

4-1928

## The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1928

University of Dayton

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

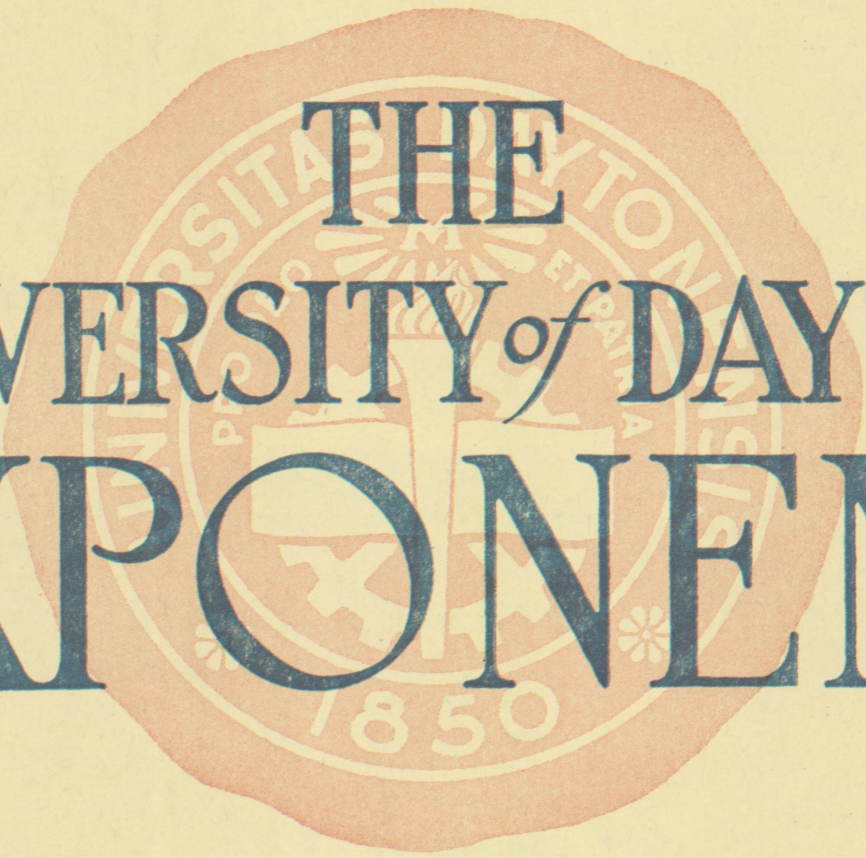
---

### Recommended Citation

University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1928" (1928). *The Exponent*. 411.  
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/411>

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

6PL

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

# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

Half Baked Justice

By William J. Hoefler

*April, 1928*

GARFIELD 409

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

**F. G. MEYER**

JEWELER

14 West Fifth Street

Agent for

**Gruen Watches**



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

**FINE WATCH REPAIRING**

**Heller & Bundenthal**

All kinds of

**Insurance**

Automobile Insurance a Specialty

512 Reibold Building

BOTH PHONES

*She and You—*

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

**Cappell's**  
215-221 S. MAIN ST.

**LEO F. WALTER**

Funeral  
and Ambulance  
Service

MAIN STREET—AT WASHINGTON  
Phone Garfield 134

Bell Main 162

**CORNWELL—Photographer**

Photographs of Distinction at Your Home or in Our Studio

12 North Main Street

DAYTON, OHIO

**EYES EXAMINED**

**GLASSES FITTED**

**OCULISTS PRESCRIPTIONS given Expert Attention**

Henry R. Silverman,  
Doctor of Optometry

H. A. Janszen,  
Doctor of Optometry

**Stanleys**  
HENRY R. SILVERMAN & PRES.

20 NORTH MAIN STREET

Opposite Court House

THERE'S A CERTAIN FEELING OF

**SATISFACTION**

Felt by the users of Lowe Brothers High Standard Quality  
Paint Products—they mean paints and varnishes that are  
made as good as they can be made—they look better, last  
longer and go further, which means in all, REAL PAINT  
Economy. Your painting problems are ours.

**Lowe Brothers Paint Store**

Main 58

110-112 East Third Street

**Perfect Health—**

You can have it by drinking more Milk—Nature's Perfect  
Food. Drink at least one quart a day.

One of our wagons is in your neighborhood every morning.

**THE DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.**

219 EAST FIFTH STREET

Gar. 1325

Gar. 1326



Main St. at Fifth

## Success—

Is attained through the early habit of saving a portion of your income regularly.

Start a Savings Account with this Association today and be independent later in life.

RESERVE FUND  
\$852,891.69

**FIDELITY**  
BUILDING  
ASSOCIATION

RESOURCES  
\$20,215,384.90

**The Oldest Association in Dayton**

## Ideal Gift—Sporting Goods

We have the most complete stock in Dayton. You can make your gift money go further if you get it at

**Miller-Weigand's**

MAIN AT FIRST

Bell Main 5536

## ALBERT A. VAUBEL *Furnaces*

SLATE, IRON, TIN and COMPOSITION ROOFING  
REPAIRS FOR ALL MAKES OF FURNACES  
SPOUTING and SHEET METAL WORK

Repairing of All Kinds a Specialty

242 Oak Street

Dayton, Ohio

## The Witte Tegenkamp Co.

Dealers in

**Prayer Books, Religious Articles, Pictures**

Importers of Vestments, Laces, Banners, Chalice,  
Ostensoria, Etc. Candles, Sanctuary Oil, Incense,  
Charcoal, Tapers, Etc. Mission Supplies.

113 S. Ludlow St.

DAYTON, OHIO

## HARRY ROTT

WITH

The Ohio  
Cooper Agency Co.

## Insurance

3rd Floor Realty Bldg.

## CLOTHES CLEANED LEAN

Expert Cleaning,  
Pressing, Repairing and  
Alterations

First Class Service

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

We call for and deliver  
all work.

## South Park Tailor Shop

1152 S. Brown St.

## The Dayton Stencil Works Co.

Steel Stamps—Rubber Stamps

Seals—Badges—Engravings

Stencils

115 E. SECOND ST.

Phone Main 1988

Dayton, Ohio

## Home and Office Suggestions

Globe-Wernicke Sectional Book Cases  
Desks, Chairs, Costumers, Filling Cabinets  
Globe Cabinet Safes and Safes  
Conklin, Waterman, Wahl, Shafer, Parker  
Self Filling Fountain Pens.

## Everybody's Book Shop

Chas. W. Bieser, Owner Gar. 1874, 1873  
21-23 W. Fifth Street

Phone Garfield 578

## Archie Sherer Company

Successors to  
Sherer-Daum Company

### OFFICE FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT

"Art Metal" and "Lyon" Products  
Filing Cabinets, Desks, Safes, Steel  
Lockers, Shelving, Storage Cabinets.  
Also a complete line of Wood Desks  
and Chairs.

340 South Main Street  
DAYTON, OHIO



**The GIELE  
PFLAUM Co.**  
**PRINTERS  
& PUBLISHERS**  
FIFTH FLOOR  
124 E. Third St.  
Dayton, Ohio

For Good  
**Printing**  
and  
Prompt  
Service  
Call  
Garfield 170

H. F. PAFF  
A. W. PAGENSTECHER

## Paff & Pagenstecher

Importers and Jobbers of

**China, Glass and  
Kitchen Ware**

Always the best and newest  
for the price

Our Specialty Practical Dinner Ware

Phone Garfield 849

115 S. Jefferson Street DAYTON, OHIO

# The HOMESTEAD LOAN & SAVINGS ASS'N

"Safety First"  
Assets  
\$5,000,000.00

**6% DIVIDENDS ON  
SAVINGS**

"Service Always"  
Reserve Fund  
\$196,000.00

"Save by Mail"—We solicit your inquiry

O. F. DAVISSON, President

ELLIS J. FINKE, Secretary

**21 EAST THIRD STREET — DAYTON, OHIO**

C. O. ENGLER

ALOIS MAYER

## Dayton Monument Co.

OFFICE: 1072 BROWN STREET  
WORKS: ALBERTA STREET AT C. L. & N. RAILROAD

Office Phone—Garfield 4138

RAPID HARDENING

# WABASH CEMENT

DAYTON, OHIO

ASK FOR

# OLT'S

FILTERED, PASTEURIZED

## MILK and CREAM

BUTTERMILK, BUTTER and COTTAGE CHEESE  
At All Grocers

## OLT'S SODAS

Made with  
POLAR DISTILLED WATER

## Pilsener and Wurzbürger Beverages

24 McGEE STREET  
East 1045—Phones—East 1046

# JOHN G. SKAPIK MARKETS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

34 SO. JEFFERSON ST.

Retail Branches: 1936 S. Brown and 513 Salem Avenue

Phone Garfield 470—Garfield 471

Formerly New Central Meat Market

## Bernhard Bros. Blends For Cup Quality

Roasters of High-grade Coffees — Jobbers of Teas and Spices  
You cannot afford to pass us by when in the market

ASK YOUR GROCER

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

PARK YOUR HEAD UNDER A

## Cody's Town Talk Hat

*Dayton's Only Exclusive Hatter*

5 and 7 Arcade, Third St.

We serve the University of Dayton with high grade

## ICE CREAM

and the best quality of Sherbets

Let us serve you also. Give us a ring  
Call East 110—Anytime



519 Valley Street

DAYTON, OHIO

## Laundry and Hospital Supplies

SOAP, SODA, STARCH,  
BLUEING, PADDING

Various kinds of  
Cotton and Wood Materials, Etc.

Established Forty Years Ago

## The FANSHER Bros. Company

113 West Court Street  
DAYTON, OHIO

THE

## John T. Barlow Co.

WHOLESALE

## DRY GOODS & NOTIONS

Third and Sears Streets  
DAYTON, OHIO

## HIMES BROS. MILK

*Always Uniform—Always Safe*

1537 GERMANTOWN STREET  
Main 902

We appreciate your patronage.

## SMITH BROTHERS

*Studio of Fine Portraiture*

OUR NEW STUDIO IS ONE OF  
THE BEST APPOINTED IN OHIO

16 EAST FOURTH STREET

DAYTON, OHIO



*Ask for* **SUCHER'S**

"VICTORY BRAND"

Hams, Bacon, Lard,  
Dressed Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Sausages,  
Cooked Meats, Etc.

All our products are U. S. Gov. inspected.

**The Chas. Sucher Packing Co.**  
N. Western Ave and Dakota St., Dayton, O.  
Main 793 Main 794

## J. E. SAUM & SONS

138-140 EAST SECOND STREET

**Wholesale Mfg. Confectioners**

Distributors for Puritan Chocolates  
J. Hungerford Smith Co. Fountain Syrups  
Coca-Cola Syrup  
PHONE—Bell Main 1121

**Want the Service of a Custom Tailor—  
Clothes of Finest Quality—  
Price you can afford to Pay?**

See MR. TROST, at 38 North Main St.

**Kibler Clothes**

*The*  
**Hermes  
& Knuge  
Company**



**Photographers  
Artists and  
Engravers**

6<sup>th</sup> Floor - Dye Bldg  
139 S. Main at Fifth  
GARFIELD - 3902  
DAYTON, OHIO

1229 S. Brown

Garfield 5687

## Marcella Beauty Shope

Expert Service—Reasonable Rates

Barber Work for Men and Women  
Marcelling Manicuring Shampooing

RATES 40—20

## Val. Hegman

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

**Trunks  
Bags  
Suit Cases  
Harness**

TRUNKS and SAMPLE WORK  
A SPECIALTY

Repairing of all kinds  
Garfield 2280

136 East Third Street

# The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVI

APRIL, 1928

No. 4

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Our Jubilarian .....	E. B. M.
Half Baked Justice—(Short Story).....	William J. Hoefler
Bring Back the Curls—(Poem).....	Merle O. Arens
On Self Entertainment During Class.....	John F. Will
On Taking a Spring Stroll—(Essay).....	Joe Keller
Spring and Fellowship—(Poem).....	John F. Will
Sunday Habits—Seven Days a Week.....	Gerald A. Herbison
Editorials—Character and Reputation.....	E. B. M.
Little by Little .....	L. A. B.
Gold Star Unit .....	W. P. K.
Using an Objection.....	L. A. B.
Dramatic Review .....	D. H. A.
Bad Manners.....	L. A. B.
X-Chang-S .....	John F. Will
Alumni Notes .....	William P. Keane & Robert D. McClear
Bits About 'Em.....	Gerald A. Herbison and John C. Bruck
Chronicle .....	Robert C. Bergk
Music and Dramatics .....	Theodore H. Hoffman
University Spotlight.....	Paul A. Moorman and Ray Jay Grdina
Handygrams by Andy.....	Andrew Cunningham

---

Published Monthly with the exception of July and August, in the interest of the Students of  
The University of Dayton

---

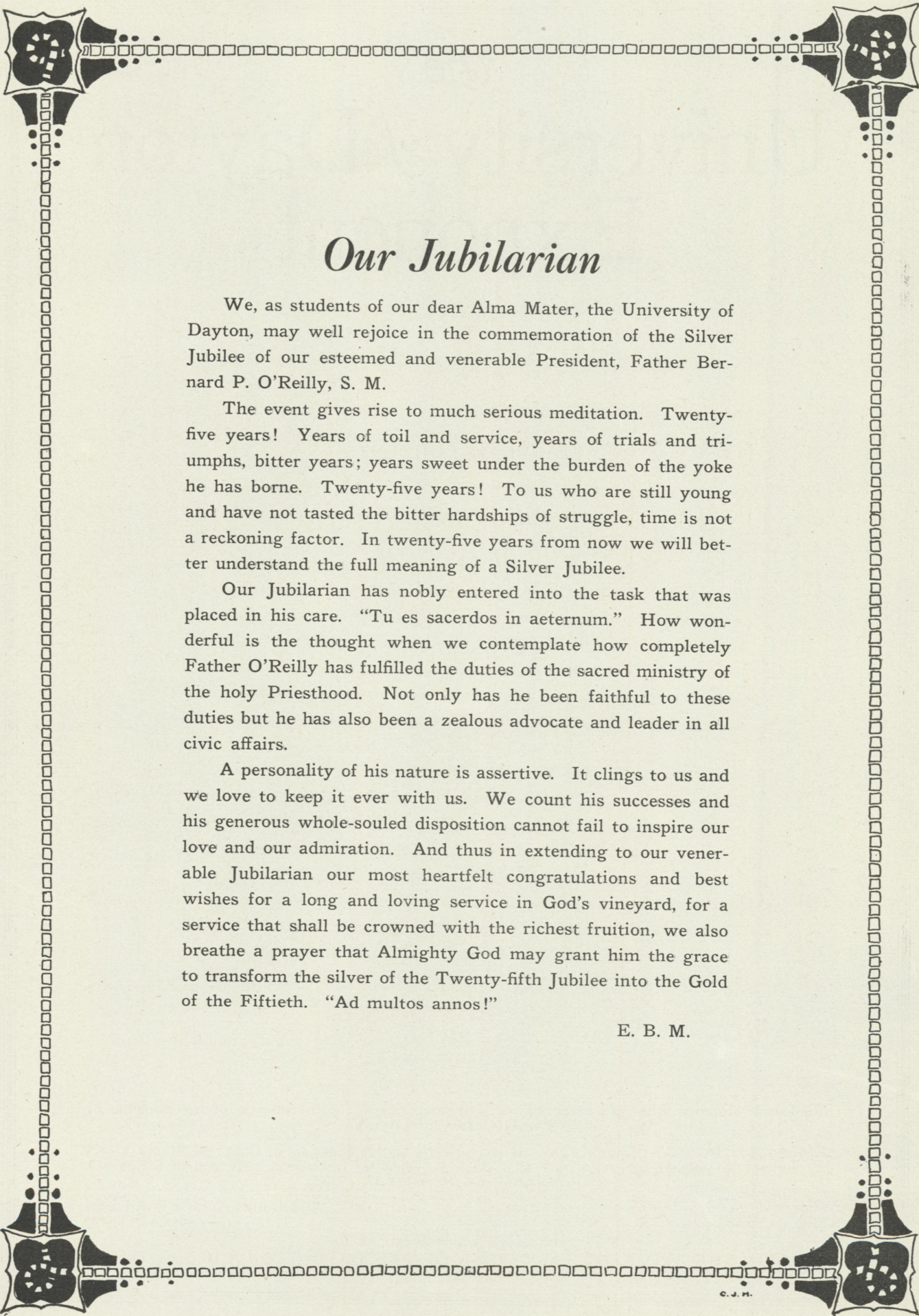
Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3,  
1917, authorized December 17, 1920

---

Subscriptions .....

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

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



## *Our Jubilarian*

We, as students of our dear Alma Mater, the University of Dayton, may well rejoice in the commemoration of the Silver Jubilee of our esteemed and venerable President, Father Bernard P. O'Reilly, S. M.

The event gives rise to much serious meditation. Twenty-five years! Years of toil and service, years of trials and triumphs, bitter years; years sweet under the burden of the yoke he has borne. Twenty-five years! To us who are still young and have not tasted the bitter hardships of struggle, time is not a reckoning factor. In twenty-five years from now we will better understand the full meaning of a Silver Jubilee.

Our Jubilarian has nobly entered into the task that was placed in his care. "Tu es sacerdos in aeternum." How wonderful is the thought when we contemplate how completely Father O'Reilly has fulfilled the duties of the sacred ministry of the holy Priesthood. Not only has he been faithful to these duties but he has also been a zealous advocate and leader in all civic affairs.

A personality of his nature is assertive. It clings to us and we love to keep it ever with us. We count his successes and his generous whole-souled disposition cannot fail to inspire our love and our admiration. And thus in extending to our venerable Jubilarian our most heartfelt congratulations and best wishes for a long and loving service in God's vineyard, for a service that shall be crowned with the richest fruition, we also breathe a prayer that Almighty God may grant him the grace to transform the silver of the Twenty-fifth Jubilee into the Gold of the Fiftieth. "Ad multos annos!"

E. B. M.

# The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXVI

APRIL, 1928

No. 4

## *Half Baked Justice*

(A Very Short Story)

By William J. Hoefler

"THE next case is John Morton, defendant, versus Charles Gill, plaintiff, on the charge of assault and battery."

Mr. Gill looked on sourly. He only noted the unbiased announcement of the court clerk subconsciously. His one, blackened orb gleamed vindictively, while his salved mouth opened in a sneer. The act revealed the fact that an inscisor and a biscupid were strangely absent.

Mr. Morton returned the gaze with more sullenness than anger. The abundant plaster-of-paris crosses adorning the countenance of Mr. Gill annoyed him. He felt reasonably certain that a goodly percentage of them were solely for the edification of the jury.

A week ago these men had been good friends. Both were sportsmen, exploiting Florida's fish, game and sport resources. Both had been bound to the other by kindred desires. Moreover, both had come from the same Pennsylvania town. Why this belligerent state of affairs? Well, thereby hangs a tale.

One day Morton had driven to New Smyrna and the beach beyond. Gill preferred, that day, with the ardor of a second Ponce-de-Leon, to explore and fish in the wild lake chain north of Orlando.

Two days later, Orange Avenue witnessed a pugilistic encounter. The plaintiff's witnesses claim that Gill merely slapped Morton heartily on the back as he quit his parked car, fresh from two days at the beach. Then Morton returned the salutation with a vicious assault.

Once more in court, Morton heard the lawyers thresh over the fine points of the situation. Once more Morton sighed as he thought of his heavy bail. Once more he shuddered as he gazed upon Gill's far-from-benevolent countenance. When the case finally did go to the jury, Morton expected the

worst. His attorney had not been able to prove very conclusively that he had had sufficient provocation for his deed. The horrified glances that had been sent his way by the silent twelve had caused chills to play up and down his spine in spite of the humidity of the morning.

The jury was out longer than he expected. Fifteen minutes grew to a half hour. Of course the waiting court could not know that those few hands of poker were taking more time than had been figured on. Judge Comer grew impatient. Two or three times he glanced anxiously at his watch. Then he compared his most recent golf scores with those of Colonel Blake. Noon was near at hand. He decided that he could wait no longer.

"Court's adjourned. Next session is on Monday," he called, tapping hurriedly with his gavel.

That golf was important.

John Morton sighed for the fiftieth time but it was not with relief. The agony was only postponed. In front of the Angebilt Hotel, he met Tom Haine, a very close friend. Tom was a big man, in his early thirties. His medium complexion had somewhat darkened under the southern sun. Just now he looked a bit ridiculous, for his great bulk was crammed into a golf suit.

"How did it happen?" he asked with bass intonations.

"Did you see Gill at the San Juan across the street?" Morton replied to Haine's query with another, wearily dodging a lengthy explanation.

"Yeh. You sure did a complete job all right, but how did it happen?"

"Things lok bad, Tom. I feel like jumping bail and grabbing the Flamingo north. I see the workhouse or a heavy fine ahead."

"For the third and last time, how—did—it—happen?" roared Haine, impatiently.

"Well, you see it was this way", Morton gave in at last. "Like all northerners I collected for myself a terrible sunburn at the beach. It's not like the sunburn up north, you know; it's a bake, on account of the salt air. Well, here I am. I get into town with my back covered with blisters the size of a half-dollar. Hastily I was figuring on staggering to my room in the hotel and then call in the house physician. "What happens? What happens, I ask you! Gill plants his mighty right palm into the center of my back. Gosh! I thought I was dead! Well, you know the rest."

"Hm!" grunted Haine. "And how do you stand with the jury?"

"Not so good."

"A little pecuniary gift—"

"No. I've got them all sized up. Besides they can't be reached. I saw them all leave for Daytona Beach an hour ago. I guess they're going to stay over Sunday."

"Ah!" ejaculated Haine.

"What's the matter?"

"I've an idea."

"Copyright it."

"But this one is good."

"Well, spring it then."

Morton's laconic, almost snappy replies told Haine how seriously his friend was thinking of Monday, and the uncertainty of the jury's decision.

"Supposing the jury became an—ah—victim of the sun's power, and ah—supposing someone were there to make sure that there was sufficient exposure, and ah—supposing someone would take it into his head to welcome them rather vehemently to the trial on Monday. Wouldn't it have some effect on the ultimate decision?"

Morton was not slow-witted by any means but this took some time to percolate through his cranium. Finally Haine could tell by the sudden gleam in the brown eyes that the idea had at last reached a receptive cell.

"That's it!! The very thing! If it'll only work!"

"I'll see that it'll work", promised Haine generously, congratulating himself on his magnificent brain.

So it came to pass that Tom Haine followed the twelve guardians of justice to Daytona Beach. That night they all registered in the same hotel. There Haine formed and acquaintanceship with every member of the jury. His friendly bigness, his wet politics and gruff personality worked wonders in a short, hotel-lobby discussion. By midnight he had a poker game started in his room and he furthered his cause by losing twenty dollars or so to three jurymen.

When they started the trip to the beach ensemble, Haine was able to address every one of the twelve

by his first name. He joined the various beach and water sports and did his utmost to keep the legal bathers in the sun as much as possible. He made sure that every one had been in the surf before noon, a time when the camouflaged rays of the sun are most powerful.

The scene was beautiful beyond compare. The sun was pleasantly hot. Ebb-tide had left periwinkles and shells strewn on the sand, which was hardened by the recent pressure of tons of restless water. In the deep, wide mouth of blue Indian River, the gigantic porpoises frolicked, looking for prey, guarding against sharks. Their black, two-finned backs constantly rose and dove where the brine was deepest. The lighthouse rose like a minaret, stony and yellow, against a flawless, azure sky. The sand was white, the gray rollers gently lapping its fringe. The sea itself challenged the eye by her vast, infinite size. Her deep blue was interspersed with whitecaps. No vision could withstand the inferno directly above. Flocks of gulls, many cranes, some vultures, a majestic eagle or two, sought their scaly prey in the junction of the river and the sea. Humans completed the scene, their tents far back on the sand, or their autos racing down near the surf.

Haine was disgusted. Already the jurymen were repairing to their several tents. That would never do. Last night he had prayed for sunshine rather than the usual appeal for rain. Was it to be wasted now? He thought of Morton back in Orlando, and juttied out his jaw. He couldn't give up yet. For some time he hired groups of urchins to knock over tents. But that plan failed as a beach detective drove them off. Then he dragged each man out in turn in order to teach him to swim. Mr. Tully, foreman of the jury, expostulated the most. But presently he was forced from his refuge.

"Come, Frank", Haine laughed in his friendly tyranny. "I promised all of you a swimming lesson and—by Jove! I'm going to give it to you."

For a full hour he kept Tully working on the dog-paddle. Then he acceded to Tully's demand for shade, for he had seen that the rest of the twelve were keeping too close to their tents.

After the lesson Haine again clad himself in sailor garb and a large straw hat for protection. He cudgled his brain for inspiration. To his astonishment it came.

He observed a boy in a small sailing boat in the mouth of the river. He hurried to the boat and presently had leased it for the remainder of the day.

Next he routed out the whole jury and hustled them aboard. There was no refusing; Haine saw to that. For miles they sailed along the coast. Presently the cooling sea breeze lulled the twelve to a sense of security against the violent rays of

the sun. Haine had given them no time to add any dress to their bathing suits. There was method in his madness. He laughed at all suggestions to return.

"This boat is paid for till sundown and till sundown we'll use her."

When he did finally land, a scant-half hour before sundown, he was assured that all the jury were half-baked and would be aware of it on the morrow.

It was Monday morning in Orlando. The court was late in getting started. The reason was simple. The special, first-case jury had not appeared. The court clerk informed the judge that all of the twelve were confined to their beds, due to severe, blistering sunburn.

"What's a little sunburn?" roared his honor. "Bring them here! Any which way, it don't matter! I can't get behind in my docket!"

And presently the jury were hustled from a patrol wagon, that had been pressed into service. Morton had met Haine on the courthouse steps. The latter had told him nothing, only reassuring his anxiety by a knowing wink. No sooner had the twelve touched the pavement, than the big sportsman was among them, slapping backs as only the giant could, seemingly welcoming his friends of yesterday back to the trial.

Then came the riot. Haine defended himself with no little efficiency. Morton lost coherent thought

as he saw justice looming up before his eyes. But all things that start must end, especially in the presence of so many policemen.

Before the trial could continue, the jury had to be bailed out of jail. But at last John Morton stood before the bar awaiting the decision of the red-faced; battered twelve. The judge asked the formal question.

"Not guilty!" snapped Tully, the foreman.

Before the judge could make a comment, he continued—

"And the jury unanimously adds a recommendation that the plaintiff be hanged!"

Judge Comer made a muffled remark about the irregularity of the second part of the decision and then called,

"Next case."

Morton bailed Haine, rather the worse for wear, out of the local Bastille, as soon as his own freedom was insured. His first words were,

"Tom, they've got you here on twelve distinct charges of assault and battery, not to mention the county's charges of disturbing the peace, resisting officers, and promoting a riot."

"I know", he grumbled.

In Room 504 of the Angebilt Hotel, Tom Haine gazed thoughtfully at a time table. Then he started packing his grip.



## *Bring Back the Curls!*

By Merle O. Arens

The beauty of the flowers was on your face—  
Your head is bobbed!  
The weeping willow envied at your grace—  
Your head is robbed!

You wore the prettiest of evening smocks,  
But were you born,  
And blessed with rich and silky raven locks—  
To have them shorn?

And on your face there always was a smile—  
You knew no care;  
But now for men—for vanity and style  
You've sold your hair!

O time, retrace thy sad and weary way—  
Bring back some girls  
To show our own if only for a day,  
Those precious curls!

## *On Self Entertainment During Class*

(Being, in essence, a seniorly advisement to freshmen)

By John F. Will

**B**E nonchalant when you saunter into the classroom with your books under your arm, but never, under any circumstances, should you have previously neglected to forget to bring along paper and pencil. To bring writing materials to class is—well, is just not being done any more. You may have your fountain pen, but it must not be loaded. By way of digression, it may be stated here that some students advocate a complete nudity in regard to the scholarly habiliments, saying that books also should be viewed as undesirable encumbrances, but experience has shown me that they are somewhat useful in the achievement of the necessary diploma, and should usually be taken to class.

Books are also of great usefulness in impressing the professor, which latter is one point to bear in mind: always try to impress your professor, in such ways as saying good morning, smiling at him, nodding your head in approbation, and carrying books to class. There may be exceptions to the impressiveness value of the last named action, but "when in doubt, take your books" is a pretty safe rule.

If the professor is busy at his desk when you enter the room, do not, by any means, strive to attract his attention. Slide to your seat unobserved, and he will not have you in mind, and hence will not call on you to recite. For the same reason, when you answer to the role call, make your voice as colorless and "average" as possible.

The choice of a seat involves many niceties of calculation, based upon the nature of the classroom, your knowledge of the professor, and of the habits he has formed in conducting his classes. If he has already assigned you a special seat, your problem degenerates into non-existence, or else into a problem of a different type altogether, to be solved under other rules. No hard and fast standards can be set down in this matter of selecting your seat. If you are a keen observer and a good judge of human nature, with some knowledge of psychology, and the ability to apply what you see and know to your environment, you will experience no difficulty in speedily discovering which seat is most happily situated for an enjoyable hour in class. A general rule that I have found about 50 per cent workable is to take advantage of the corners and pillars.

Now we will assume that you are safely ensconced in your chosen seat and the period has commenced. A long hour stretches ahead and you will, no doubt, wonder what you are going to do during

that long period of time. Most certainly, if you sit still and do nothing, you will be attacked with a severe case of itches, or you will grow moody and get into a quarrel with a neighbor. Both the restlessness, on the one hand, and the violent outburst, on the other, will disrupt your policy of anonymity to the professor, with resulting consequences anywhere between being called upon to recite to being suddenly ejected from the class, in which latter case you will have imprinted your identity, once and for all time, upon the professor's mind as a man to be watched continually. Having dispensed with the generalities usually necessary in coming to the point, we may now proceed to practical details in regard to whiling away the hour.

The start is always hard. One good icebreaker that I employed habitually was to carve my initials into the desk. To derive the most enjoyment from this most excellent pastime you must have, first of all, a sharp blade, because, if the cuts are not deep, the edges will break out and you will become irritable, with the aforementioned disastrous results. (See paragraph on sudden ejection). The best plan is to have a whetting stone in your room to keep your blade in the keen of condition, so that it will always be ready for use. The fundamental reason for the unfailing enjoyment of the initial-carving game is that it is so elastic: it offers an endless variety of entertainment to suit your mood and convenience. You can plan an elaborate carving, a full name carving, or a very simple one, and you can employ all the scripts known to you: old English, Hieroglyphics, Sans, and so on. It would be well for the beginner to look up in the library the various kinds of script so that he will not find himself at a loss for new ideas to try out. The carving will last anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, depending upon the elaborateness of your plan.

After this, I usually found it profitable to give an appearance of alertness and attention to the professor for a period of from three to five minutes, even going so far as to nod my head in approbation of what he was saying, or to smile my approval if he happened to glance in my direction. I found that this little plan usually cleared the track for uninterrupted enjoyment during the remainder of the class. Sometimes I would do this at intervals of fifteen minutes and it always helped, although it must be borne in mind that to do it too often becomes dangerous for the very reason that you at-

tract too much of the professor's attention. He may even think that you want him to call on you.

Having finished your carving you will again find yourself at a loss for digression if you are new to the art of self entertainment during class. For it is an art, as you may have already perceived from our explanation of the initial carving, involving many niceties and technicalities. The average student can derive no end of enjoyment when he is with his school fellows and has the whole world for his playground; but when he is limited to a single seat in the classroom, with talking above a whisper and horseplay, such as wrestling and sparring, absolutely taboo, he finds it no easy task to obtain the entertainment and enjoyment that he had naturally expected to find in college. It is then that he finds there is an art of self entertainment in class, and he sets about to make the best of his belated discovery. It is just such sad conditions as these that I am trying to eradicate for the younger students. What I have learned for myself in the hard school of experience I am setting down here in the hope that it will afford a short cut and a smoothing off of rough edges for those who come after me.

Having acquired the art, at least to a considerable degree, I was always in a position to continue my amusement. When I finished with carving my initials and comparing my latest endeavor in that line with previous achievements, in order to discover wherein I had improved or erred, I directed my attention to the contents of my desk. Here was to be found another endless variety of amusement, from torn bits of old letters to be pieced together and studied at random, to newspapers and even magazines. The only drawback to this pastime is that paper has a tendency to rustle, especially if it is old and dried out, and exceeding care must be taken in extracting and handling it. However, I found that this element of danger only added to my enjoyment, giving to the game a dash of adventure and of skill in overcoming obstacles.

This pastime, too, affords untold pleasure. Once in a while you may be fortunate enough to find an old love letter, read at leisure by the fortunate recipient and torn to bits after perusal. But no letter yet has been so skillfully shredded that a devotee of the art could not resurrect and enjoy it, if his curiosity was strong enough to hold him to the game. It is needless to relate here the enjoyments to be derived from the newspapers and magazines. It is in these latter that the elements of adventure and skill are strongest, and they should not be undertaken unless you are in the mood for the more daring type of entertainment. If you are feeling less energetic, you will do well to adhere to the letters, or to spend more time on the initial carving.

Suppose you complete the examination of your

desk and you still have time on your hands? There are still many amusements to be had: you can begin sketching backs of heads, or ears and noses, or write poetry, or get into an x and o game, or think about your girl, or figure out who will pay for your ice cream cone after dinner. There are a hundred things still to do. Personally, I found the sketching and rhyming most enjoyable. They are quieter and less apt to attract attention, and they also give you the appearance of being very studious, so that if the professor, by chance, should look in your direction, with the intent of calling upon you, he will most probably say to himself that you are busy taking notes, and will inwardly congratulate you, and pass you by. The sketching is good because it fixes in your mind the peculiar conformations of your classmates seen from the rear, so that after awhile you will be able to identify them from any angle or distance. The poetry is also useful, because, if you really produce something, you can incorporate it in your next love letter. It is a good idea, since you are going to school for an education, to derive as much practical use as you can from your classroom sessions.

After employing my time in these various pursuits, I usually found myself a trifle fatigued. So I found it a good practice to sleep during the remaining ten or fifteen minutes of the period, in order to reinvigorate my faculties for the next course, or if it was already the last period, for the rush to the dining room (morning) or to the cafeteria (afternoon).

Wooing sleep during class is sometimes easy, sometimes difficult, depending to a large extent upon weather conditions. In the spring or summer, or on a gloomy day, sleep as a rule comes easily. On any day, however adaptable to sleep, it is best to follow the fundamentals of finding an easy position and of freeing your mind from all worries and worldly cares. Thinking back, I find that sleep came most quickly when I could put my feet up somewhere. Of course, if you have the misfortune to be a chronic nasal chortler, you must not attempt to woo the gentle Morpheus, but must busy yourself with the other activities I mentioned above. Once in a long while you may have the misfortune to be discovered by the professor in your comatose state. When this happens, do nothing rash or untoward when you are awakened. Merely look sympathetic while the professor is raving, as though you were sorry but you did study so hard the night before; be very polite and the storm will pass.

These observations and rules will have about covered the field for a simple treatise such as this. You will have seen by now that the art of self entertainment during class is indeed a happy one, and once acquired, will supply you with unlimited en-

joyment, which, to the uninitiated, might appear a barren waste of time. Anyone interested in further details, may find me for an informative tête à tête any day after dinner in the Exponent Room; if it happens to be at the time when I am numbered in

the ranks of dear old alumni, address your questions to the large, comfortably furnished jail in my home town where I shall be extensively engaged upon post graduate work in my beloved art.

## *Spring and Fellowship*

By John Will

Make it a spring night, soft and tender  
As the airy clouds that brush the blue,  
And with Ponsella's notes of liquid gold  
Still flooding all our soul, then you  
And I, old comrade, let us stroll  
Along the lighted ways, hatless, carefree,  
Thinking on the music and the beauty  
That it calls up in us, saying little—

For what use are words when hearts  
Are speaking? Then let us drop into  
Some little shop for coffee, where we'll smoke  
And talk of many things, from politics  
To the loves we've had and lost;  
A handshake then, and home to bed.  
If it's a Spring night, soft and tender,  
And spent like this, my heart's content.

## *"On Taking a Spring Stroll"*

By Joe Keller

I must confess that when on a stroll in early Spring, or in any other season or period of the year for the matter of that, I am not so fortunate as was Sir Roger de Coverly in having a walking companion. It has always been my belief that the company one has on a walk determines to a large extent whether or not it will be pleasant and profitable. But on my last wanderings over hill and through dale, my thoughts wandered off on a strange line of thought and I have since concluded that one's best companion is himself, for with him can much be done.

The path I trod was flanked on either side with what appeared to the casual observer to be only naked trees and shrubs, but which were actually covered with fresh young buds just opening. Some seemed to be more completely formed than others, while still others seemed to be still dormant. The lofty oaks and pines still lingered in their winter inactivity. Close to the earth crawling vines were pushing themselves staunchly ahead. And there arose in me a desire to know more of the facts concerning Nature in general and of plants in particular.

A little farther down the path I chanced upon a busy squirrel, hurrying madly across the seas of bright sunlight which completely filled its home. Some other tiny animals, some furred and others of a sleek black skin, darted to and fro, earnestly intent upon their present occupations of the moment.

Overhead there were birds singing softly and sweetly, with an almost crooning tone. Others

whistled shrilly their call of mirth, and still others only uttered minor chirpings in their humble way. And they were vari-colored, I noticed too, with queer heads and feathers. Classify them I could not. Again there arose the urge to know more of these happy creatures, their homes, manner of living and the like; a thought that would never have occurred to me had I been engaged talking to a chum.

Slowly nightfall crept over the earth. The great sun, ruddy, although not with a sense of summer warmth as yet, sank slowly behind the western hills. Gradually the stars dotted the sky with their twinkling brightness and the moon shone faintly in the fading twilight. The firmament too awakened an insistent desire to probe deeper into its mysteries.

It was quite evening when I returned. In my mind were noble thoughts and sincere intentions to know Nature, to study the trees, the animals, the birds, the sun, the moon, the stars, and, in knowing them better I may the better know myself and my Creator. It occurred to me that no matter how egotistic the idea may seem, that one's own self is his best walking companion.

Thus does my dear friend answer my insistent demands for his idea of a good walking partner. There seems to be truth in what he says. I shall examine and see if it is really true some day. Until then I'll take company while strolling.

## *Sunday Habits—Seven Days a Week*

By Gerald A. Herbison

A song heard recently suggested the writing of the article which will follow immediately. The words of the song bear no relation to this writing but the title serves as a strong reminder.

**Sunday Habits**—don't become alarmed now because we struck at something that sounds holy. This is not a religious article. It just has a religious title which most probably has scared ninety-five per cent of the subscribers from tuning in on this page. The **Exponent** has run many articles on character and ambition, loss of time and similar devices which effect me little and cause me to become quite as caustic as our editor in his recent editorial entitled "I Have No Time". Just a word in answer to "I Have No Time". We of the procrastinating type feel that there was no real necessity for such a strong and violent admonition of the student body. Our dear ED. must have had some one in mind when he wrote his editorial. However, I believe we should never judge the entire body by a few laggards. Better to excuse the few and maintain the good will of the many.

**Sunday Habits** are something that we should all endeavor to cultivate. The habits are bound to grow on one. Time and a little backbone will secure you all the Sunday Habits that you can wear. Which do you prefer to be; a tramp or a gentleman? This question no doubt will be answered by some in contradiction of the right and expected answer, but for such respondists we have little hope and make no appeal. Where there is no reason there is no call for appeal; let those making such replies follow their idiotic instructions and land only where such habits will find room.

We are tired and sick of some of the antics of the underclassmen. We have watched them for a few months now and they have not seemed to change. They are boisterous when they should not be, they are crude in their ways and they are in no way disposed to an uplift. Should the upper classmen blame themselves for the condition of their younger brothers? Are underclassmen supposed to be rowdy, ungentlemanly and crude? These are questions which are hard to answer. If we were to attempt an answer, we would have to ride into the realm of sociology and psychology, and so, to save ourselves the trouble, we will suggest our remedy, **Sunday Habits**.

In our modern day and age, **Sunday Habits** are

just about the same as our weak day habits. By this I mean that the modern American does not go from one extreme to another, he does not use one suit to wear exclusively on Sundays. He gets more and better wear out of his clothes by changing them from day to day and always appearing in well-kept clothes. We are taking clothes for the analogy since they are more noticeable than books or dogs or anything else. But we are not trying to make you change your mode of dress.

Dressing is a personal affair left entirely to the dresser's tastes, but the tastes that some of our younger men have, outrage the community in which we live. It is essential that we select our habits with more care. Let us conduct ourselves with a little more discretion; let us try to overcome that which is downright vulgar, whether it is expression or clothes. Let us remember that we all hope some day to leave the portals of this University as exponents of the principles that it teaches—principles which should make of us God-fearing gentlemen.

Now, are we to advance an argument against our rights to be gentlemen? Are we going to be barbarous enough to kill the reason for our being here? In a word, are we wasting the money that is being spent on our education? Are we living just one-seventh or less the life we ought to live? These are all questions which it would be well to ask ourselves. All men students at U. D. should be frank with themselves in answering these questions. If they are not, they have no real love and devotion toward the school from which they are receiving an education.

Thus far we have probably crossed swords with many that see no sense in this writing because they are going to remain just as they are. They are self-satisfied, uncomplaining, egotistical, asking for nothing, and ready to refuse anything which might tend to make them gentlemen. For them our message is wasted, but through those who are prepared to hear we might do a little good.

Men, if we are to graduate with only a degree, we are graduating without sense; we are graduating as so many puppets. True, we have been exposed to Philosophy, Electricity or whatever else the major is, but the one prime essential is not there—we are not men.

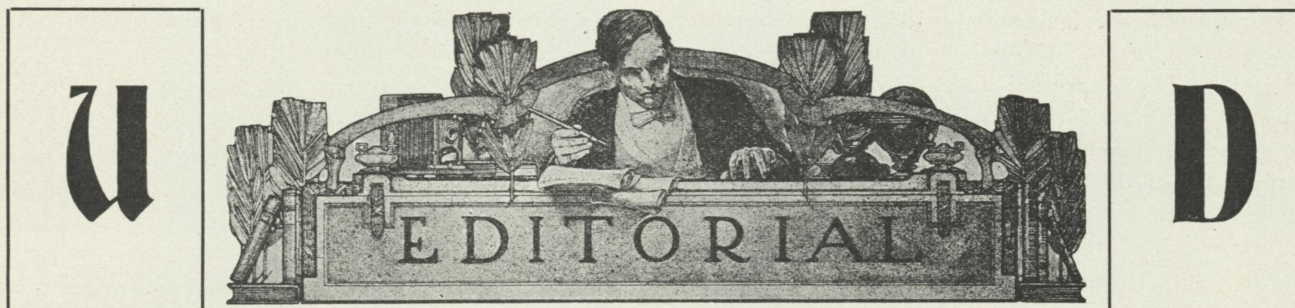
To be men we must put on our **Sunday Habits**. We must restrain ourselves; we must not let the

animal within us tear us from ourselves. We must be on the alert to fight our baser natures. We must defend ourselves against each attack of evil forces

within us. Courage and backbone will put Sunday Habits on us and make us live as gentlemen seven days in the week.

#### HABIT—(Shakespeare)

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of Habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of Actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on; Refrain tonight,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next time more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either curb the devil or throw him out  
With wonderous potency.



EDGAR B. MEYER, Editor

JOHN WILL, Associate Editor

GERALD A. HERBISON

LAWRENCE A. BENTZ

ROBERT C. BERGK

ANDREW J. CUNNINGHAM

RAY JAY GRDINA

THEODORE H. HOFFMAN

WILLIAM J. HOEFLER

JOHN C. BRUCK

PAUL A. MOORMAN

ROBERT D. McCLEAR

WILLIAM P. KEANE

LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

**Character and Reputation** Character has been legally defined "as that which you are" and reputation "as that which others think of you". A man's character is a sacred and inalienable right and no other man is permitted to besmirch it. The reputation of a man is based on his character and consequently it is fitting that a man live an honest, virtuous and an upright life out of self-respect for that which he calls his character. It is indeed pleasing to see a man who has gained many friends in all classes. One who can make friends among the so-called social circles and also consider many as his warmest friends among the laboring class and the middle class between society and labor, must indeed be a man of character.

Character is proven by reputation and hence a man's reputation may be called the crystallized estimate which the people in general have formed of him in the community in which he lives.

No matter how noble a certain character may be, there are always those perpetual makers of mud pies who must have a character to ruin. Thus we

continually find wreckers of reputation plying their diabolic trade. They are the devil's children doing his work.

In my estimation there is nothing baser than a thief who preys on another's character and despoils his reputation. Primarily, as seen from the definition, it is only a matter of personal opinion, and of all things in existence, personal opinion is one of the farthest things from certitude. A recent political example of a "would be" reputation wrecker is that of a certain Senator who tried to mix Governor Al Smith in the Tea Pot Dome oil scandal. At its best it is detestable and despicable.

However, lest I verge too far from the subject in hand, I want to bring the idea home to the student body that character is a man's inalienable right and that a jealous disposition can easily make you a maligner of another's reputation. Make your motto: "Stop and consider". Remember that the habit of blackening another's reputation can easily be acquired. Just think how easily you can falsify the actions of another to gratify your own whims and

fancies; how easy it is to spread a story that is untrue.

In considering these few points bear in mind that if you stifle any little feeling of resentment that may creep into your breast, you have lessened your tendency toward blackening the reputation of some one else, and little by little you will have strengthened your own character—your most precious possession.

E. B. M.

**Little by Little** To become more efficient in our work, we must not expect to change our methods all at once. We should be satisfied to improve our work little by little. We should frequently ask, and as often attempt to answer the same question: "What can I do today to improve my work; what new method, what new idea can I inject into my work that will be helpful?"

Learn what the other fellow is doing even though he be in a different category than you. Men in other fields of endeavor may be applying certain ideas in their work, which, with a little alteration, may be helpful in yours.

In striving for efficiency we must keep active mentally. We must constantly keep thinking about improving our plans, our methods, and in fact our entire lives. Water that is at rest becomes stagnant. A mind that is not being constantly improved, made more efficient from day to day, disintegrates.

Efficiency can only be increased by having the proper things to work with, under the proper conditions. To gain efficiency, then, we must practice the elimination of all waste efforts, such as useless talk, unnecessary absences, and finally forgetfulness.

L. A. B.

**Gold Star Unit** To many of the students at the University, talk of a Gold Star Unit means little, but to the Regular Army personnel and the graduating military students, it has a very significant meaning. Every year the War Department sends out a special group of officers in every Corps Area to make a detailed inspection of those R. O. T. C. Units whose rating is above par. From these units a small number are again selected and are given a Gold Star Rating. This means that each and every student in the school fortunate enough to merit such recognition is entitled to wear a Gold Star on his uniform, that the school colors may be decorated with a Gold Star, and that those students who have finished their Advanced Military work may go into the Regular Army as Commissioned Officers, without further examination. Is that worth working for? In ad-

dition to that, the University securing the coveted honor, is held up as an exemplar institution in educational circles throughout the country. Perhaps that is additional inducement for whole-hearted co-operation.

For the past several years the University of Dayton has been inspected by the War Department, but as yet we have failed to merit that for which we are striving. The fault may be wholly that of the students in the unit and again it may be due to inadequate provisions in the past for storing equipment and for indoor drill. Be it what it may, the fault can be corrected this year. An expanded storeroom and additional facilities for indoor drill have removed part of the fault, if really they may be considered such. If we fail this year, it is because the students are not up to standard in their work. Such a difficulty is easily remedied. Before the inspection one entire week will be devoted to military training, and during that week any of the existing wrinkles in the drills can be eradicated if the students will co-operate with the authorities to their fullest extent. Get behind this project, men, it is for your own good and for the good of the school you are attending. To secure our rating it is necessary that every student give his best, anything short of the best will be inadequate. Remember it will be a hard fight. We will be bucking the best colleges in this part of the country, but we can and we must beat them. If we believe firmly that we can win, we will win, but it will take the support of every last man in the outfit. Men of Dayton, **will we succeed or shall we admit defeat again?** That question is yours to answer.

W. P. K.

#### Using an Objection

Here is a little incident that illustrates how an apparent objection was turned into an advantage: One of the largest business concerns in the country put a new brand of condensed milk on the market some few years ago. The milk did not sell as rapidly as was anticipated so they decided to spend a few loose dollars in a big advertising campaign. They then proceeded to employ one of the cleverest advertising men available in the country to take care of the advertising campaign. This expert examined the proposition carefully before preparing any of his advertising copy. He found that while the method of condensing the milk was economical and otherwise successful, it left the milk with a slight burnt flavor. He therefore concluded that the milk did not sell because of this burnt flavor, and further decided that the burnt flavor would have to be done away with, or satisfactorily explained, otherwise it would not be profitable to spend the company's money in an advertising campaign. He

was afraid that the burnt flavor of the milk would prevent people from ordering the second can of milk. So after considerable thought he proceeded to turn this objection into a selling point, and a reason why people should buy the milk. Consequently he advertised the burnt-milk feature of the product, but he advertised it in the right way. The advertisement told the people to buy the milk with the delicious Almond Flavor. The advertisement was a huge success and that brand of condensed milk now has an enormous sale in spite of its burnt flavor.

So you see there is always an argument for and against many uncomfortable situations which confront us in every-day life. There are arguments for and against every possible effort that we make. Yet, every question that may arise can be combatted and overcome with the right argument properly presented.

L. A. B.

#### Dramatic Review

Now that the present season of dramatic work has been concluded and that this conclusion marks the fourth year of existence of the University Little Theatre, a review of activities of this group will be timely and we feel of interest to readers of the Exponent.

The University Little Theatre arose from a combination of the Players Club and the Auditorium Club and in the course of its brief existence it has accomplished more good dramatically and financially for the university than any other like organization has done in twice the length of time.

In point of time the Players Club preceded in existence the Auditorium Club by some four years and the motive of raising funds for the university by means of dramatic performances originated with The Players Club in a pledge of \$750 to the Extension Fund in the spring of 1922.

Both clubs functioned under the same direction, had the same ideals and produced the same kind of plays. The move of merging the two was discussed with both clubs and received the endorsement of both. It had the approval of the university authorities, and the continued popularity of the plays with students, townspeople and faculty prove that the move was prompted by wisdom.

Prior to the time when the writer assumed conduct of dramatics here, there was but one play produced every year. Furthermore, the university sponsored a lyceum course and paid entertainers to give an evening of amusement.

Since 1924 this has ceased. The writer and all

associated with him have donated their services to the university and have provided from three to six plays per year for the entertainment of students and faculty, besides realizing a net profit to the university of over six thousand dollars for the five-year period of activity.

Since 1924, more students have received opportunity to play in dramatic performances and have gotten more practical experience in theatrical work than during any other period of twice the length in the history of the school. In fact, one of the charter members of this same Auditorium Club, who was also a member of the Players Club prior to the time of organizing the Auditorium Club, received so much good from the work that he is, even before graduation, the director of a like little theatre group in the city.

D. H. A.

#### Bad Manners

No matter what the character of the heart may be, a rude manner repels everybody. It creates an instantaneous prejudice, closes hearts, and bars the doors against its possessors. There can be no greater stumbling block to the advancement of the young man. It often neutralizes honesty, industry, and the greatest energy. It is uphill work, indeed, for people to succeed with a hard, disagreeable manner. They gain admittance nowhere, while all doors fly open to the well mannered. The gracious personality is welcomed everywhere, and can make his living with but a tithe of the effort which the ill-mannered man must make.

The absolute necessity of good manners cannot be too emphatically impressed upon people. Everywhere we see men and women paying a tremendous penalty for a gruff, uncouth bearing. Many of them work themselves almost to death, and deny themselves the comforts of life in their struggle to get on in the world, and yet make success practically impossible by their manners.

It is pitiable to see people going about looking for situations and being constantly disappointed, never realizing that a little refinement, a little grace of manner, would make all the difference to them between no position, no opportunity, and a good position, with an open road to promotion.

They are sidetracked in business, failures in society, chagrined and embarrassed, wherever they go, because they have not learned the value of fine manners, perhaps never enjoyed the advantage of a refined home training.

L. A. B.

## *X-Chang-S*

By John Will—Editor

WE are in the grip of some strange fascination for analysis and comparison this month and, since the variable Muse so chooses to call us, we shall conduct our Xchange accordingly. Say that comparisons are odious, but remember that there is no stimulant like competition. We shall apply some to our xchangites.

As usual, we have magazines that are nil so far as this humble department of the Xponent is concerned—they have no provision for xchange comment. Some very good publications, among them the Duquesne Monthly and Columbia College Spokesman, are thus automatically removed from our power to cheer or censure. In spite of this loss, we reflect that life usually has its compensations, and we expect the remaining six magazines to furnish them.

The magazines we shall work with this month are from Boston, Canisius, St. Bonaventure, Rosary, St. Ambrose, and St. Vincent colleges, called Stylus, Monthly, Laurel, Eagle, Ambrosian, and Journal, respectively. In refutation to the broad hints of certain of our mates, we point to the fact that the Rosary College Eagle is the lone defender of the weaker (who ever started calling them that?) sex on our list, and ask them if such ungallant treatment indicates that we are consumed with a burning desire to treat of female writing exclusively? Let them further remember that we are thus conducting ourself at a time when the luring atmosphere of early spring is calling clamorously, and young men's fancies lightly turn, and so on, as the poet so unblushingly said. The mention of spring brings to mind that there should be considerable gushing forth from the poetic rock this month. We shall see. Enough of philandering, conjecturing and what notting, lets into the fray.

We wonder if the other xmen have noticed how the poetry in a particular magazine usually runs true to a certain individual style? We ask them if they have found that the Boston College poetry is rather ethereal and involved, the Canisius brand strong and manly, the St. Bon also strong but rather crude, the Rosary smooth and lovely, the St. Ambrose thoughtful and forceful, and the St. Vincent neatly put and thought provoking? After all, though, such style-branding usually resolves itself into a question of taste in adjectives.

To be direct and forceful, let us ask ourself the question: which of the six magazines has the best poetry? To be equally direct and forceful in our answer, we must frankly say that the question has

us rather puzzled. Even after conning the six magazines several times, it is a hard question to answer, because the poetry is all so good this month. So at the beginning we can heartily congratulate all six publications on the worthy calibre of their responses to the springtime Muse. Just as we expected, the vernal atmosphere had induced forth quite a sizable trickling from the poetic mountain side. The Eagle had twelve poems, the Stylus nine, Canisius and St. Vincent seven, while the Laurel and Ambrosian were the lone resisters of the Muse with two and one respectively. This is an admirable showing, for the average number is four or five.

Rather than be accused of further verbosity in coming to the point, we shall immediately state that we consider the Stylus brand of versifying the best this month. In full justice to the Eagle and the St. Vincent Journal, we must say that it was difficult to choose between these three. The Stylus concentrates on poetry this month. The whole publication is dainty and affords a favorable background for poetic display, from the well-balanced brown cover to the golden tint of its stock. Then too, the editors, in planning the issue, were not a bit afraid to devote a whole page to one short poem in order to make it stand out all the more. We do not exactly approve of this policy, because it attaches too much importance to one type of literature for a college literary monthly devoted to the wooing of all the recognized forms of literary endeavor. The poetry itself is intrinsically good and is not limed in origin to one or two gifted students, as we so often find in college literaries. In spite of the fact that it comes from many different craniums, the poetry, curiously enough, all seems stamped from the same pattern, from which we are led to include that there must be an excellent poetry prof. residing on the Boston College campus. The Two Warriors, an impressive poem reminiscent of the classic epic Sohrab and Rustum, was the one that stirred our fancy strongest. Fantasy was a delightful bit of verse. We wonder if J. V. Tracy, who writes for the Stylus, is a brother of W. J. Tracy of the Canisius Monthly. Their styles are much the same.

The Eagle poetry we rank second to that of the Stylus. In this collection we liked especially the Sonnet on Friendship with its artistically sketched background, Benedicite and To a Lady in White. Benedicite contained but four short lines but those lines were crammed with real poetic imagery. The poem If Winter Comes was excellent but it could

have been displayed under a better title; how about *From My Window* as being more appropriate to the thought, worthy poetess? *Frost Poems* was a delightful series of couplets, but that repetition—well, to speak mildly, we do not favor repetition as a poetical device. It attracts too much attention away from the flow of thought.

Although we rank *St. Vincent* third, its contributor, Mr. Brockmeier, is easily the outstanding poet of all six magazines. His delightful *Wing Foo*, *The Philosopher* had especially fine thought, well dressed. In addition, he has three other excellent contributions. This magazine we find consistently enjoyable. It should furnish the field of Catholic literature some capable knights of the pen.

After *St. Vincent*, comes *Canisius*, the *Ambrosian*, and the *Laurel*, in that order. Mr. Tracy's *Outroad* (*Canisius*) and *The Gift* (*Ambrosian*) were thought compelling. *Sunset* (*Canisius*) was smoothly but rather tritely told, and *The Battle of Antan* (same) read rather jerkily.

Casting back, we reflect that the poetry this month was of excellent variety and, as always, of variable excellence. Spring weather has an old reputation for sleep inducing, but is that cause for blame when from the dreams it engenders, such fine poetry is born?

Now then, Mr. Xman Editor, what thinkest thou of the stories? Hold on, not so fast. Wouldst have us rushed along as did the buffalo herd, only to be swept headlong over the cliff unseen? Let's light up first, and adjust the honorable spectacles that have acquired a bad larboard list, and then, perhaps, we can continue our comparative peregrinations? Now then, what have we here in defense of collegiate story telling?

We can see that the *Canisius* students have a decided preference for character analysis this month—shall we hand them the prize? In direct contrast, here is the *St. Bona Laurel* concentrating on plot and melodrama. Hurry by; we are out of all touch with *St. Bona's* idea of entertaining story telling. Now here we come to something of more resemblance to excellence. The *Ambrosian* has a fine collection of dramatic yarns; but let us saunter just a little farther along the same intriguing road till we pause on the tale-bearing pages of the *Journal* from *St. Vincent*. Here is the story teller for us. The tale spinning found in this magazine is as fresh as sea air, and indeed is of the same enjoyable style as the yarns told by old sea salts. It is swift-moving, vivid and slyly humorous. The *Vincentian* students weave events, situations, places, and people together in an interesting manner, and do not slur their native language in doing so. *Echoes From The Senate* is a timely political yarn, freshly humorous and

written in impeccable style. *Heroes* is an interesting war story told in a manner that we envy.

Whom shall we place second in our estimate of the short story situation? None other than the *Canisius Monthly*, which we have admired all year for its entertaining compositions. *Poor Kid* and *The Silent Years* are interesting type studies, true to life.

Then comes *St. Ambrose* whose large collection of racily told stories simply clamors for recognition. We would have had to consider them best were it not for the fact that they lack the high polish and original style of the *St. Vincent* and *Canisius* brands. All golfers should take note of *Yankee Doodle*, which could be entitled *How Music Won the Match*. *Egg Shells*? Well, it was a little improbable, but then the author was clearly up against it when he set himself the task of inventing the perfect crime. We hope he keeps out of jail, so that he can continue to spin his interesting tales.

That is about all in regard to stories. The *Eagle* had not a single one. We envy the author of *Behind the Headlines* (*Laurel*) for his knowledge of the newspaper game. Suffer the *Little Children* (*Stylus*) another "tale of the Christ" was reverently treated and well told. In closing our story analysis, we caution the *Laurel* against slang and grammatical errors and recommend that the *Rosary Eagle* add a few bright feathers in the form of short stories. We do not mean that we find the *Eagle* anything less than a bird of brilliant plumage, but a short story or two would add to its entertainment value.

This "spirit of comparison" is involving us in a rather lengthy discussion, but our interest still holds good, so we shall carry on, as the traveling salesman said when he bade goodbye to his wife. If we can stand it, surely our readers (?) can. Let us now steal upon the unsuspecting essays and study them from the bush.

First of all, we have a certain opinion on this matter of collegiate essay writing, and it is that the essays should be original. In other words, the students should think for themselves. We have observed at home here that students, with the idea in mind of turning out an essay for the *Xponent*, have spent hours in the library reading up on a certain subject and then, when their composition is finished, it is a mere recasting of the lines they have read. Such efforts as *Italy* and the *Renaissance*, *Washington* and *Education*, and *The Mediaeval Guilds*, which we found in the magazines this month, are, we fear, merely book-borrowed. But here! We are getting ahead of our analysis. Heavens, what a wanderluster!

There is certainly plenty of essay food to choose from. After tasting of each brand, we find the *St.*

Vincent, Canisius, and Boston condiments the most palatable. That narrows down the field, but now which of those three is **the best**? St. Vincent, honorable reader, we think deserves that title because of one admirable article entitled Unfounded Fears; which we think good enough to serve as a thesis for a degree in the study of Catholic Church history. It states an idea that, to us at least, is brand new, namely, that the Church has been persecuted all along for political reasons, and proves this idea so logically that we feel almost compelled to believe. This article would grace any professional magazine.

**Second best** we call a toss-up between Boston and Canisius. Some Wandering Words on Writing (Boston) reflected the genuine love of the author and proved that he writes clearly and entertainingly, in spite of what he humbly says to the contrary. He has a pleasant, easy style. On Arguing (Canisius) derives delightful humor from a pastime familiar to all.

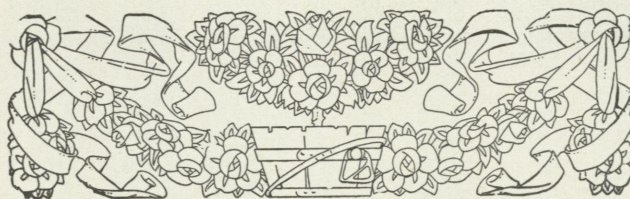
We fear that we erred in awarding that second place; none other than the Rosary College Eagle deserves that honor. All of its contributors write in the same entrancing, reflective style. Some Parisian Jaunts contained the romantic revelings of four girls in the City of the World. A Trip to Fontaineblau we enjoyed most of all because its authoress humorously tells of being so busy studying the peculiar mustache of the horse that drew their carriage that she did not even notice the historic object of their trip. Italy Under Fascism was crammed full of information, containing many facts about Mussolini's system that we have not as yet seen in the current periodicals. We were especially interested to learn that Fascism in many phases resurrects the old guild plan. In An Old Fashioned Attic was another enjoyable essay.

The Laurel and Ambrosian compositions represent what we mean by book borrowing in collegiate essays. Neither magazine presented much original thought outside of The Art of Story Telling (Ambrosian) and Superstitious Beliefs in Comets (Laurel). In both magazines we found many essays incompletely developed as though the authors were not sufficiently interested in their subjects to finish them properly. Thinking through on a subject seems to be a rather universal defect in modern colleges.

We must compliment the Stylus for giving us some rather rare college magazine entertainment, namely, a complete play. Its title is The Flower of Chivalry, which is stated as being a recast of Stevenson's Sire de Maletroit's Door. The contribution monopolizes much space but this we willingly granted it in appreciation of the pleasure it afforded us. It has the fundamental unities, an interesting plot especially, and rather melodramatic characters. For a college man, its author capably disposes of a capacity chew.

Let us add no left-handed compliment to the Ambrosian for the splendid bit of photographic art that serves for its frontispiece. The work should draw down a prize or two.

Space does not permit of treating here the editorials and departments. That shall be our pleasure next month. From our observations this month we can conclude that there is really a good class of poetry being produced, but that good stories and essays are rather scarce. Most of the stories are stiff and stereotyped, beneath the standard for college writing, and the essays are either lacking in original thought or are awkwardly written. Freedom and individuality of style seem as rare as our chances for the presidency in the coming election.



## Alumni Notes

By Robert D. McClear and William P. Keane

**Charles P. Pfarrer, '27** If ever in need of legal advice, go to Charlie. Although only recently admitted to the bar he has established a very enviable record in legal circles in Dayton. In spite of his many activities Charlie manages to keep in close touch with all the major activities at Alma Mater, and his work for the old school is deeply appreciated.

**Herbert Eisele, '26** Word received from reliable authority informs us that "Skeeter" has been appointed coach at Latin High in Cleveland. Even if you are a little man, Herb, we are looking for big things from you.

**Jack Brown, '24** Our stellar lineman of a few years back just couldn't keep away from the U. when spring practice was on, and so we find him out at practically all of the scrimmages. Jack is very emphatic in his predictions for a successful season next fall.

**Wm. A. Keyes** When you want anything done in an efficient and speedy manner, just tell "Bill" about it. Our proof of this is the constant demands made for his service, and no matter how busy he may be or how trivial the matter may seem, our old "Daddy" is always in there backing the boys. We appreciate your help, Mr. Keyes.

**Francis Powers, '18** A firm believer in a Greater University is our friend "Never". Being Sport Editor for the Associated Press, Frank is in a position to boost the stock of the University in a very effective manner, and never has he failed to do so. In a recent visit he gave a lecture to the Baseball Squad on "How to play the game". There is possibly no man in the country better able to talk on that subject than Frank. He is very much interested in the building program of the University and predicts great things in the future. Frank is making his home in Cleveland where his offices are located.

**M. L. Trainer, L. L. B., M. D.** One of the members of the first baseball team to officially represent the University, called on Dr. Wohlleben the past week. Dr. Trainer was on the delivering end of the great and unbeatable Trainer-Grimes combination. At present he is practicing legal medicine in Chicago. He resides at 1208 East

63rd Street. in the Windy City. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Mabel Trainer, of Greenville, Ohio.

**Frank Elardo, '22** On learning that Dr. **Elmer Steger, '23** pell contemplated the purchase of a new oscillograph for the Electrical Lab, **Anthony Horvath, '23** Frank immediately volunteered to start a fund to be used for the purchase of the new instruments for that department. With Anthony Horvath and Elmer Steger he formed a committee to canvass the graduate electrical engineers for funds. Their campaign has met with unusual success to date. This is the kind of spirit that shows the real value of our Alumni. Gentlemen allow the Exponent to congratulate you, we only wish that others would show their enthusiasm in a similar manner.

**Jos. Holters, '19** "Joe" is a frequent caller and has always been a loyal booster of the U. He recently arranged with his firm to have a demonstration panel of lead storage batteries made up and sent to the school. Since leaving Dayton Joe has been connected with the Exide Storage Battery Company, of Covington, Ky., and is presently Sales Manager of that concern.

**Elmer B. Hess, '19** "Mike" is president of the Piqua Electric Service Co. at Piqua, Ohio. He recently started production on a new exhaust fan called the "Aerovent", and sent an elaborate catalogue to his old professor with instructions to pick what he wanted with compliments. In his school days Mike was a stellar Basketball tosser.

**The Hibernians** At the Hibernians' Annual banquet given at the Gibbons Hotel we were able to get in touch with many of our Alumni. Several took prominent parts in the program. Bill Keyes rendered several vocal selections and was ably assisted by Tom Ryan. John C. Shea and Father William O'Connor gave addresses. Our old friend Herbert Eikenberry was toastmaster. Bill Carroll, Mike Gibbons, Tom Kelly, and Eddie Fitzgerald were also there. We were able to renew acquaintances with Jack and James Kain, Frank Hagan, Pat Cassidy, Attorney Dwyer, Tom Murray and other active boosters of the University. Commenting on the banquet let it be known that a

bigger or better affair was never staged in the Gem City. It takes the Irish to do things, and how?

**Victor Hart, Prep '25** A most interesting letter was received recently from Vic who is studying Arts and Letters at Notre Dame. Unless we are very badly mistaken Vic will have a regular berth on the N. D. nine this year. Vic is the son of the late Tom Hart and is following in his dad's steps by always backing Dayton U.

**Geo. Massman, '26** Word was received from the Bahamas that Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Massman are spending their honeymoon there. George married Anne McCormick of Covington, Ky., early this year. After an extended tour of the West Indies the couple will locate in Cincinnati

where George is in business. Congratulations and best wishes.

**James "Ned" Grimes, '06** The Fearless Order of Moots "all over the world" will be glad to know that "Ned" Grimes is rapidly recovering from a serious operation, performed recently. You have our sincere wishes for a speedy and permanent recovery, Ned.

**Wm. Larkin, '27** Word from Cincinnati informs the editor that Bill is leading his class at St. X. this semester. He will get his B. A. this summer.

**Jack Lawler, Prep '24** Jack Lawler of the Panther combination, Lawler and Lukaswitz, is also pursuing a course in higher education at St. Xaviers.

## *Bits About 'Em*

By Gerald A. Herbison and John C. Bruck

John Hochadel wishes to take this occasion to challenge anyone to a foot race from the rear door of Alumni Hall Chapel to the Chaminade Hall dining room. We suggest that only the fleetest runners in the school accept the challenge, since John is in the pink of condition after many months' training and practice. We might also add that the challenger smokes Luckies.

The first warm days of Spring brought out the golf bugs. We did not take the trouble to go over to the two hundred yard, two hole course in order to identify the enthusiasts, but from our point of vantage we could distinguish Joe Fihe, who was swinging like a windmill at the defiant little pill, while Jack Meresicky was taking time out for the eleventh time to locate the position of his ball after his last slice into the garter snake hatchery. Don't get sore, boys, and if you do, yell "fore".

More signs of Spring—Bill Schmidter, all alone, in the club room pounding out the "Rustle of Spring" on the "instrument of the immortals"... Nunn, Neville, Cunningham, McClear, and Schlitt chewing the fat on the north steps of Alumni Hall. ...Ed Wise and Byron Breen going through the motions of wrestling on the front lawn.

Has any one around the campus walked off with Mike Burger's queen? Jay Muller was last seen with the queen, but has been exonerated by the Third Order of Kappa Blanca after a three-hour grilling by the exalted potentate. In the future all

suspicious characters loitering for more than three moves will be held for a hearing in hopes of obtaining information leading to the return of the lost queen. The potentate of the Kappa Blanca failed to give us a description of his queen, but from what we gleamed from hearsay we might inform those interested in the hunt, that the lost queen is black.

In order to hasten the return of the missing queen the loyal members of the Kappa Blanca are offering an ancient castle as a reward.

Our Senior class president, John V. McGarry, returned to school after his pre-Easter vacation with another appellation added to his already long list of titles. "Coach" McGarry of West Catholic, Philadelphia, cut his squad of one hundred and ten candidates for football to sixty. He ran them through daily workouts and got them pretty well lined up for their work next fall. Atta boy, Jocko.

Bill Reynolds, our latest gay young Lothario on the campus, informed us that Jocko spent his first pay on the loud regalia that he is sporting around. The light suit and ensemble to match are distinctly individual, and make the sketches from Fashion Park take a back seat. Step up, gentlemen, and see the well-dressed man.

Another pursuant for the unofficial recognition medal follows immediately. Stutz Armstrong, according to unauthentic reports over the U. D. Wires, Inc., absolutely refuses to utter a sound while go-

ing through his daily calisthenics. We recently saw the hunting expedition pictures of Fred Patterson and found out that the camel is the only living animal that does not make a sound. Deduce, boys!

We have often heard of superstitious gamblers, but never did we have the pleasure of seeing any until our recent visit to the Recreation Parlors of St. Joseph's Hall. Off to one side we saw four sinister forms with piercing eyes and rigid faces pouring over freshly dealt cards. In only one way did they lack the cinema aspect of professionals; that is, they were not walking around their chairs, but instead, they hung their cravats over their backs indicating that Lady Luck was being summoned. We did not stay for the finish, but Tim Killeen, Chaunce Dehler, Frank Mastly and Howy Crush can give you the results.

This Bits comes to us without authorization, but we cannot overlook it because of the fine moral it carries with it. Al Hart took his track shoes home with him over the holidays. Further he was seen

running hither and yon at midnight in the vicinity of one hundred and seventeenth street and St. Clair, Cleveland, Ohio. Is this ambition?

Joe Pesce, minute pep dispenser, suffered from acute indisposition just previous to the Easter holidays. He is rapidly recovered, though, and spent a real enjoyable week calling on his numerous admirers and friends.

It wasn't a wise old owl that allowed himself to entertain Gale, Devanney, Shuler, Kuhns and Co. We must not go into more detail for fear of betraying the young men to the Humane Society. Anyhow it was satisfactorily proven that the intelligent and wise look on an owl's face is nothing but a fraud.

If you will refer to your last Exponent, and take the first Bits and change Gallagher to Spaulding, the management will be much obliged. Apologies to both gentlemen. We thank you.

## Chronicle

By Bob Bergk

**The Fair of the Iron Horse** "The Fair of the Iron Horse", a film epic dealing with the progress of transportation, was shown to the students, March 8, in the auditorium, through the courtesy of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company is the author of this epic picture, the film being taken on the occasion of the Fair which this Company held in celebration of its one hundredth anniversary of railroad service.

Starting with the earliest and most primitive methods of transportation, the film progressed by successive stages, until the complete, efficient and speedy locomotive of today was reached.

The film was very interesting from an historical point of view and was well received by the large crowd that attended its showing.

**Daniel Iddings, I. R. C.** The International Relations Club inaugurated their lecture program March 9, when Mr. Daniel Iddings, prominent attorney and authority on Latin-American countries, addressed the assembled Club members and visitors on the subject of "Mexico".

Mr. Iddings was eminently qualified to deal with his subject thoroughly as he has visited Mexico several times for long periods.

He dwelt principally on details that are of para-

mount importance to Mexico today and elucidated several points on which most Americans are not well informed.

The talk which was both interesting and instructive, was well received by the small, but select group that attended.

**I. R. C. Meeting** The March meeting of the International Relations Club was held March 12, in the History Lecture Room in St. Mary's Hall.

"The Public Mind", the I. R. C.'s first book, was reviewed at the meeting and several talks followed, featured by an illustrated lecture on the "Battle of Gettysburg", by Mr. Marshall.

An Associate Membership List has been added to the Club and all those who are not carrying history as a regular course, but who are interested in the aims and work of the Club, may join provided they comply with the requirements for membership.

**Mr. Bennet, A. S. C. E.** Members of the Engineering Classes and their friends were treated to a real attraction, March 15, when Mr. Bennet, Secretary of the Miami Conservancy, spoke on the subject, "Flood Control", in the Chemical Lecture Room, under the auspices of the local chapter of the American Society for Civil Engineers.

Mr. Bennet's talk was very appropriate and his exposition on the Mississippi Flood left little doubt in the minds of the audience as to the cause of the disaster, while his plan of control drew even more attention.

**Commerce Club Banquet** "The most successful Commerce Banquet in the history of the club", was the unanimous verdict reached by the 90 odd members, at the conclusion of the Commerce Banquet, held March 15, at the Engineers Club. From every standpoint the banquet was an unqualified success, the excellence of the speakers being the largest contributing factor.

Mr. O'Connor, father of Joe, talked on "The Difficulties of a Credit Department in a large Department Store".

Mr. Garry, of the N. C. R., spoke on "Sales Promotion".

"The Problems the Young Men Entering Business Will Have to Face", was the topic chosen by Mr. Zolg, father of Walter.

At this banquet Father Renneker made the first public announcement regarding the entrance of the University into the North Central Association of Schools and Colleges.

Mr. E. B. O'Leary, Faculty Advisor of the Club, gave the introduction and Walter Kraft, president, acted in the capacity of toastmaster.

**Debating** Once more the University is represented by a debating team, the success of which was very much doubted at the outset. However, the gradually increasing crowds at each debate bore silent testimony to the respect with which the students hold the abilities of our forensic artists.

The subject for Intercollegiate Debating this year is "Resolved, That the United States Should Cease to Protect by Armed Intervention the Capital of Its Citizens in Foreign Lands".

Two experienced debaters from the University of Buffalo gave our negative team its first jolt, but in the week following, the affirmative of Dayton, all inexperienced men, made a very creditable showing against the strong negative of Northwestern University in a no-decision open-forum struggle. After its first setback, the U. D. negative came through with two decisions, one against McMurry College of Abilena, Texas, and the other against St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The University of Dayton men who participated in these contests are to be commended on the very fine showing which they made. They are: George Iwashita, Charles Deger, Martin Haag and Frederick Dove for the affirmative; Mose Gitman, Joseph Park, Francis Gabel, and Howard Hartman for the negative.

The list of chairmen and judges at the debates includes the names of some of the most eminent men in the city of Dayton. Chairmen: Prof. Edward O'Leary, Judge Lester Cecil, Attorney Mason Douglas, Representative Francis Canny, Judge H. L. Ferneding. Judges: Attorney Sam Finn, Dr. Harry Lautenschlager, Dr. William Beck, S. M., Mr. Robert Worst, Attorney Sidney G. Kusworm, Attorney R. Nevin Brumbaugh, Attorney Walter Connors, Judge Arthur Markey, Hon. Ralph E. Hoskot, Prosecuting Attorney.

... "Your cover is o. k.—that is something out of the ordinary run of such publications. Not only that, but I believe it is very well adapted to that which it represents, having the name of the publication and the Dayton University seal on the cover and not having it daubed up with a riot of color, as many of such publications are. Sometimes simplicity will put across to a far greater degree of success than what a great conglomeration will.

"Now as to the literary contributions and their arrangement. I think both are of a very high type, and one can readily see that a great deal of time is spent along both lines by your editorial staff. I have spent a great deal of money and am still doing so on various magazines and publications but there isn't one that can come up to the class of articles which appear in the **Exponent**. I believe that each publication of the **Exponent** is gone over thoroughly, because it seems to me to be very well balanced as to religion, fiction, poetry, sports and humor."—H. J. Hogue.

In February I read the Editor's "Appeal" in the **Exponent**. It struck me forcibly at the time and I determined to send in a criticism immediately. But here a month has passed and I have just brought myself to write it. I suppose that the same motives that prompted me to put off writing apply to the majority of students. I believe the whole trouble lies in our intellectual inertia. Even if we are college men we hate to think. And to write an article or criticism requires some thought. So although we would like to write something we put it off to a more opportune moment.

How to get a man to think and write I do not feel capable of answering but I might suggest that the Editor keep appealing until it sinks in and takes effect.

As to the **Exponent** itself I believe that it has in this scholastic year attained a standard and interest never before felt, and many friends whom I have questioned on the subject confirm this. In all sincerity I believe that the present staff is the most capable one we have ever had and will continue to give us a magazine comparable to or better than the previous ones.—Howard H. Kane.

## *Music and Dramatic Department*

By Theodore H. Hoffman

### MUSIC

While at a concert, I noticed on the program the following sentences relating to music. They seem to me to convey the power and the meaning so comprehensibly and so completely that I am going to quote them here as a beginning to my column for this month.

### I AM MUSIC

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the messages that make the world weep, and, laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

### I AM MUSIC."

### . Amelita Galli-Curci

On Tuesday evening, March 13, 1928, Madame Galli-Curci made her first appearance in Dayton after a lapse of seven years. The concert was held at the Memorial Hall and the artist sang to a well-filled, but not packed hall, as we had at first expected. She was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Homer Samuels, her husband, and on the flute by Mr. Ewald Haun.

This is the first time this reviewer has had the opportunity to hear this world-famed artist in person and the concert was enjoyed very much by him.

Madame Galli-Curci has an unusual voice. It is not strong, but it is remarkably sweet, mellow and soft. In fact, in some of the numbers she sings accompanied on the flute, it is difficult at times to distinguish which is the flute and which is her voice. As a coloratura soprano she has no rivals, and has had none for many years. Since the time when she made her debut in *Rigoletto* at Trani,

Italy, she has held undisputed sway as empress of all coloraturas. She is a worthy successor of the majestic Tetrazinni.

Her first number was *Pur Dicesti*, a song in Italian by Lotti, a composer who lived from 1667-1740. As might be expected, this song was chosen to demonstrate her perfect control over every note. She sings the highest ones with remarkable flexibility, grace and pure intonation. With no visible effort, no strain, practically no semblance of even breathing, she sang this song so beautifully, so perfectly that one wondered if perhaps one's eyes weren't deceiving him, for, indeed, here appeared to be not a woman, but a bird singing.

The next number deserving particular notice, was the *La Fauvette*, from "*Zemir et Azor*" with flute by Gretry. This was a masterpiece. It could and really should have been preserved on record, so perfect was its rendition. Here again it was impossible to distinguish between the flute and the voice. Towards the end of the song, without any piano accompaniment, the flute first plays a cadenza which is followed by the artist. Her voice echoes the flute with an accuracy that spells perfection. Exactly on pitch, every note in just the right position, she answered the flutist note for note, finally ending with a brilliant, extremely high note, which was trilled, making it especially more difficult to sing.

Madame Galli-Curci is a linguist, speaking without difficulty five languages, namely English, German, Spanish, French and Italian. She sang songs in all these languages. They were all distinguished by perfect enunciation and accent. I understood the English perfectly in the English group of songs and probably anyone understanding any of the other named languages could have understood her as well in these.

The last number on the program was *Qui La Voce*, from the opera "*Puritani*" with flute by Bellini. I think this was the masterpiece of the evening. In the first place, the aria is inherently beautiful and lends itself to a splendid rendition. In the second place, Madame Galli-Curci is famous in her interruption of this aria. It really filled and accomplished all that I thought it would. Again, we hear the low voice, the sweet, velvety, pure tones, the exact enunciation, the perfect pitch and this after more than two hours of performance.

The applause during the evening was excellent and the artist rewarded the audience by singing

many encores. There is no doubt that she was appreciated by all who heard her. Anyone with the slightest sense of appreciation could not but be delighted, enraptured by her flute-like voice, her unusual mastery, her remarkable technique, her pleasing manner.

#### Rosa Ponselle

On Friday evening, March 23, 1928, Miss Rosa Ponselle, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company made her, what might be called, annual appearance at the Memorial Hall. The house was sold out, the stage was packed and standing room was at a premium, sufficient evidence that this artist is popular in Dayton. She was accompanied by Mr. Stuart Ross, pianist, who was also her accompanist last year.

Coming so close together, I found many people comparing Miss Ponselle's voice with that of Madame Galli-Curci. There is no comparison between the two. Each is supreme in her own domain. Miss Ponselle is a dramatic soprano, with a powerful, soaring, full voice, Madame Galli-Curci is a coloratura with a mellow, sweet, flute-like voice. In technique, I think Madame Galli-Curci is perhaps the better of the two, due probably to the fact that she has been singing for a longer time.

Rosa Ponselle's program was opened by the aria, "Voi lo Sapete" from the opera *Cavaleria Rusticana* by Mascagni. No better aria could have been chosen as an opening number, except perhaps the other one that Miss Ponselle sang later on in the program, which is a trifle superior. After this aria, marvellous in its rendition, Miss Ponselle sang a group of four songs of which the last one, "Les filles de Cadiz", was remarkably pretty.

This song was written by Leo Delibes and is sung in French as may be gained by a glance at

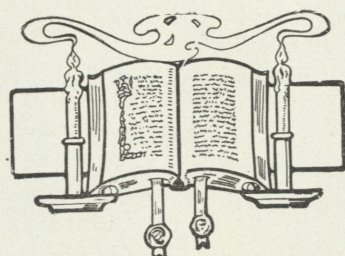
the title. The song is catchy, joyous, with a swinging, bantering air which carries the audience along with the singer. Her voice is powerful. In fact, it seemed to me that in some of her numbers, particularly in the *Wiegenlied* by Richard Strauss and the *Lullaby* by Sadéro, she made a decided effort to hold her voice in check. When Miss Ponselle sings she fairly lives the part. Her tones are luscious, rich, compelling and true to pitch all of the time. It was remarked to me that on both sides of the Hall the windows were open, which would tend to make the singer's voice seem flat even if it were not really so. This, however, was not the case with Miss Ponselle. In every selection, in every note, there was true pitch.

The best number of the evening was the aria "Ah, Fors' E Lui" from the opera *La Traviata* by Verdi. This aria held one spellbound. The soaring, brilliant notes, the stirring, swinging music, the beautiful tones captivated the audience which broke into a vigorous applause at the close of this number.

For an encore, and Miss Ponselle sang many, she did on this one occasion the "Habanera" from the opera *Carmen* by Bizet. This was the role par excellence, of Geraldine Farrar, renowned as one of the best *Carmens*. However, I think Miss Ponselle certainly rivalled the eminent Geraldine in this production.

As a final encore, Miss Ponselle sang the famous and much-loved "O Sole Mio" the Neapolitan song of Yradier, which was a sweet farewell to her delighted audience.

Miss Rosa Ponselle is scheduled to return to Dayton next year and any one who has not had the pleasure of hearing her should certainly not miss this opportunity.



## University Sportlight

By Paul A. Moorman and Ray Jay Grdina

Dear Ray: April 14, 1928. In My Den.

It is usual that when I write letters to my friends, I am several behind, though this is one case that I am really ahead of the game. Everyone has some weakness though, I suppose, but as I am to tell you of Varsity sport doings, I must be punctual and very nice.

Believe it or not, this department of the Exponent gained the particular attention of the Exchange Editor of the Ambrosian and he said many nice things about us. But yet Ray Jay, it may be hard to believe.

I just want to mention it before it slips my mind. Bud Yassanye, of the '26 Prep department is now enrolled at John Carroll according to the very good picture I saw of him in the Cleveland Plain Dealer several weeks ago. Bud is a center and was out for Spring football.

How do you like the stock on our new cover? Well, it's different anyway. And I hear that a clever brand new design is being carefully prepared. The Exponent would then probably feel like painting the town red.

"The next person to interrupt the proceedings will be sent home", declared the irate Judge.

"Hurrah", shouted the prisoner.

April is sort of a slack month for the Sportlight as I told you all about the basketball season last month, while the spring sports have not really started as yet. The nineteen diamond tilts for the Baujanites and the six track meets for the Fitzmen and dear knows what for the tennis team, will make one busy month of May.

Speaking of baseball, the new uniforms with which the team was outfitted this Spring are certainly nifty looking. They are light gray trimmed in blue and red with dark blue caps. And blue and white socks to match too.

Now they are blindfolding fellows to see what kind of cigarettes they are smoking. Soon they will be giving them away with cough drops.

Rumor comes to our desk that golf will be inaugurated in the school in the form of intramural teams. There is nothing like pleasing everyone in the athletic line. Rumor also tells us that they are going to tear down the tennis court in right field

of the Varsity baseball diamond. It won't be long now.

Now here's a sensible tale, Ray Jay.

Wife—"I've put up your shirt on the clothes-horse, Jim."

Jim—"What odds did you get?"

—Hello.

Now Ray Jay, I have heard you say time and time again that you wanted me to tell you nothing but sports, but I guess you won't mind an occasional little bromide as my letter has to have some interest.

Spring football ended with a bang on the day before April Fool and from the closing game which was played by the various teams, the Varsity coaches gained much in the way of prospective material for next fall. Of course the men who were out for baseball and play with the pigskin were excused, but just the same, the chances for the Flyers having another wonderful eleven next fall shapes up as good.

The Prep team of the school can feel mighty proud of their showing in the recent regional schoolboy tourney when their conquerors were no other than the mighty Stivers team. Stivers, at this writing, besides taking the state title, are sailing through the national meet in Chicago.

Safety first and other cures are being preached by the automobile clubs and humane societies but this might not be a bad formula for some of us:

Visiting Doctor—"How is it Sambo, that you and your large family keep so healthy?"

Sambo—"Well suh, Ah tell you; we've done bought one of those sanitary drinkin' cups, an' we all drink outen it."

Just can't say when I will be able to write you again, Ray Jay, but here's hoping that when I do, the Varsity diamond outfit will have taken quite a slice in the 19-game sked and punctured it healthily with victories.

And of course, I also hope that you will have a good account to tell me about the track and tennis teams.

Yours,

Pam.

P. S.—Be sure to make good on that track team.

P. P. S.—Be nonchalant.

## Handygrams by Andy

By Andy Cunningham

They tell me that in the remote sections of Africa where women carry loads on their heads, the men choose their wives on the strength of their necks. As far as I can see the custom is prevalent to some extent in this country.

\* \* \*

### FORCE OF HABIT

Shorty Sharpenter, the elongated senior who hails from Aurora, Illinois, was telling me that the students in Chicago raise both of their hands when the teacher suddenly asks them a question.

\* \* \*

Did you ever come to realize the fact that college is just like our laundry: you get out of it just what you put into it—but you'd never recognize it.

\* \* \*

### IN MILITARY CLASS

Sgt. Kearney: "If you had some foreign matter in your ear what would you do?"

Joe Grauer: "I'd go to the League of Nations with it."

\* \* \*

I went into the private sanctum of our southern popularity boy the other evening, and seeing that he had the hot and cold water running full force, I inquired as to why he was letting all of it run away. Pat told me not to worry, that I wouldn't have to chase it.

\* \* \*

### THE COLLEGE MAN'S SONG

"I used to  
Want  
To be a  
Boy and  
Carry money  
In my pockets.  
I still do. —Ex.

\* \* \*

Wilcox was seen with two snakes in a bottle the other night. He informed me that they wereadders, but that he expected them to multiply.

\* \* \*

This being the month of all fools we respectfully dedicate this column to the biggest of all fools, he who thinks the world is going backwards.

Henry Ford tells us that there are 1571 nuts necessary to hold a car on the road but as far as I see there is only one necessary to scatter it all over the landscape.

\* \* \*

Now that the fuel-less motor has been invented, the college boys will have to get a new line to supplant the old one about the car running out of gas on a country road.

\* \* \*

Ed Schiltz, the Ohio hurdling champ, has been appointed Soph track manager.

\* \* \*

This "Bonzai" racket looked like a big holdup to me.

\* \* \*

From the number of blue work shirts worn on the campus it seems that at least some of the students mean business.

\* \* \*

Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Snore and you sleep alone.

\* \* \*

The campus sheiks here at the U. D. seem to persist in following a group of the fair sex commonly referred to as the "tonsil group". Everybody takes them out.

\* \* \*

When Rastus Johnson's son arrived,  
He looked just like his poppy,  
In fact, the doctah done said,  
That he was a carbon copy.

—Ex.

\* \* \*

Well, now that Easter vacation is over the "hard-working" collegeman is counting the few remaining days until June.

\* \* \*

Charlie Baumann, in a recent practice game, hit a high fly that went over the wall in right field and landed in Woodland cemetery. Charlie thought it good for a home run, but the umpire ruled it a "dead" ball.

### Another Burning Question

I'd like to know who lights the torch in the hand of the Statue of Liberty?

\* \* \*

A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen little ones in a Sunday school located in the Pennsylvania mining district.

"Now where did I tell you that the Savior was born?" she asked one morning.

"Allentown", shrieked a twelve-year-old.

"Why, what do you mean Johnnie?" I told you that He was born in Bethlehem."

"Well", replied Johnnie, "I knowed that it was somewhere on the Lehigh Valley railroad!"

\* \* \*

"Are you a salesman?"

"Yes, I'm a salt seller."

"Shake."

\* \* \*

Methinks it is meet to announce that Fahey no longer uses his stool to climb into bed. He now has become so proficient at high jumping that he usually makes it in one hop.

\* \* \*

Somebody asked Blumenthal if he had any relatives living in Chicago. Bud said he didn't know, since he hadn't read the morning paper.

\* \* \*

Expertly gathered statistics state that the hair on Bill Nunn's head has grown one and one-fifth millimeters since the beginning of the school year.

\* \* \*

I see in the newspapers that an eleven months old child is reported as speaking six different languages. Most any child of that age speaks one language as well as another.

After weeks of research we have definitely established the fact that the laziest animals known are the oysters. We give as our convincing reason the fact that they are always found in beds.

\* \* \*

In ye olde days it used to be that two was company and three a crowd, but in this ever-awake age the odd party is a witness.

\* \* \*

Any one that desires to have a nervous breakdown has merely to do carefully all the work that will be assigned in the various classes from now on.

\* \* \*

Joe Stermer and the writer of this column enjoyed a new style of radio reception up in Cleveland during the Easter sojourn.

\* \* \*

The morning that Bill Nunn came back from the Fifth City he had it all figured out that there was but eight weeks and five days remaining before he bid adieu to the U. of D. At least Bill has learned to figure in his Commerce course.

\* \* \*

---

"Julius", pet goldfish of Red Geisler, is no more. He hath passed into the happy hunting grounds. Red said in his interview with the Associated Press correspondents that Charlie Baumann was the direct cause of the death of the fish inasmuch as he neglected to give it its daily bath. We send our condolences.

---

\* \* \*

Early to bed and early to rise would spoil the fun of a lot of guys!

\* \* \*

He: "What's that on your neck?"

She: "Oh, that's only a freckle."

He: "That's funny, it's the first time that I ever saw a freckle walk."—Cincy Bearcat.



## Eat Laurel Crackers and Cakes

There is a LAUREL cracker and cake for every occasion. They are wholesome, appetising and delicious.

**THE DAYTON BISCUIT COMPANY**

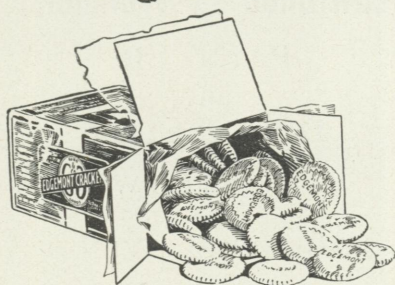
DAYTON, OHIO  
*The Taste Tells the Tale*

## Edgemont Crackers are Different

Baked from fresh milled wheat.

**TRY THEM**

Sold by Better Class Individual Grocers  
25 cents one pound package.



**THE GREEN & GREEN CO.**  
DAYTON, OHIO

## GITMAN BROS.

WHOLESALE

FRUITS AND PRODUCE

27-29-31-33 South St. Clair St.

DAYTON, OHIO

## Young's Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

Work Called for and Delivered

Let us knock the spots out of your clothes

Gar. 1523

1231 South Brown Street

SHELL  
SEALED

**air-tite Eggs**

KEPT  
RITE

FOR DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIVES

who desire New-Laid Quality during the season of the year  
when fresh eggs are difficult to procure.

MOSS ROSE  
BUTTER

**H. B. HOLE, Inc.**

ELGIN NUT  
OLEO

## Joe Spatz

**BAKERY**

EAGLE AND MADRIVER  
STREETS

Telephone Garfield 4899

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

## The Joe. O. Frank Co.

BUTTER, EGGS and POULTRY

Quality Store—29 S. Jefferson St.  
Phone Garfield 1747

PHONES  
East 2819 and 589—Plant, Xenia Pike.

Tickle Your Palate with

## REICHERT'S

WHOLESALE  
BAKERY

Quality line of

*Baked Goods*

At your favorite grocer  
or delicatessen

## Dayton Hardware Supply Store

Charles L. Wollenhaupt, Prop.

EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE  
CUTLERY, TOOLS, SEEDS, LAWN FENCING,  
ROOFING AND BUILDING PAPER

Phone Garfield 1653

435 East Fifth Street



**GIFFORD'S**  
PASTEURIZED

**SWEET CLOVER**  
CREAMERY BUTTER

## CHARLES F. DICKMAN

Contractor and Builder

Residence 529 Hickory Street

Repairs Attended to Promptly.

Phone Garfield 3227

## SOUTH PARK SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Next to Sigma Theatre  
926 SOUTH BROWN

U. D. Boys! We solicit your shoe repair work. We also do expert shoe shining.

Right on Your Way Down Town

SPECIAL RATES

\$1.00 FOR HALF SOLES  
40c FOR RUBBER HEELS

**A. JACOBSON, Proprietor**

## Westbrock Funeral Home

1712 South Wayne Ave.

PHONES

Gar. 1072

East 2075

"Ambulance Service by Appointment"

Jobbing and All Kinds of Furnace Work a  
Specialty. Roofing, Spouting and  
Sheet Metal Work

## JOS. J. SCHAD

Hardware, Paints, Oil and Glass  
Cutlery and Seeds

Garfield 2463

848-850 S. Brown St.

Dayton, Ohio

## Buckeye Barbers Supply Co.

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

CLARENCE S. WIGGIM

No. 214 East Third Street

Opp. Public Library

RESERVED FOR

## Awanda Studio of Popular Music

**Lawrence F. Wellmeier**

PAINTER  
and  
DECORATOR

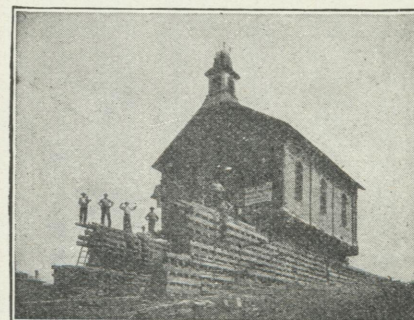
Garfield 818-W

329 GUNCKEL AVENUE

## FINCH JERSEY FARMS

Pure Jersey  
Milk

Tel. Lincoln 2367-M  
DAYTON, OHIO



**MUTH BROS.**

117 LaBelle St. We Move Anything

*Albert Pretzinger*  
*Edw. P. Musselman*

ARCHITECTS

1125-28, 1138-39 Reibold Building  
DAYTON, OHIO

**A. C. Giambrone**

WHOLESALE  
FRUITS

Bell Phone East 2472

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

**The Beringer  
Printing Company**

For Better  
PRINTING

124 East Third Street  
Fourth Floor  
Garfield 501

Garfield 4668

Dayton's Fireplace Shop

**H. M. GITZINGER  
MANTEL & TILE CO.**

607 Wayne Ave.

Harry Schmitz      Louis Rausch  
EAST 1303

**The  Bakery**

**Bread and Fancy Cakes**

1211 Xenia Avenue

Like the U. of D. Football Team

Our Fried Cakes and Pastries outclass all others  
**EAT AND ENJOY**

**Grandma's Fried Cakes**

We serve the University of Dayton

Let us serve YOU through your Grocer

**YES—There is a big difference in MEATS**  
INSIST ON THE QUALITY PRODUCTS

**THE WM. FOCKE'S SONS CO.**  
BEST BY TEST

**Kettle Rendered Lard, Beef  
Veal and Hotel Cuts, High  
Grade Sausages, Mild-Cured  
Hams and Bacon.**

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE  
BOTH PHONES

1004-1006 E. Fifth St.  
BRANCH

East Springfield Street  
PACKING HOUSE

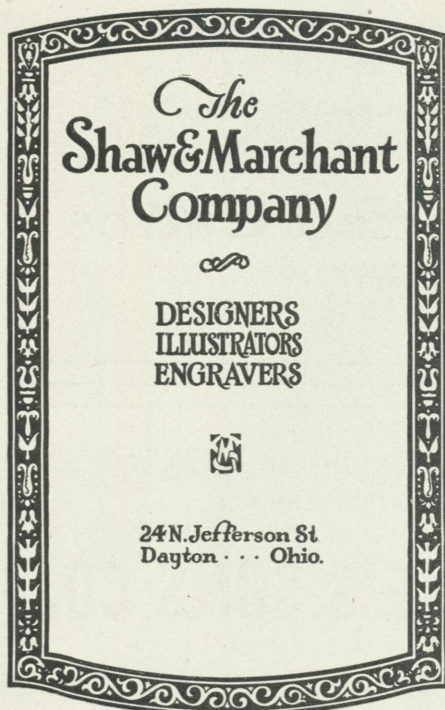
**RED WING  
ICE CREAM**

PREFERRED FOR ITS QUALITY

Served Exclusively at the University of Dayton  
Cafeteria.

Let our experts prepare something different and unique  
for your parties and dinners.

**The Red Wing Corporation Co.**  
748 S. MAIN ST.      DAYTON, OHIO



**Athletic Pants**  
Gym Shirts, White Trousers  
—for College Men

At most good stores or direct



The James E. Richards Co.

*This Magazine is  
Our Product*

*The*  
**J.C. Ely Printing  
Company**

205-207-209 SOUTH JEFFERSON ST.

**\$22.<sup>50</sup> buys you New Suit or Coat**

at the Jefferson Clothiers; best buy in town.

Come in and be convinced and save \$10.00.

**Jefferson Clothiers**

S. E. Cor. Jefferson and Fourth Sts.

**Hollencamp's**

**SODA**

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

TRY OUR CEREAL BEVERAGES

**"Golden Glow"**

AND

**"Dark Cream"**

VERY REFRESHING

**The Hollencamp Products Co.**

TELEPHONE MAIN 433

---



---

## PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

---

### ARCHITECT

HOWARD GERMAN, '01  
Miami Savings Building  
Dayton, Ohio

### ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR

CLAIR G. BRUNN, '13  
*Engineer with Wabash Cement*  
1137 Third National Bank Bldg.  
Dayton, Ohio

---

### ATTORNEYS

Compliments of

JOHN C. SHEA  
Harries Building  
Dayton, Ohio

JOSEPH B. MURPHY, '01  
*Murphy, Eliff, Leen & Murphy*  
309 Mutual Home Bldg.  
Dayton, Ohio

SAMUEL S. MARKHAM  
*Attorney-at-Law*  
Instructor of  
Torts, Evidence, Bailments and Carriers

DAVID A. KERSTING, '05  
516-520 Reibold Building  
Dayton, Ohio

HENRY L. BEIGEL  
of  
*Nolan & Beigel*  
Instructor of  
Bills & Notes—Suretyship and Quiz Master

HARRY N. ROUTZOHN  
*Probate Judge*  
Instructor of  
Wills and Administration

GUY H. WELLS  
*Attorney-at-Law*  
Miami Savings Bldg., Dayton, Ohio  
Instructor of  
Personal Property and Sales

HORACE BOESCH, '14  
505 Reibold Building  
Dayton, Ohio

---

### ENGINEERS

HARRY F. FINKE, '02  
*Finke Engineering Company*  
Dayton, Ohio

EARL A. SMITH, '07  
*Civil Engineer—Contractor*  
702 Commercial Building  
Dayton, Ohio

### OPTOMETRIST

Phone Garfield 6363

Residence 502 Lexington Ave.

S. M. ZAPOLEON, O. D.  
*Optometrist*

Glasses Adapted to the Eyes by Modern Methods  
Difficult Cases Solicited

4 Third St. Arcade

Dayton, Ohio

### JOURNALIST

HARRY KENNEDY, '16  
*Sport Editor*  
Dayton Journal and Herald  
Dayton, Ohio

---

### DENTISTS

DR. LEON DEGER, '10  
Fidelity Building  
Dayton, Ohio

DR. FRANCIS GAYNOR, '15  
Brown and Warren Sts.  
Dayton, Ohio

## The W. H. Anderson Co.

LAW-BOOK SELLERS

Law Students' Supplies  
Outlines for Reviews  
Quizzers  
Questions and Answers

524 MAIN STREET  
CINCINNATI, - - OHIO

## The Reynolds & Reynolds Co.

Manufacturers

TABLETS, COMPOSITION AND  
STENOGRAPHERS'  
NOTE BOOKS

PADS and SCHOOL PAPERS  
OF ALL KINDS

DAYTON, OHIO

## Joseph Kroger Soap Co.

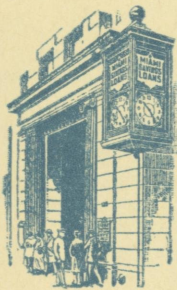
DISINFECTANTS

Sanitary Specialties—Janitors Supplies

123 E. Second Street  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Special attention to Institutions and  
Schools

## The Right Kind of Friends



THE right kind of friends are not always the friends you like, nor those that flatter you. The best friends are those that are loyal, dependable and honest. It is the constant aim of this institution to make all of its employees worthy and desirable friends to its patrons.

**Miami Savings & Loan Co.**  
"AT THE CHIMES"  
25 South Main Street · Dayton, Ohio.

## A Bigger and Better Service

Through our recent amalgamation with the Pick Barth Company we are in an ideal position to serve you with

*Van Equipment for the  
Preparation & Serving of Food*

by reason of this consolidation we will build a new and larger plant devoted entirely to the manufacture of Kitchen Equipment of

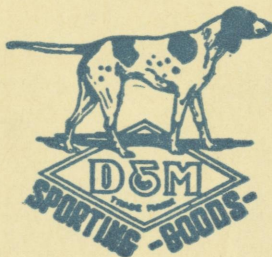
*"That Enduring Quality"*

WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH YOU WITH  
EQUIPMENT, FURNISHINGS AND SUPPLIES

Our engineering service will be helpful to you when you are contemplating a new installation or a re-arrangement of your present kitchen

**The John Van Range Co.**  
EQUIPMENT FOR THE PREPARATION AND SERVING OF FOOD  
Cincinnati

FIFTH STREET at BROADWAY



"THE LUCKY DOG KIND" OF  
**Sporting Goods**

Pleases the Athletes at the University  
of Dayton. No better Goods Made.  
Send for Catalog

**The Draper-Maynard Co.**  
PLYMOUTH, N. H.

When in need of new Glasses or  
repairs are necessary on the  
old glasses, visit

**L.M. Prince Co.**

117 South Ludlow

OPTICIANS

## CHURCH FURNISHINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

**Benzinger Brothers**

429 Main Street

CINCINNATI, OHIO