

5-1-1933

The University of Dayton Exponent, May 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, May 1933" (1933). *The Exponent*. 271.
<https://ecommons.udayton.edu/exponent/271>

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. It features a central shield with a cross and a sunburst. The shield is surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring of the seal contains the text "UNIVERSITAS DAYTONENSIS" at the top and "1850" at the bottom. The words "PRO DEO" and "ET PATRIA" are also visible on the sides.

THE UNIVERSITY of DAYTON EXPONENT

FINAL AND SENIOR ISSUE

Articles by Zolg, Galstaun, Otto, Pflaum

Also

| | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------|
| Gabriel, Indeed! | - | - | - | - | Don Sharkey |
| Final Sonnets | - | - | - | - | Edwin H. Sauer |
| A Month of Beer | - | - | - | - | Edward J. Connors |

May 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
215-221 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

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

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

KEEnmore 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*

The

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.

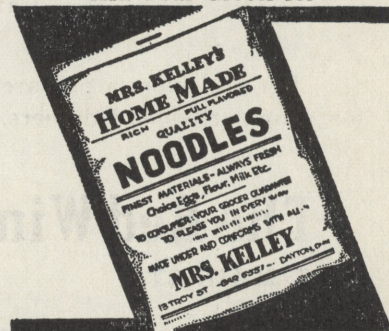
18 South Main, at Market

FULTON 8791

DAYTON, OHIO

Martin E. Beigel, '34

Ask Your Grocer for



Always Rich, Tender, Delicious

THE H. SCHRIBER 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

MAY, 1933

No. 5

ORDER OF CONTENTS

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| Final Sonnets | Edwin H. Sauer |
| The Economic Conference | Louis A. Otto, Jr. |
| Gabriel, Indeed! | Don Sharkey |
| Renovation (a poem) | Henry A. Dowling |
| Observations During a Month of Beer..... | Edward J. Connors |
| The Railroads in Recent Years | Robert W. Lauterbach |
| Ten Days On a Merry-Go-Round | James Pflaum |
| A Trip to Yosemite | Lionel Galstaun |
| Democracy Fails? | Robert Zolg |
| Mr. T. S. Eliot | Edwin H. Sauer |
| The Century of Progress Exposition | Mark A. Smith |
| Editor's Soap Box | |

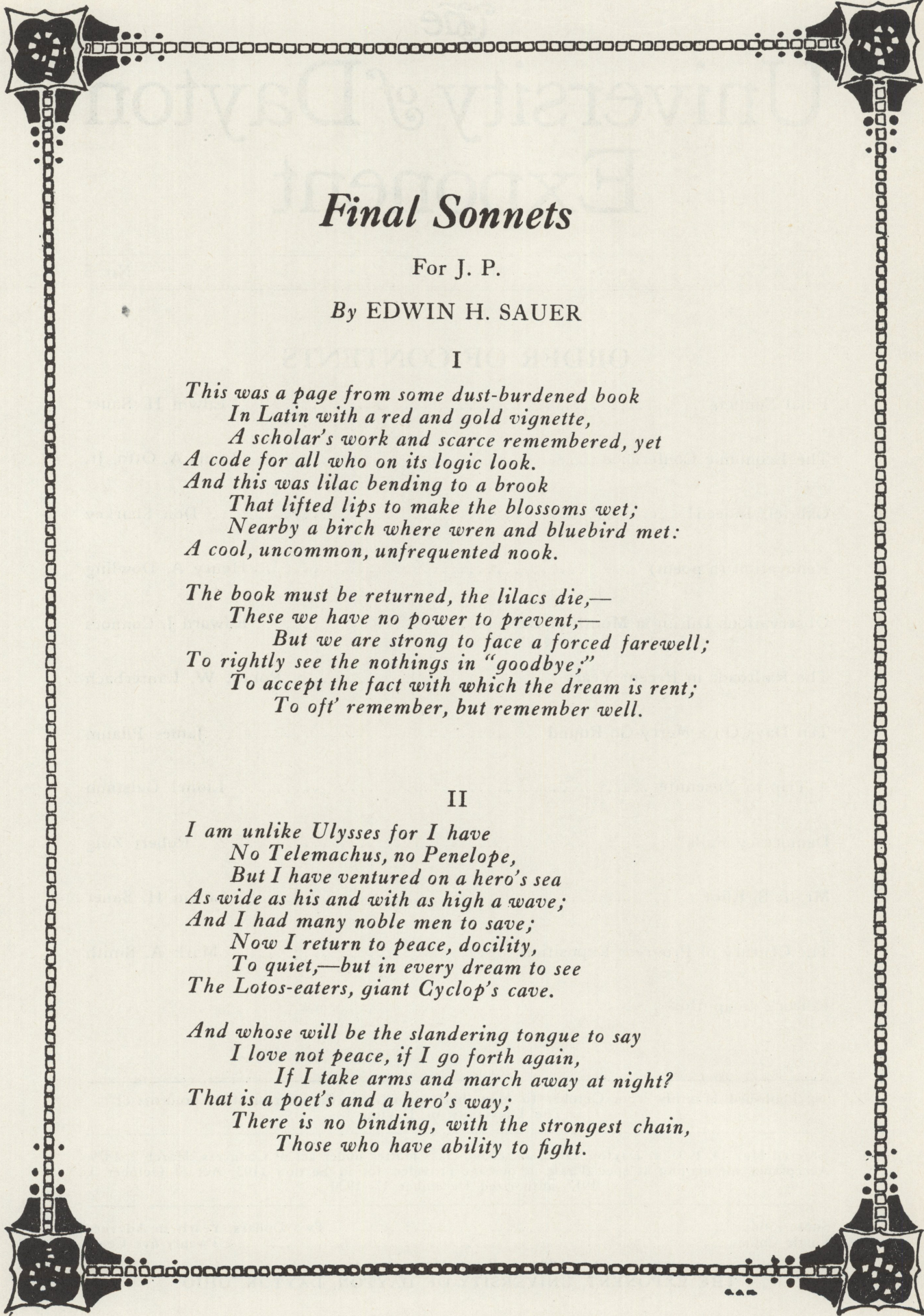
Published Monthly from October to May, both inclusive, in the interest of the students of
The University of Dayton

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



Final Sonnets

For J. P.

By EDWIN H. SAUER

I

*This was a page from some dust-burdened book
In Latin with a red and gold vignette,
A scholar's work and scarce remembered, yet
A code for all who on its logic look.
And this was lilac bending to a brook
That lifted lips to make the blossoms wet;
Nearby a birch where wren and bluebird met:
A cool, uncommon, unfrequented nook.*

*The book must be returned, the lilacs die,—
These we have no power to prevent,—
But we are strong to face a forced farewell;
To rightly see the nothings in "goodbye;"
To accept the fact with which the dream is rent;
To oft' remember, but remember well.*

II

*I am unlike Ulysses for I have
No Telemachus, no Penelope,
But I have ventured on a hero's sea
As wide as his and with as high a wave;
And I had many noble men to save;
Now I return to peace, docility,
To quiet,—but in every dream to see
The Lotos-eaters, giant Cyclop's cave.*

*And whose will be the slandering tongue to say
I love not peace, if I go forth again,
If I take arms and march away at night?
That is a poet's and a hero's way;
There is no binding, with the strongest chain,
Those who have ability to fight.*

The University of Dayton Exponent

Vol. XXX

MAY, 1933

No. 5

The Economic Conference

By LOUIS A. OTTO, JR.

ON June 12 there will assemble in London representatives of practically all the nations of the world. There they will hold a conference over the economic ills that at present beset the world, especially those ills that have an international aspect. Then they intend to prescribe and administer a remedy for these ills.

If the delegates to the World Monetary and Economic Conference achieve this goal, surely this forthcoming assembly of nations will be the most important in our era and will mark a gigantic stride in international cooperation. Whether they actually will achieve this goal, is another question.

THE PRELIMINARIES

This new World-conference was called last year after the settlement of the irksome German reparations question at Lausanne. The delegates and their respective home governments began to realize that for restoration of normal international trade something more than the settlement of the reparations question was necessary. At that time world trade had fallen more than 50 per cent, and it was clearly evident that there were many factors that had brought about this decline. Therefore the nations of the world decided to have recourse to another conference in an attempt to solve these problems. The League of Nations made itself of considerable use in arranging the details of the meeting, and even went so far as to call preliminary consultations of experts to prepare a program and pave the way for the later assembly of the statesmen.

The experts held two meetings: one last fall, and the second in January, at which all of the important nations and many more were represented. The experts of course were not acting officially. They discussed the problems from an academic viewpoint, irrespective of pet nationalistic policies and prejudices, thereby enhancing the value of the report that was issued later.

In this report the experts first draw a picture of the economic conditions of the world today. It is not necessary to repeat here what these conditions are; even the average observer and reader has a fair knowledge of the low levels of production, consumption, and trade, with the consequent decline in values and the widespread unemployment.

Secondly, the experts point out what must be done to remedy the situation. Stated briefly, they advocate the following measures: Stabilization of the national monetary systems; removal of irrational restrictions on international trade, particularly high tariffs; settlement of war debts; restoration of prices above the cost of production; co-ordination of industries to insure balance between production and consumption.

In offering this extensive program to their home governments, the experts have included some sound advice. In the case of the United States and President Roosevelt at least, this added counsel has not been given in vain. They say: "...the success of the conference will depend in great measure upon the vigor with which the participating governments enter upon preliminary negotiations...The prospects of substantial, all-round success...will be

greatly enhanced if, in the intervening months, preliminary negotiations have cleared the way for reciprocal concessions."

Thus during the past few weeks the world has witnessed a stream of distinguished visitors at the White House to discuss the subject matter of the conference and, if possible, to arrive at a preliminary understanding. Exactly what has been said at these meetings has of course been kept secret. All that has been given out from time to time is a joint communique signed by the President and each of his visitors in turn to the effect that they have reached complete agreement, "in principle."

THE PROBLEMS

At the head of their program to restore international trade, the experts have placed the question of stabilization of national currencies. In effect this means that each nation should put its currency on a firm basis, so that it will be readily accepted in world trade and will not fluctuate, without rhyme or reason, and often merely because of the manipulations of speculators.

For many years most national currencies were stabilized on the gold standard. But about two years ago Great Britain and then one country after another abandoned gold, either because each country in question did not have sufficient gold to back its financial system, or for the more ulterior motive of undercutting competitors in foreign trade.

The latter scheme works as follows: When a country leaves the gold standard, that is, refuses to redeem its paper money in gold, these bills lose value in the international market. Thus when Great Britain abandoned the gold standard, the pound dropped from \$4.87 to about \$3.50 in the American market. The price of British goods became cheaper in American money. Consequently, to countries that retained the gold standard, Great Britain enjoyed a considerable sale of goods, taking away markets from home industries or other exporting countries that still adhered to gold.

To prevent withdrawals of gold from the United States under these continued conditions, last month President Roosevelt signed the order that took the dollar off the gold standard. This not only saved the United States supply of the precious metal, but gave the President a trump card at the economic conference. Other nations are no longer in a position to demand excessive concessions as their price for returning to a stabilized currency.

Meanwhile, of course, world trade is very uncertain. Exporters and importers do not know from one day to the next what prices they will receive or have to pay for their goods. Under such circumstances none care to enter into long term con-

tracts, which are the essence of a flourishing foreign trade.

Opinions differ as to the most desirable method of solving the currency problem. One favors the return to the gold standard at a lower level, in other terms, the reduction of the gold content of the dollar, the pound, and other monetary units. In this manner the evils of the constant fluctuation would be ended, while the amount of gold in the world would be made to do more work. This, it is said, would serve as a boost to world trade, and also would help domestic conditions through the easier liquidation of frozen assets in general.

Another plan favors a sort of bimetallic standard. The former gold nations would accept a certain proportion of silver each year in international payments and use it as partial backing of their paper money. The proponents of this plan assert that it would greatly increase the purchasing power of silver-producing regions such as China, India, Mexico, and our own western states, thereby increasing the volume of foreign trade.

After stabilized currencies, the experts point out a general revision of the tariff policy of the nations of the world as the next step in rebuilding international commerce. What this policy has been since the World War can be simply stated: Each nation has wanted to sell abroad as much goods as possible, and to buy as little as possible. Each nation has endeavored to do this by one or several of the following methods: high tariffs, quota restrictions, embargoes, and foreign exchange restrictions.

One tariff expert has summed up the method and results of this economic war as follows: "Each country acting independently rushed the development of its productive equipment, without planning, without giving thought to its ability to produce effectively, and without consideration of the world's consuming power. Produce all, export much, buy nothing—was the slogan. There followed naturally the demoralization of trade."

It is self-evident that in the sum total of world trade, the total imports must equal the total exports. It is impossible for all nations to export more as a whole than they import as a whole. Thus the policy of economic nationalism had to fail. General restriction of imports in the end means inevitably decline of foreign trade.

The arguments of high American tariff advocates can easily be refuted. First, if we want to sell, we must buy. Secondly, when world currencies are stabilized, the bug-bear of cheap competition by virtue of depreciated monetary systems will be dispelled. Thirdly, the old stock argument of "the high American standard of living" and high American wages can scarcely hold water now, when

there are sixteen millions unemployed and when most of those who do have work receive starvation wages.

Only too often has it been demonstrated that a high tariff does not mean higher wages for American labor, but only greater profits for manufacturers and inefficient production methods in industry. Many instances can be cited, but one will suffice here. American cotton mill workers have approximately the same wage scale as those of England. A high tariff keeps out the British goods and enables the American manufacturers to retain obsolete methods and machinery, and make a handsome return. In the end the consumers pay the difference in behalf of special privilege.

It is safe to say that whatever the nations decide on tariffs and other trade restrictions, they will not adopt absolute free trade. It is hoped, however, that they will go further than the conservative suggestion that all agree to a single universal ten per cent cut, which would only mean the preservation of the present system on a slightly reduced scale. President Roosevelt has often expressed his belief in separate trade agreements between individually interested nations. The British Empire united in such a tariff agreement at Ottawa last year, while at the present time Great Britain is negotiating advantageous trade treaties with several European nations and even Argentina in South America. It would seem that the British are off to a head start, if the Roosevelt plan wins favor generally.

In regard to war debts, there is no doubt that if the foreign nations were relieved of paying the United States, there would be an increase in foreign trade. On the other hand the burden of paying would be placed on United States taxpayers. Would the increased trade of the United States offset this burden? Recent indications are that Roosevelt wants to settle war debts by a lump sum payment which is intended to strike a compromise. One of the results of the White House conversations was the decision that the war debts are not to be discussed at all at the London conference. Instead the United States and each individual debtor nation will talk the matter over privately.

The last two of the problems outlined by the experts need not be treated extensively here. An adequate price level and balance between production and consumption are factors more national than international in scope, though their importance in world trade should not be minimized. A low price level is often the result of over-production in a nation. It then tries to export these surpluses to another nation at a low price, thereby disrupting the industries in the second nation. This, of course, merely constitutes the interna-

tional aspect of the question. In the United States steps have been taken to remedy the situation through several progressive measures such as the farm bill and the more recent Roosevelt plan calling for cooperation within each of the leading industries of the country.

THE OUTCOME?

The preceding interpretation of the problems that are expected to be solved at London this summer may in some degree convey an idea of the importance of the task. But what is not brought out is the great number of difficulties that lie in the way of solution, and which may wreck the conference.

President Roosevelt is prepared to offer Europe stabilization of the dollar, a reduction in tariffs, and readjustment of war debts, in return for like measures in regard to currency and tariffs, and drastic cuts in armament expenditures on the part of European nations.

This would mean an about face for the present policies of every European nation. Economically, it means an end to the old theory of national isolation. Politically, it means that France and her allies must yield their military supremacy on the continent by accepting real disarmament. It also means that Germany will be asked to refrain from re-arming, despite the fact that there will be no readjustment of the Treaty of Versailles such as Germany has long demanded.

The nations are asked to forget these and other differences, and start anew. It is difficult to imagine such a procedure; but it must be done to gain the primary ends of the conference.

Perhaps most observers are overly pessimistic through judging the results of earlier international conferences, most of which have availed nothing. The most famous of these have been the naval disarmament conferences which always seemed to end with the United States being obliged to build several new ships to reach a parity with other powers.

Unless something totally unforeseen should happen, however, two things may reasonably be expected from the conference: First, stabilization of the leading monetary systems, headed by those of the United States and Great Britain; secondly, a lessening of trade restrictions in the form of high tariffs, embargoes and quotas, though probably not to the extent desired.

President Roosevelt in his recent radio address said that the conference must succeed, and Americans know that if it were up to him alone, the conference would succeed. But it will be no simple task to get half a hundred nations to agree to specific facts, despite all the recent announcements of "Agreements in principle" that were given out after the White House conversations.

Gabriel Indeed!

By DON SHARKEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sharkey lays aside the jester's cloak and becomes politic. This should stir up considerable comment.*

THE more one studies the matter the more inevitably is he led to the conclusion that we Americans must be God's chosen people. There is no other way of explaining the amazing good luck which has attended us from the very beginning of our career as an independent nation. Certainly we have done little enough to deserve it.

Today we think that we, as a nation, are in a pretty bad way, but when we compare conditions in this country with those in any other country of the world we must conclude that we are living in a veritable Utopia. Thus far there has been no record of anyone actually starving to death. There are still thousands of automobiles on our highways. We are still allowed to think, read, and write what we please. We still have a voice in the choosing of the men who are to guide the destinies of the nation. These are but a few of our many blessings, all of which we take for granted; but when we see the lack of them in other countries and when we see how little we deserve them, we should consider ourselves extremely fortunate and should get down on our knees to thank God for being so kind to us.

When we consider the types of people who first settled on these shores we see that in the beginning this country looked unpromising enough. In New England there were the long-faced, psalm-singing Puritans who thought it a sin to so much as smile, who thought that anyone who did not live strictly according to the stern tenets of Puritanism was bound certainly and irretrievably for the lowest depths of Hell, who considered it a sacred duty to drown "witches" and shoot off all the Indians who dared even suggest that perhaps they should be paid for their land. There was no question of any kind of toleration here, and, in fact, Rhode Island and Maryland were the only colonies to grant any degree of religious toleration.

Other colonies, notably Georgia, were settled by rogues and scoundrels turned out of England's jails. Georgia has gloriously vindicated herself in the eyes of the world, however. A year or two ago she refused to allow Muzzey's "History of the

American People" to be used as a textbook in her public schools because it stated that Georgia was settled by criminals. Muzzey obligingly removed the objectionable phrase, and the book has been reinstated. Good old Georgia! She has lived up to the best traditions of Hohenzollern Germany.

I am somewhat at a loss to explain the American Revolution. It is said that the Americans were fighting "taxation without representation," but I cannot picture them going to war against established authority just for a principle. Certainly, modern Americans who are among the most docile and submissive of all peoples would not do it, and I cannot believe that we have changed so much in a hundred and fifty years. Perhaps the truth is that the revolutionists comprised only a small portion of the total population. It is known that fully a third of the people were Tories, or British sympathizers, and probably a large section of the remainder were only lukewarm in their support of the war. It is a fact that the colonies could have raised an army ten times as large as the force that Washington had at any time during the war. At any rate we know that a handful of colonists with no military training, little money, and very little ammunition went to war with the greatest military and naval power in the world—and won. This can be described as nothing short of a miracle, and is proof that God was with us from the very beginning.

Everyone is familiar with the story of the events immediately following the war; how the colonies quarreled and bickered among themselves, how they erected tariff barriers against each other, how it looked as though there were going to be many independent little states here, how there finally emerged the constitution which satisfied no one and which was not expected to last more than a few years. And we have been governed, more or less, according to that constitution ever since.

How little we deserve that freedom and democracy which is ours! We have failed to extend it to others, we have abused it ourselves, and we have stood meekly by while our rights have been flagrantly violated.

"Give me liberty or give me death!" we shouted in 1776 as we rushed into the fray. We emerged

victorious and set up one of the most advanced forms of government to be found anywhere on the face of the earth—and yet we clung tenaciously to that most barbaric of institutions, slavery. For almost a hundred years after that we continued to buy and sell human beings just as if they were cattle. When the Civil War was fought it was not over the issue of slavery. The freeing of the slaves was only an incident, and by that time the northern states had introduced the sweat shop which was even worse than slavery.

Today it is a question as to whether the Negroes are any better off than they were in the old slave days. Then they were usually assured of good homes and sufficient food at least, and that is more than can be said now. In several of the southern states Negroes are not allowed to attend state colleges, schools which are supported partly by their taxes, if they are fortunate enough to have anything to tax. Of course they are not allowed to vote. And we went to war because "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Today we have the effrontery to condemn Hitler's treatment of the Jews with our own Scottsboro case staring us in the face.

Thomas Jefferson said that a country should have a revolution every twenty years, but instead we have been patient and long-suffering and have stood for almost anything at the hands of our leaders. True there was the Whisky Rebellion, and the New England states threatened to secede from the Union because of the War of 1812, and today we have the Iowa farm strike, but such instances have been few and they have not amounted to much. The Civil War was our only formidable revolt against established authority. Jefferson would be greatly disappointed in his fellow countrymen if he were to return today.

But do not think I am advocating or even excusing armed revolt as did the author of the Declaration of Independence. I am merely deploring the fact that we do not even protest when our leaders embark on a selfish or hazardous course. We allowed Aldrich, Penrose, and the Old Guard to rule the country in the interest of Big Business. We allowed ourselves to be talked into the World War, and we meekly submitted to the draft. We, the great liberty-loving people, allowed prohibition to be foisted upon us. We observed the oil scandals of the Harding administration and did not even punish the party in power. We beheld the racketeers and gangsters becoming more and more powerful. We allowed self-seeking lobbies to dictate to Congress. We saw great raids upon our public treasury. We saw our taxes soar to new and unexpected heights. And all the time we did nothing.

Perhaps it was in a deeply religious spirit that we stood for all this, saying to ourselves the whole time, "Blessed be the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

Some persons profess to see signs that the American people are at last awakening to their responsibilities as voters and as citizens, and point to last November's election as proof. This theory will not stand up under close scrutiny. It is true that because our pocketbooks had been affected we desired a change, and that is something in itself, but we did no thinking. We merely turned out the party that was in power and put in the one that was out.

President Roosevelt, who is proving himself to be a true statesman, one who will go down in history as a great leader, conducted himself throughout the campaign simply as a clever politician. The tactics he pursued in securing the nomination were questionable to say the least. During the campaign he refused to commit himself on any important issue. He tried to please everybody and succeeded to a great extent. If he had not been so clever at subterfuge he might never have been elected. Once more the American people were fooled, but this time it was for their own good.

Not long before the last election there was an attempt to pass the sales tax, one of the most obnoxious of all taxes, and for a time it looked as though the attempt were going to prove successful. And then we, the people, found a champion in the person of Representative LaGuardia of New York. Heroically he fought the sales tax and delayed the vote until he had rallied enough Congressmen about his standard to insure the defeat of the bill. In the following election LaGuardia was defeated simply because he was a Republican. No, I am afraid we did not overtax our brains last November.

After the election there was talk once more of a sales tax, but President-elect Roosevelt killed it that time. Thus far the fact that we have escaped the sales tax has not been due to any protest on our part. We have just been lucky, that's all. At this writing Governor White has proposed a sales tax for Ohio, and the indications are that it has a fair chance of being passed by the Legislature. Well, our luck can't last forever.

Recently there has been talk of establishing a dictatorship in this country. Such talk has brought about no appreciable amount of protest. The photoplay, "Gabriel Over the White House" represented a president who made himself dictator, even going so far as to put the country under martial law and doing away with trial by jury. We could see nothing wrong with this. That's the trouble with us. We don't care what happens. We have

an election and less than fifty per cent of the eligible voters participate. Then the men who are elected are left to do as they please. And then if someone wants to make himself dictator and do away with elections altogether, that's all right too. Anything is all right.

The amazing feature of the whole thing is that we have come out as well as we have thus far. Our taxes have not become absolutely unbearable as they have in most other countries. The gangsters have not yet taken over the government. We

are not taken out and shot when we criticize the power-that-be. The depression has not hit us as hard as it has other countries. The expression, "England muddles through" is even more applicable to the United States.

Yes, we must be God's chosen people. There is an old saying that God takes care of drunkards and fools, and we must come under the latter category. There is no other way of explaining our good fortune. We should always keep as our slogan, "In God we trust."

Renovation

A FRAGMENT

By HENRY A. DOWLING

*I swept the dingy corners of my soul,
And brushed a thousand cobwebs from its walls;
Trapped many rats; drove owls from where they hid;
I scrubbed, I painted, polished, rearranged,
And viewed the transformation. Then I saw
The dust of sorrow everywhere, untouched
By brush or broom. I grasped an oily cloth,
Determined dust should not remain, but when
I gazed more slowly saw in cool surprise
It was a yellow, sparkling dust of gold.*

Observations During a Month of Beer

By EDWARD J. CONNORS

FOR many years men and women had waited patiently to use that lovely phrase "Draw one," and to be given in return something better than near or root beer. On April 7, 1933, their chance came, and believe you me they were not slow to make use of it. Every restaurant that had the word "Beer" printed on its window was so crowded, that the "lifters" hardly had elbow room. Customers waited for hours to get a seat, so they could once more get that legal glow. The moth balls had to be cleaned out of the cash registers, and once more the "Dayton Chimes" were heard throughout the land. The restaurant owners, who for several years had been wearing the look that keeps the undertaker smiling, suddenly burst forth in a fit of joy, for they felt sure that "Hoover Corner" had at last been reached. It has been reported, though this writer doubts it, that one restaurant owner, due to the large amount of business went completely out of his head and shouted, "Have one on the house."

Many people who have heard of the depression that we are, (or is it were) in, wondered where their brethren got the money to spend on beer. On first thought this does seem to be a perplexing problem, but it can easily be answered if one will but take the trouble to ask a dairyman how his business is. It seems that milk and coffee are doomed to pass on as the national drinks. The poor soda clerk, who has spent many long hours learning how to make a malted milk, will now have to devote his time to finding out how to "Draw one."

Though there is no denying tht beer really has helped many kinds of business, this wild scramble for beer, that took place in those early days could not be expected to keep up. After men once more had their tonsils wet, most of them were content to sit back and wait until the price of beer came down to the level of their pocketbooks. (I am still waiting for that happy time.)

One of the hotels here in Dayton, during the first two days of the Beer era, reported that its business was so good that it finally came up to the standard that the Washington politicians had been claiming for two years. During these two days this hotel sold nearly five hundred dollars' worth of beer, be-

sides selling two hundred dollars' worth of sandwiches that would not have been sold otherwise. Is it any wonder, then, my friends, that a man does not have to speak in a hushed voice when mentioning the name of Roosevelt?

During the first days of (legal) beer drinking I noticed several rough edges, but it did not, however, take the people long to wear these off. Both of these were results of habits that people had formed. The first thing that struck me as odd was the way the people would cautiously survey their surroundings, and then in a half whisper order their beer. This, I am told, is a habit that was picked up from ordering milk shakes, though, for the life of me, I cannot figure how the people got into a habit like this. Another habit picked up during those camel (camel means dry; this is not an add for a cigarette) days, that stood out like a sore thumb, was that of leaving a fraction of an inch of beer in the bottle, so as not to pour out any of the sediment that collected in the bottom. This habit did not last long, the price of beer being one of the best habit breakers I have ever seen.

Many people wonder how the beer bill was ever passed by Congress. There were three reasons for this. The first and most important reason was the increase of taxes that the federal government could collect. Congress after being broke for several years, decided that it was no fun to have the power to spend money, when there wasn't any money to spend, so they went about to see if they could collect some finances. The leaders claimed that a big tax could be collected if beer were legal, so Congress made beer legal, and in the first week Congress had over a million dollars. Now everybody knows that a million dollars is nothing for Congress to spend, but it will keep them in practice until they can get some real money to play with.

The second reason why the people were given beer was to put a lot of men back to work. Brewers, farmers, glassmakers, pretzel makers and bottle cap makers all were given jobs. Now Congress knew when they passed the beer bill that all of these men would benefit, and Congress not being real dumb (at least for the sake of this argument we will say that they aren't) figured that the more

men that were working the larger the tax that could be collected, and the more taxes collected the more they could spend. Thus we see that the second reason differed widely from the first.

Reason number three for the passage of the beer bill, was that the people wanted beer. This reason caused a lot of debate in Congress. Should they spoil the people by giving them what they wanted or should they lose their jobs the next time they came up for election? It can easily be seen that such a debate would last a long time (every bit of half a second) but it was finally brought to a close by deciding that the people should have their

beer. The leaders in Congress pleaded against this move, claiming that if they gave the people what they wanted once they would expect their own way all the time. This argument was overcome, however, when it was shown that beer would please the people. And when the people are pleased it is much easier to get them to pay their taxes, and since Congress had not had any money for some time, it finally decided to bend to the will of the people. Thus the people got their beer and Congress is getting some money and everybody's happy, except the Congressmen, who are being kept so busy by President Roosevelt that they do not have time to spend the money they have received.

The Railroads in Recent Years

By R. W. LAUTERBACH

WHEN President Roosevelt recently asked Congress for authority to appoint a federal railroad coordinator, he focused the attention of the country on a situation which has long needed remedying. Ever since the World War, the plight of the railroads has been growing worse. Faced by mounting taxes, restrictive legislation, unregulated competition, and debt burdens it has become more and more certain that something drastic was needed to help the railroads; yet preceding administrations contented themselves with half-hearted measures which did little but ease the pressure temporarily. The following is intended to outline, in a brief manner, the more important developments in the field of railway regulation in recent years.

It may be said that the history of the steam railways has completed a cycle, beginning with the founding of the roads, proceeding through their phenomenal development and growth, and ending with their decline. As to whether this decline is permanent or merely the beginning of a new cycle is hard to say. From the building of the first railroad in 1826, federal, state, and municipal governments adopted a policy of encouraging the railroads; grants of favorable legislation, even loans being given them. All this favoritism was good enough during the infancy of the industry, but the railroads did not remain infants long. Soon they were young giants, dictators of the industrial and financial world.

Then, abuses crept in. Rate wars between roads serving the same territory, discrimination between persons, localities and commodities, disgraceful manipulations by unscrupulous financiers, all served to change public opinion, until, from a high place in public esteem, the roads fell to the lowest possible level.

Naturally, a reaction set in. A clamor was raised for regulation of the railroads, and in response, the various states created railroad commissions designed to restrict the activities of the railways. But as the various states exercised control only over the traffic originating and terminating within the state, the federal government had to step in to regulate inter-state commerce by means of the Act to Regulate Commerce of 1887.

From 1887 onward, until 1914, the government

increased its regulatory powers and developed machinery to enforce its regulatory legislation. There were, however, many shortcomings in the regulatory system. While some regulations were proving unduly burdensome and complicated, certain important public phases of the railroad situation were left entirely alone. Because of governmental restrictions regarding rates and consolidations, the railroads were forced to keep up unnecessary competition and avoid unification and coordination.

When the United States entered the World War in 1917, it was soon seen that, because of the disorganized condition of the railways that we would be unable to handle the emergency efficiently. So on December 26, 1917, President Wilson took control of the roads for the government for the duration of the war. The government soon found that it could not run the railroads on the rates which it had allowed the owners, and in spite of a 25% increase in rates, it piled up a deficit amounting to \$1,500,000 a day, a total of \$1,096,000,000.

As soon as the war ended, the government hastened to get rid of such an expensive burden, and through the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920, restored the roads to their original owners. Under the provisions of this act, which was one of the first to add force to the movement to nationalize the railroads, the government loaned them \$300,000,000 for use during the period of adjustment. The I. C. C. set a figure, 5¾%, which they considered a fair return for the railroads. Under this act, the railroads were to divide any profit over 6% with the government, which excess profit was put into a fund for loans to other roads. It is significant that the earnings of the Class I roads have never reached 5% during the past twelve years, since the passage of the Esch-Cummins Act, and have fallen below 4% six times.

The labor provisions of the act were unsatisfactory, and so the Railway Labor Act of 1926 was passed to take care of the relations of the railroads with their 1,750,000 employees.

Up to this time, it had always been a policy of the government to maintain competition and thus prevent monopoly with all its attendant evils. The decrease in the unused capacity of the roads having removed the incentive to cut rates, there is less to be gained from competition; in consequence, the fear of a railroad monopoly had vanished.

Also, the advantages of unified control are beginning to be understood. This change in the government's attitude is clearly reflected in the sections of the Esch-Cummins Act and the Watson-Parker Act dealing with consolidations.

Having at last come to understand that it is economically undesirable to insist on maintenance of competition, the I. C. C. in 1921 adopted Professor W. Z. Ripley's consolidation plan which was designed to preserve competitive conditions in service rather than in rates. This plan, which called for a grouping of the various roads into seven great systems, was put into effect in 1929. It failed because of two reasons: First, the I. C. C. had no power to force consolidation, and secondly, the roads were more interested in mergers profitable to themselves than in comprehensive plans embracing the railroads of the entire country.

During the later days of the Hoover administration Washington recognized the desperate plight of the railroads, but with indecision typical of him, President Hoover hesitated to take any effective steps, and contented himself with a half-way measure, the establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation early in 1932. During 1932, the R. F. C. authorized loans totaling \$337,000,000 to sixty-two railroads, thus saving some default and receivership. Also, on their own initiative, the railways organized the Railroad Credit Corporation. Under this plan, they used revenues provided by certain specified rate increases to establish a fund to be loaned to individual roads. The Corporation loaned about \$55,000,000 to participating carriers during 1932.

But as the roads forgot their selfish interests in the realization of their situation, they applied once more for a reconsideration of the consolidation plan of 1929 which had proved ineffectual. This plan called for establishment of seven great systems in

the East, two in New England and five in the rest of the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Each system was to be composed of one or more large roads and such smaller roads as might serve the same or adjacent territory. The Delaware and Hudson was to form the backbone of the first New England system, and the Lehigh and Hudson River the second outside of New England, the plan provided for five systems, namely, No. 3, New York Central; No. 4, Pennsylvania; No. 5, Baltimore and Ohio; No. 6, Chesapeake and Ohio-Nickel Plate, and No. 7, Wabash-Seaboard Air Line.

After consideration by the National Transportation Committee, composed of Calvin Coolidge, Alfred E. Smith, Bernard Baruch, Clark Howell and Alexander Legge, it was decided to abolish the last-named system, as the Wabash-Seaboard had gone into the hands of receivers; and to reallocate its roads among systems Nos. 3 and 6.

This plan has found favor with the railroads, though the powerful Brotherhoods were opposed to some sections of it which would decrease the number of employees. However, it is fairly certain that the adoption of this plan, under the direction of a coordinator who will have power to dictate to the roads, will be the measure selected by President Roosevelt to rehabilitate the carriers. The coordinator will be empowered to squeeze some of the water out of railway securities and with the cooperation of the Brotherhoods, employees will gradually be shifted into other fields until the excess employees are disposed of. It is a problem which, though not as immediate as the bank situation in March, is equally serious, and which requires equally decisive action. What the ultimate outcome will be is hard to say, though the final result will probably be, whether they like it or not, nationalization of the railroads.

Ten Days on a Merry-go-'Round

By JAMES PFLAUM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The trend of the times is epitomized herein. That is, if you can find it.*

ONCE there were two Irishmen named, strange to say, Pat and Mike. There was also a Scotchman named MacGregor, a German named Von Mecklenburgheligoland, a Chinaman named Fan Tan, an American Indian of the Kaskaskian tribe named Flat Foot, and a Frenchman named Charli Vous.

Pat says to Mike—Pat and Mike were the Irishmen: "Wie heisst das Maedchen, das ich Gestern Abend mit dir sah?"

And Mike says: "Ce n'était pas une dame; c'était ma femme."

Then the Scotchman named MacGregor, the German named Von Mecklenburgheligoland, the Chinaman named Fan Tan, the American Indian of the Kaskaskian tribe named Flat Foot, and the Frenchman named Charli Vous, together with a number of other men who had joined the crowd later, namely, a Spaniard named Barcelona, a Latvian named Riga, and a Somalilander named Bashibazouk—all of these men laughed themselves silly and then went to their respective homes, to-wit: the German to Germany, the Scotchman to Scotland, and so on.

This anecdote aptly illustrates the trend of these times, now that progressive legislation is being put through in Washington. Most political commentators—Walter Lippman, William Allen White, Henri Yelle, Hugh Wall, Kate Smith, to name a few—agree that America is once more coming to the fore as a world leader in political, economic and social life. In the words of a contemporary poet whose name is a byword in every home in the land, and who, for perspicuity, sagacity and even perspicuity is a veritable mental prestidigitator—I don't recall his name at the moment,—but in his words, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The observing man cannot fail to realize the truth of this statement if he but look about him and observe the trend of the times. It is good for one to look about occasionally and observe the trend of the times. It gives one perspective, and everyone agrees that perspective is very beneficial. Arthur Brisbane in his famous syndicated column once said, "Perspective is very beneficial." Dr.

George Gorry of the London Clinic said almost the same thing recently except that he said "prune juice" instead of "perspective." Finally, G. K. Chesterton, the famous author and master of the paradox, is reported to have said, "Perspective is very beneficial and yet it is not very beneficial."

But as Ruskin, Chateaubriand, and Vachel Lindsay would say, we digress somewhat. Referring to the topical outline for this article I see that following Roman Numeral One, Subscript A, "Perspective very beneficial," the next point to be taken up is that under subscript B, namely, "The Gold Standard—an indication of the trend of the times." As this point has been ably discussed before in the Exponent there is really no need to go into the subject again. (In fact, I wonder how this point ever got into the topical outline in the first place.) Suffice to say that for a nation to go off the gold standard now and then is, like perspective and prune juice, very beneficial.

At this point I was forced to consult People Who Know for further information on the subject of trends of our times. I have been engrossed lately in a number of projects that have kept me pretty busy, such as doing a little lobbying in Geneva for the World Peace and Disarmament Bloc (Krupp, Schneider and DuPont), conserving a few banks, writing the great American novel, and visiting my old childhood sweetheart, Anna, who recently moved from Upper Silesia to the Gran Chaco. As might well be imagined, I have had precious little time for personally observing what is going on in the world. So I went to the People Who Know.

The first authority I consulted was Melvin Cowden an excellent student of political economy. Melvin pointed to the good work being done towards farm relief. He suggested that the student body of the University turn out in a body this summer to relieve some local farmer. "City folks in the past," said Melvin, "haven't been aggressive enough. To be sure, they have relieved the farmer of a lot—young trees, plants, and occasionally a cow or two—but with concerted action and good leadership we could make this farm relief something big. We of the debating fraternity," concluded Melvin with a far-away look in his eyes, "could make good use of a threshing machine or two."

Next I consulted Edwin Sauer, the poet-critic-painter-journalist. His first words to me were, "Ah, my man, 'tis a beauteous day indeed that doth throw me such a handful of stars. But what means this lean and hungry look? Speak, man, speak!" So I spoke and when I had finished Edwin pondered my words a moment, dashed off a sonnet, and then contributed point number three of this article, to-wit: inflation.

Edwin believes that inflation, next to "murmuring," "yawping," "burping," and "cellar-door" is the most beautiful word in the English language. "It is a word of two metrical feet," he said, "one being an iambus and the other the front section of a trochee. As much it is admirably suited to a ballad, a villanelle, a roundeau and possibly a lyric of repressed emotion. It is also a word easily rimed. I agree with Conhouser when he says "that inflation is its own excuse for being."

"And I agree with Sauer when he says he agrees with Cornhouser," sang out a voice quite unexpectedly. Edwin opened the door of his room and there was Charles Westbrook standing in the hall.

"You can't deny I'm here," said Charley, who greatly admired Baron Munchausen.

"And now that you're here, Charley," I put in, "just what are your views on inflation?" In the ensuing interview it developed that Westbrook advocated world-wide inflation. He favored inflation of: the grades on the six weeks' report card, attendance at assembly and the Literary Club meetings, 3.2, and the minute steaks one gets in the restaurants nowadays,—to name some of the most important items. When asked whether he favored controlled inflation as applying to minute steaks, he answered emphatically, "No, indeed. *Controlled* inflation is unnecessary, nay, even undesirable, con-

sidering the size of some of the minute steaks I have eaten. But if we *must* compromise I should say that a quarter of an hour inflation of a sixty-second steak would be a happy medium."

Opposing inflation as heartily as Sauer and Westbrook had boosted it, was Mr. Louis Otto, the Iron Magnate from Tycoon City. "What this country needs, in the words of the immortal Charles Denby, is a good five-cent deflation,—uncontrolled deflation with the sky the limit, if I may pause in passing to mix a metaphor. And I'd begin with Bernard Shaw." (Note: Shaw is reported to be slowly deflating ever since the Metropolitan Opera House incident.)

The hardy philosophy of the day may be deduced from the words of these leaders in political, social and economic life. What the future has in store for America and the world in general no one can safely say, though to all purposes and intents we are gradually regaining what we lost four years ago. What we need now is confidence—confidence in ourselves and, above all, in the Democratic party.

It may be good to mention in conclusion that I had hoped to interview Mr. Don Sharkey, the humorist, but unfortunately that gentleman was out of the city. However, I did receive a collect telegram from him. I have secured Mr. Sharkey's permission to reproduce it here. It reads:

"HAVING A FINE TIME COMMA WISH YOU WERE HERE STOP X MARKS HOTEL ROOM I WAS THROWN OUT OF YESTERDAY STOP PARAGRAPH SEMICOLON AM WITH YOU FOUR PERCENTUM BY VOLUME ON QUESTION NEW DEAL DON'T STOP NOW STOP AM WITH STOCK COMPANY IN WALLA WALLA PLAYING PART OF COUNT DRACULA IN PLAY SAME NAME STOP FIGHT FOR MINIMUM WAGE LAW STOP SEND FIFTY BUCKS COMMA NO WOODIN NICKLES."

DON SRARKEY.

A Trip to Yosemite

By LIONEL S. GALSTAUN

WE had been driving steadily for several hours. Leaving San Francisco early in the morning, we had reached Merced, the Gateway to Yosemite, at about ten o'clock. We are not likely to forget Merced in a hurry. The heat, to put it mildly, was terrific. Accustomed as we were to the cool, invigorating San Francisco climate, the transition from a temperature averaging 70 degrees to one of nearly 100 in the space of a few hours, was severe. It was without regret that we left this town, but the heat seemed to follow us. Ah! we are climbing now. Slowly but surely the temperature is dropping as we rise. The scenery is beautiful in a typical Californian way. The highway follows the Merced River, a picturesque little stream, and on the cool shady road, so different from the almost desert-like inferno we have just passed, driving is again a pleasure. Vegetation is becoming more and more luxuriant, and except for a few bald patches, the results of forest fires, the highway runs through cool forests. We have just completed a long climb and are now running down hill. Well, here's some more climbing but it's the last stretch. The scenery is continually improving, this especially because of our rising position. We are now overlooking a beautiful valley. Enraptured at what we are seeing, we pause briefly at the Ranger Station, register, and are officially in Yosemite National Park. We are given little stickers which must be pasted on the windshield—a quiet way to brag that we have been to Yosemite. Three quarters of an hour later, we pass El Capitan, a tremendous rock of solid granite and enter the Yosemite Valley.

The Yosemite Valley is beautiful in a way entirely its own. The sober, purple-colored rock surrounding it on all sides, the well-nigh perpendicular cliffs, the polished surfaces of the walls, some of which actually reflect the sunlight, bespeak its glacial origin. The valley is about 3000 feet in depth, and is very plainly U-shaped, a further proof of glacial action. Beyond a doubt, Yosemite is beautiful, but in a way that is almost feminine in its delicacy as compared with the rugged impressiveness and grandeur of the Grand Canyon. Let us take in the sights individually.

EL CAPITAN

El Capitan, who guards the entrance to the valley, is a massive rock of granite, totally free from

cracks, and constitutes what is believed to be the largest single piece of granite in the world. Its surface is more or less free from sharp edges, and shows a fairly high polish in some spots. Weathering has not had very much effect on it, and, as a result, it stands out prominently. El Capitan is not particularly beautiful. I would rather call the rock impressive because of its size and almost vertical cliffs.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

Almost directly across the valley from El Capitan is the Bridal Veil Fall. It is so called because of its peculiar shape and also because of the fact that strong wind currents blowing against the mass of water occasionally divert its path and give it an almost life-like undulating motion. Bridal Veil Fall is very beautiful in its own way, which, like its name, suggests the feminine delicacy so characteristic of the whole valley.

CATHEDRAL ROCKS

We now pass Cathedral Rocks, about 2700 feet in height. They are so tall, that in spite of their considerable girth, they give the onlooker an impression of delicate sculpture. We are struck by the fact that the rocks have the same color as El Capitan. This is easily explained. Cathedral Rocks and El Capitan are the remnants of a larger block of granite which was eroded by the great Yosemite glacier. Thus it can easily be seen why the rocks should appear similar in color. Continuing on our way, for it is past lunch time, we are greeted by a gradually increasing roar. We pass by the Three Brothers, an immense mountain mass with three peaks, the tallest one being nearly 4000 feet above the valley floor. The roar is continually increasing and when we arrive finally at the Sentinel Rock, we see, across the valley, the Yosemite Falls.

YOSEMITE FALLS

The Yosemite Falls, for there are two, one above the other, are one of the two examples of the Yosemite type of water-fall in the valley. Briefly, the origin of the Yosemite type of fall can be explained as follows: A large glacier erodes faster than a smaller one. Now, the large glacier may be a main glacier and the small one a tributary. Since the tributary will erode more slowly than the main glacier, its bottom will

be higher than that of the main one. Hence, a sharp cliff is formed, and when the glacier recedes, its stream supplies the water and a water-fall results.

The Yosemite Falls constitute two falls for another reason. Originally, they were most probably one, but due to various actions of weathering, a flat block, about two-thirds of the cliff in height broke off from the brow. Thus two different cliffs were formed. Strangely enough, it is only from some positions that both falls can be distinguished, the two seeming, in most cases, to combine to form one great fall. They are easily the most impressive water-falls in the Yosemite Valley, and display themselves so grandly from the valley floor that most visitors feel it unnecessary to climb the walls to get closer views. The trail leading up to Yosemite Falls is a rather hard, but a particularly interesting one, and I am told that the views are very enticing. Tearing ourselves away from the beautiful sight, we drive on and soon we enter Camp Curry.

CAMP CURRY

Camp Curry, founded early in this century by Mr. and Mrs. Curry, consists of a great number of tents which are rented on a hotel plan. Meals are served in a cafeteria conducted by the hotel management, and as soon as we have registered, we rush to eat. The long drive and the mountain air have sharpened our appetites. We eat our fill, and, in good anaconda fashion, spend the afternoon in sleep. In the evening, we attend an entertainment given by members of the hotel staff and volunteers among the guests. Occasionally, distinguished musicians visiting the camp favor with musical selections. There is an intimate, home-like atmosphere which seems to pervade the relationships existing between the guests. What causes it, I cannot tell, but nevertheless, all comers succumb to this very special "Yosemite spirit." After the entertainment is over, we are treated to a strange sight—the Fire Fall. A fire of pine cones and small logs is made at Glacier Point, almost 3500 feet high and nearly vertically above Camp Curry. At a signal from the Camp, the fire is slowly pushed over the cliff to the accompaniment of soft music. The result is overpowering. The strange sight of the falling fire aided by the action of the music is most impressive. There is absolutely no fire hazard as the glowing embers fall about 2000 feet on to a barren cliff and here burn themselves out. But we must retire, for tomorrow morning we are going up to Glacier Point.

* * * * *

GLACIER POINT

At 6:30, just a few minutes ago, we began the

climb to Glacier Point. We will go up via the short trail which takes us up the vertical face of the cliff. We haven't decided yet how we will return. It is forbidden to descend from Glacier Point by the short trail, probably because of the considerable danger. We are told that this trail is about a mile and a half long, in which distance we rise about 3500 feet. Every once in a while, we catch glimpses of the valley, and are struck by the vastness of the view. After climbing about an hour and a half, we reach the summit. Breakfast is more than welcome at this time and we eat heartily.

At Glacier Point there is one sight not to be missed—a sight of the valley from the overhanging rock. We gingerly creep out on this rock which overhangs the precipice about six feet. The view really surpasses description. It is a sheer drop of 3500 feet to the valley floor, but from our elevated position it seems much less. Great trees look like shrubs; human beings are hardly visible and the automobiles look like so many ants. By this time we have had our fill and begin to wonder whether the overhanging rock is perfectly safe. With feelings of relief, tinged with regret we crawl off again, but fully satisfied that we have taken the risk of getting the view. The danger lies not in insecurity of position, but rather in the fact that some people are overcome with dizziness at such great heights. There are cases on record where people standing on the rock have lost their balance and fallen off to terrible death? Happily none of our party were affected.

Picking up the trail from Glacier Point, we decide to continue the hike out to Nevada and Vernal Falls. The trail takes us along the ridge of the valley and all along, we are treated to magnificent views. At noon, we stop again for lunch and then continue on our way to Nevada Falls.

NEVADA FALLS

About four o'clock we finally reach this fall. It is not as high as the Yosemite Falls, and is not quite their equal in beauty. This does not mean that the Nevada Fall is at all plain. I would not err if I were to say that there is nothing in Yosemite that is not beautiful, and this water-fall is no exception. The drop is about 600 feet, and in its fall, the water is lashed into a misty foam. A most impressive sight, but it is getting late—we must be on our way for there is yet a good distance to be covered before we will reach Camp Curry. Reluctantly we continue on the trail, only to find that after some time it seems to disappear. There is positively no evidence of a path; nothing but a confused mass of boulders through which we will have to pick our way. Here is a perfect ex-

ample of the action of weathering. During the winter, moisture which had penetrated the interstices of a rock, froze. The expansion of the freezing water cracked off a portion of the boulder, which, in falling, caused the avalanche which had obliterated all traces of the trail. Trusting that we shall eventually pick up the trail again, we make our way as best we can along the mass of fallen rocks. After some fifteen minutes of casting about, we finally come upon the trail. It is easy going after this. As the path to Nevada Falls is one of the most used ones in the park, on the steeper slopes, stone steps have been laid out, some of the narrower parts even being equipped with a hand-rail. Before the roar of Nevada Falls has completely left our ears, another sound greets us. We are nearing Vernal Falls.

VERNAL FALLS

The roar quickly becomes more pronounced. Emerging from a clump of trees, we are greeted by a strange sight. There is an open space—the brilliant sunlight dazzles us for a moment, because we have been in comparative darkness for some time. No wonder the space ahead of us is open—it is a huge brownish rock. At its end farthest away from us, a stream about thirty to forty feet in width ripples on its way. Nearing, we find that water is sparkling clear and very cold. The temptation is too much and we drink our fill. Over the edge of the rock to our left, the stream drops in a crashing water-fall. The sight is not very impressive from our present position, so we hasten down the side of the wall. Here, as farther back on the trail, steps have been inserted to facilitate walking. Before we reach the bottom of the fall, however, we are in for another surprise. Wind currents blow the spray from the water-fall in the form of a fine mist directly into the trail. We turn around and are greeted by myriads of rainbows caused by the diffraction of the sunlight shining through the mist. Beautiful does not describe this scene—and behind it the symmetrical form of Vernal Falls. It is not particularly imposing as to size, but its almost perfect symmetry baffles description. A queer sensation breaks in on our reverie—the mist of foam from the water-fall has drenched our shirts and the sensation is not very pleasant—we must keep going. In another ten or fifteen minutes we reach a little bridge which crosses over the stream coming from the falls. This bridge marks the spot where most pictures of Vernal Falls are taken. It is too bad that the Mist Trail, which is the name given to the trail we had just left, is so heavily fogged. If only it were possible to get a good photograph of the fall through the mist and rainbows—but there

are technical difficulties. For one thing, it will be impossible to keep the lens of a camera dry for any length of time, and furthermore, the light is insufficient for a snap-shot. Farther up, where the mist is less annoying, the object is so close that it fills the whole picture. But we must be on our way as it is getting dark and we have yet some three miles to go.

The path from Vernal Falls takes us along the wall of the Yosemite Valley. From the trail, about half-way down, we catch a glimpse of Illilouette Falls. Like Yosemite Falls, the Illilouette Fall is of the Yosemite type. These two are the only examples of this kind in the valley. Unlike the others, this fall is very high and also very narrow. In former years, the Fall was comparable to Nevada Falls, both in its snowy texture and in the gushing of its torrent, but of late, it has lost much of its splendor, and has dwindled considerably.

Continuing on our way along the path which now winds in and out of green woods, we come at last upon Happy Isles. At this picturesque spot, the stream flowing over numerous rocks on its bed makes a very pretty sight. The peculiar color of the water, the froth which forms in some parts, the chaotic arrangement of the rocks, all contribute to the enhancement of the scene. A small bridge spans the stream. It has been built in harmony with the settings—it is of logs, the bark of which has now been removed. To our right, slightly upstream, is the Government Fish Hatchery where millions of trout are hatched every year, and when sufficiently developed, are fed into the streams that they may provide sport for fishermen.

Now that we are down on the valley floor again, we look up and see where we have been. It seems incredibly high. The overhanging rock at Glacier Point seems to be one of no extraordinary dimensions, but we who were up there know better.

After some time, we get back to Camp Curry again; we have traveled in a huge ellipse, and have seen many sights. Completely tired out, we gladly turn in. Yes, Yosemite is beautiful, beauti— Ah!

* * * * *

We have been up for about half an hour. It is about 9:30 and we make up our minds to hike around a little to get this confounded stiffness out of our legs. Mirror Lake? Good idea—not very far and easy walking. We set out.

On the way, the imaginative ones in the party think they can see the silhouette of the head of an Indian girl on one of the walls of the valley. It requires quite a vivid imagination to identify in the maze of stains on this rock the pointed features of an Indian. It seems, however, that we are not the first to notice this, as there is a very old and ro-

mantic Indian legend connected with this image. Two long stains below the nose are supposed to represent tears; the romance, we concluded, must have been a sad one. Few other objects arrest our attention until finally we arrive at our destination. The lake is well-named. The water is so quiet that the outlines of the surrounding valley walls are perfectly reflected in the water. A spar projecting into the lake has been built—people standing on this spar may be photographed from the shore, their features being very well duplicated in the water. Occasionally, some floating linty material makes it easy to distinguish the true object from the reflection, but when the water is clean, this is very difficult. Mirror Lake is being slowly filled up from its north shore. It has been calculated that the diameter of the lake in the north-south line has decreased about twelve feet in the last fifty years. Occasionally, people who visit the Lake after an absence of twenty or thirty years seem to notice this recession.

No trip to Yosemite can be quite complete without seeing Maggie, the old Indian squaw. She has clung steadfastly to her tribal rites, and at times, she may be seen pounding acorns, from the flour of which she bakes a kind of bread. Many of the visitors to the park wish to take her picture. Maggie is very particular regarding this. I do not know whether she expects any evil spirits to emanate from a camera or not. At any rate, fifty cents or

a dollar seems to be the talisman necessary to ward off the devils. I have been told of cases when she has flown into tantrums because some unsuspecting tourist dared photograph her without the usual balm.

Well, our little trip is about over. We did not have enough time for a hike to Half Dome. This last is a huge block of granite, which originally was a complete dome. Dut to various actions, mainly weathering, about half of the dome has disappeared; hence the name. Incidentally, the hike to Half Dome is one of the most arduous ones that can be taken in Yosemite. It is impossible to make the last part of the ascent without the aid of a cable. It was first done several years ago, but the climber had to drive spikes into the polished surface of the rock in order that he could get a foothold. At present, while difficult, I understand that the trip is not particularly hazardous. For people who prefer to ride, the office at Camp Curry supplies horses. It is unfortunate that we cannot make this trip, but we are leaving Yosemite tomorrow. We turn in early, with the hope that we shall be able to spend more time here on our next visit.

* * * * *

How small and insignificant man's creations seem in comparison to the tremendous grandeur of Nature which we have just left behind us. And this terrific heat again! It will be a relief to land in cool San Francisco.

Democracy Fails?

By BOB ZOLG

FIVE centuries before the coming of Christ the people of Greece were experimenting with representative government. By a slight effort we recall High School Ancient History tales of Greek tyrants, who by chicanery, intrigue and misuse of influence became absolute rulers. These Grecian tyrants may be aptly compared with our present day political bosses, obnoxious parasites considered by the uninformed to be peculiarly American institutions. Not so. They had their prototype in the ancient tyrant whose power, though informal, was decidedly arbitrary, and varied in direct ratio to his ability to control the right people. Taking advantage of the structural weaknesses of the democratic form of government, the tyrant of ancient Greece gradually ingrained himself into the fabric of the political system until he had completely broken it down, and had made himself an absolute ruler.

The Romans in their turn developed a Republic. Out of it an aristocracy grew which took unto itself the reins of government and all the prerogatives of governing. The Romans being a war-like people, it was but a short step for some enterprising individual to raise an army, seize the capitol and set himself up as emperor. Wealth from continuous conquest eventually made the Romans so soft that they fell an easy prey to the belligerent, semi-communistic, German Barbarians who in course of time swarmed from their northern forests across the Alps into Italy. They of course broke up the Empire into tribal domains, which in a few generations resolved themselves into petty kingdoms. Thus Rome starting as a republic, became in turn an oligarchy, an empire, which was disintegrated into tribal communes, and which in their turn became monarchies.

From this short sketch of two famous peoples, it seems that schemes of government move in cycles; meaning that a nation when it commences as a representative government, invariably becomes so hopelessly complicated or internally corrupt, that it can no longer sustain itself and is overthrown by revolution of some kind. From this condition it ordinarily becomes a highly centralized dictatorship; it may even become a monarchy, though such a phenomenon is impossible in the United States. Should the nation become a mon-

archy, some ruler eventually forgets himself so far as to consider himself the right hand man of Almighty God. (It is a matter of historical record that Louis XVI of France issued a public edict forbidding God to work miracles in a certain Parisian cemetery because they attracted mobs).

In such an eventuality, the habitually bovine citizenry inevitably rise up and either exile the monarch as Charles V of England was exiled, or murder him as Nicholas II of Russia was murdered. In either case the idea is to give the reins of government to the people.

Only a century and a half ago a group of pioneers and coastal merchants of North America, had it suddenly dawn on them that rule and taxation from abroad without appropriate representation, were injustices no longer to be borne. It was supposedly a brand-new idea inspired by heaven. Independence was forthwith declared, and to enforce independence, old muzzle-loaders were taken from the shelves to be oiled and polished. The colonial belt was hitched up a few notches and the sturdy colonists sallied forth prepared to make life for the resident British governors as uncomfortable as possible.

Incidentally this project was splendidly carried out for of what use was the famed British "square" of riflemen when no enemy was visible. The "square" stood staunchly waiting for the charge, and the first thing they knew, unethical sharpshooters, concealed behind rocks, logs and bushes were picking the gravy off their vests. This type of fighting along with much quiet lifting of scalps was calculated to lower the customary British morale, and it did. This and the winning of a few pitched battles decided the issue in our favor and thus the Republic of the United States was born.

The new-born infant waxed strong and healthy, and democracy received what amounted to practical deification.

The aforementioned backwoods settlers and combination smuggler-merchants had started something. In the course of the centuries between the fall of the Roman Empire and the American Revolution, the puny kingdoms of Europe had grown into mighty kingdoms that habitually abused their subjects. These rose to an emulation of the newly-born United States. They demanded representa-

tion in affairs of government and finally acquired it. Little did they realize that the blessings of democracy are more or less hypothetical.

At any rate the majority of western European nations secured representation which on final analysis proves to have been the motivating force behind the American independence movement.

When our struggle for independence was won, and the delicate business of forming a governmental machine was at hand, certain of our ancestors came forth and proposed to base the system of government on the theory that all men are created equal.

I say theory but in reality it is only an hypothesis. Men are created equal only as God creates them. Practically speaking they are not created equal for one may be born in an environment of wealth and culture, another in the slums and poverty.

Therefore the idea was purely Utopian. But at length our government was formed on this principle, and as first president we installed our Revolutionary war-hero George Washington.

George Washington who is respected by everyone except out-and-out iconoclasts (a group to which I am accused of belonging) was a wealthy landholder, a slave owner, and a man of blue-blood. A decided aristocrat in fact. It is doubtful if he believed that all men were created equal. More probably he believed, as he had a right to believe, in the legitimacy of a ruling class.

Despite this I am convinced that George Washington, were he alive today, would certainly not approve of the governing principles applied in the country he fathered.

From a pure and idealistically evolved republic we have become a chaotic jumble of immensely wealthy persons, hopelessly poor persons and a large group of party-politicians who have managed to deprive the American citizen of his government. Almost immediately after its inception the United States Government fell a victim to the evils of party-politics which work on the principle that the general welfare is secondary to the welfare of the party.

Many party-politicians are absolutely unprincipled and are as prone to buy and sell public offices to the highest bidder as was the Praetorian Guard in the last days of Imperial Rome.

On the other hand there are many engaged in politics who are wholly sincere with the people and strive for the people's good, but sad to relate, they are nearly always ham-strung by party-machinery and it is rarely that one fills an important political berth. For the most part, the best brains of America do not mingle in politics.

This peculiar state of the nation is due principally to the great speed with which the United States became independent and wealthy. Situated as we are in a more or less isolated position, with tremendous natural resources, rich agricultural land and the characteristic zest of a new-born nation we developed too rapidly. Newly won independence and a newly created democracy generated a feeling of nationalistic idealism and implicit faith in the constitution. The natural result was political lassitude and a lethargic consideration of affairs of government.

By far the mass of the people was inclined to let the government be run by those who had sufficient money and time for it. The masses were too enthusiastically seeking wealth to bother about politics, and consequently the government got out of the control of the American people and into the hands of a few who were interested.

Those who were interested were not always those who were best fitted to rule. On the contrary they were often types who preferred to make a good living with the least possible amount of legitimate effort. It is this type of politician who is in great measure responsible for the present economic debacle.

In no nation of the world has party political machinery reached the high peak of efficiency that it has in the United States. Political machines have their ramifications in nearly every village and hamlet of the nation. They grip our larger cities like octopi. They have controlled the governing of New York City for more than half a century.

Moreover, it is undeniable that many of the politicians who make up the cogs of these "machines," run to a distinct type. They are greedy, lazy, ignorant, dishonest and unmoral. They have shrewdness enough, however, to mulct the taxpayer and live off the fat of the land. These men often reach high places in city politics. There have been many examples of absolutely corrupt political bosses in the United States.

Now in party politics, as heretofore mentioned, the word boss is synonymous with tyrant. He controls nominations and, to a large extent, elections in his city. It is thus possible for a political boss in a large city to send a man to the National Congress. He may choose a man who is corrupt or ignorant. It follows hard upon that the man he sends will have to do his bidding, for such is the law of politics. This type of Congressman is undoubtedly in a very small minority but the very fact that a political boss, an individual, has the power to appoint another individual to the governing body of the United States, proves that democracy as such has failed.

Furthermore, how many members of Congress are not affiliated with a major political party? Our nation is ruled by political groups which amounts to an oligarchy. Is not this further evidence of the fallacy of democracy? And every politician has his satellites who help him engineer elections and so forth. These must be rewarded by jobs. Hence overlapping functions of government. We are governed badly by being governed too much.

The depression has served one purpose. It has awakened the American citizen to the realization that he has had the wool pulled over his eyes. He has learned that all the taxes he paid did not go to make his country a better place in which to live, but that a good part went to line the pockets of good "party horses."

History bears out the fact that when a people feel they have been betrayed by their government,

they either bring about drastic reforms or completely overthrow it. Now the question of this discourse is not to ask the possibilities of revolution but whether or not democracy has failed in the United States and whether the cycle of governmental systems is turning in the United States?

They cannot be better answered than by a syllogism:

Democracy by definition is government of, by and for the people.

The government of the United States does not fulfill these qualifications.

Therefore the United States is not a democracy.

* * *

Therefore since the United States commenced as a democracy and is no longer one, the cycle of governmental systems has turned in the United States and democracy as such has failed.



Mr. T. S. Eliot

By EDWIN H. SAUER

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Interest in T. S. Eliot is very strong at present, due to the fact that he is serving as visiting professor of poetry at Harvard. This article is not nearly as comprehensive as I should like it to be, but lack of space prevented that it should be lengthier.*

I

THERE are two kinds of obscure poetry: that which is pure charlatanism, indulged in by poets with a desire to be excessively bizarre or to allow their subconscious impressions to run away with them, and that which is obscure because of a poet's use of symbols and images, representing fairly obviously the subjects of his attention. That the first is obscure is the poet's fault, and, therefore, not sincere artistic effort; that the second is obscure is the reader's fault due to an inadequate background and to mental faculties not sufficiently developed to grasp the significance of the symbol or image used. Our concern is with the latter only, for T. S. Eliot is the acknowledged laureate of the school. Before I proceed, let me clarify with a quotation from Mr. F. R. Leavis' essay on Eliot's *Waste Land*.¹

"At this point the criticism has to be met that, . . . the poem exists, and can exist, only for an extremely limited public equipped with special knowledge. The criticism must be admitted. But that the public for it is limited is one of the symptoms of culture that produced the poem. Works expressing the finest consciousness of the age in which the word 'high brow' has become current are almost inevitably such as appeal only to a tiny minority. It is still more serious that this minority should be more and more cut off from the world around it,—should, indeed, be aware of a hostile and overwhelming environment. This amounts to an admission that there must be something limited about the kind of artistic achievement possible in our time: even Shakespeare in such conditions could hardly have been the universal genius. . . . The important admission, then, is not that *The Waste Land* can be appreciated only by a very small minority (how large in any age has the minority been that really comprehended the masterpieces?), but that this limit carries with it limitations in self-sufficiency."

1. New Bearings in English Poetry. Chap. 3.

The audience for this poetry, as Mr. Leavis states, is very small, and yet this is not as it should be. For Mr. Eliot's obscurity is so coincidental with, and representative of, the complexities and chaos of our time, that, with a minimum of concentration, the average reader can discern the atmosphere fully if not the meaning in its entirety. It was inevitable that modern poetry should turn towards obscurity. We are living in an age that deplores all lack of originality; nothing is quite so obnoxious to critics as hackneyed verse, consequently poets strive to suggest an emotion or experience, rather than state it flatly and run the risk of being likened to a dozen of their predecessors. The main reason for its introduction, however, is that it bears a flawless resemblance to the present attitude of the creative mind towards contemporary life.

So much for how Mr. Eliot writes; let us see now of what he writes. Mr. Eliot's first volume, *Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf) was published in 1920; it sounded the notes of disillusion, frustration, and futility, arising of course from the dominance of these qualities in post-War life. Mr. Eliot has continued in this vein the climax occurring in *The Waste Land* (Boni and Liverwright, 1922). Even in *Ash Wednesday* (1930), his most recent volume, the melancholy balances the traces of optimism which Anglo-Catholicism has produced in him. Therefore, in subject matter, likewise, Eliot is found to be representative of our last fourteen or fifteen years, for disillusion has continued with those who sought "to make the world safe for democracy," and who are skeptical even now of intense idealism and the optimism of change. Mr. Eliot is the true post-War poet, and this is borne out in the tremendous influence he wields.

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in St. Louis in 1888. He took both his A. B. and A. M. at Harvard, finishing in 1910. He studied later at Merton College, Oxford, became a teacher and an expatriate. He gave up teaching after a while to serve as assistant editor of *The Egoist* and to contribute prolifically in *The Criterion*.

In *Poems* was included much of the verse by which he is best known, namely "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Portrait of a Lady," "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," and "The Hippopotamus." The first and the second are the most im-

portant. Prufrock is a very fashionable gentleman just beginning to grow old. He has known all of life's niceties and has become bored with them; he wants to cry out against the pettiness of his society but falls prey to inhibition with:

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politick, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.
I grow old. . . I grow old. . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

The psychological intensity is apparent. On the other hand, note the lyrical beauty in the following lines from the same poem on fog:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the win-
dow-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the
window-panes
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from
chimneys,
Slipped from the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

It seems unjust to the beauty of "Portrait of a Lady" not to quote it entirely. The complete poem may be found in the anthologies listed below.² Nevertheless a few extracts are necessary. Eliot's lady is one hungry for an affair with the young man who tells the story. I disagree with Alfred Kreyemborg³ who interprets the poem as signifying that the affair had already reached its climax, and that the young man was weary of her. The following lines contradict Kreyemborg:

The voice returns like the insistent out-of-tune
Of a broken violin on an August afternoon:
"I am always sure that you understand
My feelings, always sure that you feel
Sure that across the gulf you reach your hand.
You are invulnerable, you have no Achilles' heel.
You will go on, and when you have prevailed
You can say: at this point many a one has failed.

2. The New Poetry by Monroe and Henderson—Modern American Poetry, Ed. 1925, by Louis Untermeyer.

3. Our Singing Strength. Chap. XXV.

But what have I, but what have I, my friend,
To give you, what can you receive from me?
Only the friendship and the sympathy
Of one about to reach her journey's end.
I shall sit here, serving tea to friends . . ."

The recurrence several times in the poem of her subtly-pleading, "I shall sit here, serving tea to friends" is the clue for understanding her character, and the "open sesame" for a discovery of Eliot's powers of analysis. Read the conclusion to the poem:

Well! and what if she should die some afternoon,
Afternoon grey and smoky, evening yellow and
rose;
Should die and leave me sitting pen in hand
With the smoke coming down above the house-
tops;

Doubtful, for quite a while
Not knowing what to feel, or if I understand
Or whether wise or foolish, tardy or too soon. . .
Would she not have the advantage, after all?
The music is successful with a "dying fall"
Now that we talk of dying—
And should I have the right to smile?

The rest of the poems, though interesting mainly because they show the influence of Laforgue, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Corbière, and Beaudelaire, the French symbolists, whose influence on Eliot I do not believe as strong as is generally thought, are too many and too varied for our consideration here. I suggest careful scrutiny, however, of "The Hippopotamus," a satire on the Church, "Conversation Galante," and "La Figlia Che Pigne."

And now *The Waste Land*!

I doubt if any poem or group of poems has ever stirred up more controversy than did Eliot's *Waste Land* in 1922. Louis Untermeyer says:⁴ "On one hand it was dismissed as 'an impudent hoax,' 'filthy bedlam raving;' on the other, it was exalted as 'the greatest document of our day, showing the starvation of our entire civilization.' Both estimates are of course ridiculous; *The Waste Land* is neither 'erudite Gibberish' nor is it 'a great work, with one triumph after another.' Untermeyer is wrong of course; *The Waste Land* is certainly a great work.

The *Waste Land* is our modern world. Eliot's title comes from Miss J. L. Weston's book "From Ritual to Romance" in which there is a strip of land, bare of vegetation, withered, unfertile. Eliot makes this land of Miss Weston symbolical of our world. Thus he weaves a tragic and kaleidoscopic view of pettiness and disillusion; his characters are sterile, self-satisfied, detestable, and pitiful, and

4. Modern American Poetry, Ed. 1925—pg. 458.

enter *The Waste Land* for a second only. This is not true of course when Eliot brings Jesus into the poem at the beginning and says in a particularly lyrical passage:

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience.

Let us analyze that. "He who was living" is Christ. Now it should be obvious that Eliot is not implying thereby that Christianity is outmoded; such an implication would give the lie to his own beliefs in Anglo-Catholicism. The passage is meant to stress the passing of intelligent Christianity in many hearts, and the slow death of these hearts as a result.

Thus he continues in a futile vein, and comes finally to those notorious passages labeled: datta, dayadhvam, and damyata. The words, we are told in Eliot's note, mean "give" "sympathize," "control." This is datta:

Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking the heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed.

After the other two passages, both similar to the one quoted, Eliot ends his poem with the ironical

Shantih shantih shantih,
Mr. Eliot's word for the perfect Peace. The poem ends, therefore in a futile vein. Had it not done so, it would have been inaccurate. Eliot knows the cure for futility, as do we, and he knows that God is a Reality and not a shattered illusion. But Eliot is keen to sense that the loss of human faith is in itself an illusion shattered for the majority,—and the petty creatures of *The Waste Land* are of the majority.

But the obscurity of *The Waste Land* was contested far more than its message. So misunderstood was the poem, that Eliot found it necessary to include in a later edition a glossary to clear the references. I have said that if one finds Eliot obscure it is one's own fault. A background is necessary to read *The Waste Land*. Let me select a passage and apply this.

Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count there are only you and I together
But when I look up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gilding, wrapped in a brown mantle, hooded

I do not know whether a man or a woman
—But who is that on the other side of you?

The hooded figure is of course Christ. The travellers referred to are the disciples on the way to Emmaus. The obvious significance of the passage is that, with all our frustration, we do not escape the presence of the Redeemer; that He is dominant in our far visions, if not reckoned with in our closer observations. Again when Eliot speaks of

Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

the post-War significance is very obvious, and—very effective.

And yet there are many times when Eliot falls into pure dadaism. This, too, is from *The Waste Land*:

la la
To Cathage then I came
Burning, burning, burning, burning,
O Lord, Thou pluckest me out
O Lord, Thou pluckest
burning

When we come on passages like this, Eliot irritates us. We dare not question his sincerity, not after the brilliant elucidation of his purpose in his essays. But we are very hesitant to scrap artistic fundamentals.

Eliot's work since *The Waste Land* has been small in content. In 1925, he published a second volume of *Poems*; in 1930, he published *Ash Wednesday*. I shall consider, here, the latter volume only.

In my estimation, *Ash Wednesday* represents Eliot's best poetic effort. It is the most obscure of all his poems; its thesis is not on as grand a scale as is that of *The Waste Land*, but for sheer lyrical beauty, its passages are unsurpassed. Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*⁵, Mr. Theodore Spencer says of *Ash Wednesday* "...these poems represent a marked advance over *The Waste Land*. There is less wit, less sharp contrast, less vivacity, but there is a firmer mastery of language, a more sensitive control of rhythmic climax, and as I have already implied, a greater intensity of feeling; and these things make good poetry."

Ash Wednesday, as I have said, is more obscure. Eliot is concerned with personal reactions, with setting down the mysticism of Christianity. And yet even if one were not to grasp his meaning, the splendid grouping of words would hold one's attention. For example:

...beyond the hawthorn blossom and a pasture scene

5. The Poetry of T. S. Eliot, January, 1933.

The broadbacked figure dressed in blue and green
Enchanted the maytime with an antique flute.
Blown hair is sweet, brown hair over the mouth
blown,
Lilac and brown hair...

And again:
...though I do not wish to wish these things
From the wide window towards the granite shore
The white sails still fly seaward, seaward flying
Unbroken wings

And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices
And the weak spirit quickens to rebel
For the bent golden-rod and the lost sea smell.

But quotation does not do justice to Eliot. There
are too many purple patches:
In blue of larkspur, blue of Mary's color.
In this brief transit where the dreams cross.
Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood.

Mr. Eliot has not written much verse; Mr. Spencer estimates it at about one hundred and fifty pages. And yet Eliot's influence has been tremendous. He is imitated the world over. Eliot is new and Eliot is profound. His theories as set forth in his essays have established him, and being plausible, others have readily adopted them. Though in a sense this hampers originality, it is not a wholly bad sign. If Mr. Eliot is truly representative of today, and he is, it is rather advisable that others acquire his ability.

MISCELLANEOUS BREVITIES

I

Mr. Eliot, being a mystic, acknowledges a great debt to Donne, Webster, and Marvell, the metaphysical Elizabethans. Critics who claim a strong resemblance pay Eliot an unwarranted compliment. I find that Eliot resembles Donne to some extent, but I would be reluctant to say that Eliot is developed to a point where he may be placed on a level with the Elizabethan. Donne adorned his symbols with an intensity that Eliot has not, in a single instance, surpassed or equalled.

II

Mr. Louis Untermeyer has been very unfair to

Eliot, which is hard to understand. In *American Poetry Since 1900*, Untermeyer says: "The mingling of willful obscurity and weak burlesque compels us to believe that the pleasure which most of the admirers derive from *The Waste Land* is the same sort of gratification attained through having solved a puzzle, a form of self-congratulation."

From my own experience, I cannot agree. The symbols which Eliot uses, and I was able to recognize, added so much to the effectiveness of a passage that my personal satisfaction was forgotten.

III

Not much ado need be raised about Eliot's indebtedness to the French Symbolists. Scholars have established the fact that the Symbolistic movement had its beginnings in Poe and Whitman. Indirectly, therefore, Eliot is indebted to his own.

IV

In his essay, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, (6), Mr. Eliot says: "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things."

Mr. Eliot, therefore, would prefer to write poetry solely from an objective standpoint. I question the possibility of such a feat. A poem, no matter how limited the intrusion of the poet, must bear always the stamp of its creator. Eliot's *Portrait of A Lady* is considered an objective poem, and yet the personality of Eliot is betrayed in a dozen minor instances.

He is both the lady and the gentleman of the poem; their words and actions unimportant to the poem's theme are Eliot's own.

V

Determining whether Eliot's verse will live long is impossible, especially because of the unfavorable criticism it has aroused. This is due, as I have said, largely to his rejection of many fundamentals. Yet one must remember that it is also fundamental that all great art has not been recognized as such by the critics of its day.

6. *Selected Essays, 1917-1932.*

The Century of Progress

By MARK A. SMITH

IN the metropolis of the Middle West from June 1 to October 31, 1933, will be found people of all nationalities and all races assembled for a common purpose. These citizens from the many nations and from all climes will be mingled together in Chicago for the one specific reason of viewing a mammoth display of man's achievements and civilization's progress during the past century.

This summer the eyes of the world will be focused upon Chicago where there has been conceived and carried into actual display a glamorous and magnificent demonstration of the fact that this world of ours for the past one hundred years has been completely revolutionized by the human application of science to industry.

Through the untiring efforts and initiative of the leading citizens of the metropolitan city "A Century of Progress," an International Exposition, has been arranged for the enlightenment and entertainment of the world.

This exposition by far surpasses any attempt of the past. One will easily realize upon visiting the Exposition that it is distinctly different; different because it has a theme which is altogether new. This theme is that the foundation upon which the progress of mankind has been built is science.

Science has been responsible for the great metamorphosis which has occurred in this world from 1833 to 1933. A Century of Progress shows this remarkable change. The various stages through which we have passed in order to accomplish the great change; the discoveries and inventions which have played prominent roles in this transformation; all will be told by means of fascinating exhibits.

The power of science will be demonstrated at the very outset of the Exposition. On the opening evening of the great event the heavenly light of a star, not the touch of an electric button, will be used to open the gates. The bright, spring star, Arcturus, whose light-giving power is 1,000 times greater than the sun, has been the heavenly planet chosen, because it is forty light-years away from the earth. The star beam which started earthward during the 1893 Fair (the Columbian Exposition, also held at Chicago), traveling at the rate of 186,300 miles in a second, is just ending its long trip. The beam will reach the Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin, from where its power will be transmitted by scientists to instruments which will open the doors of A Century of Progress. A remarkable accomplishment, to say the least.

The Hall of Science is the main building of the Exposition and it serves as a connecting link between the rest of the structures. The Great Hall in this building is used for the basic scientific displays. Problems in the fields of physics, chemistry, mathematics, biology, geology, and medicine are displayed in such a clear and interesting manner that they will attract the layman as well as those trained in the professions. Take the outstanding feature of the medical exhibit, for instance. It is the "Transparent Man" which has been lent to the Exposition by the Mayo Clinic. It is a life-size model of the human body and is

composed of cello, a transparent material. It has been made possible for the observer by electrical illumination to see the deep organs of the body in their relation to each other, just as clearly as though he possessed an X-ray eye.

Of course not to be outdone, in regards to thrills, by the Columbian Exposition, which had its massive Ferris wheel, the Century of Progress has the fast Sky Ride. Two huge and lofty steel towers which are 625 feet high are connected by strong cables at a height of 200 feet. Rocket cars travel over these cables and give the Exposition visitors thrills by going from one tower to the other over the length of the Exposition grounds. Greater Chicago may be seen from observation platforms which are at the top of each tower. Especially attractive is the lighting of the Sky Ride. The two towers are brilliantly lighted and the cars which cross the steel cables discharge colored vapor. Powerful flood lights also are focused on the cars as they glide back and forth on the cables so that they seem to be rockets, veritably shooting through space.

One of the finest examples of Chinese Lama Architecture will be found in a reproduction of the famous Golden Pavilion of Jehol. This temple should attract the attention of every visitor. Few people outside of the Celestial Empire ever glimpsed this shrine in the days of its glory when the Manchu Emperors reigned. The original Temple was in Jehol, summer residence of the Chinese ruler one hundred and sixty-five years ago. The Lama Temple in Chicago was built in China by Chinese architects. It was shipped to the Windy City in 28,000 separate pieces, and it was re-assembled with the aid of a Chinese architect. An immense incense-burner, which is outside the Temple, is five hundred years old, and the bronze of the burner has been corroded to a soft green during the centuries of its existence. The interior of the Temple contains a priceless collection of Chinese and Buddhist treasures.

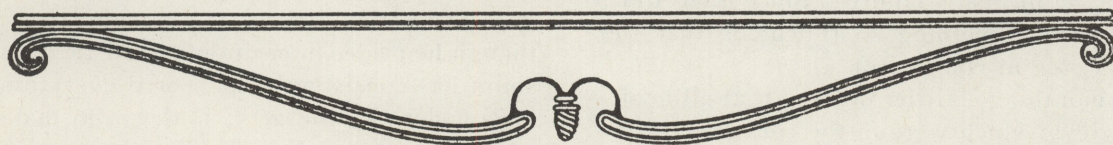
Many Americans, perhaps, will be interested in the building called the Hall of States. All the states (except Illinois which has a separate building) are represented in this structure, which is built in a V-shape and opens on an enclosed court with a sunken garden and beautiful landscaping. At the open end of the great V-shaped Hall stands the Federal Building, with its three stately towers representing the three divisions of the United States Government, namely, the executive, the legislature, and the judicial. In the Hall of States every individual state will have a certain space for its exhibit.

Probably no person visiting the Exposition will fail to notice the contrasts in architecture afforded by the buildings. Only a few paces from the Exposition grounds are the Field Museum and Soldiers' Field Stadium, which are purely and severely classical. A perfection in stone construction is shown in the Maya Buildings. The varying Indian homes are very crude, and serve to represent types of architecture existing in early North America. The Golden Pavilion of Jehol represents Chinese architecture of the eighteenth century. The lowly log structures of Mid-west pioneer America are represented in many exhibits. And then comes to the fore the majority of the buildings of A Century of Progress. They demonstrate the most modern ideas of architecture by their very simple and artful design and by the different materials used in the construction. It is quite interesting to compare the ideas of men in regards to architecture during the various periods of time.

Of course it is impossible to describe and enumerate all the exhibits and the buildings which appear at the exposition. When one realizes that "A Century of Progress" is situated on six hundred acres of lake front, it is easy to understand that the number of exhibits are enormous.

Men of all walks of life will attend "A Century of Progress," one of the greatest events that has occurred in America during the first third of the twentieth century. Some that will attend the Exposition will be interested in science, some in industry, some in agriculture, some in architecture, some in history, but whatever the person's craving, it will be relieved and soothed by the 1933 World's Fair. The Exposition contains practically everything that interests man.

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

I want to close the Exponent season on a note of optimism, but, taking all things into consideration, that is hardly possible. The future of this publication is as uncertain as it was early last fall. Consider whom we lose through graduation: Lionel Galstaun, Robert Zolg, Nick Didishko, Louis Otto, James Pflaum, and consider that there are few to take their places. I had intended writing this month a lengthy article on The Exponent itself and its future. In the article I wanted to make an observation which I put down here: there has not been published this year an article by a Freshman or by an Alumni Hall student. That is really discouraging. I do not know to what it must be attributed; whether it is due to a lack of ability, a lack of interest or to laziness which combines the two, but I do know that it does not reflect favorably on the class of '36 and on the men in Alumni Hall.

After all, a magazine of this kind is valuable to an institution, in ways too numerous and too well known to mention. The staff of this year's Exponent was a splendid one; the staff members were reliable and thorough, and deserve a great deal of thanks for their efforts. I should like to call this, in conclusion, a successful Exponent year, but the fact that the new men have taken no interest in publishing THE EXPONENT prevents that.

The future of THE EXPONENT is uncertain. It will continue to be so just as long as THE

EXPONENT'S purpose is misunderstood, just as long as there is no recognition of the work that Exponent men do, just as long as professors in the classrooms do not encourage writing for this magazine, do not realize its possibilities for assisting them, and just as long as students do not take trouble enough to read what is published.

* * *

In vain, I solicited an article on Brahms for this issue. On Sunday, May 7, was begun the celebration of the centenary of his birth.

Because his music is so universally loved, because the quality of it is so universally understood, because it lends itself so easily to interpretation, it is difficult to say anything new about the German.

I think of Brahms always as a composer who exercised "good taste" to a degree of perfection. To be considered great, a work of art must manifest restraint on the part of the artist. Therein is contained the greatness of Johannes Brahms. Nothing of his composition is overdone, exaggerated, sensationalized, constructed with an aim towards holding audience attention to the disregard of fundamentals. Even in his simpler ballads, Brahms is not sentimental. He is a composer who could couple successfully the emotional element with the intellectual. For this reason he is frequently likened to Beethoven. Brahms did not reach Beethoven's heights and a similarity, therefore cannot really be present. Furthermore, the spirit of different gen-

erations is caught. That, primarily, makes the resemblance weak.

* * *

Hitlerism is rapidly becoming a farce. In THE EXPONENT of last month, Robert Zolg gave us five very logical reasons why he considers the Nazi regime due to ultimate failure. Since that time, Hitler has done something so ridiculous that the five reasons pale in comparison.

About a month ago, Hitler ordered that all books written by Jews which were in the college libraries be destroyed in giant bonfires. In first importance amongst the books are the works of Heinrich Heine, German's beloved poet of simple lyrics. There were at first no protests on the part of the students, but the New York Times of April 30th stated that the order caused several of the most brilliant and best loved professors to resign, and that this has resulted in uprisings amongst the students.

The order is a step further in Hitler's Anti-Semitic program. Already, he has eliminated from Germany such prominent living geniuses as Albert Einstein, scientist, Thomas Mann, a Nobel prize winner in literature, Leon Feuchtwanger, Arnold Zweig, Jacob Wasserman, Erich Maria Remarque, novelists, and Bruno Walter, internationally known orchestra conductor. But let me point out an inconsistency in Hitler's program.

It is a fact fairly well established that Richard Wagner was of Jewish descent, the son of Ludwig Geyer, a Jewish actor and portrait painter, and not of his legal father. (Olin Downes, New York Times Magazine, February 12, 1933). Nevertheless, there have been no attempts to prohibit the playing of Wagner's music, nor any attempts to interrupt plans for the festival to be held in Bayreuth this summer in commemoration of the anniversary. The reason, however, is not hard to see. Hitler is courting Frau Siegfried Wagner, grand-daughter-in-law of the composer.

There are many other inconsistencies in Hitler; there is little courage and much foolishness. Several weeks ago, he forced all members of the Prus-

sian Academy of Letters, not in sympathy with his party, to resign their posts. It should be evident to him that destroying an art, national in its aspects, and woven into the hearts of the Germans, is going to contribute inevitably to his downfall. Comparing him with Mussolini, Dorothy Thompson said in The Saturday Evening Post (Back to Blood and Iron, May 6): "His taste is execrable although he prides himself on an artistic nature. Mussolini has consistently sponsored everything young and modern in the arts; Hitler who makes a cult of youth is mid-Victorian with prettiness as a measure of value. He even associates uncamouflaged steel construction, metal furniture and the vast use of glass with Bolshevism, and his followers refer to manifestations of the modern movement as 'artistic Bolshevism.' Their activities brought about the closing of the Dessau Bauhaus, from which was issuing the most vital modern art movement in German art and architecture."

Nothing more need be said. Hitler has classified himself as hoipolloi, and to contemptuously ignore him is to offer the greatest protest to his pettiness.

* * *

"Cavalcade" has come and gone, and I am willing to take back a lot of things I have said about the movies. And yet "Cavalcade" for all its sheer artistry, left a dangerous impression in the minds of many. It sought to teach that war is inevitable, and that all efforts to prevent war are futile. I can't believe that, and even if I could, I should not feel justified in teaching such a theory to others. It is paradoxical to tell a man that he can't prevent war, but that he should try, nevertheless. Forced to accept the inevitability of war, it is unlikely that he is going to be enthusiastic about peace programs.

There CAN be a universal and a lasting peace. It's probable that there will not be, but not wholly impossible. And there is but one way to attain that peace: through education of the minds and hearts of ALL persons; through the awareness that the principles of Christianity were meant to be applied.

