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JULY 1949

THE

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

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- Cart Before the Horse
 - Christian Philosophy of Penology
 - Christianity and Capitalism — II
-

VOL. XII NO. 9

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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IN THE JULY CRESSET:

NOTES AND COMMENT	1
THE PILGRIM	<i>O. P. Kretzmann</i> 7
THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF PENOLOGY	<i>Rev. William J. Wiltenburg, Jr.</i> 12
CHRISTIANITY AND CAPITALISM—II	<i>Rev. Paul H. Knauss, D.D.</i> 16
THE ASTROLABE	<i>Theodore Graebner</i> 20
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS	<i>Walter A. Hansen</i> 26
THE LITERARY SCENE	31
CRESSET PICTURES	33
THE READING ROOM	60
A SURVEY OF BOOKS	63
THE MOTION PICTURE	67
VERSE	70
THE EDITOR'S LAMP	72

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Birthday Greetings

THE United States of America is a crass, materialistic country. Professing democracy, it denies democracy to certain segments of its population on racial grounds and to other segments on religious grounds. Political machines, reactionary economic groups, demagogues, corrupt public officials, and many other insidious influences operate to abridge the freedom of the people. Lynch law, union violence, management violence, witch hunts, and the tyranny of public opinion often deny its citizens the equal justice under the law which is supposedly their birthright.

And yet the eyes of a whole suffering world are turned toward the United States of America. The very name has come to be synonymous with freedom for that over-

whelmingly large segment of humanity which has never known freedom or which has lost a short-lived freedom. To such people, the rantings of the Fourth-of-July orators, which many of us hear with an indulgent smile, are taken with what sometimes seems pathetic seriousness. To those people, the United States actually is what the orators say it is. And perhaps they are right.

We do not wish to join those who make patriotism a mere sloppy sentimentalism. We have often in the past criticized practices which we believe to be inconsistent with the professed ideals of our country. We shall continue to criticize such practices. But that does not blind us to the enduring greatness of the United States. However imperfect our country may be, it is still the "happy

land" that Joseph Hopkinson hailed, the "land of the free" that Francis Scott Key sang. And certainly in our own time the system under which we live is so vastly preferable to the systems some would foist upon us that it is hard to see how anyone but a scoundrel or a psychopath could seriously consider trading his birthright for the mess of pottage that is offered in exchange.

To the United States of America, then, on her hundred and seventy-third birthday, our warmest congratulations, our loyal hope that the years ahead may be kind to her, and our prayer that God may "mend her every flaw, confirm her soul in self-control, her liberty in law."



Prayer and Meditation Room

WE HAVE been following with sympathetic interest the attempts to design a kind of contemplative retreat in the new United Nations headquarters in New York. The problem facing the designers is a considerable one. The room or rooms must be constructed so that people of many faiths and no faith at all may pray or contemplate without anyone giving or taking offense—a job of construction which is obviously going to take some doing.

It would be very easy to satirize what the United Nations is trying to do here. There is always something fundamentally ludicrous in the situation when man tries to bind the intolerant Deity to his own "civilized" ideas of tolerance. When even the "neutral" heavens tell the glory of God, it is hard to suppose that a "neutral" meditation room will do any less.

But having said all that, we must still commend the spirit that prompted such a suggestion. If it shows a rather naive conception of God, it shows at least a more intelligent conception of man than we have seen hitherto. Here is at least an admission that man is subject, not sovereign, that meditation is as necessary in solving the problems of our times as is conference. To that extent, the proposed room is a short and faltering step in the right direction.



Revolt in Jersey

IN THE past couple of decades, we have seen what amounts to a revolution in American municipal politics. One by one, the bosses who used to run our cities have retired, or died, or been thrown out of office. In May, one of the last of the big bosses, Frank "I Am The Law In Jersey City" Hague, was retired to civilian status and the Bill of Rights was

extended to a few more square miles of American territory.

Hague was typical of the old-time bosses. Profoundly crude, utterly selfish, completely cynical in his political philosophy, he never pretended to be a public servant or an enlightened administrator. He ran Jersey City as though it were his own personal property and, when he retired, turned it over to his nephew as an elderly farmer might transfer ownership of his farm to one of the young folks. Someday, perhaps, nostalgia may vest Hague with a kind of piratical charm and legends may soften the harsh lines of his character. We who have watched him at work are simply glad that he is gone and that the institution which he represented is all but gone, too.



Argumentum ad Populum

OUR New York correspondent has sent us a copy of the American Medical Association's statement on President Truman's proposed national compulsory health insurance program. Without going into the merits of the argument on either side, we would like to call attention to two sentences in the statement which, for us at least, greatly weaken the AMA's position and make us wonder whether perhaps

its argument is so weak that it has to obfuscate the issue. Here are the sentences:

There is neither hope nor promise in this (the President's) system of regimented medical care. It is the discredited system of decadent nations which are now living off the bounty of the American people.

COMMENTS:

1. Among whom is the system discredited? Without going into the question of whether the plan should be adopted in the United States, we cannot help noting that large segments of the populations in Europe seem to be highly pleased with the system. Other segments seem to be just as dissatisfied with it. At any rate, there appears to be no universal opinion on the merits of the system.

2. What evidence has the AMA that the nations of Europe are "decadent"? To be brutally frank, we suspect that this word was used purely for its emotional value. The alternative possibility is that the author of the statement knows nothing about Europe. In either case, it has no bearing upon the argument.

3. What is this stuff about "living off the bounty of the American people"? It has always been our impression that we are all living off the bounty of God, some of us as grateful children and many more of us as ungrateful moochers. But even if we leave

theology out of it, it is still fair to say that we in the New World are living off the bounty of Greek philosophy, German music, French aesthetics, English law, Spanish discovery, Austrian medicine, and Italian art. How many cans of powdered eggs equal one "Don Giovanni"?

As we say, we stand on neither side of the argument about socialized medicine. But a few more stupid statements like this one would go a long way toward helping us make up our mind.



Faraway Places

WORD on the faculty salary situation evidently has not filtered into the chrome and pastel offices of the airlines companies. Last week, tucked in among our daily accumulation of publishers' blurbs, absence lists, and invitations to join action committees, we found a gaudy travel folder singing the praises of the Caribbean area and inviting us, as one who has nothing to do all summer long except spend the fabulous checks we do not even have time to cash during the winter, to fly down for a week or two of gay vacation.

To tell the truth, even if we had the money the airlines seem to think we have, we wouldn't have been greatly tempted by

their advertising. When we travel, we like to get away from the things we are used to and see men in a different setting. And, as a matter of fact, the Caribbean world has always intrigued us because here you have the weird back country of Haiti, the Barbadian Negroes who speak with a cockney accent, the asphalt workers of Trinidad, and a thousand other scenes that cannot be duplicated in our section of the Middle West.

But our airlines folder was not inviting us to any such scenes. It offered us ultramodern hotels, miles of bathing beaches, yachting with select Stateside groups, and cute little souvenir shops on quaint little side streets. When we get the urge to see that sort of thing, we get on the six-thirty commuters' train, satisfy our craving, and come back on the four-thirty in plenty of time for dinner and a clash of wills with our young son.

We have often wondered why so many Americans spend a whole year's savings to pass a couple of weeks or a month in some ersatz American community carved out of a faraway island. Not that there is anything wrong with American communities but, after all, why go a thousand miles from the United States to see one when there are thousands of them close at hand? Let our airlines friends

come up with a folder depicting the unspoiled villages of Vanua Levu or the undisturbed tranquility of Nyasaland and we may be tempted. What we want is to spend a few weeks where the plumbing consists of a sparkling mountain stream and "all of the amenities of home" will mean a cot, and something to keep the rain off and the bugs away, and a skillet, and a complete set of the works of C. S. Lewis.



Growth of An Idea

IT WAS thirty years ago the tenth of this month that Woodrow Wilson laid before the Senate the Covenant of the League of Nations. What happened subsequently is history and, to some of us, very sad history. The Senate refused to ratify the Covenant and the United States set about returning to a "normalcy" which, in its unreality, was more visionary than the so-called visionary Covenant of the League.

We are not interested in rehashing history, however, but in pointing out how an idea can grow in the short space of thirty years. We have today not only the Charter of a new association of nations but a North Atlantic pact which, in its implications, far exceeds even Wilson's proposals after

1919. And we have them, not as the imposed policy of one party but as the agreed-upon policy of both major parties.

Here, again, there is evidence of the amazing vitality of ideas and here, also, there is reassurance for those whose thinking and feeling have led them beyond today or this month or this year. Ideas are like children. We conceive them and bring them forth in hope. But they are such fragile things. They toddle and stumble and get shoved around and look so small in a crowd of prejudices that even we who gave them birth doubt that they will ever amount to much.

But ideas grow, too, and sometimes, again like children, they grow up greater and stronger and better than their parents. They seem to have within them a germ of life which is inherent in themselves and is not a gift of heredity. Perhaps that is one reason why man, although he is amazingly adept at killing men, has never been able to kill an idea.

Wilson died, some say, of a broken heart because his idea seemed to have been smothered in its cradle. But the idea has lived, and grown, and vindicated both itself and its father. Which leads us to suggest that "practical men" are often not as practical, in the long run, as the "dreamy-eyed theorists."

Cart Before the Horse

AN AMERICAN Protestant missionary was quoted by the Associated Press last April as having said that General Douglas MacArthur has hopes of Christianizing Japan as a start toward saving Asia from communism. Having served with Himself for some two years during the late war, and having watched him with open-mouthed awe in his present role of Super-emperor of Japan, we had thought that we could never be really surprised by anything he might say or do. But this mass Christianizing of a 2000-year old culture "as a start toward saving Asia from communism" puts us down for the count. If he succeeds, he will be able to take from St. Paul himself the honor of having "labored more abundantly than they all."

We cannot, however, help commenting upon the incredible naïveté of the General. As we get the story, the General was going to start by distributing ten million copies of the New Testament and follow this up with an edict from Emperor Hirohito. Now, let's see. That leads us where? We send the Japanese these books and then we get this supposedly divine being, the Emperor, to order them to read them. That puts the Emperor on somewhat of a spot because he has to lend his divine

weight to a denial of his own divinity, but presumably that can be worked out one way or another. And then, having gotten all of the Japanese baptized and enrolled in some branch of the Christian church, we can really get down to the big problem, which is the problem of shooing the Communists out of Asia.

Well—maybe. Unfortunately, it hasn't always worked out that way. The fire of Christian faith, once lit, becomes a holocaust which cannot easily be controlled or channeled. And it always burns up the junk and dross and stubble in its own area before it moves on to other areas. Like a fire out of control, it refuses to be a means toward anyone else's ends but becomes its own end, sparing only those things which can stand its tremendous heat. That makes it terribly dangerous for any human system, whether that system be communism or totalitarianism or democracy or paternalism for, in the measure that all of these systems are of human origin, they fall under the judgment of God and contain dross that cannot stand the fire of the Christian imperative.

Let General MacArthur beware. He is playing here with a weapon more lethal than any he has handled through all the years of his long and distinguished military career.

The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Odyssey

[One of the great rewards for putting words into print is the occasional responsive chord struck somewhere, often in unsuspected places. . . . It is of course a haphazard process. . . . One throws some words to the four winds and hopes that they will accomplish their purposes. . . . They disappear in the roaring flood of twentieth-century print without trace—and usually without echo. . . . Occasionally, however, one catches a glimpse of them at work, over miles and months, in the heart and mind of another. . . . If they act as a humble match in lighting a fire one can return to the recurring task of writing more words with a momentary sense of accomplishment. . . .]

The following letter has been on my desk for several months. . . . It has the ring of truth. . . . While the process it describes is not unusual, the letter itself reflects a rare awareness of the progress of the spirit toward peace. . . . That it should come from a student of divinity is even more remarkable. . . . It is often difficult for young theologians to break through their books about God to God Himself. . . . Often that happens long after Commencement Day. . . .

The final question in the letter, "Has God room for one who tried to move and could not?" is of course answered by the letter itself. . . . He has no room for anyone who has not said, "I cannot move." . . . St. Paul, Augustine and Luther, a great cloud of witnesses, the saints of yesterday, all of them learned—and having learned it, they were at peace. . . .]

Dear Pilgrim:

This is a word from one who has renounced all right to be called *Pilgrim*. . . . There are some of us—perhaps many—who

have realized one truth: we cannot move toward God. . . . Nor can we recede from Him, try though we may. . . . God owns us by His will so completely, so

terribly, that movement toward Him or movement away from Him is not a matter for our concern at all. . . .

You said in one of your recent pages: *To become religious because of some disappointment, or boredom, or surfeit of pleasure, or overdose of sorrow may be a beginning, but it is a long way from the end. . . . Ways that merely turn aside often end nowhere. . . . Is it true that too much of twentieth century Christianity is merely a series of negatives? . . . Obviously, religion begins there. . . . A turning away from sin, redemption from sin, death, and the devil. . . . That, however, is not the end. . . .* Unfortunately, dear Pilgrim, for some of us that *is* the end: that beginning, that flight away from sin. . . . Don't mistake me. . . . We try to move on toward God. . . . I tried. . . . I chose a good many private byways, tiny lines on an invisible map . . . starting with experience . . . and went to a hell as private as an earthly hell could be: private and personal. . . . Hell of confusion.

Do you know what I mean, Pilgrim? . . . I mean that I went wrong when I tried to *move*, because I tried to be pilgrim before being *right*. . . . Instead of beginning at the cross, I started with myself . . . thought I could find the cross on one of my roads. . . . I did . . . but only after the puri-

fying horror of being alone . . . being one without God. . . .

Do you know where I started, Pilgrim? . . . I want to tell you tonight, from my seminary room high over the quadrangle, of my travels, and of where I ended them. . . .

My journey began a few years ago. . . . It was a windy, brilliant night, and the wind sweeping over the hills and through the trees in Forest Park convinced me that it was enough to feel, to sense, to *experience* God. . . . The Word, the written Word—that had been taught to me since grade school, and I had absorbed countless passages and the formal doctrines of the Catechism. . . . Now I could live without that memorized past, without the words. . . . One night in Forest Park taught me that . . . and the trees became inspiration, the streams His message. . . . I sought God where my emotions and my passions told me He was present. . . .



Freedom in Poetry

But the winds died down. . . . There were cold nights, rainy nights, snow and ice and no midnight sense of God's presence. . . . The winds were not enough . . . and it was painful to learn. . . . But I had captured the storms in

my poems, had tasted the sea in rime. . . . Here was my *constant* sense of His presence: in poetry. . . . And so, Pilgrim, I sought Him there. . . . Other books had to go: history and dogma and fiction. . . . I read poetry . . . hundreds of volumes . . . delighted in this for months. . . . I think I understood Byron better than than I ever have, or ever will:

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music is its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

It was a freedom, Pilgrim . . . new and wild liberty. . . . But poetry is based on vision and insight and imagery and dreaming. . . . When these were stopped by the bells and acid of a city day, poetry vanished. . . . Nothing remained with me then but a longing for the return of my dream and my rime and my comfort. . . .

These vacuums were not right. . . . They bothered me. . . . I had to discover a symbol other than

the poem, a symbol *outside* of myself, something always present for me to see and be inspired by and love and think about. . . .

The summer brought the symbol to me. . . . The sea. . . . I found it, and it became a part of me, in Kingsville, Canada, by the fishing boats and the rustic cottage of a friend. . . . Long nights and the sea's clash against the pier. . . . I found it along Lakeshore Drive, Detroit. . . . Saturday midnights: waves hurling over the hood of my car while the radio augmented my emotion with *Tannhäuser*. . . . Camlachie, Canada: talking with a young friend and his lady about future hopes, while the great Canada moon betrayed a sea of glass. . . . The sea. . . . Here was God's mirror. . . . Here was God's presence ever to be felt and known . . . always.

But the sea was sometimes weeks away from my school . . . from Hebrew and Homiletics classes . . . from my small mission church. . . . Flat land . . . blizzards . . . and one insignificant lake nearby, a beer garden the only building on it. . . . This was good, but not enough. . . .

And with the realization of my wrong choice, I lost faith in any movement. . . . I had believed *God* was moving me. . . . He probably was . . . moving me to see my error. . . . I began to question myself: *How do you know this*

The Christian Philosophy of Penology

By THE REV. WILLIAM J. WILTENBURG, JR.

Protestant Chaplain at the Framingham Reformatory for Women

IN OUR times, and in our correctional institutions, a *science* of penology is being written. Whenever new ideas and attitudes are in the process of being born, the pangs of labor must be felt. We have seen much of that in our own experience. Every new approach to a philosophy of correction, every new practice meets criticism and, sometimes, all-out attack. It is just for that reason that I feel we need, in the light of the Word of God, to set forth as clearly as we can some of the observations which, taken together, add up to a Christian philosophy of penology or correction.

Human beings are all too quick to attach *labels* to their fellows. This man, we say, is a thief, this one is an alcoholic, this woman is an adulteress, this one a prostitute. It was the Pharisee in the Bible who showed that tendency so clearly: "God," he said, "I thank thee that I am not like other men are: unjust, extortion-

ers, adulterers, or even this publican." The publican, however, smote his breast and in deep contrition cried out: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." God does not think of a man in terms of a label that society has devised. God looks into the heart and sees all of the unhappiness, the conflict, the bitterness that may have been successfully hidden from everyone, perhaps even from our conscious thought. God sees, and calls in His Word: "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I should say that the basic truth in the Christian philosophy of penology is this, that in God's sight a human being is not an I and D—not an L and L C—not an alcoholic—not a homosexual—none of these fuzzy, inaccurate labels. They are men and women, created in the image of God. They are children of God and through Christ heirs of everlasting life.

The Possibility of Rehabilitation

It is important in the Christian philosophy of penology that we have faith in the possibility of rehabilitation at any age in life under conditions which make rehabilitation possible. I think immediately of a man named Dismas. Dismas was a criminal of the most vicious sort—a murderer and an insurrectionist many times over.

After a lifetime of criminal activity society finally pronounced upon him the extreme penalty—death by crucifixion. On a Friday noon he was hanged with two other condemned men. One he knew—a fellow in crime. The other was strangely, even thrillingly different. Most men cursed when the nails were driven into their hands and feet. All screamed until merciful unconsciousness relieved them. This man on the center cross prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Perhaps Dismas had heard of Jesus—His teachings—His miracles. Suddenly he cried out: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus replied: "Verily I say unto thee, today thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The miracle of rehabilitation had occurred in the last few moments of a man's life.

St. Dismas—thief on the cross—was forgiven all his sins and made an heir of the paradise of

God. A Christian must believe in the possibility of rehabilitation. To doubt this possibility is to limit the very operations of the grace of God.

The Savior in His rehabilitative operations with men and women considered them in terms of more than an imperfect past or of an erring present tense. He looked to their future possibilities. This is nowhere made more clear than in the case of the woman taken in adultery. She was brought to Jesus by the scribes and Pharisees. "This woman," they said, "was taken in adultery, in the very act. Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned to death. What sayest thou?" After some time of silence, Jesus finally looked up and replied: "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her." One by one, beginning with the oldest—even unto the youngest—they walked away, convicted by their own consciences. Finally only one remained—He was indeed without sin. But He threw no stones: He said, with sympathy and love and understanding in His voice: "Where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She answered: "No man, Lord." He said: "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more!"

This unhappy woman was Mary Magdalene. Her past delinquent record did not prevent her

from becoming an outstanding and faithful disciple of Christ. She stood beneath the cross when the life's blood drained from His body. She watched where they buried Him. She came to the tomb early Easter morning to anoint His lifeless body. It was this Mary to whom Jesus first appeared alive after the resurrection.

What was it that accomplished the rehabilitation of Mary Magdalene? Quite evidently it was love—the Savior's love calling forth devoted service in a rehabilitated woman. In the Christian philosophy of penology, love for human souls is a necessary element in the rehabilitative process. We must have genuine feeling for the troubles and problems of those whom we would help. A detached, coldly analytical attitude over and against problems will seldom be of any great help to the folks who have those problems. The best motivation for those who would work with human beings is love.

There are those who would insist upon the need of—as they say—punishing criminals. Punishment as an end and an aim in itself has no place in the Christian philosophy of penology. You will note that the Pharisees were all for punishing the unhappy Magdalene. "Moses said that such should be stoned." Jesus said,

"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more!" Need we infer any lack of strength in Jesus that He did not punish this woman? On the contrary, His strength consisted in this, that He recognized in this fearful, tearful, cowering woman one who had been greatly punished already. Here was indeed a bruised reed, a person to be strengthened by the power of His love and sympathetic understanding. The Christian philosophy of penology must always demand that education and rehabilitation on a social, physical and spiritual level—not punishment—be the aims and goals toward which we dedicate our efforts.

People Are Individuals

The Christian philosophy of penology is based upon the truth that each of us is an individual, endowed by God with his own personality, his own capacities, his own temperament. No one is exactly like the other. To demand that in each case identical treatment should be applied is to be very foolish indeed. The story of the prodigal son contains an important lesson which is usually overlooked. When the prodigal returned and was wined and dined by the overjoyed father, the eldest son heard all the sounds of rejoicing, and bitterly complained—"My brother," he said, "ran off and wasted his portion of the

inheritance on prostitutes and drunkenness. Now, his money gone, he returns and is feted. I never left home—worked faithfully these years but no celebration is made for me. Why?" This is, I fear, somewhat the nature of the attitude of those who complain about fancied inequalities of treatment, even suggesting that there is reward for those who are disciplinary problems. Each person must be treated according to his own psychological needs. The girl who has for her lifetime longed for a mother's love and never had it may well benefit by a close association with an officer who takes the place of mother—"mother-figure," we say. The girl on the other hand who has been mothered to distraction by a mother's over-solicitude, would hardly appreciate more of the same in the accomplishment of the rehabilitation. You see, it would be all wrong to insist that

they be treated alike. For all are not alike.

The Christian philosophy of correction is finally an extension of the teachings of Christ, which are summarized in His words: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

I believe that, in penal institutions, the penological practices should be based on what I have suggested that the Christian philosophy is. That every student will not always respond as a Christian, a child of God, I recognize. That there have been and that there will be always instances of misbehavior in such institutions seems to me self-evident. Human beings being what they are, we have no reason to expect perfection. Nor do those who criticize have any right to demand it. Christ Himself—although He was successful in the rehabilitation of Mary Magdalene—did not achieve it in the case of Judas Iscariot.



It is not by muscle, speed, or physical dexterity that great things are achieved, but by reflection, force of character, and judgment.

M. TULLIUS CICERO

Christianity and Capitalism—II

By THE REV. PAUL H. KRAUSS, D.D.

*Pastor of Trinity English Evangelical Lutheran Church
Ft. Wayne, Indiana*

BUT how are restraints to be placed upon the natural selfishness of human nature? Too many think today that political programs, legislation, governmental controls can effect the solution. That there must be some arbitration and control of conflicting interests in an economy as elaborate as ours, in the interest of the common good, is obvious. But there is no warrant for supposing that government, which is simply more human nature, will be any less selfish or more competent than enterprising, free individuals, subject to the continuous scrutiny of public criticism and competition. No government is wise enough to manage American industry, or to "play God" to our price economy, which is what it has been doing, with the result, to use just one illustration, that government resold potatoes last December for 20 cents a ton for hog feed while we humans were paying ten cents a pound for potatoes—which figures \$200 a ton for our consumption.

A free-enterprise system is the only system I know of that has made anything like a success of a productive and profitable economy. I know of no socialistic or collectivist experiment in history that has served successfully. All forms of statism, call it socialism, communism, fascism or what you will, simply shift the problem of human greed to a smaller group with absolute power that easily corrupts and leads to tyranny.

There are grave evils inherent in capitalism. They are evils inherent in human nature, the evils that arise out of greed and ignorance. Christianity condemns *unrestrained capitalism*. *Unrestrained capitalism* degrades and sensualizes society and the individual, as it makes the accumulation and possession of things the supreme goal of man, as it measures success by the amount of money a man has, as it makes material values more important than human values, and uses power to enslave the weak and deny the poor a decent share of the goods

of life. Too often when you hear some Chamber of Commerce essayist or after-dinner orator intoning the virtues of "the American way of life" he means by that the right of a man to grab all he can. Capitalism inherently does tend that way, regardless of the common good, and that kind of capitalism is evil. The rising power of the labor movement was an inevitable and valuable reaction and corrective to that trend of capitalism.

I plead for a kind of capitalism that is good. I believe it is the pattern of the will of God, and the way to peace and prosperity. It is *Christian capitalism* or "*Service*" *capitalism*. It recognizes the differences between men, and the inherent place and value of profit-incentive and property-ownership. But its primary concern will be to do God's will by serving the common good. It will regard all it has as a stewardship, a trust, to be administered for the common good. Its proper controls are the controls of the Spirit of God and the ideals of Christ in the minds of men. It will be honestly concerned about increasing values—to its employees, to its employers, to its shareholders, to its management, and to the general public. It will create wealth, not to pile it up selfishly in a process which will mean spiritual suicide to the greedy soul, but consciously, as a primary pol-

icy, will create as much wealth as possible for maximum service to the social order. Shareholders and management will be concerned that every soul worthily at work will be worthily supported.

Concerning Profits

It is an interesting fact which I noted the other day, that five per cent of all corporations in America have profit-sharing plans, as reported to the Council of Profit-Sharing Industries in Chicago last November. At this meeting were represented such firms as Procter and Gamble, Sears Roebuck, Hormel, Endicott-Johnson, et al. Mr. Johnson, who died last December, had for his slogan "a man who dies rich dies disgraced." Employees, in Christian capitalism, will cooperate with management in mutual helpfulness and justice, for the common good. They will give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. The theory of more pay for less work is just as stupid as the theory of less pay for more work. They will endeavor to produce more, and they will work together and think together in harmony with management.

Christian capitalism means self poured out in creative work, fulfilling the largest possibilities of its personality, producing all it can for the greatest good of the greatest number. That was not an

impossible or contradictory economics when John Wesley advised a friend, "*Make all you honestly can—save all you honestly can—give all you can.*"

Jesus did not condemn capital or its honest accumulation. He did insist upon the right use of wealth. A Christian who creates or cultivates an industry that produces human good has a right to a just return. But what is a just return?

Who shall determine what is a just return to capital, to management, to labor? Labor and management, stockholders, and the public must determine it from the standpoint of justice, cooperation, and the common good. Labor, management, and stockholders must remember that the public will not buy if goods are too high. The stockholder must remember that labor and management must prosper if goods are to be produced efficiently and sold profitably. Both labor and management must remember that they have jobs because stockholders risked their capital and have a right to get some fair return. Seebohm Rountree, head of the famous Rountree Chocolate Corp., the Hershey of Great Britain, was introduced glowingly to a group of Americans as a *Christian Socialist*. With a twinkle in his deep blue eyes this great industrialist, who has done really wonderful

things in business promotion and labor relations and profit sharing, began his talk with this striking statement: "I don't want anyone here to be under any misunderstanding. I am a Christian Socialist. But I consider my first responsibility is to earn dividends for the shareholders of the Rountree Chocolate Co. That is why they started the business, and that is why my fellow workers and I have jobs."

Service—Capitalism

I think there is a better moral climate in America today with respect to the obligations of capital. Certainly the whole tendency, by the inculcation of Christian ethics, by the force of organized labor, by improving social sentiment and public law, is toward a juster distribution of the goods of life. "How Is American Income Distributed?" by William Hard in last December's *Reader's Digest*, is an article you will find interesting in this connection.

There is, I believe, one solvent, one solution. It is the forgotten factor, the Christian spirit of brotherhood, and cooperation. Government solutions mean state socialism, in which our private lives will be ordered by men no brighter or more unselfish than we but with almost unlimited opportunity for autocratic abuse or economic folly. Laissez-faire capi-

talism means dog-eat-dog competition. The only solvent for the human well-being that God wants, and mankind must have, is to be found *in between*, in Christian capitalism! Service-capitalism! The test of all wealth then will be, what is it being used for? What are you doing with what you've got? If you are grabbing and hoarding like a miser, you are a poor man and a spiritual suicide. The suicide throws his life away in a moment, the miser throws the potentials of life away, over 60 or 70 years—in meanness and avarice.

"To whom much hath been given of him much shall be required." That applies to all of us. It applies to the ten-talent man who has much ability and receives large rewards. It applies to the one-talent man. But all can possess spiritual values which are not measured by money or material things. The Christian must look upon life as a stewardship. He will use what he has for the common good, for God, through humanity, as an owner, as a working man, as a manager, in justice, cooperation, and good will for the common good.

Today we are sharply confronted, here in America, with two alternatives. Either we will apply the principle of justice, good will, and cooperation to the economic affairs of men, or we will have

increasing economic conflict and the ultimate flames of class war. Christian capitalism introduces the too often forgotten factor of human service and brotherly co-operation into the economic problem. Do you say that, men being selfish and unequal, the ideals of service and brotherhood aren't human and won't work? I grant that they are not human. *They are divine*. But there is divinity in every man. And it is that element in man that must come to the fore. So let me close by reminding you of that final factor without which man will always fail—the help of God. By ourselves, victimized by our own selfishness, we cannot succeed. The natural man is too selfish. But with God we can succeed. You and I and American society need more divine help than we are cultivating. In our pride and our conceit we think we can "go it alone." That will be our undoing. We need to pray that clause in the Litany which reads:

"In all time of our tribulation,
In all time of our prosperity,
In the hour of death,
And in the day of judgment,
Good Lord, deliver us."


When all men, labor and capital alike, begin reverently and humbly to pray that prayer we shall have the assurance of a successful economic order.

THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

WHAT, NO MUSKRATS?

 This is very strange. One expects, naturally, on a British liner—the Canadian Pacific steamers are owned by British capital—to meet with the peculiar aversions and preferences of Old England, and this applies to the announcements as to what one may bring or not bring from foreign lands into the isles that make up Great Britain. We read, dutifully, since we do want to observe the law, the postal directions for travelers, as to what one may import into England, and what is prohibited. We are made aware of the fact that we may bring into the country unlimited amounts of American money, which seems reasonable, though only Five Pounds Sterling of British—which is not so mysterious either—since the preservation of the British commonwealth depends on the cash balances in English Sterling

on foreign accounts. And we realize that whiskey will be severely taxed if imported—they want to export, not import, distilled spirits. *But why no live muskrats?* In bold black type we are advised that live muskrats are subject to a total prohibition. Parrots are excluded under heavy penalties, but muskrats absolutely prohibited.

This poses several very mystifying problems.


Who, for one thing, would care to take muskrats from Canada to England, or via Canada; to be specific, via Montreal? There must be (or must have been) some sinister plot on foot to transport these beasts into the British Isles. Probably to introduce a pair—which would reproduce, and does this indicate a dark international plot to do to England what the introduction of rabbits has done to Australia? Because of the ab-

sence of natural enemies, the British province "down under" has been devastated by a plague of rabbits which cannot be eradicated and can be kept in check only at an amazing annual cost. Possibly England is afraid of a pestilence of muskrats overrunning the ancient countrysides—though no part of Canada or the U. S. A. has ever had to view the muskrat as anything else but as one of the most valuable of fur-bearing creatures. But England wants no live muskrats.

Well, we have no muskrats, and no Sterling, and no parrots, in our baggage, and so hope to be welcomed in Old England when we disembark at Liverpool, and not to be embarrassed by the inspection at the dock.




IT SHOCKED THE BRITISH

 And they had a right to be shocked, exasperated, by the choice of the movie shown in the Lounge of the *Empress of France* one evening. It was the *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, with Bing Crosby in the title role. We never saw a more angry lot of Englishmen—most of our fellow passengers are British—than those who left the Lounge after this film had been shown. In the first place, there was ex-

asperation over what had been done to a great masterpiece of Mark Twain's imagination. The introduction of hoarse-throated crooning and of cheap vaudeville wise-cracking was received with stony silence on the part of the audience. But worse than the admixture of American sentiment and humor at its cheapest was the caricature of King Arthur and of his knights of the Round Table. What an insult to the British to portray the ancient king as a sniffing, ill-kempt, doddering old fool, tearing the meat off a roast leg of mutton with his teeth, while sentencing a stranger to be boiled in oil! And the knights of the Round Table, a lot of ignorant bruisers, even Galahad, the Pure Knight, not escaping the touch of cheap ridicule. Probably one of the least meritorious offerings of Bing Crosby, who can neither act nor sing, featuring one of the worst flops of Hollywood in many a long year of flops, in a screen version of one of the most perfect pieces of American imagination and humor, superbly done years ago by Will Rogers, one could understand the exclamations of anger and disgust which were heard when the audience filed out of the Lounge on the *Empress of France*. It was a knock-out for Hollywood.



CANADIAN RIVERS

 It requires two days of steady pounding of its propellers to carry this liner from Montreal to the sea. Is there in all the world another trip like this? More than a thousand miles from its inland port to the Gulf Stream, often steaming down river with only a few hundred feet from its banks—this is the route of the Canadian Pacific liners down the St. Lawrence. What a river! It is at Montreal twice as wide as the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the great Father of Waters even in its navigation channel can carry no steamer with greater draught than *four feet!*


I do not know the depth of the St. Lawrence, but it cannot be less than several hundred feet. Reminding us of our experience at a Walther League excursion on the Ottawa River at Pembroke, Ontario, some years ago. "Guess how deep it is!" I was asked by a companion as we stood at the rail and viewed the dark blue waters as we were gliding down stream. "Well, I will say a hundred feet."—"Oh, no, better than that, much better!"—"Well, five hundred?"—"Dear me, no, you are not even near it!"—Well, we guessed two thousand, then three thousand, and gave up. The Ottawa River is more than 7,000 (seven thousand) feet in depth for many miles, and when Laurentians call

it the deepest river in the world, few will care to begin an argument.

This reminds me—a correction is due on a statement made in this column a year ago, when it was said that in our misconceived drainage experiments on a North Dakota farm we "drained off" the precious snow and rain water down the Red River of the North into the Mexican Gulf. We were told by a number of readers in North Dakota that the Red River drains north through Lake Traverse and Boise de Sioux River, finally issuing into Hudson Bay. Just to avoid further correspondence, with Canadian readers, let us go on record here as calling it, as the Canada maps read, *Hudson's Bay*.



MUSIC IN THE VERNACULAR

 Music—not classical, not modern either, but music as the living expression of racial and national sentiment, song and instrumental, and dancing in the vernacular—this is the annual folk festival in St. Louis, and I wonder whether there is anything like it in all the world besides. Certainly not in America. This year it came to town as we were in the preparations for an assignment abroad, but we did not fail to hear and see at least one per-

formance. Listen, and tell me where there is anything like it elsewhere.

Here were Indian music and dancing, authentic, in their true costuming, by Pueblo Indians and the Kiowas. Western square dances from Leadville, Colo., and Mohammedan Filipino waltzes from Mindanao and Sulu. The Pandango So Ilaw, where the lady balances gracefully three lighted Tinghoys, or oil lamps—one on her head and one on the back of each hand, while her partner pays court to her. The girl wears the Balintawak, a peasant's costume of the women of Luzon. The amazing Filipino Tinikling, where a couple weaves in and out of two bamboo poles which are clapped together at regular intervals to the rhythm of the music.

British ballad singers, dulcimer tunes from Missouri—and the dulcimer is an ancient musical instrument which was common in a number of countries in the Middle Ages. There are two general types—the small, fiddle-like, three-stringed instrument played with a goose-quill, or pick, and the large, multi-stringed dulcimer, often supported by four legs and played with two whale bones or cork-tipped hammers. Played at St. Louis in 1949!

Bird imitations from Amarillo, Texas, Japanese dances by the Uyeda sisters of Chicago, old

French chants from Ste. Genevieve, Mo., Lithuanian folk dances by a Massachusetts group, a Mexican candle-light procession, Yugoslav songs from St. Louis, and Croatian folk dances from Milwaukee.

We heard the ancient *Malbrook se'en va t'en guerre* (Malbrook Has Gone to War). Originally a ballad honoring a French crusader who lost his life in Jerusalem, it has become part of Egyptian folklore being mistakenly claimed as one of their folk songs. Centuries later it became identified with England's Duke of Marlborough. Marie Antoinette sang it as a lullaby; it was Napoleon's favorite ballad. Ozark folk songs and fiddle tunes, railroad songs, harmonica numbers, a fantastic Wurstjaeger Parade from Rhineland, Mo., performed by the descendants of the '48 immigrants, negro spirituals and a very lovely series of Dances of Israel—ten in all sung in the original Hebrew, Shenandoah Valley songs from West Virginia, Irish dances, Russian, Bohemian, Spanish songs and dances, and more quadrilles and schottische from the southern mountains. After all the breathtaking folk art, the crowning glory still is the square dance as performed in the Ozark and Cumberland mountain hamlets.



THE REAL AMERICA



Some years ago Miss Luella Lathrop Hoagland of Golden, Missouri, contributed a little take-off on the folk dancing of Missouri to the *Joplin News Herald*, which boasts that it "covers the Ozarks like the dew." It was reprinted in the *Literary Digest* for those "who think jazz and rag-

time (!) are all there is of American song and dance," suggesting that there might be in it a commentary on Ambassador Harvey's recent (?) London utterances to the effect that "the real America is to be found in the broad stretch between the Alleghenies and the Rockies." The verses were entitled "The Old Quadrilles."

Far, far away in the Ozark Hills,
The young folks dance the old quadrilles.
Overalls and shirts of blue,
Cowhide boots and jumpers too,
Their swaying bodies all keeping time,
To the fiddler's tune, and caller's rime.

"First couple out, and lead to the right,
Follow the girl with the eyes so bright,
You-all jump up, and never come down,
The holler of your foot
Makes a hole in the ground,
Ala' man all
Around the hall."

Laughing Janie, her eyes full of joy,
Shyly watches the fiddler boy,
Playing, as he never played before,
For her to dance on the puncheon floor.

"Do se do,
Around your beau
Roosters in the center, four hands 'round,
Swing your partner off'en the ground,
Whirl the girl from Arkansasaw,
Chaw more tobaccy than yer paw kin chaw,
Saw more wood than yer Maw kin saw,
Dance with the girl from Arkansasaw.
Balance all,
Around the hall."

"Turkey in the Straw," "No More to Roam,"
"Arkansaw Traveler," "Home Sweet Home."

"Git your partners, last set of all,"
Gaily they follow the old-time call.

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world.
Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The lanterns flicker, and morning gray
Brings another long working day;
There are cows to milk, and plows to guide,
Down the old trail-ways, side by side
The dancers flit, their laughing calls,
Echoing through the forest halls,
Over the hills to her mountain home
Pretty Janie follows alone.
Through the glade and down the swale,
Past the church, and in the vale,
By the cool swift brook, where willows meet,
Pausing to lave her weary feet.
Over her shoulder her best shoes swing,
Softly, the mocking bird hears her sing,

"Chase that rabbit, chase that coon,
Follow your honey 'round the moon."

The birds are singing of love and joy,
As down the trail the fiddler boy,
Leaps the brook and over the rocks,
He follows on, and never stops,
Until he comes to the pasture gate,
Where happiness and Janie wait;
As he gaily speeds along,
He hums the caller's careless song:

"Chase that 'possum, chase that squirrel,
Follow that pretty girl 'round the world."



Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

What Makes Music Great?

[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

♪ Once upon a time—it was March 8, 1771—the redoubtable Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the company of one Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, hied himself to Covent Garden Theater in London for the purpose of giving ear to a presentation of George Frederick Handel's *Messiah*.

Dr. Johnson was, and still is, a famous man. He had wit, learning, corpulency, and a booming voice. Besides, he was a past master of the art of being ill-mannered. It is by no means wide of the mark to conclude that he set great store by the opinions and the judgments which sprang into being in his brainpan.

The worthy Mrs. Thrale was undoubtedly on tenterhooks throughout the performance of Handel's *Messiah*. She herself said that the esteemed doctor "was for the most part an exceedingly bad playhouse companion." Furthermore, she knew that Dr. Johnson,

erudite and famous though he was, believed and declared with the assurance of a rooster of the purest blood that "music is in itself a triviality, occasionally rising to the dignity of a nuisance."

Nevertheless, the great doctor behaved rather well during the presentation of Handel's oratorio. At any rate, he was "surprisingly quiet," and Mrs. Thrale reported, "I flattered myself that he was listening to the music."

But had Dr. Johnson actually condescended to listen to the music? He had not. He had written Latin verses in the theater. Handel's great masterpiece had meant nothing at all to him.


If Dr. Johnson were alive today, would he deign to give ear to the music written by a man about whom I shall say a few words before I tell you more concerning Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*? The answer is no.

Fortunately, music has no need

to fear men like Dr. Johnson. It will thrive in spite of them.

Men and women of the stripe of Dr. Johnson serve a helpful purpose. By shouting from the chimney pots, as he did, that "music is in itself a triviality, occasionally rising to the dignity of a nuisance," they actually create and intensify a widespread interest in music. Yes, the Dr. Johnsons do far more good than harm.

A Great Master

 About four years ago—on September 26, 1945, to be exact—a great composer was gathered to his fathers. His name was Béla Bartók. He was born in Hungary on March 25, 1891; he died in New York City after long and grievous suffering.

Is it proper to speak of Bartók as a great master? Is it not risky and even rash to make such a statement?

I have heard Bartók described as an apostle of cacophony. I have heard it said that his music is meaningless and utterly devoid of beauty.

My own conviction is diametrically different. To my thinking, Bartók's writing abounds in elemental power. Much of it is rooted deep in the soil of his native Hungary; but it contains strength, distinctiveness, and meaning that go far beyond the borders of his native land.

Bartók made a thorough study of the music of Hungary. He traveled throughout the length and breadth of the country of his birth to hear men, women, and children sing and play melodies which had been handed down from generation to generation. Even before he undertook this intensive and extensive research, he knew that it was wrong to conclude that the Hungarian rhapsodies of Franz Liszt and the Hungarian dances of Johannes Brahms could give one a clear and complete picture of music as it had flourished in the hearts and on the lips of his countrymen.

Bartók will live in the history of music as a scholar. But scholarship, in itself, does not make for greatness in the field of composing. Had Bartók's achievements gone no farther than the studying, the collecting, and the utilization of the folk music of his native Hungary, he would be honored and admired today as a man of learning and much discernment; but this, important though it is, would not justify the assertion that he achieved greatness as a composer.


I know of no better definition of Bartók's unique ability than the one given by Dr. Alfred Einstein. "Béla Bartók," says the renowned musicologist, "is perhaps the only man who has achieved a synthesis of the primitive and

artistic language of music." Max Graf points out that Bartók was a man who "pursued his own path into unknown regions of music without being deterred by ridicule and repudiation." Bartók went his own way. As a composer he had intelligence, learning, originality, courage, resourcefulness, faith, and hope.

In my opinion, Bartók's music is far more important than the works of let us say, Paul Hindemith. The latter is so deeply immersed in his learning and in his fabulous craftsmanship that most of what he writes has a strong appeal for the mind but leaves the heart out in the cold. Hindemith's music is, for the most part, scholarship pure and simple. It looks wonderful on paper. As a matter of fact, it actually *is* wonderful on paper. But, with few exceptions, it leaves the ear in a daze.

Yes, I know that Bartók's music will at first seem strange to you. But give it a chance. You will see that it is not based on the mechanization which is evident at once in works written by some of his contemporaries. Igor Stravinsky, for example, has often bent the knee to out-and-out mechanization. So have those who in their own music consistently and persistently regurgitate the music of the redoubtable Igor. You will find nothing like this in the compositions of Bartók.

Back to Ravel

 Now let us turn to Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*.

There may be good reasons for saying that, by and large, the music of Ravel (1875-1937) has far less to tell us than the works of Bach and other masters who by common consent are numbered among the greatest of the great, but there are equally good reasons for declaring without any hesitation whatever that no one excelled this able French composer in the art of instrumentation.

Whom do we think of first whenever we undertake to enumerate those composers whose skill in writing for the modern orchestra must be regarded as great in the true sense of the word? Our thoughts turn to Richard Wagner, to Hector Berlioz, to Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakof, to Claude Debussy, to Ottorino Respighi, to Richard Strauss, and to Ravel.

Yet, one often meets men and women who say, "Ravel's music is not for us. We do not like it." For reasons best known to themselves they are not attracted by what Ravel has to say in his works, but they cannot effectively question the gifted Frenchman's technical skill.

Ravel's writing is always full of grace. It is refined to the *n*th degree. It is highly polished. One writer has likened it to "those

formal French gardens in which the trees are trimmed to precise shapes and the flowers laid out in well-ordered patterns." This author—it was Gilbert Chase—found consummate skill in Ravel's scores. He knew, of course, that in the opinion of some there was "too much artifice" in the Frenchman's way of writing; but he was sure that even those holding to such a view would be forced to "admit that he (Ravel) conceals this artifice with infinite grace."

It is this "infinite grace" of expression which makes Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* a masterpiece. If it is true that any work which has permanent value must be looked upon as a classic, then one is compelled to conclude that this appealing composition must be numbered among the classics of recent times.

Ravel wrote the *Mother Goose Suite* in 1908. Originally it was a piano duet. Four years later the composer arranged it for orchestra, and it is this version which has become known throughout the world. The score calls for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, double basson, two horns, tympani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, tam-tam, xylophone, glockenspiel, celesta, harp, and strings.

Ravel composed the suite for two children—Mimi and Jean Godébski. He based it on the fairy

tales of Charles Perrault, whose *Comte de ma Mère l'Oye* was published in 1697. The work has the following five parts: *Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty*, only twenty measures in length; *Hop o' My Thumb*; *Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas*; *The Conversation of Beauty and the Beast*; *The Fairy Garden*. It is a wonderful example of program music. One never ceases to marvel at the orchestral sorcery wrought by the man who wrote it.

I continue to maintain that Bach's *The Art of Fugue* is a great work in its field and that Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite* is great in its field. I need not sneer at Ravel merely because I admire Bach.

Bach needs deliverance from those who worship blindly at his throne and seem to consider it their bounden duty to turn up their noses at most other composers. Fortunately, Bach remains great in spite of such Bach-worship.

The fat and famous Dr. Johnson was honest in his belief about music. He did not honor it with his booming voice and his clever pen when his heart would have nothing to do with it. It is possible, of course, that his conduct at the performance of Handel's *Messiah* may have caused a few individuals to pooh-pooh the great masterwork, but in the final

analysis this did no actual harm either to the art itself or to the oratorio.

Naturally, Handel's *Messiah* did not suffer because of the learned man's attitude. It continued to go from strength to strength.

Great music, you see, triumph-

antly survives onslaughts of many kinds. It lives on and on in spite of poor performances and in spite of those who, like Dr. Johnson, declare in season and out of season that it is "in itself a triviality, occasionally rising to the dignity of a nuisance."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

With one exception, all the recordings reviewed in this month's column are engraved on the new, wafer-thin 45 r.p.m. discs. It has been a thrilling experience to become acquainted with this significant advance in the art of recording. Distortion has been done away with, the discs are exceedingly light in weight, and they cost less than the 78 r.p.m. discs. In the future I shall review all RCA Victor recordings on the basis of the 45 r.p.m. pressings.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Concerto in B Flat, for Bassoon and Orchestra* (K. 191). Leonard Sharrow, bassoonist, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Both Toscanini and the bassoonist pay close, loving and passionate attention to every detail. This is masterful Mozart playing. RCA Victor WDM-1304.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Serenade No. 10, in B Flat, for 13 Wind Instruments* (K. 361). Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—This excellent recording was made at Tanglewood, Lenox, Massachusetts. The reading is superb.

The score calls for two oboes, two clarinets, two basset-horns, two bassoons, contrabassoon, and four French horns. RCA Victor WDM-1303.

FOLK SONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES. Robert Merrill, baritone, with Leila Edwards at the piano.—Praiseworthy singing of *Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces*, *My Lovely Celia*, *Mary of Allendale*, and *Come, Let's Be Merry*, as arranged by H. Lane Wilson; *Down by the Sally Gardens* and *Ballynure Ballad*, as arranged by Herbert Hughes; *Oliver Cromwell*, as arranged by Benjamin Britten. RCA Victor WDO-1406.

HENRI WIENIAWSKI. *Scherzo Tarantelle, Op. 16*. PABLO DE SARASATE. *Habanera*, from *Spanish Dances, Op. 21*. Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, with Gerald Moore at the piano.—Fine examples of Menuhin's artistry. The recordings were made in Europe. RCA Victor 49-0404.

FRANZ LISZT. *Fountains at the Villa d'Este*, from *Années de Pèlerinage*. José Iturbi, pianist.—Here Mr. Iturbi outdoes himself. This is a 78 r.p.m. disc. RCA Victor 12-0921.

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

Strategy of Revolution

COMMUNISM: ITS PLANS AND TACTICS. By Frances P. Bolton, Chester E. Merrow, Donald L. Jackson, Franklin J. Maloney, Wirt Courtney, and Thomas E. Morgan. The Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. 1948. 102 pages. \$2.00.

PUBLISHED under the auspices of a sub-committee of the House of Representatives Committee on Foreign Affairs (80th Congress), this is an exceedingly interesting and valuable little book. In a logical and straightforward manner, without having recourse either to flag-waving or to vituperation, it tells the story of the Communist menace to the institutions of freedom.

The book discusses first "The Theory and Practice of Communism." Despite the commonly held impression that Stalin is nothing but a hard-headed realist, the Communist movement which he heads relies heavily upon a theory—one of the most profound and finely spun theories in all the history of philosophy.

This theory, first set forth by Marx and Engels and later elaborated by Lenin, forms a consistent and underlying pattern for all of the tortured maneuverings and zigzag lines of advance and retreat that have marked Communist strategy since the Russian revolution.

Communism believes in the inevitability of world revolution, in which the capitalistic system will be overthrown, the bourgeoisie eliminated, and the dictatorship of the proletariat—the industrial workers—established. Any nation that has not yet had a proletarian revolution is still "pre-revolutionary." When the world revolution has been consummated, and a "classless society" created, then the state will wither away. The state has not yet withered away in Soviet Russia because of the necessities imposed by "capitalist encirclement."

The Soviets speak much of "democracy," although it is evident that their conception of democracy is diametrically opposed to ours. Their system, which we call dictatorship, they regard as "democratic centralization," which they explain thus:

There may be free discussion of an issue, within the organization, up to the time when a decision is reached. From that time on discussion stops. The majority decides, and the decision is final. . . . All the arts of manipulation are applied to secure a majority decision in accordance with the will of the leaders. . . . The forms are democratic in part; the effect is that the mass membership acts in rubber-stamp fashion (p. 20).

In order to gain their objectives, Communists will often enter "front" or "bridge" organizations. The Communist tactic is always one of accommodation and expediency—until their hour strikes and they can assume full control. The fate of post-war coalition governments in Europe illustrates only too graphically the success of this formula.

A still clearer demonstration of this strategy lies in the Communist attitude toward, and use of, religion. Although the Marxian dictum: "Religion is the opium for the people," is a basic tenet of Communism, and although the churches have always been viewed by the Communists as "organs of bourgeois reaction," they have on occasion softened their attitude toward religion and have made compromises with the Church. When this has occurred, it was always the result of necessity, as in Soviet Russia during the dark days of war. This should not, however, give rise to the delusion that Communism and religion are compatible, for

any movement that makes totalitarian pretensions, that demands fanatic dogmatism of its supporters, and that sets up values on such an absolute basis that it can then place its tactics on the basis that the end justifies the means,

must inevitably oppose and seek to destroy any competing value system, and ethical values most of all. This . . . produces intolerance of religion automatically (p. 22).

In the pattern of world revolution, Soviet Russia is the main force and central factor. The authors of the book set forth the interesting thesis that Russia's acquisitions of land are not based upon mere patriotism or national expansion, even though they may be cloaked in the language of nationalism; they are rather a part of the strategy of the revolution. This will account for the fanatical and unswerving devotion to the interests of Russia on the part of Communists and party-liners in all of the other countries—interests which they invariably place ahead of the interests of their own country. That is, unless they wish to be accused of "Titoism."

Well, then, can Russia live peacefully in the same world with the non-Communist nations? Let Lenin give the answer:

The existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist states for a long time is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before this end supervenes, a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states will be inevitable (p. 30).

From this it becomes evident that the guarantee of peace does not lie in any policy of appeasement on the part of the Western powers. There will be world peace only so long as it suits the purposes of the masters of the Kremlin. The authors draw the important conclusion:

We have granted all that can be



New ABC

AT THE TIME of the Century of Progress, World's Fair in Chicago, the Lutheran Exhibit was directly across the aisle from the famous Jewish exhibit. The man who did the work for the Jewish Exhibit was A. Raymond Katz and his interpretive paintings attracted a great deal of attention on the part of all visitors to the Hall of Religion. In 1944 Raymond Katz issued a book "Prelude" in which he offered the results of a considerable amount of study devoted to the pictorial background of the Hebrew alphabet. He was assisted in the research by Shlomo Marenof.

His primary idea was not that these designs be used for illumination or lettering but that the alphabet should be used as a springboard for truly creative composition. As the author and artist expresses himself in the book, "I sincerely hope that this volume will be a prelude to newer ideas for other artists. Until that something better or different evolves, this may help to fill the needs of architects and designers for purely Hebraic designs and symbols for both home and temple."

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

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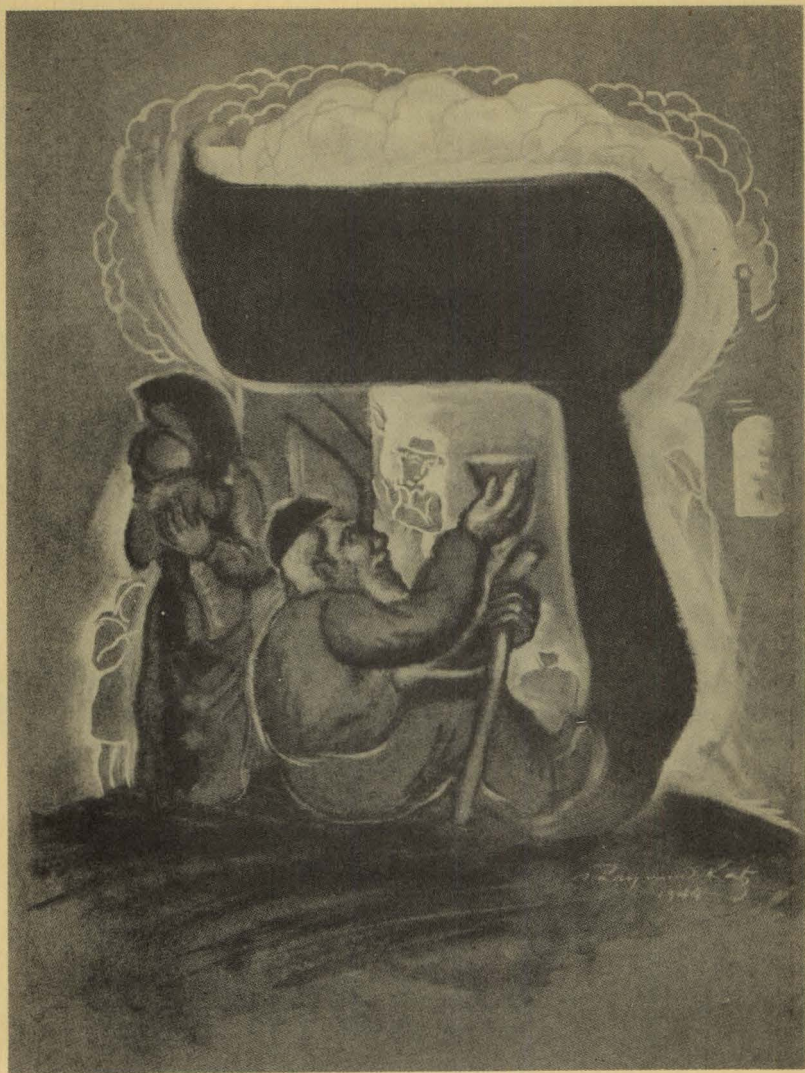
THE "ALEPH" (A)

first letter in the Hebrew alphabet. The early pictographic sign expressed the idea of the ox:—face, ears and horns. In the background are the lion and the fawn. Their Hebrew names also begin with the "Aleph."



THE "BET" (B)

second letter of the alphabet. The early pictographic form expressed the idea of a "place to lodge," from which was derived the modern version of "Bayit," a house.



THE "DALETH" (D)

fourth letter of the alphabet, meaning "Door." As the language developed, it also assumed the meaning "poverty," perhaps from the idea of the "beggar at the door."



THE "WAW" (W)

the sixth letter of the alphabet, indicating Friday, sixth day of the week; for the Hebrew alphabet is used also as a numerical system. On Friday night, eve of Sabbath, the mistress of the house lights candles and prepares the table for the evening meal.



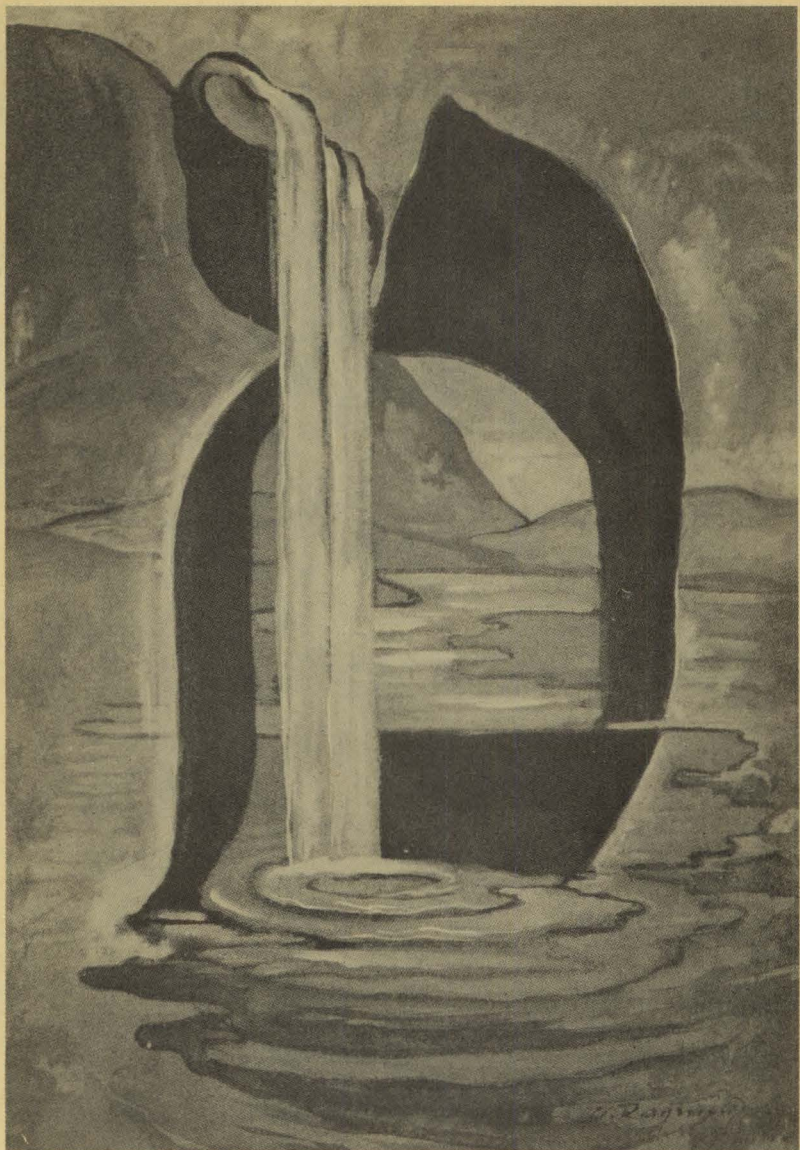
THE "TETH" (T)

ninth letter of the alphabet; first of the three-letter word "Tene," meaning basket.



THE "LAMED" (L)

twelfth letter in the alphabet. Its early pictographic form indicated the yoke of the ox. Later it came to mean "guiding."



THE "MEM" (M)

thirteenth letter in the alphabet, is derived from the word "Mayim," meaning water. Its early pictograph form expressed the waves of the sea.

granted without giving away what would be decisive. When we did it we thought we were setting the foundations of trust and neighborly relations. We have found that we only gave them the means and opportunity to grasp for more. Now the issue is how to recover from that disadvantage, not how to add enough price to buy the original article. . . .

This does not mean that we must no longer bargain with them. We should bargain with them on practical terms of mutual advantage whenever the occasion arises. But we cannot afford to regard them as distrustful children who need a demonstration of our kindness in order to be reassured. They are distrustful, but they are not children (p. 83).

Space is lacking to give a complete resumé of the book, or to give an adequate summary of the constructive suggestions which it proposes for a program of action to meet the Communist menace. Suffice it to say that this book, an official government release, offers eloquent testimony that we have at last "come of age" in our relationship to Communism and that our leaders are finally giving some intelligent thought to stemming the evil tide.

The time is past to cry "red herding!" whenever an attempt is made to ferret out the Communists who have insinuated themselves into the machinery of our government. Nor should the charge of "red baiting" be hurled at those who are genuinely concerned with eliminating these subversive elements from those areas of our national life in which they can do the cause of America untold harm. The report of the congressional subcommittee, as embodied in this vol-

ume, should provide a challenge to every thinking American—and in the dire peril of our day, no American can afford not to think.

Portrait of a Philosopher

GOETHE'S WORLD. As seen in letters and memoirs. Edited by Berthold Biermann. A New Directions Book. Published by James Laughlin, New York, N. Y. 1949. 422 pages. Indexed. Illustrated. \$5.00.

THIS year the western world is observing the 200th anniversary of the birth of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In America the Goethe Bicentennial Foundation is sponsoring a new edition of Goethe's works, and a Goethe festival is being held in Aspen, Colorado. This volume is a contribution to the event, and a worthwhile one.

Berthold Biermann, journalist and lifelong student of Goethe, has made up this volume with selections from Goethe's autobiographical writings, records of conversations left by persons who knew him, and excerpts of diaries and letters of the period. Some of these documents are published in English for the first time. The editor has paid special attention to the Americans who knew Goethe, visited him, and corresponded with him. There are short introductions to each selection and short biographies of the principal figures mentioned. The illustrations include reproductions of the best Goethe portraits, of his own drawings, and of scenes connected with his life story.

The whole is so well constructed that the reader obtains a full story

of this great genius' life, together with the sidelights from comments of people who knew Goethe more or less intimately. To some readers there will be a special appeal in the pieces that show his relation to his family; to others in those that present his relation to Schiller, Beethoven, Wieland, Carlyle, and other prominent persons in the field of letters, art, the theater, and music; to still others in his contacts with people from the United States and in his keen interest in our country. The reader also gets a taste of the reactions of those whom Goethe used as types in his writings, as for instance, the correspondence of J. Ch. Kestner who was deeply hurt by the publication of *The Sorrows of Werther*. It was a literary sensation, but Kestner reproached him for what was to Kestner a prostitution of "the real persons whose features you (Goethe) borrowed," such as Lotte, her husband Albert. The correspondence between Goethe and Thomas Carlyle shows how much these two men admired each other. In one of the letters, the latter quotes his young wife's opinion of the German genius: "This Goethe is a greater genius than Schiller, though he does not make me cry." To which Carlyle commented: "A better judgment than many which have been announced with more formality."

This reviewer could go on extracting excellent tidbits from letters and conversations, but it will be better for the reader of the volume to savor them first hand. He will conclude, therefore, with this final reference, namely, to the description of Goethe's death.

The great genius was not an orthodox Christian and his death-scene has sometimes been referred to as one which showed Goethe still groping for "more light" in his last hours. Goethe as a complete intellectualist would not accept anything on faith. A remarkable conversation between him and John Daniel Falk, a deeply religious philanthropist and author of *O du froehliche*, is fortunately included in this volume and sheds a very clear light on Goethe's views concerning man's origin and the hereafter. There seems to be nothing to indicate a later change in these views on Goethe's part. His death-scene does not indicate a change of mind. He died philosophically. During the last moments the room became too dark for him, and he called to his man Friedrich: "Why don't you also open the other window in the room, so that more light can come in!" These were his last words.

America's New Role

THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE. By Francis Biddle. University of Chicago Press. 1949. 175 pages. \$3.50.

THE title of Mr. Biddle's somewhat provocative little work is taken from a well known phrase in Jefferson's first inaugural address—that famous flood of felicitous prose which still contains the most magnificent single statement of "the essential principles of our government." Mr. Biddle writes of "the role of the United States in the modern world" out of his experiences as the Attorney General of the United

States during World War II, and as the American judge on the International Military Tribunal which tried the principal German war criminals.

The author begins with the rather sophisticated statement that "Americans are today a deeply puzzled and not too happy people." It is the dizzy position in which they find themselves as the first state in the family of nations that is largely responsible for their puzzlement and for their unhappiness. We did not ask for the job of holding the world together, and have not arranged our governmental housekeeping nor developed our national psychology to that end.

Mr. Biddle is undoubtedly correct in insisting that within the United States "unity and discipline must be increased if we are to meet our new responsibilities." But that will mean rearranging our political methods and our thinking methods. With responsibilities come duties; with duties come inconveniences. We shall have to overcome—and swiftly—our traditional and provincial distrust and suspicion of centralized government if we are to get anything done in our tremendous job. This need not mean the abrogation of our precious democratic governmental processes, but it will mean a new sense of enlightened participation by our citizens not only for the national welfare but also for the furtherance of our international position as the state around which our whole anxious world revolves.

The author emphasizes the emergence in our country of the "service state" distinguishing it from a communistic state which he rightly de-

scribes as false morally and politically. Our people have been through this before, but never under such rapid or imperative conditions. "Socialism is not communism," and it is also true that planning in advance the creation of the necessary governmental machinery for national welfare and for world leadership is not "control," nor is it necessarily socialism. In any event it is our task to assume our new role of world leader, and at the same time to retain for our citizens their essential "unalienable" rights and their individual freedom—heritages for which we and the whole Western world are in part forever indebted to the Reformation.

ALBERT WEHLING

Religious Melting Pot

SOUTHEAST ASIA—CROSSROAD OF RELIGIONS. By Kenneth Perry Landon. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1949. 215 pages. \$4.00.

TAKE an area of three thousand miles from east to west and fifteen hundred miles from north to south, put into it a bit of mainland, but more large and small islands, and mostly ocean, people it with about one hundred and fifty million inhabitants who speak from 300 to 400 languages and dialects—there you have the so-called "Mediterranean" of the Far East which is the background of these Haskell Lectures of Comparative Religion delivered at the University of Chicago in 1947. Here the author takes us on a large circle trip from Burma through Sumatra, Java, Bali, the Moluccas, and

the Philippines to Indochina. New Guinea is not treated.

In this book Dr. Landon endeavors to show that Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the other religions which invaded Southeast Asia in the past did not actually convert the people to their point of view, but were rather converted by them to serve the native beliefs and superstitions. He contends, however, that the modern West, including Christianity, has affected the masses in this area more profoundly than the earlier "invading religions."

The lands, the peoples and the folkways are first pictured as a background of their past and present religious beliefs and practices. Although these vary greatly with the different tribes and nations, the fundamental element of all native religions is spiritism. The author then describes the influence of the great Chinese religions: Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, also the Hinduization and the Islamization of the people in Southeast Asia. These religions were modified and adapted to the various tribal beliefs. This syncretizing process was true to a lesser degree also of the coming of Christianity. To mention just one example among others: At Christian funeral services it has happened that two men with swords were standing at the church door to drive away the evil spirits.

While not using the term Christianization but Westernization, Dr. Landon includes the influence of Christianity and of Christian civilization in the last of six chapters. The people of the area treated "are ac-

quiring from the West, just as they previously acquired from India and China, a new format within which to fit the body of their traditional practices and concepts." Still the author finds a difference in the case of Christianity. He continues: "It is my expectation that Westernization will affect more people more profoundly than any previous invader."

The presentation is very factual. Dr. Landon does not point out the superiority of Christianity to the native spiritism and animism and to the "invading" Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Hinduism. Nowhere does he express the conviction that Christianity is the only true religion. The subject matter which he presents might have been followed by an appeal to greater activity on the part of the Christian church to be a witness of Christ also in these uttermost parts of the world. This evidently was not in the mind of the author as the expressed purpose of his book, although he has been a missionary in Siam for eleven years.

We believe, however, that this book, based on personal experience and on intensive reading of the literature dealing with the subject presented, the bibliography of which covers more than eight pages, will open to the general reader a new understanding of the religions of the world, meeting at this crowded crossroad of Southeast Asia. It will be of special interest to the anthropologists, sociologists, to the students of the philosophy of religion and of comparative religions, and in particular to missionaries, missionary boards, and missionary societies. We find

here a picture of "the heathen in his blindness" and an unexpressed but nevertheless very real challenge to the Christian churches of the world to espouse also this opportunity of making disciples of Christ of the nations living in the Far East "Mediterranean."

CARL A. GIESELER

A Guide to Understanding

T. S. ELIOT: THE DESIGN OF HIS POETRY. By Elizabeth Drew. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1949. 216 pages. \$3.00.

A HEAP of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water.

In the juvescence of the year
Came Christ the tiger

Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.

"The Wasteland," "Gerontion," "Four Quartets"—the poems in which these passages are found—were among the compelling reasons for the awarding to Thomas Stearns Eliot last year of a Nobel Prize. Since the death of Yeats he has been acclaimed the outstanding living poet writing in the English language. Many readers, however, who know these facts and would like to enjoy the experience of reading his work fear that they will find it too "difficult." To these readers Miss Drew's book will be like a

friend sitting ready to answer questions and give explanations. Even for those long familiar with Eliot she has further useful suggestions.

Myth—the projection by man, throughout the ages, of his experiences into symbols and symbolical stories—has been constantly used by man as a source of psychic power. He sees his experiences not as unique but as belonging to a recognizable class, made dramatic to him by his associating himself with a traditional—and consequently powerful—symbol. The symbols may be taken from history or imagination. Thus many statesmen of the eighteenth century gained strength by associating themselves with their prototypes, the great Roman statesmen; Christian mothers seek to enhance their motherhood by associating their experience with that of Mary; a small boy feels himself assimilated to the tradition of the heroes Achilles, Hector, Horatius, Richard Coeur-de-Lion, Robin Hood, John Paul Jones; a Zuni Indian during the cycle of his agricultural year assimilates himself to various gods through fertility rites. The psychologist Jung has made profound investigations of this process; Plato recognized it in his doctrine that the things that exist are imperfect copies of perfect archetypes.

Eliot's poetry makes use of these associations to an unusual extent, a fact that explains much of its intensity. The lines quoted above depend upon such symbols as drought, representing spiritual deadness; water, representing spiritual grace (as in the story of Moses, the rite of baptism, the spiritual aspect of physical rain

for the vegetation, etc.); the tiger, representing power, danger, and the creative force of God; and the facts of physical metabolism, death, and rebirth or transformation, representing spiritual transformation. With Miss Drew's help, many new readers will find themselves able to enjoy Eliot and much other modern poetry.

Self Revelation

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA,
1914-1923. Edited by Max Brod.
Shocken Books, New York. 1949.
343 pages. \$3.75.

THIS is the second and final volume of the widely discussed complete diaries of Franz Kafka. The manuscripts of these diaries were happily among the materials which Kafka entrusted to his friend Max Brod who refused to burn them as the writer had ordered.

The entries in this volume cover the period of Kafka's most productive and mature literary activity. It was during the closing decade of his life that Kafka published his best known novelettes, *In the Penal Colony* and *The Metamorphosis*, the collections of his most brilliant short stories, *A Country Doctor* and *A Hunger Artist*, as well as all the other work which he himself, always his own worst critic, considered significant.

Like Kierkegaard, with whom he compares himself repeatedly, Kafka felt compelled to write his journals to deliver himself of and in some sense to control his own painful inwardness; and, like his Danish fellow sufferer, it seems that he never lacked a supply of artistic materials. The

diaries are loaded with reading notes and phrases, inspirations of plots and characterizations, records of dreams—often included within sketches in which they predominate over more “realistic” elements, the starting points of literary creations which in happy cases became finished works—all thoroughly natural items but, reported by a Kafka, they depart from things customary. Equally perspectival are Kafka's sketches of personalities who were important for him: Paschal, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, and others among his predecessors, as well as a host of contemporaries like Franz Werfel and his editor, Max Brod, who wander in and out of these pages.

Though journals never exhibit the artist at his best or as he wishes to be seen, the Kafka diaries can give the discerning reader at least a look into the workshop of a unique poet. Kafka is among the modern artists who have helped to reformulate the old “problem of man” in the more authentic and insistent terms of “man as a problem.” A rare spirit in a consumptive body, Kafka furnishes his readers with another insight into the human situation—into the misunderstanding between man and his environment or, as he himself puts it, between wandering in the wilderness and longing for Canaan.

Kafka's sheer artistry as well as his profound influence on contemporary literature must be traced in the end to a genuine insight into human existence and to his faithful reporting. Edwin Muir, his English translator and critic, calls it Kafka's “complete integrity that makes all the artistic

means he uses so infallibly right, so absolutely suited to his purpose and to what he has to say."

Philosophical Method

EXISTENCE AND INQUIRY. By Otis Lee. University of Chicago Press. 1949. ix, 323 pages. \$4.00.

THE method and object of philosophic inquiry presuppose each other. A changed conception of reality generates its own conception of inquiry. Otis Lee, late professor of philosophy at Vassar, felt that there does not exist, however, a theory of inquiry corresponding to our contemporary view of reality. He set himself to show, therefore, as the title suggests, that the history of modern philosophy points the moral that its future lies in a study of existence rather than of inquiry.

Professor Lee discusses here the shifting methods which have been brought to bear on the raw givens of experience in three broad periods of modern philosophy. The "rationalist" and "empiricist" traditions stemming from Descartes began in truly ontological fashion with a method of *analysis* to clear and distinct elements, whether logical or psychological, and a reconstruction of the world out of certified materials. Reality was conceived as a structure of elements; and its correlative method was adequate until criticism exposed the implicit dualism and stripped from the theory of analysis its essential relation to existence.

A world viewed as process required a logic of process. Knowledge viewed as a form of and as the essence of

reality gave rebirth to *dialectic*. Though they differed in their interpretation of opposites, both idealism and materialism fumbled their problem of two logics, failing ultimately to account for structure and order.

Contemporary *pragmatism* has appropriated the structure and the process of these preceding periods, developing a logic of abstract orders and applying its concepts hopefully to the flux of thick experience. But it is Professor Lee's contention that the presuppositions of experimental thinking carry pragmatism beyond a simple identification of itself with scientific methodology to a theory of existence. It is the task of modern philosophy to realize its significance as an autonomous mode of inquiry by leaving the method of consequences long enough to develop a view of existence which is perhaps to be found in an analysis of the pragmatic concept of "the present" with its categories of perspective and interaction.

Professor Lee is a master of his subject matter and he has written carefully and clearly. His original and penetrating interpretations of modern philosophers will probably send the reader back to the literature more than once. The perspective is broad and true. But *very* broad—and possibly misleading if the reader presumes Lee to be saying that the dialectical method was not employed in the seventeenth century nor the method of analysis in the nineteenth. Actually the interest is only to relate conceptions of reality most broadly conceived to methods of inquiry most broadly conceived in the periods

in question. It is in method, after all, that philosophy has most to learn from the past.

A Man and a Time

BEAU JAMES—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JIMMY WALKER. By Gene Fowler (Author of *Good Night, Sweet Prince*). The Viking Press, New York. 1949. 398 pages.

HERE is the story of a "New Yorker's New Yorker." Born in Greenwich Village (that tangle of narrow lanes, flowering windowboxes and individual individuals) and nourished by good Tammany connections, James J. Walker frolicked among the bright lights of Broadway, aspired to song writing, studied law to please his father, was elected to the state legislature, and won the second biggest political job in this country when on January 1, 1926, he became the mayor of the City of Wonder, that wonderful City of New York.

Not without good humor, Gene Fowler unfolds in much detail those times of that fabulous life with the same sparkling freshness, the same vivid tongue and exciting glitter which so pinwheeled its way through the extravagant, glamorous, crime-filled twenties—those times of that fabulous life of Jimmy Walker. The author knew those years well, knew well those men and women who turned that City's political wheels, cranked her presses, colored her Broadway lights, rode in her town cars, gathered at her Inner Circle, pumped her wine-red blood through swollen arteries, marched in her ro-coco Fifth Avenue parades, bowed

at her arriving dignitaries, and kept her direct wires waving between New York and the capitol at Albany. And Mr. Fowler is honest, accurate and real in relating this series of almost incredible anecdotes which surrounded and made up the rise and fall of the life of his hero.

Mr. Walker lives now in the memory of man as the off-and-on but very charming state senator, as the meticulously groomed and precisely clothed mayor of the Empire City, as the man who wooed and won the beautiful Betty Compton with the tremendous insouciance of one not already loved by a patient and devoted wife and with the wild abandon of one not living in a glass cage. Nor will the reader soon forget Jimmy Walker during those last years which Mr. Fowler shows were indeed not without pathos, companion of decline—those last years which dragged the very thorough and the very calm Judge Seabury from his browsings in London book shops to be the star on the scene of the city-wide investigation which climaxed the life of the author's hero. Those last years ended the political career of Mr. Walker, saw him lose the woman he loved, witnessed his loyal and sincere return to the Church.

With kindness and understanding, Mr. Fowler does not let us believe that the mayor was a dishonest fellow, but because of his inherent loyalty, was too trusting in his friends many of whom drifted from him when they saw him losing all. Fowler knew Jimmy Walker well and has given a fresh coat of paint to the memory of one of our time's most

individual personalities, who neither noble nor ignoble was created to act (as indeed he admittedly loved to do) for "a time of brass bands, waving flags, parades and bright lights" . . . he played it well.

Nor will his performance be soon forgotten. Old-time elevator operators at the state capitol still recall with gusto that things haven't been the same there since those days when Jim's quick wit and unconventional and unpredictable antics ruffled the red plush dignity of the senate chamber in Albany.

JEAN NEHRING

The People Can Judge

ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company, New York. Copyright, 1915; reissued, 1949. 467 pages. \$5.00.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS. Edited by Fritz Morstein Marx. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1949. 712 pages.

THE PEOPLE SHALL JUDGE. Selected and edited by the Staff, Social Sciences I, The University of Chicago. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1949. \$4.50.

IN AMERICA, government has always seemed to mean "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Participation of these people in our political activities would presuppose a fair amount of knowledge of what goes on in the world of affairs. But because of indifference, a lack of education, or frustration at the acceleration of world history a majority of the peo-

ple do not have or do not use the knowledge requisite to healthy and dynamic republicanism.

Fortunately, many citizens would like to bring themselves up-to-date. One would be hard pressed to find better material for beginning reading in history and political science than the three works documented above. Charles Beard's *Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy* "set the patter for much subsequent interpretation of history" after its first publication. *Foreign Governments*, edited by Fritz Morstein Marx, is a portrayal of the states important in present-day world politics. *The People Shall Judge* is an anthology of the most momentous political writings from the Mayflower Compact to Plessy v. Ferguson. After reading of this sort, the people will begin to judge.

Helpful and Disquieting

NOTES TOWARDS THE DEFINITION OF CULTURE. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1949. 128 pages. \$2.50.

T. S. ELIOT's "notes" towards defining "culture"—a word which has always served as a kind of conceptual Gladstone bag—comprise his contribution towards undercutting a lot of current theory about how whatever it is to be achieved and extended.

Describing culture as "the incarnation of the religion of a people," and the culture of the West consequently as bound up with the Graeco-Roman Christian tradition, Mr. Eliot views

with alarm all Western talk about a classless, religionless society. He traces decay in every department of human activity to the crumbling of this tradition and describes the Western world as "destroying her ancient edifices to make ready the ground upon which the barbarian nomads of the future will encamp in their mechanized caravans."

Mr. Eliot proceeds in dialectical fashion to define three basic conditions for culture: 1. an organic structure within which social classes are essential as bearers and transmitters of phases of the total culture; 2. regionalism—local cultures providing movement and mutual stimulation within the whole; and 3. the balance of unity and diversity in a religion which combines universality of doctrine with particularity of cult and devotion. It is not clear that in defining culture in terms of religion T. S. Eliot has avoided the error of defining religion in terms of culture.

Most stimulating, perhaps, are the closing chapters in which the distinguished writer disentangles culture both from politics and from education. Culture is the product of a variety of activities each pursued for its own sake. Culture cannot be subordinated to political theory, consequently, because it is never wholly conscious—because culture itself provides the unconscious background of political theory. It is a curiosity that this fact should constitute the single exception to the implications of the penetrating analysis of ideology in the Marxist theory. And to the prevalent assumptions in the West concerning the role of education in

society—that education is identical with or the only instrument for improving culture—Mr. Eliot opposes the saner view that education is only one of the activities through which a culture realizes itself.

Bourgeois or proletarian, the reader will find this courageous little book both helpful and disquieting—as any serious suggestion of an answer to the question it raises must be.

Good Approach

MEANING IN HISTORY. By Karl Löwith. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1949. 257 pages. \$4.00.

MEANING IN HISTORY, by Karl Löwith of the Hartford Theological Seminary, is well-written, scholarly, interesting, and extremely important for the mid-century reader. The approach is novel: the author begins his book with the more recent thinkers (Marx, Hegel, Voltaire, *et al.*) and leads his thinking back to Augustine and the Biblical view of history. In other words, he takes us from "the more easily accessible philosophies of history" to "theologies of history."

But many historians have not gone back to the Eternal Source; rather, they have attempted to find meaning *within* history. Such interpretations are purely secular. More often than not, they emphasize materialism, rationalism, and a belief in reason and progress. To this Löwith counters: "With the gradual dissolution of the eighteenth century belief in reason and progress, philosophy of history became more or less home-

less. . . . The problem of history as a whole is unanswerable within its own perspective."

The meaning of history can be found only above and beyond history—in God and His cross. The meaning of any thing—the lowly chair, the soaring plane, or the beautiful painting—is not found in the thing itself, but is found in the purpose attached to the made by the maker. Thus also the meaning of the created world comes from the mind of the Creator. History, then, must be interpreted in terms of sin, redemption, the cross, and our ultimate destiny in the arms of God. Löwith's approach is so old, and yet so new.

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, JR.

Thorough and Objective

WOMAN AS FORCE IN HISTORY.

By Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 332 pages.

MARY R. BEARD and her late husband, Charles A. Beard, are best known to the reading public for their collaboration on the widely read *Basic History of the United States*, which is considered one of the best histories ever written. In her "solo" writings she has given particular attention to the perspective of women.

Woman as Force in History is a study of the traditions which have grown up concerning the relationship between men and women from the earliest times to the present. The author tests these traditions in the light of history.

Mrs. Beard believes that the three

ideologies struggling for supremacy in our world today represent three different views of the place of woman in society. Communism maintains that "woman's problem" can only be solved by complete equality with men. Fascism decrees that woman must find her greatest happiness in contribution to the state, by limiting her ambitions to domesticity and, particularly, to child-bearing. Democracy gives woman the right to choose her way of life. Lenin, Mussolini and Hitler took cognizance of the fact that woman has an enormous influence on society and the state.

The author is of the opinion that American historians are not so conscious of this fact, judging from the casual treatment accorded important women in the life of our country. American lawmakers, up until recent years, had also been largely guided by the Blackstone premise that women, especially married women, are a subject sex. Mrs. Beard points out the psychological background for Blackstone's bias, and proves through English legal history prior to 1765 that men and women in many fundamental respects were on a similar footing with regard to property holdings. She takes us step by step through the modern legal history of the gradual liberalization of laws governing property and personal rights of married women, both in England and America.

The idea of women as a subject sex did not actually gain momentum until after the Middle Ages. We are taken back into the Roman heyday and through medieval England, France, Italy, and Spain, and shown

that women had and wielded tremendous influence both intellectually and politically. Men and women worked side by side, with no thought of a "weaker sex." . . .

"Yet the dictum of history as the work of a few masculine human beings had gone forth to the corners of the earth and there given vitality to a doctrine of history as all man-made in a 'man's world.'"

Woman as Force in History is a thorough and objective study of a subjective problem by a woman who knows history and historians.

The book also contains a 25-page bibliography on the subject of woman in history.

JANE ROCK

Biography of a Biographer

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY, A Biography of John G. Nicolay. By Helen Nicolay. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 363 pages.

IN THIS volume the life story of the first of a long line of Lincoln scholars, John G. Nicolay, receives the sympathetic and admiring treatment of his daughter, a noted biographer and historian. Its interest lies in the numerous intimate incidents related concerning Lincoln and in the revelation of the problems encountered by Nicolay and John Hay in their writing of the massive ten-volume biography, *Abraham Lincoln: A History*.

John G. Nicolay was asked by Abraham Lincoln to be his private secretary just shortly after Lincoln's nomination as Republican candidate for the presidency in 1860. The appointment came as compensation for

the disappointment Nicolay felt at losing the assignment to William Dean Howells of writing the campaign biography of the man whom he had come to admire so greatly. His admiration for Lincoln as his secretary grew and with it the resolution to perpetuate the life of Lincoln in something more than a mere campaign sketch. Working with John Hay, then Lincoln's assistant secretary, the result was a work decidedly in the tradition of hero worshipers.

This work helps explain the admiration so apparent in the Nicolay and Hay biography. Much of this is revealed in comments which often followed upon the more intimate contacts they had with the President as residents in the White House. Particularly apparent is admiration of Lincoln, a man to whom they affectionately referred as "The Ancient," "The Tycoon," or "The American," for his ability to command. Lincoln is portrayed as ruling his cabinet in an informal but masterful way. One also catches in the work the secretary's attraction to the humanness of the President. Pictures are presented of the tall, ungainly Lincoln in night clothes stopping to chat with his secretary, of the President on Pennsylvania Avenue looking for a newsboy, and of a grief-stricken father, bursting into tears on the occasion of his son Willie's death and telling Nicolay, "My son is gone—he is actually gone."

Miss Nicolay has drawn upon the monumental biography and has used in addition to a great extent the letters written by Nicolay twice a week throughout the years of the war

to his fiancée. These letters, as well as the memoranda and jottings of the secretary, in addition to reflecting the greatness of Lincoln in character and as chief executive, give insight into the anxiety experienced in Washington concerning the development of the war, and also of the character and contribution of some of the prominent congressmen, cabinet members, and generals of the Civil War period.

DANIEL GAHL

Poetry of Hope

THE NEW BRITISH POETS. Ed.

by Kenneth Rexroth. New Directions. 1949. 312 pages. \$3.00.

THE odour of mortality rises from the death of the day,
Earth's subtle chemistry proceeds; water
drips from the boughs;
Nourished on black corruption, warmed
in the breath of decay
The seeds of Spring lie swelling in their
soaking house.

These lines from Derek Savage's poem "February" are indicative of certain characteristics found in the writing of many of the British poets in the past ten years. This anthology contains poems of this period by sixty-four writers who are found in the under-forty age range. There has been a resuming of the nature themes common with the "Georgians"—the poets of the second decade of the century; these themes are not treated, however, with the whimsicality or the pastoral approach that gave to a sizeable fraction of that poetry a naïveté that particularly irritated the poets of the following decades. In the contemporary verse

many of the poets are unashamed of writing of idealized beauty and of using beautiful figures; there is less of the satirical element of the 1930's, with its themes of inaction and of futile destruction and its ironic "public-school" diction. Again, the symbolism of the poems is taken less from the myths of Karl Marx and more from the age-old myths that project the mysteries of "birth, copulation, and death." Many of the poets regard the current trends as a form of Romanticism; the editor of this anthology considers this name misleading. Whatever the terminology, it is evident that this poetry contains less negativism—fewer doctrinal denunciations, less iconoclasm, less cynicism—than the prevailing poetry of the thirties.

That such is true of wartime poetry in contrast with the immediately preceding peacetime poetry may seem strange. But perhaps the actual event of war proved that, in spite of the earlier jeremiads, some things persist, war or no war—the sort of things, for example, indicated in Savage's lines above. These poets give the impression of accepting the sordidness and horror that are inseparable from the living process and being content with the possibility of rejoicing occasionally in revelations of incredible beauty. The disgust, the boredom of the thirties seem to have vanished for a time.

Many of these poets are already well known in this country. There is Stephen Spender, now forty, the youngest of the Auden group; his continuing freshness and power are

shown in such a poem as "The Labourer in the Vineyard":

His tanned trousers form a pedestal,
Coarse tree-trunk rising from the earth
with bark

Peeled away at the navel to show
Shining torso of sun-burnished god
Breast of lyre, mouth coining song.

Flesh filled with statue, as the grape
with wine.

Dylan Thomas, a Welsh poet who began writing in an extremely explosive style, has attracted many followers. Such metaphors as "Her fist of a face died clenched on a round pain" follow each other in quick succession. George Barker writes in a similar style; the lyrical figure

O Golden Fleece she is where she lies
tonight

Trammelled in her sheets like mid-
summer in a bed

is quickly mingled with perceptions of life arising from psychology, zoology, and a vivid sense of humor. David Gascoyne in "The Gravel-Pit Field" links the sluttish margin of a suburb, with its shards, weeds, bones, and shells, to the myths of beauty and harmony of mankind and the revolutions of the universe.

"Getting Ahead"

POINT OF NO RETURN. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1949. 559 pages. \$3.50.

AS MARQUAND once satirized Boston in the *Late George Apley*, he now presents a critical but appealing story of a boy, Charles Gray, who lives on Spruce Street (lower-upper class), and a girl, Jessica Lovell, who

lives on Johnson Street (upper-upper) in the small town of Clyde, Massachusetts.

Although the first chapter begins with Charles in his 40's waiting to hear whether he or another employee of the Stuyvesant Bank in New York will be appointed to a vacant vice president post, the main part of the book is Charles' environment in Clyde, his romance with Jessica and his struggle "to beat the system." Charles' father, John Gray, often discussed "the system" with Charles. John Gray had tried to be a financial success, but had never succeeded. Charles wants to be as different from his father as possible. John Gray is a ne'er-do-well with a peculiar charm all his own.

Charles Gray makes successive moves from Clyde to Boston to New York in his desire to "get ahead." Ironically, as Charles Gray is on the verge of becoming vice president of the Stuyvesant Bank, he finds that the things he wanted most have slipped away from him. To take care of some business for the bank, he is forced to return to Clyde after an absence of 20 years. He discovers that he envies his old friends who have not turned out to be "successes," but whose lives seem much richer and fuller than that of Charles Gray, who is about to be a vice president.

Point of No Return is pleasant reading and Marquand has presented a whole new set of characters. Although the book is about Charles Gray, the personality of John Gray is not unimportant; and the description of Clyde has a great deal of humor and charm. GRACE WOLF

Two Collections

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS:

SELECTED POEMS. Introduction by Randall Jarrell. New Directions. New York. 1949. 140 pages. \$1.50.

COLLECTED POEMS BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON. The Viking Press, New York. 1949. 269 pages. \$3.50.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, now in his sixties, has managed to combine the life of a doctor with that of a poet, fiction writer, and literary critic. Many of his poems sound like snatches of conversation that he might have exchanged with a passenger or said aloud to himself as he drove along to visit a patient. They are made up of sharp visual perceptions, whistles of admiration, and expostulations with misled humanity. His diction is uniformly fastidious, whether selected from the abundant resources of literature or from the slang of the day.

Many of his poems continue the Imagist tradition:

He notices

the curdy barnacles and broken ice
crusts
left at the slip's base by the low
tide . . .

The sky has come down to you,
lighter than tiny bubbles, face to
face with you!

His spirit is

a white gull with delicate pink feet . . .

He is often satirical—lightly so, as in the poem on the sea-elephant, in which a woman keeps saying

(In
a practical voice) They

ought to put it back where
it came from

—more seriously, as in "Tract," a poem directed against the improprieties of contemporary funeral pomp. Occasionally he presents in their most disheartening aspect some of the sordid conditions that are concomitants of our civilization, as in the poem that begins:

The pure products of America
go crazy . . .

But he always associates himself with the erring race and never loses his reserve of optimism.

Some of his poems make no use of the idioms of slang but are carefully wrought in styles that recall variously Gerard Manley Hopkins and Edwin Arlington Robinson. One of the most remarkable of these is "The Yachts," which ends with the lines:

until the horror of the race dawns
staggering the mind,
the whole sea become an entanglement
of watery bodies
lost to the world bearing what they
cannot hold. Broken,

beaten, desolate, reaching from the dead
to be taken up
they cry out, failing, failing! their cries
rising
in waves still as the skillful yachts pass
over.

Siegfried Sassoon, now sixty-three, is probably best known in this country as one of the English poets of World War I, though he has produced many fine works since then, both in prose and verse. He was one of the first poets of World War I

who dared to write of war as it really is:

the livid face

Terribly glaring up, whose eyes yet wore
Agony dying hard ten days before;
And fists of fingers clutched a blackening
wound.

Such lines were not palatable to the jingoists at home who continued the traditional cant of war's "seemliness" and "glory":

You can't believe that British troops
"retire"

When hell's last horror breaks them,
and they run,

Trampling the terrible corpses—blind
with blood.

Some of the poems contain a terrible satire on the well-wishers:

Does it matter?—losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the
blind;

And people will always be kind . . .

After the war Sassoon directed his satire against the *laissez faire* procedures of the upper classes, who are irritated by the striking miners; they ask:

Why should a miner earn six pounds a week?

Leisure! They'd only spend it in a bar!

Some of his best poems present the thoughts of rural characters; such is "The Old Huntsman," who recalls:

I was glad

To be alive because I heard the cry
Of hounds like church-bells on a Sunday.

One remembers gratefully that it was largely through the efforts of Sassoon that the remarkable war poems of Wilfred Owen, who was killed four days before the Armistice, became known.

A Record of Evil

MEMOIRS OF ALFRED ROSENBERG. The Last Testament of one of History's Most Dangerous Men. With analytical commentary by Serge Lang and Ernst von Schenck. Translated from the German by Eric Posselt. Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago-New York. 1949. 328 pages. \$4.00.

THE two editors of this book are Swiss journalists. They have taken their materials from Rosenberg's document and have added annotations and an analysis. The Rosenberg memoirs were written after the collapse of the Nazi regime. He realized that it was all over as far as he and his infamous associates were concerned; but he had not lost faith in the philosophy of Nazism of which he was the chief inculcator. He blamed the fiasco on his companions, Ley, Goebbels, Himmler, Bormann, and Hitler, and attempted to absolve himself of all blame. He has criticisms of these associates that are harsh and no doubt well-deserved, but which flow with ill grace from his pen. Goebbels is described as a "vain and theatrical varlet"; Ley as one whose "speeches frequently made him appear absolutely ridiculous"; Himmler as "a man without a conscience"; and of Hitler he said: "Sometimes hatred arises in me when I think of the millions of Germans who have been murdered and exiled" because of him. However correct these statements may have been, they do not come with good grace from the man who led Nazi thought against Christianity, Judaism, and

ordinary humanitarianism and who was a bitter foe of the freedom of the individual. It still seems unbelievable, if it were not too true, that his philosophy should have swept millions of Germans off their feet, including ministers of the Gospel and professors at universities.

The volume concludes with Rosenberg's "Political Testament," an outline of a constitution of a future new German Reich. He believed in his philosophy to the end. The question is: How many Germans today still believe in it and will a revival of power among the Germans mean a revival of Nazism? That is what Rosenberg hoped for to his death. He wrote: "The idea itself was action and life, and that cannot and will not be forgotten. As other great ideas knew heights and depths, so National Socialism too will be reborn some day in a new generation steeled by sorrow, and will create in a new form a new Reich for the Germans. Historically ripened, it will then have fused the power of belief with political caution. In its peasant soil it will grow from healthy roots into a strong tree that will bear sound fruit." God save our world from a revival of the evil philosophy of this criminal!

This Is War

TO HELL AND BACK. By Audie Murphy. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1949. 274 pages. \$3.00.

WHEN the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Audie Murphy was "half-wild with

frustration" because he was too young to enlist in the armed forces of the United States. On his eighteenth birthday he hurried to a marine corps recruiting station. He chose this branch of the services because the famous Leathernecks have a legendary reputation for toughness. Audie was "looking for trouble." But the would-be marine was rejected. He was underweight. He tried the paratroopers. Here a sympathetic sergeant advised him to "fill up on bananas and milk before he weighed in." Hurt and angry, Audie made the rounds. Finally he was happy to be accepted by the "unglamorous" infantry.

During the first session of close-order drill the new recruit fainted and promptly acquired the nickname "Baby." His commanding officer suggested that "Baby" enter a cook-and-baker's school, where the going would be less rough. Audie not only refused but stubbornly insisted that he be permitted to retain his combat classification and that he be certified for overseas duty. During the final phase of his combat training at Fort Meade, Audie narrowly escaped transfer to the camp's permanent cadre.

At last Audie's fierce determination was rewarded. Early in 1943 Private Murphy landed in North Africa. His record with the Third Infantry Division is phenomenal. He fought in Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. He is officially credited with having killed, captured, or wounded 240 Germans. Still under twenty-one when V-E Day came, this slender, boyish Texan emerged from

the war as America's most-decorated soldier. He holds twenty-one medals, including the nation's highest military decoration—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

To Hell and Back is the simple, forthright account of ex-Sergeant Murphy's experiences in the foxholes and dugouts of World War II. Mr. Murphy's portraits of his comrades-in-arms are sharply etched. He writes with self-effacing modesty, and he reveals a mature conception of the cost and the futility of war.

Mr. Murphy has dedicated his book to two fallen comrades. The words of dedication, "If there be any glory in war, let it rest on men like these," bear out the author's avowed purpose in writing his book. In an interview Mr. Murphy said:

The main reason that I wanted the book to be written was to remind a forgetful public of a lot of boys who never made it home. I do not believe in heroics. The great man of the war to me was the little fellow who did what was asked of him and paid whatever price that action cost.

Careful and Analytical

STUDENT PERSONNEL SERVICES IN GENERAL EDUCATION. By Paul J. Brouwer. American Council on Education, Washington. 1949. 317 pages. \$3.50.

EVERY teacher, counselor, or administrator engaged in the work of higher education will, upon reading this volume, keep it handy for ready reference. For it represents the combined thought of many persons similarly engaged on problems that

are common in almost any type of institution.

Between the years 1939 and 1944 a cross-section group of some twenty-five institutions participated in what became known as "The Cooperative Study in General Education." This study, sponsored by the American Council on Education, was undertaken on a "divisional basis," namely, the humanities, the sciences, the social sciences and student personnel services. Each division, except the sciences, published a report of the study made in a particular area. The volume now under consideration is the report of the division dealing with personnel services.

The contents have been divided into three parts: Developing the Personnel Services, Facilitating the Personnel Services, and the Principles of Personnel Services. Part I presents a brief survey of some of the practices prevailing in particular institutions, indicating procedures developed to meet certain situations. Part II describes and discusses two inventories created to discover the personal-social needs of students and the efficacy of counseling programs. Part III consists of statements of psychological, physiological, philosophical, and sociological principles which must undergird any worthwhile personnel program. As might be expected, a reading of Part III will prove to be much more stimulating than the balance of the book.

An excellent chapter deals with classroom interaction, emphasizing the necessity of good teacher-student relations in facilitating the learning process.

Another chapter contains one of the best statements yet published on the differences between directive and non-directive counseling, and when each is appropriate.

The problem of integration, which is faced by administrators in personnel work, is discussed in a sound and practical way.

The two inventories mentioned above may prove to be significant contributions to the whole field of testing. Although not yet ready for general distribution, they have been in use for some time on the campuses of the cooperating institutions and seem to possess intriguing possibilities.

All in all, the reader will be impressed by the careful, analytical approach to the subjects presented. Some of the points of view are not found in the general literature on the subject; others are restated in clearer terms than elsewhere. If you are looking for ideas in campus matters, do not overlook this source.

MARSHALL J. JOX

American Military Tradition

ELEVEN GENERALS. By Fletcher Pratt. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1949. 355 pages. \$5.00.

THIS is a book, technical in spots, about battles. Fletcher Pratt, bearded and America's most prolific military historian, presents a picture of the American military tradition through the stories of eleven of the generals who built that tradition.

His choice of the eleven—from Quaker Nathanael Greene down through taciturn Omar Bradley—is admittedly eclectic. If some of his gen-

erals have been misunderstood, others have been neglected, have become obscure. But all eleven were aggressive, were primarily battle commanders—men who went forth to stir up a battle when they could not happen into one.

Secondly, Pratt points out, there is a marked strain of amateurism in the eleven. This is particularly true of the earlier warriors, Nat Greene, Anthony Wayne, Jacob Browne and Richard Johnson. And among Pratt's eleven are some notable "book-taught" soldiers—Bradley, Charles Summerall, and Greene who poured over Caesar's *Gallic War*.

But the most striking thing about this successful eleven is that they all, whether it be 1775 or 1945, exploited the same method of war—the fire power of attacking infantry. Pratt puts it this way: "They all thought alike on one point—that nobody is going to win a battle until somebody goes in there on foot and wins it with a hand gun."

Pratt's thesis is that this keystone of our military tradition comes down uninterrupted from the earliest frontier, from the days of the rifleman in the colonial forest.

True, a provocative point and one which suggests a consequent question: have not technology, the atom bomb and the B-36 summarily interrupted the era of the rifleman? In short, has Fletcher Pratt unwittingly written a eulogy, a book which marks the end of a tradition?

Pratt (and about half the brass in the Pentagon), it is presumed, would be the first to cry a vehement, "no."

RAY L. SCHERER

The READING ROOM



By
THOMAS
COATES

The Case of Bishop Ordass

The opinion has often been voiced—too often, in our judgment—that Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary deserved the punishment that the Communist masters of that unhappy land meted out to him because of his political machinations as a representative of the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever errors the Cardinal or his Church may have committed, the fact remains that he was the victim of the relentless anti-religious, anti-God philosophy which is a basic tenet of Communism.

What disturbs us, however, is the fact that the Cardinal's martyrdom received such great emphasis in the press and over the radio, while the equally cruel and unjustified persecution of another great churchman—who happens to be a Protestant—has been passed over almost without notice by our journalists and commentators. We were therefore grateful to read in the *Christian Century* of May 11 a thorough discussion of "The Case of Bishop Ordass," the leader of

the Lutheran Church of Hungary, by Dr. Paul C. Empie, executive secretary of the National Lutheran Council. The martyrdom of Bishop Ordass is one of the high crimes of which the Communist tyranny must stand convicted before the bar of public opinion. The bitter fate of this Lutheran bishop also gives the lie to those apologists for the Communist dictatorship who maintain that the alleged political activities of the churches in the Soviet-controlled countries have invited the repressive measures which have been employed by those governments.

Dr. Empie speaks with authority on the case of Bishop Ordass, inasmuch as he was in close contact with the Bishop both during and after the Hungarian churchman's visit to this country, and also because the National Lutheran Council office disbursed the funds which Bishop Ordass is alleged to have embezzled—funds which have been completely accounted for, to the entire satisfaction of the American office.

The *Century* article exposes the Hungarian government's trumped-up charges against the Lutheran bishop for the tissue of lies that they are, and shows how the liquidation of this Protestant leader is a part of the great Communist design for the extirpation of Christianity in those lands which lie in the shadow of the hammer and sickle. Dr. Empie relates:

Bishop Ordass saw his fate well in advance. He told some of us when he returned to Europe in June, 1947, that action against his leadership was certain to come sooner or later. Yet he walked back unfalteringly, with his eyes wide open, his soul committed into the hands of his Maker. He felt that this was the point at which the church in Germany had blundered by failing to resist immediately when Nazi ideologies crowded in upon Christian principles. The lesson was quite clear—the church cannot do business with a police state! For that reason, and for that reason alone, he now lies in prison.

Chicago at the Crossroads

As a one-time resident of Illinois and Chicago, we learned to know something of the political skulduggery which characterized the great midwest domain of Kelly-Nash. Not that the Republicans were any purer than their Democratic counterparts. The choice presented to the Illinois electorate was comparable to the choice that one might be called

upon to make between a cattle rustler and a horse thief.

Until recently, that is. What with the sudden wave of reform that has swept over the land of the Illini during the past few years, Illinois, they tell us, has now become as pure as the driven snow. Or, if it hasn't, it assuredly is not the fault of that notable triumvirate—Senator Douglas, Governor Stevenson, and Mayor Kennelly—whom the voters, in an amazing spurt of civic righteousness, have recently catapulted into office. All this has resulted in a "New Look in Illinois," as Robert Bendiner titles his article in the April 30th issue of *The Nation*.

In another respect, however, Chicago's look is by no means new. Its vast, sprawling colored ghetto on the South Side still looks as old and as sordid as ever. This is the burden of James O'Gara's piece in the *Commonweal* of May 6, entitled "Chicago: Divided City." He describes the fate of legislation that would have gone far to alleviate the evils of discrimination and segregation in the matter of public housing for the colored population. Efforts to improve the shocking conditions under which the majority of Chicago's 350,000 Negroes live have in large measure been frustrated, and Chicago's South Side remains a hideous blot upon America's social horizon.

They Changed Their Minds

The *Christian Century* has been running a series of articles on the general subject, "How My Mind Has Changed in the Past Ten Years." Contributors to this series have included such notable theologs as Karl Barth, Nels F. S. Ferre, Walter M. Horton, and Buell G. Gallagher, in addition to Fulton Oursler, the noted journalist, Georges A. Barrois, a converted Catholic, and others.

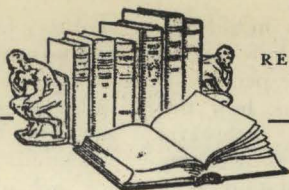
The entire series has left us something more than disappointed. Karl Barth's presentation, of which the most might have been expected, struck us as particularly shallow. None of the writers, apparently, has come the full way to the acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as the Redeemer from sin and the Holy Scriptures as the inspired revelation of His Word. These men may have changed their minds, but they have not changed them enough.

Holiday

We blush to admit it, but it was not until this month that we took a good look at *Holiday* magazine. But, having once looked, we liked what we saw. The occasion for our introduction to *Holiday* was, of course, the fact that the June issue carried as its feature the story of the Columbia River and the city of Portland. In two articles, written by Portland's Richard L. Neuberger in his usual brilliant style, and superbly illustrated with an array of striking photographs (the two-page color spread of the Columbia Gorge at sunset is worth framing), *Holiday* tells the story of the mighty empire of the Northwest and of its burgeoning metropolis, Portland.

If every issue of *Holiday* is as well edited and as eye-catching as this one, the magazine is well worth the fifty cents that the news vendor gouged out of our reluctant pocketbook.





A SURVEY OF BOOKS

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE

By Sir William Cecil Dampier.
Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 527 pages. \$3.95.

THE first edition of this outstanding work appeared in 1929. The reception with which it met has been such that there have been fourteen reprintings, with now a fourth edition. Not much new material has been added, except in nuclear physics, as compared with the preceding edition (1942), but the new material that was added there in the form of a chapter has here been distributed under its appropriate heads.

Dampier carries the story of the development of science from the earliest times down to the present. He writes for the intelligent general reader and does it in such fashion that we do not know of any other book on the subject which lends itself so well to either a continuous study of the field or to reference on particular points.

According to the sub-title, the book deals not only with science, but also with "its relations with philosophy

and religion." The author's religious attitude is that of a liberal Anglican, as appears very clearly in his statement that "if a Church have a dignified and worthy liturgy, there is no need to trouble overmuch about the exact doctrines which that liturgy enshrines." Which, to us, sounds exactly like saying that if a nut looks good on the outside it doesn't make much difference whether there is a kernel in it or not. Though the statement is made that "freedom was won slowly and painfully by the rough and unattractive path opened by Luther" (somewhat enigmatic words!), Dampier does not give the great Reformer the credit which he deserves for his part in freeing the human mind from the thralldom of tradition and ecclesiastical authority.

GUIDING HUMAN MISFITS

By Alexandra Adler. Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 114 pages. \$2.75.

THE author (a daughter of the famous psychologist Alfred Adler) is active in the teaching and practice of neuropsychiatry in New York. In

this little book she draws on her wide experience to explain how personality difficulties arise, especially in children and adolescents, how they develop and manifest themselves, and what steps can be taken to remedy them. The presentation is so clear, simple, and non-technical that intelligent parents and teachers, pastors, and others who have to deal with neurotics should be able to use the book to good advantage. Miss Adler, like her father, stresses the importance of the desire for recognition and gives little weight to heredity. She, however, makes no special plea for his distinctive theories but limits herself to the discussion of practical problems and principles.

The following may be quoted as an example of the sensible attitude she takes: "In these days, particularly, some well educated people who have a vague and inadequate knowledge of psychology, excuse much of their misbehavior by 'drives.' . . . Everyone experiences at one time or another the most varied types of 'drives' in himself. But fortunately human beings are normally blessed with the ability to choose which drive should be developed and which should be repressed. This is one aspect which differentiates man from animal."

OUTWITTING YOUR YEARS

By Clarence William Lieb, M.A.,
M.D. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York.
1949. 278 pages. \$2.75.

As a physician interested in geriatrics, Dr. Lieb has studied many interesting old folks. He feels that fears of growing old are unfounded

if the oldster does not retire to mental and physical idleness when Social Security forces him to relinquish his occupation. Old age does not bring boredom to an active, curious mind; indeed, it offers more time for such pleasures as hobbies, music, travel, recreation.

Of course, the physical pace must be slowed down, warns the doctor-author, but not to a standstill. He briefly considers some of the ailments which old people are more prone to acquire, but this aspect of the book is often neither clear nor correct. Finally, he adds that the guiding force back of the completely full life is religion—no further details given.

On the whole, the book seems to be a rather disjointed collection of paragraphs discussing what old people can and ought to do which might prove more interesting to a "fifty-upper" than to this "thirty-upper" reviewer.

LEONARD RITZMANN, M.D.

THE HEAT OF THE DAY

By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1949. 372 pages.
\$3.00.

MANY novelists have effectively depicted the horror, the terror, and the suffering experienced by the English people during the months of the great *Blitz* and in the no less agonizing period when buzz bombs and guided missiles took an appalling toll of life and property in many parts of the Island Kingdom. Elizabeth Bowen, one of the foremost English novelists of our day, has chosen to portray another aspect of the mad-

ness men call war. It is her intention—an intention achieved with signal success—to show us what can, and did, happen to the individual under the weight of war; to show us what can, and did, happen to men and women when war destroyed familiar surroundings, accepted traditions, and established patterns of life and living; and to show us the corroding effect of an existence measured largely in terms of pain, doubt, death, and destruction—an existence in which “the night behind and the night to come met across every noon in an arch of strain.”

The Heat of the Day is a fine novel. Miss Bowen's polished prose is marred only by a tendency to be wordy and overprecise.

BY EASTERN WINDOWS

By Wm. McDougall, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1949. 343 pages. \$3.00.

OF ALL the personal experience stories to come out of this last war, William McDougall's *By Eastern Windows* will undoubtedly be classed among the best. As an internee of the Japanese in Sumatra for three years, he relates in detail how prisoners (mostly Dutch and British) improvised hospital facilities, dabbled in politics, ran a “newspaper,” smuggled food and news, and even organized a choral group for Sunday and funerals. His work as a hospital attendant with upward of 300 patients gave McDougall insight into men's spiritual and physical reactions chiefly to dysentery, beriberi, and malaria. He himself con-

tracted cerebral malaria. Such experience alone makes interesting reading, but *By Eastern Windows* becomes first-rate when McDougall employs his fine style of writing and stamps the whole thing with his wholesome personality.

ANNE P. LANGE

TOASTED ENGLISH

By Margarita Laski. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1949. 212 pages. \$2.50.

MISS LASKI had an excellent idea for a satire in this story of what England might be like under a strict Tory regime, but she developed it poorly.

After the war, a young Englishman returns to his country to find that the Tories, in complete control, have inaugurated a rigid class system in which everyone is graded from A to E. The descriptions of this stratified society are humorous but the humor gets heavy when it has to compete with Miss Laski's political preaching.

The author is a niece of Harold Laski. He seems to have taught her quite a bit about political doctrine. It's too bad he didn't teach her more about writing.

LITTLE SQUIRE JIM

By Robert K. Marshall. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1949. 255 pages. \$2.75.

ROBERT K. MARSHALL's promising first novel has the quaint charm, the captivating rhythm, and the simple dignity of a folk ballad. Legend and reality have been woven into an appealing tale of the shy, imaginative people who live in the author's

native North Carolina mountains. Mr. Marshall tells us, "I tried to snare not only the words and rhythms of their speech but also the pulse of their blood, the beat of their hearts, the light of their eyes as they talked of the things close to them."

The author has succeeded admirably in accomplishing his purpose. *Little Squire Jim* reflects a careful study of the colorful, deeply rooted, and authentic folk lore which is one of our most treasured heritages.

THE GOD-SEEKER

By Sinclair Lewis. Random House, New York. 1949. 422 pages. \$3.50.

THE appearance of a new novel from the once mighty pen of Sinclair Lewis invariably creates a stir in literary circles and evokes

widespread speculation. Will the new novel measure up to the high standards achieved by Mr. Lewis in his brilliant early novels? Or will it take its place with the mediocre fare he has doled out in recent years?

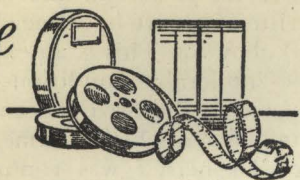
There is no room for doubt or equivocation in the case of Mr. Lewis' latest book. On every count *The God-Seeker* is unworthy of the great satirist who gave us *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*. As a study of an earnest young man's search for God *The God-Seeker* is shallow, weak, and unresolved; as a historical novel it is commonplace. The workmanship is undistinguished. Only occasionally is it relieved by flashes of the fire and the power to be found in the famous novelist's early writings.



Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.

CHARLES CALEB COLTON

The



Motion Picture

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

IN MID-MAY *Life* magazine conducted a round table study of the fascinating subject "What's with the Movies?" As a preliminary to this meeting, panel discussions by four groups were held—one with well-known drama and motion-picture critics; one with eminent scholars in the fields of literature, education, and journalism; one with influential exhibitors; one with representative consumer types recruited from a small town in Ohio. Eric Hodgins, author and editor, acted as moderator. The results of the panel discussions, ably formulated by him, served as the agenda for the final round table program.

Those who took part in the discussions are in complete accord on several important points. They agree that everyone loves the movies and that this young, American-born art form is a popular and powerful medium for mass entertainment all over the world. They believe that pressure groups and the existing censorship and

production codes often have a crippling effect on picture-making and that the producers' attempts to create films which please *every-one* too often result in barren, stereotyped pictures which actually satisfy *no one*.

Critics, scholars, exhibitors, and consumers alike fear that the search for a picture with universal appeal must, if it remains unchecked, ultimately lead to disaster for the industry. They agree that it is dangerous for producers and exhibitors to cater to the passive, popcorn-eating consumers who go to the theater largely from force of habit and to ignore that active segment of the motion-picture audience which is outspoken in its condemnation of poor films.

As with one voice, the four panels charge that Hollywood advertising and sales methods are sensational, dishonest, and misleading; that Hollywood deliberately confuses fantasy with realism, thereby blocking both the re-creation of true fantasy and the

recognition of true experience. Finally, they join in the recommendation that movie-makers produce films which are more truthful, less standardized, and devoted to a greater variety of subjects.

The only housewife on the consumer panel voices a thought which is sure to elicit general agreement. She says that she would like to see adult movies more adult and children's movies more childish. John Mason Brown sums up his appraisal of the movies with characteristic pungency. He declares that the saddest day that ever dawned in Hollywood was the day when "glamor" ceased to be a noun and became an industry.

Next month THE CRESSET will report on the final outcome of *Life's* discussion of "What's with the Movies?"

Sir Lawrence Olivier's magnificent production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is now being presented in many cities throughout the nation by the Theater Guild. It is a thrilling experience to see this superb film for the first time; it is even more rewarding to see it for the second time. Unquestionably, *Hamlet* marks a new peak of achievement in film-making. Everyone should see this exceptionally fine picture.

A remarkable foreign film had a quiet *première* in New York a few months ago. *The Last Stop*,

a semi-documentary Polish picture, was produced, directed, and written in part by Mme. Wanda Jakubowska. This is an exposé of the intolerable conditions which existed in the Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz. Mme. Jakubowska herself was confined in this infamous torture camp for four years. The picture was filmed at Auschwitz, and all but the leading roles were assigned to former prisoners. It is not surprising, then, that *The Last Stop* bears the stamp of truth and authenticity.

Quartet (Eagle-Lion) presents in film form four unrelated but engrossing short stories written by that master-craftsman, Somerset Maugham. The famous Englishman appears as himself in a brief prologue. *Quartet* represents an interesting departure in picture-making. It proves the contention often advanced by writers and producers that, properly handled, the short story can be successfully and effectively adapted for the screen. Fine acting, good scripts, and sensitive direction contribute to the superior quality of this film.

In recent weeks two relatively small-budget pictures have unexpectedly zoomed into the rarefied atmosphere of the smash hit and the box-office bonanza. *Champion* (United Artists, Mark Robson) was produced by Stanley Kramer, a newcomer in the production

field. The screen play is based on Ring Lardner's well-known and hard-hitting story of the prize ring. *Champion* is a well-made, fast-moving, and brilliantly directed film. The actors merit warm applause, Dimitri Tiomkin's score is good, and the photography is outstanding. Although Mr. Lardner's story has been softened a bit, this is still a dark, brutal, and sordid tale.

The Set-up (RKO-Radio, Robert Wise) is derived from Joseph M. Mank's narrative poem of the same name. Like *Champion*, this is a better-than average film. But here, too, the action is bloody and violent, and the seamy side of the fight game—and of human nature—is depicted with harsh candor.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court offers us a sorry burlesque of Mark Twain's amusing and well-loved tale. The settings are distressingly phony, the script is a poor hack job, and the characterizations are weak. The charm, point, and flavor of the original story have been lost entirely. *Der Bingle Bungles* should be the caption for this release.

Alias Nick Beal (Paramount, John Farrow) is built around a familiar theme: the legend of the impious pact between Faust and the Devil. In spite of good acting and effective staging *Alias Nick Beal* rises only a little above the commonplace.

Mr. Belvedere Goes to College (20th-Century-Fox, Elliott Nugent) lacks the sparkle, the originality, and the spontaneous gayety of its highly successful predecessor *Sitting Pretty*. Clifton Webb manages to be rather funny in spots, but Shirley Temple is clearly unequal to the demands made upon her.

Miss Temple's shortcomings as an actress are even more obvious in *Adventure in Baltimore* (RKO-Radio, Richard Wallace), a mildly engaging period piece set in the early years of the present century.

When *Flamingo Road* opened on Broadway three years ago, George Jean Nathan declared it to be "one of the worst examples of the Boss drama, being little more than ten-twenty-thirty melodrama offered at inflated prices." This verdict applies with equal force to the screen version. *Flamingo Road* (Warners) is a poor vehicle for Joan Crawford.

For the first time in ten years Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are co-starred in a lighthearted song-and-dance revue. Gay tunes, excellent dance routines, and Oscar Levant's fine piano-playing and irrepressible wit make *The Barkleys of Broadway* (Warners, Charles Walters) good entertainment.

Verse

The Wailing Wall

III: THE NEIGHBORS

Winter by its very beginning, the fear of its coming,
may mean only a wind across the legs or lights lit early

Winter when it was there made you an alien
far from the river, the ice not yet ice, the monk
mumbling as he hid against the wall, the barred brick
(though here was only cold clay). Ambulances came
entrusting to surgeons and cool knives warm bodies
careless to their concern: the wall was what differed
the cold-faced monk, bony under his robe, from you.
He knew this difference and heard, too, through the hedge

*It is easy to be a monk.
One can return to the bare halls,
never facing desire or warmth,
never needing these walls*

Winter when it is dead is never satisfied. Housed in hearts,
potential, drifted down that river, hidden in the spring hills. . . .

St. Vincents, your neighbor in need of your passing;
you watching it, surprised at the seasonless snow,
bent under the bent branches, saw the wall-side ice.
You had to remember that brick was under this.
With a rosaried rhythm and a sigh not sigh
the sisters paraded pavaues, prayed, and spread their crumbs.
For a time you forgot Scarlatti—assigned that day—
this was smokefall and there was night now and ever

*Mother of God pray for us if ever
now when wind is dead and smoke falls
now in a winter not winter
when we are in need of these walls*

So that was it. You, then, were the different one, the alien.
A rondo and an exercise. Tired fingers.
But a mind at ease beyond that hedge.

IV. THE OLD MAN

You knew him when:

There was a grey one on a windcleaned corner
bent by the force that may have made his tears,
propped by a vest, identified: a mourner
That which he rattled through his rutted jaw
was a reminder of his theme for years,
some scattered song of the Transfiguration
at Kizhi, of gables whose shades he saw—
kokoshnik-shaped—a whisper of the nation
that sent him wandering, lost him on this corner
Lord have mercy if it be possible at this late hour.

There was one stronger, parlored with the treasures
of a great household, of a noted age.
With him the name will die, will pass its pleasures.
Within the tweed-hung frame an old heart lay
that nourished this relic-incarnation:
New Orleans . . . those were the years . . . if I may
go back . . . excuse me . . . greet me at the station.
This unkind day has lost its touch for treasures
Christ have mercy if it be possible at this late hour.

There was a hush as one passed by the curtain;
the spotlight flattered his careless beard. Bald
in the hotlight, his sweaty step was certain.
I shall sing you a ballad of my youth . . .
I shall sing you a longlost ballad called . . .
There was no more, no sound, no respiration,
nothing but headstones indicated truth,
nothing but bricks, urns, sands, were inspiration
for the lonely loss, the wall, the closed curtain
Lord have mercy if it be possible at this late hour.

MARTY MARTY



THESE summer months find a number of our CRESSET colleagues in Europe, some doing research work which was impossible during the war, others attending conferences. We hope, after they get back, to tap them for some articles setting forth the impressions they are gathering now. Meanwhile, we wish them a large measure of success in their work and a safe journey home.



With this issue, our staff takes off for its annual one-month vacation. Our next issue will be the September issue.

This seems an appropriate time to acknowledge the many expressions of good will that have come to us from our readers during the past eleven months. Included in these messages have been criticisms which we have appreciated as much as we appreciate the commendations. In almost every case, the criticism was couched in such good-humored terms that it was only on second reading that we discovered that we were being taken to task.

Our own plans for vacation involve sleeping late, eschewing the razor, and catching up on unrequired reading. We hope that our readers, what-

ever their vacation plans may be, may also have a chance to shake off routine for a while and build up spiritual, physical, and mental momentum to carry them through another year.



We heartily recommend Pastor

Wiltenburg's article on penology, which appears in this issue. Certainly our Blessed Lord Himself showed the deepest concern for those whom society tried to keep hidden away, and He tells us directly that those who love Him visit Him when He is "sick and in prison." The shameful conditions which we have allowed to exist in some of our correctional institutions constitute sins for which our society, and we as individ-

uals, will certainly be called into account.

It may be interesting for our readers to know that Pastor Wiltenburg had a rather significant part in the reinstatement of the superintendent of Framingham Reformatory, Dr. Miriam Van Waters, who had been removed from office last spring because of her unique and progressive approach to the problem of correction.

