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Walther League

MAY 1944

THE CRESSET

"High Adventure"
by A. C. Meier

Improving Race Relationships

The Emptying Campuses

Music and Flowers

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Twenty-five Cents

Vol. VII No. 7

THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

One Great Brotherhood

THE Bible story of Adam and Eve, father and mother of the whole human race, told centuries ago the same truth that science has shown today: that all the peoples of the earth are a single family and have a common origin." Not medievally-minded mystics, not literalistically inclined theological professors, but two eminent anthropologists recently advanced this claim in their widely read pamphlet, *Races of Mankind.* They are Professor Ruth Benedict and Dr. Gene Weltfish, both of Columbia University. Having laid down their thesis, the authors demonstrate that there is no such thing as racial superiority and inferiority, and that external differences among men such as texture of head hair, amount of body hair, shape of the nose or head, and color of the eyes and skin are non-essentials.

We are, at this moment, not concerned about the sociological and ethical implications which these two scientists draw from their thesis, though these are being hotly debated throughout the country. We are interested now in their claim that modern science recognizes a common ancestry of all peoples. Though the authors of *Races of Mankind* do not attempt to explain in detail various "racial" differences: how, for example, people living near the equator *developed* a darker skin color than those who settled to the north of them; why in some places in Asia a fold of skin *developed* over the inner corner of the eye and produced what we call a slant eye; and why the types of blood known today as A, B, and

AB cannot be mixed with one another without clumping—difficulties which science may never be able to solve satisfactorily—we are glad to know that these two scientists agree with the record in Genesis and with the statement made by St. Paul in cultured Athens when, preaching on Mars Hill, he told the philosophers of his day, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men" (Acts 17:26). After centuries of groping and guessing with respect to the problem of race, scientists are once more agreed that the Bible is right. And after many decades in which even Christian theologians and Bible students relegated the first two chapters of Genesis to the limbo of Jewish mythology or allegory, two scientists of our day tell the world, "The races of mankind are what the Bible says they are— brothers. In their bodies is the record of their brotherhood."

It is true, as the Bible teaches, the people of the world form *one* brotherhood, they have a common ancestry. While it is important that our generation recognizes this truth, it is vastly more important that it recognizes three other Biblical truths. They are the trinity of divine truths: "*All* have sinned," "Christ died for *all*," and "God would have *all* men to be saved." Only in the measure and to the extent that people throughout the world, scientists and non-scientists, accept also this trinity of truths, only in that degree will they be empowered adequately to appreciate the significance of the one brotherhood of man and to strive toward improving the temporal and eternal safety of that brotherhood.

Improving Race Relationships

ONE would be ungrateful if he failed to take note of the widespread efforts which Americans are putting forth in the way of improving race relationships. There are in existence such well-known organizations as these: the East-West Association, the China Institute, the Phelps-Stokes Foundation, the Council Against Intolerance in America, the Council on Intercultural Relations, the Bureau for Intercultural Education, the Rosenwald Foundation, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. There are similar organizations within various church bodies and within labor unions. We note also President Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 8802 toward eliminating discrimination in employment in plants with war contracts. Furthermore, a vast number of books has recently been published in which writers analyze and attack the race problem and offer

constructive suggestions. Likewise, periodicals are keeping the issue alive and are submitting sociological data, the result oftentimes of a large amount of research.

American citizens have every reason to be proud of these efforts to improve race relationships. These efforts are another indication that the American people are desirous to solve also the race problem in our country as they have solved many other problems. In spite of loud-mouthed and hard-fisted individuals who are fomenting race discrimination, a sane interest in the race problem continues, a promising sign and a rift in the dark cloud of racial prejudices.

Let us imagine for a moment that this interest were not there. Let us imagine that in our country majorities are forming solid blocks against minority racial groups, that segregation of races is carried through with stern logic and in every department of social relationships. If that were so, there could be only one result: unjustifiable suppressions, cruelties and brutalities which would find their equal only in Nazi-dominated countries. We need to be thankful that things are otherwise.

But when we have said all this, the fact still remains that the problem of race relationships has not yet been fully solved. The fact remains also that some organizations are dispensing information and counsel which is altogether unrealistic and ineffective. Furthermore, many noble suggestions fail to prescribe and supply the dynamic which is necessary if these suggestions are to materialize. When we are told, for example: Only the people themselves can end racial discrimination through understanding, sympathy, and public action, we have a right to inquire: How shall the people do this? Or when we are told that we must re-condition the American mind through new processes of education, we again inquire: What are these new processes?

In a pamphlet which bears the title *A B C's of Scapegoating,* the authors say in one of their concluding paragraphs:

> From casual observation it seems that, taken as a group, scientists are relatively free from scapegoating tendencies; so, too, people thoroughly imbued with the Christian philosophy of life; perhaps likewise those who are well informed concerning cultures other than their own; also perhaps, people with a high degree of general education—although here one suspects it is the *kind* of education rather than the *amount* that counts.

We do not know on what grounds the authors claim that scientists are relatively free from scapegoating. We trust they are. On the other hand, we are happy

to note the admission that people thoroughly imbued with the Christian philosophy of life are relatively free from scapegoating tendencies. We have never doubted this. But therein lies the tremendous challenge that all American Christians, whether they be scientists or not, whether they be educated or not, continue to exert their influence of brotherly consideration for all peoples regardless of the color of their skin and their status in the social order.

Missionaries to Japan—Two Kinds

RECENTLY a Japanese Christian friend handed us a fascinating little book entitled *The Omi Brotherhood in Nippon.* It told the story of a heroic and resourceful young Christian layman, William Merrell Vories, who arrived in Japan in 1905 as a teacher of English in a provincial academy. Through a combination of remarkable circumstances – plus a burning missionary zeal – Vories became the pioneer of a Christian movement in the province of Omi that grew like the proverbial mustard-seed and spread far and wide the beneficent influence of the Christian Gospel. While the movement was essentially evangelistic in character, it essayed also to demonstrate that "Christianity really works" and to that end launched a series of industrial enterprises which were operated purely on Christian principles. Vories and his co-workers showed a skeptical community that Christianity *does* work—even in business! What is more, all the profits from the business were devoted to the furtherance of Christian mission work in Japan. No subsidy from America was ever required.

What has become of the Omi Brotherhood since the outbreak of the present war we, of course, have no way of knowing. But we are sure that even now, in the Land of the Rising Sun, there are 7,000 —and more—who have not bowed the knee to the Japanese Baal. And we cannot but reflect, a bit sadly, that if we had sent to Japan more men like Dr. Vories, aflame with the love of Christ, bearing the message of life, we might not now have to send against her our sons and brothers on the mission of death. We could not spare our thousands to Christianize Japan; now we must spend our billions to destroy Japan.

Is Stalin a Realist?

THE factors that lead to warfare among nations are infinitely more powerful than the most carefully laid plans of any single ruler. Stalin should look searchingly in-

to the future. Then, if he is the realist he is said to be, he will see that neither he nor his successors, neither brutal regimentation nor the systematic acquisition of buffer territory, neither collectivism nor capitalism (toward which the U.S.S.R. seems to be tending), will be strong enough to avert another horrible conflagration in blood-drenched Europe if every noble thought expressed in the Atlantic Charter is brushed aside.

The Russians have been fighting valiantly and victoriously for their homeland, and, in doing so, they have inflicted mortal wounds on the enemy who threw down the gauntlet to us. We honor the heroic men, women, and children of the U.S.S.R., and we are deeply grateful to them for all they have done to help our own cause; but one sometimes wonders whether Stalin is as farsighted with respect to what may happen after the present war as he was when years ago a clear realization of Hitler's designs upon Russia caused him to bend every effort to prepare his country to resist the Nazi attack.

The United States has gone to great lengths to avoid friction among the United Nations and has given Russia substantial help. But has Stalin done his share toward eliminating disunity among those who are fighting Germany to the death? We know that it is Stalin's duty to be concerned about the best interests of his own country; yet we have every right to urge him to bear in mind that he will not be serving Russia well if he sows seed which, sooner or later, will sprout into a third world-catastrophe. In other words, we have a right to ask Stalin to be a realist.

Postwar Property Surpluses For Schools

SCHOOL men have on several occasions expressed interest in the disposal of surplus government war property. At the meeting of chief state school officials held in Milwaukee early this year, Superintendent of Schools Dexter of California suggested a resolution expressing education's "interest" in the machine tools now being used by public vocational schools to train war workers. Superintendent Norton of Alabama added that educators also have an interest in the visual equipment now being used by the Army and Navy.

There is little in the Baruch-Hancock *Report on War and Post-War Adjustment Policies,* however, to suggest that schools would receive much of the government surplus property free. The report's emphasis throughout is on *sell:* "Sell as much and as early without unduly disrupting

normal trade; get fair market prices for the values with proceeds of all sales going to reduce the national debt; sell as in a goldfish bowl with records always open to public inspection."

Meanwhile, more than a dozen bills have appeared in Congress seeking to direct the disposal of surplus government property after the war, which is reasonably estimated to be about 75 billion dollars.

Most welcome to the schools would have been S. 1609, introduced by Senator Murray, with a companion bill by Representative Starnes. This bill provided that tools shall be made available without charge to schools to promote training and instruction in the skills and sciences.

Since the Federal Bureau of the Budget objects to free distribution of war goods and educators have exerted little pressure in support of the bill, it is not considered active legislation.

Probably taking precedence over all bills relating to war material will be S. 1730, the George-Murray bill. The bill provides for an Office of Demobilization to close war contracts and dispose of material "so as to preserve and strengthen the American system of free competitive enterprise, to promote full employment and to prevent monopoly."

Although the schools are not mentioned specifically, as the bill now reads, they are not precluded from receiving part of such by language of the legislation. It is the opinion of educators following this matter to seek an amendment to authorize the transfer of surplus materials, appropriate for educational service, to the nation's schools.

On the other hand, legislation worded like Senator Nye's bill, S. 1680, to provide for disposition of surplus war materials by awarding them to the highest responsible bidder does preclude the schools from sharing in planes, engines, jeeps, and machine tools. Schools could never hope to compete with the gigantic organizations now forming to take over war goods.

The Emptying Campuses

THE Army Specialized Training Program is rapidly winding down. The Service Commands are cancelling contracts with individual universities and colleges—and as the American Council on Education says, "decreasing the opportunities for colleges and universities to serve in the war."

Meanwhile, the higher institutions of learning are looking to the seventeen-year-olds to refill the emptying campuses. The American Council on Education esti-

mates that approximately 150,000 seventeen-year-old boys took the March 15 examination. The number who qualify and who, after notification of successful passing of the test, volunteer for the program cannot be known until late in April or early in May. The expanded program will not be in full operation until about July 1.

It is probable that the seventeen-year-old Reservists will be assigned to institutions under contract similar to those assigned to the Army Specialized Training Program. The men will be housed and fed as a unit. The curricula will be prescribed, and, for the most part, will be comparable to basic ASTP. The question of uniforms is still under discussion. So, too, are policies regarding the extent of military regulations that will be prescribed for the group.

Because of the inability at this time to predict the number of men who will be in the program, the selection of specific institutions must be kept in abeyance temporarily. The need for facilities to house and feed a unit of two to three hundred as a minimum will bar many institutions from participating in the program. Also, even if the maximum number of men volunteer for the reserve program, the number will be very much less than those withdrawn from institutions that had the ASTP and the Army Air Force College Program. In the light of these two facts, it is highly improbable that any new institutions will be added to the list of those already "approved" for such programs.

Further aggravating conditions in colleges and universities is the decision of the Army Air Forces to suspend air crew training in eighty-one colleges and universities. More than 40,000 air crew students will be withdrawn from the participating institutions by June 30.

A Lone Wolf

EVERYONE agrees that the United States, Great Britain, and Russia will underwrite the peace after the United Nations have won the war; but is there, and will there be, unanimity of purpose and desire among those three great powers? Rumor has it that of late Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill have not always been seeing eye to eye, and it is certain that Marshal Stalin has made up his own mind about more than one vexing question. The ruler of Russia has said in effect, "I have my own plans, and I propose to carry them out as I see fit. Take it or leave it."

At present it seems as though the United States and Great Britain will take it *and* leave it, as though the Atlantic Charter will

go down in history as a beautiful but futile document, as though Stalin, like Hitler, does not care a fig about such things as self-determination and the rights of the little nations that happen to be his neighbors. It is evident that the strong man in the Kremlin is bound and determined to feather Russia's nest in his own way regardless of what others may think and believe. He intends, so it appears, to take the Baltic States, Bessarabia, eastern Poland, and part of Bukovina into the Russian maw. Why? He will tell you, if he deigns to speak at all, that he will do all this because of a sincere desire to bring peace to his land—peace which will enable him to complete the task which Hitler interrupted so brutally and so unceremoniously by unleashing the German armies against the U.S.S.R. in 1941. Perhaps Stalin argues that the kind of collective security he is striving for will assure freedom from want and freedom from fear to those nations which he intends to incorporate in the Soviet Union; but how can he, a nationalist of the nationalists, forget that nationalism wants to remain nationalism even at the expense of freedom from want and freedom from fear? Will it pay him in the long run to be a lone wolf?

A New Symphony

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH is a lucky man. At any rate, most of his fellow-composers would consider him lucky. He has been in the limelight for a long time; but the past two years have given him far more publicity than any writer of music has ever enjoyed. There was world-wide interest when, less than twenty-four months ago, Arturo Toscanini conducted the *première* of Shostakovich's *Leningrad Symphony* in our country, and there was far greater interest when, on Sunday afternoon, April 2, 1944, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra presented the first performance in the Western Hemisphere of his *Eighth Symphony* under the leadership of Artur Rodzinski. Even the countries at war with Russia took heed.

The world has not been in the habit of paying such highly concentrated attention to those who compose music. During their lifetime Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Wagner, and other masters never received as much acclaim as is being showered upon Shostakovich. Even today those mighty giants do not arouse the feverish interest which attended the *première* of the Russian's latest work.

How will all this affect Shostakovich himself? How will it affect

the music that will continue to come from his facile pen? There were, and still are, vigorous doubts as to the worth of his somewhat sensational *Leningrad Symphony;* but more than one competent critic has found striking beauty in his *Eighth*—beauty which, to their thinking, proves beyond question that it would be rash to speak of Shostakovich as a spoiled darling of fortune.

Youth of Nazareth

The gold and dusk of Galilee
Wrought glory in His face
As He, a youth of Nazareth,
Worked 'round His father's place
And builded strength enough to bear
The burden of his Race.

The burden—from the crime of Cain
Through wilderness to Jericho—
(In bondage time and time again)
That Hebrew flesh might know,
With judges, kings, and prophets, how
Their erring feet must go.

Sometimes the glory in His eyes
Made Him sit days apart
To meditate on solemn things
He kept within His heart;
But He was known as Joseph's son
Within the village mart!

How must the calm, Judean hills
Have wrought upon His sight
The ageless gleam of soul-winged man—
Beyond the stars of night—
That He should dare the dark of death
To lead the world aright!

—Rudolph N. Hill

The  PILGRIM

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

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

April Rain

A SLOW rain is falling today and the April sky is gray . . . This evening the night will again close in, cold and sharp, with just a touch of winter in the air . . . This morning, however, has a texture all its own. . . . A summer rain is always a momentary contradiction in a world of color, life, and light. . . . A winter rain blends perfectly with the drab stillness of the land. . . . Only an April rain is neither contrast nor agreement. . . . It is shy and tentative, like the first touches of morning upon the trees and the early flowers on which it falls as a sure promise of summer. . . . There is a note of impermanence, of transition, of interlude. . . . This strange fusion of gray and green cannot last. . . . Its essence is in the nature of a mood, like the moment when night is gone and day has not yet come. . . It seems as if the earth must pause for one more deep breath before it can sustain the life of another summer. . . . To be near it and alone with it can be a glad and solemn experience, particularly in these hours of the world's waiting. . . .

This afternoon I used the hush of the day to walk around some land which our school has recently bought. . . . There is something mysteriously warm about the ownership of a small part of the surface of our planet, something of the essence of permanence and impermanence. . . . These good acres now belong to us, but they will still be here when we have gone. . . . Ownership of the good earth may be a little dangerous, too. . . . Our roots may cut too deep and our desire to stay become too strong. . . . A little of it, however, is perhaps good for the soul. . . . A place for dreams to come to rest. . . . Here, where last year's corn stands bent and brown, there will be a soaring chapel in which generations yet unborn will wait for the coming of God; here through

the gully there will be a winding path on which youth will walk, dreaming of a day which I shall not see; here on this flat and high plateau the library will stand, holding in its four walls the ends of the earth. . . . Is there really anything better in life than to build for the years beyond one's own brief span and to cast bread on waters which will return only after more days than one's own? . . . Also that may be vanity, our nature being what it is. . . . But at least it is not sterility and momentary effort. . . .

Back to the house as the early shadows fall. . . . A day like this, bringing the awareness of nature and the changing years, always drives me to the book of Job, or to the Psalms, or, on another level, to *Walden*. . . . No one in America has caught the mood of the seasons as accurately as Thoreau. . . . This was the spring of 1846:

The first sparrow of spring! The year beginning with younger hope than ever! The faint silvery warblings heard over the partially bare and moist fields from the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the red-wing, as if the last flakes of winter tinkled as they fell! The brooks sing carols and glees to the spring. The marsh hawk, sailing low over the meadow, is already seeking the first slimy life that awakes. The sinking sound of melting snow is heard in all dells, and the ice dissolved apace in the ponds. The grass flames up on the hillsides like a spring fire—*et primitus oritur herba imbribus primoribus evocata*—as if the earth sent forth an inward heat to greet the returning sun; not yellow but green is the color of its flame;—the symbol of perpetual youth, the grass-blade, like a long green ribbon, streams from the sod into the summer, checked indeed by the frost, but anon pushing on again, lifting its spear of last year's hay with the fresh life below. It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that, for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass-blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream, and the mower draws from it betimes their winter supply. So our human life but dies down to its root, and still puts forth its green blade to eternity.

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening, reflecting a summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon. I heard a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose

note I shall not forget for many a thousand more—the same sweet and powerful song as of yore. O the evening robin, at the end of a New England summer day!

Resurrexit

A NOTE for the season between the Resurrection and the day of Pentecost . . . Late last night I read John Farrar's biographical sketch of Stephen Vincent Benét, *For the Record*. . . . Few men in our history have contributed more to our understanding of America, its startling paradoxes, and its groping idealism. . . . It is worth noting that in his later years Benét turned again and again to the difficult task of interpreting faith to America's radio audience. . . . On December 21, 1942, "The Cavalcade of America" presented his exquisite "A Child Is Born" and shortly after this broadcast, Mr. Farrar writes:

Homer Fickett asked him to do an Easter play for Cavalcade. He had been thinking for many weeks of the idea and plan for this and the day before he died he had told Rosemary that he was ready to write it. He had read and re-read the story of the Resurrection as it is recorded in the four Gospels and he told her that he was convinced that the disciples had all seen the same thing at the tomb and afterward and that their accounts of what they had seen differed only as any group of reporters or correspondents might differ in describing the same great event which they had witnessed. . . .

He was convinced that the truth was in those reports, the truth of the Resurrection. This would have been another great modern parable from a man of great faith.

This discussion with Rosemary was on Friday. After his death, early Saturday morning, she went to his desk. The New Testament was there, with a matchcase marking the place at the end of the Gospel according to John. Beside it were two sheets of yellow paper. On one sheet was just the title underlined:

The Watchers by the Stone

On the other, these notes:

30 pieces of silver
Earthquake
Joseph's own tomb
Day before Sabbath
Put in tomb
Resurrection occurred Monday

It is impossible to know why Steve wrote "Monday" instead of "Sunday." His own funeral was on the following Monday. . . .

The Painful Truth

DURING the past few months I have had considerable contact with the public press. . . . Reluctantly I must admit that the experience has not been entirely happy. . . . The first and last rule of good journalism is accuracy. . . . "Get the facts" was pounded into us by all our teachers. . . . This

basic principle seems, however, to be forgotten. . . . Almost every story is written in terms of "reader interest" rather than truth. . . . This results in a distortion of emphasis which often comes close to downright falsehood. . . . One may, for example, give a reporter a story containing five facts, two of them major, and three minor. . . . Almost invariably the journalist will choose one of the incidental facts and play it up out of all proportion to its real value. . . . Every reader knows how important the context of a given sentence may become. . . . A statement torn out of its context can easily mean something very different from the speaker's intention. . . . I have seldom read a newspaper story during the past five years which has not made mistakes in this respect. . . . On the whole, small town newspapers seem to be better than our great metropolitan dailies. . . . If they are not completely accurate in their report of local events, a leading citizen will barge into the office breathing fire and brimstone. . . . The vast impersonality of the metropolitan press provides no check like that. . . . Our only safeguard is the reporter's integrity and respect for truth. . . . It should be clear to every American that our press must remain free. . . . It is an essential part of our democratic way of life. . . . It must, however, be a responsible freedom which is sharply conscious of its duty to the requirements of truth and the rights of the individual.

It is true, of course, that often the hapless reporter finds himself tied by conventions or the vagaries of libel laws. . . . His hidden wishes are amusingly set forth by Sydney J. Harris in the *Chicago Daily News*. . . . Mr. Harris reprints the report of a journalist who had decided to tell the truth about one of the interminable banquets through which American organizations stagger toward their objectives. . . . He points out that every reporter worth his salt has at one time or another yearned to write two stories—first a truthful interview with a pompous politician, and, second, an objective account of a typical banquet. . . . The reporter's own uninhibited story, Mr. Harris feels, would read like this:

> Four hundred members of the Do-Nothing Club, who had quarreled with their wives last night and didn't want to stay home, were guests at a banquet in honor of the club's retiring president, George Spelvin, who is probably the emptiest windbag in the Northwest Territory.
>
> The toastmaster, Bert Blowhard, was an insufferable bore, with a burleycue sense of humor and an irritating habit of roaring loudly at his own half-witticisms—which periodically woke up at least 200 of the post-prandial snoozers.

Principal speaker of the evening was Judge Joseph "Vest-Pocket" Jones, who came out in favor of motherhood, the American flag and the inalienable right of every citizen to breathe. He rose to the heights of eloquent incoherence at one point, when he dramatically stated that "if the Redcoats ever dare to attack Concord again, we will seize our muskets and repel them as valiantly as our forefathers at Thermopylae!" This bold challenge was greeted with fervent applause by 116 grubby ward-heelers whom the judge had packed into the balcony.

After the speeches, an interminable song recital was given by Miss Hortense Flab, a 300-pound off-pitch basso who possesses the most raucous set of pipes this side of Mars. Miss Flab almost strangled herself to death while singing the "Valkyrie Song" with gestures. Four Valkyries later shot themselves in protest.

Footnotes

A BRIEF note on a type of man who is still too numerous to be dismissed lightly. . . . Perhaps the most difficult thing in life, individually and nationally, is to locate the precise point at which peace must become war, or war can become peace. . . . The whole Western world should now be concerned with that problem. . . . It seems that few people can consistently hit the right moment for this supreme change in attitude and spirit. . . . There are those on the one hand who must always be belligerent, ready to take up the cudgels at the slightest provocation. . . . There are those, on the other hand, who cry peace where there is no peace and give in when they should stand up. . . . Both are dangerous to themselves and to society. . . . We thought of the latter group when we saw the following note in Maurice's *What Is Revelation:*

> We shall be taught that truth has never thriven except in conflict; that men have never sought the true peace until they have rejected the false peace; that those who make the soul a solitude and call to peace must part with the peace which passeth understanding and dwells in the knowledge of God. . . .

Something I should have said a long time ago. . . . Despite the tragedies of the past decade many in the modern world are still skeptical of permanent truths, universal principles, and the implications of the Christian faith. . . . One of our favorite columnists, Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien, on a level below religion, points to our neglect of philosophy as one of the reasons for our difficulties. . . . By philosophy he apparently means the rules of moral conduct which the modern world has attempted to discard. . . . He writes:

> We discarded ancient philosophy. Next we discard philosophy itself. We make up our rules as we go along. Finally, we get along without rules.

We have one pattern of conduct for our friends and another for other people. We have one code for the office and another for the home. We behave one way toward white people, another way toward colored people. And we wind up by having no standard of morality at all. We are swayed by every breeze that blows. We are in a constant state of uneasiness and confusion.

You can see this in the way we write and speak. Everything is decided by the amount of immediate advantage it seems to offer. Any course of action is good or bad insofar as it profits me, my neighborhood, my city, my creed, my occupation, my nation.

Rarely do you hear of any question being settled by simply asking: "Is it right or wrong?"

May Moment

Each young leaf whispering stirs
Each unborn blossom throbs as if touched
By the tender, benevolent fingers of rain;
And yet not a cloud on the face of awakening sky
Hides the timorous opal of tired stars,
No dawn wind breathes at the heart of the
drowsing woods . . .

But listen!
Hear those gem-like notes
Pouring drip, drip, drip
From the tongue of a mating bird?

ROLAND RYDER-SMITH

Stray leaves from a preacher's diary—

"High Adventure" and "All in a Day's Work"

A. C. MEIER

I AM a double-barrelled preacher. By that I do not refer to my source of material in sermon making. I mean I am a preacher with two churches. The metaphor is taken from a type of shotgun with two outlets. The one church is on a boulevard of tomorrow, the other is on a township pike of yesterday. Both are on the suckling list of the District Mission Board. The one on the boulevard of tomorrow is filling out in the shallow places quite nicely. Three souls were added this morning. Two of them just walked in, and the third was carried to the baptismal font. That little fellow was born into this world just three weeks ago. His father has not yet seen him. He is far away over the mountains, training to fight his brothers under the skin.

As the pastor who married the father and mother and conducted the parting services in the home the night before the detachment left on the special bus, I had quite an interest in the young fellow. He helped me immensely in working up my sermons for the past two Sundays. Perhaps no other one agency has provoked so much looking about, looking ahead, and looking up. Both Sundays that little "snoozer" in the pink blanket has gotten into the introduction and wound up in the application.

Today's Gospel was The Quieting of the Tempest on the Sea of Galilee. "What manner of man is this?" queried the people. They had the answer, "The winds and the sea obey Him." "What manner of man is this?" the people say today. The answer comes, "He is the manner of man who stands by some men afloat for days in three frail rafts on the tropical Pacific." And from that little Testament, such as they read, we learn more about what manner of man He is. We learn He is the manner of man who is the Lord God, the Helper, the Savior from needs more extreme than starvation on

a raft in mid-ocean. He is the manner of man who is the Savior from everlasting death.

And now this Man tells us to take of that element—water—which, roaring in mighty waves, was at His command subdued to the quiet placidness of a summer evening. Take that element and wash this little newcomer therewith in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

What a difference that makes! We take another peek into the folds of the pink blanket and we say, "Little man, we are not afraid for the future and you. We know what manner of man He is who told us to do this and why He told us to do it. We have heard Him say, 'Fear not, I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name. Thou art Mine.' " And then in about the fifth row there is a young matron whose countenance lights up with confidence and gratitude. Her husband, too, has gone over the mountains, and she carries beneath her heart a life which shall come to the light of day in a world which boasts of "block-busters" and the decimation of legions of men.

The Weather

THE way the weather has been of late, reaching the cathedral on the township pike presented a problem one would like to refer to the Marines. First it freezes hard all week, then on Saturday it thaws and rains. Sunday dawns with a drizzle which clears off about midmorning.

Being a double-barrelled preacher under present circumstances calls for maintaining a stable of the Hoover era. You will recall "A chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." Well, we still have the pot in which we stew up all sorts of meat substitutes. The garage isn't anything to boast about, just an old stable which provides enough shelter to keep the rain off the spark plugs of "The Mudscow." The "Mudscow," you must know, is a genuine "Hoover era" high-wheeler which we are operating in the interest of the Kingdom on a sort of lend-lease arrangement from an obliging brother-in-law. "The Mudscow's" stable-mate, if there would be room for a stable-mate, is "The Hornet." It is a vehicle of somewhat later vintage, which enjoys the reputation of having gone 196,847 miles (certified by affidavit on request). It has a few modern conveniences, not all in working order, which "The Mudscow" does not boast and which make it a fairly safe car on the boulevards. Incidentally, the first payment on the thing is due tomorrow!

After fifteen minutes of effort, which included some good old-fashioned cranking, "The Mud-

scow" came to life. As I said, "The Mudscow" is very sensitive in her spark plugs, and the ignition coil must be very subtle about passing them the high frequency current in order to get any co-operation. But once it gets going and warms up to the point where the clank of pistons is reduced to a rhythmic purr, there is no holding this high-wheeled super-six surrey. With the congregational president in the back seat and his wife in the front seat (she can't stand the scenic railway effect in the back) and me at the controls, we pointed "The Mudscow" northwest, gently eased out the well-oiled clutch, and took off. Carefully working up to the legal speed limit, I soon reached the end of the concrete and the start of the gravel and mud. As I checked the instruments everything seemed to be lovely:

Oil pressure—Six points.

Charging rate—Eight amps.

Fuel—Three-quarters full—Two stamps in the "A" Book.

Fahrenheit—o°—But water spouting out of the radiator cap showed that it was running about normal.

Miles per Hour—The speedometer was swinging erratically between zero and forty-five.

The Hill

At the half-way point we drew up at a house and sounded the Klaxon. "Ott," who had been under the weather some weeks, lowered a window and waved to go on. Still afraid to risk his bronchials in the wet out-of-doors. We concurred in his good judgment.

"There is only one place," said the president, "that I am afraid of. It's on Earl Thomas' hill. It cuts through and washes pretty badly there."

Around the corner and to the bottom of the hill. We dropped into low gear. The foot feed was forced to the floor. "The Mudscow" wallowed and hummed. The president held his hat. His wife hung onto the door with both hands. Over the hill came a behemoth of a truck.

"Take the outside rut, Reverend," advised the back seat co-pilot.

"I am taking it."

The truck went by throwing muddy spray. But the next instant—"Wham!" We were stopped dead.

"Boy, this is deep; better back her up before she settles."

And so we backed down the hill. "This time try the middle rut."

We got only half as far and "The Mudscow" trembled and groaned in every rivet.

"Back her up again," said the co-pilot.

"Aye, aye, Sir."

There was the sound of breaking metal. Loose pieces flew

around the cockpit. "The Mudscow" came to rest crossways the road, and the steering wheel was resting in my lap.

"Now what do we do?"

"Can you steer at all?"

"Sure, this is better than the old way. You have better vision without so much wheel in the way."

"Better try the south rut then."

We moved exactly nine feet, and running into a wall wouldn't have stopped us more completely.

"Now what?"

"It felt like terra firma must have fallen out from under."

"Man, that can't be. This car has twenty-one inch wheels!"

"Should we get out and look?"

"I think we should."

"Oh, where are my galoshes?" That from the lady.

Her husband remembered having seen them at home in the basement. We of the male sex turned up our collars and piled out and moved up forward. There buried in a mixture of Mother Earth and Father Neptune's element was the front bumper. The brackets had broken and allowed it to swing down, forming an excellent bulldozer.

Barbed wire is nailed on posts all along the road to make it handy for just such emergencies. We appropriated a piece and fastened the bumper to the headlight rod.

There wasn't another car there when we reached the church. Three people had come afoot from near by. So we just talked a while about the war bonds the church had decided to buy with picnic money, speculated about what Mrs. So-and-So would do now that she was left a widow, read the Epistle and Gospel for the day, and concluded with prayer.

Somewhere somebody found a wrench that fit the bumper studs. In a few minutes the president, who is by trade a doctor of motors, had performed a "bumperectomy." Gravely he said:

"It's too bad the Boy Scouts can't be in on this. Ever since they launched their scrap drive they have been following this car all over town like jackals with a hungry look in their eyes."

But "The Mudscow" still has work to do in the Kingdom. As the chronometer moves across the fateful hour that marks the change of "Tomorrow" into "Today" the thermometer is again heading toward zero. No doubt history will repeat itself: Freeze all week and thaw out on Sunday, bringing more adventure into the life of this double-barrelled preacher.

I have been at this sort of thing for a number of years now. To be real truthful, the part about the "Snoozer" in the pink blanket and the sermons—that's still high adventure. The part about the mud, that's "all in a day's work."

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND W. G. POLACK

THE NEW WONDER: ELECTRONICS

It was in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea. The fleets were approaching each other in the dead of night. One of our battleships unleashes the turret guns on the starboard side. Less than thirty seconds later the shells strike a Japanese cruiser with such terrific effect that the entire ship blows up and in a few moments has disappeared under the surface of the water. This at a distance of ten miles, with not a speck visible to the gunners on the American warship. It was done by means of the electrical aiming device and the accuracy in the machining of the gun mechanism and of the shell case.

A new electrical antiaircraft gun pointer has just been announced by the Bell Telephone Laboratories. About 400 engineers, scientists, and technicians of the Laboratories at Murray Hill, N. J., had taken part in development of the device. The gun pointer measures how high and how fast an enemy plane is flying, makes allowance for drift, muzzle velocity, gravitational pull, air density, and wind, and then points the gun and sets the shell fuses so that bursts will occur within lethal distance of the target. It does all this, as one news writer has stated, quicker than you can say, "By golly!" The mechanism is of incredible complexity; requiring 3,300 different parts, the electrical gun pointer called for the preparation of 5,000 detail drawings, 1,100 specifications, and designing of special maintenance tools. It is expected to better the record of its prede-

cessor, which, in one action in the South Pacific, helped a battery shoot down 12 out of 16 Jap bombers with only 88 shells.

It is only a blessed lack of imagination which permits us to read of such engines of death without recoiling mentally from these details. After all, what these four hundred technicians were visualizing at the end of their formulas and as the last of their blueprints was the shattering of human beings in midair. "We brought down twelve out of sixteen Jap bombers." It is fortunate for the normal conduct of our lives that we are not able to form a picture of what that means.

CLASSICS AND JAZZ ON A DESTROYER

The type of music which is heard on a destroyer of the Pacific fleet is described by Lt. W. S. Sullivan, who spent two years in that area. He tells of his listening in on a circuit which was connecting the headsets of the telephone system in the destroyer and to which one gun crew was feeding the music from a Victrola. There were, of course, great piles of swing records which "suffered occasional breakage when a precariously placed pile scattered on the deck at an unexpected salvo from the main battery of guns." But the three B's were also heard. Lt. Sullivan says:

To enjoy the music fully one had to wait for an evening at anchor when movies on the after deck had cleared the rest of the ship of disbelievers; then one could turn the volume up to normal. One of the pleasantest of such evenings resulted from a visit by a group of officers who had been wallowing in the mud on one of the South Pacific islands and had not heard good music in a year. It was a joy and an inspiration to sit and watch them listen to the Budapest Quartet play Beethoven's Opus 131. They said they were trying to store up enough to last them for another year.

THE JUKE BOX RECOGNIZES A TREND

From various sources we gain the impression that the nation is swinging from "Lay That Pistol Down, Babe" to the appreciation of better music. We have been watching the titles on the panels from which customers select the nickel tunes that peal out over the coffee counter. They are still crowded with tunes like "Your Eyes Shine Like the Seat of My Blue Serge Pants" and "Seven Years with the Wrong Woman," and there are a good many flippant parodies riding on nation-wide publicity. Weldon Owens, writing in the Temple (Texas)

Daily Telegram, has taken notice of the phenomenon and believes that these masterpieces are losing their hold on the general run of customers. He registers also the information that every nickelodeon in Temple has at least one—and, in many cases, several—immortal classics in its repertoire for customers. And they are taking their share of loose change. "Tales of Vienna Woods," Beethoven's "Minuet in G," and excerpts from Bach's organ preludes are a few of the favorites from historic music pages. Owens adds the statement, "There is a reason," and this is as he sees it:

This war is being taken more seriously than many soap box orators have led you to believe. There is a close relation of the tragedies and moods of 1944 to those translated in the notes of Johann Sebastian Bach's preludes, which paint a musical picture of his loneliness, loss of sight, and final restoration of sight just ten days before his death. It is not mere coincidence when music lovers turn to such music.

HE IS A GENTLEMAN

Some years ago we quoted from *The Four Georges,* Charles Makepeace Thackeray's immortal description of a gentleman. Those who missed it will find it in their public library at the end of Thackeray's essay on the Third of the Georges, where he compares George Washington with the British monarch. We now will supplement that description of a gentleman by copying out the following paragraphs from *Anarchy or Hierarchy,* by Señor de Madariaga:

I mean by aristocrat the man who, in matters of collective life, sees by himself; who realizes what is going on in all its depth, and is able to detect the seeds of the future in the recesses of the present; who can conceive the image of what collective reality ought to become in a desirable future, actually wishes such a future to materialize, and devotes himself to the task of bringing it about, and of shaping his world to fit the image of his vision, animated by the highest of all passions—intellectual love.

No one appoints, elects or chooses the aristocrat. He knows himself to be one because he hears himself called to his high and arduous endeavor by an internal voice—his vocation. . . . The aristocrat obeys his vocation without any possible excuse or evasion. He is his own slave. . . . The aristocrat asks nothing for himself—but all that is necessary for his work.

The only privilege of the aristocrat is to have more duties than the rest of the citizens—duties which he cannot evade, for he is his own police, judge, and executioner.

The aristocrat fights on two fronts; that of outward reality, which he en-

deavors to model and shape so as to fit his own inner vision, and which revolts and bites his hands; and the front of inward reality, where he meets the weak and frail man within, the man of the people who in his own soul resists him because he wants to do as he pleases, and the bourgeois who in his own soul settles down and seeks to enjoy in selfishness every available comfort and privilege. The life of the aristocrat knows no rest, taut as a sonorous string the work pulls at him, he pulls at the work. . . .

He should not expect popularity. He may obtain it. He may not. There is no certain relation between good service and popularity. He should therefore put aside all fear of incurring unpopularity, or even the anger of the people.

He serves, and that is all he is required to do. Both in and out of his work, he gives himself up to it without stint: but he is not troubled in his soul by the possibility of failure. Over the furrow which will cover his bones the same sun will ripen other harvests.

Live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening.

CHALMERS

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Music and Flowers

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

It would be easy to compile a long list of songs that deal with flowers; but let's limit our attention at present to two incontestably great masterpieces in this field. One of them is contained in a collection called *Myrten (Myrtles),* which Robert Schumann presented to his beloved Clara on their bridal eve. It's "Du bist wie eine Blume" ("Thou Art So Like a Flower"). No human being has ever created a more exquisite work of art. Schumann's song is perfect in every detail; it's a pearl of great price. Words, melody, and piano part blend their beauty into a marvelous entity. Many composers have written music for the poem which Heinrich Heine addressed to his cousin Thérèse in 1824; but not one of them has succeeded in devising a setting as enchanting as Schumann's. Even though Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein composed remarkably expressive music to go with Heine's wonderful words, the results they attained are far inferior to what Schumann achieved in the year which he himself called his "year of songs."

The second masterpiece is Mozart's setting of Goethe's "Das Veilchen" ("The Violet"). It, too, is a priceless gem. Many learned men and women have told us that it's historically accurate to speak of Mozart's "Das Veilchen" as the great precursor of the art song; but those men and women should study the history of music more painstakingly and more circumspectly. One does not throw a single stone at Mozart's "Das Veilchen" by declaring that there were art songs long before it came into being.

Did you notice that I didn't refer to the piano part of Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume" as an *accompaniment?* I dislike

that handy word, just as I dislike the term "accompanist." Both expressions are entirely misleading when applied to the structure and to the rendition of such magnificent works of art as "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Das Veilchen." I may add right here that those two widely used words are equally unsatisfactory in many more instances. They're convenient, I admit; but they say far too little, and what little they do say is often woefully inaccurate.

It would be profitable, I know, to discuss Siebel's "Flower Song," from Charles Gounod's *Faust,* and Don José's "Flower Song," from Georges Bizet's *Carmen;* but we must overlook those two pretty nosegays at present and stroll through some of the instrumental gardens into which music invites us.

The admirable compositions for piano and for orchestra which Percy Grainger devised on the basis of the old English morris dance tune, "Country Gardens," are saturated with a delectable perfume. Although scores of pianists have the habit of pounding all the fragrance out of "Country Gardens" and ham orchestras do all in their power to rob the work of every vestige of its racy beauty, it's comforting to know that fine music remains fine music in spite of frequent and merciless manhandling.

More Gardens

Perhaps you'll enjoy walking through Albert William Ketelbey's "In a Monastery Garden" and "In a Chinese Temple Garden." If you think you'll have a good time in those places, I must ask you to excuse me while I listen to the fourth movement of Carl Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding Symphony.* I prefer the garden in which the bride and the groom of Goldmark's beautiful masterpiece have their little tête-à-tête to the horticultural displays about which Ketelbey holds forth in his none-too-impressive manner.

I always like to hear Debussy's "Gardens in the Rain" and "A Moonlit Terrace in Spain" because those two works never fail to reinforce my strong conviction that the much-maligned French impressionist was at once a great poet and—like Scarlatti, Bach, Chopin, and Liszt—one of the stalwart pioneers in the art of exploiting the manifold resources of the keyboard.

Ketelbey is harmless; Goldmark and Debussy, though different from each other in almost every respect, are helpful.

Flowers play second fiddle in Abram Chasins' delightful little piano composition named "Flirtation in a Chinese Garden."

I'm sure you'll go with me to look at "The Garden of Live Flowers" in Deems Taylor's

Through the Looking Glass. The music was inspired by the following bit of conversation in Lewis Carroll's book:

"O Tiger-Lily," said Alice, addressing herself to one that was waving gracefully about in the wind, "I wish you could talk."

"We can talk," said the Tiger-Lily, "when there's anybody worth talking to."

"And can all the flowers talk?"

"As well as you can," said the Tiger-Lily, "and a great deal louder."

Mr. Taylor says:

The music reflects the brisk chatter of the swaying, bright-colored denizens of the garden, with a quieter interlude suggestive, if you like, of their languorous, scented beauty.

Now let's listen to Manuel de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain,* for piano and orchestra. The composer himself tells us:

The themes employed are based upon the rhythms, modes, cadences, and ornamental figures which distinguish the popular music of Andalucia, though they are rarely used in their original forms; and the orchestration frequently employs, and employs in a conventional manner, certain effects peculiar to the popular instruments used in those parts of Spain. The music has no pretensions to being descriptive: it is merely expressive. But something more than the sounds of festivals and dances has inspired these "evocations in sound"; for melancholy and mystery have their part also.

Now "The Fairy Garden" in Maurice Ravel's *Mother Goose* invites us to enter. That garden is worth visiting again and again. The orchestration is dumbfoundingly ingenious.

Enchanting Fragrance

♪ Have we a right to think of flowers when we hear the second movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony?* I think we do. Since Beethoven always took keen delight in the wonders of nature, it's reasonable to assume that he thought of flowers when he wrote the "Scene at the Brook."

"To a Wild Rose" and "To a Water Lily," by Edward MacDowell, are exquisite tone poems in miniature. You'll find them in the *Woodland Sketches.*

Do you know Johann Strauss's waltz, "Roses from the South"? And do you know that the mighty Brahms looked upon the Waltz King as a master and that the late Paul Bekker, a music critic of wide learning and deep understanding, once declared that "a waltz of Strauss contains more melodies than a symphony of Beethoven, and the aggregate of Straussian melodies is surely greater than the aggregate of Beethoven's"?

No, Bekker wasn't exalting Johann Strauss above Beethoven; he was merely pointing out in an emphatic manner that those who

turn up their noses at the music of the Waltz King are completely unable to appreciate true greatness when they come in contact with it.

Edward Burlingame Hill, formerly chairman of the Division of Music at Harvard University, has given us *Lilacs,* a composition for orchestra based on a poem from the pen of Amy Lowell.

Schumann wrote a beautiful "Blumenstück" for pianists, and in his *Forest Scenes* they'll find a lovely tidbit entitled "Einsame Blumen." Sergei Rachmaninoff has left them an exquisite little piece named "Daisies."

Be sure to become acquainted with "Maiden with the Roses," from Sibelius' orchestral suite, *Swan-White.* You'll enjoy its fragrance.

Could anyone ever forget the lively "Waltz of the Flowers," which concludes Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite?* As a rule, Russian composers haven't given much thought to waltzes; but Tchaikovsky wrote several excellent works of this type.

When we hear Bedrich Smetana's "From Bohemia's Fields and Meadows," which is the fourth of a series of symphonic poems entitled *Ma Vlast (My Country),* the "lovely scent of flowers and cool breezes fill us with inspiration."

Flowers play an important role in the "Good Friday Spell," which occurs in Richard Wagner's *Parsifal.* Gurnemanz mentions the ancient legend that on the day on which Christ's crucifixion is commemorated, the earth, refreshed and nourished by the dew from heaven, brings to the Savior its tribute of flowers and trees.

Let's add the spice of controversy to this discussion—from which, by the way, many fascinating compositions have been omitted—by saying a few words about the music of *Parsifal.* I find unforgettable beauty in the prelude. "Here," I say, "is one of Wagner's noblest inspirations." But many refuse point-blank to share my conviction. Puzzled and bewildered, I turn to the writings of the astute Philip Hale and learn to my amazement that the sage of Boston, who had been in Bayreuth when *Parsifal* was produced in accordance with the composer's specific directions, gave vent to the conclusion that "no performance of the prelude has since awakened the same emotions." The following somewhat dogmatic pronouncement from the pen of Hale brings me up short: "Put this prelude in the conventional opera house or in the concert hall, and it cannot be ranked with Wagner's greatest works." I take off my hat humbly and reverently to a man as wise and as learned as Hale; but I sometimes make bold

to hold to opinions radically different from his.

I'm more than willing to concede that some of the writing in *Parsifal* isn't on a par with much of what we find in the *Ring* and in *Tristan und Isolde;* but I believe with all my heart that the prelude and the "Good Friday Spell" are wonderful masterpieces. Need I add that one may be carried away by the sublimity of the music of *Parsifal* without lending a sympathetic ear to the queer notions which the composer incorporated in the text of what he himself called a "stage-consecration-festival play"?

Is it going too far to say that no two individuals will ever react in exactly the same way to a given work of art? Isn't it true that your judgment and my judgment are invariably influenced by that strange, capricious, self-willed, and often utterly unpredictable sacred cow men call Taste? I dislike the use of superlatives; yet I'm inclined to applaud the critic who called Wagner "the most stupendous personage born into the nineteenth century." Didn't Wagner compose music such as the world had never dreamed of, let alone heard? Wasn't he the man who, as the late Lawrence Gilman once declared, "made over the mental habits of opera-goers throughout the world?"

Unfortunately, we haven't had time to talk about "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado.* In all probability, they "have nothing to do with the case."

The Hands of Jesus

Hands blessing the children,
Resting gently on their heads:
A father's hands.

Hands pressing an ear
To make it well:
A healer's hands.

Hands full of love
Touching the cheek of one repentant:
Hands of forgiveness.

Hands outstretched in pain
Embracing the world:
A Savior's hands.

—Dorothy Meyer

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

St. Francis

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK. By Zofia Kossak. Translated by Rulka Langer. Roy Publisher, New York. 1944. 375 pages. $3.00.

THIS novel about St. Francis of Assisi ranks as the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April. The author is of Polish birth. Her grandfather was a painter of importance in the history of Polish art, while her father was major in the Polish cavalry. She was forced to leave Silesia at the time of the German occupation and migrated to Warsaw. Her husband is still in a German concentration camp. Beginning her literary career at an early age, Mme. Kossak in 1923 received the Silesian Literary Prize for her novel, *The Unknown Land.* She has a half-dozen additional important works to her credit.

In this book she gives us a historical novel in the grand tradition. It is set against the background of one of the most exciting periods of European history, the early part of the thirteenth century, during the papacy of Innocent III, who was acclaimed as the *Dominus Mundi,* the Lord of the Universe, at the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215. Innocent ruled over a court of such unheard-of luxury that St. Bernard of Clairvaux had to chide one of his predecessors for it in the words: "I do not find that St. Peter ever appeared in public loaded with gold and jewels, clad in silk, mounted on a white mule, surrounded by soldiers and followed by a brilliant retinue. In the glitter that environs thee, rather wouldst thou be taken for the successor of Constantine than for the successor of Peter."

In this period falls the Fifth Crusade to deliver Jerusalem from the Moslem infidels, as well as the tragic Children's Crusade, the result of a religious hysteria that allowed small children to leave the shores of Europe, without the protection of their parents, in a fanatical zeal to serve a most superstitious purpose. At the same time we have the treacherous crusade of the Roman See against the Cathari and the Waldenses, one of the most serious blots on the record of the medieval papacy.

The life of St. Francis is woven into a romantic tale of Jean de Brienne, who led the Fifth Crusade, which through no fault of his ended disastrously. The author's portrait of St. Francis is sympathetically drawn and quite faithful to the facts of his life as we have them in history. His utter humility and selflessness, his readiness to serve the downtrodden and afflicted, his sincere desire, if sometimes misdirected, to imitate the simplicity of our Lord, his blind devotion to a corrupt Church,—all these are faithfully depicted, as well as his keen anxiety to preach the Gospel, as he understood it, at every opportunity and at the risk of his own life. One of the most dramatic incidents of the book is his appearance before the Sultan, after he had permitted himself to be taken prisoner, and his preaching the Gospel to him. The picture which the author presents of Pope Innocent III is what one would expect from a faithful child of the Roman Church, but it is hardly adequate of the man who was able to bring all the crowned heads of Europe to their knees in homage before him.

Great Literature—Poor Theology

THE APOSTLE. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1943. 804 pages. $3.00.

THE publishers' jacket of this "novel based on the life of Paul" promises much. It states that "Sholem Asch is probably the only man living with the knowledge, understanding, and literary stature equal to the task of depicting the mighty character and deeds of St. Paul." The concluding sentence of this blurb reads: "No one will finish *The Apostle* without reverence, without a deeper sense of debt to Paul, without a greater understanding of the meaning of Christianity."

We are sorry that we find ourselves unable to agree with this particular appreciation and praise of Asch's novel. Every reader of the story will indeed admit at once that the author is a great writer. He has a vast command of language, a rather voluminous knowledge of the background against which he sketches his paintings, a deep appreciation of dramatic values, a stupendous imagination, together with the ability of challenging the attention of the reader along every step of the way. Some of the descriptions of the book, as, for example, that of the scene in the great circus of Rome, when the Christians were torn to pieces by wild beasts, are overwhelming in their realism. From the viewpoint of literature, therefore, of the writing of novels, one can honestly speak and write words of fulsome praise.

But from the standpoint of content and objective the reaction of the reader who knows his Bible is bound to be negative. It is a strange romance which we have before us in this fascinating novel. The writer frequently permits his imagination to run riot to such a degree as actually to distort the facts found in the Sacred Record. It is true, as Paul himself states in a number of passages, that he felt very keenly in dis-

grace for having been a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, but the power of the Christian faith alone would preclude drawing the conclusion, as this book does, that the apostle was on the verge of insanity from the remorse experienced because of his fierce persecution of the Christians. The description of the appearance of the risen Lord near Damascus suggests a purely natural occurrence, and in terms which might be used in picturing an epileptic attack. After his conversion, the apostle, according to the account of Mr. Asch, continued to be harassed by doubt and perplexity, so that he seeks escape in the city of Petra, a "city of drunkenness, of unbridled and savage appetites, of debased Hellenistic-Asiatic manners," so that he finds himself one morning "on the temple steps, with his head in the lap of the idolatress, and he was tormented by the question whether he had not in the night defiled his body before Baal-Shamen." In comparing such descriptions with the accounts of his conversion and subsequent life as given in his own letters, one experiences a sense of disgust and revulsion at the monstrous picture drawn by Mr. Asch. One of the most terrible descriptions offered in the book is that of Paul's call to Macedonia. The scene of the Macedonian call is so utterly at variance with the calm and convincing description offered in the Book of Acts that one is repelled by the naked paganism of the author's description. And thus one might multiply instances.

Most basic of all the errors presented in the book is that which presents Saint Paul as the founder of the Christian Church, instead of Jesus Himself. This clearly contradicts the evidence of unimpeachable witnesses we have on that point, the gospels, the Book of Acts, and Saint Paul's own letters. The author makes use of Paul's epistles, but shies away from those passages which he cannot fit in with his peculiar theories. And there are many other inadequate and erroneous sections in the book. We agree with one reviewer, who succinctly states: "Mr. Asch and his translator have achieved a fine piece of writing so far as style and diction go. Greater is the pity that such fine power of expression has been prostituted and made the vehicle of such rot."

P. E. KRETZMANN

Inside Story

BEHIND THE STEEL WALL. By Arvid Fredborg. Literary Classic Edition. Distributed by the Viking Press, New York, 1944. 305 pages. $3.00.

ARVID FREDBORG was Berlin correspondent for the *Svenska Dagbladet* from 1941-1943. His book is the first inside report written by a journalist who has been working in the German capital since our country entered the war. It is thus an interesting picture of what one man saw within the German steel wall. He begins by giving the reader a picture of the position and the limitations and restrictions placed upon a foreign journalist in wartime. Then he proceeds to a discussion of the German-Russian phase of the war,

from there going over into a report of the operations in the east and south, including Rommel's ill-fated African campaign and the military and diplomatic activity on other fronts. His last three chapters present the author's views on Nazism and the attitude of the German people toward it, the Third Reich and the world, and the author's speculations on the final phase of the war. What is particularly valuable in the book to us is that we have here an opportunity of learning how the war in which we are taking a prominent part looks to an independent European, one who is deeply concerned about the future welfare of Europe. There are two paragraphs at the close of the author's treatise that are worth weighing as far as we Americans are concerned. He asks:

Will the Americans, who are different in many respects from Europeans, realize that Europe cannot be changed into an imitation of America, and that the choice is between an organic solution and renewed chaos? Realizing the ignorance of Europeans regarding America, one is often tempted to fear the worst if a corresponding ignorance prevails in the United States. But the healthy and unconventional attitude toward life that is prevalent among Americans can help them to understand European problems. Much has happened during this war to contribute to bringing the two continents closer to each other.

The other paragraph is this:

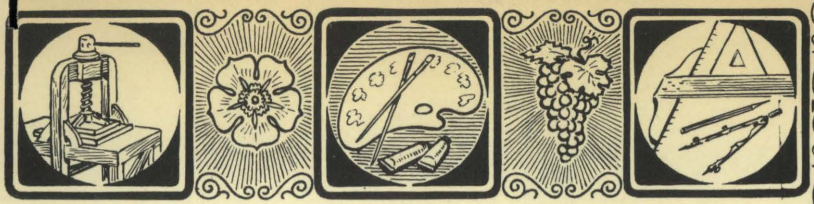
As time goes on, we gain a different perspective of today's events. There is much that is now kept in the background by the fury of the war. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that the European continent has undergone a profound transformation. It is no longer the center from which the world is directed. If Europe is to regain some of its former position and some of its old prestige, European nations will have to act in solidarity. No people can be missing from the linking chain.

The American Way

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE. By Edgar M. Queeny. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1943. 267 pages. $2.00.

To say that the reviewer is surprised by the amount of information bearing on the economic life of the present decade, compressed into a book written by a business man, is not reflecting on the ability of Mr. Queeny. One simply does not expect from the head of a vast business concern like the Monsanto Chemical Company an essay which reads more like the work of a research scientist than like the argumentation of a man defending a system. Yet that is the purpose of *The Spirit of Enterprise*—to defend the industrial system of America against the complaints which have been lodged against that system by the administration at present in power at Washington. At the same time it is the most telling indictment of bureaucracy which has come out of the present campaign of publicity for the New Deal and its ways.

The book begins with a luminous sketch of the century of development which produced the present industrial system, and at once the point is made that it was individualism



Beauty Is Learning

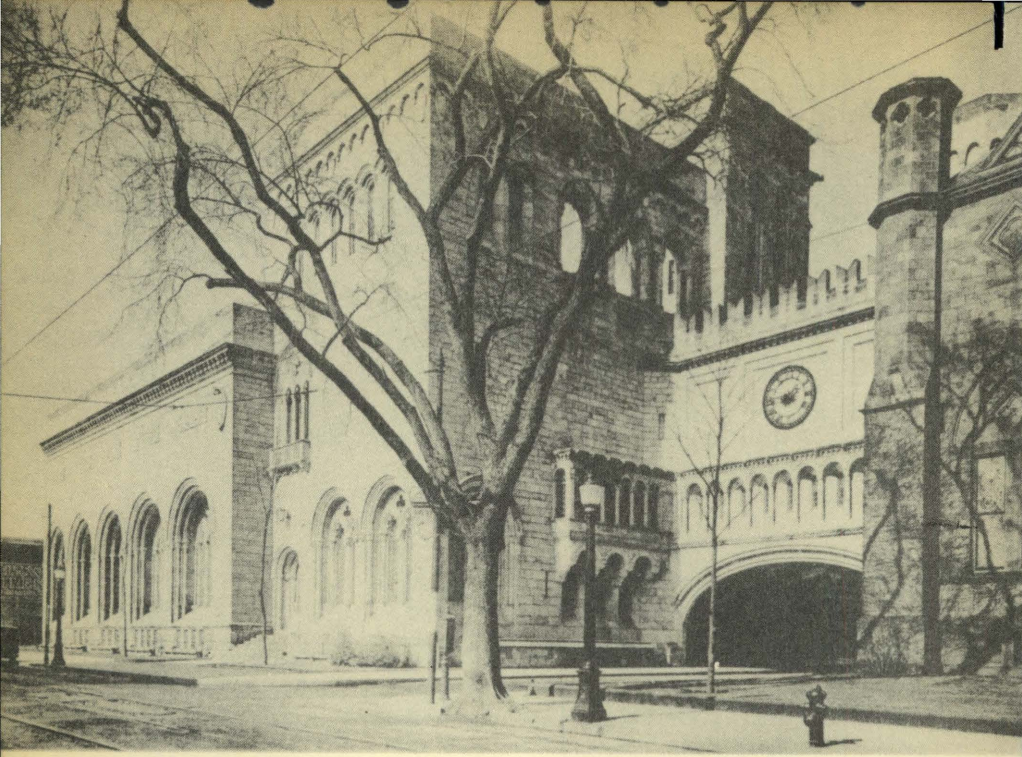
"Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before." HENRY MARTYN

IN the United States there are more than one hundred college and university art museums. About forty of these might be called outstanding; and twenty-five of these have their own buildings, all but three of which were designed for museum purposes.

The oldest of all these is Yale's Trumbull Art Gallery. Harvard, William and Mary, and Bowdoin had many beautiful pictures and art treasures, but they were looked upon as furnishings. In the 1850's the University of Michigan bought casts of classical sculpture and Harvard accepted the Gray collection of engravings. Yale received the Jarves collection of Italian primitives. The growth of all this interest really became substantial after 1915 and since that time the cost of buildings alone runs into millions.

Art collections at colleges include original works and reproductions. Original works are indispensable wherever art is taught and most campus art museums buy some, borrow others and wait for gifts from an enlightened laity. In some cases the purposes of Art courses are served best by combining the work of the school with some existing public museum. This works admirably in the case of New York University whose graduate school of fine arts is across the street from the Metropolitan Museum.

No more striking need comes to mind at present than the dearth of such teaching and appreciation materials at many colleges and, particularly, seminaries, of the Lutheran Church. Religion and art were not made to be separated and it hurts when they are.



YALE ART GALLERY

YALE UNIVERSITY

THEODORE LYMAN WRIGHT ART HALL

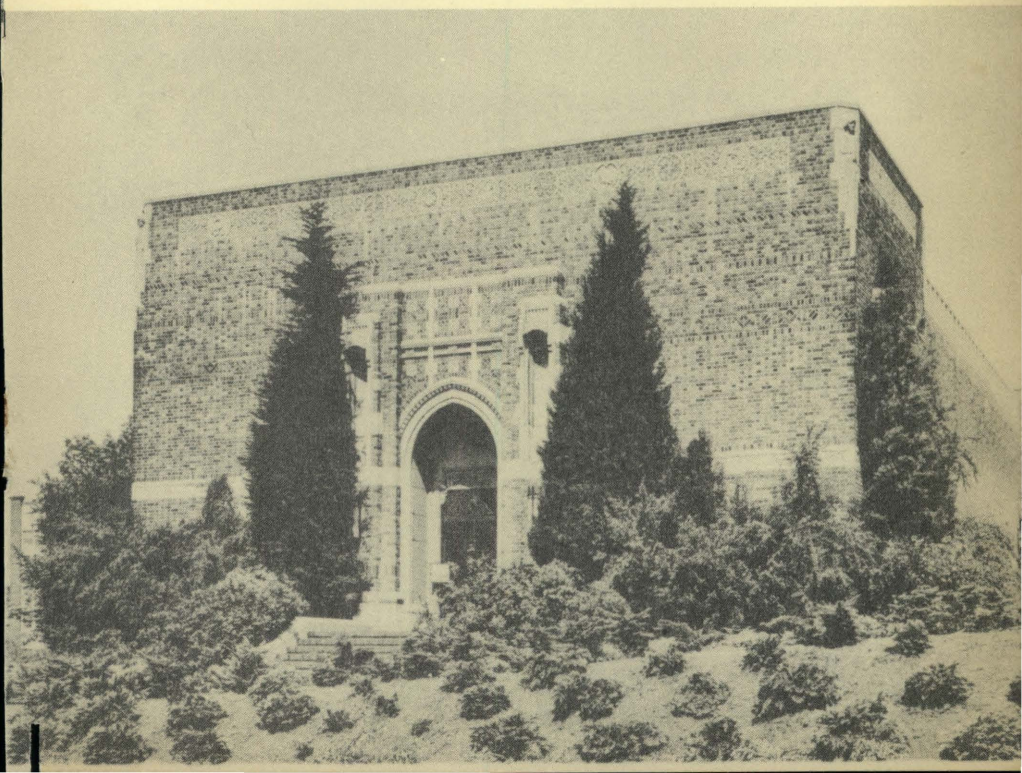
BELOIT COLLEGE

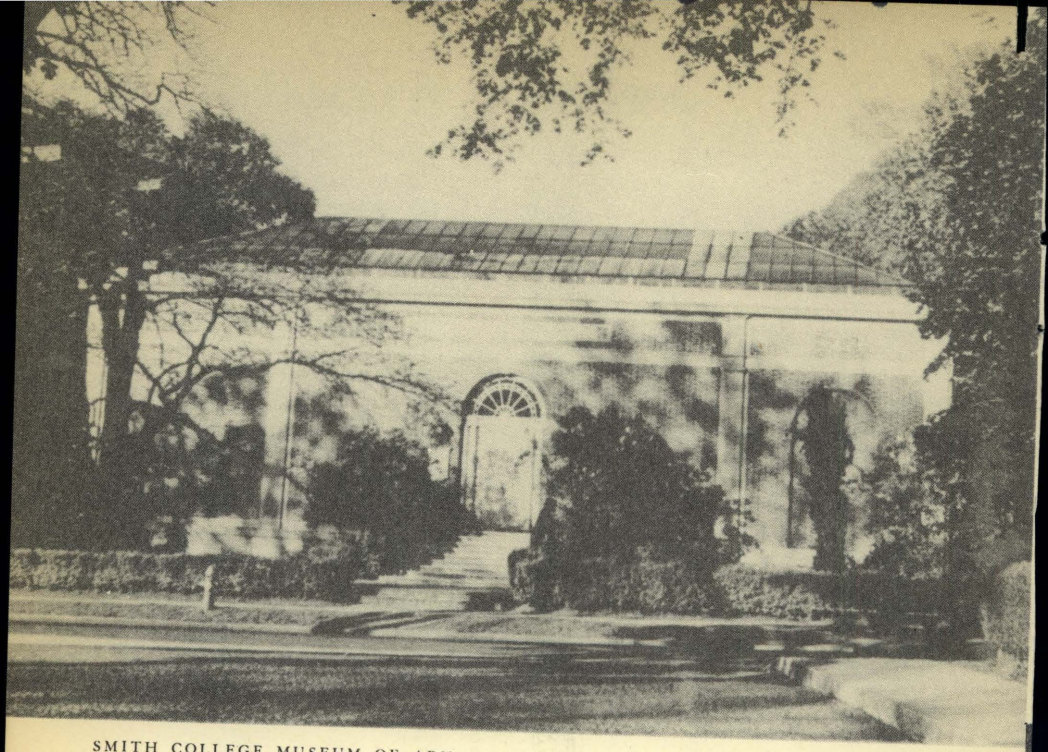
WILLIAM HAYES FOGG ART MUSEUM

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HENRY ART GALLERY

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON



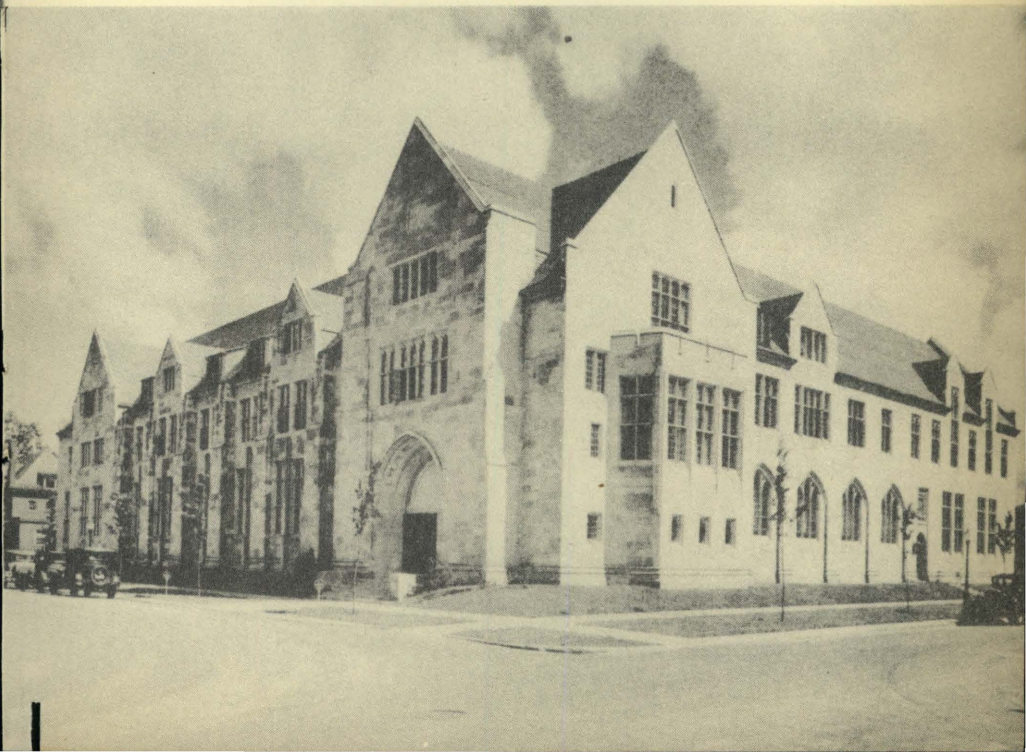


SMITH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART

SMITH COLLEGE

ORIENTAL INSTITUTE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



VASSAR COLLEGE ART GALLERY

VASSAR COLLEGE

which produced the time-and-space-conquering inventions that marked America's progress. These marvels of accomplishment are not to be explained on the grounds of higher education (which America did not possess), or greater accomplishments in the field of abstract science (in which Germany held the palm).

What, then, accounted for the American phenomenon? The only difference that can be found between the American economic and spiritual climate and that of other nations of the world was the inalienable right of Americans of freedom to pursue happiness without interference from the state. This the American Constitution guaranteed the American people. By it for the first time a community set up specific safeguards of its freedom against its government.

Where was the turning point, then, which has led us to the economic and moral jungle of today? Mr. Queeny believes that it was when we turned off the road of free and unrestricted markets, when business pressure groups began to bring their influence to bear upon legislation for their own immediate benefit. The result was that very soon

other pressure groups emulating their example were rising to power. Labor, smoldering under what the workers deemed unfair conditions, organized its pressure groups. Then farmers, as a nation living amidst heavily-armed neighbors is itself forced to arm, organized pressure groups in their own defense. In time, each of these groups sought and received from government special benefits for itself at the expense of the people as a whole.

Then came other pressure groups, such as the silver interests, the Townsend Old Age pensionites, and a myriad of minor ones which flocked to the trough of special benefits in Washington.

ACCORDINGLY, Mr. Queeny blames first of all the selfishness of the business man for the evil days upon which industry and corporations have fallen during the past decade. There were contributing causes. There was the change in the type of immigrant. The impetus of much of the early migration to our shores was spiritual.

Others came not to seek wealth but for adventure, to shake off the remaining yokes of English feudalism and to seek freedom of movement in the American wilderness. And as long as the settlers came from the countries of the Reformation, western Europe, where people were securing progressive amounts of religious and political freedom, much the same spirit dwelt in our frontiers.

Until 1870 Germany, Ireland, Great Britain, Canada, and the Scandinavian countries had contributed ninety per cent of our immigration. Since then, however, there was a notable shift of immigration from western to eastern Europe, the preponderance now coming from Russia, Austro-Hungary, Italy, "countries in which illiteracy predominates, in which primitive hand industries and backward agriculture prevail." "Ellis Island became a jumbled mass of illiterate humanity and a babble of tongues that were strange to our shores—Polish, Italian, Russian, Greek, Hungarian, Yiddish and Slovakian." Next came the growth of the sweat shop industry, first of all in the tailor trade, and the change came when this industry, first in the hands

of the English, then of the Irish, and later of the Germans, was taken over by the Jews.

Having supplied these introductory data, presented in the most factual manner, Mr. Queeny devotes the body of the book to an analysis of the New Deal and its economic planning program. By quotation from the records of the government, by illustration and example, and by a most telling use of analogy, Mr. Queeny makes good his point that political, central, economic planning is evil and only evil.

Suppose planning had been in effect twenty years ago. Suppose Henry Ford had been commissar of automobiles. It would have been a popular appointment. He was a pioneer, proven, honest and fearless. But with his power to veto any suggestion with which he did not agree, is there not a chance we might still be riding around in something resembling Model T's? Had Ford believed in Chrysler's engineering he would have so designed his cars. In a planned economy, Commissar Ford probably would have turned down Chrysler's petition to be allowed to make such a car. Looking at his five-year plan for the automobile industry, Ford undoubtedly would have said, "No. There is ample capacity now for all the cars this year's and next year's plan calls for. And besides, your design has no particular merit!" This decision would have been made honestly and would have been well justified by facts as Commissar Ford saw them. In America, under the enterprise system, the public is boss. They had the opportunity to render their own decision—and did!

An interesting chapter is devoted to the indirect effect of private enterprise on American life.

This throttling of individualism would not only end man's freedom to seek happiness through the pursuit of wealth; it would choke freedom of mind and spirit as well, for all these freedoms go hand in hand. Without the spur of competition in free enterprise, what would become of advertising? Most planners share Veblen's belief that advertising is merely an "enterprise in conspicuous waste," a device that helps "a shrewdly limited output of goods to be sold at more profitable prices." And, indeed, with prices fixed, output allocated and profits limited, there would be little reason for advertising.

The large subject of the licensing of patents is analyzed from the standpoint of one who knows both the good and the evil of the American system of patents. In another chapter monopolistic control is the subject. Here, if ever, the Marxian theory of increasing misery—that the accumulation of wealth at one pole causes poverty at the others—seems to apply. "Three family groups," one monograph states, "the du Ponts, the Mellons and the Rockefellers—have shareholdings valued at nearly $1,400,000,000, which directly or indirectly give control over fifteen of the two hundred largest non-financial corporations with aggregate assets of over $8,000,000,000, or more than eleven per cent of their total assets." As a matter of fact, says Mr. Queeny, "interests" remain in "control" only so long as they render reasonably good accounting, of their stewardships; and the security of their "control" is in the degree of the confidence established with shareholders, which in turn is measured by the

company's progress in relation to competitors, its relationships with customers, employes and the public at large.

The book is singularly free from anything that approaches vituperation of the New Deal and there is nothing of the smugness of the big business man who believes that Washington is all wrong and big business all right. The Notes at the end of the volume supply the documentation for much of the argument and are not the least interesting portion of the book.

Refugees

LIBERTY STREET. By I. V. Morris. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1944. 280 pages. $2.50.

LIBERTY STREET is a novel with a purpose. The author does not say so in as many words, but it is anyway. Its purpose is to make Americans cognizant of and sympathetic to the refugee problem. And it succeeds well in its purpose. It also entertains.

Out of hundreds of refugees waiting in a Caribbean capital for American visas, four are picked. In their lives you read the tragedy of those who have been fleeing from tyranny and terror all their lives and of those who were fleeing for the first time. Kerjanian, the Armenian, had been buffeted about since 1918 by one revolution after another. He was educated and proud; but he had suffered much, and his frustration was reaching a dangerous peak. All he asked was to get to Liberty Street in Brooklyn, where his brother sold carpets. He who had never set foot on our soil loved America so passionately that he paid with his life for his love.

"Refugeeing" was a new profession to the Falkenborns, Marie-Té, Bubi, and Uncle Konrad. These were Austrians of noble birth who fled from Vienna after Uncle Konrad had been released from a German concentration camp. He was too old and broken to matter to the Germans any more. Marie-Té was a young woman whom everyone loved. None could resist her beauty and spontaneous friendliness. Equally delightful is her eight-year-old brother Bubi, who loves his pet armadillo as other children love a cat or a dog.

The destinies of these people lay in the hands of Warfield Harrington, American diplomat, whose sole ambition was to be an ambassador some day. He was a man without human kindness, without a soul. How could he have a soul when he feigned grief at his mother's death only because his Chinese servant was watching him? However, he did have some of the same feelings common to other men —he fell in love with Marie-Té. Harrington believed in a master-race, only it had New England for a background. He fired those who did not show him proper respect. John Camberly, his vice-consul (and successful rival for Marie-Té's affections) realized the danger of Americans like Harrington, believers in the subordination of all people different from themselves, but it was not John who brought about Harrington's downfall.

The story abounds in fine charac-

terization. Mr. Morris doesn't tell you what his characters are; the characters themselves show you.

JESSIE SWANSON

Between Two Worlds

CRAZY WEATHER. By Charles L. McNichols. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 195 pages. $2.00.

IT was the time of the crazy weather. The late summer sun hung like a ponderous weight over the valley of the Colorado River. At seven in the morning the big thermometer which hung in deep shade against the canvas wall of the summer kitchen stood at 110 degrees, and the world was wrapped in the dead, heavy silence of the intense desert heat. South Boy awoke slowly and reluctantly. South Boy was troubled. He was fourteen, and he was faced with the necessity of making an all-important decision. Soon the time of the crazy weather would be over. In just a little while his mother would come back to the ranch, and a troublesome topic would be revived. "When are we sending this boy away to school?" South Boy's mother was a lady. "She said herself she belonged to Another World." And she wanted her son to know this other world; she wanted him to leave the Arizona ranch which he loved with the passionate intensity of youth; she wanted him to exchange the sun-drenched, carefree existence in "the Rough World of the White Man and the Heathen World of the Indian" for the comforts and advantages of "Culture and Civilization." This was the gnawing torment which had fastened itself upon South Boy's consciousness.

Sent away. Shut up with strangers. Three . . . four years . . . academy. Three . . . four years . . . college. Three . . . four years . . . divinity school. Nine years shut up, ten years shut up, eleven years. . . .

This was the burden of South Boy's thoughts, and in the enforced idleness of crazy weather he could no longer fight off a growing sense of panic. He decided to visit his friend Havek in the Mojave Indian village. South Boy loved, admired, and envied Havek. For Havek, in spite of reservation regulations and government supervision, was all Indian. He was "happy because he was an Indian. An Indian was not faced with distressing alternatives, nor troubled by such thoughts as raged in South Boy's mind." For Havek, too, this was an important time. He was now old enough to discard the name of his childhood, to go "name-traveling," to go "name-finding," for a new name. South Boy decided to accompany Havek, to run away from the ranch, and not to return until he had worked out a plan of action.

Crazy Weather is the fascinating account of the adventures of South Boy and Havek on this exciting and dangerous journey. Charles L. McNichols is not only an able storyteller, he is also an authority on Indian customs and Indian folk lore. His father served as a Special Agent for the United States Department of the Interior on eleven Indian reservations, and Mr. McNichols spent his early years among the Indian tribes residing in Arizona, Indian Terri-

tory, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Minnesota. He knows the red man, and he relates with candor and simplicity the story of a proud, primitive people. We are reminded of the past greatness of a dying race and of the unique native culture which existed on this continent long before the advent of the white man.

Crazy Weather is a fine book. In addition to a wealth of substantial information, it possesses all the charm and appeal of high-spirited youth.

Church Militant

THE POSTWAR STRATEGY OF RELIGION. By Joseph M. M. Gray. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York and Nashville. 1944. 186 pages. $1.75.

BECAUSE of its incisive, comprehensive, and clear-headed approach to the problem of religion in the postwar world and because of its vivacious and vigorous style, this book deserves to be widely read. Dr. Gray, pastor of the Bexley Memorial Church, Columbus, Ohio, has a rich experience in matters social and religious. From 1934 to 1940 he was Chancellor of the American University, Washington, D. C. He has traveled extensively, served as newspaper reporter, and is author of numerous books.

Dr. Gray builds up his argument in terms drawn from modern military language. In the chapter, "Reconnaissance at Fault," he insists that the Church *is* at war (as opposed to "the Church, as such, is not at war") in the sense that individual members of the Church are in military service. He inveighs against those who believe that war is senseless, justifies the present war, and takes to task preachers who feel themselves called upon to pontificate on national and international affairs.

Chapter 2 bears the title, "Enemy Bases of Supply." In this chapter the author defines the totalitarian state and traces some of its roots to the philosophies of Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Thomas Hardy, Clarence Darrow, and John Dewey.

In another chapter, "Tactics, not Strategy," Dr. Gray exposes the weaknesses of the social gospel trumpeters, refutes the fallacious reasonings of pacifists, and calls attention to dangers arising from an over-emphasis on the development of the ritual. Some of his statements bear repetition:

> Men have lost their pulpits for preaching the social gospel, as men lost their pulpits ninety years ago for protesting against slavery. Churches, the majority of whose officers and members sustained their preachers' freedom of speech, have suffered loss of income by reason of the withdrawal of influential men of good will and Christian conduct, offended by the immoderacy of their pulpit utterances (p. 63).
>
> After a generation during which the Protestant pulpits of America have increasingly directed their utterances and advertised their sympathies toward social and industrial reform, the Protestant churches apparently have less influence than before on legislation, the character of amusements, social standards, and education. And their especial concern

for, and co-operation with, organized labor have brought from labor itself no recognizable increase in its regard either for them or for the spiritual ideals they exalt (p. 66).

Many a congregation has remarked on the beauty of a service in which it had just participated without recognizing a single challenge to the pursuit of the divine will or the performance of a practical Christian duty (p. 85).

In "The Mass of Maneuver" the author lays down his program for Christianity in the postwar world. He admits the futility of attempting to unite Protestant Christendom, but believes that all Christians, regardless of denominational affiliation, should sponsor a more spiritualizing form of Christian education and rediscover the individual as the object of conversion and sanctification. In the last chapters of the book, the writer affirms and seeks to demonstrate the supernatural element in nature, the existence of God, and immortality.

We owe much to this book and are grateful to Dr. Gray. We regret, however, to have found in these chapters but very few references to the heart of the Christian religion: salvation in Christ. We know that Dr. Gray is a professing Christian, but some chapters could well have been written by one far removed from the Kingdom of God. Furthermore, one questions whether the author's arguments for the fact of the supernatural, of the existence of God, and of immortality, since he bases them altogether on empirical considerations, have more than apologetic value. One wishes that the author had injected into these chapters the fiat of divine revelation. The price of the book seems unduly high.

Germany on Trial

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY. By Louis Nizer. Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago. 1944. 213 pages. $2.50.

THE author, a student of international affairs, makes a readable contribution toward the solution of the German problem. Attorney that he is, he traces the case history of the criminal.

In answer to the question as to whether the German people or their leaders only are to blame, he holds that Germany as a nation cannot evade responsibility. Even though there are many Germans who do not share the philosophy of Nazism nor approve the tactics of the military class, he finds the history of Germany reflects aggression and lust for conquest. In dealing with the offender after this war the mistakes of Versailles must be avoided, and confidence in promises must not again deceive us.

First of all, justice is to be meted out impartially. The individual war criminals must not be permitted to escape trial and due punishment. Besides, the entire nation must be made aware that the consequences of its philosophy have wrought havoc in the world, the repetition of which cannot be countenanced by a self-respecting world-society. To that end, not only restitution of stolen and destroyed property must be shared by all, but Germany's economic program

after the war will have to be scrupulously purged and carefully supervised until she is found acceptable to be included in the family of nations interested in a world-order governed by moral principles which will not make morality synonymous with "world mission" and racial superiority.

To accomplish this program and the resultant change of heart, the author suggests an educational program under international auspices. He regards as the most effective agency to carry out the educational reform and devise its details the establishment of an International University.

The author is optimistic with regard to the future. He sees in the two great world-wars the evolution of an international federation of nations. He points to the regional political constellations which have been formed in the Western hemisphere in recent years as evidences of workable plans.

While extensive bibliographies are appended to each chapter and frequent references are made to the sources, it seems somewhat far-fetched when the author attempts to adduce from history that the Germans stand exposed as aggressors and a people drunk with lust for conquest since the days of Julius Caesar. If wars and territorial expansion are to be regarded as the criteria of ruthless aggression, then not only ancient Rome but also great nations of our era will have to fall under the author's indictment. In determining causes, the various contributing factors must be considered. On the other hand, the author is not among those who hold radical views with regard to Germany's postwar treatment. He does not favor the "eye for an eye" policy, but suggests punishment, restitution, and preventive measures "with generosity in the economic sphere."

In the light of William C. Bullitt's "Tragedy of Versailles" published in *Life* (March 27), *What to Do with Germany* suggests itself as an analysis with which those who will be called upon to shape the postwar policies of the world ought to be acquainted.

Blood and Sweat

THE CURTAIN RISES. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House, New York. 1944. 353 pages. $2.75.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS' latest book on the war is filled with humor and sorrow; but, above all, it is filled with a deep and grim realization of the fact that it will not be easy for the United Nations to beat Germany into submission. The war, he says, "hasn't touched us yet." As a result, there are many who believe that Germany "will crack up any minute now." If those men and women who look upon our fight with Hitler's *Wehrmacht* as a pushover could see what has been taking place on the blood-soaked battlefields of Europe, if they could see what Russia has suffered at the hands of the Nazi invaders, if they could see how our brave men bled and died while taking Sicily and while landing at Salerno, they would agree heart and soul with General Montgomery, who de-

clared, "The war has finally begun." Mr. Reynolds says:

> The preliminaries are over. The actors have learned their lines. The dress rehearsal has been held. The orchestra has played the overture. The play is about to begin. The curtain rises.

On his way to Russia last year Mr. Reynolds saw some of the excellent bases which the United States has established. In Iran he observed how efficiently our men have solved the difficult problem of getting tons upon tons of sorely needed weapons and supplies to the U. S. S. R. During the time he spent in the Soviet Union he saw some of the terrible devastation wrought by the Germans and was convinced that "this country of paradox, where the unusual is typical" will fight bravely and successfully until the enemy has been crushed.

Mr. Reynolds proves that "Sicily wasn't easy" and uses his skilful pen most effectively to give an unforgettable word-picture of the bloody fighting at Salerno. He has no patience with those who are rending the air with carping criticism of our nation's gigantic war effort. He says:

> You get so impatient with the snide, petty criticism of our leaders that you end up by diving into the sport pages. You read the most senseless, absurd speeches by some of our duly elected members of Congress, and you shudder and wonder why they don't inform themselves about conditions before they spout at great length and always within the framework of their preconceived political convictions. When you return you are laboring under the apparently absurd delusion that we are at war with Japan and Germany. Reading some newspapers, you might be pardoned for thinking that we are at war with Britain and with the President of the United States.

Few war correspondents are able to write as simply and as trenchantly as Mr. Reynolds.

A Tinted Warning

AS WE GO MARCHING. By John T. Flynn. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., New York. 1944. 272 pages. $2.00.

NEW DEALERS will rain fire and brimstone upon John T. Flynn's latest literary venture; anti-New Dealers will laud the book to the skies. Those who refuse to look upon Franklin D. Roosevelt as a big, bad wolf will declare that *As We Go Marching* is worth little or nothing more than its author's previous book, *Country Squire in the White House;* those who believe and are sure that Mr. Roosevelt's plans and policies have been sucking the very lifeblood out of our nation will regard Mr. Flynn as a great and mighty prophet of wisdom pure and undefiled.

Unfortunately, one cannot leave politics out of consideration when reviewing *As We Go Marching;* for the book is loaded to the gunwales with well-written propaganda material for anti-New Dealers. Mr. Flynn does not say outright that the Republicans alone have the skill and the medicines that are needed to heal what they refer to as the gaping wounds inflicted by the New Deal; but after you have read his book, you resort involuntarily to a simple little problem in addition, and, lo and behold, you arrive at the answer

at which Mr. Flynn apparently wants you to arrive. You may not be altogether sure that it is the correct answer; but at all events it is the answer suggested by Mr. Flynn. It is: Throw Mr. Roosevelt out of office and elect a tried and true Republican.

The author himself proposes no remedies—except by indirection; yet he is convinced from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head that right now the United States is heading posthaste in the direction of fascism. He says in effect that the goblins of totalitarianism will get us if we don't watch out.

Well, it is always good for our national soul to have someone tell us to be on guard against the hobgoblins of fascism. Thank goodness, Mr. Flynn has the right, nay, the duty, to warn us when he sees or smells danger around the corner. Nevertheless, the nation as a whole would be far more inclined to don sackcloth and ashes and pay heed penitently and swiftly to the arguments of Mr. Flynn if it could be convinced that (1) all those arguments are waterproof and (2) that some of those arguments are not tinted in a clever manner with an out-and-out loathing of the New Deal.

Yes, it seems at first blush that Mr. Flynn has tried in the sweat of his anti-New Deal brow to avoid leaving the reader with even the slightest trace of a thought that *As We Go Marching* could, by any stretch of the imagination, be looked upon as propaganda for those who are out gunning for the New Deal and all its works; but those who peruse all his expositions painstakingly and dispassionately will discover soon enough that the book, in spite of many unmistakable evidences of learning and deep sincerity, is, in a broad sense and in the last analysis, a political document pure and simple. You will hear much about it in the course of the coming presidential campaign.

Mr. Flynn traces and analyzes the history of Italian fascism and German Naziism in a most fascinating manner, and, on the basis of his observations, he concludes that the United States is rushing headlong, pell-mell, and on the wings of the morning, into the very jaws of a similar ism. He says:

> The test of fascism is not one's rage against the Italian and German war lords. The test is—how many of the essential principles of fascism do you accept and to what extent are you prepared to apply those fascist ideas to American social and economic life? When you can put your finger on the men or the groups that urge for America the debt-supported state, the state bent on the socialization of investment and the bureaucratic government of industry and society, the establishment of the institution of militarism as the great glamorous public-works project of the nation and the institution of imperialism under which it proposes to regulate and rule the world and, along with this, proposes to alter the forms of our government to approach as closely as possible the unrestrained, absolute government — then you will know you have located the authentic fascist.

New Dealers should read Mr. Flynn's book in a spirit of rigorous self-examination and concentrated

self-criticism; anti-New Dealers should read it—in the same spirit. Both schools of political thought will be able to find crumbs of Simon-pure wisdom in the volume—provided that the New Dealers forget, for the time being, that they *are* New Dealers and provided that the anti-New Dealers are willing to close their eyes, for a little while, to the fact that they *are* anti-new Dealers. Now and then Mr. Flynn has something of real value on the ball in addition to much thoroughly tendentious reasoning. His statements concerning the source, the character, and the evil results of militarism are particularly sound and deserve thoughtful attention.

Study in Anthropology

MAN'S UNKNOWN ANCESTORS: The Story of Prehistoric Man. By Raymond W. Murray. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 384 pages. $4.25.

THIS is a discussion of the history of prehistoric man, distinguished by three features: (1) It is written in language which the unscientific reader can understand, (2) it contains the most recent data of archeological research, and (3) it seeks to distinguish between scientific theory and fact. There are other merits not usually connected with a book of this kind. All the technical terms are explained, when they first occur, by reference to their etymology, and for full measure there is a glossary at the end. Of most of the more significant fossil or other remains the schools or museums in which they may be found are mentioned.

The author is head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Notre Dame. He has done field work with the Department of Anthropology at the University of Alaska. Throughout the tendency of the discussion is to emphasize the fragmentary and theoretical nature of the science of anthropology, and this purpose of the author leads him to embody a large amount of detail which usually must be dug up in the scientific quarterlies but does not get into the school texts. He terms the continental drift theory of the origin of the continents "highly controversial." He warns against taking too literally such estimates as those which make the Archeozoic rocks to be "about a billion years old." He stresses the "heated controversies" which raged about the Java Man from 1894 up at least to 1937 and refers to the fifty different and contradictory opinions about this relic. The dates are continually being revised downward. The Swanscombe skull presents a clear-cut *homo sapiens* type existing at the beginning of the Pleistocene period, whereas anthropologists took it for granted that *homo sapiens* did not appear in Europe, or anywhere else for that matter, until much later. Most of the American finds are now traced no farther back than 1500 B. C.

In some respects scientific opinion is returning to the anthropology of a pre-scientific age, as when the races of man are believed to have originated in a northern Asiatic homeland. As for the origin of the present white, yellow, red, brown, and black races, when it comes to proved data,

the situation is pretty much the same as it was over a decade ago when Oswald Menghin said, "Whence these races come, how they are related one to another . . . . opinions differ greatly, insofar indeed as there are any opinions." The origin from the ape is hardly a subject of serious speculation today. Skulls were found in South Africa which were such a mixture of ape and man that experts announced their belief that the gulf separating the human from the anthropoid has now been bridged. But the case collapsed completely when it was discovered that the most impressive fossil in this group lived only about 30,000 years ago. And the Neanderthaler, our old friend of the receding chin, shaggy brow, and beetling forehead is now shown in modern dress, shaven, with a fedora hat, and he isn't such a bad-looking fellow at all.

THE various stone ages and the age of metals are sketched in three interesting chapters. The assumption that some of the isolated "primitive" tribes still living in New Guinea and South America may not be primitive at all but cultural degenerates is not overlooked, though much more could have been said on this point, particularly also regarding civilized prehistoric South America.

The author is most at home in the chapter dealing with the races which populated America before its discovery by European white men. Mr. Murray seems to consider the Asiatic origin of the American natives as pretty well established. It is easy to visualize prehistoric migrations commencing as far south as Tibet and proceeding up along the coast of eastern China and northeastern Siberia to the final point of departure to the new continent. Upon their arrival in Alaska the majority of these people probably proceeded in a generally southward direction to the Rockies, at which point they followed the eastern side of this range into the American southwest and thence to South America. We note that the author considers the Minnesota man—still regarded by Dr. Hrdlicka as a Sioux Indian buried in comparatively recent times—the earliest known human fossil discovered in America, possibly 20,000 years old. Also the Kensington Rune stone is accepted as genuine. This stone, discovered in Minnesota, is regarded by some experts as a description of a Norwegian expedition of 1362. The historical section of the volume closes with a well-written summary of the culture of the Mayas, the Aztecs, and the Incas. Against the rather persistent story that syphilis was introduced to Europe by the returning members of Columbus' crew, the author supplies testimony based on recent American paleontological evidence to show that Indians were free from this disease prior to contact with Europeans.

In a closing chapter Mr. Murray discusses the bearings of human prehistory, as sketched, upon religion and the Christian faith. He goes on record as supporting the Catholic "rule of interpretation," which subjects all Bible study to the decision of the Biblical Commission, approved by the Pope—which Biblical Com-

mission adjusts its interpretation of Genesis, particularly of the Creation and the Flood, to the prevalent scientific theories concerning the origin of man. The author is not at his best when he seeks to interpret the various Protestant viewpoints. He defines the modernistic view of the Bible as the view which permits figurative interpretations, while fundamentalists limit themselves strictly to a literalism, which then brings them into conflict with science and reason. He admits, however, that also in the Roman Martyrology the year 1 A.D. occurs 5,199 years after Creation, and that some of the older chronology is still contained in chapter headings and footnotes of the popular Douay-Rheims version of the Bible.

Among omissions noted are the dinosaur drawings in the Hana Supai Canyon and the Monte Alban treasures.

More on Russia

THE ROAD TO TEHERAN: The Story of Russia and America, 1781-1943. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Princeton University Press. 1944. 279 pages. $2.50.

THE author is acquainted with foreign affairs through residence in the Orient, has written on American-Japanese relations, and is now professor of American History at Ohio State University. His story of American-Russian relationships is a model of dispassionate writing, and the journalistic experience of the author has enabled him to make it a very readable book. Professor Dulles traces the contacts of the government of the United States with the Czars and later with the revolutionary government in fifteen luminous chapters down to 1943. Whether he discusses the politics of Russia as empire or as Bolshevist state, whether he outlines the bearing of the Monroe Doctrine on our Russian relationships or the tangled skein of trade and business relations, our Far Eastern and Pacific policies or the bolshevik revolution with its purges and its plotting of world revolution, the narrative never lapses into rhetoric but retains throughout its level of unprejudiced recital of facts. More than two-thirds of the book deals with events since 1900, and sufficient detail is supplied from contemporary accounts to give the reader a clear understanding of the impact of the World War and Lenin's communism on the Russia of the last two decades. The author rightly says that "the pattern of events is incredibly complicated" when we approach the recent period, beginning with 1918. Sometimes Professor Dulles seems to give the bolshevist rulers the benefit of the doubt where the facts seem to call for straight-out condemnation. There are frequent references to the "cloud of ignorance and misunderstanding" which settled down between revolutionary Russia and the people of the United States. He terms the magazine articles of that period as "generally confusing." He believes that the intervening of the Soviets in our domestic affairs through direct aid and support for American Communism has never been satisfactorily

proved or disproved. Such statements as "the American Communists were advocating policies believed to be dictated by Moscow" suggest a doubt, where *The Red Decade,* by Eugene Lyons, has supplied an immense amount of direct proof. (The reviewer is wondering why Lyons receives so little mention in *The Road to Teheran.* His *Assignment in Utopia* and *The Red Decade* are certainly replete with primary source material concerning Bolshevik Russia.) On the other hand, it does not appear to this reviewer that the author has sufficiently stressed the importance of Russia's retreat from the extreme communistic position. That the principles of Marx were definitely modified by the "New Economic Policy" of Lenin is duly chronicled, also the introduction of such capitalistic techniques as differential wages, the speed-up system and interest-bearing bonds, the dissolution of the Comintern. It is possible, however, that Professor Dulles has refrained from finally evaluating these developments, for fear of shortly being on the defensive as a false prophet. At no time does he lose the sense of historical perspective or endeavor to prove that Russia or America was "right" and the other "wrong" at a particular period, but strives to show what actually happened and what lay behind the attitude and action of each country. In view of the tremendous events which are just around the corner, *The Road to Teheran* is an almost indispensable work of reference for the intelligent newspaper reader.

Art Critic at Work

THE STORY OF PAINTING FROM CAVE PICTURES TO MODERN ART. By Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1943. 254 pages. $5.00.

MR. CRAVEN is undoubtedly one of the foremost art critics in America. He set out to become an artist and found out from first-hand experience what the art schools of this country offer, and then joined the group that went over to Paris and lost its Americanism in the surroundings of the Montmatre. But not so Mr. Craven. Amid artificial surroundings he caught the big principle that painting must grow up from its home soil. Where an association of artists allows itself to follow any brand of artificial ideals, it invariably runs into an insincerity that makes its work flat.

But Mr. Craven also has done a fine job of formulating his criticism on painting. Whoever reads any of his books soon realizes that Mr. Craven has devoted much time and attention to the question, Why is this great? And therefore his book teems with fundamental principles well stated and well thought through. The mystery of the great diversity in art begins to fade when we examine it through Mr. Craven's eyes. Why can we appreciate the facility of Rubens aside of the realism of Rembrandt, the suavity of Titian aside of the sternness of Michaelangelo, the amazing penetration of Leonardo da Vinci aside of the evident playfulness of Boucher, the high

religious fervor of Dürer aside of the cold-blooded technical perfection of Holbein, the grandiose subjects of Tintoretto, Bellini, and Botticelli aside of the homely subjects of Vermeer, de Hooch, and Hals?

MR. CRAVEN never grows tired of proving that art is not an ivory-tower occupation and that artists are not effeminate, but that all great art has grown out of the turmoil and passions of its times and that it has been presented by men in the fullest sense of the word. Leonardo was an engineer and a military genius who put in his hardest work (admittedly) on painting. Michaelangelo was a furious worker. Titian and Holbein were capitalists. Rubens was a diplomat. Rembrandt amply proves by his strength, courage, and especially by his deep sympathy, that he is a man's man. And so on. Mr. Craven contends that all great artists are capable men. The dilettantes in Paris, the strutting Whistlers, and the emaciated El Grecos have unfortunately supplied the type for the common conception of the artist, but their art was strong where they were typical sons of their times and weak wherever they were mere long-haired dreamers.

The simplicity of Mr. Craven's style and presentation may be attacked by certain advanced students. But precisely because Mr. Craven has confined himself to major figures and has ignored all the small fry, he has eliminated unnecessary complexity for the beginner, and he has been able to present a panorama of grandeur that the treatment of minor figures would necessarily becloud. Hence, the reading of *The Story of Painting* is high pleasure, where the reading of any history of art by, say, the distinguished British art critic, Sir William Orpen, is relatively difficult and unnecessarily complicated. Mr. Craven charmingly reflects a new interest in an old subject. No doubt the veterans in the study are offended by many of his omissions. No doubt they have a strong case against Mr. Craven's evident bias against Raphael. But Mr. Craven has the advantage of the newcomer: he can enjoy the greatest of the great without being annoyed by the constant knowledge that these works have been copied and imitated by every lesser genius. He looks at the masterpieces themselves without side glances at their imitations.

However, *The Story of Painting* has its weaknesses. For one thing, it is a repetition, in part, of Mr. Craven's *Men of Art* and *Modern Art*. From the title one could expect that Mr. Craven would leave the biographical method and devote himself more to the historical. Moreover, Mr. Craven cannot resist the temptation of striking an appropriately patriotic anti-dictator note. Again, because admittedly the Catholic Church is one of the greatest patrons of art, Mr. Craven is probably too much impressed with the sincerity of Catholic artists, and it comes as a distinct shock to find him willing to make a sincere Christian out of every Renaissance Italian and Spaniard. On the other hand, most of the Protestant artists except Dürer and Rembrandt who have devoted themselves

to religious subjects fare pretty badly at his hands. It stands to reason, of course, that this criticism applies only to religious subjects.

The illustrations reflect the general spirit of the book. Anyone who turns these pages expecting to find "romantic" and sentimentally beautiful pictures here will be deeply disappointed. Instead, the illustrations were carefully chosen to emphasize the ruggedness of great art.

For anyone, then, who has not read Mr. Craven's other books, *The Story of Painting* will be an eye-opening treat.

F. L. MILLER

Poetic Charm

COLLECTED LYRICS. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1943. 383 pages. $5.00.

THIS volume of poems contains selected lyrics from Miss Millay's published works, from *Renascence,* 1917, through *Huntsman, What Quarry?* 1939. It is designed as a companion-piece to *Collected Sonnets,* published in 1941; the present volume contains only two or three of the sonnets.

Miss Millay's poetry is largely devoted to presenting a personality, and in a collection of this sort, from which the elegance of her sonnets and the wider sympathies of her recent political writings are absent, this persistent theme is apt to annoy some readers; in calling unrelieved attention to her least mature vein, the book is somewhat unfair to the poet.

But the personality includes a considerable element of charm, and many of the poems are of sufficient formal excellence to present this charm delightfully. The youthful petulance, passion for beauty in nature, revolt against dullness and standards of commercial efficiency, impudence toward Fate, wilful independence in love—these appear constantly and often very effectively. And the reader must recall the background of the earlier poems—a time of feminist revolt, and of escape to Greenwich Village and more distant resorts from overformalism in living.

The girlish winsomeness and tomboy daring, though not making for the great poetry that a richer relation to life might achieve, do produce poems of impulsive impressionism, such as "Renascence," and "God's World"; poems of uninhibited myth, like "The Blue-Flag in the Bog," and disarming fantasies, like "Portrait by a Neighbor." Somewhat matured, these qualities produce more contemplative poems, like "Moriturus," which sets forth the passion for living under any circumstances, and the famous poem on the fall of the Spanish loyalists.

An effective satirical twist finishes off many of the poems, as in one of the most disciplined, "Death Devours All Lovely Things." This satire achieves striking charm in several of the "Selected Poems for Young People." It is among these satirical passages that most of the lines that are memorable occur. These clever quat-

rains and the poems cited above constitute the chief appeal of a book which necessarily fails to do justice to the poet's more mature work.

ALICE R. BENSEN

Silly Book

MR. MIRAKEL. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1943. 279 pages. $2.00.

IT was quite unnecessary for Mr. Oppenheim to prefix to his story the usual notice that "All the incidents and characters in this novel are entirely fictitious." No one in his right senses would consider them otherwise. It is what one might call a perfectly superfluous piece of fiction writing. To begin with, there are 150 pages in which nothing happens except that the social life of the contemporary English is portrayed. If people lived as they are here pictured, one could understand that they had some bombing due them to shake them out of the utter selfishness of their lives. The higher ideals of this society are "those heavenly brown concoctions in which the limes float and the ice chinks." "Planter's Punch!" Roderigo exclaimed. The Great Master, Mr. Mirakel himself, regularly had "one in the morning, two before dinner, a third before dinner perhaps, but a second before luncheon not often." Throughout the story, second and third cocktails punctuate the conversation. And when the men dance, they "dance like an inspired faun." Then there are scenes of the most absurd love making. "The sighing of the night wind shook out its fragrance from the tobacco trees (!). Rosina lay very close in Sebastian's arms."

Now what happens? Mr. Mirakel, a man without visible source of income but possessing untold wealth, has shipped a party of friends off to a distant isle to save them the distress of "hearing of disasters by sea and land every hour of every day." One of the characters says: "To offer escape from this holocaust was surely a great philanthropic action. I will go further than that; I consider the escape arranged for us here to be the greatest act of philanthropy which the world has ever known. Why you do not all of you just sit down, bask in the beauty of this place, and revel in your freedom, instead of asking stupid questions, is more than I can imagine." But they continue to converse, and close to the end of the book we get the dénouement. Why do men always fight? "Ah, now you ask a great question," Mirakel replied. "Generally, to get something the other person has got and which they want." And what is the source of happiness? "We can all be happy if we do not want anything that does not belong to us." The company goes back to England when the global war is over. Everything was lovely. The end had come through a terrific convulsion of nature, tornadoes that littered the earth with dead bodies—"You can walk if you will, on the bodies of dead men for hundreds of miles." Japan had entirely disappeared in an earthquake.

Great American

THE COMPLETE JEFFERSON, Edited by Saul K. Padover. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1943. 1,343 pages. $5.00.

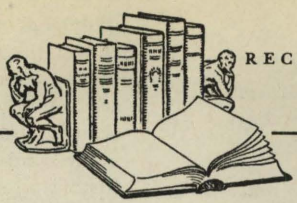
FOR the reader interested in the lore of America, in its government, its people, and its well-being, this superb volume of over 1,300 pages is a necessity. Whether it is used as a reference or as a book to be read page by page for pleasure, *The Complete Jefferson* will be an important addition to the library of any person who feels obliged to give thought to the future of the United States.

Here we have for the first time the opportunity to read all of Jefferson's major writings, with the exception of his letters, in a single volume. In addition to its value as a history, it serves to emphasize the true greatness of Jefferson, its author. Too, it makes us realize what evil days have fallen upon our political personages. Seldom are found now men with the intellect and the integrity of this Virginia planter turned statesman; as one reads this book, the leaders of today dwindle in stature, bringing the realization that a certain way to assure a vigorous democracy is to create in our schools and society public figures with the abilities of this versatile American.

The reader is struck immediately with the many-sidedness of the man Jefferson, and, therefore, of the book, *The Complete Jefferson.* Almost every conceivable subject is dealt with in its pages—education, religion, science, linguistics, philosophy, literature, music, political science, and history. Jefferson's several addresses to various Indian tribes are among the unusual pieces of writing as are his rough notes for unprepared speeches, biographical sketches of historical characters, extracts from diaries, memoirs of travels, and creative selections. All of these are in addition to the better known "Notes on the State of Virginia" and "A Manual of Parliamentary Procedure." Over one hundred speeches, official opinions, declarations, and resolutions will interest both the professional political scientist and the layman interested in matters of government.

More important than the mere variety in content is the fact that a careful reading of the book will destroy many of the erroneous ideas concerning its author and enable one to get a true view of Jefferson's beliefs as he himself wrote of them. This should be extremely valuable to the thinking American who should be trying to formulate a set of social and political values to use as a measuring rod for the many ideologies being spread by the radio and the press this hour.

W. LOY

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

By Ludwig Bemelmans. The Viking Press, New York. 1944. 245 pages. $2.50.

THE writings of Ludwig Bemelmans have had a tremendous vogue in recent years. Barbed and biting satire, malicious and irreverent wit, and flashing and sardonic humor have become an established Bemelmans hallmark. All these characteristics are present in lavish profusion in Mr. Bemelmans' first novel.

Loosely integrated, *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* presents a series of glittering pictures of the degenerate, luxury- and pleasure-mad café society of prewar France. The hero of the novel, the fabulously wealthy epileptic, General Leonidas Erosa, symbolizes the decadent society which, even though the drums of war were rolling, was interested only in carrying on with "all the pleasures."

For all its glitter and gayety, for all its wild extravagance and careful comedy, *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* is a cold and depressing commentary, not only on "a world of night clubs and champagne and diamond clusters," but on human behavior in all its aspects. Most disturbing is the sly insinuation which suggests that faith and morality are stupid and futile.

THE KEYS TO THE HOUSE

By Elizabeth Marion. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1944. 247 pages. $2.50.

THIS semi-mystery novel of the farm country near Spokane outlines two pleasant characters — the middle-aged husband, Benjamin Kenny, and his quiet but upstanding son, Max. It suffers considerably, however, from its dual nature. As a mystery novel it lacks tension; what tension it has is partly due to artificially withheld information, and this mars the study of character, which is obviously as much an aim with the author as the development of the mystery. Miss Marion's insight and style are sufficiently distinguished to make us wish we were more clearly shown the three baffled protagonists and the fertile countryside.

ALICE R. BENSEN

THEY WORK FOR TOMORROW

By Robert M. Bartlett. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1944. 144 pages. $1.50.

THE sub-heading of this book's title is "Charting the Course toward a Better World." It is made up of fifteen "portraits" from life of people who in the author's opinion are "working for tomorrow" to make this a better world to live in. The fifteen American leaders discussed are Wendell L. Willkie, Igor I. Sigorsky, Louis Adamic, Pearl S. Buck, Cordell Hull, Charles E. Wilson, Mordecai W. Johnson, Henry A. Wallace, Philip Murray, Charles P. Taft, Herbert H. Lehman. John Foster Dulles, William H. Kilpatrick, Gladys Talbott, Edwards, Pitirim A. Sorokin. It is an impressive list, and the author has succeeded in giving the reader a clear understanding of his subjects and their thoughts about the future.

THE GRIM REAPERS

By Stanley Johnson. E. B. Dutton and Co., New York. 1944. 221 pages. $2.75.

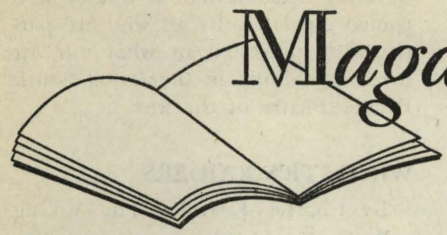
THE author's previous book, *Queen of the Flat-Tops,* the story of the U.S.S. *Lexington* and the battles in the Coral Sea, was widely read by our people and hailed as one of the most interesting accounts of modern naval warfare ever put into print. In this volume he adds another chapter to the story, namely the part which the Fighter Squadron VF-10, nicknamed the "Grim Reapers," played in the conflict from the Coral Sea through to our victorious conquest of Guadalcanal. It will be welcomed especially by all who are particularly interested in what our air forces are doing in the far-off South Pacific theatre of the war.

WINGATE'S RAIDERS

By Charles J. Rolo. The Viking Press, New York. 1944. 197 pages. $2.50.

THIS is an account of the adventure that raised the curtain on the battle for Burma, led by Maj. Gen. Orde Charles Wingate, who died on March 24 in the flaming wreckage of his B-25 Mitchell bomber after it crashed into the side of a Burmese mountain. He had been touring the bases from which his daring Anglo-Indian air-borne commandos spread confusion and havoc far behind the Japanese lines. Wingate was a colorful personality who led his men personally in the fighting. He was never without his Bible and often dispensed his orders with passages from the Scriptures. He took a group of ordinary city-bred men and wove into fashion what was to become known as "Wingate's Raiders," a band "which exploded the myth that the Japanese were superior jungle fighters. He trained them personally under gruelling conditions and took them into the jungle, where they harassed the enemy from every vantage point" at sometimes ten-to-one odds. The book is well-illustrated with some fine photographs and several good maps of the raids.

Recent Magazines



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

POSTWAR PREVIEW

Of outstanding merit is a series of articles which William Henry Chamberlain, widely known student of European affairs, recently contributed to *The Christian Century*. They carry the general title "Preview of the Postwar World."

In the issue of March 15, Mr. Chamberlain discusses Great Britain and the Empire. He believes that even though England wins an all-out victory over Germany and Japan, she will be a desperately poor country, in far more serious economic straits than Russia and the United States. Politically, she will have reason to fear the growing colossus of Russia and the slackening ties of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Mr. Chamberlain does not believe that Great Britain will "go communist," though he thinks that an indefinite prolongation after the war of the present system of coalition government and parliamentary truce will result in a mild form of totalitarianism. The defeat of Japan, so the author believes,

> will not eliminate the deep moral and spiritual conflict that grows out of the irreconcilability of imperialism, with its underlying concepts of race superiority and tutelage, with the awakening national consciousness of the Oriental peoples.

He regards it as one of the major constructive tasks of the postwar era to reform, modernize, and ultimately transform and liquidate the old-fashioned and increasingly untenable system under which hundreds of millions of people in Asia and Africa are ruled from remote European capitals.

> Badly handled, this issue of imperialism may easily become the starting point of a third world war of the most terrible kind, a war of race and color.

In the issue of March 22, Mr. Chamberlain discusses the future of the Soviet Union. This country will present a singular paradox

after the defeat of Germany. Its people will have suffered more than any generation in Russia ever suffered. At the same time, the Russian government will have become more powerful than any government that ever existed in Russia.

Besides, Russia will be the strongest power on the European continent. Just what use Stalin will make of this power no one can say. But some facts are clear. Stalin has already indicated that he will develop and strengthen Russia. He has declared the Curzon Line to be the frontier between Russia and Poland. *Pravda* has declared the acquisition of Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, part of Finland, Bessarabia, northern Bukovina a closed issue. Stalin is even now applying the satellite technique to Poland and Czechoslovakia. He seems to favor Tito, leader of the Partisans in Yugoslavia. He is responsible, for various reasons, for the self-liquidation of the American Communists as an independent political party. According to Mr. Chamberlain, Stalin will not conclude a mild peace with Germany. Co-operation with Russia after the war will depend much on whatever measure of political, personal, and civil liberties Stalin will grant his peoples. To the extent that he fails in this, he will have to expect a world-coalition against himself.

In *The Christian Century* of March 29, Mr. Chamberlain presents a preview of the future of Germany. In his opinion, opposition in Germany against the Nazi regime is by no means widespread. The Nazi police and army are still too powerful. Furthermore, the Allied slogan "unconditional surrender" is binding all Germans together as a result of a sheer instinct for self-preservation. When Germany begins to crumble, she will prefer to hoist the white flag in the west. The last phase of German resistance will be in the east. Mr. Chamberlain believes that Germany would sooner be overrun by armies of "Western plutocracies" than by those of "Asiatic bolshevism."

Yet, should the Soviet army overrun Germany, the consequences for the future of all Europe would be nothing short of breathtaking.

> An immense totalitarian power block would stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . . A leviathan state would be created, far exceeding any in the world in population, area, potential resources.

But Stalin will hardly, for reasons of safety, dare to absorb Germany into the Soviet Union. He will be more intent on keeping Germany weak and divided than on annexing the whole country to the Soviet Union.

What should be done to Ger-

many after she has been defeated? Mr. Chamberlain suggests that nothing positive can be built up in Germany except on the initiative and with the consent of the Germans themselves. He believes that any attempt to administer and police them as if they were a primitive savage tribe would end in a disastrous fiasco. He favors a republican government in Germany. The simplest and fairest settlement of the boundary would be to restore the frontier of 1937. He opposes "re-education."

What can and should be done is to give cooperative aid to religious, educational and other groups that will try to rebuild Germany's shattered cultural and spiritual life.

The ideal solution for the future Germany would be, so Mr. Chamberlain tells us, integration on an equal basis with a federated Europe. But he has little hope for this plan.

It seems only too probable that the old continent, after all the misery of war and violent revolution which it has experienced during the last three decades, will be precariously divided into British and Soviet spheres of influence. In this unwholesome arrangement may well lie the seeds of a third world war.

MODERN TROUBADOUR

In one of the April *Collier's*, MacKinlay Kantor tells about Burl Icle Ivanhoe Ives, 280-pound modern troubadour addicted to the singing of Irish, English, Scottish, and American ballads, ex-soldier, ex-actor, ex-professional football player, barge dweller, and convivial wayfarer. From Jasper County, Illinois, Burl, one of a family of "Singing Iveses," more or less sang his way through high school, sang and also played football through several years of college, and then decided to go to New York. He thus started a nomadry that carried him all over the Union, across Canada, down into Mexico, over to Florida and New York and always somehow or other back to Illinois again. Wherever he went he picked up songs to add to his repertoire. For a time he sang over a radio station in Terre Haute, Indiana. Then he came under the influence of Mrs. Clara Bloomfield, who made him acquainted with the great books and the great music of the past. After another stay in New York and doing some more traveling, and singing, he became an actor. Finally he met up with Sigmund Spaeth, who ultimately put him on NBC as a featured singer. Since then he has made his way upward in this profession. Guitar in hand, he has sung in the White House, before huge audiences in Madison Square Garden, to the soldiers in camps and hospitals, besides taking an early morning program on

CBS. According to Kantor, Carl Sandburg thinks "Burl Ives" is the mightiest ballad singer in any century.

FOURTH TERM IRRITANT

Under the title, "The Fourth Term's Hair Shirt," Forrest Davis, in an April issue of the *Saturday Evening Post,* presents the interesting political figure of Virginia's junior senator, Harry F. Byrd, a Simon-pure, three-seed-in-the-spirit Democrat who may become an important factor in the forthcoming presidential campaign. Should, for some reason not apparent at this writing, Mr. Roosevelt not run for the presidency again, then to many good Democrats, Virginia's junior senator is the logical candidate to lead the fortunes of that party. He has been a consistent opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's domestic policies. He has waged war inveterately and systematically on the New Deal philosophy of government.

preferring to stand with Jefferson for a relaxed central state, with Jackson against an unmanageable public debt, and with Grover Cleveland in maintaining that the people should support the government and not vice versa.

As head of the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, he has lopped more than two billion dollars off the budget in two years, and he has laid the ax to many New Deal agencies that had come into being during the prewar days. Scion of an old family that, back in the seventeenth century, rode with Charles I against Cromwell, he entered Washingon as junior senator from Virginia back in 1933. As a boy of fifteen he took over the operation of the Winchester *Star,* which his mother still owns. As a young man he also went into the business of raising apples, and, together with his brother Tom, owns an apple empire of four to five thousand acres. He is the largest apple grower in the world.

URBAN PROBLEM

The April issue of *Survey Graphic* is entitled "Call of Our Cities." It is a "semi-special number" on urban re-development and postwar housing. The problem is clearly stated by Henry J. Kaiser in his discussion, "Building the Future." We quote:

The progressive spirit of America understands that everyone who is willing to work and to save has the right to be decently and comfortably housed. In the light of this truth, it is time to face frankly the fact that a very large number of residential districts are altogether unworthy of the American standard of living.

Furthermore, statistics prepared for the National Committee on Housing

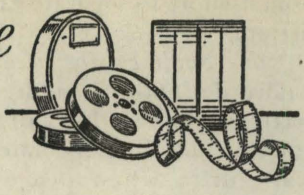
should give us grave concern. They show that the median income of our urban population is well under $2,000 a year. There were also findings of serious import concerning low income housing in the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee in 1938. There is stark reality in the fact that no new homes were built for families earning less than $1,000 a year; and adequate housing was constructed for only a fraction of one per cent of families earning from $1,000 to $1,500 annually.

What the plans are to remedy these situations, how they can be carried out and paid for, are the questions which were discussed from various viewpoints by authorities in these fields at the recent conference on Postwar Housing held in Chicago. The articles in the April *Survey Graphic* are telescoped from addresses given at this meeting and present the need and the possibility of doing something effective about the problems of inadequate housing. They make challenging reading.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS

"Nazis Under Twenty-one" is a revealing discussion in two parts of the youth organizations of Germany, written by Karl O. Paetel, and appearing in the April 1 and April 8 issues of *The Nation*. The author estimates "that before Hitler came to power around 5,000,000 German youth were organized in 120 large and countless small groups." By absorbing all organizations affiliated with the National Board and making membership mandatory for all young people, the Hitlerjugend, by the outbreak of the war, numbered approximately twelve and one-half million, including Austria and the Sudetenland. This figure does not include the 5,000,000 boys in the army, the Landjahr, and the Arbeitsdienst.

The author cites several bits of evidence to indicate that this regimentation is not wholly successful and that opposition and resistance are beginning to develop and spread. The necessary "re-education" of the German youth cannot be achieved by the imposition of foreign teachers, the author argues, but by a program which is co-operatively developed as a native growth for which the German youth itself will have been fully responsible. The winning of the German youth for peace after their thorough training and regimentation for "war fitness" will be no easy task and perhaps not much less difficult than defeating them in war.

The  *Motion Picture*

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

Is the film play a literary form? Is the film play an artistic entity? These and other pointed and pertinent questions are a natural outgrowth of the recent publication of *Twenty Best Film Plays* (Crown Publishers), edited by John Gassner and Dudley Nichols. Mr. Gassner boldly declares that the film play is "a literature which can stand scrutiny," that it may be compared to the "ever-so-literary Greek tragedies" and to the plays of Shakespeare. Veteran script writer Nichols is more reserved. He believes that the film play is only the first of the "series of creations" necessary to the production of the finished motion picture. Lionel Trilling, distinguished author and literary critic, is in sharp disagreement with Mr. Gassner. In an article published in *Film News,* the excellent official periodical of the Educational Film Library Association, Mr. Trilling points out the important weaknesses of the film play. Reviewing *Twenty Best Film Plays* from a literary viewpoint, he says:

> The motion picture may be the liveliest and most modern of the arts; but the film writer expresses his ideas in the deadest and most demoded prose possible. It is the bad literary prose of twenty or thirty or more years ago—and not unnaturally, because a prose of stereotype is useful in communicating to the director the stereotype of emotion for which he is to find expression. Not a single touch of personality or flash of wit or insight illuminates this writing; it is dull, or solemn, or heavily fancy.

In addition, Mr. Trilling deplores the dull and mediocre film plays which have been made from some of the world's great novels.

With the Marines at Tarawa. What do those words mean to you? If you saw the documentary film released not long ago by the United States Government, those words will have deep significance for you. In your mind's eye you

must still carry an indelibly etched picture of death and terror and glory; your heart must still be heavy with pain and pity. For on Tarawa the Stars and Stripes rose proudly to the peak of a flagpole only because American men and boys were willing to bleed and to die in a successful attempt to bring down the crimson Rising Sun of the Empire of Japan. *With the Marines at Tarawa,* photographed by official Marine Corps camera men, edited by Warners, and distributed by Universal Studios, is a grim and terrible reminder that thousands of miles from our shores there *is* a war going on.

Once again we are over our ears in propaganda—some of it constructive, some of it bad. There is ample justification for the propaganda written into *The Purple Heart* (20th Century-Fox, Lewis Milestone). The execution by the Japanese of eight American fliers who were captured after General Jimmy Doolittle's bold raid on Tokyo in April, 1942, kindled in the United States a flame of rage which cannot be extinguished until the war lords of Japan have been brought to justice. Skilful directing and fine acting have made *The Purple Heart* a serious, powerful, and deeply moving film—a film designed to inspire audiences to an all-out war effort. In this, as in all propaganda vehicles, it is wise and necessary to make an honest effort to separate fact from fiction.

None Shall Escape (Columbia, Andre de Toth) is addressed directly to those who will have a voice in deciding the fate of the war guilty when peace comes again. Although much of the film retells the familiar story of Nazi treachery and brutality, it does make one good point: it charges with direct responsibility and with personal guilt *every* German who committed or condoned the appalling acts of violence which were carried out under the orders of the military or the *Gestapo.* If *None Shall Escape* sharpens our understanding of the duty imposed on every citizen of every nation to expect and to demand of his government a policy which the world must respect, it will have served a useful purpose. If, however, the picture does nothing more than fan the flames of hatred, it is a sterile gesture.

Destination Tokyo (Warner Bros., Delmar Daves) is one of the most exciting pictures released since the beginning of the war. It is, of course, sheer melodrama; but it is jampacked with thrills and action, and it is distinguished for careful attention to technical details. Cary Grant, as the skipper of the "Copperfin," achieves one of the best performances of his career. He has the able and intelli-

gent support of every member of a good cast.

The Fighting Seabees (Republic, Edward Ludwig) is dedicated to the gallant men of the Navy Construction Battalion. Entirely fictional and made over an old, old mold, it is disappointing. One can only hope that very soon a more fitting tribute will be paid to the brave and hard-working Seabees.

When *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* appeared a few seasons ago, it was not a big box-office success. Since that time motion-picture audiences seem to have developed a taste for fantasy and for excursions into the astral realms. *A Guy Named Joe* (M-G-M, Victor Fleming) has all the earmarks of a smash hit. There are, of course, several reasons for this: (1) Spencer Tracy; (2) Irene Dunne; (3) a highly imaginative topic, appealing in itself and peculiarly timely because all the world is preoccupied with flying and fliers; and (4) an unusually fine cast, in which Van Johnson and newcomer Ward Bond must be singled out for special mention. Under the capable direction of Mr. Fleming the story moves smoothly and eloquently until the end is in sight. Then, alas, it blows up in a completely phony finish.

The script for *The North Star* (RKO-Radio, Lewis Milestone) was written by Lillian Helman, the author of *Watch on the Rhine* and other successful stage and screen plays. Miss Helman, in an interview with Theodore Strauss, of the *New York Times,* willingly admits that *The North Star,* in its present form, is a good picture and a valuable one. She believes, however, that it would have been a better one if Producer Samuel Goldwyn and Director Lewis Milestone had adhered strictly to her less melodramatic script. Unquestionably *The North Star* is a beautifully made and brilliantly acted picture. It might have been a great one if Miss Helman's fine script (published by the Viking Press) had been followed to the letter.

A cast which carries the names Luise Rainer, Paul Lukas, and Katina Paxinou should be sufficient guarantee for a good picture. And yet *Hostages* (Paramount, Frank Tuttle) is only a little better than a dozen other films which have told of the activities of the underground organizations in conquered lands. Purportedly based on Stefan Heym's novel, *Hostages,* the film retains little more than the title, some of the characters, and a small part of the plot of Mr. Heym's book.

Jack London (United Artists, Alfred Santell) is by no means a complete or a factual account of the famous writer's colorful career. A few episodes have been used,

and these have been doctored up to give them timeliness. One has the feeling that the real story of Mr. London's life could make a good picture—and an exciting one. This isn't it.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Universal) may be written off in a line or two. It's pure cheesecake in dazzling technicolor. No rhyme, no reason, no nothing. Just a lavish display of pulchritude, lots of swashbuckling swordplay, vast and elaborate sets, and a so-called plot.

Government Girl (RKO-Radio, Dudley Nichols) is billed as a comedy. Why?

Higher and Higher (RKO-Radio, Tim Whelan) introduces the swoon-crooner Frank Sinatra to movie audiences. It isn't much of a picture; but the idol of the bobby-sox brigade acquits himself with unexpected and most becoming modesty.

In *Chip Off the Old Block* (Universal, Frank Tuttle) that amazing Quiz Kid, Joel Kupperman, reveals some of his "secwet twicks." This gay musicale features a slightly less noisy Donald O'Connor and introduces newcomer Ann Blyth. The plot is, of course, ridiculous; but, since everyone is so *very* happy, who cares?

LETTERS to the EDITOR

On Judging a Serviceman

Sir:

It is interesting to note the trend of conversations among the civilian populace during war time. It ranges from the latest military movements and the peace which is to come, to the conduct and general behavior of the men in the armed forces. And the latter has become quite a topic of discussion in many circles.

It is estimated that there are approximately eight million men in the armed forces of our country. The commanders of this great mass of mostly young people realize that much must be done, and are doing much to train them to lead a decent, moral life, and to warn and guard them against wrong habits and sordid vices. Moreover, this country has spent millions of dollars for their social and spiritual welfare, establishing chaplaincies throughout the sphere of operations of the armed forces. And yet there are the many servicemen who do not even conform with the basic military regulations with regard to showing the proper respect for their uniform, by living a clean, wholesome life.

Now, those who have some near and dear one in the armed forces are usually prone to be rather liberal in their fault findings of the low morals and generally poor behavior of many wearing the uniform; those who have not had that close contact with the men in the services are quite commonly of the opposite opinion.

Most civilians naturally take for granted that all the men in the armed forces greatly appreciate the very liberal viewpoint, namely, that no serviceman can do wrong, or, if he does wrong, well, after all, he is not to be censured for it; he is out to fight and win as all the other boys are. But the soldier, sailor, or marine who has a fine character, as well as a true sense of moral and spiritual values, finds a definite fault with this general viewpoint. It unjustly prejudices that goodly per cent of decent servicemen before other civilians who are not of this very liberal viewpoint. And why is not a serviceman permitted to stand or fall in the estimation of all people as was the case as a civilian? Do wars justify loose morals? How can a wrong of civilian life become a right in military life? Certainly the armed services themselves do not permit that kind of an attitude; what is wrong is wrong, in or out of the services.

Do men really make an about face from right to wrong when joining the armed forces? Or do men usually seek their own level; their level of morals or immorality, their level of spiritual or base values? The writer believes not. For, is it not only true that

during war time our civilian penal institutions maintain a much smaller listing of criminals by comparison, than do our military penal institutions? Certainly. And why? Because those who were once no good morally in civilian life—were loose-tongued, or drunks, or vulnerable to vices of a social order, or thieves, become basically the same in military life.

It is, however, commonly understood that when especially a young lad in teen age leaves home, perhaps for his first time, he may easily be swayed away from those higher principles and codes of ethics and spiritual values which he has been endowed with from his home training. But it is the writer's opinion that if he has originally been molded in a cast of fine moral and spiritual values, he will again seek his own level; perhaps an occasional fling of questionable character, but then a return once more to his normal self. And it might be added that there is real reason for a good serviceman to occasionally go wrong, though perhaps not justifiably. For he may on liberty or leave stumble into immoralities which are not even premeditated on his part. One need only to consider the many girls of teen age who run the streets and frequent the bars and hotels alone or in groups, not to mention those who comb the streets in peacetime and war. The streets of especially the larger seaport cities and towns are full of them.

But fortunately there too is a brighter side to this story; there *are* many servicemen who seek a higher level and maintain it. It is interesting to note that many do frequent the art museums, the concert halls and opera houses, the libraries, the historic places of interest, the ball games, the rodeo, the circus, lectures, ice-shows, good movies, when on liberty or leave, and find real satisfaction there. And that thousands do go to church services whenever they find it possible to do so. And why? Not because they are now in the armed forces; they are merely their own, sane selves, seeking and retaining their own higher level. And these are the many servicemen who justly scorn those who would deal with all servicemen alike, either to their credit or discredit. These are the many who wish to be judged as individuals, and not as just another in tan, or gray, or blue.

Then why not be fair and take a serviceman for what he is worth? If he be no good, then recognize this negative quality in him, and judge him as severely or liberally as may be the choice. However, if he be of a higher moral and spiritual level, then recognize this higher level, and carry on and entertain him at his higher levels. And it is this very principle of judging a serviceman which a great many people overlook.

The soldier, the sailor, the marine who survives this war will once more seek his own level in civilian life; the loose-tongued will remain loose-tongued, the drunk will again find his rendezvous, those vulnerable to social vices will remain such, and those crooked at heart will again go back to thieving, unless those high ideals and principles which the various armed services drilled into them overpower their former evil qualities.

And which factor may prove to be a far more important and fortunate result of military life than anyone today can conceive. We all hope and pray that this will be the case.

In like manner, those men who formerly enjoyed and cultivated the wholesome and elevating in their former civilian life, will once more seek their own level. And it is the day that this goodly percent of wholesome American citizenry again returns from the battlefronts that many folks at home will hide their heads in shame because of their ignorant and intolerant judgment of the serviceman. They will then recognize that simple fact that, even as water, so man usually seeks his own level.

ALEXANDER GRAEBNER
U. S. N. Section Base,
Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.

Praise for Rossman

Sir:

This is to request that we have more of the poems written by George Rossman. His "Gold Star Mother," to me, expresses the courage being displayed by mothers all over this land of ours. "Love Lies Deep in the Heart of Things" expresses the fact that human action and relations are governed by this elemental emotion.

I have read many of Rossman's works and am deeply impressed by all of it. He expresses the simple every day emotions of the masses. I feel deeply privileged in knowing George Rossman as a simple individual who feels deeply and sincerely all the suffering and joys of the human race. I believe he is a man who has run the gamut of life, an individual that you meet only once in a lifetime.

W. C. WINNINGHAM
Vinita, Oklahoma

The Cresset in Australia

Sir:

Recently some issues of THE CRESSET came into my hands. I wish it had been a long while ago, for your publication fills so many intellectual and spiritual needs. Handled as it is by men of education and with Christian outlook, it fills a place left empty by so much of our reading matter.

Particularly do I enjoy "The Pilgrim." And reading in the Christmas issue your "Letter to Lindy" I found a spiritual fortitude at a time when it was greatly needed.

PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN
Australia

. . . and in Mississippi

Sir:

"Too Complacent" was a good article. Harmon deserved to be "told off" and THE CRESSET did it in just the right manner. It's so refreshing, too, to read THE CRESSET down here in this race-prejudiced state of Mississippi.

Dorothy Meyer's poetry is excellent. I liked "Mary Magdalene" especially.

T/5 W. J. BIEHL
Jackson, Mississippi

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

OUR major article this time lends a bit of pleasing variety to the columns of THE CRESSET. The author is pastor of the Lutheran Church at Vandalia, Illinois, and in addition serves the rural parish which figures so largely in his narrative. His story carries some telling lessons for our modern world.

The coming months will be among the most eventful in our nation's history. The impending invasion of Europe, developments in the Asiatic theatre of war, and the opening guns of the presidential campaign here at home—all of these will have a profound influence upon the course of history and upon the lives of every American. THE CRESSET will essay to interpret these events in the clear light of Christian principles. In accordance with its traditional policy, THE CRESSET will not take sides in the coming presidential campaign. In the June issue, however, we shall present two articles, presenting the opposite sides of the fourth term issue.

Guest reviewers in this issue include P. E. Kretzmann, of the faculty of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis *(The Apostle)*, Jessie Swanson *(Liberty Street)*, F. L. Miller *(The Story of Painting from Cave Pictures to Modern Art)*, W. Loy *(The Complete Jefferson)*, and Alice R. Bensen *(Collected Lyrics* and *The Keys to the House)*, all of the faculty of Valparaiso University.

Poets in this issue include Rudolph N. Hill *(Youth of Nazareth)*, Roland Ryder-Smith *(May Moment)*, and Dorothy Meyer *(The Hands of Jesus)*.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Because of the steadily mounting costs of production, it has become necessary to increase the annual subscription price of THE CRESSET to $2.50, effective May 1, 1944. A saving may be effected, however, by ordering THE CRESSET for two years at $4.50, or for three years at $6.00.

Until May 1, subscriptions—both new and renewal—will be accepted at the present rate of $2.00 per year.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