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THE

JUNE 1946

CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS



- The Influence of the Press
- Revenge or Common Sense
- My Mother
by W. G. Polack
- Paging Authors and Speakers
by Rudolph Norden

VOL. IX NO. 7

THIRTY CENTS

THE CRESSET

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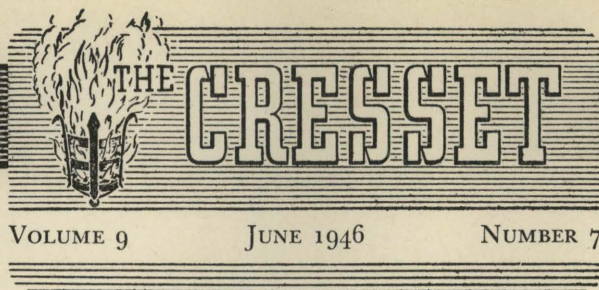
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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Sowing Distrust

COMMUNIST totalitarianism has taken the place of Nazi totalitarianism in Berlin, and the difference between the two types of rigid regimentation is exactly nil. The methods of the *Gestapo* are once more working their havoc in the city which was the capital of the Third Reich. Men and women are disappearing, and relatives receive no news whatever concerning the whereabouts of those who, for one reason or another, have been seized by the minions of Stalin. Arrests are made without warrant. A special correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* reports that "three judges in the American sector and one in the British sector of Berlin were recently removed from their homes and have not since been

heard of. They are supposed to have pronounced sentences "which were not approved by the Communists." Furthermore, the concentration camps in Sachsenhausen and Buchenwald are again being used for the detention of political prisoners. *Schulungskurse* (training courses) for former members of the Nazi party have been instituted in Buchenwald. After being thoroughly indoctrinated by the Communists for six months the ex-Nazis are graciously permitted to join the ranks of the Reds. In addition, there is ironclad censorship of whatever is printed in the eight Russian daily newspapers now being circulated. The correspondent goes on to report that

the most glaring misuse of declared intention has been by the Commu-

nist-dominated trade unions. Ostensibly non-political (which caused them to attract some 300,000 workers in Berlin, as compared with the estimated membership of 100,000 in all the four political parties), the trade unions have now emerged as a strong political force under the domination of the Communists.

Little by little the world is getting a glimpse of what is going on behind Stalin's iron curtain. How can one believe that the Generalissimo and his co-workers are genuinely interested in the establishment of peace? They are sowing seeds of suspicion and distrust.

The clever rhymester who goes by the name of Lucio indited the following lines in a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian*:

Twinkle, twinkle, little spy,
Rooting round in realms atomic.
Candidly, the trade you ply
Is not wholly kind or comic;
We accept you, as we must,
As a symptom of distrust.



The Influence of the Press

THERE was a time when the newspapers of our country played a great and important part in formulating and gauging public opinion. Ever since the last two presidential elections we have wondered whether they weren't losing their grip. In both the elections of '40 and '44 the nation's newspapers were overwhelmingly

against the reelection of Franklin Roosevelt. Yet in both instances Mr. Roosevelt won handily and his election was never in doubt when ballots began to be counted. Evidently the voters did not agree with their editors, nor with the reams of editorial opinion by which they so logically documented their position.

Time and again we have read the carefully written articles in our local newspaper protesting some phase of political activity in the narrower sphere of community and state. They were written in words of one syllable. They stated the facts clearly and succinctly. Those facts must have been true, what with our legal recourse for libel. But where are the results? The abuses and irregularities continue. Candidates least suited for their office are elected. It is only occasionally that a press campaign can generate enough popular sentiment to accomplish a necessary reform. (But when they do, we admit, it's a sight to behold!) But by and large their influence seems rather insignificant.

This is a peculiar phenomenon in an age when more people have learned to read than ever before. But then, we suppose, the average American learns to read so that he can enjoy the comic page, and not for the purpose of pondering over the editorial section. And

that is not the fault of the newspapers or their editors, primarily, but of our education!



Godless Graduations

TOWARD the end of this month the public school system of our country will again graduate thousands of American young people, some from elementary grades into high school, some from high school into university, and many from universities as the completion of their formal education. They will not all have received the same measure of instruction, but one glaring, dangerous deficiency will be common in all ranks. It is a deficiency against which all religious agencies must fight a losing, up-hill battle. All these young people, products of our public school system, will have received an entire education without God.

We cannot blame the teachers or the system for that. . . . A God-less education is an essential prerequisite of any school system which would scrupulously respect freedom of religion and conscience. If there is to be any state-controlled, state-supported program of public education it must be planned in such a way as to leave God out.

But can that really be done and still have the result called an edu-

cation? What natural science can be properly explained without God? What is philosophy without God? And can history be correctly evaluated without Him? What commercial subject or vocational training is of any real value unless the principles of the Christian faith temper and control them? What textbook can be accurate and what instruction adequate in which God and His will and His revelation are not taken into account? Is not God at the heart and center of all things? What then can be said of our whole elaborate system of education if it must eliminate Him?

And should we then wonder over the social ills and economic inequalities and political abuses that plague our nation? Indeed, we are doing our best to produce and perpetuate them as long as our whole program of public education prepares men and women to look at the world, at history, at their own place in it as though God had no share in them; to regard Him, if He is considered at all, as aloof and apart from the world and its people, unconcerned and helpless in their weal and woe. This is not a plea to put religion into our public schools. After all, what kind of religion could be added that would satisfy all? It can't be done without so compromising Christian truth that its power is vitiated.

But it is an appraisal that foreshadows the ultimate failure and dangerous weakness of any system of education, no matter how widespread or magnificent, which disregards the existence and power of God. It is an appraisal that foreshadows the doom of any civilization so nurtured and educated.



Reciprocity with a Vengeance

ONE of the disturbing problems raised by the Nazi ideology of hatred, persecution and deportations has not been solved by the defeat of the German armies. Now we have the appalling picture of minorities being persecuted or deported by allied nations. News coming out of Czechoslovakia is extremely disturbing. As is known, before the war there were about 3,000,000 people of German origin living within the borders of Czechoslovakia. Today the Czechs are determined to send back these Germans where they came from. Possibly a mere 500,000 may be permitted to remain. Despite the fact that these Germans may have lived for generations within Czechoslovakia, yet the Benes government insists that they be deported.

As a result, we are informed, these unwanted millions are being subjected to the same form of ter-

ror which the Germans used to visit upon the Jews. They are pushed into concentration camps. They are not given the same food ration. They are permitted to take along only what they are able to carry. They are visited at night by the Czech Gestapo and told to pack up and leave. They have *Deutsch* printed across their ration cards and other means of identification. This is reciprocity with a vengeance.

Thoughtful Czechs are rather disturbed over the present course of events. Churchmen feel that this governmental action is not Christian. Yet the Czechs are in a dilemma. They know that the Germans do constitute a future dangerous fifth column. History has proved that these people cannot be completely trusted. At the same time these Germans are people and people cannot be treated the way Nazis treated their victims.

Surely there must be some way to help the Czechs in solving this puzzle. Perhaps it might be possible to put this large minority under some form of trusteeship of the UNO; perhaps these Germans could be closely supervised by a form of civil police. As soon as a German demonstrates his loyalty, then supervision can be removed. We are frank to confess that we have no ready solution. We do believe, however, that there

should be no discrimination whatsoever in the allocation of food and clothing rations. That is the way the Nazis worked.

The seeds sown by Hitler have not stopped growing. The evil plants keep sprouting in all sections of the world.



The Limitations of Penicillin

SCIENTISTS were recently told that penicillin is losing some of its punch. The prediction is made that this widely heralded "wonder drug" may become, within a few years, completely useless for some of the most prevalent diseases. Though it is able to kill many kinds of germs, there are such as have successfully resisted its devastating power.

There still are people who believe that medical science will, in course of time, effect a cure for every disease. There are people who sincerely believe that penicillin or some other drug yet to be discovered will do away with every form of social disease, and that man may then with impunity freely indulge in the lusts of the flesh. They will learn, perhaps too late, that there is no escape from the wages of sin, that God has a way of meting out terrible punishments in this life to fornicators and adulterers, and that medical science is just as impotent to chal-

lenge its Maker as are the very least of His creatures.

In education, in government, in business, in the professions, in international relations, in literature, in the arts, responsible men are, unfortunately, working under the fatuous illusion that they have their own penicillin with which they can defy moral and religious obligations. They, too, will learn the hard way that there is no penicillin which can destroy the harm done by their infractions of any aspect of the moral law or by their disregard of religious obligations. They, too, will learn that the wages of sin are death, whether this sin be in the nature of lust of the flesh, or lust of the eyes, or the pride of life. With all due respect to modern medical science, it will never find a way of absolving man from obligations which he owes his Maker and from obligations which he owes himself and his fellowmen.



Educational Playthings

PEDAGOGUES, like children, pick up a plaything only to throw it down a few moments later. The latest pedagogical toys are audio-visual aids. The new key to effective teaching is the use of films, radios, and phonographs in the classroom. Opaque projectors, tri-purpose projectors, movie pro-

jectors, film strips, slides, recordings, and movies are all part of the essential equipment of the modern teacher.

Never one to depreciate the value of the latest teaching devices, we are nevertheless somewhat dubious regarding the great claims made for audio-visual aids. In the hands of too many teachers they will be largely a waste of time and money. We believe that teaching is a gift, not an art. If a teacher has that gift, aids will make him a more effective teacher. If he doesn't have that gift, the effectiveness of his teaching will be lessened rather than increased by the use of many of the modern pedagogical devices.

It was H. L. Mencken who described a good teacher as one who has "the lust to teach—a passion apparently analogous to concupiscence or dipsomania, and, in the more extreme varieties of pedagogues, maybe quite as strong."



'Teen Crime Pinned on Parents

A RECENT Gallup Poll attempted to determine from the public what it regarded the chief causes of the alarming wave of juvenile delinquency which is sweeping our country. The survey was based on the following question: "Police records show that a large number of crimes are being

committed by teen-age boys and girls. What do you think is the main reason for this juvenile delinquency?"

Seven out of ten persons questioned blamed parents for the rise in crime among youth. They mentioned as two chief faults of parents inadequate supervision and control and lack of proper training. It was also frequently pointed out that the war had created conditions which gave parents little time to devote to their children, especially in families where both parents worked.

Typical comments were such as charged parents with downright carelessness in guiding and bringing up their children. Others held the "war hysteria" responsible for the increased tempo of living which gave the children too much freedom during the war. This increased liberty revealed itself in the fact that younger children during the war than one would find normally found their way to taverns and questionable places of amusement. Some comments also referred to the lack of recreational facilities for the young, as a result of which, boys and girls would turn to bad movies, bad books, bad company and liquor.

The survey reveals that not only educators and social workers, but also the general public, recognize the cause of the deplorable situation which the rising tide of

juvenile delinquency discloses. All of our reforms will be of little avail if parents are not brought to their senses. The home must be rehabilitated to the extent that parents will recognize their responsibilities toward their growing up boys and girls. This will mean sacrifices in many instances, i.e., giving up some of the pleasurable pursuits in which parents are indulging. Above all, the present situation points to a disappearing function of the American home, namely the influence of religion as an integrating and guiding factor of the family. A revival of religion in the home will inevitably result in restoring parental responsibility, which in turn will prove the basic factor in all our efforts to rehabilitate the family and stem the tide of juvenile crime.



The Church and Labor

ONE of the critical domestic problems which will have to be solved within the coming year is the relationship of the Christian Church and organized labor. That the relationship between labor and the Church is strained is common knowledge. Part of the misunderstanding that has arisen is of course the heritage of the Marxist philosophy which derided religion as a capitalist manifestation. On

the other hand the Christian Church has too often aligned herself with reactionary elements in society. It is a pity that the Church has been and oftentimes remains extremely class-conscious when her entire ethic and philosophy denies class distinction. Yet people still feel that the Church appeals to the middle and upper class. It was not so many years ago that churches looked with horror upon the workman's right to strike. Examination of various church pronouncements leads to the impression that churchmen believed in a static society. Therefore, any attempt on the part of labor to improve its status was regarded as revolutionary.

Something must be done and it must be done soon. For one thing the Church as a whole dare not remain neutral on social and economic issues. At a recent meeting of a Welfare Conference in Des Moines, John Jacobson, regional director of the CIO's Political Action Committee, said that the church must "re-examine its mission among the people . . . re-orient its social program so as to provide a sound and continuing basis for cooperation with organized labor in achieving the greatest possible benefit to the great mass of people."

Mr. Jacobson felt that there were three areas of agreement between the Church and labor:

1. Interest in maintaining peace and preventing future wars.

2. Social legislation to improve health, housing, living standards, and security of the "common man."

3. Protection and extension of American democracy through the abolition of racial discrimination, the poll-tax, anti-labor legislation, and congressional intolerance.

There is no doubt that America is at the crossroads in the labor and capital difficulty. Shall the Church adopt a benevolent neutrality toward labor and capital? Or shall the Church attempt to approach the entire problem on the basis of its Christian faith and show that organized labor deserves the understanding and co-operation of the Christian Church? It is difficult to remain neutral and one is inclined to believe that the forward-looking church will attempt to give labor the benefit of her wisdom and experience.



MacArthur's View of World Peace

PRESIDENT TRUMAN in his Chicago address called for strong military preparedness on the part of our nation to insure world peace. The extension of our prescription program into the future and putting all our able-bodied

boys into uniform at 18 was the President's prescription for a peaceful world in days to come.

Two days earlier, General MacArthur in a speech delivered at Tokyo had sounded a different note. The general had called upon the nations to renounce war, to abandon the rule of force, and to submit to a world law of order.

"There can be no doubt," said the general, "that both the progress and survival of civilization . . . is dependent upon the realization by all nations of the utter futility of force as an arbiter of international issues; is dependent upon elimination from international relations of the suspicion, distrust and hatred which inevitably result from power threats, boundary violations, secret maneuvering and violence to public morality; is dependent upon a world leadership which does not lack the moral courage to implement the will of the masses who abhor war and upon whom falls the main weight of war's frightful carnage."

General MacArthur's conception of a peaceful world in this atomic age and his suggested program toward the realization of that goal must appeal to every thinking person the world over. Furthermore—and that is of supreme importance—the general's point of view expresses the principles of Christianity.

Revenge or Common Sense?

IN England men of vision and understanding are warning their fellow-citizens that a horrible witches' brew will be concocted in Germany if a lust for revenge is permitted to prevail against political and economic wisdom in dealing with the conquered land. Naturally, Britain wants Germany thoroughly de-Nazified; but de-Nazification cannot be brought about if Germany is deprived of food and if every attempt is made to take away from her every vestige of hope. In a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian* it was pointed out that Britain's hope is linked with that of Germany. Hunger and despair breed Hitlers and more Hitlers. Empty stomachs, disease, and despondency are the food on which communism feeds. And God help England and the United States as well if Stalin's ideology—which, in the final analysis, is different in name only from Hitlerian totalitarianism—gets the upper hand throughout the vanquished Reich. Fierce political currents, said the *Manchester Guardian*, are sweeping across Europe from the East. It will be impossible to withstand them if callousness and revenge dictate the policies to be pursued in dealing with the German people. Britain realizes that the food crisis in Germany is a political crisis in

Germany. The *Manchester Guardian* declared:

Germany has two needs—food and hope. Food is the basis, for without a modest sufficiency of food there cannot be the coal on which Germany's life depends. But when food is assured (and it is not yet assured) there must also be the hope of being able to live in self-respect and decent economic well-being. We must never forget that Germany has a vaster task of physical rebuilding before her than any country has ever known. No civilized people has ever been confronted with a greater physical effort of reconstruction if she is to continue civilized. We cannot hope to see her develop into a peaceful democracy under any other conditions than to give her a chance to recover.

Under Hitler Germany sowed the wind. Now she is reaping the whirlwind. Is it good sense, however, to permit that whirlwind to fan the sparks of communism or of another kind of Nazism into raging fires—fires which are bound to spread to other lands?



Change Easter?

THE church going people of our country were not pleased when the late President Roosevelt some years ago at the behest of some business men began to tamper with the traditional date of Thanksgiving Day. The confusion

that resulted did not help the spirit of Thanksgiving, already waning before the onslaught of commercial interests. But Thanksgiving Day in the United States had from its very beginning been set by proclamation and so it was accepted.

Now, and for the very same reason, it is proposed that the President, together with Congress, meddle with the greatest Christian festival, Easter. In order to simplify business statistics and sales records it has been suggested that by such governmental interference the date of Easter be set at the second Sunday in April.

What have business statistics and sales records to do with Easter? This is a strictly religious festival. Its origin is religious and its theme the commemoration of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Any business connected with this celebration is purely coincidental and subordinate. In fact, the measures in which business men have set about commercializing this Christian holiday, turning it to their own advantage, has already done much to rob Easter of its real joy and blessing. Their interference with every great Christian holiday has been a curse. Whether the celebration of Easter is on one day or another does not have a divine mandate, but re-

mains a matter of Christian liberty, yet the right to do any changing does not belong to the President or Congress any more than these have the power to tell people to go to church on Sunday. If any wish to change Easter that is the prerogative of the Christian churches whose festival it shall remain. And why should they change their worship to satisfy those who have no interest in the worship of the risen Lord but only in their own profit and convenience?

On the other hand, it might be well if we let the department stores have their own Easter with their promotion of new wardrobes and bigger and better Easter rabbits and Easter eggs. We who are Christians could then continue to celebrate our own festival on the traditional moveable date unhampered by the spirit of display which now robs our celebration of so much of its significance!

Nevertheless, for Christians to permit their most sacred and joyous festival of the year to be meddled with for the reasons offered would be a definite defeat, symbolic of the continuing conquest of mammon over God in our already secularized civilization. Change the date of our Easter celebration? Never!

The



PILGRIM

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

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Spring Cleaning

ALWAYS, at this season of the year, a month after the vernal equinox, I become aware of ominous activities in the house in which I live. . . . Familiar and unfamiliar figures appear at regular intervals, pencils and notebooks in hand, to look appraisingly at walls, floors, rugs, and furniture. . . . They exclaim pittingly over the dark and lovely spot where the smoke of a long winter has left its mark on the wallpaper. . . . They run calculating fingers over wallboard and tables. . . . With a start I realize that the time of spring cleaning has come and that the voice of the turtle will be lost in wild confusion. . . . I further realize that I will be compelled, by the silent pressure of public opinion, to do something about it. . . . The alternatives before me are painfully clear—either get out and have some foreigner get into my room to clean up or do it myself.

. . . Long ago, taught by the experience of recurring springs, I have chosen the latter. . . . All winter I have carried things into this little room. . . . Books to be read more carefully when an hour of leisure comes, clippings which can be used for certain purposes, articles to be filed for permanent availability, essays which must be compared with previous productions of the same school or the same writer. . . . To let them fall into the hands of the Philistines is unthinkable. . . I must do the job myself. . . .

My sense of deep, inner resistance to the entire process is, of course, completely unavailing. . . . Behind the situation there is a profound and inescapable syllogism. . . . I do not know when it started, but when it emerged from the dark of our past it already had the perfect logical form:

All houses must be cleaned in the Spring. It is Spring and this is a

house. Therefore this house must be cleaned.

I am, of course, aware of the fact that the people in charge of the process, largely women, are no longer conscious of the syllogism behind their feverish activity. . . . It looks more like a primeval urge, a harking back to the dim years beyond memory and history, as mysterious as the recurring suicidal march of the lemmings to the sea. . . . As all men know, resistance is hopeless. . . . It would only destroy the rhythm of life. . . . And so—with the calm sunlight of late April haloing my days, with the birds in a great polyphony of praise beyond my window, I turn to the task of spring cleaning. . . .

The process, I must admit, has compensations. . . . Here, in the corner of the desk, is an article I wanted two weeks ago. . . . On top of the filing cabinet is a little book under a pile of big books which would have been valuable in a discussion of education last month. . . . In the bottom drawer is a set of notes on Kierkegaard which I thought were lost. . . . And how in the world did that outline for a chapel address get in with the discarded tobacco tins? . . . The physical part of my work begins to slow up; but the rest of it becomes a thrilling journey of discovery in a little room. . . . In the corner of the

window shelf I come upon two books which, I now remember, I had placed there for comparative reading. . . . One was published in 1942, the other in 1946. . . . Both are reflections of the modern mind at its limited best, suave, aware, critical, mordant. . . . The earlier one is E. B. White's "One Man's Meat," the more recent is "The Autobiography of William Allen White". . . . The identity of names is of course accidental, but the similarity in other respects is striking. . . . Both can handle modern prose deftly and confidently, both are acute observers of their life and times. . . . Mr. White from Kansas was closer to the tumult of his age than Mr. White of Maine, but both are sensitively aware of the deepening night and the late hour. . . . E. B. White in the spring of 1942, objecting to the twentieth century concern with man in the mass and describing the coming of April to one man in Maine:

I have yet to meet the common man, although I have heard his name mentioned in many circles. The fellow at my elbow in the subway is the uncommonest person imaginable. "Ordinary" is the word much used to describe him, but I find him wholly miraculous and I am sure he finds himself so. On this account I have never had any sympathy for what is called the "class struggle." So defined, and so prosecuted, it is a libel on Man the Animal, and is a poor pres-

entation of a very important case, now being tried in the highest court and with order almost impossible to restore in the courtroom. To call the restlessness of men, and their unhappiness, and their yearnings, and their victimizations, a "class struggle" is merely to intensify and dignify what one professes to abhor.

Here then is a book in a time of swords, a thought or two in a time of deeds, a celebration of life in a period of violent death. Here is a record of an individual pursuing the sort of peaceable and indulgent existence which may not soon again be ours in the same measure. I offer *One Man's Meat* not with any idea that it is meaty but with the sure knowledge that it is one man—one individual unlimited, with the hope of liberty and justice for all.

The last jar of 1941 peas was broached yesterday at lunch, and the preserve closet in the cellar begins to look bare. A new fielder's glove has arrived from Sears and with it the early morning sound of a ball rolling off the barn roof and landing back up there again with a sharp plunk. This week we have had two visits from a great blue heron and one from the superintendent of schools. It has been an early spring and an eerie one. Already we have had evenings which have seemed more like July than April, as though summer were born prematurely and needed special care. Tonight is such a night. The warmth of afternoon held over through suppertime, and now the air has grown still. In the barnyard, among the wisps of dry straw which

make a pattern on the brown earth, the sheep lie motionless and as yet unshorn, their great ruffs giving them a regal appearance, their placidity seemingly induced by the steady crying of the frogs. The unseasonable warmth invests the night with a quality of mystery and magnitude. And in the east beyond the lilac and beyond the barn and beyond the bay and behind the deepening hills, in slow and splendid surprise, rises the bomber's moon.

Mr. White of Kansas, looking from his cluttered office at Emporia back through the years to a day in 1918:

A milestone in my life had been that bright, crisp day in February, 1918, when I celebrated my fiftieth birthday. It shocked me. Sallie had arranged a dinner for a dozen of our old friends. Before they came I went upstairs to dress and, coming down before the guests were assembled, I amazed the family by sitting down midway on the stairway landing and bursting into tears. To be fifty was definitely to leave youth and young manhood, and to begin to be an old man. Always I had dreaded the responsibility of maturity. I mourned because I was grown up. For I had liked to hide my blunders and my conscious idiocies behind the shield of pretense that I was young, naive, inexperienced. I was given to impish mischief, and under fifty it might be excusable. But I felt, there on the stairs, that I had crossed the deadline; that the whole gay panorama of childhood, boyhood, youth, young man-

hood, and mature adolescence was gone. Fifty years meant something so new and so sad that I felt upset in bewilderment and something like sorrow. I had crossed the meridian, and I did not like the new country.

And where, in these glittering twenties, were the hopes which I and my kind had held so high in the first two decades of the new century? Looking around me in the gathering roar of prosperity, the only rising political force seemed to be the dark bigotry of the Ku Klux Klan. And other sinister forces of oppression to the free human spirit seemed to be gathering across the seas. Where were our hopes and dreams of yesteryear?

Looking back now more than thirty years, I can shut my eyes and see that Bull Moose convention of 1912, see their eager faces—more than a thousand of them—upturned, smiling hopefully, with joy beaming out that came from hearts which believed in what they were doing; its importance, its righteousness.

It seemed to matter so very much, that convention of zealots, cleansed of self-interest and purged of cynicism. I never have seen before or since exactly that kind of a crowd. I impressed it on my memory because I felt as they felt—those upturned, happy faces.

And now they are dust, and all the visions they saw that day have dissolved. Their hopes, like shifting clouds, have blown away before the winds of circumstance. And I wonder if it did matter much. Or is there somewhere, in the stuff that holds humanity together, some force, some

conservation of spiritual energy, that saves the core of every noble hope, and gathers all men's visions some day, some way, into the reality of progress?

I do not know. But I have seen the world move, under some, maybe mystic, influence, far enough to have the right to ask that question.

Mr. White, having died last year, now knows the answer to his questions. . . . He knows the "core of every noble hope," the "stuff that holds humanity together." . . . I confess, however, to some regret over the fact that so many of our contemporaries spend the days of their years in the cult of unknowing. . . . The shock of knowing, a moment after the heart stops beating, must be full of terror of the spirit. . . .

And what does it all add up to, this blindness of ours to the meaning and purpose of life? . . . At the bottom of another file of magazines I find a book which I shall look at several times a year as long as I live. . . . Entitled, '*U. S. Camera, 1946*' it is a graphic pictorial record of the year of our Lord 1945. . . . The war in Europe and in the Pacific, battles and ruins, ships and bridges, armies and navies. . . . This was the world as we knew it a year ago this spring. . . . But the greatest value of the book, historically and artistically, lies in its record of the faces of

men, women and children in that year. . . . Victorious faces, smiling faces, thoughtful faces. . . . Faces torn by pain and shell. . . . Faces wan with hunger and fear. . . . I look at those faces, the faces of men in a world full of spires and altars, and the words "sovereignty," "honor," "diplomacy," "spheres of influence," are like vinegar in a sponge. . . . Perhaps the most moving photograph in the entire volume—I consider it the greatest picture to come out of the war—is the portrait of a soldier lying on a stretcher in Okinawa on the 19th of April, 1945. . . . His eyes are bandaged, and his face is covered with dirt and blood. . . . His hands are folded in the attitude of prayer. . . . The legend accompanying the picture reads:

"Several patrols tried to advance down a road through a gap in the ridge and were badly cut up. One squad of five men completely disappeared, and it was impossible to reach the known wounded to evacuate them, for machine-gun fire continually swept the road. Suddenly one of the men broke onto the road and ran frantically toward us. Bullets plowed the dirt at his feet. We could see that his face was a mass of blood and that he wobbled as he ran. On and on he came, and still the bullets cracked around him. Within inches of the

safety of the ridge, he was hit again and gyrated crazily into a heap behind the ridge. He lay there writhing and groaning, for the last bullet had gone through his foot. It was a clean wound, but his head looked bad and blood poured from his mouth and nostrils. He was conscious and fairly rational, asking how badly he was hit, saying that he was a new replacement, telling us about the hell up ahead. Although he was in great pain, they did not give him morphine because of the head wound. As they laid him on a stretcher, he grasped the neck of the medic and held on for several seconds. Then he lay there with his hands clenching and unclenching—finally he brought his hands together in the folded position of prayer, his lips began to move, he stopped writhing. They picked up the stretcher and as they carried him along the ridge, his lips still moved and his hands were still clasped."

This was a year ago. . . . Perhaps this is the ultimate lesson of spring 1946. . . . Moving lips and clasped hands. . . . There is still something in God which answers to the need of man. . . . These are now the years of decisive turning. . . . Perhaps here and there there will be a few men who will remember that the mute cry of our clasped hands was answered long ago by God on a Cross. . . .

*O Thou who art the Giver
Of every gift that's good,
Our thanks for having given
The gift of motherhood. . . .*

My Mother

By W. G. POLACK

Mother and Mother's Day

MOTHER died last summer, well past four score years. She was over fifty before the celebration of Mother's Day was inaugurated in our country. In the course of time she learned to enjoy Mother's Day in the circle of her family of eight grown children who would vie with each other in remembering her with some gift on that day; but she was never quite reconciled to the observance of that day in church. She happened to be visiting at my home on a Mother's Day about twenty years ago. We attended church together, and she was much put out when the preacher pictured motherhood in a way that gave the impression that all mothers are saints. "I don't think sermons like that are proper," mother declared emphatically afterwards. "No Christian mother feels comfortable in church when she hears herself unduly praised. The ministers should stick to their

work of preaching the Gospel. We mothers also need the Gospel."

Her Influence

WHEN I think back on my mother's life, as I often do especially since she is no longer here, I marvel at the influence she was able to wield in her lifetime simply by doing her job as she saw it, as wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and as a friend of many.

She had little formal education. Born in the time of the Civil War, reared on the Kansas prairie in the old sod-hut days, she received her elementary training in a little German Lutheran parochial school. She had a native intelligence and a keen mind, one that stayed with her till her dying breath. She was remarkably well indoctrinated in her faith and was a regular church-goer unless sickness prevented her. She managed to read a great deal, especially the church papers, even though she

had her hands full raising four boys and four girls (two other girls died young) and, except when sickness laid her low, which was seldom, doing her own housework, cooking, baking, cleaning, sewing, gardening and marketing alone, or with what help we children could give her. She was ever ready to make sacrifices so that her children might receive an education. How she managed to feed her brood when they were all around her table will always remain a mystery to me, for father's income was never large. He was a Lutheran parochial school teacher in a large mid-western city, and I recall, when I, the eldest boy, was in the eighth grade of school, that his salary was \$64.00 a month. He managed to buy a house out of it on the monthly instalment plan, and mother fed and clothed us out of the rest. She made my confirmation suit that year out of a piece of blue-serge cloth at a cost of less than five dollars, and I did not have to be ashamed to wear it.

Mother's Culinary Ability

IRVIN COBB, in one of his magazine articles written during World War I, in France, lauded the French housewives for their culinary ability, stating that a Frenchwoman could take a worn-out shoe and turn it into a tasty dish. Well, no Frenchwoman had

anything on mother. Her meals were always tasty and well-prepared and we voracious youngsters never had to leave the table hungry, even though we did not often get delicacies. One of her tricks, to stretch the food, was to serve stews and soups. We had soup often, served in a huge tureen that dominated the center of the table. No Campbell's or Heinz's canned soups, which I have often eaten after leaving mother's table in later years, can compare with mother's soups. And her baking—home-made bread, kaffee-kuchen, pies, and sponge-cake (her specialty)—my mouth still waters at the thought of these as they came forth from her oven. There were at least three bakings a week to supply our hungry stomachs.

Her capacity for work seemed unlimited. As the eldest son in the family, I was trained early to be mother's helper and I have a vivid remembrance of her tireless energy. She regularly rose at five in the morning, a habit of which she could not break herself when the need for such early rising was past. She kept chickens to supply us with eggs and she swore by black leghorns as the best layers. Her large kitchen garden in our backyard, which my brothers and I helped to hoe and weed, kept us in fresh vegetables. She would walk to the downtown market on Saturdays—a four-mile walk,

round-trip—I going along with my boys' express-wagon in which to bring home her purchases of meat, fish, fowl, vegetables, fruit, etc. What a shrewd buyer she was, operating strictly on the principle of *caveat emptor*, and the seller had to be mighty good to pull any wool over mother's eyes. I recall, with some admiration, how she would buy several dressed calves-heads (I used to shudder at the sight of them) and we would have a meal of tongue, another meal of fried brains, and several meals of head-cheese. At ten cents a piece, that was making your money go a great way!

All the quilts on our beds, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths, the boys' waists, the girls' dresses and under-garments, all these mother found time to make on her busy Singer sewing-machine. On Saturdays we all helped with the cleaning. Every night we did up the dinner dishes, and afterwards, as we gathered around the dining-room table to do our lessons for school, mother, knitting or hemming, sat by to keep tab on us and to check on our catechism and Bible-history recitations, our spelling, reading, and arithmetic.

Mother Ruled the Roost

FATHER was usually busy with his school-work, or with his choir, or practicing at the organ, or composing music for school

and choir use, for besides teaching school he had charge of the church choir and the church organ. So he had little time for the family. After family devotions, following dinner, he would retire to his tasks and mother kept us in hand. I never heard her complain of overwork, but it is certain that she seldom went to bed without being dead-tired.

Though she was of a quiet and retiring nature, she managed us children with a firm hand. She did not believe in sparing the rod. She was very patient and did not chastise easily, but when she did find it necessary to correct us, it was done with sufficient severity so that the episode was not quickly forgotten. It was only for very serious infractions of the house rules that she called father into the picture to do the chastising in her stead.

Mother's Complex About Storms

ONE of the memories that have stayed with me since very earliest childhood is that of mother's fear of thunder-storms. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that in her own childhood she passed through some severe cyclones on the Kansas prairie. She often told us how everyone rushed pellmell for the cyclone cellar when one of these threatened on the horizon. If a storm arose at night, no mat-

ter how much we children would have preferred staying in bed, she would rout us all out and take us into the living room where father would read a Scripture lesson and offer a prayer. Then we'd stay there until the storm had passed over. We often pleaded to go back to bed after father's prayer, but mother was adamant. We had to wait until all danger was past.

Rocking the Cradle

AFTER I was married and our own children appeared one after the other, I often regretted the passing of the old-fashioned cradle. Walking the floor at night with a restless child, I would think of mother's patent. She always kept the cradle next to her own bed. If one of the little ones became restless, she merely stuck her foot out from under the covers and rocked the cradle with it until the youngster was lulled back to sleep.

Of course, even that did not work in case of sickness, and mother had her share of night-watches. I remember well, when my youngest sister contracted diphtheria, how mother held her steadily in her arms for twelve hours, without relief, until the anti-toxin had taken effect. For ordinary ills, such as colds, sore-throat and fever, mother had her own remedies. One of them was

castor oil with a few drops of turpentine. The shivers still run down my spine at the thought of the horrible taste of that combination!

Mother's Church Activity

WHILE we children were all under her feet, mother had little time to be active in church work, but as we left, one by one, she started to make up for lost time, especially in the Ladies Aid. The church with which she was affiliated at the time was a small suburban mission, struggling to get on its feet and the ladies of the church were hard put to it to raise money for the building fund, so they specialized in two activities, making fancy quilts for which there was always a ready market, and putting on a church supper periodically. Mother and a number of her cronies spent several days a week quilting. When a supper was put on everyone in the community was invited, from the mayor down to the members of the police and fire departments. It was back-breaking work to serve dinner to so many people, but the ladies had their compensation when they were able to add several thousand dollars a year to the church's building fund.

Her interest in her family and her church did not decrease during her declining years. She was

very proud of her circle of grandchildren and even more so when her great-grandchildren enlarged that circle still more. During the late war she had five grandsons in the service and in spite of her age kept up a fairly regular correspondence with them all. No one was more thankful when V-E Day came than she. She did not live to see V-J Day.

During her last years, physical weakness kept her from attending church as regularly as she wished and she missed her pastor's sermons sorely. She was not uncritical in her listening. She frequently wrote me about the sermons she heard. Some ministers she heard "scolded too much." "A minister ought to remember always that he has grownups in his audience," was her succinct comment. Once she wrote me about a minister's sermon on dancing. Not that she closed her eyes to the dangers connected with the dance, but she said, "The minister put things into the minds of the young girls of which they never dreamed." During her long lifetime she had become acquainted with many dignitaries of the church and she had a high respect for the office of the ministry; but nothing grieved her more than when a minister of the Gospel did not live up to the high ideals of his holy calling.

Mother Passes Away

TOWARD the end of her life, mother as well as we children knew that her days were numbered, and I was not at all surprised when one of my brothers wired me late one Saturday last summer that mother was sinking. I had a preaching engagement on Sunday morning which I was able to fill. Immediately afterwards, my wife and I got into our car and drove the two hundred odd miles to mother's. It was about nine p.m. when I stepped into the house. All my sisters and brothers were gathered there. They told me, "Mother is anxiously looking for you." When I approached her bed I saw that the end was not far off. Her eyes were closed. When I spoke to her she opened them and smiled up at me. The questions that I asked her she answered readily enough. She was fully conscious, though very weak. "Mother, are you ready to die in the faith of your Savior?" Her "Yes" was strong and clear. Then she joined me and the others as we prayed the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Twenty-third Psalm, and a number of hymn verses. There was no hesitation on her part, no lapse of memory. When I closed with an *ex corde* prayer and expressed the wish to her for a blessed end and a happy reunion with father in heaven, she

smiled and closed her eyes. She never opened them again. The coma into which she lapsed lasted about an hour or so as we brothers sat at her bedside. Then quietly, peacefully she stopped breathing. Mother had passed on.

Somehow her going brought few tears to our eyes. She entered eternity as calmly and serenely as she had lived. Through the following days until we laid her next to father who had passed away fifteen years before, days in which tributes of many kinds were paid to her memory by a host of friends and relatives, we did not bewail her going away. She had tri-

umphed over the last enemy. What more could we ask?

Her price, in our memory, is above rubies. Her children rise up and call her blessed!

As I pen these lines in her memory and think of all she meant to me, I see her face rise up before my mind, and I recall, as pertaining also to her, lines written by Adolf Hotlen of his mother's face:

Two kindly eyes, mature and mild;

A service etching veils the brow.

Two gracious lips that ever smiled

Out at the world—I see them now!

And o'er the crown of plaited hair,

In mind, I place a halo there!



*Some advice that should
be heeded . . .*

Paging Authors and Speakers

By RUDOLPH NORDEN

THIS is the plaint of the little fellow who reads the books and listens to the speeches. Long have I cultivated the company of word-makers, seeking their wisdom and sometimes chuckling over their neatly turned phrases. In the course of my career as connoisseur of the sweet morsels of knowledge I have acquired what you may call the "pew-view." From where I sit, whether in a comfortable chair canopied with a reading lamp, or on an understuffed auditorium seat, I have been within range of the verbal ack-ack guns. Sometimes the bullets found their mark, but then again you could sit there all night in full exposure without being as much as grazed by the missiles. You come out of the fray with a case of battle fatigue. This is bad for both the word-throwers and their intended receivers. If we could get rid of the interference and those petty annoyances our author-reader, speaker-listener re-

lationship would be much improved. If there are any phrase-makers in the house, would they bend an ear to the pleadings of the little fellow who reads their books and listens to their speeches?

If you have given me the green light, let us proceed to take up one of those authorial habits of yours, well-meant no doubt, but entirely surplus. I refer to the unnecessary formality of offering apologies for writing the book. You pick up a volume, glance at the preface, and sure enough the author apologizes for one thing or another. A variation of the apologetic theme is the profession of undue modesty on the part of the writer. What if some friends gave valuable suggestions or cancelled a few commas out of the manuscript, it was the writer who did 99 and 44/100 per cent of the work. Let him not be too liberal in giving the credit to others. Oh, yes! there are instances when some prefatory explanation is due from

the author, especially if the title of the book promises much but the content offers little. You would expect your hostess to excuse herself if she coaxed you over to a turkey dinner but served you hamburgers instead. Aside from these exceptions, most books don't require an apology for having been written. What if your opus lacks critical footnotes, bibliography and scholarly quotations from the authorities, why minimize your effort or try to ward off criticism by calling it a work meant primarily for the laymen or the children? It is risky business, too, to venture out on the branch with reference to the scope of your book. You peg your work too low by branding it a popular treatise. How do you know that it is within the range of average people and in that sense popular? It is not presumptuous to suppose that your book has merits. You need not be an all-out authority to have worthwhile opinions on a subject. Offer your literary labors as a contribution to a problem which undoubtedly many others have wrestled with. You simply tell your readers in the preface that you made some studies and wish to share them with the circle of fellow students. Don't get down on your knees as though you had breached propriety in writing a book. It leads people to think your sweat and agony in producing this

treatise were altogether superfluous.

Turning to the speakers, I have a bone to pick with the person who habitually begins his speech with an apology. It is a sure way of sabotaging your own speech. Afraid lest the audience expect too much of him and feeling a bit uncertain when rising to his feet (who doesn't?), the after-dinner speaker is inclined to beg indulgence. Perhaps he will say that he did not spend enough time on the topic. Yes, this may be an honest confession. It happens occasionally that the Tuesday speaker came down with a cold last Saturday, just as he was about to compose his notes. Believe it or not, this happens only once in a while. Most apologies for the lack of time are unnecessary. If you feel that your oration or extemporaneous remarks are somewhat on the unfinished side, don't tell your audience about it. Let your hearers find it out for themselves. Most of them will never know it, unless, of course, you spill the secret. Indeed, make good speeches, but don't take them too seriously. Forget about the etiquette of proverbial footscraping when addressing a social group. The chances are that the chatty Society of Left-handed Ladies, which meets every Thursday in the library, will not be concerned too much if your speech is light in content. The

program chairman was probably anxious to get a speaker and roped you in because you were handy. If you are famous, worry less about your verbal offering. It is *you* the folks wanted to hear and see. What you say is of less importance. By all means, do not apologize.

The little fellows who hear your speeches join me in another request. We ask you: "Please, don't exaggerate." We don't want you to make a thing sound more important than it really is. If your theme has to do with correct English and you upbraid us for splitting infinitives, don't conclude that our very culture depends on keeping our grammar pure. Here again we allow for exceptions. If you address me on splitting atoms I get the jitters. Your prophecy that civilization is at stake in the atomic age finds me responding with a loud Amen. Otherwise, though, let us go easy in attaching significance to passing phenomena. The foundations of the world may quiver under the impact of new developments, but they don't shatter so easily. Youth kicks over the traces these days, but that does not mean that the end of moral living is in sight. Personally, I am getting a little tired of the speaking vocabulary stocked with ponderous phrases and dramatic words. Used too much, these ominous terms become firecrackers

that no longer detonate. Words like critical, crucial, crisis, catastrophe, emergency and others you will find in Roget's Thesaurus are high explosives and should not be used irresponsibly. They should be retired and put on pension for a while, together with Hollywood's superlatives.

We come now to that species of public speakers known as commencement orators. Goodness, your scribe has heard plenty of them at his listening post on a university campus. Somewhere along the line the traditional commencement speaker got himself into an awful rut, and a rut, as you know, is a potential grave with the ends kicked out. Sometime in the misty past, the man chosen to address the graduating class was led to believe that he must be a prophet of good things to come. So he promises all and sundry in cap and gown that they will be leaders in their respective communities. All will be successful because they have been exposed to a stretch of formal education, American style. Proud papa and mama are pleased to hear that the crystal-ball gazer sees such a prosperous future for their child. Statisticians, however, throw a wet blanket on the fond prediction. Some Harvard professor figured out that if all college graduates within a given period will be leaders, there would be thirteen lead-

ers for every follower. Stated militarily, this means a baker's dozen of generals for one buck private. Let the commencement orator speak factually, frankly. Not all in the class can climb the pinnacle of success and fame. Life for most of the graduates will be a struggle to maintain an average grade in the great school of professional practice. The future country doctors will have quite a time ministering to the sick in their communities without adequate remuneration and the conveniences of a city hospital. With all his work by day and night, the average country doctor will not be known outside his county. So let's face the facts and be cheerful about it. Let the commencement speaker stress the fact that good followers are needed as well as good leaders. To cooperate, to follow, to plug away faithfully while others get the credit is a fine art and requires considerable talent. There is success in store for those who are content to hold down positions appropriate to their capacities.

If you are asked to deliver the commencement address next June, be brave enough to break with the pattern and formula heretofore followed by your predecessors on the rostrum. See whether you can make that speech without using the worn-out expressions: "We point with pride," or "As I

look into your intelligent faces."

And let us have a look at the political speaker, namely, the man who fights wars and secures peace with words. His trouble is that he makes everything sound so simple. How easily the knots of political complications untie themselves when our spokesman takes to the air. He is none other than the second cousin to the cafe habitué who maps out campaigns on table cloths. For one thing, the political speaker, and I have in mind particularly the convocation lecturer addressing starry-eyed idealists, loves to deal in generalizing theories, in academic platitudes. Logically speaking, this or that ought to be done to effect a better relationship among nations. Unfortunately, it is not logic, much less ideals, but stark realism that calls the plays when international quarterbackbacks go into a huddle. One of the pet themes seized upon by political speakers these days is international unity. This they define as something else than uniformity. The differences are to be preserved but the whole is to be merged into one-world unity. How is this possible? Take, for example, the much contemplated political marriage between the peace-hungry, eager United States and the blushing-red bride, Soviet Russia. If this marriage is to mean anything at all, that is to say, if it is to bring about unity, how can

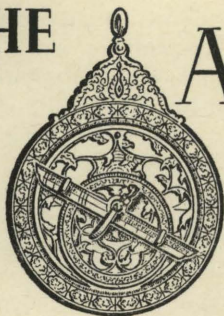
one hold out for the differences so characteristic of each party? If the husband-to-be was not in the habit of taking baths as a bachelor, is he to continue to be a bathless Groggins in marriage? If the party of the second part was wont to make all the social teas in the neighborhood, can she carry on in this style when wedded to a husband who wants his supper at six? It is simply impossible to keep the concepts of unity and uniformity from blending into each other. The political speaker likes to slur over the difficulties as he voices his glittering generalities. This is

what we have against the otherwise noble order of political commentators.

These are a few of the authors' and orators' peccadillos that one of their clients charges against them. If I have pricked one of your favorite balloons, don't be angry but get yourself another one. We who buy your books and pay admission to hear your banquet speeches should be entitled to have our little fun. By and large, you were doing all right, but there were a few rough edges we thought you might polish down. That's why we were paging you.




THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER

TEN BLIND SPOTS IN KNOWLEDGE

 They were listed by Watson Davis, director of Science Service in Washington, in a talk before a sectional meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which met in St. Louis in March.

As outlined by Davis, the "blind spots" are:

1. Living longer.
2. Virus conquests.
3. Healthier personalities.
4. Exploration of the elements.
5. Exploration of the universe.
6. The secret of photosynthesis.
7. The secret of protoplasm.
8. Automatism.
9. World brain.
10. Psychological warfare.

Probably every one of the scientists who attended the conclave in St. Louis, if asked to mention ten major problems of mind, would

have substituted at least seven items for an equal number in this list. Certainly, not all of these problems are of the same order, and several overlap. The first resolves itself into a search for the cure of degenerative diseases, especially cancer and arthritis. This is not properly a blind spot, since much has been added to our knowledge for the diagnosis of these diseases. The second—the search for the cure of virus diseases, like the common cold, classifies with No. 1, Living longer. Dr. Davis' analysis of No. 3 reveals another subdivision under No. 1; he is thinking of neurotic and psychopathic conditions.

No. 4. Exploration of the elements. That much needs to be done here, even the casual reader of popular science texts knows. Certainly knowledge is not "blind"

on this subject. What Dr. Davis means under No. 5—the “down to earth effects of some stars and galaxies” contains a hint of astrology. At any rate, this blind spot includes both No. 6 and No. 7, which deal with the conversion of the sun’s radiation in growing plants, and the secret of life. Under “automatism” Dr. Davis understands the application of machinery to the farm and the home, also to industries.


No. 9, “World Brain,” is a highly significant item, on which we shall quote the speaker, thus: “Civilization’s memory is in its records, its books, its literature, its handed-down lore and customs. Overburdened human brains forget. Our world organization or disorganization of knowledge has its lapses of incomplete records, its Babel of languages, its geographical stagnation, its confusion of classification and its overpowering bulk.” This is indeed the No. 1 problem of every scientific investigator. The amount of field and laboratory investigation piled up in the scientific journals and pamphlets of the universities from Minneapolis to Harvard to Oxford to Leipzig to Leningrad to Tokyo to Adelaide is so enormous in every department of human research that investigators are standing helpless before the mountain of scientific records. In the *Atlantic Monthly* a scientist recently

proposed a huge collection of microfilm records coordinated by a gigantic machine, as the solution.

No. 10 is badly worded. Dr. Davis has in mind a better understanding within the family of nations.



SEVEN COSMIC RIDDLES

 Far better than the seven blind spots of knowledge just reviewed are the seven cosmic riddles of DuBois-Reymond, German physiologist, who died in 1896. Of the seven unsolved problems he declared that three were awaiting solution while four are in their very nature insoluble. His report stands as follows:

1. The essence of matter and force; declared insoluble in 1891, and it is so today.

2. The origin of motion on purely natural grounds of reasoning; utterly insoluble.

3. The origin of life. Not yet solved, 1946.

4. Whence comes design in nature? Today scientists solve this problem by dissolving it. They deny that there is evidence of design.

5. The origin of thought. That the combination of a number of atoms of C, H, N, O, should produce thought, thinking, is today as inexplicable as it was in 1891.


6. Reasoning and language — how did they originate?

7. The problem of free will. The philosopher says today as DuBois-

Reymond said in 1891: "*Ignoramus et ignorabimus*"—"We don't know and we shall never know." DuBois-Reymond was known especially for investigations in animal electricity, especially in the physiology of muscles and nerves. Today some of the brightest minds in Massachusetts Institute of Technology are still wrestling with this problem. "Art is long and life is short."



REVOLUTION VS. EVOLUTION

 By revolution we mean the motion of the various moons round their parent planets. Astronomy distinguishes, in the main, three satellitic systems.

First, the Earth-Moon Type, with the moon rather staid and regular in its rotation round the earth.

Secondly, there is the Jovian (Jupiter) Type, and here we have the first severe headache for the evolutionist. The eighth and ninth satellites of Jupiter move in retrograde orbits, thus violating the custom in the solar system that rotations and revolutions are in the counter-clockwise direction as seen from the north. This deals a death-blow to the nebular theory of evolution (that by centrifugal force the moons have been separated from their parent body and continued to rotate in the same direction owing to this force), a theory which still persists in high

school texts. The blow is all the harder because Jupiter is 12,000 times as massive as its largest moon, as compared with the earth, whose one obedient satellite is less than one-hundredth of the mass of the earth.

Another satellitic aberration that remains unexplained by the evolutionary hypothesis is the high speed of the inner moon of Mars, Phobos, which circles round the planet three times while Mars rotates only once. Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, aptly remarks regarding this phenomenon: "A very puzzling problem for those who account for details of the origin of the planetary system on the basis of current cosmogenic theory." (*Lights from Chaos*, 1930, page 73.)


The third satellitic system is the Saturnian Type. The mysterious rings of Saturn with their millions of moonlets and meteoric particles are still baffling and astonishing even to the seasoned astronomer. Dr. Shapley, with a frankness befitting a man of science, sums up the queries raised by these strange satellitic phenomena as follows (p. 74f):

"The deepest question incited by considerations of the various types of satellitic system is of course the inquiry into the origin of the solar system itself. An ambitious task is this answering of

questions of the genesis of a planetary system composed of such remarkably dissimilar objects—gaseous star, high-density earth, luminous comets, meteorites, coronal streamers, and interplanetary electronic flows. The origin of various moons is but a by-problem in this more serious intricacy.”



ADVANCE OF KNOWLEDGE

 Largely, the advance of knowledge is a matter of moving into the unknown by continual checks and corrections, dead theories being discarded, and “facts” being brought into line with reality. When a reputable scholar realizes that claims are being made which materially distort the true picture, he will make corrections, and no harm is done to the cause of science. Our grievance is the continual operation of evolutionists with embryonic fish gills in man, vestigial structures, mimicry, and sexual selection. They should be as honest as the geologists were who have lately repudiated the fossil ear of corn of the reputed age of 100,000 years. Previous to this find, research historians and scientists had reached a general agreement that corn probably had originated within the last 1,500 years. Ink had hardly dried on journals and textbooks carrying this information when a Peruvian

ear was unearthed in Incan ruins. It was deposited in the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale University, where experts examined it. They proclaimed it a true fossil, with petrification offering absolute proof that corn existed one hundred thousand years ago. One well-known authority peered at the ear through a magnifying glass, and tagged it *zea antiqua*, ancient corn.

No one seemed to question the verdict of the experts until 1934. Dr. R. W. Brown of the United States Geological Survey suspected that the ear wasn't the real article, got permission to put the precious antique under the saw.

You guessed it, the ear was hollow. It was just a cleverly hand-made clay copy of an ear of Peruvian maize. The experts now say it was a child's plaything.

A quick fate has overtaken the speculations concerning the effect of the atomic bomb on the Polar ice cap. In our last issue we referred to statements made recently by prominent people that with the advent of nuclear energy we are now in a position to melt the polar icecaps. Put forth seriously, these speculations have caused concern in some quarters because of the threat of a general raising of the level of the oceans, accompanied by dire effects that would be felt throughout the inhabited world. Now, in a current issue of

Science, Prof. Raymond T. Ellickson, of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, presents a simple calculation that shows the absurdity of this proposal at the present stage of development. The salient paragraphs are these:

The icecap has been estimated to cover 5,000,000 square miles and to average 1,800 feet in thickness. To melt it from a temperature of -40° F. would require 2.5×10^{23} B.T.U. of heat, which is equivalent to 3×10^{26} joules or 2×10^{45} electron volts of energy. This energy could be supplied as nuclear energy in two ways: by dropping bombs or by setting up so-called piles such as are used in the production of plutonium.

Each atom of U-235 releases about 2×10^8 electron volts of energy. Operating at 100 per cent efficiency it would, therefore, require 10^{37} atoms or something over four billion tons of U-235 to do the job. At present cost of something over \$10,000 per pound no comment is needed regarding the feasibility of this approach. The idea of using uranium piles is no more feasible. Surely a pile that dissipates 1,000,000 kilowatts would be considered a large one. The power output

would be about equivalent to that of the Grand Coulee dam. With 10,000 such piles one could melt the icecap in about 1,000,000 years"—!

Staying with this subject for another minute there is that succession of stories on "Russian atomic bombs," which have been making the rounds of newspapers and magazines in the last few weeks.

Some of these stories, supported by allegedly authentic secret documents, reveal themselves as fabrications by the use of such scientific nonsense as "cyclotrons fired from five mile distance," "atomic shrapnel" (allegedly used by Russians in the last phase of the German war), or "new atomic explosives invented by an eighty-six year old organic chemist,"—not to mention the inevitable "small-size atomic bombs" and "sub-atomic bombs." A bulletin of Atomic Scientists of Chicago, Inc., says of these stories, that "they contribute their share to confusing public opinion and poisoning the international atmosphere."




Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Some Treasured Recordings

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

 It seems unnecessary to say that one actually *learns* music by playing it, singing it, and listening to it. One can absorb a great deal of valuable information about the tonal art and its many wonders by reading books and articles; but music is meant to be heard just as paintings are meant to be seen, just as strawberries, liver sausage, kidney beans, pretzels, and pork chops are meant to be eaten.

Words are often wonderfully expressive. Sometimes, however, they are lame. For this reason it is frequently impossible for anyone to write with absolute accuracy about music and its miraculous powers.

The word "color" is a case in point. We know exactly what color means when we think of it in terms of vision. But what does it signify when we speak of it with

reference to hearing? Are our *ears* able to distinguish one color from another? Can one *hear* green, red, blue, violet, pink, brown, or beige?

The late Lawrence Gilman once declared that Wagner had the power to write descriptive music of such vividness that it actually caused listeners to see with their ears. Naturally, Mr. Gilman was using what William Schwenck Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, would have called "a most ingenious paradox." But, paradox or no paradox, innumerable devotees of music have acquired the habit of associating tones and combinations of tones with color. Some have the firm conviction that there is a close and permanently fixed relationship between color as it is *seen* with the eye and color, as, paradoxically speaking, it is *heard* by the ear. Since I am neither a physicist nor the son of



à Becket Shrine

*Canterbury Bells the City's voices be,
Ringing from the steeple, singing on the lea:
Canterbury Pilgrims, welcome home to me!*

THE original church of Canterbury occupied by St. Augustine was largely rebuilt by Archbishop Odo about the year 950. Successive fires damaged the church severely, and the building continued until about the year 1495. The great towers rise to a height of 235 feet. The length from east to west inside is 514 feet.

The cathedral has the finest front of all the great English churches. The great central tower, added to the western towers, has an effect surpassed only by a great dome.

The architectural detail of this cathedral is the most elegant, finished, and cultured of all the English cathedrals. It has nothing of the austerity that one sees in Durham or Lincoln and is not at all like that of sophisticated Salisbury.

A study of the exterior is a constant delight to an architectural devotee, for it is so full of real value and wonderful historical content.

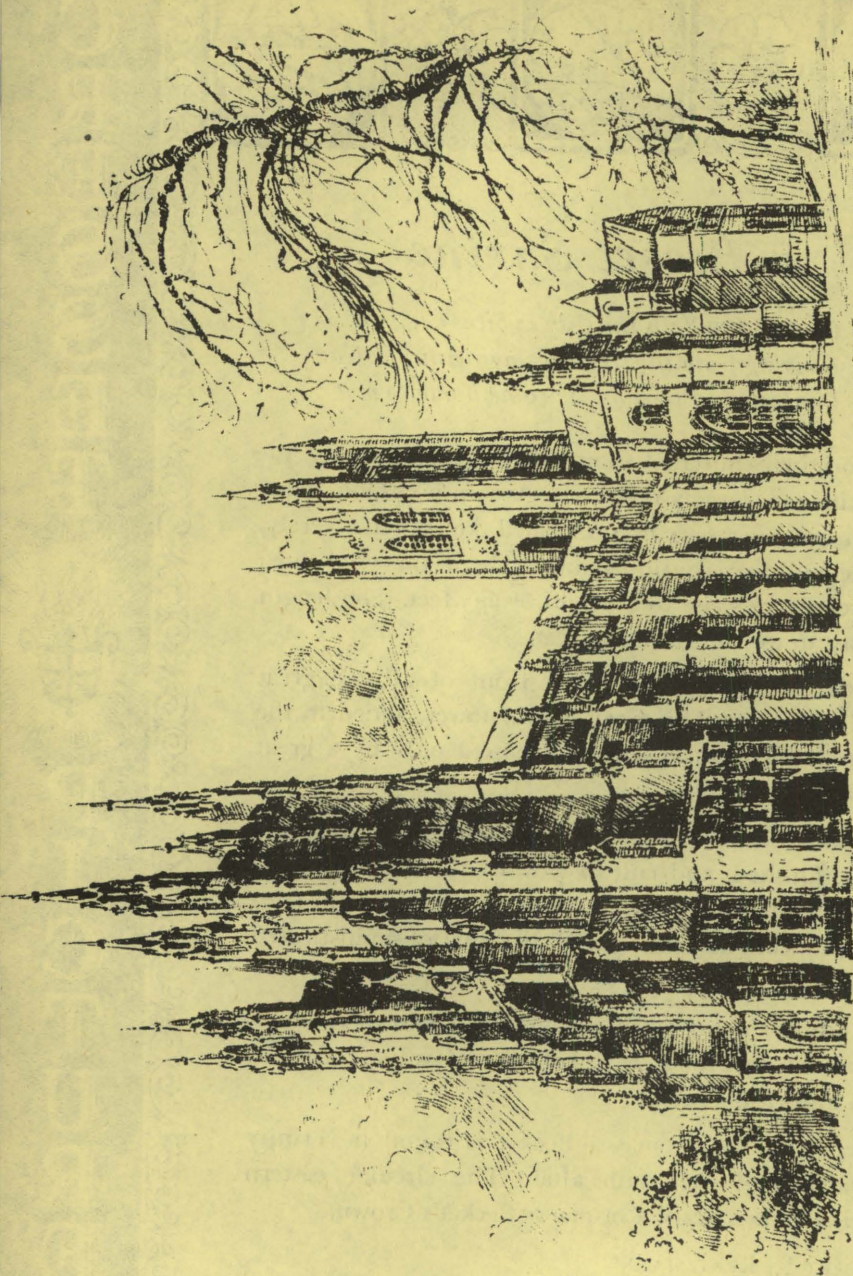
The shrine of Thomas à Becket is found in Trinity Chapel behind the main altar. The circular eastern chapel is known as the Corona or Becket's Crown.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

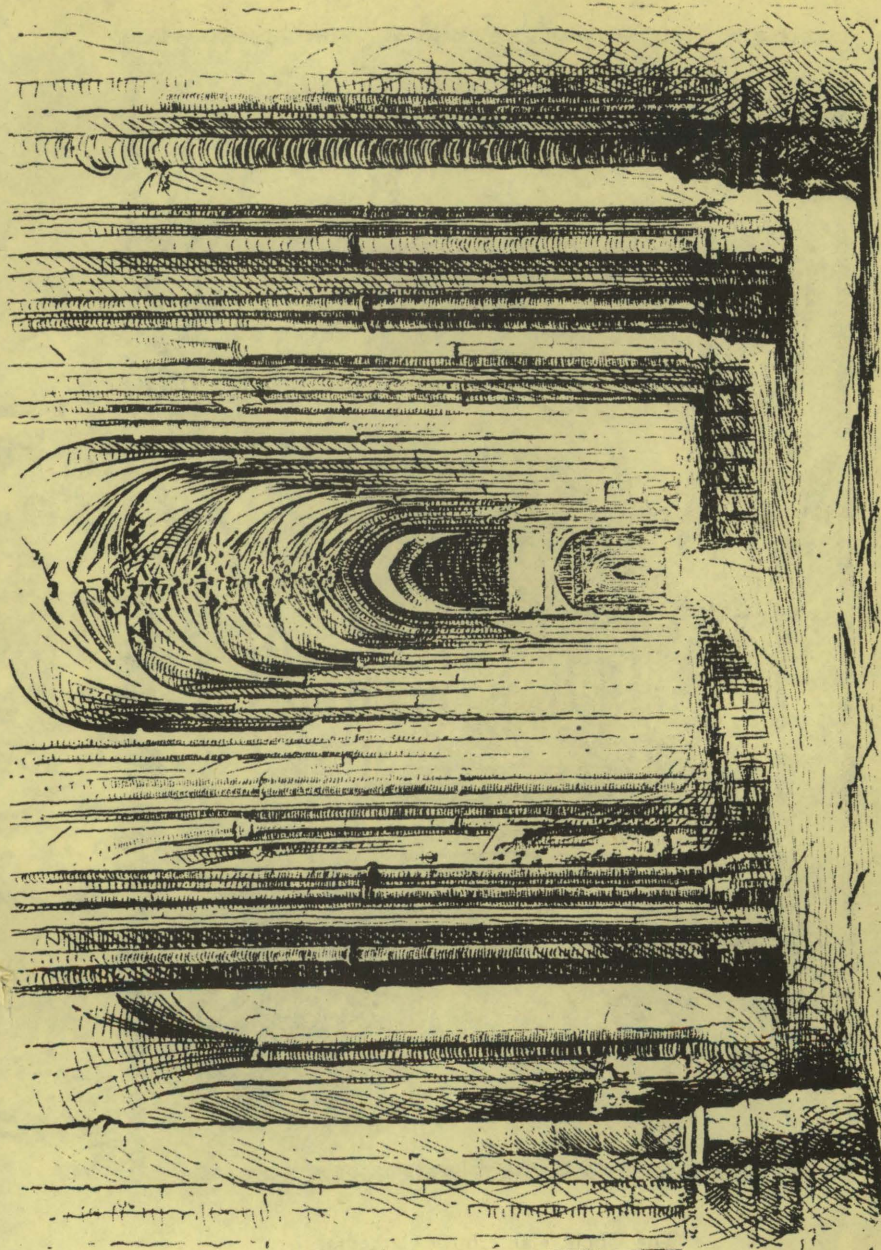
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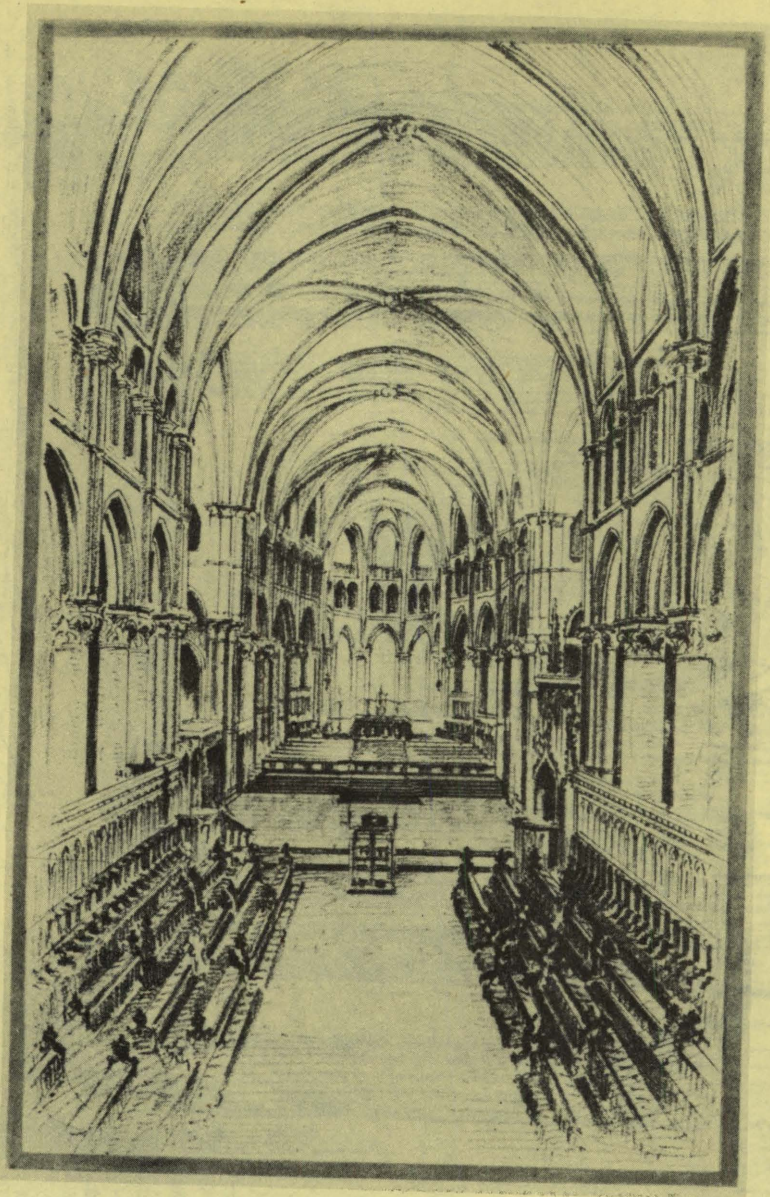
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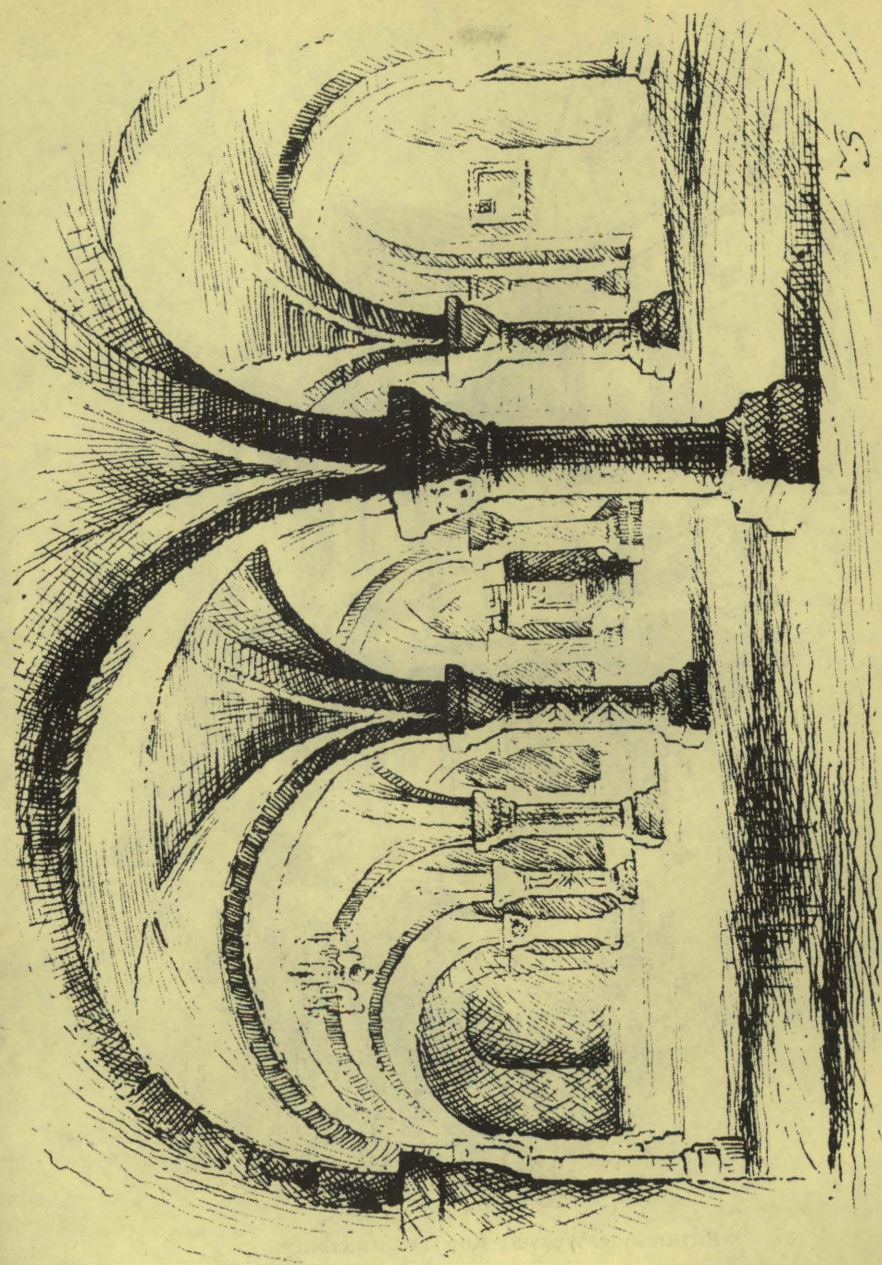
Canterbury Cathedral



The Nave, Canterbury Cathedral



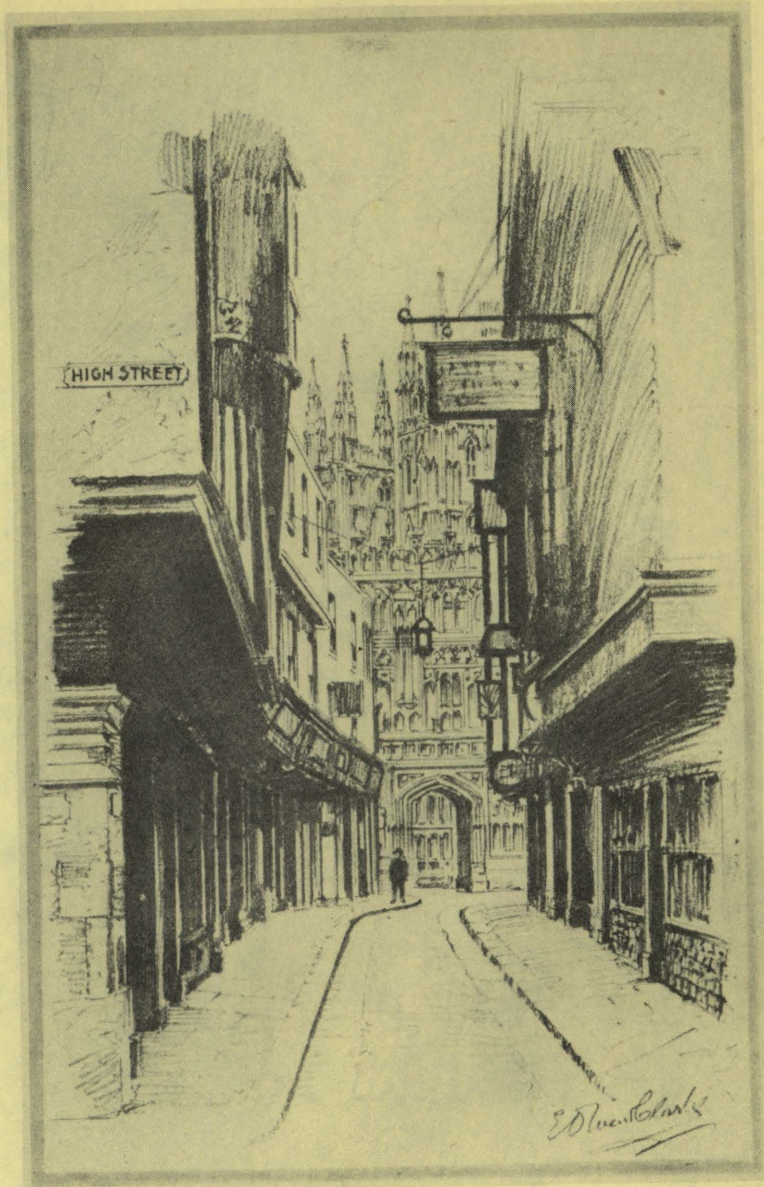
The Choir, Canterbury Cathedral



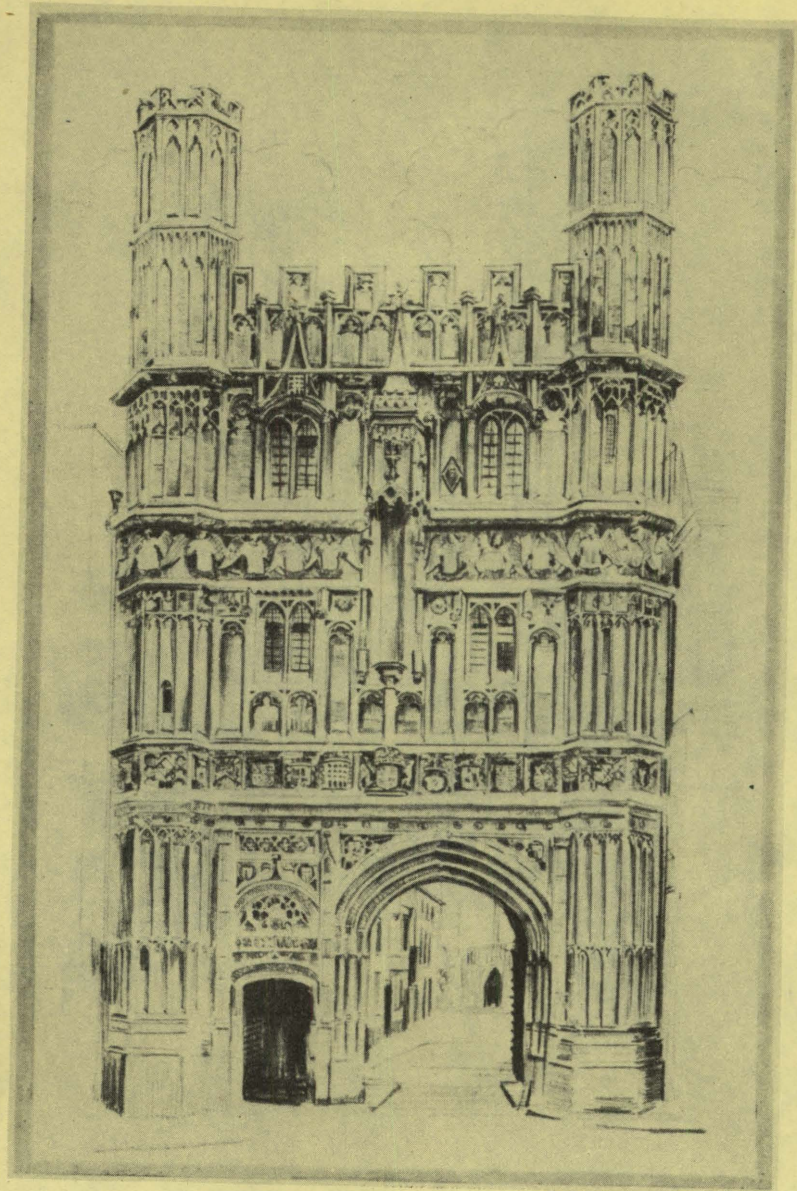
The Crypt, Canterbury Cathedral



Picturesque Weavers Row at Canterbury



Mercery Lane Approaching the Cathedral



Christ Church Gate, Canterbury Cathedral


a physicist, I am unable to advance a single argument for or against their belief.

For our present purpose, however, it is altogether unnecessary to ventilate the fascinating subject on scientific grounds. This does not mean that one should look with disdain upon the physics of sound and color. To do so would be to exhibit a deplorable lack of judgment and common sense. But it does mean that one can derive keen pleasure from a carefully cultivated habit of associating sound with color—even if one's notions do not tally with scientific facts or theories.

Let me try to illustrate. Assume for a little while that you are a composer. It is possible that you, in common with many other writers of music, have a particular color in mind when you compose in a particular key. You have written a song. The title is *Don't Glue Your Eyes On Me*. It is in the key of C major. If you associate this tonality with green, you will have in mind a person with green eyes or wearing green clothes; if you think involuntarily of brown when the spirit moves you to compose in the key of C major, you will conjure up an individual with brown eyes or wearing brown clothes. But what about the person who *listens* to what you have indited? Maybe he—or she—will see blue or beige when he—or she

—hears your music. And let us not rule out the possibility that he—or she—may actually see red.

What Color?

 Naturally, Brahms's *Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch* (*My Love Is as Green as the Lilac Tree*) causes us to think of one particular color. The same master's *Dein blaues Auge hält so still* (*You Hold Your Blue Eyes So Still*) prompts us to have a mental vision of a person with blue eyes. It would be unnecessary to point out what color is suggested by Ellington's *Mood Indigo* or by Igor Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*; just as it would be wholly needless to state in so many words that *Yes, We Have No Bananas* causes fruit which is yellow, greenish-yellow, yellowish-green, or yellow flecked with black and brown to dance before your eyes—or into your ears. The music of *One Meatball* has several possibilities—or, shall I say, potentialities; but a ditty entitled *Your Locks Have the Hue of Sauerkraut Juice* would have clear-cut limitations in the matter of color.

Let us return for a moment to *Don't Glue Your Eyes On Me*. You have written it in the key of C major, and C major, mind you, makes you see either green or brown. Is a foregone conclusion that you want your song to be a hit. But how, pray, can it ever be-

come a hit if it is not sung? You approach a famous warbler and say, "Will you introduce my new masterpiece to the world?" "Yes," says Hattie Tonsilmush, "I'll be happy to sing your effusion—for a consideration. If we're able to make a satisfactory agreement, I'll include it in my radio program next Tuesday evening. You know, of course, that I'm the main attraction in the weekly Eatmor Dogfood show. But the music as you have written it is entirely too low for my voice. I'll not be able to sing *Don't Glue Your Eyes On Me* unless it's transposed to, let's say, E major. I'm sure you won't mind."

Will you mind? Remember, please, that C major is either green or brown to you. Lo and behold, however, E major is, of all things, lavender tinged here and there with the natural hue of sauerkraut juice. Will you mind? You will indeed if you are one of those composers who are sticklers for absolute accuracy in every single detail. Then you will say to the warbling purveyor of Eatmor Dogfood, "I'm sorry, Miss Tonsilmush, but my masterpiece must come from your lips exactly as it came from my brain. Otherwise the deal is off."

Lest anyone fall prey to the notion that every detail of this story has been grabbed out of thin air I hasten to state that there have


been composers—able composers—who actually saw red whenever they heard or beheld their works transposed from the original keys to other tonalities. At any rate, they were disturbed. Some may be inclined to say that the ruffling of their feathers was due to freakishness pure and simple; others will agree with me when I declare that it is by no means an evidence of freakishness when a composer who is exceedingly sensitive to tonal color is unable to force himself to dance for joy upon hearing a composition from his pen played or sung in a tonality different from the key in which it was conceived.

It is more than probable that you will permit Miss Tonsilmush to sing *Don't Glue Your Eyes On Me* on her fine dogfood program even if fate decrees that the key—and the color—must be changed—for better or for worse. Then it will be fun—or pain—for you to realize that the music of your little ditty will suggest eyes and clothes of various colors to the millions of fans who will listen with open mouths and bated breath when the honeysweet voice of Miss Tonsilmush elevates your masterpiece to the rank of a hit or lowers it to the bottomless depths of a dud.

By using a simple illustration I have tried to point out that it is helpful—and sometimes even ex-

aspirating—to associate color with music.

Orchestral Coloring

 Orchestral coloring is invariably fascinating to the nth degree. It is my firm belief that All-father Bach had a keen sense of instrumental color and color combinations. Some scholars will turn up their noses at this statement. What is your opinion? I urge you not to arrive at a clearcut conviction before you have heard, let us say, the great master's *Brandenburg Concertos*. The first is scored for two horns, three oboes, bassoon, and strings; the second, for violin, flute, oboe, trumpet, and strings; the third, for three string orchestras; the fourth, for violin and two flutes, with strings; the fifth, for clavier, flute, violin, and strings; the sixth, for two viole da braccia, two viole da gamba, violoncello, and bass.

Maybe you will agree with Hugo Leichtentritt, who opines in *Music, History, and Ideas* (Harvard University Press, 1938) that in the art of Bach "dynamic effects and tone color, or timbre . . . had almost no significance in comparison with what they were to acquire later." Maybe you will say yea and amen to the following statements of the able musicologist:

In Bach's music the different orchestral instruments are chiefly repre-

sentative of a certain pitch or tone region. For Bach the instruments are mainly of soprano, alto, tenor or bass character. A violin, a trumpet, a flute interest Bach more by their ability to play a soprano part than by the sound, or color, peculiar to them.

I have profound admiration for Dr. Leichtentritt's scholarship; but I cannot see eye to eye with him in the matter of Bach's choice of orchestral instruments. At all events, there *are* many colors in the master's scores, and I believe that Bach himself was keenly conscious of those colors. Again I urge you to listen to the *Brandenburg Concertos*.

It seems to me that Dr. Leichtentritt reveals more astuteness when he writes about Handel's music than when he discusses the one particular phase of Bach's art to which I have referred. Handel, says the author of *Music, History, and Ideas*, is a great dramatist who

makes a most scrupulous choice of keys for the arias in his operas and oratorios. It matters very much to him whether he writes a piece in F major, or F sharp major, or F flat major, in F minor or F sharp minor. For him every one of these keys has a well-defined color, atmosphere, and meaning, to which he adheres strictly during his entire artistic career of over fifty years.

Giant strides have been made in the field of tone color since the days of Bach and Handel; but

it is important to bear in mind that the two masters themselves as well as some of their predecessors and contemporaries adumbrated much of the progress that has taken place since they walked the earth.

Can anyone dismiss from the mind all thoughts of color when listening to the orchestral works of Richard Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff, Gustav Mahler, Ottorino Respighi, Anton Bruckner, Maurice Ravel, Jean Sibelius, Arnold Schönberg, Igor Stravinsky, and many other composers?

Let me conclude by mentioning an orchestral composition full of

riotous colors. It is Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite entitled *Schéhérazade*. Listen to it with the utmost concentration. Can you avoid *hearing* color when you focus your attention on the miraculous orchestration? To my thinking the best recording of *Schéhérazade* is to be found in a performance by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux (Victor Album 920). The reading by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra (Victor Album 269) is exciting, and a presentation of the composition by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra under Artur Rodzinski (Columbia Album 398) is excellent.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

SOME RECENT RECORDINGS

FERDE GROFÉ. *Grand Canyon Suite*.

The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—This superbly recorded reading of vividly descriptive program music has the whole-hearted endorsement of Mr. Grofé himself. Victor Album 1038. \$5.07.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. *Symphony No. 8, in B Minor (Unfinished)*.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—This excellent re-recording of one of the imperishable masterpieces shows us that great artists like Dr. Koussevitzky sometimes revise and alter

their readings. It is interesting to compare this performance of the *Unfinished* with the recorded presentation issued a few years ago. Victor Album 1039. \$4.04.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Scythian Suite, Op. 20*. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Désiré Defauw.—

Aaron Copland, the distinguished American composer, finds "realistic dynamism" in Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite*; discriminating listeners will discover dynamism equally realistic in Mr. Defauw's praiseworthy exposition of the work. Victor Album 1040. \$4.04.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *The Song of the Nightingale*. EMMANUEL CHABRIER. *Joyous March*. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens.—Like Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite*, Stravinsky's *The Song of the Nightingale* has never before been recorded in its entirety. Mr. Goossens unfolds the graphically scored work with exceptional skill. Victor Album 1041. \$4.04.

SACRED SONGS. *Hear Ye, Israel*, from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; *How Beautiful Are the Feet*, from Handel's *The Messiah*; *Alleluia*, from Mozart's *Exultate*; *Laudamus Te*, from Bach's *Mass in B Minor*; *Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee*, from Bach's *Sleepers Awake*; and *Bleed and Break, Thou Loving Heart*, from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*.—Dorothy Maynor, soprano, with the Victor Orchestra under Sylvan Levin. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra play for Miss Maynor as she sings the chorale from Bach's *Sleepers Awake*.—It is edifying to hear the famous Negro soprano sing these masterpieces of sacred song. Victor Album 1043. \$4.04.

VINCENT D'INDY. *Istar: Symphonic Variations, Op. 42. Introduction to Act I of Fervaal, Op. 40*. The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux.—M. Monteux presents a gripping and clear-cut exposition of this exceedingly fascinating music. Victor Album SP-16. \$2.36.

J. B. FAURE. *The Palms (Les Rameaux)*. FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT.

Ave Maria. Thomas L. Thomas, baritone, with Gustave Haenschen and his chorus and all-string orchestra.—Beautiful singing and exceptionally fine recording. Victor disc 11-9109. \$1.05.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Abscheulich, wo eilst du hin?* from *Fidelio*. Rose Bampton, soprano, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Exemplary musicianship has gone into this fine recording. Victor disc 11-9110. \$1.05.

ANTONIO CARLOS GOMEZ. Overture to *Il Guarany*, arranged by Ross Jungnickel. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—A praiseworthy performance of the fine music written by a composer of whom Brazil has every right to be proud. Victor disc 11-9112. \$1.05.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Ach, ich fühl's*, from *The Magic Flute*, and *Batti, O bel Masetto*, from *Don Giovanni*. Eleanor Steber, soprano, and the Victor Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf.—Both Miss Steber and Mr. Leinsdorf reveal a distinctly commendable sense of style. Victor disc 11-9114. \$1.05.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *Vissi d'Arte*, from *La Tosca*, and *O Mio Babbino Caro*, from *Gianni Schicchi*. Licia Albanese, soprano, with the Victor Orchestra under Frieder Weissmann.—Few singers of today ever approach the consummate mastery with which Miss Albanese sings the music of Puccini. Victor disc 11-9115. \$1.05.

COLE PORTER. *Night and Day*, from *Gay Divorcée*; *I've Got You Under My Skin*, from the M-G-M film *Born to Dance*; *Why Shouldn't I?* from *Jubilee*; *Begin the Beguine*, from *Jubilee*; *Rosalie*, from the M-G-M film *Rosalie*; *What Is This Thing Called Love*, from *Wake Up and Dream*; *Easy to Love*, from the M-G-M film *Born to Dance*; and *In the Still of the Night*, from the M-G-M film *Rosalie*. Allan Jones, tenor, with orchestra and chorus under Ray Sinatra.—Admirers of Cole Porter's tunes will take keen delight in this album. The recording is of the best. Victor M-1033. \$5.07. The same statement must be

made concerning the disc on which Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, with the Victor Orchestra under Maximilian Pilzer, sings *Ev'rytime We Say Goodbye*, from Porter's *Seven Little Arts*, and *Only Another Boy and Girl*, from the same musical revue. Victor disc 10-1156. 79c.

ALBERT HAY MALOTTE. *The Lord's Prayer*. A. EMMETT ADAMS. *The Bell's of St. Mary's*, from the RKO film of the same title. Victor Chorus with orchestra under Robert Shaw.—There can be no question about Mr. Shaw's extraordinary skill as a choir conductor. Victor disc 11-9155. \$1.05.



The Literary Scene

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

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Dying Gasp

STAR OF THE UNBORN. By

Franz Werfel. The Viking Press, Inc., New York. 1946. 645 pages. \$3.00.

SINCE Franz Werfel died in August, 1945, this is his last book. The publisher's blurb on the jacket makes extravagant claims for the story: it is by far Werfel's greatest achievement; it deserves a place alongside the giants of literature; it is to be mentioned in the same breath with *Don Quixote* and the *Divine Comedy*. Knowing that the blurbs on book jackets are often sales talks, we never read them until we have finished with the volume and have fully made up our mind about it. Then we read the blurb with interest, to see how far we agree or disagree with it. We do not recall having ever before been as widely in disagreement as in this case.

The title of this novel is taken from a passage in Diodorus which reads: "It is the business of poets and

story-tellers to visit the creatures of myth and fable on their islands, the dead in Hades, and the unborn on their star." The "unborn" who are visited here are the human beings who will live on this planet a hundred thousand years hence. Werfel himself, "F.W.," is the visitor. He has been called out of the present by a reincarnated friend of his to be a guest at a wedding of that distant time. His visit lasts for three days, and during this period he has opportunity to see the sights of the future world and to take part in its activities. The book is his lengthy "report" on his experiences, made after he has been shunted back into the present.

There is abundance of phantasy, not to say phantasmagoria, in the story, but Werfel has not been able to achieve any high degree of verisimilitude. Nor is there any real element of suspense, though transparent efforts to create it are made. On both these counts there can be no comparison with H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. As a result, considerable portions of the book are rather dreary reading.

Some parts also are loathsomely macabre, and there are a number of unclean passages.

The paradox of Werfel's personality, that of being a Jew who feels the spell of Catholicism, appears in the fact that he has only two "institutions" of the present day survive into his imaginary future: the Catholic church and the Jew. He burns much incense to the former and presents the latter as a sheer benefactor of mankind. Since the future of the world is naturally supposed to be largely shaped by the developments of science, there is repeated reference to scientific principles, but Werfel obviously has only a superficial acquaintance with science, for he blunders at several points.

As one reads *Star of the Unborn* one becomes aware that the author is intent not only on telling a story but also on marketing some of his convictions. He pays his respects, for instance, to the "conceited clique" of the "bohemians," who are "motivated by the consuming ambition to outdo each other in absurdity" and to the Hollywood films which are manufactured "without any inspiration or improvisation, only with cold calculation, like chemical fertilizer." There is also a definite religious slant. "The great naturalistic stupidity," "the antiquated science that regarded man only as an animal and the earth-planet as a mote," has, in the story, long been overcome as men progressed in understanding. God is acknowledged. But at the very last "F.W." learns a strange "truth," which Werfel evidently regards as the culminating insight that he has

to offer the reader. It is that "we are safe because alienation [from God] is nothing but a form of approach." Just what this may mean is not made clear, but if it means anything we can find in it nothing but a denial of all that either Christianity or Judaism stands for—almost, in fact, a justification of Satanism.

We should like to forget that Werfel wrote this book and remember him only by *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and *The Song of Bernadette*.

Student Verse

ONE AND TWENTY, *Duke Narrative and Verse*, selected by William Blackburn—designed and illustrated by pupils of Clare Leighton. Duke University Press. 1945. 297 pages. \$3.00.

THIS book with its intriguing title would probably not have been compiled nor edited had not Clare Leighton, the English wood engraver and visiting lecturer at Duke University, been beset with an inspiration to glean fresh material on which her pupils could work in fulfilling the requirements of a course in the art of illustrating books. William Blackburn, of the Duke University staff, selected the poetry and narrative for the edition from the last twenty-one years of the University's literary magazine, *The Archive*. And with the addition of the exceptionally original black and white engravings by the pupils of Clare Leighton, a fine anthology of Duke's "best" has reached the market.

Within the volume are some sixty-

five choice pieces of poetry and narrative, varying from the contemplative to the almost bizarre; and scattered here and there are twenty-nine excellent illustrations, most of which possess the hard definiteness of good block prints. Particularly arresting is the Jane Noell engraving illustrating "Calves," by David Cornel DeJong. Here the artist has captured the effect of a rainfall with superb deftness. Also fine for combining the facial characterization of an engineer with the motion of his locomotive in one sweep is the Margaret Jenkins cut prefixing George Zabriskie's "The Freight Train."

That the literary selections are not merely choices of a partial and "wishful-thinking" professor is proved by the fact that many of the prose and poetry contributions of the authors have found their way to such havens as *The American Mercury*, *Coronet*, *Esquire*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *Story*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and even *Charm*. Some of the literary products recall the sense of the tragic in authors like Hart Crane and Robinson Jeffers and in artists like Matisse and Rouault, while others again are as refreshing and tender as the writings of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and Willa Cather and as simple and sincere as the canvases of Millet and the earlier Maes.

The title, taken from the famous A. E. Housman poem and in itself thought provoking, has a many-sided meaning: it shows the productive harvest of twenty-one years' work in an English department, it voices the ambitious message of youth, and, nat-

urally enough, it gives the average age of most of the contributors.

In so many cases, however, the thumb nail biographies appended to the volume indicate that this or that contributor "met his death in the Solomon Islands" or "was killed in Southern France." One wonders, and a bit ruefully, whether or not the world of the arts has again been deprived prematurely of many a genius like John Keats or Thomas Wolfe.

ALFRED E. LEJA

Gentleman from Kansas

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. Indexed. 669 pages. \$3.75.

THIS volume covers fifty-five years of the life of the author, the "sage of Emporia." The last two decades are briefly summarized, in an appendix, by his son, W. L. White.

William Allen White, son of "Doc" White, short, fat and bumptious, was born in Kansas in 1868. The greater part of his life was spent as editor in Emporia, where he set up an independent career after having completed his college studies and served as reporter in Kansas City. He took the advice which a friend of his father's gave him, not to run for political office, although he was up to the neck in politics practically all his life. He never became politically entangled in such a way as to take away his independence. A Republican in politics, he was never a blind follower, and for that reason he was bound to be in the vanguard of the Progressive Party when it arose.

Though he naturally supported the political machine as a necessary adjunct to the American way of life, he never did so wholeheartedly. He was an ardent admirer of "Teddy" Roosevelt and firmly believed that most of the reforms inaugurated by Franklin Delano Roosevelt under the pressure of the depression would have come two decades earlier if "Teddy" had been elected instead of Wilson.

He was a keen student of human nature and his character sketches of the prominent leaders that came into his orb are invaluable—men like Mark Hanna, William McKinley, Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, Charles Curtis, Calvin Coolidge, Harding, the elder La Follette, and a host of others. He could not abide McKinley, a "stuffed shirt" who was "destined for a statue in a park and was practicing the pose for it." Hanna and Root represented the moneyed interests. Woodrow Wilson was too aloof, with a "dead fish" handshake. Harding had "the false harlot's voice of the old-time political orator." Bryan was superficial, a typical political spell-binder, who was frowzy and ill-groomed in his later years.

White was a born journalist. He achieved national fame with a famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas." His books, *In Our Town*, *A Certain Rich Man*, *In the Heart of a Fool*, *The Changing West*, and others, together with his articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines kept him in the limelight of the public.

There are interesting sidelights on his character at every turn in his

book, his devotion to his mother, his companionable life with his wife Sallie, who aided him in his work, his deep love for his children (his editorial on the death of his daughter Mary is a classic), his untiring interest in mankind. He was not particularly religious. His views on the Scriptures and the life and work of our Lord were superficial and liberal.

Now That He's Home

THE VETERANS' PROGRAM. By Charles Hurd. McGraw Hill Book Co., New York, New York. 1946. 267 pages. \$2.00.

IN spite of the very considerable information available today concerning veterans' rights and benefits, much of it is fragmentary and some even misleading. This is quite understandable when one considers the fact that some half dozen federal statutes and many state enactments contain provisions regarding veterans. Furthermore various agencies are charged with the administration of parts of the total program.

This state of affairs led the author, who is Editor of "Veterans' Intelligence," *New York Times*, to condense in one small volume the most important points of the complex program. Here you will find information on job preferences, educational benefits, loan guarantees (home, farm and business), pensions, physical and vocational rehabilitation, hospitalization, apprenticeship training, civil service jobs, taxes, life insurance, readjustment allowances (unemployment compensation) and mustering-out pay.

Added features are: a digest of all state laws pertaining to veterans; a table showing civilian occupations open to those with various kinds of service training; lists of offices to contact for the various benefits; and 355 questions and answers on specific problems.

Throughout the volume bits of wise counsel are offered to the veteran. Thus, he is reminded that he and his fellows constitute from one-fourth to one-third of all adults who will be paying for the cost of government, and that any wild plans to benefit the veteran alone may ultimately inure to his detriment. Also, the suggestion is made again and again that the veteran can get started best in his home community and not in a strange metropolis. Then too the veteran is warned against making foolish investments.

On the whole, the result is commendable. It should be pointed out, however, that the book was written prior to some important recent amendments. Further, because of the desire for simplicity, Mr. Hurd occasionally makes categorical statements which are not true under all circumstances.

M. J. Jox

Bible Background

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT PAST: The Archeological Background of the Hebrew-Christian Religion. By Jack Finegan. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1946. 500 pages. \$5.00.

INTEREST in archeology, the study of the material remains of the past, is not of recent birth. As early

as the seventh century B.C., King Ashurbanipal of Assyria systematically collected early records for his library at Nineveh and was proud of his ability to decipher ancient tablets. The sister of the famous Belshazzar of the book of Daniel had a little archeological museum of her own. It is, however, only within the last century and a half that cooperative scientific archeology has developed and has gradually and painstakingly pieced together a picture of the past such as Ashurbanipal himself could not have had even of the restricted region which he studied.

Of special interest to Christians are the archeological discoveries in the Near East and the Mediterranean world because they serve to fill in the background of the Sacred Writings and throw much light on their statements. However, there are so many workers in this field and the results of their labors are reported in so many technical journals and publications that the average Christian pastor or layman cannot keep up with them. Only when a specialist gathers together the facts that are of general interest and connectedly presents them do they become generally available. Mr. Finegan, in this volume, has done just that, and he has done it as only a specialist in archeology can. Unfortunately he does not accept the inerrancy of the Bible, but this fact becomes evident in only a few places.

The book is divided into nine sections. The first three sections deal respectively with the early history of Mesopotamia, with Egypt, and with Palestine. The earliest dates are set

at ca. 5000 B.C., but in the first footnote Finegan remarks that early dates are only broad indications and that the recent tendency, on the basis of discoveries, is toward lowering them. The fourth section carries the history of Western Asia down to 30 B.C. In the fifth section Palestine is pictured as it was in the time of Jesus; in the sixth, the chief places visited by St. Paul are discussed.

To us the seventh section, entitled "Manuscripts Found in the Sand," proved particularly interesting. It gives detailed information on the materials and methods employed in the writing of ancient manuscripts, tells the story of the actual recovery of old papyri, and then traces in detail the transmission of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Special attention is given to the Chester Beatty Papyrus, known only since 1931, which goes back to the year 200 and is, therefore, 150 years older than the oldest manuscript known before. Finegan points out that this brings us to within 150 years of the time when Paul wrote Romans, whereas our oldest sources for most of the Graeco-Roman classics are a thousand years removed from their originals.—Sections on the catacombs and early Christian sarcophagi and on ancient churches complete the volume.

Light from the Ancient Past is an outstanding piece of work. It is both scholarly and interesting, both authoritative and simple. The author has known what to select and how to present it. Statements are carefully documented. To say that the material has been brought up to date is hardly sufficient, for whereas the publica-

tion date of the book is February 11, 1946, the references run as late as October 3, 1945. There are 204 illustrations, many of them photographic reproductions. Among these are five facsimiles of the first page of Romans from important codices. Ten maps and plans are given. Cross-references bind the text together, and it would be hard to find a more exhaustive index than the one subjoined. The publishers also have done their part exceptionally well.

True Education

THROUGH A DEAN'S OPEN DOOR, A Guide for Students, Parents and Counselors. By Herbert E. Hawkes and Anna L. Rose Hawkes. McGraw-Hill Company, New York and London. 1945. 242 pages. \$2.50.

THIS is a book worth the reading especially by those who are interested in the training of college youth. The book was finished and published by the Dean's widow who in its Preface tells us: "When war was declared in December, 1941, we temporarily laid aside the manuscript.—However, as the war dragged along, and as more and more conferences were held to discuss postwar adjustment of returned veterans in the colleges, the Dean began to feel that the fundamental issues of student adjustment, to which he was so deeply committed, would be no different in the difficult period after the war than they had been in peace time. 'We don't especially need any new ideas,' he said once, 'we shall only have to work harder to fit the college to the job and keep everlastingly at the job of

learning to know the student.'" In the Foreword of the volume Mr. George F. Zook, President of the American Council of Education, tells us that President Seymour of Yale said of Dean Hawkes that "He was more than Dean of Columbia—he was really Dean of American Deans."

Through a Dean's Open Door states:

The philosophy and experience of a man who profoundly influenced higher education—the story of the application of the student personnel point of view: a philosophy which considers the student as a whole—his intellectual capacity and achievement, his emotional make-up, his physical condition, his social relationships, his vocational aptitudes and skills, his moral and religious values, his economic resources, his aesthetic appreciations. It puts emphasis, in brief, upon the development of the student as a person rather than upon his intellectual training alone.

The emphasis which this eminent authority in college training places upon the religious and ethical values, commends itself to us most forcibly. It is in agreement with the traditional and biblical concept of genuine training in character and in mind. It is what wholesome society demands and what much of present-day training lacks. In this connection it may be well to mull over the following statements.

The term "college discipline" is usually restricted to moral, ethical, or social training. It is often true that college discipline is thought of merely as appropriate punishment following sin or misdemeanor. This is the attitude of the law. When a crime is committed, after the type and degree of wrongdoing are

determined, the matching punishment is meted out. A similar conception of college discipline implies a book of rules, a police officer in academic costume, a guilty youth, and an inexorable penalty. When it is carried to an extreme, this kind of discipline requires no discussion or elaboration. It requires no analysis of motives, assumes no intelligence on the part of the administrator except that of a detective and no discretion. . . . What is college discipline really supposed to accomplish? If discipline is training and if training is education, then a very different approach to the matter is indicated. Instead of looking at the crime that has been committed, one must consider the individual who has offended. At once the problem becomes a human one, accompanied by all the strong and the weak characteristics of human beings. Further it must be constantly kept in mind that the offending individual is not a mature person, but a college student, at most not more than twenty-one or -two or -three years old.

When a student is admitted to college, it is assumed that he has reached a certain point in his mental and physical development. It must, likewise, be assumed that he has reached a certain level in his moral and ethical development. The assumption regarding his academic level is gained from entrance examinations, school records, and the various devices described elsewhere in this volume; but the knowledge of the level of an individual's character development cannot be known with anything like the same precision. Letters from instructors and Sunday school teachers often fail to determine with analytical exactness the student's sense of ethical values. . . . The whole process of growing up involves a series of awakenings to these values, and the individual is often not aware of the areas in which he is sensitive to moral standards or the areas in which he has not yet waked up to the accepted code.

It is, indeed, refreshing to note an authority as competent as the authors of this volume stressing the attitude of educating the entire individual, in mind, and soul and body. This has been the traditional attitude of the Church. It is not the easiest approach in education and it involves special difficulties in institutions of the State.

Wisdom in a Little Room

SCIENCE, LIBERTY AND PEACE.

By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1946. 86 pages. \$1.00.

ALMOST fifty years ago Tolstoy wrote: "If the arrangement of society is bad (as ours is) and a small number of people have power over the majority and oppress it, every victory over Nature will inevitably serve only to increase that power and that oppression. This is what is actually happening." Huxley, in this little book, undertakes to show that the course of events is underscoring the truth of Tolstoy's words ever more emphatically. It is above all science, he argues, that has made possible the enormous concentration of financial, industrial, and governmental power that characterizes our time, and every further advance of applied science tends to weight the scales still more in favor of the minority who are in power as against the many. In the same ratio as the power of the few increases, the many become more dependent and insecure and human and spiritual values are subordinated to the self-regarding aims of financiers, industrialists, and politicians.

Huxley believes that the only chance of reversing this trend lies in a movement toward decentralization. He suggests various measures toward that end. His best hope is that the scientists of all nations will get together and pledge themselves to use their knowledge for the good of humanity and against the destructive forces of the world. Whether one believes that this suggestion holds any promise or not, Huxley's evaluation of current problems should prove highly stimulating and thought-provoking.

1941-1946

WHILE YOU WERE GONE. *A Report on War Time Life in the United States.* Edited by Jack Goodman. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1946. 625 pages. \$3.50.

THE idea behind this book is a good one. It aims at giving the returning veteran of World War II a report on the home front. The following subjects are discussed. First, how we thought and behaved; secondly, how we were governed; thirdly, our jobs and how we did them; fourthly, what we saw, heard and read; and fifthly, how we prepared for tomorrow. There is also an appendix, how your congressman voted; and an index.

Twenty-six people contributed chapters. The editor rightly states that the volume is not an impartial study and that there are often opinions expressed that are contradictory, but that he tried to present a book that would represent the middle course between the extremely con-

servative and the radical opinions of our country.

An able staff of writers was marshalled for the task, to mention only a few: Allan Nevins (*How We Felt About the War*), Paul Gallico (*What We Talked About*), Jonathan Daniels (*The Presidency*), Donald M. Nelson (*Industry*), James Thurber (*The Animals*), Norman Corwin (*The Radio*), Milton Caniff (*The Comics*), Joseph H. Ball (*How We Planned for the Post War World*) and Margaret Mead (*The Women*).

The various phases of everyday life are fairly well covered; the presidency, Congress, labor, industry, science, sports, newspapers, radio, theater, comics, movies, etc.

There are two things that we should like to emphasize. One is that the work of the churches might well have been dealt with in a chapter. The editor does not explain this lapse. It would have helped to round out the picture.

The other is this, that the book is valuable, not merely for the veterans. Those of us who stayed at home will find it a good refresher course in the happenings of the war years.

Tares Among the Wheat

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1946. 663 and xxv pages. \$4.00.

IF it were possible for historians to be omniscient and, at the same time, completely objective and dispassionate in their writings, there

would be no room whatever for argument concerning the state of affairs as it exists in the world today. Then books from the pens of able writers of history would tell the story of this terrestrial ball in all its truth, all its ugliness, and all its nakedness. If, for example, Frederick L. Schuman, Woodrow Wilson professor of government at Williams College, had been able to ferret out every single historical fact which, in one way or another, had a bearing on the establishment, the development, and the aims of the Soviet Union, and if he were endowed with the superhuman skill to set forth his findings without the slightest trace of bias, either friendly or unfriendly, *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* would be one of the most valuable of all books. Why? Because the U.S.S.R., which holds sway over one-sixth of the dirt surface of the globe and is evidently angling for more, is playing a tremendously important role on the great stage of the world—a role which cannot be overestimated.

Even an elementary understanding of what is happening today in numerous parts of the globe is utterly impossible without some knowledge, imperfect though it may be, of how the guiding spirits of the Soviet Union came to be what they actually are, what aims they have in mind, and what games they are playing in an effort to achieve their goals. Naturally, there are bound to be differences of opinion concerning the character and the purpose of government as it pursues its course in the land of bolshevism, and there are divergencies of view regarding the impact

of Soviet ideology and power politics on the rest of the world. One gains the distinct impression that Professor Schuman has striven in the sweat of his brow to present what, to his way of thinking, is an accurate appraisal of Soviet politics at home and abroad, and it is safe to say that many readers will be led to formulate their views concerning the U.S.S.R. solely on the basis of what they find in the big book.

But Professor Schuman, with all his diligence and with all his scholarship, is by no means a thoroughly reliable observer of what has happened, what is happening, and what is likely to happen in, to, and because of the U.S.S.R. Now and then one suspects that clear-sighted reasoning has shown him beyond the possibility of doubt that rigid totalitarianism was inherent in the bolshevist regime at the very outset. At other times one is amazed to read that circumstances beyond the control of the Bolsheviks—circumstances arising in the U.S. S.R. itself and circumstances forced upon the country from without—made the ironclad bolshevist totalitarianism inevitable. Some of the thinking which has gone into Professor Schuman's book is clear, some of it is hazy, and some of it is downright naive. If the assiduous author believes that the Soviet dictatorship has in its make-up any traces of benevolence, he has a right to express his view and to uphold it with all the reasons he can muster; but how any man who has actually studied recent history can escape the conviction that dictators and their cringing satellites

are interested primarily in themselves and in their own welfare and power is, to say the least, hard to understand. If Professor Schuman is naive enough to believe that Stalin and his fellow-Communists have in reality forsworn all thought of a world-revolution, he has a right to give expression to that belief; but readers of his book should bear in mind that observers endowed with perspicacity at least equal to that of the author of *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* are still convinced that, in spite of the so-called dissolution of the Comintern, the guiding spirits of communism are continuing, on principle and on system, to disseminate their ideology throughout the globe.

It is interesting—intensely interesting—to observe the antics of thinking which lead Professor Schuman to conclude that it is "quite possible" for the Soviet Union to "produce a scientific and esthetic outflowing unparalleled in the Atlantic world," not "from any relaxation of political restraints and directives but from the spiritual unity of a dynamic community, all of whose members are consecrated to social purposes." The author goes on to say, "To the degree to which this function of public control remains a living reality in the USSR, lack of intellectual freedom may stimulate, rather than depress, creative effort." One may readily grant that "the insatiable hunger for new experience on the part of a vast population only recently liberated from mass illiteracy" is "a challenge to Soviet cultural endeavor"; but how this cultural endeavor can flourish

and bear fruit in the Soviet Union as free men and free women want to see cultural endeavor flourish and bear fruit is something which Professor Schuman is utterly unable to explain. Yes, he tries ever so hard to do so, and it is fascinating to note the mental acrobatics in which he indulges to bolster his strange surmises. He states:

The secular faith of the USSR is the chief spiritual weapon of an elite which controls as public enterprises all theaters, cinemas, concert halls, galleries, museums, laboratories, schools, universities, publishing houses, printing plants, newspapers, and radio stations.

To be sure, reasons Professor Schuman with praiseworthy clear-headedness, "under these circumstances there obviously cannot be freedom of expression and opinion in the Western sense, since all media of communication are under a single political control and are used for political purposes." Then, suspecting perhaps that his optimism as to the possibility of a wonderful "scientific and esthetic outflowering unparalleled in the Atlantic world" may be more than a little weak in the knees, the author speaks as follows:

Much evidence supports the view that the arts and sciences flower most abundantly not when their practitioners enjoy a minimum of social restraint, and least of all when "freedom" means community aimlessness and disintegration, but rather when creative minds are mobilized in the service of a great faith shared by all.

Professor Schuman's book contains no small amount of substantial meat and marrow. The author seems to be

at pains to avoid the frying-pan of adulation and to steer clear of the fire of downright hatred. In doing so, however, he becomes an apologist. *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* is, in large measure, loaded in favor of the U.S.S.R. It is worth reading, not because it has great value as a work of history but because a careful perusal of its contents will prove to anyone who has the ability to think clearly that shoddy reasoning is bound, in the final analysis, to defeat its own purposes. Professor Schuman's tome may bring him fame as a willing and patient plodder; but it cannot elevate him to a high rank among the historians of our time.

Lucky—Until Now

THIS MAN TRUMAN. By Frank McNaughton and Walter Hehmer. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Company, New York. 1945. 219 pages. \$2.50.

THINGS have happened in national and international affairs since this biography of Mr. Truman came off the press which strongly emphasize the fact that the book is in a very pertinent sense premature. True, the book does not profess to be more than the story of Mr. Truman up to the time of his accession to the presidency. Yet for that very reason it cannot satisfy, because it does not and cannot give us the true measure of the man who holds the office of chief executive in our land. Mr. Truman's own appraisal of himself, "I look just like any other fifty men whom you meet on the street," may be an indication that he himself

does not know how he will meet the many and complex problems that come up for decision in the daily life of a president of these United States. Certainly, those who maintain that any ordinary man with good common sense will make the best sort of president will have a chance to test their theory during the next few years. Perhaps, on the other hand, Mr. Truman will develop an outstanding leadership as he grows in the ability to handle the many duties of his office. It is this hope that has kept the people of our country firmly behind him since his incumbency. It is this hope to which they cling for the future.

As to Mr. Truman's past, he was born at Lamar, Missouri, on May 8, 1884. He was seven years old when his family moved to Independence, Missouri, which is incidentally the home of Mrs. Truman. His boyhood was like that of any average American boy living in average circumstances. He was not an infant prodigy in any sense. He learned to play the piano, grew up as an obedient son, ready to do his part toward the support of the family. He held various jobs, as soda fountain boy, drug-store messenger, railroad hand, bank clerk, farmer, and haberdashery manager. During the first world war he did acceptable service. He entered into politics in a small way and then through several lucky "breaks" moved higher up in that field and won the support of the powerful Pendergast machine in Kansas City, which landed him a United States senatorship. As senator his career showed no outstanding qualities un-

til as head of the Truman Committee he emerged as a man who felt that the country was entitled to have its defense program carried out with a minimum of waste and graft. His qualities of leadership on this committee obtained for him nation-wide renown and the confidence of a grateful people. His work on this committee without a doubt was the foundation that made him an excellent compromise candidate for the vice-presidency at the last Democratic National Convention.

The country took him to its bosom on April 12, 1945, when he became president to succeed the late Mr. Roosevelt, and it has not turned against him at this writing. The people are still hoping that he will prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

How Will Your Garden Grow?

PAY DIRT. By J. I. Rodale. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. 242 pages. \$3.00.

HERE is a book that deals with fundamental matters. It is not eye-catching in external appearance. Its sub-title, "Farming and Gardening with Composts," does not sound exactly sensational, and yet this volume, the first on its subject to be published in America, may be of the most vital importance, not to farmers and gardeners only, but to all who eat—whether they be bees, chickens, cows, or humans.

To begin, absorb this fact: 61 per cent of all the land under crops in the United States has been either completely or partially destroyed or

has lost most of its fertility. So says the U. S. Department of Agriculture, on the basis of a careful survey. Nor is this the whole story. The foods that we do raise—cereals, vegetables, fruits, meats—are to a considerable extent devitalized and lack elements that are necessary to proper nutrition and health.

What is the reason for this state of affairs? Several factors enter in, but the contention of this book is that the chief source of trouble is chemical farming. The use of chemical fertilizers, it is argued, upsets the balance of nature in various ways. For one thing, it tends to reduce or kill off the biologic organisms with which fertile soil teems and on which plants depend for healthy growth. Such organisms are fungi, bacteria, yeasts, protozoa, and, above all, earthworms. All these play important parts in the economy of nature. Earthworms, in particular, aerate the soil and keep it porous, so that rain will be absorbed and held. They also add greatly to the fertility of the soil. Chemical dosage of fields or gardens cuts down the friendly life in the soil; the soil packs, and rains run off and wash the best part of the soil away. Plants that do grow lack full vigor and food value, and animals and men that consume them suffer in consequence.

Is there any remedy? The remedy, the book holds, lies in going back to natural methods of farming and gardening, especially by enriching the soil with humus, decomposed animal and vegetable matter which has gone through proper composting. That is the method of organic farming as

against chemical farming. The results speak for themselves and are little short of amazing. The author cites his own experiences and those of many others in proof.

This reviewer has been a gardener of sorts for many years and must confess that he is deeply impressed with the book. It clicks. Rodale is not an irresponsible enthusiast but a man of considerable experience and wide reading in the field of which he writes. His argumentation is clean-cut and well documented. Detailed directions for composting are given for everybody from farmers to backyard gardeners. It may well be that this organic farming movement, which is making headway in many countries, particularly in England, will turn out to be of the most vital importance to mankind.

For Handy Reference

PLOT OUTLINES OF 100 FAMOUS PLAYS. Edited by Van H. Cartmell for the New Home Library. The Blakiston Company, Philadelphia. 1945. 390 pages.

IN his 1,500-word synopsis Mr. Cartmell has succeeded in giving considerably more than an "outline" of the plots of these plays. He has managed to indicate the spirit of the various works; he has been able, in fact, to use frequently as parts of his structure quoted lines, without the transition from his text to these lines seeming too abrupt.

In his choice of plays, the editor used as his criteria the fame, the longevity, and the representativeness of the plays. And he declares that "at

least two-thirds of the titles here presented would, I think, be included in nine out of every ten compilations of a similar nature." There are nineteen American plays, extending in reverse chronological order from *Life with Father* to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; thirty-nine British plays, from Coward's *Design for Living* to *Everyman*; eight French plays, from *Cyrano de Bergerac* to Corneille's *Le Cid*; six German and Austrian plays, from Baum's *Grand Hotel* to Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*; three plays by Ibsen, six Russian plays, five Greek plays, and a scattering from eight other literatures.

Condensations undoubtedly have a certain value, above that questionable one touted by many self-help mentors of furnishing material for conversation. One of their services is that of a shopping guide; having little leisure, the harried reader may look through such a volume and determine which plays he desires to read at full length. Another service is that of indicating what subjects and attitudes interested the theatre public at various periods. Furthermore, such a volume may serve as a reference book in which the general reader may discover the significance of allusions to characters in plays which may be, in their entirety, unimportant for him to read.

He Was There

MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA. By John B. Powell, Macmillan Co., New York. 1945. 436 pages. \$3.50.

THE author of this informative autobiography is a courageous journalist who for years edited *The China*

Weekly Review and was managing director of The China Press. Not so long ago *Life* magazine featured "J.B." as having been high up on the Japanese secret police list of dangerous newspaper men as far back as 1931—a great compliment indeed. Now, in 40 chapters, this book reveals specifically the inside story of leading figures and events of the Far East during the last quarter century (1917-1942).

Readers of fiction who enjoyed A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* and Lau Shaw's *Rickshaw Boy* will be specially interested in this work's portrayal of realities in China. Here is living, breathing history-in-the-making: the factional troubles of the 1920's, Shanghai as an international city, Chinese bandits in action and in hide-aways, the rape of Nanking, evidence of Japan's systematic policy of liberating the Chinese people by liquidating them, etc. Episodes, incidents, and personalities are presented with narrative volubility and dramatizing emphasis. Occasionally the drama of it all steals the show; yet we always felt that the writer was telling the truth.

Without becoming sentimental over the glories of the Chinese spirit, Powell is sympathetic toward and deeply conscious of China's tremendous task in transforming itself into a great modern nation, in bridging the political and economic gap between the fast converging worlds of East and West. Moreover, he would awaken his readers to an earnest appreciation of America's stake in the Pacific area.

HERBERT H. UMBACH



A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE POCKET HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Edited by Henry Steele Commager.
Pocket Books, Inc., New York, 574
pages, 25 cents.

THIS volume of the familiar little "Pocket Books" does not claim to be either a complete or an authoritative history of the recent war. It is a collection of excerpts from many sources, topically arranged and neatly bound together into a continuous narrative by the editor. Some evaluations (e.g., that of the situation in Washington at the time of Pearl Harbor) are already outdated. The book serves very well, however, to refresh one's memory on the general course of events during the years 1939-1945.

THE TURQUOISE

By Anya Seton. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1946. 376 pages. \$2.50.

THE same qualities—good and bad—which made *Dragonwyck* a best seller in 1944 will undoubtedly win a similar distinction for Anya Seton's new novel. Like *Dragonwyck*, *The*

Turquoise is a long, gaudy, exaggerated, melodramatic, and completely synthetic period piece. The fantastic adventures which befall Santa Fe Cameron from the dramatic moment of her birth to the quiet hour of her death are set against a background which has become familiar in the historical fiction of recent years. The rugged frontier life of the 1850's, the ruthless rule of the unscrupulous business tycoons of the last half of the nineteenth century, the opulence and artificial glamor of a pretentious society dominated by legendary figures, and the ubiquitous Cinderella motif—these and other familiar properties are exploited by Miss Seton with the skill and the assurance of a good story-teller.

THE FOUR CORNERSTONES OF PEACE

By Vera Micheles Dean. Whittlesey House, New York. 1946. 267 pages. \$2.50.

THIS book is born of a fervent longing for peace in the world, and Vera Micheles Dean, Director of the Foreign Policy Association, believes

that the United Nations conference at Dumbarton Oaks, at Yalta, at Mexico City, and at San Francisco are cornerstones of peace. In her foreword she points out that victory in the true sense of the word belongs "to those who prevent, not to those who win, wars between nations." There are, as she states, imperfections and shortcomings in the attempts of the United Nations to bring about a lasting peace, and there are differences of opinion among those who have come together to work for the attainment of that end; but, even though no panacea has been devised, some of the tools for achieving the goal have been fashioned. The Appendix of *The Four Cornerstones of Peace* contains the texts of the Dumbarton Oaks Documents on International Organization, the Crimea Conference, the Act of Chapultepec, the Treaty between the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom, the Franco-Soviet Alliance, the Russian-Czechoslovak Mutual Assistance Treaty, the Charter of the United Nations, and the Statute of the International Court of Justice.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SILENCE

By Leslie D. Weatherhead. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York. 1945. 238 pages. \$2.00.

THE 22 choice essays in this collection were preached as sermons to the bombed and desperate congregation of London's City Temple (the only English Free Church which is technically within the City bound-

daries) during the 1941 Blitz. Compassionate understanding enables this British preacher to apply to our spiritually bewildered century the eternal solace of Christianity. It is a genuine pleasure to read such messages based on the Bible.

Best developed are these themes, in addition to the title topic: Is It Really Good to Be Alive? The God of Detail; Time the Deceiver; Resting in God's Infinity; How Should I Read the Bible? On Having a Right Sense of Values. The clearly-phrased prose exposition is enlivened with apt quotations of literary poetry, ranging from stanzas of famous hymns to lines from Laurence Binyon's *For the Fallen* and John Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy*. Moreover, some good summaries accentuate the philosophical homilies, and a simple technique of outline aids the development of ideas. Mr. Weatherhead unfortunately strays from his text once in a while; otherwise his work is an example of stimulating modern communication.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

THE TRUE WOODROW WILSON: CRUSADER FOR DEMOCRACY

By Harold Garnet Black, LL.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 1946. 270 pages. \$3.00.

THIS work is another of the many biographies resulting from the revival of interest in Woodrow Wilson.

We have been told that the biographers of the last two decades were too realistic, were debunkers Mr.

Black, by contrast, sins on the side of charity. The entire biography is written from the viewpoint of a zealous member of that large cult of Wilson worshippers. The book assumes the proportions of a panegyric rather than that of an objective study of Wilson's life. Wilson's two major failings—his wholly unrealistic idealism and his stubbornness—faults which contributed largely to his academic and political failure, are passed over as insignificant. Too, the author's style, particularly in the forepart of the book, is flamboyant.

However, Black presents in bold relief Wilson's militant and practical Christianity. He also emphasizes his deep-seated and genuine passion for democracy, whether it was on Princeton's campus, in the government of New Jersey, on the American political scene, or among the subjected peoples of the world.

REDEEMING LOVE

By O. A. Geiseman, S.T.D. Ernst Kaufmann, Inc., New York and Chicago. \$1.50.

THIS latest volume of sermons by Dr. Geiseman appeared at the beginning of the season of Lent. The reader will find it to be more than a book of Lententide and Easter sermons. Its messages are appropriate for any time of the church year. *Redeeming Love* like Thomas' Kempis' *Image of Christ* is a written gem which the Christian delights to take

with him for moments of inspirational reading during his travels or during the quiet days of his summer camp vacation. These sermons are good companions. Their inspirational and challenging character (we are thinking especially of: "We Weep for the Wrong People," "New Creatures in Christ," "What It Means to Be a Christian," "A Certain Faith") make them highly adaptable for devotional reading in the family circle. They are couched in the simple language of the common every-day reader. Their evangelical scriptural soundness is based on the author's many years of gospel preaching.

What is the secret of Dr. Geiseman's success as one of Protestantism's best known preachers? Perhaps the answer to that question is found in the author's Preface to *Redeeming Love*: "Would to God that ever growing numbers of Americans might open their hearts and minds to the message of God's love in Christ. This still is, as it always has been and always will be, the great need of America. Not moral platitudes and discourses of a psychological nature but solid religious truth, the straightforward message of sin and grace alone can bring peace to the human heart, transform man's life and character and fill his soul with an abiding hope." . . .

Those are the words of an earnest-minded servant of Christ, who recognizes the world's greatest need—the crucified and risen Savior.

H. H. KUMNICK

Verse

For a Quiet Wonder

Who can turn a song in spring . . .
Polish the silver note to the silver flute
Or wake the dreaming viol's string,
When green sings out from the quiet root
And blossoms are in concert everywhere?
Who can turn a song, who would dare?

—HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

Conviction

"There is no God!"
I hear them shout it
Like volcanic thunder
Spouting the words of hot lava.

They twist hard steel
And chain the lightning.
They call men back
From the beckoning grave.
Their ribs cannot hold in
Their swelling boast:
"See what our hands have done!"
"We are the makers, the builders!"
"There is no God!"

The sweetness of the new wheat
Floats in from the meadow.
A nightbird on the honeysucked trellis
Lullabies the darkness.
The wind wanders down from the hill,
Cooling my valley.
No God? No God?
O look at the stars and say it!

—LAURA ROSCHKE

Plant Prayer

A tiny seedling burst,
sent out feeble roots
in frantic search for life.

But winter's stubborn frost,
long-delayed in flight,
defied its gentle growth.

The tiny plantling paused,
shed a tender tear;
then gazing up to heaven,

it bowed its humble head
and breathed an earnest prayer
for salutary Spring.

—DONALD MEYER

Appraisal

Just a crab-grass spear! And a drip of dew!
A showery evening—a starlit night—
A morning mist—now the sun shines through,
An incident beam to a pendent drop
On a crab-grass blade. And a wondrous sight!
A speck of rainbow in its every hue.

"But it vies with my herbs for the drops *they* need."
So the gardener's hoe would have clipped the weed.

"An instance of law in specific acts."
And the botanist's needle would probe for facts.

"A rare bit of beauty right out of the skies."
And the artist's deft brush would have won him a prize.

No! a token of grace God has sent with His dawn.
So I in rapt reverence let the glory shine on.

—W. F. BRUCE

The CRESSET

Out of the Whirlwind

Dear God! when every star
Fails to shed a ray of light,
When books and nations, men and guns
Fight the black night,—
What word is there to guide a child's course,
What wisdom left to still the deep remorse?

"Yea, hath God said?"—the cursed cry
Whips the sores that pain from Adam's fall.
Man hears temptations now, and learns to die.
"Yet is there time," he says, "yet is there time,
And all the realm of creatures mine!"

Out of the whirlwind sounds a calming voice,
"Hear thou My Word, ye meek ones, and rejoice!
Thy King doth come, and following in His wake
A thousand joys, and angels, and the end of hate."

—WALTER RIESS

The Bridge

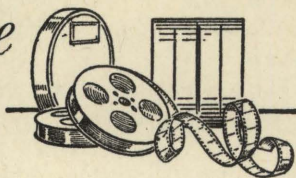
The Bridge is old, built many years ago,
By men whose arms first cleared this fertile loam;
They cut the trees along the river's bank,
And from the lumber saw a cabin grow—
Each giant log and then each rough-hewn plank
Worked puzzle-like into this settler's home.

"The river must be crossed," they next agreed,
And found a narrow passage near the bend;
They sank foundations far into the ground—
Again the mighty forest filled their need,
Supplying lumber, best that could be found,
To build this bridge, to every man a friend.

Now, in this land, with many loyal friends,
They lie at rest; but here their spirit stays—
This bridge, their monument to love fulfilled;
And it's my hope, that ere life's journey ends,
Across some pit of life a bridge I'll build,
To help my fellowmen in future days.

—G. E. C. MEYERS

The



Motion Picture

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

AT last it has happened. Authoritative voices have been raised in protest against the current cycle of so-called "psychological" pictures. Dr. Manfred Sakel, the internationally known psychiatrist and famous discoverer of the insulin shock treatment in mental therapy, deplors the distorted and unscientific films which overpublicize the "fringe" of psychiatric cases. These films, he says, "plant a doubt in people's minds and frighten them away from psychiatry because laymen are led to believe that there may be a lack of sufficient knowledge among doctors and that treatments might be fatal." The specific target singled out for Dr. Sakel's emphatic disapproval is the film *Shock* (20th Century-Fox). *Shock*, declares Dr. Sakel,

is stupidly done and terribly dangerous to psychiatry. The technique employed is typically Hollywood—and foolish. Having this psychiatrist attempt to hypnotize a patient puts the

science in the realm of demonology. The type of amnesia depicted is rare—it is a hysteria called Ganzer Amnesia—but such amnesia almost never results in schizophrenia.

Dr. Sakel points out that the motion-picture industry could be of "real benefit to the more than 600,000 mental cases in institutions in America today by studying the problem as it *really* is. Films—even sensational ones—could be made which would serve the good purpose of helping the disenfranchised of our nation."

Another eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, recently said:

Due to the fact that the instigators, producers and actors have no psychiatric and psychological training, these films (*Lady in the Dark*, *Now Voyager*, *Conflict*, *Love Letters*, *Spellbound*, etc.) can well be classified as "pseudo" (sic) therapeutics. They can be called dangerous undertakings, spreading false notions, portraying untrue explanations of causes and distorted cures on the screen. . . . An im-

portant medium by means of which masses of people can be treated simultaneously has come into the hands of laymen who are unwittingly promoting a form of quackery which may become the greatest barrier to the psychodramatic film of the future.

Motion-picture producers have repeatedly proclaimed, loudly and often somewhat unctuously, that the motion-picture industry has a "great social responsibility to the masses" and a "mission" to produce films which reflect our national life accurately and truthfully. There could be no better time to put these high ideals into practice. Today, as an aftermath of war, thousands of veterans are in need of psychotherapy. An essential factor in the treatment prescribed for the victims of modern warfare is implicit confidence in their doctors and a feeling of ease and security. Anxious relatives, too, must be made to understand and to *believe in* the important advances made in psychotherapy. At best, the average layman's knowledge of psychopathology and psychotherapy is confused and imperfect. *Shock* and other recent sensational films can only add to the confusion and misunderstanding. In addition, these films are disturbing and disquieting. They are bleak, ugly, morbid, and untruthful—and, with a few notable exceptions, they are inartistic. Surely, the con-

tinued production and release of horror films is a serious indictment against motion-picture producers.

Hard on the heels of the pseudo-psychological pictures condemned by psychiatrists are the dime-a-dozen murder and mystery yarns released by Hollywood every month. *Cornered* (RKO-Radio, Edward Dymtryk) has a swift-moving and reasonably substantial plot presented against an up-to-the-minute political backdrop. It revolves about a Canadian flier who is bent on avenging the murder of his bride by Vichy collaborationists. *My Name Is Julia Ross* (Columbia) presents a screen version of Anthony Gilbert's mystery novel, *The Woman in Red*. Intelligent direction and good acting make this a better-than-average melodrama. *Three Strangers* (Warners, Jean Negulesco) is woven about the strange and unpleasant adventures which come to three unsavory characters who happen to share a winning sweepstake ticket. All three of these films may provide diverting entertainment for adults who have a taste for mystery stories. The regrettable thing is the fact that thousands of youngsters will be permitted to see these sordid films.

A Walk in the Sun (20th Century-Fox, Lewis Milestone) is the best picture to come my way in

recent weeks. This impressive film is a dramatic and accurate adaptation of Harry Brown's fine war story. Mr. Milestone—who has many superior pictures, including *All Quiet on the Western Front*, to his credit—has caught the feel, the sight, and the smell of war with admirable success. Only six miles separated the beach of Salerno from the small, isolated farmhouse which had become a military objective. In the cold of early dawn the Lee Platoon of the Texas Division began its tortuous advance. The noon sun was high when a small remnant of the platoon reached the farmhouse and silenced the last entrenched German machine gun. The camera follows the men every foot of the way and, with grim and poignant fidelity, records the words and the actions of those who face enemy tanks and bombs and the machine-gun fire of low-flying planes. War pictures, we are told, are dated and outmoded; but *A Walk in the Sun* is neither dated nor outmoded. It is an eloquent reminder of the fact that a few short months ago killing was the sole business of millions of young men and that all over the world these men walked in sun, rain, cold, and sleet with death as an ever-present walking companion. Have we forgotten so soon? Dare we ever forget?

Maritta M. Wolff's dreary and squalid best seller of a few years ago has been all prettied up by Hollywood. *Whistle Stop* (United Artists, Seymour Nebenzal) retains the title of Miss Wolff's novel as well as the general idea that the hero is a worthless and shiftless bum; but that is as far as the resemblance goes. The picture is a complete dud. It is flat and stupid. Furthermore, it is characterized by the worst acting I have seen in many a day.

On second thought, I am compelled to say that the acting in *Whistle Stop* is really no worse than what one sees in *Sentimental Journey* (20th Century-Fox, Walter Lang). Here we have a nauseating concoction of sobs, sighs, sniffles, clichés, sentimental gush, and ridiculous drivel. This is the film which is supposed to make you reach for your handkerchief—or even for two handkerchiefs. Brother, all I reached for was my hat!

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have hit the road again. This time it is the *Road to Utopia* (Paramount, Hal Walker). The picture follows the familiar Crosby-Hope pattern of gags, wise cracks, slapstick—and Dorothy Lamour. There is an amusing plot, a bit far-fetched and loose-jointed; but it is the Crosby-Hope banter and miming which put the picture across.

People Are Funny (Paramount) successfully makes its point.

Miss Susie Slagle's (Paramount, John Berry) faithfully re-creates the slower, gentler atmosphere of the first decade of the twentieth century. Lillian Gish is excellent in the role of the spinster heroine of Augusta Tucker's widely read novel. Although, on the whole, this is just standard movie fare, it does capture the nostalgic charm and ease of a bygone day.

The plot contrived for *The Harvey Girls* (M-G-M, George Sidney) is foolish and inane. Be-

sides, historical authenticity has been ruthlessly scrapped. At best, this bright technicolor musical extravaganza provides tuneful and moderately engaging entertainment for Judy Garland fans.

Tars and Spars (Columbia, Alfred E. Green) is a pleasant and lively routine show dedicated to the United States Coast Guard.

Quiet humor and the fine acting ability of Charles Coburn are the chief merits of *Colonel Effingham's Raid* (20th Century-Fox, Irving Pichel).

Order Form for Books Reviewed in the May Cresset

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Please send the undersigned, postpaid, the above books, for which I enclose \$..... in full payment.

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LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

From the Campus

Sir:

An early April rain is falling this dreary Wednesday morning, shutting off my view of the Palouse hills and ruining certain plans for working on the lawns. But I'm not too unhappy about the weather—because of it, I discovered "The CRESSET." I was browsing through some old magazines left by my predecessor when I discovered several copies of your magazine dated 1938. Previously I had glanced casually through its pages on occasion. Today I sat down and we became close friends.

Writing letters of appreciation of this type is somewhat new to me. I hope you'll forgive me if I sound overly enthusiastic—but I feel that The CRESSET is one of the most distinguished magazines in America to-

day. Newspapers and journals have always intrigued me, ever since I got a whiff of printer's ink while writing college sports for the AP a few years ago. Now as a newly ordained Lutheran pastor I am gratified to find that The CRESSET supplies one of our greatest needs in the church: a Christian answer to the prevailing agnosticism in art and literature. Moreover, as an advisor to Lutheran students at the University of Idaho, I feel that in your magazine I will have a valuable tool in helping these students to rethink their faith on an adult level.

Enclosed is a check for a year's subscription. I hope in the future to send you many more.

NEALE E. NELSON

Moscow, Idaho

From the "Old Master"

Sir:

Your editorial on one of my atomic bomb cartoons published in January just reached me. I would like to think your reference to me as "the old master" was pure Wisconsin loyalty (Superior, Wis.) rather than a reference to my recent birthday.

I'm really getting to the point where birthdays are a nuisance.

D. R. FITZPATRICK

St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Mo.

THIS issue of THE CRESSET was about to go to press when a citywide strike of the printing industry in Minneapolis forced a complete cessation of operations on the part of the publishers of THE CRESSET. All subscribers were notified of this situation by mail. The Editorial Staff has decided, in view of the emergency caused by the strike, to omit the May, 1946, issue altogether and to carry a full publication schedule throughout the summer months. This will compensate for the usual omission of the July issue. (Since the beginning of the paper shortage, THE CRESSET has appeared eleven months a year instead of twelve.) We regret this unavoidable disruption of our regular schedule; we trust, however, that our readers feel that THE CRESSET is worth waiting for!

This issue of THE CRESSET carries two articles of more than usual interest. Dr. W. G. Polack, who writes so engagingly of "Mother," is professor of theology at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis;

he is widely known for his literary work, and has distinguished himself both in poetry and prose. Dr. Polack has been a CRESSET Associate since this magazine was inaugurated.—Rudolph Norden, who is responsible for the eminently readable piece on "Paging Authors and Speakers," is pastor of the Lutheran Student Chapel at the University of Minnesota. Our readers will remember Pastor Norden's previous contributions to these pages.



Guest book reviewers in this issue include: Alfred E. Leja, pastor of Trinity Church, Clifton, N. J. (*One and Twenty*); M. J. Jox (*The Veteran's Program*); H. H. Umbach (*My Twenty-five Years in China* and *The Significance of Silence*) and H. H. Kumnick (*Redeeming Love*), all of the faculty of Valparaiso University.



For the first time in eight years, THE CRESSET appears in a new garb. We hope you like the new cover. Still more, we hope you noticed it!

