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FEBRUARY 1941

THE

CRESSET

Prosperity and
Spirituality

War and the Home

Collectivisms:
Secular and Divine

Meet Madame
Undset

My Town

Concerning Haakon
of Norway



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 4

No. 4

Twenty-five Cents



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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor* • O. A. DORN, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors: E. J. FRIEDRICH, O. A. GEISEMAN, AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN,
A. R. KRETZMANN, WALTER A. MAIER, W. G. POLACK

Contributing Editors: A. ACKERMANN, THEODORE GRAEBNER, ALFRED KLAUSLER,
OTTO H. THEISS, MARTIN WALKER

NOTES and COMMENT

Why this Difference?

OUR statesmen at Washington, and elsewhere also, will do well in this month of February to read the state papers of our country's great statesmen, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Now a comparison of these state papers with those of more recent presidents will reveal, in addition to many differences due to changed conditions, another difference that is not so easily accounted for. We refer to the former frequency and the recent infrequency of references to God and to the Bible. Why this dif-

ference? Some may answer off-hand that it is a matter of "style": that there is a style in political addresses and papers as in all other writings, speeches, and literary productions; and that styles change. Some may suggest that our age is more reserved and less expressive in matters of religion. But do these answers satisfy? "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Washington and Lincoln lived in critical days and labored under most trying circumstances. They felt their own insufficiency over against the multitudinous cares and problems of the day. They realized and unhesitatingly acknowledged their dependence on Almighty God. Likewise did at least some members of their cabinets and of Congress.

Again the times are most critical. Again national problems are

complicated and international questions most perplexing. But, apart from the chaplains' prayers, the name of God is seldom heard in our legislative halls and, our need of divine guidance and deliverance is seldom referred to in state papers. We still ask, Why this difference? We would not place the fault, or cause, or call it what you will, on these men individually. They are, in part at least, products of their environment. Has there been a general loss of religion in the past quarter century? Are the preachers also at fault, at least in part? Did the statesmen of earlier generations have the help of sermons that came more from the Bible and less from human speculation and philosophy? Whatever may be the case: do not the times call for a "reformation in head and members"? There are signs of a reawakening of religious interest, of a quickening of religious life. May this quickened pulse be felt also at the heart of our nation and in our state capitols!



"Released Time"

A NEW phrase has been coined to designate a provision now being made in a number of our American cities by the Boards of Public Education. "Released

Time" indicates the hour, or the hours, in which a child upon request of his parents is released from attendance at public school in order to receive religious instruction in his own church or some other church selected by the parents.

We hail this provision with a great deal of satisfaction. It promises benefits to the child, the home, the church, and the state. So far as the child is concerned, the inadequacy of the Sunday School as an agency of religious instruction has by now been quite generally admitted. Most parents are too "busy," too indifferent, or even too ignorant, to give proper attention to the spiritual nurture of their offspring. The limited influence of the Sunday School has been too feeble to make a real impact upon the home. Thus from generation to generation the homes of our land have become less religious. The effect of this condition has become quite apparent in the social and economic life of our country. Decreasing dependability of character, increasing instability in social relations, growing disrespect for law and order, and an upward curve in juvenile delinquency and crime have been noted and commented on for years. Accordingly the state is acting in its own interest in yielding some school time to the

church for further instruction in religion and for character training. Our state legislatures and the school boards in all our cities and towns will do well to heed the memorable words of George Washington, spoken in his farewell address, 1798: "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

May "released time" become general throughout the United States, and may parents and churches make the most of their opportunity for the welfare of the child, the home, and the nation. However, let the historic position of our country relative to the separation of Church and State not be surrendered by one inch in this new arrangement. Let school boards grant the time; let the churches teach the religion; but let no political body assume any authority in the religious field.



Prosperity and Spirituality

TEN years ago, when the economic world was going into a tailspin, we heard a very well-known and very eloquent financial statistician and analyst de-

clare that no one should sell stocks short because an upturn was about to take place. While the gentleman's prophecy was badly timed, it has eventually proved to be true. American industry is already producing more than ever before in its history. Unemployed employables have been taken off relief rolls by the thousands to find occupation in private industry. Construction work is gathering momentum. Real estate prices have appreciated noticeably. The immediate outlook for the farmer is bright and cheering. At least such is the picture of American economics which we get from the various statistical services and scientific surveys whose reports come to our desk.

This is all very fine and no doubt means that America will spend more money for food, for clothes, for cars, and for pleasure than it did during the darker days of the depression. But we arise to ask, What of America's spiritual life and what of its support of Christ's program? If we are at all adept at sensing the spirit of the times and at interpreting human attitudes and behavior, it is our guess that the people who make money today will not prove themselves any better stewards than did those who shared in the fabulous wealth of

the late twenties. It is a new generation which is making the money today, and it apparently knows little of the sufferings and heartaches and of the bitter regrets because of lost opportunities for well-doing wherewith the older generation paid for its irresponsible stewardship when values were swept away and the rich and comfortably situated were reduced to poverty.



The People and War

EIGHTY-THREE per cent of the American people, it is said, do not want our country to become involved in a foreign war. Fully eighty-three per cent of the people in any country, whether it be the United States or Germany, Italy, England, Canada, Greece, China, Japan, or any other country, are opposed, not only to foreign wars, but to all wars. It is being said, presently, that Italian armies are receding before the forces of Greece and of Britain in the various combat zones because they have no stomach for war, and this despite the fact that *Il Duce* has for years unloosed the persuasive power of every conceivable propagandist upon his people for the purpose of teaching them that war is glorious. Apparently they just have

not been able to believe what their leader and his gang of "trusties" have told them.

Certain forces in our country also seem to be failing badly in their obvious endeavor to arouse the American people to a flaming war hysteria. This propaganda, it appears at least for the moment, is producing precisely the opposite effect. Newspaper men, ex-army men, and industrial leaders, are more courageously and more aggressively espousing the cause of keeping America out of the European war. *Scribner's Commentator*, a well-edited magazine, is planting itself solidly behind this opposition; and a well-known columnist like Howard Vincent O'Brien, of the *Chicago Daily News*, had the temerity to devote his entire column on December 18 to a statement of reasons why America should stay out of war.

The alleged eighty-three per cent of the American people who do not want to become involved in a foreign war apparently have no intention of letting themselves be maneuvered into a position where they must defend their patriotism. The leadership which is now being given to their views may succeed in casting doubt upon the quality of the Americanism which is to be found in the hearts of those who would push America into the war.

It is not our purpose to impugn motives and to declare that the few who believe in active, immediate, and complete intervention in the European war are less sincere in their love for our country than are those who regard such a step as suicidal. But one thing ought to be clear: When the American masses re-elected President Roosevelt for the third term, they did so not only because they believed in his domestic policies and in a program of impregnable national defense, but also because they accepted at its full face value his reiterated promise to keep our American boys off foreign battlefields. The Church and every individual member of it should help the President keep that promise by ceaselessly importuning God to preserve our national peace and to effect a cessation of foreign hostilities.



Jottings on the War

BRTAIN is said to have given further proof of her mastery of the seas by discovering a way of making rayon from seaweed. As Germany's extensive use of wood pulp as a basis for textiles is claimed to have led facetiously inclined individuals to look for deathwatch beetles in the trousers worn in the Third Reich, so some

Britishers have begun to ask whether their wives and daughters will soon find barnacles on their stockings instead of "runners."—Little Luxemburg is being Nazified from top to bottom; but there are reports that the inhabitants of the subjugated duchy have learned to blend humor with passive resistance by saying, "Drei litre!" instead of, "Heil Hitler!" They evidently know how to "beat the game."—A chair of National Socialist History has been established at the famous University of Leyden in Holland. In all probability, the *Gestapo* may be called upon to maintain order in the classroom unless only those Dutch students are admitted who helped to pave the way for the conquest of their country by Germany. But it is unthinkable that the Nazis will limit the course to known sympathizers. There is ample evidence that the Netherlands, Luxemburg, Flemish Belgium, and Alsace-Lorraine are being thoroughly prepared to fit into what Hitler calls the Greater German Reich.—A few weeks ago Mussolini made a speech in which he declared that he would "break the loins" of Greece just as he had broken the loins of Ethiopia. Yet, up to this writing, *Il Duce* has come a cropper. Will he be able to keep his job as dictator if the *Führer* does not rush to his as-

sistance? Do the Italians want German soldiers in their country?—Many observers believe that the man who glorified war when his bombing planes rained death upon Ethiopia is now falling faster and faster into humiliation and disgrace. Marshal Graziani's army in Africa has met with unexpected reverses, and the Ethiopians, who demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, are being stirred to revolt by a mysterious but powerful grapevine which no European has ever been able to stop or to describe.—Curiously enough, the victorious Greeks are being led by a dictator—by a man who has manifested little concern for the rights of the individual. In more than one respect General Metaxas has been as autocratic as Benito of the Caesarean chin. The spirit of ancient Hellas has come to life in these days of stress. But will it mean the end of dictatorship in the little country? Greece is fighting furiously to retain her independence, not to rid herself of a dictator. Metaxas is evidently made of sterner stuff than *Il Duce*.—The defeats suffered by Italy's legions lead one to wonder whether the rank and file of the Italian people ever had much stomach for Mussolini's attempts to build a huge empire for the greater glory of Mussolini.

Whither?

THE "whither" books aren't so plentiful any more. Time was when they cluttered up the drug-stores and circulating libraries so that it was difficult to locate a favorite murder tale. Nowadays most whither-writers are hanging on to their hats, rather glad to be alive and able to do something useful. At least we hope they are alive and doing honest work.

What prompts us to write this epitaph is something Dawn Powell, a very excellent and much neglected satirist, said the other day. Miss Powell likes to dissect the average American, the one who belongs to the upper two-thirds of our population, and hold up the quivering cross sections. The result of her efforts seems to show that most of her characters lead rather pointless lives. Accused of being unfair, Miss Powell answered, "I'll bet if you walked through an office at five in the afternoon and asked people working there, 'What is your aim in life?' most of them would be up against it to give you an answer. There is the eternal aim of getting to dinner on time, or remembering to buy toothpaste, but in general I doubt that aims are very clear When you get down to the subject of life aims you are very likely to find yourself on the

level of a fan magazine interview with a movie star."

Which is the reason, we submit, why the "whither" books are on the wane. Democratic civilization is wandering in a wilderness, and her children wonder where, if ever, they will find an oasis. As a matter of fact people will never discover why they are living and where they are going until definite standards of morality again become universally known and are adopted. The Church is the only means in the present chaos which can effect such a change. If people want to discover what aim there is in life and whither they are bound, then it is the task of this divine institution to provide them with this information. First, of course, it is necessary to demonstrate to people the emptiness of life lived without an aim or a conscious goal. The Church has a tremendous task facing her.



As Rome Burns

WHILE the world has been curling up like a burnt negative these last six months, your correspondent in yonder corner has remained almost totally unmoved by the shouts and hisses of war-mongers and isolationists,

by the hither-dither of ecclesiastics and politicians, by the last dying gasps of parliamentary government. Instead, your correspondent, who lives blessedly removed from all the flutterings of a misguided political and economic world, has been occupied with a far more fascinating adventure. True, the adventure was rather bookish, but it was none the less the sort that easily offset the explosions and murmurs of 1940.

The matter at issue was the recovery of the Shakespeare First Folio by the Chapin Library at Williams College. The First Folio mysteriously vanished from its resting place February 8, 1940. For the next nine months bookmen and detectives tried to solve the mystery of the missing First Folio. Who would have the audacity to steal a bit of non-negotiable property, a book which had acquired characteristics setting it apart from its two hundred mates? The thieves had sufficient cunning to substitute in place of the First Folio a copy of Goethe's *Reynard the Fox*. The first five months after the theft there was no break, and the world of book lovers waited with bated breath. Would the thief, who had gained entrance into the library by posing as a professor of English, attempt to dispose of the copy? If so,

where? How much would he ask? The First Folio was insured for approximately \$24,000.

Then came the break. Near the end of June a Hudson Falls, New York, shoe-clerk surrendered to Albany police, claiming that he was the thief. The shoe-clerk implicated three confederates. Plans were immediately made to try the book thieves in Massachusetts and New York. However, the First Folio was still missing.

Several weeks after the arraignment, the Assistant United States Attorney of Buffalo received a series of telephone calls. The voice on the other end of the wire offered to return the missing folio, provided the attorney would do certain favors for the voice. The attorney refused. Finally the voice asked to have the prosecution limited to one state if the folio were returned. To this the attorney agreed. On August 27 the First Folio, wrapped in a newspaper, turned up at the attorney's office.

That was all your correspondent was really interested in. The conspirators were as low a group of crooks as ever infested the fair state of New York. The ringleader had a previous record of literary plagiarisms and thefts. Where the folio had been during the time between the theft and recovery will undoubtedly remain a mystery. As Philip Brooks re-

marks in his column, *Notes on Rare Books*, in the *New York Times*, the theft reaffirms the adage that crime does not pay and also "provides a lesson in what it means to steal non-negotiable property." At any rate, your correspondent had a busy time trying to unravel the mystery and the motives back of the theft.



The Bartenders Choose a Chaplain

WHEN Chicago's bartenders do something, they do it in a big way. (There are enough of them, in all conscience.) Well, anyway, the other day the spirit-dispensing fraternity of the Windy City had an election. And it was *some* election. Placards, campaign literature, and election speeches shattered the tranquil atmosphere of West Madison Street and rudely disturbed the placid tenor of life for those admirable citizens who seek only to rusticate in the wonted quietude of their favorite flophouses. What is more, nothing would do but that voting booths be erected within the sacred precincts of the Court House, so that the gallant Knights of the Tavern might exercise their right of franchise safe from the prying eyes of nosy curiosity-seekers. Poetic jus-

tice, forsooth—to insure a just and honest election to the Gentry of Gin in those same hallowed halls in which the noble liegemen of Kelly and Nash, in heroic self-abnegation, hold aloft the torch of Truth and Justice, by day and by night, that the name of their fair city may resound throughout the land as designating the very Paragon of Civic Virtue.

But that isn't what we started out to say. In addition to their other functionaries, the Bartenders' Union also elected—of all things—a chaplain. A local reporter, intrigued by this piece of intelligence, asked one of the union officials about the specific duties of the bartenders' spiritual advisor. "Why, he opens our meetings with prayer," he expostulated. "Indeed!" replied the reporter, tongue in cheek and eyebrows arched. "And what does he pray for?" "I dunno," quoth the barkeep. "We don't pay much attention, but we wouldn't feel right if we didn't have him. It's sorta customary."

At which juncture we feel constrained to pause and deliver ourselves of a homily upon a state of affairs which makes it "sorta customary" to open every public gathering—from a national political convention to the meeting of a local bartenders' union—with prayer.

War and the Home

RECENTLY a group of educators, sociologists, and physicians met in Chicago for a discussion of "The Family in Wartime." Of grim significance, especially to the Christian, are the conclusions reached by this group. War, they agreed, would bring disastrous consequences and work havoc on the home and family life. Among the dangers involved, the following especially were noted:

Disruption of relations between parents and children.

Increased prostitution.

Increased delinquency.

Spread of venereal disease.

Undermining of the morals of young men who leave home to work in defense plants (and, we might add, who join the army and navy).

Disillusionment of youth, post-war.

An alarming prospect, indeed—and one to which the long history of mankind's wars bears abundant and dreadful testimony. Let those who look upon America's entrance into the war as the welcome solution of certain problems bethink themselves of the ghastly moral and spiritual breakdown that war invariably leaves in its wake, and then consider which side of the question weighs more heavily in the scales.

Battle of the Air-Waves

OUR radio has been emitting funny sounds ever since January 1. We thought at first that its innards had gone haywire, but a little investigation showed the tubes to be in the pink of condition and the condenser fit as a fiddle. The trouble, apparently, lay elsewhere. We soon found out where. The broadcasters, it seems, are locked in mortal combat with ASCAP ("American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers," to you). The two opposing camps are presently engaged in the pleasant pastime of name-calling, with "chiseler," "racketeer," and other endearing epithets making the atmosphere take on a bluish tint. As a result, practically the only music that we can coax out of our suffering radio nowadays consists of South American rumbas and tangos (which make us tear at our few remaining hairs), a succession of allegedly "popular" tunes that sound as though they had been slapped together in frantic haste, a heavy diet of Stephen Foster tunes, some of them butchered so mercilessly as to be almost beyond recogni-

tion (we always admired Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair, but to have her eleven times a day, usually pretty well mutilated, is a bit thick, don't you know)—and, oh, yes, a veritable plethora of venerable classics, appearing somewhat shamefacedly in swing-time garb.

It is a blissful relief, of course, to enjoy even a temporary moratorium on some of the musical atrocities which were consistently perpetrated under ASCAP's aegis (one more spasm of "Berkeley Square," and we would have screamed). Unfortunately, however, the bulk of B. M. I.'s output is equally horrendous (we heard "Practice Makes Perfect" thrice in one day, and were reduced to biting our fingernails), and, besides, a great many really *good* tunes have been banned from the air.

All of which makes us hope that Mr. Thurman Arnold, the government's trustbuster extraordinary, will hurry up with that big stick of his and cudgel both of these musical bad-boys into submission—or insensibility.



"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

WASHINGTON.

The



PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

B Y O . P . K R E T Z M A N N

My Town

IF you are very sophisticated you had better skip this column this month. . . . I want to talk about my town. . . . Something personal. . . . I was reared on the sidewalks of New York. . . . My earliest memories include the recurring roar of the elevated, the steaming pavements of New York on hot July mornings, and the mysteries of the livery stable next door. . . . Our house was surrounded by immigrants from Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and the lands about the Mediterranean Sea. . . . In winter there was the long trudge to school. . . . Concerning nature we knew only that trees were in parks and grass was something to keep off of. . . . In the vacant lots covered with tall weeds and in the damp basements of tenement houses the preacher's kids learned to live tolerantly and to adjust life to its immediate needs. . . .

Our code of ethics was practical, though limited. . . . No rocks (they were never called stones, always "rocks") in snowballs, at

least not big rocks. . . . No telling a guy's mother anything when she tried to quiz you about Guisseppi Mattiani, or Moe Birnbaum, or Patrick O'Reilly. . . . No making fun of a guy's religion unless he was a Catholic. . . . Then an occasional jeer about incense and vestments was permitted. . . . If Pat O'Reilly was an altar boy, as he usually was, he was compelled to defend his religious activities with everything from rotten cantaloupes to sticks every Monday evening. . . .

Our code, however limited it may have been, was rigid. . . . Three whistles on a late summer afternoon as the sun stood low and red beyond the elevated meant that the Arthur Avenue gang had decided upon Blitzkrieg. . . . All good men and true forgot home and mother and internal strife in a united effort to repel the invader. . . . Now, thirty years later, I read the news from Europe and recognize with something akin to surprise and pain my friends and enemies of the

sidewalks of New York. . . . The same passions, the same loyalties, the same techniques. . . . On a larger scale, perhaps, and with more deadly results, but I have long discerned something deeply and essentially childish about the whole business over there. . . . The world is not run by adult minds. . . . Europe and my sidewalks share the same absence of permanent meaning. . . . The same loud boasts, the same dire threats, the same false sense of importance. . . . We, too, fought for "Lebensraum." . . . The old coal shed of the Mattiani brothers in the vacant lot on Arthur Avenue was our Polish Corridor. . . . Once upon a time it had belonged to us, but the introduction of cantaloupes (the "secret weapon" of the Arthur Avenue gang) made it impossible for us to recover it until we had made an alliance with the Tremont Avenue gang (Russia) by promising them the use of our baseball bat and catcher's glove. . . . We, too, fought for "freedom." . . . Were we to be permitted to walk home through Crotona Park (the Atlantic Ocean) without constant attacks by marauding raiders? . . . It was a question of life and death. . . . Such conditions could no longer be tolerated. . . . We sent formal notes to the Arthur Avenue gang through Mickey, my little brother (who was so little that not even

the Arthur Avenue gang would assault him), informing them that unless things were better by next Saturday our patience would be exhausted and we would have to fight. . . . Our honor demanded it. . . . Of course, like the children in Europe, we always knew what the answer would be. . . . Mickey invariably came back as though he were returning from Munich, with his shirt hanging out and one shoe held as hostage. . . . His report was always the same: "Dey said you guys can go jump in Crotona Lake." . . . But the amenities were observed, and our wars passed through the same preliminary steps which now mark the tactical movements of those whom we consider the great figures in contemporary history. . . . We even had our Balkans and our Mussolini. . . . North of us were a few nice homes inhabited by strange people called Baptists and Presbyterians. . . . They were all sissies. . . . With black threats they could always be persuaded to pay tribute in the form of a nickel or a dime for a new bat or for penny cones from Mr. Goldstein's store on the corner of 178th Street. . . . Our Mussolini was a big guy who strutted and shouted, but even Mickey could scare the daylights out of him by looking him straight in the eye. . . .

In some ways, however, we were better than the dictators. . . .

There was a truce every Sunday, not only on Christmas Day. . . . We always forgot our differences when there was a fire or a Fourth of July celebration. . . . Religion was stronger than the ties of race and blood. . . . I still remember my shock when I saw Pat and Dominic, leaders of rival gangs, walking in a procession side by side when St. Anne's was dedicated. . . .

All this has been digression. . . . The point was, and is, that now after many years I have come to a small town. . . . It has all the good of the sidewalks of New York and little of their evil. . . . Man apparently was not made to live in such Babylons as New York or Chicago. . . . When I am in our Chicago office these winter days I usually head for my town in the late afternoon. . . . I find my way through the net of steel that holds Chicago to the south, and come at last to the rise of a little hill. . . . My town lies before me to the left of the road, its lights twinkling in the early winter twilight, its houses bright with preparations for the evening meal. . . . I turn off the highway, drive under our new viaduct, and turn right down a narrow street. . . . The trees, older now than most inhabitants, stand gaunt against the sky black with clouds, but not with smoke. . . . Behind the trees are homes, and not caves or hotels.

. . . The three cars standing in front of the house on the corner mean that the Smiths are having company again. . . . That's twice during the last week. . . . That must be Mrs. Smith's doing. . . . Mr. Smith would, I know, prefer to sit before the fire with his shoes off. . . .

The last corner. . . . I put the car away and unlock the door. . . . I close the door. . . . Suddenly I am conscious of a deep sense of haven. . . . This is my town. . . . I am a part of its life, a child of its quietness. . . . There was, I remember, a time when the American small town was in disrepute. . . . Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* uncovered some of the heartaches and evil which lie behind those broad porches. . . . But that was only one side of the story. . . . Anything that is human will partake of the faults of our common humanity. . . . And my town is warmly human. . . . The man who comes to read my meter inquires about my mother. . . . The laundryman stops to tell me that he will call for my laundry after working hours. . . . The mailman informs me that the streets are very slippery this morning. . . . Down on Main Street the grocery keeper saves an extra sausage for me. . . . A few days ago the wife of the Presbyterian pastor died. . . . She was a good woman and

very properly her death was announced in a banner headline. . . . At the moment of death, and even before, she was more important in our town than Europe. . . .

My town has a sense of permanent values. . . . It reduces life to its essentials. . . . Here is the biography of one of our citizens—individual and yet universal: "A sudden heart attack proved fatal today to Jacob Ehlers, well known resident and retired farmer of Porter county. Death occurred at 12:05 Wednesday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Clyde Blachly, of Valparaiso R. F. D. 3, with whom he had made his home. He had been in ill health for several months, but his condition had not been considered serious. He was born on October 12, 1857, in Prinsemoor, in the Province of Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, and came to the United States on April 24, 1881. He has lived in and around Valparaiso for the last 60 years. On November 27, 1879, he was married to Margaret Dorothy Lippke, who preceded him in death on March 19, 1930. To this union were born five children, two of whom, Magdalena and August, preceded their parents in death." . . .

What else goes on in our town? . . . Not much, I suppose. . . . We are born, we go to school, we get married, we visit, we have children, we visit some more, we do

a little business or farming, we have grandchildren, we visit some more, we travel a little, we die. . . . I consider the following items, all in one column of our paper this afternoon, a complete picture of life in our town. . . . All of it is here: "Jay Spencer and his son-in-law, Mike Pendergast, of Chicago, came out last week to visit T. J. Spencer and family, and Harold Spencer and his mother, Mrs. M. E. Spencer. Jay is a retired engineer of the N.Y.C., having retired 15 years ago when he reached the age of 70. He is still hale and hearty and gets out and around the same as usual.

"Miss Doris Fairchild, teacher at Fair Oaks, Ind., spent New Year's eve and New Year's day as the house guest of her cousin, Miss Helen Curtin and family.

"'Jack' Konovsky says he saw what was called 'rassling' matches at White City, last Monday night, but . . . never again; says it's too tough a game for him to watch.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Curtin were New Year's eve guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gibbs in Gary.

"Tony Granger of Hammond, on his way to Delphi, Ind., stopped in De Motte for a short visit last Tuesday.

"Miss Doris Fairchild of Fair Oaks high school, spent the weekend as the guest of Helen Curtin.

"Miss Pauline Granger and Miss Helen Ohr, of Hammond,

were Sunday callers at the Curtin home.

"Paul Thompson, who has a stock farm here, shipped seven more cars of fat cattle to Cleveland, Ohio, and Buffalo, N. Y., markets last Saturday.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Timson left here Sunday for Kirksville, Mo., he having received a message of the sudden death of his brother, Ben, there.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Morris, local dentist, had as their Sunday guests his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morris, of Cambridge City, Ind. Dr. Morris, Sr., is also a dentist in his home town.

"Kniman Indees and De Motte Indees played here last Tuesday night at high school gym, Kniman winning, 26 to 20. Officials, Evans and Curtin.

"Quite a gang from here, including school marms, Keever, Wakeman and Slocum, went skating last Monday evening on 'a pond in a pasture somewhere west of Hebron.'

"Miss Beulah McIntyre, of Eenaah, Ind., a teacher in the high school, was the week-end guest of Coach Ruch, in Chicago.

"Art Burk is getting all set for the '41 fishing, getting a new tent, boat and all cooking utensils for he and 'the woman,' and he says he is going north this year in June or July—tired of that winter fishing in September. You can expect a card from near Tomahawk, Wis., most any time, after the weather warms up." . . .

Dull and drab? . . . I don't think so. . . . There is something real and warm and human about it. . . . We remember more than anyone else that men were not made for headlines and war. . . . To live, to work, to laugh, to believe, to pray, to die—this is our task and our destiny. . . . My town does these things and does them well. . . . When my laundryman gets my laundry and says: "I see you have been having company again"—I feel very much at home and very content. . . .



"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it: 'tis God's gift."

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

COLLECTIVISMS: SECULAR AND DIVINE

By HERBERT LINDEMANN

MISS EVELYN UNDERHILL, in her excellent layman's introduction to the sometimes abstruse subject of worship,* addresses those who think of the spiritual life either "as the life of my own inside" or as "something very holy, difficult, and peculiar—a sort of honors course in personal religion—to which they did not intend to aspire." "Both these kinds of individualists," she says, "seem to need a larger horizon, within which these personal facts can be placed and seen in rather truer proportion."

This quotation reminds us of two things: (1) that the "larger horizon" is being sought and apparently discovered these days in associations, philosophies, and ideals that are purely secular; and

(2) that this need is met adequately only by that institution, philosophy, and ideal which offers not merely a wider horizon, but an infinite one: the praying Church.

Almost every human being has some inferiority complex, the deepest reason for this fact being theological. Environment and training are only surface explanations for the feeling of inadequacy that seems to be coextensive with the human race. The root of the difficulty is two-fold: man's sense of creaturehood, and man's sense of sin. The first of these factors has been tremendously deepened by modern science. Man has always been more or less aware of having been created, that is to say, of being a temporal life placed into a temporal world by a Timeless One. Telescopes and microscopes, however, have made

**The Spiritual Life*. By Evelyn Underhill. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

him feel more insignificant and inadequate than ever before. What an infinitesimal fraction of time is one life! What a puny creature is the child of Adam who stands on one little spot of a mud ball which itself is only a mere speck in the astronomic universe! Men and women now feel, more than ever, hemmed in by time and space and other limitations imposed on them by the eternal God.

Add to these considerations the sense of sin. It is often said today that men have largely lost this sense and have substituted for it more scientific explanations of conduct. Men are still acutely conscious of the presence of evil in the world, but they find this evil not so much in the individual as in groups which are hostile to the individual. It is the old story of readily recognizing evil in others but not in oneself. Capitalists condemn the sins of their employees, and vice versa; nations become aroused over the iniquities of their neighbors; rarely, however, is a confession of fault heard from either these groups or the individuals that compose them. The result is that men in every field of human activity sense a steadily mounting strength and hostility in others and that their natural reaction is fear and preparation for battle.

It is not surprising, therefore, to see men more and more banding themselves together in groups, whether they be businessmen's associations, labor unions, or nationalistic parties. The trend of all is toward some form of collectivism.

Concerning this phenomenon of our time two things may be noted. The first is that it marks the collapse of the individualistic order. Placed in a universe which is far too big, too mysterious, and often too hostile to him, and confronted with secular forces which he does not understand, the individual seeks alliances which will give him the sense of strength and security which, alone, he lacks. In association with others in similar circumstances of life, the individual is imbued with a sense of power. His inferiority complex disappears or is at least submerged under thick layers of herd spirit. Of course, he has lost his freedom. In exchange he has gained the possibility of effecting through his party or union, more particularly, perhaps, through its leader, desirable changes which he, by himself, would be powerless to introduce. If what he wants can be achieved only by surrender of some personal liberties, he makes the sacrifice: he will in the end benefit much more than if he had maintained his rights. Thus the

individual with his ancient privileges is being *gleichgeschaltet*, and he is in many cases content to have it so because he knows that the world is too much for him.

The other thing that may be said about the collectivist tendency is that the modern forms of it are one and all purely secular in their ideals. Every such association, from the United States Chamber of Commerce to the CIO, has as its object some form of material benefit. Communism, Naziism, and Fascism are likewise materialistic. The highest good is universally considered to be a life physically enriched. Even a large portion of the Church has been taken in by this secular philosophy and expects the Kingdom of God to be established on this earth.

Five Points

This secular collectivism, in whatever form it is found, is bound to be disappointing because it is conditioned by uncertain and unreliable forces and rests on illusory dreams. How precarious its hopes are appears from a number of considerations: (1) Collectivism frequently depends for its success on a dominant leader, who, however, being subject to the temptations which his high position brings, is likely to be corrupted by the power

which he wields. (2) It leaves spiritual values entirely out of consideration or exploits them for its own purposes. (3) Its success demands the imposition of the will of a minority on a larger group. Obedience to this will can be secured only by some type of force—the increasing pressure of which will in time cause violent reaction. (4) It is always local or national, and this restricted dominance, if it is exercised in the political field, creates tensions which inevitably lead to war. (5) It is bound to paint a heaven which is a mirage. The objectives, purely secular, cannot be realized. In the end the adherents of the collectivism will be disillusioned and the whole philosophy on which it is built will be discarded in favor of something new.

Certainly no one can object to collectivism that are kept within proper bounds; but when such movements propose themselves as the solution of all problems for their adherents, they have definitely exceeded the limits of sanity. It is time then to call a halt and to suggest that there are deep and abiding spiritual values which cannot be compressed into the measure of any "ism." It is time to assert that any association of men the objective of which is purely horizontal and not in the least vertical (in the sense that a

church spire is vertical) will perforce be as restricted in its accomplishments as are the men who compose it.

That men have in the past turned to various secular groupings for security is partly due to the excessive materialistic emphasis of our time, and partly it is the fault of the Church, which, in her apostasy and blindness to the great needs of modern man, has somehow failed to give him what he was looking for. Of course, the Church's mission is not to give men economic security. The Church, however, has failed to come through in meeting the legitimate demands of men for leadership and fellowship. People have looked for these things in the Church and have been disappointed, not always and everywhere, but sufficiently often to regard it as a general rule. They have turned elsewhere and have found leadership in dictators and fellowship in secular associations.

Centripetal versus Centrifugal

We have said that the Church herself is partly to blame for this state of affairs. Her fault has been twofold: she has not been faithful to her divine Leader but has minimized His influence over mankind; and she has, by inward divisions, disrupted the glorious fellowship which is her rightful

possession. These are admittedly serious charges to make, but they can easily be substantiated. The leadership of Christ disappeared when the Church discarded what is miraculous about Him, with the result that He was reduced to an ancient prophet whose words and work unfortunately were not modern and whose gospel needed to be revised. One might better follow a contemporary who had a deeper insight into present-day problems.

Naturally, the visible Church's apostasy from her divine Lord destroyed the unity and fellowship that rest on a common faith. The centripetal force of the Church has been displaced by a centrifugal one, and tangent denominations have flown off in every direction. The Church now presents the spectacle of factions united only within themselves and at war against one another, sometimes even against Christ. The sense of catholicity has been crucified along with the historic faith. Under such conditions, it is small wonder that men seek their leadership and fellowship elsewhere. At least they can find, in a human society, that definite authority and that cohesion of members which they have not discovered in the Church.

It is high time that men come once more to see that the Church

of Jesus Christ is not a social agency, nor a defense mechanism, nor a product of the wishful thinking of men, but that it is the miraculous creation of God the Holy Ghost. Men would do well these days to examine the conception of the Church as it exists in the mind of our Lord. If they will study that conception carefully, they will see that it has none of the weaknesses of human collectivisms. The continuance of the Church is not dependent on shifting human opinion, nor is she governed by terrorism, but she is upheld by the most compelling force on earth: the unfathomable love of God. She is essentially international and inter-racial: her tendency is to bind the earth together in peace and not to rend it asunder with war. She holds up before men an ideal, a vision, and a heaven which are no more illusory than is God Himself.

We may have spoken as if human collectivisms were incompatible with the divine. They are, of course, not necessarily so. The two can live together in complete harmony if it is constantly borne in mind that human associations are essentially limited in their possibilities, while the Church, which transcends them, is as unbounded in her life as is her Founder. The problem with which we have to deal, however,

is that the physical and spiritual aspects of man's existence have somehow come to be divorced in modern thinking and that the physical side of human life is being emphasized and idealized to such a degree as well-nigh to crowd out the spiritual altogether and to become a substitute for it. It has often been remarked that Communism, Naziism, and Fascism are really religious. And they are. They have usurped the place which rightly belongs to the Church; their leaders stand in the place of our Lord; and their fellowship, with its common aspirations, has displaced the associations of the family of God.

But surely, as Miss Underhill writes, "life in its fulness, the life which shall develop and use all our capacities and fulfill all our possibilities, must involve correspondence not only with our visible and ever-changing, but also with our invisible and unchanging environment: the Spirit of all spirits, God, in whom we live and move and have our being. The significance, the greatness of humanity, consists in our ability to do this. The meaning of our life is bound up with the meaning of the universe. . . . The people of our time are helpless, distracted, and rebellious, unable to interpret that which is happening, and full of apprehension about that

which is to come, largely because they have lost this sure hold on the eternal, which gives to each life meaning and direction, and with meaning and direction gives steadiness."

Life is much more than wages and hours, good housing, and a shared wealth. Life is also more than racial solidarity, colonies, and national honor. Full, true life becomes possible only when every

part of man's complex nature is nourished with the sustenance that God has provided for it. Such a life is found only in that society which overleaps all barriers between men, and even those barriers that separate heaven and earth. The Church illustrates this life in her own life, and the world must find it there if there is to be a salvation from the chaos that threatens us all.

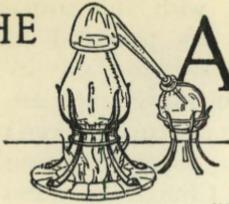


The High Price of Killing

EVERYONE knows that wars are waged at a staggering cost in money and in lives; but how many of those who read about the wholesale killing of soldiers and the expenditure of billions upon billions of dollars have ever stopped to consider the enormous price of slaying one combatant in the present conflict? It has been estimated that in the days of Julius Caesar it cost Rome approximately thirty-five cents to put an enemy soldier out of the way, that Napoleon's France paid about twenty-five hundred dollars to kill a single man, that during the Civil War in our own country the price was almost five thousand dollars, and that the death of every fighter who took part in the World War of 1914-18 represented an outlay of more than fifteen thousand dollars. Today the countries that are locked in a life-and-death struggle are said to be paying nearly fifty thousand dollars for destroying the life of one man. Can anything be more wasteful than war?

The Manchester Guardian.

THE



ALEMBIC

BY THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life." —HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

WASHINGTON, THE GENTLEMAN

 At the approach of the anniversary of George Washington's birthday I take down *The Four Georges* of William M. Thackeray and read the conclusion of the fourth lecture, at the end of the book. But before treating myself to this noblest of all tributes ever paid the father of our country, I turn the leaves of *The Four Georges* and read marked pages here and there so as to recapture somewhat of the first impression of that glowing passage.

Understand, the words I will quote are those of an Englishman. He read his lectures on *The Four Georges* some eighty years ago, when he toured the United States and was paid "nearly a guinea a minute"—\$5 in our money—for such readings. It bored Thackeray horribly. On a lecture evening in

New York, when dining with his friends, the Baxters, he would break into a gloomy recitation of his opening sentence, as if it were a knell. He somewhat resented the need of exposing himself to the gaze of the curious in order to help out his income.

Even now, these glorious essays must be read aloud in order that the flow and cadence of the sentences may be brought out. L. F. Austin quotes from the close of the lecture on George III and then comments: "The English tongue has not much eloquence which surpasses that." Many years ago I used these lectures for supplementary reading in a class in what we used to call Rhetoric and found that all the rules of beautiful and euphonious diction could be reproduced from these pages. There is really no finer English anywhere, no prose that better illustrates cadence and balance,

precision, emphasis, suspense, and climax, than the lectures on the four Georges.

The subject is, of course, the dynasty of the Georges which ruled England about the time when the American colonies demanded and achieved their independence. But it is ever the meaning behind characters and events that characterizes these lectures and that will not permit them to die as long as the English language is spoken. It is the interpretation of history by one of the noblest characters in English literature—one who despised all sham, all "lying eulogies, the blinking of disagreeable truths, flatteries, falsehood and sycophancies."

In the last of the four lectures he describes George IV and his court, and what a court!—"monstrous, grotesque, laughable, with its prodigious littlenesses, etiquettes, ceremonials, sham moralities." The king himself, as a husband, "steeped in selfishness, impotent for faithful attachment and manly enduring love. He, the 'first gentleman of Europe,'" Thackeray exclaims, and he continues: "There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George." He compares him with a true knight of that age, the naval commander Cuthbert Collingwood, a noble Christian sol-

dier. Then Thackeray draws the comparison with another gentleman of that age, George Washington, on the eve of his resignation. I will ask you to find a more eloquent tribute to our first President, and nobler English prose, than that contained in the parallel between George IV and George Washington when he retired as commander of the colonial troops, March, 1784:

Which is the noble character for after ages to admire—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honour, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory?

Which of these is the true gentleman?

What is it to be a gentleman?

Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always?

Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.

MEET MADAME UNSET



If it had not been for the interviews printed in the papers before she spoke in St. Louis, few

people would have paid a dollar to hear Madame Sigrid Undset when she came to St. Louis. But one does not meet Nobel Prize winners every year, and a woman who gained that coveted distinction as a novelist less than fifteen years ago and who fled before the Nazi invasion by plane via Moscow to a Siberian port last summer could not fail to draw a crowd. She spoke with a Scandinavian accent, but her English vocabulary was rich and modern. Her theme was the influence of war on literature. Of the striking and original thoughts developed in the course of this lecture I shall submit a few from my notes.

War appeals to the best and the vilest instincts. Great poems have never been the product of contemporary wars. There are a few songs and ballads, but the poetical harvest of war is never great. The one astounding exception is the *Marseillaise*. It was so with the last war. There have been no great war novels, and those which dealt with the first world war in no instance glorified armed conflict, but described the indecencies and cruelties, the misery and foolishness of war instead. They belong to escapist literature. Grand literature is usually of the escapist type. When the situation is past, these books become antiquated. Who reads today Rousseau or Madame de Staël? Escapist literature endeavors to lead the minds of contemporaries away from their troubles. To flee into a

fictitious world of dreams is the easiest escape.

ESCAPIST LITERATURE



I am still quoting Madame Undset.

There are the Finns, whom she considers the most energetic people in the world. And they have the most beautiful national anthem. The poems of Runeberg glorified the defeated Finnish army of 1809, and although Finland was treated justly and with chivalry by the Russia of a hundred years ago, these poems kept alive the spirit of freedom.

The glories of war are just as real as the miseries and indecencies. It was the spread of pacifism in the democracies that encouraged warlike nations to try every horror of war to subdue the pacifist democracies. Pacifism has no great literature.

On the other hand, no victorious tyrant is glorified by great poetry. Only in the hour of defeat the tyrant becomes a poetical figure, like the lonely man on the rocky isle of St. Helena. The entire career of Napoleon produced only one great poem—Heine's poem of the Two Grenadiers. Posterity takes sides with the vanquished always. It is not the victorious Greek leaders but Priam, Hector, and the other heroes of Troy from whom great men claimed their descent. There is dignity for the conquered in all literature. In the Persian and the Japanese as well as in the Occidental. With the memory of conquered heroes the nation must nourish her soul.

The glory of defeated bravery is affirmed again and again in medieval poetry. The blast of Roland's Horn is heard to this day from Roncesvalle; it is heard in old Norse sagas; and in Telemarken, boys are still baptized Roland.

From the pacifist age of Elizabeth, who was against war at any price, and the new strife between Catholic and Protestant, England sought escape into a greater and better future by turning to the study of older culture, as in the Shakespearean dramas.

Poets sense beforehand, even, the dark phases and point out escape from dangers not yet realized. May we apply this to the present world war? Never has there been a conflict on this scale. The first reaction will be a literature of denunciation, called forth by the devastation of the beauties of nature and of art. We shall expect then a literature setting forth the glories of self-sacrifice, of neighborly kindness, encouraging the descendants to hold out and later to escape when the victors have become lazy and prosperous and the memory of their cruelties will again rouse the warlike spirit. But we are face to face with a world revolution. A new paganism is being preached, not related at all to any paganism that ever was. The old had at least gods, prayers, sacrifices. The new paganism teaches man to adore man. It concedes to man the right to rule other men without responsibility to any other Power. It does away with fear for the wrath of God against the wicked. It justifies wholesale slaughter. Well might we look with apprehension upon the influence of this

new paganism on literature. The terrible thing is that this new paganism cannot use any literature of the pro-Christian or definitely Christian type.

But I don't believe that it will succeed. Some time the sources of idealism will spring forth again. In the end the memory of the glories of this war, of resistance to tyranny, of gallant fighting will be revived to show the nations a way of escape into a better future.

VI SNAKKER NORSK

 This was after the lecture at Fontbonne College, when the folks who had gathered to hear Madame Undset spent another half hour in the parlors to discuss the lecture, enjoy some refreshments, and meet Madame Undset. "*Det var et storartet foredrag,*" ("That was a remarkable lecture,") I remarked, when the great visitor had refreshed herself with a glass of fruit punch. She uttered a few polite sounds and I continued: "*Deres engelsk er ypperlig, jeg var forbauset at De kunde tale saa vel i et fremmed sprog.*" ("Your English was excellent; I was surprised that you could speak so well in a foreign language.") She acknowledged also this compliment; not with any show of enthusiasm; Nobel prize winners have heard much adulation, and the speakers who introduced her—all Catholic dignitaries—had laid it on with a trowel,

as Shakespeare says. I next asked:

"*Har nogen talt til dem i deres sprog, her i St. Louis?*" ("Has anyone spoken to you in your own language here in St. Louis?") She replied, "*Nei, De er den første norske jeg har talt med her i byen.*" ("No, you are the first Norwegian with whom I have spoken here in town.") "*Men jeg er ikke norsk!*" ("But I am not Norwegian!") I informed her. At this Madame Undset seemed to show some interest. She raised her

eyes for the first time and set down her glass of punch, at which she had been sipping. I continued, "*Jeg er amerikansk, men jeg har bodd iblandt de norske seks eller syv aar.*" ("I am an American, but I have lived among the Norwegians six or seven years.") "*Nei,*" she exclaimed, "*men de taler norsk som en norsker!*" ("No, but you speak Norwegian like a Norwegian!")—which, from a top-flight Norwegian novelist, is very definitely *something*.



"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

LINCOLN.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

The Power of Association in Music

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

♪ Everyone admits that music often creates moods, paints pictures, and tells stories. But what moods, what pictures, what stories?

Let us assume that you have heard Jean Sibelius' magnificent tone-poem, *Pohjola's Daughter*, a hundred times without knowing anything at all about the ancient Finnish legend on which it is based. Did you think of a gray-beard, Väinämöinen by name, returning on his sledge from the bleak regions of Pohja? Did you see a lovely maiden sitting on a rainbow and weaving a tapestry of fine gold? Did you hear the old man ask the girl to seat herself beside him on his sleigh and go with him to his home? Did you know that the beautiful creature, who believed that "a wedded damsel" is like "a housedog, tightly fettered," taunted her wooer by ordering him to split a hair with

a dull knife, to tie an egg in knots, to chop a lump of ice to pieces without making splinters, and, finally, to fashion from her spindle and shuttle a boat which would sail and steer itself without the aid of human hands? Did you see Väinämöinen carry out these fantastic requests only to be wounded severely by evil spirits that beset his journey? Were you then conscious of the aged lover's leave-taking and of the peace of mind that came to him after his wound had been healed?

It is entirely safe to say that the legend of Väinämöinen and the maiden on the rainbow would never occur to you if you listened to Sibelius' masterfully written work without a knowledge of its program. To be sure, you could enjoy the tone-poem even though you were unaware of the tale on which it is founded: but is it not true that *Pohjola's Daughter* is

one of the many compositions which prove conclusively that the composer of a particular work must tell us what moods he strives to create, what pictures he strives to paint, and what stories he strives to tell? If we do not have his help, we are likely to gain entirely different impressions.

Incidentally, Sibelius' symphonic poem shows us that a master craftsman always bears in mind that, although all the arts have much in common, there are, of necessity, sharply defined lines of demarcation. Could music ever describe how Väinämöinen tied an egg in knots? Could one ever descant in tone on the orthodox manner of applying a mustard plaster to a sore chest?

"Here is a tone-poem from my pen," says the composer, "and here is the story which it tries to suggest to you. In my own mind the music and the tale are intimately related. I want the two elements associated; but I realize that the listener will not be able to do this unless I give him the clues. Nevertheless, I know that if my composition has any value at all, it will stand on its own feet without benefit of association."

Let us remember, however, that some composers have actually given us program music without indicating either in detail or

in the rough what moods they wanted to create, what pictures they wanted to paint, or what stories they wanted to tell. When we hear these compositions, we put our imaginations to work and draw conclusions of our own. We can never be sure, of course, that our deductions will tally with the intentions of the creators: but it is fun to indulge in guessing-games. We add to our enjoyment of such compositions by trying to ferret out the purposes of those who wrote them. No harm is done if we make mistakes.

An Experiment

 At the risk of being accused of exasperating cocksureness, I shall suggest a little quiz-game which, I believe, will prove my point.

Select five or more persons to serve as guinea pigs. Then play a recording of Beethoven's *Rage Over a Lost Penny* and ask the quizees individually and collectively, "What does this composition suggest to you?"

One of your guinea pigs may discover happiness in the rondo; another may find insanity in it; another may think that exultation is indicated; and another may conclude that Beethoven's tidbit smacks of prank-playing. Some may come near enough to the correct answer to declare that

the piece reminds them of an outburst of anger. But would anyone of the quizees mention rage occasioned by a lost penny unless he happened to know the work? Even thoroughly schooled musicians would fail to hit the nail on the head if they were unacquainted with the composition and its fanciful title. Were it not for Beethoven's caption, one might easily think of some adventure in the life of the man in the moon before identifying the little rondo with anger that has been aroused by the loss of a coin.

Next select five works that deal with storms, play them for your quizees, and ask what pictures the music conjures up in their minds. Choose that portion of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* which is entitled *Storm and Tempest*, the second part of Rossini's *William Tell Overture*, the prelude to Wagner's *Die Walküre*, a part of the incidental music written by Sibelius for Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, and the prelude to the third act of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Ivan the Terrible*.

You can rest assured, I believe, that there will be suggestions differing as widely from storms as pigs from pantaloons.

Again it is necessary to say that even well-trained musicians will be in grave danger of missing the bus in this test unless they hap-

pen to know the compositions and the situations associated with them by the composers.

Play *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, by Paul Dukas. Will Mr., Mrs., or Miss Quizee think of the tale told by Goethe in his poem, *Der Zauberlehrling*, unless much more than a mere clue has been given?

More Proofs

 Does our little experiment show that the composers have failed dismally to accomplish what they set out to do? By no means. But it does prove to the hilt that music creates moods, paints pictures, and tells stories by reason of the power of association.

Manifestly, I am not thinking of such obvious devices as the literal or nearly literal imitation of natural sounds.

Had Beethoven, Rossini, Wagner, Sibelius, and Rimsky-Korsakoff told us that they meant to portray battle-scenes, family quarrels, bullfights, or steak-fries in those excerpts from their works that are being used in our quiz-program, we should accept their statements without question, and commentators without number would show us in detail exactly how well and how realistically the jobs have been done.

The sublimely beautiful *Sonatina* which Johann Sebastian Bach

inserted into his cantata, *God's Time Is the Best*, has an unmistakable religious character when it is associated by the listener with the composition of which it is a part. But could it not suggest entirely different thoughts—thoughts not necessarily connected with religion—if taken out of its context and played to men and women who do not know how, when, or why the composer used it?

Will the music intertwined with *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *Die Wacht am Rhein*, *Britannia Rules the Waves*, or the *Marseillaise* arouse patriotic fervor in the hearts of those who have no knowledge whatever of the words with which the melodies are associated?

It is probably true that music, like the other arts, is, to some extent, autobiographical in character since—as many competent critics believe—it invariably presents to us a slice, as it were, of its creator's personality. But are we always able to say, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the slice"?

We can derive much fun and

pleasure from looking for those elements which, to our thinking, reveal the composer's identity and disclose his peculiarities and his idiosyncrasies; but who will deny that our reactions and our conclusions will always be tinged with that difficult-to-define and often elusive something which is known as subjectivity? Who is able to point out every biographical item in Richard Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica* or in the same composer's *Ein Heldenleben*?

One listener may find in Beethoven's *Eroica* something which another is utterly unable to detect; but this certainly does not mean that both do not garner an equal amount of pleasure and edification from the great symphony.

Surely, the power and the magic of association have far more to do with what music means to you and to me than most devotees of the art are inclined to think. Those who fail to acknowledge this bald truism are overlooking a factor that is fundamental in its significance.



"What men need today in this time of trouble is not a way out so much as a way of high and manly living within."

SIR WILMOTT LEWIS.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE
AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

A Regretful Review

WHAT THEN IS CHRISTIANITY? By Charles M. Jacobs. The United Lutheran Publication House, Philadelphia. 1940. 136 pages. \$1.00.

WHEN Dr. Charles Michael Jacobs, president of Mt. Airy Seminary at Philadelphia, died in 1938, the manuscript of this book was found among his effects. It is, therefore, in a sense, a legacy which he left to the church that he had served in various positions of leadership during his lifetime. If it was his purpose to leave behind him a final summary of the religious convictions at which he had arrived and by which he lived, few other topics could have served him as well as the one which he chose.

The book is to be a "defense of Christianity against attack and misinterpretation," and the author starts out from the belief "that a true description of Christianity is the best defense that Christianity can have and all the defense that it can ever need." In selecting the source from which to draw the material for this

description, Dr. Jacobs makes an unusual choice. He decides to proceed historically, to investigate the forms which Christianity has taken at various times and places, and, by carefully inspecting them, to determine what is essentially Christian.

This method of procedure was no doubt chosen to gain an objective standard and to avoid the charge of subjectivity of interpretation which might have been raised if the description of Christianity had been based on Bible passages. The method, however, involves great difficulties because it is not logically self-sufficient. Some of the forms to be studied may contain things that are not Christian, as the author realizes, or may lack elements that are essential to Christianity. To deal with these cases, some standard other than the historical has to be applied. This turns out to be either an appeal to the Bible or a statement of the author's conviction.

The answer to the question, *What then is Christianity?* is given in six chapters, with the headings: Christianity and God; Christianity and Christ; Christianity and Faith; Chris-

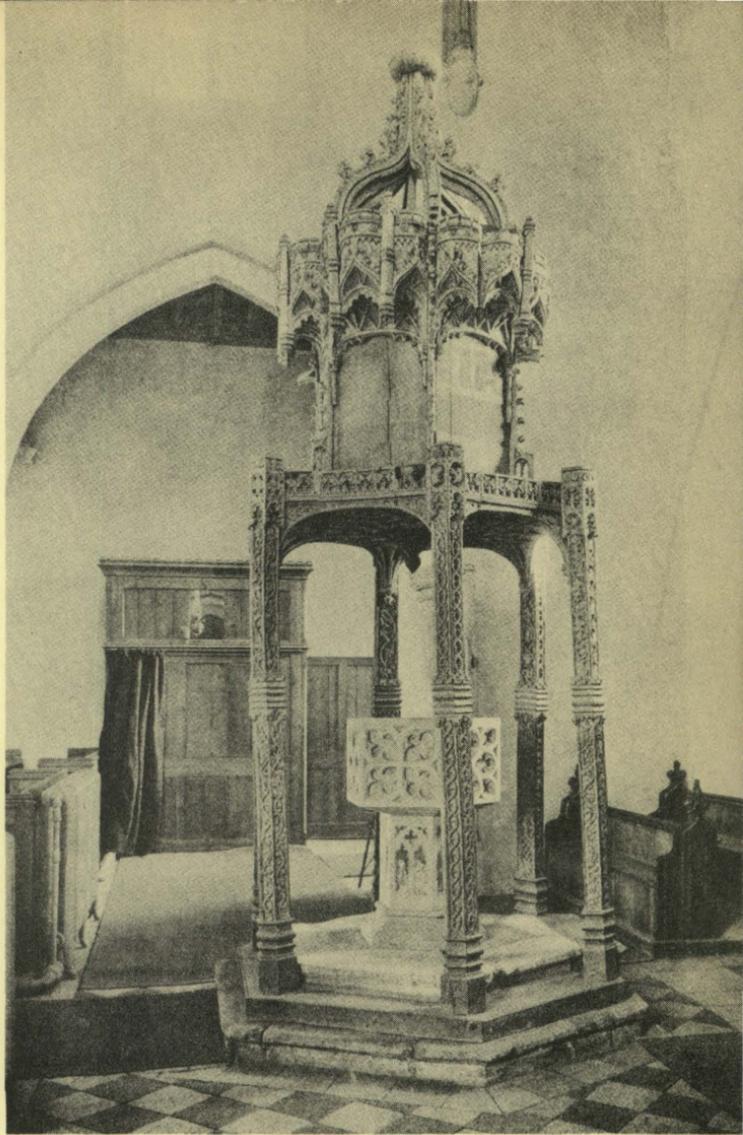
tianity and Character; Christianity and Salvation; and The Source of Christianity. The presentation is beautifully clear, effortless, and flowing, and yet the language is choice and virile. Some passages are veritable gems of thought and expression out of which Christian principles shine in splendor.

Nothing would please us better than to be able to close on this note. But that may not be. There are unfortunately points on which we cannot accept Dr. Jacobs as an exponent of true Christianity, and they concern matters which are not of small moment but of vital import. Two examples may suffice, the first being his attitude toward the Bible. He writes, "They [the Scriptures] are the written record of the history through which God's revelation of Himself was made." Are they then not themselves a revelation? "The language is human language, expressing the knowledge, the conviction, and the thought of men in the only medium through which such things can be expressed." If the Bible is human, not only in language but also in content, then no wonder that one reads: "It is not surprising, for example, that the attempt should have been made to reduce Jesus' demand for godlikeness to a code of law. We find the tendency toward that kind of interpretation even in the New Testament. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, among the New Testament writers, Paul and John are the only ones who fully grasped the significance of their Master's Gospel." What becomes, then,

of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and Peter? and what of Christ's promises, John 14:26 and 16:13?

Still more saddening is the position taken on the central doctrine of all, the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ's redeeming sacrifice. The longest chapter in the book, indeed, is that on "Christianity and Faith," but justifying faith is mentioned only in passing as "Paul's teaching about faith." In a later chapter the author returns to the subject and writes: "Certainly the idea of forgiveness ruled the mind of Paul. . . . The great, new discovery that he has made through Christ is that God is ready to forgive even the chief of sinners. The Gospel is a Gospel because it makes known the forgiveness of sins." And then: "It cannot be said that in thus dwelling upon forgiveness Paul was departing from the thought of Jesus. . . . The forgiveness of sins is not the least of the ways in which the Fatherhood of God is made known." In other words, the doctrine which the Lutheran confessions pronounce "the highest and most important article of the whole Christian doctrine," "which alone opens the door into the whole Bible," is presented almost apologetically as a peculiarity of St. Paul. The author, accordingly, also finds it possible to write, "The New Testament does not develop a theory of salvation."

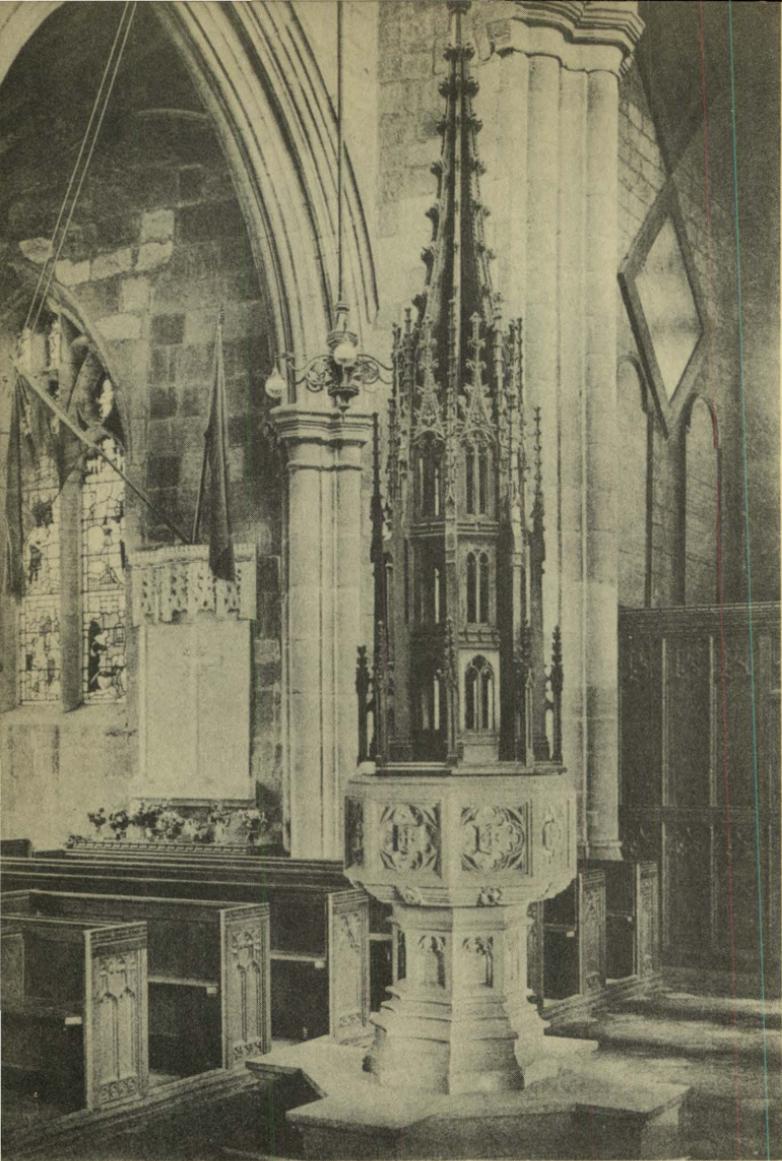
We opened this book with the sincere hope of finding in it a presentation of true Christianity in all its fundamentals, but we are compelled to close it, most regretfully, with the



Courtesy Howard and Crossley

There is something very fascinating about Baptismal font-covers. There is constant variation in form and the details are so delicate and quaintly pretentious.

The above cover from Trunch dates from the early year of the XVI century. Originally this was a telescopic font-cover.



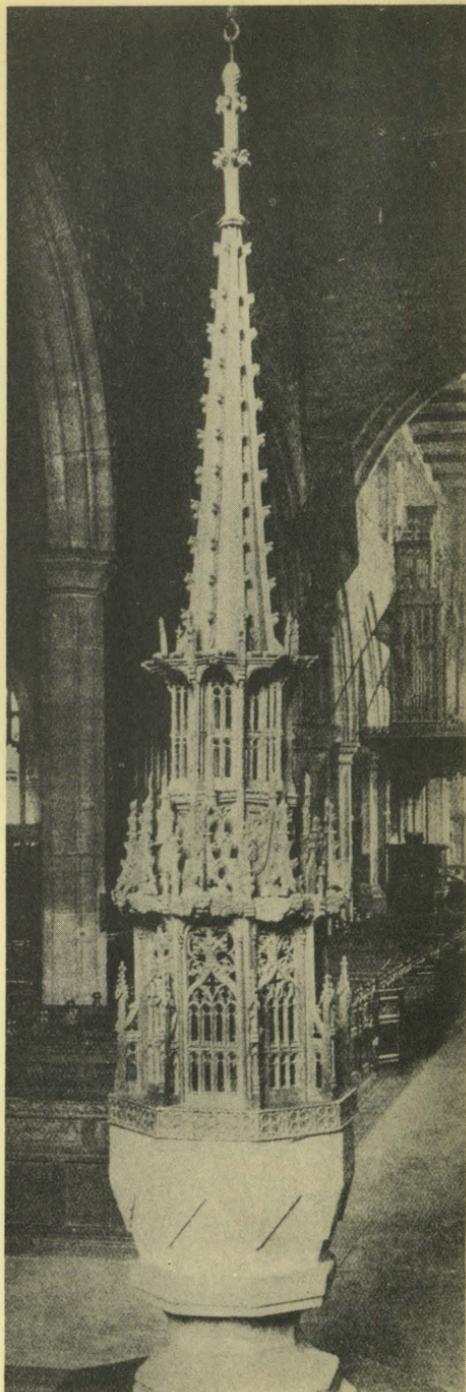
Courtesy Howard and Crossley

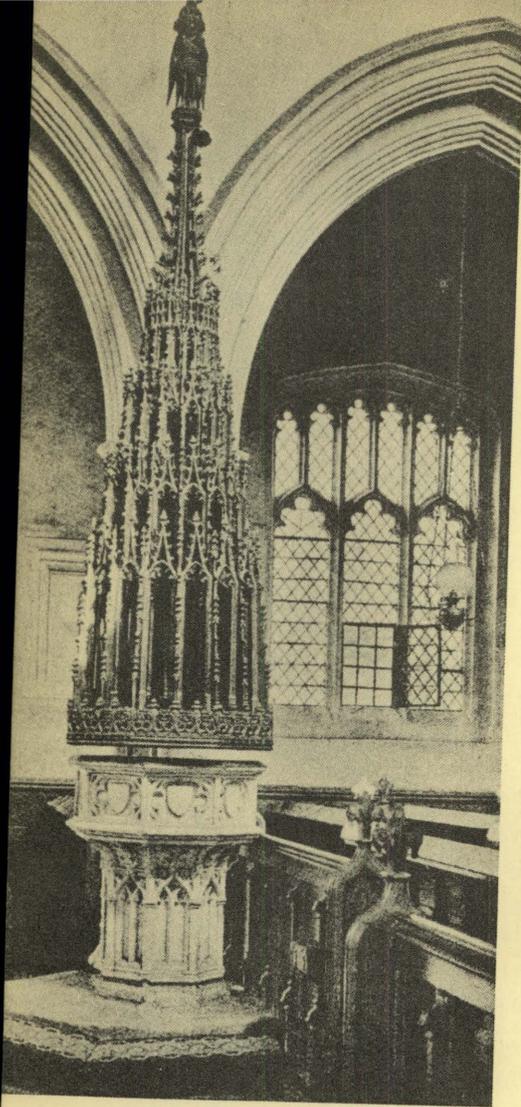
Every feature of a large church is to be found in a minute scale on these font covers—butfresses, pinnacles, windows, turrets, parapets and spires.

This beautiful cover is from Thirsk and dates from the late XV century.

It was the custom in mediaeval England to consecrate the Baptismal water at certain seasons only, of which Easter Eve was the chief. Consequently it was necessary to keep the font covered and locked up.

This cover from Halifax in Yorkshire is counterweighed so that it can be raised.

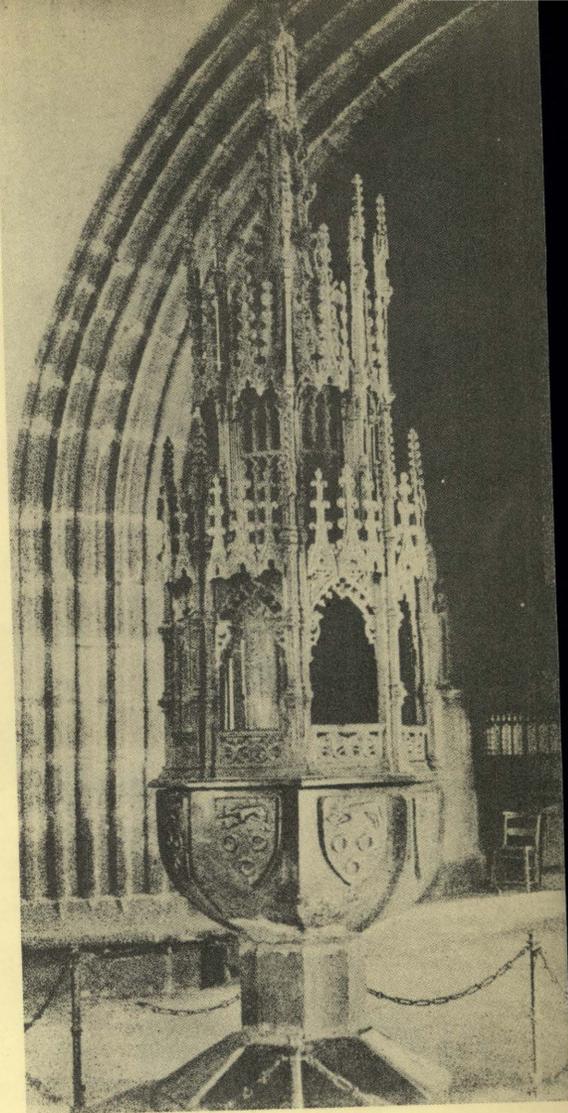




Courtesy Howard and Crossley

In order that font covers could be raised easily they were very lightly constructed of thin material and were sadly liable to the attacks of worms and rot and to breakage by carelessness or misuse. That is why so many of them have been destroyed and have had to be replaced.

This counter-balanced cover is found in a church at Ewelme.



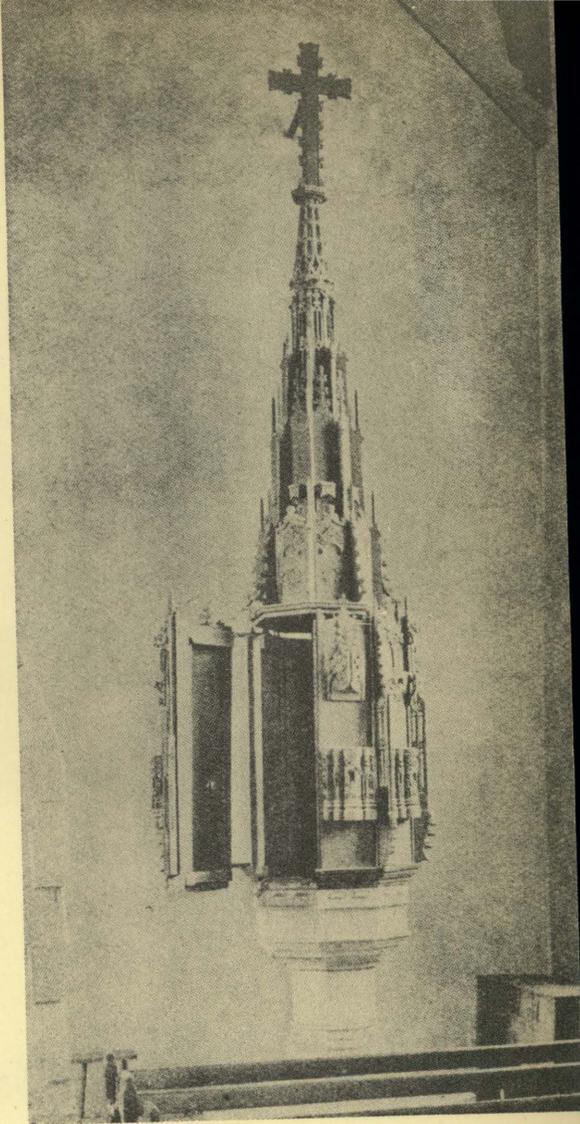
Courtesy Howard and Crossley

In the mediaeval font-cover design there was a tendency to make the cover a canopy rather than a lid. In this example from Newcastle there are eight openings in the canopy which might have had place for eight images.



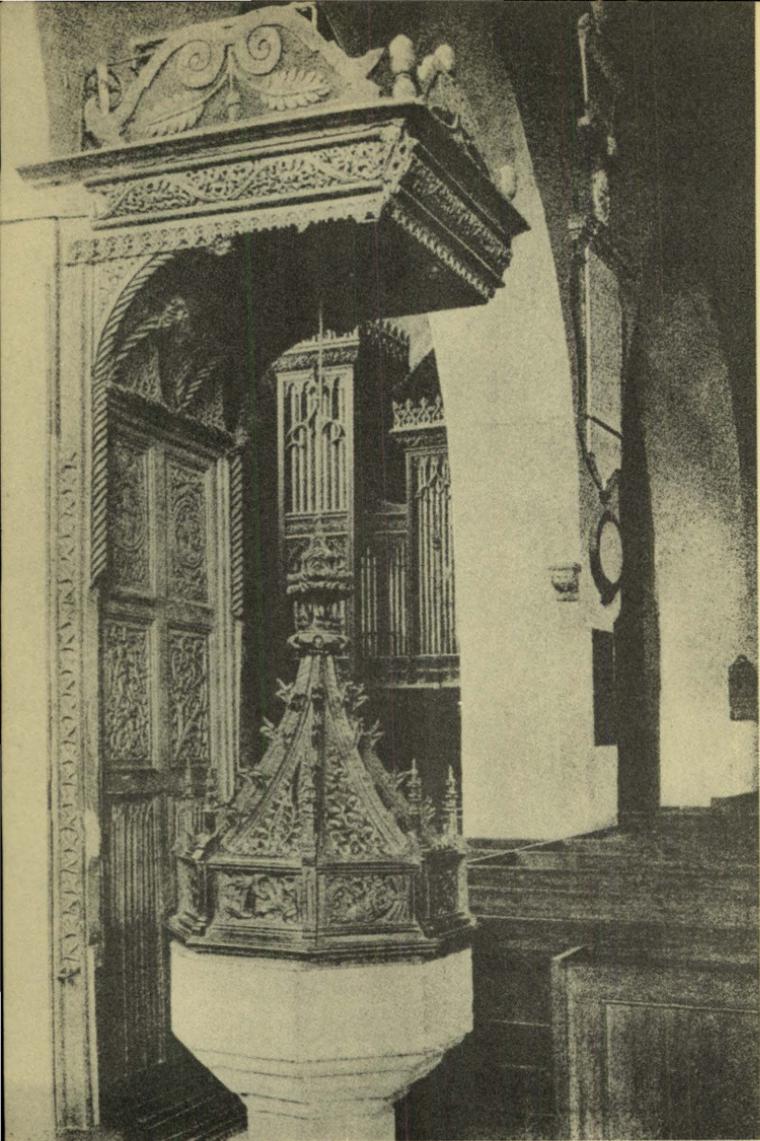
Courtesy Howard and Crossley

Tabernacle covers were usually suspended and were raised and lowered by means of balance weights. This example from Frieston has an exceptionally beautiful outline. In the lower portion there are eight niches with open backs and a triangular canopy.



Courtesy Howard and Crossley

The font covers of the Eastern half of England are mostly of the tabernacled variety and triptych covers are a feature of the counties around London. The cover shown above is found at Hepworth, Suffolk.



Courtesy Howard and Crossley

In order to raise these great font covers special font beams were often installed in order to attach a crane. Sometimes these font cranes were glorified into gorgeous testers as in this example from Pilton, Devon, where the arched jib becomes a beautiful coving and the entire cover is suspended from this canopy. It dates from the early years of the XVI century.

conviction that it does not contain what we sought.

Swashbuckling Journalism

JIMMY HARE, NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER: *Half a Century with a Camera.* By Cecil Carnes. Macmillan Co., New York. 1940. 304 pages. \$3.00.

IN THE early 1870's, in a London workshop from which came the world's best handmade cameras, a lad halfway through his teens started to learn everything he could about everything connected with photography. It is a long way back from today's newsreels, *Life* magazine, picture sections of Sunday newspapers, and wirephotos to George Hare's camera shop; yet the work of that apprentice, George Hare's son, must be reckoned among the many sources of today's picture journalism, for that apprentice eventually became the ace of the early news photographers. The young man left the shop when he became more interested in new developments in the entire field of photography and in taking photographs than in the manufacture of cameras. He grasped an opportunity, in 1889, to emigrate to America, for it was plain that America was taking the lead in the encouragement of photography. In this country he started his work as a newspaperman—work that after several years earned him this tribute from Richard Harding Davis: "No war is official until Jimmy Hare is there to cover it."

The day after the "Maine" blew up in Havana harbor pint-sized Jim-

my Hare dashed to the offices of *Collier's Weekly*. He wanted to be sent to Cuba. Since news photography was in its infancy, editors were not sure how much effort and money photographs were worth. Robert J. Collier murmured something about cost. Said Jimmy, "For expenses, it will cost you just what it costs me, not a cent more! As for salary, I'll go for as little as five dollars a day. I'll make you *want* to raise my wages—you'll see! There'll be a war before you know it, and I'll be right on the spot when the guns let go. You'll scoop the country on photographs!" From that day until the beginning of World War I Jimmy was *Collier's* staff photographer.

He covered the Maine Inquiry and the Spanish *reconcentrado* camps. Back to New York went pictures of divers working on the "Maine," of her wounded in hospitals, of miserable Cuban rebels, of starving children, of babies ravaged by disease. When war was imminent, he shifted his activities to Key West, and then back to Cuba.

With Sylvester Scovel and Stephen Crane of the *New York World*, John Fox, Jr., of *Harper's Weekly*, a group from Hearst's *New York Journal*, Richard Harding Davis, and others, Jimmy Hare saw the campaigns in Cuba. He found more action and more discomfort than he had bargained for, and his new friends found in him courage and ingenuity that later almost grew into legend.

Always it was pictures. Jimmy needed more of them, of the army in action. At San Juan Hill he saw

no sense in photographing soldiers creeping up a hill. Tall grass hid them part of the time. His pictures would not show Spanish bullets coming at the soldiers. He got ahead of the attack! Sprinting up the slope to a point some yards in advance of the foremost American troops, he turned and took pictures of the Sixth Infantry worming its way up the slope under fire. Why the Spaniards did not shoot him no one knows.— His credit line in the magazine became "Photos by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer" instead of "By Our Special Artist."

During the next twenty-five years Jimmy covered four other major wars, many revolutions and expeditions, and saw more battles than any living general. As an experienced newspaperman, at the age of forty-nine, he did a stunt requiring the courage or recklessness displayed on San Juan Hill. During the Russo-Japanese War, when Russian guns shelled Chong-Ju in an effort to unmask Japanese batteries, Jimmy dashed down to the bleak plain in the midst of shrapnel bursts. He got pictures of the Japanese battery. Then he noticed that the shrapnel bursts were spaced at regular distances. Running to a point near where the next shell was due to explode, he photographed the explosion. He had war pictures for *Collier's* that were unique.

Jimmy has a number of "firsts" to his credit. At London's Balloon Centennial, in 1884, he took what was perhaps the first snapshot: when he was unable to keep an ascending bal-

loon in focus long enough to make an exposure, he snatched up his camera and tripod and simply snapped the shutter. In 1906, from a balloon, he made the first air pictures of New York. His scoop of scoops was the first photograph of the Wright airplane in flight, a picture he got by hiding behind bushes on the Kitty Hawk sand dunes. His masterpiece of marine photography, the United States battle fleet passing in review, started a vogue which made that scene familiar to everyone who sees newsreels. A pose of Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft started the practice of picturing incoming and outgoing presidents. These and many other pictures document *Jimmy Hare, News Photographer*.

This book is not a biography. It is a series of first-rate reports on Mr. Hare's efforts to get the news in pictures. Some of his assignments were ordinary jobs, some were hazardous, some were amusing, and some were highly adventurous. News photography is generally regarded as exciting work; and naturally Cecil Carnes, himself a newspaperman, has made the most of it. Happily, Mr. Carnes has a flair for handling excitement in words similar to Mr. Hare's flair for handling excitement in pictures.

A few readers will wish that Mr. Carnes had tied together more skillfully the episodes of his story; a few more will wish for just a little specific information on the growing use of pictures in American journalism. But perhaps, in a day when the episodic news reports of *Time* and the stories-in-pictures of *Life* reach mil-

lions of people, the graces of balanced writing are too much to expect. Perhaps one should be satisfied with energy—and this book has all the energy of modern journalism.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

A Tory's Saga

OLIVER WISWELL. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 1940. 836 pages. \$3.00.

THIS is the latest novel by the author of *Arundel*, *Captain Caution*, *Rabble in Arms*, *Northwest Passage*, etc. The book is bound to be a best-seller, not only because even a mediocre book by Mr. Roberts would be carried along by the fame and popularity of his former stories, but because it is a first-rate piece of writing. A further reason why it will be read is because the author treats his subject from a new angle. *Oliver Wiswell* is a historical novel of the American Revolution, and the tale is told from the Tory side. A new approach to an old theme is always refreshing, provided it is well executed. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Roberts' writings know that he is a master craftsman. They will not be disappointed in this work so far as craftsmanship is concerned, but they may feel "let down" because the net result of the long story is that our national heroes of that period are a rather sorry lot. We humans are so constituted that we do not mind it much if an author shows us that our pet heroes have clay feet; but when he goes so far as to make them all clay, from head

to foot, and of a low grade clay to boot, we are apt to be resentful. Mr. Roberts' book, as he no doubt anticipated when he planned and wrote it, is certain to arouse controversy, and, judging from the few press notices which we have seen, the controversy is already well under way. This man Roberts, accordingly, is not only an able writer, but also a canny businessman. Knowing that, when a writer has a half dozen or so fairly successful novels to his credit, he must do something extraordinary to retain the public interest, he has deliberately set out to do the extraordinary with a bang.

The news has reached our ears that *Oliver Wiswell* is to become a movie. We wonder what Hollywood will do to make an unpalatable book (to the American taste) palatable for the moviegoers of our country. We may be wrong, but we do not believe that this story will succeed as a movie in its present form. Not with our people. We can see how our Canadian neighbors and our British friends across the sea will enjoy it. We can also imagine that Mr. Hitler, who despises our democracy, will find this novel so much grist for his mill. Other countries that are not particularly friendly toward us will likewise be inclined to look down on us in pharisaical pride over the lowly, even ignominious, birth of our nation as depicted by Mr. Roberts.

The hero of the story, as the title indicates, is Oliver Wiswell, a New Englander. Fresh from Yale College, this son of a Massachusetts lawyer lives through the War of Indepen-

dence as a Tory, a loyalist, irreconcilably opposed to the rebellion. For the purpose of telling the whole story, Mr. Roberts succeeds in making a somewhat ubiquitous figure out of his hero, having him present at Bunker Hill, at the siege of Boston, at the battle of Long Island, in England and France, then along the Wilderness Trail, in the South, and back in New England. The entire war thus passes in review before the reader who, of course, seeing it through the eyes of Oliver Wiswell, finds Samuel Adams described as a crooked old demagogue, John Hancock as a smuggler, and others, including George Washington, appearing in rather unfavorable colors, while Benedict Arnold passes across the scene as a fine gentleman and a loyal patriot.

The hero, Oliver Wiswell, in spite of everything the author can do, remains an aloof and impersonal character to whom the reader never really warms up. There are, however, others who are alive, vigorous, interesting, like the salty Mrs. Byles and the good-natured rogue, Tom Buell. Among the interesting scenes in the story, the siege of Boston and the defense of Fort Ninety-six in South Carolina are real highlights.

A Critical Biography

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION: A Reappraisal. Gates, Conway and the Continental Congress. By Bernhard Knollenberg. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 269 pages. \$3.00.

BIOGRAPHIES of famous American leaders have always held a particular fascination for their countrymen. George Washington's life, especially, has engrossed the attention of historians and authors. In recent years writers like Rupert Hughes and Woodward have shown our first president as being a warm, human, and fallible personality.

Mr. Knollenberg's contribution is a critical, scientific, and scholarly analysis of Washington in his relations with members of the Continental Congress and certain military leaders of his army. The author is a lawyer and librarian at Yale University. While engaged in research work on the political development of the Revolutionary War, he claimed that authors of the revolutionary period often distorted the facts about the war. His book is designed to correct this distortion and "to present certain episodes and characters in what I believe to be a truer light." Many inaccurate accounts of this period are due to the reluctance of writers to question the accuracy and veracity of Washington's own utterances. It was "necessary to shift the responsibility for the consequences of his lapses to others, who are made the scapegoats for his mistakes."

The author categorically rejects the view that Washington's statements are unimpeachable. His method of ascertaining their truth or falsity is to check them against contemporary letters and diary entries—more dependable sources of information than memoirs, letters, or documents written after the event.

Research of this type leads Knollenberg to declare that Washington was hypersensitive to criticism and morbidly determined to prove himself always in the right—"traits which led him to shift responsibility for his errors to others and to be unduly suspicious of the motives of those who ventured to criticize or differ with him." The research also brings out "his misunderstanding of those whose social or economic status was different from his own and shows that his judgment in military matters was sometimes fallible."

Nevertheless, Mr. Knollenberg testifies to Washington's sterling qualities: bravery, strong national feeling, devotion to duty, and dogged perseverance. Often historians, recognizing these traits, have unduly exalted the role played by Washington in the war and have minimized the part played by other generals, notably Horatio Gates. Also scholars have claimed that Congress actually hampered the progress of Washington's army. The conventional thesis furthermore severely criticized the leaders of the so-called Conway Cabal (Generals Gates, Mifflin, and Conway) for their attempt, with the aid of Congress, to oust Washington from his command and install Gates as commander-in-chief. The author proves that Gates, instead of being an incompetent, traitorous general, had capably served his country at the battle of Saratoga and was not responsible for the defeat at Brandywine. Conway's indiscreet remarks about his superior's leadership were magnified into a plot by Washing-

ton. In short, the cabal was a myth. Other examples are given to prove that Washington committed military blunders and often deliberately misstated facts.

Unfortunately Mr. Knollenberg has re-evaluated only certain incidents of the Revolution. His account is liberally interspersed with quotations from letters and diaries and contains footnotes and a detailed bibliography. The book is a valuable contribution to American historiography, but the author's meticulous scholarship cannot be expected to win the attention of the general public.

EMIL HENRY EISENTRAGER.

The Shadow Stage

THE BEST PICTURES 1939-1940 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF MOTION PICTURES IN AMERICA. Edited by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1940. 534 pages. Illustrated. \$3.50.

EVERY year during the past two decades Burns Mantle, eminent New York critic and author, has edited a delightful and valuable yearbook of the American theatre. And now Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay have performed a similar service for the shadow stage. Their interesting and informative work, *The Best Pictures 1939-1940*, makes an excellent and fitting companion piece for Mr. Mantle's *The Best Plays 1939-1940*.

The world of make-believe holds a strange fascination for all of us. Perhaps that is why we find Hollywood so alluring; for, as Wm. Saro-

yan has so aptly put it, "this is the only city in the world that is entirely the product of the imagination." The magic of the silver screen has brought into being the greatest and most popular form of entertainment the world has yet seen. Almost everyone goes to the movies. Therein lie both the strength and the weakness of this vast industry, for producers and distributors tell us that motion picture audiences are, for the most part, lazy audiences. They demand entertainment which permits an easy escape from the problems and the difficulties of life; they are satisfied to be entertained at no intellectual cost to themselves. Therefore some of the really fine film releases must go begging, while pictures of far less importance and of far less artistic worth make an impressive box office showing. In a well-written foreword to *The Best Pictures*, Walter F. Wanger, president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, deplors the limitations which this false standard of values imposes. He also points out the need for more adequate methods of distribution and the lack of sympathetic exhibition facilities for pictures of unusual distinction.

The Best Pictures 1939-1940—literally from July 1, 1939, to July 1, 1940—contains, in condensed form, the scenarios of seven outstanding screen successes. Messrs. Wald and Macaulay are careful to point out that they do not arbitrarily exclude all other film offerings of the period from a possible "best" list. Instead, they tell us, "we have adopted a pol-

icy of selecting pictures by classification. In this volume, for instance, our classifications are (a) Action, (b) Biography, (c) Comedy, (d) Comedy-Drama, (e) Drama, (f) Farce, and (g) Tragedy." The pictures selected by the editors on this basis are (a) *Destry Rides Again*, (b) *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, (c) *Ninotchka*, (d) *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, (e) *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, (f) *Bachelor Mother*, and (g) *Rebecca*. David O. Selznick's record-breaking *Gone With the Wind* is omitted only because the great length of the scenario precluded a satisfactory condensation.

The second half of the book contains news and information about all the important aspects of motion picture production. The trends of the season, the decline of old stars and the rise of new ones, the cost of major studio releases, and the various prizes and awards which are given each year—all these and many other topics of interest are enumerated and discussed by the editors. The inclusion of a list of the season's Class A films, together with a concise synopsis and complete cast and production credits for each picture, gives added interest and value to this fine record of the screen world.

ANNE HANSEN.

A Frenchman Speaks Out

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE.

By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Germaine Brée. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1940. 253 pages. \$2.50.

THE seven mysteries dealt with by Jules Romains in his thought-provoking contribution to the welter of theories bearing on the present war are: Daladier; Gamelin; Leopold III; The English; The Nazi; Ribbentrop & Co.; and, Who Saved Fascism?

There are two ways of appraising what the eminent French writer has to say about prominent personages who had much to do with the origin, the spread, and the prosecution of the conflict which broke out in September, 1939, and which, up to this time, has led to the subjugation of Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, and Rumania.

One may follow the line of least resistance and declare that Romains' book reflects the extreme limit of self-importance. Many of his statements call to mind the meticulously oiled fluency with which some of the well-known radio commentators and newspaper columnists of today speak of their "confidential sources of information."

But those who try to get under the skin of the author of *Seven Mysteries of Europe* will discover, I believe, that it is neither fair nor wise to condemn the book out of hand because of the spirit of egotism which seems to stare the reader in the face from almost every page. Romains has been an ardent advocate of peace since the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles. His fame as a writer opened many a door to him and inclined many an influential ear to his views on the troubled state of affairs

in Europe and to the remedies he proposed. "I was convinced," he says, "that there is always room for an act of will and even of good will; and that the problem lies in the use of the will at the time and in the spot when it can be effective, even if it has very limited means at its disposal."

It is entirely possible that Romains greatly exaggerated his importance and that he frequently mistook mere politeness on the part of high-placed persons for agreement and intended collaboration. Nevertheless, there are numerous kernels of undeniable value in the seven chapters that make up his extraordinary book. They are valuable, not because one can be sure in every instance that they represent unimpeachable deductions, but because they convey the viewpoint and the conclusions of a man who, egotist or no egotist, was able to hear and see much of what was going on behind the curtains in Europe. Since our information concerning the terrible war across the waters is meager at best, we should welcome the interpretations of a keenly observant scholar even though the manner of their presentation may frequently urge us to take them with a grain of salt. Can those who cast Romains' statements aside with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders be sure that their own views are wholly correct and that their condemnation of the book is founded on flawless reasoning?

According to the author of *Seven Mysteries of Europe*, Daladier "had all the power of dictatorship, but none of its efficiency." He, "the sworn

enemy of war and militarism, had slowly turned into the faithful servant of the generals." "The advice he heard was almost always voiced by army men." And the "army men" of France, as the world now knows, were, in the main, still striving to wage the war of 1940 as war had been waged in 1914-18.

Concerning Gamelin, Romaines says that "he must certainly be one of those men of vast and keen intelligence who do not like to be disturbed in their conception of things"—men, incidentally, who "avoid any circumstances which might oblige them to change that conception."

The King of the Belgians and those who influenced his conduct are described as men who "tried to lie to themselves, until the last minute, so as not to see that the war we were fighting, in spite of ourselves, was their war. When the last minute came with its crashing eloquence, they found themselves obliged to consent to war . . . but they consented reluctantly and lay ready for the first occasion to betray it."

"England," thinks Romaines, "has been victim first of her famous 'Wait and see,' which, under analysis, as someone said, falls into two formulas: 'Wait and don't see; wait and don't act.'" "But," he continues, "perhaps the greatest error of England (and of France, too), was that she was not sure enough of her mission, of the inalienable sanctity of the cause she represented; she did not listen with sufficient reverence to the dictates of that 'English conscience' they told me about in 1932."

The book contains an absorbing analysis of some of the subtle workings of Naziism. Ribbentrop is characterized as "just an out-and-out wire-puller and maker of intrigues, a gambler who would as soon bet at one table as another, with absolute indifference to the moral or even human value of means or ends." Shifty Pierre Laval is accused of saving Fascism back in 1935, when a determined stand against the rape of Ethiopia might have toppled Mussolini from power.

Saint or Sinner?

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Moray Firth. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 427 pages. \$2.50.

IT requires a gifted and daring novelist to turn a profound theological truth into a moving and gripping story. True, Herr Werfel has not given the correct interpretation of St. Paul's exposition of justification, but his negative reading of the Epistle to the Romans illustrates once more St. Paul's profound statement that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law. It is entirely probable that Herr Werfel tacitly assumed that St. Paul was wrong and that the Council of Trent was correct, in order to provide a thesis for his novel. For the sake of Teta Linek's biography, one must assume that one can work out one's personal salvation and so obtain heaven. Once the assumption is made, one can see its tragic error at the end of a life lived on that assumption.

In the household of the Argans, a wealthy Austrian family, there was a maid-of-all-work and cook-par-excellence who had just one reason for living: to get to heaven safely and surely. The Argans, with the exception of Livia, the mother, regarded Teta Linek's preoccupation with eternity as something fantastically amusing. When disaster in the form of the Brown Terror overtook the Argan household, Teta's example taught them a profound lesson. Teta Linek could, as few people are able to, "visualize the briefness of human life" in contrast to the fact of eternity.

Because Teta is a faithful handmaid of the church, she knows that there are three abodes in eternity. She knows how to avoid the lowest plane and how to make life fairly agreeable on the second, but the problem torturing her is how to obtain the highest, heaven. She discovers a solution when her sister-in-law brings her little son, Mojmir, to visit Teta. Immediately Teta sees that the boy has possibilities, and a daring plan occurs to her. She will pay for Mojmir's education, on condition that he become a priest. Then Teta will be sure of having a special intercessor before the throne of the mighty God.

Years pass, and each year Teta works harder to provide Mojmir with money to complete his education. It seems to her that Mojmir will never be ordained. Difficulties of every sort intervene. Mojmir is broke, Mojmir is the victim of ecclesiastical politics, Mojmir despairs of

his abilities, Mojmir needs money. Teta is patient. She reads Mojmir's letters and then sends him money. Thirty years pass, and Mojmir receives a parish. He describes the church and the parsonage. He invites his aged aunt to live with him. Delighted, trembling with joy, Teta journeys to the distant church where her nephew is a priest. When she arrives, Mojmir is not there. She has been deceived all these years by as low a scoundrel as has ever appeared in world fiction. "Hitherto her life had possessed a purpose and plan. Day after day she had awakened, dressed herself, gone to early mass, lit the fire, cooked breakfast, cleared up, done her shopping, prepared the midday meal, washed dishes, tidied the kitchen . . . happy that none of it concerned her personally. Now she was seventy years of age and something had happened that did concern her most profoundly." She has been deceived by a scapegrace nephew who is not even a priest.

WHAT to do? She gathers her life's savings into her purse and joins a pilgrimage to Rome, in the desperate hope that she will find something to bring her peace and happiness. On the journey to Rome she meets a young chaplain, Johannes Seydel, who is everything her nephew was not: God-fearing, honest, pious, sympathetic. In the gloom of the catacombs Teta tells Chaplain Seydel the story of her hope to obtain heaven. She asks, "I should like you to tell me exactly, sir, whether it is my fault that my nephew turned out as he did and acted in that way."

Seydel is puzzled. "This old woman could not be put off with religious half-truths. . . . She posed the most subtle and intricate of all moral problems: To what extent can an individual be involved in the guilt of another?" Finally he tells Teta that her sin was fear of the truth. He extends to her the precious *Ab-solvo te*, and Teta is happy. How Chaplain Seydel reached that conclusion provides interesting theological reading. But not sound theology! Herr Werfel should have probed deeper into Teta's behavior before offering this solution to her plot to obtain paradise.

The novel ends with a brilliant description of Teta's audience with Achille Ratti, who was pope as Pius XI. Herr Werfel writes an understanding study of the Papacy in a world torn by political and economic fratricide. That Pius wanted to become "the great concentric circle of the world's conscience which embraced and reconciled with a stern love all the countless smaller circles of existence" is probably true. Whether such an ambition is Scripturally sound is another matter altogether. Protestants would quickly dispute such a position of the Papacy in the modern world.

One of Herr Werfel's most successful creations is Johannes Seydel, the poor chaplain. Seydel is a priest and a human being. His opinion of his church's position on contemporary problems is healthy. "His attitude to the Church hierarchy, in particular, was a weak point in his Catholicism. All too long and all too

cautiously, so it appeared to him, had the Church maintained silence with regard to the abominations of this age, and when it raised its exorcizing voice it preferred to condemn Communism, the comprehensive heresy of the poor and heavy-laden, rather than the more dangerous and more despicable heresy of the rich, Fascism in all its forms, the diabolical revolt of the international *jeunesse dorée*." If there were more Chaplain Seydels, Catholic or non-Catholic, the position of Christianity today would be far stronger.

The translation is ably done, with the exception of a clumsy paraphrasing on page 302.

Remember the Alamo

ON THE LONG TIDE. By Laura Krey. Decorations by John Alan Maxwell. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1940. 637 pages. \$2.75.

TEXAS history is fascinating even for a Middle West reader, and the fact that Miss Krey's first novel . . . and *Tell of Time* sold over 100,000 copies makes it likely that the Texas story is a tale worth spinning. In this novel, which is not a sequel to her first one but rather a prologue to it, we see the beginning of Texas, when that country was still under Mexican and Spanish rule. The thought of independence had entered a few minds, but the accomplishment of the independence-dream remained a distant vision.

The novel opens in Thomas Jefferson's study at Monticello, where

Wayles Fentress discusses with his famous cousin the American future. From Monticello the novel swings to the New Orleans of General Jackson's time. We meet Jeffrey Fentress, son of Wayles, who has become acquainted with that picturesque pirate, Lafitte. Lafitte describes Texas as a land of mighty possibilities, and Jeffrey is determined to see the country. He has a chance to travel with General Long, who is determined to free the Mexicans and Indians from the oppressive Spanish rule. Long's project fails, but Jeffrey remains in Texas.

Jeffrey falls in love with the beautiful Teresa, daughter of Don Ambrosio, a resident of Bexar, the present San Antonio. Teresa is a Catholic and a Spaniard, Jeffrey a Tennessean and a Protestant. But they marry and live happily. Teresa dies tragically, and Jeffrey suddenly feels that his youth is a memory. He remains in Texas, convinced by Stephen F. Austin that the country has a tremendous future. Staying on his plantation, Jeffrey observes the influx of American colonists and at last is convinced of the necessity for independence from Mexico.

When the tragedy of the Alamo occurs, Jeffrey marches against Santa Anna, determined to free the state and to obtain independence. Another chapter has been written in the formation of the United States.

The re-creating of history in the form of a novel is difficult. A novelist must either let facts dominate and place in a secondary position the people of the novel, or he may shift

historical data to make the development of the plot seem consistent. The dilemma is hard to solve. Laura Krey writes history that is fascinating, accurate, colorful, and decidedly atmospheric in matters Texan. She does not, however, write a novel. Stephen Austin's love alone is not like that of a puppet. Even the tragedy of Jeffrey and Teresa is an artificial injection to provide relief from the impersonal movement of mighty events.

Readers who like regional history will enjoy the novel.

Stumping the Experts

INFORMATION, PLEASE! 1941 Edition. Edited by Dan Golenpaul with Introductions by Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, and Christopher Morley. Random House, New York. 1940. 258 pages. \$2.00.

BACK in midsummer, 1938, Dan Golenpaul staked out for himself a promising claim in radio by simply reversing the ancient "Spelling Bee"—"Ask Me Another" idea. Instead of having experts asking the audience, the audience tries to stump the experts. He hit pay dirt almost immediately. By November of that year the program proved to have more than an "intellectual" appeal, and so graduated from sustaining to sponsored status. Canada Dry, which had seemingly despaired of finding a substitute for Jack Benny, lost to them some seven years before, came back on the air as its patron with an almost immediate jump of 20 per cent in sales. The vein grew richer

as they dug in. From \$50 a sitting, the regulars climbed to \$450, with Clifton Fadiman, perfect in the role of M. C., collecting \$750, and the guests about \$150. Together with air time it totaled \$2,500. The news spread, and by the end of 1939 the program reached second place in over-all popularity. (First: The aforementioned J. B.) "Information, Please!", now costing Canada Dry some \$10,000 a week, had become a junior Comstock Lode.

No longer at the very top (NBC was embarrassed this year to find its twin prodigy on the doorstep in the person of the Quiz Kids), the Mother Lode opened up lesser veins of low-grade ore that keep it paying comfortably, especially since Lucky Strike took it over this Fall with a substantial increase in capitalization. One of these lesser veins is the annual publication of a series of the best questions and answers. The success of the 1940 edition motivated the present 1941 issue, despite the overmodest statement in Mr. Golenpaul's Foreword: "It—'Information, Please!'—has now victimized (sic) the creator to the tune of a book a year, a movie a month, and a broadcast a week."

The basic appeal of such a program needs no highly technical, psychological explanation. It is man's love of competition transferred to the field of encyclopedic knowledge. (The gift of a set of Encyclopedia Britannica for a stumping question is an appropriate touch—in reverse. Also appropriately in reverse, the first set was won by No. 12,973 of Connecticut State—not U., but Pris-

on.) Now, to man's enjoyment of competition, add man's enjoyment in watching prominent people squirm (Dr. Paul De Kruif, e.g., didn't recognize the technical name for measles), sprinkle in a lot of spontaneous humor—and everyone will wonder why he didn't prospect that area long before Mr. Golenpaul. That this program bids fair to last longer than others of its type is due to the fact that it stops there. Programs such as "Truth or Consequences" are already crossing the border into quizical fanaticism.

But *Information, Please!—1941 Edition* will prove low-grade ore indeed for those who simply enjoy the program and look forward to relaunching its sparkling humor. In the first place, the 1941 Edition is composed mainly of the mere questions and answers, with the exception of the session at which Wendell Willkie guest-starred. But even the complete stenographic report of that program doesn't "read" as funny as it "listened." The voice inflections, the unexpectedness of the repartee, in short, the personalities of the men that make the program, are lost in print. The result is too often similar to a glass of Canada Dry left to stand too long—or a relighted Lucky Strike. Clifton Fadiman undoubtedly has the unique ability of making a pun sound funny over the air. But to read it is to agree with Fred Allen: "That's what killed vaudeville." Example:—John Gunther: "Riza Pahlevi is the Shah of Iran." Fadiman: "Are you shah?" Gunther: "Sultanly."

Those, accordingly, who are look-

ing for humor should be warned that they will find it only in the introduction, in which, completely in character, Franklin Pierce Adams and John Kieran "kid" the question posed by the editor: "Is Information, Please Educational and Entertaining?" Christopher Morley, also in character, guardedly takes up the question seriously. But for those who are seeking questions and answers that rise above the usual How-many-words-can-you-make-out-of-Minneapolis type and that demand quick wits and a good association of ideas, the book assays richly. Even they, however, should be warned that the questions in this collection are the pick of some 75,000 submitted weekly, to stump, at least occasionally, four master minds, each one of them expert in at least one major field. Tried out on a group of average high school graduates, the percentage made was about fifty. When so used, the best method is to play teams rather than individuals.

The book also has a fatal attraction—this being still part of the warning—for the casual roving eye at an informal social gathering. It had best be hid if your guests at bridge prefer their dummies completely silent or if they include one or more individuals like the writer of *The Alembic* who (as witness a recent column) know the answers all right but who, out of a sense of modesty or tact, do not care to exhibit their knowledge. Meet all the conditions, however, and *Information, Please!*—1941 Edition, with its 50 sessions, each with ten questions, and, like the old algebra texts, with all the answers in the

back, will keep any recreational leader supplied for years.

In passing, if you come across a question *you* submitted but which never brought you a check for five dollars, much less the encyclopedia, then remember Milton Cross's regular announcement: "All questions submitted become the property of Information, Please." You are not alone.

WALTER E. KRAEMER

Unreality

THE VOYAGE. By Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 508 pages. \$2.50.

CHARLES MORGAN, one-time London drama correspondent of the *New York Times* and author of the widely-celebrated novels, *The Fountain* and *Sparkenbroke*, writes a novel in which there is a trifle more action and less meditative mysticism (if such a term is permissible) than in his previous novels. There may be various definitions of mysticism and there may be legitimate uses of it in a novel, but here, one is certain, Charles Morgan gives his readers an overdose of a pagan mysticism that becomes at times both wearying and revolting. *The Voyage* is an exaltation of a type of paganism long since discredited.

Morgan exalts the ego at the expense of other human relationships. "That's the meaning of a voyage—not to be earth-bound, not to be stage-bound or money-bound, not to be *bound* to anything." Therese proclaims. She is tired of dependence

on others and of the interdependence of humanity upon itself. Despite this manifesto, Therese admits near the end of the novel that the individual cannot be truly happy as an individual, that his happiness is bound up with the happiness of others.

Therese Despreux becomes a famous *diseuse* (talker) in the Paris café world of the Eighties. The natural daughter of a village priest and a working-woman, Therese grows up in an atmosphere of indecision. She must depend on herself and minimize the influence of her friends and neighbors. Through force of circumstance she becomes an egotist. She uses everyone and everything to advance her career as a café singer. Her love affair with Barbet, who lives in her native village, is nothing but an amusing idyll for a long time.

About Morgan's novels there is always an air of unreality. The love affair of Barbet and Therese, beautifully written, lacks reality. Barbet, a semi-mystic, can tolerate Therese's moral lapses with the nonchalant philosophy that nature is a queer actor. All Morgan's characters live on a rarefied plane where original sin is a forgotten twelfth century theory. Although Morgan pictures the Paris of the latter nineteenth century in concrete language, one always feels that he never quite comes to terms with life as it actually is. His descriptions of the valley where France's famous cognac is produced are enchanting. One sees a France which will always remain but which, one also feels, is almost too lovely to be true. Despite the fact that Morgan

is a master stylist and a thoroughly disciplined craftsman, his latest novel cannot stand close scrutiny.

Poor Biography of a Great Man

WINSTON CHURCHILL: A Biography. By Rene Kraus. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1940. 366 pages. \$3.00.

WE can take our propaganda straight; and we are given a large order of it in this biography of Mr. Churchill. This reviewer can also read badly written biographies if the subject is of sufficient interest. But propaganda served up in the form of a mediocre biography—that is too much. That Kraus's *Winston Churchill* should be before us in a "Fourth Large Printing" is one of the mysteries of contemporary literature.

Let there be no mistake about it: Winston Churchill is regarded by this reviewer as a very great man. He is one of the greatest Englishmen of the century. He is a man of the most versatile endowments, one of the greatest masters of eloquence, a fearless opponent of what he considers wrong, and a man of tremendous energy. He has lived the lives of ten men, reckoned by the thrills and adventures that have fallen to his lot. The telling of his life story to the American people is justifiable both as a publisher's undertaking and as political propaganda. But a biography in which the subject is dealt with in superlatives only, while all his contemporaries are either medi-

ocre, or poltroons, or scoundrels, is not our ideal. Yet this is what we have before us in Kraus's *Winston Churchill*.

Churchill meets William II, Emperor of Germany. "The All-Highest" he is here called, in the ignorant journalese of 1914. There is absolutely no equivalent for "All-Highest" that is applied to anyone but *God* in German. The "All-Highest" turns an "easy grin" on a gentleman. At a banquet the city fathers are "humbly groveling" before him, while others pay him "abject worship" with "crawling servility"—and so on, with not a hint of that perfection of courtesy and graciousness which marked William II as a courtier. Kraus says that he was "an *extremely mortal* man," meaning he could die at least twice, we presume. The Englishman, on the other hand, is "the hero of three continents"; his encounter with another British politician is called "a collision of planets"; and when he had his conflict with

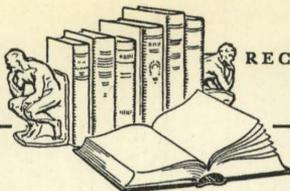
the suffragettes, he was the "he-man who stirred their deepest subconscious emotions." "Probably," continues our biographer, "he was so virile that his mere appearance on the platform, head held high, laughing teeth between full lips, chin up-thrust, provoked the battle of the sexes." Isn't this asinine? Later, still in the same chapter, Churchill has his fight with the prohibitionists. We are informed that he was "quite cheerfully addicted to the moderate use of wine," that he demanded a bottle of champagne every evening as part of his lecture contract in the United States—he "believed in the motto, *In vino veritas*." (A Latin phrase which means that people tell the truth when they are in their cups!) Then comes "the happiest marriage in the world" when "all London celebrated," the couple receiving twenty-five candlesticks, twenty-one inkstands, etc. Thirty chapters in all, like this, is *Winston Churchill*, a biography by Rene Kraus.



The Fruits of War

"If the United States goes to war, it will not save democracy, liberty, capitalism, the world free market, rugged individualism, or anything else on the moral agenda. It will get some useful military experience, a long casualty list, a honey of a war debt, and the most rigorous kind of state-socialism."

STUART CHASE, *Shapes in the Future*.



A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER

By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1940. 356 pages. \$2.50.

WRITTEN by a twenty-two-year-old girl, this novel is noteworthy for its brilliant characterizations, though the story is rather slight and suffers from poor construction. The writer employs understatement too much, at the cost of failing to achieve dramatic values. John Singer, a mute living in a Southern city, throws a spell over everyone who comes in contact with him. While unable, of course, to talk, his ability to "listen" to people pouring out their joys and woes in his boardinghouse room constantly enlarges his circle of friends. Grief over the death of his friend, Spiros Antonapoulos, also a mute, in the state insane asylum, causes Singer to commit suicide. In the meantime, however, the reader has met Mick Kelly, who longs to write a symphony as mighty as Beethoven's Third; Doctor Copeland, who is a fervent Negro Marxist; and

Jake Brannon, who is an anarchist. Ably, at times brilliantly, written, *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter* is the product of a young writer of promise. If Miss McCullers avoids the pitfalls of an outmoded and cruel Marxism in her future novels, she will certainly become a good novelist and not just a doctrinaire Marxist.

VENEZUELA: A DEMOCRACY

By Henry J. Allen. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1940. 289 pages. \$3.50.

A FORMER governor of Kansas writes an interesting travel book about a comparatively little-known South American republic. Whether or not it is such a thorough democracy is open to debate. Although Bolivar, the great liberator, is the hero, Gomez was the country's dictator for almost three decades. But, then, where can one find a democracy today? From a businessman's point of view, this book should prove valuable. A student of Venezuela would be disappointed, however, at the author's casual treatment of religion

and the arts. Mr. Allen's sympathetic discussion of Venezuela's many problems in the commercial and industrial field mark him as a staunch friend of the still unexploited country.

MADAME DORTHEA

By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1940. 351 pages. \$2.50.

ALL the significant action of Sigrid Undset's latest novel occurs in the first chapter when Thestrup, Madame Dorthea's husband, disappears in a tragic manner while searching for his two lost sons. The remainder of the novel shows Dorthea attempting to adjust herself to the role of a widowhood that is to be lived in genteel poverty. As each chapter unfolds, new facets of Dorthea's personality and past come to light. One meets also the very odd Captain Cold, dissolute, yet warmly sympathetic to Dorthea's troubles. The novel gives an interesting picture of a Norway of the eighteenth century, although Madame Undset's portrayal of Norwegian Lutheranism is far from kindly or understanding. The novel lacks the sweep and vitality of *Kristin Lavransdatter*.

THE GREAT MISTAKE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart, New York. 1940. 365 pages. \$2.00.

A NEW mystery novel from the pen of Mary Roberts Rinehart is always warmly welcomed by the count-

less thousands who find pleasure and diversion in this type of fiction. Mrs. Rinehart invariably reveals expert craftsmanship. With superb skill she shows us how the lives of the flesh-and-blood characters who people her books are motivated and dominated by their hidden thoughts and their secret aspirations. In *The Great Mistake* a hitherto respected and respectable member of society surrenders to the insistent voices of a strange inner conflict and thus plunges an entire community into the fear and suspense, the horror and hysteria, which inevitably follow in the wake of murder.

THE MOTHERS' ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by William Lyon Phelps. Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York. 1940. 380 pages. \$3.00.

THIS book is William Lyon Phelps's sincere tribute to mothers and to mother love. The distinguished scholar believes that "mother love at its best, and its best is very common, is the nearest thing on earth to the love divine." In his many years of teaching Dr. Phelps availed himself of "every possible opportunity to remind students of how their mothers regard them; of how little it takes to promote their mothers' happiness, so that they may save themselves in later years from the agony of unavailing remorse." Throughout the ages the subject of mother love has inspired writers of prose and poetry to noble and beautiful utterances. In *The Mothers' Anthology* the able editor has permitted himself wide

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The CRESSET

goes without saying that this would make for a more healthful and vigorous life—individually and as a nation. An excellent book.

REASON, SOCIAL MYTHS, AND DEMOCRACY

By Sidney Hook. The John Day Company, New York. 1940. 302 pages. \$3.00.

SIDNEY HOOK, who is professor of Philosophy at New York University, has long been a close student and a rather friendly critic of Marxism. Here he has set himself the task of logically analyzing the philosophies underlying various forms of social and political doctrine. In his analysis he pays particular attention to Marxism and subjects it to a devastating criticism as regards both its theory and its practice.

The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with an evaluation of conflicting social philosophies, while the second takes up technical philosophical issues that are involved. The opening chapters discuss the difficulties to be met with in the field of social theory, especially the obstacles that arise from the use of un-

analyzed and unanalyzable abstractions. There follows a critical analysis of Thurman Arnold's *The Folklore of Capitalism*, Max Lerner's *Ideas as Weapons*, and Jacques Maritain's "Integral Humanism," followed by chapters on "What Is Living and Dead in Marxism" and "Reflections on the Russian Revolution."

The second part, entitled "Science and Mythologies of Reason," is in the main a searching critique of the doctrine of dialectical materialism, originally propounded by Engels and to this day lauded to the skies by all good Marxists. The dogmatism and internal inconsistency of this method, the absurdities to which it leads, and the puerilities and brutalities to which it has given birth are mercilessly exposed. Hook argues that only the application of the scientific method can lead to a satisfactory solution of social and political problems and that this method can properly be applied only in a democratic framework.

This is not a book for lazy minds, but anyone who wishes to become clear on the basic philosophy of communism can do no better than to turn to these closely-reasoned pages.



"All we have to do to preserve the heroic in men is to set them fighting their real enemies; and the real enemies of mankind are ignorance, disease, superstition, and war."

FREDERICK K. STAMM.

M A G A Z I N E S

Each month THE CRESSET presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers

The Atlantic Monthly

FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Wendell L. Willkie

This extemporaneous speech delivered by Mr. Willkie before the Thirty-second Annual Dinner of the National Interfraternity Conference is a plea for higher standards in public discussion of national problems. Without a high level of public debate democracy will soon lose the leadership of her ablest and best men. Mr. Willkie deplors the involvement of personalities in political campaigns. "My faith in democracy is such that I believe the collective judgment of the people, after listening to the arguments and discussions on both sides, may be wiser and better than the judgment of those, whoever they may be on either side of the question, who think that the wisest course of discussion is to destroy

their opponent rather than to answer his arguments."

HITLER'S ALTERNATIVES

By William Henry Chamberlin

The noted and reliable correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* believes that Hitler is a prisoner of his own conquests. While a Europe organized under German economic leadership could be far more productive, this Europe today is miserably run down. Likewise Hitler's empire is oversupplied with men and machines, undersupplied with foodstuffs and raw materials. Despite all the ingenuity of German scientists, Europe would still suffer from a lack of certain subsidiary metals and vitally important food stuffs. In order to live Europe must trade with other continents, and in this matter Hitler may run into a stalemate. The arguments are seemingly sound.

WHAT BILLS DO YOU PAY?*By Mona Gardner*

Here is a strictly economic and national problem treated in an interesting manner. What do you do with your checkbook, if you are fortunate enough to have one, the first of the month? In October, November, and December you pay your bills very enthusiastically. Thereafter your creditors must hopefully look for a mere token payment. Why do people go into debt? Is there a sociological reason for our debt-burdened era? Maybe. Possibly there is a moral issue involved. Mona Gardner writes, "A large proportion of the population, having become thoroughly inured to debt during the past few years, have found that it isn't as bad as they thought." Is that an economic or a moral problem?

Fortune

A. D. 1940

A review of the fluctuations in American public opinion during the past year shows unprecedented upheavals. The years 1915, 1920, and 1932 were also distinguished by great changes in public opinion, but 1940 differed markedly from those years in two ways: in the vividness and thoroughness with which events were

conveyed to the people's eyes and ears; and in the accuracy with which the effect of the news on the public could be gauged. The main shifts of opinion were the following. The feeling of detachment from European events which marked the beginning of the year was first broken by sympathy for Finland, and then it changed to consternation and fear as the countries from the Arctic to the Pyrenees fell into German hands. The Battle of Britain brought back courage. Meanwhile, however, the less than 20 per cent who wanted to give more aid to the Allies in March grew to over 70 per cent. Simultaneously the opposition to conscription dwindled; interest in domestic issues waned; and Willkie's vociferous vacuity assured Roosevelt's reelection. By the end of the year the shift in mood with regard to the war "appeared to have become an irreversible reaction." "Perhaps there were unseen levers edging it on."—Only "perhaps"?

PRICE CONTROL: 1941

The Administration has made price stabilization part of its rearmament program. It hopes to avoid some of the terrific price distortions that came after 1915, reaching their peak in 1920. Just how and to what extent government intervention can be expect-

ed to operate in the various fields it is still too early to say. It is, however, likely that farm prices will lag far behind any industrial price rise, instead of skyrocketing as they did during 1916-20. This is due to the fact that our agricultural productive capacity is now much greater than it was then, while our markets are much smaller, with Canada and Australia supplying England and with the continent of Europe closed to us. A curtailed demand for wheat, cotton, and tobacco is to be expected. To keep the farmers on a parity basis with the industrial price index, there will be bigger and bigger government handouts to them. Some economists believe that a million or more men need to be moved off the farms and into industry to put the situation into balance. Possibly rising industrial prices and wages will have some such effect.

Harper's

DEFENDING THE YOUNGER GENERATION

*By Irwin Ross and
Dr. Margaret Read*

The criticism of youth made by Roy Helton and Mortimer J. Adler in recent issues have produced the defense and counterattack which these articles contain. They

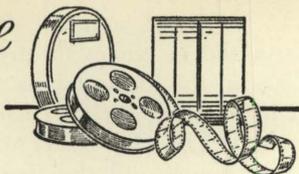
endeavor to show that youth is not "soft" and that it does not lack a "moral sense." Although individual instances are presented to meet the indictments of the earlier articles, the real issues are not attacked—the basic materialism of youth and the demoralizing effects of the liberalism rampant in American education during the past decades. The criticisms of Helton and Adler did not make youth the scapegoat for our current ills, but rather the victim of a generation which had no deep moral foundation and no sure values. In other words, much of this discussion is beside the mark.

WHO ARE THESE REFUGEES?

By Isabel Lundberg

What efforts are being made in behalf of refugees seeking our shores and what problems are encountered in their rehabilitation are here clearly set forth. The facts which the author has gathered lead her to the conclusion that "in every important respect, economically as well as culturally, the refugee represents Europe's loss and our gain." This article is of value for the information which it offers and also for the plea which it makes to remember that "the greatness of America lies in its diversity, not in its uniformity."

The



Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces.*

THOSE readers of THE CRESSET who have followed its fortunes from the beginning are aware that the question of reviewing the movies was long debated before the editorial staff finally decided to include a movie review section in this magazine—frankly, a step that was taken with some hesitation, not to say trepidation, on the insistent request of a large number of our readers. The editors were well aware of the criticisms and the difficulties involved. They realized, for example, that there are those who sincerely believe that a section of this kind does not belong in a paper that has connections with the Church. They also realized that such a section might be looked upon as an endorsement of the movies by the Church. They knew, furthermore, that a monthly magazine labors under certain inescapable drawbacks with reference to the timeliness of such reviews. To illustrate: these lines are being writ-

ten in December; they will not appear in print until February. Movies reviewed in December will very likely have completed their showings in all first-run theaters by February first.

Yet, in spite of such difficulties, the CRESSET staff agreed to include a movie review section as a service to those readers who are interested. That is the justification of the section. We do not endorse the movies as such, and it is not in our province to encourage anyone to see the movies; but we know that, like the radio, the movies offer entertainment and instruction to our people. For the Church to thunder away at the movies because of certain evils found in the industry is as foolish as it would be to condemn the reading of all books because bad books are also offered to the public. For the Church simply to ignore the movie would hardly be wise because that would be an ostrich policy that refuses to see

dangers though they may be all about us. Sin cannot be effectively opposed by closing our eyes to it.

In the matter of books the Church has warned against *bad* books, not *all* books; it has gone to the expense and trouble of establishing its own publishing houses to produce and disseminate Christian literature. Except in a few unusual instances, it would be too costly for the Church to produce its own movies. If we compare the number of people who read books and magazines with the number who regularly see the movies, the overwhelming preponderance of the latter group only emphasizes the dire need of some kind of guidance and direction with regard to the motion picture. Our people must be trained to take a correct attitude toward the motion picture as such, and to use it, like all other things of this life, with discrimination. Parents must be given information about individual pictures to help them decide whether they are fit for their children.

The "Voice from China" on this subject in our November issue declared among other things: "It seems to me that in your writing about the motion picture there is a tendency to please men." May we say in reply that we cannot control the impressions people receive from THE CRESSET,

except by trying to be very careful in our writing. That such care is exercised, we need not asseverate. Our careful readers know it well enough. It is unfortunately true that occasionally something that is written in an ironical or humorous vein misses its mark. The printed page does not add the smile, the lift of the eye, the shrug of the shoulders that help to put a statement across when it is spoken. We can assure our correspondent from China, however, that we have never tried to please men in our movie criticisms and comments. There is no need that we should. What have we to gain?

What we have endeavored to do is to speak frankly but fairly. In keeping with this policy, we have not summarily condemned certain movies as being all bad because there were a few objectionable features in them. We know from experience that roundly to condemn a thing will almost always rouse undue curiosity regarding it, so that a sweeping condemnation of a picture, as well as a book, is apt to have an effect just opposite of the one intended.

A policy based on sound Christian judgment has at all times set the standard for the CRESSET's appraisal of the motion picture. To this policy we intend to remain true.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

(United Artists)

This picture is based on Eugene O'Neill's stage play. As we write these lines the news comes over the wires that it has been chosen as one of the ten outstanding films of 1940. We agree that it is a great production with a powerful emotional appeal. The story is a simple one. It is about the sailors on a tramp steamer (a hard lot), who lead a more or less humdrum existence, usually determined that each voyage will be their last, but who, inevitably, after a brief stay on land, are drawn back to their ship, largely because of their weakness for strong drink. On this particular voyage, their ship leaves America with a cargo of munitions. The trip through the war zone, the blackout on board, the attack by a bomber, and the final safe arrival in England are so well depicted that the audience is deeply moved. There is no woman in the plot proper, and the female characters brought into the picture in the first and last scenes add nothing to the story and might have been omitted.

THE LONE WOLF KEEPS**A DATE**

(Columbia)

In this humorous detective story, Warren William, as the

"Lone Wolf" who detects crime independently of the police or even in opposition to them, uncovers a gang of racketeers who have kidnapped a wealthy tycoon and demand \$100,000 as ransom. The kidnapee is rescued and the ransom money saved, with the police appearing in a ridiculous light. A picture the whole family will enjoy.

GO WEST

(M.-G.-M.)

In this farce the three Marx Brothers follow Horace Greeley's advice and "go west," where they manage to save the deed to some worthless land (which has, however, become very valuable because a railroad needs it for a right-of-way) and to rescue a romantic young couple from the base designs of an unscrupulous gang of thieves and cutthroats. We went to see this picture only because we felt it should be reviewed. The Marx Brothers' type of humor had not particularly appealed to us in the few earlier pictures we had seen. However, we must admit, however grudgingly on account of our past prejudice, that they show themselves as true artists in this picture. Especially novel is the closing scene, in which they practically dismantle all the railroad coaches in their train to provide fuel for the en-

gine in order to outwit and outdistance the villains. Chico and Harpo again demonstrate their unusual artistry on the piano and harp.

SKY MURDER

(M.-G.-M.)

This is a Nick Carter mystery romance, with humorous sidelights, most of which are provided by Donald Meek, who plays "Dr. Watson" to Nick Carter's "Sherlock Holmes" and aids the latter in tracking down a gang of international criminals. The lead is played by Walter Pidgeon.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

(United Artists)

Alexander Korda, the eminent British producer, has achieved the truly remarkable in bringing this familiar story from "Arabian Nights" to the movie screen in a technicolor version that is both brilliant and fantastic. It is a fantasy that will appeal to young and old. For its production lavishness of color and interesting tricks of photography were combined to create the desired illusions. Here we have the flying horse, the magic carpet, and the jinni who

emerges from a small bottle and, before your very eyes, is transformed into a roaring giant whose boisterous laughter shakes the mountains, and who flies through the air at high speed to serve his little master. The role of Abu, the thief, is well played by Sabu, the boy from India, who has developed into a capable actor. Jaffar, the diabolical schemer who is plotting to take the Sultan's throne as well as his daughter (June Duprey), is played by Conrad Veidt.

HULLABALOO

(M.-G.-M.)

In this comedy Frank Morgan has the opportunity to let himself go, and he does so in an unusual degree. His impersonations of well-known screen characters are so unusually clever that it is difficult to determine whether it is Morgan's own voice one hears or if there has been some expert "dubbing in" by the mechanical artists who put the film together. Be that as it may, Morgan's artistry is very evident. Joined with him in the cast are Donald Meek, Billy Burke, Reginald Owen, and Dan Dailey, Jr.



LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

Concerning Haakon of Norway

Sir:

In the December issue of your magazine Mr. Theodore Graebner has mentioned King Haakon of Norway in a manner which does not correspond with facts available to anyone who has followed the developments in Norway before and after the German invasion. By direct implication Mr. Graebner has excluded King Haakon from the class of "good kings," stating categorically that "there is only one good king left, Georgius VI, Dei Gratia Rex Britannorum." In the same article Mr. Graebner says that "Haakon of Norway and Leopold of the Belgians were ground under the wheels of the Nazi machine."

It is true that the Germans tried to "grind King Haakon under their wheels"; they pursued him vigorously when he refused to yield to their demands, and he was repeatedly subjected to bombings and machinegun-

ning. Instead of taking the easy way out King Haakon rallied his people and defied the foreign invader. May I be permitted to quote from an editorial in the *New York Times* of May 25, 1940, when this great American newspaper wrote as follows:

"By exhortation and by personal example this modest, democratic monarch is giving Norway her first royal hero of modern times. He was not born to the kingship; he was just a second son, and a Danish prince at that, when Norway separated from Sweden and decided that it wanted a king. Without precedents to guide him, he had to create a democratic monarchy out of nothing. He managed to do it in a country which has been radical in thought for most of the thirty-five years of his reign. But the past six weeks have been his testing time, a 'time of trial' which he and his people could not have imagined in their wildest nightmares. The King's courage has been the courage of his people. German propaganda has done nothing meaner in this war than to brand the whole Norwegian people as craven and disloyal to their country. As explorers who conquered the polar wastes, as seamen who braved the storms of every ocean, the Norwegians have shown enough collective bravery to hold their heads high."

Time came when King Haakon, with a heavy heart, had to leave Norway. If he had remained behind, he would have been subjected to the will of the invaders, and there would have been no leader of Norway's continued fight for its independence. In

accordance with the unanimous wish of the Norwegian Parliament he went to London with the members of the constitutional Norwegian Government, and from that city he has led the unrelenting battle of the Norwegians to regain their freedom. Of this contribution to the battle of democracy against tyranny Blair Bolles, writing in the *Washington Evening Star* and other newspapers of the North American Newspapers Alliance, wrote on October 9:

"The Norwegian nation is still alive. The whole of history scarcely tells a story of resistance-from-exile that can match the tale of King Haakon VII and his leadership."

On November 25, the thirty-fifth anniversary of King Haakon's arrival in Norway as the elected sovereign of a people known for its fierce love of liberty, Dr. Halvdan Koht, famed historian and Minister of Foreign Affairs in Norway's Labor Government, hailed the King in a eulogy written in bomb-scarred London. Allow me to quote the last few passages from Dr. Koht's statement:

"The people of Norway rally around their King with a warmth and depth of feeling greater than ever before. He personifies the Norwegian people's battle and aims, its will towards independence and its hope of the future. One thing we know with certainty: the day when King Haakon once again enters Norway as the representative of its restored freedom, that day will be a red-letter day of jubilation such as Norway never before has experienced. Then we shall receive him as

our King, and he shall take his place in our hearts with a reverence baptized in battle and suffering. He has stood side by side with his people during the darkest period of our history. He has stood the great test together with his people as king and man. He and Norway are one, and they shall forever remain so."

It remains only to be added that even before the invasion of Norway, on the basis of King Haakon's 35 years as Norway's popularly elected, and under all circumstances loyal and constitutional, monarch, he had gained the confidence and devotion of the entire Norwegian nation, irrespective of party. There can be no doubt that he will go down in history as King Haakon the Great.

Any slur cast on our great King will be deeply resented not only by all Norwegians, but also by millions of Americans who have come to know him as one of the towering symbols of true democracy and freedom. I feel that in the spirit of fairness you will want to correct the false impression created, by printing this as an article, giving it the same prominence as was given Mr. Graebner's article.

Very sincerely yours,

WILHELM MORGENSTIERNE,
Minister of Norway to
the United States.

The Norwegian Legation,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

What *The Alembic* has implied regarding the place of King Haakon of Norway, in its discussion of "Twilight of the Kings," is not doing jus-

tice to a great and good man, the exiled ruler of Norway.

I have followed that man closely since he became king. I have visited him. He has been my brother's guest and his son's guest. The Crown Prince once stayed 6 weeks with my brother in his city residence during a regatta. I have never seen, heard, read, or surmised anything but that which would become our plain Christians in all his doings and sayings.

1. He is a professing believer. 2. He attends Lutheran church every Sunday. 3. He only attends services of the orthodox Lutheran pastors. 4. He said to a modernist professor: "If you don't believe the Apostles' Creed, what do you believe?" 5. He kept me—almost a record—45 minutes asking questions about our church in America. 6. He is known to live almost a spartanly simple life. 7. He was most affectionately attached to the queen. 8. His family life is exemplary. 9. He wrote to me after the queen's death: "I found my comfort in believing that the Lord knew what was best for her, when He took her home where there is neither pain nor sorrow any more." 10. He wrote—in his last letter to me—that he hoped Norway would be free again. 11. He never said a bitter word about the enemy. 12. My brother and nephew say that they have never had more humble, straightforward and appreciative guests in their home. 13. George VI, whom you praise, has praised King Haakon personally. 14. He is so democratic that when he lost his handkerchief he said to the one who picked it up:

"Thank you, I need it, it is the only thing the Norwegians allow me to poke my nose into." (The remark is not, however, original with him.) 15. He was loyal to Norway—though a Dane himself—to the degree that he repeatedly risked his life before the enemy drove him out of the country by sheer super-force.

I admit that not all the points I have given "prove" that Haakon is a good man, but subtract all that you think nonessential or nonprovable, and the fact will still not be in the red. Are you convinced?

B. E. BERGESEN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

[The editor of the column which has called forth this correction has sent us Rev. Bergesen's letter with the request that it be printed in full. While THE ALEMBIC seems to have been careful enough not to say what is unprovable about the exiled Norse monarch, the respects paid by that column to the rulers of England and Holland left the implication which stands corrected above. THE CRESSET will continue in its support of all who are fighting against the new tyranny in Europe.—The Editor.]

Sir:

A statement in *The Alembic* for December has me so badly puzzled that I think you must permit me to come to you for further enlightenment. In the section entitled "Twilight of the Kings," you have the following paragraph:

"Among all the ruling heads in exile there is but one that has a hold

on the world's respect and affection—Wilhelmina of Holland."

I cannot help wondering why you do not include King Haakon of Norway in the same class. On the face of things, there seem to be very many similarities between the two. Both were rulers of small, happy peoples; both worked hard to maintain neutrality; both are, as far as I know, Christian people; both saw their countries invaded by the Nazis; both fled their countries—although Queen Wilhelmina fled almost at the outset while King Haakon remained on Norwegian soil for two months.

The thing I am chiefly wondering about is whether you just did not

happen to think of King Haakon in this connection, or whether you have some particular reason for including the one and omitting the other. I hope that you will, at your convenience, give me some information on that point.

What a splendid piece of work that *CRESSET* is! I have been reading it ever since it began to appear. Each month, when the current issue comes to my desk, I settle down for one of the most pleasant periods of reading which the month brings. More strength to you.

O. G. MALMIN,

Editor, *Lutheran Herald*.
Minneapolis, Minn.



Hands of the Ages

Proceed with your uneventful work,
Your humble digging and sewing,
Hands of the ages.
Proceed though wars break loose,
Though empires fall.
Who shall rebuild the world upon their ruins
But you, brave, patient hands,
Who worked though others fought,
Who lifted new stones while the old stones fell!

EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE

COLLECTIVISM seems to be the order of the day. The Church has something to say about this modern tendency, and our major article this month clarifies the Church's position with regard to the subject. We feel that it is a most significant appraisal of this current trend—a contribution to the subject that will prove of lasting value.



Our esteemed colleague of the *Alembic* is a warm friend of the Norwegians. He has proven that by his long and intimate association with them, and by his mastery of their language. (Take a look at page 25!) A passing remark concerning King Haakon in the December issue, however, has resulted in a flood of letters from our Norwegian readers, including even the Norwegian Minister to the United States. At any rate, it all makes this month's "Letters to the Editor" section particularly interesting.

This month's "Literary Scene" surveys a number of especially important books,—in the field of best selling novels, *Oliver Twist* and *Embezzled Heaven*, and in the field of current history,

Winston Churchill and Seven Mysteries of Europe. Guest reviewers this month include Palmer Czamanske (*Jimmy Hare, News Photographer*); Emil Henry Eisentrager (*Washington and the Revolution*); and Walter E. Kraemer (*Information, Please!*)



The trend of the times is reflected in the increasing number

of items on the war to be found in the columns of THE CRESSET. THE CRESSET will continue to hew to the line of sound Christian judgment in appraising the fast-moving events of our confused and chaotic times.



Our poetess of the month is Edith Lovejoy Pierce (*Hands of the Ages*).

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS
CONTRIBUTORS
FINAL NOTES

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

DO WE THINK?

"A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS"—T. S. Eliot

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

GUSTAV ADOLF—THE GREAT.....*Nils Ahnlund*

MEN AT THEIR WORST.....*Leo L. Stanley, M.D.*

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.....*Hendrik Willem van Loon*

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL.....*Willa Cather*

CITIES AND MEN.....*Inman Barnard*

SONS OF THE OTHERS.....*Philip Gibbs*

VITAMINS—What They Are and How

They Can Benefit You.....*Henry Borsook*

MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION.....*Mark Twain*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—The Heroic Age of

American Enterprise.....*Allan Nevins*

