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## The University of Dayton Exponent, February 1939

University of Dayton

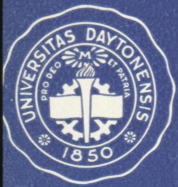
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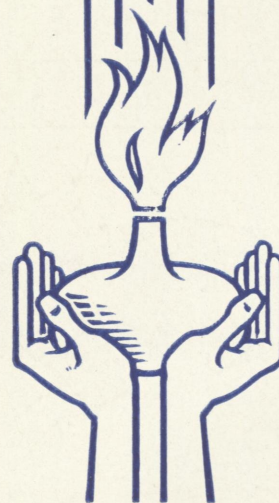
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THE UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

# EXPONENT



FEBRUARY 1939



# "SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY  
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,  
DIRECTOR  
MOUNT  
WASHINGTON  
(N.H.) SWISS  
SKIING SCHOOL



"MORNING, MR. THORNER. I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE. WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL"



THE HERRING-BONE — THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING



KICK-TURN.... CHANGING DIRECTION TO THE RIGHT ON A HILL

1 SWING RIGHT LEG FORWARD, UP AND AROUND. PLACE RIGHT SKI DOWN, POINTING IN DESIRED DIRECTION. THEN SHIFT WEIGHT TO RIGHT SKI

2 NOW THAT RIGHT SKI IS POINTING IN WANTED DIRECTION, SIMPLY SWING LEFT SKI AND PLACE PARALLEL WITH RIGHT



TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP. HOW ABOUT STOPPING FOR A CAMEL?

WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US AN EXHIBITION, MR. THORNER



THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING

GOSH, HE'S A WONDERFUL ATHLETE, ISN'T HE?

CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS HIGH-SPEED RUN.... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN



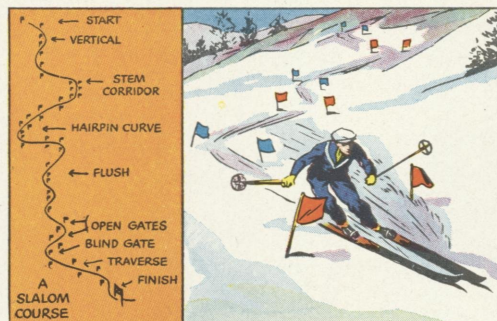
SNOW-PLOW.... PUTTING ON THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS



STEM-CHRISTIANIA.... TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR BROADER BASE)



JUMP-TURN.... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR



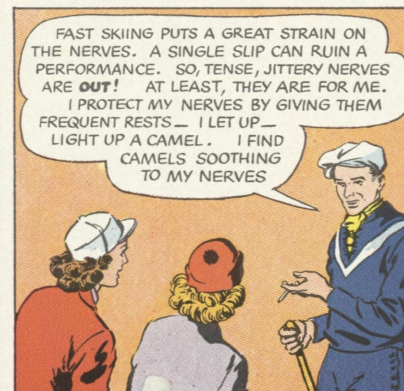
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING "INTERRUPTED COURSE").... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING



BRavo, MR. THORNER! HOW ABOUT AN ENCORE?

SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL. HAVE ONE?

YOU CERTAINLY ARE SOLD ON CAMELS, MR. THORNER



FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME. I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING TO MY NERVES



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive — much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down — *instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves regular rests. Do it the pleasant way — LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness — ripe, rich flavor — sheer comfort — Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE  
FROM FINER, MORE  
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS  
...TURKISH AND  
DOMESTIC

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1939  
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Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem,  
N. C.

**LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!**  
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES



# THE University of Dayton Exponent

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Vol. XXXVII

FEBRUARY, 1939

No. 2

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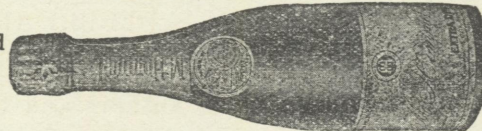
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# THE University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXVII

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## Pay The War Debts?

• By Karl Schreiber

Karl changes the scene of his discussion from Germany to the U. S. A. Every student of the Business Department should read this. It will make you think.

**I**F one were to query the average American citizen upon his view of the war debts the resulting verbal explosion would certainly be more marked for its emotional fervor than for its rational understanding of the question. His sentiment could probably be expressed something like this: "Well, we loaned it to them didn't we? Why shouldn't they pay it back?" Yet experts of all the countries are agreed that it is a vastly more complicated problem than all this.

Why then this violent championing of a cause? Payment of the war debts has long furnished a "natural" for crusading editors, demagogues and small-minded politicians seeking to distract attention from the local scene to an issue which seems to be a rank injustice. Playing upon our natural Yankee distrust of being "taken on," and portraying our diplomats as gullible "innocents," they have created the impression that the United States was duped and robbed by crafty European statesmen. This popular fallacy persists and succeeds in dominating the facts to such an extent that many important aspects are either totally overlooked or obscured. Let us examine into the origin of the problem a bit more closely and see if we can discover any real reasons why the nations of Europe to whom we loaned money should not be obliged to pay.

In 1914 the Allies were caught relatively unprepared. Von Moltke's unending gray wave seemed invincible as it pivoted and cut down Northern France like wheat before a scythe. In this crucial hour France turned desperately to her allies and begged for military aid. After super-human efforts they succeeded in slowing down and finally stopping the progress of the Teutonic army, but now found themselves with a growing shortage of raw materials. Capitalizing upon their open channels of transportation to and from this country, they began to purchase food, clothing and supplies from American manufacturers. For these transactions they had to have huge sums of American money. They obtained this through patriotic appeals to their nation, inducing them to trade their cashable American securities for long-term bonds payable in their own currency. At the beginning of the war therefore, all purchases were strictly cash. Of the seven billion dollars worth of goods which Great Britain, for example, bought from us, three billions was paid immediately in cash.

The results of this procedure quickly became apparent: it was found that these European holdings were in insufficient quantity to make further purchases and that those that had been sold realized an abnormally low price because of this sudden dumping of stocks, etc. The direct sale of foreign bonds to the American public was frowned upon by the Federal Government. Thus in this crucial hour the Allies found themselves with insufficient American credit to make the necessary purchases.



This would have been quite a blow, not only to the buyers, but also to our industries which were now running at capacity and supplying Europe's needs at prices ranging from **three to eight times their former level** of 1914. While the other continent was destroying itself we were prospering at their expense.

The impasse was broken when the United States entered the war. It was realized that we could best aid our new-found allies by opening up to them vast credit sources with which they could purchase supplies upon a gigantic scale, in as much as direct military support would be a long time in coming. To obtain this credit for England, France, etc., as well as to finance our own expenses, the Government began to raise money through the issuance of Liberty Bonds. This necessary credit was then extended to thirteen nations through the Federal Reserve, enabling them once more to make purchases in this country. There was no actual transference of currency; the Government simply received a promissory note to the extent of a nation's purchases in this country and then paid the manufacturer with money received from the sale of Liberty Bonds.

The Government's action in this matter was not entirely altruistic. Though the people regarded this aid more as a grant than as a loan, the Government made a thorough business transaction out of it. It charged these nations an interest rate which was almost double that at which it was obtaining money. When and if this was paid back the Treasury would make a considerable profit. We lent credit for goods to the extent of eleven billion dollars, but due to the interest charges, **we are now asking for just double that amount—twenty-two billion dollars!**

The argument now advanced by this country avoids mentioning these original business-like, self-interested motives which prompted the loan and conveniently shifts to one of high-minded idealism.

If the Government was putting the loan upon a business basis, as it most certainly was, it should have applied to it a rule-of-thumb test as to its soundness. Was it self-liquidating? Did it provide means for its repayment? An analysis of the deal would have shown that it lacked the essential features of a good commercial loan.

Furthermore, along these same lines it might be well to recall some pertinent facts. The cost of the United States' participation in the World War involved an expenditure of only 8.6 per cent of her national wealth. In return our industries were stimulated, merchants profited and our foreign trade expanded enormously as it displaced a weakened Europe in the world markets.

The Allies on the other hand spent four or five times as much of their national wealth. They emerged from the war with their manpower decimated, their foreign trade lost and lands covered with the scars of battle. Many of them were at this time either in a desperate political or financial struggle or about to enter into such a state.

Even the so-called "victorious" countries came through the struggle so badly wounded that it was difficult to tell the difference between the conquered and the conqueror. England felt the heavy burden of debts to such an extent that she was forced to raise her taxes two hundred and forty-five per cent. Payment of the reparations from Germany, which she had counted on to repay her debts, did not materialize in any substantial amounts. Furthermore Great Britain smarts under the injustice of the debt. We loaned her \$4,075,000,000 of which she paid nearly \$2,000,000,000, yet due to the interest charges our "legitimate" debt which we asked of her totalled \$11,000,000,000.

The case of France is another good example. The frugal Frenchman subscribed to national bonds, similar to our Liberty Bonds, in order to help finance his country in her hour of need. For his pre-war investment of gold he later received depreciated paper valued at twenty per cent of its former worth. The Belgium franc was finally stabilized at one seventh of its former value and the Italian lira at one fourth of its value. These nationals feel that if they are to sustain such a tremendous loss for their own country, that to favor advantageously the United States to the extent of over one hundred per cent is simply preposterous. The "Banker of Europe" must at least absorb the same loss as that which they took from their own country.

In Italy and Russia a totally different form of government arose. They completely disclaimed



the extravagant and often foolish borrowings of their predecessors. In neither of these two countries were the statesmen who originally borrowed the money the true representatives of the people. After the war these nations looked upon the conflict as a disastrous nightmare which was now to be repudiated and forgotten. The past was to be literally and figuratively wiped off the record and a new start made. Payment of debts contracted in this hour of madness was unthinkable. Our aid was but one factor in the mighty struggle to save the common cause. General Pershing recognized this when he said:

"If it had not been that the Allies were able to hold the lines for fifteen months after we had entered the war, hold them with the support of loans we made, the war might well have been lost."

"It seems to me that there is some middle-ground where we should bear a certain part of the expense in maintaining the Allied armies at the front while we were preparing, instead of calling all this money a loan and insisting upon its repayment. We gave the money knowing it was being used to hold the Boche until we could prepare."

The financial assistance which we tendered to Germany after the war, in the light of events which followed, was a very foolish one. Yet at the time it prevented the complete subjugation of the fallen and a possible renewal of hostilities. The indefinitely vast sum assessed against Germany in the Treaty should never have been set in the first place. The Franco-Prussian War indemnity was one billion dollars, or about one fortieth of the amount which it was now proposed to levy. There was really only one way in which Germany could genuinely pay the reparations; that was by tremendously increasing her exports to other countries and reducing her imports, with the difference in value between the two going toward liquidation of the penalty.

This was impossible for everyone recognized that it would take the Central Powers at least ten years to rebuild their industries. But even if they had been able to do this such a program would have been disastrous to the Allies for it meant the deliberate strangulation of their own industries and foreign trade for the good of Germany. What little effort the latter was

able to make in this direction was vitiated by the immediate erection of hostile tariff barriers. Not the least of these obstructions was our own Hawley-Smoot Tariff. By the only possible means of collection then, reparations would have done very little if any good to Germany's creditors. Europe postponed the day of reckoning by having the Reich borrow money, particularly from the United States. Of the \$9,525,000,000 which Germany did pay up to the Hoover Moratorium of 1931, nearly all of it represented simply transfers of money made to her in post-war loans. Their purchase "was regarded as indispensable to the restoration of the gold standard, to the rebuilding of Europe and to the prosperity of the United States." No propaganda was employed. . . "They sought funds through the regular financial channels and it is no exaggeration to say that they were met more than half way by American bankers."\* We simply subscribed upon the basis of false economic assumptions.

When the Allies entered into their financial agreement with us they were in good faith. They counted on extracting from the conquered a tribute sufficient to repay their obligations. The 269 billion gold marks which was originally imposed on Germany at the Paris Conference in 1921 was certainly enough to repay the United States. Germany, however, because of the adverse economic situation which made it difficult for her to provide the bare essentials of life, much less pay stupendous sums to creditors, and the impossibility of the Allies securing any sizeable amounts from the occupation of her territory, had her debt successively scaled down from seven billion gold marks a year to less than two billion in 1929.

Though it was the only possible thing to do, the United States took the lead in these reductions and left herself wide open to the charge of Europe that:

If you ask us to lessen our claim upon Germany for indemnity, which she admits she owes, what will you do for the war loans you made to us for the prosecution of a war which was as much your war as our war?\*\*\*

In its simplest form the whole problem resolved itself down to this: America demanded

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\*"War Debts and World Prosperity," H. G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolosky, Brookings Institute.

\*\*\*"Making of the Reparations and Economic Sections of The Treaty," B. M. Baruch.



payment of the debts from Europe, she in turn passed them on to Germany, the latter found it impossible to meet these obligations and defaulted. The Allies then turned about to us and said: "As you can plainly see, we are dependent upon Germany for funds, since she cannot pay there is no other alternative but for us to stop payment to you." Here it might seem that we were left "holding the bag," but if this is so we are in no worse a position than Great Britain who suffered likewise. David Lloyd George says:\*

Even excluding German reparations and the immense bad debts owed to us by Russia, we were owed by our Allies more than half as much again as our debts to America. Yet we took from the outset, the view that our inter-allied debts should be wiped out and that the financial contributions of the victor no less than their military contribution should be regarded as having been paid into a common pool for the achievement of victory.

From the outset Britain, although she was more creditor than debtor, took the view that the best course with all these war debts was to cancel them. They were a paper record of inter-governmental transactions in the course of our great common effort for victory, on behalf of which all nations engaged have poured out their blood and treasure.

To apply a commercial foot-rule to the measurement of our comparative sacrifices in human life would be obviously intolerable. Hardly less unseemly would it be to treat as business liabilities the material assistance which one ally has been forced to accept from another in the desperate ferocity of a struggle to void a defeat which would have brought disaster to ally and associate alike.

There is still another objection to be met. Some may maintain that if Europe can afford to re-arm, she certainly can afford to pay her obligations. Reprehensible as is this new program of propitiation to Mars, it must not be allowed to obscure the fact that the money is being spent within the country, giving aid to national industries and labor and that such a program would be impossible if the money had to be sent out of the country.

Now if European nations suddenly did an about face on the question, there still remains the important problem of the method of payment. Just how are they to pay us? The im-

mediate reply to this would probably be cash. But cash is only a convenient representation of value: it must be backed up by something of intrinsic worth. The simple fact is that if these countries were to pay us they would have to print so much money that the ratio between the face value of their currency and the gold coverage would ascend to such an extent that inflation would be inevitable. In such a case we would then obtain only a fraction of the obligations while nominally being paid in full. Furthermore the recognized basis of currency, gold, exists throughout the entire world only in **sufficient quantity to pay one fifth the total amount of debt!** The United States already holds two thirds of the gold used in the world. Payment in silver is equally untenable. Borrowing money to pay merely begins once again the vicious circle that keeps revolving until one of the participants is forced to drop out.

Yet if some magical way could be found to overcome these impediments, there still remains essential reasons why the United States could not receive payment. A significant proportion of our trade is with foreign countries. Though the total comes only to around ten per cent of our annual domestic trade, this figure includes nearly fifty per cent of our cotton crop, twenty per cent of wheat and twenty per cent of automobiles. No amount of domestic readjustment would permit us to use twice as much cotton as we normally grow.

And yet if we were to enforce collection upon our debts we would most certainly destroy or impair their financial life to such an extent that American trade would be handicapped. The international depression has forced upon us the recognition that the world is an economically inter-dependent unit, and if certain sections are unhealthy it must necessarily effect the general well-being of the entire system. The United States will not prosper by gaining in her left hand and losing in her right. Lloyd George was right when he reminded us that, "The entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as a customer."

There still remains the possibility of America accepting the goods of the Allies in payment. But if we were to follow out this plan, the result it would have upon our industries is too obvious to need elaboration.

\*"The Truth About Reparations," David Lloyd George.



Likewise there is the rather remote possibility of accepting some foreign territory, particularly from England, in lieu of the obligation. However the American people are averse to acquiring extra-territorial possessions which frequently turn out to be as much of a liability as an asset. Various African colonies and Palestine were offered to Wilson at Versailles, and as contemporary events in that ill-fated home of the Jews have shown, we were fortunate to have declined.

Paradoxically then, it appears that international indebtedness curses those who would receive as well as those who would give. Contrast this with the stimulus to a freer intercourse of trade and the resurgence of confidence which the complete cancellation of debts would furnish to a sluggish Europe. The situation has been realistically approached by Frank H. Simonds who tells us:\*

If the war debts are then in fact dead, it is plainly the duty of sound statesmanship acting in the interests alike of economic and financial sanitation to bury them as promptly as possible.

This stand is in complete harmony with that of H. G. Moulton, our greatest authority on the subject when he says:\*\*

Our answer to the two fundamental questions . . . is unequivocal:

1) A complete obliteration of all reparations and war debts obligations would promote rather than retard world economic prosperity.

2) The collection of these inter-governmental debts would be economically detrimental, rather than beneficial to the creditor countries.

The question of moral responsibility will arise but in the face of these hard economic realities, there can be no doubt that the discharge of the debt is not only impossible but also undesirable. The fact that the possibility of payment, other than "token" offerings, is very improbable, should not deter us from an appreciation of the true state of affairs. If the average American would examine into the issue a bit more thoroughly and sympathetically, I believe it would somewhat temper the hostility which he delights in displaying toward his cousins across the Atlantic. It would afford him a better and saner view of this problem which has all too long been a source of friction, bickering and misunderstanding. It is, after all, only upon understanding our neighbor that we can make friends with him.

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\*"The ABC of War Debts," Frank H. Simonds.

\*\*"War Debts and World Prosperity," H. G. Moulton and Leo Pasvolsky, Brookings Institute.

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## In The Light Of Polaroid

• By Dick Welch

The writer is a freshman engineer. He tells about something new in the world of invention. The human interest of the article is that the inventor was a student in a college laboratory a few years ago. Engineers, the Exponent welcomes articles in the field of science and invention, written in a popular vein. Will you be our next contributor?

**O**NE of the crack transcontinental streamliners of the Union Pacific is the "City of Los Angeles," and the chief feature of the "City of Los Angeles" this year will be its new observation car, the "Copper King." This car is important because it is equipped with something new under the sun, something that man has never seen before, nor used: the so-called

variable-density window. When you look at or through the "Copper King's" windows there is nothing to indicate that they possess any magic quality. They are round, have no shades nor shutters, and their color when open is a neutral gray. They are composed of two glass disks, one of which is fixed. The inner disk, however, rotates when the passenger turns a crank; and as it rotates the light from the outside world grows dim, and is ultimately, at the end of a quarter turn, blocked out entirely in purple darkness. There are twenty-nine of these wonderful windows in the "Copper King," and gadget-loving passengers will never tire of playing with them. They cost the Union Pacific \$175 each. And of that handsome price, \$90 went to a Boston company called Polaroid



Corporation, sole owner, patent holder, and manufacturer of a strange product called Polaroid.

Polaroid gets its name from the fact that it polarizes light waves, that is to say, gives them a definite direction as they pass through it. With Polaroid, man is in reality conditioning light, and he may come to speak of light conditioning just as he now speaks of air conditioning.

The progress of light conditioning will inevitably be faster than that of air conditioning, because Polaroid, while expensive in comparison with glass, involves no big investment. It has now been on the market only three years. But already people are wearing it in sunglasses, doing research with it in microscopes, telescopes, and other optical instruments, reading by it in lamps, using it in advertising color displays, taking pictures with it in cameras, and looking through it in binoculars. Children play with it in educational toys. It has produced colored movies in three dimensions. And every automobile driver in America may soon be demanding it because it is capable of eliminating headlight glare completely and forever.

In appearance Polaroid is a very ordinary substance. It is a flexible, transparent sheet averaging three-thousandths of an inch in thickness, which looks and handles like Cellophane but is darker. The sheet itself is a colloidal suspension of crystals, several thousand billion to the square inch and all lying parallel. The crystals are so tiny and so closely packed that the structure of the sheet cannot be seen except under polarized light and magnified 1,100 times by a microscope. It is in the form of this thin sheet that Polaroid comes out of the processing machine. For the protection of the fragile crystals, Polaroid is regularly sold between two sheets of safety film or two sheets of glass.

If you examine a milk bottle through

Polaroid, rainbow-colored stripes reveal the places where the glass has been improperly annealed. Polarized light is one of the few mediums through which films a mere molecule in thickness can be seen. It enables jewelers to tell real from artificial gems. It shows defects in silk stockings or sausage casings. It has produced three-dimensional X-rays, and an inventor is now trying to adapt it to the fluoroscope in such a way that doctors may be able to look into the human body and see in its depths the heart or any other organ at work. But for the average man perhaps one of the most interesting applications of Polaroid is its use on the water. It eliminates surface glare, and it enables the eye to see into water much more deeply than normally. A camera equipped with Polaroid can photograph a submerged submarine. And many deep-sea fishermen who find sunglasses necessary prefer polarized glasses, because they disclose the fish rising for the bait just before the strike.

The brilliant young inventor of Polaroid, Edwin H. Land, who is now twenty-nine, has complete control of Polaroid Corporation, though he does not own a majority of its common stock. To understand how this came about you go back to a Harvard physics laboratory to find young Mr. Land, then about twenty, indulging in long after-class discussions with a physics instructor, George Wheelwright III, now a Polaroid Vice President. Land had a shock of black hair, dark piercing eyes, a jerky manner, and a sophisticated but incurable enthusiasm about almost everything in the world but especially about a light polarizer that he had devised in his teens in a rudimentary home laboratory. Mr. Wheelwright, on the other hand, besides a thorough knowledge of physics and a keen sense of judgment regarding human nature, had money. It was a perfect team. Land never took the trouble to graduate from Harvard; but after he had produced his first successful polarizer, Harvard gave him a laboratory. In 1932, he and Mr. Wheelwright decided to set themselves up in business.





# Murder In A Fair Way

• By Charles J. Litkowski

What drama one discovers in the courts! What heart-rending tales of tragedies resultant from a person's persecution-complex! But, of course, the story is not a tragedy but just a bit of humor that we believe you will enjoy.

**Place**—Montgomery County Municipal Court.

**Time**—Too much.

Curtain opens, revealing a court in session. The prosecution has just finished building up its case in the **State vs. Charles Johnson**.

**Prosecuting Attorney:** Your Honor, the prosecution rests. (Sits down.)

**Attorney for the Defense:** (Rising), If it so pleases Your Honor, I have only one witness to present, the defendant, Charles Johnson.

**Judge:** Very well, proceed. (To the Bailiff), Call Charles Johnson to the stand.

**Bailiff:** Charles Johnson, take the stand, please. (Charles Johnson rises and strolls nonchalantly up to the witness chair, and stands before it.) Raise your right hand. (Reads), Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Charles Johnson:** I do.

**Bailiff:** Your full name, please.

**Charles Johnson:** Charles Marian Sylvester Johnson. (Sits.)

**Attorney for the Defense:** Mr. Johnson, when did you first notice that Eardie Holly seemed to harbor animosity toward you?

**Charles Johnson:** It was when we got to the second hole.

**Attorney for the Defense:** You may go ahead and tell the jury about it in your own words.

**Charles Johnson:** Yes sir, the situation was this. My third shot lay in the sand in a shallow bunker—an easy pitch with a niblick to within a foot or two of the pin for anyone who under-

stands the theory of niblick play as well as I do. I had the hole in five practically.

"Johnson," said Eardie Holly with whom I was playing—

**Attorney for the Defense:** This was Eardie Holly, the eminent lawyer, was it not?

**Charles Johnson:** Yes sir, Holly said, "You are all wrong about Freud. Psychoanalysis is the greatest discovery of the age."

"Nonsense! Nonsense! Nonsense!" I replied. "Don't be a fool, Earl, I'll show you where Freud is all wrong in a minute."

And I lifted the ball with an explosion shot to a spot eighteen inches from the pin, and holed out with an easy putt.

"Five," I said, and marked it on my card.

"You mean eight." This from Holly.

"Three into the bunker, four onto the green, and one put—five," I said.

"You took four strokes in the bunker," he said. "Every time you said 'nonsense' you made a swipe at the ball with your niblick."

"Great Godfrey," I said, "you don't mean to say that you are going to count those gestures I made to illustrate my argument as **golf strokes?** Mere gestures!"

"You moved your ball an inch or two at every gesture," he said.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Had you really done so? Remember, you are under oath.

**Charles Johnson:** I do not remember. In any case, the point is immaterial. They were merely gestures.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you take an eight or insist on a five?

**Charles Johnson:** I took an eight. I gave in. Gentlemen, I am a good-natured person. Too good-natured. Calm and philosophical; unruffled and patient. My philosophy never leaves me. I took an eight.

(Sensation in the court-room.)

**Attorney for the Denfense:** Will you tell us something of your past life, Mr. Johnson—who you are and what your work is, and how you acquired the calmness you speak of?



**Charles Johnson:** I am a scholar. For the past few years I have studied philosophy and psychology in various libraries. During my spare time I took up golf and it has been my habit to look at all the events and tendencies in the world's news from the standpoint of the philosopher.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Has this helped you in your golf?

**Charles Johnson:** Yes, sir. My philosophical and logical training and my specialization in psychology, combined with my natural calmness and patience, have made me the great golfer that I really am.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Have you ever received a square deal, Mr. Johnson, throughout eighteen holes of golf?

**Charles Johnson:** No, sir. Not once! Not once during the four years since I took up the game at Greenmont Country Club.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Have you ever broken a hundred, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** No, sir. I would have again and again except that my opponents and other persons playing matches on the course and the very forces of nature themselves are always against me at critical moments. Even the bullfrogs at the three water holes treat me impertinently.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Bullfrogs! You said the bullfrogs, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** Yes, sir. They have been trained by the caddies to treat me impertinently.

**Attorney for the Defense:** What sort of treatment have you received in the locker-room?

**Charles Johnson:** The worst possible! In the case under consideration I may say that I took an eight on the second hole, instead of insisting on a five, because I knew the sort of thing Eardie Holly would say in the locker-room after the match. I knew the scene he would make and what the comments of my so-called friends would be. Whenever I do get down to a hundred an attempt is made to discredit me in the locker-room.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Well, you took an eight on the second hole. What happened at the third hole?

**Charles Johnson:** Well, sir, I teed up for my drive, and just as I did so Eardie Holly made

a slighting remark about the League of Nations. "I think it is a good thing we kept out of it," he said.

**Attorney for the Defense:** What were your reactions?

**Charles Johnson:** A person of intelligence could only have one kind of reaction, sir. The remark was silly, narrow-minded, provincial, bone-headed, crass and ignorant. It was all the more criminal because Eardie Holly knew quite well what I think of the League of Nations. The League of Nations was my father's idea, God rest his soul. He thought about it even before President Wilson did and talked about it and wrote about it in "Vox Pop" in "Liberty."

**Attorney for the Defense:** So that you consider Eardie Holly's motives in mentioning it when you were about to drive—

**Charles Johnson:** The worst possible! They could only come from a black heart at such a time.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you lose your temper, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** No, sir! No, sir! I never lose my temper. Not on any provocation. I said to myself, "Be calm! Be philosophical! He's trying to get me excited! Remember what he'll say in the locker-room afterward! Be calm! Show him! Show him! Show him! Show him he can't get my goat."

**Attorney for the Defense:** Then you drove?

**Charles Johnson:** I addressed the ball the second time, sir. And I was about to drive when he said with a sneer: "You must excuse me, Mr. Johnson. I forgot that your father invented the League of Nations!"

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you become violent then, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** No, sir! No, sir! I never—

**Attorney for the Defense:** Can you moderate your voice somewhat, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** Yes, sir. I was explaining that I never become violent. I had every right to become violent. Any person less calm and philosophical would have become violent. Eardie Holly to criticize the League of Nations! The ass! Absurd! Preposterous! Silly! Abhorrent! Criminal! What the world wants is peace! Philosophic calm! The fool! Couldn't he understand that?



**Attorney for the Defense:** Aren't you departing, Mr. Johnson, from the events of the twenty-sixth of last April at the McGreagor golf course? What did you do next?

**Charles Johnson:** I drove.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Successfully?

**Charles Johnson:** It was a good drive but the wind caught it and it went out of bounds.

**Attorney for the Defense:** What did Mr. Holly do then?

**Charles Johnson:** He grinned. A crass bone-head capable of sneering at the progress of the human race would sneer at a time like that.

**Attorney for the Defense:** But you kept your temper?

**Charles Johnson:** All my years of training as a philosopher came to my aid.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Go on, Mr. Johnson.

**Charles Johnson:** I took my midiron from my bag and looked at it.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Well, go on, Mr. Johnson. What did you think when you looked at it?

**Charles Johnson:** I do not remember, sir.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Come, come, Mr. Johnson! You are under oath, you know. Did you think what a dent it would make in his skull?

**Charles Johnson:** I remember now. I remember wondering if it would not do his brain good to be shaken up a little.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you strike him then?

**Charles Johnson:** No, sir. I knew what they'd say in the locker-room. They'd say that I lost my temper over a mere game. They would not understand that I had been jarring up his brain for his own good in the hope of making him understand about the League of Nations. They'd say I was irritated. I knew the things people always say!

**Attorney for the Defense:** Was there no other motive for not hitting him?

**Charles Johnson:** I don't remember.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Mr. Johnson, again call your attention to the fact that you are

under oath. What was your other motive?

**Charles Johnson:** Oh, yes, now I recall it. I reflected that if I hit him they might make me add another stroke to my score. People are always getting up the flimsiest excuses to make me add another stroke and then accusing me of impatience if I do not acquiesce in their unfairness. I am **never** impatient or irritable.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Well, you are now at the third hole and the wind has just carried your ball out of bounds.

**Charles Johnson:** Well, I didn't hit him when he sneered. I carried the ball within bounds.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Then what happened?

**Charles Johnson:** "Shooting three," I calmly remarked. I topped the ball. Gentlemen, I have seen Walter Hagen top the ball the same way.

"Too bad, Charlie," said Holly. He said it hypocritically. I knew it was hypocrisy. He was secretly gratified that I had topped the ball. He knew that I knew it.

**Attorney for the Defense:** What were your emotions at this further insult, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** I pitied him. I thought how inferior he was to me intellectually, and I pitied him. I addressed the ball again. "I pity him," I murmured. "Pity, pity, pity, pity, pity!" He overheard me.

"Your pity has cost you five more strokes," he said.

"I was merely gesticulating," I told him.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did the ball move? Remember you are under oath, and you have waived immunity.

**Charles Johnson:** If the ball moved, it was because a strong breeze had sprung up.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Go on.

**Charles Johnson:** I laid the ball upon the green and again holed out with one putt. "I'm making a five," I said marking it on my card.

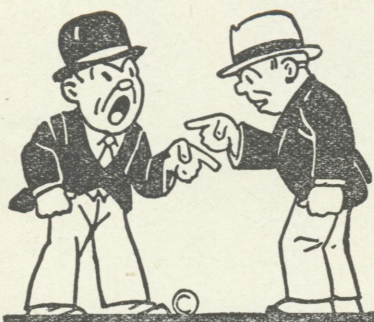
"I'm giving you a ten," he said, marking it on his card. "Five gesticulations on account of your pity."

**Attorney for the Defense:** Describe your reactions to this terrible injustice, Mr. Johnson. Was there a red mist before your eyes? Did you turn giddy and wake up to find him lying lifeless at your feet? Just what happened?

(Continued on page fourteen)



# The Editor's



# Soap Box

JAMES F. MARTIN, Editor-in-Chief  
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Ernest Sharpe  
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## On Student Government: The Prosecution Rests

During the past month, advocates of the Student Council, led by two seniors, Walter Steffen and Donald Coan of the U. D. News, have had ample opportunity to disprove by substantial evidence to the contrary, the serious charges brought against them in the January Soap Box. In thus refusing to produce any definite information as to their intentions in desiring the establishment on the campus of an autonomous Student Council, and in continuing a policy of general insolence, they leave the EXPONENT no choice but to name the drastic action, need of which was pointed out last month. Before delivering the crushing blow to this uprising, let us summarize the facts making the step necessary:

(1) The News is alone responsible for this debate, for making it a Roman holiday of personal recriminations of individuals. The EXPONENT'S first reference to the subject in November was not designed as a provocative measure, but as a clear, frank treatment of the question in the light of proven facts and past experience. Yet the News adopted an hysterical mode of attack, suddenly becoming inflamed about a subject upon which it had not previously deigned to comment. Smitten by the superficial glamor of the phrase "student government," Steffen and Coan have sought to educate the campus to believe a change in the present system would be of vital benefit to both students and administration. Yet they have not been able to present a single testimonial from either group supporting that assumption. It would seem therefore that a correct observation was made by the local Journal-Herald, issue of Sunday, January 29, that Steffen and Coan are merely interested in a purposeless "old-fashioned scrap," for their own selfish enjoyment, and will probably cease "when they

suddenly realize that spring is in the air," and proceed, willy-nilly, to precipitate another wordy war on a similar theme.

(2) In his editorial of December 2, Steffen blandly declared that a Student Council would seek only to "assist the faculty in matters amenable to student jurisdiction." Yet he was neither able to enumerate these matters, nor to show how the amateurish efforts of students would insure their more satisfactory handling. Indeed, the worst of the many flaws in the Steffen-Coan defense, is their failure to produce any program, even general in scope, or to give concrete evidence that they are laboring toward that end.

(3) Following the publication of the EXPONENT'S "Open Letter" of December, the News of December 16 disdained to clear itself of the reasoned charges dispassionately stated therein, and with great bravado and lack of courtesy, raised the standard of revolt by accepting this magazine's challenge, the while showering the person of its editor with misrepresentation.

(4) Finally in the edition of January 27, the News, in neglecting specifically to deny aspirations for establishing a student-dictatorship, tacitly gave more substance to the suspicion. Nor was it seen fit to identify the mysterious individual anonymously quoted on December 16 as the "brains" behind the News' lust for power. Coan fretfully termed EXPONENT opposition as an attempt to "wreck a perfectly good magazine," and raged futilely about "propaganda." This was a glaring faux pas, for it is reserved only for well-established dictators to abolish criticism which had proved so irksome before they seized the government. With Coan and others of his ilk in command of a Student Council, the first decree would eliminate free press, a reasonable degree of which now prevails on the University of Dayton campus.

The booklet of "Rules and Regulations," under section 46, page 15, includes among causes of dismissal from the University of Day-



ton, two counts which the EXPONENT believes pertinent to the case considered above. (No. 3) "The act of instigating others to insubordination and abetting them in their course." (No. 4) "An incorrigible spirit of discontent and of recklessness as regards the observance of regulations manifesting itself publicly and persistently to the detriment of that spirit of content and docility which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of discipline in a division."

## Sex On the College Curriculum: The U. D. Course in Marriage

As may have been noted by any who thumbed through the university catalogue in arranging their schedule for the second semester, now under way, the Department of Sociology is currently offering a course entitled: "Marriage, the Family and the Home." Though this is not the first occasion that the course has been given, its inclusion on the curriculum is evidence of a new trend in education, which is apparently becoming more and more comprehensive. As outlined in the catalogue, the course consists of instruction in, "The Christian concept of marriage; legal aspects; preparation for marriage; biological aspects; family finances; intra-family relationships; education for parenthood; family disorganization; the home."

From that description, it seems that provision has been made to equip students interested in the subject with all necessary data for a successful cruise on the allegedly choppy sea of matrimony. Within the past few years, quite a hubbub has arisen around the new demand for formal instruction in the mysteries of marital relations, and many universities have arranged such courses. Numerous magazine articles have set forth the value of "sex enlightenment." To come to the point, however, there has also been adverse criticism of the movement. In at least one instance\*, it has been condemned as another manifestation of the alarming swing toward "neo-paganism," especially in the American public school system. Does such a movement have any practical value? The answer is not so simple. There is not unanimous approval even among students, who are supposed to be the beneficiaries. The chief reason for dissent is the notion that matters of such a nature are so intangible, so much of an individual problem, as to defy solution through scientific approach. Considerable criticism has also been advanced because the popularization of sex instruction has tended to assume too extreme proportions, being extended throughout the educational system and even to pre-school groups. Hence the perplexity of today's parents: "How much shall I tell them?" Common sense provides the answer. Only an ignoramus would pass off the question with a careless, "Let nature take its course!" False

\*See Catholic World, August, 1938.

modesty and social taboo must not be permitted to wreck the lives of American youth as it has in the past. The problem of sex, like that of syphilis, can be treated scientifically.

No one will deny that the ultimate formula for successful marriage rests with the contracting parties. A vital factor is emotional maturity, lack of which often keeps the Court of Domestic Relations working overtime, and has made Reno and Agua Caliente notorious. A course in marriage relations should be a tremendous asset in developing the intelligence to cope with post marital responsibilities. Flunking it may have far-reaching implications.

## Politics Comes to Dayton: The Machiavellian Role

The long-drawn-out controversy on the question of student government on the University of Dayton campus, now considered a "dead issue" in some quarters (largely because of the ambitious but do-nothing policy of the U. D. News), has some interesting significances beyond the mere pros and cons on the matter, with which all are now more or less familiar. Since last November, a new element has arisen, which should go far toward producing a general enlivening trend in campus life, hitherto having been practically emasculated due to the unavoidable artificial nature of a college community. Regardless of differences of opinion, all students may share the distinction of having been witnesses to the dawn of political consciousness at the University of Dayton.

In thus calling attention to the abstract results of the debate, it is not intended to infer that there has been no intense interest in political affairs of national and international importance. Indeed, there has been a plenitude of the latter. However, politics viewed passively from the sidelines and on a second-hand basis as it were, are infinitely less engrossing and stimulating than the brisk clash of views in a localized area, wherein the individuals and events of the game seem more real, and the political importance of every person has greater significance.

Having assumed a conservative stand on the student government issue, the EXPONENT feels that a consistent comment on attendant subjects is in order. When a minority is always "in," and when there exists no constitutional loop-hole for "going to the people," the practical politician, to whom patronage is bread and butter, eschews the barren role of martyr, and climbs on the band-wagon of the "Ins," though such action may involve the sacrifice of heartfelt principles. In the words of the song, "His head rules instead, and he's wise." But politics, like football, are often so unpredictable, that some intrepid souls risk reprisal and a career of mediocrity to champion the cause of the "outs." There is always the shining possibility of a successful revolution!



(Continued from page eleven)

**Charles Johnson:** Nothing, sir.

(Sensation in the court-room.)

**Attorney for the Defense:** Now think again, Mr. Johnson. Nothing?

**Charles Johnson:** I merely reflected that in spite of his legal standing Mr. Eardie Holly was a moron and utterly devoid of morality and that I should take this into account. I did not lose my temper.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you snatch the card from his hands?

**Charles Johnson:** I took it, sir. I did not snatch it.

**Attorney for the Defense:** And then did you cram it down his throat?

**Charles Johnson:** I suggested that he eat it, sir, as it contained a falsehood in black and white and Mr. Holly complied with my request.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Did you lay hands upon him, Mr. Johnson? Remember now, we are still talking about the third hole.

**Charles Johnson:** I think I did steady him a little by holding him about the neck and throat while he masticated and swallowed the card.

**Attorney for the Defense:** And then what?

**Charles Johnson:** Well, gentlemen, after that there is very little more to tell until we reach the sixteenth hole. Mr. Holly for some time played in silence acquiescing to the scores I had marked on my card. We were even as to holes and it was certain that I was about to break a hundred. But I knew what was beneath this silence on Mr. Holly's part, and did not trust it.

**Attorney for the Defense:** You mean that you knew what he was thinking, although he did not speak? Go on, Mr. Johnson.

**Charles Johnson:** At the sixteenth tee as I drove off, this form of insult reached its climax. He accentuated his silence with a peculiar look, just as my club head was about to meet the ball. I knew what he meant, and he knew that I knew. I sliced into a bunker. He stood and watched me as I stepped into the sand with my niblick—watched me with that look on his face. I made three strokes at the ball and, as will sometimes happen to the best of players, did not move it a foot. The fourth stroke drove it out of sight into the sand. The sixth stroke brought it to light again. Gentlemen, I do not

lose my temper. I never do. But I admit that I did increase my tempo. I struck rapidly three more times at the ball. And all the time Mr. Holly was regarding me with that look, to which he now added a smile. Still I kept my temper and he might be alive today if he had not spoken.

**Foreman of the Jury:** What did the man say at this trying time?

**Charles Johnson:** I know that you will not believe that it is within the human heart to make the black remark that he made. And I hesitate to repeat it. But I have sworn to tell everything. What he said was: "Well, Mr. Johnson, the club puts these bunkers here, and I suppose they have got to be used."

**Foreman of the Jury:** Was there something especially trying in the way he said it?

**Charles Johnson:** There was. He said it with an affectation of joviality.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Do you mean that he said it as if he thought he were making a joke, Mr. Johnson?

**Charles Johnson:** Yes, sir.

**Attorney for the Defense:** What were your emotions at this point?

**Charles Johnson:** Well, sir, it came to me suddenly that I owed a duty to society, and for the sake of civilization I struck him with the niblick. It was an effort to reform him, gentlemen.

**Attorney for the Defense:** Why did you cover him with sand, afterward?

**Charles Johnson:** Well, I knew that if the crowd around the locker-room discovered that I hit him, they would insist on counting it another stroke. And that is exactly what happened when the body was discovered—once again I was prevented from breaking a hundred.

**Prosecuting Attorney:** (Rising quickly), Your Honor, the prosecution wishes to **Nolle** the indictment. My own recommendation is that he not only be released but complimented.

**Judge:** If ever a homicide was justifiable, this one was. (Turning to the jury), And I suggest that you deliver a verdict of **Not Guilty** for Mr. Johnson, without leaving your seats. Many of you will wish to get in at least nine holes before dinner.

**Jury:** (In one voice), **Not Guilty.**

**Judge:** Case dismissed.

CURTAIN.



# Monastery Modern

• By Clarence Wilkins

SYNOPSIS: A party of four (Jim, one female sporting outfit, one Beau Brummel, and one other chic bit of femininity) set out from our U. for something new and enjoyable on a Sunday afternoon in October. Jim drives them to a nearby monastery to visit his brother, one Father Anthony Elsener. In the introductions it is discovered that Father Anthony is the author of a recent best-seller, *Monastery Modern*. The party decides to quiz the author and Jim asks: "Why did you write such an unusual book as *Monastery Modern*?" Continue there.—C. W.

(Continued)

"That, my dear friends, is the question, which, if I answer completely will answer all your doubts. And yet, in a way, I will not answer them, but you will. I'll give you the material, as it were, and you will draw the conclusions,—I hope."

"You have heard lately pretty much of Catholic Action. Yet,—don't be scandalized at this,—Catholic Action is not, as yet, much beyond the theoretical stage! I do not say this on my own authority. An influential leader in C. A. informed me of that point in a recent pamphlet of his, and there he speaks likewise of the invincible power of Catholic Action.

"But wait; it's good I carry my weapons with me. I just happen to have a copy of the pamphlet in my pocket. I'll find the place in a moment."

Father Anthony's hand dives unerringly into the folds of his cassock and returns almost immediately with a mimeographed pamphlet folded lengthwise. He turns quickly to the second-last page and reads:

"'If it (Catholic Action) can be reduced to practice there is no doubt at all that it will mark the beginning of a new epoch for the Church and for the world.' He goes on to speak of his present project, the pamphlet, but I will make a little change there. 'If it can be reduced to practice . . .' That will not be an easy condition to fulfill for a theory so profound and far-reaching, as is the theory of Catholic Action; but it is towards the fulfillment of that condi-

tion that "*Monastery Modern*" wishes, in its own modest way, to contribute.'

"To begin with, or rather, to continue, *Monastery Modern* endeavors to prove that its title can remain just as it is; that is, that our monastery, and all that it represents and does—let me emphasize that phrase—that our monastery and all that it represents and does is modern and though modern is still a monastery, is still intensely religious, still endeavors to keep the word, Holy, among those marks of the true Church, One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic. The book endeavors further to explain a little more: if the monastery—and all it represents is modern, must not its members be modern? And so you have the modern monk. Like the leaven of bread he mixes with the everyday life of the world; he even dresses as does the rest of the world. They are preparing to become the leaders of the future, and so they are familiarizing themselves with their followers of the—no, not followers, but since you are what you are—with their **fellow-leaders** of the future. They are modern but they are monks, nevertheless. In their hearts burns a fire that the world seldom sees, but one that it will feel.

"Now, have we come to any conclusions?"

Beau Brummel gallantly volunteers: "It seems to me, Father, that you are prophesying that we are to depend upon and confide in our bishops, priests, and religious, as our fellow-leaders in Catholic Action, because they are of our time and life and are yet—a—religious-minded. Is that it?"

"Excellent. But that is just exactly half of what the book tries to say. But a little correction of what you said before we move on to the second half. You said 'they are of our time.' Remember that the true leader of C. A. is indeed of his time, but not **entirely** of it, for he must be partly of the future that he is trying to build. So at times he will find himself moving counter to the spirit of his age.

"But now for the second half of *Monastery Modern*. And YOU are the second half! The Catholic young men and young women of



America form the object-matter or the persons addressed in apostrophe."

Father Anthony's eyes twinkle suddenly, and then, just as suddenly return to their stern gray glance.

"Hmm, 'addressed in apostrophe.' You know, an apostrophe is a figure of speech wherein one speaks to an abstract idea, or to a dead or absent person. Sometimes I fear that I have been speaking not to the abstract or to the absent but to the dead. But that fear does not last long. For, I know that the youth of today is the same as that of all the ages. It works hard, it plays hard, it laughs hard, it loves hard, and best of all, it dies hard."

Father Anthony pauses a moment, and all five youths—for the priest can hardly be classed as old—keep a peaceful silence. The rest of the house is also quiet now. Outside the sun dips lower. It seems to be resting in and filling the little valley through which the gilded road leads straight to the little elevation of the monastery and then turns away from its base. The sun seems almost on a level with the group; and that is why our little sporting outfit can look through the windowed door into the hall beyond and see there the portrait of a ruddy faced priest made all the ruddier by the sun's rays streaming in so goldenly.

The other girl breaks the brief silence.

"Father you have merely told us that the American Catholic youth is the object of the second half of your book. Would you tell us now something of what you said to it?"

Father Anthony smiles. "With pleasure, but I warn you, if I get too poetic or dramatic, stop me. Our few moments of meditation made me pensive, so pensive that I wanted to repeat some of the thoughts of that I've written."

The young priest's expressive face suddenly flushes and his voice seems vibrant with energy as he speaks. His listeners are awed; he does not seem to be speaking to them alone and his words justify the thought. "Ah, Catholic young men and young women of America, I wish I had you all before me now; you, who do not know your own strength, you who have a great advantage over the youth of the past in that you are so well informed of the world's situation. I wish I had you all before me now, so that I could tell you—and tell you with positive certainty—what you are and what you must be.

You are APOSTLES! You must be APOSTLES!

"University men and women of America, you especially have a mission, that most important mission of leadership. You must study, you must foresee, you must plan, you must enlighten your less-enlightened followers. You must unite your efforts throughout the land, and it is even possible for you to unite them throughout the world. To you, especially, does our Pope of Catholic Action, Pius XI, appeal. Prepare yourselves. 'The Lord has chosen new wars.'

"True men and true women, you are and must be apostles not necessarily by writing or by speaking, but primarily by living Catholicity. Be sincere—that will take care of your whole life. Be manly men and womanly women; be these two and you will then be cooperating with priest and monk and nun, to live Catholicity and to prove that it is not only livable but loveable."

An awed silenced, filled with youthful thoughts follows Father Elsener's last words. "Jim," his brother glances at his wrist watch. "It's getting late, Father, but I have one more question. Could you tell us a little more about that fire which burns in apostolic hearts and which, you said, is seldom seen by the world, but will certainly be felt by it?"

"I could tell you more about it, but I know one who could tell it in a better manner. He is right down the main hall here, and if you'll walk there with me we'll end this little conference in a fitting manner."

The group moves quickly down to the very end of the long, cool, and cheerily painted corridor. In the second-last room on their right eight young Brothers are making a battery of eight typewriters sound just like a battery. The next room is a large study-hall. Its two doors are open and as the group passes it sees numerous young heads—forty-seven to be exact—bent quietly over books and papers. Miss Sporting-Outfit whispers:

"Are those the ones we saw playing ball and tennis when we came in?"

Father Anthony grins back.

"If they were good players, then these are the same. Excuse me a moment."

He steps into the room, selects a blue-bound book from the library lining the walls, speaks a word to the smiling prefect, and briskly rejoins his friends in the hall.



"Now, let's step into this classroom over here and finish our little tete-atete. I'll find the page in a jiffy. You see my friend is a book, written by a much closer friend, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, whom you all know, of course. And here's the place; you remember the subject was the fire of an apostle's heart.

"If you would prove it further ('the reign of Jesus Christ, preached, loved, adored, and living in all the universe'), go lay your hand over certain hearts that receive Him in daily communion, and you will feel the flame that His love has kindled. Go knock at the portals of the Carmelites, the Poor Clares, and the hundred other retreats of the saintly, and ask the question the world always foolishly asks such saintly souls, 'Did you enter into this place of prayer because you were disappointed in love?' And the answer that will flash back to you will be, 'No, I am not here because I was disappointed in love. I was never disappointed in love. My first love is my only love—the Eternal Love of My Lord and My God.'"

Father Anthony closes the book gently, and after an almost inaudible sigh, "But there are some of you moderns—indeed it seems to be a characteristic of moderns—who can see no farther than your noses—and those are pug! And

so you will remark deprecatingly on the close of this selection: 'Divine love? it's too ethereal, too impractical!'

"Ethereal! Impractical!

"I know you well enough to assume from my knowledge, that by 'practical' you mean that something should usually be tangible; and so I will, with your permission, include 'ethereal' in the one epithet, 'impractical' in answering it.

"If Divine Love is impractical, how does its fruit, the Catholic Church and its twenty-century old gifts to mankind, still exist? If impractical, how does our monastery exist? Carrying out your condemnation of Divine Love to its logical conclusions, you must stamp all love as impractical, for, according to Lacordaire, 'There are not two kinds of love, there is only one. The heavenly love is the same feeling as the earthly one; only its object is infinite.' If love, so truly ethereal, is impractical, how can you attempt to BASE YOUR LIFE upon it? No, no, true love is practical."

If any doubt on this point still lingers in your mind, patient reader, or,—what is much better—if you simply wish a more substantial proof of statements made, see me here again at this same "Monastery Modern," and I will promise to be more interesting. "More," that is, if I have proved interesting thus far.

## MEN WITHOUT SHOULDERS

Ours is a world that no longer debates.

Ours is a world that's extreme in its mien,—

Ours is a world that loves or that hates,—

Ours is a world that will ne'er see a mean.

World, you are frank: you are seeking the end!

Aye, the extremest of ends; but you want,

Yes, you're in need of a leader on whom to depend.

Him I describe in your fashion so blunt.

Men without shoulders, the world does not want;

Only the mighty in mind and in heart,

Only the genius, the saint, does it hunt.

Solemn, O world, are the thoughts you impart.

Lord, raise Thou a man among strong men,

Lord, Give him Thy Heart, and a mind that is strong,

Lord, give him all these; but especially then,

Lord, give him great shoulders to swing earth along!

—CLARENCE WILKINS.



# The Thirty-Niners

• By John Griffin

Philosophizing would seem to be quite out of place when one is starting out on a party on New Year's Eve. But then many philosophers have been queer people, and posterity reaps the harvest of their sober reflections, no matter what unorthodox times they choose to produce them.

**B**ELLS rang out announcing the birth of a New Year, and simultaneously each automobile horn joined the babble of gay voices sending greetings in every direction. New Year's Eve! Fun! It was fun to watch the girls and fellows in formal clothes standing in groups discussing a plan of action, or rushing forward when the matter was settled. There on a corner of a busy street I stood with my own crowd, listening only partially to their conversation, and letting my mind wander aimlessly through the coming year. Looking back now, I wonder whether other members of the party were sharing my thoughts to some extent. Did they, too, look on that capering, madcap, holiday gathering and know that all the excitement was on the surface? Did they realize that each one was facing with anxiety, more than merriment, 1939?

Something in human nature makes us love adventure, newness, uncertainty, and perhaps a kind of pride makes us cover up our fear and put on a bold front. It struck me that the whole town was doing just exactly that, while a million doubts were racing through American heads.

The bright New Year would bring its new inventions and novel productions, its streamlined cars, and its higher hair-do-ups. Involuntarily, I made a face at the thought of this last item, but it went unnoticed by my companions. Would the coming year benefit me financially and socially? Doubtless there would be other friends, many acquaintances and many places to visit, or in which to seek entertainment. With that came a hasty resume of motion pictures, with stars and starlets portraying in 1939 characters who lived in the distant or not-so-distant past. Maybe these starlets will head the list this year, pushing the older actors

into the nook labelled "has-beens." Dramatic schools would not stand alone, however, in bringing forth new names. No, over the country the two numbers "39" would mean another graduating class from elementary schools, high schools, and colleges. More job seekers are going to be turned loose on the world with the same old scarcity of jobs we have been hearing about for the past eight years. But there, that is a morbid thought, and a more pleasant way to think of the same thing is to say that the graduates are the new life-blood of a nation. In their turn they will bestow upon mankind their ideas and ideals, moving forward constantly, knowing only the word "progress."

Well, after all, that is one way to get the most out of life. I suppose my generation was right for once. We will be ready to face the difficulties when they come, but unwilling, as the saying goes, to cross any bridges before we come to them. It is good for us that we do not see all the difficulties in life or our courage might fail us at the outset. In that case there would be no great celebration tonight such as the one in which I am taking part.

From the haze and the muddle of thoughts running through my head, the realization that 1939 would be the same for the most of us as the year before was depressing to say the least. Yet certainly next year would find us in the same spot, speeding into another year and calmly putting old man "39" behind us.

Then, too, there is a matter of resolutions. It seems that everyone makes them and many do not keep them, except a few perhaps who have been endowed with an unusually strong will. The strange part about the subject of resolutions is that those who succeed are regarded by some as "sissies." It is unfortunate that many follow this order of procedure about making resolutions. (1) Consider at least ten good resolutions. (2) Generously, decide on all of them and strive to attain perfection in one leap. (3) Throughout January 1 and part of January 2, rigidly keep said resolutions. (4) Upon the arrival of temptation, reconsider nine of the resolutions and gently lay them aside. (5) Stick to the tenth resolution, however as long



as possible, which will be some time in February.

Without warning, a sudden thud between my shoulder blades jolted me back to reality. At the same time a familiar voice behind me called out "Happy New Year." Turning about, still in somewhat of a fog, I came face to face with a class-mate from high school. He gazed at me just for a fleeting second, as though I had come from another world, before inquiring about health, wealth, and happiness. After we exchanged some news flashes about other members of the class I asked my friend to join our

group. By now I had fully regained consciousness and introductions were in order. In a truly modern fashion the newcomer was taken into the group and made to feel at ease. Everyone was filled with the spirit and fun of the occasion, so it was not difficult to forget my reverie and join the merrymakers. Someone must have suggested a satisfactory way to celebrate and before I knew it we were well on our way.

The city clock said ten minutes past midnight. With some excitement and just a little regret I saw the new year was really here and I was one of the "thirty-niners."

---

### LORD, THAT WE MAY SEE!

What see'st thou with thy new-born sight,  
O blind man blessed by the world's great light?

"I now see men, as it were trees walking;  
I now see men, as it were trees talking.

"How marvelous a thing is night;  
In its peace I have felt life's awful might.  
But oh, what a different thing is light,  
And the love that it brings with its gift of sight!

"How I loved my peaceful, quiet night,  
Where I could find rest from ceaseless strife.  
But now, oh now I can see the light,  
And breath of the fire and the glow of life!

"I have felt the touch of my mother's hand  
As she tenderly soothed my poor sightless eyes.  
But now, as though of bright fairyland,  
I can see her, more lovely than I could surmise.

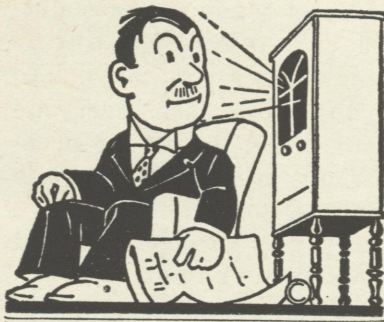
"I have heard the song of the meadow lark,  
And have smiled at its loveliness sweet and mild.  
But now, oh now by light's living spark,  
I can thrill with the sight of its beauty wild.

"And thus I can raise my eyes and see  
The wonderful things that I've felt and heard,  
And enjoy them more fully than formerly.  
By what greater gift can the heart be stirred?"

Ah, blind old man, though you've the sight  
Of the wonderful things of a wonderful earth,  
You are still blind, wholly blind to the sight  
Of the heavenly world of eternal mirth.

—ROBERT KNOPP.





# POTPOURRI

## JANUARY 23-27

Examinations are the steps in the ladder for some people and for some they are the downfall. Study, study, study, that is all the professors think of.

First they give us enough homework to keep two fellows copying and then they give us the examinations.

There are the evils of the examinations on the health of the individual. In the dining room John tells us that things were not so lively the week of examination and there was a decrease in the amount of food eaten. If this would keep up for any length of time it would lead to great distress and the students would wither away both mentally and physically.

My point is this. Have the professors spring the examinations at different weeks so as to allow the student more time to study the material completely. Instead of one week take two for the examinations. This would make it easier for the instructor because he could pray for Divine guidance while correcting the blue books. The first time I ever took an examination in a blue book I wondered why the color of the book was blue. Now that I am in college I know the answer. This color is made to coincide with the feeling we have when we get the books back and then the real blue from the books come out and smacks us in the face.

A successful examination is good for the students as well as for the instructor. Here is the time that the instructor receives his greatest pleasure in teaching. He knows now whether his work is successful and whether he can teach his subject clearly to his class. Likewise the professor realizes that he is forming the minds of the students and causing them to think in the manner that is worthy of a college education.

Examinations are funny things. When we think we will pass then we fail and when we think we will fail then we pass. Then if the

grade we get is good we take it easy and if it is bad we become discouraged. So what?

—GEORGE SHULLO.

## STREAMLINED

Walking into the men's lounge on the fifth day of the New Year I was astounded as I surveyed the luxurious scene before me.

When I say "luxurious" I mean in comparison to what it was before I left school for the holidays. The old, hard chairs had been exchanged for the latest style both in design and comfort. The old tables on which it was so difficult to try to write had also been replaced by the latest, smooth, metal-topped tables.

I imagine the school went to large expenses in outfitting the room with tables, chairs and davenports. But how can the expenses be considered when compared to the comfort of the students in their free periods. More students than ever before flock into the club room and enjoy the solid comfort that is offered there. With this new furniture they are able to relax and be refreshed when they go to the next class. The pool and ping-pong tables also offer a form of relaxation and put a keener edge on the wits of the students. This physical exertion helps to wake them up and to work the laziness out of them.

The furniture is the latest in design and as most advertisers would say, is "streamlined." Although it is not streamlined in the strictest sense of the word it shows the modern trend of the world today. The frame work of the furniture is made out of strong steel and finished in chrome-plating. The seats and backs are made of soft springs, heavily padded, and covered with fine leather. I think that we have a men's lounge that any school our size can boast of.

—ROBERT BEECROFT.



## DIALITIS

In practically every home today there is a radio, and everyone in the family listens to it. In my family each member wants to hear his own program: Mother likes her family stories; father must have sports; sister wants her hero plays, and I like the news, music, and comedians.

Mother's program begins about three in the afternoon, and continues until sister turns on hers. Well, just when sister becomes all involved in her program, dinner is to be served, and of course, is late, for sister must be humored. After dinner father finds his favorite chair in front of the radio. This gesture of his means silence throughout the family, while the world news and sports begin. This goes on until the rest of the family think they have a few rights also, and the round of its members begins all over. The radio dial is irresistible, and the more one yields to its lure, the more one becomes subject to the ailment, known as dialitis. When, after a few hours of this compromising, the family goes to bed and leaves the radio to sole pleasure, I am too sleepy to listen and usually follow to bed minus the radio programs I had resolved—so strongly resolved to hear.

—ELWOOD ROSE.

---

## HE SUCCEEDED

Most unusual was the silence that prevailed in the rooms and the corridors of Alumni Hall during the last week of January. This was the first time that I witnessed this phenomenon. (Of course, I am a freshman.) If you should wonder why all this silence then just take a walk down the corridor, choose any door and knock. Your anticipated words of welcome are not heard, but just a dull, unusual silence prevails. Perhaps you think he might be asleep, and you knock again. If so, brother beware! If you can't run, walk fast, if neither, hold your fingers in your ears and go away. Really now, isn't it astonishing what a few days in January can do to a student.

The proverbial burning of the midnight oil was carried out not only to its usual degree but it went beyond all limitations. The nights were not so bad but then came the dawn with a

whirling sizzling head that not even a bromo, alka, or a shower could clarify.

After much zigzagging and stumbling the poor student finally arrives on the scene of battle and after all his pre-night efforts can remember "nary" a thing. All is left to the fates and he hopes they get there fast. Meanwhile, a state of nervousness overcomes him. He flees from one question to another and to his great surprise finds out that he knows not a thing. A sly, sneaky look is cast over to his neighbor's paper but the writing is so far sideways and so small that he cannot see a thing. Dern that prof, anyway; he must get a big kick out of seeing me squirm. What did I ever do to him.

Slowly but surely there drift back into his head recollections of things taken in the class room a long time ago. Yep, by golly, that is the same problem the old boy worked on the board for us. By heck, this thing is simple. Oh boy, yep there are some more like this one. Gee, I'll pass this thing yet.

—AL LANGE.

---

## ED'S OUTLOOK ON COSMETICS

A U. of D. Ed does not wear cosmetics, but he must look at them on the faces of the Co-Eds every day. Today most people think the Indians are almost gone. They are not, for every day I see many young ladies painted up like Indians going into a war dance. This is the age of miracles of endurance, and it surely is a miracle how some of the ladies continue to live under the load of so much war paint.

A well known doctor once said, "Beauty is only skin deep; but preparation for a beautiful skin goes much deeper—it goes deep into the physical health of the young lady." I believe this doctor. Yet, there are some Co-Eds who use cosmetics lightly with good effect. The result of a light application of cosmetics is not an Indian, but a more beautiful lady with color in her face. I do not object to pale young ladies' use of cosmetics if these are of the most delicate kind. As for Eds, who have different opinions on the subject, I think that if they themselves wore cosmetics they might make a few concessions to the Co-Eds.

—ELWOOD ROSE.



## PORTRAIT OF A SOPHISTICATED LADY

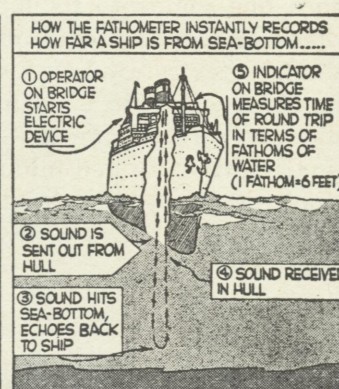
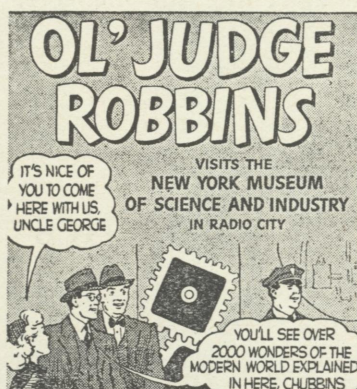
In describing the 1939 college girl, I find myself a bit prejudiced perhaps, as my idea of beauty is still a faded photograph of my mother in her teens. Within this short theme I shall attempt to mould the combined traits of all lady sophisticrats. Resemblance to anyone, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

She is attractive, but not essentially beautiful—is as versatile as the boys with whom she goes. The shield of her true emotions are dreamy eyes, a scornful mouth, and a placid countenance. These, combined with plucked

eyebrows, painted lips, and enameled fingernails, give us an outside view.

Her armor is a cultivated condescending laugh; her sword, the sarcastic chatter she dispenses. She prides herself on her ability to “dish it out” on the defenseless male. Her ability to “take it” is seldom proved. Hers is a charming “roadside” manner, and many a boy has remembered too late, that mother had warned him of girls like this. Her dancing is flawless, but mechanical. She looks upon any public display of emotions, as an exhibition of ignorance. She is pretty hard, but . . . she is entertaining, delightful, glorious, and some would consider worth a few hours of any man’s time.

—SAM THORNTON.



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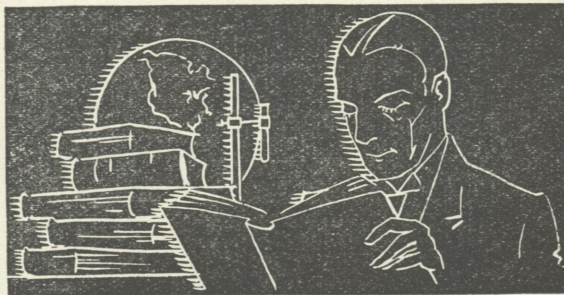
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# Book Reviews



## THE YEARLING

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Scribner

**The Yearling** is a book that will long be remembered by those who read it. It is a novel in which perfect technique is blended with ingenious artistry.

A real treat it is to read a good novel in which the author never intrudes or appeals to the reader; in which she maintains perfect consistency in her point of view, seeing all events and characters through the eyes of the hero of the story, Jody; in which the tempo is smooth but never monotonous; in which all the events of the story are natural; in a word, in which the author observes perfect technique.

Jody Baxter, his father Penny, and his mother Ory, live on a place called Baxter Island in the backwoods of Florida. The story is supposed to take place a few years after the civil war, but this has little to do with the story. The theme of the story is the awakening of a boy to the problems of life, especially that of securing food in the wilderness. To demonstrate her theme and to bring out her hero, the author tells a series of gripping events: the trouble with the bear Slewfoot; the trading and fighting with the Forresters; the eight-day rain and gale involving the destruction of the forest, the farm products, and the wild game. A good portion of the book is concerned with Jody's desire for a pet which he eventually found realized in a fawn which he called Flag. This fawn was indirectly the cause of Jody's realization of the meaning of starvation.

To her perfect mastery of technique Marjorie Rawlings brings ingenious artistry. She forces us to run through the whole gamut of human emotions. We rejoice with Jody at the enliven-

ing air of the spring morning. With him we are in wonder at the beauty of nature. With him we cry at the death of his friend, Fodderwing. With him we are happy at the acquisition of Flag, and with him we are angered and rebellious because of its loss.

A good evidence of the artistry of the author is furnished by her descriptions of nature which are so well woven into the story that to remove any of them would ruin the story.

The art in character drawing which the author exhibits is rarely found in modern fiction. Jody is a lovable character, always in tune with nature. He sees much in it that is his. He gives his heart to nature. The silver creek and the golden sunset all have meaning for him. He is not suckled in some outworn creed but he does see Spanish knights behind the trees, and hears the cicadas singing heavenly songs.

Penny Baxter, a kind father and a husband who is really head of his family, wins our admiration because he wins Jody's. We think his knowledge unsurpassed, his common sense uncommon. We admire his skill in handling men, especially the Forresters, and his knowledge of the ways of animals.

Ory is a good cook, but a woman who is rather difficult to live with.

The Forresters, Oliver and Grandma Hutto also come into the story and help to shape the course of events. All are drawn with imagination and feeling.

Such a novel as this should be missed by no one. Here is an opportunity to find out what perfect technique is, to feel deeply the great emotions, and to see men as they really lived.

—JOSEPH SCHMIDT.



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**FEBRUARY 28**

"The Psychological Foundations of Society." Mr. Jerome H. Gibson, M.A., Head of the Department of Psychology.

**MARCH 14**

"Is Franco Fascist?" Bro. John R. Perz, S.M., Ph.D., Head of the Department of Modern Languages.

**MARCH 28**

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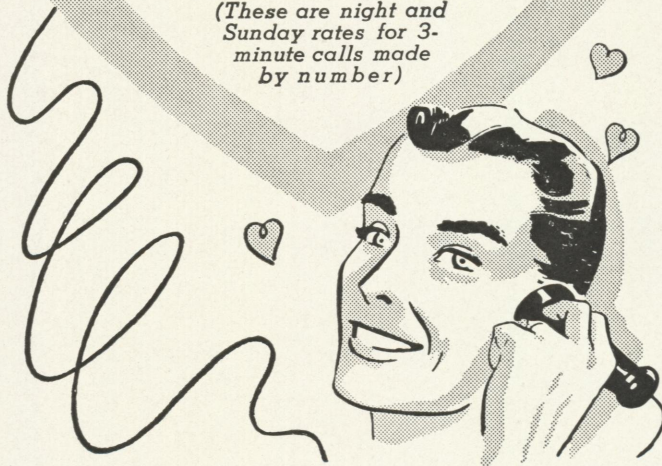


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