

4-1-1933

The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1933

University of Dayton


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

Recommended Citation

University of Dayton, "The University of Dayton Exponent, April 1933" (1933). *The Exponent*. 270.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/270>

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

6PL

The seal of the University of Dayton is a circular emblem with a red border. Inside the border, the words "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" are written in a circular path. The center of the seal features a shield with a cross, a book, and a sunburst. The year "1850" is inscribed at the bottom of the seal.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

THIS MONTH

Japan and the League of Nations

The Crisis of the Gold Standard

Horticulture Made Easy

All Quiet In the Soviet Jail

From Penelope Perrill's column in The Dayton News:

*"The University of Dayton Exponent is far superior
to most college journals."*

April 15, 1933

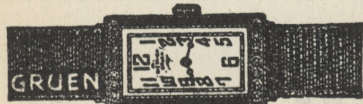
Don't make a mistake in the name,
only one

F. G. MEYER JEWELER

32 S. Ludlow St. Arcade

Agent for

Gruen Watches



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

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

Phone ADams 7611

Buckeye Barbers Supply Co.

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

CLARENCE S. WIGGIM

No. 214 East Third Street
Opp. Public Library

She and You—

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

Cappel's
215-217 S. MAIN ST.

LEO F. WALTER

Funeral
and Ambulance
Service

MAIN STREET—AT WASHINGTON
Phone FULTon 5181

Government Inspected Meats—Made in Dayton

FOCKE'S Quality Meats

FIFTH STREET BRANCH
1004-1006 East Fifth St., DAYTON, OHIO

Oscar F. Focke, Manager

Hotel and Restaurant Supply

Packing House East Springfield St.

PHONE—FULTon 2138

Perfect Health—

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

One of our wagons is in your neighborhood every morning.

THE DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.

219 EAST FIFTH STREET

HEmlock 1275

HEmlock 1275

Compliments of

ALLEN C. McDONALD

Mayor of Dayton

The HENRY BURKHARDT PACKING CO.

PORK AND BEEF PACKERS
AND SAUSAGE MFGRS.

Packing House and Office

235 S. Irwin Street

DAYTON, OHIO

Government Inspection Est. No. 520

Joe Spatz

BAKERY

1337 WEST SECOND ST.

Telephone FULton 4832

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

Westbrock Funeral Home

1713 South Wayne Ave.

PHONES
1361—MAdison—3311

"Ambulance Service by Appointment"

Val. Hegman

Dealer in and Manufacturer of

**Trunks
Bags
Suit Cases
Harness**

TRUNKS & SAMPLE WORK
A SPECIALTY

Repairing of All Kinds
ADams 5652

136 EAST THIRD STREET

ALOIS MAYER
FRANK C. SCHULZE

P. A. ENGLER
CHARLES BEREZ

The Dayton Monument Co.

Office: 1101 Brown Street (Cor. Frank St.)

Works: Alberta Street at Penn. Railroad

Office Phone: FULton 1362

DAYTON, OHIO

Hollencamp's

SODA

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

TRY OUR CEREAL BEVERAGES

"Golden Glow"

AND

"Dark Cream"

VERY REFRESHING

The Hollencamp Products Co.

TELEPHONE FULton 3422

HIMES BROS. MILK

Always Uniform—Always Safe

1537 GERMANTOWN STREET

ADams 8188

We appreciate your patronage

RED WING ICE CREAM

PREFERRED FOR ITS QUALITY

Served Exclusively at the University of Dayton
Cafeteria.

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

The Red Wing Corporation

748 S. MAIN ST.

DAYTON, OHIO

Bernhard Bros. Blends For Cup Quality

ROASTERS OF HIGH-GRADE COFFEES

Jobbers of Teas and Spices

You cannot afford to pass us by when in the market

ASK YOUR GROCER

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

WALKERS, INC.



HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX
CLOTHES *exclusively*

135 N. Main Street

The Dayton Stencil Works Co.

Steel Stamps—Rubber Stamps
Seals—Badges—Engravings
Stencils

113 E. SECOND ST.

Phone ADams 1432

Dayton, O.

Harry Schmitz

Louis Rausch

KEnmore 3411

The Bakery

Bread and Fancy Cakes

1211 Xenia Avenue

A. C. Giambrone

WHOLESALE
FRUITS

ADams 1002

112 COMMERCIAL STREET

*This Magazine is
Our Product*



J.C. Ely Printing
Company

205-207-209 S. JEFFERSON ST.

Safeguard your and your Baby's
Health with

NEWBAUER'S MILK

Call for Prompt Delivery Service

PHONE FULTON 9071

1201 East Herman Ave.

Our Baby's milk contains not less
than 5% Butterfat

N. L. LE MONTREE

Dayton's Leading Optometrists
and Opticians

4 East Third St.

HE-2552

Compliments of

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

Green & Green Bakery, Dayton, Ohio

Bakers of

SUNSHINE BISCUITS

and

EDGEMONT PRODUCTS

Compliments of

The Greenville-Dayton Transportation Co.

Safe, Dependable and Economical
Transportation

H. OFFICE and BRO.

Wholesale Fruits and Vegetables

Dayton, Ohio

PHONE FULTON 5137

DR. LEON DEGER, '10

Fidelity Building

Dayton, Ohio

Compliments

of

SHERMAN WHITE &
COMPANY

THE

John T. Barlow Co.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS

Third and Sears Streets
DAYTON, OHIO

THE

LAUREL BISCUIT CO.

Bakers of

LAUREL CRACKERS
AND CAKES

The Wehner Roofing & Tinning Company

Fulton 3751

833 South Ludlow, Dayton, Ohio

We specialize in all types of Roof-
ing, including factory Built-up Roofs,
Spouting, Furnace Repairing, Carpen-
ter Work, Oak Flooring, House Paint-
ing, and Accurate Metal Weather
Stripping.

In business in Dayton 82 Years

Compliments of

Beigel Jewelers, Inc.

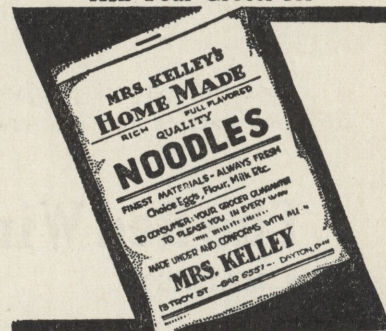
18 South Main, at Market

Fulton 8791

DAYTON, OHIO

Martin E. Beigel, '34

Ask Your Grocer for



Always Rich, Tender, Delicious

THE H. SCHRIER SHEET METAL CO.

Slate, Tile and Composition
Built Up Roofers

Mechanical Warm Air Heating and
Ventilating

GENERAL SHEET METAL
CONTRACTORS

306 and 308 Washington Street
FULTON 5491

FLORSHEIM

Shoes for Men

Now Most Styles \$8.00

BELDEN SHOES

Companion Line to Florsheim
\$4.00 and \$5.00

BAYNHAM SHOE CO.

The Florsheim Store
SHOES HOSIERY

New Location
44 W. Third St. Dayton, Ohio

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXX

APRIL, 1933

No. 4

ORDER OF CONTENTS

April Song (verse)	Edwin H. Sauer
Japan and the League of Nations.....	Robertt Lauterbach
Ironie Solution (a story)	Jim Brown
All Quiet In the Soviet Jail	Nick Didishko
The Poetry of Barry Dwyer	Edwin H. Sauer
The Crisis of the Gold Standard	Hugh Wall, Jr.
Science In the Arts Course	Lionel S. Galstaun
Horticulture Made Easy	Don Sharkey
The Case of Hitlerism	Robert Zolg
Editor's Soap Box	

Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

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

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

Address all communications to

THE EXPONENT, UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON, DAYTON, OHIO

April Song

By EDWIN H. SAUER

*I'm going in the garden now because the sun is setting,
And I would be with color and with fragrance as it sets.
Come with me,—please,—and be a perfect cause for my forgetting
All a burdened singer in his reverie forgets.*

*I'm going in the garden now; the cardinal is singing
With silver flowing liquid in the poignance of his song.
Come with me, and the daffodils will wonder whom I'm bringing,
And hope when we are leaving, you will not be gone too long.*

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXX

APRIL, 1933

No. 4

Japan and the League of Nations

By ROBERT W. LAUTERBACH

IN order to fully understand the policies which have motivated the actions of Japan in its relations with China, it is necessary first to consider Japan's internal conditions, social, economic and political. The Japanese Empire consists of a string of islands extending from the Kurils in the north to Nippon itself, and thence southward to Formosa. The only part of the empire which is on the mainland is the peninsula of Korea, or Chosen.

These are all barren lands, incapable of supporting a large population, and as Japan is already heavily populated, its people must look elsewhere for land on which to live. Japanese statesmen, realizing that expansion was necessary to their continued life as a nation, looked about them. To the east, the United States, by its Monroe Doctrine, shut them off from organized colonization in the Western Hemisphere, and by its immigration restrictions prevented them from entering this country at all. To the north lay the barren steppes of Siberia. To the south, French, British and American colonies. Only one direction remained open to them. Westward lay China with its rich provinces teeming with hundreds of millions of people, torn by civil war and accustomed to oppression, first by invading Mongol and Tartar hordes and later by various European powers who partitioned it into "spheres of influence." Though China is tremendously over-populated, the people are concentrated in that part of China south of the Great Wall.

Those provinces lying outside the Great Wall are sparsely populated, and it was upon these provinces that the Japanese military leaders looked with covetous eyes.

Let us consider, for a moment, these military leaders. There exists in Japan, an hereditary military class similar to the Prussian junkers of pre-war Germany. These militarists, like their prototypes of 1914, are seeking "a place in the sun" for their country and know no other way of getting it but by force. The common people of Japan do not wish war any more than the people of any other nation, but being informed by their press that the Manchurian campaigns are defensive movements necessary to protect Japanese lives and property, they are willing to fight to the last ditch in self-defense.

The first step in preparation was the building of a large navy and army. In order to make this possible, taxation was increased to an almost unbearable point and the national indebtedness increased to \$4,000,000,000, more than a billion dollars over the maximum which financial experts estimate Japan can handle safely. Incidentally, most of this enormous sum was absorbed by the great banking house of Matsui, which also controls the largest munitions firm in the Orient.

Second, they began secret fortification of mandated islands in the Pacific lying between the Philippines and the United States. This fortification, if

Page seven

it has actually taken place, as some naval experts think, is a violation of the mandate and the Nine-Power Treaty..

Japan, however, advances the view that her rights to the mandated islands of Yap, the Carolines and Mariannes are derived from the Treaty of Versailles, and not from the League. Even if the League mandate has been violated, what military force could take possession, if Japan resisted an eviction order by the League? It is plain that Japanese military and naval men do not fear League interference, as evidenced by their open defiance. And if America should interest itself in this Asiatic brawl, which it contemplated, what then? Japanese naval experts felt assured that by establishing submarine bases in these mandated islands and in the Philippines in the event of war, they could complete an island chain dominating the entire Asiatic coast, sit back to fight a defensive war and let America try to carry on warfare over 5,000 miles of hostile ocean.

Thus, secure in their own minds from foreign interference, Japanese statesmen seized upon bandit activities in Manchuria as a pretext for invading the country "to protect Japanese lives and property." The record of the military campaigns may be treated rather briefly. Beginning at Mukden on Sept. 19, 1931, Japanese troops swept into Manchuria, crossed the Nonni River and made themselves masters of all China north of the Great Wall, even proceeding south of the Wall at one point to seize Shanhakwan. Their control of the more distant provinces, especially Manchuli, has never been any more than nominal, and General Honjo has admitted that pacification would require ten years, though the Japanese program calls for pacification within four months.

On December 10, 1931, the League council at Geneva appointed the Lytton Commission to conduct a thorough investigation of the Manchurian situation. In the meantime, the Chinese had declared a boycott on Japanese goods as a protest to the League, to which they appealed for aid. Japan's retaliation was swift and drastic. In January, 1932, Japanese troops landed at Shanghai and attacked the town. They found no easy conquest as they had in the north, but instead desperate resistance by General Tsai-Ting-kai and his Nineteenth Route Army. After a five-month engagement between the modern fighting machine of Japan and the poorly equipped but inspired Chinese force, during which Shanghai suffered \$750,000,000 damage, the Japanese retired and turned their attention once more to the north where they solidified their positions along the Chinese-Eastern Railway to the

Siberian border, and on Sept. 15, 1932, established a new government.

The province of Manchuria became the sovereign state of Manchukuo, Land of Peace, and Henry Pu-Yi, descendant of Manchu emperors, was made ruler "in response to the demand of the people. After he had been surrounded with Japanese civil and military advisors, Japan recognized Manchukuo's independence.

Meanwhile, the Lytton Commission had turned in its report to Geneva where the Committee of Nineteen, later converted into a committee of conciliation, was appointed to review the mass of material presented by the Lytton Commission and the governments of both countries. When all the data is boiled down, the main points of the controversy may be stated as follows:

1. Japan has maintained that the military campaigns in Manchuria and more recently into Jehol were acts of self-defense, necessary to the protection of Japanese lives and property. The committee of conciliation, after reviewing the report of the Lytton Commission, declared that the military measures taken by Japan "cannot be regarded as measures of self-defense."

2. Japan, in spite of Yosuke Matsuoka's declaration at Geneva that "Manchuria belongs to us by right," has maintained that Manchukuo is a sovereign state, set up by the people themselves, while the League contends that the independence movement in Manchuria was instigated and made possible by Japanese troops. Up to the present, Japan is the only nation to recognize Manchukuo, the members of the League, the United States and Russia withholding recognition and approval.

3. Japanese spokesmen have maintained that the Chinese boycott was directed by the Nanking government, and was therefore a violation of international law; while the League regards the boycott as a retaliatory measure, one calculated to cause increased tension, but not unwarranted under the circumstances.

4. Japan, as a member of the League of Nations, agreed under Article X of the Covenant of the League, "to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. The Japanese contend that this article does not apply to the present situation as they have merely recognized the independence of a revolting state. Yosuke Matsuoka, Japanese delegate to Geneva, declared that "If by internal development the territorial integrity of a member is impaired, there is nothing in the covenant to interfere with the right and duty of members to recognize that impairment." The Special Assem-

bly as Geneva, far from accepting this view, has utterly rejected it and reiterated the provisions of the covenant.

5. Under Article XII, members of the League agreed to submit to arbitration, judicial settlement or inquiry by the Council, in case of any dispute likely to lead to unfriendly relations between members, and not to resort to war until three months after a decision had been rendered by the arbitrating body. Japan has declared that the "peace machinery" provided is not adequate for coping with the present situation because of the vital issues involved, and further, that she does not believe that it is possible under the circumstances, for Japan to receive fair treatment from the League. The League has, however, through the Lytton Commission and the Committee of Nineteen, declared that each of the issues between China and Japan can be settled by arbitration. There are some very delicate points of international law involved, especially concerning the doctrine of self-defense as applied to this issue. Most of these points are determined in a manner unsatisfactory to Japan, as the theory that a nation itself is the best judge of measures necessary to self-defense is rejected by the League. The League even went so far as to say "the adoption of measures of self-defense does not exempt a state from complying with the provisions of Article XII.

6. Under the Nine-Power Treaty of Washington, Japan agreed not to take advantage of internal conditions in China to secure any special rights and agreed to confer with the other signatories if a situation arose which might lead to violation of the treaty terms. Japan excuses her non-observance of the Washington Treaty by maintaining that China, being torn by civil war and not having one supreme government, is not a sovereign state. Therefore, contends Japan, the Nine-Power Treaty does not apply. Such a position is indefensible under international law and is so regarded by the League.

7. Though not expressly stated in any of the reports of the Lytton Commission and the Committee of Nineteen, nor openly stated in any of the League notes to Japan, it has been intimated in all of them that Japan has not kept good faith. Japan's attitude toward China and toward the League itself has been openly provocative. It may be noted that Japanese drives often coincided with censorious action by the League. By seizing Shankaikwan, seven miles south of the Great Wall on the very next day after Matsuoka solemnly assured the League that Japan would not proceed south of the Wall, Japan touched the self-esteem of the League, and strengthened the impression that she was not acting in good faith.

After weighing all these points of the controversy, the Special Assembly met at Geneva on Feb.

24, 1933, to vote on the report of the Committee of Nineteen. Of the fifty-seven members of the League, forty-three voted. Japan voted not to adopt the report. The other forty-two voted to adopt the report, thus condemning Japan's actions in Manchuria more strongly than the League had ever done before.

The Japanese delegates, feeling that they could not remain in the Special Assembly without impairing their country's dignity and honor, withdrew. The Japanese government has hinted that withdrawal from the League will follow, though no official action has been taken.

Though conditions along the Siberian border were threatening at times, Japan has so far avoided trouble with Russia. The issue may reach a climax soon, however, when the puppet state of Manchukuo tries to collect indemnity from Russia for railroad equipment seized at the border by Russian border patrols. Russia has earned the respect of the League by its moderate policies in a situation fraught with provocations of trouble.

In China, the League is faced with a choice of two policies. If, as it seems it will do, it throws its influence on the side of China, it must be prepared to accept a Chinese government not only strong enough to resist Japan, but strong enough to get along without interference by other nations. If on the other hand, it wants China to remain a weak member of the League, as she is at present, the League must become reconciled to a China too weak to withstand Japan. If the League's policy is not aggressive enough to force the Japanese people together in the belief that they are being driven to war, but remains moderate, the chances are that the Japanese government, its foreign credit exhausted, supported in a precarious position only by military force, its people infected with Communism, may collapse like Czarist Russia. So the best policy for the League to adopt at present seems to be one of watchful waiting, letting China fight its own battle unhampered by League restrictions, in an effort to work out its own salvation. While the League may appear impotent by adopting such a policy, it would not be nearly so harmful to the League as would be an imperative policy which could not be enforced. If, for instance, the League ordered Japan to give up its mandated islands, or to withdraw from Manchuria, and if Japan refused, as they would undoubtedly do, the League would be unable to enforce its order and a death-blow would be dealt its prestige.

It is a situation filled with danger of complications and one that must be handled gently and delicately until further developments clarify the issues. So the League sits back at Geneva, sends its notes to both governments, watches, and waits.

Page nine

Ironical Solution

By JIM BROWN

NEW YORK, May 9—Speaking for the people of this city, Mayor William Lawrence announced at noon today that he would absolutely prohibit the burial on New York soil of the gangster known as "the Public Enemy." When asked for a statement, Mayor Lawrence told newspapermen and friends of the late gang chief the following:

"The Public Enemy was ordered from the city of New York many times. Always he ignored the warning. His untimely end is a warning to all gangsters and outlaws. The city of New York did not want his live body and now does not want his dead body. His friends may do with it what they will, but it will never rest in the soil of this city."

This terse dictum was avidly consumed by thousands of readers of the mighty Journal-Tribune the same day that the following colorless paragraph appeared in the Taylor Township (of New Jersey) Sentinel:

"An old landmark will disappear from our community the last of this month according to word from Sheriff Lem Thatcher. It has been no secret that for some years past, the Rev. Clarence Eckerly, pastor of the Christian Independent church, has been falling behind in his bills and so it is the unpleasant duty of the sheriff to evict Reverend Eckerly and his good wife.

"Citizens of Taylor Township will indeed miss the fine old gentleman and his good wife but existing conditions force the action of the community. Reverend Eckerly, who has labored in the vineyard of the Master for forty years, attributes the lack of attendance in his church to the machine age. Day by day, more people of this community are driving to the city churches."

Reverend Eckerly laid down his copy of the Sentinel with a sigh and addressed his wife with:

"Well, mother, it looks like we're through. I can't understand people. They go right past our church door and then drive twenty miles to the city to worship. We worship the same God, but may be they do it a little differently in the city."

Rev. Mrs. Eckerly who belonged to the old

school of wives who advocated "My husband, right or wrong, my husband," looked at the old gentleman and murmured a meek, "Yes, Pa! that's right."

The old couple walked arm in arm to the front porch as had been their custom for a score of years, and arriving there, sat down on the swing. Both were silently viewing the scene before them—looking at every thing yet seeing nothing, for the ordinarily beautiful life was drab and dull to this ancient couple on this evening.

Reverend Eckerly broke the silence first with a sigh, then with a jerky succession of sob-choked words which inferred that he guessed they'd get along somehow—they always had. God would take care of them. Mrs. Eckerly nodded a wordless, "Yes, Pa! that's right."

Both lapsed into that ominous silence again. Theirs was the sensation of being crushed, unfairly defeated. They had not deserved such an end to a noble life devoted to the Master. God would provide—He had promised. In some way, shape or form, He would provide; Scripture said that He often took unusual methods to demonstrate His goodness to men. Perhaps this was a blessing in disguise.

The elder minister thought not. He rather felt that he had bungled in his calling—that he should have been a farmer, maybe. The twilight reverie of the miserable couple was shattered by the harsh, strident tone of an expensive yet gaudy horn, on an expensive yet gaudy car, which was just then turning in the short drive leading to the Eckerly home.

A few chickens scuttled wildly and loudly from in front of the glistening metal monster which glided smoothly to a stop near the minister's porch. There were two people in the only seat of the roadster, and they were indeed part and parcel of the car itself. The man was a Latin, there was no doubt of that, the woman was an overdone blonde. Awed and utterly flabbergasted by the unusual arrival of such very unusual visitors, the old couple did little more than stare in answer to the man's query, "Do you folks own the graveyard next door?"

Surprise was added to surprise, when Mrs. Eckerly, the first to regain her speech faculty, stam-

mered, "Why-uh, yes." The clergyman was not to be outdone though, and regaining his composure to a degree, he blurted out, "Why-uh, yes," and thereby the initiative of Mrs. Eckerly was nullified and she dropped into a silent scrutiny of the female visitor.

"Listen, parson," began the newcomer, "it's like this. My pal—her boy friend, was bumped off a few days ago by the bulls, and me and her, being his closest friends, want to give him a royal send-off. He always wanted to be buried in some quiet place like this." (The man gestured towards the modest little cemetery in the rear of the frame one-story church.) "Of course, maybe he didn't live such a hot life, but he died like a man. He took his cracks standing up, the 'Enemy' did. He was brave and he was equare with us boys, too, and that's why me and Ruby here want to see him put away proper. Do you see, Parson?"

Parson Eckerly didn't see, most decidedly he didn't see. However, he did gather from a few strictly English phrases which the sleek individual let slip into his conversation that the deceased friend was an unwholesome character. With jarring finality he ran home the statement that his church was a Christian one and tolerated no un-Christianlike conduct. He had heard of these "gangsters."

"Oh! but, Parson, you don't understand," interrupted the intercessionist, "he WAS a Christian. He had a lotta good points, maybe more than the bird that gave him such a dirty, un-Christianlike deal. The Enemy did his stuff on LIVE people, not dead ones."

The two were locked in mortal combat. The one loyal to a friend—the other loyal to a principle of a lifetime.

Slowly, the weakened Reverend Eckerly accepted the inevitable. The Enemy was a man, made by God. God was the only person to judge him. Christ forgave the criminal on Calvary's heights. (But no, what would the rigid practitioners of Taylor Township say?) He would do it, he would do it. What had Taylor Township and its ramrod straightlacedness done for him. It had listened to him, accepted his principles, betrayed him and was then willing to oust him bodily from the community. That decided him. Reverend Eckerly resolved that his last official act for his church would be his most Christianlike one.

He turned to the man who had been viewing the mental struggle and said kindly:

"Bring your friend to me; he shall have better friends in death than he had in life."

"Well, Parson, I guess you're regular. How

about having the funeral day after tomorrow at ten o'clock?"

"Very well. Goodday children."

Mutual goodbyes were said and the flashing roadster sped down the drive and up the road in a whirl of dust. The old couple sank back in the swing to discuss the strange adventure and what bearing, if any, it would have on their lives. Immediately, Reverend Eckerly began making notes for the funeral sermon he would preach; for the visitor had made it known that he wanted a "high class, first rate funeral with all the trimmings, sermon and everything." The man had said the deceased was brave. That was something to work on. He could bring in a nice moral too. Surely some or most of the friends of such a man must be leading rather shady life. Yes, he figured he could give a real sermon—his last. There was something appalling in the thought. Somehow he had never thought he would preach his "last" sermon. Perhaps the "Enemy" never thought he would commit his "last" crime either. That was life.

Ten o'clock on the morning of the funeral found the little Christian Independent Church of Taylor Township (New Jersey), well filled with the village folk. The "grapevine system" in a community like Taylor Township was such as to put that of a big city to shame. Things just will leak out. At any rate, all the curious were present to see "Reverend Eckerly's trash" sacrilegiously take places in the venerable pews of the church.

When the procession was first sighted about a half mile down the road, the sexton of the church, Reverend Eckerly's one loyal follower, gently tolled the bell. Such a gorgeous parade of cars, the Township had never dreamed of. Foreign makes predominated, although America's finest were well represented.

The "Public Enemy" was tenderly borne into the church by six stalwart huskies, who in every day life were known as "gorillas." The silver casket, banked high with exxpensive floral sprays, was finally placed before the altar and after the friends of the fallen chief had seated themselves, the Reverend began.

Marc Antony's oration over the dead Julius Caesar was not superior to the simple, plain heart-to-heart sermon that Reverend Eckerly made. There was not a dry eye in the little church. Even the crusty villagers softened at the minister's simple eloquence.

"May he rest in a peace he could not find on earth," was the last sentence of the sermon, and then the strange procession repaired to the fence-enclosed area behind the church and next to the road. Brief simple rites were held over the re-

mains, and gentle hands lowered the case-hardened criminal in to the ground.

After the ceremony was all finished and the group was ready to return to the city to take up normal occupations ranging from plain and fancy pocket-picking to high-handed racketeering, the man who had originally made the arrangements with the pastor, sought out the young woman who had accompanied him at that time and together they once more approached the Reverend Eckerly's porch. The young lady sobbed her thanks, the man reverently asked:

"Gee, parson, that was swell! Was that really our pal you was talking about?"

"My son, I was talking about everyone's pal. Your friend was misguided perhaps. We shall let God judge his guilt."

"Well, parson, you're sure a square shooter, just like the "Enemy," and me and Ruby here, we ap-

preciate what you done. Here's to pay for the funeral and that. It's clean money, parson! you needn't worry about taking it. So long!" And with that the two people joined their fellows and soon all were spinning down the road.

Reverend and Mrs. Eckerly were sitting on the porch that evening arm in arm, as was their custom. Spread on the minister's lap was an assortment of bills, all good treasury notes to the amount of five thousand dollars. The Christian Independent Church of Taylor Township (New Jersey) now was owned outright by Reverend Eckerly. All bills in the community were paid that afternoon. The Eckerly's were at peace with the world. Theirs was the peace coming from the knowledge of a good deed well done. They gazed at the big round moon this evening just as they had done two score years before. At that time they found inspiration and ambition mirrored there, while now they found peace . . . peace.



All Quiet in the Soviet Jail

By NICHOLAS DIDISHKO

OF TEN a Russian, and I am one, tires of answering questions on the Soviet Union. Hence, this article with its effort to describe to you the life of the Russian people. At the present time, Russia is the subject of much discussion. Is it because of her success? No; it is because of misfortunes being experienced in other countries. The present depression has turned many minds toward Communism or Socialism. Russia welcomes these idealists; they have but to go to the Soviet Republic; what hinders them? Those that go return with a different story. "Experience is the mother of wisdom;" it shows us the little things which we overlook in our theories. After all, little things make our life pleasant or painful. Russia has work for all; this impresses us and we do not stop to determine the reason, but blame our system of government and uphold the one we know nothing about. If we were to stop to think and to consider facts we should be surprised. Why has Russia no depression, no unemployment? Have slaves ever experienced unemployment? No, unfortunately never.

Human and noble principles led to the revolution. The people desired a representative government; they clamored for freedom of thought; the peasants desired more land. Have they attained what they wanted? I describe Stalin and his false republic as Russians know and feel them.

From the Baltic to the Pacific, from Finland to warm Crimea, from the frozen Arctic to tall Pamir, even to the sandy wastes of Turkestan and Gobi, rules the Georgian Anti-Christ. Slaves he has made of the people; chained them within the largest jail on earth; shattered their hopes of freedom; sealed their tongues, and paralyzed their arms with the cruel brutality of the Red Army. There he rules supreme in his false republic. Through deceit and treachery, he obtained power, and with brute force, he maintains it. Has this most hated, most feared man in Russia any thought for the welfare of the people? Positively none. His aim, like that of any autocrat, is to retain and increase his power. Stalin is a socialist because this system gives him unlimited power. Analyze his deeds, and this is the only logical conclusion.

While you read this article, picture yourself in the place of these unfortunate people; then you will

see why I have called Stalin, Russia's Anti-Christ. You may learn a little of this great tragedy of a hundred and fifty million people. Some have termed it an experiment. I call it murder.

"Religion is opium for the people." Such is one of the slogans of Communistic Russia. Yet some ridiculous tourists, like Bernard Shaw and company, insist that religion is not suppressed. There are a few churches still open for dumb tourists to see. The Church has been crushed. To eat in Russia, one must work for the government; if the secret agents report that a person went to church and is a believer, that person loses his job and his card, and must starve. Who would go to church under such conditions? Priests are bitterly persecuted; they are not permitted to buy in government stores. If a priest is caught talking to a minor, he is accused of turning the youth against the state, arrested, jailed without trial and later put to death by shooting.

The home presents a unit of thought, of mutual feeling, and propagates its atmosphere of love in the rising generation. Never before has any tyrant dared to disrupt this inborn instinct of mankind. Even the birds have their nests according to their taste, but Russians today have no home as we understand the word. "The home must be destroyed" is another typical slogan. The home is destroyed. It proved one of the hardest things to do away with, but has been done away with in the most degrading and selfish manner. Both men and women must work alike in order to subsist, hence they can not take care of their children. The state takes care of the children and turns them into atheists and perfect hooligans, teaches them to spy on and mock their parents. Against this, any civilized individual will protest; yet this is not all. Stalin devised a more efficient way to strengthen his grip by suppressing gatherings of any nature, except in closely watched soviet clubs where government pamphlets and the radio reach the listeners with never-ceasing propaganda. Gatherings of relatives and friends have been eliminated. The five day week provides a day of rest for every laborer, but that day is not the same day for all. Today, some plants may be closed, tomorrow, others, and so on through the week. This is certainly a hindrance to industry for one never knows whether a place is

open or closed, but it fulfills another purpose which is certainly more desirable to the Man of Steel. Under this system the family, their relatives and friends can not enjoy a single day together. The husband may be off on Monday, the wife on Tuesday, the son on some other day, etc. There is not a single day when people may gather to express their feelings. The hum of the wheels, the slapping of belts gradually replace personal friends and human voices; the worker pours his complaints to the mute machines, to the spinning wheels and they seem to understand.

There is no one to build new houses or repair the old; no one is permitted to own them and no one but the government has money. Buildings deteriorate like everything else, especially when there are no owners. It is true that new apartments are being built but a lapse of ten years in building cannot be overtaken over night. Consequently we find total strangers sharing rooms, living together in depressed silence, in dreadful fear. In a large room, the floor may be divided by lines, so many square feet allowed each person. In such a room, one may find a married couple with noisy children, an old professor trying to study, a young man and a talkative blonde. She undoubtedly is a typist in the Government Political Bureau. Such typists are better known as spies. They inform the secret police whose eagerness to demonstrate their efficiency by the number of arrests never wanes. The young man is certainly attached to some government body and spies on the typist. And so it goes. There are spies everywhere, terror haunts the people, they remain silent, each within his chalk-bordered corner. Even the walls seem to listen and transmit their knowledge to the police. Russians have learned to be silent, they have even ceased to sing, for they have learned the art to live and die in silence. Sometimes in the dead hush of night or early morning, secret agents arrive, arrest some one and depart. Where have they taken him and why? Is he alive, shot or suffering in some mine? No one knows. The fact remains he is gone. Despair may clutch at the heart of the wife. She may say something through her tears; then on another night she is removed, led away to the land of the living dead. Some think the two are alive; others believe them to be dead. Thus they are living dead; but if they are living, they are worse off than the dead.

Then comes a time when the harvest fails; the first gatherings are sold to foreign lands for gold, the rest left to the people. The police confiscate all the grain they can from the farmers and send it to the cities. The peasants, robbed of their crop are left to eat what they are able to find. When it is clearly seen that even the cities will have a short-

age, Stalin issues an order to do away with thousands of persons. Accused of being anti-communists, they are not given their passport, food and work can not be obtained, so they leave quietly. Where are they to go? They move to the country, to the farms from which all grain, all livestock has been removed. The stronger may be made to cut wood for the government. The rest wander about till they spread far apart over the vast, cold steppes, frozen and covered by January snows. There they die; disease will not spread as it would in a city, rumors and horrors of death will freeze with the body; fresh snow will cover them, cold winds will whistle over them. I shudder to think that some of my relatives may perhaps be freezing to death this very day. Perhaps they welcome the rest. Who knows?

II

I shall leave this phase of social life; it becomes too ghastly for further development. Let your imagination picture the rest. I shall continue with the work of the individual.

Russia of the past has produced great geniuses of literature, literature that is based on realism and portrays the soul of the people in every walk of life. Russian literature stimulates thought. Every autocrat admits this to be dangerous. Take a Soviet novel of today. A new type has superficially replaced the old. The theme is, "Patriotism to the Soviet State," the trial usually represents a struggle to complete some gigantic plant on schedule; the purpose is propaganda. Propaganda fills every page, it glares with such simplicity that even a peasant would be offended. Love has no place in the life of the new individual; it is supposed to be a temporary passion that should be satisfied and forgotten. The mind must strive towards constructing and worshipping the Soviet State. It is hardly necessary to state that characterization, originality of thought, beauty or dignity of style are laughed at. They are said to be useless aristocratic sentiments. What counts, according to the new order, is the State; what determines the quality of the book is the amount of propaganda. Do you suppose that the Russian soul has changed overnight? Russian literature (I do not mean Soviet propaganda) is typically its own; it overwhelms the soul of its people, therefore it will remain immortal. After the Soviet dilemma has passed, it will be appreciated all the more. The thoughts and feelings of a nation take centuries to develop; they are based on historical incidents and can not be altered overnight. Why do the present novelists turn out these books of propaganda and none others? Because they are slaves, because they must write what the government demands in order that

they may eat, and because if they write otherwise, they will never have the chance to write again. Deprived of freedom, forced to write what he hates, many an author, many a poet has committed suicide. Newspapers likewise publish propaganda exclusively. A criticism written by some patriotic worker clamoring for sacrifice to complete some construction on schedule may often be seen, but this is propaganda in another form, although some tourists have taken this to be a sign of a liberated nation. Has such censorship ever been known before? Is this the foundation on which freedom and happiness are to exist? It is the means to give supreme power to the tyrant, complete slavery to the people. From this we see that the individual, as an individual, has been destroyed, deprived of almost every right. If there is no individual there need not be individual freedom or justice, and such is the doctrine of the Communistic Socialistic Soviet Republic. Everything is a part of the State, that is to say, the people are for the State, not the State for the people; a complete topsy turvy of all logic.

Deprived of almost everything that human nature desires, these wretched citizens remain in Russia. They remain passive because they are jailed within the largest jail on earth, guarded by the Red Army, haunted by the secret police. Every day, through the streets, one sees the hideous soldiers marching, demonstrating the force of the tyrant, reminding the unarmed decentralized mass of its weakness, of its humiliation. They are fed and dressed by the blood and the sweat of the peasant whom they suppress. They can afford to sing. Stalin knows whom to rob and whom to reward in order to maintain his tyranny.

III

The boundaries of Russia, as previously stated are naturally impassable, except for a few stretches along the Western border and the Eastern border between Siberia and China, near Vladivostok. The whole frontier is guarded night and day. Mounted soldiers and dogs guard the stretches where escape would otherwise be possible. Anyone attempting to cross the border, if seen, is shot. This is why Russians remain where they are. If permitted to leave, the whole nation would flee, anywhere, the farther away the better.

Are not these unfortunate peoples slaves, building, working, like the old slaves of Egypt to raise a monument to an insane tyrant?

Now let us have a look at the five-year plan. Hated, despised by the people, Stalin conceived a device to keep their minds and bodies occupied. It was not a new idea. In a different way, the same old promises of happiness were again presented to

the people. Industrialize Russia, be self-supporting, challenge the capitalistic world, build for yourself, have everything in abundance, outstrip the world, etc. Such are the slogans of the five-year plan. The idea of industrializing Russia in a few years naturally fascinated the inexperienced, youthful mind, always eagerly seeking adventure. Stalin raised a war within his jail. The old (whom he dreads), who cannot keep up with the speed, die sooner. The young, dazzled by new "advances" (demonstrations more than anything else) support the idea until the stomach proves too empty to cherish fancies, or until it becomes too evident that they have been cheated. When this comes, Stalin may raise a real war to divert attention to immediate danger. He may fire up patriotism and hope for a victory that will bring him a firmer grip.

Let us suppose that the five or fifteen year plan should be a success. The people will have tractors, cars, radios and bathtubs. What good will these utilities do when there is positively no freedom; when children are torn away from their parents; when spies are everywhere; when there is no choice of work; when one is chained to his machine; when the home is destroyed, and one's religious feelings scorned?

Collectivization, a longer name for robbery, is a typical example of the new foundation for future happiness. The ambition of farmers to possess their own little corner, their own cattle and a cottage where they may exercise their judgment, and feel masters is well known. This was one of the objects of the Russian Revolution. Yet the Soviets have robbed the farmers of the little that they had: land, grain, livestock and family included. They have harnessed them behind tractors (to be modern); declared the land to be government property and forced them to work for wages and live in a community barn. Thus the individuality of the farmer has been destroyed. These very same peasants were promised land. Instead they received education, that is to say, sufficient knowledge to read and write a little. To write in order to sign government blanks; to read, in order to understand propaganda. "Russia educates its people to read and write," some foreign tourists cry. Yes, Russia does, but she gives them only government propaganda or atheistic pamphlets to read.

IV

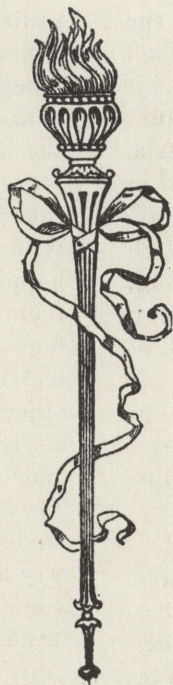
Stalin, who is piloting a nation to self-destruction, who attempts to upset the entire world, who is persecuting a hundred million Christians, threatening with murder or starvation those who teach Christianity or who dare worship publicly, who educates the rising generations to hate Christianity and to denounce the existence of God, who tears

down churches, destroys families and robs farmers, is merely an Anti-Christ; at least, so to his people.

Countries have recognized him; the United States is talking of recognition. Selfish, miserly politicians and bankers have replaced justice with shekels, have closed their ears to all sounds but those of jingling coins. Those who advocate Soviet bonds foster trade with thieves, and are themselves thieves.

Countries that have recognized Stalin for trade

commissions, etc., can be called barbarians of the twentieth century. Disgraceful, hypocritical countries posing as Christian nations can watch the annihilation of Christianity amongst a hundred million people, and these can term the wholesale breeding of atheists an experiment. For a few measly shekels such Christian nations strengthen the tyrant's power and prolong the sufferings of the people. Recognition of Russia is a disgrace to the civilized world, an insult to a Christian nation.



The Poetry of Barry Dwyer

By EDWIN H. SAUER

INTRODUCTION

UNDERGRADUATE poets seldom find themselves while undergraduates. By that is meant that they seldom come to a realization of what poetic forms suit their talents best and what particular attitude towards life and men they wish to embody in these forms. Much of the creative work which they do in college is of excellent quality, but in most cases, none of it is similar to their work once they have discovered their poetic abilities and preferences. A rather illustrious example is that of Edna St. Vincent Millay. While yet an undergraduate at Vassar, Miss Millay wrote "Renascence," a poem of excellent quality. It is entirely different, however, than Miss Millay's later work which we designate as being more truly characteristic of Miss Millay. Miss Millay has found herself in her sonnets; they could have been written by no one but her. "Renascence," on the other hand, could have been written by many poets.

While an undergraduate here at the University of Dayton, Barry Dwyer did not find himself. Eventually, he will, and we shall be better able to judge the influence of what he wrote during the past four or five years. But a close scrutiny of his work reveals how uncertain his selection of forms and subject matter was. He began as a Romanticist, became next an eager Victorian, then came under the influence of such moderns as Chesterton, Belloc, and Theodore Maynard; in his senior year he almost lost his identity by adopting the forms and manner of that most unusual Frenchman, Francois Villon. It is only in his simpler lyrics that we get a true glimpse of Barry Dwyer. In these he is free of all influence, and a sober, poignant tone predominates. This is he; this will be characteristic of his work later on.

College verse is of course usually sentimental nonsense. It is full of elaborate poetic diction; it is trite; it is overcome with *clichés*. Occasionally, however, a true singer arises and is developed through his work for the college journals.

Barry Dwyer was such a singer. He is undoubtedly the best verse writer yet to graduate from the University. Poetic work prior to his coming was of a sugary over-ornamented character. Barry Dwyer had the ability to recognize this; his verse, as a result, is refreshingly original.

When a true singer rises, there is nothing more interesting than to trace his development while at college. That is what this article purposes to do.

I

THE EARLY WORK

September, 1928—October, 1931

In September of 1929, when he enrolled as a Sophomore, Barry Dwyer began to take somewhat seriously the writing of verse. From that time until the close of his senior year, his poems were published consistently in *The Exponent*. The first poems were mostly lyrical and showing, as I have said, a remarkable Romantic influence. This is of course only natural.

When a young man sets out to write verse, he inevitably begins studying more eagerly the work of other poets. In the majority of cases, he turns toward the Romanticists. The reasons are obvious: first, the Romantic period stands foremost in his memories of English Literature as being the most productive; second, the lives of the Romanticists were romantic and glamorous, and there is, consequently, a human interest appeal.

A young poet reading the Romanticists cannot help being strongly influenced by them, and in his own work he strives, as a result, to voice his thoughts in their manner. This is of course unfortunate but almost invariable. We are not living in a romantic age, and an effort to find romance in factories, skyscrapers, and automobiles is a very futile one.

Barry Dwyer's early work was influenced by the Romanticists and particularly by Keats. Knowing Barry Dwyer, one realizes how very natural the latter fact is. The first of his poems published in *The Exponent* to show his talent definitely was "A Plea," published January, 1929.

A Plea

When past the windows of my soul
They flee in haste, or slowly stroll
And pass me by,
O Lord, make me a sightless mole;
Then will I cry:
"O take me from the earth. My goal
Is in Thy sky."

Page seventeen

When earthly friends no longer stay
 And fickle fortune turns away,
 Let me not sigh,
 But till Thy time comes delve in clay;
 Then will I cry:
 "Lord, take me from the night; the day
 Dawns in the sky."

Several of the phrases are very trite, almost hackneyed: "windows of my soul," "earthly friends no longer stay," "fickle fortune." There are some very good lines, however: "O Lord, make me a sightless mole," is particularly expressive, and "Lord, take me from the night; the day—Dawns in the sky." is very smoothly musical.

The Romantic influence is noticeable; the theme is a melancholy one, the poet looking for a consolation in being blind to the adversities in the world. Did not Keats express a similar mood in his "Ode to a Nightingale?" Is it not a thoroughly romantic theme, although there be a minimum of allusions to nature?

All the first poems are of this general character. It was not until the appearance of a six-line, unrhymed, lyric that the mood changed. With "A Moment," (May, 1929), Barry Dwyer switched to the Victorian camp. Such a change is also natural. The poet realizes after a while the hampering influence of the Romantics. Furthermore, he tires of sharing his enthusiasm for the Romantics with so many others, and so strikes off in an effort to kindle a liking for a different school. Younger poets turn invariably to one of the two giants of the Victorian era: Browning and Tennyson, or to the Elizabethan and Cavalier songsters. Barry Dwyer turned to Browning or rather to the Brownings, "A Moment" showing the influence of Mrs. Browning.

A Moment

Last night you touched one chord n'er heard
 before—
 I felt it thrill; sweet joy, sweet nameless joy
 Was mine, entwined with unknown bitterness.
 A moment,—life had passed, yet I had reached
 Yon highest star, the rarest jewel of night,
 I'd gazed beyond time's darkening depths . . . I'd
 lived.

The influence of Browning could not pass, of course, without the composition of several dramatic monologues. The best of these to appear in *The Exponent* was one titled "The Man Who Found Faith" (May, 1929). It was thoroughly Catholic in spirit; it was thoroughly Browning in construction.

Previous to "A Moment," a poem titled "Moonlight" had been published (March, 1929). It betrays a combined influence of Victorian and Romanticist, but the true personality of Barry Dwyer

is in it also. The poem was divided into four parts, each a picture of moonlight in a season. The following is titled "Fall":

Moonlight gold of fall
 Was mirrored from a street
 Just lately kissed by rain, and all
 The earth, in like garb dressed to greet
 Her rise, now poured from Ceres' horn,
 Bright golden leaf, rich golden corn;
 Save only one,—my heart had turned to lead.

When Barry Dwyer entered upon his junior year, he published in the October issue of *The Exponent*, a poem titled "Stillwater." It is an extremely original poem, vastly different from anything he had previously written. In structure it suggests Longfellow's "Hiawatha;" it suggests Beardsley, Dowson, and the other Decadents. It is remarkable, however, for its many startling but very apt phrases.

Stillwater

Wand'ring by your grass-grown margin
 Peering into pools leaf-shaded;
 Pausing where the winding shallows
 Mark the cadence of your singing,
 I have talked with you, Stillwater.

Where the lily pads lay sleeping
 On your calm and peaceful bosom;
 Where the sycamore's old wisdom
 Stilled the bluejay's gaudy tirade,
 I have dreamed with you, Stillwater.

When the fierce, wild, vengeful heavens
 Lashed your breast in sudden anger;
 When the frigid voice of winter
 Sealed your heart with false caresses,
 I have wept with you, Stillwater.

I have seen you smile when herons,
 Standing stiff-legged, fished for minnows;
 Or when killdees ran in terror
 Screaming lest their young be started,
 And I smiled with you, Stillwater.

Now I come to you in sorrow,
 Saddened at the hour of parting,
 Once more shall your calm day fill me;
 Once more shall the ripples murmur,
 Then farewell,—farewell, Stillwater.

The poem would have been much better had the last stanza not been written. True, the poem needed a climax, but the last stanza is nothing more than sentimental conceit*, poorly expressed.

*Conceit is a poetic term used to designate the personal element in a poem.

To a great degree, the same is true of the verse which he wrote the latter half of his junior year under the pseudo-glamorous, pseudonym "Shanachie." The name is a pitiful thing. Barry assumed it because he wanted to secure a frank criticism of his poems from the students who read them. The assumption of the name seems to have changed his entire personality. The verses written under the name are of a saccharine, over-ornamented character, and not in the least similar to anything he had done before that time or has done since. One poem stands out in the "Shanachie" group, and that because of its thought. It was titled "To An Avid Soul" (January, 1931); the stanza quoted here states the thought completely. The thought your breast gave birth in emptiness is chained.

Eternal, thronging echoes chant
His muted melody; yet fruitful land he sweetly
reigned

Is barren; mirth he loved, neglected, left to pant
Beside a silent, broken spring.

With *The Exponent* of May, 1931, and a poem titled "Song for May," the period we prefer to designate as *The Early Work* closes. Summarized, it is a period of confusion, of little worth and yet of great worth. As a whole, the poems are not of a lasting value, nor even, except in one or two cases, of a particularly original value. Their worth lies in our rejection of them as good poetry, and in our accepting them as evidence of a sincere and tireless development of a true talent. The fact that a poet advances sufficiently enough to discard and rewrite what he has previously written gives considerable value to that which is discarded or rewritten. Barry Dwyer has undoubtedly discarded many of his early poems. That is an optimistic sign; art thrives on dissatisfaction.

II

THE LATER WORK

September, 1931—May, 1932

Beginning with the first issue of *The Exponent* during his senior year, Barry Dwyer sounded the true Barry Dwyer note. Except for an influence of Francois Villon, which had been developed during the Shanachie period, he continued in his natural vein until May. Then of course the Villon influence exploded full blast in Barry's "Last Will and Testament."

Barry Dwyer has a profound admiration for Francois Villon, for the boisterous laughter and manner of living characteristic of Villon and many other literary figures. Unfortunately, Barry Dwyer would not allow it to remain admiration only, but

began an imitation of such spirit in his work. The change did not become him.

The verse that is truly Barry Dwyer is, as I have said, of a delicate, poignant quality, resembling somewhat the verse of Alice Meynell. Consequently the boisterous masculine attitude was feigned, and the feigning very apparent. But let's have a look at the verse free of influence. In November, 1931, he published the following:

Requiem

Silver spears of rain
Strike blue-black street
And darken window pane.

Sodden autumn leaves
Reluctant fall;
Expose the lonely eaves.

The arc light's steady glare
Made weak by wind
Turns glances everywhere.

God pity those at home
In new abodes
Beneath the fresh-turned loam.

And bless us all who stay
A little while.
We too must move,—someday.

There is Barry Dwyer! He is captured in the images that he uses in the poem. Notice their sober, delicate, poignant quality. Notice the delicate terseness of expression; reread the poem, and glimpse how perfect his powers of observation are!

Nothing worth special mention was then done until March, 1932, when there appeared quite inconspicuously in *The Exponent*, a six-line lyric titled "From a Hilltop." In my estimation, it is the finest piece of verse that Barry Dwyer wrote while at the University.

From a Hilltop

We hung our feet above the stars;
We smiled to know
Our birthdays would be numbered
When lights had ceased to glow.
Below the city slumbered
Beneath the stars.

It is a poem which Barry Dwyer alone could have written. It shows him free from the taints of every other poet, its delicacy of words, rhythm and subject being his very own.

In the April *Exponent* appeared "Spring Promise," a good lyric but showing in the use of obscure words a strain for rhyme. Words such as "bruit,"

"assuage," and "anodyne" are too stilted for verse. They sound like an oration or a Congressional report.

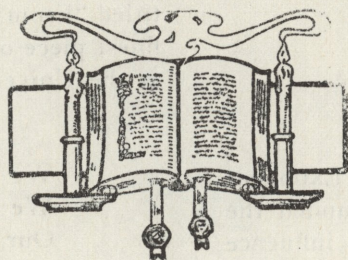
In May was published the lengthy "Last Will and Testament," modeled after Villon's work of the same nature. Except for an occasional lyrical passage, it is valueless as poetry. It is valuable because of the circumstance, because of the subject, just as a ballad is valuable only because of the story it tells.

We come, therefore, to the close of the period of Barry Dwyer's later work as a verse writer while an undergraduate. The later work is far more valuable than the earlier because, as I have said, it sounds distinctly the true note of his talent. If Barry Dwyer continues writing verse, and let us hope that he does, he will inevitably free himself from all influence and discover his true personality which is as arresting an one as that of any by which he was influenced.

III AN APPRAISAL

Barry Dwyer's contribution to the literary work done on the University of Dayton campus is immeasurable. The policies inaugurated by him as editor of *The Exponent* remain unchanged, and are in accord with the policies of those colleges which publish the best literary magazines. Under his editorship, *The Exponent* banished the hackneyed type

of article and story which had, in many instances theretofore, practically flooded the magazine. His articles and editorials, likewise, were sound, and displayed how intricate his observations were. He was read eagerly,—and commented on, which is more important. Nevertheless, his verse is the more valuable part of the contribution. Barry Dwyer was not the ordinary college poet, even when he betrayed the influence on his poetry. Barry Dwyer did not, or would not, recognize this, however, and refused to take himself seriously as a poet. Writing poetry is something he enjoys because he likes poetry; he probably has never given a moment's thought to the possibility of his being "a dedicated spirit." As far as I know, his verse has appeared in no other publication but *The Exponent*, consequently it is impossible to judge the influence his own verse has had. He is a true singer, nevertheless, and needs only to recognize his talent and further develop it to be assured of a permanent place in Catholic poetry. His occasions to do so, at the present time, are somewhat limited, yet one remembers that Gerard Manley Hopkins combined the Jesuit life, once his studies were completed, with the composition of verse. It is of course impossible to foretell Barry Dwyer's future, but he will always be remembered at the University of Dayton because of his work in *The Exponent*, work which will be recognized always as undergraduate work of an unusually splendid quality.



The Crisis of the Gold Standard

By HUGH E. WALL, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Wall's article was written and sent to press previous to the recent developments.*

THE period through which we are now passing will in years to come probably be characterized by some historian as "The Awakening." Ever confident in the Providence of God, our civilization is now coming to the realization that our long suffering from economic ills will be counterbalanced by our return to a healthy condition, a condition much healthier than that which existed before the year 1930. We do not want to return to the latter state, for despite the fact that things looked unusually rosy then, we now know that there was an unhealthy condition within our economic structure. To the ordinary observer, the rosy complexion of an individual is indicative of bodily healthiness, but often such a person is malignantly tubercular.

Like the Angel Gabriel, President Roosevelt has sounded the death knell of the old economic and financial order and has vigorously set about to conscientiously carry out the "New Deal" in this awakening hour.

With the scrapping of the old banking system, as a punishment for its too widespread mismanagement, we are now faced with the problem of deciding the future of the gold standard. I say "we," meaning the government of the United States, because the future of the gold standard is in the hands of this body politic. This nation has ever been the staunchest defender of this standard, so much so that it now stands alone (with France) as the only important nation remaining on this metallic basis.

In rendering a decision on this most vital matter, we have only to find the answer to this question: "Is the gold standard, as we now understand it, capable of meeting the demands of the future?"

Until England abandoned the gold standard in 1931, gold was the basis of the world's monetary system. Since then, however, thirty important nations have followed the course of England. This was necessitated by the fact that the English pound sterling was the basis of their monetary exchanges also.

It is not my intention to endeavor to decide

whether or not the United States should abandon the gold standard. I will merely try to point out the latest trends on this question and to show how we Americans are affected.

Traditionally a gold standard country, we have seen the weakening of this tradition during the last two months. With President Roosevelt's order for the withdrawal of gold from circulation, the United States departed technically from the gold standard. The first rule of the gold standard is to pay out gold on demand. We have dispensed with this rule, with the result that our conception of the requirements of a gold standard is now undergoing some liberal changes.

Let us detach ourselves from a consideration of our present plight long enough to look to the future. Among the strongest advocates of those who favor the abandonment of the gold standard is the internationally known economist, Gustav Cassel. In his recent book, "The Crisis in the World's Monetary System," economist Cassel argues for abandonment, chiefly upon the grounds that the world's monetary gold supply is insufficient to meet the demands of not only our present needs, but more so, those of the future. The yearly output of gold is not keeping pace with other basic commodities in the percentage of accumulated stock. Of course, the discovery of a new gold field of real importance is within the realm of possibility. But we must remember that "the world has been explored more thoroughly in the search of gold than for any other of nature's resources."

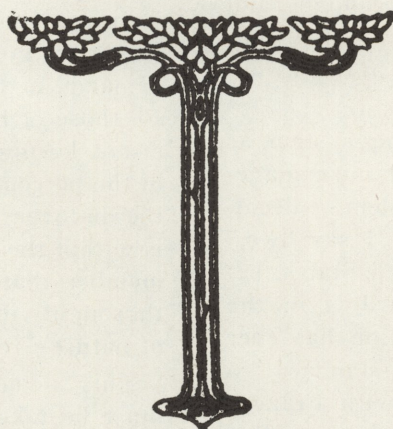
This demonstrates very strongly that means must be taken to adopt a world-wide gold economizing policy. Realization of this fact undoubtedly promoted President Roosevelt's excellent decision against private gold hoarding. Unlike so many critics of present-day ills, who offer no constructive criticism, Economists Cassel, Warren, Gregory and, no doubt, Moley, have offered something better. As one frank economist and author stated several years ago, "We keep the gold standard, not because it is perfect, but because we know of no better type of standard."

In advocating the scrapping of the gold standard, Mr. Cassel offers in its place a "managed currency." The unit would be a compensated dollar, backed by gold, but subject to variance in either weight or value. There would be a definite parity between

the purchasing power of the dollar and the gold. This value of the dollar would be based upon the current index number of all commodity prices. In other words, if prices rose one per cent, the weight or value of gold, for which the dollar would exchange, would rise one per cent. If prices fell one per cent, the dollar would exchange for one per cent less gold. The gold would be kept in bars in the treasury and central banks. With the Federal Reserve Board maintaining this parity, violent price fluctuations, as we have suffered from in the past, would be greatly checked.

Stated very simply, the reason for price fluctuations is the lack of a constant buying power. From all indications, it seems that a managed currency would insure constancy of purchasing power, all things else being equal.

The importance of giving due consideration to the question as to whether we should adopt this new scientific money lies in the fact that the life of our government is vitally concerned—for, is not the whole tax and debt structure ultimately dependent upon commodity prices?



Science and the Arts Course

By LIONEL S. GALSTAUN

WE are living in an age of scientific development. In every path of life, in every community, in every nation, the work of the scientist is plainly evident. Human life has been safeguarded by science, and this to an extent that few can realize; human life has been made more pleasant, so much so that the person of average means today lives more luxuriously than did the kings of a hundred or more years ago.

We may consider that science has played a major role in our mode of living since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. Of course, its rise was gradual, but nevertheless it was inevitable just as it was irresistible. The Industrial Revolution culminated in the Mechanical Revolution, and, especially in this later stage, applications of scientific principles assumed paramount importance in industry.

Parading some of the accomplishments of the scientist before us, perhaps we can single out one which has served mankind more than any of the others. This one is George Watt's discovery of the power of steam. The steam engine, though not a very efficient converter of energy is nevertheless responsible for a great deal of our development. The effects of the steam locomotive are particularly evident in the United States. It has been claimed that the unity of our language is due mainly to the trans-continental railroads which brought about an intermingling of the settlers of the country, all the way from Dutch New York to Spanish California. The claim is certainly a logical one.

The railroads, however, are only one example—there are many others. The radio, for instance, is an invaluable aid in the education of the people. Education by this means has been stressed especially in the line of music. What a wonder it is, indeed, that we, sitting comfortably in our homes can, with a twirl of the dial listen to the great masterpieces of musical literature. Wagner, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Schubert—all these are familiar names to us now, mainly because of the radio and men like Walter Damrosch. Several years ago, Dr. Damrosch, the Dean of American Conductors, started a series of radio programs with the intention of teaching the people the great master works of music. He has made us familiar with the academic style of Bach, the mighty masculinity of

Beethoven, the shy, diffident grace of Schubert, the idealism of Wagner. The radio proved to be an admirable vehicle for his purpose, and his efforts certainly have met with well-merited success.

These two examples, the railroad and the radio will serve to illustrate the importance of science. Beyond a doubt, our present, and to a greater extent, our future development will depend on science. We, contented in our high living standards of today would be severely shocked and discontented if the developments brought about would be taken away from us. We would probably be left at about the level of the middle nineteenth century. Yet, how much do the majority of us know of science? Excluding those engaged in scientific pursuits, few people have even fundamental ideas of this power which has so molded our thoughts and actions. And why not? I am inclined to think that it is due, to a considerable extent, to our system of education.

II

There is, in the educational systems of this country, a decided tendency to specialize within rather narrow limits. The history of engineering education has shown us that early engineering education in this country was characterized by general courses. The tendency to specialize followed this period, reaching its zenith in the early years of the present century. Following this was another period of generalization which preceded the intense specialization of about five years ago. Now a new system, in which five years of study are required for a degree is being instituted, the last year being devoted to the study of cultural subjects. In other words, they are reverting to the general course period of the cycle.

This peculiarity has its counterpart in the arts course, though the defect is not as noticeable. A rather obvious one is the absence of a science requirement. Why is this? One reason given by some students is that art and science are opposed in their natures—that science is too practical for the student of arts. True, some people have apparently no inclination for science—they claim that their natures are too esthetic to meddle with the dry facts which science would have them study. In the case of a few this may be a fact, but I cannot help feeling that in the majority of cases it is

an imagined reason. It may sound paradoxical, but actually, the artist is more practical than the scientist. The scientist discovers principles and lines of thought—the artist applies them. How? you will ask. In this manner.

A composer of music, for example, has at present, a number of rules, which if followed, will give him arrangements of tones which fall pleasantly on the ear. Before these rules were made, there was much investigation, much research. Whether knowingly or not, these early researchers were scientists—they discovered principles which they left to the artists to apply. It is the very same in painting. Even literature is no exception to this, because psychology, a science, is playing an increasingly important role in our novels and dramas. Of course, I am aware that there is a creative element in art—but then, isn't this creative effort dependent for its existence on the applications of the principles discovered by the scientist? And then again, does the scientist lack in creative effort? It is a long cry from the theory of ionization to storage batteries, but applications of this theory have elucidated the formerly mysterious action of the voltaic cell, and once understood, improvement was greatly facilitated. It is likewise a long step between abnormalities in planetary motion and the prediction of the discovery of new planets—yet scientists have done these very things, and in my opinion they are every bit as perfect evidences of creative effort as those of the artist. Thus, the cause of science is not at all opposed to that of art, but rather, science aids and fosters art, and it is to the advantage of the Arts student to make a study of science, that he may glean some of the fundamentals upon which the rules of his chosen form of art rest.

Another fact hard to understand is that so many people are inclined to turn away from science. One cause, and surely a very plausible one, is a poorly conducted introduction to science. Having had a disagreeable experience from the beginning, those not particularly inclined to science are loath to go any deeper into a subject which has already shown itself to be unsuited to their taste. It is difficult to make a science course interesting to all because everybody is not interested in science to the same extent. But a science course can be made interesting, and not only interesting but even fascinating. Much depends, however, upon the method of presentation. A peculiar fact which would seem to substantiate this idea is that most students coming from some high schools register either for an arts course or for one in engineering or science. Let us say that the majority of students coming from high-school A take arts. There are some such schools, and upon asking some of these students what they

thought of science, I was not surprised to hear that they did not care for it. Further inquiry disclosed the fact that either they were unwilling to cope with the difficulties of engineering, or that their introduction to science had been of such poor quality that they neither knew nor wanted to know anything more about it. On the other hand, let us suppose that the majority of students coming from high-school B register for engineering or for pure science. In the case of some, it may be due to a kind of romantic appeal which usually dies after the first semester, but in the majority it is due to the fact that they are interested in science and want to know more about it. A pleasant introduction to science was the cause of this. Of course, it is impossible to generalize in a case like this because many high schools give extremely well-balanced courses; but nevertheless, it does hold true that the nature of the courses offered in high schools greatly influences the student's tendencies.

Yet another peculiar fact is the prevalent opinion that science consists only in the recording of dry facts. The mere collection of data is not the purpose of science. Collecting data is merely a step toward the attainment of the final object of all scientific experimentation, namely an interpretation of the data. Moreover, even in the collection of these "dry" facts, so many unusual problems appear, that anyone engaged in research, even of the simplest kind, will realize the interesting developments that come up with each attempt at scientific investigation.

I can only say that a mere scratching on the surface of science is not enough to enkindle the curiosity of most people. Deeper probings almost always result in awakened interest, which often contributes to the proper rounding out of a person's knowledge. Unfortunately, many people prefer not to make these deeper probings, scarcely realizing what interesting things they are passing by. Here is where, I believe, the University can do students a great service by requiring credits in some science. Chemistry, physics, biology, geology—any science for that matter. A scientific attitude must be awakened, because at present, so much is being done by science that a person without any knowledge of it has not only a badly unbalanced education, but cannot be considered in accord with the spirit of the times, which is decidedly scientific.

III

This scientific spirit, or perhaps I should say the engineering spirit, has caught the fancy of our present-day artists. Engineering products, such as sky-scrapers, beams, columns, wheels, cogs and the like are beginning to form an important part of modern paintings. After all, this is only natural.

This age and civilization is one which has been made possible essentially by engineering. This is the mechanical age, and in representing the spirit of the times, an artist must bring in the scientific theme. Even in the musical line, this same theme has been stressed. In George Gershwin's fantasy, "An American in Paris," street noises are represented in the music. In another composition entitled "Sky-scrapers," the tattoo of the pneumatic rivet hammer is clearly heard. Literature is also bending to the portrayal of scientific characters. H. G. Wells has written much in this line, one of his books, "The Island of Dr. Moreau," having been filmed recently (it was produced under the name "The Island of Lost Souls"). Three books by Paul de Kruif, consisting mainly of biographical sketches of great biologists have received a large following. "Arrowsmith," a novel by Sinclair Lewis deals with the story of a young bacteriologist. These are perhaps some of the main examples of this spirit; it is more plainly evident in the recent movies. Within the last two or three years, many pictures with a scientific background have made their appearance. "Arrowsmith," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Frankenstein," "Topaze," and "The Island of Lost Souls" are some examples picked at random. One undesirable feature is that almost always they have confounded the pure scientific spirit with some ridiculous form of veiled black magic. The error is almost unpardonable because of the wrong impression it leaves on most people.

Since science and art are beginning to mix, it occurs to me that it would not only be desirable but actually essential that credits in science be required for the attainment of an arts degree.

IV

The purpose of a liberal arts course is to impart a broad education. Now, education is not restricted to the fine arts; why is it, then, that the arts course does this very thing. At this university, arts students are not required to take any natural science courses. I have shown that science not only is fundamentally the basis of our civilization, but that it is playing an increasingly important part in the arts. In the days before science became such a

powerful factor in our lives, it was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman to study anything but the fine arts. These days are definitely gone, and the cultured person of today must have a knowledge of science. Of course, it would be impossible to keep abreast with the tremendous advances being made, but we must remember that these advances are only the superstructure built over the basic fundamentals. If we are acquainted with these fundamentals, it will be possible to understand the general nature of many of these advances.

In conclusion, I would like to draw attention to the fact that great men in almost every field have been characterized by the breadth of their knowledge. The classic example of this is Leonardo da Vinci, physicist, inventor, and a follower of many other pursuits, besides being one of the greatest artists that has ever lived. Goethe is another example; he had interests in almost every conceivable line of thought—philosophy, poetry, the drama, science, music. What else could one want? There are many other examples, among whom we can cite Alexander Borodin, the composer of the famous opera "Prince Igor," who was educated to be a chemist, and as such made some fine contributions to organic chemistry. On the other side of the picture is Wilhelm Ostwald, who died about a year ago, one of the founders of physical chemistry. Besides being an outstanding chemist, he was an accomplished painter. Incidentally, he did painting a service by delving into the theory of colors. He made many charts illustrating the proper use and the matching of tints and shades. These men were eminently successful in one line, but they did not specialize in that one, to the exclusion of all others. They were anxious to delve into all kinds of pursuits and in this way rounded out their lives into a perfectly balanced entity.

It is to our advantage that we follow the example set by these men—theirs is a system that has been tried and proved to be successful. It is only reasonable then that we should do likewise, because, aside from any consideration of the men who have sponsored the movement, it is the only logical system to follow at the present time.

Horticulture Made Easy

By DON SHARKEY

WITH the coming of the first warm days of spring, everyone begins to get the old urge to go out and "putter around" in his back yard. "Puttering around" is a horticultural term which has a very broad meaning, but it is generally accepted to mean the moving of trees from a place where they are in nobody's way to a place where they are in everybody's way.

I am something of a back yard horticulturist myself, and I would like to offer a few words of advice to others who have not had the benefit of my wide experience.

The first thing you should do is to improve the appearance of the front of your house. (Author's Note: Strictly speaking the front yard does not come under the domain of the back yard horticulturist, but here I am taking "back yard" in its broadest interpretation which also includes the front yard, the side yards, and the flower pot in the dining room window). You would be surprised how much a few shrubs and evergreens and such things can improve the appearance of a place.

A planting made around the foundation or base of a house is known as a "foundation planting." It is the most important part of landscaping. Unfortunately my ventures into the field of foundation planting have not been what even the most liberal-minded observers would call a brilliant success. I thought I had the whole thing planned rather cleverly. At each side of the entrance I planted two evergreens which the nurseryman said would grow rather high (I believe he called them Irish Jupiters), and then under the windows I planted some Football Cypress (*Chamaecyparis obtusa compacta*) which were supposed to remain low.

As I said before, my experiment was not entirely successful. The dwarf trees which I planted under the windows shot up at a rate which would have made Jack's beanstalk look like one of the slowest growing of all plants, and the evergreens at each side of the front door have spread out to such an extent that it is now impossible to enter the house from the front. Altogether the result has not been precisely what I had hoped for, but the fact remains that no home is complete without a good foundation planting.

This year every back yard must have a fish pond.

A back yard pool may be easily and economically constructed. Of course it would be nice if you could have a steam shovel, a concrete mixer, several trucks, and a small corps of workmen, but some of my readers may not be so well equipped, and so I will tell you how to install a pool without any of these things.

Simply select the place and then take a shovel and start digging. You will find that your yard would make an ideal stone quarry, and if you are one who is easily dissuaded from his purpose, you may give up the idea of building a pool and set yourself up in the stone business. If you are a strong-willed person and determined to complete the task which you have set for yourself, your next problem will be to dispose of the rocks. One method which I recommend is to build a rock garden. This will take care of only a very small percentage of them, however. You can also build a stone house in your yard. Or perhaps your neighbors are building rock gardens and will be willing to take them off your hands. (The odds against this are estimated at about 23,534 to 1). Probably the best procedure is to pile them in another corner of the yard and forget about them as long as the remainder of the family will allow you.

But rocks are not your only problem. You will dig up old bottles, tin cans, and even some earth. I disposed of the soil which I dug up by filling thousands of flower pots. Now all I have to do is to find a place to put the flower pots.

In case you have built the stone house which I suggested in an earlier paragraph, you can put all the tin cans, old bottles, and flower pots in there.

At length you will have a hole dug. It will not be the shape you have planned, but you must accept this with a smile. After all, the destiny which shapes our ends also shapes the holes which we dig for fish ponds, and we mere mortals have little to say in the matter. Now you are ready to put in the concrete. If your pool is to have straight sides, you will have to use forms; if it is to have sloping sides you can sort of plaster it on. I am not going to tell you how to mix concrete. That is a little out of my line (as I discovered when I tried to mix it for my pond). No matter how careful you are, you will get concrete on your clothes, in your hair, and all over the back yard. You will

find that it is not at all a simple matter to put in the concrete which always has too much gravel or water in it. When the concrete has hardened, you will be very well pleased with yourself. You will find that the sides bulge 'way out in some places and bend inward in others. You will also find that you have forgotten to put in a drain. But such minor details fade into insignificance when you consider the fact that at last you have a back yard pool and you have built it all by yourself.

When you put water into the pool you will be surprised to find that it is much the same as putting it into a sieve. But do not become discouraged; no true back yard landscape artist ever gives up. I solved this problem very ingeniously by calling in a professional cement man who tore out my concrete and put in his own. Now my pool is perfectly satisfactory. Perseverance always wins.

After you have filled the pool with water and goldfish, your yard will be the gathering place for all the cats of the neighborhood who will have their fish dinners at your expense. It is then that you will realize the value of the rocks which you have piled in the corner of the yard. You see, if you plan the thing right, everything will work out perfectly.

In the summer it will do your heart good to see the neighbor children wading in the pool and chasing the goldfish. They will also have a good time splashing each other by throwing the rock garden rocks in the water. You will realize then that your work has not been in vain.

But enough about pools. This started to be an article on horticulture, and, nice as pools may be, they hardly come under the category of horticulture.

There are all sorts of other things to be taken into consideration: pruning, trimming, planting, transplanting, fertilizers, etc., but I don't consider them important, so we won't go into them here. I will merely say in passing that *Abelia*, *acanthopanax*, *varyopteris*, *largerstroemia* (crapemyrtle),

lonicera (except *L. fragrantissima*), and *stephanandra* are to be pruned in earliest spring or even late winter. Remember that and you have the key to the whole situation.

And now we come to the most important phase of the entire subject—pests. There are different remedies for different pests, but I can't remember which is which. Go to any public library and you will find books which tell you to put one tablespoonful of arsenate of lead into one gallon of water, add soap and glue, etc. The whole thing is rather complicated, and so I will not go into that either. All these books leave out the most important pests of all, however,—neighbors.

Every time I go into the yard to do a little work the neighbors drop whatever they are doing and watch me. "Hey, don't put that weigelia in there," one of them says. "Don't you know that weigelia is supposed to have a sandy soil? Hey, Ed, look where this guy is planting his weigelia." Then everyone has a hearty laugh at my expense.

One of my neighbors thinks he is an expert at grafting (No, he does **not** work for the government), and he is always experimenting on my trees. Every time I am not home he comes over with his tool chest and grafts a piece of my walnut tree on to the apple tree or a piece of the slippery elm on to the pear tree. To date none of his experiments have been successful, but he intends to carry on the good work even if it means killing every tree I have.

Another neighbor always comes over and pulls out my bushes and plants them in his own yard; then he says, "I knew you wouldn't care." Another throws his surplus rocks and dirt over the fence into my petunias. Another—but I could go on indefinitely.

To all this I can offer but one solution. Pick out a nice little place in the middle of the Sahara and build your house there. You won't be able to grow any shrubbery, but then you won't have any neighbors either.

"The Case of Hitlerism"

By BOB ZOLG

THIS writer does not wish to assert himself as an authority on foreign affairs nor as an analyst of human beings. These writings must be construed as personal opinion, written from an unbiased viewpoint, based on what study of the situation is possible.

Opinion is something held, always with the reservation, that the opposite may be true.

* * * * *

Is Adolf Hitler a Messiah to lead the world out of the fallacies of popular government, or is he Satan incarnate as the Jews and others would have us believe? Is he a Teutonic Lincoln to free the German nation from oppressive and unredeemable debts, or a super-egoist who merely thirsts for power? Is he an inspired genius or just a plain, every-day fool?

Hitler to the Germans as well as the rest of the interested world is something of a paradox, an enigma. Suave, yet fiery, he has intrigued and buffaloed, cajoled and browbeaten the characteristically stubborn Germans into making him dictator for four years. For a long time the German people, that is the mass of them, wanted no part of him. The Reichstag didn't want him. Old President Paul von Hindenburg didn't want him. But still they couldn't seem to do anything about him. He is comparable to earthquakes. You don't want them but all of a sudden there they are—and what can you do about it?

What are his policies? It is difficult to say. What is the motivating force behind him? Is it patriotism or ambition?

If Hitler is a patriot, is his patriotism misguided? And if exaggerated ambition motivates him, does he not realize the end to which he must come? His policies, as mentioned above, are, with few exceptions, vague. Read any one of his speeches, and you cannot fail to note the inconsistencies in it. Yet he has that magnetic personality, peculiar to some men, which draws the masses to him. But the question as to whether he is a real leader of men or just a jack-in-the-box is one that only time can answer.

To Marxian Socialism he is anathema, yet only recently he expressed a hope for amiable relations

between his government and Soviet Russia. Throughout all his hectic campaigns he preached downright anti-Semitism, but as Chief of the Foreign Policy Division of his National Socialist party, he appointed one Alfred Rosenberg. When he addresses his Nazis he is all impetuosity, fire and brimstone. Recently he caused to be placed on anti-Jewish proclamations to be posted in Munich, the name of President von Hindenburg. This, without authorization of the President. When Hindenburg called him on the carpet for it, and sternly rebuked him he apologized meekly and countermanded his orders.

He preached a rigid boycott on all Jewish merchants and on all transactions involving Jews. Then the President reminded him of his oath to protect all law-abiding citizens, and impressed upon him that the President had the sole right to declare martial law, and likewise the power to oust the entire present government including Hitler himself, if it so pleased him. Once more the "Dictator," backed down and countermanded the first order for a permanent boycott, at the same time issuing one for nine hours only. This latter was doubtless a compromise measure which would allow Hitler to keep his oath of office and still not lose face with his followers.

Hitler gives the impression of a colt newly broken to harness, and feeling himself out, a bit preparatory to making a wild dash. Like the colt he is not quite sure when he is going.

Let us grant for awhile that he is a patriot though a misguided one.

Hitler has by force of personality, ceaseless effort and a strongly organized minority made himself head of the Germans. It is undisputable that the Germans through centuries of association with absolutism have come to respect it. On the other hand, Germany has always consisted of a number of loosely bound independent States. These states are perhaps more prone to relish their own independence and their own little governments than centralization under one head. Only in 1870 was Germany united under Bismarck and she remained strongly united only until 1918: less than fifty years of centralization under one head with its undeniable concurrent progress and prosperity. At the

end of the World War came the revolution in Germany and the installation of the Republic.

Now Hitler has by *coup-d'etat* and exercise of his dictatorial powers forced all the Germanies under one authoritative head once more. This, it would seem, is a false step. Had Hitler by the use of diplomacy brought the straying states once again under the Imperial wing, it would perhaps be a different story. However, that which is taken from an unwilling giver is difficult to hold. Hitler has overplayed his hand and, sooner or later, the resentment of the smaller states of Germany will be unified against him.

The persecution of the Jews in Germany, since the advent of Hitler's regime, has aroused resentment throughout the entire world. This I believe is another false step to be scored against him. The Jews, always a source of unrest in parts of Europe, have made themselves particularly obnoxious in Germany. Coming into the Germanies in the Middle Ages when they were being persecuted vigorously throughout all Christian Europe, they found a haven of refuge. True they were forced to take place-and-thing names in preference to their Semitic appellations (hence Rothschild meaning red shield; Lindenbaum, meaning linden tree, etc.), and were restricted to certain lines of commerce. Yet they were treated, relatively speaking, very well. They thrived on peace, increased and multiplied as is their prolific way, and gradually rounded up all the money interests available under their own chaperonage. The Hohenzollern themselves arrived at their former munificence through loans from Jewish money-lenders. Thus they (the Jews), not only became rich in Germany but also privileged. Naturally from their privileged position, they could and did become a terrific source of tribulation to the native Germans. Result? Hatred of Jews and Jew-baiting by the Germans.

Now if Hitler through his love of Fatherland and love of his fellow Germans, and his desire to restore many Jewish monopolies to his people, has permitted this Jew-baiting, he is in a measure right, and in a measure wrong. First, he is right in his desire to protect his people from advantages taken

by the Jews. Secondly, he is wrong because every man has a natural right to what he has legitimately acquired, as also to life and personal liberty. Had Hitler accomplished emancipation of the Germans from the Jews in a different way, there could have been no comeback. Despite the fact that the stories of Jew-baiting which reach our ears are exaggerated, and though killings have been few and far between and thoroughly punished, yet there has been much oral and some physical abuse of Jews. The day of the "pogrom" or any other form of open persecution is over. Hitler could have forced the Jews to sell their interests to the German government at a minimum, fair price and then auctioned them off to native Germans. As it is, he has laid himself open to criticism and overlooked two important possible effects of his program of boycott and Jew-baiting.

The civilized nations of the world, on learning of such procedures, rise up in righteous wrath and demand that armies go out and fight such enemies of civilization. The Jews, outwardly disorganized, are strongly bound to each other, and through their ability to gain control of financial and commercial interests, can sway nations to boycott the goods of another nation.

I believe that Hitler's dictatorship, as begun, is doomed to many trials and ultimate failure because:

1. The German people, bled by two revolutions and warlike by nature, will refuse to live under a government that does not respect their liberty.

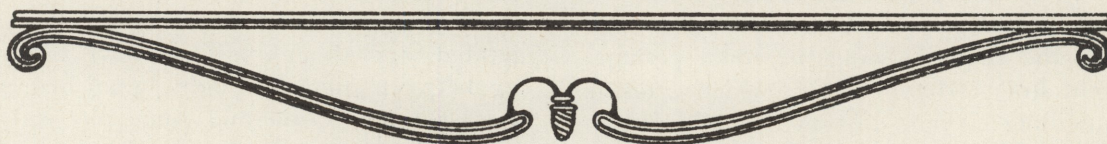
2. The Republics of France and Poland fear any centralization of Germany. Fear breeds war and Germany cannot afford to fight for years to come.

3. The civilized nations of the world will repudiate a nation which sponsors persecution of a race or class.

4. Worldwide Jewish influence can and will under provocation cripple German industry and commerce.

5. Hindenburg, the only restraint on Hitler, is eighty-five years of age and only the love which the Germans bear him has kept them, in a measure, unified. At his death revolution and chaos are sure to follow.

EDITORIAL



EDWIN H. SAUER, Editor-in-Chief

Contributing Editors

DON SHARKEY

CHARLES WESTBROCK

JAMES PFLAUM

HUGH WALL

ROBERT LAUTERBACH

N. DIDISHKO

ROBERT ZOLG

LIONEL GALSTAUN

DR. LAWRENCE BOLL, S. M., Faculty Supervisor

THE EDITOR'S SOAP BOX

George Bernard Shaw to whom "all Americans come" has at last come to the Americans; and my, what a furore he is causing! In only a week's time, he succeeded in ridiculing such well-known persons as Helen Keller, President Roosevelt, and Ann Harding. When he told Lady Astor that meeting Miss Keller was nothing unusual because all "Americans are deaf, dumb,—and blind," the press all over the nation became indignant. Shaw answered them by charging that Americans enjoy being insulted. And to prove himself correct, he mentioned that many prominent Americans eagerly extended him invitations to reside with them while he is here.

Shaw is a clown, affecting bad manners. There is only one way to deal with bad-mannered clowns: by being equally as clownish and bad-mannered. Shaw was probably highly pleased with the epithets hurled against him by the newspapers after the Helen Keller incident. He is being insincere, foolish, and the fact that he is being taken seriously gives him the satisfaction of knowing that we Americans are pretty dumb.

Naturally, we resent his insulting Helen Keller, one of the most heroic figures of this or any other century. But had Miss Keller and the press retaliated with remarks just as uncomplimentary about his plays or about his personal character and appearance, he would have been quite surprised, and incidentally,—quite silent. If Ann Harding, instead of bursting into tears, had, in a ridiculing

fashion, charged Shaw with greediness, or had she charged him with being in Hollywood only because he wanted to sell to the motion pictures, which he has always scorned, the rights to produce his plays, Shaw would have been quite upset. As it is, the whole nation has gone sentimental because a smart-aleck is having a little fun. The result? Shaw is more amused.

What makes the situation more than silly is the fact that we have some pretty dangerous weapons that we could use against Shaw. The American market for his books is larger than any other, and his plays have been produced more frequently in America than have the plays of Shakespeare. A threat to alter such facts would thoroughly dismay Shaw, despite his preaching and anti-capitalistic doctrine. We would of course be taking him ultra-seriously if we made such a threat, but it would puncture his pride magnificently. And had he been forced to reside in hotels while here, and had he not been greeted with bands and committees in frock-tailed coats, he would have changed his attitude considerably.

As it is, he finds all his charges confirmed, and the nation he delights in teasing, agitated, and without sense enough to return blow for blow.

* * *

It is a fact already trite that Theodore Dreiser says very little that has any value, and yet in New York, several weeks ago, he made a very wise observation.

"Despite the fact that we are experiencing the most severe financial crisis in the world's history," he said, "there has not come forth a single great piece of literature woven around the crisis."

Dreiser's opinion as to what would be a great piece of depression literature would naturally be very different than ours. His book would probably be one built on communistic propaganda. Nevertheless, there has not been one novel, one poem, one essay, or one oration which has described accurately the present day distress, or pictured the confusion evidencing that we are undergoing many changes. But perhaps we are too eager. The best war novels and poems did not appear until several years after the war. Perhaps the depression literature will also be late in coming.

* * *

In his two articles on American poetry since the war which appear in the March and April issues of *The English Journal*, Alfred Kreymborg, a very able critic, charges that American poets of our day are shirking a responsibility. He divides them into several groups: the romanticists, the neo-classicists, the obscurists, etc. He declares that poets of today are concerned only with escaping from present-day problems, and with attempting to find an old world romance and glamor in American life. Like Dreiser, he puts all contemporary writers to scorn for their inability to capture in their work a true picture of the confusion and changes of the past three years. He takes the ideas of every principal poet since the war, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings, Hart Crane, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and shows them to be out of tune with our age and mere reiterations of other-day ideas. The two articles are scholarly written; their error, however, is apparent.

For poetry is not to be judged by whether its subject matter is in accord with the tendencies of a certain nation in a certain era. Poetry is universal and for all times. Poetry is an art, and as an art, its craftsmanship is first to be judged. A poem, though it treat the most magnificent theme, is poor art unless well-constructed. American critics of poetry are apt to forget this; they are far too much concerned about what a poem is saying to them.

We grant that subject matter is very important, that truth is always to be striven for, particularly in art, but we recognize that, first of all, a poet must demonstrate that he is able to use forms skillfully, and to embody an originality in them.

Critics who laughed at Wilfrid Funk's attempt to choose the ten most beautiful English words made themselves ridiculous. It IS a poet's concern as to what words will be able, most beautifully and most effectively, to express his message. The same holds good for painting, sculpture, music, drama, and literature in general. Consider for a moment the world's masterpieces. Many poets before Milton had attempted epics on the fall of man, yet "*Paradise Lost*" because of Milton's artistry is the only one remembered. Goethe and Christopher Marlowe both wrote a "*Faust*;" Marlowe's, except for the two lines on Helen of Troy, is scarcely remembered, yet Goethe's is looked upon as one of the world's supreme pieces of literature. Dante's "*Divina Comedia*" was old subject matter. Shakespeare borrowed many of his themes, as did Wordsworth, Browning and Poe. It is a significant fact that there is scarcely any meaning in the most melodic poem in the English Language: Coleridge's "*Kubla Kahn*." We mentioned Poe: could anything be more commonplace than the theme of misery because of a loved one's death, yet Poe is a master of melody.

No, we cannot say that subject matter in creative effort must predominate. When we judge creative effort from a moral standpoint, then the subject matter is all important. Judged artistically, however, the artist's ability comes first.

Kreymborg does not contest this, but his article seems to ignore it. Unconsciously, however, he betrays that it is true. He tells modern poets that they should cease neglecting to find poems in such things as the factory, the machine, the skyscraper. The modern poet neglects these because of his artistic inability to deal with them.

Undoubtedly, there should be some poetic expression of life in this era. Poets have got to recognize that there is poetry in the things about them. I think that they do, but are not equipped to express themselves.

NEXT MONTH

Special Senior Issue

Articles by Zolg, Galstaun, Didishko, Pflaum, Otto

Also

Roosevelt and The Gold Standard

A Trip to Yellowstone

Mr. T. S. Eliot, Poet and Critic

After the Final Quarter—

When you are beginning to forget the thrills of the game and to realize just how tired and hungry you are, step in at the nearest Telling Dealer's and refresh yourself with delicious TELLING'S ICE CREAM. You'll like it and come back for more!

BUY YOUR ICE CREAM FROM A TELLING DEALER

*"You can taste the quality" in
TELLING'S ICE CREAM*

THE TELLING-BELLE VERNON COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

*Patronize
Our
Advertisers*

