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The Cresset

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IN THE SEPTEMBER CRESSET . . .

IN LUCE TUA ____________________________ The Editors ______________________ 3
AD LIB. _______________________________ Alfred R. Looman ____________________ 5
THREE PROBLEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN DAY SCHOOL __________ John Strietelmeier _______ 6
VERSE: CITY'S FOUNDATION ________________ Rockwell B. Schaefer _____________ 10
TO A BROTHER IN THE MINISTRY _____________ Robert J. Hoyer _______________ 11
VERSE: SUMMER MIDNIGHT ________________ Lucia Trent ________________________ 13
LAST THOUGHTS OF THE 1956-1957 THEATRE SEASON _______ Walter Sorell ____________ 14
FROM THE CHAPEL: SECULAR AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION _______ Charles F. Tuschling ______ 17
VERSE: THE CRADLE ____________________ Charles B. Tinkham _________________ 18
LETTER FROM XANADU, NEBR. ___________________________ G. G. _____________________ 18
THE MUSIC ROOM ________________________ Walter A. Hansen _______________ 19
BOOKS OF THE MONTH ________________________ ________________________________ 20
VERSES FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN ____ A. R. Kretzmann __________________ 28
A MINORITY REPORT ___________________ Victor F. Hoffmann _________________ 29
SIGHTS AND SOUNDS ____________________ Anne Hansen _______________________ 30
LETTER TO THE EDITOR _________________ Ernest M. Sims ________________ 31
THE PILGRIM ___________________________ O. P. Kretzmann ________________ 32

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Billy Graham and the New Piety

There is a sense of sin which afflicts men when they have done their level best to live up to the best that they know and believe and still find themselves hopelessly short of the mark. Such a sense of sin does not need to be induced. It is already there — accusing, burdening, condemning. And it is most acutely felt, not when one is sitting through a fire-and-brimstone sermon but when one stands naked and alone before the eyes of a holy God. For in the presence of the Holy man's instinctive reaction is the cry of Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" And at such times it is not so much our sins as our virtues that condemn us. Our very righteousnesses are, to use the strong imagery of the Scripture, as sanitary napkins. And it is the despair of our best that works that "conviction of sin" which throws us upon the mercy and forgiveness of God.

This being the case, it is important not to confuse this sense of sin with that uneasiness which most people feel when they stop to think what a mess they have made of their lives and what a weak case they are going to be able to put up if they ever have to confront an honest judge. Such an uneasiness is nothing more than a particular form of the desire for total security if it derives from a fear of punishment or hope of a reward. And this kind of "conviction of sin" can be induced by anyone clever enough to manipulate emotions or eloquent enough to stir a crowd.

When we are confronted, therefore, as we have been in our country during the past decade with a new interest in religion, we must ask what it is that men are seeking. If they are merely seeking some sort of guarantee that they won't have to pay for their misconduct in this life, they are seeking something rather different than what Christianity means by salvation. They are actually seeking an extension of womb-to-tomb security beyond the tomb or, to put it another way, they are still engaged in looking out for Number One.

But when we ask what it is that men are really seeking we must beware of answering it on behalf of anyone but ourselves. We can not look into hearts and pass judgment upon motives. Those, therefore, who have undertaken to criticize this new concern with religion as a shallow and essentially selfish desire to get on the good side of the Judge are claiming insights into motives which man has no right to claim.

During this past summer the Christian world has watched with much interest and some concern the progress of Billy Graham's "crusade" in New York City. Such respected voices as those of Reinhold Niebuhr and The Christian Century have expressed their misgivings about the kind of "gospel" which Dr. Graham has been preaching. Such critics want to know whether Dr. Graham is calling his hearers to Christianity or to some form of mere religiosity. The question is, we think, an altogether proper one and we can answer it only for ourself.

Having followed Dr. Graham's campaign rather carefully through the summer, we find ourself pretty thoroughly "sold" on the man. What he is preaching is, of course, minimal Christianity. It is the sincere milk of the Word somewhat adulterated with moralistic injunctions and prohibitions which tend to misrepresent the Christian message. But the important thing is that the essential truths of the Gospel come through clearly and that they are presented soberly and without any of that exhibitionism which has so often characterized evangelistic preaching.

It would be tragic if people were to get the impression that Christianity is nothing more than what Dr. Graham has been preaching. But so many of those who claim to have more to offer seem curiously reluctant to take people where they are and work with them from that point. This is what Dr. Graham...
is doing and as far as we can tell his efforts are receiving the only accolade that really matters, the willingness of the Holy Spirit to reach out through His preaching to bring sinners to repentance. And if it be true, as some of Dr. Graham's critics have charged, that most of these sinners are already members of churches, this will come as no surprise to any parish pastor who really knows his people.

The LWF and Other Lutherans

The meeting of the Lutheran World Federation in Minneapolis last month, and the absence from its voting membership of representatives of some of the larger Lutheran synods of our own country, have made it necessary for all Lutherans to take a new look at a word which means a great deal to all Lutherans but on the meaning of which Lutherans are not all agreed. This word is "confessionalism."

To all Lutherans confessionalism means a refusal to compromise either with error or with vagueness of testimony to such truths as they believe to be based upon Scripture. At the same time it means a refusal to accept limitations upon freedom of belief and practice which have no scriptural warrant. The problem that Lutherans face, therefore, is one of determining when and under what conditions they deny the truth or adjust to unwarranted limitations upon their freedom. And on these issues there is genuine controversy which has its roots in something much deeper and much more basic than conflicts of personalities or interdenominational suspicions, however significant these may be as factors in the total situation.

Faced with such practical questions as cooperation with other church bodies Lutherans have exhibited a large measure of agreement on basic principles but, unfortunately, a wide diversity of judgment on techniques. In a day when religious toleration has itself become a religion it will sound ungracious to say this, but it is a fact nevertheless, that Lutheranism generally tends to consider the world at large sick unto death and other Christian groups unwell in greater or lesser degree. In such a situation, Lutheranism sees in its theological tradition the most effective remedy for what ails the world and the rest of the Church. The procedural question, then, is whether to take this medicine down into the infected areas, working beside doctors who are themselves unwell, and thus take the chance of coming down with the same infection, or whether to maintain an antiseptic clinic with its doors wide open and with public address systems to invite the stricken to come in for treatment. The bodies which adhere to the National Lutheran Council and the LWF would seem to have chosen the first course. The Synodical Conference and some smaller groups seem to have chosen the latter.

There is something to be said for and against both approaches. The great risk in the first approach is the risk of sacrificing conviction to a pleasant but superficial unity. The great risk in the second approach is the risk of passing from confessionalism into Pharisaism. The nature of these risks suggests, in turn, that the forms and techniques of confessionalism may change from time to time as changes take place in the general religious and theological climate. In a time of theological unconcern, perhaps the best testimony that a confessional church can bring to other churches is the testimony of aloofness. In a time of profound theological interest and reconstruction, perhaps it is the duty of the confessional church to throw itself into the task of reconstruction with all of its insights and resources.

Meanwhile, the assembly of the LWF has served to remind all Lutherans that the ties which bind us together are too strong to be wholly severed by the honest misgivings which still prevent the unity which we all seek. Given time, patience, good humor, and an honest willingness to be taught by the Holy Spirit there may come a time when the LWF will embrace all Lutherans everywhere — not through anyone's sacrifice of conviction but through everyone's growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Father's will.

"The Warren Court"

In recent months, the Supreme Court of the United States has called down upon itself the wrath of many good people by insisting that desirable ends must be sought by legal means. This insistence has had the unfortunate side effects of allowing two husband-killers to go free and of making the job of the F.B.I. a bit more difficult. But we may hope that this insistence upon legal means will serve to put a brake upon legislation designed, at all costs, to "get" evil and unpopular men and movements.

To suggest, as the Luce publications have, that this new toughness on the part of the court is a reflection of the dominating position of Chief Justice Warren is, of course, a gross oversimplification and a kind of insult to the eight capable, tough-minded men who serve alongside the chief justice. It would be more to the point to suggest that the court, like most of the rest of us, has gotten over that period of jitters when we were seeing bomb-throwing Russians under every bed.

As for the criticism that the court's decisions have been based more upon sociology than upon law, the idea that a corporation is a person and the doctrine of "separate but equal facilities" are both older than any of the present justices. And if they are not examples of sociological law, what is?
Recalling the Feets of Younger Days

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

The intervening years have made my feet more tender, but I can still remember with pleasure the joys of going barefoot. I have been reminded again by watching the boys around our place and their apparent happiness at being able to run around without shoes.

Part of the joy was, of course, that one got rid of the confining shoes and socks that he wore throughout the school year. One goes, or did go barefoot from the day school let out until the day, three months later, when school started again, with the exception of Sundays. Some of the joy of going barefoot, then, was probably a reaction of freedom from the discipline of school.

But I can still feel, in imagination, the touch of grass on the soles of my feet and the special feeling of running across a lawn while the dew was still fresh and heavy. The feel of sand squeezed between the toes and the clinging sensation of powdered dust from the alley still stir the kinesthetic sense in my feet though they have been shod now for many years.

Sun-heated brick had a special feeling, both warm and relaxing, and wet pavement was most pleasant, particularly after a shower on a warm summer’s day when steam was generated. Water from rain, especially when it made puddles and small lakes, was always welcome because we were ready to wade at any time. But water could be unpleasant when we had to use it to scrub our feet in a bucket on the back porch.

It is strange how one can still remember just how it felt to go without shoes, even though it has been many years since I’ve tried it. (It has not been quite so long as the boys around our place seem to think for they have an exaggerated idea of their father’s age and the chronology of history, expressed through such questions as whether I saw the original Mayflower and if I had known any cowboys in the Civil War). But I suppose certain sensations never leave one.

There were perils associated with going around shoeless and I still don’t know whether the practice is healthful or not. Some hold the theory that it is good for the feet and especially for the arches, but I must say it didn’t do anything for mine. At least the soles hardened to the point where walking on almost any surface was possible.

Hot asphalt, however, brought a burning sensation no matter how tough the soles and so did the walks in unshaded areas. I can remember one trip I had to take a couple of times a week during most of the summer that was far from pleasant without shoes. That was a trip to the ice house. An ice box held only so much ice and ice melted quickly on a hot day. So to supplement what the ice man brought, I would pull my wagon to the ice house which was a distance of more than a mile.

Between our home and the ice house lay almost every type of surface one could walk on. But a particular menace was the railroad crossing. Ten tracks crossed the street I took and the steel rails were exceedingly hot on the feet though something of a relief from the splinters I would encounter in the ties or the occasional piece of glass picked up with my heels taking a short cut through the alley.

Eventually the day came when shoes had to be put back on again. What a restricting feeling that was to squeeze back into those confining shoes. It took days to get into the feel of walking again and to find that every surface one walked over felt the same when one wore shoes.

As I said, these are remembered joys. My feet since those days have gone back to civilized tenderness. Even at the beach I limp over the hot sand as if I were an apprentice Moslem fakir taking the hot coal test for the first time. Blades of grass now feel like spears, and my fee for walking on hot pavement would be rather high these days. But I still remember, and I watch with envy as the boys race around without shoes experiencing one of life’s little but most enjoyable pleasures.
Three Problems of the Christian Day School

By John Strietelmeier
Managing Editor of The Cresset

During seven of the past ten years, I have enjoyed the privilege of serving on the Board of Parish Education of my home parish. My companions on the board have included accountants, bankers, businessmen, high school and grade school teachers, and a sprinkling of college professors. We have had to deal with every kind of school question from the letting of construction bids and the calling of teachers to the selection of wash basin design in the boys’ rest rooms. To the layman who is looking for a job within the church which can offer a maximum both of challenges and of satisfactions, I can recommend nothing better than service on a school board. The problems with which such a board must deal are real and they involve the welfare of the church’s most priceless assets — her children. At the same time, the problems are of the sort that one can comprehend and deal with. And as he confronts them in association with his colleagues on the board — men drawn from a cross-section of the educational and occupational spectrum of the congregation — he begins to appreciate as never before what a happy thing it is that Christian people have been given a diversity of gifts. For on a school board there is an opportunity for every member to employ the particular gift which he has received — whether it be thinking out educational policy or the construction of shelving.

In the course of my service, I have had some opportunity to become acquainted with some of the problems which confront the parochial school, and of the various problems which I have encountered there are three which I should like to discuss in this article. The first of these, and one which I suspect will be more serious as time goes by, is the problem of keeping the parochial school on an educational par with the public school. The second is the problem of recruiting and keeping a school faculty. And the third, one in which I have been particularly interested, is the problem of defining the place of the woman teacher in the parochial school system.

Elementary Education is Expensive

In the course of the current fiscal year, my congregation of eleven hundred members will spend something like $41,000 on its school. Of this amount, $33,800 will go for salaries and grants-in-aid to members of the faculty who are engaged in programs of graduate work. Our teachers, like their colleagues elsewhere in the church’s school system, would undoubtedly continue to serve us with the best of their abilities at less pay. But the laborer is worthy of his hire, and in the establishment of teaching salaries it would seem that the question which ought to be asked is not how little a teacher needs to live, but how much a congregation can afford to pay. We have felt that, at a minimum, the parochial school teacher ought to receive a salary comparable to the salary of his counterpart in the public school. To offer him less is to deal with him, as a Christian brother, less generously than we deal with the public school teacher as a fellow-citizen.

This does, of course, make the school board member yearn, at times, for the establishment in Lutheran circles of some sort of teaching order pledged, as are Roman Catholic teaching sisters and brothers, to chastity, poverty, and obedience. The likelihood of such orders being established is, however, so remote that we need not deal with it here. Realistically, what we have to deal with is the consecrated man or woman who has to buy groceries, meet rent or mortgage payments, buy clothes, pay doctor bills, and keep his car in running order. It is not difficult to determine how much he needs to do all of these things. He needs exactly as much as any other member of the congregation.

In our congregation, we operate on a salary schedule which provides for beginning salaries, for teachers with no previous experience, of $3600 for teachers holding the bachelor’s degree and $4100 for teachers holding the master’s degree. To this basic figure is added an allowance of $75.00 per year for each year of teaching experience prior to service at our school up to a limit of $750.00. There is an additional allowance of $75.00 per year for each year of service at our school. The salary schedule makes no distinction between men and women teachers, between those with families and those who have no families. It is our belief that the cluttering up of salary schedules with such extraneous considerations fails to take into account the possibility that unmarried or unfamilied teachers may be carrying family responsibilities (to parents or other relatives) which are unknown to the congregation, and that in any case such considerations have nothing to do with the question of whether the teacher is being adequately compensated for his or her service to the church.
But teachers' salaries are only a part of the expense of running a school, significant as that part may be. If the parochial school is to remain on an educational par with the public school, it must expect to meet the standards which are imposed upon the public school by the state superintendent of instruction or his equivalent. A great number of these standards have to do with purely physical things, some of which may possibly be omitted without any great injury to the educational program. But even in the area of the purely physical a congregation can spend a great deal of money without investing in mere fripperies. And this situation is likely to become more serious as time goes by.

Until now, our parochial schools have been able, without too much trouble, to match the eight-year program of the public elementary school. A new development which congregations must be prepared to cope with is the 6-3-3 organization of public schooling — six years of elementary school, three years of junior high school, and three years of high school. Under this system, the junior high school (grades 7-9) operates on a departmentalized basis which calls for a faculty of specialized teachers and it offers a wide range of the so-called "vocational" courses (e.g., shop and home economics) which require large amounts of space and relatively expensive equipment. Where the system has been introduced in the public school system, the parochial school has had to decide whether to drop its two upper grades and thus fall into the pattern of the public elementary school or to add a ninth grade and the various physical facilities required to permit it to operate, in effect, as a combined elementary and junior high school.

Once in a while, one runs into the well-meaning but misguided Lutheran who allows that "maybe our schools don't have to be as fancy (i.e., well-equipped) as the public schools. After all, we've got something they haven't got and that something is a lot more important than these things that money can buy." Such an attitude, I would suggest, does violence to the whole concept of the parochial school, for unless such a school is first of all a school in the best sense of the term the affixing of a religious adjective to its name comes very close to lying and deceiving in His Name. The ideal for the parochial school must never be the teaching of religion with as much secular knowledge as convenience may permit, but rather the maintenance of an excellent school permeated throughout by the spirit of Jesus Christ. This means that the parochial school must do a much better and much more difficult job than the public school. And that, in turn, means that it is going to have to cost more than a public school of comparable size.

In addition to salaries and equipment, a third expense which the parochial school ought to be willing to accept as a matter of course is the expense of encouraging the professional development of the members of its faculty. This is, admittedly, a new concept in our circles for we have hitherto assumed that a bachelor's degree from Seward or River Forest is the ultimate certificate of competence. And certainly those who are acquainted with the curricula and the products of these two institutions must be grateful for the excellent teachers whom they annually release to the service of the church. But modern teaching demands continued training, in service and in formal graduate work. Such work is expensive and can hardly be financed by the individual teacher out of his very limited salary. What is obviously demanded, therefore, is some kind of financial help, and this help ought to be extended, not as a type of charity but as an investment in the school. And it ought to be extended without any such tawdry conditions as the teacher's agreeing to remain for any certain number of years in the congregation. Such a condition is, first of all, a violation of the doctrine of the divine call and it overlooks, in the second place, the fact that every parochial school depends for its success upon the soundness of the teaching profession throughout the church.

**Musical Chairs**

In recruiting and keeping a school faculty, school board members are acutely conscious of the fact that they are at the mercy of two formidable giants: biology and theology. What follows in this section should not be taken as a criticism of either of these giants but rather as the confessions of one who has had occasion to experience the strength of both of them.

Saint Paul advised the younger women to marry and bear children. Wise as this advice was, it would hardly seem to have been necessary. And I take it that none of us would really want it to be otherwise. Nevertheless, there is no getting away from the fact that it is hard to build a strong faculty when there is a high rate of turn-over, whatever the cause of the turn-over may be.

Nor is there any way of determining in advance what the prospects may be of a woman teacher's remaining unmarried. Two unmarried women teachers of my acquaintance happen to be also among the most attractive people I know. Why they have chosen to remain unmarried is a question which they have not offered to answer and which I have not had the nerve to ask. Nor, for that matter, would I ask even if I had the nerve, for there is no point to putting any ideas into their heads if they are not already there. By the same token, I have known young women whom
Nature seemed to have specifically designed for a life of single blessedness but for whom a soul-mate was waiting at the end of the commencement procession. So there is no way of knowing and it makes little sense to lament the alleged "fickleness" or "lack of consecration" of young women who are simply following the first and most compelling call of their sex. Perhaps one may hope to draw some of them back into teaching when their family situations permit. Meanwhile, school boards must operate within the context of a real situation, accepting the services of their women teachers with proper gratitude and accepting the loss of such teachers with understanding and good humor.

The theological giant is a rather different thing and one which I hope that someone more competent than I will someday subject to a careful examination in the light of the Holy Scriptures. To start with, there is the matter of the divine call. I am in full agreement with the teaching of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, that the called and ordained male teacher is a member of the holy ministry and, as such, is not only the servant of a congregation but is also in the direct and immediate service of his Lord. I agree, further, that such a teacher receives his call from God through the agency of a Christian congregation, so whenever a call is received the teacher is conscience-bound to examine whether this is or is not a summons to pull up stakes and go elsewhere, irrespective of the time of year or the apparent difficulties which his leaving might create in the congregation which he is serving.

It would seem to me, however, that the parochial school teacher is called not only to a place but to a profession, and that the call to his profession implies a mandate to observe those professional rules of the game which have been tested and found good. In any school, whether it be an elementary school or a graduate school, morale and teaching effectiveness depend largely upon some measure of stability within the teaching staff and upon that inter-action of personalities which is possible only when men know each other reasonably well. I do not, therefore, see how we can expect to operate good schools or a good school system unless there is some general agreement that when a teacher accepts a call into a school he accepts it with the intention of staying on until he knows, beyond reasonable doubt, that he ought to go elsewhere. The alternative to such an attitude, I would suggest, is the attitude either of the drifter who has no clear idea of why he is wherever he is or of the opportunist who sees every job as the stepping-stone to something bigger and better. I am not much concerned about the opportunist, for few opportunists would ever enter parochial school teaching in the first place. But some consideration ought to be given to the drifter — usually a genial soul and a capable enough teacher — who just can't seem to realize that there is more to the total educational picture than meeting classes. Perhaps all that such a person really needs is to be convinced that he actually is a significant factor in the total picture of the school and of the congregation. The administrative organization of the school along more democratic lines, with the principal acting as moderator or chairman of the faculty rather than as boss, might contribute to the stability of the school faculty.

One implication which would almost certainly seem to follow from the idea of the teacher's call to a profession would be that only the most urgent necessity would tempt a congregation to call a teacher away from another congregation during the course of an academic year. Death and enforced retirement are unpredictable things and might place a congregation in a situation of such actual immediate need that it could not afford to allow the vacancy to continue through the academic year. But the filling of every vacancy by creating another vacancy in another congregation simply spreads a sickness which might otherwise have been localized. Nor is it any exaggeration to describe the condition of a school which has lost a teacher during the academic year as "sick." The effects of the loss may be felt, particularly in the morale and progress of the abandoned class, for years to come.

But when we ask teachers to commit themselves more or less permanently to a place, we accept also the moral obligation to remove, as far as possible, those temptations of the flesh which might prompt a teacher to accept a call elsewhere from sheer motives of escape. To ask a teacher to tolerate the intolerable is to ask him to be more than human. If we are going to ask a teacher to think of his call to our congregation as a more or less permanent call, we must make it possible for him to establish himself more or less permanently in a community. More and more congregations are attempting to help their teachers gain this feeling of permanence by helping them to finance the purchase of their own homes. In our congregation, operating with a fund of $18,000 set up out of the proceeds of the sale of an old oversize teacherage, we have made it possible for four of our teachers to make down-payments on homes of their own. In the process we have taken a large part of the maintenance job off the hands of our trustees and have spared the teachers' wives the embarrassment of having to ask congregational permission to redecorate the kitchen. Congregations contemplating the establishment of such a fund should, however, be sure that their motives are right. To attempt to use such monies as a device for making it financially impossible for a teacher to leave would
be a serious and unwarranted interference with the freedom which the teacher must have to go whereever his Lord calls him.

Ladies in Waiting

Our school opened ten years ago with two teachers—a man (our principal) and a woman (now teaching the first grade). Both have been excellent teachers, both have faithfully served the congregation not only within the school but in other areas of congregational life. Both did work beyond their bachelor’s degrees to the M.A.

Our principal, of course, enjoyed the status and security of a called and ordained servant of the Word. The lady teacher enjoyed nothing of the sort. Granting that any member of the school board who had suggested her being denied a contract might have been removed from office on grounds of mental incompetence, it was nevertheless true that she could have been thrown out at the end of any contract year. And it became embarrassing to members of the board to go through the masque, each year, of offering her a contract for the following year. And so, with the advice of the pastor and the school faculty, the board last year drew up, and the congregation accepted, a “Resolution Respecting the Tenure of Women Teachers.” Omitting certain purely mechanical sections of this statement, the resolution reads as follows:

1. In keeping with the teachings of the Holy Scriptures and the Lutheran Confessions, Immanuel Lutheran congregation recognizes that the office of the public ministry, as it is vested in its pastors and teachers, is restricted to men who have been duly called and ordained to that office.

2. At the same time, it recognizes the fact that women teachers, although they are not eligible for call into the public ministry of the Church, are entitled to high respect and esteem for the good work which they perform as teachers of the children of the Church.

3. Therefore it is the intent of Immanuel Lutheran congregation to extend to the women teachers in its Christian day school all of the rights, privileges, opportunities, and security which it extends to the men teachers, except for those which derive specifically from the divine call.

4. The congregation may, therefore, upon recommendation of the Board of Parish Education, extend to any licensed or certified woman teacher who shall have completed three full years of teaching in its Christian day school a permanent contract of employment.

5. Such a permanent contract of employment shall provide

a) that the teacher may not be discharged except on grounds of incompetence, insubordination, or ungodly life, and then only upon formal presentation of charges and evidence and vote of the Voters’ Assembly;
b) that the teacher shall remain in the service of the congregation until such time as she shall be persuaded that the Lord of the Church has called her to service elsewhere;
c) that the teacher will hear and carefully weigh the advice of the congregation before accepting an offer of employment elsewhere, especially during the course of any academic year;
d) that the teacher shall be eligible for all annual salary increments that may be provided for in the salary schedule and all other advantages that she might have enjoyed under annual contract.

This statement of policy was made a contract between the congregation and its women teachers, alterable only by mutual agreement of the congregation and its teachers.

The most significant statement in this document is statement three, the declaration of intent to put the women teachers on a footing equal in all respects to that of the men teachers except for such limitations as derive from the lack of a divine call. In the present confused situation within the Church, it may be difficult to spell out specifically what “rights, privileges, opportunities, and security” stem from the divine call, but what is difficult to do need not be impossible when a decision is required within the context of a specific problem or situation.

While the statement was designed primarily to define the status of the women teachers, there are implicit in the statement certain considerations designed to protect the congregation and to safeguard the integrity of the educational program. For one thing, the grant of permanent tenure is restricted to those teachers who are “licensed or certified.” It would be a mistake to grant the security of tenure to a teacher who lacks the professional qualifications for her position, however consecrated she might otherwise be and however sincere her intentions might seem to be to meet the standards of professional competence. For another thing, it is clearly the intent of the tenure arrangement that the teacher who accepts tenure will have come to the conclusion that her place of service is within the congregation, barring unforeseeable indications that it is elsewhere. (There is particular emphasis upon the fact that the congregation would, under most circumstances, consider it unwise for the teacher to leave during the course of an academic year.) And for a third thing, the establishment of what amounts to a three-year probationary period forces both the teacher and the congregation to come to a decision as to whether their relationship is mutually satisfactory. To put it more bluntly, at the end of three years of service the teacher and the congregation would be forced to decide

SEPTEMBER 1957
whether their relationship should be severed or made permanent. This will, it is hoped, avoid a mere drifting of the teacher and the congregation into a kind of common law marriage which either or both might later come to regret.

At times, when one contemplates the expenditure of money and energy that must go into the operation of a good Christian day school, one questions whether these talents are best employed in what is, after all, essentially a job of conservation, or whether they might not be better employed in an active outreach beyond the bounds of the congregation. For myself, the answer has always been simply this: that there is little point in bringing people into a Lutheran church unless that church is truly Lutheran. If we are content to be “merely Christian,” there seems little justification for our maintaining a denominational identity. But if we are to be truly Lutheran, we must indoctrinate our people in that body of dogma which differentiates Lutheranism from other Christian traditions and denominations. If our schools fail to do that, then they are, of course, a waste of time and effort and frankness would compel me to admit that we have schools which are failing to do this specifically theological job. But the school which raises up a new generation of Lutheran Christians contributes mightily not only to the congregation and to the church but to the whole Christian community which needs, and wants, a vigorous, orderly, and intelligible Lutheran testimony on questions of faith and morals.

CITY’S FOUNDATION

Steel stepping towers climb to reach the clouds
For they were built to brush the cobwebbed shrouds
Of grime and fog and mote polluted air . . .
A steepled pledge that lustrous skies are there.

This is no eagle but a gargoyled crow
That flees the roofs on wings of indigo
Across a labyrinth of catacombs
Where huddled robots climb to ant-hill homes.

The city’s masoned piles are sepulchres
That hide its secret halos in the spurs
Of girders, in the smooth facades of stone
Where love and hate strip laughter to the bone.

The city’s reach, despite its tallest spires
Can never touch the stars’ immortal fires.
Or rise above the pyramids of gloom
For its foundations are the roots of gloom.

ROCKWELL B. SCHAEFER
To A Brother in the Ministry

Called to teach the children of the Church

By Robert J. Hover
Board of Parish Education
The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod

Your are called stewards of the mysteries of God, and it is required that you be faithful.
You are called to tell the coming generation the glorious deeds of the Lord; His might and the wonders which He has wrought.
What we think of you or what your congregation thinks of you is not your first concern, you work for God.
School boards and pastors and parents, as the Church of God, will direct you; they will even cause you agony.
But faithfulness in the work and trustworthiness are above all these; they are to God.
He it is who comes seeking fruit in you. He will come and find in you His honest fruit.
I am glad that this is so.
We make no allowances for human frailty when we give a task to the stewards who serve us in the Church.
You have served the Church with great distinction, you have taught me much and have forgiven me more.
You and the teachers being installed with you are coming here into a ministry such as I could never carry.
And yet I say freely to you as to all Christian workers: Be perfect. Be perfect, for nothing less is good enough.
That which we have given into your charge is eternally wonderful, and we say to you without qualification be perfect and beyond reproach as stewards of the mysteries of God.
We make no distinction between the old and the young, between the experienced and those who have limited experience.
We say both to you and to the teachers who will be with you in your work, be perfect and beyond reproach.
And then we say let us forgive one another, for this is the genius of the Church:
And then we say to one another forgive me, and together let us hope for perfection; together let us accept God's forgiveness and the forgiveness of one another.
So now we set our charge before you, and we say be perfect in these things:
For if we set our requirements so low that we need not forgive you in failure, how shall we come to you and say forgive me?

And this is the task before you, that you teach our children the glorious deeds of the Lord, that the next generation might know them, the children yet unborn, and arise to tell them to their children, so that they set their hope in God.

Three things we ask first that you do.
We ask that you teach our children the abilities to prosper in life. That they might take their place in the society of men, and move in the world though they are not of it, without shame and without fear.
We ask that you teach our children a way of life in accordance with the commandments of our God. That they might understand the happiness of the moral Christian life, and conforming to the laws of God and their country live their lives in quietness and honesty.

But these three things require no repetition
In soul-searching quiet before the face of God you have already resolved to teach these things.
For these three things you have already heard the command of God, and how shall we add to that?
There is yet another charge I would set before you, and for this charge also I would say Be perfect.
And in this request I make I speak for the Church of the Living God.
You represent the Church before these children whom we have given you.

They are children of God. They know their Lord and Savior.
You will teach them more; indeed for some you will teach them all they know,
But whether they know much or little, the testing of their faith and the furnace trials of life lie still before them:
Their faith must yet be refined to purest gold, tempered to hard and shining steel.
Until they know God in the inner secret agonies of the heart, they will know God only in the Church.

September 1957
Until they have tested a personal God in the lonely secret troubles of growth to adulthood, God is to them the Church. They will test their God by testing His Church. If the Church should fail their testing they may never come to test their God Himself.

You represent the Church standing before these our children. And this is not the concern of this one congregation, this is the concern of the Church for we are one. Where one Christian stands, there stands the Church, for we are one.

And I speak for the Church, for these are our children. I speak for the Church in India and in St. Louis, in England and China and Russia and Collinsville; these are our children.

You will stand before them, and they will know us through you. You will show us to them, and as you are before them so will they judge us to be.

So then I speak for the Church. And we Christians of every name and color and race and kind, we charge you show us truly to these our children.

_We want these children to know that we love our Lord and Savior._

We are not cold and Pharisaic, speaking empty words without heart. We do not come to God as to an arithmetic table or a formula of chemistry. But our God has taken on Himself our bitter evil things and has given us Himself. And we have opened our hearts to Him that He might live within us.

And we have longed for God with a thirsting fire in our hearts. More than they that wait in misery for the morning, more than watchmen for the morning, we have waited God.

We are not perfect, as though our children should be as we are. We say to you teach so that our children should not be like their fathers. We do not set ourselves before them as examples and say what we have done that you shall do;

We are stubborn and rebellious, our heart has not been steadfast nor has our spirit been faithful to our God. We are humble sinners suppliant before our God; we cry out Jesus Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us. For we need that mercy and we know our need.

We want our children to know this, and we ask you to teach them. But you cannot give them words for it, for words will not convey our humble spirit. We ask that you show us to them.

Be on our behalf a humble suppliant before the throne, and do you with our children beseech the mercy of God for them, for us, and for yourself.

_Then we want them to know that we love one another._

We do not look at clothes, or listen to beautiful words, or search for handsome faces and say of such things that these are the reason for love; We do not ask that any man be worthy of love for we have not been worthy of love.

We look at my Lord and say He is the cause of love. If God so loved us, ought we not to love one another?

My Lord came down from heaven and brought with Him His love; and into every heart reborn of the Spirit He placed this fire of love.

And His love is a love that loveth all.

Wherever these children go, they will be loved, for they go in the grace of God. And into whatever society they enter, into whatever company they move, they will be loved in the Church. But we will not show them this love well, because we are so weak.

The cold reserve of our human nature will often cut and wound them as they seek for love, because we are a generation whose heart has not been steadfast, whose spirit has not been faithful to our God;

The love we have must fight its aching way through this cold and stony face we show. It is all too often hidden and never found.

How then shall you teach them? Can you say to our children your fathers love one another, when our acts belie your words?

We ask you to show them how we love one another. We place this charge before you and say be perfect; though we cannot show you the way of perfection.

Take these children into your heart, and on our behalf love them. Do not look to beautiful clothes nor yet to sharp intellectual minds, and say for these I love you. But love them all, the rebellious and the wise and the homely and the lovely and the dull and the shining ones.

Love them all, so that they learn for the time of testing that beneath our craggy brows and our growling voice there beats the heart of Christ.

_Finaly, we want these children to know that we forgive one another. For how can we love and not forgive? We are not harsh wielders of the law, as though the vengeance of God lay in our hands._

We do not require penance, as though we must be paid for sin after God has closed His accounts.
For our Lord and Savior Jesus has taken on Himself all law and wrath, and has left us only love and forgiveness.
So then for seven sins in a day and seventy times seven, for seventy times seven and a thousand times a thousand
We say to all who will hear and want our voice, You are forgiven.
Show our children this.

But now it is an easy thing for me to say to you you are forgiven. But when I have done you wrong, then all my body rises in mutiny
I come in agony to you and ask, Am I forgiven?
Yet this is the Church we ask you to show our children, that we forgive and ask forgiveness of our brother.
We are one in Christ, in His forgiveness we trust; His forgiveness covers us like a blanket
And trusting that forgiveness we seek it also in one another.

This is the way of teaching:
If you forgive our children, they will know how to forgive me. But if you ask them to forgive, they will learn to ask that I should forgive.
And this we would have them know.

We do not ask that our children should be as we are, but that they should be not like their fathers
We ask that they should exceed us in righteousness and faith, that in them the glory of God might be fulfilled.
This then is the charge we place before you, and before all who would teach our children
We place this heavy burden we cannot lift upon your shoulders, and we say be perfect for nothing else will do;
And we ask your forgiveness for being such that this burden rests so lonely on your shoulders.
Show us to your children as our Lord Christ sees us, Who gave Himself for you and me
And indeed for all those who Love Him, and ask His forgiveness.

And then may the peace of God that surpasses understanding keep our hearts and minds and may we live as One through faith in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Amen.

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SUMMER MIDNIGHT

Trees talk
Amicably
To the soft, elfin wind
While fire-flies polka-dot
The dark.

Comets,
Like waterfalls,
Cascading silver-white,
Plunge down mysterious gorges
Of sky.

We sense
The Ageless Mind,
Whose miracles flower
In panoramas that expand
The soul.

LUCIA TRENT
Last Thoughts on the 1956-1957 Theatre Season

By WALTER SORELL
Drama Editor

During the waning weeks of this season the theatre on and off-Broadway showed signs of vigor which, in previous weeks, was too often wanting. Of course, I do not think of some of the superfluous entries whether they survived the criticism of the press and engendered enough curiosity among the suburban playgoers, or not, to be still on the boards. I am concerned with the plays which have that living magic without which there is no theatre, the inner poetry which strikes a responsive chord in your own heart or mind. And knowing the state of the theatre whose entertainment value is a major factor for its survival in general, we need not wonder why trash is always triumphant and the creative mind has such a difficult time to keep afloat. As a matter of fact, trash paves the financial way for many producers to gamble with something of inherent value but less popular appeal.

I realize that trash is a harsh word for many well-meaning tries and is only used because of its obvious rhyme with cash and its descriptive brevity for the mere-entertainment-plays. These ranged from the success of Ronald Alexander's Babbits-abroad-comedy, "Holiday for Lovers," based on the formula "how trite can I sink to please the average mind?", to the hit of "Tunnel of Love" by Joseph Fields and Peter DeVries about the artificial Bohemian who indulges in adultery only because it seems part of his phony pattern of life. To me, the DeVries comedy is not a hit but a sophisticated "miss" which could have almost been a good satire on a certain type of American childless family with a Left-Bank-on-the-Hudson ideology. But its New Yorkerish style of writing defeats any serious approach. The question, "Do you ever think of the victims of broken homes?" receives the reply, "I think of the victims of intact ones". It comes closer to social comment in the line: "We can't go to Lake Placid this week-end because our baby-sitter is in Bermuda". The entire comedy is a wonderful example of good material which, due to its preciousness, deteriorates into ordinariness.

Arnold Schulman's play, "A Hole in the Head," has that mixture of emotionalism and farce, soap opera and tender seriousness which the public seems to like. The problem of the play has to do with a middle-aged child, a widower who does not know whether he should give up having a good time in order to find a mother for his ten-year-old boy. My problem was whether the Paddy Chayevsky method of the unedited tape recording kind of speech with which television tries to invade Broadway will be able to secure a hold on the stage. Of course, TV can do better, too. Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy, "A Visit to a Small Planet," which looked fine as a one-hour comedy on the small home screen, was enlarged to a full-length stage play. It still has enough humor, though, flattened out, it lost some of its immediate impact. But in such cases it is the production which saves the show since comedians of the rank of Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are irresistible. The lower the comedy, the fuller the house has been proved by Bert Lahr who appears in an old vehicle, in Georges Feydeau's "Hotel Paradiso" (adapted and staged by Peter Glenville), where he can clown in a knock-about-comical way to his and his public's heart's desire.

The cash registers have to be filled to keep the commercial theatre going. As long as we have no subsidized theatres, these plays fulfill their double purpose of pleasing the majority of the public and their producers.

The Battle of Angels in "Orpheus Descending"

There is something great about this minor opus by Tennessee Williams. It was his first play to be tried out by the Theatre Guild under the title of "Battle of Angels" in 1940 in Boston where it failed. Mr. Williams was quoted as saying that if he had had one month to rewrite it he could have saved it. He had now seventeen years during which he worked on it now and then, and its dramaturgy is still bad. For two acts it is an absorbing play of rare poetic purity, a mood piece of some magnitude, only to deviate into a maudlin melodrama in Act Three.

He has a great theme, an eternal one, the fight between good and evil. He finds evil in every character he creates in this play, but he singles a few out as striving for the good, as having kindness, warmth and love somewhere preserved in their hearts. On the surface it is a black and white drawing of angelic innocence battling hypocritical devilishness. Tennessee Williams seems to side with Val, a vagabond who has music in his heart...
with Vee, a woman who becomes blinded by her visions; with Carol, a girl in frantic search for love; and Lady, living with death in her memory and in her present life, symbolized by her dying husband.

Again he paints a frightful picture of the conservative South with its little-town-gossips, frustrations and superficially suppressed violence ready to break out at a moment's notice, and, above all, with the hatred of everything that is foreign to them, foreign in more than one way.

Val, with his life companion, the guitar, has been a loafer who now seeks a peace he has never known, the feeling of belonging. At the age of 30, he has done with his past and tries to step over a threshold into something pure and beautiful as the music of his guitar. But he steps into the Underworld of Tennessee Williams' South, into a world of hissing flames and burning hatred, peopled with incarnate pettiness and twisted minds, suspect of kind gestures and words.

Val's simplicity and purity of heart are touching. He rejects Carol Cutrere, not because he thinks her depraved and a bad lot as the other townspeople do, but because she represents to him the wild life he wants to leave. However, he accepts Lady's love, though he is unconsciously aware of doing something wrong and tries to escape what seems to him a trap. Afterward—staying as he does since he cannot run away from his fate—a gentle feeling of respect, understanding and love engulfs both of them.

Lady, haunted by the memories of her father's death who was a victim of mob violence, lives with a bedridden man who, as it turns out, was responsible for this death. Thus, her love for Val seems justified on several levels. The feeling of revenge, uppermost in her mind, for the murder of her father, for the burning down of his house and vineyards, for having been bought at "a fire sale" by an older man into wedlock is put on one scale against her love for the young man with the guitar on the other.

Vee, the visionary, who comes to see Christ in Val, seems to be his love and brutality she has to witness as the Sheriff's wife. It is Val's kindness to and understanding for this woman which causes the Sheriff's suspicion and opens the vent of his viciousness with which he and his mob throw the naked Val to the howling dogs, after the dying husband shot his pregnant wife in the arms of her lover and accused Val of this murder. The final act of violence may have seemed inevitable to Tennessee Williams who had to write a third act; it does not necessarily follow as a logical denouement.

The play is full of symbols. There is, of course, Mr. Williams' favorite symbol, an old negro, a rag-and-bone-seller, whose name is Uncle Pleasant, and who goes through the play with a wild wailing cry as the figure of death. There is the symbol of conception as result of pure love, the striving innocent crushed by the demons in man. Tennessee Williams has his hero tell of birds without legs, sleeping on clouds and descending to the earth only once, and then in order to die. His Orpheus is such a bird. He descends to Two-River County amidst these underworldish people in order to die.

A Battle with Self

The same last-act-trouble which beset Tennessee Williams has also marred another fascinating play, Arthur Laurents' "A Clearing in the Woods," a psycho-analytic fantasy. If its merit were only confined to the one fact that it broke away from all previous theatre formulas, Mr. Laurents would have achieved a great deal. But he has done more than that. He has relived and re-created dramatically the battle with a person's perplexing self and has filled it with the poetry of life.

A young neurotic woman tries to find inner peace and runs through the various phases of her past seeking a clearing in her mental confusion. She meets her self in several stages of her development and the men in her life, including her boorish father with whom her troubles began.

The entire play is written like a dream with images blurred, distorted and sometimes becoming painfully clear. It has an elusive, floating quality, an unsubstantial texture, but still manages to retain the feeling of reality. Kim Stanley gave this probing character the shape and tone quality which made it come alive. The sensitive lighting by Abe Feder, the mysterious setting of a clearing in the woods by Oliver Smith created the physical sensation of an enchanted place. Joseph Anthony, the director, felt the under-sea-softness, the wonders of hidden awareness, and he created a sustained, though constantly changing mood of illusion and reality.

When the heroine, a sickly egotist, has come to the end of her probing, Arthur Laurents comes to the end of his poetic gift. She is suddenly elated in having found a clearing in her mental state, but he failed to make us feel it with her. This final failure may lie in the fact that this is too private a sensation, and nobody else can actually share it with the man to whom it happens.

Dramatic Literature Off-Broadway

The off-Broadway theatre seems to keep its rendezvous with its predestined purpose: to produce the literary play. James Joyce's "Exiles," the only theatrical venture of this great novelist, is an excursion into the autobiographical play. A writer returns from his exile to Dublin. He is married to a woman who is earthy, and cannot follow the flights of his fantasy. She is at-
tracted to the writer's best friend who tries to seduce her. Our poet searches for some way to escape his alienation and finds himself understood only by a spinster with whom he has a long platonic friendship.

Joyce was no dramatist. He wrote an interesting study of himself in "Exiles," but the play lacks the poetic touch, the power of the inner voice which both make his novels so outstanding. It is badly constructed and carries the dust of many decades on its frail shoulders. It has awkward scenes and—despite all these deficiencies—has a way of holding your interest because he creates a dramatic situation and four characters who fight to understand themselves and why they are exiles from each other.

This play, written in 1914, received its first American production, and a laudable one, by Daniel S. Broun and Barry Fredrik.

The Theatre East offered a triple bill by John Millington Synge: "In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding" and "Riders to the Sea." In contrast to Joyce, his compatriot is a born dramatist who has the power of the spoken word with which he can put human beings on the stage. His language is literary, too, but it seems to come from deep within and is of lyrical rather than epic origin. Synge does not want so much to tell a story, he paints his drama with heavy hues.

The first two plays are light in tone and remain more or less skillful sketches. But "Riders to the Sea" is a monumental painting of a mother's lament who lost her sons to the cruel sea. This threnody reaches with its primitive peasant imagery beyond the little island where it takes place. It almost has the power of the Biblical language of Job, accusing and arguing with God. A play which will live as long as people will not understand why what happens to them must happen.

Giraudoux' "Apollo of Bellac" which was seen at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse is as Gallic as Synge is Irish. Maurice Valency made it sound wonderful in English. Out of whimsical wit a beautiful one-act play emerges. A timid girl is told that she can conquer the world of the male by telling them that they are handsome. And Giraudoux proves his point in a short but swift series of events.

Of course, Giraudoux wants to say more than only that flattery and a white lie makes life easier, or that man is weak and needs to be reassured. He uses a magic wand with which he creates an illusion and says: This is more important than the facts. The facts are relative, the illusions lasting and believable. That he makes this apparent reversion of the truth credible, is Giraudoux' great secret.

The Downtown Theatre produced "In Good King Charles' Golden Days," a minor Shaw showing his immortal wit in form of a fascinating, dramatically con-

ceived essay. It is amusing talk about many interesting things on a most brilliant level, proving again that Shaw could write true history that never happened as no one else. This kind of play needs excellent performers, and it is astounding how many good actors have found their way into obscure basement theatres.

The "Oscar Wilde" play by Leslie and Sewell Stokes with the impressive actor Thayer David as Oscar Wilde, well staged by Bill Penn, shows how historic material ought not to be handled. This play's wit and interest lives on Wilde's epigrams only and on the sensation of his trial. But it never leaves the surface to investigate this complex problem of a great mind in a weak body.

**Love, Life and God**

Graham Greene has written a great play, "The Potting Shed," which is a loud accusation and strong affirmation, a credo held up to man in an unbelieving age. It received a beautiful production by director Carmen Capalbo, who has found the best players imaginable in Robert Flemyng as James, Dame Sybil Thorndike as his mother and Frank Conroy who played the priest.

James Callifer, the hero, is a troubled and trapped man in a world in which understanding and love, truth and faith are too often brushed aside. He searches for all this and for the explanation of something mysterious that has happened in his life which must be at the basis of his trauma.

The play is a mystery play as we understand it now and as it was understood in the Middle Ages. As in a detective story James tries to discover the one criminal moment in his life which must have caused his troubles and worries. On the other level it deals with man's belief in God and his fight with the devil.

James going through all modern treatments of medication and analysis finally finds his way to his uncle, a priest who has lost his inner faith and begun to drink. He reveals to James that, as a boy, James had hanged himself in the potting shed and that his uncle's prayers in which he had offered to give up his faith for the miracle of resurrection, had made him live again. This Faustian idea of concluding such a pact is the only weak point in the story because it is hardly credible on a rational basis that such a miracle could break the faith in such a strong man.

But "The Potting Shed" has suspense and a strong dramatic narrative. We would assume that after the hero found out the traumatic secret of his life, the interest in the play would be over. Graham Greene manages to write another and final act which is as engrossing as the previous ones. Life's realities are blind to the inner changes of man, and James' total conversion endangers him to the point of being put into an insane asylum.
Racial tensions and our struggle with communism and fascism are the clearest symptoms of the ideological conflict that is universal in our time. Christian education is also involved in such a conflict and is being tested as with fire. At such a time the decision to come to a Christian university is not made easily. Other schools may be able to offer the advantages of proximity to home, cheaper tuition and more prestige. Under the circumstances, people often wonder why students decide to attend a Christian college. When students on our campus are asked why they come to Valpo, probably the most frequent reply is one of the following: "Valpo is the university of my church," "My parents wanted me to come to Valpo," or "Someone from Valpo interested me in coming here."

One of the greatest proponents of public education in all history was Dr. Martin Luther who insisted that the laity as well as the clergy should have a complete education beginning with the elementary school and including the university. Never anticipating the secularization of the public schools, Luther expected all education to be distinctly Christian in character. In our country the secularization of the public schools has placed Lutheran Christians in a dilemma. Since the public schools are not Christ centered, some consider them and the state, in general, as their natural enemies. Luther would remind us, however, that both the state and the church have been instituted by God to serve Him and the man whom He created. Christians, therefore, should support the state at all times, except when the state would compel people to act contrary to the will of God.

Since we do not live in a Christian society, only a minority will prefer a Christian college. For the sake of the majority who will want a secular education, for the sake of those who, for good reasons, cannot get a Christian education, for the benefit of those who do not understand the need and the value of a Christian education, and for the sake of our government and society we must also do all in our power to support the secular schools, especially with good teachers.

The broad goal of secular education is to prepare students for temporal life. Although Christian colleges deal with the same arts and sciences, the same data and material, and the same methods, for the greater part, as those of public education, Christian education is fundamentally different in that its basic goal is to prepare students for eternal life, including the temporal. Since secular schools cannot provide a Christ centered education, it is necessary for Christians to establish Christian colleges as urged by Martin Luther.

It is the unique function of the Christian university to teach all that God commanded, keeping Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the main focus of all its teaching. Saint Paul wrote to the Christians at Corinth, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Yet Paul said and wrote many other things to them. It is clear he intended to teach all things that Christ has commanded and especially the main theme that Jesus is the Messiah. Christian education is the teaching of the arts, sciences, and professions as gifts of God to be understood and used as God intended.

Some secular schools, public and private, teach about Jesus, but we teach Christ crucified for our justification. A Christian education means learning the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and it means making Christ pertinent to the lives of students for every time, environment, condition and state. A Christian campus is an all-pervading influence on its students through its instructors, worship and student body — in the classroom, student residences, and in social life.

A Christian university must maintain the educational standards established by secular organizations, and, at the same time, prepare its students for Christian living in body, mind and spirit. To do so a Christian university must be controlled and staffed with a great majority of mature and dedicated Christians, inasmuch as the teacher’s discourse is born in his heart and not in his head or his mouth. Since modern Christians cannot find such an education and environment at secular schools, they or their children will make every effort...
to attend Christian colleges dedicated to the task of teaching all things that Christ has commanded.

For some a Christian university adds up to a spiritual and intellectual "hothouse" where every "plant" will produce a predetermined quantity under the constant surveillance and the tender nursing of a multitude of attendants. Others think of a Christian university as an intellectual cloister where the students are completely protected from the trials and temptations of academic life by a wall of carefully censored books, a moat of rules established and enforced by the administration, and a guard of around-the-clock teaching, supervising, and counselling by an innocuous faculty. Certainly a Christian university is no place for those who would rush out into the elements stark naked and take their chances on dying of exposure, but hoping to return to their shelters as hardened and toughened demigods. Those who know about a Christian university or have attended one realize that it is more like a garden in a God-given climate, attended by a corps of people trained and experienced in protecting their "crops" from exposure on the one hand, and adept at aiding and stimulating productive faith on the other. Students at a Christian university are not exposed, but they are challenged to produce for God. As recipients of greater gifts from God, students at Christian colleges learn that they have the responsibility to produce greater fruit, or He will cut them down and cast them out as barren fig trees.

The wise Christian selects a Christian college for his higher education. Often such wisdom is unknowingly expressed in the statement, "I came to Valpo because it is the university of my church." The Christian influence of others is apparent in the statement, "Someone from Valpo interested me in coming here." Parents who send their children to a Christian university will have their children rise up and call them blessed for they and their children have heeded the command to teach all nations "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

**THE CRADLE**

After day's tumble of feeling
Night is good,
Coming with slow arms
Over the earth to each of us.
Night is the cradle of God's arms
In which our feelings tire
Finally,
Then sleep out the dark, deathlessly,
Till dawn.

CHARLES B. TINKMAN

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**Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.**

**B y G. G.**

Dear Editor:

Well, back to the grindstone, eh? I had a good summer and hope the same of you. Likewise all the other people on the staff.

I've got to tell you about an amusing thing that happened in the congregation a few weeks ago. A young couple, both from old families in the congregation, was blessed with the gift of a healthy daughter - just six months after their wedding. Well, you can imagine the to-do all over town. The church council had a special meeting, and some of the boys wanted to deny baptism to the child, and both sets of in-laws were yelling at each other about who got who into trouble and poor old Rev. Zeitgeist got it from all sides.

Well, it happens that Mel Starck, the county clerk, is a member of our congregation and it happens also that, as clerk, he has custody of all of the wedding and birth records in the county. So Mel shows up at the next council meeting with a sheet of paper in his hand and he moves that the case be referred to the pastor for "action in accord with the Scriptures and Christian charity." But a couple of guys were not about to let the kids get off like that. They had them cold and they were really going to throw the book at them.

So finally Mel got up and said, "Boys, on this sheet of paper I have a list of wedding dates and list of dates on which the first children were born to every family in the congregation and instead of taking your time with a long speech I would just like to insert this sheet in the minutes where you can all examine it at your leisure."

Well, of course, the chairman ruled him out of order but his motion passed unanimously and that was the end of the matter. At first I think some of the men were a little bit sore about the way Mel practically blackmailed them but eventually they cooled off and I think some of them even got a little bit of a kick out of being reminded that there was a time when they were young and foolish, too.

So all is quiet again in the biggest little town in Nebraska and I hope the same of you.

Regards,

G.G.
The Music Room

Memorable Performances of Familiar Music

By WALTER A. HANSEN

It is always a joy to hear the great Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland. I revel in the ripe, mellow tone produced by this world-famous group of musicians.

Two thrilling recordings lie before me as I write. The one, made by the Concertgebouw Orchestra, is devoted exclusively to music by Johann Sebastian Bach (Epic LC-3332); the other, made in part by the Concertgebouw Orchestra and in part by the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux, presents works by Gioacchino Rossini, Gaetano Donizetti, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, Johann Strauss the Elder, and Franz Peter Schubert (Epic LC-3349). The contrasts are sharp. In fact, they are glaring. The readings are truthful. In fact, they are ideal.

Eduard van Beinum conducts two of Bach's orchestral suites — the third and the fourth. Both are in the key of D major. What wonderful music this is — wonderful because of the melodic content, because of the workmanship, and because of the varying moods it creates! Here you have joy and seriousness, abandoned gaiety and profound pensiveness.

If you happen to be one of those who believe that Bach was a great master only when he composed sacred music, you should hear these two suites again and again. They will disabuse you of the notion that Bach's secular compositions are inferior in quality to what he wrote for the church.

But it is important for you to hear Bach's music presented truthfully. The tempi must be properly chosen. The accentuation must be to the point. The part-writing must be delineated with crystalline clarity. The playing must be precise. Any tendency or temptation to indulge in showiness must be rigorously curbed.

The Suite No. 3 contains the deathless Air which is commonly spoken of as the Air for the G String because of a fine transcription for the violin by the renowned August Wilhelmj. Naturally, the title Air for the G String applies only to Wilhelmj's arrangement. When you hear the Concertgebouw Orchestra play the Suite No. 3, you will become acquainted with this imperishable outpouring of beauty in the tonality in which Bach couched it.

Are you one of those who sneer at Rossini's William Tell Overture? I hope not. The William Tell Overture lives on and on in spite of all the suffering it has endured at the hands of inept conductors and performers. It is vivid music. It is a series of four excellent paintings in tone. Hear it played by the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux under Paul van Kempen, and you will wonder why you ever tooted into the horn of those who declare out of the depths of their smugness that it is trite and tawdry.

Rossini was an expert craftsman. Furthermore, he was a master of the art of creating melodies that never die.

On the same disc you will hear the overture Rossini wrote for The Barber of Seville. This is another masterpiece. No less a personage than the late Arturo Toscanini once declared that in this bright and bubbling composition Rossini showed that he was the equal of Mozart. Maybe Toscanini the Italian went too far when he stated that parts of the overture to The Barber of Seville are superior to what Mozart could have written. Nevertheless, the overture is a deathless masterpiece.

Do you think that Tchaikovsky's Marche Slave is one of the Russian's worst works? Maybe it is. But for me the reading presented by the Concertgebouw Orchestra throws new light on this composition. Here you do not have the dawdling tempo and the sluggish rhythm employed by so many conductors. No, here you have all the fire and all the downright savagery contained in the march.

The overture to Donizetti's The Daughter of the Regiment is full of sparkle. This composer had remarkable facility of expression.

When you listen to the Radetzky March, which Johann Strauss the Elder wrote as a tribute to Field Marshal Johann Josef Radetzky, note the striking similarity to the vigorous march music in the fourth part of the overture to William Tell.

Van Kempen concludes his brilliant concert with a vibrant performance of Schubert's Marche Militaire, which is but one of hundreds of proofs that its composer was one of the greatest among the great melodists in music.

The Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux plays the overtures by Rossini and Donizetti; the compositions by Tchaikovsky, Strauss, and Schubert are performed by the Concertgebouw Orchestra.
BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A Stranger in His Own Country

A review of Let The Righteous Speak by Clemence Sabourin
(Pageant Press, Inc., $2.50)

There are at this writing six books on my desk — all treating the subject of race relations from one angle or another. With one exception all came off the press within the past twelve months. It is my intention to read them — soon. For I anticipate getting some benefit from each one. Over a period of about thirty-five years I have read many books on race relations, some of them technical, scholarly studies, others books of fiction with the purpose of conveying a message. Although some were better than others, I must say that with very few exceptions they made a contribution toward the solution of the race problem now haunting the church, the nation, and the world.

The book that I am about to review, though in the same field and treating the same problem, is unique in more than one sense, not merely because it is the first book to have been written by my friend, Pastor Sabourin. Some of the books referred to stress the sociological aspects of the race problem; some, though they are fewer in number, the religious implications. Some of them are coldly scientific; others are warm with understandable emotion. Let the Righteous Speak, within the confines of about ninety pages, combines the virtues of them all and compels the Christian, especially the religious implications.

The author and his cultured wife have in trains and in automobiles, I imagine that I cannot fully identify myself with those whom American society has chosen to call "Negro," at least not to the degree that I could feel the full impact of the humiliating discrimination to which they are subjected when they undertake to travel in the land that the great majority of them would call the land of their birth. Such complete identification would be good for me and for others. It would help us, God giving us the grace, to live and to die for the elimination of this shame that now still rests upon the name of both church and nation. I cannot change my skin color or social identification. But the Rev. Mr. Sabourin in his book has given me opportunity to understand and to feel with him the inhuman results of the pattern of segregation so deeply entrenched in the South by law and custom, a pattern which incidentally threatens to develop — in a more subtle manner and despite the Supreme Court decision and church pronouncements — wherever Negroes live in large numbers in the North and West.

As the reader travels in spirit with the author and his family both the overt and the hidden forms of discrimination stand out crystal clear; as the author describes his fears one can immediately sense that they are not only real ones, but also natural warning signals that danger is lurking nearby and that a wrong word or move could bring sudden death upon the author and his family; for he knows full well that such tragedy has under similar circumstances come upon other Negroes when they said the wrong word or made the wrong move.

The author and his cultured wife have an appreciation of the beautiful, especially as it comes into full view when one travels over the countryside. And the author has the gift of painting a word picture of the grandeur of God's great out-of-doors. The book, however, gives only hits of the beauty that could be seen on such a trip of several thousand miles. Though travelling through states of the Union "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," the author seems all but obsessed with one idea, the social pattern of the community, what at its worst it can do for his family as it has done for many Negro families for at least seventy-five years. When there is no immediate social contact that could in a moment flare into bloodshed or death for him and his loved ones, he reminisces.

As he passes through Mississippi he remembers the violations of the divine law of chastity, which violations on the part of male members of the dominant white group of the community caused his father and mother to be worn out of wedlock. As he walks with his family through the French Quarter in New Orleans, a tramp tells him of the quadroon ball to which the lordly white men brought their virile young sons to find an acceptable mate to tide them over until the time that respectable matrimony could claim them. And they say the Roman Catholic convent where the offspring of such illegitimate relations now stay and "by daily prayers and good works seek to expiate the sins of their forebears." As the author walks with his company over many of his childhood haunts, he comes to the place where his youngest sister jumped out of a car into which she had been dragged by a drunken white man; where the author as a boy saw an elderly Negro beaten unmercifully and when for the first time he, like Moses of old, "felt the urge to kill." He remembers and tells of his brother caught in the vices of discrimination which robbed him and his family of their daily bread, how he then took to drink and finally died in the arms of his Christian mother as he confessed, "O almighty God, merciful Father, I, a poor sinner, confess unto Thee all my sins and iniquities... I am heartily sorry for them... forgive."

The author lashes out at the red herring of intermarriage, recording all the nasty words of an embittered Negro of Alabama. One might wish that certain description here used to knock the props from under the question, "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" had been omitted. Perhaps sensitive souls might have been helped thereby, and the accusation of "obscenity" would not pour forth from the pen of an all too willing critic. But there is something so grossly obscene in the whole system of white supremacy that the author, a man of God, felt compelled to let the man speak his piece in his own way and in his own words.

The real pathos of the narrative is missed...
If the reader of the book doesn't see in it all an endeavor of the author to depict the potentially baneful influence of racial discrimination on the minds of immature youth — on Clemmie's mind. And since Clemie is a member of the travelling party, not only is he in the picture at all times, but the reader can sense the gigantic task of Christian Negro parents in trying to guard the minds and souls of their children from developing a spirit of hatred born of a desire for revenge upon a society that subjects them to every form of inconvenience, danger, and humiliation. Just a sample: "When we drew up before the neon rabbit racing across the sign, someone read: 'Rabbit Tourist Camp for Colored'. Everyone got out of the car but Clemmie. Thinking that he was asleep, I reached in to pick him up and carry him. But his eyes were wide open. There was a look of distress on his face. He whispered, 'Daddy...is everyone in this car colored?'...Something happened to my heart... 'Yes, Clemmie,' I said, 'we may go in here... We are all colored.' My little boy was wide awake. He could have walked. But I carried him in...and held him close... and prayed that somehow God would let him understand and...without bitterness."

The author of *Let the Righteous Speak* remains thoroughly Christian throughout the narrative — and he never ceases to be a theologian and a Christian minister. He knows what this whole mess of racial discrimination has done to the church and the inevitable harm that will come to the Kingdom of God in its home and world outreach if the beasts and the moneychangers are not forthwith driven out of the temple of God with the whip of Christ, so that God's house may be in truth a "house of prayer for all people." The author doesn't allow the reader, as he in spirit accompanies the travelling party, ever to lose sight of the fact that moral issues are involved and that the church is involved either by direct action or by silence when the Christian witness is the only God-pleasing way; that the church is not only a refuge for the lost sinner, but that Christianity is a way of life in this sin-darkened and perverted world.

The author says, "Let the Righteous Speak"—meaning the Christian minister and the man and woman in the pew. In so doing the author says everything that an enlightened Christian conscience has told us all along. But he has put it into words and on paper so that men reading it might smite upon their breasts to bring out the sigh of the penitent and justified sinner: "God, be merciful to me."

Despite the serious subject matter and the evident though controlled emotional approach of the author, one finds fresh and enjoyable humor woven into the narrative from beginning to end, making the book not only strong spiritual food, but also a delightful intellectual repast.

The book may be ordered from the Lutheran Human Relations Association of America, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. ANDREW SCHULZE

RELIGION

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

By Philip Hughes. (Hanover House $4.00)

Another book on the heap of studies concerning the Reformation. This one is by a Roman Catholic. The book is interesting, but it adds nothing new to the history of that turbulent century.

The author implicitly shows how Roman authority in those years before the Reformation might well have degenerated into a mere secular government. Even in this volume little attention is given to theological issues prior to the Work of Luther. The great "successes" of Rome are political. The map of Europe is seen as divided into the jurisdictions of various spiritual rulers. The relationship of Rome to the secular princes and her system of taxation are all shown as the efficient workings of "rightful" authority. The work of Erasmus, the Orders in Italy, and Ximenes were not enough to cause this vast spiritual state more than a moment's notice. Luther's was the great voice that gave Rome pause to reconsider.

The weakness of this book lies in its treatment of Luther. It is good for Protestants to read the Roman view of the Reformation. If nothing else, it prevents us from worshiping our founders. And there is much in the personalities of Luther, Calvin and Zwingli that is reprehensible. Mr. Hughes shows this. But the fact that they had faults, possibly even grave faults, should not detract from the greatness of their work.

The author sees the Reformation as a rebellion against the authority of Rome. This must always be kept in mind since it colors the interpretation of every person and event. Possibly the author feels that he is being fair to Luther. But he, like Cajetan, cannot understand him because he does not distinguish between "the truth of Scripture" and the "authority of the Church." (p. 122).

Luther theology, as well as the last 50 years of Luther scholarship, are generally ignored. Very little is said about the famous tracts of 1520, seemingly in the interest of brevity; but the author spends a great deal of space discussing *On Monastic Vows* because here he sees a supposed lack of tact and honesty. This illustrates the flaw of the book. It shows the defects of Luther's person, but omits to point out the theme of Luther's problem religiously and thereby distorts the whole picture.

Without reviewing Luther's faith it is impossible either to understand or to sympathize too deeply with his actions. To understand Luther's break with tradition and authority it is necessary to begin with his understanding of the Gospel. Luther found the gracious God of St. Paul in the Scripture rather than in the tradition of the Church. This forced Luther to defy the Pope. To leave this out and to claim that Luther set "himself" against the Church is to distort the picture. It is interesting to note that the author shows that all the other reformers within the Roman communion were not so much interested in theological issues as in ecclesiastical reform. It is the difference between these men and Luther that the author fails to bring out in his book.

If you leave out Luther's understanding of the faith it is easy to see the Reformation as simply a lot of political maneuvering. However, for the author to suggest (p. 116) that Luther may simply have been fighting a political battle for Freder­ick the Wise in opposing the sale of indulgences adjacent to Saxony is to descend from history to gossip.

There are a number of distortions that ought to be pointed out. It is an assumption on the part of the author, and not a fact, that Luther came to his decision to enter the monastery in a sudden manner. To say that Luther ran a "crusade against Catholicism itself, observant, conscientious, dutiful Catholicism, now con­considered as a corruption of the Gospel of Christ" (p. 101) cannot be excused as a generalization for the sake of brevity. Luther himself is a good example of a man who spent much time in observant, conscientious Christianity. When Luther pours scorn on "theologians' use of philosophy" (p. 28) he does this only in the *locus* of justification, not in general, as is again shown by his writings. We ought to hear more about why Luther left Augsburg on the night of October 20, 1518. Again leaving out pertinent facts the author distorts the picture.

Mr. Hughes' discussion of Augsburg, 1530, is short, sweet, and also a bit confusing. Certainly he is not condemning the Lutheran theologians for diplomacy. To call this "throwing dust in the eyes of the Emperor" which he aptly explains later on (p. 143) leaves a picture of dishonesty rather than diplomacy. For a defender of Rome to imply such is almost ridiculous! Witness Miltitz who, by the way, is not mentioned. All the complications of politics, all the various shades of difference among the reformers; Wittenberg, Strass-
burgh, with Melanchthon in the middle, is left out.

A number of remarks occur that ought not to appear in a work of this character. Is it historically the whole truth to claim that Eek made "mincemeat" of Bodenstein, and handled Luther "scarcely less trenchantly," and finally that Luther never again challenged the professionals" (p. 124)? Any author who calls the *Apology* "nonsense" and Luther a "theological demagogue" scarcely deserves comment, even if he might have meant Carlstadt by the latter comment. To see any significance in the fact that Cologne and Louvain condemned the work of Luther is ridiculous after their treatment of Erasmus.

Some of the thumb-nail sketches of Reformation personalities are very interesting. We enjoyed especially the discussion of the character of Cajetan (p. 121), and of Loyola (p. 288).

We feel that an author of Hughes' stature ought to use "Roman Catholic" rather than "Catholic" when referring to his church. It becomes all but funny when he speaks of Luther's "catholic days" as those prior to 1517. But then, as Paul Hutchinson has pointed out (*Christian Century*, 1937, p. 354) we are all often guilty of the same misuse of the word "Christian."

That the book is not amply footnoted is inexcusable even for a popular account.

**WALTER W. OETTING**

**THE TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM**

By Andree Parrot (*The Philosophical Library*, $2.75).

This is Number 5 on the series "Studies in Biblical Archaeology." The author is Curator-in-chief of the French National Museum, Professor of the Ecole du Louvre, Paris, and Director of the Mari Archaeological Expedition. This volume was translated by Beatrice Hooke.

In 112 fact-packed pages Parrot condenses much detailed information about the Temple of Solomon, Ezekiel's visionary temple, the Second or Post-Exilic Temple, the Temple of Herod, and finally the Haram-Esh-Shrif, today wrongly called the "Mosque of Omar."

His descriptions are based on Kings and Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah, Ezekiel, and the New Testament allusions to the Temple. The findings of the excavations are used. In the four-page "Short Bibliography" many books, articles, and special studies are enumerated. There are also many illustrations, charts and graphs.

The opening sentence of the first chapter on "The Temple of Solomon" states: "It may seem strange that no shrine dedicated to Yahweh existed in Jerusalem before the time of Solomon." This statement itself seems strange to us, because on the next page, speaking of David's time we read: "The contrast was glaring: King David residing in a palace of cedar-wood; the ark of Yahweh lodged in a tent (II Sam. 7:2)."

So the Tabernacle was the first shrine dedicated to Yahweh.

The author correctly warns against a blind acceptance of pictures and models of Solomon's and the later temples. "In spite of the very detailed information given in I Kings 6-7 and II Chron. 3-4, the reconstruction of the Temple is still, in certain respects, a matter of conjecture, particularly since nothing of it remains." — "It is clear that all the reconstruction attempted in the nineteenth century or at the beginning of the twentieth century should be treated with extreme caution.

There are many new insights in this book which are helpful to find our way through Biblical and secular history pertaining to the temples in Jerusalem during the various occupations and conquests of the country which was to become the disputed "Holy Land" of three world religions.

We liked especially the concluding paragraph of the book: "In the course of this study it has been made plain that, twice over, the words of Jesus have come to pass; and of the Temple which was the pride of Solomon and of Herod the Great, and the treasured possession of the chosen people, not 'one stone has been left upon another'. But in the face of this desolation and decay one may recall that other saying, portentous but nevertheless pregnant with hope: Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'"

**CARL A. GIESELER**

**HAPPY ACRES**

By Erling Nicolai Rolfsrud (*Augsburg*, $2.50).

Mother, Father, and six little Johnsons all live at Happy Acres. Here on the farm the parents teach the children through examples from everyday life what is meant by Christian living.

Mr. Rolfsrud has written this little book as a supplement to family devotions, especially for children of elementary school age. Most parents will agree that children of this age prefer a merry-go-round to an ordinary straight chair that doesn't go anywhere. However, with the story of the Johnsons the children are drawn into situations which they themselves have experienced, and because they understand the language they are interested and their attention is captured. This would seem to create an almost ideal atmosphere for teaching, and Mr. Rolfsrud encourages the development of this atmosphere by including with each chapter a Bible verse and several pertinent questions as a guide for discussion.

Several books have been published lately which contain devotional material that is brought within the scope of a child's experience. Mr. Rolfsrud's book is a welcome addition to this group, and can be highly recommended. Since writing for children is one of the most difficult mediums in which to work, it is good to know that those who have the gift are willing to help parents interpret and explain some basic concepts about our Christian life.

**ANNE SPRINGSTEEN**

**GENERAL**

**HENRY CLAY AND THE ART OF AMERICAN POLITICS**

By Clement Eaton (Little-Brown, $3.50).

With pathetic regularity Henry Clay met frustration in his efforts to achieve his strong ambition to become President of the United States. Lesser men, such as VanBuren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, and Taylor all won the political prize which was denied to the Kentuckian, who Professor Eaton thinks would have made a good President. But the man who stated that he would "rather be right than be President" accepted those defeats and did not stoop to political deals or bargains. Adept politician that he was, Clay had, however, on occasion been too frank in the expression of his views, and he had failed in a period of the rise of the common man to political power to keep step with the march of democracy. The Clay defeats were not mourned by the mass of the people.

Although he failed to reach the pinnacle of his ambition, Clay's contributions to his country were many and of major significance. In the opinion of Professor Eaton, the greatest of these achievements was that of the preservation of the integrity of the nation in a period of bitter divisive movements. The young republic was torn by the struggle between business and democracy and by the conflict of the various sections. It was in that setting that Clay demonstrated his capacity to reconcile the claims and interests of conflicting classes and sections. The art of compromise was not a Clay invention. It was only with the successful employment of that process that the new nation was launched under the federal Constitution. But it was Clay who was to perfect the method of give and take which has come to characterize American political development — a method which has meant frank discussion of problems that has been neglected but which has resulted in greater political stability. It was this art which Clay employed to meet the crises which occurred over the admission of Missouri to the Union, the challenge of...
South Carolina in the nullification controversy, and the question of the spread of slavery into the territory acquired in the Mexican War.

This master of the art of reconciling conflict was himself a network of compromises. He showed the characteristics of a liberal by his interest in the humanitarian movements of the era, but he likewise displayed the fears of a conservative in his concern to guard property rights against a reckless democracy. Clay was anti-slavery, but he purchased and utilized slave labor. He was a strong nationalist on problems of economic development, but on matters of slavery he was a states' rights advocate. Always jealously conscious of the interests of the West, he nevertheless fashioned his "American System," a program of economic nationalism which fore-shadowed the subsequent industrial development of the country. The key to many of the positions which Clay took, Professor Eaton finds in the area which he represented. Thus, the land hunger and nationalism of the West directed him to the role of a War Hawk in 1812, the hemp interests of his state made him an advocate of a protective tariff, and the fact that Kentucky was a border state influenced him in turning to the use of compromises.

Clay was no saint, but the author makes clear that he was not a godless gambler and drinker. The portrait that emerges in this volume is rather that of an early Victorian gentleman — sentimental, dignified, and valuing honor above wealth. The faults that he had were those which stemmed from his great enthusiasm and thirst for high public office.

This short biography lives up to the high standards of scholarship and literary skill that have marked "The Library of American Biography," the series in which this volume appears. The work is in no way complete, but in placing the character and career of Henry Clay against the background of that specific element in American society in which he was such an important factor, Professor Eaton has given us a valuable analysis of the American political tradition of compromise. Unfortunately, the author has not examined the crucial question as to whether Clay and those who practiced the technique of compromise had not actually saved the Union, but had by evasion of fundamental issues only postponed the day of decision until accumulated grievances built a more serious crisis.

DANIEL R. GAHL

I'D DO IT AGAIN!

By James Michael Curley (Prentice-Hall, $4.95).

Readers of O'Connor's The Last Hurrah will enjoy the autobiography of Boston's former mayor, James Curley, who was the subject of the O'Connor novel.

The book is not a lesson in political morality. Nor is it a masterpiece of smoothly written journalism. But it is a fascinating and bumpy ride on the coat tails of one of the more unusual politicians our country has produced.

Despite being twice jailed, Curley was Mayor of Boston, Governor of Massachusetts, and a member of Congress. At times he appears to be as proud of his jail sentences as his years of public responsibility.

One chapter ends with these words: "I never forgot the poor and unfortunate." It is rather clear that most of his opponents belong in the latter category.

In that chapter he describes the 1921 race for mayor when he was running against John R. Murphy, also an Irish Catholic in this city of Catholics.

"One night I was addressing a Roxbury audience, most of whom were Roman Catholics.

"Where was James M. Curley last Friday night?" I asked. 'He was conducting a political meeting in Duxbury. And where was John R. Murphy last Friday night? He was eating steak at the Copley Plaza.'"

Then his supporters "walked around... informing groups what a disgrace it was that John R. Murphy had renounced his Catholic faith and joined a Masonic order. It was also bruited about that he intended to divorce his good wife and marry a sixteen-year-old girl."

A Ku Klux Klan leader had Curley attacked — after being paid $2,000 by Curley for doing it. The biographer also had other rumors spread about his opponent: "The counterman at Thompson's Spa told me Murphy ordered a roast beef sandwich last Friday."

Curley summarizes this campaign by happily noting, "Poor John never had a chance."

The book is filled with Curley's experiences and tart observations. You're forced to laugh when you disagree.

Of particular interest to the reviewer were Curley's comments on a race he made against a personal friend of mine, Thomas Eliot, former Massachusetts Congressman whom Curley defeated for reelection in 1942. Eliot now heads the political science department at Washington University in St. Louis.

If I ever held any doubts about Eliot's deserving his Washington University post, this book has resolved them. Anyone who has been a Curley opponent has graduated from one of the most rigorous courses in political science known to man.

PAUL SIMON

LECTURES IN AMERICA

By Gertrude Stein (Beacon Press, $1.45).

Miss Stein is often treated as a literary joke, but the fact remains that she has probably been one of the most influential writers of this century in America. Her influence has been felt largely by other writers, however, and the average reader may not be aware of the remarkable language experiments conducted by this remarkable woman. Her novel, The Making of Americans, 1925, has been called "the most unreadable but perhaps the most influential novel of the era." (Lectures contains an account of how this novel was written.)

Miss Stein emphasized the WORD by destroying syntax and grammar. She thought that she could use the word as a unit to express reality, to be an experience, unhampered by the restrictions of formal grammar. In an essay in Lectures called "Poetry and Grammar" she mentions the line of her poetry which most people are familiar with — "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose" — and comments that here she "completely caressed and addressed a noun." Such was her method.

Her writing is paradoxical. It is sophisticated, and yet it is primitive and irrational. It is utterly simple, and yet it is complex. It is an escape from reality, and yet it is an attempt to find reality. Miss Stein is marvelously effective in some of her short pieces which are difficult to obtain nowadays. But in lengthy exposition she cannot maintain the pace. Such is the case with the "articles" in Lectures in America. However, for readers who are already familiar with Miss Stein's style, this volume is valuable for its subject matter. Miss Stein talks about the techniques for which she has been known. She explains her art.

For readers who have never been confronted by Miss Stein, this volume is a rather potent dose of theory and style. But, with the exception of her autobiography, this volume is also the easiest-to-obtain Stein. It is worth looking at.

JOHN MILTON

RACE AND NATIONALITY

IN AMERICAN LIFE

By Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little Brown, $4.00).

This book written by Dr. Oscar Handlin, professor of history at Harvard University, should be read by everyone who is interested in human relations and the total welfare of our country, and especially by those who make our laws and shape our national policies.

Dr. Handlin believes that no task is more imperative than to remove from our lives segregation and national-origins quota,
two tenacious relics of racism which defy our own national ideals. Hoping that a deeper understanding of prejudice and of its psychological, social, and historical sources will help to dissipate its effects, the author proceeds to lay bare the circumstances that gave rise to racial prejudices and to the pseudoscientific justification of segregation and discrimination.

Dr. Handlin's review of the formulations of early biologists and anthropologists is enlightening. His careful analysis of the report presented by the Immigration Commission of 1910 and the Laughlin report of 1922 is nothing short of sensational. These reports are responsible for the national-origins quota system still on our statute books today. Yet it is clear that the national-origins quota system and segregation rest on totally false assumptions, for these reports were prepared by men whose hatreds and fears spilled over into the laboratories and biased the computing machines.

Taking a backward look at the social revolution that has taken place since the 1930's, Dr. Handlin says:

We no longer believe race purity a safe refuge; we know it to be a trap. We see more clearly what the role of free ethnic groups has been in our lives. Although these have differed among themselves, all have displayed from the very beginning of our history the ability to play a creative, constructive role in American society. They can continue to do so in the future. Given the opportunity, they may still contribute to the value, for all men, of the American experiment.

Clemence Sabourin

THE UNHEROIC HERO IN TH NOVELS OF STENDHAL, BALZAC AND FLAUBERT

By Raymond Giraud (Rutgers University Press, $5.00).

Dr. Giraud's The Unheroic Hero discusses one of the most perplexing problems of nineteenth-century novelists, the ambivalence of their attitude towards the contemporary triumph of the bourgeois — on the one hand, the novelists' feeling of estrangement from the society in which they found themselves and, on the other, their recognition that they had been formed, for the most part, in the bourgeois tradition and did, in fact, in their novels perpetuate many of its ideals. The theme and problem are familiar to modern readers from a variety of present-day writers. The most notable instance, undoubtedly, is Thomas Mann's preoccupation with the artist's relationship to society throughout the body of his works. In Tonio Kroger the dilemma is concisely posed in the alternating pull in the mind of Mann's hero between love of the normal, the healthy, and the beautiful — that is to say, for Mann, the bourgeois figures of his youth — and of the "death-ridden" nirvana of the world of art. The neurasthenic climate of Mann's early novels is recognizably that of the twentieth century; and the resolution of the tension between these poles of feeling, even if delayed as it is enriched from philosophical sources, is complete in such works as the Joseph Novels and the late and well-cut jewel, the Holy Sinner.

The value of Dr. Giraud's book is, in the first place, that it picks up the other end of the stick, traces the genesis and growth of the motif; and, secondly, that it centers its attention on the novel in France in the post-Revolutionary period, ground less familiar to the ordinary reader. It examines with scholarly exactness the transition from the idealistic, "heroic" attitudes common to both writer and public in the eighteenth century to the irresolution and varying degrees of estrangement from the bourgeoisie in Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert. The core of Dr. Giraud's study — and one wishes scholarly economy had been less stringent here — is an analysis of three "unheroic" heroes: Stendhal's Lucien Leuwen, Balzac's Cesar Birotteau, and Flaubert's Frederic Moreau in L'Education Sentimentale. The germ of the unheroic in Lucien Leuwen is that, as a wealthy member of the bourgeoisie and minor official, he does not have the courage to live according to his true feelings, which are, like those of Stendhal, derived essentially from the "artistic" sentimentalism and sensibility of the eighteenth century. The figure whose innocence is sullied by the sordid pursuits and hypocritical morality of the bourgeoisie, Stendhal exploits for its incongruity when his mood is comic, that is, analytical and ironic. The figure becomes tragic when Stendhal identifies himself more closely with his hero and feels poignant over his own and Lucien's displacement in time. In his nostalgia for earlier ideals, Stendhal becomes for Dr. Giraud a "bridge" and "gap" between the two centuries.

Balzac is presented as the great compromiser — of the three writers, the one most willing to parade his muse in the market place; in important respects, a victim of the literary commercialism of the time. Cesar Birotteau, conceived as an epic of the bourgeoisie, reveals Balzac's admiration for sober and sustaining virtues; but the treatment of the hero, a Parisian shopkeeper, betrays also Balzac's feeling of snobbish superiority to the petty bourgeoisie in Balzac's awareness of himself as an intellectual and writer and, indeed, bourgeois of a more inspired type.

Flaubert is likened in Dr. Giraud's study to Stendhal in that he is also a transitional figure. His extreme estheticism anticipates the renunciation of the mass audience among later writers. His latent and repressed romanticism combined with his bourgeoisiephobia results again in ambivalence and unheroic stature in his characters. The dilemma reaches in him a frenetic peak suggestive of the modern.

Dr. Giraud has prefaced this section of his book with summaries of the attitude toward the bourgeoisie in belles-lettres from the Middle Ages to the post-Napoleonic period. Flaubert's prophecy of a cultural leveling of all classes allows him to make extended comments in his concluding chapters on the present state of literature in the United States, where the classless society has been most nearly realized and where the publishing world echoes with that horrendous phrase "mass media of communication." Dr. Giraud's study is a successful blend of sensitive literary criticism and rewarding insights into cultural history.

J. E. SAVESON

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLK HUMOR

Edited by James N. Tidwell (Crown, $5.00).

This volume is one of a series issued by this publisher under the anthology title A Treasury of... (Western, Southern, Mississippi River, Railroad, Jewish, and Irish Folklore). Other such collections are in preparation.

The traditional knowledge and way of life of us Americans is perpetuated so naturally that most of us are not even aware of it as folk culture. From generation to generation one man tells another or some woman shows another. The oral material is traditional, but the touch of the individual is upon every item. Mostly it appears in the way we talk and the half-beliefs we share. E.g. "Life ain't in holding a good hand but in playing a pore hand well."

Add a sparkle of humor (as in the epitaph for a gambler: Played five aces/Now playing a harp) and you have an incentive for someone to repeat the witticism. Puns abound because they underlie the essence of truth, such as: The Americans are a people of English dissent. Folk or fake lore, for some of us this kind of fun is a memory of the American past and of our own yesterdays — a romantic humor. For others it is a living heritage, as lively as a colt in the south pasture. And for both

THE CRESSET
elements it is good, even as grass roots are
good; I suppose that is why literary men
often use it. Included in this book are
George Ade, Robert Benchley, Irvin S.
Cobb, Ring Lardner, A. B. Longstreet, Don
Marquis, Damon Runyon, Carl Sandburg,
William Saroyan, James Thurber, Mark
Twichen, Artemus Ward, Sut Lovingood, and
others.

Characteristically this merriment is home-
spun, like Abe Martin's profound observa-
tion (not included in this Treasury) that the
only sure way to double your money
is to fold it and put it in your pocket. Not
since Mody C. Boatright’s Folk Laughter
on the American Frontier (see my review
in July 1940 CRESENT) has there been as
entertaining a collection of dry and earthy
sophisticated jests. As you read, a chime
will ring in your memory; and you will
rejoice in the improvements over your
version! Stories, anecdotes, yarns, tall tales
and the like — most of them short — here
tell of work and play, love and hate, fights
and freaks, practical and all other jokers.

Divided into twenty categories for fun-
lovers of all ages, the best part of this
omnibus is the series of brief introductions
to each of these sections by editor Tidwell,
who is a professor of English at San Diego
State College. HERBERT H. UMBACH

THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES
By Quentin Anderson (Rutgers Univer-
sity Press, $6.50).

The title of this book suggests a quarrel
with those who associate Henry James more
definitely with the British than with the
American novel. Living and working in
England from the age of thirty onwards,
he knew the great writers of his day and
exercised a considerable influence upon their
theories and fiction, through personal
contact as well as through his books and
articles. This influence was necessarily
and primarily upon English rather than
American literature. And the influence, to
some extent, went in both directions.

But Professor Anderson does not object
to any of these points. As he himself says,
this book does not deal “directly with
James as an artist, but with his convictions
about human beings and the universe they
inhabit, a peculiar and characteristically
American blend of morals and metaphys-
ics.” Professor Anderson’s special qualifi-
cation is his thorough familiarity with the
whole philosophical climate of the 1850’s
and ’60’s in America, and in particular
with the thought of Henry James’ original
and forceful father. He shows us that
Henry James, Senior, was the chief source
of his novelist son’s moral philosophy. And
through the relatively lucid ideas of the
father he is able to find new meaning in
the relatively obscure ideas of the son.

According to this philosophy, the individual
is considered to have such great possibilities
for insight and understanding that he can
rise above himself and become great and
good through the creation and use of ex-
perience. In some cases he can, like Milly
Theale, help others to do the same. It is
interesting to discover that William James
did not adopt his father’s ideas as com-
pletely as his brother did; whereas Wil-
liam’s typical emphasis was upon the pow-
er of the individual to direct his moral will,
Henry and his father saw man’s personality
as emerging from conflict between self-love
and selflessness (an idea compatible with
Freud’s later discoveries).

The importance of this philosophy in un-
derstanding the novels, especially the last
three novels (which Anderson likes to call
a trilogy — James’ “divine novel”) is con-
siderable, as the excellent analyses here
prove. In The Portrait of a Lady, Isabel
Archer can now be described as trying
through her own experience to establish
a standard of values; at the end of the book,
where she must decide between returning
to her husband, who is despicable, and
remaining “free,” she has already reached
the stage of finding true freedom in the spirit;
and so she returns to him, unable to be con-
taminated by him. In the “trilogy” Pro-
fessor Anderson suggests that Strether, in
the first part, The Ambassadors, fails in his
attempt to find the ideal set of values; that
Densher, in the second part, The Wings of
the Dove, succeeds through Milly; and
that the success of the Prince and Maggie
in the third part, The Golden Bowl, is so
overwhelming and so symbolic that it sug-
gests the regeneration of mankind.

The author shows that along with the
ready-made morality the novelist also
adopted from his father a number of re-
lated symbols, such as the golden bowl (or
“the great containing vessel”), the Ameri-
can girl (moral spontaneity), the ambas-
sador (envoy between the morally spon-
taneous and the morally static), and “the
house of life” (the house as a symbol for
human life). Even James’ familiar “in-
ternational” theme takes on new meaning
in the light of the father’s writings: “the
American” stands for the idea of moral
change, and “the European,” conversely,
indicates moral stagnation. When James said
that only an American can become a Euro-
pean, he meant that only the open-minded
and the virtuous can benefit from beauty and
culture, for only such a person can derive
experience therefrom.

James’ influence upon the novel in
theory, style, and technique has been fre-
quently described. The American Henry
James implies new problems for future stu-
dents of James: the extent to which the
elder Henry James’ philosophy has affected
the son’s typical use of a limited point of
view in his novels, conjoined with a highly
complex prose style; and the extent to
which this philosophy has affected that of
other novelists. Professor Anderson’s book
is a very significant contribution to our un-
derstanding not only of the works of Henry
James but also of the history of American
ideas.

Marilyn B. Sayerson

THROUGH GATES OF SPLENDOR
By Elisabeth Elliot (Harper, $3.75).

Five young men, Protestant missionaries
from the United States to the Ecuadorian
Indians, came to the belief that life held
for them no other task so important as that
of bringing the Gospel to the fierce Auca
tribe. They suspended their missionary ef-
forts of several years’ standing among the
tribes more amenable to civilized influ-
ences, in order to put into effect a carefully
planned program aimed at establishing
friendly relations with the stone-age Aucas.

Beginning in September, 1955, many
weeks of effort were spent in an attempt to
familiarize the inhabitants of the small
clearings in the vast jungle with the sight
of the Piper Cub and its white occupants.
Gifts were delivered, and occasionally re-
cived, by an ingeniously spiraled rope
towed by the airplane. After four months
of flight over the Indians’ dwellings, al-
ways accompanied by gifts, and by the
re-
iteration over the plane’s loud speaker sys-
tem of such phrases as “I like you! I am
your friend!” in Auca dialect, the five
missionaries were convinced that the time had
come for closer contact with their prospec-
tive converts.

They established a temporary camp on
a river shore, fifteen minutes by air from
their base of operations, and about four
miles from the Auca settlement. The third
day at the camp, they welcomed and enter-
tained one Auca man and two women. Two
days later, on Sunday, Jan. 8, 1956, at
12:30 p.m., the jubilant men told their
waiting wives by radio of having spotted
by plane a group of ten Indian men on
their way to the camp, adding: “Looks
like they’ll be here for the early afternoon
service. Pray for us. This is the day! Will
contact you next at four-thirty.” After that,
silence.

All five were killed by Auca spears.

Yes, they were armed, although they
were determined to use their guns only as
a last resort, and then simply to frighten
the savages.

The author was the wife of one of the
slain missionaries. The other four wives
collaborated, collecting and contributing all
pertinent letters and diaries. These are
quoted extensively; they are vividly writ-
ten, often humorous, frequently excitingly
dramatic. Illustrations include pictures
taken by the missionaries, and also many

SEPTEMBER 1957
contributed by the commercial photographer who went in with the "rescue" party.

The five martyrs were intelligent, energetic, resourceful, courageous men. They had examined, and accepted the possibility of death during their undertaking. To them the game was worth the candle.

*Through Gates of Splendor* is a record not only of the missionaries' true trust in God's will, and obedience to His Word, but also of that of their wives. Read it.

**Dorinda Knopp**

**DETERMINED TO LIVE**

By Brian Hession (Doubleday, $3.50).

The author is a forty-five-year-old Church of England minister whose work for some years has dealt with the production of visual aids to religious education. While on a business trip to Hollywood in 1954, he learned that he was suffering from cancer of the colon in its terminal stages. He was told that he might live three days longer. Hession was lucky enough to find a surgeon willing to operate. The skill of this dedicated surgeon, plus his own determination to live, resulted in the patient's survival.

Hession says: "I am so grateful to be alive that I am in agony of mind to know what I can do to help others as a means of expressing my gratitude both to God and to my fellow men. The greatest need, as I see it, is to stimulate faith, hope, and selflessness, and none could fail to hope for the success of his efforts."

**Dorinda Knopp**

**THE MIDNIGHT LION**

By Alfred P. Klausler (Augsburg, $2.50).

The Lion of the North — King of Sweden — Soldier of God — this was Gustavus Adolphus, who marched through the early seventeenth century with long, bold steps. He was a military genius, a well-loved king, and a man of integrity and strong faith. Directed by this faith, he set out at the head of his devoted army to fight for his Lutheran church, and to protect her from destruction and persecution. The page of history that belongs to Gustavus Adolphus does not shine because of the number of battles he fought, or the number of cities he captured, but rather because his faith would not allow him to live other than as a Christian. His entire life was motivated by this faith — he ventured nothing without prayer; he taught his army the virtues of mercy and tolerance; he served his God with his whole strength.

Here is the story of a man who will stir the imagination. Mr. Klausler has written this book for young people, to acquaint them with this book for young people, to acquaint them with the aims of future research. The five chapters of the book were dictated to a tape recorder while Hession was still in the hospital. The whole theme, often repeated, is: "Cancer can be cured or endured." Readers are offered attitudes and techniques which might serve to strengthen their hope and Christ-centered determination to live. Plans are outlined for the organization, already begun, of Cancer Anonymous, an international society which will interest itself in the total welfare of cancer patients. The author discusses subjects as timeless as the cause of suffering; as timely as the latest methods of treatment. He has suggestions to offer in regard to the aims of future research. One of the most interesting of these is that the subject of faith healing be thoroughly explored.

Faults in Hession's style are disconcerting and seem the more so, quite unreasonably, because the author is an erstwhile Cambridge student who lived in the very rooms at Christ's College in which Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*. The forced brevity of phraseology resorted to in an effort to avoid being grim about a grim subject gives a P. G. Wodehouse flavor and distressingly inappropriate. This is true chiefly in the earlier chapters, and is especially noticeable in conversation. Readers will also be repelled by his use of medical terminology, which manages to be both clumsy and condescending. Rhetoric throughout is uncertain.

However, it is unfair to expect literary excellence in a work of this sort. Every reader must admire Hession's courage and selflessness, and none could fail to hope for the success of his efforts.

**Anne Springsteen**

**POTTER ON AMERICA**

By Stephen Potter (Random House $3.00).

The English-speaking world, like ancient Gaul, can be divided into three parts, the first of which is composed of those who have never read *Lifesmanship* or *Gamesmanship* or *Ony-Upmanship* and who could therefore approach the present volume with no unusual salivary activity. These people, however bleak their past must have been, might enjoy what is essentially the running commentary of an intelligent and perceptive Englishman on a country which he both admires and understands.

For those who have read the author's earlier works, however, the book is something of a disappointment. This is not because of any defect in the writing but because one is naturally disappointed when he has thrice enjoyed champagne at a man's table and, on the fourth visit, finds himself confronted with a glass of pure, fresh milk. Speaking of the present volume, the dust jacket says that "instead of his accustomed light comment seriously expressed, we now have a volume of serious comment lightly expressed." That is precisely the trouble with it.

As for the third — those who have read the author's earlier works and just didn't care for them — a decent respect for the dead sets a seal upon our lips. Apparently a certain number of such folk turned up for the lectures which Potter delivered in America, possibly under the misapprehension that it was Beatrix Potter rather than Stephen Potter who was to do the lecturing.

**MOLESWORTH'S GUIDE TO THE ATOMIC AGE**

By Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle (Vanguard, $2.75).

British schoolboy humor is a very fragile growth which does not seem to travel well beyond its native habitat. Perhaps this is because the public school is so peculiarly British an institution. Or perhaps it is simply because most Americans find the cute sayings of youngsters intrinsically unfunny unless the youngsters in question happen to be their own.

Before investing in the book, answer Yes or No to the following question: "Do you find the following paragraph amusing?"

Another wet in my book is Jules Verne. He said there would be submarines he is brilliant. Also the flying machine e.g. around the world in 80 days (delay at gander even b.o.a.c. must start to be thinking they mite catch up) Jules Verne, who could...

**The Cresset**
THE TOWN

By William Faulkner (Random House, $3.95).

In his new novel, *The Town*, William Faulkner resumes the absorbing tale of the flowering of the parasitic family tree, begun in *The Hamlet*, published in 1940. The dramatic scene, which in the earlier book was the rural area of Frenchman's Bend, moves now to Jefferson, "the Town," and the seat of mythical Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi.

The town, in fact, is the protagonist in the story, the corporate character assaulted by the Snopeses, but helpless to defend itself against that economic and social assault. As the story opens, Flem Snopes comes to Jefferson in a mule-driven wagon, possessing only his wife and her child and a few sticks of furniture, to take over as half-owner of a side-street restaurant, for which he had traded his worn-out farm at Frenchman's Bend. Within months Flem is sole owner and has brought in another Snopes from Frenchman's Bend to take his place in the greasy apron behind the counter. Then, slowly, relentlessly, inexorably, the Snopes wealth and power increase, as Snopes after Snopes appears in Jefferson, and as their patriarch, Flem Snopes, rises over an eighteen-year period to become vice-president, and then finally president of Jefferson's second oldest bank, ousting from the top office Major Manfred de Spain, aristocratic former mayor of Jefferson, and for eighteen years now the open lover of Flem's wife, Eula Varner Snopes. And so Flem has his revenge. As the story closes, Flem is building for himself, as the final symbol of social respectability he had seized, a grand mansion, which, according to the publishers, will provide the title — *The Mansion* — for the third novel of the Snopes trilogy.

Lawyer Gawin Stevens, City and then County Attorney and the symbolic defender of Jefferson's honor against the Snopes and the de Spain-Snopes alliance, recognizes that the assault is being made, but is unable to make an effectual defense. He tries, but fails, and knows beforehand that he is foredoomed to fail. Yet he succeeds to this extent — that Linda Snopes, daughter of Eula and her first lover, McCarron, and a Snopes in name only, is enabled to escape the Snopes clan and Jefferson after the suicide of her mother and to find a new life in New York under the aegis of Gawin Stevens' friends.

The story is narrated by first one and then another of three characters: Lawyer Stevens; his nephew, young Charles Mallison, the hero of Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*; and V. K. Ratliff, the shrewd itinerant sewing machine salesman. That the story is being told by these narrators orally, as it were, to a silent but unquestionably present audience — perhaps a handful of men sitting around a stove or campfire — is basic to the style and to the very form of this novel. Understanding this fact, the reader will much more readily comprehend the exuberant, racy idiom, the rambling sentences (often interrupted by long parentheticals), and the leaps in thought of the dialogue, as one character assumes that another knows what is in the mind of the first.

The old Roman virtues — fortitude, courage, honor, personal integrity, and pride of community — are prominent in *The Town* as they are in other Faulkner novels. Indeed it is Flem Snopes' outrageous appropriation of the virtue of community pride which makes him unbeatable, for to it Flem unhappily sacrifices those members of his tribe who violate the moral code of Jefferson and who otherwise might be the means by which the encroaching Snopeses could be routed.

In *The Town* William Faulkner has written a splendid, absorbing novel of the individual heart and of community instincts, rich in humor, in moral import, in tradition, and in insight into human motivation. It is his finest novel since the magnificent *Absalom! Absalom!*

MORNING RED

By Frederick Manfred (Alan Swallow, $6.00).

Manfred's seventh novel is a complex one, similar in theme and in structure to Faulkner's *Light in August* and Steinbeck's *East of Eden*. The theme concerns the dual nature of man, the presence in him of such opposites as evil and good, doom and endurance, or "decaying body and aspiring soul." The structure is basically the double plot, with the two plots feeding into a kind of counterpart.

One plot involves Jack Nagel, injured in the war, subject to spells of speechlessness, and aware that he is doomed. During a severe storm Jack commits a sex crime, and a parallel is drawn between the willless destructiveness of the storm and the most accidental but certain evil in Jack. During a few hours of clarity and insight shortly before his violent death (fulfilling his premonition of doom), Jack sees a way of life, a purpose, which might have saved him in spite of his physical and mental handicaps had it not already been too late. When the storm has passed, the air is refreshing in spite of the chaos and damage left in its wake.

The action of the first plot revolves around the official police action which results from the uncovering of Jack's crime. The action of the second plot is made up largely of a political campaign in which Kurt Faber, a newspaper writer and crusader, unwillingly serves as a candidate. Kurt enters the story with a rather naive feeling that he will endure and succeed; he temporarily sells his soul to a group of politicians in order to get money for the woman he loves; and although he loses his naïveté he retains his courage and good will and hope. Through the device of another storm, a snow storm at the end of the novel, the clean and hopeful nature of man is further opposed to his evil and his sense of doom.

The two plots are not, of course, entirely separate, even in the mechanical sense. The chief characters in each plot occasionally come together, especially through the mediation of public-defender, ex-physician, Monk Edwards, who ultimately is seen to be the raison de être of the novel. A common setting (except for one or two minor deviations) also provides unity.

Manfred has an interest in "things and places" which goes beyond the required use of setting at times. He frequently suspends the action in order to discuss the "things" which make up his region of Siouxland in the Upper Midwest. However, these descriptive passages are in themselves amazingly successful. Manfred has remarkable perception and understanding, and he has the further distinction of having created or discovered what seems to be the most Americanized style and language in fiction since Mark Twain. This leads to superb individual passages, which can be appreciated even though they slow up the action in some places.

And yet, in spite of occasional lagging in the action, in spite of the complex double-plot structure, *Morning Red* carries a force, a drama of life, which can exist only in a successful realization of character. The novel teems with people, some of them normal, some abnormal, some rich, some poor, and some healthy, some sick, but all of them real. Thirteen of them are important enough to carry the point of view. The shifting of point of view is accomplished smoothly and leaving it with another. As a result of being close to thirteen different people, the reader feels that he has actually been on the inside of a large segment of life. This can be emotionally tiring.

It is true that *Morning Red* (as well as Manfred's other novels) should not be read purely for entertainment. It is an extremely challenging novel, full of life. It digs deep into people and into the human situation. It uncovers much that is rotten; but it also discovers hope, through courage and understanding and love. The well-integrated symbolism of Kurt's ride through
the snowstorm makes the final episode as effective a conclusion as has appeared in recent American fiction.

_Morning Red_ joins _Light in August_ and _East of Eden_ in a small but worthwhile tradition of American double-plot novels.

**John R. Milton**

**Life at Happy Knoll**

By John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, $3.75).

Country clubs have fallen on hard times. While outwardly successful and flourishing, they have their own peculiar problems — not all of which are brought on by inflation — connected with finances, personnel, and customers. These problems, in the case of a typical club, Happy Knoll, are amusingly described by John P. Marquand. His story of the woes besetting a club’s board are told through a series of letters, most of them from a member of the Board of Governors to a President Emeritus, a man who has made up the deficit in previous years and who is now on a world cruise, presumably to get away from just this sort of thing.

Beside presenting the quasi-serious problems of the club, the author also takes a brief and humorous glance at the social mores of suburbanites. Marquand is writing of men and women whom he knows well. He seems to have enjoyed this writing chore and the result is a pleasure for the reader.

**Verses from the Mediterranean**

_By A. R. Kretzmann_

**Scala Sancta**

Who shall abide the lie that makes a man, Long fearful of the unrepented sins he holds, Crawl on his knees up holy, worn-down stairs, Because the Saviour’s blood is on them too? Indulgence bought by hollow deeds like this Makes evil light and sin unburdensome — Ten days, a hundred or a thousand For each step — Who shall decide? Who counts The heart beats of deceptive hopes That come when thus the wrath of God Is turned aside, and the blest blood, Supposed to stain these ancient stairs, Is thus denied for all its cleansing aid? No wonder that the true heart stands, Serene and strong and fearless of this lie, And says again, “The just shall live by faith.”

Almost you see the old Reformer stand And say, with tears, “it must not be — Not after all these years — do men persist In turning Christ away and feebly earning, What they cannot earn, upon stair-climbing knees?”

And yet they wear away the covered stairs, And carry no sure comfort, coming down, That what they did has been a righteous recompense.

Oh, God, remove the blindness from our hearts and eyes And make us cease to play with holy things And put our Trust in Jesus Christ alone.

**Athens**

Fair daughter of blue skies and seas Whose ancient temples tell a glowing tale Of how the seeking of the Golden Age of man Ran toward the homeland of the soul in God — What broke the spell and made a shambles of your love? What was the doubter’s trick that changed the truth You knew into the emptiness of men made gods? Who was the base deceiver, hiding love and good, Which was our Father’s heart to save, And giving, in their place, a base, mean way For men to gratify both lust and pride And sense of beauty and some vague, deep Hunger of the soul that walked amid the vales Of Doubt and fear and dread of God And yet had found no way or plan by which To answer for themselves the challenge and the fear Of some dread deity — “The Unknown God.”

The twilight of their golden age had come When, daring all the laughter kept for gods, And men, who thought and preached of gods, The challenge of Saint Paul appeared — A vaster thing than just the voice of one, It broke upon a little throng on Areopagus, And still the echoes roll. Across the lands And seas, in tongues unheard, undreamed, The voice of Paul sounds out and rings So that the splendor Athens had becomes renewed. It stands, refreshed, restored wherever men have heard What Paul said here upon that blessed Day.
A Minority Report

Concerning Teachers — Underpaid and Overpaid

By Victor F. Hoffmann

There is an old, old joke around that is sometimes revived for the first PTA meeting in September. In September, some superintendents and principals tell their PTA's that the parents mop their brows, heave sighs of relief, and gasp: "Thank heaven! There they go, our children, to school." Meanwhile, the teachers — after a calm and collected summer — whisper (a lot of them are still afraid to talk out loud): "In the name of heaven, here they come — the brats after three months of intensive training!"

How frustrated heaven must be and the parents who are both teachers and parents. There is some commentary on prayer here somewhere. But heaven is eternal and this columnist with a wife and three children feels timebound by it all.

Nevertheless a lot of us cynics are happy that all of time is filling up with children. Sometimes, it appears that not even time can hold the onrush of the younger generation. People in education are especially conscious of the coming and going of children, more children to and from school than ever before. Whatever in the whole wide world happened to the birth control experts? Have they with the generals faded away with the advent of peace, prosperity, and pa?

At any rate, a lot of people in my town are concerned. Their concern is probably a general concern; buildings? classrooms? playgrounds? Even while we are talking, the sweet mystery of life, i.e., population dynamics, keeps striding ahead of us.

But as these youngsters keep coming, what do we worry about? Youngsters? Not really! Taxes. Meeting after meeting begins and ends with the much discussed question: "How much is all this going to cost us?" In answer to the matter of taxes, our local newspaper has run several spreads and a good coverage on several occasions. Experts were also called in to discuss educational costs with members of our community. It appeared to this columnist that persons in our community, and the experts, talk more and show more interest in the physical aspects of education than in education per se.

It is easier to talk about the tangibles: buildings, the buying of books, the won-lost data with respect to the athletic teams, and the like. It seems too that a majority of the members of the school boards have little to say on the matter of education per se. Educational leaders who run the show and make the policies for educational institutions on all levels tend to forget that they are educational leaders and begin to act like Rotarians and itinerant mendicants.

To be sure, it is a bit more difficult to talk about what goes on in the teaching and learning process. Even teachers find it hard to talk about education. Even teachers get interested in education when the talk swings around to salaries and office space. To be sure again, the salaries of a lot of teachers are too low for the significant tasks they are doing. Most good teachers are underpaid.

Education begins with educated and wise teachers and not with dollars and cents and a lot of people run through a diploma mill. Teaching is a little like the ministry: a serious teacher like a serious minister will feel forced almost to work around the clock; but teachers and preachers, less serious, can also use both careers to live the lives of country gentlemen. What we want in education is a good teacher, and not a country gentleman.

To separate the good teachers from the bad teachers presents an arduous task. A lot of us teachers, nonetheless, could afford to take a good look at the other side of the picture. Instead of constant pleading for higher salaries, we should consider that many teachers are overpaid. To state it differently: some of us are paid more than we are worth.

It is probably true that many teachers have not been permitted to display the rich measure of their talent. The citizens of communities often insist on making "Milk-Toasts" out of their teachers. For a teacher to announce a special interest in politics, to talk about religion, to become a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, or to fight for the rights of minorities in the communities — why this would be unthinkable and no decent teachers would do this. It often seems that citizens, insisting on their personal points of view, are practicing subtle conspiracies to keep our teachers dull, silent, and unimaginative. Many teachers complain that they are restricted to teaching the safe things about which there can be no controversy.

Actually there are no safe things to teach. So what does the safe teacher teach?
During the eventful, fast-moving years of the twentieth century three great media of information and entertainment have grown from small beginnings to gigantic proportions. At the turn of the century the motion picture was still in the peepshow stage of development. Radio and television were not even dreamed of — except, of course, in the searching and inquisitive mind of the scientist.

The Lion’s Share (Dutton, New York, 1957) presents a candid and comprehensive account of the history of one of these media: the motion picture. Brosley Crowther, the erudite film critic of the New York Times, has chosen to write specifically about one major studio: world-famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But we know that the development of all the major studios is so closely interrelated that the story of M-G-M is representative of the development of the entire industry.

A fascinating array of screen personalities appears in The Lion’s Share — from the shrewd pioneer showmen who laid the foundations for what is today a multimillion-dollar enterprise to the technicians, producers, directors, and players who have left an indelible imprint on the popular art industry.

How many readers remember May 21, 1927? On that day a dedicated young flyer took off from Roosevelt Field in New York. His destination was Le Bourget Air Port in Paris; his aircraft was a small, frail-looking single-engine monoplane called the “Spirit of St. Louis.” A little less than thirty-four hours later Charles Augustus Lindbergh had become world-famous, and, what was even more significant, the air age had been born. In his successful flight across the stormy Atlantic, Lindy had triumphed where others had failed; he had proved that it could be done. It is interesting to note that thirty years later, on May 21, 1957, a jet-powered plane traversed the same distance in less than seven hours.

Lindbergh’s history-making flight has been faithfully re-created in The Spirit of St. Louis (Warners, Billy Wilder), a suspense-filled film which stars James Stewart in the role of the daring young flyer.

The city of St. Louis is tremendously proud of Col. Lindbergh. Before the original “The Spirit of St. Louis” was moved to the Smithsonian Institute in the nation’s capital, it was housed in the Jefferson Memorial Museum in Forest Park. I have read that eventually one of the three exact replicas of the original used in making the film is to be presented to the city of St. Louis. In a huge room in the Jefferson Memorial Museum one may see a fabulous collection of Lindbergh memorials — gifts, documents, trophies, and awards from all parts of the world. At the time I visited this room the showcase which displays the flying suit worn by Col. Lindbergh on his flight was completely surrounded by eager youngsters.

Based on Lindbergh’s Pulitzer Prize-winning book, The Spirit of St. Louis is an outstanding film. The flying sequences, filmed in CinemaScope and Warner-Color, are breath-takingly beautiful.

Now for a brief look at recent releases. Desk Set (20th Century-Fox, Walter Lang), based on a Broadway play by William Marchant, costs Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a sparkling satire admirably tailored to the special talents of this popular comedy duo.

The Little Hut (M-G-M, Mark Robson) is a singularly dull and tasteless concoction. Here dialog filled with double-entendre and innuendo is mislabeled “adult entertainment.”

Monkey on My Back (United Artists, Andre de Toth) depicts the tragic story of Barney Ross, one-time world champion — both lightweight and welterweight — in the prize ring. During his service in the U. S. Marine Corps in World War II Mr. Ross became a morphine addict. Monkey on My Back, which presents his degradation and ultimate regeneration, does not achieve either the conviction or the dignity such a serious subject demands.

This Could Be the Night (M-G-M, Walter Lang), based on a Broadway play by William Marchant, costs Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a sparkling satire admirably tailored to the special talents of this popular comedy duo.

Motion pictures from many parts of the world vie for honors at the Film Festival held annually in Cannes, France. This year the entry from the USSR made news. For the first time in years love and romance were introduced into a Soviet film. Let no one think that it was a typical boy-meets-girl romance. The Forty-First tells the story of a Bolshevik girl who had killed forty White Russians in the revolution of 1917. Marooned on an island with a Czarist officer, the girl falls in love with her erstwhile adversary. All goes well until a boat arrives to rescue the couple. Then duty triumphs, and the hapless nobleman becomes the forty-first.
Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Opponents of Right-to-Work laws claim they undertake to guarantee a job for every person who wants to work and place an obligation upon someone or some agency to provide such jobs. They do neither. All they require is that "the right of persons to work shall not be denied or abridged on account of membership or non-membership in any labor union or labor organization."

The argument most often advanced in support of compulsory unionism is that it follows the American principle of majority rule. Under our political system, the majority does not rule in any unqualified sense. Constitutionally it can rule only up to the point of encroachment upon the rights of the minority and union-shop contracts violate the rights of minorities.

The "free-rider" argument is another of those commonly advanced in support of the closed or union shop. It is claimed that non-members enjoy advantages gained by the organization without paying for its support. Regardless of the union program's character, workers are forced to go along with it even if in their judgment it is unsound. There are many groups which can claim that broad benefits result from their activities. Among these are the churches, American Legion, the farm organizations, business associations, and many others. But in no case has any alleged beneficiary been required to join them and pay dues for their support.

If the union shop principle were applied to our political processes, the two-party system, which has always been a bulwark of defense against the excesses of majorities, would be abolished. Nazism, Fascism, and Communism tolerate only one political party. We have not reached that totalitarian limitation in American politics, but we have its counterpart in restrictions on the freedom of choice in our economic order. The opprobrious term "scab" can no more fairly be applied to a worker who insists on choosing his own economic affiliations than to a voter who demands independence in his selection of a political party.

It is charged that Right-to-Work laws violate the principle of freedom of contract. They do not interefere with legitimate contracts, but nowhere in our system of jurisprudence is there any warrant under which two persons may bargain away the rights of a third without his consent.

"Yellow dog" contracts requiring men to agree not to join a union as a condition of employment have been properly outlawed. One which forces men to join a union in order to hold a job is just as repugnant to freedom.

Under a union shop contract employees are deprived of the only weapon with which they can effectively curb objectionable policies of their leaders, that is, the right to withdraw support. Senator McClellan has reported that hundreds of union members have written his rackets committee urging further exposure of union abuses, but insisting their names be not disclosed because of feared reprisals. Imagine legalizing in America a practice under which a citizen can be forced to join an organization of whose practices he disapproves, denied the right to resign in protest, and so cowed by threats of violence he dare not reveal his identity when he appeals to the government for protection!

Great leaders of this nation have opposed compulsory unionism. Samuel Gompers said:

I want to add to the fundamentals of human liberty the principle of volunteerism. No lasting gain has ever come from compulsion.

Guy L. Brown, Grand Chief, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers declared:

Not only did we not ask for it (the union shop), the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opposed it as a matter of policy.

Justice Louis D. Brandeis, great liberal and friend of the unions, stated:

It is not true that the success of labor unions necessarily means a perfect monopoly.

Charles Evans Hughes said:

It requires no argument to show that the right to work for a living in the common occupation of the community is the very essence of personal freedom and opportunity that it was the purpose of the (14th) amendment to secure.

Warren S. Stone, a Past Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said:

I do not believe in forcing a man to join a union...It is contrary to the principles of free government and the Constitution of the United States to try to make him join.

President Eliot of Harvard University said:

The surrender of personal freedom to an association is almost as great an obstacle to happiness as its loss to a despot or to a ruling class, especially if membership in an association is compelled and the association touches livelihood.

The United States Supreme Court, in upholding the Nebraska and North Carolina measures, stated:

The constitutional right of workers to assemble, to discuss and formulate plans for furthering their own self interest in jobs cannot be construed as a constitutional guarantee that none shall get and hold jobs except those who will join in the assembly or will agree to abide by the assembly's plans.

Compelling a man to join a union as a condition of employment is a flagrant violation of basic human rights. Americans who value our precious heritage of liberty and unlimited opportunity will demand of their legislative representatives that they protect the right of every citizen to choose his own economic relationships.

Ernest M. Sims

Elkhart, Indiana
Goodby Summer

Forty years ago my roommate at preparatory school was a clear, strong, lyric tenor who sang lustily at banquets, dramatic performances and all gatherings of the crowd of adolescents who were courteously and somewhat inaccurately called students . . . For several years the great Metropolitan star, Louise Homer, lived across the road from our dormitory and it was my friend's greatest joy to raise his voice in competition with hers when she was vocalizing on warm spring evenings . . . We groundlings knew little about music and less about opera, but it was good to be simultaneously surrounded by achieved and budding greatness . . . Occasionally we joined our creaking adolescent voices with his in a familiar chorus . . . Such a performance would invariably result in the closing of windows in Madame Homer's house, but we enjoyed it nevertheless . . .

All that was long, long ago . . . What I remember clearly now, through the inevitable mist of the years, is that one of my friend's favorite numbers was Tosti's "Goodby, Summer, Goodbye" . . . Even tonight I know nothing about the composer except that his melancholy, romantic farewell to a season of warmth and joy was well suited to the Welschmerz of a generation that was dimly aware of the shadows falling over the world of 1917:

"Falling leaf and fading tree
Lines of white in a sullen sea"

my friend would sing on September evenings when the voice of the cricket was lower and the leaves drifted soundlessly from the elms across the road . . . This was the sad heart of life, the falling and the fading, the coming of the darkness and the cold, the inevitable reduction of all existence to the past tense . . .

Now after four decades I hope that some of the sentimentality over the changing seasons has disappeared, but I must confess that the mood of September remains almost unchanged . . . God, I know now, paints in many colors and there will still be the flame of October and the waiting gray of November, but September in our latitude is a fading green and a dull brown, melancholy and redolent of change and decay . . .

And I still believe that this September mood is good, even though it must be only momentary . . . It provides the recurring and necessary urge for turning to the permanent, the eternal, the holy . . . It happened this year that, as September loomed, I was reading "The Holy Fire" by Robert Payne, a remarkable, eloquent history of the Eastern Fathers of the Church . . . The following sentences from the introduction struck me - the antidote and antithesis of the September mood - the answer to our momentariness:

"For them there were no archways down the years, no sense of Christ's mission as something that happened in a remote, irrevocable past, no haunting suspicion that divinity vanished from the earth when Christ ascended into Heaven. After the first World War the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke said that 'the world has passed out of the hands of God into the hands of men.' The Eastern Fathers would have denied it firmly; and they were not ignorant of war and the misery men create for themselves. For them the evidence of God's presence lay in flowers, in trees, in animals, in the faces of children, in people going about their daily affairs; and it was present in the thunder and the sword blade . . . His (Christ's) mission was the restoration of God's peace through all time, through all eternity, through all the spaces of the universe, in every heart and every sentient thing."

That takes care of the September mood - and many other things . . .