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The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1935

University of Dayton

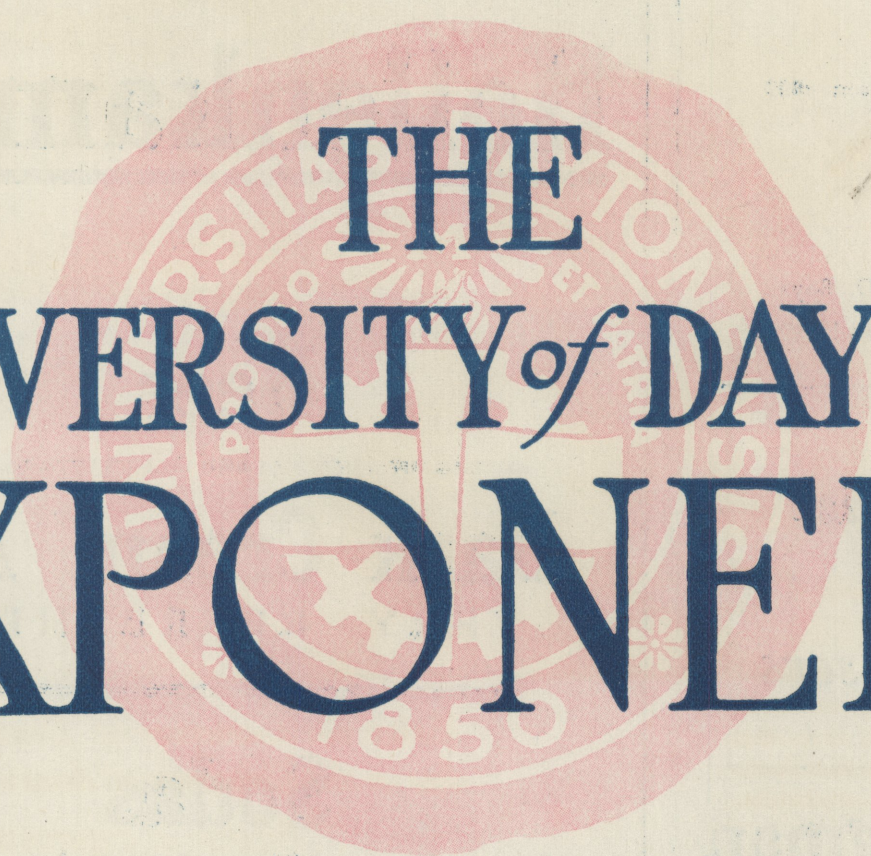
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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem with a red border. Inside the border, the words "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" are written in a circular path. The center of the seal features a shield with a cross and other heraldic elements. The year "1850" is inscribed at the bottom of the seal.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

April 15, 1935

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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXXII

APRIL, 1935

No. 4

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April, 1935

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The University of Dayton Exponent

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MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND

Vol. XXXII

APRIL, 1935

No. 4

EDITORIALS

MEXICAN SCHOOL OATH

(The following is a literal translation of the oath that all school teachers in Mexican schools have been obliged to take, or else quit their position.)

I in the presence of the Directorate of Federal Education solemnly declare that I will accept without any sort of limitation the program of the Socialistic School, and that I will be a propagandist and defender;

I declare that I am an atheist, an irreconcilable enemy of the Roman Catholic, Apostolic religion, and will do all in my power to destroy it, uprooting from my conscience all religious cult; and that I am disposed to fight against the clergy wherever and whenever it may be necessary;

I declare that I am disposed to take a principal part in the campaign of "DEFANATICIZING" and will attack the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion wherever it might be manifested;

Equally, I shall not allow any religious practice whatsoever to be carried in my home, nor shall I permit anybody of my household who may be under my paternal power to assist at any act of religious character.

I repeat the avowal of my full mind.

PRAYER FOR MEXICO

O God of Infinite mercy, look down with pity on the suffering people of Mexico, who, with their Bishops and priests, have been persecuted for years because of their faith in Thee and in Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son. Their devotion to the mother of that Divine Son has enraged the haters of Christianity.

Change the hearts of those modern Neros who have brought back to Mexican Catholics in the twentieth century the sufferings of the early martyrs, whilst the nations of the earth, and particularly our own, are looking on in consenting silence at the savageries of the persecutors of those who believe in Thee.

Give, we beseech Thee, O God, to the suffering priests and people of Mexico grace and strength to face martyrdom as have done thousands of their people during the past years with the cry of faith on their lips, "Long live Christ the King." This we ask through the intercession of our Blessed Lady of Guadalupe and in the name of Jesus Christ, the Divine Victim of Calvary. Amen.

Michael J. Curley, D. D.,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

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April Fool!

A reporter has an "April Fool" pulled on him. It was a raw one! The reporter, however, rallies, gets a scoop for his paper, thus profiting by the April Fool jokers.

"---**E**ITHER that or you're fired! Have a darned good story in here by nine o'clock to-morrow or don't come back!"

Harry Hirschman, one-time star reporter for the *Clarion*, shuffled his big feet as the "big boy"—the managing editor of the *Clarion*—laid down the riot act.

Oh, he deserved it! Hirschman thought grimly. He had gone out on a carousal that had lasted for over a month—ever since that lucky scoop he had when his story of the "Missing Elevator" (See October, 1934, *Exponent*) was flashed all over the world as the "hottest" news of the day. For several weeks now he hadn't done a bit of work, and the "big-boy" was getting a little tired of it. As a matter of fact he had told Harry so—rather forcefully, so forcefully indeed, that Harry looked a little pale a short time later as he soberly walked through the composing room and into the telegraph editor's office, where he calmly confiscated the editor's chair.

"How am I to get a good story by nine o'clock to-morrow!" he muttered grimly, scowling out from beneath his lowered brows. He scooted down into the chair until he was almost sitting on the back of his neck, and then savagely jerking his sloppy hat down over his face, he kicked the desk viciously and snorted:

"It's five o'clock now, and nothing ever happens in this town lately. To-morrow is April Fool's Day—I suppose that I could go out and . . ."

"Hey! Don't kick that desk, you fool!" howled a voice. "There's a bottle in that bottom drawer!"

Harry looked up and scowled at Jim Reed, the telegraph editor.

"Aw, pipe down, Jim, or I'll *drink* your precious liquor!"

"You better not drink *that* bottle, fella, or you'll get the surprise of your life!"

"Phoo!" snorted Harry, experimentingly kicking the bottom drawer with his foot. "I need a drink!" he thoughtfully remarked, pursing his lips while he watched Jim Reed out of the corner of his eyes.

Page four

• By Bob Wharton

Watching his chance, Harry sneaked the drawer open when Jim Reed turned his back, and he turned the bottle upside down over his mouth.

"Wah!" he choked, making a horrible face, "that certainly tasted terrible!"

A FEW MINUTES later the telegraph editor walked back towards his desk. He laid a sheaf of papers down in a wire basket and then, making a clicking noise with his mouth, he jerked his thumb upwards over his shoulder.

"Come on, you long drink of water, scoot out of that chair!"

He stood above Hirschman for a moment, making those clicking noises, and then raised his knee, bumping the chair. Hirschman's head lolled back upon his shoulder, and then he rolled limply from the chair onto the floor.

For a moment the telegraph editor stood staring stupidly down into the reporter's face, then with a muttered oath he stooped and raised Hirschman to a half-sitting position.

"Now what?" began the telegraph editor, and then his eyes fell upon the open drawer of his desk and upon the bottle Hirschman had sampled. "Oh!—Hey! Walter! Come here!"

Walter Penny, the city editor, seeing Hirschman's supine body, quickly ran over to him, and together they picked the reporter up and carefully placed him on a bench.

"What happened to him, Jim? Shall I call a doctor?" queried Penny, looking down into Hirschman's face with a great deal of anxiety. Hirschman was well liked by the newspaper men.

"No, he'll be all right," answered the telegraph editor. "The son-of-a-gun drank that drugged whiskey that we were holding for the police. He'll be all right in a few hours with the exception of a headache. It serves the dumb guy right!" he added heatedly. "You can't keep Harry Hirschman from a bottle of whiskey, even if you were to lock him high and dry on top of the Chrysler building!"

"That's where we ought to put him!" snapped the city editor. "He would be just as useful up there as he is down here."

Jim Reed eyed the city editor thoughtfully.

"By George!" he chortled. "What a swell opportunity to make Harry an April Fool! You've

made a great suggestion, Walter. Let's *do* take him up to the top of the Wilson building next door and let him sleep it off up there! It's very warm and he won't get sick."

"OH! MY HEAD!" groaned Hirschman, struggling up to a sitting position. "What happened to me? Where the heck am I?"

He glanced about him in puzzled bewilderment and then clutched his forehead as a shooting pain darted through his head.

"I must be dreaming," he muttered, as he dizzily got to his feet and stared about him in the semi-darkness. "This looks like the top of a building."

Kicking the small pebbles that covered the roof, he walked over to the edge of the building and leaned upon the stone balustrade as he breathed deeply of the cool and fresh night air.

"Why, I'm on top of the Wilson Building!" he cried, as he looked at the buildings that surrounded him. "Now, how in the world did I ever get up here? The last I remember," he added thoughtfully, glancing downward, "I was . . ."

He broke off short as he became aware of a large sheet of paper pinned to his coat. Pulling the pin out that held it fast to the cloth, he held the paper so that the moonlight fell upon it. He read:

"APRIL FOOL, HARRY! I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM BOTTLES! CALL ROOM-SERVICE FOR BREAKFAST!"

"Sarsaparilla!" stuttered Harry. "And I have to have a good story by nine o'clock! Oh, the fools! Now what am I going to do? It's nearly four o'clock now," he groaned, looking up at the large clock on the U. P. Building.

Agonizedly muttering to himself, he rapidly strode over to the door that led into the building. It was locked and was too sturdy to be forced.

"Well," said Hirschman hopelessly, "I could get down if I could fly—but that's the only way!"

He walked slowly over to the edge of the roof and looked down at the building.

"If I could only reach those windows, but it can't be done," he sighed, looking over towards the building adjacent to the one on which he was standing.

It rose several stories above the roof that he stood upon, and his eyes slowly traveled up and down the length of the building. His heart leaped up and his eyes fell upon a three-foot ledge several feet below the level of the roof that he stood upon.

"Well, good old Mutual Building," he called, "here we come!"

In a few seconds he was upon the ledge, carefully creeping along, testing the windows as he went. He had tested two windows, and had just

made up his mind to break the one in front of him, when he noticed that a window only a short distance away was dimly lighted.

Creeping along the ledge, now thoroughly enjoying himself, Harry noticed that the window was opened wide. Peering into the window, he was about to crawl in when some sixth sense warned him, and he lay silent, looking into the room.

A man was moving about inside the room, and Harry shrank back in the shadows.

"He's going to shut the window!" thought Harry, and he was just about to call out when to his surprise the man crawled out of the window, carefully closing it after him. Luckily, the man started to crawl away from Harry, who watched him in stunned silence.

Making up his mind quickly, Harry decided to follow him rather than go through the window.

He allowed the man ahead of him to get a short distance in the lead, and then he began to make his way along the ledge. Once his hand slipped, and he almost went over the edge.

"If I fall!" he thought grimly, "I'll furnish a story by nine o'clock—but I won't be able to read it!"

A little more carefully, he made his way along the ledge, and he stopped and hugged the building closely as the man came to the end of the ledge.

"What now?" whispered Harry, as the man cautiously gained his feet.

In some amazement, Harry watched the man as he reached up his arms and pulled himself up to the window of the next building. In a thrice the man had disappeared.

With some trepidation, Harry waited a moment, and then swearing his most vicious oath, he reached up to his full height and grasped the window.

"Sarsaparilla! If he can do it I can!"

Pulling himself through the window with some difficulty, he landed on the floor with a thump that jarred every bone in his body.

"Human-fly Harry!" he muttered ruefully, rubbing a skinned knee with hands that trembled a little. "I hope I live to get the story that I smell behind all of this!"

Picking himself up from the floor, Harry began to walk down the corridor.

"Hang it all," began Harry, "I believe that I've lost him . . ." but at that moment he saw a light shining under a door marked 1705.

Softly approaching the door, he knelt down and applied his eye to the keyhole. Yes! it was he! He was talking on the telephone. For a moment Harry studied the man's face as he talked. He noted in particular the heavy black brows, a gold tooth that

flashed as he talked, and a scar that marred his left cheek.

Having fixed the man's appearance definitely in his mind, Harry applied his ear to the keyhole.

"—well, you can hear the clock on the U. P. Building chiming the hour, can't you?" he heard. "Well, the Governor always comes to his office at seven-thirty, and just as the clock strikes eight the Governor will die. I've got his desk arranged so that he will be in direct line. . . . How do I know that he'll be in the right position? Because I'll keep him there—by telephone! And say! I've got the evidence planted in his desk—and I'll expect that fifty thousand dollars as soon as you get yours."

As the man hung up, Harry was on to his feet and had slipped out of the window in a moment. There was one excruciating moment, as he hung at arms' length, seeking for the ledge with his toes, and then he safely found it and rapidly crawled back along the ledge to the "governor's" room.

"Governor!" muttered Harry. "Who could he mean? I don't know any governor in this building. Oh, yes I do! Governor Stoner! Now who could have anything against that good old guy?"

He carefully raised the window and slipped inside the room, where he cautiously looked about him.

"Now, what kind of a contraption can that fellow have set for the old Governor?" queried the reporter. "What was it he said over the phone? Oh, yes! 'I've got the desk arranged so that he will be in direct line,'—so let's see! gingerly sliding into the chair by the desk. "In direct line! Oh! I've got it!" he yelled, staring out of the window. *The desk was in direct line with a window in the building across the street!*

He picked up the phone and dialed his paper.

"Hello, *Clarion*? This is Harry Hirschman talking. I want a photographer sent up to the sixteenth floor of the Hazelitte Building to take pictures of the room directly across the street from Governor Stoner's office in the Mutual Building. Tell him not to touch anything there, but to take pictures of any apparatus or contraptions that may be in the room."

Harry broke the connection and then dialed the police station.

"Hello! Police Department? This is Harry Hirschman from the *Clarion*. I have a tip that a man with a scar on his left cheek in room 1705 of the building west of the Mutual Building is planning the murder of a certain person. I wish that you would keep an eye on him—but don't let him see you, because I'm trying to get evidence against him."

Harry hung up the receiver. Smiling to himself,

he leaned back in the chair—and looked out of the window!

"Wow!" he yelled, leaping out of the chair as if he had sat upon a red-hot stove. "I forgot that I was in line with the room across the street! And if there is a gun over in that room trained directly at this desk I don't want to be sitting in front of it—even if it is set to go off at eight o'clock!"

Tugging at one end of the heavy desk, he pulled it completely out of line with the window and the window across the street.

"Now" began Harry, chuckling to himself, "I'll . . ."

He spun around the next instant and faced the door, as he heard voices in the hall.

"Is it seven-thirty already?" he incredulously asked, looking at the hands of his watch which plainly marked seven-thirty.

A key rasped in the door, and without thinking, Harry slipped behind a big office chair. The door opened and a man stood in the doorway with his back to Harry.

"Won't you come in for a moment, Mr. Pierce? You haven't been inside for over a year now."

"No, no, Governor," replied a voice from farther out in the hall. "I must get in to my own offices. I suppose everything is the same as it was when I worked for you, though. Isn't it?" asked the voice, and Harry gasped and almost exclaimed aloud as the speaker put his head in the doorway and looked around. It was the man he had seen in the office—the very man who was plotting Governor Stoner's death! The scar on his cheek, the heavy brows, and that gold tooth made identity certain.

"Oh, yes," Harry heard the governor protest, "everything is the same."

And then Harry heard the remark that he had been dreading.

"Oh, but your desk has been moved!" said the man with the scarred cheek, and Harry noted with dismay the surprise in the man's voice.

"Why, so it is!" marveled Governor Stoner. "Oh, well! no doubt the man who cleans up at night moved it. But I'll see you later, Mr. Pierce," he added, as he came in and closed the door.

"Sarsaparilla!" snorted Harry to himself in dismay. "He saw that the desk has been moved, and now . . . but still," he added with rising spirits, "a bullet will come crashing through that window at eight o'clock, even if the police won't catch him calling Governor Stoner!"

Harry rose to his feet from behind the chair and confronted Governor Stoner.

"Governor!" he remarked, as though he had been speaking to him for some time, "I . . ."

"Well, bless my soul!" cried Stoner, almost collapsing in surprise. "How . . . Why . . . Where did you come from? What do you want? Money?"

"No, Governor, I'm sorry that I startled you. I assure you that I didn't intend to. I am a reporter from the *Clarion*," and he proceeded to tell the entire story, how he had been locked upon the roof, how he had seen the man in the room, how he had followed him, how the Governor's life was in danger from the bullet which was to come through the window at eight o'clock, and he told who the man was, and that that man had just seen that the desk had been moved.

"Well, bless my soul, sir!" gasped Governor Stoner. "I believe that you are crazy, sir! But it is now five minutes until eight, and we shall wait for the bullet! I don't believe that Mr. Pierce would do such a thing. Why, he was just asking my advice upon a certain case. Why he . . ."

"Wait, Governor!" interrupted the reporter. "I forgot. He said over the phone that he had planted certain evidence in your desk! Look through it to see if you find anything that doesn't belong there."

Mumbling a little Governor Stoner rummaged through his desk, at last bringing to light a large manilla envelope which he eyed in some surprise. He carefully went through it, his face paling slightly.

"These papers would brand me a thief and a swindler!" he said slowly, his hands trembling noticeably. "They are utterly false! They present damning proof, however, that my estate belongs to a nephew of Pierce, and it falsely proves that I swindled Pierce's nephew out of the estate. I see it all now," he added, and was about to say more when the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver.

"Oh, hello, Pierce," he stuttered into the phone, looking up at the reporter.

Just then the clock in the U. P. Building began to chime the hour. "One! Two!" Harry did some rapid thinking. "Three!" Pierce was calling, even though he had seen and remarked that the desk had been moved, that it was consequently out of line with the window! "Four!"

What was it that he had said about getting Governor Stoner in position by telephoning him at the right moment? "Five!" Then if Pierce was still calling to get Governor Stoner "in position" at eight o'clock, regardless of the fact that the desk had been moved, then there was something wrong with the reasoning that there was a gun across the street trained upon the place where Stoner's desk had been.

"Six!"

Quick as a flash, the reporter flung himself upon the governor, and they rolled upon the floor as the clock struck "Seven!" and "Eight!"

As the hour struck, the two men heard a sharp report, and from their position from under the desk, they saw a puff of smoke coming from under the desk, where a clever mechanism of pistol and clock-work were fastened.

AT EIGHT-THIRTY Harry Hirschman was busily typing in a room at the *Clarion*, when Jim Reed, the telegraph editor, sauntered carelessly in.

"Well, Harry, I hope you enjoyed the April Fool joke I played on you!" and he burst out in a great roar of laughter.

"Jim," said Harry, reaching thankfully for the convulsed telegraph editor's hand, "if you only knew the truth the April Fool joke is on you! You certainly did me a favor!" The joke's on you!"



A Long Wait Deserves a Good Trim

• By Beatrice H. Schneble

Here's a novel experience of a female of the species who, because the beauty parlors were closed, tried a barber shop. Next time you see a girl in the barber chair, don't get any fool ideas that she gets a thrill out of responding to the droning call of "next!"

THE concert to-night—and my neck-line was ragged. I called up the beauty shop, and learned, to my dismay the barber was booked up for the day. I called up several other beauty shops and was given the same answer. What was I to do? I certainly couldn't attend a concert with a ragged neck-line. Now, honestly, *could* I?

After racking my brain for a solution, I finally hit upon an idea. I would drive around until I found a suitable looking barber shop. At first I shrank from the thought, for I had never intruded upon the tonsorial precincts of masculinity. As I drove along a prominent thoroughfare I looked, first on one side of the street, then on the other. I would slow down and study the front of each barber shop I passed. *This* one looked unsanitary, *that* one was too crowded, and so on, until I found myself several miles from home. Like the girl searching for a perfect ear of corn, who was finally compelled to accept the last ear, so was I compelled to accept the last barber shop—or attend the concert with a ragged neck-line.

On entering the barber shop, I found it crowded with men—little ones, big ones, fat ones, thin ones, etc., etc., and horrors! there wasn't a woman among them. I hesitated a second, then started toward the door, but the head barber intercepted me. "Just a few minutes, madam. We'll be able to take care of you." A kind gentleman offered me his chair, and as I plopped down I firmly resolved this was to be my first and my last experience in a barber shop.

I rummaged through the pile of magazines on the table: a current Popular Mechanics, a racing sheet, a Hunting and Fishing magazine, and a dog book for dog fanciers. Disappointed, I sat down again and listened to the conversation going on about me.

What do men in barber shops talk about?

I found it was mostly about automobiles—the different makes, styles, prices, improvements, etc. I watched barber number one display his tonsorial

ability. He was busily engaged *trimming* a shaggy black head. The client was rather particular, and from time to time asked for a mirror through which he inspected the barber's progress.

Barber number two was *shaving* a man. The barber had a metal contrivance in his hand, which was partially filled with a pink liquid. He added a little water to it, then squeezed the attached bulb. Out came lovely fluffy pink suds which he spread on the man's face, then covered it with a hot towel. I was amused at the man enveloped in the towel. He tried to carry on a conversation, but all that came forth was a succession of grunts.

Barber number three, having finished his task, beautifying a man of pugilistic appearance, called out "next!" I jumped up and started toward the large chair.

"Sorry, madam, this man's next." Mortified, I sat down again. A pink-faced fat man deposited his Boston terrier on the floor, and climbed with difficulty into the chair. "As usual!" he said, and proceeded to go to sleep.

The little terrier's claws clicked on the floor as he ran up and down the length of the shop, inspecting everyone's shoes. When he reached mine, he gave a leap and landed squarely in my lap.

The little fellow tried his level best to kiss me, his little red tongue rolling from side to side, and his jaws working convulsively. If it hadn't been for the curiosity of a large police dog, who at that moment peered through the long glass door, I might have been compelled to play nurse-maid to the fat man's dog until the barber had finished with him.

The terrier jumped down and ran to the door, yipping at the top of his lungs. The big dog looked inquiringly at the terrier for a second, then sauntered on. The Boston terrier started on the rounds, inspecting shoes all over again. This time he helped himself to a young man's lap, and I could have shouted with glee when I noticed his face took on the same crimson hue mine had when the little dog appropriated my own lap.

The contents of a show-case attracted my attention, and I got up to look at the display. Barber number three sang out "Your turn next!" I didn't even look up.

"Your turn, madam!" (I was the only madam in the barber shop.)

Glory be! It must be my turn at last. As I climbed up into the big chair I glanced up at the clock. I had waited exactly two hours for my turn.

"How shall I trim it, madam?"

I told him I liked a feather edge.

Silence between the barber and myself—only the snip, snip of the shears and the whirl of the clippers.

Finally I felt a brush on my neck, then the apron was removed. Ten minutes had elapsed by the clock. I slid down, slipped into my coat, put on my hat, and paid the barber fifty cents. As I started toward the door I heard the man who took my place in the chair exclaim, "Women can sure take up a man's time in a barber shop!"

The irony of it! Only ten minutes, and I had waited two hours. Never again!

Big Steve Novak

The author knows his oils! He has heredity back of him in an "oily" way. He gives us instructive and interesting information on oil wells. There's love present even in the oil country.

THE men in the Texas oil fields still like to tell the story of Big Steve Novak—how he had made himself famous by his many brawls, had plunged himself into disgrace by losing a great fight, and then redeemed his lost honor by one great deed. Big Steve reigned several decades ago, when the great Texas fields were still young and had not been utilized to the extent that they are today.

The romantic period of "oil witches" and "divining rods" was in full sway, and supposed knowledge in the supernatural determined the location of hidden pools, instead of the modern geological instruments that are common to-day. Rough towns, inhabited by rougher people, sprang up in proportion to the price and volume of the new liquid gold.

A promoter connected with one of the new Eastern companies, anxious to make a big strike, had sent for a native "diviner" to test for possible pools beneath the barren mid-state fields. The gnarled old diviner, with his *professional* "peach twig" in his hand, walked for hours over the rough desert land, holding his crude instrument perpendicular to the surface and muttering to himself. If you had told the old man that instruments recording sub-surface geology, gravity, density, conductivity of the strata, etc., would some day replace his twig, he would have called on the powers of heaven to blast you where you stood. The only method of finding the hidden liquid was by his secret "prayer" to the Almighty, which caused his rod to quiver when it was held over an oil pool.

• By Jack Wick

To get on with the story, our "doodlebug"—as the oil men called these quacks—was testing the territory with his rod when he suddenly stopped short and faced his awed followers.

"Men!" he shouted, "the Lord has seen fit to guide us to oil! The rod has shown it!" His fixed stare bored righteously into his follower's eyes for a few moments and then he departed.

The promoter then went back to town to get a lease on the property as the first step toward drilling a test well—*wildcat*—on the new field.

The owner of the land was a huge half-breed called Pete. Pete was well known to the field men of the district for his bad character. His life consisted in working for a few weeks on new wells until he was fired for his trouble-making; then he would loaf until a new outfit came in and needed men.

The contract stated that Pete was to receive a bonus on the production—if any oil was actually produced. Pete signed immediately, with dreams of being paid well for his favorite occupation—that of doing absolutely nothing.

Pretty soon there were water lines laid, roads constructed, and equipment hauled to the scene of the proposed well. Finally the eighty-foot derrick was erected and drilling was to begin on the wildcat.

Pete, along with some Indians, obtained a job hauling equipment in a small cart. He wasn't sure of his land producing, and didn't want to be altogether left out of the money. These Indians would race across the bumpy sands in their mule carts at a terrific speed. Sometimes the carts contained nitroglycerin, but they would bump along regardless of the fact that one good jolt would blast them completely off the horizon. There have been such

cases of one bump too many, with a deep hole in the sand giving the only evidence concerning the catastrophe.

Then came the hiring of drillers, derrickmen—strapped high up in the derrick to aid in watching the drilling—and “roughnecks.” The roughnecks were stationed on the derrick floor to handle pipes and connections.

Steve Novak came in with the roughnecks. No one knew his past history, but his size indicated a good hand, and he was hired. Within a few days he had beaten several men in fights and was generally conceded the title of king of the gang.

The foremen noticed, however, that Steve was as good a worker as he was a fighter. Once the actual drilling had been begun, he made himself invaluable with his great strength and natural ambition. Such qualities are needed on the floor of a derrick, where the heaviest work is to be found, such as connecting and adjusting the long sections of the drilling apparatus known as a “string of tools.”

They were drilling with the standard cable system, consisting of an eighty-foot derrick and a series of tools joined in sections. This string of tools is raised and dropped at regular intervals, producing the monotonous tell-tale sound that indicates a well before it is ever seen. The great weight of the joined tools gives them a stroke equal in force to that of a steam-hammer. While the drilling is in process, the roughnecks must line the hole with strings of casing—one inside the other—in order that water and caving strata may be cased off before the oil sands are reached.

Progress on the well was proceeding very slowly, for the promoter did not want to lose his tools by breakage. If the driller should lose his heavy string of tools at the bottom of a hole several thousand feet deep, he would have a hard job of recovery on his hands. (Recovery of lost tools is brought about by ingenious instruments known as fishing tools, and the whole process is quite expensive.)

The field men worked hard and were well paid, so it was only natural that they would go in for the “night life” of the boom town—a jumbled conglomeration of shacks—in grand style. There was always plenty of excitement in the town’s tavern at night—brawls, crashing bottles, and occasionally some gun play.

Big Steve usually figured heavily in any sort of battle that might occur, but one evening he actually ruined the house with one of his frequent free-for-all fights. A well known “bad man” was staying overnight in the town, and proceeded to go wild in the tavern. The local men were a little shy about interfering, and Steve was sitting in comparative quiet in an obscure corner of the room.

A little waitress was delivering an order near the illustrious stranger’s table when the “bad man” suddenly grabbed her wrist and swung her tiny arm about his waist. He received an immediate and unsuspected reaction from the mild-looking little creature when she promptly splintered a bottle over his head. The infuriated stranger rose and grasped her by the shoulders, when he was gripped by the shoulder and spun around to face Big Steve.

The room suddenly became proverbially “pin-drop” quiet, while the two men stared at each other for a few seconds. Then the stranger aimed a blow at Steve’s face—and the war was on. With the patrons shouting and the contestants smashing everything they came near to, the place was bedlam. The men had never even heard of the Marquis of Queensbury, so each grasped any article of furniture and promptly splintered it over his opponent’s head.

It was a wonderful fight until someone put a heavy joiner’s wrench into Steve’s hand!

The crowd roared its approval of its champion, and a few made efforts to revive the erstwhile “bad man” who was now stretched on the floor. From that time on Steve was held in the highest regard and generally conceded the best man in the district.

He had one especially ardent admirer in the person of the little waitress to whose rescue he had so gallantly devoted his heft. She made it known, then and there that Steve was her champion and no one else’s. Steve readily accepted advances of his comely admirer and the girl soon had him tied hand and foot—and then some.

Of course, the girl’s stock went up about a hundred per cent, too. It was no small honor to have the No. 1 bruiser of the oil fields to escort you in those days! Every evening they were seen walking together on the town’s Main and only street, Steve plodding along with a glazed smile, and the girl hanging desperately on his rigid right arm, glancing about to see if every one noticed her giant catch.

Meanwhile the days were spent in completing the drilling of the wildcat. One day they struck!—a great pool from all indications. The oil flowed through the pipes at great pressure, but was brought in under complete control. No, it was no gusher. (Contrary to the popular opinion, the cases of gushers are comparatively rare happenings.)

Soon there were other wells producing on the land and the promoter was exultant. But there was another who was even more elated over the successful venture, the half-breed Pete, expanded about two inches out of sheer pride. The ox-cart driver was now a power in the community—in his

own opinion, and he was somewhat of a power, financially speaking.

He had bought a large automobile, and his chauffeur drove him to town daily. He built a garage next to his dilapidated dwelling that was much sounder than the older building. The most humorous thing, though, was to notice how the townsfolk took advantage of Pete's new riches—and of his thick skull! The proprietor of the general store would actually multiply the price on the tags several times when he saw Pete's car pull up at the door.

Another little luxury he thought he should acquire was Steve's little waitress-friend. Pete now considered himself the proper escort for the finest woman in town—the reputation the waitress had gained through Steve's attentions to her. But there was one thing, a very *big* factor that blocked this move—and that was Steve!

One week-end the carnival came into town and claimed the whole population of the district for its Saturday-night show. As usual there was a "World's Champeen" fighter who offered a good cash prize for any man who could last five rounds with him. The crowd immediately shouted for Steve! The little waitress, from her customary pendent position on Steve's arm, also asked her champion to enter the ring. She would be, she thought, even more noticed when Steve had beaten his opponent, as he surely would.

Steve reluctantly entered the ring, and allowed one of the Champ's attendants to adjust the gloves. As usual, the referee was provided by the show. The bell rang and the two fighters came together in the center of the ring.

The Champ, a veteran of the ring, began to lash out quick, stinging punches at his clumsy opponent. Steve would rush at the veteran, but the referee would part them, knowing well the necessity of keeping his ally, the champ, out of close fighting.

In the second round Steve became rather bored of this dancing about and decided to finish the champ. *Deciding* the move was about as far as he got, for the champ finally saw his chance and let go a hard uppercut right into Steve's chin. Steve staggered, and two more punches at his unguarded chin sent him sprawling on the canvas for the count.

The crowd was disgusted.

When Steve came around again, he was heartily *jeered* by everyone. Even his little waitress joined in the shout and walked away, chin in the air, with the crowd to another part of the grounds. Steve himself felt beaten. One defeat had plunged him from a hero to a cowering, beaten man.

THE NEW field was producing splendidly and Steve was working day after day on the derrick floor of one well after another. For several months he worked hard, never talking to his fellow rough-necks and avoiding the town as much as possible. He walked with lowered gaze, hoping no one would notice him or speak to him.

Then one day they were working at a new well. The men had drilled for several days but had not struck the pool yet. Steve was performing his duties, joining the sections of drilling equipment, when there was a loud roar beneath the plank floor. The roughnecks ran from the shed—and just in time. A gas pocket had been struck, and the casing was being shot through the air and up through the derrick structure.

Everyone was clear of the danger except the derrick man, strapped up on his high, commanding perch. He was shouting frantically and pointing to his leg, which had been smashed by a flying piece of steel. It was impossible for him to climb down the derrick in his condition, yet there he was in great danger of fire and further explosions from the well, or of being transfixed by a section of flying tools. The other men gazed up at him, spellbound by the danger and uncertain as to what they could do. To send another man up there after him would probably mean the loss of two lives.

Before anyone knew his intentions, Steve had rushed to the foot of the derrick and began his perilous ascent. There was no shyness or doubt about that climb. In spite of his great bulk, he scurried up the steel ladder and began to work feverishly on the belt that held the derrick man to his swaying perch.

After he had unfastened the belt, Steve swung the now unconscious victim over one great shoulder and hurried down the ladder before the escaping gas could explode or burn. He was running from the shed when a loud "puff" seemed to lift him cleanly off of his feet, and a great belch of fire enveloped the entire structure.

The spectators rushed toward the two scorched men and hurried them away from the roaring blaze that had by this time developed into an inferno. Both were unconscious when they were put into the rude field hospital, but Steve soon opened his eyes and inspected the circle of men with a wondering smile.

From that moment on he was even a greater person than he had been before his humiliating defeat. Even the wealthy half-breed, Pete, and his new bride, the little waitress, acknowledged him as the *greatest* man in the district! He once more held his head high, and his fame spread throughout the entire Texas area!

She Loved Bungalows

• By Bob Wharton

Just a short story of a first-grade teacher who loved the teacher of chemistry. His salary was small and the only song he could sing was "I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

"I'M so sick of living!"

Miss Durand was close to tears. Indeed, one was glistening on her long eyelashes.

It was lunch time, and the schoolroom was empty with the exception of one little sullen-faced lad and herself. She was the teacher of the first grade at Hawthorne Grammar School—and that first grade seemed to be so full of mischievous little rascals!

She wearily lowered her head to her desk, and that glittering tear slipped from the corner of her eye and splashed unnoticed onto the desk as she apathetically stared at the door.

"I liked little kids at first," she thought miserably to herself, "but now they seem so grubby and spiteful, and they're always dirty, and they tell such deceitful lies!"

Unhappily looking at the door that was scarred by so many little hands and feet, her eyes rested unseeingly upon the place where the paint was peeling off in a great patch. Suddenly the door burst open and the young chemistry professor stood in the doorway, one hand holding the door knob, the other clutching a small porcelain dish.

Wearily raising her head from her arms, she indifferently watched him cross the room toward her. As she watched him, the thought suddenly struck her that perhaps he wasn't so handsome as she had thought him to be. She used to think that his hair waving about was attractive; now she felt that he perhaps was a little untidy.

She studied his appearance as he stood there before her, and she decided that her opinion of the last few months *was* correct. He was *untidy*—and she didn't think nearly so much of him as she had at first. He *was* dirty! Look at his hands so horribly stained by chemicals. He even had a streak of black down his nose. He simply was careless. That was all that could be said. His old stained rubber apron hung sloppily upon him, and—look at his shoes! One of them had a hole in it where acid had dropped upon it. She turned away a little sickened. How glad

she was that she hadn't said "yes" when he had told her so stumblingly about his small salary, and about the tiny bungalow.

"But it has a great big back yard," he had told her a little wistfully, "even if the house isn't so much."

She had said, "Wait till later, when you have more money." She hadn't said it that bluntly or that stiffly, but that was what it had amounted to. She couldn't bear to think of living in a poverty-stricken bungalow. She had lived all her life cramped because of the lack of money. No, she couldn't do it.

Now, as she studied his boyishly enthusiastic face, she disinterestedly turned away and looked at the sullen little face of Larry Jones, who sat so very still, dejectedly looking out of the open window. Dirty little brat! He was always so full of mischief. His loud voice and sudden actions were positively terrible! She had made him stay in because he had misbehaved.

"Alice," interrupted the young chemistry professor in a voice that quivered in spite of his obvious efforts to control it, "I've got it at last! For years I've been working in the laboratory to blend this substance that I have here in this dish. It will do away with sham, hypocrisy, crookedness, and unnecessary conventions. And it will make me rich!"

"What are you talking about, Walter? Have you gone crazy?"

"No, no! Listen to me! I have an ointment here that will make you see things as they really are when it is applied to your eyes. If it is applied to the forehead one is able to judge things correctly, too . . ."

"But how in the world can it possibly do that? How did you ever . . ."

"You might as well ask me how it is that the perfume of a flower pleases you, or how the sight of—but wait! Close your eyes!"

She dutifully closed her eyes, and she felt his fingers lightly touch her eyelids. For a moment her eyes felt very cold, and then she opened them and stared around her.

"How ugly!" she exclaimed as she looked at the door with the paint peeling from it. "I remember

now! I remember how horrible I thought that door looked when I first came here, but I got used to its ugly appearance and didn't realize how terrible it looked. And look at this room! How . . ."

"Wait!" cried the young professor as she turned toward him with wondering eyes. "Let me put some on your forehead!"

Trembling with the novelty of it, she stood very still as he applied some of the ointment to her forehead and temples.

With a great understanding dawning in her brain, she slowly looked about her until her eyes fell upon little Larry, the little chap she had kept in because he was bad.

She suddenly saw Larry's mischievousness in its true light. What she had mistaken for badness was really only an excess of boyish energy, and for the first time she saw past his sullen manner into the clean little mind behind it.

Forgetting everything else, she called Larry to her and patted his head.

"Go out and play, Larry."

She watched his face light up, and as he smiled up at her, the worship in his face startled her.

She turned back a little dizzily to the young chemistry professor, who was watching her so kindly and understandingly.

With newly opened eyes she perceived his true, fine nature, and she became very ashamed of her actions toward him.

"Alice, you won't have to live in the bungalow now! I'll be a millionaire soon! Just think what an immense market it will have all over the world! Why, every country will buy it for judicial courts for the judging of men and cases, and there won't be a business man in the world that won't order some!"

While he talked so enthusiastically, she felt a new feeling sweep over her in a warm wave as she realized the depth of his upright nature.

Watching his eyes and seeing deep into his clean mind, she hesitantly took his stained hand into hers and whispered with bowed head.

"It isn't because you are going to be a rich man, Walter, it's because the ointment has made me see things as they really are. If you still want me, I'd like to say 'yes' instead of . . ."

A voice calling her name interrupted her, and with a start she looked toward the rows of seats and saw Larry Jones sitting there.

"Why, Larry, I thought that I had sent you outside!"

In some bewilderment she looked toward the place where the young professor had been standing. He wasn't there!

"Why," she cried, "I've been dreaming! Larry, come here!"

As Larry slowly walked up to her, watching her with his sullen little face that seemed to hold so many different emotions, she really did see behind his pose, and with a pang of self-revilement she sent the lad outside to play.

She started toward the door, but as she reached out to grasp the knob it swung open, and the young professor confronted her.

"I was just going to look for you, Walter," she smiled, looking up at his face, and noting a dark streak down his nose.

"Alice, I—I—"

"Walter, I've changed my mind. I'd like to change my answer to 'yes.' I've decided that I *love* bungalows!"



How Gangsters Grow

• By M. J. Hillenbrand

This article is the second of three articles that the author has written for THE EXPONENT. It is a sociological study of gangsterdom and a psychological study of the growth of young gunmen to-day. It makes interesting reading.

THE curse of every big city is its clums, and the curse of slums is not that they are pitifully poor—which need constitute no evil—but that they are pitifully wretched. People can be happy on an empty stomach, but they inevitably must be sad when over them hangs a vast oppressive pall of misery, filth, and despair. And it is a revolt, conscious or unconscious, against the society that has created and allowed to continue precisely such an atmosphere, which sends young boys into the course of training in crime leading to a full-fledged, heartless gangsters' existence and bullet-riddled end.

Of course, environment, associations, and opportunities are even more vital factors; of course, many of the most ruthless gun-men unaccountably hail from respectable families and neighborhoods; and not even a majority of slum-reared youths become gangsters—but in those who do, this spirit of defiance, of disrespect to the organism of which they form a beleaguered part is most important in the molding of that passive and plastic attitude allowing all of these other influences to work upon it, with no attempt either at moral or physical resistance.

So the process of gangster formation—and here I will treat only of slum gangsters, for with the others it is more a question of pure bad will or moral weakness—begins early, as soon as the youngster in tattered clothes can sense the distinction between himself, his weary-eyed mother, besotted father, and the gay wonderfully dressed people who flit through sporadically on slumming tours. Choose one of these boys—of no particular nationality, call him Mike—put him in a Chicago slum, and watch him grow from a scrawny “kid” into a bloated killer!

Mike has always played in the streets, picking up dust and dirt which he probably never has gotten

completely rid of at one time. Bill who is a little older, and whose big brother has already become quite a local character, tells him tales of plentiful money, police visits, the guns packed away in the closet—and then of the shattered arm and haunted look of his hero, who would slink out at night to the yellow-faced doctor around the corner! One time he does not return, and Mike listens to Bill's tearful explanation that “they got him,” but “I'll get them.”

A few years pass. Mike has joined one of the innumerable “kid gangs” sponsored by a shifty-eyed fence, a modern Fagin who gives the boys nickels and dimes for stolen radiator and hood caps. He encourages the gang to extend its territory of activities, to make raids on richer neighborhoods where the caps are bigger, shinier, and more valuable. There is little or no sense of wrong in this thievery to Mike, only a sort of vague pride in clever achievement, an attempt to mimic the larger-scale activities of the older boys who always dress so flashily and before whom the old folks blanch and turn aside.

But Mike is old enough to go to school. A puffy truant officer calls at the basement flat, gingerly enters, with dignity and ostentation declares that “Your son must be sent to school or further action will be taken,” and sweeps majestically out. Between drunks, the father hustles him off to the ugly red brick monstrosity of the public school building, enrolls him, and scurries off to the nearest saloon.

Within a week, Mike is down to see the principal; and for years a continuous whirl of insubordination, suspension, truancy, flunking continues—while the gangster is being developed.

Already he is allowed to trail along with the older fellows in the auto-stealing stage, who sense a promising recruit. He makes a fine, eager, alert lookout. A few more years and he can take his place with the regulars. But Mike has different and more ambitious plans. This is “small time” and only temporarily good enough. The famous “Forty-two” Gang is the only worthwhile goal!

This mathematically-named group, with headquarters on the West Side and composed of a varying number of the toughest young elements in the

city, has built up a most amazing record of immature degeneration. With membership ranging from some thirteen years up, it has terrorized entire districts, maintained its own wars, and entered into all the vices and activities of the older gangs. Of course, much that is fiction will spring up about such an agglomeration, but it is a well ascertained fact that members of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen are already confirmed drug addicts, drunkards, gunmen, and killers. They plan and carry out robberies on a large scale, develop auto stealing to a fine art, take rivals for "rides," and generally become the nemesis of the police and the chief recruiting grounds for the big chiefs of gangsterdom—if they last that long.

Fantastic, unbelievable—but true! There is no use in denying either the existence or the deeds of the Forty-two Gang, because it glares out, a big, black, unerasable blotch on the map and history of Chicago.

So Mike has his mind tuned to bigger things, he has hitched his wagon to a star, even if it is a shooting star—and the next few years drag long.

The day of admittance comes, and even the hardened veterans blink at the toughness of this kid of barely thirteen. By now the most hated entity in the world to Mike is the policeman, the "bull," and his entire make-up has hardened into a form of monomania, a selfish lust for perverted glory, for a reputation. Juvenile courts, friendly advice by well-meaning teachers, and paroles have but created a greater wariness and a hatred for what they stand for. He is the nearest thing to being irrevocably committed to a life of crime as a basically free person can be. His early vague dislike of conditions of life has faded into an even more vague but also more intense hatred of law and order, in fact of anything even remotely connected with the foundations of established society. He is just as much a potential menace as he ever will be, except in the experience and cleverness of added years.

Now Mike becomes part of a real unity of purpose, though each individual operates with certain characteristic touches. One may be a particularly clever police-baiter: he leads the patrols on a merry chase while the gang reaps a harvest in a jewelry store. Another may be a dead eye on long range shooting: he is delegated to eliminate rivals or recalcitrants who are a little too dangerous for face to face combat.

Mike owns no special talent in the way of cleverness, so for a while he works along with the file, always efficient, always dependable, always looking to the future. A perpetual sneer freezes to his face. He treats his used-up mother like a dirty dish rag; his father squirming in terror of snakes and demons

elicits only a sneer; and Mike, himself, is thinking of moving out of this "dump." He is scarcely human any more—and not yet fifteen.

Don't think that such boys are only imaginary, that no one could be so debased, so perverted, so utterly turned to stony evil at such an age! They *do* exist, and not as freaks, but as a fairly typical sort of phenomenon. The gangsters of nineteen and twenty are not made overnight; they are the result of constant cumulative training that already has reached such an extreme point at the stage of the Forty-two Gang. No wonder that the gangster can shoot down an old man defending his goods without a tremor, or anyone blocking his path!

Steadily Mike forges ahead. At sixteen he is a leading figure; at seventeen he is *the* leading figure. Soon he will be ready to step into the real racket. His preliminary training is completed, and the business of life is ready to enter its stage of fruition. Contact strings are out with the various gangs, offers are estimated, evaluated, for after all, Mike is no ordinary man, but a super-efficient machine of crime and death. He takes a special delight in holding the gun himself, in mowing down the ride-victim, in watching the expression of pleading fear, and in spitting at it, in seeing the body jerk and crumble up in a jetty of blood.

The big organizations swallow him up. For a few years he remains obscure, then he begins to climb. Even the killers from New York and Detroit copy his methods. Mike has made good! His career is at its peak. It was many years in preparation—and now it is nearly over. A misunderstanding springs up, he bucks the "big boss"; and the tabloids scream out the death of another gangster, found mangled and twisted and full of lead in a dirty junk lot at 39th and Kedzie—and known as a rising young gunman.

The funeral is splashy with elaborate floral displays and condolences. The grave is closed and Mike is forever gone from the society he hated and which feared him. Almost inevitably, the career of the gangster ends in this way, and it is an ending consonant with the life.

And yet something seems strangely out of proportion. This monster, "Killer Mike," was a lovable, dirty tyke fifteen years ago. How much of his life was he himself to blame for? That is the question perplexing sociologists and criminologists today; and only when they definitely find an answer will they know where to look for the remedies, and only when they find a certain remedy will they be able to curb the development of the gangster.

The answer to the question, and that certain remedy, I will try to bring out in the concluding article of this series.

Spuds

Grub! That's what they all growl about—in college or in the pen! This short story tells how a man reacts on grub! It reveals that even "taters" are good food—if "taters" aren't prison fare!

THE night was drearily dark and a slight drizzle pattered along the railroad ties. Two men hurried along the soggy tracks trying to keep on the wooden pins. Their tattered suit-coats were sopping wet and only augmented the chill. Their feet, inclosed in remnants of shoes, splashed a rhythmic cadence—almost a dirge. A shrill train whistle in the distance floated by.

"Trains! trains! damnable trains! That's all we've seen or heard in the last two days" sighed the taller despondently.

"Yep," was the curt reply.

"When will we come to a town—or something, Joe?" asked the taller.

"Well, Tom, out west here the rural population is almost nil," replied Joe.

"Oh, I say, I'm dog tired and it's about time we stop—eh what!" Tom gasped.

"Yeah, and now for the repast!—sarcastically.

They departed from the rails and went round to go under a culvert where the tracks passed over a dried-up creek.

"Well, here we are! Home Sweet Home!" sang Joe sarcastically.

"Yeah! Say, remember when we were in college how we used to get together and sing that song," said Tom.

"Yes, and I never dreamt how much those words could mean. Remember how we started out from school full of hope and confident that we were to be a success, and . . . why we were bound to get a job?" Joe asked in digression.

"Humph! and all those fine graduation exercises! You even gave the valedictory! We are the leaders of to-morrow. Sure! But where are we leading? To the dogs? Just look what we're in now. Wonder what our friends would say now?" Tom jerked heatedly.

"Nice speech, son. Bravo!" interrupted Joe, "but it lacks the requisite finesse of a college graduate.

• By Richard Kappeler

Besides this prattle isn't getting us any food or fire. We'll freeze to death soon."

"Well it's your turn to get the grub and my turn to rustle up some wood and paper for a fire."

"Like—you say! Where do you get that stuff about my turn?"

"Didn't I get the vittles the last time? Remember that dog chased me all the way?"

"O. K. Darn it! you always get out of that job somehow."

THE FIRELIGHT showed up fantastically on Joe's tattered and torn clothes. A week's beard bristled on his face. Joe had started a fire, and found some dried twigs and branches and paper enough to keep the fire going.

Tom wasn't back yet, so Joe sat trying to read by the meager light. The wind whistled mournfully through the culvert but Joe was used to such weird noises. He tossed the paper aside and began to think aloud, muttering to himself.

"Yep, we sure are in a straight, but there's no use crying about it now. Poor Tom! He can hardly take it, but he always was used to a better, more luxurious life than I, so I guess I can't blame him much," Joe soliloquized.

"But I've got to do something about it. No telling what he'll do. Might try to kill himself. We're bound to run into something if we can only hold out a little longer. What will I do?"

"Hey, what in heck are you talking to!" cried Tom as he stepped out of the darkness.

"Why, er, nothing in particular. Just talking to myself," Joe smirked.

"Don't you ever get sick and tired of hearing yourself talk," Tom responded.

"Nope! What did you get?"

"What do you suppose? What do we ever get?"

"Potatoes! Is that right?"

"Pretty smart, young feller. Yes, potatoes—potatoes. That's all we ever have—just dirty, sickening spuds! I'm fed up on spuds, I tell you. Do you hear—spuds!" Tom raved, working himself into a passionate vitrious hate for spuds.

"You didn't do bad at all. You got quite a few

spuds—and what's these? Ah! Tomatoes, and even a half a loaf of bread. Not bad at all."

"Yes, but we can't go on like this. I quit! Get me? I quit right now!" Tom flared up.

"Well, what would you do? Where would you go? huh?" Joe asked, trying to think hard.

"Don't be funny," Tom shrieked spitefully, hurling himself onto the ground.

He lay there silent for a while—and sullen.

Joe was really worried. Things were reaching a climax and something would happen soon. What would he do? It wasn't something he could grapple with, but something much more subtle. He racked his brain for some way in which he could instill hope into Tom's despondent heart and make him feel satisfied.

"Well, Tom, the spuds are finished. Here's yours," pushing them towards Tom.

Joe's grimy fingers eagerly caught up his own, unmindful of the heat, and he bit savagely into it with much gusto. Then he stopped short!

"Hey, Tom, you're not eating," he said puzzled.

"Of course, not. Don't be a silly fool. You can see that I'm through!" Tom yelled.

"Why are you through, Tom?" Joe asked gently, yet commandingly.

"I can't eat these spuds—worse than garbage—damnable spuds," Tom vociferated.

"Maybe you're not hungry," suggested Joe.

"No, and never will be," Tom snapped. "Tell me, why do we have to eat such slop when everybody else eats decent respectable food? Why?"

"But there are thousands like us in the same boat as we are," Joe reminded.

"Oh, yeah! I bet they don't eat half as rotten stuff as this, not even the worst bum!" Tom growled, persisting to be glum.

Joe thought long and hard. He had lost his own appetite. He vaguely remembered Tom saying, as in the distance, "You wouldn't mind going on alone, would you, Joe? I just eat up half of what we have and I'm tired of this spud menu anyhow."

Joe snapped out of his reverie and picked up the newspaper on the impulse of a good idea.

"Hey, Tom! Did you read about this fellow Toron, up in Chicago?" Joe spoke up, but continued before Tom could answer. "He must be quite a big shot up there. Listen to what it says that he did the other day," Joe waxed enthusiastically. Tom listened apathetically, a dull look on his face.

Joe read aloud: "Then Toron rose at eleven o'clock and washed up while smoking an imported cigar."

"Gee! that lucky guy. I can taste one of those cigars right now. Um-um-um!" Tom interrupted.

"Then at noon he ate a big meal. This meal was fit for a king. As he began, his girl friend, a cute blonde, called and she ate with him. It was opened with tomato cocktail as an aperitif. Then came a salad of head lettuce and mayonnaise," Joe read glibly on.

"Hey! cut it out—boy. It sure sounds good, doesn't it, Joe?"

"Then a tea-bone steak smothered with onions and French-fried potatoes accompanied by green beans and ears of corn completed the main part of the course."

"Golly! I'd give my right arm for such a meal," Tom gasped.

Joe kept on reading: "Hot biscuits and delicious marmalade and spices filled out the menu. Lastly, black coffee (Mr. Toron likes his without cream). And so same the last course of the d'hote."

"How could I eat such lousy things as these spuds after listening to such a description?"

"Then came apple pie a la mode and devil's-food cake. Then he finished with a big black stogie and chatted with the girl-friend. Then he bid the blonde a very fond adieu. As a sort of night-cap to all, he imbibed a stiff shot of good bourbon," Joe read dramatically.

"Gee whiz! that lucky duck! You know! some guys get all the breaks. Boy what a break to be able to eat like that," Tom whined.

"Then"—a grave halt—"Mr. Toron coolly walked down the death row to the little room where he met death defiantly in the hot spot," Joe ended grandly.

"Well! that's all. Guess he had his bad luck, too," Joe casually remarked, yawning loudly.

Joe chuckled to himself. His plan had worked, for Tom had already piled into the victuals and was devouring a spud ravenously.

"You know, Joe, this spud doesn't taste half bad at all. Nope! not half bad," Tom spluttered.

Joe didn't reply, but tossed the paper into the fire which blazed up instantly.

If Tom hadn't been so engrossed in his second spud he would have seen that the paper that Joe read to him from was only the comic-section page!

Black Rose

Black Rose is a three-scene one-act play with Scene One in 1864, Scene Two in 1900, and Scene Three in 1935. The characters are all negro slaves. We offer our April readers Scene One, which is complete in itself.

THE CHARACTERS

AUNT LIZ.

NIGGER JOHN

ROSE

BAMA

ZECK

THE TIME: Early New Year's evening, 1864.

THE LOCALE: Exterior of an old negro cabin near Savannah.

SCENE—A ramshackle cabin stands left, rear. In front of the cabin porch one sees the edge of a road that leads to Savannah. A young cottonwood tree stands right, front. Spanish moss drips lazily from its branches. Several jagged tree stumps are seen, mute evidence that Sherman had just made his sweeping march through this district. Beyond, one sees a tangled mass of bushes and trees. A rickety fence, made of young pine trees, crosses from the cabin porch to the cottonwood tree. The time is early evening, bright moonlight floods the scene, making graceful deep shadows against the silvery ground. A little negro boy is playing by the tree stump. He is "goin' on five." Far away, shots are heard. AUNT LIZ comes to the cabin door. She listens to the guns for a moment, then speaks to the little boy.

Aunt Liz. Don' yo' eber git ti'd, Niggah John. Come heah, yo' li'l ol' boy. I'se wants to see yo'.

Nigger John. [looking up] Yeh, Aunt Liz. [brightly] 'M I'se goin' to the pahty, too?

Aunt Liz. Da'ys not goin' to be no kin' ah pahty, night.

Nigger John. Not eben de white fo'ks?

Aunt Liz. Da'ys not goin' to be on kin' ah pahty, Sugah. No one feels lak funnin' atter all dat's hap'n. [suddenly] What yo' doin' day, Niggah John?

Nigger John. I'se playin' wah. I'se killin' the whole Yankee ahmy. [looking at Aunt Liz] I don' wanna go to bed yit.

Aunt Liz. Who said nuffin' 'bout goin' to bed? All I'se wants is dat yo' come heah to yo' ol' Aunt Liz.

Nigger John. But I ain't fru shootin'.

• By Isabel Hosey

Aunt Liz. Wall, I cain't wait till yo' kill de whole ahmy, Sugah, but yo' kin take a whack at Sha'man. He's the main one.

Nigger John. [with a toy gun] Pop! Dat's fo' Sha'man. [slowly goes to his Aunt Liz, who is sitting on the porch] Now, what yo' want?

Aunt Liz. Jist come heah to yo' ol' Aunt Liz. Closer! Dat's right. Now, what yo' wants me to tells yo' 'bout to-night, ol' Jack Rabbit er de swamps er what?

Nigger John. Tell me 'bout de wah 'n all dem Yankees.

Aunt Liz. [hearing faint reports of a cannon in the distance] Naw, we don' want to heah 'bout de wah. I'll tell yo' 'bout de—de—[looks up] 'bout de moon.

Nigger John. What 'bout de moon, Aunt Liz?

Aunt Liz. Wall, hit's dis way. Long, long time ago, dat moon up in de ol' sky look down 'n see a little patch on dis ol' worl'. Hit looks so purty dat he wan' to see it bettah. But de ol' moon cain't see hit 'less he shine brightah, so he put on his shinah 'n shine 'n shine brightah dan he eber shine befo'. [looks at the little boy again] Dat's why yo' allus see de bes' people in de whole worl' right heah in Geo'gia, 'n dat's why yo' see de meanest critters heah, too.

Nigger John. [almost asleep] Do dat moon see eberybody?

Aunt Liz. Yeh, Honey, dat moon sho' do. He look down 'n see ebery one.

Nigger John. Ebery one?

Aunt Liz. Dat what I say, Sugah.

Nigger John. Uncle Zeek, too?

Aunt Liz. Yeh, he see Uncle Zeek, too.

Nigger John. Wall, den why don' he tell us whar he's at?

Aunt Liz. [slowly] I don' know dat, li'l John. Mebby we'd bettah ast de moon. Let's do jist dat. [looks up] Moon, tell ol' Liz 'n Niggah John whar Uncle Zeek's at. [looks down at the little boy in her lap, and seeing that he is asleep she carries him into the cabin] [softly] Moon, whar is Uncle Zeek? [gun reports are heard in the distance].

[Rose enters, crossing quickly to the cabin. She is thin, cat-like, very black. Her movements are graceful, like a slender stream of smoke.]

Rose. Aunt Liz! Aunt Liz, whar yo'? [she crosses to the porch, looks into the cabin, then hearing gun reports, she looks toward the trees, rear. She walks slow-

ly to a ragged bush, picks off a leaf, and places it in her hair. BAMA, a young negro, comes up the road. He looks at ROSE a few seconds before he speaks.]

Bama. Yo' sho' look mighty purty, thar in the night-time, Rose.

ROSE [turning around quickly] Who dat talkin'?

Bama. Jist me, Rose; jist Bama.

Rose. Oh, sho'! Jist yo'. [suddenly] Hab yo' been up to de big house yit?

Bama. Dat's whar I jist cum f'm [walking to Rose] Dat's a mighty purty dress yo' got on t'night, Rose.

Rose. I'se wearin' it to de pahty.

Bama. Day ain't goin' to be no pahty. Massy Kolter say day ain't nuthin' to pahty wif.

Rose. What yo' mean?

Bama. Dem Yankees dun bus' everythin' up. 'N what day din' bus,' day tote off.

Rose. But day allus hab a pahty on Noo Yeah's.

Bama. I know, but not dis yeah. Dat place sho' look bad up dar. All de chahs look lak day's ripped wif a knife, 'n de pianee is out in de yard all bus' up.

Rose. Dem dam' Yankees! Bus'n us all up dat way.

Bama. Youn' Massy Kolter jist cum home f'm de wah dis evenin'. He's on a fuhlah, day say.

Rose. [suddenly] Ennybody else yo' see?

Bama. Who yo' mean?

Rose. I mean Zeek.

Bama. Ain't yo' forgit 'bout Zeek yit?

Rose. I neber forgit 'bout him. He's goin' be mah man soon's he cum home.

Bama. How yo' know he's cumin'?

Rose. I jist knows, dat's all. 'N when he does, he's gonna ast me to be his'n.

Bama. Don' wait fo' him, Rose. Be mine! be my gal! I'se kin make yo' happy. I kin be . . .

Rose. [suddenly] Stop de foolish talkin', Bama. My eahs don' heah yo', 'n my heaht don' eber. [smiling] How yo' know yo' kin make me full of happ'?

Bama. I knows 'cause I loves yo'. Dat's why.

Rose. But I'se waitin' fo' mah man who's cumin' back fo' me.

Bama. I mos' fo'got to tell yo', Rose, dat Massy Kolter seed Zeek up in Ohi'. He say Zeek in de wah, too.

Rose. Mah Zeek in one ah dem un'fo'ms! I bet he look gran'!

Bama. Not in de kin' un'fo'm he's spohtin', he don't.

Rose. What yo' say? Yo' jist mean agin' Zeek, 'cause he's mah man. I'se knows yo'. Yo' mean again' him 'cause he's in de wah, 'n bein' a hero, 'n killin' de Yanks.

Bama. He ain't fightin' de Yanks, Rose. He jined up wif dem, 'n fightin' us. [AUNT LIZ comes to the cabin door.]

Rose. Dat ain't so. [turning to AUNT LIZ] Bama,

heah! say dat Zeek don' jined up wif de No'th, 'n's fightin' us.

Aunt Liz. What yo' spillin' off at de mouf, Bama?

Bama. Dat's what Massy Philip say. I heered him. I heered him say dat he seed him in Cin'nati.

Aunt Liz. Yo' makin' dat outa yo' haid.

Rose. Sho'! He's mean agin' Zeek; dat's all.

Aunt Liz. Lawd Gawd! whar's Cin'na—what's de name agin'?

Bama. Mistah Philip say hit's Cin'nati. Hit's No'th—up in Ohi'.

Aunt Liz. Zeek in de wah; all right! He's fightin'; dat's right, too! But he ain't jined up wif no Yanks! He cain't do dat; dat's all!

Bama. Dat's what he say, dough.

Aunt Liz. But he cain't! He's one ob us. He wouldn't go 'bout tearin' de lan' wide open lak Sha'-man's doin', ah-cuttin' 'n smashin' 'n splittin' eberythin' he see. He jist cain't do dat to de Souf.

Rose. I don' keer what he fights, er who he's fightin' wif, jist so he cum back to me.

Bama. Wal, mebbly he cum back heah, all right, 'cause Mistah Philip say he seed him yestuddy in Savannah, but he ain't cum back fo' yo', Rose.

Rose. [suddenly] What yo' mean? Yo' tryin' to make me mad, dat's all.

Bama. He dun brung a gal back wif him.

Rose. Dat ain't so!

Aunt Liz. Who he brung back?

Bama. Some gal f'm Ohi'.

Rose. [louder] Dat ain't so!

Bama. I seed heh! Heh name's Ivie. I seed heh down by de swamps whar Zeek 'n heh's hidin'. I know hit's de trut', Rose, 'cause I seed dem bof.

Rose. [springing up like an animal] Yo' lie! Yo's a lyan', low-down niggah! Git out ah heah, fo' I kills yo' fo' lyan' 'bout mah man!

Bama. Hit's the trut', dough, Rose.

Aunt Liz. Yeh, Rose, yo' know dat Bama ain't lyin'.

Rose. [looking at them savagely] Yo' bof lie! Hit ain't de trut'. Zeek's mah man, 'n he belon' to me!

Bama. Yo' goin' allus hate me, Rose, fo' tellin' yo' dis, but hit's de trut'.

Rose. [screaming] Git out ah heah, yo' lyan' black snake! [sobbing, crouched on the porch] Yo' dun broke mah heaht.

Aunt Liz. Yo' bettah go, Bama, 'n let heh be 'lone. [BAMA exits]

Rose. Lawd, Lawd, I wisht de whole ahmy dun bus' his haid open! I wisht he was shot fru de heaht! I wisht he was . . .

Aunt Liz. I know, Honey, yo' ol' heaht fixin' to bust. Jist cry, 'n dat make yo' feel bettah.

Rose. [suddenly looking at AUNT LIZ] Yeh, dat's right, Aunt Liz. Mah ol' heaht is fixin' to bust! Hit's

full ah hate, hit's full ah hate fo' dat Ohi' gal. [*stands up, begins walking along the porch*] 'N I'se goin' get eben wif dat Ohi' bitch fo' stealin' mah man when I ain't dar. I'se got black hate in mah heah. [*looks cunningly at Aunt Liz*] I'se goin' ah fix heh!

Aunt Liz. What you' aimin' to do, Rose?

Rose. I go see Witchin' Mayee. She tells me what to do. I'se goin' to have heh fix up a quick chahm, som'pin dat's sho', 'n som'pin dat's quick!

Aunt Liz. T'night?

Rose. [*walking toward the swamp, rear*] Yeh, t'night. Witchin' Mayee kin tell me how to fix a gal dat stole mah man. [*she hurries through the trees. AUNT LIZ looks after her and slowly shakes her head. Several musket reports are heard close by, and she looks toward the rear, listening. She hears a sound, leaves swishing.*]

Aunt Liz. What dat?

Zeek. [*whispering*] Aunt Liz! Aunt Liz!

Aunt Liz. [*whispers*] Hit's Zeek! Whar yo', Zeek?

Zeek. [*coming around the cabin*] Heah, ol' Liz. Heah I is, comin' back to see yo'.

Aunt Liz. [*going over to meet him*] She stops short as Zeek comes into the light] What dat I see? [*to Zeek*] Tell me dat mah ol' eyes is playin' tricks on me, Zeek.

Zeek. What yo' mean, Aunt Liz?

Aunt Liz. Hit's BLUE! Hit is true, den. Yo' is fightin' 'wif de Yankees. Yo' is fightin' yo' own people.

Zeek. I'se fightin' fo' what's right, Aunt Liz.

Aunt Liz. Yo' shootin' yo' own brudders, jist lak ol' Cain did!

Zeek. No, I ain't, Liz.

Aunt Liz. Yo' goin' fru de Souf slashin' 'n killin' 'n makin' mis'ry, dat's what yo' do. Day's fru heah dis month. I know what dem Yanks do, killin' 'n burnin' 'n stealin' eberythin' day see.

Zeek. But de No'th loves de niggah. Day wan' to make him free!

Aunt Liz. No one loves de niggah but de Souf. He belon' heah. He gotta stay whar de sun am wahm, 'n de moon allus bright. Up No'th hit's cold, jist lak de people. Day don' love de niggah up dar, Zeek. Day don' know nuffin' 'bout him, dat's why. [*more shots are heard*] Heah dat? Heah dem guns poppin' off? Day's at it agin', de Yanks killin' 'n shootin' down de niggahs lak day was li'l ol' rabbits.

Zeek. But yo' still loves me, don' yo', Aunt Liz? I had a pow'ful hahd time ah gettin' heah to see yo'.

Aunt Liz. De li'l ol' Zeek I know'd ain't no mo'. He gone 'way 'n cum back shootin' his people. He even tote a No'th'n gal back wif him to laff at us 'n make fun 'f ah ways.

Zeek. Yo' wrong, Liz. Ivie love yo' all, jist lak I do.

Aunt Liz. Dat ain't mah kin' ah love, Zeek, shootin' eberythin' we's got.

Zeek. But dat's wah, Aunt Liz.

Aunt Liz. It's brudder killin' brudder, dat's what!

Zeek. I nebber t'o't ah hit that way, 'fo', Aunt Liz. I t'o't I'se fightin' to make yo' all free lak de birds.

Aunt Liz. I reck'n dat's what dat No'th'n gal tol' yo' to say. [*suddenly*] Whar is dat Ohi' gal?

Zeek. She's hidin' ober by Witchin' Mayee's cabin. Day's shootin' 'long de swamps, 'n ah thought hit wouldn' be safe fo' heh to cum down dis ebenin'. [*gun reports sound closer*] She cum tuh-murrah sho'. [*thoughtfully*] Yo' goin' to love heh, Aunt Liz. Yo' cain't he'p it. She's sweet lak de sugah cane, 'n soft, jist lak de cotton.

Aunt Liz. What colah? Light ah dahk?

Zeek. She dahk, she brown, jist lak de tobac' dat day grow up dar.

Aunt Liz. Seem lak heh mammy musta r'izd her wif a hoe!

Zeek. She allus singin' 'n laffin', 'n happy as can be.

Aunt Liz. 'N yo' love heh, don' yo', Zeek?

Zeek. I sho' do.

Aunt Liz. Wal, sin' yo' love heh so much, I guess I will, too, [*slyly*] dat is, efen yo' strip off dat un'fo'm 'n cum back whar yo' belong.

Zeek. I cain't do dat, Aunt Liz. Dat'd be desertin'.

Aunt Liz. Dat'd be what?

Zeek. In de ahmy day call hit desertin' when yo' quit fightin' 'n go ober to de odder side.

Aunt Liz. Yo' dun jist dat when yo' went agin' de Souf, Zeek.

Zeek. I dun what I t'o't was right, Aunt Liz.

Aunt Liz. Yeh, mebbby, but yo' don' know how Mistah Sha'man and his ahmy carried on heah. [*sound of gun reports*]

Zeek. Heah dem guns? I gotta back to Ivie. She down thar waitin' fo' me. She scared. I'se know she need me. [*Rose enters, stands in front of him, smilingly, her hands on her hips*] Hay, Rose! [*smiles*] Whar yo' cum f'm?

Rose. Whar yo' goin'? Dat's what I want to know. Yo' seem to be in a pow'ful hurry.

Zeek. I is. I's goin' down by the swamps.

Rose. Who yo' 'tendin' to see down dar?

Zeek. I'se goin' to see mah gal.

Rose. Yo' sho'?

Zeek. She down day waitin' fo' me. Sho', I'm sho'!

Rose. [*with a wild laugh*] Lissen to dat, Aunt Liz. He say "sho' he's sho'!"

Zeek. What's de mattah wif yo'? Yo' am plumb crazy.

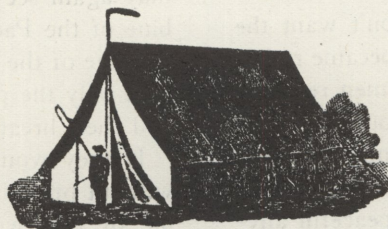
Rose. Mebbby I is. [*laughs*]

Zeek. Yo' sho' axin' lak hit. What yo' laffin' at?

Rose. I'se laffin' at yo' 'n dat gal ah yo's.

Zeek. [going to her] What yo' mean?
 Rose. [looking at him] I means jist dis, jist dat yo' aint' goin' to see heh, dat's what!
 Zeek. Whar is she?
 Rose. De las' time Ah see her, she was headin' fo' de swamps.
 Zeek. Mebby she cum to meet me.
 Rose. Mebby, but yo' ain't goin' to meet heh. Yo' aint' nebber goin' see heh no mo'.
 Zeek. [quickly] How yo' know? What yo' sayin'?
 Rose. Jist dis! I see Witchin' Mayee, 'n she say dat yo' 'n dat Ohi' gal nebber meet no mo'.
 Zeek. [brushing past her] I'se goin' to fin' out. Lemme go!
 Rose. [standing in front of him, laughing] Won' do no good, Zeek. She gone fo' good. [a loud gun report is heard, and a woman screams]
 Aunt Liz. [standing up] Who dat?
 Zeek. Hit's Ivie. She been hurt!
 Rose. [standing in front of ZEEK] Mor'n hurt;

she's daid! [laughs loudly] Daid! d' yo' heah?
 Zeek. [with his hands on ROSE's shoulders, he throws her to the ground. He stands above her, looking down] Yo' black t'ru'ntru. Yo' heah is as black as yo' skin. Yo' name is BLACK ROSE! Dat's what yo' goin' be called, yo' low down niggah, yo' witchin' BLACK ROSE! [he rushes through the trees toward the swamps. A loud shot is heard, and a low, sobbing moan follows.]
 Aunt Liz. Lawd, Lawd! day dun got mah li'l Zeek! But he died lak I wanna see him die, lak a South'n niggah dat he is. [she moans, rocking back and forth on the porch] Lawd, Lawd! de Yankees dun got mah li'l Zeek! ! !
 Rose. I ain't Rose no mo', he say. D' yo' heah what he say, Aunt Liz? I'se BLACK ROSE! [laughs as she looks toward the swamps] But no gal dun take mah man f'm BLACK ROSE. Dat's sho'! [she slowly walks toward the swamps, laughing wildly as the curtain drops]



Wanted or Not Wanted

• By John G. Hasegawa

The editor had quite a time to get the author to contribute this article. It tells in interesting style just what happened when the East and the West met in California.

THERE were two countries on the opposite shores of the beautiful Pacific ocean. Both were progressing very rapidly. One was inhabited by white people, the other by yellow people. One inhabited by the whites was a large country; the other, inhabited by the yellow, was a small country. The former was full of rich natural resources, the latter poor in resources. The people in the larger country had plenty of "elbow room"; the people in the small country lived much in the manner of sardines in the can—they couldn't swing their arms without breaking the ribs of one another.

One day the people in their black ships came to the island of the yellow people and said, "Come now! It's time you opened your gates to us. We are rich and we can use what *you* have, and you can most certainly use

what *we* have to offer you. Let's be friends and exchange things. It will do us *both* a lot of good." So the black ships, leaving white ribbons in the air, began to ply back and forth between the large country and its neighbor. Some of the people from the small country went over to the large country and found that there were lots of things they could do in that country. They worked hard and long for very little money, while the white people wrangled about getting more money for doing less work. The big inhabitants of the large country looked on with amusement while the small people from the little country worked all day like little ants. But the people with money, who hired men to do the work employed more and more little "ants," and soon the big inhabitants of the large country were beginning to wonder where their next meal was coming from. This was rather disturbing to the white people of the land, particularly on their stomach.

Some white people said, "It's not fair! We were

here first. These little fellows are working too hard and too long. We don't *want* them! Let's do something about them." These people found many others of the same opinion, so they had a law passed to prevent these little "ants" from coming into the country.

When this step was taken, the people on the opposite shore of the Pacific were very much surprised. They were very considerate people, and there was nothing further from their minds than to offend their friends on the other side of the ocean. But at the same time the little people were very proud people. There is a saying among them, "There is a half an inch of spirit even in a worm an inch long." So their surprise turned later on to resentment, because they thought that the white people didn't want them because they were *yellow*, and *they* were just as proud of their yellow skin as the whites were of theirs. This seemed rather a logical move for those who did not know the conditions that led to their exclusion, especially because there were no explanations forthcoming from the other side of the ocean to enlighten them on the matter.

Then those who started to say "we don't want the little 'ants' in our land" went further, and became rather discourteous to the little men. The little men resented this attitude because they were the most courteous people in the world, and anything that was not fine went against their "grain." One misunderstanding led to another, and the Pacific did not seem so peaceful anymore.

The little people in the meantime worked hard in their own little land and was progressing with remarkable speed, and the big people in the large country became alarmed and said, "Well, look at them! They will some day take our land away from us. We better look out!" So they *looked out* with a vengeance, and their precautions were so evident that the little country became alarmed in its turn and said, "Well! look at them! They are getting ready to swallow us in. Look out!" So they both *looked out* with a vengeance, and the skies over the Pacific were no longer

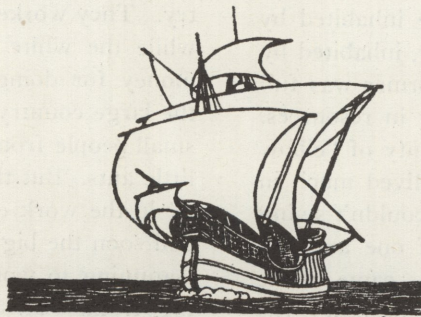
so blue as the sea, and here and there dark clouds appeared. It seemed like a storm, but it subsided, and again the clouds appeared and subsided. But the clouds, created by the people in one of the countries frightened the inhabitants of the countries, and they contributed in taxes toward the increase of lookouts. The lookouts in turn caused more fear, and more lookouts were stationed until they began to look at each other with suspicion on whatever they did.

Finally some of the people in the big country got tired of this eternal looking-out, and decided to create a wind to blow away the clouds that were frightening the people on the shores of the Pacific, by getting rid of the first step that caused the first faint rumbling of thunder. But they were rather late in starting, and the clouds are still there. But dark clouds don't always mean a storm. Good strong wind may chase away the clouds, and people of sense in both countries are anxiously watching the sky and hoping that the good wind will chase the dark clouds so that they may again see the sun smile down upon the beautiful blue of the Pacific from its seat in the equally beautiful blue of the sky above.

If only the people could see through the clouds and add their breath to the good wind!

If they would only learn to look upon each other without prejudice! Individuals to individuals, the people of the two countries seem to get along nicely, where there is no prejudice to make them put out the wrong foot or the wrong hand. White or yellow, they are both equally intelligent, equally kind, equally everything else. But as soon as they stop looking at each other and look up at the sky, they are frightened by the dark clouds! If they would only get over being stupidly frightened by the clouds and add their breaths to clear away the clouds, the sun is sure to come through!

Here's to hoping that people stop being prejudiced, for "Prejudice blinds a man." Mutual understanding and appreciation lead to true and lasting friendship!



ENGLISH ROYALTY

NAME THE STUARTS WHO REIGNED OVER ENGLAND.

JAMES I, CHARLES I, CHARLES II, JAMES II, MARY, OF WILLIAM AND MARY, AND ANNE.

CHAS. II

DESCRIBE BRIEFLY QUEEN VICTORIA'S PLACE IN HISTORY...

GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LIZ. I

VERY GOOD — CHARACTERIZE PRINCE ALBERT.

P.A. IS MILD AND MELLOW — IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!

P.A.

THE SMOKING ROYALTY

EVERY MAN CAN JOIN THE SMOKING ROYALTY! TRY A LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT — A TRULY PRINCELY SMOKE. HERE'S TO P.A.!

M - M - M - M - M
BOY!

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MILDNESS!

LARGEST SELLING PIPE TOBACCO

SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES ALL "BITE"

PRINCE ALBERT

CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PACKED RIGHT-IN TIN!

TOP-QUALITY TOBACCO

2 OUNCES IN EVERY TIN

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

College Clippings

I did not know before that—

Flattery is soft soap, and soft soap is 90 per cent lye.

* * * * *

The probability of a smoker's identifying a brand of cigarette while blindfolded is about equal to the percentage of correct guesses in a game of chance.

* * * * *

Although the neck of the giraffe, bat, horse, cat, and man differ in size, each contains seven bones.

* * * * *

Probably the most remarkable linguist the world has ever known was Cardinal Mezzofanti (1774-1849) who mastered 114 languages and dialects.

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It took Charles Kettering five years to finish college—and then he threw his diploma into the wastebasket.

* * * * *

Greater New York might be called "the island city of the world," for it contains 45 islands.

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Of 19 presidents of the United States who graduated from colleges or universities, six were college presidents, and four college professors.

* * * * *

If A, B, C, D each speak the truth once in three times (independently), and A affirms that B denies that C declares that D is a liar, the probability that B was speaking the truth is in the ratio of 25:71.

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According to Homer the Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth.

* * * * *

A 42-year-old bachelor life expectancy is 30:73 years in Kansas, and only 26:25 in New York; his chances of dying from cirrhosis of the liver are .000045 in Kansas and .000089 in New York; his chances of being murdered are .000080 in Kansas and .000024 in New York; and in Kansas he is less likely to end up in a home for the feeble-minded.

* * * * *

Doctor Feesh, keeper of the aquarium at Caprus Universty, Isle of Capri, states that goldfish have dandruff just like human beings—but only on a small scale!

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The chief difference between a gum-chewing flapper and a cud-chewing cow is the thoughtful expression on the face of the cow.

* * * * *

The best way to live is to live in such a manner that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town's worst gossip.

* * * * *

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them.

* * * * *

The four sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Sanders of Guyman, Oklahoma, are named, Okla, Homa, Terri, and Torry. Jig saw children, eh?

* * * * *

If all the automobiles in the world were placed end to end—it would be Sunday afternoon.

* * * * *

If you don't believe in Providence, just watch people on the highway and try to figure out what else saves them.

* * * * *

Louisville, Ky., has 10 distilleries, 16 rectifying plants, and 400 churches. That town is sure full of spirits and spirituals!

* * * * *

The man who believes in safety first always spills a little on the bar first—to see what happens to the varnish.

* * * * *

A Scotchman in Brooklyn was missing for three days before the police department finally located him in a "pay-as-you-leave" street car.

* * * * *

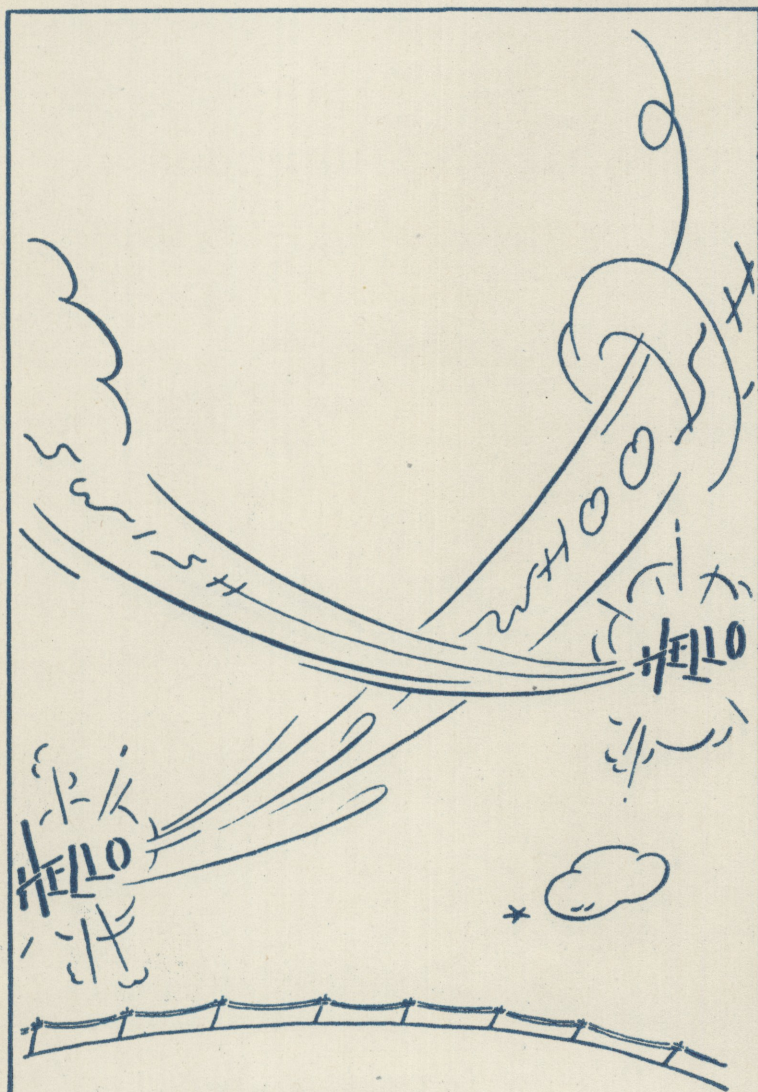
When savages wish to have fruit they cut down the tree and gather the fruit. Guess they don't like the climb-it!

* * * * *

Senator Borah in 1929 said: "I shall never see the day when the Eighteenth Amendment is out of the Constitution of the United States."

* * * * *

William Allen White said: "From the man in the White House we require the patient futility of Sisyphus, the torture of Tantalus, and the nervous tension of a man with ants in his pants."



However far
From home you stray,
By phone you're but
A whisk away.

It whisks your words
From hither thence,
And whisks their words
From thither hence.

So risk a whisk
This very night,
The pleasure's great,
The price is right.



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**J.C. Ely Printing
Company**

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*—so far as we know tobacco was
first used about 400 years ago*

*—throughout the years what one thing has
given so much pleasure..so much satisfaction*



*It was a matter of pride with
a host in Colonial days that
his guests should smoke tobacco
grown on his own plantation.*

*Today the Governor of North Carolina
says to the Governor of South Carolina—
“Have a cigarette”*



TODAY people all over the world use
tobacco in one form or another.

They chew it, they smoke it in pipes,
they smoke cigars and cigarettes, and here
is what an eminent physician said about
cigarettes:

*“I have been something of a student
of cigarettes, and it is my belief that
they offer the mildest and purest form
in which tobacco is used.”*

Yes, nowadays the cigarette is the most
popular form in which tobacco is used. A
good cigarette certainly gives men and
women a lot of pleasure.

Have a Chesterfield—

For one thing—they're milder.

For another thing—they taste better.