Letter to Stalin

As I See American Education
by Paul Bretscher

Gideon Planish

Check List of Books

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6 No. 9

Twenty-five Cents
IN THE JULY--AUGUST CRESSET

NOTES AND COMMENT ........................................ 1

THE PILGRIM .............................................. 10

As I See American Education ................................. Paul Bretscher 16

THE ASTROLABE. Theodore Graebner and Ad. Haentzschel 21

Music and Music Makers .................................... Walter A. Hansen 27

THE LITERARY SCENE ...................................... 32

A SURVEY OF BOOKS ......................................... 58

CHECK LIST OF BOOKS ..................................... 62

VERSE ....................................................... 65

THE MOTION PICTURE ...................................... 68

THE EDITOR'S LAMP ........................................ 72

CRESSET PICTURES:

Foreword ................................................... 33

Virgin and Child with the Monkey ......................... 34

Holy Family ............................................... 35

Christ in the Garden .................................... 36

St. Jerome in His Cell ................................. 37

Virgin Seated Beside a Wall .......................... 38

Knight, Death and the Devil ......................... 39

Melancholia .............................................. 40

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Editorial and subscription office: 875 N. Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, $2.00 per year; Canada, $2.00 in United States funds or $2.35 in Canadian funds; elsewhere, $2.50 per year.

Entire contents copyrighted 1943 by Walther League
have shown our gratitude by sending you thousands of tons of sorely needed lend-lease supplies for your armed forces; but it required some sharp prodding on the part of our ambassador to your country to cause you to make public acknowledgment of our aid. Many months ago you kept begging us to open a second front in Western Europe, and we told you time and again that we intended to do so just as soon as possible. Your generals did not defend their homeland with reckless strategy and reckless fighting. Therefore you had no right to expect us to stage a full-scale invasion of the European continent before we could be sure of success. Failure on our part would strengthen Corporal Hitler in his war against the U.S.S.R. and would, in the end, lead to your own downfall.

You are a close-mouthed man, Marshal Stalin, and we admire taciturnity when it does not go too far. We could speak of the pact which you made with Nazi Germany in August, 1939. You did no talking then. We could recall how you hoodwinked the representatives of Great Britain who were in your country at that time, trying to conclude an agreement with you. We believe that in those eventful days you, as a Russian and as the dictator of Russia, were prompted by self-interest pure and simple. We suspected that you were not in love with Hitler then, and we were sure that you were not in love with England and France. You were, and still are, in love with Russia and with your own power. Perhaps you, too, came to realize after August, 1939, that millions of men and women throughout the world were asking in public and in private whether it was wise to trust Joseph Stalin. In fact, we are confident that you actually were aware of the suspicions which your strange deal with Corporal Hitler called forth among the sworn opponents of Nazi aggression.

What about the dissolution of the Comintern? In one of your rare public statements you have tried to make it clear that you meant exactly what you said when you issued that command, and we want to believe you. Will there be no more orders from Russia to the Communists of other lands, or will the Comintern continue to function under cover, just as it kept up its machinations in the United States even though, when our country recognized the U. S. S. R. a number of years ago, you declared through your mouthpiece, Maxim Litvinoff, that your agents would do no proselytizing in our land? You did not keep your promise then. Will you keep it now?
A Letter to Stalin

Dear Marshal Stalin:

A number of weeks have passed since you issued an order dissolving the Communist Internationale. We were overjoyed when we heard of your action; but frankness compels us to tell you that our elation was mingled with misgivings. We know, of course, that you broke with the late Leon Trotsky and banished that clever revolutionist from the U.S.S.R. because he believed heart and soul in the need of the Comintern while you yourself were inclining more and more toward out-and-out nationalism. It is equally clear to us that your recent dissolution of the Third Internationale is not at all in keeping with some of the principles for which your predecessor and onetime boon companion, Nicolai Lenin, contended to the very end of his days. Yes, we have realized for some time that under your dictatorial guidance the Kremlin has been swerving more and more from internationalism to nationalism, and we have suspected for many months that you are doing all you can to revive and revitalize pan-Slavism.

We take off our hats to the armed forces of Russia. They have fought the Nazis valiantly and successfully. Even the women and the children of the land over which you rule have toiled, bled, and died to stop the Germans and to rout them. The people of your country have helped us more than we are able to tell. We, too, are engaged in a war to the death with the Third Reich, and we are deeply thankful to those who assist us in crushing Naziism and all its works into the dust of the earth. The Red Army won a decisive victory at Stalingrad. We
Yes, Marshal Stalin, we want to take you at your word although we have reason to believe that you have not forsworn your totalitarian ideology and your hostility toward religion. What is more, we venture to hope that you, who are a realist of the realists, are likely to be sure in your own mind that the Comintern has had bats in its belfry these many years. Besides, the Third Internationale would not stand you in good stead in your efforts to carry out the ideals of pan-Slavism. You know as well as we do that many Slavs loathe the very word communism. You must deal with those Slavs. Furthermore, you evidently have a desire to come to terms of some kind with the Vatican, which has been consistent in its denunciation of your ideology and in its condemnation of your antireligious principles. Naturally, you will have a prominent seat at the peace table after this war, and you are shrewd enough to see that the Pope is moving heaven and earth to gain representation among those who will make the peace. It is an open secret that you intend to claim, and get, a large slice of Poland; and the Poles, as you well know, are predominantly Roman Catholic. In fact, there are millions of Slavs who are devoted to the Vatican and suspicious of you.

We have been frank with you, Marshal Stalin, because, like you, we are determined to crush Germany, Italy, Japan, and all the satellites of the Axis into unconditional surrender. We know that the dissolution of the Comintern has taken the wind out of the sails of Corporal Hitler's propaganda, and we hope and pray that the Third Internationale is dead and buried for good.

Yours for a speedy victory over the Axis!

Re-Educating the Axis

How to re-educate Axis peoples in democratic principles has become a subject for educators, editorial writers and columnists, and radio discussions.

The issue was discussed by the United States Committee on Educational Reconstruction at a two-day institute attended by civil and governmental educational officials held in New York in April. The Institute adopted a Charter for Democratic Education, which proposes an international office of education. Some of the objectives set forth in the charter are the following: "That education shall be used to build world fellowship. . . . That education shall be built on truth. . . . That through education we shall seek to develop active world-citizens. . . . That education on an equal basis must
be guaranteed by all governments."

John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, said that education must go hand in hand with disarmament and international arrangements for trade and for political organization. E. George Payne, dean of the New York University School of Education, called for an "educational expeditionary force" consisting of a "new breed of teachers."

The reaction of the press to the institute and its proposals was immediate, and violent in some cases. The New York Daily News called it "fantastic and nuts"; and Samuel Grafton, in his syndicated column said, "The plan of taking over German schools is exquisitely cruel, a plan for the greatest humiliation any country could undergo."

We are inclined to agree with the views of Dorothy Thompson, expressed on the occasion of a recent radio program of America's Town Meeting on which she was scheduled. Miss Thompson opposed the project of re-educating the conquered peoples on the grounds that the United Nations do not know what types of education to impose on the conquered countries since the educational philosophies of the former differ from one another. She furthermore maintained that Naziism was not learned from school books, but grew out of the experiences of a dissatisfied and disorganized nation.

Yet, there is a re-education, not only of the Axis countries but of all nations, which is definitely hopeful of success. A world-wide return to the fundamental principles laid down by Jesus Christ will supply the most effective basis for the solution of the world's postwar problems. Here is the opportunity and challenge of our day for every Christian. His thinking, speaking, and conduct may contribute toward that end.

Training—"Only Partly Military"

When President Roosevelt came back to Washington from an extended tour, he said, during a brief press conference: "It wouldn't hurt any young person to make a contribution of one year to his country." His further remarks made it clear that the President had in mind a period of training for each American youth which would be "only partly military."

The President's suggestion set off a good deal of discussion, not only among educators, but on Capitol Hill as well. Possibility that a universal training bill, pigeonholed in the Senate Mili-
tary Affairs Committee for many months, would be dusted off for another airing was foreseen by several Senators. The measure was introduced by Senator Gurney of South Dakota.

Senator Austin of Vermont reported that a number of senators are convinced that "we ought to have legislation for the training of every person as a matter of common defense." However, Senator Thomas of Utah expressed the belief that a compulsory training program would "cheat our youth of educational opportunities."

The legislators erred in thinking of the President's suggestions in terms of compulsory military training. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt himself shied away from that phrase. He preferred to speak of "a year's contribution of service to the Government." Furthermore, the Senators overlooked the Chief Executive's phrase, "only partly military."

The conclusion has been reached by some observers that part of the year of service the President suggested would be spent in the training shop, in the laboratory, in the pre-induction training class, or even in the Federal Government office—in addition to the Army camp.

Each youth, according to his capabilities, would have an opportunity to serve his country by preparation himself for many of the tasks men and women are called upon to perform in times of national emergency. That these tasks are not only military is now well known. The President, on his country-wide tour, was impressed by the fact that 87 per cent of all men in the Army have to be specialists. It is the Army's task to train these specialists, but it has only 90 days to carry on such training. The year of service the President suggested would, therefore, be spent partly in vocational and specialized training.

**Down Argentine Way**

As this issue of the *The Cresset* goes to press, Argentina has had a revolution which forced President Ramon Castillo from office. The military is in control. Speculation is rife as to whether this actually means Argentine collaboration with the allied nations or whether Argentine leaders are using the move as a smokescreen in order to obtain lend-lease material from our government for the upbuilding of its army and navy to offset the advantage which Brazil has through its friendship with our government. Only time will tell. One thing is certain, namely, that a real alignment of Argentina with the allied nations will mean much for the future.
solidarity of this hemisphere. And we can only hope that this will come eventually, although it is doubtful if the new government can be trusted to bring it about. The many Argentinians who are friendly toward our nation do not seem to be able to muster enough strength to obtain the truly democratic government which that country needs.

International machinery is required for this alone. Then, when production increases, this machinery must be capable of assuring all peoples freedom from want as much as that is humanly possible.

Food for the Hungry

The seventeen-day food conference in Hot Springs, Va., at which forty-four nations were represented, is now history. The conference had under discussion a most vital world-problem: the feeding of millions when this war ends. Our government is to be congratulated for taking the initiative in this matter. For the postwar problem that is apt to have wild reactions in every country, including our own, is food for the hungry.

It is evident to every thinking person that in the postwar world food shortages will remain for some time, due in part to distribution difficulties. During the transition back to normalcy the food rationing we now have must continue, not only in our own interest, but also that we may have food left over with which to feed the less fortunate elsewhere.

International machinery is required for this alone. Then, when production increases, this machinery must be capable of assuring all peoples freedom from want as much as that is humanly possible.

Radar

Our generation has seen many new inventions and discoveries, but none more uncanny than that of radar. The name, we are told, is a contraction of radio direction and ranging. Radar functions on the principle that certain objects will reflect radio waves. It sends out impulses which bounce back when they hit airplanes, battleships, and the like. Our new civilian czar, James F. Byrnes, reported on the naval use of radar last year as follows:

On the night of November 14 off Guadalcanal there lay a Japanese battleship. It was a stormy night. Eight miles away was a ship of our fleet. With the use of the radar our ship with its second salvo sank the Japanese battleship in the blackness of the night eight miles away.

Sounds uncanny, doesn’t it? We have one hope. After the war radar should be put into use domestically in such a way that when we must get up at night to take care of the baby we can unerringly find the light-switch in the dark, and thus avoid the bumped noses
and cracked shin-bones which usually result from groping around trying to find the light-switch.

Europe's Children War Casualties

We are thinking not only of the many children among the thousands of civilians who have become victims of the horrible bombings inflicted upon European cities, but rather of those millions of children who must suffer parental neglect and pangs of hunger as a result of the war.

A drastic picture of these conditions has been given by James Wood Johnson, who has been working as a private citizen in Europe in co-operation with the American Red Cross and the American Friends Service Commission. In the Christian Century Mr. Johnson writes:

The child who finds at home no satisfaction for his hunger will seek that satisfaction outside the family. The child of occupied Europe, however, can find it nowhere, for in the homes of relatives and friends there is the same hunger, the same despair of frustrated parents who find themselves unable to discharge their duty of giving enough food to their children. Present conditions in Europe, furthermore, leave the hungry children free to roam the streets more than a normal part of the time.

Mothers spend many hours of the day in food lines, the schools run only intermittently, the wives of millions of war prisoners have to neglect their children in order to go to work and earn what little they can. Hundreds of thousands of parents are neurotics as the result of shock or accidents of war, and these take little or no interest in the welfare of their children.

One of the important postwar problems will have to concern itself with relief of the sufferings in the European countries. The hardships created by the disintegration of families in the stricken countries will bring cries to which we cannot turn deaf ears.

Although efforts are now under way to provide relief, the magnitude of the task will confront us after the war for years to come. “Deal thy bread to the hungry” must find application in American thought and action if we want to be regarded as a Christian nation.

The Army

The war is just across the street from me now. Our medical department school is on the grounds of one of the army’s general hospitals where skilled medical officers and nurses try to repair the human wreckage of the war.

It is probably a good thing for our national morale that the men who come here don’t get played
up in the papers. They're not particularly glamorous. They didn't get wounded in a battle with half a dozen Zeros and hardly any of them rate any sort of medal. They're mostly privates and corporals who happened to be in the wrong place when a hunk of hot steel came flying through the air.

As I said before, it is probably a good thing for our national morale that these men don't get played up. Most of us don't want a dirty war. We want a nice pretty war with lots of bands and fleets of streamlined bombers and shiny medals and officers' caps. We buy bonds to "keep 'em flying" because that phrase echoes some of the gay sport of "Hang the Kaiser!" Fortunately, the army uses most of the bond money to keep 'em slushing through the mud.

The men who are trying to sleep across the street tonight aren't thinking about decorations and heroic charges through enemy strongholds. If they could read, they would find a lot of ironic humour in some of the war stories the magazines are printing. They know that most of the glamour of this war is created in the fertile brain of some journalist and that the actual business of winning battles is being handled by unglamorous boys who used to be machinists or steel workers or farmers or white-collar workers. And they will agree with the hero of World War I who admitted that he was scared stiff while he was performing the feat that won him a D. S. C.

As long as we are still fighting, we had probably better just keep these men hidden away in a quiet hospital where they won't obscure our visions of our fighting men hacking bloody paths through the enemy. But after the war, every one of us should get a good long look at them. The price of our victory will be written on their bodies. After we have found out what it costs us, we may be a little more anxious not to throw it away. And in the gay flush of victory, it will be properly sobering to see that our victory will not be complete until we have formulated a peace worthy of their sacrifice.

It is beyond our power to end the war now for these men. The best we can hope to do is to make it unnecessary for another generation to join the living dead.

Man and Fish

One of the lost classics of American literature is Bob Benchley's essay on the Newfoundland Fisheries Case, in which he presents the views of the fish. The essay made the professors at Harvard a bit dubious about Benchley's aptitude for the academic
life, but its subject-matter points a moral for our postwar planners who are just now worrying about what to do for the common man.

Assuming that it is possible to slice off the top layers of society and leave a mass homogeneous enough to be classified under any one term, we may properly wonder just why the top layers should be making decisions for the mass. In the democracies, of course, it might be argued that the masses are actually making their own decision, but only the United States and the British Empire among the combatant nations can be properly considered democracies. The planners who drop in from other corners of the globe come as fishermen who have ideas about how to treat the fish.

Before we go much farther in our planning for a postwar social order, we had better exercise a little realism and accept the fact that the governments of most of our allies are not actually representatives of the people and that some of them do not even pretend to be fighting for the host of intangibles we think we are. The sad truth of the situation is that many of our allies are fighting simply because they were attacked by the same gang that jumped on us. And they are not necessarily out to make this a better world for John Doe or Ivan Ivanovich. They're out to slaughter the invaders that ravaged their homelands—no more, no less.

This is not to criticize the well-meaning men and women who are sincerely working for a decent world after the war. But it would be well for them to remember that Utopia can't be pulled out of a hat on the spur of the moment. It took the United Kingdoms 800 years to produce the Beveridge Report. We cannot expect immature nations to produce the works of maturity. And in the case of some of our allies, we must remember that a fisherman and the fish often have varying conceptions of the fish's welfare.
"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

B Y O. P. K R E T Z M A N N

Editorial Note: Once a year the Pilgrim should be entitled to hang his staff on an Indiana maple and let someone else take over. He needs an hour or two for the process of meditation without being compelled to say anything about it in print. Fortunately for us there is always a good friend lurking somewhere who is ready to fill our inexorable columns. This month we are happy to present a practicing young journalist from Frankenmuth, Michigan. In his life as an editor of a small town newspaper (one of the best in America, we believe) he has an opportunity to see life intimately and well. Everyone who has ever attempted to line up words to march on paper will read his description of the process with delighted recognition.

Observations on Observations

"W R I T I N G is the result of observation," once said some literary authority whose name I don't remember nor have the ambition to look up. But I maintain that observation is the result of writing.

You see, writing is like going swimming on a May afternoon: it's not so bad once you get started, but the first plunge is appalling even to contemplate. For that reason, everyone who is compelled—especially by pecuniary motives—to write anything, from an obituary to an epic poem, hesitates to make that first leap. Like the vernal swimmer who dallies out of clothing and into swimsuit, who tests the water with toe and the air with goosepimple, who cakewalks at snail's pace to the springboard and then totters and teeters in agonizing anticipation, delaying as long as possible—and plausible—the inevitable, so the average writer improvises his own delays.

Some writers sharpen pencils to conical perfection; some clean their typewriters so they shine like prewar Cadillacs. Some arrange paper in geometric precision; some toy with thermostats or adjust window shades to minute longitude. But I never do; my conscience wouldn't stand for it.

When I sit down to write, I start writing immediately. Unless, of course, circumstances demand that I observe some phenomena that may never be duplicated and thus..."
be forever lost to the knowledge that man has accumulated since the Dark Ages. And it is surprising how often those phenomena occur just as I am about to begin paragraph one.

I have never, in all my tramps through the wooded hills of Frankenmuth, had Nature provide me with so much material for observation as she does through my window when deadline approaches. I have but to brrrrr the ratchet on my typewriter and immediately a cardinal starts to whistle right outside. By sheer common courtesy I am compelled to whistle back and then admire the attentive quirk of his scarlet topknot as he absorbs the gist of my reply.

Even the seasons co-operate. The first painted leaf of autumn invariably drifts past my window as I am about to begin some serious editorial on get-out-and-vote— it-is-your-American-duty. And this year summer arrived with the first phrase of what was to have been an opus worthy of Lippmann on the Allied tactics at Pantelleria. Said arrival was signalled by the first iris unwrapping its bloom practically at my left elbow. In the course of observing same, I made the discovery that every individual iris blossom comes all wrapped up in tissue paper, for all the world like the goblets in a bride's crystal set. Such an observation is, of course, no mean nugget to add to the world's store of botanical miscellanea.

All Senses Observe

Nor do I confine my observations to the visual alone. Not infrequently do I call upon my other senses. After all, above my desk hangs this motto: This Newspaper Is the Eyes, Ears, and Nose of the Community. Therefore it devolves upon me to see all, hear all, and smell.

Just to lean back, drop eyelids, and breathe deeply of the fragrance of crabapple blossoms is enough to add immeasurably to man's knowledge. Especially the knowledge that Frankenmuth (or any other small town) is the best place in the world to be in springtime. A little later the wild grapes in the backyard spice the atmosphere and delay the inscribing of some sage comment for the current edition.

Even when Nature fails to provide olfactory distractions, a country newspaper office always has abundant alternates. The licorice smell of printer's ink, the sullen scent of melting type-metal, the soprano fragrance of the raw gasoline that cleans the type . . . . these are always here to titillate the discerning nostril.

Or if you care for auditory observation, you can always note the
majestic rhythm of the huge presses, roaring like one of Wagner's most majestic climaxes but underlaid with the insinuating beat of Ravel's Bolero. Or listen to the click of linotype matrices dropping into their channels and tell by discriminating listening just how many fractions were cast in the last line of type. (Trade secret: fractions are way over on one end of the linotype, and the matrix that drops last and after a considerable pause is a fraction.)

Not even the sense of touch is slighted as the little job presses clatter their vibrations through the floor so that your chair feels like the throbbing plank of a grandstand as heads click back and forth to watch a tennis match.

Or, if you care to localize tactile observations, you have but to run your fingertips across the smooth inside of an open desk drawer. Or take a sheet of crisp rag paper or creamy mimeograph paper or the sharp glaze of book paper and observe how the nerves of your finger react to their inviting surfaces.

Or, better yet, make of your entire body a receptacle of sensation. Feel the sweat gather on your backbone and then glide downward deliberately. Feel the tug of moist shirt on a reaching shoulder or the tacky clutch of the varnished desk on your bare arm. These afford countless moments for observation as our little valley lies humid in the July sun while the Cass ponders whether to remain a river or give itself up entirely to the soggy atmosphere.

Winter

But rich as summer is in such observatory opportunities, winter is equally generous. On the crackling days when the wind sweeps down from Duluth I like to watch the frost crystals branch like coral polyps on my window. Then the glass is no barrier to the cold but merely diffuses it, impervious to the gallant but futile defenses of the stove which, measured in thermal effect, is at least four and a half light years from my desk. Then I can watch the goose pimples stiffen the hairs on my wrist and feel my hackles rise like a dog's in a strange neighborhood.

But often the observations are undilutedly academic. Webster's dictionary lies at my elbow and my conscience often pricks me into sharpening my vocabulary just as the clock tells it's time to start that front-page story for the banner headline.

I always consider words a writer's stock in trade, so it is actually in the line of duty to scan a page of Mr. W.'s tome once in a while. In no other way would I have
found out that "scram" is not actually slang but a venerated verb (intransitive) in good standing in the old English language. Of course, in those days they spelled it "scamb"—but why split hairs.

Academic, too, is my scanning of the exchanges that lie in the tempting field of my vision. It is a distinct asset to my education to see how other newspapermen are handling their continuous grist of news. It is certainly not killing time as I examine them. This point I make frequently to my boss—and my conscience. Both are sceptical.

From the trim Detroit Free Press to the crossroads weekly printed from pre-Garfield type, I constantly learn more of the art of newspapering. Sieve the front page of our competitor and feel a fierce glow of satisfaction that we scooped them on a story—a story that might be buried under the stock quotations in a metropolitan gazette but is hot news in our neck of the woods. Flip to the editorial page and sniff with distended nostrils at their pontification of some politician whom we have long thumbs-downed. Or once in a while taste the bitter scarlet of shame when they invade our territory and pick up a feature story we had completely overlooked.

Ah yes, there are literally uncounted ways in which a writer can train his powers of observation without stirring from his desk—without even losing that pensive pose which he hopes is enticing the onlooker into the opinion that here is a man about to begin nothing short of a major opus.

But into whatever sphere my observations stray—I mean, are directed—two things always force themselves on my attention. One is the implacable sweep of the minute hand over my shoulder. Like the deliberate stroke of a guillotine in a bad dream that hand drops, shearing off literary embroidery and leaving a stark, hurried paragraph or two.

Equally implacable is the sudden silence that hangs accusingly throughout the shop. The linotype stands hungry, with no yellow copy paper to feed into its whirring maw. The presses stand sullen and brooding, resenting the delay before they grunt into their task. The folders stand with jaws agape, as if to utter the words of exhortation that I already know too well. But most disconcerting of all are the baleful grimaces that the printers hurl at me. These slaves who work with metal and paper and ink and machinery are always scornful of the poor scribe who deals with such intangibles as ideas and words; and now they stand in enforced idleness, waiting for the last copy, waiting for men-
tal processes to make way for the much more spectacular mechanical processes.

It's deadline.

No time for observation, mental or physical. Now it's pound away at the typewriter. Make the keys dance, scampering demons, and the paper crackle as it's ripped out of roller. Deadline! Speed it up! Time and tide—and especially the deadline—wait for no man. And so I bend to the task.

Sometimes I writefast I don't have timetoput in allthespaces even. Did you ever observe how funny a line like that looks?

A Roman Penny

SOMEWHERE I have read that the Roman coin most prized by collectors is inscribed: "Tiberius Caesar, Son of the Divine Augustus".... He reigned from 14 A.D. to 37 A.D. . . . There is nothing about his reign which would make one of his pennies more valuable than others. . . . The penny of Tiberius is prized because one afternoon a young teacher from Galilee and Nazareth held one of them in His hand as He settled a question which is troubling us in 1943. . . . You will find the story in Luke 20:19-26. . . .

A brief review of the scene. . . . His enemies had laid a trap for Him. . . . "Is it lawful for us (the Jews) to give tribute unto Caesar, or no?" . . . . If the young teacher from Galilee had said "Yes," the rabidly patriotic, nationalistic Jews would have turned against Him. . . . If He had said "No," His enemies would have accused Him of rebellion against the Emperor. . . . "Shew me a penny," He said. . . . As it lay in His hand He lifted the whole discussion out of the temporary into the timeless and true and drew the line forever between the civil and spiritual authority: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." . . . The penny became a picture of the immutable fact that certain things in life belong to God—first, last, and always. . . . The first obedience, the first loyalty, the first love. . . . God is the master of all the pennies of time. . . .

And so this penny in the reign of Tiberius has become particularly valuable. . . . I wonder if the very same penny which lay for a moment in the hand of the Son of God is now lying in some museum or in the sands of Africa. . . . If we could identify it, what would its value be? . . . Certainly, here is one of the great ironies of history and one of the striking revenges of time. . . . The penny of Tiberius is valuable because God once touched it. . . . No other reason.
A lesson in all this? . . . Certainly, but it need not be pointed out. . . . This is merely a footnote to the historical fact that for two thousand years, in ten thousand times ten thousand men and women, the touch of God in Christ has sent their value up far beyond the usual market value of human souls and has made them Godsend to society and to all who have known them. . . . Here are the important and valuable people who lie hidden in the hand of God. . . . Even today, when human life is cheaper than it has ever been, these men and women are the Roman pen­ nies touched by God who will be remembered when the momentary Caesars and the sophisticated self­ish and the barren cynics will long be forgotten. . . . There is an old proverb that a bad penny always turns up again. . . . This is even more true of God’s pennies, and in the long run their turning up is the hope and comfort of our race. . . .

Be Still

“Be still, and know that I am God,”—
Fret not thyself nor anxious be;
For He who marks the sparrow’s fall
Is ever watching over thee.

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

The sun, the moon, the distant stars,
Pursuing courses overhead,
Are guided by His mighty hand;
O anxious soul, why fear or dread?

“Be still and know,” all doubts dispel,—
Your worth is greater than all these;
Lift up your eyes to Him in praise,
For He has promised perfect peace.

—James Dickey Allison
As I See
American Education

By Paul Bretschler

Our country possesses the finest systems of schools in the world. American citizens may not be accused of having been niggardly in the matter of promoting and developing educational endeavors. We know, too, that most American educators are well qualified to teach whatever subjects they may be teaching. And we know also that all the thought that educators and educationists are at the present time giving to the solution of vexing problems will result in improvements along the entire front of American education.

Yet somehow we cannot escape a feeling of uncertainty as we sit back for a moment and reflect on the process of education in America, its far-flung program, its variety of schools, its relationships to other aspects of American life, its aims and objectives, results and achievements, not to mention its manner of organization and management. We ask ourselves:

What are the basic views which American educators sponsor and which determine their attitude toward education, their course of action in the schoolroom, their relation to pupil or student, their selection and use of subject matter, their attitude toward human society, their evaluation of American traditions and ideals, and their appraisal of values both temporal and eternal? For it is scarcely debatable that the great body of American educators exert an evergrowing influence not only on American youth, but on American life and thought in general. Though it is beyond the scope of a brief article like this to present a somewhat detailed analysis of these views, it is possible to survey at least some of the fundamental ideas underly-
Progressivism

Confining ourselves chiefly to educators on the elementary and secondary levels, we find that thousands of them identify themselves with "progressivism," that educational movement which is hardly more than an elaboration and application of John Dewey's philosophy of education. Though there are more than "57 varieties" of "progressivism," each stressing this or that set of his ideas, perhaps most of them find themselves in general agreement with Dewey's pragmatic approach to truth, his emphasis on science and the scientific method with their evolutionary implications, and with his social philosophy. Yes, many "progressivists," especially their leading writers, have gone the full length with Dewey in their total disregard, if not denial, of divine revelation with its teachings of original sin and God's redemption of mankind through the sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ.

Among the principal ideas advocated by "progressivists" are: child-centered education; development of self-expression; value of group activities; substitution of intrinsic for external motivation; opposition to drill and memoriter learning; emphasis on the psychological rather than on the time-honored logical method of presentation of subject matter; displacement of the traditional concept of discipline in favor of the "prevention theory"; demand that the teacher be a guide rather than a director or disciplinarian; deprecation of marking and examination systems; the project method, or "learning by doing"; opposition to departmentalization of subject matter, such as rigid separation of geography from history, algebra from geometry, and departmentalizing of pupils by grade separations and classifications; application of Dewey's analysis of thinking; development of an integrated personality; and a profound faith that the school exists for the purpose of rebuilding the social order. ("If the schools are to be really effective, they must become centers for the building, and not merely for the contemplation of our civilization... The school must shape attitudes, develop tastes, and even impose ideas," writes G. S. Counts.)

The Religious Educators

But the doctrines of the "progressivists," though gaining ever larger numbers of disciples, are meeting with the pronounced opposition of traditionalists, both religious and secular. Though neither of these groups has es-
caped the powerful impact of Dewey's educational philosophy, including even aspects of his wider philosophical views, they have held tenaciously to beliefs and practices which through the ages were regarded cornerstones in education. To the religious traditionalists belong, on the one hand, that group of American educators who are motivated by a vague religious idealism rather than by any distinctly Christian interpretation of life. They emphasize character training, and they have a sort of utopian dream of the establishment of a Kingdom of God here on earth. Another group of religious traditionalists are those who, having become keenly aware of the absence of religion in the public schools, are among the loudest champions of released time from the public school program for instruction in religion. A final group of religious traditionalists is represented most prominently by the Catholic Church, which educates in its schools fully 10 per cent of American youth, but also by smaller religious bodies as the Lutherans, the Dutch Reformed, and the Jews. These last named groups hold that the education of the child is not complete unless the child daily receives systematic instruction in religion and unless the entire curriculum is impregnated with the religious principles which, respectively, each of these groups supports.

The Conservatives

More widely represented than the religious are the secular traditionalists, known, too, as essentialists or conservatives. They reflect, of course, many shades of conflicting thought. Yet all are quite agreed that "the acids of modernity will eat themselves out," that, though there are variables in matter of education, there are also constants, and that these constants rather than variables lie at the foundation of all purposeful and effective education. They believe that a teacher must be a teacher in the traditional sense, not a mere guide or director, and that subject matter is the most essential factor in the school program and should be presented by the logical rather than by the psychological method. For them discipline in the traditional sense is by no means unnecessary, but is as essential today as it was in the past. They believe in the need of indoctrination, holding, of course, that whatever materials are to be learned must be in keeping with approved values. Nor is this group seriously disturbed by what has been styled the changing social order. One of their spokesmen writes: "I am inclined to deny that we are living in a period of rapid fundamental
changes in the social order. . . . I think there is an immense amount of poppycock talked about the general subject of society and there grew up a lot of glib verbalisms like this social order business which rapidly became stereotyped, and humanity gets into another intellectual vacuum."

The Vocational Schools

Besides the "progressivists" and traditionalists, there is another group of educators who deserve attention. They have been given comparatively little space in educational literature, but they nevertheless play a significant part in the American scene of education. They are the teachers in vocational schools. Their job is not to lay the foundation of a liberal, cultural education, but to prepare America's youth directly for some type of skilled labor. When we are told that in 1938 there was an enrollment of over two million pupils in vocational classes out of a total of six million in all types of classes in the public schools alone, we get some idea of the extent of this educational endeavor. Though teachers in these schools share many of the ideas and practices of both "progressivists" and traditionalists, their whole approach to education is necessarily determined by very immediate and practical considerations. As an offspring of vocational training schools there has come into existence a type of school which the laboring class promotes in opposition to public schools. Though their number is still small, these schools have a significant program. The laboring class conducts them for its own members, supports them alone, and teaches in them labor history, methods of labor organization, the conducting of public forums, the forming of co-operatives, the legal phases of labor and the general preparation of labor leaders. Obviously, also these teachers have a far different interpretation of the purposes of education from that given by educators engaged in ordinary public and private elementary or secondary schools.

Here, then, is a picture of what is going on in modern elementary and secondary education. It is a composite of many contrasting shades and colors, some more prominent than others, but all contributing their share toward a stupendous achievement of the human intellect, largely guided and aided by the methods and results of modern science. It is in many respects a beautiful picture, one which compels wonder and admiration.

The Dark Side

But we regret to say that also this picture has flaws. The
chief one is that reason and science have woefully failed to teach the greater part of American youth to live truly rationally and scientifically. We still find that millions of American people are motivated by the basest of instincts; that American youth manifests too frequently a coarseness, an impertinence, and a disregard of the rights of others, which has merited the bitter anathemas of their superiors; that the "preferred social order," which Dewey hoped would in course of time be inaugurated and in which every citizen trained in self-expression would show a deep regard for the self-expression of others, has not yet arrived; that greed and graft, crime and delinquency, and economic insecurity are still with us; and that it still is a utopian dream that "the separate nations of the earth have realized that the united welfare of all demands the united action of all."

Why is this? Reason and science cannot build a fully integrated personality and surmount the obstacles that divide human relationships. Only when reason humbly bows before divine revelation and acknowledges and accepts the truths revealed by God in the Bible, as "God created heaven and earth," "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," "If any be in Christ, he is a new creature," only then may American citizens look forward to a wider realization of the most cherished ideals of modern elementary and secondary education.

All this means that the Church of Christ has a tremendous responsibility. It must by the spoken and the written word make known to American parents and children the truths of divine revelation and their application to modern education. It must promote Christian homes and Christian schools. It must zealously guard its Christian schools against pressure groups who every now and then seek to brand them as un-American and to institute legislative and legal proceedings against them. It must seek to gain a wider hearing for its philosophy of education. Yes, its philosophy of life and death, of the here and the hereafter, must become a much more potent factor in American education than ever in the past.
THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

WATERMARKS OF TRUTH

What reason have I for believing that I am seeing things right side up and in their true colors as viewed through this "graduated circle with sights for taking altitudes at sea" (Astrolabe defined by Webster)? What reason in particular have we of THE CRESET contributors for believing that by and large the editorial staff is giving us the correct view of conditions in Nazi-occupied Europe?

My answer to this question is twofold. In the first place, it is impossible for propaganda to falsify large-scale historical events.

Propaganda can only lie about detail. It cannot invent a large-scale picture of matters happening in the broad light of day. No propaganda of old Babylonian days could substitute some construct of the imagination for such facts as the conquest of the West-Land under Nebuchadnezzar, or the colonization policy of that ruler. Julius Caesar might touch up for political reasons some of his achievements in the land of the Belgians, but the broad outline of his conquests, his policies, stands secure. Nor will anyone ever question the military and political achievements of an Alaric, a Tamerlane, a Napoleon. It is simply impossible to lie about large-scale historical events.

We have a right to apply the same measuring stick to the news which has come from Europe during the past four years concerning the lands conquered by the Nazis. And it is a somewhat amusing thing to consider that some folks are absolutely sure of their ground when they refer to the antichristian policy of bolshevist communism, to the atheistic
propaganda of the Soviet government, and to the military and political purges of the Red Decade—that these same folks will treat as wild exaggeration, if not as pure fabrication, the story of Hitler’s enslavement of workers in the subjugated areas and his policy of extermination for the Jews. And this situation exists in spite of the fact that no pro-Nazi whom I have met is able to read Russian and all are able to read German. This indicates a very peculiar control of the emotions over man’s reasoning power. It means nothing to these people that for the concept of atheistic bolshevism they are altogether relying on primary sources in a language of which they cannot read a line, while they close their mind entirely to the evidence available in German books and pamphlets, German newspapers and radio broadcasts for which they have the evidence of their own eyesight and hearing.

The Nazi conquest of Western Europe, the political ideas represented by Naziism, the bombing of Warsaw without a declaration of war, of Rotterdam and Belgrade while under a treaty of mutual military defense, the indescribable horrors of the bombardment of fleeing civilians on French country roads, and the Jewish massacres, are known to us from German sources, German newspapers, German photographs, confirmed by broadcasts from Bern, Stockholm, and other neutral sources. We have every reason to believe that the picture we have today of Hitlerized Europe is the picture which, if the world stands, will be that of the history books printed a thousand years hence.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW HOW THE WIND BLOWS

Now for the second line of proof which to this observer at least leaves no doubt whatever about the correctness, also as to much detail, of the news we get from Europe. There is much in this news which is of a nature that cannot be the product of invention. By saying “cannot” I mean the psychological inability—and I will say that psychology has laws as constant as those of physics.

For example. From London comes the news that a government listening post on December 26, 1942, reported the following:

The German-controlled Netherlands radio said today that three Dutch paintings stolen recently, including the Amsterdam art gallery’s $80,000 Rembrandt representing a man cutting a goose quill, had been recovered and the thief arrested.

Now any Baedeker to the Neth-
erlands will mention the Rembrandt above referred to. But the point is that we have a press report via Stockholm which refers to the same painting but calls it "The Man with the Goosefeather." The German for goose quill is Gaensefeder—and unless the Swedish correspondent had seen the actual German message he could not possibly have called the picture "Man with a Goosefeather." I wonder how many readers will agree with me that the proof for the genuineness of this dispatch is absolute.

The Christian Science Monitor publishes February 5, 1943, a dispatch dated "Somewhere on the German Frontier, Feb. 4." This special says:

The Grüß Gott movement, which Nazis have sought to suppress, is on the increase in Germany, especially in the southern regions of Bavaria, Baden and Wurttemberg where the movement was never entirely wiped out even in the heyday of National Socialism's victories.

The Grüß Gott movement is the name given in Germany to the inclination of the Germans to greet each other with the traditional Christian expression, Grüß Gott (God be with you), instead of with the newer Nazi greeting, "Heil Hitler," usually accompanied by a raised arm.

The growing strength of the Grüß Gott movement can be taken as an indication of the amount of feeling against the Nazi regime as well as which side the people are taking in the Kulturkampf—the struggle between Christianity and heathen elements in National Socialism.

Anyone who has done a little traveling in Southern Germany knows that the common greeting of the people is a (usually high pitched) "'s Gott!"—the abbreviation of the greeting mentioned in this dispatch. Am I right in saying that the fabrication of such a story is so unreasonable an assumption that the story must be called true on prima facie evidence?

Then there are such items with the psychological watermark of authenticity as the broadcast recorded February 9, 1943, from the Frankfort Radio. This broadcast was heard over a listening post of the (American) Office of War Information. The speaker was Hans Fritzsche, political director of the German radio, and the statement which was noted by O.W.I. refers to execution by decapitation. This form of the death penalty, said Fritzsche, will not be used against those who evade the new decrees for extended compulsory labor service only because that would deprive Germany of needed manpower. The Nazi radio director stated: "Let me say that if a man or woman here and there should prove recalcitrant in fulfilling compulsory labor service we may know different ways of spurring them on than chopping their heads off, which after all would
be prejudicial to our manpower.” There is something so genuinely Nazi about the thought and the wording of this pronouncement that on inner evidence the genuineness of the message cannot be denied.

On such small-scale data of conditions in subjugated countries and in Germany itself we rely for our conviction that the picture we have of present conditions in those countries is true not only in broad outline but also in many non-essential details.

LETTERS FROM A DEVIL

How do you like the idea of a book that purports to give a series of letters written by an elderly devil in hell to a junior devil who is active on earth? Shocking, do you say? At the very least in bad taste, if not actually sacrilegious? Well, such a book has recently been published.* Suppose we suspend judgment for the nonce, go over it together, and see what we find.

Mr. Lewis, the author, is a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford University. There are thirty-one letters in the booklet. They are signed with the name Screwtape, and Screwtape, it appears, is under-secretary of a department in hell. The letters are addressed to a certain Wormwood, a young devil who has been assigned the task of garnering the soul of a young Englishman. How the correspondence fell into his hands Lewis declines to explain. Two quotations are given by way of motto for the book. There are these words from Luther, “The best way to drive out the devil, if he will not yield to texts of Scripture, is to jeer and flout him, for he cannot bear scorn.” Then Sir Thomas More is quoted to the same purpose: “The devill . . . the prowde spirite . . . cannot endure to be mocked.”

Screwtape’s letters are written in reply to reports which he receives from Wormwood on the difficulties that arise in the campaign for the soul of the young Englishman, who is referred to only as “the patient.” It is Screwtape’s aim to guide the efforts of the rather inexperienced Wormwood by suggesting the best modes of procedure in meeting the difficulties that present themselves. In giving his advice Screwtape explains his reasons for selecting the measures which he proposes and in this connection shows an amazingly keen insight into the weaknesses and peculiarities of human nature.

With regard to the quotations that are given in the following, it must be remembered that certain terms are to be understood

---

from the angle of the devils. Good and evil are naturally inverted. Satan, in harmony with John 8:44, is spoken of as Our Father. God is referred to as the Enemy.

The situation at the outset is this: Wormwood has reported that “the patient” is in danger of becoming a Christian and that he has been trying to work on him with arguments against Christianity and in favor of materialism. Screwtape pronounces this procedure naïf. He writes:

Jargon, not argument, is your best ally in keeping him from the Church. Don’t waste time trying to make him think that materialism is true. Make him think it is strong, or stark, or courageous—that it is the philosophy of the future. That’s the sort of thing he cares about.

Wormwood is warned against strengthening in your patient the fatal habit of attending to universal issues and withdrawing his attention from the stream of immediate sense experiences. Your business is to fix his attention on the stream. Teach him to call it “real life” and don’t let him ask what he means by “real.”

It is also pronounced good to give the patient a grand general idea that he knows it all and that everything he happens to have picked up in casual talk and reading is “the results of modern investigation.”

**A TURN IN THE PLOT**

However, the patient becomes a Christian. Screwtape does not like that, but he is not discouraged. He advises Wormwood how to proceed under the new conditions. The patient lives with a rather difficult mother, for whom he prays. Wormwood is told to make sure that these prayers are always very “spiritual,” that he is always concerned with the state of her soul and not with her rheumatism. [So] his attention will be kept on what he regards as her sins, by which, with a little guidance from you, he can be induced to mean any of her actions which are inconvenient or irritating to himself.

I have had patients of my own so well in hand that they could be turned at a moment’s notice from impassioned prayer for a wife’s or son’s “soul” to beating or insulting the real wife or son without a qualm.

A further piece of diabolic advice:

Do what you will, there is going to be some benevolence, as well as some malice, in your patient’s soul. The great thing is to direct the malice to his immediate neighbors whom he meets every day and to thrust his benevolence out to the remote circumference, to people he does not know. The malice thus becomes wholly real and the benevolence largely imaginary.

If the patient must belong to a
The CRESSET

church, Screwtape prefers a small, unpopular one. He explains:

Any small coterie, bound together by some interest which other men dislike or ignore, tends to develop inside itself a hothouse of mutual admiration, and towards the outer world, a great deal of pride and hatred which is entertained without shame because the “Cause” is its sponsor and it is thought to be impersonal.

NEW FRIENDS

After a time the patient makes two new friends, “steady, consistent scoffers and worldlings who without any spectacular crimes are progressing quietly and comfortably towards our Father’s house.” Screwtape suggests that the patient might be maneuvered into a betrayal of his Christianity by getting him to “be silent when he ought to speak and laugh when he ought to be silent.” For a time this approach seems to promise success, but God intervenes and the patient realizes his danger and repents.

Various other cunning temptations fail, even when the patient becomes especially vulnerable by falling in love. A few more of Screwtape’s dicta:

Surely you know that if a man can’t be cured of churchgoing, the next best thing is to send him all over the neighborhood looking for the church that “suits” him until he becomes a taster or connoisseur of churches.

Any sexual infatuation whatever, so long as it intends marriage, will be regarded as “love,” and “love” will be held to excuse a man from all the guilt, and to protect him from all the consequences, of marrying a heathen, a fool, or a wanton.

Prosperity knits a man to the world.

Our best method of attaching [men] to earth is to make them believe that earth can be turned into Heaven at some future date by politics or eugenics or “science” or psychology or what not.

I was able to give only a few samples. The booklet is full of such keen, incisive analyses of spiritual situations, and nowhere is there anything that smacks of levity. One passage makes it appear that the author believes in a purgatory, and the doctrine of justification should have been placed more in the foreground. All in all, however, the book is so full of clear insights into human problems that it is as valuable an addition to religious literature as it is an unusual one.

The patient finally escapes the machinations of Screwtape when he dies in the faith during an air raid on England.
Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow
[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

♪ S. C. I've heard you speak, in your cocksure way, about "neo-classicism"; but I didn't get the drift of your highflown pronouncements until I heard Sergei Prokofieff's *Classical Symphony, in D Major, Op. 25.*

A. I'm surprised. If anyone had asked me for a clear-cut definition of "neo-classicism," I'd have said: "Go to Mrs. Cow for enlightenment. She's a stalwart champion of the pigeonhole method of studying music. Therefore it's altogether reasonable to take for granted that she'll be able to tell you far better than I just what 'neo-classicism' is and what it signifies."

S. C. Your tongue is full of sound and fury today, Mr. Apostate. Nevertheless, I'll overlook your cantankerousness. Do you enjoy Prokofieff's *Classical Symphony?* Doesn't your blood boil when you note that chunks of diluted Mozart and bits of adulterated Haydn are mingled in a disgustingly indiscriminate manner with the balderdash which is so gushingly and so murderously characteristic of Prokofieff's strange way of writing?

A. Are you one of those who look upon Prokofieff as a reckless and sensation-mongering iconoclast whose only purpose in life is to gain prominence by startling and shocking his fellow-creatures?

S. C. You're not far from the truth, Mr. Apostate. After listening to that nerve-racking hodgepodge which is called *Classical Symphony* I said to myself: "The man who concocted such a tasteless mess of hash turns up his nose at the priceless heritage bequeathed
to us by the masters. What's more, Prokofieff attempts to create something better than what the great composers have handed down to us. Besides, it seems to me that he tries, in his crude way, to poke fun at Mozart and Haydn."

A. Are you really convinced that Prokofieff undertook to put downright ridicule and mockery into his *Classical Symphony*?

S. C. Again I say that you're not far from the truth.

A. Your fiery indignation is born of a hopelessly warped sense of righteousness, Mrs. Cow. You aren't able to distinguish between ridicule and refreshing wit. I find waggishness and many harmless pleasantries in the *Classical Symphony*, which, by the way, was written more than twenty-five years ago. Your theory as to the purpose of the delightful work is entirely new to me. There are no chunks of diluted Mozart and no bits of adulterated Haydn in the composition; there are merely pointed suggestions of the styles of Mozart and Haydn. Prokofieff isn't a copyist. Aren't you running around with a chip on your shoulder? Aren't you looking for trouble where there can be no trouble? I suppose you'd say that Alec Templeton made sport of Mozart when he wrote his little skit entitled "Mozart Matriculates."

You maintain, of course, that Prokofieff is a modernist of the modernists; and, since you're inclined to be intolerant in your thinking and in your judgments, you spue out anathemas right and left. You arrogate to yourself the right to determine accurately, defiantly, prophetically, categorically, and dictatorially the bounds which, to your bovine way of thinking, a composer dare not overstep; but you don't realize that your sneering won't halt progress in music. Prokofieff's *Violin Concerto, in D Major, Op. 19*, I suppose, would cause you to foam at the mouth and fly into a tantrum.

S. C. Once upon a time I heard Joseph Szigeti play that ugly composition. Never again for me!

A. I was overjoyed, Mrs. Cow, when I became acquainted with that concerto. I knew that many able fiddlers were constantly bewailing the fact that in recent years important composers had done comparatively little to enrich the literature of the violin. Yes, it was clear to every careful observer that there was by no means an abundant supply of new music for the fiddle, which, as you know, is commonly called the queen of instruments. "We don't like to use so many transcriptions in our programs," said violinists, "but our hands are tied." You, too, must admit that the complaint wasn't unfounded. In fact, one should use the present tense
and say that violinists still have some reason for moaning. Place the imposing list of masterpieces written for the piano side by side with a catalogue of substantial works composed for the fiddle, and you'll agree with me, I'm sure, that the devotees of the keyboard have a pronounced advantage in the matter of quantity.

I'm not saying, mind you, that fiddlers have been entirely neglected in our time. I could mention compositions by Fritz Kreisler, Maurice Ravel, Jean Sibelius, Ernest Bloch, Karol Szymanowski, Sir Edward Elgar, Paul Hindemith, and other well-known writers. I'd speak enthusiastically about some of these works; on others I'd spatter faint praise or downright condemnation. I'd do all this judging according to my lights, of course; and I'd never try to foist my own opinions upon my fellowmen. But don't you nod your wisdom-laden horns in complete agreement when I declare that new violin concertos of genuine merit are conspicuous by their rarity?

S. C. I know what you're going to say next. You'll try to inoculate me with the earth-shaking wisdom that Prokofieff's Violin Concerto, in G Minor, Op. 63 in your rapid-fire thinking? I consider this work one of the few great concertos for the violin.

S. C. I've never exposed myself to that effusion. The monstrosity in D major was enough for me.

A. Well, Mrs. Cow, Prokofieff goes his own way; but, in my opinion, he does so with honesty and sincerity. He's "modern" in his outlook; but he's not as "modern" as you would have the world believe. He doesn't turn his back on the past. You yourself have declared that his Classical Symphony is "neo-classical" in character. You're irritated no end because he grinds sacred cows into hamburger without batting an eye and then discovers, in company with many of us apostates, that the hamburger is distressingly tasteless.

To my thinking, Prokofieff's vision is built on a solid foundation. Furthermore, I'm ready to say that he's a giant in the earth. For the life of me, I don't understand why even the most hidebound among the sacred cows can't note and enjoy the sparkling fun and the scintillating wit contained in the Classical Symphony, in Peter and the Wolf, in the Lieutenant Kije Suite, and in many other works from his pen. Call the writing of the much-discussed Russian composer-pianist glaringly individualistic if you like; but don't say
that Prokofieff isn’t a skilful craftsman and an able melodist. Do you think he stole the beautiful tunes of the little Gavotte which he included in his Classical Symphony? Do you think such workmanship grows on trees to be plucked by anybody and everybody? I don’t.

If all those who express opinions on music were blessed with the vision which Prokofieff reveals in his composing, there’d be a far smaller number of cockeyed prophets in the world. When I listen to Prokofieff’s concertos, I know, of course, that I’m not listening to works by Bach, and I don’t expect to experience the same kind of reaction I have when I come under the spell of Beethoven’s Eroica.

S. C. Tell me more about your reactions. I’m interested.

A. Whenever I hear a well-trained and well-directed choir present the motet, Sing Ye to the Lord, I reason as follows: The great master’s contrapuntal skill, as exemplified in this majestic tonal structure, borders closely on the miraculous; the antiphonal devices, in particular, are overwhelmingly impressive. Here Bach speaks to us from the depths of his devotion; he pours out his heart; he wrings the amazingly intricate paean of praise from his very soul; he takes counterpoint and its laws, causes them to transcend the austere coldness of mathematical precision, and clothes them with the power to make me leap for joy. Someone has said that those who climb to the white roof of the Cathedral of Milan and then let their gaze wander over the forest of beautiful statuary feel “as though a flight of angels had alighted there and been struck to marble.” In like manner, the motet causes me to conclude that Bach, the mighty worker of wonders, has succeeded, so far as it lay in the power of a human, in creating something similar to the songs of the heavenly hosts.

Naturally, I have a diametrically different reaction when I listen to music from the pen of Prokofieff. I recognize the virility, the lucidity, and the originality of the man’s writing. Sometimes I have a feeling of ecstasy when I hear his works. I resolve to fight for this composer’s right to have his say, and there arises in me a determination to cross swords with those whose judgment, as I see it, is bounded on the north, on the south, on the east, and on the west by rules, by traditions, by preconceived opinions, by intolerance, and by an ingrained tendency to put everything into some kind of a pigeonhole. I know that the composer of The Love for Three Oranges came under the influence of Sergius Taneieff, one
of the greatest masters of counterpoint since the days of Bach, and that he studied under Reinhold Glière, Anatol Liadoff, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff, Joseph Wihtol, and Nicolai Tcherepnin; but Prokofieff’s music shows me that no teacher, however great, could have kept this man’s ability from developing in a startlingly individualistic way. Prokofieff, you see, has been true to himself. And that, Mrs. Cow, is that.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS


RICHARD WAGNER. Bridal Chamber Scene from Lohengrin. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; Lauritz Melchior, tenor; and the Victor Symphony Orchestra under Edwin McArthur.—The artistry rises to glorious heights, and the recording is superb. Victor Album 897. $2.63.

ARCANGELO CORELLI. Concerto in C Major for Organ and Strings, arranged by Gian Francesco Malipiero. Sonata in D Major for Organ and Strings. E. Power Biggs, organist, and Arthur Fiedler’s Sinfonietta.—Beautiful music beautifully played and beautifully recorded. Mr. Biggs plays the magnificent baroque organ in Romanesque Hall of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, the only instrument of its kind in America. Victor Album 924. $2.63.

FRITZ KREISLER. “Praeludium and Allegro in E Minor,” orchestrated by Fabien Sevitzky. The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra under Fabien Sevitzky.—This composition from the pen of Kreisler was for a long time attributed by the composer himself to one Pugnani. Violinists have enjoyed playing it, and listeners have enjoyed hearing it. The work is tellingly effective in the brilliant orchestral garb designed by Mr. Sevitzky. Victor disc 11-8439. $1.05.
A Great Problem


The race problem has always been a serious problem for Americans. Now, when we are in a war to remove intolerance and inequality and to promote happiness among all classes and all people regardless of their color, the issue assumes vaster proportions. We are finding it more difficult than ever to reconcile our peace aims and our treatment of minority groups at home.

Because the relationship between the black and the white has been an ever present undercurrent in American life, many of our novelists have given it expression. This has been the task of Carl Ruthaven Offord, a young Negro journalist, in The White Face, his first book. But his approach is interestingly different. In this novel we have an exposé of the fascist movement which has been growing among the Negroes in Harlem with the purpose of pitting race against race, particularly the Negro against the Jew, until both are destroyed to the advantage of the Axis. The subject matter is startling. Unfortunately, there is but little doubt that it is true.

The story begins in Georgia as Chris and Nella, two plantation workers, run away from their slavelike existence to New York, which they imagine to be Utopia. In escaping, Chris commits what both he and the Southern whites believe to be a serious crime. While Nella gets a job in a Jewish household in the Bronx, Chris lives a hunted life in Harlem. He soon comes under the influence of Reeves, a totalitarian rabble-rouser, and this association with the fascists leads him finally into tragedy. Nella, feeling instinctively that Reeves and his preachings of hatred are wrong, tries to save Chris by legal means. Naturally, this is impossible. The White Face can end only as Offord ends it.

The novel is entertaining although it does move in fits and starts. As long as Chris is in the picture, Offord
Duerer Engravings

“What beauty may be I know not. Art is hidden in nature and whosoever can tear it out has it.” Albrecht Duerer

Raphael wrote, long centuries ago, “Of a truth, this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before him.” We have presented some of Duerer’s woodcuts on these pages in previous issues of The Cresset but his other work is sometimes even more interesting. So many and so fascinating are the facets of Duerer’s personality, so interesting is he as a man in whose mind meet, and sometimes blend, the ideas of the Middle Ages with those almost of our own time, that in any survey of his engraved work, one could be reduced into all kinds of speculation which might lead anywhere or nowhere.

The Virgin and Child with the Monkey is the most brilliant of Duerer’s early engravings. Its background was so lovely that a number of the Italian engravers availed themselves of it. The Holy Family belongs to the early period also (about 1512) and its background and landscape are only shown in barest outline.

Knight, Death and the Devil, as well as Melancholia and St. Jerome in His Cell are all “Stimmungsbilder.” In them the lighting is so arranged as directly to affect the mind and mood. In them are somber gloom, weird, unearthly glitter, and soft, tranquil sunshine. Whether they were fitted to the “men” or the “mood” is hard to say but they certainly produce such feelings in the beholder. Many believe that Melancholia reflects Duerer’s deep grief at the death of his mother—the mother to whom he so often refers in his letters, always with heart felt affection.

Virgin Seated Beside a Wall is a masterful handling of both the plains leading up to the fortified city, as well as the various materials of the Virgin’s garments. The wind-torn tree in Christ in the Garden gives a distinct supernatural quality to this passionate composition. In every one of the engravings there is that superb refinement which only a man who lived in the light and faith of the Reformation could offer.
Virgin and Child with the Monkey
Holy Family
St. Jerome in His Cell
Virgin Seated Beside a Wall
Knight, Death and the Devil
Melancholia
July-August 1943

does a workmanlike job; when, for a few chapters, the plot revolves around Nella, the story veers from its course and is much less interesting. Perhaps its failure to impress lies in the fact that the author is endeavoring to deliver a potent message and to write a psychological novel at the same time. The task is too great; both aspects suffer.

There are other flaws also. The dialogue, supposedly dialect, is in reality a hybrid of literary and provincial English. Then too, the reader meets with many strange and even grotesque figures—"... the cool air spraying his eyeball through the knot hole...", for example—although all might not agree that this constitutes overwriting. The book is pure realism, pulling no punches as it tells of the fast, hard, and tough life in Harlem. It is not surprising that it is obscene and vulgar—and it is by any standard of judgment.

Criticisms may suggest that The White Face is a waste of paper, but this it not the case. Many of the tragic passages, for instance, the death of the baby, have real power; and the entire novel presents a penetrating study of the Negro character. Likewise, it gives an unprejudiced view of the whole problem. Although the white people have been at fault, so have the Negroes. We have en-slaved many of them; through indolence and ignorance they have been passively willing to live this way. Offord's first attempt at novel writing cannot be compared in depth and power and strength with the well known Native Son, by Richard Wright. However, The White Face may wake up some Americans to an actual fifth column danger which has been right on our own doorstep.

W. Loy.

Tension and Satire


There is tension in this novel, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May. Mark Aldanov, one of the ablest among the Russian writers now living in exile, does not grip the reader by unfolding a dexterously made plot; he thrills you by revealing an uncanny insight into the thought-processes that determine the actions of the human beings about whom he writes.

The Fifth Seal is strongly anti-Soviet in spirit. From the beginning of the book to the end there is a persistent undertone of biting satire. The ways and the tenets of the present master of the Kremlin are anathema to the author.

How does the outside world look to men and women who, either by force of circumstances or by choice, have become mere pawns on the chessboard of Sovietism? In The Fifth Seal you will meet a diplomat who is ordered to represent his nation in a foreign capital. The Kremlin controls his words and his deeds. In fact, the ambassador must be on the alert at all times lest some of his anti-Soviet thoughts come to the fore and betray him. Often it is expedient for him to speak with his tongue in his
cheek. He is pleased no end with his assignment; but he knows that in the none-too-distant past he has been guilty of an indiscretion which, at the master’s whim, may lead to recall and liquidation. He envies men who go about their business without being compelled to tread warily lest, intentionally or unintentionally, they offend a ruler who need not be concerned about the processes of law.

There is Nadia, the ambassador’s secretary. She is a Communist to the core. Note how the allurements that exist in non-bolshevist countries begin gradually to contaminate her thoroughly bolshevized soul. Observe how she reacts to the multifarious temptations that beset her path.

You will read about Wislicenus, a veteran revolutionist who does not see eye to eye with the Stalinites and knows that angina pectoris will soon snatch him out of this world of plots and counterplots. Even Wislicenus cannot ignore all the fleshpots that are dangled before his eyes in a non-communist environment.

Then there is the ambassador’s wife. She, too, is a human being.

A famous French writer struts through the pages of The Fifth Seal. He leans toward communism; yet he continues to work and worry in his beloved Paris.

A Russian general who had served his country when the Czar sat on the throne and had been fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to be received into the Red Army meets death in battle-torn Spain, where he had barely begun to perform the duties of a military observer for the Kremlin.

In addition, a renowned Parisian lawyer defends a misguided wretch who committed murder, fell into the clutches of the law after an exciting manhunt, and, for some strange reason, made no attempt whatever to escape the guillotine.

There are receptions, banquets, drawing-room activities, bedroom quarrels, trial scenes, and many glimpses of intrigue, folly, suffering, happiness, disillusionment, self-satisfaction, and tragedy in the book. Drama rubs elbows with cutting satire; the characters are real; the tension is sustained until the very end. The Fifth Seal is a masterpiece. Unfortunately, the citizens of the U.S.S. R. are not permitted to read the novel. Will Russia change her ideology after her ordeal of fire and throw totalitarianism to the winds? Books like The Fifth Seal could render a distinct service to the regimented masses in Aldanov’s homeland.

**Beecham’s Pills**


Students of music as well as those who have little or no hankering after the delights of the tonal art will take pleasure in reading about the career of Sir Thomas Beecham, the world-famous British orchestra and opera conductor. Thousands of men and women with or without liver trouble or bowel disturbances have seen advertisements of Beecham’s Pills without knowing that the manufacturer of these little bits of balm and blessing was the father of the man
who has made a great name for himself in the world of music and has given us the fascinating autobiography entitled *A Mingled Chime*. Sir Thomas was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but wealth did not prevent him from working diligently and persistently to become a musician of distinction. The profits from the well-known pills stood him in good stead in more than one respect. He had no desire whatever to follow in the medicinally directed footsteps of his father; yet Beecham's Pills enabled him to gain a thoroughgoing knowledge of the art he loved and made it possible for him to spend huge sums of money in an effort to bolster the cause of music in his native land. He rammed many a health-giving pill down the throats of his countrymen.

Sir Thomas' account of the ups and downs in his life until the year 1924 is by no means the tale of a wealthy musician who scattered benefactions from a bed of roses. There were many hard knocks, many disappointments, and many instances of disillusionment. The renowned maestro has realized what it means to be on the brink of financial disaster. Shortly after the end of World War I a "complicated business tangle" made it necessary for him to withdraw for a time from public life. Fortunately for him and for music, the "troubled and anxious period" had a gratifying termination. On a May morning in the year 1924 he was able either to resume his old career or to take up another. "Anyway," he writes, "I was free once more to do as I liked."

There is no beating about the bush in Sir Thomas' autobiography. It is your privilege to agree or disagree with opinions expressed in *A Mingled Chime*; but, when all is said and done, you must grant that, as a rule, the author does not pluck his views and conclusions out of thin air. Now and then he startles you. He says, for example, "No one can honestly maintain that the lives of musicians taken as a whole make exciting reading. They create too often the impression that their subjects have been victims rather than rulers or priests of destiny."

If you are one of those who have heard and read time and again that Sir Thomas is self-taught in music, *A Mingled Chime* will correct that utterly false impression; for the author is at pains to explode the widespread notion that he is an autodidact. "Even in childhood," he says, "I had been taught those rudiments of the art which still go by the nonsensical name of theory."

The great conductor's self-criticism is refreshing. He writes:

My dream was to become an operatic composer on a grand scale, and I had made two or three full sized experiments in that direction. But the longer I labored, the more dissatisfied I became with the inadequacy of my effort, and I gradually came to realize that the task was beyond me, at any rate for the time being. Had I been wiser and more experienced I should soon have recognized that my small inventive capacity could without difficulty have found its natural medium of expression in forms other than the mighty machine of opera, and that if my ambition had been un-
der better control I might have developed eventually into quite a respectable composer of songs and small pieces.

A brief review of A Mingled Chime cannot even begin to point out all the humor, learning, wisdom, and important happenings that crowd the pages of the book; but a few samples of Sir Thomas' forthright way of expressing his convictions will no doubt whet your appetite for more. If you have read what the pseudo-scholarship of the Nazis has said about Handel and other composers, you will enjoy the following counterblast:

There is nothing distinctively German in Handel, indeed he is above all others the great internationalist of music; or in Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, or even Beethoven, although in the latter we have some premonitory hints of the great breakaway from the broad European tradition that was to be initiated by Weber and consummated by Schumann.

Here is frankness which does not have its origin in liver trouble and needs none of the healing afforded by pills:

.... We have reached a stage where we are confronted with the paradoxical situation that, while never before have there been so many musicians who are credited with impeccable mechanical excellence, there have also never been so many dull and uninspiring interpreters.

As a young man Sir Thomas arrived at the opinion which I have since been unable to vary, that Brahms was essentially a romantic composer, as far removed as is conceivable from the true classical spirit and generally at his best in smaller forms.

Concerning singers he speaks as follows:

Singers may be divided into two classes, those who are born and those who are made. The former, who are to be numbered on the fingers of two hands, are only too well aware of their unique place in the universe, while the latter, who are legion, are equally unaware of their limitations.

Lewis Vegetates


The fame of Sinclair Lewis will not rest on Gideon Planish. This does not mean, however, that the man who gave us Main Street, Babbitt, and Arrowsmith has lost every trace of distinctive ability in the field of novel-writing. One finds many brilliant flashes of skill and mordant wit in Mr. Lewis' latest book; but the perspicacious reader will look in vain for a single sign of improvement or growth. On the whole, there is a superabundance of repetitiousness in the renowned novelist's most recent adventure in the domain of knighterrantry.

Some enthusiastic readers will tell you, of course, that the author of Main Street, Babbitt, and Arrowsmith needs neither development nor growth. In their opinion, the man climbed to such lofty peaks in previous novels that it is impossible for him to go higher. Perhaps they are right; but we dare not forget that even the most skilful mountain-climbers sometimes lose their footing.

Maybe there are a few who will declare that there is, in fact, a marked improvement in Gideon Planish. "Mr. Lewis," they will reason, "is not as long-winded as he used to be; he has
succeeded in compressing his material into a smaller amount of physical space; he uses less words than you’ll find in *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*.” Their judgment would be sound if every other element in *Gideon Planish* were on a par in worth with the commendable terseness of the novel.

No well-equipped student of literature and current literary trends can deny that Mr. Lewis is an able storyteller. They know, of course, that he does not specialize in the fabrication of breath-taking plots; but they recognize and praise his dexterity in the field of character drawing. Naturally, they need not be unusually sharp to see that Mr. Lewis has a predilection for portraying personalities that cause him no end of pain. Therefore you will hear some men and women say that Lewis is an expert caricaturist. If you are one of those who believe that there can be no such characters as Elmer Gantry and Gideon Planish in this vale of tears, you will nod your head in agreement; but if, like the writer of this review, you are convinced that Elmer Gantrys and Gideon Planishes do walk the earth in no inconsiderable numbers, you will not brand Mr. Lewis as one who specializes in caricatures.

All this leads to the clear-cut conclusion that Mr. Lewis must be considered an important figure in American literature because he has given rise to at least two schools of thought as to the personalities he has depicted. The anti-Lewisites, to be sure, will let no grass grow under their feet before asking in all seriousness, “Is it logical to call Mr. Lewis an artist merely because he stirs arguments?” Then they will say, “Speak of Lewis as a pamphleteer, a tract-writer, a journalist, a crusader, a clever pessimist, or a peculiarly warped type of sociologist if you like; but don’t assert that his novels are entitled to a prominent place in the literature of our land.”

Wise men and wise women tell us that it is both wrong and futile to expend breath and ink in disputes about that erratic something which we call taste; yet even the wisest of the wise will admit that one dare not overlook stubborn facts. You may not enjoy Mr. Lewis’ way of writing, and his subject matter may cause you insufferable boredom; but you must concede that the man has a large following. Even if you believe and are sure that Lewis is an out-and-out caricaturist, you must grant that he has unusual facility as a writer. His prose is clear and matter-of-fact. There is no striving for ornateness. Mr. Lewis’ sentences, paragraphs, and chapters are direct. He aims his hammer at carefully selected nails, and he hits those nails squarely on their heads. Perhaps you prefer stories with an optimistic outlook and have no liking whatever for Mr. Lewis’ cutting and biting wit; but candor will compel you to admit that it is profitable in more than one respect to become acquainted with the widely discussed author’s point of view. Without a knowledge of Mr. Lewis’ conclusions—some of which, by the way, are far-fetched and entirely off the beam of sound reasoning—you can neither refute nor uphold what
he says. Bear in mind, however, that
the author's facile use of the English
language will make it easy for you
to know what he thinks and how
he reasons.

No, Gideon Planish will not add a
single cubit to Mr. Lewis' stature as a
novelist. The words and the antics of
that bumptious stuffed shirt whose
name is Dr. Gideon Planish will
either amuse or annoy you; but you
will soon discover that the author
sounds no new notes in his fascinat­
ing account of the career of the
strutting professor, toastmaster, lec­
turer, and money-raiser. Gideon Plan­
ish lacks the freshness of Main Street,
the pith of Babbitt, and the breadth
of Arrowsmith. It is, in reality, a
series of well-made but trite varia­
tions on a much-used theme, and, as
such, it marks a step backward for
the redoubtable Mr. Lewis. One has
every reason to suspect that the fam­
ous author wrote himself out in pre­
vious novels. A man as astute and as
skillful as the creator of Arrowsmith
should strive with all his might to
grow; for writers of novels invariably
move backward when they merely
vegetate, and Gideon Planish, in
plain English, affords us a brilliant
example of vegetating.

Dark Picture

AIR SURGEON. By Frank G.
Slaughter. Doubleday, Doran and
306 pages. $2.50.

Air Surgeon is a novel built around
life in the army training camps.
Sometimes this life is exciting and
adventurous; sometimes it is poig­
nant; and sometimes it is sordid. The
book incorporates all these phases of
camp life into a story about two
brothers, the elder a surgeon of great
skill and high ideals, the younger
an adventurous pilot of sometimes
erring ways. Larry Thomas, a dashing
lieutenant, continues to dash after
other women after he brings his love­
ly bride to live with him at camp.
His brother, Major Craig Thomas, is
faced with the continual problem of
keeping his brother straight and get­
ting him out of scrapes. Larry's bride,
Jean, is the type of woman who ap­
peals to Craig, and, for this reason
Larry's escapades hurt Craig as well
as Jean. Craig's skill as a surgeon is
often called upon to perform miracles
on the operating table for other men,
but the climax comes when he is
forced to perform a delicate brain
operation on his own brother after
an airplane crash. The result of this
operation changes the lives of nearly
everyone involved in the story. The
-crash is a result of a sabotage plot
which is interwoven with the story
of a corporal who "has been around"
and a private who hasn't.

Air Surgeon is a well-written book
and should appeal to a large number
of readers. Some will enjoy it for the
factual descriptions of the latest meth­
ods in surgery. Although the author
has used many technical words and
described many operations in detail,
he explains in an unobtrusive way the
meaning of these phrases and the
reasons for performing particular op­
erations so that these passages are not
at all boring but intensively inter­
esting and instructive. Again, others will
enjoy the book for the accurate ac­
count of army life. With so many sons, brothers, and husbands in the service, people can't help but become engrossed in the doings of our soldiers, even if they do not always approve of what they do. Most people will like the story for its own sake. The plot is as engrossing as that of any modern novel. There is conflict—brother versus brother, wife versus "the other woman," patriots versus saboteurs, America versus Germany. But thinking people should find in this book a challenge to the complacency of civil authorities. Frank Slaughter is thoroughly in the realistic tradition. There are sequences of trailer life in Boomtown, beau by beau descriptions of pick-ups by the trailerites, vivid accounts of the effect that the "experienced" man's ridicule has on those who try to resist the temptations offered them. It is unsavory. Your reviewer has talked to soldiers who report that these things are not exaggerated.

JESSIE SWANSON

Great Man


The story of George Washington Carver's life is both an inspiration and an indictment. It is an inspiration because it traces Carver's struggle from slavery to a place among the outstanding chemists of his age against almost insurmountable poverty, delicate health, and racial prejudice. It is an indictment because it shows that, in spite of the honors they bestowed upon him, intelligent Americans let him come in the back doors of their hotels, ride in the freight elevators, and wait in the anterooms until after luncheon had been served. Fortunately Carver was a great man, and no amount of injustice or contempt could deter him from his purpose—to lift his own race and to benefit all mankind.

From earliest childhood, Carver had two great loves: plants and painting. He started his career as an artist, but he soon found that he could best benefit his own people in the field of agriculture; and so he put his toys away. After graduating from Iowa State, he was called to Tuskegee, where Booker T. Washington was running a sort of trade school. Many of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Holt's book deal with Tuskegee Institute's struggle for existence and with its gradual emergence from a trade school to a fully accredited academic institution with unusually high standards. Washington and Carver had to fight not only the prejudices of the white race, but the distrust and disappointment of their own people, many of whom were naive enough to believe that education would give them social equality and unlimited opportunity.

At Tuskegee, Carver was expected not only to teach scientific farming, but to give advice and practical assistance in veterinary surgery, brick baking, interior decorating, and mending. Gradually, however, he was relieved of all extra-curricular duties and allowed to pursue his studies in his own poorly and inadequately
The CRESSET

equipped laboratory. The results of these studies are well known to all of us. His magic with the sweet potato and the peanut resulted in the production of over four hundred commercial items, among them peanut milk, sweet-potato flour, dyes, creams, ointments, washes, and meat, sugar, and coffee substitutes. His methods of preserving and dehydrating fresh foods were old before the present war, although these methods are now being presented to us as something new and startling.

Although Dr. Carver's accomplishments were great and his honors many, he remained always a kindly, gentle, tolerant, and humble man. His brush with the New York Times, which sought to belittle him as a practical chemist because he relied on God for his inspiration, left him not bitter, but hurt and wary. He had frequently to combat purposeful misinterpretation of his remarks and a humiliating condescension in his treatment by the white press. One reporter described him as being a toothless old nigger which, Dr. Carver pointed out, was a direct lie, for "I had my teeth in my pocket all the time."

According to Mr. Holt, Dr. Carver was utterly unselfish, fired with love for all mankind, completely indifferent to money for his personal use, witty, kind, and keenly intelligent. He wore his honors lightly and hid his hurts deeply. He was, of course, not without his faults. As a matter of fact, he was often cantankerous, impatient, and extremely careless in his dress.

Everyone will enjoy, and profit by, reading this biography of the great George Washington Carver. Mr. Holt's prose is not always polished; but his writing is honest and straightforward, and it succeeds in conveying to the reader the great love and respect of the biographer for his subject.

PATTERSON McLEAN FRIEDRICH.

Dark Continent


This very timely and unusually attractive volume begins with a brilliantly witty remark ("This book . . . . was written because its author wanted to read it and couldn't find it in a bookstore") and remains brilliantly fascinating (though not always witty, but mostly overwhelmingly serious) to the end. Like ancient Gaul, it is divided into three parts, one showing how Hitler shrewdly got into Africa and ingloriously out, another suggesting the application of the Atlantic Charter to Africa's suppressed millions of patiently suffering natives, victims of European greed, deception and brutal force (the chapter, "The White Man's Black Record," alone is worth the price of the book), and a third, "Africa and Its People," in the reviewer's opinion, the finest and completest array of statistical, economic, political, racial, social, and other facts concerning Africa's teeming millions he has ever seen (and for some time his reading on Africa has not been negligible).
The first part of the book is a good war commentator's exposition of North Africa's great war play. The author did not wait till the end of the game, but seeing which side would win and why and how, he went home during the seventh inning and wrote his story in the white heat of martial excitement. It is as fine a summary of what happened in Northern Africa till the Yanks came to Oran as you can find anywhere. The six photographic maps, designed by the author, executed by Benjamin Lewis, and based upon the relief map of Donald Kelly, have value even now when Von Arnim is enjoying the hospitality of Nazi-bombed London.

In the second part the writer discusses the postwar problems confronting the victorious Allies in Africa, a seething kettle of racial dissatisfaction. Just how shall "the lean, tall, blond men of England, Holland and Denmark" and "the dark, short, nervous men of France, Spain and Portugal" hold on to Africa and yet grant to the liberty-seeking natives the great freedoms guaranteed also to them by the Atlantic Charter? Or should that also be only a "scrap of paper"? The author indeed gives every thoughtful reader very much to think about.

But to understand the problems of Africa you must know a little about the forty-two political divisions which by the grace and greed of land-hungry Europeans exist in Africa today. Each political division is given close scrutiny and careful analysis. Its geography, its people, its values, its educational systems (or lack thereof), its politics, and what not, are nicely described and, looking into the future after the war will be over, the author suggests certain lines along which the solution of the problems of the various divisions may take place; for, as he suggests, Africa is not just one country but a complex of forty-two (or more) different countries, each having its own difficulties and problems without end.

To the Christian Church the book comes as a challenge. Our country does not seek "political divisions" in Africa. Generous (almost to a fault), it seeks only to serve the cause of freedom and decency in the world. Dare the Church, then, neglect the preaching of the Gospel of Christ (the greatest of all causes) in Africa? Macedonian calls in recent years have come to us from Tanganyika and the Union of South Africa to evangelize both Europeans and Africans. A study of Mr. Maisel's Africa, Facts and Forecasts, we are sure, will be welcomed also by men and women to whom the "Gospel Charter" means even more than the Atlantic Charter. Here, in short, is a worth-while, up-to-date book which has our whole-hearted recommendation.

JOHN THEODORE MUELLER.

**Tough Guy**


If you are not an admirer of the colorful Mr. Ickes, you will not, after reading this volume, "rearrange your prejudices" in his favor. If you
are an admirer, you may change your mind. For Mr. Ickes definitely leaves the impression, at least with this reviewer, that Mr. Ickes is made of "sugar and spice and everything nice." Don't be misled by the title! The term "curmudgeon" (an avaricious, grasping fellow; a churl) is applied to the subject by his enemies and not by his friends! The greater part of the volume is devoted to an explanation of how Mr. Ickes came to be one of the most maligned men (by his own admission) in public office.

To put it briefly, Mr. Ickes did not hesitate, in his espousal of causes that he considered just, to risk displeasing the vested interests (such as the publishing industry in general and Col. Robert R. McCormick in particular). As a result, such interests, tied up with political machines as they frequently were and are, tried their level best to put an end to the political career of this pestiferous gentleman. But they found a champion who could not only "take it" but who could also "dish it out"; one who could even engage in name-calling with the best of them.

As background for this theme, the reader is given some highly interesting back-stage glimpses of political maneuvering in Chicago, in Illinois, in Washington. He is introduced (or re-introduced) to such personages as Big Bill Thompson, the Brennan-Hopkins-Sullivan trio, Carter Harrison, Charles T. Yerkes (the ex-convict traction magnate), Charles S. Deneen, Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson and many others. However, Mr. Ickes could have made his argument much more convincing and at the same time rendering a real service to his country, if he had been more specific in his allegations of graft and other forms of misdemeanor in high office, and if he had attempted in some measure at least to substantiate those allegations.

The book deals chiefly with events in the life of the author prior to his appointment as Secretary of the Interior in 1933. In discussing this latter period, Mr. Ickes defends his policy of foresight, which governed his handling of problems as Public Works Administrator and as Petroleum Administrator. This policy earned him the title of war-monger. This period of the author's life is no doubt well known to many. But a brief survey of the earlier period may be in order. Harold L. Ickes was born in Pennsylvania of German-Scottish stock. At an early age, he came to Chicago to live with an uncle. He attended Englewood High School and the University of Chicago; became a cub reporter in Chicago and thus was introduced to politics; practiced law to some extent but was chiefly engaged in political campaigns, both local and national; and while he was a self-styled "maker of kings," he never held an elective public office—in fact, until he came to Washington, he held no public office at all; he never was a "regular" politically, and hence shifted from Republican to Progressive to Democrat to New Dealer.

The volume concludes with a chapter so different in content it could have been inserted as an appendix. It is entitled "A People's Peace." In it Mr. Ickes steps out of character as
curmudgeon to give us 16 points upon which such a peace must be founded, and in addition suggests equitable availability of raw materials and reciprocal trade agreements as the only sure guarantees of permanency for any peace which is to come.

Book of the Month


News reports have told from time to time about raids made by British Commandos—the raid on Dieppe being no doubt the most widely heralded. In a general way it was known what the Commandos were: specially trained and hardened fighters who employed unusual methods of warfare that reminded one of guerilla or Indian tactics. And that is about as far as one's information went. Now in this anonymously published volume, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June, the Official Recorder of Combined Operations, Mr. Saunders, lifts the curtain on the past history of the Commandos as far as military considerations permit it to be lifted at this time.

The term “commandos” was first used by the Boers for the irregular troops with which they harrassed the British after the main Boer army had been scattered. The beginnings of the British Commandos go back to the days just after the fall of France. Then small parties were sent out to raid objectives on enemy-occupied coasts. Later on came more ambitious projects. On the basis of the experience gained, larger and larger forces were recruited, methods of many-sided, strenuous training were worked out, and new means, new techniques, and new tactics were developed. The fact that the operations in which the commandos engage are, in the nature of the case, “combined operations,” that is, operations in which land, sea, and air forces take part, made perfect co-ordination of the various services imperative. The book discusses these matters in the opening chapters.

The rest of the volume gives an account of the chief operations undertaken by the Commandos till last November. There is, among others, the story of raids on the Lofoten Islands, off the coast of Norway, on Spitzbergen, and on the port of Vaagso, in southwest Norway. In November, 1941, Rommel's headquarters in Libya were raided, but Rommel, unfortunately, was not at home. A very important operation, described at length, was the assault on St. Nazaire in which considerable damage was done to harbor installations. The storming of Diego Suarez served as the first step toward gaining control of Madagascar for the Allies. The most detailed account given is that of the attack on Dieppe, no doubt the most extensive operation of its kind to date.

The author's simple, factual narrative reveals how hazardous most of the Commando undertakings are. Fearless and heroic conduct is the order of the day. Casualties are sometimes very heavy. Not always is success achieved.

An oddity of the book is the fact that the foreword, by Lord Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Opera-
tions, is almost identical with the preface. The fact that His Lordship cabled the foreword as late as April 11 makes the inference unavoidable that His Lordship must have (if he will pardon the term) poached on the previously written preface. A rather harrowing feature of the text is the painful care with which alphabetical appendages to names are given, e.g., "Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P. (now Baron Keyes of Zeebrugge and Dover)" or "Captain the Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.D.C." Good Englishmen and certain poor Americans in the East probably felt a thrill of exaltation at such a reckless expenditure of capital letters. Good Americans, on the other hand, will think, "So what?" and be thankful that they do not run across that sort of thing oftener.

Postwar Pattern


Walter Lippmann has had thirty years of experience in the field of international affairs, and he frankly admits that he failed time and again to grasp the far-reaching import of some of the diplomatic transactions of the past, as, for instance, when as editorial writer for the old New York World, he supported the folly of the Washington Disarmament Conference, when he should have known better.

His book is sufficient evidence that he has learned some valuable lessons, and his purpose in writing it is to teach the rest of us the same things so that we may see eye to eye with him as to how imperative it is that the United States reach an agreement now on a workable foreign policy.

We must say that his outline for such a foreign policy is no pipe-dream. It is sound. Mr. Lippmann is no visionary, no wild-eyed internationalist. He is a realist. And we believe his realism is based on the premise of a sound patriotism and a lot of plain common sense. He takes great pains to show us that we cannot as a nation have foreign commitments without having a foreign policy and the armed force to back up our commitments. He states that neither Washington nor Jefferson warned against foreign entanglements that affected our own welfare and safety, and that neither of these men was an isolationist in the more recent meaning of that term. He reminds us—and some of our rabid anti-Britishers are not going to like his reminder—that for nearly a century our much-praised Monroe Doctrine could be maintained against unfriendly European nations because we had the backing of the British navy.

He points out among other things that the present associations of the United States with Britain, Russia, and China are not a new departure. They have been maintained for more than a century. Whenever our vital interests were at stake, American foreign relations have always been primarily our relations with Britain, with Russia, and with China. Our relations with all other states have followed
upon, and have been governed by, our relations with these three. In the conduct of American foreign policy our position has been solvent, our power adequate to our commitments, in so far as we were in essential agreement with these three states. Again he maintains, and we agree with him, "Combined action by America, Britain, and Russia is the irreducible minimum guarantee of the security of each of them, and the only condition under which it is possible even to begin to establish any wider order of security."

If Mr. Willkie’s recent book, One World, which we reviewed in these columns, is worthy of wide distribution among our people, as we believe it is, Mr. Lippmann’s present book is even more so. We should like to see this book in the hands of every thinking American, as the acceptance of Mr. Lippmann’s program by our people as such will guarantee the necessary backing that Congress and our State Department need for the establishment of a foreign policy that is sound and in keeping with the requirements for our future security.

Storm Clouds


Storm clouds were gathering over Europe with ominous rapidity in the summer of 1939. The short respite which appeasers had purchased with the life of Czechoslovakia was almost over. Charming, forceful Hannah Kernahan, matriarch of Waterpark House, Drumaninch, Eire, had already decided on a course of strict isolationism for herself and for her family. England’s quarrels were not her quarrels. Therefore she would remain completely neutral, and from her children she demanded strict compliance with her wishes. Then a pretty young French cousin arrived unexpectedly to upset Hannah’s little applecart. For Angele Kernahan not only loved France with intense fervor; she had seen something of the activities of the prophets of the New Order. Her vital spirit proved contagious. When war came, her Irish cousins defied Hannah and joined the ranks of those who were ready to forget Irish neutrality that they might fight the forces of aggression.

Although Kate O’Brien was born in Dublin, she has spent most of her adult life in England. She understands the problems of traditional Irish isolationism and treats this delicate subject with understanding and impartiality. The Last of Summer will undoubtedly further enhance Miss O’Brien’s enviable reputation in the literary world.

Mature and Practical


Life is a gift that has been bestowed on us. We did not ask for it, and we did nothing to acquire it. What we do with life after we have it is another matter. Whether or not we make the most of it, how completely we develop its possibilities, depends in large measure on us.
John Erskine has led a full life, a more many-sided life than most. He has been a successful teacher, has traveled widely, is an accomplished musician, and has written over thirty books, some of them notable. His interests have been about as nearly all-embracing as the span of a human life permits. Yet there is no trace of self-satisfaction in what he writes. He does not present his life as a model of completeness. A complete life after all is not a goal to be gained but an ideal to be approximated, and Erskine offers suggestions that may help others to move in the direction of what he regards as the ideal.

"This book," he writes, "is for those who want their share of life, and who believe that their share is defined only by their natural capacities when developed to the full." Erskine holds that life at its best will be an active life in which intelligence guides experience and experience, in turn, informs intelligence. He applies this formula to particular areas of life in chapters on Reading and Writing; Music and Dancing; Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; the Intimate Crafts (making repairs about the house, gardening, and cooking); Conversation; Manners; Foreigners; Religion; Politics; Love; Marriage; Parenthood.

There is, it will be noted, no chapter on Science. The author pleads a lack of competence in that field. We also missed a chapter on Health. The discussion is throughout live, unaffected, and well balanced, with frequent illustration of points by anecdote and quotation. Many literary works and books of information, some of them quaint and little known, are discussed or listed in the text and the subjoined bibliography.

A few passages that we marked indicate the flavor of the book:

All etiquette is unnatural. So is all art. Between art and nature there is an inevitable contrast. Nature, as the philosophers have told us, is the condition into which we are born, and art is the improvement we make in that condition. When we have practiced good manners long enough, they become natural to us.

There is no land in which admirable qualities cannot be found, but there are folks who would see cracks in Paradise. To such travelers passports should be denied.

To drive a nail flush without leaving a dent is work for a master. If your muscles are under control, if your eyesight is excellent, if your nerves are sound, if your coordination is perfect, you can do it. That is, with practice. On the other hand, if you can't do it, not even approximately, it might be well to have a doctor look you over. If the doctor can't drive a nail flush either, try another doctor.

We do not agree with Erskine at all points. He stresses the need of religion if life is to be complete, but we wish him a more positive religion than he seems to hold. Some of his theories on child training we regard as sopping wet. Yet we read his book with great pleasure because it is so genial and so rich and varied in content. We also read it with considerable profit because it is, on the whole, so mature and practical in judgment.

Since at this time many book, under the plea of war conditions, are poorly slapped together, it is a pleasure to record that this volume would
be a credit to the publisher's art under any conditions.

Drama on the Assembly Line


The building of aircraft has taken on a new aura of romance and drama. In the great Ford factory at Willow Run a completed B-24 bomber leaves the assembly line at the end of each eight-hour shift. Glendon Swarthout has witnessed this modern miracle many times, for he himself worked as a riveter in the Ford bomber plant. He was a newspaperman on foreign assignment when the United States entered the war. He returned to New York to enlist in the army, but was rejected for lack of weight. During the four months and one week in which he wrote _Willow Run_ he averaged fourteen hours of work per day—eight hours on the assembly line and six hours spent working on his novel.

Six workers on the graveyard shift at the Ford plant are the principals in Mr. Swarthout’s timely tale. Five men and one girl form a share-a-ride unit. Every night at eleven they are swallowed up in the yawning immensity of Willow Run; every morning at seven they emerge from the factory gates in time to witness the test flight of the giant bird which took form under their hands during the long hours of the night. Mr. Swarthout recounts the happenings of one fateful and thrill-packed night—a night in which the lives of the six are irrevocably changed or completely destroyed.

_Willow Run_ is Mr. Swarthout’s first novel. There are many rough spots in the book, and the narrative portions are somewhat weak. Nevertheless, the author has captured the insistent throb and the driving whir of Americans working at top speed and around the clock.

Revised, for Today


A household phrase among college students for several decades, the combined names of Moody and Lovett continue to be important for the general reader who seeks reliable discussions of British literary history. William Vaughn Moody, Indiana playwright and poet, professor of English at Harvard and at the University of Chicago, died in 1910. Robert Morss Lovett, modern author of many books, sometime professor of English at the University of Chicago, is at present an official of the State Department. About 1900 these men collaborated on what became, upon publication in 1902, the standard one-volume study of English literature.

In successive editions, each of which increased the book’s fame, the subject was kept abreast of the times. Just off the press is the newest such enlargement, worked out by Fred B. Millett, formerly of the University of Chicago and now at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. Cresset readers will possibly recall that Mr. Millett recently brought up to date
another valuable aid to literary study, namely *Contemporary American Authors*, started originally by Manly and Rickert.

The Preface informs us:

The sixth edition of Moody and Lovett's *History of English Literature* aims to do for the student of the middle of the twentieth century what the first edition did for the student at the opening of the century. It gives an historical account of English literature, accurate in detail, attractive in style, and discriminating in its critical judgments. The last revised edition (1935) has been carefully edited page by page, and the account of English literature has been extended to 1940. The bibliographies have been re-worked from the beginning. The entire book has been re-set.

I am glad to see this reference book adjusted to include newest findings. As Millett himself writes, "between 1900 and 1941, important revaluations of authors, particularly those of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, have been slowly taking place." Anyone interested in literature has a right to expect good criticisms of the development of literature to keep in step with scholarship and criticism of the twentieth century. Such modifications of interpretation and evaluation of authors and works, from the earliest to the moderns, are found in this edition.

Only one complaint do I make. In his acknowledgment of indebtedness to specialists consulted for individual chapter revisions, Professor Millett lists names for all but the Renaissance period and for the chapter on drama in the seventeenth century. Accordingly, we may infer that Millett himself alone revised these chapters 4 to 7, or we may suspect these portions of the work to have been hurried over. For example, the discussion of Spenser and Marlowe, on whom new light has been steadily forthcoming, is not really as contemporary as articles in scholarly journals will reveal.

Although the best one-volume literary history in this field today is, in my opinion, *The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* by George Sampson (1940), I find this newest reworking of Moody and Lovett's book satisfactory. Best of all, none of the clarity and grace in the original edition has been lost in this convenient guide to a fundamental subject.

HERBERT H. UMBACH.

**Researches and Conclusions**


Those who attend concerts, those who absorb their music by way of the radio, those who depend on recordings for their acquaintance with the masterpieces and the near-masterpieces, and those who sing and play for their own pleasure and for the pleasure of others will find much valuable information and a wealth of wisdom in Frederick Dorian's *The History of Music in Performance.* Every critic—and no devotee of the tonal art can ever avoid passing judgment either on himself or on others—will do well to study and re-study this book. It discusses compos-
ers and compositions, periods and backgrounds, types and tendencies, thoughts and ideals, truths and fallacies. The presentation is clear, and the scholarship of the author is broad and thorough. In a foreword brimful of learning and sound reasoning Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, declares:

The researches and conclusions that Dr. Dorian has gathered into the present volume constitute the first attempt, within my knowledge, to systematize the material pertaining to this extremely variable but vitally important branch of musical study. The author is a musician as well as a musicologist, who brings to his task a rare combination—his experiences as an accomplished conductor, blended with the scholarship of his science of music. From old treatises and textbooks, from the scores of the masters and voluminous comment on them by the composers themselves and by their contemporaries, Dr. Dorian has built up his evidence.

Let us look at one of the chapters. Opening the book at random, I come upon a section dealing with opera. Here Dr. Dorian tells us about scores that are tailor-made for singers, speaks trenchantly on the reforms instituted by Gluck, writes of the so-called Gesamtkunstwerk (unity of poetry, music, and action) in its theory and in its practice, discusses the theatre orchestra with particular reference to what Wagner stood for and achieved, devotes attention to the important subject of tempo, and talks from deep-reaching knowledge about Verdi and Italian opera.

If you want to expand your acquaintance with music as it lives and flourishes in America, you will derive stimulation and concrete assistance from the chapter entitled "The American Scene." Dr. Dorian says:

World events are placing new emphasis on the art of the Western hemisphere. Music, like the other arts, reflects a change of spirit and substance, as the interpretation of American ideals replaces the imitation of the European heritage. While culture and tradition have been destroyed abroad, a young and independent art is being formed from the United States to Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and all the other nations to the south. America no longer goes to Europe for its musical education.

It would be impossible to overemphasize the value of The History of Music in Performance. The discussions are fascinating, and the conclusions are bracing.
A BRIEF GLANCE AT RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Joyce Horner's tender, beautifully written love story is far removed in time and in spirit from the tense and anxious England of today. It is a gentle, nostalgic word picture of English middle-class life in peacetime. Simplicity and restraint are the hallmarks of the tale. There is no trace of mawkishness or sentimentality in Miss Horner's smooth and sensitive prose. A first novel of unusual merit, The Wind and the Rain was selected as the winner of the 1942 Doubleday, Doran-Curtis Brown Writers' Conference Award.

LAST BOAT FROM BEYROUTH

On June 9, 1940, a doomed ship weighed anchor at Beyrouth. The fall of France was imminent, and the "Patrie" was crowded to the last possible inch of deck space. It was generally agreed that the "Patrie" would be the last boat to leave Beyrouth for Marseilles and that its safe passage would depend largely on the eagerly awaited decision of Signor On-the-Fence Mussolini. On June 10 Il Duce's dagger arm fell, and the "Patrie" began her futile race with death.

Royce Brier has fashioned the story of the ship's passing into a vivid and colorful novel. The characters who walk the decks of the "Patrie" are small and unimportant compared with the tragedy of world-conflict and the terrifying spectacle of a proud ship's destruction by bombs, shells, and torpedoes.

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

This is the diary of an American housewife from December 7, 1941, to December 1, 1942. The day-by-day account of the changes which war brought to one American home should have a tremendous appeal for
other families all over the land. The happenings recorded here are so much a part of the American scene that they will undoubtedly elicit many reminiscent chuckles—and a sigh or two for the ease and the security which belonged to yesteryear.

Dorothy Blake’s characters are simple folk possessing simple virtues and normal shortcomings. There is no involved or carefully fabricated plot in her book. In fact, there isn’t any plot at all. Everything that happens is literally “all in the family”; yet Mrs. Blake makes an important point: that, after all, the home is the backbone of this or any other nation, to be cherished and preserved in time of peace and in time of war.

THE LIGHTS AROUND THE SHORE


After racing through about three-fourths of this unusual tale you suspect that a deep, dark mystery will be unraveled in the concluding chapter. You read the whole book, learn to your chagrin that there isn’t much of an enigma, and ask, “So what?” The novel tells of a boy’s trip to Europe in the company of his aunt. Although the visit took place in 1939 shortly before the dogs of war were unleashed, you don’t get a very vivid picture of the troubled European scene. You meet some unusually interesting individuals, listen to a good deal of clever conversation, and wonder what will happen in the end. At last you discover that The Lights Around the Shore is a mystery novel because it isn’t a mystery novel. It’s entertaining enough, though, in spite of the letdown.

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT

By Nancy Hale. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. 1943. 248 pages. $2.50.

Here we have twenty short stories from the pen of the author of The Prodigal Women, a distinguished first novel which remained on last year’s best-seller lists for many months. Nancy Hale’s short stories have appeared in leading magazines, including Harper’s and The New Yorker.

Between the Dark and the Daylight covers a wide variety of moods and subjects. Miss Hale discusses weighty world-problems, the trials and difficulties which beset ordinary men and women, and the joyous dreamings of enchanted childhood in a manner which reveals penetrating insight and deep understanding. Her stories of children are especially appealing.

MASTERSO N


Lee Wichelns’ seascape of intrigue and high adventure has as its hero a modern Yankee freebooter. Obsessed by an impelling love for the sea and for his ship, the “Evelynne,” Masterson roves the ocean lanes, engaged in hazardous and lawless rum-running and alien-smuggling. A
chance meeting with the girl Jean changes the entire pattern of his life and eventually leads to his reformation and rehabilitation.

_Masterson_ is an ambitious first novel. Although Mr. Wicheln’s plot follows a well-known pattern, the action moves smoothly and logically to a dramatic climax.

**CITIZEN TOM PAINE**


This outstanding novel will enable you to learn much about the career of the archfoe of Christianity who wrote _Common Sense_ and _The Age of Reason_. Thomas Paine was a revolutionist who aimed poisoned arrows at religion, advanced threadbare arguments in support of his skepticism, fought untiringly for “the upsurge of the common man,” and even left his imprint on the Constitution of the United States. He died in June, 1809, at the age of seventy-two and was buried in unhallowed ground.

Ten years later, a man named William Cobbett had a scheme. He dug up Paine’s bones and took them to England, intending to exhibit them in various cities. But the British government refused to permit this last, crowning infamy, and the bones disappeared somewhere in England.

So today, no one knows where Paine lies, and that, perhaps, is best, for the world was his village.

Howard Fast is one of the important American novelists of today, and _Citizen Tom Paine_ will do much to enhance his reputation.

**PRIMER FOR AMERICA**


The author has here given us a real batch of American ballads in an attempt to answer the question, What have we Americans that is worth fighting for? We like his answer very much. We believe that he has put it into poetical form that will appeal to all red-blooded Americans. Here is an American almanac, a primer of our culture. Mr. Coffin has the feel of us. He knows what makes us tick. Ours may be a new tradition, only several hundred years in the making, as compared with that of Europe and Asia; but it is not decadent, not sterile, not a museum piece. It is as alive as our heart-beats. We may not always be conscious of it, but it is as close to us as our breathing, and today we see and hear its aliveness in the reports that come from our boys and girls in the service, at home and abroad. One of the best things in its field produced by the war, this book is a must for your list of summer books.

**THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL**


James Hilton is best known as the author of _Good-bye, Mr. Chips_. The warm human quality which distinguishes that book is found also in this story of an Arkansas-born Navy doctor who was assigned to care for a group of wounded men from the _Marblehead_ and the _Houston_ who
July-August 1943

were landed in Java after an engagement with superior Japanese forces. When Java was invaded Dr. Wassell, in the face of difficulties that would have discouraged many a one, evacuated his charges to Australia. For his courage, devotion, and resourcefulness in this undertaking he was commended by President Roosevelt in a radio address. Hilton tells the story in a simple, vivid, and appealing manner. That he doesn't quite succeed in transcribing Arkansas dialect is perfectly excusable.

---

**Order Form for CRESSET BOOKS Reviewed in the July-August Cresset**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Check Here</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>□ 1. The White Face, by Carl Rutherford</td>
<td>$2.75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 2. The Fifth Seal, by Mark Aldanov</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 4. Gideon Planish, by Sinclair Lewis</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 5. Air Surgeon, by Frank G. Slaughter</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 6. George Washington Carver, by Rackham Holt</td>
<td>3.75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 7. Africa, Facts and Forecasts, by Albert Q. Maisel</td>
<td>2.75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 8. The Autobiography of a Curmudgeon, by Harold L. Ickes</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 9. Combined Operations: The Official Story of the Commandos</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 10. U.S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic, by Walter Lippmann</td>
<td>1.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 11. Willow Run, by Glendon Swarthout</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 13. The Last of Summer, by Kate O'Brien</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 14. The Complete Life, by John Erskine</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 15. The History of Music in Performance: The Art of Musical Interpretation, by Frederick Dorian</td>
<td>4.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 16. The Wind and the Rain, by Joyce Horner</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 17. Last Boat from Beyrouth, by Joyce Brier</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 18. It's All in the Family, by Dorothy Blake</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 19. The Lights Around the Shore, by Jerome Weidman</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 20. Between the Dark and the Daylight, by Nancy Hale</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 21. Masterson, by Lee Wichelns</td>
<td>2.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 22. Citizen Tom Paine, by Howard Fast</td>
<td>2.75</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 23. Primer for America, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</td>
<td>2.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ 24. The Story of Dr. Wassell, by James Hilton</td>
<td>1.50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Date ..................................

THE CRESSET
875 N. Dearborn Pkwy.
Chicago, Illinois

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

NAME ..................................

ADDRESS ..................................

CITY .................................. STATE
Check List of Books Reviewed

December, 1942, to June, 1943

Several times a year The Cresset presents a check list of books reviewed in the columns of the journal over a period of several months. This list may serve as a reminder to our readers as well as a brief survey of the books The Cresset for one reason or another has considered worthy of notice.

The following system of notation is used: ★★★ Recommended without reservation. The Cresset believes these books have exceptional and lasting merit. ★★ Recommended—with reservations. The reservations are indicated in the reviews and are usually concerned with errors in morals or in facts. At times a book which is good enough in itself receives only two stars because its value is ephemeral. ★ Not recommended. Reviews of these are printed in our columns for negative and defensive reasons. Usually they are almost entirely without merit.

★★★ What About Germany? by Louis P. Lochner
★★★ Last Train from Berlin by Howard K. Smith
★★★ Shooting the Russian War by Margaret Bourke-White
★★★ The Seed Beneath the Snow by Ignazio Silone
★★★ Suez to Singapore by Cecil Brown
★★★ The Unrelenting Struggle by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill
★★★ Report From Tokyo: A Message to the American People by Joseph C. Grew
★★★ The Edge of the Abyss by Alfred Noyes
★★★ Angel Mo' and her Son, Roland Hayes by MacKinley Helm
★★★ The Crisis of Our Age. The Social and Cultural Outlook by P. A. Sorokin
★★★ Greenland by Vilhjalmur Stefansson
★★★ Guadalcanal Diary by Richard Tregaskis
★★★ Let the People Know by Norman Angell
★★★ The Human Comedy by William Saroyan
★★★ Tokyo Record by Otto D. Tolischus
★★★ Seven Came Through by Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker
★★★ The Air Offensive Against Germany by Allan A. Michie
★★★ Summary of the World Federation Plan by Ely Culbertson
★★★ The Christian Church and the Soviet State by Serge Bolshakoff
★★★ The Year of Decision: 1846 by Bernard De Voto
★★★ One World by Wendell L. Willkie
★★ The Seventh Cross by Anna Seghers
Time of Peace by Ben Ames Williams
Food: A Weapon for Victory by Bertram Fowler
The New Invitation to Learning Edited by Mark Van Doren
Language in Action by S. I. Hayakawa
I Love You, I Love You, I Love You by Ludwig Bemelmans
Agenda for a Postwar World by J. B. Condliffe
Storm Over the Land by Carl Sandburg
Hostages by Stefan Heym
The Day Must Dawn by Agnes Sligh Turnbull
This Side of Land: An Island Epic by Elizabeth Hollister Frost
Safe Deliverance by Frederick C. Irving, M.D.
Canada Moves North by Richard Finnie
A Layman’s Guide to Naval Strategy by Bernard Brodie
Willard Gibbs: American Genius by Muriel Rukeyser
The Truth About Soviet Russia by Sidney and Beatrice Webb
We Took to the Woods by Louise Dickinson Rich
Reprisal by Ethel Vance
Thorofare by Christopher Morley
I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century by John A. Rice
How to Win the Peace by C. J. Hambro
Washington is Like That by W. M. Kiplinger
German Psychological Warfare Edited by Ladislas Farago
The Self-Betrayer: Glory and Doom of the German Generals by Curt Riess
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough
The Mediterranean: Saga of a Sea by Emil Ludwig
Mrs. Parkington by Louis Bromfield
The Book of Modern Composers Edited by David Ewen
I Write From Washington by Marquis W. Childs
Eulogy of Judges by Piero Calamandrei
America’s Natural Wealth by Richard Lieber
Flight to England by I. A. R. Wylie
Victor Hugo by Matthew Josephson
Battle for the Solomons (October-November) by Ira Wolfert
Happy Land by MacKinlay Kantor
Wide is the Gate by Upton Sinclair
Rip Tide of Aggression by Lillian T. Mowrer
Syrian Yankee by Salom Rizk
On Being a Real Person by Harry Emerson Fosdick
Colonel Effingham’s Raid by Berry Fleming
Chicken Every Sunday: My Life with Mother’s Boarders by Rosemary Taylor
Dress Rehearsal: The Story of Dieppe by Quentin Reynolds
Mutiny in January by Carl Van Doren
During the last war the story ran (by word of mouth) in Belgium of a Dane and a German who were talking about Schiller. The Dane spoke of his remarkable cosmopolitanism, while the German swelled with pride.

“He wrote *Don Carlos* for the Spanish,” said the Dane.

“Jawohl,” replied the Teuton.

“. . . and *Wallenstein* for Austria . . .”

“You’re right.”

“*Mary Stuart* for the English . . .”

“That’s so.”

“And the *Maid of Orléans* for the French . . .”

“Yes, indeed, he did.”

“*Wilhelm Tell* for the Swiss . . .”

“Y-y-yes.”

Suddenly the smile of pride disappeared from the German’s lips. “See here, my friend,” he began, “what did he write for the Germans?”

Verse

This Meadow

This meadow is indeed a motley rug,
Surpassing any human weave; such worth
Of cloth is from another's hands; a shrug
Of heaven's shoulder dropped this cloak on earth.

It seems that while we sleep the angels lay
It down by means of sunbeams from on high;
And so they cover all the earth as they
Must nightly spread the stars upon the sky.

And ere we rub the dream-tears from our eyes,
The miracle is flashed before us; far and wide
The tapestry is thrown—Whence did it rise?
Can ever dust such wizardry provide?

Earth has not brought forth such a wonder yet,
Though old she is and full of secret might;
It asks creative instinct to beget
And conscious effort to effect this sight.

It begs a subtlety such as the azure owns
Alone—so deep—before the sketch is drawn,
And fingers wont to fill the frame with tones
As varied and as tenuous as the dawn.

But though the origin and source remain unknown,
And vanity be found to dwell in every simile,
The flower stands as that phenomenon alone
Which makes of common dust a golden lea.

What varied beauty, lo, and what display!
Without a trace of envy, greed, or pride;
Each blossom putting forth its loveliest array
In praise of Him who summoned this gay tide.

No, such beauty and such tacit loveliness,
Yet speaking with an eloquence unconfined
To words; such fragrant softness in dew-washed dress,
Is nowhere found—not even in mankind.

And everything else in time grows commonplace,
Soon vexes us, or rushes to pass away;
Only the lure of all this blossoming grace
Once more renews our appetite to stay.

All this pervades my soul and seems to spread
A warmth through every part of me.... Oh, when
I lay me down into the cold-dark bed,
I pray you, draw this blanket o'er me then!

—Translated from the Slovak original by Hviezdoslav

By Jaroslav Vajda.
Two Sonnets

And shall these hecatombs of sacrifice,
these sanguine rivers sluicing down the valleys;
these countless wounds, whose individual sallies
surmount a normal destiny's excise;

this devastation of ages' enterprise;
this havoc of bread-yielding fields whose all is
life; slavery—shall all these woeful tallies
quake consciences or fade with memory's demise?

Shall hearts be opened wide to this instruction,
that implements much more than cutlasses afford
success in carving channels for the fluxion
of prosperity; that man is not merely spored
to be squashed worm-like; that war's no introduction
to glory—and forever sheathe the sword? ....

Oh, if it were only so!—How gratefully
would every nation mourn each loss, each grave,
whose multitude has yielded nothing save
a valley of Jehoshaphat; and this might be

for each a welcome portal, a stairway of debris
leading into a glorious golden nave,
a blessed era, today's tyrant and slave
gone; and each might even raise in jubilee

a praise to God for this affliction, sure
that the dreadful load of blood and iron were
forever cast off; and that it were no moor
for foreign glory; loyal now, if lonelier;
contending with peers; (for if prominence makes secure,
where's the end .... ?) Oh, for the palm leaf's stir! ....

—Translated from Hviezdoslav's Bloody Sonnets (1914)
By Jaroslav Vajda

For just a single sprig of hope
I beg Thee, O most gracious Lord!
For one green leaf of prophecy
(though there can sprout a forest at Thy Word)
that things will not be so, but otherwise,
that they prepare in vain our burial board:
and thus contented, free,
as he to whom appears salvation's very scope,
then will I close forever both these eyes ....

—Translated from the Slovak original by Hviezdoslav
By Jaroslav Vajda
If You Should Die...

My Vow

Thy death shall make life beautiful for me—
A search for laughter and a ringing song,
A strengthened hour of prayer when day seems long—
But no vain, selfish hope for sympathy.

This be my vow, when death shall claim his own:
I will not struggle for your weary soul,
I will not cry nor ever lose control,
Never shall heart of mine bend down and moan.

This be my vow: that love be glorified,
Life shall be laughter, lovers shall be gay,
Children shall sing and dance in merry play,
Life shall be beautiful because you died.

For strength that lives in love, lives ever on
And turns to loving deeds when love is gone.

DOROTHY MEYER.

Its Fulfilment

"Thy death shall make life beautiful for me"—
Nothing but laughter in our children's eyes,
Nothing of bitterness or useless sighs,
Nothing but courage that I learned from thee.

No empty murmurings of stagnant love,
Nothing but hope emblazoned on my crest,
Beauteous I cherish here within my breast
The memory of a heaven-blessed love.

For death has wakened now my inner soul
Set free from earthly chains and earthly lust,
Thy loss has given me unfaltering trust
In God Who made our love so pure and whole.

The God Who, filled with mercy, gave me you,
Will never fail to give me courage, too.

DOROTHY MEYER
The Cresset evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces.

"Soothing syrup for war pains! Come and get it! Escape by way of the cinema! Relax with Max! Forget the war with Frankie Bore!" Thus speaks Hollywood. For, so we are told, movie patrons are "tired" of war pictures. They want "something to take their minds off the war." They yearn "to get away from it all."

I wonder just how accurate and how representative these conclusions are. And what is the anodyne prescribed by Hollywood for sorrow, anxiety, and heartache? Advance production schedules give us the answer. We are to have more musicals—complete with name bands and what have you—light to farcical comedies, horror pictures, and romantic dramas. A few religious films are in the making. If they are good box office, we shall undoubtedly be in for a cycle of religious pictures. One major studio is toying with the idea of a series of biographical films; but the emphasis is largely on music and merrymaking.

Are we really tired of war pictures, or are we just bored with poor war pictures? Is it true that we aren't interested in the details of modern warfare? Haven't we a normal and healthy curiosity regarding the progress of a struggle which spells life or death for us as a nation? Haven't we a right to expect to be shown what we and our allies are doing and where and how and why? We have had too many misleading propaganda films; and I, for one, am full right up to the ears with the ridiculous pictures which portray some Americans as glorified Jack Horners who emerge from their corners shouting to the world, "What good boys are we!" We have had too much theatrical flag-waving and platitudinous preaching. Too often histrionics have been substituted for history, and fundamental virtues have been well-nigh smothered under wholly artificial gilt and tinsel. Occasionally we have had—in the name of realism—shockingly brutal and sordid
scenes and a distressing chant of the hymn of hate. These are serious shortcomings; but can we argue the global war which we are waging against Axis aggression off the screen because of these shortcomings? And just how long and how loud must a laugh be to make you "forget the war"?

Happy Go Lucky (Paramount, Curtis Bernhardt) and Hello, Frisco, Hello (20th Century-Fox, Bruce Humberstone) fall into the category of "escapist films." If they are fair samples of what is to come, I'll have to see another doctor. Happy Go Lucky is a garish and completely wacky technicolor number starring Mary Martin and Dick Powell. The scene is a mythical island complete with palm trees, lots of scenery, and an abundance—to put it mildly—of singing, dancing, and tomfoolery. Plot and dialogue not only show clearly that Will Hays was not among those present, but make one wonder whether there still is a Hays Office. Hello, Frisco, Hello, likewise in technicolor, is a far better picture and should be a box office success in spite of the fact that it is straight off the movieland musical comedy assembly line. Effective trimmings include the winsome beauty and the appealing singing voice of Alice Faye and the expert clowning of Jack Oakie.

The Palm Beach Story (Paramount, Preston Sturgis) and Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO-Radio, Leo McCarey) may be written off as pretty poor stuff. The Palm Beach Story is a giddy, thoroughly stupid tale in extremely poor taste. Once Upon a Honeymoon is another abortive attempt to mix world-tragedy and cheap and suggestive comedy into a palatable concoction. It can't be done!

The More the Merrier (Columbia, George Stevens) is a gay and lighthearted exposition of the much-talked-of critical housing shortage in our nation's capital. Expert direction coupled with exceedingly good acting by Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn successfully hold together a loosely knit and none-too-credible plot.

They Got Me Covered (RKO-Radio, David Butler) proves once again that anywhere, anyhow, and any time Bob Hope is Bob Hope. The spectacular success of radio's No. 1 funny man lies as much in the modest and beguiling way in which he pokes fun at himself and his achievements as in the quick wit and spontaneous good humor which have endeared him to millions of movie and radio fans. They Got Me Covered is a spy and saboteur yarn in which Bob is either hard on the heels of the culprits or vice versa. At any rate, there is a merry chase for, and by, one and all.
The name Reinhardt Heydrich, the Reich's late "protector" of defeated Czechoslovakia, will live forever in infamy. It is a name which became a curse on the lips of those who groaned under Heydrich's harsh decrees—a curse which echoes and re-echoes in the hearts of those who saw the appalling aftermath of the Hangman's death at the hands of a Czech patriot. The identity of Heydrich's assassin has never been revealed; for, even though the case was officially marked "closed," it is an open secret that the Gestapo agents failed utterly in their search for the hunted man. *Hangmen Also Die* (United Artists, Fritz Lang) tells the grim story of the Hangman's liquidation. We know that the Czech government in exile permitted producer Arnold Pressberger to examine its files on the Heydrich case; but we can only speculate as to how much, or how little, of the film is based on actual facts. Director Fritz Lang has made *Hangmen Also Die* into a passionate and uncompromising indictment of brutality under the Swastika. In spite of a fine cast and Mr. Lang's expert direction the picture doesn't quite come alive. The action is a bit too studied, and the characterizations are drawn with too heavy a pencil.

*Corregidor* (P.R.C. Pictures, William Nigh) is dedicated to the men and women who, against incredible odds, kept the Stars and Stripes flying over the Rock for twenty-eight terrible days. A "B" offering, this film inadequately recreates the poignant drama which played itself out on the island of Corregidor.

Almost six years have passed since Amelia Earhart pointed the nose of her twin-motored Lockheed plane toward the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Miss Earhart never reached her destination, and, despite the most intensive search, no trace of the ill-fated plane was ever found. There have been many rumors and many stories regarding Miss Earhart's fate. One of the most fanciful is the tale which forms the basis of *Flight for Freedom* (RKO-Radio, Lothar Mendes). According to this version, the famous woman flyer was under orders to fake an accident in order to provide the United States Navy with a legitimate excuse for exploring Japanese-mandated islands in the Pacific. True or false? Time will tell. Meanwhile press accounts tell us that RKO-Radio paid Miss Earhart's husband, George Palmer Putnam, $7,500 for permission to use the story. An entertaining picture, *Flight for Freedom* suffers from too much glib dialogue.

*Tennessee Johnson* (M-G-M) misses being a very good film because, unfortunately, it is not cor-
rect historically. This is especially to be regretted since Andrew Johnson, the backwoods tailor who became the seventeenth president of the United States, deserves a fair hearing. Van Hefflin, a comparative newcomer, turns in a notable performance in the title role.

The Gamblers

I've had enough of this. The time is here to stop, once and for all, this pale-gray prate, to say it black and white ere it's too late. I'm tired of watching this idol-crazy sphere devote its heart and mind year after year on the altar of doubt only to take from fate in turn the bounteous shower of fear and hate. Sound me a trumpet call to stun the ear!

I held my tongue in leash until today to let them learn what it's about, in their own way and time, with graphs and polls; but can you blame a man for crying out to see them play the final game with souls for stakes, and all eternity to pay?

—Jaroslav Vajda
O ur esteemed associate, P. E. Bretscher, Ph.D., of Concor­
dia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo., writes our major article of the
month. For many years Doctor Bretscher has been a careful stu-
dent of American education. In his former position as
dean and professor of philoso-
phy at Concordia
Teachers College,
River Forest, Ill.,
he was able to ob-
serve the currents
and cross-currents
which have dis-
turbed modern
education during
the past twenty-
five years. We
consider his arti-
cle one of the
timeliest which
THE CRESSET has
been permitted to
publish.

In this issue we are again pre-
senting our check list of books.
During the past two years the em-
phasis in the list has shifted some-
what. Our readers may notice that
one-star books have definitely de-
creased in number. This is due to
the fact that many books which
cannot be recommended by our
reviewers are not even reviewed.

Space is too important for that.
Only when a bad book achieves
unusual popularity is it necessary
for THE CRESSET to pay critical
attention to it.

Our guest re-
viewersthismonth
are W. Loy, In-
structor of Eng-
lish, at Valparaiso
University (The
White Face), Jes-
sie Swanson, In-
structor of math-
ematics at Valpa-
raiso University
(Air Surgeon),
Patterson McLean
Friedrich (George
Washington Gar-
ver), and Prof.
John Theodore
Mueller, of Con-
cordia Seminary,
St. Louis, Mo.,
(Africa, Facts and
Forecasts).

Our mid-summer issue properly
brings an unusual amount of
verse. We should like to call at-
tention to the excellent work done
by Jaroslav Vajda. He writes au-
thentic poetry. Our other poets
this month are Dorothy Meyer (If
You Should Die . . . My Vow—Its
Fulfilment) and James Dickey Al-
li son (Be Still).
Forthcoming Issues

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:
- Moulders of American Life
- Kierkegaard: Christian Thinker
- How Bad Are the Movies?
- Thoughts for Today

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:
- Moscow Dateline, 1941-1943...Henry C. Cassidy
- Western Star...............Stephen Vincent Benet
- What America Means to Me........Pearl S. Buck
- Number One.................John Dos Passos
- A Time to Act................Archibald MacLeish
- The History of Music in Performance..Frederick Dorian
- Four Quartets................T. W. Eliot
- We Cannot Escape History........John T. Whitaker
- Wide Is the Gate............Upton Sinclair
- Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time........Harold J. Laski