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# THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPO NENT



*October 1936*



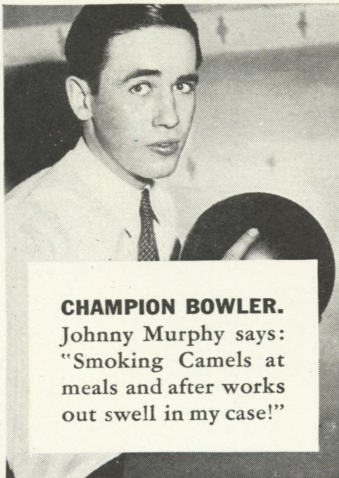
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THE  
**University of Dayton**  
**Exponent**

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Vol. XXXIII

OCTOBER, 1936

No. 6

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# THE University of Dayton Exponent

Editor-in-Chief—DAN HOBBS

Associate Editors—ELMER WILL, MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND

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## YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN

A large freshman class of men and women entered the University of Dayton in September. These students are beginning a course of preparation for their life work, a course that for many will last four years. Undoubtedly these young people found the atmosphere of the University somewhat strange the first days they were on the campus. By this time, however, time has allowed them to adjust themselves to the new surroundings and possibly at this date they are beginning to realize that the vigilance of the sophomores has ceased, that the faculty has begun to burden them with assignments, and that their success or failure in college is entirely a matter of their own concern. "Life is real and life is earnest" wrote the poet and the freshman will learn this stern truth. He or she no longer finds the kindly sympathy that might have existed in the high school days. Tasks are given and exacted with severity. The freshman will rise or fall on his or her own merits.

The college man or woman has more time than the high school student for personal employment. What is to be done with this time? The answer to this question will decide to a great extent what the future of the freshman will be. Here particularly the freshman is on his own. No faculty member will be there to direct him in this all-important duty, the use of his time. Now is the chance for the freshman to develop serious mental habits for life—learn how to use your time profitably. You are on your own. What are you going to do about it?

## WE WANT YOU TO WRITE

The University of Dayton Exponent was founded thirty-three years ago as the literary organ of the school and it has continued down through the decades to be the outlet for the budding authors who came year after year to the campus. The policy of the editors for the coming year is that the Exponent is the literary organ for ALL the students. Any one who wants to write for publication will find the pages of the Exponent welcoming his article provided, of course, his work is equal to the literary standards demanded by college magazines. In fact, we not only invite you to write but we want you to write. Sit down and write your reactions to life on the campus and off the campus. Write your contributions right out of your life. Those are the articles that have meaning for you. You have lived the thoughts and ideas that you are putting on paper. And that is what the reader is interested in—what you think about life, not what you read that some one else thinks about life. If you can think seriously about life you ought to be able to give expression to those thoughts. Try it some time. It is a lot of fun. Just ask those who write for the Exponent. There is a thrill in seeing your work in print for the first time, and this thrill does not diminish with the years. Then, too, there is the joy that goes with creative activity of any kind. Give your contributions to the student-editors or to the faculty advisor and they will be glad to assist you. Do not forget. The Exponent is for ALL THE STUDENTS.



# Witches Brew in Spain

• By M. J. Hillenbrand

After reading about the civil strife in the news report from Spain Martin gives us his reflections about the stew that the witches have brewed in the Iberian Peninsula. He insists at length on the inertness of Catholics in that country and we might learn a lesson from that nation as to how we should combat the prevalent evil of Communism.

**C**RUCIFIED priests, murdered nuns, defiled graveyards, overworked firing squads, mass slaughter and cruelty fill the press reports that pour into our editorial offices from bloody Spain, where not only brother kills brother but sister kills sister in civil war. From bloated and prosperous New York reviews to the smallest backwood weeklies, our secular press has attempted to cover up, to swing opinion toward the Madrid government; while our Catholic publications turn on the horror steam full blast, openly sympathetic to the rebels.

Caught between two blasts of propaganda, your average person begins to wonder—though of course the so-called liberal press unfurls in more homes than the religious—whether anybody over here really knows what's in the Spanish stew. Both versions can't be right; no law of logic forbids that they both be wrong. Because I believe that a true understanding of the factors, the emotions, the backgrounds, which threw the Iberian peninsula into shambles, will impress upon one the profound significance and prophetic symbolism of that now localized mess, I write here of Spain and forego the juicy plum that the month before national election offers.

To begin with, eclecticism in news sources is the only method of approximating truth relative to foreign affairs today. And then evaluation, synthesis, judgment constitutes another problem. In an article like this, I can give merely conclusions, few reasons; but I have not concluded hastily.

Very bluntly put—contemporary Spain explodes partly as a result of Catholic social stupidity in the past, a stupidity neither unique to Spain or the continent. The handwriting is on the wall, yet few notice it, and fewer worry about it. An entire world walking on dynamite fails to worry, not about the first blast, but already the fourth. Mexico, Russia, China yesterday; Spain today; France and who knows where else tomorrow?

For hundreds of years, the condition of the Spanish peasant had grown progressively worse. For one hundred years the Spanish worker had slaved in Barcelona, in Madrid, in the Asturias. Crushed under a system of great estates and absentee landlordism, the former sweated under a hot sun as long as the sun shone, for a coin too small to stick in a slot machine; while on the Riviera, in Paris, in London, his owner drained the profits and got involved in unsavoury scandals.

And the proletarian—well, they say the slums of Barcelona make our lower East sides look like prosperity's stamping grounds. Of course Spaniards are used to a lower standard of living, just as Chinese coolies are—and all that sort of sentimental excusing; but no one with a grain of sense or humanity ever gave such a fact as a remedy.

What had Catholics done about it?—practically nothing. Now I know that I'm wobbling on a footing of blanket generalization, and that individual instances can be grubbed out, just as in our own United States a Catholic Worker group preaches true gospel—and actually does do something about it. But in the sense with which Belloc identifies a true property-owning nation, one wherein private property gives the dominant tone to society, Catholics had done practically nothing. They gave no dominant tone of social reform to a society that cried to heaven for reform; in fact some leading churchgoers were also leading industrialists and landowners. Churchmen, inheriting a tradition of state domination, withdrew from the current of life; while parish priests were intolerably poor—and also intolerably ignorant and silent.



Was it any wonder that Church and reaction, or at least sympathy and aid in reaction, became synonymous? Is it any wonder that infuriated workers and farmers, threatened now through a revolution apparently led and financed by those same forces, carry on wholesale reprisals? Does any one believe that a mob of Spaniards lynching a priest actually is taking it out on him because he represents Christ? No, because he represents supposed alignment with continued oppression!

I am not excusing murder and disorder, but am trying to make it understandable. If we cannot sympathize with the ethical suppositions, we can at least appreciate the psychological motives.

That explains a basic drive underlying the present muddle; it doesn't reveal everything about the immediate aspects, the immediate history of the tottering Spanish republic and the revolution in it. Most people know that King Alphonso got his walking papers in 1931, after attempting to subordinate himself, a la Victor Emmanuel, to a dictator. Immediately confiscation and burning of ecclesiastical property became a national pastime, till a turnover in 1933 sent a more moderate government into power. Women, to whom the vote had just been donated, helped materially in putting out the donors.

So Gil Robles and his Popular Action party—sad misnomer—a so-called rightist group, swept into the Cortes as majority party. Remember how we all read of the multifarious reforms in prospect, how progress and tradition were to be reconciled, how new rotary presses had been imported from America for *El Debate*, the party organ? A beautiful dream and expectancy for those who saw in Spain a social barometer, a European epitome. For was not the leading party supposed to be thoroughly Catholic in principle and leadership?

What happened? Act number one was the restoration of confiscated estates to the loafing gentry—in other words the restoration of property, not to legitimate owners, but to the heirs of medieval robbers, of economic tyrants, of men who had simply taken the land by force or treachery and by no legal right. Act number two never followed. Over a year the Spanish people waited for a reform that failed to come.

Choice ground for communist and anarchist agitation!

The revolt broke out in Asturias among the miners; it was crushed, with cruelty on both sides. Came another year of no reform, and finally election. Though the left swept into the Cortes with a suggestive majority, no one but the leftist took the suggestion. "Just a temporary aberration," became the right excuse and war cry; besides, the crazy Spanish electoral system had just shown how crazy it was. The right still had a slight edge in the total vote.

But the Popular Left Front proved only a hollow front. Anarchists shot up the countryside—and the cities. Disorder ruled the roost. Atrocity became curiosity, and soon banality. Churches burned while their pastors absorbed bullets. Society personified chaos, which description is no more muddled rhetorically than Spain actually. And so I suppose revolution seemed an only solution to Generals Franco and Mola; possibly it was, though it hasn't solved anything yet—except an overpopulation problem that didn't exist anyway.

Here is the lineup today: heterogeneity, bad company on both sides. When both rebels and loyalists are convinced of absolute rectitude in their own cause, it simply indicates that each is partly right. If a successful revolt will insure successful reform, then Madrid had better fall—and it is fairly certain that it will. I omit introducing the political possibilities of having the army in charge, and consider merely the social and economic aspect.

At any rate, Spain's travail clears no path, reveals no solution. Mischief has bored too deeply for anything but a vague hope. Example and analogy provide an only benefit, and they do not comfort, merely alarm. Either Catholics wake up in the world, or soon there won't be enough to sound even a sizable snore—or to make the waking up worthwhile.

That is the lesson which Spain teaches; and I emphasize again my non-condonance of atrocity. Murder, rapine, fire are never on the side of the angels, but neither were the reactionaries. The angels stayed in heaven. Catholic inertness fertilized the field that communism and anarchy sowed; and as I have written before, only God can say who is more guilty, the murderers or the murdered.



# Six - Weeks Soldiers

• By Elmer Will

Elmer spikes the old adage "Join the army and see the world." He joined the R. O. T. C. and spent six weeks in a world composed entirely of Fort Knox, Kentucky.

**S**OLDIERS for six weeks! Leggings and rifles, bunks and barracks, tents, routine, discipline, life among the male genus solely—six weeks of a life which most of us had never before experienced. Six weeks of fun and hell, work and play, in pursuance of that experience necessary to obtain a second lieutenant's rating after four years in the R. O. T. C.

Six weeks soldiers. What a laugh, now that we look back on that short period wherein we forsook all for God and Country and Seventy Cents per diem. There were sixteen of us from this benign alma mater who qualified for the cognomen—sixteen (per) aspiring shave-tails who little reckoned into what they were walking. Whether the sixteen were any more ignorant than the other seven hundred cadets who drifted into Fort Knox on June seventeenth is of little accord here—although subsequent events proved that they were neither more nor less than the others—but there is little doubt that the Daytonians were sadly in need of nursemaid direction.

All day and part of the next groups sifted in, until there seemed no end. Lines waiting for equipment or medical exams increased rather than decreased despite the heroic efforts of the regulars who were attempting to herd the "Students—handle with care" into some semblance of order. Military discipline was to have begun the moment we hit camp but saluting and "tenSHUNing" were not thought of by us until days later. We were a raw lot of recruits indeed.

Through some kind quirk of fortune, the sixteen were all bunked together on the ground floor of one of the many similar barracks. (These last looked for all the world like barns

to us but since they had stood since 1918 who were we newcomers to change their name?) With Major Strain as our regular army platoon leader and representing approximately one-third of the 2nd Platoon, Company "B," we settled back to be taught. This, however, was a fatal mistake and proved to be our last bit of "settling back" until the end of camp.

It is not our wish to imply that the six weeks soldiers had no rest periods throughout the duration of camp. Oh, no! The schedule provided that the lunch period should last from 11:30 until 1:00 and the working day officially ends at 3:00 p. m. It was merely unfortunate that we barely had time for lunch and that the afternoon problem lasted so long that we wearily plodded into camp after 4 o'clock and that various guard and camp duties detained us in the evening. Often, with a half hour free time, one and all would automatically reach for cleaning rod and rifle to participate in the universal pastime of the army—cleaning the rifle.



Roughly, the six weeks spent at Fort Knox were divided into three stages. Organization and drill were the predominant features of the first week and more; three weeks were devoted to rifle and pistol marksmanship, musketry, and allied studies; the final two weeks consisted of problems in combat principles, night problems, and extended and close order drill.

If it please the reader, let us pass over the first stage but lightly, for a detailed description would but open up old wounds in the hearts of the sixteen. Drill at the best is none too pleas-



ant. With the temperature well over 100 degrees, and the hay which passes for grass in that part of the country sending up clouds of dust at every step, and the heavy rifles getting heavier with the passage of seconds—drill becomes, to put it into words of one syllable, plain hell.

Despite the drudgery of drill, this first stage afforded us the best opportunity for sport and recreation. The parade ground being but a short distance, it was an easy matter to gain camp at the allotted time, giving us ample chance for swimming, tennis, baseball, and, the favorite sport, sleeping. Then again, the officers were human—sometimes—and were not averse to chopping fifteen minutes off the working time during the worst hours of the day. Later on, when the problem took us to the firing line or a location from two to fifteen miles from headquarters, it was not so easy to reach camp at the proper hour, too much time being consumed in going to and from the barracks. Consequently, schedules meant little in the remaining weeks of our harried life.

With the advent of rifle marksmanship our lives underwent a decided change. Gone were the leisure hours for recreation, but their place was taken by the ever interesting study of the rifle and the pistol and a chance to try our hand at hitting a few bull's eyes.

For almost a week we practiced, without once going near the range—practising tying ourselves into the knots which are the prone, sitting, kneeling, and standing positions, practising breathing, practising squeezing the trigger (an all important step in correct shooting), and finally practising rapid fire, wherein the rifleman attempts to fire as many shots as possible in the shortest time possible and still get a good score. Get it? Some days we just practiced. But none of this could ever become tiresome—much. It held too much promise for the future.

The following week, the third in camp, was spent on the rifle range, a place about ten miles from the barracks. This necessitated mechanical transportation. Hectic week! Schedules were shelved in earnest. Up at 5:30 a. m., rush through breakfast, a hurried cleanup of barracks, then out to the range in trucks either to fire or to work in the target pit. Home knew us not until 5:00 and after each evening.

The pit is a long, concrete ditch, approximately 400 yards long, with a concrete parapet jutting out over the near side of the ditch under which those working the targets stood or sat. The firing lines run parallel to the pit, 200 and 300 yards distant. The two targets, the "A," or bull's eye, and the "D," or silhouette, work on a pulley arrangement much on the order of a window, one target counterbalancing the other projecting above the pit.

Two men work each target. One watches constantly and, on his signal that his target has been hit, both leap to pull it down, locate the hole, "mark" it with a "marker," a small cardboard disk and peg, run the target up again and then "disk" it, showing the position of the hole and its valuation. "Disking" is done with a long pole on the ends of which are fastened two large tin disks. The sides of these are painted white, or a bull's eye counting five; red, or a hit in the four ring; black with a white cross, signifying a three; and totally black, representing a two. A miss is the delight of the pit worker, who then sends up a jubilant cry, and frantically waves the red flag which has been thrust into his hands.

"Firing for record," which meant that practice was over and that every poor shot taken now merely lessened the chance for a marksman's medal, came the latter part of the week. The course consisted of slow fire (taking all the time desired), prone, sitting, and kneeling positions at 300 yards; slow fire standing at 200 yards; rapid fire (10 shots in a minute) sitting at 200 yards; and rapid fire (10 shots in a minute and ten seconds) prone at 300 yards.

Pistol marksmanship was undertaken in much the same manner as was rifle marksmanship, viz., preliminary practice and actual firing on the range. After a half week of "dry runs," i.e., firing the pistol without ammunition, we again went out to do battle, this time on a different location on the many thousands acre reservation that is Fort Knox.

The side arms course was fired in three stages: slow fire at 25 yards, rapid fire at 15 and 25 yards (10 shots in ten and eleven seconds), and timed fire at the "bobbars." "Bobbars" are nothing more than cardboard silhouettes of kneeling men and when in use are "edged" for two seconds and exposed for



three. Although the range is short and the targets the size of half a barn door, it becomes surprisingly easy to shoot where the target isn't. For proof, we refer you to any of the sixteen.

The overnight hike occurred immediately after the cessation of pistol fire. Reduced to simple terms it was a long walk with stops for artillery and chemical warfare demonstrations and lunch and a hard bed on harder ground under pup tents inexpertly pitched by six weeks soldiers. Grub was wolfed via mess kits which each man carried on his back in a light pack.



Final two weeks of camp, consisting of problems and demonstrations, seemed to be the longest and hardest of them all. Home was so near and yet so far; the problems were so long and the sun so hot and the water in our canteens so insipid; we had to run too far and fall to the bestubbed ground so often and doctor our scratches and bruises so much; and we had to retrace our steps so frequently, and the sun got hotter and the dust nearly killed—but, by golly, we surely did have fun.

A brief word might here be said of the night problems in which we engaged during these final two weeks. Consisting of glorified "Hide and Seek" games with the exception that the "hider" was unable to see the "seeker" and vice versa even though the one was a mere five feet from the other, these problems presented a novel experience under the starry Kentucky skies that many of us would have been reluctant to miss.

In addition to this rough sketch of the life of a six weeks soldier, camp life resolved itself into a number of personal duties. Each man filled in his turn the necessary jobs of C. O. (commanding officer), platoon leader and sergeant, company clerk, supply and mess ser-

geants, C. Q. (charge of quarters), and the inevitable but unenviable K. P. (kitchen police). We were assigned various guard duties, interior guard, fire guard, auto park guard. Yes, the sixteen had a taste of army life, and there was much that was not distasteful.

With sports, letter-writing, walks to points of interest we amused ourselves during our spare time. This, and the efforts of the camp authorities in our behalf, kept us busy and happy. For our pleasure, the regular army officers organized two dances on the roof of the Brown, Louisville's best hotel, a trip to Mammoth Cave, and boxing, wrestling, baseball, swimming and tennis tournaments with excellent trophies to the winners. The Post's open-air theatre with a different show each night provided entertainment of an evening, and Wednesday afternoon and week-end leaves afforded escape from the monotony of discipline and routine.

Army life. They say that the infantry lives on its belly. If that be so, then the sixteen are full-fledged infantrymen, for they occupied much of their time in that position, or on the back, in the pastime known to regulars as "Bunk fatigue," or as one student commander so aptly put it when ordering us into barracks for inspection, "Fall out and fall in on your bunks."

During "Bunk fatigue" much talk goes on which gives an insight into the real character and intelligence of the six weeks soldiers. For the reader's enlightenment and edification we herewith offer a sample of a hot afternoon's conversation.

"Hey Luke . . ."

"Say buddy, why d'ya call Jack, Luke?"

"Oh, I call 'im Luke 'cause he ain't so hot."

And with this bit of sparkling wit, we give you the six weeks soldier. Whole-heartedly do the sixteen recommend the experience to those who will follow. Even more vehemently do they disclaim any desire to return—in a similar capacity. Camp is a combination of hardship and fun. As one man the sixteen agree that they wouldn't have missed it for the world. But when they go back they'll be wearing bars on their shoulders and they won't have to carry that dad-blamed rifle—thank heavens!



# Girls! Try College

• By Chrissoula Economides

Do you often wonder if college has many advantages for a young woman? Read what a sophomore in the College for Women writes about it.

**W**HEN the question "Is college a good investment?" is asked, the answer that is usually given and without much thought is "Yes." But when the question is made more specific as "Is college always a good investment for a girl?" there is usually a bit of hesitation accompanied by a difference of opinion before the final answer is given. Since higher education for women is a comparatively recent development, however, it is only natural that such a clash of opinion should exist. It has not been practiced long enough to draw absolutely definite conclusions as to its merits or demerits. In the last analysis of the question, it finally comes down to two basic factors: the girl herself and the ideals which that girl upholds.

First and foremost, it must be said that college is certainly not a good investment for every girl as it is not for every boy—for the simple reason that not every girl nor every boy is fitted for college. Some young people do not even have the right conception of what college life truly is. Then when they enroll and discover that as far as they are concerned, it is not "what it's cracked up to be," they are very much disappointed and soon drop out of the picture entirely. This type of person should never have even made an appearance at the college. Another type of girl who is not fitted for college is the so-called "play-girl" type who thinks she can get by, so to speak, on her looks and her Dad's money. Possibly but not probably, she will get by for a time at least but she could be a "play-girl" to or at the college without actually attending and without spending so much money. On the other hand, there is the other extreme—the girl who is the "all-

student" or "bookworm" type. It is true that she has a more concrete purpose for attending college, that of gaining knowledge. But she too will not have derived the full benefit from her college training because of the fact that more than likely she will not have learned how to apply her knowledge. Long ago some one stated the proverb that "Knowledge is power." But after all, of what worth is knowledge that is simply stored up in the brain. The above proverb would be more exact if revised to read "The application of knowledge is power." This application of knowledge can be gained along with the knowledge itself right on the college campus. For example, extra-curricular activities, particularly those of the intellectual nature, are excellent avenues not only for applying knowledge but also for developing socially. Often the latter is that the "bookworm" misses. So much for the girl herself. . . .

Another point worthy of consideration is that of ideals or aims in life. If a girl knows definitely that she is going to enter a certain field or profession, whether it be nursing, teaching, law, medicine or what have you, and if she is reasonably sure that she is not going to marry (one never knows about such things—especially a woman) then a college education is an absolute necessity. There is no argument upon that point. In fact, today most professions demand more than college training. They demand graduate work. If, on the other hand, a girl knows that she will marry, a college education is not an absolute necessity but it certainly is an advantage and an aid as she is to set the intellectual standard in her home. Every wife must realize however, that her husband has probably been with college women all during his college career; that he is probably sick and tired of hearing about atoms, about this prom and that tea and the other dance. She must not continually launch the fact that she has had college training in his face because he likes to **think** that he is superior anyway. So just for the sake of keeping peace in the family if for no other reason it is well to let him think so. When the children come the parents' college training is truly an advantage. To be a success-



ful mother who makes her children happy is one of the noblest ambitions a woman may have. A college education will enable that mother to meet all situations quickly and intelligently; to understand through her study of child psychology all the little problems which arise with children; to have a cultural influence over her children through her own ability to appreciate the higher things in life. And that last statement is one of the most important in

this discussion. College is certainly a good investment from the cultural viewpoint alone. If a girl can afford to go and is worth sending to college, if she can take a general course for the sole purpose of gaining culture and poise, she is really making an investment which she can never lose and which can never be taken from her. And after all, what is more beautiful, more attractive to both men and women, than a cultured, refined woman?

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### THE REDDISH MOON

By Ambrose Nakao

Low, low in yonder stormy sky  
The reddish moon is hung—  
An eerie night when all is still  
Except the pines that ever sigh  
And murmur in a foreign tongue.

What, reddish moon, dost thou presage  
By thy mysterious glow and fire?  
What great impending human ill?  
Thou threatenest th' avenging rage  
Of One whose might is great and dire!

Oh, reddish moon, the world beneath  
In slumber's chains lies bounden fast,  
Unconscious of the wrath that will  
In yet one moment sweep in death  
Its victims like a winter blast.

Is there no one to break this spell  
Of slumber that has bound the town?  
Is there no breath to wake the shrill,  
Loud echoes of the fife to tell  
The warning of the reddish moon?



# Filling Station Psychology

• By Dan Hobbs

Wherein Psychology is found in a filling station and the author discusses his psychological patients.

**S**O I take up the study of Psychology, not realizing the volume of learning which was to be mine, not having the vaguest dream of the vast field of experimental research upon which I was about to embark. That was a year ago. Ah, how great and varied have been my references to this most social of social sciences during these twelve short months, these fifty-two abbreviated weeks, these three hundred and sixty-five fleeting days, and especially during these last nine hundred and seventy-six hours. But let me explain.

It was with vague trepidations that I seated myself in the class which bore the mystifying and awe-inspiring label of "Psychology." With a "do-or-die" air I resigned myself to my fate and proceeded courageously to struggle with the intricacies of psychological terms and nomenclature. By and by the light began to dawn, and my heretofore handicapped intellect proceeded to imbibe psychological knowledge. After a few visits to insane asylums, penal institutions, and other psychological laboratories, I actually became interested in the science, and began to regard myself as a budding, if not blooming (I sye, old man, haw! haw!) psychologist. But the best was yet to come; I was soon to be given the opportunity to apply my hard-earned knowledge of the science of which I am speaking, that is, psychology.

On the fourteenth of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-six, I was approached with an offer for my services as an executive of a well-known firm dealing in refined petroleum products. Of course, it was explained, it would be necessary, as a matter of policy, for me to serve a certain term of apprenticeship. So it was, that, after due consideration, I accepted the position of

filling station attendant, and at the same time embarked upon a gigantic field of experiment and observation in normal and abnormal psychology. I not only had the human race at my scientific disposal, but I also enjoyed very favorable, natural conditions of my subjects, for as the ancient philosopher, Socrates, once said, "A man's car is his castle, and therein is he supreme," (until the finance company agent comes around).

Our class or laboratory period begins with the honk of a horn. In accordance with the principles of the Reaction Hypothesis, which is to the effect that every stimulus must have an equal and opposite reaction, we unlimber our personal effects from the top of a very comfy oil drum and dash out the door with the determined look of service breaking out all over us. The unlucky subject's (or customer's) first manifestation is one of fright, and, until he becomes accustomed to our enthusiastic attentions, his first tendency will be to put as much distance as possible between himself and the service shop. However, he is first tactfully calmed down with a full-toothed grin and a cheery greeting, and then met with an inquiring look, which is brought about by raising eyebrows slightly and leaving the mouth drop to an oval shape. When met with this the customer automatically makes known his needs. From here our lesson progresses, for from this point human behavior takes charge of the program.

From the viewpoint of service station etiquette, if X, if the unknown quantity, desires gas there are two courses of speech open to him; either he can tell the bow-tied man to "fill 'er up" or he can state the specific gallon. In either case he becomes a subject for study, for in such a very simple statement he can bare his entire character to the observant psychologist. Take, for example, the "fill 'er up" customer. If he is gruff, domineering, and demanding, he will take a prolonged puff on his pipe, stare straight ahead and grunt, "fill it." If he is the fidgety, "persnikity" car owner he will look at his gasoline gage, climb out of the



car, unlock the cap to the tank (these kind invariably have locked caps), make certain that the attendant chooses the proper pump, and then begins, "I want it filled up—I don't know how many it will take—but don't run it over—be careful, don't scratch the car with that nozzle—Hey! \* \$ \* —I thought I told you not to run it over—when are you attendants ever going to learn how to put gas in a V-8—blah, blah, ad infinitum." But, if he is considerate, understanding, and an all-around good fellow, he does everything to help fill the tank but put in the gas, his conversation running something like this: "See how many it'll take buddy—you had better stop on eight, and I'll see how my gage stands—you know, these things are never right, but they might be some help, etc."

Then there are the customers whose gallonage becomes a tradition. The minute he drives onto the lot, the "yes-man" takes the hose off the hook, opens the gas tank, and, upon a knowing nod from the subject, shoots in five gallons. This latter amount, by the way, is used so consistently by so many motorists that the attendant soon acquires the ability to deliver the goods, make change, inquire about the water and oil (mostly in vain), and say thank you so automatically and quickly that the driver hardly finds it necessary to shift into second gear when passing through the station for fuel.

And finally come the one-gallon-ers. This species usually predominate on the day before pay-day, and are really a subject for study in themselves. The habituals, of course, become so callous that their expression never changes when they say, "Put in one." However, one would never realize the magnitude of the imaginary stigma of buying gas in the smallest possible quantities until he could witness the painful process of ordering such an amount by the majority of customers. The most pitiful instance is that of the young swain (in his dad's car) accompanied by his "one and only"; here is the acme of psychological examples of self-consciousness. The vast majority of these equip themselves with a sickly grin, turn a beet red, take a side glance at their youthful guest, and murmur, "One gallon," dropping the correct change hurriedly into the grimy paw of the courteous retailer. However, the most extreme cases of inferiority complex manifest themselves when the subject glares at the attendant,

and, in the deepest and loudest voice he can muster, says, "Gimmie one gallon," and shows himself ready to leap from his vehicle and whip the ears of the one who dares to make him out a piker. And his gears really take a beating when he puts distance between the station and his "jillopy."

WHAT is the pet peeve of a filling station attendant? I think it could all be summed up in what we could call the inconsiderateness of mankind. After his first two weeks in a station, the attendant's dominating and all-possessing thought becomes, "Nobody loves me—I'm going out and eat worms." Why? Let me enumerate some reasons:

- 1.) Gas caps with springs attached to them, which refuse to open wide enough to admit the nozzle, and, once open, are very apt to snap shut without any respect for the tips of fingers.

- 2.) Customers who mumble their wants through a closed window, and when asked to repeat, open the window and scream at the tops of their voices.

- 3.) Subjects who pull into the middle of the drive and expect a seven-foot hose to assume twenty-foot proportions for their individual benefit.

- 4.) Short-change artists who are forever trying the two-dollar-bill trick.

- 5.) "P. W. A." customers, who seldom stop in for gas or oil, but certainly command a lion's share when it comes to Patience, Water, and Air.

On the other hand, life is made bearable for a service station's worker by the somewhat minority group of individuals who realize that courtesy works two ways: who return pleasantry for pleasantry, who consider the attendant as one who is endeavoring to help him keep his automobile in good running order. Just one of these is sufficient to obliterate the memory of twenty inconsiderates who might have come before him. The scale is balanced by the fact that while one little indignity can give an attendant a couple of wretched minutes, one bit of returned courtesy and gentlemanliness can greatly lighten several hours work.

Naturally, constant contact with so interesting a subject as humanity cannot fail to leave



an impression upon the observer, an impression which is not made by any certain individual or type of individual, but by a conglomeration of the many and varied contacts with the subject. Thus, from several months experimentation in such a laboratory, the best that can be gained is a philosophically patient attitude toward man in general, a complete set of "cuss-words"

catalogued to occasion, a few standard jokes about the weather, Ford V-8 gas tanks, etc., and a rather vague feeling that perhaps you have become a bit "tetched" from the experience. Which latter opens an entirely new field of psychological research, that of filling station attendants.

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## By Way of the High C's

• By Alma C. Braun

Men of Dayton, this article will not be your style but the editors advise you to read it. There is nothing like vicarious experience. You can see what to expect when your wife goes to buy a hat.

**A**N infallible sign of the end of July is that the fashion notes blare forth a warning to the fair sex telling them that Paris is beginning to issue its chapeaux. In other words it is "ship ahoy" and bon (net) voyage" for the heads of the nation. Congregations of women assemble from every state in the nation (a closer union was never formed) to discuss the several angles of the sea-sick arrivals. Irate husbands rattle their breakfast newspapers angrily as their starry-eyed wives rapture into heavenly realms over a skyward-pointed pheasant tail that teases the air at thirteen inches above the crown (tall men with glasses, beware). Exhausted by pent-up emotions, friend husband jerks on his five-year felt, the inner band of which supplies circumstantial evidence of the fret and worry that the price of one "creation" has caused him, and dashes to his business to face more feather-minded "femmes." The shuffling of cards at bridge parties is a mere nothing compared to the mix up of the "ah's" and "oh's" at descriptions of the crowns, peaks and artistic (?) touches of this and that and the other millinery display.

And the prices! Well, as the wife of Mr. Pinchpenny said, she just didn't know how she

was going to persuade Henry that she would simply die if he would not allow her to buy that "ducky little whosit" that covered one eye and rose to a dangerously dizzying peak over the opposite ear. We can hear Henry growl through the stock reports that if there was anything wrong with her eye she should consult an optometrist, there being no sane reason for hiding a defect. I even heard one husband who had to foot the bill swear that he would boot any hat designer who crossed his path irrespective of age, size, or the League of Nations.

Following the trend of the times I sauntered into the millinery department of one of our "biggest and best" the other day. I hoisted myself and belongings upon a high stool and proceeded to glare into a chromium-framed mirror that together with the flattering lights would have made the ugliest woman look like an artist's conception of "Beauty." Faintly discouraged, I decided to possess my soul in peace till the clerk's arrival. Spinning about on the stool my gaze rested on the frame work of a human "Pisa" who was outraging any sense of proportion by adding a two-story peak to her already five foot-eight height. Next to her sat a demure miss of sixteen whose mood tended towards a fur-trimmed skull-cap and a cart wheel designed in coolie fashion and trimmed with two chopsticks splattered with rice. Now I ask you—what is that woman doing with that bunch of vegetables on her brim?

Turning my back on this horrid scene, I looked at the opposite side, and lo and behold! there sat a woman—the type who talks about



dieting but never quite takes the plunge—ogling a felt bonnet made in the design of a hornet's nest. Watch yourself, lady, you are going to get stung! Thoroughly tired of waiting, I at last resorted to self-sufficiency and delved into an open drawer. My first catch was what one might term a club-woman's special. It was a green, smooth velvet, the crown of which boasted a white cat's paw. Oh prize of prizes! A Scotch model of brown felt, banded with plaid ribbons and trimmed with miniature bagpipes!

When the clerk finally came, I asked her very innocently whether she had a sailor's hat made of sea-green cellophane, featuring a small white sail clasp on waves of gros-grain trimming. She, equally as innocent, replied that she would order it for me if I could name the designer. Should I tell her that she was drowned in mid-ocean?

Having convinced the saleslady that I did not like any of the models shown, I was directed to a table on which were displayed a few stray "middle of the road" designs. The young lady assisting me remarked that these were for their rather eccentric customers. I then proceeded to explain to her my many idiosyncracies, until, exhausted, she put a hat on my head—a hat that felt that there was something of a material nature present. Actually, when I saw that hat receipted and boxed I was near a state of collapse.

And at that the family thought it too extreme for my "type." The next time I buy a hat I will explain to the clerk that I am a mental case. Maybe then I will be able to get my head straightened out.

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### A FRAGMENT

By Ambrose Nakao

The golden moon is shining bright;  
A light ineffable  
Is pouring through the air of night  
So silently and still.

All things now slumber, slumber all,  
And hushed is the voice of the breeze.  
The moonlight pours, the moonbeams fall,  
While hushed is the voice of the breeze.



# Adventure in the Subconscious

A new subscriber to our magazine gives this interesting idea of what can happen in an economics class when a student lets sleep get the upper hand.

NOTE: Those who keep themselves posted on shipping news and recent maritime disasters will probably be amazed to learn that the "Queen Mary" was attacked on the high seas last June and its entire crew and passengers slain. In view of that possibility, let it be stated that, while our hero is taken from life, he was hardly responsible at the time and for that matter, perhaps the author wasn't either.

**W**HEN Bill Beringer steered his way toward Economics class around eight o'clock on a certain Monday in early March last, he may have mentally berated Nature for producing such a balmy spring morning three weeks ahead of orthodox calendar schedule. Whether or not the worthy Beringer ruminated thusly is a subject for open conjecture, but since one thing usually leads to another, that hypothesis is as good as any.

To continue: Bill gained the classroom, eased his corpulent hulk into the nearest seat, and simultaneously braced himself for a fusillade of diminishing returns and the various types of predatory production. Contrary to his expectations however, the prof opened his lecture by reading aloud a steamship circular setting forth the ideal facilities for ocean travel possessed by the soon-to-be-launched "Queen Mary."

"Now," said the prof, after rhapsodizing at length upon the vessel's merits, "if any of you are considering a European tour this vacation, you can buy a round trip plus a thirty-day tour of the leading cities of the Old World, for about \$553. See me after class and I'll arrange for a ten per cent rebate."

He then took up a discussion of price levels, but William, lulled by the dulcet tones, dropped off in the meantime and had already secured a first-class reservation for the return trip of the Queen Mary, completing her maiden voyage between New York and Southampton.

• By Jim Martin

During the first few days after the ship left the dock, Bill's breakfast insisted on acting up whenever the deck slanted in a northern direction, and he retired to his bunk, where he whiled away the enforced leisure by perusing illustrated tourist literature and added interesting tid-bits about Venetian canals and Parisian honky-tonks to his store of erudition. In due time, having developed his sea legs somewhat, Bill became vaguely disturbed because the steward hadn't visited his cabin for so long.

Feeling spry enough to tolerate the roll of the deck, he decided to venture forth and demand why a paying passenger couldn't get service. He opened the door and was greeted by a deluge of sea-water.

"Now what in the name of the Great Akron Sit-Down have we here?" he bellowed splutteringly. Then he stopped short, and his jaw went slack.

A woman had entered with the water and Bill recognized her at once as the blonde third from the left in the Royal Chorus, which he had seen perform the first night aboard. Under any other circumstances, Mr. Beringer's little boy Bill would, being human, have registered a pleasurable reaction. But he knew she was dead almost before touching her stiffened arm. Even his Teutonic imperturbability failed to withstand the expression of abject horror in her wide-open, protruding eyes.

Bill's astounded gaze became riveted upon the mouth of the corpse. It was encircled by a mottled blotch of blue flesh, and her bruised and discolored lips stated mutely that she had been strangled and smothered.

Bill swallowed hard and turned away.

He was looking dazedly up the flooded corridor, when he noticed something swirling about in the water. Curious, he waded closer, and picked up a detached human arm, still



bearing the gold-embroidered sleeve of a ship's officer's uniform. Clutched in the lifeless fingers was a revolver, containing six spent shells. Bill dropped the ghastly thing with a shudder of revulsion.

Suddenly he became conscious of the awful silence. The usual rhythmic throb of the engines had ceased and not a sound save the dreary squash-squash of his sodden shoes met his ear.

Finally he crawled with difficulty up the slippery companionway, and reached the deck. It was early in the morning and the vessel was wallowing in a heavy sea. Occasionally a great wave cleared the rail and sent a briny spray over the deck.

Not a living thing could be seen.

Bill was frightened. He hated mysteries anyway.

"Looks like a derelict," he muttered uneasily.

Just then, Bill detected a slithering movement amid-ships. He froze in his tracks and the short hairs at the nape of his neck bristled. Clenching his fists, he turned swiftly, ready to do battle with his unknown foe.

Then he saw them, and turned to flee. A horde of slimy monsters on all sides barred retreat. The smallest was ten feet in height, and they grew closer, moving over the deck in ungainly fashion, eight-foot-thick arms radiating from jelly-like bodies and small, red eyes glaring fiendishly.

Giant squid! Through Bill's mind ran tales he had heard—and scoffed at—of ships boarded in mid-Atlantic by these pre-historic demons of the deep and all on board torn limb from limb. He was paralyzed.

As the octopi neared, Bill's nostrils were filled with an overpowering stench. Then, his body was wrapped in the constricting tentacles. The end of one clamped on his face, sucking—sucking—

At that moment, the prof glanced in the direction of Bill's recumbent form, and abruptly broke off his tirade on demand schedules and marginal utility, to stare. The resultant vacuum sufficed to pluck Bill from the arms of Morpheus and he grinned foolishly during the laugh that followed.

But nobody noticed his fervent sigh of relief.

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## MINE

By Kaye Herold

They pray in stuffy churches,  
Hemmed in by four cold walls;  
I worship in cathedrals  
Of verdant, moss-clad halls.

My candles are the cedars  
Uplifting their great prayer  
Unto a nearer Heaven  
Of purer, sweeter air.

We talk, my God and I,  
Of many, many things;  
My thoughts are carried up to Him  
On smooth, swift, scarlet wings.



# A Ford Goes West

• By Dave Kersting

You will enjoy this trip with Dave and Jim out through the West. You might be able to catch the Wanderlust and try your luck next summer.

**E**VERY summer when school is out, among the army of American tourists that leaves the cities of the East and Middle West to answer the "call of the open road" and the "wide open spaces" of the American West are the students in American colleges who take to the highways in anything from ancient Stanley Steamers to brand new second-hand Fords. They want to "see America first," to satisfy their love for travel, or, before they settle down in their chosen profession, industry or business, to make that almost necessary addition to their education which only travel can provide.

The writer of this brief journal of a single month is not a modern Pepys. He is a mere undergraduate with an occasional tendency toward that mental state known as "wanderlust," who hopes that this account might incite among a few of those who will try to peruse it a desire also to attempt a similar adventure.

**Saturday, August 10: Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. (Corner of a wheat field). 9 p. m.**

It was bright and clear this morning when Jimmy, all smiles and eager to get away, came up the drive in his famous Ford (the same 1929 Model "A"). After the usual and incoherent parental admonitions I managed to say "good-bye" to all, including two younger brothers, who, pajama-clad, poked sleepy heads from upstairs windows. Rolling out West Third Street we took stock of our material assets, which center about two pocketbooks (contents limited) and consist mostly of a cot, three blankets and two suitcases each, all stored out of sight in the coupe's rear compartment. Two drums of oil are strapped on the left running board. We ate lunch consisting of Mother's sandwiches, pie, and lemonade right on the campus of Purdue University at Lafayette, Ind. It was very hot, today, and when we drove

through Lincoln Park in Chicago there were crowds of people bathing in Lake Michigan. We stopped in some little town in Illinois between here and Chicago and went to confession. Tomorrow is Sunday.

**Sunday, August 11: Minneapolis, Minnesota. 10:30 p. m.**

This morning we broke camp like veterans (almost). The cots are very comfortable, and **Citronella** took care of the mosquitoes. After going to Mass in Lake Geneva today we crossed Wisconsin, passing through Madison and La Crosse and coming to the Mississippi River at Winona. The great river is very wide here, and the drive along its west bank north to St. Paul and Minneapolis is quite beautiful. We shall stay here a few days.

**Monday, August 12: Minneapolis. 11 p. m.**

We are realizing that here is a city of which America can be proud. Today we drove all over the place. There are thirteen lakes within the city. Right now, we have just come back from a moonlight swim in one of them and are eating watermelon. At the University of Minnesota Jimmy wanted to go through the Laboratories for Physical Research and I the Medical School, so we covered it completely. With the drought, the famous Falls of Minnehaha have dwindled down to a mere trickle, and Jimmy couldn't find the arrowmaker's daughter; so we were disappointed with that. Tomorrow, into the great Northwest!

**Tuesday, August 13: Somewhere on the North Dakota Plains. 9 p. m.**

Right now the moon is full and very bright, and the mosquitoes are very numerous and hefty. Regular "tri-motors." Leaving the Mississippi very near its source in the Itasca lake region, we drove all day through the Minnesota and North Dakota wheat country. In some places all you could see were wheat fields. Tonight we are learning what is meant in the song "Roll Along Prairie Moon." Rolling plains bright in the white moonlight as far as the eye can see!



**Wednesday, August 14: Along the Yellowstone River near Miles City, Montana. 9 p. m.**

Out of the plains, the bad lands, and the dusty roads of Dakota—and Montana! Just came back from a great swim in the river here. We will sleep underneath two giant poplars on its bank. A wind is coming up. Today we crossed the Missouri at Bismark. At the border where we bought 14 gallons of gas the ancient proprietor of the "gasoline station" treated us to "pop." Evidently 14 gallons was an event! Tomorrow is a holy day. There is a Catholic church in Miles City—luckily.

**Thursday, August 15: Near Cody, Wyoming.**

After Mass in Miles City we had the car's generator fixed, and then used a perfect road to Billings, Montana, where we had the spark points cleaned and the manifold adjusted. At last, mountains! Or at least, hills, going south into Wyoming. Something very interesting were the irrigation ditches and green fields in the Wyoming Shoshone Valley, in the midst of desert. We ate in Cody tonight. Cody has the appearance of what once was a rip-roaring western town. Right now we are going to sleep out under the rim of a hill. It is getting cold!

**Friday, August 16: Obsidian River, Yellowstone National Park. 9 p. m.**

Last night it was freezing cold in Cody, but we slept "fairly" well. We don't care much about missing a little sleep, though. Things are really happening! After breakfast in Cody, we took the Cody Road westward along the Shoshone River toward the Yellowstone region. At 10 a. m. we entered the park through Sylvan Pass. It was really mountainous there, and we saw several streaks of snow. At the Shoshone Dam we took some good pictures. The road goes right along the canyon's edge high up above the river. For many, many years the Indians kept this entrance into the Yellowstone region a secret. At Fishing Bridge, where the Yellowstone River flows northward out of Yellowstone Lake into the canyon (Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone) we caught some wonderful cut-throat trout and fried them in butter. Boy! You can imagine! Here we decided to go north into Montana and Canada before starting for the Pacific Coast. The ranger took us for a "nature walk"—not a sissy one, though; this was really good. He explained the entire geology of the region. Of course, we never could

attempt to describe the beauty of the Canyon of the Yellowstone, with the Great Falls and the Upper Falls, and Artist Point, and Inspiration Point, etc. Well, after that, we were driving peacefully northward when all of a sudden Jimmy turns onto a road that has a sign reading: "One way road to top of Mt. Washburn, 10,100 ft." We didn't know what we were getting into until it was too late! You can't turn around and go back with a 2,000 foot drop ten inches from your outside wheel on a one-way road. So the Ford made it in low! But it was really worth it. The pine forests here are very vast and beautiful. Tower Falls and the Mammoth Hot Springs and then south. We each took a "swell" shower in the afternoon at the springs, all the facilities provided by the U. S. Department of the Interior, and then hiked around for a while. Saw some buffalo and antelope; and the everlasting bears. The place is thick with them! 9:45 p. m.—We have fixed our cots in a grove of pines, the moon is rising over the rim of mountains to the east, and we can hear the river flowing. It's really "great." But it is getting too cold to write any more. (We have put our little stock of food in the fork of a pine for safety's sake in case of bears; and right now I can hear one nearby). Good night!

**Saturday, August 17: Helena, Montana. 8 p. m.**

At 5 a. m. this morning I got some good "shots" of two moose feeding on the banks of Obsidian River. After spending the morning in the geyser basins in Yellowstone and spending about two hours at the famous Old Faithful geyser, we left the park through the West entrance and turned north. All afternoon through the magnificent Galatin Valley and the Montana cattle country to Helena. We stopped to collect a few bleached bones from the skeleton of a steer. We are sleeping on a hill among the sage brush, and can see the lights of Helena. It is very windy but much warmer than last night. Helena is a lonely place, I think.

**Sunday, August 18: Glacier National Park, Montana. 7 p. m.**

All day we drove north through some wonderful mountain country and plains. There were many points of historical interest along the Missouri River connected with the Lewis and Clarke Expedition of 1805. As we entered



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"



MANY THANKS FOR THE BIRTHDAY GIFT, CHUBBINS— BUT HOW COME YOU GAVE ME THIS JAR OF TOBACCO? IT'S THAT HARSH BRAND UNCLE CALDWELL HAS SMOKED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

GOOD GRIEF! I GOT YOUR PRESENT MIXED WITH UNCLE CALDWELL'S. HIS BIRTHDAY IS THE SAME DATE AS YOURS!

NO, I WOULDN'T WRITE HIM, IF I WERE YOU. UNCLE HATES EXCUSES AND HE NEVER FORGIVES OR FORGETS A MISTAKE. HE ISN'T NICK-NAMED 'CRUSTY' CALDWELL FOR NOTHING— HE'LL BE HERE IN TWO WEEKS

TWO WEEKS LATER

I HOPE HE WON'T BE TOO TOUGH—I WANT HIS APPROVAL ON A FAMILY BUSINESS DEAL

THERE HE IS!

WELL, WELL, LITTLE CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTIER'N EVER. ROB, YOU OLD RASCAL— YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER!

UNCLE, YOU'VE CHANGED, AND DID MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR WAS THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU JUST LOADED IN YOUR PIPE?

YEP! I TRIED SOME OF THAT RA. CHUBBINS SENT ME, MAN, WHAT A TASTY FLAVOR IT HAS! DERN SMART GIRL THAT CHUBBINS!

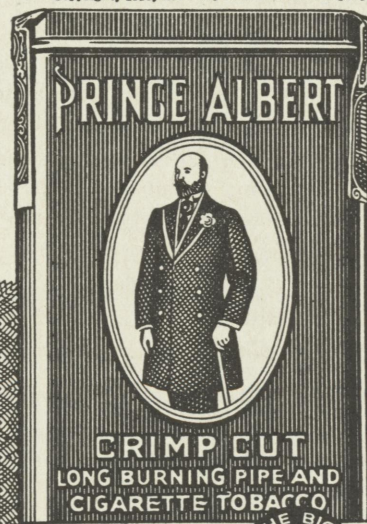
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## P. A. BRINGS YOU MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco.*" We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert

and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P. A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



**PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN



the Blackfoot Indian Reservation it began to rain and by the time we reached the mountains it was pouring, so tonight we shall sleep in the car! This morning we attended Mass at the beautiful Cathedral of St. Helena in Helena.

**Monday, August 19: Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.** 8:45 p. m.

Fortunately, this morning in Glacier Park, the sun came out and the fog cleared away. Sleeping in the car wasn't bad at all! We took several pictures of the mountain peaks and the glaciers. The beauty of those mountains and the lakes really takes your breath away. After eating breakfast on Lake McDonald and hiking around until noon, we headed south and westward around Flathead Lake to this pretty place on the shore of Couer d'Alene Lake. It is a nice little town. We are sleeping in a fir clearing off a side road. The CCC camps are very numerous throughout the Northwest and in the National Parks. They are working on road improvements and reforestation, and the good effects are certainly noticeable.

**Tuesday, August 20: Moro, Oregon.** 8:30 p. m. (Cut wheat field).

This morning when we woke up we were almost drowned in dew. By seven o'clock we were in Spokane, Washington. In the Spokane Valley we bought a lot of apples and plums and ate breakfast at a very hospitable old lady's place to the south. The drive through the wheat fields of Washington brought us to the Columbia River Highway which we followed for a hundred miles westward. One of the most inspiring rivers in the world is the Columbia flowing as it does at this point between great, high volcanic bluffs. It is warm tonight, and Jimmy has been taking a couple of shots at a lonely jack rabbit with my ".22." I'm going after him now. We are in what seems to me the desert section of central Oregon. Good night.

**Wednesday, August 21: Along the Klamath River, California.** 9:30 p. m.

Here we are! This morning, we came through a great section of Oregon's wheat country into the greatest tall pine forests we have ever seen—and then south and west into the Crater Lake region and the Crater Lake National Park. A great deep blue lake in the crater of an extinct volcano was what we remember from our grade school geographies, and this is what we

saw now, but the actual beauty of that lake is beyond description! Mount Hood and Mount Shasta from the distance; something new in the way of mountain peaks. And then southward through some of the most nerve-wracking never-ending mountain roads into the Klamath River Valley, California, where we slept right along the river. For the first time we had difficulty finding a "camping place." This is a deep, rushing river between two high canyon walls. What a place to sleep!

**Thursday, August 22: Fig Orchard on National Road, north of Vallejo, California.**

Well, we woke up this morning along the Klamath River, that is, we woke up *in* it. During the night the river rose a foot, and just reached the legs of our cots! As we hurriedly broke camp and pulled out of there we saw a sign which read: "Campers Beware! River Rises at Night!" Driving southward through hilly country, we reached the central valley of California (between the Sierra Nevada and the Sierra Madre), and noticed the change in landscape and climate (especially the latter: 110 degrees in the shade). This is one of California's fruit regions. Right now, we are off the road in an orchard, where we "intend" to sleep.

**Friday, August 23: Alfalfa field, south of King City, California.**

We woke up early today! Very close to the west coast of the United States, San Francisco Bay, and the Pacific Ocean. We arrived in the port of Vallejo at 7 o'clock, ate breakfast, and put the Ford on the San Francisco Ferry for a 28-mile trip across the bay to San Francisco. A strong, fresh breeze was blowing in from the Pacific, and what a thrill it was to come into the great city on the broad expanse of that great bay. We decided that we should first go to Chinatown, then to the docks, and finally, after exploring the rest of 'Frisco, southward down the coast via the Skyline Boulevard.

The first part of the great adventure was completed. Looking out over the great, blue Pacific we felt closer to those lands of the Orient about which we had heretofore only conjectured. We felt more at home with the world. But we did not know what was yet to come.

(Continued next month.)



# The Days of Youth

• By Kaye Herold

If you do not believe that youth is an enviable time of life read this tribute to youth penned from the young lady's point of view. We would appreciate a view of the same subject from the young man's point of view.

**B**LEND together spontaneous laughter, a dash of tears, intangible dreams, loving friendships, a thrill in the presence of nature, quarrels, a friendly "man to man" lick of a terrier's moist tongue, and you have undying elements of youth. Youth is a delightful period, gay with a bit of pathos. Because it is made up of a million little things it completely dominates one's life. It is filled with dreams, longings, and vague ambitions. It is pitiably doubtful and yet so youthfully sure of itself. Yes, it is paradoxical. Like any other delightful experience it has its drawbacks, and the happiness it possesses must sometime be bought at the cost of some little pain or sorrow. Youth is a time for building. The whole blue-print of one's life can be created, planned, and insured. Oh it is a unique experience, being young, yet so perplexing at times. I know, for I am young, and such is youth.

Those suavely sophisticated people who glide through youth with blase tread are missing a lot. They are much too worldly to enjoy all that youth offers. One can see them in the corridors at school, in church, at the movies. They are blissfully unaware that they are growing up into dull, unhatched cocoons of a doubtful nature. They do not enjoy campfires or running with one's eagerly barking dog. Oh

no, they might look undignified. They can't read a worthwhile book for fear of being branded a "silly bookworm." I like a girl who can appreciate a beautiful work of art, a lovely poem. She can dance as skillfully as she can debate or ski. She is equally at home with boys as well as with girls, and her hearth welcomes both. She is living her youth in a thoroughly approved manner. She is meeting those little pains and heartaches with a courage that one can admire and appreciate. She is becoming an educated, intelligent woman, capable and kindly tolerant of mistakes, interested, loyal, poised and well-liked. She is an all-round girl, the living personification of happy youth.

Friendship is the strongest link in youth. Not seldom do problems of a serious nature arise, demanding a talk or an explanation. One's mother should be consulted but at times this may not be possible. Then friendship plays its biggest role. I would like to know if adults realize how much encouragement means to a young person. Being young involves a lot of problems. Perhaps they are rather petty and inane, still they are important to us. A friend can make a better person of one, so great is his influence. Youth needs encouragement. Some of us are rather shy and fearful deep down in us, and life seems very hard and bitter sometimes, and oh, so complicated.

Yes, it is a happy time, youth. It seems to me, though, that any one with a gift of laughter can forever be young. You know a sense of humor can override many obstacles. But laughter belongs particularly to the young. Do not be too critical of us. We are learning something each day. And being young makes up for a lot of things, does it not?



# Easy Chair Complexes

• By Isabelle Eck

We hope that you will try to cultivate the philosophy of life suggested by this article. It is worth your while to read and discover that philosophy.

**I**T is house cleaning time—or maybe it isn't. Daddy comes home from work after a weary day of resting his feet on the top of a hard old—or perhaps it was new—desk. No whistle escapes his listless lips as he plods his toilsome way up the time-worn front steps. His eyes are half closed and there is a martyred look of anticipation as he opens the screen door and goes instinctively into the living room. He crosses to the fire-place and stops, as usual, but without noticing a new modernistic black and white lounge chair which had looked really "swanky" to mother when she placed it there that same morning. Now father raises his bowed head and at last suffers a retarded smile to appear. Father is not yet aware of the fact that today was house cleaning time—if it was. Neither does he know that mother is peeking from behind the dining room door—awaiting the latent praise. The great moment has arrived. Father prepares to seat himself. In fact, he is down—but wait—no, he is up—up in the air. Something is evidently amiss. An explanation is demanded. Mother wrings her hands—her disappointed hands and the prospect begins to look as though it were to be just another quiet evening at home for the Browns. All this simply because mother had thoughtlessly—how could she—substituted her version of 1936 comfort for daddy's 1880 easy chair. And such are the evils of woman and of house cleaning time.

Seriously, however, it did require father a long time to adapt that useless old easy chair to his liking. In fact, a comparatively long time is required of most people before they can become adapted to people or to things. That worn-out piece of furniture—ugly in the eyes of others—had gradually grown to be an essential part of himself. And now that it is gone, father is faced with the task of breaking in a new chair—of adapting another stiff chair to suit his own personality.

But just try, sometime, to tell father that any chair is just as comfortable as his 1880 model, or that any pipe is just as smokable as the one which he used in the dug-outs back in 1918—and is still using—just try to tell him. And such are the inconsistencies of man.

Every human being has an easy chair complex. All of us adapt ourselves, more or less, to other people—and the outgrowth of this adjustment is called friendship. How much more do we mourn the loss of a friend than we do that of a mere acquaintance! And how important is the relevant problem of possessing and developing an easy chair personality—a personality that will not only aid and comfort us, but one that will also beneficially influence the lives of all those with whom we come in contact. In this light, the easy chair incident assumes a more purposeful significance. In a broader sense—it represents many, many upheavels and difficulties that are constantly crowding our lives. Adaptability is just the bogy man to disperse these situations. If we are wise, we will cultivate an easy chair personality which involves both the ability of making ourselves pleasing to others and of finding the best in others.



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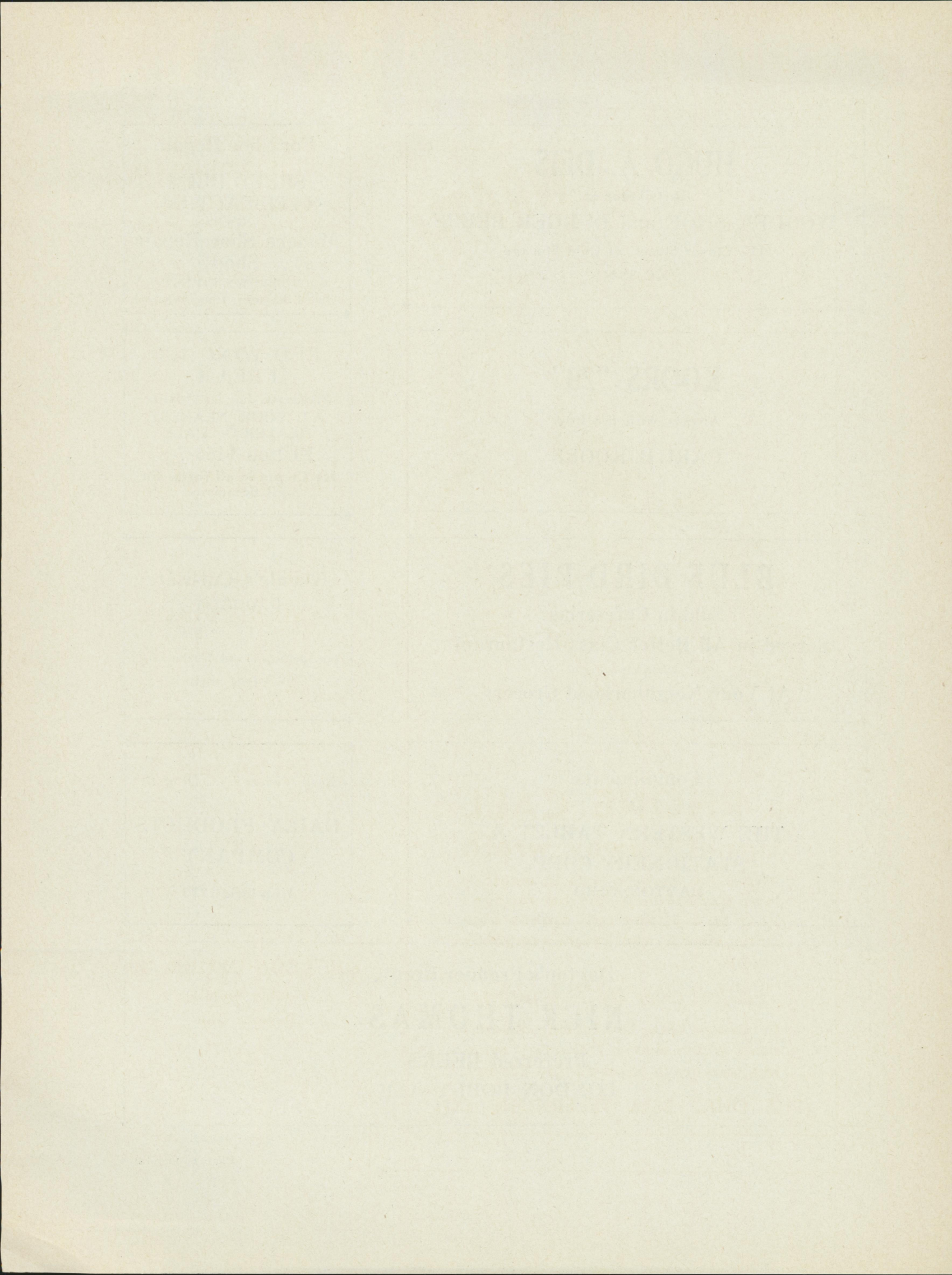
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