once and see how much better you feel. If you don't feel better then one of us is crazy and I suppose I will be that one.

Potpourri

AN INDOOR PASTIME

In this day of high-pressure ballyhoo we have come to measure the importance of athletic pastimes in terms of "the gate." Fifty to seventy thousand spectators at a baseball game or a football game is not unusual. Championship fights, horse races and varsity crews draw equal crowds. It is difficult to realize that one of the most extensively played games in the country has no ballyhoo, few spectators, no champion, few professionals, and is a sport that collects nearly ten times as much in contestants' fees as in spectators' fees.

That unique pastime, our national indoor pastime, is bowling. That title is earned because of the eight or ten millions of regular bowlers in the country. The World Series of bowling is the American Bowling Congress. Last year this was held at Indianapolis with fifteen thousand contestants from all parts of the United States, all paying their hotel bills, entrance fees, and all other expenss. When you stop to think that there are not half as many participants in the Olympic Games you can realize what a sport this is.

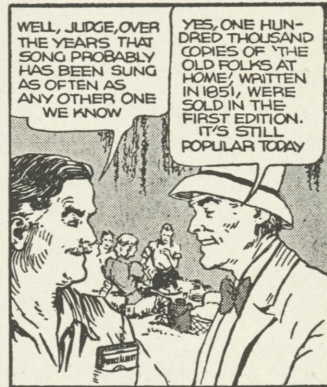
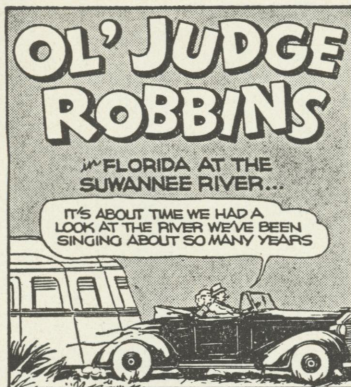
Twenty-five years ago bowling perhaps smelled too strongly of cigar smoke and beer to be listed as one of the politer pastimes, but today this lusty art has come into its own. In certain sections of the East you will find the chauffeurs waiting for the ladies outside of the recreation parlors. You will find crowded alleys at nearly any college and university and in hundreds of churches throughout the land. In the ranks of the regular bowlers you will find

the stars of the diamond, the gridiron, the stage, the screen. For every bowler of outstanding athletic prowess you will find a hundred others whose physical equipment runs from spindly youths to soft-muscled old ladies in the sixties. It's a sport in which brawn is unimportant. For example, in a match between five blind youths and five youths that could see, the latter group won by only sixteen points. The high man for the blind rolled a neat 145. The only physical assistance accorded the blind was a special hand rail on the left side of the alley to guide their approach. Any pins left standing were called out by number and the bowler directed his ball accordingly.

Even if you are not a bowler you may figure that the elusive yet simple elements of timing, rhythm and control are the foundation of skill on the alleys. One of the best bowlers weighs only 124 pounds, showing that brute strength means little or nothing; indeed without the three fundamentals it is a hindrance. Women are developing much interest in bowling. In the large cities they have their own leagues and each year they hold state tournaments.

Some reasons for the popularity of bowling are that it is an outlet for pent-up emotions, and it is wonderful exercise for the corpulent middle-aged man and woman. Bowling is a fine game. Those who seem to know recommend it as a breeder of better industrial relations. I like bowling because it is a civilized man's chance to make a real racket without apologizing to a soul.

—ROBERT SHROYER.



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IMMORTALITY

Nothing dies; for life unbounded teems
In the heart of every seed that dreams
Of the sunshine that shall bless its birth,
Springing from the darkness of the earth.

Nothing dies: the soul of noble song,
Held in mute captivity so long,
Struggles in the speckled shell, till freed,
Loud its message rings o'er dale and mead.

Nothing dies: the morning's hope that died
Rises as a prayer at eventide;
Nothing dies: the earthly love betrayed
Finds the heart in purer refuge stayed.

Nothing dies: and Jesus in the tomb,
Gives to man, submitting to man's doom,
Solemn pledge of immortality —
"Death, where is thy sting—thy victory?"

—AMBROSE NAKAO.

Book Reviews

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND

By Van Wyck Brooks

Byron, in a moment of passionate melancholy, exclaimed:

"The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foams of ages."

There is no truth so obvious as the passage of time. History proclaims it, not by the records of battles, not by the chronicles of crumbled civilizations, but by those golden milestones that mark the slow and painful evolution of beauty. And what are those milestones? Are they not the great works of a people's literature? Are they not the lives and struggles of those noble souls whose mission was to communicate some of their nobility to their fellowmen, be it through a "Cuckoo Song" or a "Piers Plowman?"

The history of American literature is peculiarly fascinating—for it begins, not with the crudities of infancy, but with the alluring charms of adolescence. England had to struggle through her Beowulf and her poems of Caedmon in their quaint, archaic spelling. America greets us with Motley, Channing, Parkman, Holmes—not pioneers as Chaucer was, but revolutionaries, even as John the Baptist was.

Mr. Brooks' familiarity breeds admiration. Too many biographers are either petty cavers or blind enthusiasts. Mr. Brooks would almost seem to have been a personal friend of the authors whose labors and sufferings he records.

"Rome, Rome, thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen!"

Whether Boston ever "sat a queen" or not is of little consequence. But the fact remains that Boston is not what it was. Yet how carefully, how artistically, is the Boston of 1815 reproduced by Mr. Brooks' mastery pen! "Their gardens were full of marigolds, hollyhocks, larkspurs, with the humbler vegetables of the working kind, carrots, parsnips, beets . . ."

Reading Mr. Brooks' account of Puritan New England is like seeing the Holy Land in the

movies. One feels like worshipping when seeing Lake Genesareth on the screen. One forgets that one is reading and almost finds oneself listening to the conversation of those earnest, honest Bostonians whose religion was an obsession. "Religion filled the horizon of the village people." So convincing and so convinced is the tone of Mr. Brooks' assurance that one doubts one's own doubts. Boston pictured in "The Flowering of New England" is the scholarly Boston, full of learned ministers, thoughtful dairymaids, and pensive youth. Idyllic though the picture may be, one admits its historical accuracy on the authority of—a connoisseur. For Mr. Brooks is undoubtedly that.

Of all intangibles, style is the most intangible. And yet that is what one first misses if it is not there. The deeper and broader the stream the more slowly and majestically it flows, as if conscious that dignity, like beauty, is its own excuse for doing. Mr. Brooks has much to say—almost too much for one man. Does he hurry? Does he abridge? A starving man must be fed in small quantities. The reader perusing the opening chapters of "The Flowering of New England" is conscious of a wondrous panorama unfolding before his eyes. Let the mists rise slowly. An age is needed to contemplate the portrait of Longfellow, of Emerson, of Hawthorne, of Thoreau, and of all that glorious galaxy of American writers who trod "the path that was difficult. For they must be ready for bad weather, poverty, weariness, insult and repute of failure."

—AMBROSE NAKAO.

SUMMER MOONSHINE

By P. G. Wodehouse

Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, the answer to a mad-man's prayer, is loose again. Not content with leaving the English-speaking public speechless with laughter at the antics of Bertie Wooster, Jeeves and Mr. Mulliner's incomparable relatives, this modern bard of London has returned to the literary wars with a muffled but effective barrage of humor titled "Summer Moonshine." Subtle yet light, funny without being boisterous, it is the perfect prescription for lassitude.

Wodehouse commandeers an architectural monstrosity, known as Walsingford Hall, for the setting in his story of the tangled lives of Sir Buckstone Abbott, Lady Alice, his wife, Jane, their beautiful but badly-betrothed daughter, Joe Vanringham, her true-love, and the unsung fairy god-father, blundering, genial Mr. Bulpitt. This last is condemned as the villain at first because it is his painful duty to serve a breach-of-promise summons to Joe Vanringham's younger brother Tubby, who has loved not wisely but too well. Tubby's misfortunes and the persistent methods of the professor-form the central theme around which entwine the laugh-provoking adventures of dear blustering, borrowing Sir Buckstone, a nobleman of the old school, who will gladly share his friends' money with them. Badly in need of money, to meet his pressing debts, he attempts to sell the crazily-constructed Hall, which (he hates to admit) is his ancestral home. In a nouveau-riche American widow, he finds an interested but temperamental prospect, but there are "wheels within wheels" working against her eventual ownership of the Hall.

Besides these main-maniacs, there are dozens of lesser-lunatics, each contributing his or her bit to the gaiety of the English countryside. The story is well-told, throughout, with a surprise finish that will leave you with a slightly "wacky" feeling. But for all of you who cannot afford a week's vacation in Florida, I recommend this latest Wodehouse work as the ideal tonic for a run-down sense of humor.

—ERNEST SHARPE.

IN CHRIST'S OWN COUNTRY

By Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B.

This book is something of a history and travel talk about the Holy Land. We are taken to the holy places which Christ frequented and made famous by His mere presence and miracles. So vivid is the author's description that we almost feel our Lord's presence in the scenes he describes.

At the first glance, the book is seemingly

dull, an encyclopedia-like book, a book of a monk whose imagination is running away with him, who glories in treading the same paths our Savior passed over. On the contrary the book is far from dull. Of course, it is not as interesting as a good novel, but if one wants to gain a fair knowledge of the Holy Land, this book would be a joy to him. As to the author's imagination, I'll admit that at times it gets out of control, but never to the extent that we become incredulous, because there is that simplicity about the writing that begets truthfulness.

The style is simple, the descriptions are realistic, vivid, and educational. When the writer describes a scene or church we have the feeling that we know about it and would recognize it on sight. Also there is humor in the work. This was the last thing I was looking for, but when I found that it was there, it made the book all the more appealing to me. The book also is illustrated with many pictures of ruins, churches, and scenes.

The author gives an excellent picture of the conditions of the people, past and present, and he notes how little conditions have changed with the passing centuries. For instance, the people still use the crude plow hitched to an ox, an ass, or even a camel. The thousands of semi-wild dogs thrive on the unsanitary living of city inhabitants. The English are trying to improve the unsanitary conditions of the cities but have little success, because the people cannot be changed over-night.

The author takes us with him in his walks over the same path our Lord took in His day. He acquaints us with Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the shores of Galilee and the Red Sea, Samaria, and other holy places. He seeks out the places of importance that are mentioned in the Scriptures and gives us a picture of how they probably looked when our Lord was going about doing the work of His Father, and how it looks now. He quotes frequently from the Scriptures and this adds enchantment to the book. If you read the book with the idea of getting a picture of the Holy Land, and a history thereof, then the book will be of much interest to you, and I would say very enjoyable to you.

—LESTER SANTO GIAMBRONE.

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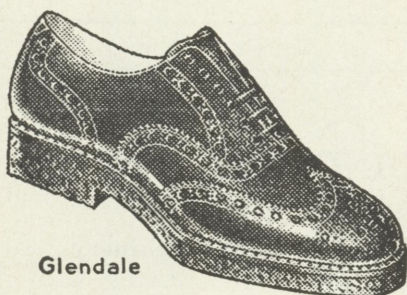
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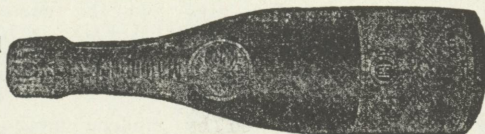
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