THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

- Blessed Are the Eyes
  by M. L. Kretzmann

- Village with a Character
  by W. G. Polack

- Mother Cabrini and Mrs. Eddy

- Church Music

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THE CRESSET

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Three Writers and a Composer

In recent weeks two well-known figures in the world of letters have died, one prominent writer has celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and a composer who believes that music invariably upholds a political theory of one kind or another and that most masterpieces in the domain of tone have sought to buttress the rule of the upper classes has unburdened himself of his ninth symphony.

It is probably more rash than wise to venture predictions as to the future reputations of H. G. Wells, Gertrude Stein, George Bernard Shaw, and Dmitri Shostakovich; but it is fascinating to look into a crystal ball of one's own making in an effort to discover how their works are likely to fare in the years to come.

Wells was an able craftsman. He had a remarkable knack of making even dullness interesting; yet at times his talent left him in the lurch, and he ground out reams of writing as trite as it was jejune. He himself was something of a master in the art of prediction, and his ability to foretell long ago much about the type of warfare which at that time lay in the future gained for him a standing in the literary world and elsewhere almost as great as the prestige which he won by reason of the fine quality of much of his workmanship. His Outline of History, it is safe to say, won for him much more fame than his autobiography and some of his novels. It is a fame which still runs its merry course; but it is a flimsy fame—a fame based on a widespread but
utterly treacherous belief that the reading of an outline of the world’s history as presented by Wells or any other artist or near-artist can be a short cut or a royal road to substantial knowledge. Our own little crystal ball may be as treacherous as Wells’ Outline of History; but it seems to show us that the reputation of Wells as a man of letters will dwindle with the passing of the years.

It is far easier and much less risky to indulge in a prediction as to the future stature of Miss Stein as a writer. Although no less a personage than the redoubtable Gertrude herself stated categorically that she used “pure, straight, grammatical English” and that everything she wrote meant exactly what it said, the world at large—both the intellectuals and the non-intellectuals—will continue to regard her as a queer apostle of gibberish. Some, it is true, may persist in believing that she was far ahead of her time and that human beings will eventually be able to see that her jargon is sometimes fish, sometimes flesh, sometimes fowl, and by no means mere sensation-mongering folderol; but, the human brain being what it is, one is justified in assuming that many trillions of tons of water will flow over countless dams before such a calamity will befall mankind. Gertrude stands condemned as a princess of the blood among those who have mouthed sheer nonsense into the ears of the world.

Mr. Shaw, the nonagenarian, has, one suspects, always been entranced by the sound of his own voice. He has consistently taken delight in shocking his fellow-creatures by spouting his startling and brutally frank opinions. Still, the expansive Irishman, with all his passion for the limelight, has—so our crystal ball forces us to see in retrospect—revealed a far keener insight into much of the strength and many of the weaknesses of human nature than Mr. Wells has shown. His pen has the sharpness and the resiliency of a Toledo blade; his craftsmanship is of the highest order. Shaw has made more than one lasting contribution to English letters. One ventures to predict that his fame will greatly outstrip that of Wells.

Comrade Shostakovich continues to grope. His ninth symphony shows less promise than his first. It reminds one of a basket stuffed with assorted samples of spoiled groceries. The young man has ability. It came to the fore with striking effectiveness in his Fifth and in parts of his Eighth. Why does he hop from pillar to post? If he tried to fashion his Ninth into a work which might bid fair to rival Prokofieff’s delightful Classical Symphony, he has suffered a fall almost as serious in its
consequences as that of the lamented Humpty Dumpty. Yes, Shostakovich sat on a none-too-substantial wall; but he kept two eyes on Stalin and only a fraction of an eye on the structure which was supporting him.

In All Fairness

It is so nowadays that one can hardly say anything publicly that is not complimentary to the Jews without being greeted with the cry of anti-Semitism. We believe this to be an unhealthy condition that will do this people no good in the end. Suppression of free criticism, by whatever means effected, leads to undesirable results. The Cresset has raised its voice time and again, in no uncertain terms, against the persecution of Jews and has, as a result, received letters of appreciation from a number of them. But one who believes in fair and equal treatment for all groups and who defends that principle is bound by the same principle to protest against any group, or any sizable portion of a group, that lays claim to preferential treatment for itself. It seems to us that among Jews the opinion is quite general at the present time that in certain respects they, or certain of their fellow-Jews, are above the laws that apply to others and can write their own ticket. It is so in Palestine, where assassinations and dastardly outrages like the blowing up of the King David Hotel have been going on. Shiploads upon shiploads of illegal immigrants have been arriving there, financed, the British government says, by American Jews. Tens of thousands of Jews are swarming into the American zone in Europe, in an organized movement to let American taxpayers support them. Many are entering this country illegally. Pressure groups, chiefly from New York, are haunting Washington, trying by every means to make our government serve their particular interests here and abroad. It was refreshing to have President Truman become impatient with one such group and to tell it curtly that he was as much concerned with the displaced persons of one nationality as with those of any other. That agrees with our principle: equal rights for Jews—no less, but also no more.

College for All?

Colleges and universities are filled to overflowing—and even beyond that point. Higher education is being sought as never before. What will that mean in years to come? If the excess of those who are going to college
now as compared with normal times were in the main concerned with familiarizing themselves with the cultural heritage of mankind so as to be able to lead richer and fuller lives in whatever occupations they would otherwise have chosen, there would be no problem. But almost all of them wish to prepare themselves for a limited number of professions and services. And that poses a problem indeed. Will the community be able to absorb them? Is there room for more than a fraction of those who are studying, in the occupations that are in question, even when all possible expansion has taken place in those fields? And if many are left standing in the market place, will that not lead to frustration with its undesirable personal and social consequences? On the other hand, the trades go begging (though that term seems somehow out of place). Painters in Chicago receive $175 a week, and there is an acute scarcity of them at that. Apprentices are almost non-existent. Similar conditions prevail in other lines. Who will eventually build our houses and make repairs if everybody and his brother want to become engineers, lawyers, business executives, and doctors? And who will clean our streets and haul our garbage? Perhaps the time is near when colleges will find it necessary to offer degrees in viatic engineering (for streetsweepers) and in civic sanitation (for garbage collectors), so that society may not suffer for lack of indispensable services.

The Girouard Case

In a brilliantly written and lucid opinion Justice Douglas, writing for the majority of the Supreme Court, reversed a traditional stand of that tribunal.

A certain James Louis Girouard, a Canadian-born resident of the United States, had applied for citizenship. When asked whether he would be willing to take up arms in the defense of this country, he replied in the negative and explained that his religious convictions (Seventh Day Adventist) prevented him from serving his country in any capacity other than that of a non-combatant.

In other cases in which the issue was identical with that of the Girouard Case (United States vs. Schwimmer, United States vs. McIntosh, United States vs. Bland) the Supreme Court had decided that only those answering yes to the question on bearing arms could be admitted to citizenship. Justice Douglas and the majority of his colleagues reasoned otherwise.

Mr. Douglas maintained that total war in its modern form
makes it unnecessary for every citizen to bear arms. Non-combatants, be they nuclear physicists, construction engineers, industrial workers, nurses, all make their contribution to the war effort.

The jurist also pointed out that Selective Service Acts have always recognized the religious scruples of citizens. He reasoned therefrom that Congress did not intend to require a higher allegiance of the alien desiring citizenship than of the citizen.

Citizens who have been disturbed by the decision of the Court in the Schwimmer, McIntosh, and Bland cases welcome the findings of the Supreme Court in the Girouard Case.

The Fifth Commandment

By using automobiles instead of the deadly weapons of war, the people of the United States killed more Americans during the war years than the combined forces of the Germans and Japanese eliminated in combat.

In 1941 the number of traffic deaths in the United States reached an all-time high of 37,000. The tire shortage and gas rationing reduced that number to 24,000 in 1944. VJ-Day with its concomitant relaxation of controls marked the beginning of the rise in the curve of traffic fatalities.

In August of 1945 the total number of traffic deaths rose 26 per cent beyond the figure for August of 1944, and in November of 1945 the figure topped that of the preceding November by 40 per cent.

Super-highways, clover-leaf intersections, mechanically-improved cars, and more stringent license requirements are not the final solutions to America’s problem of traffic fatalities. Every car driver must become aware of the moral issues involved in automobile driving. The moral consequences of reckless driving are apparent. Roe Fulkerson has well said:

When you are driving a car, you are in supreme command of the most deadly weapon now in common use. Handle that weapon as carefully as you handle a loaded gun or a charge of dynamite. It can do much more damage, not only to other people, but to your eternal peace of mind.

Machine Politics

In Athens, Tennessee, recently a small group determined to rid their community of the stranglehold which a political machine had gotten upon them. Their efforts at the polls nullified through dishonest manipulation, they resorted to force of arms to gain control and another bloody chapter in our political history was written.
They used an extreme measure to break the hold of a political machine, a measure so extreme we cannot visualize its use in Chicago where the Kelly-Nash machine is in power, or in Memphis, where the Crump machine is in control, or in Kansas City, where the Pendergast machine still holds sway, or in Jersey City, where Boss Hague rules.

In this election year we read much of candidates supported by “the machine,” and of others seeking office without such support or even actively opposed by it. It seems to us that a determined citizenry could in a very few election years break the corrupt hold which such a machine has on their community. It could be done simply by not voting for a machine-supported candidate, regardless of his personal qualifications.

Many a candidate, otherwise well equipped for the office he seeks, has accepted the support of the machine because he knows he cannot be elected without its support. He may personally decry its corruption, and he may hold himself aloof from its activities. But he accepts its support, puts himself in its debt, and thereby helps to perpetuate one of the festering sores of democratic political life.

There are enough common citizens, in no way beholden to the machine, who can decisively break the power of the machine in their community by emphatically rejecting any candidate currying its favor. A few good men may fall by the wayside the first couple of elections, but after that any man seeking office will know that machine support will assure his defeat, not his victory.

Church Music

In a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature Paul Henry Lang delivers an indictment on the condition of music in American churches. The article bears reprinting in theological journals. A few trenchant quotes will suffice here:

It is a most curious fact that in our vastly expanded musical life church music, once the greatest pillar of the art of music, has been relegated to the lowest regions. . . . Luther, a discriminating connoisseur, trained in the monastic tradition, knew, as Calvin and Knox did not, that the best sermon cannot fuse a congregation as can a good hymn. . . . There is no more living church music, for the serious composers have ceased to write for the services. . . . A more miserable, tawdry, tinsel-strewn collection than recent church music is hard to imagine. . . . The congregation
sings Victorian ditties or various secular songs equipped with religious texts. . . . The virtually endless store of profound, Biblical music of the German Protestant composers is largely ignored. . . . The education of church musicians is admittedly the poorest. . . . The average church musician's ignorance of the nature and role of his art in religious services is surpassed only by his pastor's unconcern. . . . All of them would do well to leave off preaching on foreign affairs and to study a bit of the order of service Bach conducted in St. Thomas's, or the procedure employed in the Sistine Chapel; it would surely lead to a more elevating religious experience than a game of bingo or a church supper.

The Newspaper in Politics

It will be generally agreed that a free press is an essential part of democratic government. It plays a very vital role in the political life of our country. In an election year such as this a good part of every edition is used to bring us reports of the activities of the candidates and summaries of their speeches. Many editorials are written in support of one candidate and in opposition to another. These reflect the personal political views of the publisher or the editor. Their influence is not to be discounted.

But is that all the newspapers can do to help the average citizen vote intelligently? It seems to us that something more could be done, not to help the Democrats or the Republicans, but to help elect the right man.

We should like to see in every newspaper a complete report on every candidate. We should like to see a résumé of his previous life and activities, his background, his religious affiliation. If he has held office before and is seeking reelection, we want a look at his record, plainly set before us without the benefit of comment from a Democratic or Republican editorial writer.

This has not been done by the newspapers generally. Lowell Mellett in his little guide to voters has included something of that nature. Its publication aroused such a furor among many Congressmen that there was talk of having it condemned and withdrawn. Perhaps a good many incumbents are afraid to have their record scrutinized. But their opposition is an indication that there must be something worthwhile in the idea. The newspapers of our country could do a real service for their readers by initiating such a program. And a great mass of our voters would be set on the road to intelligent voting.
Career Politicians

One Sunday evening we sat around the table for hours after the meal was over, held there by animated conversation. It was inevitable that politics also take its turn, and the term "career politicians" was mentioned and stuck in our mind.

"We have too many career politicians in our governments, local, state, and federal." We do have too many men who have made politics their career and their business. As some men are bankers, farmers, teachers, and so on, so there are politicians. They make their living by it, and seek not only a living, but a fortune. And that is true of as many men not holding public office, as it is of some elected or appointed to places of public trust.

That condition, of course, will arise wherever a people are too lazy or preoccupied to govern themselves. The banker, the farmer, the business man is so busy making money that he has no time or interest to serve a term or two in some public office. And so the business of government is turned over to those who make a business of it, the professional politicians. Consequently in this process, the essential elements of democratic government, operated in the interest of the people, individually and as a nation, are lost and obscured before the pressure of special interests and selfish individuals.

We should like to see no one elected to public office who has not previously succeeded in some other business and who, having held office, could not later return to another business outside of politics for his livelihood with reasonable hopes for success. How often we have seen a man defeated for public office, and so rejected by his constituency, immediately given an appointment to another political post! The electorate has shown its lack of confidence in his ability. But it is still made to endure his authority. We always suspect that many such would be a failure in any business that required personal initiative and so they must be taken care of at public expense. And other names are added to the growing roster of "career politicians."

Going Our Own Way

This is the most lasting impression we gained from the significant speech of James Byrnes, Secretary of State, broadcast from Stuttgart, Germany, on September 6. This speech means, if anything, that our country has now definitely abandoned appeasement of Russia and is forging ahead on its own on a new policy
toward Germany, a policy which rejects the preposterous Morgenthau plan and which promises to the German people restoration of industries, re-establishment of trade, and stabilization of the standard of living. We seem to have learned, after many painful experiences in foreign diplomacy, that the peace of Europe can not be maintained by application of the old Roman principle *divide et impera*! but that some kind of centralization of German power and cooperation of effort on the part of all German people is essential in a country where all speak the same language and have for more than half a century regarded themselves a united people.

It is too early to say how long it will take our country to carry into effect this new policy. Tremendous difficulties will have to be overcome, difficulties caused largely by the Germans themselves, but caused also by Russia, France, and Poland. But we have faith that under the wise and tactful leadership of Secretary Byrnes the gradual application of this new policy in Germany will vastly improve the unbelievably frightful situation which obtained in Germany since V-E Day. And unless that situation changes and Germany becomes once more united both economically and politically, it will be next to impos-

sible for Christian churches in Germany to organize into larger bodies and effectively do the important work of evangelizing the German youth and bringing spiritual hope and cheer into millions of sorrow-laden human hearts.

**The Age-Old Fight**

One of the depressing and grievous facts which must be squarely faced in today's battle for intellectual freedom is the rigid censorship Communists and fellow-travellers are constantly practicing in the various intellectual fields. George Orwell, witty English satirist and author of the noted modern parable, *Animal Farm*, writes that a generation ago intellectuals had to fight against the Conservatives. Today the extremely small Communist party in England exercises a tremendous influence in English intellectual life. The Conservatives have vanished. If a journalist or novelist were to expose or criticize certain weaknesses in the Communist way, such a writer would be immediately knifed. The label *Fascist* would be pinned on him without any further fuss.

In the United States there is danger that such a situation might also prevail unless a firm defense of intellectual freedom is undertaken at all times. *Human
Events tells the story of a New York book publisher whose staff of book readers were Communists or fellow-travellers. This staff made adverse reports repeatedly on perfectly eligible manuscripts which criticized and exposed Russian policies.

One of the cherished American rights has always been the right of intellectual freedom. The minute this freedom is denied or weakened, then ultimately all of American life will suffer. A vicious form of Fascism will have taken root in American soil. No matter how sympathetic one may be to Russian policy and attitude, the right to criticize such an attitude and policy should be recognized.

Last Words

Tell young people to have confidence in their parents. If I had stayed with my parents, I might not have gotten into trouble." These were the final words of William G. Heirens, youthful seventeen-year old murderer, before he entered Stateville penitentiary, near Joliet, beginning a series of three life and 28 other sentences designed to keep him in prison for the rest of his life.

Heirens failed to have confidence in his parents. He went his own way. He had not learned that the closest friends of a child are his parents, that they more than anyone else are in a position to understand, guide, direct, correct, and comfort. He apparently had not learned to take to heart such Biblical counseling as, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life" (Proverbs 6:20-23).

As the prison doors close on him, Heirens will have time to reflect. He will regret to have spent his young life as he did. He may be tormented by the last agonizing cries of the victims whom his murderous hand slew. But perhaps his greatest grief will be throughout the rest of his life the indescribable sorrow he brought his parents. There is a place for Father's Day. There is a place for Mother's Day. Yet how much happier life would be for a child if it made every day father's and mother's day, if it deeply cherished its parents as a priceless gift of God, and if it in earliest youth learned the meaning of "Thou shalt honor thy father and
I shall end this letter with the words of the ancient poet:

"Plead to thy mother that it may be well with thee and thou mayest live long on the earth."

What America?

It becomes more obvious that an increasing number of the American people are adopting the philosophy of "something for nothing and more pay for less work." This tendency, like a gradual cancer, seems to be eating its way into the fabric of American life.

Every American citizen of voting age would do well reading Felix Morley's article in the September issue of the Nation's Business. Morley sees the breakdown of individual responsibility as the grave danger which threatens our social structure. "To meet this condition," says he, "we turn to collectivism, and thus tragically stimulate the very disease we should be intelligently fighting."

We are raising a generation—or have raised it—which relies too much on the government's solution of its problems. State control of industry is desired regardless as to whether individual initiative is stifled thereby. Price control on the one hand and government subsidies on the other are expected to substitute and counteract the natural law of supply and demand. The development of the state into a welfare pattern naturally results in increased subjection to bureaucratic forms of government. The general acceptance of paternalism invites dictatorship by a socialistic state.

It cannot be denied that the abuses of individual rights have resulted in selfish disregard of the common welfare and thus made government interference necessary for the protection of society at large. Such control, however, should not be allowed to develop into a strangulation of the fundamental principles of a free society. When that stage is reached, society has lost the control of its controls. The development of the black markets in our day seems to be an alarming indication that we are approaching that stage.

A fundamental issue confronts the American people: shall we remain a free society or accept a form of nationalism in which the individual is merely the creature and puppet of the state; or, in other words, shall the state serve the individual or shall the individual be the servant of the state? The choice must be made.
Blessed Are the Eyes

[NOTE: The writer of this column left for India in October, 1939, shortly after the invasion of Poland. . . . For seven years he has lived in another world—the world of the Indian road, of quiet preaching and teaching, of constant nearness to the deep undercurrents of life in the strange and mysterious East. . . . Believing that his first impressions of America upon his return would be of interest to our readers, I have asked him to write a few preliminary observations for this issue of the Cresset. . . . In later contributions I hope to have him set down his impressions of America and the Church in greater detail. . . . It is good for us, now and then, to see ourselves as others see us. . . .

I am also printing a few of the verses written at morning and evening when the long Indian day paused for moments of meditation and peace. . . . Beyond their intrinsic value lies their significance as reflections of the simplicity and warmth with which all Christian missionaries must approach their difficult and magnificent task.—O.P.K.]

It is seven years now since the last lights of San Francisco grew dim over the widening water. October, 1939. Do you remember? Do you remember now, with the lights on again over your cities and the smell of autumn over your countryside, that autumn of doom and foreboding?

For us, whom you sent away to a far corner of the world to say that the Kingdom of Heaven is nigh, the seven years are like a sleep and an awakening. We saw you then and we see you now again and we do not know what has happened to you in the years. We have been proud of you, pleased when you woke from the sleep of indifference, proud when the noise of your strength echoed across the world and we held up our heads and said: "These are our people. We belong to them. Evil will be defeated and good will triumph. We are angry now because we have been hurt but when we have punished the evil-doer we will turn to the paths of
peace again. There will be a new world and you will be one of us.”

We did not lose faith in you. When Bataan fell we walked through the streets of our town proudly. When your might was mocked we only said, “Wait.” When the enemy struck a hundred miles from our little valley we only said, “Wait.”

And then our prayers for you began to change. We prayed no more that God would give you courage and strength. We prayed that he might make you humble, that when you stood astride the world in your might you would still be able to bow your head in gratitude and humility.

This seems now, looking back, to have been a poor contribution to the struggle of our people. When the lights of San Francisco came out of the fog after seven years we did not know what we could say to you who had fought while we stood by and watched and prayed for you. And then we found that there was nothing to say, no apologies to make, only the sound of remembered voices, the warmth of friendly hands. We were home again.

Can we make you see our land with the eyes with which we see it after seven years? We have come from a land whose misery and pain is centuries old, a land, which, like ours, was only bruised by the years of war, and not hurt mortally. The faces of the people are still in our eyes, the millions of faces asking us what America is like, and why she is what she is.

What is America like? We stared at the buildings, at the lights, at your faces, at the cars, at the hats of the women. And soon now we will write long letters and tell our friends of another color what you are like and what we have seen. What shall we say?

We shall say that America is rich, that the land is a good, green land, that the rivers flow with water and the mountains rise to the clouds, that the women are tall and beautiful, that the men are strong and handsome, that the great plains stretch across her bosom and bear well, that her
cities are clean and the air is sharp and clear, that man is free and walks with his head high, that we have been welcomed home and that the tears have come at the sight of loved ones.

We shall say that America is blessed among the nations of the world, that even her poverty is wealth by any other standard but her own, that her people have more of the good things of this life than any other, that life is good and warm and quick, that there is hope in a world in which an America can exist.

We shall say that the towers of her churches reach to the sky, that the bells ring over her cities and villages, that the pealing tones of the organs bring tears to our eyes, that the communion of saints is real.

And we shall say that America does not know this, that her eyes do not always see and measure her blessings, that the goodness of God lies all about her and His blessings shower upon her and she does not see.

And we must begin to see.

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**Lamps for Our Lord**

My Lord and I walk hand in hand
Across the dusty tired land
And where His feet have left their mark
Pools of sweet water, cool and dark
Refresh my feet. Before me lies
A desert, burning to the eyes.
My Lord has passed this way, I fear
No heat. He laid a garden here.

**The Cup**

My Lord, as thirsty lies the land
So, parched, my heart, from thine hand,
Yearned for a draught, all cool and deep,
To quench my thirst, to let me reap
The blessing of my fellowship.
I took the cup, held to the lip.
But thirstier than I one came.
I gave the cup, my Lord, thy name
Fell from his lips. As earth is drenched
By rain, my thirst, my Lord, was quenched.
October, 1946

Evening Sacrifice

Now quietly the evening falls.
Lamps flicker on the temple walls.
I lay my off'ring at His feet,
Here, where my Lord and I may meet.
Was this a day, a day to spend
To shape, to use to some great end?
My Lord, I dreamed at break of day
Of some large deed which I could lay
Here at your feet. I bow my head,
My only gift, a kind word said.

His Presence

I sought, my Lord, a better way
Into Thy presence, Here I lay
My burden down. To be at rest
Seemed of Thy gifts by far the best.
Thy eyes were sad and deep within
I saw the burden of man's sin.
And turning saw, my Lord, the load
Of all who walk on life's sad road.
I dared not feel that I alone
Could shun the cross and wear a crown
I left Thee then, and took my share
Of burdens, Lord, and found Thee there.

When Evening Comes

When evening comes my Lord and I
Walk by the roadside, neath a sky
Of crimson cloud. He tells me then
Of days gone by, when little men
Set up a cross and, day's work done
Turned homeward in a setting sun.
A good day's work, for now my Lord
With widespread arms and this one Word
"Your King" which came down from the tree
Walks down the road with men like me.
The Burden

This is the burden of my prayer:
I tried with all a lover's care
To keep my heart, but day and night
Some showed me black, some showed me white,
Till loving here and hating there
My heart grew weary, lost its share
Of treasure, lost its right to be
At peace, at rest, at one with thee.
I cannot keep it, here I dare
My Lord, to place it in Thy care.

Your Love Is Like a Light

My Lord, your love is like a light
From out the temple walls
It glows unwavering and bright.
The hour when darkness falls,
The hour which held so many fears
Is over now and ways
Once dark are light, gone are the years
The deadness of the days.

Reminiscere—1944

My Lord, I touch Thy gracious feet,
As Lotus buds a new day greet.
And place before you all the tears,
The bitter suffering, lonely fears
Of men whose eyes have lost the hills
Of strength and mercy, men whose wills
Are earthbound, seeking here alone
A world of kindness to be won
Through sweat and toil, through tears and blood.
Remember, now, my Lord, for good
Thy loving-kindness, as of old,
Thy tender mercies long foretold,
That men may touch Thy gracious feet
As Lotus buds a new day greet
And draw their hope not from the mire
But from the hills, bright with the fire
Of restless love, whose warming rays
Alone can light our little ways.
Years ago, as a result of my reading around in early American history, I became interested in the village of Frankenmuth, Michigan. The immediate reason for this was the fact that this village had been founded on an ideal. A Bavarian colony, under the leadership of Pastor Frederick August Craemer, inspired and supported by the renowned clergyman, William Loethe of Neudenbostel, Bavaria, had come into the Saginaw Valley of Michigan in 1845 for the purpose of aiding in the Christianization of the heathen Indians. Their settlement, aptly named Frankenmuth (courage of the Franconians), was to set before the savage Indians an example of how Christian people live and work together according to the precepts of the Master—certainly a most altruistic and unselfish motive for immigration to America. Many whites had in the past exploited the Indians, persecuted them, defrauded them, stolen from them, and otherwise harmed them, thus writing a sad commentary on Christianity. William Loethe’s ideal was to have his colony of Bavarians show the Indians that true Christianity bears the fruits of brotherly love, kindliness, generosity, chastity, faithfulness, and many other virtues.

As Frankenmuth last year passed the first century of its history, I became curious to know just how much of the idealism and altruism of its founding remained in that community. I was fairly familiar with the reputation of the churches there and I count many pastors scattered over our country who hale from Frankenmuth among my good friends, but I knew practically nothing about the village itself—except that it was the home of the Zehnder Hotel, nationally known for its chicken and steak dinners. So when the opportunity presented itself to drive to Frankenmuth with a small group of friends I gladly took advantage of it.

One of the first things that
strikes the visitor to Frankenmuth as he drives into it, coming up from Flint, is the pleasant external appearance—wide main street, well-paved, shaded, and fronted by clean-looking buildings. Leaving my friends at the hospitable Zehnder's, where we made arrangements for a chicken dinner later in the day, I drove through the main street to get a general impression of this village of eleven hundred people and then stopped at the office of the *Frankenmuth News* to interview the editor of this live, up-to-date small town weekly, Mr. Edmund Arnold, Phi Theta Kappa, who had but recently returned after two and a half years of service as combat correspondent with our infantry in France and Germany. Mr. Arnold is a genial gentleman and enthusiastic Frankenmuth booster, though he is not himself a native Frankenmuther.

"My main purpose in coming," I told him, "is to find out if the village of Frankenmuth has lived up to the ideal of which it was born a hundred years ago."

He let his friendly eyes wander out to the main street bright in the warm July sun and after a moment's reflection, replied: "Yes, I firmly believe it has."

From his conversation I gleaned some facts that clearly substantiate Mr. Arnold's view.

In the first place, Frankenmuth has responded with exceptional generosity to every charitable appeal—for local needs, for the work of the church, and for national and international charities. The village has never in its history failed to meet its quota in any charitable campaign. It constantly doubled its Red Cross quota and during World War II tripled it. It has $5,000 in its Community Chest, but has no need for the amount locally, as the village has no destitute people. The money was used to give Christmas gifts to its service men and some Christmas baskets to a few lonely old folks.

The village passed through the great depression without having a single person on relief. When its water works project was to be built with WPA funds there was no one on relief to do the work and benefit from the grant of the government.

In its patriotic campaigns for the sale of War Bonds the village went over the top each time. On the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor it sold $62,000 worth of war bonds in one day. In a similar manner the scrap or salvage drive and other drives were met, including the campaigns for European relief purposes since V-J Day. Its two women's groups, the Red Cross circle and Busy Workers' Club, are now making layettes for children overseas.
I recall reading about Frankenmuth in the Civil War. When the draft was to be introduced into the community to fill its quota of soldiers for the Union Army, the pastor, Ottomar Fuerbringer, suggested that the unmarried men volunteer so that the married men might remain with their families. This suggestion was accepted. Apparently the spirit of 1861-1865 lives in this community today.

Other examples may be cited to illustrate the high moral standards of the village. Like other villages, Frankenmuth has a jail, but this jail has had no occupant in the last quarter century, save an occasional hobo who is given free room and board until he moves on to other places.

As a community Frankenmuth's record is unique. It is consistently first in paying its full township taxes. Since long before the Depression there has been no case of tax delinquency. There has been no instance of bankruptcy in Frankenmuth's history. Its two banks were voluntarily closed during the "bank holiday." One bank did not reopen because there was no necessity for two banks in the village. This bank paid off its depositors in full plus 10 per cent interest.

The villagers do not generally buy on credit. When they do they conscientiously pay their debts. If an individual runs into a streak of bad luck his taxes are reduced until he gets back on his feet. Some time ago a local garage building was undermined by high water and collapsed. Within a week $3,000 was collected by members of the community to help out the owner and the first name on the list of contributors was that of the man's chief competitor.

Frankenmuth village was originally governed by regulations drawn up between 1850 and 1852, and which were based upon the principle of brotherly love. The preamble of those historic regulations reads as follows:

Whereas, It is the will of God that all things should be done decently and in good order, and whereas, the laws of our country impose only few restrictions on the single citizen toward a strictly regulated public life; Therefore we, the citizens of Frankenmuth, have agreed from our own free will, to bind ourselves to the following regulations, under this understanding that we hereby in no way despise or try to evade the laws of this country, but want to thwart the arbitrariness of our people and the necessity of taking recourse to court. We do this with the greater pleasure, since it is customary that neighbors make such agreements for their mutual benefit.

The spirit of these quaint regulations still thrives in the community.

Many—if not most—of our towns
and cities today are confronted with the problem of juvenile delinquency. Frankenmuth has no such problem. Its Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Cubs and Brownies are the best in their respective councils. One reason is that in the homes of the children parental discipline is strictly practiced. There are no homes broken by divorce. During the late war few fathers and mothers left their children unsupervised when they went into war work. Another reason is that more than half of the village children attend St. Lorenz Lutheran Parochial School, in which Christian citizenship is taught on the basis of Biblical principles and obedience to the Fourth Commandment is accepted as a matter of course.

In my conversation earlier in the day with the Zehnder boys, I learned that the several eating places in Frankenmuth attracted over 5,000 visitors per Sunday and 10,000 weekly from all parts of Michigan and beyond at the peak of the season. On my questioning Mr. Arnold as to the effect on the community of so many visitors, he told me that they exert no influence. "They come, eat their chicken or steak dinners, and leave again. Occasionally, a group from another Lutheran church will visit St. Lorenz Church and view its historical collection."

As a civic community Frankenmuth is conservative and yet progressive. It will not plunge into a new project without mature thought. At the same time it will not shrink from undertaking a project just because it is new. It recently introduced a new scientific assessment plan. The village council has embarked on a long-term expansion and improvement program. It is planning a $60,000 addition to its water works and is putting in a new sewage disposal plant.

The community includes a goodly rural area. Most farm deeds go back to 1845. Farms seldom change hands except as they are handed down from generation to generation in the same family. The fact that the production of the farms, after a century of intense use, is still high bespeaks a technique of farming that has been scientifically correct.

There are only two churches in the community, both Lutheran. They cooperate amicably and wield a far-reaching influence on their members.

Time allowed me to call on only one of the pastors, the Rev. M. E. Mayer, pastor of St. Lorenz Church. He was in the study of his fine brick parsonage, genial, dignified, scholarly.

In answer to my question, "Can Frankenmuth be called the elongated shadow of any one man among the various ministers who
served St. Lorenz for any length of time during the century since its founding?” he replied, “Not just of one man. Each of the pastors who served here for any length of time—F. A. Craemer, the founder, O. Fuerbringer, and my own sainted father, who had the longest pastorate here and whom I succeeded—all these, under God, contributed something to the religious and moral stamina and life of the people.”

“Frankenmuth,” he added, “still in many ways reflects the spirit of its beginnings. The interests of the people lie first in their homes and farms; then in their church and school; thirdly, in their love for missions. Frankenmuth was established as a missionary colony. Today it has a mission-mindedness as wide as the missions of its Church. This is apparent from its liberal contributions to missions and from the many men who have gone out from here to serve the Lord in His Kingdom.”

All in all my visit to Frankenmuth had satisfied my curiosity. Born of an ideal, the community still reflects the faith and spirit of its founders.

As to the chicken dinner I enjoyed with my friends at Zehnder’s, after these interviews, I can only say that it exceeded the advance publicity in every respect.
“IT’S A MIRACLE”

Some quick action is reported from the Chicago west side’s new saint. On Sunday, July 7, Mother Cabrini was canonized in elaborate rites at Rome. Creating a new saint calls for an elaborate ceremonial and a costly one. Chicago is one of the richest dioceses in the world, and there is talk of a million dollars having changed hands in the transaction. A procession in honor of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini wound through the streets of Chicago’s west side, where she had worked and prayed so many years. Among those who knelt in adoration when the procession passed, was a boy of 16, Joseph Pellegrino. Joseph had been unable to speak above a whisper since he lost his voice during an attack of rheumatic fever a year ago.

“The doctors said my vocal cords were paralyzed,” Joseph said.

Joseph shunned his playmates, who laughed at his lost voice. He went nowhere, except to the Blessed Mother Cabrini Church to pray.

As the procession passed Joseph’s house July 8, he went out to the street to ask Mother Cabrini’s help again.

The next morning Joseph’s mother, Mrs. Philomena Belmonte, asked him what he wanted for breakfast.

“I don’t want anything. I’m not hungry,” Joseph said.

“Joseph was talking in his old voice,” Mrs. Belmonte said. “But I didn’t believe it. I asked him another question. He talked and realized it himself. What a joy!”

All that day Joseph was afraid
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his new voice might go away again. But the next day it was still strong as ever.

"Finally," says the United Press reporter, "he went to Father Mario, the parish priest.

"'It's absolutely marvelous,' the priest said.

"But Joseph had a better word for it.

"'It's a miracle,' he shouted."

"TRY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"

If the United Press correspondent approves of the word "miracle" as properly describing what happened to young Joseph Pellegrino, what would he say of the experience of A. B., living in Pittsburgh, who makes the following deposition:

I had been deaf from childhood. I suffered intensely after eating, and dropsy was another of my complaints. This, with consumption, caused one doctor to say, "It puzzles me; I have never seen such a case before as yours."

I met a friend who had been cured in Christian Science, and she said, "Try Christian Science." I got a copy of Science and Health and in three weeks I was entirely cured. I felt uplifted. It seemed as if God's arms were around and about me. I felt as if heaven had come down to earth for me. After five years of suffering can anyone wonder at my unspeakable gratitude?"

Of course, no one can.

Then there was L. R. of Spring Valley, Minn., who places the following experience on record:

After doctoring about a year, I was obliged to give up school and was under medical care for two years; but grew worse instead of better. I was then taken to specialists, who pronounced my case incurable, saying I was in the last stages of kidney disease and could live only a short time. Shortly afterward my uncle gave me a copy of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures and asked me to study it. After studying a short time I was able to walk a distance of several miles, which I had not been able to do for three years. I also laid aside glasses which I had worn seven years, having been told I would become blind if my eyes did not receive proper care. It is over a year since I received God's blessing, and I am now enjoying perfect health and happiness. I have never had my glasses on since I first began reading Science and Health, and I have not used any medicine.

"Absolutely marvelous!" is your comment, and the U. P. correspondent would offer a better word for it: "It's a miracle!"

MISS CABRINI AND MRS. EDDY—A COMPARISON

Of course, the simplest procedure would be simply to admit that here three miracles are on record, the one reported by the
United Press correspondent in Chicago and the other two placed on record by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy among the testimonials added to her book *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, under the heading "Fruitage." However, the experience of the supernatural in the physical field is not a matter of such every day experience that we can rest satisfied with this assumption unless there is evidence which could stand in any court. To begin with, in the cases reported by Mrs. Eddy, we have only two initials together with the name of a city. Among intelligent men no important matters are decided on such evidence. There are a hundred pages of such testimonials in the new (1946) edition of Mrs. Eddy's book, and an average of one testimonial to a page. All are signed by initials only and there is no street address. The same difficulty is met whenever we try to verify similar reports given in the current issues of Christian Science publications. But let us waive that. Let us take for granted that all these testimonials are written by those whose experiences are there described. Then what?

Then assuming that all these folks are convinced that their experiences were real, the question still calls for an answer: Did they correctly describe the ailments with which they were afflicted?

Whether the miracle be reported in a Christian Science magazine, or on the evidence of the custodian of some Roman Catholic shrine, or by the publicity agent of some divine healer, one circumstance casts doubt upon all these miracles of healing—the universally acknowledged difficulty of making a diagnosis.

You know well enough that a pain somewhere in your lower right hand side may be caused by any one of one hundred to one hundred and fifty ailments, from a little gas in the colon to cancer of the liver. You cannot tell what is ailing you, nor can any layman, and very few doctors can. The diagnostician who hits it right fifty times out of a hundred is a rare bird. And we are to believe that a miracle happened because a boy with a neurosis affecting his vocal cords, finds himself suddenly relieved of his inability. Add to this the well known ability of a neurosis to develop the symptoms of any disease whatsoever, and what becomes of the evidence for the kidney disease of which L. R. in Spring Valley, Minn., was cured, and of the deafness which completely disappeared after reading *Science and Health* for three weeks?
CHEAPENING THE MIRACULOUS

I must confess to a deep-seated scepticism regarding all these miraculous cures for this reason alone: there are too many of them. The miraculous is becoming too cheap. Scores of them, hundreds of them reported every month in the Christian Science publications. Hundreds reported every month in the Magazine of the Sacred Heart. Never in the history of the world such a flood of miraculous events, and nobody seems to get excited about it. No one proposes to do away with medical schools and with hospitals because there is a Shrine of St. Anne in Canada, a Church of Holy Mother Cabrini in Chicago, and three or four Christian Science churches in every metropolitan city. After all, when a Christian Scientist suffers with diabetes he goes to the hospital or he dies. Glaucoma does not yield to a visit to a Roman Catholic Shrine, nor is it cured by mounting the platform of some divine healer and have him make passes over it.

There is a difficulty rarely referred to which should lead everyone to develop a healthy scepticism about these supernatural healings. I refer to the difficulty of accounting for events of a truly miraculous nature with the efficient cause of the cure as far apart as the Roman Catholic institution of sainthood and the religion of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. Surely, if one is true the other must be false, and its miracles spurious, if not wrought by diabolical power. (That a delusion of Satan may be involved in both competing systems is a possibility which I shall only allude to.) Roman Catholicism has nothing but abhorrence for Christian Science, in fact, condemns it as a soul destroying heresy. On the other hand, Christian Science rejects every article not only of the Roman Catholic but any one of the historic forms of Christianity.

We have just read for purposes of review the new edition of Science and Health. There is no change, not even in the paging of the book, between this edition and that of 1906. There is still the fundamental principle that sin and sickness have no real existence. They may be banished by a process of thought. There is no matter; mind is everything. And, in proportion to the progress of the individual in this creed, all disagreeable and unpleasant things vanish. There is still the great principle: "Life, God, Omnipotent good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. Disease, sin, evil, death, deny good, omnipotent God, Life." Mrs. Eddy points out that these statements may be read backward as well as forward, and
that this is a proof that they are true! "The Divine metaphysics . . . proves the rule by inversion." So far as their value goes, these four propositions might just as well be read perpendicularly, or obliquely. And by the same method of argument, it would be easy to prove that angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, are butterflies, lizards, pigs and horses.

There is still, on page 129, the wonderful definition of Pantheism as "a belief in the intelligence of matter." (Of course, the religion of the textbook is an out and out Pantheism, nothing else.) On page 16 we still have the odious perversion if not caricature of the Lord's Prayer. Above all, man is not a sinner, unless he believes himself to be, and there really is no evil at all. Morally ill-balanced people are only too pleased to welcome such a proposition. As Dr. Maurice E. Wilson once remarked: "For one person who seriously persuades himself that his headache is not a real headache, you may find twenty only too happy to persuade themselves that their sins are not real sins." Christian Scientists will have nothing to do with Holy Communion because the Lord's Supper was "a mournful occasion." The Resurrection was "not a supernatural act" (page 44), and His disciples only believed that Jesus was dead.

Coming to the chapter on healing we found some strange proof for the "Science" in the title of the book. On page 177: "If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, and the patient dies, even though physician and patient are expecting favorable results, does human belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so; and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken." And on page 179: "You can even educate a healthy horse so far in physiology that he will take cold without his blanket; whereas the wild animal left to his instincts, sniffs the wind with delight. The epizootic is a humanly evolved ailment, which a wild horse might never have."

The new edition perpetuates the contradiction of: "Man has a sensationless body" (p. 280), yet "one should not tarry in the storm if the body is freezing" (p. 329). Yet there are people who continue to apply to this farrago of irreligion and nonsense two of the most significant words in the English language, "Christian" and "Science."

**THE MENTAL BLIGHT OF YOGA**

The latest to be brought under its spell was the famous six times wedded Ganna Walska. One day in July she filed a cross-complaint to a suit for separate
maintenance by her self-styled Yogi husband, Theos Bernard, in which she demands an accounting of benefactions she said she made for his religious studies.

According to press accounts, the 53-year-old Polish-born diva, one of whose former husbands was the late Harold F. McCormick, Harvester millionaire, recited a lurid tale of deception by Bernard.

The complaint said Bernard, claiming to be the reincarnation of Guru Rimpoche, also known as Padma Sambhava of India, influenced her to establish a "Tibetland" in California.

She said she bought a 38-acre estate in Montecito, on Bernard's promise to bring priests from Tibet. When the priests failed to arrive, she said she asked why, and he replied that the altitude was too low; so, she said, she purchased a mountain lodge nearby, naming it "The Penthouse of the Gods."

Still the priests did not come and Bernard told her, she claimed, that Guru Rimpoche had suggested "nothing material be done for the next 54 years." Well, that was one too many, and a separation followed. However, Bernard kept up the farce, and threatened Mme. Walska with "dire and awful consequences by use of his power of Kundalini, with which he said he shook the city of Santa Barbara and Tibetland in 1940 with an earthquake."

The deposition denied that Bernard is entitled to support by the singer, and declared he is a "lawyer, Yogi, author, lecturer and white lama, and as such is well able to maintain himself."

Bernard's complaint was thrown out, and soon after a divorce was granted to Mme. Walska.
The study of the origins, the development, the characteristics, the uses, and the influence of Gregorian Chant is a field so impressively vast in every respect that a lifetime of intensive research would not suffice to do full justice to the subject. If anyone doubts that music is closely connected with history, geography, climate, political life, economics, theology, architecture, philosophy, literature, mathematics, physics, philology, painting, sculpture, psychology, and many other branches of learning which lead to an understanding of the world in which man lives, moves, and has his being, let him devote five or ten years, let us say, to a consideration of that exceedingly fascinating form of plainsong which for a long time has been known as Gregorian Chant. It is true that in those five or ten years he will do little more than skim the surface; but his painstaking research will convince him that musicology requires as much application and brainpower as any other department of knowledge.

I realize that my own acquaintance with Gregorian Chant is glaringly meager, and for this reason I shall not undertake to descant on it with anything smacking even faintly of authoritiveness. Nevertheless, I have, in the course of time, absorbed a few views regarding the characteristics, the possibilities, and the limitations of this sturdy and beautiful plant in the great garden of music, and I shall express some of those views in all humility and in all honesty. In reality, I have in mind something infinitely more important than a mere desire to give vent to opinions of my own. It is my hope that the thoughts which I shall set forth in my halting way will, by stirring up agree-
ment or disagreement among those who plow through what I write, lead me to a better knowledge of the subject. One learns much by mixing into a dough the ingredients acquired by dint of painstaking study and then baking that dough in the form of loaves called conclusions.

Elements in Gregorian Chant

I shall not attempt to present a comprehensive outline of the evolution of Gregorian Chant; but it is necessary to state that this type of music is by no means entirely Roman in origin or in design. Research has established beyond any possibility of doubt that elements of the ancient temple music of the Hebrews are part and parcel of Gregorian Chant and that something of the distinctive flavor of the modes used by the Greeks of olden times has gone into its make-up. In the matter of melody, therefore, one finds Hebraic and Greek ingredients in this music. Some scholars are sure that Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Phoenicia, Egypt, and even India contributed certain traits to its melodic texture. Their conviction is neither flimsy nor fantastic. Gregorian music, which comprises a vast amount of settings of texts taken directly from the Bible or based, more or less, on the Bible, represents a mingling of occidental and oriental elements. Maybe it is true that the tinge of Western culture is preponderant; but characteristics savoring unmistakably of the East are present for every sensitive student to note.

One dare not forget that Gregorian plainsong, although distinctly religious in character, undoubtedly bears many a mark of what is customarily referred to as profane or, shall one say, secular music. Investigators have not yet succeeded in tracing all points of contact, it is true; but no scholar worth his salt will, or can, deny that religious and profane music are often inextricably intertwined. One cannot adequately study one form without devoting attention to the other.

Gregorian Chant is a perfect example of the art that conceals art. When listening to it one is struck immediately by its apparent simplicity. Nevertheless, like Romanesque architecture, it is, in the trenchant words of Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt, a “highly refined constructive art . . . reduced to the simplest possible terms.” It is buttressed neither by harmony nor by counterpoint; it is unilinear in character, and its melodies are almost invariably confined within the space of an octave.

There are two ways of dealing with the expressiveness inherent in Gregorian Chant. One may
The CRESSET

examine it without making any comparisons whatever with what has been achieved subsequently in the mighty domain of music, and one may study it by constantly comparing the structure and the content of Gregorian music with later developments in the art of tone. The former manner of procedure leads to the conclusion that Gregorian Chant has a wide range of expressiveness; the latter way of looking at it shows most emphatically that it has contented itself with clear-cut melodic limitations. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that in Gregorian plainsong as it evolved, was formulated, and received sanction in—roughly speaking—the first thousand years of the Christian era no effort was made to exhaust the multifarious melodic possibilities presented within the compass of a single octave. It would, however, be a serious mistake to assume that there are no Gregorian melodies which clearly foreshadow and actually anticipate future developments. Many of them are by no means inferior either in potency of expression or in construction to what some of the world's greatest melodists have brought into being.

We who live in the twentieth century and have inherited much music which is entirely different from Gregorian Chant in quality and in form and, in many respects, is far more expressive, have a right to say that the religious plainsong which bears the name of Pope Gregory I (590-604) is archaic. We must note, however, that what is archaic is not necessarily obsolete. Gregorian music has been kept alive in the Roman Catholic Church and in forms of worship used by other church bodies. Furthermore, it played a significant role in the development of the Lutheran chorale. Now and then composers who had at their disposal means that were entirely unknown during the centuries in which Gregorian Chant reigned supreme and almost completely overshadowed all other types of tonal expression have incorporated some of it in their works. In numerous instances they have adorned it with harmonic and contrapuntal devices altogether foreign to its intrinsic character and, in this way, have greatly diluted its characteristic quality; but what they have done has proved that the influence of Gregorian Chant did not vanish from the world with the advent of polyphony and the profuse flowering of harmony.

Traces of Folk Music

Let us return for a few moments to profane music as it hangs together, so to speak, with music used in the church. I need not point out that folk melodies
exercised a powerful influence on the chorale repertory which, largely through the wisdom and the efforts of Martin Luther, came to be one of the priceless possessions of the Lutheran Church. Is it, therefore, going too far to believe that some folk music crept into Gregorian Chant?

It is easy for Paul Bekker to state:

The culture of the first ten centuries after Christ ... was not a national culture but a church culture; the languages of the time were not national languages, for there was really only one language—the Latin of the church. Therefore there could be only one art music—the church music connected with this church language. (The Story of Music. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1927.)

As a matter of fact, Mr. Bekker, capable scholar though he was, has made the matter a little too easy. Did he realize that he was passing too hurriedly over many an incompletely investigated field? At all events, he strove—so it seems to me—to surround his conclusion with an aura of plausibility by declaring:

Even in those days, of course, there were races, peoples, national types, but in spite of their differences they felt themselves members of the one big family whose head and center was the church. The church was their uniting spiritual bond; she gave them not only their religion, but education, learning, language, art. This universality was part of the temporal power of the church; and not until this power decayed with the fall of the house of Hohenstaufen was the soil ready for the growth of national art.

What Mr. Bekker asserted in his valuable book does not cover the case. I am convinced that profane music did play a part in the growth and development of Gregorian Chant and that it did so in spite of official regulations and in spite of the incontrovertible fact that, particularly in the matter of accent, the Latin language implanted numerous important hall marks of its own in the music. Why do I make this statement? I do so, not because I have had either the occasion or the ability to investigate in detail the condition and the influence of folk music on church music during the centuries in which the church reigned supreme by way of temporal imperialism but because I believe that church music, no matter how carefully or how punctiliously it is regulated, can never wholly escape the influence of profane music and that profane music, in turn, can never be totally squelched among human beings. Luther made no attempt whatever to stay the influence of secular music. In fact, he encouraged it. Could he have swept it away even if he had tried? No. Church music composed in our
time invariably reflects some of the surroundings in which it came into being. Composers cannot run away from the times and the environments in which they live. In like manner, Gregorian Chant could not completely divorce itself from the soil—and, lest we forget, the soils—in which it germinated. To my thinking, this is an axiomatic fact.

It is true that the growth of folk music is conditioned and, to a large extent, facilitated by the individualization of nations and sections of nations and that developments which took place in the tonal art after the Gregorian era were determined to an equally large extent by, shall one say, the individualization of the individual; but music springs up among human beings, and human beings invariably leave their imprint on that which springs up among them.

Naturally, one does not actually learn to know Gregorian music merely by reading about it in books or in articles; one must hear it sung properly before one can arrive at a real appreciation of the profuse wealth of beauty and power it contains. For this reason I recommend, in particular, a recording of The Requiem Mass (Missa Pro Defunctis) as presented by the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music (Victor Album 177). It is the Gregorian Chant according to the Solesmes edition.

I must state in passing that for a long time the Benedictine monks have concerned themselves with painstaking research in the field of Gregorian music. The French Benedictines of Solesmes have given to the world a monumental publication entitled La Paléographie Musicale, a work which is a sine qua non for those who are looking for authentic and authoritative information regarding Gregorian Chant.

While listening to the recordings which I have singled out for special recommendation, note the straightforward simplicity of the music. It is the art that conceals art. Pay particular attention to the frequent manifestations of dramatic power and to the strength and incisiveness of the rhythms. Many of those who try to present Gregorian music seem altogether unaware of the great importance of rhythmical life. Observe how clearly the Dies Irae adumbrates and anticipates subsequent developments in the construction of melodies. Do not overlook the shading and the dynamics. They, too, are of the utmost importance and, sad to say, are often dealt with in a stepmotherly fashion by neophytes or cocksure "specialists." The singing of Gregorian music need not be boringly monotonous.
The Land of the Sky

"Along in September comes Toe River Fair.
Hit holds at Spruce Pine and seems like we care
A sight more for that than the rest of the year."

—AN EPISODE

As vacations end, the recollection of other days and the remembered beauties of other seasons crowd in to fill the autumn-tide with remembrances. Springtime is beautiful in the North Carolina mountains, but the fall season is even more romantic and beautiful.

The University of North Carolina Press has done the entire American people a genuine service by publishing Cabins in the Laurel by Muriel Earley Sheppard. There is hardly a book on our shelves which catches the spirit of the landscape and the people so thoroughly as this one. Adorned by the priceless pictures of Bayard Wootten, they make up a book of which Chapel Press may justly be proud. Among the most striking and beautiful things in the book are not only the pictures, of which a few samples are reproduced in these pages, but also the collection of mountain ballads which have been added.

To see these pictures is to relive once more the days spent close to God in nature. To meet the people is to know a group that has never grown very far away from Him. As the cooling breezes of the autumn come, it is good to recall once more the open sky, the mountains on the horizon, and the deep shaded places where sunlight and trees make beautiful patterns of constant change and beauty.

In the few pictures selected here, you will discover that the old handicrafting and the fireside industries have not died in the hinterland of western North Carolina, and those who would find romance can find it in the Blue Ridge where the Toe River breaks its way through to run beside such romantic places as Deer Park Mine, Spruce Pine, Spear Tops, and Plum Creek.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN
The Black Brothers crowd next to Mount Mitchell in Black Range
The ceaseless drowsy splash of falling water
A cloudless day on Spring Creek, marked by the easy rhythm of grinding cane
A swinging bridge crosses Toe River, which is too broad for a foot-log and too deep for anyone to wade.
Cane boiling is a family affair
There is nothing drab about a mountain woman
The water-wheel still grinds the corn on Toe River
I am deeply interested in Gregorian Chant; and I believe that I am able to grasp some of its impressive power and beauty. Nevertheless, I am convinced that, in spite of all its elemental strength, it is far weaker in expressiveness than what one finds in the masterpieces of sacred song which were brought into being as the result of the remarkable and far-reaching developments in the fertile fields of polyphony and harmony. I like Gregorian Chant best in the architectural surroundings that are germane to its very nature. To substitute it completely for the wonderful sacred music which sprouted, took root, and flourished in rich profusion at the time of the Renaissance and in subsequent periods of the world's history is, to my thinking, unwise in the highest degree.

[TO BE CONTINUED]
Star of Bethlehem


GLADYS SCHMITT's absorbing psychological study of the great Shepherd King of Judah and Israel is a work of beauty, reverence, and mature understanding. Although *David the King* lacks something of the power, the drama, and the sweep of Thomas Mann's justly famous Joseph novels, it towers above most of the Biblical fiction published in recent years. It is neither foolishly sentimental nor cringingly apologetic, and it is refreshingly free from pseudomysticism and obtrusive and wholly unconvincing oversimplification. In sensitive prose and with a fine sense of style Miss Schmitt has refashioned the centuries-old account of the shepherd boy who was chosen by God to become the mighty ruler of the Israelites. With the exception of one notable episode she has faithfully followed the story of David as it is recorded in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. Miss Schmitt has chosen to attribute the stirring victory over Goliath, the Giant of Gath, not to the stripling David but to one Elhanen, a valiant warrior in Israel. David, the son of Jesse the Benjaminite, was marked for greatness from the days of his boyhood. In a moment of solemn prophecy the venerable Samuel had laid his hands upon young David's hair and said, "The lion will claw at the rocks of Gilboa, and the gazelle will perish by a spear, and the hour of the lamb will come, yet the lamb will weep." And it came to pass even as the man of God had foretold. Years later Saul, the lion, perished at Gilboa together with all his sons, including Jonathan, the gazelle. And David, the lamb, King of Judah and new King of Israel, wept. He wept for his beloved friend Jonathan and for Saul, the stalwart son of Kish, who had transgressed the laws of Jahveh so that "the Lord had departed utterly from him."

The years which passed between the time of David's anointing and the time he ascended the throne of
Israel were filled with bloodshed and violence. The reign of David, too, was crowded with war, unrest, and intrigue. For these years marked the transition of the Israelites from a primitive, nomadic people into a great nation. Slowly, steadily the gentle shepherd boy grew into a skillful warrior and an able administrator. He knew the heights of power and glory and the depths of evil, depravity, and heartbreak. He knew victory and defeat, shame and sorrow. When he was old and his body "had become an intolerable burden" to him, he addressed a last admonition to his son Solomon, newly crowned King of Israel: "Be strong and show yourself a man and keep all the charges of Jahveh, your God, to walk in His ways and to keep His statutes and His commandments and His ordinances and His testimonies, that you may prosper in all you do and find blessedness wherever you turn yourself."

Dewey's Disciple


To read Sidney Hook is always a stimulating experience, regardless of whether one fully agrees with him or not. He has an admirable knack of reducing a problem to its essentials and of then dealing with it in a clean, clear-cut, and straightforward fashion.

In this volume he addresses himself to the question of what should constitute a liberal education in our American democracy of today: a timely issue and one on which there is a wide diversity of opinion, as all are aware who take an intelligent interest in educational matters. The discussion revolves about the ends or aims of education, its content, its methods, and its relation to our democratic social order. An appendix offers a critical appraisal of the creed and claims of the Adler-Hutchins-Stringfellow Barr school of thought as these are set forth in connection with St. John's College.

Hook is completely under the spell of John Dewey. His world view, accordingly, is that of naturalistic humanism, and his educational philosophy is in keeping with this position. Method, for him, must be central in all teaching, and the only method of arriving at truth that he recognizes is the scientific, or critical, method. So deeply is he committed on this point that he probably has not the least suspicion that he might be dogmatic and intolerant in rejecting claims that others may make for the authority of inner experience. Of religion he speaks disdainfully. To teach religion in college would "undermine that fellowship of intelligence and learning which defines a general liberal arts college." But while religion is thus to be silenced in academic halls, he considers it but right and proper that the critical method "evaluate" religion and morals, magnanimously "leaving open to the student the choice and adjustment of his religious beliefs in the light of philosophical discussion."

To Hook such an arrangement does not appear unfair, for he has a
naive confidence in the exponents of the critical, or scientific, method: they, he seems to hold, are always completely informed, unbiased, and objective in what they say. "No one," he asserts, "objects to the teachers of natural science reaching and defending conclusions in class. . . . We do not fear indoctrination here." Again: "Scientific skepticism in any specific situation flowers from a seed which is love of truth." How idyllic a state of affairs—but in a Utopia which is not on ordinary maps.—Who should determine in what beliefs children are to be "indoctrinated"? The teachers, says Hook, for "in a democracy the social and moral ideals of the community are filtered through the critical consciousness of its educators." How Hook himself would pounce on such a statement if someone else had made it in another connection. Has the community one unique set of social and moral ideals? No, evidently various ones compete with each other. Educators also have a variety of ideals. How, then, can each educator be trusted to filter ideals acceptably—or to filter them at all? Or are parents not to care what sort of filtrate is funneled into their children—provided only it be done by an educator? Presumably not.

An interesting feature about Sidney Hook is that, while he is one of the keenest adepts we know at dissecting the arguments of those with whom he differs, he is liable, when he presents his own position, to the very fallacies which he unerringly detects in others. The critical faculty, one might say, is more highly developed in him than the self-critical.

Education for Modern Man is a valuable addition to the current discussion of American educational problems, offering much food for thought, but many of us will not be able to accept its central contention nor some of the conclusions that flow from it.

"These Things I Saw and Part of Them I Was"


The University of North Carolina Press at Chapel Hill has done students of American history a great service in publishing the memoirs of Josephus Daniels. This volume is the fourth—and undoubtedly the last—in the series chronicling the life and work of Daniels, the small town editor, the cabinet member, and the diplomat.

The Wilson Era is essentially "one man's journey." Since Daniels never experienced the training of a historian, his autobiography lacks objectivity. His evaluation of Woodrow Wilson marks him as a member of that group of zealots which worshipped at the shrine of W. W. The careful reader will compare Daniels' eulogistic judgments on Wilson with those of Bailey in his excellent analysis, Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal.

His position as Secretary of the Navy during World War I would naturally cause Daniels to give greater coverage to the part the Navy
played in that conflict than he would to the other branches of the armed forces. However, the reader gains the impression from Daniels' account that the naval forces of this nation, aided by a few foot soldiers, won the war. Too, it is unfortunate that the section on Franklin D. Roosevelt's work with the Navy during the first World War was written after he had achieved success as President of the United States. Daniels sees his achievements in that comparatively minor post through the perspective of the Presidency. Daniels again shows his subjectivity when he assumes that almost every endeavor to investigate the expenditures and procedures of the Army and Navy is a "smear investigation."

His criticism of Coolidge is eminently unfair. Daniels dogmatically states that Coolidge expected to be drafted in '28, that his "I do not choose to run" statement was not sincerely given. Starling, who was closer to Coolidge than any other man, in his memoirs definitely asserts that Coolidge was adamant in his refusal to accede to pleas that he run again in 1928. Nor is he fair to Teddy Roosevelt in his discussion of Teddy's visit to the White House in order to obtain permission to raise a volunteer division at the beginning of the first War. William Allen White in his autobiography has penned a description of the cool and almost heartless reception warm-hearted Teddy received from Wilson.

Josephus Daniels is an old man, and frequently old men confuse fact and opinion. This book is an old man's rambling story of a great and bygone era. The old man moved among the great of that era and knew them intimately. He often knew "the reason behind the reason" for important governmental acts and policies.

He saw the human side of Joffre; he clearly etches the less desirable traits of Admiral Sims. He fascinates the reader with his account of the disappearance of the man who claimed that he could furnish the Navy with a cheap substitute for gasoline. The circumstances surrounding his delayed appointment of the first Christian Scientist chaplain in the Navy are interesting. He gives an eye-witness account of the meeting between Henry Ford and Woodrow Wilson, a meeting which resulted in Ford's unsuccessful entrance in that sordid Michigan Senate race. He attempts something which no one else has ever successfully done—to explain the rupture between Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson.

The illustrations—numbering more than one hundred—are worth the price of the book.

Anthology


Novelist, playwright, and consistently good writer of modern American short stories, W. D. Steele deserves to be honored with such a collection as this. Certainly it is some form of compliment that a man's fiction be as readable today as it was salable yesterday. Here are 24 titles
including seven stories which appeared in O’Brien’s annual *Best Short Stories*, five stories which were included in *The O. Henry Memorial Award* anthologies, and one story which won the Harper Prize Award.

That these are Steele’s “best” stories is an open question, but there is little doubt that this output covering a span of some thirty years represents him justly. “The Man Who Saw Through Heaven,” “How Beautiful With Shoes,” and “When Hell Froze” will linger in the memory of readers. The classic “Blue Murder” and “Footfalls” top the list, in my opinion, for literary achievement.

The natural tendency is to think of these yarns as short stories; and correctly, for the longest reprinted in this edition is less than 35 pages. The book’s title is therefore misleading, for instead of being actually the best stories of Wilbur Daniel Steele (I could wish, for example, the inclusion of his *That Girl from Memphis*) as selected by their author with the aid of Henry O’Neil, Jr., these are only Steele’s potentially best short stories.

**HERBERT H. UMBACH**

**Bolshevist Trilogy**


Alexei Tolstoy, a relative of Leo Tolstoy, died in 1945. He wrote novels, poetry, plays, satires, and books for children. In 1919 he started on this book, his *magnum opus*, finishing it twenty-two years later, on the very day on which Hitler’s armies invaded Russia. He lived to see the work awarded the Stalin Prize.

*Road to Calvary* is a trilogy, its three parts being entitled “The Sisters,” “1918,” and “Bleak Morning.” The action covers the years 1914 to 1920, and the story is unified by its presentation of the fortunes of two sisters, Katia and Dasha Bulavin, daughters of a doctor in Samara.

In “The Sisters” the life of the intelligentsia of Petersburg on the eve of the war is pictured as a round of decadence, vice, and futility. Rumblings of the discontent of the common people are heard. Then come the war, the defeat of the Russians, and the beginning of the revolution. “1918” tells of the early stages of the civil war in Russia, with chaos everywhere. In early fall of the year the Red Terror is proclaimed. The third part, the longest of the three, follows the varying fortunes of the struggle in South Russia against the White armies of Denikin, the Cossacks, the Czechoslovaks, and others. The Reds suffer reverses and fight with their backs against the wall because of treachery in their High Command until Stalin unmasks the traitors and takes charge. Then the scene changes, the Whites are defeated, and the revolution is victorious. The book closes with a kind of tableau in which all the chief characters have a reunion in Moscow at a meeting attended by Lenin and Stalin where a speaker expatiates on the great industrial future of Russia.

The motif of *Road to Calvary* is the conversion of well-meaning members of the *bourgeoisie* to Bolshevism.
Alexei Tolstoy does not succeed in motivating these changes of attitude very convincingly, for he lacks the skill of psychological analysis of a Dostoevsky, a Turgenev, or a Leo Tolstoy. Katia's husband, for example, begins to see the light when he realizes that those who are opposing the Bolsheviks are merely a "noisy, greedy herd," with black and empty souls, actuated by selfishness and malice. It is simply the old naive dichotomy that has so long been dinned into Russian ears: all the good and brave and noble are for Bolshevism; all who are against it, at home or abroad, are base, vile, cruel, and cowardly. Tolstoy is not quite so blatant about it, but in essence he inculcates that notion.

The Bolshevik Party line is, of course, carefully followed throughout the volume: otherwise the book could never have been published in Russia, not to speak of its having received the Stalin Prize. The Reds do nothing discreditable. They are moved only by the highest ideals and by righteous indignation. Nor is history permitted to stand in the way. Though the Red army plays a large role in the story, Trotsky, who was the creator of that army and who had much to do with the defeat of the Whites, is not mentioned. He is as though he had never been. Stalin is the savior of Russia. And not only Russia is to enjoy the blessings of Bolshevism. "We shall rebuild the world, a better world," says Katia's husband at the end.

The title of the book is not made clear anywhere. Is it a blasphemous reference to the fact that Bolshevism thinks it is on the road to save mankind through its dialectic materialism?

The translator has rendered the 450,000 words of the novel into smooth, flowing English. As a story the book is rather good, though quite prolix and lacking in the element of suspense. The language in dialogue is at times coarse, and sex matters are treated frankly but not salaciously.

Chinese Youth in the War


This is the story of young China and the fight for freedom in the dark hour when China alone bore the brunt of Japanese aggression. The old generation bowed their backs to Nipponese oppression. The generation of Chiang Kai-shek divided their forces to play internal politics as well as fight a war. There was a younger generation yet who, having no knowledge of, or interest in, politics, still had one burning desire: to set their country free.

The amazing story of what this independent group of Chinese teenagers were able to accomplish is well told by one of their organizers. The Japs knew them as "the Fire Gods" and feared them. Little did they realize that the children playing in the alleys and the young men and women at the universities were a part of this dreaded organization.

While their American counterparts were enjoying the thousand and one activities that is youth's carefree heritage, they were improvising sabotage
and shedding blood and learning the brutalities of war as only the conquered learn it. We make that comparison. Loo Pin-Fei has only his own heroic story to tell of some who loved their country and what they were able to do about it.

When describing the casualties of this kind of warfare, the author writes: “I think death must always be bitter to the young. It is dark underground.” But we who have read their whole story of unselfish devotion, so freely given at so great a cost, enshrine it before the torch of freedom and of human rights and declare, “It is also light underground.”

You will want to read this story again.

Weak Fare


In 1191 the English Baron of Beausire joined Richard the Lion-Hearted in the Crusades. His wife was fearful and bitter. In a dream she saw the four saints, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who promised protection for her house as long as the tenets of their gospels were kept. After his safe return, the Baron swore to keep the laws of the New Testament and planted four acorns as a reminder of his oath. The trees became known by the saints’ names. For generations the Beausire sons were named for the same four saints, and their good fortune was attributed by village folk to the trees.

During the bloody days of James II, 1685, John, the current Baron of Beausire, assisted the escape of some fugitives of the Monmouth Rebellion. His jealous sister-in-law, Diana, reported him, and he was deported before he could marry his sweetheart, fair Rosalys. Rosalys died of a broken heart and pneumonia; John made his way to Maryland where he married, died, and had a son (in that order). When his wife came to England to claim her child’s inheritance, she was murdered by Diana. From this point, violence, disaster, and bad luck follow the family until a legend developed that only a great love could conquer the curse on the House of Beausire. End of part one, 141 pages.

Part two (186 pages) begins in 1938 when John Boser, heir of the banished Baron, seeking meaning to his worthless life (he was a millionaire), went to England to look up his ancestral home. There he learned the history and legend of the Beausires, met another fair Rosalys, and decided to change his name and stay. The author tries to make the reader believe that he is the reincarnated John; that Rosalys is his reincarnated love; and to prove it she has John open a secret panel he had never seen before and mutter in his sleep the names of people long since dead. The end of the story is obvious.

Miss McNaughton is English and a descendant of one of the characters in her book. She claims to have written Four Great Oaks to illustrate the truth contained in the Four Gospels, which she calls “the law of Cause and
Effort.” We hope we won’t be accused of being anti-British if we venture the opinion that transmigration of souls is not a Christian doctrine.

JESSIE SWANSON

Religion Without a Heart


This book by Dagobert D. Runes of Vienna has a misleading title. It is not a Bible in the sense in which Christians use the word, but rather a selection of material from biblical literature, including the Hebrew Books of Wisdom and the Apocrypha. *A Bible for the Liberal*, the editor tells us in his preface, "has been prepared for those who do not read the Scriptures in their original form, as published by the Hebrews, the Roman Catholics, or the Protestants." The author also claims to have omitted entirely from his volume the mythological (!) and historical material which seems to appear dubious to the liberal and fabulous to the Asiatic. *A Bible for the Liberal* also purports to be a testament to the faith, wisdom, and perseverance of Judaism. Its anthology is to help those with prejudicial eyes to get a view of the majestic panorama which unfolds itself in the writings of Hebrew Men of God. The author also expresses the fear that many Christians have forgotten that not only the Old but also the New Testament are testaments to Jewish faith.

While any volume that emphasizes the fundamentally ethical principles common to both Judaism and Christianity should go a long way in shaming the anti-semitism which has caused so much tragedy in the world, and which is sometimes shared by those in our midst who call themselves Christians, yet books like *A Bible for the Liberal* do not hold up to the so-called liberal thinking man and woman of our day the crying need of his starved soul—the crucified and risen Christ. Nor does the liberal gain a correct evaluation of the purpose of the entire Scriptures, Old and New, to make men "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The absence of an emphasis on this soteriology of the Scriptures in any book which purports to be a bible for the unbeliever or liberal, makes it impossible for its reader to understand the essence of the Christian religion.

Mr. Runes’ biographies of authors of the biblical writings included in his volume lead one to believe that the editor himself is a liberal who has not been moved by the hidden meaning of the Christian faith as it is accepted by Christians.

H. H. KUMNICK

One of Thousands


This is the story of an ordinary American boy whose short, happy, and thoroughly commonplace life ended abruptly on far-off Tarawa on November 23, 1943. For long, creep-
ing hours on that terrible day Gordon Taylor and his comrades inched their way forward over the blood-soaked beach of Betio Island. "They kept moving, for there was nowhere to go. In front was death and on either side was death. Behind was the sea." This was not like the endless rehearsals they had practiced.

It was God-awful, the whole place, every inch of it. There was hardly an unmarked spot, an untouched inch of ground. There were bodies every few feet, Jap and American. And they looked alike, strangely alike in grotesque and awkward death.

Early in the afternoon Gordon attempted a headlong, despairing dash toward an enemy pillbox. A shot cracked, and he was stopped short. "He was surprised and bewildered. He had been hit. How do you like that? Gordon Taylor had been hit." After a moment he struggled and tried to sit up. Maddening pain in his stomach warned him that it was much better not to move. Suddenly he knew. He was dying. "Dying. My God, Gordon Taylor, Bachelor of Arts, Corporal, United States Marine Corps Reserve, dying. Why, that was silly. All death was silly, and inconvenient too, leaving all those things he hadn't done, leaving Julia to cry and wander helplessly. God, he'd like to see Julia. And Gordie, Jr."

Gordon lay still and watched a little gray bird which hopped cheerfully about in the charred branches of a nearby tree. "People were right about one thing to do with a thinking, dying man. You did become thirsty. My God, you did. Yes, you were thirsty all right. Dear God, Dear God, you were thirsty."

By midafternoon flame-throwers had wiped out the last enemy resistance. Other marines found Gordon lying flat in the sun, his face turned young and pale to the afternoon sky. "They removed his helmet and laid it carefully on the ground. Then they lifted him gently like a sleeping child, as though they feared to wake him, so peacefully he slept."

His Days Are as Grass is the simple, realistic account of the life and death of one of the thousands of American youths who went away to war. The characters are drawn with honesty and clarity, and Charles Mergendahl's analysis of American life is sharp and detailed. In spite of many excellent qualities, however, the novel does not reach the lofty peaks on which the author had quite obviously set his sights.


Readers of Forester's numerous good stories will welcome this latest volume. The Horatio Hornblower series is fast developing into an epic, and I marvel that the plot can be spun out thus tenuously without actually breaking it. Also the new readers just discovering our potential saga will quickly be won by the derring-do of this moody but intrepid sea-dog, Napoleon's naval nemesis. For a synopsis of the necessary things that precede the events in this book, the Hornblower novice should consult my review of Commodore Hornblower in the August 1945 issue of The CRESSET.
Like its romantic forerunners, this narrative originally was printed in installments in The Saturday Evening Post. Likewise it too is an action story filled with realistic details presenting an absorbing picture of the hectic life of the early 19th century. The British Empire's resources are in process of being strained to the utmost by Napoleon, who, though defeated in Russia, still fights hard.

At first Commodore Lord Hornblower's particular problem here is, how to control the mutiny of the crew of His Majesty's brig, Flame. Seaman ship, audacity, and ready thinking enable indomitable Sir Horatio to triumph despite inner qualms and seasickness. Immeasurably aided by our old friend, his tried subordinate Captain Bush, Hornblower accomplishes a breach in Bonaparte's channel defenses by bluffing his way into Le Havre, neutralizing the heavy shore batteries, and taking over the city in the name of the Bourbons.

But evil days follow rapidly. Allied with him in the struggle in France is his old love Marie, Lady Barbara's rival, as irresistible as ever. Her death indirectly brings about Horatio's capture. There is excitement galore, with much character revelation. The last of the twenty chapters is an especially moving scene of Hornblower's court-martial before General Count Clausen, wherein the sentence of death by shooting at dawn is dramatically postponed by the arrival of courier news from Belgium that the Emperor has been defeated at Waterloo!

According to Clifton Fadiman in the May Book-of-the-Month Club News (the book itself is silent on this) Mr. Wakeman is credited with the following dedication of his book: "This book is dedicated to the Twentieth Century Man and Woman, rootless, godless, and above all restless . . . to those who sometimes awaken suddenly to stare into the leisure of the night and consider with brief terror how their lives are spent."

If this dedication is bona fide, and we assume Mr. Fadiman knows what he is writing about, then it is the best commentary on the character of the book, for it is itself "rootless, godless, and above all restless."

Before reading our review copy of the book, we let a young lady of seventeen read it. She read two chapters and cast it aside. Then we gave it to a young man of thirty. He read half
of it before giving up. In both instances the verdict was the same. “The book reeks!” Then we labored through it, that being our duty as reviewer. Our verdict was the same, except that we doubly underscore the verb.

The unanimous opinion of many reviewers and columnists has been that this book is a satire on the back-of-the-scenes goings-on behind the radio soap operas. Mr. Fadiman calls it an “extra-accelerated, supercharged, bitter-comic satirical novel [that] scalpels open a hitherto unprobed layer of American life. The Hucksters lands right on the button of actuality . . . turns a clear white light on the rhinestone-glittering world of Big-time Radio Entertainment: the world of super-slick advertising agencies, all-powerful mass-product sponsors, prehensile talent-representatives, smooth network executives, ambitious night-club singers, and venal radio comics.” While we admire Mr. Fadiman’s mastery of words, we question his judgment of the book. We do not believe that it was necessary for Mr. Wakeman in satirizing the life and work behind certain radio programs to let his hero wade through a morass of immoral affairs and through thickets of obscene verbiage and allusions, and to make him, though apparently incensed at the evil machinations of Mr. Evans, the rich and eccentric program-sponsor, an utterly, cynical, uninhibited, over-sexed pervert. All of this is gratis and raises the suspicion of having been added in order to cater to the lowest impulses of the American reading public.

In no sense do we believe it to be a typical picture of the phase of the radio industry which it endeavors to portray.

Finally, to say that this novel, “however indirectly, poses the underlying problem of our time: how is the world to be saved if more and more power is handed over to irrational human beings?” is to credit the author with an intelligence which his book otherwise does not reveal and is to give the influence of certain figures behind the radio entirely too much importance.

**News Highlights**


The year 1945 proved to be one of history’s most eventful, and it is well that someone gathered the highlights of that crowded 365 days and put them together in an interesting fashion.

*It Happened in 1945* is a compilation of some of the outstanding news pictures and stories photographed and written by the staff of the International News Service.

The book opens with the account of President Roosevelt’s death and concludes with a chronology of 1945. It tells of the close of the European and Pacific wars, includes the complete text of the United Nations charter and many other newsworthy events.
Labor, sports, science and cartoons take their place in history in this account. Some of the best pictures of 1945 have been also included. Altogether there are more than 200 pictures presented.

The most important dates in the European-Pacific wars from 1937 to 1945 are recorded as a bonus. There is further added an index to the year for the convenience of the reader, who turns merely to this grouping to find the pages on which the topic he is interested in can be located.

In brief It Happened in 1945 is packed with news and picture events of a wide variety which lend themselves readily as reference material. It is well written and interesting. The International News Service might well find it profitable to continue this type of history on an annual basis.

HERBERT STEINBACH

History Repeats Itself

SUITORS AND SUPPLIANTS: The Little Nations at Versailles.

During these days when the major powers of the world are attempting to write a lasting peace against great odds of selfishness and greed, it is very timely for anyone interested in the progress of civilization to get a bird’s eye view of the days of 1918-1919. Such an opportunity is offered by a very versatile author, Stephen Bonsal, in his latest book, Suitors and Suppliants: The Little Nations at Versailles.

From the pages of his diary spring the behind-the-scenes story of the disastrous peace conference which followed World War I. It is all the more interesting because today’s United Nations’ efforts all too often appear to come right out of Bonsal’s book.

Bonsal is well qualified to tell the story of the Clemenceau-George-Wilson failures. This former New York Herald foreign correspondent and Pulitzer Prize historical winner (Unfinished Business) in 1944, had traveled through much of the world prior to the war, and following it served as aide to Colonel House and confidential interpreter to President Wilson. In Paris he saw and learned much of world politics, and confided his clear-cut reactions to his diary.

He concerns himself in his book primarily to the supplications of the smaller countries of the world, as extracted from his personal notes. Fortunately, he doesn’t trouble the reader with trivialities, such as one might expect to find in an ordinary diary.

Among the people who stalk through Bonsal’s diary are: Emir Feisal, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, Ben Israel, King Nicholas, Essad Pasha, Ignace J. Paderewski, Eduard Benes and many others.

An interesting sidelight is a comment made by Boris Savinkov, Russian revolutionist and anti-Stalin man, who sizes up the Stalin who is feared the world over today in these words: “He [Stalin] is from the Caucasus and at birth was handicapped by a name as long as the Volga. So they called him Stalin—and hard as steel he is, but true?
Certainly not true as steel, I would not say so. Many of the new comrades fear him, and not without reason."

England of today sounds like England of 1918—ever wanting America to finance her schemes: "Lloyd George was telling the President about how Russia might yet be saved and the President was smiling sourly. Lloyd George said he could get plenty of volunteers for a Russian expedition, British and others and, with fifty thousand men, Moscow, 'that den of vipers', could be cleaned out in a jiffy—'But,' he added, 'America must provide the funds.'"

"Buck passing" was a well known art following both wars. Here's a comment after World War I:

Both England and France before we entered the war officially announced that they would re-establish the Armenian people in their ancient rights and within their traditional boundaries, but as the extreme difficulty of their task becomes more and more apparent, they have earmarked the ugly job for Simple Simon, that is, for Uncle Sam.

HERBERT STEINBACH

Panorama of Current History


Henry J. Taylor, known to the reading public as a result of his contributions to Life, The Saturday Evening Post, and Reader's Digest, here presents a worthy successor to his Men in Motion.

In Men and Power the author brings the reader into intimate contact with the men who by the power they exerted guided the destinies of men. His comments on great men are interesting:

Where the really competent and deserving man will be easy-going, amenable and courteous, the overpaid man will be stern, inflexible, and rude. Where the seasoned leader in politics or business will be thoughtful and will show genuine interest in nearly everyone who comes his way, the unsure man will betray himself by seeking to impress his visitors with authority and by evidencing no personal interest in them at all.

As an observer, nevertheless, only those few leaders have seemed really uninteresting to me who somehow insisted on taking themselves superseriously. Admiral François Darlan, a little man who wore high heels, was ponderous beyond measure. So are King George II of Greece, young King Farouk of Egypt, most members of the German General Staff whom I have traveled to see, except Field Marshal Rommel, and such pretentious men as the late Lord Keynes, the British economist.

Taylor's description of his climb up the heights of Berchtesgaden is one of the most breathtaking pieces of descriptive writing this reviewer has read in months.

But it took us nearly an hour to get about half-way up the pinnacle, or about one hundred yards, mounting the snow-slope perhaps fifteen or eighteen inches after each of the punching operations. . . . After the first hour or so we realized we were losing strength. We weren't working our holes so deep as at first. We found out what happens to your bare knuckles and hands when you punch them long enough into a wall of crusted snow 10,000 feet in the air. . . . We pressed hard against the smooth curve of the snow-slide, lost in a mid-world of stone and space; of pinnacles and clefts and great grey mounds of living rock.
which threw shadows across us. . . . We decided to go on. At the very top, ten feet from the end of the climb and directly under the rim of the terrace, the snowslope turned soft and left a series of bottomless crevices between itself and the wall of the rock. Our hands wouldn't hold, our feet wouldn't hold, and we began to flounder.

In an age when Cassandras are beating their breasts and inveighing against the Russian menace, Taylor's chapter on The Moscow Government Swallows Itself is most reassuring.

If you are interested in meeting men of power in Europe—Churchill, Goering, Darlan, Farouk, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, Keynes, Mannerheim, Montgomery, Mussolini, Patton, Pius XII, Stalin, Tedder, and others in a very intimate way and in reading a common-sense evaluation of their impact on social and political movements, get this book. Men and Power is a difficult volume to classify, but it is worth reading.

Political Cartoonist

David Low, a native of New Zealand, has been drawing political cartoons for the London Evening Standard for about twenty years. Some of his work has also appeared in The New York Times and The Nation. This collection of 289 cartoons covers the period from the invasion of Manchuria, on September 19, 1931, to the surrender of the Japanese, on September 2, 1945. The reprints are in general arranged in chronological order, and all deal with the Second World War and the events leading up to it. Quincy Howe, news analyst for CBS, has provided each picture with a brief résumé of its historical setting.

Low's cartoons vary considerably in execution, some being painstakingly drawn, others giving the impression of having been hastily finished in order to meet a dead-line. There is naturally a decidedly British flavor to them. The war in the Pacific receives scant attention. Russia appears to stand high in the artist's regard. The unwillingness of the Poles to sanction Russia's grab of a large part of their country seems to Low merely a demonstration of "the small-nation mind." Large nations, presumably, welcome being stripped of considerable territory. Low is skillful in caricaturing, resourceful in the use of symbolism, and often very apt in his choice of legend. Not all outstanding events are represented in the cartoons offered.

Quincy Howe has done his part very acceptably. Without his comment many a cartoon as a whole and many a feature of others would not readily give up their meaning to most of us, for details of past events are quickly forgotten. The proofreading has been slighted. The adjective "principal," e.g., is always spelled "principle." An amusing slip is that, speaking of Roosevelt's "quarantine" address at Chicago, Howe says: "His address received wider support in democratic countries than it did in the United States."
The profound, criminal, saintly face of Dostoevsky has moved Thomas Mann to consider, in his introduction to this collection, the problem of the relation between morbidity and the good life. Dostoevsky himself felt that the moments of exaltation afforded him by his attacks of epilepsy fully compensated for the subsequent period of depression and mysterious sense of guilt. It appears, Mann suggests, that in the cases of certain men of superior powers, "disease bears fruits that are more important and more beneficial to life and its development than any medically approved normality." "Life is not prudish," he continues, and he points out the psychological and cultural gains which accrue to the mass of normal persons through the sufferings of "the great invalid," thanks to whose madness they no longer need to be mad. The contemplation of such facts, he declares, forces us "to re-evaluate the concepts of 'disease' and 'health.'"

In spite of all his suffering from epilepsy and his misfortune in being unjustly accused of political conspiracy at the age of twenty-eight and sent to Siberia, Dostoevsky managed to live to be sixty and to produce, in addition to his studies of criminality, a great amount of comedy. Both of these veins are found in these six short novels. The Friend of the Family (1859) concerns a major comic character, Foma Fomitch Opiskin, who is a sort of nineteenth-century Tartufe—a hanger-on who has gradually insinuated himself into the goodwill of an old general, until, at his demise, he is able to lord it over the kindly, weak heir and the emotional women of the household. Instead of being, like the seventeenth-century Tartufe, a hypocrite in regard to religion, Foma is a hypocrite in regard to "enlightenment." In the long nineteenth-century quarrel in Russia between the "Westernizers" and those faithful to old Russian mystic tradition, Dostoevsky held, of course, to the side of mysticism—an attitude which is given considerable space in the story Notes from Underground, also in this collection. The Friend of the Family is told with sufficient amplitude to allow the inclusion of numerous long comic conversations between minor characters and a variety of small comic incidents.

Notes from Underground (1864), written in the form of a memoir, is an introspective study of inertia, petty actions, and profound feelings of shame. The person making the confession is a man who has retired at forty, on a meager inheritance, from a petty government job. From his school days he had felt himself superior to his classmates because of his ability in literary studies, but, except for brief moments of conversational daring, he had been continually bested by these acquaintances because he was disarmed by his sensitivity to his poverty and his lack of social charm. The series of incidents in which he makes a weak attempt to win the satisfaction of per-
sonal achievement lead only to meanness and shame.

_The Gambler_ (1867) combines considerable comedy with a study of the morbid passion for gambling. The young tutor who tells the story shares some of the feelings of pride and inferiority experienced by the clerk in _Notes from Underground_, but he is well able in an emergency to hold his own, and out of this ability comes a scene of high comedy in regard to an affair of honor involving persons of differing social classes. The story works to a tremendous climax as a sharp old grandmother, come to "Roulettenburg" to chide the General, her nephew, for his gambling, is herself drawn into the irresistible vortex of chance.

_Eisenhower Again_

**SGT. MICKEY AND GENERAL IKE.** By Michael J. McKeogh and Richard Lockridge. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York. 1946. 185 pages. $2.00.

With the aid of Richard Lockridge, Sgt. Mickey McKeogh, Eisenhower’s personal orderly, has written an intimate portrayal of General Ike.

Drafted in those pre-Pearl Harbor days when the draftees were still chalking OHIO (over the hill in October) on their barracks, he left his bellhop job in a New York hotel for historic Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio. There he was assigned to Colonel Eisenhower as house orderly. Thereafter, when Eisenhower moved, Mickey moved: when Eisenhower received a promotion, Mickey was promoted. This relationship continued until the end of the war.

Sgt. Mickey is patently a hero-worshipper, and his hero is Dwight Eisenhower. In fact, he at times becomes naive in his hero worship. We are reluctant to believe that a bellhop from New York’s Plaza Hotel can be as naive as Mickey at times appears to be. Perhaps Richard Lockridge colored the account.

In an inconsequential way the book is interesting. We learn that Dwight Eisenhower liked a daily bath, that he read “Westerns” voraciously, that he was superstitious, that he was most considerate of his staff, and that his profanity was—wittingly or unwittingly—blasphemous. Conspicuous because of its absence is any mention of Eisenhower’s religious life. Could it be that he had none?

It is to be regretted that the personal orderlies of Alexander of Macedon, of Julius Caesar, or of Wellington did not write intimate sketches of the men they served. Their accounts would be invaluable to historians in injecting the human interest element into their writings. We are confident that the historian who writes the definitive biography of Dwight Eisenhower will use Sgt. Mickey’s memoirs.

_How They Do It_

**WRITERS AND WRITING.** By Robert van Gelder. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. 1946. 381 pages. $3.00.

Nearly everyone wants to know how writers—both those who have become famous by reason of outstanding achievements and those
who have had some measure of fame thrust upon them—go about their craft. One could use the word “art” instead of “craft” if all the authors who talk about themselves in Robert van Gelder’s collection of interviews were artists in the true sense of the word. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Some of those whom Mr. Van Gelder presents to the readers of *Writers and Writing* are near masters, some are mere pen-pushers or, shall one say, typewriter-pounders.


It would be wonderful if a reviewer could report that the writers who hold forth in the book invariably talk about themselves and their craft in a fascinating way; but candor compels one to state that here and there big and little splotches of downright dullness crop up in the rambling discussions.

**Life in Iceland**


Harald Laxness in his Icelandic novel, *Independent People*, combines some of the strength of the pioneering era of yesteryear with the weakness that marks much of today’s erratic literature. His story is gripping and earthy, but he flaunts atheism and sex at his reader to mar these good qualities.

Bjartur of Summerhouses worked for 18 years for a farmer he despised and then became a freeholder. This he believed was independence, but from it he derived little pleasure. Two wives and several children died, a son left him to go to America, another son wanted to follow suit, inclement weather cost him many of his sheep, his savings were swallowed up when a bank collapsed, his new home was not fit to live in for it was ill constructed, and later he lost his credit rating with a cooperative organization.

His neighbors held a “devil” or “ghost,” which superstition said cursed Bjartur’s land, responsible. He himself felt he was bigger than any ghost, or God. He gloried in his own strength, although he slowly lost the independence it took him so long to purchase. Even these manifold re-
verses could not shake him from his self righteousness.

The story takes in the period of World War I when Icelandic farmers were happy their sheep were bringing in fat export prices. When the inevitable crash came, however, the author says, "the free man of the famine years had become the interest-slave of the boom years."

The novel is depressing, but in that respect there is strength. The author piles up his hero's misfortunes in liberal quantity. His definition of character is also chisel sharp.

Characteristic of Laxness' blatant disrespect for God is shown in his leading character's typical remark, "If they rhyme I sometimes run through a prayer or two while I'm falling off to sleep, just to fill the time in ... or used to when I had less to think about. But never the Lord's Prayer, because I don't call that poetry. And anyway, since I don't believe in the Devil, I see no point in praying."

HERBERT STEINBACH

Two New Histories of Germany


In his V-E broadcast to the German people on May 7, 1945, Foreign minister Lutz Schwerin von Krosigk appealed: "Let us devote the future of our nation to the meditation of the innermost and best forces of the German spirit, which has given the world lasting achievements and values."

Like S. William Halperin (see CRESSET, July, 1946, pp. 62-63), A. J. P. Taylor and Veit Valentin have presented the results of their meditation and study on the nature and destiny of modern Germany, with a view toward determining what those "innermost and best forces" have been and why they have failed. Both Taylor and Valentin are trained historians. Until 1933 Valentin was director of the Imperial archives at Potsdam and professor at the School of Economics in Berlin, and since 1933 he has been writing and lecturing on German history in Great Britain and the United States. Taylor is Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, and author of a standard history of the decline of the Hapsburgs.

Despite their differing background, the German historian and the British scholar converge on one point—their emphasis upon the non-Germanic, Slavic influences in German history. Taylor's study of those influences moves him to summarize thus:

For a thousand years, again from Charlemagne to Hitler, the Germans have been "converting" the Slavs from paganism, from Orthodox Christianity, from Bolshevism, or merely from being Slavs; their weapons have varied, their method has always been the same—extermination. ... No one can understand the Germans who does not appreciate their anxiety to learn from, and to imitate, the West; but equally no one can understand Germans who does not
appreciate their determination to exterminate the East (p. 14).

By emphasizing the role of the Czechs in medieval Germany (p. 98, 112-15 and passim) and of Russia in the modern scene (e.g., p. 248, 551), Valentin substantiates the last sentence of Taylor's summary.

Both works are carefully and skillfully done. Taylor's book will appeal to the student of contemporary affairs who is interested in a brief but authoritative interpretation of German politics since the French Revolution. His last sentence reads: "German history had run its course" (p. 225), and this largely because June 22, 1941, "ostensibly the beginning of a new chapter of victories, was in reality the day of Germany's doom" (p. 223). When "Bismarck stood at the centre of a multiple seesaw, tilting it now this way, now that in order to keep his artificial creation in some sort of equilibrium" (p. 116), there was still hope; for Bismarck still resembled Gladstone more than he did Hitler (p. 130). But in the confusion that followed, Junkerism and Pan-Germanism, in strange cooperation, seized control of German affairs and ultimately brought on Germany's collapse.

Many will not be satisfied with all of Taylor's generalizations. He approaches his work with a conspicuous lack of sympathy for even the cultural achievements of modern Germany. "Germany of the first two decades of the sixteenth century was a Germany of great wealth, of high culture, assertively self-confident, standard-bearer of the Renaissance" (p. 18); but with Luther, Germany, "turned with repugnance from all the values of Western civilization" (p. 19). To Goethe he makes only passing reference; Kant, Heine, and Schiller are completely ignored. Is it really fair to decry Hegel's philosophy of the state (p. 61), and not even to mention Schiller's Räuber or Kant's Zum ewigen Frieden? Modern scholarship would definitely qualify Taylor's statement that "authority (die Obrigkeit), deified by Luther, indeed took on the divine character of omnipotence" (p. 24), or his insistence that "Poincaré, and Poincaré alone, was the author of German prosperity" (p. 198) in the Weimar Republic.

Those to whom Taylor does not appeal for these reasons will turn with pleasure to Valentin's book. No blind nationalist, he deplores "the fatal and inveterate parallelism between the Germanic and the German" (p. 146), and laments that under Metternich "what energy there was was devoted to warding off new thoughts" (p. 373). But he has caught much of the drama and the spirit of German history. What particularly impressed this reviewer were Valentin's brief characterizations of Henry IV (p. 47), Emperor Maximilian as "the last knight" (p. 138), Ulrich von Hutten (p. 154), Wallenstein (p. 198), Frederick the Great (pp. 265-68), all the way to Heinrich Brüning (p. 620). His description of Wagner in nineteenth-century Germany is especially fortunate:

And then the romantic Wagner, who was drunk with history and tended to
exaggerate everything to monstrous and Baroque dimensions, came into contact with Schopenhauer's philosophy and was unable to resist its magic, pregnant with destiny. In this era that received its strongest impulses from Bismarck and Karl Marx, in this era of authority with its emphasis on the material of unfolding economic and military power, in this era when science and technics came into their own in spite of the protests of traditionalists, Richard Wagner, sensuous and demonic, became the opponent of all these powers, to which he was nevertheless deeply related—became the herald of the all-embracing work of art that should reflect the new world picture, allaying all want, all conflict (pp. 444-45).

Valentin combines deep learning with keen stylistic sensitivity—a rare combination among historians, especially German historians!

Neither Taylor nor Valentin proposes a solution for the future of Germany—Taylor because he believes Germany has no political future, Valentin because he believes accurate diagnosis, of which his closing chapter (pp. 672-85) is an excellent example, must precede any prescriptions for curing the situation. Such diagnosis is essential, for the problem of Germany is a world problem today. American demagogues and many American journalists would be well advised to pay attention to these books, for both present insights which would do away with much of the irresponsible writing on the German problem which those two groups continue to produce. If a choice between Taylor and Valentin is necessary, this reviewer would give the edge to Valentin both as history and as literature.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

The Cresset’s Literary Cousins


A "LITTLE MAGAZINE" is a magazine "designed to print artistic work which for reasons of commercial expediency is not acceptable to the money-minded periodicals or presses."

Since the beginning of the second decade of this century, such need for a forum has been felt by experimenting artists and small but eager bodies of readers that over 600 "little magazines" in the English language have been published. It has been in these little magazines, and not in the commercial press, that, according to the authors’ estimate, "about eighty per cent of our most important post-1912 critics, novelists, poets, and storytellers" first achieved publication. Through the medium of these periodicals artists were enabled to appeal to an intelligent, if small, public and to obtain criticism; they were enabled to see what other experimenting artists were doing; and the readers were enlightened as to the new artistic activities of their time.

That most of the little magazines have been short-lived is not surprising. Many of them were organs for certain audacious young groups; when the more talented members of the group gained recognition, the
The CRESSET

need for the magazine was gone. Others were designed to emphasize a certain point of view, and changing times required a change of emphasis. Since all had to be financially subsidized by editors or benefactors, a failure of financial support caused many to founder; the sacrifices of editors in money, time and physical labor constitute an extraordinary aspect of these ventures.

Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Allen have traced the history of ideas through these three decades and have indicated in regard to a representative number of the little magazines how they grew out of these lines of thought. Harriet Monroe's Poetry, which has never ceased monthly publication, was founded in 1912 to provide an organ for poets who felt that the commercially acceptable poetry of their time did not truthfully represent the realities of human experience; this magazine "discovered" many of the leading poets of our time. Margaret Anderson's Little Review (1914-29) was open to almost any type of experimentalism; among many lesser figures it sponsored Pound, Yeats, Eliot, Crane, and Aldington, and it courageously undertook publication of Joyce's Ulysses. John T. Frederick's The Midland (1915-33) purposed to combat the artificiality required by Eastern publishers of trans-Appalachian writers; it urged these writers to stay at home and write realistically of their own region. The Dial (1920-29), T. S. Eliot's English Criterion (1922-39), and The Hound and Horn (1927-34) recognized some of the most distinguished poetry, fiction, and criticism of their time. Two Southern periodicals, The Double-Dealer (1921-26) and The Fugitive (1922-25), gave currency to the early experiments of several writers who have since made good their promise; The Fugitive is typical of magazines arising from the discussions of a group of friends, in this case, students and teachers at Vanderbilt. The expatriate Transition (1927-38) was largely concerned with the researches of psychoanalysis.

The 160-page bibliography compiled by Miss Ulrich is an extremely welcome work of scholarship. Here information about each of some 500 magazines is presented chronologically.

Seventy-Five Years

BRITANNIA MEWS. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1946. 378 pages. $2.75.

Margery Sharp's ambitious new novel presents a panoramic view of middle-class English society from the days of good Queen Victoria to the last anxious months of World War II.

In 1875 Adelaide Culver was a headstrong and rebellious child of eleven. Her stodgy, ultra-conservative, and comfortably situated parents lived in Albion Place, London, a pretentious residential district which had barely begun to show the first faint traces of deterioration and decay. Whenever Adelaide could elude the watchful care of her governess, she speedily made her way into Britannia Mews, the cobblestone alley which housed the servants, the carriages, and the carriage horses of the residents of fashionable Albion Place. In
this period Britannia Mews was clean and comfortable. It proudly shared the aura of respectability which hung over "the masters' quarters." Britannia Mews was neither clean nor respectable when Adelaide returned ten years later as the runaway bride of her dissolute drawing teacher. Adelaide was shocked and terrified by the squalor, the lawlessness, and the license of the Mews. When her drunken husband died after she had accidentally pushed him down an iron stairway, Adelaide's one thought was to return to her own world. Unfortunately, the unsavory neighbor whom she called The Sow had witnessed the accident and threatened to report it to the police as a deliberate murder. Adelaide remained the virtual prisoner of this extortionist until the second man who was to be an important figure in her life persuaded her to defy The Sow. Although she was free at last, Adelaide decided to remain in the Mews. Disowned by her family and cut off from her own world, she evolved for herself a happy and contented existence. During her long lifetime she saw the Mews sink to abysmal depths and then, surprisingly, enter upon a new phase of prominence. Her own return to a respectability curiously like that of her youth kept pace with the transformation of the Mews into a popular artists' colony.

Several years ago *The Nutmeg Tree* established Miss Sharp as a popular writer here and in her native England. Last year her *Cluny Brown* was widely read, and the motion-picture adaptation brought delightful entertainment to millions. *Britannia Mews*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, will unquestionably fare just as well. It is not a distinguished novel; but it is the work of an able and sensitive craftsman.
A BRIEF GLANCE AT RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

WILD WATERS

The author, who is thoroughly familiar with the Mississippi River as a result of much travel on it, has here created an interesting story of river life on the Father of Waters as it was a century ago. His hero, Sam Hawks, whose father owned a plantation and a fleet of Mississippi river packets, learned the ways of the river and the men who lived and worked on it as apprentice pilot. His experiences tempered his social pride, broadened his knowledge of men, and also led him to a brave girl's love. The book is a Junior Literary Guild selection.

SO YOU ARE THINKING!

There are five chapters in this little book—“Getting Married,” “Having a Family,” “Joining a Church,” “Calling It Off,” “Making a Will.” Each of them was a sermon delivered by Pastor Michelfelder to his congregation in Toledo, and they all bear the mark of experience in pastoral counseling. The author believes that it is primarily the task of the Church to give personal counsel, especially in marriage, and he fills his messages with an evangelical concern and understanding that will repay the few minutes needed to read his addresses.

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

THE AFFAIR OF NICHOLAS CULPEPER

Here we have an engrossing and well-written account of the life of Nicholas Culpeper, seventeenth-century author, herbalist, doctor, humanitarian, and patron of the arts and sciences. This eccentric and colorful figure played an important part in the affairs of the strife-torn and plague-ridden London of his day. He is remembered now only for his famous Herbal, a treatise which is still in use.
Although this is Mabel L. Tyrrell's sixth novel, it is the first of her books to be published in the United States. In England Miss Tyrrell is well and favorably known for her novels and for her stories and articles for children.

MAKE YOURS A HAPPY MARRIAGE

By O. A. Geiseman, S. T. D. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. 1946. $1.00.

Here is a book by a well-known author which has grown out of the rich background of many years of pastoral experience. Make Yours a Happy Marriage is written primarily for young couples but it may be read with profit also by those who still are seeking the right road to marital happiness.

The author discusses the physical, intellectual, and spiritual levels of marriage on the basis of the Scriptures. The strength of Make Yours a Happy Marriage lies in its sound scriptural interpretation of the origin, purpose, and obligation of marriage.

This reviewer found chapter eight, "Source of Strength," especially helpful. Makes Yours a Happy Marriage will have a wide sale because it is just the book to place into the hands of young people who are looking for the right way to marital happiness.

H. H. KUMNICK
Verse

Bound
Untie the ropes that bind
The heart and hands
In uselessness, dear Lord.
Send forth Thy joy,
Grant living faith,
And loose unwilling feet,
All eager to remain at home.
Untie the bands
And make me fearless,
Free,
Bonded to Thee.

—Janice Pries

Train Through Washington
The train is fleeting neighbor
To the giant granite walls.
It blows a smoky kiss
To clear-curved waterfalls.
   Sharp walls are adamant
   And water's curve is blunt.

The train bends flaming flowers
On post-summer bush and shrub.
It sings with mountain rain
Filling the valley's tub.
   Flowers resent strange noise
   And rain is much annoyed.

The train greets each gaunt pine,
Winks at purple flowers,
Dreams of idling rivers
Through the blinded hours.
   Tall pines are passive mates
   And rivers nurse cold hates.
October, 1946

Only lone cabins respond
To the eager train's despair,
Wise to its fervent need:
Gray, silent men live there.
—Lee Richard Hayman

In the Colorado Rockies

Here there is stately protection of hills,
Tumult and terror are left on the plains.
Here is refreshment where cold foaming spills
Down from where melting snows join with the rains.

This is the realm of winds, friendly and wild,
Haven of blossoms as slim as grass blades.
Nature is able to claim you her child,
Here where all desperate loneliness fades.
—Lee Richard Hayman

Consecration

To grow in grace—
Be that my plea,
That day by day
In love I see
A place to serve my God.

With God's own strength
I armour don
And take the sword
And struggle on
That I may grow in purity.
—Janice Pries
Twenty years ago the advent of sound pictures threw the entertainment world into a feverish turmoil. On August 6, 1926, Warner Brothers proudly presented the first commercial showing of motion pictures with sound. This historic Vitaphone program was made up of musical selections presented by world-famous artists and the film Don Juan, which starred John Barrymore and boasted of a fully synchronized musical background. Predictions as to the fate of the adventure-some Warners' startling innovation were loud, emphatic, and widely divergent. Some of the film industry's brightest luminaries rashly declared that the highly perfected silent film would be with us long after this crazy fad had gone the way of all crazy fads. Many critics bemoaned the new form of entertainment as crude, cumbersome, and inartistic; other critics professed to see in it unlimited possibilities. A few bold spirits bravely announced their belief that sound pictures would speedily revolutionize the entire film industry.

From the vantage point of 1946 we know that the introduction of sound actually did revolutionize the entire motion-picture industry. Almost overnight old favorites of the silent screen fell into obscurity and were replaced by seasoned actors and actresses recruited from the legitimate stage as pantomime gave way to audible dialogue. The Jazz Singer, produced in 1927, revealed amazing advances in sound technique and sound recording. The improvement continued steadily through the years, and today sound and color have been perfected to a degree once considered impossible. Nevertheless, the experiments go on. Engineers and technicians are still constantly striving for refinements which will project voices and other sounds with complete fidelity.
The twentieth anniversary of the sound film has been celebrated throughout the motion-picture world. The pioneering Warners selected the anniversary date for the release of Night and Day, a lavish technicolor production directed by Michael Curtiz. This picture purports to be a biography of Cole Porter, the popular composer of numerous song hits and many successful musical shows. It has been ballyhooed far and wide in a pretentious and garish manner. One of the most interesting and most disconcerting publicity stunts thought up by a bright press agent was the Cole Porter dinner given, of all places, at the Yale Club in New York City for, of all things, fifty carefully chosen prominent Yale graduates. Some 650 lesser lights—all Yale graduates, of course—were invited to drop in after dinner. Mr. Porter, incidentally, remained in Hollywood. This is not hard to understand; for, although Mr. Porter’s student days at Yale play a large part in Night and Day, Mr. Porter actually studied at Harvard and later at the Schola Cantorum in Paris. Can anyone advance even one reasonably good defense for this ridiculous misrepresentation? The dinner for the Yale elite, incidentally, was a complete bust. Monty Woolley, a bona fide Yale alumnus, humphed and grumped his way through the dinner in characteristic man-who-came-to-dinner fashion. Mary Martin, so the press agents declare, was the first woman ever to invade the sacred precincts of the Yale Club. So what? All the fancy trimmings cannot alter the fact that, with the exception of Mr. Porter’s delightful tunes, Night and Day is, at best, a mediocre picture. Mr. Porter and his music are deserving of better treatment.

Caesar and Cleopatra (G.C.F.-United Artists, Gabriel Pascal) does not pretend to be historically correct. This is a fine screen adaptation of George Bernard Shaw’s wise and witty fifty-year-old comedy of the same title. Caesar and Cleopatra can justifiably boast of being a magnificent super-spectacle. It is that. The glories of Ptolemaic Egypt and the color and pageantry of the invading armies of Rome have been reproduced without regard for cost. Caesar and Cleopatra can justifiably boast, too, of a superb cast and of some of the best acting this reviewer has seen in a blue moon. But the picture's chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that the script is the work of a master-craftsman. It is rich in form and content, abounding in cunning, satire, savagery, tenderness, dignity, the naïveté of youth, and the understanding of full maturity. Mr. Shaw’s Caesar is not the Caesar of the textbooks. He
has created a ruler who combines the might of a despot with the benevolence of a humanitarian. It is a concept of leadership which glows with special warmth in the aftermath of the havoc wrought in a world afflicted with megalomanic dictators. Claude Rains' performance as Caesar merits high praise, and Vivien Leigh is excellent in the role of the girl-queen.

An impressive array of money and talent have gone into the making of Centennial Summer (20th Century-Fox). The story is based on Albert E. Idell's entertaining novel, the music was composed by the late Jerome Kern shortly before his death, seven of Hollywood's big-name players appear in a topnotch cast, and technicolor has been applied to man, beast, and background with a generous hand. The settings and costumes are elaborate. As a matter of fact, it would be interesting to know just how a humble, hard-pressed railroad employee could provide the succession of gorgeous costumes in which his wife and his daughters appear. If 1876 was really like that, it was wonderful! So far, when Hollywood re-creates the good old middle-class American home, glamor still triumphs over realism. In spite of everything Centennial Summer is lack-lustre to the point of boredom.

Although Two Sisters from Boston (M-G-M, Henry Koster) is a Cinderella tale straight out of Never Never Land, it is so fresh, gay, and tuneful that one doesn't really mind. In addition Jimmy Durante and Lauritz Melchior are on hand to keep things moving at a lively pace. The ebullient comedy of the Schnozzola and the infectious good humor and the fine artistry of the great Heldentenor are invaluable assets to any play. There is music, too. It ranges all the way from Bowery chanties to grand opera.

The simple fact that Van Johnson is the star of Easy to Wed (M-G-M) is enough to ensure its box-office success. No one would be foolish enough to say that the teen-agers' idol is much of an actor; nor would one, in all fairness call him a handsome man. But there is no escaping the fact that he "sends" the bobby-soxers. The theatre was filled with Van Johnson fans when we saw this picture, so we know from first-hand experience that his every appearance brought on a chorus of adoring shrieks which drowned out the dialogue. (No great loss, that!) A re-make of Libeled Lady, which was a popular release of a decade ago, Easy to Wed is lively, romantic, full of slapstick comedy and sure-fire novelty acts. Technicolor makes it all very, very fancy.

In Courage of Lassie (M-G-M,
Fred M. Wilcox) the famous canine star comes home from the wars. It seems that veterans of the Army K-Nine Corps, too, find it hard to forget that they have been trained to kill. In this instance the dog Bill has the assistance of his devoted mistress in his fight to re-adjust himself to peacetime living. A good cast, excellent direction, and magnificent outdoor sequences filmed in technicolor make this a pleasantly entertaining picture.

*Without Reservations* (RKO, Mervyn Le Roy) presents Claudette Colbert as the scatterbrained, foolishly romantic heroine of a puny little farce. The plot must be swallowed at one gulp—or it will not go down at all. The smooth acting of the principals and Director Le Roy's swiftly paced direction compensate in some measure for the film's obvious shortcomings.

It may be that some of you will feel an urge to see *The Wife of Monte Cristo* (PRC, Edgar G. Ulmer). Surely you will be able to find a better way to spend your time! Unless, of course, you have a craving for a triple dose of hokum, swashbuckling villainy, and indifferent acting.

You can skip *Janie Gets Married* (Warners), *Renegades* (Columbia), *Badman Bascomb* (M-G-M), and *The Hoodlum Saint* (M-G-M), too.
Seven years ago the editor’s brother, the Rev. Martin L. Kretzmann, left our shores to return to his missionary post in India. At that time The Cresset published his thoughtful valedictory, “Goodbye to All That.” Much has happened to the world, and to his native land, since Missionary Kretzmann sailed from San Francisco in 1939. His reactions and reflections upon returning home are the subject of this month’s “Pilgrim.”

Our able Associate, Dr. W. G. Polack, is rapidly distinguishing himself as an interpreter of the American scene. His contribution to this month’s Cresset, “Village with a Character,” is another engaging vignette of grass roots America. Dr. Polack is professor of Church History at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri.

Guest reviewers in this issue include Herbert H. Umbach (Lord Hornblower and The Best Stories of Wilbur Daniel Steele); Jessie Swanson (Four Great Oaks); H. H. Kumnick (A Bible for the Liberal and Make Yours a Happy Marriage); Jaroslav Pelikan (The Course of German History, The German People and So You Are Thinking!); and Herbert Steinbach (Independent People, It Happened in 1945, and Suitors and Suppliants). All are faculty members at Valparaiso University.

Our business department reminds us that now is the time for all good Cresset readers to come to the realization that the Cresset will make an ideal Christmas gift.