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The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem. It features a central shield with a cross and a book. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON" at the top and "1850" at the bottom.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

The Emotional in Music *Lionel Galstaun*

Confidence Man *Robert Lauterbach*

The Renaissance in Architecture *Charles Westbrook*

January 15, 1933

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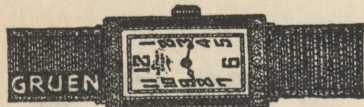
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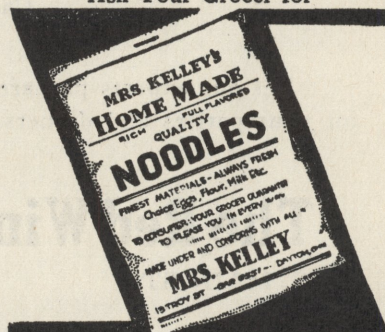
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The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXIX

JANUARY, 1933

No. 9

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THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO

Escape

By JAMES CONNELLY

*From staying chains of worldly care
And halting fear and doubt,
I've found a way to roam and dare—
To follow dreams about.*

*The rolling prairie, roaring seas,
And burning desert's call.
I answer to the one I please;
No chains my path forestall.*

*I know the plains, I love the seas,
I've been in every clime.
I've herded cattle, felled huge trees,
And heard the west wind whine.*

*To me the world's a memory
Of a trail I know by heart;
Of sorrow, joy and victory—
Of every life a part.*

*But my lot has been full pleasant,
My way without a care,
With a book for my trusty sextant,
And my ship, an easy chair.*

The University of Dayton Exponent

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Vol. XXIX

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The Emotional in Music

By LIONEL S. GALSTAUN

DURING the past fifty years, rather drastic changes have been brought about in both the emotional as well as the intellectual concept of music. The various stages of this evolution are rather interesting, because they indicate the gradual but continued trend toward "emotionalizing" music, followed by the tendency to "intellectualize" it.

Starting in the relative antiquity of the seventeenth century, we find Johann Sebastian Bach and George Frederick Handel practically dominating the musical world; the former with his powerful organ music, the latter with his immortal oratorios.

The particular influence of these two men is that of the pioneer. Bach introduced the necessity of technique in musical composition, and it is a fact that few composers have ever reached the grandeur and nobility that is his. Probably the music was a reflection of the innate goodness of the man himself. His music, however, is rather dry and uninteresting to the uninitiated. It is one thing to admire, but quite another thing to love music. Similarly, Bach's music is admired even by the musically uneducated, but only constant reflection and penetrative study can bring about a love for his compositions. His style is flawless—his technique difficult. However, he does lack emotion, one of the elements which endears music to the hearer.

With Handel it is different. In establishing the oratorio as a form of musical composition, he created something which is still being used as a means

of musical expression. In his music, emotion played a more important role than in Bach's. As a result, his compositions have been loved a good deal more than those of the older master. I doubt if "The Messiah," probably Handel's masterpiece, will ever lose its appeal. There is something soul-stirring, something tender and appealing in Handel which we can not find in many of Bach's numbers. I do not wish to give the impression that Bach wrote nothing but technical masterpieces, as there could hardly be anything more tender and gently appealing than his "Air for the G-String," a violin number, nor yet anything more sprightly and yet stately than his various gavottes. However, when Bach wrote on a large scale, his emotional yearnings were suppressed by the intricacy of his technique. Today, the criterion of a pianist's power is the way in which he plays Bach; this may explain why so many pianists like to include Bach numbers on their programs. Very seldom do they play the simple, tender and emotional music that Bach wrote. More frequently they prefer the intricate, difficult compositions which show undeniably Bach's mastery of musical form, but also the interpreter's mastery of technique.

Whatever may be said of Bach, one thing cannot be denied. He established musical composition on a firm basis, and the work of later composers consisted in applying the finishing touches to the form which he initiated.

From Bach and Handel, we shall go to Joseph

Page seven

Haydn. In the case of Haydn as in that of Bach, it must be said that the music was the reflection of the composer's soul. Handel also was an excellent character, and this can easily be seen in the simple, pure tone of his writings. To Haydn we must attribute the creation of the modern symphony. He was always attracted by instrumental rather than vocal music, and it was in his days at the Palace of Esterhazy that he originated the type we now call chamber music. He started out by writing quartets for two violins, viola and 'cello—the same arrangement used today, and certainly the most artistic one—and gradually expanded the number of players until he had about thirty. For this group he wrote his symphonies. Though the oratorio "The Seasons" is regarded as his masterpiece, he has been remembered mainly because of his symphonies. In Haydn's music, emotion plays a stronger part than in Handel's. We can trace a constantly increasing use of pure emotion in musical form, but after this period, its use rapidly increased.

After Haydn comes Mozart, in whose music there is a wealth of everything. His color is pure, emotion tender but convincing; at times he gives vent to violent outbursts. At any rate, emotion in music took another stride forward in this man's creations. For sheer beauty of composition, gentle and almost involuntary nuances, few can rival Mozart. He was a prolific composer, writing operas, symphonies, masses, chamber music, dances, as well as instrumental solos. In everything, the tender appeal of Mozart's gentle personality. Though as a child prodigy he was highly favored at the courts of the European nobility, in later years he received only scant support. Passing away at a premature age, he nevertheless left us a treasure of music which has remained unequalled by many composers having a much greater period of activity.

Beethoven! A man who, in spite of constant efforts could not suppress the terror of approaching deafness. Occasionally, the grandeur of Beethoven's music the loftiness of his expression carries with it an undercurrent of foreboding. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the first movement of his third Symphony. Beethoven perfected everything he undertook. The sonata and the symphony flourished and reached their finest form under his hand. In the line of pure emotional beauty, few compositions can surpass the Andante from his fifth Symphony.

There was more emotion in Mozart's music than in Haydn's, but Beethoven strode far ahead of Mozart in the expression of sentiment. In spite of his rather uncouth outward behavior, Beethoven was inwardly very tender. Sorrows piled upon him; stone deaf, he wrote his marvellous sonatas—the

finest examples of their type ever written. His ninth Symphony, the "Choral," was perhaps the greatest undertaking ever attempted until his time. Besides an orchestra of over a hundred pieces, the score calls for a mixed chorus of four voices with four soloists. The chorus generally used consists of approximately a hundred and fifty to two hundred members. The effect of this gigantic music is overpowering. It makes one realize the punity of man against the vastness of the universe. It will ever remain an immortal tribute to the pure genius of its composer.

Emotional music reached its highest point of development in Schubert, the shy, sensitive Viennese composer, who will ever be remembered as the composer of the "Unfinished" Symphony. In music, Schubert was uneducated; that is, he did not have imposed upon him the requirements of form, which would surely have resulted in a restriction on his fertile mind. His style, as may be expected, was entirely spontaneous, pure flowing, with splendid melody, untainted by attempts at bombast. Schubert's music came entirely from the heart, and in his line, he was without peer. Even gaunt old Beethoven did not rise to the emotional heights of Schubert. Nowhere can we find better examples of tender music than in the beautiful songs which came so spontaneously from him. As the years pass, we are finding more and more of Schubert's symphonic works being played. Last summer, no less than three orchestras on the Pacific Coast alone participated in a revival of Schubert's C-Major Symphony (his seventh). This is a number that is rarely played in comparison with the more famous B-Minor (the "Unfinished"), but is nevertheless characterized by the beautiful melodies so natural with Schubert. In "Rosamunde", however, Schubert wrote music of a beauty which he himself never surpassed. It has frequently been said that the Andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most beautiful melody ever written. One cannot help but recognize, however, that the melodies of the first movement of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and those of the Overture and Ballets of "Rosamunde" are the better liked.

In heavy composition, Schubert's lack of training makes itself evident; but in place of the classical form, he used a naive sense of rhythmic, pulsating, languorous beauty that never has been excelled.

After this, one of the richest periods in the development of music, composers attempted another process of development. One of these was the introduction of deeper thought into music. It is true that this idea was not new with them, since all the previous composers of note had thoughts hidden in

the music they wrote. However, they did stress this idea considerably.

Franz Liszt, the great pianist, was perhaps the first composer to write in the style of the "tone poem." In this type of music, the composer describes in sound, the sequence of thoughts in a story, poem, or even a meditation. In general, the thought can be followed and the various stages readily traced. An example is the tone poem "Ein Heldenleben" by Richard Strauss. The thought is expressed in the title, "A Hero's Life," and, as may be expected, the life of a hero is described in the sounds.

While Beethoven was still modeling the modern symphony, Tschaikowsky was active in the development of a form which had been started many years before, namely, that of the intellectual symphony. Practically everything that Tschaikowsky wrote had hidden in its passages, this subtle thing called meaning. However, there is a difference between this form of intellectual music and the tone poem. The intellectual symphony expresses a thought; but this thought can be traced not in readily discernible stages as in the tone poem, but rather in the whole composition. By this I mean that the thought of a whole symphony might be, for instance, the punity of man against the forces of the universe; the composer makes this idea the theme of the music, and it can be felt throughout the performance of the symphony.

Intellectual music of another sort was developed by Richard Wagner, whose greatest works were his operas. The music to these works follows the thought expressed in the opera itself. The result is naturally very impressive. The important difference between Wagner's operas and those of the other schools is just this: Verdi, for instance, generally used the orchestra to accompany the singer, or occasionally to lend color to a scene where there was no singing; Wagner, however, made the singers and the orchestra merge into one whole, which constituted the opera. The result was a greatly increased vividness in the performance. As an example, the thrilling music of the "Ride of the Valküre" is very expressive of the scene portrayed.

Recent activity among composers has consisted mainly in developments along the type of the tone poem, initiated by Tschaikowsky and Liszt, and developed largely by Richard Strauss.

Claude Debussy was the originator of an entirely different type of music—the so-called "impressionistic" music. In his work, Debussy developed the use of the whole tone scale, which consists of six tones, separated by intervals of a whole tone. Therefore, unlike the major and minor scales which consist of different arrangements of whole tones

and half tones, the whole tone scale consists only of whole tones.

Debussy was very successful in his attempts to portray quiet, idyllic scenes. Interpreters of Debussy, however, must be heedful. I have heard his nocturne "Clouds" played a number of times, but never as beautifully as when under the leadership of Pierre Monteux, the former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Debussy uses a faint, shimmering, dissonant background which gives to the number an impression of intangibility. If this background is the least bit too loud, the result becomes distinctly disagreeable, and the entire beauty of the impression is lost. In this respect, although Debussy wrote generally for the piano, the impressions are often better portrayed by a well-directed orchestra, because of the greater amount of tonal color available.

Now the question might be asked: Which is the better—emotional or intellectual music? Opinions differ. Some time ago, Sir Hamilton Harty, conductor of the Manchester Halle Symphony Orchestra (England), said: "Beethoven was a fool. By this I mean that he did not write intellectual music. But then, music is really emotional rather than intellectual isn't it?" From this we might conclude that emotional music is preferable. I think, however, that each has its uses. Intellectual music is interesting, but emotional music is pleasing. A life filled with the development of the intellect alone, in which sentiments and emotions play no part, is bound to be a cold and unnatural one. A natural admixture of emotion and intellect is the most conducive to our well-being. Similarly in music, a composition of great melodic beauty is always enhanced by the development of some thought, which seems more or less, to give a certain satisfaction to the hearer. A piece of melodic beauty only, soon becomes uninteresting after the emotional response resulting from the first audition is appeased. Not so, however, with one which carries with it a thought; such a number remains always fresh and interesting because one thought leads to another and another, so that interest does not wane.

It would appear, therefore, that in music, as in practically everything else, the golden mean must be observed. If music is merely emotional, interest soon wanes; as an example, note how quickly a popular number is received, and how soon it is discarded. On the other hand, if music is intellectual only, one will never listen to it for relaxation, and, hence, its appeal is limited. Many of the composers of the early and middle nineteenth century, notably Beethoven, Schubert and Tschaikowsky, attained what we may regard as the ideal admixture of emotion and intellect, and their music will live on.

"Punch Drunk"

By JIM BROWN

HEARKENING back to the games of ancient Rome, when gladiators went into mortal combat to gratify the blood lust of a pagan mob, we visit not the coliseum of old, but rather the modern arena—Madison Square Garden. The principals are already in the midst of their struggle and the fans are in the very throes of delirious joy at the scene before them. The stage, a tiny patch of white in a sea of black—broken only by the faint light of an occasional glowing cigar end, contains three dots. Those in the more expensive seats can make out a man in white and two others stripped to the waist. One of these latter is the challenger, already a sorry looking sight, and the other is Bucky O'Dare—champion.

Feinting and swinging—feinting and swinging—that was what Bucky O'Dare was doing and this simple-sounding procedure had his young opponent out on his feet—ready for the count. Out of that all-enveloping roar of the fan-packed garden just one cry filtered through to the brain of Champion O'Dare. It was—

"Finish him, Bucky!"

From this Bucky learned that the wolves were ready for the kill, having already sated their lust by baiting the mouse to the limit. He suited the words to dynamic action and in less time than it takes for the telling, the challenger from the middle west lay sprawling in the resin—hors de combat. Then a mighty roar burst simultaneously from some thirty thousand human throats, the gist of the sundry cries being that Bucky O'Dare was the greatest fighter that ever slipped on a glove. Bucky was unmoved however, for being a consistent winner he had become thoroughly sophisticated, and the cry of the mob and subsequent flatteries were taken by him as a matter of course.

He performed his usual grandstand act of helping to carry his prostrate opponent to the ring-side, waved his gloved hands to the crowd and then made his way through the howling hundreds to the semi-privacy of his dressing room. While he is there in the midst of back-slappers and professional body slappers, a bit of biography will not be amiss.

O'Dare had been champion for five years and during that time he had never been knocked off his feet, though he had taken plenty of punishment within the squared circle. Jack Devore was an ad-

vocate of the boxing, self-defense style of game and it was this that he tried to teach his fighter. But no manager could teach Bucky O'Dare how a fight should be fought. No sir! Bucky used his own policy of "get in there and swing, and if you have to take two to get in one, make the one a knockout punch." Bucky was satisfied with his methods—they got results and made him popular. Devore had given up trying to make a boxer out of his boy but it hurt him to the heart to hear the loafers and drifters and wiseacres refer to the champion as "a guy that was going to finish his career soon—a punch-drunk fighter." The reason Devore was hurt so, was that in his own heart he felt that the prophecies would come true. Buck was taking too many chances in the ring; he took too many on his head and ears instead of "rolling with the head jabs." Devore was frankly worried; but O'Dare, cocksure as ever, just laughed at his adviser and called him a "chicken-hearted tin horn," and there the matter stood.

People couldn't help loving the champion; his vitality, his personality, and his never failing wit made him the central figure in any gathering, just as he was the central figure in the champion's dressing room in the garden on this night. He was the central figure and still he was the only one in the stuffy, crowded room that was not talking.

O'Dare's social life was a merry whirl. Today an after-dinner speech at the Lion's club, tomorrow, the guest of honor at the annual conclave of the W. C. T. U., the next day a lecture at Harvard, and so on. He was the man of the hour and no class could claim him for its own. Little Izzy Kohn, the East Side street merchant, was just as much his friend as the Harrison Manville-Smiths from up in Westchester.

O'Dare's stock was at an unprecedented height and still rising; but once the bubble of fame and popularity got too high, the barb of fate burst the bubble, and the hopes, ambitions and life of Bucky O'Dare came tumbling to the ground. It so happened that the drifters were right, and one fine night against an almost unheard of newcomer, the champion took such a fearful beating that he lost his crown and lost a thing of infinitely more value—his mind.

The public was astounded and eagerly devoured

every new morsel of information that appeared in the papers.

Devore believed that, with lots of peace and quiet at some out of the way sanitarium, Bucky could rid himself of the mental stupor that had come over him; so he accordingly bundled the ex-Champ off to Ridgeview Sanitarium. The public, always fickle, quickly forgot O'Dare; and all the fame that had once been his was now thrown before the triumphant feet of the new Champion.

In just one month, Bucky was back in New York, walking up Broadway—"on his heels." The doctors had given up—Bucky was through—just another punch-drunk fighter. The cheers had turned to jeers, but fortunately for him his befuddled brain could not connect attendant ideas well enough to understand his predicament. He staunchly believed that he was still Champion and to humor him, all the pool room loafers called him "Champ." He haunted the pool rooms and cheap dance halls because they were the only places where he could find amusement. All his friends were gone now. No one had any use for an ex-Champ. He was broke, too. All the fine parties he had sponsored in his time had made insincere friends and a penniless ex-Champion.

The only spending money he had, he received from Devore, still manager and foster-father. He never broke training, though, and was always preparing himself for the one big fight. Some spectator to O'Dare's shadow-boxing antics would be apt to yell—

"Hey, Bucky! When is that big fight coming off?"

And Bucky would be just as sure to reply,

"Oh, Devore says it's in the bag for next summer."

But "next summer" never came and Bucky was still training. His bad luck never failed him, though, and it became his unhappy lot to come under the eye of a certain shyster promoter in the big town, by the name of Bill Flanagan. Flanagan was a popular political figure in town, and had pulled off many shady deals which had so far escaped the attention of John L. Taxpayer. In O'Dare, Flanagan found the "fall guy" for a great scheme he had concocted. He inveigled Bucky into signing a "phony" contract, saying that he, Flanagan, would get some matches for Bucky. He also poured a yarn into the unsuspecting ears of the ex-Champ to the effect that Devore had been holding out on him and never meant to give him a chance to defend his Championship again. O'Dare signed the fake agreement. A series of "Benefit Matches" was held and they proved highly lucrative; for there was still a great number of sportsmen who revered

the name of Bucky O'Dare. The biggest "benefitter" of the whole miserable proposition was, of course, Flanagan himself. O'Dare got nothing but spending money.

Flanagan, not satisfied with his worldly gains, took fiendish delight in teasing the broken pugilist and liked to "get him talking," as he termed it to his retinue of "yes men." Some of these latter, it may be said in their favor, did not at all relish such goings-on but they did not dare voice their sentiments for fear of arousing the ire of the "chief." Devore also tried to get O'Dare to listen to reason, but only got a bad beating for his pains. The "chief" was ruthless and had wound the baby-minded O'Dare around his finger under the guise of a friend who understood a "pal."

Once, however, Flanagan cooked up a scheme which did not exactly come under the heading of teasing, and much came of it.

He convinced Bucky that the big match was at last settled and a day was appointed when the principals, managers, promoters, witnesses, etc., would all assemble in Flanagan's office to sign the contract. Poor Bucky was breathless. He rushed around to all his old haunts and so in earnest was he that he actually convinced a majority of his hearers that he was going to fight again. He trained more conscientiously than ever before and was blissful in his eagerness. As the great day for the signing dawned, Bucky was beside himself; he was going into the harness again.

Flanagan's office was a beehive of excitement, suppressed and expressed, and the busiest figure in the little drama was the ex-champ. The papers were at last produced and the "challenger's" manager agreed to the terms of the contract. There was a hush. Bucky was to sign on the dotted line. One of the hoaxers broke down at this point and snickered. Instantly the atmosphere was charged. The fate that had been so cruel for months back vindicated itself, and in a flash Bucky understood. That half suppressed snicker had broken the spell over O'Dare. For that one fleeting instant, the brain that had for months been dormant, cleared, and Bucky O'Dare understood the entire hoax. His senses reeled and he was an animal berserk. His was the instinct to kill with tooth and claw. Flanagan, his mouth open in a foolish expression of mingled astonishment and fear, was statuesque in the fixity of his frame. He couldn't move a muscle to defend himself from the bundle of fury that was hurtling straight at his ample body. The first blow brought him to the full realization of his peril and he tried his best to defend himself.

As for O'Dare, he was hopelessly mad, crazy for the blood of this man who had made a fool of him

before all these people. All was red before him, he could not even feel the impact of his own blows on Flanagan's body. Bucky O'Dare was finishing his man. His world was a kaleidoscope of fists, blood, sweat and myriad lights. He'd show this wise guy . . . "hmmmm, must be slowing up . . . can't see very well . . . old pins ain't workin' right . . . if I could only find this guy . . . 'There I landed . . . again and again . . . he's down . . . he's up again I'll put him down for keeps now . . . I won't box. I'll show Devore too . . . I'll fight like I want to . . . I'll kill this guy . . . he must be hittin' me . . . funny they don't sting . . . I'll keep my championship . . . this guy's crazy . . . fightin' in his street clothes . . . ain't right. I'll tear 'em off of him . . . lights gettin' dim, oughta have more light . . . falling, . . . falling . . . it's dark . . . my gosh, I'm down . . . Can't hear the count, I'll protest . . . can't get up . . . it's dark . . ."

Flanagan's office was a wreck. Tables were upset, his desk lay on its side, the filing cabinet had

tipped over, its contents strewn over the floor, and even the window in the door was broken. The spectators had not missed a move of the epic struggle, and when Flanagan crashed to the floor for the fourth time, they knew that he was through for the evening. Each man felt strangely elated at Bucky's conquest, but upon looking at Bucky still in the middle of the room, swinging wildly, each felt a sudden surge of remorse welling up in his throat.

When Bucky ceased swinging, looked around him dazedly and then collapsed, each man's head bowed in silent worship for a fighter—game to the finish. Bucky O'Dare had finished his man!

Little "Dink" Frisby was the first to break the tensivity of the situation. Without so much as a glance at the prostrate Flanagan, his erstwhile "chief," he strode to where O'Dare lay and bending over, felt the ex-champion's pulse.

For a long time all was quiet and then,

"Boys, the champ is through. He did have one good fight left in him."

College Men and the Depression

By LOUIS A. OTTO, JR.

IN the December issue of the Exponent, that favorite department of many readers, "The Editor's Soap Box," contained a few paragraphs in criticism of that much discredited portion of society, the college students.

It is not my purpose to discuss separately and at length the various points on which the Editor asserts that modern college students fail utterly in comparison with their predecessors of the "good old days." That might well be reserved for another article.

At present I am more concerned with the first part of the editorial, in which reference is made to the fact that the bulk of college students in general have lost their interest in campus activities, have lost their school spirit. More particularly, the Editor notes that the students of the University of Dayton are apparently also infected with the germ of indifference.

My conclusion is that one of the main causes of this attitude can be found in the reaction of students toward the depression. What the depression has meant to students and recent graduates, in turn, is also worthy of discussion. Thus the two following sections.

I

In my opinion, then, the reason for the so-called indifference is that thinking college students, particularly seniors, impressed by the forthcoming turning point in their lives next June, have formed certain conclusions from their observation of the economic crisis.

They have come to realize, to at least a slight degree, the vastness of the problems and the grim realities of life that await them in the future. In striking contrast they see the comparative unimportance of the various college activities with which they may at present be occupied. After all, what difference does the loss of a football game make in a lifetime? And in answer it must truthfully be admitted that such a loss simply has not the significance some may wish to attach to it. A game is mere play, mere recreation, and should not be allowed to take on any greater importance.

I admit that the decline of general interest in cultural activities can not be traced in a considerable degree to the depression. This loss of interest has been recorded for the last ten years; it began and developed under the great boom of college enrollment. It was particularly in the years after

the war that the number of high school graduates who sought higher education increased by leaps and bounds. This trend to mass higher education, unfortunately, but naturally, had to bring along a certain lowering of standards, especially in liberal studies. The increased interest in commerce and science distracted attention from mere cultural development. Is it unusual, then, that a large portion of student enrollment should reflect the cultural interests of the masses of the people? This, we know, is not very high.

But still the intellectual activities are not exactly dormant, as evidenced here at the University of Dayton. The debating society is having its most active season since the club's inception. For the first time in years there is keen competition among several teams of good men to make one of the three extensive trips that have been scheduled.

The Exponent, also, seems to have embarked on a successful year after a late start. As for student following and interest, the Editor himself admits that in his belief there is a demand for the Exponent, judging presumably from the queries arising from the long delay in the publication of the first number. Personally, I was not a little surprised a short time ago, to come upon two football players buried in the depths of Tolstoy and Sappho, respectively. While this is not an indication of the general pastime reading of students, it was heartening, to say the least.

II

Realizing the ephemeral nature of many ordinary extra-curricular activities, therefore, students are considering, more and more, problems of real importance. The chaotic condition of the world has caused all classes of society to ponder upon its cause and possible solution, still more upon its effect on their own lives. This, then, brings up the attitude of college students toward the depression,—a discussion and presentation of which first prompted this article.

Up to recent years, but even more so, when college enrollments were smaller but choicer, a degree usually meant that a college graduate would either have a position offered to him or he could secure work in his line with very little trouble. But the increasingly large number of graduates, especially in certain fields, in time began to surpass the number of jobs available even before the depression.

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Soon, any temporary job, such as a clerk or gas station attendant, looked good until "something would turn up."

Now, of course, the situation is even worse. Nearly everyone has several friends and acquaintances who are recent graduates and who have been unable to find any work at all, least in the professional or technical lines for which they were prepared.

Graduates of earlier years, skilled in their field and having the benefit of experience, constitute no small part of the unemployed. In New York City 68,000 college graduates are being cared for by some form of public or private charity. Men accustomed to earning thousands of dollars a year can find no work. If and when normal times return, these more experienced, college-trained men will naturally receive the first call to work. This makes the problem of graduates of recent years and those of the near future still more perplexing.

What is the personal reaction of students, and graduates of the past two or three years, to this situation? The conclusions herewith presented on this matter are taken from a certain amount of observation and from my own response to the conditions overshadowing the country.

Stated briefly, in the words of the proverb, "the old order is changing and yielding to the new." When the future is mentioned, no thought is given to anything like the prosperity that ended in 1929. Unrestrained capitalism has demonstrated its incapability, and if by chance it should contrive to continue for a time, there will result only greater failure, greater chaos.

This change in condition has overturned not only economic theories, but also the old ideas of life and success, which pertain here to the case of college students. First and foremost, the fact is brought out that a college education is no longer a guarantee of success, nor even of a white-collar, middle-class job. College men, therefore, are beginning to doubt, in part, the value of their higher education. Had they started working on leaving high school, they would, by now, have at least some experience, if not a job. As it is, they have neither; just their formal education.

These young men are not to be blamed for this attitude. For the past ten years campaigns and propaganda have urged the youth of the nation to attend the colleges and universities. Statistics were published showing the greater potential earnings possible for college graduates. But, furthermore, education was quoted as an asset too valuable to be listed under mere dollars and cents, because it was something that once acquired could never be lost.

Unfortunately, there was not always a sufficient amount of discrimination by the colleges in admitting students; which of course helped all the more to pile up impressive enrollments. Fond, but not always intelligently guided parents sacrificed to send their children to college. Other young men worked to provide their own educational careers. All, however, were seeking the security, the opportunity, which they believed education alone could give them.

This depression, however, has revealed that college men are no different from their brothers in the face of unemployment. Graduates of the past two or three years and of the near future are victims of the present condition. When times pick up, they must start from the beginning in competition with older, experienced men. It would seem that they simply shall not be needed for years to come.

It is not extraordinary that graduates have lost much of their faith in ideals, in the so-called leaders of their country, in their country itself, and in the future. Confronted with the necessity of earning a livelihood, there is simply no work for them to do. Contrary to the once supposed notion, college men do not believe that the world owes them a living, but it is no more than just that they should at least have the opportunity to make good.

There apparently still is left, however, some fraction of the old idealism. Were there not, it would seem impossible that a totally despondent and desperate nation with twelve million unemployed would long have internal peace. If a concerted campaign for relief should come, as some observers predict, it is inevitable that the leaders of the unemployed must be college men because of the advantages of their training. A recent report states that the Socialist party is seeking, from among young college graduates, active workers to spread its theories. In many foreign countries, notably Germany, students are leaders of the radical movements. These indications show that a leadership of college-trained men among the unemployed is not impossible, not even improbable. Once such leaders take any drastic steps, it will be too late for the captains of industry to remedy the situation.

Up to the present, big business and the government either have not comprehended the situation fully, or have been too selfishly engrossed in their own interests. Economists have offered constructive plans, but no steps save a few inadequate, palliative, measures have been taken.

The new administration which will take office in March seems to be the last hope for a peaceful solution of the problem. If the pledges of the "new deal" turn out to be mere political campaign measures, the future will be ominous.

The Change

By EDWIN H. SAUER

A One-Act play in Blank Verse.

CHARACTERS

Mary Magdalene.

Marcus Levitus, a Roman soldier.

Time: The year 33 A. D. Place: Jerusalem.

(Legend tells us that shortly before her conversion, Mary Magdalene was very much in love with a young Roman soldier, stationed in Jerusalem. We are told he loved her too, but that their intimacy was short-lived, for he was called by army officials to Rome. Leaving Mary, he promised to return, and she, to wait for him. It is not known whether he did return. This play, purely fiction therefore, supposes that he did so after Mary's contacts with Christ, after her conversion.)

(The curtain rises on a street scene. It is night, but a very beautiful night. A moon and many stars can be seen on the back drop which also shows us a portion of the city. Our street is one on the outskirts of Jerusalem and consequently there are no houses on it. There is, however, much foliage. In short, it is more like a country road, although part of the great city. As the curtain rises, we see Mary Magdalene, simply dressed and obviously meditating, enter from the left. She crosses to the center where she is prevented from continuing by Marcus Levitus who has stepped from behind a tree. He is the typical Roman soldier, brutal, strong, but he is very tender during his conversation with Magdalene. He has just returned to Jerusalem, and learning that it is Mary's custom to come and go to the city on this street, has waited for her, hiding behind the shrubbery. He speaks first.)

Marcus. Mary, Mary Magdalene!

Mary (startled). You, Marcus!

Marcus. Mary, I've come back to you at last, As I promised. It's been long I know. But Mary, that is really not my fault. When Roman troops are sent, they don't return Until they conquer. Mary, embrace me now.

Mary. No, Marcus,—I—please, I'd rather not.

Marcus. But why not, Mary? Don't you understand

That I've come back to be your lover again?

Haven't you been waiting just for this?

Haven't you believed I would return?

Think of all the pleasure we shall have.

The games, the feasts, the nights of dance and song.

I've money, Mary, enough for all the things

You always wanted. We'll take a little place

Outside the city near some little lake.

We'll entertain in reckless revelry,

We'll fill our guests with delicacies and wines

Brought from abroad. Mary, all of this

Is yours. Embrace me now and touch my lips,

With yours, the first of many times to come.

Mary. No, no, Marcus. I cannot take these things.

Marcus. Why not, Mary? Is there someone else?

Why are you so changed? Is it because

Another one is foremost in your heart?

Haven't you been waiting for this day?

Haven't you built all your plans on this,

My coming back? Have you ceased to love?

Mary (seizing the opportunity to send him away).

Marcus, I forgot you when you left.

It mattered nothing when you would return

Or what you'd bring. You were naught to me;

Our love, but the adventure of a night,

Your promise, but a phrase of empty words:

I have not waited anxiously for this,

Your coming back. I have not thought of you.

Marcus. (She has not deceived him).

Mary, it is not the truth you speak.

You were sincere the night I went away.

You loved me then: I think you love me now,

For while you spoke you trembled; you were pale.

You love me, Mary. Say you love me now.

Mary. I do not love you.

Marcus. Nay that' isn't true.

Your heart beats fiercely just from seeing me.

You love me.

Mary. No!

Marcus. You do! 'Tis something strange
That's come between us, causing all of this.
Something has changed you or perhaps someone,
And makes you hide for shame the love you bear,
What is it, Mary? Tell me what it is.

Mary. (realizing she must be truthful).
Something, Marcus, far above your love,
And far above the love that I could bear
Easily for you. I am not she
You left that night, these several years ago.
Nay, I am not the Mary that you knew,
And never shall return to what she was.
I say that I could love you easily,
And well I could, were you to change as I.
But what have you to offer, but the shame,
The fears and the dishonor that I knew,
The things that I've supplanted with a love
And faith that are above the little joys
That I shall have if I return to you.

Marcus. Mary, you know I offer all I can,
Marriage excepted; that I do not want.
But what is that to you? Why, surely you
Did not expect to ever be my bride?

Come, Mary. Take my hand and come away.

Mary. No, Marcus. Go, I shall not come.
Forget that I was ever in your mind.
Forget that I made promises to you,
And you to me. Remember only this:
That I am happy, though so very changed,
That I have confidence and peace of mind,
That I have treasures, greater than the ones
Reunion with the man I loved could bring.

Marcus (deeply touched, but uncomprehending).
I'll go, but I shall never understand
These things you speak. I'll go but not forget
That you have loved me and could love me still,
Who offer everything I have to you
But what you call "your honor."
Yes, I go. But, Mary, I shall never understand.

(He exits left, murmuring to himself, completely bewildered. Mary stands rigid, her head bowed. Then she raises her eyes heavenward; large tears can be seen streaming down her cheeks. Suddenly a ray of light from above strikes her face. Her features become radiant. The tears are gone; a smile of intense joy takes their place, and, trembling, she drops to her knees, as

The curtain falls.



The Renaissance in Architecture

By CHARLES C. WESTBROCK

FROM the first dawn of history, man has deemed it a worthy ambition to erect suitable houses in which to live. As the modes of culture made their appearance in the world, he occupied himself in adorning those houses with the art that surrounded him. He planned his home that it might have arrangement. The walls were decorated with marble and paintings. Thus, from the lowliest hovel to the magnificent palace there was an evolution of architecture that came about through the ages of time.

With this in mind, it will be interesting to note that the Gothic order was the last distinct order in architecture, from whose decline the Renaissance movement came to assume its respective place in history. Although not an original conception in itself, having been but the combination of several orders, it, nevertheless, stands as an architecture, unique in its quaint composition.

In the years prior to the Renaissance, Rome was always looked upon as the probable recipient of any new idea that might be born. When the inclination came to study the classics once again, to revive pristine glory in art and to conceive a different mode of architecture, Italy proved herself the motivating influence of the movement. France soon followed the example of Italy. Spain was, at the time, in an unhappy state of affairs that greatly hindered her adoption of the revival. The Germans snatched at the opportunity as a golden one, but with that inevitable deliberateness that delayed progress until the seventeenth century. England, likewise, made little headway. It was not until the reign of Charles I, that Great Britain really emerged from her obscurity in this regard.

Apart from the consideration of the rapidity with which the Renaissance in architecture was accomplished in various countries, it might be well to give a thought or two in explanation of the characteristics that marked this special order. Entering any church that is decorated in the Renaissance style, we are greeted by an elaborate display of color. Brilliant hues, lavishly bestowed upon any object that permits ornamentation, bespeak the gorgeousness that marks this order of architecture. As we glance at the high altar, we find it wonder-

fully carved and surmounted by many figures of saints and angels. The walls surrounding the table are covered with mosaic, from whose colors gold gleams in abundant splendor. Statues on the pedestals have been tinted in life-like colors and their sightless eyes welcome us to the abode of God. From the dome, above the high altar, angels and saints resplendent in their costumes of rich embroideries look down at us. Far to the right, the great stained glass window mediates the shaft of sunlight pouring through its panes, into a dazzling display of color at our feet. It rests, like a mighty spar, against the leaded images of flowers and saints, brightening the sombre interior with a profusion of colored light. Everything, wherever our eyes rest, speaks of grandeur. The walls of the church proper are highly ornamented: where the ceiling takes its rise, a gentle curve breaks the imaginary line that separates it from the mural decoration, so that the design is unbroken. Unsightly objects are artistically hidden and, in their place, frescoes and murals greet the eye. The Renaissance architecture, although not distinct in its fundamentals, is of a certainty distinctive in its portrayal of details and tracery.

The movement was principally received in three countries, Italy, France and Spain. Taking them in order, let us journey into those lands where evidences of the Renaissance can be found.

The first stop is Italy. History would have us believe that Renaissance architecture had its rise in this country, mainly in the city of Florence, where Filippo Brunelleschi did his greatest work and is properly termed "the father of the Art of the Renaissance." His life story tells us of his inclination to become an architect and of the ultimate realization of his dream. During his early years he regarded the church of Santa Maria del Fiore as the goal of his ambition, for the reason that its dome had never been completed, and he cherished the idea to become the architect of its final decoration. Eventually, we are told, he witnessed the fulfillment of his desire.

St. Peter's at Rome stands forth as one of the most notable examples of the movement in Italy. Michelangelo, its architect, is said to have exclaimed

when beholding the splendid dome, "I have hung the Pantheon in the air." No idle boast, but a true acclaim of the artist's masterpiece.

Venice claims much of the splendor reflected by the movement. Under the guidance of her son, Sansovino, she saw the erection of beautiful St. Mark's library. John Ruskin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" terms the Ducal Palace "the central edifice of the world." Throughout Italy, palaces, churches and monuments were erected, that enable us to obtain a general scope of the fruitfulness of the Renaissance in architecture, in that design marked by detail and color.

France was not devoid of buildings erected during the movement. As previously mentioned, the Renaissance met with considerable delay in this country, but during the reign of Francis I the movement flourished. That king summoned to his court the artists of the world, that his castles might be made the showplaces of Europe; such men as Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto dec-

orated the royal residence at Fontainebleau. It was under Francis I that the Renaissance found its climax in France.

In Spain, the most outstanding achievement of the Renaissance is the Escorial, near Madrid. This building is described by every lover of the beautiful by reason of the fact that it contains a wealth of artistic treasure. In the words found in De Amicis, this edifice is described most eloquently, "The Escorial surrounds, holds and overwhelms you."

The Renaissance in architecture accomplished a deed of double import. As a new mode of design it preserved the older orders and brought to the world's attention a still higher appreciation of the beautiful. Here on the campus we have an example of what the Renaissance effected by way of decoration. The University chapel is, with its profusion of color, copied after the architectural order that embodies the features of others and, yet, remains distinctive in its own right.

Confidence Man

By ROBERT LAUTERBACH

THE great ocean liner was slipping through the darkness of her first night out of Southampton, as the door of the bar opened to reveal a stocky form in evening clothes leaning against the rail outside. The man who opened the door stepped out and strode up to the figure at the rail.

"How did you make out, Shorty?" he asked.

The stocky one removed a huge cigar from his lips and replied, "Dropped about eighty bucks. How about you?"

"Well, I only won three hundred bucks, but that's not so bad for the first night."

"No, not so bad. No sense in pushing things at first. We made some good contacts tonight. People who will be profitable later. Let's hit the hay."

Side by side, they walked down the deck and into a corridor where they stopped at adjoining state-rooms just as the ship's purser came past them. If the purser had been acquainted with the rogues' gallery of any large city, he would have recognized Denver Eddie Smith, most notorious of confidence men and most polished of card manipulators, and his companion, Shorty DePalma, late of Detroit and Joliet prison. But Shorty and Eddie had never worked the liners before and so their faces were unfamiliar to the purser.

Most of the passengers of the huge ocean greyhound were already at breakfast when the two entered the dining hall by different doors and, passing each other with only a casual nod, took their seats at separate tables. The dapper Mr. Smith was placed at a table with a kindly silver-haired old gentleman and two young people, obviously his son and daughter; while Shorty was with a group of men several feet away. Later that morning, Eddie found the young lady of his table seated in the deck chair next to his. That night, Eddie lost two hundred dollars in a poker game in the bar, while Shorty won over a thousand. On the third day Eddie learned the young lady's name, Alice Morton, and played shuffle-board with her for an hour, while Shorty was winning fourteen hundred dollars in the suite of a Texas oil baron where a crap game was in progress. And as Eddie's acquaintance ripened with the passage of time, so did his partner's winnings. Bridge, poker and Black Jack games were going almost constantly in the bar, and

whenever both the partners played, one of them invariably emerged a few hundred dollars ahead. And each day, Shorty grew more troubled as he watched Eddie spend more and more time with Alice and less in the bar.

It was on the morning of the fourth day that Eddie sat in his deck-chair debating with himself the advantages and disadvantages of married life; for Eddie had that morning decided that he wanted to quit the racket and settle down. The idea had never appealed to him before, but Alice seemed to make a difference. He wondered if she would marry him, if she knew his occupation. Well, he'd tell her about his life, tell her he was quitting it, and ask her.

His thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Alice as she dropped into the chair next to him. "H'lo, Eddie! Wonderful morning, isn't it?"

"Hello, there, Alice! It sure is. How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Eddie; that is—everything but—" She paused and a frown wrinkled her forehead and turned-up nose as her brows drew together over brooding blue eyes.

"But what?" Eddie persisted.

"Oh, I oughtn't to bother you with my worries. It's nothing anyhow. Forget it."

"No, I won't forget it," maintained Eddie. "That is, unless it's something you would rather not tell me about."

"Well, here it is, Eddie. I'm worried about Dad, and there's nothing I can do about it. You see, Dad is carrying \$45,000 in cash in a money belt, and I'm afraid something will happen to him, 'cause Dad used to gamble an awful lot. He could afford it then, but now he can't. He sold his business in England and is going home with every dime he owns in that belt. And I'm so terribly afraid the urge to gamble will get him again, and with all these card sharks you hear about on ships, I just know he'll lose it all."

A vagrant tear trickled down her cheek but Eddie did not notice. His thoughts were moving swiftly, if in rather jumbled fashion. "Forty-five grand, cash, and an old man who liked to gamble. What a combination, what a killing. But wait a minute. This is Alice's father."

Eddie turned to her, and as he turned, a resolve formed in his mind. "Can't you stop him?" he asked.

"No. My brother and I have tried, but I'm afraid it's no use. He has been watching those card games and I know he'll get into one of them before the voyage ends." Her voice had become tremulous. "Oh, Eddie, I've got an idea, that is," with a swiftly veiled upward look at him—"if you'll help me."

"Sure I'll help you," Eddie replied eagerly.

"Well, why couldn't you and my brother Dick play with him and maybe you could get someone else to help you and arrange it so he wouldn't lose much. Could you?"

"Why—uh—yes, sure, of course. I'll fix it up so he'll win at first and then I'll win it back. That way he won't suspect anything. You see, I used to be a card manipulator and magician in vaudeville. And since then, I've been—Alice, there's something I'd like to ask you."

"I know, Eddie. I've known since the first night I met you." Her eyes were shining as she gazed at him. "But do this for me first, will you, Eddie? Then we can talk about—other things."

Shorty was standing before a mirror vainly wrestling with a bow tie which persisted in crawling up his collar as Eddie stepped into his stateroom and, dropping into an arm-chair cocked his feet on the bed and regarded his comrade through a cloud of cigaret smoke. Shorty turned to regard him with a hostile glare. "What's the idea of coming in here, you dope? You're just an acquaintance of mine. Do you want these suckers to get suspicious?"

"Just a minute, boy, just a minute. Don't get jumpy. We've got business to tend to. Big business."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah! You remember the old fellow who sits at my table? His name's Morton. Well, he's carrying forty-five grand in a money-belt. And he likes to play stud poker."

"I should say this is business." Shorty smiled beatifically as he rubbed his hands together in anticipatory glee.

"But we are not going to take it." The words were spoken with a calm, and to Shorty, a dreadful finality.

"You—you mean,—why, Eddie, we can't pass that up. It would be fish."

"We not only can, we will."

"Eddie, you're not going to let forty-five thousand dollars walk right past us because you're nuts about a dame?"

"Yes. And what's more, we're going to see that

no one else gets it. We'll play poker with him so he can get the gambling out of his blood without getting trimmed. I've fixed it with his son Dick to have him in the bar at five o'clock. We'll play till about eight, and let him win. Then, after dinner, we'll resume the game about nine-thirty and win back what we lose. Then we'll keep it about even till he gets tired playing. Understand? See that you stick to it. I don't want anything to go wrong."

It was a few minutes after five when Eddie, accompanied by Mr. Morton and his son, strolled up to his acquaintance, Mr. DePalma, and asked if he would care to make a fourth in a friendly little game of poker. Mr. DePalma would, and did.

Shorty, it must be said to his credit, played a very close, conservative game, but the cards were against him while Eddie, who held better than average hands, played a magnificently reckless game, so that he lost even more heavily than DePalma.

It was a little after eight when Eddie glanced at his watch with a whistle of surprise. "Whew! It's late. Let's settle up and adjourn for an hour while we eat." He turned to Morton, who was banker. "I took ten thousand dollars' worth, and I have thirty-two hundred left, so I owe you sixty-eight hundred. Here it is." Eddie pulled his wallet from his breast pocket and counted out a sheaf of bills while Shorty was settling for four thousand dollars' worth of chips.

"We'll see you gentlemen here in an hour," was Morton's parting remark, as he strode off with his son.

"I hope you're satisfied, you sap," Shorty growled as they passed out of earshot. "Do you realize we handed him nearly eleven grand? Suppose he doesn't come back?"

"I'd sure enjoy saying 'I told you so,' but not at that price," Shorty grumbled.

When the game resumed an hour later in the bar, the players' luck had changed amazingly, so much indeed that Eddie and Shorty won consistently, until, when the game broke up, both were fortified behind formidable stacks of chips.

"I guess I'm about five thousand ahead on this second game," Eddie remarked as he cashed his chips, "but that still leaves me eighteen hundred in the red. How about you, DePalma?" Shorty finished counting his chips and figured silently for a moment before answering. "I'm six grand to the good, but I dropped four this afternoon, so I won about two thousand."

"That leaves me practically even, and I guess you lost about a hundred or so, didn't you, Dick?" Morton asked his son.

"Yes, I did, Dad. Our luck sure changed to-night."

Morton drew forth a bulging wallet and counted out six crisp new \$1,000 notes in front of Shorty and five for Eddie. "Good night, gentlemen," he spoke as he bowed; "I'm glad to have made your acquaintance. If I don't see you before the ship docks in the morning, goodbye, and good luck." He shook hands with both of them, and departed.

Eddie and Shorty sat in a taxi as it rattled up 42nd Street from the docks and they looked with fond eyes at the great city. Their reverie was interrupted by Eddie. "I guess this will be our last trip together, Shorty. That is, if Alice will marry me. I'm going to see her this afternoon, and go for a drive with her. She's stopping at the Savoy-Plaza. Say, Shorty, why couldn't I ask her then? By Jove, I will." His voice was exuberant as a small boy's on Christmas morn.

"Well, Eddie, I hate to see you go wrong like this. You were a good guy to work with. But if you're set on it, you may as well get it over with."

"I'm going to get a ring right now. Hey, driver! Stop at the nearest good jewelry store." The taxi screeched to a stop in the next block and both the occupants jumped out. "Wait a few minutes, driver. We'll be right out," Eddie admonished the cab-man.

They entered the imposing structure and striding up to a gardenia-adorned floorman, were ushered to a private room. "I want to look at some engagement rings. Good ones."

"Certainly, sir. Just a moment." The clerk disappeared and returned with a tray of rings whose gems caught and reflected the sunlight from the barred windows. Eddie glanced at them perfunctorily. "I'll take this one," he said, picking one of the smaller rings which was set with a large emerald flanked by two diamonds. "How much is it?"

"That is twenty-four hundred dollars, sir. Do you have an account here, or—," he paused diplomatically.

"No. I'll pay cash." Eddie took three new \$1,000 notes from his wallet and handed them to the clerk.

"Just a minute, sir. I'll get your change and receipt." He departed—closing the door behind him. He returned a few minutes later, accompanied by two large individuals, obviously representatives of the law.

"There seems to be a slight misunderstanding, gentlemen. Would you step down to the manager's office with me, please?" His request was most polite, but the detectives remained near the door, from which position they commanded the room. Eddie was surprised, Eddie was shocked, Eddie was indignant. Eddie said so in no uncertain terms, but Eddie went. So did Shorty. So, also, did the detectives.

They filed into the manager's office to be confronted by a gray-haired, grave-faced man who addressed the detectives. "Officers, these men, or rather the tall one, just attempted to pass three counterfeit thousand dollar bills in payment for a ring."

"Counterfeit?" gasped Eddie. Shorty said nothing, but his cigar dropped from his lips to the carpet, where it burned unnoticed until the clerk stepped on it. "Then Motron must have—Shorty, I got those from him. He—"

"Yeah," cut in Shorty. "Your friend Mr. Morton and your fiancée-to-be took us for eleven grand and shoved off this "queer" money on us. Two bright little boys, we are. But try to make these flat-feet believe that. Just try. We might as well make up our minds to take another trip together after all."

"About a ten-year trip," advised one of the officers.

"You can say 'I told you so' an awful lot of times in ten years, Shorty," was the rueful response. Shorty turned to go. "We got a taxi waiting, Officers; let's go before that meter goes any higher."

Soil Wastage

By MAURICE KRAMER

MANY important aspects of nature are, by their very presence, concealed from us. We unconcernedly view the heavenly bodies because of our familiarity with them, but with what awe would we look to the heavens were these bodies to appear only once in a generation! In a similar manner we take the soil beneath our feet as a matter of course and even experience a feeling of repugnance upon contact with it. It is to the world's interest to remove this web of indifference and aversion and to instill a feeling of the importance of this vast inheritance which has been in the making since millions of years.

In the face of the present economic crisis which the entire world is experiencing, much attention is given the sorry plight of the farmer. The prices of farm products soar and are depressed because of the variation of crop surpluses, but the financial loss due to soil wastage is continually going on. Nearly every area that has a slope sufficiently large for the rainfall to run off, as is the case on most of the land in this country, is affected by it. The situation is steadily becoming worse because of the ignorance and lack of national concern about it.

In order to understand the devastating effects of soil erosion a little of the formation and nature of soils must be known. Soil is not the original covering of land areas but is the product of various processes of rock decomposition. If we take a handful of soil from any locality we will notice that it contains more or less decomposed rock particles intermingled with decayed organic matter. Temperature changes, the wedging effect of freezing water, roots penetrating cracks, cause the rock near the surface to be broken into small fragments. Also chemical changes take place and finally these products of weathering become mixed with the decayed matter of plants and animals, and thus the soil is formed. If the soil is derived from the rock which it overlies it is termed residual soil. Transported soil is that which is carried any distance by natural agencies. For example, the soil of the northern part of America was transported and deposited by glaciers during the great ice age. Inherited soil is that formed by the decomposition of rock which has completely disappeared. It is easily under-

stood that thousands of years are required for the formation of a foot of soil and we are impressed by the enormous length of time required for the formation of the many feet of soil now covering our earth.

We will now consider how soil is removed by natural agencies. Since it is a loose material it is very easily carried away. A slow downward movement of the soil takes place on every slope. Landslides not only remove soil from large areas but also cover fertile land. During a long dry spell the soil becomes so powdery that it is easily picked up and carried away by the wind. The most important natural agent of destruction however, is rain. When rain water flows over an inclined surface it carries along many particles of soil matter. This of course decreases the depth of the soil. This phenomenon can be seen after every rain, when the gutters and ditches become full of muddy water.

Strange as it seems, man, reasoning man, is the cause of more destruction of the soil than all processes of nature combined. Through thoughtlessness and ignorance the same field is used, year after year, for the same crop. The landowner uses the same method of plowing, and of crop rotation, as that used by his forefathers, without thinking that the soil he is cultivating may have been greatly altered since the beginning of its service to man. And greed, that nemesis of human nature, urges him to derive all the benefit possible out of the earth without a thought for the future. Some land, because of its physical or chemical characteristics is useful only for the growth of trees. Man, in cutting down the forests for lumber, swept them clean; soil erosion set in, and thus soil was carried away making the area where formerly the forest stood, unfit for any plant growth.

Let us now study the special cases of soil erosion, in order to show how man has aided this destructive process, and how preventive methods can and should be utilized. The furrows formed by the plow are the cause of the destruction of entire land areas. Rain naturally flows down these furrows and since the ground is loose it carries the soil with it. If the furrows are run up-and-down the slope, only an ordinary heavy shower is needed to

convert them into gullies. Soil is washed down these at such a rate as to prevent any vegetation from taking root, and the field in question is soon on its way to total destruction. In a fertile valley near the aKnsas-Nebraska line a gully is advancing at the rate of 150 feet a year. It is seventy-five feet deep, three hundred feet wide in places and nearly three quarters of a mile long. There is no possible way of stopping its progress and in a very short time it and its side gullies will have destroyed the entire valley and part of the highlands adjoining. As a result of gullying, entire farms are being abandoned. In the middle west many fields are being destroyed in this manner. The depressions made by feed drills become paths for rivulets of water and on one of the steeper slopes forty tons of earth were washed from one acre. There are many other instances of the damage done in this way. In the southern Piedmont 90,000 acres of good farm land were destroyed in a very short time. In another county 70,000 acres of formerly fertile land were rendered unfit for cultivation. The site of a schoolhouse forty years ago is now traversed by gullies one hundred feet deep, and the adjoining land is ruined.

It would seem that erosion is of little consequence in the arid regions of the west. This is far from being the case. In the cattle country of the northwest, places where deep, rich valley soil had once stood, became almost total wastes. This was caused by overgrazing, which left too little vegetable matter to retain the soil. The tracks of animals and also roadways broke up the surface of the ground and washing set in, which destroyed the accumulation of soil which it took ages to form. Several years ago during a heavy rainstorm a layer of unfertile sandy material was swept from a hillside on which all the vegetation had been burned off. This sandy material spread over an orange grove, causing heavy damage. It is said to have cost a hundred thousand dollars, or twelve thousand dollars an acre, to save the grove from total destruction.

Another way in which man is wasting his precious earth is by tilling very steep slopes. Naturally, by tillage, the trees are cleared off the field, and after plowing the soil is literally swept away during even a light rainfall. An experiment in Missouri over a period of six years has shown that forty-one tons of soil material were annually swept from one acre plowed four inches deep. An acre with the same slope and soil was covered with bluegrass; in consequence of which only 0.3 of a ton of solid matter was removed yearly. In Texas forty-one tons of earth were washed from a slope having a grade of only 2 per cent. Such a slope seems level to the

naked eye. But what must be the effect on slopes of 20 or 30 per cent grade! It might be well to mention here that the total value of plant food lost by eroding of the fields and pastures of the United States annually amounts to about two million dollars. Approximately two hundred million dollars of this amount represents the loss to farmers, while the remainder is lost to posterity. Thousands of years must pass before the soil which is now being washed away will again be of any value to man. Let us hope that by then man will be a little more conscious of the value of his inheritance.

The preventive measure most needed is the extensive use of hillside terraces. They might not help certain types of soil, but in most places in the United States broad terraces are very effective in conserving the soil. On less steep slopes these embankments themselves can be cultivated, but in some cases they must be planted with weeds to catch and retain the eroded soil. Such terraces are, moreover, the most practical. All that is required is a plow, a scraper and a span of mules, plus the knowledge of the best place in which to put them. Recently, terracing has been put in practice in Texas and Oklahoma; but this is only a small fraction of the many regions which are in vital need of some such preventive measure.

Soil washing can also be prevented by not cultivating extremely steep slopes and by properly plowing the slopes which are cultivated. The proper method is to plow so that the furrows are as horizontal as possible. To show how little the majority of central state farmers are aware of the effect of gullying, in those places where the furrows actually do follow the contour lines they cut ditches down the slope to allow the water to drain off. Some place straw stacks at the base of the field to catch the soil as it is washed off but this does no good as the damage is already done. The soil must be kept on the field.

Soil wastage must not be allowed to go on. The world is fast becoming unfit for habitation, and another era of such cultivation as is now practiced without any efforts to prevent this loss would serve to wear down the soil so much as to threaten the return to barbarism and possibly even the extinction of man. Not only is it necessary to stop this devastation, but to do it at once. Every year that passes without something done to prevent it, or at least to slow it up, is a loss of millions of dollars. And in these times nothing need be said about the value of the dollar.

There are two ways in which the stopping of this wastage might be brought about: by the passing of laws and by the education of the farmer. Through the states the supervision of soil conservance might

be given the counties which would appoint soil inspectors to visit the farms under their control and enforce the proper methods of tillage and crop rotation.

Laws, however, are irksome and people would rather do something because they are convinced that it is right than because they have to obey laws of which they cannot see the necessity. To

convince the people that there is an urgent need to control and prevent soil erosion they must first be brought to a full understanding of the importance of this problem. The farmer must be educated, he must be shown by literature and illustrated lectures the enormous waste going on, and he must be taught the proper methods of preventing such damage. Only then can we hope that this great inheritance will be saved for our great nation.

To — — —

By NICHOLAS DIDISHKO

*Pour, Cherie, the precious wine,
Fill three goblets, one for me,
Let it sparkle, foam and shine,
'Tis the last I'll take from thee!*

*Weep not, darling, wipe thy eye,
Wrinkles mar thy placid charm,
Let it live, breathe not a sigh,
Softly lower thy velvet arm.*

*With untrembling fingers pour
Three small goblets, only three;
These we'll drink, but never more,
Never more I'll drink with thee.*

*Mine my lips will slowly drench,
To fate I raise my goblet then;
To future love thy goblet quench
And dream of love, of other men.*

*The third, Cherie, we both must drink,
Together sip, together dry,
Dissolve our love, the sweetest link
Between our souls must fade and die!*

*Then pour three sparkling goblets, pour
To the past, to love and fate!
Let's drink, Cherie, and weep no more,
Repentance is too late!*

Little Studies in Success

By DON SHARKEY

(EDITOR'S NOTE—If you can make anything out of this "success story," you're a better man than the editor. Mr. Sharkey threatens to write others.)

NO. 1. JAMES PFLAUM

THE December 15 issue of the Exponent will long be remembered in the world of literature. It was this issue which marked the successful conclusion of the campaign to "Save the Exponent." But it will be remembered for another reason also. It contained the supreme effort of that greatest of all modern writers, James Pflaum. Anyone who read that article of Pflaum's entitled, "Atler, Ecks, Tradition, and Hookahs" could not help but be struck by its simple grandeur, by its breath-taking climaxes, by its brilliant style. Unquestionably, it is the greatest piece of literature which this age has produced with the possible exception of "Christmas and the Christmas Spirit," which, by a remarkable coincidence, appeared in the same issue of the Exponent.

James Pflaum is not only a literary genius, but he is also a statesman, a soldier, and almost everything else you can think of. Sometimes I wonder if he is fully appreciated in this country. How true is the old saying: "A prophet is not without honor except in his own country." I wish some of those Americans who speak lightly of him could have been with me in Rome that never-to-be-forgotten day last July when from my hotel window I saw thousands of Italians standing in the rain cheering their man of the hour, James Pflaum, or Benito Mussolini as he is known in that country.

Before I give you the story of Pflaum's life, I want to venture a criticism of his writing. (I have not been taking a course in literary criticism for nothing.) Often he sacrifices historical accuracy for beauty of expression. For instance in his last article (Exponent, Dec. 15) we find this statement: "The honor man in his class and a star sprinter used to smoke a hookah." Now Melvin Huden, in a very authoritative book on the subject entitled "This Hookah Myth" (Horace Liverwurst & Co., 1492, \$12.50) has this to say (Chapter MDCCC-XXXIII): "There is absolutely no such thing as a hookah. It is purely a figment of the imagination. It has been demonstrated thousands of times that such a thing as a hookah could not possibly exist. There is not, never was, and never will be such a

thing as a hookah." So, you see, Mr. Huden seems to think that if there are such things as hookahs they are extremely rare.

What Pflaum probably meant was a hookaw which is defined as "a ham from an Australian hog." (Although how a student could smoke a ham in his room is beyond me.) He merely used the word hookah because it had a better sound, having previously been selected by Editor Sauer, Funk and Wagnalls as one of the ten most beautiful words in the English language.

James Pflaum has been on hand for every important event which has occurred during his lifetime. When William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel in 1066, where was Jim Pflaum? Why, he bade Bill goodbye in France and was the first to greet him in England, having swum the entire distance under water, thus establishing a record which has not been broken even in this day, with all our remarkable inventions.

When the Battle of Waterloo was being fought, where was Jim Pflaum? Why, he was right where the bullets were the thickest—under the ammunition wagon.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, where was Jim Pflaum? He was right on hand, having come over as a stowaway.

When the lights went out in Younger's department store and thousands of dollars' worth of goods disappeared, where was Jim Pflaum? Ah! that's what the police have been trying to find out ever since.

Shortly after the Civil War he went west to grow up with the country. His life there is described in his autobiography which was written by John Drinkwater, Lee Heffner, and James Connelly (Simonton & Schusterman, 1936, \$6.00). Every morning he arose early and pushed a big plow around the field (horses had not yet been invented), and then, books tucked under his arm, he would trudge off to school which was nearly seventy miles away. After school he would walk home, chop wood for the kitchen stove, eat supper, and then attend to the other chores about the farm such as milking the cows and painting the barns. This work done, he would prepare his lessons for the next day. After this he would go to bed for a night of well-earned rest.

Life was not easy on the western frontier in

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those days, but it had its compensations. Little Jim always loved to read, and whenever he finished his work earlier than usual he would curl up in the fireplace and read "Ballyhoo" which was the only luxury the family allowed itself. Everyone is familiar with the story of how he borrowed a copy of Elinor Glynn's "Three Weeks" (Doubleday, Triple-day & Co., 1776, \$3.50) from a neighbor by the name of Hugh Wall, and how he read it so often that he wore it out. He then had to work in the general store for fifteen years in order to get enough money to pay for the book. "But it was worth it," he often says.

On warm summer afternoons Jim and his childhood sweetheart, Anna, often wandered hand in hand across fields, over hills, and through deep rivers. It was very romantic, this 293rd love affair of his childhood days. He was madly in love, but there was one fault which he could find with his sweetheart; he could never believe a word she said. Finally the day came when Anna and her family moved back to Upper Silesia. Jim was grief-stricken. He even longed to hear her tell her lies again. It was then that he composed that melancholy song which is known to musicians everywhere as the Analyze Song, "My Analyze Over the Ocean, My Analyze Over the Sea."

Ever faithful to his beloved Anna, Jim used to write her a letter every week, and every Saturday right after supper he would walk down to the little town of Salad Forks, Iowa, to post the letter. Thus we see it was Jim Pflaum and not Benjamin Franklin who started the Saturday Evening Post.

With the disappearance of the old West, Jim came East with two friends of his, John Third and his sister, May Third. In September of that year they arrived at the site where Dayton now stands. They settled there, and soon a town sprang up all around them. Jim never received the slightest credit for founding Dayton although his friends had the now famous Third Street named after them. There is now a bill up somewhere to change the name of this city from Dayton to Pflaumilton, but democracies work slowly. Someone once said, "Democracy is still on trial." Perhaps I am the one who said it. I certainly remember saying something of the sort many years ago. But I will probably never get any credit for it, because democracies are notoriously ungrateful. Sometimes I am inclined to agree with Jim Pflaum who once said, "Democracy is still on trial."

Where was I? Oh, yes! Came the Great Depression. Everyone who amounted to anything in this country was expected to have a plan to get us out of the depression. "But," thought Jim, "the men who are still working haven't time to draw up

plans, and they will be looked down upon by their neighbors." Therefore, he sat down and wrote many plans which he now sells. A three-point plan sells for about fifteen cents. The more points a plan has, naturally, the higher the price. He is now working on a very complicated plan which should sell for about three dollars when completed. He intends to call it "The Way Beyond" because it is 'way beyond everybody. Now it is no longer necessary for anyone to become embarrassed when his friends talk about their plans. All he has to do is to say "Now let me read you MY plan," whereupon he pulls out the plan which he has bought from the Pflaum Plan Company.

Jim now finds time to go to the University of Dayton besides working at his plan business. At the beginning of this year Flaum (as he then spelled his name) was a few minutes late for Philosophy every morning. He always came in during roll call, and as "f" comes near the beginning of the alphabet he would be counted absent every morning. He remedied this situation by adding the "p" to the front of his name. Since that time his Philosophy grades have soared amazingly.

Of course, this is a trifle confusing. When you hear the name Pflaum, you do not expect it to be spelled with a "p." However, I find it easy to remember by simply calling this sentence to mind, "Pflaum eats pfish on Pfriday." Simple, isn't it?

Pflaum is a patron of all the arts. He, himself, has composed several famous pieces of music. It was he who wrote Shubert's "Unfinished Symphony." One of these days he expects to finish it. This year under the nome de plume of Lou Tschudi (how he loves names whose first letters don't count) he composed "Dream Girl of the U. of D." You may have heard him singing it over the radio under one of the following names: Lawrence Tibbet, Ben Bernie, Marty Schnurr, John McCormack, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Mme. Schumann-Heink, or William Gibbs McAdoo. If you have not yet heard him, be sure to listen the next time he sings it. If you haven't a radio, you can hear him anyway by just opening a window, because he sings at the top of his voice.

There you have the life story of Jim Pflaum. Perhaps you do not agree with every detail of it. Perhaps you do not agree with any of it. (For that matter I don't agree with it myself.) Perhaps you do not believe there is any such person as Jim Pflaum. You may think that Francis Bacon really wrote that article (Exponent, Dec. 15), or you may think he is just your father dressed up. Perhaps you think he is a myth. I asked him point blank the other day if he were a myth. "Jim Pflaum," I said, "are you a myth?" But he only gave a know-

ing chuckle and said nothing. In any of these cases let's have your opinion in the next issue of this magazine. Remember it is the purpose of college magazines to make students think. (As Jim Pflaum once sagely observed, "You can lead a horse to Vassar, but you can't make him think.") So, if I have helped in any way towards raising the intellectual level of my fellow students, I am more than satisfied. That is all the reward I ask.

(Ed. Note: A second article in this great series by Mr. Sharkey will appear in an early issue.)

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A Farewell to Arms.....	Venus de Milo

The Rebel

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*Though it's purely egotistic, I feel a little
proud
Since I walked into the heavens and battled
with a cloud.*

*It was wrong, of course, to pit my will against
a better one
Which I knew would be the victor when at
last the war was done.*

*But its pride at being better was a challenge
to the mind
That knows truth should be humble and that
beauty should be kind.*

*I fell beneath the sunlight, then must war
against the rain.
Though I saw I could not conquer, there was
laughter in my brain.*

*Though I had to drop defeated, I could feel
no pain nor fright;
Though I lost a dozen treasures, it was lots
of fun to fight.*

"Some California Legends"

By BOB ZOLG

I cannot and do not pretend to be a student nor an authority on mythology, nor can I draw any philosophic conclusion from these writings. Having, however, been raised in southern California, I have made the acquaintance of many Mexicans of the lower class as well as many of the aristocratic Spanish-Californians. It is my purpose to convey some of their legends, superstitions and folk-lore.

To begin: The natives of Old Mexico are a mixture of many strange bloods: Spanish, Aztec, a little Negro and much Yaqui. From the Spanish they have derived their characteristic qualities of procrastination and politeness; from the Aztec they have inherited their pride and dignity, even in poverty; from the Negro, their imaginative superstition, and from the Yaqui, their crazy, game-cock fighting, hearts. They have brought these characteristics with them from Mexico to California.

Probably the dominant characteristic of the Mexican, aside from his notorious indolence, is superstition; he has inherited that from the Indian as well as from the Negro.

He is a great teller of tales, and there is nothing on God's green earth, to my notion, that is quite so eerie and fantastic as sitting by a tiny camp-fire, in the lonely foothills, and listening to some ancient Mexican spin yarns of ghosts and vampires, witches and spells, devils and saints, buried treasure and sudden, terrible death, while all around the hills, coyotes shriek their weird song to the moon.

It has been my good or bad fortune (I know not which), to have just such experiences, and I defy any one to have those experiences and not be emotionally affected in one way or another. One finds himself casting quick glances over his shoulder, and ordering José or Juan or Pedro to cast more fuel upon the flames. One pulls his blanket closer about his shoulders, and starts at the crackling of a twig beyond the halo of the fire-light. An uncanny experience, and one not easily to be forgotten, but one, under no circumstance, to be forgone.

The most interesting legends that I know, and they never fail to make cold chills run up my spine, have to do with Joaquim Murrieta, the Robin Hood of Old California. Murrieta was the only son of a wealthy Spanish-California "ranchero," in the days

when California was being settled by Americans. Seeing his relatives and friends done out of their wonderful properties, time after time, by grasping money-lenders and unscrupulous pioneers; seeing his beloved younger sister wronged by a licentious American army-officer, he resolved to leave home and prey on the Americans whom he had just cause to hate and despise. He gathered a small band of others like himself, and, for a number of years, his depredations on American travelers and usurious bankers had all Californians in a terrific furore. Like Robin Hood of old, it was his custom to give to the poor and to protect them in their struggles against virtual slavery. Finally, one day after being wounded in the neck by a pursuer, he leaped from a cliff to his death, in order to avoid capture, and the consequent hangman's noose. He was such a hero to the poor people and Spanish-Californians of his time, and his death was so tragic, that many legends have evolved about his name.

A Mexican sheep-herder once told me that Murrieta's spirit is often seen in the Gaviata Pass by belated travelers. Legend has it that in this pass he buried much of his treasure, and that it was here, too, that he leaped to his death.

A Mexican ranch-hand was returning home through the Pass late one night, when an electrical storm, such as is common in the mountains, came up suddenly. He took shelter under some overhanging rocks and built a fire while he waited for the furious rain to cease. Soon he seemed to hear hoof-beats approaching, and peering about, saw, by a flash of lightning, a caballero galloping a beautiful red stallion through the air. Terrified, the ranch-hand stood back against the rocks as the rider drew rein and dismounted at the fire's edge.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the stranger in an angry voice. The poor peon was so frightened that he could not answer. The stranger then shouted, "You seek my treasure, over which I have watched these many years. You must die!" Whereupon he drew a sword from the scabbard at his side and advanced upon his quivering victim with the obvious intention of skewering him. Of a sudden, the caballero screamed, dropped the weapon and fell to the ground, while blood gushed from an ugly wound in the side of his neck. Before the

Mexican could recover his feet, horse, rider, sword and the puddle of blood had vanished into thin air, before his very eyes. The poor fellow, half mad with fear, ran out into the night, and arrived at his home some time later in a state of nervous prostration, from which he never fully recovered.

All California Mexicans insist that on "Piedra de la Vigilancia," a high rock in the Gaviota Pass and reputedly the outlook post of Murrieta's band of outlaws, his spirit mounted on a magnificent stallion may be seen at sunrise and sunset. They insist, too, that his spirit, unable to rest, rides every night at breakneck pace through the Pass, crying out against his enemies and reeling in the saddle while blood flows from a bullet hole in his neck.

The story is told, that during the dread "hoof-and-mouth" epidemic which occurred in California about five years ago and killed so many thousands of prime cattle, Murrieta appeared one day to an American cattleman and one of his Mexican vaqueros. The two men were in the higher ranges one day, before the disease broke out, examining some steers preparatory to moving them down into the valley for shipment. As they were riding about, a man mounted on an excellent sorrel, galloped up to them. He was dressed in old California style, wide brimmed, flat crowned, soft felt hat, velvet chaleco, leather, bell-bottom pantaloons with silver buttons down the side, several old-fashioned pistols tucked in the vivid sash round his waist, and at his side a beautiful sword. He addressed the two men courteously in Spanish, asking them to whom the cattle belonged. When told by the American that they were his cattle and that he was moving them into the valley, the stranger smiled and spoke as follows:

"A word of advice señor. Do not remove these excellent steers or you will most certainly regret it. If they are permitted to remain in the mountains, I myself will watch over them, and protect them from all harm. If they are taken into the valley they will sicken and die within the fortnight."

The American laughed scornfully and told the stranger that he felt himself capable of conducting his affairs without the aid of any dolled-up clown, asking in the same breath,

"Who in the hell do you think you are anyhow?"

"Señor," replied the stranger, "you have the honor to speak to Joaquim Murrieta. You had best heed his advice."

Thereupon he pivoted the horse on its hind legs and both horse and rider vanished into the air, nearly frightening the two men out of their wits.

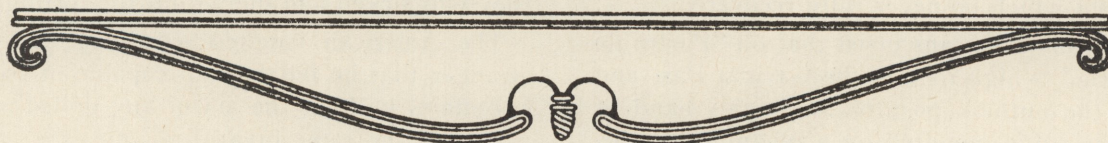
The rancher did move his cattle into the lowlands. Within a week the "hoof-and-mouth" disease broke out. Within a second week everyone of his steers had been infected by the plague, and all died. Still more strange is the fact that the few hundreds he had left in the mountains remained healthy and unaffected by the sickness.

I had this tale from the lips of that very same Mexican cowboy. He swore to it by his dead mother's body, which for a Mexican is a very great oath. I one day questioned that same American rancher. He started, looked scared and hurried away without saying a word. Since that day he has avoided me and I can get no more information out of his Mexican employee. I often wonder why.

Who is to doubt the truth of the story? Many strange things happen in the mountains.



EDITORIAL



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THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

A Happy New Year!

That wish takes on a more profound significance this year. All of us, sobered, some, perhaps even depressed by the reverses of nineteen thirty-two, are looking eagerly towards nineteen thirty-three for revival, relief and release.

It is my opinion that we have every reason to believe that nineteen thirty-three will see the end to our difficulties; because in March a new administration will begin at Washington; because there is greater confidence in that administration. (I do not mean that there is great confidence in Roosevelt as a leader. The truth is that there is not. The confidence lies in the dissatisfaction with Hoover, in the change.)

Roosevelt intends calling a special session of the new Congress immediately after his inauguration. And that Congress has made public its intention to vest Roosevelt with greater presidential powers, enabling him to slash government expenses, independent of Congressional action.

Observing these plans, one is inclined towards optimism. One realizes that hope for nineteen thirty-three must be built completely on that special session. After it meets, we have much to look forward to. Depressions have a way of ending almost overnight.

* * *

I have been doing a belated reading of Abbé Dimnet's "Art of Thinking," and I have been think-

ing that some day in the distant future I should like to write a book, constructed in much the same manner, on an "Art of Living." Such a task may have been undertaken many times already by others, many, of whom, must have failed; few, of whom, must have succeeded.

I can imagine almost what my book would be like. There would be a chapter on friendships, one on art, one on intellectual pleasures, one on politics, but, above all, one on ideals. For to have ideals, strong, unbending, motivating ones, is to have thoroughly acquired the art of living. Nothing else is important except insofar as it influences the striving after perfection.

On the twenty-third of this month we honor Father William Joseph Chaminade, founder of the Society of Mary. I could choose no life with which to better illustrate the supreme importance of ideal forces in man, than his. It was Father Chaminade's ideal to bind together, in a religious order, young men devoted to Mary Immaculate. It was his superb ideal that these men were to spread the knowledge of her Immaculate Conception to others, and to prompt in others the addressing of prayers to her; that these men were to demonstrate that Mary's intercession is strongest of all, that in honoring her we are honoring her Son and pleasing Him, that the union between Jesus and Mary as Mother and Son to the universe, must be honored as the most beautiful bond in the universe, that a

new avenue, the avenue of Mary's intercession, must be opened to lead men to the love of our Saviour.

What an ideal! What a breath-taking ambition! And it was achieved.

Look elsewhere in the Church, in the Church of today. Presiding over it is a man devoted to a single ideal, that of Catholic Action; that to stimulate the faithful to become individual leaders in defending the Church and Christian methods, by means of art, science and even industry, against Modernism and the pagan tendencies in modern life. And he is succeeding admirably.

And then look at the world. Examine the almost hopeless condition in which it finds itself today, and you will realize that such a condition exists because ideals have been forsaken. What have we sought in America but wealth, but the power that accumulation of dollars could bring? What was there in us to lift us above the sordidness, the self-satisfaction, the greed? Why, to use a particular example, are our critics complaining that we are producing nothing of value in art? Why is every critic fighting, and desperately so, realistic tendencies in our art? The answer comes thundering: "These tendencies cannot meet on common ground with the finer traits in man that genuine art must evidence."

Ideal. The word has been so clumsily abused that it has become nearly offensive. Still in connotation there is scarcely another word as beautiful. For of what use, of what possible use, of what possible sense even, is life unless there are ideals governing it? First of these ideals must, of course, be the striving after God. The others are of no importance, are rather to be shunned, if they oppose the first.

You have probably heard all of this many times. It is good that it be repeated, and frequently.

* * *

I wish that something could be done about my fondness for the music of Debussy. Very few musical compositions have the power to move me inwardly that his, particularly his orchestral nocturnes and longer suites, have. I am inclined to favor emotion in music, as well as, in other arts.

Consequently, such things as Debussy's "Claire de la Lune," his "Après-midi d'une Faune" and the music of his opera, "Pélias et Melisande," have a power to reach inside me, digging up a thousand memories of the past, and a thousand premonitions, almost, of future joys. They have a poignant, ethereal quality, suggestive of dreams, dawn and the warmth of spring.

* * *

I want to say a word about the Radio Guild, the National Broadcasting Company's dramatic unit. Perhaps you have noticed the splendid quality of their recent performances. While a home during the holidays, I was extremely delighted to hear them give, appropriately on Christmas Day, a performance of Jerome K. Jerome's beautiful "Passing of the Third Floor Back." How fine it was! How uplifting in contrast to the sordidness so characteristic of modern dramatics! Naturally, I tuned in New Year's Day to hear the holiday spirit continued in Henrik Ibsen's stirring "Doll's House," with Florence Malone as Nora. As I write this, I am anticipating their production of "Trelawney of the Wells," Arthur Wing Pinero's romantic comedy which John Drew revived but a few years ago. You will recall that it was while on tour, playing "Sir William" of the play, that he passed away.

The Radio Guild demands hearty praise. It is serving immeasurably in the advancement of culture. It may be heard through local N. B. C. stations on Mondays at 4 p. m.

* * *

I have been considering writing a series of articles, or perhaps of editorials, on a theory of art criticism for college men, essays on how we are to judge literature, plays, music, and even the movies. But I feel inadequate to the task. After all, it does seem presumptuous that a college sophomore in the middle-west should be listing for college men, the nation over, the standards by which all art is to be judged. In fact, there are those who will say that there are no such standards. But I think there are, and I'm so attracted to the subject of enumerating them that, despite my inadequacies, I may attempt a series on the subject. And if I fail, my intentions, at least, will have been very good.

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Lionel Galstaun. Senior in department of science. Deeply interested in all music, and a violinist of ability. Connected with both the band and orchestra. ..

Jim Brown. Junior in arts department. Working at present as a radio announcer with WSMK, local station.

James Connelly. Sophomore in arts department. This is his first attempt at writing verse.

Louis A. Otto, Jr. A senior in the arts department with an authoritative knowledge on things of national import.

Maurice Kramer. A junior in the department of science with an interest in geology.

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