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Xavier University Newswire

Xavier University - Cincinnati

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WITH THE AD-SALES BOYS

Echoes of Some Very Lively Class Sessions.

The Ad-Sales Class is surging right along in the same old enthusiastic way. Yuletide vacation joys and the coal shortage were responsible for a four-night's break in the every Friday schedule.

December's class sessions were all interesting. It is a pleasure to note the manner in which the students are getting grips on themselves. Self-confidence is evident in the way in which many of them are taking personal part in the class discussions. The plan of introducing each part of the course—brief talks by each of the students—has been enthusiastically endorsed. Gerald Wills was the first to speak, and he gave a most comprehensive view of the leather situation. Tracy Armstrong, of the Cincinnati Post, explained the scope of Classified Advertising and told new tales out of school, how German spies had carried on their propaganda through Classified Advertising until the Government discovered the trick and checkmated it. Adolph Aschenauer, with Chatfield and Woods, was listed for the third talk. His topic was "The Value of a Paper Towel." The student roll will be alphabetically called.

A red-letter night in class history was the one in which Jesse M. Joseph, President of the Advertisers' Club of Cincinnati and head of the Advertising Agency bearing his name, paid his annual visit to St. Xavier. Mr. Joseph has offered gold and silver medals—watch fobs—to be given to the students who present the best lay-out newspaper ads. The handsome trophies were shown to the class. The speaker talked on "Preparing Newspaper Ads" and gave several practical examples. He stressed the model of at least 60 per cent attractiveness, 15 per cent brief, 15 per cent convincing copy and 10 per cent placement or good position. Mr. Joseph urged simple language.

"I once used 'resplendent' in an ad of mine," he confessed, "and when the boss read over the copy of the proof"

(Continued on Page 8)

SENATOR ROBERT O'BRIEN

Will Lecture

At the January Meeting of the Social League.

The League believes in starting the new year off in the best possible manner. Consequently it has arranged with Senator "Bob" O'Brien to have him address the student body at the January meeting, to be held on Friday evening, January 18.

Senator O'Brien needs no introduction to any citizen of Cincinnati. His name as an orator, no less than a statesman, is common knowledge, and an evening replete with the speaker's well known humor and wit is assured by his gracious acceptance of the League's invitation. The topic of his address will be timely and interesting, but the fact that it is to be delivered by Mr. O'Brien himself is the greatest praise we can give it.

In order to provide a proper setting for this biggest and best meeting of the year, the League has obtained the new Memorial Hall for the occasion. The extensive repairs that have been in progress for the last four months will have been completed by the date set for the meeting, and this will be the first social function to be held in it. Remember the date—January 18.

Accounting

Maeva, Biggs, Crane and Brandel, the Accounting Triumvirate, are back at work with renewed vigor from the holidays and with a bewildering assortment of instances of myriad finance. We know now why the bankruptcy laws are enacted.

Bob Trame's letter from Camp Taylor informs us that he succeeded in passing the government accounting exam. As Bob had only a year of Accountancy proper at St. X. and as the course is better now than ever, the prospects seem exceedingly rosy for those of us who wish to enter government service.

Walter Cahill of first year and Hamilton, entered the Ordnance Department in the latter part of December.

(Continued on Page 2)

APPRECIATION

Of Our Soldier Lads Expressed in Their Letters.

At the December meeting of the Social League some one made the happy suggestion of giving our soldiers some sort of token at Christmas, to remind them of the fact that St. X. is seriously concerned with their whereabouts and their well-being.

The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and each of the former students of the Department of Commerce who is now wearing the khaki was the recipient of a box of candy, a package of cigarettes and the following letter:

Dear Friend:

When this Xmas morning dawns it will find you in a situation somewhat different from any you have hitherto experienced. The "folks" and the gifts and the church-going to which you have always been accustomed will be absent, and you'll have to depend largely on yourself for your holiday spirit and good cheer.

Because we realize that fact, we've decided to send you a little token, in the form of this letter, that you are still very much in the minds and hearts of at least the boys you left behind you. Yesterday we forwarded you a material reminder of our remembrance. Today we want to say in words what we hope our little package indicated—that our Xmas spirit is big enough to stretch even to Camp—and include you and the pals you've made there. Every man in the Department of Commerce is aware of the fact that you are with the colors and include you and the pals you've made there. Every man in the Department of Commerce is aware of the fact that you are with the colors and are thinking of us. Last year you sent us a box of tobacco and to-day we forward you the following:

A red-letter night in class history was the one in which Jesse M. Joseph, President of the Advertisers' Club of Cincinnati and head of the Advertising Agency bearing his name, paid his annual visit to St. Xavier. Mr. Joseph has offered gold and silver medals—watch fobs—to be given to the students who present the best lay-out newspaper ads. The handsome trophies were shown to the class. The speaker talked on "Preparing Newspaper Ads" and gave several practical examples. He stressed the model of at least 60 per cent attractiveness, 15 per cent brief, 15 per cent convincing copy and 10 per cent placement or good position. Mr. Joseph urged simple language.

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(Continued on Page 2)
A MERRY Xmas to you! And may the coming year hold untold good fortune in store for you.

FRANK G. SCHAEPF.

THE SOCIAL LEAGUE.

Whether or not the League's action was approved may best be judged from the following quotations from the replies that have been received:

LONELY AT SHERIDAN

Dear Father Reiner and the Boys at St. X:

Your very kind and cheery letter received and also the package. It was very good of you to think of me in this way. I want you to know that I appreciate the thought and it meant very much. I think of you and St. X. often and cannot help but wish I were back there again. You don't know how happy I was to receive your letter and also the package. It helps in a great way to lessen the loneliness, especially at Christmas time.

I know the spirit of St. X. will stretch over the seas with us, should it be necessary for us to go over there. You kindest regards to you, Father, and all the boys.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Very truly yours,

WM. C. KENNALLY.

REEMELIN COMES TO EARTH LONG ENOUGH TO WRITE

Gentlemen:

You must be told how much I appreciate the Christmas gift and the letter of good cheer that came shortly after. Thanks are many and hard in this world, and the fact that my old pals at St. X. are with me in this "scrap" is indeed a great consolation.

Gentlemen, I can't be with you in body, but let me be with you in spirit, I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours,

C. B. REEMELIN.

HE'LL BE A STUDENT IN 1923

Dear Father Reiner:

It certainly delighted me to hear from my old friends at dear "Old St. X." and I appreciate the package I received the other day.

Although I feel it my duty to be here, I would like to be back this year to finish my course and be with you again. You can rest assured that when I do get back, I will begin where I left off.

The training and climate have done wonders to me down here and I enjoy it very much. That is one benefit all get by enlisted and none ever regret it. We can all use our education to good advantage in the army, so that in which St. X. is doing her bit in this war.

Here's hoping it will not be long before this great conflict is over and I will be with you again. May the coming year be a successful one for the college and all connected with it. Give my regards and best wishes to all.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK O. SCHAEFFER.

A CARD FROM DOWN IN SAN ANTONIO

Dear Friends and Old Pals at St. Xavier:

Your fine letter, sweets and cigarettes made this Christmas more like the good old days gone by for me and other boys here in camp. Thanking you and wishing you a Happy New Year.

Very truly yours,

WM. H. DIESMAN.

AND A LETTER FROM OUT SOWAY WAY

CAMP DODGE,

Dear Old Pal:

My dear friend:

It is with a feeling of much gratitude that I write you, my friends and pals at old St. Xavier. You have sent to me, way out in Iowa, a letter such as this, and the remembrance, brings back to me the many happy hours spent at old St. Xavier, and the good old days of my accounting class in the Social League. My advice to my old classmates is to keep up their good work in accounting and finance. I passed an examination for a United States expert accountant at Washington and two weeks ago received a telegram that I had received an appointment at $1400 per year. The commanding officer of our battalion and my company commander did their utmost to locate me in Washington, but on account of the war I could not be transferred to another branch of the service. I know if my old friends take up this exam, they certainly will make good.

As for the army life, I can say that during the three and a half months I have been down here, it has been a wonderful situation in every aspect. I have gained twenty-one pounds and feel taller than when I arrived. Our officers are splendid men, have had past experience and take a great interest in the men. The 27th Machine Gun Battalion is made up of men from Covington and Newport, including the three first engineers. Seventy-five per cent of this battalion is Catholic and many of old St. Xavier's boys are very prominent. We will have a grand party here on Christmas day and I assure you I will not forget you and the boys on this day.

Hoping that this letter will find you in the best of health and wishing you, the professors, and students, a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,

LIEUT. JOSEPH A. VERKAMP.

THE XAVERIAN NEWS

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Sincerely,

LIEUT. JOSEPH A. VERKAMP.
THE XAVERIAN NEWS

APPRRECIATION

DON'T MENTION IT, B. H.

Dear Father:

I want to thank you and the members of the Social League for the candy, cigarettes and the letter. That kind of thing helps a man much more than one in civil life would think.

Things are getting in better shape every day up here. The glad news that thirty per cent of the men would be allowed to go home for Christmas was announced yesterday and I surely hope I will be lucky enough to get a pass.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours respectfully,

B. H. KROGER, JR.

MORE GRATITUDE FROM TAYLOR

Dear Friends:

Received your box and certainly appreciated it to know that you all thought of us. Thanking you all a thousand times and wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain,

Yours forever,

AL. SCHUH.

LIEUTENANT DUANE SPEAKS

The Social League,
St. Xavier College,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Friends:

I want to thank you for your kind gift. I received on Christmas. It really made me feel good, and while I did wish that I could be back home with the rest on Christmas, I was glad I was here because I knew the fellows were behind me.

We had a very enjoyable Christmas dinner. Plenty of turkey, Christmas trees and presents for the men. A lieutenant and myself played Santa Claus by giving out presents to the men in Headquarters Company and I might add that every one received a present. By a present I mean a box containing a book, handkerchief, candy and a letter. I felt positive that none of the men never had such a good Christmas. I ate dinner with the boys of Headquarters Company and I say it was a regular Christmas dinner.

I met our old enemy, Bob Tracy, at midnight mass Christmas. The fact that Bob is in the army does not seem to bother him at all. His expressions of what the "Suicide Club" is going to do when they get to France might lead you to believe that the war will be over very shortly. Leave it to Bob. He is looking well and getting fat.

In conclusion, let me wish the members of the Social League a successful New Year, even though I am a little late with my greetings. Again thanking you for your interest (not assumed interest either) I am,

Yours very truly,

ELLARD B. DUANE.

And finally, from far-away "Somewhere in France" comes the following letter from Sergeant Taske. Of course this is not in answer to our Christmas messages, because the mail doesn't travel so fast, but it breathes of the spirit of St. X. and it has place here.

American Expeditionary Forces,
Somewhere in France.

To the Editor of the Xaiverian News:

It was with great pleasure that I read the tribute "To Our Boys in Khaki" which was published in your October issue.

You will find that it was a matter of only weeks since we were all putting together in the same boat, but at home it seems like years since I walked the corridors of "Old St. Xavier" discussing the different topics with my professors and fellow students. One thing is sure though, and that is, I have not forgotten the social gatherings and I don't see how any participant therein could forget them.

It is true that I am now listening to somebody else's jokes (including French Jokes) but the jokes that were cracked in St. Xavier by Ben Mulford were original, while the ones I now hear are all old and lack the "gum." I notice you also mention "midnight oil." It is known as "Merry Mulford" over here and as "Taps" has become a very popular tune I believe you for your interest (not assumed interest either) I am,

Yours forever,

Yours very truly,

ELLARD B. DUANE.

HARRY BRIDWELL'S VENTURE

With admirable taste the men of the English classes are back from Christmas recess to go forward with the problems that confront them. Mr. Bridges, of the advanced class, is the only man not to return. He has accepted a desk with Uncle Sam and will work Somewhere in the East.

With admirable zest the men of the English classes are back from Christmas recess to go forward with the problems that confront them. Mr. Bridges, of the advanced class, is the only man not to return. He has accepted a desk with Uncle Sam and will work Somewhere in the East.

The work looked out for the coming year will be ample to keep the classes on the jump if it is to be finished by June. There will be as much "English" as formerly, and more "Business."

Harvest and Sweeney, the pig hounds, are trying to organize a bowling club. May they prosper.

Later reports intern us that Charley Hogan may now be handling accounts for the government. He has taken an exam for expert accountant—which is to say that he passed. Some day, that Charley.

BASKET BALL

By this time the boys are tossing the old pill around St. X.'s new gym. Prospects, which have always been poor on account of a lack of facilities, are the brightest we have ever had. The new floor is one of the best and roomiest in the city and is up-to-date in every particular.

Mr. Fischer, faculty manager, has arranged a high school tournament for the twenty-second and twenty-third of February. The championship of southern Ohio, northern Kentucky and Indiana will be decided and a number of trophies awarded.

Wishing all the boys of "Old St. Xavier" the best of success in their studies for the coming year, I remain,

An old-timer of St. Xavier.

THOMAS E. TASKE.

Ed. Note. — The NEWS will always be glad to receive letters from former Department of Commerce students who are now in service. Descriptions, personal experiences, or just plain "Old Army Stories" will be acceptable and available for publication.

Business English

With admirable taste the men of the English classes are back from Christmas recess to go forward with the problems that confront them in 1918. Al Duane, of the advanced class, is the only man not to return. He has accepted a desk with Uncle Sam and will work Somewhere in the East.

The work looked out for the coming year will be ample to keep the classes on the jump if it is to be finished by June. There will be as much "English" as formerly, and more "Business."
ARE YOU HUMAN?

You can't read anything to a soldier that will appreciate more than a letter. Here are the names and addresses of "OUR BOYS." You know some of them at least. Sit right down and send off a neatly written note or two—and be honest in the knowledge that you've made somebody's path a bit brighter. DO IT NOW!

Herbert Beck, Co. C, 147th N. F. Infantry, Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Lient. Wm. Brennan, Co. C, 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.


Arthur F. Conway, Co. A, 310th Infantry, Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O.

William H. Diesman, Kelly Field No. 4, Ordnance Section Reserve, Watervliet Arsenal, New York.

Corp. W. C. Kennally, Medical Department, 16th Engineers (Ry.), U. S. Army, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.

Edward Yunker, 2115 First street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

DR. C. J. BROEMAN

Delivers Illustrated Address.

On Friday evening, December 14, the Social League was afforded an unusual treat in the well-known address of Dr. C. J. Broeman of this city, on "Keeping Yourself Fit." Despite the inclemency of weather and the fact that there were various other activities in town, a large audience was on hand to hear the talk and were not dissatisfied in its expectations.

Dr. Broeman is in charge of X1 at the General Hospital, and his practice is limited to diseases of the skin and blood. The fact that he spoke as an expert served to make his address more interesting, and he held his listeners attentive for something more than an hour and a half.

The first part of the lecture dealt with the vocational and personal health of the student in the university, and he readily showed the typical story that resulted from neglect of health; then specific cases and their methods of treatment and care. The lecture was made more effective by the invitation of the lecturer to any question that might present itself to his auditors.

The Social League is to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of such an authority upon such an instructive and timely topic. The League wishes to express its thanks to Dr. Broeman and to the Hamilton County Federation of Catholic Societies, through which the lecture was made possible.

Keep Fighting

Let covers dream of shortest case. Your place is on the firing line. You honor yourself and humanity most when you strive day and night for whatever you have started out to do that is worth while.

No matter whether it is a living to make, a personal weakness to overcome, an obligation or fulfill, or an ambitious purpose to accomplish, you must not stop or turn aside. Hold firmly to your purpose.

It is as cowardly for you to give up a struggle before you are overpowered as it is to retreat and say "I can't" without trying.

Arm yourself with an iron will, tempered with justice and kindness and keep fighting toward the goal that you wish to reach until you stand victori­ous, or have spent your last ounce of energy in an honest effort to gain the victory.

Forget, get failure—any or all of them may have a strangulating hold on you, but what will you gain by giving up? Nothing but the immediate realization of the doom against which you are struggling.

Keep your self-respect and your power of will and you can build impregnable fortresses out of the ashes of ruin into which today's fights may crowd you.

Put fight into your determination—make iron into your purpose—defy your circumstances and your circumstances to crush from you the ambition to be what you want to be, to do what you want to do.

Square your shoulders to the fight. Let every hour that you live, every thought you think, every breath you draw be imbued with one indomitable resolution to stay in the battle and defeat the enemy. Its the fight of your life. Don't be a quitter!

Your God is the God of Faith, Strength and Justice.

Against everything that would de­feat your life's work hurl the daily defiance. "I am unconquerable!"

RAY FOLZ VICTOR

Ray Folz, one of the Ad-Sales boys in 1914-1916, now located in Detroit, ran down to spend the Christ­mas holidays with his people. In a recent ad contest conducted by the Detroit Street Car Company, Mr. Folz carried St. Xavier's colors on the top and captured the first prize. Mr. Folz came down from Detroit to spend the holidays in his old home.
STUDENT ENLISTMENTS

Have you enlisted?

Many a time, when you see a demonstration by the boys in khaki or abroad, you ask yourself seriously why you haven't volunteered. Don't you? When you realize that so many of your friends have gone, you feel as though you should be with them. It sometimes seems that you are strangely alone back home and that you should be away and in the service.

All of which is quite natural: and without the existence of the Selective Service Law your duty would be to offer your brains and body to your government. But since that law is in operation, it is no indication of a lack of patriotism for you to wait for the time when authority is ready to place you at the station you are best able to fill.

A prime purpose of the questionnaire is to determine the exact ability of each individual registrant, so that he may be designated to that service which most needs him and for which he is best prepared. It shows no want of spirit to allow your country to call you to the station where it needs you most.

You are sure of seeing service. The best informed men agree that the war must go on for years and there will be no decrease in the need for men. The patriotism of today prompts today's enlistments. But the patriotism that looks ahead, the patriotism that prompts its possessor to continue to fit himself to serve later is so less laudable.

After Two Months at Sherman

Lieut. (instructing)—Private Jones, how many men in that crowd over there digging a trench? Private Jones—Eight privates and an officer.

L.—How do you know that one is an officer?

P. J.—Because he's the only one that's not working, sir.

Savvy?

You should not say "Son Mat." Ro French, y'know. 'N say "Son Mot."

Impossible Things

An engagement ring that isn't grand. A sensible Christmas gift. The Kinsman.


Bon Mots & What Not

by J. Lune

A Reverse

Before each Christmas rolls around I start to give the folks my thanks, because I know my gifts will be some ties and socks and shirts and books.

But this year, I am glad to say, They handed me a big surprise. For in my holy sock I found some hands and shirts and socks and ties.

Miss!

Coal famine in Oincy? Have a look from the top of the Union Central. We can run a locomotive from here to somewhere on the carbon that's floating around over our heads.

Wise Willy

Teacher—Willy, what is the derivation of "compliment"? Willy—From English "con"—hot air; and Latin "plebe"—to all.

AD-SALES BOYS

Asst. Editors

Henry J. Oenbrink

P. J. Rose

F. J. Rose

Editor-in-Chief

Joseph Schmitt

Herbert A. Nieman

Circulation

Advertising

Gerald White

Business Manager

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THE XAVERIAN NEWS

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A sensible Christmas gift. The Kinsman.


A seat in a Crosstown car.

---

Graduates!

Myrr—Did the boys seem happy to leave for France?

Glad—Happy! My dear, they were in transports.
GOVERNMENT RAILWAY CONTROL

So many happenings of tremendous import have occurred since the beginning of the war that the magnitude of the recent step of the government in taking over the control of the railroads is almost beyond sight. It is taken as a matter of course. Yet it works a very material change in the biggest of American industries and elucidates some economic theories that have been held sacred for years.

That "competition is the life of trade" has gone into the discard. That has been an axiom reiterated by business men, preached by politicians, and insinuated upon by college professors for the last several generations; and by a stroke of the pen our president has disagreed. That popularity and good standing, perhaps forever.

Railway managers have gone on, time out of mind, rabidly rebating and bidding for business with high-handed solicitors and luxurious competitions. Yet immediately upon the adoption of governmental control they were converted from the "competition" to the "consolidation" idea. It is a terrific jolt that a long respected principle has received.

It is claimed that one of the effects to be looked for under government control is the resignations of many of the high-salaried officials whose executive ability has made the roads successful and whose resignations will be considerably lessened. This may be an evil, but it will be a temporary one. Big men are unaccountable.

But only—how did you die?

SUPPORT THE ATHENAEUM

The students of the Department of Commerce would do well to become better acquainted with "The Athenaeum," the magazine of the college. It is a quarterly, published by the men of the day school and maintains a very high standard. It follows the make-up of the usual college magazine and is under the management of an exceptionally able staff.

The Christmas issue is typical of what may be consistently expected from the publication. A number of short stories, some verse, an essay, the editorials, chronicle, class and alumni notes are all of interest, especially to students of the institution. The News bespeaks the support of the students of this department. Special subscription rates are to be had on application to the secretary. It will be a good "buy" for you.

THE XAVERIAN NEWS

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the troubles that came your way
With a true heart and cheerful
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a crabbed soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it is not the fact that you're hurt
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Calling with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.
But to lie there—that's the disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the bigger you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye;
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you've battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or comes with a bound,
And whether he's slow or sly,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts
But only—how did you die?
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Holds Important Session at St. X.

The war censors have at length permitted us to make public the fact that the lower house of Congress held its most important session since the outbreak of hostilities at St. X. on Monday, December 17, from 7:30 to 9:30 in Public Speaker's Hall. After a spirited debate the House finally decided that it would be to the best interests of the country for the government to take over the Railroads and so instructed the President. The action taken by the Chief Executive is in line with the common knowledge.

On the Calendar of the Public Speaker's Group we find scheduled a session of the Senate (for obvious reasons, date of session and subject of discussion cannot be made public), a meeting of the Committee of Labor Unions and of a fraternal organization, a banquet, a short story round table, etc. The splendid work begun by Mr. O'Meara is being continued during his absence by Father Reiner and comprises the theory and practice of breath control, voice culture, gesture and action, impromptu, extempore and prepared speaking, reading and interpretation, debating and parliamentary law. It is our ambition to furnish the country able speakers who will assist materially in guiding the ship or state into proper channels after the war. If you wish to spend a delightful evening, just step into our class room some Monday evening. You will not leave before 9:30.

You can cure a ham in dry salt and you can cure it in sweet pickle, and when you're through, you've got pretty good eating either way provided you started in with a sound ham. If you didn't, it doesn't make any special difference how you cured it—the hamtryer's going to strike the sour spot

When wilt Thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy, when?
Not Kings and Lords, but nations;
Not Thrones and Crowns—but men.
Flowers of Thy heart, O God are they.
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!
—E. Elliott.