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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

VOL. XII NO. 11

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

The Deep Freeze

THE Hoey committee, which has been investigating the five-percenters and their sale of influence in Washington, has done an excellent job of swatting flies but there still remains the job of cleaning out the slop-barrel around which the flies have been congregating.

It is to this bigger task that we should like to call attention. Influence, to be marketable, must be effective. To be effective, there must be people in the government who are willing to forget the obligations of their office and to allow considerations other than the public welfare to determine their policies and actions. It would seem from the evidence the committee has already gathered that there are plenty of such people in Washington.

It is unfortunate that the limelight has settled too strongly upon the ludicrous figure of Harry Vaughan. The President's military aide is probably little more than a harmless clown whose influence has been overrated by his critics. The people who need to be gone after are not clowns and they have done worse things than make deep-freezes available to their friends. They have allowed their sense of duty to be prostituted and, in so doing, have proved unworthy of any further trust.

Behind all of the investigations and the accusations and the indignant squealings of the editorial writers, however, we sense something far deeper and more radical —a creeping rot which has infected the government, the sort of cynical proprietary attitude

toward government which develops when one party has been too long in power and individual men have been too long in office. There is need of a reshuffling of the personnel of the federal government and the introduction of new faces.

It is therefore all the more regrettable that the party which should form an active, responsible opposition to the party in power has degenerated into a flabby, faction-ridden crowd of office-hungry politicians either unwilling or unable to come up with a consistent, appealing platform. For the sake of the country, and even for the sake of the party which is now in power, it is essential that there be an opposition which is strong enough to elect something more important than a new party chairman.

At Last

WE ARE glad to hear that Swift and Company has given the University of Chicago a $10,000 grant to study the sleeping habits of babies in the six to twenty-six weeks age group and we want the University to know that it has our best wishes and our every hope for success as it sets out upon its study. This is the kind of research that has long been overdue and it should prove something or other that a big, bad corporation finally came through with the funds to make it possible.

One word of caution might be in order. We hope that the researchers will not be too disappointed or the corporation feel that it has misspent its money, if it turns out that babies have no sleeping habits worth mentioning. In a series of similar experiments last year, we arrived at the conclusion that infants are wholly creatures of whim and that their one basic motivation is the desire for recognition. If the savants at the University should find differently, we would be interested in knowing about it but, of course, it would do us no good because our youngster has always been an unusual child.

The Shell Is Sound

THERE is a mighty temptation to wax allegorical about the condition of the White House which is in the process of having its rotten insides replaced within the historic sandstone walls that have stood since the days of President John Adams.

Suffice it only to say that no building and no institution can last indefinitely without a periodic repair and replacement of its vital inner parts. Many a beau-

tiful and seemingly healthy facade hides corruption and structural weakness and the decay from which nothing earthly is immune. Usually, however, the decay is more obvious in buildings where floors begin to sag and walls to crack than in institutions where the sagging is too often invisible and the creaking inaudible.

Beyond that, we should like to add just one further remark. The President of the United States is, in addition to being the President, a human being. In the past, he has been forced to live in an atmosphere which must, at times, seem almost overwhelming. Would it not perhaps be a good thing to keep the White House as the official home of the President and buy or build a pleasant home out in the country somewhere for the man who happens to be the President?

Optimism in the U. N.

SECRETARY-GENERAL TRYGVE LIE is reported to have expressed himself as quite hopeful about the prospects for peace. We hope that the Secretary-General is right, but if he is we wonder whether our own government, and the governments of the other major powers, have any concrete plans based on the assumption of peace.

As far as we can see, the policies of all of the major governments assume war, either hot or cold. The thing to fear is that, having gone so far in their preparations for a new war, the governments may be carried along by a sort of wave of inevitability into a war which none of them, presumably, wants. After all, we on our side and the Russians on theirs have been calling each other names for a long time now and it will be hard to uncall what has already been called. The mere psychological adjustment to peace will be difficult enough, let alone all of the other adjustments that will have to be made.

We are neither old enough nor wise enough to be complete pessimists about the prospects for the future. But it is hard to see how the conflicting currents of our times can be merged and persuaded to run peacefully side by side. It must almost be assumed that one or the other side will give in, or lose its vitality, neither of which seems likely. With more regret than we like to have to admit, we feel that peace is still a far distant prospect and that to base our policies upon the hope of peace would be to invite disaster. The Atlantic Pact, with its military assistance provision, seems to us at once the great shame of the western world and also its most reasonable hope—a shame because man should, by

now, have found a happier solution than military force for his problems and a hope because it may be the one thing that will contain Russian expansion until the slow leaven of intelligent thinking shall have done its work in the Communist state.

The New Styles

OUR colleague who likes Limburger cheese on Ritz crackers is also an avid reader of the fashion pages and she reports that the word from Paris is that milady is in for some even more remarkable clothes this winter than those she wore last season. Skirts will be so tight as to make walking practically impossible and necklines will be down to the belt buckle, according to the latest advices.

If the styles materialize, we expect to get our annual lesson in the good sense of the average person. In dresses as in trends of thought or political concepts or styles of writing, there is always an extremist advance guard bent on revolution. They serve a useful purpose in preventing the rest of us from going on from year to year in the old routine, but they never quite bring about the revolution they hope for. Instead, their ideas trickle down to the rest of us and in the process the sharp points and razor edges are worn down to a form not quite the same as those we have been accustomed to but a long way from the new form they would impose upon us.

It is fashionable just now to snicker at the middle class, the *bourgeoisie,* and to ascribe most of the ills of our times to them. But we should like to suggest that there is still a considerable reservoir of common sense in the middle class. And it is that common sense which has played such an important role in picking and choosing ideas and styles and concepts so that changes come about by evolution rather than by revolution. Madame Bourgeoisie will take a Jacques Fath original and modify it to a "respectable" afternoon dress. Monsieur Bourgeoisie will take Marxist philosophy and modify it to Social Democracy. In both cases, it seems to us, the modification is a considerable improvement over the original.

Displaced Person

THE Egyptian government is putting up quite a howl about one of its prisoners of war who has not yet been returned from Germany. The prisoner is by way of being unique, at least as far as age goes, for she is somewhere around 3,250 years old and not getting any younger.

Her name is Nefertiti and she is a statue of an Egyptian queen of the same name who cut quite a figure in her time. She became a German captive in 1914 when an archeologist named Borchardt dug her out of her tomb and eloped to Germany with her. Since that time, she has been languishing far from her genial Nile valley and far from the new, nationalistic Egypt. And now, it seems, old Nefertiti, dead these 3,200 years, may again play a role in the world's affairs, for it has been suggested that if the United States military government, which is presently holding her statue in trust for the Germans, were to return her to Egypt, it might have a salutary effect upon our relations with the Arab world.

Ears That Hear Not

AN EDUCATOR named L. O. Stubbs, who lives in Hobart, Tasmania, has come out with a statement that echoes something we said last month in these columns about radio and its effects on the human ear. According to Mr. Stubbs, youngsters are getting super-saturated by radio talk and are "becoming unconscious of the human voice."

Clifton Fadiman said something along the same lines, but with broader implications, in the recent twenty-fifth anniversary issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Discussing what he called the decline in attention, he pointed out that it is extremely difficult to "get through" to people nowadays. There are so many voices, so many words, so many pictures, that the eye and the ear and the mind itself develop immunity to sound and sight. We are, indeed, becoming a generation which has eyes that see not, ears that hear not. Worse still, infinitely worse, we are a generation which has seen so much of horror that our human feelings, also, have become dull.

It was our old and beloved father in Christ, C. S. Lewis, who made the point in one of his books that the forces of hell love noise and hate silence. Presumably in hell the radios blare all the day long and the end-tables are piled deep with tabloids and every room is outfitted with a television receiver, fitting contrasts to the "still, small voice" which is the music of heaven.

Grand Old Man

THE years have dealt kindly with Herbert Hoover. They have given him an opportunity to outride the dark cloud under which he left the White House and have brought him to a place

of respect, and even of admiration, among even those who were once his bitter critics. They have also given him opportunities for service greater than the opportunities offered by the presidency.

We read his seventy-fifth birthday speech again just last night, and we found it impressive for its sincerity and for its reasoned arguments. For some time, we have been wondering, as it seems Mr. Hoover has, whether there will be anything left of our heritage, once we have done with it, to pass on to our children. Certainly we have been prodigal in the use of our resources and we have been too willing to buy what we like to call security for ourselves by heaping mortgage after mortgage upon generations yet to come.

It was rather surprising to find at least the spirit of Mr. Hoover's remarks echoed by the C.I.O.'s Committee on Regional Development and Conservation in a statement issued a few weeks ago. Their report touched on only one aspect of the problem, that of the waste of our land, but their warning was along the same lines as that of Mr. Hoover. According to the committee, "nearly half of our cropland may be ruined and worthless in the next twenty years" unless immediate steps are taken to reverse present trends. This same warning has been sounded by a great many other people, and still no really intensive action appears anywhere in prospect.

Every now and then, some newspaper comes up with a "meanest man" story, usually involving taking candy away from a baby or swiping a blind man's cane. Surely our generation comes close to being a fit subject for such a story, for not only are we taking candy away from our babies but the very basic foodstuffs and the basic liberties of free men. It makes no difference whether our political philosophies incline us to listen to Herbert Hoover or to the C.I.O. Their message is the same, and it is a message which we can no longer ignore.

Germany to the Right

To no one's very great surprise, the new German state chose to start what we hope will be its long and healthy new life with a conservative government. We were somewhat distressed by the obvious satisfaction of the various military governments at the results of the elections (after all, they are supposed to be neutral) but we were as pleased as they by the resounding thump the Germans gave both the Fascist right and the Marxist left.

There is, however, a small bug

in the ointment. Like it or not, the Christian Democrat coalition which has been called upon to guide the first steps of the new republic is on a spot. In order to accomplish anything, it will almost certainly have to play ball with the occupying powers. Furthermore, even the most able government would have difficulty trying to get things functioning again in a state which suffered all but total collapse in the war. It's a thankless job the Christian Democrats have cut out for them, and perhaps in the doing of it they will kill their own party. If they collaborate with the occupation powers to get things done, they will bring upon themselves the reproach of collaborators. If they try to bring Germany back without western help, they are foredoomed to failure.

Meanwhile, despite all that is happening in Bonn and in Frankfurt and in the other political centers, the problems which lie at the root of Germany's troubles go unsolved. They are problems which go beyond Germany and beyond all of *Mitteleuropa* and embrace the whole weary continent. Until the doctors begin to treat the whole patient, there is not much hope for any one of its sick organs.

Reformation Day—1949

IT IS very easy for a Protestant writing about the Protestant Reformation to fall victim to a kind of religious jingoism and to take unearned credit for the faith and the courage of the great men of God who cleansed the temple of western Christendom more than four hundred years ago.

We would rather look back upon that memorable All Hallows Eve with regret and sorrow, not for what happened but for the circumstances that made it necessary for the Catholic Church to split. Both branches of the church have lost a great deal by the breach. The one, falling more and more victim to its traditions and suffering more and more from the cancer that fastened itself upon the church in Rome, has been forced to rely more and more upon compulsion and fear to keep its members in line. The other, gradually forgetting its historical link with the holy apostolic Catholic Church and drawn more and more toward other Protestant bodies, has fallen into the danger of becoming merely a sect.

There is probably no hope any longer at this late date for a reunion of the church. But surely, even though the Christian world is divided on so many issues, there are still great fundamental issues on which all Christians—Luther-

an, Roman Catholic, and Protestant—can be and are agreed. We are sure that the Reformers of the sixteenth century, if they could see the enemies which confront the church in our time, would most earnestly call for a common effort against them.

The true Church, in the most real and most perfect sense, is the totality of all true believers, who from the beginning to the end of the world have been called and sanctified by the Holy Spirit through the Word. And since God alone knows these true believers, the Church is also called invisible. No one belongs to this true Church who is not spiritually united with Christ, for it is the spiritual body of Jesus Christ.

C. F. W. WALTHER

Governor Luther Youngdahl, of Minnesota contributes the first in a series of articles on the general theme:

"What Do You Consider the Greatest Obstacle Standing in the Way of Sound Labor-Management Relations?"

IF AN inquiring reporter were to go out on the streets and highways of America to sample the opinions of the populace on this question, he would undoubtedly return loaded down with a vast assortment of diverse answers, revealing sharp prejudices.

He would have replies bitterly assailing labor as an evil force seeking to destroy, through unjust demands, everything we hold dear. Others would complain with equal vehemence that management was viciously selfish, interested only in dollar profits and not human values. Another group of citizens would contend that both labor and management were inflicting upon the general public, the innocent third party, the costs of industrial strife.

Among the replies would be many uttering strong criticism against the conduct of government and urging restrictive control by government of one or the other or both of the participants in labor disputes.

It would indeed be fortunate if the blame could be so easily fixed. All that would be required, then, would be to enact the proper laws and sit back to watch industrial harmony come about by statutory decree.

Lack of Understanding

HOWEVER, the answer, is not to be so easily and satisfactorily secured. Inherent in labor-management conflict are the same age-old human weaknesses—the lack of simple tolerance and understanding in the hearts of men. That is the greatest obstacle standing in the way of sound labor-management relations. It is built through ignorance, selfishness and fear.

It is another facet of the basic problem of mankind—that of learning to live together in harmony and respect for the dignity of personality in one another. In

this new Atomic Age it is clearly apparent that we must all do a better job in this regard or face catastrophe. If we are to live peacefully together as nations, we must first be able to live together as labor and management. That is why this question is of more far-reaching importance than merely one of lost wages, lost profits, and lost products.

How is this obstacle to be removed? That is the number one question of our economy today. We must be successful in accomplishing this because the enemies of our American way of life are hoping desperately to so array class against class that a breakdown of democracy will result.

In the typical controversy which brings a strike or shut-down, the disputants of both sides are unyielding. They refuse to get together and talk things over. Spokesmen resort to name-calling, to scathing attacks upon one another, to heaping the blame upon the opposition and to admitting no failure or short-comings on their own part.

In removing the obstacle of intolerance and misunderstanding, the big job is to get the disputants together. Once the leaders of workers and employers get together around a table and start discussing their differences, I have found that both generally warm up.

Much of our success in settling disputes in Minnesota has been based upon this fundamental fact about human nature. For example, in the telephone strike of 1947, I spent eighty hours extending over ten days of continuous negotiations in getting both sides together. The concessions we finally got from both parties sent over 17,000 workers of five Northwest states back to work, with both sides satisfied. In another strike, the final conference ran through the night until 5:00 a.m. but we were again able to bring about a settlement.

Removing Suspicion

THE obstacles can be removed because men cannot stay bitter and unyielding forever if they sit down together and honestly try to examine their differences. A wise conciliator can soon see the differences that separate them, and by bringing them out, get all to realize that it is not such a big job to bridge the chasm. When the wall of suspicion that rears itself between the two parties to a dispute can be broken down and the two groups induced to talk their differences over frankly, in a spirit of tolerance and understanding, the worst disputes can usually be adjusted.

I have seen it happen time after time—workers and employers come into the conference room utterly

hostile and go out shaking hands and laughing. I have had both sides come to me and thank me for getting such a fine settlement, when all I did was to break down the wall of suspicion between them and get them to look upon each other as fellow men and, that done, let them talk themselves into an agreement.

Too long we have allowed selfish and designing men to array class against class. Too long differences have been exaggerated and exploited until the interests of workers and employers have seemed to be diametrically opposed.

There must be a realization on the part of employers and workers that both lose from protracted and costly industrial warfare. Those losses are never recoverable.

It does not help to make a scapegoat out of one side or the other. That only serves to aggravate the problem. What is needed today is a new spirit of humility on the part of both groups, an appreciation of the fact that both have made mistakes and a willingness to rectify the errors and set out on a new course.

There is needed on the part of employers a desire to pay decent wages that will provide a good standard of living and a willingness on the part of employees to render an honest day's work.

All of us, whether we be workers, employers or the public, should stop to re-examine and reappraise the ideals and heritage which we have in common and to realize that if we, as a nation, are going to advance we can only advance together.

Change of Heart Demanded

IN SHORT, the obstacle standing in the way of sound labor-management relations is the same one which stands foremost in other areas of human relations. That intolerance and misunderstanding can be removed only through a change of heart. To best bring this about I prescribe putting our Christianity into practice in the factory and work shop, in the conference room and management office. Christian leaders of both workers and employers can remove the obstacle—but, unfortunately, there do not seem to be enough of them on the scene today.

Dr. Claude Robinson, President of Opinion Research Corporation, places much of the blame for the difficulty industry has with employees and the community on *lack of communication.* To overcome this failure he advocates more employee letters, plant publications, distribution of annual company reports to the employees, meetings with the employees and plant tours. I fully agree.

I think the bonds between worker and management can be further strengthened by taking an active interest in the welfare of the worker and his family, perhaps by giving him counseling assistance in his problems of insurance, family relations and other concerns outside of his job. It is necessary to satisfy the "spiritual" as well as financial wants of the workers. Those wants include satisfaction with the job, a feeling of being an integral part of the organization, the knowledge of the importance of the job and an idea of the direction in which the company is going. This means that, instead of being just production-minded, industry must have social consciousness. The profit motive must be interpreted in terms of the public service it renders.

There are examples of achievement in this regard. Look at the success of profit-sharing plants and the records of companies which are exerting a real effort to make the workers feel they are actual partners in the enterprise. Every once in a while such a story is featured in the press as *unusual.* When the time comes that this is the usual story of understanding between the employer and his workers, the problems of industrial strife will fade away from the American economy.

The PILGRIM

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

BY WALTER RIESS

THEY brought him back to us with no sympathy, no attempt at consolation. The journey was long, trying: not for him, but for those of us who had received news of him with amazement, then unbelief, and only at last with mourning. There was the formal telegram for his mother, and for us there remained the statistical report, freezing on the newspage, decisive, condemning. The headlines: *Death Chamber Claims a Gambler.*

A mother today was the loser in a game of "Russian roulette" in which her son bet his life.

Corporal James B., stationed in Tokyo, Japan, was demonstrating the game to friends last Monday with complete realism.

James put a single cartridge in a six-chamber revolver cylinder and spun it. Then he placed the gun against his head and pulled the trigger. He lost a five to one bet—the revolver came down on the loaded chamber.

The mother . . . said her son was being sent home for burial.

—Said it as unfeeling as the news said it? Said it knowing, *This is the final truth:* an unlucky gamble, a bullet shot casually, daringly, through a head, a *suicide?* . . . The realization that her son had died was torture enough, but even more unbearable were the crushing rumors, the film of ignorance which obscured even her tears as the mother waited for the body to travel an ocean of separation—all the way from Japan. A long way from the truth, a long way from certainty.

We had no comfort to give her, nor assurance—unless we would have dared to consider our hesitant whispers a comfort: *We do not believe this tale . . . he was a Christian . . . newspapers exaggerate accounts, make sensational stories . . . James was a Christian. . . . Wait—wait until you know more.*

Wait.

She waited. And we waited too, we who had known Jim, who had

seen him in his church Sundays, who had heard him talk and watched him laugh, heartily, loving to laugh, loving to enjoy. *Wait.* The word hung on us, a dead weight, tensed our hours of visions, imaginings, prayers: *If this be true, Father, forgive. . . .* We waited for days, for weeks, mourned finally out of our remembrance of him, grew finally secure during the deceiving silence of time.

And then he arrived, by railroad, on an icy December evening —the day after Christmas. We, still fingering the gay packages around the tree, the lights, the tinsel, smothered our laughter at the mother's tired, unhurried voice over the telephone: *Yes, yes, Pastor, he's here. Jim's here now. Can you come . . . right away? Please.*

No weeping for her now. No excitement. Only the dull throb of grief remembered, only the blunt pain of a month-old wound begging for the last relief—burial. *He's here, Pastor, and won't you come over to see him?*—spoken strangely, detached . . . as if she no longer was mother to the one who had returned, as if some welcome shadow had darkened, in a few weeks, her private recollections of Jim running home from school; Jim tracking up the kitchen with mud; Jim brushing his thick, black hair carefully for his first date; Jim graduating from high school, black-gowned, solemn for a moment; Jim joining the Army with a brash farewell: *Don't worry about me, Mom, I'll be okay;* Jim writing home: *I've been transferred to Tokyo—think I'll stay in for awhile.*

When we filed by the regulation steel casket, needlessly guarded by a uniformed friend of Jim's, she said nothing about death. But her face showed courage. It was as if she were trying to say: *Sometimes God grants us to see mercy, so forget that I ought to mourn, forget the absent tears. They are here, but beneath, where eyes cannot find them quickly. . . .* The outward grief had left her in the three weeks she had been given to pray, to learn that men and newspapers are more heartless judges than her Father in heaven. No one ever redeemed a wandering sinner from the hounding slander of black print, but God had too much sympathy for a human, running wildly around and shooting and killing and loving and dreaming and feeling, to forget that the human had once prayed, believed, lived. He had more love for a human than humans had for each other. He remembered that Jim was dust.

She needed little comfort now —but being a woman she sought it nevertheless. Jim's southern com-

panion, standing at the head of the coffin, had something to tell: *He had a trick, Jim did. He'd put a bullet into his revolver, put it to his head, send the chamber spinning. The slug went around, fell into his hand . . . an old trick. Jim knew his guns. I've seen him do it a thousand times—perfect, never taking a chance, always knowing his business. God, how it happened I don't know, I don't know. But they told a lot of lies about him, Pastor. Believe me, they told a lot of lies.*

And Jim's mother, hearing, would lift her head. People tried to approach her, felt helpless to express their sympathy, stammered, faltered, betrayed hidden suspicions. She understood. She, who herself might have doubted, sensed patiently their judgments. People wondering, people thinking: *Oh, how foolish he was to gamble, to risk his everything for a game, for a fling. Her only boy too. . . . How could he do it? And she, poor mother, poor Mrs. B.* And they would pass on, quietly, complacently: *I'm sure no son of mine would dare to do it, never.*

I think she knew that her son's death—his guilt—was only a matter of judgment . . . and that people would shake their heads and go on reading their newspapers. But the Father, looking in on the scene, would have different standards than the condemners. He didn't have to balance evidence before He could judge innocence or guilt. He couldn't consider facts, really. The scales had been weighted down too low in the year thirty-three Anno Domini. The balance was gone, the scales useless, judgment impossible. . . . Jim knew that, and his mother too.

Of course, she followed no such logic. When death subtracts, logic becomes low, stupid, wrong. And were there no logic above newspaper data, were there only days and hours and judgments—God pity her. But from somewhere flowed the assurance: *Jim is all right now, where he is. A mistake, a boyish prank, a misbegotten blunder. Should you worry, Mother, when all his life he believed in the same Blood, Death, Resurrection, Heaven, as you? Forgive now, and forget, forget. . . .*

Forgetting was harder than forgiving. Forgetting the funeral service at his church—a place he hadn't seen since he went overseas; forgetting the minister's confident: *What we have known, what we have learned, what we have felt and believed—all tell us, he is with his Lord;* forgetting the reporters at the door, the reporters watching the funeral, the reporters hoping for more attractive facts, more damning incidenta; forgetting the Christmas tree, spiraling up toward the high

reaches of the chancel, green, white, happy—a confusing setting for the gunmetal gray; forgetting the bright red ribbons, the rude imitation manger, the Babe looking up, away from the son who died in Tokyo—forgetting was the harder for these. The harder and the easier, because somehow, mercifully, the tree and swaddling clothes and bed surrounded the shroud of sorrow with the white of forgiveness, the white of peace: *Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*

And as the pastor spoke, I saw the judges weaken, felt their judgments fade, censored in the wake of understanding. Here in the church, with the words inspired for love, with the manger given for love—here mercy, kindness, were inevitable. Here there was no room for threat or malice or the ice of logic. Here there was room only for prayer. Here one could pray to the Father in heaven without stulting his cries, without allowing the cellophane wall of pride to intercede between God and man. Here one could watch the casket roll relentlessly toward its final interment and think: *In it lies one who did wrong, one who sinned—like I've done without self-blame more often than Jim in his short life, and for which I have received time of grace. He had no time. But that he had grace, that he has grace now, where he is—that I cannot dare to doubt. My doubt would be my own accusation, my own condemnation. . . .*

Jim's mother was not one to judge, not with the heart God had given her to wait after the news of a gambler's death had been arrowed at her heart from another land; not with the courage God had given her to sense without malice the thoughts of others about her own son; not with the faith God had given her to hold her sorrow deep in her breast while the three men in khaki blew taps over the grave.

Jim's mother could not judge. Nor could those who watched with me the last minutes of the son's return. Nor could I. If it were at all a matter of judgment, we could only leave it to the Father.

The solar system has no anxiety about its reputation.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Lady and the Cardinal

By JOHN STRIETELMEIER
Assistant to the Editor of THE CRESSET

ON MAY 11 of this year, Representative Graham A. Barden of North Carolina introduced into the House of Representatives a bill (H.R. 4643, "Public School Assistance Act of 1949") the purpose of which, according to its preamble, is to "provide for federal financial assistance to the states in bearing certain costs of public elementary and secondary education." The bill immediately aroused strong opposition in many quarters. Generally speaking, the opposition was made up of two groups: the first opposed to any form of federal assistance to schools because they feared that federal assistance would lead ultimately to federal control, and the second group opposed to the bill itself because its benefits are restricted to public schools and are not available to private schools or, more specifically, parochial schools.

The arguments of the first group, at least until the time of this writing, have concerned themselves with basic principles and need not concern us here. The second group, however, from the very moment the bill was first introduced, has pitched its arguments along emotional lines and has uncovered a nasty situation in public affairs which might stand a little deeper probing.

The bill in controversy, by now better known as the Barden Bill, was drafted by the subcommittee on education of the house committee on labor and education. The chairman of the whole committee is Representative John Lesinski, of Michigan, and the members of the subcommittee were appointed by Congressman Lesinski without consulting Congressman Barden, the chairman of the subcommittee. Congressman Lesinski is reported to have been opposed from the outset to any federal aid to education bill. A statement issued by Congressman Lesinski after the Barden Bill had been favorably reported, 10-3, out of committee leaves no doubt as to his attitude toward the present bill. Mr. Lesinski was quoted in

the press as saying that the bill is so "anti-religious that it does not have a chance," that "the Barden Bill is most anti-Catholic, but it also discriminates against other groups that maintain parochial schools," and that "the bill drips with bigotry as well as racial prejudices and was anti-Negro as well as anti-Catholic." Mr. Lesinski, for the record, is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Enter Mrs. Roosevelt

THE congressman's statement was typical of much of the discussion that raged around the bill. From the outset, leaders of the Roman church expressed their opposition to the bill because its benefits would not be available to their schools and they felt that it was unfair to tax members of their church for payments to schools which their children did not attend. In an address at Fordham University, Francis, Cardinal Spellman, demanded that the bill be modified so as to permit Roman Catholic schools to share in the funds to be granted under it. It was this suggestion that prompted Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in her column "My Day" (June 23), to take mild issue with those who would divert federal funds to parochial schools. Her remarks in that column brought so many letters accusing her of anti-Catholic bias that, on July 8, she clarified her position in a column which, again, was noteworthy for its restrained tone, except perhaps for one paragraph which might have drawn blood. That paragraph was this:

> Sometimes, however, I think that church organizations are foolish because they do things that lead people to believe that they are not interested mainly in the spiritual side of the church, but that they have a decided interest also in temporal affairs. This may be harmful to the church's spiritual influence.

This column brought more letters so, on July 15, Mrs. Roosevelt stated her position for the third time, again disavowing any anti-Catholic bias but reiterating her belief that the historical policy of absolute separation of church and state, as it has developed in the United States, seemed to rule out any granting of federal funds for parochial schools.

Enter the Cardinal

THEN, on July 21, the blow fell. In a statement remarkable for its bitterness, Cardinal Spellman let have at Mrs. Roosevelt. Claiming that her columns constituted a "personal attack" upon himself, the Cardinal declared that Mrs. Roosevelt's "attitude of mind precluded [her] from comprehending issues which [she] either rigorously defended or flagrantly condemned while ignorant of the

facts concerning both the Barden Bill and my own denunciation of it." The Cardinal wondered why Mrs. Roosevelt repeatedly pled causes that are anti-Catholic. "Even if you cannot find it within your heart to defend the rights of innocent little children and heroic, helpless men like Cardinal Mindszenty," the Cardinal's statement said, "can you not have the charity not to cast upon them still another stone?"

There followed four paragraphs of impassioned *obiter dicta* concerning the gallantry and sacrifice of Roman Catholic young men in the recent war (which, incidentally, no one had denied), concluding with, "You too saw America's sons—Catholic, Protestant and Jew alike—young, battered, scarred, torn and mutilated, dying in agony that we might learn to live in charity with one another. Then how was it that your own heart was not purged of all prejudices, by what you saw these, our sons, suffer?"

Finally, after declaring that his "case" was "closed" and that "even though she [Mrs. Roosevelt] may again use [her] columns to attack [him] and again accuse [him] of starting a controversy, [he] would not again publicly acknowledge [her]," the Cardinal delivered himself of this stinging paragraph:

> For whatever you may say in the future, your record of anti-Catholicism stands for all to see—a record which you yourself wrote on the pages of history which cannot be recalled—documents of discrimination unworthy of an American mother!

The Argument Starts

THE first reaction to the Cardinal's letter was one of stunned surprise. It had, of course, been generally known all along that the Roman Catholic hierarchy would oppose the Barden Bill and it was to be expected that they would adduce strong arguments against it. It had not been expected that they would make support of the bill tantamount to anti-Catholicism. Comment upon the letter had, therefore, to be discreetly phrased so as not to bring the wrath of the Cardinal down upon the commentator. It was most interesting to read the editorial comment and the statements of individuals upon the letter. Enough water was being carried on both shoulders to float a medium-sized destroyer. The general tone of the comment was one of regret that the incident had happened and hope that it would soon be forgotten. As was to be expected, most of the criticism of the Cardinal came from non-Catholics, although even some of the members of his own church, notably Congressman Jacobs of Indiana, expressed their disagreement with his stand. One of the

few non-Catholics who sided with the Cardinal was former Representative Hamilton Fish who declared that "Mrs. Roosevelt is not a Communist but she seems to delight in acting as a front for Red and anti-Catholic organizations and causes."

Mrs. Roosevelt herself answered the Cardinal in a letter dated July 23. Denying any bias against the Cardinal's church, Mrs. Roosevelt again pointed out how the American idea of public education has developed through the years, how the mixing of church and state has brought a great deal of trouble to the European nations that have practiced it, and how federal aid to parochial schools would lead to difficulties in this country and might lead to an increase in bitterness among religious groups. Granting the importance of religious education for children, Mrs. Roosevelt maintained that "the real religious teaching of any child must be done by his own church and in his own home." Further, she stated that she believed that "spiritual leadership should remain spiritual leadership and the temporal power should not become too important in any church." As for being an "unworthy American mother," Mrs. Roosevelt reminded the Cardinal, in a sentence that will probably be quoted for many years to come, that "the final judgment of the worthiness of all human beings is in the hand of God."

Before long, the air was thick with statements. Herbert Lehman, former governor of New York and probable Democratic candidate for U. S. senator, although in a particularly touchy position because his election would depend upon a considerable number of Roman Catholic votes, considered the issue important enough that he waived discretion and expressed himself as "deeply shocked" at the Cardinal's letter and added that he did not know of any "single act or word" of Mrs. Roosevelt's that "would in the slightest degree indicate bias or prejudice against any religion or any race." The Rt. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, bishop of the Manhattan diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, said that he desired to associate himself with Mrs. Roosevelt in this matter and expressed his conviction that his sentiments would be shared by multitudes of loyal and fair-minded citizens. Dr. John W. Behnken, president of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod (which, next to the Roman Catholic Church, maintains the greatest number of parochial schools in the United States), took issue with the Cardinal on the question of federal assistance and declared that "careful reading of

Mrs. Roosevelt's statements in her discussion of federal aid to schools convinces us that they were not hostile to religion or to any individual church."

Even *Life,* the great rear-guard leader of American thought, pontificated that the Cardinal had been "ill-advised" in some of his recent public statements, a rather gentler criticism than the *Christian Century's* editorial statement that "Cardinal Spellman has demonstrated just how far clerical arrogance is prepared to go to gain public money for Catholic schools." Newspaper comment was considerably more restrained, much of it resolving itself into solemn "yes-and-no-and-reading-from-right-to-left-use-your-own-discretion" pronouncements.

And so it went. Meanwhile, New York's Mayor William O'Dwyer expressed his concern "over the possible effects on this city of a controversy between two outstanding leaders which might well divide our city into two camps." Professing "great respect" for both the Cardinal and Mrs. Roosevelt, and stating his own belief that Mrs. Roosevelt could not be charged with bigotry, the mayor said: "I do not know of anything that has happened during my public career that I regretted more than this controversy. I think enough has been said about it. In the common interest of the city, state, and nation, mutual friends—and there are many—should bring about an understanding between them."

Unfinished Business

FINALLY, on the evening of August 6, after the Cardinal had called Mrs. Roosevelt and the two had agreed to issue statements which might be taken as their final words in the controversy, the two statements were released to the press and the good, grey *New York Times,* with an almost audible sigh of relief, said that their release brought publicly to a close the controversy between the Cardinal and Mrs. Roosevelt. There remain now only two questions: 1. Is the controversy really closed? and 2. What did it all accomplish?

As to the first question, the Cardinal's second statement retracts nothing that he said in his original statement. It may therefore be presumed that he still considers Mrs. Roosevelt a bigot, anti-Catholic, an unworthy American mother, and motivated by personal animosity against himself. If that is true, Mrs. Roosevelt owes the Cardinal an apology and the American people an explanation. If it is not true, the Cardinal would seem to owe Mrs. Roosevelt an apology.

As to the second question, it would seem that three things

were accomplished by the controversy. First of all, it is quite clear that a person in public life or engaged in any kind of work which makes it necessary for him to take stands on proposed legislation is playing with fire when, from whatever motives, he expresses disagreement with the Roman Church on political questions in which the church has an interest. Looked at realistically, the archbishop of New York, by virtue of his office, can no more express a private opinion than can the President of the United States. Whatever he says must of necessity carry great weight with members of his own church. This is not to say that Roman Catholics take their orders in political affairs from their hierarchy. It would be only reasonable to presume, however, that they would (and probably should) have a great respect for the opinions of a prelate whose position in the church is such that he has frequently been mentioned as a likely candidate for Papal Secretary of State and who is known to have the confidence of the head of their church. Whether the Cardinal realizes it or not, he is a potent political force and is in a position to kill the political future of men whose continuance in office depends upon a sizeable number of Roman Catholic votes.

Secondly, the Cardinal's statement exposes with what seems almost deliberate clarity the mailed fist beneath the glove of the hierarchy. The Rev. Dr. Hillyer H. Straton, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Malden, Massachusetts, made this point in a sermon at the Calvary Baptist Church in New York. Speaking of the controversy, Dr. Straton is quoted by the *New York Times* (August 1) as saying:

> The attack was not ultimately on Mrs. Roosevelt but on her right to have a view that did not jibe with the prelate in question. Whether Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant, every thinking person in our land who claims a part in the Judaeo-Christian heritage of the rights of man and the essential dignity of the human spirit cannot but feel that Mrs. Roosevelt is right rather than the churchman, who has been blinded by his own authoritarianism.

Dr. Straton saw in the Cardinal's attack a "demonstration of the danger inherent in any authoritarianism, even religious." It is that point that stands out perhaps more sharply than any other from the whole controversy. Despite Mayor O'Dwyer's nobly-motivated hope that the incident would soon be forgotten, one can't help wondering whether the whole controversy didn't have the salutary effect of impressing upon many the fact, heretofore so often and so readily overlooked by those

who in all sincerity wish to live in concord with all groups in our country—that where one is dealing with any authoritarian system, tolerance and compromise are possible only on the incidentals. Where fundamental matters are concerned, authoritarianism cannot and will not compromise.

But, thirdly, the most practical result of the whole controversy was to kill, at least for this session, the federal aid to education bill. That, presumably, was what the Cardinal wished to accomplish and it should be noted that he has succeeded. It would be unfair to impute motives to the Cardinal, but it still seems fair to say that the controversy which he initiated created an atmosphere in which the bill could no longer expect a fair hearing on its own merits. And that is the nasty situation in public affairs that we mentioned, for in a very important and concrete situation, we have seen proposed legislation in the Congress of the United States killed, accidentally or deliberately, by the intervention of a prince of an authoritarian, foreign state.

You believe in a palace of crystal that can never be destroyed—a palace at which one will not be able to put out one's tongue or make a long nose on the sly. And perhaps that is just why I am afraid of this edifice, that it is of crystal and can never be destroyed and that one cannot put one's tongue out at it even on the sly.

FEDOR DOSTOEVSKI, *White Nights*

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THOSE SWISS

Writing from Paris, after a few weeks in Switzerland, I will say that general opinion is pretty well divided regarding the Swiss. This applies to the statements the Swiss make about themselves. They never boast, or point to achievement in a way to impress the foreigner or tourist. Not even about a few things in which they undoubtedly have beaten the world—as for instance, watches and clocks, and electrified railroads. But neither do they permit anything to interfere with national prosperity and progress. Switzerland is for the Swiss, and those who regard them as a hard-bitten race, point to the fact that they receive no refugees from other lands, and do not open their markets to foreign goods so long as they can manufacture a substitute. This country is a tightly limited corporation, and in any kind of business they are hard as nails. On this everybody agrees. But there are many who at once cry—"Can you blame them? Look at the map!" And indeed, a look at the map is enough to cause one to ask, how is it possible that, jammed in between Germany, Italy, France, and Austria, this is still an independent country, and a democracy? Mostly mountains, with hardly any mineral resources, no oil, not enough grain to keep its people alive—the odds are heavy against prosperity or even continued existence as a nation.

The clerk in the store, the waiter in the restaurant, the cab-driver, all know the meaning of the struggle for existence; I have heard it referred to repeatedly—*"der Kampf ums Dasein."* They have few resources, and if these should fail them, there is nothing but bankruptcy in sight. Well, these are things no one can take

away—the scenery for instance. But you need only see the bid made for tourists by France and Italy, even by Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and by the Tyrol, and you will understand what keeps the Swiss awake at night. Without the tourist trade, this country is done for. And when the German trade is dead, France hardly able to survive, and England permitting its people to take only fifty pounds sterling per person out of the country, Italy bankrupt, no Russians, and the hotels and shops depending on Americans, Belgians and Dutch for business, and the season three or four months only out of the twelve—well, it is the *Kampf ums Dasein* for sure. And so it is a marvelous thing that the Swiss franc is rated among the highest currencies in the world—with the American dollar and the Dutch guilder.

One thing the Swiss have achieved that is the envy of every American and British visitor—the people spend their money on their own country. One does not hear much about taxes; it is the foreigner that is taxed from the moment he crosses the border. But when people want an outing they go to their own beautiful cities and to their own lakes and mountains. Most of the tourists you meet are Swiss. They crowd the streets of Zurich and Lucerne as sight-seers, and they fill the electric trains into St. Moritz, Grindelwald, and the Bernese Oberland. They form great troops of hikers with heavy knapsacks and nail-studded shoes. No day passes without classes of school children marching with song and laughter through Interlaken and Leuterbrunnen. They are being trained to spend their money in Switzerland. What is with us a slogan—See your own country first!—is here a philosophy and a shrewdly promoted technique.

THE SWISS CLOCK

Someone has no doubt written the history of Swiss clock-manufacture years ago. Many clocks in the town halls and church belfries are hundreds of years old. But you see ancient clocks everywhere in Europe, and some very wonderful in their mechanism indeed, whether in Germany or Belgium or England. Only Switzerland has adopted the manufacture of clocks as a national industry, and then added the pocket and wrist watch.

I don't know how many famous makes there are, there must be scores of brands that sell in the millions. What the internal arrangements of the manufacturers are both for the production and distribution of this enormous out-

put is a closely guarded secret. One sees only the result—the countless number of designs and patterns, and the displays in innumerable shops, wherever one goes, even in the smallest village of the higher Alps, if frequented by tourists, as well as in cabinets and show cases at your hotel—watches, watches, clocks, more watches, more clocks, watches, clocks, clocks. . . .

The great threat which came to Swiss industry was the electric clock. We know what havoc this invention wrought among American clock-makers. It was met by the Swiss in two ways—in refining the mechanical precision of the movements and in creating housings of such beauty as to defeat all sales resistance. The fine mechanisms of the pocket watch were transferred to the clock. The eight-day clock was made standard. And the precision is such that errors are limited to seconds a week in a clock of moderate price.

Next, features were incorporated such as the days of the month and phases of the moon. I have seen a small clock that indicated the hour of the day for any spot on the earth's surface. You would not say that $140 for such a masterpiece of ingenuity is too much.

The greatest marvel to date is the *Atmos* clock. This is the clock that needs never be wound nor adjusted. It is operated by the change of the temperature of air in the room. It employs a chemical medium which develops fumes corresponding with the pressure of atmosphere in the room, hermetically sealed for all time. A change of one degree (Celsius) in the room temperature is sufficient to operate the clock for forty-eight hours. Should there be absolutely no change in the temperature—practically almost an impossibility—the clock continues on reserve power for 100 days. The motion within the clock is so slow that no oiling ever is necessary, and nothing wears down, nothing becomes clogged. It is established that the *Atmos* has as little wear in 600 years as the pocket watch has in two years. And the timepiece is, again, manufactured with typical Swiss precision.

The wrist watch which is able to wind itself, merely through the movements of the person wearing it, and the waterproof watch are both to be had now in many low-priced makes. Both, on their appearance, threw the watch-makers of the world into consternation. In some fields the Swiss mechanic is still unbeaten. There is the repeater. This is not a new invention. There are repeaters more than a century old that still function but are too clumsy to appeal to the modern purchaser, except

as curiosities. On the edge of these watches there is a little check which runs in a slide. When operated by a touch of the thumb, the watch strikes the nearest hour and the nearest quarter hour. After more than a century of experimenting, the manufacturers of the old world have now produced a repeater which will sound the hour and the minute, and have embodied this wonder in a case like that of the ordinary pocket watch. I handled one of these watches at the store of A. Mersmann in Interlaken. It is $700 and hard to get at that price since there are only twenty-four mechanics in the world able to cut these wheels and bolts and set them into their jeweled sockets. Another very recent product of the Swiss is a stop watch which indicates the fraction of a second for some athletic event and the time of the runner up as he crosses the line, the two hands standing at rest in the precise fractional seconds indicated on the disc, when the event is over.

THE MEANING OF PRECISION

These achievements in the production of one of the greatest necessities of human life, the result of more than four thousand years of human striving, are due to the most expert knowledge of metals and metallic alloys and particularly to the construction of tools of precision.

The case is illustrated by a story that has been told before but deserves retelling here. The Gruen people in Cincinnati, who do the assembling of a famous Swiss make, one day produced a hair-spring of their own so fine that they resolved to let the folks back home know what America can do. They placed the spring in a little envelope which they ensconced in a box and shipped to Switzerland—not a word with it, except the Cincinnati address. A few weeks later a little box arrived from abroad, and in it a little envelope containing a little spring. It was passed around and there was much speculation, what it might mean. Finally a man was set to work to go over the thing with a good lens and report. Well, he reported. "You see that spot here?" he said, and when it was seen, he added: "That's a *hole* those fellows in Switzerland have bored through the body of our hairspring!" I told the story to the man at Mersmann's and he said: "I don't doubt it. We drill holes through springs that have the thickness of a human hair. We have the finest borers in the world; that is why we can make watches like this—" and he took a tiny wrist watch out of the show case—"Can you imagine how small

the jewels are, seventeen of them, in this watch? Well, they are each like a grain of dust, but they are all cut to fit a socket and then we bore a hole in them, where the wheels can move almost devoid of friction—seventeen of them in this little watch, which *keeps time,*" he added, "for after all that is the one thing people expect of a watch, it must keep time." These borers are much thinner than the most slender sewing needle. It is on such precision tools that the watch and clock industry of Switzerland depends.

There is not much to offer competition to the Matterhorn country, to Davos, or the Jungfrau, unless you can visit the Himalayas, and then spend a thousand dollars for outfit and guides, while you can travel in an electric train to the Jungfraujoch for twelve dollars. I say, the world hasn't much to offer that can compete with Swiss scenery. But all the world is in competition with the Swiss watch, and is it a *Kampf ums Dasein!* The Swiss know it, and they have sleepless nights, wondering when a German or an American will come along with a clock that predicts the eclipses of the sun and moon.

Anyway, they are working on one, right now.

At school he had done things which had formerly seemed to him very horrid and made him feel disgusted with himself when he did them; but when later on he saw that such actions were done by people of good position and that they did not regard them as wrong, he was able not exactly to regard them as right, but to forget about them entirely or not to be at all troubled at remembering them.

LEO TOLSTOI, *Ivan Ilych and Hadji Murad*

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

What Makes Music Great?

[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

The world of music is commemorating the centenary of the death of a composer whose greatness is incontestable. On October 17, 1849, Frédéric-François Chopin passed away in Paris. He had lived only a few months beyond his thirty-ninth birthday, and during much of that time tuberculosis had ravaged his body; but he had become one of music's mighty prophets.

Chopin's influence was powerful and far-reaching during his brief lifetime. It is powerful and far-reaching a century after his death. Furthermore, no one need hesitate to say that what Chopin accomplished will always be a factor to be reckoned with in the widespread domain of music.

I know that one occasionally meets a man or a woman who says out of the abundance of inexplicable obtuseness, "Chopin has always been overrated. His works lack red blood. They overflow with effeminacy."

Such a conclusion, I am sure, is born of thinking that is hopelessly anemic. It cannot be founded on actual knowledge of Chopin's music.

Chopin was a great innovator, but he was not an innovator who recklessly and defiantly hurled stones at what had been accomplished before his time. He set great store by Bach and other masters. He learned much from them. As a matter of fact, Chopin's development as a composer would have been impossible if he had not had great predecessors to blaze trails for him.

I can hear someone asking, "Is Bach mirrored even to a faint degree in the music of Chopin?" Others will say, "Chopin was by no means a master of the art of polyphonic writing."

It is altogether wrong to con-

clude that the influence of Bach's epoch-making contributions to composition is completely lacking in the works of a composer who does not write in the styles that were current when Bach was alive. Chopin was a competent architect in tone, it is true; but for the most part he did not use the architectural devices that are unmistakably characteristic of Bach. Neither, let me add, did he shape his tonal structures exactly like those built by Beethoven and other masters who preceded him. In consequence, many have said, and continue to say, that Chopin's skill in tonal architectonics was unimportant. Such fault-finders either forget or have never realized that in the domain of music there are many mansions. The tonal art is filled with large buildings and with small buildings. It contains structures of numerous types.

To censure Chopin because he did not specialize in the writing of fugues à la Bach is as short-sighted as it would be to try to belittle Bach because he did not compose nocturnes à la Chopin. To disapprove of Chopin because the construction of his sonatas does not jibe in every detail with the manner in which the sonatas of Beethoven are built is as unreasonable as it would be to take Beethoven to task because he did not compose works in the style of Chopin's mazurkas.

As a matter of fact, Chopin was an architect of great ability. He reveals this ability in his small works and in his large works.

Look at the *Finale* of Chopin's *Sonata in B Minor, Op. 58.* This is a great masterpiece. If you condemn it out of hand merely because it is not constructed in a way employed by Bach, you are unfair; if you minimize its importance because it is not an accurate reflection of Beethoven's manner of building, you are unjust. Bach was Bach, and Bach lived and worked in Bach's environment. Beethoven was Beethoven, and Beethoven lived and worked in Beethoven's environment. In like manner, Chopin was Chopin, and Chopin lived and worked in Chopin's environment.

I know full well that some will say to me, "In making the statements contained in the three sentences you have just written about Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin you are stressing facts that are so boringly obvious that it would be better to leave them unsaid." My rejoinder is, "Unfortunately, some scholars have acquired the vicious habit of overlooking things that are obvious. They seem to think that a studied brushing-aside of the obvious is a mark of unusual perspicacity, learning, and brilliance."

How Is Bach Mirrored?

It is by no means a sign of genuine scholarship to declare that Chopin's achievements in the field of tonal architecture are of little or no significance. On the contrary, such a statement reflects dim-sightedness and a deplorable lack of judgment.

"But how," some will ask, "is Bach mirrored in Chopin if the styles of architecture employed by the two men are, in numerous respects, radically different?"

The answer is easy to find. Chopin, I am convinced, learned much from Bach about the important art of harmony. Bach, you know, was as great as a harmonist as he was in the art of counterpoint.

In addition, Chopin, the great pathfinder in the domain of keyboard technic, absorbed a large amount of his adroitness in this regard from prolonged, careful, and devoted study of the keyboard works of Bach.

I realize, of course, that Chopin did not make use of complexities of form like those frequently exemplified by such composers as Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven; but to brand him as a weakling for this reason is, in my opinion, indicative of shallow thinking.

Comparisons may be odious in more than one respect and for more than one valid reason, but no one can deny that they are often helpful in enabling one to arrive at a proper evaluation of greatness.

Everyone agrees, I believe, that Chopin was a great melodist. Many contend that as a creator of melodies which live on and on in the hearts of countless thousands he had greater skill than Bach. I refuse to quarrel with them—not necessarily because I am inclined heart and soul to uphold them in their belief but because I should be afraid to contradict them. I am not a statistician, but I suspect—and that suspicion of mine is a strong one—that Bach actually put a larger number of dry melodies into the world than Chopin.

I yield to no one in my profound admiration of Bach's miracle-working genius, but from the very depths of my soul I abhor and detest that blind worship of Bach which leads some men and women to assert that every note written by Bach is inspiring.

Chopin, like Bach, runs the entire gamut of human emotions in his music. I know that his craftsmanship was by no means as diverse as that of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, and many others. It seems altogether trite to point out that Chopin's great ability to write great music was limited to composing for the piano. Yes, he

wrote for the voice occasionally, and now and then he chose the medium afforded by other instruments than the one of which he was a master. He showed proficiency worth mentioning when he strove to give expression to his thoughts by means of the orchestra. Naturally, I am speaking of proficiency in craftsmanship.

A One-instrument Composer

Does the fact that Chopin was essentially a one-instrument composer detract to any extent from his greatness? My own answer is no. Again I must stress the obvious truth that Chopin was Chopin and that Chopin lived and worked in Chopin's environment. His contributions to the art of piano-playing were—and remain—so overwhelmingly important that we have every reason to be glad that he centered his attention on the keyboard instrument. Thank fortune, he did not dissipate his phenomenal gift. It is entirely safe to say that piano-playing would not be what it is today if there had been no Chopin.

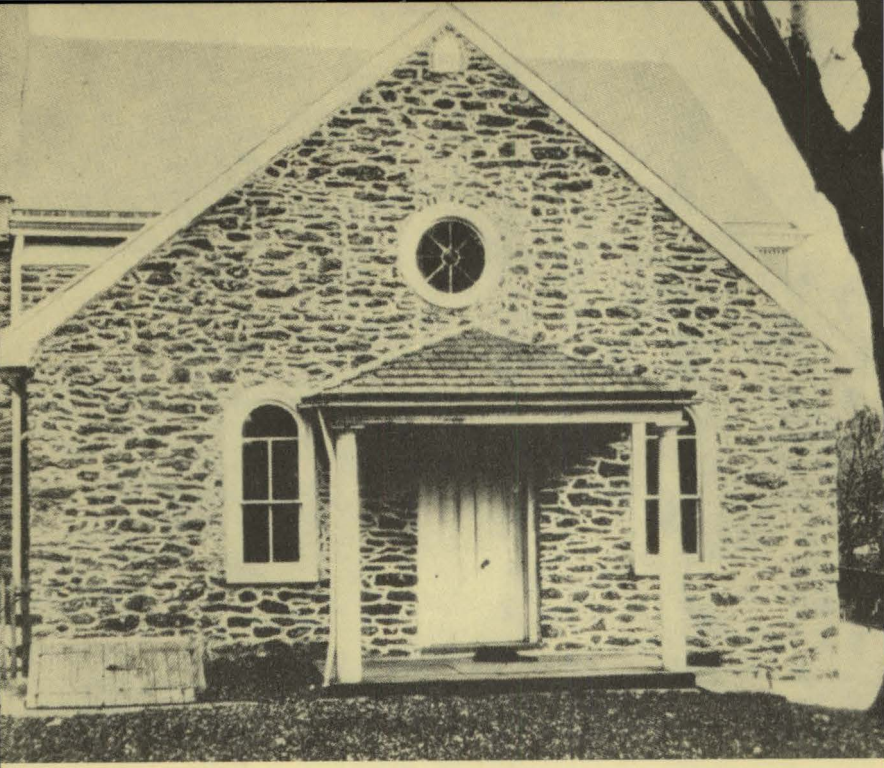
I know that Bach was a great prophet in the field of keyboard artistry. So, too, were Mozart and Beethoven. But Chopin went far beyond them in expanding the domain and in enriching the possibilities of pianism. This does not mean that his music is greater than their music; but it does mean that he, with his extraordinary mental agility, opened the door to devices that were entirely new.

Since Chopin's day there have been other innovators and trail-blazers in the field of piano-playing. They have learned much from Chopin, just as Chopin himself learned much from Bach and other predecessors. The great Pole's influence is still powerful and far-reaching.

Chopin was exceedingly sensitive to what, for want of a more apposite term, I shall call harmonic color. To prove this one could quote dozens upon dozens of examples from his works. It is no exaggeration to say that he caused the piano to sing and to speak in a manner in which it had never sung and spoken before. Furthermore, his amazing ability and his piercing vision as a harmonist exercised a deep-going influence in the development, in the expansion, and in the enriching of the art of writing for the orchestra—in spite of the fact that he himself was not at home in the art of instrumentation. Richard Wagner and other masters of color owe much to his skill and to his vision.

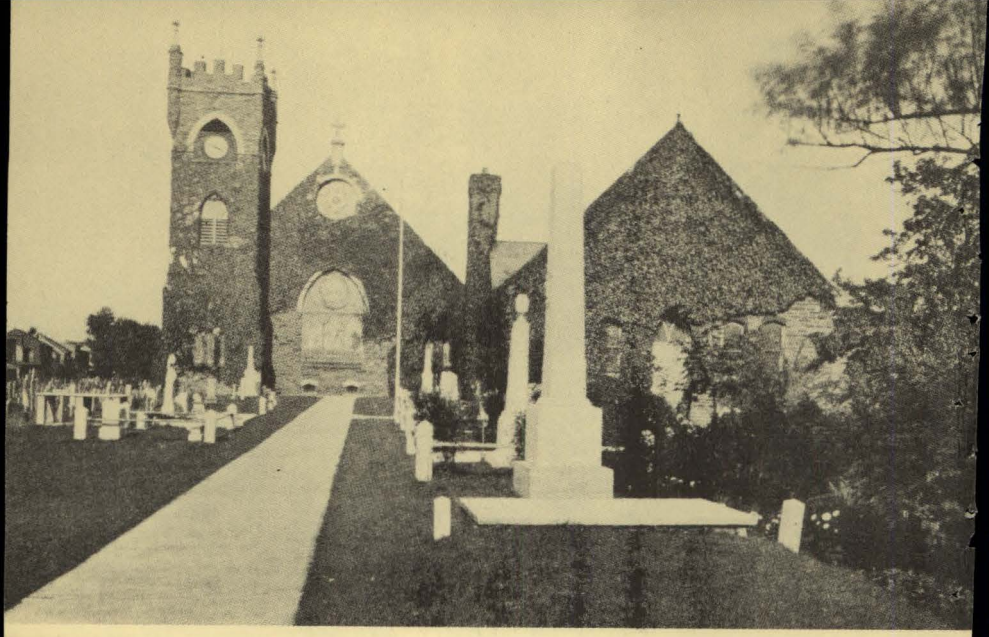
Is it incongruous to say that Chopin the pianist and Chopin the man whose works refuse point-blank to lend themselves well to

St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia
erected 1743



Dunkard Church, Germantown, Pa.
erected 1770

Mennonite Church, Germantown, Pa.
erected 1770

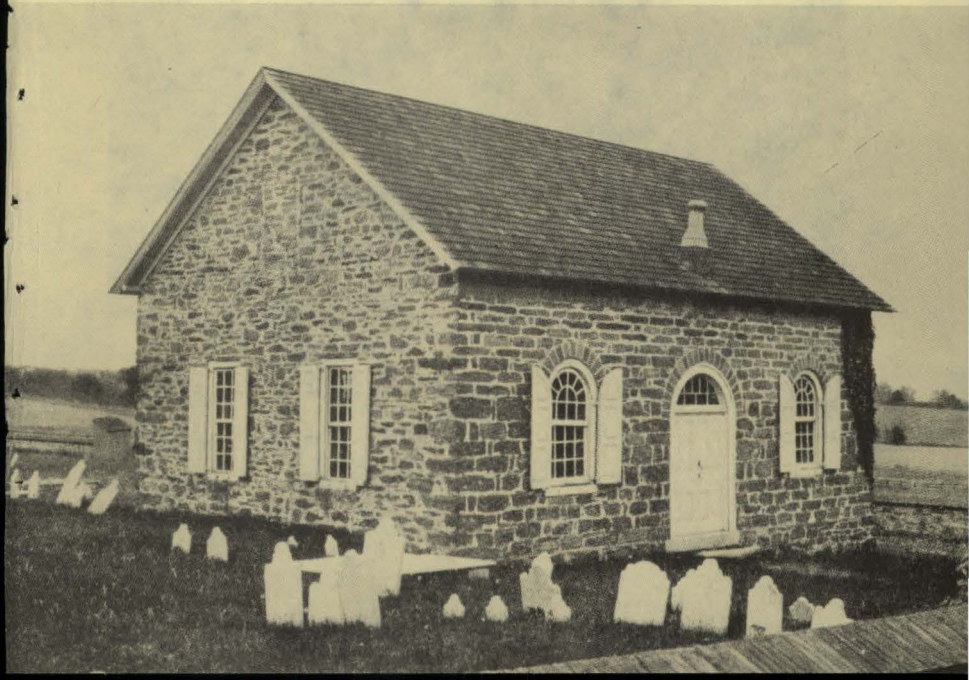


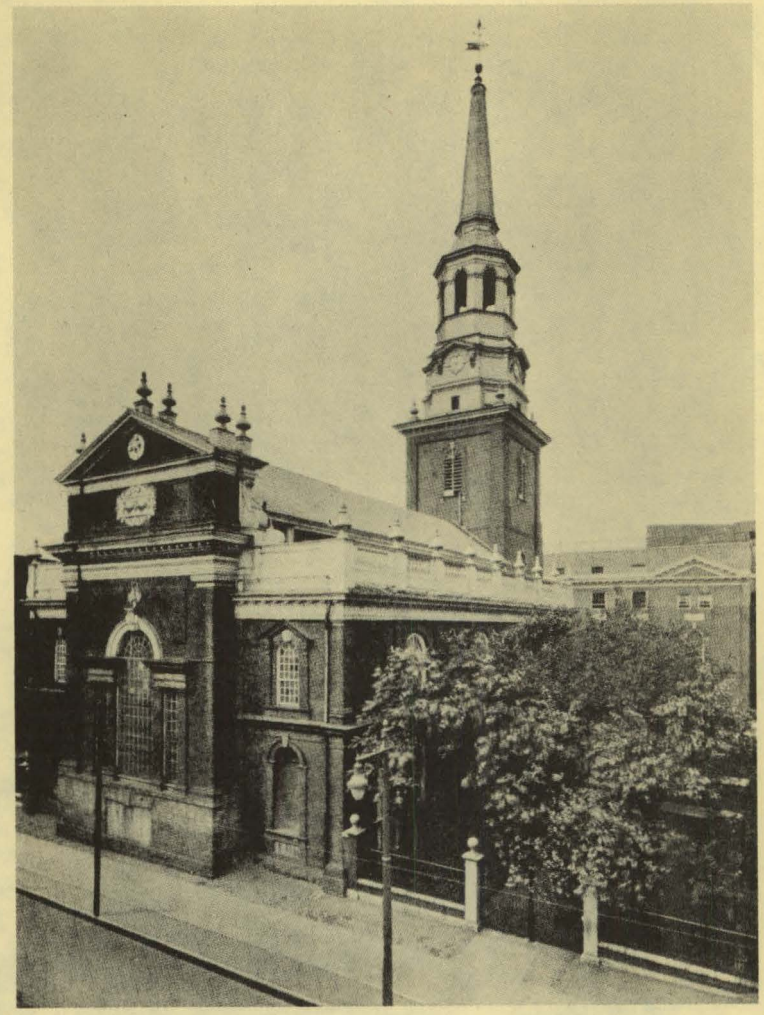
St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Germantown, Pa.
founded before 1728

Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia
erected 1742

Third Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia
erected 1766

Norriton Presbyterian Church near Philadelphia
erected 1698





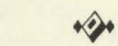
Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia
erected 1727

orchestral treatment had much to do with the subsequent development of orchestral expressiveness? I think not. His influence in this regard is but another evidence of his incontestable greatness.

I myself invariably think of Chopin as a poet—a poet who could couch surging drama as well as the most tender lyricism in beauty at once uplifting and overwhelming. Hurl stones at me if you will, but I maintain with all the emphasis I can muster that neither Bach nor Beethoven ever wrote anything greater than the stirring *Finale* of Chopin's *Sonata in B Minor, Op. 58* or the *Fantasy in F Minor, Op. 49.*

Knut Hamsun, the famous Norwegian writer, once said of August Strindberg, "He is a seer, shedding light upon the future and piercing the shadows of the present." I myself can think of no better way to pay tribute to the towering greatness of Frédéric-François Chopin, the mighty prophet and poet.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Away with program books, which breed false ideas! The audience should be left to its own thoughts over the work that is performing: it should not be forced to read during the performance; it should not be prejudiced in any manner. If a composer by his music forces on his hearers the sensations which streamed through his mind, then he reaches his goal.

GUSTAV MAHLER

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

Victoria's Husband

THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Roger Fulford. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. 1949. 292 pages. $5.50.

FOR a long time many historians have either declared outright or at least suspected that Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the husband of Queen Victoria, was "a species of hard-working clerk." Roger Fulford, the author of *The Prince Consort,* is convinced on the basis of long and assiduous study that such a verdict flouts the available evidence.

Albert became Victoria's consort in 1840. He died in 1861. The notion that he was virtually a nonentity has become so deepseated in the minds of many that Mr. Fulford's book is bound to lead more than one reader and more than one reviewer to assert, "The author of this volume paints too favorable a picture of the Prince Consort. His conclusions regarding the ability and the influence of Albert lack objectivity; they do not hold water in the light of history."

One cannot emphasize too strongly that Mr. Fulford's book is by no means the work of a man who glorifies the Prince Consort at the expense of historical accuracy. The able and hard-working author was determined to search out the truth. He devoted painstaking study to the Royal Archives at Windsor and to a vast number of writings dealing with the Queen, with her husband, and with the state of politics, economics, and culture during the era of Queen Victoria. He has evaluated his conclusions on the basis of careful investigation of the era itself; he has given the most exacting attention to preceding eras and to subsequent happenings and developments.

The Prince Consort is not a studied and one-sided glorification of Albert; it is rather a work in which there are numerous evidences of the restraint which, as Goethe once asserted, is an indication of mastery. Those who accept Mr. Fulford's conclusions that Albert of Saxe-Coburg —who became the husband of Victoria largely through the efforts of Leopold I, King of the Belgians, and the shrewd Baron Stockmar—was an

exceedingly influential personage at the British Court need have no fear whatever that they are treading on quicksand.

The Queen herself, who was by no means a character to be gulled or befuddled, came to set great store by her husband's judgment. Lord Granville praised the Prince Consort for his astonishing knowledge and for his thorough information "regarding all the details of government." After the death of Albert no less a statesman than Disraeli declared that the people of England had buried their *sovereign* and that "this German prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our Kings has ever shown."

Perhaps the praise which Disraeli heaped upon Albert at the expense of all the English monarchs who preceded Victoria was a bit fulsome; but the famous British statesman realized that the husband of Victoria, as Victoria herself declared, "raised monarchy to the highest pinnacle of respect and rendered it popular beyond what it ever was in this country." Moreover, the Prince accomplished this without any infringement of constitutional guarantees. Mr. Fulford states that "the Prince enjoyed more political power and influence than any English sovereign since King Charles II."

Albert came to England as a Lutheran in name; but his Lutheranism, so-called, was not at all in complete conformity with the teachings set forth by Martin Luther on the basis of Holy Writ. The Prince was not a churchman. He found the religion of the English "impossible of comprehension."

Queen Victoria's husband had a sharp sense of duty. He was industrious. He was deeply interested in Britain's foreign policy, and he had the ability as well as the persistence to make his influence felt.

"Music," says Mr. Fulford, "was the absorbing relaxation of the Prince's life." Albert could sing, and he could play. He even tried his hand at composing. Mr. Fulford states that he "did much to enhance the musical taste of his generation in England." Mendelssohn was one of the Prince's close friends.

Albert had a deep-going interest in painting and "made great efforts to enlighten and enlarge the artistic appreciation of the contemporary Englishman." In the matter of architecture "he could speak his mind to the professional experts." He realized the far-reaching importance of British trade and industry. Besides, he knew and stated that the government had "a Duty to perform towards the working classes."

Albert became "a European personality." Mr. Fulford declares:

> Not only did the British Government avail itself of his guidance on all important issues of foreign politics, but his advice was sought and followed by the courts of Prussia, Belgium and Portugal, and his views did not fall on wholly deaf ears when they were unfolded before that bemused and sombre sovereign —the Emperor Napoleon III.

The Prince Consort is an important historical work. Those who want

to learn about the virtues, the weaknesses, and the achievements of Albert of Saxe-Coburg as husband, as father, and as statesman cannot afford to ignore Mr. Fulford's valuable book.

"A Call Back to God"

CHRISTIANITY AND AMERICAN EDUCATION. By Edwin H. Rian. The Naylor Company, San Antonio. 272 pages. $3.00.

As THE jacket indicates, this volume is "a call to educators to bring American education back to God." The author traces the development of education on all levels, calls attention to the large role played by religion in the establishment of the early schools, and the gradual but constant trend toward secularism. Considerable space is devoted to the factors considered as important in this trend: "(1) The influence of 18th century liberalism of Europe; (2) The conviction that the new nation needed an intelligent and an educated citizenry to govern and perpetuate a republic and (3) the great diversity of religious beliefs among the people which compelled tolerance and religious freedom" (pp. 53 and 54).

Dr. Rian believes that no Protestant church group has met this trend with the same vigor and concerted action that is displayed by the Roman Catholic Church. More especially, says the author, this group alone has a definite and articulated philosophy of education and its own series of textbooks geared to such world view. However, this Thomistic philosophy cannot be generally accepted because it places too much emphasis upon natural reason and not enough on divine revelation in the quest for truth.

Nor is the author satisfied with current philosophies of education, such as experimentalism (basically naturalistic), the "Great Books" program of Dr. Hutchins, and the Harvard Report. His chief objection to these is the fact that experimentalism, as demonstrated in the field of progressive education, is completely lacking in a unifying principle; the others attempt to find this unifying principle outside the area of religion.

Efforts to bring religion back to education by means of release time, or by adding a few additional courses in religion to the curriculum are not to be confused with a genuine integration of religion into the entire program of study.

What can be said about this rather ambitious sort of undertaking? The facts presented (and they are heavily documented) are not particularly startling to anyone at all acquainted with the history of education in America; nor is the appeal a new one. The distinctiveness seems to lie in the gathering together of much scattered material. But in attempting to present some rather abstruse philosophical principles (e.g., Chapter IV) in language that can be easily understood, one is apt to fall into the vice of oversimplification. Perhaps this is no grievous objection in view of the author's purpose.

The book is concluded with an imposing bibliography, geared to in-

dividual chapters, and a rather complete index.

Lest the reader form the impression that the problem presented by Dr. Rian is not receiving due attention among Christian educators, it might be mentioned that the 13th annual conference of the Association of Lutheran College Faculties has adopted as its theme, "Toward a Philosophy of Lutheran Higher Education." Also, it should be said that not all educators in church-related schools would acknowledge the author's statement concerning the lack of a set of unifying principles based on the Scriptures.

M. J. Jox

Sherlock's Author

THE LIFE OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. By John Dickson Carr. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949. 304 pages. $3.50.

THE creator of Sherlock Holmes is one of the most famous Englishmen of all time, and with good reason. Arthur Conan Doyle was a versatile genius—author, physician, raconteur, authority on military science, athlete of astonishing and many-sided ability, poet, philosopher, and—toward the end of his life—a foremost apostle of spiritualism.

The achievement which made Conan Doyle immortal is one, surprisingly enough, which he personally held in little esteem. He never regarded the creation of Sherlock Holmes as a superior literary feat, and he greatly preferred to devote his time to what he considered more important and more stimulating literary pursuits. He soon discovered, however, that Sherlock Holmes was making him rich; in view of this fact he dashed off additional stories of the adventures of the great detective at irregular intervals, in order to finance his more serious undertakings. At length, becoming thoroughly weary of Holmes, he let the detective be killed in a fall. This was a blow that rocked England to its foundations and spread consternation among the millions of avid Sherlock Holmes fans throughout the world. Conan Doyle, accordingly, had no rest until, some years later, he resurrected Holmes through a feat of literary legerdemain.

Conan Doyle was the incarnation of the English country gentleman. Elegant, cultured, chivalrous, wealthy, he nevertheless left everything behind to volunteer for service in the Boer War. As the physician in charge of a military hospital in Bloemfontein, he underwent incredible hardships in the effort to bring relief to the sick, wounded, and dying. His record in the Boer War is perhaps the most glowing chapter in the life story of a great man.

His greatness, however, was not unsullied. From his early youth he was an avowed agnostic and foe of historic Christianity. As time went on, however, he felt the lack of any spiritual motivation, any fixed star by which to guide his course. And so it was that, in a strange and subtle manner, he came under the influence of Spiritualism. So engrossed did he become with his newly found faith that during the last decade of his

life he dropped everything else that he might devote all of his time and his vast store of physical energy and intellectual power to the progagation of the Spiritualist message.

And yet, it will not be for this aberration that Conan Doyle will be remembered. It is the Baker Street detective who has made him immortal.

John Dickson Carr has told the absorbing story of the life of Conan Doyle in a manner that does full justice to his towering subject. If you like Sherlock Holmes—and who doesn't?—you will like this book.

Villain or Visionary?

THE BORGIA TESTAMENT. By Nigel Balchin. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. 312 pages. $3.00.

For centuries the name of the ill-starred Borgias has been almost synonymous with murder, lust, and treachery. History has not dealt with the Borgias in a gentle or kindly manner. Roderigo Borgia, who became Pope Alexander VI, has been depicted as a crafty, lecherous, and unscrupulous schemer who bought the papacy and then used his position to advance his own plans and to build a great personal fortune.

The four precocious children born to Alexander by Vanozza, a favorite mistress, share their father's infamy. The daughter, Lucrezia, has been accused of practically every known form of dissipation and degeneracy, and one historian has called Alexander's second son, Cesare, "the Prince of Magnificent Treasons." Cesare was accused of arranging for the murder of his elder brother, of carrying on an incestuous relationship with Lucrezia, of ordering the death of the husband of Lucrezia, of terrifying and intimidating his father, and of using poison, the dagger, or the strangler's silken cord to remove anyone and everyone who stood in his way.

Occasionally, it is true, a voice has been raised in defense of the Borgias. In *The Borgia Testament* Nigel Balchin attempts to present Cesare in a new light. He asks, "Was this man really an archvillain? Or was he a brilliantly endowed visionary who merely used the accepted weapons of his time to achieve his dream of bringing about a unified Italy?"

The Borgia Testament does not supply logical or convincing evidence to show that the infamous Cesare has been unjustly accused. It does, however, present a graphic and engrossing picture of a violent and turbulent age.

Introduction to a Great Man

C. S. LEWIS, APOSTLE TO THE SKEPTICS. By Chad Walsh. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 176 pages. $2.50.

C. S. Lewis is undoubtedly one of the great men of our time. Like all great men, he is not an easy person to understand. A layman, he has for many years been one of the most persuasive apologists for Christian orthodoxy. A scholar schooled in the best tradition of the English universities, he makes no apologies for accepting, on the basis of faith, the elements of the miraculous and the

supernatural that Scripture records.

Chad Walsh, of the faculty of Beloit College, has written a very short but thoroughly engrossing study of this remarkable man. To the reader who is not acquainted with Lewis' own works, this study will serve as a kind of invitation to a philosophical and theological El Dorado. The book is liberally interspersed with quotations from Lewis' published works and the whole is woven together so ably that this reviewer, at least, found it impossible to lay down until he had finished reading it.

The peculiar genius of Lewis, if it is possible to isolate any one faculty that makes him great, seems to lie in possessing an imagination which allows him to take an everyday Gospel sermon and transform it into something which is at once a whopping good story, a delightful piece of writing, and, through it all, still a good Gospel sermon. He makes no pretense to being a theological pathfinder. He is content rather to translate the jargon of theology and the platitudes of the homilist into words and paragraphs that speak to the time in which he lives.

The best proof of his effectiveness in his mission (he would disapprove of that word) is the opposition he has raised. He writes for what some people call the "highbrows" and in such a difficult audience it is to be expected that he will not be quite warmly accepted. As a matter of fact, many of those whom he has sought to reach with his writing have disliked him the more because they feel that it is a kind of wilfull dishonesty for a man of Lewis' obvious intellectual capacities to be "taken in" by orthodox Christianity.

Professor Walsh deserves high praise for his study of Dr. Lewis and for introducing to what we may hope will be a larger American audience a man whose work cannot but have a good influence upon us all.

Bedlam at 24 Maple Drive

FATHER OF THE BRIDE. By Edward Streeter; illustrated by Gluyas Williams. Simon & Schuster. 244 pages.

HERE is the true and honest story of that period in the life of Mr. Stanley Banks, which is peculiar to a man's span when his daughter makes it known (to all whom it may concern) that she has intentions matrimonial. And Mr. Streeter leaves no doubt with us that indeed the *most* concerned is the father of the bride.

At his most unsuspecting moment the bombshell is dropped and his little girl, his child, is suddenly a new and different person—certainly no longer either his little girl or his child. Their quiet, average, suburban life is stirred, becomes a whirlpool, and in the center, essaying in desperation to maintain some sort of equilibrium during its phases (for which no amount of rehearsal could have possibly prepared him), sways the well-drawn (by Gluyas Williams) and sympathetically revealed (by Edward Streeter) Mr. Stanley Banks of 24 Maple Drive, Fairview Manor.

In between the ensuing sleepless nights and subsequent days of confusion (lessened only somewhat by

the tireless efficiency of his secretary at his office), Mr. Banks' role on life's stage is broadened considerably as he turns society editor, meets the in-laws, discusses those "certain formal matters" with the groom, plays umpire in the merciless massacre known to the outside as preparing the guest list, and performs, with an inner wonderment and constant amazement, all those things which are "done" during this new era of his otherwise routine existence.

Nor is this new suddenness without its caterers, musicians, florists, decorators—all of whom in rapid succession buzz among the wheels of the hero's brain, which now somehow whirrs about like any cash register at a clearance sale, or in fact several cash registers. Nor are the wheels slowed when in reckless abandon to the already filled program shopping trips of unthinkable proportions are embarked upon almost daily by his wife and daughter.

And never to be forgotten are the overwhelming hordes of well-wishers who enjoy with a peculiar uncaged freedom the contents and more of his liquor cache, prattle endless paragraphs of nonsense in his vacant ears, take complete possession of his very own house—and who leave only after prolonged, confused, and somewhat relieved good-byes.

Mr. Streeter has celebrated again the unwept martyr, the unhonored financier, the unsung hero, kindly, sympathetically, and with the color of the curtain of confetti which closes another of the author's successful satires. JEAN NEHRING

Personal History

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN OUTSIDER. By Franz Schoenberner. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 273 pages. $3.50.

WE APPROACHED this book with a pre-conceived bias—another poorly written story of a refugee's flight from Europe to America. However, Schoenberner, one-time editor of the German *Simplicissimus,* pleasantly surprised us. The book is a collection of unrelated chapters dealing with the author's experience in leaving Germany and finally entering the United States.

Already in 1933 Schoenberner recognized the menace of Hitlerism. This recognition caused him to leave Germany in order to combat Nazism more effectively. The chapter entitled *Eight Years in the Waiting Room* is a tragic catalog of prominent and influential individuals who even as late as 1940 failed to evaluate properly the true character of German Nazism and Italian Fascism: The editor of the *London Times,* Winston Churchill, Lord Londonderry, Lord Rothemere, Lord Beaverbrook, William Randolph Hearst, Vansittart, and others. As we read the naive statements of these worthies who later led the attack on totalitarianism, we are forced to recall that the blood of America's youth was used to rectify their wholly unwarranted errors in judgment.

Even though the author's style is heavy, the book is full of epigrams and fortunately-worded evaluations. In an age when every utterance of

George Bernard Shaw is regarded as a direct revelation from on high, it is heartening to read Schoenberner's sober and deflating appraisal of G. B. S. The chapter on Thomas Wolfe is a tenderly beautiful treatment of one of the twentieth century's great authors.

The Inside Story of an Outsider is a piece of personal history you will read with pleasure and no small amount of profit. GEORGE BETO

Two Eminent Victorians

ALFRED TENNYSON. By his grandson, Charles Tennyson. Macmillan, New York. 1949. 579 pages. $7.50.

DICKENS: HIS CHARACTER, COMEDY, AND CAREER. By Hesketh Pearson. Harper and Bros., New York. 1949. 361 pages. $4.00.

OBSERVANT critics have noticed a remarkable revival of scholarly interest in important Victorian authors. This is no more than right; we have been until now so very close to the mid and late nineteenth century writers that our perspective has not adjusted itself correctly. Now, as in these two books and others, it seems the beginning of the second half of our twentieth century is producing really good, full-scale studies of great literary personalities.

We predict that no reader will merely skim this newest biography of Tennyson and, secondly, that it will become the foremost work on the subject. It completes (not supplants) the previous great life of the British poet by his son Hallam and written just fifty years ago, inasmuch as the grandson had greater opportunities for using reliable information. Charles Tennyson has studied numerous letters formerly inaccessible, has drawn on a vast array of Victorian memoirs, and has consulted modern psychiatric studies together with his own reminiscences of the great poet's later years. Alfred Tennyson emerges with new life and power, and the style is so interesting that one puts down the book reluctantly.

This is a revealing life of a complex, interesting person. For instance, comments like these endear the man to us: "All his social success in no way altered his natural diffidence and humility." "He greatly disliked writing to order." "His letters were always terse, considerate and profoundly sensible." Life-breathing with incidents of love for and loyalty to every member of his family, it shows Tennyson in his unhappy youth and in the bright glare of fame and publicity endorsed by the Queen. Richly interpretative, moreover, of circumstances associated with such major poems as *Maud, In Memoriam,* and the great Arthurian cycle, this volume offers special inducement to re-read the Poet Laureate's collected works in this new light.

The 31 chapters, rounded out with an Epilogue, are grouped on a large scale into three major divisions: part 1 to the early death of Arthur Hallam, part 2 to the elevation to the Laureateship, and the final part naturally to Alfred Tennyson's death

in 1892. Thirteen apt pictures illustrate the chief persons mentioned. Next to the poet, we learn most about his wife who is deservedly honored with a special chapter that, unlike the itemized headings of other chapters in which she appears, bears only the name Emily.

That *Alfred Tennyson* is honest, scholarly work is apparent throughout. The facts when clear are strongly emphasized, supported by documentary proof "without any attempt to make good the gaps in the evidence by the exercise of the imagination." A 36 page index helps us find numerous subtopics. This grandson biographer concludes, sensibly, we think, that the renown of Alfred Tennyson

> was perhaps due in some degree to the glamor of his personality, but much more to the great variety of his work, which enabled him to reach every class of mind and society; to his transparent sincerity; to the tireless artistry by which he ensured that every poem which he published should achieve the maximum effect of which he was capable; to the close touch which he maintained with all movements of contemporary thought and feeling; and to the human sympathy which inspired his work more and more as the years went by.

The other book, the new biography of the novelist Charles Dickens, shows its emphasis in the sub-title. It is a vivid, witty, sometimes gossipy piece of work, different in mood from the previous Dickens biographies by Forster, Pope-Hennessy, and Kingsmill. Its actor-author had previously written the life of Darwin and Hazlitt, of Wilde and G. B. Shaw, and a good book on the art of biography.

Pearson frequently captures the spirit of Dickens. We appreciate statements like these: "Among strangers Dickens was rather reserved, but among friends his was the invigorating spirit." Or "If Dickens indulged in more self-pity than Shakespeare, and much more than Scott, to mention the only two writers in English who are in his creative class, it is because he was an actor by temperament." Or "He visited America for the same reason that Julius Caesar visited England: he wanted to know what it was like."

There are 21 chapters and 21 illustrations. The attentive reader learns something of the process of creative writing and short accounts of some of the novels. Still, no unusual or radically new material is divulged; and we do sense a partiality for Dickens in the family difficulty over Mrs. Dickens. A three page list of Selected Sources for the further researcher is at the end, together with a good index to the volume. All in all, this writing of one who professedly loved the novels of Dickens from boyhood reveals just that, namely, hero worship of the erratic man as friend, lover, husband, father, actor, editor, reformer, entertainer, producer, critic.

To us the best parts of *Dickens: His Character, Comedy, and Career* are the readable anecdotes, not easily accessible elsewhere, about John Forster, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and others of Dickens' contemporar-

ies. Certainly the end of the last century becomes more meaningful when books like this one assist us to appreciate more clearly the attitudes, difficulties, and achievements of an author between whose private character and literary skill there was a pronounced gap, for which his latest British biographer makes no apology.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Christ-Centered Preaching

GREAT GOSPEL SERMONS. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1949. Two volumes, each, $2.25; set of two $3.95.

IN CONNECTION with their eightieth anniversary as publishers, the Fleming H. Revell Company has published two volumes of Gospel sermons.

The first volume is titled "Classic" and contains sermons by famous preachers of the past. Such familiar names as Charles H. Spurgeon, R. A. Torrey, Gipsy Smith, and Billy Sunday appear in Volume I.

Volume II contains sermons by contemporary preachers. Among the more familiar names found here are Walter A. Maier, Bob Jones, William Ward Ayer, and Harold J. Ockenga. These sermons are listed as examples of good contemporary Gospel preaching.

The purpose of the publication of these Gospel sermons is indicated by the publishers in the following words, "For the last quarter of a century the Church has been preaching morals, and immorality has been on the increase. Preaching for morality has not yet contributed much to the saving of men and the world; we should know by now that preaching must be for souls. It must go deeper; it must tap the infinite resources of God and the Kingdom, and it must win men to Christ."

These two volumes, then, are another indication of the shift that is taking place in religious emphasis today. It is becoming more evident that the central aspect of Christianity is being shifted from morality and the Social Gospel as the center of the Christian message to Jesus Christ as the center of the Christian faith and the Savior from sin. The shift is from man at the center to Christ at the center, and that is where the emphasis should be.

Since the sermons are a compilation from various authors, the quality naturally differs. The general tone of the sermons, however, is revivalistic and evangelistic in a sense generally associated with Baptist preaching.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

Mirror of Our Times

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1949. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1949. 334 pages. $3.50.

MARTHA FOLEY again sifts the year's crop of short stories and comes up with a collection that expresses our time and still has something of the timeless clinging to it.

The anthologist notes in the preface, "It was interesting for me to discover, after all the selections had been made, how many of them are stories of childhood. . . . Such stories are a natural accompaniment to the

emergence of new writers. . . . Stories of childhood experience are often the first to be produced by a writer, who then, through the increasing distillation of his memories, proceeds to adult characterizations."

It is also evident that a majority of the stories reflect a conflict between simplicity and an acquired sophistication or a total return to the primitive, as in Jim Kjelgaard's "Of the River and Uncle Pidcock," which has a Saroyan quality about it. The conflict is best expressed in "Children Are Bored on Sunday" by Jean Stafford. A woman wandering alone through an art gallery concludes, "She would not dare, for instance, . . . say that what she most liked in the Botticelli were the human and compassionate eyes of the centurions' horses, which reminded her of the eyes of her own Great-Uncle Graham, whom she had adored as a child. Nor would she admit that she was delighted with a Crivelli Madonna because the peaches in the background looked exactly like marzipan, or that Goya's little red boy inspired in her only the pressing desire to go out immediately in search of a plump cat to stroke. . . . She was a bounty jumper in the war between Great-Uncle Graham's farm and New York City, and liable to court-martial on one side and death on the other. Neither staunchly primitive nor confidently *au courant*, she rarely knew where she was at."

Just as the tales of childhood indicate young writers, so the Dodsworth-like uneasiness about one's cultural roots may indicate an immature society. Or they may be evidence of a civilization confused by a luxuriant growth pocked with decay. Presumably the affectedly simple stories are a disavowal of our complicated way of life and a yearning for things as they once seemed to be.

Creative writing, even if it is babbling nonsense, often can reveal more about the temper of the times than news reporting. With a sampling of 28 short stories the reader may arrive at a fair evaluation of life and literature in the last year.

ROBERTA IHDE

When we see a natural style, we are astonished and delighted; for we expected to see an author, and we find a man.

BLAISE PASCAL

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

CREAM HILL

By Lewis Gannett. The Viking Press, New York. 1949. 191 pages. $3.50.

CREAM HILL is an historic New England settlement on a Connecticut hilltop. Here Lewis Gannett bought a week end home 25 years ago, and ever since then he has been exploring the country around him, making his own intimate discovery of American history as revealed in the surrounding country-side, in the town's records and in his great-great grandfather's diary. Lewis Gannett's great-great grandfather was one Ezra Stiles who settled on Cream Hill in the middle of the 18th century.

Out of sheer delight Mr. Gannett tends his garden. But he does not stop at the mere raising of corn, beans and radishes. He probes into the history of when eating corn direct from the cob first became popular. The tomato undergoes a similar research (this luscious food was once considered a poison); and in his own delightful style, Gannett presents the reader with many interesting and little-known details of common and uncommon vegetables, herbs and flowers.

Although Gannett is daily book review editor of *The New York Herald Tribune,* he takes no books with him to read during the week end spent on Cream Hill. He spends each minute in his garden or in the out-of-doors—except in late fall or winter when he might sit with a book by the fire in his old farm house. Gannett touches the reader with the "incommunicable excitement" of nature, and makes the reader wonder at the history of everyday facts so often taken for granted.

GRACE WOLF

VOLUNTARY PARENTHOOD

By John Rock, M.D., and David Loth. Random House, Inc., New York. 1949. 308 pages. $3.00.

THIS book was written by a Harvard gynecologist and by the director of public information for the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. They point out that our educational system nearly completely

ignores preparation for one important aspect of our lives—namely, parenthood. This preparation should include basic sex education along with the appreciation of the joys of parenthood and its obligations.

A great portion of the book discusses the problems of fertility and infertility. Hope is extended to the childless couple since many of the causes of infertility can be remedied. On the other hand for those couples who wish or need to restrict their fertility for reasons of physical or mental health, the available contraceptive techniques are described. Both types of couples are guided to those persons and agencies qualified to give the proper aid or advice. The moral, economic, and legal aspects of planned families are considered in the concluding chapters.

"Voluntary or planned" parenthood advocates neither large nor small families, but healthy and happy ones.

LEONARD W. RITZMANN, M.D.

THIRTEEN WHO FLED

Edited by Louis Fischer. Harper & Bros., New York. 1949. 244 pages. $3.00.

THIS is a gripping account—or, rather, a series of accounts—of life in the workers' paradise that is Soviet Russia. Louis Fischer, the well-known foreign correspondent, gathered these stories from thirteen Russians who fled from their native land or refused to return to it after the war. These people represent a cross-section of the Russian populace: one is a teacher, another a farmer, a third a housewife, etc.

Their narratives, while not sensational, all fit into a uniform pattern. Each in his own way came to the same conclusion: life in a police state, whose governing policies are oppression, tyranny, force, and fear, is not worth living. And so each, when his own hour struck, broke the ties of homeland and family so that he might live in an atmosphere of freedom and hope.

This should be required reading for Mr. Robeson, who has conjured up an idyllic picture of the happy proletariat under the benevolent regime of Comrade Stalin. Or are these thirteen simply a lot of Fascist reactionaries?

THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF

By Christopher Morley. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. 1949. 275 pages. $3.00.

RICHARD TOLMAN, Christopher Morley's latest creation, is a sort of Puck, a middle-aged, grumpy, bemused Puck. He ambles through the book as a literary agent with an attachment to a lady psychiatrist of the feline variety.

But primarily *The Man Who Made Friends With Himself* is a copybook in which Mr. Morley flexes his literary muscles. "Literature is too merciful and rarely exposes the dancing particles inside the mind," speculates Mr. Tolman. The author's dancing particles emerge in the form of charming but insubstantial epigrams.

Until the last page the reader has the impression that *The Man Who Made Friends With Himself* was written for reading in a hammock with summertime indolence. It is disturbing to discover finally that this is not so, that Mr. Tolman, who burned to death in a men's room while rescuing a friend, had changed his name from Toulemonde, which means everybody. So all along it was a book with serious intent. We are dismayed.

THE DICTIONARY OF HUMOROUS QUOTATIONS

Edited by Evan Esar. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. 1949. 270 pages. $2.95.

IF THEY laugh when you stand up to talk, this is the book for you. Evan Esar has distilled the cleverness and wit of the last three hundred years or so into one handy volume arranged by author and indexed by topic.

There is little to complain of in the work of the editor. One can't help regretting, however, that so much of what passes for wit is so often the kind of speaking the apostle must have had in mind when he lambasted those who are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. It is surprising how many people have won a reputation for cleverness by devising clever ways of blaspheming.

It is hard to resist the temptation to quote some of the more quotable witticisms. Just as samples of what you may expect to find, here are three that we liked especially well:

Dean Inge: "I am afraid the clergyman's God is too often the head of the clerical profession."

Simon Cameron: "An honest politician is one who when he is bought will stay bought."

Bertrand Russell: "In America law and custom alike are based upon the dreams of spinsters."

OVER THE REEFS AND FAR AWAY

By Robert Gibbings. E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 240 pages. $3.50.

SINCE the War Department no longer offers free cruises to the South Pacific, it has become increasingly difficult for people to get to the pleasant islands and sparkling reefs that dot its surface. For those who can't get there, this book by Robert Gibbings will come as close as anything to capturing the sights and sounds and odors of those faraway places.

The author knows his islands and their people from living with them, sharing in their activities, and studying their cultures. There is a strain of warm understanding running through everything he writes about them. Best of all, Gibbings has mastered the art of wood engraving and, in his engravings, does a remarkable job of catching the "feel" of the islands.

One thing we liked especially well about the book is that Gibbings does not try to compress a kaleidoscopic picture of the whole South Pacific in one book. He takes the reader to a comparatively few typical islands and lets him poke around with him,

absorbing the feel of the place. One comes away feeling that he has actually been there.

THE SMALL SECTS IN AMERICA

Elmer T. Clark. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1949. 256 pages. $3.00.

In a study of Symbolics or Comparative Christianity, the most difficult aspect is to get information concerning the many minor religious groups within Protestantism. The difficulty lies in the fact that many of the small groups do not publish statements of their beliefs, or else are so small that it is difficult to obtain material concerning their beliefs and activities.

E. T. Clark has made a special study of the small sects in America. In his book he supplies information concerning over two hundred of these minor religious groups. The sects which the author deals with have memberships of less than seven thousand adherents. The total membership of these two hundred sects would be less than one per cent of a group such as the Methodist Church.

The present edition of *The Small Sects in America* is a revised and enlarged edition of the same material first published in 1937. The present edition brings a study of the groups up to date.

The author has tried to be as fair and impartial to the groups discussed as is possible. He has attempted to assemble his material from the publications of the sects under discussion or has made a personal visit to the headquarters of the group and attended their religious services.

The Small Sects in America is one of the very few publications in this area and is the best that has been published to date concerning the minor religious groups.

Luther P. Koepke

FRATERNITY VILLAGE

By Ben Ames Williams. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1949. 336 pages. $3.00.

This collection of short stories will be a welcome and valuable addition to any library. The simple, frugal, warm-hearted inhabitants of the Maine community fictitiously labeled Fraternity Village by Ben Ames Williams are well known to readers who have followed the literary career of one of America's most popular exponents of the art of the short story. Mr. Williams tells us that he has written "about 125 Fraternity stories —of which 100 were published." *Fraternity Village* contains sixteen of these tales arranged in chronological order. "One Man's Poison," the first of the Fraternity narratives, was published in 1919. The last, "Road Discontinued," appeared in 1941. The author's growth and development as a writer are clearly discernible in this excellent volume. For thirty years Mr. Williams has spent at least a part of each year in the Maine community which is the prototype of Fraternity Village. His convincing characterizations are founded upon intimate knowledge of the vices, the eccentricities, and the virtues of the land and the people.

MY LAMP IS BRIGHT

By Dorothy Evelyn Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1949. 378 pages. $3.00.

TO SAY that *My Lamp Is Bright* is engrossing would be an understatement. Miss Smith has filled her novel with so many extraordinary and unbelievable personalities that to be bored with such a display of neurotics would be impossible. And yet the heroine of the tale is pleasing enough, although one cannot help feeling that she too is a little unreal. Her name is Christine Bentley of Honeycroft Square in England. Once when a little girl, Christine met a man whom she never forgot, and although she married someone else, her lamp was always bright for her childhood ideal. After many diverting pages of odd happenings, Christine finally marries the man of her desire.

Miss Smith is skillful at creating atmosphere and because of this dexterity, her characters, although all quite singular in themselves, perhaps do not seem as out of place as they might be. GRACE WOLF

THE WISEST FOOL, and Other Men of the Bible

By Clarence E. Macartney. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1949. 191 pages. $2.00.

THIS well-known Presbyterian preacher in Pittsburgh discovered early in his ministry that "people like biography; and nowhere is there such biography, so stirring, so moving, so uplifting, so tragic, as that to be found in the Bible." Macartney's previous books have developed this approach to Biblical exposition.

In this volume sixteen men step realistically, almost unforgettably from the pages of Holy Writ, to bring guidance to men and women of today. Specially good are the character portraits of Solomon—the Wisest Fool in the Bible; of Barnabas—the Good Man Behind a Great Man; of Mark—the Man Who Failed and Then Made Good; of Philip—the Man Who Made a City Glad; and of (our favorite) Thomas—the Man Who Was Not There.

Vigor and warmth commend these Bible biographies. In simple but direct English they bring a message as timely as the morning headlines, abundant in illustrations and appealing in human interest.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

ELEPHANT WALK

By Robert Standish. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 278 pages. $3.00.

THIS is a book with a moral, namely, never underestimate the power of an elephant's memory—nor the wrath of the pachyderm. Elephant Walk is the name of a fabulously wealthy estate near Ceylon, built by a stubborn tea-grower who wanted his mansion constructed in a certain spot. Although the elephant trail crossed this particular location, no gloomy prophecy about the Elephant People not taking to the idea deterred Mr. Tom Carey. When the Big Bungalow, as the teakwood mansion was fondly called, was being

built, there was a skirmish with some objecting elephants. It was the son of one of these elephants which after many years vented his wrath on the structure which had symbolized his hate for Man, the enemy who had killed his parents.

Despite the havoc and ultimate ruin of Elephant Walk, the reader realizes it is all for the best. The son of Tom Carey, who had inherited the mansion, and his wife were having domestic trouble, the cause of which was the gloomy mansion itself and the undying influence of the father, even though dead for some time.

GRACE WOLF

CANADA: AN INTERNATIONAL POWER

Second edition: Revised and Enlarged. By Andre Siegfried. Translated from the French by Doris Hemming. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1949. $3.50.

SOMETIMES the objectivity of one who does not live in a country is more pertinent than the writings of those who are native there. Although this is not the same type of book as Bryce's *American Commonwealth,* it contains similar penetrating observations. In its first edition the book was considered the best single expression of Canada's problems both at home and abroad. The present revision not only brings the older data up to date but expands the material to conform with Canada's new status as an important member of the world family of nations. As such the book is of importance to the observer of international events.

But Canada is also of interest to those who are defense minded. The Dominion, and notably her northern regions, is situated on the direct routes between the most politically powerful parts of the globe. Not only is this of importance to Canada but it is of importance to the United States. If attack by air should come to this country it most certainly would come by way of the unsettled north. It would be well to know our northern neighbor as thoroughly as possible. Siegfried's book gives the broad picture as well as considerable detail. It will likely remain the classic on Canada for many years to come.

JOHN W. REITH

BOURKE COCKRAN

By James McGurrin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1948. 361 pages. $3.50.

THE present generation does not remember Bourke Cockran. Even his name strikes an unfamiliar chord. But in his heyday Bourke Cockran was a national figure of the first rank, and an orator cut after the pattern of Demosthenes.

Mr. McGurrin's biography of Bourke Cockran goes overboard in its hero worship. One wonders how it could be possible, if Mr. Cockran was really *that* good and *that* influential, that the causes which he espoused usually failed. He was the stormy petrel of Tammany Hall who broke with the organization and followed principle rather than party loyalty on numerous occasions. The

book makes interesting reading, particularly for its numerous sidelights on the American political scene in the era between Cleveland and Wilson.

LARS WILHELM BOE, A BIOGRAPHY

By Erik Hetle. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1949. 203 pages. $2.50.

FOR a quarter of a century, Lars Wilhelm Boe served as president of St. Olaf College. During that period he became an important figure not only in the field of Lutheran education but also in the entire area of American and world Lutheranism. He was driven by a relentless urge to have the Church speak, work, and act more effectively in a materialistic world.

This is not an objective biography. Erik Hetle was too intimately acquainted with Dr. Boe to write such a book. He has, however, written a warm, human account of a great American Lutheran churchman.

S. E. BOIE

A spring enclosed in a narrow space is more abundant and pours its flow by more streams over a wider countryside than any single one of those same streams, however long its course. Similarly the writings of the dispenser of Your word, since it was meant to be of service to many who later should preach upon it, sets flowing in its brevity of utterance torrents of clear truth from which each may draw such truth as he can, one man this, another that, but with far lengthier windings of words.

The Confessions of St. Augustine, Book Twelve

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

A Look at the Lutherans

IT IS a wholesome, albeit somewhat disconcerting, experience at times to view ourselves as others see us. The result is usually not flattering, but it is always chastening. We therefore made a beeline for the newsstand as soon as we learned that the August 16 issue of *Look* carried a feature article on "The Lutherans." *Look* is not on our regular reading schedule, but occasionally it breaks out with a good article, and this was one such time.

It was a revealing experience to look at the sprawling, amorphous—and at the same time, wonderfully homogeneous—ecclesiastical mass that is American Lutheranism through the eyes of an outsider. In this case the outsider is Lewis W. Gilleson, a staff writer for *Look*. By and large we must concede that he has done a very acceptable job, and that he has succeeded remarkably well in being fair to his subject.

Principal theme of the article is the paradox that while American Lutherans are more closely united in doctrine than any other Protestant body, they are utterly, confusingly disunited in matters of organization. The writer correctly points out that this is in large measure due to the widely divergent nationalistic and linguistic backgrounds from which the various Lutheran synods have sprung.

He accurately outlines the principal tenets of Lutheranism, and points up the main sources of Lutheran strength: adherence to the Word of God and the Lutheran confessions, sobriety and objectivity in worship, emphasis on thorough religious education. At the same time he criticizes the fact that "isolation and disunity have retarded Lutheran social action."

The chief weakness of the article lies in the fact that the author did not receive, and therefore does not convey to his readers, an overall picture of Lutheranism. Indeed, his portrayal of Lutheranism, at least in the pictures accompanying the article, seems to be confined exclusively to Minnesota. Some of the churches

which are pictured, moreover, are hardly representative of the best ecclesiastical architecture, and it is regrettable that the reader should be given the idea that these are characteristic of the Lutheran Church in America.

Anyone who understands Luther will take violent issue with the author's charge that the great Reformer was a "theological bully." We can condone this error, of course, on the part of a layman who has probably never read anything that Martin Luther wrote, much less come to an appreciation of his true character.

There are other inaccuracies. It is hardly true that the Synodical Conference is "composed mainly of closely integrated German groups located in the Middle West." The so-called "Committee of 44," far from being a "group of young pastors," was a group of mature churchmen and theologians, whose average age was 51. Nothing is said, either, about the question of doctrine in the discussion of the attempts at unity.

In general, though, we appreciated the article for its effort to present a readable picture of American Lutheranism. If the author laid his finger on some sore spots and focused attention on some glaring deficiencies (notably in the matter of stewardship), why maybe that's good for our collective Lutheran soul.

What's Wrong With the North

STILL looking at *Look,* the August 16 issue carries a lead article by Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the Greenville (Miss.) *Delta Democrat-Times,* on the subject "What's Wrong with the North." The crusading Southern editor, writing in a grimly ironic vein, tells about the harrowing adventures of a fictional Southerner "In the Land of Grim Snow." He is bitter about the fact that "for a hundred years, the South has been investigated, harpooned, lampooned, pestered and exposed. One-sidedly and grotesquely, the South has been presented as a region of utter hopelessness, depravity, and brutality."

Not only is this picture distorted, Hodding charges, but the Yankees who delight in making these accusations are hardly in a position to throw any stones. Carter points out the fact that there is plenty of racial discrimination in the North, too, and that the Ku Klux Klan also flourished north of the Mason-Dixon line in the '20's. And as far as the Negro question is concerned, Carter declares:

> I am ashamed of the discrimination which the Negro suffers in the South; and a good many people are trying, with some success, to end it. But neither our discriminators nor those who protest discrimination pre-

tend that it doesn't exist. That pretense is assiduously practiced in the North. . . . I say in all honesty, and from observations made over a long period, that men hate and fear each other on more counts and with greater intensity in the North than anywhere else in the nation.

Carter's article unquestionably contains some overstatements and generalizations, but many of his charges against the North are tragically true. And no one will take issue with his concluding plea that North and South get together and view the nation as a whole instead of as a congeries of unrelated parts. If they do this, he argues: "Together they may discover that no region in America has a monopoly on democratic virtues or undemocratic vices."

The Churches and the Press

The Christian Century for August 17 carries an interesting article by James O. Supple, religion editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times,* with the provocative title, "Church and Press—Enemies or Allies?" Mr. Supple poses the question: "Can the churches use the secular press as a weapon in their fight against secularism?" His answer is an unequivocal "Yes," if the churches use this medium with intelligence and care.

The writer deplores the fact that so many churches use the columns of the daily newspaper only for trivial announcements, so that the church pages are cluttered up with a plethora of insignificant items, mostly in very small type, with the monotony relieved only by pictures of local or visiting divines. Mr. Supple drives home his point in no uncertain terms: "Churches must think of the press as a means not for the announcing of bazaars, but for the spreading of the Gospel through news."

The local church, he argues, should be related in local news releases to important national or international movements which are taking place within the religious realm. As a result, he contends, "if the religious news is vital, if it shows the emerging social strength of modern Christianity, then the unchurched will seek out the local church." To this we would of course answer that the appeal of the church must be spiritual rather than social, if the needs of men are to be adequately met and their questions answered. At the same time, the churches—and their parsons in particular—will learn much from the timely suggestions that Editor Supple has to offer.

Conservatism Revisited

It is not altogether to the credit of the intelligence of our generation that the term "conservative" has come increasingly to bear an

opprobrious connotation. In fact, the way in which men today play fast and loose with such terms as "conservative" and "liberal" is enough to make one, as a friend of ours recently put it, antisemantic.

In the August issue of *Harper's* Peter Viereck takes up the cudgels for conservatism, properly understood. The title of his article is the same as the book from which it has been culled: "Conservatism Revisited." He begins by drawing a sharp distinction between "conservative" and "reactionary":

> Conservatism is a social and cultural cement, holding together what Western man has built and by that very fact providing a base for orderly change and improvement. But not all the past is worth keeping. The conservative conserves discriminately, the reactionary indiscriminately. Though the events of the past are often shameful and bloody, its lessons are indispensable. By "tradition" the conservative means all the lessons of the past but only the ethically acceptable events. The reactionary means all the events. Thereby he misses all the lessons.

Mr. Viereck maintains that the conservative principles are proportion and measure; preservation through reform; humanism and classical balance; self-expression through self-restraint; and "a fruitful obsession with unbroken historic continuity." He then proceeds to show the relationship of conservatism to such problems as humanism and education; the welfare state; nature vs. Law, etc.

His comments on humanism and education sound like an echo of Robert M. Hutchins:

> In the universities, humanism inspires the return to literature and the classics, away from the short-sighted cult of utilitarian studies. The latter may educate us to be good clerks, but only a curriculum in the broad humanities can educate us to be good human beings.

And the following might well be commended to the attention of Mr. Henry A. Wallace & Co.:

> We don't need a "century of the common man"; we have it already. What we need, and what a humanistic, non-utilitarian education will foster, is a century of the individual man. Democracy, though slowly attained and never by revolutionary jumps, is the best government on earth when it tries to make *all* its citizens aristocrats.

The author confronts the problem as to when economic and social reforms cross a line beyond which welfare laws are inflated into the welfare super-state. "Let us name this line the Statist Line. It is the line of diminishing returns for humanitarianism. Beyond it, the increase in security is less than the loss in liberty."

He has some trenchant remarks, too, on the subject of "Nature vs. Law":

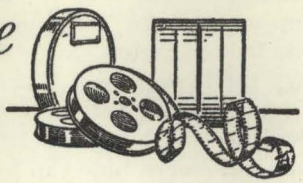
> Despite eloquent advocates of progressive education, the function of education is conservative: not to deify the child's "glorious self-expression," but to limit his instincts and behavior by unbreakable ethical habits.

And what about the continuing tension between the concept of the individual versus that of the majority?

> Even if a fairly elected, democratic majority of 99 per cent wants to lynch all Negroes, Jews, Catholics, labor leaders, or bankers, it is our moral and legal duty to resist the majority, though we die in the attempt. Guarding the Bill of Rights even against the majorities and even against the people's will, the American Constitution performs an aristocratic and conservative function.

I knew a man who had a story about a gun, which he thought a good one and that he told very well. He tried all means in the world to turn the conversation upon guns; but, if he failed in his attempt, he started in his chair, and said he heard a gun fired; but when the company assured him they heard no such thing, he answered, Perhaps then I was mistaken; but, however, since we are talking of guns—and then told his story, to the great indignation of the company.

LORD CHESTERFIELD

The  *Motion Picture*

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

How many times have you sung the *Star Spangled Banner?* How many times have you thrilled to the words, "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? How many times have you declared that it is the inalienable right of Americans to be "free" and "equal"? How many times have you denounced the base creed which attempts to justify the building of a so-called master-race? How many times have you raised your voice in protest against race prejudice and discrimination? How many times have you humbly given thanks for the blessing of religious liberty in our land? And, after giving thanks, have you stopped to remember that your neighbor's freedom is as precious to him as yours is to you? How many times have you thought about these things? Have you thought about them at all? Or have you taken your priceless privileges for granted?

It is dangerous to assume that we are immune to the infectious "ism" fevers which have brought our vaunted twentieth-century civilization to the brink of self-destruction. The United States has its own festering sores and its own smoldering fires of dissension. We have our own minority groups and our own special race problems—problems which demand careful attention if we are to find a solution. We should know by this time that violence begets violence and that intolerance breeds more intolerance. A proper solution must be found, and it can be found if we cling to the cardinal precepts on which our nation was built.

Books and plays which have dealt with race prejudices have appeared with increasing frequency in recent years, but the subject was considered taboo on the screen until last year, when *Crossfire* and *Gentlemen's Agreement* were released by their courageous producers. More recently *Home of the Brave* appeared and made a telling plea for our fellow

Americans who happen to be of Negro origin.

Lost Boundaries (Film Classics, Inc., Alfred L. Werker), released in July, deals with a special phase of the race-relations problem. This poignant story is taken from life and is fully authenticated. How it came to be told is, in itself, a fascinating tale. A little more than two years ago Producer Louis de Rochemont—well known to motion-picture audiences for his excellent *March of Time* films, for *The House on 92nd Street, Fighting Lady, Boomerang,* and other fine documentary and semi-documentary releases—addressed a group of students from New Hampshire University at his home just outside Portsmouth. His topic was race relations in the movies. When he had finished, a dark-complexioned young man came to him. "Thanks, Mr. de Rochemont," he said. "This was interesting. You see, I am a Negro; but I didn't know it until two years ago." Soon the veteran producer had heard the entire engrossing story. Young Albert Johnson was the son of a fair-skinned Negro doctor who for more than twenty years had practiced in Gorham and Keene, New Hampshire. No one had doubted that he and his family were "white." They had been accepted by the community, they were active in social and civic affairs, they were liked and respected. During World War II Dr. Johnson applied for a commission in the United States Navy. In screening his background Naval Intelligence uncovered indisputable evidence to show that Dr. Johnson had Negro blood in his veins. One can readily imagine the shattering impact of this startling disclosure on the Johnson family and on the community.

The story of the Johnsons was first told by William L. White in *Lost Boundaries,* published in 1948. A condensed version of Mr. White's book appeared in the December, 1947, issue of *Readers Digest.* Mr. de Rochemont himself had first told the pathetic tale to Mr. White, who is a friend of long standing.

Now *Lost Boundaries* has been brought to the screen. On every count this is a fine picture. It has the simplicity and the conviction of truthful reporting. The irony of race prejudice in a so-called democratic society stands out with devastating clarity. *Lost Boundaries* was made in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, against an authentic New England background. There are no artificial sets, and there is very little Hollywood ornamentation. For the brief interlude in Harlem the cameras actually moved to New York City's best-known Negro district. With the exception of the

principal characters the cast was recruited from the townspeople of Portsmouth. Mel Ferrar is superb in the taxing role of the doctor, and receives excellent support from Beatrice Pearson and Richard Hylton. The acting of the non-professional supporting cast is uniformly good. The outstanding performance of the Rev. Robert Dunn, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, merits special mention. Alfred L. Werker's direction is sensitive and sure. Both Mr. Werker and Mr. de Rochemont are to be commended for the dignity, the restraint, and the good taste employed in dealing with a delicate and highly controversial theme. Other pictures pertaining to the subject of race problems and race relations are in the making in several major studios. It is to be hoped that they will be of the caliber and the quality of *Lost Boundaries.*

It is to be hoped with equal fervor that other films—still to be released—which are based on communist penetration in the United States will be more impressive from the viewpoint of artistry than *The Red Menace* (Republic, R. G. Springsteen). We know only too well that a titanic struggle between communism and democracy is being waged on a world-wide stage. The screen is one medium through which to mirror the great drama of our times. Therefore we shall be seeing a cycle of anti-communist pictures. Unfortunately, *The Red Menace* is a sorry mixture of bombast and melodrama. To pit its puny strength against the powerful and utterly unscrupulous anti-democratic forces that are at work in our land is like going out for dangerous big game with a popgun.

The Fountainhead (Warner Bros., King Vidor), based on Ayn Rand's best-selling novel, contains some truth and a great deal of muddled thinking. A good cast, including Gary Cooper and Raymond Massey, was assembled for this "intellectual drama." So what? So the acting takes on the exaggerated and overwrought intensity of the exaggerated and overwrought vehicle.

Have you seen *The Red Shoes* (Eagle-Lion, J. Arthur Rank)? This outstanding film was released a year ago. Based on the familiar Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, *The Red Shoes* is a magnificent production. Fine acting, superb ballet, and well-scored music capably presented under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., make this a bargain attraction even though it is being exhibited at road-show admission prices.

M-G-M comes along with two high-toned gambling pictures. *The Great Sinner* and *Any Num-*

ber Can Play have topnotch casts, plush settings, and a large share of undiluted hokum. In *The Great Sinner* Gregory Peck suffers from some sort of fits; in *Any Number Can Play* Clark Gable suffers from angina pectoris. The audiences for both films suffer from plain boredom.

Two engaging musicals—studded with star specialty acts—afford a pleasant interlude. *Look for the Silver Lining* (Warners) and *You're My Everything* (20th Century-Fox) are not in line for Academy Award nominations; but they are tuneful, lighthearted entertainment.

The Great Dan Patch (United Artists) presents a fictionalized history of a famous race horse.

Apparently crime does pay—at the box office. This month's batch of crime and mystery yarns includes *Scene of the Crime* (M-G-M), *Take One False Step* (Universal-International), and *The Big Steal* (RKO-Radio).

The Window (RKO-Radio) is an unusual suspense picture. By chance a small boy witnesses a brutal murder. He tries to tell his parents. But Tommy has always been a teller of tales manufactured out of the whole cloth. No one believes him—no one, that is, but the murderer and the murderer's wife. Their attempts to remove the boy who has become dangerous to them involve an exciting, thrill-packed chase.

Crime and violence predominate in *House of Strangers* (20th Century-Fox), a study of a family vendetta in Manhattan's lower east side, and in *The Great Gatsby* (Paramount), F. Scott Fitzgerald's popular novel of the fabulous 1920's. Both films have many superior qualities, but they fall short of achieving genuine distinction.

Nowhere probably is there more true feeling, and nowhere worse taste, than in a churchyard.

BENJAMIN JOWETT

Verse

Upon Revisiting Xanadu

At Xanadu the tumbled ramparts run
In broken line beneath a molten sun;
The dulcimer and almond-tinted maid,
Alike, are long abed--where Kubla prayed
In antique days, the crumbling minaret
Provides a pillow for his head—the fret
And clamor of the Asiatic throng
Usurped by rattling thorn and cricket-song.
The Parian courts, through many a whitened day
And jewelled night, have wasted on their way,
And wild-dogs hunt the coney and the hare
Unmindful of the kingdom mouldering there.

No terraced garden overflows
With hyacinth and lily shoot;
The perfume of the Sharon rose
Disturbs no more the princely nose,
No more its evening attar slows
The caravans upon their route.
It nestles, now, with sheik and slave,
While Kubla sleeps within his grave
And sighs no more for lust or loot.

Be still, be still, nor clutch with fragile hand
At straws which edge the dreamless rick wherein
You lie; it is too late for muezzin
To shrive your soul of oriental sin,
Or wake you from your earthy Samarkand.

RALPH L. KINSEY

A Prayer

Lord, make me big:
I am so little in so many ways,
So swift to murmur and so slow to praise;
Lord, make me big.

Lord, make me big:
I am so small of stature—far too slow
In Faith and Hope and Charity I grow;
Lord, make me big.

Lord, make me big:
Help me to look about that self called "me"
And grant a vision farther heights to see;
Lord, make me big.

Lord, make me big:
Not big in talk or empty words; the deed,
Let that show forth the glory of my creed;
Lord, make me big.

Lord, make me big:
Bigger than hate and envy, wealth or pride.
Let me not for the love of these turn Thee aside;
Lord, make me big.

Lord, make me big:
And if to make me big, Thou, Lord, must take
My all, then help me still this prayer to make:
Lord, make me big.

ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

"I Know Whom I Have Believed"

II Tim. 1:12

I may not see God's purpose for life's
sorrows and its woe,
I may not know the reason He retards my
progress so;
But I know He has a purpose
And I know my life is planned
And I know my name is written
In the hollow of His hand.

I may not see the future, for it may be
dark as night;
There may not be a glimmer of a star
to give me light;
But I know that God still guides me
And I know His way is sure
And I know He'll walk beside me
And His mercy shall endure.

I may not feel His pardon for the sins
I have confessed;
For feelings are deceitful; but upon
His Word I'll rest;
For I know His blood has cleansed me
And I know He will receive
(For His blessed Word has told me)
Those who in that Word believe.

ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

READERS who have missed Dr. Kretzmann's "Pilgrim" will be glad to know that he has returned safely from his tour of the Pacific and that he will take up the pilgrim's staff again next month. Walter Riess, who wrote this month's column, is well-known to our readers as a young man of singular talent whose writings have been distinguished by their intellectual honesty and by their understanding of the Christian personality.

Our feature article this month, "The Lady and the Cardinal," is one which we wish might not have had to be written. It is not our wish, in these days when the need is for greater cooperation among all branches of Christendom against a hostile paganism, to add more fuel to the fires of interdenominational bad-feeling. In printing the article, we have been motivated by the honest belief that the events which it chronicles represent a dangerous threat to the religious liberty which has enabled all churches in America to work unhampered in their proper sphere of saving souls. We sincerely hope that the whole affair will have proved a salutary lesson to all churchmen who may feel tempted to usurp the temporal power.

It might be well for us to re-state, at this time, our own opposition to the Barden Bill and to any other federal-aid-to-education bill. We see nothing but a creeping danger in any move toward the centralization of education. Already there are some men in Congress who want to investigate textbooks. Believing as we do that academic freedom includes also the right to explore even those areas of which congressmen may disapprove, we should like to keep our schools poor, if necessary, but free.

It is not too early to be thinking about entering a gift subscription for THE CRESSET as a Christmas present for that relative or friend who is interested in literature, the arts, or public affairs. Subscriptions entered now can be timed to begin with the January issue which will appear the last week in December.