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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

The Senator and the Hoodlum

Two men came up to the Federal court house for a Senatorial investigation, the one a Senator and the other a hoodlum.

The Senator stood and spake thus into the microphone: Ladies and gentlemen, it is a good thing for this country that its statesmen are not like the average run of people, chiselers, graft-cadgers, or even as this hoodlum.

I can give an accurate account of every cent of my income, I have never accepted the support of any questionable elements at election time.

And the hoodlum, averting his face from the television cameras, refused to give so much as his name to the committee counsel, saying, I will not answer because it might tend to incriminate me.

I tell you, that neither of these men left the committee room justified.

The Low State of Public Morals

It is pretty hard to criticize the present low state of public morals without sounding like a pharisaical ass. There is no one of us who could afford to have his shabby cloak of surface respectability torn from him to reveal the man that is known only to himself and to God.

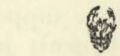
But we cannot wait for angels to come down and clean up our public life. Before the righteous God, the pot may be as black as the kettle. But socially and politically, the particular kind of blackness which stains the pot may represent less of a danger than that which stains the kettle.

It is the experience of history that when crime goes unpunished, when officials of government transgress the accepted morality of their age, when law enforcement officers are under commitments which limit their freedom to act in accordance with the law—then there is doom in the offing. And it does no good to answer that these moral lapses are no worse than the pride and self-righteousness of some of the rest of us. When one tackles the job of cleaning out Augean stables, one starts with the filth nearest at hand, regardless of how much more fragrant filth there may be farther back from the door.

Senator Fulbright spoke for many a thoughtful American when he called the attention of his Senatorial colleagues to the condition of public morals and offered the suggestion of a commission to enquire into the situation. One may or may not agree with his list of proposed commission members. Most of us should agree that a commission on moral advisers is at least as necessary as a council of economic advisers.

The Senator's proposal highlights one especially important point. So low has our understanding of morality fallen that some public officials have offended against morality without even knowing it. What a damning commentary on our public education system! One of the tasks of the proposed commission would be that of establishing codes of ethics for public officials, similar to those which govern the professional activities of doctors or lawyers or other professional men.

The Senator's proposals would, of course, deal only with the symptoms. He recognizes that the disease lies beyond the therapeutic competence of any committee. The focus of the infection lies in homes where the condition of the children's teeth is of more moment than the condition of their souls; in churches which have forsaken the cure of souls for the healing of bodies and minds (which, as a rule, they do poorly); and in schools which pretend to seek truth while subscribing to the monumental lie that the Truth Himself does not exist. An evil tree has produced evil fruit, and however much value there may be in pruning away the rotten fruit we must, before long, get around to doing something about the rotten roots.



The Enemy

We must now face the reality of an American Iron Curtain which divides, as effectively as that of Europe, free men from slaves. The American Iron Curtain forms the boundaries of the

Argentine Republic, a nation once proud and free. Argentina is, today, a land of tyranny presided over by a pimply-faced stupe named Juan Domingo Peron who takes his orders from his vicious and unboundedly ambitious wife, Evita.

The latest horror this pair had visited upon the Argentine people at this writing was the rape of the great Buenos Aires newspaper, *La Prensa.* With the closing of *La Prensa,* the last voice of freedom in Argentina was silenced. From here on, Argentinians may expect nothing but a deepening horror—or bloody revolution.

As between the two alternatives, those who have known freedom would undoubtedly prefer the latter. Unfortunately, what is desirable is not always possible and, at the moment, there seems little likelihood of an early liberation from the Peron tyranny. But the government and the press of the United States are not wholly without weapons against Peron. Our government can, and should, break all diplomatic relations with the enemy and invite our sister republics in the Americas to do likewise. Our press should keep a merciless spotlight focussed upon Buenos Aires, both for our sake and for the sake of the Argentine people.

Deferment for Brains

MOST of the argument that has been raging for years now about the justice of deferring able young men to continue their education just doesn't make sense. The time, as our leaders never weary of telling us, is one of crisis. In a crisis, everybody is supposed to rally 'round. The only real question involved is whether we are to assume that everybody does the same thing in a crisis or whether each one does his best. And there is perhaps the additional question of whether we consider the crisis the end of our national life or whether we expect the country to go on after the crisis shall have been resolved.

From the purely practical standpoint, we think that it makes considerably more sense to use each person to the maximum of his ability, rather than herd everybody into one system. We also think (or at least hope) that the United States is going to go on for quite some time yet, that it will come through both the present period of tension and a world war, if that should come. If we are right, we are going to need not only trained scientists but also trained thinkers and writers and musicians and artists.

We agree that it would be "undemocratic" to defer only those young men whose parents are wealthy enough to send them to

college. But what has wealth to do with the question? The proposal, as we understand it, is to defer young men chosen on the basis of probable ability to do excellent college work. Some of those young men may be able to afford convertibles with built-in television sets. By far the larger number, if our own experience was typical, will be from average-income families and there will even be a fair number from low-income families.

If we really want to be democratic, let us decide on the basis of some sort of test which young men of college age have the probable ability to do excellent college work. Let these men be deferred (not exempted) from military service. If there are young men who have the ability but not the money to go to college, let us subsidize them. After all, if it is good economics to subsidize certain economic groups for not producing, would it not make more sense to subsidize a few young men so that they could produce their best?

There would be real democracy. Finally, after all of these years, the right to attend college would be based upon merit rather than upon luck or economic conditions. The bright share-cropper's son would have a privilege which would be denied to the stupid millionaire's son. And if it be objected that this would give us an aristocracy of brains—well, at least it would be an aristocracy rooted in every class of our national life and possessing incalculable potential value for the nation.

As for the cost of such a program, deduct the amount of the subsidy from the military pay of these young men after they enter service and from whatever benefits they may be entitled to as veterans. Or, for that matter, write it off as a charge against the defense effort. A lot less profitable things are being handled in that way.

The Sentimentalization of Evil

WE NOTICE that there is a new "explanation" of Judas Iscariot out. The publishers advertise it as the story of a "fascinating figure . . . strongly realized as a potentially noble but pitiable man blinded by pride and ambition and an overpowering hatred of the Roman conquerors of Zion."

Now how shall we say what we want to say? There is, in the first place, a world of difference between the man who is torn between good and evil and the man who has given himself to evil. Medieval man knew and accepted the distinction and could conceive of a man so thoroughly evil that he could neither be understood or explained except by recourse to a

supernatural explanation. This, we take it, is the implication of the expression, "the son of perdition." Beyond all possible psychological explanations, in this view, lies an acceptance of a force in the universe, a force powerful and active and real which can take possession of a human being.

One other comment, specifically on Judas Iscariot. In the past half dozen years, we have read three or four analyses of Iscariot and as nearly as we can remember, all of them involved some sort of nationalistic fervor, some sense of betrayal by the Master Who refused to be king. Now the explanation is a logical one but it is not necessarily the correct one. The great tragedies arise out of sacrificing the All-Good for a lesser good. Each generation would, therefore, write its tragedies in terms of the lesser good which could most effectively tempt man to betray the All-Good. Medieval man would fashion a Mephistopheles who would sell his soul for learning. Elizabethan man could understand a Macbeth who would betray his best self for the glory and power of "king, Cawdor, Glamis." The twentieth century American finds plausible tragedy in the man who would sell his God for the sake of his country

And one last comment. One of the frightening facts of life and death is that it is possible for a man to move beyond the love of a God Who is love and beyond the forgiveness of the Church which is the forgiveness of sin. Peter, in calling for the election of a successor to Judas in the apostolate, expresses no pity for him. The Church, in its symbolism, has assigned him a blank shield all of yellow, the symbol of a traitor. It is our privilege to offer mercy, forgiveness, and love to every man who will accept them. It is no less our duty to speak condemnation when the "acceptable time" has passed.

Our Own View

FOR two long years, we soldiered under General Douglas MacArthur. Like most of the men in his command, we could never quite make up our mind about the man. Given the opportunity, the more restrained among us would undoubtedly have punched him on the nose. The less restrained would probably have shot him. But there was not a man in the whole southwest Pacific area but was sure that MacArthur was the greatest soldier our country has ever produced. And now that the space of five years has given us the opportunity to evaluate those days less emotionally, many

of us realize that we owe our lives, under God, to the genius of this stern old soldier.

MacArthur has served his country much better than his country has served him. It was his lot to serve as chief of staff when military service was considered hardly respectable and as chief of staff he was called upon to execute one of the most distasteful assignments ever given the army—the dispersal of the bonus marchers who were encamped in Washington. Characteristically, MacArthur did the dirty job personally rather than buck it down to a subordinate. The outbreak of World War II found him responsible for the defense of a part of the world in which the United States had undertaken heavy commitments with a blithe unconcern for the risks and responsibilities inherent in those commitments. And finally there was Korea.

Now the trail has ended, not in triumph but in bitter controversy. If we were forced to choose sides, we would very unenthusiastically take our stand with the president, solely because the one principle which a free nation can never surrender is the principle of the subordination of the military to the civil power. But what a bitter choice to have to make!

One thing is vitally important now. There can be no doubt that the action against General MacArthur has split the country squarely down the middle. This breach must be healed. The question is not one of anticipating the judgment of history by vindicating either the president or the general. The question is one of the security of the United States. It is the duty of all parties to the controversy to subordinate their emotions to their best and calmest judgment. What is past is past. Where do we go from here?

Whee-ew!

THE Reverend Eugenio Pacelli, known more commonly by the title of Pope Pius XII, has issued a decree beside which Harry Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur pales into nothingness. Even granting that the general is a kind of demigod who stands above human law, he is still a creature of the earth. Father Pacelli would have no trouble dealing with him. Father Pacelli gives orders to the upper ranks of the celestial hosts.

Looking out over the earth one day in March, Father Pacelli noted that telecommunications have come to be major forces in contemporary culture and the thought occurred to him that they ought to have a patron. Drawing upon his powers as Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor

of the Prince of the Apostles, Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the Vatican City State, Father Pacelli proceeded to write a brief. The Associated Press, which we have always credited with the ability to sense important news, reported it all as calmly as it might have announced the appointment of a postmaster: "The archangel Gabriel has been named by Pope Pius the patron of telecommunications."

You can say what you like about Harry Truman but at least he lets the archangels alone. Even Generalissimo Stalin hasn't yet gotten around to setting up a puppet government in celestial places. But then neither claims to be the Vicar of Jesus Christ, either.

Protestants generally will, and perhaps should, greet this latest example of papal presumptuousness with an amused smile. But perhaps it is not so amusing. Paul in his letter to the Thessalonians warns the Church against a "son of perdition" who "as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God." It certainly takes a kind of assumption of divinity to start assigning jobs to archangels.

Meat a Luxury?

Is it the weather or has there actually been more than the usual quota of nutty news lately?

Here is this United Press dispatch which reports that some "experts" for the house-senate economic committee have suggested that a luxury tax might be levied on meat to help check inflation. Follows then a deal of involved logic to justify classifying meat as a luxury.

We now have a tame mathematician on the staff from whom, did we so desire, we could get an analysis of the mathematics and the logic of this proposal. But we prefer to fall back upon a rule-of-thumb which makes all the sense in the world to us: Whatever Great-Grandfather classified as a necessity is a necessity to us. We think the rule is valid because Great-Grandfather was one of those down-to-earth, hard-working, no-nonsense free enterprisers whom even his detractors would never have accused of wallowing in the flesh-pots.. Great-Grandfather wouldn't even look at a meatless table.

Everybody says that the 39 years since Great-Grandfather died have been years of Great Progress. If there has been progress, it ought to show in our diet. The fact is, though, that on an income which would have made Great-Grand-

father's eyes bug out, we are not eating half as well as he did. We are willing to let that pass. But we will never go along with the proposition that, because of the fact that at the moment we can not afford a necessity, it must be reclassified as a luxury. What we want is an attack upon the conditions which deny necessities to people in our income bracket.

Death for Espionage

AND now, what about the death penalty for the Rosenbergs?

First of all, we are opposed to the death penalty in any case. Some other time we will go into our reasons for that. Meanwhile, let it be said that this bias is a personal one and is not shared by all of our editorial colleagues.

But to get back to the Rosenbergs. We are prepared to agree with Judge Kaufmann that the crime of the Rosenbergs was more heinous than any simple case of murder or espionage. There was a trafficking here in weapons so deadly that no private person or persons could ever be conceded the right to deal in them, even for laudable purposes, outside the framework of well-defined social rules. That says it poorly, but what we are driving at is that all of us have so immediate a stake in atomic weapons that no one of us can justifiably set up his own rules in dealing with them.

A second point that needs to be made is that we honestly believe that these atomic weapons are less of a threat to the world in the hands of nations which have reason to be satisfied with the status quo than in the hands of nations which are not satisfied. There is here no passing of judgment upon the basic morality of any nation. For practical reasons, the United States and the British Commonwealth can expect to gain more from peace than from war. The U.S.S.R. may reasonably hope to gain something from war. The weapon in our hands is more likely to be used as a deterrent to war than as an instrument of war.

It would therefore seem to us that if the death penalty might ever be properly imposed, it would be upon persons who passed such a dangerous weapon on to a power which might reasonably be expected to use it aggressively. Such was the situation which confronted Judge Kaufmann. But on the other hand, it should be said that at the time the offense was committed, many honest people were still convinced of the peaceful intentions of the U.S.S.R., that the official policy of our government toward the U.S.S.R. was one of friendship, and that the passage of information to the

U.S.S.R. would not necessarily have carried with it the assumption that the information would be used to the detriment of the United States.

All of this is, of course, beside the point. The crime was espionage, the penalty for espionage in time of war may be death, and the sentence as pronounced does not outrage anyone's sense of justice. The only question that troubles us is this: suppose that the Rosenbergs had been convicted in 1947, rather than in 1951. Or suppose that they had been convicted in some court other than Judge Kaufmann's. In other words, can the death penalty be fully justified when its imposition in a given case can be so plausibly connected to accidents of time and place?

That is what bothers us. We have no criticism of the sentence, certainly no sympathy for the crime which invited the sentence. But death is an irrevocable penalty and we fear any tendency to extend its traditionally limited use in crimes of an essentially political nature.

In terms of food to eat and clothes to wear and houses to live in, the United States is a rich suburb, surrounded by slums. Some of the slums, like western Europe, were once elegant suburbs themselves, controlling every other continent on our planet. Some, like India, have not been powerful or elegant for hundreds of years. For a long time, their citizens have been hungry, naked, and without decent shelter.

It is not easy for people who live in rich suburbs to understand the needs of people who live in slums.

—STRINGFELLOW BARR, *Let's Join the Human Race*
(The University of Chicago Press, 1950)

FALL GUYS?

By MEL DOERING

SPORTS competition between schools and colleges, introduced following the Civil War, rapidly developed into and has remained big business. Frequent criticism of the hypocritical insistence that participants be simon-pure athletes has failed to bring about much of a change in the actual situation. What really can be done?

The two-fold purpose of modern educational institutions in sponsoring interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics is to unify the student body and to boost the public relations program. It does both. In fact, most newspapers seem to consider academic curricula only an adjunct to the athletic program.

President George L. Cross of the University of Oklahoma, requesting new appropriations from the state legislature last February, commented, "We're working to develop a university the football team can be proud of."

Athletic competition holds a powerful grip on the human ego. Three thousand years ago competitive sports attracted large numbers of participants and larger numbers of spectators to the Tailteann games, forerunner of the Olympic games. The same thrill of adventure, the excitement of combat, and the satisfaction of accomplishment attracts today's athletes and fans.

That plus the mysterious quality which enables an observer, without moving, to project himself into the unfolding drama of competitive athletics gives it a universal appeal and much of its educative value. The intensity of an individual's self-identification with an athlete's performance probably explains how sports work to unify a student body.

Probably everyone has had the experience of unconsciously, unintentionally, uninhibitedly identifying himself with someone else. If it wasn't an athlete, it may have been a character in a movie or a play.

Forty thousand persons in Wis-

consin University's Camp Randall stadium and I identified ourselves with a ball carrier on the football field on a chilly Saturday afternoon in 1944. When he shiftily changed directions, we turned slightly. When a hand brushed past his churning legs, we felt it.

Just at the edge of our telescoped vision, we noted two would-be tacklers loom before the Wisconsin player who was running interference. The opponents were close together and abreast of one another. He threw himself horizontally at them.

His head snapped back violently as the three collided at full speed. He fell limply to the ground. He died before the ambulance reached the hospital.

Every year sports fatalities are prominently reported in the newspapers. In addition, a phenomenal number of injuries occur. Are athletes being victimized by an exploitive, commercial system of interscholastic and intercollegiate sports?

Almost one third (31 per cent) of all accidents on school premises occur in the gymnasium and one fourth (25 per cent) occur in outdoor athletics. Comparative figures are not available on the college level, but it is reasonable to assume that the accident incidence would be somewhat similar.

In a comprehensive study of accidents in college athletics, Dr. Floyd R. Eastwood found 868 accidents, resulting in 1,367 days lost, among 58 men's colleges with an enrollment of 68,478 students. He estimated that there were 10,650 accidents in college athletics sustained in a year, 3,550 of which occurred in women's activities and 7,100 in men's, resulting in a total 30,990 days of incapacity.

Accidental athletic injuries range from minor sprains to serious internal injuries. However, accidents are not necessary to injure the heart. "Athlete's heart" was a common term which has been medically disproved, but athletes have been known to suffer heart attacks while engaged in sports activity.

Also, there is the "punch drunk" boxer. Strong blows to the head break tiny blood vessels causing pin point hemorrhages. These destroy a small amount of surrounding brain tissue, which is never replaced. Repeated punches to the head show up in emotional disorders, slurred speech, and slowed responses. Fortunately, most schools and colleges do not sponsor boxing. Those that do require participants to wear protective headgear as stipulated by the N.C.A.A. (National Collegiate Athletic Association).

Boxing follows football, wrestling, and soccer in the order of most hazardous college sports, ac-

cording to Dr. Eastwood's survey. Basketball is next. Softball, tennis, and tumbling are least hazardous.

Besides the accident rate, conditions exist in so called amateur athletics which are injurious not to the player's physical health but to his psychological health. In other words, it tends to give him an exaggerated sense of his own importance.

Especially in high schools in areas where one sport predominates, the top players in that sport may become real town heroes. Adulated by grownups and aped by their juniors and their own age group, they face a serious problem of adjustment when those fickle days come to an end.

The "big head" attitude may be encouraged during the year or two they are winning games for good ol' Podunk High, but it suddenly is no longer tolerated once the town's capricious attentions are turned to their successors. Many a former sports hero is now the town "bum."

If the Podunk High athlete is good enough, he may find a slightly different problem awaiting him. There will be visitors with offers from P. U. Here intercollegiate athletics begin to tear down not only his physical or psychological health but his moral integrity.

Since the offers are made by responsible adults representing legitimate educational institutions, a seventeen or eighteen year old boy can hardly be expected to know the full implications of the offer.

"Under the table" payments and other recruiting methods probably have led to the notorious basketball "fix" cases in New York City where athletes accepted gamblers' bribes to throw games or to hold down the margin of victory.

The N.C.A.A. this year withdrew its power of enforcement over member colleges in respect to the sanity code. This code, ostensibly agreed to by all member institutions, limited financial assistance to athletes to tuition, fees, room, board, and legitimate campus employment on the same scholastic basis as that on which it is granted to non-athletes.

It required amateur status and sound academic standing of all athletes. It prohibited any recruiting practices which exceeded the principles outlined. Compliance with this code now is left to the individual institution or the athletic conference to which it belongs.

Despite nominal adherence to these principles, top college athletes today receive cars, homes, extra spending money, or salaries for jobs they never perform. Their fathers may get new homes or new jobs.

These come from alumni of the college, who realize athletics is the only thing that brings them back

to the campus and who somehow gain prestige through a winning team at the alma mater, and from the local chamber of commerce, who recognize that winning teams draw large crowds to their city and accelerate business. For their assistance they expect a voice in policy matters.

The college officials supposedly know nothing about this. Yet when the coach speaks before the Podunk alumni organization, he knows what he is supposed to say. "We could sure use John Jones next year," is all that is necessary to send Johnny Jones winging on his way to the campus.

Jones will have a chance to demonstrate his particular talent. If he's good it's likely he'll receive a suit of clothes from a local merchant, "just a friendly gesture." He will also get a taste of campus social life and will be royally entertained by students.

While it is true that no one in the grubby business of competitive athletics seems to care what happens to the players' health, personality, or integrity, does the average player feel that he is being victimized? No, he doesn't.

He knows, for instance, that participation in school athletics is statistically safer than staying at home, playing on the streets, or working at an average part-time job. He knows that sports injuries tend to be distorted and highly publicized and that therefore their number and seriousness are exaggerated.

The player knows that coaches are doing everything possible to prevent injuries. They are concerned with keeping him in the ball game.

He knows by the way he feels that athletics improves his physical health. Athletic skills and a strong, healthy body will improve his chances of survival in war.

Arthur H. Steinhaus, Professor of Physiology at George Williams College, assures him, "Strenuous exercise that is continued over a long period of time is particularly good for training the heart. Trained hearts are larger, stronger, slower, and steadier. . . . But this is true: A heart already injured by disease or other factors will suffer extra abuse under exercise."

Just as there are some athletes with bad hearts, there are some who are conceited. A former all-district high school basketball player told me, "I don't think the percentage of 'big heads' is as high among athletes as it is among non-athletes. For one reason, you learn team work. Also, you travel a lot and you meet a lot of people. I think it improves your personality."

He fumbled a moment with a card he had shown me to demonstrate the kind of work he does as a commercial artist. Then he

added, "I guess it's true you're somewhat of a hero to the high school crowd. Only that's the same crowd you hang around with even after you graduate, and they still think you're a hero. There's no adjustment to make."

He didn't feel that he was a victim of anything. As proof, he said that he was still playing basketball every Sunday in a church league. He wasn't being paid for it, either.

I talked to several players who had gone on to college and admittedly were subsidized. Did they feel that their integrity had been impaired? They didn't feel any different from the students working in the campus library, they said. All are paid to do a job for the university. The money doesn't keep them from playing in a spirit of enthusiasm, fun, and good sportsmanship.

The athletic director of one university, which subsidizes athletes within N.C.A.A. regulations, felt that even the recent basketball scandal indicated a fairly healthy situation. "In view of the extreme prevalence of gambling and remembering how many thousands of players there are in basketball alone," he said, "the incidence of bribe acceptance is very small."

Gambling has always been associated with sporting events. Some so called sports are conducted solely for the gambling involved. Professional gamblers have seized a golden opportunity to increase their revenue as college athletics has expanded. At present they threaten the very structure of the program of competitive sports.

Another force threatens not in most but in many colleges. That is the conflict over control between the colleges and vested interests—the public, chambers of commerce and alumni. When students arranged the first extramural contests between groups from neighboring campuses shortly after the Civil War, they found disfavor with the faculty because of the highly formalized, classical curriculum of the time.

Not until John Dewey liberalized education around 1900 did colleges begin to appreciate the value of athletics. Then it was too late. A pattern had been set. Recruiting and subsidizing of athletes had been necessitated to give the sports spectator appeal. This was necessary to finance the program. Competition forced the student athletic associations to appeal for funds to alumni and local businessmen.

Faculties now had less reason than ever to recognize athletics as a function of education, even though they now saw the relationship between the efficient functioning of the mind and the body.

Today athletics cuts across the

path of all education. Coaches have an advantage which, at the same time, makes them the victims of their own exploitive system. They can command high salaries because their tenure of office is precarious for they must always produce a winning team.

There must be some great forces and true values inherent in intercollegiate athletics or they could not have survived the past fifty years. That fact should serve as an incentive to those who are working to improve the situation. What possibly can be done?

First, the press must be persuaded to cooperate with the educational institutions in a program of deemphasis on winning. The press, which has been intercollegiate athletics' loudest critic, has been most responsible for the present distorted situation. It should tone down its glamourizing of individual stars and emphasize team play in reporting sports contests. It should stop publishing favorites and betting odds in advance stories.

To deemphasize winning, it must take a positive approach in series after series of articles on the fine points of the sport or sports in season. Tell spectators how to watch a game to get the most out of it. Tell them what strategy to expect in basic situations. Tell them about the individual maneuvers and the intricacies of timing which are necessary to good team play. Teach them how to enjoy good plays by both teams so that their whole enjoyment of a game doesn't hinge on one team's winning.

Second, colleges must convince the public that they are sincere about the subordination of athletics to the educational program. Athletic scholarships must be awarded through an office not connected with the athletic department. They should be awarded on the basis of need and scholarship. They should be for four years, revokable only for failure to maintain academic requirements and not dependent on athletic performance.

The most important purpose of competitive athletics is to develop the individual, to give him an integrated personality, to build strong muscles, to make him socially responsive, to teach him sportsmanship and fair play. If these are legitimate objectives for the varsity program, so are they for the intramural program. Therefore there should be an equal number of coaches supervising both programs or the coaches' time should be divided equally between the two programs.

Colleges should put their foot down and declare that they will make all athletic department decisions and then stick to it. Solicit no funds to go directly to the ath-

letic department. Do not solicit individuals to sponsor any athlete financially. Accept no unsolicited money without a clear signed statement to the effect that there are no strings attached.

A man who was merely a man and said the sort of things Jesus said wouldn't be a great moral teacher. He'd either be a lunatic—on a level with the man who says he's a poached egg—or else he'd be the Devil of Hell. You must make your choice. Either this man was, and is, the Son of God: or else a madman or something worse. You can shut Him up for a fool, you can spit at Him and kill Him as a demon; or you can fall at His feet and call Him Lord and God. But don't let us come with any patronizing nonsense about His being a great human teacher. He hasn't left that open to us. He didn't intend to.—C. S. Lewis, *The Case for Christianity* (The Macmillan Company)

The Temples of God

By Dr. Luther P. Koepke

At the battle of Shiloh during the Civil War, when the army of General Johnston tried to push the soldiers of General Grant into the Tennessee River, there was nothing but victory and enthusiasm for the Confederates on the first day. In spite of the victory this is a summary of one of the accounts that was given of the battle.

It was the first field of glory I had seen in the May day of my life, and it was the first time that glory sickened me with its repulsive aspect and made me suspect it was all a glittering lie. My thoughts reverted to the time when these festering bodies were idolized objects of their mother's love, their fathers standing by, half-fearing to touch the fragile little things, and the wings of civil law outspread to protect them from harm.

Then, as they were nearing manhood, through some strange warp of society, men in authority summoned them from school and shop, field and farm, to meet in the weeds on a Sunday morning for the deadly business of human butchery. Morality, religion, and ethical conduct complacently standing aside while 90,000 young men who had been preached to and moralized to for years were let loose in the carnival of slaughter.

It would seem that God in heaven, looking down upon His children as they wander to and fro in what we call living, must shake His head and furrow His brow in unbelief and disgust over the manner in which we here on earth have corrupted the crowning glory of His physical creation —the human body. Man has been made for God, to be drawn upward to God with His assistance. Man has lost his sense of direction and war is one example of this.

A misconception of the physical is nothing new as far as the human body is concerned. Long ago the educated Greeks felt that they had an answer to the question of the proper attitude toward the human body. The catch word of the day became "Know Thyself." The Athenian games, the Marathon race, the stress on the physical in the art of the day, all expressed a devotion to the physical.

The human body was worshipped.

Into this sophisticated arena and this educated atmosphere came Missionary Paul, and in turning the world upside down he told the Greeks their by-word was all wrong. It should not read "Know Thyself." It should read "Know God."

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." It is only when a man sees that God is interested in both body and soul, when he knows that it is soul and body together that constitute the human personality in which God is interested, that he can have a proper understanding of the human body. The body is to be looked upon as God's creation, God's property. Therefore, it is to be considered as basically good. Even though sin has destroyed the perfection of the body as well as the soul, and even though the cumulative effect of sin has pierced the body and soul with its ruinous results, still "Ye are the temple of God."

How then does God's view that the physical is His creation and His property affect our attitude in the use of the body?

In the area of sex morality it is generally assumed that America is at low ebb. One of the reasons for this attitude is that men and women consider their bodies to be their own property, to be used in purely personal satisfaction rather than that their bodies are the Temple of God. In *The Condition of Man* Lewis Mumford points out that one significant factor in the decadent Roman civilization was the perverted ideas that were held in respect to sex and sexual relations. When sexual relationship was brought down from the level of the highest expression of love between a man and a woman to the level of personal satisfaction alone, men and women began looking for this enjoyment purely for selfish satisfaction. Thus an increasing emphasis on sex appeared in the theater, in literature, in the games, and in the private lives of the Romans, until people became so satiated with sex and its misuse that its God-given value was lost.

Little needs to be said of the overemphasis and the wrong emphasis on sexual expression in America. When the human body becomes the vessel for personal pleasure only and when it no longer is considered the temple of God, then abuse of the body in the areas of sex becomes prevalent. Paul recognized this when he stated, "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Shall I then take the members of Christ and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid."

The misuse of the human body

in other areas also is contrary to the principle that the physical belongs to God. Excess in any area of life that harms the body is indicative of a wrong understanding of God's interest in the physical. When man makes himself the measure of all things, then the Christian view of the physical will be lost. Under the bland influence of the idea of progress, man, supposing himself more and more to be the measure of all things, has achieved an almost hermetically smug optimism. The idea that man is sinful as to body and soul has been replaced by the idea that an action is right as long as it brings pleasure. This becomes deadly. As soon as man shifts the center of his attention from God to himself, then, life is completely out of balance. Man is rocking on in this unstable position today.

As the twentieth century moves on to the natural results of its own folly, its own paradoxes grow catastrophic. The incomparable technological achievement is more and more dedicated to the task of destruction. Man's marvelous conquest of space is making total war an expected experience. The more abundance increases, the more resentment is found in those who do not have as much as they would like. The faster science gains on human disease, the more the human race dies at the hands of living men. Men have never been so educated, but wisdom does not seem to have accompanied the fast pace of education.

Man, as Dr. Niebuhr has pointed out, has always been his own greatest problem, and the religious dimension of sin is man's rebellion against God.

Man is the juncture of nature and spirit. Like the animals he is involved in the necessities and contingencies of nature. As man tries to live out the natural in life, often he seeks his personal satisfaction at the expense of God and his fellow man. When man does this he enjoys the physical on a purely selfish basis.

During the weeks which now lie ahead, it will be a little easier for us to recognize the significance of God in the physical. We are told by the Psalmist that the "heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth showeth his handiwork." We should be able to recognize the contact between God and the physical a little more clearly as we spend more time out of doors.

The Christian view of the physical, then, gives us an approach to the recreational aspects of life. If God has given us our bodies as His temple and if He has given us the beauty of nature to enjoy we should take advantage of physical recreational activities.

There will be various methods through which the recreational as-

pects of summer life will be carried out. A few hours in the garden or on the golf course, a swim in the lake or a hike through the woods—these and many other methods of summer recreation should be enjoyed by the Christian, cognizant of the fact that it is good for his body and that he is enjoying the results of God's physical creation.

As Christians we appreciate our living relationship to God through faith in Christ. We also enjoy the physical under God because we are the temple of the Holy Spirit, living in God's world, which He has created for our enjoyment.

A Christian is not particularly fascinated by the scientists' promise of a brighter tomorrow for his great-great-great-great-great-and-a-dozen-more-great-grand-children who as perfect men and women will enjoy a perfect society in a perfect world which science, after a few million years of getting better and better, will have freed from greed and sorrow and pain and injustice. He is not greatly enamored of the endlessly dreary procession of five-year plans by which this unlikely goal is to be achieved. He observes that even scientists, mindful of the perils of a merely biological immortality, cannily buy perpetual care in advance with their burial lots.

—Lt. Col. Arthur Carl Piepkorn,
Education for Realities
(Valparaiso University Press, 1951)

Cycling Through Europe

By HERTA BOSSE

THEY laughed when we said, "We're going to see Europe from a bicycle." And we laughed too, as we cycled along the French Riviera in a broiling noonday sun, and every water spout carried above it the sign, "Non eau potable." We laughed as we drained every ounce of strength from our muscles pumping up that gradually inclining hill in Nice, only to discover that the hostel had moved to the other side of town. Well, thanks to Newton, everything that goes up must come down and away we went, our laughter mingled with the screeching of brakes every hundred feet, as we sped downward and onward in search of the hostel. We cycled through rain, wind, and sun. We cycled day and night. We cycled alone and together. And our laughter was changed to tears only once—at the end of the journey, when we had to give up our trusty steeds and had to say goodbye to the land and the people of our dreams.

It was in the spring that our plans began to take shape. Day after day we accomplished our daily tasks in record time and devoted every free minute to planning. With an atlas under one arm, a ream of paper under the other, and a pocketful of pencils, we planned every detail of the trip. We contacted American Youth Hostel Association (an organization that provides inexpensive lodging for people traveling under their own steam) for information on hostels in Europe. We contacted Youth Argosy, Inc., for information on student passage to Europe. We read travel folders and travel books for information on sights to see. We filed for passports and extra birth certificates. We made a weekly trip to the doctor's office for injections of tetanus toxoid, typhoid, paratyphoid, and small pox. The itinerary was plotted as soon as our passage was assured and a flexible budget was determined as pertinent information rolled in on all sides. For women, vain creatures that they are, there is the first

and foremost question of a suitable wardrobe. We were not long in discovering that we had little choice. The key to our wardrobe was the bicycle; therefore, nothing fussy or elaborate and, above all, a minimum. At the most we could carry thirty pounds in addition to our own weight, we were told. We compromised on a week-end suitcase packed to bursting for each and we lived to regret it.

After a delightful two weeks' cruise across the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean, we landed at Naples. We had no sooner set foot on shore than the Americans were "taken for a ride" in a taxi cab. Our destination was the railroad station where we checked our baggage and bought tickets for Rome. To our dismay we learned that we had paid more for a five minute taxi ride than we had paid for a four hour train trip to Rome. That decided the matter. We would leave for Rome immediately where we planned to stay with a friend, who would have to orient us to this new way of life we had chosen for the next two months. We lost no time in becoming adjusted and were soon traipsing about Rome, alone and able to cope with most situations.

In planning our trip, we had decided that art and architecture would be the central aim of our sightseeing. We learned all we could about the location of important works of art and famous cathedrals in Europe and plotted our itinerary accordingly. It was a stroke of good fortune that our ship had docked at Naples, for we could begin in Italy and follow the natural development of this theme from south to north. In Rome it was most unusual to watch an opera in the midst of the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and to order a soft drink in the corner sweet shop across the street from the Coliseum. Time turned back many centuries as we viewed Michelangelo's colossal work of art on the walls of the Sistine Chapel.

We moved northward to Florence then—a city of eternal beauty. We arrived late (or, rather, early in the morning), caught forty winks in the station, ate an early breakfast and proceeded to explore Florence at 5:30 a.m. The sun was moving over the horizon as we walked down the quiet main street and came upon the Duomo, a magnificent monument to the Renaissance. Bathed in the early morning rays of light, the pink, white, and green marble cathedral seemed almost transparent. We saw the caretaker open the church so we hurried along after him and upon entering were spellbound. It was a moment of communion I had never before experienced. Standing there alone, I could feel the presence of God as a very real

thing. We had visited St. Peter's with its rich and ornate interior, but with several hundred people milling about I felt we were in nothing more than a museum. We visited many cathedrals after this —Notre Dame for its historical significance; the Dom at Cologne for its Gothic beauty and two spires reaching hundreds of feet heavenward; the Liebfrauenkirche at Munich, once also a monument to the glory of God, but utterly devastated in the last war; the Dom at Passau, which contains the largest church organ in the world and where we heard music like the choirs of angels. But nowhere did I experience that moment of sweet communion as I did in the early morning inside the Duomo of Florence.

In Florence we purchased our bicycles. This was done to save the cost of transportation from the States and with the hope that our "dollar" would have a higher value, which it did. We put in a little practice visiting the highlights of Florence and moved on to France by train.

We realized that, in order to appreciate what we were attempting in a limited time, it would be necessary to cover all longer distances by train and to concentrate our cycling on smaller circular areas. Locating in a large city, we worked out and around that area, because excess baggage was checked at the station and had to be picked up again. We were now using our saddle bags for necessary items of clothing and we were using our suitcases for souvenirs.

And so we checked our baggage in Nice, after a grueling twelve-hour train ride, and set out in search of the youth hostel—very much like looking for a needle in a haystack. In a very halting French and with many added gestures we asked for directions. We thought we were communicating but after an hour of retracing tire tracks, we finally reached our destination and felt the need of an interpreter. *C'est la vie!*

It was necessary to include a few spots in the itinerary for rest and relaxation and what could be more fun than basking in sunshine on the French Riviera and swimming in the Mediterranean. Our hostel was located just two blocks from the seashore—we lived with the elite but not like them. The Chalet of Roses, as our hostel was called, was most inappropriately named. Our dining room was a dirt filled yard where rustic tables had been set up and we shared our meals with chickens hopping frantically across the table tops. We slept on lumpy mattresses with straw protruding north, east, south, and west. We shared the bath—cold water not always running—with about fifteen girls. We ate like kings, we

slept like babes, and we were always fresh as daisies.

It seems that the Riviera and the Mediterranean have a fascination for the Europeans, too, for here we met with boys and girls from England, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Germany, and other countries. After a hearty home-cooked evening meal of potatoes, meat, fresh salad, French bread, and a bottle of French wine, we gathered about the tables to add our bit to international understanding and goodwill. We discussed politics, religion, education, travel, ambitions, and cleared each other's heads of peculiar notions. My pet project was explaining that Chicago is not a city where gangsters lurk around every corner. Sometimes a guitar was fetched and we were entertained by our Belgian friends singing their favorites—American cowboy songs. And so these evenings spent with our young friends, here as well as in other countries, made this fact quite clear. We, the "little people" make up this world and we must strive to bring about an understanding among the "little people" everywhere, so that we can someday live together as one world.

On to Berne for permits to enter Germany. No time had been allotted Switzerland because we had heard a great deal about the high cost of living there. And so it was agreed just to pass through in order to pick up the permits. We arrived on August 1, the Swiss national holiday. As we pushed our bicycles through the crowds, we gasped in awe at the beauty of this perfectly preserved medieval city. The people lined along the streets wore their colorful costumes, flowers bloomed in window boxes in every house, and there came the band marching through the streets. We fell in love with Berne and the surrounding territory before nightfall and out the window went the plan to "just pass through." We stayed one week and learned that day by day planning and adhering to a strict schedule would not give us enough freedom to enjoy the unexpected.

The first thing we noticed about Switzerland was that it cost *us* no more to live here than in other countries so far visited and we were living on a budget of less than $1.00 per day for lodging and three meals. The second thing we noticed was that the food was delicious. I'm tempted to label that week in Berne "One Week of Round Trips to the Bakeries and Sweetshops." The third thing we noticed about Switzerland was that it was clean, extremely so. Our week in Berne was made even more memorable by a side trip to Interlaken. A cable style train carried us up into the Bernese Alps. The green valley of Grindel-

wald surrounded by the towering Jungfrau and Mount Eiger was reward enough for a six-hour bike trek through a drizzling rain the afternoon before.

Our time was running short and with friends and relatives to visit in Germany, we packed up the saddle bags again and crammed a few more souvenirs into our suitcases.

We saw now the advantages of knowing a foreign language thoroughly. We truly mingled with the people and had a confidence in every situation that we never had before. With ten minutes between trains at Munich, we discovered that our bicycles had disappeared in the transfer. We lost no time in explaining our problem to the porters in the baggage department. We rode up and down in elevators, scurried through endless tunnels and passages, and arrived finally in a room where thousands of bicycles were stored. With our baggage checks and accurate descriptions of the vehicles, we located them almost immediately. We boarded the train as it pulled out on time.

In Frankfurt, where the others were making inquiries at Occupation Headquarters for positions, we parted ways. I wanted to cycle through the Rhineland and planned to meet my friends in Paris later. As I leisurely pedaled alongside the gently curving Rhine, I noticed trains racing along the other shore and steamers moving swiftly downstream. How unfortunate that those people could not stop to enjoy that ancient fortress perched high on the side of a steep cliff; how unfortunate that they could not stop to explore the twisting and narrow side streets of a little village like Bacharach, where even today there stands a house built in 1368. Every whim and fancy could be satisfied as long as I sat on my bicycle. It was 1:00 a.m. when I arrived several days later in Cologne, too late to sign in at a hostel. I cycled through several streets in search of a hotel when I spied two young men, undoubtedly fellow travelers because they were carrying knapsacks on their backs. I took courage, approached them and asked where one could find lodging at this time of the morning. Together we walked through dimly lighted streets, past desolate bombed areas, carrying on a lively conversation in German about our travels and experiences. Before long we arrived at a small hotel. The boys unstrapped my saddle bags, put away my bicycle for the night, and safely delivered me to the fatherly proprietor of the hotel. The people everywhere were most kindly and helpful, perhaps because we were Americans traveling in such a lowly style.

The climax of the trip was Paris. Here we allowed ourselves the luxury of a hotel—small and inexpensive, however, conveniently located and clean. We idled up and down the banks of the Seine, spent entire afternoons browsing in book stalls, art shops, museums, relaxed at the sidewalk cafes over a glass of fine French wine, and felt ourselves a part of the stream of humanity that has passed through Paris since it was founded. I remember most vividly the beautiful sky over Paris. One day it was fiery and brilliant as the sun left the sky; the next day wrapped in delicate hues of blue and pink. It was under such a sky that I said farewell late one afternoon to this city—ageless and existing outside of time.

In Luxembourg, the point of departure, it was necessary to while away five days. Our transportation was temporarily being channeled to Korea. My bicycle had been sold in Paris, the weather turned cold, and I had just the clothes on my back to keep me warm (my wardrobe stayed behind with my sister, who had decided to remain several months longer) and the financial situation was deplorable. Again the kindly Europeans came to the rescue. I was taken into a Luxembourg family, fed, entertained, and treated royally. This requires some explanation and the only one they offered was that during the last war, when the people of Luxembourg were liberated by the Americans, they vowed they would repay us in every way possible. I think it's much more than that. The Luxembourgers, a quiet and peace-loving people, have hearts that are bottomless.

Gradually the planes came in to pick up the stranded Americans. It was time to say goodbye to a dream that was still a dream. We arrived in New York one day later, passed through customs with little difficulty (how strange to hear our own language, to be able to answer questions without adding confusion to confusion and to follow directions without hesitation). I had with me seventy-three pieces of crystal in two large cardboard boxes and also one suitcase. A little too much to handle alone and so I asked a porter to carry them to a phone booth, where I intended to place a call to friends. Twenty cents to the porter for a tip and in my hand lay the last nickel of my budget—as lost as if lying among the $800 it was a part of originally. A gentleman, who knew of my plight because he had talked with my Luxembourg foster parents, passed by and asked if he could help in any way before he moved on. When I asked for a nickel to make a phone call (the other was used in calling a wrong number) he

must have guessed that I was in dire straits and slipped a twenty dollar bill into my hand. There are friendly Americans, too, you see.

It has been many months since my return. I find that my storehouse of memories is daily increased, for each day I see a word, hear a phrase, or see a picture that reminds me of the days when we saw Europe from a bicycle.

The nature of a civilization is laid bare in the *functions* of its buildings: the primitive rigidity and quietism of Egyptian society is implicit in the pyramids. The pyramids were *tombs,* not temples; and their *function* (however imposing their size) was to celebrate a death cult surviving from the Bronze Age. The Romans built roads, forums, forts, baths, coliseums, palaces—but no banks or factories or office buildings, at least not of a size or importance to outlast the passing of time; and this says all there is to say, both of the richness of Roman culture, and the dead end to which its economic system finally reduced it.—RUTH MCKENNEY AND RICHARD BRANSTEN, *Here's England* (Harper and Brothers, 1950)

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Bach Comes to the U. S. A.
[Concluded]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

What would happen if you or I had completed our sojourn on "this terrestrial ball" 200 years ago and could come back to life to survey the musical scene in the middle of the twentieth century?

Amazement, coupled with much bewilderment, would fill our minds to overflowing.

In like manner, the great Johann Sebastian is amazed and, to some extent, bewildered as he appears to me in my dreams and observes some of the changes and developments that have taken place in music since the middle of the eighteenth century. How could it be otherwise?

Nevertheless, Bach, keen thinker that he is, remains firm in his conviction that great art, no matter when it comes into existence, never loses its essential beauty, strength, and value. A masterpiece dating from, let us say, the sixteenth century had just as much validity in the days of Bach as it had when it came into being. Similarly, great works written since the era of Johann Sebastian have permanent power and permanent life. The great master recognizes this truth. He recognizes it even though he knows that there will always be disagreements as to what music is great and what music falls short of greatness. Bach himself, as you have read, had many quarrels about music.

Johann Sebastian and I listen to music of many types and many vintages. The very presence of the master overawes me and often causes me to hold my tongue. More often than not, however, it gives wing to my thoughts and moves me to express my views freely and emphatically. Why? Because I know that Johann Sebastian was—and is—a great man and

that a great man never tries to curb honesty of thought and conviction.

Am I attempting to fashion for myself a Bach entirely after my own heart? Am I undertaking to create out of my imagination a Bach completely in accord with my own desires? Am I manufacturing an altogether unhistorical Bach? I do not think so.

I believe that long and painstaking study of the career and the works of Johann Sebastian establishes a number of important truths and that we do not understand the master himself unless we grasp the validity of these truths.

No Stuffed Shirt

It is clear to me that Bach was not a stuffed shirt. He was a human being who took pride in his art. He had a keen sense of humor and, at the same time, a profound understanding of what was fitting and proper. He could write in a serious vein, and he could express genuine fun in his music whenever he chose to do so. He had independence of spirit. He abhorred slipshod thinking and slipshod work.

Am I drawing a caricature of Bach when I say that he would listen with much fascination and, at times, with unconcealed pleasure to jazz, swing, boogie-woogie, and blood relatives of such types of musical expression? No. Bach, you see, was an honest and thorough-paced musician with every fiber of his being, and a musician of that kind is always eager to learn as much as he can about every phase of the art to which he devotes his life.

Bach was keenly interested in the folk music of his time. Why, then, would a resurrected Bach refuse to pay attention eagerly and inquisitively to the folk music of a later age?

I believe that a Bach come back to life would sense at once that there is a vast difference between assembly-line music and music that has intrinsic worth and validity. He would, I am sure, reject out of hand most of the so-called "popular" music that assails our ears today. But he would not condemn without further ado every composition called jazz, bebop, swing, or boogie-woogie merely because it happens to be named jazz, bebop, swing, or boogie-woogie or because someone, on the basis of flimsy and flighty thinking, has declared that all jazz, bebop, swing, or boogie-woogie is trash pure and simple.

I am confident that a resurrected Bach would not spurn all innovations automatically or on principle. Yes, he would like this and dislike that. But he would not close his ears, his eyes, and his mind to every modern trend in the art of composition. Bach

would teach us to be tolerant, open-minded, and forward-looking in our judgments.

If, for example, I should take Johann Sebastian to hear Dimitri Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 5, Op. 47,* my own conviction would induce me to speak about the composition as follows: "This, Mr. Bach, is one of the best compositions from the pen of a glib, clever, and none-too-important man who, because of the vagaries of communist statecraft, has spent many a day in the Soviet doghouse. The symphony gives clear proof of Shostakovich's lack of restraint, of his frequent but pointless use of orchestral brilliance, of abounding vitality in the matter of rhythm, of a tendency to descend at times to grotesqueness and downright banality, and of a woeful meagerness of ability to link thoughts together with logical coherence. Shostakovich is not one of music's major prophets."

Maybe Bach would agree. Maybe he would disagree. At all events, he would grant anyone the right to judge Shostakovich's work on the basis of study and conviction.

If, on the other hand, I should ask Bach to go with me to listen to Sergei Prokofieff's *Symphony No. 5,* the spirit of open-mindedness and honesty for which the master always stood while he was alive would give me the courage to say that in my opinion Prokofieff is a great composer—a composer who has infinitely more to say than the tragically overrated Shostakovich.

Bach would declare, "Be honest in the expression of your beliefs—provided that your beliefs are founded on careful study and on open-mindedness."

I do not know how Bach would react to the music of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Maybe he would like the works of this composer. Maybe he would abhor them. Maybe he would assail me violently for disagreeing radically with those who assert categorically that Tchaikovsky had small ability in the matter of form. Maybe he would concur in my view, which happens to be completely at variance with the one usually expressed by those who speak and write about Tchaikovsky. But I am convinced that Bach would listen attentively to the two diametrically different opinions—and then make up his own mind.

What About Schönberg?

I am confident that Johann Sebastian would give ear eagerly and *sagaciously* to the music of Arnold Schönberg and that he would read this highly controversial theoretician-composer's *Harmonielehre* with unconcealed interest. Schönberg's twelve-tone system would fascinate him. Yet

honesty would compel him to exclaim, "Strictly speaking, this is nothing new!"

Would Bach concede that Schönberg has made use of the twelve-tone system to create music that is beautiful in the true sense of the word? I fear that painstaking study would force him to conclude that Schönberg is far more important as a theoretician than as a composer.

What about Max Reger, who, like Bach himself, was a past master of the art of counterpoint? It is by no means unfair to state that the master would point to occasional outcroppings of dryness in Reger's contrapuntal writing, and that this would move him to declare in all candor, "I, too, sometimes wrote music that is a bit dry."

Works by the clever and chameleon-like Igor Stravinsky would, I am sure, often cause Johann Sebastian to applaud. At times, however, compositions from the pen of this man of many styles would force the master to frown. Nevertheless, Bach would re-emphasize the rocklike conviction that composers must have freedom of expression.

Johann Sebastian would take boundless pleasure in the dumbfounding skill of Paul Hindemith, another master of contrapuntal writing. But again his honesty of thought and purpose would compel him to say, "Sometimes music is exceedingly dry for the listener even though it may be clear-cut in every detail and even though it may give abundant proof of marvelous skill. I, too, have been guilty of writing music like this. I, too, was a human being. I rebel body, boots, and breeches at being spoken of as a superman."

Mozart's *Haffner Symphony,* one of the most perfect gems in music, would, I am convinced, transport Bach into the seventh heaven of joy. Is it going too far to state with all the emphasis at one's command that the man who bequeathed to us the *Mass in B Minor,* the *St. Matthew Passion,* the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue,* the *Magnificat,* the *Well-Tempered Clavier,* the matchless partitas for solo violin, and many other masterpieces would, without hesitation of any kind, declare Mozart to be one of the greatest of all melodists and one of the greatest of all contrapuntists? Not at all.

Someone might tell our resurrected Bach that Franz Peter Schubert was longwinded. What would Bach say? I believe he would crush all detractors of Schubert with the positive exclamation, "Would that there were much more longwindedness like this in the world of music!"

Bach, you see, was a great master. And great masters are inquisitive, sympathetic, and forward-

looking. They do not close their eyes to what is new merely because it happens to be new. Neither do they underestimate the abiding value of great music that is old merely because it happens to be old.

The genius of Bach harks back in more ways than one to pre-Bachian times, it captures and conveys much of the spirit of the Bachian era, and it foreshadows a great deal of what has come to pass in music created in post-Bachian ages. Let us try to resurrect Bach—the real Bach—in our thinking about Bach himself—and about music.

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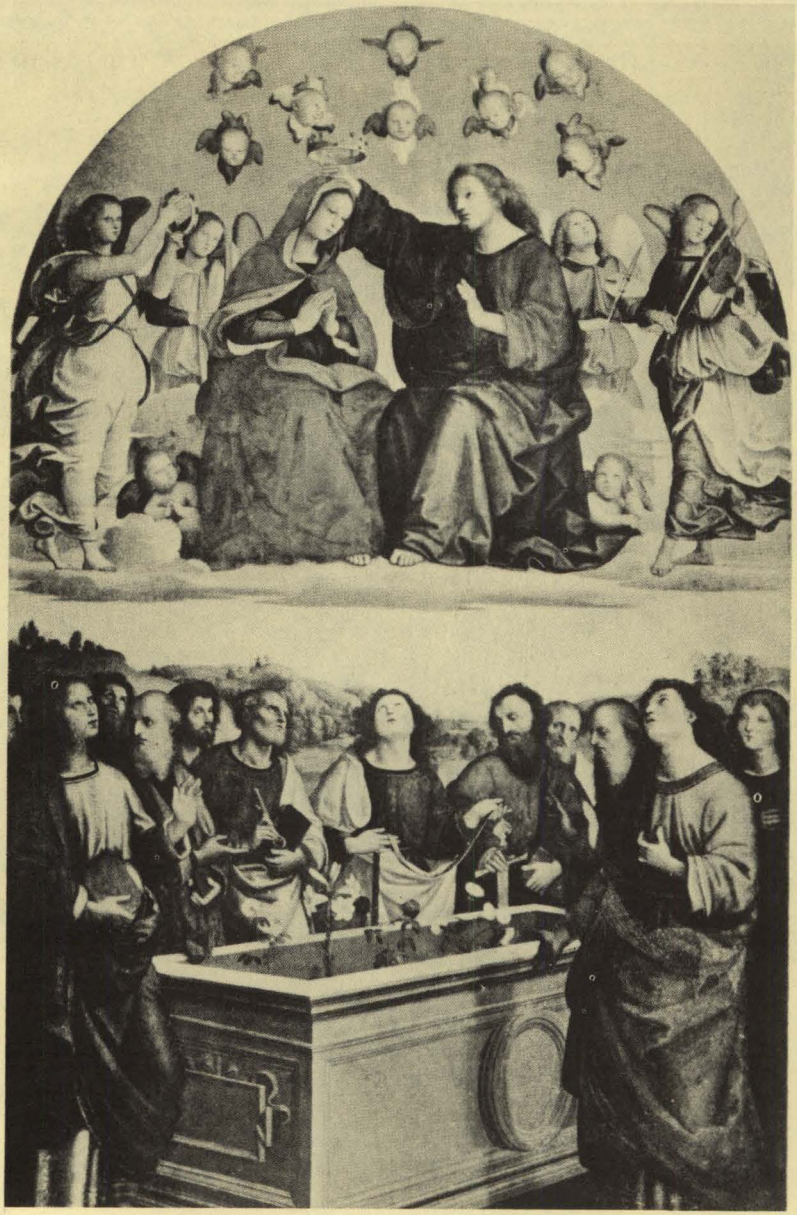
RAPHAEL

THE ENTOMBMENT

Borghese Gallery, Vatican



RAPHAEL

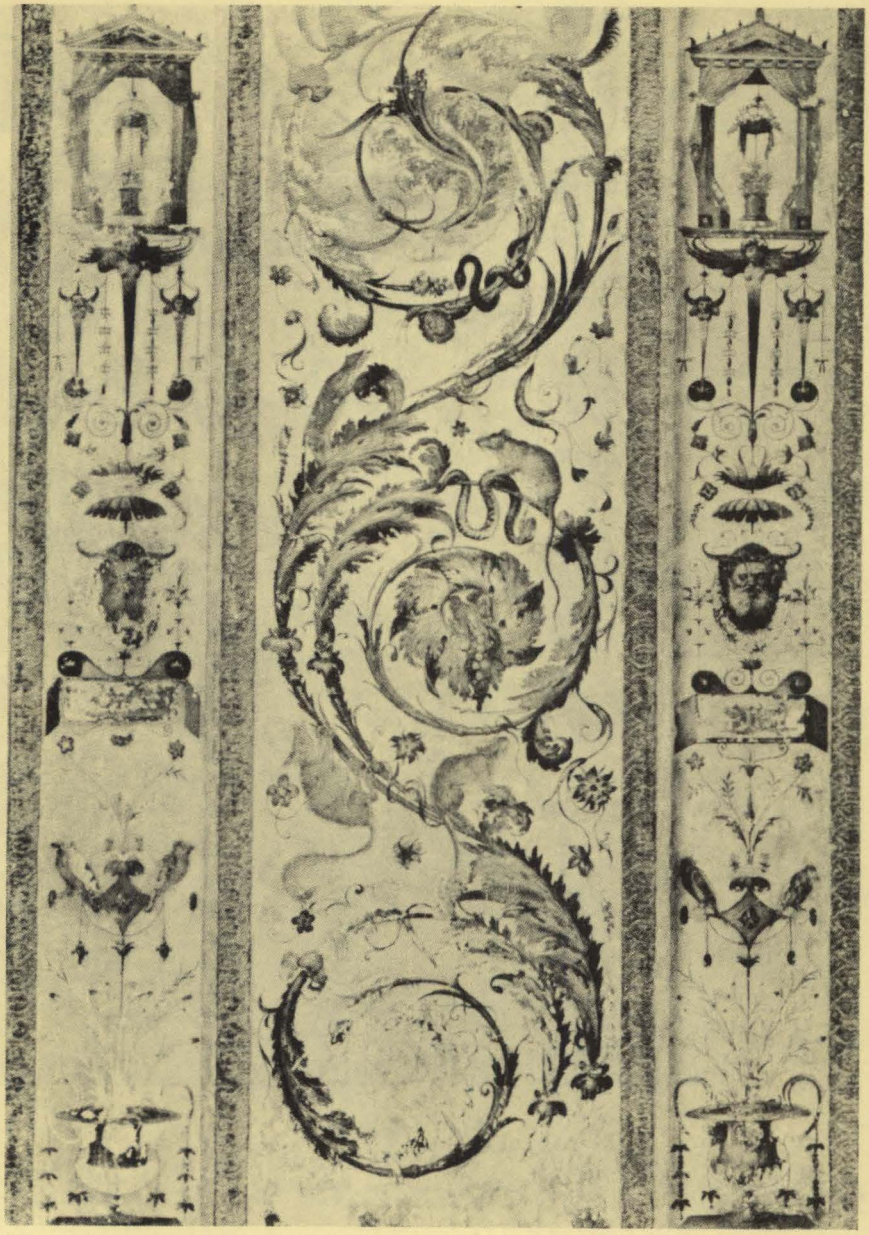
CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Picture Gallery, Vatican

RAPHAEL

THE TRANSFIGURATION

Picture Gallery, Vatican



RAPHAEL

ARABESQUES IN THE LOGGIE

Vatican

RAPHAEL

POETRY

Camera Della Segnatura

RAPHAEL

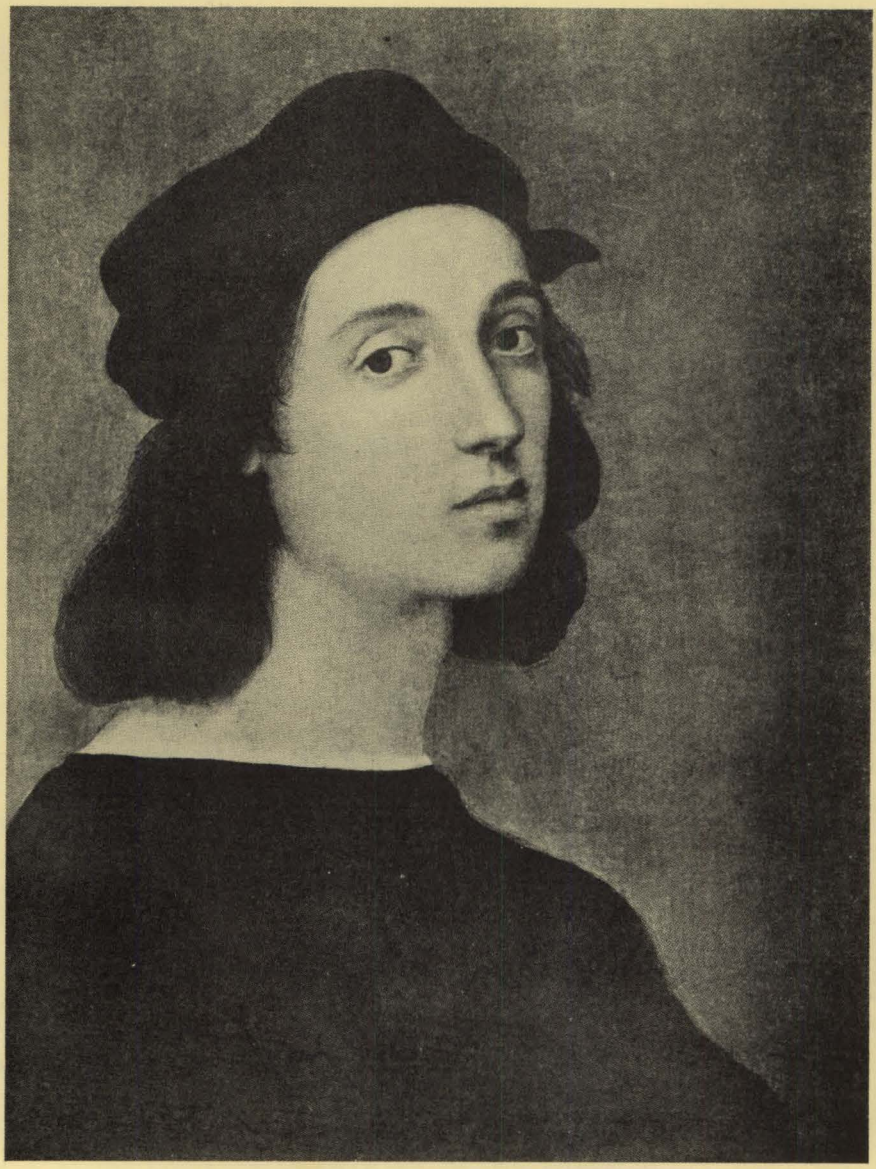
THEOLOGY

Camera Della Segnatura

RAPHAEL

SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST

Uffizi Gallery, Florence



RAPHAEL

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Uffizi Gallery, Florence

RICHARD WAGNER. *Dich, teure Halle,* from *Tannhäuser; Elsas Traum,* from *Lohengrin.* Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Anatole Fistoulari. Recorded in England.—Beautiful singing by the Spanish artist who made her United States debut a number of months ago. RCA Victor 49-3213.

MARIO LANZA IN SELECTIONS FROM THE M-G-M MOTION PICTURE "THE GREAT CARUSO." *Questa o quella,* from Giuseppe Verdi's *Rigoletto; La donna è mobile,* from *Rigoletto; Parmi veder le lagrime,* from *Rigoletto; Recondita armonia,* from Giacomo Puccini's *La Tosca; E lucevan le stelle,* from *La Tosca; Uno furtiva lagrima,* from Gaetano Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore; Cielo e mar!* from Amilcare Ponchielli's *La Gioconda; Vesti la giubba,* from Ruggiero Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci.* With the RCA Victor Orchestra under Constantine Callinicos.—I have profound admiration for the extraordinary beauty, richness, and range of Lanza's voice; but I believe the exceedingly fortunate tenor has much to learn about genuine artistry. RCA Victor WDM-1506. On three separate discs Mr. Lanza, with the same orchestra and the same conductor, sings d'Hardelot's *Because,* Geehl's *For You Alone,* Toselli's *Serenade,* Drigo's *Serenade,* Aaronson's *The Loveliest Night of the Year,* and Verdi's *La donna è mobile.* RCA Victor 49-3207, 49-3155, and 49-3300.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *The Little Shepherd, Golliwog's Cakewalk,* and *Jimbo's Lullaby,* from *The Children's Corner.* William Kapell, pianist—Highly praiseworthy performances of these little masterpieces. RCA Victor WDM-49-3212.

KURT WEILL. *September Song,* from *Knickerbocker Holiday,* JEROME KERN. *Yesterdays,* from *Roberta.* Ezio Pinza, basso, with an orchestra under Johnny Green.—Has the voice of the famous basso begun to deteriorate? RCA Victor 49-3256.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS. *Danse Macabre, Op.* 40. Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duo-pianists.—This graphic work loses much of its color when transcribed for two pianos. But the performance is admirable. RCA Victor 49-3205.

The New Books

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

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

CURRENT AFFAIRS

THE SOCIAL CRISIS OF OUR TIME

By Wilhelm Röpke. The University of Chicago Press. Chicago, Illinois. 1951. 260 pages. $3.50. Translated from the German by Annette and Peter Schiffer Jacobsohn.

PROFESSOR RÖPKE'S noteworthy contribution to the inquiry into the crisis of the post-war world, its nature and its causes, including his proposals for a basic cure of the past half-century malady, has now been made available to the general American public by way of an excellent English translation from the original German.

The author blames the unhappy situation in which we find ourselves today particularly on collectivism, in whatever form it might manifest itself, from the New Deal all the way to Communism. On the other hand he is opposed to an egoistic and greedy Manchester liberalism which exploits the working class and rejects *any* cooperative undertaking. He advocates the "Middle Way," i.e. a free enterprise system which upholds the principle of true competition against all monopoly, that of the trusts as well as that of the state. However, it must be granted that he *does* favor communal ownership of public utilities and a *constructive* limited social security program.

Professor Röpke is concerned not only with the economic features of collectivism. He also exposes the manifestations and results of collectivism in the herd thought and the tyranny of the *demos,* so well represented in Ortega y Gasset's "The Revolt of the Masses"; the emphasis on mechanical methods and devices in the attempt to find solutions for our problems; the utilitarian relativism which pervades our thinking and "mankind's hunger for the definite, the stable and absolute"; the loss of faith and consecration to the religion and ethics of Christianity, "one of the strongest forces of our civilization"; the lack of a sense of proportion; the absence of reverence; a misconstrued democratization of learn-

ing which has produced a shallow popular and essentially utilitarian culture; the decomposition of the vital family institution; a denatured urbanization; and the centralization and bureaucratization of the Leviathan state.

Professor Röpke's criticism of our past and present civilization, which may be described as nihilistic and chaotic, is indeed a very severe indictment, but one in this reviewer's opinion, essentially deserved.

What is the road which, according to our author, will lead us out of our confused and dangerous situation? It is expressed by him in the following words: "We are thinking of an economic policy which is in one sense conservative and radical in another, equally definite sense: conservative in insisting on the preservation of continuity in cultural and economic development, making the defense of the basic values and principles of a free personality its highest, immutable aim—radical in its diagnosis of the disintegration of our 'liberal' social and economic system, radical in its criticism of the errors of liberal philosophy and practice, radical in its lack of respect for moribund institutions, privileges, ideologies and dogmas, and finally, radical in its unorthodox choice of the means which today seem appropriate for the attainment of the permanent goal of every culture based on the freedom of the individual. The advocates of this program are as aware of the fundamental errors of the nineteenth century liberalism as they are opposed to collectivism, however dressed up, and the political-cultural totalitarianism that inevitably goes with it —not only as an impracticable solution but also as one harmful to society" (pp. 21-22).

The Social Crisis of Our Time is a thoughtful and serious book. It is a penetrating analysis of our past and present western culture. Its program for the building of a better world offers solutions which deserve our earnest consideration. F-K. KRUGER

THE RIDDLE OF MacARTHUR

By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1951. 240 pages. $2.75.

JOHN GUNTHER has produced another of his extremely readable books; this one on an individual as difficult of analysis as was Roosevelt, the subject of his last book. But this is not so long nor so detailed as that book and his "Inside" book are. After reading this book (only 240 small pages) there is a distinct feeling that the riddle has not been solved. The book is good reporting but not good analysis and really doesn't answer adequately the questions posed in the preface.

To some extent that is due to the fact that MacArthur is not easily analyzable. How can you adequately size up such a thing as his memory which will recall the details of a prize fight he saw forty years ago, and yet allow him to tell the same anecdote within an hour to the same luncheon companions? Or how can one adequately characterize a man whose public utterances so often refer to

God, who considers himself a profoundly religious man and who has little contact with the church? There are other instances which permit people of diametrically opposed viewpoints to attack or agree with his policies. For example, he was supported for the presidential nomination in 1948 by isolationist Republicans shortly after being attacked as a socialist because of some provisions in the Japanese constitution. No, MacArthur is not a simple individual to understand

However, only one-third of the book is devoted to MacArthur the man. The rest is devoted mainly to Japan, the occupation, the royal family, Korea, Formosa, and the Far East in general; all of which MacArthur influenced and was influenced by. Actually, none of these are covered in the book in intensive detail, but it does give a good summary of what is and isn't in the circle of MacArthur influence up until January of this year. JOHN W. REITH

THE LAW OF LABOR RELATIONS

By Benjamin Werne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1951. 471 pages. $5.75.

THIS is a book which will certainly never be read for recreation and will probably never be read from beginning to end except by hard working law students. It is, nevertheless, an extraordinarily valuable book for anyone who deals with labor-management relations. Benjamin Werne, Professor of Industrial Relations at New York University and member of the New York Bar, has compiled a systematic and comprehensive statement of modern labor law. Government control of labor relations is based almost entirely on the Wagner and Taft-Hartley Acts, but these are general statutes and their effect upon any given situation is not easy to determine. In practice, they are interpreted and applied specifically through the decisions and regulations of the National Labor Relations Board and by court rulings on appeals from NLRB decisions. Professor Werne has taken these decisions and abstracted from them the principles of law which have been developed through thousands of cases in the last fifteen years. Clearly and concisely he states the detailed application of the law to almost every conceivable aspect of employee-management relations beginning with the problems of union representation and proceeding through the prevention of unfair labor practices, the rights and duties of management and unions, to the formation and application of the collective agreement.

This reviewer found only two points to criticize. The first is that only the law is stated and even where illustrative cases are given they are so condensed as to be completely lifeless. While this has helped to keep the length of the volume within reason, one may find that it is difficult to visualize the application of the law in terms of human relationships. Since the book is designed for the use of business and labor leaders in solving their immediate problems, as well as for professional lawyers, fuller illus-

trations might have been preferable.

The second criticism is technical. Each section is voluminously annotated with references to specific NLRB and court rulings but none of these citations carries the date of the decision. In dealing with administrative and judicial interpretations of general statutes it is often highly desirable to know how recent a specific decision is. Labor decisions in particular are to some extent determined by the general conditions of the times and change with changing circumstances.

Offsetting these points are the very excellent organization of the material covering every step of collective bargaining and the detailed index. The book will prove an invaluable reference for all who deal with any aspect of labor relations.

DAVID A. LESOURD

FICTION

FESTIVAL

By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1951. 607 pages. $3.95.

THIS is festival year in Great Britain and from John o' Groats to Land's End the people will be keeping holiday. But it is safe to say that nowhere will the holiday spirit be more all-pervading than in Farbridge, J. B. Priestley's mythical town, where the festivities are in the capable hands of Commodore (the title is a courtesy title) Horace Tribe, the most lovable scoundrel in years.

Priestley calls his story "a novel of sheer delight." Exactly. A sober, frugal borough, which has already decided not to burden its ratepayers with the frivolity of a festival, finds itself being manipulated by Commodore Tribe and his associates into two weeks of plays and lectures and music and dancing, in the process of which old men are rejuvenated, drab women blossom into radiant personalities, people fall in love, and joy flows as freely as gin in the sober streets of Farbridge.

While all this is happening, the reader meets all kinds of Englishmen and a few Americans. There are the moth-eaten relics of the nobility and gentry, the politicians of all stripes, the new industrial aristocracy, the arty folks, the people in education, the journalists, and the plain people. There is the priceless American film star with her entourage of publicity men and her memorized speech on "democ-racee." There is the bibulous tragedian, the pompous ass of an M.P. whose wife is essentially the nomadic type, the eccentric old merchant and his equally eccentric hotel-keeper friend. And behind them all, pulling first this wire and then that, stands the Commodore—stout, debonair, supremely self-confident in spite of the fact that he is an unmitigated fraud.

There is no lack of love-interest. In fact, everybody is in love—Laura with her East Indian "noble savage," the Conservative agent with his plump Maggie, the industrialist former Group Captain with his partner's actress daughter, and even the Commodore himself with the mysterious Grace. And unlike the modern novelists who leave everybody in a

welter of frustration, Priestley gets everybody paired off at the end.

Any "social significance" in the story? Wouldn't know. There is gaiety and fun and romance with an occasional patch of real pathos. "Sheer delight" Priestley calls it and that just about sums it up.

QUORUM

By Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1951. 309 pages. $3.00.

EIGHT people attend a meeting of the Ashworth Textile Pageant Committee. During the course of this meeting each individual reacts in a certain way to the various proposals and motions made. In these reactions the character of each committee member is revealed, whether it is only by means of a look, or a word, or glum silence. The meeting is scheduled for seven p.m. Each member has various experiences during that particular day before seven which are unknown to every other member and yet the affairs and actions of all are inexplicably and fatefully interrelated. As the business is conducted each member unwittingly affects the lives of the others and at the same time reveals the kind of life he leads, what he lives for, and in what he puts his faith. Phyllis Bentley presents brief anecdotes from the lives of these eight people for background. From that background material, eight people's actions during an ordinary day—the decisions they make and how they inevitably influence others—are brilliantly handled.

Miss Bentley is an English writer who now lives in the West Riding of Yorkshire. West Riding is famous for its woolen textile mills, about which Miss Bentley has first-hand knowledge. In comparing English novels with American novels, Miss Bentley once said that the English novel presents a few incidents deeply, whereas the American novel is more all inclusive and sweeping in its presentation. "Quorum" is different from the average American novel in that it is intensive and penetrating and leaves a single and deep impression. For the reason that it presents one idea, strongly, the reading of this book is highly rewarding.

GRACE WOLF

THE BRAND NEW PARSON

By Sara Jenkins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. 1951. 246 pages. $3.00.

THE graduation exercises were over. Robert Gerald Anderson held his newly acquired diploma in nervous, perspiring hands as he stood before the kindly old bishop. The June day was hot and humid. Robert's heavy black Prince Albert, "the preaching coat" for which he had yearned so long, hung damply on his thin shoulders. Robert's face grew troubled when he realized that Bishop Wilson had assigned to him a mission charge in a rapidly growing Georgia mill town. Although the young graduate had known that his first charge must be a humble one and that the beginning would be difficult, "it had never occurred to him that he might have

to *find* a congregation as well as learn to minister to it." *The Brand New Parson* relates Robert's experiences during his first year in the ministry.

Sara Jenkins is the daughter of a clergyman and the niece of five Methodist ministers. *The Brand New Parson,* Miss Jenkins' third novel, is written with warmth and sympathetic understanding; but the style is undistinguished, and the action develops according to a story-book formula.

THE RELENTLESS TIDE

By D. A. Bonavia-Hunt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1951. 320 pages. $3.00.

DOROTHY ALICE BONAVIA-HUNT has chosen a small seacoast town in Cornwall as the setting for her second novel. Here a strange assortment of characters is caught up in an unsavory scandal—a scandal which unmasks seemingly respectable persons, reveals the suffering of those who are unwanted and unaccepted by society, causes the tragic death of a bewildered young woman, hopelessly divides a family, and wrecks or alters the course of many lives. All the ugly and selfish traits of the human character are woven into this narrative, together with the redeeming qualities of tenderness, generosity, and unselfish devotion.

The Relentless Tide, a study of present-day England, reveals the author's awareness of, and penetrating insight into, the problems of a confused and uneasy society. Miss Bonavia-Hunt's literary style was widely acclaimed when her first novel, *Pemberly Shades,* was published last year.

DILIGENCE IN LOVE

By Daisy Newman. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company. 1951. 253 pages. $2.75.

MRS. NEWMAN, a Quaker herself, recounts a simple and short story of a sophisticated middle-aged business woman who visits a Quaker community in search of an advertising feature and finds peace with the Friends in their near-Utopian community. So complete is her conversion that she brings her restless husband and children to this New England town where they also learn to work at loving.

Vaughn Hill's purpose in traveling from New York to Kendal, the Quaker community, is to visit an underground railway station furnished by the Quakers for escaping slaves and tie it into the theme of her advertisement for a current railroad client. Unable to understand the hospitality and friendship she is offered by the citizens of Kendal, the same love which was offered the slaves, Vaughn goes back to New York unable to write the advertising copy about "the hole" where the slaves had been hidden. Only after two more trips to Kendal and a struggle between her former gods, position and money, and the God of the Quakers does she realize that the station was just a hole to her because "I didn't care," and that "beauty of spirit" is found by diligence in love.

This easy flowing story is quick

moving and inspiring. Its spiritual theme is refreshing. The writer defends such beliefs as those of the conscientious objector without preaching. She introduces Quaker customs and dogmas with such a pleasant and natural manner that the reader is not always aware of her supporting characters who are too typed and her heroine who is unrealistic. That Vaughn, naively unaware of her own completely temporal personality, is able to appreciate the unworldly qualities of her Quaker acquaintances is unlikely, as is her insensitiveness toward her children and husband.

JOSEPHINE FERGUSON

FORT EVERGLADES

By Frank G. Slaughter. Garden City, New York: Doubleday. 1951. 340 pages. $3.00.

DR. SLAUGHTER'S tale of conflict between two proud nations is both exciting and dramatic. The action takes place in the Florida Everglades at a time when the American Republic was still an uneasy conqueror of this territory. The author weaves the fictional pattern into the structure of Florida's early history in such an expert manner that the reader is left with the feeling that Dr. Royal Coe, Mary Grant, and the debonaire Captain Winter were as much a part of history as the war-like Chekika. In 1840 Chekika led the Seminole Indians in a treacherous attack on Indian Key which is situated near the modern overseas highway connecting Miami and Key West. In the story this attack is staged for the purpose of taking as hostage the influential botanist, Dr. Barker. Chekika intends by this move to force the American nation into giving his people inviolable possession of the Everglades. However, the infant conqueror, unwilling to consider the justice of Chekika's demands, brands the Seminoles as a "murderous band" and prepares to destroy them.

Dr. Coe, surgeon and scout extraordinary, aided by the bewitching Miss Grant, leads Captain Winter's contingent of Dragoons deep into the prehistoric bogs to rescue Dr. Barker and exterminate the audacious Seminoles. The mission is brilliantly accomplished. The rescue and retaliation is absorbingly dramatic and thrilling to the very end.

The author succeeds in creating and maintaining a high degree of suspense throughout the book and lovers of high adventure will find this story of a long vanished American frontier completely engrossing.

BYRON FERGUSON

HISTORY

APPEAL TO ARMS

By Willard M. Wallace. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1951. 308 pages. $4.50.

THE Revolutionary War is dwarfed alongside the total wars of the twentieth century, and its tactics appear often as not much beyond mere bushfighting, but it was a war of tremendous consequence—it secured our political independence. The battles of that war, spectacular and each of

enormous historical importance, are covered in *Appeal to Arms*. The volume is essentially devoted to a narration of these battles, and each one is told with its elements of color, thrilling action, moving tragedy, and lighter elements of humor. The author is careful in the amount of critical analysis that he allows himself. In his evaluation of the colonists' remarkable success he places emphasis on the abilities of great leaders, the mistakes of the British, the all-important assistance of the French, and the courage, fortitude, and devotion of a few. His complete treatment includes, however, much that was disreputable—corruption, incompetence, desertion, mutiny, jealousy, and civilian apathy of disillusioning proportion.

Mr. Wallace, who demonstrates a very clear style and a sound sense of criticism, utilizes manuscript material recently made available to scholars and also many monograph studies that have corrected former conclusions in regard to the military developments of the Revolution. More important than the military are, of course, the economic and social upheavals which are part of the Revolution, but in recent years the military has been an area neglected by the American historian. The purpose of this work is to "redress the balance." *Appeal to Arms* fulfills additional functions. It profitably recalls the example of Washington and other heroes who met a difficult task with tenacity, courage, and a strong sense of responsibility, and it also provides the timely lesson from the Revolutionary experience of the danger of the traditional American reliance for military security upon the easy expediency of troops hastily trained to meet an emergency. DAN GAHL

LITERARY CRITICISM

THE SACRED RIVER

An Approach to James Joyce. By L. A. G. Strong. New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy. 1951. 161 pages. $2.75.

AMONG writers of our time, James Joyce has been unusually influential. There have been numerous critical evaluations and examinations of the innovations in style which he used in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake,* and of his view of life expressed through symbols. What Joyce has to say has significance for all modern readers.

Mr. Strong is himself a noted novelist, poet, and critic. More than that, he is a Dubliner like Joyce and has long been a student of the Irish writer. In these stimulating essays (some of them published earlier under the title *Work in Progress)* critic Strong makes an attempt to relate Joyce to those who went before him. In fact, there are eight announced chief points which motivate this book's approach to Joyce, notable among which are the author's vivid boyhood memories of Dublin as Joyce knew it, technical interest in singing, a taste for metaphysical speculation, and belief in the Christian revelation.

Neat and lightweight format are always welcome, but the absence of a Table of Contents and especially of

an Index is disconcerting in a book like this one; a reader needs to refer back often, because the discussion is unusually compact! The long lists of *Finnegans Wake* references that connect respectively with Shakespeare, Swift, Blake, and the Romantic Movement seem needlessly academic and rather dull in the book itself. The total effect, however, is good. Indubitably Mr. Strong is well informed on Joyce. *The Sacred River* (a phrase taken symbolically from Coleridge's *Kubla Khan)* conveys much relevant information within a small space, and seems to be the clearest short exposition of the meaning of Joyce that has yet been published.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

By T. V. Smith. Boston: The Beacon Press. 1951. 95 pages. $1.50.

HISTORIANS and philosophers have always been puzzled by Lincoln and his world-perspective. At first glance, he was a crafty politician who could speak out of both corners of his mouth when the need arose and walk on both sides of a fence narrower than the Mason-Dixon line. He could tell the risque and ribald story, it seems. At least, some of them we have never heard. None of the conventional weaknesses of men passed him by and a study of his administration would prove him inconsistent, odd, compromising, and hesitant at times. Lincoln, in the finite, knew how to serve himself well. In the minds of some Christians he uttered rank heresy to a deputation of Christian ministers "who had somehow discovered—so they said—what God willed Lincoln to do with reference to emancipation" when he replied: "These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation." Lincoln was not religious in the sense of denominational religiosity. Nor did he belong to a church.

Though—or because—Lincoln belonged to no church, T. V. Smith looks upon Lincoln as a secular saint with this profound accolade: "Strange it may seem in a Christian culture that the purest American symbols of the uplifted life are citizens secular rather than religious in their outlook." The categories of philosophy with which T. V. attempted "to catch the spirit" of Lincoln are Goodness, Truth, and Beauty. As a politician, the specialty by which Lincoln is to be judged, and a servant of "the Ideal of Goodness," Lincoln practiced "the interpersonal type known as Justice . . . it means a proportionate sharing of burdens but with a fair chance at benefits." Lincoln also served Truth in the truly scientific spirit. "Disciplined by doubt, he [was] enabled to contain his hopes and fears, accommodating both to objective demands." Nevertheless, life to Lincoln was "painting a picture, not doing a sum." This made him in T. V.'s words "a lay custodian of the poetry of life." His chief virtue consisted in main-

taining the Union—Lincoln's devotion to Wholyness. And as God gave him "to see the right," he tried to temper the "push" of duty with the "pull" of beauty. T. V. Smith knows that Lincoln was finite yet he wishes to reserve a "final honor for those who discharge their finite duties in the amplitude of the infinite."

Within the framework of T. V.'s purposes and the finitude of Lincoln, T. V. does his job well. Those who want to make a legend out of the saint (why does this book have to look like a little black prayer-book?) will be fooled as will those who insist upon cynical debunking. Smith certainly does not debunk but at times he writes like a cloud dripping with saccharine precipitation. But in handling the life-focus of Lincoln, he shows that there is more to Lincoln than the log-cabin, the return of a few pennies, and the freeing of the slave—noble as that might have been. With understood reservations, Lincoln was a secular saint.

JOHN KNOX IN CONTROVERSY

By Hugh Watt. New York: Philosophical Library. 1950. 109 pages. $2.75.

THE publishers claim that Hugh Watt portrays Knox's part in the troubled times of the sixteenth century "against a careful survey of the historical background." Hugh Watt does bring Knox "into a truer perspective." John Knox, the leader of the Reformation in Scotland—Calvinistic in the form of Scotch Presbyterianism—is presented by Watt in the following characterization: "Theologically, an ever more faithful disciple of John Calvin; religiously, he retained the glow of warmth and intimacy that he had absorbed from Martin Luther's fire." Even Luther, however, was more genial than Knox for the savage and fiery Knox was "so insidious and so pervasive" in his literary attack that many "hung their heads in shame at the mere mention of his name" His "itch for disputation . . . the mange of the churches" led in part to the abolition of the Catholic and the French powers in Scotland and to the establishment of the Protestant religion.

John Knox in Controversy takes up four major controversies John Knox had with Friar Arbuckle, Ninian Winzet, Quintin Kennedy, and Mary Stuart who had returned from France in 1561. Knox and Friar Arbuckle "joined issue" as to whether "the Church's ceremonies, even those explicitly condemned by Knox, had been ordained of God." The debates with Arbuckle gave him confidence for further disputation though the debates seemed to reveal also that Knox would not make any great theological contributions. Ninian Winzet—"the most reputable representative of the old order in Scotland"—denounced the corruptions of the Church but taught his pupils "that to desert the Church over which the Pope presided was to cut oneself off from the Catholic Church." Winzet posed embarrassing questions but Winzet was being embalmed in the oblivion of history for "no Romanist was eager to

broadcast his verdicts on the old church." Nor would Knox revive "the memory of a man already almost forgotten in his native land." Furthermore, if Winzet had been revived he might have become "one of our leading Reformers." Knox and Kennedy tangled with regard to the use of Melchizedek in the interpretation of the Mass. Kennedy and Knox could not adjust the verbal phalanxes and, to mix a metaphor, ended in a dead-end street with Melchizedek. With regard to Mary, Knox felt it was wrong to suppose that any woman could rule by divine right for giving such position to woman constituted a violation of God's way and nature's order. In addition, Knox objected to Mary's French affiliations. In the latter controversy particularly, Knox made some democratic noises about liberty, equality of ruler and ruled alike under the obedience of God, and mutual contract.

Throughout the discussion of the controversies, Watt makes Knox's theological position clear. According to Knox the Roman Church was degenerate and represented the Anti-Christ. The papal power placed mediators other than Christ between man and God: "No mortal man can be the head of the Church." Belief in purgatory, praying for the dead, the Mass, and all the hierarchical influences were practiced in error. For Knox, Scripture was to be interpreted by the Holy Spirit and not by the Church though he was not averse to helping the Spirit a bit. The book is what its publishers claim it to be: "The reader will find in this book a story of interest clearly and convincingly told."

EXPLANATION OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION

By C. H. Little. St. Louis, Mo.: Concordia Publishing House. 1951. 240 pages. $2.75.

THE book which was placed last in the collection of the Christian Scriptures has had a colorful history with reference to its canonicity, its authorship, and its acceptance by the Church. Originally one of the "antilegomena," books of the New Testament about which there was some uncertainty in the early Church with regard to its inclusion in the Bible, the Book of Revelation, or The Apocalypse, had an uphill struggle in establishing itself as being divinely inspired and the product of St. John the Apostle. Since Justin Martyr, the second century apologist, the acceptance of the divine authority and of the Johannine authorship of Revelation has gained ground, but is not shared by many Bible scholars to this day. In his introduction to Revelation in the year 1522 Luther expressed doubt that Revelation is "either apostolic or prophetic." But he suppressed this introduction in later editions of the New Testament, and in 1545, a year before his death, wrote a longer introduction, in which he takes events of Christian history and holds them against the pictures and symbols of Revelation.

Nothing of this historical background is given in the book before us. We have here a popular, chapter-

by-chapter, verse-by-verse treatment of Revelation, which follows the traditionally orthodox, figurative, and symbolical interpretation of the visions, in which the last New Testament book abounds. The author believes in and applies the rule: "Scripture interprets Scripture." There are practically no quotations from other writers who have made a study of the "most misunderstood and misused book of the Bible." Nor are the prophecies applied, even tentatively, to any events of past or contemporary history. There is one negative historical allusion: The angel having the everlasting gospel in chapter 14 is not to be identified with Luther, even though this is true of him also.

The Millenarians, who (sincerely but mistakenly) find their views taught in chapter 20, are briefly and somewhat brusquely disposed of: "They lug in Old Testament passages which have no bearing whatever on the millennium."

Dr. Little's book may well be used in Bible classes and college classes in religion. We encourage all Christian people to read the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. In view of the great use made of Revelation by Fundamentalists who are usually millennialists, and of the fact that other conservative Christians disagree with these avid Bible readers and missionary champions of their belief in a thousand year reign of Christ on earth, the Book of Revelation intrigues and then bewilders the members of our churches. Any help we can give them to gain some knowledge of the contents and meaning of the Apocalypse in private or class study is eagerly welcomed by them.

This latest popular "Explanation of the Book of Revelation" would be even more useful if there were subdivision and subheads in the text, if an index were added, and if at the opening of the book there were a detailed outline of Revelation, similar to that of Moffatt in his Introduction to Revelation in the Expositor's Greek Testament.

The author is a conservative theologian of the United Lutheran Church and was last professor, dean and president of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary in Waterloo, Canada. He seems to have been a very diligent and systematic Bible reader and student. His publishers tell us how often he has read the New Testament in Greek, German, Latin, French, and English, and how often he has read the Old Testament in Hebrew and English.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS

By Charles R. Erdman. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1951. 144 pages. $2.00.

DR. ERDMAN is Professor Emeritus of Practical Theology at Princeton Theological Seminary. He has published expositions of the New Testament books and now also of Genesis, Exodus, and Leviticus. His volume on Leviticus is designed to be a brief, popular interpretation for the layman or busy pastor. He does not attempt to deal at length with linguistic or theological problems, nor does he

confront the book with extra-Biblical issues or theories. Implicit in his method is the principle that Scripture serves to interpret Scripture, and he therefore relates the directions of Leviticus to the rest of the Old Testament world, to New Testament fulfilment, and particularly to the interpretation found in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Since the legal provisions of the book are not binding on the Christian, Leviticus has become one of the neglected books of the Bible. Yet since it is a directory of divine worship, dealing with sacrifices and priesthood, ceremonial and moral holiness, and times of worship its neglect results in an incomplete understanding of other Old Testament books as well as of Christ's sacrificial and priestly acts. The reader will profit considerably from Dr. Erdman's clear and readable exposition.

TALKS WITH GABRIEL

By Arjen Miedema. Henry Zylstra, Translator. Grand Rapids, Mich.: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. 1950. 253 pages. $3.00.

NO OTHER characteristic of this religious allegory impresses the reader as deeply as its mediocrity. Whatever literary value it has, and it has some, yields under the weight of the theological bias of the Angel Gabriel, apparently educated at a Dutch Reformed seminary. In fact, he sounds at times as though he headed the department of dogmatics. This does not necessarily imply a weakness, especially when the reader adheres to this particular theological tradition. However, the artificial attempts of Gabriel to translate theological abstractions into personal religious values and attitudes are never quite convincing. They seem forced into the dialogue like a commercial advertising a brand of religion.

Favorable mention should be given the translator, for the book reads well. Author Miedema demonstrates some fine insights into the nature of the thick-skinned and uninspired Jacob Vander Stupe, a very common common-man. Fully and irritatingly human, he gives the story enough life to save it from failure.

Jacket blurbs compare the author to C. S. Lewis. The comparison is unfortunate. RAY SCOLARE

SCIENCE

OF SOCIETIES AND MEN

By Caryl P. Haskins. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc. 1951.

AUTHOR HASKINS looks at human society against the background of animal societies. But the author is more than a professional biologist and soon displays his deep-seated interest in man and his society. With this particular approach, he has some highly original things to say about the backgrounds of human society and its peculiar nature and problems. The author's own words in the latter area may best illustrate his pattern of thought.

The total picture of human civilization is complex and inconsistent. Its structure includes a biological family

component which is relatively ancient in evolution, primitively developed, and normally exhibiting a rather low order of integration. . . . Human civilization further displays a typical associative biological component, analogous to the gregarious flocks and herds of lower animals. . . . [This association] has remained rather lowly integrated to this day depending primarily upon the overall competence of the individual for group survival. . . . There is a third and an exceedingly important component of human civilization—the society that is human culture, the ultimate sources of which lie within the minds of men. This component has peculiar and indeed unique properties. In most respects it looks and behaves like an integrative society. In modern times it has carried the trends to complexity and integration typical of such societies everywhere, to utterly spectacular heights. Yet it has never lost the capacity of meshing, in more or less complete degree, with the lowly integrated family and associative social structures of biological man. These it reinforces in certain respects while conflicting violently with them in others. To his new component man is still very imperfectly adjusted. . . .

Today the problem is how, without losing one's balance and sanity, to live in a civilization at once highly associative and highly integrative. . . .

In totalitarianism a philosophy of government seems to have been designed as a tool, not of civilization as a whole but of the integrated culture society alone. It does not serve as a means to ascertain and stabilize the proper balance between the associative and integrative parts of human civilization. Instead it takes the integrative development as its proper goal, and it will brook no competition from the vast associative forces with which it deals. . . .

We must have as a tool for our civilization [however], a government which permits an optimum course between the associative and integrated ways of social living, which provides the maximum of individual freedom for creative effort, which can weld a highly integrated body politic when the stern necessity of defense arises, and which can de-integrate once the danger is past. . . . By this balance of two different social ways alone can individual man achieve happiness and full effectiveness. It may well be the only mode by which he can survive. The establishment of this point of equilibrium, and the constant redetermination of its nature, must be the task of an eternally inquiring, eternally vigilant, eternally democratic body politic.

This is another of those books by a scientist for laymen from which many a scientist as well as laymen should profit. Many unusual and thought provoking examples from animal societies are brought to the reader's attention, yet in his analysis the author has been extremely successful in avoiding false analogies. Most stimulating are the reflections of a scientist concerning some of man's most disturbing current problems, the nature of his government and the role of the individual in society.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE

By James Bryant Conant. New Haven, Connecticut, Yale University Press, 1951.

BELIEVING with evident sincerity that it is necessary for the twentieth century citizen of America to acquire at least a basic understanding of the methods of science, James Bryant Conant, the president of Har-

vard University, has written a noteworthy book: *Science and Common Sense.*

From the first chapter: "The exposition . . . is addressed to the intelligent citizen who as a voter may, to an increasing extent, be interested in congressional action on scientific matters." Dr. Conant does not assume the reader's comprehension of technical jargon. In fact, part of his thesis is that the normally intelligent person's failure to grasp essentials in scientific discussions stems not from the lack of specialized knowledge but from "fundamental ignorance of what science can and cannot accomplish" and the subsequent bewilderment.

The author tries to instill a "feel" for the tactics and strategy of science. This he does in a manner which shows clearly why he is esteemed as a great educator. His pedagogical device is the use of pregnant historical examples of the development and acceptance or rejection of easily understood physical concepts. He reflects his skeptical approach to science and reality and this is perhaps the reason why the book is of real value. Both the person who feels that science has become so abstract as to defy ordinary understanding and the person who puts science on a pedestal as the only human endeavor which consistently hews to the "facts" will undergo a fundamental reorientation of thought. Those who speak glibly of *the* scientific method will be shocked. Those who believe that scientists consistently conduct their studies with an admirable absence of any display of human passions will here find differently. Disappointment awaits any who seek "facts." Those who intelligently and honestly seek an edifying understanding of science could hardly spend several evenings in a more profitable way than by reading this book by the clear-eyed man with the steel-rimmed glasses.

STATEMENT ON RACE

By Ashley Montagu. New York. Henry Schuman. 1951.

ONE of the most abused problems of our time is that of race; misconceptions and malpractice have led to untold misery and intolerance. UNESCO in working to promote better understanding and relations among men asked a group of experts to draw up a statement on race problems. This book is an amplification of that statement, the author using the necessarily compact paragraphs of the statement as texts for his chapters.

Professor Montagu, a noted anthropologist and author of several well-known books on race, is certainly well qualified to present this exposition. It was he who, as reporter of the UNESCO committee, drafted and edited the official statement. In an introductory chapter he tells the story behind the statement.

Treated particularly in the statement and its exposition are: the biological definition of race as contrasted with other definitions, the scientific conclusions relating to race differences and race mixture, and the implications of these views relative to the problem of human equality.

Professor Montagu does a fine job of presenting to the layman the modern scientific views of race and the basis upon which these opinions are founded. In the "implications" section the Christian reader will find himself approaching the matter from a different tack, but arriving at similar conclusions. An excellent list of references and further readings are appended for those who might wish to pursue the matter further. This is as fine an introduction to the biological side of the problem of race as is available.

OTHER BOOKS

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

By Margaret Case Harriman. Illustrated by Al Hirschfeld. New York. Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1951. $3.00. 310 pages.

DURING the twenties and thirties the dining room of the Algonquin Hotel in New York became famous for the Round Table—the luncheon-gathering place of many prominent writers and theatrical people. Robert Benchley, Harold Ross, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott, Robert E. Sherwood, Franklin P. Adams, Laurence Stallings, Dorothy Parker, Peggy Wood, Edna Ferber, and many others were a part of this group that called itself "The Vicious Circle." Mrs. Harriman, daughter of the late owner of the Algonquin, figuratively grew up in the center of the Table and from her personal recollection and knowledge gained from her father has reconstructed the story of the Round Table. Some of its members and events she has treated at greater length. Most interesting of the events is the description of the birth of the *New Yorker*.

Mrs. Harriman has written about a group of persons known for their brilliance and their wit. Her fascination with the group, evidenced by her selection of anecdotes concerning them, prevented her from being objective and the book suffers accordingly. Much of the brilliance and wit displayed at the luncheon table was, more or less of necessity, topical and special. In its current setting it tends to be somewhat dull. The anecdotes of a more general nature about the various members of the group, included apparently to broaden the scope of the book, are, for the most part, rather stale. The story, to take one example, of Dorothy Parker having had the word MEN painted on her office door to attract visitors is a little too trite to gain from a new telling. Anyone with a great interest in any or all of the members of this group may find the book enjoyable, but it will not contribute any new understanding of the special talents of the persons who made the Round Table famous.

DREAM AND REALITY, An Essay in Autobiography

By Nicolas Berdyaev. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1951. 332 pages. $4.50.

THE author intended this posthumous publication to state his final philosophic position in relation to the events of his life, a sort of personal

intellectual history. As he writes in the preface, "I have never kept a diary. I do not intend to confess my deeds and misdeeds in public. I do not want to write reminiscences about the happenings which occurred in the course of my life: at any rate this is not my chief concern." Although the persons, places, and events of the book play second fiddle to the ideas they generate, they are none the less interesting.

While he is reared in the tradition of the Russian nobility and landed gentry, Berdyaev moves to the left and the Social Revolutionaries and finally to an independent position which requires his exile from Bolshevik Russia. Simultaneously, he marches from Kant and German Idealism through Marx to a position singularly unique in modern thought. Yet this half-prophet, half-philosopher remains a Russian; through the entire complex of influences, the religious consciousness (but not the theological and social mentality) of Russian Orthodoxy gathers each idea into its frame of reference, while Dostoevsky and Tolstoy wait at every turn.

To those already acquainted with the work of Berdyaev, this book is indispensable to further study. To anyone looking for challenging and exciting philosophy, here is the man, and this is the book. *Dream and Reality* envelopes an amazing variety of ideas, problems and subjects, for it is filled with all sorts of people from Neo-Thomist Jacques Maritain to the very smooth and elegant Dzerzhinsky, Lord High Executioner of the Soviet Union. To venture through this book is to share the dream of this life aspiring toward the reality of creative freedom, which is eternal.

RAY SCOLARE

REPORTERS, KINGS, & OTHER VAGABONDS

By Joseph Szebenyei. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 343 pages. $3.50.

THE author, a former Hungarian newspaper man, relates a number of his more interesting experiences as a reporter of politics in the Balkans and Europe generally between 1900 and 1912 with the emphasis on the characters he met rather than on the events that made news in those years. Each chapter is a complete incident and the stories range from Szebenyei's experience as a conscript in the Austria-Hungary army, through his newspaper assignments all over Europe, to his more recent work as editor of a foreign language paper in America.

When he is describing the men who ruled Europe early in this century, Szebenyei is a most fascinating writer, but when the emphasis is on himself, particularly when he deviates from the subject matter, as he does twice, to discuss his amatory experiences, he is both dull and offensive. The merit of this book lies in the concise sketches of the crowned heads of Europe and some previously unreported political finagling among them just prior to World War I.

BRIEFLY NOTED

WAKE UP OR BLOW UP

By Frank Laubach. New York. Fleming H. Revell. 1951. 160 pages. $2.00.

DR. LAUBACH'S thesis is that the hope of America in the present danger lies in its Christian people. His call is for these Christian people to go out into the world, preaching the gospel but, more important, living it by engaging in such tangible work as education, land reform, improved health conditions, and land reclamation. The work must be done by Christians, he maintains, because if we are to sell the rest of the world on our way of life, we must show them ourselves at our best.

This is the social gospel wedded to the Point IV proposal. It probably would work if it were adopted. It will not be adopted.

LIVING YOUR FAITH

By Robert Nash, S.J. New York. Prentice Hall. 1951. 311 pages. $3.00.

WRITTEN chiefly to Roman Catholics, Father Nash's book deals with the day to day problems of living the Christian life amid the distractions and contradictions of the modern world. His plea is for an awareness of Jesus Christ as a living reality in one's life rather than as a proposition to which one assents. For Protestants, the book is marred by unacceptable Roman dogmas but these are surprisingly rare in this book which is, essentially, Christ-centered.

Father Nash is Irish and writes with the vigor and winsomeness of his nationality.

THE WAY TO SECURITY

By Henry C. Link. New York. Doubleday and Co. 1951. 224 pages. $2.50.

DR. LINK is the author of the popular *The Return to Religion, The Rediscovery of Morals,* and *The Rediscovery of Man.* Readers who are familiar with those works will remember his trenchant style and his evident earnestness.

The present volume lies within the same general area as these earlier volumes. His thesis in *The Way to Security* is that security grows out of individual responsibility and self-reliance, both of these founded upon religious conviction. And he maintains that a vague religiosity based upon the Golden Rule is inadequate. His religion is inextricably bound up with moral demands or principles.

He calls for a renunciation of the false gods of social security, secular education, the dollar, democracy, and government, and a return to the God of the Christian tradition. For all of its popular vein, the book could and should provoke some sober thinking.

HAMMOND'S NEW COMPREHENSIVE WORLD ATLAS

Garden City Books, Garden City, New York. 1951. 31 pages. $1.00.

WHEN atlases of this quality can be had for a dollar, there is no excuse for anyone not to have one.

Unfortunately, the 40x26 inch wall-map of the world is drawn on the Mercator projection. It should be thrown away. The atlas without it is still worth a dollar.

SONS OF ADAM

By Samuel M. Zwemer. Grand Rapids, Mich. Baker Book House. 1951. 164 pages. $2.00.

DR. ZWEMER is an authority on the Middle East (the Bible lands) and is a theologian of considerable reputation. *Sons of Adam* is an exposition of great Scriptural truths as they are revealed in the lives and personalities of Old Testament heroes.

Dr. Zwemer is a fundamentalist. He has no patience with modern criticism which makes mythical persons of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Samson, and Job. He sees in their lives and in the succession of great men of faith the unfolding of Divine revelation, culminating in the New Testament revelation of our Lord Himself. Drawing upon Talmudic legend and Islamic tradition, he points up the singular qualities and insights of these great personalities, pointing out often that "whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning." The result is a very interesting book and a very powerful confession of faith.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Cartoons by Virgil Franklin Partch. New York. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1951. $1.00.

HERE is the army as the recruiting posters never picture it, done by old VIP himself in his wondrously absurd style. Very funny for an over-age veteran with two children. Maybe not so funny for the 18-26-year age group.

Christ alone, using common speech and through the agency of men not clever with their tongues, has convinced whole assemblies of people all the world over to despise death, and to take heed to the things that do not die, to look past the things of time and gaze on things eternal, to think nothing of earthly glory and to aspire only to immortality.—ST. ATHANASIUS, *The Incarnation of the Word of God* (Macmillan, 1947)

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Christianity in Higher Education

ONE of the most significant corollaries of the present international situation and the resulting development of our own military potential—especially as this relates to our increased need for manpower—is the impact upon our American higher educational program. The stake of Christianity and the Church in this issue is obvious. What will happen to Christian ideals and moral standards under the impact of this new war (even the president has stopped calling it a "police action") before the embers of the last conflict have grown cold? And what will be the fate of the smaller church-related colleges, now that the draft is beginning once again to make its slashing inroads upon the ranks of college students? Recognizing the immediacy of this problem, the *Christian Century,* in its issue of March 28, has devoted the entire number to the subject of "Christianity and Higher Education."

Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology at Harvard, leads off with an article that states the basic problem: On the average American campus there is ". . . a deplorable lack of familiarity on the part of undergraduates with the religious traditions of the past and all too little comprehension of ethical concepts." From the standpoint of religion, the campus is marked either by "a vacuum or a frail and shriveled growth."

As in all education, the key to the problem lies with the teacher:

> If it is desired to have more Christianity in higher education, the only way to make any noteworthy progress toward that highly commendable objective is to have more college teachers who look upon their profession as a Christian vocation.

Dr. Mather, himself a scientist, relates this problem particularly to teachers of science, although his observations hold true in equal measure to those who instruct in other branches of learning. Science is not an end in itself; it does not offer the final answers to the great questions of life.

The great, imperative problems of our day are not in the area of physics

or chemistry but in that of ethics and morals. Something must be added to the intelligence of science. . . . . If civilization is to be saved from catastrophe, the ethical and social consciousness of each individual must be greatly strengthened, renewed, and improved. . . . . Who is more qualified to work at it than the college teacher who looks upon his profession as a Christian vocation?

College and the Sense of Calling

In an article which bears this caption, Prof. John Oliver Nelson of Yale Divinity School decries the fact that the chief concern of the average college student of today seems to be with economic security. College campuses, he avers, reflect the materialism of our time. The root of this trouble is the decline of the traditional doctrine of Christian vocation. "Vocation" does not relate only to those who have been called into professional church work, but, as Luther emphatically demonstrated, the doctrine of vocation becomes a dynamic claim laid upon all Christians. "The Reformation set it at the center of the divine message as the ground of our assurance of a godly destiny and the basis of our devotion."

Unfortunately, however, with the passage of time this concept became denatured, so that "calling" and "vocation" became synonymous with "job" and "occupation." This deemphasis was accelerated in academic circles with the rise of the vocational guidance movement in the schools, which appropriated the term "vocation" as standing for a completely nonreligious concept.

The student is urged to strive for "success," and is promised "success" as the sure reward for his diligence, but he is never told exactly what "success" really is. As Dr. Nelson points out, "he is left unaware that success originally meant fulfillment of God's calling for each individual." For this secularization of the concept of vocation the Church itself is largely to blame, for it has too often given the impression that only the ministry offers "full-time Christian work," thus, at least implicitly, abandoning the larger concept of Christian vocation.

What can be done about it? Here again, as in the previous article, the responsibility clearly points in the direction of the faculty. Dr. Nelson asks: "Does this or that faculty know what it means to be a Christian geologist or a Christian classicist or—even more rare—a Christian sociologist?"

That means not just people who make the gesture of attending church or staying on a church roll, but people who have the special skill of teaching "to the glory of God." No sermons in class, no perfervid evangelism after class, but an infusing of

Christian grace and insight into every aspect of the field under consideration.

Dr. Nelson suggests a number of techniques that may be employed in furthering the sense of Christian vocation among students. Among these he lists: an adequate program of Christian counselling; constant study programs; vocational interest analyses in student Christian groups; panels on vocation; retreats built around dedication of life to God.

Manpower and the Colleges

Under this title, Dr. John O. Gross, chairman of the National Council of Churches' Commission on Higher Education, analyzes the crisis which is presently confronting the Christian colleges. The enrollment at these colleges is almost bound to suffer, due to a number of factors involved in the present war situation and all its ramifications.

All these facts demonstrate that when a nation turns to war or preparation for war both youth and the institutions serving youth are immediately upset. A careful study of what a permanent peacetime system of universal military service will do to our life and institutions brings deep dismay.

The financial status of the colleges has been seriously affected by the current inflationary spiral. As a result, the income from endowments has dropped to less than half of the 1940 figure; student fees have had to be increased to meet the rising cost of operation; and the necessity for outside gifts for current operation is becoming increasingly acute. This is inevitable, in view of the lessening of the purchasing power of the dollar, together with the diminishing enrollments.

An important function of the Christian college, of course, is the training of professional workers for the Church. Dr. Gross points out, however, that "the welfare of the Church reaches beyond the need for trained personnel. Its institutions have been more than schools. They have been prophetic voices crying out against the neglect of the moral and spiritual elements in education."

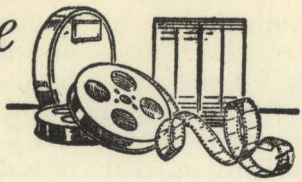
The disappearance of the church-related college, or the diminution of its influence to any appreciable extent, would leave a gaping void in our national life and would result in a serious weakening of our national character.

The church colleges contribute to the building of spiritual idealism in many ways not apparent on the surface. For instance, the main source for teachers of humanistic subjects for all institutions has been and continues to be Christian colleges. These persons fill strategic positions in our

national life. It is they who continually point out that if the spiritual is left out of the process of building human personalities and only pure intellectualism or unalloyed vocationalism is emphasized, vicious results to the personal and national character must be expected.

Today, if ever, our nation needs the leavening influence of Christianity in higher education. We are grateful to the *Christian Century* for the prominence which it has given to this problem in this special issue, and we join in the fervent hope that Christian higher education may not be sacrificed upon the altar of militarism.

Anyone who has ever lived much in the company of women knows them to be physically stronger than draft horses, with steely nerves and limitless endurance. Man, conversely, is a finely wrought creation, sensitive, nervous, prone to hysteria and quick to tire. Some of this combat fatigue, which cuts him down before his time, is due to the fact that he is forced to treat women as fragile blossoms. That, or have his delicate disposition further deranged by the rumpus in the roost.—ROBERT C. RUARK, *One for the Road* (Doubleday, 1949)

The  *Motion Picture*

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

THE late George Bernard Shaw, universally regarded as the greatest playwright of our time, once said of Charles Spencer Chaplin, "He is the only genius developed in motion pictures."

Robert E. Sherwood, who was a motion picture critic before he became a playwright and a biographer, is no less enthusiastic in his appraisal of Mr. Chaplin's artistry. He declares:

> Charlie Chaplin is a great artist, an inspired tragedian—and everything else that the intellectuals say he is—but there can never be any doubt of the fact that he is fundamentally a clown, and it is when he is being most broadly, vulgarly, crudely funny that he approaches true genius.

The late Alexander Woollcott glowingly described Chaplin as "the foremost artist of the world. His like has not passed this way before, and we shall not see his like again."

Early in his career the funny little man with the big shoes and the baggy pants characterized himself as "only a nickel comedian. . . . All I ask is to make people laugh."

Through the years adulation has been heaped upon Chaplin the artist. Chaplin the man, however, has been under sharp attack for alleged leftist political views and for sensational and unsavory publicity concerning his private life.

In an excellent new book titled *Charlie Chaplin* (Henry Schuman. New York: 1951. 354 pages. Illustrated. $4.50) Theodore Huff attempts to analyze Chaplin's complex personality. Mr. Huff is an authority on film art. He has been an assistant professor of motion pictures at New York University, the College of the City of New York, and the University of Southern California. For five years he was associated with the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

Although it is obvious that Mr. Huff believes that Chaplin is a superb mime and a great creative

artist, his biography is by no means a fulsome eulogy. There is no attempt in this book to gloss over unpleasant facts or to condone reprehensible conduct. *Charlie Chaplin,* the first comprehensive study of the life and the art of the world-famous comedian, is a fascinating volume based on extensive knowledge and sound and honest scholarship. The author traces Chaplin's career from the bitter, poverty-ridden childhood in the slums of London down to the present time.

The motion picture was still in its infancy when the shy young English actor—he was twenty-four years old—joined the Keystone Company in December, 1913. Pictures were made at high speed and under the most primitive conditions. This was an important change-over period for the film industry. The brash and lusty newcomer in the entertainment world had begun to take on respectability. Actors and actresses from the legitimate stage no longer sniffed audibly at the mere mention of the new medium. Instead, they flocked to the motion-picture studios. The incomparable D. W. Griffith had begun to make the significant technological and artistic advances which brought him lasting fame. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Sam Goldwyn, and Cecil B. DeMille were comparative newcomers to the production field.

Chaplin's films were an immediate success—a success that has continued to the present day. True, his most recent film, *Monsieur Verdoux,* was a failure and was withdrawn; but many important Chaplin films have had spectacularly successful revivals in recent years. James Agee concludes an article which appeared in *Life* in 1949 with the words, "The finest pantomime, the deepest emotion, the richest and most poignant poetry are in Chaplin's work."

There have been rumors that Chaplin has retired from picture-making, and there have been reports that he is at work on a new script—a script which is said to have biographical overtones. Mr. Huff says:

> Even if Chaplin does not make another film, his old pictures will continue to be revived. And with their timeless comedy and humanity they will doubtless continue to be shown in theatres, auditoriums, and on television so long as celluloid holds out.

Fine photographic excerpts from pictures in which Chaplin appeared, as well as an index of the Chaplin films and brief biographical sketches of the persons professionally associated with the famous comedian, add to the value and the importance of Mr. Huff's book.

Two exciting adventure films

have won enthusiastic commendation in recent weeks. *Scott of the Antarctic* (J. Arthur Rank-Michael Balchen, directed by Charles Frend) presents a grim and vivid re-enactment of the famous explorer's ill-fated expedition to the South Pole. This is no sugar-coated, sentimentalized tale. It is the stark drama of men doomed to suffer and to die in the white wastes of the Antarctic. The picture was filmed in Norway and Switzerland. The color photography is magnificent. John Mills heads the fine cast which brings the tragic record to life under Mr. Frend's expert direction.

A few years ago the Norwegian ethnologist Thor Heyerdahl organized an expedition to make a 4,300-mile journey from Peru, South America, to the Polynesian Islands. It was the object of the voyagers to prove the scientists' contention that the Polynesian Islands could have been settled by South American natives rather than by Asiatics. Six men made the long voyage on a primitive balsa-log raft. For 101 days the raft drifted westward with the wind and the current. Then it piled up on a reef in Polynesian waters. Mr. Heyerdahl's thrilling account of the fabulous undertaking appeared last fall in his book *Kon-Tiki*—which, incidentally, still ranks high on best-seller lists all over our country. The film *Kon-Tiki* (Sol Lesser-RKO Radio) gives us a fascinating and completely engrossing pictorial record of the voyage.

The release of war films continues. A change is probable in the near future, however. Press dispatches from the cinema world reveal that Hollywood producers were quick to take advantage of current developments. At least a dozen film titles based on the shocking basketball scandal have been registered with the Johnston Office. The Kefauver Committee investigations brought on another rush of title registrations. The stories? Well, if by some miracle screen writers turn out honest scripts, free from hokum, all this hullabaloo will not be for nothing.

You're in the Navy Now (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway) was originally released under the title *U.S.S. Teakettle.* The new title, so they say, has more box-office appeal. Whatever the title, this is an entertaining yarn about frightened landlubbers who go down to the sea in ships. Largely fictional, of course, but amusing.

Up Front (Universal-International, Alexander Hall) is founded on Bill Mauldin's famous World War II cartoons. Tom Ewell and David Wayne are excellent as Willie and Joe, the longsuffering "dog-faces." Much of the action is highly amusing. But the film has not captured the caustic sting

which characterized the Mauldin drawings.

Soldiers Three (M-G-M, Tay Garnett) is little more than a burlesque of Rudyard Kipling's colorful tales of India.

On the morning of July 28, 1938, a despondent young bank clerk took his place on a narrow window ledge on the seventeenth floor of the Hotel Gotham in New York City. Despite the pleas of distraught relatives and the heroic efforts of physicians, policemen, and firemen, he remained on his precarious perch all through the long day. Then he fell to his death on the pavement below. Thousands of spectators kept a terrible death watch throughout the anxious hours. At one point a police officer almost persuaded the unhappy youth to step back into the hotel room. Soon after the event Joel Sayre reported the grisly incident in *The New Yorker.* This account has now been brought to the screen in *Fourteen Hours* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Hathaway). Paul Douglas effectively portrays the persuasive policeman, and Richard Basehart is convincing in the demanding role of the despondent bank clerk. Acting and direction merit warm commendation. The photography is outstanding.

Poor Bonzo! He was such an engaging young chimpanzee! Then someone cast him in *Bedtime for Bonzo* (Universal-International). Soon after the picture was released, Bonzo turned up his toes and died. The news dispatch did not give the cause of death; but I, for one, am convinced that somehow, somewhere, Bonzo saw the picture—with fatal results. He probably could not face the prospect of having to work with those silly humans again!

The Lemon Drop Kid (Paramount) presents a watered-down version of a Damon Runyan story. Bob Hope's routines are familiar but still funny. Moral values are lacking in this nonsense.

Bird of Paradise (20th Century-Fox) and *Lullaby of Broadway* (Warners) are undistinguished musical films. *Royal Wedding* (M-G-M) can boast of Fred Astaire's superb dance routines—and of little else.

Here are three of a kind—tales of murder and violence: *Cry Danger* (RKO-Radio), *Lightning Strikes Twice* (Warners), and *The Scarf* (United Artists).

Verse

Atom

Precocious child, among your little friends,
You are a man with a full man's estate—
The right to judge and be judged, and with power
To make your judgments felt. You have your law.
You have your justice and your little codes,
Most of them good. You even have your God,
Created in your image, drawn from life,
And growing as you grow—a growing God
Whose attributes are your best latest dreams,
Your last explorings in humanity.

So God is good and God is love itself.
Your highest thoughts have gone to make Him so,
While you are left behind. Your God has gone
A thousand years ahead. Well, little man,
You learn so fast, you play the man so well,
Your God Himself may well have been deceived;
But you are not. You often are afraid . . .
Of growing up . . . responsibility . . .
It came so soon . . . a million years or so
Is scarcely time enough to make a man!

DONALD MANKER

History

from zygote to ash
from quasi-reality to Lethean obscurity
is being
    The somnambulant living
    sighlessly returning to bed

ROBERT EPP

Golden Tranquility
1951

Golden tranquility, calm and sustain us,
  Spirit-breathed boon of our crucified Lord!
Gird and restore us, endue us for service,
  May we be ever with thee in accord.

Though we are stumbling in storm and in darkness,
  Blackouts can nevermore darken one star!
Golden tranquility, Jesus' bequeathal,
  Waft us thy blessing from heaven afar!

FRIEDA MARTINI BUCHEN

Amaze

I did not hope to find Him fair
  Or worth the homage asked of me.
I came from duty or from fear
  To bend a careless knee.

I guessed Him dull with solemn laws;
  I did not think to find
A strength, a joy, a grace, a light
  To strike me dumb and blind.

FRANCES SWARBRICK

Give Us This Day

Black melts in grey, and
Ambitious fingers of stone
Reach
    for the morning sky,
the promise of yesterday's tomorrow.

The City sleeps,
While, unnoticed, a veil of light
Covers
    this image of man
with the virginal purity of day.

Smoke scrapes the sky;
A horn, a car, a rumbling truck
Swallow
    the Silence of God
in the noises of men.

RAY SCOLARE

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

THERE is, as our readers will undoubtedly recognize, something rather incongruous in the CRESSET's attempting to discuss recreation and athletics. We had an athlete on our staff once, several years ago. We still remember him as we saw him last—walking slowly out through the smoke of an editorial meeting, choking and gasping his way into the sunset. Last we heard of him he was selling machinery and suffering from various internal ailments.

Our feature writers this month are all fine, clean-living types. Dr. Koepke is a former star basketball player whose athletic activities, at the moment, have degenerated to a matter of running from the vestry to the church door to greet worshippers after the morning service. On warm days, the run slows to a walk.

Miss Bosse, one of the ornaments of our otherwise drab editorial office, will be Mrs. Walter Bauer within days after her article appears in print. Mr. Bauer is a student at Concordia Theological Seminary who, we suspect, is going to be a hard man to sell on any ideas of bicycling through anywhere.

Mel Doering is a soft-spoken Missouri type with a spectator interest in sports and a broad background in small-town and college journalism. His article is the result of painstaking research, nine-tenths of which was self-contradictory.

Several irate readers have written wanting to know why they are receiving the CRESSET rolled. For their comfort, we might say that inquiries are afoot. The editors, meanwhile, have been humbled by the realization that none of their world-shattering prose has brought as much of a reaction as has this departure from previous ways of wrapping the magazine.

Incidentally, don't send any more irate letters to the Walther League. As of May 1, the League is an innocent although friendly bystander. All correspondence should now be directed to the CRESSET, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. The same address is now geared to process any number of new subscriptions, also.