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MAY 1943

THE CRESSET

The Christian and
the War

by Paul H. Krauss

Requiem

Must We Hate?

Whither Japan?



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6

No. 7

Twenty-five Cents

THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Must We Hate?

"YES," says Mr. Rex Stout, chairman of the Writers' War Board. Arguing in support of his thesis, "We shall hate, or we shall fail," he denounces the Christian principle of "love your enemies," calling it "highly impractical." Mr. Stout's view is thus in accord with that of General Leslie McNair, who some months ago gave this exhortation to the American troops: "We must hate with every fiber of our being. We must lust for battle; our object in life must be to kill; we must scheme and plan day and night to kill."

In the face of an attitude like this, it is encouraging to read the recent statement of the Federal Council of Churches concerning hatred in wartime. After deploring "the public statements of certain citizens, in civilian and mili-

tary life, urging attitudes of hate among our people," the statement goes on to warn that if hatred becomes "the emotion that predominantly determines how the United Nations will act, then the forces of evil will have won their greatest victory." For, it is argued, hatred is a self-perpetuating force which will inevitably breed still worse follies and cruelties in the future. The statement concludes with this appeal:

We call upon our fellow Christians, while striving for right and justice, to reject all desire for vengeance; to seek God's forgiveness for any hatred we may harbor; and, without shrinking from the harshest duty imposed upon us by our consciences under God, to remain ever mindful that He alone may say, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

It will be remembered that Madame Chiang Kai-shek, in the course of her recent tour, made

this notable assertion: "There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone and suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us. . . . Let us remember that hatred and recrimination will lead us nowhere."

Somehow, that seems to us like the spirit of Christ.



Noteworthy Quadricentennial

IN 1543 Andreas Vesalius published a book entitled *De Corporis Humani Fabrica* (*On the Structure of the Human Body*). It was the first book ever published in the field of anatomy based on actual dissection of the human body. Vesalius was only twenty-eight years old at the time. The printer of his historic work was the great humanist Johann Herbst, or Oporinus, of Basle.

A native of Brussels, educated at Louvain, Vesalius, at fourteen, began the study of anatomy under Dubois in Paris. He examined bodies of all sorts of insects, fish, birds, and animals. Though it was a dangerous and criminal task in itself, his curiosity then led him to steal the bodies of executed people for dissection. He soon found that such authorities as Galen, Aristotle, Mundinus,

Avicenna, because they had not undertaken dissection, actually did not know how the human anatomy was constructed. However, the dangers and difficulties under which Vesalius had to work in Paris caused him to turn to Italy, where this young Fleming was soon teaching in the new medical school in the University of Padua. Later he also taught in Bologna and Pisa. Thus he became the first of a great line of teachers by whom the anatomical reputation of Italy was raised to the greatest eminence during the sixteenth century.

Vesalius' book, which passed through three editions, was, therefore, truly epoch-making, for it laid the foundation of modern anatomy and surgery. He was fortunate in obtaining a good artist to illustrate his work. This was the famous Italian painter, John de Calcar, a disciple of Titian.



Thrift

RATIONING of food is causing us as a nation to pull in our belt a few notches. Everybody knows that it is high time. Our national conscience is hurting rather painfully as we look back upon the years of plenty and wish that some of the things we once wasted carelessly and thoughtless-

ly might be on hand now to help fill the national larder. The proper exercise of thrift in the years of plenty and the careful storing of our over-abundance would have made our national lot much easier during the coming months and years. We are learning a lesson,—at least let us hope we are. What we are now going through by way of giving up our sons and practising economy in every possible way will help us become a more sober and sensible nation, will make us stronger morally and physically, and will lead us to appreciate the gifts of God that are ours more profoundly, if our memories are not as short as they were after the depression. We talk about postwar planning. Thrift and economy, which figured so strong in the minds of those who built our nation, should become item No. 1 in the program.



Christian Education After the War

THE effects of "business as usual" out for the duration" are felt by the agencies of Christian education from the university and college down to the elementary level. While in the secondary and higher institutions curriculum adjustment and student enrolment present the most vexing prob-

lems, the elementary schools feel the results of teacher shortages, curbed transportation facilities, and the like.

If the war were to end today, we could not expect a return to the *status quo* either in secular or in religious educational practices. The postwar conditions will bring us face to face with new problems which will challenge the ingenuity of the leading thinkers in the field of education. The educational endeavors of the church must face the postwar era squarely and plan to meet its challenge by an adjusted educational program.

In this connection, we feel justified in bringing to the attention of our readers the stimulating and thought-provoking discussion of educational problems by Chaplain (Capt.) Arthur Carl Piepkorn, Ph.D., in *Bulletin No. 2* (March, 1943) of the Lutheran Education Association, which has its headquarters at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois. While Dr. Piepkorn points chiefly to a number of possibilities with which the postwar world will confront the educational program of the church, he also submits startling evidence of glaring deficiencies in the training of presumptive leaders of thought representing various church denominations.

The possibilities for Christian

education in a postwar world seem to be unlimited. Will they become lost opportunities, or will there be significant contributions toward rebuilding and stabilizing a wrecked civilization and a disintegrating social structure? That will depend upon the farsightedness of Christian men and women who will see the solution of our inevitable social postwar problems to no small extent in the potentialities of Christian elementary and higher education.



A Silver Lining

CHRISTIANS the world over have reason to rejoice at the successes of the efforts put forth by church denominations and independent religious groups in the direction of spiritual care and soul-saving among those who must bear the brunt of the war on the world's battlefields or who are preparing themselves in camps here at home for the great sacrifices which they may have to bring.

The Gideons, the Christian Commercial Men's Association of America, has released figures showing that this organization has been responsible for placing nearly four million copies of the Word of God in the hands of those who serve in our armed

forces. This staggering volume of Bibles has been presented personally through the chaplains to our armed forces in twenty-one months of activity.

The Gideons carry on their work of Bible distribution entirely with funds provided by free-will offerings. They began by placing Gideon Bibles in guest-rooms of hotels. Their first Bible was placed in a Montana hotel in 1908. Since then they have distributed 6,000,000 complete Bibles in thirty-eight years. Gideon Bibles are today found in hotels, hospitals, penal institutions, and schoolrooms in thirty-one countries of the globe.

A recent report from the organization headquarters in Chicago points to the fine support which has been accorded the service rendered to our armed forces:

The warmth and sincerity with which these copies of The Word are received in the armed service is indicated by the fact that the work is enjoying the whole-hearted co-operation of the Commander-in-Chief, President Franklin D. Roosevelt; of the chiefs of Chaplains of both Army and Navy; as well as of the Camp Chaplains throughout the entire armed forces. The President himself has written a letter commending the reading of God's Word. This letter is found on the fly leaf of every Gideon Testament. . . . It is durably and beautifully bound in karatol, a water resistant cover, and comes in Olive

Drab for the Army, Blue for the Navy, White for the tropical fleet, and Black leather for the various Chaplains of the service. Copies are presented to the female members of the Nurses' Corps, WAVES and WAACS, as well as to the male members of the service.

There is a silver lining in the black clouds now lowering over the world. The records of our global war will not be confined to descriptions of the horrors of battle and political knavery.



Sergei Rachmaninoff

A N important figure in the world of music has passed away. Sergei Rachmaninoff will go down in history as one of the greatest pianists of all time, and there is no risk in predicting that future generations will honor him as one of Russia's ablest composers.

Yes, it is altogether proper to speak of Rachmaninoff as a Russian even though he became a citizen of the United States shortly before his death. He was passionately devoted to the land of his birth; but he could not see eye to eye with the Communists. A few years ago the Soviet regime saw fit to forbid the playing and the singing of his music in the U. S. S. R. Yet the high-handed and utterly senseless decision of

the coadjutors of Stalin could not, and did not, divest Rachmaninoff's works of their Russian character. It is more than likely that the day will come when the Russians will again hear the compositions of the world-renowned master. Perhaps that time is not far distant. Russia has learned many things since the Nazis swooped down upon her hearths and homes in 1941. Is it unreasonable to hope that she has begun to realize how unspeakably stupid it was to ban the works of Rachmaninoff?

The famous composer-pianist's thinking with respect to music was not of a piece with that of a Dmitri Shostakovitch, whom so many of the Communists regard as one of "the choice and master spirits of this age." In other words, Rachmaninoff did not strive to express a political creed in his music. Besides, he was a conservative through and through. The experiments and the innovations of publicity-seeking idol-smashers left him cold. Unruffled and unconvinced by the beliefs and the dogmas of sensation-mad iconoclasts and reckless cobweb-spinners, he went on composing as the spirit moved him. He was deeply grateful for the hospitality accorded him in the United States; but he knew that he was unable to express himself in the musical idiom of

our country. "I am a Russian composer," he declared, "and the land of my birth has inevitably influenced my temperament and outlook."

Rachmaninoff remained a Russian composer to the day of his death. He was a lonely man. For more than a quarter-century homesickness for Russia filled his heart. Hostile and nearsighted men kept him from revisiting the land he loved; but many of us are sure that, sooner or later, he will return to Russia in triumph—return in his music. The blindness and the pettiness of Soviet totalitarianism will not, in the end, prevail against the achievements of a man as great as Rachmaninoff.



Madame Chiang Kai-shek

No official representative of a foreign government or nation seems to have met with more universally enthusiastic acclaim and welcome in our country than has been accorded the wife of China's generalissimo, Madame Chiang Kai-shek. At every one of her public appearances she was cheered by audiences of the largest possible size which the local facilities could provide.

What accounts for Mme. Chiang's popularity in America? We know, of course, that she is

a representative of one of our Allies in the present world-struggle and that she has been fully adjusted to our Occidental civilization by her American training and education, but the popularity of this Oriental woman in our country is without doubt to be ascribed to her lofty democratic ideals. She does not speak the veiled language of the politician-statesman but expresses herself in simple, straightforward terms—terms which give no one a reason for suspecting hidden meanings.

Mme. Chiang has endeared herself to all American Christians because she seems thoroughly actuated and motivated by the spirit of good will to all peoples. Instead of fanning the flames of hatred, she bespeaks a policy of consideration and love for all peoples, Allied and Axis confederates as well, when the postwar adjustments must be faced.

Unassuming in her manner, simple yet tactful in her dress, Oriental by birth yet Occidental by training, representative of a nation isolated geographically yet a person with an enviable wide world-view and swayed by lofty Christian sentiments—although her early training was steeped in pagan philosophy—Mme. Chiang Kai-shek seems entitled to the distinction which she is receiving in ever greater meas-

ure when she is referred to as the first lady of the world.



War Correspondents

Here is scrap iron which ought to be recast and molded into a statue in memory of correspondents who have paid the supreme sacrifice in this war. Writes Allen Raymond, war correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*:

At least 10 of this country's war correspondents have been killed since Germany marched into Poland in 1939; 8 of these lost their lives since Pearl Harbor. There have been at least 18 captured while serving on the fighting forces, 19 wounded and 58 interned in enemy countries.

Among those who fell are: Ralph Barnes of the *New York Herald Tribune*, one of the keenest students of European politics this country has ever produced; Jack Singer, who used to write about sports in Brooklyn, was lost when the aircraft carrier Wasp went down; Melville Jacoby of *Time* was killed in an airplane accident in Australia; Ben Miller of the *Baltimore Sun* was killed in an airplane crash during a tour of the home front; Harry Percy of the UP died of malaria in Cairo; Byron Darnton of the *New York Times* was killed in New Guinea; Don Bell, National Broadcasting Company correspondent, was bayoneted to death by the Japanese in Manila; Lea Burdette, a photographer of PM, was slain by bandits in Iran; Eugene Pet-

rov of the *North American Newspaper Alliance* was killed during the siege of Sevastopol.

Mr. Raymond adds, "The casualty rate of war correspondents is higher than that of our armed forces."



The Church of Japan

American churches may wish to make use of this find. According to a radio announcement recently emanating from Tokyo, all Protestant denominations in Japan have been dissolved and will henceforth be included in a single church—the Church of Japan. The highlights of the United Church program, as announced by Tokyo, are as follows:

1. The church renounces the concept of Nipponese Christianity and asserts Kirisuto Kyo or Christianity of Japan.
2. Eleven blocks consisting of thirty-four denominations, within the Church of Christ of Japan, which continued to function, are hereby dissolved.
3. The major part of the Episcopal Church of Japan, which, heretofore, remained outside the church of Christ of Japan, shall merge.
4. The Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and the Association of Women's Temperance Unions henceforth shall be members of the Church of Christ of Japan. They shall continue their organizations as Christian organizations.

Negative vs. Positive

Here is a timely bit of advice by the Rev. H. Griffiths to preachers who insist that one must express himself in "positive" rather than in "negative" terms:

If I—or you—am to engage in controversy, I must be prepared to be "negative." I must say, "Not that way, but this way." I must say, "That teaching is error; this is truth." Many people despise anything negative. Well, if they really lived that view, I wonder how long they would live at all? If there were no labels on the poison bottles . . . no laws or penalties against crime! A red light blinking at a railway crossing is a fearfully negative thing. It says, "No, no. Stop, stop." But it may keep you from being smashed into pulp by the oncoming train. Maybe a few nega-

tives, a few people who are willing to be negative, are a positively good thing to have around.

But we do not wish to conclude this instalment on a "negative" note. Therefore we are submitting this item of "positive" truth recently uttered by Harold B. Butler, British Minister:

Unity between nations cannot be brought about by argument. It must rest on sentiment—on the sentiment of common interests and common purposes, but still more on a sentiment of mutual confidence. If we are going to get that confidence, we have got to concentrate on each other's virtues rather than on each other's shortcomings. *We all have our share of both.*

Italics by us. We Americans, too, "have our share of both."



"Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal or, in other words, a meddling government, a government which tells them what to read and say and eat and drink and wear." LORD MACAULAY

The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Requiem

THE following letter from a bride of six months arrived a few days ago:

"Ed was on a routine flight around the island in a dive bomber. At about 1500 feet some engine trouble developed. Ed saw it was necessary to make an emergency landing, and radioed back to the rear gunner to stand by. He brought the plane down in the water along a beach, and according to witnesses, made a good landing. The plane, however, struck an obstruction in the water, veered off, and crashed against the rocks, killing Ed instantly. Navy chaplains performed a full Christian service, the Guard of Honor fired three times in formal military salute and finished with taps. He lies at rest in the Navy Memorial Cemetery. I know that each time Ed entered a plane, he said a prayer, and always thought of the passage—'Lo, I am with

you alway, even unto the end of the world.' ". . . .

This is a requiem for Ed. . . . Perhaps it does not matter much what his name was, except to a few people. . . . His bride, his parents, and his friends. . . . Once, in a quiet summer, seemingly centuries ago, I played tennis with him at a camp in Northern Michigan. . . . It therefore matters also to me that he is now lying beneath the palms in Hawaii. . . . But beyond this small circle his name might well have been John or Bill or Joe. . . .

He was, of course, much younger than I. . . . When we played tennis together his body was hard and lean with youth and he was able to cover much more ground. . . . When we played on the same side in doubles I used to tell him, somewhat defensively, that he could supply the strength while I would furnish the brains. . . . As the sun went down over

Lake Michigan we would rest for a moment or two on the bench beside the court and look out over the water. . . . He was a good companion also in those moments. . . . In a decent world he should have written my requiem one of these days. . . . That would have been normal and altogether proper. . . . Now I must do it for him.

Ed should not have died. . . . In fact, he should not have been on a bomber over Hawaii at all. . . . He was just getting started on the business of living and should have been building a home with his bride, preparing for a long and useful life. . . . Nor did Ed want to die. . . . He was in a bomber over Hawaii because evil men seated under vaulted ceilings throughout the world had bequeathed Ed a heritage of greed and hate and blood. . . . He was in Hawaii because he was paying for the mistakes made at "Peace Conferences" before he was born. . . . Because the world was so poorly organized that a group of gangsters could gain control of the destinies of nations and plunge Ed's generation into a bath of blood. . . .

Some of Ed's friends think of his death as a tragedy or a sacrifice. . . . It was, of course. . . . The altar of freedom cannot stand without sacrifice. . . . Its flames must now and then be shadowed

by tragedy. . . . He died in order that we who remain might be free to worship, to speak, and to live outside the great, silent walls of physical and spiritual prisons. . . .

As for me, I like to think of Ed's death as a promise. . . . A promise that his tragedy will finally persuade us to do better so that other Eds can live under a sun shining on the fields of peace. . . . He died to give us another chance. . . . Twenty years ago we ran out on the world and washed our hands of the sorrows of humanity. . . . We hid behind the walls of distrust and hate and selfishness. . . . Before all this is over more like Ed will have to die and their number will be like the sands of the sea and their blood will cry to heaven like the blood of Abel. . . . It will not cry in vain if we hear it clearly and turn to God for the answer. . . .

And so Ed rests now beneath the warm winds of Oahu. . . . May his sleep be quiet. . . .



Life

THE bane of every editor's existence is the endless stream of magazines which land on the desk and must be read if one is to keep up-to-date. . . . Articles on totalitarianism, democracy, Fascism, the State, the govern-

ment, the Church, freedom, education, equality, justice—all the high and vague abstractions behind which we hide the vacuum of our thought and our unwillingness to face the crying human problems behind them. . . . A man writes an eloquent article about democracy and objects bitterly to the constant encroachment of the State upon the life of the individual but cringes before the abuse of a motor cop. . . . Our journals are full of talk about democracy and respect for the rights of the individual written by men and women who organize their homes and offices on patterns which would please Hitler. . . . Men who are interested in the Church and its problems spend all their time criticizing the servants of the Church. . . . The liberal journals, once great because of their respect for the human soul, and their defense of tolerance and understanding, now have become the most unliberal and intolerant voices in the land. . . . A few months ago one of them published an article which was the most complete and sinister expression of the Fascist view of education which has ever appeared in a respectable journal of opinion. . . . American reading matter on the so-called higher levels is a panorama of hypocrisy, all the more depressing since it is often unconsciously and incred-

ibly stupid. . . . As an antidote to this sort of thing I subscribe to three small-town newspapers. . . . After an evening of journals of opinion they are like a breath of fresh air. . . . Life at the crossroads and whistlestops of America. . . . Immediate, warm, and vital. . . . The daily facts of daily life, the way men and women live from hour to hour, walk across their pages and live. . . . Here are a few items from one of them:

As if Blue Monday isn't bad enough all by itself, the weatherman had to cook up a snowfall that made the landscape white as January. The snow materialized out of a pouring rain very early Monday morning.

Victory Gardeners report that onions are up already.

Mrs. Clarence Rupprecht and her brand-new daughter returned home Friday. Both gals are doin' swell, reports Jiggers.

The back yard of St. Lorenz school looks like the start of winter instead of the start (we hope) of spring. There is enough wood piled up there to last through several months of cold wave, the results of the cutting down of several large trees.

One young matron (whose name we won't mention for fear of perpetual ostracism) still can't get her hair to come down off the end it's been standing on since an unusual experience Tuesday. She was doing the family washing (snowed out Monday; postponed a day) and found that she had left a pair of socks in the water in which she was soaking her hus-

band's shop coat. The water was kind of murky from factory grime as she reached in to fish out one of the stockings. It turned out to be a drowned mouse and she still hasn't got up enough courage to go down and see where she flung it as she panicked up the stairs in nothing flat.

Mrs. Charles Vanek caught her finger in the wringer last week and had to have several stitches taken in it. Said stitches have been removed now and she's doing O.K.

That last item held our attention. . . . Against the background of world-shaking announcements, the news about Mrs. Vanek's finger being caught in the wringer is refreshing. . . . I wonder how it happened? . . . Was she a young bride unacquainted with the dangers of a wringer, or was she an experienced housewife who was momentarily careless? . . . I am sure that as far as the Vanek household was concerned the crushed finger presented a problem greater than global planning. . . . For a few days Mr. Vanek (poor wretch) had to peel the potatoes, cut the bread, perhaps even wash the dishes. . . . Mrs. Vanek was sitting before the radio listening to speeches on labor problems, post-war conditions, and feminine fashions. . . . She looked at her finger and wondered how soon it would be before she could return to her useful work. . . . A small matter? . . . Perhaps. . . .

But this is the way human beings live. . . . It is their happiness which we are trying to preserve in China, Russia, England, Germany, Italy, and Japan. . . . Mrs. Vanek happened to get her finger caught in a wringer here in America. . . . Mrs. Patuchik in Russia, Mrs. Schmidt in Germany, Mrs. Tayuhito in Japan were facing similar problems at the same moment. . . . If they were next door neighbors they would undoubtedly get together and talk it over. . . . There would be a thorough discussion of the treachery of all wringers and the inadequacy of all husbands in moments of crisis. . . . From there, I am sure, the conversation would shift to the outrageous prices charged by doctors and the time required for the removal of stitches. . . . Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito would be forgotten. . . . I remember now that we are fighting for Mrs. Vanek and Mrs. Patuchik and Mrs. Schmidt and Mrs. Tayuhito, against tyranny and oppression—against men who have the qualities of a wringer. . . .

Another item in the same newspaper arouses my attention:

A special Good Friday service especially for workers will be conducted at St. Lorenz church at one o'clock with the Rev. M. E. Mayer preaching on the topic, "Our Savior—Successful in His Passion." Workers are invited

and they are urged to come "as they are" in working garb.

"As they are." . . . There is something in that. . . . Too often in our day the Church is hopelessly removed from the stream of daily life. . . . It is good for us to dress up on a Sunday morning and appear before the Lord with scrubbed faces and in our Sunday suits. . . . It is equally good and perhaps better that at times we come to church "as we are." . . . The Church should be a part of the warp and woof of life, close to it, squarely in its middle. . . . The best divine service, I believe, would be one to which the men and women who work would come as the vesper bell rings. . . . The center aisle would be lined with lunch boxes. . . . If there should be an usher in a frock coat with a gardenia in his lapel, I hope that he would stumble over the lunch pails. . . . The preacher would say a few words fitting for the end of day and everybody would sing an evening hymn. . . . God, I am sure, would like that very much. . . .

Which reminds me. . . . Some time ago I saw some words of Scripture which have seldom been explained properly: "The common people heard Him gladly." . . . Some of the prophets spoke in words of majesty and mystery, but not our Lord. . . . He was

close to life and His speech was simple and clear. . . . With Him we are not on the brow of Mount Sinai in thunder and lightning, but on a hillside under the afternoon sun, listening to a friend. . . . This the Church needs to recover:

He talked of grass and wind and rain
Of fig trees and fair weather.
He made it His delight to bring
Heaven and earth together.
He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow and the raven;
And words so natural, yet so wise,
Were on men's hearts engraven;
And yeast and bread and flax and
cloth
And eggs and fish and candles—
See how the whole familiar world
He most divinely handles!



The End of Liberalism

IN a preceding paragraph I said something about the decay of our great liberal journals. . . . As I wrote *The Chicago Daily News* arrived and I turned to my favorite column, "All Things Considered," by Howard Vincent O'Brien. . . . He says it better than I have:

Liberalism is the occupational disease of those who not only have the audacity to believe themselves "intellectuals" but are not above declaring this belief to all who will listen.

Liberalism is egoism brought to the point of a neurosis. It represents a

confusion of mind differing only in degree from the frenzied narcissism of a Hitler.

The self-conscious "liberal" is a psychotic personality, no longer able to distinguish between ends and means.

The overblown liberal is a Pharisee when it comes to tolerance. He lifteth up his eyes and thanks God that he is not as other men. But tolerance, a noble virtue in itself, becomes a ticket to chaos when exalted into dogma. Rejecting such absolutes as good and evil, it first liquefies and then hardens into an intolerance worse than any it sought to destroy.

He talks much of "the common man" at the same time that he despises the common man. He does not believe that the common man can do anything for himself. The common man is the victim of his ductless glands, of barometric pressures, of geographic frontiers, of technology, of economic systems. The common man is the tumbleweed of destiny—not its architect. The common man needs help. Who will provide it? Why, the liberal, of course. He sees all, knows all. With a stroke of his pen he will turn out a new system,

guaranteeing everybody against sin and folly and whatever pain the soul may feel.

Yea and Amen. . . . During the past five years I have often heard that the present world crisis is a struggle between two world views—the totalitarian and the democratic. . . . That is not true. . . . In reality three definite and distinct world views are today locked in deadly conflict. . . . There is the totalitarian view which is anti-Christian, barbarian, and anti-human. . . . There is the liberal world view which is ostensibly democratic, but which attempts to preserve the values of democracy on a non-religious foundation. . . . Finally there is the Christian world view which grounds the human and the democratic view of the Western world on a moral and religious foundation. . . . It recognizes the fact of sin and Redemption and proceeds to its world view from the Cross. . . . Only in this approach can there be any hope. . . .



"Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind."

GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*.

*An eminent churchman presents
his view of the world-situation*

The Christian -- and the War

By PAUL H. KRAUSS

WHAT should the attitude of the Christian be as he regards, and shares in, the agonies of the peoples of the world torn with war? What is the meaning of this present crisis for the Christian Gospel and the Christian faith? What attitude should the Christian take toward this "pentecost of calamity" which is bathing the world in blood and shaking all established institutions to their very foundations? He cannot escape making choices and judgments. Act he must; and if his judgments and his actions conflict, his plight is doubly sore, for then there is division in his own soul, and his will is made frustrate by inner conflict. No doubt the Christian must have something to say, and that something must be of fundamental and of final importance.

Certainly the war has its root causes in the selfishness and sin

of human nature. God has been left out of the lives of men; and mankind is reaping the harvest of its apostasy in judgment, discipline, and vicarious suffering. But such a blanket confession of sin, proper though it is, does not answer the inescapable question challenging the Christian citizen and the Christian church, What shall my attitude be? Even a quick survey of the religious literature of our time indicates much confusion on the part of Christian leadership. There are three questions, it seems to me, at the heart of the problem:

1. What should the attitude of the Christian be toward war as an instrument?

2. What should the attitude of the Christian be toward this present war?

3. What should our Christian hope and purpose be as to the outcome of this war?

Let me just suggest—and, necessarily, it can be no more than that in the limits of such an essay as this—what it seems to me are the answers to these questions.

War As An Instrument

ACCORDING to Scripture, his Confessions, and the divine ordering of the universe, the Christian must believe that the use of force as an instrument is sometimes not only justified but necessary. The Scriptures condemn the use of force in the settlement of disputes between individuals and exalt, as a primary motive in the relationships that *should exist* between men, the power of self-sacrificing love. The application of this principle of love in all human relationships should be the purpose of every Christian. But in a world where love is always being threatened by forces of evil choices challenge us in the application of love. My loving service, if it is not to be “emoting” in a meaningless expansiveness, must begin *somewhere* with *someone*. The divinely ordained point at which my immediate and simple duty begins are my family and my country. These, in a world of violence and evil, may need my defense; and I have a duty to defend them. Into their service God Himself has called and placed me, and I must be willing to give

my life in love to protect them against the mad man or the evil man, the mad nation or the evil nation, that might destroy them.

The Scriptures indeed make this plain as they recognize the place of government in human relationships and nowhere deny or question the right or necessity of government to use force in the unspiritual and evil situations that often actually *do exist* among men. Our Lord was frequently confronted with the fact of military service, and He never condemned it. He was confronted with the fact of governmental allegiance, and He announced as an abiding principle, “Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and unto God the things that are God’s.” That the use of force is a confession of failure in man to realize his noblest possibilities is sadly obvious and constitutes a part of the burden and tragedy of sin. But that the use of force may be necessary for the very preservation and ultimate realization of the noblest ends, as a temporary and conditional instrument, is equally obvious. Policemen, courts of law, armies and navies, jails and places of punishment, even such simple things as locks on doors, are evidences of the universal need for protection by lawful means against the designs of evil men.

It is obvious that the state, organized for the protection and well-being of its citizens, has a right to expect certain services from those citizens in order to preserve the blessings which it confers on them. A state cannot, for instance, offer protection to its citizens except as they assist in its defense against aggression. Every citizen, therefore, has an obligation to defend, as well as a right to enjoy, the institutions under which he lives. This is not a cult of force. It is not worship of the state. It is a duty involved in citizenship.

To refuse to defend the right—even, if necessary, by the use of force—is actually a denial of Christian duty. When the will of God is violated and evil is done by sinful men, then God suffers with His people and calls upon them to bear the sufferings and to make sacrifices until His way of righteousness and peace can prevail. In that process there may be involved the sacrifice of life and the suffering of many, even of the innocent. When has it ever been otherwise in history? To refuse thus to sacrifice and suffer may be in itself that age-long idolatry, that archidolatry, the exaltation of the material at the expense of the spiritual, a concern for the comforts of the body at the expense of the soul. It may

be the very denial of love—modern materialism operating in the realm of the spiritual. There are things worse than physical pain and death.

We have been failing to see in American life that we have to pay a price for progress and peace. I see, in American Christianity and in our American social attitudes, great concern about the comforts of the body, a being “at ease in Zion.” It shrinks from sacrifice. But there is no escaping the Cross. We are going to have to play our part and make our sacrifices if God’s will is to be done. Peace costs! One doesn’t get it on a silver platter, for the asking. We cannot get something for nothing in this world. That is a typical American delusion. Peace is the byproduct of righteousness. Peace is the “tranquillity of order.” And such order must be established and maintained—if necessary, at the price of war.

The Present War

IT should be very clear that a Christian has the moral responsibility to judge for or against any war in which he may be called upon to serve. The wanton use of force is a violation of the Christian law of love. Even the fact that the state calls upon one for military service is not a final justification of such service. The

editor of the *Christian Century*, a leading Christian periodical, takes the position, strange to this writer, that in time of peace a man is a moral agent, but that in time of war he abdicates his moral choice and must, of necessity, do what his government requires. That is an evil ethic. The highest points in human history have been reached when men, in the glory of their moral responsibility, have faced their social order and defied it in the name of God. We have come to a poor pass in Christian morality if we can propose and defend a moratorium on personal moral responsibility.

THE difficulty with many churchmen today consists in either one of two things: (1) They do not believe that the Christian, under any circumstances, has any right to use physical force; or (2) they do not believe that this is a "just" war, and, accordingly, they hold that there is no spiritual sense to our striving and no righteous purpose to be served by sharing in it.

We have discussed the first of these difficulties. What about the attitude of those who, openly or secretly, consciously or unconsciously, believe that there is no moral purpose to be gained by America in the present conflict

and that, therefore, there is no spiritual sense to our striving? Certainly, as I said in the beginning, the root causes of war are always the selfishness and sin of human nature. But there are two facts that stand, burning with an ugly light, in the very foreground of this world-holocaust. One is the arrogant and pagan philosophy of Naziism, unashamedly based upon force, announcing its intention of setting up the dominating nation of the world, no matter at what cost, and then plunging into a program of military aggression and conquest that has been utterly ruthless and utterly inhuman. The other is the fact of the deliberate attack upon Pearl Harbor, which was the culmination of an Asiatic dream of Eastern dominion that Japan has been serving with increasing singleness of heart and mind with every passing year.

Naziism is the final assertion of national irresponsibility and inhuman force in the face of the progress of the Kingdom of God. Its philosophy is a denial of the worth of the individual soul, a denial of democracy and the sacredness of human values, a denial of Christianity, an exaltation of a Messianic race that is to swashbuckle across the face of the nations.

Here are simple questions of

fact, and out of them arise simple issues of right and wrong. Remember, all the previous tangle of sin, by all of us, is acknowledged. But we have to make moral choices in the present crisis. To be paralyzed in the present from making moral judgments because of past sin would mean the end of morality. Let us return to the great Bible truth that we have "all sinned and done evil in thy sight, O Lord." But here is unashamed, lordly, insolent, sabrerattling force again asserting its right to rule the nations. Here is a choice that we as Christians have to make—and it ought not to be difficult. Here are principles in irreconcilable conflict. Either force or brotherhood! Either hate or humanity!

The world is at a crossroads. I see the ideals for which evangelical Christianity stands threatened, first and directly, by a war machine; more subtly still, by an evil philosophy. I see free evangelical countries crushed. I suggest that liberal Christianity should appraise the significance of these facts more seriously. I see Great Britain, the largest officially Protestant nation of the world, fighting a desperate battle. The only intelligent, the only Christian, the only possible, course is to help save from destruction the very ideals by which America

lives. The iron framework of pagan arrogance called Naziism we dare not see clamped down upon the life of mankind.

There is no doubt in my mind that there are profound moral and Christian values to be served by the victory of our nation in this present war. Ask *yourself* the question, "Will it make any difference to my church, to my nation, to mankind, whether the Axis nations win or not?" It seems to me that anyone who thinks that there is no spiritual sense to our striving or that no great moral issues are involved here is naive, confused, or even traitorous.

The Outcome of This War

I THINK that they who have eyes to see can see a vision as old as the prophets, nay, as eternal as the heart of God. I believe God is using the affairs of men, as always, to work out His purposes. He is driving the plowshares of His divine purpose across the nations. Is there a dream to be served in this present darkness to give light to our eyes and a glow to our hearts, a vision for which one may live with new courage, and, if need be, for which one may lay down his life? There is. It is shining with ever brighter certainty in the thinking and utterances of men. It is the vision of a world-union of men, organized

to maintain peace. God wants the nations to live together in peace. We turned our backs upon the opportunity after the first World War. But we are closer together now, by virtue of inventions, than we were then. I wonder if, with this second lesson, the nations won't with humble and chastened hearts work out a way of living together that will "stick." It seems to me that God is saying, "My children, it is my purpose that you shall learn to live together in peace. If you don't make it stick this time, you or your children will have to go through with this again after another little time of troubled peace." It ought to become obvious that the human family simply cannot stand this sort of thing much longer.

I BELIEVE that God has kept America for leadership in the setting-up of a world-brotherhood of the nations. The sceptre of empire has moved steadily westward, from the Tigris-Euphrates to Egypt, to Greece, to Rome, to England; and now it is moving steadily and irresistibly to the United States. "Westward the star of empire wends its way." But I do not want that empire to be an empire of force, of exploitation, with material riches and enslavement for us and slavery for weaker peoples.

There is a new imperialism. It is as new as today and as old as God's purpose for His children. God has given us in this earth enough and to spare for all of His children, if we only have intelligence and good will enough to distribute it properly. God hasn't given the United States the mightiest wealth in human history to wax fat on and grow sleek and soft. "To whom much hath been given, of him much shall be required." Those ancient words have the sound of doom in them, as never before, for selfish individuals and selfish nations. One of the most important things we can do right now, in this connection, is to show this vision to men and enlist their enthusiasm for it. Men have been crying, "America should mind her own business." What is our business? To preserve our own way of life, right now, and that is an imperative! But if it be only that, then our purpose is poor indeed. Mankind is our business! "Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain "muffed" that question long ago, and there are still some Cains abroad in the world today. This present world-conflict is one more station upon the hard, slow road to a new vision of peace. But, as this mechanical world is swiftly accelerated, so the realization of that ideal may come with an unex-

pected swiftness, if we are only big enough to realize it.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be dutiful, my feet,

For God is marching on!

"Mankind is on the march."

These classic words of that wise statesman, General Jan Smuts, become more poignantly true with each passing day. Humanity is being uprooted from old foundations. Where shall it go? There is only one goal that is adequate, and that is the City of God. There is only one foundation upon which an enduring society can be built, and that is the foundation of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is only one flag that will forever endure, and that is the flag of the

Cross. As Christians with a faithful devotion to the redeeming Savior we have the obligation to bring the one ultimate solvent, above all armaments and armies, by which alone the spirit of man may come to peace. Never in all history has there been so great a challenge to the Church. This is the day of her visitation, in a terrible sense. The nations are being plowed for a great Gospel planting. With the same utter sacrifice which characterizes the programs of earthly governments the Church must inaugurate a new program of world-missions and send its Armies of the Cross to the broken, starving, confused, and helpless children of men. That is the specific Christian obligation which the love of God and the need of men place upon the Church today.



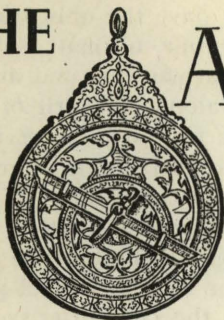
"Long, too long, America,

Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,

But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not."

WALT WHITMAN.


THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

WHITHER JAPAN?

 Just what are we up against in our conflict with Japan? A bid for a monopoly on the vast Chinese market? A drive for colonies in Southeastern Asia and the South Seas, from which raw materials can be drawn and to which finished products can be shipped in good imperialist fashion? If there is no more than this in the cards, then one can understand those Americans who feel that Japan is not entirely without moral justification in its policy—that it is struggling for national survival, for the very breath of life, because it cannot provide for its teeming population on the home islands, where only 15 per cent of the surface can be cultivated.

But *is* that all? In 1927 Premier Baron Tanaka is said to have ad-


ressed a memorial to the Emperor in which he proposed a plan for world-conquest. This document was naturally intended to be secret; but a Korean, it is said, gained access to it and smuggled a copy of it out of the country, so that it became generally known. The Japanese denounced it as a forgery. Western observers, however, have pointed out that Japanese policy has, in fact, followed the directions laid down in the plan step for step.

Whether Baron Tanaka wrote the memorial attributed to him or not we do not know, but there is no longer any doubt that the ambitions of Japan are precisely those expressed in that famous paper. The clearest proof of this that we have seen is contained in two official documents appended to a book recently published by

Reynal & Hitchcock: *Tokyo Record*, by Otto D. Tolischus (see pp. 42-43). One of these documents is the contents of a booklet on the *Divine Mission of Nippon*, written by Prof. Chikao Fujisawa, director of the Research Department of the one legal political party in Japan. It was issued in Tokyo, in English, in February, 1942, for mass distribution throughout the Far East. The other document, *The Way of Subjects*, was published by the Japanese Education Ministry in August, 1942, as a new ethical code for the guidance of the nation.



THE WAY OF THE GODS

 The two documents follow different purposes—one being addressed to Japanese, the other to non-Japanese—but they harmonize perfectly. They are fruits borne on the same stalk. Both start out from the teachings of Shinto, "the Way of the Gods." Amaterasu-o-Mikami, the Sun Goddess, after the creation of the earth, sent her beloved Grandchild, Ninigi-no-Mikoto, to Japan, "the fertile region of fair rice-ears," to rule the earth and through his rule to unite inseparably heaven and earth. The prerogatives of this divine ruler naturally passed to his divine de-

scendants, who have ever since occupied the throne of Japan. Through them cosmic life flows from the gods to all mankind.

At first ideal conditions reigned on earth.


In the prehistoric age, mankind formed a single world-wide family system with Sumera Mikoto [the Mikado] as its head. Japan was highly respected as the land of parents, while all other lands were called the lands of children, or branch lands.

It is recorded that innumerable students of "branch lands" flocked to Sumera Mikuni [Japan] for the purpose of learning the Way of the Gods as well as its highly developed science, of which astronomy and agriculture in particular were in an advanced stage. — Those who visited Japan at that time used to say with pious sentiment: "We shall go to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Those happy days came to an end because of a series of natural cataclysms, as a result of which "all mankind became estranged geographically and spiritually from the parent-land of Japan, to the detriment of world peace."



THE PRINCIPLE OF HAKKO ICHIU

 The sad consequences of that estrangement are before our eyes. Instead of forming one family, the nations of the earth are


riven by dissensions and wars. This unhappy state of affairs is chiefly due to the thought-systems that form the foundation of Western civilization: "individualism, liberalism, materialism, and so on." All this is out of harmony with the proper world order.

Is there, then, any hope of better things? Oh, decidedly. Sumera Mikoto has not forgotten his high destiny. Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor (according to tradition, in 659 B. C.) issued a rescript containing the words: "Thereafter the Capital may be extended so as to embrace all the six cardinal points, and the eight cords may be covered so as to form a roof. Will this not be well?" This is known as the principle of Hakko Ichiu. The six cardinal points and the eight cords are figures of speech meaning "the world." The roof that is to cover the world is the imperial rule of the Mikado.

The national policy of Japan is to carry out Hakko Ichiu. When the alliance with Germany and Italy was formed, Hirohito said in a rescript: "Our grand moral obligation should be extended to all directions and the world be unified under one roof. This is the point we are trying to obey day in and day out."



HAKKO ICHIU APPLIED

 Japan regards it as her "holy mission" to establish "a morally controlled world in which all nations can co-operate and all people can secure their proper position." Just what this means is made perfectly clear. Mankind is to be merged into one great "family." However, "in Japan, husband and wife do not form the standard of home, as in the Occident, but the relations of parents and sons are its center." There is more in this statement than appears at first glance. "Family," to the Western mind, suggests, in its ideal form, a policy of share-and-share-alike in a group that is close knit by affection. To the Japanese, on the other hand, the family is a hierarchical system of power relations, with the father and the oldest son in the posts of authority. In the new order the Mikado is, of course, to be the father of the united human family. "Our August Sovereign," we are told, "is ever anxious to act as the head of the all-embracing universal family, in the bosom of which all nations shall be allotted their respective posts." This is the demand of "the moral order" because this is as the gods would have it.

And what about the "proper position" of the various nations

(an expression that constantly recurs)? Well, of course, Japan will be tops. It is "cosmic truth" that "the relation of Sumera Mikuni [Japan] to other lands is identical with that of the light-source to light-beams." Japan is the older brother, whose authority is next to that of the father. To it all nations will look for light as to the sun. And what of the position of the other brothers, or nations? That will naturally be assigned them by the "father," probably according as they help or hinder him in "the execution of his heavenly scheme."

As for "the way of subjects," that is "to be loyal to the Emperor in disregard of self, thereby supporting the Imperial Throne coextensive with the Heavens and the Earth." People's "lives will become sincere and true when they are offered to the Emperor and the state." To do as the Emperor wants is really the sum total of duties since he, himself divine, is the channel through which the gods communicate with men. Fujisawa, who repeatedly refers to the Bible, quotes Rev. 7:1-3 and identifies "the angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God" with "the Grandson of the Sun Goddess"—the Emperor.

What fanatic devotion Hakko Ichiu, fortified with religious and moral sanctions and reinforced

with ethnocentric and material motives, generates in the ignorant masses of Japan is becoming more evident as the war goes on. It sets the magnitude of the task that lies before us.



WAR SPROUTS NEW GYP TRAPS



Reading time: one minute and fifty seconds. Astrolabians are forearmed because forewarned if they will polish the lenses of their spectacles—89 per cent of them wear spectacles—and get an eyeful of what the war is producing in the way of traps for the gullible. Here is what you are up against in the months to come as fakers and fraudulent promoters are getting you on their mailing list or interview you in home or office: Gyp house-to-house salesmen selling metal tags as necklaces or bracelets, claiming that the law requires all citizens to wear such identifications. Phony air-raid wardens selling fire-extinguishers from house to house on representation that the government requires all householders to have at least one extinguisher on hand. Fakers offering to test and refill fire-extinguishers at a low price. Peddlers selling sand "specially tested" for its effectiveness in extinguishing incendiary bombs. Agencies who

promise, for a fee, to obtain birth certificates for persons born in other states or countries. Fake doctors, sometimes in Army uniforms, who offer selective service registrants advance physical examinations for a prepaid fee of two dollars. Organizers of phony charities and benefits to give aid to refugees and servicemen. The old swindle, employing flashy pamphlets and eloquent salesmen, of worthless oil shares. Persons soliciting orders for what they call "official" service flags. (The War and Navy Departments advise that neither has adopted an official flag.) Canvasers selling plaques or signs to display or "advertise" your patriotism.

The Better Business Bureau announces that there are now several dozen private printers, mostly in eastern states, soliciting advertising for alleged "Army" and "Navy" papers which are in no wise of interest or assistance to our military departments.


An article in *Babson's Reports* (January 4, 1943) warns business men against "'nurses,' representatives of 'patriotic' associations and agents for fake servicemen's clubs who put on 'quickie' drives in various localities." Babson says, "If the name of the organization is not thoroughly familiar to you, put in a call to your nearest Better Business Bureau."

The U. S. Treasury Department advises that racketeers are purchasing war bonds with worthless checks and then using the bonds as security for loans.

As the war continues schemers and chisellers are lying awake at night thinking up proposals for snaring the dollars of the unwary. The latest is the itinerant fake serviceman who obtains radios, vacuum cleaners, and other appliances from unsuspecting housewives on the pretext of repairing them in co-operation with the government's "War on Waste" program, but does not return the appliance.



THE SPIRIT OF SEMPACH

 Arnold of Sempach was a Swiss peasant who, five centuries ago, achieved undying fame when, facing the bristling spears of a battalion of knights in armor, he cried, "Here I will make a path for you!"—reached out, buried in his breast as many spears as he could reach with his two arms, and thus opened the way to victory for the peasants. The spirit of Sempach is not yet dead. Stories of individual self-effacing heroism have not been rare in the reports which come from the Solomons and from the fighting in Tunisia. None more glorious than that of the old cru-

er "Salt Lake City," which, earlier in the year, in twenty-eight minutes of bloodcurdling night action helped bag a Japanese heavy cruiser, a light cruiser, an auxiliary, several destroyers, and, at the height of this *mêlée* interposed itself between the enemy and a badly hit American cruiser and sank the Japanese attacker. It happened at the second Battle of Savo Island, when the cruiser "Boise" was being hard hit. The "Salt Lake City" sailed in between the "Boise" and the Japanese cruiser and thus saved the crippled "Boise" from annihilation by a vastly superior enemy fire. It came out of the fray with comparatively minor damage.

But for high chivalry there is nothing like the action of the French airmen who met the fighter planes of the American invaders of Northwest Africa.

When United States Navy planes roared toward Casablanca airport during the brief Moroccan campaign, French officials at the field knew the planes they had available were too few and too outmoded to put up successful opposition.


But military honor would not permit them to yield the field without a fight. Unwilling to order their younger pilots to certain death, five senior officers climbed into pursuit ships and sped up to meet an overwhelm-

ing foe. They fought well, and they sent more than one American plane crashing before they themselves were shot down. Harold V. Boyle, of the Associated Press, refers to the incident with these fitting words:

The gesture of these fighter pilots stands as an inspiring symbol of military honor to the entire French air force. They rest in graves of glory. They will never die in the memory of the French airmen who served under them.



THE TOMBS RECEIVE OUR TREASURES

 The war is destroying an old civilization, many of its monuments mere rubble now, much of it driven underground. Coventry's beautiful church wrecked by a string of bombs, and now the news that in Nürnberg "a fourteenth-century cathedral has been wrecked by a block-buster"—which probably means St. Sebaldus, or it may be St. Lawrence, which would be just as bad. We are told (through archeological grapevine) that all the treasures of the Pharaohs which were exhibited in the Cairo Museum have been returned to the tombs at Memphis and Thebes and in the cliffs of the Upper Nile. The mummies of the Pharaohs, their diadems, golden thrones, and alabaster vases are

again where they were buried 3,000 years ago, safe from the Axis airmen.

They had some gorgeous old Roman and Greek sculpture in the Glyptothek at Munich which also was in the area of destruction some time during March of this year. We hope they had the facilities to move the Apollo of Tenea, the Ceres, the Diana, and the sleeping Satyr underground some time after Göring's boast that "no bomb will fall on German soil!" had proven untrue.

Conflicting reports come from London about the damage done to the British Museum and the National Gallery. The British Museum has large vaults underneath; but it is entirely out of the question that even a small quantity of the marbles, pottery, and bronze, preserved in this the world's greatest treasure house, have found storage place underground. A single bomb, and it need not have been a large one, may have wrecked the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon, and the masterpieces of Skopas, and the Siris bronzes, the Deluge Tablets

from Nineveh, and the jewels of the Rothschild bequest.

Then there is the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, with its acres and acres—and I refer to wall space, not to floor space—of old masters. I trust they found a place in some subterranean vault for da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks," for at least a dozen of the Rembrandt's, and a landscape or two of Ruisdael. Patriotism probably dictated the salvation of the Turner collection. But did they think of Fra Angelico's "Il Paradiso"? It was painted 500 years ago, and, as I remember it, is not more than a yard long and a foot high, showing Christ with the banner of the Resurrection surrounded by a group of saints and martyrs, each head not larger than your thumbnail, but each reflecting the joys of heaven so that you lose all sense of time in their contemplation. I trust that when this war is over, no one visiting the restored gallery will have to point to a spot in the room of Tuscan masters and say, "Here used to hang Fra Angelico's 'Paradise.'"



"Too low they build who build beneath the stars."

YOUNG.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow


[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste

An Apostate

 S. C. If you want to go on talking about pigeonholes and classifications, I'll dig away some of the ground from under your cantankerous feet. Can you get away from distinguishing between "program music" and "absolute music"?

A. Well, Mrs. Cow, you seem to have shoved your horns into two pigeonholes that are eminently useful. By "program music," I take it, you mean compositions that tell stories or paint pictures. When you speak of "absolute music," you're referring, I'm sure, to works that stand on their own feet, as it were—works that neither suggest nor try to suggest happenings or things which, strictly speaking, are outside the domain of the tonal art. But please re-

member that you needn't *know* the program of "program music" to enjoy it. Disprove that if you can.

You'll say, I suspect, that Richard Wagner was the greatest, or one of the greatest, exponents of "program music"; and you'll undoubtedly tell me that the man who wrote the *Ring* makes us see with our ears. Then you'll go on to declare that Johannes Brahms was an incorrigible apostle of "absolute music." In fact, I believe you're itching to unburden yourself of a lecture on the much-discussed Wagner-Brahms feud.

Yes, I'm willing to concede that there must be a pigeonhole for "program music," another for "absolute music," and still another for works that *straddle* these two modes of writing. Even Wagner, you know, didn't restrict his output to compositions that tell

stories or paint pictures; and if you think that Brahms always boggled at descriptive elements, I'll direct your attention to the piano part of his song, "Der Schmied." It has become customary to classify Beethoven's *Sixth* as "program music"; but one needn't be a great scholar to realize that in this work the composer has mingled portions that are unmistakably "programmatic" with sections that are evidently "absolute."

S. C. I think you'll need a fourth compartment. Aren't there some compositions that must be put into a pigeonhole labeled *doubtful*?

A. You're taking those words right out of my mouth, Mrs. Cow. We're not always able to determine with certainty whether a composer intended a particular work to be "programmatic" or "absolute." You and I, of course, don't want to ride in the cart of those commentators who *discover* tales and paintings in every bit of music they see or hear; and you'll agree with me, I'm sure, when I say that descriptions, explanations, and analyses that are *invented* by speakers and writers can sometimes be helpful. But don't your hackles rise—figuratively speaking, to be sure, because you're not a fowl—when men and women insist on ramming pet deductions of their own

down your throat even though you know that there's no historical foundation for such assertions?

S. C. Yes. That's one of the main reasons why I want a pigeonhole labeled *doubtful*. It's necessary, you see, to be accurate and methodical.

A. I wish you well. What's more, I'll grant that there are other serviceable pigeonholes. You'll want one for dance music, won't you? Then there'd be military music, slow music, fast music, medium-paced music, hot music, cold music, vocal music, instrumental music, sacred music, secular music, canned music, sheet music, and many other kinds of music.

I suppose you'd want to subdivide your dance music. You'd have separate compartments for waltzes, minuets, gavottes, gigues, shimmies, swing, Charlestons, boogie-woogie, and other types.

S. C. You may keep your swing, your Charlestons, your shimmies, and your boogie-woogie. I'm not interested in classifying trash.

A. There's the purist in you, Mrs. Cow. Maybe I should say "the would-be purist." Couldn't I pay proper tribute to your fussiness by suggesting, in all humility, that there be a pigeonhole for music which you consider aesthetically "pure" and one for music which, in your opinion, is aes-

thetically "impure"? Mark well, I'm not talking about morals now. Won't your descendants be fascinated by the standards you're setting up? It stands to reason that they, too, will be sacred cows; but there's no guarantee that the sacred cows of the year 2000 will want to use the yardsticks that were employed by their forbears in 1943.

S. C. You forget, my friend, that trash is perishable. The slush about which you're so tenderly solicitous won't be in existence when my great-grandchildren go to pasture.

A. I'm not trying to preserve downright trash for the children of your loins, Mrs. Cow; but I do declare that neither you nor I hit the bullseye every time we undertake to determine the *intrinsic worth* of music. Aren't we both distressingly fallible in our pronouncements?

Let's consider a hypothetical example. Here's a composition named "Horse Feathers to You." It's boogie-woogie from A to Z. It's "got rhythm," as the saying goes. Besides, it's tuneful, it's adroitly made, and it catches the fancy of John Q. Public. You'll condemn it out of hand because you abhor the title; I'll maintain that the handle of a composition has nothing on earth to do with its value. You'll cast the tidbit aside because it's boogie-woogie;

I'll contend that there's no valid reason why there can't be deathless masterpieces in the field of boogie-woogie. I may believe that the little piece will go down in history as a classic—as a work of lasting value; you'll laugh me to scorn. Time may vindicate your judgment and put me to shame. Who knows?

S. C. Why argue with a "wise guy" like you? When I make up my mind, my mind is made up. Let the future take care of itself. I know what I like and what I don't like. I'm not worried about what my descendants are going to think. To mention a concrete example, I'll tell you here and now that I loathe the music of Igor Stravinsky. To me it's trash pure and simple. Maybe my children's children will adore it; but what's that to me? I'm living my own life.

A. Aha! So you're an isolationist, Mrs. Cow.

You'd say, then, that Stravinsky's music is like an olive: one either likes it or spues it out.

S. C. Exactly. I for my part want none of it.

A. But don't you think it might pay to try to cultivate a taste for what the man has written?

S. C. No.

A. Maybe you won't become an ardent Stravinsky devotee; but, since Igor is a widely discussed figure in the world of music, you

can't afford to ignore him. Why don't you give his compositions a fair trial?

S. C. The other day I listened for a little while to a broadcast of that frightful mess called *The Rite of Spring*. I couldn't stand such noise. After a few moments I turned off the radio. Horrors!

A. I wonder if you're as impervious to straight thinking as you seem to be. Don't dismiss Stravinsky with a Pharisaical swish of your tail. Isn't it fascinating to learn that in the course of the years Igor has, at various times, subjected his way of writing to radical changes? Perhaps you'll conclude that the Stravinsky of today isn't the Stravinsky of yesterday. You may come to agree with those who declare that his music has deteriorated; or, after careful study, you may subscribe to the verdict of those who are sure that it has become better than it used to be.

Yes, there are many who believe that the redoubtable Igor is a leopard who—wonder of wonders—has succeeded more than once in changing his spots. Others are convinced that the Stravinsky of 1943 is, at bottom, the same Stravinsky who leaped sensationally into the limelight in 1910 by composing extraordinary music for a ballet based on the old Russian legend of the Fire

Bird. Igor was an idol-smasher then; he's an idol-smasher now.

S. C. Haven't I read somewhere that Stravinsky was attached to the coat-tails of Rimsky-Korsakoff when he wrote *The Fire Bird*?

A. What of it? I'm ready to assert that Igor's remarkable skill in orchestration still has Rimsky-Korsakoffian earmarks. Is there anything wrong with that? Nevertheless, Stravinsky is as different from Rimsky as a mettlesome kangaroo is different from a high-strung Arabian steed. He has hopped lithely and friskily from style to style; but Rimsky didn't jump kangaroo-like from one manner of writing to another. Rimsky was a cautiously bold and phenomenally successful explorer in the world of orchestration; Stravinsky, on the other hand, has been bold without being bound hands and feet to Rimsky's caution. His success has been great. Maybe it won't last as long as Rimsky's. Who knows? At any rate, there seems to be a large amount of showmanship in the make-up of the man who wrote *The Fire Bird*, *Petrouchka*, and *The Rite of Spring*. Now and then he has tried to mingle his style with that of Bach.

It's possible, Mrs. Cow, that you'll agree with those who say without the slightest trace of fear or trembling that Igor and the



Resurrexit!

*... the great artists of the Renaissance show
the risen Christ with grace and power*

No time of the world has ever had a greater need of the message of the Cross and the Garden than our time. Men dying all over the world, separated by half the earth from their loved ones, are finding their only hope of reunion in the same glorious faith which sustained and blessed the dying martyrs of another age of blood.

We need to draw away the veils which the age of reason has hung between us and the glory of the Resurrection day. "Vivit Christus"—Christ lives—was the sustaining power of Luther's life and the living Christ is still the great strength of His Church in the midst of a world which is spending itself to death for lost causes.

In the paintings which are reproduced on the following pages there are splendid examples of hope and faith in Christ. Their painters range from skillful men of the Rhine Valley and the Lowlands to the great schools beyond the Alps in Italy. There is power and vibrant strength in every figure which is presented to us. There was no doubt in the minds of these artists that the most beautiful and thrilling thing in mankind's history was to flow onto their canvasses for posterity. Men should see the face and wounded figure of this risen Christ and find surety for their oft-repeated creedal confession—"the third day He rose again from the dead."

From age to age that message of the Risen One is transmitted by these masterpieces and hundreds of others. To witness the stones worn hollow by the knees of adoring visitors before the El Greco in the Prado is convincing proof of the endless hope which has sustained and shall sustain the children of men in their unceasing fight against death. It is to men who face death everywhere that we present these pictures of the Christ Who lives and reigns forever—"for He is our Peace."

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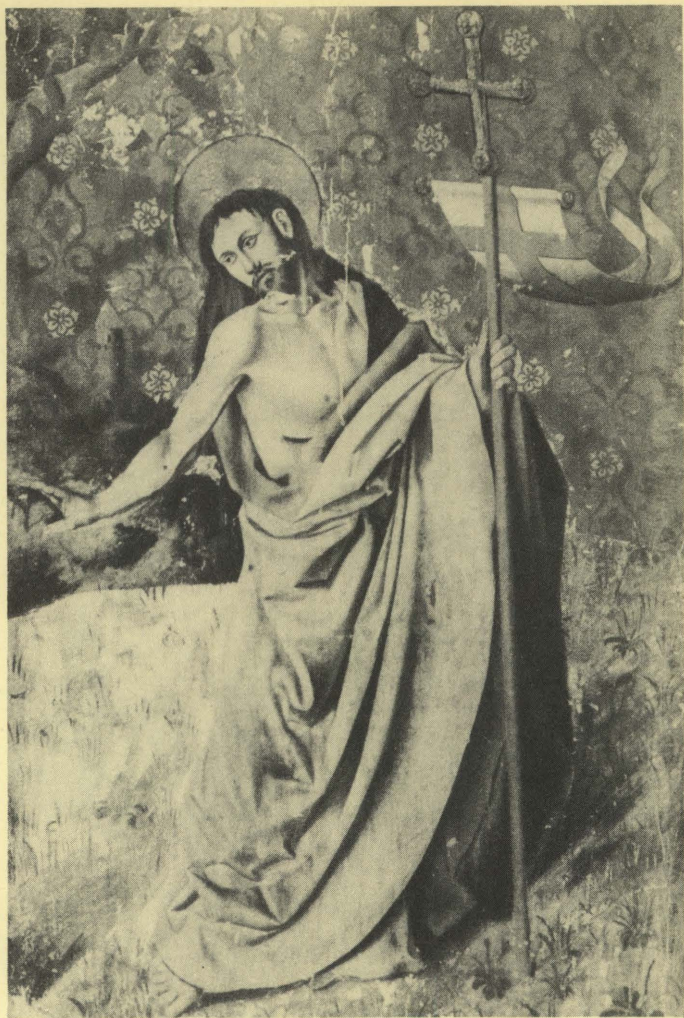
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Detail of the Resurrection

Fifteenth Century

This magnificent painting shows the power which made Mantegna of Padua one of the most dominant influences in the art world of the fifteenth century. It is, at present, in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.



Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene

Fifteenth Century

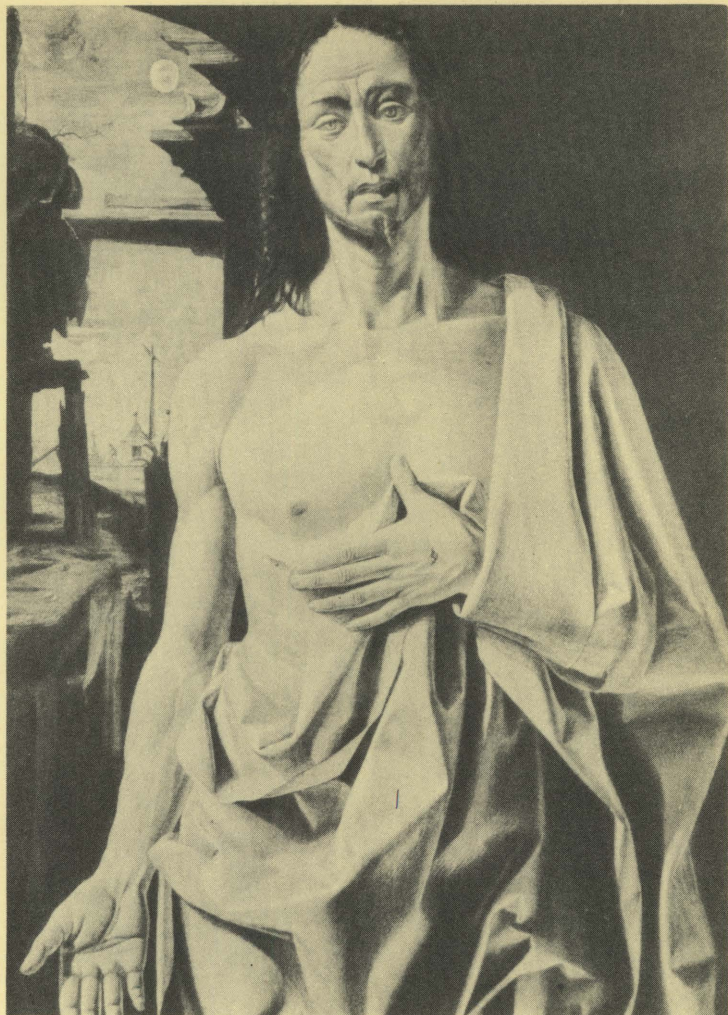
The painter of this resurrection picture is known only as "The Master of the Annunciation of Aix." The painting is preserved in the Brussels Museum.



The Resurrection (detail)

Sixteenth Century

El Greco has maintained his place of power and influence throughout the years principally by the majestic strength of his presentation. This masterpiece is a part of the collection at the Prado in Madrid.



The Risen Christ

Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century

The collection of the Countess Soranzo in Milan houses this rare painting by Bramantino, the gifted pupil of the great Bramante. He was a famous architect and painter of the Milanese School.



The Resurrection

Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century

Michael Wohlgemuth had a large atelier in Nuremberg in which some of the finest altar paintings, wood carvings and wood engravings of the period originated. His most illustrious pupil was Albrecht Duerer.



Jesus and Mary Magdalene
Fifteenth Century

The Rhine Valley had its own powerful art schools and Kolmar was, for a long time, the center of most of the great work. Martin Schongauer, associate, friend and co-worker of Johann Gutenberg, is the painter of this garden scene.



Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene

Fifteenth Century

In this painting, Roger Van Der Weyden, the head of the Flemish School after the death of Van Eyck, shows Christ appearing to Mary in a little chapel in Joseph's garden. Through the window the actual resurrection can be seen.

ability to write sustained melodies have never been on speaking terms. I'll not quarrel with you; for I, too, believe that a lack of melodic distinctiveness has caused some of his works to miscarry. But I'm far from suspecting that he's a dead issue.

Really, Mrs. Cow, I think

[TO BE CONTINUED]

you'll learn to like Stravinsky's music if you give it a chance. This one man of many styles, you see, will provide you with material for a goodly number of pigeon-holes. Isn't that unusual? Won't you be in your element when you undertake to "compartmentize" the works of Stravinsky?

RECENT RECORDINGS

ORATORIO ARIAS. "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion" and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from Handel's *The Messiah*; "With Verdure Clad" and "O Mighty Pens," from Haydn's *The Creation*. Eleanor Steber, soprano, with the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Charles O'Connell.—Here is artistry thoroughly in keeping with the dignity and the sublimity of the arias written by Handel and Haydn. Look for the descriptive—programmatic—elements in Haydn's music. Victor Album 927. \$3.68.

SONGS OF LIDICE. A group of Czechoslovakian folk songs sung by Jarmila Novotna, soprano, with Jan Masaryk at the piano.—Miss Novotna, who in private life is Baroness Daubek, sings from the heart and with gripping artistry. Her accompanist is the present Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovakian Government in Exile. Victor Album 936. \$3.68.

JAROMIR WEINBERGER. *Czech Rhapsody*. The National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler.—This is the first recording of a stirringly beautiful work which the composer of *Schwanda* based on Czech folk melodies. Victor disc 11-8297. \$1.05.

DUKE ELLINGTON PANORAMA. Some say the Duke's a ham. I believe he has something on the ball. Here are eight representative tunes chosen from the more than 600 he has composed. Victor Album P-138. \$2.63.

PAUL DUKAS. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. NICOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF. "Bridal Procession," from *The Golden Cockerel*. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dmitri Mitropoulos.—Here one of the ablest conductors of our day offers readings that glow with tonal beauty and throb with rhythmical incisiveness. Columbia Album X-212. \$2.50.

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

What About Japan?

TOKYO RECORD. By Otto D. Tolischus. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, 1943. 462 pages. \$3.00.

IN *They Wanted War* (THE CRESSET, October, 1940, p. 53 ff.) Tolischus, on the basis of his many years of experience as Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times*, told the story of Hitler's rise to power and of the background of the European war. He had been expelled from Germany in 1940. Now Tolischus finds himself in a position to write a companion piece to his former volume. In January, 1941, the *Times* sent him to Tokyo, from where he returned, after varied experiences, on the "Gripsholm," in August, 1942.

Tokyo Record tells its story in chronological order from the day the author left San Francisco till he landed again at New York. When Tolischus arrived in Japan he found that the situation was tense, much tenser than he had realized while in America. Japan was exasperated at

the aid which America was giving to Britain and China and was more and more thinking of the possibility of war with the United States. It still seemed, however, that a peaceful solution of the difficulties between the two nations might be found.

THE book follows in detail the various diplomatic moves that were made as the months passed by and shows how the internal situation in Japan developed and how the extreme militaristic elements gradually gained control. This set the scene for the treachery of December 7, 1941. The day after the Pearl Harbor attack Tolischus was arrested and was held a prisoner for over six months. He was brutally attacked and tortured by Japanese policemen in an effort to make him confess that he had acted as a spy. He stood firm but was tried and given a suspended sentence and was eventually permitted to leave the country.

Tolischus' account is both interesting and important as an historical

record. He writes without invective, calmly and dispassionately, in spite of his experiences. Many informative glimpses of life in Japan are given in the course of his narrative. But what seemed to us most valuable is his analysis of the Japanese psychology and especially of the thought patterns, presuppositions, and purposes that underlie their national policy. He holds that the key to an understanding of these matters lies in the fact of Japan's long insular isolation. While other nations have developed and matured under the influence of cultural interaction with their neighbors, Japan's culture has solidified about a core that comes straight down from the times of savagery. The impact of Western civilization has not changed the character of this inner spirit. Japan is still at the tribal stage in its psychology—prerational, prescientific, and preindividualistic.

As a result, the Japanese are impatient of reasoning. They pride themselves on being "practical"—which amounts to being efficient in trying to get what they want by any means available. They are not inhibited by abstract moral considerations because they have no abstract morality but are guided by "ways" of behavior, traditional patterns of action. The most inclusive of these is Shinto, "the way of the Gods," which is based on the legends of the Kojiki, the unbelievably filthy and crude "sacred book" of Nippon. Since Shinto teaches that the Japanese people are the offspring of the gods, that the Mikado is an earthly god, and that it is his right to rule

all mankind, it becomes a duty divinely imposed on the Japanese to see to it that the imperial rule is extended over the whole world. This duty, since it takes precedence over all others, sets of necessity the national policy. All sacrifices involved in carrying it out must be cheerfully made; all other concerns must be subordinated to it. Any means that further it are hallowed by it.

That the Japanese harbor aspirations to world-rule has been strongly denied by them, for instance in connection with the publication of the Tanaka Memorial. Tolischus, however, appends to his book clear documentary evidence on this point. The influence of Japanese ideology on Naziism through Dr. Karl Haushofer, who long lived in Japan, is also traced.

Modern Saga

SEVEN CAME THROUGH. By Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., New York. 1943. 118 pages. \$1.50.

ALTHOUGH the main facts of the twenty-one-day ordeal by water endured by Eddie Rickenbacker and his companions have been published in nearly every newspaper in the United States, everyone will gain a new appreciation of their experience from this simply written account by a man who says, "There's no great honor attached to saving your own skin."

Rickenbacker's story is told with verbs, not adjectives. From the very first chapter, in which he tells of im-

pending disaster and preparations for the inevitable crash landing, to the rescue and completion of his mission for Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, action is the keynote. Rickenbacker does not try to tell what each man thought; he tells what they did, and the reader somehow knows pretty much what their thoughts must have been by the things they did.

What did they do? When the fuel was running out and they found themselves hopelessly lost, they worked out a plan for abandoning ship, collected the most necessary articles ("Let the moment come when nothing is left but life and you will find that you do not hesitate over the fate of material possessions, however deeply they may have been cherished," says Captain Eddie), and rather calmly awaited the last sputter of the engine and the crash. But in spite of their well-planned preparations, when everyone was accounted for on the three life rafts, no one had the water or rations. The only food or drink was in four oranges that Captain William T. Cherry had stuffed into his pockets. These were rationed over a six-day period: one-eighth of an orange per man every other day. They talked about food after that—soda pop, chocolate ice cream and malted milks, torturing themselves even as they did so.

Even worse than thirst and hunger were the tortures endured from the blistering sun. Their bodies burned, swelled, and blistered; salt water augmented the burning, cracked the flesh, and caused ugly, running sores. Every motion involved pain.

In the evenings the rafts were brought together for prayers and readings from the New Testament brought by Private John Bartek. After a few days hymn singing followed the prayer meetings. Of course, there were intimate talks about hopes, fears, ambitions, and mistakes; but Rickenbacker does not reveal what was said. "Twenty-one days of it, and during all that time, I am inclined to believe, we talked less than we would have done in the course of one normal day."

The story of the gull's capture, the first rain, and the sharks are well known. On the thirteenth morning Sergeant Alex (Alexander Kaczmarczyk) died and was buried at sea. Rickenbacker tried to stimulate a desire to live in the six remaining ones. If encouragement did not work, he tried to shock them into carrying on. "Several of the boys confessed that they once swore an oath to live for the sheer pleasure of burying me at sea," he says.

After his rescue and subsequent recuperation Rickenbacker continued his journey, visiting General MacArthur at New Guinea and flying to Australia and Guadalcanal. He tells many interesting things about the boys fighting in the Pacific.

In the book there are eight pages of photographs, a two-page list of recommendations for bettering life rafts and their equipment, and a "Message to America," which incorporates some of Rickenbacker's experiences in Europe before the present war and his warning to England and America concerning Germany's intentions.

The introduction to the book, which gives a short factual history of Rickenbacker, was written by W. L. White, author of *They Were Expensible* and *Queens Die Proudly*.

All the royalties from the sale of this book, as well as the profits of the publishers, will go to the Army Air Forces Aid Society Trust Fund to help air force personnel and their dependents after the war.

JESSIE E. SWANSON.

Political Cardinal

THE ARM AND THE DARKNESS.

By Taylor Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1943. 604 pages. \$3.00.

THE writer who takes a historical problem to recast into a semi-authoritative but highly imaginative novel is, in my opinion, faced with a task no man regards highly; but Taylor Caldwell has chosen the age of Armand-Jean du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, Cardinal of France, and in her new novel has portrayed the great churchman-statesman with mastery no history textbook could ever hope to achieve. She has preserved for students of history a valuable analysis of the times of the man and the man himself who was feared and hated by all the world during the days his power held sway.

The central theme of *The Arm and the Darkness* is the Roman Catholic-Huguenot struggle in medieval France; but Richelieu, although a Prince of the Church, was more concerned with the supremacy of the State than he was with the successful domination of either religious antagonist. The chief character, with the

Cardinal, is Arsene du Richepin, young freedom-loving Huguenot nobleman—for the French Protestants were by no means an impoverished, ragged minority; and how well the great Cardinal was aware of this!

Young Arsene, in the course of the narrative, sobers out of his free, careless life into a profound gravity imposed by Huguenot insecurity. As is to be expected, the love life of the hero enters into the picture, but is rightly subordinated to the greater conflict.

We were charmed with Caldwell's portraiture of Richelieu. This great ecclesiastic was not, as one would expect, a fanatic Roman; but this author actually makes us suspect that the Cardinal was more sympathetic with Martin Luther than was John Calvin. Be that as it may, we do know that Caldwell depicts the human side of the Duc with keen intensity, depicting his idiosyncrasies as well as his noblenesses. (And speaking of idiosyncrasies, Richelieu had 'em.)

The entire plot moves toward the famous siege of La Rochelle, the citadel of the Protestants. The Huguenots, forsaken by their English brethren in the faith, decided to force Richelieu and foppish Louis XIII to besiege the rebellious stronghold. The insurgent Rochellais held out until half of their population was dead from starvation, and then capitulated into the hands of a merciful Richelieu, he who held no malice against the Huguenots, heretical rebels whose only crime was represented in the disunity of their native land. The hero Arsene is allowed to escape from the beleaguered city to newly-settled America,

The novel is the product of war times. It is particularly significant of the present-day influence of conflict between two major ideologies of life. It certainly betrays the eternal desire in the heart of man for freedom and release from oppression. As Miss Caldwell brings her story to an end, she describes the day after LaRochelle's surrender. Richelieu is celebrating Mass in the ancient church of St. Margaret, and the Duchesse de Rohan, leader of the Protestants but a close and intimate friend of the Cardinal, has gone to hear him perform the supreme rite of the Roman church. As she listened to the priest's intonations and the roll of the majestic music, she seemed to hear the "voices of unborn men, raised in hope and triumph, in victory and freedom, in everlasting conquest over the forces of darkness and evil, superstition, ignorance and fear and hatred."

CHARLES KERN.

Story of an Immigrant

SYRIAN YANKEE. By Salom Rizk. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, New York. 317 pages. 1943. \$2.75.

WHEN this book came into our home, one member of the family after the other became so avidly interested in it that this reviewer had a hard time getting hold of it for the purpose of this review. The theme of the book is one that has often been treated: "Immigrant boy makes good," but its treatment in this autobiography is so fresh and so timely that those of us who are

Americans of the third and fourth generation can gain a new and deeper appreciation of our highly privileged land.

In the foreword by DeWitt Wallace, editor of the *Reader's Digest*, we are introduced to the author, Salom Rizk, originally a little orphan vagabond, who at the age of fourteen discovered that his American mother had been visiting relatives in Syria when he was born and that he was, therefore, an American citizen. After many trials and hardships, and long years of impatient waiting, he made his way to our country and after trying his hand at other things, especially working in a slaughter house in Sioux City, Iowa, he became a rug peddler, and in his travels reached Ames, Iowa. There he decided to stay and go to college. Knowing little or no English, he had to start in the lower grades of elementary school work. He was twenty-two at the time, but by perseverance and hard work he made his ambition a realization. After only a few weeks of schooling he was invited to speak before the Rotary Club of Ames. In this address, in his own simple, straightforward way and with moving conviction, he spoke of the unbelievable opportunities and freedom and fullness of life that he had found here in contrast to the bare existence that was inevitable in his Old World home. When he had finished his speech, he received an ovation. With characteristic modesty he said, "They were applauding America, the land where this could happen to anyone."

Later Salom spoke before the New

York Advertising Club, where he was introduced by Lowell Thomas as the "Syrian Yankee." It was here that members of the *Reader's Digest* editorial staff heard him, and, out of the conviction that Salom Rizk had an important message for the youth of the United States, the *Reader's Digest* offered him to our high schools. He has since told his story, here expanded into a book, to 1,012,000 boys and girls in 1,495 schools.

What makes all this so timely and worth while is the fact that Salom Rizk tells his story, not to show his readers and hearers how to live off America, but "as a challenge to live for America." He has seen enough of the Old World to know something about the results of greed and selfishness, and so his objective became, not merely to work as an American for material prosperity, for a higher standard of living, but to strive and labor as a Christian for "the country's great promise for good." To that objective we all can voice our own heartfelt "Amen."

Jap Brutality in Manchukuo

BUSHIDO: The Anatomy of Terror.

By Alexandre Pernikoff. Liveright Publishing Corp. New York. 1943. 284 pages. \$2.75.

JAPANESE conquest in the totalitarian fashion started in September, 1931. The bomb explosion that blew up a small section of the South Manchuria Railway track near Mukden was the signal for the invasion of Manchuria, "China above the Wall." Japanese military, governed by a new

*Bushido** from which all semblance of honor was torn, were on the march; five months later the puppet state of Manchukuo was created.

Alexandre Pernikoff's book is an account of that *Bushido*—his name for the technique of terror practiced in the subjugation of Manchuria. This book is the case-history of a young White Russian who became a tool of the Japanese Gendarmerie at Harbin during 1932-1934. There are three strands in Oleg Volgin's record.

One is his own story. Nineteen years old, he was a student at the Harbin College of Oriental Sciences when the Japs came as "liberators." Chinese were liberated from the Kuomintang (Chinese Nationalist) flag; White Russians were liberated from Chinese domination, and then played against the Chinese. Oleg was one of those selected for espionage among the Chinese. Systematically trained and warped against his will, he became first a "tapper" (petty spy), then a spy, then a victim of nerve and mind brutification, and finally a "bonded" agent.

The second strand is the story of the strangulation of the peasantry. On a trip to the country Oleg saw burned villages and abandoned kaoliang fields. Chinese peasants were carrying supplies for the Jap army and were building roads. Later in the year, the peasants would be doomed to die of hunger. In other regions, the breaking up of families

*Inazo Nitobe, a Japanese scholar, published in America in 1900 *Bushido: The Soul of Japan*. He defined the *Bushido* code as "'Military-knight-ways'—the ways which fighting nobles should observe in their daily life as well as in their vocation."

and the free distributing of narcotics were the means to rid the land of Chinese.

The third strand is the interpretation of the Japanese mind. There's the polite smile which ignores human values. There's the exploitation which ignores suffering. There's the continual deceit for personal gain.

BUSHIDO: *The Anatomy of Terror* is a horror book. Portions of it detail Japanese Gendarmerie tortures to the point of nausea, and portions of it detail Jap administrative devices for wringing a country dry to the point of incredibility. Mr. Pernikoff says in the Foreword that the manuscript was given him by a young Russian whose father had been his close friend.

The prospective reader will have two questions about the book. Is it true? Is it worth my time?

The publishers and Mr. Pernikoff present the revelations as a factual account. Alexander J. Pernikoff was born in 1894 at Manglis, Caucasus, Russia. Educated in St. Petersburg, he rose to the rank of captain in World War I. After the war he entered the travel business, and in 1921 set up in Paris a travel and shipping agency, the American Lloyd. At the outbreak of the present war he entered the French Intelligence Service and participated in the organization of foreign military units in France. Named a controller of the French Purchasing Commission in New York, he found the Commission dissolved when he arrived in New York in July, 1940. He now lives with his family in this country.

First, then, it is improbable that the publishers and Mr. Pernikoff would risk their reputations on a fake book. Further, the general tenor of the book is corroborated by accounts of Jap terror in other regions.

Second, if the prospective reader has dodged atrocity stories because "those of World War I weren't true," the book, read rapidly, is worth his time. We Americans need to understand the enemy we are fighting, and part of the Japanese mind is a piece of unspeakable barbarism. If, however, the prospective reader is acquainted with one or two of the several books on Japanese brutality in China, he might better invest his money and his reading time on some other report on the Far East (for instance, one of the books reviewed in *The New Republic* of March 8, or in the last eight CRESSETS).

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

Human Nature

ON BEING A REAL PERSON. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1943. 295 pages. \$3.00.

APASTOR, in the course of his personal ministry, is certain to come face to face with many of the knottiest problems that arise in human life. Some of these problems will be definitely of a spiritual nature and some not. In others spiritual, psychological, and other factors will be interwoven in most intricate and baffling patterns. This last class of cases is likely to be most difficult to diagnose and prescribe for, because it calls for both varied knowledge

and trained judgment. *On Being a Real Person* concerns itself with factors that commonly enter into such cases.

The author writes on the basis of twenty years of experience with people who came to him for pastoral advice on their problems. His approach, as the title shows, is from the angle of personality. A "real person" is to him one who has the resources (especially the psychological and spiritual resources) that will enable him to live a happy life and to meet the difficulties and troubles that are allotted to him without going to pieces. Those who cannot adjust themselves to the exigencies of life because they lack these resources are the people who are beset with problems, and the only adequate assistance that one can give them is to help them toward becoming real persons. What is involved in this process in general and in certain particular cases is the theme of the book.

Fosdick presents a number of fundamental considerations regarding the development of personality in his opening chapters and then takes up specific factors that help or hinder personality development. He first points out that no progress is possible so long as one hides behind excuses and evasions. A man must honestly shoulder responsibility for himself. Then he can begin to work toward a rounded, well-organized, fully integrated personality. He must, furthermore, learn to accept his limitations and yet let them spur him on to greater effort. Again, only through an escape from one's own

ego and an investment in other lives can life become worth while. There are chapters on dealing with fear and anxiety, on the problems presented by conscience, on the proper integration of the various emotional drives, and on the mastering of depression. The limitations of human volition and the need of reaching out for power from beyond one's self are stressed. The book concludes with a chapter on the practical use of faith.

Fosdick says in the Introduction: "So far as religion is concerned. . . . I have tried not to be a special pleader. My main purpose has not been to present an argument for religious faith. . . . I determined to deal with that as little as I could." Strange words for a minister! In keeping with this program, the resources offered by a positive Christian faith remain largely untapped. Prayer and faith are commended, but the exact nature of both is left vague. The sound of Fosdick's trumpet, as usual, is uncertain. Apart from this, the book is a masterly study of some of the fundamental facts about human nature and will render good service to those who seek information and guidance in that field.

Soldier's Return

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID.

By Berry Fleming. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. New York. 1943. 279 pages. \$2.50.

COLONEL W. SEABORN EFFINGHAM, U. S. Army, retired, returns to Fredericksville, Georgia, the home of his youth, digs himself in, and starts

firing at the local administration. Many of his shots find their mark, and for a while the Colonel has his home town in an uproar. He achieves no reforms, however, and his success lies only in the recognition he gains as a man to be reckoned with. His defeat is touching but not without hope. As he conducts his private farewell ceremony for the first Fredericksville boys to leave for the war, he still resembles "a horse that you have just led out of a burning barn" which will "turn around and trot blithely back into the flames."

Colonel Effingham's Raid—a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March—has many good points. In it the author tells an entertaining story and creates one very real character. Colonel Effingham is a composite of all the old soldiers who buttonhole you to recount, with many digressions, the harrowing tales of their military campaigns. He is the retired gentleman found in every small town who writes indignant letters to the press, who speaks up at all public gatherings, and who appoints himself guardian of the people's welfare. He is exasperatingly frank, honest, intelligent, and a frightful bore.

All in all, however, the book is something of a disappointment. Its humor seems a trifle strained; when it is meant to produce deep-seated guffaws, it frequently brings forth chuckles. Its satire is so very gentle and lady-like that it lacks punch. As a result the reader will sometimes find himself sympathizing not with the Don Quixote of the piece, but with the windmills.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

Intolerance

TOLERANCE. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York. 1940. 385 pages. \$1.00.

THIS is the story of man's struggle for the right to think according to Hendrik Willem van Loon. It was originally published in 1925 and then issued in a black-and-gold edition in 1940. The review copy before us is from the eleventh printing. All of which indicates the wide popularity of the book. For this later edition the author, at the request of the publishers, wrote a final chapter which he headed "Epilogue" and in which he gives his conclusions on the events of the past eighteen years of world-history in relation to the theme of his book. As this period brought on World War II as a result of the sweeping negation of tolerance in the pagan philosophy of totalitarianism and the religious philosophy of the imperial war party in Japan, the author is very unsure of the future and by no means optimistic.

In the less than 400 pages of this volume van Loon takes the reader through the history of the world from the beginning to the present time in broad sweeps, and in the course of it he traces the ups and downs of tolerance in the thought and action of the human race, especially of the Western world. It all makes fascinating reading, as anyone knows who has ever read a van Loon book, and with many of the author's conclusions one can have no quarrel. However, he has a way of generalizing that frequently astounds one and

a carelessness in regard to details that is often very irritating, as when he makes goldsmiths of the silver-smiths of Ephesus, gives Christianity the stature of the Roman state religion at the Council of Nicea, places the beginning of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* into the same century, confuses Gregory VII with Gregory I, puts Innocent III into the same century with Gregory I although they lived 600 years apart, etc.

Van Loon's treatment of the era of persecution during the first three centuries leaves much to be desired. To say "that upon several occasions there were persecutions of the adherents of the new faith" is a gem of understatement. To add that "these had very little to do with religious intolerance," "that they were purely political," is a dangerous half-truth. To describe the early Christian martyrs as wild-eyed fanatics who made themselves so obnoxious to the magistrates that they had to execute them as dangerous nuisances is simply not true. A careful reading of Pliny's famous letter to Trajan and Trajan's rescript is sufficient proof to the contrary for any unbiased reader. And that is the main trouble with van Loon's book, which bears the grand title *Tolerance*. He himself is very intolerant toward Christianity. He judges the church by the mistakes that have been made during the course of her history, not by the good she has done, not by the immeasurable blessings she has brought to the world, not by the glorious Gospel that she has proclaimed to the world and is still proclaiming in the midst of the horror and thunder

and bloodshed of World War II. Van Loon does not like the Church and has no conception of the Church's true mission in this world. Therefore he is pessimistic of the future. If he could look into the matter of Christianity with an unprejudiced mind, he might, by the grace of Almighty God, change his mind and himself become more tolerant of the most tolerant body in all the world.

Food and Fun

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY: My Life With Mother's Boarders. By Rosemary Taylor. Whittlesey House, New York. 1943. 307 pages. Illustrated. \$2.75.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR's hilarious saga of a small-town boarding house is enthusiastically recommended to one and all as an excellent antidote to the weight of care and worry which encroaches upon all our waking hours. A homely tale of everyday living in an average family, *Chicken Every Sunday* sparkles with light, warmth, and gayety. In addition, it reveals the author's keen understanding of life and people.

Apparently there was never a dull moment in the Drachman household. Mother regulated her own life and that of her family, including the boarders, by her own favorite dictum. "Ladies and gentlemen can do *anything*," she told her children; and, if they needed further persuasion, she produced the cherished Claiborne family tree—for Mother was a Claiborne. This morale-bolstering twenty-page manuscript proved conclusively that the Clai-

bornes of England and Virginia were indeed a superior lot, dating back to the days of William the Conqueror. Father's reaction to Mother's boasting was somewhat disconcerting. He declared that "a family shouldn't be like the potato vine with the best part underground."

Mother embarked on her career as a boarding-house keeper fortified by her belief in the invincibility of an illustrious background and good breeding. Father always insisted that her first boarders were sneaked into the house when he wasn't looking.

Yes, sir! I left the house one morning, and when I came home there were this man and woman in our bedroom, and all she [Mother] had for me to sleep on was a mattress down on the floor.

This was in 1897. Mother's career as a boarding-house keeper thrived and flourished without interruption until "the end of the world came. Father died." Then for a little while Mother was lost and bewildered. The children decided that she was "well off financially, so why should she take in boarders?" The "big house" which had been home for so many years was sold, and

for the first time in her life there was nothing for Mother to do. She began to have sick spells, to spend half her time in bed. We saw with pains that she was becoming feeble, old.

Then chance took a hand. The woman who had purchased the "big house" became delinquent in her payments, and Mother moved back. "Just for the summer," the children insisted. But Mother had other plans, and she took advantage of her daughter's

opportunistic week-long absence from the city to put these designs into action. When Mrs. Taylor returned, she "found Mother in the midst of carpenters and plumbers. She looked guilty, but otherwise her old self. She walked with her old quick step. Why, Mother was young again!" Yes, once again Mother was ready to exercise her special talent for making homeless people happy by giving them clean, comfortable rooms, a little fun, and "chicken every Sunday."

An Eyewitness Account

DRESS REHEARSAL: The Story of Dieppe. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House, New York. 1943. 278 pages. Illustrated. \$2.00.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS has written a dramatic and breath-taking account of the carefully planned, boldly executed, and history-making raid which English, Canadian, and United States forces made on Nazi-held Dieppe in August, 1942. Ten thousand men took part in the assault, and more than one-third of them were left behind dead, wounded, and captured. Here is reporting that will make your blood tingle. Mr. Reynolds was an eyewitness of the operation. His way of writing is charged with emotionalism; but let us not forget that there is need for his manner of telling about the war, its problems, and its horrors. Many of those who clamor constantly for the opening of a second front on European soil do not realize what difficulties must be overcome, what

planning must be done, what preparations must be made, and what sacrifices must be brought if an undertaking of that nature is to be successful. The Germans have not been resting on their oars. They have erected formidable and ingeniously devised bulwarks against the day of invasion of the continent. The western coast of Europe bristles with weapons and traps. Many brave lives will be lost, and much costly equipment will be destroyed when the soldiers, the sailors, and the airmen of our own country join forces with the British and the Canadians to fight and win the bloody battles which will drive the Nazis out of the occupied countries.

Dieppe, says Mr. Reynolds, was a dress rehearsal. It was horrible; but under the brilliant leadership of Lord Louis Mountbatten every move was planned with meticulous care and plotted in minute detail. The C. C. O. (Commander Combined Operations), as Lord Mountbatten is called, knew that many lives and much matériel would have to be regarded as expendable. Otherwise the raid would not accomplish the purpose which the far-seeing men who decided upon it had in mind.

Mr. Reynolds states frankly that it is no longer possible for him and other writers

to be the objective reporters we were not so long ago. . . . Long ago the objectivity was bombed and shelled out of us. The story of Dieppe, like the story of every operation I have been on, is, therefore, a personal story and not intended to be a historical document for use in the War College.

Winning with Bombs

THE AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST GERMANY. By Allan A. Michie. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1943. 152 pages. Illustrated with twenty-four pages of official photographs. \$2.00.

THIS book is by no means an echo of Alexander de Seversky's much-discussed volume entitled *Victory Through Air Power*. Allan A. Michie is not given to theorizing. In other words, he does not dream of "winning the war of 1943 with the weapons of 1953." Nor does he agree with those who maintain that infantry is outmoded; for "the air offensive . . . is not a comfortable substitute for defeating the German armies in the field. The two attacks are complementary." Michie is an able reporter. He was in London when the Nazi bombers came to unload their cargoes of death and destruction during the Battle of Britain. He saw "what the *Luftwaffe* did to Coventry, Plymouth, Bristol—and all the blazed cities of Britain"; he saw what the Japanese did to Pearl Harbor. To those who contend that heavy bombing will not win wars Michie points out that "*it hasn't been tried yet.*" "The Germans," he says, "failed against Britain simply because they sent a boy to do a man's errand. The *Luftwaffe* did not succeed because it was the wrong kind of air force for the job it was required to do."

Michie is confident that we can bring Germany to her knees by bombing. What is more, he believes that the job can be done in 1943. It is interesting to contrast some of his

conclusions with the convictions of those who advocate precision bombing by daylight from high altitudes in preference to large-scale assaults by night. He does not oppose daytime raids, nor does he underestimate the value of the Norden bomb-sight; but he argues that we must "abandon our present rigid tactical concept of daylight bombing for the time being until daylight attacks on Germany on a large scale are possible." We must win, he believes, with the planes we have at our disposal *now* and are able to fit out in the proper manner *at the present time*.

The book contains much valuable information about our own air arm and about Germany's *Luftwaffe*.

Plan for Tomorrow

SUMMARY OF THE WORLD FEDERATION PLAN. By Ely Culbertson. Garden City Publishing Co., New York. 1943. 64 pages. \$1.00.

AFTER all, it is not so strange that Ely Culbertson, who made himself famous by creating and promoting a superior system for the game of contract bridge, should now turn his attention to the creating and promoting of a superior system for the establishment of a world-government.

This is particularly easy to understand when we are reminded that Mr. Culbertson's father was an American mining engineer who founded the Russian oil fields of Grozny in the Caucasus; that his mother was the daughter of a Cossack general; that the horror of revolution came

into his life before he was twenty; that he spent more than twenty years studying the behavior of men in crowds and nations, looking for realistic principles whereby men can live at peace with one another.

Numerous polls have been taken since Pearl Harbor to measure the interest of our people in the idea of international government. They leave no doubt that we want to see the organization of some kind of an international system that will be powerful enough to prevent future wars. Yet there is no agreement on just how such a system should be set up, mostly because there have not been enough definite suggestions and because we have been too busy fighting the war to look very far ahead.

Mr. Culbertson says that four fallacies are delaying a lasting solution of the international problem. These are (1) "Let's Win the War First," (2) "Revive the League of Nations," (3) Clarence Streit's "Union Now," and (4) "The Long Armistice." He answers these fallacies by saying that, as for the first, we are simply in a much stronger bargaining position now than we will be after the war; the League of Nations avoided the fundamental problem of limiting the sovereignty of nations; Streit would too drastically limit the sovereignty of the nations in one move; and the long armistice assumes that time itself is the main thing needed to heal the wounds of the world.

The most common phrase to be found in plans for international government is "world-police," yet it is obvious to all thinking people that this raises the question, "How can a

world police be organized that will be strong enough to really protect us yet not likely to be an instrument of tyranny if it falls into the hands of a selfish group?"

To answer this question, Mr. Culbertson established his "quota force" principle, whereby a certain quota of the world police would be stationed in each major country of the world, in proportion to its need: 20 per cent in the United States, 15 per cent in Great Britain, 4 per cent in China, 2 per cent in Japan, for instance, reserving 22 per cent for a mobile corps to be stationed in the strategic islands of the world and recruited from the smaller nations. The mobile corps would be subject only to the command of the world-government and ready for action at any time. The national contingents would be subject to the orders of the world-government, through the national governments, much as our own National Guard served their own states before this war, but went into the national service when the president called them.

Mr. Culbertson would also distribute the manufacture of heavy munitions under the same quotas but entirely under the control of the world-government. This he recognizes as the prime requisite in the prevention of aggressive warfare.

Because it would be too big a step from our present nationalistic ways to a single world-government, Mr. Culbertson interposes regional federations of nations with like psychological, political, and language background. He has mapped out eleven of these.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Mr. Culbertson's plan is the failure of critics to find any faults in it. Frederick L. Schuman, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College, says:

From one point of view it is impossible to criticize the details helpfully because the structure Ely Culbertson has reared is so ingenious, so organic, so integrated, so beautifully articulated and perfected as it stands that it is almost irrelevant, not to say irreverent, for any one to suggest knocking off a portico in one place or adding another somewhere else.

Every intelligent citizen should read and study this book.

W. P. CORTELYOU.

Good History

MUTINY IN JANUARY. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press, New York. 1943. 288 pages. \$3.50.

STUDENTS of American history have long known that there was a critical period in the course of the War of Independence when the fate of the whole cause for which the war was being fought rested with a fairly large group of soldiers from the Pennsylvania Line. These men, faced with conditions even worse than those of Valley Forge, had mutinied; but they had done so in an orderly manner and had established themselves at Princeton, New Jersey. Later New Jersey Continental troops joined in the mutiny. Carl Van Doren, who has made a name for himself as an historian with his *Secret History of the American Revolution*, has undertaken the careful study of the records of this historic incident, and in

this volume he tells us who these mutineers were, why they revolted, how they conducted themselves, and by what means they were brought back into the army of General Washington. In his research he studied materials either rediscovered or hitherto unavailable, such as unpublished letters from Anthony Wayne, letters from Colonel Elias Dayton, Washington's secret service chief for the territory involved, a series of letters from a British spy, etc.

The great figures of the Revolution, such as Anthony Wayne, Lafayette, and Washington, appear in these pages; but so do members of the rank and file who did the actual fighting on the battleline. We learn something about their endurance, their patience, and particularly about their patriotism, which remained steadfast under the most trying and difficult circumstances. It is an interesting episode in our history ably presented.

The volume concludes with a fine map of the mutiny country, Oliver De Lancey's "Journal of Pennsylvania Mutiny," a "Note on the Mutiny at York," a list of sources, and a detailed index.

Religion in Russia

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND THE SOVIET STATE. By Serge Bolshakoff. London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 75 pages. 90 cents.

THIS little book should be required reading for every American editor, for every Christian preacher, and particularly—with a heavily graded

written test after the third perusal—for every American who has a hand in planning for the work of the State or of the Church in the lands which will be ruled from Moscow. Whoever would plan for the expansion of the church in the postwar age cannot overlook the largest country in the world, European and Asiatic Russia, covering one-sixth of the earth's surface and governed by an absolute autocracy which would not be ruled out of the peace councils no matter what happens. The book is a strictly documentary one even in those sections which are not enclosed in quotation marks. It is based largely on Soviet official documents, statistics, and accounts. There are also some official Vatican and Orthodox documents. It is intended to give to English readers in narrow compass an objective account of the history of Russian Christianity before and after the Soviet Revolution. And it is published by the well-known Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a name which stands for high standards of truthfulness and accuracy. Serge Bolshakoff we do not find in any work of reference.

What impresses us is the objective, almost detached, attitude of the author manifested in every chapter, whether it deals with the past inefficient record of the Russian State Church and Czarist Government or with the horrors of persecution under the Bolshevik rule or with the outlook for the future. There is a complete absence of emotionalism, the more to be admired if the author is himself a Russian Christian, as

seems probable. In order to avoid giving the impression of judgments based on the feelings Bolshakoff throughout utilizes the device of understatement. He finds "some truth" in the contention that the great storm which overwhelmed Russia in 1917 "did very little harm to Russian Christianity, but rather helped it by loosing the iron bonds imposed upon it by the Imperial Government." But, on the other hand, there is also "a germ of truth in the judgment of the pessimists who argue that Christianity in Russia is so weakened that it will scarcely be able to survive one generation more." He sets down as simply as if he were writing a contribution to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* such horrifying things as that "undoubtedly many millions of Russians apostatized; the younger generation have been carefully educated in the godless school." There is not a trace of journalism or of the art of rhetorical suspense or climax in the arrangement of the subject matter. In orderly procession we have the line-up of Russian Christianity, The Soviet Revolution, The Godless Movement, The Present Position, and The Outlook.

The Russian monarchy, over a thousand years old, collapsed in 1917. The trouble with this government was that it had been unable to adjust itself to modern conditions. The Reformation never reached Russia, and that country was left "a province of an Asiatic empire." Under Peter the Great the Church was subjugated to the State, the old aristocracy curbed, and a new nobility, obedient to the Tsar, created in its place. And

this aristocracy was hated by peasants and merchants alike; "they resembled the idle and pompous French nobles before the Revolution." Bolshakoff sketches the various attempts of the Russian people to throw off this oppressive regime, until the disastrous Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05 demonstrated clearly that the Russian State needed radical reforms if it was to survive. The evil genius of the ruling house was the strange monk Gregory Rasputin, "a highly gifted but unprincipled man," whose influence especially over the Empress paved the way for the Bolshevik uprising under Lenin. The Church continued in her political infatuations to the last. "*En masse* the clergy stood by the Imperial regime and the revolutionaries really treated the Church with moderation. The Government deposed some bishops and dismissed a number of clergymen too closely connected with Rasputin." Otherwise it did not interfere with Church affairs. However, the cruelty of the Bolsheviks, the confiscation of the Church estates, and the closing of schools made churchmen violently antibolshevik. It was the support of the White Army by a large part of the clergy that gave the Bolsheviks the right and a pretext to declare churchmen enemies of the proletariat and the Church an alien institution and hostile to the Soviet State. That frightful atrocities were committed against the clergy during the Civil War is not denied by Bolshakoff. He says: "According to the findings of General Denikin's Commission, 28 bishops and 1,215 priests were shot during the years 1918-19." Later the

Church split into parties, some loyal to the Soviet Government, others continuing in their opposition.

The "godless" movement, which had its hey-day in the late twenties and early thirties, was an attempt to displace religion with a materialistic philosophy full of scientific anachronisms, inasmuch as Huxley and Häckel were regarded as prophets of the New Enlightenment. One of the booklets is quoted to this effect:

In order to eradicate war between na-

tions, to exterminate poverty from the face of the earth—it is necessary *that every person, that every peasant and worker sees things as they are, without the intervention of gods* [italics in original], saints, angels, fiends, goblins, were-wolves, and other spirits, good or evil. Religion acts as a bandage over the eyes of man, preventing him from seeing the world as it is.

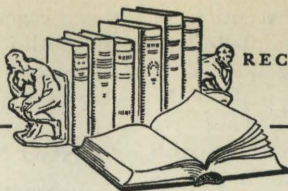
The Union of the Godless grew from 87,000 in 1926 to 2,000,000 in 1930 and to 7,000,000 in 1932, besides 1,500,000 Godless children.



To One Who Listens

Never think to find
 In any song of mine the wings
 For your restless mind,
 To lift it beyond the common things
 Into windless skies.
 Here are only little stones to place
 Up a steep of sighs
 For one brief glance of Beauty's face.
 What still do you seek
 In these thick shadows of my words,
 In the tone I speak. . . .
 A sudden and silver flight of birds
 To make you believe
 I made a camouflage of language to deceive?

—HELEN MYRTIS LANGE.



A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE CHRIST WE KNOW

By Lars P. Qualben. Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York. 1943. 169 pages. \$2.00.

DR. QUALBEN is pastor of the Scandinavian Lutheran Church at Port Richmond, on Staten Island. His previous books include *The History of the Christian Church* and the *Lutheran Church in Colonial America*. In this volume he offers a series of fourteen meditations on John 1:1-18, in which he specially emphasizes seven vital characteristics of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Savior is—the Eternal, the Word, a Person in the Godhead, God, Creator, Life, and Light. The book is illustrated with fifteen diagrams. While the author brings nothing new in his message, which is the age-old way of salvation through Christ as proclaimed by John the Beloved, yet his presentation is timely and written in modern English for twentieth-century readers. His trumpet has no unclear sound. It is orthodox and fundamental. We wholeheartedly recommend the book to our readers, particularly

to those who have been made uncertain in their personal faith by contact with the vagaries of modernism and liberalism.

THE MOUNTAINS WAIT

By Theodor Broch. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Webb Publishing Company, Saint Paul, Minnesota. 1943. 307 pages and a scrapbook containing a selection of maps and photographs from the author's personal file and other sources. \$3.00.

THEODOR BROCH was mayor of the city of Narvik when the Nazis invaded Norway. At present he is associated with the Royal Norwegian Government in Exile. In *The Mountains Wait* he tells of life and work in the little town before Hitler's military seized control. Then he describes the coming of the *Wehrmacht* and lets the reader look into the patriotic hearts of the peace-loving Norwegian people. Their resistance to the Nazis was futile; but they were determined then, and they are determined now, to rid themselves of the

hated yoke. With the exception of a handful of traitors, the inhabitants of Narvik did everything they could to place obstacles in the path of the overbearing conquerors. They co-operated untiringly with the British and the French, who at one time succeeded in snatching the town from the claws of the Germans; but the sorrow of the people of Narvik returned when their allies, who were not strong enough to cope effectively with the well-armed minions of Hitler, decided to withdraw. Broch, who was under sentence of death, managed to escape to the United States. Later on his wife and child, whom he had to leave behind, were able to make their way to our country. To-day the Nazis and the Quislings reign supreme in Norway; but the moun-

tains eagerly await the coming of those who will set the land free. The Norwegians are confident that the day of liberation is not far off.

CONGO SONG

By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1943. 399 pages. \$2.50.

CONGO SONG is utterly unworthy of Stuart Cloete's ability and reputation. The interminable discussions of life, of love, and of death are neither profound nor illuminating. For the most part they are ridiculous and revolting. In spite of Mr. Cloete's brilliant descriptive writing *Congo Song* will have little appeal for the *mature* reader. It should have no place among books for juveniles.



In Spring—A Protest

Why should I try to make a song
 When music is round about all day long,
 In the budding leaf and the opening flower,
 In the springing grass and the tinkling shower?
 Isn't it silly to make a rime
 When poems are round about all the time?

—LYDIA HOBART.

April



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

CATTLE AND CONFUSION

"Just now," says *Fortune*, "livestock occupies the hottest spot on the working front." Last fall it was announced that when meat was rationed there would be two and a half pounds weekly a person. Now a pound and three-quarters is the estimated supply. But cattlemen declare that there will be no such amount available. A national scandal in the meat situation threatens. In the cattle industry long-time policies are necessary, for the biological factors involved cannot be speeded up. Calves cannot be "launched" ahead of schedule, and the time of "fitting out" steers for market cannot be shortened. Cattlemen complain that government bungling has worked against them. They have been deprived of irreplaceable workers; through the Detroit O. D. T. they have been held to amounts of gasoline on their great ranges that would fit

New England farms; O. P. A. has thrown an assortment of monkey wrenches at them. The black market is putting the finishing touches on the job. How the meat situation will develop is anybody's guess.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA

C. Hartley Grattan, in *Harper's*, assesses the situation in the Dark Continent and tries to forecast the future. Africa south of the Sahara is divided into "white man's Africa," the region along the Indian Ocean, from Ethiopia to the Union of South Africa. Here climatic conditions permit white settlement, though there are only 143,000 whites as against 21,400,000 natives. The policy of this British-controlled area is set by the Union, in which there are 2,003,512 whites in a total population of 9,588,665. That policy is subordination of the natives by every means. In "black man's

Africa," along the Atlantic, where there are only 85,000 whites over against 63,900,000 natives, the welfare of the natives is, theoretically at least, the chief object of the policy of the controlling nations. The main problems facing Africa are the relations between the races and the organization of economic life, and both are exceedingly difficult to solve.

AN OPEN LETTER TO FRENCHMEN

In this article in the *Atlantic* Jacques Maritain discusses the attitude which he believes patriotic Frenchmen should take under present conditions. Above all, he urges, they must be united in the fight against Germany and must not permit any other considerations to compromise the military exigencies of war. With regard to France and the political life of her people, on the other hand, they must clearly and simply express their convictions. "It is impossible for those Frenchmen who have chosen freedom to accept being subjected to the political power of men who have assumed major responsibilities in a government yielding to the Nazi new order." This obviously refers to the situation in North Africa. Maritain stands four-square with De Gaulle. He insists that the French people have rejected Vichy

and all that it stands for, and that, accordingly, there is now no legitimate government that can speak for France, nor will there be any until the French people are once more free to express their will.

DOCTORS AND FARMERS

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in January, which confirmed the conviction of the American Medical Association and the District of Columbia Medical Society for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, is of great importance for the continued development of group health associations. In the April *Survey Graphic*, Michael M. Davis discusses "The A.M.A. Case" with a special emphasis upon the diverse reactions which the decision provoked. It is interesting reading and it is important for an understanding of the trends in socialized medical care.

"Small Farmers Do a Big Job," by H. Kirk Goding, presents the record in food production of more than 400,000 small farmers, tenants and share croppers who received help in recent years from the Farm Security Administration. It is an impressive record indeed and an effective answer to the critics of this government agency. It is likewise not without its implications for our problem

of greatly increasing our food production during the coming years. Related to this problem is another article in the April *Survey Graphic* by Russell Lord. Under the title, "Soil, War, and Health," the editor of *The Land* investigates the relation between soil and the nutrition and quality of food. He shows clearly how vital it is to include a far-seeing program of soil conservation in our efforts to produce more and better food.

PROBLEMS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

The Post-War Plan and Program recently submitted to Congress by the President with its outlines for security, work and relief policies and also for post-war planning, will undoubtedly become a major topic of discussion when the lines are drawn for the presidential election next year. It is from this viewpoint particularly that the Post-War Plan and Program is considered by I. F. Stone in *The Nation* of March 20 under the title "Planning and Politics." The National Resources Planning Board has undoubtedly started something of great significance for the United States of tomorrow.

That Anthony Eden came to this country in order to seek a clarification of the policy of our State Department toward Russia

and France, is suggested by Blair Bolles in his article in *The Nation* of March 27, "What Eden Is After." It is really a summary of the criticisms which *The Nation* has been consistently making of our State Department—vagueness and indecision in its Russian policy, lack of vigor against Vichy, expediency in dealing with appeasers, and a mysterious friendliness with the Vatican.

The censorship of the movies by the office of Will Hays and now threatened with another government supervision, is critically evaluated by John McDonald in "Will Hays's New Rival" in the issue of April 3. It is a plea for a "democratic screen" and points out that the road to this achievement is long and hard under the "vertical monopoly over production, distribution, and exhibition" and the present burdens of censorship and commercialism.

"'Jap Crow' Experiment," by John Larison in *The Nation* of April 10, appraises the effects of the evacuation of the Japanese from the West Coast. It argues for a "better way out of one of the strangest dilemmas in our history." The experience, it is argued, has not been happy for the administrators nor for the Japanese held in "protective custody." The author proposes that the loyal citizens be separated from the few disloyal and that a perma-

nent solution to the problem be worked out now in order that minimum damage be done to the évacués and "to our national dignity."

HERE AND THERE

In the *Woman's Home Companion* for April William W. Chaplin tells us something about our "Yanks in India." It seems that our service folks (what with WAACS and WAVES, etc. one can no longer simply say "service men") are really all over this terrestrial globe. We sometimes wonder if, when the war is won, we'll ever be able to collect them all again and bring them home. The members of the Tenth Air Force at New Delhi, where even the privates can afford a native butler, got into India in time to help in the reoccupation of Burma, now under way. In their leisure hours the men ride in tongas, sample native delicacies (their regular meals are American style), practice the Indian art of magic, and otherwise interest themselves in almost everything about the country, except Indian politics Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw (*Collier's*) tell us in a well-illustrated article about the people week-ending in New York these days, where in spite of dim-outs, gas rationing, and food limitations thousands upon

thousands of persons from all parts of the country, particularly from the neighboring war-industry towns, gather for recreation—honeymooning couples, Polish soldiers, Javanese sailors, Norwegian members of the R. A. F., etc. The New York columnists declare that if you stand on certain street corners in the city you're bound to see someone from home In a March *Satevepost* Demaree Bess answers the question, "What does Russia want?" He points out that Russia has made no commitments to anyone which might hamper her freedom of action after the war. Russian leaders have in no way bound themselves in any respect in return for American and British aid. Russia has long laid claim to parts of Finland and Rumania, the three Baltic states, and insisted that the frontiers of Poland be left open for future settlement — claims which Russia calls modest, because they merely restore the frontier borders of the old Czarist empire in Europe. Russia intends to strengthen her position both in Europe and Asia. She is very realistic about this. The author then points out that it is not Russia which is the enigma, but America. We have so far left our allies in doubt as to what we are fighting for. We do not seem to be clear in our own minds about that.

Verse

You Are the Stars*

(Daniel 12:3)

You are the stars that stud the spacious skies
 And by your bright reflected light men chart
 Eternal voyages, and earth-bound eyes
 Of worn, world-weary souls at length take heart
 To find their way to beatific rest.
 There were you set to occupy the height,
 To mark the road to man's most urgent quest,
 To shine the brightest in the blackest night.

Though passing clouds may hide and mundane lights
 Obfuscate your pure gleams, and you are spent
 In seeming unregarded labor, shine!
 And shining, pierce through these terrestrial nights
 Until one day your Author will enshrine
 Your orbits in a glorious firmament!

—JAROSLAV VAJDA.

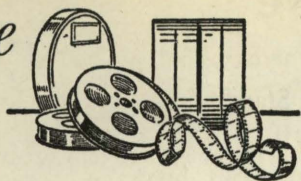
*To the ministers of the Gospel

A Writer's Prayer

Dear Lord, if a silence takes my pen,
 Let it be the winter dreaming of a seed,
 And after . . . the words blossoming again
 In a springtime beauty for my little need.
 Lord, let it not be a quiet of the dead
 . . . Everything sung and everything said.

—HELEN MYRTIS LANGE.

The



Motion Picture

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

WAR years are long years, for they are measured by the beat of pinched and troubled hearts. War years are difficult years, for they place upon the individual citizen a new and immediate responsibility for the protection and the continuing existence of his homeland. War years are changing years, for, coldly and impersonally, the pattern of our lives must be made to conform to the demands and the exigencies of warfare. War years are revealing years, for they strip men and nations of sham and pretense. War years are testing years in which the everlasting verities are tried in the flush of victory as well as in the bitterness of defeat.

One Day of War (March of Time—20th Century-Fox) vividly portrays the cruel burden which total war imposes upon an embattled people. Originally titled *June 13th*, this excellent documentary film presents an unforgettable picture record of one

day's fighting on the vast Russian front. One hundred and sixty Soviet camera men photographed with stark and terrible accuracy the land, sea, and air battles which raged on that day from the Baltic to Sevastopol. Behind the lines Russian men, women, and children toil in tank factories in the Urals, in munitions plants, in oil fields, in coal mines, on tea plantations, and in the fertile fields of the Ukraine. In the first grey light of dawn the barrage balloons, which hang protectingly over Moscow during the hours of darkness, begin their daily descent. The camera takes us to besieged Leningrad and to the devastated streets of Sevastopol. We see guerrilla fighters successfully storm a village, capture and swiftly execute a despised little Quisling. There are many other memorable scenes—grim, vivid, and horrible. Before the day's shooting was over, twenty photographers had lost their lives. *One Day*

of *War* is an impressive testimonial to the strength, the courage, and the determination of the Russian people. United they stand, and united they press on to victory.

At the Front in North Africa (U. S. Signal Corps), a technical or panorama of the early stages of the North African invasion, lacks the unadorned realism of *One Day of War*. There are too many extraneous Hollywood touches. It is, nevertheless, an exciting film, and an important one, since it brings the war home to us as no other medium can do. Who can remain unmoved or indifferent when American boys carry the Stars and Stripes into battle? How small, how unimportant the inconveniences—and they are only inconveniences—of rationing and conservation become when we measure them by the sacrifices being made by our armed forces in every theatre of war! How great is our debt and our responsibility to those who fight our fight! For them there are no black markets in which they can purchase comforts and luxuries or even one moment's respite from pain or an additional split second of life. By far the best scenes in *At the Front* are those devoted to aerial combat. My own conclusions in this matter received unexpected confirmation. While leaving the theatre I

met a man who has actually been under air attack—not once, but many times. Visibly shaken, he confessed that he had found the air sequences grimly realistic. He added, "I find that I still can't take it."

Critics here and abroad are unanimous in their praise of the British film, *In Which We Serve* (Two Cities — United Artists). Written, produced, and directed by Noel Coward, with David Lean as codirector, *In Which We Serve* was chosen by American critics as the best picture of 1942, and it has been hailed by many as "the first truly great picture of World War II." His Majesty's Ship, the destroyer "Torrin," is much more than a ship of the line. She is a symbol of all the ships and all the men who, in peace and in war, have carried the British flag into port on all the seven seas. Here, too, we have the story of those who see their men go down to the sea and then remain at home to wait, to hope, and to pray. Made in close cooperation with the Royal Navy and the R. A. F., *In Which We Serve* is correct down to the smallest detail; but it is the superb acting of a fine cast which makes the film a living thing.

Despite invasion and occupation Yugoslavia remains aggressive and undefeated. Under the fearless leadership of General

Draja Mikhailovitch the people of Yugoslavia wage unrelenting war against the intruder. *Chetniks!* (20th Century-Fox, Lois King) is dedicated to General Mikhailovitch and his gallant bands. The film is allegedly based on incidents in the general's life and was made with the consent and the co-operation of the Yugoslav Embassy in the United States. Considered merely as orthodox melodrama, *Chetniks!* is diverting entertainment; weighed against an involved and desperate life-and-death struggle, it is inadequate and unsatisfactory. The figure of General Mikhailovitch has not yet fully emerged from the confused war picture.

Before the United States took over parts of Morocco, Casablanca was known as a city of refuge for those who sought frantically to get to Lisbon and thence to the Americas. *Casablanca* (Warner Bros., Michael Curtiz) expertly captures the atmosphere of suspense, intrigue, fear, and mystery which enveloped the comings and the goings of desperate and hunted creatures. Top acting honors go to Paul Henreid. There is a story behind Mr. Henreid's moving portrayal of the Czech patriot who is being hunted by the *Gestapo*. Austrian-born Paul Henreid, Baron von Wasel-Waldingen, fell into disfavor with the Nazis in 1935 when he appeared

in an anti-Hitler stage play in London. In reprisal his estates were confiscated soon after the *Anschluss*. Mr. Henreid remained in exile and, in 1941, came to the United States. As Paul Henreid he is now in the process of becoming an American citizen. Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman are the other principals in an excellent cast.

Mention the name of Orson Welles, and you have an argument on your hands. Prodigy or poseur? Genius or clown? Great actor or just plain ham? And so on—and on. *Journey into Fear* (RKO-Radio, Norman Foster), the wonderboy's latest film, will do little to settle the argument. Very clearly it demonstrates that Mr. Welles' aspirations still outrun his accomplishments.

Adapted from I. A. R. Wylie's novel of the same name, *Keeper of the Flame* (M-G-M, George Zukor) deals with the shattering of the legend which had fashioned itself about the figure of a great American. The picture gets off to a good start but soon loses momentum and, at long last, ambles home in true movieland fashion.

The Moon and Sixpence, Somerset Maugham's famous novel based on the life of Paul Gauguin, has been translated to the screen with unusual fidelity. Two narrators and a series of flash-

backs are employed in portraying Mr. Maugham's somewhat inaccurate account of the strange and unhappy life of the gifted Gauguin. As a result, *The Moon and Sixpence* (United Artists, Albert Lewin) moves in a confusing and curiously disjointed manner its story to relate.

Fantasy, comedy, and satire are deftly combined in *I Married a Witch* (United Artists, Rene Clair). Unfortunately, vulgarity and offensive dialogue have likewise gone into the making of this witches' brew.

Movie fans who enjoy mystery thrillers will find *The Glass Key* (Paramount, Stuart Heisler) eminently satisfactory entertainment.

Pictures which present gambling, not as a vice, but decked out in the guise of romance, suc-

cess, and glamor, are unwholesome. *Silver Queen* (United Artists, Lloyd Bacon) is frankly and deliberately a gambling film. Thumbs down!

Jack Benny's new screen offering is a slapdash film version of a George M. Cohan hit of 1920. *The Meanest Man in the World* (20th Century-Fox) is drab, dated, and only mildly entertaining.

Six years ago a modest little film called *A Family Affair* met with instantaneous success. This was the beginning of the popular Andy Hardy series. *Andy Hardy's Double Life* (M-G-M, George B. Seitz) probably will bring the series to a close. Mickey Rooney no longer typifies the average 'teen-age American boy, and the pictures have lost the flavor and the freshness of the early releases.



"He reminds me of the man who murdered both his parents, and then, when sentence was about to be pronounced, pleaded for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan."

GROSS: *Lincoln's Own Stories.*

LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

The Army Speaks

Sir:

I am sitting in Barracks No. 5130 tonight trying to explain to myself how I got here, or, for that matter, how any of us got here.

One of the boys said the other night, "Did you ever stop to think that if one soldier [Hitler] had been killed in the last war none of us would be here?" Fortunately, most of us know better. Circumstances create men, not men circumstances.

I know that I am here despite the wishes of the men who recommended and voted the declaration of war. My commander-in-chief is one of the great humanitarians of history, a gentleman who by one of the strange quirks of history is called upon to direct an effort completely foreign to his whole philosophy of human relations.

So tonight he is caught in the maelstrom of a war which he did not want, and I am sucked into a kind

of life which, ten years ago, we thought was too ridiculous for a civilized person to consider seriously. How did this all happen?

Clergymen will say we were selfish. But the facts contradict them. If we could not accept Wilson's altruism, we did at least accept every proposal for a more decent standard of international fair-dealing. We gave away more than some of us thought we could spare. But—and here's the point—we and the rest of the world were so busy stuffing the gullet that we starved the soul.

The unrest of our world is the unrest of souls that have lost their way. In blind despair they have turned men against each other in a futile attempt to find in a world of things the one thing they will never find in that world—peace.

I am here tonight because our world has not yet learned that peace is not a bilateral relationship of man to man but a trilateral relationship embracing man and fellowman and God. If our world has not learned that by 1968, my son will be in a barracks too. Until Czech and Pole and German and Chinese can kneel together for the benediction of their Redeemer, we shall find no peace.

It is only as we stand in proper relationship to our God that we can hope to get our fellowmen into correct perspective.

A PRIVATE.

Thank You

Sir:

Enclosed is my check for a renewal of subscription to THE CRESSET for

1943. I have greatly enjoyed THE CRESSET for the past year, and have passed it on to others who I knew would appreciate it. Finely printed and attractive in format, it is a pleasure to look at as well as to read, and many of its articles and reviews I have re-read either for some special point or for general interest.

EDNA F. WINN.

Fall River, Mass.

Sir:

In this day of confusion and turmoil I always look to THE CRESSET

to give me a better balance on the outlook of things and I seldom fail to read each issue from cover to cover. "The Pilgrim" still is my favorite column and its author my favorite writer. I have not yet formulated a definite opinion on the Movie section although I always read it with interest. Perhaps if it could be brought a little more up-to-date it would be of real value. Best wishes for your continued success.

CPL. WILMAR BERNTHAL.

Camp Hood, Texas



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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

OUR major article this month brings into proper focus one of the most vital issues of our times—the relation of the individual Christian to the problem of war. The author, Dr. Paul H. Krauss, is a distinguished Lutheran clergyman of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Dr. Krauss has performed a notable service in analyzing his subject from the viewpoint of the Holy Christian Church, and in discerning in the present conflict—or rather, in its aftermath—new and unparalleled opportunities for Christianity. Only to the extent that this vision captures the Christian consciousness will the Church be enabled to realize its destiny.



We welcome back to the columns of the Astrolabe our es-

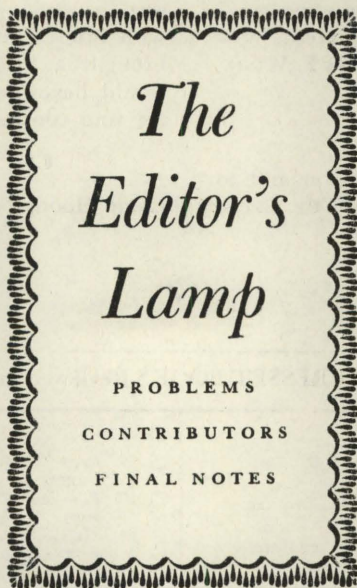
teemed associate, Dr. Ad. Haentzschel, whose literary activity was interrupted for six months by illness. We also tender our thanks to Dr. W. G. Polack for his able

collaboration on the Astrolabe during Dr. Haentzschel's absence.



Our guest reviewers this month include Warren P. Cortelyou, assistant professor of Chemistry at Valparaiso University (*Summary of the World Federation Plan*) and Jessie E. Swanson, Instructor in Mathematics at Valparaiso (*Seven Came Through*).

The others are already well known to our readers: Palmer Czamanske (*Bushido: The Anatomy of Terror*); Charles Kern (*The Arm and the Darkness*); and Patterson McLean Friedrich (*Colonel Edfingham's Raid*). Poetry is contributed by Helen Myrtis Lange, Lydia Hobart and Jaroslav Vajda.



Forthcoming Issues

- I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.
- II. Major articles during the coming months will include:
 - Moulders of American Life
 - Progressivism in Education
 - How Bad Are the Movies?
 - Kierkegaard: Christian Thinker
- III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:
 - Education for Freedom*.....Robert M. Hutchins
 - George Washington Carver*.....Rackham Holt
 - Is Germany Incurable?*.....R. M. Brickner
 - A Mingled Chime: An Autobiography*
.....Sir Thomas Beecham
 - One World*.....Wendell L. Willkie
 - Round Trip to Russia*.....Walter Graebner
 - The Year of Decision: 1846*.....Bernard De Voto
 - The Fifth Seal*.....Mark Aldanov
 - Number One*.....John Dos Passos
 - A Time to Act*.....Archibald MacLeish
 - The History of Music in Performance*
.....Frederick Dorian
 - Between the Dark and the Daylight*.....Nancy Hale

