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Walther League

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Will India Miss the Bus?
by Martin J. Lutz

Journey Into Pain

Götterdämmerung

Parental Delinquency

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. VII No. 9

Thirty Cents
IN THE AUGUST CRESSET:

NOTES AND COMMENT.................................................. 1
THE PILGRIM.................................................. O. P. Kretzmann 10
WILL INDIA MISS THE BUS?............................................ Martin J. Lutz 15
THE ASTROLABE.................................................. Theodore Graebner and W. G. Polack 19
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS........................................ Walter A. Hansen 23
THE LITERARY SCENE.................................................. 29
A SURVEY OF BOOKS.................................................. 61
VERSE.......................................................... 64
THE MOTION PICTURE.................................................. 68
THE EDITOR'S LAMP.................................................. 72
CRESSET PICTURES:
Foreword .......................................................... 33
Statue of Christ .................................................. 34
Interior of St. James .................................................. 35
Portal .......................................................... 36
Nave and Altar .................................................. 37
Pulpit .......................................................... 38
Lectern .......................................................... 39
Font .......................................................... 40

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Götterdämmerung

It still would be folly to venture a prediction as to the probable ending of the European War. Nevertheless, the clouds are finally beginning to lift, and the prophecy of peace in Europe by the close of the year no longer belongs to the category of mere wishful thinking. General Eisenhower was evidently indulging in more than a "pep talk" when he held forth the hope that the war with Germany would not extend beyond 1944.

For, as these lines are written, the Götterdämmerung appears to have descended upon Germany. The attempted assassination of Hitler seems to have been only the opening gun in a concerted effort to overthrow the Nazi regime, and all reports indicate that Germany is seething with internal revolt. It has been demonstrated at last that the Nazi overlords are not invulnerable.

Is this a repetition of the portentous summer of 1918? All the signs point in that direction. If so, it appears that, as Mr. Churchill put it, "Victory will come to us sooner than we have a right to expect." And as the realization dawns upon us that this will mean the sparing of thousands of our boys from an untimely death on foreign battlefields, we instinctively breathe a fervent, prayerful "So be it."

And as we behold the Götterdämmerung settling upon the malign regime of Naziism, we seem to hear once again a voice from bygone ages calling down the corridors of time: "Not by power, nor by might ... saith the Lord of Hosts."
A Third Chapter?

The nations overrun by the Nazis are astir. Loyal Frenchmen, Belgians, Hollanders, Norwegians, Danes, Czechoslovakians, Yugoslavs, and many others are becoming more active from day to day. They are doing all they can to help the armed forces of the United Nations dump Hitler's New Order into the dustbin of history. They will succeed; but will they undo their success by demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Will it be wise for them to undertake to punish Germany by insisting on cold, calculated, and brutal revenge? Will they fall out among themselves after Naziism has been crushed to earth? It will not be easy for them to restrain their craving for revenge; but they must be on their guard lest, when bringing the Third Reich to book, they resort to some of the practices which are now hurling the Third Reich into destruction. They will not serve the cause of future peace if they permit a longing for revenge to warp their judgment and rob them of clear-sightedness. Neither, let it be added, will the great powers, in their turn, be doing what they can to avoid future wars if they become arrogant, fall out among themselves, lose every sense of perspective, and ride roughshod over the rights and the justifiable aspirations of small nations. Some months ago Anthony Eden declared:

We must recognize that those who bear the greatest responsibility, those on whose shoulders the burden will fall, must have the greater voice in deciding on any action to be taken in the general interest. All independent States must be free to declare their opinions and their grievances.

If Mr. Eden's statement means, or implies, that the great powers will exercise a virtual dictatorship over the small nations after the war, then the bloodshed of the present time will have been in vain; for such a dictatorship would, in the last analysis, be nothing more and nothing less than a repetition under another name of the loathsome hegemony which the brute strength of Nazi Germany succeeded for a while in establishing. Let Stalin, for example, think twice before he tries to suppress small nations and age-old nationalism by creating a cordon sanitaire to the east of the U.S.S.R. It will be necessary to teach Germany and her satellites an unforgettable lesson; but let the victors temper justice—stern justice, to be sure—with good sense. Unless they have vision and understanding, there will be a World War III. And God help the world and all who are in the
George Ade, Humorist

George Ade, whose death last May was duly noted by the American press, was one of our distinguished men of letters. He was one of a group of writers whose works helped literature in the United States to come of age. His chief claim to fame rests on his *Fables in Slang*. We were still in prep school when they began to appear in the Sunday papers, marked by a strange system of capitalization and a quaint but attractive style. In them Ade broke away from tradition and started a new era in American humor. In them he manifested a keen insight into the American character and showed that he knew the American scene. He adopted the language of the sophisticated man about town and yet was as much laughed over and appreciated by the country-people as by the city-dwellers. He did not resort to the old devices of poor grammar and bad spelling which had helped other humorists to fame. With a more subtle approach, and less corn, he nevertheless appealed to the multitude, who read him gladly, and won for himself a permanent place in American literature.

Wartime Poetry

War always causes poets to break out in verse. Some of it—perhaps most of it—is in a heavy, sorrowful vein. Some of it is expressive of the loneliness that hearts feel as a result of the long separation from loved ones that must be endured. Some is in a lighter vein and is always welcome, for we do need to smile occasionally. Several of these recently came to our desk. One is by Horace C. Carlisle, of Troy, Ala., employe of the Capital architect’s office, who has been hailed as a candidate for the crown of congressional poet laureate. He wrote a piece in praise of “Uncle Sam’s Waves” as follows:

Methinks, many a brave,       That’s escaped with his life,  
That’s escaped with his life, Will come home to his Wave, 
Will come home to his Wave, And will make her his wife. 
And will make her his wife. And throughout the long years 
And throughout the long years That are likely to come, 
That are likely to come, Free from sorrow and tears, 
Free from sorrow and tears, They will sing “Home Sweet 
They will sing “Home Sweet Home.”

Another poem was inspired by the need of shoes when the shoe ration stamps had been used up. Miss Clara Rosen, of the Bronx, N. Y., found herself in this dilemma and pleaded with her ration board thus:

...
The CRESSET

Some shoes I've purchased recently
Didn't wear so well on me.
They lasted several weeks and then,
Like the one-horse shay, they went—
amen!
That's why I've written this to you.
I really don't know what to do.
It's not the money that I lack—
It's just my stamp—I want it back.
Enclosed you'll find my shoe report;
Look at it and be a sport.
Appearance counts with the man I
adore,
And in brand-new shoes he'll love me
more.

She got her stamp.

The Sensible Danes

HENRY BAERLEIN, writing in The Central European Observer, has the following to say about the vision and the sobriety of the long-suffering people of little Den­mark:

Here is a fine story of King Chris­tian, who was approached by a pro­German barrister with the suggestion that he, Krenchel, should form a Government. The King pointed to
his bandaged leg. "I must remind you," he said, "that it is my foot which is amiss, not my head." That ended the audience. The Danish monarchy and Danish democracy will flourish when Hitler is barely men­tioned in the history books. The final proof of the survival of the democ­racy was given by the Danish under­ground organization which, towards
the end of 1943, produced a plan for the future reconstruction of the country and for a just settlement with the past. The fact that a Dane has been a Nazi will not in itself be regarded as a punishable offence, and it is not intended in future to outlaw the Nazi party, for that would be a breach of democratic principles. One might also add that it would be entirely superfluous. Industrialists and others who made use of the subjugation of the country to fill their own purses will see their war profits con­fiscated and paid into the National Bank. There will be no injustice done in Denmark, and if there's something rotten in the State it will be carefully removed.

The Stage is Set

THE political conventions have been held, the fanfare and the shouting have died, and the quad­rennial orgy is over. And, to be sure, they furnished very little in the way of surprises, with the pos­sible exception of Senator Tru­man's spectacular—and successful—bid for the Democratic vice-presi­dential nomination. Now the stage has been set for the most exciting presidential campaign in many a decade, and we shall be subjected to an almost incessant flow of poli­tical oratory for the next four months.

The 1944 election is momentous not only because it is the first war­time election since 1864. The is-
sues at stake are so far-reaching and of such fundamental importance that the outcome of the election will do much in determining the course of American life and government for generations to come.

Since the issues of the campaign were debated at some length in the June issue of The Cresset, we shall not enter into further discussion of those issues at this time. We would rather emphasize the fact that there is not a single American citizen who can afford to remain ignorant of the political, economic, and social doctrines which are involved in this year's election. This is no time to vote out of mere partisan loyalty. This is no time to be swayed by purely emotional appeals. This is no time to be guided by selfish and personal interests.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid—not of their party, but of their country.

Parental Delinquency

Juvenile delinquency is today regarded one of our major social problems. Press and radio make it a leading topic for discussion. Youth is put under a cloud, and it feels the stigma. Youth organizations are being formed the country over to help stem the rising tide of delinquency among children and youth of teen age.

Social workers and educators are studying the causes of this national and world wide phenomenon. While the war seems to be the chief contributing factor, a deeper study of the problem points to the home as the basic cause.

In Los Angeles parents of three young girls pleaded guilty to contributing to the delinquency of their daughters by permitting them to work as entertainers in night clubs. A high school principal in one of our large cities recently found two girls coming to school in the morning so intoxicated that they were not able to attend classes. The principal sent for the mother of the girls. In the conference it was disclosed that these girls had been out all night with two soldiers. While this was serious enough, the principal was shocked when the mother upbraided him for interfering with what she considered the girls' privileges.

Not long ago the writer visited one of the Chicago courts where traffic violators were arrayed. Most of these were girls and boys of the teen age. When the judge had heard the charges brought against these juvenile offenders, he asked the fathers and mothers who had appeared in court with their indicted offsprings to step
up before him. He told them in no uncertain terms that they were responsible for the offenses with which their children were charged.

Is it not time to call a spade a spade? Instead of stigmatizing youth should we not sympathize with them? Let society fix the blame where it belongs and it will be found to fall on the shoulders of parents. The philosophy of many modern parents needs purging. The filio-centric home, where child authority has subordinated parental authority, needs to be returned to the normal God-enjoined basis which recognizes the need of intelligent guidance and training of youth along the path of righteousness.

Until society realizes the sad fact that in the final analysis, with few exceptions, behind the delinquent child stands a delinquent parent, there is no hope for stemming the tide of "juvenile" delinquency. The broken home, the working mother under the guise of patriotism, the demoralizing influences of the war in general are but evidences of weakened or lost parental understanding and control. The Bible also points the way for the solution of this social problem: "Ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Among the sternest words from the lips of the Savior were those which called drowning in the depth of the sea with a millstone tied around the neck preferable to making oneself guilty of offending a child whom He has redeemed.

**Sidelights on the Conventions**

Well, the Republicans and the Democrats have held their quadrennial powwows. It's Dewey and Bricker vs. Roosevelt and Truman. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Pick a pair of candidates! Don't stay away from the polls come Election Day! Get out and vote!

* * *

The war overshadowed both conventions; but even the war couldn't take the ticks out of politics.

* * *

The powwow of the Republicans came to an end on what was said to be a thoroughly harmonious chord; but didn't you catch a few sour overtones and one or two bitter undertones? Shall it be anti-isolationism or quasi-isolationism? Time will tell. The platform won't. What, pray, are "peace forces"? What will Willkie do?

* * *

Tom Dewey's voice, say the ardent Deweyites, is just as good as Roosevelt's any day.

* * *
Some cynically minded observers are stating that it's not that the G. O. P. wanted Dewey less but that it wanted New York's electoral vote more. At any rate, Tom, Tom, Owosso's son, Stole a march and said he'd run.

* * *

Who played the tune for the Republicans? Was it a group of shrewd, hard-boiled, old-school G. O. P. bosses backstage, or did Tom himself and his advisers compose and perform the Republican music? Dewey, you know, hadn't sought the nomination. "Perish forbid!" as Archie, the manager of Duffy's Tavern, would say.

* * *

Some commentators are saying that there are points of similarity between the Roosevelt-Dewey scrap and the famous John L. Sullivan-James J. Corbett bout. The champ, they declare, is bound to lose in the end.

* * *

It took a good deal of hammer-and-tongs persuasion to induce John Bricker to play second fiddle. Nevertheless, the popular Ohioan is in there pitching. Maybe everything will come out in the wash.

* * *

Some of the troubles that were ironed out after a fashion at the G. O. P. powwow would have engendered terrific heat even if the weatherman hadn't dished out an overdose of the good old summertime.

* * *

Those who pulled the strings for the Republicans were cannier than the big shots who manipulated the proceedings of the Democrats. Even Roosevelt seemed to have lost the master's touch. Some say he's so sure of re-election in November that he's revealing an attitude of detached fatalism. Don't kid yourselves! Think of the vice-presidential fracas. Think of the malcontents down in Texas. A bitter tea was brewing in Chicago. In fact, that bitter tea had been brewing for some time before the convention. Most of the Solid South was on tenterhooks and in a lather. One little word in the platform—the word "vote"—brought about a near-rebellion on the part of the prophets of white supremacy. A prominent Dixieite expressed himself as follows: "It appears no one will be nominated for Vice-President unless he has the indorsement of the New Deal. The Negroes and the C.I.O. are running the convention and dictating to the New Deal." Contrast that statement with what Henry Wallace said when he seconded the nomination of Roosevelt. "In a political, educational, and economic sense," declared the courageous backer of the New Deal, "there must be no inferior
races.” It took courage to fling that statement into the teeth of the apostles of white supremacy.

The bosses—Kelly, Flynn, Hannegan, and Hague—let it be known in no uncertain terms that there was harmony pure and undefiled when the convention disbanded. But sores, deep sores, are still festering on the donkey’s anatomy. Harry Truman may turn out to be a fairly good jar of salve for those sores; but Harry Truman won’t be a cure-all by any means.

If Kelly, Flynn, Hannegan, Hague, and other big-city bosses aren’t too busy and too cocky, they’ll read the handwriting on the wall and watch their P’s and Q’s. Wasn’t it the mere thought of Roosevelt and his ability to get votes which prevented a grand bust-up in the party? In spite of all, however, there’s going to be some mighty wild kicking in the huge donkey paddock.

Henry Wallace was a brave soldier. He took it on the chin like a good sport. When the kiss of death descended with a resounding smack upon one of his cheeks, he didn’t whimper. Instead, he turned the other cheek—graciously and bigheartedly—to the Boss and the bosses. Some say that Wallace was the real hero of the convention—in spite of the support that was laddled out to him by one somewhat busy and ubiquitous Sidney Hillman. You’re influential, Mr. Hillman. But you’re by no means a whiz in the great game of politics.

What about the oratory at the conventions? Well, we don’t want to talk politics here. If we do, there’ll be a fight. So let’s overlook the issues at stake and consider the speaking from a purely, shall we say, technical point of view. Dewey’s voice showed good training. Governor Warren, of California, was fair-to-middling. Clare Booth Luce mingled atrocious taste with her cleverness. Why use G. I. Joe and G. I. Jim as campaign fodder? Joe Martin tried ever so hard to be a Zeus with a bagful of thunderbolts. Herbert Hoover sounded old and tired. Governor Robert S. Kerr, of Oklahoma, did an excellent job as a spellbinder. Sam Jackson’s speech-making was a bit juvenile, flat, and studied. Helen Gahagan Douglas’ fulmination was a dud. Quentin Reynolds admitted that he was an amateur and then proceeded to talk turkey as he saw the turkey. Alben B. Barkley sounded as though he had his tongue in his cheek, troubles in his heart, and a round half-dozen all-day suckers in his hip pocket—for the Boss, of course. Roosevelt was,
by and large, in the traditional Roosevelt fettle. Nevertheless, he didn't seem to be entirely the same Roosevelt who, in his acceptance speech at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, in June, 1936, declared ringingly and with keen prophetic vision that our nation "had a rendezvous with destiny."

The conventions are history. Aren't we all grateful that we can feast our ears on gab fests of that kind every four years? Now we're waiting patiently and with bated breath to see what kind of history will be made on Election Day. Let's get out and vote our convictions!

Across the Miles

Thousands of miles from my homeland
on a lonely beach . . .

I look heavenward and know that God will reach
across the distance, welding our hearts and souls,
My hand in His one hand, yours in the other.

—ANITA C. PECK
Journey Into Pain

Suddenly it hit me. . . . Down in Ohio the day was hot, and calling on my hidden reserves, I found that there were none. . . . The gap between the spirit and the body could no longer be closed by an effort of the will. . . . There had been warnings. . . . The response of the body to the call of the spirit had been slower and slower for several months. . . . And so I closed the book on the lectern and went down into pain. . . .

Only those who have had experience with such a journey should read on from here. . . . No one else can understand the curious terror of housing a living spirit in a body which insists on dragging it down to the level of weariness and fear. . . . Ordinarily, the situation is reversed. . . . The spirit commands, and the body obeys. . . . It is bad enough when the body says no. . . . But it is infinitely worse when the body either responds not at all or takes control of the situation. . . . This is the ultimate pain, because it destroys the balance of living and breaks the unity of life. . . .

As one becomes aware of the nature of the conflict within, strange and new things begin to appear. . . . Some of them are marvelous compensations and evidences of the gracious economy of Providence. . . . One of them, admittedly not always a blessing, is the new, quivering acuteness of the senses. . . . Dulled by years of hurry and noise, they slowly become sharp and clear again, as the spirit turns away from the avenues of pain. . . . The effort of an ant to transport a dead bug across a blade of grass, the flight of a bee from flower to flower, the rhythm of waves on the shore, the quarrel of two martins on a telephone wire, the way of a squirrel with a nut—these become events of major importance, more absorbing, for the moment, than the
One becomes suddenly conscious of the teeming and pulsating life which is our universe. The ant at my elbow has its Normandy coast in a blade of grass, and the martins, for all I know, are at Armageddon. At night, when one turns from the ant to the stars, cold and white and far only to us and to Him, the immensity and order of our world fall on the mind and heart like balm and benediction. This, I note with new joy, men shall not be able to destroy. They may kill each other, but they have no more control over life itself than the ant at my feet. The light of a star which began its journey when the legions of Caesar marched into Gaul, falls tonight, quietly and imperturbably, on a 100 millimeter gun in the ditches of Normandy. This is the mysterious way of God, the pulsing years, the trembling centuries; and the long, even march of a universe in which the years of man are as the way of an ant over a blade of grass. I know, of course, that there is a great gulf between this concept of life and the greater vision brought by the body of a Child in a manger, but that is another story. God pressing the meaning of the universe into the heart of a Baby, so that we can touch it and understand it. And so, slowly as the warm July sun moves around the house telling the hours that are told only once, I watch that part of the life of the universe which is within sight and sound of my chair. An important figure in it just now is the little black dog who condescends to join me at irregular intervals snatched from the pursuit of the mysterious shadows which flit through the bushes beyond the fence. In him, I observe again, there is a deep, natural wisdom in the physical life of the world which the years of civilization have taken away from us. He, for example, works in the sun and rests in the shade. Curious people who sit in the sun, are, I am sure, an enigma to him. They are reversing the processes which come to him from some far hidden source in the history of dogs.

I also learn from him when we go walking. As the long shadows fall over the Indiana hills, and the twitter of the birds grows still, we amble out toward the broad highway. I have been taught to walk in a straight line. This, I remember, is the shortest distance between two points, and in order to reach a goal and get somewhere one must follow it. Life consists of straight lines and corners rather than smooth, gentle, curves. My little black dog never heard of
such heresy. . . . He dashes here and there, every evidence of life along the way arousing his joy or anger. . . . He sees ten times as much as I do, and when we come to the end of our journey, he is still trotting beside me, tired but happy. . . . As I look down at him I begin to wonder is he, perhaps, the unwitting bearer of an obvious lesson? . . . Do we pay too much attention, especially in our ambitious and anxious times, to the straight line in the march toward our goal and not enough to the flowers, the shadows, the thousand little things which a generous Providence has planted by the side of the road? . . . These, too, are gifts of heaven to be accepted gratefully and used wisely. . . . If we forget them, life becomes too straight and sharp and harsh. . . . I shall try to remember that.

And so my journey into pain moves slowly upward into the paths of peace. . . . I have said nothing about the blessed company of God along the way because that lies too deep for speech. . . . Also this, I know, will be a blessing. . . . A storm for which the harbor looks fairer. . . .

Notes on Worship

A few notes concerning an important and forgotten topic. . . . Thomas Carlyle once said that there was a passage in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" which he would rather have written than any other passage in modern literature. . . . In it Goethe describes the famous school in which the chief lesson taught was the lesson in reverence. . . . The pupils were taught reverence for God, reverence for the unfortunate and the suffering, reverence for all of life. . . . Here, I suspect, is the answer to one of the profoundest needs of our time. . . . We must learn again the meaning of reverence and worship. . . .

We have lived and shall live in a world which has dethroned God. . . . When that happens an axiom in history swings into action. . . . When men dethrone God, His throne never remains empty. . . . Man must inevitably worship something; if he does not worship God, he will worship himself, his Führer, his mind, his science. . . . Some have even turned to the worship of evil. . . . If he has no God, he must have idols. . . . This is the elemental tragedy of our age. . . . Our trouble is not that men have no religion, but that they have the wrong religion. . . . They will pay homage and reverence and honor to something. . . .

Our tragedy has been deepened by the fact that today more than in recent centuries we realize
again that we are surrounded by mysteries. . . . There was a time when man's prophetic faith in materialistic science persuaded him that there would soon be an end to all mystery in life and in the universe, that he would eventually find the cause and reason of everything. . . . Today, however, even the man in the street knows, though perhaps only vaguely, that he is surrounded by mysteries darker and deeper than those imagined by the savage in the primeval forest. . . . He has pushed his horizons back into the universe and into the atom, but he is beginning to know that there are more things in heaven and earth than he has dreamed in his philosophy. . . . He sees that science can give him facts, but cannot tell him why they are so or how they are so. . . . If this modern man, standing at the edge of great mysteries, can be persuaded to feel the need of worship, to stand in humility before God, he may yet find a way out of his darkness. . . . His desperate need is to say: "Thy wisdom, O Lord, is greater than I can conceive, and Thy knowledge beyond the uttermost bounds of my mind; speak and I shall believe; I shall hold true whatever Thou sayest."

The need of the modern mind for worship and reverence becomes even more immediate when we remember for a long time to come we shall be living in a suffering world. . . . There will be war and its dark aftermath of maladjustments, broken lives and homes, social and economic tensions, psychological strain. . . . We shall see all the wild brood of years of blood and hate which will bring more than sorrow. . . . Here, too, another axiom of history operates. . . . When man can turn nowhere else, he may begin to turn upward. . . . If there are men and women in the world who will be ready to guide their desperation to God in Christ and to lift their tear-filled eyes to the Cross, we shall witness a great moment in modern history. . . .

The worship of God must not remain a vague emotion. . . . In the Christian meaning it includes the love of God streaming forth in redemptive love and grace and the upward movement of the individual soul returning to its God and Saviour the oblation of prayer, of praise, of thanksgiving. . . . When all is said and done, the home of man is in God. . . . His worship is his return, however stumbling and falling, to his home. . . . His spirit, conditioned as it is by the changes and chances of this fleeting world, looks beyond the shadows to the unchanging and finding peace offers itself humbly to the will of God. . . . As the two great facts of faith are sin and grace, so the two great
facts of worship are forgiveness and gratitude. . . . Let modern man come to this, and he will have an open road to peace. . . .

This is also true of the Church of the twentieth century. . . . She stands in great need of a recovery of the essence of worship, the quality of stillness, the contemplation of the wonder of her being and the whole range of adoration from the “De Profundis” to the “Gloria.” . . . Only a church that lives with God and in God can live with men and for men. . . . Let the Church take the position of the spires of her places of worship and men will look to her as never before. . . .

It is Sunday morning in a little white church beside a country road. . . . As the hour of worship approaches, men and women, worn and gnarled by many years of toil, gather quietly. . . . The scene is humble and plain. . . . No one would pay very much attention to it. . . . And yet something great, infinitely great and immeasurably noble, is taking place in that little church. . . . If any of the men and women gathered there were completely articulate, they might say something like this: “Behold your children, dear God. . . . We are little and unimportant people, the kind for which You died on the Cross. . . . This morning we have come to Your House. . . . We have brought something for You—a little money, our tired minds and our broken hearts. . . . A few other things we have, too. . . . We have built a little House for You and have erected an altar. . . . These things, we know, are not much beside the glory of the outstretched universe and the story of the centuries. . . . Our music is faint and harsh beside the singing of the spheres. . . . You hear much better music from the angels in the shining ranks of Heaven. . . . But dear Lord, what we offer is the best that we can give or do. . . . We give it because we are thankful to You for what You have done for us. . . . Accept us in Your pity, wipe the tears from our eyes, and comfort the lonely fear in our hearts.” . . . And suddenly, I know, the little church becomes Heaven, and God is high and lifted up, and there is glory and the sound of trumpets and the Light of Eternity. . . . The church becomes the last home of little children who worship Him in spirit and in truth.
Another survey of an important world-problem—

Will India Miss the Bus?

By Martin J. Lutz

When Columbus “discovered” America, he made the colossal mistake of supposing he was in India. A similar illusion obscures the potential discoveries of many an observer setting out from America to discover India. When he lands in Bombay or Colombo, instead of finding the mysterious Orient of his day-dreams, he finds himself in a world very much like his own. From what he sees the mysterious Orient seems as prosaic as Brooklyn. Except for the strange dress and language, the Indian people seem to be living and thinking so much as we do that the mystery of the East is just a thin veil, through which a keen observer can see. What strikes you most behind that thin veil is the resemblance to your own world. Unconsciously you look for what is familiar and understandable; you look for, and find, much of your own world, America. As you travel over India on its extensive railways, see modern towns and factories, meet both prominent and plain personalities, hear them discuss the same topics as does the man in the streetcar at home, you feel that you are beginning to understand India. Newspapers, many of which are in English, mirror a familiar world. Actually, you have seen only a part of India: the urban population. Nearly 90 per cent of India’s 390,000,000 live in the country villages. To understand India you must know both these widely different sections.

The urban population has a point of view which is easy to understand. Living in cities and towns which have grown up around commercial and industrial centers, their lives and interests are similar to ours. They go to work in offices, factories, and places of business by street car, train, bus, or motor car. Many live in apartment houses, the symbol of our era. The theatres show many pictures made in Hollywood. Obviously, the millions who have come to these towns have been Western-
ized. Peculiarities of caste and strange customs held tenaciously for thousands of years have worn off in two or three generations of town life. Especially have these people picked up the political ideas of the West. They know of all the isms of Europe and America, although they are not as fanatical as people here. Of course, there are all the shades of Right and Left, but they are sincere in their opinions. From this section of India the Congress Party draws its strongest support in the fight for independence and a better future. The aims of this party may be many; but nearly all leaders agree in wanting India independent, not only politically but also economically. They want to develop India’s agriculture and industry to make her a strong, modern, world-power. Their outstanding leader is Jawahar Lal Nehru. However, this active, influential group represents only 10 per cent of India.

**Little Change**

The large rural population, which comprises almost 90 per cent of India’s millions, is still practically unchanged by the influences which have planted the west in the cities. Here we have that phenomenon of the East so unintelligible to us—a civilization which has survived 2,000 years with little change or progress. Here you find the conservatives paradise. These people have been able to hang on to their form of society, their system of farming and industry, their customs and religion. If there has been change and progress, it is in the direction directly opposite to which we have been traveling, so that India is less intelligible to us now than it seems to have been to the news-hawks who accompanied Alexander the Great in his Drang nach Osten. Probably the chief reasons for this static system are the assumption by the majority that the highest level of progress has been climbed and the despair of the malcontents to effect any improvement. India had actually reached a high level of civilization when Aryan cousins in Europe were still in the pastoral stage. Agriculture and industry were developed to a degree that still calls for admiration today. Add to this conservatism the fatalism of the Hindu religion, which teaches that matter is an illusion, the whole world of the senses Maya, and the rigidity of the caste system and you certainly have a conservative set-up. Moreover, the very forces which have produced the Westernization in the towns have made the villagers draw back into their shell. Modern machine industries have ruined the village industries. The entry of India into world-commerce has enriched the cities
but has placed the farmers at the mercy of a market unknown and unpredictable. All the villager knows of economics is that the importation of manufactured articles is impoverishing the villages. Democracy means nothing to the village, since even the most autocratic Moguls left the villages to govern themselves, while democratic ideals upset the relationship among the castes. To these innumerable millions the presence of British rule is a source of constant uneasiness. Not that they would ever have dreamed of taking any action or even support the wild plans of the Congress Party members—until came that Hexenmeister who with the breath of his mouth set ablaze that inert mass to glow with a heat in which many irons may yet be welded. Yes, these are the people which make Gandhi the colossus of the East. Mahatma Gandhi is the wizard who has found the stone which turns dull earth to political gold.

Gandhi's formula is very simple. It was probably discovered by accident. Like most of India's statesmen, Gandhi was exposed to Western influences and even enjoyed (?) an education in England. Unlike the others, Gandhi emerged spotless from the ordeal, determined (if not convinced) that Hinduism was the better, the only system. He was confirmed in his resolution by the socialism of Ruskin and the pacifist-anarchist philosophy of Tolstoy. (Please note that anarchism has no connection with bombs and is the goal, not beginning, of communism). After successful experiments with his system in South Africa, Gandhiji returned to become a leader in his native land. He at once laid his axe to the root of villagers' discontent by fulminating against cheap machine-made goods, which were ruining village handicrafts, and, at the same time, by conducting a campaign to buy handspun cloth. Instead of talking the political jargon of the West, Gandhiji won over the villagers by praising the ancient virtues of India and revitalizing Hinduism with his genius. In fact, he went so far as to become a saint in the eyes of millions of Hindus, and he combined his political and practical appeal with a religious program. He defended the caste system and made Hinduism a national religion. The Mahatma's pacifism and nonviolence fitted in with the ancient Hindu doctrine of Ahimsa and, in practice, suited the apathetic attitude of the villagers. It was effective political action marvellously carried out by the favorite pastime of the villagers—inaction. By 1921 Gandhi was undoubtedly master of India and could have terminated British rule at almost any time since that date.
Who Will Take Over?

Termination of British rule is, however, not an end in itself to Gandhi or to India. Who will rule when the present power withdraws? The Mohammedan-Hindu rivalry will be one of the minor struggles for mastery. Shall vested interests and reactionary elements who now crowd under the Gandhi umbrella take over? Will the leftists put over a five-year plan of nationalized industrialization, collective farming, and social reform?

The Cripps offer in 1942 had features objectionable to all parties. As pacifist, Gandhi was opposed to mobilizing India for all-out war. The progressives, who favored just this to build up India as a strong modern power, were afraid to leave the defense and finance ministries in British hands lest the army be turned over to reactionary interests. Of course, the feeling of the masses after Singapore that Japan had won the war, and their unwillingness to fight for the principles which enthused their leaders, made the burden of forming a government heavier than any of them was willing to bear.

Once again a divided India faces invasion. This time the Japanese have organized an Indian contingent under the leadership of Subhas Chandra Bose, popular Bengal leader, to spearhead the invasion. Previous reports had Bose killed in a Tokyo air crash, but he seems to be very much alive. He is one of the few leaders who refuse to co-operate with Britain under any circumstances. He expresses the growing sentiment of Asia for the Asiatics.

To the Asiatics this is really the issue of the war. The substantial support which India as well as China has given has been only in so far as this is a war of liberation. Should they lose hope that liberation will include them, they will turn to Japan. Bose supports Japan in forming an Asiatic Empire to turn the balance of power against the West. Asia feels keenly an inferiority complex over against the West. Japanese victories over the white forces were obviously balm in the wounds of Asia's pride. India, as well as China, resents restriction of immigration into Africa and Australia. Australia, with only 7,000,000 is still exclusively white; and South Africa is fanatic in repressing all colored population. The emergence of India as the dominating power in the Indian Ocean after she obtains her independence will bring these already acute problems into world focus. Neither India nor China has the nationalist outlook of Japan; but they are a fertile ground for future agitators. They want to be treated as equals, as good neighbors.
CAMEL INDORSERS GIVE F.T.C. A LIFT

F.T.C. stands for Federal Trade Commission, a government bureau in charge of standards of advertising. The Commission held a hearing lately in New York City, acting on a complaint which charged the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. with misleading advertising. One of the witnesses was the well-known photographer, Margaret Bourke-White, who said she was paid $250 and 52 cartons of cigarettes for a testimonial that Camel cigarettes did not “jangle my nerves.” Then there was Miss Helen Stansbury, formerly an employe of United Air Lines. She testified she rarely, if ever, smoked and that the tobacco company representatives knew it when she was paid $100 for saying, “When the pace I go gets me fatigued, a Camel gives me a lift.” She quoted her employers as saying that she should give the testimonial because the publicity would be good for the air lines. In the case of Miss Bourke-White, a girl formerly employed by her testified that the woman photographer “smoked practically every kind” of cigarette and specifically recalled buying for her a package of Old Golds.

It was a long time coming. Not that we care much who smokes which cigarette or which actor, actress, golf expert, manager of champion baseball team or pugilist, society woman, or aviator is making a fool of himself or herself by posing with a cigarette and declaring that success has hinged upon the choice of preferred smokes. What worries me is the
estimate placed on the intelligence of the average magazine reader. Or do the calculations of the advertising agency obtaining these “testimonials” rest simply on the effect of a well-known name being linked with a product, to attract the momentary attention to the name of that product, regardless of whether the reader believes that the testimonial is genuine or not? Certainly, those who will write the more intimate story of American life, will record these advertisements as one of the most puzzling freaks of commercialism in the nineteen thirties and forties.

DID SHE DISCOVER HER HUSBAND’S BODY?

The drawing in the Good Housekeeping ad seemed to indicate as much. The lady was shown all dressed to go out when she raises a hand with a motion of warding off some horror not indicated on the picture, the whites showing above her eyeballs, eyebrows raised, mouth opened with a shocked expression, teeth glistening—evidently she was confronted with some sight that filled her with abject terror, possibly the body of a murdered man slumped in a chair with a pool of blood at his feet. The text of the advertisement reveals that there was another cause for the lady’s violent perturbation. “Can a thing of beauty be a pain in the neck?” is the headline of the Good Housekeeping ad. The answer is given that most women will reply, “Yes!”

Then a list of the horrors is drawn up which might cause a lady, all fixed up for a very special evening, to have a sudden run of the heebie-jeebies. “Suppose,” says the Good Housekeeping advertising man, “one of these things happens . . . As you take off your gloves, you notice that the polish on one nail has chipped mysteriously . . . Or a quick glance at your compact shows that your powder has caked unflatteringly . . . Or your luscious lipstick has caked around the edges of your mouth in a hard line . . . Your poise evaporates, and no wonder.”

What an anticlimax—the lady frozen in horror as she raises her hand, not to ward off the sight of an assassinated husband, but to confirm her first impression that the dreadful thing has occurred and cannot be denied—some nail polish has chipped off!

Or the powder in the compact has become hard!!

The lipstick on her mouth has caked!!!

So your poise evaporates, and no wonder. The conclusion is drawn that you should buy the various cosmetics advertised in Good Housekeeping magazine. All
these articles have been investigated, have been analyzed. The nail polish will never chip mysteriously. The lipstick smear will never cake unattractively.

Your poise doesn't have to evaporate, and when you step into the bright lights you don't have to look as though you had seen a dead uncle's ghost.

In evidence of these claims the advertisement shows the doctor and the nurse testing liquids in tubes and vials, and an expert "beautician" walking down a line of girls who are extending their hands while the said "beautician" is trying out on their fingernails some polish which should not chip mysteriously.

BY-PRODUCT OF THE COMICS

Juvenile hoodlumism is giving the authorities in the greater American cities fully as much trouble as the actual increase in major crime, auto thefts, rape, and prostitution, among the delinquent youth. In Los Angeles some months ago the viciousness of the younger generation flared up in bloody fights between the zoot suit hooligans and the enlisted men. In Chicago there has been a great deal of slugging and street fighting in certain areas, and one of the judges attempted to solve the problem by establishing a certain street on the West Side as a "peace line." He ordered one group, comprising mainly Italian youths, to stay east of the street and the other, consisting of Jewish boys, to stay west of it. This ruling suspended hostilities but certainly did not remove the cause.

In St. Louis the park authorities have been shocked by a wave of vandalism and rowdiness perpetrated by gangs of youths who prowl public parks all night long. Defacing walls of park buildings, smashing park benches and throwing the pieces into lakes and lagoons, throwing stones and other missiles at birds and animals and at property, and destroying signboards, are some of the depredations being committed every night. According to a statement of the City Park Commissioner, on a recent night a crowd of 50 or 60 boys gathered near the field house in Forest Park, where they milled around until 4:00 A.M., yelling, cursing and using obscene language, all at the top of their voices. This gang was guilty of the vilest conduct, park police reported, and was so large in number and so threatening that the lone park watchman at that area was afraid to intervene. In the park buildings toilet fixtures have been torn away and other plumbing destroyed.

A close study of this nation-
wide wave of vandalism among boys and girls will reveal phenomena which point to a common source of origin, and that origin is to be sought very largely in the ideas which take lodgment in the brains of unripe adolescents whose entire leisure time reading is given to the "comic" magazines. They are simply trying to translate into action the violent and fantastic heroics of Superman, Tarzan, Mandrake the Magician, Don Winslow, and Li'l Abner.

One of the saddest sights that one can see in public places is the groups of little boys and girls drawn to the news stands by the latest selection of comics, worse still, the sight of parents buying a handful of these atrocious publications and handing them to their children. They know that for the next half-hour or so the kids will be manageable, quiet. And that night they will go out and break every window in every garage in a certain city block, hurl brickbats at passing automobiles, and experiment on some playmate with a hanging ceremonial, or the sticking of lit matches under the fingernails.

We believe that much of the hoodlumism, vandalism, and crime now rampant among teenage Americans is due to the reading of the "comics."

The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman and the philosopher. And the study of such a taste or relish will, as we suppose, be ever the great employment and concern of him who covets as well to be wise and good, as agreeable and polite.

—SHAFTESBURY
Do you remember two piano compositions called “Midnight Fire Alarm” and “The Burning of Rome”? Years ago they had a great vogue in our land. Countless amateur pianists and many professionals used to take delight in the banal melodies contained in those ubiquitous abominations. The descriptive elements—elements which the composer, E. T. Paull by name, shoved into the pieces by main force—aroused boundless admiration in the minds of players and listeners who had not yet cut their musical eyeteeth.

There was a time—I confess it—when I had the notion that the man who wrote “Midnight Fire Alarm” and “The Burning of Rome” had something to say. That was long ago. Today I shudder at the very thought of those pieces. How could I ever belabor my longsuffering piano with their puny little strains? Nevertheless, I’m grateful to the composer who perpetrated them. Why? Because “Midnight Fire Alarm” and “The Burning of Rome” played a never-to-be-forgotten role in showing me to what fathomless depths of sheer emptiness music can sometimes sink. Long ago, thank goodness, I learned to look upon E. T. Paull’s sickly attempts at programmatic writing as a cross between works like “The Maiden’s Prayer,” let’s say, and the “Edelweiss Glide Waltz” on the distaff side and “The Battle of Waterloo” and ten or twelve billion vile-tempered streptococci on the male side. Maybe “Midnight Fire Alarm” and “The Burning of Rome” are still held in honor here and there. I don’t know. Let the dead bury their dead.

We must direct our attention to fire that really burns. Think of the “Feuerzauber” (“Magic Fire Spell”) in Wagner’s Die Walküre. Have you ever heard a more mag-
The CRESSET

Significant example of program music? How the flames crackle! Wotan summons Loge and commands him to surround the sleeping Brünnhilde with fire. Only he who knows no fear shall pass through those flames to awaken the mighty goddess from her deep slumber. Consider how marvelously Wagner combines the motif of fire with the sleep motif and the motif of Siegfried, the hero. What wonderful counterpoint! It's almost as miraculous as the counterpoint in the prelude to Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. The magic of Loge isn't one whit more dumbfounding than Wagner's.

A Frenchman named Louis Brassin (1840-1884) transcribed the "Feuerzauber" for the piano. It's a brilliant bit of workmanship. When a pianist of extraordinary ability plays the work, you marvel at its effectiveness; but Brassin's transcription, excellent though it is in every way, merely suggests the wizardry contained in Wagner's orchestral score.

Think of the impressive forging scene in Wagner's Siegfried. The fire roars, the sparks fly, and the bellows groan while the hero shapes his trusty sword named Nothung. Think of the immolation scene at the end of Die Götterdämmerung. Brünnhilde rides her charger into the blazing funeral pyre of her dead lover, and Valhalla goes up in flames.

Pyrotechnics

It's a far cry from Wagner all the way back to George Frederick Handel; but it would be criminal neglect to overlook the Royal Fireworks Music which the composer of The Messiah wrote at the command of the King of England to commemorate the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. More than twelve thousand persons crowded Vauxhall Gardens in London on April 21, 1749, to hear a rehearsal of the Royal Fireworks Music. Traffic over London Bridge was at a standstill for no less than three hours. Every mother's son and daughter in the huge audience paid two shillings sixpence to see the sights and hear the music. Six days later, when the actual celebration took place in Green Park, the crowds and the congestion were even greater. A well-known Italian fireworks expert was at hand to entertain the throngs, more than a hundred brass cannon boomed out a salute, and Handel had a large orchestra at his disposal. His score called for three first trumpets, three second trumpets, three first horns, three second horns, three third horns, twelve first oboes, eight second oboes, four third oboes, eight first bassoons, four second bassoons, and three kettledrums. Think of it! Twenty-four oboes!

The Royal Fireworks Music is
far more important today than the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which it celebrated.

Do you know Stravinsky's Fireworks? It's a tone poem which flowed from the intrepid Russian’s pen in a manner strongly suggestive of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Maybe you’ll conclude that Stravinsky’s Fireworks is crude and amateurish; but don’t forget that it helped pave the way for the fame which came to the composer later on in great abundance. It reveals unusual skill in the art of orchestration even though it doesn’t reach the heights of graphic beauty which we find in L’Oiseau de Feu (The Fire Bird).

Many critics continue to din into our ears in season and out of season that The Fire Bird is filled to the brim with Rimskyisms. So what? It’s far more important for us to bear in mind that every single Rimskyism in the entire score has been, shall we say, thoroughly and completely Stravinskyfied. A Stravinskyfied Rimskyism, let it be remembered, is nothing to sneeze at. The Fire Bird is a masterpiece. It’s based on an old Russian fairy tale.

Debussy tried his hand at pyrotechnics. What’s more, he did so with impressive success. His piano composition called “Fireworks” is a remarkable little tone poem. It’s full of the sound and the color of skyrockets, Roman candles, fire-crackers, and catherine-wheels. Toward the end there’s a brief quotation from the French national anthem. Let all half-baked pianists beware! “Fireworks” is frightfully difficult to play. It’s contained in Debussy’s second book of Préludes.

Alexander Nicolaievitch Scriabine (1872-1915) developed, and tried to expound, a theory that tone and light are closely related. He devised a color-piano (clavier a lumières) to project colors on a screen—colors which, according to his belief, were, to put it somewhat crudely, part and parcel of individual tones and combinations of tones. Scriabine’s theory was a fascinating brainstorm, and it led to more than one fascinating composition. Let’s single out Prometheus: Poem of Fire, Op. 60. Go to your piano and play A, D, E, F sharp, A, and B flat. That’s the scale which Scriabine called into being to serve as the grass roots, so to speak, of his Prometheus. The score calls for a large orchestra, an organ, a piano, choruses, and, of course, Scriabine’s clavier a lumières.

Naturally, the Poem of Fire created a stir on the occasion of its première, which took place in Moscow on March 15, 1911. Since that time it has gradually degenerated into what, for want of a better term, one may refer to as a curiosity.
An Adventurer

Scriabine, by the way, had more than one queer thought in the course of his lifetime. Toward the end of his career he attempted—in a work called *Mysterium*—to combine music with perfumes. Was he a mystic? Was he a crackpot? Was he a mighty prophet? At all events, he wasn't a great composer. Listen to his music, and you'll know why. To a large extent, it's Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner plus undiluted and sometimes unpalatable Scriabine. *Prometheus* is a museum piece.

Let's listen to it now and then. Maybe we can learn to enjoy it; maybe, as time goes on, we can learn to understand it. I wonder. No one can deny, however, that Scriabine had the courage of his convictions. He was a bold adventurer. And adventurers, you know, have their place in all the arts. We need more of them.

Do you remember who Prometheus was? Well, in case you don't, permit me to tell you that he stole fire from heaven and brought it down to earth-bound man. Zeus, the Grand Panjandrum among the Greek gods, didn't relish Prometheus' humanitarianism. So he had the hero chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus. For years and years an eagle came to peck away at Prometheus' liver without ever consuming it. From the pen of the Greek dramatist Aeschylus we have a great play called *Prometheus Bound*. *Prometheus Unbound*, by the same author, has been lost; but we have Shelley's drama with that title. Samuel Barber, one of the ablest American composers of our time, based his *Music for a Scene from Shelley* on a portion of *Prometheus Unbound*.

Incidentally, Arnold Schönberg combined light and tone in his stage work, *Die Glückliche Hand* (*The Lucky Hand*). It, too, is a museum piece.

In Manuel de Falla's ballet, *El Amor Brujo* (*Love, the Sorcerer*) there's a "Ritual Fire Dance" to exorcise the evil spirits. It's full of elemental power.

Some American composers have dealt with fire in a highly thought-provoking manner. Edward Royce (b. 1886) wrote a work called *The Fire-Bringers*. The French-born Dane Rudhyar (1895), a staunch advocate of atonalism, composed a tone poem named *The Surge of Fire*, and you'll find some vivid suggestions of hellfire in Howard Hanson's opera, *Merry Mount*.

Is it necessary to say that Artur Honegger's *Pacific 231* couldn't run, or pull, without the aid of fire and that the blacksmith about whom Handel held forth so elegantly in "The Harmonious Blacksmith" undoubtedly had a fire burning in his smithy? What about
clever Ferde Grofé's *Symphony in Steel*? Doesn't it conjure up thoughts of the fire that has so much to do with the making of steel?

Why hasn't fire asserted itself more powerfully and more frequently in music? I don't know. Does anyone know? Why, for example, has no composer, great or near-great, ever matched the wizardry contained in Wagner's "Feuerzauber" or in Debussy's "Fireworks"? That's a thought-provoking question. Maybe most composers have concluded that fire is altogether too hot to handle. Maybe writers of music who have lived and worked since Wagner's day have thrown up their hands in despair, saying, "What can we little fellows hope to do with fire when we think of what the mighty Wagner accomplished in *Die Walküre*, in *Siegfried*, and in *Die Götterdämmerung*?" Maybe those who respect and honor Debussy as one of the great masters think of the magic written into the piano prelude entitled "Fireworks" and then abandon all hope. One can understand why the uncanny skill of a Wagner and a Debussy flabbergasts most composers; but is there, in spite of all this, any good reason why able writers of music shouldn't turn again and again for inspiration to such a potent and fascinating element as fire? Is it a foregone conclusion that Wagner's "Feuerzauber" and Debussy's "Fireworks" are the last word? There'll never be another composer exactly like Wagner, just as there'll never be another composer exactly like Debussy. Of that we can be sure. But who is there to tell us that the world of music will never see geniuses as great as Wagner and Debussy? Maybe fire will have far more to say in the music of the future than it has said in the music of the past. Who knows?

**RECENT RECORDINGS**

**Esajas Reusner. Suite No. 1. Johann Paschelbel.** "Canon." The Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta.—Reusner's (1636-1679) *Suite* is a series of engaging dance tunes. Paschelbel's (1653-1706) "Canon" is interesting historically and technically. The works are played with a fine sense of style, and the recording is superb. Victor Album 969. $2.10.

**John Charles Thomas in Concert Favorites.** The famous baritone—with Carroll Hollister at the piano—sings "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; "In the Gloaming," by Orred-Harrison; "Your Presence," by Ada Wisemann-Meta Schumann; "Fulfillment," by Eunice Tietjens-Sydney King Russell; "Come to Me in My Dreams," by
The CRESSET

Matthew Arnold-Frank Bridge; and "Mattinata," by Francesco Paolo Tosti. The voice is unusually opulent. Mr. Thomas, of course, has his own distinctive style. Victor Album 966. $2.89.

CARL PHILIPP EMMANUEL BACH. "Solfeggietto." JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU. "Tambourin." FRITZ KREISLER. "Allegretto in the Style of Boccherini." William Primrose, violist.—Mr. Primrose is a great master of the viola. Victor disc 10-1098. Seventy-nine cents.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF. "The Harvest of Sorrow." ALEXANDER GRECHANINOFF. "Over the Steppe." Alexander Kipnis, basso, with Celius Dougherty at the piano.—Two beautiful art songs sung by an artist of the first water. Victor disc 11-8595. $1.05.

MORTON GOULD. Latin-American Symphonette. The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra under José Iturbi.—A fascinating work. Mr. Gould's mastery of the art of orchestration is positively uncanny. Victor Album 964. $3.68.

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THE CRESSET
875 North Dearborn
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Gentlemen:
Please send the undersigned, postpaid, the above books, for which I enclose $ in full payment.

NAME
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Governmental Control


On 318 pages news analyst Sullivan treats the development of federal bureaucracy from the early planning of the brain-trusters to its present gargantuan structure. No doubt Bureaucracy Runs Amuck will be a source book for speakers during the coming presidential campaign. But the book deserves a higher rating than that. Out of a great mass of verified data Mr. Sullivan lifts sixteen chapters which cannot be overlooked by any future historian of the New Deal era.

Mr. Sullivan makes a point of the tremendous increase of federal boards and commissions and of the substitution of their rulings for the system of government by law. He finds in Washington bureaucracy, with its movement toward control of public opinion, the uniform pattern presented by the progress of European dictatorships since the twenties, a pattern normally developing through four overlapping phases:

The first is distinguished by a redundancy of strong supporting material extolling government policies and aims. As the inevitable resistance to regimentation mounts, the clamor of opposition becomes more insistent; whereupon the second phase is characterized by a pronounced official resentment of all criticism. Next comes indirect censorship, by the suppression of fundamental news in the half-lights of bureaucratic routine. In this phase, reports and surveys unfavorable to current policies simply are filed, and no questions answered. The last phase brings positive measures of formal governmental control over the channels of news dissemination, a step which marks the full flower of managed opinion.

In this connection he quotes Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, an expert of the Brookings Institution, who uttered in a scholarly book, Democracy, Efficiency and Stability, the following warning:

When the point is reached where opinion can be manipulated or bought by officeholders so as to create and hold
a majority, popular government is no longer really operating. Furthermore, the moral standards that are essential to its revival and maintenance suffer widespread deterioration.

In several of his chapters Mr. Sullivan describes the brazen assumption of powers which the Washington commissions have shown in their dealing with the business men. He quotes Representative Halleck for the opinion that there is a consistent and well-defined policy to make men and business subservient to an all-powerful bureaucracy. "If it has its way ultimately, this bureaucracy will dictate the color of your toothbrush, the length of your trousers, and the number of stitches per inch in the hem of your undershirt."

One of the bureaus which has given least occasion for just criticism is the Office of Price Administration. Yet a congressional investigation revealed in 1942 that "OPA, through mountains of orders and regulations, was attempting not only to control all prices and rents, but to dictate styles in women's stockings, audit retail and wholesale grocery inventories, prescribe manufacturing processes for hot-water bottles, define roast beef, fix profit margins in fifty-six industries, and limit the length of Santa Claus' whiskers in the department stores."

The mere amount of O.P.A. orders is staggering. Consider the retail grocer group.

Today those stores still in business are governed by 29 maximum price regulations, 63 other price controls applicable at the processor, wholesale, or jobber level, plus 10 general ration orders governing food products. All of these regulations are subject to amendment from day to day. The General Maximum Price Regulation, for example, was amended 160 times in 13 months; and there were 15 supplementary orders issued under it. The average retailer is simply unable to read and digest this mass of material governing his daily operations.

Lawrence Sullivan is one of the few newspaper men who are uninfluenced by the red herring of fanaticism which the Red element has drawn across the track of the Dies Committee. He treats the reports of the committee with the confidence which they deserve, also regarding the Leftist radicalism which has found cover in some federal bureaus. For example:

Mr. David J. Saposs had been employed as Chief Economist for the National Labor Relations Board. After he had been identified publicly as an affiliate of a Communist-front organization, Congress abolished his job. He then turned up, on January 16, 1943, as Assistant Chief of the Labor Division, War Production Board.

As Mr. Sullivan remarks elsewhere, these bureaucrats have developed protective mechanisms which seldom fail. "A planner may be fired, but he's never out of a job."

On November 28, 1943, Representative Fred E. Busbey, of Illinois, told the House that the U. S. Civil Service Commission recently had issued a formal order to its 800 personnel investigators forbidding them to ask questions calculated to reveal the socialist or communistic sympathies or affiliations of prospective government workers.
The federal regulations are heavily loaded, as we have long known, in favor of organized labor. Supported by rulings of the National Labor Relations Board, the War Labor Board, and the War Man Power Commission, all of which specifically forbade employer resistance to unionization drives in war plants, professional labor organizers have found the war the greatest boon in the history of the labor movement. Restrictive orders greatly limit the freedom of the employers in labor disputes. For instance, among the actions of workmen which have been held to be not a cause for discipline of the workers by management were the following: (1) abuse of tools and equipment; (2) waste of material; (3) falsification of a time card or work ticket; (4) refusal to work on jobs assigned by the plant foreman; (5) deliberate slowdown of production; (6) disobedience and insubordination; and (7) punching another employee’s time card. This comes close to giving control of the shop out of the hands of the owner into the hands of the employee.

Large sections of Mr. Sullivan’s book are devoted to the financial angle of the present phase of socialistic bureaucracy. It is made clear that Congress must restore effective legislative control over federal expenditures and budget policies. “Since 1933 we have drifted into a dangerous method of blankcheck appropriations in billions, leaving to the departments the expenditure of public funds without any limitations whatever as to purpose, scope or audit.” Nothing, however, so illustrates the extent to which the federal government has succeeded in arrogating powers to itself that should belong to the state and the community, as the report of the Byrd Committee, which in 1943 established that government ownership now comprises “twenty per cent of the entire area of the United States.” (This figure does not include any public domain in the territories.)

Throughout the book Mr. Sullivan has scattered examples of the ineptitude of some of the boards which are today in control of production, distribution, and finance. There is, for instance, the staff which publishes the daily Press Intelligence Bulletin. This Division employs three hundred people to read American periodicals and has since 1933 indexed more than nine million clippings.

When the OPA Rationing Division requested the current file on sugar, some four pounds of clippings were supplied promptly. But many of them, as it turned out, were from the sport pages, a typical head being “Sugar Triumphs!” These offered a blow-by-blow description of a knockout scored in Madison Square Garden a few nights earlier by one “Sugar” Robinson, a Harlem welterweight.

This reading and clippings budget in 1943 cost the country half a million dollars.

A “business analyst” in the Board of Economic Warfare was carried at $4,600 a year. His assignment was to discover and stimulate development of new resources of imports to replace essential war materials cut off by the Axis conquest of Europe and Asia.
Investigation disclosed that two years earlier this operative had been a messenger in the Washington Navy Yard, at $1,080 a year.

Throughout Mr. Sullivan’s pages runs a biting wit. Speaking of Washington activities in the summer of 1942, he closes a series of unbelievable instances of confusion and inefficiency with the comment, “Thus ran the merry game of global war in the never-never land of the District of Confusion.” And if the Iron Age was compelled to complain of the interference with the efficient flow of vital materials to U. S. war plants, Mr. Sullivan attributes this difficulty to the fact that “too many shoe salesmen had been taken on as metallurgical specialists.”

Twilight in Modern Eden


WHAT price war?” is the question answered with grave and wise simplicity in this short novel. Here is a stimulating book, a portrayal of the war-necessitated change that in its human impact comes grimly home to a motu, a mere pin point or crumb of land drowsing in the Pacific Ocean. The author is famous (together with Charles Nordhoff, who collaborated on the “Bounty” trilogy and other works) as the modern literary discoverer of the legendary South Seas paradise, in the romanticizing manner of Herman Melville earlier.

The CRESSET

The life of the simple inhabitants of this unnamed coral island, untouched by the war, is utterly altered by a streamlined transformation through military engineering, which is called, in one place, a vandalism of our industrial civilization. For the Polynesian atoll suddenly becomes P-R-B9, an emergency but ocean-rooted carrier for American bombing planes; and the narrator is the advance planner thereof. How the island charms this officer of the Engineering Corps, how he eventually tells the natives his purpose, and how they accept the at first incomprehensible news, make up the story.

Like a frame, the opening chapter serves as prologue and the concluding one as epilogue. Two-thirds of the novelette are affectionately devoted to atmospheric description of this utopian life before the arrival of a certain transport with its cargo of Seabees and bulldozers. Plot is the least important element, because we know from the outset the doom which impends a fortnight and at last is present. Characterization is not strongly particularized, though we become genuinely interested in such persons as Papa Viggo, the head man of the village; Father Vincent, the resident Catholic missionary; Kamaké, last of the pagan priests; and the Jewish refugees, the Lehmanns, for whom this isle became an eight-months’ haven after the horrors of Hitler’s Europe.

Reminiscent of characters in Chekhov’s drama, The Cherry Orchard, these people move dreamily about in a disappearing world. The action
Strong Stone

"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."

Isaiah 28:16

RARELY do beauty and practical sense, ruggedness and awesome charm combine into so perfect a unit as in the one-year-old edifice of the Church of Saint James in St. Paul, Minnesota. Pastor Carl F. Bolle and his members are to be congratulated on the happy combination of good planning, excellent designing and worthy materials. Here is truly "the utmost for the Highest."

The stone for the walls was quarried at Kasota, Minnesota, more than fifty years ago for the old City Hall and Court House of St. Paul, and now reclaimed for this House of God. Mr. Frank Abrahamson was the architect. The figure of Christ in the façade was designed by Mr. Louis Kirchner and carved by Egisto Bertozzi. The altar is of Rojo Alicante marble and the pulpit, lectern, font, and foot-pace of Kasota marble.

The dossal curtain is thirty feet high and about twelve feet wide. The center is royal blue velvet and the borders are gold silk brocade. The altar itself is nine feet long and is of a reddish hue. The entire effect is most stimulating and thoroughly worshipful.

The great figure of Christ in the façade was carved from two huge blocks of stone weighing over two tons.

The Church of St. James is located at Cherokee Avenue and Annapolis Street in St. Paul, Minnesota.
The great figure of Christ in the façade of St. James Church, St. Paul. More than three-quarters of the ten ton statue is embedded in the wall.
The interior of the Church, looking across the transepts and showing the Baptismal Font beneath the Choir balcony.
The portal to the nave showing the excellent woodwork and the character of the carved symbols employed in the Church.
The nave of St. James Church with a splendid view of the marble altar and the great dossal curtain. The walls of the chancel are tinted a red brown in order to show off the blue and gold of the dossal curtain.
The pulpit is of the finest Kasota marble and stands out most beautifully against the darker tones of the curtain and the walls. It carries the symbol of the four Gospels.
The balancing unit on the north side is the lectern which is made of the same fine stone. It shows the symbol of the Holy Blessed Trinity.
The octagonal font is most effective in its massive simplicity. Symbols of the dove (Holy Spirit) and of the scallop shell (Baptism) are found on the font.
of the story does not concern us as much as do its implications. In the words of George Dodd, the Narrator, "I had the feeling that, even before the war could end, the integrity of indigenous life, in no matter what remote corner of the world, might be so far destroyed that it would be lost forever." This is what I like best, namely the book's ability to transmit feelings as natural as the vegetable, animal, and human life we glimpse between its covers, as ancient as Time and as universal as the quest for Happiness.

Here is commendable prose, memorable for clarity and beauty. Occasionally poetry is introduced, ranging from romantic Scott to realistic Hardy, and from a native chant (in translation) to a modern song. Lost Island concludes with a significant phrase from Arnold's Rugby Chapel. Moreover, certain prose statements almost become epigrams of philosophy; e.g., "I realized how few material possessions are needed for a comfortable and a happy life in a place like that," and "Gov'ments have got to learn what individuals have always known: that clear-cut questions of right and wrong can't be settled by expedient methods," and "He took for granted what most men have forgotten: that silence is an essential part of conversation."

I recall once seeing a cartoon that tersely depicts the theme of Lost Island. A dark-skinned warrior waves his spear and shield to warn comrades peeping through the tall grass, as an airplane overhead begins to drop bombs on the island. The caption reads: Beat it, boys; here comes some more civilization! James Norman Hall has the same attitude toward our "civilized" warfare's intrusion upon even the remotest islands, where dwell supposedly naturally-good souls. In the sense that there can be no isolation, Hall is correct; for "no man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, apart of the main" (John Donne, Devotions), a thought which Hall several times expounds as an allegory of inseparable human relationships.

But, on the other hand, the tragedy of our "lost islands" stems from more than the mechanized civilization of today. It goes back to the beginning of things, in the original Eden, where man of his own free will chose to disobey God and thus sin entered the world. In our sinful world, another Eden is impossible!

HERBERT H. UMBACH

A Great Jurist


A successful lawyer once declared that "the law was simply a system of fossilized injustice, with not enough intellectual interest to occupy an intelligent man for an hour." The Yankee from Olympus, however, proved conclusively that a statement so bluntly categorical, so captious in its would-be cleverness, and so cynically severe was based on a deplorable lack of understanding. The long career and the many far-
reaching achievements of Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes demonstrated clearly and convincingly that anyone who spoke so disparagingly of the law had neither the ability nor the vision necessary for painstaking and penetrating research.

Holmes took up the study of the law in spite of the many jeering pleasantry of his famous father. In many respects he was entirely different in character and in temperament from Oliver Wendell Holmes the Elder. In fact, the man who was destined to become a world-renowned jurist was often irritated by the talk of the world-renowned Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The father loved the son, and the son loved the father; but the two men loved each other without merging their views, their ways, their convictions, and their prejudices. Oliver Wendell Holmes the Elder was a physician by training and an author by predilection. He won fame and adulation by reason of the uncommon glibness of his clever pen. Oliver Wendell Holmes the Younger was a jurist by training and by deliberate choice. He won fame and adulation because of deep-going scholarship, vigorous independence of thought, and contributions of permanent value. The father's name still has a prominent place in histories of American literature and a place far less prominent in histories of the literature of the world; the son's name is mentioned with respect and ever growing awe by those who pay tribute to our own country's achievements in the field of jurisprudence and with equally great respect and awe by those who evaluate what the world at large has accomplished in that field. The Great Dissenter, as Mr. Justice Holmes was frequently called by men and women who invent and use descriptive titles without paying proper attention to accuracy, will undoubtedly go down in history as a far more important figure than the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, just as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, in turn, played a much more prominent role in the United States of America and in the world than his own father, who was the Rev. Abiel Holmes, a Calvinist to the very core and the author of a once valuable historical work named American Annals.

In Yankee from Olympus Catherine Drinker Bowen shows how and why Oliver Wendell Holmes the Younger, who lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four years less three days, became a pioneer in the field of historical jurisprudence. "He sought a perspective," says the author, "based on that ordered precedent which is history. No wonder he could not find it. He was himself to be its spokesman." It required vigor of thought, unflinching courage, and deep-seated conviction for an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to make a statement as clear, bold, and far-reaching in its tenor and in its implications as the following:

A constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of paternalism or of laissez faire. It is made for people of fundamentally differing views, and the accident of our finding certain opinions
natural and familiar or novel and even shocking ought not to conclude our judgment upon the question whether statutes embodying them conflict with the Constitution of the United States. ... Constitutional law, like other mortal contrivances, has to take some chances. ... The Constitution is an experiment, as all life is an experiment.

One does not in any way belittle the value of a book as fascinating and as beautifully written as *A Yankee from Olympus* by saying that it is not, and cannot be, the last word, or even the definitive word, about the life, the accomplishments, and the influence of the late Mr. Justice Holmes. Nevertheless, one need not hesitate to declare that the volume makes a substantial and highly effective contribution toward enabling the citizens of the United States to understand why Holmes was one of the great men of our nation. Some readers have stated that, in their opinion, there is too much of the feminine in Mrs. Bowen's workmanship and too much of the feminine in her outlook. They forget—if they have ever realized it—that a woman frequently has a far keener insight into the workings of a man's mind than a man could ever have. In point of fact, there is much of the feminine in Mrs. Bowen's exciting book; but it is unfair to assert that there is an overabundance of that invaluable element.

Every citizen of the United States who is interested in learning more about what our country is, what it stands for, and what it has accomplished should read *Yankee from Olympus*. It is one of the best Book-of-the-Month Club selections in many a moon. Those who ponder carefully what it has to tell them will become intimately acquainted with a great man and his wife, with his father and his mother, with his grandfather and his grandmother, with some of his relatives, friends, associates, and enemies. Besides, they will realize that the period of bickering and mud-slinging through which our nation is passing at the present time is nothing new. History repeats itself often; but men like Oliver Wendell Holmes the Younger are always few and far between.

**Stalin's Aims**

*WHAT RUSSIA WANTS.* By Joachim Joesten. World Book Company. Distributed by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1944. 214 pages. $2.50.

JOACHIM JOESTEN, assistant editor of *Newsweek* and a contributor to *Foreign Affairs*, *The Nation*, and the *Washington Post*, has devoted much time and thought to the U.S.S.R. and the aims of the U.S.S.R., that is to say, to Stalin and the aims of Stalin. What does the Soviet Union want? A communistic Germany? No. The shrewd ruler in the Kremlin knows well enough that a Germany thoroughly communized from top to bottom would soon be in a position to lord it over the U.S.S.R. A completely bolshevized Germany would be a thorn in the flesh of the Soviet Union, and Stalin wants no thorns in his country's flesh. Nevertheless, Stalin knows exactly what he does want, and, now that Adolf Hitler's New Order is going up in smoke, he
is determined to get what he has set out to get. The Soviets, says Mr. Joesten, "will demand that their share of victory correspond to the burdens which they have borne." They will have a big word to say at the peace conference.

Mr. Joesten declares:

Stalin is playing for high stakes. He knows what he wants in Europe, and he means to get it, even if necessary at the price of allying himself with a new Wehrmacht-Germany, purged of Hitler and his Nazi clique.

The ruler of Russia, who is "a clever diplomat as well as a great captain," is looking into the future; he is thinking and planning "in terms of long-range strategy." He asks himself, "Will it be necessary for me some day to fight the nations with which I am now allied?" Stalin has no desire to come to grips on the field of battle with England and the United States; but "he is not the man to leave his gun in the cloakroom as he sits down to talk things over with business friends." Is he resorting to blackmail? Undoubtedly. But Mr. Joesten reminds us that "blackmail has been, since time immemorial, an accepted practice of diplomacy."

Mr. Joesten's book deals extensively and in an illuminating manner with the aims of the Soviet Union. The author discusses the Free Germany Committee, which was formed in the U.S.S.R. some time ago; the knotty and vexatious Polish question; the past, the present, and the future of the Baltic States in their relations to the U.S.S.R.; the story of how Finland, under the leadership of powerful individuals and powerful groups, "baited the Russian Bear"; and the Soviet Union's role in the Balkans, in the Near East, and in the Far East. The heading of the concluding chapter is "Can We Do Business with Stalin?" What is the answer? Mr. Joesten says:

We may not like all of Russia's war aims. We may find that her territorial aspirations in this or that respect go beyond what is justifiable on ethnographical, historical, and strategical grounds. We may be dissatisfied at some of her plans for the shape of postwar Europe. We may well wish to obtain guarantees beyond the formal dissolution of the Comintern that there will be no outside interference in American affairs.

So let us get together, speak our minds frankly, and iron out existing differences. Stalin, who does not dislike America and has a sound respect for might, will not be as intractable as some people seem to think.

What about Finland? Let us not be one-sided in our appraisal of that little country's role in the present war. Finland has been making payments on her debt to the United States, it is true; but Finnish airmen have sunk American ships, and when a newsreel of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was shown in the main reception room of the Japanese Legation at Helsinki, "stormy applause greeted the pictures showing the Japanese bombers wreaking havoc on the American Fleet," and "the Finnish Premier and Foreign Minister . . . . expressed their hopes that the Japanese soon might sink the rest of the U.S. Navy." Finland has been playing Hitler's game.

Mr. Joesten suspects that
August 1944

if there is going to be a real Bolshevist revolution anywhere, after this war, it will be in Rumania. It will come of itself, born of decades of pent-up misery, Fascist oppression, and general misgovernment. The Russians will not even have to set fire to the political and social tinder that has accumulated in Rumania in the past few years; it will flare up at the first spark of total defeat.

It is important, thinks Mr. Joesten, to bear in mind that Russia's policy . . . is not directed toward territorial expansion but is designed to create a zone of influence and security outside the Soviet borders. A friendly Bulgaria and a good-neighborly Turkey will be the surest guarantees against Russia's raising any demand for control of the Straits.

Will Russia fight Japan? The author of What Russia Wants declares:

When the time comes, Russia will join the war against Japan because she knows as well as anyone else that there can be no peace or security in the Far East until the greedy warlords in Tokyo have been purged from the face of the earth.

Mr. Joesten is convinced that Russia, under Stalin, has "definitely shed her world-revolutionary skin."

Wisdom and Twaddle
ON LIVING IN A REVOLUTION.

This is a collections of essays from the pen of Julian Huxley, who is a grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, agnostic and renowned biologist, and a brother of Aldous Huxley, famous essayist and novelist. The book takes its title from the first of the fifteen discourses. In its pages you will find much that is worth pondering, much that should be accepted, and much that a Christian must reject.

The well-known English biologist says many pertinent and provocative things about the present war, about the kind of peace that should be made, and about the extensive reconstruction which must take place in the future. His thoughts on democracy and freedom are based on far-seeing and trenchant reasoning. Here is an example:

We are fighting to establish a system which shall provide both freedom and security. We are fighting for the principle, which is central both to the Christian and the democratic idea, that the individual has an ultimate and irreducible value, and that the Nazi belief that the individual exists for the State is not only wicked and disastrous but scientifically untrue. As a corollary, one of our aims must be the organization of the State as an instrument of service to society, for only so, we are discovering, can we hope to provide either adequate security or adequate freedom to the individual.

Mr. Huxley declares:

The individual is the ultimate yardstick; but he cannot develop fully or freely except in an organized society. Nor is any one individual the yardstick: his freedom and opportunities must obviously be limited by the need for guaranteeing freedom from interference to his fellow-individuals.

Those who are wondering what steps the peace conference will take in an effort to do away with war should give thought to what Mr. Huxley has to say about nationalism. These are his words:
Tribal, religious, and national sentiment have, time and again, overruled the sentiment for humanity. The idea of nationality has yielded as fruit that patriotism which has proved itself one of the strongest forces known to history, second perhaps only to religion. It is hardly necessary to emphasize the part played by patriotic sentiment in the moulding of Europe. The passionate desire for freedom from foreign domination—which we may note is very far from the desire for freedom itself, with which it is often confused—was one of the preponderating political factors of the nineteenth century.

With regard to Darwinism the author contends:

Though Darwin's principles have been more modified in detail than Newton's, there seems less likelihood of their being superseded by a different set of basic principles. There are no signs that evolutionary biology will not indefinitely remain Darwinian.

Listen to the following twaddle:

It is also important to note that biological progress demands no special agency. In other words, it does not require the intervention of a conscious Divine purpose, nor the operation of some mysterious life-force or élan vital: like most other facts of evolution, it is the automatic result of the blind forces of reproduction, variation, and differential survival.

In Mr. Huxley's book you will find nonsense such as the following:

For a justification of our moral code we no longer have to have recourse to theological revelation, or to a metaphysical Absolute; Freud in combination with Darwin suffice to give us our philosophic vision.


Inhuman Cruelty


AFTER the late Lt. Col. William E. Dyess had succeeded in escaping from the almost unbelievable horrors of a Japanese prison camp somewhere in the Philippines, he told his hair-raising story to General Douglas MacArthur. When he had finished, the general said, "Captain, I'm afraid the people back home will find it hard to believe you. I believe you because I know the Japs." The account of the unspeakable cruelties inflicted on our fighting men by the soldiers of Nippon was suppressed for a time because those in authority believed that a revelation of the stark
and horrible facts would induce the Japanese to torture and slay American prisoners of war with even greater inhumanity. After the lapse of a number of months, however, it was decided to let the people of our country know the whole truth.

Accounts of atrocities are depressing; but it is necessary for every citizen of the United States to realize to the full—if such a thing is possible—to what depths of degradation and barbarity the lust for conquest has brought the Japanese. Lt. Col. Dyess tells of the bravery of our soldiers and of their hardships before the surrender of Bataan. Then he gives a vivid and detailed account of the cruelties to which the soldiers of Nippon resorted for the purpose of wiping out the American and Filipino captives. For 361 days he “existed,” as he writes, “in three prison camps and a prison ship: a period of starvation and horror that took the lives of about 6,000 American and many more Filipino war prisoners out of 50,000 men who started from Bataan.”

The author did not live to see the publication of his account of what he and many of his fellow-Americans had suffered at the hands of the Nipponese. He was killed in an airplane crash at Burbank, California, five weeks before his report was released to the public.

Strange Culture


Not since we read The Legacy of Islam (Oxford, 1931) did we read so fascinating and provocative an account of the Arab heritage as the one which Princeton University Press makes available in the present volume. One of the great merits of the book is that the authors of the essays steer clear of freighting down the pages with an imponderable mass of factual data, but nevertheless succeed in presenting a scholarly overall picture of the chief areas of Islamic studies and the contributions of Islam to our civilization. Furthermore, the chapters are so entertainingly written that one reads them without ever being overcome by that depressing ennui which so readily seizes the reader of a subject as remote in space and time as Arabic and Islam.

The book represents the popular adaptation of the majority of the lectures delivered at the summer seminar in Arabic and Islamic studies held in Princeton in 1941. Assuredly, the publication of these lectures in popular form is timely since the present war has made the Arab and Islamic world, from North Africa to the eastern limits of Persia, of major interest to the United States.

In the first chapter Philip K. Hitti surveys the heritage of Islam and traces historically the interest in Islam and Arabic both in Europe and in America. Other chapters deal with pre-Islamic Arabia, Islamic origins, Arabic poetry, the life and work of al-Ghazzali, the crusades and jihad, an account of Ogier’s journey to Jerusalem in the fourteenth century, Arab scientific thought, and the character
The book has a tendential aspect. It aims to arouse in American scholars a deeper appreciation of the Arab heritage with a view of providing more opportunity in America for the study of this heritage and its language. We agree with the findings of the American Council of Learned Societies “that of all the under-worked fields Arabic and Islamic studies are the ones that should be most encouraged” (p. 18-19). On the other hand, it seems to us that students of Arabic and Islamic culture need to exercise some caution. We are not persuaded that “the Arabians, especially the Bedouins, are the purest representative—linguistically and anthropologically—of the Semitic family” (p. 9). Where is the evidence “that the Hebrews at one time worshipped a North Arabian deity”? (p. 9). It also seems precarious to say, “Arabic is a richer and more flexible tongue than Latin or Greek; no Western tongue can equal it in the variety of its forms and verbal nouns” (p. 6). There are other statements to which we hesitate to subscribe. We regret, too, that the book does not contain a chapter on the present political and economic status of the Arabs and other followers of Islam and an analysis of the Arabic-Jewish problem.

Considering, however, the general excellency of the content of the essays, the invaluable bibliographies following the chapters, the well-done index, the superior illustrations, and, finally, the superb make-up of the book, we marvel that a volume so well done can be sold in this day of poor paper and poor binding for only $3.00. It is further evidence of the gratitude Americans owe their university presses for the outstanding publications they are still making available.

**Plea for the Permanent**

*ANCIENT GREECE IN MODERN AMERICA.* By John Robertson Macarthur. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1948. 396 pages. $6.00.

Some years ago Miss E. M. Butler published a scholarly and superbly well written volume titled *The Tyranny of Greece over Germany* (Macmillan, 1936) in which she claimed (rightly or wrongly), “Germany is the supreme example of Greece’s triumphant spiritual tyranny” (p. 6). She attempted to show, not without a good deal of evidence, that from the days of Winckelmann to Stephan Georg German writers and artists have paid cringing homage to Greek classicism.

Our country has never, as far as this reviewer knows, become obsessed by the Greek classic pattern though there have been those—and there are such now—who believed that Greek science and art are the last word in intellectual and artistic achievement. So much is indisputably true that also our country is under tremendous obligation to ancient Greece. The story of American culture cannot be written unless considerable allowance is made for the part Hellas played in the moulding of the American mind and for its influence on the American scene.
Professor John Robertson MacArthur, author, traveler, and professor of languages at the California Institute of Technology, set himself the difficult task to make Americans conscious of their obligation to ancient Greece by retelling for them the history and contributions of that remarkable civilization. The book is a "refresher" course for those who wish to appreciate anew Greek classicism. It is also a survey course for those who never had the opportunity to become acquainted with the achievements of ancient Greece. The author escapes the danger of presenting an encyclopedic array of facts by skillfully relating his material to evidences of Greek influence in various areas of American life, and by telling his story in a series of brief chapters which have some of the earmarks of the "familiar" essay. In the last section of the book, he relates in delightful fashion such famous Greek stories as those of Pan and the lesser deities, of Hercules, Perseus, Jason and the Argonauts, and Odysseus. In an appendix he submits a useful list of Greek prefixes, suffixes, and roots used in English. The volume contains more than two hundred illustrations, all intended to demonstrate the omnipresence of classical Greek art and thought in American life. We subscribe to what the author says in the introduction:

Down through the centuries has come this classical tradition, so much so that the influence of Greece is found in every department of our life—in our law and political organization; in our scientific nomenclature and in our sciences—physical, biological, and medical; in our architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, coinage; in our music, dance, and drama; in the names of people and places; in our philosophy and religion; in our gardens; in our heavens; in our advertising; in our athletics.

This book deserves a warm reception. It will prove especially useful to those who in this technological, pragmatic, and military age deplore the decline of the liberal arts and are in search of evidence to revive and strengthen their place in American education.

**Five Revolutions**

*THE PRACTICE OF IDEALISM.*

By Alfred M. Bingham. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1944. 196 pages. $2.00.

A CHALLENGING book with a misleading title. It has nothing to do with philosophy. It is rather an attempt by a distinguished author to trace in broad outline factors that have brought about the present world-conflagration, to suggest a program of action for the peace-makers, and to promote the "one world" idea with its far-reaching implications.

Mr. Bingham, who is editor of *Common Sense*, economist, traveler, Connecticut State senator, and captain in the U. S. Army, believes that "this war is no mere thunderstorm interrupting an otherwise pleasant day, but a breakdown of world order," and that we are caught up in five complicated and world-wide revolutions. It is up to Americans, so the author impresses on us, to recognize the true nature of these revolutions and to set about to build a world-
50

The CRESSET

order which will take full account of
the demands of these revolutions.

The five revolutions are (1) the re-
volt of the common man (the quest
for liberty, equality, and fraternity by
the under-privileged of every color
since the days of the French Revolu-
tion); (2) the technical revolution
(the growth and development of
modern science with its resulting bless-
ings and evils); (3) the political revo-
lation (the rise of authoritarian gov-
ernments within recent years in Rus-
sia, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Rumania,
Yugoslavia, Turkey, Portugal, Spain,
Germany, China, Japan, and Brazil.
Even England and the United States,
so the author believes, have not es-
caped the revolution in political
forms, "they have been overlaid with
a vast new structure of administra-
tive agencies, boards, bureaus, com-
missions, public corporations"); (4)
the failure of nationalism (due large-
ly to the technical revolution, a world
government has gradually come into
being which manifests itself in such
enterprises as the Universal Postal
Union, the International Telegraphic
Union, the International Health Of-
face, the International Labor Office,
etc. "The world has become one
neighborhood, but it is not yet fully
organized as such"); (5) the crisis of
belief (new religious beliefs have
come into existence and, in some
areas, a superfaith in nationalism or
communism. "The struggles of today
are in part the struggles of ancient
tribal religions against a newly emerg-
ing world religion").

In the chapter "Progress at Home"
the author, who is an astute econo-
mist, outlines a postwar plan de-
signed to dispel the specter of unem-
ployment and depression. He believes
that also in peace it is possible to
have full employment provided that
the government is ready to take the
lead and willing to appropriate the
necessary funds. This reviewer re-
gards some of Mr. Bingham's propos-
als fantastic, as when he says, "What
would happen to the national debt,
which may amount to two or three
hundred billion dollars at the end of
the war? Actually it is of minor im-
portance." This and similar state-
ments sound to this reviewer as lunat-
ic as the Vice-President's "half-pint
of milk" and as visionary as the
President's "freedom from want."

In "Peace Abroad" the writer de-
finishes what he believes is necessary
to secure the peace of the world. He
opposes power politics à la Winston
Churchill and Walter Lippmann as
well as "enlightened selfishness," and
proposes the neighborly virtue of
love, admitting however "because we
cannot create the millennium at one
stroke is no reason to return to the
jungle" (p. 123). "If our purpose is
to bring nearer the unity of the hu-
man family it can never be done with
hate but only with love" (p. 193).
Unfortunately, the author fails to
supply a motive power for the prac-
tice of love except to say, "Loving
our enemies as brothers is not sen-
timentality but a practical require-
ment of the day of the airplane" (p. 196).
What is the difference between this
and "an enlightened self-interest"?

The book closes on this idealistic
note. To put this idealism into prac-
tice requires more than the author
suggests. There will be love and peace and a large measure of freedom throughout the world only in the degree and to the extent that men the world over practice love begotten by the love of the Son of God.

Justice


George Creel was the Elmer Davis of World War I. As chairman of the Office of Public Information under President Wilson he had close-range access to information bearing on the atrocities perpetrated by leaders of the Axis powers. He also had the opportunity to note how unprepared the Allied powers were when the time arrived for them to deal with war criminals. At that time, the Allies, much occupied with settling other problems, allowed the German civil courts to try German officers and men accused of war crimes. The result was the "Leipzig travesty," in which most of the accused were exonerated and only a few sentenced to minor punishment.

Mr. Creel wants no repetition of this travesty. His book is an appeal motivated by a keen sense of justice that the criminals of World War II be brought to trial and be severely punished. To this end he singles out some of the chief criminals and shows up their guilt. He also traces the "master race" philosophy in the writings and utterances of Fichte, Hegel, Clausewitz, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, Houston Stuart Chamberlain, William II, Rosenberg, Harden, and Hitler, and seeks to demonstrate that the German people share in the guilt of their leaders by, at the minimum, acquiescing in their philosophy.

The author's program is:

Unconditional surrender, followed by a military occupation that will enforce permanent demobilization and equally permanent disarmament; the arrest and arraignment of all war criminals, from the highest to the lowest, uncomplicated and unimpeded by the slow, tortuous processes of civil courts; an instant end to Prussia's evil, brutal domination of the German Empire (p. 263).

Mr. Creel has no sympathy for maudlin sentimentalists who are eager to excuse the German people. He is equally opposed to "kill 'em all" hysterics. But he believes that in the interest of future peace and security all the Hitlers and Himmlers and "quislings," great and small, should receive quick and drastic punishment.

The author devotes much space to telling gruesome stories of German atrocities. Unfortunately, he does not sufficiently document his sources. Throughout the book there is much heat and occasionally not enough light. On the whole, however, the argument appears to be sound.

Fortunately, the leaders of the Allied powers have months ago expressed themselves with regard to the policy which they intend to follow when the day of reckoning comes. If they adhere to that policy as consistently as they have adhered to others, there is hardly a chance that the "Leipzig travesty" will be repeated.

As evidence that the Japanese are in the same condemnation as the
The CRESSET

Germans, the author submits in an appendix the joint Army-Navy release of the “March of Death” as told some months ago by Commander Melvyn McCoy, Major William E. Dyess, and Lieutenant Colonel S. M. Mellnik.

Wandering Senator

TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME.
By U. S. Senator James M. Mead.
D. Appleton-Century Company,
New York, London. 1944. 298 pages. $3.00.

In the period July 25 to September 27, 1943, Senator Mead, together with Senators Lodge, Chandler, Russell, and Brewster, and a number of military officers visited the American fighting front. Their journey took them to Nova Scotia, Iceland, England, Morocco, Egypt, India, China, Australia, Hawaii, and other places. The purpose was to get an over-all, first-hand impression of how our country is caring for its armed forces and to feel out the sentiment of the men in service.

Tell the Folks Back Home is, in part, the result of their findings. Naturally, the author could not in so short a time cover every detail. But he offers enough data which prove that our government is trying hard to back its fighting men with the best modern military science has to offer and to make their life as bearable as is possible in a war of such magnitude as this.

In the concluding chapters the author pays tribute to the leaders who are directing the war and lays down a policy which ought to guide American thinking now and after the war. That policy is: To preserve our standards, and raise those of others; to wipe out the festering spots of the world; to bring opportunity to all, permitting all people to earn their way, as swiftly as they are able, to the Four Freedoms; to build an enduring peace. The final chapter closes with the declaration on world-peace adopted some time ago by Catholics, Jews, and Protestants.

There is nothing startlingly new in this book which has not been said before, and oftentimes in a far more gripping way, by war correspondents who, because they are in the very thick of things, are in a position to observe the American fighter as he conducts himself, not only on dress parade but also under fire, and to catch the very breath of the dying and wounded. Folks back home, however, who should like to make a hurried trip to the major battle fronts and meet the generals who are leading our brave men through bloody struggles to glorious victories will find this volume informing and readable.

It pleased us that the Senator, who is a Catholic, makes mention of Lutheran parish schools. People in his position most frequently know only the public and the Catholic elementary school. We were pleased, too, that the Senator thought it worthwhile to pass on the following story regarding the infiltration of Bibles into China:

An American officer described being in Canton, just before the Japs landed when the last shipments went out to the Chinese armies in the interior. Four trucks of his motorcade were already
loaded with Chinese-text Bibles, prepared by the American Bible Society. "I thought it was a mistake, when these weren’t dumped to take on gasoline or rifles instead," he said. "But when we got into Changsha, it was those four trucks that got the priority in unloading. For young China is bursting this old nation again out of illiteracy and those ‘translations’ of the Bible are actually a weapon. Here the Bible works out to be more ‘revolutionary’ than that. It not only teaches a man how to read—but it preaches the brotherhood and equality of all men... The motorcade boss was right; that load was probably worth more to New China than the same weight of bullets" (p. 119).

A Promise Unfulfilled


Here is the pattern of America—essentially its ideals, characteristics, and way of life—woven out of excerpts from its literature and from first-hand records of its experience.

Five major themes provide the unifying framework of this new anthology. An opening section on The States gives a rapid survey of characters and manners in four major regions (the Northeast, South, Middle West, and Far West) of our country. Then follows an examination at length of the three themes announced in The Declaration of Independence, Life, Liberty, and Happiness. The final division, The Nations, balances the earlier survey of American regions with the consideration of Americans abroad and of America’s place in the world.

Thus organized are folklore and humor, essays and letters, short stories and certain self-contained excerpts from novels, some fundamental American documents, a generous selection of poetry, and a few dramas. I think that McDowell, Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, has stretched the word “literature” in the title too generously, however, because some things written by literary men do not deserve the term in its artistic meaning. Instead, The Atlantic Charter, Address Unknown (by Kressman Taylor), and What Is an American? (by Hector de Crévecouer) are good examples of effective propaganda in the constructive sense.

Again, being mostly brief, these selections do not enough reveal the penetrating analysis of their country by the American writers reprinted. To the editor’s credit be it said that he designates, e. g., the contraction of Green Pastures into twelve scenes, so that you do not assume this to be the complete drama. But generally no sources nor identifications other than the titles, which are at times homemade, are given; such procedure diminishes the value of a work as ambitious and comprehensive as this.

I refer particularly to The Three Days’ Chase, by Herman Melville, herein printed without identification of its Moby Dick source. Then, yet worse, a separate list of the characters precedes this selection from a great novel, just as if it were actually a play instead! Moreover, the two paragraphs which in the original begin the unit of the famous whaling chase, are omitted although in Melville’s complete novel these paragraphs are
apt, not only as chapter transitions but as the setting for the action that follows.

In sum, *America in Literature* is a compendium of some favorite passages by well known and minor writers, and as such is refreshing in its grouping of the five dominant themes earlier mentioned. As a worthy book to read and treasure, it is a disappointment in the brevity of much of its content and in the war-restricted paper on which it is printed.

**Herbert H. Umbach**

**Strong Meat**


The preface of *Into the Jaws of Death* states: “This book is a first-person account of the war on our fighting fronts. While the words were set down by the author, they came from the lips and from the hearts of men who know what it means to stare death in the face.”

The volume contains ten thrilling adventures of enlisted men and officers from all branches of the service. Briefly, they tell of:

1. A bombing mission over Germany with crew members of the famed “Memphis Belle.”
3. Numerous raids by medium bombers in the South Pacific and reprisal bombings by the Japanese. During one of these Major Gerald Crosson, wounded, crawled back into his Marauder to rescue his co-pilot before a full load of bombs exploded.
4. Narrow escapes of a Patrol Torpedo Boat squadron in the South Pacific, and a bit of humor when the crew makes Lt. Sidney Rabekoff sit in the mud to dirty a pair of spotless white ducks—to take a hex off them.
5. Tragedy and sacrifice when a U-boat torpedoed and sank a transport in which 678 soldiers and seamen were lost. Priest, rabbi, and chaplain gave their own life preservers to soldiers who needed them.
6. Endurance of twelve men in a lifeboat on the Atlantic. The story of Albert Becker, navy gunner, and his comrades who floated on the ocean 46 days before being rescued, rivals that of Eddie Rickenbacker’s *Seven Came Through*. Rickenbacker spent 21 days on the Pacific.
7. Gallant fight of the *San Francisco* against simultaneous attacks of Jap ships and planes in which Admiral Callaghan lost his life. Lt. Richard Tucker, USNR gunnery officer, tells how to predict whether an enemy shell will hit or miss by the shape and color of it as it approaches.
8. Plastering front-line troops in Tunisia, where a fraction of error means destruction to your own men. Lt. Eugene Wasserman of the USAAF tells of several tactical bombing missions made by the Avenger Squadron of Mitchell bombers.
9. Six days of unloading under enemy fire at Salerno, vividly described by Lt. George R. Hinman, USNR.
Shooting, with camera as well as guns, on Tarawa. Corporal Obie Newcomb, Jr., dwelt in foxholes, went sniper-hunting in the jungles and did an incredible job of photographing the bloodiest battle in the history of the Marines.

The full force of these stories can scarcely be felt in these terse excerpts. They are strong pieces of battle served unembellished. If you like such things, this book is your dish.

JESSIE SWANSON

Too Many People


The proud people Kyle Crichton, one of Collier's staff members, writes about are the pure-blooded Spanish living in southwest United States. As an example, the Esquivel family of Albuquerque, New Mexico, reveal the pride, prejudices, and resentment of Spanish descended Americans who have kept their lineage pure since 1598 when their ancestors settled the New World. They are proud of their heritage, even though they no longer possess the vast estates that once were the family's. The family is large, closely knit, and loyal. They resent the discrimination of the "Anglos" against them, yet they are prejudiced against the progeny of their former servants and against the Mexicans, with whom they are continually being confused. Lolita is bewildered by the paradoxical profession of friendship from her college chums coupled with their refusing her membership in their sororities. She is on the verge of escaping social injustice by marrying a New Yorker. Youthful Lorenzo broods, falls in love with a Mexican, and tries to run away. Uncle Bustamente, dark-gray sheep of the family, ignores the slights; he has more pressing problems. The other fifteen or twenty members of the clan are deeply hurt and angered when any one of them feels the brunt of impenetrable society, but they seem not to know what to do about the situation except to complain and cry on one another's shoulders. Only Aunt Ceferina, a dynamic woman of eighty recently returned from the Continent, sees their problems without self-pity. By her advice and suggestions all the tangles in their lives are straightened out. But Aunt Ceferina is not a deus ex machina; she merely imbues them with her own spunk and fighting spirit.

The author has endeavored to give a complete picture by weaving the stories of each of the members of the family into one narrative. With twenty-five or more principal characters to keep track of, not to mention numerous inevitable minor characters, the effect is more confusing than enlightening at times.

JESSIE SWANSON

The Blitz Comes Home


The desk clerk at the Hotel Berlin was annoyed. "That's the third time he's fallen on his face in two
weeks,” Herr Schmidt grumbled as he disgustedly hung the glorified official photograph of the mighty Führer of the Third Reich in a new place in the hotel lobby. “The wall is so full of holes he won’t stand another raid.”

Before the war the magnificent Hotel Berlin had been used as a show case in which the wares of the new Germany were put on display.

Here lived Hitler’s elite; here the upper crust of the Third Reich could meet and mingle and haggle and bargain with important foreign visitors; here were the headquarters of all the Quislings and collaborationists, of the big, important foreign bankers and magnates, and of the small, shady foreign agents.

In 1943 the Berlin was still an important prop for Nazi propaganda.

Its wine cellars were well stocked with good wines while the rest of the country had had to give up even its small share of thin beer. Into its kitchen still flowed a steady stream of game and fowl and fish while years of undernourishment had stripped the people of all instincts except the scavengerlike urge to hunt up, dig up, chase, steal, grub for food.

But the famous hotel, and the German capital, bore many scars inflicted by modern air warfare. The bright glitter of meticulously polished medals and decorations and the gay and colorful parade of uniformed gentlemen and smartly gowned ladies could not conceal deepening shadows of doubt, decay, and despair. Above the defiant music of the Hungarian czardas band air-raid sirens screamed out their strident warnings, and in every class group an undertone of revolt and defiance swelled and grew in an ominous crescendo. Terrible nights—in which the R.A.F. had its turn in the diabolical game begun by the triumphant Luftwaffe over Warsaw, Rotterdam, London, and Coventry—gave way to dismal, smoke-darkened days in which the Berliners, perforce, must take up “the enormous task of making the normal, the day-by-day life, go on amidst the most sinister and cataclysmic abnormality.” Although a student riot at the University of Leipzig had been stamped out with appalling cruelty, the leader of the rebellion, a veteran of the disastrous Russian campaign, had managed to escape, and over night the name Martin Richter became “a whisper, a rumor, a fear, a threat, a thought during sleepless nights, a wish, a hope, a myth.” In spite of the unflagging efforts of the Gestapo Martin Richter remained at large. Everywhere in the city the defiance of the people blazed on houses, busses, on the cars of the underground, and on the pedestals of monuments: “You can kill Richter—but you can’t kill his spirit.”

This is the setting Vicki Baum has created for her tensely exciting wartime novel. Born in Vienna, Miss Baum has little reason to love or to admire the prophets of the ill-starred New Order. Nevertheless, she presents the cause of the German people with genuine sympathy. She tries to show why, through the ages, the Germans have so slavishly followed the senseless, chaotic creed of war and aggression. Is Miss Baum right in concluding that under the terrifying impact of Allied day-and-night bombing the Germans have, at long last, come to realize that
August 1944

war was not only a word, or a speech, or a song, a fanfare, a flag under which to march to glory; but that it was real and evil and horrible and infernal, and that they wanted none of it for the rest of their lives, nor for future generations?

Great Correspondent

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP. By Leland Stowe. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1944. 399 pages. $3.00.

The author of this book has had many years of experience as a foreign news correspondent covering both Europe and Asia. Many professional honors have been heaped upon him because of the superior quality of his work. Anyone who reads this book will be glad to join with those who pay tribute to the author.

This volume is only for such readers as have a sufficiently stout stomach so that they can stand the truth. It is a "must" book for all who desire to have opinions on China, India, Russia, and other places in a postwar world. It ought also be compulsory reading for all who will have a hand in determining the attitudes of Great Britain or of the United States toward postwar problems.

Mr. Stowe, though deeply impressed with the heroic efforts of the Chinese people, does not allow their heroism to blind him to the confused and confusing realities of the political and economic situation in China. However we in America may have idealized the Chinese situation, the author of this volume makes clear that the political party of the generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, Kuomintang, is not democratic in spirit; much of China's suffering was caused by grasping greed and grafting practices of China's businessmen and from the failure properly to distribute many millions of dollars of Lend-Lease materials shipped to China by America. The story of the Burma Road is so altogether disillusioning as to make for painful even though helpful and informative reading.

Mr. Stowe also describes in an unforgettable way the failure of Great Britain's colonial policy in Burma. His story of Rangoon, p. 86-115, and his chapter on "The Road from Mandalay," pp. 116-139, present a very vivid picture of colonial misrule, of social dry-rot, of official incompetence which explains to the reader why many of the Burmese were fifth columnists when the Japs invaded, and how the British victors had become the victims of their conquests in Burma.

The author is equally frank in his description of Britain's bungling in India and of the decay of officialdom. He places the cause for the failure of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission to India squarely upon the shoulders of Great Britain. While he is sympathetic to the British and doubts whether we or any other people would have succeeded in making a better job of colonial rule than they did, he is equally persuaded that the entire system has been wrong and that it must be changed if the East is to find days of peace and if the eastern peoples are to make the social progress to which they are entitled.

The latter half of the book deals with Russia. The author came to Russia without any particular precon-
ceptions favorable to the Russian people. His experience in their midst, and his observations at the battlefront, however, won his complete admiration. He speaks in unmistakable terms of appreciation of the courage, the patriotism, and the international outlook of the Russians. Read this book. Learn of the enormous sacrifices made by the Russians in the defense of Stalingrad and of the sufferings endured by non-combatants at the hands of German brutality, and you will understand why the Russians longed for a second front and why they were impatient with us because the opening of this front was so long delayed. The author has implicit confidence in the military strength of Russia and in the wisdom of its statesmanship. He describes, pp. 288-307, how Russia is presently developing some of the Germans who were taken captive into an anti-fascistic committee of influence which can be used for the reconstruction of Germany when the war is over. He laments that no similar effort is being made among German prisoners of war in our own country.

It is the author’s opinion that we need not fear Russia because of the enormous postwar problems which it will be facing in its own country, and that it may well be possible for us to live with Russia and also to implement a postwar world of peace if we will manifest a genuinely democratic spirit, ally ourselves with the truly democratic elements in all other lands, and if we will recognize that the day of imperialism is past.

The author devotes the concluding pages of his book to a severe indictment of our Department of State. He mentions certain persons by name who are in the service of our Department of State and accuses them of being undemocratic in their interests and attitudes, and he greatly fears that with such leadership in international affairs we may win the war but lose the peace.

Mr. Stowe’s account of the Flying Tigers, the American Volunteer Guard in China under the direction of General Claire Chennault, pp. 140-164, also constitutes a thrilling chapter which will be read with mingled feelings by any American reader.

Papal Politics

THE VATICAN AND THE WAR

The author was a newspaper correspondent in Rome from 1935 to 1942 and witnessed every phase of the rise of Mussolini, culminating in the participation of Italy in the second World War. He specialized in Vatican news. Almost every page in The Vatican and The War gives evidence of Cianfarra’s intimate acquaintance with the papal court, the officers of the Holy See, and the ruling house of Italy.

The author regards Rome as the “cradle of Christianity” and Peter as “the first pope.” Yet his book is more than simply an effort to refute the charges of pro-fascism levelled against Pope Pius XII; it is a historical document of value regarding an immense amount of detail in the history of the
papacy during the past decade. Moreover, it contains data which will hardly be found elsewhere with such a background of personal experience and of expert observation of a keen journalist. Not elsewhere have we read so detailed a story of the cold-blooded villainy of Mussolini or so intimate a description of royalty, particularly of the House of Savoy, as in these chapters. The story of Myron C. Taylor's visit to the Vatican in 1940 is told in detail. We hear for the first time that on board the same liner which brought Taylor to Naples was Sumner Welles, who was touring Europe for a series of conversations with Mussolini, Hitler, Daladier, and Chamberlain. Cianfarra tells us that "the simultaneous arrival of two prominent visitors raised a delicate question of protocol. Taylor did not wish to ride in the same special train which was to take Welles to Rome. The Italian Government had prepared an official welcome for the American Under Secretary of State, and Taylor had no intention of interfering with it. The problem was solved with the hiring of a black limousine, in which Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, and Monsignor Hurley, who welcomed them in behalf of the Pope, drove to Rome." And why was Taylor in Rome? To negotiate a policy with the Pope for keeping Italy out of the war! That this, if true, would have been an atrocious piece of meddling, with the Under Secretary of State in Rome that very moment, does not occur to the writer.

Throughout, the political power of the Pope is emphasized without permitting the suspicion to arise that the Holy Father is a meddler in political affairs seeking advantages for the extension of the Pope's temporal kingdom. No, he rules by "moral authority," "unequaled moral authority," by "the ethical and moral principles of the Church," by virtue of his "universal spiritual mission," his influence sought by many governments as "a great spiritual force" (as if diplomats cared three whoops for spiritual forces!), and his Church "a shining spiritual beacon to the embittered, discouraged, tired peoples." Naturally, he is an enemy of communism, is the world's bulwark against communism, but that is a moral issue. The darkest blot on the more recent activity of the papacy, the aid of the Vatican given to Franco and the reactionaries who destroyed republicanism in Spain, is glossed over in this manner: "The Vatican never concealed its sympathies for the Spanish dictator, but it always denied that it was in favor of one ideology as against another." Pius XI backed Franco, but "this policy was not due to a desire to foster the Fascist ideology."

Here the ice is getting pretty thin. Our credulity is further tested when we are told that the Pope sent a representative to Tokyo because His Holiness was concerned over the welfare of the Anglo-American soldiers who had been made prisoners. He wanted to alleviate their sufferings, and our government had a note delivered to the Vatican "which gave assurances that the State
Department fully understood the papal move.”—! This fiction is kept up for a page and a half which speaks of the welfare agency “which the Pope organized for homeless and destitute Poles and for the Prisoner of War camps in the United States.” Also the Washington headquarters of the Pope are altogether non-political. It chiefly seeks to alleviate mental suffering of prisoners, providing them with books, materials for painting, with violins, cellos, guitars, and mandolins.

In between time we do get a glimpse of the tangled story of international politics in which the Pope moves. Messages are addressed every few days to Germany, Poland, England, France, and Italy. The ambassadors of these countries are handed the papal messages in person. When the Pope keeps silence in the fact of Hitler’s preparations for the rape of Czechoslovakia, it is because the Vatican “did not wish at that moment to aggravate with an official condemnation the supercharged international atmosphere”! It was because the Pope wanted to refrain “from taking sides on political questions,” thus preserving “his absolute impartiality—first prerequisite of a potential mediator.”

At the same time the story leaves no doubt concerning the absolute dictatorship exercised by the Pope. He is an absolute sovereign of the Vatican City. “In his person are concentrated the three powers: legislative, executive, and judiciary.” The author even goes so far as to say that the Vatican “gives the official decisions as to what to believe and how to act as well as practical rules for religious activities in the lay world.”

The reviewer believes that Cianfarra’s *The Vatican and The War* fills a place with its inside story of Italian politics and diplomacy and its revealing portraiture of the contemporary Italian leaders. But when the Vatican is pictured as fighting for purely moral and spiritual values, the book is unconvincing.
ABOUT PEOPLE

If you catch yourself muttering "Life is real, life is earnest" before breakfast, if you do all your singing or humming in a minor key, or if you suspect that you may be coming down with a case of delusions of grandeur, rush right out and get yourself a copy of About People, William Steig's first volume of "symbolical drawings." It should be a good antidote for whatever ails you. Originally published in 1939, About People appears in a new edition as a companion piece to Mr. Steig's more recent book, The Lonely Ones, which came out about a year ago.

ENRIQUETA AND I

A simple, pleasant tale, Enriqueta and I should assist materially in our understanding of one of our small Latin American neighbors. Argentina Diaz Lozano was born in Honduras. Enriqueta and I is her own story and the story of her compatriots. Mrs. Lozano has portrayed the great natural beauty of Honduras, the deeply religious nature of her people, the suffering caused by repeated political disturbances and by recurring plagues of locusts, and the shocking extremes of elegance and sophistication, squalor and poverty, with such success that her book was awarded the first prize for nonfiction in the recent Second Latin American Literary Prize Competition.

CITIZEN, PLAN FOR PEACE!
By Merrill E. Bush and others. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1944. 201 pages. $2.00.

This is a record of Temple University's 1943 Institute for Postwar Planning. It tells how the institute was organized and conducted and includes the speeches of seven prominent lecturers, the discussion that followed, and the tentative conclusions that were reached. Adult community groups in our country will find in the volume excellent directions with regard to developing and carrying on discussions of some of the vital issues of today.
PRESIDENTIAL AGENT

By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press, New York. 1944. 655 pages. $3.00.

This is the fifth in a series of novels dealing with the adventures of Lanny Budd, wealthy playboy, competent art-dealer, confidant of the high and mighty on both sides of the Atlantic, and sincere friend of the downtrodden. Its forerunners are World's End, Between Two Worlds, Dragon's Teeth, and Wide Is the Gate. Presidential Agent has the typically Sinclairian flavor, the typically Sinclairian long-windedness, and the typically Sinclairian simplicity and directness of expression. It is a far better book than its four widely read predecessors. In Presidential Agent Upton Sinclair the Socialist recedes into the background, and Upton Sinclair the keen observer and interpreter of the currents and countercurrents of history emerges with much more down-to-earth forcefulness than ever before. The versatile Mr. Budd becomes a secret agent of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He hobnobs with Hitler, Göring, Hess, and other Nazi bigwigs; he learns what influential Britishers, Frenchmen, and Americans are doing and leaving undone. Then he reports to his chief. It is a critical period in the history of the world. When the tale begins, Hitler is making ready to gobble up Austria; when it ends, the high-strung Führer has taken the Sudetenland into his maw and is looking forward confidently to the seizure of the rest of Czechoslovakia and to the destruction of Poland. The time has come when the timid and short-sighted prophets of appeasement begin to realize that it will be necessary for them to grit their teeth, gird their loins, and say to the power-hungry Führer of the Third Reich, "So far and not one step farther!"

HEAVEN BELOW


The Rev. E. H. Clayton, missionary of the Baptist Church in America, was missionary in Hangchow, China, since 1912. Hangchow, lying somewhat southwest of Shanghai, and its surrounding territory is the "Heaven Below" of Chinese poets. His arrival in China was coincident with the rise of the Chinese Republic and the fall of the Manchu Dynasty, historic times for China and active and anxious times for missionaries. Clayton had to deal with epidemic disease and endemic plagues, to say nothing of famine relief, political corruption and extortion. Then the Japanese came, and troubles heaped. The missionary was able to exert a wide influence, especially in the field of education. The interesting thing about Clayton's record of his experiences over a period of thirty years in China is that he sees China as a more portentous and aggressive threat to world peace than Japan, unless the Chinese race is Christianized. He claims, "the fate of Christianity in the world today depends upon the way Christianity is presented to the Chinese people." We believe this book will be widely read.
THE NIGHT IS ENDING


In this volume, the author of Old Soldiers Never Die gives us another stirring novel which will perhaps reach the best-seller stage at an early time. Whatever criticism one might venture because of the author's occasional lapses into melodrama, or because of a lack of motivation in spots, is overshadowed by his sterling qualities as a story-teller. He takes hold of the reader's attention at once and keeps it until the very end.

It is essentially the story of Ruth Malvern, who finds that she has a ne'er-do-well father on her hands. She loves him in spite of his faults and she tries to support him with her meager earnings as teacher in a gone-to-seed boarding school. Befriended by Harry Arkwright, she almost consents to marry him; but his lawful wife turns up in the nick of time. Instead, she practically adopts the consumptive wife and her three children and continues to look after them when they are orphaned. The bankrupt shop in Brancaster, which Mrs. Arkwright had conducted, is brought out of the red, a dress-making establishment is added in the course of time, and except for the waywardness of one of her charges, who comes to a bad end, everything comes to a happy ending. Ruth marries Dr. Andrew Murdoch.

HITLER'S GENERALS


W. E. Hart is the pseudonym of a former German cavalry officer who was one of the first General Staff officers attached to Light Panzer Division No. 1. He came into conflict with Hitler and headed an anti-Nazi group in Germany from 1934-38. After the outbreak of the war he joined the British army as a volunteer, was eventually wounded and invalided out, and now serves as military correspondent to several big English newspapers. This book was preceded by the author's Landmarks of Modern Strategy. In the present volume he shows an excellent grasp of the German war-machine and all that went into its development since the Treaty of Versailles. He speaks with authority about the men included in his book, of their strength and weakness and their relation to Nazism.

All the prominent German military leaders come under his microscope: von Fritsch, von Rundstedt, Rommel, Milch, von Brauchitsch, Keitel, von Bock, Doenitz, and Admiral Raeder. He values most highly von Brauchitsch, as a man of unusual ability and one who did not sympathize with Hitler and his ambitions. He has the least regard for Rommel, whose military ability he declares to be negligible, but who was able to insinuate himself into the good graces of Hitler.
Verse

Creator

If I had no other knowledge
But the witness of my eyes,
I should know a God existed
Over earth and sea and skies.

I can see Him in the beauty
Of each dark and starry night;
I can see Him in the dawning,
In the morning-colored light;

See His glory in the sunrise,
And His mercy in the cloud;
Know His majesty in thunder
When the heavens speak aloud.

In the infinite blue heavens
I can feel the peace of God;
By the beauty of the mountains
I know where His feet have trod.

In the forests of the mountains,
In each flowered meadow slope,
I can see eternal beauty,
And the deathless bloom of hope.

In the roaring of the rivers
I can hear a mighty hymn;
And my heart within me whispers,
Reverently and low, "Amen."

—Jeanne Buch

Dogwood in Bloom

Grey stone slopes are now made holy ground:
Altars apart;
White-petaled peace, ancient, inviolate,
Rest, rest, O heart.

—Florence T. Hillard.
Farewell

I and my thoughts . . . what company are these
To count the broken hours of the night,
Or watch the moon among the wattle trees
Straining their boughs with silver floods of light?
A city sleeps; dark windows hide their eyes,
And yet I hear the thin, far sound of cries
From men who reap small harvest from their years.

(There is no silence now, there is no sleep
While close-lipped men we’ve loved or known so well
Still tramp the gutted jungle paths, or creep
Through desert sands along the fringe of hell.)

Silence? The windy air blows back their cries:
A mother stirs in that half-sleep of pain;
A wife wakes, crying perhaps, murmurs and sighs
And stills the heart where once his head had lain.
And aging men shall hear these voices, too,
From sons who only yesterday were boys,
Who stand against such foes their fathers knew . . .
Aged men who cherish loved and broken toys.

It all goes on . . . “In life we are in death!”
Yet without faith what matters hope or birth,
When life goes out in one brief, final breath
And leaves a cross to mark the alien earth?
“Here lies a man we loved . . . rest then in peace.”
In peace my love, ’though wars shall gut and rend,
Rest on, my love, someday the pain will cease
And man’s Gethsemane shall reach its end.

This night is no more lonely than the years
That will not hold your laugh, your lips, your hand,
But now across the war-torn world of tears
Rings out the echoing of no-man’s-land.
Then sleep my love, in peace, my love . . . I pray
For you and all the men we knew who fell.
The faith you had burns brighter still today . . .
We’ll not forget. God keep you yet! Farewell!

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN
The CRESSET

Be Still

Your worth is greater than all these;
"Be still, and know that I am God,"—
Fret not thyself nor anxious be;
For He who marks the sparrow's fall
Is ever watching over thee.

The flowers blooming in the spring,
The birds that warble in the trees,
The crystal brook that murmurs soft,—
His thoughtful care provided these.
The sun, the moon, the distant stars,

Pursuing courses overhead,
Are guided by His mighty hand;
O anxious soul, why fear or dread?
"Be still and know," all doubts dispel,—
Your worth is greater than all these;
Lift up your eyes to Him in praise,
For He has promised perfect peace.
—James Dickey Allison.

The Dam

Test the strength of human tether
Here where sheer banks lean together,
Where swift waters used to flow;
See the foaming furies chained,
Hark to murmurs long sustained—
Secrets that the turbines know,
Secrets that the hours unfold
To the streams of current gold.
—Roland Ryder-Smith.
August 1944

There Is So Much To Undo
Strange—strange! There is so much to transmute,
    So much that spring must undo.
Over the whole mad earth there are countless graves,
    Reeking, unnamed, and new;
Fields are now waiting in vain for the plough—
    Each share has been turned to a sword;
There is a harvest of hatred and lust—
    Earth has forgotten the Lord.
Waters, now heavily splattered with red,
    Once were a heavenly blue.
Spring! Spring! There is so much to transform—
    So much that vile earth will rue.

—GERTRUDE HANSON

On Being Alone
Because with the dusk comes weariness,
But more, because of the solitude,
I find the gloom of my spirit
Matches the gray of the air.
And I look upon the world
As the nearly barren oak tree
Scans the ground beneath it—
Wistful, half grieving to unclasp
The last withered leaf from its twining fingers.
So I, still clinging to dead hopes,
Yet knowing they are futile,
Hesitate to leave them in the past.

But then I drop that memory
And it fades into the stillness around me.

—BARBARA RODENHOUSE
Not long ago the famous, hard-hitting drama critic George Jean Nathan and his friend, Rouben Mamoulian, who is widely known as a very good motion-picture producer, lunched together. Over the cheese rabbits Mr. Mamoulian rashly extolled the virtues and the possibilities of the silver screen. This, he discovered, was just as safe, and just as pleasant, as it is to look for a gas leak with a lighted match. The luncheon progressed from cheese rabbits to Scotch and soda, to double Scotches, to brandy, and, for Mr. Mamoulian, to a stiff dose of aspirin. Mr. Nathan, however, had a wonderful time. What? The movies have greater sweep and scope than the legitimate stage? Fiddlesticks! Technicolor? Harsh, gaudy, and too real to seem real! The marvelous effects of sound and motion achieved on the screen? The stage can do it, and has done it, more effectively! The camera's ability to register and transmit scenes and details? A positive fault, since it leads to clutter and overembellishment! What about tricks and illusions? Well, yes, in a way, but no better, mind you, than the stage! Ah yes! But how about the gorgeous and impressive close-ups which weave a potent spell on movie audiences? Are you kidding? Long, long ago the stage achieved all this—and more! Screen masterpieces? Ha, ha, ha! Name one! The motion picture is still in its infancy? What kind of an excuse is that? The theatre was in its infancy when Shakespeare presented Macbeth and Hamlet! The world's enduring masterpieces of the drama were written before the Christian Era!

By this time poor Mr. Mamoulian was reduced to howling. Can't the screen do anything? Mr. Nathan admits that it can—and rather handsomely, too. (1) It can produce fine newsreels; (2) it can do pie-slinging slapstick comedy.
almost as well as the stage; (3) it can, and does, bring fame and wealth to actors and actresses who wouldn’t last two minutes in the theatre; (4) it can, and does, make actresses seem more beautiful and more attractive than they really are; (5) it can, and does, make actors and actresses out of men and women who can’t act for peanuts; (6) it does bring pleasure to countless thousands; and (7) it can perform stunts which the stage can’t—and wouldn’t if it could. As an example of these stunts Mr. Nathan mentions a scene showing an octopus on the bottom of the sea taking Buster Crabbe into its ugly tentacles. So there you are! Thus speaks Mr. Nathan. Read all about it in the June issue of the American Mercury.

Although Mr. Nathan’s estimate of the motion picture is extremely harsh, there are times when almost every movie-goer will fervently admit, “George, you’ve got something there!” Take Knickerbocker Holiday (United Artists)—and the quicker you take it, the better. This is something which shouldn’t happen even to a baritone who sings “Shortenin’ Bread.” Nelson Eddy’s singing is good—but not good enough to be adequate compensation for a completely phony setting, a ridiculous story, and heavy, stilted comedy which crawls at a snail’s pace—when it moves at all. Even veteran Charles Coburn limps badly in the role of Peter Stuyvesant. And I’m not referring to his peg leg.

My own pet peeve in matters pertaining to the cinema is the so-called screen biography. Why attempt to present the life-story of a famous person at all if the finished film is not accurate and truthful? Mark Twain (Warner Bros., Irving Rapper) is, in itself, an engrossing, well-made picture. The first half is genuinely appealing. But it is not the real life-story of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Only in a few scattered sequences does it portray the famous American humorist as the simple, witty, somewhat sardonic and down-to-earth human being whom we have learned to know as Mark Twain. Business letters now being published in The Atlantic confirm my belief that Mark Twain would have resented—and would have been embarrassed by—the obvious attempts to fit a halo on his shaggy locks or to affix a label of “genius” to his lapel. Mark Twain’s seventy-four years were rich in color and incident. A factual portrayal of his life could easily have provided us with a really fine film.

The Hitler Gang (Paramount, John Farrow) is a serious, sober, and factual account of the rise to power of one Adolf Hitler. Un-
fortunately, it is only a surface picture. It does not probe deep enough into the evil machinations which produced the Hitler gang and gave it power. Nor does it portray with adequate force and clarity the insidious steps employed to ensnare and enslave a great nation. It's all very well to speak of the Hitler gang; but it's dangerous to dismiss so easily the complex problem of Naziism. If, in the very beginning, the German people had refused to accept any part of the vicious creed of the New Order, there could have been no Hitler gang. That, it seems to me, is the fact we must not forget if we are to profit by the catastrophe which has cast its cold shadow over the entire world. Paramount Studios have scored a genuine triumph in assembling Hollywood counterparts of the leaders of the Nazi party.

Two things give Song of Russia (M-G-M, Gregory Ratoff) special appeal and special significance: the re-enactment of the heroic stand made by the Russian people against the Nazi invader and the inclusion of the immortal music of Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Russian-born Director Gregory Ratoff has captured in this film the spirit which infected the Soviet Union in the festival year of 1940, when the entire nation joined in a celebration of the centenary of the birth of her famous composer. Performed by a fine orchestra under the direction of Albert Coates, the music of Tchaikovsky sings and burns its glorious way through Song of Russia, completely overshadowing everyone and everything else.

The music of Frederic Chopin serves as a leitmotif for the love story which runs through In Our Time (Warner Bros., Vincent Sherman). This, too, is a picture of love and war and invasion, a somber, stylized, and slightly pompous tale, much less effective and poignant than the story written into Song of Russia.

Passage to Marseilles (Warner Bros., Michael Curtiz) takes us all the way from the French penal colony on Devil's Island to a hidden airfield in the British Isles. It is packed almost to the bursting point with exciting adventure and outstanding patriotism. A little less of everything would have made a more convincing picture.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey (United Artists, Rowland V. Lee) is a screen adaptation of Thornton Wilder's widely read Pulitzer Prize novel. It would be more accurate to say that this is a screen mutilation. So many changes have been made that little more than the title remains unaltered. The changes aren't an improvement.

Let's take a hasty peek at Rationing (M-G-M). It's Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main, and I'll
wager one slightly used tiddley-winks chip that every seasoned movie-goer will be one jump ahead of the players straight through the picture.

Even a hasty peek is too much for *Tarzan’s Desert Mystery* (RKO-Radio, William Thiele). This film shows you in the most graphic manner exactly what Mr. Nathan—whose opinions I referred to at the beginning of this column—means. The stage, however, can, and has, done things equally bad. A good one to skip, this—unless you really enjoy “blazing adventure, when revolt reddens Sahara’s sands.”

*Cover Girl* (Columbia, Charles Vidor) and *Broadway Rhythm* (M-G-M, Roy del Ruth) are both lavish musical extravaganzas. If, by any chance, your kitchen sink is missing, you’ll probably find it in one of these super-spectacles. Both pictures are strictly run-of-the-mill, done up with all the usual trimmings: beautiful sets and costumes in dazzling technicolor, fine variety turns by accomplished specialists, and—occasionally—unpleasant lapses into vulgarity.

The subject of vulgarity leads naturally to a consideration of *The Heavenly Body* (M-G-M). Very dull, incredibly silly, and entirely and deliberately dependent for “laughs” on *double-entendre*, this is Hollywood at its worst.

Two so-called comedy offerings are very little better. *What a Woman* (Columbia, Irving Cummings) is just another rehash of the Rosalind Russell, hard-boiled business executive theme. Isn’t it time to bury this theme along with the stupid, so-called sophisticated dialogue that has been used in every new issue of this seemingly endless series?

*No Time for Love* (Paramount, Mitchell Leisen) is more of the same—substituting Claudette Colbert for Miss Russell. Skip them both, and you’ll not miss a thing.

Designed as a tribute to the gallant American nurses who were a part of the heroic band on historic Bataan, *Cry Havoc* (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) is one of the weakest and phoniest of the recent war films. Margaret Sullavan heads the fine all-woman cast. All the talent, however, is wasted on an inept script.
Our major article this month deals with one of the burning political and social problems of our time. The great sub-continent of India looms as a factor of incalculable importance in the new chapter of world history which is about to be written. The author is the Rev. Martin Lutz, who has served as a missionary in India for the past ten years. Missionary Lutz has recently returned to his post in India after a brief furlough in this country. He brings to the discussion of this subject a clear and penetrating insight based upon a wealth of personal experience.

If it seems like a long while since you received your last issue of The Cresset, it is because of the fact that the July issue was omitted, to enable The Cresset to keep within the paper quota allotted to it for this year by the War Production Board. This magazine must operate on 75% of its paper consumption in 1942. In the meantime 2,000 new subscribers have been added.

We are glad to include in this issue a sparkling array of verse by some of our gifted young poets. The Cresset always welcomes contributions of poetry and is happy to do its part in cultivating poetic talent—of which such a rich profusion has already made its appearance in these pages.

Guest reviewers in this month’s “Literary Scene” are Herbert H. Umbach (Lost Island and America in Literature) and Jessie Swanson (Into the Jaws of Death and The Proud People), both of the faculty of Valparaiso University.