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OCTOBER 1943

THE CRESSET

Dear Mother

Edvard Benes, Statesman and Thinker

The Prize Is Youth

Verse

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6 No. 11

Twenty-five Cents

THE CRESSET

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IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET:

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Is It God's War?

THE Crusades of the Middle Ages were called "holy wars" by the leaders, and many people joined the Crusades in the hope of taking part in a God-pleasing conflict against the powers of evil. But no matter what the benefits were that came forth for Europe out of those ill-fated expeditions to wrest control of the Holy Land from the infidel Moslem, the Crusades were not "holy wars." Is the present war a holy one? Is it God's war? The question was answered in a letter to the *Christian Herald* by Findley M. Wilson, in these words:

Perhaps war in its reality is never wholly the "Devil's war." The devil may plan and start a war. He often has done so. The devil may stir up the causes of war. He is constantly doing this. But once started a war seldom remains solely the "Devil's war." When "he stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty," God in due time interposes for righteousness and justice. The war then becomes by so much "God's war!" When God judges among warring nations; when for their sins He begins (Ps. 2:9) to "break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel"—God has then taken over, and is dealing with sin and godlessness in the lives of each and all the nations engaged in the conflict.

We Disagree, Mrs. Roosevelt!

IN her column, "My Day," Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt recently ventured the following:

I keep getting letters which point up the prejudices in which so many of us indulge, even in war time. They are not always prejudices against a

race, sometimes they are religious prejudices. For instance, some people do not wish to be where Catholics or Jews predominate in their environment. Sometimes, it is Protestants who are banned.

All this seems out of place in a country with so many racial origins and so many religions. Our soldiers fight and die, side by side, and are comforted by priests, ministers or rabbis, as the case may be, quite regardless of whether the dying boy belongs to the particular church represented near them at the moment.

It seems to me this might teach us, as civilians, a lesson. What is really important is not what religion or race we belong to, but how we live our lives, whether we deal with others with honesty and kindness, or whether we lie and cheat and take advantage of our neighbors. I wish that out of this war might come to us a truer evaluation of the worth of human beings and far less interest in the labels of race and religion.

With due respect to the first lady of the country, we cannot share the views which she here expresses. It is no doubt true that most priests, ministers, and rabbis dispense comfort to everyone whom they have the privilege to serve. But it is one thing to dispense comfort. It is quite another matter whether the comfort dispensed truly registers in the hearts and minds of those to whom it is proffered. We fail to see how a Christian soldier, who believes in Jesus as his personal Savior from sin and everlasting death, will, in the agonies of death, derive true comfort from the lips of a Jewish rabbi, nor, for that matter, from a Protestant chaplain who denies the most holy truths of the Christian religion.

Again, it may not be a matter of importance to what race one belongs, but it is a matter of life and death what religion one professes and lives. There is only one true religion: the Christian religion, which is grounded in the glorious truth that "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

Finally, we believe, whether we wish it or not, that out of this war will come a greater interest in race and religion than the most astute thinkers can anticipate. It seems more realistic to be prepared for that interest than at this time to tag race and religion as "labels."

Soybean, the Wonder Crop

ACCORDING to the U. S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census, the soybean has within a few years forged ahead from a substitute and emergency crop to play a major part in American agriculture and to become an important item in industry.

This member of the bean family came from China. It was introduced in our country in 1804, but for many years it was cultivated in home gardens as a strange and unusual plant from foreign shores.

The first record for this wonder crop appeared in the 1909 U. S. Agricultural Census, when 1,629 acres were enumerated. Ten years later, the total was 112,826 acres of which more than one-half was reported in two southern states—North Carolina and Virginia. When the 1930 Agriculture Census was taken the area in soybean had expanded to 2,910,979 acres, grown alone or with other crops. The census of 1940 reported 11,458,934 acres, or a hundredfold more acres devoted to this crop than reported twenty years earlier. Illinois, with 1,831,111 acres and 44,771,860 bushels, ranked first in acreage and accounted for more than one-half of the total U. S. production. Indiana was second, with 725,029 acres and 13,763,282 bushels. Third place was held by Iowa and Ohio was fourth.

"Too numerous to mention" is aptly applied to the uses of this versatile plant. Its oil alone enters into dozens of food and industrial products. The bean makes flour and vegetable milk, the oil makes paint, the meal stock food, while the plant itself is good for forage, pasture, and green manure. More and more the bean is finding its way into the diet of American families, in such forms as bread or cooking compounds.

We rejoice in this favorable report on the soybean by the Department of Commerce. We trust, however, that farmers will not let us down on the navy bean. Neither soybeans nor, for that matter, lima beans can ever take the place of Boston baked beans and brown bread.

Education in the Armed Forces

OUR Army and Navy are conducting the largest adult school in the world, says the Office of War Information after a survey of educational programs in the armed forces.

The survey disclosed that Army instructors can teach any illiterate to read, write, and do simple arithmetic in 144 hours of classroom work. It disclosed that the 10,000,000 books on the shelves (35,000,000 books more are on order) constitute one of the greatest library systems in the world; and that 85,000 illiterates have already been "reclaimed."

A fourth grade education in six weeks. That is the boast of an Army training school located near Baltimore, Maryland, and official-

ly known as the 1389th Service Unit, Third Service Command.

"Pupils" are soldiers who enter speaking German, Polish, Russian, or Italian. They leave the school able to read and write English, capable of doing long division, multiplication by two digits and with a simple but clear understanding of the differences between fascism and democracy.

Because of their illiteracy, the men were rejected for basic training and sent to the "1389th" for "literacy conditioning." After six weeks, the majority are acceptable for military duty.

Proud of its educational techniques, the commanding officer of the school, Col. George H. Cherrington, says that his "innovations include teaching spoken English by discussion of current events and relating vocabulary drills to the personal life and experience of the soldier-students."

Monosyllables (cat, rat, bat, etc.) are absent from the school's blackboards. Instead soldiers practice on words like Tunisia, battalion, Italy, bombardier, Baltimore, Glenn Martin.

Problems in arithmetic nearly always involve the sum of $50, monthly pay of the students. The soldiers quickly learn how many trips home they could make on their pay, or how many packs of cigarettes they can buy on their allowances. Motion pictures, film strips, flash cards, and other visual education devices are used abundantly.

War on the one hand seriously handicaps the work in our secondary and higher schools by interrupting the programs of these institutions. On the other hand, it is gratifying to note also the beneficial influences which our almost incomprehensible war machinery, geared for victory, exerts in the direction of raising the educational level of an unexpectedly large number of American citizens found to be illiterate or nearly so.

The Prize Is Youth

A POWERFUL tug-of-war is going on between employers on one hand and the schools and educational authorities on the other. The prize is—youth.

Employers point to the great contribution young workers made this summer to industry and agriculture. This fall, these young workers are still in demand—but they are also wanted by the schools. Some employers claim, however, that without the 'teen age workers food and arms production may drop and that essential civilian services may be crippled.

Washington manpower and education officials are pulling with the schools, but so far the issue is

undecided. This picture drawn by the Educational Policies Commission is still true:

By the hundreds of thousands, boys and girls who in other times would have completed high schools, are now leaving school before graduation to go to work. In some communities, the exodus from high school has already reached proportions which are alarming to all concerned for the success of the war effort and for the long-time welfare of youth. In practically all communities, withdrawals have reached the point where they require immediate attention and action. And almost everywhere, the rates of withdrawal are steadily mounting.

To turn the trend, four Washington agencies called upon pupils, parents, employers, and local authorities to recognize the importance of "school first" for youth.

A statement issued by the War Manpower Commission, Children's Bureau, and U. S. Office of Education also stressed the importance of schooling for youth even in times of war, in these words:

The first obligation of school youth is to take advantage of their educational opportunities in order that they may be better prepared for citizenship and for service to the Nation.

It is to be hoped that some adjustments will be made to prevent the inevitable demoralizing effects of this "tug-of-war." Our concern is not only for the educational institutions which chafe under these disrupted conditions, but especially for the boys and girls who are removed from the guidance of parents and teachers during a highly impressionable period of their lives and are thrown out rudderless into the maelstrom of life encouraged by high wages to meet the world and its problems in "soldier of fortune" fashion.

Detective Yarns

THE late Karel Capek, the famous Czech writer, spoke some plain words about the deterioration of the detective story. His straightforward indictment should be carefully pondered by writers, publishers, and readers. This is what he said:

I don't know how it is, but the more of some things there are in the world, the worse they get. The more detective stories are written and printed, the worse they are. Instead of developing their own tradition to greater perfection, they are sinking lower and lower. We live in an age of all sorts of decadences; and one of these is the decline of the detective story. Gone are the days of Sherlock Holmes with his strict method, the purely intellectual detective, busting with knowledge, observations, deductions, and pure logic. Gone are the glorious days of the virile, intellectual, one might almost say scientific,

detective story. The average detective today (in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) is no longer an expert observer; he has become a mere hero. He is no longer a fanatical man of brain; he has turned into an ordinary lover. He is no longer satisfied with the solution of mysteries; he must needs end up by marrying the girl whom he has contrived to rescue from the clutches of the sons of wickedness. Into the crisp, boyish world of Scotland Yard, of detectives and criminals, there has intruded a feminine and romantic element to trouble its expert purity. The vast majority of the things being published now are a cross between a sentimental serial and a detective yarn.

On Max Eastman

IT was Max Eastman, a close student of sovietism, who contributed the hard-fisted article, "We Must Face the Facts About Russia," to the July issue of the *Reader's Digest*. The fact that this magazine gave over its first fourteen pages to the article seems to indicate that it regarded it of major importance. *The Chicago Daily Tribune* was not slow in following up the article with a lengthy editorial approving Eastman's analysis.

Now there lies before us a criticism of Eastman's article by Theodore Bayer, published in the August issue of *Soviet Russia Today*, in which the author takes issue with Eastman. He says Eastman "has been for many years a notorious anti-Soviet propagandist. . . . He goes right on slandering the Soviet Union, sowing Allied disunity much more efficiently than Mr. Goebbels could ever hope to do." The author continues:

> It must be made clear now that the anti-Soviet propagandists Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons, William Henry Chamberlain, *et al.*, by their continuous smearing of the Soviet Union have contributed in no small degree to that lack of united front of the democracies that could have stopped Hitler long before this war began. It must be made clear that without them Goebbels could not have done his work of sowing distrust, malice and enmity toward the Soviet Union, that played such an important part in preventing the coalition of democratic nations before the war, which would have saved the lives of Americans now dying on the war fronts.

The criticism closes: "Americans have a right to ask the *Readers' Digest* to explain why they chose to give circulation to Eastman's article at this time."

Mr. Bayer's analysis of Eastman's article makes us pose the same question. We wish the *Reader's Digest* would explain. Most recent developments, furthermore, such as Mr. Litvinoff's discontinuance as ambassador to our coun-

try, non-representation by Russia in Quebec, and persistent rumors that Russia may still contract a peace treaty with Hitler and join hands with Japan are considerations which perplex Americans in spite of good news of victories in Europe and the Pacific.

Believe It!

IN a recent strip of his *Believe It Or Not,* Ripley reminds us that, according to the Society of International Law, there have been, during the past 4,000 years, but 268 years of peace despite more than 8,000 peace treaties. He heads this bit of information with the query, "Love one another?"

Only 268 years of peace within the last 4,000 years and more than 8,000 peace treaties! We do not believe it. We believe that, if it were possible to assemble all data, there were less years of peace and more peace treaties in these past four millennia. However historians and economists and lawyers may account for these humiliating facts, the basic cause has always been man's self-love, man's greed, man's hate and vengeance.

We had hoped that when this war is over and peace treaties will be negotiated, no wily politicians would be permitted to assemble in secret chambers, and, with curtains drawn and keyholes plugged, partition nations and cast humanity to the wolves. We had hoped there would be present at the peace table those imbued with genuine humanitarian interests instead of cunning misanthropes, honest men who would be ready to apply all the principles of the Atlantic Charter to all countries concerned.

Our hopes are being shattered. Only very recently Vice-President Wallace was quoted as having said with respect to section four of the Atlantic Charter, "It seems to me, we will have to think twice about giving any aggressor nation equal access to trade and raw materials." Think twice! God forbid that we become suspicious of what the Vice-President may have had in the background of his mind.

In the meantime, all Christians including every Christian statesman, every Christian political leader, and every Christian military leader may well ponder Ripley's question, "Love one another?"

In Retrospect

THE temperature at 8 P. M. in this city, named after a saint but famous because of its Cardinals, is 95 degrees. Too hot to do creative thinking, and the air too clear for reverie. Drooping eye-lids and a perspiring brow stir recol-

lections. What did the fading summer do for me?

I begin with an *in memoriam* dedicated to a friend of whose death a few months ago I learned only this summer. He was an honest, straightforwardly pious Christian. He provided a home for me just twenty-five years ago when as a timid, inexperienced missionary I pushed door-bells in his neighborhood. It was 1918, and, like today, the city was crowded with defense workers. There was no apartment to be had in the area in which I labored, and if, by a streak of good fortune, I had found one, the mission-board would have been too reluctant to pay $45.00 rent for an up-start missionary. But Frank — so they called him—and his good wife took me in. They soon joined my church. Frank became chairman of the congregation and for a quarter of a century supported it with every modest talent which he possessed. Always a man of glowing health and unaffected smile, always calm and considerate, a master carpenter and cabinet-maker, he was loved by all. Heart failure snatched him from life, but not from the hearts of hundreds of close friends.

Chicago and one of its most attractive suburbs was my home for seven weeks. From noon to about nine in the evening I usually found myself in the libraries of the University of Chicago doing a bit of research. The buildings had not changed nor the Midway. But there was a difference since I last frequented those halls. It was the incessant "hutt, hutt, hutt" of commanding officers addressed to their groups of uniformed men as these marched to and from classes, mess halls, and dormitories. And there were the reminders in front of some buildings informing people that the government had taken them over for military purposes.

Every morning I taught two hours in a Christian college in that beautiful suburb. Not a trace there that our country is at war, no one in uniform, and no one awaiting orders to report for induction. There were some 225 students, largely "regular ministers of religion not ordained," going about their daily tasks with unusual devotion. Thank God, ours is still a democracy, and our government still respects the importance of religion in the lives of men and women and places ministers of religion and divinity students in a deferred class.

I roomed and boarded in the school. Four other visiting instructors shared a suite of rooms with me. There was Brother A, mild-mannered, genteel, endowed with all the requisites of a good college president who ruthlessly blew the lid off our reverence for our "forbears" and who had within recent

years become so sceptical as to doubt the possibility of there being a professor who knew all answers. There was B, a most amusing creature. That fellow reacted not only visibly but also audibly to every emotional stimulus set in motion by what he read—and he read at all hours of the day, at 6 in the morning and at 12 at night. Besides, he was a wizard in English syntax capable of objectively taking apart the complex sentences of well-known ecclesiastics. There was Brother C, eminent and versatile scholar, always busy helping others, but never too busy to keep in progress a "bull" session by freely contributing from his inexhaustible experiences gathered in the course of many years. And there was Brother D, the unsophisticated, serious schoolman, still uncontaminated by the swashbuckling harangues of would-be wise hierophants. He is headed for disillusionment.

Following these seven weeks of learning and teaching, I spent two days on a farm in Wisconsin. It was threshing time. A year ago the yield was some 1,650 bushels, this year's harvest produced only about 950. "The Lord giveth the increase," not economists and politicians.

Then for a few days in one of the strongest Lutheran centers in the United States where educational experts met and presented brutal facts and figures regarding one of the most remarkable systems of education in the world. Their findings were so revealing that I feared to attend the final session. But I did decide to improve my instruction and to prepare detailed syllabuses for every course. On the home-bound stretch I read Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*—I needed an antidote. I found the book extremely provocative but in a sense antiquated in the light of current developments in the world. Now I am back at my desk trying to write "notes and comments" for THE CRESSET.

The heat's still on: it's exactly 90 degrees at 9:30 P. M. Plenty of perspiration, but inspiration? I'll try.

A Light in a Dark Place

WE had to lie over in Chicago for several hours between trains. With a friend we walked up Dearborn St. to the Loop and stopped at a corner drugstore for a cup of coffee and took tea when we saw the "no" sign out on coffee. Then we wandered slowly back to the Dearborn Station on State St. This happens to be a section of Chicago, if the reader does not know it, through which one does not walk alone at night. Well, we had a friend with us,

and he is quite husky, so we did not mind.

As we passed along in front of brightly lighted burlesque houses, fifth-rate cinemas, pawn shops, flop-houses, etc., a lighted cross suddenly loomed up ahead, and as we drew near we heard a voice, through a public address system, reading the story of the Prodigal Son. We drew nearer and saw the Pacific Garden Mission. An elderly gentleman, standing outside, handed us a little tract. We had no time to accept his kind invitation to enter, but we looked in at the door for a few minutes. The large storeroom was about half filled with people, mostly older men, a few women, and several soldiers and sailors. All were listening devoutly to the reader, a member (as was stated) of the only all-Christian American Legion post in Chicago. The elderly gentleman outside told us that this mission had conducted services regularly every night for 65 years and that one night a young man had been converted there who had become world-famous as an evangelist. Sure enough, on the wall inside the front door hung a fine painting of the late Rev. William (Billy) Sunday.

It takes faith and courage to testify to Christ amid such surroundings, but what a bright light in a dark place such a mission is. Who knows but that there was another "Billy" Sunday in the audience that night. Let's hope so.

Have Women Changed?

IN an environment which is in constant flux it is difficult to conceive of any normal individual remaining unaffected by the changing social trends. Modern woman has been definitely influenced by our changing culture in her status and in her attitudes toward life.

Constitutionally the American women have been granted equal suffrage with men. The doors of our educational institutions are open to them. Industry and the professions are no longer closed territories to women. In this time of war our government recruits also women for the nation's defense. Finally, modern inventions have lifted from the shoulders of women the drudgery under which their grandmothers chafed. All this has contributed to the modern woman's changed status and pattern of thought.

"The *Fortune* Survey," published in the August issue, presents an interesting inventory of opinions solicited from seventeen million American women between the ages of twenty and thirty-five.

The majority of the women now employed intend to continue working after the war is over. Office or clerical work are the most

desired occupations, with factory work ranking next. In the choice of men or women bosses, considerable preference is given to men.

The desire to be married and have charge of a home showed an overwhelming margin over the wish for a career and remaining unmarried. By far the vast majority of American wives want children; and if they realize their wishes, the nation will do somewhat better than just reproduce itself, for the number of children most desired ranges from two to four. The husband who is a few years older than the wife is regarded the ideal husband.

In the opinion of the majority of our women, the morals of their sex have declined, and a raising of woman's moral standard is very desirable. The traditional double standard, a code for women and a code for men, is still respected. While the survey showed a considerable margin of conviction in favor of virginity in women as a requisite for marriage, the minority believing virginity of women not a requirement rose to two-fifths in the large cities. With respect to virginity of men before marriage the opinions struck almost an equal balance. Women's approval of spreading information about birth control to the married as well as the unmarried was very high, with college women almost unanimous in favor of it.

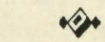
It is refreshing to note that by and large our American women still recognize the God-ordained mission of their sex, that of wifehood and motherhood. On the other hand, the survey gives cause for real alarm at modern woman's tendency to eliminate the traditional double standard of morality among the sexes, not by efforts to elevate men to a higher level but by a readiness to lower her sex to a plane which unfortunately our society approves for men.

Odds and Ends

THE demand for Bibles in Germany among Protestants and Roman Catholics has increased 50 to 75 per cent each year since 1934. Each year the Bible sales top the sales of *Mein Kampf* in spite of the Nazi pressure and propaganda on behalf of the latter. . . . Said Vice-President Wallace, in an interview, "Never in history have the Church and the missionary effort had such a chance." . . . Legend on windshield stickers used in Seattle: "We will do our best to save enough gasoline for driving to Sunday School and Church for the duration." . . . When the telegraph clerk, because of government regulations, refused to accept a birthday congratulatory message a brother wished to send his sister, the brother re-

worded his greeting, which was accepted by Western Union, as follows: "Deeply regret encroachment of another year upon your erstwhile youth. Accept sincere sympathy and assurance of my commiseration." . . . A "thank-you-prayer," written by a nine-year-old girl: "Thank you that we are coming along so good in the war. Thank you that we are not fighting here in this city. Thank you for the big sun and the nice flowers that God made. Thank you for the birds and everything. Thank you that we are able to get such good food. Thank you that we live in the part of town where we can get around by street car and bus. Thank you that we have public librarys to go to. Thank you for our houses to keep us warm and churches to worship you in. Thank you that we have hospitals to go to when we are ill." To which her eleven-year-old sister added: "Thank you for all the little petty annoyances for that's what makes life interesting. Thank you for work so that we won't die of laziness." . . . Seen on the bulletin board of a Lutheran Church in the East:

NO RESULTS WITHOUT EFFORT
NO EVENING SERVICES



Shadows

These old familiar walks seem to be filled
With unseen things tonight. Was that a low
Footfall I heard? Some passing presence thrilled
Me like a prayer. Two lovers faced the glow
Of sunset here. Night . . . . heavy with distilled
Perfume of laurel . . . . But that was long ago.
Yet, no Elysian Fields could be more sweet
Than this old garden where we used to meet.

—ETHEL PEAK.

The PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Mother

DAD called from the office yesterday to tell me that the telegram had come. . . . He didn't have to tell me what it said. . . . "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . your son John" . . . . Dad's voice broke there, and I could hardly hear him, but the word he said was not "missing" or "wounded." . . . He said that the telegram had come at seven o'clock last night, and after he had hung up I saw what happened. . . . You haven't been getting many telegrams lately except on your birthdays and anniversaries. . . . The ring of the doorbell right after supper, the messenger boy, "Sign here," the hard circle of fear about your heart. . . . You handed the telegram to Dad and sat down by the window where John used to sit every night. . . . Dad had to go over to the mantle for his glasses. . . . There was the sound of tearing paper. . . . He came over to you and put his arm around you before he read the words. . . . You heard only one, but it was like a flaming sword. . . . I don't suppose that, wise as you are, you said anything for a while. . . . There really isn't very much to say when death comes riding into your room on a sheet of yellow paper. . . . You looked out of the window where John used to watch for Elsie to come by on her way to choir practice. . . . The street danced in the evening sun. . . . Eddie Smith was trying to climb the fence again after you had told him not to just this afternoon. . . . You would have to speak to him again tomorrow. . . . Perhaps call Mrs. Smith. . . . The boy was so small, and the fence was so high. . . . Mrs. Brown came up the street with her new baby. . . . You would have to go over there tomorrow with some jelly and fruit. . . . She hadn't heard from her husband for three weeks and was getting spells when she would sit staring out of the window, especially in the morning when the mailman

was due. . . . A leaf drifted down to the porch. . . . Soon now you and Dad would have to rake them up and burn them. . . . You remembered how in other years John helped you with them at this time of year when the autumn sun went down early and touched our house with gold. . . .

You remembered. . . . That first moment after the telegram came was all memory. . . . The cold morning less than twenty years ago when John was born and Dad said he was the homeliest baby he had ever seen. . . . John crawling around the kitchen floor and getting too near the stove. . . . John trotting to school, his lunch box over his shoulder and his cap always down over his ears. . . . Christmas Eve with John reciting "O Litttle Town of Bethlehem" and the candles in the window painting dreams of light on the snow. . . . John at high school, his first girl, his pleas for the car, his first job at Miller's Grocery, his pride when he came home with his first pay check. . . . You remembered, too, the first little reports in the evening paper about men in Europe who were rattling old swords and fanning old hates into new flames. . . . It all seemed so far away then, and you never thought that those horsemen of evil would one day draw John to the ends of the earth. . . .

There was the day he was ordered to report to camp. . . . The bus left at 6:00 A.M. from the Courthouse, and you walked down with him through the empty streets. . . . You had packed a lunch for him, some of his favorite peach jam and a sausage from the cellar. . . . He laughed when you gave him the box and said that Uncle Sam would have to feed him now, but you told him that he might need it on the bus, especially if there were other boys who had had no breakfast. . . . You had to wait for a while before the bus left, and it was hard for both of you to say anything. . . . John never was much for talking, and you couldn't think of anything besides telling him to take care of himself. . . . The driver blew his horn, John said goodbye, and you found yourself in the middle of the street looking after the bus with unseeing eyes. . . .

You remembered the last time he came home on furlough, thinner, with two stripes on his arm. . . . He looked well and said he was happy. . . . His face lit up when you baked an apple pie for him and had chicken two nights in a row. . . . He took Elsie out a few times, but most of the time he seemed to be content to sit at the table in the kitchen and talk about what had been going on in our town. . . . Once, you remembered, he said that right after the

war he would ask Dad to help him buy the Barton place east of town and that he would settle down to farming. . . . When he left on Number 54 that night, the last thing he said was that you should take good care of Elsie for him. . . .

It all seems so long ago now, doesn't it? . . . Now there was only the yellow slip of paper in Dad's hand which turned all your hopes into memories. . . . Slowly your mind turned from the years with John to the years without him. . . . Dad was still standing beside you with his hand on your shoulder, and together you were looking out into the empty street. . . . The sun had gone down, and Eddie Smith had gone home to bed. . . . You would not have to worry about him until tomorrow. . . . The house was suddenly dark and a quick wind shook the maple. . . . More leaves fell beside the one lying on the porch. . . . If a storm came, you thought, you would have to rake them up tomorrow. . . .

TOMORROW! . . . Did you remember as you sat there by the darkening window that John, too, still has a tomorrow? . . . No longer of falling leaves and autumn storms and sudden death, but of rising suns and huge dawns and unending life. . . . Perhaps, in the days after the telegram came, you wondered about his soul. . . . He had never talked much about religion, and while he was in high school it was sometimes hard to get him to go to church. . . . Later he went more often, but he never was one to talk about things deep inside. . . . You wondered did he remember the prayers you taught him and the faith in One Who had also died here? . . . A few days ago I saw a picture of three American boys on a beach in the South Pacific. . . . They were lying face down, their heads cradled in their arms. . . . In their last moments, before death came, they saw nothing of earth—not the sea nor the sun nor the sky. . . . The great instant of review which comes to every dying man when life flashes before the eye of the soul came to them as their eyes were closed to everything else. . . . In such a moment, Mother, God can do wonders. . . . All the power of divine grace, infinitely great, concentrates on the task of lighting the last step of the wanderer going home. . . . God works very fast at a time like that. . . . For some of us the journey from the baptismal font to the last benediction is weary and long; for others it is a quick leap of faith into the arms of God. . . . It was so with the dying thief on the cross. . . . And so, I am sure, it was with John. . . . God reached down from heaven and touched the shy flower of

his faith into immortality. . . . He had a free and open road for his going, built by hands that are quick with love at the last. . . . There are still people in the world who will tell you, if you listen, that at the end men only plunge into darkness, forgetting that they ever were. . . . Death, they say, means as little and as much as the falling of a leaf. . . . You have never believed that and, I am sure, you will not believe it now. . . . A long time ago a low hill with three crosses on it grew high enough to reach into heaven, and a way from it, flagged with mercy, went into a life which is longer than death. . . . John has his tomorrow now, fair beyond imagining, and he is very content and very happy. . . .

You will remember, too, that there is a tomorrow for both of you. . . . Together. . . . Next week you will put away his things and close the door to his room, gently, as one shuts the door on a sleeping child. . . . You are now beginning the strangest and hardest part of the interlude of waiting we call life. . . . It seems that God knows that some separation, some loneliness, is good for our souls. . . . There is no bitterness and rebellion for the soul waiting for the glory to be revealed. . . . There is only calmness and peace, the qualities of one who has asked all questions of God and answered all questions in God, a kind of inner joy, having dignity and grace, a thing of the soul—above happiness and beyond tears. . . .

You will remember the evenings when John was young and you would stand with him on the porch to watch the sun go down. . . . At first the sky would be blue and gold, then red, then deep purple, and, as the colors changed and darkened, the stars would come out one by one. . . . God, you told John, was doing all that, taking such pains with the sunset and shepherding the stars, to show us that we, who are higher and greater than they by the length and breadth of a Cross, must always be a part of His care. . . . They will last long, but we shall last longer. . . . When the day finally comes for Him to gather in the stars and the sun, it will be the signal for you and John, asleep or awake, to join Him in another world and a more abiding city. . . . John knew that out there in the Pacific in blood and darkness. . . . He saw at last the City of God shining in the sun, its walls beautiful in their strength, its towers shining in the evening light, its banners unfurled in the wind. He knew he would enter there because it is the possession of a great and lowly King Who built it for people like John. . . .

A brief biography of one of the world's great figures—

Edvard Beneš, Statesman and Thinker

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN, SR.
AND JAROSLAV PELIKAN, JR.

DR. EDVARD BENES' recent visit to the United States climaxed four years of counter-revolutionary activity and a lifetime of service to his homeland and to the world. In 1939 he came to America as an exile, in 1943 as the recognized head of a state which had never ceased to exist. This he accomplished after an uphill fight against odds like Munich, against the combined forces of Anglo-French appeasement and American isolationism.

But Edvard Benes is used to uphill fighting — or, at least, he should be by now. He was born of poor parents on May 28, 1884, in Kozlany, Bohemia. The last of ten children on a farm, young Edvard had little prospect of an education. Senator Vojta Benes recalls:

No one thought much of an education for Edvard. Among our relatives we had two sisters married into the honorable calling of shoemaker, and it was thought that that would be the best trade for the youngest son to learn. But the little, then quite chubby chap would have none of it.

Whenever I came home for a holiday, I would find Ed day after day reading history, in which subject the village school had awakened his interest. He used to run about to all of our acquaintances (having read all the history books in the school and municipal libraries), borrowing any volume where he could. . . . Later he submitted to me his own awkward verses about Ziska, Hus, and Jiri Poděhradsky. He was about ten then.

As I was entering my fourth year in the Teachers' Institute in 1896, Edvard was coming to the age when a decision would have to be made regarding his future. I approached Father to persuade him that Edvard should be given an education. . . . Father consented when Maminka (Mother), too, pleaded for her youngest child. . . .

And so Edvard received an education. In 1905, after his philosophical studies in Praha, he went

to Paris; here he attended the Sorbonne and other French schools, among them the *École des Sciences Politiques* in Dijon, where he received the title of *Doctor Juris*. He reports in his *The World War and our Revolution* that during his second year in Paris he devoted from sixteen to eighteen hours a day to

> the study of the history of philosophy and finally to the then modern trends in philosophy and sociology: Bergson, James, and Durkheim. On them I probed my views, and occupying myself with them in detail, I came to firmer views of my own. Bergson's intuitivism, James' pragmatism, and Durkheim's sociological collectivism are responsible for the fact that I turned to the premise from which I should have begun the history of philosophy and which Masaryk had already emphasized, to noesis. With this I began to occupy myself thoroughly when, in the winter of 1907, I came to study in the land of Kant. And Kant showed me a method of philosophical study, the road and the gate to all problems of philosophy and also of sociology.

In 1908 Benes was called to Praha by Professor T. G. Masaryk, who encouraged him in his sociological and philosophical studies. From 1909 he was professor at the Academy of Business in Praha, from 1912 *Dozent* of sociology at the Charles University in Praha, and from 1913 at the Praha Institute of Technology.

Dr. Benes was active in the literary field as well. His first book, *Le Probléme Autrichien et la Question Tscheque,* published as a doctoral dissertation in Paris in 1908, defended the importance of Austro-Hungarian federalization In the same year his second book appeared, *Free Thought, Socialism, and Social Democracy.* There followed from his ready pen the following works: *The Nationality Question,* 1909; *A Short Picturization of Modern Socialism,* four volumes, 1910-11; *Our Political Education and the Need for an Institute of Social Politics,* also in 1910. In 1912 he published his book, *Partisanship.*

The First War

At the outbreak of war in 1914 Edvard Benes was politically and morally prepared for the task which awaited him. At this time he had already come to the conclusion that a just reform of the Austro-Hungarian empire was impossible because of the close connection between the imperial court at Wien and the German Reich. Dr. Benes clearly recognized that the World War of 1914 was the historic occasion for the liberation of the Czechoslovak people. He visited Prof. Masaryk in 1914; from this time can be traced the close co-operation between these two men, who, together with the famous Slovak

astronomer, General Milan Rastislav Stefánik, were the leaders of the Czechoslovak fight for freedom.

Professor Masaryk very soon thereafter left for Switzerland, and Benes remained in Praha. He organized the Maffia, a secret revolutionary group, and planned out in great detail the co-operation between those who stayed at home and those who were in exile. In February, 1915, he went to Switzerland to meet with Masaryk and to arrange the details of revolutionary organization. But again and again he returned home to see to it that the struggle in the homeland was placed upon as firm a footing as possible.

From Switzerland Dr. Benes went to Paris, where he worked to acquaint the French people with the situation at home. Masaryk and Benes made a point of submitting regular memoranda to French and English statesmen. In Paris Benes became one of the editors of Denis' review, *La Nation Tscheque,* and in 1916 he published his book *Détruisez l' Autriche-Hongrie,* in 1917 *La Bohemia contro l' Austria-Ungheria* and *Bohemia's Case for Independence,* and in 1918 *Les Tschécoslovaques.*

The rest of the story is history. After the armistice in 1918 the Czechoslovak Republic was established, and Benes became its foreign minister. In 1923 he became a member of the Council of the League of Nations, and in 1924 he was the co-author of the so-called Geneva Protocol. He was elected President of the League in 1926.

Masaryk's Successor

FROM this time Dr. Benes' prestige in international circles grew; and hence it was no surprise when, in 1935, after President Masaryk's resignation, fifty-one-year-old Edvard Benes became his country's second president. He kept his office during the trying days which followed; but on October 5, 1938, in protest against Nazi "protection," Dr. Benes resigned from the Presidency of the Czechoslovak Republic. He went to England and thence to the University of Chicago to teach.

In July, 1939, Edvard Benes returned to England and formed the Czechoslovak government-in-exile. In July, 1940, it was recognized by Great Britain as the provisional government of Czechoslovakia. And on July 18, 1941, Benes' government in London was accepted by Great Britain and by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as the only government of the Czechoslovak Republic, the United States following suit eleven days later.

Today the Czechoslovak gov-

ernment in London is *de iure* and *de facto* the sole representative of the interests of the Czechoslovak nation, recognized as such by Great Britain, whose foreign minister, Mr. Anthony Eden, formally repudiated the Munich Agreement on August 5, 1942, and by the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., which had never accepted Munich as valid.

For the present state of affairs the credit goes above all to President Edvard Benes. At fifty-nine he stands as a symbol of his people's democratic and bloody but unbowed spirit. When the unconditional surrender of the Axis is achieved, Dr. Benes will return to his homeland to begin again the work of his great predecessor and teacher, T. G. Masaryk.

It was through Masaryk that Benes began his political career. But he owes much more than that to the Father of Czechoslovakia. In his funeral oration for Masaryk on September 21, 1937, Benes said: "We must remain faithful to Masaryk. In bidding him farewell in your name, I promise that we shall obey the call. *President-Liberator, we will remain faithful to the heritage which you have laid in our hands!*"

The Cold Thinker

And so it has been. In a personal as well as in a political way Benes is a disciple of Masaryk; or, perhaps better, both men have followed similar paths. Both approach the problems of politics and ethics from a sociologist's point of view. As a social philosopher Benes has come to see

> in the individual, in man, a manifestation of the absolute and the most beautiful creation of Providence—something thus inviolate in his substance, in his spirituality, and in metaphysical and ethical equality with the rest of mankind. His thought cannot be dissociated from the religious element. Man can therefore be only the *object* of political and social activity, *never an instrument or means.* Nor can the nation, nor may the nation, composed of people, of individuals thus respected, be an instrument or means; neither can it or may it be something above the individual, something to which the individual is sacrificed, something which as a collectivity is deified. The dignity of man suffices to become the basis of the dignity and strength of the nation. Nor is it possible to permit of such deification in the case of the State.

On this distinctly humanistic basis Benes' social philosophy is built, and from it stems his coldly practical *Weltansicht.* John Gunther has said of Dr. Benes that he is a man who never smiles. A thinker rather than an orator, Benes makes up for any deficiencies in "warmth" or "charm" by shrewd statesmanship and political acumen. Appearances deceive: behind his apparent poker-

faced pragmatism, Edvard Benes retains—as retain he must to keep his sanity in a world gone mad—what someone has chosen to call "practical idealism."

This, then, is Dr. Edvard Benes—scholar, philosopher, leader of his people, statesman, world-citizen. The world will do well to heed his words, for in them are the wisdom and experience of a man who has measured his opponent well and has entered the fray fully equipped. The world will do well to follow his spirit, enunciated—to give but one example—in his appeal to the audience of the University of Chicago Round Table on March 19, 1939:

Until my last breath I shall continue the fight for the freedom of my people and for their rights, and I am sure that my nation will emerge from this struggle as it has done many times before in its history, as brave and as proud as she has been throughout the past, and having always with her the sympathy and the recognition and the love of all decent peoples in the world. And there is no more fitting place for me to make this declaration than in this free country of Washington and Lincoln.

So I must end with an appeal to the American people. I would beg that they do not permit such conceptions and ideas as are now trying to dominate Europe to be tolerated in this free country, because in the approaching battle for the victory of the Spirit against the Sword, the United States has a very great rôle to play. Be ready for that fight and be strong.

To all right-thinking men and women everywhere I give the motto of my beloved country—*"Truth prevails!"*

The Lost Word

In friendly tones that breathed of love and heaven
He talked with His Disciples by the sea.
One simple, forthright word to them was given—
A word that we have lost: "Come, follow me."

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

KNOWING THE TIMES

In a time that is crowded with unusual events, as is the present, many people lose their sense of perspective and proportion. Some, of course, never had any such sense to lose. Even to those, however, who are normally well-balanced a present like ours is apt to appear so different from what has gone before, so unique, that they lose sight of the gradual steps by which the past has led up to this present. Our time and its problems did not suddenly erupt out of the nowhere. One can understand them only if one sees them in the continuum of history.

A most naive notion is that the world of late was peacefully and harmlessly going its way when, alas! evil men out of the malice of their hearts led certain nations to upset the idyllic state of affairs, so that now the rest of us face the task of bringing these men and nations to book, whereupon we will be in a position to restore to the world the good old days as they were before the storm broke.

Ah, if it were only so simple a matter as that! Unfortunately it is not. The vast disturbances of our days are symptoms of a great change, of a revolution, that is taking place in human affairs. Future generations will probably judge that the changes that are now preparing and carrying themselves through were at least as far-reaching as those brought about by the Reformation or the French Revolution. What course our revolution will take in detail no one can predict, but what its general direction will be is clearly indicated by the currents and countercurrents that have agitated human affairs in this generation and the last. It is a commonplace

of sociology that revolutions are not sudden, unmotivated, arbitrary explosions which make an abrupt break with what lies before, but that they are merely a quickening of pace in the movement of forces of change that have been operating for a long time.

The main fields in which the present revolution is preparing and taking place are those of economics and international relations. Harold Laski's recent book, *Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time,* reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is the clearest and most dispassionate discussion of the whole matter that I have seen.

A CHANGING APPETITE

Speaking of books, I wonder whether your experience has not been similar to mine. During the earlier stages of the war I gobbled freely from the stream of publications on war subjects that has been flowing from the presses. Of late, however, I have noticed that my appetite for such fare is becoming a bit jaded. My literary stomach is beginning to call imperiously for something more substantial and nourishing.

Perhaps an interval filled largely with reading of timely, but ephemeral, material is not without profit. One turns then with a new zest and a keener appreciation to writings of more lasting value. I found it so when I read this summer a volume of selections of every conceivable type put out by Ralph Woods.* "Of every conceivable type" is not putting it too strongly. The six-hundred-or-so selections run in length from a brief fable of Aesop, covering four lines, to "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," each about eighteen pages long; for subject matter they range from nonsense syllables to Bible passages.

The thread that ties this incongruous mass together is, it will be noticed, the term "familiar." Strictly, of course, that can only mean "what is familiar to Ralph Woods." Everyone, however, will be greeted by many an old friend as he pages through the book. For my own part, I made quite a number of new acquaintances. I must confess that I had, for instance, never before read "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," though I had often heard of it and knew in a general way what it is. I am glad to be familiar with it now, and I shall read it again and enjoy its vividness and power—enjoy such lines as

The morning wind began to moan
But still the night went on:

**A Treasury of the Familiar.* By Ralph L. Woods. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 751 pages. $5.00.

Through its giant loom the web of gloom
Crept till each thread was spun:
And as we prayed, we grew afraid
Of the Justice of the Sun.

Spaced throughout the book, Woods brings twenty-nine passages from the Bible, among them the creation story and the entire Sermon on the Mount. A number of well-known hymns is included: "Rock of Ages"; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"; "Abide With Me"; and others.

GLEANINGS

Let me offer a few gleanings from the profusion of the book. There is Washington's *Farewell Address.* I was struck with the following passage:

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. . . . . Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national prosperity can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Lincoln, in *his* farewell address at Springfield, says of Washington:

He never could have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine Assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain.

About some familiar passages personal memories cluster, to make them all the more significant. Years ago a party of us were gathered on the shore of a northern lake, and in the hush of the morning one of us (a mathematician, of all things) read to the rest the great funeral oration of Pericles. The members of that party are now scattered far and wide, but I see again the sunlight on the quiet waters as I read:

The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men: not only are they commemorated by famous columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial to them, graven, not on stone, but in the hearts of men.

Too bad that Woods shortened the text by omitting the majestic description of the glories of Athens as she was in that winter of 431-30 B.C.—glories that were so soon to be dimmed.

The selection immediately before Pericles' Funeral Oration consists of the famous lines by Sir Walter Raleigh:

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
our youth, our joys, our all we have,

And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

These words I memorized long ago, and I have gone through the years in the belief that Raleigh wrote them in the Tower of London on the night before his execution. Here a parenthesis of Woods insists "(From his History of the World)." One of us is mistaken. I shall not waste time sifting evidence but shall assume that it is Woods.

There are other places where my memory does not agree with Woods's text. In the second stanza of "The Last Rose of Summer," for example, he has it:

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

My memory says:

Where thy lovely companions
Lie faded and dead.

Again I shall not make an investigation, but I cannot help feeling that my text is the more worthy of Thomas Moore—perhaps because it is my creation.

A somewhat different problem pops up in Bret Harte's "Plain Language from Truthful James." This is the poem, as you recall, in which "the heathen Chinee," Ah Sin, is caught at peculiar tricks in a game of euchre. When his guile is exposed it is found that

In his sleeves, which were long.
He had twenty-four packs—

So reads our text. And yet anyone can see that that is arrant nonsense. Why would anybody cram two dozen packs of cards up his sleeves for cheating purposes, even if he had room? How could he handle them? As a matter of fact, Bret Harte wrote, "twenty-four jacks," and that, as any euchre player will tell you, makes sense, since jacks are the high cards in that game. When the poem was first printed, however, some typesetter made it "packs." Bret Harte tried all the rest of his life to get that piece of nonsense rubbed out, but to no avail. Here Woods does his part to perpetuate the monstrosity.—A philosophical reflection: This helps to explain why ridiculous claims in religious matters that have been thoroughly refuted a hundred times have a way of turning up again and again as though they were incontestable truth. What has once been given currency is almost impossible to retire because most men are mere thoughtless copyists.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

Having properly scored the inexcusable purveying of nonsense in this case, let me make a little confession, seeing I am among friends. I dearly love nonsense when it has the true nonsensical flavor, and I am thankful to Woods for having included some delicious bits of it. Roll this on your tongue:

The chambermaid came to my door,
"Get up, you lazy sinner,
We need those sheets for tablecloths
And it's almost time for dinner."

Surely this brief stanza from "No More Booze" has more yip and sparkle in it than all the seventy-one long stanzas of Macaulay's "Horatio at the Bridge." And, as for human interest, isn't there a healthier dose of that in "When Father Carves the Duck" than in the weepy dribble of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight"? Just sample these excerpts:

At his feet she told her story,
Showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard,
With a look so sad and worn.

(The whole thing is sprinkled with "so's"—favorite word of brainless females.) And now, on the other hand:

Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise
When father carves the duck.

or:

The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

No need to labor this point any further, for you no doubt agree with me.

But now for a little sniping! Not all familiar things please. Some of them we regard with distaste. Woods has included three selections which I cordially dislike. For one, there is "Thanatopsis." Bryant was seventeen or eighteen years old when he wrote it, and while it may not be without literary merit of a sort, the philosophy of it, in my opinion, would do no credit to a ten-year-old. I felt that way about it when I first came across it at the age of twelve, and I feel so still. One who knows no better comfort at the thought of death than the consideration that others die too is in a sorry case and might as well keep still about it.

Then there is Henley's "Invictus," with its

I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

It makes me think of a little boy, sticking out his chest and proclaiming, "I ain't afraid of anything. I can lick anybody." He probably says it to reassure himself because he is desperately afraid of the dog down the street. —Aside from his silly "Invictus,"

Henley wrote some beautiful things, for instance, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

The third selection that irks me is George Vest's "Eulogy of the Dog." Here the irk is an irk of association; that is to say, I dislike the piece not because of what Vest says but because of the use to which his words are frequently put. Vest descants on the faithfulness of a dog *to his master.* Well and good! But ever since he so delivered himself, each time the suggestion is made in any community in this dog-infested land of ours that possibly there are too many worthless kayoodles around and that a judicious distribution of lead might not be out of place—at every such time some mawkish editor of a local paper impiously reprint Vest's stuff and draws the altogether unwarranted conclusion that all dogs are faithful friends of all human beings and that, accordingly, the shooting of a dog is by several degrees a more heinous act than the feeding of ratsbane to one's landlord. It is due to such irresponsible scriveners that my naturally sweet disposition has gone sour on Vest's "Eulogy."

And that is approximately all I have time to say about Woods's book, except that he has slipped up on a few familiar masterpieces like "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Oh, Mother, How Pretty the Moon Looks Tonight." Just about everything else is there.

Vacation's End

Thanks be to God for days of splendid glow—
For days when in the shade of morning sky
And drop of curtains purple, gold and black
At close of day upon an aching world—
A man revives himself by such a day,
By such a brightness in his heart and mind—
A man can live and face the world again
Because he has seen God!

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

A. Let's assume for the sake of argument that Composer A and Composer B have decided to write music suggesting Old Mother Hubbard's fruitless visit to her cupboard. Will the results attained by the two men be identical?

S. C. Undoubtedly not.

A. Composer A may think of Old Mother Hubbard as an ugly hag with one foot in the grave; but Composer B may visualize her as a good-looking, happy-go-lucky, and charming dame who holds her own with singular success in spite of what sacred cows are wont to refer to as the inexorable gnawing of the tooth of time.

S. C. Don't overlook the dog.

A. I don't intend to slight the beast. He's an important figure in the picture. Mr. A may strive to depict him—*by suggestion,* of course — as a large, mangy, and weather-beaten hound; and Mr. B, on the other hand, may try to represent him — *by suggestion,* mind you — as a naughty little poodle temporarily in the throes of hunger. But tell me, Mrs. Cow, what tonality, what kind of melodies, what sort of harmonies, and what subtleties of counterpoint Composer A would be required to use in order to portray—*by suggestion*—Old Mother Hubbard as an ugly hag with one foot in the grave. Then let me know, if you can, what musical devices Composer B would pull out of his bag of tricks in an effort to depict—*by suggestion*—the old lady as a good-looking, happy-go-lucky, and charming dame who sticks out her tongue at the tooth of time. What about the dog? Is there a *tonal* way of distinguishing be-

tween a mangy hound and a starving poodle? And how, pray, would a composer suggest hunger in music? How would he point to the heart-rending disappointment of the dame and her dog when they discovered that the cupboard was bare? And what about the nonexistent bone?

S. C. I don't know. Wouldn't the listener be forced to depend largely on carefully written program notes? Wouldn't you and I miss the point of the music entirely if there were no verbal explanations to go with the music?

A. You're right. Without the proper orientation I, for example, might think of Mussolini orating on his balcony instead of conjuring up a picture of an old woman and her dog at an empty cupboard; and you, in turn, might imagine that the composers were endeavoring to give a tonal description of a cream separator or of a quilting party for superannuated sacred cows.

S. C. Aren't you taking off your shirt, as they say, in a useless effort to be clever?

A. By no means, Mrs. Cow. A moment ago we considered a purely imaginary example; now let's fix our attention on something that actually took place. Have you ever hear of Georg Philipp Telemann?

S. C. The name rings a bell ever so faintly. Tell me more about the man and point out, I beg you, just what he has to do with the subject we're discussing.

A. Well, Mrs. Cow, it's intensely fascinating to consider how the subsequent development of music might have been affected if, in the year 1722, Telemann (1681-1767) had moved to Leipzig as Cantor of the St. Thomas Church and Johann Sebastian Bach had remained in the service of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. Would it be going too far to suspect that, in all likelihood, such works as the *St. John Passion,* the *St. Matthew Passion,* and the *Mass in B Minor* would never have come into being had Telemann not deemed it wise to stay at the St. John's Church in Hamburg? We know that the rigorously circumscribed atmosphere in which Bach lived and worked while he was *Kapellmeister* at Cöthen wasn't conducive to the composition of sacred music. Consequently, it's entirely within the bounds of foolproof reasoning to take for granted that much of the great master's output would have been altogether different in character if the parishioners of the St. Thomas Church, who were somewhat irked by the refusal of Telemann and other notables to accept the position as Cantor, hadn't, in a pinch, invited the "second-rate" Bach to come to Leipzig to serve them.

If, on the other hand, Telemann

had gone to Leipzig, his contributions to the field of sacred music, it seems safe to say, wouldn't have been one whit more important than they were while he served the St. John's Church in Hamburg. He was gifted and prolific; but his works are far inferior in quality to the music handed down to us by the mighty Bach.

Telemann was by no means an insignificant composer. His father, who was a preacher at Magdeburg, saw to it that Georg was carefully educated. The lad was destined for the bar; but an innate fondness for music, particularly for the compositions of Lully, upset the plans of his fond parent. When only fourteen years of age Georg wrote an opera in the French manner, and, nine years later, while a student at Leipzig he was appointed organist of one of the important churches of the city. He founded the famous *Collegium Musicum,* which played a prominent role in the musical activities of Leipzig for many years, and in 1721, after holding positions of responsibility in various places, he was called to Hamburg. Here he remained until the day of his death. While he was *Kapellmeister* at Eisenach, he met Bach, and the two musicians became such close friends that Telemann was sponsor at the baptism of Bach's second son. He wrote many operas, passions, cantatas, motets, oratorios, and instrumental works. I wonder, Mrs. Cow, if you've ever heard of his *Don Quixote* (sometimes spelled *Don Quichotte*) *Suite* for strings and harpsichord.

S. C. I plead ignorance.

A. But you've no doubt heard of, and listened to, Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote: Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, Op. 35,* haven't you?

S. C. I have, and now I'm beginning to understand why you brought Telemann into our discussion. Two eminent composers living two centuries apart wrote music about Don Quixote. Are there any similarities? Are there any differences?

A. Well, Mrs. Cow, Telemann's suite is as different from Strauss's variations as the house that Jack built is different from the cow who jumped over the moon. Listen to the two works, and you'll see why my seemingly silly talk about the attempts of Composer A and Composer B to give musical descriptions of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog was, after all, miles and miles away from the slightest trace of silliness.

Telemann's suite has the following parts: "Overture," "Don Quixote's Awakening," "Don Quixote's Attack on the Windmills," "The Love of the Princess Aline," "The Tossing in the Blanket of Sancho Panza," "The Galop

of Rosinante," "The Galop of Sancho Panza's Donkey," and "Don Quixote's Repose."

The compositions are based on the famous literary masterpiece of the Spanish author, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Written more than three centuries ago, the work, a comic novel, is still one of the great books of all time. In it Cervantes determined "to expose to the contempt they deserve the extravagant and silly tales of Chivalry." So powerful were the blows delivered by the author's immortal laughter that the childish literature of knight-errantry, which for a long time had been cumbering the earth in Europe, fell wounded to the death. The mordant ridicule of Cervantes' satire accomplished in short order what church and state had long been fruitlessly endeavoring to bring about.

In 1897 Strauss, who was fascinated by *Don Quixote,* decided to suggest in the tones of the symphony orchestra some of the things Cervantes had told so simply and so cleverly in his comic novel. There were, of course, frequent temptations to stoop to trite and banal devices, and some critics maintain that Strauss by no means avoided all the pitfalls. It's my own conviction, however, that the composer, inspired by his artistry and aided by his phenomenal diablerie, produced a work entirely in keeping with the spirit and the letter of Cervantes' book.

Don't be unfair, Mrs. Cow. Remember that in Telemann's writing you have no right to look for anything even approaching Strauss's orchestral wizardry.

Strauss's composition consists of an introduction, a theme, ten variations contrived with remarkable cunning, and a conclusion dealing with the death of Don Quixote. We hear the musings of the cracked hero as he descants on the world's problems in what to him appears to be true knightly fashion. With unshakable confidence and resolution he bestrides Rosinante, his crow-bait steed, and rides forth in quest of adventure. His trusty squire, Sancho Panza, whose mind hasn't been affected by the grotesque vagaries of his master's curious imaginings, rides a donkey and comments in a somewhat prosaic manner on the numerous adventures and discomfitures of the gallant, chivalrous, and rattle-brained knight. In addition, there's the lovely song of the oboe, which is the theme of Dulcinea, the embodiment of ideal womanhood.

In Strauss's score Don Quixote takes to the highroad and has his tilts with the windmills and with a flock of sheep. Incidentally, the composer imitates these animals artfully and realistically by em-

ploying muted brasses. Then the knight and Sancho Panza indulge in a lengthy discussion. A band of banditti in the garb of pilgrims is sighted, and the hero is worsted in the encounter which follows. Here Strauss injects into the score a burlesque of the well-known melody of Thomas a Cellano's "Dies Irae," one of the grandest and most sublime hymns of the Christian Church. Next comes the vigil of Don Quixote as he keeps watch throughout the night beside his arms, meditates on his mission in life, and yearns for the beautiful Dulcinea.

On the road again, the adventurers encounter three country wenches riding, as Sancho Panza puts it, "on three pie-bellied belfries," but, in the version of Don Quixote, "on three piebald palfreys." The maidens are by no means light in weight, and comeliness isn't their main stock in trade.

The hero mounts a wooden horse and rides, in imagination, through the air, fanned by mighty bellows. Next the two come to a river and step into a little boat, which is moored to a tree; but there are no oars, and Sancho's poundage causes them to sink. Nevertheless, they manage to save themselves and, in consequence, they intone a little strain of thanksgiving. A pair of Benedictine monks arouses the knight's ire. He mistakes them for villains, and, for once, he's victorious in combat. Finally one of Don Quixote's fellow-townsmen gives the crazy knight a sound thrashing, hoping that the effect will be salutary. The hero sinks down into the slough of despair, returns home with resignation, and at last his mind becomes clear. In a beautifully written conclusion Strauss strives to suggest Don Quixote's death.

You'll agree, Mrs. Cow, that we couldn't find all this in the music without aid, won't you?

S. C. Your question is superfluous.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony in C Major ("Jena").* The Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles under Werner Janssen.—The manuscript of this rarely heard work was discovered in the archives of the Academic Concerts in Jena in 1909. Professor Fritz Stein believes that the symphony was written by Beethoven between 1787 and 1790. Some scholars, however, question its authenticity. At any rate, it is

CRESSET PICTURES

Lucas Cranach, the Elder

—Friend of Luther and the Electors, Mayor of Wittenberg, Reformation Painter.

No man can compare with Lucas Cranach, the Elder, as an interpreter of the Reformation. He had a truly masterful way of presenting the great figures of the Reformation even though neither he nor his son, Lucas Cranach, the Younger, ever reached the really forceful characterizations which so many desired in the form and expression of Dr. Martin Luther himself.

The elder Cranach was born in 1472 in a small hamlet called Kranach. His family name was Mueller, but, following the custom of many contemporaries, he adopted the name of his birthplace. At the age of 32 he became the Court Painter for Frederick, the Wise, of Saxony. Luther was on very friendly terms with him long before his marriage and Lucas Cranach and his wife were witnesses at the wedding of Luther and Katherine von Bora. Lucas Cranach was also the sponsor for Luther's eldest child and an intimate friend of Melanchton.

In the city of Wittenberg Cranach became the wealthiest citizen, a member of the Town Council and later Mayor. In all these things he was most efficient and conscientious. He was a staunch Lutheran and supporter of the cause of the Reformation.

Both Lucas Cranach, the Elder, and his son of the same name are important because they preserved, with almost photographic accuracy, the faces and scenes of the Reformation Age. In many portraits, and even in paintings of Biblical Scenes, we find the faces of the great men and women, who aided the cause of the Gospel in that heroic age, faithfully preserved.

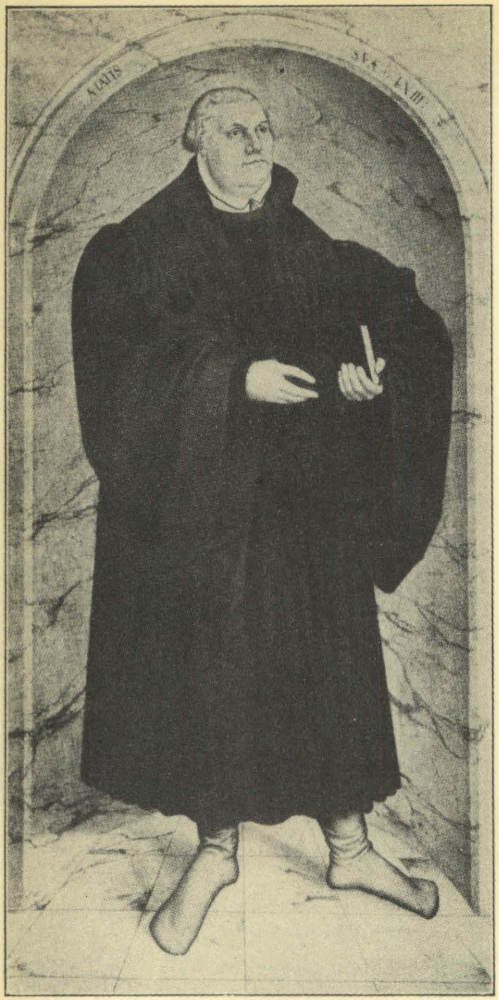


Photo by Rochring

Martin Luther—a portrait painted in the year of his death, 1546, by Lucas Cranach, the Younger (Landesmuseum, Schwerin)

Photo by Tamme

The Elector, Frederick, the Wise, of Saxony—a portrait from the atelier of Cranach in Wittenberg. (Woerlitz, Gothisches Haus)

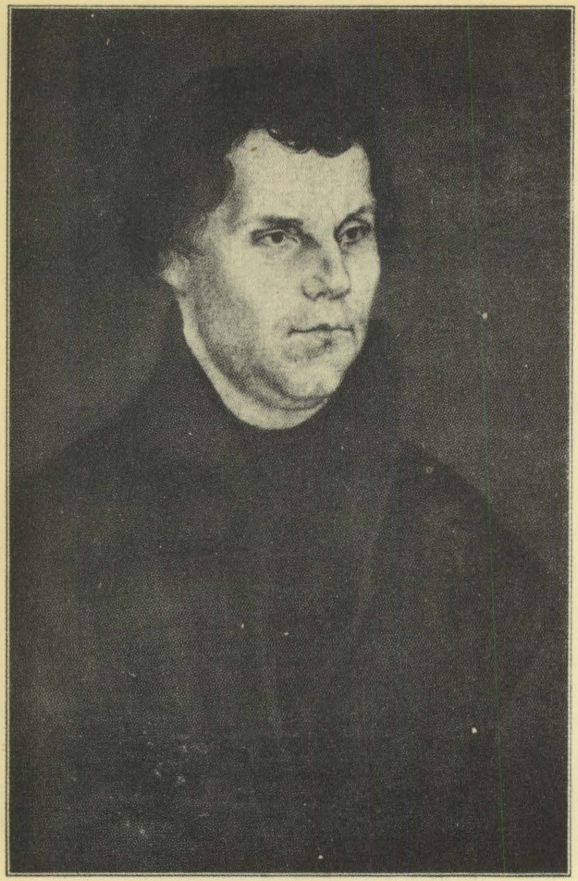


Photo by Grohs

Martin Luther—a portrait painted in the year 1526 by Lucas Cranach, the Elder, as a wedding gift to Luther and Katherine von Bora (Privately owned)

Photo by Grohs

Kaethe Luther—a portrait painted in 1526 as a companion gift to the picture of the great Reformer. (Privately owned)

The Raising of Lazarus. This treatment of a Biblical subject was a characteristic of the younger Cranach. At the left may be seen a group of the Wittenberg Reformers and Erasmus. This was painted as a memorial for Mayor Meienburg of Nordhausen about ten years after Luther's death.

The Last Supper. The Castle Church at Dessau and St. Agnes Church in Koethen have identical pictures by the younger Cranach. The servant pouring the wine is the painter himself. Others of the Reformers may be readily identified.

The Crucifixion. In this striking painting, the younger Cranach has included a portrait of his father Lucas Cranach and of Dr. Martin Luther. The picture forms the center of the Altar paintings in the City Church at Wittenberg and was placed there in 1555, two years after the elder Cranach was buried there.

a beautiful composition. Both the reading and the recording are superb. Victor Album 946. $3.68.

GEORG PHILIPP TELEMANN. *Don Quichotte Suite.* Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta, with Erwin Bodky, harpsichordist.—An excellent performance of a fascinating example of program music written by one of Bach's friends and rivals. Victor Album 945. $2.63.

DAI-KEONG LEE. *Prelude and Hula.* The National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler.—Dr. Kindler gives a sensitive reading of a colorful and sparkling composition by a young Hawaiian who was educated in the United States. Victor disc 11-8452. $1.05.

HENRI MULET. "Toccata" ("Thou Art the Rock"). LOUIS VICTOR JULES VIERNE. "Scherzo" from *Symphony No. 2.* Virgil Fox, playing the organ in the chapel of Girard College, Philadelphia. — Praiseworthy performances of two radiantly beautiful French compositions. Victor disc 11-8467. $1.05.

The Literary Scene

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

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

After Hitler What?

THE LEGACY OF NAZISM: The Economic and Social Consequences of Totalitarianism. By Frank Munk. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1943. 288 pages. $2.50.

THE present state of world-affairs calls for what the distinguished author of *The Legacy of Nazism* designates as "an exploratory foray"; it demands "a few commando raids on the whole problem of totalitarian economy and its aftermath." If you are one of those who believe and declare that it is idle to give much thought to the postwar world before we have defeated Germany and Japan, you may be inclined, at first blush, to dismiss Frank Munk's book as just another conglomeration of useless dreams, interesting conclusions, and premature recommendations. If, however, you have both feet on the ground and, as a result, hold to the irrefutable conviction that it is the height of folly to put aside, for the time being, every consideration of what is likely to take place after the United Nations have won their victory, you will, and you must, pay attention to the penetrating wisdom contained in Dr. Munk's volume. The war in which we are engaged is forcing our civilization down into the tomb, and civilization must arise from that tomb enlightened, cleansed, and transfigured if it is to meet the many and manifold problems of the era after the conflict squarely, intelligently, and successfully. *The Legacy of Nazism* is "an intermediary report on a live and little comprehended subject"—a report submitted "in the midst of change and even chaos"; but the past and the present are history, and the future refuses to wait. Haphazard readjustments and hasty decisions after the war will lead inevitably to confusion and disaster.

A world-revolution is going on before our eyes; yet many do not understand what a world-revolution is nor what it means. The author of *The Legacy of Nazism* is sure that it is infinitely more than a fight to the death between the ideals of democracy and the evil forces of totalitarianism, that it is something far more tangible than a struggle for hazily conceived ideals. We must diagnose

the ills of our times—diagnose them scientifically and with deep-going frankness. Furthermore, we must look patiently and energetically for remedies. Otherwise we shall be hopelessly at sea in the hour of victory.

The Europe of tomorrow will be utterly unlike the Europe of yesterday. In like manner the nations of North and South America will learn that present upheavals will have led inexorably to subsequent upheavals. Asia, Africa, and Australia will be similarly affected. No nation, however large or small, will be able to escape the consequences of what is happening today.

It will be necessary, reasons Dr. Munk, for countries and their governments to win the loyal allegiance of the masses after the war; but this cannot be achieved by totalitarianism, nor can it be brought about by hurriedly and inefficiently organized democracies. "The social welfare state," he concludes, will solve the all-important problem. Government alone will be unable to untie the many Gordian knots. "The crucial problem of today and tomorrow," declares Dr. Munk, "is the relation between the state and private enterprise. . . . From now on government and business are partners." Capitalism, socialism, or communism will be helpless. There will be nationalism; but it must be guided into the proper channels.

Any postwar settlement that overlooks the strength of this force will be of short duration. The recognition of the deepseated national desires in Europe is particularly important for people in Great Britain and the United States, where the nationalistic idea has always been of a different type, and where the desire would be to unite European nations mechanically or geographically rather than on a basis of nationality. The strength of nationality cannot be overlooked. Most Europeans, and certainly those now under Nazi domination, will agree with the statement made recently by President Benes, that "nationhood, like personal freedom, is an absolute value."

Nevertheless, "a misguided nationalism, selfishness of masses and classes, greed and envy will raise their ugly heads" and "carry dangerous seeds of conflict." Therefore planning for the world of tomorrow

must concentrate not only on full use of resources but also on their most efficient use. Only in this way can the standard of living of backward peoples, in Europe and in other continents, be lifted. It will be an arduous job. It will have to be tackled with determination, courage, and sacrifice, as a part of the war effort—and of the battle for the peace yet to come. We shall have to act boldly, swiftly, and with insight into the social forces rampant in the world of today and tomorrow.

The author of *The Legacy of Nazism* managed to escape from Prague during the summer of 1939, shortly after the Nazi invasion of his native land. At present he is Lecturer in Economics at the University of California. He "feels very humble in the face of the great human tragedy which spurns adequate description"; but he knows that "civilization would not stand a third war in a century." "This," he says, "is our last and only chance. We have no time to lose. Let us prepare and be ready here and now."

New Homeric Saga

MIRACLE IN HELLAS: The Greeks Fight On. By Betty Wason. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1943. 263 pages. $2.75.

THE miracle now taking place in Greece is, according to Betty Wason, the death-defying effort of a conquered people, small in number, to throw off the shackles of Nazi thraldom and once more to bring liberty to a freedom-loving people. The methods which Greeks are employing in the pursuit of this effort are naturally not those of open warfare. They are rather using every possible kind of underground strategy to gain their ends. There are the saboteurs responsible for docks and warehouses collapsing for no apparent reason; the ordinary citizens who act as self-appointed spies; the villagers who carry out raids on Axis arsenals; the guerrilla leaders in their mountain headquarters who swoop down on unsuspecting Nazi units; the Klepht warriors who relive the traditional role of revolutionary days; and the leaders of the underground organization preparing for nation-wide revolt when liberating United Nations are ready to open a Balkan front.

Miss Wason's story is in two parts. The first concerns itself with the events leading up to the Nazi invasion, the bewilderment and panic the Greeks experienced, the inadequacy of their air power and the inability of the Greek to accept the conditions forced upon him. The second part, largely derived from confidential sources, tells a simple but powerful story of a valiant people fighting against tyranny.

The strength of Miss Wason's story lies in two directions: on the one hand, the author's great ability to weave into a running narrative a vast amount of detail, most of it the result of her own tremendous powers of observation; on the other hand, Miss Wason is an extremely facile writer, occasionally rising to great heights of classic beauty, as in her description of Athens:

> More powerful than its smells and sounds, and stronger than that breathless, strange silence, is the Hill that dominates the city, stark with marble temples standing against a flaming sky. The pillars of the Parthenon look like a perfect ivory miniature from a distance. The first time I saw the Acropolis, I could not believe it was real. A backdrop for a movie set, perhaps, put up by an itinerant film company. Before I had spent much time in Athens, I knew the Acropolis was the most real thing I should ever see.
>
> There is a scarlet flag marked with a swastika flying from the Acropolis now. There is also an Italian flag, and, nearly lost between them, is a blue-and-white Greek flag. The sight of those flags enrages every true Greek, and each time he looks at them, hatred grows more bitter inside him. The Acropolis is not a place to display flags. The Acropolis is a temple.

Between the summers of 1938 and 1941, Miss Wason covered virtually every country in Europe and managed to be on hand wherever major journalistic events "broke." She was in Greece from August, 1940, until the end of June, 1941.

Miss Wason has faith in the future of Hellas. She writes in one of her concluding paragraphs:

Something happened in Greece in the winter of 1940-1941, which was bigger than government, bigger than any individual participating in the war. That same magnificent impulsion has continued through the desolate and unhappy months of enemy occupation. It seems to be a rekindling of the fire which burned in the ancient Hellas, the flame which has inspired all the West in its striving for better government—a fire born of the desire to see justice granted to the individual, recognizing the dignity of each human being as a living entity.

Medical Missions

BURMA SURGEON. By Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D. W. W. Norton and Co., New York. 296 pages. 1943. $3.00

To those who are acquainted with the story of modern missions this book will definitely appeal because it is an excellent account of the work of medical missions in our times. Among other things it shows the difficulties under which such work must be done, even in normal times, not because of any particular opposition on the part of the heathen natives of a country, but because of the pitiful support the work receives from the home-base. And it is particularly heartening to note that also in the case of Dr. Seagrave, the somewhat niggardly support of his work from America did not deter him, nor his wife "Tiny" (from Carlinville, Ill.). They carried on valiantly.

Those who knew little about foreign mission fields will also find this book appealing because it gives a first-hand account of the evacuation of Burma when the Japanese came. For Dr. Seagrave was one of the evacues. Not one, however, who picked up his belongings and ran, but one who ministered to the wounded, the sick, and the dying on the way.

It is an unforgettable story. It is not primarily a war book. It is a missionary doctor's book. It is told in a forthright manner and with a vividness that is sometimes startling. Dr. Seagrave is a descendant of a long line of foreign missionaries. Long before the present war started, he went to Burma, after his training at Johns Hopkins, and began his work in the North Shan States, the battle against malaria, dysentery, etc. His surgical equipment was a wastebasketful of discarded instruments. With his wife at his side as a loyal adjutant ready to do any task within her power he began to build modern hospitals and to establish dispensaries. He trained native girls to be nurses, and faithful nurses they were, to say nothing about the skills they acquired which often astounded visiting doctors and government inspectors. He was located in that part of the country where the Burma Road was built and afterwards also airplane factories. Then the Chinese army comes and also General Stilwell. Burma must be evacuated by the British and Americans. His work of a lifetime is destroyed. But he hopes to go back after the war.

Meandering Tale

KATE FENNIGATE. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1943. 359 pages. $2.50.

ALMOST twenty years have passed since the eminent scholar, Percy H. Boynton, wrote of the works of Booth Tarkington:

> To anyone who is interested in stories not as narrative formulas—hero, heroine, obstacle, happy dénouement—but as the chronicles of natural people, the popular endings of the Tarkington novels are usually anything but pleasant. For Mr. Tarkington is a composite of sensitive tenderness and brutal disregard. He develops his characters with sympathy and a great deal of insight. But having brought them into being in the midst of turmoil, he faces an awkward dilemma. He must let the story dispose of them as it will, or he must dispose of them himself as the man on the street or his sentimental daughter would prefer. This is according to the commercial formula, "to be prosperous is to be happy," or the romance formula, "to be married is to be happy." . . . As long as everything is pleasant when the curtain goes down.
>
> Mr. Tarkington has been said never to have outgrown Princeton and Purdue. He has been a long time in coming to it; but in his latest book he has finally come to the point where he could leave his friends in the hands of fate, where he could doom them to the consequences of their own personalities. In *Alice Adams* there are no eleventh-hour reprieves. Perhaps he has turned a corner. *(Some Contemporary Americans.* University of Chicago Press. 1924.)

Subsequent works from Mr. Tarkington's facile pen reveal all too clearly that Indiana's famous son never really turned that corner. Mr. Boynton's critique is as pertinent today as it was two decades ago. *Kate Fennigate* is a long, meandering tale of the inevitable triumph—strictly according to formula—of good over evil. It is, the publishers tell us, "really the study of the effect of women upon men. What women—good women, bad women, and good-and-bad women—can do for men and to men is the underlying theme, and it makes this a novel to be viewed with alarm." Maybe so, but this reader cheerfully confesses to a complete absence of any feelings of alarm. It seems entirely safe to predict that Mr. Tarkington's engaging stories of the boy Penrod and of Sam, his boon companion in mischief, will live in our memories long after *Kate Fennigate* will have been forgotten.

Mournful Picture

ECONOMICS IN UNIFORM: Military Economy and Social Structure. By Albert T. Lauterbach. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1943. 282 pages. $3.00.

THE subject matter of this book, based on an extensive and impressive bibliography, is concerned with the impact of the rise of totalitarianism, the German military economy, and the outbreak of the Second World War upon the economic and social thought and institutions of England and America.

After a comparison between the First World War economy with the present war economy and a descrip-

tion of the changing concepts of peace and war, the origin of the idea of the German military society and its development are traced from General Carl von Clausewitz's writings down to the present. This is followed by an account of the nature of the German *Wehrwirtschaft* or military economy and of the German plans for a reorganized economic order in Europe.

In the sixth chapter of the book the author attempts to show that the development of the military economy in Germany and the preparedness for war in other countries merely reinforced and accelerated the trends that prevailed in capitalistic society long before the orientation of economic policies toward war purposes was definitely undertaken; that competitive capitalism was followed by monopolistic capitalism, and the latter by the military economy which, in the German sense, is "a combination of economic policies with diplomatic, propagandist, and, finally, military methods with a view to altering the international distribution of war resources."

From this point the analysis proceeds to show that the competition with the military economy required many governments to interfere with the normal functioning of the traditional economic institutions, to abandon peacetime economic weapons in favor of a more acute system of economic warfare, and, ultimately, to establish a similar war economy. This is illustrated by a résumé of the British and American policies of economic warfare employed by these governments since the outbreak of the war.

The concluding chapter deals with the nature of the economic order that is to succeed the military economy. The implied forecast assumes that the Axis nations will be defeated. First, there is given a list of domestic economic policies which America must employ to facilitate demobilization; second, there is suggested a program that may help America to rebuild the war-torn nations; and, finally, there is described the part that the United States is to take in the life of the postwar world.

The book as a whole constitutes an excellent and extensive description of the transition from the capitalistic order to the present military economy, or from economic liberalism to the military form of economic nationalism, and as such is an enlightening as well as thought-provoking addition to our economic literature.

The mature student of economics and international relations will find the concluding chapter most challenging, for here numerous issues may easily be resurrected regarding (1) the part governmental paternalism is to play in the demobilization and the reconstruction, and (2) whether the nations are to turn in the direction of economic liberalism or toward state or social imperialism.

Mr. Lauterbach's suggestions provide for the establishment of an international monetary and credit system in which the American gold is to play an important role; a system of government control over private

investment abroad; government control of the flow of raw materials in international trade based on the international co-operation of the governments rather than on monopolistic group interests; and the utilization of American influence and power for the removal of conflicts of economic sovereignty and the establishment of collective security and co-operation in Europe and the rest of the world. His program is more liberalistic than imperialistic.

The entire treatise leaves one somewhat mournful over the disappearance of economic freedom and apprehensive over the future in the economic world.

E. E. GOEHRING.

Checkered Career

ROUGHLY SPEAKING. By Louise Randall Pierson. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1943. 332 pages. $2.50.

LOUISE JOHN RANDALL was only twelve years old when Fred, the family coachman, admiringly observed, "You're a hard nut. You'll make out. Anybody who tries to shove a bit between *your* teeth'll lose a finger." Fred was right. Louise did "make out"—in spite of the fact that fate seemed to have singled her out for a constant, no-time-out-for-rest sparring partner.

Born with a spoon of solid silver in her mouth, Louise would, at first glance, seem to have been singularly ill equipped for a hard, knock-down-and-drag-out battle with life. Her charming father—he hated good, plain cooking—had encouraged his small daughter to plan her days according to his own guiding precepts: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Don't forget you're a long time dead. On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined." Suddenly the rosebuds were all gathered. The dance was ended. Unconfined joy had given way to perplexity and sorrow. For Father was dead.

Father was gone, and Louise's familiar world came crashing down about her. The Randalls were poor. Father, it seems, had "endorsed too many notes." Poor?

> Poor? Were we going to be poor? I decided instantly I was against it. The "poor" I had seen had not impressed me favorably. Tramps, mostly. "Tell the cook to set down a plate of food for them on the kitchen steps," my mother said, "then direct them to the town woodpile." *Us* tramps? It was unthinkable.

Roughly Speaking is a record of the forty years which have passed since a twelve-year-old Boston girl decided she was "against being poor." It is the story of a courageous and high-spirited woman's unflinching fight against a veritable avalanche of disappointments and heartaches. The first four decades of the twentieth century have been turbulent and fateful ones, highlighted by hectic years of prosperity and grim years of depression. Both extremes are faithfully reflected in this fascinating chronicle.

Mrs. Pierson's light and breezy style is, by and large, highly entertaining and eminently readable. Occasionally her cheerful banter rings a bit false, and her rough and tough manner is quite obviously assumed as a cover-up for a deep and sensitive tenderness.

The Basic Issue

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION OF OUR TIME. By Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press, New York. 1943. 419 pages. $3.50.

JUST how does the war in which we are engaged fit into the framework of our times? What is its historical significance? Where do its real roots lie, and how can we make sure that our eventual victory will lead to the destruction of those roots and will not be a mere lopping off of poisonous shoots, leaving new ones free to grow in their place? These are the questions which Professor Laski, who is probably the most brilliant of contemporary English political economists, tries to answer in this book.

Laski makes short shrift of such superficial suggestions as that more education can solve our problems, or the cultivation of a kindlier spirit among men, or a restoration of the rule of law. He looks farther afield and sees in the convulsions of our age the travail attending the birth of a new era. The period of history, he holds, that began with the Reformation has entered on its final phase of decline. During this period the middle class rose to power, and individualism gained one victory after another. Now giving each individual freedom of action seems, at first glance, to hold no peril to the freedom of any, but to assure the equality of all. In most fields this will indeed be the result. A man may exercise freedom of thought, of conscience, or of speech to the fullest extent without bringing about a limitation of equal freedom in others.

In the economic field, however, it works out otherwise. The system of *laissez faire* theoretically gives each man the freedom to amass all the property he can, equally with all other men. Initially this equality of opportunity holds reasonably well in theory. But, as time goes on, the power which passes into the hands of a few through the acquisition of a disproportionate amount of economic goods, by fair means or foul, by good fortune, ability, or inheritance, destroys the economic equality and freedom of the many.

Laissez faire, working itself out in the modern era, has, as Carlyle saw, built all the essential relations between men on the basis of the cash-nexus. It has led gradually to the development of monopoly capitalism, which is morally neutral and pursues profit to the exclusion of all else, without conscience and without pity. If capitalism, in its pursuit of profit, serves social ends, that is incidental; and if it profits at the expense of social welfare, it still puts profit first. Should anyone in this day still hold to Adam Smith's pretty notion that free enterprise and the common weal are joined together by some miraculous Siamese bond, he should be given the reports of the La Follette and Black Senate Committees as required reading.

Since capitalism has grown up in an atmosphere charged with individualistic philosophy, the inequalities to which it has given rise have led to persistent protests and demands on the part of the underprivileged masses. So long as capitalism was in its period of expansion, it was able

to concede to the masses, even if it did so grudgingly, betterment in material status sufficient to keep them fairly well satisfied. Now that capitalism has reached the limits of expansion, however, and has entered on a period of contraction, it can no longer yield increasing social benefits and at the same time cull sizable profits for itself. Social welfare and private profit have become incompatible. Out of this situation arises the crisis of our time: a choice must inevitably be made between the welfare of the many and the privileges of the few. This involves in reality a choice between capitalism and democracy.

As indicated above, the character of capitalism is basically in contradiction with the equalitarian principle that is inherent in democracy. This contradiction can no longer be glossed over: it has reached a critical stage. Mankind must choose capitalism and give up democracy or institute full democracy and give up capitalism. That it will do the latter can hardly be doubted. This will amount to a revolution in our economic and international affairs. How this revolution will take place, whether gradually or suddenly, whether soon or late, whether peacefully or violently, depends on the attitude which capitalism will take.

That men tend to regard privileges which they enjoy as sacred and as somehow essential to the structure of the universe, is a familiar fact. In this spirit capitalism may try to perpetuate itself by counter-revolution, that is, by overthrowing democracy in favor of dictatorships that serve its interests. This war is such an effort at counter-revolution. Both Hitler and Mussolini were able to rise to power only through the support of German and Italian capitalists, who expected them to control the masses for the benefit of capital (cf., for instance, *I Paid Hitler,* by Fritz Thyssen. THE CRESSET, May, 1942, p. 54). These expectations were not realized because the dictators, being of the outlaw type, were concerned above all to consolidate their own power and therefore subjugated also their sponsors as soon as they felt strong enough to do so. Only in their hatred of democracy did they remain true to their bargain. We are, accordingly, in this war fighting forces of capitalistic counter-revolution, and we should be blind to the real issues if we imagined that military victory over the Axis will settle anything. Nor will "the winning of the peace" do so unless it decides the fundamental issue of capitalism vs. democracy.

We should, however, miss our best opportunity for a peaceful revolution if we waited till after victory is won. In the let-down that will follow the exertions of the war the forces of reaction will probably be strong enough to cause us to postpone a decision and to adopt a temporizing policy. That will leave the basic issue unsettled, making further counter-revolutionary wars a certainty. At present, when we are keyed up and alert and when the exigencies of war make for unity, we are in a better position to take action than we will ever be again in this generation. Laski

regrets that Churchill, with all his admirable qualities, cannot see this fact, as Roosevelt does. As to the measures that he believes should be taken, Laski is not dogmatic. He speaks for neither communism nor socialism, but for a collectivistic economy in which the welfare of the many, and not the profit and privilege of the few, is given first consideration.

The discussion is throughout calm and objective. The book represents a notable effort at an analysis of our time and, as such, deserves careful study by thoughtful men of every shade of opinion.

Plain Talk

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER. By Lin Yutang. The John Day Company, New York. 1943. 216 pages. $2.50.

"WHAT I have written I have written," says Lin Yutang in the Epilogue to *Between Tears and Laughter.* It seems safe to predict, however, that the day will come when the famous Chinese philosopher will no longer be so cocksure of himself. He allows his cup of scorn to run over. He upbraids the Occidental world with scalding satire and biting fury. Even his humor cuts and tears. The eminent writer knows and tells much about the world in which he lives; but he permits anger to distort his vision and to warp his reasoning. Lin Yutang speaks many a blunt truth concerning the manifestation of greed and self-seeking in the nations from which China needs help; and it is no doubt good for the white man, who has committed more than one grievous crime against some of his brothers and sisters of another color, to hear and give thought to plain talk. Nevertheless, the nimble-witted author of *Between Tears and Laughter* fails to examine the military, the strategic, the political, the religious, and the ideological problems of this war in the light of unbiased judgment. Beauty of language and keenness of wit can never atone for poisonous words that spring from unbridled and unbalanced resentment. China is getting aid in ever increasing volume from the countries that have undertaken to put an end to the forces of aggression. She will continue to get that aid in spite of, not because of, the venomous scolding that flows so freely, so elegantly, so gratuitously, from the brilliantly facile pen of Lin Yutang. A book of this kind could not be published in the lands where totalitarianism reigns supreme. The very fact that it is printed and distributed in our nation without let or hindrance ought to prove to Lin Yutang that it would be wise on his part to hold back his anger with bit and bridle.

Psychological Enslavement

THE GOEBBELS EXPERIMENT. By Derrick Sington and Arthur Weidenfeld. Yale University Press, New Haven. 1943. 274 pages. $3.00.

TO say (as did Captain Weiss, a Nazi stalwart) that "the totalitarian conception recognizes no limits," is a truism, but it is one worth stating. It drives home the implications of a fact. Among other things,

totalitarianism recognizes no limits in its effort to shape the minds of men for its own purposes. The vast machinery set up in Germany to this end far surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted before. How that machinery is put together and how it operates is made clear in this study, which draws on German radio broadcasts, the German press, and German publications for its source material.

The statement, made early in the book, that

> the National Socialist regime of Germany . . . . has at its disposal a machine which controls every means of human expression and every technical vehicle for disseminating ideas,

covers a lot of territory. The evidence marshaled on the succeeding pages, however, proves the statement to the hilt. One is amazed at the ingenious and intricate mechanism that has been set up to instil the ideas, sentiments, and attitudes which the masters of Germany approve and to isolate those who are under their control against all influences hostile to Nazi ideology. Nothing seems to have been overlooked. All points at which trouble might develop are checked and double-checked. The minutest details are attended to.

The press in its entire range, the radio, the movies, the theater, literature, the fine arts, music, popular songs—all are controlled and directed in the most thorough fashion in the interest of the party in power. No newspaper, periodical, or book (religious or otherwise) can be published, no radio program be given, no movie be filmed until the official censor has given permission. Every agency that can help to mold public opinion is geared into one huge propaganda machine, under the aegis of Goebbels, to impose ideas acceptable to the Nazis.

There has been much physical slavery in past history, but there was always the comfort that the mind of the slave remained free. *"Gedanken sind zollfrei,"* said the Germans. The Nazis are trying to change that. They aim, with every means in their power, at the most sinister and hopeless form of bondage—psychological enslavement.

For World Unity

MAKE THIS THE LAST WAR. By Michael Straight. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 417 pages. $3.00.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT is an editor and Washington correspondent of the *New Republic.* Because of his thorough familiarity with economics he has held various positions in the State Department. He is still a young man.

The book starts out from the conviction that as a people we are utterly confused as to what we are fighting this war for and that until we have become clear on this point and are led by the vision of a great purpose we cannot do what is required of us. Straight holds that the vision that is needed is the vision of world-unity and that it is not only imperative that such unity be attained after the war but also that the underlying conditions of world-unity be provided and fostered as the war goes on.

These conditions are held to be

four in number: (1) In the industrial nations "the affirmative society" must come into being—a form of society which guarantees to all its members the basic requirements for material well-being. If private enterprise cannot meet this demand, the state must do it. Only so can a nation be happy and peaceable. (2) The agricultural and raw-material-producing countries which have been exploited and kept poor by the political and economic imperialism of industrial countries must be liberated and be aided to achieve a national development of their own. (3) If Europe is to face the future with a hope of better things than the past has brought, it cannot continue to be a conglomerate of sovereign, independent states. It must achieve some form of federation. (4) There must be world-organization for peace, for economic development, for social progress, and for freedom.

Having set forth these conditions for a unification of the world, Straight undertakes to show that each of them is being advanced through developments incident to the war: (a) A pattern for world organization is being worked out in the close, far-reaching co-operation of the United Nations with each other. (b) Policies that fit into the concept of the "affirmative society" are being increasingly developed through the wartime control of especially Britain and America—such as the full mobilization of resources for the common weal and the equalitarian provisions of income and price ceilings and of rationing. Here Britain is farther advanced than we. (c) The upheavals of the war are working for the liberation of oppressed peoples through the physical destruction of the fabric of empire, through breaking the bonds of indebtedness, through advancing the industrialization of the backward lands, and through fostering in them the democratic spirit. (d) The Nazis have broken down political and economic barriers throughout Europe, so that it would be almost as difficult to restore them in the old form after the war as to mold Europe into the new form of a federation.

So far, it is argued, we have not turned to account the opportunities which these developments of the war have placed in our hands, largely because we have been blind to the beckonings of the future. It is high time that we clearly see this war as a war of liberation, unequivocally bind ourselves to wage it as such, take all possible action to convince the world of our sincerity, and perfect appropriate plans and the means of carrying out those plans when the war ends. Then the United Nations will be able to avoid the dangers of uncertain groping and divided counsels in the transition period after peace comes and will know how to fit the conduct of relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction activities into the framework of their plans for a free, united world. What measures in detail will be required to meet each of the four conditions for a better post-war world is discussed in conclusion.

The preceding articulation of the skeleton of the book may appear

rather pedantic, but it seemed well to us to make it because it took a second reading of the book before we discovered just how it hangs together. By varying the order in which he takes up his four points and by failing to link up clearly the various parts of the discussion Straight makes it hard for the reader to see the argument as a coherent whole.

The book contains much varied information and gives evidence of serious thought, and, to our mind, of sound judgment on many matters. We should like nothing better than to see the plans it advocates carried successfully into practice. However, the problems with which it deals are so vast, their complexity is so great, and the difficulties that stand in the way are so enormous that we are not as sanguine as we should like to be of the success of the projected measures. But perhaps some progress can be made in the desired directions. Even that would be decidedly worth while.

Psychological Analyses

BEETHOVEN: Life of a Conqueror. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by George Stewart McManus. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1943. 356 pages. Illustrated. $3.75.

ALTHOUGH this well-written and intensely fascinating work throws no new light on the life and the achievements of Ludwig van Beethoven, it can render many a valuable service to the discriminating reader. Emil Ludwig is a sincere Beethoven enthusiast. He believes that the mighty composer "is the first, and remained the greatest, confessor among musicians" and that the "self-revealing originated in incessantly molding powers, like those of a prophet." The author's "psychological analyses" of Beethoven's compositions are particularly beguiling. Here, for example, is what he writes concerning the slow movement of the *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 4, in G Major, Op. 58:*

In the second movement, which might have been written yesterday, the solo "solo" and "tutti" are eliminated. The piano begins a dialogue with the strings, a silent revolution in the history of the orchestra. It is the discourse of a lamenting man with Fate; perhaps it is Orpheus seeking to renounce the powers of Hades. A gloomy god opposes the man's pleading, not in stormy fashion but like a rock. For a little while the fateful sounds of the strings withdraw before the ever-sweeter singing voice of the pleader. He already believes that he has persuaded them and uses a last means of closing the argument: Orpheus plays his harp. Beethoven uses his art to solicit the favor of the gods. He calls to them through his songs, through sustained trills, and the gods begin to lament with him, to interrupt the harshness of their song with trembling basses, a song which slowly drops lower. Quietly ebbing between veils and questions, the gods gradually withdraw, defeated.

Subjective? Yes. Fanciful? Yes—with the exception of the first two sentences. Helpful? Yes and no. Much depends on you. If you have a penchant for "psychological analyses" of music, you may profit no end from Dr. Ludwig's expositions; if, like the writer of this review, you are sure that "psychological analyses" of mas-

terworks often lead to more harm than good, you may lose patience with the distinguished author whose writings many adore and some deplore.

Along the Royal Road

LAND WHERE TIME STANDS STILL. By Max Miller. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1943. 236 pages. Illustrated with photographs by George Lindsay and the author. $3.00.

THE title of Max Miller's well-written and highly informative new book is aptly chosen. Lower California, that part of Mexico which "hangs like an elephant's trunk below our own California," is indeed a land where time stands still. Material progress has come slowly and in small measure to this bitter, arid country.

The contrast between its primitiveness and the glittering man-made works of California is sudden and sharp. By the vagaries of history the California harbors were intensively developed, while those of Lower California, quite as good, are still surrounded by their chaparrel jungles, even less used than in the days of the whalers. Thousands of sportsmen and vacationers swarm annually over the mountains and deserts of California; the peaks and wastes of Lower California are for the most part known only to coyotes and rattlesnakes, or at best to a lone peon ranch family. The primitive roads of California have become wide motor highways; in Lower California, except for a hundred miles of pavement near the border, the "roads" are much as they were in the days of the padres, sketchy tracks along barrancas and across deserts, and mountain trails of almost Andean difficulty.

The 1,400-mile overland trip which Mr. Miller made from San Diego to Cape San Lucas at the tip of Lower California is an extraordinarily difficult one. His companions were Lawrence Huey and Frank Gardner, naturalists on the staff of the San Diego Museum of Natural History. They traveled in a specially equipped high-chassis field truck, which carried traps, guns, cameras, medicines, enough food for three months, and a special tank filled with water for drinking. Since there are no filling stations in the desert wastes of Baja California, drums of gasoline had to be shipped by freight trucks into the country in advance of the Miller expedition and cached in the huts of friends along the ancient trail still called, ironical as it may seem, El Camino Real.

No brief review can do full justice to Mr. Miller's fine book. The volume deserves careful reading, and it carries its own rich reward for the time and the energy expended. The conclusions drawn by this honest and experienced reporter take on added significance at a time when a world-crisis has intensified our interest in our neighbors to the south. Mr. Miller observes that on our side of the border this question is often asked, "Tell me, now, do you like the Mexicans?" He adds:

There is no answer to this question, of course. There are Mexicans and Mexicans, just as there are Americans and Americans. I dislike those city-smart Mexicans who are merely transplanted peons. They have lost their natural dig-

nity and judgment in contact with the tawdry border. They have been around enough to learn tricks but not around enough to acquire judgment. My favorite Mexicans are the genuinely cultured ones and the outright peons. I can get along well with either sort.

Almost four centuries have passed since the first European explorers touched the shores of Lower California. Why, then, has this land remained so unknown and so undeveloped? Mr. Miller believes that the key to the mystery lies in the fact that throughout the years Lower California has lacked a "Big Name" to personify it.

Something always happened to any group, or any people, who tried to bring Lower California to the front. The Indians, who did know how to make use of the country in their crude way, were slaughtered. The Jesuits, who came to save the souls of the Indians, were in turn arrested and driven away. The Franciscans, who came to supplant the Jesuits, became discouraged with the whole idea of Lower California. The Dominicans, who came to carry on for the Franciscans, were carried away instead, finally, by an urge for pearls and women. So nobody has triumphed over Lower California.

Meet the Simians

MAN'S POOR RELATIONS. By Earnest Hooton. Doubleday, Doran and Co., 1943. 412 pages. $5.00.

GIVEN the same book both as to text and illustrations under another title and with the omission of Part V, we would say that nothing better than *Man's Poor Relations* could be offered to anyone who seeks reliable, up-to-date knowledge regarding the monkeys and apes. By profession, Dr. Hooton is an anthropologist. He says in his quizzical way that his "ignorance of the subjects discussed in this book is profound." But this can only refer to actual study of the primates in their natural habitat. He has certainly read deeply in the literature. Most of the works from which he quotes have been published within the last five years. What is wrong with the book—but let the reader first get an impression of its merits. All the various monkeys and apes are discussed as to their physical characteristics, their habits, their intelligence. Hooton tells where these primates live, describes their diet and their individual life histories. He will take an ape like the gorilla, or chimpanzee, describe their build, gait, their nests and foods, their family life and sexual behavior, and then he tells the life story of some of the famous apes in captivity. He gives four pages to the skull, head, and face of the orang-utan. He describes the intelligence tests which have been applied to discover how much of a mind can be ascribed to the subhuman primates and the extent to which they can give expression to their emotions either by voice or gesture.

Now, from a rather careful reading of these chapters, one thought is uppermost in the mind, no matter what your personal convictions about the relation of man to these creatures may be: If these be man's "poor relations," that is to say, blood relations connected with the human species by evolution out of common origins, then we have as the nearest relatives

in the animal world the most vicious creatures that populate the earth. Tigers, sharks, venomous serpents, and insects are amiable creatures beside the baboon, the gibbon, and most of these creatures, whose habits in their relation to their own kind make up a picture of unrelieved horror. It doesn't help very much that the violent raping of females, often committed by the chimpanzee, is explained as due to the fact that the animal "had been modified by the German cultural environment" (the observations had been made in German zoölogical gardens). The worst of these creatures, probably the most vicious animal living, is the hamadryas baboon. Hooton describes the slaughter of females in sexual fights which took place when about one hundred baboons were turned loose in an enclosure in a London zoo. In two months after the introduction of thirty-three females, thirty had been killed in fights, having been torn to pieces by the males. Hooton tries to make the case for the baboon look a little better. Thus: "If thirty women were turned loose in a prison containing from one hundred fifty adult male convicts, ... I doubt that the outcome would be radically different." No one can prove or disprove this statement, but if it were true, it would simply mean that the criminal order of human beings may descend to the level of the brute. What Hooton overlooks in his comparison is the fact that, on his own account, the hideous behavior of the baboon is typical of that animal — something he would not dare to say of human society. On another page Hooton expresses himself shocked by a sadism which is "nothing short of appalling" in the rhesus monkeys and the baboons.

But what of the relationship by descent between man and the ape world? The title of the book assumes it, and Part V gives some seventy pages to the argument. The author assumes that the animals generally "have sprung originally from the same primitive, 'generalized' ancestors, and, in the course of evolution, have differentiated into smaller and more intimately related groups, each with its own peculiarities of physique and habit." A diagram shows man as an offshoot of a creature which some twenty million years ago branched off into the apes in one direction of descent and into a group which finally (half a million years ago) produced man. But this diagram in itself marks a distinct recession from the theories which prevailed not so long ago. Even the fossil men which have been discovered are treated not as in the direct line of human ancestry. And man is not a descendant of the apes, but is pictured here as evolving from a common ancestor of all primates.

Hooton submits comparative measurements of an adult gorilla and Mr. Maurice Tillet, formerly heavyweight wrestling champion of the world. The figures teach us absolutely nothing new. As is well known, the Frenchman Tillet, due to an abnormal condition of the pituitary gland, has developed abnormal facial features and trunk. The difference is this: that while in some anatomical features there is a similarity of dimensions,

Tillet is a man of great intellectual ability—he is a fine linguist, loves Chopin, has a store of interesting information and a charming personality—to which we would add that also this most simian of human beings has a rational soul. Throughout the book of Professor Hooton runs the assumption that the soul of man does not differ uniquely from the soul of the beasts and that man's reason is not different in kind but only in degree of development from that of the higher apes.

One cannot say that the evidence submitted for the genetic relationship of man with the brutes is very impressive. The accounts of baboons throwing stones as a means of attacking are "discredited" by the best authority and while some of the higher apes can be trained into using tools (like a stick, a wire hook, etc.) none has ever been known to make even the simplest tool, nor is any primate except man "habitually a tool using animal." The apes "lag far back in the utilization of their hands and fingers." Dr. Hooton is very vague in the claims which he makes regarding evidence of relationship through blood tests. The evidence is confused and partly conflicting. The entire argument for man's relationship to the apes is based on certain facts of classification. The brain, the skeleton, the teeth are examined and the familiar conclusion of descent is derived from the grouping of the brains, for instance, of the different primates in the order of growing complexity. In other words, it is possible to arrange the brains of monkeys and apes, as is done on page 345, in such a manner that the simplest brains (simplest as to structure, the number of fissures, etc.) are placed at the head of the series and the most complex at the end, and the conclusion is then superimposed on this series that the simplest brains are the oldest and that each number in the series stands for long ages of development or evolution. For "differences in complexity" the evolutionist substitutes "evolutionary advance," and, instead of saying that certain organs in the brain by their size and development make possible the use of the hand, it is assumed that "the increasingly skilled use of the hands" brought about a corresponding advance in the development of the brain. This, of course, is the common procedure of evolutionistic biology, but this is not proof that it makes sense. For one thing, there are such contradictions to the scheme as the foot of man, which cannot grasp branches like the foot of the ape, and, therefore, is said to have "lost most of the prehensile function"—indeed the heel constitutes a "backward development," so that man can stand upright. Hooton does not mention the fact that, geologically speaking, man's foot is very "ancient," is plantigrade like that of the bear, who in evolutionistic biology is given an age many millions of years higher than that of the monkeys.

Nor is it true that it is possible to make a consistent series of monkeys and apes which will show in the details of their structure a growing relationship to man. Here are some of the facts gathered from Professor Hooton's chapters: Man is related to

the orang in the number of rib-bearing vertebrae; he is nearest to the gorilla in the structure of his shoulder blade, in the shortness of his hand and foot; to the baboon in the muscles of the foot; and in other respects is most closely related to the chimpanzee. As far as intelligence is concerned, the gibbon, who is an ape, shows no advance and is probably even inferior to some of the monkeys, which in this scheme really antedate him.

Not only has the foot of man developed backward, but also in other relations the apes are more advanced than man. Man is less advanced than any of the apes in the reduction of tail vertebrae; the gibbon is far ahead of him. The chimpanzees are better able to rotate the thumb than average man. "Most of the conditions found in the [human] spine, sternum, shoulder, girdle, and upper extremity are more specialized in one or the other of the apes." In fact, one great specialist derives the gibbon from the common stock of man, and another derives the chimpanzee from the human line of development. In other words, man is the ancestor of these apes!

That man possesses definitely unique features does not disturb Dr. Hooton in his evolutionary faith. He is rather grudging in his admission that there are unique features at all. For one thing, that which has given us a Plato, a Dante, an Isaac Newton, is explained simply by reference to the greater complexity of brain structure. There is no unique human mind. "The only uniquely human feature of the skull is the jutting chin eminence." Articulate speech is mentioned, but together with the use of the hand in creating tools it is called "the only important item" separating man from the apes. We must read as far as page 362 before the erect posture and, with it, the human pelvis is introduced as a distinctive part of the skeleton. Gradually, however, the truth comes out. Man also (page 363) stands apart in having "relative to leg length, the shortest arms." On page 366 there is added the distinct and unique formation of the foot. If the reader has been intrigued by the drawings of the higher apes and man (the apes are shown skinned, nightmarish figures reminding one of the goons of the Popeye cartoon), as if the evolution of man from the brute were demonstrated by these comparative drawings, he need only to read with care the detail of the argument to become convinced that the apes are not "man's poor relations."

The Japanese Mind

IN PEACE JAPAN PREPARES FOR WAR. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1943. 326 pages. $2.50.

THIS fascinating study is the result of the author's years of intimate acquaintance with Japanese life. Motivated by the desire to become acquainted with the Far East, he arrived in Japan for the first time on July 1, 1924. That was the day on which the American Exclusion Act went into effect; and he noticed from the moment he set foot on the Land of the Rising Sun that his visit was strained by an attitude of resentment

which the Japanese showed toward America's policy of excluding the Orientals.

Through his association with Japanese from the various social strata, the author gained an insight into their traditions and mores, social institutions, religion, and the basic philosophy underlying their form of government and way of life.

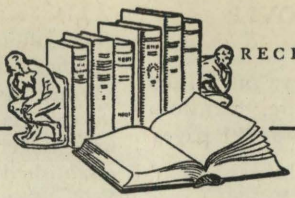
ANCESTOR worship binds the Japanese to the past and links him with the future. The present and the past, as well as the present and the future, are one and the same to him because he believes the dead have preceded him to the country of the gods and are waiting for him to join them there. Death is not feared by the Japanese. He regards it as the gateway to the land of his ancestors which unites him with the past. Self-inflicted death by hara-kiri is regarded a privilege, marked by a special ritual, and is sanctioned and sublimated if committed under traditionally approved conditions. This method of self-destruction by which the subject ends his life by cutting open his belly with a dagger is not the privilege of farmers nor women. It is reserved for men in more or less responsible positions.

The Japanese are trained in a stoical philosophy of life. Trials, hardships, and even catastrophes do not upset them emotionally. When a flood inundates a village and the homes must be evacuated, there is no panic. Such a visitation is accepted as a matter of course, and old and young adjust themselves to the situation as best they can without a murmur of complaint. Sickness in a home will not prevent extending the usual hospitality to a guest. The author relates how a Japanese doctor whose wife lay dying in one room of the house merely apologized for his wife's inability to meet the guest without informing him of her serious condition. The host then took his guest out to dinner and afterwards accompanied him to a number of amusement places in the city until after midnight. The very next day, so the author learned later, the doctor's wife died of cancer.

The Japanese are masters at hiding their feelings. Under profuse manifestations of politeness and humility, one may expect haughtiness and even treachery. Their language is used to that end. The author cites a Japanese explaining to him: "There are twenty ways of saying Mr., but every Japanese understands why each particular one is used, what degree of respect or disrespect it implies."

Shinto, the native and most ancient religion of Japan, includes worship of the Imperial ancestry. This form is regarded as the highest expression of patriotism by all classes. It causes the masses to worship daily at the numerous Shinto shrines; it inspires the soldier with the conviction that sacrificing his life for the cause of the Emperor is the highest virtue to which he may attain; and it leads the statesman, as it did in the case of General Nogi and his wife on the day of the Emperor's burial on September 12, 1912, to commit hara-kiri.

This book deserves to be read by every American who desires to understand the philosophy of life and the world view of our formidable foe in the Orient.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

By Betty Smith. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1943. 443 pages. $2.75.

THE story of the poor and underprivileged men, women, and children who eke out a bleak and scanty existence in the crowded slum districts of the great cities of the world has been told many, many times. In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* Betty Smith turns a bright spotlight on a tenement section of Brooklyn as she knew it in the days of her childhood. Through the eyes of the child Francie Nolan we see the drab ugliness, the disheartening squalor, the grinding poverty, and the infinite pathos which were as much a part of Williamsburg as the sun which gave it warmth and light during the long summer days and the bitter winds which swept through its streets during the cold months of winter. Miss Smith also makes us feel her own deep respect for the dignity and the valor of the poor. Indeed it is this sensitive and compassionate quality which gives a measure of distinction and distinctiveness to her book.

SOPHIE HALENCZIK, AMERICAN

By Rose C. Feld. Drawings by Alajálov. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1943. 176 pages. $2.00.

SOPHIE HALENCZIK needs no introduction to the readers of the *New Yorker* nor to those who have listened to the *Treasury Star Parade* radio program.

Born in Czechoslovakia, Sophie is an ardent advocate of all things American. To her the United States is a new and wonderful world, a land of fabulous opportunity. Sophie measures patriotism and devotion to country with a practical yardstick.

Is just I get mad when people think they are good Americans because they have lots of graves in the cemetery. You are born in this country. Maybe you don't know how wonderful it is, how you are the same like everybody else. But if you come from the old country, you know. Is like coming from a dark place where nothing grows good to a place with sunshine. That is why a greenhorn can be a good American the minute he is off the ship. Just like those Pilgrims what pray and thank God they are here.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

By Captain Ted W. Lawson. Edited by Robert Considine. Random House, New York. 1943. 221 pages. Illustrated. $2.00.

THIS breath-taking Book-of-the-Month Club selection has been having a phenomenally successful sale. It deals with great heroes and exemplary heroism. Captain Lawson himself took part in the Doolittle raid over Tokyo. He tells of the painstaking preparations that were made before the eventful flight, describes the history-making exploit itself, and recounts the adventures he had after his plane cracked up on the Chinese coast. If the Japs and the Germans could read *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,* they would realize to the full that our fighting men mean business and that they "have what it takes." The book is dedicated to the brave fliers who did not get back from the raid.

DANCING SAINTS

By Ann George Leslie. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1943. 307 pages. $2.50.

THIS book, which won an Avery Hopwood award at the University of Michigan in 1942, is not only a first novel of exceptional merit, it is also a valuable and well-documented bit of Americana. Ann George Leslie spent many months in careful and painstaking research into the history of the Shakers, a sect unique in its religious convictions and ceremonial customs.

The Society of Believers in the Second Coming of Christ was organized in England by one Ann Lee. In 1774 Mother Ann and nine devoted followers emigrated to America. The first Shaker settlement, or village, was established in New Lebanon, New York. The Shakers enjoyed a short-lived period of growth and expansion, and other family settlements were formed in Ohio, Kentucky, and the New England States. Today only a few small societies are still in existence.

Miss Leslie deserves unstinted praise for the restraint, tact, and understanding which she employs in presenting a difficult and delicate subject. Although she puts genuine warmth and sympathy into her portrayal of the religious fervor of the Shakers, their complete withdrawal from the outside world, their simple strength and integrity, and their quiet acceptance of changes and occurrences which unmistakably foreshadowed the ultimate dissolution of the Shaker communities, her views and conclusions remain completely objective.

INSIDE THE F. B. I.

By John J. Floherty. Foreword by J. Edgar Hoover. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, New York, and London. 1943. 192 pages. Illustrated. $2.00.

EVERY red-blooded citizen of the United States wants to know something about the Federal Bureau of Investigation. How does the famous organization go about performing its important services to our nation? What are its aims? What are its ac-

complishments John J. Floherty gives you the answers in simple language, and the many well-chosen illustrations are an invaluable adjunct to the text. The author shows in a graphic manner how the F. B. I. combats crime and ferrets out criminals; but he does not neglect to point out with equal clarity and vividness that the bureau pays no less attention to protecting the innocent than to bringing about convictions of those who are guilty. Our country has every reason to be proud of its wonderfully efficient investigating agency.

A BOOK OF STRANGE AND UNUSUAL STORIES

Edited by Whit Burnett. Illustrated by Carlotta Petrina. Dial Press, New York. 1943. 395 pages. $3.00.

IF you have a penchant for tales that are weird and fantastic, this extraordinary book is your meat. The stories will enable you to escape into a world filled with strange and beguiling flights of the imagination. You cannot forget them. The titles and the authors are: "The Camel," by Lord Berners; "Foot of the Giant," by Robert W. Cochran; "Pecos Bill and the Willful Coyote," by William C. White; "Two Bottles of Relish," by Lord Dunsany; "The Portable Mrs. Tillson," by Whitfield Cook; "Mr. Sycamore," by Robert Ayre; "That's What Happened to Me," by Michael Fessier; "John Duffy's Brother," By Flann O'Brien; "The Man-Fish of North Creek," by Trondby Fenstad; "No Dawn," by William A. Krauss; "Horse in the Apartment," by Frances Eisenberg; "The Night Before," by Christopher Gerould; "A Carp's Love," by Anton Chekhov; "The Night of the Gran Baile Mascara," by Whit Burnett; "Harold Peavey's Fast Cow," by George Cronyn; "The Arbutus Collar," by Jeremiah Digges; and "Congo," by Stuart Cloete.

ARCHIBALD THE GREAT

By Clarence Buddington Kelland. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1943. 301 pages. $2.50.

MR. KELLAND has a wide reputation as a story-teller. He does not write epoch-making novels, but he does spin a good yarn. If he should be accused of riding a certain type of plot to the limit, it may truthfully be said in his defense that he does not become stale and hackneyed. For a bit of escape reading we recommend this story to our readers. It is about Archibald Cloyd, a Hollywood consultant and expert on Napoleona, who has acquired a Napoleon complex. He gets mixed up with the black market activities of a gang of tire thieves, first in Los Angeles and then in the Arizona desert where the movie company went on location. The story ends satisfactorily with Archibald less the pompous and egotistical individual that he at first appears to be.

Verse

Requiem of Solomons' Shore

Desolate graves
in a place unknown,
where sedge-grass waves,
by breezes blown.
The eerie call
of the lonely loon.
The weary drawl
of the frog bassoon
sound requiem,
taps' burial-chant,
to lament over them
when sunbeams slant,
and night rushes down
with a fleet of cloud
and a pall of gloom
for a funeral shroud
o'er the graves—
their graves,
a place unknown
where sedge-grass waves,
by breezes blown.

—GEORGE ROSSMAN.

Recollection

Here as I mused, I saw an old familiar view,
And felt what seemed an old familiar touch,
But I am at a loss to know
If it was merely phantasy or really true,
For I have dreamt so much . . . .
For I have dreamt so much. . . . .

—JAROSLAV VAJDA.

Early Invasion

Behind its floriform frontier
My sheltered garden knew no fear
As opening petals poured their boon
Of attar-incense to the noon .....

What had this realm of color done
To break a peace pact with the sun?
No state of war had been declared,
No arm-for-action bugle blared;

Yet in the night the flake-bombs fell
On Beauty's cultured citadel
And suddenly all, all was lost
To the blitz legions of the frost.

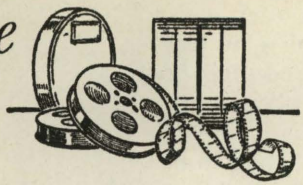
—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

Hope

There is an hour for the hopeless heart,
When out of all the pain forgetfulness can bring
When through the shadowed passages of soul
The faintest whisper comes and tells of better days.
On hope alone must this heart feed—on this alone
Support itself, its work, its gifts, its love, its prayers—
By this last gift—which none can take save death—
It must survive or find this gift was bitter too.

Tonight

Suddenly time grows timeless, and over the earth
The darkness comes down, and the men of the day
With their push and their drive grow quiet a while.
Outside their passing still caused the air to stir;
But inside the quiet is deep, and the dark is soft.
This is the time for the remembering heart—the time
Of tears and choked up longings—This is the time
The heart alone can tell—of which men write
Who are as dull as I—This is tonight!

The  *Motion Picture*

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

BEFORE you—gently and casually—toss the name of William Saroyan into almost any gathering of devotees of literature and the drama, either be sure that your powder is dry or be prepared to beat a hasty retreat. For Mr. Saroyan continues to be the Peck's Bad Boy and the problem child of the literary world. Readers and play-goers seem to be either violently for him or just as violently "agin" him. There are those who find his writings stimulating and beautiful; others consider his work affected and meaningless. Mr. Saroyan himself has this to say of his writing:

Although my writing is clear enough for a child to enjoy it, a lot of nice people pretend to find no meaning in it. I suspect these people of deliberate teasing, with the intention of irritating me into making a fool of myself in a long essay about Saroyan and his quarrel with society. Although I do not regard these people as personal enemies or advocate cancellation of their citizenship, I can't believe they are sincere. I think they're kidding. My work is as simple as simple can be.

So says Saroyan. Sez *he!*

Mr. Saroyan's first novel is written in a style which is literally as simple as simple can be. Originally conceived as a movie scenario and, as an afterthought, expanded into a novel, *The Human Comedy* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1943) is a typically Saroyanesque mixture of pathos and bathos. Into the lines spoken by the characters he has created the author has poured his own staunch belief in the inherent goodness of man and his own soaring and eloquent enthusiasm for life and living. In book form *The Human Comedy* has been in great demand. Undoubtedly the screen version, made by M-G-M under the expert direction of Clarence Brown, will be no less popular. The story of simple, homely people living their simple, homely lives in a typical Amer-

ican small town in wartime is, as Bosley Crowther, of the *New York Times,* somewhat acidulously observes, "that happy-ending, golden-sunset pattern so adored by producers of films." Nevertheless, *The Human Comedy* is well worth seeing. The cast is excellent, the individual performances are good, and there are moments in which the picture is intensely moving.

Some months have passed since John Steinbeck's novel, *The Moon Is Down,* touched off a loud and passionate controversy. Many charges were hurled at Mr. Steinbeck's head. He was accused of portraying Nazi officers as intelligent human beings who might conceivably possess a spark of understanding and sympathy, and it was charged that, by indirection, he advocated patience and acquiescence in the face of Nazi invasion and domination. A careful and intelligent reading of the novel easily refutes all these accusations. It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Steinbeck intended (1) to indict the vicious and inhuman *system* which brutalized and degraded the German people and (2) to underscore the indisputable fact that the most effective weapon against this evil creed is the indomitable spirit of free men. The screen version of *The Moon Is Down* (20th Century-Fox, Irving Pickel) is a faithful translation of the book. We have had a superabundance of releases in which the appalling brutality of the Nazi marauders has been portrayed with fury and abandon. Not one of these films has been as effective as *The Moon Is Down;* for this picture, in its cool, considered way, heavily underscores the age-old truth which is the final hope of this or any other generation: that right must triumph over might.

Designated as a tribute to the men of the United States Merchant Marine, *Action in the North Atlantic* (Warner Bros.) serves to remind us of the tremendous debt which, as a nation, we owe to the heroic seamen who keep our great freight convoys moving through submarine-infested waters. With customary obtuseness Hollywood has whittled down the stirring drama of the high seas to fit the stock measurements of fictional melodrama.

Bombardier (RKO-Radio, Richard Wallace) is also a true Hollywood brain-child. Though there are many fine flying sequences and many interesting details concerning the training of our gallant young bombardiers, this film must be labeled "chiefly hokum."

The last of the war films on my list is one guaranteed to make the gorge rise. The theme of *China* (Paramount, John Farrow) is another silly rehash of the thoroughly shopworn tale of the regenera-

tion of an American heel. It differs in only one respect from a dozen equally unimpressive predecessors in that it appropriates the name of an ancient and honorable nation. Even the makers of motion pictures should know a little more about China. Wouldn't you think so?

One of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most novel, pictures to be released in many months is *Stage Door Canteen* (United Artists, Frank Borzage). Nearly all the brightest stars of the entertainment world may be seen in this film giving cheerfully and graciously of their time and talent to provide rest and recreation for the men in the armed services.

Mary O'Hara's idyllic story of the small boy and his horse has been fashioned into a restful, sun-drenched pastoral episode. Filmed in technicolor, *My Friend Flicka* (20th Century-Fox) glowingly portrays the great natural beauty of the state of Utah.

They're in again—Abbott and Costello in their eleventh venture before the camera. *Hit the Ice* (Universal) is still just Abbott and Costello in their customary funny stuff. The locale changes; the routine remains the same.

Mr. Lucky (RKO-Radio, H. C. Potter) is a gaudy comedy which in days gone by, would have been called *A Gangster's Redemption* or *The Reform of Gus the Gambler.* Get the idea? A modern setting does little more than change the façade of an old, old idea.

Stormy Weather (20th Century-Fox) presents an impressive array of talent in a loose-jointed and somewhat unwieldy all-Negro musical show. Good in spots, it falls far short of what one might reasonably expect from so many gifted performers.

An immense amount of ecstatic ballyhoo and high-powered publicity to the contrary notwithstanding, *Dixie* (Paramount, A. Edward Sutherland) is a very dull picture — and a silly one. Purportedly the life-story of Dan Emmett, the famous minstrel man and the author of the immortal "Dixie," this film wanders far from the actual facts. Its only slight claim to distinction is the marvelously effective technicolor. This is equally true of *Coney Island* (20th Century-Fox). As a true picture of Coney Island as the well-known amusement park looked in 1905 the film leaves much to be desired. Betty Grable fans, however, will no doubt indulge in their customary nip-ups of joy and approval.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

The Uncommon Man

Sir:

I have it on the authority of a major-general, a chaplain, a dental surgeon, and a first-sergeant that I am engaged in a struggle for a better world. But the Vice-President of the United States says we are headed for the Century of the Common Man. So I don't know who's right.

The regrettable fact is that if we are to have a better world, we must make a place for what a Harvard professor has called the Uncommon Man. In a democracy, I know, it is good politics to speak with an almost religious reverence of the common man. But, unfortunately, democracy more than any other form of government needs uncommon men. Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts—all were or are uncommon men. Lincoln, especially, was so much above his environment that he could not help becoming what he became.

If we are looking for a better world to be built by gallused, "howdy-folks" neighbors, we will still be looking when Gabriel sounds retreat. Our best hope is the hope of training young men physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually for intelligent and unselfish leadership in our society. Under such leadership the common man will be able to live securely and peacefully. Without such leadership the common man will continue to grope in the dark for a guide and will end up, as in Germany, by grabbing onto leaders who dazzle but do not light the way toward the better world for which we think we are fighting.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER.
Camp Butner, N. C.

The Cresset in the Armed Forces

Sir:

I enjoy reading THE CRESSET very much, and there's no need to say that we can't read long articles or novels. For that reason condensed and interesting articles are the best source of information.

Wishing you continued success and looking forward to future publications, I remain,

LT. JOHN A. ARMON.
Camp Ellis, Ill.

Sir:

I enjoy reading THE CRESSET and would surely like to have it to follow me wherever I go. This magazine is pleasantly refreshing and wholesome in the life of any serviceman. The book and motion picture reviews also are of interest and do in some cases cause me to formulate certain opinions I didn't have before. I hope that THE CRESSET may continue and

even increase its circulation with God's blessings.

CPL. CARL F. MUELLER.
Fort Bliss, Texas

Sir:

Please send me THE CRESSET to my new address below. This magazine is one of the very best which comes to my desk every month. I look forward to its regular visits.

CHAPLAIN G. A. SCHELLHASE.
Camp Beauregard, La.

Sir:

THE CRESSET was sent to me as a gift, shortly after I was in service; and it's one of the finest and most welcome gifts anyone could want. I certainly enjoy it. We're kept pretty busy, but I usually find time to sit down and read THE CRESSET through from cover to cover as soon as it comes.

PVT. DOROTHY E. PISKE.
Cochran Field, Macon, Ga.

Bouquets for Miss Lange

Sir:

With each copy of THE CRESSET, my friends and I would wonder what had happened to Helen Myrtis Lange —no poems again. That is, until a recent issue, which to our great delight carried two of her poems.

We have read your magazine from the very first issue and had come to regard this poet as part of our CRESSET reading pleasure. Now there is something missing when her poems do not appear. Perhaps you'll make them a regular feature of your magazine from now on? That would make many of us very happy.

We also enjoy the Pilgrim, the articles, book reviews, and the letters to the editor page.

THEILA GROCK.
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

Sir:

Congratulations to Helen Myrtis Lange for her poems "To One Who Listens" and "A Writer's Prayer" in THE CRESSET. There is real talent in these poems, don't you agree? May we have more of them?

HULDA K. KRATZKE.
Wallingford, Connecticut

Suggestions

Sir:

Although THE CRESSET has its faults it is still a grand publication. In fact, I feel duty-bound to support it because it is the only magazine of the Lutheran Church which is fighting for us on the intellectual front.

Suggestions:

1. How about a section of some issue devoted to contemporary American art, or an article on regionalism in art, Grant Wood, Benton, etc.? Don't bury yourself too much in the Italian classics.

2. How about bringing the motion picture reviews up-to-date? Personally, I would like to see a little guidance before one sees a picture rather than comment afterward. I was surprised to find that your reviewer did not denounce the profanity in *In Which We Serve.*

3. How about an article on the

legitimate theatre? I think there are many of us who love the theatre, but who love our Christian principles more. We need guidance. For instance, recently I went to a legit in San Francisco to see *Claudia,* walked out after Act I. The profanity was disturbing, not to speak of questionable dialogue. What shall a Christian think of plays like *Arsenic and Old Lace, Life with Father, The Dough-girls,* etc.? Or, may we not think of them?

WALTER J. BIEHL.

Stockton, Calif.

Thank You

Sir:

The other day I was looking through your last CRESSET issue and was so much impressed with the high quality of your material that I couldn't figure out just why I had been so slow about becoming a subscriber. Therefore I hasten to enclose my check of $2.00 for my subscription.

PHILIP S. DYBVIG.

Northfield, Minn.

Sir:

I certainly consider it a most fortunate day when a friend of mine drew my attention to THE CRESSET. I have gotten the greatest enjoyment and benefit from it ever since. From its first to its last article, the Christian attitude presented is priceless. May your good work prosper!

LILLIAN E. SMITH.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Apologies to Mrs. Holt

Sir:

Kindly inform your reviewer of "George Washington Carver" that Rackham Holt, the author of "George Washington Carver," is MRS. Holt. She is the wife of the publisher Guy Holt. This is the first of her writings which have appeared in her name. She has ghost-written several other books.

As for the Sacred Cow, guess we've aired our opinion on that subject before. Ours seems to have been the only "hollering" done on the subject of Mrs. Cow. We look forward to the day (in the not too distant future) when the M and MM column's writer has returned to ordinary discussions with just, say, human beings.

MRS. WALTER HOMMEL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

From a Gideon

Sir:

Please pardon this delay in commenting on "A Silver Lining" which appeared in the May issue of THE CRESSET, since today is the first time I saw this issue.

I wish to express my appreciation for this wonderful article, since our church magazines seldom devote any space to the Gideons. I do hope that this article may be the means by which many of our members will learn to know the great work being done by the Gideons, with God's help.

GIDEON HERBERT A. RIEDEL.

Chicago, Illinois

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

ONE autumn evening a few years ago we saw a small, bent figure cross the campus of the University of Chicago. Under the light of a street lamp we recognized one of the great figures of modern history, the president of the Czechoslovakian government in exile, Edvard Benes. Ever since that evening we have been deeply interested in this somewhat mysterious and tragic figure. Few men in the modern political scene have been more consistently democratic and more splendidly courageous in the application of democratic principles to the life of Europe than Edvard Benes. Our major article this month is written by the affectionate hands of two friends of the great statesman. Their firsthand account of Mr. Benes and his work is excellent and important reading.

Our guest reviewer this month is E. E. Goehring, Assistant Professor of Business and Economics, at Valparaiso University *(Economics in Uniform).*

We remain in a perpetual state of amazement over the quality and quantity of verse submitted. Gradually we are acquiring a number of staff poets whose work appears in our columns regularly. Verse is contributed by George Rossman *(Requiem of Solomon's Shore),* Jaroslav Vajda *(Recollection),* Roland Ryder-Smith *(Early Invasion),* Thomas Curtis Clark *(The Lost Word),* and Ethel Peak *(Shadows).*

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