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The Cresset (Vol. 6, No. 5)

Walther League

MARCH 1943

THE CRESSET

Spring 1943

The Fifth Freedom

The Quest for Certainty

What About India?
by Geo. J. Kuechle

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6 No. 5

Twenty-five Cents

THE CRESSET

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IN THE MARCH CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Editorial and subscription office: 875 N. Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, $2.00 per year; Canada, $2.00 in United States funds or $2.35 in Canadian funds; elsewhere, $2.50 per year.

THE CRESSET

VOLUME 6 MARCH 1943 NUMBER 5

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Spring 1943

THE course of the war has put many a would-be prophet to shame. Do you remember when the champions of defense had their little day in court? They shouted to all and sundry that France was secure behind her mammoth fortifications and that Britain would win by way of the blockade. Men supposedly well versed in the science of warfare wrote books, pamphlets and articles purporting to prove to the hilt that the days of bloody offensives were over. In our time, they declared, it is possible to win wars without the wholesale expenditure of human life.

All such predictions ended in the smoke of battlefields, sinking ships, and bombed cities. Greed and bloodlust laughed the armchair theorizers to scorn and proceeded to devise ways of waging war such as the world had never seen. As a result, the defensive mentality came a cropper. Hitler and the Japanese thumbed their noses at barriers of all kinds and jolted the cobweb-spinners among us out of the fond hope that the mad rush of Naziism and the overweening imperialism of the Land of the Rising Sun could be checked by skillfully managed defense.

True, there were numerous individuals who never fell into the tragic error of believing that determined offensives were outmoded; but for many it was comfortable to put trust in the false doctrine proclaimed by the advocates of Maginot Lines and disseminated by those who said that an ocean on the east and an ocean on the west were insuperable obstacles to aggression.

As we survey the trend of the

war in the spring of 1943, we are convinced more firmly than ever before that it is both futile and harmful to indulge in prophecies. We are confident that Germany's might is on the wane, that Italy is a negligible quantity, that Japan has tried to bite off more than she will be able to chew, and that the conquered nations are on the verge of revolt; yet we dare not attempt to foretell when the United Nations will sing their paean of victory. There are bright rays of hope; but we still see dark and ominous clouds. Hear, for example, what Joseph Göbbels wrote in *Das Reich:*

> If the day should ever come when we must go, if some day we are compelled to leave the scene of history, we will slam the door so hard that the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction.

Is this an idle threat? We know that Naziism is determined and unscrupulous. The Third Reich does not want to disgorge what it has taken into its greedy maw. It has much dry powder left; it has bacteria to scatter; it has poison gas. Hitlerism is clever and resourceful. Cautiously and cunningly Germany is sending out peace-feelers and is trying in many ways to stir up quarrels among the United Nations. Wedded heart and soul to the spirit of offensive action, the Third Reich may strive with might and main to achieve by way of subtly conducted peace offensives what it cannot hope to gain by warfare on land, on sea, and in the air. Japan may pursue a similar course. Is it unreasonable to suppose that Nippon is holding shrewd men like Yosuke Matsuoka in readiness for that very purpose?

Yes, prophecies as to when the United Nations will win the victory are hazardous; but one can declare with rocklike assurance that our cause will never triumph as it deserves to triumph if we adopt a receptive attitude toward Machiavellian peace offensives of the enemy. "Unconditional surrender" must be our watchword as we face the trials and the heartaches that lie ahead of us. Bright rays of hope are piercing the black clouds in the spring of 1943; but who can tell when our foes will lay down their arms? The welfare of church, state, and home demands that we insist on nothing less than utter defeat of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis.

Slice Your Own

To an old-timer who hasn't forgotten the days of his youth when he was an expert at slicing the bread for the family board the present crisis in millions of American kitchens, brought on by the governmental ukase against

bakery-sliced bread, has its humorous angles. Recent newspaper articles, radio talks, even drawings demonstrating the right and wrong way of slicing the loaf, conjure up mental pictures of papa and mamma and the children rolling up their sleeves and sharpening knives preparatory to trying their hand at cutting up said loaf into chunks suitable for practical use; visions of electric toasters (especially the kind that pop out the finished toast) clogged up and smoking because the slices had been cut too thick to allow the mechanism to function; visions of little Johnny with hands and sleeves dripping jelly because the bread had been sliced too thin and the preserves had leaked through, and visions of tearful housewives bandaging cut fingers because the knife slipped as they were cutting the tough heel of a loaf. (How soon will some wag step forward with the line, "My only regret is that I have only ten fingers to slice for my country!")

The *Baltimore Sun,* however, goes us one better and sees not humor but a real program of morale building in the situation:

> The melancholy fact about the pre-sliced bread is that it has lacked substantiality. The slicing has been so thin that even a half-dozen bites were hardly a mouthful. Every proper man has a memory of childhood's bread slices, the bread home-made, the slices an inch thick, and lubricated to sybaritic depth with jam, molasses or butter alone, or in entrancing combination with each other and/or with sugar.
>
> Those were not only the days of real sport; they were the days of real bread. With a slice of that bread in one's fist, one bite was a mouthful that distended the cheeks and made the eyes bulge. The bread of our youth was something a boy, or a man, could lean upon.
>
> We look for a perceptible rise in national morale in the projected return to slice-yourself bread.

Prescription Writing Reform

For years one of the pet peeves of laymen has been the practice of the doctors to probe around on their anatomy and then come forth with a diagnosis in technical Latin and, upon prescribing the medicine for the cure, to phrase their directions to the pharmacist also in Latin, usually in a script so illegible that we have long marveled at the decoding capacities of the average druggist.

Now Dr. Wallace Yater, chairman of the section on experimental medicine and therapeutics of the American Medical Association, steps forth to urge his fellow-doctors to write out their prescriptions in English instead of Latin.

The *Providence* (R.I.) *Journal* comments:

He didn't say a word about their handwriting, but then we suppose we should be content with one sweeping reform at a time. And English on the prescriptions instead of the mystic language with which the doctor regales the druggist would certainly be sweeping.

Naturally it would shock all of us patients at first to be confronted with such open covenants openly arrived at. But Dr. Yater says we'd all be the better for it in the end. "The psychological value of mystifying the patient is not great," he says, and adds that much of this mysticism arises out of the weaknesses of human nature in both doctor and patient.

So you can see at a glance that this proposal is pretty drastic; so drastic, in fact, that we doubt that the doctors do anything about it for a great many years.

The Fifth Freedom

In addressing the New York Herald Tribune Forum, Henry J. Kaiser, famous builder of ships and cargo planes, suggested another freedom to be added to the four enumerated by President Roosevelt, namely, the freedom to produce. Mr. Kaiser believes that this will be essential for the solution of our postwar problems. In developing his line of thought Mr. Kaiser points to a number of important lessons which he believes America is learning from the war.

The American people are becoming conscious of their capacity to produce. Our resources of raw materials are proving their abundance beyond our most generous estimates. While our stupendous, war-directed production is made possible on borrowed money now, we must bear in mind that a hopeful economic peace policy must have a different basis. If the best creative powers are to be challenged, the profit motive cannot be ignored; for it is the wealth-generating dynamo.

The war has also proved a stimulus to invention. Never before have our laboratories been so productive in their discoveries of new metals, combinations, and processes. We have all reasons to assume that from the inventions called forth by the needs of war far-reaching benefits will emerge for our postwar life.

While war destroys, it must be borne in mind that domestic and world-markets will clamor for rehabilitation when the devastation has ceased. That will become the great challenge to production. True, the people in the bankrupt and devastated countries will not have money wherewith to buy. But they will go back to work and begin to save, and thus gradually new capital will be formed.

To many, no doubt, Kaiser's views are nothing more than a utopian dream. But let us consider that the idea of assembling

and launching a 10,000-ton cargo ship in four days would have, until recently, been regarded by perhaps all of us as a sample of the wildest phantasy which may originate in a human mind. Kaiser's phenomenal accomplishments in the field of production definitely remove him from the class of mere theorists. We must envision the postwar adjustment as a gradual and carefully planned process. The task will call for the services of the theorist and the man who has wrestled with the realities of economic life. Men of the type of Kaiser dare not be excluded from the councils of those who face our postwar problems.

Scrap Metal

WITH reference to the scrap metal drive last fall, Robert W. Wolcott, president of Lukens Steel Company and chairman of the American Iron and Steel Institute's Scrap Committee, recently said:

I wonder how many of you realize the newspaper scrap metal drive is the only war effort which the government asked the American people under the leadership of the newspapers to carry through without government participation or sponsorship. It was entirely a people's effort and the results speak for themselves. I know of no more heartening demonstration of the power of a free press, or the ability and willingness of citizens in a democracy freely to give their time and energy to help the war effort.

Thanks, Mr. Wolcott! We trust all Americans will be encouraged by your remarks and whole-heartedly join this year's campaign for scrap metal. Estimates for the present year are conservatively placed at 60,000,000 tons, an increase of 3,000,000 tons over the total gathered last year.

Our search this past month for scrap metal on the literary market has not been entirely fruitless. Here is, we believe, a gem from an article titled "The Christian Front in Education" (*The Hibbert Journal,* October, 1942) by the Rev. J. M. L. Thomas. The author stresses the importance of Christian education in England and, in the course of his article, makes the following observation:

Not all the studious research in the world, not all the brilliant lecturing and impassioned popular preaching, not the much writing of scholarly books, nor, least of all, *the high insistence by theological professors on the need of a "learned ministry," can compensate for the lack of consecrated pastoral and Sunday School work on behalf of "these little ones."* First things first, and I, however unworthy to say it, would place first the priestly sacrificial solicitude—all the better if it be that of the priesthood of all believers, lay and ministerial—for bringing up children from infancy in the good life of healthy

piety, in disciplined habits of prayer and of devotional practices.

Italics by us. Perhaps theological seminaries in our own country have been overstressing the importance of a "learned ministry." Surely, we need a learned ministry; but we need, first of all, a pious ministry. Blessed the theological professors who sincerely strive to train their students to become, first of all, Christian ministers in the full sense of the term who will, in turn, teach parents to bring up their children in the fear and reverence of God.

What overmuch learning can do, if it is not permeated by Biblical principles, we find illustrated in a recent statement by Dr. M. F. Ashley-Montague, member of the staff of a medical college in Philadelphia. This learned doctor believes that cursing is excellent physiological therapy. He claims:

> As one swears, there is a general increase in neuro-muscular tension, an increase in blood pressure and an acceleration of its flow, and a rise in the amount of sugar in the blood; respiration is accelerated, and there is a general feeling of tension which is gradually reduced as swearing proceeds. It is a psychological means of keeping the organism physiologically clean.

In indicating his hearty approval of "cursing females," Dr. Ashley-Montague says, "Today, instead of swooning or breaking into tears, women will swear and then do something useful. It is in my view a great advance upon the old method."

Apart from condemning Dr. Ashley-Montague's attitude toward cursing, the informed Christian asks himself, "Is it any wonder that educated Orientals will have none of 'Western Civilization'?"

Gambling

A RECENT issue of the *Scottish Rite News Bulletin* contains a well-written article on gambling, with special reference to bingo games. Says the writer:

> Figures compiled by the Cincinnati police department and made known by City Manager C. O. Sherrill reveal that, in 1941, there were 2,958 bingo games in Cincinnati, with a gross attendance for the year of 3,408,800 and an average weekly attendance of 65,553. These games took in a total of $2,424,833.83, paid out $585,840.23 in prizes and yielded a net profit of $1,838,993.60. For the year 1940 there were 2,718 bingo games, with a gross yearly attendance of 3,149,837 and an average weekly attendance of 60,573. The receipts for the year grossed $2,381,573.14 and paid out in prizes $572,339.26, leaving a net profit of $1,809,223.88. For two years, 1940 and 1941, the total attendance reached 6,558,637 and the gross receipts $4,806,406.97. When to these figures are added the

totals for 1942, it can be reasonably estimated that the gross receipts for the past three years will exceed $7,000,000 and the profits will exceed $5,000,000.

Obviously, as the figures indicate, gambling is a poor way of making money from the business point of view. The chances are decidedly against the gambler. From the moral view, as the author of the article points out, gambling strengthens the fever for the inordinate gain with a minimum of effort and stymies the will to work. Surely, Christians, guided by the Spirit of God, will not indulge in money-making schemes which even children of the world condemn.

Postwar Retribution

How will the Allied powers deal with Germany after the war? A contributor to a recent issue of *British Survey* recommends retribution of the most exacting kind. In his opinion, Germany is expecting such treatment, and only such retribution will, so he believes, save Europe from the horrors of wholesale internecine murder. He writes:

All over Europe from the Pyrenees to the Polar Circle and from there to Athens and the Caucasus, in every house, there is a woman waiting with a kitchen knife in her hand, biding her hour to avenge her murdered kin. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that German standards of what is brutal or cruel are quite different from ours: they are hard on others, but also very hard on themselves. The other day a watchmaker in Rome complained to the local German military authorities that two German soldiers had stolen two watches in his shop: a few days later he was asked to come to the barracks to get his watches back and . . . to assist at the execution of the two culprits and see them being shot. What seems overbrutal to us, will be looked upon as a just punishment by a generation which for the past few years had handled death with such ease.

What one hears from London over the wireless—the writer is a distinguished Pole—of the purposed future retribution makes people all over occupied Europe only painfully smile: it only gives them the painful disillusion that the gentlemen over there have not yet even begun to understand the realities of present day Europe and the general feelings of all its populations. And that is why, unless those who consider themselves called upon to decide on the future destinies of Europe, take into their own hands the administration of justice after the war is ended and that in accordance with the feelings of the outraged, and unless they can in time convince the man in the street in Europe that they feel about it as he feels, they will be swept aside by the outbursts of this popular feeling, with the tragic consequence that Europe will be steeped in the horrors of wholesale murder.

If the sentiments of this writer and similar sentiments which have been expressed elsewhere prevail at the peace table, the retribution imposed on Germany after the war will make that exacted by Versailles pale into insignificance. We are expecting from the Axis an unconditional surrender. What will be the fate of the Axis powers after they have met our demands?

Morals in Russia

HERE are a few treasures from Walter Graebner's brilliant article in *Life* (January 11), titled "Moscow Today." We submit those paragraphs in which he speaks of women, marriage, and morals in Russia:

Women do everything that men do, no matter how strenuous the task may be. Their replacement of men in factories, on farms and in other industries is far more complete than in Great Britain which has made a concerted drive in that direction. Russian women drive street cars and locomotives, dig defense lines, lay railroad tracks, build highways and bridges, sweep streets, cut timber, make munitions and machine tools, operate tractors, harvest grain and serve in hundreds of different capacities in the Army, Navy and Air Forces. . . .

Russians are probably the least sex-conscious people in the world, but this is partly due to the fact that sex is not advertised in the Soviet Union. Women wear neither low-cut blouses nor short skirts, the newspapers never publish photos of nudes, and the movies screen only women who are fully clothed. There are no prostitutes, either in houses or on the streets, although some girls are inclined to become more friendly after they've had a good meal. . . .

The war has not lowered the nation's morals. To reassure the husbands at the front, 15 or 20 wives frequently sign open letters, which the newspapers publish, declaring their loyalties. As a rule a Soviet woman will have little to do with a man unless she is genuinely fond of him. But if she falls in love she becomes as possessive of her lover as a child does of a new toy train. Marriage as an institution or for the sake of security does not mean anything to a Russian woman. Her only concern is love. Couples often live together for years without having their union recorded and registered in their passports, which is all that the marriage ceremony in the U. S. S. R. consists of.

The  PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

The Quest for Certainty*

EVERYONE agrees that behind and above the battle of bombs and planes and guns in the world today there is the deeper and more desperate conflict in the world of the spirit—the battle of ideas and thoughts and philosophies. We know that this war is not only being fought in North Africa, in the Southwestern Pacific, or on the plains of Russia; it is being fought wherever men and women think and believe and live. There is, on the one hand, the philosophy of blood and power, the blind imprisonment of the human spirit in the chains of hate and fear; there is, on the other hand, the philosophy of freedom and peace, and the value and dignity of the human soul. It is no accident of chance or circumstance that in many of the occupied countries of Europe and even in Germany itself, the Church and the Church alone has consistently opposed the men and the ideas that have enslaved Europe. While other social institutions—the universities, the great industries, the labor organizations—have either sold out or died, the churches have stood up against the ideas which have made Europe a slave market and the world a place of blood and tears. They knew—and they know now—that there are ideas and philosophies of life and government which cannot live side by side. Finally it must be one or the other. We cannot worship the State and still believe in the God of all States and all nations. We cannot conceive of man's highest destiny in terms of living and dying for the fatherland rather than in living for God and dying in God. We cannot believe in the subjection of the human spirit to the doctrines of blood and race and soil and the freedom of the human soul under the liber-

*An address presented on the Chapel of the Air over the Mutual Broadcasting System on February 21, 1943.

ty of the Cross. The deadly blood of totalitarian philosophy and the lifegiving water of Christianity simply will not mix.

Here, however, we come upon an important and fundamental question: How was it possible for these ideas, so completely removed from the mainstream of Western thought, to take hold of an entire generation and hurl it into the bloodiest conflict in the long and bitter story of man? It is not my purpose this morning to attempt a complete answer to that question. Undoubtedly there were many causes—social, economic, historic—both near and remote. I should like to isolate just one reason which is rooted in the human spirit rather than in the halls of Versailles. The dictators of Europe were able to take hold of an entire generation and mold it to their purposes of evil because they were absolutely sure of the rightness of their cause. If there were moments of doubt and fear—as there surely must be now in 1943—they were well hidden from the people. In all the words and acts of the dictators there was a relentless certainty of conviction which held a terrible fascination for a generation which knew only hunger and doubt and fear. In all the world's history there is hardly a more terrifying example of the power of certainty over the mind and heart of man, no matter how wrong that certainty may be.

There is one basic fact which should be burned into the heart of every man and woman working and sacrificing and dying in every corner of the world for the cause of freedom and justice and mercy: We cannot oppose certainty with uncertainty. We cannot chain the forces of evil loose in the world unless we are absolutely sure of the power of good. The scoffer, the skeptic, the cynic never puts up a good fight. Since nothing is sure and important, nothing is worth fighting for. "There are no atheists in foxholes" not only because God is near when death is near, but also because no consistent atheist can believe in anything hard enough and long enough to get into a foxhole for it and with it. If there is nothing everlastingly important and eternally valid in life, then we may as well live like beasts of the field and die like beasts of the field, fighting for our share of the world's food and dying for our place in the world's sun. If, however, as many of us in America today believe, life holds something infinitely greater and better than the philosophy of blood and power, then we can oppose the certainty of the apostles of evil with a greater and higher certainty—an assurance which will carry us through these passing years of sacrifice and tears and

death to a new and better world built under the merciful eyes of God.

Our Past

MUST we not confess that we are not yet equipped for that great task and not yet ready to face our manifest destiny? In this respect our record since the dawn of the twentieth century has not been good. Some of us have been uncertain about everything, and others of us have been certain of the wrong things. There was a time, for example, when we were very sure of the idea of progress. Fascinated by the amazing increase of mechanical invention, and our steadily growing control over the forces of nature, many of us were dominated by the idea that the history of man is a steady, upward progression, a triumphant march toward Utopia. We were sure that if we could only acquire enough things—things we could feel and touch and see—money and food and houses and clothing—then, somehow, the things unseen—faith and hope and happiness and love—would come to us in greater measure than ever before. But it just didn't work out that way! We were turning life upside down. Today the idea of progress lies buried on the plains of Russia, on the islands of the South Seas, in the rollcall of armies, the toll of ruined cities, and the endless march of death across the world—buried in blood and tears and sweat and death. Once more we have learned that what is important is not what a man has, but what he is; not his money, but his soul; not his momentary happiness, but his eternal good. We were sure of the wrong things!

Then there were some of us, living in a world of shattering bewilderment, who felt that the best thing to do would be to give up the quest for certainty entirely and to be sure about nothing. It became fashionable to be skeptical and cynical about everything. The shrugged shoulder and the tolerant smile were the mark of the intelligent man and woman. The world of our time not only lost its way; it even threw away the map. We stumbled around in the dark with no direction and no certainty. We believed that it was sophisticated to believe in nothing. Like the Athenians in the marketplace we were always looking for something new, not something true. Every idea, no matter how wrong or how insane, got a respectful hearing. Every lunatic, intellectual or moral, had his case. Every fool thought there was another side to everything. Everybody had a thousand answers to every ten questions. An age is al-

ways known by what it tolerates. We tolerated sham and intellectual dishonesty and hypocrisy and moral wrong until the prophecy of Matthew Arnold came true:

The world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

When somebody like Hitler came along, fearfully sure of everything wrong and everything evil, we were suddenly afraid and alone. We had nothing certain and powerful and sure. We could not oppose his certainty with a greater certainty. We did not know what to believe or what to do. We were like children crying in the night.

Our Problem

And all this was not—and is not—merely a surface trouble. We were not able to remove our doubts and fears and uncertainties by passing a few more laws or talking vaguely about the brotherhood of man or the blessings of democracy. Our trouble was far deeper than that—down, far down in the hidden corners of our souls. Irwin Edman, Professor of Philosphy at Columbia University, summed it up bluntly in his little book *Candle in the Dark:*

> The outer world is merely a reflection of the childishness, the savagery, the animality which we have of late discovered in ourselves. The evil in man's heart has become epidemic in the world.

The evil in man's heart! Here is something which many of us have not heard for a long time. Must we perhaps learn again, the hard and bitter way, that deep down beneath all the doubt and fear and hate in the world there is the doubt and fear and hate which is in our hearts as a result of sin? We didn't like that word when we were under the spell of the idea of progress or the glib slogans of demagogues. We talked about the barbarism behind us, we hated the barbarism against us, but we forgot all about the barbarism within us—the soft, rotten barbarism of sin. And so that great forgotten word comes back to us now out of the welter and woe of our time, in the roar of the judgment and anger of God and tells us that this is our first and last trouble; to preach to us, if you please, that we can never face the facts of our mad world unless we first face the fact of sin and by the mercy of

God do something about it. When we dig down to the root of our trouble we find that our problems are the problems of the individual human soul. At the very heart of all of them is the problem of sin. It is the eternal and immutable will of God that life be governed by certain definite laws. A long time ago these laws were summarized by One Who knew them better than anyone else and kept them as no other could: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." To break these laws is sin—the conscious, willful battering down of the blessed, holy relationship between God and man and God and the world. And sin must always mean uncertainty and loneliness. So long as men and women sin—against God, against themselves, against their neighbor—they cannot live surely and happily. Our first and last trouble is the trouble of sin. It is time for us to face it honestly.

Our Answer

WHEN we do that, we come immediately upon the fact of God and of eternity. Behind and above the uncertainty and confusion of men stands the certainty and stillness of God. If for a moment this morning, or tomorrow morning, or at any hour of the day or night between now and your dying moment, you will listen with the heart and mind of faith, you will hear His voice—a single word—sweeping away all uncertainty and carrying all of hope and sureness and heaven. This word is the word "Come." It is enough for us. Behind that single word lies the immense, eternal power of God over the forces of evil, the love of the redeeming Christ, the marvel of the sure Presence and the stillness of the strength of God, that can bridge the ages and silence the powers of darkness. To hear the voice of God in faith these days is not an easy thing to do. In fact, it is so hard that it requires the power of God the Holy Spirit to bring it to us. Since our trouble is deep it is not easily healed. It can be done only through the power of the Cross. This evening time of the world may conceivably darken down into a blacker night than man has known before; but it cannot and will not, if there are men and women in the world who listen today to the quiet and relentless and tender and healing voice of God.

And so this is my last word: Above the noise and confusion and restlessness and hate and greed and pride and lust and war rises today ever and again the

eternal Christ, the Savior of your soul and mine. Perhaps the divine hour-glass is turning and the sands of life are sifting once more in the direction of the Cross. Here our quest for certainty ends! Here is the final revelation of the great eternal, divine certainty of God in the person of the Christ of the purple wounds, who 2000 years ago poured down His blood before the heart of God as an everlasting atonement for sin and an eternal revelation of the ultimate certainty in life and in death. Here at the crossroads of the world and the meeting place of the ages; here where all the desperate tides of the world's doubt and fear were poured through the channels of one weary heart; here is the truth of God, the light of heaven, and the last great answer to the uncertainties of men.

On a Mountain

Who breathes this lofty snow-pure air sees Him
Not as a God who quiets the sea and gives
Peace, warmth and loveliness to level land,
But One who motivates the blizzard's hand;
Who spikes blue glaciers to the rock and lives
Enrobed in thunder on a mountain's rim.

—Roland Ryder-Smith.

Our survey of the Indian problem brought up to date—

What About India?—II

By GEORGE J. KUECHLE

IN the previous installment I endeavored to give a thumbnail sketch of India's history, particularly under British rule, in order to provide the necessary background for the present discussion of the Cripps Mission, why it failed, and whether America should intervene between India and Britain.

First of all, let us introduce Sir Stafford Cripps. Though of gentle birth, he, like his father, Lord Parmoor, belonged to the Labor Party till he was expelled because of his radical views. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, he became ambassador to Moscow and there undid much of the damage done to Russia at Munich in 1938; he is popularly credited with bringing Russia into the war and was recalled to enter the Cabinet as Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons. The Cabinet was, therefore, not sending out an ordinary minister as had been done once before—in 1917—but one whose place in British politics was second only to Mr. Churchill's. Furthermore, because of his sympathy for Indian nationalism, Cripps was *persona grata* to many members of the Congress Party; in particular, he was a close friend of Pandit Nehru from their schooldays at Cambridge. He had also visited Nehru in India at the end of 1939.

Sir Stafford arrived at Delhi by air just a year ago this very month of March—a most critical month in India's history. Not only was the internal situation rapidly deteriorating, with the political deadlock in operation for already two and one-half years; but the Japanese juggernaut was rolling up steadily from Malaya into Burma. Singapore had fallen on February 15, Rangoon fell just ten days before Cripps's arrival in Delhi, and Japanese forces were coming ever closer to the frontiers of Bengal and Assam. During the fateful first week of April the first Japanese bombs fell on Ceylon and on Indian soil, namely at Viz-

agapatam and Coconada on the east coast, not far from the Guntur Mission (U. L. C. A.) which celebrated its centennial last year.

The atmosphere was indeed tense in more than one sense—the hot weather also was coming on—and yet the Mission got off to an auspicious start because of the frank and friendly manner in which Sir Stafford, a few hours after his arrival, called and conducted his first press conference. He told the newspapermen candidly:

> I have come here because I am, as I have always been, a great friend and admirer of India, and because I want to play my part as a member of the War Cabinet in reaching a final settlement of the political difficulties which have long vexed our relationships. Once these questions are resolved . . . . the Indian peoples will be enabled to associate themselves fully and freely, not only with Great Britain and other Dominions, but with our great allies . . . . so that together we can assert our determination to preserve the liberty of the peoples of the world. There is no time to lose and no time for long discussions. . . . . My intention is to stay at Delhi for two weeks . . . . and I believe that within that time, with energy and good will, the essentials of success can be achieved.

The effect of this press conference—and such meetings were repeated on alternate days—was startling. Government officials in India are not in the habit of meeting with Indian journalists, and here was Sir Stafford, meeting them frequently and inviting them to question and even to heckle him! No wonder that the Indian press, with the exception of Gandhi's paper, *Harijan* (God's People), was hopeful and courteous to the end; in fact, the last thing Cripps did on Indian soil was to hold a final press conference at Karachi before boarding the plane for London.

Failure

Cripps was in Delhi for three weeks. The first three days he stayed at the Viceroy's house and interviewed the governors of the eleven provinces and the members of the Viceroy's executive council, discussing with them the text of the so-called Draft Declaration, which he had brought with him and which for the time being was to be kept secret until it had been shown to the representatives of the various political, racial, and religious groups. On the fourth day he moved to his own quarters in Delhi and began a long series of meetings, interviews, and conferences, e.g., with Gandhi, the unofficial head of the Congress Party; with Pandit Nehru, its most influential member; with Mr. Jinnah, president of the powerful Moslem League; with the Maharajah of Bikanir, representing the Chamber of Princes (over

five hundred of them); with Dr. Ambedkar, representing the Depressed Classes (about fifty-five million); and with various smaller groups, such as the Mahasabha (orthodox Hindus), the 6,000,000 Sikhs, the 6,500,000 Indian Christians, the Parsees, the Anglo-Indian community, etc. What a herculean task!

To each of these representatives Sir Stafford gave a copy of the Draft Declaration and explained its meaning in detail, but pledged them also to secrecy while negotiations were pending. The difficulty was, first of all, to remove distrust, to gain the confidence of some of these groups—here he succeeded admirably, no one questioned his sincerity—and then, above all, to get the Congress Party, the Moslem League, the Princes, and the Depressed Classes, the four largest groups, to agree to the proposals in general. However, portions of the document leaked out, and so Sir Stafford made the whole document public at the fourth press conference on March 29, which date has been called the day of Indian Independence because the Draft Declaration in its opening and essential paragraphs offered freedom, full self-government to India.

Here is the text of the initial statement:

His Majesty's Government, having considered the anxieties in this country (England) and in India as to the fulfilment of the promises made in regard to the future of India, have decided to lay down . . . . the steps which they propose shall be taken for the earliest possible realization of self-government in India. The object is the creation of a New Indian Union which shall constitute a Dominion, associated with the United Kingdom, and the other Dominions by a common allegiance to the Crown, but equal to them in every respect, in no way subordinate in any aspect of its domestic or external affairs.

Here are a few questions put by the journalists, with Sir Stafford's answers:

Q. Will the Indian Union be entitled to disown its allegiance to the Crown?

A. Yes, the Dominion will be completely free either to remain within or to go without the Commonwealth of Nations.

Q. Will the Indian Union have the right to enter into a treaty with any other nation in the world?

A. Yes, even as Canada can join the U. S. A., if it wants to.

Q. Can you tell us clearly what you are going to give us?

A. In one word, freedom, full self-government, complete self-determination for India.

Q. Now that this Declaration has been made, is there any difficulty in the way of India participating in the Atlantic Charter?

A. None at all.

Thus, as has been said, the agent of the British Government in a few sentences signed away the title deeds of the old British Raj. First, Britain offered India full dominion status after the war, either in the so-called Empire or outside of it, with all the sovereign powers of Canada, Australia, or, indeed, Britain itself, with a Constitution to be framed by Indians themselves as soon as the war was over. Second, for the critical war-period until the constitution could be framed, the Declaration stated that "His Majesty's Government must bear the responsibility for, and retain control of, the defense of India as part of their world war effort." But the government

> desired and invited the immediate and effective participation of the leaders of the principal sections of the Indian people in the councils of their country, of the Commonwealth and of the United Nations. Thus they will be enabled to give their active and constructive help in the discharge of the task which is essential for the future freedom of India.

So far as the fundamental proposal offering dominion status is concerned, there was little disagreement, at least not from the Congress Party; for here they were offered *Purna Swaraj,* i.e., full self-government, for which they had been agitating for twenty years. Even the Moslems were satisfied, since the door was left open for the formation of a Mohammedan province to be known as Pakistan, which is to consist of a large area in the Punjab in the northwest plus a large slice of Bengal in the northeast.

The Obstacles

It was in the so-called short-term proposal providing for the immediate participation of the Indian party leaders in the *wartime* government of India that the hitch occurred. Louis Fischer, of *The Nation,* who visited India last summer after Cripps's departure, declared in a public lecture last fall in Cleveland that success was almost achieved, but revised instructions received by Sir Stafford from London caused the breakdown. This statement was challenged during the question period and must be repudiated. (Compare booklet No. 381, June, 1942, of *International Conciliation,* published by Carnegie Endowment, p. 308.) It is claimed that it was in the matter of defense and of the Viceroy's veto power that no agreement could be reached; but Sir Stafford offered to transfer all the fifteen portfolios of the central government except that of defense, and even here he agreed to have an Indian as Defense Minister, though reserving full control of all military operations for the Commander-in-

Chief, General Wavell. In addition, Indians were offered posts in the British War Cabinet and the Pacific War Council, but all this was rejected by the Working Committee (Executive Board) of the Congress Party. Why? Not because of a difference of opinion as to the technicalities of dividing authority between the Commander-in-Chief and the Defense Minister or even between the Viceroy and the Executive Council, which is functioning as a quasi-cabinet. According to Nehru, the crux of the matter was the organization of national defense on a *mass* basis under a free national government. In other words, the Congress Party wanted complete self-government *at once* under an Indian cabinet with full power, the Viceroy to act only as its constitutional head.

This demand was rejected for two reasons. First, because the minorities would not agree, especially the Moslems, numbering some seventy million, and the Depressed Classes, with at least fifty-five million. Second, because such cabinet government with full power involved constitutional changes of a most complicated character that could not be formulated during a wartime crisis. To put it in a nutshell, Cripps offered independence, full and complete, *after* the war, under a constitution made by Indians; the Congress Party virtually asked that the main body of the Draft Declaration be torn up and that *immediate* independence be granted.

One dramatic incident occurred just a few days before the breakdown: the arrival of the American Economic Mission under Col. L. Johnson, acting as President Roosevelt's personal representative. Col. Johnson had a long talk with Pandit Nehru on April 5 at the latter's request, and again on the following days of that fateful week, when the Moslem president of the Congress Party was also present. Soon it was rumored that the British and Americans were at odds, but Cripps later explained that these interviews were arranged in consultation with the Viceroy and in accordance with his advice.

THE last letter of the Congress President to Cripps unfortunately closed on a note of bitterness and distrust, and the old slogan that Britain was at the bottom of India's disunity was revived; but Sir Stafford remained frank and friendly to the end, likewise most Indian journalists. As Coupland wrote, "There was regret that the hopes which had risen so high a few days earlier had suddenly faded into nothing." Sir Stafford in his last press conference said: "There is no bitter-

ness in our disagreement. . . . We have tried our best to agree; we have failed. Never mind whose fault it is. Let me take all the blame, if that will help in uniting India for her own defense."

The Final Verdict

What will the verdict of history be? Louis Fischer blames Britain, more or less; *Life* last October virtually invoked the English to unseat Churchill and put someone in power "who would quit fighting a war to hold the Empire together!" The *Christian Century* says that the United Nations cannot win the war unless India is given her freedom, implying that England is not willing to bestow it. To all this T. A. Raman, a staunch Indian nationalist whose journalism is fair and factual, simply says:

> Consciously or not, many in the United States sum up the quarrel between India and Britain in these terms: India wants freedom, Britain refuses to give it—and, the main reason why Britain says "No" is the vast economic advantage which she derives from her hold in India.
>
> Both statements are entirely and dangerously wrong. The problem in India today is not whether India is to be free but *when* and *how*. And the motive attributed to Britain, the bogey conjured up of the selfish imperialists holding on leech-like to economic advantages, is also totally imaginary.

This same journalist in a talk before the Cleveland City Club a few days ago fastened the blame for the failure of the mission on the Working Committee of the Congress Party, in these words:

> Irrespective of what Cripps offered or did not offer, it was not worthwhile to take the risks of war-time office, including the risk of active identification with one side in the war, when the issue of the struggle was very much in doubt.

Of course, neither Gandhi nor Nehru is pro-Axis; but the former can see only his Ahimsa or pacifist policy. It is because of his pacifistic and defeatist attitude that Gandhi exerted such a baneful influence on the leadership of the Congress Party. The Mahatma has openly declared that his nonviolence policy means more to him than even the independence of India. He even appealed to Britain during the *Blitz* to surrender; he deplored our entry into the war; and he thinks that the Nazis and the Japanese can be overcome by his nonviolent non-co-operation!

Happily, some of the Indian leaders, such as Rajagopalachari, former premier of Madras Province, have broken with Gandhi and are co-operating with the Moslems and other groups, also with the government, in evolving some practicable scheme of government. But what a pity that

this fanatic* should have so tragically misled India in her fateful hour and threatened to paralyze all government activities with his campaign of civil disobedience, a word which, by the way, Gandhi got from Thoreau. However, the writer has been assured very recently by more than one Indian visitor to Cleveland that the campaign has broken down, although isolated sabotage still continues. Recruiting is at an all-time high, with 2,000,000 volunteers in the Indian Army. Labor in field and factory is also supporting the Government's war-effort. True, some twenty thousand agitators are still in jail, among them Gandhi and Nehru, but millions of Indian peasants and laborers, Sikhs, Moslems, and Hindus, high, low, and outcaste, are co-operating with the government against the enemy still dangerously near the eastern gate of India.

India and the U. S.

In these circumstances is American intervention necessary or even desirable, as proposed by *The Nation, Christian Century,* and some church and labor groups? It has been proposed that our president should either intervene himself or prevail upon Willkie, Stalin, and Madame Chiang to form some kind of a mediating board. The proponents of this fantastic scheme forget that most Indian nationalists would resent such interference in their domestic affairs. The Indian problem is not between India and Britain any more, but among the Indians themselves. Even Gandhi has admitted that independence is impossible until India has solved the so-called "communal tangle," that is, until Hindus, Moslems, Princes, untouchables, etc., have come to some workable agreement. What about our Negro problem? What would we say if Britain told us how to handle that? The president is to be commended for his hands-off policy, and the appointment of Ambassador Phillips does not mean that we are going to intervene in what is now India's problem.

But what about the Atlantic Charter and Churchill's forthright statement that he was not going to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire? As for the former, Churchill simply said that its authors were thinking primarily of the countries overrun by Hitler; but Amery, the Secretary of State for India, did assert that British policy in India was in full accord with the principles of the Charter. Furthermore, though the draft proposals made by Cripps have been withdrawn, the pledge of self-government, the Declaration of Independence for India,

*Much overrated in America, especially by a certain type of visionary.

still stands and will continue to stand. How, then, harmonize the so-called colonial imperialism with this offer of freedom and self-government? I cannot answer better than in the words of Gen. Smuts in a recent article written especially for the Christmas issue of *Life:*

> The Old Empire is dead. It died at the end of the nineteenth century. It found its grave in the Boer War. . . . . Twenty-five years ago . . . I pointed out that the term "British Empire" was misleading, that the British system was not an empire like Rome or Germany or many others of the past, that it consisted of a vast congeries of states and territories, in all stages of development, some free and self-governing, some in process of attaining full freedom, and others in various stages along the road to freedom. I proposed the name "British Commonwealth of Nations," which was subsequently endorsed by the imperial conferences and thus became the official name for Britain plus the free Dominions. . . . . The idea that the British colonial system is based on keeping people in subjection and exploiting them for Britain is, today at any rate, wildly preposterous.

In conclusion, we would like to express our profound conviction that India, in the providence of God, became a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations chiefly for the purpose of bringing the light of the Gospel to that unhappy land. It is true that when Carey, the English Baptist, landed in India in 1793, to be followed by the first American missionaries, the old East India Company did not want them in their territory. So they went to near-by Serampore, then a Danish colony. But missions did flourish later under the British Raj, even as St. Paul could travel and preach under Roman rule. When all is said and done, the British have given India law and order, peace and security, making it possible for the emissary of Christ to pursue his far higher mission of offering spiritual freedom, the liberty of Christ, to the inhabitants of India, both high and low. How much better off is India in that respect than poor China, where mission work is practically at a standstill because China has had no stable government for almost fifty years. Again, how much better has India fared under Britain than if France had imposed her rule, as almost transpired in the eighteenth century. Mission work, we hope, will continue under the proposed Indian Union; but will there be freedom with power, that is, protection for the minorities? The Christian Church in India with some six and a half million adherents is still very much in the minority. But, whatever we may think of that, most of us will agree with Gen. Smuts when he

says that next to the winning of the war, the emancipation of India without internal disruption is today perhaps the greatest prize in the world, and we join the General in his prayerful wish:

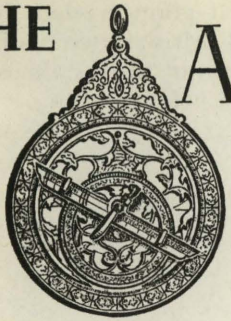
"God give that India's peoples and their leaders may win this prize. God grant wisdom to experienced British statesmanship to help India out in this almost too heavy task before her."

Hill Envy

Ever I covet these, remembering:
Cloud pageantry that dawns devise,
The look of wonder in a red deer's eyes,
The night-felt flutter of a falcon's wing,
Drums of the willow grouse on edge of spring,
And when the twittering dusk has thinned,
The long, cool, verdant kiss of a mountain wind.
These things long gone I covet, remembering.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND W. G. POLACK

SEEN THROUGH THE SPINDRIFT

It was a broadcast from Dublin and Prime Minister Eamon de Valera of Ireland spoke of his nation's intention to defend itself. He also expressed his sympathy with Irishmen in the countries at war, all of which was reasonable, though trite. But de Valera went on to express himself about the peace that was to follow the war. He said it would be hard to convince the victors in the war that their safety would not require utter humiliation of the vanquished, but warned that "a peace conceived on such terms would be only another war deferred." We are not going to dispute the right of Ireland to remain outside the war. There are religious reasons, no doubt (Protestant Northern Ireland is joined with the Allied nations against the Axis), and there may be grievances of the Irish against England which account for the present political position of Eire. But if there has ever been an official statement which offends our sense of fitness, it has been this moralizing on the peace by a politician whose country has deliberately chosen to stand aloof from the present struggle. . . .

It was on an American transport bound for Africa. Musical and acting talent was not wanting, and the soldiers put on a show. Ernie Pyle, a newspaper correspondent who went with the convoy, says that while the response of the audience was a lively one, deep in every mind was the knowledge that this was the night of danger. The radio had just brought word that Germany's U-boat pack was concentrated in the approaches to Gibraltar.

It was a perfect night for romance or for death. The air was warm, and the moon put its brilliant sheen across the water. The night by its very gentleness seemed in evil collusion with the plague that lay beneath the waters. And in that environment the boys from down below went buoyantly through their performances. We sat with life preservers on and water canteens at our belts. We laughed and cheered against a background of semiconscious listening for other sounds. As the show ended a Major whom I did not know turned to me and said, "That's wonderful, those boys doing that when they're being taken to war like galley slaves down there in the hold. When you think of people at home squawking their heads off because they can only have 20 gallons of gasoline, it makes my blood boil.

The scene changes to a town in Nebraska. It seems that a government office, the Copper Recovery Corporation, a subsidiary of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had shown great interest in a roll of bronze wire which a certain manufacturer of this city had listed among his metal holdings. Telegrams and registered letters piled up. The last message contained an urgent request for the original invoice of the wire, bought seven years ago. This was the last straw. Senator Butler of Nebraska was addressed by the manufacturer, who tells about the manner in which he cut the Gordian knot. "To find the original invoice," he wrote, "we would have had to put an already harried clerk to searching in our basement files. I decided the only thing to do was to send them this single roll of screen wire so they can have it right down there in New York on their desk." The value of the wire was ten dollars.

DUTCH SENSE OF HUMOR

For the first time in centuries the Dutch are feeling the heel of an oppressor who does more than simply try to tax them out of their wealth; the Nazi invaders have taken over their political and social systems and are trying to educate the Dutch out of the sense of freedom which they gained in their struggle with Philip the Second. The Nazis are having a hard time of it. In a most unexpected way people are showing their resentment of the German administrators. Recently it was found necessary for the Nazi-controlled Department of Justice to decree in a circular letter sent to all registrars that parents submit acceptable names for their children. They may no longer name their children Franklin, Wilson, or other names "hostile to the Germans." The order stated:

It has repeatedly happened of late that parents have chosen for their

children names which express a political opinion. It is clear that the giving of such names not only is an undesirable demonstration that might cause the German authorities to take measures, but it also proves a certain co-operation with the parents on the part of the registrars. If the registrar does not succeed in dissuading the parents from their intention, he must register for the child either one of the chosen names against which there is no objection or simply the first name of the father or mother; names which are obviously hostile to the Germans are not allowed.

So strong is Dutch resistance to religious persecution from the Nazis in Holland that the Nazis themselves admit that their propaganda "does not achieve results." The weekly newspaper of the Dutch Nazi Elite Guard, *De Storm,* recently mentioned "a clergyman by the name of Simon" who "urged hoarding and sabotage" and "prayed for bad harvests" so that Nazi troops could not seize the crops. He was arrested some months ago; but his successor, the article said, "is not any better." The article quoted a recent prayer made by "a clergyman Smitt" which said, "Lord help the Christian teachers when they refuse to accept the new doctrine of the devils."

Every decree against the rights of Holland's Jews has been followed invariably by a wave of protest, not from the impotent Jews themselves, but from their gentile compatriots. "A Christian school teacher twice entered a school class," a Nazi-controlled paper reports, "and held up a Star of David, adding: 'Children, the Jews must now wear this. The people of our town should do like those of Amsterdam, who raise their hats when they meet a Jew wearing his star.' "

An amusing example is the case of a well-known Amsterdam industrialist, who, until the invasion, was quite outspoken in his aversion to the Jews. After the Nazi looting of Holland, in which he suffered great losses, this man was heard to exclaim: "The Germans? . . . They have taken everything: my house, my stocks, my money. . . . They have even taken away my last remnant of anti-Semitism."

When the Jews in Germany were subjected to the fierce onslaught of November, 1938, in retaliation for the Paris murder of a German Embassy attaché, a collection was organized throughout Holland to obtain the funds with which to assist the stream of bewildered, haunted refugees which was overflowing the country. On a cold, drizzly December day nearly a half million guilders — approximately $275,000 — were contributed by men and women of all classes and all creeds. The

Dutch Nazis helped, too — though very much against their will. Some of these frustrated anti-Semites had deposited worthless German mark-notes — hailing from the worst inflation years — in the collection boxes. In some cases they had inscribed the bits of colored paper with diatribes of hate and complicated curses against all Jews, German or otherwise. Fortunately for them, an ingenious mind thought of selling these "gifts" by special auction. High prices were paid for those confessions of unbalanced minds, and thus the Nazis "gave" more generously to Hitler's victims than the average man in the street.

The last few incidents are here retold on the authority of Joseph W. F. Stoppelman, editor of *Netherlands News.*

SUPERSTITION AND SOPHISTICATION

Hollywood began to produce millionaires as soon as the formula was applied, "The average American audience has the mentality of a thirteen-year-old child." On that level the plots, the dialogue, the humor, the sentiment of the photoplay were written and acted until the weekly audiences reached the figure of fifty millions.

Indications are that the appeal to the mysterious, the occult, which is featured in many recent films, is definitely adjusted to meet the demands of movie audiences which lack all the elements of a liberal, not to say scientific, education.

Paramount Pictures lately released a short subject which accepts palmistry as a recognized branch of mental science. It features the lines in the hands of the Axis leaders and from these palms draws the conclusion that the Allies are bound to win the war. It is bad enough to suggest to the American people at this time that it would be foolish to assert ourselves to the full extent, since victory is already in the bag. Fate has settled the case of Hitler and Mussolini. You can tell it by the lines in their palms.

Lest there be any lingering doubt as to the merit of palmistry —since our motion picture directors would not accept a theme whose scientific value is nil, would they? — let it be said that there is absolutely no ground in science or logic to believe that a person's fate can be predicted, or his character be read, from the palms of his hands. Palmistry is on a level with astrology — which, of course, is accepted by millions. But the masses are superstitious, and so is a surprising percentage of the sophisticated upper 10 per cent.

With the war we may expect to

witness the revival of all the various cults which appealed to the superstitious streak which runs through human nature. The Theosophists and Rosicrucians are even now hiring halls instead of lecturing in the hotel parlors, and the Hindu Yogis are industriously plying their trade among the women of wealth. According to the dictionary, the art of the Yogi (called Yoga) is "a mental discipline consisting in the direction of attention exclusively upon any object, abstract or concrete, with a view to the identification of consciousness with the object; attainment of this end is Samadhi."

Among the converts to the cult is said to be Ganna Walska, whose vain attempts to achieve operatic fame made her prominent in the news dispatches of a generation ago. Ganna Walska has been the wife of five men, who freely expended their wealth in the effort to place this lady among the operatic stars. Now the news comes from New York, where Madame Walska lives in a residence which was left her by the first of her husbands, that through the art of the Yogi she has attained the thing that neither millions nor hypnotism nor surgery nor a secret application of the principle of the death-ray could procure her — the certitude that she can sing (one of her husbands had been Harry Grindell-Matthews, the much publicized "mad inventor" of the death-ray). What she really craved — a Jenny Lind larynx — has not come to her; but she is enjoying now, according to reports, through the medium of long daily sessions with a group of cultists and dream-makers, the gift of *imagining herself* achieving the operatic triumphs which she is witnessing from her box in the Metropolitan's "Diamond Horseshoe"!

FAREWELL!

It was 5:40 A. M., Central War Time. Darkness, heavy darkness, still covered the city as the sun was not due to rise for two hours. We (my wife and I) sat in our car in front of the beautiful city hall of Clayton, as we had done just eight months before, to deliver one of our sons to the draft board for induction into the armed forces. This time it was our youngest son, eighteen years old. In a few months another son would be in uniform. The car radio was softly bringing a program of recorded sacred music. Our son had said goodbye and had stepped out of the car to join the other draftees who were gathering in a constantly growing group inside the city hall. All around us were the parked cars of other parents who had deliv-

ered their sons to the care of Uncle Sam.

We might have started the car and driven home, but somehow we preferred to sit and wait a bit. It was interesting to look at these boys (who thinks of an eighteen-year-old as a man?), most of whom had been our youngest son's classmates at high school. Sturdy, eager-eyed, self-reliant, whole-souled chaps, now somewhat lacking their usual exuberance of spirit because of their parting. If tears had been shed, they were not now in evidence. We thought of other wars when there must have been similar scenes of farewell. There were many boys just as young who made up George Washington's army and Ulysses S. Grant's and John Pershing's, or who served on the ships of John Paul Jones or Farragut or Schley. We recalled reading of drummer boys in the War Between the States who were only fourteen and sixteen years old. Here again, in this year of our Lord 1943, the boys were following their country's call to arms. Democracy was marshaling her forces. There was no hesitation on the part of her sons. Thank God for such a country! Thank God for such boys!

As if in answer to that thought, to give it accentuation, the car radio was sending forth Heber's great hymn:

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

ONLY BOYS!

Just then another boy jumped out of a car and walked to the building to join the others. Involuntarily my wife remarked, "Why, he's just a little fellow!" Most of the others who had preceded him, like our own Bill, were tall, six feet or so; but they were all youngsters in years and experience. Their lives had been so sheltered till now. Not like those youngsters of whom Kipling exclaims in one of his poems, "God help them, for they knew the world too young!" How would these boys fare amid their new and strange surroundings? Of course, there would be periods of homesickness; there would be difficult adjustments to make; but their very youth, their formative years, would make that transition relatively easy and simple. However, there were the temptations that would inevitably come, the dangers to their spiritual life, their souls. Well, there was nothing we parents could do about that now, was there? Yes, we could write to our boy. We could pray for him. We could hope that he would come under the care of a good Christian chap-

lain. Was it not a blessing that our government was doing everything in its power to provide chaplains for these boys, with the co-operation of the churches? The rest we must leave in the hands of Him who watched over us in our own youth and who has ever watched over His children. We must put our trust in Him who "doeth all things well."

The singer on the radio, supported by a good choir, was now singing Luther's great hymn of confident trust:

A mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
. . . . . .
The Word they still shall let remain
Nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain
With His good gifts and Spirit.

HOW MANY WILL COME BACK?

We could not help wondering about how many of these boys would come back safe and whole; not with the memories of the last war still fairly fresh in our mind, memories of tragic deaths, crippled and broken bodies, gassed lungs, sightless eyes; not with the pictures in our memory of the horrors of the present conflict; not when we thought of the Sullivans in Iowa who have lost five sons in this war. Would our own sons return, and in what condition? If not, then their comfort and stay, as well as ours, must be the faith in which they had been baptized and confirmed. And as if echoing our own thoughts, the voice of the radio began to sing:

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me. . . . .
Though we have sinned, He has
mercy and pardon
Pardon for you and for me.

My wife, who was furtively wiping her eyes, commented, "What a beautiful program to be coming over the air at this hour!" Yes, beautiful and fitting, not to say providential.

BACK TO THE DAILY ROUTINE

Well, we had been sitting in the car for about fifteen minutes. The boys inside the building were getting their final instructions from one of the members of the draft board. In a few moments the bus would arrive to take the contingent out to Jefferson Barracks. There was no point in our staying there any longer. One after the other of the cars which had brought a boy or two had left with heavy-hearted fathers and mothers, with a void in

their hearts that would not soon be filled. Back to the routine duties of daily life.

So we, too, pulled away from the curb and drove homeward, our heavy hearts suddenly eased and lightened as we listened to the voice singing from our car-radio:

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of redeeming love
And my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Holiday in the Rockies

For long the spirit tuned to high, majestic silences
Will ring a carillon of memory.
For long the mountain wind's clear antiphone—
Breast of the North to mine,
Breath of eternal snows merged with mine own;
The pulse of scented space itself within my grasp,—
Will sing of eagles circling the sun.

—Roland Ryder-Smith.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

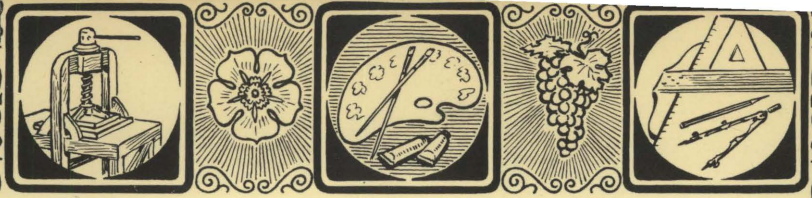
At this juncture it's necessary to interrupt the conversation between Taste and the apostate for a moment or two. When the sacred cow spoke of "light" and "heavy" music, she suddenly gave a magnificent exhibition of high-brow tail-swishing. Perhaps you don't realize that there's art in the way Mrs. Cow swishes her tail. Perhaps you do. At any rate, Taste put fiery eloquence into her gesture—eloquence that sprang from unshakable bovine self-assurance, eloquence that caused even her horns to tremble with excitement, eloquence that served notice on the listener, "Agree with me. Otherwise you're a smart Aleck and an outcast."

The apostate didn't bat an eye. He stared at the cow. The cow stared back. Again the tail moved with Pharisaical élan; but midway in its course through the air it suddenly stood still for a fraction of a second and then swished a mighty wallop against a portion of what Winston Churchill would call the cow's under-belly. Although Taste could garnish the swishing of her tail with every ounce of her vanity, she couldn't, for the life of her, remain on her dignity if a little fly happened to sting her. Yes, Mrs. Cow is one of those self-centered individuals who, to borrow an analogy from the *genus homo,* can strut while sitting down; but she doesn't like pin-pricks even when they come from a tiny fly.

S. C. I detest flies. They remind me so vividly of apostates. I got that one, and I'll get you.

A. Here I am. Swish away.

S. C. Why do you smile so



CRESSET PICTURES

The Christ of the Good Earth

. . sensitivity, peace and the Gospel on silk

War in China and in all the world has made it harder and harder to find the living, thrilling Gospel Story adequately portrayed. This series is the more timely because so many of our own artists have set aside the Bible as a subject for their art and have gone deeper and deeper into blood and war and hate. The spirit of the Chinese art seems completely at peace even in the midst of war and these pictures have come a long way, via India, from their native churches. Very definite locations are hard to give because of the great migrations caused by the invading Japanese.

The genius of Chinese art lies in the power of suggestion. Impressionism was established in China long before the word had any meaning at all in the Western World. The artists here shown are never harsh or sentimental. With an Easterner's understanding of Oriental ways he catches the spirit of the Gospel writers to an admirable degree and the beautiful, simple lines of his picture captivate the hearts of children and all those whose sense of beauty has not been too far perverted by the cartoon age in which we live.

The originals of these photos are all in churches or in private collections. All are painted on silk, carried out in delicate colors and with the fineness of touch so characteristic of the Chinese. They are works of various artists as can be seen from the signatures. The characters at the side of the painting give the subject. The artist's name usually appears in a square below. The artist in China rarely uses his own name, but rather a nom de plume, so the names can tell us very little about the artist or his place of work.

The best Chinese pictures always include a tree. Those which have no tree are noticeably more Western in their treatment and were probably painted by pupils of monks. Our Lord is generally shown in the surroundings of well-to-do Chinese life because most Chinese think it very irreverent to picture the Saviour in poverty.

"One picture is worth a thousand words"—Here is evidence that the Gospel works and brings rich and rare results also culturally.

The Arrival at Bethlehem

Mary stops at the rude fence while Joseph goes on to hear "that there was no room for them in the inn."

The Angel Appears to the Shepherds

A very peaceful interpretation of the great message to the humble watchers in the field.

The Shepherds Come to Bethlehem

In this picture the Western influence is very apparent, both in the grouping and in the setting.

The Adoration of the Magi

By studying the contrast between this picture and the previous one, the values of the Chinese interpretation become very apparent.

The Flight Into Egypt

As far as composition and real depth are concerned this "Flight" can take its place with the best of the well known paintings of this incident.

The Woman of Samaria

In the background may be seen the walls of the city to which the disciples had gone while the Saviour discoursed on "the water of life."

The Feeding of the Five Thousand

Seated under a great tree the Saviour blesses the loaves and fishes and some of the disciples are causing the people to be seated among the beautiful flowers and trees.

smirkingly when I say that one must recognize a difference between "light" music and "heavy" music?

A. Here's a little story a friend of mine told me the other day:

"A long time ago, when my milk teeth were far more numerous and infinitely more beautiful than the weather-beaten veterans that grace my mouth today, I learned to belabor the piano with a work called 'The Maiden's Prayer.' Perhaps you know the name of the composer. It's Thekla Baderczewska. She was a Pole. I didn't know how to pronounce her name at the time; but what did I care? Her music was so 'soulful.' To me it was 'highbrow.' It was 'classical.' One day I heard a sacred cow call it 'heavy.' And how I tried to plumb its depths!

"I must tell you that I didn't stumble upon 'The Maiden's Prayer' by accident. Some of my friends had spoken on and on of what they called its 'mesmerizing beauty.' I used to play for them when they came to sit in the parlor and chat, and how I'd swell with importance and pride whenever they'd cease their gibble-gabble for a moment to give ear to my performances. How flattered I'd feel whenever they'd compliment me by asking, 'How do you do it? Don't your fingers ever get tired?'

"I bought a copy of 'The Maiden's Prayer.' I reveled in its melodies. I basked in its 'soulfulness.' I adored its octaves. I strove with every fibre of my being to bestow upon the composition an 'interpretation' thoroughly in keeping with its 'soulful' and 'heart-rending' beauty.

"But my enthusiasm didn't last long. 'The Maiden's Prayer' began to bore me. When I played it for my friends, I noticed out of a corner of one of my eyes and with a tiny fragment of one of my eardrums that they kept jabbering away in spite of all my efforts to imbue my reading of the composition with the musicianship which, so they say, holds even the most blasé listener under a spell of enchantment."

S. C. Maybe your friend's playing was verminous. Have you ever thought of that?

A. I have, Mrs. Cow—more than once. Nevertheless, his boredom refused to disappear even when he heard capable piano-players perform "The Maiden's Prayer." To him the piece was no longer "deep." It had lost every vestige of what you, I take it, would speak of as "heaviness." Yet, for some reason or other, he didn't conclude that it was "light." It's true that, as time wore on, it made him feel as though he'd been cast headlong into a pool of gooey molasses; but even before his milk teeth had departed for Never

Never Land he said, much to the disgust of his highbrow friends, " 'The Maiden's Prayer' is high-class rubbish. It doesn't wear well."

Don't you see, Mrs. Cow, that the attitude and the background of the individual must, and always will, determine whether a composition is "light" or "heavy"?

S. C. Do you imply that my own background is flimsy?

A. Who am I to pry into the dark mysteries of what lies behind you?

S. C. But wouldn't you agree that Bach's fugues, for example, and, let us say, the "Funeral March" in Beethoven's *Eroica* are "heavy"?

A. Do you mean "serious" when you say "heavy," and do you mean "gay" when you say "light"?

S. C. Sometimes.

A. Well, if you delude yourself into believing that a fugue from the pen of Bach invariably exudes an odor of seriousness, you're cracked. Listen to the "Fugue in C Minor" in the first book of *The Well-Tempered Clavichord.* Don't you agree with those who say that it's chockful of gayety? Yet the very word fugue seems to wrest the adjective "heavy" from the lips of you and your next of kin. Is it because of the skill that must go into the writing of a fugue?

Now think of the "Funeral March" in Beethoven's *Eroica.* You'd call it "heavy." Do you mean "heavy-footed"?

S. C. Don't you think I know that Beethoven was a master-craftsman and that he was always sure-footed in his writing?

A. Do you mean that it's "hard to understand"? Or shall we say harder to understand than, for example, "Kitten on the Keys"?

S. C. Maybe.

A. But tell me, Mrs. Cow, what the average listener must strive to *understand* when he hears the "Funeral March." Surely, you won't say that he must seek to *understand* its *workmanship.* After all, the average listener knows little about harmony, counterpoint, and form. Furthermore, even the most meticulously trained experts in theory can't get to the bottom of Beethoven's craftsmanship. Ask two learned men or women to explain Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue." You'll get two answers; but those two answers won't dovetail.

No, my dear friend, the very names Beethoven and Bach don't make the compositions of these men what you'd call "heavy." Neither does the title of a work determine its "lightness" or "heaviness." I'll admit that there's much "heavy-footed" music on earth; but I'm convinced that the customary use of the adjectives "heavy" and "light" creates confusion.

S. C. How, then, would *you* advise the average listener to enjoy the "Funeral March" in Beethoven's *Eroica?*

A. First of all, I'd say, "You needn't *understand* this music in order to *enjoy* it, just as you needn't *know the recipe* of a delicious pie in order to *eat it with relish.*" Then I'd tell that person to pay attention to the melodies. As he concentrates on them, he'll soon feel the magic of Beethoven's harmonies. He'll do so even though he may not know major from minor or tonic from dominant. It might help to give him a brief and simple outline of the form of the movement and to say a word or two about the fact that here and there Beethoven uses more than one theme or more than one part of a theme at the same time or at almost the same time. I'd try in the sweat of my brow to avoid detailed analyses. Above all, I'd tell the listener to enjoy the music just as he enjoys a beautiful flower or a delicious pie. I'd urge him to learn as much as possible about the composer and about when, why, and how he wrote the *Eroica.* Maybe all this would be "heavy" work for some and thus tend to make the music "heavy" for them? In fact, I believe that you and your relatives mean this very thing when you talk so glibly about "heavy" music and "light" music.

A scientist, I suppose, could *analyze* a flower, and a cook could *analyze* a pie; but can't you and I derive untold joy from the beauties of nature and from good cookery without benefit of analyses? Do you distinguish between "heavy" flowers and "light" flowers, just as you undertake to make a distinction between "heavy" music and "light" music? I know, of course, that some music, like some pies, gives us indigestion.

I'm ready to say that technical knowledge can, and does, increase one's enjoyment of works of art; but I'm sure that your use of the term "heavy" as opposed to "light" prevents many a person from believing he can enjoy some of the masterpieces of music.

One could, of course, become slightly facetious and say that the *Moonlight Sonata,* Franz von Suppé's "Light Cavalry Overture," and the tune of the folk song "Lightly Row" are "light" in character and that the *Rheingold* motif in Wagner's *Ring,* "The Elephant" in Saint-Saens's *Carnival of the Animals,* and settings of "Heavy, Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head" are "heavy"; but who wants to be facetious?

S. C. Since you don't like "classical" and "popular," "heavy" and "light," why don't you suggest better terms?

A. Some time ago I thought of advocating the adjectives "good"

and "bad"; but I bore in mind that a friend of mine had once said to me, "I don't know much about music; but I do know good music from bad." Then and there I decided that I'd like to put an appropriate epitaph on that person's tombstone if I happened to outlive him. Because I had tried in vain for many years to "know good music from bad" with infallible accuracy, I'd have the inscription read, "He knew good music from bad." Furthermore, I put myself into the shoes of a radio announcer who'd been brought up, so to speak, on the terms "popular" and "light" as opposed to "classical" and "heavy." Poor soul, he'd have to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, we shall now have a half-hour of 'bad' music" when he'd be itching to use the word "popular" or "light." Then he'd continue, "Tomorrow, at the same time, we shall entertain you with a program of 'good' music" when he'd like to say "classical." I'm afraid he'd not want to speak of the compositions as "heavy."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

JEAN SIBELIUS. *Symphony No. 7 in C Major, Op. 105.* The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann.—This symphony in one movement mirrors the strength and the individualism of the great Finnish master. It was written in 1925. The performance and the recording are admirable. Victor Album 922. $3.68.

BEDRICH SMETANA. *The Moldau (Vltava),* from the symphonic cycle, *My Country (Má Vlast).* The National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler.—This descriptive tone poem is an inspiring outpouring of patriotic fervor. Dr. Kindler conducts with fine skill, and the orchestra plays with impressive beauty of tone. Victor Album 921. $2.63.

SINGLE DISCS. Fritz Kreisler plays his "Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven" and his transcription of the "Gavotte" from Bach's *Partita No. 3, in E Major* with the typical Kreislerian mastery. Franz Rupp is at the piano. Victor 10-1022. Seventy-nine cents.

John Charles Thomas, baritone, sings Stephen Foster's "Gentle Annie" and "Where My Caravan Has Rested," by Teschemacher-Löhr, in an appealing manner. Carroll Hollister is at the piano. Victor 10-1023. Seventy-nine cents.

Miliza Korjus, soprano, with chorus and symphony orchestra, presents Rossini's brilliant "La Danza" and the Italian folk song, "Funiculi Funicula," with remarkable vocal skill. Victor 11-8289. $1.05.

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

Charm and Humor

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY. By Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. Drawings by Alajálov. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. 1942. 247 pages. $2.50.

NOWADAYS if you see a group of people gathered in a corner muttering together and suddenly guffawing, the chances are they are talking about *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.* This is just the sort of book people like to share and giggle over in company, and even harassed and dignified business men have been seen to titter like girl scouts while recalling together the strange case of the money bags and the peculiar recommendations of the Ladies' Rest Tour Association for suitable lodgings at Dieppe.

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay recounts with a great deal of charm and humor the invasion of Europe in the early twenties by two nineteen-year-old lassies, the authors of this book. Except for shipwreck, measles, bed bugs, and an academic discovery of the facts of life, their trip was a series of delightfully pleasant adventures and personal triumphs. Emily's triumph was attained when, after much careful rehearsing in the etiquette of introductions, she was presented to M. Dehelly, the actor upon whom she desired to make a deep and lasting impression. "Monsieur bowed with courtly charm and his yellow curls brushed across her hand as he kissed it."

" 'Mademoiselle,' he said, in a low rich voice. And Emily in a throaty vibrant voice solemnly echoed back, 'Mademoiselle!' . . . . And she never spoke again. There was no need, after all. She had made her impression."

Cornelia's triumphs were happier, for they sprang from her cleverness with the needle and her ability "to run up a dress in an afternoon, exactly the way one might run up a big bag." She says:

. . . . I had succeeded in accomplishing one chef d'oevre, which was my pride and joy. This was an evening dress of fireman's red crepe, made particularly "stunning" by bunches of gold grapes

at shoulder and hip. To get into it, I had to spread it out along the floor and after straddling it, lean over and pick up the front. Then, legs apart, I swayed backwards like a circus tumbler, and scooped up the back. The pieces snapped together at the top, and a few extra "drapes" concealed the fact that my legs were on the outside of the dress.

Coupled with this marvelous creation was Emily's hat, which had been made in Muncie, Indiana.

It had a small brim and a soft, folded crown that was meant to fit snugly to the head. Through some oversight the folds hadn't been stitched together and as a result, at the slightest breeze or toss of her head, the crown would open out like a collapsible drinking cup and rise to its full length of a good yard in the air. And there it would stay unless I found a chance to whisper to her, "Your hat's up again. . . ."

The ladies, besides being young and gay, were obviously chic.

Even at nineteen, however, all is not sweetness and light, and the two young ladies were considerably sobered by the sight of a pair of tiny wax hands at the altar of La Vierge Marie at St. Valery and by their tragic visit to the home of a crippled soldier in the outskirts of Paris. Also, in spite of the more serious problems of young men, clothes, and other young men, both Miss Skinner and Miss Kimbrough managed to do some serious studying at the Sorbonne during their stay in Paris. It was during this summer that Cornelia Otis Skinner first conceived the idea of creating and reading the dramatic monologues which have since made her so famous and beloved.

Most readers will find *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* a delightful yarn, even though it will give them a touch of nostalgia for a youth that is gone and a time that is past forever. Alajálov's superb drawings add much to the charm of the book.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

Crowded Stage

THE MEDITERRANEAN: Saga of a Sea. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Barrows Mussey. Illustrations by Rafaello Busoni. Maps and end papers by Stephen J. Voorhies. Whittlesey House, New York. 1942. 635 pages. $3.75.

IF he can conquer the horrible feeling that he is once again cramming for an examination in freshman history, the reader will probably enjoy *The Mediterranean.* The book, which is an exhaustive study of that sea from every angle—physical, cultural, and military—shows that from the very beginning of recorded history man has fought battle after battle on the sea and has exploited its shores in the same way. Yet there is no evidence of progress, except mechanical, in the territories surrounding the Mediterranean; there has only been a shuttling of power from one nation to another. The Greeks, for instance, faced the same problem at the hands of Northern invaders a thousand years ago that they face today.

That Mr. Ludwig can handle so vast a subject as the history of our Western civilization in one volume is due to his careful selection of detail and to his skill in co-ordinating

the facts he presents. He is, to be sure, not always entirely unprejudiced in the presentation of his material. He obviously feels more kindly towards the laughter-loving pagans than toward the Christians, who gradually displaced the Romans as supreme rulers of the Mediterranean, bringing with them intolerance, cruelty, and bloody wars. Although Mr. Ludwig makes an effort to deal dispassionately with his facts, he occasionally falls into a trap of his own design. In one paragraph he laments Martin Luther's desire for reform. "Luther," he says, "was in Rome at the time, and it is significant that in the full splendor of the new day he saw only the vices and none of the glory." A few paragraphs later Mr. Ludwig describes the evils that existed in Rome at Luther's time, including slavery, murder, intolerance, and corruption among the ruling classes, and laments that no one sought to rectify them. Of slavery, he says:

> Christian civilization did outrage to the name of its founder by tolerating slavery, then by failing to protect slaves, by using them, and finally by sharing in the slave trade. A Pope, a bishop, who had slaves in chains carrying his galley across the Mediterranean, a patriarch of Constantinople, an archbishop of Venice, who blessed the ships as they put out to catch and sell human beings and build banker's palaces with the money, all these were more utterly contemptible than any heretic ever burned.

At times the author is guilty of making singularly broad statements, which he delivers with an amazing air of finality. Speaking of the early Jews he says:

> Oppression is likely to bring exaggerated self-esteem in its wake, and the Jews at this time conceived the idea that they were the one people chosen of God. This was something new to the ancient world. Such pretension to the exclusive possession of truth was bound to exasperate other peoples with other gods—the more so if the peoples were more powerful and well aware of a little people's inability to impose its God on the rest of mankind. Here we have the source of all the anti-Semitism in history.

MR. LUDWIG has divided his book into five sections. Each section, dealing with a significant period in the history of the Mediterranean, is prefaced by a short sketch of an imaginary lighthouse keeper who studies and ponders the book along with the reader. It is rather naive, purposely so, no doubt, that this extraordinary lighthouse keeper is afire with the desire to read on and to learn of his native land as outlined by the author. The book is not a good one for a watcher in the night to read; for this reviewer, at least, found it a remarkable cure for insomnia, not because it is dull, but because, instead of making the past live, it makes the present seem far away and hence not much to worry about. The history of mankind as presented by Mr. Ludwig resembles a carrousel which whirls around madly enough but never gets anywhere.

Mr. Ludwig's *Mediterranean* is a carefully planned and brilliantly executed book. At times, however, it tends to become a mere catalogue of events, and at others it becomes so involved in presenting the inter-rela-

tionships of man, time, and nation that the ordinary reader becomes confused and is tempted to skip over many valuable passages. In spite of that, most readers will enjoy this history of Western civilization. It is a history of man's ideas, and it is much more interesting than a history of man's deeds could possibly be.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH

A Wise Matriarch

MRS. PARKINGTON. By Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1942. 330 pages. $2.75.

LOUIS BROMFIELD is an able story-teller. He observes with penetrating keenness, and he writes forcefully and with admirable clarity. It is no exaggeration to say that he is one of the foremost American novelists of the present time.

Mrs. Parkington is chockful of those elements that create and maintain interest. There is no brilliantly developed plot to keep you from laying the book aside after you have begun to read; but there is masterful skill in the high art of depicting characters and the surroundings in which they move.

One cannot write adequately or with sufficient pertinency about Mr. Bromfield's latest novel without taking into account the circumstances and the considerations that led to the fabrication of the story. Here is what the author himself has to say:

Mrs. Parkington was written because her type of woman scarcely exists any longer. One by one they are dying off —these last products of a gaudy, spectacular and perhaps great period of American history. There were more of them than one would discover in a casual survey. They existed in San Francisco, in Chicago, in New York, in St. Louis, peculiarly American in their wisdom, courage, and the power they exerted in the moulding of their period. . . . I wrote *Mrs. Parkington* not as a panoramic history of a period or a family but as the portrait of a warm and human woman of strength, honesty, and integrity living in a meretricious day in which all these qualities were scarcely in esteem.

Mrs. Parkington rose to fabulous wealth and far-reaching influence by the simple process of becoming the wife of a bold, resourceful, and unscrupulous robber baron of American industry. Had she not been endowed with an uncommonly large amount of good sense, which enabled her to see and understand both the virtues and the foibles of her fellow-humans, luxury and ease would have thrust her life into the abyss of emptiness. She knew her husband inside out, and she soon realized that the children and the children's children who had come into the world as a result of her marriage to Mr. Parkington would not, and, in fact, could not, free themselves from the strangling influence which unearned wealth has a tendency to exert.

Mr. Bromfield deals with the perplexing problems that come tumbling upon Mrs. Parkington's shoulders after she has reached the age of eighty-four. Her husband has been dead for years, and in the entire family she alone is able to keep her head above water. The one and only balm in her troubled old age is the

fervent hope she reposes in a great-granddaughter. Her innate wisdom, coupled with unusual strength of character and tempered with the ability to be tolerant and forbearing in a shrewd manner, make it possible for her to keep the reins firmly in her hands until she herself goes the way of all flesh. But her canniness is not interred with her bones. It lives after her in a wisely made will.

Mr. Bromfield does not pluck his fascinating yarn out of thin air. He knows the scenes and the surroundings in which Mrs. Parkington and the good-for-nothings in her family have their being. Furthermore, by resorting at frequent intervals to what may be called a flashback method of stage-setting and character portrayal he succeeds in painting an all-inclusive picture.

Thought-Provoking Discussions

THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS. Edited by David Ewen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1942. 560 and XIV pages. Illustrated. $5.00.

ONE could speak of David Ewen's latest book as a symposium. Its object is to give brief biographies of important composers of our era, to let the men themselves talk about their work and their beliefs, and to add personal notes and critical evaluations written by competent observers. For the most part Mr. Ewen himself steps into the background. Naturally, the novel and ingenious way of dealing with the careers and the achievements of twenty-nine outstanding creators of music is his own; but he himself contributes only a brief preface, three valuable appendices, a list of acknowledgments, an index, a chapter on Ernest Bloch, and personal notes on Bloch, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Gian Francesco Malipiero.

If, for example, you are interested in learning about the career, the accomplishments, and the convictions of that much-discussed figure in the musical life of Soviet Russia, Dmitri Shostakovitch, you will find a short account of the man's life, then a chapter entitled "The Composer Speaks," and finally an article from the pen of Nicolas Slonimsky.

Mr. Shostakovitch will tell you that "there can be no music without an ideology." After reading this striking statement you will wonder what the man has in mind. The very next sentence will enlighten you. "The old composers," continues Mr. Shostakovitch, "whether they knew it or not, were upholding a political theory." You may say: "Fiddlesticks, Mr. Shostakovitch! You're talking through your hat. By accident of birth and by upbringing you're a Communist from the soles of your feet to the top of your head, and you're deluding yourself into believing that you can express the ideology of communism in your music. Such a notion is on a par in silliness with trying to write a composition about Stalin's pipe or Hitler's mustache or Mussolini's jaw."

But even though you and Comrade Shostakovitch do not see eye to eye, you know at least what the famous Russian thinks about music and

some of its possibilities. That bit of information, of course, will be invaluable to anyone who is eager to become acquainted with the Russian individualist's thought-provoking way of writing. When Mr. Slonimsky declares that the man who begot the widely heralded *Leningrad Symphony* "handles music in his own individual manner," you may be tempted to say, "I knew that long ago"; but will you nod your head in agreement when the learned commentator contends that "the elements of his [Shostakovitch's] art can be classified as derived from a whole century of music, from Beethoven to Prokofiev?" You will not deny that "the complete image is his [Shostakovitch's] own" even though you know that Mr. Slonimsky's somewhat platitudinous conclusion is true of any composer worth his salt.

You will have similar experiences when you read about the other men with whom the book deals.

It will be profitable to every student of music to own Mr. Ewen's book and to consult it frequently. Careful consideration of the opinions of able critics will assist you in formulating convictions of your own. The volume is valuable in many respects; but one of its greatest virtues lies in the fact that it stimulates thought and discussion. Mr. Slonimsky has contributed an excellent introduction entitled "Modern Music: Its Styles, Its Techniques." The composers dealt with are Jean Sibelius, Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, Maurice Ravel, Frederick Delius, Sir Edward Elgar, Serge Prokofiev, Arnold Schönberg, Manuel de Falla, Darius Milhaud, Ildebrando Pizzetti, Béla Bartók, Karol Szymanowski, Ernest Bloch, Sergei Rachmaninoff, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Paul Hindemith, Gian Francesco Malipiero, Alban Berg, Ernst Krenek, Bohuslav Martinu, Dmitri Shostakovitch, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, William Walton, Heitor Villa-Lobos, Carlos Chavez, Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, and George Gershwin.

Washington Panorama

I WRITE FROM WASHINGTON. By Marquis W. Childs. Harper & Bros., New York. 1942. 331 pages. $3.00.

MARQUIS CHILDS is a top-flight Washington correspondent whose natural repertorial skill has been allowed free play by the fortunate circumstance that he works for the *St. Louis Post Dispatch,* one of the most enlightened of American newspapers. His book presents an incisive and fascinating analysis of "what goes on" in our nation's chaotic capital city.

I Write From Washington covers the epochal—and, in many respects, bizarre—decade between 1932 and 1942. Mr. Childs saw the Roosevelt Administration make its dramatic entrance upon the national scene; he was a ringside observer of the stirring events of the first "hundred days"; and he witnessed the gradual but inevitable end of the honeymoon and the resultant domestic friction that has continued to grow more acute with the perpetuation of the New Deal.

The first section of the book is

devoted to the New Deal, its policies, and it personalities. With fine objectivity, the author points out the undeniable contributions which the New Deal has made to our nation's social order, while at the same time he lays his finger on the many dangerous and potentially destructive trends to which it has given rise.

Section II of the book is entitled "Transition," in which the author traces the events that led to the active participation of the United States in the present war. His appraisal of the men and issues that appeared prominently in the pre-war period is obviously colored by his interventionist predilections. This reviewer, for one, is not ready to concede that opposition to the administration's policy was *eo ipso* tantamount to either treason or imbecility.

The third section of *I Write From Washington,* which deals with the war itself, is perhaps the most thought-provoking of all. Mr. Childs here shows his keen insight into the great issues with which our nation today is wrestling and his sincere devotion to the preservation of the American way of life—with all that that pregnant phrase has come to mean to those who are true believers in representative government and free enterprise.

Mr. Childs tries to avoid the pitfalls of political prophecy, but he does venture the guess that General MacArthur will figure prominently in the elections of 1944. And he feels that it is "in the cards" that Mr. Roosevelt will run for a fourth term. That prophecy, in our estimation, falls in the same category as predicting that Christmas will come on December 25 this year.

All in all, *I Write From Washington* makes fascinating and instructive reading for anyone who is interested in the kaleidoscopic march of events in the nation's capital. And who, these days, isn't?

Good Story

HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS AROUND THE CORAL SEA. By Caroline Mytinger. Illustrated by the author. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1942. 416 pages. $3.00.

THE title suggests something gruesome, but the story is most delightful. The author was fortunate in her timing. Not that her book at any other time would not have been interesting; but to write a book and then to have a war break out and to have the relatively little-known places of that book leap into the newspaper headlines and to become household words—that is a break few authors ever get.

Here we have the lively tale of two rather young women, the artist, Miss Mytinger, and Margaret Warner, a ukelele-playing companion, traveling in the Solomons for the purpose of making a pictorial record of a group of "backward human beings." They start out with comparatively little cash on hand and an abundance of faith that they will be able to pay their way by making and selling drawings of the people whom they would meet along the way. Evidently their faith was not put to shame, for they lived through

it all and recorded their experiences in a volume that will be read by many people. The illustrations, reproductions of the results of the author's "headhunting," are alone worth the cost of the book.—The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January.

Caroline Mytinger is a born story-teller. She has a photographic eye and a prodigious memory for details, so that her word-pictures of the places she visited and the people she met match the pictures she made. At Guadalcanal—she prefers the older spelling "Guadalcanar"—their first dinner was an initiation into the things that were to come. There were mosquitoes everywhere, working their way down their thinly clad backs, stabbing up from below through the cane chairs on which they sat, and the "Mastah" warned them: "You shouldn't scratch your legs; you'll have a crop of island sores if you do." Dinner was followed by a night's rest under old mosquito netting, the damp bed smelling like a tomb, "dank and moldy with the years of undried moisture;" fighting mosquitoes and sand flies, and finding little rest. When the author awoke in the morning, having fallen asleep at last from sheer exhaustion, she found her companion standing at the door, not admiring the dawn, but "cutting swollen mosquitoes off her arms with the manicure scissors."

HER experiences trying to get the natives to pose for her drawings and then working for hours in the heat after she was practically exhausted, the interminable dampness, the fighting against malaria, the constant watch to avoid contracting the island sores, the everpresent threat of dysentery—none of these things are glossed over. And they are a rather excellent commentary on the fortitude and patience of these two "explorers." Sometimes the scenes she describes are hilariously funny, and sometimes they are extremely pathetic. Their taking part in the turtle hunt of the natives is one of the most exciting episodes of the book, and at the same time the author shows that the work in a native village, in spite of much apparent confusion, is well-organized and demands the participation of every member of the village, male and female, old and young. She explodes the idea, not uncommon among westerners, that the native women do all the work while the men take things easy. The native wives are seemingly well able to assert themselves, and we are told that they "do not work half so hard and long as the average American farmwife." "Housekeeping is simple. . . . There are no dozens of sheets and towels and tablecloths and diapers and play suits" that need weekly washing and ironing. At the same time, she tells us something of the care exercised to keep the native village clean and well organized, with certain traditional rules of modesty, propriety, and sanitation meticulously observed by old and young.

Miss Mytinger was born in California and now lives in Burlingame. She has studied at the Art Students' League of New York, the Breckenridge School of Art in Massachusetts, and the Colorado Springs School of Art.

What About Tomorrow?

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE. The Social and Cultural Outlook. By P. A. Sorokin. Illustrated with diagrams and charts. E. P. Dutton, New York. 1942. $3.50.

PITIRIN A. SOROKIN, Chairman of the Department of Sociology in Harvard University, offers this remarkable account of his speculations on the future of mankind. It is the summary of a much more extensive earlier work, from which the plates and diagrams are taken: *Social and Cultural Dynamics.* The major proposition on which this work is based is this: Few periods of human history display so deep a tragedy as that of present-day man. "Democracy, parliamentarism, universal suffrage, ... have completely vanished or are rapidly disappearing before our very eyes." Materialism and pragmatism have gotten rid of God and "when a society dispenses with God, with the Absolute, and rejects all the binding moral imperatives, the only binding power that remains is sheer physical force itself," and so "the magnificent culture of our historical yesterday displays today all the signs of creative exhaustion and a mania for self-destruction." "We are witnessing a veritable 'blackout' of human culture." Nor is the crisis in which we are living one of the ordinary crises which happen almost every decade; the case is much more serious than that; it is "one of the greatest transitions in human history from one of its main forms of culture to another."

Now this phrase sums up the basic theory of Professor Sorokin's philosophy of history. He believes that there have been periodic changes in culture, trends in the social process which have followed a definite pattern. Culture is more than civilization; the term stands for science, art, philosophy, religion, law, ethics, mores, modes of conduct, and the whole mentality that lies behind these cultural systems. There have been chiefly three types of culture, each of which is destined to disintegrate and give way to the next. Sorokin distinguishes these three primary forms of culture as corresponding to three systems of truth: the *ideational, sensate,* and *idealistic.* The entire book takes for granted this correspondence of three main supersystems of culture to these three main systems of truth. Now these are the definitions of ideational, sensate, and idealistic:

Ideational truth is *the truth revealed by the grace of God,* through his mouthpieces (the prophets, mystics, and founders of religion), disclosed in a supersensory way through mystic experience, direct revelation, divine intuition, and inspiration. Such a truth may be called *the truth of faith.* It is regarded as infallible, yielding adequate knowledge about the true-reality values. *Sensate* truth is *the truth of the senses,* obtained through our organs of sense perception. If the testimony of our senses shows that "snow is white and cold," the proposition is true; if our senses testify that snow is not white and not cold, the proposition becomes false. *Idealistic* truth is *a synthesis of both, made by our reason.* In regard to sensory phenomena, it recognizes the role of the sense organs as the source and criterion of the validity or invalidity of a proposition. In regard to supersensory phenomena, it claims that any knowledge

of these is impossible through sensory experience and is obtained only through the direct revelation of God.

Now, it is the sharp clash of these systems of truth that marks especially the periods of decline of the one and the rise of the other. There was, for example, the clash between the emerging revealed truth of Christianity with the sensory truth dominant in the Greco-Roman society of the first centuries of our era. From the standpoint of the revealed truth of Christianity, the truth of the senses and the sensory knowledge derived from it could not appear anything but foolishness. The clash of these two systems was as sharp as possible and lasted for centuries, until Christian faith emerged victorious around the sixth century.

THERE is a direct relation between the dominant system of truth accepted by a given culture or society and the development of culture in a given period. The sensate system most strongly favors the study of the sensory world, with its physical, chemical, and biological properties and relationships. As a result, we have periods marked by an abundance of technological inventions that aim to serve our sensory needs. Natural science replaces religion, theology, and even speculative philosophy.

Mr. Sorokin has prepared a large number of graphs, diagrams, and tabulations to show how scientific discoveries and inventions have been very abundant in ages of sensate culture, while literature, the arts, philosophy flourish at times when the materialistic influences have been overcome and when "the mentality committed to the truth of faith" has taken its place.

Thus, during the medieval centuries the percentage of the materialistic philosophy among all the other philosophies from 500 to 1300 was zero; and that of the idealistic philosophy and *Weltanschauung,* 100. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries materialism increased, respectively, to 12.7 and 23.3 per cent; whereas idealism decreased, respectively, to 55.9 and 40.3 per cent, the remainder being represented by composite philosophies blending materialism and idealism.

All these movements are pictured in diagrams constructed on the basis of the names of persons mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and other works of reference. In another group of tabulations and graphs the proof is given for the proposition that there has been a regular change through the past 3,000 years of human history from one system of culture to another.

In the above we fail to do justice to the large amount of specific proof which the author adduces for his main proposition. As for our present age, he regards this period as an overripe phase of sensate culture. "The soul of our sensate culture is broken down." Beginning with the second half of the nineteenth century, it began to show an increasing creative fatigue, in some fields more, in others less, but more or less in all fields, except perhaps in science and technology. But even there we have a progressively slower rate of increase of discoveries and inventions. In lit-

erature the twentieth century has not yielded any figure equal to the giants of even the nineteenth century. "All the Nobel prize winners are midgets compared with their predecessors. Instead we now have 'best-sellers,' sold in millions today and forgotten tomorrow." As for the drama, the twentieth century gave us mainly "the theater of pathology and sex and obscenity and human wretchedness." "Science gave us the movies, but Hollywood turned them into the most vulgar displays." Not different is the situation in painting and sculpture. "After the great masters of the Renaissance and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Raphael, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Dürer, Rembrandt, and the like—nothing greater has been created in these fields." In the field of philosophy, even the nineteenth century did not yield as great masters as the preceding centuries of the sensate era. Finally, the twentieth century has been, so far, the age of the midget philosophers. None of them reaches even the caliber of the greatest philosophers of the nineteenth century. In the social sciences we have accumulated "an enormous mass of mainly irrelevant and fruitless facts." Our psychology is but a "substitution of physiology and anatomy of the nervous system for psychology as a science of the human soul, consciousness, and mental life." We have made great progress in the natural sciences, in the technological inventions, but even here is a stagnant or even a regressive trend. These inventions are more and more being applied to a purely destructive purpose. "In twenty-four hours, cities with hundreds of thousands of population are wiped out, and with them the scientific and technological laboratories and scientists themselves as the victims of their own inventions." The summary is reached in the following sentences:

> Western society continued magnificently its creative mission for five centuries. At the present time this road has brought it to a blind alley of exhaustion of the sensate creative forces. The salvation again lies in a shift to another form of culture. The sensate phase wrote truly the most magnificent page in the whole history of mankind and culture. In this sense it discharged its greatest mission faithfully and fruitfully. Now it is tired and exhausted. It deserves a rest. It should hand on the torch of creativeness to other forms of culture. While it is resting, the ideational and idealistic cultures will carry on the great creative mission of mankind. When these in their turn are tired, then the rested sensate culture will again arise and will take the torch from the tired grasp of the fatigued cultures. And so the creative mission of mankind will go on and on to the end—if there is an end.

HOWEVER, the diagnosis of Professor Sorokin closes on an optimistic note. For one thing, the American and European cultures today are one, and if the future holds a new splendor, it will be splendor on both continents. Moreover, "many evidences point to a shift of the center of world history from Europe to the Pacific Ocean, with America, China, India, Japan, and Russia as the main players of the world-history drama during the next centuries."

How long the present period of

disintegration will last, we do not know, but it will progressively give place not to a final collapse—the author disagrees entirely with the formula developed by Oswald Spengler in his *Decline of the Westland,*—but there will be a new phase during which the real values of life will be re-enthroned. Through the present fiery ordeal a purification of society will be finally achieved. Mankind will have a new emergence or revival of faith, a resurrection of true religion, a new appreciation of those values which are eternal, indestructible, and independent of anything material and external.

Uncle Sam's New Ward

GREENLAND. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. 1942. 338 pages and 8 pages of photographs. $3.50.

SHOULD UNCLE SAM ADOPT GREENLAND? was the chief article in the *Christian Science Monitor* Weekly Magazine Section for May 18, 1940. Uncle Sam adopted Greenland on April 9, 1941, when Henrik de Kauffman, Danish Minister at Washington, and Cordell Hull signed an agreement which included Greenland in our system of hemispheric defense. Today our troops are maintaining and guarding landing fields, harbors, and fortifications in this island. Uncle Sam has promised that it will remain a Danish colony when the German invasion of Denmark has ended.

The largest of islands or the smallest of continents, Greenland is nearly as large as the twenty-six states that are east of the Mississippi River. Eighty-five per cent of its area is snow-covered in midsummer, but the remaining 15 per cent (the coast) amounts to 110,000 square miles, an area larger than that of the whole of Great Britain.

The island was discovered in the sixth or seventh century by Irish monks, named and colonized at the end of the tenth century by Erik the Red of Iceland (father of Leif, who discovered America in the year 1000), cut off about the middle of the fifteenth century from European civilization, rediscovered at the end of the sixteenth century by English navigators, and explored in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (largely by Danes). Its strategic value to America has been recognized by a few statesmen since the time of William H. Seward, who purchased Alaska, and by the Arctic explorers Robert E. Peary and Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Contrary to popular opinion, the literature on Greenland is enormous, though it must be said that much of it is relatively inaccessible and little of it is popular. To Vilhjalmur Stefansson goes the credit for digesting the many books, articles, and scientific papers on Greenland, and presenting a definitive history-geography of the little-known island. Since his retirement from Arctic exploration in 1918, Mr. Stefansson has assembled a collection of some 15,000 books on the polar regions, and his chief work has been investigating, writing, and advising on the North. *Greenland* is a companion volume to his *Iceland: The First American Republic* (1939).

The distinctions of Mr. Stefansson's new book are four. It is based on all known sources of information —it is complete. It is written in an informal style that is lucid and graceful. It settles the historians' controversy over the lost Norse colony of the Middle Ages. It is timely, for it explains Greenland's present strategic importance.

ONE of the most fascinating mysteries in history is the story of the disappearance of the Greenland colony. By the year 1000 the colony had established itself as a republic with a parliament, and by 1020, at the time of its greatest population (9000), the country officially became a Christian nation. Scandinavian and Icelandic ships plied between their home ports and Greenland. To Europe went exports of polar bears, falcons, walrus hides, ivory, oil, skins of sea mammals, and furs from land animals. Greenlanders themselves sailed to the forested sections of the American mainland for house timber and for wood needed for utensils.

Then during the fourteenth century the colony's trade and the colony itself declined. The last undisputed Norwegian voyage took place in 1410. Little is known of the Greenlanders during the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. When Sir Martin Frobisher and John Davis landed in Greenland on their voyages of exploration at the end of the sixteenth century, they found traces of a European civilization but no populous colony.

In 1721, for the first time in 300 years, Europeans came to Greenland with a desire to spend the winter. It was a combined mission and trading venture from Bergen, Norway. The promoter of the expedition and its leader was Hans Povelsen Egede, a Norwegian who had received his higher education in Denmark. For at this time Norway was subordinate to Denmark, both kingdoms ruled from Copenhagen.

The Lutheran Egede's main purposes were to preach Christianity to the neglected Icelandic-Norwegian Greenlanders and to convert the Eskimos. He did act as missionary to the Eskimos, but he did not find the Norse Christians he expected.

What happened to the Norse colony? Mr. Stefansson's careful examination of all available data and his report upon the findings of Egede, of Egede's son Povl, and of other searchers may be accepted as a final answer to this perplexing question.

TODAY Greenland has a population of 17,500, of whom 500 are Europeans. The Danish Government early decided that its chief function in caring for the island was to keep the Eskimos alive and in good health. From this decision sprang the policy of keeping Greenland a "closed" country. (The Eskimos, probably the healthiest people in the world when left to their own culture, are peculiarly susceptible to the diseases of the white man.) Foreigners were prohibited from entering the island, and scientific investigators and a few tourists could enter only after having secured consent from Copenhagen.

Strategically, Greenland is important because it dominates the North Atlantic, providing a possible way station for both ships and airplanes

and a place for weather observatories. Ships may land supplies and men on the shores of half the entire circumference of Greenland at any time of the year. Coastal landing fields for airplanes by now must be familiar to our Ferry Command, and one would guess that before the war is over Mr. Stefansson's claim that the great Inland Ice Cap makes a landing field 1,200 miles long and 200 miles wide will be proved correct.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

Interesting and Amusing

EULOGY OF JUDGES. By Piero Calamandrei. Translated by John Clarke Adams and C. Abbott Phillips, Jr. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1942. 121 pages. $2.00.

THIS little volume is unusual in both its thesis and form of presentation. The keynote, brought out in the first chapter and developed in later chapters, is: Have faith in Justice. In recent years there has appeared a type of legal literature, exemplified by Fred Rodell's *Woe Unto You, Lawyers* and Pearson and Allen's *Nine Old Men,* which has apparently done much to undermine the traditional faith in justice. The superficial reader of such literature, or the unthinking habitué of our modern municipal courts might readily form an opinion that justice is a myth and a hoax, and that litigation is simply a game of chance and skill. But such a conclusion is frequently unwarranted, be the approach theoretical or that of watching "law in action," because one small segment is accepted as a fair sample of the whole.

The author of *Eulogy of Judges* may at times be suspected of expressing mere platitudes ("He who seeks justice must believe in justice, who like all divinities, shows her face only to the faithful" p. 3). Again, he could be characterized as being too naive or too rationalistic ("Laymen .... sometimes assume that the facts, lovingly and carefully assembled by a lawyer, are only an invention of his mind. But a lawyer does not alter the truth; he selects its most significant elements which might escape the perception of outsiders" p. 52).

On the whole, however, Calamandrei does a rather convincing job of counteracting the "debunking" techniques of modern legal literature. As mentioned, his method is unusual. The book is divided into fourteen chapters, each of which is in reality a disconnected essay. Some of the titles are "On certain aberrations of clients, for which the judges should excuse the lawyer"; "On the sorrows and sacrifices in the life of the lawyer"; "On etiquette (or discretion) in the court." The author seeks to prove his thesis by considering a number of aphorisms (such as, "The judgments of courts can turn white into black and square into round," p. 7) and either pointing out the fallacy or giving an explanation of each. As indicated by the chapter-titles referred to, much of the volume is devoted to the task of bringing to the attention of the layman some of the problems that confront the lawyer and judge every day.

If the reader were not aware of the fact that Calamandrei is professor of law in the University of Florence, and hence must have had in mind problems facing the Italian lawyer, he might easily suppose the author was discussing practice as it exists on Wall Street, La Salle Street, or Main Street. Which is but another demonstration that human nature is very much the same, no matter where found. Thus, we learn that also in Italy there are clients who are more interested in winning cases than in dealing fairly, and hence select as their counsel a man with dubious ethics—and, failing in that, attempt to hoodwink an honest lawyer. Again, we learn that not only in the good old U. S. A. do judges fall asleep during long drawn-out arguments. And, the author's description of a consultation with a client (p. 108) and the lawyer's change in mood from boredom to intense interest, is truly a classic.

Here and there the author has dropped bits of advice to young men about to practice law. Many of the gems are reminiscent of Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac.* Consider this one: "Clarity and brevity are the most admirable qualities of oratory; they are most eloquently expressed in silence" (p. 36).

The translators' preface gives an interesting and amusing explanation for the English version. One of the translators selected the author's course in law school because "Professor Calamandrei was clean shaven, a fact of considerable importance to a foreigner whose knowledge of Italian was so limited that he needed to watch lips as well as listen to sounds in his effort to understand." In a short time, however, the professor had filled his students with a reverence for the bar, and the translator was so impressed that he decided that *Eulogy of Judges* should be made available to readers of English.

M. J. Jox.

Timely Book

AMERICA'S NATURAL WEALTH. By Richard Lieber. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1942. 245 pages. $2.50.

THE sub-title of this book reads "A Story of the Use and Abuse of Our Resources." The cause of conservation is here set forth by a devoted and long-time friend who develops his theme both as a record of accomplishment and as a challenge to future efforts. The author has served many years as Chairman of the Indiana State Park Committee, and in this capacity placed Indiana in the forefront of states with one of the finest systems of state parks in the country. His book discusses America's natural resources in terms of minerals, water, forests, land, scenery, and recreational opportunities.

The volume is particularly timely because of the demands being made at the present time on the mineral resources of the United States. It develops that some of the most essential minerals are today available only in dwindling quantities. For instance, the matchless Mesabi iron-ore range in Minnesota, opened in 1892, is already half-exhausted. Its life may last only another forty years, and cer-

tainly not that long at the present rate of extraction for military purposes. Another type of waste which is developing into a major threat to the future of American industry is the huge destruction of coal. There was a time when, for every ton of coal mined, at least an additional ton was wasted underground. Mr. Lieber quotes from a United States Coal Commission report the statement of experts who submit that in coal mining the average loss in western European workings is from 5 per cent to 10 per cent, while in the United States the avoidable loss amounted to 150,000,000 tons a year, left behind under conditions that virtually prevent its being recovered. Conditions in the non-ferrous metals—copper, lead and zinc—are likewise unsatisfactory from any angle of use, conservation or otherwise. It was found by the National Resources Planning Board that in one natural gas field of the United States "a billion cubic feet of natural gas is being blown into the air daily. That, being the equivalent to forty thousand tons of coal, is gas enough to supply the United Kingdom twice over. It is forty times as much gas as all the Scandinavian countries use together. It is almost enough to supply regularly every householder in the United States now consuming either natural or manufactured gas. The only use made of this particular gas is to strip it for the tiny fraction of gasoline which it contains. . . . ."

The greater part of Mr. Lieber's book is devoted to the conservation of water courses, forests, and scenery. As for the streams, if their pollution continues unchecked, "our water courses will be open sewers—unsanitary, foul-smelling, and dangerous to public health; uninviting to lovers of outdoor life, and ruinous to land values." Due to the interest which our government has taken in the preservation of forests, the prospects are better now, though we do stand guilty before present and unborn generations for the destruction of forestry and agriculture upon the lands we have laid waste in the past. Out of our original 822,000,000 acres of forest land, we now have 630,000,000 acres—462,000,000 acres being classed as commercial, 168,000,000 acres as non-commercial. While this is quite a lumber pile, the waste of our timber has been and still is monstrous. It has been estimated that through logging operations one-fourth is wasted directly. Where magnificent trees once grew, forest fires have not only robbed the next generation of a standing wood supply, but have taken away time and again the soil cover and fertility needed to sustain new growth. This condition prevails over vast areas, and it will take many long decades before this humus can be rebuilt by successive types of vegetation to the point where the land will again be able to sustain a forest stand.

As for the achievement of immigrants from the overpopulated countries of Europe, who built these United States—rightly called by Mr. Lieber "one of the most astounding phenomena in the history of man"—the price we paid for our colossal achievement was equally colossal in

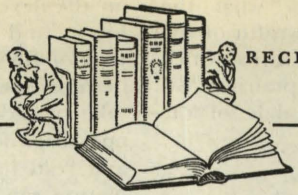
heedless waste. Consider what the early settlers did to the wealth of the deer, bison, and game birds which populated the limitless prairies. Mr. Lieber quotes Dr. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan:

In 1877 the grand total of venison shipments in Michigan during the two short months in which the weather permitted the transportation of deer was 1,070,000 pounds, of which 850,000 were shipped outside the state. This slaughter totals for a sixty-day season 10,700 carcasses. In one season 6,000 pounds, or three tons, of game birds, mostly partridges, were shipped from one city of 10,000 inhabitants alone. From the nesting place of pigeons in Newaygo, Oceana, and Grand Traverse counties, in 1875, were shipped to outside market 1,000 tons or 2,000,000 pounds, of young "squabs"; while not less than 200,000 dozen, or 2,400,000 birds were entrapped and shipped to all parts of the United States and England. . . .

A party of two gentlemen and two ladies who encamped upon a stream for about a fortnight caught 3,000 graylings, 2,000 of which were taken to Chicago, the other 1,000 not being in sufficiently good state of preservation to be transported. Another party from Chicago caught, during an expedition of four weeks, 5,000 graylings. The grayling is today almost an extinct fish in Michigan waters.

America's Natural Wealth is not all such lugubrious reading. There are a number of delightful chapters on the developments of our national forests and national parks. Preservation of these areas as unbroken wilderness is stressed. Preservation must take precedence over use. "To keep our magnificent heritage of scenery and wild life in such condition that Nature can carry out her laws, more thoughtful purists are needed—and fewer reckless expansionists and showmen."

A tribute is paid to the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps recently terminated by an order of President Roosevelt. The enrollment in the C. C. C. at one time was 600,000. And there were almost 3,000 camps in operation. In its war against the greatest enemy of the forest—fire—the C. C. C. has built 3,880 fire towers and houses, and connected these lookout places with wardens, fire fighters, and forest officers by 77,930 miles of telephone lines. A total of 139,000 miles of roads, trails, and fire breaks have been built for further protection. Jobs were provided in the C. C. C. program for approximately 2,500,000 persons. Approximately 1,800,000,000 trees were planted in the first seven years of the C. C. C. More than 85,000 illiterates have been taught to read and write, and more than 500,000 enrollees have left the Corps to accept private jobs prior to completing their terms of enrollment.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

FROM MADRIGAL TO MODERN MUSIC

A Guide to Musical Styles. By Douglas Moore. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1942. 354 pages. $3.75.

AFTER an engrossing prologue Douglas Moore deals with the music of the Renaissance, with compositions that are commonly referred to as baroque, with the classic era, with romanticism, and with the modern period. The volume contains a brief dictionary of musical terms, and Mr. Moore has added a bibliography and a list of recordings. To avoid misapprehension the author is careful to state in the preface that

> the book is neither a history of music nor a comprehensive survey of the literature. It is an attempt to transport the reader into the spirit of each of several great periods — Renaissance, Baroque, Classic, Romantic, and Modern—so that he feels its quality, understands its enthusiasms, its technical resources and limitations, its habits of thought and style.

As a scholar Mr. Moore has his feet on the ground; as a writer he has his ups and downs. At times he puts forceful and beguiling vividness, clarity, and incisiveness into his discussions; at times he descends into the abyss of drabness. Now and then he resorts to strange expressions. He tells us, for example, that Brahms's music is "compassionate." What, pray, is "compassionate" music?

WITH PERRY IN JAPAN

The Diary of Edward Yorke McCauley. Edited by Allan B. Cole. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1942. 126 pages. Illustrated. $2.50.

THE lively diary of Edward Yorke McCauley, who served on board one of the United States men-of-war which set sail in 1852 under Commodore Perry on a "now-famous adventure to Japan for the opening of American-Japanese diplomatic and commercial relations," will help us to understand many aspects of Nipponese life and history. Allan B. Cole, of Oberlin College, urges the reader to bear in mind that the diary is "the story of a brash, young officer

who reflected the feeling of racial and cultural superiority so characteristic of his exuberant republic." He adds:

From March 31, 1854, to December 7, 1941, many people and leaders in both Nippon and the United States were convinced of their nation's fundamental superiority to all others. The difference lay—and remains today—in the fact that the Japanese were challenged to prove it, whereas the Americans continued to be complacent in their contempt and depreciation of Orientals. This mistaken, stupid concept infected the United States Navy—as McCauley's journel amply demonstrates—from seaman to rear-admiral. It has poisoned the public mind in peace-time and has contributed to disasters in war. It should now be fully apparent that the Nippon of today is a very different country from that of 1854, and likewise that the young republic of the mid-nineteenth century has grown from adolescence into maturity.

MEMOIRS OF A GUINEA PIG

Or Eight Years in a Doctor's Waiting Room. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 238 pages. $2.00.

EIGHT years ago the author published an article that drew crabbed comment from the medical profession. At that time a friend wrote him: "Boy, you've done it now! You've got the doctors down on you and you'll never be free of them again. You are a gone goose!" These ominous words turned out to be prophetic. O'Brien began to have trouble with spots before his eyes, and when he went to see Dr. Macula, the renowned ophthalmologist, he was setting out—little though he dreamed it—on a pilgrimage that was to go on and on down into the present. He turned out to be a cryptogenic. The varied experiences through which he passed are told in a good-humored and most diverting way and are enlivened with illustrations by Robert Mills. There is also a deal of information on medical matters scattered through the pages, and there are some sound and serious reflections. He writes, for instance:

Something went out of our lives when we discarded prayer and resolved to go it alone. Puffed up with intellectual vainglory, we thought we could reason our way through this vale of tears. Stuffed with undigested learning, we believed that "science," unaided, could forge a key to heaven. The answer to our folly is in the daily headlines. No kindly light is leading us now. For all our material achievements, we are lost in an encircling gloom.

Perhaps we shall turn again to prayer, after we have tried every conceivable substitute—and found none.

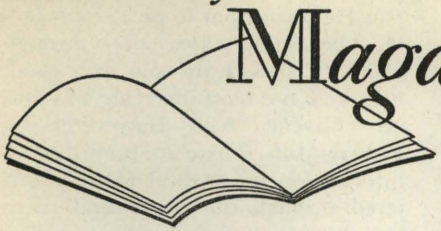
THE RAINBOW OVER CALVARY

By W. G. Polack. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1943. 82 pages. $1.00.

OUR esteemed associate, a charter member of THE CRESSET Associates, has written a beautiful little volume of meditations on the Seven Words from the Cross. Doctor Polack's gift for poetry is evidenced also in his writing of prose and in the excellent selections of verse scattered throughout these addresses. They are recommended for Lenten reading.

February

Magazines



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

THE MARGIN NOW IS WOMANPOWER

So *Fortune* declares, claiming that 3,000,000 women, mostly housewives, must be recruited for work in 1943 either voluntarily or through drafting. The great majority of these will be women already living in 187 cities which are centers of war production. Practically no unmarried women are left to draw on. The only realistic reserve are urban housewives without children under sixteen, who number about twelve million, of whom a third are under thirty-five. The problems of child neglect which so easily arise when mothers of small children work do not enter in this case, though, indeed, many other problems are connected with bringing women into industry. Processes of work simplification will need to be developed. More pleasing working conditions than men have had will need to be provided in some industries. Postwar implications will also have to be kept in mind, so that men will not be without jobs when they return.

DAVIS(SIC!) AND GOLIATH

In *Harper's* Michael Darrock and Joseph P. Dorn discuss the record of the Office of War Information under the above caption. Till June of last year, when the President established the O.W.I. and made Elmer Davis its director, there was a bewildering mass of unco-ordinated governmental information agencies, leading to confusion and contradiction. The O.W.I., when instituted, was given complete control in the field. When Davis took hold, he made up his mind to furnish the American people as clear a view of the war as possible. To do this, he had to wage quite a struggle with "the big hats of the Army and Navy" and even had to carry his

case to the President. Davis has by now succeeded to a large degree in unifying information releases and arranging that the public receives legitimate news on the developments in the war. He is, of course, unable to do anything about the confusing information that appears on such subjects as rubber, gasoline, manpower, and the like; for here the confusion in the news is a reflection of confusion and conflict on policies among government agencies.

TARIFF OR NO TARIFF

Under this heading David L. Cohn discusses in the *Atlantic* the probable American attitude after the war. Although we entered the First World War with definite convictions and then miserably failed to win the peace, the impression now prevails that even if we entered the Second World War with no convictions whatever we shall win the peace this time. But shall we? Our past record in such matters is far from encouraging. In particular, shall we be willing to enter on a low-tariff or no-tariff policy to make possible a free flow of international trade, or will we again adopt the policy of prohibitive tariffs which did so much to foster this war, and shall we so set the stage for still another conflict? Cohn argues that even from a purely national viewpoint low tariffs are desirable, while internationally regarded they are indispensable to any improved world order. But, he warns, unless an informed public opinion is ready to insist on this point when peace comes, special pleaders may again carry the day and again cause a loss of the peace.

BROAD HORIZONS

"Meet the Challenge of Wartime" is the title of an article by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman in the January *Woman's Home Companion*. We are reminded by the doctor of the statement by James Russell Lowell, in connection with another period of our nation's peril. God, he declared, would never have allowed man to get at the world's matchbox if he had not known that the framework of this universe is fireproof. This conflagration will burn itself out, but the ultimate values—beauty, truth, goodness—the pillars of the universe—will stand. The doctor adds that we can keep both our faith and our realism if we keep our horizons broad enough. He suggests the reading of a Psalm before picking up the morning paper and re-emphasizes the truth that the quiet fortitude of the home-folks who wait in loneliness for word from their loved ones at

the front is worth as much as the brilliant daring of a soldier in battle.

THE SWISS AND THE WAR

In "Switzerland, Axis Captive," Charles Lanius, *Satevepost* writer, outlines in detail what we all have surmised for some time, namely that the Axis has, without occupying the land, harnessed the industrial power of "neutral" Switzerland to supply the Axis with the necessities of warfare. This covers a wide field of items, but especially the manufacture of high-precision machine parts, optical equipment, radios for the *Luftwaffe,* acoustic equipment for the U-boats, etc. The throttlehold the Axis has on the necessary imports into Switzerland, such as on coal, makes it impossible for the Swiss to do otherwise than yield to the Axis demands, although it seems that the majority of them look and hope for an Allied victory—and soon.

THROUGH BRITISH EYES

To see ourselves as others see us is the theme of a *Collier's* article by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw, entitled "This Strange Bright Land." These two British seamen visiting in the East while their ship is being repaired find America just as the cinema shows us to be: a land where you can order a steak and get it, where the traffic runs in the opposite direction, where bread tastes like cake and the canned food is excellent. They consider our sweet potatoes and corn on the cob "cannibal food." No matter where we are going, we are always in a hurry. We drink too fast. Our beer is watery. We are friendly and hospitable, but very direct and blunt. Our women are plumper than the English women, use more make-up than their English sisters but apply it in a less noticeable fashion. All women between sixteen and thirty-six look like twenty-six. Our people are cleaner. So are our cities and streets, but our subways (tubes) are dirtier than those of the British.

FACING LIVE ISSUES

"Russia and the West" is a thoughtful discussion by Reinhold Niebuhr of the probable role of Russia and of the Communist Party in the post-war world. The author makes a good case for his contention that "the Communist Party cannot usefully serve social revolution or Russian policy in either of the English-speaking nations." The two parts of this article appeared in *The Nation* on the 16th and 23rd of January.

"Pigeonhole for Negro Equality" by James A. Wechsler in the issue of January 23 and "Harlem at War" by Charles William, January 16, present some of the difficulties of the race problem which war has accentuated.

The series of four articles by Philip S. Bernstein on "The Jews of Europe" is concluded in the issues of January 30 and February 6. These articles discuss respectively the "Alternatives to Zion" and "The Case for Zionism," and are distinguished by their realistic approach to the tragedy of anti-Semitism.

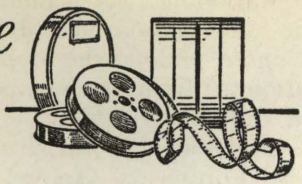
"The Truth About the A.P." by Keith Hutchison, considers the grounds for the case which the government has filed against the monopolistic practices of the A.P. Those who will be interested in following what promises to be a very significant legal battle will find valuable background material in these two articles which are found in the issues of February 6 and February 13.

That the Casablanca Conference has not satisfied *The Nation* regarding the political arrangements in North Africa, is very evident throughout its recent issues. Much of its criticism of the American State Department is summarized by Lucien Vogel in the article "Washington Metternichs," February 13.

NEW PERSPECTIVES

"Rationing is Not Enough" in the February issue of *Survey Graphic,* presents the problems of rationing from the viewpoint of the consumer. Written by Donald E. Montgomery, until recently official Consumers' Counsel in the Department of Agriculture, the article emphasizes the need of more concern and assistance on the part of the government to fulfill the promise of the President to "assure each citizen the necessities of life at prices which he can pay." It is a very constructive discussion of the need of careful planning by the government under the necessities of rationing.

What a loyal group of Japanese Americans accomplished for themselves and for the country at Keetley, Utah, under the leadership of Fred Wada, a prosperous produce merchant of Oakland, California, is engagingly told by Galen M. Fisher in "Japanese Colony: Success Story." With the cooperation of the people and authorities of Utah, a group of 130 Japanese bravely faced the order of "voluntary evacuation" or "guarded assembly centers," and migrated to Wasatch County for a real achievement in turning bare fields into "a thriving truck garden." Stories like this should help us keep our balance against the generalizations of rabid propaganda.

The  *Motion Picture*

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

GREGOR ZIEMER'S widely read *Education for Death* (Oxford University Press, New York. 1941) ends on this note of challenge, of warning, and of prophecy:

Young Germany is awake and ready to die. Let young America and its parents, its instructors and advisers, be awake and ready to live.

For the day will come soon when we will have to prove to a waiting world that our education cannot only prepare for life, but can combat death.

These words were written in a spirit of grim earnestness; for Mr. Ziemer had seen the things of which he spoke.

Mr. Ziemer spent eleven years in Berlin as headmaster of the American Colony School. Because he had shown "commendable interest in Nazi education," he was granted extraordinary permission to visit Nazi institutions. He writes:

I visited institutions of every nature: pre-natal clinics, sterilization hospitals, schools for infants, schools for the feeble-minded, schools and institutions for boys and girls of all ages. . . . And I drew one conclusion. Hitler's schools do their jobs diabolically well. They are obeying the *Führer*. They are educating boys and girls for death.

Mr. Ziemer's account of the moral and intellectual degradation of the youth of Germany has been brought to the screen in a powerful and dramatic film. *Hitler's Children* (RKO Radio, directed by Edward Dmytryk) is an unadorned, factual report of the methods used in the making of a Nazi. It doesn't paint a pleasant picture, and more than one spectator will be tempted to ease the pain and the horror he feels by telling himself, "This can't be true; it must be an exaggeration." But Mr. Ziemer has declared over and over again that the things he has written *are* true, and no one has discredited or disproved his words. Too many Americans have been slow to realize that the old

Germany has been trampled to death beneath the boots of the fanatical, goose-stepping followers of the Austrian Adolf Hitler.

One of the most tragic phases of twentieth-century warfare is the ruthless bombing of helpless civilians. For more than five years man has used his shining new wings to blaze a trailway of havoc and destruction across Europe and Asia. Who can accurately measure the suffering of the men, women, and children in bombed cities and villages? During the bombing of London in 1940, U. S. War Correspondent William L. White adopted a small English girl—one of thousands orphaned by the *Blitz*—and brought her to America. Later on he told Margaret's story simply and tenderly in a slender volume titled *Journey for Margaret.* A screen adaptation of Mr. White's book was recently released by the M-G-M studios. The film, *Journey for Margaret,* directed by the late W. S. Van Dyke II, is unquestionably one of the most appealing pictures to come out of this war. It is simple, direct, and genuine. Robert Young, Laraine Day, and four-year-old William Severn turn in excellent performances; and the acting of five-year-old Margaret O'Brien in the title role is amazingly good. I wonder whether anyone can see this picture and fail to ask himself: "What will they be like tomorrow, these children of the world's blackout? Can they erase from their minds memories of great fires, crumbling walls, torn and twisted bodies? Will they forever look to the skies and listen anxiously for the sound of hostile aircraft? Can they forget the suffocating fear which enveloped them when they found themselves suddenly alone in a strange, mad world?"

APPARENTLY some movie producers would still have us believe that this war is merely a merry merry game of cops and robbers. In spite of the fact that competent on-the-spot war correspondents and diplomats have warned us repeatedly not to underrate a dangerous enemy, *Desperate Journey* (Warner Bros., Raoul Walsh) depicts the adventures of five supermen—British and American members of a British bomber crew shot down in enemy territory—as a frolicsome cross-country chase right under the very nose of the *Gestapo. Desperate* journey? Fiddlesticks! The big, brave boys enjoyed every minute of it. I can't say as much for the audience.

The War Against Mrs. Hadley (M-G-M, Harold Bucquet) is an extremely silly picture. Obviously Mrs. Hadley was designed to provide an object lesson for Mr. and Mrs. Average American. Fortu-

nately, Mr. and Mrs. Average American will refuse to recognize themselves in snobbish, upper-crust Mrs. Blue Blood Hadley. A good cast, including Fay Bainter, Sara Allgood, Spring Byington, and Edward Arnold, labors valiantly to inject a spark of life into a script which is hopelessly stilted and artificial.

The Avengers, a British film directed by Harold French and released through Paramount, is little more than an average run-of-the-mill war story. The scene is laid in Norway, and the theme is the rising tide of rebellion against the hated Nazi invaders. With so much good material available one might reasonably have expected a better picture.

One of the most disgusting films to come out of Hollywood in a long time is M-G-M's *Somewhere I'll Find You* (directed by Wesley Ruggles). Against any background this picture would be cheap, vulgar, and offensive. To pose such a shameless travesty against a world in travail is sheer effrontery. *Somewhere I'll Find You* should never have passed the Hays office. Why *did* it pass?

Arabian Nights (Universal) will prove disappointing to anyone who expects to see a screen adaptation of the famous classic, *The Thousand and One Nights.* Script and action are brand-new and entirely in keeping with the accepted Hollywood traditions: lavish and spectacular sets, galloping horses and furious swordplay, miles and miles of desert sand, and the ubiquitous funny men. The acting, however, is good enough, and the technicolor effects are surpassingly beautiful.

The Black Swan (20th Century-Fox, Henry King) is based on Rafael Sabatini's romantic novel of the same name. This is a story of lovely ladies, beruffled gallants, swashbuckling buccaneers, and stately ships. Life on the Spanish Main during the golden age of piracy was notoriously brutal and immoral. Unfortunately, the film depicts these shortcomings in a manner which tends to invest them with an air of glamor and gallantry. The technicolor effects are harsh and gaudy.

Panama Hattie (M-G-M, Norman Z. McLeod) is the screen version of a popular Broadway success of a few seasons ago. A bit vulgar in spots, the picture is at best only mildly entertaining.

Tish (M-G-M). Years ago Mary Roberts Rinehart created the amusing character, Letitia Carberry. Tish soon had a large and loyal following, and Tish stories and Tish books were tremendously popular. How sad, then, to have to report that the screen Tish is a flop. And how!

Walt Disney's fascinating character creations are known and

loved wherever motion pictures are shown. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, Dumbo, and many others have enchanted young and old alike in many parts of the world. It seems entirely safe to predict that Disney's Bambi and Thumper will prove equally irresistible. Adapted from Felix Salten's charming idyll of the woods, *Bambi* captures the very spirit of the forest and the creatures of the forest. The color effects are superb, and the animation clearly reflects years of painstaking research and experimentation. For this reviewer there were minor disappointments. The King of the Forest reminded me just a little of a posturing ham actor, and the delicate fantasy was not successfully sustained.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

THE Rev. George J. Kuechle, pastor of St. Mark's Church, Cleveland, Ohio, presents the second installment in his careful analysis of the Indian problem. Pastor Kuechle's survey gains validity by the fact that he recently was able to meet with several representatives of the warring Indian group. Certainly his final conclusion that India needs more Christianity can be heartily applauded. In fact, this specific discussion raises again the problem of missions in the post-war world. The Orient will need not only our machines and our food, it will need also our religion.

Our most faithful poet is Mr. Roland Ryder-Smith, of Seattle, Washington. He is represented in this issue with several specimens of verse which are well worth thoughtful reading.

The Pilgrim apologizes for dropping his staff last month. Unavoidable physical disabilities made it impossible for the pen to function with any degree of interest. His contribution to this month's issue is an effort to interest the unchurched in the basic problem of our anxious times.

We are still interested in reactions to our new and expanded magazine section. Is it working or is it not? The editors will meet again during the month of April. Suggestions and recommendations will be received gratefully.

Our guest reviewers this month are Patterson Mc Lean Friedrich *(Our Hearts were Young and Gay) (Mediterranean:* Saga of the Sea) and Palmer Czamanske, Professor of English at Capitol University *(Greenland).*

THE CRESSET . . .

A CAUSE

THE CRESSET is more than just another magazine; it is a cause. Born out of a sense of desperate need, it is sponsored by the Walther League to present comment from the Christian viewpoint on the ever-changing picture in the field of literature and the arts and in the domain of public affairs. Now in its sixth year, it has gained a host of friends. There are many reasons for its popularity. Mature, Bible-centered judgment characterizes its comments on domestic and foreign news. Its columnists are masters of literary style and men of deep spiritual insight. The art section, "Music and Music Makers," book and motion picture reviews as well as the contributed articles are all "quality magazine" material. THE CRESSET is a compound of good judgment, good writing and, equally important, good editing. It is a good magazine from cover to cover.

HENRY F. WIND
Buffalo, New York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