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JUNE 1939

THE

CRESSETT

No War Today
Your Horoscope
The Bible in the Air
The Folly of Boycott

Oil Madness

A. C. MEIER

Music Inspired by
the Legend of Faust

WALTER A. HANSEN

The Motion Picture



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 2 NO. 8

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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Volume 2

JUNE, 1939

Number 8

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THE

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

*No War Today—Free Applause—Salt Without Savor—
The Bible in the Air—Without Tears—And Other
Matters*

By THE EDITORS



No War Today

THE recurring need for intelligent comment on the European situation always fills us with a certain amount of misgiving. Something that is written today may be utterly untrue tomorrow. We live in constant fear that a prophecy in our columns may have been contradicted by the march of events long before a particular issue reaches our readers.

Despite these limitations, we may say that at the present moment it looks as if there will be no war in Europe, at least for several months. Hitler's latest speech was undoubtedly more temperate than the rest of the world had anticipated. It was also far more significant for the things he did *not* say than for the things he *did* say. Unless there is a quick turn of

events somewhere in the witch's brew of hate, Europe will see a peaceful summer.

Nevertheless, while war may be unlikely, the risk is still very real. As to our own part in the tragedy, American opinion is sharply divided. One side believes that we can stay out and should therefore leave the European situation untouched. The other side holds that if war comes we shall not be able to remain aloof. This means that everything possible should be done to prevent it before it comes. The realities of the situation, as well as our historical experience, would indicate that the latter position is the more reasonable. It appears that Danzig will be adjusted, Mussolini will mutter and do nothing, and America can safely turn to baseball for the summer.

Free Applause

IT IS never quite safe to laugh about practices which are carried on among other nations and which, for the time being, seem ridiculous to us. We may live to see the same practices established among ourselves, with perhaps an added dash of the ludicrous. Take the matter of claquers. It has long been a source of amusement to Americans that the French, in their theaters, hire claquers, people whose business it is to applaud furiously, so that the audience may be seduced into the notion that the play is good. Leave it to our own compatriots, however, to pick up such an idea and to add further curlicues to it! Radio stations are more and more providing claquers for their programs, and that without cost to themselves. They issue free tickets which admit the holders to halls in which the programs are "put on the air." The ticket-holders, considering themselves guests, feel in honor bound to applaud heartily anything that is set before them, be it ever such dreary piffle. Some stations even have a little sign, reading, "Applause!"—which appears when the management feels that the invisible audience needs a little extra inducement to think that what has just been said was funny or significant or something. How impractical the French are to pay for their

claquers! America, as usual, is in the lead and is showing the world how to do inexpensive claquing.



Salt Without Savor

THAT there are some things radically wrong with contemporary Protestantism is no longer a question for debate. Nor can there be any dispute when materialism is denounced as one of the major causes of the pathetic debility of organized Christianity today. Whether we call this contagion materialism, worldliness, or secularization, it remains an abstraction which can easily lose its significance unless it is constantly related to concrete life situations. Perhaps this explains why materialism as a philosophy of life is rejected even by those who in their conduct are its devotees. Theoretically, neither Protestants nor Catholics are materialists even today. To what extent, however, they are practical materialists and yield to the impact of the world upon their lives, is indicated by the results of the study which Paul Douglass, the noted American churchman and author, reports in his essay on Protestantism in *America Now*, a recent selection of the Literary Guild. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.00. Reviewed in the March issue). We quote: "First-hand studies

have produced *amusing* (our italics) results concerning the difference between the professed, or official, attitudes of church members and their private attitudes expressed in confidence, and in turn, between *their* private attitudes and those of the non-church-going public in the same communities. Private attitudes, generally, were found to be less orthodox and less exacting than the publicly professed ones. Indeed, the church members' private attitudes tended to approximate closely to those of the non-church-going group. This was true of 81 per cent of the comparisons covered by the study in question. The public and private attitudes of church members more nearly coincided in the realm of Christian rites and symbolism than in that of ethical conduct. Conversely, the greatest difference between church and non-church members lay precisely in the realm of rites and symbols. Finally, it was in matters of conduct that private views of church members departed farthest from their church views and compared most closely with those of the secular community." "Such near-identification of the church with the 'world' obviously challenges the church's sources of moral authority. What happens when the salt has lost its savor?" The answer seems to be much of what we are witnessing today.

Catholic Growth

THE recent publication of the Official Catholic Directory for 1939 reveals some significant facts. The present membership of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is 21,406,507. The increase in 1938 was approximately 200,000. There are nineteen Roman Catholic archdioceses and ninety-six dioceses in the country. The total number of clergy, both secular and religious, is 33,540, an increase of 872 during the year. The total number of churches and missions is listed as 18,757.

Especially important are the figures for the Roman Catholic educational system. Seminaries for the priesthood now number 209, and the number of seminarians is 16,746. Both figures are an appreciable increase over the preceding year. In general education the Directory lists 181 colleges for men, 677 colleges and academies for women, 1362 high schools, and 7561 parochial elementary schools. The present enrolment in high schools and academies is 441,273. 2,106,970 children attend Roman Catholic elementary schools. The largest single archdiocese in the country is Chicago, with 1,400,000 members.

These figures deserve the careful study of all churchmen. The Roman Catholic Church may have had hard going in the rest of the world during the last few years,

but in the United States it has become an increasingly important factor in American religious life. As for its future, Protestant churchmen may well ponder the remarkable figures presented in the survey of its educational system.



Evolution in the Schools—Too Much or Too Little?

A SPECIAL prosecutor is hunting for political underground connections in the vice situation at the University of Illinois. Dr. Willard, president of the university, has taken cognizance of conditions on the campus since one of the students was killed by a bullet fired from the window of a disreputable resort. We are not going to become exercised about the morals of the Illinois institution. They are probably not much worse than conditions at other universities, and better than some.

We are interested in the diagnosis of the causes which lie behind the loose living of an appreciable number of students enrolled in the school. The university administration was the target of an attack by Mrs. Martha Hubbard, whose five sons have attended the university. "If the university," said Mrs. Hubbard, "would be more concerned in seeing that the students learn the Ten Command-

ments instead of that their ancestors were mere animals and beasts, sex crimes would be reduced. My five sons have attended this school, so I know what I am talking about."

Discount the opinion of an elderly lady. But here is Representative Elbert Waller, chairman of a committee of inquiry which is to investigate vice conditions at the five state normal schools and also at the university. Representative Waller said, after the adjournment of the legislature, that he would include also the Medical College of the University of Illinois in Chicago. He added: "I've known for a long time that unmoral influences are present and they should be looked into before we have another tragic killing. Teaching the students that they come from monkeys is behind a lot of this vice. Educational authorities don't pay enough attention to the moral qualifications of teachers." That makes a score of two against evolution in Northern Illinois.

Addressing the Progressive Education Association assembled in Detroit, Dr. George S. Counts of the Teachers College, Columbia University, contributed his views to the discussion of a new philosophy of education, designed to imbue the nation's children with more than mere loyalty to democracy and prepare them to stave off dic-

tatorship of either the Communist or Fascist brand. It was admitted that public school education has lacked a conservative program, and Dr. Counts charged that methods of teaching the need and value of democracy had advanced little in the last century. His colleague, Dr. George W. Hartmann, placed the primary blame for the failure of schools to prepare pupils to be citizens of a working democracy upon the ignorance of teachers and the lack of leadership provided by the educational magazines and publications. He said that pedagogical journalism had presented "only slogans and mottoes rather than clear realities," although teachers were among the first to spot flaws in the lay press. And why this lack of clear definitions? Dr. Hartmann said a recent survey had revealed that 56 per cent of the nation's elementary school teachers did not believe in "the foundation stone of modern biology"—evolution. He noted that, with more than half of the teaching profession rejecting the principle of evolution, it seemed small wonder "that such concepts as the world state and naturalism, not to mention anarchism and 'the economy of abundance' are utterly bewildering."

At this distance we are unable to trace the reasoning by which the New York expert is able to prescribe evolutionism as a stimu-

lant for the preservation of democracy. On the other hand, there seems to be some cogency in the theory gaining ground in Illinois, that a doctrine which makes of man a more highly developed brute is apt to deaden conscience and release the lower impulses—such as have led to the crime that caused the appointment of a special investigator for the affairs of the campus at Champaign.



Your Horoscope

ADVERSE aspects dominate today, according to astrology." So said the horoscope in my evening paper on Saturday, March 11, in its prognostication for the next day. More specifically, my troubles were likely to be financial. "The planetary influences may encourage mental depression and dissatisfaction concerning home finances." But there is no cloud without a silver lining, and the soothsayer continued, "Rise in the cost of living will be accepted as an urge to economies."

Is it possible that a civilized community can furnish enough specimens of the dim-wit type to make such a column popular? It can, and it does. I am informed that when "Your Horoscope" drops out of the make-up of the feature page, a hundred telephone calls are received complaining

about the withholding of this precious feature of the daily paper.

What amuses me is the fact that the author of these astrological predictions never takes the slightest risk in his interpretation of the planetary aspects. He never takes a chance at making some actual prediction of an unusual event. For March 12 these are some of the prognostications:

"The federal income will rise through the year." This is about as certain as that the sun will rise through the year every twenty-four hours. Again:

"Interest in religious education is to increase and many brilliant theological students will prepare for service in Protestant and Roman Catholic churches." Isn't he wonderful. He doesn't pretend to know the number of calls for a given institution, say, in St. Louis. The astrologer becomes sibilant and sinister—"Secret propaganda against Christianity will be widespread in many educational centers."

Of course there must be something about the children that first see the light on March 12. If your home was blessed with a little newcomer March 12, you may rejoice, for "children born this day may be exceedingly original and individual in character and endowed with extraordinary intellectual gifts." The fly in the ointment is the "may"—depending on

future developments. By the time the boy or girl flunks out in Math, the horoscope of 1939 has long been forgotten. Or, confronted with it, the horoscopist will emphasize the "may"—"may be original, extraordinary, intellectual." Even as on the following day, March 13, this date "should be auspicious for the signing of legal papers." . . . "Subjects of this sign may have literary talents."

We thought we would get a thrill out of this mystic feature of the magazine section. The fact that, with all its dullness and impressive avoidance of any attempt at actual prediction, thousands of people seek daily guidance in this sanctuary, causes us to wonder just how we are to define civilization. We are informed that a citizen of Pittsfield, Mass., actually, not figuratively—we have all done that—no, actually, physically, sawed off the branch of a tree on which he was sitting. It was Barnum, we believe, who said there is one born every minute. And most of them live.



The Bible in the Air

THE Holy Bible has been on the air ever since the churches began to use the radio for the broadcasting of sermons and religious services; but not until recently has the Bible taken its place

in the air. Through the courtesy of the Gideon Society, a copy of the Bible has been placed in every plane of one of the great eastern air lines. A special metal pocket has been installed on each plane to receive the book. It is reported that many passengers have expressed their appreciation of this service, which was inaugurated with this announcement: "Because the Holy Bible has followed man to the ends of the earth, sustaining him and providing guidance for his spiritual life, it seems appropriate to invite your attention to the fact that the Scriptures are now available to man as he takes to the air."

No doubt this service will be extended to other air lines in the course of time. Will the railroads and bus lines follow suit? Many travelers carry their own Bibles and Testaments with them when they travel, and yet an inexpensive Bible in every railroad coach and bus would be a splendid means of spreading the eternal truths of salvation among our people.



What Another World War Would Mean

WE HAVE been wondering of late whether it is saying too much to declare that another world war would result in the complete destruction of Western civil-

ization for generations and perhaps for centuries. Certainly it is much easier to start a war than to end one. The last great war has taught us that much. Japan is finding it out in China. Mussolini has not seen the end of his Ethiopian War yet. If another world war should come, will not every nation involved hold out to the bitter end? Would the outcome not be the total exhaustion of both sides? Would the winners be much better off than the losers? The debt of the last great war has not yet been paid. Who will pay the debt of the next? Unless the nations of the world retrace some of the steps that are being taken as these words are written, the world will be thrown into war. Will not the fate of the belligerents be that which befell the fighters of whom Byron said:

"There were two cats of Kilkenny,
They fit and they fit until of cats
there weren't any"?



The Folly of Boycott

AMID the hysteria so evident in certain circles regarding the European situation, one frequently hears the demand to boycott German goods in our country. Some folks are actually exercising a private boycott of their own, even as those who, a while back,

out of sympathy for China, did the same about Japanese goods. Fortunately there are still some writers of wide influence who see and denounce the folly of such action. We quote the English writer "Artifex": "The warmongers in Germany urge greater and greater sacrifices for guns and aeroplanes and tanks because they tell the people that nothing but hatred and ill-will is to be looked for from us and that we are amenable to no argument but that of force. Well, if we start a boycott, are we not saying in the most effective way, by deeds not words, exactly that of them? Does any sane man, sitting down to think in a cool hour, really desire that frame of mind to prevail in either nation? If it finally prevails over all other beliefs in both nations, there is but one possible outcome, and that is war." No one will deny that many ill-considered things have been said in the last year by leaders of the nations. These statements cannot be unsaid; but there is no need to add injury to insult by following them with ill-considered acts.



Without Tears

THIS is, to put it in most indelicate language, an obituary we have been wanting to write for ever so many years. The subject of the obituary is not dead, but the

subject's empire is as good as dead. Yes, dear reader, you've guessed it by this time. The lord of San Simeon's throne is tottering; pretty soon he won't have any newspapers left. Maybe he'll have to go, although we doubt it, on WPA. In brief, what all the efforts of decent people and excitable liberals haven't been able to accomplish for the last forty years, cold cash is actually doing. The czar of San Simeon needs money. His finances, always odd, strictly unorthodox, and somewhat debatable, are in a parlous state. Of course, he hasn't sold that fantastic kingdom in California, San Simeon, nor will he do so next year, but the *New York American* has left the Hearst corral; Cissie Patterson has her hands on the *Washington Herald and Times*, for better or for worse; and the *Pictorial Review* is no longer among the living. Smaller Hearst newspapers have joined other chains. Some of the Hearst art treasures are already on public exhibit; three times Hearst directors passed up dividends on the huge bond issue of a few years ago. We know that we should make some solemn observations on the brevity of life and the horrors of yellow journalism. But spring, the crocuses and the daffodils, the robins and the maple tree outside our window, have put us into a frivolous mood. Right now we just

know that a brighter day is around the corner when there will be no more Hearstian frenzies about communism, Japan, and organized labor. This started out as an obituary. You'll find it somewhere between the lines.



Utopia—1960

AT THE New York World's Fair, visitors get a glimpse of the world tomorrow in a futurama. What may the common man look forward to according to these prognostications?

The American farmer will cultivate his fields in an air-conditioned tractor cab, equipped with a radio, so that he can listen to whatever program he desires. Regardless of the weather, or nearly so, as a result of scientific progress, he will make hay, rain or shine. His one-man harvesting machine will cut, separate, thresh, clean, and bind his crops. He will be able to bring his produce to market on smooth-surfaced dirt roads. All automobiles will have automatic transmissions and will be fueled by "high octane gasoline containing bromide from the ocean's endless waters." Houses will have luminous windows of unbreakable glass. Garments, lace-curtains, bed-linens, and other "cloth materials" will be made of spun-glass and be fire-proof. By means of an alad-

dized lamp tough chickens and rubbery steaks will be made juicy and tender.

In the minds of many that will be a Golden Age. But will it be that in reality? Not so long as sin remains in man and brings forth its vermin-brood of vice and crime and evil. Scientific and industrial progress cannot cure these fundamental ills. Only the Gospel of Jesus Christ can do that.



High Ignorance

BLESSED are those simple-minded souls who can still look up trustfully to the men who shape the affairs of the world and credit them with knowing what it is all about and believe that they plan and act with a clear understanding of ends and means! Wasn't it Oxenstierna, the great Swedish chancellor, who said to his son or nephew, "My boy, you have no idea with what little wisdom the nations of the earth are governed"? And that was back in the seventeenth century, when the affairs of mankind were still rather uninvolved. Today things are so intricate and interrelations so manifold and obscure that no human mind can grasp them all. As a result, statesmen grope in a fog and make decisions of which they cannot foresee the consequences. And most dangerous among them

are those who think that they know, and therefore feel that their notions should be accepted as normative for others—the paranoiacs. The only comfort, under these circumstances, is the fact that God's eye still sees clearly and that His hand still guides the destinies of mankind toward His own good ends.



Watch the Japs!

THE doings of Adolph Hitler, the declarations of Sir Neville Chamberlain, and the movements of Benito Mussolini have had so large a place in the news of late that the seizure of the Spratly Islands by Japan has, to all intents and purposes, been crowded aside. Yet the occupation of these tiny and desolate dots on the surface of the sea can prove to be of far-reaching importance in enhancing the naval power of Nippon. Somehow or other, we cannot escape the conviction that the yellow men's well-timed assumption of jurisdiction over the islets hangs together in a thoroughly logical manner with much of what has been going on in Europe.

The British lion, who realizes all too well that international diplomacy is a field in which "there ain't no ten commandments," sees now more clearly than ever before

that his far-flung empire is being sniped at from several vantage-points. Since the Spratly Islands are situated less than seven hundred miles from Singapore, they could be used with telling effectiveness as a base for Japanese seaplanes in the event of a war between Britain and Nippon. In the April issue of THE CRESSET, we commented somewhat caustically on the extensive implications of Japan's seizure of the island of Hainan, and the suspicions we expressed then have been amply justified, we believe, by the subsequent appropriation of the strategically important Spratlys.

Japan, too, is looking for economic and territorial expansion—for what Hitler calls *Lebensraum*. The desperate condition in which she finds herself as a result of the costly adventure in China is pertinently revealed in a recent Associated Press dispatch from Tokio. From it we learn that carnivorous animals in the Uyeno Zoo have been forced to go on a part-fish diet in order to conserve meat, that small milk bottles have been discontinued for the purpose of economizing on soda ash, and that gasoline trucks may no longer be licensed but must give way to those that are equipped with charcoal burners. Students at the Tokio Imperial University report that expenses are 20 per cent higher than before the war.

The Russian Terror

THE attempt of Britain and France to stop Hitler and Mussolini with the aid of Soviet Russia is, in more than one respect, on a par with trying to drive out a devil with the help of Beelzebub, the prince of devils. Josef Stalin has established a brutally tyrannical despotism in the U.S.S.R. There is no room for liberty in his country, and, what is even worse, every effort is being put forth there to make religion appear ridiculous and to grind it into the dust of the earth. Those who have swallowed the cleverly publicized canard that the high priests of Sovietism are no longer interested in gaining converts to their cause throughout the world, should read the sensational revelations of W. G. Krivitzky, a former general in the Red Army, who has been fortunate enough to be able to run away from the merciless purge instituted some time ago by Stalin. The articles are being published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We read how Comrade Stalin sent efficient representatives of the dread Ogpu to Spain in order to bring the Loyalists completely under his sway. No trickery was too base, no cruelty too severe, if, in his opinion, such methods served to promote the ends of the Soviet regime and to make his own personal power secure. After learning with what foul and loath-

some means the Stalinists operate in Spain until the danger of an attack by Japan called a halt to the brutal proceedings, we can readily understand why Poland and Rumania are not anxious to have the Red Army within their borders.



When the June Breezes Blow

JUNE is a month unique for several reasons for a wide divergence. It suggests, for example, both brides and bugs. Among the June bugs it has now become necessary to include what optimism may, thanks to Socrates, call a gadfly whose buzzing in June presumably serves the vital purpose to annoy the drowsy horse of democracy and its mass education into forward action. The hum of commencement day addresses again stirs the June air and the hearts of those who must prepare and deliver them. If there are any doubts regarding the sickness of the world, June will eloquently dispel them. It is the month when we cannot fail to realize that the bugs have got us. The June ether and the rafters will ring with erudite diagnosis, brilliant prognosis, and academic therapeutics. Thousands of graduates will go forth from their commencement day exercises armed with a sheepskin and equipped with the echo of the

oratory which has solved their problems and those of the world.

And yet, we would not really have it otherwise. To bungle is the price of democracy, but to know it is bungling and to be able to say so in public is its glory and its strength. To be sure, it does make for a noisier June. But humming and droning is in the June air anyway, and here or there we may perhaps this month see a fire-fly throwing a little light in the darkness.

Much will be said and written in criticism of commencement day speeches, but little will be the sympathy for the speaker and little

the appreciation of the service which he performs for democracy and for education merely by having his peculiar and full say of what is wrong and of how to make it right. As soon as we meet a graduate who requests a copy of the commencement day address or one who, after a few days, has remembered what the speaker said, we shall become more anxious when the June breezes blow. Until that distant day, let it continue to be June. We cannot afford not to take it, bugs and speeches and all, for it brings the promise that summer still visits our section of the darkening globe.



Song for a Deserted House

Your life is a huddle of ashes
 Like those in your chimney-corner.
 You are an emptiness,
 Where laughter and voice are alien.
 You are an album of faraway things,
 Of lace and curtsies,
 Of minuets and fans and candlelight.
 Passersby give you no glance
 . . . They have no heart for loneliness.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The PILGRIM



By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Diary of a Night

I HAVE the flu. . . . An amateur reading of the thermometer yesterday morning indicated that the bodily processes were operating at a heat of 102 degrees. . . . Two hours later the doctor shook his head and called a nurse. . . . She, wearied by her professional duties and my constant whining, has retired to the other room for a few hours of rest before another day of pills and powders begins. . . . She does not know that I had smuggled some paper and two

pencils under the mattress yesterday. . . . 2:35 A.M. . . . An excellent time to begin a diary. . . .

2:35 A.M. . . . Everybody is against me. . . . In my terrific fight against death and disease, even the nurse seems to lean slightly toward the battalions of death. . . . What is more, since 8 P.M. yesterday I have developed a marked dislike for that little red snake in the corner above the radiator. . . . It seems to twist up and down the wall without aim or purpose. . . . There is also that fugitive from the Dantean chain gang who is tearing at my eyeballs with fine hooks. . . . There must be at least three thermometers in that glass of water on the little table. . . . I reach for one. . . . Hard to read in a faint night light. . . . Apparently the conflict raging inside is still producing more heat than light. . . . 102.5 degrees. . . .

3:00 A.M. . . . A galloping memory recalls the fact that some one told me a few weeks ago that the flu brings premonitions of death. . . . Even the doctor said this morning that there are three stages. . . . 1. You want to die. . . . 2. You wonder why you don't. . . . 3. You wonder why you haven't. . . . At any rate, it won't be a very large funeral. . . . Four autos perhaps. . . . It is much too cold outside. . . . It will have to be done quickly, since most of the relatives are exceedingly busy with their own affairs. . . . Somehow I view the pro-

pect with equanimity. . . . After all, to be buried means only the elimination of the present. . . . The past is still mine, and the future belongs to God and me. . . . If I ever rise from this bed, I must re-read Alexander Smith's great essay on "Death and the Fear of Dying." . . . "Death takes away the commonplace of life. And positively, when one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting. The foolishest person will look grand enough one day. The features are poor now, but the hottest tears and the most passionate embraces will not seem out of place then. If you wish to make a man look noble, your best course is to kill him. What superiority he may have inherited from his race, what superiority nature may have personally gifted him with, comes out in death. The passions which agitate, distort, and change, are gone away forever, and the features settle back into a marble calm, which is the man's truest image. Then the most affected look sincere, the most volatile serious—all noble, more or less. And nature will not be surprised into disclosures. The man stretched out there may have been voluble as

a swallow, but now—when he could speak to some purpose—neither pyramid nor sphinx holds a secret more tenaciously." . . . 102 degrees. . . .

3:25 A.M. . . . They took a blood count today. . . . The doctor said that whenever disease strikes the body the white corpuscles increase. . . . They are the shock troops of defence. . . . I wonder. . . . Is that perhaps also true of the world in general? . . . Is it possible that in hidden places the actual number of good people, the shock troops of God, increase as evil grows? . . . It would seem so. . . . Perhaps Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler already have their white corpuscles—in concentration camps, in cellars, in all the hidden corners of our feverish world. . . . A pleasant thought. . . .

3:45 A.M. . . . What is really going on inside of me? . . . A battle, the doctor told me, between germs and anti-bodies. . . . The conflict has created heat. . . . Nothing unusual, he says. . . . He was a good man who looked at me as if he wondered why I was interested in living. . . . They all do that. . . . It is no accident that so many doctors are philosophers. . . . Their knowledge of the mysterious processes that go on in the microcosm that is me, must give them eyes that see beyond the momentary fevers of the world. . . . 102 degrees. . . .

4:20 A.M. . . . Perhaps it is only the fever, but I seem to see the first signs of the dawn. . . . These are the still watches of which the psalmist sings. . . . I can understand the 51st Psalm better now. . . . Even here in a great city there is stillness in the last watches of the night and the creeping dawn. . . . Ten miles north of my bed is a great fountain. . . . The water constantly throws itself at the sky, pushing and falling back. . . . It is beautiful to watch it strive and fight, but all this incessant action is meaningless. . . . Water (and man) should know that its only means of rising is to be still. . . . When it is still, the warmth of the sun raises it to heaven. . . . So in life. . . . Our incessant striving, shoving, unending falling, pulling and tugging, shouldering and pushing, a thing of sweat and noise and sorrow. . . . The great things come only in stillness. . . .

So another day. . . . If the nurse turns on the radio this morning, and one of those shouting voices from the darkening continent fills my bedroom, my fever will rise. . . . I am ready to let the world become visible, but not audible, at least not yet. . . . A little more time before I return to the little places where men fight for bread, to the roads going here and there and coming back to here, and to the whole vast circle of great joy and heavy pain. . . . The little

white soldiers must be winning. . . . I am not quite content to be weary. . . . Perhaps with the dawn the fever breaks. . . . At least I seem to be ready to sleep. . . . This, too, is God's way—rest after labor, not without labor—peace after pain, not without pain—harbor after storm, not without storm. . . . Always He serves the good wine last. . . .



Preferences

A FEW paragraphs devoted to things as I like them. . . . There is no absoluteness in taste and therefore no profitable argument in it. . . . Likes and dislikes are not only subject to distance, but also to the inevitable changes of time. . . . Nevertheless, in this corner, here and now, a few preferences. . . .

Somewhat uneasily I feel that our brief notice of Rollo Walter Brown's book, *I Travel By Train*, has not been sufficient to convey the unusual quality of it. . . . A remarkable achievement. . . . A brilliant fusion of insight and sensitivity to social problems. . . . Back and forth over the country he roams, seeing the Middle West as a great Cornucopia which pours its treasures into all corners of the world. . . . When crops are good in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, Paris and London breathe easier.

. . . Mr. Brown has eyes that peer beneath the surface. . . Here, for example, is his picture of the blasted region between Chicago and Gary, Indiana. . . "I saw! There it was—the whole of the smoky semicircle of Gary and South Chicago. It was a battle zone, with wire fences, and searchlights, and private policemen, and machine guns, and spies nosing around in what should be people's most private affairs, and employers who declare that they are ready to trust their employes just as far as they would trust a rattlesnake, and workmen who have the same kind of hatred for the company they must work for. . . . The issue is not wages, or an open or closed shop, or the details of working conditions, . . . but the rightful ends of human life. Unless this fact is recognized and somebody goes to work to solve the problem on this basis, the war will go on until one side or the other is annihilated—or both—and the social structure of the entire country is strained dangerously or wrecked." . . .

The Prophet Ezekiel . . . I wonder how many of the leaders of the world have read Ezekiel lately. . . . He is like distant thunder. . . . Standing on the great divide of Israel's history, he throws the searchlight of divine revelation not only on the past but also on the future. . . . His flood of burn-

ing eloquence blazes trails which lead to our own time. . . . Here, if ever, was a man aflame. . . . St. Jerome called his book "an ocean of the mysteries of God." . . . Chapters twenty-five to thirty-two should be required reading for all modern pagans. . . . And is there anything more breath-taking in the history of divine revelation than the vision of the valley of dry bones? . . . In case you have forgotten: "The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, And caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest." . . . This is the final meaning of faith. . . . "Lord God, Thou knowest." . . . The leap from the edge of the abyss into the arms of God . . . "Lord God, Thou knowest." . . . Ezekiel to the dry bones of the world of 1939, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord." . . . I have never read that without awe. . . . A man may look foolish preaching to dry bones, but in that vision is the whole story of the Church. . . .

A few months ago the newspapers announced the death of Sartell Prentice, the author of *The*

Heritage of the Cathedral and *The Voices of the Cathedral*. . . . Both books are good, but the former is better. . . . Sartell Prentice told me why men build cathedrals. . . . After busy routine days I like to read again the closing paragraphs of *The Voices of the Cathedral*. . . . "At last the vision fades; the church grows still and the aisles seem empty. But the Cathedral has spoken; she who has seen the whole of man's history unroll has unveiled for us our past. She has brought our fathers of six millennia and of five hundred generations from the dust. She has touched our eyes and enabled us to see what no man could ever see had not the power and the vision come from her.

"We shall not forget. Throughout all our years hereafter there shall come moments when the busy street shall suddenly be stilled; when, amidst hurrying crowds, we shall find ourselves alone, and the vision shall return. Again we shall see the long aisles, the soaring columns, the kindly saints in the splendour of jewelled windows, the great vault looming

out of darkness overhead, and the endless procession of 'the called of God.'

"And when for us the final twilight falls, when the last slow hour of that night is sped, and when, in early dawn,

' . . . to dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a
glimmering square,'

something deep within us shall arise and, leaving all else behind, go forth to seek its place in the ranks of that innumerable multitude. Then, following where our fathers trod, we shall cross the porch and enter the portals of the Cathedral, descend her nave, cross her transepts, pass through her choir, up the chancel steps, beyond the Bishop's Throne and the High Altar until with the Church's final benediction, 'Ite in pace,' to speed us on our way, and her bells pealing to guard us as we go, we shall wing our flight 'upward where the stars are burning' to the White Throne whereon He sits who knew us and called us all by name, long before men placed those marks on His hands and feet." . . .

*An eye-witness account of a corner of the
American scene—*

OIL MADNESS

By A. C. MEIER

JOE brought the little red and black monoplane about, gave her the gun, and with a roar the ambitious little "cub" took us skyward for the first step in covering this corner of the Illinois oil boom. Joe throttled the engine and yelled, "We'll hit for St. Elmo first, pick up the pipe line at the refinery, and follow it out to the wells."

In just a few minutes we were over St. Elmo, Boom town of the oil development in Fayette county, Illinois—Boom purposely spelled with a capital "B." Everywhere below us humanity was swarming. St. Elmo, which a scant year ago had hardly enough people to attract the door to door brush salesman, now looked like a human ant hill. Activity everywhere. People—machinery—supplies—loading docks—pumps—pyramids of casing and oil pipe—shiny new warehouses—all seemed to ooze out of the ground while we hovered overhead. Joe took a cut around the new refinery and

yelled, "Not so hot to look at, but it's a start. Making real gas. Making her bigger every day!"

A great serpent stretched from the refinery across the fields and disappeared over the hills and among the trees, "That," yelled Joe, "is the pipe line!" Below us the checkerboard of newly seeded fields, freshly cocked beans, clumps of oaks, drying pastures, and tumble-down homes and farmyards continued to reel by.

"There's one on the pump!" In a plot of blackened earth an orange-colored monster bobbed up and down. A mechanical, hyena-like beast trying desperately to dig a hole with its fore-paws. "Just getting ready to drill!"

Near what seemed an overgrown windmill tower surrounded by machinery a huge caterpillar tractor was bulldozing a slush pit and retaining dams.

"The woods is full of 'em!"

Derricks, pumps, and tanks tucked among the post oaks as though men had tried to hide

them from prying eyes on the road.

"They put one every ten acres.—That's Lowden City. Well in every block.—The fires are gas flares. They burn the gas to prevent explosions."

So on and on we flew over a territory more than three miles wide and fifteen miles long, clustered with derricks and pumps, holes of reward, holes of promise, holes of hope, holes of disappointment and despair. "Enough of the vertical, let's have a horizontal look!" Joe dragged the field, set her down, and we were once more mere earthlings ready to look St. Elmo in the face.

The Town

Oil booms are not for tender-foot towns, and it was plain to see this was not a dude ranch set-up. St. Elmo, with a good part of the Texas-Oklahoma oil industry uprooted and thrown into its lap, within a few short months had experienced changes which no one of its peaceful inhabitants had imagined. The oil army came in and took possession. This army must eat. It must sleep. It must have living quarters, and it will be entertained. Above all, this army must work. It must have offices and headquarters. And it must have a base of supplies. Bent on an active and extensive campaign, it came not without the

sinews of war. Ah yes, the sinews of war! Money talks! And it wasn't long before St. Elmo heard its voice. Where it wasn't heard eager ears were listening. And where it was speaking it was urged to talk louder. Partial deafness became a chronic epidemic! "Get yours while the getting is good" became the watchword. Every available barn and every shed was turned into living quarters. Houses of the gentry brought a small ransom every month, and it took the combined voices of forty-five American dollars to make the owner of a two-room shack say "yes" for thirty days. Abroad in the fields money was not silent. At first, before there was oil above the ground, whispers of ten cents per acre for oil rights found takers in some quarters. When the black gold began to flow there was a crescendo of 1,—2,—5,—10,—15, and finally a top of 500 dollars per acre!

More Money

In a territory where poor soil and drought have made the lot of the farmer pathetic this sudden wealth is a distinct shock. But here too, as everywhere, the blessings of wealth abound in inverse proportion to the love for money. The average people of the soil found a medium to clear mortgages and pay up the accumulated back taxes on the home place.

Bills at the store, some of them seven years old, were paid. No doubt some of the old rail fences will be replaced by modern wire, and man and beast will be sheltered under roofs offering a little more resistance to the elements. Of course, not all are so level-headed. There is the story of the family who had a well adripping. Their neighbor had one on the pump. Soon they would have one too. They hied them off to town and bought, and bought on credit, luxuries galore. The well came in—a "pickle factory"—salt water! And the salt water freely flowed
From eyes that had but shortly
glowed!

Nothing is more certain in the oil business than its uncertainty. Toying and speculating with this element of uncertainty results in an enormous wear and tear on the nervous system. There was the man who continued to raise the ante until an unheard-of figure was reached. Tension was great. To sell or not to sell, that was the question. The bidders cooled off and withdrew. For days the land owner walked about mumbling incoherently. His friends were alarmed. He went away for a rest. Back home again, the buyers sought him out once more. He asked ten per cent more than their last refusal—and got it! At this writing his nervous system seems to be functioning satisfactorily.

Its History

While St. Elmo, like a bashful maiden, is inclined to say, "This is so sudden," the truth of the matter is that there has been considerable flirting going on for quite some time. Thirty-five years ago a well was sunk on St. Elmo's outskirts on the strength of a "hunch" that there might be oil. The "hunch" was correct, but the driller's aim was poor. Oil was practically forgotten until several summers ago queer-looking riggings mounted on odd-looking trucks and dragging rolls of insulated wire went up and down the country roads, drilling holes in the ground and setting off explosions. The close-mouthed crews listened in with telephone-like receivers, made a lot of notations and calculations, and said nothing. Several miles north of St. Elmo a cable rig was set up. The operator had a "hunch." Day after day it would chug and peck its way deeper into the earth. There were breakdowns and delays. Weeks dragged into months. "Old Timers" who came to watch spat somewhat disgustedly and shook their heads knowingly, allowing that, "It's always that way with them oil fellers." They congratulated themselves on not getting "took in." Also they allowed that the "feller from the city" who had bought an interest in the well and then failed to sign the check because

his wife's horoscope indicated that the stars were not right for entering contracts, "showed good judgment." But then it happened. The well pulled a fast one and came in with a gurgling roar, sending oil over the top of the mast! That, too, was hard on nerves.

Today the oil army has put down hundreds of holes in the territory where the old cable rig chugged and pecked those weary months. When they swing into action with their huge rotary drills and pumps propelled by hundreds of horse-power the completion of a well is only a matter of days. Day and night they roar on, grinding the bit into the earth in quest of black gold. Once a well is completed and ready for the pump, the crew loses little time in moving to the next location.

Prosperity and Sorrow

Both the oil army at work and the oil army at play have brought St. Elmo, not only boom-town prosperity, but also boom-town scars and headaches. Hastily constructed, the refinery was operating its first unit at full capacity to absorb as much crude as possible. In the haste of operations, it is said, a boiler allowed to run too dry was filled with cold water. It takes more than words to describe what happened. The explosion scattered brickbats into the business district. The fire so terrified

the populace that cars were loaded with household goods in the fear that it would become necessary to abandon the town. A kind Providence sent the wind from the southwest, and the leaping flames spent themselves harmlessly over the plains of Illinois.

Back from the front the oil soldier likes to spend his leisure eating and drinking and talking shop with his buddies. It is not strange, therefore, to see convivial gatherings of the boys in the places catering to such needs and desires. Since they are of the robust type, the friendly little arguments among them may develop into fisticuffs or even gunplay. Even if they do not, they are always hard on the furniture. If such things must happen, most proprietors have an earnest desire that they happen on the sidewalk. At the time of this writing "the powers that be" in St. Elmo would no doubt give a tidy sum to know just who it was that, during a recent fracas, picked up a board and smote one of the involved citizenry over the head and inflicted wounds from which he did not recover.

We don't want to create the impression that oil people as a class are a bad lot. Our own experience has been that there is no great difference, if any, between them and the people who have lived around us for years. Some of the oil folks who are of our own religious per-

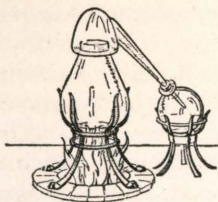
suasion have made it their business to look up our church and worship with us. In fact, we believe if things were figured out and a comparison made on the basis of the ratio between transient oil workers and permanent residents, with perhaps a little allowance made for the disadvantages of the transient factor, the percentage of religious concern might even turn out to be in the oil man's favor.

This is St. Elmo's face: There are circles under the eyes, a towel around the head, and a rueful smile playing about her lips. Oil may ease the friction of the wheels of industry, but there can be trouble on oiled waters. Oil booms, too, have much about them which proves the old saying that men can stand almost anything except an uninterrupted series of prosperous days.



Prussia and Coffee

Concern over the shortage of coffee in Germany seems to indicate a change of mind regarding the beverage, at least among the rulers of that country, since the time of Frederick the Great, who in 1779 issued a proclamation deploring "the increased consumption of coffee by my subjects and the amount of money that goes out of the country in consequence." Like a true dictator, he decreed that what displeased him must be eliminated. "My subjects," he ordered, "must drink beer. His Majesty was brought up on beer, and so were his ancestors. Innumerable battles have been fought and won by soldiers nourished on beer, and the King does not believe that coffee-drinking soldiers can be depended upon to endure hardship or conquer his enemies." To give effect to his decree coffee-roasting was made a Government monopoly and a prohibitive price set upon the berry, while "coffee-smellers" were appointed to check illicit roasting. These measures proved so successful that for a time coffee became almost an unknown drink in Prussia.—*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

 **The farce is degenerating.** Since we met last, the so-called human race has performed very badly indeed. The past thirty days we have seen every variety of rotten show, ranging from falsetto chanting of hymns of hate to just plain comedy, fit to split your sides with laughter if our civilization were not tottering on the brink of destruction.

The first act that crossed the bridge from plain hokum to sol-

emn farce was the enlistment by Chamberlain of the democracies. Democracies my eye! Or what shall we say of a Romeo act with none other than Stalin, of all things, playing Juliet? It is only six months ago, to be exact, November 6, that the Secretary General of the Communist International issued a call to the proletariat of the world for a "merciless exposure and destruction" of capitalist countries, in particular of "the Fascist aggressors and the imperialist cliques of England and France." The call appeared in the Communist party organ, *Pravda*, as Soviet Russia prepared to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. As for "the reactionary English and French bourgeoisie," the statement read, "Nothing can be accomplished with mere pacific declarations. Active opposition against armed Fascism is necessary to show the mailed fist of the people." In sentiment and language we recognize the Bolshevik hatred of "capitalist" countries. Certainly, to line up England with Russia against Germany is no longer a line-up of democracy versus dictatorship. Of all the dictatorships today there is none more perfect than that of Stalin.

But that is not all. The government of Poland is as much authoritarian as its two neighbors, Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany. It carries on the traditions of the former

dictator, grizzled old Field Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, in its very constitution, which gives practically no rights to the people. Next there is Rumania, an autocracy with King Carol as dictator. Greece is a military dictatorship, and as for Turkey—the words of Gladstone come back to mind, who once said that “Turkey is not a nation; it is a disease.” This miscellaneous lot of villainously governed countries, Mr. Chamberlain is now organizing into a bloc which in this country is seeking support, by means of the most insidious propaganda, as an embodiment of the *democratic ideal* now threatened by the Berlin-Rome combine!

It is the weirdest kind of comic opera, designed on almost cosmic scale.



The Roman wolf and the lambs down stream. For high comedy, however, we must go to the Mediterranean. Mussolini must think we have forgotten our Aesop, for one thing. The fable I have in mind is that of the wolf who espied a lamb drinking from the water a hundred feet down stream. At once his mouth begins to drip. A vision of slaughter comes to him, of meat raw and gory. Down the stream, with glittering eyes, he trots toward his victim and yelps, “What the devil do you

mean by roiling the water I want to drink— you—” A fierce leap, and in another minute all is over.

Mussolini has developed the fable into a major technique. He applied it first in the case of Abyssinia. Reports came to that shadow-Parliament which still deliberates occasionally on questions of Italian politics, but which is little more than a sounding board for the views of the dictator—alarming reports were brought to the Italian Parliament regarding “acts of aggression” in Ethiopia, “challenges” to the “imperial aspirations” of new Roman Empire, insults to the Italian flag, and rioting in which a number of Italian soldiers were injured and one was killed. Expostulations against the “disorder” under which foreigners had to conduct their business in Ethiopia were sent to Haile Selassie and to the world, while armored cars were already being loaded on the transports and bombers supplied with poison gas “greetings,” as they were called in sprightly humor by the observers of the invasion soon after.

The job was done much more smoothly when Albania's turn came. Accused of scheming an aggression against Italy on the part of the Balkan states, charged with inability to maintain order and with an “intrasigent” (one of your three dollar Mediterranean words) attitude generally, Albania

was invaded by sea and air, all for the major purpose of "saving the Albanian people from many dangers." Immediately a "popular (!) government committee" is set up by Mussolini, a "President" is elected, and he is given a speech to deliver. We have seen a picture of the trembling wretch, transmitted by wire-photo, and the speech was such as would convulse a graven image, all the circumstances considered. Here are a few samples. "For the past 26 years," said the President, "we have had a bad administration in Albania and have shown that we have been incapable of governing ourselves. Our sole hope was the beloved and genial person of Il Duce, who has made moral and material sacrifices for us and has liberated Albania from her peril." And now the final depth. "Beloved Duce, you have made many sacrifices for us and have saved us from many perils and for this reason we address to you, for whom all is possible and of whom we have no right to ask anything, to you who has given us all, that you save the Albanian people."

After this ultimate of political burlesque, we can read without a smile the later dispatch from headquarters which said that "all responsible Albanian elements" were rallying to "the Italian tricolor and fasces," and which attributed the last opposition most-

ly "to criminals whom King Zog turned loose"—!



Incidents and Excesses. Just now "anti-German incidents" in Polish Silesia are being reported in the official German press, and "anti-German excesses" in Eastern Upper Silesia are said to be "increasing in an alarming manner." We remember that events in Sudentenland and later in Czechoslovakia and Memel were preceded by reports of anti-German excesses in the Reich press. Now the Poles are acting up badly. There have been "attacks on Germans and their property. Use of the German language or the wearing of white stockings (Polish Nazi uniform) is sufficient to draw insults or injury." In the village of Altdorf, "three Germans were beaten and injured considerably because they spoke German."

We remember how the case of Nazi Germany against the new Czechoslovak state was built up. Last September Berlin news agencies heard that war preparations in Northern Czechoslovakia were "alarming on the increase." Six weeks later the rulers thought it wise to suppress all criticism of Germany in the press. Ernst Kundt was at work drawing the government into line with National Socialism in preparation for complete Nazi domination.

Prague University was "Aryanized." *Mein Kampf*, Hitler's autobiography, translated into Czech, appeared in Prague bookshops. Then came the reports of "terrorism" against Germans. Casualties were said to be mounting, and Hitler, "protector of all Germans," was "forced" to intervene.

Today it is Danzig. Tomorrow it will be Poland.



What has become of blood and soil? This is the Nazi slogan. All those of the same blood and race are properly one nation. This was the justification for the Anschluss of Austria and of the Sudetenlands. To urge the same principle after the conquest of Czechoslovakia would require a forehead of brass. As a matter of fact, the principle has never been applied to the Germans in the South Tyrol, now Italian, nor to the Germans in Alsace, now French; yet there is no telling when it will be invoked in favor of a popular election in other territories lost to Germany as a result of the World War, such as the Polish corridor. Very likely German propaganda in Germany's war-lost over-seas colonies will precede demands for plebiscites for African Negroes on a possible return to Germany.

In Hitler's speech of April 29 the blood-and-soil issue was lost and the doctrine that might makes

right announced in clearest terms.

The blood-and-soil doctrine of the Nazis, Mussolini's benevolent attitude towards the lambs downstream, and Chamberlain's wooing of such diabolical tyrannies as the Russian and Turkish in the "interest of democracies," are such a mixture of lies and hypocrisy that future historians may well look upon our age as the period when international politics was played on the level of a psychopathic farce.



Asdic, invisible smoke, and such things. They are in preparation for the next great war, some of them even now perfected to the last degree. Invisible smoke will be the means of making an airplane engine choke up and die. German scientists discovered that certain materials in dust form would remain in the air for a fairly long time. Aluminum dust is one of the materials. It can be fired from anti-aircraft guns and thus oppose hostile air raiders with an imperceptible metallic curtain. Assuming that the same means will be adopted by their enemies, and in view of the fact that invisible smoke will float in the air and will incapacitate defending aircraft as well at attackers, the Germans have invented a brand new thing—steam-driven aircraft. The steam-engine does

not have to breathe and therefore is able to drive a plane through a dust barrage or curtain of invisible smoke.

In England they have invented a new ray, a secret detector ray, called "asdic," with which to hunt hostile submarines. It is said to be sensitive enough to detect motionless submarines lying on the bottom of the sea. Yes, it will even be able to decide whether the submersible is of British or foreign design.

Speaking of rays, there has been developed in various countries a "death ray" allegedly capable of putting a sudden end to an airplane by streaking up and ruining the plane's motor. Much better than this is a lead ray, or "ray bullet," capable of traveling at a speed which compares with the speed of light. This hideous projectile destroys the brain and dissolves the blood. At short range it has extinguished an ox in such fashion. And there is a kindred ray which is expected in days to come to repel an advancing enemy by burning him to a crisp. Gases which have these qualities were used by Mussolini in Ethiopia, and the helpless bare-foot soldiers had their feet burned off to the ankles in places where the gas had settled.

Another ray sets off mines or other explosives, both on land and in the water, destroying war vessels

by exploding the ammunition in their holds. Along the Maginot Line, on its northern section, the fortresses are now hooked up with canals so that, by the pressing of an electric button, hundreds of miles of water can be turned loose to flood plains to a depth of at least twenty feet.

Of course, everybody knows that the navies of the world have all developed the technique of handling and maneuvering ships having no officer or seaman on board, "ghost vessels" that can be controlled at large distances. The inventive genius of murder has now added to this the development of a "ghost ship" controlled by distant hands and able to employ an invisible searchlight coordinated with a camera of special design to feel out an enemy position afloat or ashore. Bombers flying at the rate of four hundred miles an hour will then do the rest.

The ultimate in technology.
The suicide of the race.



More international impositions. Scarcely a newspaper do we unfold that does not check the latest moves of Hitler against Stalin and vice versa. Are we to believe that this is another one of those things which every one knows—that isn't so? Is it possible that while the British lion is mak-


ing a confederate of the Russian bear, against Germany, the Russian and the German have long ago come to an amicable understanding? There is the story of W. G. Krivitsky which has been given far too little attention in the public press and which not only contains the details of a secret German-Japanese pact, obtained through the operation of a super-spy ring, but also the inside dealings of Stalin with Hitler! If this story, supported by references to names, places, dates is true, Stalin has long since recognized that "only fools would ever break with Germany. We want to have the best relations. It is British imperialism that is urging the German people to antagonize the Soviet Union."

Not only that but "Stalin's predilection has always been for Germany! His distrust of the Western democracies is greater than his distrust of the totalitarian states." Early in February it was disclosed that Moscow had made a deal to sell its oil only to Italy and Germany and to those nations friendly to the Rome-Berlin axis. Last November the Reich was listed as third in the Soviet trade standings.

Countries bitterly hostile to one another are actually selling each other arms. For instance, the British government is paying royalties to Germany on patents of the (Bohemian) Bren machine gun. It is

directly selling to Germany many materials essential to rearmament. During air-raid blackout tests in England, somebody discovered the thousands of oil lamps which were part of the blackout equipment were marked "made in Germany." And Russia is counting on the early delivery of a small cruiser built in Italy.

The political scene begins to look like a dadaistic painting.

 **Beginning to see things.** In Halifax Harbor, the great Canadian port, naval officers were on a frantic but fruitless search for a submarine after one was reported in the harbor early April 19 by a pilot-boat captain. Later reports said that a fishing boat working out from a Nova Scotia port had been mistaken for a submarine.

Down at Houston, Texas, a big meteor streaked across the sky the night of May 2 and excited hundreds of persons. Some of the tales of what people saw were as wild as they were different.

Here are a few of the reported observations.

"War" was spelled out plainly.

"Hitler" was in letter 10 miles high.

"Mars" stood out clearly.

To some the Nazi swastika was too plain to miss.

The only man who thought to take a picture of the phenomenon

was Paul Peters, a newspaper photographer. He got four shots of the meteor's trail of light. At first it appeared as a broad streak. Then it began to waver.

Now if you wish to test yourself for any remnants of superstition in your subconscious, consider the following: I have somewhere the original clipping of a newspaper item which reported the appearance of locusts bearing on each wing a large W. The dispatch said that this was understood to indicate a World War within five years. The item was printed in 1912.



They discover Alembic. Of all places, they discover it in a supreme court opinion of Justice Felix Frankfurter. This happened

in February. Writing in the Chicago *Daily News*, Mr. Yoder says: "Those who looked up 'alembic' found it came from an old Greek word 'ambix,' meaning a cup, but also meaning the cap of a still—'an apparatus formerly much used,' said Webster, 'in distillation.' It is a figure, they learned, 'for anything thought of as distilling or causing condensation,' as in the sentence, 'the alembic of a great poet's imagination.'" If Mr. Yoder had looked far enough, for instance in the Oxford English Dictionary, he would have found, not only the reference to Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, 1, 28 ("alembics finely wrought, distilling herbs and flowers"), but also the figurative meaning, as employed in the quotation from Holland's *Gold Foil*.



The French Word

"To say a French word in the middle of an English sentence exactly as it would be said by a Frenchman in a French sentence is a feat demanding an acrobatic mouth; the muscles have to be suddenly adjusted to a performance of a different nature, and after it as suddenly recalled to the normal state; it is a feat that should not be attempted; the greater its success as a *tour de force*, the greater its failure as a step in the conversational progress; for your collocutor, aware that he could not have done it himself, has his attention distracted, whether he admires or is humiliated. All that is necessary is a polite acknowledgment of indebtedness to the French language indicated by some approach in some part of the word to the foreign sound."—H. W. FOWLER.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

*Much Music Has Been Inspired
by the Legend of Faust.*

♪ The legend of Faust and his compact with Satan has inspired many composers. It contains elements which lend themselves in an admirable manner to musical treatment. Charles Gounod, sensing the uncommon dramatic power of the story, used it as the basis of a captivatingly melodious opera which, to this day, remains a favorite in the estimation of audiences as well as of those who preside coldbloodedly over the destinies of the box-office. Ludwig Spohr dealt with the tale in a spirit which smacked too pointedly of the ruminations of a philosopher, and, in consequence, his operatic venture has gone the way of all flesh. To all

intents and purposes, it is unwept and unsung. Today, it is unheard and, in most cases, even unheard of. Arrigo Boito had the ability to use a musical mortar and a philosophical pestle with such adroitness that his *Mefistofele* has successfully survived the whims and the convictions of those who have it in their power either to retain operatic works in the standard repertory or to banish them from the boards.

Hector Berlioz was an important composer in spite of his apparent fondness for tinsel and bombast. Portions of his dramatic legend, *The Damnation of Faust*, continue to hold their own among orchestral works. Franz Liszt's *Faust Symphony in three Character Pictures (After Goethe)* is one of the finest compositions that ever came from the pen of that strangely gifted man who, as a pianist and a showman, took the world by storm and, as a composer, accomplished much more than many of the pundits of today have either the wisdom or the courage to concede. "The *Mephistopheles* is not only a piece of diabolically clever music," writes the sagacious Ernest Newman, "but the best picture we have of a character that in the hands of the average musician becomes either stupid or vulgar or both. As we listen to Liszt's music, we feel that we really have the *Mephistopheles* of Goethe's drama." Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz*,

for the piano, is a profound work. Not many of the prominent devotees of the keyboard are able to do it justice.

Wagner's Overture Praised

Richard Wagner was in his late twenties when he wrote his *Faust Overture*, which was intended originally as the first movement of a symphony. The musical ideas and the orchestral treatment took shape in his mind during the winter of 1839-1840. At that time, he had not yet torn asunder the shackles which bound him to the powerful influence of the Italian school of writing as well as to some phases of German romanticism; but he had gone far beyond the scope of his earlier works. In his *Faust Overture*, he has infinitely more to say than he had unburdened himself of in the opera, *Die Feen*, and the work is entirely devoid of the empty bombast and the strutting which we find in *Das Liebesverbot*, based on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and compounded in a curious fashion of French, Italian, and German ingredients. In the opinion of *Music and Music Makers*, it tells us much more than the *Rienzi Overture*. It foreshadows in a striking manner the gripping dramatic power of the introductory music to *The Flying Dutchman*, and it provides an illuminating commentary on the unique

genius who was destined to startle the world with *Lohengrin*, *Tannhaeuser*, *The Ring*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and *Parsifal*.

The *Faust Overture* is compelling music. It brings us face to face with a man who was not content with the traditional manner of writing for the orchestra, a man whose far-sweeping imagination had a pronounced and irrepresible tendency to make plunges into the unknown, a man in whose brain there was developing the strange power to devise the most startlingly descriptive music that has ever been given to the world. There may be growing pains in the *Faust Overture*, but they are the growing pains of one who was to become a giant in the earth.

Since the important orchestras of our country do not offer us many opportunities to hear the *Faust Overture*, we have every reason to be grateful for an excellent recording of a vivid reading given by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia Album X-63).

Some time ago, Jean Cocteau, the much-discussed French poet, planned to bring out a new version of *Faust* in collaboration with Kurt Weill, the intrepid modernist whose *The Beggar's Opera* and *Mahogany* have caused a great deal of fur to fly in recent years; but the proposed undertaking was abandoned when Weill, who is an

exile from Germany, decided to move to New York. It is more than probable that a work from the pens of these two vigorously independent thinkers would have given rise to heated and protracted arguments.

Feruccio Busoni's opera, *Doktor Faustus*—left incomplete at the time of the great master's death in 1924, but subsequently finished by his pupil, Philipp Jarnach—is practically unknown in the United States.

Coda

Music criticism based on solid learning and keen discernment will be found in the comments written for *Music News* (Chicago, Illinois) by Hans Herman Rosenwald. His articles are so greatly superior in substance to what is customarily doled out in the magazines and newspapers of our country that they come as refreshing oases in a desert of drivel and puerility. In the issue of April 9, 1939, Mr. Rosenwald had the fortitude and the perspicacity to deliver himself of a pointed and none too complimentary appraisal of the artistry of Josef Hofmann, the world-renowned pianist concerning whom Olin Downes, of the *New York Times*, declared in a review printed on January 31, 1937, that "it is doubtful if any performer of today equals him for

comprehensiveness of technique and his interpretive range in the standard repertoire which he cultivates." Referring provocatively to Mr. Hofmann's performance of Anton Rubinstein's jejune and thoroughly moth-eaten *Concerto in D Minor*, Mr. Rosenwald characterized the playing as "perfect," but went on to say that the work is "a meaningless composition" which "calls for a performer who ably covers a lack of thought by emphasis upon the mechanical." Continuing in the same vein, the critic opined that "this virtuoso has lost connection with the time in which he lives—a time of better taste and greater sincerity in tonal art." Mr. Rosenwald's perforating analysis caused the writer of *Music and Music Makers* to recall some cutting remarks about Hofmann's playing made to him a few years ago by a fellow-pianist who is at his best in compositions of the German romantic school and who, on one occasion, felt constrained to leave Carnegie Hall in bitter disappointment shortly after his noted confrere had begun to perform Robert Schumann's *Carnaval*. When your commentator once ventured to write that, in his opinion, Hofmann's rendition of Schumann's *Carnival Pranks* "did not body forth all the inner glow and all the solidity of the composer's rich poetry," that "the tone was often cold, hard, brittle,



Golden Gate International Exposition

STAGE SET FOR PACIFIC PAGEANT

Gleaming palaces and towers set off by thousands of trees and shrubs make an incomparable setting for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. This photograph was taken from neighboring Yerba Buena Island.



Golden Gate International Exposition

TREASURE ISLAND ARCH

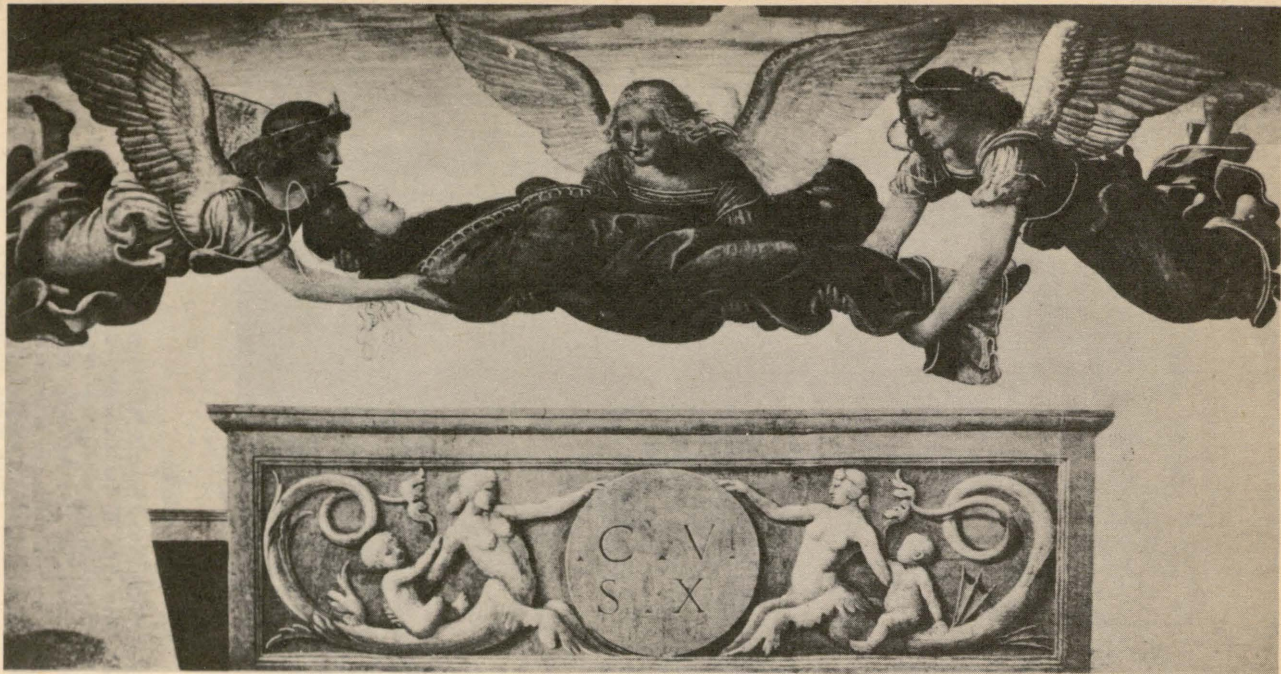
This graceful Triumphal Arch is between the Court of Reflections and the Court of Flowers on Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. Hugo Ballin, famed artist, is painting murals for the inside of the arch. Traveling by ferry to Treasure Island, more than 70,000 persons to date have watched the Exposition being built.



Golden Gate International Exposition

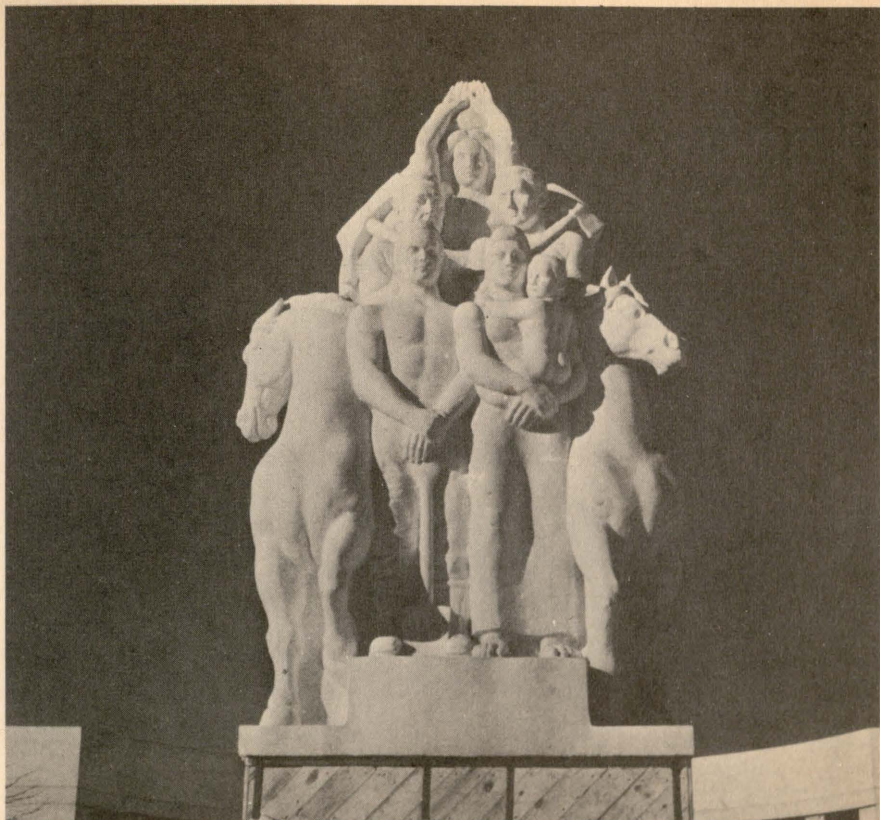
TREASURE ISLE MURAL

Symbolical of "The Winds," this mural by Hugo Ballin is on one of the inner walls of the Triumphal Arch on Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay site of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. A companion panel is in place on the opposite wall of the same arch between the Court of Reflections and the Court of Flowers.



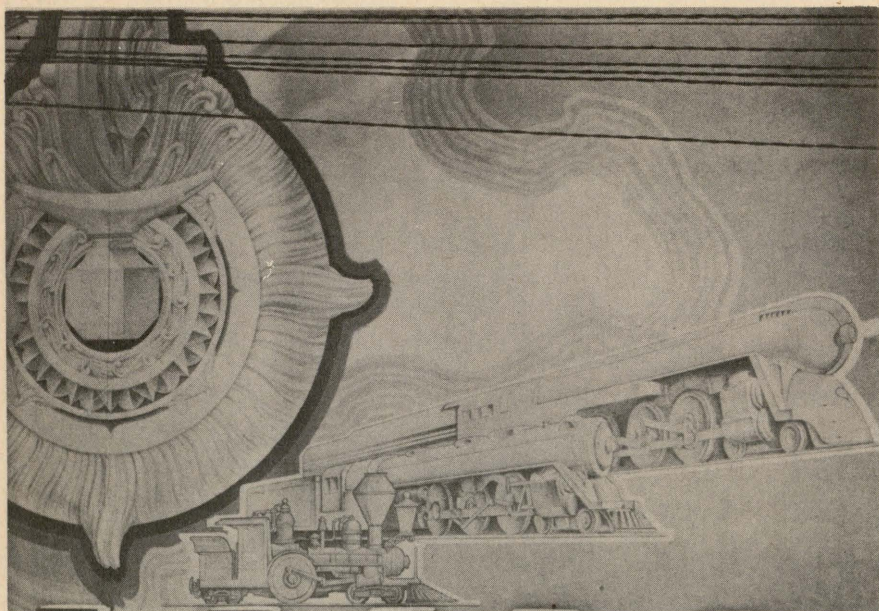
Golden Gate International Exposition
Alinari Photo

The well-known 16th century panel painting by Bernadino Luini will be viewed by millions of Americans for the first time at the Golden Gate International Exposition. It is being loaned by the Milan Museum as part of Italy's \$20,000,000 exhibit at the San Francisco World's Fair.



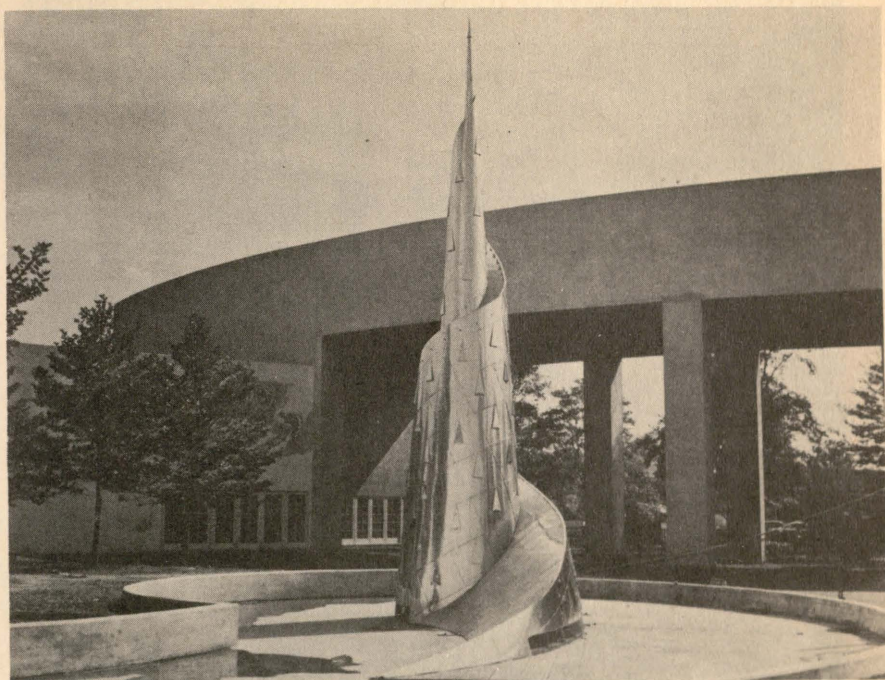
New York World's Fair, 1939

"Builders of the Future" by William Zorach stands in the center of Rose Court between the New York City and Business Systems and Insurance Buildings. Dedicated to labor, the work expresses the thought that the basis of family life and of peace depends primarily upon the toil of man and the building of the world by natural and manual labor. In the background is the Perisphere and Trylon.



New York World's Fair, 1939

Detail of one of four murals depicting Strength and Power on the Metals Building at the New York World's Fair 1939. Designed by Andre Durenceau in soft blues and grays the murals are each composed around a Greek god as a central figure. In the one reproduced above, Vulcan is the god, and the three engines represent products of his forge. For his modern streamlined locomotive Mr. Durenceau turned to the Twentieth Century Limited.



New York World's Fair, 1939

A stainless steel fountain located in one of the many landscaped gardens which will be a feature of the New York World's Fair 1939. The court will be flanked on one side by displays relating to Science and Education, on the other by exhibits dealing with the vital subject of Medicine and Public Health.



New York World's Fair, 1939

Mural by Carlo Ciampaglia above one of the entrances to the Food Building at the New York World's Fair 1939. The mural, executed in rubber paint to withstand weathering, symbolizes Distribution. The standing figure is shown dispensing the bounties of Nature from a cornucopia. The small figures at the left are coming to receive their share, while those at the right are leaving with full baskets.

and metallic," and that "there are pianists who possess the ability to reveal the wealth of Schumann's imagery with a far greater degree of compelling eloquence," an irate

reader burst into print with the barbed intimation that the reviewer was a moron. Thus do music critics sometimes fan the flames of controversy.

Recent Recordings

Orchestral

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 80, in D Minor, and Symphony No. 67, in F Major*. The Orchestra of the New Friends of Music under Fritz Stiedry.—It is seldom that one hears orchestral playing of such limpid beauty as has been engraved on the five discs comprising this album. We are deeply indebted to the eminent musicologist, Dr. Alfred Einstein, for bringing the two long-hidden symphonies to the light of day. Victor Album M-536.

ANDRE ERNEST MODESTE GRETRY. *Danses Villagoises*. The Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under F. Ruhlmann.—These tidbits are delightfully melodious, even though the leanness of the famous Belgian's harmonies once led a facetiously inclined critic to write that one could drive a coach-and-four between the bass and the first fiddle. Benjamin Godard's orchestration of a lively *Saltarelle*, by the noted Belgian violinist, Henri Vieuxtemps, is included in the set. Columbia Album X-126.

AARON COPLAND. *El Salon Mexico*. The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—This ingenious and modernistically constructed potpourri of a number of popular Mexican folk tunes is

superbly played by the Bostonians. Sincere students of modern trends in music as well as enthusiastic jittersbugs will be interested in the composition. Igor Stravinsky's pungent orchestral version of the *Song of the Volga Boatmen* is given as an encore. Victor Album M-546.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Variations on a Theme by Hadyn*. The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Felix Weingartner.—Here we have a work which is great, not only because of the *St. Antoni Chorale* on which it is based, but also because of the uncanny skill and the rich poetry of the mighty Brahms. Weingartner's reading goes to the very core of the music. Columbia Album X-125.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Symphony No. 31, in D Major ("Paris")*. The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.—Again the redoubtable Sir Thomas proves to the hilt that he is an unusually competent exponent of the works of Mozart. Columbia Album 360

Concerto

LUDWIG SPOHR. *Concerto No. 8, in A Minor, for Violin and Orchestra ("Gesangszene")*. Albert Spalding and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

—Spohr, the famous violinist, was by no means a great composer; but the melodious *Gesangszene* still retains a prominent place in the literature written for the violin. The patrician qualities of Mr. Spalding's artistry are unmistakable in the excellent performance. Victor Album M-544.

FRANZ LISZT. *Hungarian Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra*. Edward Kilenyi and the Grand Orchestre of Paris under Selmar Meyrowitz.—It is fortunate, indeed, that Liszt's fame as an important prophet does not rest on this bombastic work which is so brilliantly played by Mr. Kilenyi. Columbia Album X-120.

Piano

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Carnaval, Opus 9*. Myra Hess.—The artistry of Miss Hess is always stimulating. In this superb recording, she enters fully into the spirit of Schumann's fanciful tone pictures. Victor Album M-476.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Sonata No. 21, in C Major, Opus 53* ("Waldstein"). Walter Gieseking.—A decidedly praiseworthy performance of an awe-inspiring work—a work which demands a comprehensive technical equipment and thoroughgoing musicianship. Columbia Album 358.

Harpichord

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Partita No. 7, in B Minor* ("Overture a la Maniere Francaise") and *Fugue in A Minor* (Bachgesellschaft XXXVI, p. 161). Ernst Victor Wolff, play-

ing his Maendler-Schramm harpsichord.—Clarity and a high degree of polish are the outstanding characteristics of Dr. Wolff's readings of these two majestic works. Columbia Album 357.

Choral

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI. *Stabat Mater* (edited by Gustav Schreck). The Wiener Saengerknaben under Dr. Victor Gomboz, with a string orchestra and harpsichord.—To your reviewer, it has been a thrilling experience to hear this tuneful work, with its deftly built Amen chorus, sung by the famous choir boys of Vienna. Pergolesi (1710-1736) was a richly gifted composer. Victor Album M-545.

FRANCIS POULENC. *Mass in G Major*. Le Chanteurs de Lyon under E. Bourmauck, unaccompanied.—A highly interesting composition. One must grant, however, that the clever Frenchman's setting of the solemn and time-honored text, seems, at first blush, to be a bit incongruous. The part-writing is pointedly clear, and the harmonizations are pungent. Poulenc has never hesitated to go his own way. The recording was made in the Cathedral Saint Jean at Lyon. Columbia Album X-127.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Ave Verum* (K. 618). QUIRINO GASPARINI. *Adoramus Te, Christe*. The Strasbourg Cathedral Choir under Abbe Alphonse Hoch, with orchestra and organ.—The choral singing engraved on this disc reaches imposing heights of beauty. Columbia disc 69488-D.

*Books—some for all time and all men—some
for this time and generation—some for nothing
and nobody.*

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

The Invisible Made Visible

INVISIBLE EMPIRE, the Story of the Ku Klux Klan, 1866-1871. By Stanley F. Horn. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1939. 434 pages. \$3.50.

AT LONG last the fog of mystery hovering over the old Ku Klux Klan for more than half a century is beginning to lift. Considering the nature of the data, it is perhaps more accurate to say that Stanley F. Horn's *Invisible Empire* will serve for a long time to come as the most dependable guide pointing the way through the nebulous doings of the Klan and kindred horrific organizations that mushroomed in the lush soil of the Reconstruction South. Mr. Horn, who is the editor of one of the nation's leading trade journals, *The Southern Lumberman*, has done a truly remarkable piece of research that enables one to distinguish fact from fancy, truth from gossip, and history from romance, in a particularly lurid chapter of the lurid story of Carpet-baggers and Scalawags. Critical readers will miss the absence of footnotes and other learned impedimenta, but there

seems to be no compelling reason to doubt the author's prefatory assurance that "every statement is fully substantiated." Even with the most meticulous documentation the story would still appear to be incredible.

When Hugh Johnson recently reminded the readers of his syndicated column that the dictators of Europe probably learned a few tricks from the history of our own country, he might have referred to the tactics employed by the leaders of the Lost Cause, what with their shirts of many colors, their dark and deep conspiracies, their military discipline, their disregard for the established order, and their crusading fervor. Indeed, there is more than a superficial resemblance between Nazis and Fascists on the one hand and the shirted fraternities of the post-bellum South on the other. All of which ought to serve as a gentle and necessary reminder that similar causes tend to produce similar results, in benighted Europe as well as in enlightened America.

In reading about the original Klan of the late eighteen-sixties, one is naturally tempted to think of it and also to judge it in the light of the

more recent nightmare of the same name, the same paraphernalia, and the same tactics. But this analogy is neither fair nor historically accurate, for while it is not difficult to see in the Klan of recent memory a contemptible, racketeering, un-American program of racial and religious persecution, it is not so easy to plaster labels on the older Klan and related societies of the time, The Knights of the White Camelia, The Pale Faces, The Red Jackets, The Native Sons of the South, The Society of the White Rose, The Knights of the Black Cross, The Seventy-Six Associations, The Robertson Family, The White Brotherhood, The Council of Safety, and The Red Shirts. The recent Klan was essentially a scheme to extract fat fees from suckers. The original Klan at least attempted to do what vigilantes, regulators, and similar self-appointed agencies of law and order have always attempted to do under similar conditions. Certainly this seems to have been the case in the early stages of the Klan's development. Society was topsy-turvy, largely as a result of the bungling efforts of a Congress that refused to adopt Lincoln's policy of charity to all, malice to none. Conditions were indescribably desperate, and the Klan felt justified in using desperate remedies. It is to the credit of Klan leaders that they were not slow to recognize the limitations, ethical as well as physical, of their organization and that they strove to bring about its disbandment as soon as its more zealous members began to overreach themselves. Much of the opprobrium heaped upon the Klan was probably

undeserved, as there were numerous counterfeit Klans operated by criminals for the purpose of covering up their tracks; but the record, stripped of all exaggerations and fabrications, is bloody enough. Just how much the federal investigation of the Klan had to do with its early demise is not clear, but no doubt public opinion against Kluxing, in the South no less than in the North, was too strong for continued activity and growth.

From the prodigious mass of data two facts emerge: (1) the Klan was started as nothing more than a social club to relieve the boredom of a number of Nashville, Tenn., youths just returned from the war; and (2) the Klan grew to be a South-wide, closely knit organization with a constitution, a Grand Wizard, and a highly centralized supervision.

The book is charmingly written. There are numerous illustrations and an appendix containing reprints of significant documents. The chapter on the congressional investigation abounds in much unconscious humor provided by black witnesses.

W. E. BAUER

The Double Standard

WINE OF GOOD HOPE. By David Rame. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1939. 511 pages. \$2.50.

THE problem of reviewing a novel which contains a plentiful sprinkling of questionable scenes and a generous leaven of doubtful morality is an unenviable one. If the reviewer says that the novel contains incidents and plot developments that are in bad taste and violate the Christian con-

ception of decency, he will be assailed as a prig, more fit to review the forty-first edition of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. On the other hand, to condone the novel's immorality by not mentioning it places the reviewer in the undesirable position of being attacked as one who has no standards. Now the happy medium would be to advocate the reading of *Wine of Good Hope* for its rousing story and to forget the implications of the involutions and convolutions of the plot. That is impossible. After all, *Macbeth* is a corking good story, but at the same time Shakespeare, by the development and conclusion of the plot, voluntarily or involuntarily, said some powerful things.

David Rame has a good theme, that is to say, he has a meaty idea at the core of *Wine of Good Hope*. It is a theme as old as the world. Tony Lemaire, the hero, expresses it when he tells his fiancée, Lowell Marlowe, "I killed myself when I left Languedoc and you, and now I am a man wandering in search of his soul." Faust and Hamlet hunted for their souls; there are Fausts and Hamlets today searching for their lost souls.

Tony Lemaire loves the vineyards of Languedoc, his South African farm. His sister, Antoine, covets these same vineyards and does everything in her power to drive Tony out of South Africa. In the Lemaire family there is a tradition that its male members cannot remain put in one place for any length of time. Tony's father has left long ago. Since his departure, Grim, Tony's grandmother, has supervised the plantation until her grandson reaches his majority.

IN order to remain true to this queer tradition, Tony spends ten years hunting his wandering father in almost every country and seaport of the world. He begins his adventures when the vineyards of Languedoc are destroyed by fire. He abandons his childhood sweetheart, Lowell Marlowe. He goes on a diamond-hunting and smuggling expedition off the tip of Africa. The small ship he and his companions are in is wrecked in a storm. Picked up by a freighter bound for South America, Tony lands in Rio de Janeiro. He is soon involved in revolutionary activities. But he cannot stay long in Brazil. He finds no satisfaction or peace of soul. He crosses the Andes, has several terrifying adventures in the mountains, and is soon on a freighter bound for Asia. He finds work on a rubber plantation in Malaya. Here he is involved in a terrific fight with the natives. He leaves Malaya, and in a comparatively short time is in London. From London he goes to Manhattan. In both cities he finds himself associating with pseudo-literary cliques whose chief occupation in life is drinking and immorality. In the end, off the coast of Maine, he is reunited with Lowell Marlow. They live happily ever after. Tony has found his soul. He returns to Languedoc and becomes a good farmer.

Here is what puzzles the reviewer. Tony Lemaire has one standard of conduct, and Lowell Marlowe another. Tony engages in all sorts of adulterous escapades, but Lowell keeps herself chastely decent and remains almost to the last a symbol of maidenly purity. In short, here is the

old double standard being resurrected for the benefit of a reading public supposedly modern. This double standard, we thought, had been effectively destroyed by Holy Scriptures once and finally. Even George Bernard Shaw has thundered against it. But David Rame says it's perfectly all right for his hero to lead one sort of life and the heroine another.

Of course, David Rame doesn't say so in plain words, but the implication is there all the time. Tony gets by with his immorality in the story. He gets the girl he has always loved and to whom he has been despicably unfaithful. He is rewarded.

We submit that the logical ending of the novel would have been the destruction of both Tony and Lowell in the violent storm off the coast of Maine described near the end of the novel. Then there would have been a worthy culmination of the story of a modern man who is in search of his soul and who loses it because of his own sins. The jacket says David Rame builds up Tony Lemaire's soul. That is a misstatement. Tony has technically and actually destroyed his soul.

There are stirring scenes in the novel. There are many memorable characters. Grim, the ancient grandmother, is drawn in the grand manner. The twins, Max and Roger, are amusing and touching as boys and men. Life on the Languedoc vineyard is portrayed in thorough detail. South Africa grows alive before the reader. David Rame knows how to write, whether it is about Malaya or about Maine. We wish he would have consistent ideas.

Heredity and Environment

CRIME AND THE MAN. By Earnest Albert Hooton. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1939. 403 pages. \$3.75.

WHAT part does heredity play, and what part environment, in the shaping of human character and conduct? This ever-recurrent question, like no other, haunts the fields of sociology, psychology, education, and such territories as neighbor on them. Some stress the one factor, and some the other; but when all has been said, the issue remains still very much up in the air because either party to the argument will be found to have spent his breath in showing that the antagonist's points are inconclusive rather than in making good his own. When such a situation obtains in a discussion, there are good grounds for the suspicion that both sides lack the evidence to prove their assertions. That his suspicion has so far been well-founded in the matter of which we speak, is beyond question.

Perhaps a new era in the dispute is now being inaugurated by Prof. Hooton. He has just completed a monumental piece of research—the most extensive anthropological study of criminals that, in all probability, has ever been made. Twelve years have been consumed in the work; nearly 14,000 criminals and over 3,000 non-criminals have been exhaustively examined; the results have been tabulated, correlated, and tested by every device known to statistical science. *Crime and the Man* is a condensed non-technical report on the

findings. The detailed facts of the survey will be presented in three ponderous tomes, of which the first has been published, with 480 pages of tables in the appendix alone.

The problem to which Prof. Hooton addressed himself was to determine whether there is any relation between the physical characteristics of criminals and their antisocial conduct. In the latter half of the last century the Italian criminologist Lombroso claimed that criminals deviate psychologically and anatomically from normal law-abiding citizens in certain respects. Some of his teachings were later refuted and others drawn in question, but his central thesis had never been subjected to any thorough scientific examination until our Harvard anthropologist concerned himself with it.

For the purposes of the study Prof. Hooton's trained assistants took 22 standard anthropometric measurements on the head and body of each individual, and from these measurements 13 indices, or percental relations of one measurement to another, were calculated (such as the cephalic index: head breadth to head length). Furthermore, 33 main categories and 72 subcategories of morphological features (hair color, eye color, etc.) were graded. This made available 107 anthropological facts for the study of each individual. There were also gathered 13 sociological items in each case (age, ancestry, education, etc.). To make sure that all important national and racial strains in the U.S. would be tapped, the material was drawn from the penal institutions of the following 9 states: Massachusetts,

Wisconsin, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. Missouri, in addition, furnished negro and negroid criminals. It might appear that some Pacific state should have been included, to obtain Chinese and Japanese criminals, but Hooton says, "Very few of these appear to get into jail, a fact which seems to reflect the difficulty of Americanizing the Oriental." (Only 368 Chinese and Japanese were incarcerated in the whole U.S. on January 1, 1923.)

THE full analysis of the data that were obtained required years of slow, painstaking work, even though the latest sorting and calculating machines were employed. White criminals were divided into Old Americans, foreign-born, and children of the foreign-born. Full-blooded negroes were distinguished from negroids. Complete cross-analyses were made by states and as a whole, according to type of crime, according to nationality, and again according to racial type (9 white types). Sane non-criminals, sane criminals, insane non-criminals, and insane criminals were checked against one another. Everywhere Hooton appears to have been most meticulous in appropriating only data that were above suspicion. Large amounts of material were discarded.

The final outcome of the investigation can only briefly be indicated. Its general tenor is suggested in the following, "Whatever may be the sociological value of the legal fiction that 'all men are born free and equal,' there can be no doubt that the author

of this phrase deserves above all other men the description *splendide mendax*, translated by the English school-boy, 'lying in state.' In its biological application, at any rate, this statement is one of the most stupendous falsehoods ever uttered by man through his misbegotten gift of articulate speech." Hooton finds that white criminals, when compared to non-criminals by state groups, by national groups, or by racial type, average smaller in size and are inferior in physique and in most anthropological characters that can be judged qualitatively. If one considers in order sane non-criminals, sane criminals, insane non-criminals, and insane criminals, one finds that one is following a line of progressive degeneration in physical characteristics. The differences between negro and negroid criminals and non-criminals are less marked. Hooton discovers no evidence for the linkage between insanity and crime that is so often dogmatically asserted but believes that they are to be regarded as "separate and not necessarily related manifestations of inferior human organisms." Various striking correlations appear when types of crime are checked against physical type, nationality, and racial type.

How reliable are the conclusions offered? That can be determined only by one who has the time, the patience, and the necessary mathematical and logical apparatus to check the original data. Such checking will no doubt take place. In any case Prof. Hooton has carried out a gigantic piece of work on a problem of far-reaching interest and importance,

and his conclusions will have to be taken seriously into account. They cannot simply be waved aside. The book, in spite of occasional flashes of humor and unique illustrations by the author, is rather slow and heavy reading because of the involved nature of the material. One passage clearly reveals that Prof. Hooton is an infidel.

It may be that some of our readers are nursing frustration complexes because destiny has cast them in the rôle, say, of barbers and plumbers, instead of making them anthropologists. To them the evidence of harrowing labors contained in the book should yield sweet consolation, causing them, respectively, to reach for the shears or to set out on the customary seven-mile trip back to the shop for tools, with comforted and cheerful hearts.

Dark Victory

BETRAYAL IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

By G. E. R. Gedye. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1939. 499 pages. \$3.50.

THE strings of Mr. Gedye's harp will make nerve-racking discord to those who believe and are sure that Adolf Hitler is not only an angel of deliverance blessed with the vision and the courage to lead Germany out of the dismal morass into which she had been plunged by the selfish and shortsighted framers of the Treaty of Versailles, but that he is also a prophet of a new dispensation in the science of government and empire-building—a dispensation far superior in its efficiency to anything the world has seen in many a year. Likewise,

those who are convinced that Benito Mussolini, the lesser light and the second fiddle, as it were, of the Rome-Berlin Axis, has been rendering Italy, Europe, and the world at large a great and never-to-be-forgotten service by giving substantial aid and comfort to the undertakings of his famous partner will look askance at what the author unfolds before our eyes. In *Betrayal in Central Europe*, we read that the success of the Nazis is founded, to a large extent, on bluster and bravado, on the brutality of concentration camps, on forced labor, on a cruel and systematic stifling of almost every vestige of personal liberty, on the rigorous suppression of anything even remotely resembling freedom of speech and of the press, on huge and expensive armaments manufactured with a callous disregard for the empty stomachs of a woefully undernourished citizenry, on promises never kept, on a glorification of the lie, and on the spectacular, consistently blatant, diabolically clever propaganda of the utterly unscrupulous Joseph Goebbels.

Mr. Gedye is no friend of the Hitler regime, and he dips his pen in vitriol when he writes of the British and French statesmen who stood idly by when little Austria was incorporated in the Third Reich, did nothing whatever to interfere with the annexation of the Sudeten area, and signed an agreement at Munich which the subsequent grabbing of the rest of Czechoslovakia by the *Fuehrer* and the wanton subjugation of tiny Albania by *Il Duce* have proved to be worth far less than the paper on which it was written.

THE book is based on an extensive acquaintance with European affairs. For a number of years, the author, a well-known journalist, lived in Vienna. He was correspondent, first for the *London Daily Express*, and later for the *London Times*. After the *Anschluss*, the quality of his reporting failed to find favor in the eyes of the Nazis, and, as a result, he was told to leave the country. He went to Prague and continued to ferret out and dispatch news from that vantage-point until the recent seizure of what remained of Czechoslovakia made it necessary for him once more to shake the dust of the Third Reich from his feet. At present, he is serving as European correspondent for the *New York Times*.

Mr. Gedye deals at length with the many and multifarious events that led eventually to the annexation of Austria by Hitler; but he does not absolve the Austrians themselves of all blame. He finds fault with the political Catholicism of Monsignore Ignaz Seipel, who, as chancellor, "cherished dreams of a Germany split into its component Protestant and Catholic parts, with the Prussia which he hated left to its own devices, and the Catholics of Germany, Austria, and the Succession States united in some kind of great Papal Federation." Even Engelbert Dollfuss—murdered by the Nazis in the putsch which was made of no avail by the prompt and energetic opposition of Mussolini—and the unfortunate Kurt von Schuschnigg, were, according to Gedye's account, so ardently and singlemindedly devoted to furthering the cause of political Catholicism that they ac-

tually neglected the best interests of their fatherland. The Social Democrats were oppressed because the three Catholic chancellors were afraid that by being sympathetically inclined toward them they would be giving aid to the Reds. After the fatal summons to Berchtesgaden, Schuschnigg, upon whose character his Jesuit teachers had put an indelible stamp, realized the terrible seriousness of his mistake and declared his willingness to make amends; but with Hitler's army ready to spring, Mussolini turning a deaf ear to his entreaties, and both England and France apparently unconcerned, it was too late to save Austria.

How the vigorous propaganda carried on by the Nazis in the little country before the *Anschluss* was consummated, is vividly described and bitterly condemned, and the author uses his remarkable command of English with devastating force when he sets out to give character-portrayals of Mussolini and Hitler. Listen, for example, to the following words, culled from the graphic description of Schuschnigg's humiliation at Berchtesgaden: "From the outset, the little Austrian would-be painter and ex-lance corporal from the Vienna doss-houses treated the Austrian doctor of law and general's son with the utmost insolence of which he was capable." Konrad Henlein is disposed of in a scathing manner, and Sir Neville Chamberlain's appeasement policy is violently assailed.

WRITING of the persecution of the Jews in Austria, Mr. Gedye says: "It is not your fault that you cannot believe me, because it is im-

possible for you to conceive of the diseased and degenerate mentality which lies behind the pathological anti-Semitism of the Nazis."

We are told that, in March, 1938, the great German war machine began "to creak and lumber, and finally broke down near Linz," thus delaying Hitler's triumphal entry into Vienna. "It was now the turn of Herr Hitler," says Gedye, "to listen to some home truths" spoken by "his outraged generals," who had warned him that Germany was not at all able to face a major war.

There is a breath-taking chapter in which the author sets forth how, in the opinion of some experts, the annexation of the Sudeten area could have been prevented if energetic resistance had been offered. Poison flows from Gedye's pen when he quotes Chamberlain as saying that Britain saved Czechoslovakia from annihilation and gave her a chance of a new life.

In these troublous times, wise men and women will try to familiarize themselves with all aspects of the turbulent drama which is now being enacted on the European stage. Mr. Gedye's big and well-written book is one which cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. Friends of the Rome-Berlin Axis will see red when they read it; opponents of the combination will find in it a superabundance of grist for their mills. Your reviewer, who has attempted in these paragraphs to give some of its highlights, recommends it wholeheartedly and enthusiastically to those who want a clearcut exposition of the views of an Englishman who

does not hesitate to declare that "what British democracy needs is the drive to immediate action which the fascists show if at this eleventh hour it is to be saved from Chamberlainism." The eminent journalist states in the preface that the opinions expressed in the book are solely his own.

Crude Materialism

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN. By Lancelot Hogben. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1939. 1082 pages. \$5.00.

FOLLOWING up the success of his previous book, *Mathematics for the Million*, the noted British geneticist now offers us a self-educator covering the natural sciences, a well printed volume, beautifully illustrated with diagrams and sketches. It covers the principal doctrines of modern science in the field of physics, chemistry, electro-magnetism, microbes, evolution, heredity, and its program is to give the social background of scientific discovery, the results of scientific labors as they affect human life. It is not to be expected that even a volume of one thousand pages will cover every important factor of this large topic. Hence if we notice the lack of any reference to the new wave mechanics in their relation to chemical properties, we feel that only a carping critic should urge such a defect. Yet the absence of any reference to the newest developments in physics is not entirely due to want of space. The fact is that modern physics is almost unanimously committed to the acceptance of a divine force in nature, if not to a personal Creator, and the

main thesis of this large and powerful volume is the vindication of materialism. There is no spirit, no god in the world as seen by Mr. Hogben. And this is the reason for his passing by of the newer physics, and of his sarcastic references to such leaders in scientific thought as Eddington and Jeans. This is the reason why no mention is made of vitalism and of the new vogue it has attained through such great investigators as Driesch and McDougall.

Hogben's *Science for the Citizen* makes on one reviewer the impression that Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* made on Henrich Heine—"the leering visage of atheism," was Heine's comment, "peeps out from every page." Not only does Hogben teach a materialism of the crudest type (as when he says that a motor bicycle and a man are machines because both transform one form of energy into other forms (p. 892); not only does he deny the existence of spirit specifically (p. 488f); not only does he avow the most radical theories of behaviorism (p. 1003f); but the book, from beginning to end, casts slurs upon the Christian religion and particularly on such doctrines as those of the Holy Trinity, the creation of man, the virgin birth, the real presence—and this, mind you, not in a tract of the snide outfit in Girard, Kansas, but in the work of a British scientist. Time and again, he declares that his goal is that of Lucretius: to destroy belief in the supernatural.

A geneticist cannot be expected to avoid mistakes in remote departments of biology or in history or geology. And so we have a line of proof which

shows that the Great Pyramid must have been completed about 2400 B.C.—a date which no Egyptologist of standing would accept today. He believes in the animal tropisms of Loeb, which have not been accepted by a single other reputable biologist. He believes that there have been layers of sedimentary rock 400,000 feet in thickness. He actually believes that there is evidence in mutation for natural selection. And when he gets into trouble with his Darwinian preconceptions, he admits that the Darwinian theory, in view of what we now know of genetics, was a “gratuitous assumption”—certainly a case of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

What are we to think of such a volume? Henshaw Ward says, in his *Builders of Delusion*, that the whole of materialism is “not only dead, but buried, quite forgotten by living science,” and on another page, “A materialistic scientist is a very rare person, so rare that I cannot learn of his whereabouts.” We can accommodate Mr. Ward.

Just a word as to the exercises provided for the average citizen by Mr. Hogben. Here is one, others being scattered through the book at the end of each chapter: “Two oxides, one of carbon and the other of nitrogen, both have the same relative density of 22. Give their formulae and calculate their percentage composition by weight.” The graphs and diagrams and algebraic formulae scattered throughout the volume are characteristic of an orientation text in natural science for college students rather than of a popular handbook “for the citizen.”

Air Raid: 1939

ORDEAL. By Nevil Shute. William Morrow & Company, New York. 1939. 280 pages. \$2.50.

FACT and fancy says that England is at the mercy of any country whose aerial force is capable of a few hundred miles of sustained flight. It is a *fact* that Britain's aerial equipment, offensive and defensive, is shockingly second rate. It is a *fancy* that every Britain knows what to do when the first parcel of bombs is dropped on some unsuspecting English community. Now comes a clever piece of propaganda, disguised as a novel, which tells what happens when a foreign air force makes several raids on English population centers. *Ordeal* is propaganda, as Nevil Shute admits in a note at the end of the novel; but at the same time *Ordeal* is a rattling good story.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Corbett are a young couple living in Southampton. With their three children, 6-year-old Phyllis, 3-year-old John, and baby Joan, a comfortable home, a rickety car, and an ancient nine-ton yacht, the Corbetts lead a happy, uneventful existence. When the novel opens, the Corbett family is huddled in the garage back of the home. The first bomb had been dropped shortly after midnight. Every window in the house was shattered. After a few hours the raid is over, and the Corbetts fall asleep.

That is not the end of the air raids. They continue, usually on nights when fog and rain is at its worst. In desperation Peter Corbett digs a trench in his front lawn. He drives

the car over it. The family is forced to spend a hideous, terror-stricken night in the trench during another air-raid. Their neighbor's wife is killed by a bomb.

In the meantime the town's water supply is cut off, the sewer system is destroyed, electric power fails, and the streets become rows of bomb craters. The Corbetts find it increasingly difficult to obtain an adequate milk supply for the children. Cholera and typhoid fever break out. The population goes panicky when it appears that the English air force cannot handle the recurring visits of the foreign bombers. Unable to endure the tension of the air attacks and fearing for his family, Peter Corbett flees with them to their old yacht.

The dramatic end of the novel will remain a secret in the reviewer's bosom. The solution of the Corbetts' tragic difficulties when their home is bombed is twice as exciting as the ending of an Agatha Christie detective story.

There is only one objection to make of the novel. Possibly it is a moral objection. The publishers' description on the jacket says emphatically that *Ordeal* is not a study of war but of the human spirit's capacity to endure suffering. That may be true. As a matter of fact the novel is a clarion call to Leslie Hore-Belisha, Britain's war head, to hurry up the building of England's Army, Navy, and Air Force. The characters in the novel are stock figures with stock names which carry the thesis of the novel on their unwilling shoulders. While the novel may be

simple and absolutely unemotional, as the publishers maintain, the novel's impact on the reader is decidedly heavy. This reviewer does not agree with the novel's thesis that to meet force one must use force. That would be giving the devil his due with a vengeance.

Religion of a Scientist

THE FREEDOM OF MAN. By Arthur H. Compton. Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut. 1935. 153 pages.

SINCE 1923 Dr. Compton has been associated with the Department of Physics at the University of Chicago. Besides sharing the Nobel Prize in his field with Charles T. Rees-Wilson in 1927, Dr. Compton has earned international respect through his contributions on X-rays and cosmic rays. The content of this book originally formed the material for a series of lectures delivered at Princeton, Yale, and the University of Michigan. The volume was inspired by the conviction that it is the scientist's duty to society to relate his findings to other aspects of life.

The Freedom of Man represents an attempt to relate modern science to philosophy and religion, for it is Dr. Compton's sincere conviction that a science is worse than useless if it fails to lead to a satisfactory philosophy of life. Early history seems to prove his view. The tragic fate of early science and the fluctuating course of its later history are, essentially, the story of the argument of Determinism versus Freedom, which Dr. Compton here resumes.

Determinism has always clashed with philosophy, as it reduces all action to the mechanistic equation of cause and effect. Even the comparatively recent laws of Newton left no excuse for his philosophy; and yet, the basic idea of natural law could not be refuted. Dr. Compton comes with a solution in terms of the new quantum mechanics. The new physics, while it retains the basic principles of Newton's mechanics, modifies them sufficiently to allow for and even to suggest the existence of such non-physical things as mind, will and motives. It means that the freedom of man to act as he chooses is no longer an enigma to the scientist whose physical world demonstrates itself to be a function of the laws of nature.

FAITH in an Intelligent Creator is another issue subjected to rational deliberation. Problems from physics, astronomy and biology are applied to demonstrate the scientific soundness of such belief. "Few indeed," says he, "are the scientific men of today who will defend an atheistic attitude." He does not pretend to present anything new to the argument. His recapitulation, however, provides a very clear outline of a rational approach to a religious concept.

Prof. Compton tests the idea of God as a Merciful Father. Without offence to any acceptable scientific principle, he develops his case to the conclusion that "science can thus have no quarrel with a religion which postulates a God to whom men are His children."

Even the highly subjective doctrine of immortality survives a rational investigation. The idea of immortality lacks everything in the way of objective data; yet there is no evidence to throw doubt upon its possibility. Dr. Compton declares that to believe that death is the end of everything is unreasonable in the light of modern science. Such tenet is supported only by a deterministic interpretation of life, which is erroneous in view of the quantum mechanics.

Brief as it is, *The Freedom of Man* puts one into a mood of serious contemplation. Isn't it logical to believe that knowledge which God permits us to obtain on the plane of our human experiences should, ultimately, be in accord with knowledge which that same God has revealed to us through His Holy Word? Dr. Compton's book adds itself to the list of those which show that the foundations of our faith will stand the test of rational thinking.

Many Christian teachers feel that to encourage the use of reason in matters of faith is an offence to the essence of orthodox Christianity. For such there is the story of Thomas. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" are the words most frequently remembered. It is just as important, however, to note the method with which Christ dealt with His doubting disciple before pronouncing this reprimand. "Reach hither thy finger," He said, "and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing."

RUTH SEIDEL

Money, Money

HIGH PRESSURE. By Jesse Rainsford Sprague. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1938. 312 pages. \$2.50.

THE title, *High Pressure*, carries a sub-title: *What It Is Doing to My Town and My Neighbors*. The two together indicate exactly what the book offers, namely, a presentation of the cheapening and destructive effects of high-pressure salesmanship on American life. "We Americans have allowed our country to become a place for businessmen to make money in, instead of a place for people to live in." These words might serve as an epitome.

The book is cast in the form of an autobiography. Peter Kent, a young jeweler, opened a store on the main street of "Wellston" in the early years of the century. Wellston was then a conservative city of 60,000, in which practically every business was owned by local people. The merchants competed for what trade there was, and "you never heard any nonsense about money-making being a noble occupation." The year 1907 brought the beginnings of far-reaching changes. That year's money panic was caused by the fact that mass production had hit its stride, turning out goods faster than they could be consumed and glutting the market.

"There was a choice of two courses: Manufacturers could limit production of things to the point where people would voluntarily buy what the manufacturers produced. Or manufacturers could keep right on producing at top capacity and force

their goods on people by high-pressure salesmanship." In Europe business, faced by this dilemma, took the former alternative; American business chose the latter way and, as a result, "for more than thirty years has insisted on producing for a market that doesn't exist."

To move the surplus of goods under these circumstances calls for high-pressure salesmanship to make people buy what they may not want, or need, or perhaps even have any use for. The pressure has been applied through such measures as copious advertising, making people "conscious" of things (chewing-gum-conscious, radio-conscious, cosmetic-conscious, whiskey-conscious, etc.), sales campaigns, sales quotas, and especially installment buying. The motive force behind all this is Big Business—the manufacturers; the aim is to make money, regardless of what it may mean to the people or the country. To gain the purpose in view, trickery and knavery of all kinds is resorted to.

That American standards of morality, decency, and refinement have seen a steady decline during the last thirty years is not a phenomenon unrelated to these things. Money grubbing and material display cannot be forced into the foreground without pushing higher values into the background. It is also to the interest of selfish business that this should be so. "It is an axiom of salesmanship that a sailor with two or three drinks in him is a better customer than a sober college professor," and so "it has been the sales manager's job to make us as much like sailors as pos-

sible." He has been remarkably successful at it: gentlemanliness is a fading quality in America, and it is becoming ever harder to distinguish girls from our best homes from raff raff (if you doubt it, visit a few night clubs). "If you look at present-day advertising, you are almost forced to conclude that nothing at all can be sold without sex."

BUSINESS overlooks no bets. There are the public schools. The Wrigley Corporation distributes among seventh-grade geography pupils a pamphlet entitled, "Chewing Gum—What It Is and How It Is Made" (quite unselfishly, of course); Life-buoy Soap runs "Clean Hands" campaigns; other corporations have other schemes. But one of the shrewdest moves of Big Business has been its tie-in with religion. In the book, the Reverend Beverley Harriss plays quite a prominent rôle. He called himself "the businessman's preacher," belonged to a service club, marched in parades, made all sorts of compromises, wanted to be "just one of the boys," but "seemed like a strange little boy in a new neighborhood who wanted desperately to get in with the gang, but didn't quite know how to go about it." Thousands of ministers, priests, and rabbis throughout the country act as such Rev. Harrisses and are welcomed by business because they lend an air of respectability and even piety to a system that has not the least claim to such attributes. (Isn't this rather far-fetched? No. Your reviewer has known a number of such ecclesiastical stooges, including a

Lutheran pastor—a sort of renegade, indeed—who might have sat for a picture of the Rev. Harriss.)

But isn't the book unfair in ascribing to Big Business all manner of harmful influence on our country and people? Is it? The State Crime Commission of New York, for instance, says, "A large proportion of crimes of violence can be traced to the efforts of businessmen who try to make luxuries seem necessities." "The love of money is a root of all evil," and American business is amazingly industrious in cultivating the plant that has this root. Most of the indictment of the book rings true to one's ears.

Sounds communistic, does it? Only if one thinks that our present set-up is a paradise of democratic perfection in which any change could not but be for the worse. What Mr. Sprague pleads for is precisely a return to democratic ways out of the present undemocratic domination by business, a return to a situation in which Americans can again be masters of their own culture and their own souls. Sprague's book is not the production of a wild or cynical changemonger but is a keen, sober, searching analysis, concrete and to the point, of trends in our civilization. His main proposal toward improvement of the situation is drawn from the Code Napoléon, which has been in force in France for more than a century and a quarter. Some expressions in the book one regrets to see there, but the argument is worthy of close attention, careful examination, and serious thought.

THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS



BY THE EDITORS

A brief glance at books published during the month preceding the date of publication of THE CRESSET.

I TRAVEL BY TRAIN

By Rollo Walter Brown. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. 317 pages. \$3.00.

MR. BROWN is that particularly American phenomenon, a peripatetic lecturer. He is, however, not the run-of-the-mine type. Although the title of his book would indicate that it is a mere account of sightseeing, it is far more than that. Traveling up and down the country, Mr. Brown tried to catch the spirit of America, its hills and mountains, floods and droughts, prairies and plains, rail-

roads and strikes, hunger and wealth. He has a sharp eye and a good mind. His conclusion concerning the people of America is: "They are no longer 'the monster, the people,' 'the unthinking masses' who are supposed not to be able to understand civilization and therefore would destroy it. They have come to understand it too well, and know that changes in it—rapid changes—must be made. Although not one of them in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—has yet received an education that opens the way to anything approximating full growth, they have received enough to know that somewhat enlightened beings can be helpful to themselves, and that they can try new ways of helping themselves without losing their balance." Good reading.

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES

By Martha Dodd. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 382 pages. \$3.00.

Miss Dodd is the daughter of the former American Ambassador to Germany. For four and a half years she lived at the American Embassy in Berlin, and her account of these years has received wide attention. Much of her story is not new, though some portraits of Nazi leaders are memorable. As she enters more deeply into life in the Third Reich, she is disillusioned, and her story becomes more emotional and even incoherent. Some sections simply do not have the ring of truth. At times she is amazingly naive, as, for example, when she reports that Rolf Diels, then chief of the secret police, suggested that she

might marry Hitler. Her conclusion is that Goering is the man to be watched as the Third Reich staggers toward doom or world power.

HERE LIES

By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press, New York. 362 pages. \$3.00.

Miss Parker is one of the few persons in America who has become a legend during her lifetime. Examples of her bitter, biting wit are quoted from coast to coast. In the present volume she has collected all her short stories, most of which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*. While their quality is uneven, a few contain some of the best writing in the American short story. Her manner is simple and even, but the very quietness of the process creates an almost intolerable tension. The best example of her method is the famous story "Big Blonde," which won the O. Henry prize a few years ago. While Miss Parker is no moralist, her sharp-eyed realism presents a terrifying picture of the vast emptiness of amorality.

THE SAGA OF "CIMBA"

By Richard Maury. With drawings by the author. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 254 pages. \$2.50.

The age of adventure is far from past. This is the story of a young man's adventures with a Nova Scotia schooner and of its exciting voyage from Indian Point, Nova Scotia, to Suva, in the Fiji Islands. More correctly, however, this book is not so much the story of Richard Maury and his sailing companions as the exciting saga of the gallant little 35-foot ves-

sel's adventures in the high seas of the Atlantic and Pacific. In the end she meets a tragic end off the Great Suva Reef in a driving storm. Beautifully written in a quiet prose, this is a book for genuine arm-chair adventure. Photographic illustrations would have been appreciated.

GUNS OR BUTTER

By Lockhart, R. H. Bruce. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1938. 429 pages. \$3.00.

If you want to take a leisurely jaunt through the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, the Balkans, and greater Germany; if in each of these countries you want to sit and chat with simple folk, carry on intimate conversations with their leading statesman and representatives; if you want to inspect at close range the offices and studies of the high and mighty, ancient palaces, impressive churches, wine cellars and cabarets; if you want to witness Hitler's triumphal march through Vienna; if you want to sense the quaking of hearts which gripped Germany's neighbors after the Austrian Anschluss; if you want to do all of this and more, the pleasure may be yours by means of this book. Mr. Lockhart has enjoyed unusual opportunities for gaining an understanding of European problems because he has lived and traveled widely in central Europe, Russia, and the Balkan states as a member of Great Britain's foreign service, as the representative of an international banking house, and as a newspaper man in the service of Lord Beaverbrook. Good journalism, though not always morally attractive.

The MAY Magazines

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

How to Tell a Communist

By WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

The Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, gives his recipe to cure the advance of Communism in the United States. Dean Russell advocates the use of positive, rather than negative, arguments to destroy this political theory. He maintains that polemics will never stop the march of Communism in this country. What are the positive methods he advocates? He says that we are to attack the problem of poverty, defend the right of freedom of speech and assembly, and abolish general ignorance through education.

He might also have mentioned that Christianity, properly proclaimed and practised, is the best way to minimize the prospect of class warfare. This article was first delivered as a speech to the New York Department Convention of the American Legion. Over 100,000 reprints of this clear, simple, and forthright address have been distributed to people requesting copies. We recommend the article.

How About Hugo Black?

By CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

Remember the flurry, almost two years ago, caused by President Roosevelt's appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court? What has Justice Black been doing since those hectic days? Here is the answer by a prominent Boston lawyer who has scrutinized the two hundred odd decisions Hugo Black has rendered. Black has established a record of independence. He has also given some important lone dissents. Black has made an important contribution to the Supreme Court. Not so long ago the judges thought they could make better constitutional law because the legislators were untrained. Black, however, recognizing the increase in statesmanship among the Senators, appreciates the art of the legislator. In other words, the Court is to practise self-restraint in passing decisions, giving other men a certain amount of

credit in the writing of laws. For readers who want a discussion of some of Black's notable decisions, this article should prove extremely interesting.

Harper's

The End of Economic Man in Europe

By PETER F. DRUCKER

This is an interesting explanation of Naziism as an attempt to establish a *non-economic* society by means of totalitarian *Wehrwirtschaft*. To be successful this attempt must be based upon a concept of Heroic Man willing to sacrifice his life "without any purpose." That Naziism has thus far failed to inculcate this concept is very evident from the refusal of the German people to accept war as desirable. This failure, however, will mean the failure of Naziism if only a real alternative is offered the German people. Until such a time, "they will have to continue to force themselves to believe in Naziism and in the Fuehrer in spite of their beliefs and convictions." This article is an excerpt from a book by Mr. Drucker under the same title, recently published, and reviewed in this issue of *Harper's*.

Freedom, Radio, and the FCC

By MERRILL DENISON

The problems of the Federal

Communications Commission in its task to regulate the nation's broadcasting are manifold. Seventeen thousand programs are sent out daily from some 750 stations, with only 90 channels available for use in the United States. That the FCC is the object of much criticism is inevitable in the situation which it must seek to control. The author is very sensitive to the danger to freedom in the provision of the Act which gives the FCC the right to supervise and control radio communication "as the public convenience, interest, and necessity requires." To eliminate the word "interest" would, the author maintains, remove the gravest objections to the Act and be a step toward the ideal of "a minimum of arbitrary regulation." In general, the article is an informative and critical discussion of American broadcasting and of the FCC.

Forum

The Role of Government in Public Discussion (Two Points of View)

By RALPH C. ROPER and JOHN W. STUDEBAKER

This is a debate on the proposal of Dr. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education, to set up a system of public forums, financed by federal funds. Roper claims that these forums, as projected,

would be government-controlled (through educational authorities) and would, therefore, not only be undemocratic, but also actually dangerous to liberty. Dr. Studebaker's reply is very weak and evasive and contains such infantilisms as, "The government is the people." Roper easily comes out victor in the argument. Among the persons who will especially bear watching if we value our liberties are the professional educationists. They harbor in their ranks a high percentage of pompous, self-opinionated crackpots, and such men are dangerous.

From Teaching to Plumbing with Hardly a Wrench

By H. A. MILTON

A Harvard Ph.D., after nine years of college teaching, has found it impossible to get a position in his field which pays a reasonable salary. So he is becoming a plumber. He does not pity himself, or break into lamentations, or call down maledictions on a society that permits such things to be. On the contrary, he is very cheerful about it and counts up the advantages which his new position offers him and fairly gloats over them. He really makes out a good case. Perhaps he is the pioneer of

a back-to-the-trades movement and it will be wise for some of the rest of us to follow his lead before plumbing is as badly overcrowded as teaching. How, I wonder, does one go about being a plumber?

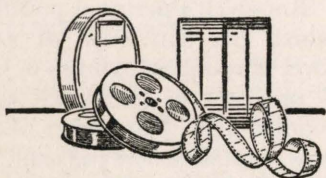
Fortune

Fortune Survey

Roosevelt's personal popularity, which has continued at a high level throughout, shows a loss of 5 per cent as compared to two months ago. Those who like him now constitute 58.8 per cent, while 41.2 do not like him. This is the lowest point in popularity which he has reached since *Fortune* began its survey in January, 1936—55.2, as they feel now, would not vote for Roosevelt for a third term; 41.9 would or might; and 2.9 don't know.—19.7 per cent think the U.S. should sell airplanes and munitions to all foreign countries; 28.2 think such sales should be restricted to democratic nations; 39.6 hold such sales should be made to none; and 12.5 don't know.—Regardless of general economic conditions, 32 per cent feel personally more secure than they did a year ago; 37 feel as they did then; 28.7 feel less secure; 2.3 don't know.



THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET *examines samples of Hollywood offerings.*

BROADWAY SERENADE

The comely and charming Jeanette MacDonald is an unusually skillful actress; but it would be playing fast and loose with the truth to say that she is a great singer. To the thinking of this writer, who has heard her in the flesh, her recent concert tour has shown conclusively that she will be wise indeed if she decides to be content with the renown and the adulation to which she is justly entitled because of her outstanding achievements on the silver screen.

From a musical point of view, *Broadway Serenade* is commonplace. For whatever affectiveness it has in this respect, it depends, to a large extent, on a murderous transmogrification and an utterly ridiculous swinging of Tchaikovsky's wonderfully beautiful setting of Goethe's poem, *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* (*None But the Lonely Heart*). The story has some points of interest, but there is much re-hashing of what has been done scores of times in movie-plays. Bizarre and grotesque elements in the final scenes point the way to far-reaching possibilities in the domain of picture-technique. Robert Z. Leonard's directing is superb.

HIS SON WAS A CRIMINAL

In spite of an unprepossessing title, a photoplay of merit, without offensive improbabilities of plot, and in spite of its theme—gangsters plying their trade under the leadership of the son of a chief of police—not a glorification of the offender against the law, but a lesson in retribution—"your sin will find you out" and "the wages of sin is death."

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Perhaps it is unwise to apply the abused adjective "great" to Hollywood's dramatization of Charlotte Brontë's dark and for-

bidding story of love and death on the moors of England. It is, however, very close to greatness. Beautifully produced, it preserves all the sombre quality of the original. For purposes of the screen, the story has been much simplified. It really ends with the close of the first half of the novel. Both Mr. O. and Miss Oberon succeed in re-creating the sense of doom in rôles that are extraordinarily difficult in their savagery and subtlety. A great novel has become a great picture.

ARIZONA WILD-CAT

Jane Withers is the little wild-cat who has found a home with the family of a reformed Mexican bandit who has become a valuable and respected member of the respective Arizona community. Crime flourishes with the connivance and aid of the bandit-sheriff until the little wild-cat manages to arouse the ex-bandit and his past partners in crime to use the methods formerly employed for crime in bringing justice to the bandit-sheriff. The play provides an abundance of action, plenty of shooting, and affords some good laughs. It is not great drama, but it is entertaining.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF

The child-actor, Bobby Breen, plays the part of an adopted child who enjoys the whole-hearted love

of a foster father who plies the fisherman's trade. The entrance of greedy and heartless relatives who begrudge the orphan-boy the advantages which are his provide the complications of the plot, while the scenes at sea contribute to the tenseness and dramatic action of this picture. It has its moments of comedy and relief and will be found generally entertaining.

DARK VICTORY

The line-up of Academy Awards which holds Bette Davis' hats will surely be increased by one because of the lead in "Dark Victory."

Judith Traherne is a heady, fast-riding, high-living society girl who will not believe that any illness or disease can lay hold of one in the midst of youth and apparent strength. Then, suddenly, while she is trying to take a great new horse over the hurdles, her vision blurs and she crashes into the barrier. Now things begin to happen. She has finally to admit severe headaches which she has tried to drive away with liquor and forget with gay parties. Her own family doctor brings her to the young specialist (played by George Brent), who is to play so large a part in her life. He discovers glioma and his love for her at almost the same time. Just before he met Judith he had decided to give up his practice as a brain

specialist and retire to his Vermont farm for research on this very disease. The prognosis is negative even after a consultation of world-famous doctors, and, so, he is more determined than ever to find a cure for the dreaded disease.

In spite of all the efforts to hide the nature of the illness from Judith, she finds out that she has only a year to live—her first reaction is extreme bitterness, followed very shortly by a settled calm. Under the doctor's care and love, life becomes briefly happy and idyllic on the New England farm. When spring comes and the plants are being set out, the danger signal comes—blindness. She knows there are only a few more hours. She gets the doctor away to a convention and fumbles her way upstairs to die. The picture ends with her closing eyes.

Ann, the secretary, and the doctor give great performances—but Miss Davis handles her part with conviction and power—it is really a picture for thoughtful people, but we believe it would have had even greater force if a bit of religion had been added to give her the needed courage and assurance.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY

Prescribed seeing for all who have the responsibility of moulding public opinion; for all who have had any secret admiration of

the Nazi way. Best of the documented "contemporary scene" films out yet. Newsreel shots of the German-American Bund activities, German mass meetings, are unobtrusively inserted. This picture should do much toward correcting the impression of some Americans that the Nazi way is better. This reviewer has had contact with Germans who have been under the suspicion of the Gestapo, the German secret police, and can vouch for the genuineness of the stark terror exhibited by the characters who fall into its hands. Excellent photography supported by some good acting by Edward G. Robinson as head of the F.B.I., Frances Lederer, and George Sanders. The revulsion aroused by the picture should be carefully directed against the ideology which it portrays, not against the German people. They merit pity. Warner Brothers production. Directed by Anatole Litvak.

UNION PACIFIC

A Paramount super-production presenting the superb photography of Victor Milner and revealing the masterful direction of Cecil B. DeMille. The picture, as its title indicates, reveals the historic conquest of the west by means of rails and the iron horse. The adventurous spirit of men and women, fearless facing of physical handicaps, buffalo herds, Indian

raids, breath-taking mountain scenes, dens of vice characteristic of frontier communities, men of vision and short-sighted men, men of integrity and men in high places unscrupulously plotting against their fellowmen may all be found in this picture. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel M'Crea play the leading roles in a very impressive way and are seconded by an exceptionally good supporting cast.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

This is the re-creation of Arthur Conan Doyle's famous story of mystery and terror on the moors of Dartmoor. Faithful to the original. All followers of Sherlock Holmes will no doubt enjoy the

picture, although the unrelieved atmosphere of darkness and horror is not designed for sensitive nerves. Unfortunately the visual form of the story as presented on the screen eliminates some of the awesome overtones of the original. In words, Arthur Conan Doyle was able to create a fearful hound. In pictures, the shadowy hound becomes merely another large dog.

NEVER SAY DIE

One of those pictures that Hollywood classes grade "B." It should be graded "B" minus. An unpleasant result of the block-booking system. Martha Raye and Bob Hope stumble through a series of implausible situations and make a mockery of marriage. Poor stuff.



Hegel and Marx

"For of Hegel I think that posterity will say that he was not at all on the scale or even of the kind that the stupid 19th century made him out to be. It is all smoke or, perhaps a better metaphor, swimming through fog in water which you think to be deep because you are just out of your depth. Nothing he says of the historical process is a discovery or firm; it is all spun out of his lack of reality. Marx was greater than the master whom he turned upside down, and Marx also, for a very different reason, was out of touch with reality. . . . The strength of communism today does not lie in Marx's thoroughly false analysis but in a quarrel of the orderly and well-lit western mind with injustice; and as for his dictatorship of the proletariat, that is a silly contradiction in terms."—HILAIRE BELLOC.

LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

No Danger

SIR:

The April issue of *THE CRESSET* was interesting and profitable, as usual, but regarding "The Vatican and Washington, D.C." just a word. The situation as presented by Mr. Wenchel does not appear so alarming.

One should think the twenty-one million Catholics in the United States need some one to look after them in Washington, and "The Home of the Apostolic Legation" costing a half million will lend dignity and prestige. But there are cathedrals in almost every large city as pretentious as that.

The danger of government control by any church is not so considerable. Few people may know the Constitution, very few know it well, but practically every one knows what it says of religious freedom. Not all the pomp and ceremony of Hitler could change this basic principle. But religious freedom is more than the basic principle, it is the *life* of American democracy.

If a legation is sent to the Vatican and the Vatican sends one here is that so apprehensive? According to the Constitution the government cannot be partial to any religion or discriminate against any either.

And there are important matters to be attended to in Washington. Catholics are to be accorded the same rights and privileges as Protestants enjoy. If the legation purposes to safeguard the rights of Catholics as Americans, if it aims to protect the parochial schools, and to agitate and forcibly step on the toes of atheistic communism and fascism generally there may even be some justification for it.

Further than that, if it entertains any hopes at government control, a good suggestion to the legation would be to obtain that well-known round-trip ticket, if not to dismiss the thought of a legation entirely.

R. H. KRETZSCHMAR

Saint Joseph, Missouri

"The Cresset" and Bach

SIR:

Although in every issue of *THE CRESSET* there is some paragraph on which I would like to comment, the April number contained two which pleased me very much.

In the picture section the reproductions of stone carvings moved me more deeply than any pictures I have ever seen. The faces of Christ, Mary, and John brought tears to my eyes. To think that such expressions were wrought in stone!

When I came to the book review section your comment on Dr. Leichtenritt's sentence on Bach nearly

made me laugh with pleasure. The lack of appreciation of Bach's music is a thorn in my flesh. During the Lenten season especially, I cannot find much music suitable outside of Bach. By "suitable," I mean deep enough—high enough—wide enough—good enough to express the meaning of the Passion season.

As all my CRESSET reading is done in the street car, you can see how nearly disastrous this thorough enjoyment of your magazine is to the dignity of this secretary. The \$2.00 I enclose for the renewal of my subscription proves that THE CRESSET is preferable to dignity. I still think it far better to weep and laugh with THE CRESSET than to hunch my shoulders and sigh with *True Story* and some of the books I see around me on the street car. Or would you understand me better if I called it a "trolley"?

ELSIE E. KAMPMEYER

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

More on Teaching

SIR:

I hope that you will publish another letter, this time to Jonathan's father, from a teacher who agrees rather definitely with the father in most cases.

I am certainly glad to see that Jonathan's father does not welcome the "introduction of a sanitation probe into our schools." "The rigorous daily inspection of the salient physiological appurtenances" which he mentions have been imposed on us teachers, and I have always considered them the most inane waste

of time, besides being very distasteful.

I find that the average parent, like Jonathan's father, considers the cleanliness of his child a parental responsibility. Even in the slum districts of Chicago, where I taught for ten years, I found that "admonition privately administered" was all that was necessary. The average child was sent to school clean, if not well dressed.

It is true that children get dirty playing marbles, etc., before school begins and at recess time. It would be a welcome innovation to have better facilities for taking care of this. A little more opportunity for the washing of hands right in school, and less pressure in regard to daily inspection and attempted training of parents, would be cleanliness applied.

I do not so readily agree with the father in regard to his criticism of teaching methods. I am inclined to believe that there is much value in the modern trend.

SYMPATHETIC TEACHER

Chicago, Illinois

P.S. By the way, tell Anne's teacher that you know of a teacher who would not take any marbles away from Anne if she brought them to school.

"STILL SYMPATHETIC"

Germany Considered

SIR:

When I see the array of editorial names, all theologians, I have wondered whether they should take so definitely an anti-German attitude. We were duped by the British and

French during the war, and no doubt are being duped again to a certain extent. I am not for Hitler and all his works, but I believe we do not know enough of the other side to join in the great American Anti-Nazi Chorus. We are so tired of reading the Jew-inspired daily press, that we do not like to open THE CRESSET and have the same things staring us in the face in almost all departments.

CARL A. GIESELER

Denver, Colorado

SIR:

"The truth shall make you free." With these words a statesman concluded his biography. Truth is the basic requirement in the life of the nations. Woe to the world at large if for any reason truth is not told! Harry R. Rudir has published a book under the title: *Germans in Cameroun, 1884 to 1914*. The author traveled in the former German colony. He should know. He says that natives from all parts of Cameroun have told him of their unconcealed admiration for the German administration which was "strict but just." The professor closes his book with the following conclusion: "It is my personal conviction that Germany's colonial efforts within such a short time of thirty-years present a record and an unusual accomplishment which justifies Germany's demand to be considered as a successful colonial power."

Brest Litowsk—Versailles. It was claimed that "Brest Litowsk was the more cruel of the two." Russia was dismembered. The people of Poland and of the Baltic States and the Uk-

rainians were never Russians. They followed the Red slogan, "Selfdetermination of the people." "The German army kept on marching" (into Russia). It is not stated in your former article why they did. The people of Finland called for help since the red army (after the country's declaration of its independence) would not leave Finland. What happened after the treaty of Versailles against whose cruelties Wilson protested in vain? For many years Germany was oppressed. War was waged against a starving nation. Her prisoners were held by the allies. The Ruhr district was occupied after Versailles, the Saar basin taken away, Danzig and Memel put under international jurisdiction. Russia had to pay to Germany six billion gold marks and permit the free export of timber to Germany. How much did Russia pay? But how much did Germany pay to the allies? Forty billion marks! Another twenty billion was due May 1, 1921. In 1926 another forty billion marks had to be paid. The final contribution was to be made later. The allies did not want inflation money.

Whoever may justify the starving of ten thousands of women and children may do so. That is what England and France did after the signing of the treaty of Versailles. It was intended to kill a nation. It produced Hitler.

BERTHOLD KORTE

Bellwood, Illinois

Germany's Claims

SIR:

My letter concerns the German

colonial question, which has been discussed in *THE CRESSET*.

I believe that both sides of a question must be fully heard before any one can take a sensible attitude towards it. I have taken it upon myself to state the German arguments for colonies in their full strength.

Germans state that the Versailles treaty was unjust and unfair and that the Allies had no right to take Germany's 1,200,000 colonial empire away from her.

Furthermore, Germans state that Germany is the only heavily populated, important country in the world which has no colonies at all, and, in view of the fact that she got her colonies by peaceful means and since it is a matter of national pride to have colonies, her pre-war colonies should be returned to her. Why, Germans say, should England have a colonial empire of over 13,000,000 square miles and France have a colonial empire of approximately 4,600,000 square miles and Germany have no colonial empire at all?

Finally, Germans state that Germany, which has almost exactly the same area as that of the state of Texas but which has about 88,00,000 inhabitants, while agricultural Texas has only approximately 6,000,000 inhabitants, is an overpopulated country. Germany is also a very strongly industrialized country. Germany alone, therefore, cannot feed her own people nor supply her industry with sufficient raw products to satisfy its demands. Therefore, Germans say, Germany needs colonies as an economic necessity in order to give her the necessary raw products to feed

her people and to supply her factories with raw materials.

I personally believe that Germany has a perfect right to at least some of her former colonies. And, I might add, it seems to me that some of our newspapers do not realize that Germany has righteous claims and just demands.

L. ARTHUR HEINRICHSMEYER
Saint Louis, Missouri

Lament

SIR:

Let tears be shed. In the Notes and Comment of the March, 1939, issue of *THE CRESSET* basic problems have been neglected for the study of metaphysics, and what is worse—manhood has been betrayed.

Although Mark Twain would probably agree that the problem of threading a needle is one of the most acute ever to face the human race, it is hardly conceivable that he would consider this problem more difficult than the fundamental problems of metaphysics which, we are assured, are metaöntics and metanöetics. It is still more difficult to believe that Mark Twain would have further complicated these problems by bringing in a consideration of the "good" and the "beautiful," of objective and subjective methods of investigation, or of such terms as "being" and "knowledge." But it is almost impossible to believe that he would condone any consideration of these deeper problems by one who is so obviously confused on the subject of needle threading as is our adventurer with the needle.

In the first place, it was Huckleberry Finn who was the hero of this episode. In the second place, Mark Twain said that a woman pushes the thread *into* the needle, while a *man* attempts to back the needle on to the thread. It will perhaps be distressing to you to realize the result of this confusion. In stating that you are definitely committed to the school of thought which pushes the thread into the needle, you have surrendered your scorn of womanly methods and deserted the cause of mankind—you have agreed with your wife.

Sympathetically,

GEORGE HOYER

St. Louis, Missouri

Motion Picture Reviews Reviewed

SIR:

I have read your first motion picture reviews with interest. May I comment?

An intelligent review of the film requires a panoramic view of American culture. A sympathetic review requires a good close-up of the American people, their work, their leisure time and escape activities. But the film is no longer only an entertainment item on the modern scene; here is a cultural force of expression which helps to mould the ways of thinking of millions every month, perhaps more so than the newspaper. It reaches rich and poor, educated and illiterate, old and young. Readers of THE CRESSET have justly asked that its penetrating rays of Christian light and truth fall upon this phase of

modern living.

A few close-ups: To say that such and such is morally objectionable is saying just nothing. At least give a reason, if you must bring up the subject at all. In "Gunga Din" the reviewer failed to see how the insignificant water carrier rose slowly but gradually to a heroic position when the situation arose to test his true mettle. The reviewer says: 'We have no doubt that much money was spent on this production.' That says absolutely nothing which will make for an intelligent Christian evaluation of the film. What of it? Everyone knows that film production requires fabulous sums.

Lest this criticism become too denunciatory (a matter of youthful impatience), I might suggest several points or questions which might be kept in mind when seeing pictures critically.

1. Choose the films to be reviewed. Many are like books, not worth the space in THE CRESSET. "The Three Musketeers" would come into that category in my estimation.

2. For many centuries the early playwright was also a parasite of other works of literature and historical events. You will go less wrong by picking on films which are adaptations. I certainly do not want to be understood as saying that those are the only good ones, nor that they are all good; again I mention "The Three Musketeers." In addition to adaptations from novels, there are those pictures taken from stage plays, historical incidents, biographies of great individuals, or recent events as recorded in the press. So far the

motion picture has produced few good creations entirely its own.

3. Distinguish clearly in your thinking between the moral point of view, which is important, and the artistic principles concerned, which are just as vital. You would never discuss the merits of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" because it is a poem stressing the prevention of cruelty to Albatrosses!

4. Fair criticism requires a knowledge of the *nature* of the thing discussed, its possibilities and limitations. In this case, what in this film was or was not well adapted to the new medium of motion picture? Each art has a different medium and a different purpose, and each medium has its advantages; otherwise it would not exist.

5. Since many motion pictures are based on some other form of art, we can ask several questions: (a) What was the purpose of the original? (b) Does the film version retain the same point of view of life? (c) How faithfully does it reproduce the original by means of its own new media and techniques?

6. If the picture is wholly original, there are other questions: (a) Does it merely photograph life, or does it artistically select scenes with a focus and emphasis which will give a new interpretation to life? (b) Is there truth in such interpretation, or does it misrepresent? (c) Is such misrepresentation given by positive direction in scenes or dialogue, or by more subtle suggestion or indirection?

7. Is the interpretation in accord with a Christian philosophy of living? Give good and specific reasons.

8. Is this picture an ideally revelatory vision of life for rational grown-ups (mental adults)? Does it give new meaning to some phase of life, past, present, or future? And is the form and style in harmony with the maker's intentions?

9. Perhaps a summary question: What is the nature and merit of the *substance* of the film, and to what extent has a *technique* been skillfully employed to convey the substance?

HILMAR SIEVING

Urbana, Illinois



The Stein Family

I detest the whole family of Stein:
 There's Gert, and there's Ep, and there's Ein,
 Gert's poems are punk,
 Ep's statues are bunk,
 And no one can understand Ein.

America

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes


OUR major article this month presents an interesting picture of a scene familiar not only to residents of Southern Illinois but also to natives of Oklahoma, Texas, and California. America's black gold seems to be inexhaustible. A. C. MEIER is pastor of Cross Church, Vandalia, Illinois.

Our guest reviewers this month are W. E. BAUER (*Invisible Empire*), Associate Professor of History at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, and RUTH SEIDEL (*The Freedom of Man*), who is associated with a chemistry laboratory in Chicago. In connection with our book reviews, THE CRESSET is especially proud of the fact that it recommended Herbert Krause's *Wind Without Rain* for a literary prize several months ago. Recently the Friends of American Writers awarded Mr. Krause the \$1,000 annual award for the finest novel on midwest life. THE CRESSET was one of the first publications to hail Mr. Krause's novel as an unusual piece of work. Congratulations to

Mr. Krause, the author, and to Mr. Klausler, our reviewer.

A watchful subscriber in California calls our attention to the fact that *Coronet* of December 1936 published eleven color plates depicting Netsukes together with a "Note on Netsuke" by Arnold Gingrich. THE CRESSET therefore was not the first journal of general circulation to present information on this form of Japanese art. Our apologies to *Coronet*!

It has become necessary to extend our Letter Column by several pages this month. Perhaps it should be said again that THE CRESSET is always ready to present reasonable and considered presentations of the "other side of the question." While we welcome letters agreeing with our editorial policy, letters of disagreement are also of great value. Truth flourishes in the arena of open discussion.



The Editor's Lamp

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:

PROBATION, PRISONS, PAROLE
THE DETECTIVE STORY
GLIMPSES OF NAZI GERMANY

ON BEING RIGHT
FARMER, STAY WHERE YOU
ARE!

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

SECRET ARMIES*John L. Spivak*
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK*Ida M. Tarbell*
WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA*Harold D. Lasswell*
Dorothy Blumenstock
ESCAPE TO LIFE*Erika and Klaus Mann*
THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN*Philip Van Doren Stern*
THE MACMILLAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN
ONE VOLUME*Albert E. Wier*
MUSIC AND THE LISTENER*Harry Allen Feldman*
LUTHERAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES ...
.....*Walter H. Beck*
AMERICAN JAZZ MUSIC*Wilder Hobson*
AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE*Charles A. and Mary R. Beard*
THE VATICAN*Joseph Bernhart. Tr. by Geo. N. Shuster*
SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA*Richard Wilmer Rowan*
BEWARE OF PITY*Stefan Zweig*
WORD MAGIC*Elmer Wheeler*
SEASONED TIMBER*Dorothy Canfield*
THE THIBAUTS*Roger du Gard*
THE GRAPES OF WRATH*John Steinbeck*
WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN*Maurice Hindus*
DESIGNS IN SCARLET*Courtney Ryley Cooper*

