

thorough study of German economy and no plan of our State Department for the eventual set-up of German economy.

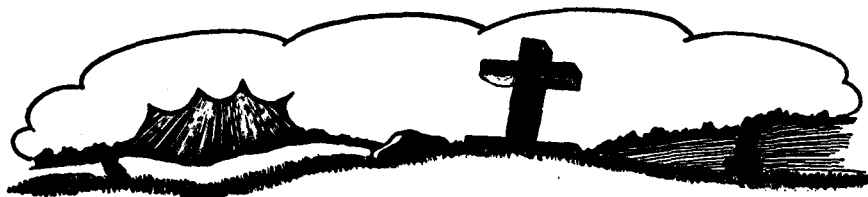
We complain of the arbitrary position of the Russians at the September meeting of the foreign ministers in London and of French and British obstinacy. But we ought to know of our own obstinacies, as, for example, our refusal to discuss currency stabilization at the Emergency Economic Commission for Europe—and currency stabilization is essential if trade is to be resumed between the nations of the world.

Above all, however, the flight of our army, the stampede for home, has been our greatest weakness. It makes planning impossible, it makes respect for America small. Is the United States going to run out on Europe and on the affairs of the world as it did in 1919? In the maintenance of peace, second only to good relations is prestige. American prestige is dropping fast. The American people ought to know this. They ought to realize that we cannot occupy a respected place in the council of nations if we continue to give the impression that we are running out on the job.

This does not mean that men who have served overseas a long time should not be returned home. It does mean, however, two definite and publicized programs—first the replacement of occupation troops, and second the prompt mobilization of a corps of civilians to guide the German authorities in our zone and to confer with their opposite numbers of the other occupying powers.

Things in Europe will just not take care of themselves. If we want a strong voice in the settlement of world affairs, if we desire to be respected, if we want to use our great power in the world today in the most economical manner, then we must face our responsibilities in Europe better than we have. We cannot protest against British or French obstinacy over the Rhineland without a plan of our own for the revival of German economy on some basis. It is true the Treasury Department has fathered the so-called Morgenthau plan to de-industrialize Germany, but neither the Army nor the State Department has accepted such a program. No one in Europe whom I met thinks that such a plan would do anything but hold down the economic standard, not just of Germany, but of all central Europe and France as well.

Finally, we cannot complain of the communization of Germany, if that should develop—and it has by no means yet developed—if we leave an ideological void. If we wish to present our American idea of democracy to the Germans, we have to be on the



ground showing people what we mean by democracy, providing them with opportunities for democratic experiences, going through the long process of training teachers in democratic classroom methods and spending as many years in guidance and supervision of Germany as the other powers do.

We cannot reëducate Germans by speeches in Congress and a phantom army of occupation. Nor can we teach Germans to respect our American ways by the shocking demoralization of our black marketeering in Berlin.

There are unpleasant things to be done to settle the world after these

modern wars, unpleasant things that require doing to avoid new anxieties leading to new aggression, just as there are unpleasant things to be endured in winning wars. The sooner we Americans lift up our heads and look the cold, hungry, ragged, homeless people of the world in the face, the fewer odious tasks will be before us later.

The sooner we stem the flight of our minds and our men from Europe, and the sooner we sit down with the other powers and adopt an economic policy for Germany, the greater will be our assurance that we shall not have to go through it all a third time, or ourselves endure worse.

## “That Greece Might Still Be Free”

By Jeremy Ingalls

UPON his deathbed hurricane uphowled  
The hundred winds of doom. Heaven's lightning, hurled  
By justice taut with poetry, beheld  
Of tawdry soldiers terror-dumb and quelled  
To knowledge shrewder than the mind's uncouth  
And lesser logic, struck their tongues on truth.  
They said: “Farewell, Lord Byron. He is dead.”

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? He is dead.  
They knew, the shivering watchers. They had heard  
No proclamation, had not known him lain  
Moaning for sleep with that penultimate pain  
Of his forlorn assertion, that long cry  
Of waiting more than thirty years to die:  
“*To lascio qualche cosa cara . . .*” Something treasured.

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Something treasured  
He leaves for testament, this Manfred measured  
For room in hell, who conned the stations down  
Predestined cliffs of crime. Shall Manfred mourn  
For life at last? And is it hard to die?  
In jest of Faustian torment shall the sky  
Forerun the doctors? Storm on Hellas. He is dead.

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Shall the dead  
Boys and satin women of his pride  
Rise up from hell to damn him? Or the horde  
Of grumbling Suliotes and the tribe  
Of all disheartened freemen plead his cause?  
Judgment of storm as though his dreaded laws  
Succumbed to analogue of his lost soul?

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Does his soul  
Through wind and fire of condemnation prowl  
Repentant, having known himself a fool  
And damned himself? The dead indeed fare well  
Forgotten. Out of Missolonghi's marsh  
A limping ghost, denied oblivion's harsh  
Convenience, stumbles, searching. Something treasured.

Tag him for lesser logic's sake. He treasured  
A daughter. But his rabble soldiers augured  
A testament of lightning. And the child  
Begotten out of Missolonghi, chilled  
And mourning in the marshes of the world,  
Wanders lost. A young man's ghost recalled  
Across the years of hunger. Something treasured.

# Strictly Personal

## LESSON IN A LIBERAL COLLEGE EDUCATION

**B**EFORE I went to college I knew I wanted to be a writer. I didn't know where to go to be taught how to write. And I didn't have my choice anyway when it came to selecting a college or university. I had to take what I could get. I couldn't choose. I had to find a college that would have me because I had less than thirty dollars in my pocket and was on the road hitchhiking. After being turned down by a couple of colleges, I found one in the mountains of East Tennessee that took me and I took it. I was so glad to find a school that would have me that I didn't inquire too much about the English department. I thought English faculties were all very good anyway. If the teachers were willing to teach, I was certainly eager to learn. I was about ready to do anything to become a writer, my one and only ambition at that time.

The English teacher who interested me most on the Lincoln Memorial English faculty was a big, ruddy-complexioned man. His name was Harry Harrison Kroll. He looked a little out of place with the other members of the English faculty. He looked to me like some of the men I had just left at the steel mills. Yet he didn't look like them, for he had more color in his face than any of the steel-mill men. With this color in his face he looked more like a farmer. Several students in my class thought he looked like a prize fighter. Many wondered if he were all brawn and didn't have anything in his head. Certainly the majority of the English students thought he looked out of place at the head of the English department.

I had liked Mr. Kroll's looks before I ever attended one of his classes. And after I attended one of his classes, I went back to the registrar's office to see if I could take another course under him. I was impressed with this man who made the teaching of English a living thing. And one day when he inquired in our English course if anybody would be interested in creative writing, I think my hand was the first one up. But almost every hand in the room went up. He didn't have any trouble getting together a class that he would like to teach, for the idea of writing seemed great to most of the moun-

taineers in this school. The idea may have been a romantic one that appealed to them. I know it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me. Strange, too, how it had all happened. I had hitchhiked over three hundred miles and found this school, one that I had never heard tell of until I reached Berea College, where I was seeking admission but failed. And here I had arrived all right and I had not questioned the English department, for I was eager and hungry for any sort of one that



would teach me something about the Mother Tongue. And I had found a teacher, a sympathetic one, in Mr. Harry Harrison Kroll. Other students had found the same thing. We worshiped this big husky man.

Mr. Kroll, who was ambitious to write himself and who was selling little stories to small magazines to supplement his meager salary, found himself surrounded by approximately forty ambitious students ranging in age from sixteen to sixty-five. He let us write anything we wanted to write—poems, short stories, novels (if one were ambitious enough), farm articles, plays, essays, letters, diaries, articles on religion (there was a young minister in the class), and any other form of writing that came to mind. I can't remember anybody's being very modest in Mr. Kroll's creative writing class. Since everybody was eager to read his own creative efforts, an hour in this earth-

ly paradise was too short a time. But Mr. Kroll solved this problem. He took time from his own classroom work and his own writing and met with this class in a vacant classroom at night. Often in the warm days of spring we sat out at night on the campus and read by a street light. It didn't matter to us.

I remember when Mr. Kroll told me that poetry was my field and for me to "go after it." And when he once told me to bring two or more poems to the class, I went with sixty poems and felt a little hurt when I didn't get to read all of them. Creative writing, under this teacher and in this little school, was like many a religious revival I had seen sweep my own mountain vicinity. Everybody was willing and eager since the spirit seemed to move him. I have never in my lifetime seen anything like it. Mr. Kroll told us if we had just a little talent and worked hard enough at it, we could become writers. I did hundreds of poems, and scores of articles on various subjects. A few of these I traded to other pupils for algebra help, that is, provided the pupils didn't have an English class under Mr. Kroll. For he had read them before and he never forgot. In later years I sold a few of these pieces to students in institutions of higher learning for paltry sums. One of these pieces, after many revisions, I later sold to the *Atlantic Monthly* for a short story. I sold one to *Harper's*, one to the *American Mercury*, two to the *New Republic*, and two to *Esquire*. But I didn't know then that they were short stories. And Mr. Kroll didn't encourage me along the short story line. He told me my field was poetry and I believed him while I was going through the fervor of this creative writing revival that had swept the campus at Lincoln Memorial. Even one of the long poems I read in this class, many years later, sold to the *Yale Review*.

We filled the college paper with our creative efforts. We swept into the waste-paper basket all the idle college gossip and chatter that the average college student loves so well and filled the paper with timely articles on writing, authors, current literature, poetry, and short stories. Even this wasn't enough. Mr. Kroll finally persuaded the school to finance a small magazine for our creative work. He did the illustrations, as he later illustrated his own books, but he didn't take any of our space for his own writing. He remained in the background and let us have the show. For he had other things in mind.

But despite all this creative spirit,