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# THE CRESSET

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A Victory Garden
By W. F. Beck

Conversations with a Sacred Cow

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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*Twenty-five Cents*

# THE CRESSET

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## *IN THE SEPTEMBER CRESSET:*



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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 5 SEPTEMBER 1942 NUMBER 11

# Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

## Third Anniversary of Terror

THE third anniversary of the great war has come and gone. Who knows how many more there will be? Hitler has enslaved millions of human beings. He has taken the bread out of their mouths; he has tried by bestial brutality to force them to say yea and amen to the new order of which he prates. But in spite of Quislings and firing squads he has not broken the spirit of the conquered lands. He has not robbed them of the hope of deliverance from his cruel yoke. Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Belgians, Frenchmen, Greeks, Jugo-slavs, Poles, and many others look forward with pleading eyes to the help which can, and will, come to them from those nations that have unsheathed their swords to rid the world of the scourge of Hitlerism.

The third anniversary of the great war finds our own United States involved in a fight to the death against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis. Nipponese war lords, greedy for loot and masters of the cruel art of systematic enslavement, have declared that it is their intention to destroy us; and one of their admirals is naive enough to believe that one day he will dictate terms of peace to us from the White House.

Hitler, whose agents have tried to lull our people into indifference and lassitude, realizes that the issue is clearly drawn. Even before he complied with the spirit and the letter of the Tripartite Pact by declaring war on us, he knew and said that two worlds were locked in a life-and-death struggle and that one of these two worlds must collapse. In 1940 he was confident that his

own world of pillage, rapine, and persecution would win the day; but he is no longer sure of his ground. Even Hitler, with all his bumptiousness and bravado, must realize by this time that millions upon millions of human beings will fight to the last gasp before permitting him to take away from them freedom of conscience, speech, and assembly. Even Hitler, with all his oratorical tricks, must understand by now that the days of his absolute power are numbered. Even Hitler, with all his bloodlust, must know that there are in the Third Reich many men and women who hang their heads in shame when they think of the disgraceful acts of the ambitious little paperhanger who lords it over them with a rod of iron.

Poor, deluded Mussolini! He wanted so desperately to be a Caesar; but now he has become *Gauleiter* of Italy. Spurred on by a penchant for dramatics and by an insatiable lust for power, he sowed the wind; now, in the sixtieth year of his fiasco-packed sojourn on earth, he is reaping the whirlwind. Even the Nazis and the Nipponese laugh him to scorn.

Everywhere the enslaved peoples are taking heart. The strong arm of the United States will help free them from the toils of servitude. It will tear asunder the shackles with which the Axis has bound them.

Throughout the world men, women, and children are hoping and praying that there will not be a fourth anniversary of the horrible blood bath. But who can tell? We know that the Lord of heaven and earth will put an end to the carnage in His own good time. Let us humble ourselves before His awful throne and ask Him to forgive us our many and manifold transgressions. Let us pray constantly to Him for victory and for a just and lasting peace.

## Austria Under Hitler

SHORTLY after Hitler had succeeded in bringing Austria under the rule of the Third Reich, he fulminated as follows in the brutally cowed city of Vienna:

> Be assured that this city is in my eyes a pearl. I will bring it into that setting which is worthy of this pearl, and I will entrust it to the care of the whole German Reich, the whole German nation.

Has the high priest of terrorism kept his word? How has Vienna fared since March, 1938? What has happened to the city in which Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, and Johann Strauss once wrote music to which

the whole world thrills? Archduke Felix of Austria recently declared:

The civilian population is close to the starvation margin. For months Austrian cities have been living on dehydrated vegetables. Once the gayest city in Europe, Vienna is now being trampled upon by the spiked boots of Hitler's terror squad. The opera and concert halls are closed. Only a few moving-picture houses are open, and these must keep a certain number of lights on during the performance because there have been too many anti-Nazi demonstrations in darkened theatres when newsreels showed German leaders and victorious battles.

Such is the loving care which the *Führer* and his fanatical cat's-paws have been lavishing upon Austria since the *Anschluss.*

## Spotlight on the Clergy

ONE of the lesser phenomena on current book and screen horizons is increasing dependence by both mediums on the character of the minister. Whether it is a thing to rejoice in or decry is not yet clear.

Members of the clergy have figured prominently, if not predominantly, in at least three best sellers of the past two seasons. Witness *The Keys of the Kingdom, How Green Was My Valley,* and *One Foot in Heaven.*

Two of these have been translated to celluloid and with proportionately more widespread public acceptance than they managed to capture in novel form. Cinema moguls have been so overawed at their box office success, they have taken to re-evaluating the church as script material, a not entirely creditable result.

Critics have been unanimous in acclaiming *Mrs. Miniver,* current film claimant for all-time honors, as the picture of the year, with at least one reviewer, a hardened Chicagoan, passing it on as the moving picture of the era. The most immediately striking sequence in the film is the scene in which the rector speaks while standing in the ruins of the bombed church. Movie audiences sit breathless at the clergyman's pronouncement. Magazines are reprinting his words.

The clergy figures particularly in Franz Werfel's *Song of Bernadette,* a recent Book-of-the-Month selection. Much of the motivation in Hollywood's casting of Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* gets under way through a vision device with the priest an integral character.

The clergymen portrayed in all these recent novels and films have been anything but wooden, for which authors and directors deserved earned commendation.

A. J. Cronin's Father Chisholm is a catalogue of virtue and becomes an instantly appealing man. Hartzell Spence's Methodist minister is a thoroughly human individual with the merest tinge of the Machiavellian in his veins. Richard Llewellyn's minister is the moral and civic leader of a Welsh community.

The portraits, then, are strongly heroic. Through some endowment of the muses of creative writing the cloth is no longer an unctuous, platitude-mouthing survivor of the false picture of the Sinclair Lewis cycle.

Motives for the new-found accent on the pulpit in mediums of popular, man-in-the-street culture are hard to discover. Only the sardonic shrug off all this sympathetic representation of the clergy as a crass appeal to a sentimental public and its well known crush for what often masquerades as the maudlin.

On the other side are the uncorroded thinking minority who would like to recognize any new-found fondness for the cloth in the way of a tool for fiction as the signs of an awakening on the part of those responsible for America's entertainment to spiritual and moral values in a world of blood and bombs. A strange view, perhaps, but hardly one untenable in view of all the signs and portents along the way.

When fiction and screen succeed in portraying the self-effacing shepherd of men as the amazing paradox that the consecrated minister is, they may have come within shouting distance of justifying their universal stranglehold on the American appetite for entertainment. In view of what the past season has brought toward this ideal, the literary and screen future outlook is not exactly bleak.

At the moment there is a true story about a Lutheran minister, one tailor-made for Hollywood, that came out of the travail of war in China.

The Rev. Paul Frillman taught at Concordia Theological seminary at Hankow. Came the advance of the Japanese, and the Rev. Frillman was cast in a new role, that of self-styled "father confessor" and chaplain to the Flying Tigers of Clair Chennault's now disbanded American Volunteer group.

"He was a magician," said one of the flyers. If they needed gasoline, the chaplain would disappear into the jungle and summarily come jogging back with three or four drums of gas. He brought in airplane parts "when there just weren't any airplane parts to be had."

Said the Rev. Frillman: "They used to bring me their personal problems even if they knew I

couldn't help them. Sometimes, too, I had the job of seeing that the boys didn't overdo it when they cracked a keg of wine or a barrel of beer to celebrate a victory."

All of which is hereby nominated as the most colorful piece of adventure by a member of the cloth in many a month of crackling headlines. The Rev. Paul Frillman would be the first and most energetic to discount it.

## A Word from Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER, speaking in 1832 in the city of Washington on the 100th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, closed his address with these words:

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their efforts overcome. If disastrous wars should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests.

It were but a trifle if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these may be rebuilt.

But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government?

Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty?

Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which united national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

No, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful and a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the monuments of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

There is more in these words of Webster than flowery oratorical eloquence. There is in them also the patriotism of a statesman, the wisdom of a philosopher, the reflection of a scientist, and the vision of a prophet. For if it should so happen—a thought so repelling to Americans that they even shrink from contemplating it—that the fabric of our government is demolished, that constitutional liberty is destroyed, and that national sovereignty will be at war with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity, then, indeed, future generations will have reason to weep bitter tears over a lost and perhaps never-to-be-retrieved divine blessing.

It has not happened yet. Americans may still go to the polls and

to the church of their choice; they can still express opinions without living in mortal fear that the *Gestapo* is spying out their every word and action; and the national government still respects state rights and is bent on preserving and promoting individual security and public prosperity.

Yet no one will deny that our "edifice of constitutional American liberty" is being tried in the crucible of the national emergency, of heated discussions in books and periodicals, many of which, unfortunately, reveal glib generalities and almost unforgivable ignorance of facts. One side overstresses the rights and liberties of the individual and of the state, and the other unduly emphasizes the duties of the individual and of national sovereignty. But, as Chief Justice Stone said:

> There comes a point in the organization of a complex society where individuals must yield to traffic rules and where the right to do as one wills with one's own must bow to zoning ordinances or even to price-fixing regulations. Just where the line is to be drawn between individual liberty and government action for the larger good is the perpetual question of constitutional law.

We are not opposed to discussions on individual liberties and the rights of national sovereignty, if these will help clarify American thought and action in this fearful crisis. But we believe that Americans can do infinitely more to preserve our democratic outlook and way of life. They can offer up to God prayers of gratitude and appreciation for these constitutional liberties which we still enjoy, coupled with a daily and devout supplication that God would, in His grace, preserve these blessings to us and to our posterity.

## Our Home Front

IT is well known that tens of thousands of American fathers are in military service and that perhaps an equally large number of American mothers are employed in defense work or in war factories. It is also known that this number is increasing day by day. Predictions of the Bureau of Labor Statistics are that, by the end of 1943, 5,000,000 additional women will be employed in the labor market.

The question naturally arises: What is happening to the preadolescent children of these fathers and mothers? Who is taking care of them while their fathers are far away from home and their mothers engaged in government service eight hours a day?

Kathryn Close supplies an answer to these questions in an article titled "While Mothers

Work" (see *Survey Midmonthly,* July, pp. 196-198). She tells us that the government is fully aware of, and vitally interested in, this problem arising on the home front and is doing what it can to solve it. A year ago the Conference on Day Care of Children of Working Mothers formulated a set of suggestions which might prove useful to communities in which the problem of child care of working mothers is particularly serious. Furthermore, federal agencies such as the Children's Bureau, the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services, the Office of Education, and the WPA are wrestling with this problem and supplying valuable aid toward its solution. But we are also informed by Kathryn Close that many communities have hardly become aware of the existence of this problem in their midst and are not availing themselves of assistance, both financial and otherwise, which they might get for the mere asking. As a result, it happens that children are left locked in automobiles while their mothers are at work, are chained to the house, go to school with door-keys strung around their necks; that young children are being left in care of eleven and twelve-year-olds, and that the education of tens of thousands of such children is being woefully neglected.

Surely, every community in which there are fathers in the armed forces and mothers engaged in war and defense work, ought to help the government help take care of the children of such parents. At the same time, every Christian pastor and layman ought to make it his business to look after the spiritual interests especially of those children who are members of the church and, if necessary, advise mothers as to ways and means how their children might be taken care of.

What terrible dangers confront these children and American society if they are allowed to grow up without proper care and guidance! Let Americans take to heart that psychologists lay the blame for the up-grade in juvenile delinquency in England not only on "homes being broken up through evacuation or bombing," but also to "the lack of parental control, due to fathers joining the fighting services, and mothers working on civil defense or in war factories." Here is a social, moral, and religious problem which every American ought to recognize, give thought to, and assist in solving.

## Notes on Books by the Way . . . .

LIFE in the parsonage is not as dull as some would have us believe. Such fairly recent books

as *Forty Years a Country Preacher* and *One Foot in Heaven* are ample testimony to the fact that the parson's life is far from being dull and monotonous. There's more variety in a parsonage than in almost any other American home. It's a pity that novels and memoirs about the parsonage are rather rare items in the publishers' annual book lists. Recently we ran across a fascinating collection of parsonage memoirs published several years back. *The Making of a Minister's Wife,* by Alice French Johnson, provides several hours of good reading. We also assume that everyone owns or has read that magnificent chronicle of the acts of Praxiteles Swan in Lt. Colonel John W. Thomason's tale, *Lone Star Preacher.* No dull evening ahead with that story in hand!

Speaking of the joys and sorrows of the parsonage, how many have recently read a Trollope novel? The novels, particularly those known as the Barchester Chronicles, are still as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Oxford puts out a goodly selection of the Barchester Chronicles in the World Classics. Don't say you know the ins and outs of ecclesiastical manners and deeds until you have devoured Trollope.

There are almanacs and almanacs. One of our favorites is the *Almanac for Americans* by Willis Thornton (Greenberg: $2.75). This almanac and your favorite church almanac should be side by side on the table. . . . Did you know that Davy Crockett defended the Alamo to his death on March 6? . . . October is rather rich in American dates. It was on October 2 that first Pan-American conference met. It was on October 8, 1918, that Sergeant York performed those incredible heroics in the Argonne Forest. . . . And also it was on a certain October 29th that the economic deluge came. It is also significant that Henry George died on October 29th. . . .

If you're marrying into the Army or Navy (and who isn't these days?), there's a wealth of information in *The Army Wife* and *The Navy Wife* ($2.50 each). The traditions are amazing. The manners to be practiced are not so stuffy after all. Indeed, the longer one studies why the Army or Navy does this or that in just such a way, one is impressed with the common-sense reasoning back of the actions. (There's still the old bogey of "through channels.")

Arm chair tacticians and strategists will relish the book *Modern Battle* (25c) issued by the Army Orientation Course. Chockfull of such things as the capture

of Eben-Emael, the story of the Polish invasion, and, most fascinating of all, the story of Crete's conquest by air. Diagrams of every shape and variety have been placed on practically every page. Table cloth doodlers will go into ecstasies over the book. Recommended.

Here's a swell story, retold by the Book-of-the-Month Club News and now passed on to you. It seems that in Denmark there was a very brave book-seller who displayed an English textbook entitled *English in 50 Hours.* Underneath the display copy he placed the sign, "Learn English Before the Tommies Arrive." Peeved German authorities ordered the dealer to remove the card. The next morning the book-seller displayed a German textbook, *German in 50 Hours.* Underneath the book he placed a conspicuous sign, "Learn German Before Our Friends the Germans Leave Us."

Odds and ends: Most editors work six months in advance. Whether you have a brain child for the CRESSET or for the *Saturday Evening Post,* that's something worth remembering. . . . John Faulkner, brother of William Faulkner, noted prose stylist, has another novel to his credit, *Dollar Cotton.* He tells a good story. If brother William could take several tips from brother John, the American novel would have something to brag about. . . . *The World at My Fingertips,* by Karsten Ohnstad, recently summarized in the *Reader's Digest,* is even better reading in full-length form. A magnificent tale of courage and faith. . . . And don't forget to read *The Raft,* by Robert Trumbull. Here's a story which can outmatch many a Nordhoff-Hall thriller. . . . We hope that you haven't overlooked that exciting study in semantics, *Language in Action,* by S. I. Hayakawa. Ordinarily the enthusiasts for semantics bore us ever so slightly. Here's a popularization that really makes a case for the semanticist. Everyone who reads, writes, speaks, preaches, or listens to the radio can use this book. . . .

## The Supreme Court and Our Liberties

AFTER the fears and the dire predictions of what would happen to our liberties when the appointees of President Roosevelt would become a majority of the Supreme Court, there is much reassurance even for the most fearful in the conscientious consideration which the Supreme Court recently gave to the constitutional guaranties of the freedom of speech and press and religion.

On June 8 the Supreme Court issued four opinions in the case of the Jehovah Witnesses who had refused to pay the license tax levied upon the sale of printed matter by the cities of Opelika, Alabama, Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Casa Grande, Arizona. Justice Reed delivered the majority opinion of the Court upholding the right of municipalities to levy such license taxes, arguing, summarily stated, that since the amount of the tax was not unreasonable, there was no invasion of the guaranties of the Fourteenth Amendment. Chief Justice Stone presented the opinion of the minority which considered such license taxes a violation of the right of religious liberty, especially because of the power which the ordinances gave to revoke the licenses without further question. Justice Murphy likewise submitted an opinion in which the minority concurred. In addition to this, Justice Black, Justice Douglas, and Justice Murphy recorded a statement in which they declared, "Since we joined in the opinion in the Gobitis case, we think this is an appropriate occasion to state that we now believe that it was wrongly decided." The Gobitis case, it will be recalled, involved the Jehovah Witness child who refused to salute the flag in the patriotic exercises at school. Whether or not the majority opinion, 5-4 in these cases, meets our approval is not now our interest. What interests us is the deep concern of the Court in the protection of our religious liberty. This anxiety is evident no less in its decision than in the dissenting opinion of the minority. The opinions of the Court expressed in these cases give a renewed confidence in our basic liberties and a new assurance of the determination of our Supreme Court to see to it, in the language of three of the dissenting Justices, that "our democratic form of government functioning under the historic Bill of Rights" meets its "high responsibility to accommodate itself to the religious view of minorities however unpopular and unorthodox these views may be." Even if we may wish that the interpretation of the minority had prevailed to become the decision of the Court, we are convinced that the opinion of the majority was not reached by any desire to abridge religious liberty or even the missionary activities of the Jehovah Witnesses.

## Politics and the War

POLITICIANS should bear in mind that our mighty nation cannot, and will not, put every ounce of its strength into the management

of the struggle against the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis as long as there remains a pronounced tendency among many individuals to mingle politics in a selfish manner with the conduct of the war. Some of our fellow-citizens disagree heart and soul with the principles and the practices of the New Deal; but they must guard against hating the New Deal more than they hate Hitlerism, Mussolinism, and Tojoism. Protagonists of the New Deal, on the other hand, must beware lest they question or belittle the patriotism of those who do not see eye to eye with them in matters pertaining to government.

No sober-minded citizen wants to see the United States of America degenerate into a one-party country. Even in peacetime such a state of affairs would lead inevitably to a dictatorship. In the stress of war it would certainly hurl the nation posthaste into airtight and vicious totalitarianism.

Let politics continue to flourish in our land; but let politicians and writers of editorials remember that there is grave danger of slinging enough mud to bog our war-machine. Long ago Hitler, Mussolini, and the war lords of Nippon declared that sharp and irreconcilable dissension, coupled with the playing of politics, would prevent the United States from waging a successful war. We know, of course, that such cocksureness on the part of our enemies was based to a large extent on wishful thinking; yet the fact remains that we shall be able to finish our tremendous job much more quickly and much more thoroughly if the pesky flies of petty politics stop buzzing and biting to their hearts' content.

## At Night

I used to go from bed to bed
To kiss them all a last Good-night,
My heart filled deep with thankfulness
That they were safe till morning light.

But now they are so far away,
Sometimes I know not even where,
Yet every night I build for them
A shelter with my love and prayer.

LYDIA HOBART

# The  PILGRIM

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."* —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

## September Leaf

I WONDER if anyone has ever been fully prepared for the coming of autumn . . . Perhaps as little as we are ready for the end of anything in life . . . July and August meander along in apparent endlessness, one bright or sullen day after another . . . There seems to be no change . . . The crickets grow louder, the dust lies dreaming on the trees and bushes, the thunder comes with every other twilight . . . Only when I look across the fence into my neighbor's yard and see the apples turn red can I tell that summer is waning and the time of harvest is near . . . Then, inevitably and suddenly, there comes a morning when everything seems changed . . . From my window I observe that the maple has a few leaves which are brown . . . Others are already on the ground . . . The crickets chirp in a lower key, and a new note of melancholy appears in the whistle of the train down the valley . . . The leaves begin to fall, at first lazily and alone, but then faster and faster as the wind rises and the travail of change comes over the earth . . . The order and logic of inevitability are in them as they lie in their seemingly haphazard places . . . Thoreau knew what their rustling and whispering say to us who walk through our autumn world:

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould!—painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily,

how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die!

When the leaves fall, the whole earth is a cemetery pleasant to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot at Mount Auburn? Your lot is surely cast somewhere in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated from of old. You need attend no auction to secure a place. There is room enough here. The loosestrife shall bloom and the huckleberry-bird sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will.

This, then, is the season of the elegy and the mourner . . . Certainly, however, there are meaning and purpose and knowledge, year after year, in the falling of a leaf from a dying tree . . . Once more we see the great paradox of life and time: To live well and greatly, our journeying through the world must be a repeated experience of death . . . We die, as the leaf dies, to the immaturities of childhood to be reborn for the responsibilities of maturity . . . We die to selfishness to live for others . . . We die to resentment against life for not giving us everything we desire to the glad acceptance of its hard discipline of sorrow . . . We die to sin to live to God . . . We die to the noise of time to live for the whisper of eternity . . . Surely this is always and forever true: If we have not learned to die we have not learned to live . . .

This, here and now, on this gray September morning, I find curiously comforting . . . More than any other generation for two thousand years, we, the first-born of the twentieth century, have succumbed to the fatal pressure of immediacy . . . We live in a world of today's headlines, up-to-the-minute broadcasts, this hour's problems . . . Our watchwords are "here," "now," "today" . . . The September leaf drifting quietly to the earth in its good time tells the whole story of all the names and tears of our dark age . . . They, too, shall pass away . . . Their hour is as definite as the hour of the September leaf . . . 1942 and 1943 will also be a tale that is told . . . No, there is nothing new in all this, but it is desperately worth repeating in an hour when we are living only for the hour and looking for the man of the hour and fear what the next hour will bring . . . Many years ago Washington Irving left Westminster Abbey at dusk on an autumn day:

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the ob-

jects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my feet from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation: a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion! It is indeed the empire of death; his great shadowy palace where he sits in state mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of tomorrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable, fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy, the inscription moulders from the tablet, the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids—what are they but heaps of sand? and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What then is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults which now spring so loftily shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin. . . ."

And so the September leaf joins the great in Westminster Abbey . . . Nor is there, except in the light of Easter, much difference between the tombs in the Abbey and the hollow in which the leaf finally comes to rest, sheltered from the tossing of the wind . . . We hear John Donne on the fragments of Queen Jezebel: "The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too. It says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. . . . They shall not say, 'This is Jezebel';

not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, this is Jezebel."

The lesson of the September leaf is, of course, not complete . . . It speaks of change and death, but not of immortality . . . Slowly but surely we move from the hollow in which the leaf rests and the graves of the great to the high altitudes of faith . . . Nothing which I observe in spring or in autumn tells me anything about the intimations of immortality which lie deep in the human soul and in divine revelation . . . Between them and human reason hangs an immovable veil . . . "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" . . . As far as my mind can reach, the end comes when the curtain goes down . . . All that begins when the curtain goes up again lies on the other side of visibility . . . Beyond the nature of the existence which alone can be the object of scientific and reasonable knowledge, there may be something in the human soul which desires deep eternity, but this desire is no proof for it . . . For that assurance I must turn to Easter . . . The Christian faith would have died long ago if a miracle had not daily repeated itself—a miracle which remains just as great and incomprehensible as it was 1,900 years ago . . . The miracle is that a human soul in the face of death, loaded down with guilt which it can never make good, finds rest and immortality in an Eternal High Priest who loved the dying world even unto death . . . This is the one unshakable foundation for our faith in immortality and eternity . . . The September leaf is not homesick for the earth from which it came . . We, however, are and ought to be, because the warm, silent cradle of the grave is the open door to our home.

## Three Men on a Raft

The October Book-of-the-Month (our lateness this time makes it possible to review it now) is *The Raft* by Robert Trumbull, the remarkable tale of three young Americans who drifted in the Pacific for a thousand miles and thirty-four days after their bomber had made a forced landing on the trackless ocean . . . It is a story of almost incredible heroism, all the more remarkable since it is almost entirely unconscious . . . Just three men on an inflated rubber raft 8'x4' and the indomitable will to live . . . Just three Americans . . . Their names need not have been Harold Dixon, pilot from California, Tony Pastula, Polish-American boy from Cleveland, and Gene Aldrich, farmer boy from Missouri . . . For

those who like understatements, the book is a treasure of discovery . . . Christopher Morley watched Dixon improvise some practical control of the little rubber vessel with a sea anchor, paddles made of shoes, and a log . . . He thinks that Dixon's final remark after a thousand miles and thirty-four days is supremely memorable: "I resent anyone's saying we drifted."

The book is full of such things . . . When they finally reach a small island in the Pacific and head their raft into the breakers, a great comber lifts it thirty feet into the air . . . Here is the scene:

I can remember spinning head over heels three or four times, and raking along the floor of the sea. Whether it was sand or rock I don't know, but afterward I discovered that a patch of skin about six inches in diameter had been scraped from the center of my back. Gene and Tony, I learned, were going through exactly the same thing. Tony said this was the first time he had ever had his eyes open underwater.

"Everything was green and pretty," he said. . . .

Here is their equipment for the journey:

A police whistle; and

A small mirror and a pair of pliers, which were in the tool pocket of the boat;

Another pair of pliers that I had stuck in my pocket and which broke the first time I attempted to use them;

An ordinary pocketknife—Gene's;

A can of rubber cement patching fluid, for which I found use;

A small piece of patching material;

A .45 caliber pistol which Pastula had saved;

Three clips of ammunition;

Two pneumatic life jackets;

And the clothing we had on.

Food consisted almost entirely of the stray things they could catch with their bare hands or spear with their lonely knife . . . The story of the spearing of the shark is one of the greatest scenes in modern literature . . . When the shark was finally dead they went after him as Romans at a Lucullan banquet:

The liver was quite large. I cut it into three equal pieces, and we devoured it before exploring the shark's possibilities any further. We had eaten just enough fish the day before to stimulate our appetites, and we were consumed by hunger at this time.

After getting the raw liver down, I looked into the shark's stomach. There were two herring there, one whole and one bitten in two at about the center of the body.

"Aldrich caught the shark, so he ought to have the whole one for himself," I proposed. Tony assented.

Gene, delighted, ate his fish happily, and Tony and I feasted on the other which had been fairly divided for us by the shark.

I have never in my life tasted better fish than that was. The herring must have been worked a little al-

ready by the shark's digestive juices, for it tasted as if it had been cooked.

This was a royal banquet. We ate all the other organs that appeared at all edible, which was everything that we could chew into condition for swallowing.

What about the minds and souls of three men in such circumstances? . . . Their minds, Mr. Trumbull notes, were occupied almost entirely with endless conversations about food, coffee, and cigarettes . . . During the journey they planned a dinner which was to last nine days . . . Only Gene Aldrich might be called somewhat religious . . . At his suggestion they began regular prayer meetings every evening . . . Even Dixon admits that these periods of devotion helped to carry them through:

We had another prayer meeting that night, and every night thereafter. Each evening, after the sun's flamboyant departure left us feeling more alone in a world that suddenly lost all color, we devoted perhaps an hour to our informal service. There was a comfort in passing our burden to Someone bigger than we in this empty vastness. Further, the common devotion drew us together, since it seemed that we no longer depended entirely upon each other, but could appeal, simultaneously, to a Fourth that we three held equally in reverence.

After our halting prayers—neither Gene nor I was scholarly in formal religion, and Tony could pray only in Polish—we developed naturally the "fellowship period" familiar to those who have attended Protestant Sunday school.

We sang some popular songs, a time or two. I couldn't remember any except old ones. I hadn't been to a dance, except occasionally, in twelve or fifteen years, and popular songs go away from me. The songs that I knew, the boys had never heard. The more recent ones that they could sing, I couldn't. However, we managed to get together on a few, and that gave us a lift.

It was later that I came to realize how little we knew about the Bible. One night, after our prayer meeting, I told a little Bible story. Appropriately, it was the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Undoubtedly other tales of individual heroism will eventually come out of the present world conflict . . . However, I doubt if there will be any more intensely interesting or more artlessly told . . .

The greatest sport on earth is fighting for the right.
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

# A Victory Garden

*By* W. F. Beck

## HARD GROUND

You have a garden of interests. If you are under seventeen, the pattern of things that grow in it varies a bit wildly from season to season. You are in the making. You may over night become intensely interested in a brand-new thing. That's why those who want to change the world are all-out for children and young people.

But I am over twenty-five. I like the same things from year to year. A vocational guidance test can measure what I shall like for years to come. The garden of my interests will, at the age of fifty-five, have about the same things in it as it had at twenty-five. So says Dr. E. J. Strong, of Stanford University. I am not likely to have any new plants, and the soil is getting thinner. That's the human rut, the "grave with the ends knocked out." This personality is becoming encrusted with irreversible commitments; it is being given to a master, to an organization of habits that are set. And so I move unsteered along the iron rails.

Why? Am I letting a fat King Inertia sit complacently on my throne? Do I submissively tolerate it if by a law of the Medes and Persians he rules my free soul during these strong years after twenty-five?

As an average person I have at twenty-five, by settling down to my vocation, settled down to the core of my interests. And to stay in my place, as my neighbor does in his, means peace. Not confusion. Sailing out in a new direction with every fresh breeze that blows has in it the mark of instability. There is a lively distrust in the bosom of the best girl friend for the man who works on the high line one year, farms the next, and goes to school the third. The man who tries no new thing is dependable.

We find it comfortable to think

of our tastes as solid entities. Courteous friends will treat them with due respect; any suggestion of alterations is likely to annoy. So we go on caressing our likes and dislikes, like bumps on the head that are either there or not there. And certainly we see no use in calling a doctor for them. Getting a new and bigger bump might hurt.

God tried to grow in Peter a new interest, an interest in pork-eating gentiles. "Peter, eat," He says three times. Three times Peter answers, "I have never eaten." That ought to be final. Where heaven's vision was repelled several times before the light came through, what can we expect? Any new tricks in old dogs, water flowing from the rock, conversions among mature people, a child for Sarah in her old age, something good from Nazareth?

And why is that so strong which comes to us so easily? They grow like weeds, these antennae of ours which reach out into the world. Likes are caught floating on the wind; dislikes are the dust of the road which settles on us unawares. Rarely do we walk among them and deliberately choose the ones we want to live by. Yet they stick to one into old age.

Should the interests of the one and only life we have be formed in this way? You have seen some winding country road. First it was a cow path through bushes and trees; then came the wagon; then the car; then the truck. Such an origin ought not to decide the laying out of the state highway.

God's noblest creature is so highly modifiable. It is man's outstanding characteristic that he has a minimum of instinctive steer and "a maximum of capacity to change and modify the directions of one's interests, even of the most basic sort." Attitudes, tastes, interests can be learned like names and dates, facts and skills; just as surely, though not as easily.

## THE SOIL

THE soil's the thing. It must be enriched. Acquiring an interest means the changing of one's attitude; and an attitude isn't changed like a shirt. Your attitude is yourself. Ruskin: "Tell me what you like, and I will tell you what you are."

Let us look at the soil. What did you inherit, and what was your training? In those two you will find advantages and handicaps for any interest you want to develop.

You were born with a preference for the things of food, pleasure, the avoidance of pain; with a predisposition for what is similar, unusual, antagonistic, living, concrete, intense. We like something active. Just dramatize an

old idea, and it looks new and attractive to us. Sometimes we start an interest in a new thing by performing the active parts of it. We form a rhythm band with six-year-old children.

In growing a new interest the senses claim a natural priority, a sort of primogeniture. That which is seen, heard, tasted, felt makes the doors of our desire stand ajar.

The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking. Sons of heaven do not live in the senses. If we strive for that which abides, where is there time for more than a glance now and then at that which grows so delightfully and then withers? We have a victory garden. In it that which comes up by itself has little room because of the beds of truth and love and beauty. We have climbed the heights. Valley interests are fewer and more momentary. Higher up a saner perspective has refreshed us and told us, "It is good to be here."

But we stay on the ground. We are growing a garden, not a constellation. We can't leave the soil.

Ability is vital in the cultivation of an interest. "Human interest keeps pace with human talents" (R. S. Woodworth). The things we can do best we like best. If the mechanism of your ear can sense the flow from a quarreling discord to the peaceful tonic triad, you will be fond of music.

Could we create an interest that is altogether new, a Minerva springing from Jupiter without a mother? A superhuman effort that often comes to grief. It is easier and more efficient to tie up the new interest with the old, to enlist the wants, appeal to the individual peculiarities already there.

An old interest can give zest to the new interest which is grafted into it. James: "Any object not interesting in itself may become interesting through becoming associated with an object in which the interest already exists. The two associated objects grow as it were together; the interesting portion sheds its quality over the whole, and thus things not interesting in their own light borrow an interest which becomes as real and as strong as that of any natively interesting thing." So the speaker throws out something familiar, and while the audience plays, nibbles, gloats over it, he unloads the unfamiliar. The unknown looks appealing in the colored light of the known.

The growth of a new species of interest on the stock of an old one is called sublimation. The athlete out of school becomes the unbeatable salesman; the unmarried person proves herself to be the more vigorous Sunday school

teacher. Yet there is hardly a change of water to wine, a transubstantiation; it is a change of form. Human energy in the variety of its channels seems to be essentially the same. Sublimation is the draining of energy from one channel to another. But the old channel remains.

The old interest is no more alone. It has found a companion, someone to whom it says, "This is now flesh of my flesh." Life is so much richer now. A few new plants can make the garden new. God wants life to be abundant. He said in the beginning, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat."

Young interests often do not look promising. We need to have confidence in the incipient sprouts. And why not? A child feels the satisfaction of the removal of a pin, and it hasn't been measured yet how much of a part that has in the development of love for the mother. Nor to what extent the playful nursing of sick dolls may be the beginning of a Florence Nightingale. Then may not the seeds we plant be big with potentiality? May we not hope that a patient and skilful manipulation of appetites and aversions, of preferences and needs, will grow that which may become a tree of life—for beings that toil among thorns and thistles outside of Eden?

Perhaps the new interest does look "tender-eyed." It may yet turn the world upside down. Leah, not Rachel, was the mother of the high priests of Levi and of the Lion out of Judah.

## CULTIVATION

FIRST we select a purpose. Without a purpose an interest is just leaves and no fruit. Desire without an aim is a thing all dressed up and no place to go; it soon changes again for bed and goes to sleep. Interest without a purpose dies. An interest does not run like an idling motor; it is a motor that is always in gear: either the car is going somewhere, or you stall your engine.

If a purpose is not liked, it is drudgery. What makes us like a purpose?

1. The self-assignment of a purpose.

We wonder which hobby would live longer than a day if it were forced on a person.

2. Understanding.

Interest is desire with an eye, a perception of the meaning of what one is doing, and it grows with information about your project. If you work without seeing the reasons for your work, without knowing its final meaning, unlike a machine, you work against yourself. Lucidity of purpose makes striving for it natural and delightful.

3. Interesting means.

"The other day I came to my classmate of long ago, and I found him reading Vergil." That's a myth. In boyhood college days each one of twenty-eight members in a class looked up, if he was honest, each one of about twenty-five new words daily, and after that you wouldn't read the most fragrant poetry a second time. If we could serve Vergil's metaphors, Cicero's flowing sentences, and the Greek tragedies more like the courses of a banquet, the classics might still be living.

The development of a scholar is another project.

4. Many interests.

It is an empty soul that keeps playing one note on the piano. "The old adage of too many irons in the fire conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going" (Clarke).

Every new interest is a bud of hidden ability. Emerson: "A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not 'studying a profession'; for he does not postpone life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances."

It is good for an orchestra leader to be able to play all the instruments. Multiplying interests gives us a thorough understanding of life and makes our purpose broad with usefulness.

Where there is a oneness of purpose, energies will not be scattered by a diversity of interests. We take all the spears of worth while stimuli coming toward us into our embrace and embody them in one purpose of glory.

5. Make the goal definite.

The unclear aim makes for formless, unpredictable, shifting activities. If toys are put into a glass box, children will make a greater effort to open the box than when the toys are removed. When working at the empty box, there was more restlessness and there were many more extraneous unco-ordinated movements. (*Motivation of Young Children.* L. E. Chase. 1930). In proportion as a specific goal is clearly foreseen the energy of a motive to attain it becomes intensified, concentrates, and converges to a point.

6. Usefulness.

The inactivity of trench warfare depressed and hurt morale because it gave the men a sense of uselessness. There was no chance to get at the enemy or to do something about it. It is im-

possible to develop a genuine motive for a seemingly useless activity.

If we see that an activity will build up an important value or gain a pleasure, for ourselves or for others, that activity has a valence, a power of attraction which charges us with desire. Learning that meets a need awakens a healthy curiosity. A boy thought multiplying fractions was dull until he had to drill a hole three-fourths of seven-eighths of an inch from the edge of something he was making. Another didn't find facts of health very interesting. But when the young man went into training to make the team, he lapped up health rules like an old enthusiast for anything physiological. Flavor book learning with life-use, and it becomes palatable.

## WATCHING IT GROW

It's fun to see things grow—in the garden, on the field; in children, in members of the church, in business; in ourselves. It makes us want to help.

Growth is success. And nothing succeeds like success. "The chief cause of interest in a person who wishes to learn anything is success in learning it. If adults find themselves learning reading, arithmetic, or German from childish exercises, they will tolerate them." (*Adult Interests.* E. L. Thorndike. 1935).

Thorndike says a moderate amount of success may be all that is necessary. If a person knows that the tasks are such that he cannot succeed often and thinks he is doing well in comparison with other persons, he can work fairly happily with only a small per cent of successes.

In success fear is replaced by a feeling of confidence, by the enjoyment of mastery. You can see it in one learning to drive a car, or in public speaking. In the errors which children make immediately following successful throws there is a definite tendency to throw beyond the mark (Chase).

It's good to ring the bell when the bull's eye is hit. Success has to be seen to be a dependable incentive. That's the purpose of tests and grades; not to give a mental measurement, but to show progress, to let you know you are getting to your destination. After pupils have watched their progress and measured it with suitable tests, if such knowledge is removed, the subject ceases to show a gain (Book and Norvell). Desire for a nebulous goal peters out; there should be landmarks along the way. You cannot do so well if you simply do your best without seeing the results. The more clearly you can measure your approach to the goal, the greater the improvement.

For many success has to be easy. The pup that is bitten by a rat may refuse to attack another; but let him kill disabled rats, and he will succeed in killing real ones. In practicing for a high jump a good trainer will start you with a stick low enough to be easily cleared. To a third grader we may give a second-grade story book. Only the goal within reach is stimulating, out of reach it is discouraging. If you assume a task beyond your capacity, pit yourself against a finished expert, you may choke off a precious interest.

Yet the task should not be too simple. To secure your best jump the bar must not be so high that you cannot clear it at all nor so low that you can clear it easily. Without being quite out of reach the goal should be high enough to tax your powers. Maximum responses do not occur unless they are demanded.

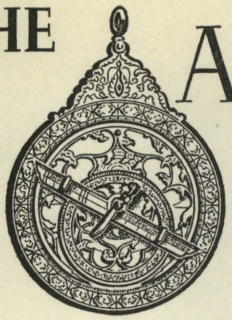
Therefore obstacles can be real incentives, challenging the individual to put energy into the effort. In a typing experiment loud bells and buzzers at first disturbed, but the keys were pounded harder, extra effort was produced to overcome the obstruction so successfully as actually to increase the speed with no loss of accuracy.

The harder the job the more joy there is in progress. Success has a bigger effect on those for whom the task is difficult, or on those of lower intelligence, than on those for whom it is easy.

The more intelligent person is spurred on more by a knowledge of failure. "It seems highly probable that failure-repetition, failure-reproof, and failure-punishment are more effective than are success-repetition, success-praise, and success-reward" (Chase). We may "draw from the heart of misfortune the impulse of victory" (Churchill). Morale is good when the enemy is advancing if you think you can bring him to a halt.

That challenge gets us. When the examination is a day off, we study the hardest. Near the goal the motive takes on momentum for the "end spurt." If the prize can be reached by immediate action, a flash of desire grips a person to release an increasing amount of energy and lay bare the latent abilities. Morale is at its best when our army is advancing and seems near victory.

# THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND W. G. POLACK

## CALL TO BATTLE

It was an officers' party at one of the Eastern army posts. A number of men had been promoted, and it is military custom that the men so honored by advancement in rank and salary throw a party for the corps. On this occasion, attended by your columnist as a civilian, the significance of the gathering was heightened by the report that ten of the men, officers of various rank, had been given notice to be "on the alert" for embarkation to foreign service East—which might mean Ireland, England, Iceland, or North Africa.

A cocktail hour preceded the dinner. About a hundred officers and their wives made up the party. The entertainment was provided by radio and stage artists of nation-wide fame. The food was of the best, and the drinks were plentiful.

There was a strange air of excitement, which was not entirely due to the cocktails which preceded the dinner. There was a *camaraderie* between these men and women different from that of ordinary gay company. It wasn't so gay. Plenty of laughter, few smiles; frequently a look as of fear in the eyes of the women even while engaged in light banter with the officers. A strange intimacy, such as one finds among groups of Americans meeting unexpectedly in far foreign lands, or as might be found among passengers of a liner facing a dangerous voyage. Behind the interest which centered in the group of the officers promoted in rank, there was, so I began to sense, the deep and tense feeling called forth

by the news of the notices of assignment to foreign service. The haunting conviction that some of these men not any of the corps present would ever see again. And the wives were there who knew that—for how long?— this would be the last social affair which they would attend with their husbands. The call to battle had been sounded. It was not the trumpet of a courier passing through Brussels, that Napoleon was at Waterloo, but a soft spoken message over the telephone, hardly above a whisper, telling you that you must be "on the alert," and the following night make your departure on the embarkation train.

It was not regrets that one heard in the conversation with the men "on alert." It was not even serious conversation that passed between them and their corps members. It was mostly airy persiflage, some drollery, smart retorts, jests without merriment. Yet over the entire party, dinner, and entertainment, an excitement such as is created only by the proximity right around the corner of tremendous events. Somehow, I knew that I had been at such a party before, and where could it have been? Officers called to the battle, the excitement of uncertainty, of great personal risks, of tremendous issues, world-shattering events in the offing—as when the British officers were placed on the alert by the couriers in Brussels, distant cannon rumbling at Belle Alliance. But that had been more than a century ago, and I had lived it through the pages of *Vanity Fair*. Returning home, I found the passage in the story of George Osborne's farewells after the Ball of the Duchess of Richmond the night before the Battle of Waterloo.

"Thank Heaven that is over," George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm, as he ran swiftly to the alarm ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers were hurrying from their billets. His pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players.

"What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one?

"Into all contests requiring athletic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upwards, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravoes of his companions had followed him everywhere; from the boys' cricket-match to the garrison-races, he had won a hundred of triumphs; and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return

of applause, as those of bodily superiority, activity, and valor?

"Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to today, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

"So at the sound of that stirring call to battle, George jumped away from the gentle arms in which he had been dallying; not without a feeling of shame that he should have been detained there so long. The same feeling of eagerness and excitement was amongst all those friends of his of whom we have had occasional glimpses, from the stout senior Major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the Ensign, who was to bear its colors on that day."

Waterloo, 1815.

An unnamed camp, 1942.

The call to battle, and farewells.

And the anguish of Amelia Osborne at her hotel in Brussels was not different from that felt by the captain's wife who left the table at the officers' party last April, choking with tears, while the radio star F——— was giving an excruciatingly funny impersonation of a torch singer.

## PROSPECTS OF WEALTH

Having given a fair portion of our life to educational and literary pursuits, neither of which has any large financial rewards, we are willing to acknowledge a temptation to reach out and garner in a small part at least of the wealth that is so invitingly floating about. We are going to make money. Another decade or two, and we shall prepare to retire from the above mentioned educational and literary activities. This will be our chance. The temptation referred to in our opening sentence is a very concrete one. It meets us in the evident ease with which advertising agencies are able not only to exist but to flourish like the green bay tree. To speak plainly, we hope to make up for our somewhat indifferent financial record by devoting the latter years of mature middle age, say from seventy-five onward, to the amassing of a small fortune, and we intend to do it in the advertising business.

I confided this plan to a worldly-wise friend. When I admitted a preference for making money with least effort he thought a minute and then said: "What you want is a job to supply slogans, catch words, text and drawings for the advertisements of the brewery trade."

Since then I have discovered

what these folks get by with. The latest beer ad which is blossoming out all over the Middle West is one showing two men entering a canoe for a fishing trip, and as they are starting out, one hands the other a case of bottled beer, and the caption is *"A good start."* I am creditably informed that a case of beer contains twenty-four bottles. I have not seen two fishermen drink twenty-four bottles between them while on a trip, but on more general principles I have a right to conclude that they will not have many fish in their canoe, if they come back at all. Still, this perfectly idiotic advertisement was not only passed by the board of some advertising agency but was actually sold to a brewery for a good round sum of money. The brewer thought well enough of it to plaster it over the countryside on huge bill boards.

A competitor has evidently been advised by the advertising specialist to go patriotic. Looking around for something on which the patriotic theme could be run in, the experts discovered a government regulation which limits the number of bottle caps which can be used by the brewers. So this concern features a quart bottle and urges the purchase of beer not by the pint, but by the quart, as a patriotic duty. You can see the sign all over the restaurants and refreshment places. The customer is admonished to *be patriotic* and to get his beer by the quart because by saving the extra bottle cap he is helping conserve metal and directly contributing to our winning of the war.

The *good start* and the *be patriotic* laurels did not permit a rival advertising expert to sleep until he had evolved this slogan for brewery No. 3: *"Ten cents worth of a Fifteen cent beer."* This fantastic bid for trade has been spread over the bill boards of our fair city, floodlighted and what not. Evidently the brewing company thinks it has a prize winner. To me the sign simply means that the beer is sold at fifteen cents regularly and I am implored to buy ten cents worth, that is, two-thirds of a glass.

I suppose the climax of ineptitude is reached by another brewer who has been hypnotized by his advertising agent to shout over the radio, in the newspapers, on billboards, and in neon signs, the message, "Brother, I want Brothers!" The firm has the word Brothers in its corporate title and—here is the appeal: Brothers! Noble word! I suppose that is the way you address the barkeep, Brother, *"Brother!* Make it an Old-Fashioned!" Or: "Brother! A stein of Gimmelwick Brothers beer!" You cannot drive

a highway in this area, or ride a street car or listen to a report from the Russian front without hearing, "Brother, give me Brothers!" as an inducement to drink only Gimmelwick Brothers beer and to drink it often. I wonder how many are off Gimmelwick's forever because of this idiotic combination of words.

Now, if we were in Detroit, we know exactly which beer we would not drink. The bright advertising agent of a brewing company in that vibrant town wants to emphasize the "whale of a difference" between the product of this concern and other beers, and, attempting to become humorous, has pasted over the billboards a picture showing a bewhiskered man, ostensibly Jonah, in the whale's stomach drinking some of the brewery's product. Now, aside from the fact that the Bible makes no mention of a "whale" in the story of Jonah—the word translated in Matt. 12:40, means any sea monster—the perpetrator of this ad should have known that scoffing at the Bible is very poor advertising. But the point we are trying to make is precisely this: that neither schooling nor common sense seems to be a requirement for the job of an ad-builder. If the man who treats a Bible story with contempt merely to give a point to the "whale of a difference" between this beer and others, has gone to the trouble of an education at all, it must have been a course at a barber college gained on an athletic scholarship. Or if he finally got a cap and gown, he must have been like the boy Henry McLemore tells about, who got his degree "because the faculty was superstitious and needed an extra student to prevent the graduating class numbering 13."

The job of an advertising specialist looks to me like an easy way of building up an estate even after life has fallen upon the "sere and yellow leaf."

It would not have to be in the brewery field. We could supply a good many examples to show that the folks who direct the advertising of the cigarette and pipe tobacco industries, also the snuff trade, are quite as devoid of an elementary knowledge of psychology, but seem to have no trouble to pull down contracts which run into many millions annually.

## IN OLD CHURCHYARDS

There are more things in old churchyards than myrtle and mint and ramblers among the crumbling gravestones. There are items of interest to the genealogist, biographer, and historian in the names, dates, Bible

verses, couplets, and quatrains still legible on the weathered slabs. Sometimes the inscriptions have only sentimental value. Sometimes they reveal the stern and pious mind of a past generation. The other day we ran across one of these on the grave of a young woman who died in 1855 at the age of 21 years, 6 months, 8 days. It reads:

Remember, friends, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

However, there are people whose hearts are not moved by such sentiments and who have no appreciation whatever of historical values; yet we suppose that when their turn comes to die they will insist on the best of Christian burials. A few years ago, in late summer, we happened to run across a little abandoned burial plot on the shore of Lake Ann, in northeastern Indiana. There stood a gravestone which had been placed years ago in memory of two missionaries (if our memory is correct, of the Methodist persuasion) who had been massacred by the Indians in the early part of the last century, c. 1810. The stone was old and weathered, but the inscription was still legible.

We had no chance at the time to make an exact copy of the interesting inscription, telling of their death, but we decided to come back the following year to do so. We resolved that we would then call the attention of their Church authorities to this forgotten memorial. The following June we returned to the spot and found only a few bits of the stone lying on the ground. Someone had deliberately smashed the gravestone into pieces and carried them off to use them perhaps as stepping-stones in their yard! We have no words to express our complete disgust with such selfish people whose ruthless disregard for that which is sacred to someone else makes them utterly despicable. They are like the mule with no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity. To such apply the words of the famous quatrain:

They live for themselves, they
think of themselves,
Of themselves and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died.

## THE PARABLE OF THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT

With September the vacation season is drawing to its close. We shall leave it to the statisticians to compute how many of our people took vacations this year. Judging

from the number of soldiers and sailors we saw around, the officials of the army and navy wisely did not curtail the leaves of their men. Furloughs are vital to the morale of our fighting forces. But so are vacations to the life and wellbeing of our civilian population. We have never found this truth defended more eloquently than in the "Parable of the Hole in the Doughnut" by Safed the Sage, who used to write for the *Watchman-Examiner* some years ago. We quote the Sage:

Now it is my custom to go away in the good old summer time and to rest for a little season beside a little lake. And the daughter of the daughter of Keturah sat there with me, and told me about the ark and Noah, and how the dove flew all around the lake; and that lake is for her great enough to satisfy all the requirements of the flood; and it is very nearly large enough for me also.

And there spake one to me, saying, "Wherefore shouldst thou take a vacation? Behold, I have not had a vacation in twenty years."

And I said, "That is one thing that aileth thee."

And he said, "Why should not a man work the year around?"

And I said, "When God causeth the grass and the trees to toil all the year around, and obliterateth the distinction between the seasons, then will it be good for men to toil alway and rest never."

And I said, "I am very fond of doughnuts."

And he said, "I discover not the connection."

And I said, "Once upon a time did women fry their crullers with no hole in the middle, and they were just crullers. But someone with a towering genius discovered that if an hole were made in the middle, then might there be a cake fried with a delicious crust all about it, and one might eat thereof on every side down to the hole, and find it good to the last crumb."

And he said, "I also like doughnuts."

And I said, "What the hole is unto the doughnut, so is the vacation unto the toil of the year; and there be many men halfbaked or overdone because they know it not."

And he was speechless. For though it be not possible to establish many sound arguments upon a vacuum, yet is there one such unanswerable argument, and that is the most wise argument based upon the hole in the doughnut.

## AH, COFFEE! . . .

When restaurants the country over will serve only one cup of coffee with a meal; when the good wife comes home from the super-market with the news that she was allowed only one-half pound of coffee, it begins to appear as though we are facing a real shortage in a product the lack of which will hit many of us a serious solar-plexus blow. The lack of sugar is bad

enough, but the lack of coffee, ah me! And we the nation that holds all records in annual coffee consumption. In the end, of course—unless we are able to break down the activity of the U-boats in our adjacent waters—we shall have to make the best of it. We'll have to grin and bear it, even if it is a sickly grin.

But talking about coffee, which is a comparatively modern beverage, here is one story of how coffee was discovered.

About the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab traveling through Abyssinia, and feeling very weary and faint, stopped near a grove to rest. As he needed fuel to cook his simple food, he cut down a branch of a tree, which was covered with dead berries. His meal ended, the traveler noticed that the half-burned berries had a pleasant fragrance. He collected a large number of them, and on crushing them with a stone, found that they had a stronger aroma than before. While wondering at this, he accidentally let some of the crushed leaves fall into the can which held his scanty supply of water. He raised the can to his lips and for the first time tasted coffee. Not only did he think it very nice, but it seemed to fill him with new energy. He gathered as many of the berries as possible before continuing his journey. Arriving at Aden, he informed the mufty of his discovery. That gentleman was an inveterate opium smoker, but after he had tasted the beverage prepared of the roasted berries, he felt able to give up the poisonous drug. So delighted was he with his new and invigorating beverage that, in gratitude to the tree which provided the berries, he called it "cahuah," which is Arabic for "force."

## BROADWAY

Our personal knowledge of Broadway is rather limited, but what we read in the papers, e. g., in Leonard Lyons' column, "Broadway Medley," would warrant the conclusion that the old street has not changed a great deal since 1809, judging from this extract from the *Ramblers Magazine* of that period:

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty,
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Jailers, aldermen and footmen.
Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy, bedaubed all over;
Women, black, red, fair and gray,
Prudes, and some that never pray,
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will:
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling.

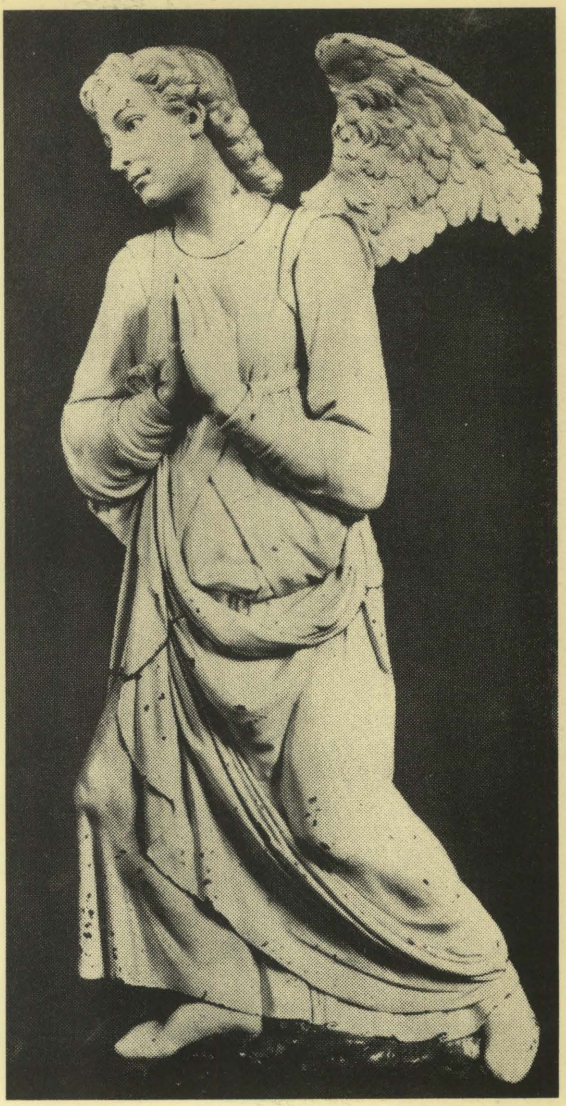
Agnolo Bronzino is the most notable portrait painter of his time in all Italy. At that time, portraiture was not considered very important. Saints and Madonnas were considered of much greater value. Among his famous portraits are those of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Pontormo, and many others. His treatment of draperies in this "Portrait of a Lady" is particularly noteworthy.

Tintoretto is named for his father's trade, a dyer. His motto was "The coloring of Titian, the drawing of Michelangelo." El Greco was for a time, at the beginning of his career, an imitator of this great artist but soon outstripped him.

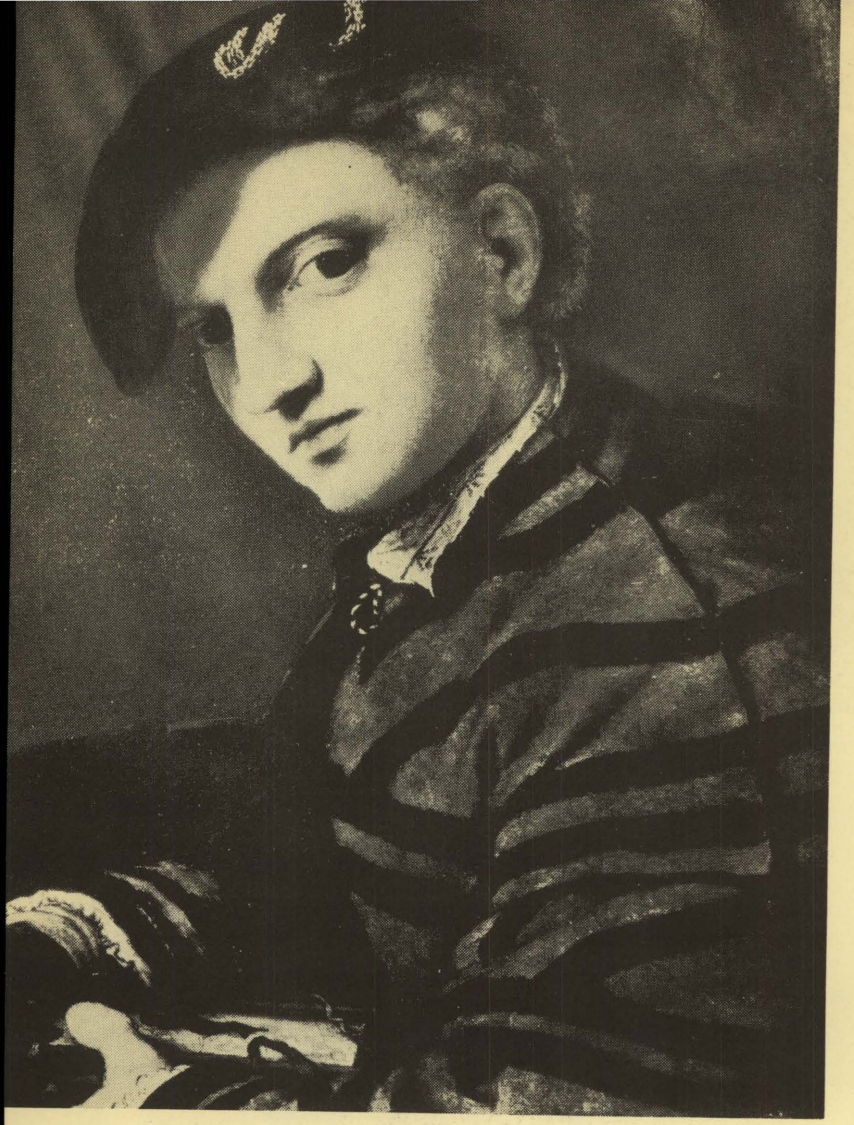
This picture, "Saint Augustine Healing the Plague Stricken," is kept in the Municipal Museum at Venice as a reminder of the delivery from the plague in 1512.

Gentileschi owes much of his inspiration to Caravaggio. His immediate master in painting was Tassi, an ex-convict. Gentileschi went from Rome to Paris and from Paris was invited to England by Van Dyck. He remained at the Court for about twelve years and died there. Most of his paintings are found in Marlborough House. This "Madonna and Child" was done about 1620, while the artist was still in Rome.

Andrea della Robbia has earned undying fame because he discovered a method of protecting clay from injury by giving it a glaze made of tin, litharge, antimony, and other materials and then baking the entire work in a furnace. Some of the art works by the della Robbias were the only things that could survive the dampness of the lowland churches in Italy.



The Angel from "The Annunciation" is just as interesting as "the Virgin" herself. The original Luca, first of the della Robbias, is credited with discovering the beautiful soft blue color which is used so much in his figures as well as in vaulting and paving.



Lorenzo Lotto, with Bronzino, was one of the really great portrait painters of the time. Lotto traveled extensively throughout Italy and evidently also reached Germany during the days of the Reformation because he is known to have painted portraits of both Martin and Katherine Luther.

Giovanni Bellini lived to be almost ninety years old and during that time exercised a tremendous influence over the Venetian School of Painting. He tried more than any other single person "to fix a truly Venetian form for Christ, His mother, the Apostles and the Saints" (Mather). This great picture of "The Madonna and Child with St. John and St. Catherine" has for its background the canals and ships of Venice.

Most famous of all the paintings of the period of the Renaissance is the so-called "Madonna of the Chair." Tradition has it that Raphael sketched this Madonna very rapidly one day on the head of a wine cask and it is sometimes known as the "Madonna of the Wine Cask." But what is believed to be the original sketch was one found in 1818 in Warsaw. That sketch is square, in black on white paper. In the painting, Raphael made several alterations in order to adapt the drawing to a circular form. This painting has been more frequently reproduced than almost any other Madonna and Child.

# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Conversations With a Sacred Cow*

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

*S. C.* Good morning! Did you hear Jascha Katgutovich last evening? His mastery of the violin is astounding. In fact, it is ideal. That man has no rivals. There ought to be a law compelling all other violinists to refrain from appearing in public unless they are able to make their playing conform in every detail to the perfect artistry of Katgutovich. He is first. The rest are nowhere.

*A.* You seem to believe that music is in need of a dictatorship. I admit that Katgutovich played with ravishing beauty of tone, with amazing dexterity, and with penetrating understanding; but wouldn't the field of violinism become somewhat monotonous if every master of the fiddle were compelled to do everything exactly as he does? Is there a valid reason why Katgutovich should rule the roost?

*S. C.* Yes. Katgutovich, you see, is the one and only great violinist in the world. Isn't it fair, therefore, to demand that other fiddlers take their leaves out of his book?

*A.* Don't you believe that unmistakable individualism is one of the cardinal elements of genuine greatness? Furthermore, how can you, or anyone else, be so blind to stubborn facts as to imagine that any artist could successfully imitate Katgutovich's individualistic style of playing?

*S. C.* It is my firm conviction that musicians should strive for perfection. I am sure in my own mind that Katgutovich has attained that ideal. Therefore the other violinists should learn to play as he does. Otherwise I, for one, don't want to listen to them.

For me there is but one type of perfection in violinism—the perfection exemplified in the playing of Katgutovich.

*A.* Let's assume that the realm of music were governed by a dictator and that our high and mighty mogul suddenly decided to issue a decree demanding, on pain of severe punishment, that all public performances of the masterworks, and all criticisms of what is played, conform to a single inflexible standard. Let's suppose that the commander-in-chief, in a fit of inexplicable madness, were to order all conductors to imitate the style of I. Torso Swing, all pianists to follow the lead of Simon Swatkeeski, all violinists to tread in the footsteps of Jascha Katgutovich, all singers to be guided by Sapphira Warblemush, and all critics to take their cues from J. Cadaver Penflux. What would happen if, by some quirk of circumstances, such a dictatorship were to be inflicted upon the domain of tone? Wholesale rebellion would become the order of the day, and there'd be executions without number. Yes, there'd be a goodly amount of slavish cringing. It's more than likely that many obedient souls would strain their nervous systems to the breaking point and wear out their sweating-mechanisms in an effort to comply with the spirit and the letter of the dictator's ukase. In the end, however, there'd be but one Swing, one Swatkeeski, one Katgutovich, one Warblemush, and one Penflux. Isn't it true that all attempts at dictatorship in the arts are invariably conceived in crass stupidity and born in asininity of the first water?

*S. C.* Ouch! What you say sounds logical enough; but it's altogether wrong to permit logic to hold absolute sway in music. In my carefully considered opinion, the emotional response must, and will, carry the day. Katgutovich makes my emotions leap for joy as no other violinist has ever been able to do. Therefore I am for Katgutovich horns, hide, and hoofs. But wait a moment, please, until I shift my cud to the other side of my mouth. . . . . I have another important question to ask you. Someone told me a few days ago that you had listened in silence, and apparently with wholehearted absorption, to a jazz orchestra as it played a boogie-woogie version of Johann Sebastian Bach's "Little Fugue in G Minor." Shame on you! How, in the name of all that's fitting and proper, could you refrain from pelting the culprits with rotten eggs?

*A.* Well, my dear Mrs. Cow, I *did* listen with wholehearted absorption, and I did *not* hurl overripe henfruit at the players. I'm

not in the habit of carrying such missiles in my pockets. What's more, I enjoyed the boogie-woogie version of the fugue in spite of the fact that in more than one respect it was an out-and-out abomination. Why should I fly into a rage because a two-by-four tunesmith makes up his mind to borrow a Bachian melody? Why should I bridle up because a jazz orchestra plays the flimsy concoction? For some time I've been trying to get to the bottom of this thing called boogie-woogie. Maybe it's bottomless. I don't know. Besides, I believe that every student of music should devote his—or her—attention to all outcroppings in the domain of tone. What would you think of a physician who busied himself day in and day out with healthy bodies but refused point-blank ever to center his thoughts on diseases and sores? Doesn't he derive a great deal of professional pleasure from the study of ailments?

I don't go so far as to declare with oil-dripping finality that every example of boogie-woogie is either a festering sore on the body musical or a loathsome disease; but I do maintain that its prophets and apostles will eventually produce bigger and better boogie-woogie if they focus some of their brain-power, such as it is, on Bach. Why deprive them of a golden opportunity? Although parts of the crudely fashioned transmogrification of the delectable fugue-subject I heard a few days ago sounded to me like something the cat had dragged in, I didn't boil with rage. My heart went out to the composer who was so poverty-stricken in the matter of ideas that he felt in duty bound to filch his melodic material from Bach. At the same time I realized that, with the Kantor's assistance, the chap had given birth to a better example of boogie-woogie than he'd have bestowed upon the world if he had relied solely on his own resources. If there must needs be boogie-woogie, why not help make it as good as possible?

*S. C.* You shock me out of a year's yield of butter fat. I really thought that you venerated Bach.

*A.* Well, two shocks, like two apples, are better than one. Lower your horns for a charge and weep tears of sorrow for the loss of another year's yield of butter fat; for here comes the second jolt. I believe that if Mr. Bach were living in the United States today, he would be inclined now and then to tackle the writing of boogie-woogie. But it would be *ideal* boogie-woogie, and I suppose that I'd adore it almost as devoutly as you adore the fiddling of Katgutovich. It's even possible that I'd want to hear no other kind of boogie-woogie. But be-

fore you declare with categorical bumptiousness that Bach, if he were a citizen of the United States today, would never try his hand at writing boogie-woogie, please study his secular music. Don't attempt to hook me before you do so. Didn't Bach make frequent and prolific use of the forms of composition that were in vogue when he walked the earth? Don't his secular works abound in popular dance tunes?

*S. C.* I'm tempted to run my horns through your rebellious body; but perhaps you, too, like the makers of boogie-woogie, are in need of charity and help. Maybe you'll learn some day.

*A.* Prick up your ears, sister. I thank you for your good wishes; but I must ask you to study Bach's music. Study it intently. Study it devoutly. Study it thoroughly. Study it until long after all the rest of the sacred cows have come home. I'll stick by my guns. But I'll do more than that. I'll declare with full-throated positiveness that if Allfather Bach were alive today, he'd often appropriate tunes written by other composers. Once again you are lowering your head for an attack; but I beg you to curb your ire and then go home to learn that the Kantor often employed the melodies of others.

*S. C.* Mind your tongue! I can't stand much more.

*A.* I'm not trying to be frivolous, Mrs. Cow. In the long run one gains nothing by permitting emotion to lord it over reason and historical facts. You weigh more than I, and, by sheer force of bulk, you could gore me into the dust of Mother Earth; but you know that truth crushed to earth—even when crushed by a sacred cow—will surely rise again.

Let's go on. You're fond of Handel's music, aren't you?

*S. C.* Why shouldn't I be?

*A.* There's no reason under the sun why you—or I—should be ashamed of a penchant for Handel's compositions. But do you know that Handel was a dyed-in-the-wool filcher?

*S. C.* I know that no composer can avoid devising melodies that bear a resemblance, more or less pronounced, to tunes fabricated by others; but this proves nothing. The other day I was playing a recording of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," and one of my friends asked me in all seriousness whether it was Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave Overture." At first I was flabbergasted, but after I'd begun to analyze the curious happening, I soon saw that to some individuals there might be the faintest glimmer of similarity in the opening phrases of the two works. Far-fetched? Yes. But you can force "The Maiden's Prayer" to remind you of "Too

Much Mustard" or "My Mamma Done Told Me" if you try hard enough.

*A.* Good for you! Why should we hesitate to admit that Handel frequently resorted to filching? But it's even more important for us to remember that Handel, like Bach and Gluck, invested his filchings with newness of life and meaning. In other words, he was no run-of-the-mill plagiarist; he was no sneaky thief. He was at once a master-filcher and a master-composer.

*S. C.* What do you think of Rossini?

*A.* Let's talk about him the next time we meet.

[*To be continued*]

## RECENT RECORDINGS

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY. Readings of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; James B. Upham and Francis Bellamy's "Pledge to the Flag"; Walt Whitman's "Beat! Beat! Drums!"; Francis Scott Key's "The Star Spangled Banner"; and Samuel Francis Smith's "America" by the famous actress, Helen Hayes, together with background music written by Kurt Weill and played by the Victor Concert Orchestra under Roy Shields.—Stirring exemplifications of the fine artistry of Miss Hayes. Victor Album 909. $2.63.

DMITRI SZOSTAKOWICZ. "The United Nations on the March." MODEST MOUSSORGSKY. "Shaklovitov's Aria," from *Khovanstchina.* Sung by Igor Gorin, baritone, with the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Charles O'Connell.—The words for Szostakowicz's rousing march melody were done into English by Harold I. Rome. "Shaklovitov's Aria" antedates the present war by more than a half-century; but the sentiment is strikingly appropriate today. Victor disc 11-8250. $1.05.

FRITZ KREISLER. *"These Are My Favorites."* Here the great master of the violin plays his own "Caprice Viennois," "Tambourin Chinois," "Liebesfreud," "Liebesleid," "La Gitana," and "Schön' Rosmarin" together with the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Charles O'Connell. Kreisler himself made the orchestral arrangements of the piano parts. Victor Album 910. $3.68.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR. "Pomp and Circumstance Marches, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4." The Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Sir Ernest MacMillan.—The first of these marches is widely known. Sir Ernest evidently believes that the remaining three deserve more attention than they have received. His readings are trenchant. Victor Album 911. $2.63.

# The Literary Scene

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

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff*

## Communists in America

*THE RED DECADE: The Stalinist Penetration of America.* By Eugene Lyons. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York. 423 pages. $3.00.

THIS book was published before Pearl Harbor. Had it not been printed and distributed then, it might not have been printed at all. But the very fact that this excoriating review of Stalinist propaganda in America was published before we became partners of Stalin in the war against Hitlerism gives it a certain objectivity which it could not otherwise have. As it is, it is a document which no historian of American life during the Red Decade of the present century can ignore.

The author was once himself a Red. He was made Moscow correspondent of American radical papers. During his six years in Russia he learned to know Stalinism as a monstrous system grounded on terror. He told the story of his experiences in the book, *Assignment in Utopia* (reviewed in *The Cresset,* Vol. I, p. 43). The Red Decade is the years 1930-1940. Mr. Lyons says:

> This book does not pretend to be an academic and comprehensive history of communism in America; that remains to be done by someone of more scholarly temper. It is frankly journalistic and polemic; a needed exposure in a moment of national and world-wide crisis. It is intended as an informal account of Bolshevism in our country . . . (as it has) penetrated, in various degrees, the labor movement, education, the churches, college and non-college youth movements, the theatre, movies, the arts, publishing in all its branches; bored deep into the Federal government.

Inseparable from his account of this penetration is Lyons' description of the great shift in Russian politics when Stalin turned away from the Revolution of 1918, purged the party of its greatest leaders, with repercussions wherever the Soviet influence had reached into other countries. Indeed, the thesis of the book is the absolute control of radical movements in the United States by a single man, Joseph Stalin.

Moscow's orders were simple and

straightforward: Prevent expansion of armed forces! Block military and naval appropriations! Penetrate the war industries to hamper their productivity! These injunctions were accepted by the American Communist Party and transmitted to its members and sympathizers. They were translated into action, and Lyons supplies the documentary evidence. There is no question that at this time [about 1930] American communists were under unequivocal orders to betray their country in the event that it should be useful to Russia, and were trying to obey. On the Robinson-Rubens case, Lyons quotes the *American Mercury:*

> The story shows that, just as Hitler utilizes his sympathizers in the German-American Bund and its auxiliaries to propagandize and spy for Germany, so Stalin utilizes members and hangers-on of the American Communist Party for the Kremlin espionage.
>
> The League for Peace and Democracy, one of the most respectable and powerful groups of fellow travelers, sounded the cue as soon as Hitler was at war with Russia, renounced everything that they had preached in the past, affirmed their faith in "Stalin's peace policy," and from that time on communist-controlled labor unions have been urged to do their utmost in the production of armament.

Lyons sketches in a number of powerful chapters the antecedents of Stalinist influence in America and its beginnings, chiefly in the various Communist-led labor camps. Other chapters are given over to a discussion of the false fronts organized in obedience to the call of a Soviet leader in 1926: "We must create a whole solar system of organizations and smaller committees around the Communist Party, so to speak, smaller organizations working actually under the influence of our party (not under mechanical leadership)." For the purpose of these organizations Gitlow is quoted:

> We were volunteer members of a militarized civil service, pledged to carry out the decisions of our supreme rulers resident at Moscow anywhere in the world but particularly in the land we were colonizing for communism, the United States.

Tens of thousands of prominent people were members of these "transmission belt" organizations—hundreds of college professors, New Deal officials, book reviewers, columnists, liberal divines. They all followed the ideal of the Trojan Horse, as one of the speakers at the Seventh Congress in Moscow advised in 1935. And so everywhere "big and small Trojan Horses smuggled Stalin's subsidized agents and unpaid enthusiasts into great governments; into universities, trade unions, women's and youth movements; into the arts and literature, religious organizations, the press and radio, theatre and motion pictures." The "cultural" setups among the professional writers, actors, and musicians, are listed by name, scores of names. Some of the Muscovite clubs operated special schools for writers, artists, dancers, branching out in Cartoonists' Groups, Left movie undertakings, a dozen other activities. One must read the book in order to get an impression of the incredible complexity of the movement. Lyons believes that the Dies

Committee did an outstanding job when it revealed the large infiltration of political appointees in communist organizations. "Had the Administration been more cooperative with the Dies Committee, it would have had less of a headache in later years from communist-led strikes against the defense program and less to fear from communist Fifth Columnists deep within the government departments." Entire pages in *The Red Decade* are filled with the bare names of the organizations either under "outright communist control" or under communist influence and in close collaboration with the Communist Party.

Large parts of the book are devoted to the Muscovite background of communist agitation in America. The "staggering lies" of educators and psychologists regarding the Utopia which Bolshevism was creating and which were disseminated in learned works and in highbrow magazines previous to and during the Red Decade are exposed in the terrifying reality of Russia under Stalin, pictured in a vivid summary of *Assignment in Utopia*. We get a glimpse of gigantic prison jobs like the White Sea Canal, railroads in Siberia, harbors in the Arctic, "involving in the aggregate millions of G. P. U. slaves"—the G. P. U. which "exiled and arrested millions of men, women and children." Two great facts stand out. The bloodiest political purge of modern times, when Stalin slaughtered a whole generation of Soviet leaders; when at least fifty thousand communists, officials, professors, economists, were killed without the formality of trials; when the country's foremost generals, admirals and marshals were executed and four-fifths of the higher officers' corps, about 30,000 Red Army, Navy and Aviation specialists, were "liquidated" by exile, demotions, and execution. And the crowning conundrum in all this fantastic story—that radical writers who had pictured Russia as a land of better than democratic freedom, with few exceptions have never acknowledged their error but continued to explain away horror and super-horror; corruption, terror, man-made famine, the death penalty for minor thefts, the punishment of relatives for alleged crimes committed by members of their family thousands of miles away, capital punishment for young children, concentration camps with a population running into millions.

As for the writers, teachers, and social workers and clergymen who throughout the Red Decade identified themselves with Russian communism, we, too, are tempted to regard this "mass support of a far-off and bloodthirsty dictatorship by otherwise sane and largely well-meaning people" as primarily "a disease of the intelligentsia, hence properly the domain of psychiatrists."

The toying of the New Deal with Communist-led groups is treated with considerable restraint. Regarding President Roosevelt, Mr. Lyons says: "The loose talk about Mr. Roosevelt and his associates being Communists is nonsensical. It *oversimplifies* a psychological relationship. The picture was *more complicated.*" (Italics our own.) Mrs. Roosevelt belongs to "the type of Americans most readily mis-

used as 'decoration' for phony Left causes." Similarly about two members of the cabinet: "Liberals of the Ickes type, it should be emphasized in their defense, simply did not understand the machinations and the motives of the communists whom they helped." As for Madam Perkins being a Communist, the idea is ludicrous, yet "her awed respect for 'liberal' opinion, her confused eagerness to do the Left thing, made her putty in Stalinist hands."

Yet, says Lyons, there are even today "outright communist agents in all government departments," and Washington official and social life "remains deeply infected with the Muscovite virus."

## Dark Picture

*REPAIRMEN WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.* By Roger William Riis and John Patric. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1942. 271 pages. $1.95.

WHAT are the chances that an autoist who drives into a garage for service will receive fair and honest treatment? What are the chances when one has a radio, a typewriter, a watch, a vacuum cleaner, or an electric iron repaired? Many of us have wondered about such things, at one time or another, but have had no way of finding out. Last year the *Reader's Digest* became interested in this matter and sent out John Patric with a woman companion to make a survey covering all the states of the Union.

In a five-months' journey back and forth across the United States these investigators submitted their car, a secondhand Lincoln Zephyr, to 347 garages and service stations. The car was kept in perfect condition except for one small but glaringly obvious defect: a disconnected wire which caused the engine to operate on only six of its twelve cylinders. This was a maladjustment which any competent mechanic would find and correct almost immediately. As a matter of fact, 129 of the repairmen visited quickly spotted the loose wire, connected it up, and sent the investigators on their way, making no charge or only a small one.

On the other hand, 63 per cent of the repairmen (218 of the 347) overcharged, lied, invented unnecessary work, or charged for work that was not done, for parts that were not needed, or for parts that were not even installed. Seventy-four different explanations were given of what was wrong. Charges ran as high as $25. A considerable number of the experiences encountered are narrated in detail, and some of them are simply amazing. It was found that small towns and small garages ran much more honest than large towns and elaborate garages. Places with less than 10,000 inhabitants proved twice as safe for the motorist as places of over 10,000. Least satisfactory were the big garages that cater to hotel guests.

While making this test of auto repairmen, Patric and his companion also sampled the repairers of radios, watches, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, and electric irons. In the three new portable radios that were used, a tube was loosened or a wire disconnected.

Of 304 shops of every type, in every state, 195 (64 per cent) tried by one device or another to take advantage of the customer. Selling unneeded tubes was found to be the great racket in this field. It even happened that a repairman took out a perfectly good tube and added it to his stock, charging for another that he put in instead. The chivalry of the dishonest repairmen appeared in the fact that while Patric was cheated 60 per cent of the time, his woman companion was cheated 68 times out of a hundred.

Watchmakers averaged somewhat better. Only (!) 49 per cent of them proved to be dishonest. As much as $10 was asked for repairs when the only trouble with the watch was a loosened screw.

Among typewriter repairmen, in addition to lying and overcharging, there was found so much incompetence and bungling workmanship that the two perfect machines with which the investigators started were soon virtually wrecked. Two repairmen out of three were incapable or dishonest or both.

The tests on vacuum sweepers and electric irons could not be made as conclusive as the others, but it became evident that the repairmen in these fields averaged considerably better than those previously discussed.

It is a depressing story which this book tells. The authors point out that at this time, when some of the things in question cannot be replaced, a repairman who does poor work, "insofar as he has failed that single piece of American machinery, has failed the demand of today, and he has failed the nation's defense effort." Even more serious is the moral aspect involved. Widespread dishonesty undermines the national character and thereby the national strength, for while "righteousness exalteth a nation, sin is a reproach to any people," and covetousness is one of the things for which "the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience."

## Memory in Ink

*WEST WITH THE NIGHT.* By Beryl Markham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1942. 294 pages. $3.00.

WEST WITH THE NIGHT is a fascinating book. It glows with warmth and color; it pulsates with rhythm and vitality. In it the wisdom of ancient folk lore and the modern miracles of a highly scientific age meet in harmonious union. Primarily a personal record of high adventure and dangerous living, in a larger sense it lays bare much of the soul and much of the heartbeat of a vast and venerable land. Beryl Markham writes:

> Africa is of an ancient age. . . . Whatever happens, Africa lies, and will lie, like a great, wisely somnolent giant, unmolested by the noisy drum-rolling of bickering empires. . . . Africa is mystic; it is wild; it is a sweltering inferno; it is a photographer's paradise, a hunter's Valhalla, an escapist's Utopia. It is what you will, and it withstands all interpretations. It is the last vestige of a dead world or the cradle of a shiny new one. To a lot of people, as to myself, it is just "home."

Miss Markham declares that her reason for writing the autobiography is a purely selfish one. She explains,

> I wanted to bring back a good life in a good country so that I could look at them both again.

Born in England, Miss Markham was transplanted to British East Africa at "the indifferent age of four." Far removed from schools and cities, she was educated by her scholarly father, an English gentleman who

> came out of Sandhurst with such a ponderous knowledge of Greek and Latin that it would have submerged a lesser man.

The days of Beryl's childhood were spent with the native Nandi Murani. She hunted with them in the Rongai Valley and in the cedar forests of the Mau Escarpment. She learned their language, their methods of hunting, their customs, and their folk and animal lore. From her father the child had inherited a deep love for horses, and under his tutelage she became a skilled breeder and trainer. When she was still in her teens, a chance meeting with a stranded motorist on an East African road completely changed her way of life. "Destiny with pliers in his hands," in the person of Tom Black, aroused her interest in motor-propelled vehicles. This interest has never waned. Just as Miss Markham had been the first woman to train race horses professionally in Africa, so she became the first woman ever to fly the mail there and the first to scout big game, particularly elephants, by plane. In 1936 this intrepid pioneer made the first successful East-West nonstop solo flight from England to the North American continent.

At the present time the author of *West With the Night* is in Hollywood. She is technical director for flight sequences.

Miss Markham has imbued her recollections of the past with charm, humor, and superb drama. Many characters move through the chapters of her engrossing autobiography—some of them humble and obscure, others of international fame. Each personality is limned with clear, vigorous strokes, implemented by subtly manipulated high lights and shadows. The author's beautiful prose eloquently testifies to the advantage of being taught by one who was steeped in the classics.

## New World Symphony

*REBIRTH IN LIBERTY.* By Eva Lips. Flamingo Publishing Company, Inc., New York. 1942. 304 pages. $3.00.

ON JUNE 23, 1934, Eva Lips presented her Non-Quota Immigrant Visa to the customs officer at a New York pier. Joyfully she confided to the courteous official that she was "here to stay. Forever!" Eagerly and excitedly she joined her distinguished husband, Dr. Julius Lips, who was "already an old American—with a full fifty-four days in this country," on her first tour of the city. By bus, subway, and cab husband and wife explored the great metropolis of the New World. They abandoned themselves to the exciting rhythm of the city; they thrilled to the beauty of the

majestic towers of the skyscrapers—towers which, to them, seemed to throw back an exultant "Yes!" to the challenge of life; towers which symbolized measureless wealth and strength and optimism. Mrs. Lips's last weeks in the Old World had been spent in Paris, and gradually there had grown in her the realization that just as Paris

was the apotheosis of a magnificent but dust-covered and unreal world of the past

New York City

was the triumphant expression of the future hopes of humanity.

Mrs. Lips began her new life with zest and spirit. She asked, "What is America?" and set herself the task of formulating a comprehensive reply to her query. She charted her course according to the

anthropological rules of behavior for new surroundings

which Dr. Lips had long ago evolved for her—rules which had guided her steps in many far corners of the world:

Be unbiased; don't drag old memories into a new reincarnation. Be fair. Open your heart first, and then your mind. . . . Never compare people with people and habits with habits; never make evaluations concerning human beings or the culture they have built for themselves.

*Rebirth in Liberty* is a vivid and engrossing record of the author's adventures and experiences during the years in which she and her husband prepared themselves for full American citizenship. It is also a shrewd and searching analysis of what we are wont to term "the American way of life." Centuries of Old World culture, a keen and ready wit, and sensitive and substantial learning are reflected in the observations and commentaries of these voluntary exiles from a land which is ruled by the "diabolical little man from Austria" who made use of a convenient moment of world lethargy

to establish crime as a form of government and gangsterism, based on threats and lies, as a constitution.

In January, 1933, Dr. and Mrs. Lips were snugly and, they believed, securely settled in their charming yellow sandstone house in Klettenberg, a quiet suburb of Cologne. Thirty-eight-year-old Dr. Lips, veteran of the first World War, internationally famous anthropologist, explorer, lecturer, and author, and presbyter in the Evangelical Church, held a life appointment as the director of the Cologne Museum of Ethnology. During the month of January two events, which were to have far-reaching repercussions in the lives of Julius and Eva Lips and in the entire world, passed almost unnoticed in the Lips household. Because they were not interested in politics, the Lipses declined Baron von Schröder's invitation to a dinner

in honor of His Excellency, Chancellor Franz von Papen, and Herr Adolf Hitler, of Berlin.

One week later, on January 30, Adolf Hitler, of Berlin, became the Chancellor of the newly born Third Reich. In an incredibly short time the orderly routine of the Institute

was disrupted by the demands of the "new order."

Dr. Lips is not a Jew. Mrs. Lips, too, is entirely "Aryan." Both are members of old and distinguished German families. Joseph Göbbels moved quickly to capitalize on the power and the prestige enjoyed by the eminent head of the Museum of Ethnology. Mrs. Lips has told the story of these events in her widely acclaimed first American book, *Savage Symphony* (Random House. 1938). Dr. Lips could not, and would not, permit the Museum to become

> an institute of propaganda for race theories spawned in the addled brains of eccentrics.

Because the standards and the values imposed on Germany by Adolf Hitler at the time of the inauguration of his "thousand-year reign" were utterly abhorrent to him as a Christian, as a man, and as a scientist, Dr. Lips knew that he could not remain in his beloved fatherland. His reactions to the reign of terror and treachery imposed by the *Gestapo* are best expressed in the words spoken to him several years later by the late Justice Benjamin Cardozo:

> You are the one who said No, not because he was forced to, but because his soul could not bear the crimes he had to witness.

Dr. Lips and his devoted "smaller partner" turned their eyes to a new star and to

> the free soil of a land which would shelter them and give them rest—a land which would be holy to them.

They are Americans now; they prize their new status and are eager to share the burdens and the duties of democracy. They know that

> no responsibility is greater than that of being free.

They have seen at first hand the ills and the festering sores of the Old World; they have seen darkness settle over Europe; they have seen nations destroyed by the dry rot of complacency and indifference; they have seen the spirit of defeatism prepare the way for the aggressor; they have seen the world divided into

> two groups of humanity: constructive lovers of liberty—and destructive demons whose lust for power would smash under their feet all gods, all laws, and all liberties of mankind.

They have seen and understood the relentless march of the Axis hordes. Standing at the feet of the Great Emancipator in the Lincoln Memorial, in Washington. Eva Lips humbly but fervently spoke the prayer which is in every true American's heart and consciousness, "Don't let it happen here! Don't let it happen here!"

## World Problem

*JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD: The Problem of Anti-Semitism.* By Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt in co-operation with Miriam Beard, Jessie Bernard, Leonard Bloom, J. F. Brown, Joseph W. Cohen, Carleton Stevens Coon, Ellis Freeman, Carl J. Friedrich, J. O. Hertzler, Melville Jacobs, Raymond Kennedy, Samuel Koenig, Jacob Lestchinsky, Carl Mayer, Talcott Parsons, Everett V. Stone-

quist. The Macmillan Company, New York. 436 pages. $4.00.

THIS book is a symposium "in which experts from a number of fields — sociology, anthropology, psychology, political science, economics, history, and philosophy—examine the problems of anti-Semitism. . . . Over half of these contributors are non-Jews" (p. v.). Putting the best construction on the "by" which follows the subtitle, we are led to say that Messrs. Graeber and Britt, besides contributing the one-page "Preview to Understanding," conceived the idea of the volume, planned its content, selected the essayists, edited the contributions, and saw the book through the press. We are saying this because to us it seems unfortunate, if not deceptive, that individuals claim chief credit for a book to which they themselves have, as far as we were able to discover, contributed no more than one page out of a total of xi plus 436 pages.

We can best give an overview of the rich content of this volume by reproducing the chapter headings. They are: Have the Jews a racial identity? Jewish blood and culture. The sociology of anti-Semitism through history. The sociology of modern anti-Semitism. The origin of the anti-Semitic attitude. The motivation of Jew-Gentile relationships. The Jews of Buna. The socio-economic structure of an American Jewish community. An analysis of Jewish culture. Buculturality: a study in social schizophrenia. The marginal character of the Jews. Religious political aspects of anti-Judaism. The Jewish role in Western culture. Anti-Semitism—product of economic myths. The position of the Jews in the economic life of America. The position and future of the Jews in America.

Among the chief merits of the book we note:

1. The chapters on "race." Though the authors of these chapters presuppose some acquaintance with the findings and theories of modern anthropologists and ethnographers, their presentation never becomes so technical and involved that the less informed reader cannot follow the argument. Whether the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Coon and Mr. Jacobs will find general favor—the authors themselves are not in full agreement in their interpretations—is a negligible factor in the light of their profound analysis of the difficult problem of Jewish "race." We submit the results of their findings:

> The Jews are not a race in that one could place them in a list like the following: Nordic, Alpine, Dinaric, Jewish, or Mediterranean. . . . They are a group of people as united biologically as is the average intermarrying social or geographical unit found among white peoples; they have racial peculiarities which serve to differentiate the majority of them anthropometrically from their non-Jewish compatriots and neighbors (p. 35).

As to the race identity of the Jews who lived 1200 B. C., Melville Jacobs declares:

> There is no present justification for terming the Palestinians who spoke Hebrew in 1200 B. C. a "race." They were indubitably a blend, in process of constant and further blending, intermarry-

ing with those occasional travelers and bands which were entering their land from neighboring areas (p. 40) . . . . To speak of a "Jewish race" as of the year 1200 B. C. is scientifically untenable (p. 40).

2. The carefully compiled tables which throw a flood of light on significant aspects of Jewish history and culture.

3. The valuable bibliographies appended to some chapters, as well as elaborate footnotes, some of which contain data otherwise difficult to obtain.

4. The sociological studies, which attempt to describe the life of Jews in a given community *(The Jews of Buna,* an excellent study!).

5. The tone of the discussions which, in the main, is calm, objective, and dispassionate.

But we must also call attention to some weaknesses that mar the book. We have in these columns in unmistakable language opposed anti-Semitism. We shall continue to do so. At the same time however we shall also oppose perversions of historical truth. We must therefore protest against some statements by Mr. Hertzler. He regards the historical fact that the Jews were responsible for the death of Christ "as historical fiction which Christianity has fashioned, perpetuated, and made a matter of careful indoctrination" (p. 69). On the same page he accuses Christianity that it "has persistently kept alive this hostile myth of the cruel, greedy, treacherous, Christ-killing, Christ-rejecting Jew." We regret sincerely that Mr. Hertzler made these and similar statements. The undeniable historical fact, attested by many passages in the New Testament, is that the Jews were, if not entirely, at least primarily, responsible for the crucifixion of Christ. Whether or no Christian teachers when teaching the story of the crucifixion are consciously or unconsciously prejudicing children against the Jews is quite another matter, which has nothing to do with the unalterable fact that the Jews were primarily responsible for the death of Christ.

Again, when the same author declares, "Martin Luther at first thought that the Jews would enter his church. When he became convinced of their obstinacy, *he exceeded the medieval monks in his intolerance* (italics ours) and urged his followers to give the Jews the choice of conversion or expulsion" (p. 68), he becomes guilty, to say the least, of gross exaggeration.

Finally, when the author, Mr. Hertzler, approves of the quotation from P. S. Bernstein, "Unchristian Christianity and the Jew": "It is fairly safe to say that throughout the world considerably more than 75 per cent and in the United States 50 per cent of living Christians are products of religious training and atmosphere which were darkly anti-Semitic in character" (p. 69), he is approving of a generalization which cannot be proved.

There are other statements generalizations, and rationalizations in this book to which we cannot subscribe and which even Jews have rejected.

The solution to the problem of the Jew lies, according to Mr. Friedrich, not in "the assimilation of the

Jews, which is essentially a gradual form of elimination," and not in "the isolation of the Jews, which is essentially an acceptance of the nationalist position that culturally diverse groups cannot live together peacefully" (p. 13), but in "an attenuated group antagonism, bridged by the higher values of an ethical culture based on the moral principles and standards of Jew and Gentile alike" (p. 15). To which we say: Yes; but this goal will be realized only in the measure and to the extent that more Jews and Gentiles come to a living faith in Jesus Christ, the Savior from sin, and, impelled by divine power, live lives in harmony with His precepts and example.

## Plan for Tomorrow

*THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE.* By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1942. 295 pages. $2.00.

"THERE are indeed many plans now under discussion to preserve the peace. Some are Utopian. But there is no reason to scoff at Utopian ideas, for they stimulate thought, imagination, and discussion. Without dreamers, mankind might never have emerged from savagery. But again, there is great need to apply the tests of experience and to weigh such plans in the scales of the dynamic forces which will continue to work for peace or war."

This paragraph from the introduction to the book (p. 3) indicates the bases on which the authors rest their case. They acknowledge that there is in their discussion a Utopian strain. But they also insist on a realistic approach to the problems involved. No one will deny that both authors ought be qualified for such an approach. Herbert Hoover because of his experiences as relief administrator after World War I, as close observer of events at Versailles, and as President of the United States; Hugh Gibson because of his experiences as American Minister to Poland and to Switzerland, and as Ambassador to Belgium and to Brazil. In the opinion of this reviewer, the realistic outlook of these distinguished Americans definitely prevails over whatever Utopian tendencies they possess.

In their attempt to arrive at first principles in the break-down of a problem so huge and so complex as world peace, the authors are agreed that there are ultimately seven factors which make for war or peace. These factors, so they believe, must be recognized, analyzed, studied in their relationships, freely discussed, and form the bases for any peace program. They are: 1) ideologies; 2) economic pressures; 3) nationalism; 4) militarism; 5) imperialism; 6) the complexes of fear, hate, and revenge; and 7) the will to peace. In the light of these seven considerations and their bearings on the history of peoples, the authors discuss the movement of these forces from the Renaissance until the first World War in 1914, and from the beginning of the first World War to the beginning of the second World War in 1939. The book closes with conclusions as to the

essential foundations of peace and the various plans and proposals to maintain peace when the foundations are so laid.

It is impossible in a brief review to enter on a critical analysis of any one section of the book, the chief reason being that the authors are too far removed from a type of dogmatism which insists that their presentation and their proposals are inviolable and infallible. Theirs is rather an attempt to bring together in a readable volume a mass of important data, to relate these, and to point out departures for thought and action rather than to lay down a set of superficial and highly controversial principles—as pacifists who have not even learned to apply to themselves the Socratic dictum "Know thyself!" have so often done in the past. Because of such a presentation, the authors have rendered a truly distinctive service. We sincerely trust that the book will be widely read and discussed in American homes, in classrooms, and in lecture forums, and thus help prepare American thought for sane views when the intricate problems of peace will have to be grappled with.

The book has other values. It contains choice selections of President Wilson's and President Roosevelt's ideologies regarding peace, and famous peace proposals submitted in their day by Gerohus of Regensburg (fl. 1190), Pierre Dubois (fl. in 14th century), Dante, Henry of Navarre, Emeric Crucé (fl. in 17th century), William Penn, Saint-Pierre (fl. in 18th century), Rousseau, Jeremy Bentham, and Immanuel Kant.

The appendix lists major and minor successes and failures of the League of Nations as well as peacemaking actions outside the League and military alliances or non-aggression pacts or mutual guarantees of frontiers made outside the League.

Peace-loving individuals throughout the English speaking world will be grateful to Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson for their noble contribution to the problems of international peace.

## Ideological War

*PROPAGANDA BY SHORT WAVE.* Edited by Harwood L. Childs and John B. Whitton. Princeton University Press, Princeton; Oxford University Press, London. 1942. 355 pages. $3.75.

"THE story of radio in international affairs is part of the story of power politics. It is one of the most fascinating in modern history, an innovation of tremendous importance." These statements, which constitute the introductory paragraphs of the first essay in this book, may sound bold and sweeping, but they are supported by a weight of evidence which burdens the subsequent pages of this absorbing volume.

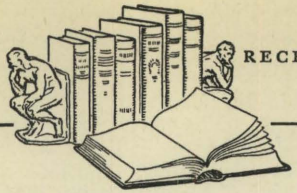
The book is largely the product of a most interesting experiment made at Princeton, New Jersey, between November, 1939, and June, 1941. During that time a group of experts at the Princeton Listening Center received and recorded "a representative sample of newscasts and topical talks disseminated from Berlin, London, Rome, Paris, and, to some extent,

Moscow. At the time reception was discontinued . . . the Center had on file more than 100 volumes of short-wave typescripts of 250 or more pages each" (p. viii). But the book contains, in addition to research studies based on the materials compiled by the Center, a comprehensive chapter on the history and use of radio in international politics since the First World War to the present day and written by Prof. John B. Whitton in collaboration with Dr. John H. Herz; and a study of America's short-wave audience conducted and compiled by Prof. Harwood L. Childs. Studies based on the materials gathered by the Listening Center appear under the titles: The theory and strategy of Nazi short-wave propaganda; Britain speaks; The structure of Rome short-wave broadcasts to North America; Paris-Mondial; Atrocity propaganda; Techniques of persuasion. Each study betrays the hand of an expert in the field assigned to him.

Those who have studied the modern "science" of propaganda, including propaganda by radio, will perhaps find in this book not much more than a verification or a refutation of some of their theories. Those however who like this reviewer are babes in the science of propaganda, especially in the science of foreign propaganda, and who very seldom, if ever, listened to foreign broadcasts, will find this volume intensely instructive as well as entertaining. They will be amazed to find what a world of thought, design, and purpose frequently lies behind foreign radio propaganda, and what deceptions and deliberate lies are sometimes broadcast in order to help a given country and to harm the enemy. They will find also that especially Nazi broadcasters are masters in the art of exploiting the radio for sinister, if not satanic, purposes.

Since this reviewer is not a student of propaganda, he cannot say to what extent the analyses as well as the techniques of measurement and evaluation employed by the writers of the book are accurate and reliable. To him it seemed at times that however objective an analyst of propaganda may try to be, the danger of insinuating motives and purposes which were far remote from the speaker's mind, is grave indeed. We should certainly not like to see students of propaganda fall into the tragic error of which teachers of literature even in this scientific age easily become guilty, that of making Plato, Virgil, or Shakespeare, or whom you have, say things which would compel these authors, if they were living today, to file suits of libel in the amount of millions of dollars.

We commend this volume to radio listeners and to students interested in the early phases of the present war. Those who are interested in the art of public speaking will profit immeasurably from a careful reading of the excellent chapter titled "Techniques of Persuasion."

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

# A SURVEY OF BOOKS

## THE SETTING SUN OF JAPAN

By Carl Landau and Leane Zugsmith. Random House, New York. 342 pages. $3.00.

THIS is in some respects a unique book. The authors, Mr. and Mrs. Landau, relate what they saw and heard on their tour of the Far East in the seven and a half months before the attack on Pearl Harbor. As correspondents for *PM*, they sailed from Seattle April 7, 1941, aboard a Japanese ship. They visited Japan, Shanghai and Nanking, Manila and Saignon, Singapore and Malaya, Java, Sydney and Brisbane, Auckland, Fiji and Honolulu. They ended their journey at Wilmington, California, landing "from the next to the last passenger liner to dock before the bombing of Pearl Harbor."

In the book they present the story of their experiences. Their chief interest seems to have been to gather data regarding Japan's attitude toward, and her preparations for, war with the United States. But the book is replete also with insights into the life and customs of the many peoples among whom they lived.

This reviewer did not find the book exciting. Many of the interviews with officials and leaders seem trite and meaningless, genuine humor is very rare, and one's disappointment grows as one turns over page after page in vain search for a true human interest incident. Perhaps we are spoiled since reading the thrilling accounts of staff reporters like Cecil Brown of CBS and others. Nor was it good stratagem on the part of the authors or editors to revise the manuscript after the attack on Pearl Harbor and to weave into it events which took place after that time.

We do hope, however, that the last paragraph in the book is true and prophetic of what is in store for Japan now that the Allies have definitely taken the offensive:

> Japan can never pause to consolidate and exploit her war-won gains. Harassed at the rear, inadequately supplied at home, frontally assaulted, Japan will be incapable of countering the forces mobilized against her. And once this tide turns, her sun will set as abruptly as it rose.

## A PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY FOR WAR TIME

By James L. Mursell. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. 1942. 205 pages. $2.00.

MR. MURSELL writes to refute the radio commentator who said that "this war is sheer undiluted disaster with no good in it at all, and that anyone who claims the contrary is either a fool or a hypocrite." Congratulations, Mr. Mursell. It was a disappointment to read then that the good of the war lies in the opportunity to strengthen one's personality, for "human personality itself is the supreme and central value, and the key to all right choices and all lasting satisfaction." The personal philosophy expounded in this treatise, though very readable, is not one which appeals to the Christian; for in spite of much caution against exploiting others the central theme of the book is similar to those of all "popular psychology" books: get what you can for yourself. Why Mursell took 205 pages to develop his theme is a mystery. Five hundred words would have covered the subject effectively and eliminated the verbosity of which he is guilty.

JANET STEBEN.

## THE GOLDEN FLOOD

An Informal History of America's First Oil Field. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1942. 324 pages. Price: $3.50.

JUST how important a factor petroleum is in our present way of living we can dimly appreciate if we imagine our civilization trying to carry on without it and the many products refined from it by modern science. Even now Hitler's invasion of the Caucasus at the cost of a fearful toll of human lives has as its objective the rich oil wells in that region and in Iran and Iraq. And yet, as Mr. Asbury observes, "Not until the middle of the nineteenth century, less than a hundred years ago, did man learn how to obtain oil in large quantities or how to utilize it successfully as a fuel and illuminant" (p. 3). It is only after reading Mr. Asbury's thrilling account that one begins to appreciate with a large degree of gratitude the many uses which petroleum has come to serve. Mr. Asbury set himself the task of telling part of the story that lies behind this mighty power known as oil.

The author limits himself to a presentation of the discovery, exploitation, and marketing of oil in western Pennsylvania in the first decades of the second half of the nineteenth century. A fitting close of the narrative is the story of the rise of Standard Oil.

Though the book is profusely documented and follows largely the chronological method of presentation, the author skillfully interweaves into his account many details of human interest. In fact, he devotes long paragraphs and whole chapters to biographical sketches of individuals who played a famous or infamous part in the great drama of Pennsylvania oil. We shall never forget the story of Ben Hogan, "murderer, thief, gambler, pimp, pander, hoodlum, burglar, pirate, brothel-keeper, bounty

jumper, acrobat, counterfeiter, professional strong man, prize fighter, Civil War spy, blockade runner, and candidate for Congress" who, in the closing years of his life, tried to atone for the wickedness of his earlier years by opening a Christian mission and lodging house among the slums of West Madison Street in Chicago, an undertaking in which he was assisted by the Reverend Dwight L. Moody. Of great interest also, from a sociological point of view, are the chapters in which Mr. Asbury presents vivid descriptions of the lawlessness, the vice, and crime rampant in the oil-booming centers, due largely to the influx of the scum of the underworld from large eastern cities.

Also in this book Mr. Asbury reveals himself a master of style and an experienced chronicler who understands the art of joining cold and sober facts with colorful but always restrained imagination. *The Golden Flood* is also a goldmine of information on the history of so indispensable a resource as petroleum.

## URBAN SQUARE

Daylong
the old men sit whittling or dozing
where a fountain plays
city water on four stone frogs.

No color brightens
their westward skies, no spark
of any passion warms
an ebb tide in their veins;

yet, always,
when the sun shines,
the old men glimpse on the shoulder
of each stone frog in the pool—
a rainbow.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

A U G U S T

# MAGAZINES

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

## Harper's

### THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA

By *William Henry Chamberlin*

Convinced that there is much emotionalism with "pro" and "anti" fixations in our attitude toward Russia, Mr. William Henry Chamberlin, who spent twelve years in Russia as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* offers an interpretation which he feels will lead to a better understanding. The author does not believe that there have been important basic changes in the policy of Stalin, although he recognizes the concessions which have been made in the treaty with Great Britain recently signed and also in the relaxation of measures against religion. Whether these changes are more than opportunism, only the future can reveal. A strong nationalism has replaced the old dreams of a world revolution and is a factor which cannot be ignored in the plans for world reconstruction. In general, the author presents a well-reasoned analysis of Russia today with some glimpses of what he thinks its role will be in the world of tomorrow.

### THE WRITER IN WARTIME

By *Frank Swinnerton*

As an English author intimately associated with the publishing business, Mr. Swinnerton is in an exceptional position to estimate the effects of war upon the literary business of England. His interest is not so much in the actual damage done by bombing which, it is estimated, destroyed twenty million books and all the records of several publishers. He is concerned rather with what the war is doing to the authors and to the reading public. Although he believes that this war makes liter-

ary creativity impossible, he looks forward to the day of just and worldwide peace which he is convinced will bring another great period in English literature. Anyone interested in contemporary English literature will find this study valuable.

### MEDICAL ACTION AT PEARL HARBOR

By *W. H. Michael*

The author is a captain (Medical Corps) of the U. S. Navy. From his experiences at Pearl Harbor on December 7 he has written the story of the glorious part which the Medical Corps played in giving immediate and thorough care to the wounded. This was possible only because of the careful and adequate preparation which the Medical Corps had made for such an emergency. It is incidentally also a tribute to the heroism of our men under fire.

## Fortune

### WAR, PEACE, AND THE PATENT SYSTEM

Whatever may be said for the patent system, it doesn't work well. Patent pooling, cross-licensing, and similar practices have interfered with American technological efficiency and "contributed to our inefficiency for peace, unpreparedness for war, and may still sap the coming victory." Reforms are badly needed. Among suggested changes are these: Some form of compulsory patent licensing that will contain special safeguards for the small rising enterprise; a limit of seventeen years' protection for basic patent-holders; abolition of the improvement patent device that enables great corporate combinations to maintain patent monopolies in perpetuity; a provision that unused patents be thrown open after a reasonable period; a prohibition against the holding by one corporate group of two totally different basic but competing inventions in the same field.

### THE UNITED STATES IN A NEW WORLD

#### II: Pacific Relations

In a study of postwar problems, made by a special committee, under the auspices of *Fortune,* the following recommendations are offered concerning postwar Pacific relations: 1. That the Western powers surrender all their exclusive rights or preferential positions in Asia after the war. 2. That a Pacific Council be organized to act as the final judicial authority on Pacific affairs—a council on which all members of the United Nations whose interests directly touch the Pacific would be represented. 3.

That a new nation be created in southeastern Asia, including Thailand, Malaya, all British and Dutch islands in Indonesia and Timor. 4. That China be made strong enough to maintain an "imbalance of power" in Asia too great to be altered by the ups and downs of temporary circumstance. 5. That the Philippines be given their independence. 6. That international commissions be established to govern Burma and Indo-China till they can become self-governing. 7. That a new over-all defense system be constructed on the island groups that dot the route of trans-Pacific commerce. 8. That Japan be occupied by United Nations troops and her military power be kept near the zero point until the Japanese people are willing and able to co-operate peacefully in the maintenance of a stable order in the Far East.

# Verse

## Danny Malone

Danny Malone was a soldier boy.
The reason? He didn't know why.
They told him to shoot the other galoot,
Or else poor Danny would die.

So out of the mud and over the top
He went while the stars grew dim.
An' gave 'em the lead o'er wounded and dead;
For killing was business with him.

Perhaps it was well he never could know
Why the other boy wanted to live.
Out there in the muck of no man's land
Let 'em die. They'd nothing to give.

Out of this hell some boys came back
To answer, when named in the call.
But some of them stayed in no man's land,
Out there where soldiers fall.

No one could answer for Danny Malone,
The lad that didn't know why.
He didn't come back from the muck and stain
But stayed there under the sky.

Sometimes, at night, in no man's land,
There's a soldier no one can shoot.
They swear it's the ghost of Danny Malone
Watching o'er a wounded galoot.

He's always there, both sides will swear,
Where the dead and wounded lie;
And seems to know why soldiers kill.
Now Danny Malone knows why.

—Daniel Moore Kershner.

## ABUNDANT VISION

She has never looked with such eyes as ours
At the golden broom,
At a dew-wet hedge where the briar flowers;
Never has glimpsed one green wave breaking
On a rugged shore
To the watery dirges of a mad gale's making;
Or viewed an unblemished mountain top
Where winds are playing;
Or thrilled to a rainbow's curtain drop.

She has never seen this babe of hers
Whom she cuddles close;
Yet her vision is clear and her gay heart stirs
As she holds the form of the little child,
Touching his lips,
Caressing his cheek (Ah, baby smiled!)

Now the lamp of her inner eye is lit
By the torch of love;
And her features glow in the light of it.
Say not, "She lives in darkest night."
Say not, "She's blind."—
Hers is abundant sight.

—Roland Ryder-Smith.

## RIVER OF STARS

Above a night-dark alley where squalor grew
Between the tenements,
A river flowed, space-deep and vapor-blue;
A waterway illumined by the gleam
Of twinkling little masthead lights
Of ships that rode at anchor in the stream.

—Roland Ryder-Smith.

## TIME BEYOND SORROW

Day beyond sorrow waits
The patient heart.
Era of storm relates
To time apart

From thunders that release
A crimson flood,
When the white flower of peace
Will burst the bud.

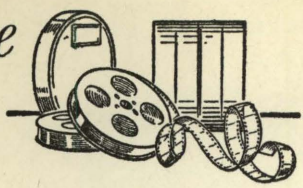
Past hatred's moonless night
Birds of tomorrow
Sing, and love-rays light
Dawn beyond sorrow.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

## EQUINOX

Now the geese have gone; and, last of all
To leave, the martins, gathering, wheel
On the chilling breath of the sundown breeze.
Slow morning wakes at the shrill jay's call,
And the heron hunts in the silent noon
On the stubble land for a rodent meal.
As clover nods goodbye to the bees,
As brown hills hoist a reddening moon—
The earth is safe in the arms of fall.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

# *The*  *Motion Picture*

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

In 1928 the world's most distinguished rodent made his film debut in a short silent picture entitled *Plane Crazy*. Inspired by a cocky little mouse who, years before, had made his home in Walt Disney's garage workshop, Mister Mickey Mouse, of the cinema, unique and inimitable, took all hearts by storm. In the years which have passed since then Mickey has had many thrilling adventures. He has learned to talk in many languages, and he has traveled to almost every inhabited nook and cranny of the globe. Everywhere he has been made welcome. He has been accepted as envoy extraordinary from the land which gave him birth. Now his name and his fame have been recorded for posterity in *The Art of Walt Disney* (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1942. xvii and 290 pages. Illustrated. $3.50). The author, Robert D. Feild, formerly taught at Harvard University and is now Director of Art in Newcomb College, of Tulane University. Mr. Feild spent a year in Hollywood gathering material for his book. He worked in close co-operation with Walt and Roy Disney, and the resources of the Disney Studios were placed at his disposal. The result is a detailed and comprehensive study of the fascinating art form in which Mr. Disney excels.

Although Mr. Feild has devoted much of his book to a discussion of the elaborate and complex technical processes involved in the production of the animated cartoon and the animated sound picture, he is primarily interested in an intellectual appraisal of an art form which, seemingly new, is nevertheless a development of many ancient art forms. He says:

> If we are to understand the art of Walt Disney, we must abandon once and for all the contention that the fine arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture were the last word in man's efforts to express him-

self with dignity: that they alone are *art*. We must awake to the possibility of entirely new types of creative activity more consistent with our immediate needs, expressions of a deeper cultural significance to us than their older prototypes. We must be free to enjoy ourselves, unconcerned by whether we are looking at Art or are participating in some form of entertainment that has somehow escaped from generally accepted art categories and is under suspicion. If we are to adventure with Mickey into the unknown, we ourselves must become imbued with his enthusiasm to find out what it is all about.

Walt Disney believes that the average person is not only willing to "adventure with Mickey," but that he does so with enthusiasm and with a sure instinct for, and with acceptance of, that which is good and beautiful. He declares:

> I believe that you will find this spontaneous reaching out for the fine and beautiful in all mankind; it is man's indestructible and godlike quality, and the guarantee of his future. All men want to be better than they are. And once a man's tasted freedom, he will never be content to be a slave.

*The Art of Walt Disney* is enthusiastically recommended to everyone who has taken pleasure in the large host of Disney character creations.

Again and again we profess and proclaim to the world that we are fighting to preserve "the American way of life." What is "the American way of life"? What are its aims and ideals? Have they anything in common with the way of life depicted in *Roxie Hart* (20th Century-Fox, directed by Wm. Weiler)? The flippant dedication "to all the beautiful women in the world who have shot their men full of holes out of pique" sets the tone and the pace for the picture. Adapted from Maurine Watkins' hit play, *Chicago* (1926), the film is a cheap, vulgar farce built around the premise that murder is really very funny and that laws were enacted only to be broken or evaded. No one will deny the deplorable disregard of moral values in the twenties; but if we must drag skeletons out of the closets of the past, let's admit that they are ugly, and let's not present them in a manner which suggests "Ah, those were the good old days!"

Skeleton number two, *Broadway* (Universal), is a poor, worn-out frame which has been especially adapted to provide a personal vehicle for George Raft. Mr. Raft himself plays the role of Mr. Raft, and most of the time he seems to be very sad and very, very tired. This feeling, by the way, is shared by the audience.

Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*, released through United

Artists, is also a revival from the pages of yesteryear; but though its bones may have mouldered, it has a spirit which is neither withered nor decayed. Revamped and refurbished, the picture is as fresh and as vivid as it was when we chuckled over it in 1925. Mr. Chaplin's superb pantomime is still in a class by itself.

*The Vanishing Virginian* (M-G-M, Frank Borzage) takes us back only a little in point of time; yet the gentle, leisurely way of life in the early years of the present century might well belong to another world and another age. *The Vanishing Virginian* is neither "stupendous" nor "colossal"; it is the simple, unpretentious story of average flesh-and-blood people. A good family picture.

*Syncopation* (RKO-Radio, Wm. Dieterle) purports to be the story of the beginning and the growth of popular music in the United States. A large cast of actors—some very good, others not good at all—a superabundance of musical talent, which includes the famous Hall Johnson choir, and a rambling, disjointed plot go into the hopper. Out comes a film altogether too pretentious and too loud. Besides, the concoction is utterly unconvincing.

The title *Juke Girl* (Warner Bros., Curtis Bernhardt) is misleading. Juke boxes and juke girls are incidental in this picture. Most of the footage is devoted to the never ending feud between the solidly established cannery and packinghouse czars of the South and the poverty-ridden itinerant workers whom necessity compels to accept employment on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Moderately good.

John Steinbeck's *paisanos* are a shiftless, squalid, brawling lot —a lot generally indifferent to precepts and principles. M-G-M's film adaptation of *Tortilla Flat* lifts the curious, crossbred community to a slightly higher level. Some of the flavor and much of the squalor are absent. The combined talents of Director Victor Fleming and a notable cast headed by Spencer Tracy invest the screen play with warmth and charm. The most distinguished performance, however, is that of Frank Morgan in the role of the Old Pirate.

*In This Our Life* (Warner Bros., John Huston) will, I believe, prove to be disappointing to anyone who has read Ellen Glasgow's prize-winning novel of the same title. There are too many changes. Fine acting by a splendid cast merely serves to emphasize the weakness of the plot.

*Rings on Her Fingers* (20th Century-Fox, Rouben Mamoulian) is another pointless, senseless, and wholly artificial so-called

comedy. A few additions to your war stamp book will give you much more for your money.

Eric Knight's novel of life in wartorn England makes an eloquent plea for the young men and the young women for whom the ordinary channels of life have been disrupted, or wholly destroyed, by the catastrophe which has overtaken the world. Our hearts go out to all boys and girls everywhere who no longer plan with any degree of confidence or certainty for a tomorrow. We know, however, that disregard for the laws of God and man brings its own punishment as inevitably in time of war as it does in time of peace. Excesses indulged in, or excused, on the plea that there may not be a tomorrow, that one must grasp the present moment, are sheer and wilful self-deception. No one can escape a final, awful reckoning. Too often we meet with the "anything-goes-in-time-of-war" philosophy—a vicious and destructive creed. In the novel, *This Above All*, the scales are eventually balanced fairly well; but the picture (20th Century-Fox, Anatole Litvak), which is at best a mere fragment of the book, lacks depth, power, and conviction.

*Joan of Paris* (RKO-Radio, Robert Stevenson) brings to the American screen two refugees from the Hitler-dominated lands of Europe. For Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid the events which transpire on the screen are fraught with something more than suspense and melodrama; for them the picture presents only a brief glimpse into the incredibly tragic lot of the peoples who have felt the cruel weight of Nazi might.

*Eagle Squadron* (Universal) is a fine picture. A prologue, spoken by Quentin Reynolds, pays tribute to the young American volunteers who comprised the R. A. F. Eagle Squadron. Of the fourteen presented by Mr. Reynolds, three are dead and one is in a prison camp. The most distinguished member of this group is Gus Daymond, holder of the British Distinguished Flying Cross and a veteran at twenty. Not so long ago we thought of youths of twenty as mere boys. Would that we could still do so!

In *Eagle Squadron,* released with the permission of the British Air Ministry, the combat sequences over the Channel, over France, and over England are factual. So are the shots of English airdromes and of the training centers for aviation cadets. There is a story: the old, done-to-death theme of the fresh young American who is ready to show 'em. Now that this plot has already died a thousand deaths, may it rest in peace.

# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

WE owe our readers a profound apology. It is undoubtedly well known to many of our subscribers that during the summer months the editors, many of whom are academicians, scatter to the four winds of heaven and the corners of the compass. As a result, the manuscript for this issue of THE CRESSET was lost in transit between Pennsylvania and Indiana. After a frantic search by the Post Office Department of the United States Government and various other friends of THE CRESSET, it was eventually discovered in the editor's basement among some old newspapers. Such things will happen about every five years. We present our regrets for the delay in publication.

Our major article this month is a fresh and wholesome approach to the matter of developing new interests in life and directing the currents of thought into virgin channels. Although the article was written for the very young, we are certain that all our readers will profit by it. The author is W. F. Beck, pastor of Zion Church, Clayton, Illinois. Pastor Beck has done considerable work in psychology.

Not even THE CRESSET can remain untouched by current events. We are proud to announce that we can now place a service star on our editorial page, since our contributing editor, Pastor Alfred E. Klausler, has recently joined the armed forces of our country as a chaplain. He will continue to contribute to our editorial columns. We also hope that it will be possible for him to present some personal observations on army life in future issues of THE CRESSET.

Our guest reviewer this month is Janet Steben, a graduate of Valparaiso University (*A Personal Philosophy for War Time*).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