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AUGUST 1942

THE

CRESSETT

Is the Church at
War?

Facing the Issues
of War

by O. A. Geiseman

Light from Lisbon

Music and Music
Makers



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 5

No. 10

Twenty-five Cents

THE CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

The Cresset Associates: PAUL BRETSCHER, O. A. DORN, E. J. FRIEDRICH, O. A. GEISEMAN,
AD. HAENTZSCHEL, WALTER A. HANSEN, A. R. KRETZMANN,
W. G. POLACK, O. H. THEISS

Cresset Contributors: A. ACKERMANN, THEODORE GRAEBNER,
ANNE HANSEN, ALFRED KLAUSLER, MARTIN WALKER

THOMAS COATES, *Assistant to the Editor*



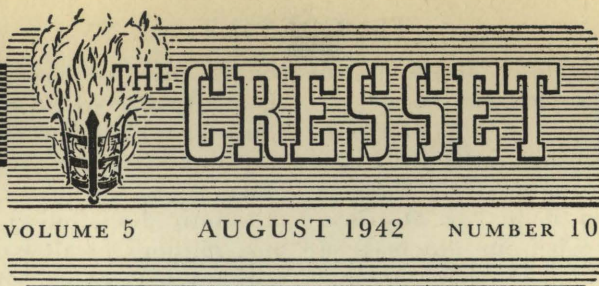
IN THE AUGUST CRESSET:

NOTES AND COMMENT.....		1	
THE PILGRIM.....	<i>O. P. Kretzmann</i>	13	
FACING THE ISSUES OF WAR.....	<i>O. A. Geiseman</i>	19	
THE ASTROLABE....	<i>Theo. Graebner and Ad. Haentzschel</i>	24	
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.....	<i>Walter A. Hansen</i>	32	
THE LITERARY SCENE.....		45	
A SURVEY OF BOOKS.....		61	
JULY MAGAZINES		64	
THE MOTION PICTURE.....		67	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....		71	
THE EDITOR'S LAMP.....		72	
PICTORIAL:			
Madonna and Child	33	Crucifixion	37
St. George	34	Christening of St. John... ..	38
St. Catherine	35	David	39
Boy Bitten by a Lizard... ..	36	Eleanora of Aragon	40
VERSE:			
Write About Peace.....			18
Justice			23
High Snare			31



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Notes and Comment

B Y T H E E D I T O R S

War Aims

WHEN Vice-President Wallace declares that our country is chosen by God to execute the divine judgment in war and peace and when Mr. Wallace goes on to say that we are the spiritual descendants of ancient Israel, then something is in the wind. America wants to know what it is fighting for. Mr. Wallace is not alone these days in issuing statements on what we are fighting for. Obviously. From the home-town weekly to the ponderous editorial page of the *New York Times*, everywhere Americans are trying to find the proper and decent formula of our war aims.

If the reason we are fighting were a clear one, there would be less confusion and more single-mindedness nationally. One school says we are fighting to get back our rubber supply (the eco-

nomic group), another says we must defend the *status quo* of the British Empire (the imperialist school), another says we must enlarge the American sphere of global influence (the "American Century" school), and the religio-idealist school stoutly maintains that we have only honorable war aims in mind.

This is all very confusing. One is apt to fall into a mood of cynical pessimism and call down a plague on all houses. Nevertheless, the mere fact that we are trying to define our war aims is both a healthy indication of the presence of some moral fibre and also a sign of the presence of an uneasy conscience in the national body politic. We do want to know what we are fighting for, and we do know that the *status quo* prior to September 3, 1939, shall not return.

A moving answer to this heart-searching problem has been written by Charles Clayton Morrison in a late issue of the *Christian Century*. Claiming that the war is a confession of sin, Mr. Morrison says we are fighting "to make a better world because in this one we are having to fight." The statements of war aims made by Messrs. Roosevelt, Wallace, Welles, and others are really an expression of "repentance for the sins which made fighting inevitable." Merely the fact that our political leaders say the new world after the war must be different is a confession that the United Nations have acted unjustly in the past.

Alas, however, no United Nations political leader has made a confession or given a statement showing repentance.

There is no hint of repentance in the Atlantic Charter, or in any other blue-print of a new world order. . . . We are fighting because we are *good*—these very ideals proclaim our moral excellence, and therefore our right to impose our will upon the conquered. Mr. Morrison concludes, "We are not fighting because we are good; we are fighting because we are guilty."

It is true that ideals held without repentance are of no use. We must, as a nation, publicly say that we have sinned and are still sinning against the Negro and other minority groups; we must

confess that we have time and again set ourselves up as a godlike white race and that we have always despised our neighbor of another color; we must confess an economic isolationism that has hurt millions in all parts of the world. What are we fighting for? Let us fight for the day when our nation as a whole will confess that it has sinned and will make suitable repentance. When that has been done, then we shall be able to bring an *ideal* peace to the world. Then we shall also win the peace.



Churchmen Denounce Hitlerism

PASTOR MARTIN NIEMOELLER'S opposition to Hitlerism is well known. But besides Niemoeller other outstanding churchmen in continental Europe are fearlessly attacking Nazi oppression. Among them we note Eivind Berggrav, former Bishop of Oslo and Primate of the Church of Norway. Largely as a result of his outspoken anti-Nazi convictions all but twenty-seven of the Norwegian Church's 1,100 pastors resigned rather than sacrifice their Lutheran principles to orders from Quisling.

Another courageous champion of the religious rights of man is Clemens August, Count von Galen, Bishop of Münster. For ten

years he has been condemning Nazi principles, especially Nazi racial doctrines, and *Gestapo* tyranny. Berlin has persecuted him with police rulings and espionage. But only recently he shook Westphalia—the Bishop is a descendant of an old Westphalian Catholic family—with a caustic indictment of Nazi philosophy against which, so he asserted, German Christianity must stand like an anvil against a hammer.

Just as outspoken in his opposition to Nazi rule has been the well-known Professor Karl Barth, former head of the theological faculty of the University of Bonn, Germany, and since 1936 professor of systematic theology at the University of Basle in Switzerland. His oft-quoted paragraph from his pamphlet, *I Say No!* bears repetition:

Membership of the Church is determined, not by blood and race, but by the Holy Spirit and by baptism. If the German Church were to exclude Jews who have adopted the Christian faith or were to treat them as Christians of an inferior kind, it would have ceased to be a Christian Church.

In his Christmas message to the German people he said:

We know how hard it is for you to celebrate Christmas joyfully this year; we know of the grief and sorrow in many of your families, of the oppression which is the price you must pay

if you make confession of the Gospel, of the terrible things which our Jewish brothers and sisters have had to undergo. . . . We pray for you. Pray also for us.

Karl Barth's latest message is addressed to Norway's heroic patriots who have defied both the Quislings and the Nazis:

You will give us Christians in all countries a moving, inspiring example, and you will come into particularly close fellowship with Him who governs all lands and powers in heaven and on earth. . . . We are confident that nothing you have been called upon to suffer will be in vain.

God bless the efforts of these church leaders! Their love of religious freedom and their opposition to religious tyranny is without doubt indicative of similar sentiments shared by tens of thousands of Christians in Germany as well as in countries now under the rule of Hitler. May God speed the day when all the peoples in Europe will enjoy with Americans the choicest of all freedoms, freedom of religion!



Unsung Heroines

BARRING grief-stricken American mothers and wives whose sons or husbands have been reported killed, wounded, or missing in action, or who are stationed in perilous areas of military operation,

American mothers and wives have until now not been seriously affected by the war. Indeed, many of them have joined or intend to join the Women's Auxiliary Corps; others are doing Red Cross work; still others are putting in long and hard hours in defense plants—oftentimes, by the way, earning larger incomes than their sons or husbands ever earned. Yet most American mothers and wives are still at home; they can still go about their customary household duties and devote the greater part of their time to the interests of their families. Though they cannot buy sugar without presenting their sugar-ration certificates, though they are often disappointed when on a shopping tour not to find items which until recently weighed down the shelves of their neighborhood stores, and though ceiling prices on some articles may seem to them as high as the vault of heaven, nevertheless most American mothers and wives have little cause for complaint. Just how fortunate they still are must become clear to them if they reflect for a moment on the lot of their sisters in war-torn England of whom we read in a recent issue of *Bulletins From Britain*:

So much has been written and broadcast about women in the army, navy and air force auxiliaries, and in the factories, that it is perhaps sometimes forgotten that millions of

women in Britain are still battling it out full-time on the home front. They are mostly over forty. They take care of their children, their own and other people's. They have soldiers and airmen, factory workers, evacuated white collar workers and children billeted on them. It is useless for them to go marketing for food without the ration books of everybody in the household, and for the first year of the scheme there have been at least three books to every civilian in Britain. They can shop at one grocery or delicatessen and one butcher only. If the man with whom they are registered is out of unrationed commodity such as powdered milk, they are not likely to pick it up by wandering into the next store along the street. If the next tradesman has it, he will try to keep it for his own registered customers.

Separating their household garbage into pigfood, paper and metal, doing all their own scrubbing and dusting and cleaning, mending socks and stockings (severely rationed); renovating clothing for the whole household; budgeting to suit the income tax collectors and keep a postwar nest egg growing by loans through national savings (or defense bonds); providing at least two nourishing meals a day on the adequate but stringent weekly meat and cheese rations (vegetables are unrationed but milk is allotted at up to three pints per adult per week, and tinned and dried fruit is rationed and can only be got at a sacrifice of other nourishing foods; fresh fruit is almost non-existent): — all of these are part of the ordinary British woman's daily rou-

tine. If she is rich she can get no more coal or milk or meat than if she is poor, and very little more household help. She copes, as she always did, with a big weekly wash. All the same, more often than not, she now keeps chickens and "digs for victory" — grows potatoes, cabbages, carrots, onions, enough to see the household through most of the year. And in her lapel, whether she lives in a semi-detached bungalow in a Manchester suburb or in some large village house half taken over by the military, she probably wears the badge of the Women's Auxiliary Services. This means that every week she goes out for several hours' work with the local WVS, which now numbers 1,033,000 members over thirty years old.

It is these unsung heroines, as much as their sisters in military auxiliaries and in factory work, who have helped to keep up British morale. They are setting an example of heroism which is truly inspiring. As the writer of the article which we have quoted says:

These women are sinking their fear and loneliness in activity, glad to be tired out, glad to be sharing the war as women have never been able to share war before.



Why We Love MacArthur

AMERICANS will remember that General Douglas MacArthur gave public expression to his Christian convictions when, soon after he was appointed Command-

er of the Allied Forces in the Pacific, he sent the following cable to the Rector of Christ Church, in Little Rock, Arkansas:

At the altar where I first joined the sanctuary of God, I ask that you seek divine guidance for me in the great struggle that looms ahead.

May we be grateful to God that the campaign of the United Nations against their common enemy in the Far East is under the command of one who recognizes his dependence upon the Lord for strength and guidance! May Americans heed the General's request and daily include him in their prayers!

But Douglas MacArthur is not only a Christian general, he is also a Christian father. Chosen by the National Father's Day Committee as the "outstanding American father of 1942," he replied:

Nothing has touched me more deeply than the act of the National Father's Day Committee. By profession I am a soldier and take pride in that fact, but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build. The father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death, the other embodies creation and life. And while the hordes of death are mighty, the battles of life are mightier still. My hope is that my son, when I am gone, will remember me not from the battle but in the home repeating with him our simple daily prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven."

Neither Washington nor Lincoln ever expressed a finer Christian sentiment. May American fathers take it to heart and emulate General MacArthur's beautiful example!



Of the Increase of Bureaucrats

THE latest item in American life to tremble over is Leon Henderson's economic police. Some 66,000, more or less, bureaucrats are to comb this fair land of ours for the protection of the consumer. Can anyone remain calm over the prospect? We can't. We always disliked tattletales—and now they're going to be officially recognized and paid to boot. That's the last straw—paying a tattletale. After all, a tattletale's reward is in the deed. Now to pay him a salary! We don't blame Congress for wanting the right to pick the community tattletale.

There are many things wrong with Congress, and there's also much that ails democracy. This time, however, we go along with Congress; for it had the courage to cut Leon Henderson's appropriation request down to half. It should have cut the request down to a neat zero so far as we're concerned and let the 130,000,000 consumers in the land do their own snooping on the price of coffee or vanilla.

There is no need in adding to the bureaucracy. What makes this new addition to our tremendously enlarged bureaucracy so terrifying is Henderson's demand that he do the appointing. Now there is nothing more terrible than one bureaucrat appointed by another. Henderson would surely be heading an economic *Gestapo*. Personally, we prefer an amiable political appointee as our price-snooper. You can always reason with such a creature. Have you ever tried reasoning with a bureaucrat? The red tape chokes you off faster than a starving, five-ton octopus.

Have price ceilings and make a strenuous effort to stop inflation. But, please, is it necessary that Mr. Henderson become an American Heinrich Himmler to see that coffee doesn't go above the price set by the all-seeing Henderson eye? Are we mice or men that we can't tell when the butcher or the grocer is going above the price or level? Verily, we must be mice. Bring on the bureaucrats!



Resourcefulness in Wartime

THE many exigencies of wartime sharpen man's ingenuity. Recently our army awarded contracts for thousands of razors made of plastics. If these whisker-removers succeed in mowing the beards of the soldiers as effectively as our

gallant airmen have been sending Nipponese warships down to Davy Jones' locker, it is probable that before many months have elapsed all razors bought by the army will be manufactured of plastic material.

Dimitri Szostakowicz, the gifted Russian composer who has been serving as an air-raid warden in Leningrad, completed his *Seventh Symphony* last winter. Since Serge Koussevitzky, the musical director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, intended to conduct the American première of the work in the Berkshires during the course of this summer—the festival has since been cancelled because of the rubber shortage and gasoline rationing—and since the symphony will be played in New York next October by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini, it was necessary for the two conductors to procure the bulky score as soon as possible. The problem was solved by photographing the symphony on a roll of 35-millimeter microfilm about a hundred feet long. Five weeks after the first performance of the new composition in Kuibyshev on March 1, 1942, the ribbon of film containing the miniature reproductions of the pages of the full score set out on its roundabout journey to the United States. Enclosed in a small circular tin it left Kuibyshev by airplane on

April 9 for Teheran, continued by motorcar to Cairo, and was flown from the Egyptian city to our country. Photostatic enlargements were then made.

During the month of August a factory in Petoskey, Michigan, will begin to process 1,000,000 pounds of milkweed floss to provide the United States Navy with a substitute for kapok in making life jackets and in lining flying suits. Dr. Boris A. Berkman, a Chicago physician, holds the patent rights. According to reports, his experiments have proved that a life jacket containing three pounds of the floss has six times the buoyancy of cork and will keep a man floating in water for more than a hundred hours. Furthermore, the material is said to be warmer than wool and at least six times lighter. Steps are being taken to harvest milkweed pods from 50,000 acres of wild lands in the northern part of Michigan. Farmers will receive free seed and payments to put the crop under cultivation.

Ordinary sand or grit blasting machines of the type used by metal polishers are now being called into service for the purpose of renovating typewriter rollers. The machines blast hard films of dirt and dried ink from the surface and leave the live rubber underneath clean and smooth. When we consider that it has been necessary to replace upwards of a mil

lion typewriter rollers every year, it is easy to see that the new process will save tons of rubber.

Samuel Berman, of New York City, has invented a magnetic finger which locates tiny fragments of bombs or shells in the human body. The finger is five inches long and one-half inch in diameter, tapering to a point at the tip. It is made of a stainless, non-magnetic alloy. When connected by a cord to a box containing a magnetizing device, it sends out a magnetic field several inches beyond its tip. The nearer the finger is brought to the hidingplace of a fragment of metal, the higher is the reading of the meter. In this way it is possible, in many cases, to locate fragments of bombs or shells without the aid of X-rays.



Verdict of a Dane

THE Danes continue to resist their Nazi oppressors. Recently a teacher at the Katrinedal School told the children:

Germany has three virtues: honesty, party membership, and intelligence. But nobody has so far been proved to possess more than two of these. The honest intelligent man is not a party member, the honest party member is not intelligent, and the intelligent party member is not honest.

Needless to say, the Hitlerites

boiled with rage when they heard how caustically the Danish patriot had pronounced judgment on them. The clever teacher had shown conclusively that it is one thing for the Nazis to acquire *Lebensraum* by force of arms and another thing to win the respect of the citizens of an enslaved nation. In Denmark, as well as in the other conquered countries of Europe, Hitler's vaunted new order stubbornly refuses to "jell."



A Dangerous Precedent

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the Jehovah's Witnesses case has received much adverse criticism in the public and religious press, and rightly so. Whatever may be said about the rather zealous activity of the Jehovah's Witnesses, their bitter and abusive attacks upon the organized churches, especially the Roman Catholic Church, and their own intolerance toward other denominations, the fact remains that the Jehovah's Witnesses are one of the religious manifestations of our day and are entitled to full religious freedom under the constitution of our land. If they make themselves guilty of extravagances, through speeches, pamphlets, and phonograph records, these surely may be dealt with under existing laws. By its 5 to 4

decision the Supreme Court has held that the sale of religious books and pamphlets can be licensed in this country. While the decision does not seem to include the licensing of publishers, it does mean that distributors of printed religious matter may be licensed. Therein lies the danger, not merely for the Jehovah's Witnesses, but for all religious groups. It is significant that the Chief Justice, in his dissent from the opinion of the majority, said:

It seems fairly obvious that if the present taxes, laid in small communities upon peripatetic religious propagandists, are to be sustained, a way has been found for the effective suppression of speech and press and religion despite constitutional guarantees.

We do not know what can be done about it now that the Supreme Court has spoken. Nothing, we suppose, except a test case. But the whole affair emphasizes the truth of the adage, which, trite as it may seem to some, is still only too significant, "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom." Many of us appear to have forgotten that the real reason behind all our laws, yes, behind our Constitution and the Bill of Rights, is the safeguarding of the individual against his government; for if history proves anything it proves that any government, if not adequately limited and cir-

cumscribed by legal restrictions, is dangerous to the citizen.



Is the Church at War?

YES, the Church on earth is ever at war. It is a Church Militant. It is at war against spiritual enemies. These are the devil, the world, and the flesh. The Church is faithful to her God-given task of preaching the Gospel in the degree in which she unremittingly battles against her traditional foes. But the Church is not engaged in any other war. The Church can only go into mourning when men war against each other, when her own children scattered among various nations must do battle against each other. Further, the Church can raise her voice in the preaching of repentance from sin, which is the basic reason for all wars in the physical realm; and she can raise her hands in fervent prayer to the King of kings and Lord of lords that He may, in His good time and when His high purposes have been achieved, guide the minds and hearts of men to the establishment of as just and righteous a peace as men can hope for this side of heaven. It was significant that Dr. Temple, on the occasion of his enthronement as Archbishop of Canterbury last spring, in his Bidding Prayer, did not ask

God for victory for the Allied Powers; but after the bid to pray for the Church, the government, and all rulers, he said:

At this time ye shall pray especially for all who bear command in the forces of the King and his allies, for all who serve by sea, land or air, for all who suffer through the war in this and in other lands; and ye shall pray, as Christ hath taught us, for our enemies, that their hearts and ours may be drawn to God the Father of all and filled with desire to serve Him, that so peace may be established on the foundation of justice, truth and good-will.



What Does Victory Depend Upon?

THERE is much talk today about what is to be done in the interest of a more permanent peace after the present conflict is ended. While we may admit that it is the part of wisdom to look ahead and to plan the future judiciously, any such plans are contingent upon our victory. Victory has not yet been won; nor does victory depend upon the size of armies, navies, and air forces, but upon the will of our God. It is He "who maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth." It is He who "maketh peace in thy borders." Without His blessing upon our arms we wage a losing war. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor

in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

We are told that a group of venerable gentlemen waited on President Lincoln during the War between the States. One of them made the remark that it was important that the Lord should be on the side of the North in the conflict. Mr. Lincoln laconically replied, "It is not my first concern whether the Lord is on my side, but rather to be certain that I am on the Lord's side." Let us pray that we may be on the Lord's side in this war and that, if it be His will, He may grant us victory. Then we may ask Him for wisdom to establish a just and righteous peace.



Notes by the Way on Books

THE recent hullabaloo raised by our intellectuals over John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* is illuminating. There is not the whole-souled dedication to artistic integrity among our *literati* one is always told about. Enemies of the Nazis say that Steinbeck is giving comfort to the Nazis because he has portrayed the Colonel as a human being. On the other hand, the more calm among the critics think that Steinbeck is killing the Nazis with love. Personally we thought the tale rather weak. The story has none of the emotional

drive one rightfully expects in a propaganda novel. Read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* again to see what we mean. In all propaganda there must be a residue of truth; but that truth must be presented in the glittering white of absolute truth. Even the latest Nordhoff and Hall story, *Men Without Country*, is not another *Man Without a Country* as the blurb writers would have us believe. Corking good as the story is, there is something lacking. One cannot be a rationalist and a propagandist at the same time.

* * *

We should have devoted a lengthy paragraph to that excellent series of reprints issued by the Oxford Press: *The World's Classics*. Bound in a classic blue, adorned with a readable type on a good opaque paper, these Oxford reprints are favorites. For years Hazlitt's *Table Talk* and Tolstoi's *What Is Art* have been travelling companions. One may obtain such diverse titles as Keble's *The Christian Year* and *Selected Speeches and Documents on British Colonial Policy (1763-1917)*. The latter title provides some delightful reading.

* * *

We still hold that the majority of religious books issued by denominational publishing houses are done up most unattractively. We may be prejudiced. There are

exceptions, of course. Books that we have seen lately which are truly inviting outwardly are *Prayer*, by George A. Buttrick, and *West China and the Burma Road*, by H. Daniel Friberg. Here are books which certainly tempt the would-be book-buyer. The Burma Road volume deserves special laurels. For fifty cents Augsburg has put out a top-notch book despite the use of paper covers. And that is an accomplishment! We're going to continue our campaign against all the stodgy-looking religious books put out by our unimaginative book-designers.

* * *

What books do you think have influenced the course of human events the most? There are lists galore. Recently the B. B. C. put up a list of books that made history. Here is the list: Machiavelli's *The Prince*, Copernicus' *Concerning the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Freud's *Introductory Lectures to Psycho-Analysis*, Plato's *Republic*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Rousseau's *Social Contract*, Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and Marx's *Capital*. What ten titles do you have? Send your list, and we'll print it.

* * *

This month, and undoubtedly for months to come, our favorite mystery story is *Newport Tower*,

by Philip Ainsworth Means. No, it isn't what you think it is. This five-dollar book—and worth the price—tells the fascinating story of a certain tower standing in Truro Park in the Newport, Rhode Island, vicinity. Who built that tower? Did a seventeenth-century Rhode Island governor build it? Or, was the tower the work of ancient Norsemen? We won't tell you the answer. We'll go so far, however, as to indicate that some Norsemen who had been in Jerusalem on a crusade way back in the crusading centuries may have built the tower. Possibly this tower is evidence that Christianity came to North America long before Columbus or John Alden. Amazing reading.

* * *

Latest slam against Luther is found in Carlo Sforza's *The Real Italians*. He calls Germany Lutheran—which may or may not be so—and makes the usual inferences about Luther's theology. Oh well, when this has gone on for several hundred years, one gets used to the slams. . . . T. S. Eliot has been chosen president of the British Classical Association. Another instance of a St. Louis boy making good. . . . What's the latest best

seller? We'll place our bets on *The Officer's Guide*. All kinds of fascinating stuff on uniforms and colonel's daughters. . . . Then there are the Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. They have recently passed the 3,000,000 mark. Not bad at all. . . . We note with approval that the Gold Medal for Literary Achievement of the Society for the Libraries of New York University has been awarded to Conrad Richter. His three books are *Early Americana*, *The Sea of Grass*, and *The Trees*.

* * *

Franz Werfel has this to say about the present war:

A spiritual principle is at stake in this, the only genuine world war. . . . On the one side stands radical nihilism which no longer regards the human being as the image of God but as an amoral machine in a completely meaningless world. On the other side, our side, stands the metaphysical, the religious, concept of life. . . . It is indeed a war between the principles of spiritual life and spiritual death.

To this J. Donald Adams, literary editor of the *New York Times*, replies, "Mr. Werfel is, of course, indulging in a little rhetoric." No wonder the literary life is interesting!



The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Why?

THE lead story in our local paper last night read as follows: "Miss Mabel Ellen Eichelberger, 18, was electrocuted at 6:00 A. M. today when lightning struck a tree near the Eichelberger home, two and a half miles west of Hebron, during a severe electrical storm.

"According to accounts of the tragedy, the girl was sitting on the edge of the bed in the center of her room, preparing to get dressed, when a bolt of lightning, after hitting the tree fifteen feet away, apparently was communicated to the home by way of the electric wiring.

"Miss Eichelberger was badly burned about the face, chest, arms, and body. Killed instantly, her body fell back on the bed.

"Investigation revealed the bolt burned a large hole in the mattress, destroyed a curtain, burned radio wires and tore holes in the floor and damaged the porch on the northeast part of the home."

When she awoke, it was raining... This, she thought idly, would be another day very much like yesterday... She would help mother with the canning and the evening meal... Perhaps later they would go to the movies... Then the blinding flash, the infinitely momentary pain—and oblivion...

The paper dropped from my hands... Here in sharp focus was one of the great continuing problems of life and thought... Lightning, men have always felt, is the most planless, sudden, and erratic thing we know... Why did it strike Miss Mabel and not another?... Why not me?... Is a tragedy like this just chance, capricious doom?... Did the lightning strike with the same unconcern with which I step on an ant in my path?... These questions have been asked since the first tear rolled down the cheek of Eve... From hospital beds, from kitchens and offices, from battleships and army camps, from

the mud of Russia and the dust of Libya, from the mountains of Judea and the plains of Illinois, the question "Why?" has rolled up to the gates of heaven in a rising wave of tears . . .

There have been many answers, but few completely satisfactory . . . The magnificent book of Job is perhaps the earliest and the most eloquent . . . You will remember that the three friends of Job made their solution too simple and too rational . . . In recent years Mr. Thornton Wilder attempted to answer the same question when he assembled eight men and women on a falling bridge in Peru . . . One day, late or soon, every human mind and heart comes to grips with the question . . . A few random thoughts as the paper lies forgotten beside my chair:

1. There is no answer which completely satisfies the human mind . . . One who believes in God must also recognize the barrier between the mind of God and the mind of man: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways" . . .

2. If light and hope are to come into our darkness the question must not be "Why?" but "For what purpose?" . . . Not the past but the future . . . Not the cause but the possible result . . .

3. The question must be divided into two parts:

a. Why do the wicked flourish and

why does evil seem to be triumphant? . . . There is no answer to this question, at least not on this side of eternity . . . Some day, I am sure, the curtain will be lifted and the last act of the divine drama will be clear . . . But not until then . . .

b. The second question: "For what purpose must the righteous suffer?" has been answered three thousand years ago . . . Job heard it: "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living" . . .

4. Here, too, we need the unquestioning humility of faith . . . Listen for a moment to the famous hammering "Knowest thou" and "Canst thou" in the questions of the Almighty to Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?" . . .

5. Ultimately and finally . . . The key is and remains in the hand of God . . . For us there is only the great word of Job—the last folding of the hands, the bowing of the head, and the captivity of the mind: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" . . . We can say this in 1942 only through the power of Him Whom Job saw standing at the

lighted edge of his dark world . . . He once was here with us and went away in victory and in power . . . He alone reduces the hours of darkness in human life to momentary shadows in the continuing brightness of His eternal light . . .



Education

THIS morning I paged through Mr. Mortimer J. Adler's *How to Read a Book* . . . It shrinks . . . Perhaps the most significant thing about it is that a man of Mr. Adler's acumen considered it necessary to say the obvious so insistently . . . Of greater concern to all thoughtful men and women is the fact that Mr. Adler and many others think little of modern American education . . . Apparently it has failed in most of its major purposes . . . Mr. Adler writes:

"Slighting the three R's in the beginning, and neglecting the liberal arts almost entirely at the end, our present education is essentially illiberal. It indoctrinates rather than disciplines and educates. Our students are indoctrinated with all sorts of local prejudices and predigested pap. They have been fattened and made flabby for the demagogues to prey upon. Their resistance to specious authority, which is nothing but the pressure of an opinion, has been lowered. They will even swallow the insidious propaganda in the headlines of some local newspapers.

"Even when the doctrines they impose are sound democratic ones, the schools fail to cultivate free judgment because they have forsaken discipline. They leave their students open to opposite indoctrination by more powerful orators or, what is worse, to the sway of their own worst passions. Ours is a demagogic rather than a democratic education."

The emphasis on discipline strikes a note which has been heard too rarely in recent years . . . Everyone above thirty remembers the day when electives were all the rage . . . The idea seemed to be that an uneducated, untrained human being could wander from one end of the field of human knowledge to the other like a browsing cow . . . No special purpose and no definite direction . . . American education forgot that the acquisition of knowledge is a hard and difficult thing . . . Learning is never easy . . . This curious attitude, by the way, extended to all areas of human life . . . If we could only get by with as little effort as possible, life would be happy and free . . . In a recent article Mr. Hugh Stevenson Tigner writes:

It has been a notable characteristic of American life during the last fifty years that the definition of an inconvenience has called forth an invention—another gadget, a new medicine, an improved bridge, one more personal service on trains and ships. The determination to have a com-

fortable life has run to rebellion against even the radical ills of existence, the pangs of childbirth and the laboriousness of labor. There must be painless dentistry, effortless housekeeping, effortless education, effortless everything. This attitude has permitted nothing sinister, unpleasant or tragic to be regarded as irremovable from the human lot, neither pain, nor poverty, nor disease, nor war, nor injustice. And Dr. Hocking dryly adds that if death and the weather still seem to stand beyond the control of humanity, the modern spirit looks upon their conquest as merely postponed rather than abandoned . . .

This philosophy of life was applied to education . . . We forgot that freedom and ease are the result of learning and not the means . . . They come at the end, not at the beginning . . .

Mr. Adler believes that the process of reading—slowly, carefully, comprehendingly—is the answer . . . As in every other field of human activity, we must learn by doing . . . We learn to hear music by hearing it, and we learn to read by reading . . . In the application of this principle, so clearly obvious and so completely forgotten in our modern concern with methods and credits and techniques, Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Adler have had some remarkable results . . . Mr. Adler reports:

I have many reasons for thinking

this quite feasible. When I went to Chicago and started to teach a reading course with President Hutchins, some people in a near-by suburb invited me to tell them about it. The group consisted of mature men and women, all of them college graduates, some of the men engaged in professional work, some in business, many of the women involved in local educational and political activities as well as in taking care of their families. They decided they would like to take the course. In college we read about sixty books in two years at the rate of one a week. Since the suburban group would not have as much time (what with babies and business to occupy them), they could only read a book a month. It would take them about eight years, therefore, to read the same list of books. Frankly, I did not think they would stick at it.

At first they read no better than most college graduates do. They were starting from scratch, the venter-thin scratch that a college education leaves. They found "that their habits of reading, adjusted to the daily paper and even the best periodical or current book, were remarkably like no skill at all when they came to read the *Iliad*, *The Divine Comedy*, or *Crime and Punishment*; Plato's *Republic*, Spinoza's *Ethics*, or Mill's *Essay on Liberty*; Newton's *Opticks* or Darwin's *Origin of Species*. But they read them all and in the course of doing so they learned how to read.

"They kept at it because they felt their proficiency grow with each

year, and enjoyed the mastery which skill provides. They can tell now what the author is trying to do, what questions he is trying to answer, what his most important concepts are, what reasons he has for his conclusions, and even what defects there are in his treatment of the subject. The intelligence of their discussion is clearly greater than it was ten years ago, and that signifies one thing surely: they have learned to read more intelligently."



One Alone

BACK to the subject which haunts me continuously these uncertain days . . . Much is being said and written about the problems and dangers of the post-war world . . . There must be a new economic order, a new global consciousness and a new society . . . I have not read much about the greatest problem and danger of the post-war world—the disappearance of our sense of the dignity and value of the individual . . . Not man, but men . . . Have you noticed that our war news is almost entirely in terms of machines? . . . Yesterday we (or the enemy) lost forty-two planes, two transports, and three destroyers . . . In the name of our common immortality, what about the men in those planes, transports, and destroyers? . . . What about the living, breathing men who

screamed and struggled in burning oil or dark waters? . . . What about the women who will now wait at home in vain? . . . What about all the fighting, suffering, dying human souls in every corner of the world, each one of whom was important enough to draw the Son of God down from heaven? . . . What about them? . . . Will we continue to make the mistakes of the last twenty-five years, or can we return to a deep, sensitive appreciation of the supreme value and eternal dignity of the human soul? . . . This, it seems to me, is the great basic problem which will confront the world of 1945 . . .

In the name of efficient organization we have done harm to the cause of democracy and freedom . . . We have forgotten that democracy means the liberty of the individual and not the worship of the mass . . . Not the reduction of the freedom and exuberance of life to the dead level of conformity to the prejudices of the mob . . . The great words in life—also in the post-war world—will cluster about the individual: God, life, man, hope, faith, love, friend, home, death . . . These are the matters about which we must think straight and hard . . . Human progress demands thought, and we think alone; it demands sacrifice, and we must sacrifice alone; it de-

mands faith, and ultimately I must believe alone . . . The thought and blood and faith of others will not save us unless we individually share it and make it our own . . . Totalitarianism is a denial of the value and dignity of the individual human

soul . . . Today we must reject it in blood and tears . . . Tomorrow we must go forward to a new and greater vision of the God-given responsibilities and privileges of the individual . . . That way into Tomorrow lies over Calvary . . .



Write About Peace

Write about peace time, Poet,
 Never a word about war.
 Write about things as they used to be,
 Not about things as they are.
 Write about trees that were straight and strong,
 And temples serene and fair.
 Write about villages and farms,
 Forget they're no longer there.
 Write about strong young men who stood
 At evening beside the door
 And laughed at the little ones that played
 And romped on the cottage floor.
 Write about mothers who laughed and sang,
 Not about those who weep.
 Write about children who leaped and ran,
 Not about those who sleep.
 Write about yesterday, Poet,
 And help turn our thoughts away
 A little while from the havoc
 That spreads through the world today.

—DORIS R. KRUDOP.

*Neither despair nor resignation but confident
courage and high hope—*

Facing the Issues of War

By O. A. GEISEMAN

TIMES of war should serve to emphasize the social responsibility of the Christian citizen. He is not merely to play a part in the life of a nation, but he is rather to accept a role of special civic and social significance.

The Christian citizen should distinguish himself by his readiness to accept a place of responsibility, whether this be in civilian life or in the military defense service of his country. The incessant cry of our government at this time is for men. Men are needed in every square block in every hamlet, village, and city of our land as air-raid wardens, first-aid servants in moments of great peril and in emergency situations. They are needed in positions of community leadership, on farms, in the factories, and in positions of management. They are needed on the high seas for the protection of men, foodstuffs, and materials. They are needed on the battlefields in defense of those precious

blessings which, by reason of Christianity's influence in the world, have accrued in a particularly rich measure to us in America.

Even though non-Christians, who may also be wanting an adequately enlightened self-interest, should fail from motives of fear, personal convenience, or indifference readily and with determination to go forward and offer their services, the Christian citizen should lead through his example of a complete readiness to serve wherever his talents, his training, his experience, and his strength might be made to count most for the good of his own country and of human society.

Even as the Christian citizen should lead in his readiness to serve, so should he by his example also put to shame every form of selfishness which manifests itself in civic life, especially in such critical times as these. Our government finds itself face to face

with the almost superhuman task of bringing all of the resources of our great and rich, but peace-loving, people to bear on the successful prosecution of the war. This means that it must with almost every passing day lay down new rules and regulations which interfere with the ordinary, normal, peacetime manner of life and which either restrict or completely forbid the use of things to which the average American citizen has been accustomed. Rubber must be saved, sugar must be rationed, and many other materials must be conserved.

It is no secret that many American citizens view this new situation in our national life from an utterly selfish point of view and that they are completely satisfied to have others do without forbidden and restricted things just so long as they, personally, are not asked to make any sacrifices. We heard of a woman the other day who had a very small household and who had laid in a store of 1,000 pounds of sugar. We heard of a man who, when a tire shortage was threatened, stocked up on new tires for his private pleasure car to such a degree that he could have gone on riding for many years to come. Persons guided by such attitudes of selfishness do not care a snap of the finger whether others may starve from want of the things that they have hoarded

or whether others may die on battlefields from want of adequate weapons and planes wherewith to defend not only themselves but the very sons and daughters of greed whose selfishness has paralyzed their fighting army.

The Christian citizen dare under no circumstances be guided in his attitudes by the shortsighted, suicidal, and despicable selfishness of persons who live only for their own immediate comfort and satisfaction. The life of the Christian citizen should, especially in times like these, be characterized by an attitude of selflessness and by a deep and abiding concern for the welfare of others. For him the question must not be whether he will have sugar in his coffee and cuffs on his pants and tires wherewith to go joyriding, but rather whether others are adequately fed and clothed and protected.

THE TONGUE

THE Christian citizen should also set an example by the manner in which he guards his tongue. We, the people of these United States, are blessed with the privilege of free speech. It is the express policy of the American government to protect the rights of minorities. Criticism of the right kind, we may say, is almost essential to our way of life. Criticism of the right kind may play a tremendously important

part by way of getting our leaders of government to function most efficiently in the leadership which they are expected to give to our country and even to the United Nations in the task of achieving an honorable and enduring peace. Hence the Christian citizen need not, and should not, accept it as a part of good citizenship to be silent and uncritical in his evaluation of governmental acts and judgments.

But while it is true that the Christian citizen should seek to contribute to the life and to the strength of his nation by judicious criticism, it is equally true that as a Christian and as a loyal citizen he should guard his tongue against irresponsible slander and the violent negative criticisms which so often grow out of misinformation and want of information, political prejudice, and the suspicions sown by malevolent forces operating subversively in underground ways. The President, his associates, and all others charged with special public responsibility at this time are only human beings. It would be a special miracle of God indeed were they to make no mistakes of judgment and were they always to discover without the aid of others the very best way in which, and the very best time at which, things might be done. Criticism frankly offered for the purpose of being

helpful may aid them greatly in steering a wiser course; but criticism which is merely designed to destroy confidence in their leadership and to prevent the most complete and whole-hearted co-operation on the part of a united people is a devilish thing, and no Christian citizen should lend himself even in the smallest degree to a thoughtless participation in such an un-Christian and unpatriotic manner of conduct. The Christian will not only use care in exercising his right to criticize; but he will above all things invoke the guidance, the wisdom, and the blessing of God upon the leaders of his land by earnest and diligent prayer. He will understand that he can do more good for his people and the peoples of the world by pleading with God for them than by yielding his tongue to sinful abuse because his government affords him the right of free speech.

WINNING THE PEACE

THE Christian citizen must regard it as his particular province to contribute to the winning of the peace. Wars of the past have never been known to make for relationships of love among those who had opposed one another on fields of battle. Usually wars have sown seeds of hatred from which have sprung further dragons which in due course of

time served to bring on other wars.

It is a matter of record that the fascistic leaders who for years glorified war and who, at the time and place chosen by them, unloosed the horrors of this present war upon the nations of this earth, have preached hatred and a hellish and implacable fury as a prerequisite to the annihilation of their chosen foes and the achievement of their hope for victory.

Even in our country certain voices are beginning to urge the spirit of hatred and vengeance as the one thing fundamental and essential if the war is to be carried through to a successful conclusion. Such persons forget that an individual who is guided by the passions of hatred and blinded by storms of fury is likely to lack the calmness and deliberateness of judgment, the abiding strength and courage which make an individual and a people invincible.

The Christian citizen dare not, however, abandon the right attitude of heart under the leadership of weaklings who feel that they cannot be efficient unless they have a hatred of their fellowmen in their hearts. The Christian citizen proceeds earnestly, consciously, vigorously, courageously with the fulfilment of his duties, whether as civilian or as soldier, in the same spirit wherewith the surgeon plunges a knife into his patient,

not for the purpose of deriving sadistic pleasure from satisfying a spirit of hatred and vengeance, but rather for the purpose of destroying evil so that good may come in greater abundance to a greater number of men. It is not true that the Christian must abandon the principles of Christian life and substitute for them the devil's principles of bitterness and hatred in order to play his part for the good of his people and other peoples as well in a time of war.

FINALLY, the Christian citizen should regard it as his special privilege to represent in the midst of a disturbed society composed of fearful men and women the spirit of an undaunted courage and of an unperturbed calm. While his head is bowed in a spirit of humble penitence before the chastisements of a holy God and while he recognizes war as a judgment of the most High upon self-willed and rebellious children who have violated His majesty by ignoring His lordship and by their cruelties and injustices toward one another, he at the same time also retains the abiding confidence that "God is love." He is sure even in the darkest hour that in His infinite mercy the Heavenly Father will so overrule even the worst things of life as to make them serve His ultimate purposes and

to bring out of them good for all those who love Him. Hence the heart of the Christian citizen should be possessed neither by a sense of hopeless despair nor by a stoical resignation, but rather by a high courage and a confident hope which rests on the immovable foundations of God's heavenly promises.



Justice

They brought her out today
and placed her there outside the house.

It seems like only yesterday
that they and I both prayed
with bleeding hearts and hands
that she might come and stay with us
forever.

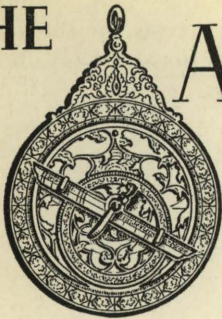
And now I see her sitting all alone
outside the house
in which she held a place of honor for a day.
She occupies the same old chair,
her eyes still bound with heavy cloth,
and in her hands the golden scales
they once commissioned her to hold
and weigh.

Now one pan sags—
the other swings with every changing breeze . . .

I hear she just sits there without complaint,
nor does a single sigh escape her pallid lips,
and too, they say she neither eats nor drinks—
Why, look!
She's turned to stone!


—JAROSLAV VAJDA.

THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL



THE PARASITES ARE MAKING TROUBLE



Dr. Austin Hobart Clark is a distinguished biologist connected with the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Coming from him, an opinion which sharply dissents from the views currently being taught regarding the evolution of animal species is no impertinence. Dr. Clark is one of the foremost zoölogists of the day. He is a world authority on crinoids (marine species related to the star fish), author of almost countless books and articles on zoölogical subjects, and leader of scientific field expeditions. It is necessary to establish Dr. Clark's right to speak, since he insists that there is no evidence whatever for the evolution of the species out of earlier species. He believes that all the

families of animal life appeared simultaneously at the very first.

Otherwise, he asks, what explanation would there be, for example, for the parasites that live wholly within the bodies of other creatures and could not struggle for existence successfully in the open? This was one of the questions Darwin never did answer. Biologists have been in the habit of holding that the parasites are the result of degeneration. But from what did they degenerate? Dr. Clark points out that they are fundamental types, as fundamental as any other. Most of the parasites live in two-sided animals—that is, animals symmetrically built on both sides of a common axis, just as man is built on both sides of a spinal column. But these parasites are of a type which is regarded as very primitive, where-

as their hosts (the animals in which, or on which, the parasites live) are supposed to be well advanced. How, asks Dr. Clark, could the primitive parasites have existed before their hosts?

The magnitude of the problem begins to dawn on us when we remember that practically every one of the hundreds of thousands of species existing on the globe has its own parasite which can live, in all but a very few cases, on (or in) no other creature but that with which it is associated. Sometime we hope to return to the study of one of the most fascinating books we have ever seen: a large volume sumptuously illustrated, describing the seven parasites which live upon, and within, the cockroach. These parasites of the cockroach, though microscopic, are among the most marvelous forms in the entire range of animal life. Their evolution out of earlier forms is unthinkable since there is no analogous form of existence. And Dr. Clark's argument applies with double force: How could these creatures be developed outside of their host, the cockroach? Or were there two evolutions, running parallel: that of the hosts and parasites? Such a notion not only lacks proof in the development of animal forms, but it is even unthinkable. There is no evidence whatever for the assumption that parasites have de-

veloped from simple to complex forms as is demanded by the Darwinian theory of natural selection.



MAN AND THE SPECIES



It is interesting to note that, according to the Biblical account of creation, man is not a species parallel in order with the various species of animal life. Of the plants and animals the record says that they were created each after their kind. (Genesis 1:11, 12, etc.) Of man, however, it is not said that he was made a living creature "after his kind" but "God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.'"

Darwinism, when first proposed some eighty years ago, demanded a definite break with this idea of a separate place for man in the scheme of living things. It was now proposed to align the human race with the various types of animal life, differentiated only by a more highly developed brain. The larger apes were looked upon as man's more remote ancestors, in the course of millions of years gradually assuming the human form and acquiring human reason.

There have always been sensitive specimens of humanity who, despite all scientific protestations of proof, have been reluctant to believe that the grimacing ape at

the zoo might have been their grandfather a few million times removed. Now, according to the latest research of Dr. A. H. Clark, pure, unadulterated, and thoroughbred man appeared in a basic form, at exactly the same time as the apes and dinosaurs and other beasties that first began to people this earth in the dim past. In fact, all forms of life began at once, including man; and the various basic forms remained essentially unchanged until the twentieth century.

The Smithsonian scientist starts out with the entirely logical premise that ever since there was life there were water, rocks, and air. In other words, the chemical and physical conditions of the earth were very much the same as they are now. All life is dependent upon a food supply. Dr. Clark reasons that from the very beginning life was made up of the predacious and the prey, with the result that large fish preyed upon little ones, huge animals upon the small, and even tiny parasitic worms upon the tissues or intestines of animals. Virtually every species has been able to survive in one form or another at least, simply because each type depends for existence upon the consumption of another for food.

"Each animal species," as Dr. Clark puts it, "is dependent upon a certain food supply, and at the

same time itself represents the food supply, wholly or in part, of other types."

Therefore, from the very beginning, he insists, there must have been a great diversity of animal forms, else the earliest arrivals would have conquered and swept the earth of every other living thing and put this sorry planet out of existence long before man ever had a chance to think of stone axes and animal-skin clothing—much less automobiles and 400-mile-an-hour airplanes.

After this, when you stand before the glass cases in which the curators of the Natural History Museum in New York or of the Field's Museum in Chicago have presented in plaster models the ancestors of man from the worm through the fish, the reptile, and the ape,—remain healthily skeptical. The new theories which have exploded these pedigrees are even now working their way into textbooks. It takes fifteen years, on the average, for a new scientific fact to displace earlier theories and to appear in the textbooks. Even now the diagrams in zoölogy texts no longer place the Neanderthaler and the Dawn-Man in the direct line of man's ancestry but make these beings collateral with the human race. The light is dawning.



GOING BACK TO ALL-FOURS?



In the opinion of Dr. Donald A. Laird, professor of psychology at Colgate University, there is ground for the belief that man in his evolution may be headed today back to an all-fours posture. Dr. Laird, it will be noted, is still a supporter of the Darwinian theory.

The Colgate University scientist points out that after finding office workers usually slowed down after lunch, he experimented with Colgate University students in order to learn whether or not blood drawn away from the head by digestion was responsible for that after-lunch dullness. The result is pointed out by John Cahill, thus:

Students did mental arithmetic after eating and while lying with their heads lower than their feet. In this position they were capable of doing better mental arithmetic than with heads higher than feet. Dr. Laird found the explanation for this in the "splanchnic reservoir," the area where the blood gathers around the viscera.

Digestion, he explained, draws blood from the brain to the splanchnic reservoir temporarily. Feet above head drains it back to the brain.

In the assumption of an upright position through evolution, said Dr. Laird, homo sapiens has gained advantages and suffered losses. If mankind went around on all fours, the blood supply to the brain would be better.

There might be a real defense value in this idea of the Colgate University psychologist. The Allied War Council might recommend to its experts in strategy that they induce a better supply of blood to the brain by spending all their waking hours on all fours. What we needed at North Africa and at Singapore was a little more attention to the proper level in the splanchnic reservoir. Dr. Laird even looks forward to the time when

man may eventually develop habits in which the three-square-meals-a-day rule will be abolished entirely and our descendants will be content to eat frequently and lightly or whenever the opportunity to eat presents itself.

(Still quoting Mr. Cahill's condensation of Professor Laird's article in the *Medical Record*.) Poor descendants! The population of France and Norway are evidently headed towards this stage of evolution. In the Jewish settlements of Poland the ideal of "eating lightly" seems definitely to have been reached.



LIGHT FROM LISBON



It came in the first week of June. The Swedish vessel which had brought nationals of Germany and Italy from America to neutral Portugal's

port, Lisbon, was to receive the diplomats, newspapermen, and other nationals of the Americas, England, and China and convey them safely to New York. During the week before the sailing, some three hundred people who had the precious tickets which meant freedom had gathered in Lisbon, and there was such a meeting as no continent had seen in years. Also there was such a detonation of long-suppressed facts about conditions in Central Europe, such a volley of news letters discharged to the far ends of the earth, as had not been heard since the German invasion of Poland. Here were men who had lived through the nightmare of the Nazi *Blitzkrieg* in ten ancient and famous countries of Europe. Here were Louis P. Lochner and his associates, who had witnessed the invasion of Poland, who had been with the hordes that overwhelmed France, Belgium, and Holland; here were men who had seen from day to day the inner-political events of Germany; and for the first time since 1940 they were permitted to speak, to tell what they knew. There was no censorship on the radio and the cable at Lisbon.

I wonder how many of those who read the many columns of radioed and cabled stories which came from Lisbon during the first ten days of June realized that all

that we knew, all that we have been told during two years of war, was now subject to the crucial test? With hundreds of thousands of words broadcast and telegraphed to the newspapers of the United States by more than a score of correspondents, it is simply impossible to believe that their stories would have agreed if the picture which these dispatches have given us were not in close conformity with the facts. Remember that the cry of "propaganda" has been raised for two years by isolationists and especially by the pro-Nazi element in this country whenever newspapers told of German and Italian actions that would, after all, outrage human sentiment, and when the conditions in subjugated countries were described as those of actual slavery. Now the unanimous verdict of the Lisbon cables in June was this:

Not in the slightest degree have the horrors of the Nazi persecution of the Jews been exaggerated in the reports given to us by our government and by reporters in neutral countries as in Switzerland and Sweden. One of Lochner's articles summed this matter up as follows:

It must be said for the decent element in Germany that these practices of the Nazi bureaucracy were related in hushed whispers from mouth to mouth in horror and shame, but there was nothing, apparently, that

anybody could do in the face of Nazi terrorism. To sympathize with a Jew meant loss of position and possibly worse.

In no respect whatever has the brutality of the *Gestapo* been exaggerated in the news and radio reports.

That the inhabitants of occupied countries are in a state of slavery is confirmed by the consonant views of the most distinguished news reporters of the world. And by slavery is meant a condition which is, in every respect, identical with that of the Negro slaves of the old South, except only that there has been no actual sale of human beings on the block. In all other respects, the Pole, the Norwegian, the Serb, the Greek, who could exchange his lot today with a station like that of the southern Negro before the Civil War, would think that he had been translated to the fields of Paradise.

Coming a little closer home we can say that the position on the totalitarian curse taken by THE CRESSET in its various departments has been proven in harmony with the facts by all those who have brought firsthand news over to us, men like Shirer, Mowrer, Flannery, and Lazareff, by the works of Rauschnig and of Von Paassen, and the cablegrams of Louis P. Lochner.



THESE ARE FOR THE BOOK



Somehow, as we listen to the radio, there stand out from all this mass of war-news items here and there which we hear, and then we know—these will never die.

I have in mind a little three-line item which was cabled from Vichy one day in June, 1942. It seems that two old soldiers of the First World War had somewhere in their attic a forgotten souvenir rifle of the year 1918. During a periodic search of homes the German agents happened upon these rifles. They were rated as "hidden firearms" and the two old Frenchmen were executed. Executed, mind you; stood up against a wall and shot!

Among the things that merit inclusion in the book of imperishable records of the war, there is this description of a scene at the Russian front, January 28. In his letter to the *Chicago Daily News*, A. T. Steele wrote:

The days are short and the sun, when it breaks through the powdery mist which seems to characterize the Russian winter, burns with a cold glare, shedding light but giving no warmth. The snow-blanketed fields and forests along the road to the front are lined with winter's bleak manifestations—occasional German tanks and trucks half buried in the snow, Russian trucks with fires burning under their engines to warm

them, a few bodies of men and horses stiff as granite and glazed with ice.

Unforgettable, too, is the phrase of Winston Churchill when he addressed the German people May 11, warning them of the attacks that were to come from the air. He said:

The civil population of Germany have, however, an easy way of escape from these severities; all they have to do is to leave cities where munition work is being carried on. Abandon their work and go out into the fields and watch the home fires burning from a distance. In this way they may find time for meditation and repentance. There they may remember the millions of Russian women and children they have driven out to perish in the snows and mass executions of peasantry and prisoners of war which in varying scales they are inflicting upon so many of the ancient and famous peoples of Europe.

Then there is that fellow he met at a dance one night, of whom Technical Sergeant G. K. Hodenfield wrote to his mother from somewhere in Northern Ireland. He wants to tell his mother about the courage of the common British people, and this is the story he tells of "the fellow he met at a dance":

I suppose he was about 28. I talked to him awhile, comparing notes on Ireland and the United States. Later a friend of his told me a little story.

This fellow had come to work the morning after the first big blitz attack. Showed up right on the dot,

although he had spent all night on firefighting duties.

A fellow worker asked him, "How's everything at your house? Everyone all right?"

"Yes," he answered slowly. "Everything's all right, I guess. They just recovered the last body."

His father and mother, his wife and his four-year-old son had all been killed. And he had spent the night fighting fires, then came to work on time the next morning! Carrying on.

That's courage, too, Mom.



THE CRY OF STEPAN HORAK



Stepan Horak was a Polish peasant. Not one of the old land-owning peasant class, but just a forty-acre farmer, who had returned to his fields under order from the Nazi occupation officers to produce and produce or—.

The acres of Stepan Horak produced a bumper crop. As a reward for the fine showing he had made, and as an encouragement to others, he was given an all-expense trip to Cracow. Timorous, overwhelmed by the sights of the great city, he dutifully went from one stopping-place to the next on the conducted tour. Finally the group reached the studio of the Cracow radio station, and the simple peasant for the first time heard that through this little instrument

One can speak to the whole world. Mustering up courage he said, with suppressed excitement, "Is that true, can the whole world hear what you speak into it?" The guide affirmed that such was the case. Our peasant next asked permission to speak into "that thing." But with regret the attendant informed him that all the time on this instrument had been assigned. Impelled by a hidden urge, the little farmer now began to plead more insistently—"Just a word! I want to speak just one little word so the whole world can hear!" "Very well, speak your word"—was the answer.

Stepan Horak in a trice stood at the microphone, drew a deep breath, and, screaming at the top of his voice, he uttered the single word "HELP!"

The *Schutzstaffel* men thought it was a great joke. "You should have heard the little Pole yell 'Help!'" Too funny for words. . . .

This occurred in the fall of 1941. The agonized cry of the common people, if it could become vocal, would reach us in this year 1942 from the ranks of the oppressed of a score of nations which are today bereft of every shred and particle of human rights.



HIGH SNARE


In urgent horizontal flight they pass,
An escadrille of wild grey geese, fronting
The flawless moon atop the hill.
By spring night's wizardry their cries are woven
Into one long-looped lariat of sound,
Flung to catch my spirit in.

—ROLAND RYDER-SMITH.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

A Book Laden With Fine Gold

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

 I am beginning to doze. For more than an hour I have been trying in vain to hit upon a lead for a column. Thoughts have been prancing about in my brain in bewildering profusion and with feverish abandon. They have not come without benefit of stimulus; they have, in fact, sprung from long and intensive study of

Concert Life in New York: 1902-1923. By Richard Aldrich. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1941. 795 pages. \$5.00.

Half asleep, I open the big book at random. As I begin to read, my drowsiness disappears. What devotee of music, I ask, could fail to be all ears when knowledge so profound and wisdom so incisive knock at the door of his mind?

Perhaps there are many who believe in their heart of hearts that critics are unnecessary evils; perhaps there are some who declare in season and out of season

that those who use cold print for the purpose of dispensing judgments on music and music makers are, in the main, cranks, freaks, Ishmaels, and opinionated moon-calves. Let the name-callers have their fun. If music critics accomplish nothing else in this vale of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo*, of major and minor, they at least give ammunition, annoyance, pleasure, and employment to writers of anonymous letters.

I venture to say that the little popguns of the unnamed often vented their fiery spleen on the late Richard Aldrich, who served the *New York Times* as music critic from 1902 until 1923. It is easy to imagine how angrily and how venomously the shot and the shell, both signed and unsigned, must have flown into Mr. Aldrich's face from his mail after he had expressed the hope on February 18, 1923, that in the choice of



The masterpieces in this collection loaned by the Royal Italian Government were originally sent over for the Art Exhibition at the World's Fair in San Francisco, 1939. They were then shown in principal cities throughout America. Very likely they are still in the United States for safe-keeping for the duration. THE CRESSET presents reproductions of sixteen of these great works of art during the summer months.

"The Virgin and Child with Three Saints," by Palma Vecchio. The artist cannot be reckoned among the really great painters but he was certainly an exceedingly clever one, and this picture carries the beautiful landscape background for which he is justly famous.



"St. George," by Andrea Mantegna, pictures the only saint whom the Saracens respected at the time of the Crusades. Most of Mantegna's painting was done under the patronage of the Margrave of Mantua. For his services he received one hundred and fifty dollars a year, which was considered a good salary in those days for a painter.



Bernardo Luini was one of the most talented disciples of Leonardo da Vinci. He imitated his master so closely that there is considerable dispute about certain paintings. This picture, "The Body of St. Catherine Borne by Angels to Sinai," is an early work, before he came under the complete influence of Leonardo. The gracefulness of the angel figures is particularly noteworthy.



Caravaggio was frankly rebellious against the sweetness and light of the Renaissance and so his paintings were known as "coarse." His great idea was the sharp contrast of light and shadow and he and his followers were called "Tenebrosi."

This painting, "Boy Bitten by a Lizard," is one of his most famous works. Caravaggio died at thirty-seven after having been accused of every crime in the calendar, including murder.



Massaccio was a nickname applied to Tommaso Giovanni in his boyhood. It means "Slovenly Tom." He died at the age of twenty-seven, before da Vinci, Botticelli and Michelangelo were born. While he is one of the earliest of all the painters in the Renaissance, his "Crucifixion" (done in 1421) is still one of the greatest works of that period.



No record of the Renaissance would be complete without the saintly Fra Angelico. He was a member of the Dominican Order and the Dominicans point to him with the same pride as the Franciscans do to Giotto.

The "Christening of St. John" is a delightful contrast to the powerful "Crucifixion" by Massaccio, even though it comes from practically the same period.

Verrocchio's statue of David is important because it is said that the model for this statue was Leonardo da Vinci, who was at that time a student of Verrocchio. This is the first appearance of the smile in art. The artist was a man of very broad culture—goldsmith, sculptor, painter, musician and teacher. He died at the age of fifty-three, unmarried.





This famous bust, "Portrait of a Lady, called Eleanor of Aragon," by Francisco Laurana, is one of the most famous pieces of poetic sculpture in the whole world. Done at a time when Laurano was approximately fifty years old, it is still the model and the marvel of all sculptors.


a new man the directors of the Philharmonic Society, from which Josef Stransky had resigned as conductor, would

act with caution, with wisdom, as uninfluenced as may be by partisans, with the fortification of the best skilled and technical advice they can obtain. There is one thing of which the lay directors of musical affairs never seem to realize their need—the assistance of people of professional knowledge and experience, who know more than they do. The point of view that anybody knows more than they do is a difficult one for such amateurs in authority to adopt. Perhaps it is a difficulty inherent in human nature; but why is it so concentrated upon the subject of music, especially upon that of conductors?

Mr. Aldrich spoke of Mr. Stransky in all forthrightness as “a hard worker,” as a man who “no doubt has given the best that is in him to the Philharmonic Society.” He continued:

It is no discredit to a man that he does not lift himself by his bootstraps to a higher level than that upon which nature put him. But neither is it unreasonable that the music lovers of New York should wish for a conductor of the highest power and that they should feel it high time that a change was made.

An Anthology

 *Concert Life in New York* is an anthology of the critical writings of Mr. Aldrich. In a brief foreword Otto Kinkeldey, the

noted musicologist, refers to the able journalist as a man who “was a just and unbiased judge,” who “knew no favoritism,” who “harbored no rancor.” He goes on to say:

More than with any of his contemporaries the kindly tone of even a severe criticism brought a readier acceptance of his judgment. Although, when the occasion demanded, he could be pointedly emphatic and could lash out fearlessly and vigorously against a real abuse. All that he wrote, even on some minor or less significant occurrence in the daily round of a newspaper critic's work, was informed with an unusually wide literary, historical and musical knowledge and with a truly and sincerely artistic spirit.

If you have a desire to learn how music fared in New York City from 1902 until 1923, you will find *Concert Life in New York* to be an indispensable guide. The book is a treasure-trove. It is filled to overflowing with learning and wisdom.

Writing about the redoubtable Mark Hambourg in 1903, Mr. Aldrich declared that the pianist

is too good a musician already . . . to lend himself to the affectation in personal appearance that he is so zealously cultivating. Of course there are unfortunate precedents for it in abundance; but we fancy they are becoming fewer, and he would be not less popular, but more, with an appearance of greater sanity.

Discussing Sergei Prokofieff's opera, *The Love for Three Oranges*, on February 15, 1922, the learned critic said:

What can Mr. Prokofieff's music do for the ear? Probably, for most of the listeners, it could do little but belabor it till insensibility set in, if it did set in, and further suffering was spared. There are a few, but only a very few, passages that bear recognizable kinship with what has hitherto been recognized as music.

Max Reger's *Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin, in A Minor, Op. 91, No. 1*, induced Mr. Aldrich to write:

Just why Reger chose to write unaccompanied violin sonatas is not easily to be understood, unless it be because some of his admirers have called him the Bach of Bavaria, and he felt it incumbent upon himself to do something definite about it.

Concerning that eccentric showman Vladimir de Pachmann, the erudite reviewer unburdened himself as follows in 1908:

Vladimir de Pachmann as a spectacle has always had an interest aside from Vladimir de Pachmann as a pianist. Yesterday afternoon . . . half the audience was armed with opera glasses, which made it possible to view the grimaces and antics at near range. Those who went to see Mr. de Pachmann make faces were not disappointed.

Those who went to hear him play might have had cause to find fault. His tone, as it always has been, was

of a beautiful quality, and the delicacy of his playing, the shades of his pianissimos, exquisite. But it has always pleased Mr. de Pachmann to distort the compositions he performs.

On Sibelius

Mr. Aldrich said of Jean Sibelius:

He is a singular figure in modern music, standing by himself, a member of no "school," uninfluenced and uninfluencing.

He believed that the mighty Finn's *Fifth Symphony*,

which has something baffling in its simplicity, as the Fourth had in its baldness and bleakness, signalizes, as that did, though perhaps in a different manner, Sibelius' aloofness from most of the streams of tendency in the art of today; and it equally signalizes him as looking forward, not back.

What about jazz? In 1922 Mr. Aldrich declared:

Jazz draws the line nowhere. Nothing is safe from its devastating touch. The jazz blacksmiths soon came to the end of their own stocks of ideas, such as they were, and then their only recourse was to lay violent hands upon music that musicians have always approached with respect and even with reverence. . . . The writers of popular songs know a good thing when they see it, and share with Molière at least one of his ideas, that they are entitled to take their own wherever they find it, though they do have a modern limitation to which he was not subject, and must

take care about running up against the law. One of the most successful and lucrative methods of writing a popular song is to take the ideas of some musician who has written something that the world values, and change it just enough to make it seem something different—and of course cheaper and commoner—and retain the vital spark that made the original worth something.

Do you know that Rudolf Friml, who subsequently perpetrated the "Indian Love Call," appeared in a piano recital in New York back in 1904? On that occasion the spirit moved Mr. Aldrich to indite the following sentences:

He has wrists and arms of steel and an extremely fleet and facile technique; he produces tone sometimes rich and of musical quality, sometimes hard and rough that might be called pounding. His conception of the pianist's art is at present one in which technical brilliancy, crude and garish contrasts of crashing resonances and purring pianissimos prevail. He expects continually to dazzle and excite his hearers and has little concern with the inner spirit of beauty.

During the season of 1918-19 Mr. Aldrich served in the United

States Army, and the astute James Gibbons Huneker wrote the music criticisms for the *New York Times*. Since I myself, in the days of my youth, had wavered between tempered admiration and groping questioning whenever I watched the late Modest Altschuler disport himself before the Russian Symphony Orchestra, I was relieved as well as amused to read in *Concert Life in New York* that

Mr. Altschuler doesn't seem to bother himself about his men, and his men certainly return the compliment. He blissfully beats time; his band play the notes on their desks. Sometimes they don't reach the winning post together, but what's the odds if all concerned are happy? Penguinlike their conductor walks through a half dozen scores, penguinlike his musicians play them; naturally, penguins after the manner of the adorable Anatole France.

If the excerpts I have quoted from *Concert Life in New York* have whetted your appetite, I have accomplished what I set out to do in this halting column. There is much fine gold for you in the book. Furthermore, it is far wiser to own the volume than to borrow it from a library.

RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 5, in C Minor*. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter.—No matter how well you may know this great masterpiece, you will appreciate its beauty, its majesty, and its power more keenly after listening to this excellent recording of Walter's virile reading. Columbia Album 498. \$4.73.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. "Toccatina and Fugue in D Minor" and "Prelude in 'Ein' feste Burg.'" The All-American Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski.—These transcriptions for orchestra do much to promote widespread interest in the marvelous masterworks bequeathed to us by Bach. The recording has caught all the rich beauty of the sumptuous orchestral tone which is one of the hallmarks of Stokowski's conducting. Columbia Album X-219. \$2.63.

WINGS OVER JORDAN. Under the able leadership of Worth Kramer the famous Wings Over Jordan Negro choir sings the following eight spirituals with striking tonal opulence and with a profound understanding of the true character of the songs: "Rock My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Don't Stay Away," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," "Trying to Get Ready," "Deep River," "The Old Ark's a-Moverin'," and "Sweet Turtle Dove." The Rev.

Glenn T. Settle appears as narrator. Columbia Album 499. \$3.68.

MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITES. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra.—There is lush tonal quality in these performances of the following well-known tunes: "Night and Day," by Cole Porter; "Time on My Hands," by Vincent Youmans; "The Touch of Your Hand," by Jerome Kern; "Somebody Loves Me," by George Gershwin; "With a Song in My Heart," by Richard Rodgers; "Easter Parade," by Irving Berlin; "I'll See You Again," by Noel Coward; and "Dancing in the Dark," by Arthur Schwartz. Columbia Album 502. \$3.68.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK. "Che faro senza Euridice" and "Che puro ciel," from *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Risë Stevens, contralto, with the Columbia Concert Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf.—The voice is beautiful, and the renditions show a praiseworthy regard for the style characteristic of Gluck. Columbia disc 71367-D. \$1.05.

JULES MASSENET. "E lucevan le stelle" and "Recondita armonia," from *Tosca*. Jan Kiepura, tenor, with the Columbia Opera Orchestra under Hans Wilhelm Steinberg.—The Polish tenor gives a good account of himself in the singing of these well-known arias. Columbia disc 17310-D. Seventy-nine cents.

The Literary Scene

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

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Hope Restored

AND NOW TOMORROW. By Rachel Field. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 350 pages. \$2.75.

RACHEL FIELD's last novel ends on a curiously prophetic note. On the eve of her journey into a new life amid strange surroundings the heroine of *And Now Tomorrow* musingly observes, "Once I might have faltered before such a transplanting. But that was yesterday. Now I am ready for tomorrow." Not long after these lines were written, Miss Field herself was transplanted into a new life in the tomorrow of Eternity. One can only speculate on the thoughts and the reflections which may have passed through her mind and consciousness as she penned the words which bring the story of life in a New England mill town to a quietly triumphant close.

For three generations the Blairs had ordered the lives and the fortunes of the Blairstown mill-workers with benevolent paternalism. An influx of aggressive Irish and Polish

laborers inevitably brought about a change in the relationships between the mill-owners and their employees. Demanding and self-reliant, these newcomers were unwilling to accept largesse from the Blairs; they were determined "to do for themselves" and to get higher wages and bargaining privileges. The elder Blairs were slow to understand, and to accept, the changing order. Only young Emily Blair, whose mother had been a Polish "mill-girl," was eager and willing to "see both sides" and to attempt to bridge the gulf which existed between her family and those who lived "on the other side of the river."

When a sudden illness left Emily stone-deaf, she had rebelled with anguished bitterness; but now peace, resignation, and courage had come to her and an intensified sympathy for, and understanding of, the misfortunes of others. Her efforts to help the workers were unquestionably sincere; but they were feeble and unavailing. Violence, bloodshed, and poverty reduced the once prosperous village to a place of suffering and

despair. In the clash between labor and capital a way of life which had built and maintained an entire community was destroyed forever. During the depression years the Peace-Pipe Mills were lost to the Blairs and were eventually absorbed by a great cotton and textile company.

While the shadows deepened and darkened over Blairstown, Emily was gradually "brought back from the silent shores where deafness had kept her so long." Once she had thought that regaining her hearing would solve all her problems; now she knew that her return to the world of sound had only made her more aware of them.

For it is not enough to listen with restored ears. I must listen with a restored mind and heart as well. That is my particular obligation: the only payment I can make for a gift that was lost and returned to me.

And Now Tomorrow is a tender, beautifully written love story. It has charm and warmth. The character delineations are sharply and admirably drawn; but the novel lacks the depth, the sweep, the brilliance, and the power of its distinguished predecessors, *All This and Heaven Too* and *Time Out of Mind*.

Glimpses of Naziland

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN. By Harry W. Flannery. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1942. 439 pages. \$3.00.

MOST reviewers will tell you that Harry W. Flannery's *Assignment to Berlin* is a sequel to Wil-

liam L. Shirer's phenomenally successful *Berlin Diary*. They are right. Mr. Flannery, you know, took Mr. Shirer's place as Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the autumn of 1940. He arrived in the German capital when from day to day it was becoming increasingly clear that, sooner or later, the Nazis would come to grips with the United States. His job was far from easy. The German censors scanned his scripts with lynx-eyed sharpness. Had Mr. Flannery been sent to Berlin to broadcast lumps and slices of Nazi propaganda, his assignment, apart from the lean and steadily deteriorating standard of living prevalent in Hitler's domain, would have been a bed of roses. But it was his business to ferret out the news and to send as much of it as possible by short wave to the United States. As a result, there was a constant tug-of-war between him and the censors.

Since I had been acquainted with Mr. Flannery as a news broadcaster long before he ever thought of going to Berlin and since I had listened intently to most of his reports from the metropolis of Naziland, I was particularly delighted to read his book. I found it fascinating from beginning to end — somewhat less fascinating, to be sure, than what Mr. Shirer wrote last year, but worthy in every way of careful study. Even though writing is by no means Mr. Flannery's *forte*, he is an able and aggressive news-gatherer. He had betaken himself to the German capital for the purpose of doing his country an important service, and those who

heard his broadcasts, as well as those who have read his book, must say that he did not labor in vain. *Assignment to Berlin* is a significant addition to those writings that enable us to arrive at a carefully made appraisal of the turbulent times through which the world is now passing.

From the first page to the last Mr. Flannery's book is a trenchant indictment of Naziism and all its works. At first the Germans tried to woo him. He says:

. . . . I learned that it was the Nazi system to be lenient with a new man. That was good psychology. It was the spider, in polite, pleasant tones, inviting the fly into his parlour, hoping this demeanour would be disarming and that, in some cases, it might lead the fly to believe the long-legged creature not so bad after all. If the Nazis were able to make you like them at first, you were less likely to be critical, less alert in seeking out ugly truths and less anxious to report them.

Mr. Flannery did not walk into the spider's parlor. Since he is a Catholic, he was especially interested to learn how religion had fared under Hitler's totalitarian rule. He soon concluded that the Nazis

considered the religious [the monks and the nuns] as unproductive parasites who did not contribute to the war effort, especially by bringing more children into the Reich. The Nazis, step by step, were trying to eliminate Christianity, which did not agree with the fundamental concept of Nazism that the State is supreme, even over God, and that the individual is of no consequence.

According to Mr. Flannery, the Germans were not enthusiastic about

the war, or about anything much since it had come.

He concluded that

they accepted it as a grim serious business for which they could offer no cheers except when inspired by one of their orator leaders or when commanded by cheer-leaders.

In the fall of 1941 Flannery was glad to return to the United States from a country in which the gangsters at the helm

demonstrated their complete lack of humanity, their inability to understand the finer sensibilities, their crude kinship with the worst racketeer elements the United States has ever experienced. The difference was that our gangsters ruled over the underworld in a section of a city, while those in Germany strode their swaggering way over the necks of a whole country and threatened to extend their territory over a continent and a world.

The Tragedy of France

DEADLINE: The Behind-the-Scenes Story of the Last Decade in France.

By Pierre Lazareff. Translated from the French by David Partridge. Random House, New York. 1942. 369 pages. \$3.00.

UNCENSORED FRANCE: An Eyewitness Account of France under the Occupation. By Roy P. Porter. The Dial Press, New York. 1942. 305 pages. \$2.75.

SHORTLY after the collapse of France in June, 1940, there was a deluge of books and articles in which observers undertook to tell why and how the Nazi juggernaut succeeded in ac-

complishing its fell purpose with such breath-taking swiftness. Many readers found it hard to believe all the revelations concerning incompetence, rotten politics, and downright treason in the Third Republic. It had been dinned into their ears time and again that the army of France was second to none in the whole wide world, that the Maginot Line was an impenetrable bulwark against invasion, and that the French fleet, working in conjunction with the mighty navy of Britain, could, and would, strangle Germany into starvation. A novel conception of the science of war was in the air before the Nazis struck. Defensive strategy, it was argued, would, in the end, carry the day without the wholesale shedding of the nation's blood. General Gamelin, hidebound and purblind, made a fetish of this theory while the far-seeing Charles de Gaulle, who had tried in vain to convince those in authority that France would perish if she did not awaken swiftly to the revolutionary importance of the internal-combustion engine in the warfare of today, kept pouring his words of wisdom and warning into rusty sieves.

Adolf Hitler and his fanatically ambitious henchmen were not asleep. They learned many an invaluable lesson from what de Gaulle had written. Assiduously and effectively they sowed the seeds of dissension in France. They did all in their power to strengthen the fatal Maginot Line complex in the minds of the French; they went to hitherto unheard-of lengths in forming and maintaining

a fifth column so efficient and so powerful that it greatly facilitated the task of the German armed forces when the *Führer* sent them on their mission of death, destruction, and *Lebensraum*.

This reviewer has read many of the books that tell why France fell so quickly and so completely into the iron clutches of the Nazis. In his opinion, Pierre Lazareff's *Deadline* overtops them all in thoroughness and analytical sharpness.

Uncensored France, by Roy P. Porter, who was correspondent for the Associated Press in the occupied portion of the defeated country, is by no means on a par either in style or in comprehensiveness with the volume written by M. Lazareff; but it is the first completely uncensored book to come out of that part of France which the Nazi *Wehrmacht* has been occupying at the expense of the French themselves ever since June, 1940.

IN BOTH volumes shifty and self-seeking Pierre Laval stands out as a traitor to his country. M. Lazareff reminds us that the swarthy-complexioned schemer with the white necktie and the tobacco-stained teeth advocated a separate peace with Germany during the first World War, amassed great wealth by devious means, wormed himself into positions of prominence and influence after the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles, consistently served the cause of Germany when Hitler had come into power, "openly favored the policy of sanctions by the League of Nations"

when Mussolini decided to rape Ethiopia, and, at the same time, "was secretly trying to arrange an Anglo-Italian *entente* which was later to be notorious as the Hoare-Laval plan." Now the crafty horse trader, who has mastered the fine art of playing both ends against the middle, is doing all in his power to help Germany win the war. He is actuated by selfishness pure and simple. In 1940 the utterly unscrupulous ward heeler told Mr. Porter that he hoped the Germans would smash the British "until they leave only a grease spot." Pierre Laval thinks primarily of Pierre Laval.

M. Lazareff reports that Marshal Pétain, whose

utopia was a sort of authoritarian republic, built around the Army, and ideologically based on: 1) education in the humanities; 2) corporatism; 3) accent on religion and on family,

told Anatole de Monzie in March, 1940, "I'll be called upon to head the Government some time about the month of May." In addition, the author, who was an important member of the staff of the *Paris-Soir*, mentions that in Vichy

there is a rumor to the effect that the Germans made certain promises to the Marshal while he was in Madrid; that they assured him that they would gladly adopt a generous attitude toward France in the event that he, Pétain, became head of the French Government.

He continues:

Most cautiously, *pianissimo*, it is also being whispered these days that the venerable Marshal has begun to feel disappointed because the Germans are not living up to their solemn promises.

In answer to those who ask whether Pétain is a traitor or a patriot Mr. Porter declares:

Up to the present . . . it *appears* that he is a patriot. . . . Today he stands alone, as no other man in France, devoting the last remaining energy of the closing period of his life to the service of his country.

IT is certain, however, that neither in *Deadline* nor in *Uncensored France* do we find a completely satisfying solution of the curious Pétain-Laval enigma.

M. Lazareff deals at length with the venality which characterized by far the greater part of the French press, and he points out that the powerful Havas news agency was shot through with corruption. There are sharply limned character sketches of influential French statesmen and soldiers, particularly of Paul Reynaud and Edouard Daladier. Both men were shackled, more or less, to the whims of their mistresses; and M. Lazareff shows how banefully Hélène de Portes, who won for herself a firm foothold in the heart of M. Reynaud, influenced the thoughts and the acts of the man who recognized, and warned against, the menace of Hitlerism long before the Nazi serpent actually struck. It is probable that Reynaud, as head of the government, would have been much more courageous and far wiser in the last hours of the Third Republic if he had not been tied to the apron-strings of a woman who, for one reason or another, worked blindly and feverishly for appeasement. Reynaud failed his country in the end; and long before

the crushing defeat the much-discussed Daladier, whom some had chosen to call "the Bull of Vaucluse," had proved to be "the cow named Vacillation."

Deadline overflows with information concerning the sinister forces that hurled a large nation swiftly and inexorably into the degradation of the slavery which Mr. Porter describes in *Uncensored France*. You will read about the Stavisky scandal; about the machinations of Hitler's agent, Otto Abetz; about the *Führer's* social brigade in France; about crimes and intrigues. Concerning the Third Reich's fifth column M. Lazareff writes as follows:

First, there were the spies, whose duty it was to acquire information concerning the country's military and industrial establishments, and who reported directly to Goering's headquarters. Second, there were the propaganda agents, under Dr. Goebbels. Then, third, there were the agents under von Ribbentrop, whose function it was to create discontent and unrest in the country to which they were assigned. Finally, there were the Gestapo agents, under Himmler, whose primary function consisted in watching all other agents. Not only did these four branches operate independently, but the individual agents did not, as a rule, even know one another.

M. Lazareff does not hesitate to say that

the financial oligarchies—in London as well as in Paris—unsparingly supported the policy of surrender to Hitler.

Uncensored France tells the story of what has happened to occupied France since June, 1940. Mr. Porter asserts:

French government officials and German military authorities admit that official collaboration is dormant, at least for the moment. What they will not admit is that at least 90 per cent of the French population is continuing its resistance to German pressure in both zones—

continuing its resistance, one may add, in spite of the fact that the German administration in the occupied portion of France is probably

one of the highest class organizations of cutthroats and double-crossers to be found anywhere.

M. Lazareff writes with uncommon deftness; Mr. Porter's pen lacks smoothness and agility.

Good Story

THE ROCK AND THE WIND. By Vivien R. Bretherton. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1942. 618 pages. \$2.75.

THE author's purpose in this, her first novel, is "to produce a word-picture of the activities of the early days of the vigorous and colorful West." The story opens, however, on the rocky, windswept coast of Cornwall, near the ruins of King Arthur's famous Keep. Here stands Pengenna House, a massive Elizabethan mansion, which for centuries has been the home of the Tresellians. It is the year 1860. Edward Tresellian is about to leave for America with his family. As a "dark Tresellian," he is restless, mercurial, forever looking for new horizons, and he can no longer stand the narrow confines of his ancestral home.

Little Trudy, who is also a dark Tresellian, arrives in America with her parents, sisters, and brothers. They travel out to the Kansas Territory and build a home in the little frontier settlement of Lawrence. There they pass through the terrors of Quantrill's Raid and the disorders that follow the Civil War. The years go by, and the community grows and prospers. When Trudy is eighteen, however, the impulsive "dark Tresellian" blood in her asserts itself, and she elopes with Breck Farridon, a young Southerner.

Breck, being an engineer, is anxious to have a hand in the railroad building which must soon take place in the Pacific Northwest. He, accordingly, makes his home at Portland, Oregon, with his young bride. They take root there and share in the development of the region. For years their life is deeply influenced by the bitter struggle of conflicting groups for the control of the railroads that are to link the Northwest to the other parts of the country. Children are born to them and grow up. Success and failure, joy and sorrow are woven into the fabric of their lives. Breck has certain weaknesses of character which cause his wife untold anguish, but as the need arises she finds in herself the strength to bear her troubles and to carry on.

There are really two motifs developing in the story side by side. The one is psychological: the working-out of a dualism—of impulsiveness and stability—in the nature of Trudy Tresellian. Hence the name of the novel. "Perhaps, for all of us, there

are two Fates possible. One that is like the wind—changeable and varying. And one like this rock—secure, stable, fastened to realities." Impulse plays a large part in Trudy's early life, but gradually, under the stress of circumstances and in the face of responsibility, she develops steadiness and firmness. The other motif is the one mentioned at the beginning of this review: the colorful story of the development of the West, with its overtones of struggle and hardship, of courage and tenacity.

The book is well written, true to life, and sustains the reader's interest throughout. Passages dealing with immorality avoid being salacious. There are religious touches here and there, but a fuller use of religious motivation—to which the story would have well lent itself—would have placed it on a higher level.

Tobacco Country

DRIVIN' WOMAN. By Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1942. 652 pages. \$2.75.

FOR the people of the South the period which immediately followed the close of the War Between the States was truly a tragic era. The southern states felt the full fury of war: their fields were laid waste, their homes and institutions were destroyed, and their people were embittered and impoverished. Odious, unprincipled scavengers—"carpet-baggers"—came flocking down from the North to prey on the misery of the vanquished, and in Washington

shortsighted politicians clamored for vengeance. Thoughtful citizens, both in the North and in the South, trembled for the ultimate fate of the Union. Could the wounds inflicted by four years of bloodshed ever be healed? Could those who had put their faith in the Confederacy ever again wholeheartedly espouse the cause of the Federal Government: to form with the northern states one nation, strong, firm, and indivisible?

It is comforting to look back on this crucial period in the life of our nation and to see that the spirit which gave form and impetus to the young American republic could, and did, weather the storm of civil war and its dark aftermath. Then who will dare say that we cannot stand against a foreign foe in the present crisis?

Drivin' Woman not only vividly and colorfully depicts the early post-war period, it also presents a graphic review of the growth and the development of the American tobacco industry. The story of lovely America Moncure is inextricably interwoven with the story of tobacco. It begins in 1865, when Southern planters traded in the hogshead markets; it ends in 1911, when, by a decision of the United States Supreme Court, the giant Tobacco Trust was outlawed and ordered dissolved. Fifty years of intensive living are portrayed in *Drivin' Woman*. They carry a full complement of joy and despair, of success and failure, of love and hatred.

Although this is Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier's first published novel, the

author is, nevertheless, an experienced writer. While engaged in publicity work for the American Red Cross she wrote *The American Red Cross: Its Origin, Purpose, and Service* and *The Official History of the Red Cross Nursing Service*. Mrs. Chevalier is well known in Hollywood, where she worked with other writers in the preparation of motion-picture scenarios and in writing and directing scenic films. From 1929 until her marriage, in 1936, the author lived on a farm in Kentucky. It was during these years that she gathered material for *Drivin' Woman*.

Scholarly Work

HOW TO READ A PAGE. By I. A. Richards. W. W. Norton & Company, New York. 1942. 246 pages. \$2.50.

WHEN we discussed Stuart Chase's rather feeble attempt at dealing with semantics in his *Tyranny of Words* (CRESSET, May, 1938, pp. 51 ff.), we took occasion to tell of the trouble we once ran into when we tried to understand *The Meaning of Meaning*, by Ogden and Richards. That is one of the most scholarly books on semantics. Well, the Richards who was co-author with Ogden is the Richards who wrote this present book, and he is still as much interested in semantics as ever.

Semantics is, of course, the study of the meaning of symbols, especially of verbal symbols, or words. It is a topic that is receiving a goodly share of attention just now, but it remains full of knotty problems at best, and

those who venture into the field often do not agree with each other. Mortimer Adler, some time ago, wrote on *How to Read a Book*. His effort failed miserably of winning Richards' approval, and so Richards now offers his opinion on *How to Read a Page*.

What really takes place in our minds when we read? How do we arrive at an understanding of a passage which at first refuses to give up its meaning? What difficulties stand in our way in such a case, and how can we best overcome them? Such are the problems which Richards considers, but in his discussion he does not offer a set of ready-made explanations and directions. "There are," he says, "no rules of thumb in this game of interpretation. There are only certain master rules and a technique for becoming wiser through experience." So, instead of giving rules, he tries to help us to "look as closely as we can into our own minds as we read and form as live a conception as we may of the sort of experience with words in sentences which makes better readers."

To carry out this purpose of his, Richards presents a number of passages, most of them difficult — some very much so — and assists the reader in tracing the processes through which he seeks, and gains, an understanding. In addition, the passages themselves discuss questions which concern the fundamentals of intelligent reading. It becomes evident that much of the difficulty which one meets in one's reading is due to the ambiguity of words, and especially of words which are in frequent use and

have therefore acquired a variety of meanings. An analysis is made of the shifts and changes which words undergo, a list of key words is offered, and several groups of the most important words in the language are carefully studied in the variety of their uses.

The book is a careful and scholarly piece of work, but it will yield satisfaction only to one who is willing to apply to it the very lessons which it teaches. One will, for instance, have to proceed according to the dictum: "Anything that is worth *studying* should be read *as slowly* as it will let you, and read again and again till you have it by heart." After all, the author holds that

it is the hard sentences and paragraphs which can do us good, as readers; our mental gums need strengthening. But the hardness must be of the right sort. The hounds of thought can chew bones with profit, but not rocks.

Richards, indeed, furnishes bones, hard bones, but one who is sufficiently interested in the subject to crack them will find them full of rich marrow.

The Far East

RAMPARTS OF THE PACIFIC. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday, Doran & Company, New York. 1942. 332 pages. \$3.50.

A PART from absorbing a chapter or two of seventh-grade geography and an occasional missionary's report, the vast majority of Americans were barely conscious before December 7 of the myriad of islands, the civiliza-

tion, and the strong dependence on the Americas of the South Pacific peoples. MacArthur, recurring naval engagements, sickening news of fall after fall of anti-Axis outposts, and bushels of mail from sons and brothers, now "task force" soldiers in Australia, have changed all that.

Not only did Hallett Abend have an urge to put together a book on this gigantic, unknown new front, he boasted a background of fourteen years in China as *New York Times* correspondent and harbored an unbending conviction that war with Japan was inevitable and soon. Thus fired, he set out on a sixty-four-day survey trip of the ABCD powers, the "Ramparts of the Pacific"—a journey that covered 38,000 air miles and 2,000 by sea. He checked back into New York exactly one month before the Japanese Pearl Harbor perfidy. Back with him came the material for this excellent, if dated, survey of Hawaii, the Philippines, Singapore, Malaya, China, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, in addition to the general impression that, although there was no minimum of courage and determination, the preparedness to make certain the defeat of any new Japanese move was lacking.

There is neither the gossipy character delineation of a Gunther nor the glib prescience of a *Berlin Diary* in this book; but Abend has the conscious responsibility of a *Times* man, which is as it should be. He is, for instance, not above making a gentle conjecture about the current national hero and wonders whether the fall of

Manila was not hastened by overconfidence and "because General MacArthur thought his forces were strong enough to repel any attempt at invasion which Japan was strong enough to make."

He mentions clipping into Honolulu and being spotted by American pursuit ships while still miles far from the mainland. He is loath to comprehend the goings on of December 7 and cannot understand that the alarm was not sounded on that day until Japanese planes roared in over Diamond Head. Everywhere he found increasing awareness of the imminency of the Japanese attack, but little to compensate for it. The final and most revealing portion of his book is confined to the Japanese and their enigmatic character. The figures on Jap plane production are significant, Abend asserting that a steel and tool shortage will soon reduce plane output to the 1940 level of 1,800 bodies and 4,000 engines a year.

The people of the Pacific and "their faith in the United States are of more value to us," he concludes, "than our ramparts at Corregidor."

Russia Today

ALL-OUT ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK. By Erskine Caldwell.

Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 1942. 230 pages. \$2.50.

THIS is a book out of war-time Russia by a famous American novelist who happened to be in that country with his wife when Hitler's forces began their march on Moscow. Its

chief value lies in its human-interest angles, since the author, like all other non-Russian writers and correspondents, had little opportunity to get a look behind the actual scenes of the great drama of the war on the Russian front. However, this observation is not intended to belittle the book. It is a real contribution to the vast volume of war-time literature that is coming off the presses. As a trained reporter, Mr. Caldwell has the knack of telling a good story. We feel the intensity of the events that are coming to pass, we sense the loyalty of the Russian people, we sympathize with their suspicions of all outlanders whose language they do not understand and whose reason for being in Russia they do not comprehend. We get a vivid panorama-picture of the vastness of Russia, the difference in the level of living standards, depending on location. Above all, we obtain an appreciation of the Russian as a brave and resourceful soldier. Much has been said, and more insinuated, by certain writers, from which one would infer that the Russian under communism is not a good soldier. The author gives a different picture. And it is not a discouraging one. Stalin has been able to achieve wonders with men and material. Certain features of the book struck this reviewer more favorably than others. These include his nightly peregrinations during the blackouts in Moscow. One could almost feel the total darkness; and to think of driving through it to be on time for his broadcast to America in a secondhand Plymouth, sometimes at the rate of forty-five

miles an hour, is enough to make one's hair stand on end. Anyone who would not laugh at the following two scenes that happened to the author in a blackout has no funny-bone. No. 1: The author is walking along in the dark, hands outstretched, when he notices that his feet grow heavier at every step. Finally, they become almost too heavy to lift. He dare not strike a match; so he stoops down to feel with his hands and finds that he has walked into a freshly laid slab of concrete. No. 2: The author is again walking in ditto, his hands ditto; suddenly he steps into vacancy and finds himself belabored by several individuals. A light is struck. He has walked into an open manhole in which two electricians were at work repairing the street wiring, which had been wrecked by a bomb explosion in that block.

A Remedy

SOCIAL GOALS AND ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS. By Frank D. Graham. Princeton University Press. 1942. 265 pages. \$3.00.

FRANK D. GRAHAM, in his new book, *Social Goals and Economic Institutions*, has given Americans who are interested in the preservation of free enterprise and our American way of life some very challenging and thought-provoking ideas to consider.

The author is at present professor of economics at Princeton University and vice-president of the American Economic Association; but these facts should not lead the average reader to conclude that the book was

written solely for the academician. Such is not the case. A very conscious and successful attempt has been made to develop each point slowly, carefully, and completely, so that the layman may understand and follow his thesis with a minimum of technical background.

THE main thesis of the book is a defense of capitalism and what it embodies in the way of individual freedom, power, and equality of opportunity. This defense does not include, however, a blanket endorsement of all those institutions and practices which have come to be associated with the term in everyday usage. Rather the author points out how many of our present day institutions and practices have robbed us of, or perverted, the social goals toward which we all have been striving. And, since these developments are leading toward undesired results for society as a whole, he attempts to give the reader a remedy which may be carried out within the framework of our present social order.

An example at this juncture may serve to illustrate the above points, provided the author's expanded treatment of the topic may not suffer too materially from the necessary condensation for this review. The idea of capitalism denotes free competition and equality of opportunity, with the individual enjoying the fruits of his own labors; but, through the development of inheritance, equality of opportunity has to a great extent been destroyed. To quote the words of the author, "No matter how free

the competition, once the race is on, no equitable result can be obtained if the competitors have not all started from scratch." Therefore, in order that each may have free access to the resources of nature and the accumulated knowledge of the race, the author believes that the institution of inheritance needs a rather thorough overhauling so that dynasties of wealth will not be self-perpetuating from generation to generation. This does not mean that all inheritance should be abolished, but that it should be much more rigidly limited. Incidentally, the author points out in his suggested solution that our inheritance tax provisions have made a start in this direction.

In a similar manner other problems confronting society (such as unemployment, monetary difficulties, and big business, to mention only a few) come in for their share of attention and a well-integrated set of suggestions is presented so that the reader is left with the feeling that, after all, everything need not be thrown overboard, as those who challenge our way of life suggest. A new and revitalized attack on the problems before society by those who are really interested in preserving and maintaining the ideals of that society will bring results. These changes, of course, cannot be made overnight but must serve as the guiding markers for a long-range program of social change. In fact, for those readers who are imbued with present-day traditional ways some of Mr. Graham's suggestions may prove startling.

WILLARD N. ANDERSON.

Love and the War

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. By Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1942. \$2.50.

INTO the Henderson home, in the lovely Sussex countryside, come love and the war. *The Hour Before the Dawn* is probably meant to show how the typically English Henderson family adjusts itself to the social and economic changes caused by the war, but most of Mr. Maugham's readers will be more interested in his story than in his "message."

Most of the havoc in the Henderson household is caused by love rather than by the war. May, the childless and neglected daughter-in-law, falls in love with Dick, the Henderson estate agent, a fact which greatly surprises her busy and often distraught husband. Jim, the family's conscientious objector, marries Dora, an Austrian refugee. The reader is not surprised by these alliances, however, for he knows that a story-book wife cannot be expected to love a husband who leaves her for months at a time to serve his country. He realizes from the very beginning that Dora is up to no good.

Mr. Maugham is a great story-teller, and he tells this story easily and well. He is especially adept at creating and sustaining tension; and his narrative of the escape of Roger, a British colonel, from Flanders during the evacuation of Dunkerque is a masterpiece.

For the most part, however, this book falls far below the standard set for himself by the author in his pre-

vious works. Most of its characters are stodgy — perhaps because they are so very correct. Mr. Maugham has always been at his best when creating bad girls, and so it is not surprising that Dora is his most deftly drawn and most interesting character. She is despicable even in her sweet and girlish moments.

The reader will enjoy *The Hour Before the Dawn*, but he will soon forget it. And that is a strange thing to say about a novel by the man who wrote *Of Human Bondage*.

PATERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

Summer Reading

SPENLOVE IN ARCADY. By William McFee. Random House, New York. 1941. 468 pages. \$2.50.

Now and then one comes across a novel which contains enough pert romance, enough bland humor, and enough philosophic comment to make it an ideal book for a late-summer afternoon. Such a novel is *Spenlove in Arcady*, by an author who has hitherto devoted his talents to masculine stories of the sea.

The scene of the novel is the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, where plutocratic summer estates lie adjacent to small Yankee homesteads. The chief characters are Frederick Aspinwall Spenlove, Esq., late of His Majesty's Royal Naval Reserve (E division), and Mrs. Elliot Ducroy, second wife of the popular author of *Gentlemen Church* mystery serials. Yes, this is Chief Engineer Spenlove, who told *Captain Macedoine's*

Daughter (1920), *The Harbourmaster* (1931), and *The Beachcomber* (1935).

The plot consists of a series of changes in the sentiments of the Chief Engineer, who retired without ceremony, at age fifty-five, from his position with the Afro-Iberian Mail S. S. Company. On a small Connecticut farm he intended to invest the years of his "serene, careful old age" (Dry Dock) in meditation, in keeping a scrap log of thoughts and events, and in operating a motorboat of his own design.

His wealthy friend Mrs. Colwell said that since he had been married to his job he certainly now ought to marry a woman, but he thought that suggestion no solution to any of his problems. Though he instinctively felt the immense void made in his life by leaving the sea, he made up his mind he'd get along without letting his morals or his faculties erode.

And then his cat Tobermory was chased by the dog Hector, who belonged to thirteen-year-old Sonia. Sonia introduced him to her beautiful, enigmatic English mother, whose rich, plangent voice filled him suddenly with a strange passion for England. Spenlove found himself extraordinarily excited by Perdita Ducroy, and decided to himself that perhaps he wasn't on the shelf and out of circulation. When she told him that she intended to leave her husband, he listened to her story with more care than he had listened to the stories of tens of passengers.

So the Chief Engineer's plans for a life of contemplation were disturbed and he was face to face with

a problem he had never foreseen—he was in love with a woman who had reason to leave her husband. What was the answer to that problem? What was the correct attitude toward the husband?

There was time enough, he decided. He was not "breaking up a home" in the newspaper sense, nor was Elliot Ducroy a "wronged husband." The whole business had unfolded, as though it were a living organism, in the minds of the woman and himself.

Spenlove built his boat, became acquainted with the Yankees of the community, and occasionally had dinner with Perdita. At one time he decided he was more likely to rescue her from her troubles than to think of marriage.

Gradually the formidable barricades he had built up between himself and the world crumbled down. Perdita had broken the shell of immobilized emotions, and as she prepared to leave her husband, Spenlove knew that he had to be responsible for someone (because he had been responsible for a liner?), and he wished to be responsible for Perdita and Sonia.

He who had gone to observe life in Arcady became involved in a romance all his own.

Spenlove in Arcady is a mature version of "boy meets girl, boy wants girl, boy gets girl." The author prevents the story from becoming the too-familiar triangle by providing Perdita with cause for leaving her husband and by disposing of the husband by death rather than divorce.

The charm of the story lies in the characterizations of Spenlove and of Perdita, based on what they say and do not say; in the slow action; in the picture of a Connecticut community, based on characters which represent decadent-Yankee stock; and in the severely ironic treatment of the hack writers who "produce" for magazines and for Hollywood's scenarios. While the story abounds in Spenlove's cogent reflections, it is obvious that Mr. McFee had only two purposes—to make fun of hack writers and to provide the reader with entertainment.

The book will interest those persons who are pleased or amused by slow action and those admirers of Joseph Conrad, Richard Hughes, and William McFee who want to know what a ship's engineer thinks about when he leaves the sea.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

Forgotten World

BOOK OF BAYS. By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1942. 302 pages and 31 photographs. \$3.50.

IN a review of *Jungle Peace* (1918), Theodore Roosevelt wrote, "Nothing of this kind could have been done by the man who was only a good writer, only a trained scientific observer, or only an enterprising and adventurous traveler. Mr. Beebe is not merely one of these, but all three." Since that time William Beebe has been recognized as America's foremost zoological writer.

This reviewer remembers his deep joy, years ago, at discovering that a

scientist could write exquisite prose, when he chanced on the essay "The Attas at Home" from *Edge of the Jungle* (1921). Today Mr. Beebe (Donald Culross Peattie comes to mind, too) continues to provide examples of the fact that scientific information can be presented accurately and interestingly to the general public. (And of course all teachers of the humanities wonder how long it will take that scientific fact to impinge itself on the minds of the scientists as a group.)

The "Zaca" is a two-masted Diesel schooner, painted black, one hundred eighteen feet over all, with a gross tonnage of eighty-four. Templeton Crocker is her owner. The two aided and abetted an expedition of the New York Zoölogical Society in 1936, which was reported in *Zaca Venture*, and an expedition in 1937-38, which is the subject of *Book of Bays*.

For five months Mr. Crocker, Mr. Beebe, and the scientific personnel prowled along three thousand miles of Pacific coast from northern Mexico to Colombia. They learned that the coast "consists of forty or more bays, with extremes on the north of sheer desert, grading southward into typical tropical rain forest." Rarely they anchored off cities; they were interested in the homes, the food, the enemies, and the mates of certain wild creatures of sea and land.

The syllabus of the expedition's activities at each likely bay was something like this. They investigated the life of the beach and followed a trail inland without getting anywhere. Returning to the shore, they ex-

plored caves and tidepools. Neck-deep in water, some members of the party seined for fish; while others shuttled back and forth in motor-boats with trolling lines out. They lowered wire traps, temptingly baited. Mr. Beebe donned a diving helmet and walked thirty to forty feet below the surface of the water. They strove to learn what they could of every bay, and were as excited at observing the color of sleeping fish they knew best in daytime scales as at finding the island home of sea-lions.

In 1937 there were hundreds of virile sea-lions on the San Benito Islands. Of these animals Mr. Beebe writes:

Sea-lions have four real flippers—hands and feet become mittened paddles. Their ears are minute, their heads pointed, their very eyes flush—every inch is streamlined and sinuous to a degree which induces death from despair in designers of submarines and planes. No fish is safe from them and yet they are held in thrall by the land. The young sea-lions must be born ashore and there suckled from two to five months. . . . In spite of their dominant ocean life sea-lions can still walk, amble and gallop on dry land, although the latter gait is invariably towards the water, speed indicating prospective joy of submergence.

WHAT makes *Book of Bays* entertaining and readable is not the author's record of activities nor his description of certain wild creatures. It is his ability to simplify and his ability to look at a bird, a fish, or an insect from a new point of view. For instance, he looks at

birds of Rio Dulce as at fishermen.

At the mouth of the Rio Dulce two bombs dropped close alongside the boat.

They were duds as far as bombs were concerned, but in both cases a big, brown booby emerged with a shining fish in its beak.

A pair of great blue herons stood heel-deep (for herons) in muddy water. Patiently they waited; then one took four steps and stabbed. Little green herons discarded patience for pursuit, and crept along the low branches of mangroves looking for fish. Ibises probed the mud with their sensitive, curved forceps, and the roseate spoonbills sifted out fish and other mud-dwellers with sidewise swathes of their flat mandibles. The wood ibis or stork was the dumbest-looking and cleverest of all.

He stood in the shallows, reached out one great foot and with his toes carefully stirred up the mud and water, with beak poised ready to seize whatever attempted to escape.

Mr. Beebe's new findings are once more as fascinating as fairy tales. This is a good book, and in a day of world turmoil, a comforting book. One's only regret is that a half-dozen pages are wasted on a curious evolutionary theory. One neglects those pages, and one is somehow comforted by the thought that only five years ago a group of men were interested in observing God's creatures, in providing medical aid for the stricken cook of a tuna boat, and in amusing themselves by noting the habits of people in a Central American town.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.



A SURVEY OF BOOKS

ALCOHOL EXPLORED

By H. W. Haggard and E. M. Jellinek. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 1942. 297 pages. Illustrated with line drawings. \$2.75.

THIS book does not pluck the strings of the prohibitionists, neither does it sing the tunes of dyed-in-the-wool tipplers. It is a sane, scientific, and thoroughly dispassionate discussion of an important subject; it represents an honest attempt to arrive at a partial solution of a knotty problem. The chapter headings are: "The Alcohol Problem Defined," "What the World Drinks and How Much," "What Happens to Alcohol in the Body," "Alcohol and Behavior—Immediate Effects," "Inebriety," "The Bodily Diseases of Chronic Alcoholism," "Alcoholic Mental Diseases," and "The Outlook." The authors express the following convictions:

The conclusion that one must come to is that physiological and psychological research in the field of inebriety, after long and justifiable concentration on

isolated aspects of the problem, must at last be concentrated on the problem of origins of excessive drinking, whatever their forms. The greatest efficiency in prevention and treatment can be achieved only by the solution of this main problem—why some men become excessive drinkers and why some excessive drinkers become addicts.

H. W. Haggard is the director of the Laboratory of Applied Psychology, of Yale University, and the author of *Devils, Drugs and Doctors*. E. M. Jellinek, likewise of Yale University, is vice-chairman of the Scientific Committee of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol.

THE BOY FROM MAINE

By Katharine Brush. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1942. 340 pages. \$2.50.

IN THE last chapter of her delightfully entertaining biography, *This Is On Me*, published two years ago, Katharine Brush mournfully wrote,

The novel that is positively not going to be called *Master of Ceremonies*—not even if I have to call it simply *Novel No. 6*—is still stuck in the same old spot.

Somehow, some time—since the summer of 1940—Miss Brush has managed not only to get her story “unstuck” but to complete it and to give it a brand-new title. *The Boy From Maine* strikes a slightly more serious note than do the author's earlier novels; but it is, nevertheless, typically Katharine Brush. As always, Miss Brush is singularly successful in capturing the spirit of the times of which she writes. In telling the story of the meteoric rise of Hobey Hadley, the boy from Maine, she portrays the calm of the years preceding the first World War, the hectic gayety of the feverish 1920's, and the grim reality of the ominous 1930's, in which the crashing repercussions of the depression were succeeded by the foreboding rumblings that ushered in World War II.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXERCISE!

Rest Begins at Forty: By Peter J. Steincrohn, M.D. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1942. 207 pages. \$1.50.

IF YOU are over forty and in the clutches of the conviction that you must indulge in a regimen of regular, or almost regular, exercise in order to keep fit, you will do well to consider carefully what Dr. Steincrohn has to tell you. He believes that more men and women “ruin their lives by over-exercise than by underexercise” and that

any man who is engaged in a sedentary occupation has . . . a guarantee of extended existence—provided he does not augment his pace with sought-for un-

necessary exercise. The sedentary person who purposely engages in extracurricular exertion approaches more nearly that group whose work is strenuous. Usually he pays an exorbitant price for this indulgence.

The author is convinced that rest begins at forty and that calisthenics are a widespread affliction. Furthermore, he tells you what to do if you want to cast off excess poundage, speaks about the great danger of straining your heart, discusses man and his work and woman and her work, and, in speaking of the psychology of exercise, declares that the disciples of exercise are numerous for the reason that the need for it has been accepted, generation after generation, without cavil or protest.

His antidotes for exercise are good posture, sleep, vacations, and hobbies. Bear in mind, however, that he addresses his words of advice and warning to those who are forty or over forty.

Exercise for the growing will always be necessary. Nobody can doubt the need for it to make strong bodies. But past the age of forty it is one of the unessentials of life; it is outdated—like mustache cups, blacksmiths, or barber-surgeons.

THE SUN DIAL

By Richard Austin Smith. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1942. 264 pages. \$2.50.

THIS first novel tells the story of a New England sailor, Soren. While the opening part is in Maine, the greater part of the tale is set in many parts of the world. The first

section tells the story of the marriage of Soren and Suzanne and their home on Heron Island, Maine. Suzanne is tragically killed. Thereafter Soren roams the seven seas trying to find peace. The end of the novel is particularly exciting. Finding himself on destroyer 252, Soren discovers that the ship is being used as a bomb target for airplanes. What happens then must not be told. Aply constructed and well-written, *The Sun Dial* is a good first novel.

GEOPOLITICS: THE STRUGGLE FOR SPACE AND POWER

By Robert Strausz-Hupé. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 274 pages. \$2.75.

MAJOR GENERAL DR. KARL HAUSHOFER, who is addicted heart, soul, and pen to the ideology of the Nazis, is at once the fanatical oracle and the prolix prophet of geopolitics as studied and applied in the Third Reich; Adolf Hitler is the dynamic champion of the global scheme of politico-geographical strategy upon which the German High Command has staked the fate of the world. Geopolitics, as defined by the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik (Journal of Geopolitics)*, is

the science of the earth relationships of political processes. It is based on the broad foundations of geography, especially on political geography, which is the science of the political organisms in space and their structure. Moreover, geopolitics sets out to furnish the tools for political action and the directives for

political life as a whole. Thus, geopolitics becomes an art, namely, the art of guiding practical politics. Geopolitics is the geographic conscience of the state.

Robert Strausz-Hupé, author of *Axis America*, submits the pseudo-science and pseudoart of Nazi *Geopolitik* to a searching analysis. He concludes that it "is as unprincipled and as cynical as Nazi leadership" and that

what makes the pathology of Nazi thinking such a dire threat to the world is the fact that so much keen intelligence has been made to serve such barbaric ends.

OUT ON ANY LIMB

By John Myers Myers. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1942. 401 pages. \$2.50.

THE time of the novel is the gusty Tera of Queen Elizabeth. Told by Master Applegarth, a young university graduate, the story is an account of the hatred and civil war between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. Sir Chidioc Sangrel, a queer combination of plotter and poet, is one of the chief characters. One of the interesting sections of the novel is the account of Goose Fair, the underworld of Elizabethan England. On the whole, the novel does not ring true. One gets the impression that all the Elizabethans did was skull-cracking and ale-drinking. In addition, the author's taste for lustiness runs away with him. Those who enjoy historical novels might like this one,

M A G A Z I N E S

Each month THE CRESSET presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers

Fortune

A FAITH FOR HISTORY'S GREATEST CRISIS

By Reinhold Niebuhr

The problem in every great historical crisis is to find a philosophy of life sufficiently profound to be able to transcend both the political and moral confusion of the times and to give a vantage point from which the errors that have brought on the crisis can be corrected. Our modern culture has no perspective from which it can view the present situation and plan a better world. The reason is that our culture, following in the footsteps of the Renaissance, has too great an optimism about the goodness of human nature and the adequacy of human reason as a guarantor of social peace and justice. But no matter how much men would like to believe that they have the power within themselves to complete their lives and their history—that is exactly what all men lack. All historic achievements are, and ever will be, limited and preca-

rious because human egoism cannot be eliminated from history. What our age needs is more of the "tragic sense of life," more of the pessimism regarding man and his history that was characteristic of the Reformation. This is to be found in the teachings of the Christian religion, which regards history as indeed meaningful but as having no fulfilment of its meaning within itself because it can be understood only in relation to a God who exercises both judgment and mercy. Without such a faith as this, able to transcend the catastrophes of history, men have nothing to keep them from being driven to despair in great crises.

FORTUNE SURVEY

The questions in this survey undertake to determine chiefly the expectations of our people with regard to the postwar years. The questions, "As a result of this war, do you think the U. S. will be more powerful, less powerful, or have about the same amount of power as before the war?" brought the following replies: more,

72.6 per cent; same, 16.8; less, 3.9; don't know, 6.7. The same question, asked regarding other nations, gave this distribution of replies: Russia, 57.3; 16.7; 7.1; 18.9.—China, 54.8; 21.4; 8.1; 15.7.—Britain, 25.3; 27.9; 1.234.0; 12.8.—As to the kind of life Americans will be leading five years after the war is over, 41.5 per cent believe it will be better than before the war, 26.2 expect it to be the same, 23.4 think it will be worse, and 8.9 don't know.—The following percentages are in favor of having the government, after the war, provide these things through taxation: medical care for everyone who needs it, 74.3; an old-age pension for every citizen over sixty-five, 73.8; jobs for everyone who is able and willing to work but cannot get a job in private employment, 67.7; compensation for everyone unable to work until he can find work, 57.8.

Harper's

SKY TRUCKS COMING

By *William M. Sheehan*

"The airplane, used as a load carrier on a large scale, is a most potent and precious weapon; we must at once begin building a large fleet of the type of aircraft suited to carrying armies and their equipment; and we must also plan intensively for its most effective use." The author bases this conclusion upon the experiences which our present war has brought and also upon the tasks that confront us in winning it.

He proposes the following plan for the creation immediately of a powerful sky-truck auxiliary for our air forces: 1) Set a definite production goal, for which 15,000 is suggested; 2) Establish a top priority rating; 3) Standardize and freeze a few suitable designs; 4) Put manufacturers in the charge of a production tsar.

HOW LATIN AMERICANS DIE

By *Charles Morrow Wilson*

Of the roughly 120 million people in Latin America it is safe to assume that 50 million are sick. The author presents an interesting study of the health of our Latin American neighbors, the principal causes of death compared with those in the United States, and the public health agencies at work there. He concludes that hemisphere solidarity cannot be built on a sick man's society. "Today it is our job to help Latin American nations protect themselves against the aggression of disease."

THAT POST-WAR FEDERAL DEBT

By *John T. Flynn*

In this discussion John Flynn evaluates critically the theory of those social and economic reformers who hold that the government can and must continue to borrow on a limitless scale.

The author is not thinking of the borrowing which is essential and inevitable for our war effort, but rather of the school of thought which envisions limitless borrowing as permanently necessary and beneficial. If this policy becomes

dominant, it will put an end to private ownership working for private profit. It is this prospect which makes the author consider the cure of limitless spending worse than the economic diseases which it is seeking to eliminate.

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THE CRESSET

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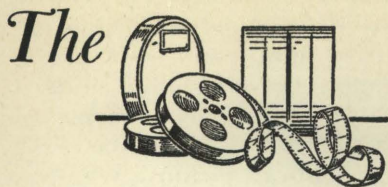
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The Motion Picture

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

The conversion of a peace-minded nation to a full-time, all-inclusive war program is a staggering task—a task to be accomplished not by haphazard leaps and bounds but by thoughtful, carefully considered steps. Loyal citizens are willing to co-operate wholeheartedly and unstintingly with every government demand and regulation. They *want* to serve, and they *will* serve; but, in order that their efforts may be fully effective, men and women everywhere must know *where* to help, *how* to help, and *why* their help is necessary. To give us the answers to these questions the government has recruited the tremendous resources of the motion picture industry. About three months ago Lowell Mellett, Coordinator of U. S. Government Films, and the heads of several major studios worked out a plan for the production and the distribution of twenty-six war-information films. These pictures are to deal with military strategy, geopol-

itics, the work of our vital war industries, the building of our armed forces, civilian and military morale, and with the wartime problems of the merchant, the farmer, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker.

For more than a year the Walt Disney Studios have been busy with government projects. Today more than 80 per cent of the current studio output has been commissioned by the Army and the Navy. Films are made on a cost-only basis, with no profit to the producer.

More recently the Film Conservation Committee has requested the industry as a whole to cut down its use of raw film stock at least 50 per cent in order that valuable materials essential to the manufacture of guncotton may be diverted to the war effort. Experts have estimated that the suggested saving in raw film stock would release 10,000,000 pounds of guncotton for war use.

Before we are tempted to be-

wail the proposed decrease in film production here at home, let us consider the plight of the Chinese motion picture industry. Production delays and lack of supplies have reduced the annual output of Chinese pictures to an average of twenty feature-length films and eighty short subjects. Raw film must be brought into China by the tortuous India-Sinkiang caravan-road or by air from Calcutta to Chinkiang. Since the fall of Hankow in 1938 the two major studios have been housed in crude underground workrooms and laboratories in Chungking. Here they carry on in extremely trying conditions. From May to November the city is under constant bombardment. Equipment has been repaired again and again, ingenious substitutes have been devised for machines which could not be replaced, microphone booms are now made of bamboo poles, and rickshaw wheels have been converted into circular drums for the drying of films. The Chinese Motion Picture Corporation is under the direct control of the Military Affairs Commission of the Chinese National Government. The Central Motion Picture Studio is operated by the Ministry of Education, and the Northwest Picture Corporation is in charge of the production of regional documentaries. There are in all China only seventy-six

theatres still in existence; but the government-supervised films are carried into every part of the country by ten mobile units to enable even the most remote villages to keep abreast of the changing political picture. Who can say how much these films have aided in arousing and strengthening the invincible spirit of China?

Britain, too, has been drawing heavily on the vast resources of the motion-picture industry. In March of this year the government took over the luxurious Pinewood Studios. Dressing-rooms have been converted into barracks and recreation rooms for the members of the W.A.A.F., the A.T.S., the air force, and the army. Upon the Joint Services Film Studio, as it is now known, falls the heavy responsibility of making pictures which tell Britain and the world just what Britishers are doing, thinking, and saying. All the films under production at Pinewood are strictly factual. Only occasionally are professional actors employed. The military and air-force personnel engaged at the studios are veterans who have seen active service. They are paid at service rates; civilian workers receive civil service or trade-union pay.

In Russia film studios are operating on a twenty-four-hour schedule. Actors, writers, directors, and technicians work in three

shifts. Technical shorts, documentaries, fictionized newsreels, and morale features are turned out with speed and precision. By means of portable projectors these pictures are shown to soldiers on a 1,500-mile front, to guerrillas in the forest clearings, to farmers in the fields, to workers in the factories, to civilians in the subway, and in all air-raid shelters. Before the war these mobile units were used by the U.S.S.R. to bring educational and propaganda films to the scattered villages of Russia; today they are set up in the courtyards of city dwellings, in public buildings, in parks, and on street corners. An ingeniously designed projector has been invented for use during blackouts: the light from this projector is visible only from the ground.

How can the movie industry conserve its raw film stock? One way would be to omit the ridiculously exaggerated and utterly misleading "trailers" which announce coming attractions. Another saving would be brought about by the elimination of screen credits. The most direct and effective way would be a cut in production schedules. Fewer pictures—and, we hope, better pictures.

Some of the films on my list for this issue of *THE CRESSET*, like the people on the list of *Ko-Ko*, the *Lord High Executioner*, "really wouldn't be missed" if they were

summarily relegated to oblivion. At the top I'd place *Twin Beds* (United Artists, directed by Tim Whelan). Surely this abortive attempt at comedy is an inexcusable waste of a valuable commodity. Next would come *Bedtime Story* (Columbia, Alexander Hall), which is not only silly but also poor propaganda for the dignity and the sanctity of marriage and the home. Third place would go to *King's Row* (Warner Bros.). Here we have a dreary and depressing recital of human ills and human misery. Henry Bellamann's morbid novel has been brought to the screen at a tremendous cost. To what end?

The Bugle Sounds (M-G-M, S. Sylvan Simon) is a typical Wallace Beery picture. This curious mixture of comedy, melodrama, and hard liquor doesn't rate an impressive United States Army background.

Bashful Bachelor, Lum and Abner's picturization of the sleepy little town of Pine Ridge, is completely innocuous—and extremely boring. Somehow the backwoodsy chatter which is entertaining radio fare loses its punch and flavor on the screen.

Shall we add *The Male Animal* (RKO Radio, Malcolm St. Clair) to the list of the condemned? Unquestionably, this picture was meant to break a lance for freedom of speech and freedom of the

press. Unfortunately, it misses fire rather badly. Some of the sequences are most amusing, and the characterizations are well taken; but the film makes one ask, "What price education?"

My Gal Sal (20th Century-Fox, Irving Cummings) pays tribute to the memory and the music of song-writer Paul Dresser. The story for the picture was written by Mr. Dresser's famous brother, Theodore Dreiser. Colorful costuming, bright and tuneful melodies, and a skilfully made Gay Nineties background make *My Gal Sal* a better-than-average musical production. One might reasonably take exception to some of the gowns worn in the picture. Rita Hayworth, especially, could do with a dickey. And I don't mean "bird"!

Hollywood has become spy-conscious. *Rio Rita* (M-G-M, S. Sylvan Simon), *Ship Ahoy* (M-G-M, Edward Buzzell), and *My Favorite Blonde* (Paramount, Sydney Lan-

field) are all amusing and exciting clashes between the chased and the chasers. Radio's top-notch funny men—Abbott and Costello, Red Skelton, and Bob Hope—are more than a match for spies, traitors, and saboteurs.

Only two of this month's film offerings merit serious consideration. *This Gun for Hire* (Paramount, Frank Tuttle) is a brutal and sinister melodrama, distinguished only because of newcomer Alan Ladd's fine acting in the role of The Raven and because of Director Tuttle's well-timed, razoredged direction.

What can money buy for you? Peace? Happiness, Security? Contentment? *All That Money Can Buy* (RKO Radio, Wm. Dieterle), based on Stephen Vincent Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, clearly and forcefully reminds us of the oft-forgotten fact that money can never purchase the intangible treasures of the heart, the mind, and the spirit.



LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

Hansen on Pitch

Sir:

I am considerably puzzled by Mr. Hansen's disregard for accuracy of intonation. Would he enjoy a chorus which had achieved all twelve of his favorite goals for performance but sang out of tune?

He seems to me sadly to under-rate the importance of correctness in pitch. Rhythms are, in their refinements, man made; interpretation is subjective and individualistic; but pitch is a matter of physical laws and is therefore basic. Frequency ratios just can't be ignored. No matter how generous your intentions as a listener may be, you just don't forget how a perfect fifth should sound because the chorus happens to sing it out of tune.

Of course, it is easy for choruses to deviate from the correct pitch.

But is the fact that something is more easily and more frequently done wrong than right any excuse for joining the majority? To say "It's all right to be flat—most choirs are," is a good way to insure that your choir will be one of the flat ones, but not a good way to teach the choir to improve its intonation. The way to correct a fault is to work at it continually—not to condone it. If, instead of trying to overlook out-of-tuneness, listeners would try more diligently to detect it, they would be more apt to be accurate when they were the performers and someone else was having the pleasure (or pain) of listening.

The Met star concertizing in the Middle West who thinks he has reached the barbarian areas and, ergo, need not bother singing in tune, is a law unto himself and completely outside any consideration of the real merits of the issue.

One more thing—you don't have to have absolute pitch to know when intonation is accurate. A good sense of relative pitch is all that's necessary and the degree of differentiation is easily three or four vibrations per second as Mr. Hansen (in a from Missouri moment) can prove to himself by counting beats when a tuning fork of known frequency and another tone of approximately the same pitch are sounding simultaneously.

BERNICE ROGERS

Chicago, Illinois

OUR lead article this month is a clear presentation of the basic issues confronting the Christian in the present world crisis. Our esteemed associate, Dr. O. A. Geiseman, of Grace Church, River Forest, has given the subject much thought. As pastor of a large urban parish he is naturally face to face with the problem of adjusting the Christian mind and conscience to the issues of the world conflict. We are especially happy to present his courageous and hopeful outlook.



Our poets for the month are Roland Ryder-Smith, Jaroslav Vajda, and Doris Krudop.



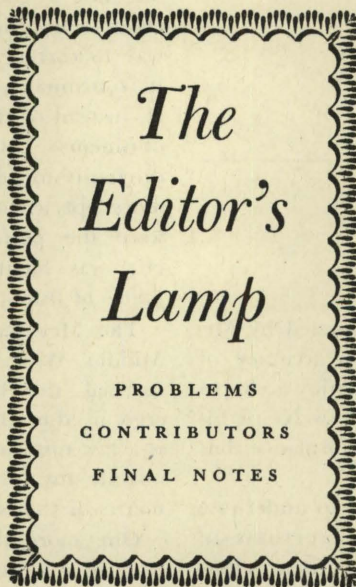
Our guest reviewers this month are Willard N. Anderson, Instructor in Business and Economics at Valparaiso University (*Social Goals and Economic Institutions*), Patterson McLean Friedrich (*The Hour Before the Dawn*) and Pal-

mer Czamanske (*Spemlove in Arcady* and *Book of Bays*).



During the coming months THE CRESSET will launch upon a more ambitious editorial program, covering especially the issues which will become acute in the period of reconstruction after the armistice. Thoughtful men and women agree that it will be one of the most difficult hours in the history of man. On the other hand, the bitter experiences of the past twenty-five years give us reason to hope that men will approach their common, though intricate,

problems with more sense and good will than we have been able to muster until now. THE CRESSET Associates know, of course, that Utopia is an idle dream. A better world than we have had during the past quarter century is, however, not beyond the range of possibility. If it be the will of God, it can come.



The _____
CRESSET
IN THE U. S. O.

THE periodicals for the U. S. O. center arrived shortly before church service time. To make sure the papers would be found on the reading shelves during the day when about 300 enlisted men will be present all the time, I sent my son to the U. S. O. with instructions to have them ready for service. On my visit to the building on Monday I missed the papers. Addressing the manager concerning them, he had this to say: "They are the first church papers to arrive in the Club. Naturally I looked them over—starting with THE CRESSET. When I started to read I said to myself, 'Boy, oh boy, that's great. The best I have ever seen; you must read it to the finish,' and there they are on the counter. I'll finish reading tonight."

—REV. H. HEITFELD,
Lawton, Oklahoma.

