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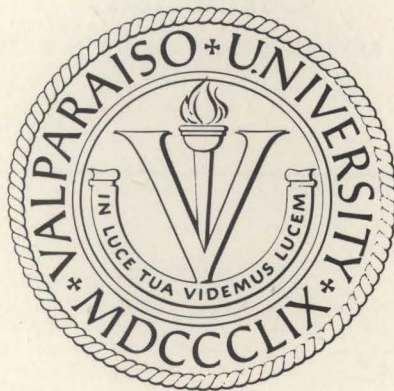


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The
Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



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APRIL, 1958

The
Cresset

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Cresset

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

A Tragic Figure

It is rather hard to figure out how President Eisenhower could have spent almost a life-time in the army without learning the first rule of army life: get out of the game while you are ahead. But quite obviously he didn't learn it, and the price he must pay is the sacrifice of a place in history and legend which would undoubtedly have been his if he had retired at the end of his first term.

We do not know what prompted Mr. Eisenhower to seek a second term which could not have added anything to the lustre of his reputation and which, as he must have known, was almost certain to press his luck too far. We suspect that Mr. Eisenhower was motivated by the sense of duty of an old soldier, coupled with a sober and realistic appreciation of the fact that, at this moment in history, he is the only American whose devotion to the cause of world peace is universally conceded abroad.

It is obvious now that the President is a tired old man whose physical energies are unequal to the demands of his office. But — and this is the point that we want to emphasize — this tired old man is the best man we have. In a time of unseemly panic, he has kept his head. In an atmosphere of expedient ethics, he has stood by principle. He could have won cheap applause by throwing a few defense department officials to the calamity-howlers who wanted blood last fall when the Sputniks were beeping their way around the world. He could make things a lot easier for himself right now if he would crucify Mr. Benson or recommend heavy federal spending at the first sign of a business readjustment. Or he could just resign and read the tributes to his "patriotism" and "devotion to the public welfare" which would flood the newspapers.

We are not, and never have been, fanatical "I like Ike" enthusiasts. But it seems to us that the President has shown more real greatness in this tragic second term than he did in his first term. And it seems to us,

also, that the tragedy of the second term has been not so much the tragedy of the President as the tragedy of a country which has lost faith in itself and of political leaders of both parties who are apparently willing to capitalize on this loss of faith for cheap partisan purposes.

There was a time when we thought that that wall motto, "If you can keep your head when all about you men are losing theirs, you're just not up on the situation," was meant to be a joke. The kind of criticism Mr. Eisenhower has been getting lately makes us wonder. Is the President a Nero who fiddles while Rome burns, or might he just possibly be a wise old lemming who doesn't care to join in the race to the sea?

Give-Away or Investment?

Any discussion of the foreign-aid program must begin with the admission that a considerable amount of money allocated for foreign aid has been foolishly spent and that auditing controls over its expenditure have been so sloppy as to constitute something close to criminal negligence. In our judgment, these aspects of the program have been exaggerated by the opponents of foreign aid but it will do no good to pretend that the criticisms are without foundation in fact. Instead, those of us who strongly favor foreign aid ought to be among the most vociferous critics of the way it has been administered.

Arguments over the administration of the program do not, however, dispose of the moral question that is posed to a people wealthy beyond all imagining who find themselves surrounded by millions who, quite literally, would be glad to fill their bellies with the husks that fall from our tables. Either we help these people, or they don't get helped. And whether, in their despair, they turn to Communism or not is quite beside the question. Much more to the point is what will happen to us if we give the hungry no bread and the naked no clothing and the thirsty no drink.

We sympathize with the practical politician's neces-

sity of having to defend foreign aid on grounds of national self-interest and on strictly economic or strategic grounds we think that his arguments are sound. But there are sounder arguments, arguments which go to the very heart of the question of man's duty to man. If it is a wicked and evil thing for John Smith to eat steak while his brother, James, starves to death, is it any less evil for 170 million John Smiths to eat steak while their brothers in Asia and Africa and South America starve to death? If it bothers our conscience to pass by the blind beggar on our streets, should we be any less sensitive to the importunate hands that reach out to us from every corner of the world?

Thomas Jefferson, in commenting on slavery, said that he trembled for his country when he reflected that there is a just God in heaven. The American who realizes that a just God is looking down upon the vast extremes of wealth and poverty in our world may well tremble for his country, also. For whatever wealth we have we hold in stewardship from Him. It is *not* ours to do with as we please. It is not even ours to soak into fine churches and model schools.

We hear much about the new piety which is supposed to be one of the distinguishing marks of post-war America. It will be interesting to see how this new piety makes out against the old selfishness which still masquerades as prudence and thrift and common sense. But please, can we refuse without going into that walrus-and-carpenter bit about how it pains us to refuse?

Brief Survey of Religion

The following paragraphs are the leads of stories which appeared on the religion page of *The Chicago Daily News*, Saturday, February 22. Question to theologians: are these stories representative of what churches are actually doing? Question to religious journalists: If not, why not?

"Many churches make it too easy for people to call themselves Christian, according to a Baptist leader."

"A Cana Conference series on '... This Thing Called Love' starts tomorrow in 14 Roman Catholic churches in Chicago and suburbs."

"Methodist ministers and laymen will meet on the South Side Monday for a 'how-to-do-it' workshop on social concerns."

"Dr. Wally White, pastor of the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle, will speak in favor of a Billy Graham crusade here, in a program at 7:15 p.m. tomorrow in the tabernacle at Clark and Halsted."

"Robert J. Moon, associate professor of physics at the University of Chicago, will speak at the monthly Union Ministers Meeting at 10:25 a.m. Monday in the Chicago Temple, 77 W. Washington blvd."

"Nearly 400 persons are expected to attend the seventh annual Officer Training Institute at 3 p.m. tomorrow in Northminster Presbyterian Church, Evanston."

"New Book Explains Jewish Beliefs, Rites" (Headline)

"Archbishop Khoren Paroyian, Armenian prelate of Lebanon, is in Chicago this weekend after a nationwide tour to accept jurisdiction of the American Diocese of the Armenian National Apostolic Church."

"Dr. Donald Ebright, missionary to India and University of Chicago divinity school lecturer, will preach at the 9:30 and 11 a.m. services tomorrow in Covenant Methodist Church, 2525 Harvey, Evanston."

"The purchase of camp property for use by family groups will be recommended at next Thursday's annual meeting of the Lutheran Council of Greater Chicago, according to Clifford B. Dahlin, executive director."

Statistics Do Not Determine Morals

There will undoubtedly be a big to-do next month when the newest report of the Institute for Sex Research will be published under the title, *Pregnancy, Birth, and Abortion*. We have seen the summary of the report in *McCall's Magazine* and we have seen newspaper articles based upon the *McCall's* summary and it is obvious that there is going to be a great deal of misinformation spread abroad as journalists try to make headlines out of a scientific report which is much more cautious in its conclusions than the headlines would lead one to suppose.

The two most important findings of this report are 1) that the incidence of pregnancy outside of marriage is considerably greater than had previously been supposed, and growing; and 2) that the termination of pregnancies by induced abortion is far more common than had been thought.

The first of these conclusions will probably produce a reaction of shocked disbelief which, as in the past, will lead to attempts to argue it away by questioning the Institute's research techniques. As far as we can tell, the techniques employed by the Institute's investigators are sound within the limitations which the report itself expressly notes. The statistical sample (5293 women) would seem to be large enough to warrant the conclusions that are arrived at. An analysis of the sample confirms, at least in our judgment, the Institute's contention that it is a representative sample of the limited group under investigation. This group consists of younger white women of the upper twenty percent of the population in terms of education and social standing, living in large or small cities. In this group, one out of a thousand had become pregnant out of wedlock by the age of 15; fourteen out of a thousand by the age of 18; 33 out of a thousand by 20; 75 out of a thousand by 25; and 100 out of a thousand who were in their thirties or forties. These figures lead to the conclusion that of all of the American girls and women alive today, about 8,200,000 have been or will be pregnant before marriage. Judging by other studies which

indicate that about one woman in every five who has pre-marital sex experience becomes pregnant, it would appear that more than forty million American girls and women have had, or will have, pre-marital sex experience.

More surprising is the second conclusion of the report: that 89 percent of pregnancies outside marriage end in induced abortions, an indeterminable number of which are performed by doctors of medicine despite the fact that the practice is forbidden by the laws of every state and by medical ethics, except in cases of overriding medical necessity, such as saving the prospective mother's life. Morally, at least, these unauthorized abortions constitute murder, however that ugly word may be disguised under this or that legal euphemism.

What some of us have objected to in the past is that the Institute's findings have often been stated in such a way as to suggest that its conclusions might be taken as some sort of statement of the velocity of moral winds to which society ought to temper the shorn lambs of its institutions and laws. With any such suggestion we must, of course, strongly disagree. If it actually is true that some forty million American girls and women have had, or will have, pre-marital sex experience this does not mean that the Sixth Commandment has been voted off the books but simply that forty million souls have exposed themselves to its awful sanctions. And if induced abortion is becoming the almost universal solution to the problem of unwanted pregnancies that does not mean that we should give legal approval to medically unnecessary abortions. As far as we can tell, the report simply gives statistical support to a suspicion, already fairly wide-spread among pastors and teachers and youth workers and sociologists, that the moral foundations of our society can not long survive the disintegration of the religious bedrock upon which they were founded.

Corruption is Bi-Partisan

When the opposition is in power, their bad eggs are guilty of corruption, influence-peddling, and chiseling. When our party is in power, some of our boys make mistakes in judgment which seriously impair their usefulness in whatever office they happen to have abused. The big difference is that the opposition loads the government with cheap tinhorn politicians who have no ethics at all while our boys are just too innocent to realize that the application of ordinary business ethics to public administration is likely to arouse comment among folks who don't understand how business operates.

Well, anyway, the ordinary citizen has now had a chance to see how both sides operate and he may be led to suspect that in practice, as well as policy, there is little to choose between in our major parties. For a while it was thought that the Republicans might have shown a little more finesse in their shenanigans, but it

hasn't turned out that way. Bums are pretty much the same the world over and the similarities are most noticeable when they are squirming in front of a congressional committee.

But now let's look for a minute at the other side of the coin. We do not know how many certified grifters were eventually poked up from under the rocks during the Truman administrations, but certainly they constituted no more than a handful of the thousands of faithful and competent public servants, elected and appointed, who served during the Truman years. And yet the country was given the impression that the administration was literally honeycombed with corruption. Today the shoe is on the other foot, and we see the whole dreary business in process of repetition. By 1960 it is likely that President Eisenhower will have been given a tar-brush treatment that will make him look like a reincarnation of the late Ulysses S. Grant. We yelled foul when Mr. Truman was being given the works, and we are going to yell foul if anything along the same line happens to Mr. Eisenhower.

We are not trying to spread sweetness and light, nor are we particularly alarmed when a politician gets hurt in the rough game of politics. But free government rests upon respect and confidence in public officials and the man who contributes to an already wide-spread cynicism about the integrity of our public officials is as much a menace to free government as is the occasional public servant who violates his trust. Corruption, we know beyond all doubt, is bi-partisan. But it is even more important for us to remember that good, honest, and competent government is also bi-partisan.

The Great Debate

Occasionally we are oppressed by the thought that when civilization goes up in a cloud of radioactive dust it is possible that all will survive in the way of a documentary record of these years might be a bundle of old CRESSETs which nobody considered important enough to tuck away in the super-safe underground storage vaults which will serve as incinerators for all of the important documents and people. The thought, as we have said, oppresses us because it requires us not only to take notice of what we think is important but also to record what our contemporaries are steamed up about in these early years of the Space Era.

It is in deference to this duty that we record for the information of the curious 23rd Century Bantu archaeologist that, while the more thoughtful members of our society were pondering the possible significance of the four man-made moons that had only recently been set into orbit around our unstable planet, a considerably larger number of us were involved in a heated debate over certain disturbing trends in women's apparel which seem to strike at the foundations of some of our most hallowed institutions.

By way of background, our archaeologist friend needs to know that it has been the custom among us for years not to describe our women in terms of inner faults or virtues or even in terms of any external manifestations of inner health and grace. Rather, we have distilled their essences in statistics; specifically, the circumference, in inches, of the bosom, the waist, and the hips. And for years our women have been cooperative, dressing in such a way as to make it a reasonably simple job for the experienced observer to estimate these measurements.

Meanwhile, there has existed among us a small but resolute underground that has insisted that the essence of womankind is not to be deduced from statistics but from the physiognomy of the kneecap. The more reasonable elements in this minority have been content with the ample opportunities which are presented to them every summer to observe the kneecap in, as it were, its natural setting. But a small group of purists has maintained that the kneecap could be properly observed and understood only as it is more or less accidentally exposed.

It would appear that the purists among this kneecap minority have, this year, achieved the revolution which they have plotted so long. For reasons which are still obscure, our women have adopted a style of dress representing modifications of an Ideal Type known as the sack. As the name suggests, the sack is designed to give the impression that the female form is that of a bell from which the neck and head project upward and the two nether limbs hang downward like twin clappers. In its most extreme form, the sack defeats the efforts of even the most veteran observer to estimate the critical measurements. But by the same token it allows the kneecap man such opportunity as he has not enjoyed in almost a score of years to observe the accidentally exposed kneecap.

The debate which is being carried on among us just now with such acrimony is over the question of whether this new style represents a profound cultural revolution or whether it may be only a feminine caprice, as soon ended as begun. Your reporter takes no sides, being able to see much merit in the positions of both factions. But when you write your history of our times, will you note, if only in small type at the bottom of the page, that there were some of us in these mad days who thought the whole argument was pretty ruddy silly?

The Kohler Strike

We have long since given up trying to figure out

who is right and who is wrong in the Kohler strike. But we think that it is about time for someone to take strong and effective action to stop the flow of venom that is oozing out of Sheboygan to poison the whole body of labor relations not only at the Kohler plant but in the country at large. And the very fact that there seems to be no outside agency empowered to take such action points up a weakness in the machinery that has been set up to deal with labor-management relations.

The bitterness that has been generated by this strike has set citizen against citizen, relative against relative, and class against class. Men of good will who have attempted to arbitrate the strike have given up in disgust at the intransigence of both sides. And the strike goes on with no sign that either side is willing to listen to reason.

Here, it seems to us, is a clear-cut example of the need for some sort of compulsory arbitration, binding upon both parties, for a strike of this nature can not conceivably be considered a purely private dispute. The bitterness which it has engendered has destroyed the morale of a community for a generation to come and it poisons the whole atmosphere of labor relations in our country. It is a reversion to the law of the jungle. We hope that the hearings in Congress on this strike will result in legislation which will make it impossible for such a disgraceful thing ever again to happen in a country which prides itself on the rule of law.

Mission Accomplished

We like to end this section on a positive note. It is a long way from Sheboygan to Scott Station, Antarctica, even farther in spirit than it is in miles. For if Sheboygan shows us how close man still is to the beast, Scott Station reminds us that man has also something of the divine in him.

On March 2, Dr. Vivian E. Fuchs and a party of scientists reached Scott Station after a 99-day journey across Antarctica from Shackleton Station. The trip was, as TIME put it, the "last great land journey left to the earth's explorers." Practical men may ask what the value of the trip was and there are some practical answers that can be given. But the significance of such a trip goes far beyond the practical. It touches the question of the nature of man — man who is not only an eating and reproducing animal but a questioning and adventuring creature committed to his ancient assignment to subdue the earth and have dominion over it. To Dr. Fuchs and his men, our thanks for reminding us that there is more in man than mere economics.

AD LIB.

Lemmings on Wheels

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN



A phenomenon that most persons find very strange and fascinating is the migration of the lemmings to the sea. These European rodents, particularly in the Arctic areas, get a strange urge at intervals and all of them move together to the sea and destruction. Why do they do it? What comes over them that makes all of them go at one time?

The migrations of the lemmings have interested scientists and laymen alike for ages. It might not be so mysterious and strange to them if they realized that one can witness a similar phenomenon in America on almost any Sunday afternoon in Spring and Summer. In America this phenomenon is known as "going for a ride."

While there are obvious differences between the march of the lemmings and the short trips of the motorists, there are also some interesting and unexplained similarities. True, even with the appalling death rate on our highways, most motorists are not heading blindly for destruction. But why do so many persons drive on the highways on Sundays during the warm season? What comes over them that makes them all go at one time?

It is my guess that more persons are motoring on Sunday afternoon than attended church that morning. And I would suppose that there are more out driving than ever voted in any election. From my observations of this phenomenon, I would say everyone is out except for those working in filling stations, drive-ins, or roadside stands.

I can remember far enough back to when persons took a walk on Sunday afternoons. Some took pleasantly aimless walks; others walked out to the cemetery or down to the river. These walks were healthful and they brought man closer to nature. But soon the Sunday afternoon ride took over and few have walked since.

A number of years ago, a Sunday ride was more of an adventure. For one thing, the driver was never sure the car would make it and every completed trip was an achievement. The owners of the model-T, however, never had this worry since almost anything on that car could be repaired by a judicious kick or a piece of baling wire. Cars were so few then that one never worried about a collision. Of course the roads were not too good, and many, at least in our part of the state, were not paved. But the roads had a look of adventure about them and tree-shaded roads, wide enough only for one

car, were particularly inviting to the motorist.

What was then a pleasure has since become a habit. Today's car is not going to break down on a short trip. If it does, only a skilled mechanic can fix it. Even minor collisions are a matter of concern, for the average cost of repair, it seems, is \$49 for a man with \$50 deductible insurance and \$99 for a man with \$100 deductible.

Gone are the mysterious roads and one must even look hard for trees. So many motorists are out that a Sunday drive is far from relaxing and the healthful aspects of travel are almost completely gone since exhaust fumes have taken the place of fresh air. The drive is ended with the riders and especially the driver feeling worse than at the start of the trip. But even knowing these things does not keep anyone from getting back on the highway the following Sunday.

Years ago a Sunday drive meant a trip of 10 to 20 miles. Now in the Midwest the drive is more likely to cover 50 to 100 miles and in the West 100 to 200 miles. The driver no longer has a destination in mind when he starts out; he is just satisfying — as apparently do the lemmings — an urge to go. Before long he has exhausted all of the routes in his area and he must go farther afield to avoid repetitious trips.

To be sure, many people want to ride out into the country on the Sundays in early Spring just for a feeling of release from the confinement of Winter. A few on any Sunday are actually going somewhere, though the odds of finding anyone at home when they get there are slim. Some are in search of new scenery. But by and large, the majority is just out riding. One of the reasons that areas visited by destruction — floods, hurricanes, or fires — are so jammed on Sunday afternoons is that at last the motorist has an excuse to drive to a particular place. Some drivers can find an excuse for their trips, but most, if asked why they are out, would say that everyone else is doing it so they are, too.

It is still a mystery to me why everyone wants to be out at one time riding aimlessly around the country at a high rate of speed. And it is not going to get better, but worse. As in the case of the lemming migrations, no one has a good explanation for the Sunday drive phenomenon. I am not going to worry about it. At the moment, I'm hoping it is fair on Sunday because I would like to take a quick trip out to the country and see if the tulips are coming up.

A Glance Down Russia's Streets

By PAUL SIMON

Illinois State Representative, 53rd District

and

Editor, The Troy Tribune

There are at the present time two great nations in the world, which started from different points, but seem to tend towards the same end. I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly placed themselves in the front rank among the nations, and the world learned of their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

All other nations seem to have reached their natural limits, and they have only to maintain their power, but these are still in the act of growth. All the others have stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these alone are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived. The American struggles against the obstacles that nature opposes to him; the adversaries of the Russian are men. The former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its arms. The conquests of the American are therefore gained by the plowshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centers all the authority in society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe. — Alexis de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America*, 1835.

You don't visit Russia for not quite one week and become an expert on the country.

I mention that at the beginning of this article because what I am giving you is not an expert's view of Russia. The editor of the *Cresset* has suggested that you might be interested in a visitor's impressions. That is exactly what this is: a visitor's impressions.

The trip was taken with a group of twelve state legislators from different sections of the United States. We went across North Africa, through the Middle East and across Europe; while we were in Europe we had the chance to visit several Communist countries including Russia.

Here are some conclusions which most of our group would agree to:

We saw more progress in the areas of science and heavy industry than we expected to see.

I suppose it is part of the perversity of human nature that we think "we" (whether a race or denomination or nation) are somehow by nature superior to everyone else. We confuse being better off with being better. I can remember when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor; after my initial disbelief my reaction was, "In one month that will be over." There is always a tendency to read and believe what is good about ourselves and what is bad about someone else.

So the advances we saw in Russian science and heavy industry were a bit of a jolt to us — just as sputnik was a jolt to the nation.

We were in Russia between the launching of the first sputnik and the launching of the second sputnik.

They were very proud of their sputnik, as they had a right to be. But there were many other evidences of scientific progress which likewise hit us. We were all laymen in the area of science and perhaps we were too easily impressed — but we were impressed.

We saw much of the same in the area of heavy industry. One of the members of our group, Senator J. I. Whalley, Windber, Pennsylvania, owns a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and we saw coal mining machinery in operation, machinery which is fully as modern as anything we have in the United States.

Our comfortable little world was shattered by what we saw in the areas of science and heavy industry. Their man-hour production level is undoubtedly still far behind ours, but they are making progress rapidly. The gap is being closed.

While great progress has been made in the areas of science and heavy industry, there has been shockingly little government emphasis on consumer production.

This results in real sacrifices, government-imposed, on the people.

While the standard of living of the people in Russia has risen somewhat, that rise is not comparable to that in West Germany, France or other free nations. You see evidence of this as you walk down the street and ride through the cities and countryside.

The average Russian still has a very low standard of living. You see it in his clothing; you see it in the shoes he wears on a cold day; you see it in the homes in which he lives — when you get away from the show-piece apartment buildings being erected.

The Moscow airport is about thirty miles from the city, and I recall particularly the day we left. It was

a bitterly cold day. There were occasional snow flurries and you could see the breath in front of you as you talked. In driving to the airport we went past several small villages. The homes were log homes for the most part; we didn't see smoke coming from a single chimney. On this day which was extremely cold for us, the people living in those homes evidently could not afford to use fuel.

We saw other evidences of a not too prosperous life for the "man on the street." There was the line more than a block long in the state-operated GUM store. When I went to the front of the line I saw that they were standing in line to buy sheets.

Many little incidents could be cited which illustrate the same truth.

There is a real fear of ideas; this is expressed in what they keep out of the country and what they give to their people.

Usually when you go through customs in a country they ask you if you have any cigarettes or whiskey or that type of thing.

Going through customs in Russia is a very different experience.

Our plane landed at Lvov, on the way from Yugoslavia to Moscow, and at Lvov we went through customs. The officials went through our luggage with a fine-tooth comb, examining every piece of paper we had in our suitcases. Rep. and Mrs. Robert Carson of Independence, Iowa, had some dishes, purchased along the trip, wrapped in old newspapers. The customs officials took the newspapers off the dishes and into another room; there they examined the papers for about fifteen minutes, and then brought the old newspapers back.

This was an extreme example of the type of thing we saw again and again.

The other side of this same coin is that almost everything — to a degree completely unknown to us — is centered in the Communist ideology.

In your hotel there are the big pictures of Stalin and Lenin. When they show you the beautiful Moscow subways (apparently the first thing they show every visitor), you see the statues of Communist heroes, as well as paintings, mosaics, and even stained glass windows, all with the same monotonous motif.

In this connection a sidelight occurred when we were looking at mosaic which showed the history of Communism. Rep. John Pickett of Cedartown, Georgia, asked the guide, "Who is that?" pointing to the recently deposed Foreign Minister Molotov.

"That is Molotov," replied our guide.

"What position does he hold?" Pickett asked.

"He is the former foreign minister and now the ambassador to Outer Mongolia."

"Isn't that kind of a let-down, to be foreign minister and then given a post like that?" Pickett asked.

Without hesitation our guide replied, "Not at all.

The position of ambassador to Outer Mongolia is very important."

It was one more illustration of a thing we saw repeatedly, that nothing critical of the government is permitted; our guides followed the Communist line without deviation.

A visit to the opera is another illustration of the Communist line dominating everything. The famous center of cultural attractions of this type is the Bolshoi theater, built in the days before the 1917 revolution. Above the stage of the theater is a picture of Lenin. On the curtain is a decoration of the famous hammer and sickle; other Communist symbols are seen around the hall. The English libretto for the program shows how the life of the author fits into the Communist pattern.

Newspapers, books, movies, and all of their cultural and social life are at least nominally centered around Communism.

No visitor can visit Russia without coming away with the feeling that the anti-religion campaign by the Communists has had much effect.

I have written an article for another magazine on this subject, but two facts will illustrate the point here.

First, the twelve of us who were traveling together didn't meet a single person in Russia who would admit to a belief in God. This must be qualified by the fact that our contacts were very limited and that people who talked to us talked through government-supplied interpreters.

Secondly, in the city of Moscow, with a population of between five and seven million, there are only forty churches open — and that figure may be high.

"De-Stalinization" was over-played in our press and was much less of a fact than we were led to believe.

When you land at the airport in Moscow and see the big statue of Stalin it surprises you a little, after reading so much about de-Stalinization. Everywhere you go you see pictures and statues of Stalin — more of Stalin than all of the other Red heroes combined.

As our guides explained it, Khrushchev merely pointed out that Stalin was a human being and made some mistakes, as any human being will, but that he is still regarded as a great hero by the Russian people and leaders.

What has happened under de-Stalinization is that there has been less of the most crude and harsh secret police activity. This is appreciated by the Soviet people. But de-Stalinization has not meant that Stalin is now regarded as "dirt."

Another evidence of this can be seen any day in Moscow's Red Square. There people line up to view the bodies of Lenin and Stalin which are still on display. The line is at least four blocks long every day. And when you stand in a slow-moving line out in the open in Moscow you are standing in the cold.

A sidelight to this is that our guides, who were always

most helpful to us, but who had visited the tomb probably hundreds of times, cried as they went past the bodies. Perhaps it was sincere, but some felt that perhaps this was one more way of indicating to any observer that they were with the party all the way.

I hope I won't be accused of being macabre if I add a word here about this particular procedure of viewing the bodies.

Foreign guests are taken to the head of the line before it begins to move in the morning. You go to a point in Red Square about two city blocks from the tomb itself. Then the line begins a very slow movement, led by a Russian soldier. The line moves in a sort of semi-circle in Red Square toward the tomb. You are advised in advance that strict silence is to be observed. When you get to the opening of the tomb itself, specially grey-clad soldiers meet you and conduct the line through the tomb.

You go down some stairs into the area that has a funeral air and go past the two bodies. You walk slowly, within three or four feet of each body. Lenin's features are a bit waxen (he has been dead thirty-four years). The ends of his fingers on one hand are starting to turn black and his fingers are turned under his hand on the other arm. Stalin, who died in 1953, looks as if he died yesterday. Details down to skin wrinkles and whiskers are so perfect that there can be no question but that Stalin is the genuine product. Lenin probably is also, although some question this.

But all of this again shows that in the Communist ideology, Stalin is not dead.

The Russians are proud of their educational system.

No American can visit Moscow University without being impressed. Figures which the Soviets give on the rate they are reducing illiteracy are also impressive, and there is considerable evidence to substantiate their claimed statistics.

The progress that has been made in education is a remarkable feat when you consider that Russia is a land mass three times bigger than the United States made up of all types of minority groups which speak some 125 languages. For the most part these people have been backward in modern cultural accomplishments. Great strides are being made to eliminate illiteracy despite all of these barriers.

The basic system in the Russian-speaking areas is a 10-year school setup roughly equivalent to our 12-year system. They claim to give thirty-two more hours of schooling in their ten-year program than we have in our twelve-year program. (Statistics quoted in this section are their figures. I have no way of judging their accuracy.)

Attending schools in shifts is a common thing, the majority of students in both the lower and higher levels doing this. In most cases the lower grades attend in the morning, the upper in the afternoons. They claim

to have smaller classroom loads in the lower grades than we do.

There also appears to be more emphasis on science and engineering in their curriculum. They claim to have graduated twice as many engineers last year as the United States. A United States publication, *Science Digest*, states that the Russians outnumber us in people with doctorates in the field of science by about a five to four ratio.

The educational system reflects the impressive role women play in many activities in Russia, from the hard, physical labor (women run bull dozers, work on highway construction) to the more highly technical fields of responsibility. More than half of the medical students are women and approximately one-third of the students in the fields of engineering and science are women.

In two areas especially I thought we could profit from what we learned:

First, the Russian student who has the mental and scholastic ability goes to college free and in many cases receives a state subsidy for attending. Unquestionably, in the United States there are many students who have the mental and scholastic ability, but don't have the financial ability to go to college.

Secondly, visiting Moscow University we were amazed at the number of foreign students who were walking in the corridors and attending classes. Our guide told us that from China alone there are over 500 students attending Moscow University. A walk through the halls of Moscow University gives you the impression that the Russians are going all-out to woo the future leadership of Asia and Africa. You leave the university with the feeling that we should do much more in this respect.

Any United States policy premised on the hope that there will be a revolution in the U.S.S.R. is based more on wishful thinking than on reality.

You have to realize that while the Communist government has been ruthless and cruel to the people by our standards, this is the only government they have known for forty years. During these forty years there has been opposition, but those who opposed the government — or were suspected of opposing the government — were killed. It is hard for us to conceive of this, but it resulted in the death of literally over a million people. This is not the type of thing which encourages opposition.

The second factor which you must consider is that the Russian people have never known good government. Prior to the Communist regime they had the czars, and the czars were probably an even worse government than the one they have now, difficult as that is to imagine.

And there are other factors.

One of the strongest is the nationalism that exists in any nation. Now, for the first time, Russia is con-

sidered one of the two great powers of the world. The Communist government claims responsibility for this. And things like the first missile into outer space tend to confirm the hopes that so many nourish that their motherland might some day become the greatest nation on the face of the globe.

The efficiency of the Communist party system is another thing which militates strongly against any revolution. The Communists have cells in each army unit and in any other potential area of strength. Those who expected a revolution when the head of the army, General Zhukov, was deposed recently, simply did not realize the strong hold the Communist party has over the army and everything else.

Prior to taking this trip I was always impressed by the statement that "only four per cent of the population is Communist."

I didn't realize that you become a Communist only by invitation. When you once achieve party membership you are entitled to better housing, a better job, a better wage level, and you are given other amenities that make membership in the party a most desirable thing from the economic and social viewpoint. So there is a constant struggle to try to prove to whoever does the selecting that you are part of that cream of the crop that deserves to be given party membership. How many who belong to the party actually believe in it, no one knows. How many who are not members of the party actually believe in the principles of the party is another unknown figure. But to conclude that only four per cent of the population has Communist sympathies is probably a far cry from reality.

This also clarifies a bit why the Russians know so little about the outside world. Not only is their press completely controlled, but those few people who visit the outside world are almost always Communists and have a vested interest in maintaining their own status quo.

So the seeds of revolution hardly will be sown by those who have had the opportunity of visiting other countries.

There is a great stress on things military.

You see soldiers everywhere.

You also see women doing a great deal of physical work that men do in the United States. When you ask about this it becomes clear there are two reasons. First, the Russian man-hour production rate is behind ours; secondly, they have a much higher percentage of their male population in the armed forces than we do.

We saw many other evidences of a stress on the military. We happened to be in Moscow just prior to their 40th anniversary celebration of "the Revolution." Our hotel was on Red Square and one night around midnight we saw large tanks go by four abreast, for almost thirty minutes. They were practicing for their big parade. We also saw one formation of jet fighters and bombers, more than 100 planes in one formation

— something I hadn't seen prior to my Russian visit and something I haven't seen since.

When our group was in Paris we visited NATO headquarters and were given a very elementary briefing. Among other things we were told that the Russians today have over 500 submarines. This figure in itself may not be too impressive, but then you consider that Hitler had only forty-three submarines in 1939 and gave Europe and Great Britain an exceedingly hard time — and he did not have the extensive bases that Russia has today.

I am in no sense a military expert. But I saw enough emphasis on the military in Russia to disturb me. This, plus their emphasis on heavy industry, which is readily convertible to armament production, left me with the distinct impression that it would be a gross error on the part of the free world to weaken itself militarily unless both sides of the cold war do it.

Things that are true of Russia are not necessarily true of the satellites.

The tendency to lump Russia and the satellites into one basket is not justified. In none of the satellites which we visited did the Soviets have the kind of control they have in Russia. Bulgaria and Albania, two countries we did not visit, are, I understand, the nearest thing to Soviet territory itself. In the other countries the Soviet grip is real, but not all-powerful.

The most dramatic example of this is Poland where you see no Communist slogans, you do not see the statues and pictures of Lenin and Stalin at every conceivable location, and you have a religious and political freedom which is almost unbelievable. The American embassy admits that to their knowledge there are no political prisoners in Poland. The Polish people talk openly and freely with American visitors and the admiration and affection they have for the United States is clear. Poland has very severe economic problems and by the time this is published the situation could be changed, but even if the worst happens — which in my opinion would be for the United States to turn down their request for economic aid and for the Soviets to supply their needs — the Polish people will not tolerate the restrictions to their freedom the Russian people have accepted. In talking with government leaders in Poland we had the distinct impression that they were doing their best to meet the economic problems they face discarding many of the totally unworkable Communist theories. Considering that Soviet troops are in Poland, the freedom they have and the degree to which there again is private ownership of farm land and even private ownership of small businesses, is nothing short of remarkable. I am sure Russia does not regard Poland as a very secure ally.

Another quick illustration of this same insecurity on the part of the Soviets was supplied to us at the airport at Budapest, Hungary. The attempted overthrow of the Communist government in 1956 was ruth-

lessly suppressed and we sometimes have the impression that the Communists are now complete masters of the situation. To a large extent this is probably true, but at the airport at Budapest where we changed planes we found restrictions more severe than at any other stop we made, including stops in Russia itself. Our plane landed and we were met by a police escort. Among other things we were told that we could take no pictures under any circumstances. We were shepherded into a small room in the airport where we could see nothing and no one. We remained here for the hour until our plane took off again. There was clearly a very deliberate and successful attempt to keep us from having any contact with the people and from seeing anything. We got the impression that this was not the action of a government that was completely on top of the situation.

Many other illustrations could be given. We must not fail to recognize that Russian troops occupy these lands and that the Soviets are doing their best to gain complete control of the situation. But right now they do not have such control; and we must act in such a way as to prevent such control if possible.

There are many other impressions which I could leave with you, but let me add this final word: Moves which encourage more Russians to visit our country and more Americans to visit Russia are most important.

Looking at it from its most negative aspect, if we are to have a war we should be in a position of assessing our enemy realistically. Through the American press

they have an insight into our activities that we cannot have into theirs. American visits to Russia (and study of the Russian language) could be most important strategically if the thing we all fear happens.

Much more important, contacts between the Soviets and the Americans build little strings of understanding between our two countries and between our peoples. If there are enough strings, perhaps a cord of peace can be fashioned, shaky and insecure as it may be, but stronger with every passing year.

People who look for a great, dramatic gesture which will suddenly indicate to the world that we are in an era of peace, I fear are in for a disappointment. First of all, mankind being what it is, we will never know more than the uneasy kind of peace we have today. Secondly, even this shaky structure will continue to stand erect not by any sensational gesture which captures world headlines, but by the many small things which can promote understanding and good will.

If you should ever have the opportunity to travel in Russia I hope you will do it. You will find that they extend courteous treatment to foreign visitors. And perhaps you can understand them a little better.

And if you should be in a position to be the host to a Russian visitor sometime, or be in a position to do anything to promote an exchange of views, I hope you'll seize the opportunity.

You will not regret it.

If we fail to grasp at such opportunities, our world may regret it.

When I look at my sins, they slay me. Therefore I must look upon Christ, who drew my sins upon Himself and has become a blessing. Now they lie no longer on my conscience but on Christ, and they seek to slay Him. Let us see, then, how they get on with Him. They cast Him down and kill Him. O, Lord God, where is now my Christ and my Redeemer? Then God comes and brings Christ forth and makes Him alive, and not only alive, but He sets Him in heaven and lets Him rule over all things. Now where is sin? It is on the gibbet. And when I hold on to this and believe it I have a joyful conscience, like Christ, for I am without sin. Now I dare death, the devil, sin, and hell to do me harm. Inasmuch as I am a descendant of Adam they can harm me; I must shortly die. But now that Christ has laid upon Himself my sin, and has died for it, and been slain for it, they can do me no harm, for Christ is too strong for them.

— Martin Luther, *On the Fruit and Power of the Resurrection of Christ*

Soviet Women

By LEONA W. EISELE

If your address read Moscow instead of Detroit or Minneapolis, a woman would drop *The Cresset* in your mail box. And if you were disappointed that it did not come in the day's first mail, there would be three other deliveries to look forward to. Most of Russia's mailmen are women, and they carry the mail and deliver newspapers four times a day, seven days a week.

There are few kinds of jobs in which one cannot find a Soviet woman, and much of the work she does is in addition to that of wife and mother. What might you be doing if you lived in the Soviet Union?

If you looked something like a gypsy, if you had black curly hair and snapping dark eyes, chances are your nationality is Georgian. And if you lived in that Soviet Republic bordering on Turkey and the Black Sea, you might well be a tea picker. Or you might work in a tea factory.

In the factory all your fellow workers, except the men who move heavy crates of packaged tea, would be women, even the factory director. You might taste tea or classify it according to quality. You might work at an oven in which tea is dried or you might package it.

With brown skin, flat features and an oriental slant to the eyes, you could well claim Uzbekistan as home. With braids hanging to your waist, in brightly colored cretonnes, you could choose to work in Central Asian cotton fields or in the sericulture industry. You might spend your working hours picking cotton or making silk parachutes.

If you were Mrs. Bulganin, you would still do substitute teaching in the Moscow secondary schools. If you were Mrs. Malenkov — and had not accompanied your husband to his new post in far off Central Asia — you would be an electrical engineer, head of an electronics research institute in Moscow. If you were Mrs. Molotov, as the wife of a young politician you would have established a prosperous perfume business.

But perhaps your husband works in a shoe factory, and you sell them in the shoe section of a government owned department store. If so, you will serve as many customers as you can in order to keep the number of clerks as low as possible. You work on a straight commission basis, and the fewer the clerks, the greater the commission which is a fixed percentage of total sales divided among the salesladies.

If you happen to be a potential athlete, you are encouraged to excel in your sport, be it shotput, discus or javelin throwing, skating, track or boat racing. And if you are as accomplished as twenty-one year old Inga Artomanova, speed skating champion, the courtyard of

your apartment may be flooded and frozen to give you a convenient practise area.

If you are physically strong, you may find yourself moving scenery at the Moscow Art Theater or cleaning streets. You may even direct traffic in Kiev, with one of your major goals a successful campaign against jay walking. (You might do much the same sort of thing in Council Bluffs, Iowa, for that matter. There two young women have been added to the police force to ticket parking violations and to provide information to tourists.)

There are always women working on the railroad or helping to build the Leningrad subway. To either of these jobs you might prefer working as a museum guide.

A very young woman with political ambitions, your heroine is Ekaterina Furtseva, the first woman to become a member of the ruling Presidium of the USSR, in July, 1957. Her career in politics began in the early teens when she recruited members for the Komsomol youth organization.

Scholars Well off Materially

Suppose you choose to be a scholar, not a teacher in the elementary or secondary school systems, but at a higher level. The usual terminal university degree, the Candidate degree, is awarded after an average of seven years' study and an acceptable two- to three-hundred page dissertation publicly defended. With this degree you are qualified to teach at the college level.

You will not go from the Candidate degree to the doctor's degree as so many of our young scholars go nonstop from A.B. through M.A. to Ph.D. After you have taught perhaps ten years and have published an authoritative work in your field, then you are qualified for study leading to the doctor's degree.

Your salary is relatively high as a Soviet scholar. At the junior level you receive almost three times as much as a semi-skilled worker, more than twice as much as a secondary school teacher and substantially more than either a doctor or a lawyer. Furthermore, for your writings you receive more than the prestige that comes with publishing in a scholarly journal. The stipend is very nearly that paid to popular novelists and playwrights.

The Ministry of Education leaves little planning to your initiative. From the Ministry comes an outline of your lectures. In teaching literature for example, your major emphasis is on social and political implications — to such an extent that you may need to be reminded occasionally that the artistic form of a work

ought not to be neglected completely.

The Ministry tells each university what subjects to offer and what textbooks to use. The student has no option in selecting courses. There are no free electives.

If you do happen to teach literature, you are one of a very small minority. Only about one in ten students in Soviet higher educational institutions majors in social studies or the humanities. The rest are scientists.

As an incentive to scientific study, there are certain housing and holiday privileges ordinarily reserved for the ruling elite. Salaries in scientific fields are better than those in the legal and medical professions.

Women in the Professions

One of every two of your colleagues in the professional world is a woman. If medicine is your field of special interest, this ratio will be somewhat higher. There are several reasons for this. Among professionals, only school teachers receive less pay than doctors. Furthermore, to become a doctor you need not be a Party member. Very few doctors are, and these are placed for the most part in administrative positions.

If you follow the normal training pattern, after six years in a medical institute, you are assigned to practise in a village. This apprenticeship supplements your internship which totaled four months during your years in medical school.

After three years of village practise, mending broken bones, fighting flu epidemics, perhaps also fighting the chairman of the collective farm over the number of workers you send home for medical reasons when he needs every hand on the farm to bring in the harvest, you may apply for a refresher course and specialized training.

Returning to the city to work in a clinic will not mean better clothes or a larger place to live, but it may reunite you with friends. You're trained to be a doctor. You can't change your profession. Your greatest reward is still the satisfaction that comes of knowing that you have helped where help was needed.

Family Routine

But what happens to your family while you work? There is no supermarket at which you can stop on the way home to pick up frozen foods or TV dinners. You cannot afford to have the laundry done, and you may not even have a washing machine unless you have been lucky enough to win one in a lottery.

Breakfast is never too much of a problem. You brew a pot of tea and put out a loaf of black bread. If you have it — and the time — you may add a chunk of cheese or a piece of salted herring. You have lunch at the office or factory cafeteria where standard fare is cabbage soup with a bit of meat and more black bread. The evening meal is more difficult to provide.

After waiting in a queue of some fifty people at the meat counter, you may find for the fourth day

running that all you can get is a pound of fish. Several hundred other workers have beat you to the last of the milk, but there is bread, and you still have potatoes and half a head of cabbage at home. Several hours after work you arrive at your tiny apartment to wait your turn at the communal kitchen where you cook more cabbage soup with fish and add a few potatoes for variety.

The most fortunate young families are often those which include a grandmother. It is she who runs the house, stands in queues and tends the children.

If grandma is fortunate enough to have a corner to call her own, there will very likely be at least one icon on the wall over her cot. Forty years of state hostility toward religion have not killed her faith. Because there are no Sunday schools and no formal religious education, it is grandma who teaches her grandchildren the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. She may even steal away some afternoon to have the local priest baptize her grandchildren into the Orthodox faith.

But sometimes this family arrangement leads to unexpected difficulties, and now and then these attract Union wide attention, as in the case of the Prochin family. They hit the pages of *Pravda* just in time to avoid the divorce courts.

Valentina's mother, who had lived with them since their marriage, went off on a holiday leaving Valentina and her husband to their own domestic devices for the first time. Crisis piled on crisis. They found that they neither knew how or what to feed the baby. When Mr. Prochin dressed, he was upset to find his socks had holes while his shirts had no buttons.

His wife bristled at his reproaches. She was working hard and long at her factory job. Besides, she wasn't much interested in housework. She knew little about it and cared less about learning more.

The publicity their domestic troubles attracted prevented a divorce. In addition, *Pravda* campaigned for night schools in which young working wives could learn the fundamentals of domestic science so that they could make proper places for themselves — in the home and in the factory.

If you are a working mother, and your infant has no grandmother nearby, a nursery is one solution to your child care planning if you can afford the fee. You may leave the baby on your way to work and pick him up again on the way home. If the nursery is operated by the establishment in which you work, you will be given time off to go and nurse the baby for as long as this is necessary.

Production Incentives

Unless you or your husband do piece work, your income will remain reasonably constant, and your incentive to do your best work will be to win awards to which extra stipends are often attached. A. G. Stak-

hanov, a Donbas miner, originated a speed-up technique in industry, and now workers with a high level of production in any type of work are honored to be named Stakhanovites. On some collective farms, as a matter of fact, even the cows that give the most milk are called Stakhanovites.

One woman won the Order of Lenin for cutting twice as much timber as a team of skilled lumberjacks. Mothers, too, are awarded medals. The Motherhood Medal goes to a woman with five living children. One with seven living receives the Motherhood Glory medal. And a woman with ten living children is a Mother Heroine of the Soviet Union. With each of these awards goes a flat cash grant plus a regular subsidy.

If you chance to be a charwoman, and your husband is a chauffeur, he will earn twice as much as you. If he is a trained technician, his salary will be ten times yours. If he is an army general, you will not work unless you have unusual professional talents, for his income will be twenty times what you then pay your own charwoman. Surprisingly enough, university professors earn twenty-five percent more than generals, but it is the writers, artists and ballerinas who are the highest paid people in the Soviet Union.

Housing Scarce

If you belong to the upper class, you may have housing of a quality which in many countries is considered merely adequate. If you belong to the ruling elite, you will probably have a place in the fashionable Lenin Hills suburban area of Moscow.

If you are just an average family, very nearly half your budget will go for food, but only five percent will be spent on rent and utilities. Rent alone is based on the amount of actual living space you have. You pay so much per square foot. The kitchen, bath and halls are free because these are shared, usually with five or six other families.

With a high birth rate, heavy war damage and the urban population up one hundred percent in the past twenty years, most cities have rather acute housing shortages. A family of four will normally have a one-room apartment, with the communal facilities mentioned above. Many buildings have no baths, and occupants queue for use of public baths.

You need not stand in line for use of the kitchen but only because a schedule has been set up in the house. This means that some weeks you may not get at cooking dinner until nine or ten o'clock. During these weeks, however, your turn at the washtubs may come earlier in the evening.

Approximately ten percent of your income will be spent on clothes. You won't be a fashion plate, even by Russian standards, but you will be adequately dressed. Although nine out of ten American women use cosmetics, this will be of little concern to you for

in many communities "nice women" use no lipstick or nail polish.

Just for Fun

Whether you sweep the streets, pick cotton or attend the sick, you have some time for relaxation. How do you spend it? What do you read?

Probably either *Pravda*, the Party paper, or *Izvestia*, the government paper. If you live in Moscow, for local news, theater schedules and crossword puzzles you turn to *Evening Moscow*. As for foreign newspapers, these are not circulated, except those from satellite countries.

The entire family enjoys the picture magazine, *Ogonek*, Russia's equivalent of *Life*. And just as it's fashionable to be seen with *The Times* under your arm in London, so in Moscow and Leningrad you carry the *Literary Gazette*.

If you teach, you will read the *Teacher's Gazette* twice a week. Similarly there are papers of special interest to each professional group, engineers, the army, navy, etc. Your teenager will be a regular reader of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the youth organization's paper which sets moral and political norms for its members.

If you enjoy satire, colorful *Crocodile* provides food for thought and ridicule. *Crocodile* does not specialize in humor for humor's sake, but its object is rather more in the nature of pointed criticism of politics and economics. For example, in striking out at corruption and graft, one issue carried a sketch of the chairman of a collective farm handing his report to the government inspector. Inside the report are meats, fish, poultry, wine, vegetables. The caption reads, "I will take special note of the contents."

As a youngster you may have read Mark Twain and Jack London in Russian translation. Your adventures in foreign literature now include Dickens, Anatole France, Jules Verne, Romain Rolland, Schiller and Tagore. The State Publishing House is bringing out a "Library of World Literature," and one of the first volumes to intrigue you may be the tragedies of Aeschylus.

You will attempt to work movies, ballet and the theater into your budget. Chekhov's "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard," Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," and Gogol's "Inspector General" are perennial favorites. The Danny Kaye movie version of the "Inspector General" several years ago was a simple travesty on the original. That, together with "The Wistaria Trees," based on "The Cherry Orchard," must have caused Gogol and Chekhov no little wonder in their graves.

Among the more popular contemporary playwrights is Konstantin Simonov, perhaps best known outside Russia for his novel built around the siege of Stalingrad. His "The Russian Question," a satire on Soviet-

American relations, is a hit on every stage in the Soviet Union.

You will listen to the same radio programs every one else in town hears, unless you go down the hall now and then to visit with a neighbor who is fortunate enough to have a short wave set. There if it hasn't been jammed because of its "discordant" tones, you may tune in the Voice of America or the BBC for some jazz or news of the world from the western viewpoint or perhaps a commentary on the latest art exhibition in London.

Otherwise, from the loudspeaker on your wall which is linked to a central radio transmitting office, you hear classical and folk music, editorials from *Pravda*, political speeches and lectures on Leninism, science, industry and agriculture. You pay a nominal monthly rental for this direct wire service.

Every town of any size has at least one Park of Culture and Rest. This provides entertainment for the entire family. In a typical park a clown plays host in the children's village where there are toys to amuse the tiny tots. A merry-go-round, puppet show, ferris wheel, and parachute jumps keep the older children occupied. Teenagers take to an open air dance floor, boating, roller skating or sauntering along wooded paths. Chess games, shooting galleries, artistic, industrial and agricultural exhibits are other forms of diversion.

The circus is an ever popular attraction and shows no signs of dying out in the Soviet Union. Every large city has its own permanent circus. Top performers are graduates of the Moscow State Circus School. As in *Crocodile*, circus humor too has its political implications. More often than not the clowns satirize the bourgeois business man.

Equality of What?

Generalizations are always somewhat misleading. And there are those otherwise courageous folk who would never presume to generalize about women. It is par-

ticularly difficult to do so about a people who speak a hundred different languages and come of diverse cultural and racial backgrounds.

Russian women cannot claim a suffragette among their ranks. They have never felt a need for the Grimke sisters or Lucretia Mott or Bloomer girls. In the earliest folk tales the most famous women are those who fought side by side with their husbands and were often more fearful warriors than their princes.

The Soviet constitution guarantees women an equal right to work with men. This is a right they have had since earliest times, whether they wanted it or not. Even before feudal estates became collective farms women tilled the soil with men. And because they shared in work, they also enjoyed what rights there were to share. All muzhiks, male and female, were equal. None could vote. Few could read or write for that matter.

It was not feminism that the liberals championed but rather the cause of the common masses. When early liberals were shipped off to Siberia after the uprising in 1825, their wives followed them into voluntary exile. Late in the century, one young wife, perhaps more devoted to her husband than to his cause, followed him in and out of jail and exile until, seeing him reform himself rather than his country, she found herself the wife of a recognized university professor in the United States. Still later such women as Vera Figner and Krupskaja, Lenin's wife, played active roles in the revolutionary movement. Such is the heritage of the Soviet woman.

Suppose you exchanged places with that Georgian tea taster. Both of you would be astounded at the readjustments necessary. You like and dislike, hope and fear. But your differing backgrounds and experiences determine the objects of these basic motivations. What you feared in Illinois might be your fondest hope in Georgia. You may find that all you have in common is love for your family and determination to give them the best life can offer.

No one will deny that the corpse of a dead man is a wretched thing. But I possess an understanding higher than the eyes can see, or the senses perceive, which faith teaches me. For there stands the text saying: "He is risen", he is no longer in the grave, and buried under the earth, but He is risen from the dead, and this not for His own sake but for our sake, that His resurrection be made ours so that we too may rise in Him, and not remain in the grave and in death, but that our bodies may celebrate with Him an everlasting Easter Day.

—Martin Luther, *Sermons from the Year 1532*.

Three Faces of Fate

By WALTER SOREL

Drama Editor

Jean Cocteau's "Infernal Machine" received an interesting, though not completely successful, staging at the Phoenix Theatre. But it is a difficult play to present, with its different styles for each act, and it needs the talent and skill of a June Havoc to give its characters coherence. Cocteau was not interested in retelling the story of Oedipus as a gripping drama. He assumes that we know it and for those who have to be reminded of it, he has a narrator tell of the events in each act in advance. As did the dramatists for the ancient Greek theatre, he wants to be judged by his words and conceptions, not by the plot.

When in the beginning the ghost of Laius cannot reach Jacosta, Cocteau warns us that the infernal machine has started to work. He presents every phase of the growing catastrophe in a contemporary idiom, making light of such crucial moments as solving the riddle of the Sphinx by letting the Sphinx prompt the answer. Cocteau realizes that Jacosta, when she hanged herself, had no longer any obligation to play the wife, but can be what she is, the mother; and her ghost takes care of the blinded Oedipus. His Tiresias has the vision of what the gods decided and an understanding of human frailty. Cocteau reduces the myth to reality and fate to the obvious weaknesses in man.

It seems to be fate of Greek dimension which is at the core of the problem in Morton Wishengrad's "The Rope Dancers." Margaret and James Hyland — a woman wronging herself and the world with her righteousness, a man living the life of an innocent sinner — have a daughter who was born with six fingers on one of her hands. Mrs. Hyland sees in it the divine punishment for her husband's sins. To conceal this stigma has become the focal point of the play. But this stigma is only the symbol of all that separates husband and wife because we are left with the impression that their fates will let them find each other again. The girl's death after the removal of this digit reunites them.

James Hyland is a talkative, drinkative man who loves to have a good time to the same extent as his wife is a fanatic of tidiness and cleanliness with a touch of self-castigation. James quotes Nietzsche in the second act: "Man is a cord above an abyss. A perilous arriving, a perilous travelling, a perilous looking backward, a perilous trembling and standing still. What is great in man is that he is a bridge and no goal."

In this fable of inexorable fate dictated by man's character, Morton Wishengrad seems to say that man

is tenuous, complex, in constant development, that we all have to hide something and that all we need is more understanding and less implacability to turn our fate into an easier lot. "The Rope Dancers" is a poetic piece of writing and an impressive feat of acting by Shiobhan McKenna and Art Carney.

A minor opus by Tennessee Williams, "Suddenly Last Summer," turned out to be a major proof of his dramatic skill and poetic penetration of man and mood. Here again the inescapability of fate is dramatically examined. Thousands of newly hatched turtles try desperately to reach the sea before birds of prey can turn them over and enjoy their soft under-flesh. This is said at the beginning of the play in an ominous conversation foreshadowing the terrible fate of humans who must run for their lives.

It is the story of a mother, rich, merciless and cruel, who is out to defend the good name of her son who was utterly depraved, using her as a decoy as much as he used a young girl after his mother was no longer of any use to him. He was a poet of sorts who wrote one poem each year and of whom his mother says that "his life was poetry". But, in fact, it was a flower of evil which was torn to bits by the very same evil he represented.

The girl who saw him die as a turtle on the beach that could not reach the sea tells the story and the boy's mother will prevent her from doing so. She keeps her in a mental institution, she bribes a doctor to use her as a guinea-pig for a dangerous operation that would erase her memory.

It is a devastating picture of man's loneliness ("we all use each other and that's what we think of as love"), of corruption, of selling our better selves for a piece of butter on our bread, of trying to escape a fate which seems inescapable. If this "is a true story about the time and the world we live in," as one of the characters says, then we know that Tennessee Williams wants us to take his tale symbolically. He seems to be in love with death and the depravity of man, with violence and truth. He is a poet of the macabre as much as William Saroyan is a poet of the saccharine. Saroyan thinks that all men are basically good. Williams is convinced that we are still animals beneath our skin which serves as a civilized veneer. But he believes so much in death and violence that I suspect Tennessee Williams really loves man. At least he loves his characters whom he creates with a song in his heart and wit — the drama of his mind.

The Abundant Life

By ARNOLD F. KRENTZ
Assistant Professor of Religion (Part-Time)
Valparaiso University
and
Executive Secretary
The Lutheran Deaconess Association

I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. John 10:10

When you stand before the Rocky Mountains, you are overwhelmed by their massiveness. When you stand at the edge of Niagara Falls, gazing into those gushing waters, you are thrilled. But far more, I think, it awes me to look into the faces of young people at Chapel at Valparaiso University. There is such buoyancy in youth, such optimism, such hopefulness. On your faces life with its pathetic disproportion between hope and realization has not left its tear and wear caused by care.

Young people want to get the most out of life, achieve the satisfying life. Now there are many who hold forth what they think is the rich life. Some lay all possible stress on the physical, the athletic life. Yet the athletic life may prove to be a young person's undoing. I knew a young man who was a track star in high school, but he did not receive his diploma because he died of an athletic heart before graduation. Others emphasize mental training as the essential factor in life. Important as that is, a university education did not prevent Loeb and Leopold from becoming cruel murderers. Today far too much stress in print and on the screen is given the sex life and often this God-given gift is abused so that young people experience a terrific disillusionment. All who promise the abundant life on these terms may default in their payments of what they so glibly promise.

Down the centuries comes one voice which will not remain unheard. That voice certified by heaven gives the most unique promise of all history. That promise, so all inclusive, reads: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have life more abundantly."

It would say: "I, Jesus, offer and give you an abundant and worthwhile life." This Jesus does through His Word. He spoke to young men when He issued His command to His disciples: "Follow Me." To a young man of means He said: "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor," teaching the great principle of life that the heart should not become encrusted with riches but that it should seek spiritual things. To the young in

general Scripture says: "Keep thyself pure." Already the Old Testament says: "Give me, my son, thy heart."

Jesus gives you the abundant life by giving you reliable knowledge. He gives you the correct appraisal of yourself: you are a sinner in the sight of God. He extends to you the gracious invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He attaches you to Himself by faith so that you know Him as your personal Redeemer. He gives you the correct evaluation of others. He helps you to recognize that everyone, however despised, whether a social outcast or superstitious savage, is a soul redeemed on Calvary. He gives you the correct world-view. In the seething social and political turmoil of today He helps you solve the problems of the world. He teaches you that God has His hand in history. If He could foretell to Abraham even before his son was born, that his descendants would be slaves of a foreign nation for four hundred years and that then God would break the power of this foreign nation, thus disclosing His hand in Jewish and Egyptian history, we know that all nations are in the hollow of His hand.

Again Jesus gives you the abundant life by furnishing you with the necessary motivation for correct service. He helps you to love Him who first loved you. He informs you that the privilege of service is God-given. He leads you to imitate Him who said: "The Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto but to minister." He stifles in you jealousy, hatred, despair, pride, selfishness, avarice, frustration, self-centered Pharisaism. They do not proceed from God. "By love serve one another." He develops in you the spirit of helpfulness. He furnishes you with the positive qualities of patience, kindness, forbearance, charity, sacrifice, self-control, understanding, brotherly admonition. The abundant life thus become functional.

Don McClanen, basketball coach at Eastern Oklahoma A. & M., conceived the idea that if noted athletes could persuade youngsters to eat certain brands of cereal, they could do a more important job of giving Christian direction to the lives of others. So he organized a Fellowship of Christian Athletes and he has such athletes as Robin Roberts, Carl Erskine and others

addressing schools and one of the policies adopted by the FCA is that invitations will not be accepted if the members are not free to witness of Christ.

Once more Jesus gives you the abundant life by aiding you to die in peace. Am I becoming morbid? No. "The old must die and the young may die." Lately it has been pressed on my attention how many young people are dying. So the idea of death is not foreign to young people. Let us suppose you were lying sick on a hospital bed feeling that you were getting weaker from day to day. You would then want comfort and assurance of a better hereafter. Could Schopenhauer's philosophy of pessimism help you? That might drive you to suicide. Could Nietzsche's philosophy of the superman buoy you up? That would sound like hollow mockery. All such man-made philosophies are frantic

pulmotor methods that fail miserably. But some Christian friend hands you a pamphlet in which you read what Jesus' Word says: "If God be for us who can be against us?" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Yet shall ye live." That rings in your ears, that produces a wide sweep of thought, that causes you to look beyond time and space. That gives you faith, the abundant life.

The pressing need of the hour is that young people adore the Christ who alone can give the abundant, the satisfying life, the fruitful life, the life that at all times is in touch with Christ and eternity. To quote a track star from the University of Michigan: "I've just realized I've been trying to lead a Christian life without Jesus Christ. It can't be done." The abundant life is found only in Jesus Christ.

VERSE

PERVERSE

Day after rainless day we roast,
Fruit-tree and bush drop guinea-yellow.
Parklands and lawns are scorching toast,
The mill-wheel's gaping, hub from felloe.
No soot of kiln or flue is drier
Than our soil's dust in solar fire.

We sighed and prayed for royal summer,
And here it blazes, so much royal
As to be despot, and strike dumber
The chaffinch even. How disloyal,
Perverse as desert Israelites,
We sigh for Nile-floods through the nights—

Perverse, as if last summer's creeping
Paralysis of wet, its frog—
And duck-like oilskin figures weeping
Perpetual crystal through the fog,
And noses cold as edelweiss
Were memories of paradise.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

THE DEEP LIGHT

I am the comet head plunging from darkness,
Tiny, erratic, and drowning in space,
Seeking the sun as Icarus sought it,
Loving, yet fearing its glorious face.

This is the warmth that sets wax wings to

melting,

Hurling adventurous comets to doom.
Set me no wandering orbit returning,
Still the adventurer trailing his plume.

God, to have known near at hand what Thy
grace is
Draws me from arctic and uncharted night.
Keep me an orbit new-warm and illumined.
Seize a new planet from comets in flight.

BILLIE ANDERSON

HONESTLY JOE

Honestly, Joe, the cradle
was the last safe place
for laughter and crumbs:
oh when my father
came and raised me
into his mammoth world
on his mammoth arms;
then never I knew
what fear was. The world
was safe and sacred as salt.
But now I admit, honestly,
Joe, bluntly of fear, sometimes.
It lives within us
like the microbial flora,
from the innocent child
to the unashamed dead.

ERIC PFEIFFER

The Church and Its Rites

By A. R. KRETZMANN, LITT.D.

About 1450, Bishop Jean Chevrot of Tournai decided to have a triptych painted by Roger van der Weyden depicting the major functions of the Church in one beautiful symbolic altar piece. The result is easily one of the most successful presentations of the sacred rites of the Church ever brought together in one painting.

The center section is approximately six feet high. The side sections are about 3½ to 4 feet high. The center of the altar piece places the emphasis on the Atoning Sacrifice of Christ with the huge cross rising up and dominating all three sections, since it is from the cross alone that all the rites of the Church and its sacraments take their significance.

All three of the sections are an interesting study in the vesting of the clergy at that time. Cassock, surplice and stole are easily discernible. In the center panel, the priest is seen wearing a very simple Gothic chasuble. All the architecture featured in the three panels emphasizes Gothic at its best and purest, devoid of all the later distracting, unfruitful frills.

In the left panel, baptism, confirmation and absolution are shown, while in the right panel, ordination, marriage, and extreme unction are depicted. All of these are naturally subordinate to the great central theme of the Sacrament of the Altar.

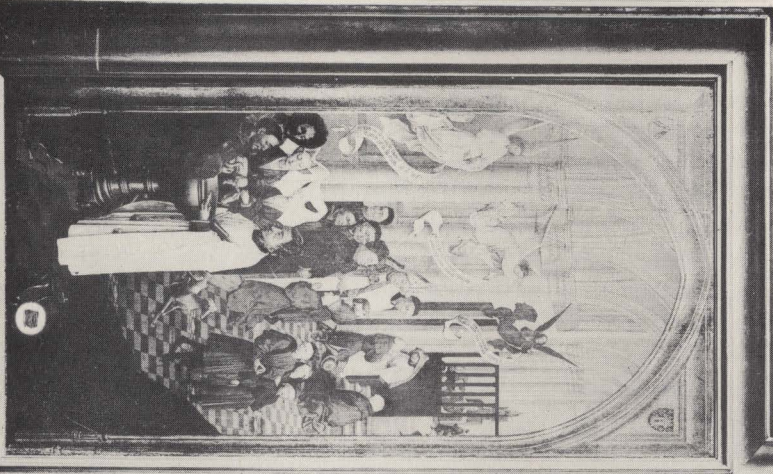
The work is beautifully done, giving a very clear and accurate picture of a great central nave and two side aisles. The clerestory is beautifully bright as in most of the Flemish cathedrals. Traditional choir stalls in proximity to the altar are conspicuously absent and the chancel stands perfectly clear before the worshipping congregation. Van der Weyden was interested in presenting the rites of the Church and this is done to the accompaniment of angel messengers pro-

claiming the significance of each rite. Each of the sacred acts is framed out by both column and bays.

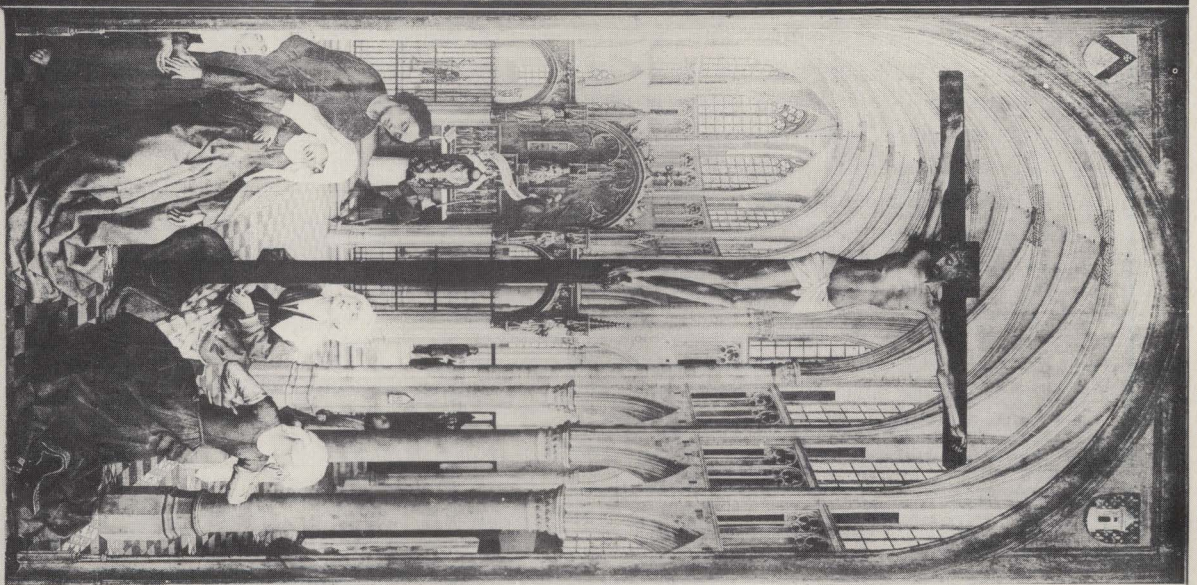
No amount of poor designing can ever become a substitute for the usable and completely functional character of the ancient Church. It was built for the purposes of housing the sacred functions of the congregation and the clergy. In all the turmoil, developed later about styles and forms and names of specific architecture, consideration should be given to what the real purposes of the Church are rather than to debates about the style, or the type of architecture. We ought to return again to fundamental questions of — will this building adequately fulfill the functions normally assigned to an ecclesiastical structure? Will the Church develop a real sense of responsibility toward the functions of its ministry to the laity? Will the essential requirements of hearing and seeing be fulfilled? Will the light help to emphasize the important and diminish the unimportant? Will the total impression be one of serenity, and balance, and composure rather than of confinement and restriction?

In these days of long discussions about glass walls, stained glass windows, clear glass, hammered glass, etc., it would be well to remember the age old principle of keeping distracting sight and sound removed and emphasizing the light pouring in from the upper areas rather than distraction of clear glass and floor to ceiling windows and the whole world brought in and attention leaking out of their unshielded window area. The cult of combining God and greens — the liturgy and leaves — the truth of the Word and trellises has, in some places, come to the point where there is no longer any doubt about which was more important to the architect and the Building Committee. Even the casual passerby will be able to feel and to discern.

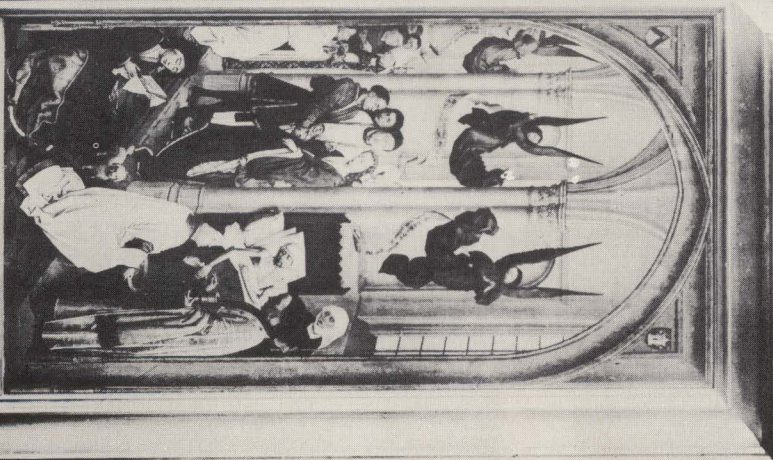
105



107 JAN HERMANUS VAN DER VEGE (1811-1880)



108



An Excellent Recording of Orpheus

By WALTER A. HANSEN

If you are looking for a project that will keep you busy for a long time and may turn out to be altogether impossible to complete, try to learn how many operas were based on the ancient Greek myth of Orpheus and Eurydice between, let us say, the beginning of the seventeenth century and the end of the eighteenth. But do not undertake this task unless you are stung by the bug of insatiable curiosity and have unlimited time at your disposal. I gave up long ago.

Let me assure you that it will be far more profitable to listen again and again to *Orpheus and Eurydice* by Christof Willibald Gluck (1714-87). No other full-length opera by any composer has remained in the repertory as long as this masterpiece. The premiere took place in Vienna in 1762. Gluck had devised the role of Orpheus for a castrato. Twelve years later he prepared a new version of the opera for presentation in Paris. Since male sopranos and contraltos never became popular or fashionable in France, as they did in Italy and in parts of Germany, Gluck rewrote the part of Orpheus for a male voice that had not been made unnatural by means of a surgical operation. Later on Hector Berlioz reworked the opera and gave the role to a female contralto. This version is presented with chaste and sterling artistry by the orchestra and the chorus of the Rome Opera House with the following principals: Rise Stevens, mezzo-soprano, as Orpheus; Roberta Peters, soprano, as Amore; and Lisa Della Casa, soprano, as Eurydice. Pierre Monteux is the conductor. The performance is masterfully controlled.

In this recording Miss Stevens, who has won special fame in the role of Orpheus, the mythical Greek bard, sings with gripping richness of voice and with clear-cut diction. She actually lives the part. Miss Peters uses her silvery voice with superb artistry as Amore, a character created by Gluck and his librettist. The ancients would have called Amore a *deus ex machina*. Miss Della Casa, the noted Swiss soprano, sings the part of Eurydice with ravishing beauty and complete understanding.

To me it is always exhilarating to come under the spell of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*. The pleasure is greatly intensified when I have the opportunity to hear a performance as exemplary in every way as the one recorded in the three-disc album I am telling you about (RCA Victor LM-6136).

I must add that Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* made history at the time of its first performance, for it represented more than one significant step forward in

the art of writing opera. The music is so graphic and so beautiful that one need not hesitate to say that this work will never be thrown into the discard.

Although I am well aware of the important role coloratura — assigned mostly to sopranos, sometimes to contraltos, and now and then to tenors and basses — has played in music for hundreds of years, I confess that most of those singers who specialize in this phase of the art either leave me cold as ice or tempt me to turn on my heels in disgust. It has often seemed to me that many coloratura artists, so called, know about as much concerning genuine artistry as a cow knows about the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. A famous coloratura soprano whom I once attempted to interview appeared to me to be such a conceited sourpuss that I lost all interest in asking questions. Besides, she had a wonderful knack of straying considerable distances from trueness of pitch.

I could not resist comparing this highly publicized vocalist with Amelita Galli-Curci, whom I regard as one of the greatest coloratura sopranos of all time. I became acquainted with the artistry of Galli-Curci many years ago through the medium of recordings. When I met this artist, her voice was no longer in its prime; for she had undergone an operation for goiter. What a singer she was in her heyday! To hear her limpid voice at that time was an unforgettable experience.

Now I can relive that experience, for I have before me a disc, titled *The Art of Galli-Curci* (RCA Camden CAL-410), which, in all but two instances, enables me to hear Galli-Curci when she was at her best. She made these recordings between 1917 and 1928.

Home, Sweet Home and *My Old Kentucky Home* were included on this disc by special request of Galli-Curci, for here she sings with Homer Samuels at the piano. Mr. Samuels was her husband. He died in 1956. I remember him well. He once twitted me about the brand of cigarets I was smoking, and on that occasion I obliged him by loaning him my piano bench when he played the piano for a recital given by his famous wife.

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

ARAM KHATCHATURIAN. *Violin Concerto*. CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS. *Havanaise, Op. 83*. Leonid Kogan, violinist, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux. Here another artist from the Soviet Union makes his American disc debut. Kogan's playing is magnificent. RCA Victor. — IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Firebird* and *Petrouchka*. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. Ravishing performances of some of Stravinsky's finest music. Decca.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE NEXT DAY

By James A. Pike (Doubleday, \$2.75)

Fifteen of the sixteen chapter titles begin with the words "How To" — "How To Make Decisions," "How To Have Faith," etc. Personally, we like the exceptional chapter that is entitled "You May Be Normal."

The author presently serves as the Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City and was recently elected Protestant Episcopal bishop of San Francisco.

The volume must be classed as a "self-help" book. However, in its classification it is sure to rate high on the list. To a much greater degree than most "self-helps" in the field of religion it stresses the greater necessity of nurturing the vertical relationship above the horizontal.

In the two chapters entitled "How To Get Along With People" and "How To Stay Married" the Dean presents in a lucid way — one comprehensible to the layman — the interchangeable use of the word "love" in the New Testament. He does it by taking the three Greek words *eros*, *philos*, and *agape*, all meaning "love" and all appearing in the New Testament, and carefully explaining and pointing out the different shades of connotation.

Interspersed in the volume are choice prayers and Scripture passages.

In the chapter entitled "How To Face Bereavement" there is a noticeable lack of Scripture reference. It is in this chapter that the author holds out the hope that after a man dies he will have a "second chance", — if he needs it. Having said A, the author continues with B and advocates prayers for the dead.

The author does have the enviable ability of taking some of the more complicated Pauline theology and couching it in simple terms, e.g., the chapter on "How To Deal With Your Past."

O. W. TOELKE

GENERAL

THE CAPITALIST MANIFESTO

By Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer J. Adler (Random House \$3.75)

Philosophers, visionaries and reformers who try to chart a course toward the Good Society customarily run aground on the twin reefs of Nature's parsimony and Man's perversity. A new pair of cartographers, corporation lawyer Louis Kelso and philosopher Mortimer Adler, contend that technological advances have at last gotten the

best of Nature and that education can conquer Man. True, they are merely hopeful about the latter, but they are quite certain that with the productive techniques available to us today, represented by that vague symbol Automation, man can earn his bread without a perspiring brow and devote himself wholeheartedly to the pursuit of leisure. It is an Aristotelian society which the authors envisage, with machinery substituting for slaves. Subsistence is available to all with a minimum expenditure of toil; and man's life is left free for the creation of civilization.

But the Good Society waits in the wings for the successful accomplishment of the Capitalist Revolution. All men must become capital owners, because a) capital produces over 90 percent of the country's wealth, and b) justice, indispensable prerequisite of the Good Society, demands that each man's income be proportionate to the value of his contribution to production. Since justice also demands for each man a share in the productive process and places limits upon monopoly of productive power, a diffusion of capital ownership is both required by and in accord with the governing principles of the Good Society. In this country the goals of the participation and limitation principles have been pursued at the expense of the principle of distribution. All men are allowed to share in production and monopoly (or at least its fruit) is contained, but only by granting labor 70 percent of the national income though it produces less than 10 percent. This fact provides the trumpet call for the Capitalist Revolution.

Kelso and Adler believe that the only impartial determinant of value is a free, competitive market. If such a market were restored in this country, capital would get the 90 percent due it and labor would receive its appropriate 10 percent. This would not, of course, mean starvation for laboring people, since each laborer would also be a capitalist.

It is easy to sympathize with the authors' objectives. It is possible to agree with much of their analysis. And it may seem picaresque to go after a mere technicality instead of seizing whole and grappling to a finish the book's comprehensive argument. Yet technical defects sufficiently close to the vital center can be fatal, and we think there are two.

The Capitalist Manifesto repeatedly states that capital produces over 90 percent of the nation's wealth and labor receives about 70 percent of the income from production and that this is unjust.

It is further argued that a free, competi-

tive market would distribute income in accord with the "inherent productiveness" of labor relative to capital.

Now, if such a maldistribution does exist, our system of economic organization is less perfectly competitive than even the most vociferous advocates of free competition have hitherto suspected. What and where are those enormous imperfections? Kelso and Adler point to several, but we are left with the impression that the bulk of their indictment falls against labor unions backed by the countervailing power of government.

There is hardly space here to deal adequately with the hypothesis that unions have played a key role in upsetting free market distribution. We must limit ourselves merely to pointing out that numerous careful and thoughtful studies of the ability of unions to raise real wages have failed to prove that they are in fact capable of doing so. The consensus among economists who have studied this question appears to be that the extent to which unions have raised real wages (and labor's share of national income) is so small as to permit argument over whether they have done so at all. Even with the aid of government, substantial since the 1930's, unions have not, either by collective bargaining or political pressure, been able to alter significantly the percentage of national income which goes to wage and salary earners. The authors of *The Capitalist Manifesto* are required to take this literature into account. They do not even seem to be aware of its existence.

The second technical flaw may be even more serious, and perhaps explains the first. Again we are prevented from stating definitely the substance of our argument. Perhaps it will suffice to say that a competitive market system knows no way of measuring the "inherent productiveness" of labor or capital. It can only place a value on a factor of production at *the margin*, and the value which it assigns is fundamentally dependent upon the manner in which that factor is combined with other factors. This might be made a little clearer by means of an illustration.

One man (labor) provided with a bulldozer (capital) is "worth" more, i.e. is more productive — *according to the market!* — than the same man with a shovel (also capital). And if there are very few laborers, the market will evaluate his productivity even higher. What does this do to the notion of "inherent productiveness"?

Mr. Kelso intends to prove in his soon-to-be-published *Capitalism* that a large number of hitherto respected economists are, in spite of their protestations, victims of a

labor theory of value. But if Mr. Kelso (we must assume he handles the economics of the present volume) does not have a better understanding of distribution theory than he shows in *The Capitalist Manifesto*, he had better give up the task. The economists whom he accuses of "fuzzy analysis" have developed the theory of distribution under perfect competition with such rigor that they are frequently accused from the other side of the fence of dilettantism. In this reviewer's opinion, the book indicts itself with this charge. The authors would substitute for an allegedly "fuzzy analysis" a concept of "inherent productiveness" which seems to be derived more from mystic reflection than logical thought.

We are not condemning the book. As stated previously, our objections may be "only" technical. But a tiny (and merely technical) wobble at the outset of a rocket's flight can be enough, 50 miles later, to throw the entire rocket from its course and turn what could have been a direct hit into a meaningless bang. Of course, if you like rocketry . . .

PAUL T. HEYNE

QUEST FOR A CONTINENT

By Walter Sullivan (McGraw-Hill, \$5.50)

Why should a book, read with such pleasure, be so difficult to review? Because it is impossible to give an adequate idea of its contents within the compass of space which a magazine editor would consider reasonable for a book review. Unless, of course, he happens to be desperate to fill his columns.

Antarctica is the seventh continent, and the last frontier, on the planet Earth. It has been sliced up like a pie, with center at the South Pole, by claims of possession from seven different countries. Several of these claims overlap. Nobody wants to have his pie taken away from him, not even a single bite. There is some hope that this squabble will be settled by allowing the United Nations to assert international control over the whole pie. It has even been suggested that such a procedure might conceivably serve as a dress rehearsal for the question of sovereignty over the moon, a matter sure to create discord in the near future.

Walter Sullivan took part in three Antarctic expeditions as correspondent for *The New York Times*. Making use of material and photographs obtained on these voyages, as well as from other sources, he has written a book which provides three hundred and fifty-seven pages of absorbing reading matter.

The first portion of the book deals with the "Heroic Age" of Antarctic exploration. Amundsen, Shackleton, Mawson, Scott — these were the giants of that time and place. Yet courage and endurance of the kind so well exemplified has been possessed

in full measure by those who followed them to that grim expanse of ice. Richard Byrd is not diminished in stature by comparison with any one. At one time, Byrd endured alone a three-month vigil which became for him a precarious balance between death by carbon monoxide poisoning and death by freezing. Not once did he give any indication of his enfeebled condition during his frequent radio conversations with the men at Little America. He feared they would insist upon rescuing him, with possible loss of more than one life. His was the first explorers' group to return home intact.

Lincoln Ellsworth's flight, in a single-engine plane across more than 2,600 miles of uncharted territory consisting of blizzard-swept snow and ice, was no less daring than was Charles Lindbergh's earlier and better-known flight to Paris. Vivian Fuchs, Edmund Hillary and Hubert Wilkins were all there, too, and they're not midgets by anybody's standards.

Sullivan has produced in this book a compendium of detailed, specific information on every phase of the Antarctic. He covers the time between man's first sight of the continent, in 1820, through 1956, when plans for activity there in connection with the International Geophysical Year were settled. The whole is presented in an easy-to-read style which also gives clear evidence of some literary merit. Occasionally, the reader is mildly surprised at a passage as imaginative as this from the pen of a journalist: "High in the clear air, snow petrels darted here and there . . . They moved with the swiftness and grace of swallows and I thought that if, like the Renaissance painters, one pictured the Holy Spirit as a white bird, it should be the snow petrel and not the dove, which by comparison is plump and slow."

The author has successfully steered the strait course between the Scylla of losing the respect of the true explorer and scientist by striving too hard for popular appeal, and the Charybdis of losing, by too great insistence on technical detail, the interest of the armchair explorer, within easy reach of the thermostat, who represents the greater number of his potential readers.

DORINDA KNOPP

BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS

By Peter Freuchen with David Loth (Julian Messner, \$7.50)

The late Peter Freuchen spent his entire life on or near the sea. That he lost none of his fascination for the oceans is apparent in his last book on the seven seas, a book that captures, as few have done, the lure of the sea. The term "seven seas", the author admits, is completely erroneous, but it has been used for centuries and came into more popular use with the publication of Kipling's poem of that name. The scope of this work is amazingly broad and covers,

through fact, story, history, and legend, almost every area of information on the sea. Freuchen's approach to his subject is unusual since it combines the scientific interest of an oceanographer with the romanticism of a sailor who loves the sea.

While this volume is divided into ten parts with 53 chapters, its material falls into three broad categories, the shape and action of the sea, life and treasures in the sea, and life on the sea. In the first part, on the oceans themselves, Freuchen's contribution is not so much in bringing out new information, though most of his facts are little-known, but in his presentation of the ocean as a single expanse of water on which the continents are merely islands. His study of the waves, the tides, and the action of the winds on the water brings a clarity to these phenomena that few writers have been able to achieve. And he is able to visualize for the reader the vast basins of the sea, their mountains and valleys, as clearly as if he had surveyed them himself.

Chief of the treasures in the sea are the fish and several chapters are devoted to the great and exotic varieties of fish in the ocean, their habits, and the manner in which fish "think." Among the other treasures in the sea are the 44 known elements, many of which have been extracted successfully. Included are a number of stories on the many unsuccessful attempts to remove some of the \$90,000,000 in gold present in every cubic mile of sea water.

Undoubtedly, the greatest importance of the sea to man has been as an avenue of transportation. Freuchen describes the evolution of ship building from the beginning of history to the present, and he shows a great respect for the courage of those early mariners who ventured out on uncharted seas in boats which were little more than fragile shells. Some of his most interesting material is concerned with the great voyages of all time, beginning with the early travels of Eric the Red, a Viking, and Hanno, a Carthaginian, and up to modern scientific expeditions on and under the ocean.

While most of the major sea battles are known to readers of history, they gain an added freshness from the perspective of Freuchen who evaluates each in terms of its effects on the world of that time and of its importance to the shifting of sea power from nation to nation.

The author has an intense interest in islands of the sea, and he describes all of the major ones and many of the minor ones by dividing them into three groups, the romantic, the rugged, and the lonely islands. Rights of men and property, the laws of the sea, a subject almost unknown to most readers, is covered adequately and clearly in only eight pages.

In his final section, Freuchen recounts many tales of the supernatural which have been current with sailors for centuries, and

he provides a ready and logical explanation for most of these mysteries, based in large part on superstition.

Nearly 150 photographs, line-drawings, and charts help to illustrate this exciting and important volume on the seven seas.

THE MAKING OF WALDEN

By James Lyndon Shanley (University of Chicago, \$5.00)

In *The Making of Walden* Professor Shanley of Northwestern University presents the results of his careful study of the manuscript of Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. Previous to the work of Professor Shanley, the *Walden* manuscript at the Huntington Library lay in a disordered tangle of 628 leaves. Professor Shanley has discovered that the manuscript contains seven separate versions of *Walden*, and he has been able to reorder the sheets on the basis of these successive versions written by Thoreau. In the last half of his book Professor Shanley prints the hitherto unpublished first version of *Walden*, which is only half the length of the final version Thoreau published.

The chief value of this study lies in the light it casts upon Thoreau's creative process. Though from first to last Thoreau did not change the essential nature of *Walden*, he was attempting by these successive revisions to make *Walden* a completer and truer account of one portion of his life. By his revisions Thoreau polished the work and heightened it as a literary creation, but more important, he greatly extended his account of how he had lived in the woods and of the pleasures he had had there.

This book will appeal chiefly to specialists in American literature, but it has a value for all those to whom Thoreau's *Walden* has been a refreshing example of man's revolt against the complexities and the clutter of modern commercial and industrial life. For the burthen of Thoreau's writings was "Simplify! Simplify!" Thoreau once observed that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," and it would seem that this succinct summary of the lives of most of our fellowmen might have an especial force today. Not the least of the value of Professor Shanley's book is that it will re-direct readers to Thoreau's classic account of his life at Walden pond.

DON QUIXOTE'S PROFESSION

By Mark Van Doren (Columbia University, \$2.50)

This published version of three lectures

delivered at Emory University in the fall of 1956 shows the author's knowledge of Cervantes' greatest work to be both extensive and intensive. It is the result of years of loving study.

Van Doren considers *Don Quixote* to be "perhaps the best novel in the world." It is "both simple and mysterious. The sign of its simplicity is that it can be summarized in a few sentences. The sign of its mysteriousness is that it can be talked about forever." (p. 2-3) Its chief character is not, says Van Doren, a simple-minded, indeed, mad, country gentleman whose antics committed in the name of knight-errantry suffice to reduce to absurdity the whole elaborate conception of mediaeval chivalry. Don Quixote is, on the contrary, a completely sane man who sets as his goal the faithful portrayal of a knight-errant's life. His acting is of consummate skill. His is the most complete fulfilling of knightly ideals, the most consistent exemplification of knightly action, in all of fact or fiction.

Cervantes has not destroyed the literature of knight-errantry. He has done just the opposite; he has "saved it by producing the one treatment of the subject that can be read forever."

DORINDA KNOPP

THE MAN WHO PRESUMED: A BIOGRAPHY OF STANLEY

By Byron Farwell (Holt, \$5.00)

Henry Morton Stanley is best remembered for his now oft-repeated phrase, "Dr. Livingston, I presume," uttered after Stanley had led an expedition into the wilds of Africa to find the famed explorer. It is sad that this one brief remark has become better known than the determined character and worthy contributions of a magnificent man.

Stanley progressed from an unwanted, Welsh-born child to a world traveler who withstood the perils of disease and starvation to bring help to men like Livingston and the unappreciative, pro-British Emin Pasha. He fought in the American Civil War, served as a member of the British parliament, and transformed vast unknown areas of Africa into definite map locations, not to mention working as a shopkeeper, sailor, and newspaperman. The name which he made famous was not actually Stanley's own, but one given him by his American foster father; and to the Africans he was Bula Matari, which meant Breaker of Rocks. As the author says in his Preface, "The story of his career is a picaresque novel come to life; it is the tale of an un-

loved bastard who became first an adventurer and finally a hero; it is the odyssey of a Ulysses without a Penelope or an Ithaca who, late in life and quite unexpectedly, found both."

Mr. Farwell, who is an automobile executive and archeologist, has written a detailed but interesting book about an unusual and most remarkable man.

STEPHANIE UMBACH

TODAY'S NEUROTIC FAMILY

By Harry F. Tashman, M.D. (New York University Press, \$3.95)

Today, as down through the centuries, man is constantly searching for happiness, well-being, and a better life. Dr. Tashman, a practicing psychoanalyst, has written this book in an effort to help more people find happiness than would be possible if he limited himself to his private practice. Aptly subtitled "A Journey Into Psychoanalysis," this volume seeks to help the reader look into himself to see how he came to be, what makes him as he is, and how he can cure himself of some of the ills that beset him.

The author asserts that the individual can come to know himself only as he acquires knowledge of his family relationships, both past and present. He defines the family as being a group of related individuals, with such relatedness being on the physical, physio-chemical and mental levels. The healthy thriving family is described as one capable of higher-level mental relationships, in which sharing takes place for the gratification of all. In the unhealthy family, which is incapable of higher-level mental function, there is a separateness and aloneness of all its members and hierarchical graduations are prominent. Although the individual is unconsciously molded by his family and tends to perpetuate the type of family constellation from which he sprang, he is not entirely the creature of such outer forces. Through conscious effort he can come to understand how he came to be what he is and do something about it. Thus the cycle of neurotic families creating neurotic families can be broken.

The book is divided into three sections. In Part I Dr. Tashman expounds his thesis of the importance and significance of family relationships in the cause and cure of individual unhappiness. Part II is devoted to a number of case histories. Part III is a succinct synthesis of the theories developed in Part I and the examples cited in Part II.

RUTH M. BLOM

A Minority Report

The Businessman's Dilemma

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN



The other day a small-town business-man and I had coffee together. As is usual with the two of us, we began talking about the role of business in the average American community. This is one aspect of his discussion with me.

The business community feeds on the consumers' market. The businessman simply cannot exist without the steady buying of the consumer. If a large part of the community disregards the product, the business-man cannot sell. "And brother," he said, "if we can't sell, that's it. We've had it."

"And," he continued, "this business of selling your products to the community is no small-time lark. The business-man is forced to sell to and deal with a broad and diverse cross-section of the community: to the laborer, the drunkard, the crook, the preacher, the liberal, the extrovert, the introvert, the Pole, the German, the Catholic, and what have you." This set of circumstances imposes at least two kinds of consciousness on the business-man: I. Because of the dollar and cents dependence upon the consumers, the seller develops a round-the-clock-consciousness of the consumer and the appeal to that consumer; II. Because of the diversity of the consumers' market, he is highly sensitive to the difficulties and the demands of trying to satisfy different kinds of people. Behind this frantic — though sometimes quiet — frustration exists the realization of many obligations: the mortgage on the old homestead, keeping up with the Joneses, the education of the youngsters, security for old age, and the maintenance of independence and even splendid isolation.

My friend admitted that all these aspects had built up a driving fear complex that lived with "the requirement that I must not fail." "You get to thinking this way," he mused, "that the loss of one customer is a major blow — especially in these times. The buyers have to keep coming through my doors. I just cannot afford to insult anyone anytime and anywhere. If I'm going to keep on the good side of all these potential consumers, and my present clientele, I'll almost be forced to say nothing controversial. And you know that almost silences one."

For him, there is another side. "If I want to get more customers into my store, I've got to sell a good product.

But I can hardly say that my product is better than my competitors. Well, if I can't sell my product honestly on the basis that it is a better product, I've got to push my goods on other grounds. What the average guy does is to get into this personality and friendship business. You just turn out to be a blasted Dale Carnegie and the dispenser of a lot of baloney."

In a sense, one's personality is then emasculated, sterilized, and neutralized. Many business-men are afraid to admit anything except the non-controversial and the safe. They are afraid to admit that they vote a certain party, that they believe a certain faith, or that they have convictions at all. "Run for political office? I'm not that crazy! I've got a business to keep going in this town, among a lot of Republicans. What chance does a small-town business-man have if he pushes his Democratic politics too far?"

My friend said that working in civic affairs was a way out for him: "I can't be blamed too much for working for the cult of civic improvement. Almost everyone is for motherhood and the progress and advancement of our city. I don't have to fight about that. What's more, it might help to get customers into my store and there's no harm in that." All of us have learned how close the impulse to charity is to the self-interest drive of the individual. My friend says that we have all learned to speak of this as enlightened self-interest or the business-man with a sense of responsibility. To say that this paradoxical relationship exists in the preacher, the college professor, or your mother does not eliminate it from the person of the business-man. The man of business consequently spends a lot of time with service clubs, the YMCA, cancer drives, the community chest, the United Fund, education for the mentally retarded, and school boards.

Strangely enough, it seems to this columnist, given the antipathy of so many businessmen to politicians, this inclination toward the appealing to everyone and hurting no one approximates the coalition politics of the party politician. One appeals for votes and the other for dollars. In either case, the persons involved are driven by an adjustment to the wills and wishes of others.

And so the talk goes in my little community.

FM Comes Into Its Own

By ANNE HANSEN

There was a time — not long ago — when prophets of gloom predicted confidently that TV would surely sound the death knell for radio. With each passing year it becomes more evident that radio is still alive and is actually enjoying a boom.

It has been said that much of the current upswing has been brought about by nation-wide interest in hi-fi recordings and by an ever increasing audience for FM broadcast programs. Donald McGannon, president of Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, said recently: "FM is at last on the march, and that day may not be too far distant when our country will have three separate major media for broadcast entertainment and advertising: TV, AM radio, and FM radio." Statistics released by the FCC in January lend support to Mr. McGannon's contention. At present there are 537 FM broadcast stations in operation — compared with 521 TV stations. The number of FM sets in use has been estimated at 13,000,000.

Two FM stations have been in the news. The first of these — KPFA-FM, San Francisco, California — has been dubbed "the highbrows' delight." Founded in 1946 by the late Louis Hill, onetime Washington newsman and Senate reporter for WINX, Washington, D. C., KPFA operates without commercial support. An annual operating budget of \$100,000 is realized from contributions made by 6,000 subscriber listeners and from voluntary gifts. The loft aim of the station was stated recently by Harold Winkler, former professor of government at Harvard and, since July, the director of KPFA. Mr. Winkler said: "Our role is that of educator in the great tradition of *Paideia* — the unity of civilization, culture, tradition, literature, art and education, with a background of joy and wit."

KPFA-FM reaches listeners in many areas. Both BBC and CBS have entered into contracts which permit them to rebroadcast the excellent programs originating from this enterprising station.

During working hours Max Rothman designs instruments for balloons and rockets at Holloman Air Force Base in the Tularosa Basin of New Mexico. Two years ago, spurred by the wish to broadcast classical music to fifty FM set owners in the area, Max began to operate an FM station in a converted chicken coop equipped with a crude, homemade broadcast tower. Although it was immediately apparent that Mr. Rothman's programs filled a longfelt need, the first year was extremely difficult. But faith, long hours of hard

work, the enthusiastic support of loyal friends, and the financial aid given by thirty-six stockholders have borne fruit. Last fall the FCC granted Mr. Rothman AM and FM licences, and in December the station which had its beginning in a chicken coop actually showed a profit. Speaking of the 10,000 FM fans and an estimated 70,000 AM set owners who receive his programs, Mr. Rothman gratefully observed: "Now everybody seems proud of the station."

In a recent issue of TV Guide Arthur M. Frankel points out that Educational TV — now in its sixth year — is beginning to pay off. To date a total of \$60,000,000 has been expended to establish and maintain ETV facilities in the United States. At present there are thirty-one noncommercial community-sponsored ETV stations in operation. This number is to be increased to forty-two by the end of the school year. I have seen some of the fine programs telecast by KETC, the St. Louis ETV outlet, and I have been impressed by the excellent quality of the presentations.

Not long ago Ben Hecht bitterly denounced Hollywood as "a world of trash" and declared that the average American is a "most ironed-out human being." Graham Greene, another prominent writer of our day, described the American hero in *The Quiet American* as a naive idealist "who made a profession of friendship as though it were law or medicine" and went about the world endeavoring to infect whole continents with his own shallow and confused concepts of good will, humanitarianism, and idealism. The film version of the novel *The Quiet American* (United Artists, Joseph L. Mankiewicz) softens Mr. Green's distressing picture of the central character. In a TV appearance Mr. Mankiewicz frankly stated that he had deliberately kept the "un-American slant" from the film. In spite of his good services, however, *The Quiet American* is still not designed to win friends for us or to enhance our prestige among peoples who know us only through films. In addition, it is uninspired entertainment.

By contrast, *Witness for the Prosecution* (United Artists, William Wilder) is one of the finest presentations I have seen in a long time. Adapted from a hit Broadway stage play by Agatha Christie, this is a real thriller. Charles Laughton gives a superb performance as the English barrister. Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, and Elsa Lanchester acquit themselves with fine skill; and the supporting cast is excellent. Mr. Wilder's direction leaves nothing to be desired.

The Pilgrim



Mr. Gold

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

It was a dreary afternoon and my reading had reached the area of diminishing returns. . . . Unable to make more sense out of a financial report, I turned out the light on my desk, donned my boots, and started down the road to the old house on the edge of town. . . . I knew that there would be some music there, especially some new Bach recordings which my learned musical friends had recommended. . . . Dusk was over the grey valley to the south and one of the last echoes of winter was in a few flecks of whirling snow. . . . I entered the house and placed one of the black disks on the machine in the corner. . . .

Before I turned it on I remembered momentarily some of the places, strange and varied, where I had heard Bach through the years . . . played with enormous strength and vigor by a blind organist in the market church in Wiesbaden . . . performed with equal vigor on a reed organ by a sergeant in a post chapel on Guam . . . somewhat bowdlerized by the strings of Stokowski . . . coming over the radio at the bedside of a dying Christian in a quiet hospital. . . . Bach, it seemed, had been the continuing diapason beneath the demonic keyboard of our wayward age. . . .

Then the music began . . . and it was something new and good and curiously exciting . . . a series of chorales scored for organ, brasses and an occasional humble flute. . . . And there was one, "Awake thou wintry earth," with the notation: "Scored for Trumpets, Oboes, Flutes, Strings, Organ and Kettle Drums". . . .

I walked to the window and looked out at the snow. . . . Behind me the trumpets sounded and the kettle drums rolled. . . . Was this, I wondered, one of the dark troubles of the Church Militant in the twentieth century? . . . In a roaring age, filled with false and lying drums, a piously shallow religion scored for the "vox humana" with the "tremolo"? . . . the peace of mind cults? . . . the soft tone of muted strings instead of the brash, belligerent roar of kettle drums? . . . Is it true that the Church can become a parody of itself . . . candles burning to the Incarnate and no fires in the

hearts of men . . . soft lullabies for the children of the Son of God Who is now at war as never before? . . .

I walked to the window and watched the night come down over the valley. . . . The kettle drums had stopped, but the rolling organ continued the mood of the trumpets and drums. . . . I remembered that John Bunyan had said that there would be trumpets on the other side. . . . Surely, I thought, there would be drums too . . . rolling joyously for those who would come out of great tribulation . . . as warriors, torn with life, to hear regal and kindly words at last. . . .

Surely it is evident now that a change in the Church's music is always a change in the Church's life. . . . No trumpets and no kettle drums and there will be fewer prophets of fearlessness and more priests of ecclesiastical etiquette. . . . No sounds of war in the songs of the Church and fewer men storming the battlements of hate and evil and sin. . . . It is all so tragically simple . . . no kettle drums . . . no ears attuned to the thunder of divine judgment over the world. . . . It was no accident of musical preference when, fifteen years ago, the stricken people of Norway gathered before a cathedral to sing "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." . . . This was what they needed and wanted. . . . a song of defiance . . . the sound of trumpets and kettle drums before God when nothing else was left. . . .

The night was now in the valley. . . . The evening train to New York roared across the bridge, its lights running through the snow. . . . Soon, I remembered, Easter morning would come again and there would be the sound of doors opening and stones rolling and angels speaking. . . . I know that some of my friends are planning to greet the news of Easter — our look into the ways of resurrection and immortality — with trumpets. . . . As I walked home through the snow and the falling night I hoped that a few of them would be good and wise enough to add kettle drums to our greeting for the Conqueror of Death. . . . I am sure that no one would sleep through the service and that some would hear the opening of the strong gates of heaven. . . .